

31st October'23

JDSOLA's Independent Student Publication

THE LIBERAL CANON





EDITOR'S NOTE

Hi there!

Welcome back to The Liberal Canon.

As October has now come to an end, we walk into the festive season of Diwali, we also say goodbye to submission season. Most of us might not be fully done with submissions, at least looking at our calendar does not stress us out now. Although we were jammed packed with submissions this month we made sure we did not forget to celebrate. Many of us came back from Garba to submit work before 11:59 or emptied our wardrobes at midnight after submission to find Halloween costumes for the next morning.

But just as we get used to this routine we also come closer to the end of the semester with exam timetables out and ready to haunt us even post Halloween but that's not it we also have our Diwali break to look forward to. So without wasting any more of your time.

In this edition of TLC, we bring to you pieces by Shavia, Mahek Tanna, Devendra Khisty, Aishani Shreshth, Hoor Azad, Charukeshi Waikar, Lavanya, Vera Malavia, Arya Rego, Shrishti Kohli and Sanya Tayal . We hope you can stop and spend some time reading the amazing works that our writers have to offer.

Have fun and Happy Reading.

I am not "blah"! I'm a hoot.

See you next month.



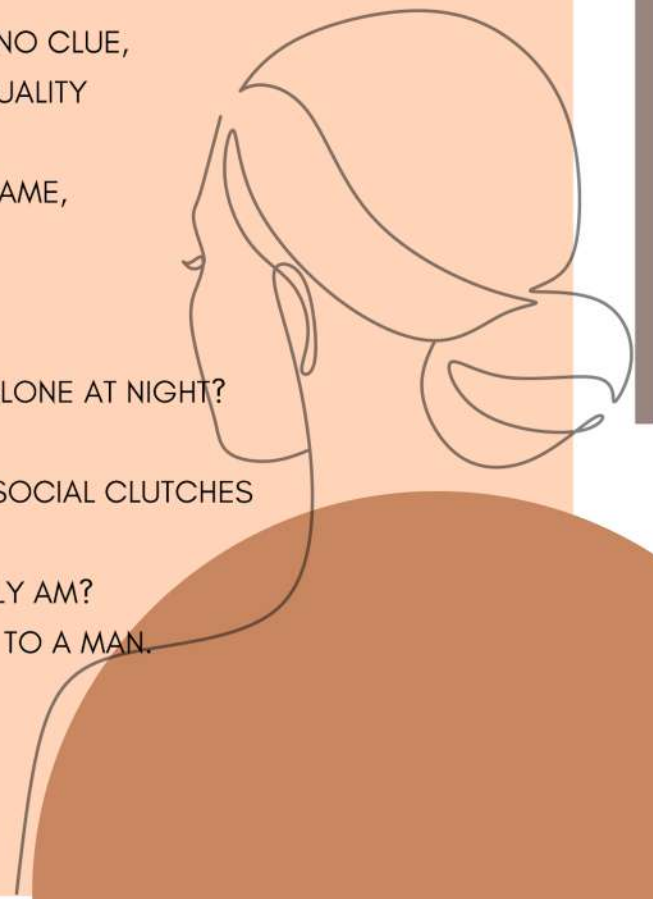
RIYAH AMIN



EMPOWERING WOMEN, EMPOWERING HUMANITY.

-Shavia

I'M SCARED TO WALK THE STREETS ALONE AT NIGHT,
I JUST WANTED TO BE A NORMAL GIRL WHO ENJOYS HER LIFE,
I WANTED TO STUDY AND LEAVE A MARK,
WHERE I CAN STAND AND BE PROUD OF MYSELF,
BUT I WAS CHAINED TO THE HOUSEHOLD WORK THEY GAVE ME,
THEY COULDN'T SEE MY DREAMS AND ASPIRATIONS,
AND MY WHOLE LIFE PASSED BY TAKING CARE OF THE HOUSE,
I WAS RESTRICTED AND MY DREAMS TURNED INTO ASHES,
DECADES LATER, I'M SCARED TO WALK THE STREETS ALONE AT NIGHT,
I WANTED TO BE A NORMAL GIRL WHO COULD ENJOY HER LIFE,
BUT STUDYING AND DRESSING UP IS ALL I DO,
EVEN AFTER LEAVING A MARK MYSELF,
I'M STILL CONSIDERED LESS THAN MEN,
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING WRONG, I'VE NO CLUE,
NOWADAYS PEOPLE WILL PUT UP #WOMENSEQUALITY
BUT WILL DO NOTHING FOR IT IN REALITY,
TIMES HAVE CHANGED, THINKING IS STILL THE SAME,
THE PEOPLE STAY THE SAME,
IT BREAKS MY HEART TO KNOW THIS,
SO I WANT TO ASK ALL OF YOU,
WHEN WILL I FEEL SAFE TO WALK THE STREETS ALONE AT NIGHT?
WHEN WILL EVERYTHING FEEL RIGHT?
WHEN WILL I BE FREE FROM THE DARKNESS OF SOCIAL CLUTCHES
WHICH CONSTRAIN ME?
WHEN WILL EVERYONE SEE ME, FOR WHO I TRULY AM?
A WOMAN IN ALL GLORY, NOT IN COMPARISON TO A MAN.



