

SEPTEMBER 2020

ISSUE 1

SIK-ED

EDITORIAL TEAM • PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT



Picture Source: Pinterest

**LOCKDOWN
EDITION**

Editor's Note



**Welcome aboard!
I hope you are well.**

I often find myself at a loss of words when people ask me "Did you envision quarantine to be like this?"

"Yes. I imagined it to be exactly like this! Lazing around in the cosy comfort of my home, attending virtual classes under my blanket and giggling when spotting my friends over that tiny screen window, scribbling thoughts over a piece of blank ivory paper, and dreaming away my days in a fantastical facade of productivity."

"No. I miss the touch of everything tangible, my college desks, its library's old books with stocky covers, Nescafé's elixir of ice tea, the ever sleepy dog in front of the book shop, my precious friends and teachers.. and..just. Everything."

To swiftly shimmying away from such bittersweet musings, I am extremely delighted to unveil "Sik-ed", the first ever Digital Magazine of the Editorial Team of Psychology Department. With this, we aim to build a platform to showcase and promote artwork, while connecting virtually with our very own family of the department.

'Sik-ed' is a digital venture that will be released in every two months and will include original work of our very talented students and teachers; photographs; engaging tasks and activities, all with a hint of warmth, humour and fun. For this edition, the team has put together an informed magazine enveloping the theme of "Quarantine" with their collective efforts and amazing artwork that they indulged in during this mundane lockdown. We look forward to an enthusiastic participation from the whole department for the upcoming magazines and the very popular Newsletter.

Thank you to all the members of my Editorial Tribe. This would not have been possible without your contributions.

Lovely readers, I really hope you will like it!

Mallika

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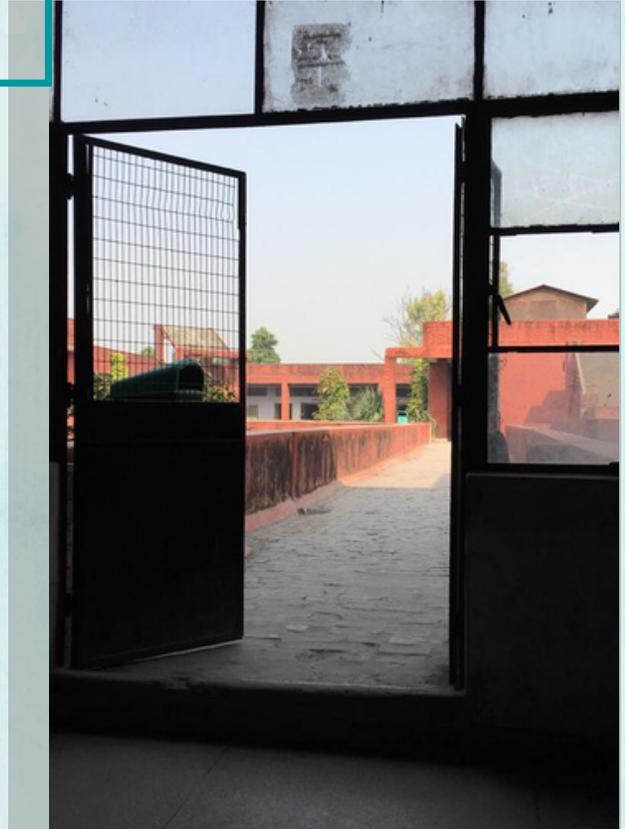
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VIRTUAL DIARY OF EVENTS

Virtual Elections

As another academic year came to an end, the union bid their bittersweet adieu and left us with abundant joyful memories. On 20th June 2020, we had our department elections with vibrant fresh faces, to take on a new voyage with us. Here, meet the new union for the year of 2020-2021. We have our full faith that they'll fulfill their duties with utmost dedication and will make another year in college even more beautiful. All the best!



