

# Annual Magazine 2023

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY, GARGI COLLEGE

## ATLAS

A Map of Colour, Time & Perspective



**CREDITS**



**CAMERA OBSCURA**



**PERSPECTIVE**



**COLOUR**



**TIME**

**EDITOR'S NOTE**





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

1	Editor's Note	00
2	Colour	01-07
3	Time	08-15
4	Perspective	16-21
5	<i>Camera Obscura</i>	22-23
6	Credits	24-25

---

# EDITOR'S NOTE

ARYA MALLIK

Dear readers,

ATLAS began as an experiment.

It sprung from the idea that we all draw “maps” over the trajectory of our lives: we are constantly planning journeys, making pit stops, and changing routes before reaching our destinations. Through this metaphor, ATLAS wished to explore the *colours* we paint our stories in, how we find our truth in the infinite pages of *time*, and the *perspectives* we choose to look through at the world and at ourselves.

What resulted instead, after its final round of editing, were tales of healing. Of making peace with losing our homes. Of listening to our own voices amidst the noise, and understanding that we are more than the roles we are born into or brought up to fit.

And so ATLAS, which began as an experiment, became an act of acceptance.

As curators of ATLAS, we tried to operate at the heart of science, society and art while staying sincere, open and inclusive – values held so dear at the Department of Psychology, Gargi College. Had it not been for this safe (and brave) space, our stories may not have found the light of the day, and for that I am grateful.

I am also grateful to the Editorial Tribe and everyone who contributed to the magazine, be it through words, photos or art. Glimpsing into your lived experiences has been deeply gratifying and humbling.

Creating ATLAS meant opening up, taking space, and realising that we are always sketching our own maps to draw ourselves anew. We hope it acts as a springboard for readers to do the same.



# COLOUR

PHOTO BY: MAYURI DUTTA



# CANVAS CHRONICLES: PAINTING A MAP OF LIFE

Sumitra Manda | B.A.(H) History, Year 2

Amidst the canvas of life's design,  
Our colours swirl and intertwine,  
Each brushstroke tells a story  
unique,  
A portrait of self, bold and  
mystique.  
The palette we hold is vast and  
bright,  
With hues of joy and shades of  
plight,  
And as we dip our brush with care,  
Our story comes to life, vivid and  
rare.

As we paint the canvas of our lives,  
Our colours dance and come alive,  
And though some may choose to  
blend and fade,  
Our vibrant strokes refuse to evade.  
In the never-ending pages of time,  
We find our truth, amidst the climb,  
And as we carve our path with each  
stroke,  
We leave our mark, an eternal  
cloak.

For Perspective is a wondrous  
thing,  
A lens that colours everything,  
And as we choose the way we see,  
Our canvas comes to life, bold and  
free.  
So let our colours paint the way,  
Our story shining, bold and gay,  
And may our canvas be a true  
reflection,  
Of the beauty of life's boundless  
directions.

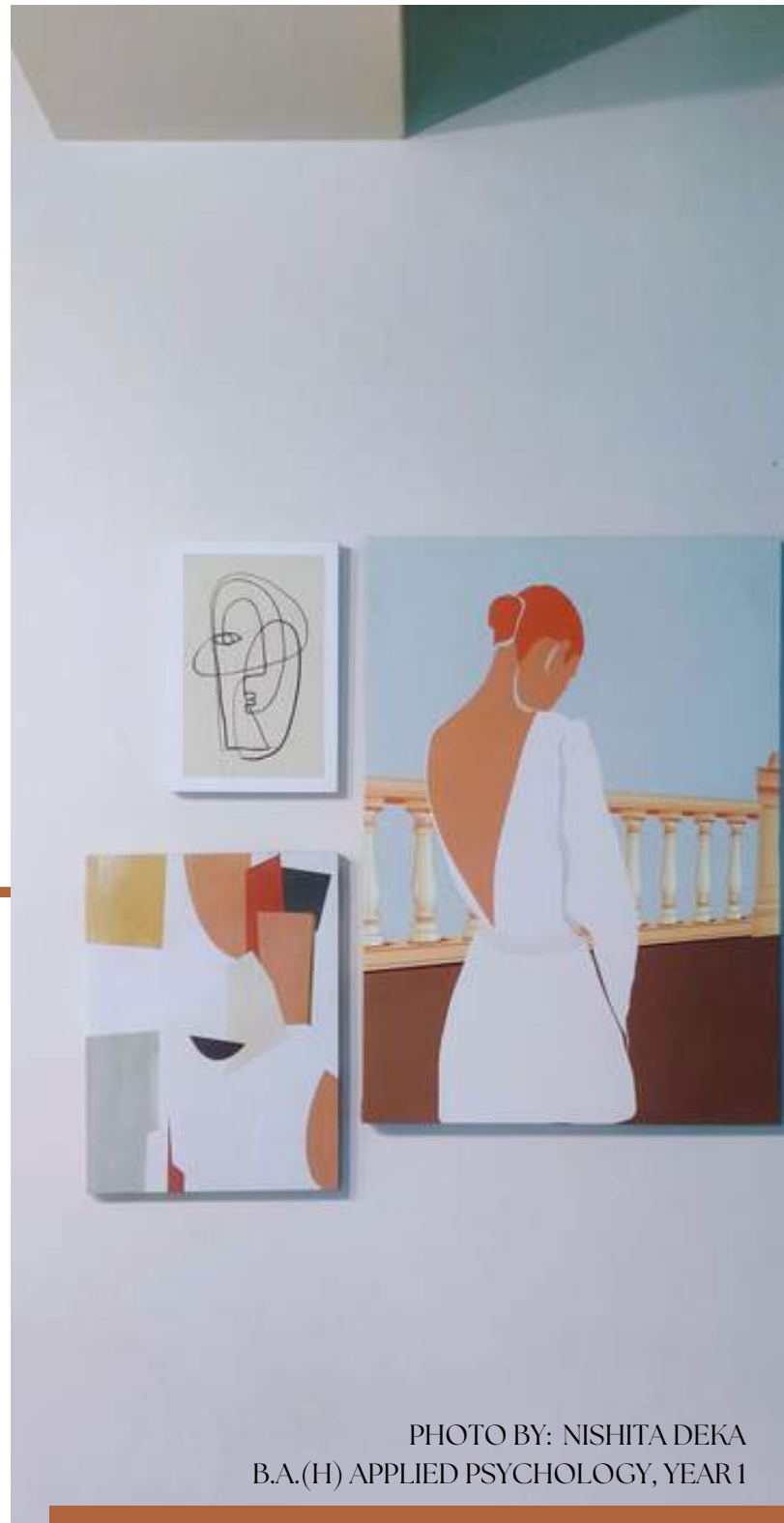


PHOTO BY: NISHITA DEKA  
B.A.(H) APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY, YEAR 1

# Colouring

# EMOTIONS

Shivangi Dhiman

B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2 | Ed Team

The aesthetically pleasing Baker-Miller pink prison walls would make anyone question the decor choice of Swiss detention facilities until they venture into Schauss's (1979) theoretical framework. Hypothesising a positive and relaxing impact of the colour on inmates' aggressive tendencies and muscular strength, Schauss demonstrated how only 15 minutes of exposure significantly reduced detainees' potential for violence. The tranquilising effects of pink speak volumes about the power of colour on human emotions and behaviour, so much so that it influenced the University of Iowa to paint the visiting sports teams' locker rooms pink to dwindle their competitive spirit (Payne, 2015).