WANDERLUST

-MAHEK TANNA

I WISH TO TRAVEL THE WORLD FAR AND WIDE,
I WANT THE WORLD TO BE MY GUIDE.

I ALSO WISH TO VISIT MULTIPLE PLACES,
TO SEE THE WORLD IN NEW PHASES.

I HAVE A STRONG DESIRE TO ROAM,
WITHOUT THE FEAR OF GETTING HOME.

I WANT TO ROAM IN THE STREET,
WITHOUT THE TERROR OF GETTING MISTREATED.

I SEARCH FOR PRETTY MOUNTAINS,
DIRECTLY CLIMBING UP TO HEAVEN.

I ALWAYS SEEK NEW ADVENTURES,
WANDERING IS SUCH A TREASURE.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE MOON COMING UP IN THE EAST
BEHIND ME,
AND THE STARS SHINING IN THE SKY ABOVE ME.



Judging a book by its cover

Devendra Khisty

"Sad Engineer" is the type of phrase that someone could call you which puts you in an introspective place. The things that you hear someone call you especially when they could be true provide you a different perspective especially when you know that it could be true. It puts you in a state of seemingly-eternal introspection to think about what really went into the "nurture" part of the equation. It's truly an interesting observation in physiognomy to find out about what "academic nurture" does to someone's appearance and figuring out how their life has been up until this point.

While reacting to the "sad engineer" remarks, I did enter the eternal chasm of the memory lanes peeking into nights of me preparing for competitive exams that I never wanted to give in the first place. It makes a person realize how wasted time which was once considered to be inconsequential has left a mark on you in actuality. At the end of the day perhaps, engineer physiognomy is real. But then so is every other kind.

The man who possibly did not have much hardship in life, has a particular facial characteristic that is recognisable quite easily.

Similarly, the woman who is competing for a partner in the law firm has facial changes that are reflective of the 80-hour-workweek that she is most probably enduring. The interesting part of all of this is that the microcosm of a person's acquired countenance lies in their eyes. Because regardless of the stress that the body and face may have endured, the eyes have had to witness it all. Hence, dreary eyes, dreamy eyes, sharp eyes, alert eyes are all but a symptom of your hardship or the lack thereof.

At this point while reading all of the above you may be wondering what the point of this article even is. And there, I would like to tell you that remarks on someone's physicality is much more than someone being mean or blunt. It might just help you discern between two choices in the correct manner. It is but an observation on the person's upbringing. Not nature. But nurture. Not through family, but circumstances. Not judgemental, but observant.

Namaste.

HALLOWEEN CULT CLASSICS:

A nostalgic revisit of must-watch films

As we move towards eerie autumnal beginnings, with the ever so slight change in the city's air, the season is bound to remain incomplete without its share of spine-tingling tales and a chilling cinematic experience. For decades, filmmakers have had the audience gripping their seats with their rather genius stroke of work, tapping into our primal fears. Halloween, for more than most, is when we decide to scare our guts away with the nagging anxiety Michael Myers picks at, or the general sense of looming dread with other classics. So, whether you choose to indulge yourself in the seasonal spooky spirit, or bookmark these for another day, we explore some of the most iconic Halloween-themed movie reviews to uncover what makes them the absolute classics they are.

Halloween (1978) – This unparalleled work of cinematic horror has set the tone for all works of the genre that have followed since. Michael Myers – the original unstoppable killing machine – became highly referenced in pop culture, and remains so even now. The aura of palpable dread in the atmosphere throughout the movie with John Carpenter's expertise in his minimal cinematography intensifies the tension in the suburban setting. Jamie Lee Curtis, the final girl archetype, quite simply slays (or gets slayed, whichever works), delivering a rather standout performance. The “force of nature” Myers portrays has a dedicated fanbase, remaining a touchstone for the slasher villains of all times, one that leaves a lasting influence that should find its way onto any horror cinematic binge.



