

Department of Psychology



Editor's Note

Year 2 in this department went by too fast. This year I learned not only that psychology is where I belong but also that everybody needs a little bit of it in their lives. This place that I have come to call home for 2 years has had me learning lessons about kindness, friendships, love and life right from the beginning; 2018 has taught me the most important one yet- respecting my body.

While writing a letter to my body in one workshop this year, I was teary eyed and shook by the words that I had put out on the paper. All my words added up as an apology to my body for disrespecting and hurting it, for caring about what others thought about it before I had my own thoughts in place.

This year taught me that the person I need to respect and love before I can reciprocate either of these feelings is myself.

Hence, this edition of the newsletter has a special focus on 'self' and how subjective a term it is. Here's to loving ourselves and not being called 'narcissistic' for that!

-Anoushka Mishra

"The self you see in the mirror, learn to love that self"

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2025 SUMMER EDITION

THE YEAR GONE BY..



FROM THE OLD AND THE NEW, HELLO AND ADIEU!

Bidding a batch goodbye and welcoming another one with open arms, the year started with a big bang! The Batch of 2017 shared their best and worst with us, had us weeping and laughing throughout and made sure to be a batch one could not forget!

Then came the Batch of 2020, smiling and shining, walking in through our doors, into our lives. A bright and enthusiastic batch soon filled the empty space in the Department.



Ever since evolution took off, the human race has resorted to a stringent mantra of dealing with every challenge it has faced. The circle of order of reactions springs between two; first, from denial i.e. avoiding every possible conversation to the most treasured one of human race that is combating with the support of inappropriate and dark humour. This scenario turns to its worst face in the case of mental health problems. Each one of us has successfully contributed to turning a blind eye to the intensity of the issue. **How, you ask? Read on.**

Friend: "I was way too depressed in the morning, so I went out with my friends to cheer myself up."

Said nobody ever: "I am sure that English language contains a multitude of words to choose from to express sadness and melancholy (see, two right there). But, the only adjective which seems beguiling enough to blurt out is 'depression'. A person who is 'way too depressed' doesn't switch to 'Party Rock Anthem' from 'Everybody hurts' in a few hours. They regret their existence, feel devoid of love, experience pain that doesn't arise from a particular body part."

Said nobody ever..

Friend: "Sorry I am late, I was cleaning up. I am quite OCD about my cleaning habits, haha!"

Said nobody ever: Nobody is 'a bit' OCD about their habits and if you were, you would spend eight straight hours repeatedly cleaning an absolutely shiny glass floor. No, you wouldn't just be a running replica of your behaviour but will rack your brains out, while you lay in your bed at night, wondering if that tiny stain mars your abode.

Friend: "I feel dizzy, like I'm having hallucinations."

Said nobody ever: "Illusions. You mean Illusions. Hallucinations mean a person firmly believes 'voices' to be around, 'voices' that linger. They mean catching sight of non-existent scenes, incessant cringing feelings of crocodiles crawling in their stomachs. But, if we use two divergent words in place of the other, why not interchangeably use black for white?"

Put a halt on your 'delusional' thinking and realise a truth we've perhaps failed to recognise so far.

Kirti Wadhwa

SELF-COMPASSION: THE ONLY SUNSHINE YOU NEED.



- DAKSHIANI BHAN

In this completely competitive society of ours, what do you think, how many of us truly feel good about ourselves? The desire to feel special is totes understandable. The problem is that just by the definition it's impossible for everyone to be above average at the same time. Although there are some ways in which we push forward, there is always someone smarter, prettier and more successful. Coping with this fact is not easy peasy lemon squeezy. So, how do majority of the people cope with this very hard-to-digest fact?

Not very well. To see ourselves in a positive light, we have a tendency to inflate our own egos and put others down so that we can feel much better in comparison, the prime example we can relate to here would be our own siblings! But this strategy comes at a price—it holds us back from reaching our full potential in life. We might feel better about ourselves by ignoring our flaws, or just by believing our issues and difficulties are not ours but somebody else's fault for a while, but in the long run we only harm ourselves by getting stuck in endless cycles.


The continued feeding our need for a good self-evaluation is a bit like stuffing ourselves with candy: We get a brief sugar high, then we crash. And right after the crash comes a pendulum swing to despair as we realize that—however much we'd like to—we can't always blame our problems on someone else. It's not possible to always feel special and above average.

