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CAMPUS BUZZ

M O N T H L Y E - N E W S L E T T E R

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DEPARTMENT OF HUMANITIES

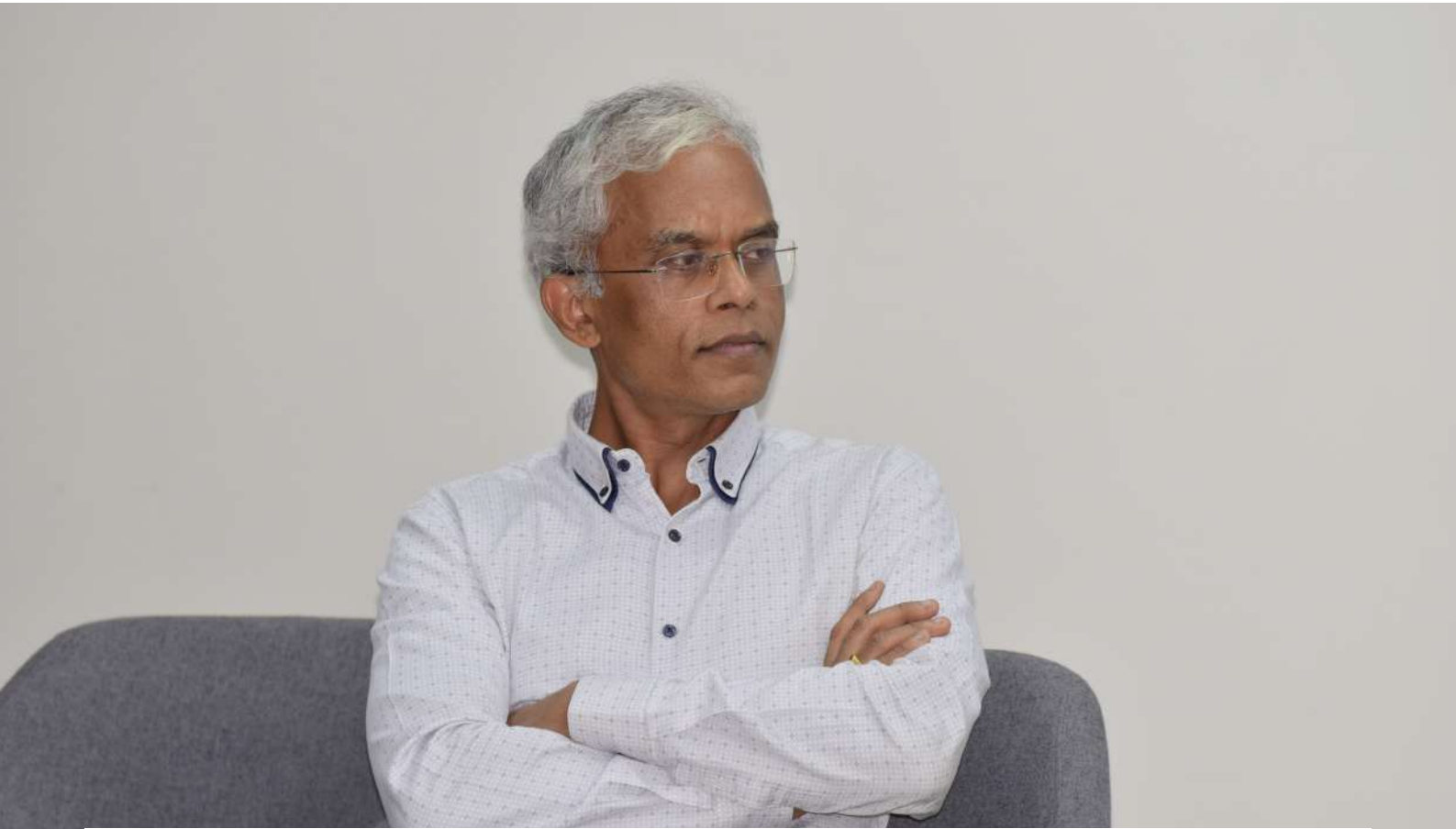
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JAIN College, Humanities Department

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HOD's Note

Greetings from the Department of Humanities, JAIN College, Powered by Knowledgeum!

Summer vacation has begun. Despite the heat, the summer season in India is an unusually pleasant one. The leisure that a summer vacation offers is an opportunity to look at our own patterns, and reconfigure our priorities based on an evaluation of where we are.

That is precisely what the students of the department have begun to do this summer. Students are involved in internships, social projects, completing their digital badges and thereby acquiring real-life experiences. They are also developing new habits: completing a book within a stipulated time, gathering insights from newspapers and sharing them, improving their vocabulary and reading speeds. All of these are done under the guidance of their mentors in the online meetings.

