



Xpression

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A photograph of a person with long dark hair, seen from the back, wearing a dark dress. They are holding a small, ornate mirror in their right hand and a lit candle in their left hand. The mirror reflects their face. The background is a dark, dense forest at night. The entire image is framed by a white border.

Halloween Edition

The Spooky Corner

SOME THING ABOUT THE AUTUMN

– By Sonakshi Datta Ray

A late autumn afternoon. Nearly wrapping up her work she went to the store room to keep the records. Strolling through the calm hallway she was pondering the commotions of her students during class hours. She smiled and thought to herself, “The corridors feel empty.”

On her way to the staff room, she crossed an old store room. Bolted and cool. As soon as she crossed the room, she felt someone calling her. A grumpy voice, irritated and spine-chilling. She had never heard a human being such ear-splitting. She didn't have the firmness to turn around. She kept walking, through the corridors and the hallways. The staircase of the school had huge windows with mirror-like glasses. She dashed through the steps and in the hustle, she bumped into a window. Unconsciously, she looked into the mirror. She didn't want to. She knew someone was standing behind her. She saw him. A fair old man with a thick mustache. She fainted.

“A bad dream, maybe!” someone whispered. I confirmed to myself it was not a dream. A dream cannot repeat itself every time I visit my school.



PC: Priyanka Sengupta

MAYBE, I WAS DEAD...?

I remember this incident from when I was growing up in Kashmir. I am a sceptic who doesn't believe in the paranormal, but this event still gives me the chills. I was 12 then. Since it was December, the nearby swimming pool (where I used to learn swimming) had frozen solid. While out for a stroll, I came upon a group of young children playing on the pool's icy surface. One of the young men -

slipped and fell through the ice as I passed by. I acted quickly to rescue him. I got him and was dragging him to safety when I felt something catch my foot underwater. By that time, the other boys had managed to pull him out, but I got stuck. Immediately after that, I observed a lifeguard performing CPR on a young boy. I waited, praying that he would be well, and then I looked around and saw the boy I had helped stand -

- ing next to me. Upon peeking over the lifeguard's shoulder, I saw my own lifeless body lying there. When I opened my eyes, the man was leaning over me, and I was coughing up water, finding it hard to breathe. I was so startled, I instantly picked myself up and started running home; maybe it was the adrenaline rush that got me home. I still find that day surreal.

– By Rhythm Sengupta

A REAL LIFE HORROR

I've been brought up in a joint family and I remember the times when stories were the only source of entertainment. There were no phones, no computers, no internet, just stories from my grandmother and all of us used to listen to her with all ears. The range of her storytelling was extremely fluid as she covered all from fables to mythology. It's for her that I've always been a believer in supernatural beings. Cut to 2016, I was coming back from school, the colony I lived in back then was drowned in silence, everything was at a standstill, everyone was out of their home, and there was horror in everyone's mumbling, the sight was new to me, there was an unexplainable amount of fear all around. I got home and my mom informed me that the lady who lived exactly opposite our house had slit herself in half and is no more... I was shocked. I knew her, she was a sweet and loving person. She even greeted me the day this happened. I was stunned at

this news and this incident made a home in me. A few days later, I was just recovering from this shock when a power cut happened in the evening, it was a cold December evening, one could hear the brushing of leaves, the inverter in our colony was not working for some and the darkness was suffocating to say the least. I stood still in my bed and I felt my feet has gone cold for some reason..it was pitch dark and I heard someone calling me, I was found near the banks of the ganga, and my entire body was cold. I don't remember anything else from that day. I had a high fever for consecutive 4 days.

None of my family members ever spoke to me about that incident, we left that colony and the family who moved into that flat couldn't continue for long as they were tormented by some unexplainable thing.

– By Rakshita Tiwary





SPOOKINESS AROUND THE WORLD

By Krish Saini

American cultural products have familiarized Halloween to an extent that many wait for the 31st of October. Halloween owes its origins to the Celtic festival of Samhain. Though Halloween has been popularized as the spookiest night, it is not the only festival that involves phantasmal.

The 10-mins long read will enlighten us about how the other parts of the world celebrate the Spook.

Festa Della Befana in Italy

Festa Della Befana is a concoction of Christmas and Halloween traditions. Celebrated on 5th January every year, it is for children all over the country to dress up as witches and go around to the various fairs organized to mark the day.

Gai Jatra in Nepal

Gai Jatra is a Nepalese-Hindu festival where people worship cows and commemorate the deaths of loved ones who passed away in the previous year. Despite dealing with death, the festival is a time of merriment where people turn the grief of death into gratitude for life. People dress up as Hindu deities to enjoy traditional dances and engage in community prayers while sharing gifts.

The festival is also marked by parades of cows in several cities.