The result?

Often devastating. A lot of us are super hard on ourselves when we finally find some flaw in ourselves and then comes the, unfortunately, often used statement: "I'm worthless; I'm not good enough." And of course, the final pole for what counts as "good enough" seems always to remain out of reach. The thought that never left me was that it does not matter how well I do, someone else always seems to be doing it far better.

So the solution is..

To stop judging and evaluating ourselves altogether. To simply accept ourselves with an open heart and stop trying to label ourselves as "good" or "bad". To treat ourselves with the same care, kindness, and compassion we would show to a good friend—or a pupper you see on the road, or even a stranger, for that matter.



When I was introduced to the concept of “self-compassion,” it changed my life almost immediately. I know a lot of people and have read so many things just talking about the importance of compassion, but I had never even considered that having compassion for yourself might be as important as having compassion for others. And validation for this comes from the Buddhist point of view, where you have to care about yourself before you can really care about other people.


I remember when this concept was introduced to me, I debated a lot with the person who told me about it. I didn't understand it one bit and said, “You mean you're actually allowed to be nice to yourself, to have compassion for yourself when you mess up or are going through a really hard time? I don't know ... if I'm too self-compassionate, won't I just be lazy and selfish?” It took me a while to get my head around it.

However, slowly I came to realize that self-criticism—despite being socially granted —was not at all helpful, and, in fact, it only made things much worse. I wasn't making myself a better person by beating myself up all the time, for that matter no one is. Instead, I was making myself to feel more inadequate and insecure than I already was and then taking out my frustration on the people closest to me. More than that, what I noticed was that I wasn't owning up to many things simply because I was so afraid of the self-hate that would quickly follow if I admitted the truth- My truth.

I quickly learned that although thousands and thousands of articles, full of rainbows and sunshine, had been written on the importance of self-esteem, many researchers were starting to find and then point out all the traps that people can and usually do fall into when they try to get and keep a sense of high self-esteem: narcissism, self-absorption, self-righteous anger, prejudice, discrimination, and so on. I realized that self-compassion was the perfect alternative to the relentless pursuit of self-esteem.

Why? Well, because it gives you the same protection from harsh self-criticism as self-esteem but without the need to see yourselves as perfect or as better than others. In simple words, self-compassion provides the same benefits as high self-esteem without its drawbacks. It tells you it's just two letters- It's O and it's K.

I will admit, it does take work to break the self-criticizing need, but at the end of the day, you are only being asked to relax, allow life to be as it is, and open your heart to yourself. It's easier than you might think, and it could change your life. It's like a switch, you have to work to understand it, but when you do, life would be happy as you get to know it.



FORGIVING YOURSELF

Right or wrong doesn't matter
sometimes,
Move on and hear the blissful
chimes.
Maybe you're wrong, maybe you're
right,
At times you should just follow the
light.
The light is bright,
The light is fierce,
You never realised what all it can
pierce.
Do not be afraid,
Do not skip.
When you don't trip, it's a lesson
unlearnt,
Let go of all in your soul that you
burnt.
Don't be hard,
Cut yourself slack,
Color your life with a rainbow
crayon pack.

- Ashima

Be Found

Find that one thing in the world that makes you so happy and warm inside it's hard to put words to it. Something that suddenly adds bursts of colour to your life; is the soft comforter to hold you when there's a storm brewing outside; is the feeling of the first sip of an iced Coke during the peak of summer, energizing and refreshing. Keeping you on edge as you read a book and you just can't put it down, hold that feeling and keep it close. Something – or someone – that makes you feel like you just dumped a heavy school bag onto your bed after a long day with the wave of relief that washes over you is like no other; lifts you up like your favourite song. Get out there, look and dream and keep going. Being positive doesn't mean that you're happy all the time, it can mean that even when you're feeling low, you know that it will end, and that there are better days on the other side. If you're just barely holding yourself together and you're delicate right now, that's okay. There's a light at the end of the tunnel you think you're in and it's as bright, embracing and nurturing as the sun. Great job on keeping yourself together, and keep going. Things will get brighter. Everything will fall into place and turn out so much better than you hoped or were terrified about. You'll look back to wonder why you worried so much. If something can make you all excited inside, it's worth keeping around. Find it.