In painting the world, colours continue to shape our emotions, from feeling blue to turning green with envy. The affective semantics of colour are translated into one's mood descriptions, with individuals matching negative moods (sadness and fear) with dark achromatic colours and positive moods (joy and relaxation) with lighter chromatic colours (Jonaskaite et al., 2018). Positive emotions of interest and excitement are elicited in response to red or yellow, and negative emotions of distress and dismay in response to blue or green (Chen et al., 2022). The impact of colour-emotion translations is witnessed even among children aged 5-9 years, whose anxiety levels reduce in the presence of yellow, pink and purple, and elevate in the presence of black, influencing their stressful experiences of dental procedures (Karmakar et al., 2018).

It is intriguing to witness colour-emotion associations in musical representations, with yellow being linked to joyous, red to angry, and dark, blue colours to sad music (Lindborg & Friberg, 2015). Colours and emotions communicate intensely, which is behind the trend of emotional marketing. Online shopping forums are carefully designed, considering the implications of yellow being recognised as the most persuasive, blue as the most trust-promoting and red as the most emotion-inducing colours (Broeder & Wildeman, 2020). For the same reason, financial service commercials coloured in red or yellow tones received the most attitudinal favour from customers (Luo, 2021).



Photo by: Mayuri Dutta

The effectiveness of medication is also influenced by the pill colour, which may be attributed to emotional connections. Anxiety pills are coated in green and sedatives in blue due to the tranquilising effect of the two. Recognised as a stimulant, yellow covers antidepressants (de Craen et al., 1996). Such effective applications imply that the relationship between colours and emotions is profound and must be explored more deeply. The emotional connotations of colour have achieved global consensus, with red representing love and anger, and brown triggering the least emotion across 30 nations.

Given the subjective interpretation of colours, regional differences have also popped up, with white and purple indicating sadness in China and Greece, respectively. It is astonishing to witness the local climate impacting the association between colours and emotions, for colder nations perceive yellow as radiating more joy (Jonaskaite et al., 2020). Psychologically, the associations between colours and emotions facilitate communication and comprehension. One might feel the universe's presence around them by seeing red and feeling blue.

# References

Broeder, P., & Wildeman, N. (2020). The Colour Red for Emotion in Cross-Cultural E-Commerce. *Eurasian Journal of Business and Economics*, 13(25), 76-89. DOI:10.17015/ejbe.2020.025.05

Chen, Z., Meng, X., & Yao, Z. (2022). The Effect of Object Colour Tones on Emotions. *Atlantic Press: Advances in Social Science, Education and Humanities Research*, 637, 75-78. DOI:10.2991/assehr.k.220131.014

de Craen, A. J., Roos, P. J., de Vries, A. L., & Kleijnen, J. (1996). Effect of colour of drugs: systematic review of perceived effect of drugs and of their effectiveness. *BMJ (Clinical research ed.)*, 313(7072), 1624–1626. <https://doi.org/10.1136/bmj.313.7072.1624>

Karmakar, S.; Mathur, S.; Sachdev, V. (2018). A game of colours, changing emotions in children: a pilot study. *European Archives of Paediatric Dentistry*, doi:10.1007/s40368-018-0403-3

Jonauskaite, D., Althaus, B., Dael, N., Dan-Glauser, E.S., & Mohr, C. (2018). What colour do you feel? Colour choices are driven by mood. *Color Research & Application*, 1-13. DOI: 10.1002/col.22327

Payne, D. (2015). Paint the town pink: Iowa's unusual tactic of messing with its opponents. *Sports Illustrated*. It's pink! How Iowa messes with its opponent's locker rooms - *Sports Illustrated*

Schauss, A. G. (1979). Tranquilising effect of colour reduces aggressive behaviour and potential violence. *Journal of Orthomolecular Psychiatry*, 8(4), 218–221.





# PURPLE

Umanshi Garg | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 1  
Ed Team

Everyone has multiple personas. Some parts of you that you show to everyone, some you show to friends and maybe family, and some that you just keep hidden. The deepest, darkest parts of you. The Black. The hate, the disgust, the anger, the frustration, the depression. The part of you that assumes the worst, that is so foul in its thoughts that you would never dare share those with the world, for there is no one here who is ready to accept the true nature that exists within us.



Photo by: Tanvi

Then there is the White. The goodness of our hearts, and the kindness of our souls that we wish to exhibit every chance we get. It is what we show to the world hoping to fool everyone and camouflage ourselves and exist. It is what is acceptable in our society.

To break free from this colour and reveal the multiple shades that exist within the spectrum of black and white is like committing a heinous crime. You will be reprimanded by neighbours, family and even close friends.

But what if I wish to show the Purple in me that represents the calm, the elegance and the sophistication in my heart, or the Red which is my passion and love and anger that I cannot control? What if I wish to be lively and energetic and optimistic like Yellow on one morning and melancholic, bored and cold Blue in the evening? Will the world confine me in one colour, one box or will it let me choose which colour represents me, if any? Do I have the power to change who I want to be and what labels are put upon me, or am I just a machine stuck between black and white with no way out? Will I be allowed to show the Rainbow that exists within me?

# PINK!

Ruchira Sharma | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2 | Ed Team

As a kid, I was obsessed with the colour pink. I'd badger my parents to get me pink clothes, pink bags, pink shoes, pink barbies – you get the drift. So when at the ripe old age of ten years I loudly declared to my entire family that I hated the very same colour, it's safe to say they were mildly perplexed. While they wanted to respect my individuality, they also wanted to understand why I refused to go near anything pink all of a sudden. Although they might not have realised what was happening, in hindsight I think I do.

'Pink', as I perceived it, signified girlism, the one colour associated with every woman ever since her birth, evoking a particular curated response. The colour is linked with feminine beauty and marketed heavily to girls as the choice of the prettiest. I remember growing up watching all the decidedly beautiful girls in movies and TV shows wearing pink and I wanted to be like them – popular and beautiful – so I liked the things they liked. This might be simplifying it a lot but this short essay is much too short for me to explore all the systems and forces at play for making me believe that. Hence, pink and any other colour on the spectrum closely resembling it became my favourite as a kid. After all, it was not a hard choice, all the girls my age had the same bias and the market was already oversaturated with pink and purple goods for little girls. We were easy customers – give us what the boys got just with the colour pink splattered all over it.