Amidst all these, it's heartening to share how some of our students have built excellent profiles on LinkedIn and completed digital badges. Besides all these encouraging snippets, one that has thrilled all of us in the department is an offer of a Summer Internship programme by the prestigious Yale University to one of our students. The teachers were very glad to write recommendations for her and guide her through the process.

I am sure all the students will continue to do the good work and enjoy real happiness in authentic learning. Let the summer continue to rejuvenate all of us. We will all come back with a bigger Odyssey to traverse!

Jagdish Chandra

Testimonials of the Natak Dekho Cast



"Natak Dekho" was a remarkable play that showcased the talent and hard work of the Ranga Milana Club. Directed by Ms. Vandana Victor, the play left a lasting impression on the audience. Ms. Vandana, with her exceptional directing skills, ensured that every aspect of the play was carefully executed. She entrusted me with the responsibility of classifying groups and handling the behind-the-scenes work, which even improved my organisational skills. My role as the office boy may have seemed small, but it was far from insignificant. The play was a testament to the collaborative efforts of the entire cast and crew. From the actors who brought the characters to life to the stagehands Janvi and Krithika, who managed the props and sets, and Mrnal, who managed the lighting; every person played a vital role in creating a memorable experience for the audience. The success of "Natak Dekho" was not just about the final performance but also the journey that led to it. The 2-3-hour rehearsals, post-college timings, the costume fittings, the moments of encouragement and support, and other factors continue to be memorable and significant factors. It was an experience that will be remembered fondly by everyone involved and a testament to the power and talent of the Humanities department.

Saanvi Tota, I EPPyS



I have never taken to the stage as an actor, but Ranga Milana and Ms. Vandana Victor gave me an opportunity to explore a new side of me I never knew was there, and for that I am extremely grateful. I have learned so much from this experience; I have understood the importance and amount of commitment and dedication it requires to pull off an event this big. They say it's not about the end result but about the process—the process of getting into a completely different character, using improvisation, understanding continuity, and working under time constraints—and there is still so much more to learn. This was the first play I was a part of, and hopefully, it's not the last.

Anurimaa Bharath, I HEPyS



Natak Dekho was a mould-breaking experience for me. Taking up the role of Fatehchand, the protagonist of the play, and devoting complete self to the character demanded dedication and consistent practice. It was the first time such a large-scale programme of Ranga Milana was conducted, and this also opened my doors to the field of drama and theatre. Throughout the play, I developed a lot of skills like devoted practice, voice modulation, speech delivery, and time management. I conclude that Natak Dekho has been a great event for me, and I would definitely like to indulge in more such programmes in the future.

Pratheek V Vaidya, I EPPyS



'Heat' directed by Michael Mann is a film that tackles the dichotomy and synthesis of a cop and a thief. It goes beyond the stereotypes and caricatures of these roles, it strikes a chord of the existence of an innate similarity in the face of difference. The scene that we enacted, the café conversation scene, perfectly encapsulates this dichotomy; we see that while being in opposite corners of society Hanna (the cop) and McCauley (the thief) are in fact closer related in terms of their being than it seems superficially. I played the role of McCauley, which was originally acted by Robert De Niro in the film. De Niro does a great job of showcasing an extremely controlled form of acting. I tried to incorporate the same in our small 4-minute skit, as did Mrnal (II EPPyS) who played the role of Hanna. Personally, it took some time for me to get into the character of McCauley, who is a hardened, professional criminal, the type that remains unfazed and collected in the face of adversity - this can be seen in the cafe scene in which he converses with the one who is working towards putting him in prison. After understanding the character, it was much easier to act on the scene. I loved the back-and-forth nature of the scene, in which each line feeds off of each other which made it easier to memorise the lines.

Hari Krishna (II HEPyS)

Not just another Arts Programme: The Humanities Department of JAIN College

The supposed way of education and its interpretation in the constructs of society are based solely on the prejudice called "common sense." My one year in the humanities department of JAIN College has reversed this logic in the sense of the words themselves, when our Head of Department, Jagdish Chandra sir, said, "Common sense is subjective." It's as if the entire philosophy on which the department is based has changed the history of its general knowledge and the commonly perceived notion of the humanities as an academic discipline.

Upon the retrospection of my formative time within the esteemed confines of JAIN College's Humanities Department, I'm being compelled to delve into the profound philosophical creeds, interdisciplinary studies, and academic archetypes that have indelibly shaped my cognitive development. Entering this scholastic environment, I was immersed in an informative environment that inscribed both the educational philosophies of progressivism and postmodernism, fostering a circumstance favorable to both critical inquiry and multifaceted assessment.

