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City Centric:

THE WHEELS OF TIME

As the cars rumbled down the old Horniman Circle Road, the little boy looked up at his grandfather as he rolled the window down, letting the morning air through.

The aged Black Chevrolet sputtered down the winding circles of Bombay as it set course for the new day. I looked beside the dim alleys and streets, spotting other cars leading down the driveways.

As the circle passed, the boy looked around eagerly, hearing growling engine noises around the fountain and preceding lanes.

“This is where we start today.”

Onlookers and enthusiastic motor-heads are quite a distinct crowd for impromptu gatherings such as these, flocking around armed with cameras and what little they know about a slice of history staring back at them.

Be it the retro hits of the eighties or the screaming defiance of the nineties, each car tells a story and each owner prides on it.



These cars may be just a few, but their admirers lie far between the million bystanders of this lovely metropolitan we call home.

Bombay is no stranger to change, you see people passing by the same old pavements day after day.

The old ruminating theaters or priestly places of worship remain far but unfazed by the passing age. But if anything draws attention to what makes a city, after all, it's these time machines on wheels that bring a different kind of energy to the table.

In an era where people are far from done owning their own cars and prefer rentals or public transport. All that remains was once the symbol of the dream that pushed many a sweat and tear down one's face and brow to enjoy the comforts of riding the roads in elegance and style.

There is something about each of them that sticks out unlike many, their presence imposing yet subtle.

Along with boundary-defying comfort. The sleek etches of craftsmanship from hand-modeled frames to factory line-ups to every

nut and screw being pushed in. Every car tells not only the story of the owner. But of the people who made it.

Many hands have passed the bodywork that sits before the audience as they line up at the start line.

They all sat on a corner office blueprint, a mere sketch of an idea with vision and yet some clarity. Brought to life by dedicated engineers working down the frame's intricacies and problems.

To the wheelmen who spent countless hours on tracks making sure their product was nothing less than exquisite.



Times changed and so did the technology that came with it, views changed and so did the people who owned it. But it's the soul of a car that defines its longevity on the road.

Not the mere distance the wheels have trodden.

From the factory to the showroom, they sat in wait, thinking they were never going to go out of style. They were pure-bred perfection, designed down to the last minute to deliver exactly the experience their driver was looking for.



Be it the two-seat Grand Touring Porsche roadster or the strictly business Mercedes S Class. Or just the James Bond-like Aston Martin with its larger-than-film-like appeal. Even the rebellious charger and Pontiac made its guzzling engines whine to life, signifying defiance against all odds.



However, the world moved and the clock struck another hour.

Something better came along.

We often mistake cars being mere inanimate objects of luxury. But they're not, instead they are the very person that checks the rearview mirror as they switch to the next lane.

As the little boy saw the convoy of cars behind the old, falling-apart Chevrolet, he knew what was destined for him.

Like a little prince being aware of the weight of the throne.

To hold the keys that his grandfather wielded with mighty pride to a mechanical companion that would define him.

"Cars are just like us in this grand journey through life."

The grandfather spoke with an almost sermon-like drawl. As the sea link dwarfed the long line of cars beyond the fall.

"They may lack character now, but a few years down the line the best ones will stick with you."

"They are the marvels of modern machinery, that man drew to beat the age of the horse and train."

The very wheels of Henry Ford were ridiculed and deemed unnecessary. But in a matter of fifty years that changed.

Today, these cars are nothing but the show-stopping force perched amongst the lines of crowds cheering on.

For they are nothing less than legendary machines that run the quarter mile forever.

In the hearts of those who immortalize them all.

As the little boy looked out to the amassing crowd, he waved.

Like aboard a chariot from a bygone kingdom. The wheels of time are in an eternal spin, a new chapter sat beyond the horizon.



Written and Photography by
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Home

“Home? What is Home anyway”, whispered Mr. Jacques.

In all of my 20 years, I hadn’t heard a voice so fragile and hopeless, yet yearning for the minutest speck of love.

I worked as a part-time social worker in an old age home. Listening and talking to the elders there, updating and teaching them about current news, and handling administrative work. Since I was a kid, I had always had a penchant for making good in the world and showing kindness to people, since it is very often they forget to show themselves and others.

The home I worked in, housed around 25 elders, both male and female and since my 6 months working here, I had almost had the pleasure of meeting and talking to everyone, except Mr. Jacques.