The Nightmare Before Christmas (1993) – We enter Tim Burton's whimsical realm with this twisted fairy-tale. Is it Christmas? Is it Halloween? The appeal of this movie, with the way it has captivated its audience for almost 3 decades now, lies in the bridge between the two seemingly disparate holidays and how Burton's unforgettable characters meld them together. The unique artistic vision taps into the Halloween Town's animation, which with its ghoulish soundtrack, seamlessly brings together the dark charm with its underlying themes of identity and belonging. Since we didn't quite land on the holiday list this movie truly belongs to, the safest bet is to watch it from October through December, fully getting into the holiday spirit.

A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984) – Whether you're an enthusiast of the horrors, or avoid the genre altogether, chances are you have come across the name "Freddy Krueger". This knife-gloved, malevolent horror of a man terrorized his way into the victim's dreams making them into a deadly playground, ripping them apart as they fell asleep. His sadistic sense of humour sets him apart from the multitude of villains as he relishes in his gruesome ways. The movie delves into psychological terror, focusing on the fragility of the human mind as we see the boundaries between our dreams and reality blur. (Fun fact: Freddy's kills are beyond the laws of reality). Moreover, if you end up hearing "One, two, Freddy's coming for you" as you fall asleep watching this, just know "five, six, pick up your crucifix" follows.

Whether you're in the mood to scream, cry, and quite literally throw up or enjoy a night in, rest assured that these cinematic treats have something to offer for everyone. So go ahead, grab your popcorn, dim the lights, and get ready to embark on an exhilarating cinematic journey that will leave you with the complete essence of the spooky season

-Aishani Shreshth



اشراقه الذات *Ishraaqat al-Dhat* Radiance of Self

*In search of love that one yearns to find,
A unique feeling, within one, entwined.
A good life she craved, her dreams to satiate
Trying to craft it herself, as fate's own mate.*

*Her burdens rose, as days pressed on,
Awareness brighten, her conceit was now gone.
Shattered fragments, littered around her heart,
But strength to mend, she just wanted to start.*

*She did fight, a battle within,
In the end, she triumphed, won her kin.
Becoming whole, her inner self did shine
The journey of finding herself, her ultimate fine.*

Hoor Azad

A CRY FROM THE HEART

Amidst the hustle and bustle ,
I can sense an eerie silence.

Despite the illuminated buildings around ,
My eyes only see the dimmed streetlights .

A bunch of people walk past me,
All are strangers and even if they were not
I would not seem to know.

It must have been days or even weeks,
Since I last recognized a familiar face.

I look up at the dark sky ,
unable to see any moons and stars,
wondering if they too deserted me.
I sigh, and turn back to the road I am walking on.

I am surrounded by dozens of people ,
Yet it does not feel different ,
from walking on a deserted road.

The sad songs playing in my headphones ,
Sync with the air of melancholy around me .

Everything feels strangely unfamiliar ,
The people, the roads, the buildings,
The pillow that absorbs my tears ,
The sky and the ground beneath.
I cannot recognize even my own self anymore.

Loneliness is a dark, dense sea,
And I can feel myself drowning in it.
Far from the surface, it pulls me,
Down to rock bottom while,
piercing my soul like a dagger ,
And incites in me, the desire to be loved,
to feel included, to belong, to be special for someone.
I remember the people who are no longer with me ,
The promises made and broken.

**Friendships that hoped to survive through thick and thin,
Friends who argued yet laughed at each other's antics.**

**Who held hands while crossing roads,
Shared secret glances and infinite memories ,
with whom life felt easier to live.**

**But it must be true when they say ,
Nothing can remain forever ,
For it just took seconds for us to turn,
From friends to strangers.**

**I feel more broken than ever ,
A heart of glass, ever so fragile ,
Shattered to pieces,
I try to gather the broken pieces,
But they pierce me, creating fresher wounds ,
While the previous ones still lie open and unhealed.**

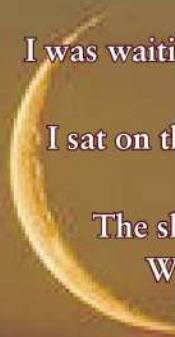
**Is it too much to want someone ,
To listen to you, to walk with you ,
With whom you could share ,
every thought, memory, and fear ,
With whom you could just be you,
And no conditions apply.
I do not want the moon and stars,
Just a hand to hold every time I feel lost ,
And a heart that will give me a ,
Teeny-tiny space in it.**

