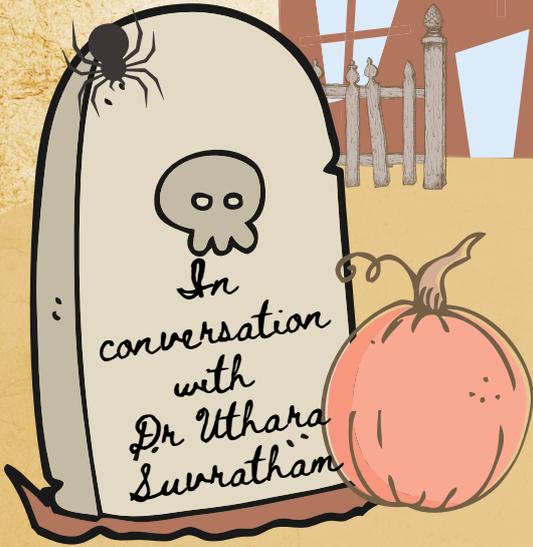


THE LIBERAL CANON



EDITOR'S NOTE

HELLO SPOOKSTERS!

The Liberal Canon presents its first ever, thrilling Halloween edition. Filled with enamoring and creepy elements that may pop up and haunt you, this read is a strange and mysterious experience - through the haunted edition! The history of Halloween begins with the traditional Celtic festival of Samhain. The Celts, who belonged to the region that occupied Ireland, United Kingdom and France, celebrated their new year on 1st November. The night before, they would light bonfires and wear costumes to ward off ghosts of the dead, as it was believed that they would return to Earth on that one night. It also marked the beginning of a dark and cold winter, and the Celts knew well that the times ahead would be bleak and chilling. The Celtic priests were known as Druids and it was believed that they could make better perditions when paranormal spirits were around. So, the Druids built the fires, the Celts celebrated around them and now we carry on reducible correlates of this tradition.

Another point of interest are the Salem witch trials of colonial Massachusetts. Some Christians believed that the Devil would provide people with the power to harm others as payment for their loyalty. Those receiving the power would be termed as "witches." There was a "witchcraft craze" that rippled through Europe. They faced great tragedy as almost ten thousand people, believed to be "witches", who were mostly women, were prosecuted and hung. These trials of the supernatural bring to light larger issues that we may often miss, such as the fact that association and execution of women majorly outnumbered the men. Even when men faced allegations, it was in relation to another woman! Historian John Demos noted that Puritan men tried for witchcraft were mostly the husbands or brothers of alleged female witches. Women held a precarious, weak and powerless position in Puritan society; anyone breaking out from this subdued version could have made them targets. Point being, the chronicles of Halloween contain interesting tales which could be quite thought-provoking and equally relevant today.

Lastly, embrace your magic and "don't let the muggles get you down!" There is something unnatural with enchantments in our daily life and we don't tend to pay attention to it. But there's fairy dust around you when you do something you like, sorcery when you find your way out through hard times and you perform wizardry by doing everything that you do.

Thank you to whoever attended "Freaky Friday"- The Liberal Canon's first ever event! It was such an honor to host it and thank you to all the team members who put in significant efforts to make the night gruesome and gory!

SANAH SHAH



Love YOURSELF

JHANVI ADATIA

I am not going to start my article by talking about how hard it is to love yourself. It is not, really. It is tougher to love yourself when you keep looking at yourself through other's eyes, but I have also learnt to love myself through the eyes of people who do love me. It is always tough making a transition from one place to another, it's inconvenient for a while, you have no proper arrangements, you're not used to packing up your bags and leaving. You're not used to the empty space you are yet to make your own. I personally like to believe that the more you find yourself, the more you get to love yourself; so it is a never ending journey. It is going to have moments where it will get extremely good and easy to endure through long periods. There will be people who will guide you and the ones who confuse you but don't be too hard on yourself: you're the one person out there who is not against you. And everything eventually heals or becomes something you learn to manage as time goes by. My personal journey has been spread out: I have gone from not being close to the idea of a potential relationship with myself, to slowly coming to terms with myself. That in itself, is a major change for a lot of people. The insecurities you let breed, and the constant positivity, both consume your soul and make you empty.

But that is nowhere even close to what I believe to be "body positivity" or "loving yourself". The very idea of love is unconditional – be it for others or you. Practising self love comes in with a heavy and exhaustingly long process – it is not technical and nor is it something you can force on yourself just because everyone is doing it. Self love comes from within – you should be willing to go through this, with yourself. You can't possibly scold yourself for not loving you. Look at where your parents scolding you got you. I'm not implying that you should keep not liking yourself till you reach an epiphany or have walked through the toughest and darkest spaces. What I mean is that there is no one proper way of loving yourself. Everyone has different journeys – the ones supporting you on your story might die or leave halfway, some might turn up and mess you up more, and it will be frustrating enough that you will want to quit, but the progress you have made will have changed you the moment you started the journey.



THE HAUNTING OF LOST ERASERS

APARAJITA MUKHERJEE

Have you ever finished using an eraser completely till there was nothing left but dust? Let me frame a more likely scenario, you wrote something with a pencil and you wished to erase what you had written for you had made a mistake. You brought out your eraser to erase it and continued writing with the pencil later. However, a few days later you realize that you have lost the eraser and can't remember where you left it. Sounds familiar? Well, I have a theory on the absurd disappearances of erasers. Erasers are haunted. WAIT! Don't stop reading just yet. I can explain.

