

JANUARY 2021

ISSUE 2

SIK-ED

EDITORIAL TEAM • PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT



HORIZON OF HUES

EDITOR'S NOTE



**Here's to a chapter of new learnings!
I hope you are well.**

I think it's safe to say that year 2020 was bizarre. It was everything we had only seen and heard in the tales of history and never had remotely dreamt to be such a part of our well-planned adventures. Things changed, from physical contact to virtual meetups, and so did we. Perhaps, the only thing which remained constant were the under appreciated seasons. Summer. Spring. Monsoon. Autumn. Winter! Symbolic for calming transience; graceful in the truest form.

Upon receiving the most heartwarming response on the first quarantine edition of Sik-ed, my beautiful team has returned with the second part of the trilogy: Sik-ed 2.0, Horizon of Hues. It's an enchanting palette of life and memories, embracing the allure of falls and rises; changes; growth from the against. This magazine is a cushy hug of our blush pink endeavours in bringing you a fun-packed and wholesome affair of a trendy and not-so-controversial magazine. It successfully encompasses an anecdote of hope and never-ending love that our Psychology tribe has experienced together in such uncertain times.

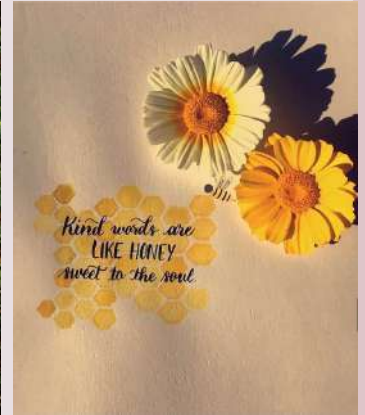
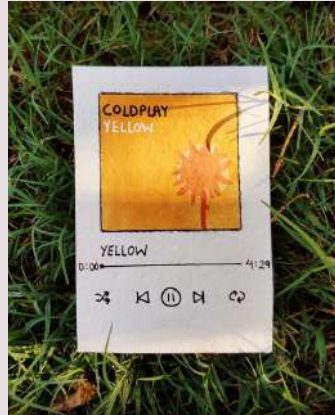
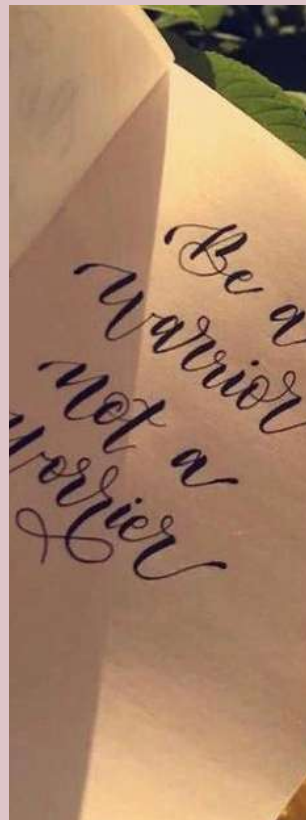
I am utterly grateful to my team and everyone who took time from their busy Netflix binges to make their submissions for this edition.

A very happy and healthy new year to all of you!

Mallika

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Source: @Ananya_Sharma ,@Prachee_Bagri

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VIRTUAL DIARY OF EVENTS



Photos @Soni_Jaiswal_ma'am & @Palak_Shukla

Orientation '20

Gargi Psychology Association organised a virtual Orientation session for the first year students. Indeed, a fun event filled to the brim with laughter, vigour and zeal. The event began with the seniors acquainting the juniors to the course and the faculty. This was followed by a round of fun introductions, where all the freshers talked a little about themselves and then some more. The beginning couldn't have had a better start with the strong bond that we all gladly made.



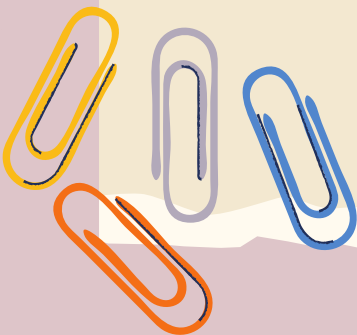
Halloween

Knock knock! Trick or treat?

Despite 2020 being a very scary year itself, halloween somehow managed to be worthy of our excitement!