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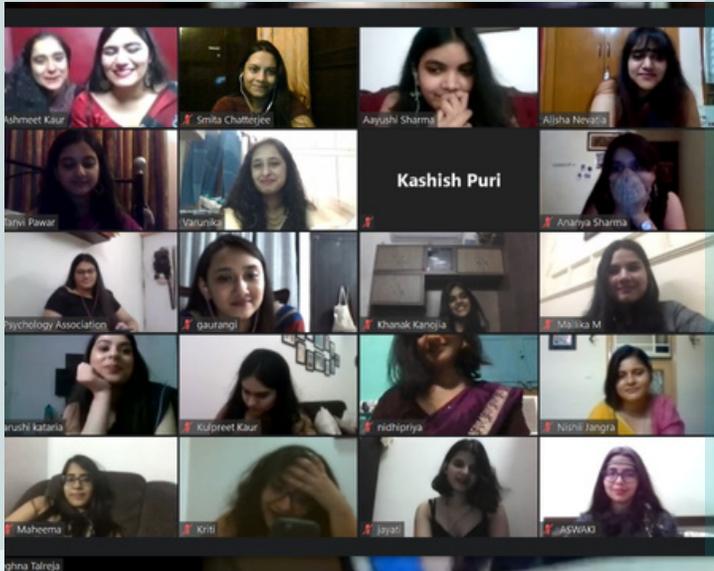
Virtual Farewell

As we bid farewell to the batch of 2020, the new Psychology Union left no stones unturned for bestowing the outgoing batch with the perfect au revoir feels (via screens ofcourse!), with a grand virtual farewell: "IVORIES"!

Ivories witnessed some nostalgic videos, mixed with a hint of trendy music and a bunch of psych gibberishes (they were extremely fun, trust us!) The assigned titles were not the mainstream like the rest of the event as well this year, because what's better than using the gift of music to express our love?

The event also encountered some emotional moments; while our seniors shared their 3 years long journey in the Gargi Psychology department, the juniors experienced flashbacks of their college days themselves.

With many beautiful performances by the juniors and the best of regards from the teachers, we wished them luck for a very bright future!



Virtual Teachers' Day

Another event with saddening distance but heartfelt gratitude and blessings, the department of psychology celebrated virtual teacher's day; it was inarguably one of the most wholesome events organised. Filled with tearful recounts of beautiful memories, hilarious memes and brilliant performances, the event was unforgettable. This great evening was only possible due to the immense hard work put in by the Union. Immensely thankful; and sharing virtual hugs and kisses to all the students and of course, to the best teachers ever!



THE EDITORIAL TRIBE

Not Onomatopoeia

I don't write poetry anymore,
I listen to it,
and by listening to it,
I don't mean slams,
Recitals,
Or open mic,
Rather, I hear poetry,
In this creaking door,
In the wind blowing out of the window,
In the fluidly fluttering curtains,
I hear poetry.
In the dust settling,
on these shelves,
of memories that I've attained over all these years,
I hear poetry,
in the flickering pages,
of this journal I've opened after 7 long years.
I remember writing as a renegade rebel,
Behind closed doors,
Under blankets, in the light of a torch,
I remember gamering souvenirs,
Wherever I went,
The cap from playschool,
The cow bell from Bern,
The movie tickets,
and the snow globe,
If I had a decibel for every time.
that these things screamed out to me,
"Write, write, write your heart out"
I Would have relentless squalls that could cut through glass let alone,
make my being ache,
to grab the pen.
Believe me, it isn't mere onomatopoeia
that's making me write this.

@Nupur, Writer

The celestial artist

Yesterday you painted me with the midnight blue
of a midnight sky
Today you paint me with sunshine yellow of a shy
butterfly
And call me your art
But you're art yourself
A jet setter against an arctic sunset
Worthy of a place among Renaissance and
impressionist work
Your eyes are constellations
Your mind is a nebula
And it should really be a sin
To have such perfect galaxy skin

I think you're a celestial artist
So I wish upon a wishing star
Shooting straight from your beryl heart
To mine
From half a world away
No destined course
No turn of fate
Only Poseidon and cupid's wave
Water mixed with pink drops of my love to make
you stay.

