

BOOK LAUNCH: TRACK II - SAMIDHA

Margao, 31 July : The book titled ‘ Track II - Sameedha’, edited by Dr.Gunaji Sadanand Dessai, released at the hands of Smt. Radha Krishna Raikar, at Parvatibai Chowgule College. The book launch witnessed the auspicious presence Dr. Jorson Fernandes –

Chairman, Surgeon Examiner, St. John Ambulance Association-Goa, Dr. Nandakumar N. Sawant- Pricipal, Parvatibai Chowgule College, Prof. Shrikrishna Adsul- Head of the department-Marathi, ParvatibaiChowgule College and Dr. Kiran Popkar- Assistant Professor-

Hindi, Govt. College, Quepem. The book was revealed to the audience in a sack of waste and it put forward a strong message to create awareness among people and sensitize them toward the unpleasant attitude of society towards the issue of garbage.

Master of the ceremony, Dr.Purnanand Chari- Head of the department, Konkani, Shri Mallikarjun College, Canacona, regarded Mr.Gunaji Dessai as a fool trying to lead the society towards a better living through his foolish acts. The program also witnessed many speakers like Dr. Kiran

by Ms. Archa Sinai Sancou

Popkar, Dr. Jorson Frenandes, putting forward a simple message to protect the environment. Mr.Gunaji addressing the crowd gave an example of a famous Goan writer, PundalikNaik whose book ‘Acchev’



Rubbish Response:A book emerges from a trash bag

took 35 long years to be appreciated by the society. Giving this example he put forward the need of public awareness programs in the earlier stages of the drive, only to be appreciated for the cause before it is too late.

The event saw many socially aware and responsible poets come together to give a voice to socially relevant topics. The book launch ended on a happy note of distributing a copy of the said book to all the writers and well-wishers present at the venue.

ELECTION SELECTION

29th July came washing across the shores of the corridors, breeze blowing ferociously in the canteen and then came the much awaited storm; Elections. A vital part of college life where everyone fastens their seatbelts for a ride of their lifetime. This year we saw campaigning occur in its glory where candidates brought out their savviest pictures, made calls to all and above all promises to their fellow students. The Student Council for 2016-2017 was



born with the nourishment provided by the student body of Chowgule College. A diverse and enthusiastic team of fourteen eagerly waits to fulfil their promises and let the ray of sunlight shine throughout. The Council will be inaugurated on the 10th of August in the Upper Auditorium. The Council wishes to see all the faces who backed them up and helped kick-start their journey.

P.S: Meet your Student Council in the next special issue of Aether.

by Ms. Annalise Benjamin

EERIE MYSTERIES: A TRAGEDY, BUT NO GHOSTS HERE

Margao, 04 August: The mystery of the ghost Philip, published on the 22nd of July on Aether, has been getting interesting reviews, and one such review is by Dr. Devashish Bagchi, our very own Director of sports department, Chowgule College. According to him, Philip was a very sober and quiet person who always kept to himself. He worked for Dr. Bagchi for 12 long years before his suicidal mystery. Dr. Bagchi has played an important role in the reconstruction of the college campus, especially in the construction of the Chowgule gym. He was told many a times by the peons of the campus, telling him that the area of the multipurpose room, present day - the gym, was haunted by a women with a baby in her arms, who cried bitterly as they walked on the grounds of the campus. He also claims he has experienced no such phenomenon taking place, while he spent most of his early years working late nights

in the college campus.