Amid the very spooky submissions, the Department of applied psychology planned an uncanny Halloween party (virtually of course!) with the quintessential 'coolghost' outfit: white sheets and black sunglasses. Our unearthly Halloween also had a very fun treasure hunt and a scary movie session (which we somehow survived!). Lastly, to top it off to all the horror, all the phantoms shared their eerie supernatural stories.

"Where's my cadaver casket at?"

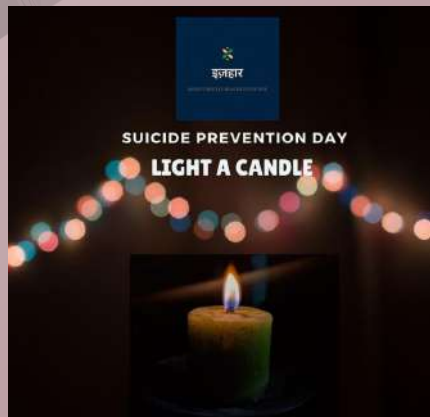


Suicide Prevention Week

Izhaar, the mental health initiative of the Department of Psychology, commemorated suicide prevention week {5th September to 11th September} by conducting a number of activities within the department. A talk was given by Raashi Thakran, who talked about her personal journey in dealing with losing a loved one to suicide.

Everyone lit candles to show support for suicide prevention and to remember a lost loved one or for the survivors of suicide on suicide prevention day {sept 10}.

If you need help or know someone in need of it,
AASRA, +919820466726
Kiran helpline, 1800-599-0019



THE PSYCH TRIBE



Pictures: @Ananya, @Sanskriti_Awasthi, @Ishita_Srivastava & @Tanishqa

SUMMERTIME 'SKY-NESS

The sky in the morning,
Yellow, sun on the sunflower.
Basking winds and 'dark-coloured' skins.
It's the skin of sweepers and sleepers,
who sweep the streets while their bodies become dirty
and who stay awake all night, so we can sleep.

The sky at one,
exhausting, tiring, perspirable.
Its every worker's flesh that burns in
shiny kerosene, dark mines, bright flames and
stinking rupee notes.

The sky at five is
settling into all colours and hues of the day.
It's pastel and rainbow.
It's the farmer,
who sets and rests smiling after everything the day does to him.
So, the sky plants seed for the day coming.

The sky at nine,
all colours into one,
and all differences that can be distinguished to be appreciated.
It is every religion's turban, tika, kufi and cross;
mixed into one India.

The sky at twelve,
Black, starry, formed after mixing together all colours
garnished with the moon.
It is the skins of all migrants coming to this republic
and calling it home
because they know they are farthest and closest to it.

Right now, it is the sky at dawn.
Dark - trying to become light,
Hope- trying to be.
My skin- trying to become the sky.

The shades of the summer sky are nothing more
than the skins of every person in this Republic.

The sky at noon,
when the sun's at its peak.
Bright, blinding, unapproachable- Masculinity, it sounds like.
Of every man who's bold and macho enough
to slap a woman
and then cry on every video game he lost.

The sky at three is
foreign invader, refugee.
Like those who are unexpected, uninvited, unwelcomed
and either beaten or enslaved.
So, we make refugees regret seeking refuge
and perhaps being human.

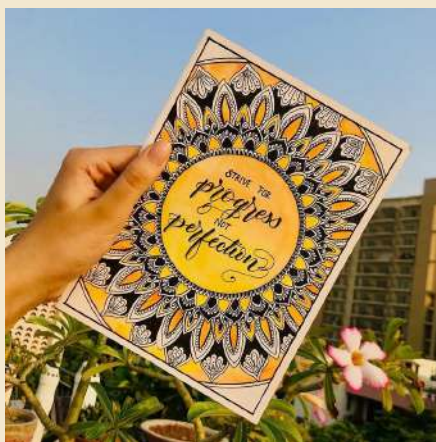
The sky at seven is
blue, ultramarine, trying to become black.
It accessorizes itself with stars,
like girls who decorate themselves as 'woman'
and boys who try to become 'black', 'strong' like 'men'.

The sky at ten,
Dark, bleeding, silent, cold and warm.
A kiss after a slap.
It is every woman beaten,
her scars deepened,
her wounds opened;
silent.

The sky after twelve,
quiet, crying, waiting and hopeful.
It is every empty stomach's hope and every broken heart's faith.
It is people on the sidewalk and inside the palaces.

