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JDSOLA's Independent Student Publication

# THE LIBERAL CANON





# Editor's Note

Goodbye TLC!

After almost two years of being Editor-in-Chief at TLC, there could not be a better time to pass the reigns over to the next talented and ambitious Editor, Ashwanth!

I want to thank everyone from my peers, faculty members and most importantly the ever-growing team of TLC for your support and cooperation. Through all our efforts, we've been able to put out Editions every single month — always challenging the previous and working on making it better. I think I'll miss the ideation the most and the scope for creativity. As it was designed to be a platform for our ever-vocal opinions, it has been an honor to house the students writings and artwork. I believe it is a privilege to be able to take current topics and publish research, judgements and perspectives.

From the very beginning to now, I have enjoyed every minute working as the Editor-in-Chief. We bloomed into 4 cohesive and efficient departments — PR, Editing, Management and Design. There was intervention with the Podcast department that was a very interesting learning curve. I appreciate the diversity of practical education that TLC could offer me. Whether it was approaching professionals, interviewing faculty members or simply learning to lead, I have taken very important life skills.

I truly hope that the newsletter survives and strives to be your voice and a medium for your expression — a safe haven within the chaos of classes. As I move on to finish my last semester, I am beyond grateful for the friendships that I have been able to forge with the aid of TLC.

A final thank you to everyone that has accompanied in raising The Liberal Canon — a democratic and standalone publication of JDSOLA. I wish for everyone to channel their Liberal Arts senses and stay true to their opinions that are entitled and valued at The Liberal Canon.

Sanah Shah



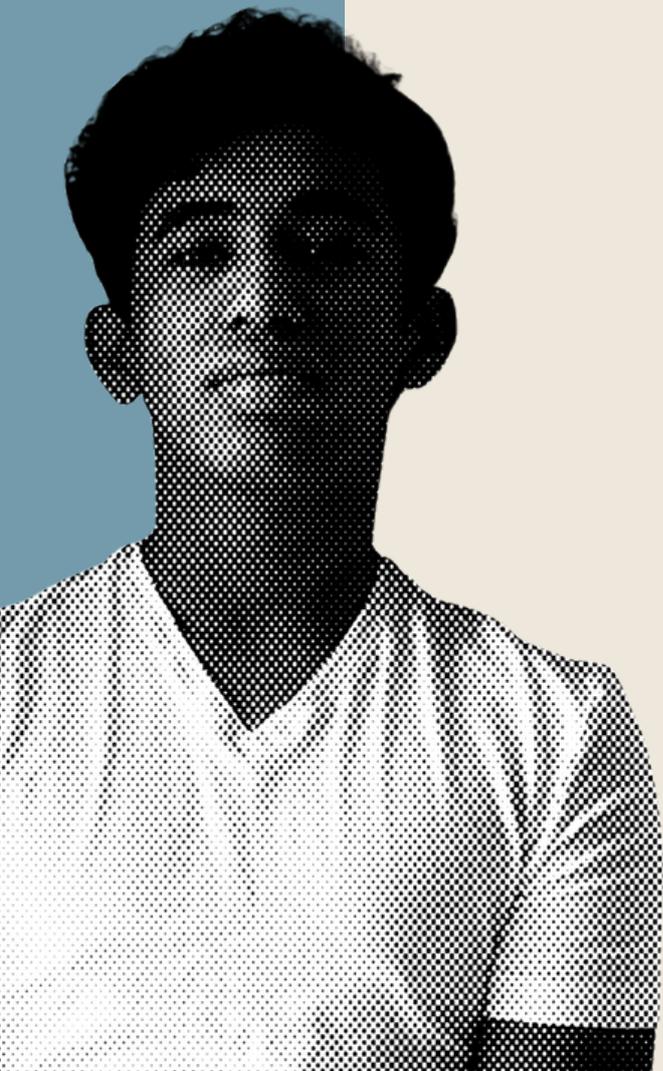
# Editor's Note



This note picks up from the last note that was released in the month of December. We marked the end of the semester then, now we mark the beginning of a new year. I don't like resorting to writing about the clichés regarding the New Year or any festival for that matter but, after all, clichés seem to be the heart of it. One associated deeply with the New Year is the resolutions. The idea of a resolutions might have seemed revolutionary in guiding a person's goals aligning with the idea of a new year, new beginning. Like many, I can definitely count the number of times I have failed my New Year resolutions and yet every year I end up making new ones. But I believe with the required effort, we can actually fulfil our resolutions. Someday we actually will.