**Hazy memories and muddled thoughts ,
I look up again, eyes glistening with tears,
And spot a shooting star in the dark sky ,
I close my eyes and wish I could travel back in time,
To places that felt like home and people, I could call mine.**

~Charukeshi Waikar

MOON

- Lavanya



I was waiting for the moon to come up at night
It was so dark
I sat on the terrace with a guitar in my hand

The sky looked like a painted canvas
Which was beautiful and blue
It was covered with stars
But all I couldn't see was you

I told the stars everything that I wanted to tell you
So that you would have no clue

As I was waiting
The moon started to show up
He suddenly had to interrupt
And wanted to know if everything I said was true

The moon had been eavesdropping
The stars told the moon that I was upset
Because I missed you

I guess they didn't know that I like being on my own
But if you were here
I would definitely not come here at night everyday
With a guitar in my hand
But be close to you
Somewhere near!





The Playbook for International College Applications

-Vera Malavia

Oh, the contemporary college application process- a remarkable blend of literacy, creativity, and, oh wait, the stratagem of selling your soul to merchants of academic assets. In this era, being a bright and inquisitive mind is not equivalent to our expectation from romantic relationships, the BARE MINIMUM. You not only have to be extraordinarily ingenuous, but also have to have the art of flawless self-commodification because here, the committee will judge a book by its cover.

With the daunting dream to get into good universities abroad, you're not only crossing the borders, but also crossing the boundaries of self-glorification to prove how you're "not like other candidates." In simpler terms, the application process for your post-graduate degree is an overpriced, overwhelming version to channelise your inner "pick-me". Nonetheless, here's a meticulously curated guide to help you kick-start your application process in the world of higher education where you're not applying for admission but crafting an elevator pitch for your own existence.







Resume pizzazz: Dull bullet points are the epitome of mediocrity. Colleges look for exaggeration, so spice up your resume with creative flair. Even though your scam of an internship asked you to post their brand on your story for engagement, your job description should emphasise your role as a digital marketing virtuoso, who wove a mesmerising tapestry of brand allure, transforming social media into an art form. Remember, it is not embellishing, it is merely “creative interpretation”

Extracurricular Escapades: The only way to charm your prospective colleges is to perform extraordinarily exemplary in your extracurriculars. Your non-scholastic persona should be nothing less than what Alex Dunphy portrayed in Modern Family. From playing cello to winning the track race, Alex conquered it all; and you are supposed to as well, unquestionably of course.

Recommendation Letter Manipulation: All those hours of sucking up to your professors finally pay off when they channelise their inner Shakespeare while describing your merits. From class participation and intellectual engagement to impeccable exam performance, they've got it all covered. It cannot be a coincidence that Taylor Swift's album, 'Folklore' has the letters 'LOR' and it also has the song 'this is me trying' because this is actually me trying to live up to the qualities of the student described in the recommendation letter.

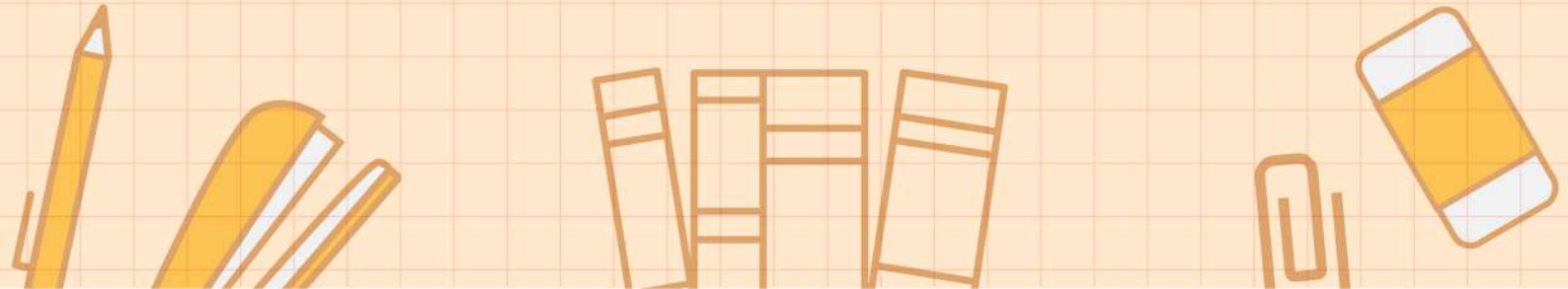




Personal Statement: Now is the time to traject your personal NITI Aayog. Your college ought to know your career path, goals, interests in your particular program. Hence, even though you are still confused to choose what to feed yourself for your lunch, you are expected to feed into your university's curiosity by explaining the five-year plan you set for yourself.