I believe that every word we write using a pencil has a soul, it's own set of emotions and a spirit. When we decide to erase what we've written, we are able to get rid of its material aspect: the graphite from the paper is lifted and it turns to dust. But the question I ask is where do the souls of the words go? Here is where our primary object of focus, the eraser, comes into the picture. My theory is that the eraser sucks the souls of the words into itself. Thus, the eraser is haunted by the spirits of the words forgotten. Now, you may consider it highly unlikely since the eraser seems so harmless, neat, and white, and it is so soft to touch. How can something so timid suck in souls, you ask? Well, go ahead and try to explain how you lost your eraser in primary school and have no recollection of what happened. Erasers are haunted since that's where words go after they die and are forgotten forever. Once a word's soul is trapped within an eraser, there is no way out

since the rubber walls only let things in and they never let anything out back again into the world of the living.

The eraser is white in colour which is generally considered to be perfect and I agree that in any other scenario, white would be considered perfect. But when I look at the white in this eraser, I am reminded of a ghost on Halloween. Just like a ghost, the eraser is white and cold to touch. It has no body, no eyes, no ears, and no life, like a spirit wandering the halls of a creepy old mansion.

Another connotation of white can be taken from the Hindu tradition of wearing white at funerals. Just like those sad, lifeless clothes, the eraser witnesses death, the death of words.

You can also see the grief lines at the edge of the eraser, which also indicate death. The smooth rubber texture of the eraser prevents the spirits from breaking free, and they remain trapped within the white walls. There is also a roman arch at one end of the eraser in the picture attached that represents weight: weight of all the spirits it carries within and the weight it experiences trying to cover up our mistakes. An eraser is the only way to cover up our mistakes in life, and maybe that's what haunts the erasers, our mistakes. Maybe we are the reason our erasers are haunted, just like everything else that we have ruined by using them for our selfish needs. Further, two vertical parallel lines can be observed along the vertical edges of the eraser which show that the spirits are opposing their entrapment within the rubber walls. They yearn to be free. This leads me to the answer to the mysterious disappearances of erasers. Once an eraser is filled with the spirits of the words, it

disappears. We never see it again since it leaves our world and travels in between worlds of the living and the dead. These elements mentioned above make this eraser a work of art.

Another element that can be seen is movement. Movement is seen in the to and fro motion observed while erasing something. The to and fro motion indicates nervousness or anxiety which one might experience while writing something since one is unsure of what they have written. Time is another element that can be seen in this object as it gets used up eventually and it becomes physically smaller. Thus, by looking at an eraser and its size, you can calculate how much time has passed. Hence, an eraser is an object of art if you consider the elements mentioned above.

There is a certain kind of beauty that accompanies mystery and horror. Why else would most of us be attracted to horror movies? There is something so captivating about the unknown that even if we are afraid, our curiosity pulls us towards the mystery. Thus, I see art in this eraser because of the mystery that it holds. One might never know all the words this eraser has been a witness to. This eraser has been a part of secrets, fights, jokes and many other memories and that's what makes this object a work of art.

People generally don't ever think about erasers as art since it isn't the most aesthetically interesting object. But that's the case with most art- art is neglected until one day someone sees an object and sees something different from what others see and thus a work of art is found.

I think what fascinates me the most about an



eraser is that it has the power to undo things. In a way, it's almost like travelling back in time. When you erase your mistake, you go back to the moment before you made the mistake and hence, you could control an aspect of your universe. This leads me to the realization that the smallest of things hold so much power without us even realizing it. According to me, power is art too.

Lastly, as mentioned before, the eraser reminds me of death which is the ultimate truth of life and hence, it is art.

Riddle

I am wrapped but I am not a gift, I am kept neatly in a chamber and Archeologists find me as a great treasure. What am I?

Answer: Mummy

THE DEMONESS AND THE QUEEN: A MYTHICAL TALE OF FRIENDSHIP

ANANYAA MISHRA

Trijatha, the havoc-wrecker of Lanka was passing through the forest, along with her sisters, when her eyes fell upon Janaki, the queen of a northern kingdom, who had been held captive by the tyrannical king of Lanka. He was with her, towering over her as she sat meekly. He brandished his sword, menacing her into agreeing to marry him, but Janaki was equally resistant, and a wee bit rebellious. She straightened herself, and elongated her neck such that her eyes met his, and so he could see the fire in them- the fire of rage, the fire of bravura, the fire of endurance. Her voice was heavy and bellowing with a fear that interspersed with her feigned confidence, 'You don't know my king's potential! He killed the most terrible demons when he was but a teenager. He will vanquish you too! Think before you touch me!'

Infuriated by her refusal and by her threat to his life, he roared even louder, 'You impudent woman! How dare you show such arrogance?!'

With his muscular, sinewed arms, he clenched onto his sword and was about to lash out on her with his mighty blows but was pulled away. He tripped on a pebble and almost tumbled down, but his wife, the one who had retracted him, coaxed him, 'Please have some mercy on her. She has been hrough so much.'

He was unconvinced but realised that he couldn't make her his own without fighting her husband, for it would be an act of cheating. So he walked away, ready to come back if and when his job was done. With him gone, Janaki, curled up in a desperate attempt to protect herself, now fell to the ground, and sobbed like a little child. All that courage she had mustered after severe penance flowed away with her tears. Trijatha thought to herself, 'How vile could the king be, to unjustly push this harmless, helpless woman to tears.' Memories of her childhood encounters with the king flashed in her eyes. She remembered that time when she, as a young girl, was kept at the edge of the king's sword simply because she was different from everyone else, for she didn't belong to the land.