@Poorvi_Sethi, Writer

Title: Innocence
Source : @Mannat_Chopra



The Rat Race

Quarantine Edition It has been almost half a year since the commencement of the nationwide lockdown acknowledging the spread of the coronavirus as a pandemic. These times, more than usual, made us realize how sensible the governance in Wakanda or Asgard was. This lockdown gave the people a chance to take a break from their cassette- like lifestyle- playing the same songs every time when put in the player. It allowed them to reel everything back in and play the songs they wanted to listen, whenever they wanted to. Even though no physical contact was allowed, sighs of relief were set free; only for some. As things stood still, pressure built up on one of the most reputable professions in the country- medicine. In the blink of an eye, all hands were needed on deck, gloved, of course. They forgot the difference between day and night, and death became a mere matter of numbers. On the other hand, however, students were happy with not going to school for a month, and not having to prove their capability every six months, just to be promoted. Dreams had come true at the cost of a deadly, alien virus. Focussing on the interiors, baking cakes and bread, catching up on reading lists, wishes came true of doing stuff which they would've done if only they had the time to do them. But soon enough quarantine too became competitive; life, huh. Keeping safe became secondary, being productive was the talk of the show now. Learning an instrument, working, influencing, learning new skills were certified only by being put up on virtual gatherings now. Posting about hygge lifestyle became trending; and somewhere somebody's mind was impregnated with a thought- "am I doing enough?" Personally, it seems like a parallel life running on the lines of quarantine. I wonder if this track will merge with the one that has been supporting our train before this one or will it just go down in history as a page on leisure time in the memoirs of fighting the 2020 pandemic? What if by judging our quarantine according to the definitions of conventional productivity is just us pressurizing this dam- like period which was initially thought of as a temporary escape; I'm not sure if there will be another Noah and the Ark to save us all if this dam breaks mixing the quarantine lifestyle with the one before it. Self- reflection lasted so long. Pace of life became faster yet again, or people just adapted in their own ways? A friend of mine shared "everyone's just trying to stay out of their heads, hence trying to find reasons to get busy." Is that so? I don't know. I hope not. If we could clean our houses, and not just for Diwali or any other festival, why can't we try and clear what's been accumulated up there. Our mind is the reason we're conscious so why not try to be conscious of our mind? Our academic culture teaches us that if you don't ask any questions you've not understood the concept, so why not take this time to ask ourselves certain questions, to try to reason our individual constitutions. After all, if we can't live with ourselves democratically, how can we do that with others? I don't want to tell you what to do or give you any tips. Being able to decide that is in itself a virtue of luxury. All I'm asking is know yourself, don't run behind something if it just means running behind others. Do something that makes you feel your breath; discover the depth in you, the strength in you so that you can help yourself to function in this ever- evolving world. This is not the end, it is just a beginning of a more advanced and virtual way of living which will face its own sets of challenges when something new comes along. So, let us all try to make this transgression in the healthiest and kindest way we could.

@Vanshika_Sharma,Researcher

Zephyr of Love

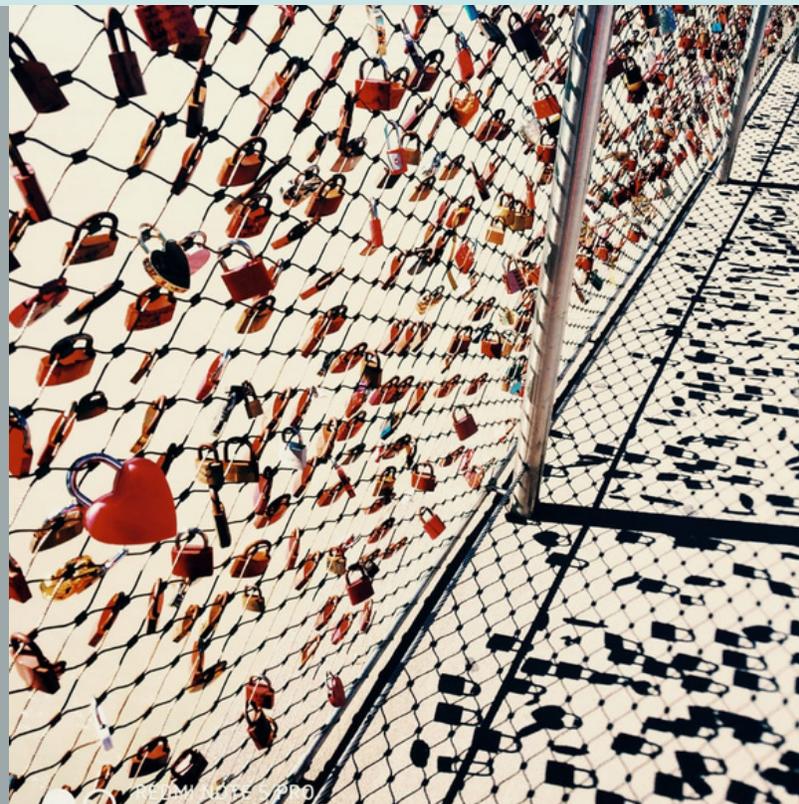
Waves that flow across a rhyme,
carry the tune of heart,
a feeling of love whispering in the azure.