According to Dr. Bagchi, the night Philip died, many people saw him more drunk



*What lurks after hours here?
Nothing much according to
Dr. Bagchi, Sports Director*

than usual, riding his cycle on the streets of Arlem at 11 to 12 o'clock and came back to the college campus at around 1 a.m. presumably. Philip hung himself on one of the trees with a nylon rope, around the

timeline of 1.00 am to 2.00 am because when the security guards went for their final morning round at 4.00 am they saw Philip hanging, lifeless. Dr. Bagchi refuses to accept the existence of the mysterious events in the Chowgule gym. He put forth his theory, “*These are all beliefs, coming from villages we tend to believe in these things which are not possible*”. He also says that, “*We assume that sometime our phone is ringing but in reality it doesn’t. Same way the watchmen, they probably assumed that dumbbells are being lifted and thrown after listening to numerous stories from previous watch men and as for the biometrics thumb print scanner sometimes there is a possibility that the power isn’t completely shut down, therefore it by default turns on.*” He further suggests checking the cctv footages in and around the gym for any mysterious phenomena that are reported by the watchmen. ***

By Ms. Priyanka Afonso



We are, all of us, strangers. Strangers in this world that we do not entirely comprehend. Have we given up trying to, or even desiring to – should we? Throw around words like enigma and mystery and God; and leap - because is the leap not the easiest respite? Suicide, if only philosophical – suicide, though it looks much different. Le grand saut. Succumb to the vast, infinitesimal meaninglessness of this universe. Are you, are you aware of your absurd condition? Oh these endless circles, twisting themselves into little infinities... Are you only a silent spectator, still confused?

Why are we here? Where do we come from? Where are we headed? Are we headed anywhere? No neon signs. Look back: Objects in the mirror look closer than they appear. You are h e r e. you have been at the destination all along. Is it simply that there is no why as to anything, no final glory the universe is ascending towards... This is it. But we are only

I find myself at times lacking heavily the calibre to refute them well.

Why should we not kill ourselves? Why do we?

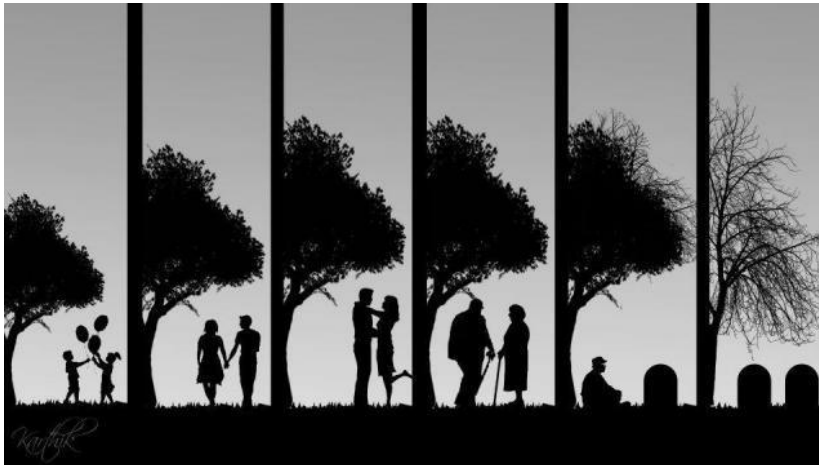
Every one you come across will have a marginally or vastly different view on it – and the best are those who choose not to have an opinion at all. Most will, all the same, refuse to be heard referring to it as possibly justified.

Why not?

Does personal freedom not sound legit? This involves, however, an assertion that we exercise complete free will, which is highly debatable in itself. My stand is

a divine plan, then one should accept all that occurs as a part of it. Or if one believes that this Divine is involved solely in creation, then that again frees up the matter of choice, does it not?

Oh, maybe I should just skip over the theistic arguments, because they contradict themselves, just like their parent view. Call it my weakness, but I cannot wrap my head around this poorly conceptualised God even long enough to formulate an extensive argument – it passes over my head, it disturbs me. I see not much in it other than, a philosophical suicide – And it suffocates me, because more often than not it is just a blatant refusal to rationally think about the actions, blindly following in the safe cocoon of tradition that so efficiently shields them from having to reason through their 'belief'. If not, its fear, fear of what may ensue if they 'blaspheme' by permitting debate over their belief, internally. Ergo, skilfully do they escape, filling up the great silence that answers none of our anxious questions - with



OP-ED : ON THE ABSURDITY OF LIFE (AND DEATH)

human – and we cannot always accept this, can we? Can we live with the slug of such an awareness bloating up inside our minds? Can we carry on, with this crisis bogging down our weak (?) shoulders? Is life then, just a long wait for death?

