

25TH DECEMBER, 2020

JDSOLA's Independent Student Publication

THE LIBERAL CANON



Seasons Greetings from The Liberal Canon!

CHRISTMAS EDITION

For the extraordinary editor of The Liberal Canon
Sanah Shah

May she continue to be our northern star for many
more Christmases to come.



A letter to the

GRINCH

SARAH KHATIB

Dear Mr Grinch.

I once used to question your hatred for Christmas, but now I know that the whole holiday is vicious. What's so fascinating about the Christmas lights and candy canes? All I can look forward to is the mind-numbing sales. Why should I pretend to care about everyone around me for the sake of one day? All this holly and the need to be jolly for the man in the sleigh.

I don't want a white Christmas; in fact, I don't want Christmas at all, but man I want a winter break. Why couldn't we just have had two falls? Their lights are twinkling like the stars and I want someone to hit me with a car. The soundtrack to my nightmares is the carollers singing and there's not a bit of joy they are bringing. All I want is to go through the season without the fear of this holiday cheer, and if that is not a good enough reason, then I'm done.

I can see all these presents wrapped up only to be thrown away, what is that shiny wrapper supposed to portray? The lies they spew, or is it just an apology for being rude? All a gift really means is that you stood in a queue, but now with online shopping they didn't even do that for you. Why does everything reek of ginger and mint? Is there really a winner in this hellish winter?

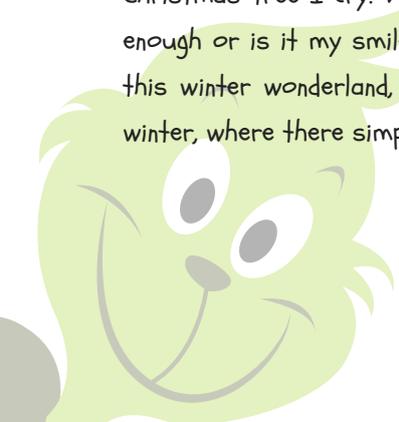
I never thought you were mean, maybe just a little too green, then again you had Max and I only have letters to fax. If your heart grew three sizes that day, don't I deserve something more than a gift card to the café? On this holiday of red and white why am I so full of spite?

I do get why you fell for the lights, sometimes they do shine just right. The aroma of hot cocoa in the morning is sometimes just so heart-warming, but it's just so difficult to be jolly during this season of holly because I'm just so lonely. If Cindy Lou Who took a chance on you, will there be someone for me? Is there a guarantee?

I don't need to be in the Christmas spirit because there's not much to it. Do those gifts fill the holes in our hearts? Can those wrappers shine as bright as the stars? Why do they expect me to be jolly through this season of holly? They call me a Grinch because I can't care about this time, but are my feelings really a crime? Do I really need to be happy when everything around me is just so crappy?

I don't want a white Christmas, in fact, I don't want a Christmas at all, may it be red, green or any colour at all, because right now I'm feeling a little blue which I guess is nothing new. It's not like I don't try, it's beside my Christmas tree I cry. With all this peppermint and holly, I can't find a reason to be jolly. Are my lights not bright enough or is it my smile? Is my cocoa not sweet enough or is it my voice? Maybe I don't deserve to be a part of this winter wonderland, this snow globe which we live in because I simply can't win, win the heart of this hellish winter, where there simply is no winner.

- X.X





HOLIDAY TRADITIONS

ISHIKA KRIPLANI FOR PSYCH CLUB

Christmas is a festival that celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ; Virgin Mary was expecting a child who would in the future be known as the son of God. This festival was not always celebrated for just one day, but instead it was celebrated as a whole season that began from the 24th of December. The traditions that we carry out every year have some meaning behind them which not everyone is aware of, and yet we tend to take these traditions quite seriously; celebrating with these traditions are a way of expressing the glorious heritage of the christian culture.

We all love decorating a Christmas tree and giving as well as receiving gifts, but why do we follow these traditions? What are the reasons behind doing them? Christmas trees are actually a symbol of eternal life and they symbolise the eternal life we have with Christ, giving gifts on the other hand is a reminder of how baby Jesus was gifted to Mary by the Gods. The colour red represents the blood Christ lost during his time of death and a Mistletoe is actually an ancient Roman symbol that indicates the reinstatement of broken friendships and breaking of old enmities.

