Twitter Thread by Ramki



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We are a people with pliable moral and ethical standards. Chalta hai, jugaad, we are like this only, kindly adjust, tedhi ungli, patli gully are cute verbal disguises for dishonesty. Taking liberties with the letter of the law has alway been okay. +

To us the law is not a diktat. It's a challenge. Like escaping from a mystery room. We rewrite and re-interpret the laws for ourselves in a more amenable, comfortable, acceptable, practical, convenient, benevolent manner.
+

And then we make abiding by this rewritten legal framework our way of life. In fact, we've made it a very cool thing as well. Giving and getting proxy at attendance, fudging a concession form, traveling by bus and claiming air fare, padding up travel expenses... +

... borrowing petrol and medical bills, copying in exams, getting rent bills from your own Dad, taking payment in a spouse's name, paying part in black, buying without a bill, using peons and office cars for personal work, bribing a traffic cop, ... +

... using the services of a tout at the RTO, greasing a TTE's palm, finding a railway contact to release EQ for non emergencies, buying booze and washing machines from the army canteen, getting fitness and sickness certificates without check ups... +

... getting fake medical liquor permits, writing NA without blinking an eye in application forms... these aren't violations, or even hacks... this is just how it is. This is how we are brought up. +

So when we assume offices of power, we aren't paragons of virtue. Our moral compass is already submerged in a magnetic field polluted by dubious doings. +

An old English teacher (he wasn't old then, but you know what I mean) once told me (there's a thread on this somewhere), 'shit is shit. even if you eat a little bit, it's still shit.' We've all eaten shit. +

IT, automation, and the magic of internet has de-defecated and de-touted the system a great deal. Thank heavens for it. Some dens of dicey dealings have been purged. Many a paper moves from desk to sarkari desk without palm grease. +

If we are indeed the IT wizards we think we are, this is our only hope. We train our machines to function in ways that we haven't been trained to. We code them to be on the straight and narrow. And shift every juicy chance to be dishonest out of our reach. +

So even when a worldly wise Dad tells his son, 'just slip the clerk a pink Gandhi', the son finds no opportunity to do so.

ANTHE