Hop-Tu-Naa in the Isle of Man

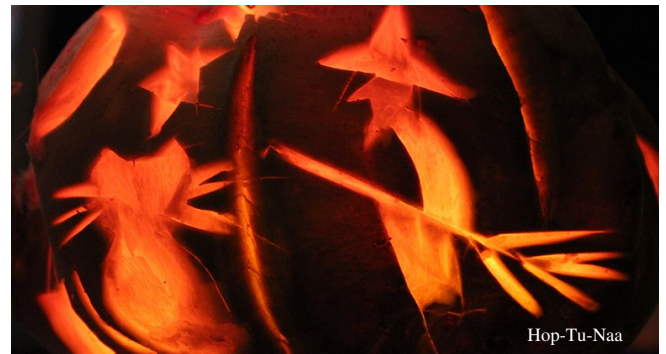
"HALLOWEEN." What do you visualize? Carved-out pumpkins! However, this is not the same. Instead of pumpkins, the residents of the small island in the Irish, use hollowed-out turnips as lantern decorations. It is a part of the Hop-Tu-Naa festival that marks the beginning of the new year according to Celtic traditions. Some people bake the "Dumb Cake," which should be prepared and eaten in SILENCE.



Festa Della



Hop-Tu-Naa



Fet Gede in Haiti

The Fet Gede is Haiti's festival of the dead. The entire month of November is dedicated to honoring the sacred dead ancestors. However, most of the celebrations are done during the first few days of the month only. Families get together to visit the cemeteries where their ancestors are buried and offer prayers. Huge crowds gather in the largest cemetery situated in Port-au-Prince as it is the resting place of Baron.

Samedi is believed to be the leader of all spirits by the followers of the Voodoo religion. People also engage in candle-making and drinking chili pepper-infused rum.

Japan's Obon Festival

The Japanese Buddhist festival of Obon (also known as the Bon festival) is generally celebrated around the end of July and mid-August. The celebration lasts for three days during which the people pay respect to their deceased ancestors. Mostly, families from across the nation get together to honor the spirits of their ancestors. People go on pilgrimages to shrines and engage in activities like cleaning graves.

People dress up in traditional Yukatas and Happi coats and offer community prayers. The ceremonial Bon-Odori dance is organized in several places.



Obon Festival

Paranorma

A Guide To Bengali Ghosts

I thought nothing could surprise me in a Bengali soap opera anymore. The good matriarch is imprisoned by the villain and replaced by an evil duplicate; no one is the wiser. The saintly bahu is forced to leave the house but returns disguised as a maid and her husband has no inkling — until he tastes the cup of tea she makes. My mother stomached every ludicrous plot twist until the bahu killed herself. It turned out she exited life, but not the show, and returned in the next episode as a ghost; though, poor thing, she was doomed to wear the same sari in every episode going forward.

After 27 seasons, my mother's saas-bahu soap had, without warning, turned into a saas-bahu-and-ghost soap, dispensed with even the pretense of logic. "Uff, ridiculous, I don't want to watch it anymore," huffed my mother.

But come to think of it, it's not that ridiculous at all. Ghosts in Bengal are considered more familial than supernatural. We have just about as many names for them as we do for aunts and uncles. The Brahmodaittyo is the ghost of a Brahmin and can be helpful, if pompous about all his Sanskrit learning. Skondhokatas are headless ghosts, especially those who lost their heads on a railway track. They sound terrifying, but because they have no heads, you can trick them easily. Shakchunnis are the

ghosts of married women still wearing clinking shankha bangles. Petnis are women who died with unfulfilled desires. And no family tree of Bengali ghosts can be complete without a Mechho bhoot, or Fishy Ghost, who will whine, beg and steal — all for a piece of fish.

It's easy to spot these ghosts: their feet point backwards. Of course, they are not all benign. The Geccho bhoot, who lives in trees, can jump on your shoulders and twist your neck just like that.

The Nishi assumes the voice of a loved one and calls you by name and leads you away, never to be seen again. Still, we live with our ghosts the way we do with neighbors — fractious yet affectionate. In our childhood tales, the ghostly Shiji and Guji slither up water pipes and tell exciting stories about sea adventures and crocodiles to human children.

There's Shibu, who wants freedom from his wife, dies of cholera, becomes a ghost living on a treetop in Bhushundir Mathe but then gets terribly lonely and starts looking for another wife — a supernatural Tinder story of sorts. In Satyajit Ray's film Goopy Gyne Bagha Byne, the ghosts dance in the forest and give out boons.

