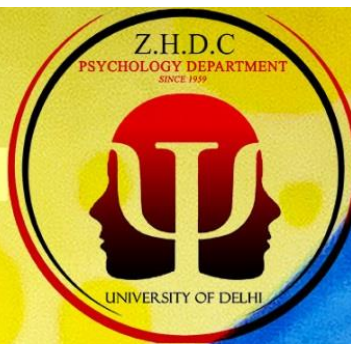


PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT



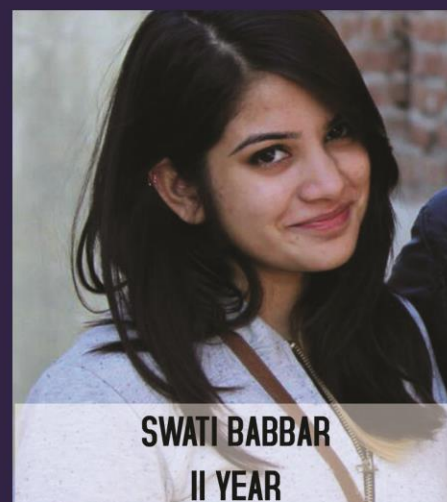
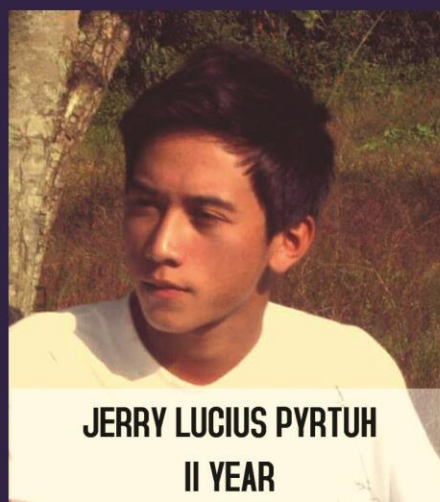
ZAKIR HUSAIN DELHI COLLEGE

# *Psynapse*

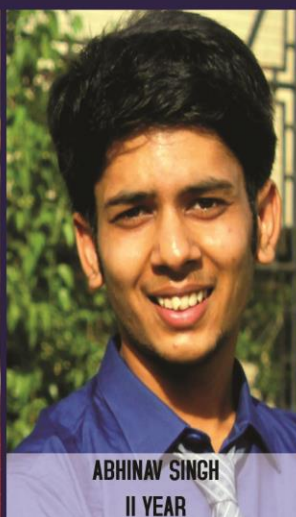
2015-2016



# EDITORIAL TEAM



## SPECIAL THANKS



*“In order to understand the World, one has to turn away from it on occasion” - Albert Camus*

*\*cover art by Meghna Bordoloi*

Zakir Husain Delhi  
College  
(MORNING)



**Department Of Psychology**

## From The Principal's Desk



Psychology is an integrated subject. It is both a pure science as well as a social science. Nowadays, the importance of psychology has increased because we need to bring people together. We need to build bridges, between communities, religions and other areas in the country. There are divisive tendencies which are trying to divide people along these very same lines.

The psychology department is best equipped to counsel students when there are personal problems such as examination stress or home stress. These are all psychological factors which affect individuals. I think there is a great role for the psychology department such as preparing questionnaires for students on what they expect from our college and getting their feedback on what they actually got. The department is well fit to do that. As far as behaviour is concerned, behaviour is the outcome of the attitude so for example, questions would arise like what kind of attitude is required to make the Swatch Bharat campaign successful. Standardized questionnaires can be made to ascertain whether students have a pro-environment attitude or a pro-technology attitude. Technology cannot keep fulfilling our desires in an unlimited manner. The psychology department actually plays a very crucial role in setting out behavioural attitudes. Students today are concerned mostly with technology and have lots of problems, be it mobile phones or computers. The psychology department can do a lot of things and isn't confined only to counselling. Everything, be it health, environment, etc. are related to psychology.

You should build a vision for the department. It is important for you to progress and not stay stagnant. I wish you the very best!

**Dr.R.Prabhakar Rao**  
**Principal**  
**Zakir Husain Delhi College (Morning)**



## From the Bursar's Desk



There was a time when psychology was considered as a weaker subject. I remember the days when I first joined this college. Now of course, psychology has a brighter future and better prospects than then. Students used to get certain concessions back in the day if they opted for psychology. Philosophy, as well, I remember. Now we have sufficient funds. UGC grant is ample. In the past, we faced a scarcity of funds. In addition, maintaining science facilities, laboratories particularly was a challenging task. Despite the many odds I am optimistic that psychology has a good future. I myself have been closely associated with the Department. We have had a very bright and glorious past, and I request you to please maintain the same glory. I pray for the present and the future. It is indeed a challenging task, not only in this college but everywhere. Psychology department of our college is one of the few colleges where boys can get admission. We've had remarkable results.

I wish you my best. This generation very well knows that psychology has great prospects.

Thank you very much and congratulations!

**Mohammad Naqi**  
**Bursar**  
**Zakir Husain Delhi College (Morning)**

## From the Teacher In-Charge



*“No man will make a great leader, who wants to do it all himself or get all the credit for doing it”- Andrew Carnegie*

The group of students who are working for this magazine are innovative; they possess great ideas but more importantly, the ability to work together. They take each other's opinions and suggestions, facilitating effective brainstorming. They have a clear vision of what they aspire the magazine to be. They are comfortable delegating important tasks and decisions amongst each other. I appreciate the sense of responsibility and compassion that they have at this age and stage of life.

I wish them Good Luck! Together, as a department of Psychology of Zakir Husain Delhi College, we believe and have faith in our dreams...

*“For me Life is continuously being hungry. The meaning of life is not simply to exist, to survive but to move ahead, to go up, to achieve, to conquer.” –Arnold Schwarzenegger*

**Dr.Karuna Mehta**  
**Teacher In-Charge**  
**Department of Psychology**



FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PSYCHOLOGY  
SOCIETY



I would like to extend my congratulations to the students of the Department of Psychology as their dream of having a departmental magazine has come true. A big thank you to the students of the editorial board for putting in all their efforts and working tirelessly for the magazine. Their conviction and perseverance has been instrumental in bringing out this magazine.

This was a year of unprecedented activity. The play that you put up on Freud's life, the skits that you performed, the programs that you showcased for the farewell and fresher's welcome are all worth an applaud. Keep up your high spirits. I wish you all the best.

**Dr. Nisha Jaiswal**  
**President**  
**Psychology Society**

*“True revolution comes from true revulsion; when things get bad enough the kitten will kill the lion.” - Charles Bukowski*

# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

*The magazine of the Department of Psychology is a relentless attempt at rendering a critical outlook of the world. We must critically observe the world from the eyes of different revolutionaries and more importantly our own. Pioneers such as Freud, Virginia Woolf, Camus, Van Gough, Marx, Ambedkar have paved the way and although we stand on the shoulders of these giants, we must not refrain ourselves from developing ideas that will further progress humanity as a whole.*

*The contents of this magazine have explored a perspective of humanity through the lens of psychology in myriad forms. From non-fictional accounts to other literary forms and artistic expressions, each piece reflects a deeper investigation of the world through the creators' mind. The motive of this magazine is to encourage acceptance, open mindedness, and more importantly interrogation of the corrupted constructs of our society. We hope that this magazine will equally strike a nerve as much as it will entertain you.*

*Jerry Lucius Pyrtuh  
Priyanshu Gogoi*



# PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELLING: A NECESSITY FOR ALL AGE GROUPS

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*Dr. Karuna Mehta*  
*Teacher In-Charge*  
*Department of Psychology*  
*Zakir Husain Delhi College (Morning)*

Reading psychology books, teaching college students about human behaviour and counselling experiences, gives me knowledge and understanding which I always love to share.

Everyone understands the need to go to doctors for physical ailments but only few realize or are aware that even psychological problems are health problems and need to be taken care. Visiting a psychologist or a counsellor for issues like stress, anxiety, phobias, OCD, and psychosomatic problems are not considered important by most people. Even school going children have a lot of stress. Very few schools, colleges and hospitals have counsellors.

Nowadays people are educated with degrees and high level jobs, but psychology is still not a part of schools and many colleges' curriculum. People are successful and have a lot of money but when it comes to happiness, satisfaction in

personal, marriage or family life, there is a need for more understanding about life, stages of life an important events in life which need to be handled carefully. Right from childhood, pre-school stages, school life, studies, adolescent age, higher studies, to entering job, getting married, maintaining work like balance, parenting, managing relationships, going through crisis at times, aging, retiring, loneliness, illness, stress to name a few, there is need for social and emotional support and professional intervention at times.

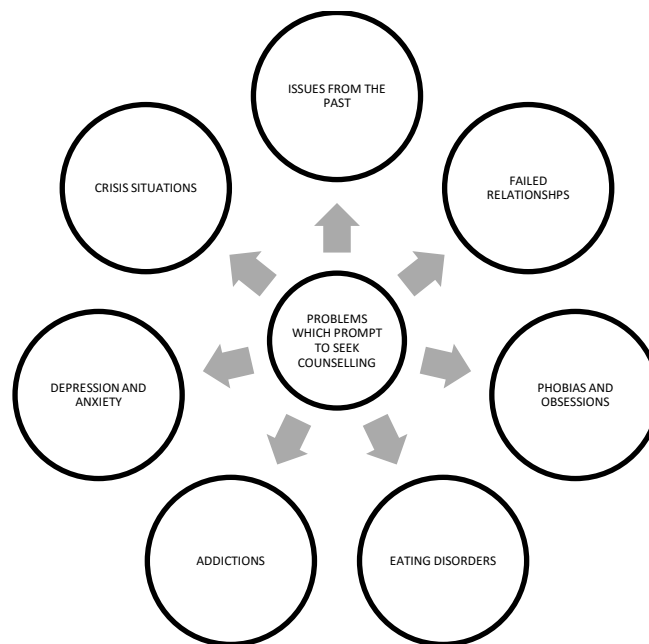
At times a family may not be able to understand and provide required emotional and social support. There comes the role of a psychologist or to say a counsellor who with knowledge, qualifications and in depth understanding of theoretical basis and technique of counselling can do the needful and provide the required support.

With specialization and counselling techniques, a counsellor can provide the required intervention to individuals or families or groups. Counselling can help by enabling individuals to look more closely at their problems and to clarify them. Ways of addressing these problems can be devised and strategies for change can be implemented. The capacity for self-determination may not always be apparent to the individual and in the time of stress or emotional upheaval it may become blocked. The non-judgmental and empathetic presence of trained helper facilitates the process, the individual feels valued in a way he may not have experienced before. Therefore counselling is indeed a relationship often between two people (counsellor and individual) and sometimes with a number of people (counsellor and group). Confidentiality is an important component of counsellors and individual relationships.

Counselling is required for a wide variety of problems, sometimes there are problems which have become unmanageable, while at other

times they may be simply as feelings of dissatisfaction or unhappiness with life in general. People frequently find themselves in repeated self-destructive relationship and just fail to anticipate consequences of the actions they take. There are many reasons for this inability to change and perhaps the most significant is the lack of self-awareness and personal insight. Sometimes people are propelled towards counselling when they lack motivation or direction, academic underachievement, difficulties at work, lower self-esteem. Psychosomatic problems (sleep disorders, skin problems, tension, headaches, and stomach problems etc.), addictions and phobias are problematic for many people while others are troubled with anxiety, feelings of worthlessness, meaninglessness or breakdown if help is not obtained. Well known psychologists like Freud and Rollo May were of the view that people should be helped to attain their decisions.

The Figure below is an outline of some of the reason which may prompt individuals to seek counselling.





OTHER REASONS FOR SEEKING COUNSELLING:

- Problems at school and college (under achievement, examination anxiety and problem with peer group)
- Social Problems
- Chronic Illness (HIV and AIDS)
- Gambling
- Job loss, redundancy and problems related to retirement
- Developmental Crisis
- Problems associated with sexual orientation or sexual identity
- Violence, rape, assault
- Bullying at school or work place

Great psychologists like Carl Rogers, Freud, Bandura, Aaron Beck, Albert Ellis, and many more have contributed theoretical basis and suggested various techniques for effective counselling. The few are given here under:

- Carl Rogers' Client Centered Approach views people as essentially good, positive and constructive. For a healthy self to emerge, a person needs positive regard, love, warmth, care respect and acceptance. To be fully functional, person needs to develop greater acceptance of self and others. Counsellor can help to identify one's resources and potential.
- Freud's psychoanalytic approach emphasizes the importance of childhood experiences, role of unconscious, viewing aggression as death instinct, analyzing dreams to understand the deep rooted anxiety.
- Bandura's and Beck's behavioristic approach stresses the importance of learning and how we can unlearn undesirable behavior and modify behavior using behavior modification techniques by focusing on present rather than the past is really optimistic.

- Beck and Ellis' cognitive gives major importance to thoughts and role of how we interpret situations/ events.
- Ellis' rational emotive behavior therapy emphasizes how one can be rational or irrational in his thinking, correcting the way one thinks can affect his emotions. The high correlation between cognitive and affective components is the underlying factor for many consequences and overt behavior.
- Erik Berne's Transactional Analysis Approach goes one step further in providing hope by saying that one can rewrite the script of one's life. We need to be flexible in our ego state (child, adult and parent).
- Gestalt psychologists believe that human beings work for wholeness and completeness in life which emerges through personal interaction with environment and self-awareness. Each person is able to change and become responsible. Role playing, psycho drama and family therapy are quite popular and useful techniques contributed by Gestaltists.
- Donald Super's work in career development and developmental psychology also gives great insight to help/guide school and college students, to make choices and decisions. Educational and vocational guidance is important field of counselling

Psychometrics is essential at times to support information gathered from client or family. Counsellor makes use of psychological tests for measuring personality, intelligence, aptitude, interest, job satisfaction, marital adjustment etc. and even for diagnostic purposes. Use of various techniques and psychometrics makes counselling scientific.

The purpose of counselling is to educate, prevent and also remedial to help people to live satisfying, meaningful, goal directed and happy

life. In western countries, people consult psychologists/counsellors for their psycho-social-emotional problems to prevent major disorders in the longer run. Sharing, talking, catharsis is in itself therapeutic.

### VERY IMPORTANT FOR STUDENTS AND PARENTS

College students as well as school going children have a lot of stress/issues, like making right choice of subjects, scoring marks, expectation from self, problem with age mate etc.. Many students suffer from examination anxiety. It is beneficial for students to take help from counsellor at the right time. Any student can modify his/her study habits, relationship skills; learn to control unnecessary anxiety that can improve exam performance and results with simple counselling. There should not be any stigma towards seeking counselling, it is only for improving self-confidence, competencies, self-efficacy, coping ability and learning to believe

in his/her strengths and potentials. Nowadays parents are more anxious, they can also seek a counsellor's help to be able to manage their child and his/her studies. School counselling, college counselling and career counselling are major and special areas of counselling.

In conclusion, counselling empowers individuals, families and groups to accomplish wellness, education and career goals.