Now that classes have started again, I hope The Liberal Canon keeps you hooked with this edition's articles, poems and recommendations.

To Resolutions and The New Year!



Ashwanth Aravind Vidhya

# NEW YEAR: WHAT'S NEW?

SHRIYA KRISHNAN

"Time won't fly, it's like I'm paralyzed by it."

Taylor Swift begins the 4th verse with this melancholic cry in her famous song All Too Well. Taylor Swift's lyricism has time and again highlighted her observational brilliance and innate ability to weave metaphors. I remember listening to her 10-minute version of All Too Well during the last few days of the year. The last week of each year guarantees long reflective Twitter threads and videos about the year that went by. But, with the resolute virus' latest mutation, it all seemed eerily similar to the last 2 years. Everyone I interacted with, echoed Ms Swift's relationship with time. Some friends said that it felt like time had slowed down in the last two years especially because of the consistent lockdowns. To me, it feels like sand has been glued to the hourglass. My mental chart of the year is a saturated image with emotionally and academically significant months dominating the landscape.

After scouring the internet, I came across articles emphasizing the role of emotions in our perception of time. Most experts seem to agree that our rate of productivity and emotional configuration deeply impact our perception of time. In an interview with Vox, Adrian Bardon-a Professor of Philosophy talks about the confusion that our "internal clocks" are going through. In the initial months of the pandemic, the virus had induced anxiety that came from a sense of inability to grasp the events that a tiny microorganism had caused. But in 2022, the new variant has just caused frustration amongst people. A scary variant, a new wave, a lockdown and the inevitable anxiety.

It feels like the script for a period of 4 months repeats time and again.

When I talk to my family and friends, I can identify a sense of hollowness and loss that they seem to have associated with the pandemic. The sentence I've heard the most is "I feel like I'm losing out years of my life in isolation". With birthdays being reduced to video calls, children spending their active years on conferencing apps, the feeling of losing out on important events and experiences hangs in the air. Elizabeth Dias writes pressingly "How do we make sense of time when calendar pages turn, and yet time feels lost?"

The certainty of a future is something that grounds our conception of time. No wonder, the unpredictability of the pandemic is tormenting. Social events like weddings, birthdays, graduation parties etc steer our perception of time. They help us colour a more uniform mental chart of the year that passed by. Without these, time's perceptual malleability becomes even more evident. For some of us, the last two years have felt like an elastic band stretched to infinity and for some of us, it has passed like the snap of the same band.

The mortality that we have witnessed brings unexplainable grief. These are difficult emotions that have been dealt along with demanding work schedules and individual privileges shape these experiences. I reckon that our brains can't even comprehend the essence of the numbers that we see on our screens. That kind of computational cognizance would freeze our bodies and minds and maybe that's why our brains don't intrinsically do that. In Mari Andrews' poignant illustration she talks about how those numbers were people with families that will continue to bereave their loved ones. It's only when we think of the pandemic in such microscopic terms that it instils unmissable anguish. She laments "I miss the people I've never met and the summers they'll never get".

Time has always been a malleable concept influenced by our emotional experiences. Teju Cole had once mentioned the Inuit word "Qarrtsiluni" meaning "sitting together in the dark, waiting for something to happen" in an interview. This "darkness" has been illuminated with extremely effective vaccination drives and more research about the virus' nature. My dear reader, when months becomes blurry and foggy, I hope you have people and things to sit with. As for time, it will continue to feel like a warp. A warp that Taylor Swift strives to explore-

"Time, curious time.

Gave me no compasses,

gave me no signs.

Were there clues

I didn't see?"

