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EIDOS

ANNUAL MAGAZINE,
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIOLOGY
2020-21



SOCIETY AND CULTURE

HIERARCHY, STRATIFICATION

SOCIOLOGY IN EVERYDAY LIFE

MENTAL HEALTH

SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

ADVISOR'S NOTE

It has been my absolute pleasure to be able to be a part of the third edition of Eidos – the magazine of the Department of Sociology, Indraprastha College for Women. The third edition of Eidos is a beautiful expression of the students' creativity – both textual and visual. It is full of stories, poems, articles and images that illustrate their thoughts.

The department magazine is a crucial part of the students' overall development. Hence, I am extremely glad that they have put in so much effort in bringing out this issue amidst the pandemic. I cannot take any credit for it as it was very easy to work with a bunch of young, passionate and energetic students.

I hope that this issue is one of the many issues of Eidos that comes out in the future. I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to the college, especially our Principal Prof. Babli Moitra Saraf, for giving us this opportunity during these tough times. I am also thankful to our Head of the Department and all the faculty members of the department of Sociology, particularly Dr. Aatina Nasir Malik, for her support and feedback in bringing out this issue. We have been fortunate to receive some wonderful entries, and I would like to express my gratitude to the contributors.

Last but not least, I would like to acknowledge the hard work of all the team members and the editor of the magazine, Anshita. They have done an incredible job in putting together the issue amidst their semester work and other commitments.

I hope that this fire of creativity is forever alive and Eidos is only the beginning of this journey.



Dr. Rituparna Patgiri

PRESIDENT'S NOTE



Jahnvi Jha

When I first walked through the gates of IPCW back in 2018 and became a part of this department, I never could have imagined that in 3 short years, I would be so emotionally invested in this department that leaving it would seem nothing less than a herculean task. This department became my home away from home.

In these three years, Sociology has given me an appetite to immerse myself more in social theory and with that, a free existential crisis tagged along. While sociology constantly challenged everything in and around me, making me feel out of place time and again; college in general and this department, in particular, became the best possible home I could ever ask for. I have romanticized every bit of my college life, be it running to the canteen in short breaks between lectures, sitting on lawns, soaked under the winter sun, running late for 8:30 lectures in the morning, cribbing over never-ending deadlines and whatnot. The sisterhood, warmth and acceptance that this place has given me will always remain close to my heart.

Coming from an all-girls school, this place has only reaffirmed my faith and significance of women friendships and their values in one's life, a view that has only solidified in these testing times.

What made this department even more accepting and inclusive, one where the student body's essence and contribution are valued in every sense of the word, are its professors, who have ensured time and again that the department remains tied to its democratic values and have continuously encouraged students.

As the president, I have had the fortune of working for and with such a vibrant and creative group of women, who have always put their best foot forward. Even though the interaction was limited due to spatial and temporal constraints in this online setting, these women have never fallen short of anything, facing every possible barrier with resilience, negotiating and making their way around.

They have exhibited strength and instilled values of democracy, inclusivity now and then, especially while everything outside is shattering, disillusioning. It is nothing less than a matter of pride to have represented and been associated with such courageous women. This department is like an oasis amidst the current socio-political climate of our country and the world.

I am extremely thankful to my co-representatives, Meghna Gogoi, Muskan Tiwary and Anshita Jain; the society advisors and the faculty - who have made this a wonderful learning experience.

As this academic session comes to an end, I wish this department all the strength to continue upholding the true values of the department, continue to question, challenge and criticize all that is happening in and around us. It is the students who give this department its actual colour. You all have proved it in the past and I hope each one of you continues to do so.



EDITOR'S NOTE



Anshita Jain

When I decided to contest for the position of Editor-in-chief, all I had was a vision of what I wanted the magazine to be - a medium that offers freedom of expression, reinforces feelings of togetherness, and showcases the immense talent within our department. And to finally see that vision become a reality seems unreal to me.

It was tough, doing things in the online mode. And it was even more difficult to find the strength, motivation, and zeal to keep working amidst the widespread misery and uncertainty surrounding us. But thanks to a brilliant team, an adorable mentor, and the contributions of everyone in the department, this journey became one to be cherished and I enjoyed every bit of it.

Working on this magazine brought me joy and gave me hope. And as you scroll through these pages, I hope you feel the same sense of joy. For the students of our department, I hope that you are reminded of all the beautiful memories you have made, as you read through the pages. I hope this magazine becomes something you can always come back to, to reminisce about your days as a student of Sociology at IPCW.

In the end, I would again, like to thank every person in the editorial team for their constant support, hard work, and enthusiasm. I would also like to thank Dr Rituparna Patgiri, our magazine advisor, as well as all the other teachers of our department for guiding us every step of the way. Lastly, I am extremely thankful to everyone who sent in their work. This magazine wouldn't have been possible without their contributions.

VICE PRESIDENT'S NOTE

I am elated that Hypatia is publishing the 3rd edition of its department magazine, "Eidos" for the academic year 2020-21

Over the years, the Sociology department has built a tradition of excellence and it is a matter of great pride for us that it is a department where every student finds a democratic space to express themselves. Hypatia's "Eidos" is an amalgamation of the plethora of talent and creativity that the department comprises and I believe that the publication of this magazine will enable us to showcase this talent.

I entered this college with hopes and expectations and it makes me happy and satisfied when I see them getting fulfilled. The professors and the young vibrant women of the department always motivate me to push my limits, question, and critically analyse myself and everything happening around me. This department is like a family to me and I am glad to be a part of it..

SECRETARY'S NOTE

The year 2020 was a tough one for all of us, be it financially, mentally or academically. However, for me, having taken admission in IPCW brought a ray of hope amidst the chaos. The intellectual discussions, such great professors, amazing classmates and seniors, what a delight!

Even more, elections for the general body of Hypatia were the best thing that ever happened to me. It inculcated a lot of enthusiasm and confidence in me and though it has all been virtual, it feels amazing to be a part of this big family of budding sociologists.



Meghna Gogoi



Muskan Tiwary

The Editorial Team

2020-21

"The world is but a canvas to our imagination."

- Henry David Thoreau

We, the editorial team, tried to paint this canvas- our department magazine, with our imagination and the creative creations of all the students of the Sociology department. I hope you find the result to be as beautiful as we found the journey to be!

- Anshita Jain, 2nd Year



Editor-In-Chief

CREATIVE TEAM



PRABHSEERAT KAUR



PALAK SINGH

In high school I always heard that college is much more than just academics. Being in college has a lot more to offer. The last year and a half was tough, and the only thing which made college days feel like college days during the time was working with the editorial team, bringing creativity to reality. The memories and experiences working with the team will always be a big part to my little story.

- Prabhseerat Kaur, 2nd Year



What matters at the end is not how beautiful it has become... but the hardwork of dozens of people, devoting hundreds of hours, making this beautiful, indeed beautiful.

- Palak Singh, 1st year



KAVYA GUPTA

I am extremely thankful to get the opportunity to be a part of editorial team of Eidos. Being a member of the editorial team, I got to learn teamwork and many new things and got to talk with people with such creative minds. I will always treasure the experiences I had while working on the magazine as a whole.

- Kavya Gupta, 1st year



SOUMYA RAJ

This was an enlightening experience, as I gained an insight into how the system runs. Hopefully, with the skills I have developed and aim to acquire in the university, I can make a noteworthy impact in both, the creative and the sociological world.

- Soumya Raj, 1st year

DESIGN TEAM

BHASWATI BORA



My experience as a member of design team was indeed remembering. Everyone's cooperative and helpful in discussing about any topic regarding the magazine which indicated a good teamwork. Also got to learn new things.

-Bhaswati Bora. 2nd Year

ANISHA KASHYAP



From never knowing what an editorial board is upto to becoming a member of the design team, the journey has been incredible. Designing is something which always fascinated me, but I never had the chance to replicate my ideas. The editorial board of annual magazine- Eidos, has indeed been a lifesaver. It has not only nourished my treasured potentials, but also prepared me to contribute in the creation of something which is astounding in the truest sense.

-Anisha Kashyap. 1st Year

RUDRANI KASHYAP



"Being a part of the editorial team has definitely taught me a lot, mainly team work and cooperation. I am sincerely grateful for this opportunity of being able to explore the "insides" of Eidos. I'll always cherish the experiences that I gained while working with the entire Editorial team."

- Rudrani Kashyap. 1st Year

CONTENT WRITING TEAM



It has been an enriching experience in bringing forth this magazine. With the variety of themes presented in the writings, beautiful artworks, and much more, I hope that this magazine is liked by all its readers.

-Anushka Chayani. 2nd Year



ANUSHKA CHAYANI



It was an absolute delight to be a part of the editorial team. A great space to hone one's skills and create some amazing friendships along the way.

-Rifah Sharmin. 1st Year



RIFAH SHARMIN



PRERONA BARMAN

I feel like working for Eidos's content team really welcomes my pet peeves of minor grammar and punctuation mistakes!! From getting into the team to reading the new issue, the entire journey has been amazing and I loved each and every part of it.

-Prerona Barman. 1st Year

SOCIAL MEDIA CO-ORDINATORS

DAVISHVI SONI



DEBOLINA SAHA



Working in the department magazine team was a good experience as I had a good time with my other teammates. It has taught me cooperation and teamwork. I was lucky to work with all the people. I'll keep cherishing these moments.

-Davishvi Soni, 2nd Year

"It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live."

- Harry Potter, J.K Rowling

The journey with the editorial team has been amazing so far! All thanks to our professors and our editor in chief for letting us work so independently.

-Debolina Saha, 1st Year

PROOFREADERS

The time that I spent in the Sociology department has been one of the best and it was working with the editorial team that I could return back half the love that I received. Being part of such like-minded and vocal teammates made the journey even more exciting for me, and it helped me introspect and come out of my comfort zone. I'm immensely thankful to everyone and it was an honor to work with such a talented group of people.

-Jinjiree Kakati, 2nd Year



JINJIREE KAKATI

Working in the editorial team is not at all 'work'. It's all about having fun and it's a learning experience, given the great teamwork and cooperation amongst the members. Glad to be a part of the journey.

-Yaiphabi Mayengbam, 1st Year



YAIPHABI MAYENGBAM

PHOTOGRAPHER

MEDISHETTI ANUSREE VARMA



I had a good experience while working on the magazine and learnt many things. I got to meet and work with new people and learnt how to work in a group and complete tasks with a deadline. We had a lot of fun and overall, it was an enjoyable experience!