-Kritika

You. Are. Enough.

You are enough,
When your face is more acne and less face

You are enough
When your waxing lady finds grip in your flab to pull the strip off easily.

You are enough
When a manicure means chewing and not filing your nails

You are enough
When you have to buy a size 30 instead of a 28 because your ass wants to drop some sass in those apple bottom jeans

You are enough
When that aunt of yours tells you that your breasts don't pass her little test of how they should look and how they don't fit in your body
Like you don't fit in your family.

You are enough when your significant other makes fun of your love handles but darling,
That's only because yours is a love that they cannot handle.

You are enough when that uncle playing tambola calls out numbers like "Those heavenly legs, number 11" times 8, "2 fat ladies, 8 and 8, 88"
Girl, know that even though your thighs might be thunder,
You can drop lightening faster than they can complete their number.

You are enough
When you stand in front of a mirror and see exactly what you should see.

Oh darling, you are so enough and beautiful and gorgeous just as you are.

It took me 3 years, several self-loathing nights, a few punches on the wall, over-sized clothes and 1 tattoo to realize that I. Am. Enough.

I hope you do too.

Anoushka Mishra



I'M IN LOVE.. WITH MYSELF

I'm in love... with MYSELF

How often have you heard yourself say something like “Hey, I love myself”? I don't even have to guess, I'm sure it's not too often. Self-love, a concept that has started to seem so cliched with Justin Bieber and Selena Gomez singing songs like ‘love yourself’ and ‘who says’ that we've almost lost sight of what it means altogether. You know those days when you say to yourself, “I think I deserve this”? WOMAN, STOP THINKING! Just go ahead and get whatever you think you deserve.

Self-love doesn't start with exclaiming “OMG, I love me!”. Shocker, right? It starts with reading that book you've already read a hundred times instead of going out for a family gathering you have no interest in. It starts with eating that extra slice of pizza just because its been a hard day and you want to eat it. It starts with allowing yourself to say ‘No’ when you don't feel like it. It starts with spending some quality ‘Me’ time while your WhatsApp texts wait to be answered. It starts with you finding some time to do things that make you happy while you take a break from that life of constantly pleasing others.

Let yourself be, you're perfect anyway!

GREEN

Reetika Raj

I'm very loyal as a person, more so when it comes to sticking with favourites. Don't believe me? Ask the lime green crayon I owned as a kid which I was probably more possessive of than my own mother was about me. But then again, my mother has two daughters to divide her attention between, while there was only one particular shade of green my otherwise wholesome colouring kit was falling short of.

Since the time I can recall correctly, green has always been my favourite colour. Or since the time I was six at least. There was this particular shade of light green I was obsessed with because I'd never have enough of it to paint the tall grass blades in my typical scenery picture with. One that every kid makes; mountains with the sun beaming from between two peaks, a tiny hut with a red roof and chimney, an azure stream and the most minimalistic birds soaring in the sky. Unwittingly I learnt one of the most important life lessons at the tender age of six; we tend to value things more when we don't have them. Or in my case, I cherish them the most right when I'm on the brink of running out of them.

Even when my parents bought me a new color set, with a shiny, never been used before shade of green, I never abandoned my old one and only used it for special birthday cards and my favorite art class.

As I grew up, my keen aesthetic sense made me appreciate every color present in the spectrum, for its individuality that makes it indispensable. I fell in love with tangerine skies, gloomy blue days, luscious red roses, and the passionate purple of my lover's underwear. Despite all this, there's a radiant spark in my eyes only when I spot a strong lime green in my mojitos, or when my lovers buy me green jewelry deliberately or when my father dons the olive green every morning. As for that tiny crayon, I've preserved in my bed side drawer back home for it makes my eyes sparkle brighter, than any other shade of the spectrum, even after fifteen years.

"Who I am today"

Guncha Mahajan

I won't change myself for anyone but me.

I won't wear a mask to hide my scars, I'll embrace them,

I won't smile to hide my tears, I'll welcome them
as salty treats. I shake, I tremble, I lose myself every day,

I cry, I die, I wake up and smile

At the morning next day, coz the universe came to my aid
by using the starry night as bait, only to scorch the land
with its rays next day.