# RESOLUTIONS

AKANKSHA DAS

An oft flustered mind starts to frame its resolve  
That begins with plans of how, this year, it won't dissolve  
Into a puddle of fears that it cannot allay  
When facing the roadblocks that obstruct its way  
How, this year, it will search for reasons to find  
For a stuttering mouth to speak its mind  
To make someone's day, as it reverberates with laughter of unbridled youth  
Sings sweetened verses and speaks its truth  
How this new year, striding feet will tread  
On paths that it hasn't travelled yet  
How skin that once seemed washed away  
Will turn golden as it soaks in the sun each day  
And fingers that twitched underneath empty pockets before  
Will rise to wave like shallow waters that embraced the shore  
How this new year, newfound faith will shield  
All the scars that still haven't healed  
From being scrutinized and picked apart  
By the stumbling fingers of a fearful heart  
And how, a voice of conscience will resound  
To teach this heart that it can be found  
To soften walls of hardened clay  
And allow its spirit to lead the way  
Some might ponder, "what's the point?"  
To smear promises upon a clean slate as if to anoint  
Anoint them all, as rulers of a life  
That needs no governance as it struggles to survive  
It is then that the mind discovers  
As it strives to disentangle itself from the vices that embrace it with the arms  
of lovers  
That, although, it has walked this path before  
As downtrodden eyes gaze at the floor  
That it can always find new reasons to teach  
These eyes to dream of unthinkable dreams to reach  
To step out of its comfort zone, to humble its pride  
To set itself aflame with the inextinguishable passion that burns inside  
To learn how to celebrate, even in the wake of all that we leave,  
The umpteen ways in which we can still learn to believe.



# Lending shadows life – A refugee crisis



*Is it empathy,  
is it guilt?*

HRITIKA DALAL

Though his demeanour remained aloof and his eyes  
were cold, the tinge of vulnerability in them was  
enough to make me rethink,  
Questions bombarded my mind, the result of sheer  
curiosity, it left me on the brink.

Did his spendthrift habits leave him clutching to  
poverty, had he dug his own grave and had he chosen  
this life?  
Or had he lived through a disaster, leaving him devoid  
of financial powers to survive?

I saw the scars on his legs and decided he wasn't trying  
to be discreet,  
He had cursed his luck, accepted the fate that he was  
yet to meet.

As I watched him go, I thought to myself,  
Was he going to get through this, was he the only  
volunteer to fend for himself?

I hoped with everything in me that the dime I gave him  
was enough for him to start afresh; even when I knew in  
my heart it didn't,  
Maybe I wasn't really bothered, maybe it was just an  
action to ease my own guilt.

MEHARPREET GANDHI

From the broth of your making  
Life seems tasteful.  
Tell me, do you foster life?

Embellished my heart, it's hearth like.

Canvases dipped deep in your envisage,  
As if shadows.  
It is like a toddler's cooing,  
And imitation of sorrows.

You knew your pupil would dilate hysterically,  
If you hadn't closed your eyes,  
Blinding lights give birth to shadows,  
Are you singing them a lullaby?