Following traditions actually has a psychological impact on us. Cultural psychology says that people are shaped by their cultures as well as by the traditions they follow, and in some way their culture and traditions are also shaped by them. Research has proven that traditions are created because of the human nature of being



scared of punishment and their habit of copying others humans. Traditions provide us with a feeling of mutual comfort and helps in creating experiences with our loved ones. Safety and comfort are two attributes that are very important for mankind, and traditions help us to come in contact with these feelings. Imagine a time when you were not able to celebrate Christmas with your family and friends, a time where you did not decorate the Christmas tree or receive any gifts; you could not attend the family dinner which you do every year on Christmas. The feeling of losing out on these experiences makes us low spirited and this feeling is very similar to when we are punished; following traditions however small they may be makes us feel safe and assured.

Another thing that cultures and traditions are connected with are stories. We have heard a lot of stories about Christmas and other festivals that we celebrate. They all are passed on to us from our parents or grandparents; and they received this knowledge by their parents or grandparents. Most of the holiday stories we know have morals to them, and these morals have prominent importance in connecting us with our culture. Stories are a link to our heritage, ancient traditions and legends. The human cognition interprets the meanings of these stories in a way that helps us understand and connect with ourselves better. These stories, over time, have taken many forms such as epics, poems, songs, carols, chants.



Humans are social beings, that means we encounter not only personal problems, but also undergo social and financial pressures. Many times we feel unsettled and anxious by the way our lives are going on; the presence of predictability can bring some sense of order and serenity in life. Traditions bring predictability and calmness into our lives. In addition to the nurturance and constancy, they help remove the cacophony that goes on in the world. Traditions satisfy the four "B's" that are important for humans - a sense of Being, Believing, Belonging, and Benevolence. Without traditions, we find it difficult to fulfil the human need of communication and affiliation, as a result we can often find ourselves alienated from society as well as from within. Traditions not only help us come in contact with our emotions, but they also help us make sense of the world and connect with our culture.

Do you really want to be under the mistletoe?

KHWAHISH KHAN

The Christmas season brings you to sing along to carols, light up your Christmas tree, align your crib and last but not the least, hang up the mistletoe. 2020 did a lot and one thing that it pushed me to do is read and so I read about traditions and customs. On a naïve December day, I decided to scroll through ancient Christmas tales but little did I know it'd be something ghastly.

A mistletoe as a supposed Greek tradition, is a symbol of love during Christmas, hung at the very center of the room under which people kiss their beloved. There are many tales around the origin and use of the

mistletoe before and during the Victorian era. Some of the tales that stood out are the ones of its roots, its use in Norse mythology and in England.

A mistletoe actually parasitically grows on trees and can result in a disease called, 'Witches' broom' which leads to the growth of weak shoots in the tree. In order to get rid of it, you'd have to climb high up on the tree and 'blast' it with a shotgun. Yes, very vivid for something that is used during Christmas! An inner elf told me to stop reading but my inner Grinch, well it told me otherwise, and I'm pretty sure you already know who I selected.

According to Norse mythology, Balder, the son of the chief God Odin, was murdered by his blind brother, Hoor, with a mistletoe missile. *I need to stop reading.* Versions of the mythology give different accounts with respect to what happened to Balder, one of which claimed that he came back to life. His mother, Frigg, was said to have cried tears of mistletoe berries and then went on to label the plant as a symbol of love. *I should have stopped reading.*

And yet I continued reading. In some societies, the juice from mistletoe berries is used to trap small birds due to its adhesive quality. The sticky substance is placed on trees to which birds get stuck and can easily be caught by hand. *Yup, should have stopped.*

In England, the York Minster Church began to host a "mistletoe service" during which criminals from each town could visit the Church, bringing along with them a sprig of mistletoe post which they would be pardoned. It is said that they declared, "public and universal liberty, pardon and freedom of all sorts of inferior and wicked people at the



minister gates, and the gates of the city,
towards the four quarter of heaven.”