-Medishetti Anusree Varma, 1st Year



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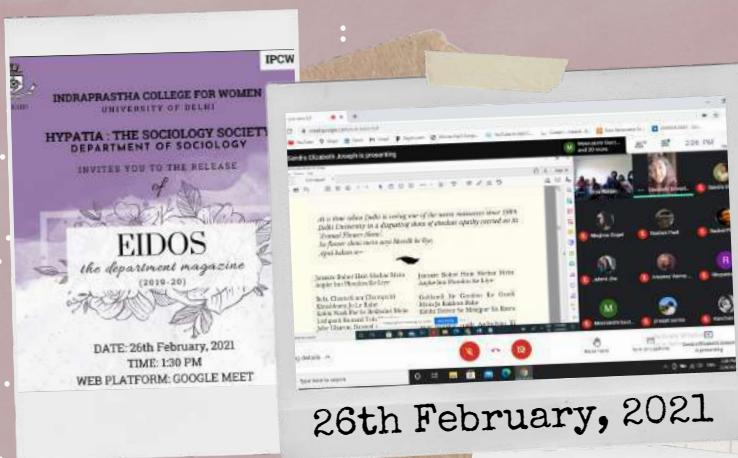
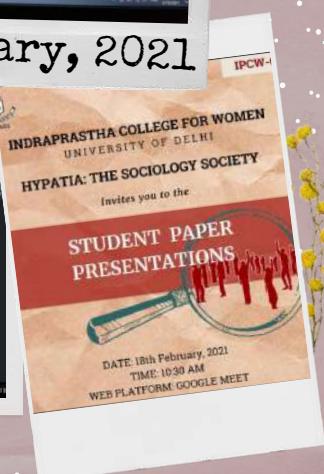
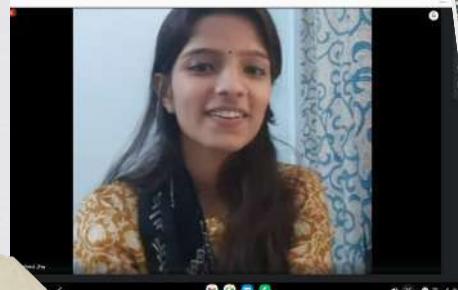
2020-21

STUDENT PAPER PRESENTATION, SEMESTER IV

The Student Paper Presentation for the even semester was organized with 13 informative and enlightening papers. They were based on various themes that included caste, domestic violence, religion, gender, mass media, culture, etc.



18th February, 2021

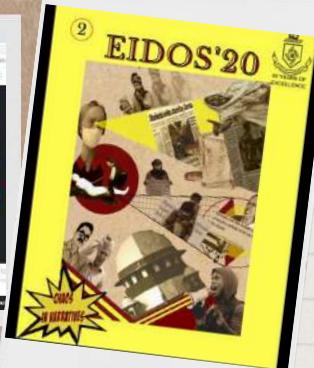


26th February, 2021

EIDOS 2019-2020

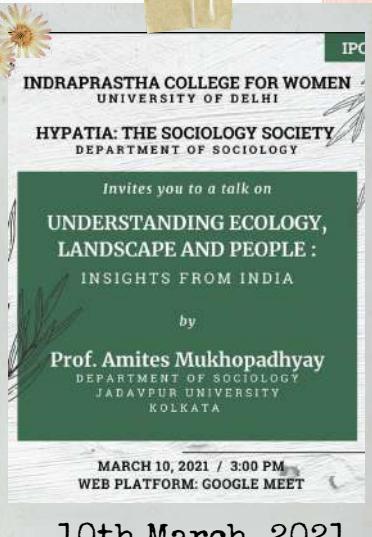
LAUNCH

The department magazine for the session 2019-20 was presented by Sandra Elizabeth Joseph, Editor-in-chief (2019-20) and the Editorial Team members. The magazine consisting of articles, short stories, poetry, photo essays and artworks, wonderfully captured diverse themes and sensitized everybody regarding important issues.



WEBINAR ON
"UNDERSTANDING
ECOLOGY,
LANDSCAPE, AND
PEOPLE: INSIGHTS
FROM INDIA"

A session by Dr Amites Mukhopadhyay, Department of Sociology, Jadavpur University on "Understanding Ecology, Landscape, and People: Insights from India" was organized in which key aspects regarding Environmental Sociology were addressed. He talked extensively about his research on Sundarbans, West Bengal and the changes and processes of development associated with it.

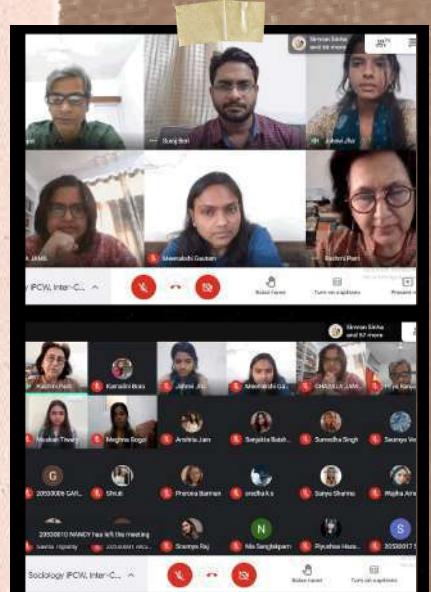


INTER-UNIVERSITY URBAN STUDIES WEBINAR

The Inter-University Urban Studies Webinar was organized on urban as a space and urban as values and attitudes. The keynote address by Dr Ghazala Jamil was followed by six paper presentations on constructing the urban space based on culture and identity, and experiences of the city. There were insightful discussions by Dr Anasua Chatterjee and Dr Koyal Verma, which was followed by Amiya Chaudhuri being felicitated as the 'Best Presenter'.



7th April, 2021



LECTURE ON “REMEMBERING GAIL OMVEDT: LESSONS FROM A LIFE WELL LIVED”

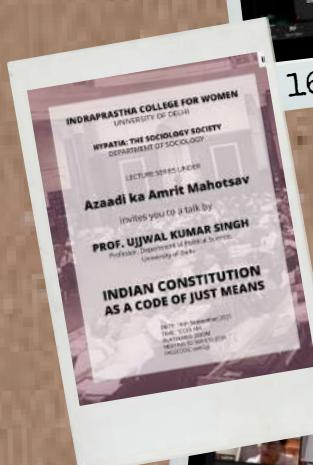
A talk by Professor Vandana Sonalkar on "Remembering Gail Omvedt: Lessons from a life well lived" was organized. She discussed Omvedt's ideas and works that covered issues such as class, gender, and caste. She talked about Omvedt's activism, especially participation in movements for women's rights and the anti-caste movement.



9th September, 2021



16th September, 2021



LECTURE ON “INDIAN CONSTITUTION AS A CODE FOR JUST MEANS”

A lecture by Professor Ujjwal Kumar Singh, Department of Political Science, University of Delhi, on "Indian Constitution as a Code for Just Means" was organized. He discussed constitutional laws, issues concerning democratic rights and provided a detailed comparative analysis of different constitutions of the world. He also shared insights from his new book, "Election Commission of India".

STUDENT PAPER PRESENTATION, SEMESTER V

The Student Paper Presentation for the odd semester was held with six thought-provoking and engaging papers. They dealt with issues like expressions and experiences related to gender, perceptions and identity associated with different regions in India, marriage practices etc.

22nd September, 2021



LECTURE ON "CONSTITUTIONAL SECULARISM AS A PEOPLE'S PROJECT"

A session by renowned political theorist Professor Rajeev Bhargava on "Constitutional Secularism as a People's Project" was organized. He discussed the essence and requirement for secularism in India. He also talked about the challenges faced by Indian secularism and highlighted its distinctiveness.

25th September, 2021



LECTURE SERIES UNDER
CONTEMPORARY CONCERN IN SOCIOLOGICAL
RESEARCH: PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICE

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

Professor Dhruv Raina delivered the Keynote Address, Professor of History of Science Education Zakir Husain Centre for Educational Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi. It dealt with the importance of familiarising students with different aspects of research. He also discussed the transdisciplinary approach to knowledge and how the interaction between natural sciences and social sciences occurs.



20th October, 2021



20th October, 2021



SESSION I: TEXTUAL AND CONTENT ANALYSIS

As the guest speaker, a session was organised on Textual and Content Analysis with Dr Irfanullah Farooqi, Department of Sociology, South Asian University, New Delhi. He discussed the core premises of textual analysis and the core questions like the creator of the text, author's intentions and the audience of the text. He also explained the different approaches of content analysis, such as basic, interpretive and qualitative.

SESSION II: VISUAL ANALYSIS

A session was organised on Visual Analysis with Nakul Singh Sawhney, a documentary filmmaker, as the guest speaker. In his talk, he highlighted bringing about the concerned issues in films. He also discussed the various ethical questions faced by filmmakers, how to tackle them, and the extent to which one must get involved in the film-making process.



21st October, 2021





SESSION III: FIELDWORK

A session was organised on the theme of fieldwork with Dr Reetika Khera, Associate Professor (Economics) at the Indian Institute of Technology, Delhi as the guest speaker. She discussed the various steps involved in the process of fieldwork, the methods of data collection with special focus on sampling and, the difficulties that a researcher may face in the process, and how to overcome it.

SESSION IV: WRITING

A session was organised on writing a research proposal with Dr Anannya Dasgupta, Associate Professor of Literature, Literature & the Arts and Director of Centre for Writing & Pedagogy at School of Interwoven Arts and Sciences, Krea University as the guest speaker. She discussed aspects related to what should researchers keep in mind while doing research and different components of sociological study.



22nd October, 2021



2nd December, 2021

ORIENTATION LECTURE ON THE SOCIOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE

An orientation lecture with Prof. Maitrayee Chaudhuri, former professor of Sociology at Jawaharlal Nehru University, was organised under the aegis of IQAC with the aim of familiarising the first-year students with the discipline. Her lecture was on sociological perspective in which she addressed the primary questions of the discipline, discussed its relationship with anthropology and advised students on how to do sociology.