MEXICAN DAY OF THE DEAD

SAACHI GUPTA

The hatred and the demonisation she faced at his hands all condensed into the need to terrorise the kingdom till those different from her were all tormented and regretted their actions. But with Janaki lying there miserably, she didn't have the option to fight someone who didn't belong to her clan. So she, along with her sisters, rushed to Janaki's aide, 'Oh. Oh. Please don't worry. We are here for you. He can't harm you as long as we are around.'

Exhausted after the overwhelming argument with the Lankan King, Janaki didn't have the energy to acknowledge Trijatha's offer. She was adjusting herself to sleep, but couldn't, as she kept tossing and turning. It was then that Trijatha sat by her, on the ground, and slapped her thighs, 'Dear queen, please rest here. That barren ground will only bother you more.'

And so, Janaki arose, only to softly fall back in Trijatha's lap, and her uptight body let loose all the stress it had trapped. She wiped her face dry with the back of her hand, and sighed, 'Mother, thank you for your kindness. I will never know how to repay you,' before going into a slumber, her only escape.

Trijatha's eyes brimmed with tears upon Janaki's words. She placed her hands on Janaki's head, her hair feeling like flowers in Trijatha's hands which now felt supple. Trijatha kept settling Janaki's hair, so she could sleep uninterrupted. A feeling of endearment came over Trijatha, and she didn't know how to express this emotion she'd never felt.

My fear of death has always been an unchanging part of my life. Lying in bed at night, I would try to imagine what it would feel like to be dead, to cease to exist, what it would feel like to not feel anything. I spent countless sleepless nights, mentally going through everything that could take my loved ones away from me. My fear of death was crippling, leaving behind tear stains and a heart that beat too fast, always anticipating bad news.

Ironically, I ended up in Mexico for my year-long exchange program. Known for their reverence of the dead and death itself, the Mexicans incorporated my paralysing fear into every little aspect of their lives - from the Goddess Santa Muerte to dressed-up skeleton statues in amusement parks, from Frida Kahlo's stunning but heart-wrenching art to heavy discussions on the subject in school - everywhere I looked, there was living death.

The festival of Dia de Los Muertos or Day of the Dead only took this to another level. It was a tradition that grew on me quite easily. My incurable fear of death did not stop me from admiring those who welcomed it with open arms. The idea of the Day of the Dead is not to be sad over death. It is to celebrate life.

It was my host mother who first opened my eyes to a different perspective on death: "



“Death is the only thing that you know is going to happen for sure,” she said, “It’s the one thing that everyone in the world has in common.”

In the 2000s, with the introduction of American traditions in the Mexican world, the Day of the Dead began to lose popularity. Halloween was suddenly everywhere, and what followed, interestingly, was a people’s movement to reinstate the Day of the Dead, and shed light on its importance in Mexican culture. The Day of the Dead is not, as the Americans say, ‘Mexican Halloween.’ It comes from more ancient times, holds deeper meanings and is the epitome of indigenous Mexican culture itself.

Centuries ago, it was the Mayans who played a famous ball game that lasted two weeks. The catch? The team that won the game had the honour of being beheaded and sacrificed to the Gods above. The Day of the Dead too, was originally, a day of sacrifice—a day of creating death, rather than just honouring it. The Spanish colonists found this tradition barbaric, and that was how Dia de Los Muertos became what it is today.

Celebrated on the 1st and 2nd of November, the Day of the Dead is a time for departed souls to visit the Earth once again and spend time with their loved ones. The 1st of November is to remember the souls of children gone too soon, and the 2nd is the day for adult lives lost. Families set up altars with names and pictures of their dead loved ones, prepare their favourite food and create a path leading up to the altar, using the flower cempasúchil or marigold – also known as flower of the dead. There is colour everywhere, and delicacies like Pan de Muertos (Bread of the Dead) fill every bakery.



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I spent my Day of the Dead at a famous festival in the park Xcaret. With traditionally painted faces, in all black, my family and I walked around the park, visiting different shows – from the traditional Maya music show, to a cemetery with over 300 stunning replicas of graves, and lastly, a grand showcase of the famous Maya ball game in an amphitheatre.

Coffee, the sick cat in my host family, seemed determined to outlive the Day of the Dead. “We thought we’d have his picture on the altar this year, but he’s not giving up,” my host mother told me. “He cannot move at all, cannot make a sound – but he continues to struggle.”

A few days after Dia de Los Muertos, my host mother took a beautiful picture of him, face raised, blue eyes blearily looking at the camera. “For next year,” she said, and I understood.

I understood that one year, you could be celebrating Day of the Dead, tearfully remembering the ones you’ve lost, and the next year, you could be one of the photographs on the altar. The idea is enough to keep me awake at night, but I understand.



X



WHITE MARBLE

NEEHARIKA NENE

He could not sleep. He had come home from the funeral two nights ago and hadn't slept a wink. Now he sat in the corner of their bedroom, shivering, covered in a cold sweat; the pistol trembling in his pale hand. How had it come to this? He could not remember. The last two nights had been a blur, and the only thing that remained with him was the merciless cold. He had come back from her funeral to a cold, damp house – and it had been like that ever since. The fireplace burned and crackled, but the unearthly chill of the room remained. But deep down, he knew it wasn't the room, or the house, or the storm thundering through the conifers outside. His heart had felt like a block of ice since he buried her. And slowly, the chill had spread through his body, freezing his veins and rotting the blood inside them.

Crouching in the corner of their bedroom like a coward, he tightened the reins on his mind. Every time it wandered, her lifeless face would flash before his eyes. They had fixed her up they had patched up her wounds and she looked like a doll a porcelain doll her skin so pale so beautiful in her coffin her skin in her grave PEELING OFF HER SKIN PEELING OFF HER EYES MELTING SCARS BRUISES SHE HAS NO FACE HER STITCHED MOUTH – he was screaming again-screaming through an aching throat and tightly sealed lips, for he couldn't bring himself to make a louder sound.