I shut the internet tabs after that...*or did I?* All
I did conclude on was that maybe Christmas
isn't as whitewashed as we believe it to be.
Nonetheless, it's the most beautiful time of
the year.

WHEN FIRE AND ICE COLLIDE

AKANKSHA DAS

The very first time that fire met ice
She was told that he was placid
He wasn't the first to say “don't you look nice”
But when he did, his words carried no acid

The very first time that ice met fire
He was told that she was flighty
As lipstick smeared teeth smiled with a
defiance, he couldn't help but admire
She was 'Psyche' in a room full of people who
sought Aphrodite

The second time fire gazed at ice
Her heart raced with emotions she knew she
felt too much
Passion for someone like that would only
lead her to crise
So why did her arms shake when they ached
for something so unattainable to touch?

The second time ice drew in fire
He felt a quiver that was foreign to a heart
described as unfeeling and tough
If what painted his vision was not tainted
with the hues of desire
Then why did he fear, as inevitable, the day
that merely gazing would not be enough?

When fire finally began waltzing around ice
She knew that the stormy grey irises under
his lashes
That stilled her to her spot after she met him
thrice
Could turn her embers into ashes

When ice felt fire flit around him
He was transfixed by the swirls of red
Sizzling as it left imprints on a surface it could
barely skim
He felt it thaw the winter of the dead

When fire encountered ice during meeting
no. four
She prayed for forgiveness from their
ancestors as she knelt
Helplessly dreaming of what would happen if
she pinned him to the floor
Would she extinguish before he could melt?

When ice imagined during their fourth
meeting
What it would feel like to familiarize the tips
of his fingers with the contoured planes of
fire
All thoughts of the consequences of longing
something so fleeting were defeating
Their union threatening to lead to the
destruction of an empire

When fire tried to bid ice goodbye after
meeting number five
Claiming it wasn't a big deal because she just
got carried away
She felt his eyes almost flay her alive
When he said that he had nothing to say

When ice heard fire bid him adieu
He knew it was for the best
She was everything his scriptures warned
were outside his purview
So why couldn't he give it a rest?





When fire's skin tingled during meeting
number six

It was because it felt like the whole town
knew

"For once you did the right thing dear, fire
and ice don't mix"

He would never want someone like you

When ice saw fire for the sixth time that eve

He flinched at the sight of her beauty

As muffled words proclaimed, "We didn't
know she'd be here, you should leave"

He felt, for the first time, suffocated by the
constraints of his duty

At meeting number seven, fire's reputation
preceded her, as the hot-headed hellion
And as she was kept under the townsfolk's
watchful glance

No one anticipated ice to be the source of
rebellion

Until he strode forward to ask her for a dance

As hesitant steps were taken, the townsmen
were horrified

And she whispered, "I'm trying to put the
world before me like you do but oh! how I
tire"

"Well, wouldn't it be good then, if for once,
the rules I defied?", he said as she stared
stupefied.

"I'm here to tell you what I meant to say that
day, that it would be a privilege to burn for
you, fire"

Later, the scriptures would never be altered
to decree their union as a plan of fate

But those present in the the present would
say they were surprised

To witness the destruction that never arose
during meeting number eight

When fire and ice moved toward each other,
and on reaching halfway at the same time,

vaporised

When ice and fire embraced each other as
they met for the ninth time

There were no eyes that witnessed how the
pain could be numbed by love that was
fierce

A split second as their changing forms cried
out, "how sublime"

As the flames began to scorch what the frost
began to pierce

After the tenth second of their first kiss when
fire and ice finally collided

Contrary to popular belief, neither form
seemed to taper

As melting droplets traced the periphery of
the blaze by which they were ignited

Fire and ice melded into each other as they
rose high like a skyscraper

When fire collided with ice

She learnt to rid herself of the insecurities
that arose from believing all the chatter