In the novel Goynar Baksho (The Jewellery Box), the ghost of a child widow craves dried fish. The "real" ghosts are just as colorful. The ghost of

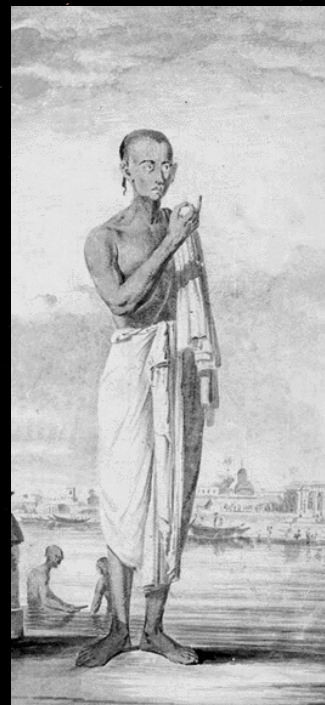
George Williams' prize-winning white horse is said to still roam the Royal Calcutta Turf Club in a gust of white fog.

Even the British colonial sahibs were somehow less formidable when they returned as ghosts. Warren Hastings' ghost is supposed to come by horse carriage to his old mansion every New Year's Eve, and rummage in the house for misplaced papers.

Meanwhile, Bengali ghosts remain insufferably Bengali. A studious graduate student of English literature who died at the National Library is reputed to visit during odd hours to complete his unfinished research paper. But my childhood years were also more suited to ghosts. The electricity would fail and the neem and bael trees near the house, utterly nondescript by day, would cast eerie shadows in the light of a flickering oil lamp.

You could imagine ghosts sitting on those branches, their legs dangling, as they eavesdropped on our lives. "Don't break the branches of the bael tree," my grandmother would tell us. "You'll disturb the Brahmodaittyo."

We cannot break those branches now because the tree itself is gone, chopped down to make way for an apartment building. We live in a 2BHK- and unless the Brahmodaittyo wants to live on the balcony where wet towels



are hung out to dry, there's no room for a ghost. In his famous *Of Ghosts And Other Perils*, the 19th-century fantasy writer Troilokyanath Mukhopadhyay laments that under colonial rule, all indigenous business enterprises had vanished — and that includes "the business of possession by spirits": "The people of this weebegone country have become so English-minded that they call being possessed by ghosts or devoured by witches, hysteria!"

The English are gone now, but so is the darkness. Our nights are lit up with neon lights. Even our mobile phones glow fiercely bright.

Ghosts haunt mouldering mansions and mossy ponds, not aquamarine swimming pools with colourful oats in gated communities. It seems sadder to think of a great spectral family of Shakchunnis and Petnis, Mechho bhoots and Geccho bhoots all rendered homeless in their own homes, doomed to an eternity of going up and down the escalators of shiny fluorescent malls, listening to the same muzak on loop.

That's surely a fate worse than death.

By Sharanya Roy





Maybe it is horror afterall?

What comes to my mind when one says the word 'horror'? As a kid, I have believed more in the absence of paranormality than I have in its presence. For the longest time in my life, forget about being a fancier; on the contrary I have always been a critic of the horror genre with respect to films or for that matter, any form of mass media. I remember covering my eyes every time something unnerving came up on the screen but little did I know that reality would anyway be stranger than fiction.

My grandfather, for his insouciant nature, always said how he was scared of only one entity in his life - human beings. Fire ants, kissing bugs, locusts - all dangerous insects I remember dreaming about, for I was so terrified of these that my subconscious never gave them the permission to leave me. So what comes to my mind when one says the word 'horror'? Is it these insects that took away my sleep for nights? Or is it the fact that my Geography teacher at school told me that Kolkata, by 2050, would be an extinct city? Or is it how a woman at our family function, whose existence I had no clue about, told me that everything in this world is temporary, including parents when I was 7? Or is it the earthquake that hit Japan in 2011 that convinced me that India would face the same and I'll die because of my building collapsing? What is it specifically? The crippling fear of embarrassment every month I bled, the fear of someone of the opposite gender getting to know about it because my mother taught me how it wasn't okay for me to talk about it in front of anyone but my own. I remember when in 2012, my 10 year old self heard about Nirbhaya and immediately set foot into a world wherein I never had the courage to board a bus. What is horror afterall? None of it or all of it?

Horror - isn't it something that triggers some fear in you? Lauri Nummenmaa, PhD, Professor at Turku PET Centre, Department of Psychology and Turku University Hospital, Finland, in his research paper, 'Psychology and neurobiology of horror movies', talked about how fear goes hand in hand with uncertainty and unfamiliarity. "Fear of uncertainty is also closely related to fear of loneliness: Humans experience familiarity as safe, and both adults and children tend to seek companionship

from people that they experience similar to themselves 56-58. We are naturally wary of strangers and people who seem different to us - most likely because we do not yet know what to expect from them." Lauri Nummenmaa (2016).

He further goes on to elaborate on how anything alien always affects parts of the human brain and its psychology vastly, to a point where people start to believe that it's real, using delusion as a defence mechanism. If one sits down to think about it, they would certainly realise how these statements are not just true to horror films, as a genre or any paranormal activity happening in real life but it also holds true to anything in reality that ensambles change or rather distinctiveness. For instance, the biggest horror for a homophobic man or a woman would be to find out that his own child is queer wouldn't it? Or for an honest police officer to find his/her son stealing from him/her for years? Wouldn't that affect them equally as much as any paranormality for its authentic sense would?