To make things more clear let me share with you the secret of counselling psychologists techniques used to help people. It is not talked therapy, there is no magic pill either but a very systematic way of combining various techniques, according to the need of a particular individual/student seeking help.

Few techniques are given in the box

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. Use of empathy, support | 11. Acceptance of uniqueness               |
| 2. Free association        | 12. Role playing                           |
| 3. Interpretation          | 13. Psychodrama                            |
| 4. Acceptance              | 14. Teaching and disputing                 |
| 5. Positive regard         | 15. Persuasion                             |
| 6. Questions, probing      | 16. Bibliotherapy                          |
| 7. Working with ambiguity  | 17. Rational self-analysis                 |
| 8. Task setting            | 18. Use of reinforcement                   |
| 9. Confrontation           | 19. Shaping and systematic desensitization |
| 10. Awareness exercises    | 20. Thought stopping                       |

In a nut shell,

- The neurotic tendencies may have acquired in childhood are no longer necessary – if we leave them behind we can fulfill our potential.
- Genuine relationship or interaction is one in which the other person clearly sees your potential.

- Learning how to think more effectively is not difficult and can dramatically improve our ingenuity in solving problems.

I hope the process of change in your thoughts has already started. Let us be optimistic about managing challenges at different ages and stages of life.

# ON BEING GRATEFUL

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*Dr. Manchong Limlunthang Zou*  
*Assistant Professor*  
*Department of Psychology*  
*Zakir Husain Delhi College(Morning)*

*"The deepest craving of human nature is the need to be appreciated". -- William James*

According to Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Grateful has been defined as "appreciative of benefits received". It is the emotional response of being thankful toward the receiving of gifts. The term gratitude was derived from a Latin 'gratia' meaning grace, graciousness, and gratefulness.

It is essential because being grateful is a way to live a happy healthy life. Today, life has moved so fast that most of the expressions of gratitude become professionally a mere formality rather than a genuine expression of thankfulness. Gratitude is said to be expressed when a

person receives assistance which was costly to him or her, valuable to the recipient, and intentionally rendered (Bryant, 1989; Langston, 1994). On receipt of such highly valued assistance the expression of gratitude is highly valued by the provider and receiver alike. Maintenance of constant gratitude is socially appreciated; also most of the major religions express the preciousness of gratitude which everyone ought to have (Emmons, McCullough, and Tsang, 2003). Culturally, expression of gratitude is a good moral character which is encouraged to be cultivated. Even in our daily lives when we express our gratitude to the postman, shopkeeper, or even to our

friends/colleagues, we tend to show them that we are highly thankful for their service/help rendered upon us. Gratitude has long been realized by our predecessors that since then we observe different days to express our thankfulness to the special peoples of our lives. Therefore we have special days such as, Fathers' Day, Mothers' Day, and Teachers' Day, etc. to name a few. By observing such days we not only pay our respect to them but also we remind ourselves to carry forward such good moral act.

Sadly, today our way of showing our gratitude has dwindled. Thanking or respecting of parents, elders, etc. has become rare. For instance on receiving a help from a friend we sometime do not acknowledge. But generally we tend to reply with an "OK" or "Thanks" which is hardly genuine in expression. It is generally adopted as the current standard of expression of gratitude without a slight presence of emotional attachment in it. We failed in many instances to pay the respect to our parents, teachers, freedom fighters, etc. the respect which are due to them. The coming generation hardly understand about the importance of gratitude. The technological development that we are living also contributes toward such decline in expression of gratitude. For instance we tend to do things faster, reply messages in a shorter manner with all the SMS/IM languages that youngsters generally adopt. Gone are the days when people exchange emotions through hand written letters which contain quality in expression. How pleasing it

"Gratitude has long been realized by our predecessors that since then we observe different days to express our thankfulness to the special peoples of our lives."

would be to receive a detailed hand written letter in expression of gratitude from a friend/colleague. But today people think of gratitude as a formality rather than a genuine natural craving. A quick and shorter way of expression has now become a formality rather than a necessary obligation practiced since civilization.

So is gratitude no longer important to mankind? Yes! It still is important. According to research by Gallup (1998) it is very important to people, rather a highly valued trait. So gratitude (to be appreciated) is the main trait that we still desired.

Another study Dumas, Johnson and Lynch (2002) indicated that grateful was rated among the top four out of more than 800 descriptive trait words given for ratings. Therefore we need to come back to expression of gratitude for we desired it too.

As mentioned in the above quotation "*the need to be appreciated*" is indeed an unending desire of every mankind. When we see the genuine expression on the face of people who express their thankfulness in time of utmost need, such expression really satisfies us too. According to a research by Emmons and McCullough (2003) people who recorded their weekly gratitude journals for which they were thankful of, were found to be more optimistic about their upcoming weeks and feeling better about their lives. This shows that being thankful to the events of our lives help to keep us to have a

healthier happier life with a positive outlook to the future. Further they also found that such individuals show greater enthusiasms, determinism and alertness. Gratitude is also found to increase psychological and physical wellbeing (Emmons and McCullough, 2004). Because when one assists someone in time of their need, not only the receiver is satisfied but also the helping hand that one provides satisfies oneself too. Another research has found that, gratitude is negatively related to depression, social anxiety, and envy (Kashdan & Breen, 2007; McCullough, Emmons, & Tsang, 2002). So people who adopt gratitude in their lives would be without such negative emotions which are

healthy to mind and body. These researches show that it is imperative for us to adopt gratitude for our wellbeing.

We need to be thankful to those who might have directly or indirectly help us in our endeavours. We can see from the negative relationships the undesirable and damaging emotional consequences of our lives. Therefore we can also say that gratitude is an insulator against having a pessimistic outlook to our lives. It is rather a drive toward living a healthy life of physical and psychological wellbeing. So now let us come back to adopt this act of gratitude in our lives. For we have now known that on being grateful lies our wellbeing.

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# THE IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL HEALTH

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*Kanika Khandelwal*

*II YEAR*

**M**ental health is a state of wellbeing where the person is able to cope with the stresses of daily life, work productively and contribute to the society. In the same way as there is something as physical health, we have mental health. Usually we focus on the visible domain of our body and tend to ignore the lesser visible domain that is mental health. This may be because of various factors such as stigma, negligence, feeling of shame regarding mental conditions and states.

2<sup>nd</sup> year students of Department of Psychology, Zakir Hussain Delhi College conducted a survey on: 'Attitude towards Mental Health in October', 2016. It was found that students (both male and female)

have a positive attitude towards mental health. Rethink Mental Illness, an organization, found that mental health problems affect many more young people than we probably realize. A lot of young individuals experience mental health problems or disorders where they may need help from a mental health specialist. The reason why young people are more vulnerable to mental health problems is probably because of drastic transition from being teens to young adults, moving from high school to college. Inadequate management and adjustment of such stages of transition may result in the person developing adjustment problems, identity crisis, emotional disturbances, negative

thoughts, poor decision-making skills etc. If the magnitude of these problems increases then it may further lead to various mental illnesses and disorders. For such a reason, maintaining what is called Mental Hygiene is very important. Mental Hygiene is a practice of maintaining and restoring mental health and preventing mental disorder through education, early treatment and public health awareness.

The following are some simple tips to retain mental hygiene:

- Practice yoga, cycling, swimming or any other physical activity daily.
- Read something meaningful to stimulate your brain cells.
- Learn to avoid negative thoughts either by distracting yourself to some other activity or by discussing it with people close to you.
- Try to live in present by setting realistic goals.

- Recollect positive moments of your life for they may give you a sense of comfort, tenderness, happiness, secureness.

"You can do whatever that makes you feel happy. But your happiness should not harm another person's peace of mind."

- Do any activity which makes you happy in your leisure time. This tends to bring stability in your daily life.

- Maintain personal hygiene and health. For example, having a balanced diet, regularly exercising, body cleaning, wearing clean clothes, maintaining right posture while sitting, sleeping or walking. This can help boost your self-esteem.

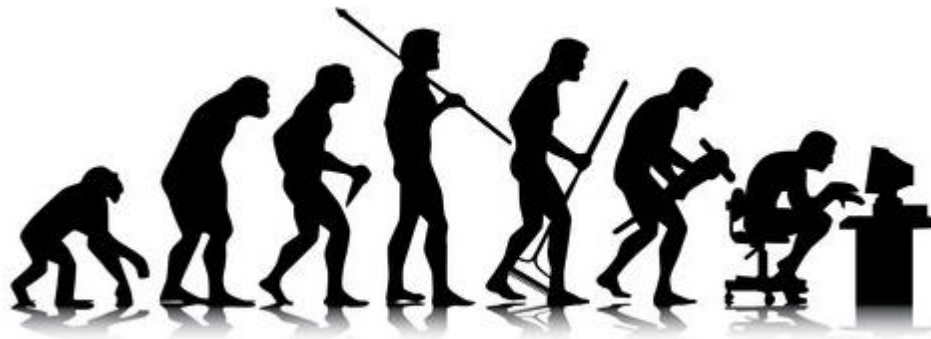
- Join communities or societies in which you may share interests. Try to contribute for the community. This can gradually help you develop a sense of purpose in your life.

Regardless of all these simple tips you can do whatever that makes you feel happy. But your happiness should not harm another person's peace of mind. This is an important key to living a mentally healthy life.

# THE DARWANIAN WAY OF LIFE

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*Pranesh Krishna*  
*II YEAR*



**S**taying up till late in the night has never been my virtue. 10 pm is my saturation point. And with every passing minute the jadedness of my eyes increases until I finally snap out into oblivion. And surprisingly, the last couple of weeks have been marked by profound wakefulness.

I am not able to recall the last time I stayed up beyond 10 pm. For now, the minute I commence my work, the enormous amount of books and notebooks snatch away my

attention from any other domain, and I lose track of time. And trust me when I say this, this state of eternal drowsiness in which I keep doing my assignments with immense conviction is not at all relishing.

They say Da Vinci and Einstein used to take only 20 minutes in between their work. Well I guess they didn't have to attend the first lecture at 9 o'clock in the morning the next day! The degree of disorientation in my lifestyle is augmenting as the days pass by.

Bloodshot eyes and weariness have begun to define me lately. And I roam around lidless in search of salvation. What bewilders me is that in spite of detesting this practice of mine, I am not cutting myself off it. Is it the addiction of work? Or is it the slight joy of an all-new experience? Or simply the fear of deadlines?

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How many of us remember the famous Kodak cameras which were popular back in the '80s and '90s? The photographic giant was at the pinnacle of the industry once, but with advent of digital photography it could not keep up its pace with the technological change and since then it has been struggling to recover through various avenues.

As much as we love to remain in our comfort zone and try to do things our own way, we must not ignore the fact that adapting to new environments, learning skills that are necessary and continuous evaluation is what keeps us alive. It is not about mere survival. Our ability to question can benefit us as it can develop our thoughts, views and ultimately knowledge to understand much more about the world. But it's not easy to continuously evaluate our

knowledge and habits. Modifying oneself with the changing environment is quite difficult, as is evident from the common saying "Old habits die hard."

For a morning bird like me, waking up late is unconventional for sure. But at the same time, a more adaptive and adjustable me argues that change is the rule of life. With changing times, one must modify ones habits according to the demands of the situations. Adopt the Darwinian way of life maybe.

Also, the reader must not associate the idea of adaptation with joining the bandwagon. Adapting to one's environment involves making changes in oneself so as to continue to exist and accommodate in the surroundings and this is different from blindly following a rat race just in

order to survive or to fulfil the necessary needs. Thus, according to me it's important to have a slight inclination towards the Darwinian way of life; otherwise we shall cease to exist in this ever-changing world.

"Our ability to question can benefit us as it can develop our thoughts, views and ultimately knowledge to understand much more about the world."

# REMINISCENCE

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## A CONVERSATION WITH DR. USHA ALIM



Dr. Usha Alim is a retired associate professor of Department of Psychology, Zakir Husain Delhi College. She joined the department in July 1959, as a student of the very first batch of B.A. (HONS) Psychology. The department was then situated in the old building at Ajmeri Gate. In 1964, soon after completing her post-graduation, she joined the department as a professor. In a conversation below she shares her experience and memories being a student and professor in this department.

**Q. Ma'am, could you kindly describe your journey with the department of psychology as a student?**

I joined this college in 1959 as a student of psychology; that was the first year when psychology actually started in any one of the colleges and this was the first college where we had psychology honours. The college was then located at Ajmeri Gate in the old building and that building had an antique touch to it – definitely archaeologically important; and there were no classrooms or laboratories the way you find over here now. When we started our department we had no classrooms, no lab... it was just a small room and that meant everything to us. Whatever the case maybe, it was very interesting because of the teachers that we had; they were very-very positive about everything. There was Mr. Shaiman, who was heading the department then. We also had Mr. Gyanswaroop, Mr. Abdul Basit and Misbah. These four were the only teachers we had, and all of the teachers sat in that same room. A year later it was that we had a lab for experiments, and after some more time, we had a few more rooms which became our lecture room. Thus, a full-fledged Department of Psychology, you can say, was established.



**Q. Ma'am, tell us about your time and experience here as a teacher.**

In 1964, I completed my Post-Graduation. I was taken up as a teacher in this college immediately. 1964 is a memorable year for me. My first batch of students was just about 8 students and we were very friendly with each other. The students were very nice and I found teaching a very memorable experience for me. Fortunately, for me the students that I got the year after were remarkable and the relationship which developed between the students and teachers was very cordial and affectionate. These rich experiences remain with me even after my retirement in 2005.

**Q. Do you recall any highlights during your time of teaching in the department?**

Almost every year in our department we used to get students who were active in arts and culture society. Many of the students of this department have participated in national and state level competitions outside the college. One of the plays prepared by the department students won the All India Veena Kumari competition. Added, we used to have a lot of seminars and lectures almost every week, where students participated enthusiastically. These kind of academic activities were at their peak at that time and we and students enjoyed it equally.

**Q. Did the department face any challenges or trepidation?**

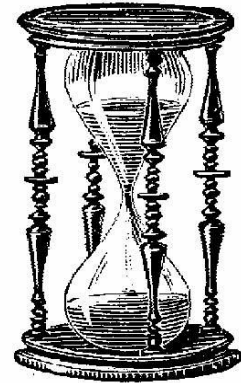
We used to consider the department as our second home. I was always very relaxed over here. For instance, even during the election time our department stood together. Those were challenging times. Another challenge was when our department was situated in the old building. Behind us was the railway yard and the amount of smoke that used to come in from there, was such that if you were wearing white clothes, by the evening they would become black. However, students took that as a challenge and never complained about it. In the middle of a lecture there would be a train passing, whistling away and we wouldn't be able to talk. All these were challenges that the students definitely took.

**Q. You talked about you as a student of psychology and you as a teacher of psychology; can you tell us something about how understanding the subject of psychology has shaped you as a human being?**

That is a very important question. I think psychology has helped me in many ways. Psychology has helped me in understanding myself. It was important because when I was very young, when I was in school, there were many things that I felt very disturbed about. You know I have polio and I used to feel terrible about it, but I think when I came here and studied psychology, it gave me strength to handle my own problem. To understand it, to handle it and to accept it, with that psychology definitely has helped me. It has also helped me in understanding relationships with people, how I should deal with my students and my colleagues. Another important thing that psychology has helped me post-retirement is that I had the opportunity of teaching at home, as I wanted to use my time and not just sit doing nothing. I was teaching psychology to IAS aspirants. It helped me to strengthen my personality, teaching abilities and vision.