Their union helped her realise

That the flames of her passion could bring
about a new state of matter

When ice collided with fire

He learnt that his heart was not meant to be
hollow

The trade-off that came with giving in to
desire

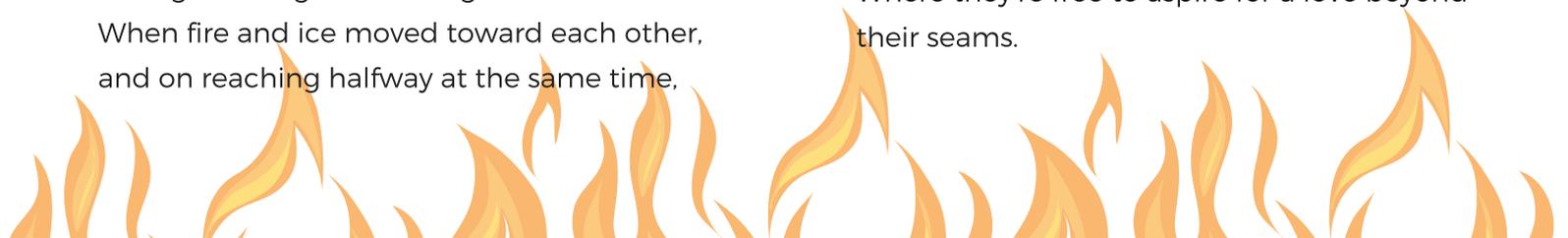
Was choosing for himself the road he needed
to follow

The story of fire and ice does not end with
their collision

For it serves as the tale of origin of steam
Inspiring generations to believe in the

possibilities of a future they'd like to envision
Where they're free to aspire for a love beyond

their seams.





KRAMPUS: THE CHRISTMAS DEVIL

NEEHARIKA NENE

As December approaches and brings the year to a close, the Christmas spirit becomes inescapable. One can't step out of the house or even browse social media at home without being hit in the face by holiday cheer. If you're like me, and you've decorated a tree, baked cookies, the whole shebang – you know there's something about Christmas that makes you feel like everything's right with the world, especially now, when it really isn't. So Andy Williams had the right idea when he called Christmas 'The Most Wonderful Time of the Year'. Of course, Andy Williams wasn't thinking about some of the darker traditions and stories associated with Christmas that we've hardly stopped to think about. Like the fact that leaving milk and cookies for Santa was a custom that took off during the Great Depression. Or the story of the Nutcracker, where an eight year old girl marries a doll.

But few yuletide stories are as bone chilling as that of Krampus, the Christmas devil. Where there is light, there must be darkness. Where there is an angel on one shoulder, there must be a devil on the other. So it is unsurprising that with Santa Claus comes a terrifying, yet perfectly fitting companion. Originating from Austrian folklore, Krampus is half man, half goat, with curved horns, a long tongue, and the 'Krampen' (a German word for claw) that gives him his name. He comes every year during Christmas time to punish children who have been naughty. This punishment ranges from giving them lumps of coal instead of gifts, to hitting them with

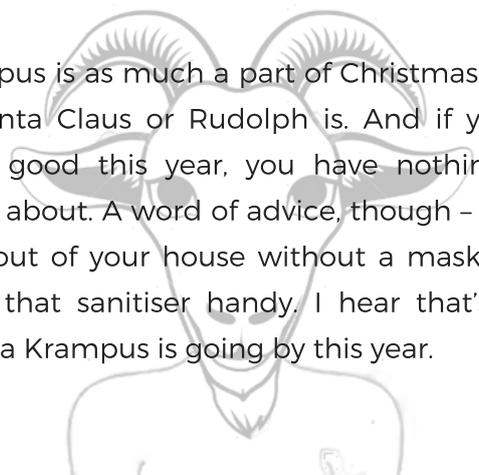
sticks or even kidnapping them. But Krampus' identity goes beyond just the holiday season.

In Norse mythology, he is believed to be the son of Hel, the God of the underworld. He is also thought to be associated with pagan rituals for the winter solstice, and became a Christmas legend as Christianity spread.

Different versions of this grisly devil exist too, like the Belsnickel in Southwestern Germany and Pennsylvania Dutch communities in the United States (who actually also delivers gifts if you've been good), and Père Fouettard in France. The night of 5th December is known as Krampusnacht or 'Krampus Night' in alpine Austria and some parts of Germany. This is when he visits the homes of naughty kids, leaving lumps of coal in their shoe while Santa rewards the good ones with gifts.