All the instances that I have mentioned at the beginning of this article are moments of unfamiliarity. They are all subjects of sudden occurrences, either to the world or to me when I have received any of such information as a fresher. Don't those classify as horror then? The fear of death that prevails in every single person alive, exceptions excluded, is the biggest instance wherein horror comes to play a role. What are we now? Living beings, right? So what happens when that changes, what happens when we don't qualify to be a 'living' entity anymore? That's when the concept of death comes into the picture and let alone its inevitability, the horror strikes us all hard. Sometimes I wonder how paranormality can be classified and narrowed down so seamlessly when in reality, this one word can cater to almost every single aspect to the end of life and sometimes including that too. Maybe it is horror after all - maybe?

By Mayurika Bhattacharyya

3 A. M.

Let's say this incident happened or maybe it didn't, might be a curation of my imagination in the form of a story that I shared at a Halloween party! A loud sound woke me up in the middle of the night, I realized I had slept off in the guest room while working. I switched off my laptop and checked the time on my phone, it was 3:19 AM. Earlier I thought that my mother while arranging the house, which she does on a daily basis, had dropped something but keep -

- ing the time in mind, I was a bit curious about the noise. I have to admit I am terrified of darkness and just the thought of ghosts! So I shut the blinds on the window which happened to be dark, switched on the torch on my phone and went to check what had happened.

The guest room which I was in, is at the end of the passage that connects it to the living room. I closed the light behind me, crossed the passage with my torch and entered my living room and literally slipped and fell. I slipped because there was water on the floor. I slowly got up and checked my phone which now had a crack on the side, but was fortunately still working. I switched on the light in the hall to find out why there was water on the floor, but I could not figure it out. I didn't think much of it, so I switched on the light of the kitchen which was right beside the hall to get a cleaning towel to wipe the water off the floor.

When I turned around, the light of the hall flickered and went off. I will agree I screamed; watching horror movies has given me a very frantic image of flickering lights. I tightened the grip around my phone torch, now less as a light source and more as a weapon and ran towards the hall and switched on the light. That's when I heard another similar sound like I had heard originally and this was from the guest room. At this point I started to think of all sorts of things, ghosts; demons; monsters and told myself, "Forget about the water" and ran inside my room which was at the side of the passage. My father was in deep sleep, the dim light was still on. I heard louder sounds outside the room, it felt like things were shattering. I started to scream, I tried waking my father up who wouldn't nudge so I ran and hid under my blanket and that's all I remember.

My eyes opened to sunlight the next morning, the door of my room was open and I ran into the kitchen and told my mother everything. She started laughing and said something that left me in shock. She said that at 2 AM before she went to sleep, she saw me sleeping in the guest room so she made my brother pick me up and put me in my bed and said it must have been a dream. I couldn't believe it because it seemed too real and vivid to be a dream but in a way I also felt a sense of relief that we didn't have ghosts at home! I walked towards the washroom and picked up my brush to brush my teeth, that's when I got a call. When I looked at my phone, the brush fell from my hand. It was not the call that scared the living soul out of me, it was the crack on the side of my phone which was supposed to have disappeared along with my 3AM encounter, as a dream!

By Ali Raza Khan





Paranormal Activity

Reality or Insanity?

Afterlife-something that is yet to be defined completely to date. We believe after death, a soul rises to heaven or falls to the depths of hell leaving the body behind. However, are all souls liberated? I don't think so. Some of them stay back, to complete things that they could not being alive, thus, leading to the existence of ghostly or paranormal entities. Before we further discuss these entities let us first understand what they are. A ghost is said to be "an apparition of a dead person which is believed to appear or become manifest to the living" and the activities undertaken by these ghosts are said to be paranormal (something which is beyond normal) activities. This includes events or powers which cannot be explained by scientific laws, involving supernatural and spectral forces.

Now getting to the fact of the matter, do ghosts exist? Since ancient times, ghost stories-tales of spirits that return from the dead to haunt the place they left behind-were somewhat acknowledged. People believed in ghosts and considered their return to the mortal world a very serious affair and that it should be dealt with caution and urgency. Gradually, as time passed by people started neglecting these as 'so-called' theories.

In the late 80s and 90s, with the release of the first horror film "Le Manoir du Diable," (The House of the Devil) in 1896, paranormal existence came into light again. A lot of creepy and spine-chilling cases also came about during this period. One of the strangest is the White House Ghost. It is said that after his assassination in 1865, the ghost of U.S. president Abraham Lincoln, haunts the White House. First Lady Grace Coolidge, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and President Theodore Roosevelt are among those who have claimed to have seen Lincoln's apparitions in the White House. Moreover, Lincoln's ghost has also been said to haunt many of his former residences in Springfield, Illinois, including his former law office.