Why does it not b r e a k us?

It all began when I first read the Myth of Sisyphus, as you may have gleaned by now. I can see your little smirk. "Oh these naïve newbies"... Yes? But it consumed me pleasantly, in a manner unlike most, it resonated with my own spirit on a level that is rare to experience. It packs a punch, that tiny essay. But Camus, while seeming to completely understand why this suicide may occur to us, be it physical or philosophical, ends on a high note – you've got to stand back and admire the unpredictable, unanticipated antithesis he concludes with.. Like a seagull making a killer swoop before it soars, high and higher. "The Journey is enough to fill a man's heart"... Thank you, Camus. I discovered you when I most needed you. Before I began working on this piece, with what I now realise was my extremely limited knowledge on the subject of Suicide, I believed very strongly that it each one's free, personal decision. A choice. If the stone is too heavy to carry, may one not set it down? And I daresay, I stand by this still. However, the more arguments I read, the more I am confused – for although many fail to convince me,

that we do, but if one sits on the fence with regards to this, the chain cannot hold. Free will is a whole another issue in itself, but in doubting it lies an implicit acknowledgement of the puissance of a higher power. And this consequently forces us to consider a theistic perspective. I realise that this has other nuances that make my links incomplete - note that theistic here is simply anything not atheistic.

I'm unsure whether it is simply my jargon that is far from perfect or what, but the problem with these terms is that atheism cannot be defined independently of an understanding of theism. You are obliged to first consider the existence of a higher power to be able to have the subsequent, apparently anomalous belief that there is no such thing. A matter of fact I thoroughly dislike, but for want of better words... here we are.

So in case you consider the theistic stand, is it that you ask what right we have to do anything to this life given to us by God? -and in the same breath, negate the legitimacy of allowing any personal volition to reign over any major changes one may make? And to make it a stretch, completely negate the entire concept of decision making, if one is to simply sit in the boat and let the waves shuffle you around...? Also, if one believes in

this imaginary divine entity. It's a refuge, one that creates something transcendental to this existence - because it is scary, and it's painful to know that we are all coincidental. But we are, are we not?

I wonder, whether it is just us humans that have to suffer this? The animal kingdom seems to have it all sorted. No questions asked. If we look, then, at nature, trying to comprehend what she endorses, we could probably reach a conclusion that perfectly justifies suicide – and also all this killing. Is it the survival of the fittest? Is it just one's own self that each of us is meant to protect? Natural law as understood by some revolved around self-preservation, but this fact is heavily nuanced – the idea of serving oneself may often mean something other than the straightforward, for what this 'self' may desire is as incomprehensible as it is predictable... And this is a very general thing, not an extreme idea.

But if you were to consider a very ostentatiously obvious extreme, would one voluntarily accept a living death, if one truly cherishes this life? What, you may ask, can be extreme or severe enough... Well, who is an outsider to gauge? Do you know what it is like to be afraid of your own mind? I will not speak in terms of mental illness because, beyond

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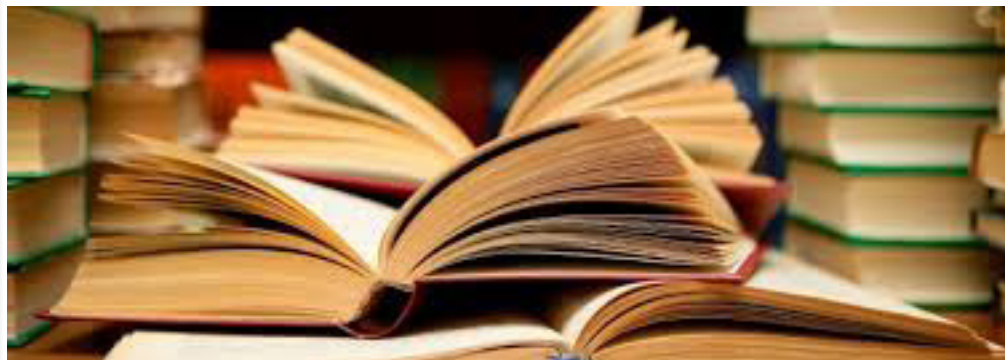
AETHER – EDITORIAL

Aether believes in freedom of expression, and by freedom of expression, I mean freedom from censorship of media. I believe that, the best stories come from free and imaginative and bold mindsets. So here's to being bold and unapologetic. Happy reading!

