

The Mural

3RD EDITION

2023-24



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DEAN'S ADDRESS

As we keep pace with time, another term has come to an end. Being the busiest months of the Junior College, a plethora of activities have kept the students engaged and thoroughly entertained.

Our students participated in huge numbers at several events under 'Crescita'23', the inter-college fest organized by Christ College, Pune in the month of September. They won several accolades for their achievements in events such as the science quiz, treasure hunt, and Junior Shark Tank among countless others. They didn't stop here, however, and brought back the coveted 'Best Team' award too! Opening wider avenues for their creativity, the Junior College students undertook a fascinating journey to a Fine Arts exhibition, 'Following the White Rabbit', organized by the Jindal Global School, painting a new perspective on the canvases of the students' minds, the exhibition was a delight for each of them to witness.

It is said that "Creativity takes courage", and students of the Junior College embellished the platform they were provided with, to showcase their creative pursuits. The 'Open Mic' event on the 12th of September showcased the original works from categories of poetry, songwriting, singing, and stand-up comedy. Followed by which, the students put up yet another successful season of the 'Bishops Got Talent' on the 21st of September.

With performances ranging from mono-acts and singing to instrumentals, fine arts, and dance, followed by beatboxing and mime. Performers truly enthralled the audience who were left cheering and applauding, making it a truly memorable evening.

The students also successfully organized an intra-MUN and debated on various issues of international importance. Our teams also represented the school at the MUN organized by Government Law College, Mumbai, and the prestigious Harvard MUN, which was an enriching experience not only making them better delegates but also better citizens of the world.

The students also organized an event on October 10th on the occasion of World Mental Health Day. Interactive games, activities, and flash mob dances by the members of the Psychology Club formed the highlights of this celebration.

The 2nd edition of 'Lights, Camera, Media!', the Junior College's Mass Media Fest was held on the 13th of October.

Students from all three Bishop's schools participated with enthusiasm in the contests conducted in the fest. Teams from the Junior College also participated in several online inter-school fests. Fests held at the Azam campus, and Delhi Public School also saw great participation from our students, where they put their skills to great use and their performance was indeed commendable. As we progress further, the sporting events have also been lined up and the entire Junior College is geared up to participate in maximum numbers.

The inter-house swimming finals ended with Arnould House bagging first place. Students also participated with

unmatched enthusiasm in the Long-distance run. The Inter-house boxing finals saw some tough competition among the skilled pugilists, and it was Bishops House that conquered the winning trophy. Heats for the athletic events such as discus throw, shotput, long jump, etc. are on the roll, getting students into the grind and ready for the upcoming events of Sports Day followed by the annual concert, two of the Junior College's most awaited events.

We would like to thank our Principal Mr. Shayne McPherson for giving us and the students such opportunities. The success of all these events is duly credited to the hard work, support, and guidance provided by the school management. As we draw nearer to the end of this term, we would like to wish everyone a prosperous festival season!



WRITTEN BY :

MISS MADHU HORA

ILLUSTRATED BY :

ANMOL DEBRAJ

XII-B ARTS

Teacher's Address

Reality, good or bad, is inescapable.

Life is an unpredictable course and can lead us to a road which we never anticipated. The world where we live is often marred by unfairness and strain. We meet people who mask the naked reality, and we soon fall under the guise of a potential life. It is scintillating and we are carried by the aura it has. The mystique and shine make us walk on that path later to become disguised to ourselves. We stop comprehending and bask in the fake glory it provides.

What are we looking for- Solace? Tranquillity? Limitless jubilation? Let us ask ourselves at what cost we are trying to meet all our emotions. We should understand our real selves and accept the complications that life bombards at us. We are not here to suffer in the dreams of others and guise ourselves to the wish or exigency of what the world needs. We are not toddlers who will attach themselves to the energies that are cosy and warm. We must take the heat of the reality.

Embrace your present and value your passion. Evolve and live the way you want to be. Guise from those who hunt to feed the noose. Guise when you are pushed to entangle in a contagious net. Guise to protect yourselves from the evil so that no disease will come close to your tent. Expose yourself to the real ‘you’! You are beautiful, brilliant, skilful, proficient, powerful and most importantly valuable, and you should never be masked. In this edition of the ‘The Mural’, our team has tried to explore the multifaceted nature of ‘Guise’ and presented their interpretation of the same. They have tried to break down this complex stream of understanding only for you to read and appreciate their creativity. Kindly spare some time to enjoy this edition, with your favourite accompaniment- tea or coffee.