During the mid-90s, a couple gained great recognition for their accomplishments regarding various prominent cases of alleged hauntings. Edward Warren Miney and Lorraine Rita Warren (popularly known as Ed and Lorraine Warren) were famous American paranormal investigators. Ed was a self-taught and self-professed demonologist (one who indulges in the study of demons), Lorraine professed to be clairvoyant (a person claiming to possess a magical ability to gain information about a person, object, location or physical event through extrasensory perception) and a light trance medium (practitioner of purposeful mediated communication between spirits of the dead and living human beings) who worked closely with her husband. For years, the Warrens investigated supposed paranormal activities across the globe. The duo's investigations have spawned a frenzy across pop culture leading to numerous books and movies solely based on War-

-ren's life experiences (Yes, real-life). Some of those movies include 'The Amityville Horror (1979 & 2006)', 'The Hauntings in Connecticut (2009)' and most recently 'The Nun (2018)'. Two of the most famous movies include The Conjuring series and the Annabelle series. Remember the creepy doll in these two movies? Yes, she is real. The only difference is she doesn't look like shown in the movies. In reality, she is a raggedy Ann doll. The doll was given to a Hartford nurse as a gift in 1970. Once she brought it home, she and her roommate reported unexplained behaviour coming from the toy. It was said to move on its own and also reportedly attack one of the owner's friends.

The Warrens were called to investigate and they claimed that the doll was possessed by the spirit of a little girl named Annabelle Higgins who lived on the property before it became the nurse's apartment building. She was found dead at just 7 years old. After an exorcism at the apartment, the couple agreed to take the doll. Since then, it resides in the Warren Occult Museum in Monroe (now closed), where a collection of haunted artefacts involved in various cases attended by the Warrens are stored.

Apart from these, the most spine-chilling story that I have come across is the story of a young German girl named Anneliese Michel. The 2005 Hollywood movie "The Exorcism of Emily Rose" is loosely based on her story. She was born into a very religious catholic family. When she was 16, she experienced a sudden blackout in school. When these blackouts increased the family consulted a neurologist. She was diagnosed with temporal lobe epilepsy, a disorder that causes seizures, loss of memory, and experiencing visual and auditory hallucinations. After her diagnosis, she started taking medications but her condition further deteriorated. She began seeing the face of the devil wherever she went and her demons whispering in her ears while praying. She was now convinced of being possessed by a demon and the family began to seek alternatives to medicines, but no one helped them. She would rip off her clothes, crawl underneath her bed, eat spiders and other insects and even bark like a dog.

Finally, her mother found a priest, Ernst Alt, who believed in her possession. He along with a local priest, Arnold Renz practised 67 exorcisms on her over 10 months. She was restrained during these sessions as she would become violent and the spirits inside her would growl. It is believed that 6 demons possessed her. She eventually died of malnutrition and dehydration on July 1st, 1976.

These were just a few cases, I am sure that there are many such unheard cases from around the world that never really reached us. However, from all this one thing can be clearly said-there are certain things that science cannot answer. There exists something between being alive and being dead, like grey between black and white. We must understand this and accept it rather than being ignorant. Besides, there are certain things that we need to see to believe.

- By Kritvardhan Singh

22F

22F.
22F.
22F.

The only word haunting my mind since I moved into this new apartment complex. And living directly above it is not helping me forget about it either. Oh, how I wish I could erase it from my mind and live my life as normally as I possibly could. Curiosity did kill the cat and I'm afraid satisfaction couldn't bring it back this time around. Don't get me wrong, curiosity is good until it doesn't make you voluntarily walk into the den of a sleeping lion or in my case flat 22F.

My quest to unlock the mysteries of 22F began when my eyes fell on the overflowing bills in its mailbox. It had me asking the security of the building about the reasons behind it. Things I learned after my little interrogation:

1. The flat is abandoned for 6 years after the death of an old man in it.
2. Everyone refuses to buy that flat due to the stories associated with it (But honestly, I think it's due to the overdue maintenance and other bills).
3. The security of the building is an amazing storyteller (The details described by him had me jumpy for the rest of the day).

And the next day I find myself in front of 22F, the only catch is that I am NOT alone. I have seen enough horror movies to know that you never ever enter a potentially haunted house without backup. I successfully talked my three brothers into this noble quest of mine. The more the merrier, right? And having them behind my back gave me the courage I never knew I had to walk into this death trap.

Ever wondered about that girl who goes into the basement to investigate some creepy sound without any preparations? Yeah, me too. Turns out it's not really her fault. It's wrong to assume the characters know what genre they are in, that's how a story works. Good for us, I already know this is going to be a horror story. So I came prepared. "Let me establish some ground rules," I told my brothers. "1. Stick together no matter what. 2. When you hear code red, run for your lives."