In vicinity of a soul,
reveals the secret it gulped,
subdues the wrath and agony
of the heart that yearned that sound.

It flew across lands of grey,
and past the body of blue.
twisting it's way through peaks of hatred
it alas! reached the mourning soul.

Journey from the love of eternity
to the sweetest wait of faith.

@Ishita_Shrivastava, Writer



आज फिर मां की पुरानी सारी पहने का जी चाहा
खुद को उनकी परछाई बनते देखने का जी चाहा

पता है जब मैं चोटी थी?
अक्सर मां की सारी पहने कि जिद्द लगाए रहती थी
वो भी फिर सबसे सुंदर सारी निकाल लेती, वॉ जॉर्जेंट वाली है ना? आज वो पहनकर देखते हैं
गोल गोल घुमा के, पल्ले को सेट करके मुझे शीशे के सामने खड़ा करती थी
"अरे पर बिंदी तो लगा दो? मुझे तो बिल्कुल आप जैसा ही दिखना है"

पूरा घर उसी सारी में घूम कर
मैं फिर
मा के सामने ही आकर खड़ी हो गई
"देखा, लग रही हूँ ना आपके जैसी?"

"क्यों ना लगे भाई? आखिर है भी तो तू मेरी ही परछाई!"

हां मैं बड़ी ज़रूर हो गई
किताबों और पत्रों के बीच कई दब ज़रूर गई
स्कूल और कॉलेज के चक्कर में, घर का रास्ता शायद भटक गई
जीवन की भाग दौड़ में, शायद रुकना भूल गई

लेकिन आज रुकी तो सोचा
कहीं मा की परछाई उनसे आगे तो नहीं निकल गई?

वो सारी..
शायद किसी पुरानी अलमारी में है
हां ये रही

ये ऐस..उम्म

कोशिश तो बोहत की, मगर क्या करू
मा के बिना ये सारि सेट नहीं हुई
आज भी इसका पल्लू, उन्हीं की बात मानता है

देखो ना मां
मेरे लाख बार लगाने पर भी फिसलता ही जाता है

आज कई साल बाद फिर
मेरी वो जिद्द पूरी की

अबकी बार पहले शीशे के नहीं, मा के सामने खड़ी हुई
हसकर वो बोली

हां, कहीं आगे बढ़ गई थी शायद

पर, आज साथ खड़ी है
मेरी परछाई



Source:@Mannat

@Ananya_Sharma.
Writer

दो राय

मेरे घर के आईने है अब पुकारते, आखिर क्या है वजह जो अब तुम खुदको नहीं सवारते?
क्या कहूँ?

के हूर की परी हु! लाखों में एक और रूप है अनेक.
मगर अब बात यूँ है के अब रंग काला हो या गौरा, बाल खुले हु या बंधे, चेहरे पे पिपल हो या डिपल अब फर्क नहीं पड़ता.

हाँ अब फर्क नहीं पड़ता, के कमर पहले से मोटी हो या हाईट बाकियो से छोटी हो.
खुरदुरे दांत हो या त्वचा अब फर्क नहीं पड़ता.

क्युकी मैं जो हूँ मे वो नहीं,
जो तुम्हे दिखता ह वह केवल दिखावा है, बास एक बनावटी
छलवा है.

सवाल हैं के तुम क्या देखते हो?
आँखों का सुरमा देखते हो या सचाड़, मेरा रंग देखते हो या मुद्दों पर राय?
मेरा कद नापते हो या मेरा अतम्बल की ऊँचाई?

कहो,
के आवाज सुरिली हो या बुलंद, सोच खुली हो या बंद?
पसंद मर्द हो या जानना, काम दफ्तर मे हो या रोटिया पकाना?
अरे साहब आप हमे देखना नहीं बनाना चाहते हैं, हमे सवारना नहीं सुधारना चाहते हैं, बात तो मेहेज़ ये है की आप
कमिया निकालना चाहते है.
फर्क आपको मेरी कमाई से नहीं रोटी की गोलाई से पड़ता है, मगर फिर भी कमियों का भूखा आपका लालची दिल
कहाँ भरता है.