The GRE/TOEFL dance: While GRE is optional, I believe we should still appear for that exam because how else will the masochistic overachiever in us be gratified unless we add an extra level of difficulty in our overall gruelling application process. While it is important to ensure that one is eloquent at English to survive in a country that ironically thrives on conversing in broken English, appearing for TOEFL seems as redundant as using a flamethrower to toast marshmallows. The TOEFL exam, a labyrinth of linguistic puzzles, often feels like deciphering hieroglyphics to prove you can speak English.

There you have it, the ultimate guide to acing your college application. Selling yourself in your application is not just about showcasing your qualifications; it's about crafting a narrative that makes you stand out like a flamingo in a flock of pigeons. Remember, you're not just applying to colleges, you're auditioning for the role of a lifetime. Break out those metaphorical tap-dancing shoes, and let the world marvel at your international appeal!



THE POWER OF THE DRUMS

-Arya Rego

A singer, a guitarist, a bass guitarist and a drummer. These are the 4 minimum requirements to make a good band. These 4 elements can be shifted around, with your frontman being a guitarist like with most popular bands, being a pianist like Coldplay's Chris Martin, being a bass guitarist like Black Midi's Cameron Picton or the rarest of the bunch, the frontman-drummer, The Eagles' Don Henley. But the idea remains the same. These four instruments are your base ingredients to make the perfect band. But in my opinion, the drums are the dominant factor of your band, any band. And that's why you should learn how to play the drums.

The drums lie all the way in the back of the band, hidden away behind the wires, mic stands and guitarists. But their job is the most important of the group, to keep everyone in time and keep everyone in sync. You have to shine in the dark. Most people would steer clear of being an elaborate metronome, but my job here is to tell you how you can become a better human by just learning one instrument. When was the last time you submitted an assignment without procrastinating till the last two days? Exactly. Drumming is, on the most simplest level, short term time management. And that's what it teaches you. Every single beat of every single song has to be on time, with zero mistakes. This is a huge responsibility for one person. You have control over every other person in the room, over the beat, so you have to exude confidence to be a drummer. If the crowd isn't moving while you're playing the drums, you are doing something wrong. Rhythm is a natural part of being a human being all the way since cavemen were drawing on walls, and being in control of that rhythm gives you a unique adrenaline and dopamine rush you can barely find elsewhere.



The drums require stamina; Every single limb of your body has to keep moving in sync, in unison for over 50 minutes before you can even show signs of exhaustion. Your blood runs faster, your heartbeat gets louder in your eardrums with each second. It relieves anxiety and has similar advantages to a great workout. And that's only if you are playing simpler music. The most talented drummers can move all four of their limbs in different time signatures; each hand and foot playing something completely different at the same time, fully coordinated. It engages a part of your brain which allows you to focus on multiple tasks at once, which is really helpful for those last minute deadlines and for the attention deficit.

For all musicians, there's a point on their journey where everything clicks. I call it the "Improv Point". After this point, that person will be able to improvise on any drum-set or guitar that they can get their hands on, and play any song, rhythm or beat that they recognise. This point can happen years after you begin learning the instrument, but for the prodigies it can take a few weeks. It's the point where playing the instrument becomes second nature. The notes begin flying off the page and taking shape within your hands. Every beat becomes synonymous with the music. This is common for every skill. You just get better and better at it as time goes on. Practice makes perfect and if you practice, you're going to just get better at it as you go along.

And the best part is, drumming is just cool in general. Everyone loves a drummer. The crowd goes wild when they go off in a drum solo. And you get to hit things really hard, everyone has that one person they'd really love to hit really hard with a stick and if you imagine that person at the base of your snare drum, you suddenly find you can just play better. Better so, girls and guys alike LOVE a drummer. It's a percussive therapy that you can't find anywhere except in music. All these factors come together to make, in my biased opinion, the best instrument you can learn anywhere.