A typical haunted (let us not call it haunted just yet without any evidence) abandoned house it was: A void of dust, cobwebs, ripped curtains, top-notch creaking doors and, bonus points for that lingering rotting smell. Something definitely died here (pun intended). If I was a visiting ghost, I would absolutely give this place a 5-star review, unfortunately I got to go with a 1-star now if you know what I mean. The light hardly had any chance to enter through the windows because of how dirty they were. The wall plasters flaked and fell just like the past of this place. So many stories find their birth, thanks to this place that the real story of what happened here may forever remain a mystery. I know history has a tendency to repeat itself and standing at that place

had me praying harder than ever before to not make it true. Only a few minutes into the flat and it starts to rain. The sound of rain and howling winds fills the quiet. Just as I was about to say something, a black blur flashed across the room in front of me. "What was that?" I heard my brother choke out. "A rat? Perhaps a rodent?" I suggested breathlessly, knowing that whatever crossed the room was too big to be a rat and too fast to be a rodent. It was better if I did not bring that point up, right? No need to spread suspicion that would only stir up trouble.

Just as we entered another room, the glass in the huge mirror in front of us cracked like a spider's web. "Old mirrors" I heard myself say, "tend to crack due to changes in temperature and humidity." Nothing else happened, it was just an old abandoned flat and we left. It wasn't until the night that I realized my watch was nowhere to be found. And something in me was certain that it was in 22F.

I braved myself up! Just another old flat, right? And found me in front of 22F all over again. Alone, this time just to find it locked and by the looks of it, it's been like that for years. After asking the neighbors and security it was clear that it was indeed locked! For years! But my brothers and I were inside that flat and all four of us walked out of it safe and sound!

Or...was it five?
I could have sworn it was five of us.
Why does it feel like five?
Who or what else walked out that day?!

- By Keerthi Binay Das



PC: Keerthi Binay Das



PC: Priyanka Sengupta



Clicked at Hostel Day



Xucas' Halloween Event



Clicked at Inter-departmental Football Tournament



PC: Jyoushko Biswas



Clicked at Inter-departmental Football Tournament



Xucas' Halloween Event



XUCAS' Halloween Event



PC: Priyanka Sengupta

Photo Gallery



CAMPUS UPDATES

Back to the Field: All Departments Run and Shoot!

The St. Xavier's University Sports Society (XUSS) conducted its Inter-Departmental Football Tournament which started on November 1, 2022. At 8 A.M, the first out of the 16 knockout matches took place, 32 men's teams across campus participated in the 5-a-side football tournament. The 16 winners of Round 1 progressed to the second round of knockouts the next day. With barely any break after Round 2, the 8 quarter-finalists played intense 20-minute matches against each other.

Subsequently, four teams qualified for the semi-finals. In the semis, XLS (Sem 1) played against Mass Comm (Sem 3) whilst B. Com Morning (Sem 3) played B. Com Day (Sem 5), taking place simultaneously.

With the scoreboard untouched in the first half, Adhiraj Dutta from Mass Comm (Sem 3) scored a hat-trick in the second half, helping his team advance to the finals. On the other ground, the match between the two B. Com teams ended 0-0, even after injury time. The match then headed into penalties, and both the goalkeepers made one save. The shootout was to be decided by sudden death, B.com Day (Sem 5) one-upped and qualified for the finals.

On the same day, November 3, a crowd gathered around the football pitch at 4 P.M. to watch the crowning matches. The first was the third position playoff between B. Com Morning (Sem 3) and XLS (Sem 1), the match tied and went to penalties. With intense pressure on both the keepers, Joyraaj Sinha of B. Com saved a vital penalty, and B. Com Morning (Sem 3) placed third in the tournament.

At 4:30 P.M, on the blow of the referee's whistle, the Finals began with Mass Comm (Sem 3) and B. Com Day (Sem 5) on either side, vying for the trophy. Agniv Chowdhury of Mass Comm scored a goal early in the first half which was equalized by Vaibhav Kar of B. Com later, in the same half. The second half was intriguing, with multiple attempts to attain a goal and the ball flying beyond the goalpost, out of university grounds, the match ended with a draw. Unsurprisingly, penalty shootouts as well as sudden death ended in a tie. The match was to be decided by 2 shots on target by each team, from their goal line to an empty net, about 40m away at the opposite end. B. Com shooters missed their aim while Sourish Singh Roy of Mass Comm successfully kicked the ball straight into the goalpost.

Team B. Com Day (Sem 5) placed as first runners-up in the tournament, after 3 days of continuous matches and leaving the audience in awe of their skillful gameplay. Mass Comm (Sem 3) emerged as the winner. They had a brilliant defence, conceding only one goal across 5 matches while scoring 23 goals themselves. Adhiraj Dutta, from their team, was the highest scorer, with

12 goals in the tournament.



