

THE EDITORIAL

A LETTER FROM THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE IPC
- SAMAYA VAIDYA

Dear Delegates,

After an invigorating first day of debate, we approach the most exciting part of CMUN, the very event that characterises the true essence of our take on the United Nations - Night Crisis. This year, sleep-deprived delegates returned at 11 PM, immediately bringing back life to the otherwise hushed halls of the Trident.

Despite the greatly unconventional hours, delegates dazzled, showcasing their innate brilliance undeterred. Pasta and fries, supplemented with a ceaseless amount of straight black coffee, sustained the delegates (and the EB) through this exhilarating endeavour.

This year, crisis planning was unparalleled. The International Press Corps itself not only had the Editor of Al-Ahram murdered in cold blood in front of the committee, but also saw journalists being taken hostage in the midst of the Russia-Ukraine conflict. The US Senate quickly changed from discussing the conflicted ideologies of the Democrats and Republicans to a Civil War cabinet (something that can ONLY happen at CMUN). The Historic Security Council seemed to split into two sub-committees at some point in the night, causing an absolute ruckus and chaos that kept delegates on their toes. Furthermore, the Order of The Illuminati and The Roman Senate also tackled internal crises and strife, joined by ex-students of our school until our close at 3 AM. The gripping crisis updates mainly consisted of entertaining role-playing and action and stimulated intriguing discussions, debates and resolutions. Be aware, that lack of sleep did not allow the productivity of the delegates to be hindered in any manner, as one of our ADs said, "sleep is a mindset issue", leading to another incredible Night Crisis here at CMUN.

The Night Crisis did not add value to the 28th Cathedral Model United Nations. It illuminated the dedication and tenacity of each delegate, executive board member, and teacher. Most importantly, we must thank our logistics members for running up and down at the most random hours of the night, bringing us coffee after coffee to ensure that we could put up the performance that we did. Nothing at CMUN would be able to run smoothly without them.

The dynamic scenarios, spirited debates, and innovative problem-solving showcased throughout the night highlighted the core purpose of CMUN: to develop critical thinking and diplomatic skills, even amidst the most challenging and complex situations, and to form long-lasting bonds with fellow delegates. This exceptional display of commitment promises to shape the remainder of CMUN 2024 into an even more remarkable experience, demonstrating the power of collaboration.

Yours truly,
Samaya Vaidya,
Assistant Director,
International Press Corps,
Cathedral Model United Nations, 2024.

Midnight Madness

Saisha Nanda of The Washington Post reports on the proceedings of the night crises.

As the clock struck eleven, the madness began,
A night crisis session, a diabolical plan.
With sleep in our eyes and dread in our souls,
We trudged through the motions, like caffeine-fueled ghouls.

The New York Times delegate, half-awake,
Mumbled nonsense and caused quite a shake.
With each point of information, his irritation grew,
As he sleep-talked censorship, without a clue.

Candies flew across the room like sharp-edged darts,
From the EB's hands, they became dangerous arts.
Aiming for heads, and perhaps an eye,
Who knew a sugar rush could reach the sky?

But not all comms faced this twilight fight,
Only the chosen suffered through the night.
I shuffled around, like pawns in a game,
While my back screamed out in silent pain.

Round and round, the room did spin,
As I stumbled into the Illuminati den.
Mozart, of all people, commanded an army,
And speeches droned on, with updates uncanny.

Three delegates snoozed with heads on the table,
While the EB, too weary, just wasn't able.
The moderator alone, with Herculean might,
Carried the session through the endless night.

At last, at 3:33, our bus did arrive,
To take us back to the hotel, barely alive.
Twenty minutes late, but what's the fuss?
After all, the night crisis had toyed with us.

So, here's to the moonlight dance,
Where logic and reason don't stand a chance.
We survived the chaos, though barely awake,
In the bizarre world of MUN, for sanity's sake.

WAR PLANS THAT STRUCK A CHORD!

Al Jazeera - Mehr Kapoor

Whispers and soft sighs that previously filled the room had been replaced almost instantaneously with screams and protests as soon as the Illuminati members were notified- William Howe was now the owner of George Washington's war plans. A war, it must be noted, that was meant to be waged by Washington against Howe. Howe was able to acquire these plans through Mozart.