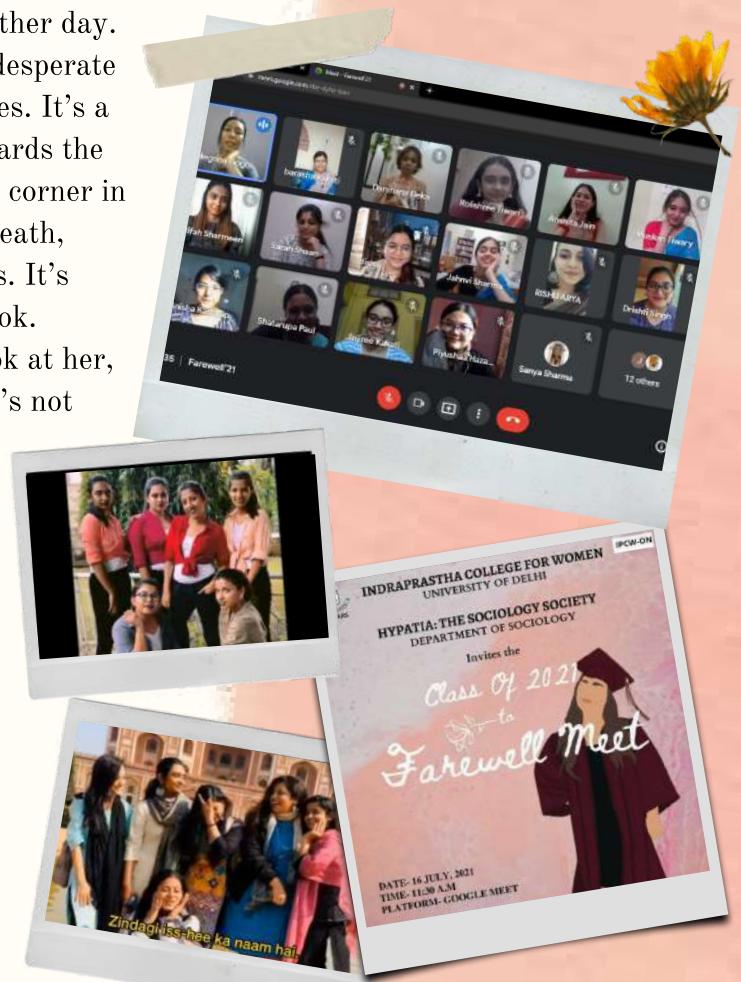
Remembering college memories

In an alternate universe, this is just another day. I walk out of G3, revolutionized and in desperate need to get Noam Chomsky off my nerves. It's a windy September afternoon, I walk towards the library and then end up finding myself a corner in the front lawns instead. I take a deep breath, under the big old tree with yellow leaves. It's perhaps the right time to start a new book. Chameli comes and sits next to me, I look at her, gently stroke her hair and whisper, "life's not that hard after all".

Yes, I know alternate universes belong to a world of utopia. I know that very well, now that I am sitting 454 kilometres away from Delhi. On the face of it, the reality we all are stuck in seems surreal. Surreal, definitely in a bad way. Yet, every time I end up adding an extra spoon of sugar to my tea, I gasp at my inability to ever reach the perfection that the political tapris of Delhi had to offer.

I always knew I wanted to do Sociology. It was the only subject that accepted me with open arms back in school. Yet all of that changed in the Department of Sociology, IPCW. While moving from G3 to 202, always looking for a comfortable corner under the fan something inside of me changed forever.

It wasn't just the fact that it was a liberal subject but that it was liberating. The classroom dynamics don't just change, they expand when terms like equality, hierarchy, constructs and agency keep coming up in the air.



I think I am a better woman today. Better and more aware of myself and the world I inhabit. I don't think I have let all of my preconceptions or inhibitions go. I'm not even close to the prototype of 'ideal'. But I think sociology is a way of thinking and now that I possess some bit of it, I am at a better vantage point in life. A point where I can work towards building my life while keeping alive in me the never-ending quest of looking beyond the obvious, the common sense.

I can never forget the people I met here. Especially the professors who pushed me towards being a better version of myself. The conversations I had with them in the classrooms and canteen and sometimes at the ends of the corridors. The knowledge they shared with me by laying it out in front of me and not even for a second undermining my agency to choose. The books I read because of them and the films I watched with them will always be there in my worldview as a reminder of the vibrant atmosphere I was once exposed to. The patience they showed towards me while I was grappling with the last dates of assignment submissions. The laughter they shared with me, the anecdotes they kept bringing up in the classroom, the subtle flames of revolution that they passed to me, all of this shall stay imprinted in my heart forever.

Secondly, the faces of the silhouettes I never got to know beyond the brief skirmishes of kindness. The silhouettes that made my life in Delhi possible, safe and warm.

And most importantly, the women I met here. The colours of their hair, the bright smiles on their faces and the revolutionary sparkles in their eyes. I can never forget them. I think my time in a women's college has made me more sensitive, aware, empowered and capable. I think the experiences I had here in a brief span of a bittersweet graduation affair will always be there inside the ghosts of many women I'm yet to lose and the spirits of many women I'm yet to become.



*'Indraprastha College for
Women is my Alma Mater.
It's my heart and soul. It
shall always be there with me.
Each and every bit of it.'*



Jahnvi Sharma



BATCH OF 2021

9



Freshers' gratitude

- Sarah Shaan, 1st Year

It was a beautiful day.

The blue sky was dotted with fluffy white clouds that drifted lazily in the gentle breeze.

The perfect day...for an 'Online' Freshers?

Nevermind! We were determined to make the best out of it. And girl, did it deliver!

The wonderful seniors of Hypatia: The Academic Society of the Department of Sociology organized a wonderful Freshers for the First years on 11th February 2021. An event that would stay entrenched in our minds forever, the Freshers involved a series of amazing performances by our seniors, hinting at the legacy we'd be expected to follow by being a part of this department.

From intricate dance performances to melodious songs and of course, the remarkable games and activities, it was the best Freshers we could've asked for.



Sarah Shaan

Heartfelt gratitude to every single person in this department for welcoming us with open arms and always looking out for us and guiding us in the best possible manner.

Hypatia has my heart!



Fresher's Meet 2021

- Sanya Sharma, 1st Year



Sanya Sharma



A virtual Freshers meet was organised by the students of 2nd and 3rd year to give a warm welcome to the students of 1st year, on 11th February 2021. The theme of the event was 'traditional' and the students made their zealous appearance in stunning outfits.

The programme commenced with an introductory session, where they were asked to associate with and describe themselves by something dear to them. It was a fun session where the students got an opportunity to interact with each other.

The session was followed by a cultural programme, which included various mesmerizing acts such as dance, singing, poetry and drama. Various fun games were also organised, and even the students of the first year were given a chance to showcase their talent!

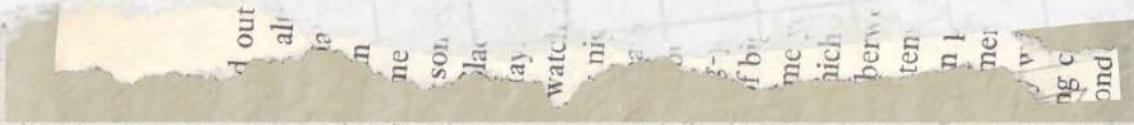
Everyone grooves to the tunes of music too! The students of 1st year were grateful for the amazing virtual show put up by their lovely seniors with a lot of hard work and enthusiasm. The students also hoped to attend the college and meet their seniors and batchmates in offline mode too.





Society & Culture

Religion, Media, Youth Culture,
Sports, Performance, Food, Kinship



d out to altho' ial w n Rat me of eye somethin' lackth ay. watch fir night ating, or all in place big-c ne yea nich l berwe tensic n par



Namrata Sinha

UNCAGED

In pursuit of my ‘eccentric’ poise,
To break the cage and accentuate my voice.
I let my soul float in the aesthetic air of vanity.
I juggle with my thoughts to redefine sanctity.

I paint my wagon violet.
My loafers are blue and scarlet.
I flaunt my belly-button ring.
The roped-off street is where I sing.

Writing poems of my whimsical musing,
I play the ukulele and cherish the tuning.
I binge-read the books of contemporary fiction,
I virtually untie myself from societal conviction.

Oh, that frown of yours over my nape-tattoo,
I’m not sorry if I hurt your hypersensitive ‘taboo’.
They call me – bohemian, at times a ‘recalcitrant’,
Well, there’s peace in sombre-arts, deemed ‘unkempt’.

The artsy-craftsy beauty of being free,
And rhapsody of an erratic spree,
All meltdown to make sense
When reorienting spiritual essence.

Weaving a festoon of imaginations,
I’d wear it with a tiara of my fascinations.
My soul is pure, my heart is true,
Dear girl, being- “normal” is not a virtue.

- NAMRATA SINHA,
2ND YEAR



THE BEAUTIFUL TANISHQ AD

- Sumedha Singh, 2nd Year

I am quite sure we all are aware of the very famous advertisement controversy of an Indian jewellery brand named 'Tanishq'. It was a very beautiful advertisement in which Tanishq, contextualized an inter-faith marriage and showed how a caring mother-in-law respected her daughter-in-law's faith. This portrayal drew so much criticism from a virulent section of the society that threatened violence against the brand, forcing Tanishq to bow down to all the upcoming criticisms and ultimately withdraw its advertisement.



This is disheartening to notice that we're reaching a point now, where people have to change their way of thinking and imagination. We cannot even possess the audacity to share our view of how we want our country to look like, just because of an audience that is becoming increasingly intolerant as well as vocally violent by each passing day.

There are a few questions we need to introspect. Where is the country heading towards? Are artists supposed to alter art according to a single narrative? Why are we being so violent? Why aren't we allowing various narratives and perspectives to be shown? Why aren't we accepting different voices? And most importantly, where has the idea of 'unity in diversity' gone?

India has always been known for its largest democracy, vividness and unity. The very famous poem by Muhammad Iqbal which I'm sure most of us must have read at least once in our lifetime says, "MAJHAB NAHI SIKHATA AAPAS ME BAIR RAKHNA, HINDI HAI HUM, WATAN HAI HINDUSTAN HAMARA"

(Translation: religion doesn't teach us to bear animosity among ourselves, we are of Hind, our homeland is Hindustan).

We are slowly forgetting our childhood values. The feeling of unity is being replaced by the feeling of hatred. From a free nation, we're converting to a partly free nation. And we need to stop it here itself.



Sumedha Singh

India is a spirit. A spirit of diversity. A spirit of acceptance. A spirit of vividness. A spirit of celebration. A spirit of democracy. And we, the people make it so. We, the people have the responsibility too, to protect it, always. We need to open our eyes and see what our country has become. We need to think and work for it.

If there is a lesson that we, as humans must take from history, it is that, "If the voice of dissent is louder than the voice of support, the dissent wins."