**Q. Do you have any advice to give to us young students?**

Well I would definitely say one thing to all the students, that you being students of psychology, you must understand that there is a lot you can get and there is a lot you can give. Your teachers here are always ready to help you, and what I would suggest you, is to work hard. Take up this particular subject as a challenge and do well because, psychology students have gone into various fields and they have achieved a lot. One of our students is a clinical psychologist, you must have come across his name – Pulkit Sharma; he writes regularly in Speaking Tree. There are many such students who have come up in life. I am sure that you all can achieve whatever you want with a little bit of hard work, understanding, and by accepting what your teachers tell you.



Finally, remember one thing: for a teacher teaching anywhere, the only award is what the students of the teacher are able to do. That is the reward we are looking for. So if you do those things your teachers will be very happy.

I congratulate you for starting this magazine and I hope it is a great success.

All the best!

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**\*\*Interviewed by Abhinav Singh**

# CHIVALROUS OR SEXIST, OR BOTH?

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*Kankshita Dewan*

*I YEAR*

There are, for various reasons, beliefs, notions and habits that indiscriminately all Indian women and men have internalised which do nothing but subordinate and oppress women. Both males and females consider this kind of behaviour to be appropriate, and it is most unconsciously done. In broader terms, these habits and beliefs would include the very foundation of institutions like family and marriage. But when one wonders as to how this unequal treatment takes place on a more mundane, everyday level, things seem way more intricate and microscopic than ever.

The scene at the metro station comes to mind. Towards the women's coach, there are more women than there is space inside the train for which they are waiting, each of them determined to fit in anyhow. Who are these women? These are women who work jobs in

multinational companies, girls who made it to the finest colleges in the city and also those who are domestic helpers and housewives, in which case, they are unpaid domestic helpers. Anyway, what is the one thing that they have in common besides their determination to get inside the train by any means and their sex? It is that none of them wants to travel in the general coach. They are going to extreme lengths to avoid it. These lengths include poking other commuters with their elbows and not even giving the ones who want to get down the chance to leave before they rush into the coach.

Now, what we must understand is that the sex ratio of the general coach is highly skewed. There is one female in the general coach to fifteen males. That is way worse than Haryana, unless my mathematical skills are even worse than I think. One may argue

that the whole idea of females having separate compartments in trains, reserved seats in general coaches etc. are all ways to provide the already overworked and suppressed Indian woman some respite and some safety. Yes, the female's safety is paramount. Yes, more often than not, males are not at as much of a risk of being sexually assaulted as women are in public places. We all know that. But, I personally think there is more to this than just the issue of safety. Another argument that could be pitched now would be that at certain busy stations, the rush is so much that even men would not be comfortable to travel with women. For, there is ceaseless pushing, poking and sweating among other things. Again, I don't think it is just a matter of comfort, and if it is, I wonder why we have been taught all our lives, males and females alike, to not be as comfortable in the presence of the other sex as we are in the company of our own?

There is no dearth of examples that can be cited to show how women are marginalised. Therefore, let us jump to how women and men unconsciously contribute to this subordination. It is cyclic, you see? A well-bred woman goes on to marry an equally good sort of man. They bear a son, and they teach him all the moral values that they have been given by their parents. One of these moral values is to be a chivalrous man, to start practicing before he's actually a man.

"I wonder why we have been taught all our lives, males and females alike, to not be as comfortable in the presence of the other sex as we are in the company of our own"

So, we see this good natured, righteous teenager offer to carry his female classmates' books if she finds them too heavy. We see him ask his female friends most worriedly 'how will you go home now?' when they both realize that it's gotten dark out. And obviously, not to forget, this is the one guy out of the aforementioned fifteen who would offer his seat to the one woman who is travelling in the general coach. The problem herein is transparent. Females and males both admire such behaviour.

Females (not all, not me) like to be considered too weak to carry their own books. Females who don't feel this way (some, like me) wonder what is wrong with them. Males who do not offer you seats and who do not speak differently to you than they speak to their males friends are looked

down upon. What does this lead us to? This leads us to a society where the woman does not realize that she has as much the right to be outside after hours as the man does, and if anyone should be worried about how she will get home, it should be just her, if at all. It would be only too easy to refute everything I have written here as a whimsical teenager's ill-informed view of feminism, someone who does not know the statistics of sexual violence and abuse and assault of our country. Well, turns out, I do. And I am of the view that one of the reasons why the numbers are this high is because of this unconscious subordination of the female, not



only her physical strength but also her spirit, capacity and independence. Any woman who possesses any amount of this independence is stereotypically more like a man anyway, isn't she? Neither females nor males realize that they're behaving in a way they were taught, not bothering to figure out

that they were practically trained to be sexist, that they don't know if there is any truth to the gender identities, roles and behaviours that they have so inherited.

This leaves me morose, because as much as I would have liked to tell a friend of mine that I am well equipped with the tact to reach home even after the sun sets, I stayed quiet and looked at him thankfully, as he offered to drop me home. As much as I would have liked to pick up an argument with my friend who does not like to let his female friends pay for the food they all had together, I stay quiet because I know it really would hurt his sentiments. As much as I would like to travel in the general coach too in the rush hour, I seldom do, because there is the perpetual threat of being mashed to death and also of being looked at as if those fifteen men haven't ever seen a female person before. Turns out, at least in the context of the Delhi Metro's model general coach, this really is true.



# 'PHILANTHROPIC FEEL GOOD' SPELLS GOOD HEALTH

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*Raunaq Chawla*

*III YEAR*

**T**hink of the last time when you helped someone, what was the feeling like? Obviously, you felt good. This is what I call 'philanthropic feel good'! Practically, this 'philanthropic feel good' is over in few minutes, few hours or a day, but it silently does a lot of good to your mind and body.

In the last few years, researchers have looked at the so-called helper's high and its effects on the human body. They are striving to understand how altruism — that is, serving others — affects our health, even our longevity.

Volunteering, which is a form of altruism, was the subject of a paper prepared by Dr. Suzanne Richards and colleagues at the University of Exeter Medical School, Exeter, UK. They reviewed 40 studies from the past 20 years on the link between volunteering and health. Their paper revealed that

Volunteers by doing philanthropic work get the health benefits of reduced rates of depression and an increased sense of life satisfaction and well-being. Dr. Suzanne said, "Our systematic review shows that volunteering is associated with improvements in health."

One important finding of another research (Arnstein et al, 2002) showed that the individuals suffering from chronic pain showed decline in their pain intensity and decreased levels of disability and depression when they began to serve as peer volunteers for others also suffering from chronic pain.

Helping others probably benefits health by increasing social contact and reducing loneliness, which another review found to be as dangerous as smoking in contributing to

high blood pressure, heart attack, strokes and dementia.

Recently, researches have also found that volunteering can have more health benefits than a strong social support network. A research done by Brown and colleagues found that those who gave social support to others had lower rates of mortality than those who did not, cutting across peoples differentiated by socioeconomic status, education, marital status, age, gender, and ethnicity (Brown et al., 2005) . However, this research did not find any association between receiving social support and health improvement.

Brown also did a longitudinal study of older married adults which linked longevity and helping others. This study found that the individuals who provided instrumental support to friends, relatives, and neighbours had lower rates of mortality — five years later than those who had not provided. The important conclusion of the researches done by Brown is that providing support (volunteering) has a stronger relationship

with longevity than receiving support from others (Brown et al, 2003).

Researches also indicate that older individuals who demonstrate volunteering have greater health benefits than younger adults. The reason behind this might be that the younger adults might be tied to other responsibilities, such as parenting. Conversely, older people experience a sense of purpose by engaging in volunteering and thus may experience more health benefits than other age groups.

But don't expect to reap the benefits of longevity by donating to a charity. It takes regular sacrifice of time and

effort to get the sense of reward that comes from volunteering. Dr Suzanne Richards has also found health benefits of volunteering in the participants who volunteered at least an hour of work once a month and often.

So, the next time you help someone remember that you are not only helping the person but also helping the cause of your own health.

"The next time you  
help someone  
remember that you  
are not only helping  
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helping the cause of  
your own health."

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# LAUGHTER

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*Swati Babbar*

*II YEAR*

A man was walking in the street one day when he was brutally beaten and robbed.

As he lay unconscious and bleeding, a psychologist, who happened to be passing by, rushed up to him and exclaimed "My God! Whosoever did this really needs help!"

Did you find it funny? Are you laughing now? What compels you to think this is funny? It might be funny for you but not for the person sitting next to you. Why does this happen? Have you ever wondered why we laugh?

So what really is laughter? In simple terms, we can say that laughter refers to 'a sound produced by a person when they find something amusing or funny.' Subjectively speaking of it, we can state 'laughter as a regular series of short vowel-like syllables usually transcribed as "ha-ha," "ho-ho" or "hee-hee"

which are a part of universal human vocabulary, recognised in every culture'. But ever wondered where these "ha-ha," "ho-ho" or "hee-hee" syllables emerge from?

"Laughter is also popularly said to be the best medicine. Many researches have indicated that laughter is considered an antidote to stress, pain and conflict."

From an evolutionary perspective, Dr. Robert Provine [1999] stated, "We believe laughter evolved from the panting behaviour of our ancient primate ancestors. Today, if we tickle chimps or gorillas, they don't laugh "ha haha" but exhibit a panting sound. That's the sound of ape laughter and it's the root of human laughter.

Apes laugh in the same conditions in which human laughter is produced, like tickling, rough and tumble play, and chasing games. Other animals produce vocalizations during play, but they are so different that it's difficult to equate them with laughter. Rats, for example, produce high-pitched



UNLESS THE MOMENT IS UNPLEASANT,  
IN WHICH CASE I WILL EAT A COOKIE

vocalizations during play and when tickled. But it's very different in sound from human laughter."

Now that we understand the evolutionary perspective of laughter, we may consider some peculiar theories that inform us about why we laugh. "Relief Theory" given by Sigmund Freud, explains laughter as a way of releasing "tension" or "psychic energy". He also defined laughter as a coping mechanism when one is upset, angry or sad. So the next time you are feeling low or angry, turn on that comedy movie by Robin Williams and it will surely make you feel better.

The philosopher John Morreall theorizes that human laughter may have its biological origins as a kind of shared expression of relief at the passing of danger.

Friedrich Nietzsche, by contrast, suggested laughter to be a reaction to the sense of existential loneliness and mortality that only humans feel.

Another aspect of laughter that we experience throughout our life is when we suddenly laugh when another person laughs. Don't worry. The sound of roaring laughter is far more contagious than any cough, snuffle, or sneeze. According to some studies, laughter truly is contagious: the brain responds to the sound of laughter and preps the muscles in the face to join in the mirth. The contagiousness of positive emotions could be an important social factor as it might indicate to other people that we mean them no harm. So the next time you see someone laughing and they question you: You have the reply!

Laughter is also popularly said to be the best medicine. Many researches have indicated that laughter is considered an antidote to stress, pain and conflict. Laughter affects us physically, mentally and socially. A good hearty laugh calms us, lowers stress hormones, enhances resilience, strengthens relationships and has many more added benefits.

So a hearty laugh never hurts – and it is certainly enjoyable. And in the words of Jean Houston, "At the height of laughter, the universe is flung into a kaleidoscope of new possibilities."

# BODY SHAMING

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*Bhavya Arora*

*I YEAR*

They told me this is not how I should be,  
This is not how much I should weigh,  
This is not the “ideal” body type,  
And I sat, and wondered,  
Will they define who I am?

Calling someone ‘fatso’ or ‘skinny’ or judging someone’s appearance based on their body type seems to be a thing of the daily. Have you ever had people tell you about the ‘ideal’ body shape or type? Most of us have. We are constantly told how to look like and most of us willingly accept this pervasive idea of body shaming.

Body shaming is shaming someone for their body types. It is the evaluation of each individual on the stereotypes of “ideal body weights and ideal body types”. The greatest example of body shaming could be the sitcoms wherein an overweight person is the



centre of all the jokes or the magazines that print weight loss tips with no knowledge of the person reading it. Today, I wish to put a question to each person reading this article, have you ever judged a person based on their appearances? If yes, Why?

Talking about the psychological perspectives of body shaming, an individual’s personality is a sum of his set of experiences and the surroundings to which he belongs. An individual is highly influenced by the opinions of his peer group, and peer acceptance in adolescence becomes one major factor in influencing his/her personality. Considering the same, an adolescent who is body shamed



may tend to develop an introverted personality because of his hesitation of acceptance in the peer group. Not only this, teenagers are found to develop eating disorders due to their obsession with the “ideal” weight. Teenagers with weight above this “ideal” weight category subject themselves to starvation, and the ones with weight below the “ideal” category, eat a lot with the thought of gaining as much weight as possible. Both of these in the extreme cases may respectively lead to anorexia nervosa and bulimia nervosa.

Who defines the “ideal”? You, I, or the society as a whole? Going by the “religious” norms that today’s society goes by, I have never come across any religion defining the “ideal” body weight of a man or a woman. No culture has its cultural norms that state the “ideal” body type.

I believe, each religion or culture beautifully accepts this aspect of an individual. If each individual is different, so is their body type. I can’t think of an ‘ideal’ growing out of uniqueness. So why should we body shame? Today, sit back and reconsider.

I believe none of us would want our judgements to impact an individual to a level, where he loses confidence in himself.

"Who defines the  
“ideal”? You, I, or  
the society as a  
whole?"

What can you do to break the trends of body shaming?

- CHOOSE to accept each individual as a unique creation.
- CHOOSE to not body shame any person.
- CHOOSE to look beyond one’s bodily appearances.
  - CHOOSE to appreciate the person for the ‘whole’ he is.
  - CHOOSE to stand against body shaming.
  - CHOOSE to support the person being body shamed.
  - CHOOSE to spread the word to your peer groups.

What to do if you are being body shamed?

- LEARN to hold pride in your body type. Own your body and accept it the way it is.
- LEARN to not let anyone’s opinion of you, affect you.
- LEARN to respect your values, talents, passions.
- LEARN to raise your voice against body shaming.
- LEARN to smile and not take offense.
- LEARN to get back to people who body shame you, as politely as you can.

# HIS LOSS

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*Kankshita Dewan*

*I YEAR*

I'll cut to the chase, the following article is for all those female specimens of humanity who have been told, at least once in their lifetime, that letting them go was completely 'his loss', mark these words carefully, HIS LOSS. He didn't see your worth, your girlfriends told you. He doesn't know what he's losing out on, they added. Personally speaking, I swear on my Harry Potter books (my idea of a holy book) that I understand your confusion. While their saying that you're worth three hundred and twenty three of him is comforting, you don't actually know how that could be. You're not sure if it's his loss or yours, if it is a loss in the first place. You're clueless, and if hope could be diagrammatically represented, yours would look like a dying individual's echocardiogram. Then again, these are just some assumptions I took the liberty of making. If I am, at all, correct, the following is for you, a comprehensive analysis of whose loss it was, if it was a loss at all.