Written by:

Mrs. Trisha Banerjee

Illustrated by:

Anmol Debraj

XII - B Arts

HEADS' ADDRESS

Within the intricate mosaic of human experience, we are all artisans, skilfully crafting masks to cloak the tender vulnerabilities of our souls. Welcome to the latest edition of The Mural, where we embark on a profound exploration of 'Guise.' In these pages, we dive deep into the delicate dance between the masks we wear and the truths we safeguard.

Life, akin to a grand masquerade ball, orchestrates a ballet of disguises. We adorn masks of confidence while concealing self-doubt, wear expressions of contentment to veil inner turmoil, and project strength while concealing fragility. Our guises are not mere illusions but intricate narratives etched on our faces, echoing tales of resilience, desire, and the ceaseless pursuit of self-discovery.

Amidst our myriad guises, do we risk losing our true selves? Do these masks serve as shields, safeguarding our essence, or do they entwine us in a web of illusion?

Contemplate these questions as you navigate the stories within these pages, stories of individuals who wear smiles like armour, concealing battles fought in the depths of the heart, or artists who, through their work, unravel the mysteries of identity and belonging.

As you immerse yourself in the eloquent expressions herein, remember that every guise is a facet of a deeper truth. It is the sum of these facets that weaves the drapes of human complexity. Just as a skilled painter blends colours to evoke emotions, or a masterful sculptor chisels away the excess to reveal the form within, our guises conceal in equal measure.

In the realm of art, we decode the cover that graces our canvases — the poignant gaze of a portrait concealing centuries of wisdom, the intricate dance of light and shadow on a photograph, and the layers of meaning within an abstract masterpiece. Each stroke, each shade, unveils the delicate balance between authenticity and illusion, inviting us to embrace the enigma of our shared humanity.

As you traverse the labyrinth of guises, may you find solace in the shared journey.

With deepest admiration for the artistry of life...

WRITTEN BY:

Ananya Banker (Designer-in-Chief)

Reva Bhardwaj (Head Writer)

Tanvi Kothari (Head Editor)

Urja Saini (Head Designer)

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**ILLUSTRATED
BY:**

Anmol Debraj



HOAX

The lights are dimmed, the banquet is pulsating with steady heartbeats, and the champagne is flowing as servers hastily try to navigate the swanky crowd. The masquerade begins with a flourishing opening of Mozart's sonata as the participants take the stage.

All of them are wearing masks, and all are hiding but that is what makes the evening more interesting. The thrill of not knowing who you're dancing with or spilling your deepest burdens to a mere stranger with a pretty smile.

He is standing in the corner of the ballroom observing every participant, the red-haired woman quietly sipping on her wine, the freckled girl in a poofy dress desperately looking for a partner to waltz with and then, he sees her. He notices her say something rather amusing as the adoring crowd throws their head back in laughter.

He walks towards her hoping to charm her into a single dance. She is the only person who caught this in his eye among the various veiled visages. Her scintillating dress reflected all across the crowded room, elegantly gliding with her as she moved.



It may be The Marriage of Figaro or Don Giovanni playing in the background, as they start waltzing into the dance of lies, pretence, and flirt. Her hand on his shoulder and his gently wrapped around his waist is all the invitation they need to fall for the masked face. A masked countenance is one which hides their true self, it's just a facade to prevent everyone from seeing your authentic self.

As humans, we have been prone to betrayal, so trust and abandonment issues are the most common vices seen in our youth. That's why we hide, we keep our guard up and pretend to be someone we most definitely are not and then fall for the person who most definitely is not who they say they are.

The world we live in now, has everyone wearing heavy armour to shield themselves from being pierced. We hide and hide, playing cat and mouse with the world only to fall prey to the disingenuous society. We get so caught up in this vicious cycle, that instead of falling in love with the genuine, we manufacture ourselves as clones of this deceiving community.

The music then starts to fade, all dancers slowly dissipating from the centre of the ballroom, and the spectators applauding in delight. He suddenly takes her hand, manoeuvres themselves through the throngs, and leads her outside to the balcony. The warm air envelopes the space between them as they slowly unmask themselves. She can finally see the green in his eyes and the inch-wide but deep scar on his right cheek while he remains captivated by her beautiful face shining in the moonlight.