With time and age I grew out of this obsession and into a newer one. I started hating the very object of my much intense and devoted affection. Pink referred to everything girly, and in my newfound understanding of popular media, girly meant stupid. Girls who wore pink were beautiful but airheads, they twirled strands of hair around their fingers, talked with foreign accents and did "dumb" things like change themselves for boys' attention, and I refused to be anything like them.

Being stuck in my own self loathing ugly duckling phase, with my only asset being my intelligence, I tried to weaponize it, believing that just because I was clever, everyone around me who was even slightly different from me had to be "dumb". It was a convenient belief – it made me feel good about myself and made me feel special. All of these intense emotions of my early teenage years got wrongly attributed to the colour and I started believing that pink stood for all the things I was trying to be like.

I started believing that the mere act of thinking, observing and processing information set me apart from the archetype that had been made of my gender. Because surely if the other girls were putting on lip gloss and wearing pink skirts they were not doing their intellect any favours. I still catch myself describing anything purely pink as too girly and hence 'ew'.

However, my views on femininity changed in my mid teens, when I realised that my hatred was inspired by my own perceived failings at being a woman – beauty took too much effort and as an adolescent still growing into my body and my beliefs, it felt unachievable. So I lashed out at what I believed the nemesis to be: the pursuit of beauty.

While I've come to hold a much more nuanced opinion on the politics of beauty and the commercialisation of everything feminine, my staunch hatred of pink has evolved into an understanding of sorts. A compromise of not being madly obsessed with the colour like I was, but not completely shunning it either – my personality and my wardrobe both now have a healthy percentage of pink. I know now what I was ignorant to then – that women don't come in consistent templates.



Photo by: Nishita Deka

Sanya Singh | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2 | Ed Team

# Yellow Sunlight and Grey Skies



Imagine radiant yellow light illuminating warm walls, creating a play of light and shadow, caressing every face with a golden touch.

Does it not make one feel optimistic and energised? We often hear euphemisms like, "How lovely the colour yellow is! It embodies the sun!", and I couldn't agree more. It is a colour that makes me feel warm and fuzzy all over. It defines everything I have come to love and adore - the sun and sunflowers, daffodils and leaves, lime and cheese, and so much more. This warm and luminous colour represents unadulterated happiness, creativity, imagination, youthfulness and energy. This shade stands for diverse conceptions across different geographical boundaries and cultural contexts. If we were to analyse it in a traditional sense, we would find that it symbolises intellect, communication and wealth in Brazil. In India, yellow is synonymous with food fortune. In Japan, it embodies courage; while in Islam, it is the colour of wisdom. Even within the Bible, yellow is faith and joy - a revelation of the gloriously divine nature of God.

With yellow being of so many wonderful ideations, it is only natural that I yearned to be the overpowering daylight that everyone desires. However, no matter how hard I try, I find that I fail to embody the metaphor that is yellow. I only remain grey.

The colour grey does not instantly imply loud and expressive connotations. It is muted and sober, imperceptible and mysterious. Being a unique blend of black and white, this colour symbolises neutrality and stability. I have always been a rational person, on the quieter side, a tad lonely and easily prone to stress. Happiness and exuberance do not come naturally to me. I am not the dazzling sunlight. I am, however, the reliable grey skies which remain stable throughout the night, and are occasionally subsumed by the thundering rain.

I go through life struggling for an independent identity but refusing to merge with the black or white. Being reserved and lonely, yet intuitive and sensible makes me instinctively grey.

While I dream of basking in the glow of yellow, I constantly remind myself that being grey is not as despondent and undesirable as it seems. I realise that in pursuing my desire to make my presence more spontaneous, joyful, and gregarious, I am viewing the world through a utopian lens.

However, I realise that there lies beauty and hope even within the darkness. There is creativity and expression even in those who remain quiet and solemn. All it takes is a different perspective to turn yellow into grey and grey into yellow. It is time all the greys begin to celebrate the brightness in the world, while all the yellows come to appreciate neutrality. After all, you need grey clouds to make way for the gleaming lights.

# MADE IT MINE!

Misha Pal | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2 | Ed Team

---



With only my smile, I ran  
To get me a piece in black,  
My ardour made my mother  
compromise  
Her apprehensions about my  
melanin-rich skin.

Dressed in, I showed up at the  
celebration  
Wanting to flaunt my new possession,  
Only to eavesdrop on the mockery  
That evening, by word of mouth.

The ridicule I returned with, remained  
The woman's apprehensions picked  
up.

Is it my dark skin or the colour  
black?  
For years, I sat on the fence.

Blue, green, pink, violet  
Were what my brown resorted to,  
For I couldn't let myself touch black.  
No, not again.

At nineteen on the nose, on my own  
Bought me another piece in black  
Got ready, all dressed up yesterday,  
Only to regain the aura I had lost.