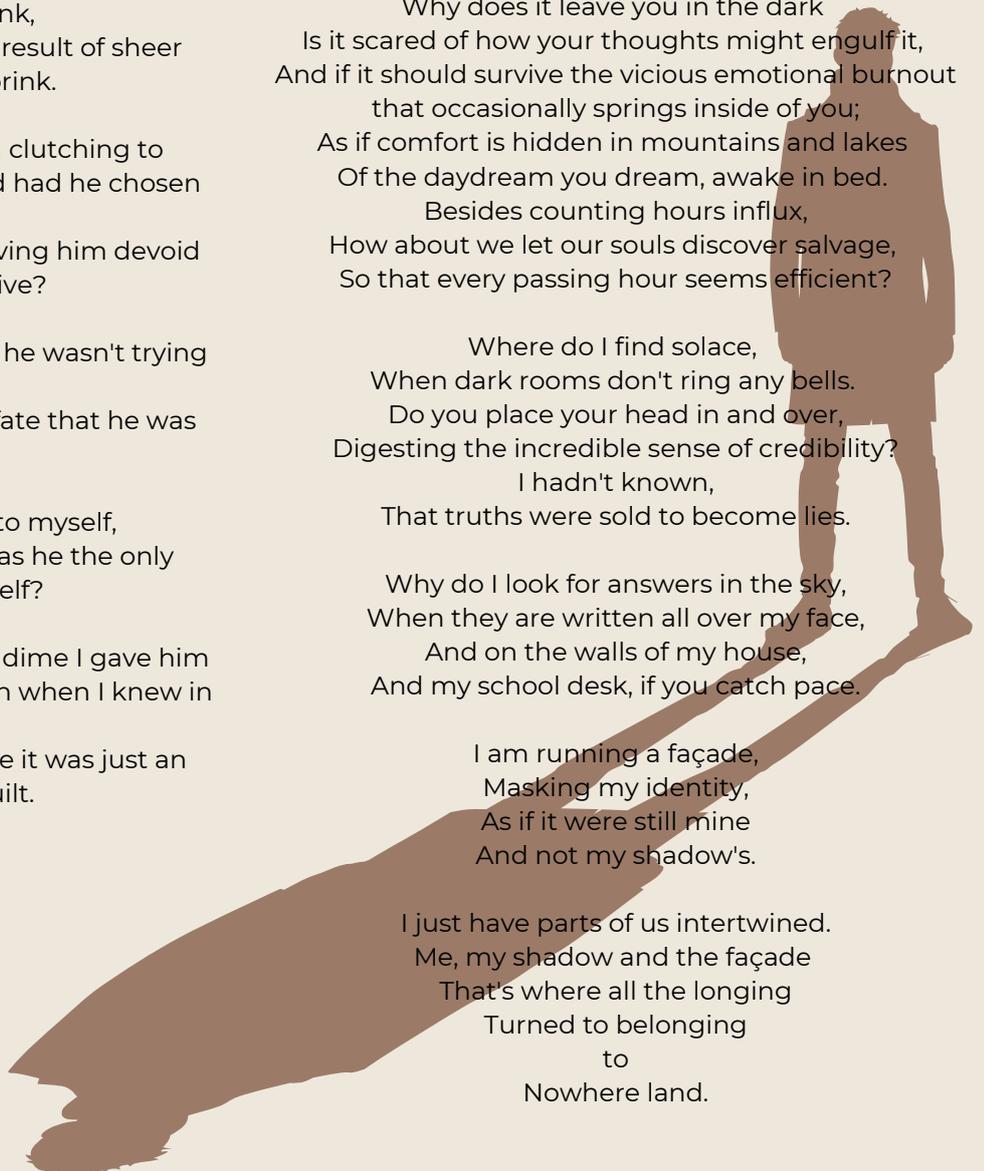
Why does it leave you in the dark  
Is it scared of how your thoughts might engulf it,  
And if it should survive the vicious emotional burnout  
that occasionally springs inside of you;  
As if comfort is hidden in mountains and lakes  
Of the daydream you dream, awake in bed.  
Besides counting hours influx,  
How about we let our souls discover salvage,  
So that every passing hour seems efficient?

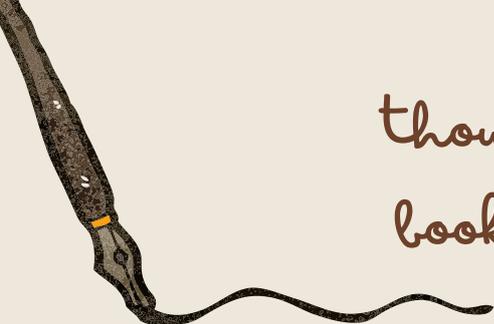
Where do I find solace,  
When dark rooms don't ring any bells.  
Do you place your head in and over,  
Digesting the incredible sense of credibility?  
I hadn't known,  
That truths were sold to become lies.

Why do I look for answers in the sky,  
When they are written all over my face,  
And on the walls of my house,  
And my school desk, if you catch pace.