Where the voice of support favours the rigid and intolerant behaviour of people against certain community and target them for absolutely no reason. And the voice of dissent stands with what's needed and what's just. These voices should never stop themselves from raising and always stand for truth and honesty because,

"Nothing strengthens authority so much as silence"
— Leonardo da Vinci.



Durga Puja, a festival in Hinduism, marks the celebration of the demise of Mahishasura. On the 10th day after worshipping daily, the idol of Durga is carried in a procession and immersed in a nearby water reservoir or river.

DURGA BHASHAN

Artwork by:

Sudiksha Samanta, 1st Year

FOOD AND DALIT IDENTITY

- Suvashi Goyal, 1st Year

A child when born, immediately associates himself/herself with numerous ascriptive identities, i.e., identities based on birth and belonging rather than some form of acquired qualifications or accomplishments. One of the most significant ascriptive identity of a person is his caste identity, which very strongly determines a person's status in society, his access to opportunities as well as the privileges bestowed on him. A person is required to follow the rules and norms which are permitted by his particular caste to conform to the notion of purity and pollution which is intrinsic to the caste system.

Caste, a phenomenon of Hindu society, although has begun penetrating to other non-Hindu groups as well but it remains a central feature of Hinduism. Caste is defined as the fivefold division of society into brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas Shudras and lastly the untouchables. This division of society is believed to be of divine origin with brahmans at the top as they are formed from the head of the god Brahman, Kshatriyas formed from his arms, vaishya from his thighs and Shudras from his feet. The first 3 castes are called the twice-born castes as they are alone entitled to undergo the ceremony of upanayana, which constitutes spiritual rebirth.



Untouchables majorly referred to as the Dalits, a term coined by B.R. AMBEDKAR, a prominent figure in Dalit history who relentlessly fought to provide Dalits with basic rights and dignity in society. They have always lived in the periphery of Hindu society and suffered humiliation and discrimination throughout. They were always barred from assimilating with the Hindu society mainly because of their occupations which were considered menial as they work as manual scavengers, cleaning latrines and sewers by hand and clearing away the dead animals. All the professions which are considered impure and low are associated with the Dalits. They have suffered marginalisation and continue to face it in the contemporary period as well, as urban areas are segregated based on caste as there are slums that are dominated by lower caste groups and there are some areas that are developed and provided with all the necessities and these are dominated by the upper castes as well as there are separate utensils and living areas for the domestic help workers. The most unfortunate part is that their ascriptive identity overshadows all the other dimensions, their accomplishments, their achievements and they are solely judged by their caste identity irrespective of their qualifications.

Dalit culinary practices that have largely originated through their systematic marginalisation as well as denied access to resources have resulted in the invention of many unique dishes which are central to Dalits. Their cooking practices very vividly demonstrates the community's resourcefulness and abilities in transforming the waste into eatables as Dalits have invented their foods from very scarce resources, mainly those which were to be thrown away by the upper castes. It shows how they have very effectively utilized the leftovers and the discarded and converted them into eatables in the struggle to survive. The Dalits were denied access to almost thing including even the necessities like food and water. Due to the lack of the availability of luxurious resources, Dalits have extensively learnt the techniques of preservation which are very much essential to them in the changing or tough circumstances and also as they survived with the leftovers they could not afford to waste anything, so they came out with many different preservation techniques.



Untouchables were mainly non-vegetarians and were meat and beef eaters as they were readily available because the upper castes discarded them. There is an interrelation between diet and status because the Hindu social ladder puts the vegetarian brahmans at the top, non-beef eaters non-vegetarians in the middle and the beefeaters at the bottom. Therefore, the untouchables occupied the lowest position in the hierarchy.

As untouchables worked as the domestic help workers in the homes of upper caste people, they extensively borrowed their tricks and techniques used in the kitchen and applied smart substitutions to supply the same taste and flavour to the dishes which were available to them. Dalit food is a complicated, traumatic story.

Amongst Dalits, food choices were determined by one's occupation as the Mahars were known as mrutaharis (those who eat dead animals), the musaharis (musmeaning rats) were dependant on rats whereas the valmikis were dependant on leftovers or "joothan" food given to them as alms by the upper castes.

There are many peculiar ingredients and preparation techniques that are used only in Dalit cuisines and have originated largely out of poverty, marginalisation, lack of resources, and helplessness. While social factors are the significant reason, economic factors also, to a large extent, determine the food practices of Dalits. They had to rely on cheap ingredients like mota anaj, molasses and pea flour which resulted in the invention of thick black chapatis by the Dalit community. Food was also used as a means of humiliation by the upper caste communities. When Dalits eat pig meat, they are known as pig eaters but when an upper caste eats pig meat, it becomes pork.

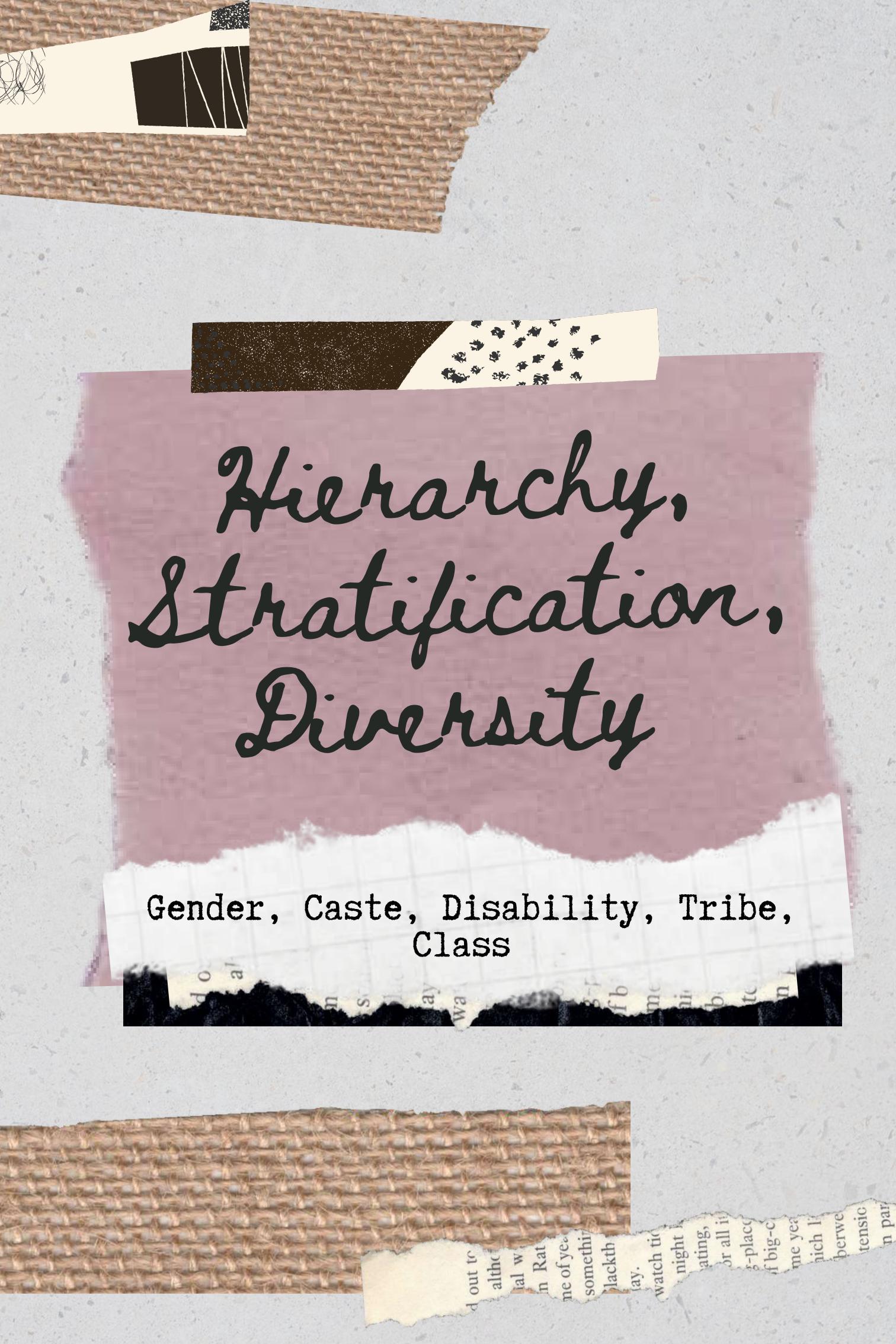
Scarcity of food also led to the invention of many creative and innovative preservation techniques, which form an integral part of Dalit cuisine. Dalits barely wasted anything, even the watermelon seeds were not thrown away and ground to be added to the gravies to make them thick.

Dalit cuisine depicts the community's resourcefulness in extracting the best possible from what was available or given to them.

The worst thing is that the unique culinary practices of the Dalits have found no mention in books, cookery shows, media etc., perhaps this is the only way through which the caste system continues to function in India, i.e., by silencing the voices and ignoring the achievements and accomplishments of the marginalised communities.



Swasti Goyal



Hierarchy, stratification, Diversity

Gender, Caste, Disability, Tribe,
Class

AN APOLOGY FINAL

I sat with my eyes closed
Memories flooded and times swept back
In waves and pieces of unwanted wanted streams
A childhood slavery of caste bound behaviour and thought
A slap for wearing a stolen gold chain in place of the metal my body
hated so much
And a terrified apology
A kick for looking directly at the eyes of the Brahmins
Guilty for daring, hatred for impulses and an apology for safety
A beating for touching beyond peripheries of untouchables
Shouts of ridicule, giggles in the classroom for sweeping floors I was
made to sit on
This followed by an apology for hating what was ‘natural’
Apology ran down my clothes, my body, and my soul
An apology was my question and my answer
Both my instinct and repulse
My childhood and pillar on which I grew
I opened my eyes to disconnect, in defiance
Sitting in the dim light against shastric books
I flipped the pages through
And wondered how easily human words are woven into divine laws
And laws into customs and behaviours and thoughts
And the sweet-smelling apology that is founded on good intentions
and rehabilitation changed to toxic oppressed words that were
founded on the institution of power
I shut my eyes again in a second attempt
To detach from the buried apology in my belief system
Yet being unable to do so
I decided for the first time
To apologize to myself for apologizing so many times against myself.

- SUDIKSHA SAMANTA,
1ST YEAR

I REMEMBER MY GRANDMA

TELLING ME A STORY

- Prabhseerat Kaur, 2nd year

I remember my grandma telling me a story-

a story of the time when they had to question their existence in this life.