Would they believe him if he told them how he had lived for the past two nights? They had certainly believed him when he said she had fallen down the stairs and split her head open on the floor below. His beautiful wife, young and in good health. The only heir of a wealthy father. Oh, a tragedy – and how naively the village had mourned! No, it didn't matter if they didn't believe him. He had to put an end to this. Another night of the aching cold would kill him, surely. Still shaking, but with new vigour, he scrambled to his feet.

A bolt of lightning outside, and he caught a glimpse of his eyes in the mirror – wild and ablaze with fear. The man in the mirror was but a shadow of who he was not too long ago. The pistol felt heavy in his hand. What am I going to do? Shoot a dead woman? Shoot her until she dies again until she finally dies for good and leaves, and I won't even bury her this time? Burn her. Burn the wretched witch – his grip tightened on the cold steel. (to be continued)

CATCH THE REST IN THE LATEST EDITION OF
PUSH UP DAISIES!
@PUSHUPDAISIESMAG



COGNITIVE CHAOS

SIDDHANSH AGRAWAL

Crawling, these thoughts are crawling.
The demons inside I'm brawling,
can't seem to find my calling.
Sanity are pins and inside it's all bowling

Am I doing well?
Don't know that.
I will not tell,
even if I feel like crap.

Damn, that's rude.
Yes my head is screwed,
you didn't know?
I'm not thinking bro.

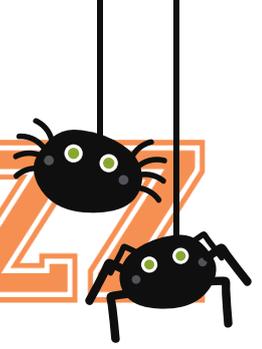
What keeps me up, is a dwelling
In my head, like a swelling.
To me, it won't stop telling
that it'd be rags I'll be selling.

Motivation doesn't help,
It all feels like a huge step.
There's nothing to get,
maybe I should approach mentep.

No one's picking up my calls,
Alone I'll have to fight these brawls.
My feelings have enthralled
and it feels like I am chained

To fight is an act of might,
might as well do it right.
Come at me with all the force,
I'll punch victorious through the coarse.

At last I'll open those doors,
climb up and reach those floors.
Where I'll find the serotonin stores
or maybe it'll all be the same but more.



CANON BUZZ

HISTORY CLUB

The history club had two sessions this month, our first session was a very interesting discussion on the crusaders and our second session was the most exciting session we've ever had. Our second discussion was on the Roman Civilization and Uthara ma'am joined our discussion which made it extremely enriching, she also showed us pictures of her trip to Pompeii which was the highlight of the session.



The Theatre Club is extremely excited to show everyone what we have in store for y'all! We have planned to make a video about how our first year has been. Because of covid we have had our first semester online and we are in the process of making a video about the ups and downs of online class like waking up early in the morning, making new friends, internet problems, transition from school to college etc. Can't wait for all of you to see it!

THEATRE CLUB

FILM SOCIETY

Venturing into animated films with 'Spirited Away' came with its risks. But with a film so powerful, it hardly mattered. Hayao Miyazaki presents reality through fantasy and folklore, making 'Spirited Away' a magical experience for the Film Society's second screening.

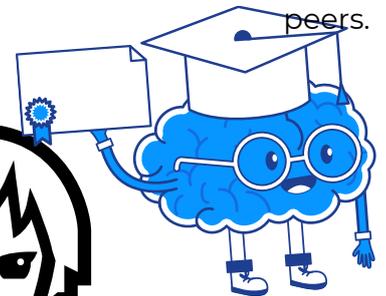
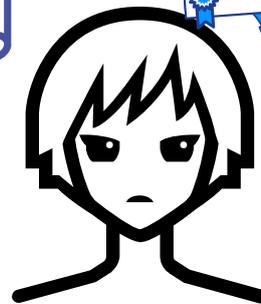
MUSIC CLUB

The music club had session in collaboration with the film society where we watched the movie A Star is Born and that was followed by a discussion involving various facets of the movie revolving around the main theme of music.



VIDEO GAMES & COMIC BOOK CLUB

For the second comic and video games club meeting. All of us got on a zoom call and joined a common among us server, we met a few imposters and had a fun time sussing everyone out !!



The psych club conducted an activity based on individual personality traits, we did so by conducting a group activity where each participant first took the 16personality test and then participated as a group in contributing to a story . By the end of the session each individual was able to get some insight into not only their personality type but also of their peers.

PSYCH CLUB

Our club held a great meeting where we introduced ourselves, spoke about our favourite anime genres and also watched Grave of the Fireflies and Kyokosei no nichijou!!! We also recently watched Perfect Blue and had an enlightening discussion on it!

ANIME CLUB

Before You Go

KHWAHISH KHAN FOR PSYCH CLUB

You cease to exist.

In the confusion of haste and grief,
you cease to exist.

All backs seem to stand against you,
hushed voices never fail to prick you.
And in all the efforts to stabilize,
you cease to exist.

Days pass by and so do your thoughts,
little do you realize,
you're right where you had stopped.
The world is spinning
And so is your reality.
In all that chaos,
you cease to exist.

Black blood is flowing
through your veins,
feeding on your constant pain.
Your conscious mind never lets you forget,
of all the troubles
at the back of your head.

And your heart grows weaker,
with every passing day
amidst which,
you cease to exist.