Mr. Jacques was an 80-year-old man with winter white hair, aged almost milky watery eyes, and a limping walk. He had been the only person who had not spoken to me since I joined this institute and continued to do so until the day when I was appointed to conduct an activity with him. His behavior was his natural personality, which many of the other residents and staff advised me to not be fazed by it.

The home allowed me to conduct activities of my choosing with its resident members and surprisingly they were a great hit among everybody. Except, for Mr. Jacques! So naturally, curiosity got the best of me and I took it as my mission to befriend Mr. Jacques.

Mr. Jacques wasn’t naturally a speaker and more of a listener which I noticed, the more I was around him. Although his brash behavior did cut right to the heart, I very quickly realized, it wasn’t meant to specifically hurt one, but he just was a very pessimistic and brash individual in general. The activities that I was trying to work with him, were still not nearly as successful and so was my mission to befriend him but I was determined.

Until the day I tried the activity which might have particularly been a bit more personal for Mr Jacques than the others which he was extremely annoyed at me for. Needless to say, we didn’t do

any substantial work that day and just when I had moved on to handling the administration, I heard a loud argument between the owner, Mr. Clarice, and Mr. Jacques.

They were arguing extremely loudly and after a while, I thought check of checking out the matter, but I quickly resigned it.

“Richard you have to do something about it, I won’t let your son jeopardize this old age home for some petty revenge against you”, saying this Mr. Clarice hurriedly stormed out of the room.

Mr Jacques too after a few minutes walked out, but unfortunately, he spotted me and quickly assumed the worst.

“So what now kid? trying to get the information about me like this instead of asking me? Well not that you were going to get any of it in the first place, but spying? That’s low even for you. I won’t participate in any of your foolish activities next time so don’t even bother. And next time, you better not be anywhere near me. Go now” he shouted angrily and stomped off.

Mr. Jacques had assumed the worst without giving me a chance to explain and it had hurt me. His behavior since the very beginning was cold and brash but today it was the very worst I had seen and I couldn’t take any of it. I had decided to give up trying and let him be as he was.

Days had passed since this incident, and I had not bothered Mr. Jacques, busying myself with the other residents and the administrative work, when one day, Mr. Jacques himself approached me.

There was a difference to him that day. He didn’t look cold or brash, but remorseful and tired.

“Look kid, I apologize for my behavior the other day that was very much out of line and was unnecessary. It was just an extremely bad day which got even worse after the conversation with Clarice and after that seeing you, I had just assumed the worst. I do sincerely apologize for that” he told me.

“That’s okay Mr. Jacques, I understand you had a bad day, these things happen but if I may, may I ask why were you so annoyed that day?” I asked.

"Alright then kid, I'll tell you the reason.

My son tried to jeopardize this old age home, by asking the court to restore the property to its original owner, which in some ways is him. Well, he has the land and access rights to this property but the property is in the Jacques name, which means any Jacques can contest for it in the court."

"Woah, that's bad"

"Indeed it is, he has been on and on with his dirty little tricks ever since I left the house"

"That may be because he misses you and wants you back home?" I asked

Mr. Jacques let out a bitter laugh. "Absolutely not kid, that is far from it. I have all the money to my name, all the property, assets, and most importantly the house he lives in, in my name. More importantly, I'm donating all of that to charity after my death. That's what he wants, not me"

"So is that the reason why you're here? Does this place make you feel at home or does this suit your convenience to hide from your son" I asked.

"Home? Where is home anyway? Whispered Mr. Jacques

His voice turned so fragile and broken, it made my heart stutter.

"What's a home child? A place where you feel the most comfortable or the place where you can go back to after all the trouble life puts you in? Because I might be mighty comfortable in this house right now, it's good here right now, but this is not really my home, it never was.

You know child, I'll give you some advice today. Money is everything. Everything. Take it from me kid, I've been one of the richest people in the country, had buck loads of money to myself, huge expensive houses, and all that dazzle. I've had it all. And no, I have not ever felt a single ounce of satisfaction from it but always an empty feeling.

Don't take me, wrong kid, when I say money is everything. It isn't, but it is what is the most important in the entire world. Take my experience, I've had gotten backstabbed so many times, and for what? It's always money. Even my own son is ready to jeopardize not just me, but an entire residence of people who are in no position to support themselves financially,

just to get to me.