PHOTOS BY: MAYURI, TANVI & ZOYA

---

# TIME

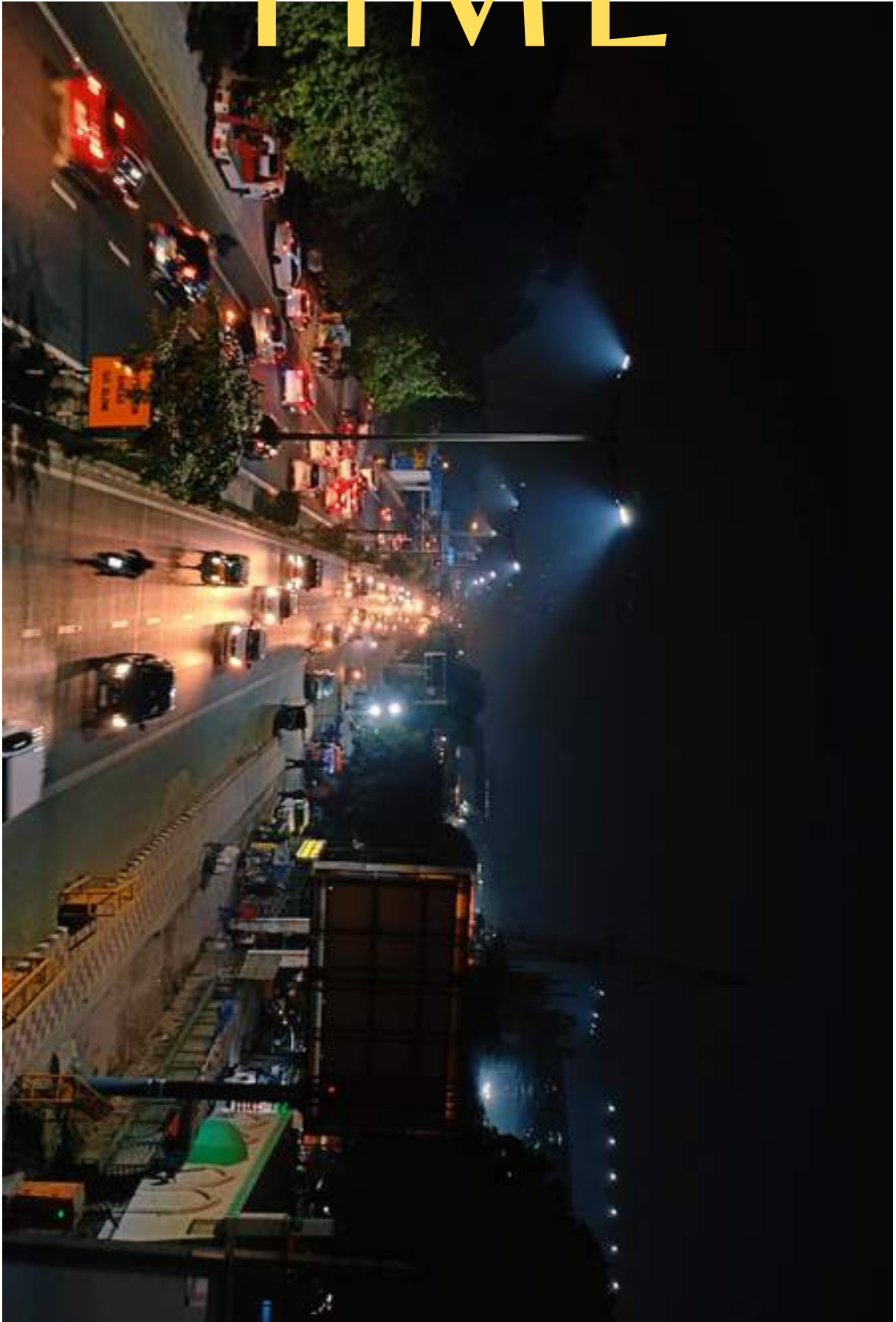


Photo by: Tanvi

# SWEET SUMMER CHILD

Amrita K | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2  
ED BOARD

Long faded away  
 Are the the cheery lark's chippy tunes  
 Flown into the horizon with all birds of song  
 For the leaves do not shelter them in green  
 anymore  
 Now clad in shades warm and forlorn  
 Sweet child, your summer is gone.  
 Fall approaches with its golden gaze  
 Draping the earth in maple haze  
 You may have relished melancholic  
 monsoons  
 But, sweet child, your summer is no more.  
 In spring you may have been conceived  
 Budding amongst the infant leaves,  
 Blossoming alike an innocent flower  
 Such purity, such innocence, such vitality.  
 Then straight into summer delves  
 This rejoicing of colour and birth  
 Music of ecstasy and feasts of mirth  
 But alas, the pomp of summer comes to an  
 end.

Now, winter approaches  
 That very winter  
 That is both stepmother and orphan  
 That is serene, tumultuous, sweet, bitter,  
 awaited, dreaded  
 And everything in between and beyond.  
 But perhaps you shall find warmth in the  
 chill  
 Or a kindred spirit glowing in the snow  
 But you must bear in mind  
 The warmth of the hearth is pale and  
 fleeting,  
 Every ember akin to treasure  
 And kindness warmer than a thousand suns.  
 Though this winter you may see through  
 And you may make for it a place in your  
 heart  
 You may rise as the icy crystals fall  
 But you must never forget sweet child  
 That childhood and summer are long gone.

Photo by: Saanvi Gulati  
 B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 1



# CURRENT SOCIETY: A BANDWAGON OF DECEPTION

Ermina Reyaz | B.A.(H) Microbiology, Year 1

In a world where people jump on the bandwagon of every new trend or fad, my truth lies in Islam. The word 'Islam' refers to gaining peace in the heart, mind, and within

our transactions with others when we submit to the laws of our creator, the one God. In a world where the concepts of relationships, gender, social influences, and our consumption habits are constantly evolving, often leading to incoherent, narcissistic and depressed lifestyles, Islam has firm roots, keeping us and society prosperous, protected and balanced.

“This day I (God) have perfected for you – your religion and completed My favour upon you and have approved for you Islam as religion.” Quran 5:3

As societal standards change with the seasons, I define myself through my faith. Today, society measures a woman's empowerment by her ability to mimic men. Post-Enlightenment liberalism has made 'choice' a false God. They have divorced us from teleology and gifted us with egoism that centres on man, his choices and desires.

This leads to a 'paradox of choice', wherein having many options to choose from, rather than making people satisfied and ensuring they get what they want, can cause stress and complicate decision-making. This paradox of choice underlies the modern-day feminist movement, which in turn backfires and propels the red pill movement.

These movements are characterised by a lack of a common, higher goal and excess emphasis on individual rights over responsibilities. Truly caring for men and women involves guiding them towards healthy, optimal and tranquil options. Islam beautifully defines and elevates the role and status of women. In the great women of Islamic history like Khadija (ra), Aisha (ra) and many others, I have found the ideal female role model – one who is consistent in her religious and domestic duties and dedicated to services rendered for the advancement of society and Islam in the fields of commerce, politics, medicine and scholarship.

The modelling, fast fashion and cosmetic industries capitalise on women's insecurities to sell them products that are toxic to the environment and their health and involve exploitation of workers. These industries contribute towards the 'impossible beauty standard', further promoting unhealthy competition and bodily insecurities. In this world of constantly changing beauty standards, I found peace and liberation in the hijab – the Islamic women's dress code where the entire body except the feet, palms and face is to be covered by a loose garment in public. Our dress is an act of worship, a symbol of God's mercy, and a constant reminder and representation of my faith. Islam refuses to yield to the sexualised, capitalistic narcissism pushed by these industries. Whether a woman has a narrow waist, thick thighs or sculpted legs is irrelevant to public life. Unlike today's slogan that shouts 'My Body, My Choice', I believe that my body is not my own but an Amanah (a trust) from God and a vessel for my soul.

PHOTO BY: ZOYA CHAUDHARY

# SKINNY GIRL, YOU'LL FLY WITH THE WIND

KIRAN GOSWAMI  
B.A.(H) APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY, YEAR 3  
ED TEAM

Absorption, Absorption, Absorption.

Everyone has that one class they hate  
For me, it was grade 10th.  
The worst chapter, the chapter I never  
understood, was light.  
I was taught about absorption, the  
process by which light is absorbed and  
converted into energy.  
Funnily, I was taught the same word in  
biology too, with a different meaning.  
It meant, the process of taking nutrients  
from the digestive system into the blood  
so that the body can use them.