तभी छोड दी पीछे आपके दिल को भाने वाली तस्वीर, जिंदगी मेरी है नहीं है आपकी जागीर।

@Priya.Writer

“What we have once enjoyed deeply we can never lose, all that we love deeply becomes a part of us”

In unprecedented times of the pandemic, we have all had dealt with loss in different ways. Unemployment, fear of losing loved ones, or even dealing with the loss of normalcy and routine has been tough for everyone across the world. For us students, the closure of colleges with no reopening in sight has left us grappling with sadness of failed plans and missed opportunities. These past months it's felt selfish to fixate on my losses while the world has scrambled to save lives and jobs of millions, but nonetheless I've realized that even though my problems might not be as big as someone else's, they're important to me and to my growth and understanding. I say this in terms of how much I have learnt these past months. Spending so much time alone has put a lot of things in perspective. I picked up a book after months of not reading, stalked Spotify like it was the profile of my ex's new girlfriend (spent unhealthy amount of time doing that also), also cooked, started writing, did internships and courses and rediscovered what I used love and enjoy. But in all this if there is one thing I missed all the time, is Gargi.

One year ago I was so apprehensive of about going to DU for college but unknowingly and unwittingly it has become my home. Having been away from those red walls for so long reminded me of the little things I love about it. Sitting in the peacock room with friends, ordering coffee at Nescafé, messaging my friends to try for proxy for the 8:45 class as I snooze my alarm for the 15th time that morning.

Honestly, I miss a lot of things about college and friends, but I know I'll get to go back to them soon, and this time I just hope I appreciate them all a little more. So, even though the quarantine period has been tough and frustrating at times, it has also been fun and liberating and I know that eventually I'll miss it.

@Mallika_Agarwal,Writer

Night of sixty-nine

The world seems bigger
With you by my side
Caressing my pain and
Swathing fingers faintly across my pride
As you see no flaws in my body
or my mind, and
Love we make, resurrect the
Words of Sappho's poetry;
Reminisce the lovers of the Trojan war.

I see no more closeted
Monsters with you, but stranglers
The thought of 'time' we can live,
with doves flying above; high, in
The sky of our passionate blues.
Last night, I saw fear in your eyes
So perfectly concealed, lingers
The riots of Stonewall between
The silences we speak.

Will we ever be free, or is free for us
The act of normalcy; camouflaging
In the charades of people, who
Pry and scream on our identities.
Will walls be ever broken, of
Laughs and pity on the way we look
Ourselves and others; through a cloud
of Cupid shooting homophilic colours.

Terrorized every day, struggling to live
Kissing each other our goodbyes,
Not knowing when our end will be
Embracing memories of those
Who fought and bled hues in myriad,
to paint our 'et iris' like Monet, and
Sang melodies of queer Mozart.

Darling, if gay means happy,
then why aren't we?

@Mallika,Writer



Source:@Sanskriti_Awasthi

A real shiny day it was. The sun shone off the metallic paint of the garbage cans on the sides of the wide concrete road where a tiny lone cycle carrying a little school girl hurried off towards its house in the southern part of the town. Her pigtailed swayed as she pedalled on with all her might and even as her heartbeats quickened and drops of sweat trickled down to her eyes making them burn, she would not stop. She would not stop because they told her they would be watching. They were the big kids who had grabbed her bag from behind as she had mounted her cycle to leave, and they had laughed with their big mouths and had brought their huge faces close to her so that she could feel their breath on her pale cheeks as they told her to reach home as fast as she could because if she slowed they would know and that she wouldn't like it then. She knew very well why she wouldn't like it; they had been explaining to her the consequences of being a bad girl who ignores what her elders tell her in those little disciplinary sessions they conducted in her lunch break where she stood in the middle of the empty classroom with her hands clasped behind her as a rule and where their towering figures would criticize her and say grown up words that she didn't understand as they passed each other her lunchbox and made her say thank you every other minute. Sonya asked why she wouldn't sit with her during lunch anymore but she couldn't say because they said they would know if she ever broke one of their rules, and "besides" they said, "who is gonna believe an ugly cry baby like you?", and now Sonya wouldn't talk to her. A car honked and passed her and she wondered if it was them and she wondered if she had slowed down and she started pedalling faster. Her mother wouldn't have any of her morning tantrums anymore to not go to school. Her mother had almost called her teacher today when she agreed to get into her uniform and she knew well enough that stomach aches could only take her so far. Sometimes she wondered if there was a reason for them punishing her and not Sonya, and what if it was because Sonya did more good deeds in a day than her? Should she try to be better? The other day when she refused to eat the porridge, maybe she should just have eaten it, cause she was sure that was what Sonya would have done because she never did get scolded by her mother. Just a turn more in the left, and her house would become visible and then she could finally stop and rest her aching legs but not before that. She took the turn and saw her mother talking to the lady a few blocks down. Her mother called her name and she couldn't decide if she should stop or not, and her undecided brain couldn't process the dog that jumped in the way barking away at a butterfly. Her eyes widened and her fists slackened and trembled as she lost control over the handles and down she went. Her mother rushed over with the lady in tow towards her crying figure and it was later in the night after her wounds were treated that she told her mother about those mean kids.

