

India McLeod: Overcoming Others Opinions

Memoir By India McLeod

When people tend to act outside of the average “Human Culture,” society will try it’s best to make them want to act “normal” by making them believe what they are doing is stupid or pointless, which are code words for “Stop being different.” One time in my life I was brought down by society as well, told that the way I dress was unprepossessing. In my memoir, I will speak on how I felt and what I did when people didn’t like my vintage style.

“You have a horrible fashion sense...” You’d think words like “idiot” or “ugly” would be the ones to cut you down, but you soon realize that any words could sting if they were intended too. Me and my sister were always messing around this way, but something that I thought I was actually proud of was just stomped on by her.

If you’re confused, then let me catch you up. I love everything about the sixties and seventies. The clothes, the mannerism, the celebrities. I could argue someone down about how great those times were. I started a vintage style out like anyone else who did, trying to find my decade. Around spring time in 2019, I was in love with the 80’s and I could blame that on my friend who introduced “Stranger Things” to me. The eighties seemed perfect in my eyes. So bold, so free, so ICONIC. Everyone young and old can recall at least one thing they know about the decade because it’s so recognizable. After a while though, I started to realize the eighties wasn’t my exact time period. I wanted to go back further, sometime when pop culture was really **just** starting. My personality and the 80’s didn’t mix as much as I thought, I just **really** loved Stranger Things and that was all. I didn’t realize I was into the seventies until I looked back on how many childhood movies I watched of that time, how many clothes I had that resembled that time, how similar I was to my father when he was a kid. I then understood my unknowing desire for all things seventies. I changed myself for the better. I felt more unrestricted imagining living in a time when bell bottoms were on everyone, people competed the Jackson 5ive to the Osmonds, and when a whole generation of kids raced to buy an Atari.

Back to the story, I never felt more ashamed of myself. I felt like I shouldn’t dress like this. This feeling was caused by embarrassment. Self-consciousness is caused by the feeling of being unattractive. I couldn’t believe my own sister made me feel this way.

To overcome this feeling I started a **long** thought process. I started with the question “Why would she say that?” I came to the conclusion, “Because she is jealous.” My sister has always been up my back about how something I do isn’t appealing to her. My sister was jealous that I had the confidence to be out of the ordinary. Once I got past that, I asked myself “Do I like dressing this way?” The answer was obvious. I loved it. This was me and I was proud of that. So what if I don’t like skinny jeans and cropped hoodies and so what if I love listening to the Isley Brothers and Labelle, That’s what **I** like. It shouldn’t matter how others designate me, because they are not the ones who are me, I am.