Reasons Why It Could Have Been His Loss:

1. You offered him respite from meaningless evenings filled with his dim witted friends' sexist, racist, fascist jokes. You gave him what he secretly desired, sensible conversation and substance. You provided him with a break from small talk and flirtation. You gave him your genuine, honest interest. If he couldn't understand how to make sense of it, his loss.
2. You put your demons out in the open for him to dissect. You weren't naïve; you were smart enough to know that guys need to know they can trust you too. And your demons on display should ideally have been just the thing for him to see that you were worth his trust. If he ended up becoming another one of your metaphorical demons, his loss.
3. You held his hand when he was afraid. You became his rock; you didn't let the idiot realize he was leaning on you. You released

your hold on his hand the moment you saw the fear leave his eyes. You made it clear that you were in it for him, just him, not what he could do in return. If he assumed you expected too much from him, his loss.

4. You fell in love with all there was to him, barring nothing at all. You accepted all you knew about him and you were ready to accept all that he would reveal in time. You won't ever forget how freaking happy loving him made you. If he couldn't love you in equal measure, his loss.

5. You challenged him. You made him think. You made him feel things he wasn't used to, things he didn't know existed. If your effect on him scared the living daylights out of him, his loss.

6. You could see he could not resist you but he was reluctant to label what you two had.

You used his confusion against him, the one act you did for yourself, you'd come to believe you two could be together, after all. If he couldn't do justice to what either party truly wanted, his loss.

### Reasons Why It Could Have Been Your Loss:

1. He was the kind of kind that wouldn't hurt a fly; his was the intelligence that impressed everyone he spoke five words to. He was modest and patient and gentle. If you tried

to force him into something he would have gradually made his way to, your loss.

"Adult relationships, like Harry Potter's admission to Gryffindor House, are based on choices. Messy and complex and excruciating as they are, choices have to be made and lived with."

2. He was a tad opaque, yes. But he opened up to you. If you discussed your intimate conversations with him with your girlfriends like a Nicolas Sparks novel, didn't respect his confidence and screenshotted it instead, your loss.

3. He sat through drunken texts, violent love confessions, ultimatums and every manner of nonsense you were able to pull out on him. He never even expressed a quarter of a wish to leave. If eventually he decided you were too much trouble, and you were, your loss.

4. He was just as new to Boy-Girl Dynamics as you were.

He cared as much about your feelings as you did of his, even though individual differences in human behaviour and emotion had a major role to play. He gave you what he could. If you didn't think it was enough, your loss.

5. He was unlike you in the way he thought, felt and reacted. He was trying to understand your vague paragraphs at the other end of WhatsApp while you tried to decipher his dry sentences. If you couldn't wait, your loss.

6. He was worth your time and heart, you always felt that. He still is, you know in your gut. If you couldn't be patient, your loss.

### Why It Isn't a Loss At All:

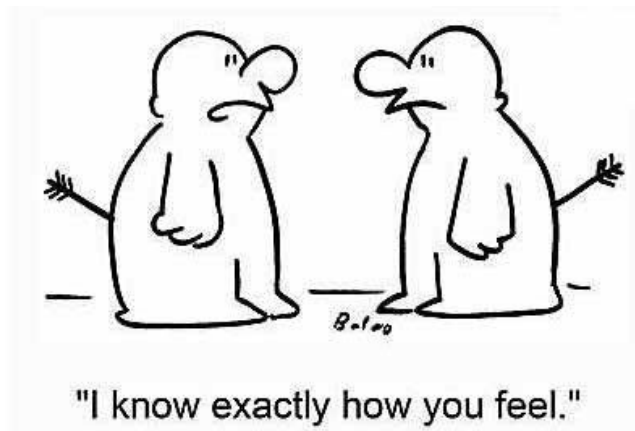
Having read the above two sections, bells have started to ring inside your head all right. You realize that it always takes two hands to clap; you understand that outsiders don't know what it is like between you two. Their best guess is that he's a jerk and you're an angel who hangs out with god in heaven in her free time. They don't know either of you, not what you two had together, or what you two didn't have. Chances are, he won't be able to shed light on it either, any more than they could. So, now, I propose this to you. You make your choice, my friend.

As a matter of fact, you can do one of two things with your phone right now:

1. Call him or text him and tell him about your new favourite song. I am positive; nothing will have changed between you two.
2. Delete his existence from your world. If by chance you're the smart girl who remembers numbers despite smart phones, I have the

utmost sympathy for you. But you try and get rid of him, won't you? He wasn't it, he just wasn't.

Adult relationships, like Harry Potter's admission to Gryffindor House, are based on choices. Messy and complex and excruciating as they are, choices have to be made and lived with. His letting you go wasn't his loss; it was his choice or the other way around. My descent into existential crisis happens twice an hour, so I don't know what we're really alive for. But I know this; at least, we're not here to evaluate whose loss it was. We're not here to make each other's lives toxic. We're here to make choices (my best guess as of 13:10 on a windy February afternoon) and live with them, make something out of them, if possible. No pressure.



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# ON GENDER

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*Jerry Lucius Pyrtuh*

*II YEAR*

Our society dictates that we must abide by the traditional. To question established laws is a sacrilege that is condemned with antagonism. There is no scope for civilized discourse even at present. Questioning traditional ideologies in an effort to bring about a reform is discouraged in favour of preserving said ideologies, regardless of their intention. Engraved in the fibres of our society are corrupted customs that have deprived many of their rights and freedom. It is of the utmost shame that we continue to be a danger for one another, human for human.

The traditional construct of gender remains to be pervasive in our current state of existence. We practice and perform gender in a binary manner where we aspire for either masculinity or femininity depending on the biology of our body.

Cisnormativity and gender binary has shaped the social and political aspect of humankind, for centuries now. Gender is perceived in the myopic sense of Masculinity and Femininity with respect to biological anatomies. This understanding perpetuates

the idea that an individual who is biologically male must at all accounts demonstrate “masculine” behaviour to ascertain their “manhood” whereas an individual who is biologically female must establish the “feminine” attributes, that are alleged to be inferior and more whimsical than their masculine counterparts. Hence, the tradition of gender has motivated an individual’s biological sex to be entwined with social roles and prospects.

One may argue that gender is relatively contingent upon cultural norms of a society, across space and time. It is true, that, there are exceptions where a community broadens its scope in terms of gender roles but it is also true that the predominating social construct of gender falls only within the realm of masculine male and feminine female.

Gender norms and conventions are tools of oppression. The reductive approach to gender establishes a hierarchy with the masculine man at the top exercising authority over others. This flawed system is hailed as the order of nature and this term itself makes

us feel entitled to interrogate 'nature', 'natural', and 'naturalness'. One can then ask, following Nivedita Menon (Author and Professor), how natural is the normal?

We have to look at gender as a spectrum, with every individual performing gender in their own way. The fact is that the prevalence of gender norms have allowed us to define ourselves only in terms of "Boy/Man" or "Girl/Woman". So what if you are different? To identify oneself as neither a man nor a woman, or to be genderqueer, can be confusing for the society that has built the construct of gender in a binarised model. Apart from the societal pressure that may force one 'to be a man' if one is male or 'act like a woman' if one is female; there are also the passive aggressive sources that repeatedly enforce stereotypes of gender.

Many corporate businesses have repeatedly leached on gender norms. It was only after the feminist movement of the 1960s that women began to enter the workforce of various sectors in great numbers. Ever since the entrance of women into different workforces, post and prior 1960, there is yet to exist equal pay for male and female. Male workers still earn more than their female counterparts. This is another problem that the gender system poses not only on the industrial sector, but society at large. Females are pushed into assuming subordinate positions or regarded as less

productive than males because of the prominent stereotype that exists. Patriarchal capitalism, therefore, deters counter politics to enter into its rigid networks of power and limit gendered democracy to come.

Moreover, their forms of publicity have almost always involved a reinforcement of the gender stereotype. Think about all those commercials about washing powder or any other house-hold products - how many of them feature women utilizing these products? Most, if not all. Corporate businesses depend on the trendy socio-political constructs to charm the masses to buy their products. Why don't these similar ads feature men, one might ask? The answer is simple, it is widely accepted that a man must be the bread earner of the family and the woman must restrict herself to her house, and concerning her existence only with house-hold chores and because of this, it is mostly women who will avail of those products. What these corporate giants do is perpetuate gender roles instead of breaking

"Patriarchal capitalism, therefore, deters counter politics to enter into its rigid networks of power and limit gendered democracy to come."

them.

Similarly, the entertainment industry treads the same path, with movies featuring the female character as a damsel in distress in dire need of a knight (man) in shining armour to save her. All movies may not represent this reductive formula, you may argue. But almost all of them reinforce the stereotype of gender even when the female is depicted as the heroine, who in some scenes will

eventually give in to the charm of a man. Moreover, the role of females would be portrayed in the traditional sense of being the embodiment of moral values with “lady-like” qualities, or on the contrary, the overly sexualised character who happens to be every heterosexual man's object of desire.

Recently, YouTube videos surfaced in the internet with titles such as “BFs do GFs’ makeup” or “Men do their own makeup” these are just a few examples. With the amount of popularity of these videos, one can assume that many find them entertaining. But the truth is, just like sexist motion pictures they too reinforce the cisnormative gender roles. The general understanding is that men should know nothing about makeup let alone wear them, and when they do their masculinity is at stake and they are suddenly referred to as “gay” or “feminine”, and both of which are “coincidentally” used as derogatory terms to refer to men as extremely subordinate to the masculine man.

Take another example, consider the videos “Act like a lady and think like one too!” or “Tomboys wear dresses for a week!” these videos reinstate the same notion of gender roles, as the sexist films and the men-makeup videos. A lot of the comments under these videos would state that if a woman does not behave like one then she is “butch” or she is a “lesbian”, again both being considered as below the imaginary hierarchy and thus below the masculine male and in most cases as below the feminine female.

The global culture has learned to associate gender behaviour with sexuality which proves to be fallacious. This association, apart from harming individuals, reflect our narrow understanding of human beings as a

whole. Carl Jung may have talked about the anima and the animus, or the feminine and masculine personification that both men and women naturally inherit. In other words, we all possess the male and the female energy but to a different extent. However, gender is more complex than that as one may be genderless, one may have fluctuating gender identity or be more than two genders or one can be a Transgender.

It is important to establish a non-binary gendered society where children and adults will not be corrupted to associate their anatomy with the clothes they wear or the things they do and more importantly their behaviour. It is important that we bring an end to all the unwritten laws of gender roles, for at the core of it all lays the patriarchal giant aiming to oppress.

The representation of gender in different sources of media needs to be more varied. The cisnormative gender system has to be challenged in order to create a more accepting society where individuals can be true to who they are. Traditional systems and other ideologies should be brought to an end when they encourage prejudices and oppression. What we need to understand is that we have to circumvent from retaining our ignorance, we have to bring an end to the strict abidance of some socially constructed roles and identities. We have to transcend our acceptance and understanding to more than what it currently is. In order to bring about a society where equality and dignity can be attained by all, we need to endeavour in a radical move where we do not simply seek an end to gender oppression but annihilate ‘gender’ as a category altogether.





## TRANSGENDER

Transgender are those who experience a difference between their gender identity or gender expression and their assigned sex. But when we hear the word 'Transgender', what does go inside our head? What do we even know of, other than stereotyped images of effeminate men in sarees, asking for money – popularized by movies and spread by common word? However, contrary to your popular notions, transgender individuals have achieved greatly, be it Kalki Subramaniam, the first ever transgender entrepreneur in India or Manabi Bandyopadhyay, the first ever transgender college principal in India. Don't sound like big achievements? Well, put into background centuries of oppression, ostracizing and stigmatization, considering that only recently (2014 National Legal Services Authority v. Union of India and Others) have their rights as complete human beings recognized, these achievements sound to us as even more grand. The option "Other" in certain universities under the section of gender is only a small step. Beyond this legal justice, we as a society, still have miles to walk. That even in this century we are fighting for inclusion of humans into human society is something scary. We must question!

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Section 377 of the Indian Penal Code was enacted by the British colonial regime to criminalise 'carnal intercourse against the order of nature'. The law made consent, age, gender and even sexual orientation of the person irrelevant by imposing a blanket prohibition on all penile-non-vaginal sexual acts under the vague rubric of 'unnatural offences'.

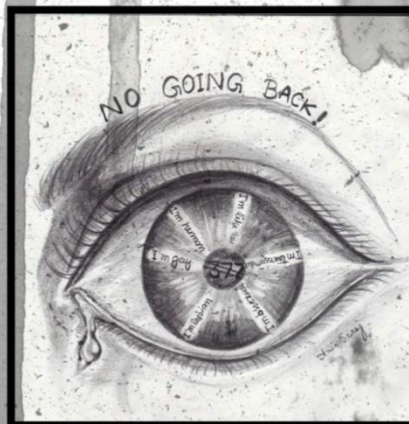
However, Queer individuals remain the direct victims of this archaic law. It does not only take away their basic rights but also criminalises them on the basis of what they do (or suspected to do) in the confines of their bed room.

The prejudice towards queer people is rampant, with many remaining ignorant to non-heterosexual orientations. In 1973, the American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from its official Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, signifying the end to its official classification as a mental disorder or disease.

Post 1973, individuals with harmless alternative sexual preferences are still discriminated against and are often victims of hate crimes.

It is time that this insanity comes to an end. It is time to take down this law that lacks both heart and reason. It is time to widen our understanding of sexuality and be more accepting of one another.

## No Going Back!







### WOMAN

I think normalization of habits and happenings have been the greatest deadener for human society. Normalization silences. From talks of periods being hushed in adolescence to the great silence that society still answers with to the many rape cases that happen, normalization and "hush-hush" behavior have rendered us voiceless about issues that need be pondered. Surely, India has at many levels started questioning. But I'm impatient. I will be. Maybe you can expect me calmer on a day when I am not being urged to do the chores so I may be 'sufficient' for a man someday, when my brother is not preferred over me for an education, when it is understood that women necessarily having to go to the man's house on marriage is something unfair and needs serious questioning, when my femininity is not seen as a weakness but as an essence that I may or may not have, when silence is not the reply when I assert the freedom that is my birthright. I am here, I am not the second that comes from or after man, I am not arrogant, I am frustrated. I may be tired sometimes, but I am ever charged for battle, for my rights. I am Woman.

### MARITAL RAPE

Marital rape, also known as spousal rape is a lesser known form of domestic violence, mostly against women. In India, including other Asian countries like Saudi Arabia, Bangladesh, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan etc rape in a marriage is not considered a criminal offense to begin with. The reluctance in the criminalization of marital rape can be attributed to the traditional, ancient views of the institution of marriage as well as to the religious and cultural constraints put on female sexuality. The victim, along with her spouse and perhaps even both sides of her family, do not realize that her consent is crucial for her spouse to engage her in any sexual act. The issue of violence against women rose to worldwide public awareness during the twentieth century; still, in many countries, marital rape either remains outside the criminal law, or is illegal but widely tolerated due to reasons mentioned above. First and foremost, it is important for the female to understand that the violation of her body at the hands of her spouse is as much a rape as any and that she has the right to reach out to legal authorities regarding the matter. Only then can we hope to bring about a change in the societal and legal views regarding marital rape.