These are all, the skins of every person in this republic.
The shades of the summer sky are obviously nothing more than this.

@Kiran_Goswami.



LONGING (and the lack of it) in the pandemic

I miss the sound of our doorbell
To the point that I am on the verge of forgetting it
But I do remember,
it is sullen and long drawn
It kept going beyond the point of the door being opened
To welcome those standing outside,
mostly my house help.
I miss seeing them and the high fives we shared.

I miss my father coming back from work,
Me, pouncing on him despite the sweat he was drenched in
And him wanting to reciprocate but struggling to maintain the balance between too much contact and none at all
He's not much of a hug person you see.

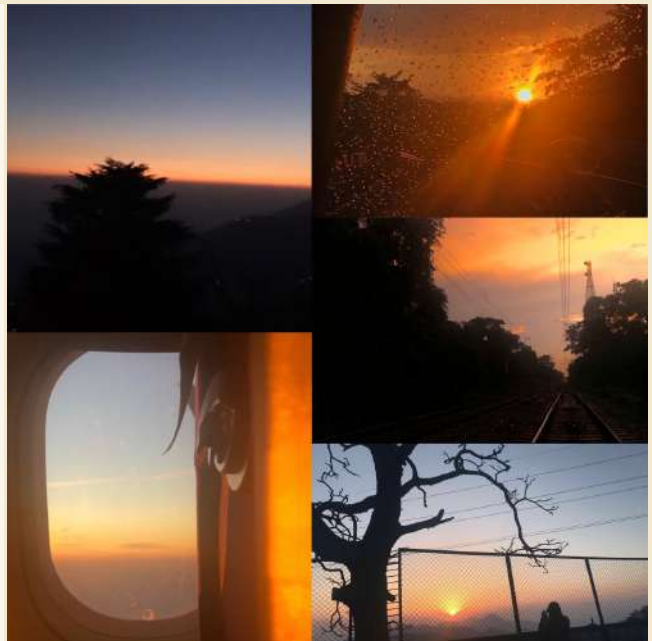
I miss going to the marketplace
Brimming with purpose and ambition to make my way through the grocery list
Quite often when I would get there
I would stand still in the middle of a bustling crowd
Like how they show in the movies
I miss being able to think how every person there had their own story, even though I would never get to know them all,

I miss the smell of currency notes
As rotten as they would smell
I would try to gauge how many hands they had exchanged,
before landing on mine.

I miss being able to miss home
during vacations that were meant to take me away from it
Although, I don't miss being ignorant,
of the crevices in every piece of furniture in my home
how one has to bend over backward to wipe the dust that settles there
I don't miss being ignorant
Of how my life is made easier by my privilege
So now I sit here,
Trying to bring guilt and gratitude together
In a concoction
Waiting for someone to ring the doorbell again.

@Anahita_Ahuja

Sunsets give me hope.
Hope that even endings can be beautiful.
Hope that this world with all its sham and drudgery,
still isn't so trival, rather it's quite gorgeous and
simplistic.
Hope that at the end of the day, we are always given a
chance to start over again.
Hope to live for another sunset.
So enjoy your golden hours.



Photos:@Nimisha



Teenage

You bloom ,
You grow ,
In the process of running slow .

It's tough ,
It's a mess ,
The process of feelings confess .

You love ,
You hate ,
On Not getting approvals you curse your fate .

You paas ,
You fail ,
Your have an unbalanced emotional scale .

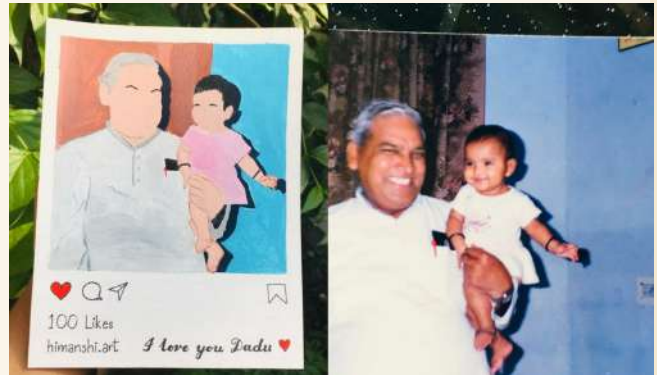
You learn ,
You perform ,
You have a never ending zeal to transform .