ILLUSTRATED BY:
SHRAVANI PATIL
12A ARTS

WRITTEN BY:
TIARA GROVER
11A ARTS

Crowds

Loneliness creeps in on me in the middle of a crowded street. One thing that I love and absolutely hate about cities is their crowds.

Every fifteen minutes, a metro train will pile into the station, without the rustiness and smoke that the vintage railway entails, people will board it and leave. I always know what comes next but somehow I never get used to the monotony. Evenings light up the tiny houses near the metro station and the altitude of its reality brings in strong gusts of wind that play with my hair. I like how alone I am, it brings me momentary peace and quiet, which is rare because my mind is used to speed, perhaps a result of scrolling through Instagram reels mindlessly for a few minutes before my train arrives.

They say that “eyes never lie” but mine have never had the courage to look at yours long enough to testify this. The train arrives and like another head in the crowd, I board it. I decide not to plug in my earphones, but instead sit in silence as our conversations play like a film tape in my mind. You are the crowd in my head. When strangers look at strangers, they likely weave stories about each other and if there’s a single observant eye in this particular 6 p.m. crowd, their story about me will talk about the inevitable blush on my cheeks, one that is usually absent.

The city is absolutely beautiful at this time when people are returning to their homes. Almost any thought that comes to me now, brings me back to you but these are things you will never hear from me, not that the fact eludes you, anyway.

"What is it that's bothering you?" reads your message in my inbox and I smile, a little truer than last time. People do not follow others into an abyss.



One is supposed to feel the same kind of loneliness that one feels at a crowded metro station but you do not let that happen, ever. It paints a picture in my mind, one I would love to replicate on a canvas, but these hands would hardly do it justice. There's an abyss and there's me. There's me and a few paces behind, you.

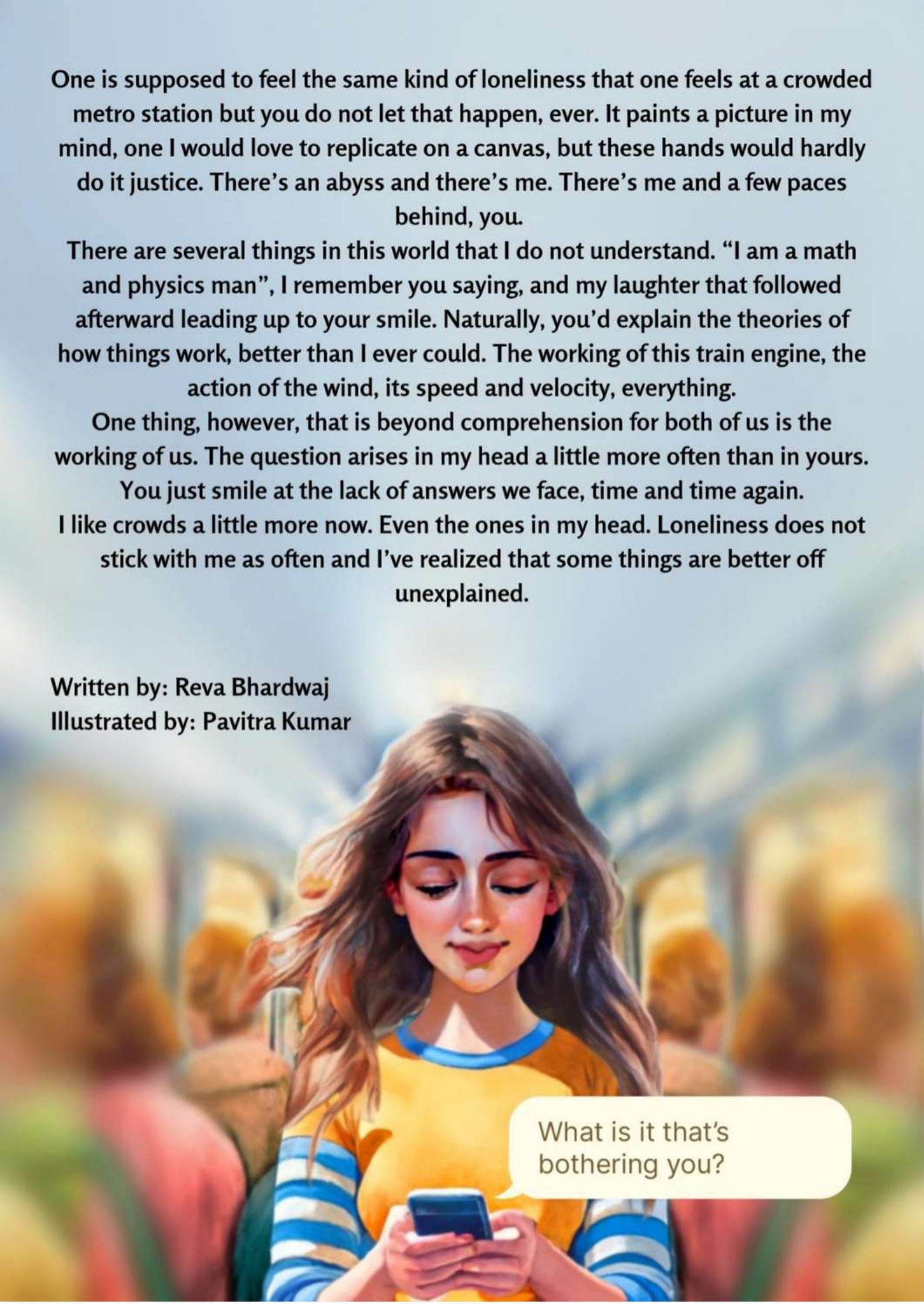
There are several things in this world that I do not understand. "I am a math and physics man", I remember you saying, and my laughter that followed afterward leading up to your smile. Naturally, you'd explain the theories of how things work, better than I ever could. The working of this train engine, the action of the wind, its speed and velocity, everything.