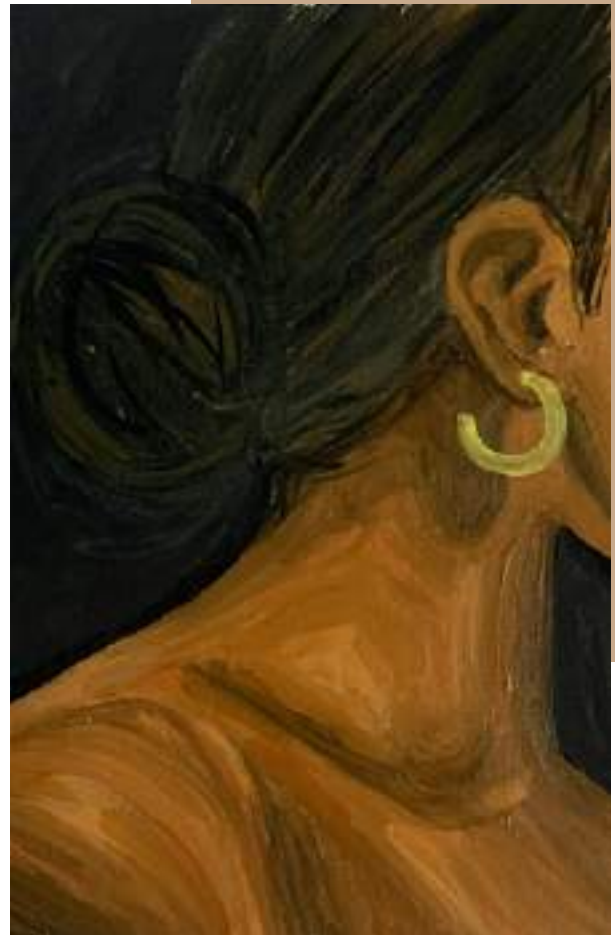
And I knew exactly what I wanted to  
do – Absorb.  
I decided to be a black bedsheet and  
a villi.

I decided to take it all, and absorb.  
And I knew I'd be quite good at it  
because I grew up seeing my mom  
do the same.

But I never knew that there would be  
colours that my black will never be  
able to absorb.

I was learning from my science  
textbook to absorb,  
food, colours, insults, anger and even  
hate.  
But strangely, one thing remained  
constant  
my weight and the colour of my  
'weightless' skin.  
And I knew exactly what I wanted to  
do – Absorb more.

I absorbed more food, colours, insults,  
body shaming, anger, and even hate.



ART BY: VANSHIKA GAUTAM

But my science textbook never taught me  
what to do after absorption.  
What happens to the object which absorbs all  
the colours and to my intestines?  
It never taught me that there would be a war  
that I would fight  
with more colours, more light colours to make  
me look 'fat'  
against this dark colour that makes me look  
'thin',  
with more food, more dark-coloured, cheese-  
loaded food to make me stay where I was,  
on the ground.





I became a black hole  
and kept losing this war to my weighing  
machine and one statement:  
“What would you do if the wind blows  
too strongly?”

I absorbed the words ‘stick like’, ‘leaf  
strength’, ‘walking skeletons’  
and everything else I don't remember.

But the thing with hate is,  
Its colour is too bright to see without  
tearing up and too white to absorb  
without burning down.  
And so hate absorbed me.  
My black became their white canvas,  
and they painted me as they liked.

And I knew exactly what I needed to do –  
reflect, refract, diffract.

Everyone has that one class that teaches  
them lessons.

For me, it was grade 10th.

And the chapter I understood for life was  
‘light’.

I was taught about reflection, refraction  
and diffraction.

Reflection is the bouncing back of light  
from an opaque surface.

Refraction is the bending of light by an  
opaque object.

And diffraction is the bending of light  
and continuing  
when stopped by an opaque object in its  
path.

And I knew exactly what I wanted to do

Reflect, Refract, Diffract.

ART BY: LAKSHITA THAKUR  
B.A.(H)APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY, YEAR 2

# INK OF LIFE

Aditi Kaushik | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2

ED TEAM

“Are you sure?”

I was a baby adult, freshly eighteen, and ready to get my very first tattoo. I had no idea the place it would hold in my heart and the importance it would have in my life. Nervous and excited, I began my journey into the world of tattoos.

(Just like I began my journey into adulthood.)

“Do you really want that?”

The next one took some time. Hesitantly but proudly, I showed the world the new ink on my skin: the symbol of a Valkyrie, a warrior and a guardian, a myth and a woman.

(My relationship with my mother has never been deeper.)

“Don’t you think you should slow down?”

The following tattoos came one after the other. Barely any time to rest and heal in between, barely any time to think. Three dragons unfurling their wings and taking flight, the absolute representation of freedom and liberation.

(Colleges had opened their gates and the exhilarating feeling of control and independence was addictive; the urge to do everything at once was far too strong.)

“Flowers! They’re so intricate!”

This one was more intimate than the rest. From the design to the placement, it made me feel vulnerable, it made me feel exposed. And flowers have the power to represent such a huge range of things: from love to grief, life to death, new beginnings to sudden endings.

(It was the first time I came out to a friend.)

(It was the first time I came home, to a house without my Dada.)



PHOTO BY: MAYURI DUTTA

“Why didn’t you all just get the same one?”

6 friends. 6 tattoos. 6 variants of one animal. Here’s the thing: just because some things aren’t exact replicas of one another, doesn’t mean they don’t belong together.

(We might have been 6 very different people, yes, but we were just one family.)

“Didn’t this one hurt a lot?”

A dragonfly on the ribs was supposed to symbolise courage and strength, displaying endurance and adaptability as well as predicting change and transformations. So, I went ahead with it.

(The surgery was the easy part. It was the recovery that took its due – a mental, emotional, and physical toll that left you staring at the mirror, wondering how the stranger staring back could ever be you.)

(A change indeed.)

“Rose. Sword. Moon. How do these things even connect?”

The good and the bad, a rose and a sword. A reflection of life as it is, an intersection of good and bad, beauty and sharp edges, painted on the backdrop of a crescent moon.

(After years of nothing and months of pain – I finally felt like a Person. The bad had had its due, but now was the time for the good to shine.)

# THOSE PIECES OF MY HEART

Tanvi

B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 1  
Ed Team

As I held those pieces of my heart...  
The pieces that were torn and shredded,  
Holding them ever so lightly,  
As if they would break further if I were harsh.

I tried to stick them together...  
Stitch them together,  
But my heart was gone.  
Some pieces would never be found.

As they lie in that dark corner of the room  
where my tears fell,  
Or flowed out of me in the shade of a deep red  
colour,  
And some just faded away, like my hope for life,  
While some shrank to the size of my will to live.

And I held those pieces of my heart...  
So softly and so carefully,  
Reminiscing the anguish that came with it,  
As the destruction gave birth to a new  
masterpiece.

With time, this too will change.  
My shattered heart and its lost pieces,  
This cycle will carry on,  
Until none of it remains.



PHOTO BY: NISHITA DEKA

# TIME: MY FRIEND AND MY FOE

Sejal Tiwari | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 1 | Ed Team

As I sit in my new apartment, surrounded by boxes and the remnants of my old life back in Ranchi, I can't help but reminisce about the unperturbed and relaxing life I had there. Waiting for the moments to tick away and turning days into a dull routine, I waited for something new and exciting to happen in life. I was sick of breathing life and soaking my skin in the sunshine, of looking at those familiar faces daily and blankly staring into the void. My hometown's cool, warm, and pleasant weather didn't appeal much to me and the silence at my place was deafening. Time had been my enemy at first, stretching out moments into a painful slowness. I desired autonomy and the ability to chart my own course. I wanted some movement in my life, some adventure, new friends, and new relations. I craved for my life to be a constant flurry of activities, always moving from one task to the next, and time favoured me.