The period of 13-19 is a bliss ,
The journey depends on what you gather and what you miss .

@Drishti_Kapoor



Photos:@Sahla



Art: @Himanshi_Arya

Blank Canvas

This summer when I took up painting, I was forced to rediscover colours,

I used to believe in finite combinations until I bought paint and a palette,

I learned the difference between brush strokes

And noticed how I held my breath while painting the edges

I rediscovered the meaning of a canvas

Found myself aching to paint on skin and bone as much as paper

I taught myself how to hide mistakes,

Wrong brush strokes and mismatched colour choices,

Beginning with an image of a dark forest but inevitably ending with the night sky,

I discovered the relation between these colours and my anxiety

How it slowly melted away with the quiet of mixing paints,

while choosing which thoughts to display on my blank canvas

I found solace in filling up the white, with shades of how I felt

This summer I rediscovered my thoughts in the emptiness of my blank canvas.

@Mallika_Agarwal

WE or THE REAL 'Gen Z' CULTURE

We reached the end of the road sooner than we began to drive
Our laughter died out and our tears seemed to never dry
We said goodbye faster than we even said hello
We shut out our emotions more and more as we started to grow.

We stopped seeing the colours in life and focused on the grey
Our wonder and joy would fade with each and every day
We stopped wearing our hearts on our sleeves a long time ago
because we learnt love was a weakness,
and that weaknesses were not to be shown

We shook our heads and said we were fine when asked
and our personalities became no more than just a mask
We managed to cover up the pain, oh yes, we did fight,
but we realized that we couldn't always contain the memories at night.

When we were younger, we were often told
that we had the potential to make our futures glow
but the flame that caressed our hearts with the desire to live,
burned out too soon, leaving us with too much to hate and too less love
to give.

@Shraddha_Gupta



Art: Hope by @Nikita



Illustration: @Tanishqa



@Simonil

Remember, we are unstoppable

How many more Asifas
And Nirbhayas will it take
How many more daughters of this country will it take
These heinous crimes against us

What do you think
That we'll give up
That we'll sit still and do nothing
No we will not

Remember we are mothers
Our strength and valour is unmatched
We will fight
Struggle, strive
Stand for what's right

Remember we are goddesses
We are fierce
Can bring the whole world
To a standstill

Remember, we bring life
But we also hold the power to destroy it
Remember, we are UNSTOPPABLE.

THE ART OF JUST BEING YOURSELF

“Sun up expectations low, another day aimed my wayTill the sky becomes a color never named and changed my world again-a new day.”So much depends on time, so much depends on the people, so much depends on the situations, so much depends on so much more. So much depends on that brown eyed girl who still believes that every ray of sun brings hope. Hope for a better tomorrow, hope for a beautiful day and hope to have a sorted life. “But when?” says Netra. Netra, just another 17 year old teenager looking for perspective and a chaos free life. Remember your adolescent days? How you felt that everything revolves around you? How you felt that you didn’t need any parental invasion in your process of socialization? And then, how you realized that, how badly do you want your childhood back? Well Netra had trucks with all these issues. A girl who was all chirpy, the heart of any party and a total madhouse changed so much into just another ordinary person with a dull life. To none of our surprise nobody noticed it as well! That is where all the problems begin. We don’t feel that anybody in our lives is worth sharing our sorrows with. We think it’ll only belittle us. We’re all hypocrites! We never practice what we preach to others. We have become so okay with everything that happens in our life that we have forgotten that we are the ones we have been seeking. Netra was battling with the same issues that we might have encountered at some point in our adolescence- broken friendships, lost trust, identity crisis and of course “why does the world function the way it does?.” Questions that we may never have had any answers to until one day came that one person who transformed her way of looking at the situations. Someone who isn’t exactly to be named, we don’t know who he was or where did he come from but what we do know is that he metamorphosed the life of Netra. They met in the most unimaginable circumstance, next to a river. That place was actually Netra’s hideaway, where she would spend hours looking for answers nobody knew or never bothered to answer. But that one person, well lets name his Mr.Revolutionary, looked at the little puzzled being and asked her,”you seem a little worried, care to share?” well brown kids have been instilled that talking to strangers is a sin so she didn’t even dare to reply to him but strangely didn’t even leave the place. The man could quickly sense the apprehension and continued, “you know there’s this art of being yourself that we have all forgotten.” Netra was startled when he began talking further, “we constantly live our lives with so much anxiety, worrying about the future, trying to have control over situations that we may have never even encountered or maybe just simply reminiscing about what has happened in the past. Therefore, we forget to enjoy the moment, our present.” Netra was intrigued and questioned the man,” so you’re telling me that I should be just fine with whatever is happening and take no control of my own life?” The man smiled and said,”if we just stand long enough to face the challenges and let the fears fade away we will realize how unnecessary worrying about these problems is. The choices that you have made in the past have brought you here where you’re more ambiguous about your life. Similarly your future that you have no control over musn’t find a place in this little head already. Learn from your past and work for your future and live your present. Soak in your surroundings, soak in the beauty of this chaos, breathe and see how all this will be gone even before you know it.” Netra sighed and turned towards the man but within a flash of seconds he was gone. Again, nobody knows where he went, probably soaked himself in the beauty of the river side. We have probably ruined so many things that could’ve turned out to be beautiful just because we worried about their probability of actually happening. Relinquish the people you have, the situations you have been posed to and embrace how chaotic this life can get. Have flaws, be a little anxious, be angry but never forget that this life is the biggest enterprise that you have got