The Department of Mass Communications carried their streak of luck onto the Women's Inter-Departmental Football Tournament. The two teams taking part in the tournament, Xavier's Law School (XLS) and BA Mass Communication played the finals against each other on 4th November. The match commenced at 1 P.M., with the two teams playing for a duration of 7 minutes in each half. In the 5-a-side game, the first half was cut-throat, with defences of both teams denying each other a chance to score, the first half ended 0-0. In the second half, the Mass Comm team secured a goal and won the tournament.

By Sania Haider, BA Sem 5, Dept of Mass Communication



A home, away from home

Post Durga Puja and Pre-Diwali brought a bunch of excitement and lighted up the campus life with the joyful echoing of the hostel lites on 17th and 18th October respectively.

An all time favourite inter group event organized by the sports committee of the hostel gave an opportunity to all the boys and girls to be Harmanpreet Kaur and Virat Kohli. The students committee organized a friendly mixed cricket match for all the 8 teams of the hostel in the basketball court late evening. Knock out rounds took place on 17th October and 4 teams were eliminated. 4 teams qualified for the finals. We were delighted to have

XAVMEET 5.0

The 5th edition of Xavmeet took place on 12 October, 2022. This was an inter departmental panel discussion, the very first of its kind taking place offline on campus, organized by the Mass Communication Department. The topic of discussion was, "Is Technology Saving The World Or Killing It?"

A total of 9 speakers represented their respective departments in this discussion held in Amphitheatre 400. They were allotted 2 minutes of speaking time and an additional minute to rebut questions. Judges invited were Dr. Manali Bhattacharya, Dr. Harish Kumar and Dr. Nitesh Tripathi. At 4 P.M, the event commenced with briefings of the procedure, given by the moderator, Maliha Siddiqui (MA Mass Comm). Five panelists proposed that technology is our savior, it is an essential part of our lives, contributing largely to our ecosystem.

The other four opposed this view, blaming technology for the tribulations humanity faces. Instead of cross panel questioning, students of the mass communication department presenting themselves as media personalities raised challenging questions, which the speakers tackled well, with prompt and witty replies. After the final speech, the floor was



Clicked at Xavmeet 22

open to feedback regarding the due course of debate. Dr. Sithara Puli Venkatesh and Prof. Nilanjan shared interesting insights on areas of improvement and concepts that went undiscussed- mental health issues, digital divide and algorithms, to name a few. The event wrapped up with concluding remarks made by the judges. The positions awarded to the three panelists were:

- 1st - Muskan Bagani (B. Com Morning)
- 2nd - Sania Haider (BA Mass Comm)
- and 3rd - Aqsa Mallick (BA LLB)

Xavmeet 5.0, just like its previous editions, was a grand success! The event was well acclaimed by the audience, deeming it as an engaging debate with compelling takeaways.

By Sania Haider, BA Sem 5, Dept of Mass Communication



By Barkha Mishra, BA Sem 5, Dept of Mass Communication

Xinephile organizes Inter-departmental Film Festival

On the 7th of November 2022, 'Xinephile', the St. Xavier's University Film Society organized an Inter-departmental Film Festival that was the culmination of months of work put forward by the Working Committee, the Chairs and the Supervising teachers. The audience in the gallery classroom far exceeded original expectations where it was expected to be a relatively compact film screening. The Dean of Arts & Social Studies, Dr. Achyut Chetan graced the event along with other distinguished members of the faculty. The genres represented in the film screening were completely diverse- ranging from documentaries to 3D animation films to music videos.

The festival kicked off with Anurag Guha's unsettling animated title - 'The Backrooms' with its existential horror. 'The Grey Hoax' really stood out among these strong contenders by giving us the old paradigms of good and evil, right and wrong and putting it in the form of a chess match. Among the entries, there were a few music videos which had generated a pretty strong response.

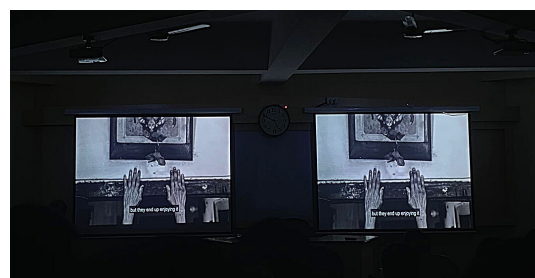
Bijaya' was an inspirational tribute to life, 'Mone Pore' was an alumnus' tribute to those precious school memories that will never leave us and 'Aschhe Bocchor, Abar Hobe' gives a strong message to the aftermath of the Durga Puja festivities.

Nilav Bose's 'Unfinished Potrait' received a big round of applause, it is the poignant documentary of a grandmother slowly losing herself to old age and dementia, as her grandson watches helplessly.