The two men had agreed upon an exchange, previously: Mozart would get a strictly advisory and honorary position within Howe's cabinet, and the latter would receive Washington's war plans. Further, Mozart, from whom Howe bought the plans- was the commander of Washington's navy. Vicious scabs and taunts were thrown around, with Adam Smith stating that he simply could not believe that "we have a musician in charge of Washington's army." Thot agreed with this sentiment and also emphasised that the proxy war between William Howe and George Washington was unnecessary. He went on, comparing the war to a "deadly game of Chinese whisper," and that world order cannot be established when two members of the same convocation were fighting a war.

The rivalry between them has multiple twists and turns, including plans to wage war on each other, but seems to have reached a state of negotiation, communication and harmony. While everyone thought that the duo had finally reached a common consensus and were in a truce of sorts- this would not last. Howe went on, proposing the terms of his and Washington's agreement. While establishing a somewhat friendly relationship within Committee, Washington disagreed that he had not agreed to some of the conditions Howe was talking about, though this was quickly clarified and resolved. While there was undergoing debate about the multiple colonies, Wang Lun pointed fingers at Howe, stating that he just wished to liberate these colonies. This accusation allowed Howe to quite passionately represent his love for this committee, and subsequently, not properly address Wang Lun's allegation. Immanuel Kant took the stage next, broadly educating the members about education in ancient ways, and sharing his views about the economy and philosophy.

Delegates took to blame each other for various issues, never entirely resolving any of the issues they provided. After multiple snide comments about his chosen profession, Mozart finally took the stage. “Just a musician they say! Just a musician. Am I not a human?” he cried. Mozart went further, pointing out that he had not, in fact, committed a crime, comparing himself to Washington, whom he accused of “buying and selling slaves.” Thus, no consensus was reached, and the meeting went on.



Democracy's Massacre

44 BC Jayanti Yadav, representative of Le Monde elaborates upon the recent crisis updates in The Roman Senate

To reward the beloved and benevolent members of the Roman Senate, dictator Julius Caesar bought Egyptian slaves from Queen Cleopatra, a fellow ally and close confidant. Caesar then proceeded to gift one slave to each member of the Senate. Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus accused the slaves of being 'intelligence,' or espionage to test the loyalty of each member. Owing to the new-born ignorance of the Senate, this claim was reduced to ridicule in committee. However, the truth always finds a way to rise to the surface and speak for itself. Following similar principles, Brutus Albinus' claims were deemed legitimate in the Senate, proving that the slaves were a means to propel his dictatorial propaganda through secret espionage. These incidents illuminate the turmoil that the Senate is currently drenched in. Julius Caesar manufactured a treacherous and precarious situation and was then obliged to spy on the members of his own Senate. Megalomania truly knows no bounds.

The condition of the Senate is now obscene. The assassination attempt of Cleopatra's son, Caesarian, further perturbed the Egyptian slave community, propelling them towards shifting allegiance back to their Queen in Egypt. These breaking ties with a strengthened ally possess the seeds of Roman destruction. The incompetent actions of Julius Caesar have further aggravated the situation, infuriating even the Gods. This is a consequence of their failure to uphold the Roman republic's founding values and principles, that are rooted in the ideas of liberty and fraternity.

The Senate is now exposed to the wrath of the general masses too. The twelve Tribune of the Plebs represent the common people and possess the power to veto, or propose any legislation that is pertinent to the common man. After the devastating murder of one member and the collapse of six Tribunes of Plebs, the people of Rome revolted. They engaged in violent riots, stormed the senate, and crushed Julius Caesar's Golden Throne. Eventually, the people succumbed to their emotions, and recalling the agony of the suffering that Caesar had imposed on them, they manifested the power to kill him. Indeed, they were successful. Julius Caesar is now dead. However, this is a moment that requires extreme caution, for the Senate members must tread lightly. The accusation of conspiring against Caesar, and lethally murdering him was directed towards various Senate members. A trial in the committee confirmed that Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus was involved in this guttural murder, and has been executed for the same. The lack of loyalty and trust, and political unrest in the Senate raises germane questions about the Senate's competency to rule the people they claim to care for.