### DISSENT

It is necessary for humans, the rich and poor, male and female alike, to always have scope for free speech and expression. If repressed, society becomes accustomed to specific ideas and set constructs more and more. Stagnation will follow. We do understand that in a society where Sati was widely prevalent and agreed upon, it was imperative that a voice stood up against this. And even though this voice was of the British, colonizers and demons, this dissent from their end proved very important. The dissent of the British was and had to be respected because there was a certain amount of authority to it, but wouldn't it be wrong of us to silence a voice simply because of opposing ideas and lack of authority? I'm not encouraging anarchy; I'm encouraging consideration and rational evaluation, discourse and debates. Society is increasingly finding it hard to be driven outside of sentiments and emotions. Even being a part of the herd has become a trend. At such a moment, for the sake of unity, we must learn to respect words as they are, evaluate them for anything that just might be able to do away with demons like Sati, and always, try and break free of the herd.



### RACISM IN INDIA

India has been continuously ranked as one of the most racist countries in the world by different surveys. Racism encompasses practices and ideologies that perpetuate discrimination and unequal treatments of individuals or groups based on racial or ethnic differences.

Some foreigners visiting or living in India face discrimination on an almost daily basis. The recent attack on a Tanzanian woman in Bengaluru speaks of the threatening nature of racism that most of us participate in.

The problem of racism also arises when every other Indian faces some form of hostility and prejudice in one part of the country or the other, whether it be in the Southern sphere, the North Eastern region or at the heart of the country.

Combating racism in India is complex. A large amount of the general public refuses to acknowledge the presence of racism, let alone understand its intensity. Racism does not only manifest itself in violent expressions, but also plays out in subtler forms that are less physically damaging. However, both remain equally negative and unacceptable.

Any kind of racism, fostered by pride in the self and in prejudices towards others, only divides us, not unites us in our diversity.



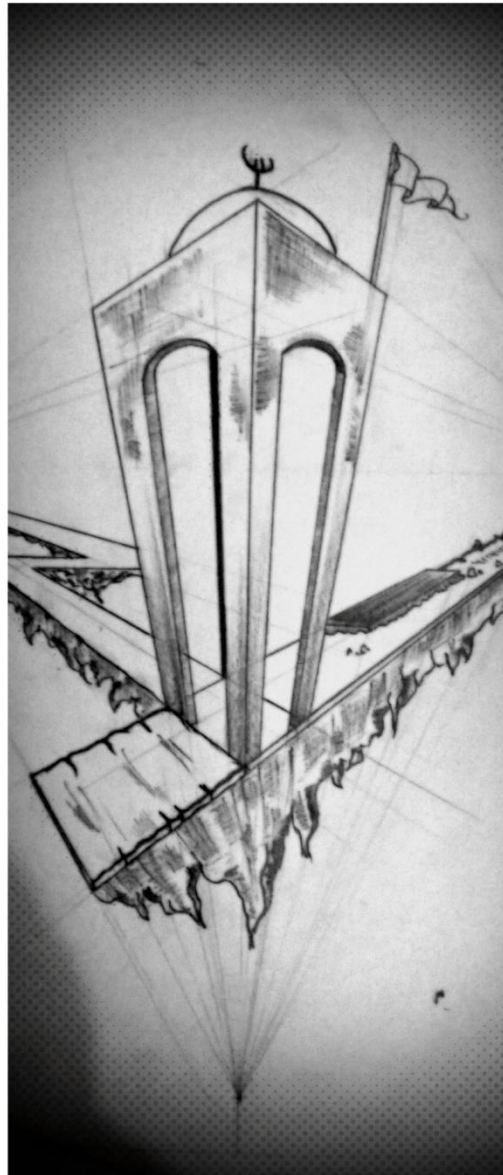
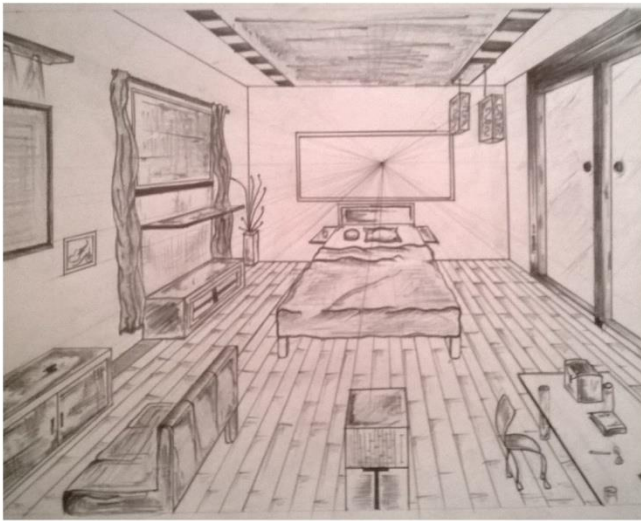




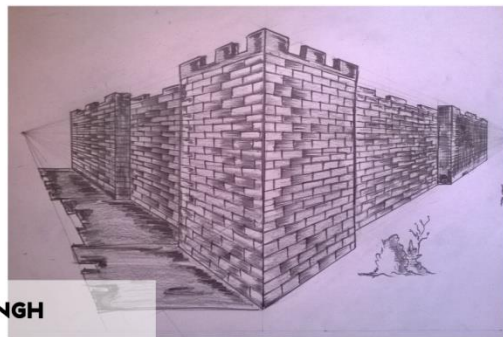
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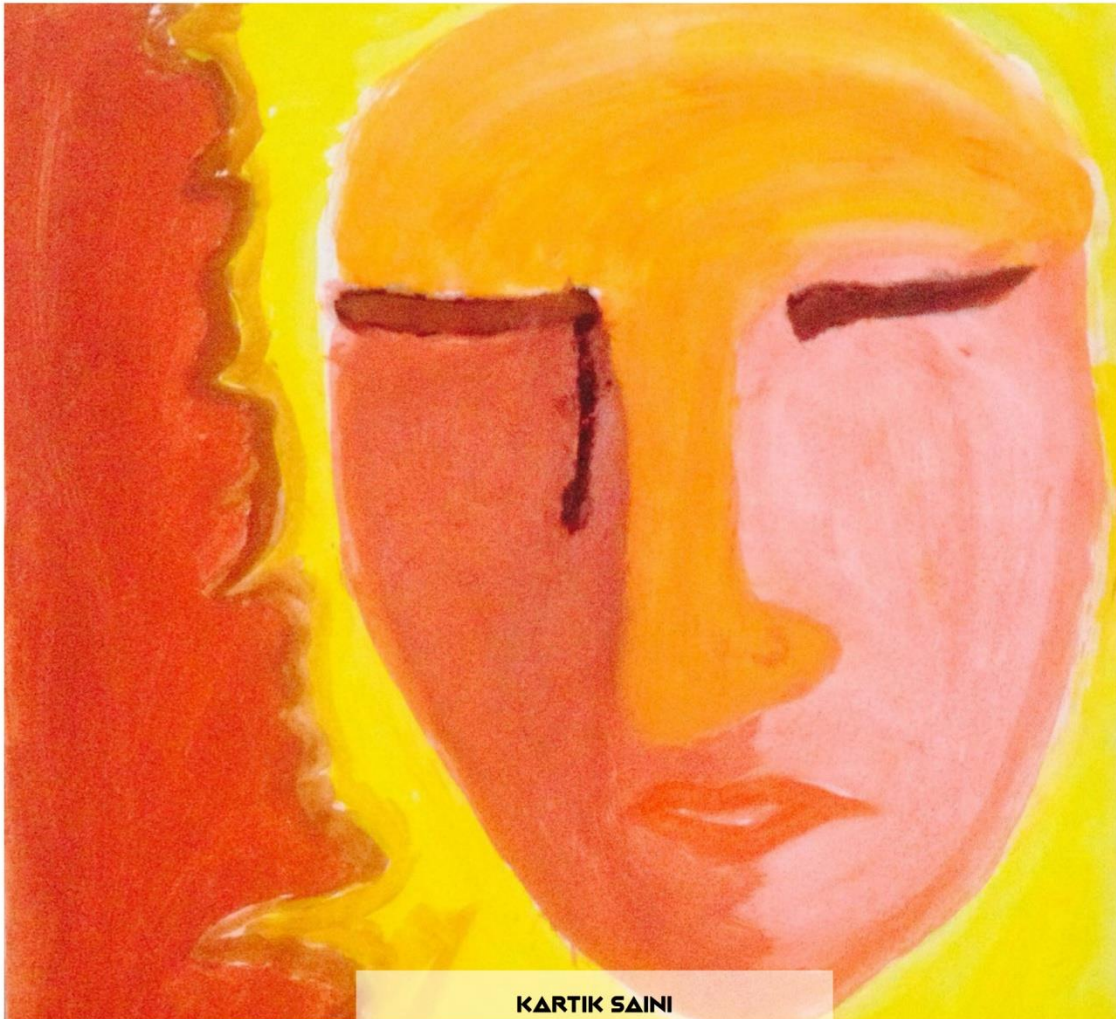






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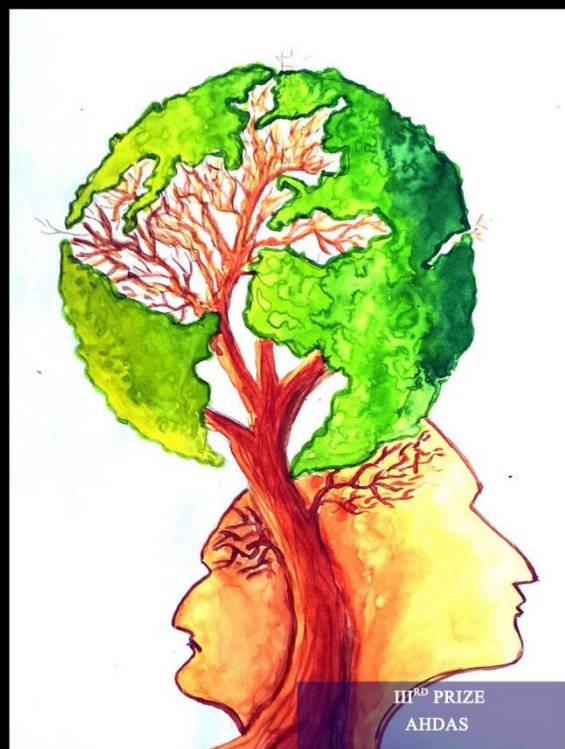
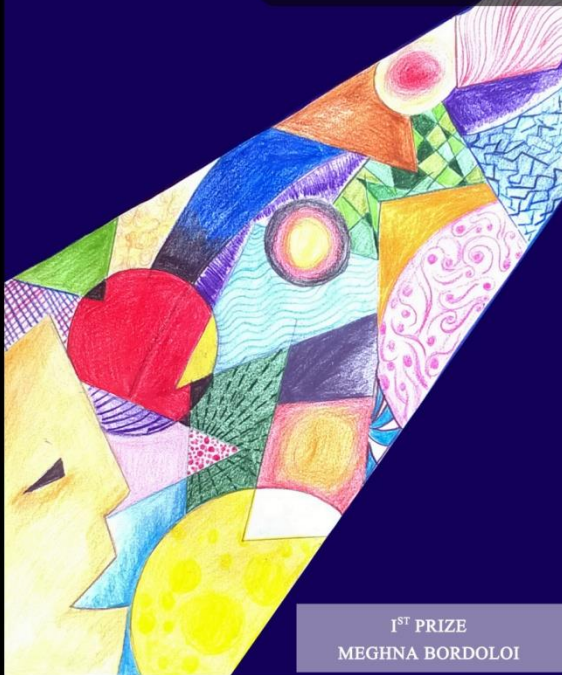
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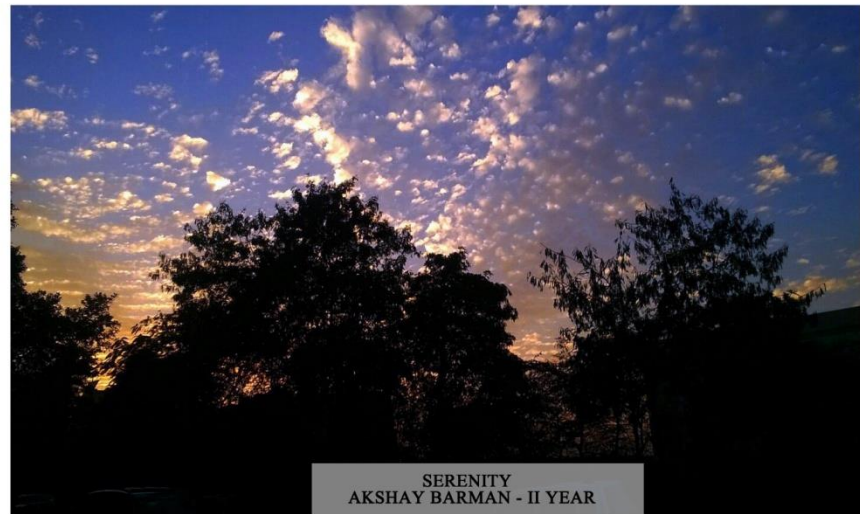
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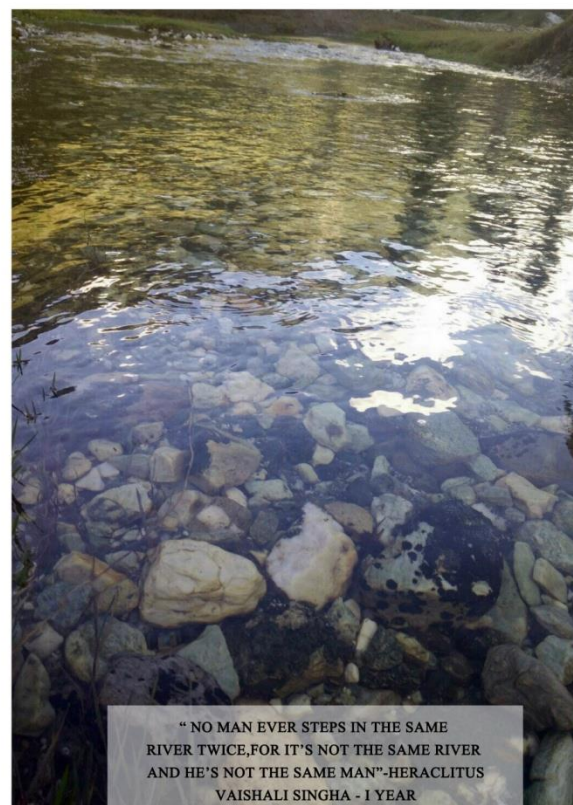
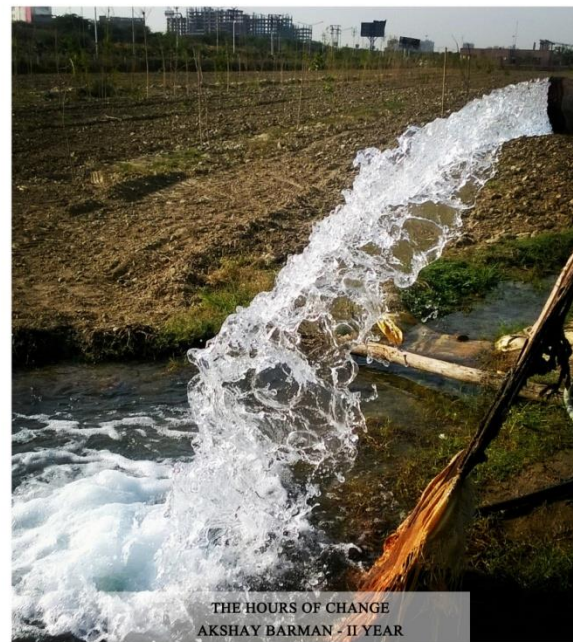
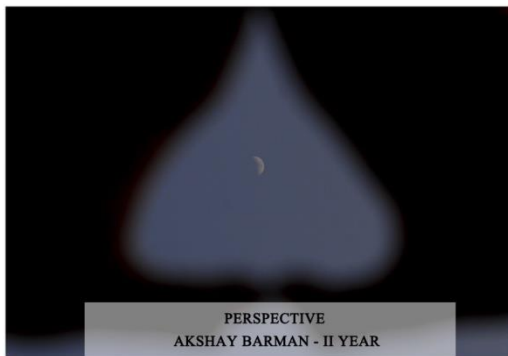