I am running a façade,  
Masking my identity,  
As if it were still mine  
And not my shadow's.

I just have parts of us intertwined.  
Me, my shadow and the façade  
That's where all the longing  
Turned to belonging  
to  
Nowhere land.





# thoughts behind writing my book 'the emotionary trap'

DRISHITA COELHO

My debut book, *The Emotionary Trap*, was released right in the last week of 2021. And throughout this entire process, it got me thinking about how there's something magical, and at the same time frightening about the creation of a book. How something can go from being the tiniest flicker of an idea to being an actual published book, a physical thing you can hold in your hands.

Funnily enough, *The Emotionary Trap* wasn't planned at all. Honestly, I don't exactly remember what that first spark of this book was. But what I do remember is that it started with a super positive push from my parents amidst the super negative lockdown of 2020. The 2020 pandemic came with many troubles and lots of negatives, but I'm grateful for the time it gave me to accept myself as someone who could actually write a book. Just like me, it came along with lots of hope masked under a pandemic of emotions that we individuals faced in different ways. And this is what my book is all about. People often ask me what my debut book is about, to which my best reply is that it is a compilation of emotions. Now that I think of it, I've not been asked why I wrote this particular book.

And so, here's why I actually did -

I wrote *The Emotionary Trap* as a teen who'd write poetry at the back of her rough journal only to go home and pen it down in her diary. The memo in my phone was a place I found where I could express myself, accept what I was feeling and why I was feeling that way with no terms and conditions, no comments, and no reviews. I am deeply attached to slow RnB and so writing sad love poems was my favourite thing to do. Days turned into weeks and a short quarantine turned into multiple lockdowns. No social interactions, no get-togethers, no multiple hellos and goodbyes, gave me a lot of me-time. Time to reflect on my thoughts and emotions, and acknowledge it all. I'd write what I'd see around me primarily on social media and the next day I knew I had to declutter my chaotic thoughts.

Poetry competitions, anthologies, and tons of projects later, I gathered the courage to post my pieces online. And thankfully, it was the best decision I made. That's what got me to write more. After weeks of introspection, in my heart, I knew that I wanted my debut book to be something that reflected thoughts

land feelings in the most candid way possible.

Something that changed the way I saw things and hopefully even for all those who'd read the same. I'm lucky to have the best audience who validated my pieces time and time again and who were also very professional in telling me to scrap it out if it wasn't better than my previous piece. They were my best critics and the most patient listeners - my mum and dad, and a few of my friends.

The journey of these words from the laptop to the book was wholesome, exciting, tiring (proofreading is always the worst). I think I only edited one bit the first time (alright maybe one and a half), followed by a number of proofreads, and by 'a number of proofreads' I mean 'a number of them.' Somewhere amidst all that comes the moment when you're deciding the color, cover, and the entire look of your book. And in the end, a sense of accomplishment is what runs through your veins and that feeling is absolutely rewarding.

My 'why' wouldn't ever change from here. The heart of my answer would always be - I wanted to find a blueprint for my emotions (just like you) in words but struggled to find these emotional traps in books. So I decided to write them! *The Emotionary Trap* wants you to know -

You're human. You're wishful. You're hopeful.

With that, I hope you love reading my book as much as I loved writing it. You can find all the relevant links to access the book @drishitacoelho on instagram. Happy Reading!



# SWEETS WITH SIM

SIMRAN BHIMANI

January is the month of fresh starts, so why not make it a month to try fresh recipes? This edition's recipes are not only tasty, but also healthy, so if you have a sweet tooth but your New Year resolution is to eat healthier, these recipes are for you.

## GLUTEN-FREE OATMEAL COOKIES

In a large bowl, combine these dry ingredients- 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of quick oats, 1 cup of oat flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt. In another bowl, combine your wet ingredients- 2 mashed ripe bananas (4 if you're using small ones), 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup unsalted butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla (tip: use a whisk for this).

