



Darwin

DARWIN PLATFORM
GROUP OF COMPANIES
THE VISIONARIES

കുടുംബകാലം

DARWIN KUTUMBAKAM

THE IMPACT OF

PROBLEMS



Dear DP Family Members,

Today our company is positioned to lead as we enter the era of hybrid digital platforms. As I write to you, the world is still experiencing disruption as a result of the global pandemic. What we have witnessed over the past year is an acceleration of digital transformation. Every company in every industry wants to build a much stronger digital foundation to fundamentally change the way its business works. There is no going back. In the next two to three years, we expect to see the digital transformation at a rate that, utilizes all kinds of platforms.

The pandemic was a major wake-up for all of us and as an organization, we stood up to face up to the challenge. That despite all the hurdles which the lockdown possessed, We all as a team left no stone unturned to work from the of ce and sustain the pace of business continuity as if it was any other day.

Ajay Harinath Singh

Chairman cum Managing Director
Darwin Platform Group of Companies

Dear Colleagues,

I sincerely request you all to participate wholeheartedly in the making of our next series of newsletters starting from October 10. Please put your mind together to write on various subjects, areas of business, events that took place in our organization to make the newsletter the most happening thing at Darwin Platform Group.

Perhaps the most profound and exciting change our clients are experiencing is the adoption of new business models based on digital technologies that are building and creating Newsletters. I hereby request to all senior managers to come forward and contribute meaningfully to make the DP newsletter a very successful platform for sharing companywide information to both of our internal as well as external ways.

Sundeep R Singh

Group Vice-Chairman

Darwin Platform Group of Companies

Events & Achievements



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A big congratulations to the team



The 12th Hockey Indian Junior National women's Hockey Championship concluded in Kakinada, Andhra Pradesh on Sunday. Darwin platform group of companies sponsored the winning team Haryana which defeated Jharkhand by 3-0 in the final match.



How Does Social Media Impact Our Self-worth?



A youngster will glance up early in life and, implicitly, ask the world, "Am I OK?" Do I deserve sympathy and goodwill? Am I on the right track?



And, in most cases, a parent is the one who answers these questions initially. Perhaps this parent is generous and compassionate, warm and understanding of the difficulties of life – in which case the child develops a relaxed conscience. They will no longer have to question whether or not they have a right to exist in the years ahead. They're at ease on their own side.

However, if the parent is harsher, the picture becomes bleaker: approbation is never definite, and there is always the danger of being labelled arrogant or conceited.

What's hard is that consciences don't always stick to the people who began them. It's uncommon to come across an adult who still wonders what their parents think. That isn't to imply that we don't wonder about our worth in a broader sense. It's only that we may have carried the question somewhere else without realising it — and, more often than not, to a particularly harsh modern figure of authority: the media and social media.



All of the self-doubting person's worries of unworthiness and desperate yearning for confirmation are now directed to this pitiless battlefield. They continuously lift their phones and tacitly ask, "Do I deserve to exist?" in a system that rewards sadism and malice. Is everything all right with you? Is it true that I am not attractive or respected enough?



And, because social media is built on people's personal problems, the answer is never a sure yes. The cycle of dread and reassurance-seeking never ends. The self-doubting sufferer takes up their phone and asks to know whether they have permission to continue (which happens frequently).

If this sounds like us, we should be interested in (and jealous of) those who are free. They are so because someone decided how much they were worth a long time ago, and the answer has remained consistent ever since. In their minds, social media is a roar in the next valley, not a mob.

We won't be able to learn from these serene people by simply removing a few applications; we'll have to travel much further upstream, to the baby self, whose startled inquiries we must finally silence with abundant doses of soothing, and previously absent care.



As a Sign of Depth, Loneliness



It's an unpleasant admission, but for a certain segment of the population, a significant portion of our lives is spent asking essentially the same question, week after week, with the same mix of frustration, despair, and perplexity: Why am I so lonely?