# *Photography*











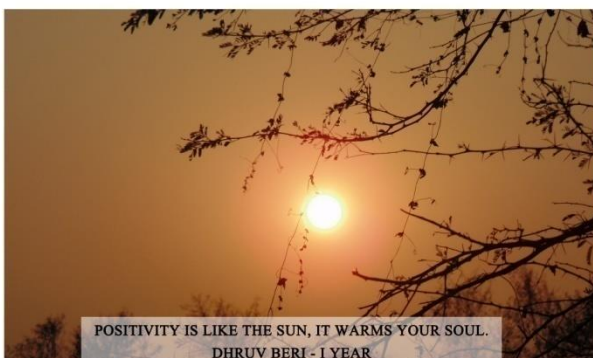
BORN FROM THE EARTH, NOW SURROUNDING IT, ONE DAY WE'LL MIX BACK WITH THE EARTH AGAIN.

VAISHALI SINGHA - I YEAR



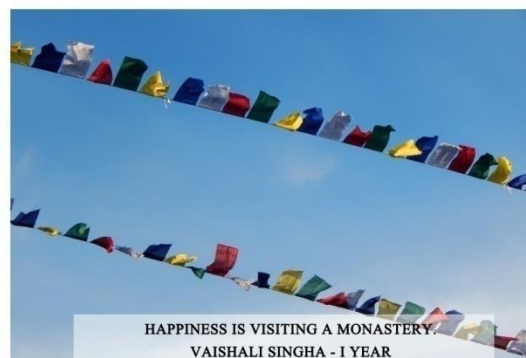
AMONG LIFE'S PRECIOUS JEWELS, GENUINE AND RARE, THE ONE THAT WE CALL FRIENDSHIP HAS WORTH BEYOND COMPARE.

AARUSHI MALIK- II YEAR



POSITIVITY IS LIKE THE SUN, IT WARMS YOUR SOUL.

DHRUV BERI - I YEAR



HAPPINESS IS VISITING A MONASTERY.

VAISHALI SINGHA - I YEAR

# A SESSION WITH MR.Z

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*Priyanshu Gogoi*  
*II YEAR*

**M**ore than what one could know about the world, could anything else be known? Perhaps not.

It would thus, not be much of a surprise, I hope, if I told you that today the One woke up with a smile – a smile and a strange conviction of the fineness of fine things in the world. And why shouldn't he feel the same? His work was further getting recognized by the scientific community; a national award for his work on Particle Physics was due to be awarded him the next week. A sixth time nomination, and a fifth win, the previous ones being in Psychiatry, the fact that the One could keep a hand at both Psychiatry and Particle Physics, work extra hours, think the extra hour and progress on, was what most people commended about him. The One was a senior psychiatrist, had worked across thousands of patients, earned numerous awards for his work in Particle Physics and Psychiatry, and thus had earned himself quite a reputation.

Now contrast that with the events of the previous day, when, although it wasn't an event extremely surprising to the One, a patient had gone berserk as the One talked to him, and attempted to physically harm him. He had only barely escaped although it wasn't without scar marks that now visibly showed on his face. It had happened before, but there was something quite different about yesterday's event, that had shocked the One to death. A scarring business, being a Psychiatrist, it is. The One had concluded. Naturally, when he received a call from them, that he was to be awarded for his recent works, the One had felt an indescribably happy



emotion. I don't think it would be quite possible to, in words, describe how the one thought he felt. All power to the human mind.

Today, as he walked to his one and only appointment, the One felt a sense of pride in him, and it felt new, as if he had only today started feeling proud. That was oddly strange, although he had all reasons for feeling as such. But something was new about this feeling itself. Thrusting it to the background, he walked on; he had to focus on the appointment.

---

There, on one side of the white table in the white room with clear transparent windows, sat the One's one and only appointment for the day. Compared to the middle aged patient's white suit and sharply combed white hair, clean shaven look, the One felt underdressed and underprepared, for some reason. Why did they need to have uniforms for the hospital? Smiling at his silliness even as he asked himself that question, the One brushed that thought aside, and took a seat on the opposite side.

He smiled at the other and said, "Hello, and how're we doing today Y?"

The one addressed as Y looked confusedly, then after a second or so, a smile appeared on his face, after which he replied, "Err. Y? Were you referring to me? I feel perfectly fine"

The One smiled back. "Well yes, you see, it is really unethical of us to be using our real names. For such a reason, we shall be using code names. I shall be Z and you shall be Y. Is that fine?"

Y nodded and agreed with a smile. "Sure." A moment of silence ensued soon after. Both the One, who had now established himself as Z and Y seemed to be analysing the other. Y broke the silence, "Well, I am having a pretty fine day myself."

"And did you have a good day yesterday?" Z asked again.

Y was a psychiatric patient, suffering from a severe case of schizophrenia. He had been in the institution for as long as Z and had been going through multiple treatment procedures – different medications, electroshock treatments, but nothing could be said conclusively. There would be signs of improvement, but then, like yesterday, when Y had caused himself to profusely bleed, using his fingernails to act on his face, things often got extremely serious. The marks on his face, however, were no longer visible. Z concluded that the management had treated him with G-tonin9, to heal the wounds in a matter of hours. *Science had taken wonderful leaps.* Z admired.

Now, even as Y spoke about the previous day, Z found himself completely distracted. True that everything was being recorded and Z could simply listen to it later, but it was necessary that he be involved in the process. Yet, something didn't quite sit well with Z about sitting and listening to Y. But then Y asked Z about his day; Z replied, "Ah, yes, err... I had a really long day yesterday. The normal routine, but then this certain person tried to attack me. As you can see I still have certain marks on my face." He pointed to the scratch marks on his face.

"Oh, that doesn't seem right at all." Y exclaimed.

Z nodded and let his hand slide down from his face. "Anyway, I also received a call telling me that I've been invited over to accept a national award for my recent developments in Particle Physics. That did light up my day."

"That sounds marvellous Z!" Y congratulated.

At that moment, a woman entered the room. Dressed in a white coat, she too must have been a doctor, the woman walked past Z and straight to Y. Furious at her lack of manners, for she hadn't taken notice of Z, much less asked for permission to enter, Z exclaimed, "Excuse me? How could you enter my office while in between a session?" The anger on Z's face was evident, for he had turned red as he always does when angry.

The woman stood there, confused. She looked at Y who whispered, "Roll with it."

That was cue enough for the woman. She turned to Z, "I'm terribly sorry sir. I didn't see you there. I'm Natasha, I work here as well." She extended her hand and Z shook it, his reluctance to do so evident, and then he muttered that it was okay.

"Actually sir, I just wanted to inform you that... Dr. Mehr... err... this man here," she pointed to Y, "has been recalled by Dr. Sangeeta. Would it be possible for you to let him go for a moment?"

Z seemed confused. He thought about it for a while. He did remember a Dr. Sangeeta. She was a senior in the hospital, it became clearer to him the more he thought about it. He was to be awarded a national award. He must keep his slate clean and secure, especially to a senior. "Alright then. He can leave." Z replied. He then, looked at Y, smiled, and said, "I shall see you tomorrow then."

Y smiled back. "We surely will. Good day Dr. Z."

Y got up from his chair and walked away from the room with Natasha.

More than what the One could know about the world, could anything else be known? Perhaps not. It wouldn't matter... to the One.

# WATER NYMPHS

---

*Jerry Lucius Pyrtuh*

*II YEAR*

**H**e was charming. His scalp was buried under strings of hair that coloured like soot and his jawline was sculpted and chiselled to perfection. His skin was tinted with the flush of autumn and his body reeked of spring. But his mind was petrifying.

He was mad and dangerous.

My mother took me to Shillong at the beginning of the third millennium.

“We need to start a new life.” She exclaimed the day she packed our bags and rushed to the nearby train station.

I was weak, I could barely stand. I was told I had some strange disease that prevents me from putting on weight. My body remains scrawny and frail but my senses are strong, and faultless. I could easily read people, sense their fear, their instincts and their motives.

When we were taken from Guwahati to our destination, my mother wrapped herself up around my arms and wept. Her heart relaxed and her crying reduced to a whimper when the driver suddenly shouted “Here we are, Shillong!”

It was a heavenly place. It had air that smells of pine trees with a hint of coolness. It had people covered in a divinity of some sort that expressed something blissful about the place.

Neither of us knew where we were supposed to go. We had heard tales surrounding the city but we didn’t know anyone. We stepped out of the car, unaware of the place and its customs but we managed to check in a hotel and stayed there for one entire week.

Mother's hard earned degrees soon found her a job at a local company. We left the hotel for a rented house in the outskirts of the city, close to where the hills rest and near rivers where the water nymphs reside.

Months later, my mother brought home a man.

"He's a friend. We work together." She attempted to deceive me as if I never saw those times he kissed her lips and sucked her neck.

It wasn't very long until he started staying over. I learned that his name was Bah Khraw. He tried making conversations with me but I was often too occupied with scrutinizing the complexity of his handsome looks, so I was ignored. The sound of his creamy voice and mother's jubilant laughter seeped through my ear drums from time to time. There was a strangeness in the air.

When mother married him, I was taken along with them. I had my own room with a window that opened up to a view that gave me relief but without the river and the nymphs.

"He's like your father, you must respect him." Mother would whisper those words in my ears as if they were too precious to be spoken out loud.

My very own father, walked out on us the day I was born. I knew it was because of me. He detested my underdeveloped body and my lanky figure. He was a fatuous man; stupid, unintelligent. He didn't understand that I have a mind that functions brilliantly. I could have loved him the way I loved mother. But I despise him instead and I despise his non-existing existence.

This other man however, this Bah Khraw was supposed to be kind. He made mother happy. But there was something about him. There was a diaphanous boldness about him that showed all kinds of motives hiding behind his handsome figure.

---

During one of those lengthy monsoons when the heaven was lashing and whipping the earth with rain and thunder, a sudden loud moan disrupted my peace. I dragged my body to the direction of the sound and there I found Bah Khraw, hugging the stiff and motionless body of my mother.

I was told that it was the pneumonia that killed her but I disagree. It was him. I knew it was him. He was bored of fooling around with the same woman and that was why he poisoned her, fed her with his venom until it took her life away.

I say this not without proof; after the funeral, he locked me up in my room and brought home women of different kinds. There were those dripping with fat and skin, and those with oddly shaped faces and the others who were as frail as I am; I saw each one of them from my window and none had my mother's grace.

Every evening I could smell him coming to my vicinity. He would unlock the door to my room and stand at its edge. I never allowed him to enter. He kept a bowl of food on the floor, expecting



me to eat from it. But how could I? Every fibre of my body despised him. My heart was nourished with hatred towards him day by day as I bore the insufferable pain of losing my mother.

"I loved her. She was a wonderful woman; Kind and beautiful." He repeated those words every time he visited me. But the hideous grin that masked his face gave him away and proved that he and only he could be her murderer.

It took me a while until I figured why I was still trapped in his house. He fed me and clothed me for a purpose. His beauty was a disguise for his devious intentions. He planned to do to me that which he had done to my mother.

I needed to do something before he could accomplish his mission. I needed to kill him before he kills me. I had to protect myself.

The reason that I am now locked up in this mad house was because I was defending myself. I had every right to protect my unfortunate soul from that monster. Every single right!

---

On an evening when he had left for his usual charade, I crept to the kitchen to investigate. On a table he had gloriously arranged an axe, a machete, a hammer and a big fat knife. Alarmed by the sight, I immediately devised a plan; A smart one.

I couldn't resist, victoriously I grabbed one of the weapons with great intensity and hurried back to my room. I was happy, ecstatic. My plan will work perfectly, I thought to myself.

I waited for hours for him to come back, revising the plan in my head over and over again. It was a perfect scheme. That was why I succeeded but they brought me here to this mad house because they didn't understand what kind of a threat the man was.

I smelled him coming.

His footsteps grew louder and more distinct. My senses grew excited. I waited by the door, next to where he usually stood. I thought I heard him humming an annoying tune but I forgot which one. But, I cannot disremember that moment when I could see right through the opaque door. He pressed his body against it and sighed while I grinned and pretended to be unbothered. I gulped in a big fat amount of air, and slowly but carefully released it.

He opened the door and he seemed shocked to see me so close to it. "I thought you would be by the window." He looked down to where I sat. I shook my head and responded with a tight hug. And that was when I did it. I held him tightly with my left hand and murmured something in his ears while I pulled out the knife with my other hand. It was shiny, bright as silver but he didn't see it. I was a genius, wasn't I?

I sniffed the scent of his body that smacked my nostrils and I told him "This is for mother." I forced the knife right through his stomach. He quickly froze into a complete stiffness. Two beautiful drops of tears ran down his eyes as he suddenly slugged a breath of air down his throat.

"What did I ever do?" He faintly muttered without any of those loud vibrations of his gorgeous vocal cord.

"You were a danger. A threat." I spat on him as he fell down to the ground, clinging to my feet. There was blood everywhere but I was calm and relieved. I had rid the world of a psychopathic killer and they must hail me a hero, I thought.

I sat in my room for two hours, staring at his body until he lost all signs of life. I then stood up, dug his phone from his pocket and called the police. I told them that I killed a man. They didn't take me seriously at first. But I told them that he was a threat, his intent was to kill me and that I had merely defended myself. After a lengthy session of convincing, they understood that I was indeed very serious.

Not long after, they knocked down the door and inspected the house. I let out a loud cry and immediately, the sounds of their footsteps grew as they approached my room. I smiled and welcomed them. They stopped and watched me, taken by fear and surprise. They grabbed me afterwards.