Content @Vaishnavi Bhardwaj



FUN TIME



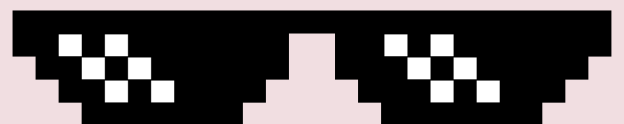
Photos @Pinterest, @Prachee_Bagri, @Himanshi_Arya & @Sanskriti_Awasthi



CROSSWORD

Ahoy gangsters! Your first four picks are your ultimate weapons for the year. Choose wisely.

F	A	M	I	L	Y	E	S	K	I	N	N	E	R	A
A	R	B	O	O	K	S	U	N	W	O	T	P	H	S
I	D	I	H	V	J	D	C	O	F	F	E	E	O	K
T	S	L	E	E	P	M	E	M	E	S	A	E	L	I
H	U	S	A	N	I	T	I	Z	E	R	P	R	I	N
P	H	O	N	E	D	F	S	V	S	F	E	S	D	T
V	I	N	E	T	N	S	U	H	M	R	T	E	A	E
L	F	U	N	F	O	M	N	O	T	E	S	W	Y	R
G	O	D	C	L	T	A	D	P	M	U	S	I	C	N
H	O	B	B	I	E	S	A	E	V	D	U	F	A	E
K	D	L	O	X	S	K	Y	H	U	G	S	I	T	T
M	E	M	O	R	I	E	S	Q	N	A	T	U	R	E



BY THE PSYCH-KICK

Horoscope'21

JAN



January will be filled with happiness and enthusiasm. You'll set your year with goals and optimism tucked inside warm cozy beds and with healthy online lectures on the side.

FEB

February will be overloaded with hardwork and dedication and fun breaks for you to relax and bottle up energy



MAR

March will come up with assignments and cheerful peer/social support and your performance will make you shine!



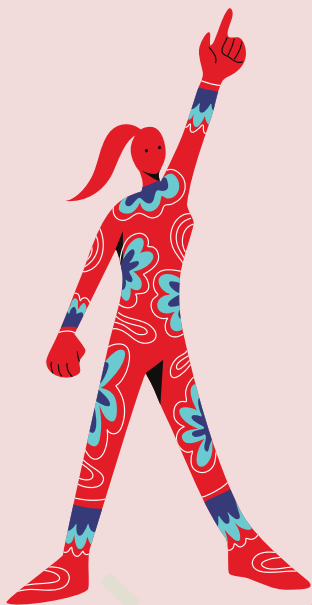


APR

April will come with focus and passion in your life. A month full of positivity and peace with just a little bit of organization and faith.

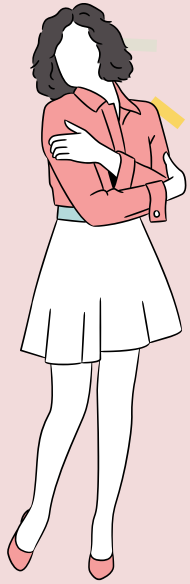
MAY

May, may start with responsibilities and end with chill vacation vibes to explore nature and your gorgeous self.