So, kid, I would advise you to be careful who keep company with and find that home of yours if you haven't." saying this he walked off without waiting for my reply.

After this incident, Mr. Jacques and I never spoke further about it, however, he was warmer with everyone since then. The court case too, I had heard had been taken care of, but what got me thinking about this incident was how so many of us live on the face of this earth and die and have been continuing to do so for eons. Been doing that and continue to do so, but only a very few people, if not 1 in a million do find their home, their comfort, someone or something they can come back to after all the pushes they get from people and life.

It was so entirely daunting to realize that a person like Mr. Jacques had everything in his life, every materialistic thing he could hope for and buy if he wished to do so, and yet, he was one of the loneliest people I had ever met. All that money couldn't even buy him an ounce of satisfaction.

This incident had all the more made me realize just how important it was to surround myself with good people, have a happy and satisfied life no matter how simple it is, and at least hope to have someone or something resembling something even minutely similar to the home Mr. Jacques wished for with every fiber of his being. A place where I could go and stay indefinitely while life played its chaos on me.

- Shruti Nangia,
SYBA-B

The Final Destination

The time of year has arrived to say goodbye to an academic year and embrace the new one ahead, however, for one class the road ahead is filled with change, anticipation, and for some of us even fear. For our current third years, some of whom have less than a month till they complete their final exams, this is the first time some of them will experience not having education as the primary focus in their lives rather they would have work, jobs, and other responsibilities as the center of their focus. While there have been students who have already had work as their central focus and of course a large part of this graduating class will be immediately pursuing further studies, graduation is still a massive adjustment for us all.

Leaving college is meant to be a bittersweet feeling and while a lot of us did not receive the college experience we expected, with two years of our education being virtual, we more than did justice to the college life we were given. The fear of leaving an institution one has spent three years with is daunting and much of our graduating class is both fearful of the future and longing for some comfort. However Graduation is inherently a celebration and although we all have fears of the future and of losing relationships, graduation gives us a chance to look back on how much we achieved in our short span as college students, we've put in such hard work to do so much in terms of college events, fests, academics, sports, etc as a batch we have not only proved that hard work is something we have in spades but it also proves that even online our drive to push the boundaries of our college experience was unmatched.

Three years of turbulent studies, social events, extracurriculars, and more helped us all grow and gave us some very important life skills such as time management and prioritizing. Almost every Third year I know has had many highs and lows in these three years and several have struggled excessively at a point but we have all pushed through to reach graduation and that is an achievement in itself. Forming meaningful relationships is a part of college and even though we will undoubtedly lose some of them, the ones that we work hard enough to maintain