They tied my hands and legs and threw me in a room that resembled a small little box and two police officers stood before me. They hit me with their batons as I told them every single thing that happened and every little thing he did. They looked at me as if my mind was corrupted with insanity and madness. They did not understand what he did to mother and what he had hoped to do to me.

---

Autumn was beginning. The sun was mild and benign. Trees shed their leaves which looked as precious as bronze and gold, as tanned as the colour of the man I killed. I was transported in a vehicle, my entire body was wrapped in a thick cloth that was belted from top to bottom. I struggled to move and breathe and I could not speak, my tongue had given up on me.

My eyes photographed every sight I saw from the little grilled opening of the vehicle and I tucked them safely in my memory. They brought me to this mad house and locked me inside this room without a window or even a hole.

But whenever I close my eyes, I could hear the nymphs whispering to me about how the world outside is corrupted by injustice and plagued by evil. The sins of his kind reek intensely even through these thick walls.

At the onset of my freedom, more men will die and justness will be delivered.

I am a good man, a rational man.

# THE DOGLY DOGNESS OF PAVLOV'S DOG

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*Priyanshu Gogoi*  
*II YEAR*

- Ivan Pavlov's experiment wasn't limited to one dog, but many. The dogs had different names. Kuro is not one of them, but only a fictional creation.
- Ivan Pavlov lived from 1849 to 1936. Sigmund Freud lived from 1856 to 1939. Viktor Frankl lived from 1905 to 1997. Butterflies in their adult stage can live from a week to nearly a year.
- The Time Machine is a book by H.G. Wells; the protagonist is addressed as the Time Traveler

**I**t so happened, like it does to all that lives, that Ivan Pavlov passed away one day. It was a great loss for the behavioural sciences; he had after all laid a corner stone in the same, what with all his experiments on classical conditioning. Decades later, one could still be found studying his work with earnest respect, maybe disregard, or maybe even both at the same time.

True – a great loss for the sciences. But the greatest mourner, when he passed away, was not man, but a dog – Pavlov's dog. Kuro, the dog, unrecognized owing to his dog-ness, had always been a faithful servant to Pavlov's endeavours. But now that he whom he had religiously lived for had passed away, he found himself at a great loss. Surely his love for his master was conditional, that's a given. Why else would he have agreed to have strange pipes attached to his salivary glands? The food was the promise, nothing else could be known about all that had happened. There would be strange bells and rings and they had indeed confused him at the beginning, but over time he had learned of the importance of these humanly bells, that it is devilish to eat without the wise bells of the humans.

Indeed, Kuro missed his master's presence to an extent, but a far worse issue prevailed and this was why he was the greatest mourner. One, that Ivan had passed away, true. Two, that food, the essence of dog survival, could be found once one had attempted at the search to a specific extent. But how could Kuro eat as and when necessary, without the word of the bells? How could he indulge in such an undogly act?

---

**a) In Froyd's Office**

"Do you miss him?" Froyd asks.

Kuro, having come across the word of certain humans, of the advent of a great psychologist, had sought this messiah of hope, and managed an appointment. It was not without varying dimensions of tribulations, surely; for one, had it not been for the Time Traveller's help, none of this would have been possible. Lying on the floor, twisting and turning from time to time – his eyes red from an unending insomnia, Kuro asks, "Miss whom?"

"Pavlov, of course – the behaviourist."

"Oh, yes. Master! How I miss master! But alas! He had to die! And he took the humanly bells away with him! How I miss their meaning!"

Froyd looks at Kuro with a deep scrutiny, as he smokes his pipe. The room had by and by filled with smoke from the same, but the both of them look at ease. "How do you eat at all?"

"Well, scavenging the food is easy enough, Sir. Fed well by master Pavlov, I was spared the weakness that the rest of them dogs carry." A low growl, clearly hinting an offence, leaves his throat. But he continues, "What is difficult is carrying the food around, waiting for the high bell in the town to sound at noon. Even though technically, I can then, have my meal, there was definitely something about Master's bells that nothing can compare to. I always end up having to eat with a heavy heart."

Suddenly, Froyd starts jumping around the room. "AHA! AHA!"

Kuro, seemingly annoyed, lets out a more distinct growl. But managing a bit of respect for the doctor he asks, "Have you reached a revelation? Will I be able to eat?"

"Yes! Yes! Your problem is quite clear! Why must you growl? At all? At the weakness of others' when clearly it is a blessing that you are spared their weakness? Aha!" Froyd starts tap dancing, as Kuro joins in, barking at him, jumping around.

"What have you found?" Kuro asks, panting deeply, an expression on his face that could almost be construed as a smile by others.

"You! You do not like the bells. You abhor them. You'd rather be weak than listen to the bells. You hate Pavlov!"

**b) In the Concentration Camps with Frankel**

Clearly, Froyd wasn't satisfactory for Kuro's taste. Hate Pavlov? How stupid an assertion! Stupider was the assertion that he detested the bells! Even thinking about Froyd, brought about in Kuro distaste he couldn't quite explain. No one would understand his prayer for the bells, his dedication and devotion. For eons, his efforts will remain unparalleled, and the humans shall reward him sufficiently.

"Doesn't that sound silly, Sir?" Kuro asks Frankel, explaining his encounter with Froyd. "You *must* solve my problem. The Time Traveller has left for the future, little does he know he can never escape being in the now. But I exploited him, I did. I am a smart dog."

Frankel hits the ground hard with his shovel; he feels drained of all energy, void of sense, but listens to Kuro with interest. It seems strange to him, man was being oppressed and reduced in concentration camps to the status of an animal, and by the virtue of their acts, the oppressors were turning into the same; and here was a dog, free to roam about, presenting human problems. *Am I not the same? Only temporarily trapped?* Frankel thinks. *My humaneness will survive by the virtue of my will to meaning.*

"Ask yourself, my dear dog, why wait for the bells?"

"Because they are beaming with humanly divine essence!" Kuro answers hastily, sensing Frankel's apparent agreement to Froyd.

Frankel wipes the sweat off of his brow, the sun was nowhere to see, but man was making him sweat. His tattered clothes seem to be burning bright, slowly disappearing as he strikes the rough soil again and again. "You feel they are beaming with humanly divine essence. I free you as a client, to question that which you fear the most. Fret not, my dear." Frankel kneels and starts patting Kuro. "There's meaning in your food, dedicate to it. Forego the meaning of the bells, and you shall find within yourself, a love for food that is greater than the behaviourist's reductionist teachings. Your love for food is greater than your devotion to the bells..." At that moment, heavy lashes suddenly find way to Frankel's back; Kuro runs away, shocked, his eyes watery, they could almost be construed as tears by others, as he hears Frankel scream in pain.

It wasn't enough. They were wrong. Pavlov was the greatest, the bells were his legacy. There had to be an answer.

---

Months later, Kuro could be found in the fields of isolation, carrying a cookie in his mouth. *Dim-witted half humans!* Kuro would often scowl, looking at the cookie; for the man who had thrown the cookie knew only to provide the food, not the sweetness of the bells.

So much had happened since the death of Pavlov. Humans had engaged in wars and found peace and done the same over and over again. They were truly divine, their ways mysterious. If only someone would have spared him a bell at regular intervals! But alas! Why were the humans always incapable of doing that which would benefit Kuro the most? Was Kuro misled? But no! That couldn't be. In those days that he had spent with his Master, everything had been perfect. He surely must have sinned, he must deserve this, to be punished the way he was.

"I can hear you."

Kuro was stunned by the sudden interruption. He looked around frantically, although he maintained his relaxed position on the ground, only turning his head from one direction to another; no one was supposed to be here in the fields of isolation, even the orchids were flowerless, only the stems lived, but standing in a way as if yearning for more colours. What force must have found him here? Was it Pavlov?

"Right in front of you. Look straight." The extremely high pitched reiterated, striking the ears deep. As directed by the voice, Kuro looked straight ahead, and there in front of him was a butterfly, brightly coloured, not that dog sight could grab the colours.

Kuro lost interest soon enough, it wasn't Pavlov. He asked, "What do you want?"

"A last attempt at helping you. I have followed you since your birth. Son, I am your greatest virtue."

"Go away buttery guy." Kuro blew air out of his mouth, attempting to scare the butterfly away, but his strength had faded so much that it had no impact, even on the little creature. Dejected, he asked, "Who are you?"

"Cocoon to wings, wings to nothing, cocoon, and wings, on and on. I am the butterfly."

"And you think you can help me with my problem, when two of the greatest humans couldn't?"

The butterfly let out an extremely high laughter at Kuro's words. "Fool that you are! You trust the words of the humans when all you are is a dog! How can you ever understand in human terms? You are only fit for dog terms! Nothing more, nothing less. For there IS nothing more and nothing less. Don't be deluded. There's only one way to eat that cookie. Will you surrender to me? Will you let me tell you? Think well, I can't tell you anything you will believe till you have lived it."

There seemed to be something quite novel about the way the butterfly had spoken. Kuro started feeling an excitement he hadn't felt since his advent into Froyd's office, now an event of the distant past. "Tell me! I am ready."

"Come close."

Kuro lent his ear to the butterfly. Silently, the butterfly whispered "Eat the cookie!"

Realization struck. That food *could* be eaten! That food was to be eaten and there was nothing more to it! That much became clear to Kuro as he lay on his deathbed. Kuro stuck out his tongue, focusing his eyes on the cookie that he had placed a little ahead, on the ground. *A little more, I can do it.* Kuro thought to himself, pushing forward with all his strength. The orchids could be heard chanting for Kuro's freedom, their voices coming out as shrieks from the neck of the stems.

Two.

One.

Sweetness.

Stimulation.

Salivation.

Silence.

---

The steady decay became food for the flowerless orchids. The vultures didn't meddle, no one but they who lived in the fields of isolation had the right over anyone who ventures there.

Thus, it so happened, like it does to all that lives, that Ivan Pavlov's dog passed away one day.

# WHEN ANXIETY KNOCKS

A profound fear grips her throbbing heart,  
The blood coursing through her veins oozes out adrenaline  
While little drops of sweat waltz around her forehead,  
Her trembling knees, shuddering hands and unsteady breath  
All in unison shout out for mercy, for help.

Everything felt so warm in the comfort of the tale she had yarned for herself  
However, now in this dimly lit room with voices clashing against one another,  
Gossips exchanged, smiles reciprocated and laughter brewing,  
She wracks her brain through every morbid thought conceivable –  
Guilt tripping herself into unseen tears.

She is scared; she is quivering and she prays that no one sees  
A fear that people are staring and comments are being passed,  
A thought that a misfit trying so desperately to fit in  
Has grasped unwanted attention,  
An appalling feeling that something might horribly go wrong,  
That embarrassment will be the ultimate end to this misadventure,  
Hoping and praying that no one notices her bloodshot eyes or  
Ponders about the cold sweat that trickles down her pale neck  
In this frosty winter night.

A pain so debilitating that the boundless soul feels shackled  
An anxiety so prevailing that everything else seems false –  
Only agony and misery reigns;  
A suffocation so intense that her words have reduced to deep sighs of distress  
A terror so authoritative that it demands her entire being  
A confusion so bewildering that every face, every word,  
Every smile and every touch exudes deception  
A thousand fireworks bursting together  
And enshrouding the little bit of sanity left  
What a malice! What a curse this anxiety can be, her thoughts scream.

The company of her soul provides solace in solitude  
But now amidst a sea of unknown faces  
Even a friendly greeting sends shudders down her spine  
An anxious soul pounds against a vessel that contains  
Tales of discomfort and paralyzing fear.

Oh, if only this enervating anxiety could go away!  
She needs her blurred vision to be restored  
She longs for peace and quiet  
She craves for the comfort she finds in her room, all by herself  
If only she could dissipate like mist and disappear  
If only she could leave without having to move  
Consumed, caged, trapped and confined,  
She frantically waits for this to end  
Waits for an unfolding nightmare to curl up  
But, oh darling, anxiety has different plans it seems.

*Monali Sharma*

*I YEAR*





# WALK

a.Walk !

Tiled cemented walls house me,  
Dirty framed glass between, conclude me.  
Break! All you can find.  
Break! Everything in mind.  
You are a speck  
Of nothing, denied  
And rejected  
By life itself.  
Feel the unrest  
Brewing, your structures  
Failing, chemicals inside  
Erupting, like mad lava  
Churning!

There's passion  
In this morose  
Depressed love.  
Annihilate today!  
Wage war violent,  
In lust for death.  
Walk away!



b.Die !

Yes! You're there!  
Into the cold water, stare!  
You're standing on the brink.  
Look far, now don't blink.

There, you've felt,  
Now you know,  
Perfect!

c.Live!

So turn  
And begin  
With that step,  
New and redesigned  
Embellished with that same  
Zest, and humility, and  
Rage, and passion, and  
Love, as you felt  
When you  
Were ready  
To die.

*Priyanshu Gogoi*

*II YEAR*

# THE CALLING



The higher I climb,  
The harder it pulls me –  
The roots, my soil, my home;  
Asking me to mix in  
The land which cultivated me  
One which offered me  
My first blood, my first air,  
My first cry over a love affair.  
The first love, first despair  
First touch and first detachment  
First lesson, first failure  
First... this and everything.  
It calls me,  
Not to hold me  
Not to stop me  
Not to limit me –  
But to give me more insights  
More of my first times!  
Maybe more wisdom, or my  
First act for liberation this time.

*Abhinav Singh Katiyar*

*II Year*

# DEMONS

Faster than night falls,  
All over me these demons begin to crawl,  
I feel inside my skin the teeth of the demon called Lonely,  
You come to my mind, my one and my only.

The second one greets me like its oldest friend; its name is Sad,  
The third one, Angry, doesn't crawl so much on me as underneath,  
How it itches, how it burns, that nothing really shows, makes me glad.

My nastiest demon calls itself Hysterical and dashes about my soul,  
When I wake up to witness the destruction I caused it eats me whole,  
The thing about Unfulfilled is that it is more common than it knows,  
So the pride with which it glides over me shouldn't be there, how empty I am shows.

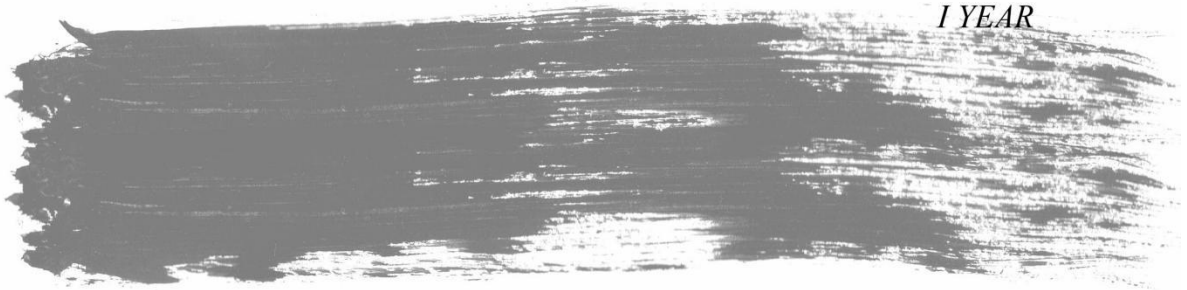
Resentful likes its aim straight at my tongue and teeth,  
Lost, for some reason, doesn't leave even in the morning,  
And then I scream with all of the bitterness beneath.