And all you're doing is
existing on the mere fact
That your lungs are still functioning.
But your heart died so long ago,
leaving behind a lonely mind
which begins to detach with
all that's around,
until you find solace in solitude.

In that very loneliness,
you cease to exist.

It isn't until you're offered
an outstretched hand
that you begin to understand
the thrill of hope and falter.

The stability of the hand is uncertain
but this time you're determined
to live and be human and trust.
And grab that hand
through all doubt for now there is hope.

And it isn't magic
and it isn't instant.
It is something that comes from patience.

For when you learn
to get up after each fall
and strengthen your soul to face it all.
Your body craves a new day
your mind has so much more to say.

And it's then that your soul voices its wish,
to reach all heights
before you cease to exist.



IN CONVERSATION WITH

DR. UTHARA

SUVRATHAN

Do you believe in the paranormal or the supernatural? Have you ever had a spooky experience?

Sorry to disappoint you, but no to both. However, there was a borderline experience where we were excavating in Mississippi, and close by there was an abandoned mental asylum. While we were exploring, every time we entered a room the lights turned off. We were spooked for a couple of days until they figured out it was a motion sensor. But I do wish to have such an experience, especially because I love reading urban fantasy.

If you could dress up as any historical figure for Halloween, who would it be?

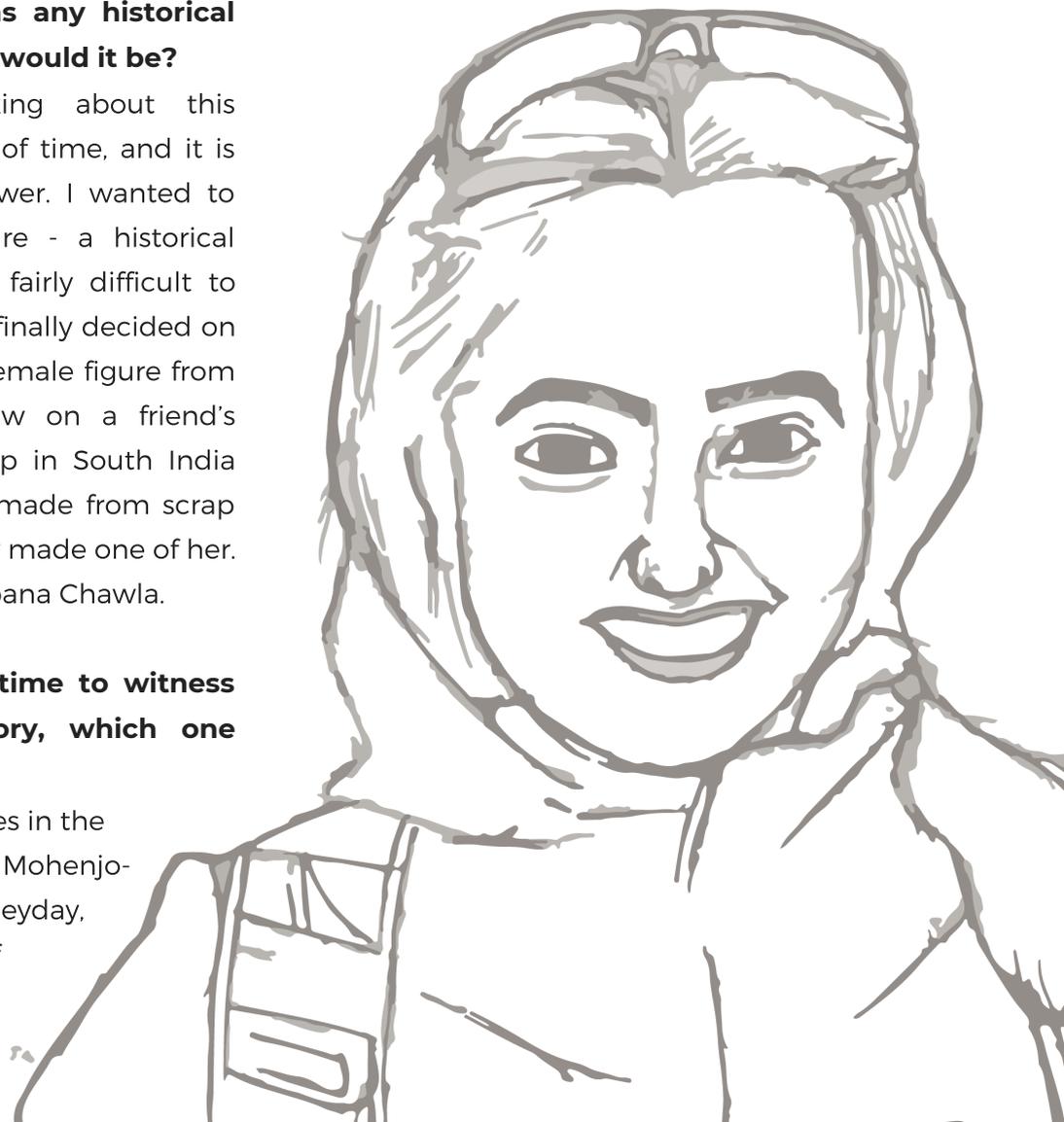
I've actually been thinking about this question for a fair amount of time, and it is surprisingly difficult to answer. I wanted to pick a strong female figure - a historical South Asian figure. It was fairly difficult to think of a role model, but I finally decided on Savitribai Phule - a strong female figure from Maharashtra. I recently saw on a friend's Facebook wall that a group in South India makes female icon dolls - made from scrap material and cloth, and they made one of her. They even made one of Kalpana Chawla.

If you could go back in time to witness any moment from history, which one would you visit?