The time when five of the Sikh families were together in a single room, hungry, tired, for a long stretch of four days, because 1984, anti-Sikh riot it was.

I remember seeing tears in her eyes when she was narrating to me how for 4 days they did not even make a single noise, how they carried a bottle of poison that if something happens, they would give the poison to their daughters to save their pride.

I remember dadi telling me about, how hard it was to face their children who were just so hungry, she almost choked telling me about that time, when in the name of religion or hatred for people of that religion people ruthlessly killed, maimed and even looted the people belonging to that particular religion.

I remember the time, she narrated to me the story of 1984, because that story wasn't just about the killing in the name of religion, or about the aggressive chauvinism based on religious identity.

But also, a story about humanity above all, humanism above religion.



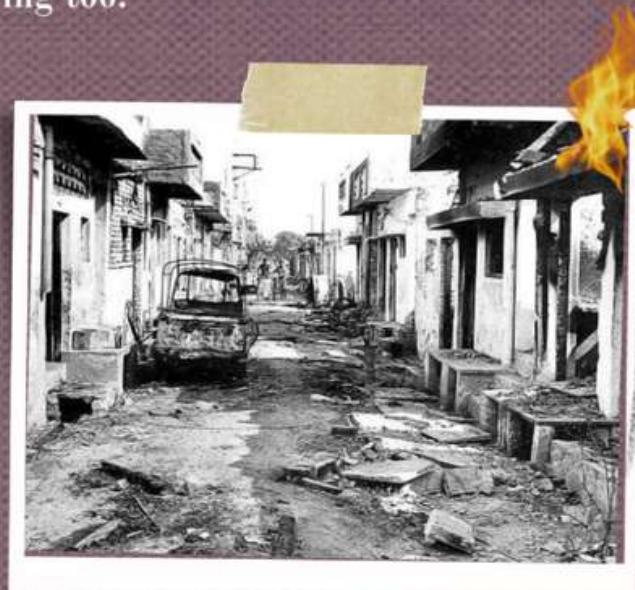
I remember dadi telling me how they were saved by a Hindu family, who lived near their house, how the Hindu family helped them with the food, with regular news outside, with assuring them that there's no Sikh living around them, to the one who came to kill.

She told me how the gurudwara was burnt brutally by the people who were against the Sikhs, and how it was reconstructed afterwards with the help of people of every religion, every community, and not just by Sikhs.

How can I forget the story when it's not just about killing but about saving too.

I remember my grandma, my dad and everyone telling me stories about Pakistan, India, Muslims, Sikhs and Hindus.

Not just about hatred for each other but about the love for that eid ki sewiyan that five of the friends used to share irrespective of their religion. about the amazing fragrance of the food of navratra from Sikh's kitchen, and the path and shabads of gurbani on the TV of a Hindu family.



I remember my great grand maa telling me how on the day of partition, she carried my grandfather in her womb and how hard it was for her to run but she had to because it was just not about her.

I was small back then when she told me how the moon from Lahore and the moon from the Amritsar looked the same.

How the rain is nothing but just water for every place.

I didn't realise back then that how it must have been so heartbreakingly for them, to leave a place where they enjoyed everything together, from sewiyan to kirtans all together.

now that years after I some days remember all of this and I have a lot of questions, in my mind that always strikes back again and again.



*My great grandparents lived in
Pakistan, years after when they share
stories of their childhood I see a bit of
Pakistani left in them,
can we make a line or that border
against the Pakistan that resides in
their heart?
can we do partition?*

**My grandpa was born in the land of Pakistan.
Can we just change his motherland?**

**My dad enjoyed eating sewiyan of his Muslim friend,
Can we separate them because oh yes, my religion is more superior?**

**My mom used to recite ramaya in the home of her Hindu best friend.
Can we just break their bond? because oh reading the holy book of
another religion would be a shame for my own community.**

**The stories, partition, religion, violence, and everything, they are
still alive, some in memories, and some in writings
We killed people, we did partition
How can we kill them? memories and writing**

**And I remember my grandma telling me a story, for today it's all so
filled that I find it hard to write those memories in these mere
sentences and paragraphs but yes I remember, all of it.**

I remember my grandma telling me a story.

PRIDE

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Artwork by:
Saloni Mina. 3rd Year

BENEVOLENT SEXISM: BEWARE OF THE CONCEALED SINISTER

- Aiman Aijaz, 2nd Year

How often do we ruminate the "accolades" we arbitrarily receive? Are these in actuality adulations, or we are just heedless? One such case which requires our immediate assiduity is verily the phrase "Benevolent Sexism". While there has been a brazen attempt to polemicise what we know as hostile sexism, a sprinkling of people are apprised of what entrenches this malevolent prejudice and that's precisely why we should deem scrutinising the phrase "Benevolent sexism".

Initially coined by Peter Glick and Susan Fiske, the conceptualisation of benevolent sexism intricately involves opinions regarding genders, which perhaps seem convivial but covertly establish characteristic earnest stereotypes and encourage gender-based discrimination. It's significant to underscore that these stereotypes are constructed for both men/ women in tandem. These stereotypes are considered less detrimental, keeping in view their implicit and subtle expression, making them more admissible. The stereotypes formulated through benevolent sexism torrentially contribute to gender inequality, dividing genders and pigeonholing their toughnesses and fragilities.

Magnifying the above argument, a few of these manufactured & uncontemplated stereotypes are mentioned below:

"Women are naturally more pitying while men are indifferent": This is a well-disseminated notion that women are compassionate while men are tough and pragmatic. This might sound more like a compliment to both genders, but the truth remains concealed. Generalising women as "sympathetic" and men as "heartless" contradicts the existence of people who might not requisitely fit this criterion. Hence, these are not necessarily commendations but mammoth indications of being benevolently sexist.

"Men are not as good homemakers as women": This is one of the widely condoned stereotypes, which fosters the typical gender role anticipation, that only women can execute the domestic art flawlessly. In contrast, men are best suited for outside assignments. This not only restricts the intellectual capacities of women but simultaneously tries to depict men as unfit for domestic chores.

"Women are dainty and require safeguarding": While ample of women adore the idea of being exquisite, this might be something to brood about. Even though women usually find such remarks flattering, these can be exorbitantly distorting and menacing. Referring to women as attractive and feeble promote the outlook of restricting them within the eggshell in the name of protection, conspicuously perpetuating sexist conduct towards them, curbing their potentialities.

"Men never feel afflicted or agonised": This might be one of those so-called boastful arguments men would like us to agree. However, is it understandable? This ruthless stereotype of carving up men and deprecating their articulation of sentiments has shoved a lot of men into an utter state of desolation. Men who don't bring about the social anticipation of being sturdy and harmless are incessantly bashed and hardheartedly questioned.



Aiman Ajaz

Even though benevolently sexist remarks might not sound troublesome, these noiselessly strengthen the loopholes in which patriarchy proliferates. One of the prominent reasons behind this is a dearth of recognition. Benevolent sexism is a hidden menace, which more people need to get cognisant with. Time to stop taking "minuscule things" innocuously!



THE CHANGING DEFINITION OF FEMINISM

As a girl, I aspire for feminism. We want women to come up in every sector, get equal rights and opportunities. Feminism is supporting EQUAL rights for women. But does it mean that for promoting women, there is a need for wiping out men from society? For some people, the answer is yes.

A few days back I saw a video on Facebook about a couple who were ready to abort their child. The doctor assumed that it must be a girl child, got angry, and went ahead to tell them about the benefits of having a girl child. But the man told the doctor that they wanted to abort a 'boy child'. It left the doctor shocked and she asked for the reason behind it. He explained that he did not want his boy child to 'harass' other women in future. The video made me angry.

As a girl, I don't want the kind of feminism where only **WOMEN** are allowed to come up. I want equal rights but not if I get them by taking away someone else's rights, because the meaning of Feminism is not the dominance of a particular gender, but equality of all the genders.

- SANYA SHARMA,
1ST YEAR



Sanya Sharma

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL



"Mirror mirror on the wall,
why am I so different from them
all?"

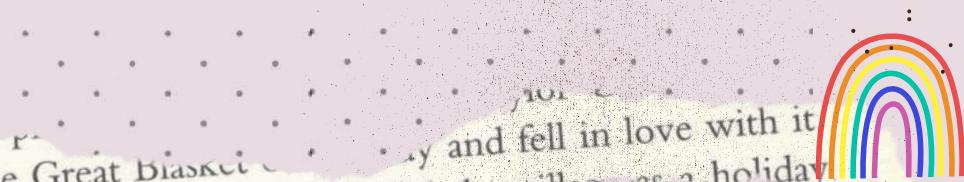
you cover your mouth and keep
mum
while your eyes express the urge to
run,
the urge to break free
like your soul wasn't made for this
body
that you've been born in.

And your face,
oh, darling, your face shows how
you feel out of place,
like you don't belong here, in time
and space
because of all the times, you have
been called a disgrace.

But don't you,
don't you dare pay attention,
to these voices of others around you
or their glares of apprehension.
I know it's easier said than done
but listen to me,
would you please just listen?



Anshita Jain





You are different
for wanting to have manicures and pedicures
while your roommates in the boys' hostel
go to the gym every day
to get biceps and quadriceps.

You are different
for you go weak in the knees
and your cheeks, they go scarlet
and you are at a loss for words
when you go on dates,
with guys who have biceps and quadriceps, mostly.

You are different
because you can apply an eyeliner
better than half of the girlfriends you have
and because your beautifully painted red nails
suit your 'manly' hands like a dream.

You are different
since your gender identity
is different from your sex
and you prefer miss
instead of mister.

You are different from others
in ways more than one,
but remember darling,
your blood is still crimson,
and so is theirs.

"Mirror mirror on the wall,
I'm proud to be different from them all."

- ANSHITA JAIN, 2ND YEAR





CASTE AND ITS NEVER- ENDING REALITY

– Lavanya Dahiya, 3rd Year

The Hindu caste system is said to be unique only because it has survived for centuries entrenched into religion. Caste is not a simple hierarchy; it is a graded hierarchy. It is the oldest form of surviving social stratification. The caste system has led to inequality, discrimination and material deprivation.