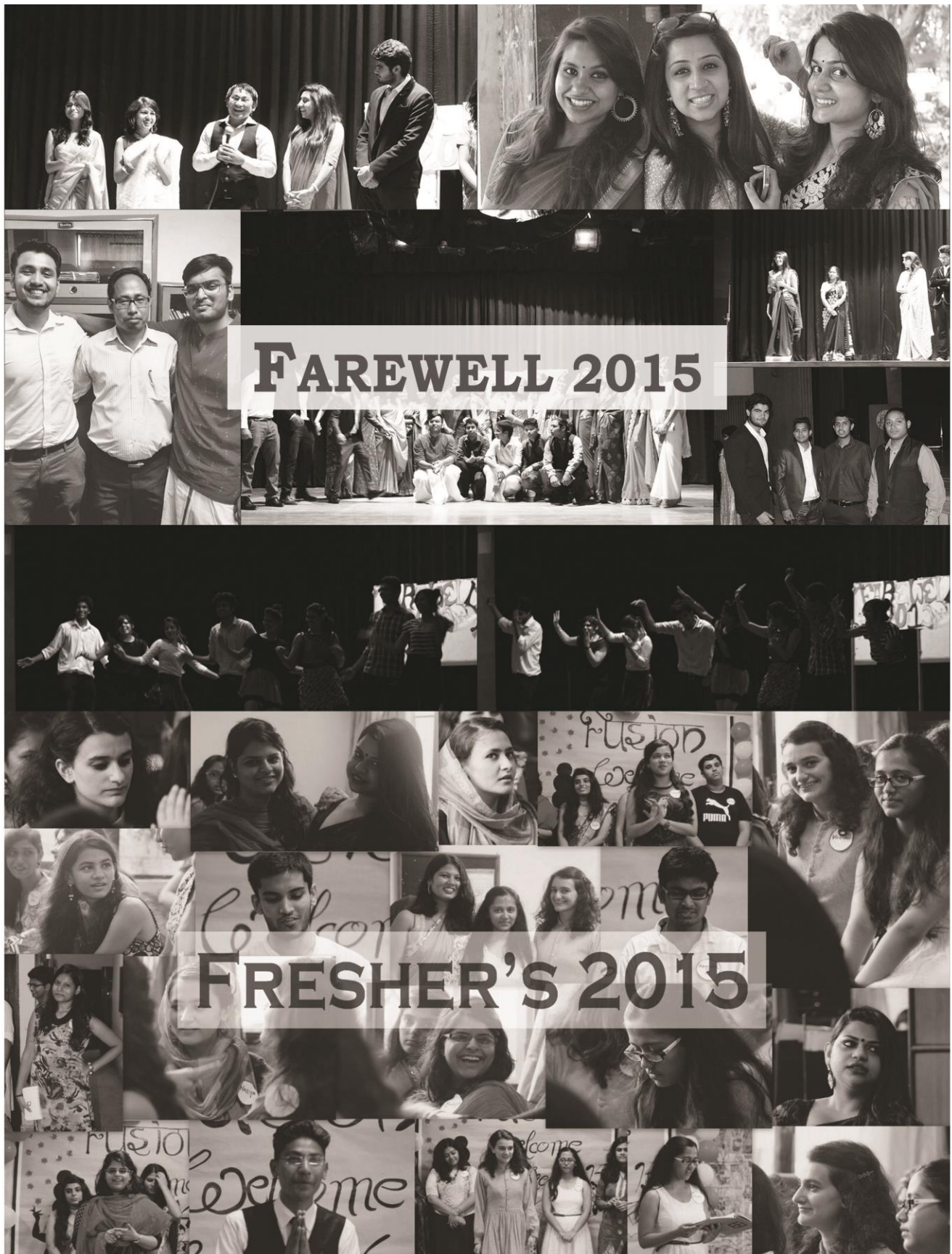
There are more demons than I can count making their way to my head,  
I have made them all into a fragile but long thread,  
At the tip of the thread not in my control there is the wretched, In Love,  
I suspect very strongly that it caused everything I mentioned above.

Buried beneath a considerable amount of ache lies what is true,  
It is mostly a thought but I wouldn't really know,  
Maybe my demons are also in love with you.

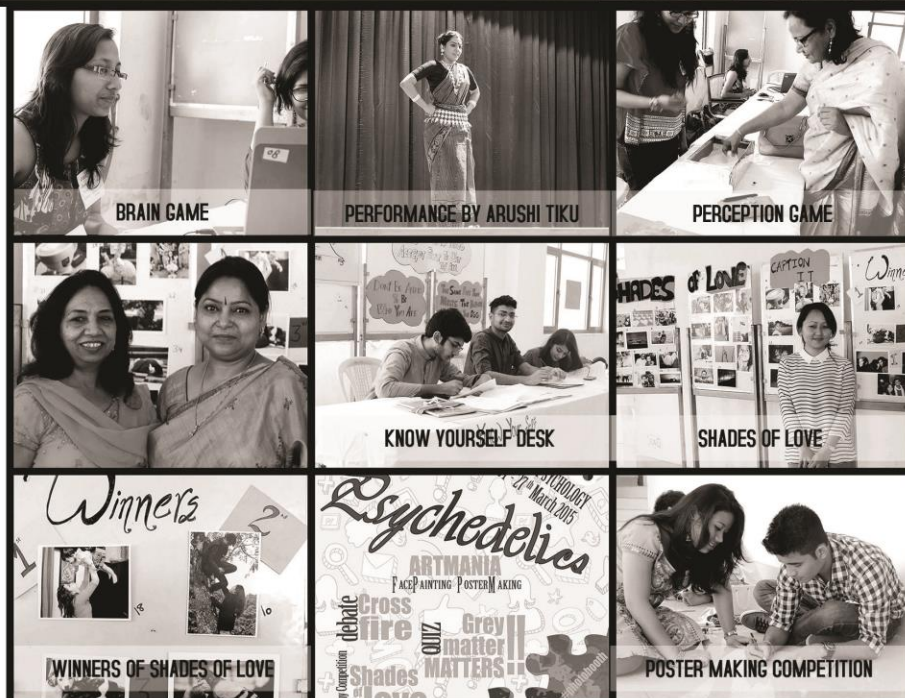
*Kankshita Dewan*

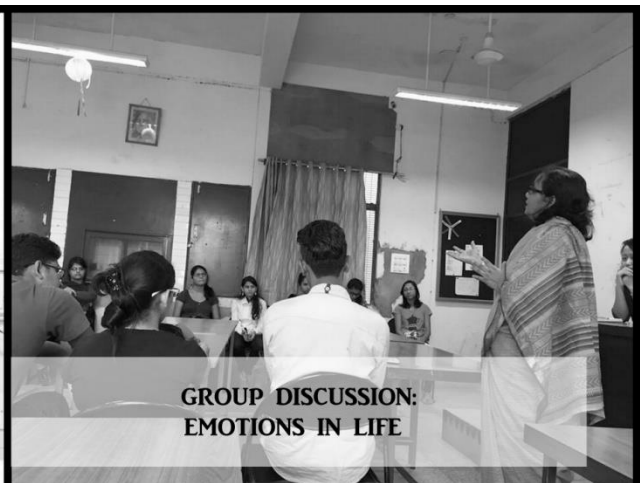
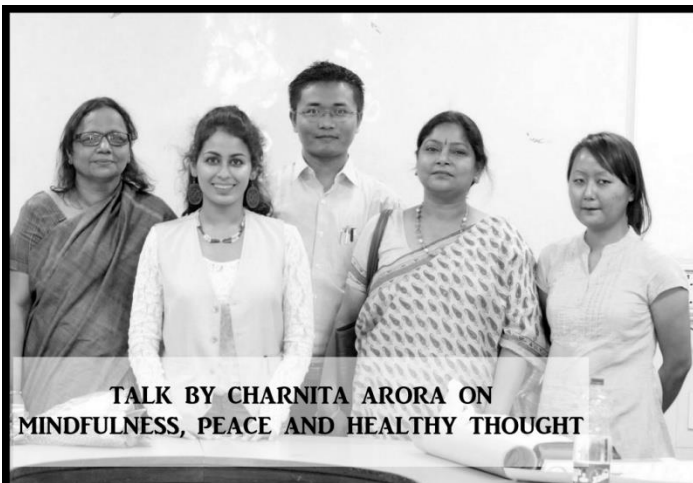
*I YEAR*











# DID YOU KNOW?

## The Pratfall Effect

Everyone aspires a state of perfection. However, according to the Pratfall effect, those who seem to never make mistakes are less likely to be liked by peers than those who commit the occasional faux pas. In other words, making mistakes attract other people closer to us. Perfection is viewed as intimidating whereas the contrary, makes us more approachable.

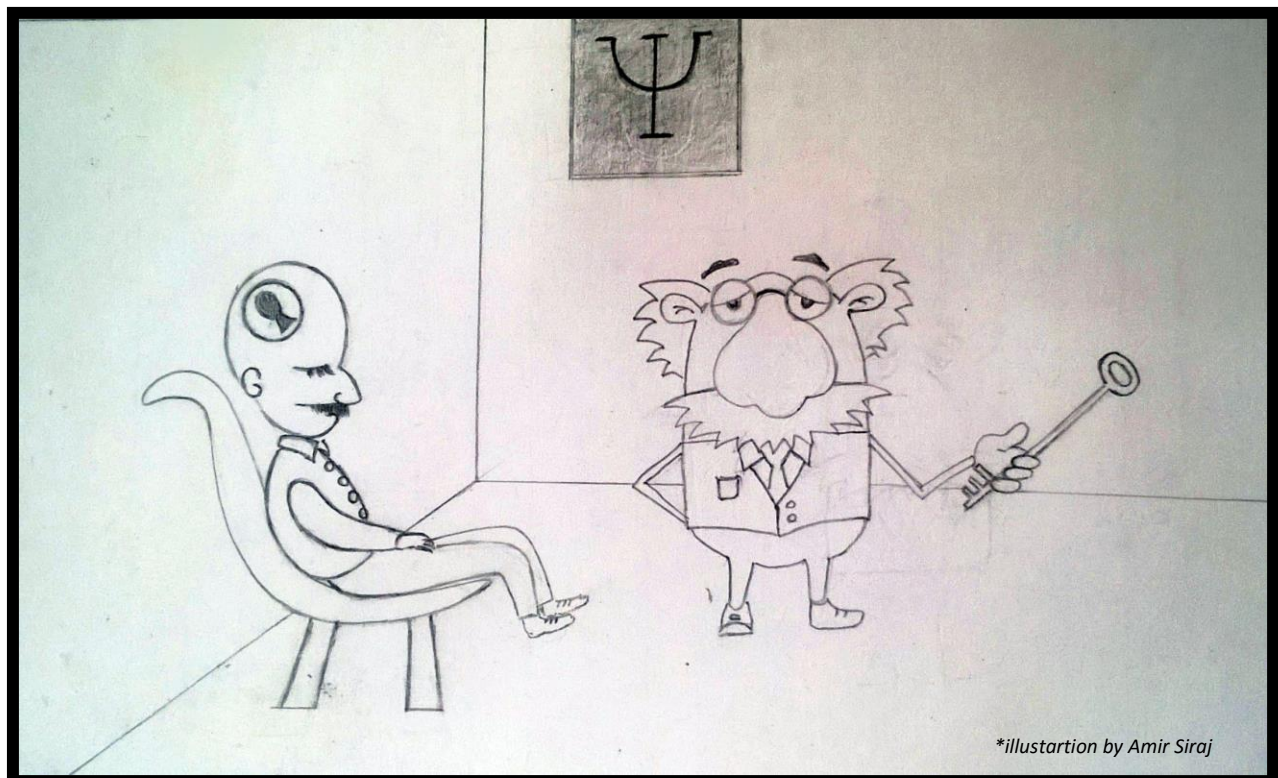
## The Zeigarnik Effect

The Zeigarnik Effect is explained as the tendency to experience frequent intrusive thoughts about objectives that were once pursued but left incomplete (Baumeister & Bushman, 2008). The automatic system signals the conscious mind, which may be focused on new goals, that a previous activity was left unfinished. It seems to be in our human nature to finish what we start and, if it is not, we are likely to experience a state dissonance.



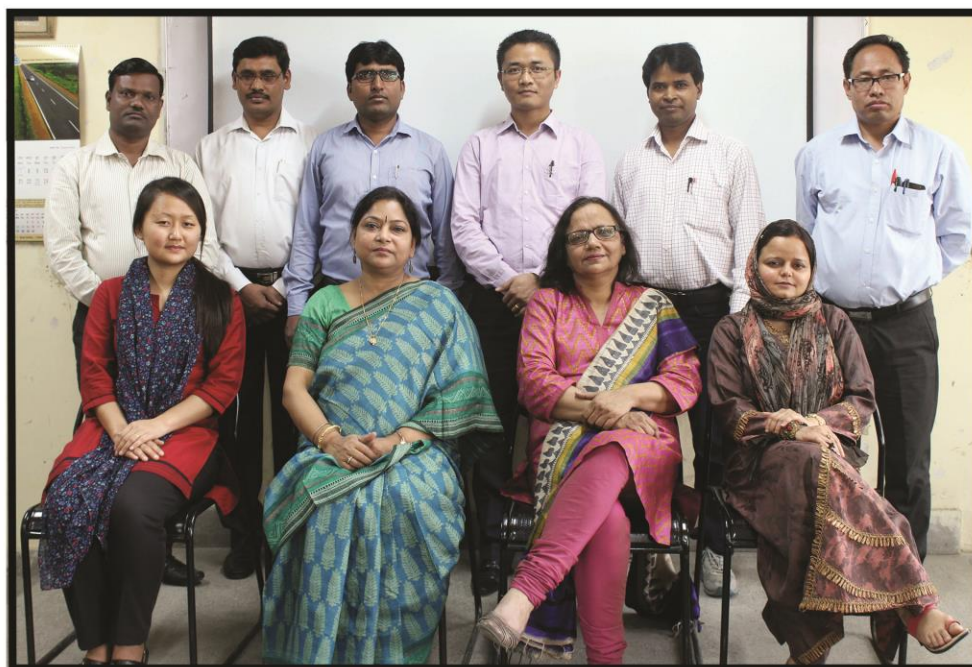
## The Spotlight Effect

Ever felt like you were being noticed more than usual? The spotlight effect is the phenomenon in which people tend to believe they are noticed more than they really are. The reasoning behind this effect comes from an innate tendency to forget that although one is the centre of one's own world, one is not the centre of everyone else's. Being that one is constantly in the centre of one's own world, an accurate evaluation of how much one is noticed by others has shown to be uncommon.





## FACULTY MEMBERS OF PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT



FIRST ROW - FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

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## THE EXECUTIVE BODY



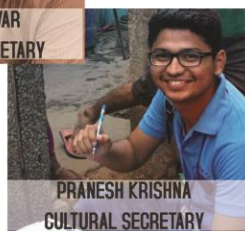
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# PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