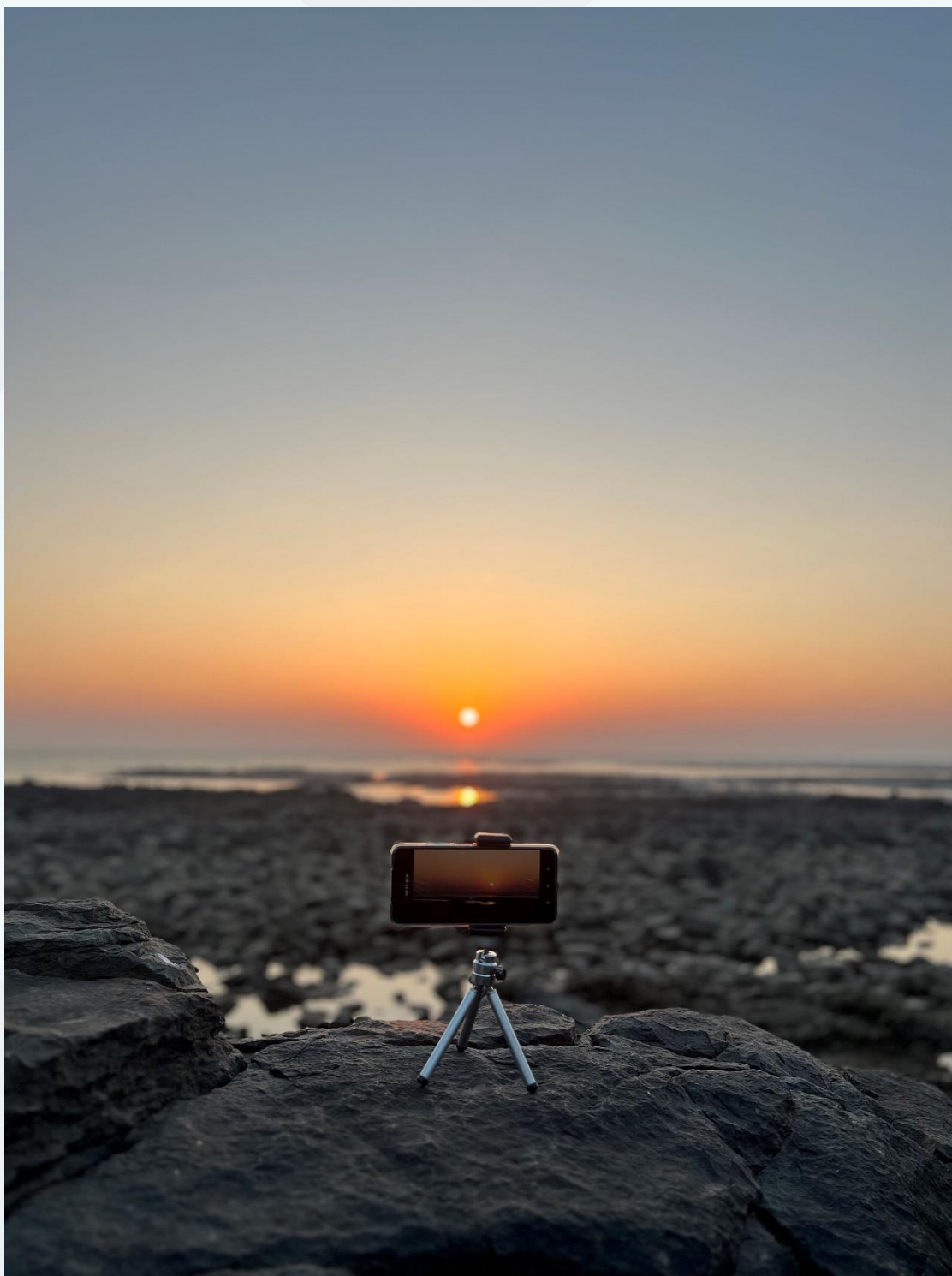


will almost certainly withstand such a big life change in the form of graduation.

To summarize three long years with a ceremony, cap, and gown may feel unfair but as a batch, we all know the collective sum of our experiences is worth much more than that and as we make our journey outside of our college looking back at the years we have had its hard not to feel like these weren't our best years however if we don't look to the future with anticipation and excitement we would never even give ourselves the chance to have something as meaningful as we did in college. To my graduating class, I have one message for you, the memories we have made in the last three years have been better than any movie we have ever watched, so let's all make place for one more life-changing experience to add to the list.

- Caelan Dua,
TYBMM

FEATURED PHOTOGRAPH



- Joshua Pereira, SYBMS

Is Social Media Worth It?

Social media has changed the world in various ways, although is it for the better or worse? Platforms such as Facebook, Instagram, LinkedIn, etc. certainly have their benefits, but it comes at significant costs. Have you ever questioned if you are someone's friend, follower, or just a connection?

For instance, Instagram has the concept of "followers", where people follow each other. A person's follower count supposedly determines their status in society. Facebook has the idea of "friends", which is similar to how we define friends in a physical setting. Although it isn't the way most people would define "friends" in real life. LinkedIn has the concept of "connections" which is quite ambiguous in its meaning. Imagine hearing someone say, "Yeah no problem, I have numerous connections!". One of two things would first come to one's mind. One, what does he even mean by that, and two, nepotism?

Despite Facebook, Instagram, and LinkedIn all being social media platforms, they refer to people differently. These particular ways of referring to people place new social roles on them that they then need to fulfill. So, am I a Friend, Follower, or a Connection? These roles that social media places on us are conflicting in nature. When we are expected to fulfill conflicting social roles, it can place us under severe stress, confusion, and difficulties in balancing our responsibilities.

The responsibilities of a friend, follower, and connection are quite distinct from each other. This can create a conflict between a person's true self and their online persona. The constant pressure to engage with social media while simultaneously juggling the different social roles can lead to burnout, fatigue, and a loss of productivity in other areas of life.