After seeing the movie *Fandry*, I noticed few things that I would like to mention here. **FANDRY**. The movie makes you tremble. The word fandry means 'pig' in Kaikadi language. The movie depicts the dichotomy which persists in rural India. From the very beginning, it is evident that the film's dark-skinned protagonist is aware of his identity and status as a lower caste boy for whom oppression and atrocities are an everyday reality. He wants to study but is forced to help his father in the fields. He has a crush on his classmate, who is an upper caste, fair-skinned girl. The differences in the caste background (and complexion) determining our life chances are essential for our society. One of the first intriguing scenes, where, in a classroom, the teacher is saying, "a person is not defined by his CASTE OR RELIGION rather than by his/her qualities" – how true is that? Or is caste an important scale to measure one's potential? According to me: we judge things as they seem. The teacher also says that the self is untouchable, but his feelings are not. The individual self, the body, can be 'untouchable', but the way an individual feels in a society is not. Everything one feels is internalised in the human mind. The internalisation of societal norms and practices are further enhanced through interactions, and the surrounding one lives in. After listening to such a dialogue, the immediate question I thought of was- Why was even the body untouchable? Is it so important to hold on to the values of scriptures containing the notions of purity and pollution? No.

Moving on, the movie tells us about the miserable actions and work the family has to undertake of chasing wild pigs around the village. Because just like them, the animal is considered filthy, and any contact with them requires ritual purity later. Jabya (the protagonist), when once was asked to take away the pig from a hole, refuses. This was his way of resisting and rebelling against the forced labour imposed on him by the oppressive caste structures. Unlike the protagonist, his father is worried about inconsequential things such as dowry and his youngest daughter's wedding. The protagonist is caught between his desire to study and his impecunious socio-economic background. The movie's last half hour depicts all the family members chasing pigs, which is the most powerful scene. When the family comes close to catching the pig, the national anthem suddenly begins to play. They all stand still while the pig runs away, symbolising the irony in the idea of equality that is centric to the nation-state. The sense of nationalism is present, but the advancement and improvement in the lives of Dalits is not even regarded as an issue. It becomes a village version of the IPL match. An upper-caste man shoots it and uploads it on Facebook, making fun of it - presenting striking evidence of technological advancement and the absence of humanity!

Jabya runs and hides in shame because he doesn't want the entire school to see him chasing the pigs. However, he was unable to hide his identity. After a long struggle, they were able to catch the pig. The noise of the entire crowd and his schoolmates laughing at him had crushed his aspirations. He was devastated, crying and embarrassed. While on their way back home, we see pictures of B.R. Ambedkar and Jyotiba Phule, who advocated the cause of eradicating the caste system. This shows the irony between the theory and practice of the society we live in. A powerful imaginary! In the end, when an upper caste boy teases Jabya and his sister, devastated and agonised, he attacks him by throwing stones. The frustration finally takes a violent turn, and the movie ends with him throwing a bigger stone at him. It is discrimination against this one man in the film and highlights the deep-rooted, ongoing caste discrimination in the larger society. The stone hits hard on the viewers!

It's not a story. It's REALITY about the power and failure of imagination. Jabya, embarrassed of his family's poverty, refuses to do the unwanted job his family does to survive. He never loses hope. He is a rebel with a cause. He is embarrassed when his mother wants to peep into his classroom while picking woods nearby his school. He, along with his friend, wants to capture a black sparrow. His search for this bird shows his search for happiness and a better life. He believes so because his friend, the odd man in the village, tells him that the bird is the solution to all his problems. One of the many surprising things is that his father considers this man to influence his son negatively. It can be interpreted as he didn't want his son to aspire and hope for a better life. Because he knew that not only would they be ceased by the upper-castes, but people from their own caste would also outcaste them. But reality had other plans for him.

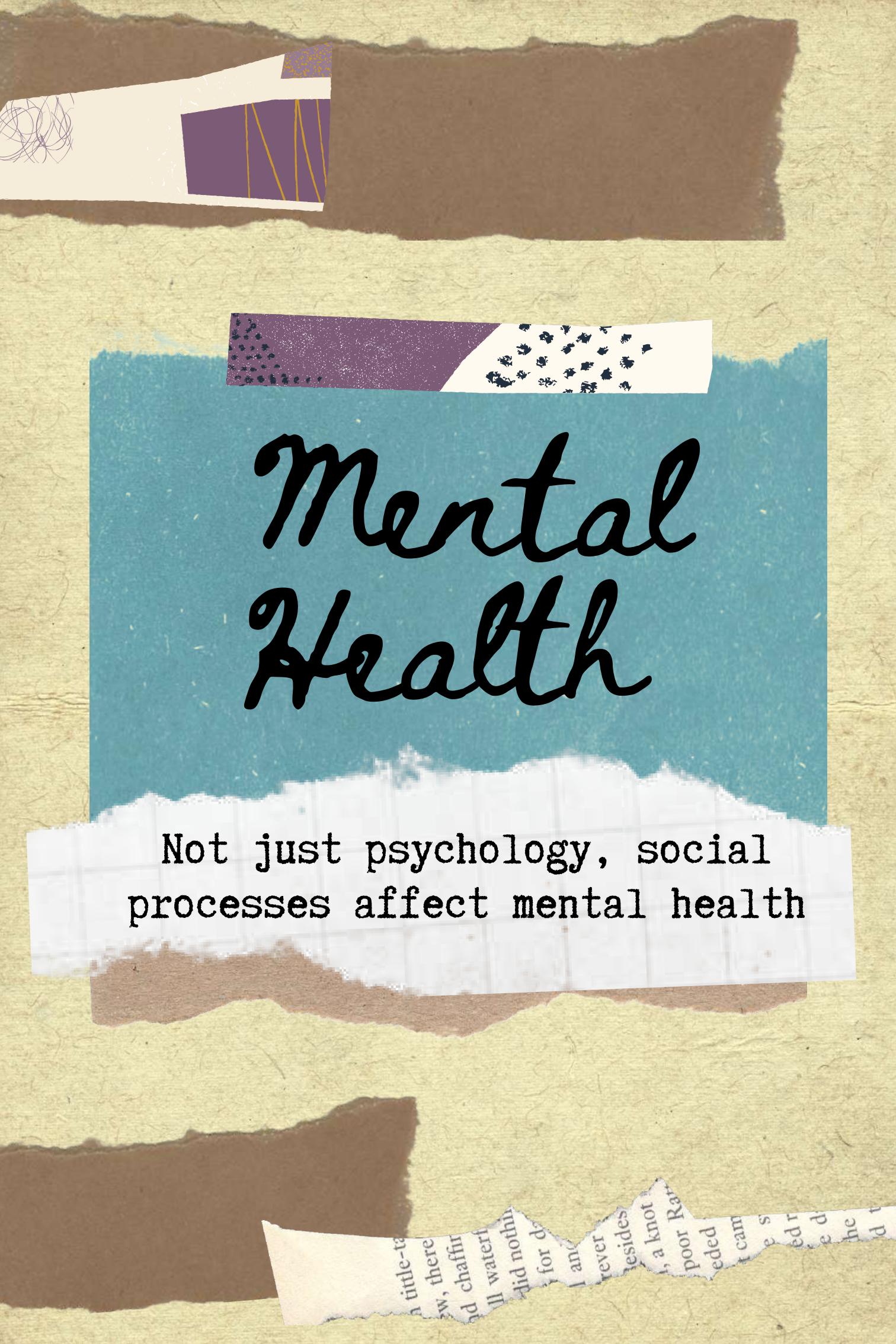
One can aspire big, but destiny may not oblige. He didn't choose to be born in a lower caste. His birth determined it. His only fault was that he wanted to live an ordinary life like normal people. His will to buy jeans and impress his crush shows the influence of western culture. The trials of the protagonist indicate the preconceptions that make the promise of equality sound like a farce. In theory, Jabya's school should be a place that raises him to a casteless society where he has the freedom to choose what he wants to do. The movie shows how even education itself is not free from caste. His classmates constantly make fun of his family occupation. They teach Dalit poetry, but there is no connection between what he studies and his everyday life. Caste is continuing in India, and one of the many reasons is not because it is a remnant of ancient India but because dominant castes across the country force it. Dalits, on the other hand, sometimes have no option but to accept it. The story substantially busts the myth of 'individual merit' in a caste-based society. Even if a child wants to break barriers, his/her own family and upper-caste dominants will not let him be free of his caste. Because evidently, Jabya's father wants him to continue their family tradition. The only way out of this gloomy reality is education.

Even if any student completes primary education - what after that? Proceeding with higher education is not easy. Also, 'merit' is a very important concept in higher education, and it implies a rightful claim. However, it encompasses exclusion. Some are excluded because they are not eligible, while others are excluded because they are not selected. Also, there are dropouts after primary education because of financial constraints. In institutions where women outnumber men, they are also subjected to various kinds of discrimination and exclusion.



Lavanya Dahiya

When it comes to caste, it is one the most complex structure deep-rooted in Hindu society. The structural basis of caste is Hinduism. To abolish the caste system disappearance of Hinduism is a must. The upper caste instituted religion in such a way that they maintained control at the same time promised the lower castes a better life. Caste thus remains visible yet invisible. However, the invisibility of caste is explicitly visible in the social, cultural, political, and economic domains of society.



mental Health

Not just psychology, social processes affect mental health

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THE VISIT

- Jinjiree Kakati, 2nd Year

The way our life events pan out is always said to be unpredictable. And the more one gets into the depth of life, one realises the importance of how a moment can change everything. There came many instances where time has had different adjectives that were attached to it, and yet one could never hold onto it. This happens to humans as well when one comes to a position in life where they need someone to hold onto but finds himself or herself all alone.

Today not a single day passes by when we don't get to see the phrase that how one cannot move on from someone and let go of them. But hypocrites of the society are born who don't think twice to let go of the people who love them the most. They leave behind the two most important people who worked their entire lives in making them stand out. As easy as it may be for one to let go of their parents, it never is the same for the old ones to live their last days knowing that they were left behind in an unknown place, devoid of their child's constant love and care.

A moment without their child and their whole purpose of living come to an end. And it was that day when I felt half their sorrows when I stepped into the old-age home, which was void of warmth. Every old person in the home had a lot of other people who were assigned to look after them, yet the search for that one child made their lives change on so many levels which not only affected them physically but also mentally. It was a sight where even their interactions hid deep sorrow and the fear of saying something which was not meant to be said.