@Riddhi_Rathod,Writer

Source: @Palak_Shukla



BINGO!

Made a future to-do-list kyunki umeed par duniya kayam hai.	Baked a big cookie crumble chocolate lava cake. Afterall, YouTube wale mug cakes se aage badhna tha.	Made a trendy tiktok dance video because even a 5 saal ka bacha knows how to do it.	Pretended to be alright and smiling on the outside kyunki andar se dard mahsus ho raha hai.
Didn't bother to get PDF of books. We knew exams nahi honge.	Paint se landscape makeup kara. I don't even remember ped, Panchi kaise dikhte hai.	Installed dating apps kyunki is se zyada single vibe kabhi nahi aayi.	Made DIYs for room because keventers ki bottles ka dher laga hai.
Wrote an autobiography but then dropped it. Khud ki dukh bhari katha nahi suni jaati :'(Slept with videos off during classes kyunki attendance to mil hi rahi hai.	Filled internship applications. Requirements are set for sache, susheel bacche.	Pretended to be a mind reader and gave out advice kyunki hum psychology wale hai.
TOOK ss of PPTs kyunki notes banane ki zarurat kya hai XD!	Acted to be on a diet kyunki ab zindagi se chocolate bhi cheen loge kya?!?!	Helped with household chores. Mum's got a medal chappal marne mein.	Dolled up as if for a photo shoot. Fashion influencer banne ka chaska is in Gargi blood.



Buzzfeed Wannabes

1. "Keh diya na, bas keh diya" kisne kaha tha? <k3g>
- 2 "Dost fail ho jaye toh dukh hota hai ... lekin dost first aa jaye toh zyada dukh hota hai" which movie gave us this iconic fact?
3. What cafe do Tara and Ved from Tamasha get together in? ___ (for all you hauz khas hippies)
4. ___ was the mastermind to coin the term "bwoys" in issschool in ZNMD
5. Bhai sahab aap convince hogaye ya mein aur bolu" ___ from jab we met taught us how to talk to auto waala's
6. Love cakes and doughnuts, emotional as hell, falls in love every 3 days, can not relate to friends in relationships and we have a bit of her in each one of us! Who did we just describe from kal ho na ho?
7. When former US President Barack Obama came to India, he made a reference to a popular Bollywood dialogue in his speech. What was the movie and the dialogue?
8. Who was princess consulea bananahammock's grandfather?
(Hint : $E=Mc^2$)
9. agar mai tumhare sath 2 minute aur ruki toh!' Toh?Hint (phirse)
10. Kaleen bhaiya King of Mirzapur, aur guddu bablu? Hint (sher arz kia hai)

1. Amritabh Bachman
2. 3 idiots
3. Socials
4. Mr. Dubey
5. Geet

6. Sweetu
7. Bade bade desho mei chitin Bate hoti rehti hai
8. Albert Einstein
9. Pyaar ho jaayega firse, aur tumhe nahi hoga, firse
10. Lions of Mirzapur

Answer Key





IGTV

Shop

Well-being

1

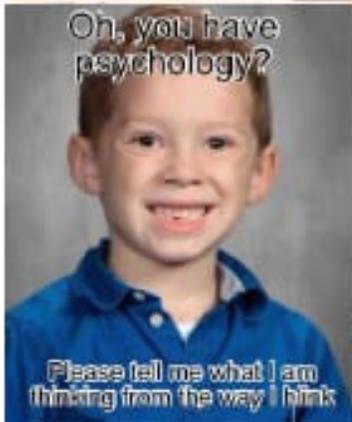
When you're enjoying your breakfast and your teacher insists you to open your video



My mom after I tried to cook



Profs @8:40 teaching, while you just woke up



Oh, you have psychology?