Definitely one of the big cities in the Indus Civilization - Harappa, Mohenjo-Daro or Rakhigarhi in their heyday, the most happening time of the cities.

If you could resurrect any historical figure to have a conversation with, who would you pick and what would you ask them?

So again, a couple of people - actually it's a three-way tie between Akbar, Aurangzeb and Ashoka. Akbar and Ashoka clearly had a lot of ideas that were likely unusual for their times. It's interesting how Ashoka started with this conquest for land to expand his empire, and still managed to maintain his Empire after he turned to Buddhism and non-violence. Aurangzeb, on the other hand, because he's such a controversial figure. I recently visited the Ajanta and Ellora caves and his tomb in Khuldabad is very simple, not royal or elaborate, displaying his power and wealth. Instead, he just wanted to be buried near his Sufi teacher in a simple grave. People hate him so much for what he did as a ruler, so this is really interesting to me.



Which is your favourite movie related to history and archaeology? What's your favourite spooky movie?

I'm not a big movie watcher because I get distracted easily, and horror and blood depress me. I prefer to watch action movies, mostly mindless ones which I can zone out to. However, I do like reading fiction. One of my favourite book series is by Elizabeth Peters, about a female archaeologist/detective, Amelia Peabody, especially because Peters gets quite a lot of the archaeological details right. It's great fun.

While on a dig, have you ever heard stories of the site being haunted?

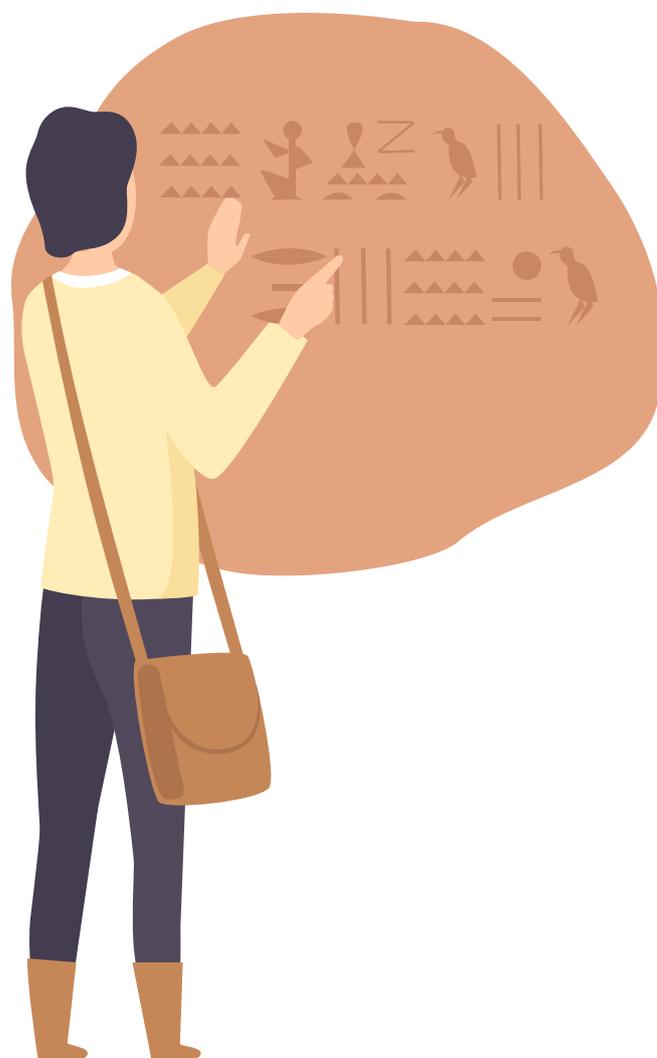
Not while I was on a dig but when I visited Mohenjo-Daro, I did hear a lot of ghost stories. A villager told me that if you go to an abandoned part of town at night, you will occasionally find a party going on and people celebrating something. But, he warned, you should never eat their food if offered or else you would get stuck in the past. When he went there one night, and this party was going on, he refused to eat food, but he saw what he thought was a lost goat. He walked back with the goat by his side, holding it by its ear. But as soon as he reached his village, he was left holding an ear!

If we lived in a horror movie, who, in your opinion, among the JDSOLA faculty is most likely to survive till the end? Who will be killed first?

You know what, I think in both cases it'll be me! I'll probably straight away go and charge somewhere, or I'll survive till the end. I am aggressive and don't take nonsense from anyone, so I don't think I'll take some from a zombie or vampire. Either at the first go I'll be too overconfident and get my head chopped up or I'll end up still alive with everyone else's head chopped off at the end.

You studied at both, the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor and Cornell, an Ivy League school. As foreign university hopefuls, are there any do's and don'ts for us?

You've heard the standard stuff - prepare for GRE, polish your CV etc. One thing people don't tell you is you have to research both the school and the faculty. They're not only looking for whether you have the required academic scores or GRE scores, but also if you're a good fit for their department and faculty. You must show them awareness about their culture and courses somewhere as a part of your applications. Another thing is that you will be going and living in a new town or city and you should be confident if you want to live there. you have to know that you'll be happy in a big city or in a small town far away from everywhere. This is incredibly important and surprisingly very few people talk about it. So, my main advice is to research the people and the place.



Since we don't get to go with you :(, can you tell us a little bit about your research in Karnataka?

I investigate the establishment and growth of early cities in Karnataka. I conduct archaeological survey and map the landscape. I look at ancient landscapes and how people lived on the land and manipulated the landscape: how they, interacted, built and destroyed things on the land. These historical changes in the landscape tells us about the history of people and societies.

Do you have any parting advice for us?