One thing, however, that is beyond comprehension for both of us is the working of us. The question arises in my head a little more often than in yours.

You just smile at the lack of answers we face, time and time again. I like crowds a little more now. Even the ones in my head. Loneliness does not stick with me as often and I've realized that some things are better off unexplained.

Written by: Reva Bhardwaj

Illustrated by: Pavitra Kumar



What is it that's bothering you?

A Lesson in Disguise.

When his gaze looked through her facade,
One lover broke into a million pieces
Left to his solitude, scarred.
One seemed to have a knowing heart,
She ironed out all her sympathetic creases.
The sky was clear, the stars were twinkling
The streets were lit with moonshine.
Two seats were vacant,
Painting the picture of lovers that ran out of time.
Their unrecognizable reflection, the owner complacent
The light in his life was in reality, a careless fire
The light that burns twice as bright, but half as long.
A rose with hidden thorns, she's all but a liar
Her cautious words were his favourite song.
The irony of the situation wasn't lost on anyone in the room,
They knew they were heading towards doom.
What was once a silhouette of a kiss,
Now remains nothing but a lie he missed.
Their souls seem to have broken ties,
Because they knew she was a lesson in disguise.



Written by- Sarah Ambetkar XI A Arts

Illustrated by- A.K. Shreya XI B Arts

Beneath The Surface

Hidden faces, hidden lies,
A mask used to disguise
My thoughts, my feelings, my every word

For who am I, behind the surface?
Another lover, another poet, like so many?
Or am I unlike, am I different

Another lie, another guise,
Another perception created,
Another shift in reality,
And all at once, a thousand words trying to come out.

But they mustn't, for what will the world think?
And so, I hide myself once again
Stuck inside the cage I call my mind
Holding myself back, and keeping up the façade
Of the false persona I created
All those years ago.

Written by: Anoushka Sarkar

(11 B Arts)

Illustrated by: Gayatri Jajodia

(12 A Arts)

Reality's Masquerade

Guise.
Illusions.
Smokescreen.

Hidden truths.
Disguised reality.
Morbid exterior of an amicable soul.

Negative interpretations.
What if it's not all that bad?
Masquerading to fit in,
But managing to do it and set an example simultaneously.

Celeste Waite said,
"Isn't it strange?
How people can change."
Agreeable but not accurate.

What if change is brought about by unimaginable situations ?
It's called for by the ineffable situations this life presents to us

Change is a constant ,
It goes hand in hand with a garb of illusion.
Does change only mean altering your interior being,
Or can it also mean putting on a show for humanity while

your mindset remains contrasting.

Change is sometimes brought about by situations that pressure
you, push you, coerce you, force you .

It's a given, that in some scenarios, one comes out stronger, harder
and fervid,

Others make you softer, weaker and fragile.

Changing yourself by putting on a front rarely works out for the
better,

Generally speaking, the guise you had was so well worn.