The legend of Krampus seems like an effective trick for parents to get their children to behave, like a Christmas - exclusive Bogeyman of sorts. But as it turns out, the adults have found a way to take their fun a little further. In Austria, Germany, Czech Republic, Hungary, and Slovenia, men get drunk and participate in the Krampuslauf, or a 'Krampus Run', where they dress up as the Krampus chase people through the streets. It was the fascinating stories about this fearsome Christmas nightmare that pushed director Michael Dougherty to make 'Krampus', which released in 2015.

Krampus is as much a part of Christmas time as Santa Claus or Rudolph is. And if you've been good this year, you have nothing to worry about. A word of advice, though – don't step out of your house without a mask, and keep that sanitiser handy. I hear that's the criteria Krampus is going by this year.





DECEMBER

MAITREYI SIDDHARTH BHATIA

December shivered with the cold winter flakes taking away the senses of warmth leaving us faded; faded away from each other. Sooner or later, you will have to acknowledge that we all are the same. But if there is love, there is warmth. Would you meet me in December during that same cold winter, where we could make some sense to warm ourselves all over again?



WHAT WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR IN 2020

I'm grateful for time, time & time this year to get to know people around me better, spend quality time with my family. I'm grateful for a being an environment that is healthy and happy, being able to spend time with animals and plants around me and taught me a lot about self reflection. I'm grateful to be home and have the basic amenities (A roof over your head, running water and working electricity and good internet)

-KAMEEL PIRANI

I'm grateful for the following things:

1. Getting the opportunity to be a part of NMIMS and learning so many things here.
2. Having met and interacted w/ some amazing people (b/c of college).
3. Learning how to be patient and more aware b/c of the pandemic.
4. A lot of time that I got to spend w/ my family. :))

-KASHVI GUPTA

I am grateful for the good health of my family and close friends.

-RHEA DANAK



A few things that's I'm really grateful for this is that although the pandemic restricted our movements I was still connected to my entire family , probably more than I was before the pandemic. I was lucky enough to have spent so much time with my parents. More than anything else my family grew by 4 feet & we got the cutest lil pup-Oscar.

All in all I'm grateful for 2020. Staying healthy , connected and being quite productive during holidays felt like a great achievement!

-SIMRAN MEHRA



CANON BUZZ



VIDEO GAMES AND COMIC BOOK CLUB

GAMER OF THE MONTH 'NILE TALAVDEKAR'



MUSIC CLUB

MUSIC GENIUS OF THE MONTH 'KRISHNA SHRIVASTAVA'



PODCAST:

**A Very Hallmark
Christmas -
Loree and Rob**

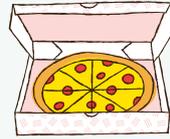


**ONLINE
COURSE:**

**Christmas
Holiday Food
Gifts Cooking
Class -
by Amore
Kitchen**



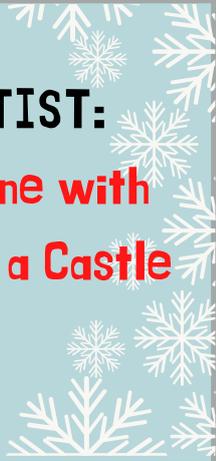
Ho Ho Ho



**RESTAURANT:
Pizza express**

ART AND ARTIST:

**A Winter Scene with
Skaters near a Castle
by Hendrick
Avercamp**



BOOKS:

**The Polar Express
- by Chris Van
Allsburg**



MUSIC:

**All I want
for
Christmas
by Mariah
Carey**



**MENTAL
WELL
BEING:
Mindspa**

**Dream
Destination-
Zurich,
Switzerland**



WEB-SERIES:

**Schitt's
Creek**



**STUDENT
ESSENTIALS:**

**Wifi range
extender**



**ONLINE
SHOP:**

Topshop

MOVIES:

**Home Alone
series**



**DIY :
Christmas
Scented
Candles**



**TECH: MacBook
Air (M1)**



**WORKOUT:
Headspace**



GAMES: Cluedo





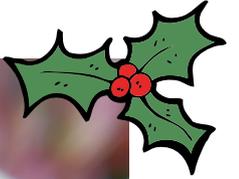
PASSION PROJECTS



KASHVI GUPTA

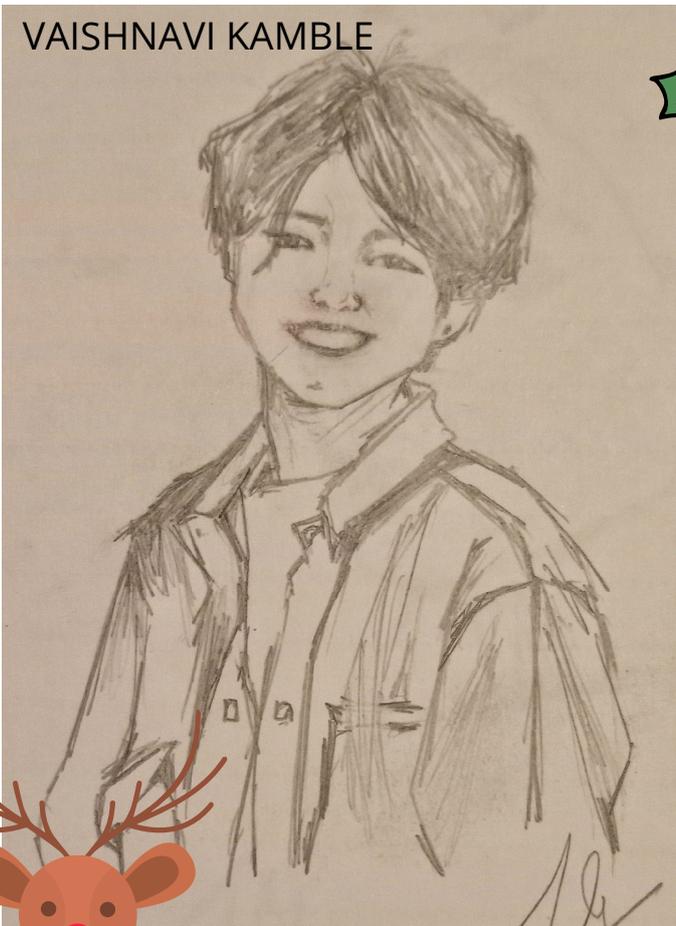


KASHVI GUPTA

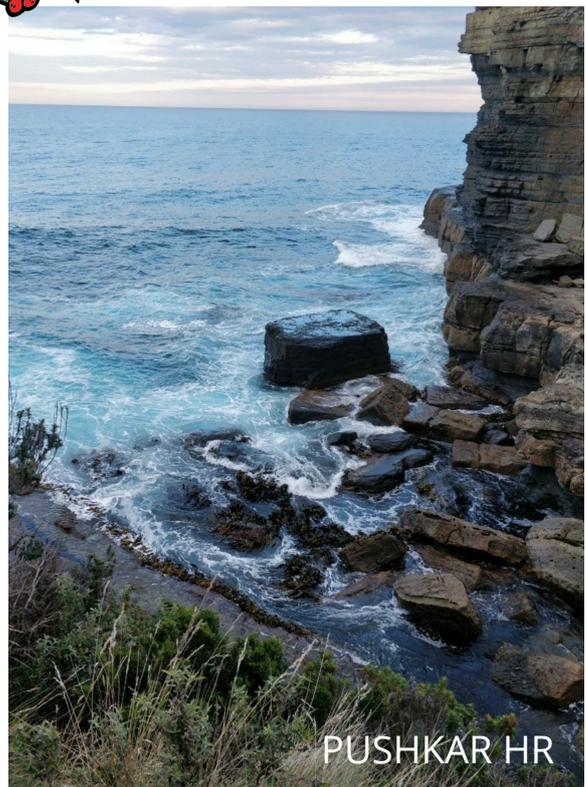


PUSHKAR HR

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VAISHNAVI KAMBLE



PUSHKAR HR





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