Once the wet ingredients are well combined, add in the dry ingredients in small batches, along with a cup of raisins, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a cup of shredded coconut. Once you see an even distribution of raisins in the batter, you can roll the dough into balls and transfer them onto a baking sheet, flattening them slightly. Remember to leave spaces between the dough balls to account for spread.

Bake for 15-20 minutes in an oven, preheated to 350F or 175C. You'll know the cookies are ready when they are light brown and firm to touch.

These cookies are a great accompaniment to your morning coffee. Enjoy!



## HEALTHY CHOCOLATE BARS

(Warning: these easy to make chocolate bars are slightly addicting, and disappear very fast, especially if you have a big family.)

Now, this recipe doesn't have exact proportions because you can adjust the ingredients to your taste.

Melt around  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of dark or milk chocolate according to your preference with a teaspoon of coconut oil. The fastest way to do this is to chop the chocolate into small pieces and microwave it with coconut oil.

Once it's melted, add in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of peanut butter, a pinch of sea salt, and about 6-7 rice cakes. (I use the Orion o'rice cracker, but there are brown rice versions available too). Now, to thicken the mixture you can use 1 teaspoon of peanut flour, or almond flour (or any nut flour you like) and adjust this proportion till it becomes a thick mixture that fully covers the rice cakes. Spread this mixture in a baking tray (place a baking paper underneath so it is easy to remove) and refrigerate for 2 hours (or till it is firm). Then cut up into bars, and enjoy!

# jdI6 loves

## Movie



Kramer vs Kramer

## Book



Thus spoke Zarathustra  
Authors- Friedrich  
Nietzsche

## TV show



After life

## Podcast



Absolutely mental  
Hosted by Ricky Gervais  
and Sam Harris

## Online course



Introduction to psych-  
masterclass

## Workouts



Pamela Relief-  
20 min full body

## Games



Psych

## Take out



Kyuma restaurant, bkc

## Insta page of the month



@officialhumansofbombay

## Bored games



"Gartic" on Discord

## Apps



"Heads Up" by Ellen  
DeGeneres

## Online shops



Street Style Store

## Mental well being organization



Mental Health America

## Sneakers of the month



Adidas yeezy Foam  
RNNR

## Art



The water lily pond,  
Claude Monet

## Destination



Santorini, Greece

# MEET THE TEAM

Editor in Chief: Sanah Shah

Junior Editor: Ashwanth Aravind Vidhya

**D**

**DESIGN**

Janhavi Tiwari (HoD)  
Kashvi Gupta (Deputy HoD)  
Amatullah Arsiwala  
Anvi Agrawal  
Avi Srivastava  
Bansi Daftary  
Dhriti Anand  
Hishita Kachhara  
Jahnvi Polumahanti  
Kanupriya Mody  
Nandini Nimani  
Rhea Danak  
Siddhi Gupta  
Tanishi Srivastava  
Tvisha Gala

**PUBLIC RELATIONS**

**P**

**R**

Pankhuri Bansal (HoD)  
Resham Natt (Deputy HoD)  
Harshali Saigal  
Jayita Whig  
Krishna Shrivastava  
Mayurakshi Chatterjee  
Rianna Rai  
Sejal Dalvi  
Shraddha Jaidev  
Vaishnavi Kamble  
Veer Gidwani

**EDITORIAL**

**E**

Khwahish Khan (HoD)  
Aashritha Murali  
Akanksha Das  
Dhvani Parekh  
Drishita Coelho  
Ketaki Deshpande  
Hritika Dalal  
Isha Sethunathan  
Meharpreet Gandhi  
Neeharika Nene  
Nitya Menon  
Riyah Amin  
Saachi Gupta  
Shriya Krishnan  
Simran Bhimani  
Syeda Kulsoom Jafri  
Vera Malavia  
Vidushi Lal

**MANAGEMENT**

**M**

Nile Talavdekar (HoD)  
Simran Pitale  
Myra Barua  
Tisha Chhabra



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**[theliberalcanon@gmail.com](mailto:theliberalcanon@gmail.com)**  
**[medium.com/@theliberalcanon](https://medium.com/@theliberalcanon)**