Time and destiny brought me to Delhi: the city of my dreams. I saw the hustling bustling crowd of a metropolitan city, a new life, new friends, and new relations. I had all the freedom people talked about, I wanted to embrace all of it and I really did. But things didn't go as I had planned – they didn't go as I had dreamt of all along. Suddenly, I was just a dot in the crowd, just like any other girl coming to this city of dreams. The freedom I had longed for didn't feel very exciting.

The slow-moving time in Ranchi was replaced by fast-paced events happening in my life which left me feeling stifled. The pressure to be who I was burdened me and the worst of all was how I felt extremely disappointed in myself every day. I hadn't ever seen this timid part of me before. I had believed differently at a time, that I was confident, social, and loved, but now I just felt unnoticed, unheard, and unwanted. I was being suffocated by the pollution and constant flurry of events. It seemed as if all the things I wanted from this place were snatched away from me one by one. I stopped feeling the urge to put myself out into the world. I stopped showing people who I was – going back into a shell of discomfort and loneliness. I stopped feeling happy. But all along I knew I had something in me, I knew this was not actually me. I couldn't make myself take part in anything, even if I tried. I got help from people around me and tried to change my attitude, my ways, and my behaviour but nothing worked.

It was then I started craving something I had been criticising my entire life. I craved my old life back in Ranchi. For a moment, I wanted to just breathe and pass time, soak my skin in the sunlight, look at those faces I was so bored of and be immersed in the silence of a smaller town. I wanted to go home.

Going back to my hometown, I realised that it is just a matter of time. Time can be surprising and unfavourable sometimes and I need to accept those unfavourable changes. I live in two different worlds right now: the hectic and busy lifestyle of Delhi and the calm, relaxing life at Ranchi. But I know I'll figure my way out of managing both of them. I'm aware of the importance of each world and I'll conquer them both. I know I'll be happy, because Time will favour me again.

PHOTO BY: MAYURI DUTTA



# TIME!

Monika Yadav | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 1

PHOTO BY: BHARBEETA HAZARIKA  
APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY, YEAR 2



As time moves on and days go by,  
We learn more about ourselves, oh  
my!  
The people we were yesterday,  
Are not the same as the ones  
today.

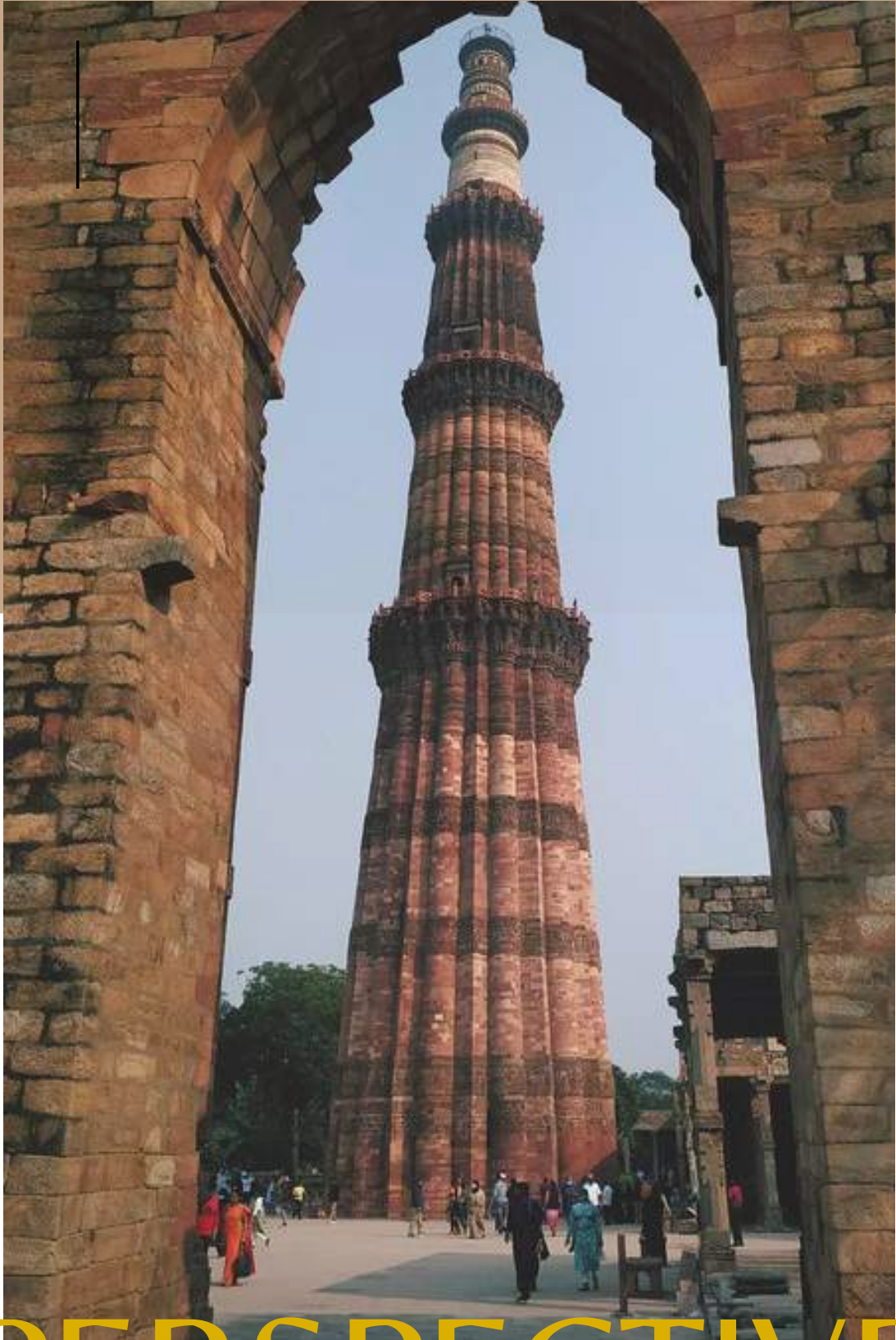
Our dreams and goals may shift  
and change,  
As we grow and life itself  
rearranges.  
Our likes and dislikes may evolve,  
As we learn and by the problems  
we solve.

The things that used to make us  
smile,  
May no longer be worthwhile.  
And things we once thought we  
knew,  
May turn out to be completely new.

With each new challenge we face,  
We gain a deeper sense of grace.  
We find our strength and our  
resolve,  
And learn to love ourselves,  
problems and all.

So as time marches on,  
We grow wiser and stronger.  
We learn to trust our instincts as  
true,  
And embrace the person we've  
grown into.

For the time is a journey we all  
take,  
And with each step, we learn and  
make,  
The person we are meant to be,  
A better version of ourselves, free.