Conflicting roles created by social media can also affect interpersonal relationships. For example, people may feel pressure to present



a certain image to their followers, which may conflict with their true selves and the way they interact with their loved ones. This can lead to a breakdown in communication and a lack of intimacy in personal relationships.

Research has shown that social media use is associated with lower levels of intimacy in romantic relationships. Married and cohabiting couples who reported higher levels of social media use also reported lower levels of intimacy, trust, and satisfaction in their relationships.

In addition, we may feel like we are disregarding our family or friends, or that we are not able to give our best effort at work. Research has revealed that social media use was associated with increased feelings of loneliness and social isolation. Another study found that social media use was associated with decreased face-to-face communication and increased online communication. This can lead to conflicts and strained relationships, which can further contribute to stress and emotional distress.

Social media's creation of conflicting roles can have a significant impact on an individual's mental health, relationships, and overall well-being. Hence, it's important for individuals to be aware of these potential conflicts and to take steps to balance their online and offline lives in a way that feels authentic and sustainable. It is important to recognize these conflicts and seek support and resources to help manage them effectively.

- Cliff Coutinho, SYBA.



The noteworthiness of "Chaitra Amavasya"

For Hindus, Chaitra Amavasya, which was observed on March 21, is significant because it both ushers in a new Samvat and ends the previous one. People worship Hanuman Ji, Lord Vishnu, and Mars, and perform shradh for their ancestors on this day. Due to the fact that it falls on a Tuesday this year, it is known as Bhaum Amavasya, which is observed as a festival.

Crows, cows, dogs, and the poor are fed as part of the rituals, and people also believe that on Amavasya, their ancestors will visit their descendants and feed them. The Chaitra Amavasya Vrat, also known as one of the most popular fasts in Hinduism and lasts from morning until the moon is seen on Pratipada.

As this is the best time for shradh, tarpan, and dhoop meditation, it is advised to worship Gods and Goddesses in the morning and conduct incense meditation for ancestors in the afternoon. Burning a kanda made of cow dung is necessary to clean the house prior to carrying out these rituals. Ghee and jaggery should be placed on the coals during the meditation, and water should be offered to the ancestors with the side of the thumb. On Amavasya, it is also customary to donate food, money, and clothing to the less fortunate in order to please one's ancestors.

Hindu devotees worship Lord Vishnu on Chaitra Amavasya and carry out the following rituals:

Performing Chaitra Amavasya Vrat

On Chaitra Amavasya, people observe a fast in order to receive Lord Vishnu and the Moon God's blessings. At their homes or in a temple, worshippers offer prayers to the deity. They also give food to the less fortunate. In order to receive the blessings of their departed ancestors, they are required to feed crows.



Performing the Holy Dip

Chaitra Amavasya is a very auspicious day to take a holy bath in the Ganges and along its course, which is where the Kumbh Mela is held. You can take these sacrificial baths in Ujjain, Nasik, Prayag, and Haridwar. Those who take the holy dip are cleansed of all their sins. Devotees also worship Lord Shiva for mental calmness and mental clarity.

Shradh Performing Ceremonies

The Shradh ceremonies are fundamental to Hinduism. Worshiping the departed ancestors is at the heart of these rituals. The departed souls are said to reside in the Pitru Loka in Hinduism after they pass away. Until the time of their new birth, it is thought that the souls will temporarily reside in this place. Their souls are thirsty and hungry during this time as they seek atonement from the Almighty.

There are numerous advantages and benefits to practicing the Chaitra Amavasya Vrat and worshiping Lord Vishnu and the Moon God. The performer extinguishes Pitru Dosha. It is a step toward atoning for earlier transgressions. It promotes tranquility, leads to mental clarity, and ensures a peaceful existence. Anvadhan is an important Hindu holiday, especially for

Vaishnava Sampradaya adherents, who fast all day long on this day. The followers of Lord Vishnu perform a yajna on the day of the festival of Anvadhan. The procedure of refueling the yajna (havan) fire after performing a fire sacrifice ceremony known as Agnihotra is known as "Anavadhan."

Amavasya is a monthly festival that happens on every 15th day of the month of Krishna Paksha, and among all the Amavasya, Chaitra Amavasya has a greater significance in Hinduism.



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