The inaugural week-long orientation served as an enlightening initiative, providing me with an exhaustive immersion into a myriad of disciplines spanning literature, psychology, sociology, history, economics, and political science. As correctly said by Lloyd Alexander, "We learn more by looking for the answer to a question and not finding it than we do from learning the answer itself." Each disciplinary outlook, with its unique epistemological framework, unfolded parallel to a captivating representation, beckoning me to engage in dialectical discourse with divergent perspectives, deriving from the experiences and extensive knowledge of the teachers of our department.

The educational views of progressivism prompt me to advocate experimental learning and active scholarly participation. Whether through collaborative endeavours, empirical research undertakings, or vigorous classroom debates, students are consistently encouraged to exercise critical thinking, coherent innovation, and forge persuasive interconnections between theoretical constructs and empirical realities. As articulated by Aristotle, "Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in

prosperity.” My academic endeavor at JAIN College epitomized this educational proverb, wherein it helped navigate a dynamic curriculum underscored by the cultivation of rational aptitudes and real-world applicability.

Simultaneously, the character of postmodernism in my academic pursuits is characterized by a sense of intellectual emancipation and epistemic humility. Confronting the deconstructionist creeds as advocated for by Jacques Derrida, grappling with the fluidity of semantic signification and the intuitive indeterminacy of linguistic discourse. In dissecting literary pieces and observing socio-political phenomena, I cultivated an appreciation for the plurality of perspectives and the imperative of interrogating narratives. As contended by Michel Foucault, “Power is omnipresent, not owing to its omnipotence but by virtue of its omnipresence.”

Beyond the academic grounds, club orientations served as avenues for holistic cultivation and communal engagement. Whether through the Literary and Journalism Club, where I discovered the intricacies of narrative construction and the transformative potency of storytelling, with which I grappled with the complex interplay between the transmission of information and subjective interpretation, these extracurricular pursuits supplemented my scholastic interests, further fostering a sense of companionship and intellectual fraternity between the students.

Moreover, the auxiliary value-added courses of Perspectives, Research Literacy, and Self-Management served as a strong basis for academic augmentation, providing me with invaluable skill sets and an indispensable sense of the interdisciplinary. From sharpening my analytical abilities to mastering the art of self-directed sophistication, these courses provided me with the requisite tools for negotiating the theoretical expanse with the requisite acumen and proper assurance.

Unconventional education in the humanities transcends traditional boundaries, fostering critical thinking and creativity. It integrates diverse perspectives, challenging students to engage deeply with complex humanitarian issues. As Socrates said, “Education is the kindling of a flame, not the filling of a vessel.” Through experiential learning, such as community projects and artistic collaborations, it helped me develop empathy and a complex cultural understanding. This approach values interdisciplinary connections, recognizing the interconnectedness of knowledge.

Rather than memorising facts, I cultivated skills in analysis, communication, and problem-solving, preparing them for a rapidly changing world. Unconventional humanities education prioritizes curiosity and self-directed inquiry, empowering us students to explore our passions and contribute meaningfully to society. By embracing unconventional methods, educators inspire a lifelong love of learning and equip students with the tools to navigate the complexities of the human experience.

In retrospect, my passage through JAIN College’s Humanities program has been nothing short of transformative, provoking a deeper apprehension of the ontological evidence while providing me with the intellectual resources to interrogate and conceptualize it in a much more refined and profound manner. While preparing to transition into the ensuing chapter of my academic trajectory, I want to carry forth the persistent legacy of this progressive and postmodernist inquiry, embark upon intellectual inquiries, and transcend the constraints of conventional perception and orthodox education.

Ananya S Upadhye, I HEPyS

A Showcase of Creativity:



Samanyu Guruprasad, | EPPyS



Mahathi S Ananth, | HEPyS



Khushi Kasetty Prasad, | EPPyS

Collection of Creative Writings

A Withered Tree

A withered tree stands across the street
I see it every day; it bears neither fruits nor flowers
I can't help but feel an affinity towards it.
The withered tree
was once blooming with grace
But, now, its roots and branches are slowly dying
Birds no longer visit the wilted tree
The tree has lost its spark, just like us
It seems like it is yearning for hope, but it doesn't find any
The withered tree yearns and yearns until it perishes.