The guise you had so well worn,
Comes out dilapidated, battered and ruined
The face hidden behind the guise
Comes out hurt, pain riddled, disoriented

Either way you come out knowledgeable
Stuck in your mind are the lessons learnt and the fears fought
Succumbing to fate, but lingering within reality

Change teaches
Change breaks

Just like a guise
What you see
Is never reality

Illustrated by - Shreyasi Apte XI A Arts

Written By - Azzara Chinoy XI A Arts

Guise

Guise is in the nature of mankind. Every day, we get up and put on a mask on our face to show the world. We have a specially-curated mask for every person we know. A good girl in front of your parents. An ideal student in front of your teacher. A responsible elder sibling. Yet, in the end, you know that all you want to do is nothing that fits any of those categories. You want to wear what you want without a care of what society would think. You want to go wherever you want to be. You want to say whatever comes to your mind and shout curses at the ones you do not like. You want to say no. But you cannot. Even when you know the person in front of you does not deserve your help. When you know you will get nothing in return, not even a simple expression of gratitude. Still, you do it. You keep up your guise.

You think, 'Why do I do it? Repeat the same things again and again?' You know the answer deep down but you do not let it come to your consciousness. You know that your worst nightmares will come true if you let your guise slip. Rejection. Hate. Disapproval. Loneliness. Disappointment. This is what you will get once you let your guise slip. Until, one day, it finally slips. No, not in front of everyone. Just in front of that one person. That one person you never even thought would be able to bear you for a little while, lets you slip out of your guise completely. He lets you shatter, break, and shred the guise down to its very fibers. You can finally be free. Breathe in the air of your choosing. Lay out your soul to that one person- totally free from your guise. You are happy. You are merry. You are bright and cheerful and gay. You are all the synonyms of happiness that everyone has ever used in all the languages that ever existed. In the end, you know you are barely an inch away from the truth. You had a guise on the entire time. In your school, with your friends, at your house and everywhere. However, most of all, the guise that was the strongest and most rigorous of all was the one you put on yourself. No matter how many more people you break your guise in front of, there will always be one in front of your eyes- shielding you from yourself. You realise you had hidden away all the parts that you never wanted to see. You hid it away by blaming society. You are finally face-to-face, with the guise you will always see.



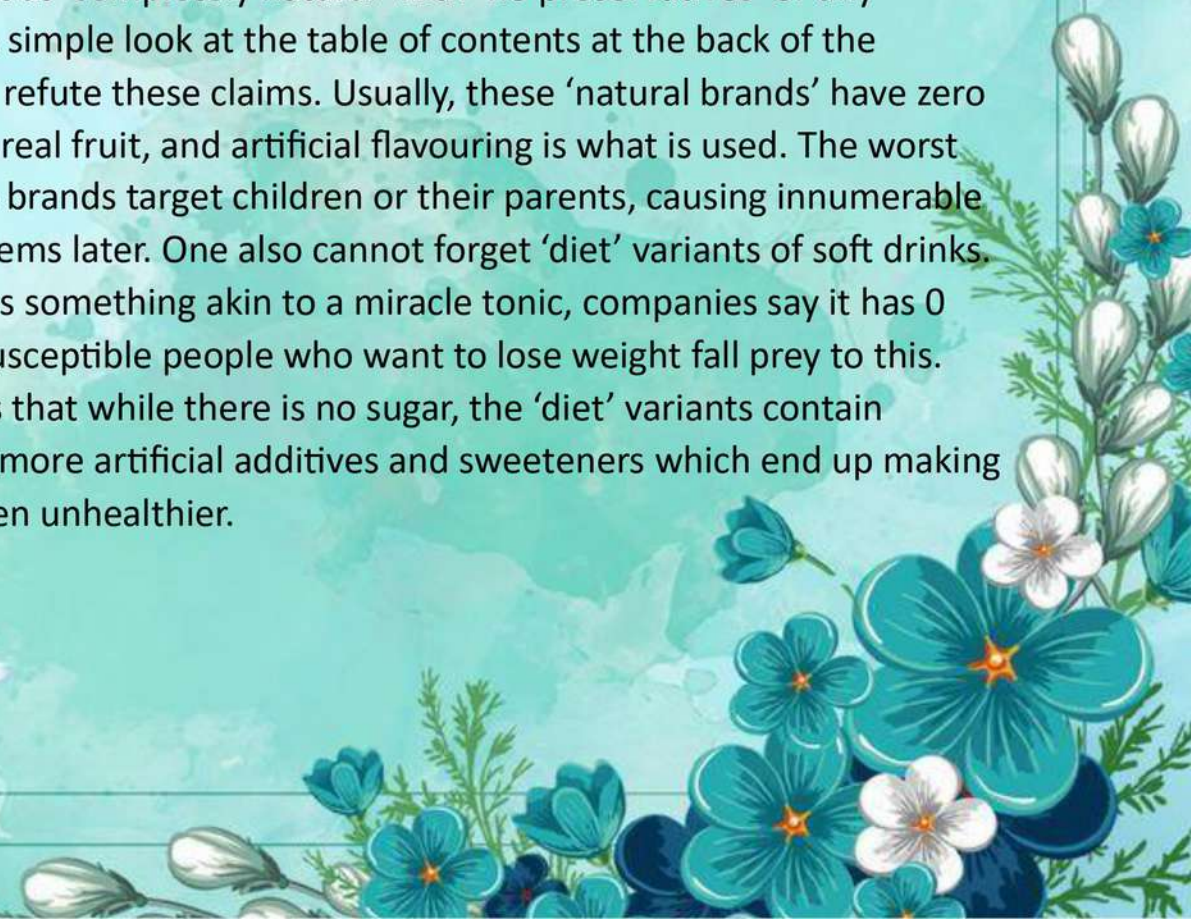
Written by: Arusha Pratap
Illustrated by: Pavitra Kumar