Twenty Five Twenty One

-Sanya Tayal

A bittersweet story about love, friendship and dreams

"Adults never accept it if we say we don't have a dream. Do we have to have one?"

These are the words that Kim Minchae says to her grandmother in the Korean drama 2521, after quitting ballet and running away from home. This dialogue makes me wonder about the conundrum young people often feel in every step of their lives, no matter if they are in high school or college.

The pressure to have a goal in our lives and have everything planned out makes life just like plotting destinations on a map customized by us. I felt it, and I am pretty sure even you all have. Not having a dream is intimidating, but so is having one. This is shown in the series Twenty Five Twenty One, a beautiful, nostalgic trip to the 90s that kept the viewers within the border of fantasy and reality.



The beginning of this endearing inspirational story marks when Minchae finds her mother's diary. Na Hee Do, Minchae's mother, was an aspiring fencer during her school days, but the key to her success in the future is persistence. She spends days practicing fencing and spends her weekends trying to get a glimpse of young Korean Olympian Ko Yurim. But because of "bad times", her school had to disassemble the fencing team, but she did not give up. She joined Yurim's fencing team and became her rival. Along the way, she meets Baek Yi Jin, a 22-year-old man who lost everything due to the Asian financial crisis. With the burden of getting his family back on their feet, he has no resources to continue his dream of working for NASA. The times took his dream away. However, it also gave him the opportunity to find something new, and along the way, he found his passion in journalism. Baek Yi jin's life depicted the unpredictability of life and that everything cannot happen the way it's planned. However, along the way, we learn to survive and find happiness in new things.

This drama is set during one of the worst financial crises in the history of Korea. In spite of the bad times, the characters found happiness in small things. Na Hee Do's positive outlook on life attracted him to her. Their relationship began with them rooting for each other, something related to a "rainbow, and finally, being lovers". Although Hee has termed her relationship with Yi Jin "rainbow", I will refer to it as soulmates. Their relationship was so beautiful that it felt like a dream, but it's bittersweet ending was enough to pull the viewers back to reality.

Twenty-five Twenty-one explores the lives of its various characters, subtly tackling several forms of grievance and sacrifice without underestimating their worth and carefully considering its impact on each individual. For instance, Ko Yurim sacrificed the chance to get into the Korean fencing team in order to save her family and repay their debts by changing her citizenship and joining the Russian fencing team instead. Along with this, it displays the reality of Korean society in the 1990s. The school violence faced by Ji-ung and the lack of institutional protection against it.



However, if I had to choose an antagonist for the series, I would say it's the "time". The bad events of the world change people's course of life. Just like Yi Jin and his family's lives changed during the IMF crisis and his relationship with Heedo changed during the 9/11 attack.

Even with its bitter ending, the series is nostalgic, which can make viewers feel a mixture of emotions, from extreme joy to grief. The aesthetic shots of the series and catchy but soothing soundtrack plays a very important role in making it a hit. For me, it's a comfort series, a drama about memories of first love and friendship.