Marjorie, I HEPyS

Echoes of Yesterday

The sickly sweet smell of mangoes hover in
the air the back of our shirts damp with
sweat as we stay out of our houses far too
long

I jump into the pool
suddenly I am 6 and it is summer again
chlorine-infested waters and laughing at the
sun with squinted eyes
as if daring it to do more than turn us brown

swallowing ice cubes like the sky seemed
to swallow us whole mosquitoes dance
around our legs as we run in the yellowing
grass our dads slept on the sofa in the
afternoon with the TV blaring on while mom
yelled at us to come back before dark

I'm writing about summer back when I was
8 two months of eternal sunshine until
school started playing on burning concrete
and leaving scars that never faded Where

did it all go? I cannot fathom the fact that time
is passing by and I'm no longer who I was 3
years ago it's been a while since my parents
carried me to the bed was it a memory or just a
dream

Why is it that we get more serious as we age?
The last time I remember laughing so hard I
couldn't breathe was when I was a child and
we were fighting about whether anime was
better than cartoons I forgot the joke. I'll never
forget the memory of the road bathed in an
evening glow as we walked back to our homes

not realizing that the clock was ticking
not realizing our bicycles would start to gather
dust not realizing it was the last time we'd feel
like kids not realizing that we were nearing the
end of something that never began

Spatika, I HEPyS

Lonely But Never Alone

An evening drenched in the serenity of pattering rain when there was no one in the house but just me, some wandering thoughts, and a hot cup of tea. I sat down by the window, leaning against the wall, as I plugged in my earphones, only to get lost in the sound of silence, where I thought I could find answers to some unattended questions. I pondered over a thought that seemed to bother me for quite a while. I felt that something was to be clarified, but I couldn't get clarity on what that was. To sort out the pool of thoughts in my muddled mind, I happened to open the window to let in some droplets of familiar showers of the evening into the solemn self of me that was looking out for something. As soon as I opened the window, a sudden gust of wind, accompanied by a tranquillising earthy smell, blew right into my face. I felt like an uninvited guest had come to visit me. I went past the huge window and huddled beside the wet railings in a cosy wooden chair that seemed to hold many unheard stories. As I gradually inclined towards the hard backrest of the chair, I gazed at the gloomy sky. Before I could interpret the vivid strokes of grey that I saw, a teardrop tickled down my face. A confused mind witnessed an amalgamation of diverse thoughts as I visualised my features in that hazy sky. I extended my hand to hold the globs of water descending from the tree above me. I felt like there was someone intimate, like a friend I have always known. I ran outside into the mud that was soaked in the welkin's tears. As I walked on the mire, a poised expression took over me. I had never felt so certain about something as I gently lay down on that natural, calming bed of comfort. And the moment I laid my ear on the crust of Mother Earth, I felt a voice from within that said, 'You're not alone'.

Pranavi G, I HEPyS

Beautiful Things have Dents and Scratches too

Dear readers, let me tell you something: beautiful things have dents and scratches too, and outer beauty attracts but inner beauty captivates. I am sure everyone is broken in some way. To prove my statement, I am quoting these lines, which say, "It is the broken things from which beautiful creations arise." Beauty is not about the external; it's something deep; it's something everyone has, and each individual has their own vast, vibrant, and unique beauty hidden in them. Everyone can reach it, but not everyone can see it. Don't worry, let me tell you why, because you know, like the sky can't be touched, like the ocean bed can be touched, and like the galaxy is untouched and can be reached by only a few in a million because few things are so beautiful and vibrant that they are untouched, and only people who understand it, deserve it can actually feel it, see it, and appreciate it. Do you know why the stars can't stop gazing at you? Well, it is as simple as this: you are a human, and stars gaze at people because they can see the glowing beauty within them; they never stop glowing because you are that bright, pure, gleaming light they reflect, and indeed, it can only be something that is so pure and bright that can light up the whole dreary night. So you indeed are the universe's best creation; you are so beautiful that the whole universe adores you, the earth, the moon, the planets, nature every day, every night, and every year passing by, so the next time you look up at the sky, you should know that there is someone who is always blown away and mesmerized by none other than you. You find the most precious things on earth only if you dig deep. To do that, you must break a few layers of the earth, so the same applies to a person too. To find your true beauty, to find your true self, sometimes everyone has to break a little right or else you would never know who you are, and the next time you see your scars, you remember that you did fall, but what you are today is because you fell and stood up and came out like a shining star who no one could have ever dreamed to stop. Just in case no one has told you this in a long time, I want to remind you that everyone is different, everyone is unique, and, like in a museum, each creation has its own beauty. Each person on this earth is a creation of the universe, and the world is a museum we all reside in, so always remember that you are a museum full of art that is unique and one in a billion. Beauty is not flawless; it shines even through your flaws, so "be your own kind of beautiful" and always know that even with all your flaws, scars, and imperfections, you are more than perfect. Love yourself because you are the universe's most unique and best creation.

"IF I WERE BLIND WITHIN MY HEART, I COULD STILL SEE THE BEAUTY THAT IS SHINING FROM WITHIN YOU"

Khushi Kasetty Prasad, I EPPyS