JUNE

June will be your month for self growth and love. You'll thrive through your great work and some will find their hidden talent and bring change.



JUL

July will be of new beginnings and responsibilities, you'll be active and dedicated in making your loved ones and yourself proud with great endeavours.

AUG

August will shower you with fun and joy. You'll blossom and this will be your month of appreciation. Friendships will get stronger.



SEP

September will bring you hope and power to make fruitful decisions with also assignments on the corner but a good company will sail you through.

OCT



October will be busy with work. You'll need to hold tight for this as it'll be crucial for your future and maybe you'll be back to offline lectures rather than the virtual ones. 😞

NOV

November will come up with fulfillment and planning of further days and new beginnings again. It'll bring you strength and luck, obviously for your exams.



DEC

December will leave you with merry days just keep faith and appreciate it. The year will end with huge bags of memories to lean back on.



REWIND 2020



GO CORONA GO

N



Binod Tharu 1 week ago
Binod
prime video

Abdulhakim @Abdulhakim
Me: 2020 please be a good year!
3rd day at 2020: #WWIII is trending

BLACK IS SUS!!



Toh guys kya karu main itni sundar hoon toh



now showing THE BINGE CLUB



1. What's eating Gilbert Grape
2. Margerita with a Straw
3. Mera Naam Joker
4. Blended
5. Miracale No.7
6. Son of Soul
7. Chupke Chupke
8. Instant Family
9. No Smoking





~~1. Smart~~

Reading List

1. Small Acts of Freedom - Gurmehar Kaur

2. Franny and Zoey - JD Salinger

3. Before the coffee gets cold - Toshikazu Kawaguchi

4. Calcutta Chromosome - Amitav Ghosh

5. The namesake - Jhumpa Lahiri

6. A fine balance - Rohinton Mistry

7. The colour purple -
Alice Walker

8. The case of the exploding
mangoes - Mohammed Hanif

9. Stationary Shop of Tehran - Marjan Kamali

10. From the mixed up files of Mrs. Basil E
Frankweiler - E.L. Konigsburg



Binge Watch

1. Ask for Netflix
2. Dash and Lily
3. Queen's Gambit
4. Crash landing on you
5. Stories by Rabindranath Tagore
6. A suitable boy
7. It's okay to not be okay
8. young Sheldon
9. Atypical
10. Malgudi days
11. Taj Mahal 1989

LIVE SUSTAINABLY

Sustainable flow

- Menstrual cups- Usually made of silicon, last for about 3-4 years.
- Period underwear
- Reusable pads
- Organic cotton tampons
- Interlabial pads

Eat Earthfully!

According to a research by Oxford University, veganism is the single greatest way to reduce your carbon footprint and that a plant-based meal is 35 times less polluting than a non-vegan meal. It could reduce an individual's carbon footprint from food by up to 73 per cent. Veganism involves removal of all animal-products from your lifestyle, like dairy, meat, leather etc.

By eating a vegan or plant-based diet, every year, you can save: 401,500 gallons of water, 14,600 pounds of grain; 10,950 square feet of forest, 7,300 pounds of CO₂, and 365 animal lives, according to the Vegan Calculator (based on American dietary practices).

Ethics in Aesthetics

According to Business Insider, fashion production comprises 10% of total global carbon emissions, as much as the European Union. It dries up water sources and pollutes rivers and streams, while 85% of all textiles go to dumps each year. Sustainable fashion can include:

- Shopping from thrift stores.
- Shopping second-hand/ upcycled clothes.
- Wearing vegan.
- Clothes swapping.
- Renting.
- Shopping ethical/ from local sellers.

A plastic-free life



- Carry your own water bottle everywhere.
- Carry your own jute/cloth bags.
- Carry your own cutlery, cup, and straws.
- Avoid ordering food as they use plastic containers.
- Choose cans over plastic bottles because they are recyclable.
- Buy grocery in bulk rather than frequently, in small packets.
- Reuse plastic bottles/packaging as containers, planters etc.

Some creative ways of reusing plastic bottles:



Vertical Gardens



Herb gardens



Newspaper Holders



Bowls

The Editorial Tribe



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Priya Sahu
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Photographer



Shraddha Gupta
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