Please tell me what I am thinking from the way I think

When you thank your CRs/GRs for cancelled lectures



No need to thank me.

Me: Ah another class
SB ma'am:
Me:



Everyone to corona virus

TU JAA RE NA BABA!!



Me prioritising my mental health



Missing lectures

its not that i get tired (i get tired) i just don't have time to attend lectures. allow me to attend 2000 times



When your 4pm class gets rescheduled



Quarantine Life 101



Submitting the first draft of your practical file

my teacher



NOTE TO SELF

Create your own 'To Feel List'

HAPPY

PROUD

CHEERFUL

SLEEPY

BEAUTIFUL

TIRED

EXCITED

ENERGETIC

LOVED

ANXIOUS

CALM

UNSURE

Write a note to yourself

Dear diary, today I felt...

Summer of '20



CUTE!!

Dalgona coffee

PANCAKES!

IN OTHER NEWS

As we graduate to face the second wave of 2020, let's turn around and take a look at how this year managed to give us a few smiles despite a perennial case of severe hiccups.

1. Paralympic athletes walk the ramp for fashion show in Japan.
2. Kids put band aids on an injured puppy, felicitated as 'Kings of India.'
3. Orissa high court passed a ruling in favour of same-sex couples to be able to live together.
4. Man comforts a rescued baby elephant so it doesn't miss its mother in Kenya.
5. Yamuna records more oxygen levels.
6. Delhi to get four more new forests.
7. A 13- year-old UAE- based Indian student contributed Rs 61,000 from her piggy bank savings to sponsor flight tickets of two stranded Indians.
8. Dr. Do(ing)a lot is here! Among many such warriors Dr. Uday Modi has been distributing free tiffins to the elderly, customized according to their needs, in Bhayander, Mumbai.
9. Disney + has confirmed having a bisexual, multi- cultural character in an upcoming television series as a step towards inclusivity and diversity.
10. Jeyamary, a teacher at an elementary school, from Virudhunagar, Tamil Nadu opened up a neighbourhood school to take in and teach kids of the workers from nearby crackers and matchstick manufacturing units.
11. First cheetah cubs were born through IVF.
- 12 .Same-sex marriage legalised in Costa Rica.
- 13 .The pentagon released UFO videos and no one cared in April.
so it is true.... or is it?
14. 500 women have become self- reliant through lemongrass farming in Bishunpur, Jharkhand.



The Editorial Tribe



Mallika
Editor

Fleabag S2 E4 01:01



Ananya Sharma
Writer

मंज़िल मिलेगी भटक कर ही सही,
गुमराह तो वो हैं, जो घर से निकले ही नहीं।



Ishita Srivastava
Writer

One line that describes me
would be - the only constant in
my life is curiosity



Mallika Agarwal
Writer

"Gentlemen, I wash my hands of this
weirdness."

-Jack Sparrow,
Pirates of the Caribbean



Nupur Baral
Writer

The world's full of poop, but we've
gotta roll with it. Make everyday a
glitter filled bag of rainbows and
unicorn farts.



Poorvi Sethi
Writer

Poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are
what we stay alive for.
- Dead Poets Society



Priya Sahu
Writer

Can make you laugh, and
laugh with you :")



Riddhi Rathod
Writer

Born to be real, not perfect



Mannat Chopra
Photographer

"I'm a savage yeah, classy,
bougie, ratchet"



Agnita Nimje
Photographer

I'm usually shy but once you get
to know me, Boom crackhead



Palak Shukla
Illustrator

"Sometimes I'll start a sentence
and I don't even know where
it's going. I just hope I find it
along the way." - Michael Scott
Life.



Vanshika Sharma
Researcher

Chota packet badha dhamaka
a 5" 1 human carrying an ocean of
emotions, feelings, and opinions
with her, and well the sea level is
constantly rising. Always up for food,
puppies, coffee and hugs!



Sanskriti Awasthi
Illustrator

"You shine in this pitch darkness.
That is the butterfly effect"
- BTS