It was that day when I realised that one's life is not always in their own hands. Even though they have adjusted themselves to their new lives and environments, given a choice it was never a life that they would have chosen to live by. The moment which I couldn't help but feel sorry and annoyed at the same time was when asked, "Are you happy aita (grandma)?" she replied, "Even though I am not happy, I still have to live here without any way out". Feeling sorry was a normal human emotion that I went through, which was followed by an annoyance because I couldn't do anything that could help them at that particular point of time, other than only listen to what they had to say.

The few hours that we spent with them gave us the sense that it was now the little joys, from singing in their spare time to working various chores, which made them move forward in life. Hailing from different socio-economic backgrounds, they had all learned to live with a sense of belongingness with having each other as their only source of reliance. Yet, these new relations couldn't cover the absence of their immediate child and family that was missing from their present lives. This became a crucial reason for their health being affected constantly, along with impacting them mentally in the long run.

The lack of human interaction was made crystal clear to them, which affected each one of them adversely, with the loneliness and distress leading them to isolate themselves. It was stretched to such an extent that now they had nearly forgotten their purpose of existence.

Mental health has become a prime topic in today's world and has been approached in many different ways on various platforms. Such platforms have allowed making people aware of how important it is, yet has it being able to cover the remote and wide range of population that needs its immediate awareness? The answer to that after witnessing the sight of the old age home made me realise that this talk about the mental state and well-being of the older population is still farfetched.

Being above the age of 60, they had the same consequence of going through issues of mental health and/or other neurological disorders which are rapidly increasing. Along with this, experiencing stressors that they face every day has taken a toll on their functioning, leading to a point of extreme anxiety and depression. But as I look back, I now understand that it was just merely talking to them that made it easier for them to connect with someone; even though it was not a space for them to talk freely about their lives, they could at least have someone hold onto their hands just for a few minutes.

Thinking about the time spent there was like a reality check giving us an insight into what goes on, daily in different remote areas where older people are left behind by their families. It shows how they are still deprived of the awareness that is essential for them while living a life controlled by a stranger. We also came to an understanding of the significance and need of professional caregivers, which is a necessity in managing such disorders and in providing active support.

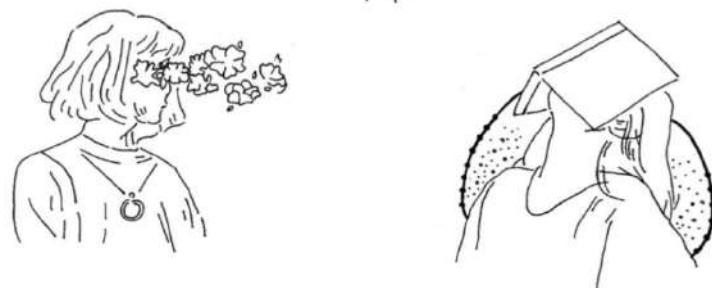


Jinjiree Kakati

One common phrase I have been hearing from a very young age is that the two generations that are loved by all are the newborns and the older generation. Yet, in today's era, they are the ones who face most of the hardships in their lives, with the fate of the old age home being not the best they could be rewarded in the last days of their lives.

We spent a very limited period with them and it completely changed their day. We know now our presence was all it took for removing half their sorrows, preventing them from being in isolation and facing such life dreading disorders, while staying apart from their children. Old people do not need money, but only our love, care and time. Is that too much to ask for?

WOULD YOU STILL LOVE
ME IF I GOT
NOTHING BUT
MY ACHING
SOUL?



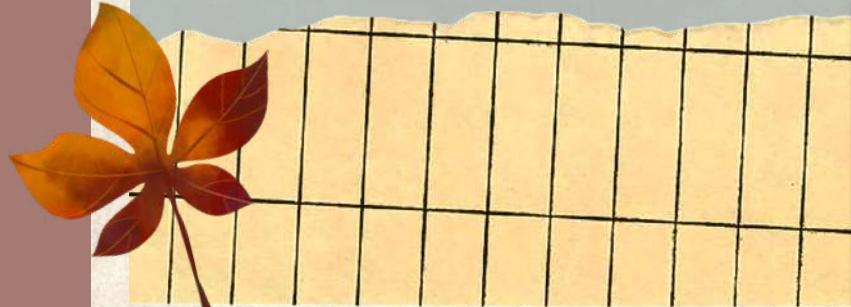
ARTWORK BY:
*Lavanya Dahiya,
3rd Year*

IS THE WORLD MOVING TOO FAST?

- Kamalini Bora, 1st Year

**How often do we question ourselves,
“Am I feeling good?”, “Am I happy
with what I’m doing?”. How often do
we check on our mental health?**

**As the world today is getting
materialistic, it is clearly visible that
everything is moving way too quickly.**



In a society, increasing conditions of isolation, poverty as well as poor housing conditions or toxic relationships are leading to higher rates of mental illness such as anxiety and depression. As for humans, the highway traffic of the daily commute, sprinting through the morning and evening routine, rushing, hurdling towards the best hour when we get to enjoy our peaceful time by engaging in activities which makes us happy and finally, multi-tasking, rarely makes us able to breathe without even realizing it. Over the years, we have started to wonder if we have ourselves on a crash course hurdling towards a heart attack. Stress in our everyday life varying from studies specially during this pandemic to employment have taken a toll on mental health because 'stress' has become the new 'normal' due to which we don't know any other reality and we feel like we don't have a CHOICE. Along with unavoidable consequences, it has become absolutely difficult to focus on mental health leading us to take it for granted. In a society, the stigma of mental health also often acts as a barrier to individuals who may seek professional treatment. Positively, one of the advances is that self-esteem, self-love and self-confidence are some of the most talked-about topics vis-a-vis psychological health.

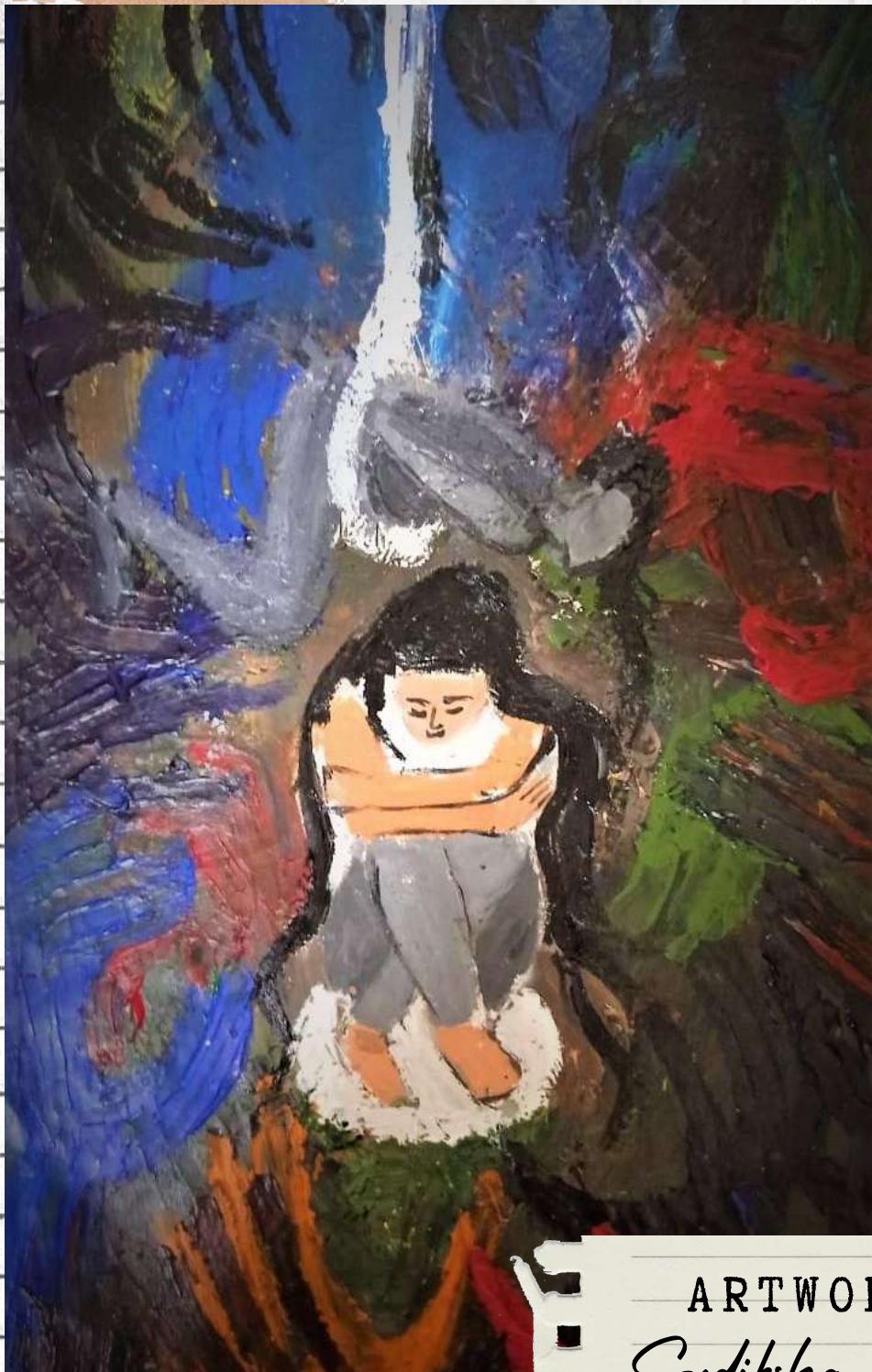


Kamalini Bora

It needs to come to our realisation that in the midst of all that, the things we actually enjoyed needs to be more frequently noticed and enjoyed because mental health comes above everything!



Mental Trauma



ARTWORK BY:
Sudiksha Samanta.
1st Year

"A PSYCHIATRIST,

BUT WHY? I'M

PERFECTLY FINE"



- Yaiphabi Mayengbam, 1st year

As the title portrays, this article centres around the theme of ‘mental health’, especially in the context of students. Our commonsensical knowledge identifies psychological factors as the cause of mental health problems. However, a view from a sociological perspective points out that social factors along with psychological factors can be the cause of the same. These can be listed as gender, social class, race, disability, etc., and the social inequalities associated with them.

Diverting from the general analysis, here, the focus is on students and their mental health. ‘Competition’ stealing the spotlight of their life stage, places a huge burden on their shoulders of having to meet the expectations of the social beings around them. Having said this, it is easy to imply that students, especially those candidates appearing in board and public competitive exams, are, in most cases, troubled with tension, anxiety, and depression which can be put under the umbrella term- ‘mental illness’.



