

Norm violation

Sociology



After doing the three norm violations for my midterm project in Social Psychology, I was really relieved. The entire nervous breaking act as whatever that will draw people's attention to me made me partly pity myself. I pity myself for making me look like a fool, but nevertheless, it gave me a sense of joy thinking that I really did it not just for the sake of completion and to get good grades, but I did it because of curiosity and for the satisfaction of my inner craving for new adventure. And by doing the three norm violations, I came to conclude that we are all unconsciously controlled by the norms our society sets and that sank into the very depths of our minds making us live like robots. People nowadays are like robots, doing their day-to-day activities in a pattern that conforms to the usual norm in their society. No more thrills and excitement, no more craving for adventure, no more childish acts, and that's all because we all wanted to fit in and do things aligned to what is tagged as " normal. " So this project is really a breath of fresh air to me. This has been an eye opener, a bell that wakes every vein in my body, like electricity that flows to my brain that shocks every synaptic activity. Now I'm conscious, conscious enough to make my life more worth living by not conforming to the pattern of norms embroidered to every corner of humanity. I apologize for my exaggeration, but I am just inspired. And I like to exaggerate when I'm inspired. Anyways, the bottom line here is that I'm glad I made this project for it made me realize what's keeping people in coming out of their shell, and that is the idea that if they do something that is not normal even if that's what they've always wanted to do, they'll be labelled as " weird. " Based on experience, it's really self degrading when people look at you with such scornful eyes because of projecting something that does not fit their tastes. So I can't blame those

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whose faces are as thick as my psychology book because they have become numb of all the critics and judgments that pass through their tympanic membrane like a steel being dragged out of force in a glass road. I don't know which part of my four lobed brain all these words are coming from, but I guess I have made my point and I hope it's clear.