'Tale of a Common Conundrum' gives a grim tale of an abusive and toxic relationship with no reconciliation. 'Perfectionist' is a tragically funny short of a person pursuit for perfection ending in tragedy (in this case, tragedy came in the form of a cup of coffee spilling all over a notebook).

All of the 13 entries reflected a strongly creative spirit of students from various departments. As a follow up to this event, a mega inter-university event will be held over two days in January next year!

By Rudranshu Sengupta & Advaita Seth



DIWALI MILAN'22 SXUK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

'St. Xavier's University Alumni Association (SXUKAA) organizes various philanthropic, institutional and fellowship activities round the year. This Diwali season, they saw an opportunity to turn one of their weekly Saturday gatherings into a celebratory event and boost the festive spirit in the air! On October 29, 2022 over 50 members of the Alumni assembled on the ground floor of the Aruppee Building. Rev. Fr. John Felix Raj, SJ, Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor and President, SXUKAA ignited the ceremonial lamp, initiating 'Diwali Milan' - the very first celebration of the festival of lights by the Alumni Association. Young graduates, distinguished faculty and all the Jesuit fathers of the SXUK Jesuit Community were addressed by Rev. Fr. Felix Raj, with warm Deepawali greetings. He also spoke about the prosperity of the foundation, wishing that Xaverians spread the light of knowledge far and wide for a brighter future. A cordial evening, comprising a cultural programme and cheerful exchange that the congregation present enjoyed thoroughly. Tunes of a guitar and cajon added a musical backdrop to songs sung by members of the gathering. There was an open mic where everyone shared their college life experiences and cherished their memories made on campus followed by high tea. Diwali Milan successfully tied the attendees closer to the spirit of their alma-mater.

By Sania Haider





From The Diaries Of The Editors

Bhoot, pret, vishach, sab kahaniya bachpan me sunte the aur tab yakeen v ho jaata tha ki yeh aatmae aaj v humari rooh kaaphe pe mazboor kar sakti hai. Bs kuch isi taraf shuru hua yeh safar.

They say, every action has an explanation in the dictionary of science but an ability to finish the human race and uproot the consciousness of the human senses is till date unexplainable. For us, paranormal means something against the laws of science and nature. Some paranormal experiences are easily explainable, based on faulty activity in the brain. Reports of poltergeists invisibly moving objects seem to be consistent with damage to certain regions of the right hemisphere that are responsible for visual processing; certain forms of epilepsy, meanwhile, can cause the spooky feeling that a presence is stalking you close by – perhaps underlying accounts of faceless “shadow people” lurking in the surroundings. Our idea with this theme was to highlight these unexplainable activities among the college going youth. Proposals regarding the paranormal are different from scientific hypotheses or speculations extrapolated from

scientific evidence because scientific ideas are grounded in empirical observations and experimental data gained through the scientific method. In contrast, those who argue for the existence of the paranormal explicitly do not base their arguments on empirical evidence but rather on anecdote, testimony, and suspicion. The standard scientific models give the explanation that what appears to be paranormal phenomena is usually a misinterpretation, misunderstanding, or anomalous variation of natural phenomena.

– The Editorial Team

A LIFT THAT NEVER STOPPED

Rose woke up that morning and was ready for another hectic and tiring day. She was all dressed up in her monotonous clothing style and left for work. She worked at an IT sector and her office was at 15th floor.

She took a lift. Standing at a corner and waiting for it to get closed, but something was different today, a young man, just 2-3years younger to her, around 26, got into the lift. Both of them stood by each other's side and the over loaded lift helped them get close.

She was nervous for the first time since she had her first breakup. She was liking it. Lift stopped at 8th floor and he left but something was unusual, people inside the lift seemed restless and started shouting at each other for stopping the lift. But rose was happy, she was smiling and for the whole day, she was just thinking about those red cheeks, and brown eyes with curly hairs standing 6 feet tall. She was curious to

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know about her but she was hesitating, so she left it for that day. Again the next day, she was all dressed up in a beautiful new kurti, even she had no idea, who and why she was dressed up for. He was in the lift again with her, she was now more close to her and they were staring at each other.

He again got down at the 8th floor and same unusual thing happened. (Crowd being restless) she was confused this time but she was quiet. Now she was seeing him everyday in the lift for over 2weeks now. But he never even threw a word at her. A strange love story maybe. The most unusual thing was she never saw him anywhere besides lift.

After almost 2weeks she didn't see him in the lift. Quite disappointed, she asked the lift security about him, he was shocked, and his answer shook her to death. He said there was no young guy in the lift ever and the people used to get restless

because the building she worked in was having only 5 floors and the unusual numbers like 8, 15 made the people restless in the lift. Rose woke up. She was at her bed now. Rose is 16 and she is at her high school.

And her boyfriend was waiting for her to pick up her to school.

– by Barkha Mishra



Happy Halloween,
2022