GUISE

The meaning and intentions of any word can be derived by looking at how it came to be. 'Guise' finds its origins in Proto-Indo-European, from the word 'weyd' - which meant to see, behold, or perceive. Throughout the years, the meaning has changed little, and only the interpretation has differed. In modern-day English, guise means concealing the true nature of something, by some external means. And if we're talking about guises, how can we not talk about advertising? In the modern day, ads are everywhere. If you're not living like a hermit in the Himalayan Mountains, escaping advertisements is impossible. They're on television, phones, magazines, newspapers, radio – even on the back of auto rickshaws!

There's nothing wrong with advertising a product that your brand has made. In fact, if the concept of advertisements was removed, it would have a catastrophic impact on the world economy. The problem arises when ads don't tell what they're selling – that is, they guise their ads. There are a lot of fruit juice brands out there and all of them will advertise their product as 'completely natural' with 'no preservatives' or any chemicals. A simple look at the table of contents at the back of the package will refute these claims. Usually, these 'natural brands' have zero to very little real fruit, and artificial flavouring is what is used. The worst part is these brands target children or their parents, causing innumerable health problems later. One also cannot forget 'diet' variants of soft drinks. Advertised as something akin to a miracle tonic, companies say it has 0 sugar, and susceptible people who want to lose weight fall prey to this. The reality is that while there is no sugar, the 'diet' variants contain significantly more artificial additives and sweeteners which end up making the drink even healthier.



This type of advertising, which disguises itself as something very good and beneficial for health but turns out to be significantly worse is one of the worst forms of false advertising. Another variant is the 'fine print' sort of advertisement usually seen in newspapers and malls. Here, brands display in large lettering what latest offers they have come up with, and in the bottom, in microscopic font, is written - 'Terms and Conditions apply'. Another version is the large number of 'end of season' sales (which season's end they are celebrating I have never come to know) or any sort of sale, really. What happens is the price of a product is significantly marked up, and then reduced by 10 or 20 percent as part of the 'sale', allowing for a large profit margin. Guised advertising at its finest. This sort of advertising is also seen in online shopping platforms, and the 'guise' part is a lot less subtle. It has happened before that a consumer purchasing an Apple product was given, quite literally, a crate of apples.

Fortunately, this is punishable by law and not very common these days. Unfortunately, the examples given before this one are not. The only solution is the implementation of laws against this. In the meantime, consumers must stay aware and not fall prey to such disguised advertisements. The meaning of 'guise' is not necessarily negative – it never has been but things like these have made it so. Blessings in disguise do exist. It's all about the perception you have. This does not mean the negative side doesn't exist, which is why all of us should be optimistic but stay aware.