Ms. Priyanka Afonso
Editor

READING : A PLEASURE

I feel that the books are our best companions. Sometimes our friends or family members will refuse to help us, as they may be not in position to help because of some inconvenience, but the books are always ready to come to our help.



in the book. The habit of reading is a sign of culture. It is a great source of enjoyment and the best means of utilizing leisure. Books are treasure, which are richer than the treasure of any king. They are the gold mines of art, literature, science and information.

Sometimes because of the examinations or CAs we take lot of tensions this leads to taking of stress. Stress not only affects us psychologically but also physically. It is best to read some book of your interest and relax your mind at that time. Reading books is like listening to the words and creating an imaginary scene in our mind. If we have books with us we will never feel bored. We participate in the life described

Books provide instruction as well as delight. We learn many things by reading books and at the same time they give us immense pleasure. It gives us peculiar joy and we forget worries of life. Therefore it is better to take time for ourselves and read any book of our interest and relax our mind.

BY MS. VRUKSHA KARMALI

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a certain point, everything that does not fall between two parallel lines that seem to magnetically shift closer to one another becomes 'ab-norm-al'. All of us, we have our own demons to fight. That aside, it sounds easier to consider the physical counterpart – but is it?

What would happen to the debate on Euthanasia? Practically speaking, the patient no longer remains pertinent, the matter now is the person who administered it. How would you classify this merciful killing of another? An 'assisted suicide'? That term carries within itself a load of complications and I suppose that discussion would be better left for another day. Would it not - if not on a general scale, at least to this individual – feel like a life taken? Consented, perhaps, but all the same...

When, then, is taking someone's life justified? Where else is literal murder not murder? Self - defence seems reasonable – or does it? Capital punishment? This is something that the majority sees as legitimate. How do we justify this one? Let alone the fact that it looks to me all too simple, for a criminal knows quite well the risk - it seems to me that one would not bother with it unless convinced either that this so-called free life is not worth so much as to keep within the law, or that the reason, if any, for the crime far outweighs the apparent value of life as such. Consider religion-related killings, which I suppose constitute a large

percentage – Such a killer believes himself to be doing a service to his community, and consequently, dying for it becomes, for him, martyrdom. And to the criminal that negates the significance of it all, it would not matter – he would, if anything, be doing a service to the ones he killed before he dies himself. Then how, may I ask, is it punishment?

Can dying be a penalty when it happens to all of us? That is the only certainty, once we have a life. It frees us, whether we like it or not. Or let us say that yes, it could be the most severe punishment to certain religious beliefs – but if one also considers this God omnipotent, this death too was meant to happen, yes? This strikes me as odd, seeing in one flash both an acknowledgement of a God and an implicit assertion of one's own power – considering life and death to be the ultimate of matters to judge upon.

Is it perfectly justified to kill through law, as the criminal has effectively lost the 'right' to live by taking away the life of someone who hadn't, apparently, lost his? Firstly, would this logic apply only to a murderer, then? Secondly, what happens when, the victim, in the eyes of the murderer, had in fact lost his 'right to live'? One could say that a person doesn't lose it unless they took away someone else's. Convincing? I do not know, it leaves me unsettled. There is something off about it that I can't put my finger on. And, then again, it is all highly subjective... Say, to a random

religious fanatic, his terror killings are completely justified, is it not?

Ideologically, it comes down to which group dominates, and what is right and what is wrong seems only to be thus decided...

Oh yes, it is all convoluted, complicated business. Everything you could think of opens up galaxies and I can barely keep track, I can barely keep up.

We're incredible.