Rome is saturated in the mayhem. This is a gilded opportunity for the Senate members to abandon their quench for power, and adopt the desire to serve the people of their land. The Republic must be established and restored to its prior glory. Public unrest can only be curbed by surrendering to the public's desire for a legitimate, republican government. The representative of Le Monde strongly believes in the eradication of the dictatorial rule, and the gallant rise of Republican values.



Only Murders in the Building

"The truth is like a lion; you don't have to defend it. Let it loose, it will defend itself."
— St. Augustine

Der Spiegel - Saanvi Manglik

Is there a poison in the committee? The real question should be who killed Julius Caesar? Three trials, one guilty, forty-five seconds each. As the judges take their places the three defendants choose their lawyers. Meticulously scanning the room.

The first accused, Rufus takes the floor, she is heartbroken, sobbing and crying her heart out. She says it is wrong to believe she was the killer as she was with Julius after he was killed and she stayed, and she stayed by his side which she wouldn't have done if she was guilty. Does this prove her innocence? Well, the judges didn't think so. This act could have been staged solely to prove her innocence. Now only one question pops up in everyone's head- was it?

The second accused enters, Decimus Brutus states that he was not there to murder the very leaders of their senate which shouldn't be the case anyway. Another notable point the delegate makes is her stance against Ceasar in the past which does not seem to help her case. He claims that these stances do not have anything to do with him assassinating Julius Ceasar. Her lawyer takes a deep sigh but not one of relief but instead a sigh trying to brainstorm ideas on how to defend the statements put out by the accused previously. His time now running out as he still brainstorms. The delegate criticizes the practice of the dictator and the emergency ruler. A bold move for sure.

And lastly, the third accused, Marcus Brutus claims that her family founded the republic and overthrew the kings. The third accused is a unique case for sure. The lawyer turned on the accused, and turned on his representative! Well, it is said that there is a first time for everything. Was it their first time taking part in an assassination?
The poison is still unknown. The criminal is still out there.



A Night Crisis or A Marvel Movie Scene?

The palpable energy during HSC's night crisis - By The Middle East Eye

The Historic Security Council, looked less historical and more like an upcoming Marvel film set if you walked into the committee room at 2:32 AM on the 18th of August as they were deep in the middle of their night crisis. All the delegates stood around in a circle, discussing their move on the crisis given to them. The room, a large conference room, was lit by the illuminating blue light from the screen in the right-hand corner. If anything it felt as if it was your initiation to be a part of the World Security Council, it felt as if you had now become a politician from one of Earth's most powerful countries, as if you were now a part of the coveted council responsible for the oversight of S.H.I.E.L.D.

As you looked around further, you could see that all the chairs, now barely occupied, stood there like spectators, judging the delegates who were deep in discussion. The food containers, on the far right of the room stood as remnants from the previous day's lunch. Though one could easily assume they were storage boxes of some of the earth's most powerful devices, left in the wrong hands... could lead to a catastrophic event, even worse than that of the crisis in committee. Once a room filled with hundreds of delegates, hungry for food, now stood... only a fraction of that amount, this time they were hungry for answers, hungry for an update, and hungry "to save the world" The battle they faced, like every battle in the MCU, was multifaceted. They had to try their best to fight against the melatonin, as it tried to seep its way through, similar to the way that Hydra tried to infiltrate S.H.I.E.L.D all those years ago, except unlike the infiltration of Hydra, these delegates can withstand the invasion. They also had to solve the crisis at hand, within minutes, figuring out ingenious ways to keep their countries safe but most importantly they had to work together. They had to use their skills as delegates to help their double-delegate counterpart. However unlike the Avengers, it wasn't their trauma that bonded these superheroes, instead, it was their adrenaline and willpower that stood by them as sleep and starry nights tried to plague their vision.

As you stood in the middle of the Historical Security Council's night crisis, the energy was palpable. Each delegate was more tired than the other, but each one was willing to fight against it for the sake of their committee. If anything, aren't these the characteristics of the Avengers, isn't that its entire essence? If you ask me, they portrayed the same amount of determination as an actual S.H.I.E.L.D. agent and in true MCU fashion was able to learn something from even the smallest mission (or in this case, a crisis). After all, each one started somewhere. Phil Coulson, the highly decorated agent and former director of S.H.I.E.L.D started his journey by being a history student, so who's to say that the next Shield agent won't be a delegate of the Historic Security Council.



HSC during night crisis



Fury and the WSC