Written by- Shaurya Shukla

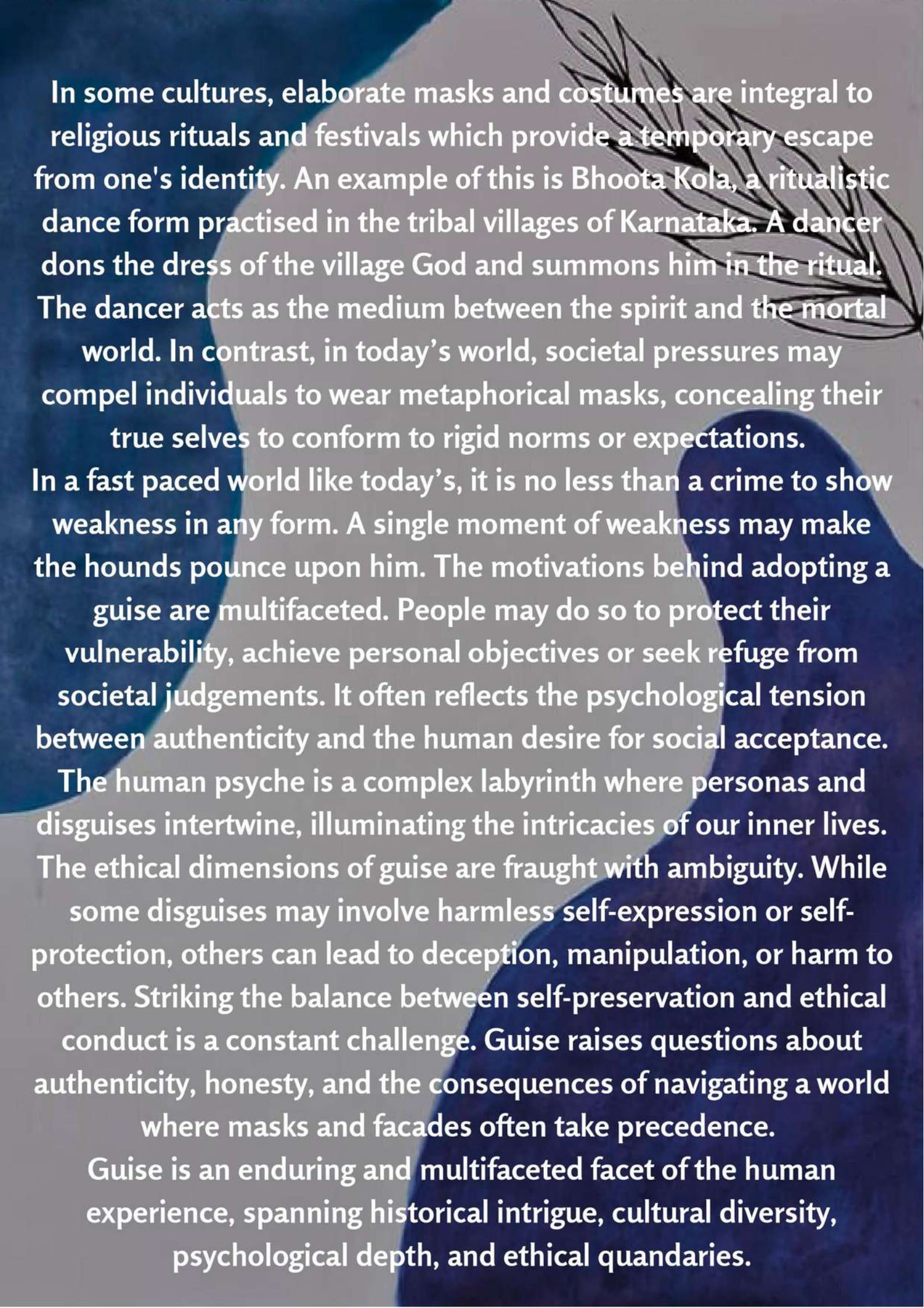
Illustrated by- A.K. Shreya

The Masks We Wear: Exploring Guise

In the intricate tapestry of human existence, we often find ourselves donning masks. We hide behind facades and assume guises. Guise, the art of concealing our true selves, is a complex and universal phenomenon that permeates every facet of our lives. Whether we employ it for self-preservation, societal conformity, or personal ambition, the concept of guise reveals profound insights into the human condition.

Man often wonders about the multifaceted nature of guise, probing its historical significance and its cultural dimensions, the psychological intricacies that underpin it, and the ethical dilemmas it poses. Throughout history, humans have used guise as a tool for survival, espionage, and storytelling. From Greek tragedies featuring characters in disguise to wartime spies concealing their true allegiances, the concept has left an indelible mark on our collective narrative. Guise has often served as a powerful plot device, allowing characters to explore the boundaries of their identities and motivations.