# PERSPECTIVE

PHOTO BY: ZOYA CHAUDHARY

# सपने

Mehak Bajaj | B.A.(H) Commerce, Year 1

सपनें। यह सपने, यह तो बस बड़े लोगों के खेल-खिलौने हैं  
हमारे हिस्से तो बस इस कमरे के चार कोने हैं

डॉक्टर, इंजीनीयर, इन सब के सपने तू मत ही देख तो  
बेहतर हैं

बस बहन की शादी ही हो पाएगी, क्योंकि माँ के पास  
उतने ही जेवर हैं

और यह क्या गाड़ी, बंगले, एक की रट लगा रखी है,

हम गरीब हैं, हमे सपनों का अधिकार नहीं

यह नियती है हमारी, अब मान भी ले कि अत्याचार नहीं

क्या हुआ, किस सोच में पड़ गए?

ऊर्जावान विषय देखकर, हम कैसे अंधकार को पढ़ गए?

यह बंद महलों के सपने रौंद दीए जाते हैं सड़कों पर।

लड़की पराया धन है, इसकी बस शादी करनी है

परिवार की ज़िम्मेदारी सौंप दी जाती है लड़कों पर।

हमने नजर उठाई तो खुला आसमान मिला,

नीचे देखा तो कदमों में जहान मिला

उनकी क्या गलती थी जो उनको जीवन, सपनों से  
अनजान मिला?

माना, माना भेजा गया उन्हें गरीब बना कर  
पर क्या साथ तुमने नहीं दिया झूठे सपनें दिखाकर?

बड़ी-बड़ी नौकरी के सपनें देखने वालों,

कितनी दफा भेद-भाव किया है? कपड़ों से, जाती से, नाम  
से, जब दर्ज़ा भाँप लिया है?

आज़ादी के इतने सालों बाद भी,

जिस देश में समानता का सपना देखा जाता है

धोके के कर्ज के बोझ तले दबा, खुदखुशी करता अपना  
देखा जाता है

जहाँ ईमानदारी आज भी बस नींदों की परछाई है

जहाँ लोगों की आत्मा तक भुखमरी घाई है

जहाँ मेज के नीचे जमीर बिक जाता हो

बिक भी सोते वक्त संतोष का सपना देखा जाता हो

हाँ उस देश में मैंने भी सपना कुछ करने का देखा है

वतन के खातिर दजीने मरने का देखा हैं

ठाना है मैंने भी, अपना जमीर नहीं बिकने दूँगी

लाचार को अंततम श्वास तक भी लाचार नहीं लिखने दूँगी ॥



PHOTOS BY: TANVI



# EUDAEMONIA: THROUGH DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVES

Aisha Sharma | B.A.(P) Psychology+Economics, Year 2

In the vast and complex world that we inhabit, our perspective plays a crucial role in shaping our beliefs, attitudes, and actions. Through our perspective, we make sense of the world around us and interpret the events that unfold. In the global political economy, our perspective can determine our place in society and the opportunities available to us. But what happens when our perspective contradicts the “mentality of the mainstream”? How can we shed light on perspectives that differ from the norm and amplify the voices of the silenced and unheard?

One area where perspective has a significant impact is in the realm of art. Art is a form of expression that can challenge our perspectives and offer new insights into the world. Art has been a powerful tool for social commentary and political activism throughout history.

Artists have used their perspectives to critique the status quo, challenge injustice, and offer visions of a more just and equitable world. For example, the feminist art movement of the 1960s and 70s challenged the male-dominated art world and highlighted the experiences and perspectives of women artists. Through their artwork, feminist artists addressed issues such as gender inequality, reproductive rights, and domestic violence. Their perspectives opened up new avenues for dialogue and activism, and paved the way for future generations of artists to express their unique perspectives.

Science is another field where perspectives can have a profound impact. Science is often viewed as an objective and neutral pursuit of knowledge, but it is also shaped by the perspectives of the scientists who study it.





Our perspectives can influence the questions we ask, the methods we use, and the interpretations we make. The field of environmental science has been shaped by the perspectives of scientists who are concerned about the impact of human activities on the planet. Their perspectives have led to important discoveries about climate change, pollution, and biodiversity loss. Their research has also influenced public policy and led to initiatives to reduce carbon emissions, protect natural resources, and promote sustainability.

Mental health is another area where perspectives can have a significant impact. Mental health is a complex and multifaceted issue that is shaped by a range of factors, including biological, psychological, and social. Our perspectives on mental health can influence the way we understand and address mental health challenges. Perspectives on mental health have evolved over time, from viewing mental illness as a moral failing or personal weakness, to recognizing it as a legitimate health concern.

Mental health advocates have worked tirelessly to challenge stigma, raise awareness, and promote access to care. By amplifying the stories of people facing mental health challenges, advocates have helped to promote a more compassionate and inclusive approach to mental health.

In conclusion, our perspective is a powerful force that shapes our understanding of the world and our place in it. When our perspective contradicts the “mentality of the mainstream,” it can be difficult to find a place to express ourselves and be heard. But by shedding light on perspectives that differ from the norm, we can challenge the status quo, promote social justice, and pave the way for a more equitable and inclusive world. Whether in the fields of art, science, or mental health, our unique perspectives have the potential to make a profound impact on the world around us.



PHOTO BY: MAYURI DUTTA

# MONARCH

Amrita K | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2 | Ed Team



PHOTO BY: NISHITA DEKA

Oh pious soul!  
Why do you sit so high upon your gilded throne  
Perched upon the heavens of your self worth  
Seated at a height so towering above creation  
That your sight is but blinded by clouds and mist?  
Do your feet remember the earthen touch,  
Or do they just airily dangle to tease those below?  
You claim sacredness like it was,  
Written upon your temple since birth  
Sacred blood in your veins flowing like ambrosia  
Potent enough to pardon sins, to pardon cruelty  
Until it meets the sacrilegious blood of the womb  
And upon that poisonous touch, it turns to ash  
Your knowledge you forged into shackles and spears  
When it was meant to be woven into wings  
How assuredly you assume your place  
Upon the crown of the less fortunate  
Or is it that you and they once shared the same fortune,  
But your greed strangled their pleasant fate to death,  
And left tatters of indignity in its wake?  
Is your wealth not built upon the toils of those  
Whose labour was sowed for your fruitful harvest alone?  
Is your body not cleansed  
By tearful droplets you so vehemently provoked?  
And yet you still lay perched upon your throne  
Your sight coloured in mere black and white  
And you remain ignorant of the eyes  
That possess the lowlifes who stand below  
Recognising a thousand vibrant hues of grey  
And now you still remain in the grapples of malicious bliss  
Relishing the embrace of the divine  
Upon the severed remains of the mortal umbilical cord.

# GRIEF AS HOPE'S MUSE

Urvie Bhattacharya | B.A.(H) English, Year 2

The past has shown me no mercy. Pure, unadulterated hatred that churns in the darkest pits of my body where my thoughts are dragged into, is its proudest creation. There were days when the only time I'd bruise was when I'd fall chasing the moon in the garden, and my mother would tell me that the dusky sky had come down to earth to kiss my feet because I wasn't old enough to reach up to it yet. I remember how the sky came to love me so much, there was no part left untouched by it.