Two pieces of advice -

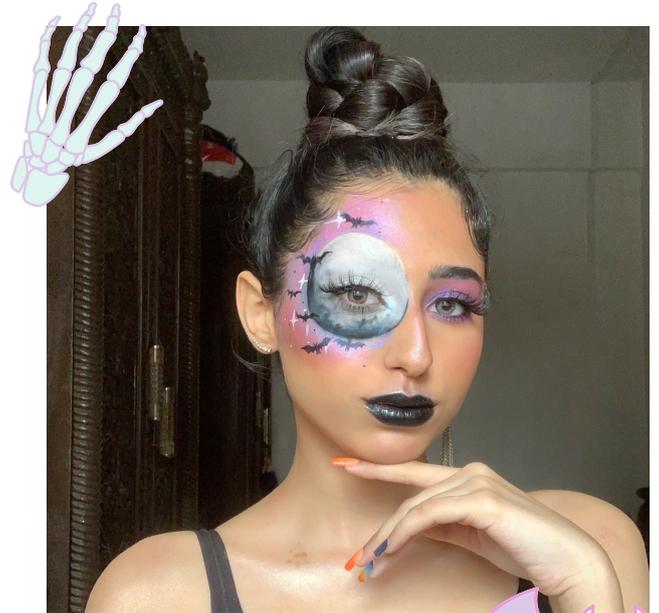
1) You're not going to get this time back. I know you've heard that a lot, but you're the first batch faced with COVID-19. Ten to fifteen years down the line, you'll have stories about the pandemic. Whether it's good or bad, it's not going to be as important as you think - it's not going to have the long-term impact you think it'll have. It's not as important or overwhelming because things are constantly changing.

2) It's important to not take everything seriously. Rather take everything with a light touch. You'll be surprised at how much you'll face throughout your life, where you'll be in a few years and how little a lot of it matters then. So the best advice that I read somewhere me is to live lightly and not take yourself too seriously.

INTERVIEWD BY ASMITA, SANAH AND KANUPRIYA



HALLOWEEN WITH THE LIBERAL PALETTE



MUSIC RECOMMENDATIONS

MUSIC CLUB

Say Love-Acoustic
James TW



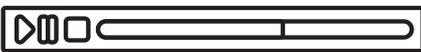
Save Your Heart
Mayday Parade



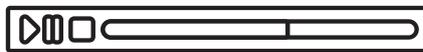
Japanese Denim
Daniel Caesar



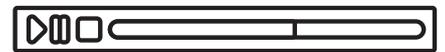
when you're drunk
LANY



Casper
Take Off



SCAR
Ashton Irwin



In A Week
Hozier



There's No Way
Lauv, Julia Michaels



Crowded Room
Selena Gomez, 6LACK



Chew On My Heart
James Bay



Hey Jude
The Beatles



Waves
Dean Lewis



Maniac
Conan Gray



Angels Don't Cry
Ellise



Comatose
Low Hum



Mona Lisa
Lil Wayne, Kendrick Lamar



Bohemian
Rhapsody-2011 Mix
Queen



Always Remember
Us This Way
Lady Gaga



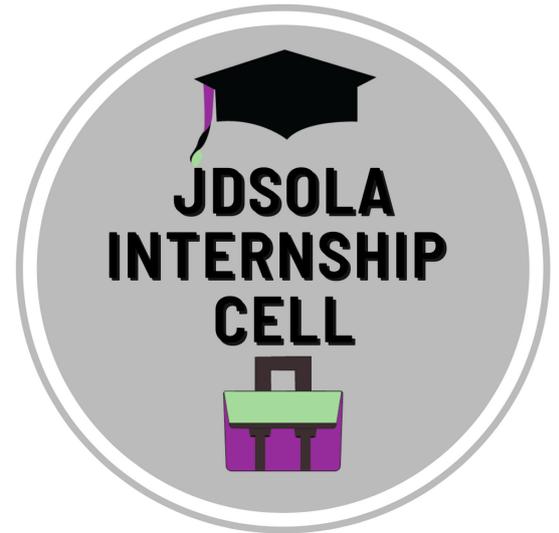
you were good to me
Jeremy Zucker, Chelsea Cutler



JDSOLA INTERNSHIP CELL

Hello SoLAites!

Still worried about which is the perfect internship for you? Don't worry, we're here for you! We the students of JDSOLA are very proud to announce the commencement of our very own Internship Cell. The cell is a completely student run initiative. Through this initiative students across the 3 batches can benefit to a great extent. We are a committee that has been formed to help you find internships in the fields in which you desire to form your career in .



We're proud to announce our first collaboration with INTERNSHALA! We look forward to helping you out and finding the perfect internship for you! We will also be holding our first event CAREER TALKS by renowned people to get an insight into their professional lives.

Benefits of this association?

Students get Access to 4 lac+ internships for students in profiles like management, commerce, arts, media, etc. All internships with certificate and stipend. There will be internships with Pre-Placement Offer (will immensely help improve your placement records). Internshala will have a college login to track all students performance and register additional students.

How will it work?

After registration, all the students will receive a verification email and their individual accounts will be created. Internshala will also be providing us a personalized dashboard where we will be able to view and track how many students from our college are getting hired for internships through Internshala.