In the play, *As You Like It*, Rosalind assumes the guise of a male character, Ganymede to test Orlando's loyalty. In the popular Indian Stories, the Jatakas, the story of King Udayana and Vasavadatta use guise. The king donning the guise of a leper wins the love of princess Vasavadatta (Swapna Vasavdatta). Cultural norms and traditions significantly influence how guise is employed.



In some cultures, elaborate masks and costumes are integral to religious rituals and festivals which provide a temporary escape from one's identity. An example of this is Bhoota Kola, a ritualistic dance form practised in the tribal villages of Karnataka. A dancer dons the dress of the village God and summons him in the ritual. The dancer acts as the medium between the spirit and the mortal world. In contrast, in today's world, societal pressures may compel individuals to wear metaphorical masks, concealing their true selves to conform to rigid norms or expectations.

In a fast paced world like today's, it is no less than a crime to show weakness in any form. A single moment of weakness may make the hounds pounce upon him. The motivations behind adopting a guise are multifaceted. People may do so to protect their vulnerability, achieve personal objectives or seek refuge from societal judgements. It often reflects the psychological tension between authenticity and the human desire for social acceptance. The human psyche is a complex labyrinth where personas and disguises intertwine, illuminating the intricacies of our inner lives. The ethical dimensions of guise are fraught with ambiguity. While some disguises may involve harmless self-expression or self-protection, others can lead to deception, manipulation, or harm to others. Striking the balance between self-preservation and ethical conduct is a constant challenge. Guise raises questions about authenticity, honesty, and the consequences of navigating a world where masks and facades often take precedence.

Guise is an enduring and multifaceted facet of the human experience, spanning historical intrigue, cultural diversity, psychological depth, and ethical quandaries.



It is a testament to our adaptability, creativity, and the nuanced nature of human interactions.

As we journey through life, the masks we wear and the guises we adopt become integral parts of our stories.

They reflect our aspirations, insecurities, and the intricate dance between our true selves and societal expectations. Guise invites us to explore the depth of our identities and the kaleidoscope of human existence, reminding us that behind every mask lies a complex, ever-evolving, and profoundly human soul.

A Japanese proverb talks about guises. It says that there are three faces of every human. One face which he shows to friends, one face which he shows to his family and one face which is his true self.

Illustrated by - Shreyasi Apte XI A ARTS

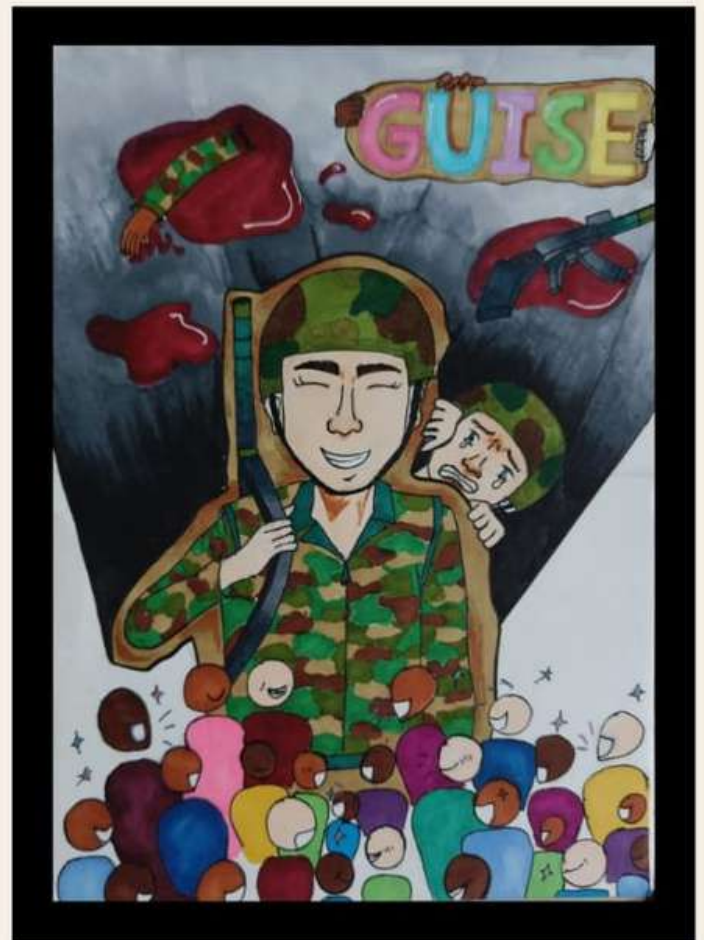
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