Look around you, though. Do you like what you see? Run your fingers over the atlas tonight, and ask where it hurts. And maybe you'll hear it whisper back, e v e r y w h e r e. Look at how beautifully we've classified ourselves into colourful chunks of land that we claim to belong to. Look at all the Gods which we say are ours or are somebody else's or perhaps disown entirely. Look at how we more easily choose those who match with the backs of our palms. Look, how arbitrarily we accept and carry on our weak shoulders the bricks of what we want our identity to be. How we choose, and how perfectly sensible we pretend it is. Watch, watch the world burn and smoulder because we are fiery creatures, stone cold. This universe has bled rivers and we impassively drink from them... But what we most definitely do very well, is try and try with no avail to explain and validate our contortedness with philosophy. Oh boy, are we incredible.

By MS. AARATI JOSHI



INSTA TO SNAP

by
Ms. Loretta
Rodrigues

FRIENDSHIP - AN ILLUSION

by
Ms. Simran Prabhu
Malkarnekar

DID INSTAGRAM JUST GO SNAPCHAT?

by Ms. Loretta Rodrigues

Yup!!! Instagram recently launched 'Instagram Stories' a feature similar to Snapchat. Social media has been flooding with controversies regarding the 2 apps.

'Instagram Stories' isn't different from Snapchat. They do have a lot in common. It allows you to post 24-hour ephemeral photo and video slideshows that disappear and everything you post disappears after a day. That's not all! You can adorn your photos with drawings, emojis, texts and swipe

able colour filters, and you can also save your story slides. Your followers and other people can swipe up to reply to your stories and you can also checkout who has seen your story.

Although very similar to each other, Instagram seems to have some better features as compared to Snapchat. On Instagram only the people who follow you can view your stories and you can also hide them from the people you want to. Another

great feat of 'Instagram Stories' is that u can hold the screen to pause the slide show or you can also go back to a slide if you missed. Although Instagram offers three brush types for drawing, it still lacks location filters, native selfie lens filters, stickers and 3D stickers. While Snapchat

warns its users, one can't see who took a screenshot of their stories.

Instagram is where people post the most highlights of their life and so "Instagram

Stories" will allow them to post crazy, goofy pics and not feel awkward about any of their feeds since they remain only for a day. It works well for all those who love clicking pictures and posting them and at the same time manage the way their profile looks.

Instagram has over 500 million users but there maybe some of them who are still loyal to Snapchat and chose to stick to those stories. ***



FRIENDSHIP, JUST AN ILLUSION

by Simran Prabhu Malkarnekar

Kate Morton rightly quoted, "It's a funny thing, character, the way it brands people as they age, rising from within to leave its scars." As friendship day is around the corner and we are currently sailing only the FRIEND-SHIP. How many friends do we actually own in the rat race which we live where everyone fights to be at the apex.

Are they friends that we have? Are they just friends with benefits, aargh I meant a friend who you only want for your benefit.

No person is ever satisfied with the piece of bread they have; there is this competitiveness to get more and more, and the clock ticks. The one who is happy is judged to be lazy and less smart. We are friends in front of every eye but from within ourselves it's all an illusion, and hey, you are now a magician. The currents of the fire that is sparking up to burn you down from inside is felt very strongly, the cold war has frozen the emotions a person once had for a friend dear and only superiority is aimed for. Just take a break, see where you stand in this universe and than judge people and compare others to your lovely self and make friendship actually a reason to celebrate like before.

TEARY TALE

*My blood was spilt on the paper
And no amount of love could save me;
Tears couldn't be held back,
I ended up being a messed up tale;
No story ever ended so badly;
The pages had all sorrow and pain,
The stem of my tortured brain
Couldn't flee from my tormented soul,
Was I deluded? Or maybe it's fictional?
Collection of sheets are not impeccable,
My heart was auctioned at an eerie book fair
And there will not be a 'happily ever after',
Pick any book and I'll be your favourite page
(Or maybe your dreary end).*

Ms. Finoshika Rodrigues (SVBA)

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