I spent years nurturing my ache, till I accepted that there was no alternative to a cynical life. Pain is paralytic, mobilising everything it brushes against for silence and stillness while claiming itself the most powerful inhibitor of the psyche it settles into. Bitterness filters into every tangent of life, shaping the spirit with which we face the cruelty of the world, that we have dismissed could ever be pure. All my humanity withered away into itself, as it found itself defeated by the destruction that I had accepted.

However, grief inspires hope; the latter thrives where it has the most unrestricted access to the former, weaving together two emotions that otherwise are destructive in themselves, or have no cause for existence. For whatever that caused me to despair, there was love I found in another's soul that gave me the strength required for hope, the revolt against its muse grief, which breathed life into the faint



ART BY: VRIDHI SHOOR  
B.A.(H) MICROBIOLOGY, YEAR 1

residue that was left of the good that I had not been able to bring myself to kill.

So, when the rotting flesh of my misery expanded in an attempt to subdue the intensity of hope, the second of the two reached out and held the decay in its tender hands, whispering, "Reach up to the sky, for you have understood that it does not wish you pain," and all the built-up sorrow melted into the warmth, to find itself take the form of what it had been all along – a yearning for amnesty from itself, that only the hope it had derived could provide.

# THE PROTAGONIST

Pakhi Bargale | B.A.(H) Applied Psychology, Year 2



PHOTO BY: ZOYA CHAUDHARY

As the strangers that pass by,  
each carrying a story that I can never know,  
As I try to suppress this sonder  
It fights harder to come back  
I finally surrender and begin to ponder.  
In these streets unknown,  
I remember a few faces, why is it so?  
Is it because they have the protagonist's aura?  
Do you ever pass by someone or meet someone  
Who looks like the protagonist type?  
Like the book revolves around them,  
They would save a kingdom and look gorgeous  
while doing it.  
The ones who are a little different,  
Have flaws yet side characters seem to accept  
them,  
ones who make interesting choices or are thinkers,  
have the protagonist aura.

But don't we all want to be the protagonist of our  
own stories?  
Aren't we all struggling to be our own heroes  
Who our childhood self would have admired  
Maybe because we attach our worth to our role in  
someone else's story  
instead of writing one of our own.

Here belief comes into play.  
Imagine yourself as the protagonist for a day,  
and the pattern will continue.  
You may be a side character in someone else's  
story  
But you have got one to yourself and it's yours to  
write and live  
Sure, you will fail and succeed  
and fail again and succeed,  
sometimes the village might burn and  
another day you might save the king,  
remind yourself that Protagonists make  
mistakes.  
They fail but get up and complete the story  
where the ending is worth all the struggles.  
Perfect stories and Protagonists do not exist  
so making mistakes does not make you a side  
character.

No story is ever boring, all different and beautiful  
so let not your fear hold you back from writing a  
strange one.  
If you ever doubt yourself,  
wonder how the narrator describes you to be,  
what would be your qualities worth making  
someone  
remember you in unknown streets.  
It is only when we look at ourselves from  
someone else's perspective, we realise that  
we are often too harsh on ourselves and  
overlook so much good  
that the narrator wants us to see.  
Next time you look in the mirror you will see  
the Protagonist from the Eyes of the Narrator.  
Now, who is the narrator?  
It is you and your drive to achieve your ideal self  
that will drive the story and  
The Protagonist.

I zoned back in, I was still in that street,  
glad that I allowed myself to ponder,  
a smile struck my face as I saw a little girl staring  
at me  
with her twinkling eyes in awe of something.  
Did I look to her, like The Protagonist type?

A photograph of a pottery shop with shelves filled with various ceramic items like vases, mugs, and plates. The items are arranged on dark wooden shelves, creating a sense of depth and abundance. The lighting is warm and focused, highlighting the textures and colors of the pottery. The overall atmosphere is one of a traditional, well-stocked workshop.

PHOTO BY: ZOYA CHAUDHARY

# CAMERA OBSCURA

*Photo stories.*



# CAMERA OBSCURA.

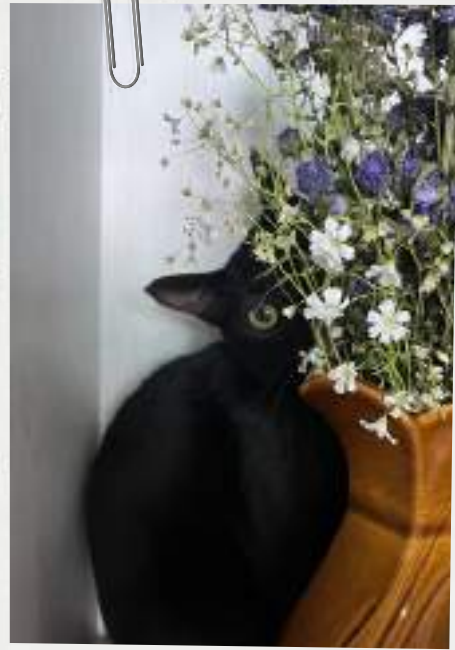
what words can't say.

Antas Karan | B.A.(H) Hindi, Year 3





Tanvi



Zoya Chaudhary



Zoya Chaudhary



Bratati Mitra



Zoya Chaudhary



Arya Mallik

# CREDITS

---



**Arya Mallik**  
Editor



**Aditi Kaushik**  
Writer



**Amrita K**  
Writer



**Jigesha Punj**  
Writer



**Kiran Goswami**  
Writer



**Manasi Prabhakaran**  
Writer



**Mayuri Dutta**  
Photographer



**Misha Pal**  
Writer



**Ragini Narang**  
Illustrator & Photographer





**Ruchira Sharma**  
Writer



**Sanya Singh**  
Writer



**Sejal Tiwari**  
Writer



**Shivangi Dhiman**  
Writer & Researcher



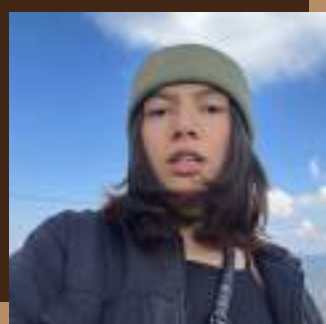
**Sukhmani Bajaj**  
Illustrator



**Tanvi**  
Photographer



**Umanshi Garg**  
Writer



**Vanshika Gautam**  
Illustrator



**Zoya Chaudhary**  
Photographer

# ATLAS

*And I have miles to go before I sleep.*

EDITORIAL TEAM  
DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY  
GARGI COLLEGE

---

March 2023

PHOTO BY: ZOYA CHAUDHARY

[gargipsychologyassociation@gmail.com](mailto:gargipsychologyassociation@gmail.com)

[@psychologyassociation\\_gargi](https://www.instagram.com/psychologyassociation_gargi)