Meet the Team :

President - Khushi Shah

Vice President - Veda Shroff

Advisor - Ananya Srivastav

Administration: HOD - Kameel Pirani

Maanya Malik; Simran Mehra; Pushkar HR; Jahnvi Polumahanti

Outreach: HOD - Som Nagda

Shlok Mishra; Bhakti Vaid; Siddhansh Agrawal; Anoushka Wahi

Design: HOD - Siddhi Gupta

Ishika Garg Amatullah Arsiwalla



JDSOLA_INTERNSHIPCELL

Contact us at: jdsolainternshipcell@nmims.edu.in



YDIP
LOVES

open

ONLINE
SHOP-
ASOS

MOVIES
MONSTER
HOUSE

GAMES
THE HOUSE
OF THE
DEAD

WORKOUT
NIKE
TRAINING
CLUB

MENTAL HEALTH
BREATHE-
MEDITATION &
SLEEP (APP)

MANAGEMENT OF
FASHION &
LUXURY BRANDS -
COURSERA

PODCAST-
THE MICHELLE
OBAMA PODCAST

BOOKS-
THE
EXORCIST
BY PETER
BLATTY

ART-
THE
SCREAM
EDVARD
MUNCH

TECH-
PRODUCTS
FITBIT
CHARGE

FOOD-
1441
PIZZERIA

DREAM
DESTINATION-
NEW ORLEANS,
USA

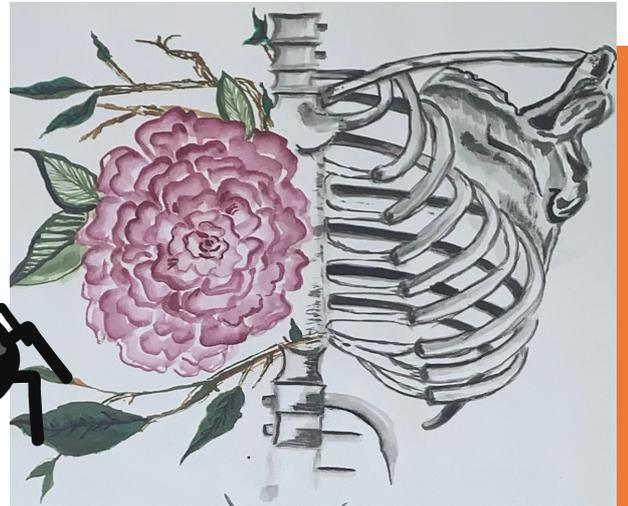
MUSIC
SUICIDE SQUAD-
'HEATHENS'
BY TWENTY
ONE PILOTS

STUDENT
ESSENTIALS-
GOOD, RELIABLE
COMPUTER/
LAPTOP

DIY
SPOOKY
GLOW IN
THE DARK
EYES

TV SHOW-
THE
VAMPIRE
DIARIES

PASSION PROJECTS

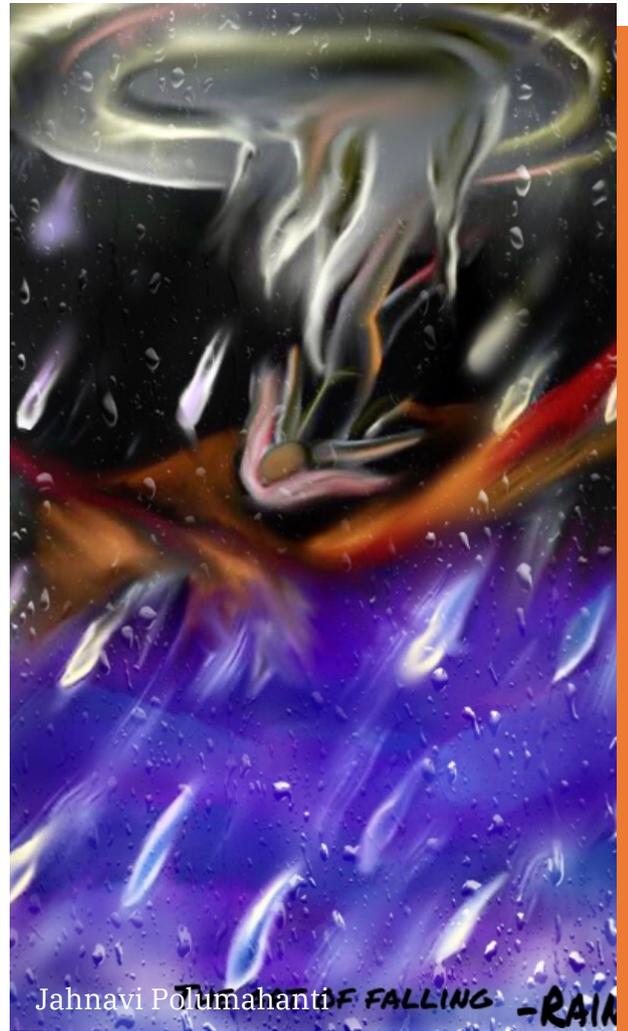


Simran Bhimani



Simran Bhimani

Siddhi Gupta



Jahnvi Polmahanti THE ART OF FALLING - RAIN

MEET THE TEAM

E

Asmita Kumbhar
Aashritha Murali
Dhvani Parekh
Neeharika Nene
Ramaa Renavikar
Simran Bhimani
Bhakti Vaid
Eisha Shewakramani
Hritika Dalal
Amatulla Mukadam
Akanksha Das
Ashwanth Vidhya
Isha Sethunathan
Khwahish Khan
Saachi Gupta

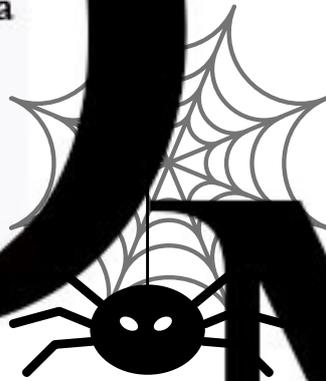
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