Why, in other words, do I frequently find myself at odds in social groups, why can't I connect with people more readily, and why don't I have more friends deserving of the title?

It's tempting to leap to the worst-case scenario: I'm terrible, there's something wrong with me, and I deserve to be loathed.

But the real explanation is likely to be far less harsh and, in some ways, far more logical: we, the tribe's separated members, are lonely for a very solid and forgiving reason: we are engaged in introspection, while they – the others – are not, despite their knowledge, wit, and mental fortitude.

They may have a wide range of interests and passions, as well as a lot to say on a wide range of topics, but they are just not interested in delving deeply into themselves. Going back to their childhoods, tracing the links between their feelings and their behaviours, or lying in a bath or bed for a long period processing events in their interior lives are not their notion of pleasure. Introspection is not one of their strong suits. They haven't told us this in so many words — and they probably never will; perhaps they aren't even aware of it. We simply have to surmise that this is the case on the basis of external evidence: that we never feel we have much to say to them, even though – objectively – there might be so much to share.

It's this lack of reflection that explains why our conversations with them frequently veer off topic, such as the cost of train tickets, the best way to make muffins, or what so-and-so from university (who we never really knew or liked) is up to today. It explains why, when we try to steer the conversation toward something more personal and sensitive, we never seem to succeed and wind up in yet another round of debate over sports results or the latest political scandal.



They aren't particularly chilly, but they can appear that way because they don't want to share what's truly going on in their hearts. We can be taken aback when they tell us out of the blue that they regard us to be a close friend.

We must understand that the majority of our acquaintances, however much they may wish to be nice in theory, do not want to do so at the expense of peering into their own minds.

And we, for our part, are lonely because we operate under the assumption that connection is far less prevalent than we torture ourselves to believe. We'll be lucky if we meet just one or two people who share our passion for playing. We shouldn't add to our difficulties by feeling lonely that we're lonely the rest of the time. It's painful, but completely comprehensible; our favourite sport, no matter how noble, is a pretty uncom-





THE SWINGS OF HAVING A MENTAL BREAKDOWN

The episodes usually described as 'breakdowns,' in which people find themselves unable to carry out their customary activities – and fall silent, go to bed, and cannot stop crying – are one of the saddest and most perplexing phenomena of psychological existence.

From the outside, it may appear enigmatic, but what is nearly always going on is an attempt to untangle a falsehood that someone else has inadvertently woven into our lives. A long-repressed truth is striving to break through layers of deception behind the breakdown. Because 'normality' has been plagued with something nonsensical, mean, and impossible, a person is unable to act 'normally.' The breakdown is a reasonable attempt at health and truth disguised as a disease.

What has made us ill tends to be a variety of perverse injunctions under which those we trusted may have made us live, for example: I'm ostensibly asking you to succeed – but I won't love you if you do. Or: You must fail – in order that I can bear my disappointments. Or: You must feel terrible about yourself – to shore up my sense of worth. Or: Worry all the time – so that I can be carefree. Or: You can never be happy – for it would make me too sad.

We've undoubtedly been trying to make sense of these contradictory messages for a long time, but we've now had enough. We feel impelled to free ourselves from our weird situation. Our disease acts as our conscience; it won't stop until we've discovered the truth; it can't tell us the truth on its own, but it's forcing us to seek it out. Twitching, paranoia, and sorrow exist to keep us honest. The sickness has made a deal with us: if you understand me, I'll leave you alone; if you don't, I'll disrupt normalcy to keep you from misleading yourself any longer. Illness is the truth's midwife.

Some of us are lucky enough to solve the puzzle. We start to gain a sense of who might have harmed us – and how strange and awful it is that they did so (not least, because they might be our parent or our spouse). We were ill as a result of being victims of abuse that required the cover of 'craziness' to be able to look at. We aren't sick at all; in fact, we may be closer to sanity than we've ever dared to be.