Twitter Thread by Amit Shekhar



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Much of upper middle class urban India has forgotten its agrarian roots

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As a little kid, growing up among elderly who have seen only food shortages, the need to save every morsel was an instinctive reaction. I was conditioned to wipe clean every bit of

rice on the plate before depositing it in the sink. That training continues even today. Even in a Star hotel buffet, where we pay exorbitantly, I don't leave an empty plate. I make it a point to force everyone to eat what's ordered or pack the leftovers.

But I realise, our kids don't learn this frugality as well as my generation did. For them, food is like money that can be on tap in an ATM. You pay to buy a burger and French fries at McDonalds. And YouTube is full of automated farms. And so they have little sense of hardship

an Indian farmer faces. At least my generation grew up with visuals of Krishi Darshan compulsorily forced down our throat. We didn't have 800 channels to choose from. Even the TV came alive only for 6 hours in evening ■
As a kid, with an extended family with roots into

hinterlands, I have waded in knee deep rice fields and I have walked through sugarcane fields on bare foot. Innumerable times, I have gotten hurt by the thorny shrubbery. Since our knickers invariably were precariously held together by safety pins (for the frequency with

which buttons flew off), they came in handy to remove the thorn that would get embedded into our heels. The nonchalant grit you showed while the deeply embedded thorn was removed, was a sign of masculinity (at least among the young boys). In our garden, I would sweat it out

digging up mud, using crowbars and shovels, to prepare the beds for our kitchen garden. I still remember my childhood pride when I managed to harvest a 6 foot long snake gourd. The distance between the middle class and the farming class has grown once neo-liberalism sprung

swanky malls in cities. Both the metro urbanites and the folks who came from tier I and II are jostling to get ahead in the bustling cities. The film 3 idiots hasn't taught them to chase capabilities. All that matters now is success. We count our

blessings by the amount of

bank balance we have. We now hate Amir Khan in real life remembering his PK character while conveniently forgetting his "Phunsook Wangdoo" character. We have all become Chatur...chasing a beautiful wife, $2.5 million dollar bungalow, Lamborghini and VP of Rockledge

Corporation in USA, insecure and fearful that someone will get ahead of us. We now hate the farmers for being rowdy and look for the rich Lamborghini examples among them "Look at them... so rich looking and riding their swanky bright red tractors!"

"Rich spoilt farmers...subsidy, free electricity, polluting air, not paying taxes and demanding MSP!" Khalistani anti nationals!" "We are all bright MBAs working hard to make Indian a super power...you unpad and uncouth farmers...get out of our way!" Once in a while we post

wonderful images of nature, reaffirming our commitment to ecology and even sharing details of times when we shoud switch off for the earth hour. In trying to impress their girl friends, a few years ago, some posted images of Greta Thunberg "Way to go girl! Let's all use LED bulbs

and save earth." The minute she supported the farmers against Modi ji...the patriarchy slipped out... "Who is she to talk about out internal matters? She is working for breaking India forces sharing "TOOLKIT" She should go back to school. May be then she will understand the

complexity of farm sector. Modi ji is trying to reform and help farmers who are misguided by shrewd politicians."
Our collective greed has killed our soul and taken us far away from mother nature. We may love our thali but we are ready to beat it in our collective greed to

be led by the pied piper apparently to our El Dorado where each one of us can show off our unique Lamborghini, our beautiful wives and multi million dollar homes. And of course add to our collective insecurities.
Shame on us all for believing politicians over our farmers.

We have fully cut off our umbilical cord with mother earth waiting for Elon Musk to take us to Mars. Bon voyage!

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