Queen, The Heart

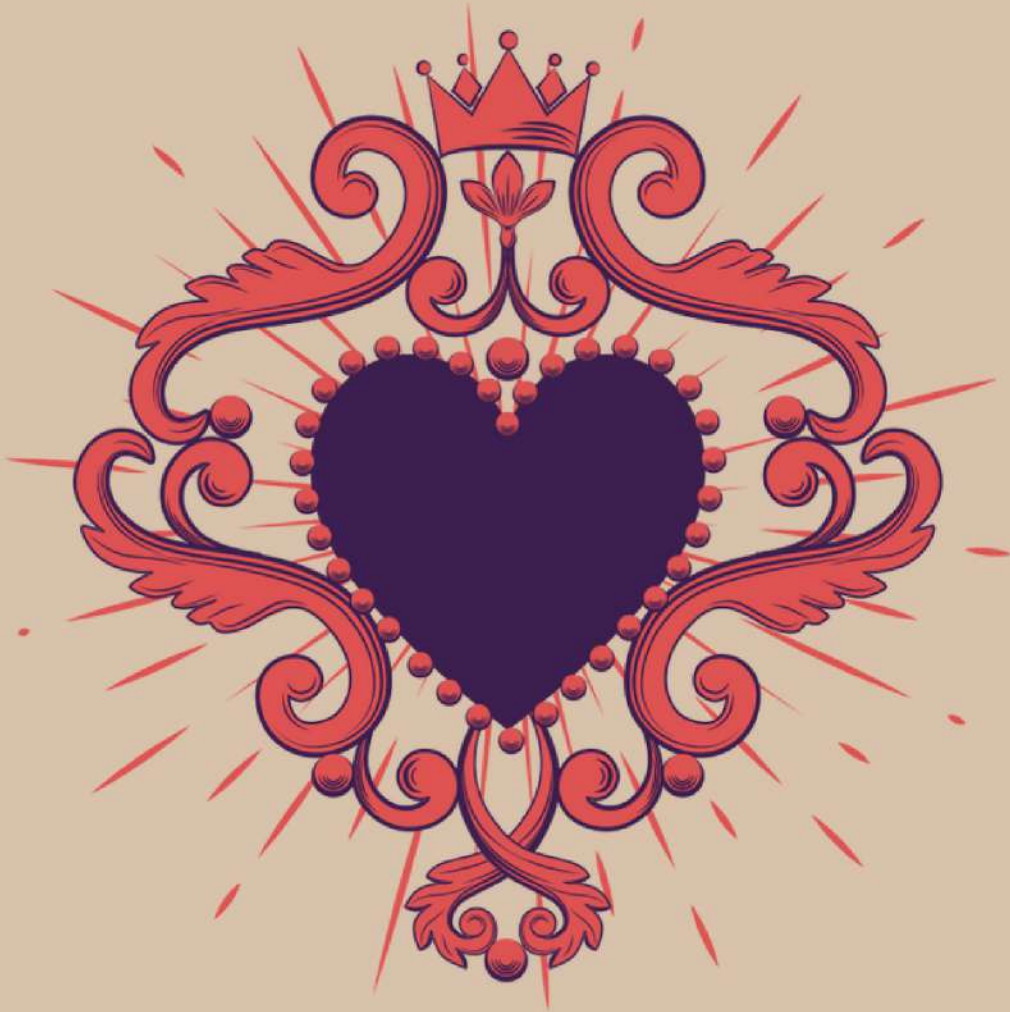
Q



In the realm of cards, the Queen does reign,
Her presence felt, a heartbeat's sweet refrain.
A telephone rings, the heart's echo so clear,
As I play this game, love draws me near and near my heart,

I tumble and fall, in love's sweet embrace,
Uncertain if it's forever, in this endless chase.
Change sweeps over, like the shifting sands,
Yet the Queen stands tall, a guiding hand to all,

She's the motto, the core of this grand design,
Without her, the cards in chaos align.
For it's she who binds them, one by one,
In her rule, all hearts find a home, as one.



-Srishti Kohli

Passion Projects



-ROSHNI

JD 16 LOVES



Movie-
Taylor Swift
Eras Tour



take out-
New york burrito



workouts-
weight training



podcast-
woice of warikoo



tv show-
FRIENDS (tribute to Matthew Perry)



games- carrom



Mental well being -
Amaha care



Book-
Freakonomics



Insta page ;
[@thegracevalentine](https://www.instagram.com/thegracevalentine)



Bored games:
boredbutton



Apps: Memrise:
speak a new
language



Sneaker of the month -
BAPE SK8 sneakers
with Gold Trim



Destination -
El Salvador,
Central America



Art -Girl with a pearl
Earring by
Johannes Vermeer



Online shops:
[brownliving.in](https://www.brownliving.in)

