

BEAUTY BLOGGING IN 2117

MITHI CHOWDHURY

Callista picked up her Holographic Lip Projector and angrily thrust it into her overflowing bureau drawer. Even with a memory of roughly 5000 holographic lipstick shades, it seems she was already in dire need of another one. To make matters worse, her laser lashes were nowhere to be found. Callista had gone to great lengths to procure those lashes from the interplanetary black market. When placed on the lash line, the narrow strip cast a dazzling kaleidoscope of blues and greens to recreate the majestic plumage of the extinct peacock. They were her favourite pair; *it's what sets me apart*, she thought. None of her fellow beauty bloggers had 'peacock', although they all had 'unicorn'. Horses were genetically modified to create unicorns in 2040. Since then, unicorns have been commercially manufactured to filter through every pet store. Why, it's a rite of passage to give your son or daughter a unicorn on his or her sixteenth birthday. Callista never got one - and that's okay. She always thought they were atrociously overrated.

Unfortunately, they'd have to do for today.

She went over her curated monologue once before switching on her holotube. "Hello! Callista here. Today, I'll be hosting a Q&A to answer a few of the questions you sent me last week..." she uttered while knowing that every word, movement and gesture was being



holographically transmitted to her 1.2 million subscribers instantaneously. She could pre-record it, like many of the other holotubers out there but editing a 6D representation of oneself can be such a drag sometimes. "So, Blu_Orange would like to know what my favourite makeup item is."

That's easy, Callista thought.

She was always drawn to things that caught the light, a certain magpie-like trait she'd had even as a child. She recalled her first skin enhancement surgery, an investment made with her first earnings. The process injects a synthetic gold-like liquid into the skin's surface, thus, giving it an unparalleled luminosity. Even better than strobing balms, an ointment which

could absorb sunlight to adjust the radiance achieved when applied on one's cheekbones. "So, it's not so much an item, as it is an *investment*," intoned Callista.

"The next question is, how did you start out as a b-blogger?" It was a question Callista supposed all b-bloggers had to answer. "It's something that I've always dreamed of doing," she told them, neglecting to mention that she'd never set out to be a b-blogger. Growing up, she'd always *liked* makeup but as a career? She hadn't considered it. Callista opened a holotube channel on a whim, after her therapist droid, Dr. Kai8, suggested she use it as an outlet to overcome her social anxiety. It's only after her blog became a massive success did she decide to

continue on. *Not the inspiring answer they're seeking*, she mused. Sometimes the truth was best left omitted.

"HosicoC@ would like to know what's the strangest product I've tried in recent years." Callista rummaged through her internal nanomemory and recalled a peculiar little device she'd found in her great grandmother's belongings once. It was an ancient eye shadow palette, musty and stale with age. A blush pink box with 14 powdery shadows in discoloured neutral and berry tones, meant to be applied with a brush. How inconvenient. Much easier to let her trusty face scanner do the job of scanning her eyes (or face) and imprint an eyeshadow look from a memory of roughly 20,000 customized looks. She couldn't remember the last time she consciously selected how she wanted to look. Usually, the computer did so depending on her skin texture, mood, the weather and a number of other assorted variables specific to that day.

She checked the time. It had only been 5 minutes since she began. *8 questions left*. This was going to be an unusually long holocaust. Callista had become such a natural at this that she barely even thought about how much she disliked people.

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How to deal with music shaming

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Music Shaming: the act of criticizing someone's music taste just because it doesn't resonate with your own.

Music, deemed proudly as the 'universal language', has often times ironically become the subject of social conflict as well as the basis of judging someone worthy of befriending. For instance, nowadays people with a keen passion for pop music or in fact any mainstream genre of music are often deemed tasteless solely because of their music preference. Assuming the former is acceptable, things get problematic when the judgments become less about the song itself and more about proving the superiority of their own music taste to that of others'.

Music is an art form and like most art forms, it is subjective. A person's taste in music varies depending on a significant amount of factors ranging from the type of music he/she was exposed to from an early age, to his/her personal preference as a whole. Simply put, there are 7.5 billion people in the world and not being welcoming to the concept of varied music taste will probably lead to your early demise. So for those who need it, it's safer to start being more open-minded and overall tolerant



because after all, the best way to deal with a problem is to prevent its inception first-hand.

Looking at this as another form of bullying, you'll realize how the solution lies within the cause and effect itself. The cause is often the bully's insecurities driving him/her to criticize others to obtain a sense of accomplishment while the effect is often their increased self-esteem and motivation after a successful

session of bullying. So the solution is simple: don't give them the power of satisfaction. It doesn't matter if others think it's stupid. Another "WHAM!" song came up on shuffle? Turn the volume up and sing your heart out for a change. Trust me you won't regret it.

A ridiculous phenomenon is associating people's music tastes with stereotypes. For instance it's thought to be weird, by some, for a guy in his

twenties to be enjoying a Justin Bieber tune or for a teenage girl to be head banging throughout a Metallica concert. Making quick assumptions about someone's personality depending on the type of music they listen to is the same as assuming someone's a psychotic killer just because they watched 'Scream' multiple times. Conclusion-if eating a pizza doesn't turn you into a pizza, listening to Freddie Mercury doesn't magically alter your sexual orientation.

Lastly what's the true meaning of the words 'bad taste'? Is it the quality of the songs you listen to? No. It's rather the inability to be accepting of the variant genres of music out there. Hating on some genres just because it doesn't speak to you the way others do isn't very respectful. The music industry is an ever-changing one, providing us with forms of entertainment in varied colors. So it's wiser to focus on taking our pick from the lot than criticizing what others have picked as their own, all for the sake of appreciating music the way it deserves to be appreciated.

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