But every tear is mine, every drop of red ink is mine,

Be it a smear on canvas or an alphabet on paper,

Every breath has made me who I am today,

Each cell has lived the 20 years at same pace.

Its not a sad song, that we all cry about,

Neither do I hope we that burn the pages before we reach
there.

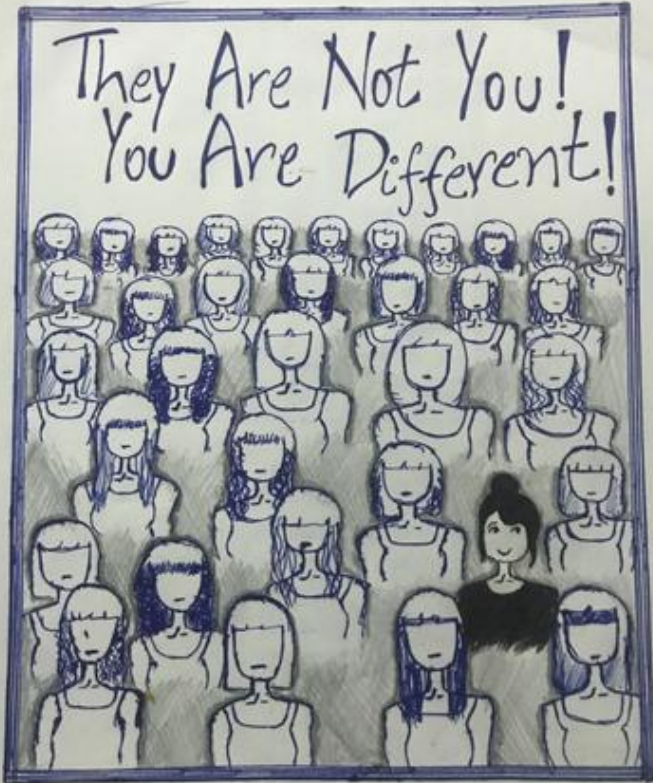
Coz we still have blood in our veins and thought in our
brains,

we are like diamonds in the sky, pressure and pain is our
story

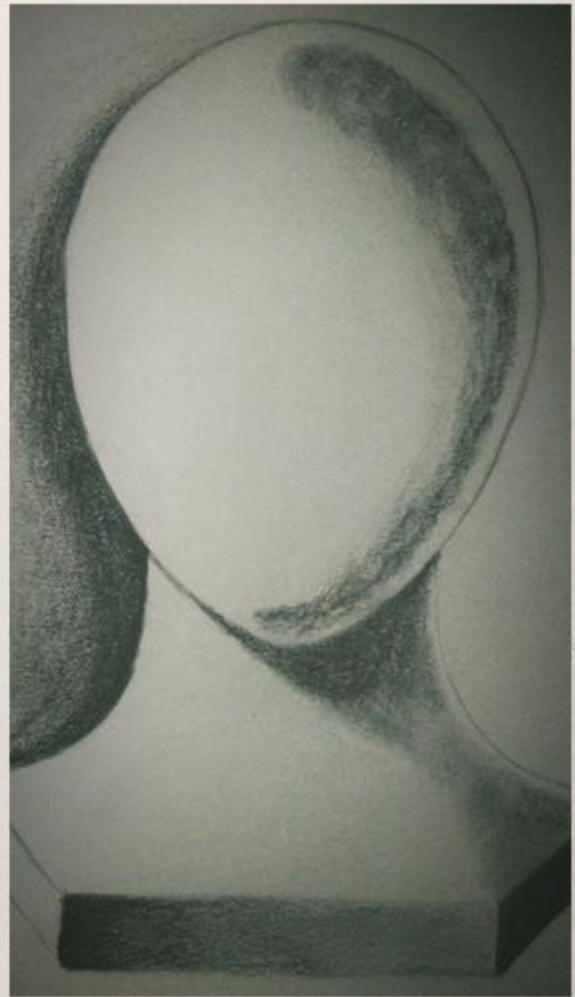
a story to be told

and story yet to be written.

CathARTic



Gaurangi Chauhan



Guncha Mahajan



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"We put on a face to meet the face we meet"

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