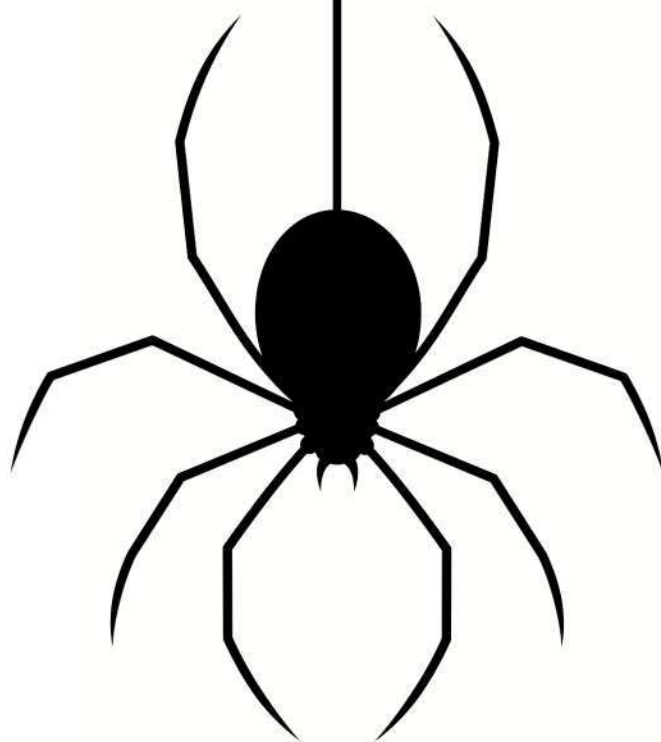


online course-Introduction to
accounting and financial
statements

Games

Halloween

Q M L V W L J J A C K O L A N T E R N D Z V H F
 N E H A U N T E D H O U S E O I G W X E T J B M
 E Q K E G P P H B X V L J M Z O S D F F Q O T B
 Z O X R R R T U M X F T K F K G L K T H J X A D
 B I W R V K C Z M F I S T A E R T W E X Q O E L
 L Z I G O B L I N P S O J Y S E E H V L E T R R
 A F V Y V K K G Z K K S K U F D G G I X E C T M
 C H G H U V D L C V K I C B N O H T I Q H T R P
 K B O S H V Q S J X N O N X W N O V F P V O O Y
 H Z M U M M I E S B P B M T E R S F H J M C K N
 A P D J E F N P T S I O J Y R O T J L R X C C I
 T E T F K I G A U Y V F M I E C S V W N G I I E
 O S G J Y F B C M H J X Y E W Y V Z X Y T H R T
 D G D N F A O M J E S W H K O D D M J C C Q T S
 B T O J A H Z T O C I S L C L N B W O Y R R L N
 R T P G M R T P H Z C G H W F A O O F N U O D E
 L C D X E T O H F J T L O J I C O M M G S H H K
 O V F I A Y M D F Z Y Y X O W T F L B N S T V N
 Y Z B C U O I Q G T S Z O R B N C Y F L A J E A
 N O O M L L U F P B H X B L F Q R H K I C M I R
 R Q E M U T S O C B J E A T E A T H E Q T I D F
 X U R J M S D W R K T C V M C O F O T S R D H X
 H P G E S Q C Y V G K A W S A A O W T B P M O P
 B D A X E B F I X N W N I P N C E G Z W I P L J



- | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|--------------|
| black hat | werewolf | skeleton | mummies |
| zombie | hocus pocus | boo | boogieman |
| full moon | witches | jack-o-lantern | pumpkin |
| trick or treat | candy corn | black | orange |
| treats | costume | goblin | frankenstein |
| scary | haunted house | monster | ghosts |

	1	8			2	3		4
		3	5					
5	2	4	8	9				
1		5		7		4		6
		7				9		
2		9		4		5		8
				8	9	6	4	3
					7	2		
3		1	6			7	8	



MEET THE TEAM

Editor in Chief: Riyah Amin

D

DESIGN

Sini Shrivastava (HoD)
Jasmine Kharbanda (Dep Hod)
Daivya Vakharia
Harsh Jain
Harshita Rathi
Kanishka Gandhi
Shreya Kogekar
Saanvie Verma

P R

PUBLIC RELATIONS



Resham Natt (HoD)
Anannya Jain
Diya Shah
Jasneet Kohli
Kalika Mehta
Khushi Jain
Nandan Sawant
Saanvie Verma
Shruti Gupta
Srishti Kohli
Himangi Pandey
Hrishti Mavani
Hrishita Khurpe

EDITORIAL

E

Shriya Krishnan (HoD)
Syeda Kulsoom Jafri
Aditi Mandrekar
Arya Rego
Jaya Tewari
Ketaki Deshpande
Kreasha Dedhia
Lyn Albuquerque
Meharpreet Gandhi
Nidhi Kapadia
Salonee Rajadhyaksha
Sara Vaknalli
Vera Malavia
Vidushi Lal
Aarya Sonik
Aishani Shreshth
Amoli Nagpal
Charukeshi Waikar
Drishita Coelho
Hoor Azad
Lavanya Agarwal
Mahek Tanna
Maithili Bachani
Ridhina Arora
Sanya Tayal
Shavia Jalota



M

MANAGEMENT

Myra Barua (HoD)
Mehek Raval
Tisha Chabbra





DISCLAIMER

All the content in The Liberal Canon is displayed with the utmost respect for all beliefs and opinions and is not meant to offend or hurt anyone.

theliberalcanon@gmail.com
medium.com/@theliberalcanon