Here, it is a well-known fact on the part of both the students and parents/guardians that the best and effective way to improve one's mental health is to receive psychological treatment from a psychiatrist or an expert in the field. However, the social stigma around mental health and treatment of mental illnesses makes it difficult for students to reach out to a psychiatrist or counsellor for help. They tend to reassert the fact that they are not, in any way, suffering from mental health problems and keep denying treatment when this denial aggravates their condition.

So, one important point, which students and others concerned should stress, is that mental health should be looked at from a similar viewpoint as in the case of physical health. Whenever our physical health is affected in any way, the first thing we do is to consult a physician and undergo treatment accordingly. Here, damage to our physical health is not at all perceived as a disability. Likewise, disruptions affecting mental health leading to mental health problems should not be considered as some kind of severe disability and it is really important and necessary to normalize receiving treatment from a psychiatrist or counsellor.

However, another dark aspect with regards to mental health is the high cost of treatment which becomes a barrier for people who cannot afford them. This is also another social factor that keeps people back from receiving such treatment.

Hence, 'mental health' should be prioritized if we are to aim for a good foundation for the future society. More awareness on this social issue can be raised among the general public and this particular article desires to serve that purpose.



Yaiphaki Mayengbam



Social Movements

Pro-Caste & Anti-Caste Movement,
Feminist Movement, etc.

THE "PARADISE" ANECDOTE

- Aiman Aijaz, IIInd Year

Eyes recoiled
Tears streaming
Hearts devoid
Beats shrieking

Mothers brawling
Children decaying
Burials engulfing
Crowds evanescing

Kids affrighted
Cradles seized
Innocence mutilated
Nothing unleashed

Books scattered
Dust amassed
Aims shattered
Volition snatched



Seniors sapped
Showing resilience
Protracted grapples
Acrid experience

Presence gridlocked
Seldom sufficed
Messages occluded
Separation devised

Paradise dwindling
Truth concealed
Deceptive depiction
Nothing revealed

Land rebelling
No defeat
Soaring together
Impending ease





Artwork by:

Sudiksha Samanta, 1st Year

A SPHERE AMIDST CUBES

- Sudiksha Samanta, 1st Year

The cold stony sphere sat at the corner
 Fixed to the edge of a cubical room full of cubes and cuboids

His eyes were mostly closed
 His mind seeming in a zoomed-out mode
 And the body in an eerie stillness

Clinging to the floor
 Rooted at the nodal point
 Of a friction that lay at the intersection
 Of its potbellied body and the floor
 An attachment of insecurity
 That diffused his role

In vague misty ambivalence of doubts and worthlessness
 Of existential questions and philosophical contradictions

He was a sphere amidst thousands and thousands and
 thousands of cuboids and his mind in turmoil
 A battle of morality that choked his ego
 Dragging him inside further in cycles and roller-coasters of
 spinning spiralling disappointment and fluctuating pride
 A duel of defences and desires in the mind

In a pit of never-ending rotatory circulations
 Of pulls and pushes
 Pride of uniqueness
 Contradicting
 With a gnawing dislike
 Of being black in a room of whites

His eyes shut in pretension, in escape
 Only to feel even more the insecurities of his presence
 In a universe of cubical constructions
 And a mind-boggling with temptations
 Of those elegant edges
 Those six perfect surfaces
 And the “entitlements” of straight lines
 Oh, those lines - so straightforward
 Those lines of pure calculations where the complications of pi
 were out of the question
 And a “limit” of contentment guaranteed

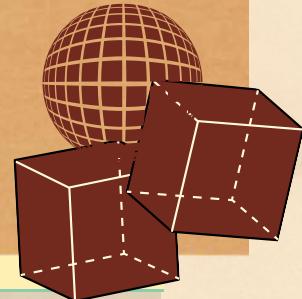
 And the thousands and thousands and thousands of cuboids
 Laughed at his pot belly
 Finding comfort in the majority
 And the cubes- they were so so so secure
 With their broad surfaces clenching the floor
 And money and property and control
 And their sharp edges formed armies with swords
 A dominance of number and sanctions and riches and military

 He was a sphere in a world full of cubes and cuboids and cubicles
 Of chambers and chains
 Of control and acceptance
 Or perhaps acceptance purchased through control

 And in all this frustration and inner contestation and bodily
 reaction
 The cold coating of comparison and competition
 Of fear, self-condemnation and bracketing
 Cracked open and tore apart
 With a warm outburst of rage and fury and impatience and
 irritation and sweat
 He was all wet with perspiration

The nasty smelling droplets of inner outburst
 Made him lose contact with the earth
 Set free of the friction that rooted him to the floor
 Oh, he rolled and rolled and rolled
 Experiencing life for the first time in the cartwheels of movement
 and motion
 Pace and exploration
 The thrilling sensation of chillness running through his veins
 Of wind tickling his pot belly
 And freshness and freedom and ecstasy

The cubes of the room
 Stared at him in shock
 Because though they formed the royalty
 In their boxes, they were locked.



This poem is a metaphor that highlights the power dynamics of society, the oppressed minority and the dominant majority. It expresses the quest of a lonely sphere in a room full of cuboids, and its quest to break free from constraints that torment him.



Sudiksha Samanta

Sociology in everyday life

Moving away from common sense

क्या अब तुम मुझे पहचानते नहीं?

क्या अब तुम मुझे पहचानते नहीं?

हाँ ये बदन तुम्हारा गुलाम रहा है, मगर मेरी रुह नहीं!
हाँ ये ज़माना तुमने बनाया है, मगर मेरी कायनात तुमसे नहीं!

तुम खुदा भी बन जाओ यहां, मगर मेरी खुदाई तुमसे नहीं!

क्या अब तुम मुझे पहचानते नहीं?
हालातों से बंधी हूं, मगर अभी झुकी नहीं!
कई बार यहां टूटी हूं, मगर अभी रुकी नहीं!

तुम कानून भी बन जाओ यहां, मगर मेरा इंसाफ़ तुमसे नहीं!

क्या अब तुम मुझे पहचानते नहीं?
तुम्हारे पास हूं, पर तुम्हारी नहीं!
तुम मेरी कोक से जन्मे हो, मगर मेरी वफ़ा तुमसे नहीं।

मैं वही हूं, कल एक लड़की की शायरी थी, आज औरतों की नज़ाम हूं,
आग में जलाई गई, रेत में दबाई गई,
परदों से छुपाई गई, खौफ में ढुबाई गई,
हज़ारों के हाथ, हज़ार दफा मारी गई!

क्या अब तुम मुझे पहचानते नहीं?
हाँ मैं अभी ज़िंदा हूं,
मैं अभी ज़िंदा हूं!

तुम खून भी बन जाओ यहां, मेरा लाल तुमसे नहीं!
मेरे कातिल तुम हो,
मगर मैं अभी मरी नहीं, मरी नहीं!

•जाह्नवी, तीसरा साल



Jahnavi Sharma



Credits:
Paula Roselló



Nobody has it all
figured out.



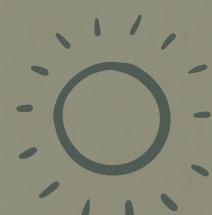
Artwork by:
Lavanya Dahiya.
3rd Year

REFLECTION

- Sudiksha Samanta, 1st Year



The alarm clock still ringed in my ears
 As I buttoned up my shirt in front of the mirror
 A mirror which stared at me
 In shapeless form and faceless face of identity-less reflections
 Reflections which raced with my pace
 And as I rushed my steps of faultless precision
 in the marathon of dates and times and deadline
 Of setting sun and running out of time
 Of ticking clocks and clucking cocks
 Limited resting hours and beats of the heart
 I was an alien in the perfectly familiar pattern of life
 Because people? I hated people
 With their unpredictable emotions, pillars of complexity
 Resentments, sins, longings, jealousy and betrayals
 Which were but too much for to bear
 In my simple, settled, socially responsible life
 Of 50 job assignments, 100 Facebook friends and 500 donations
 only at Christmas
 But as this life of pendulum
 With the momentum of the marathon
 Oscillated between day and night
 My legs felt heavier and heavier
 With the weight of exhaustion accumulating every day
 Till the day when I collapsed on the wet grassy patch beside the
 lane of the race
 Grass which swayed with the breeze
 And I could catch an extra breath of timeless pause
 Between my inhale and exhale
 In this halt, beneath the setting sun,



I grabbed my inner sunshine and reversed the timeline
 Thereby, I sucked in the different flavours that I earlier missed
 And tasted them

The bubbling chocolaty excitement of talking to a passer-by
 The innocent chirpy sweetness of playing with slum boys
 The mellowed silence of listening to a widow's cry
 The velvety comfort of taking refuge in people
 Who stand by my side

Because people? I loved people
 Despite their unpredictable emotions, pillars of complexity
 Resentments, sins, longings, jealousy and betrayals
 Which were but similar to those of mine

As I strolled in their footsteps
 Felt their sweat and tears
 Learned languages which couldn't fit vocabulary
 As I held their hands tight in this not so alien world
 As I wondered while wandering aimlessly

Without the 100 Facebook friends, 500 donations due for Christmas
 and the clock ticking in my head

Wondered about the reflections I shared with them,
 The thoughts they reflected on me

Reflections which I see in that mirror now and then
 The mirror which stares at me

An absolute grin stretched across my face
 Which took shape in the stories which we, you and I, together weaved
 Because in you I found my identity.



This poem is an expression of the connection between individuals and society. It reflects the significance and beauty of listening to unheard stories of diverse backgrounds and is a critique of the modern capitalist system's clock time. I believe it highlights the importance of sociological understanding.



Sudiksha Samanta

CNVFILLM FF1



Its the small things.

CANVA STORIES

CNVFILLM FF1

CANVA STORIES

- Ann Terin Saji, 2nd Year

SHORT FICTION

I'm a sociologist

I am a sociologist.

No, I haven't got my degree yet. Plus, I have a backlog, which along with my abysmal CGPA do not qualify me to make loud claims such as the one above.

I am a quack sociologist- with a backlog- with a grade that leaks about my report card like a runny nose. Now what?

Proceeding to the next hefty claim,

my research interests include:

-Nation-States and boundaries

-South Asian feminisms

-Faith and religion in Central Travancore

My home is my research field. It's easier to survive attacks and frequent boundary trespasses when you begin to conceive everything around you as a potential thesis material.

I am a participant observant-participant.

I mean, I watch my participants wringe into the shape of an apology, and I observe the rhythm of his anger and I swear I can listen to his breath from a distance of 10 meters and tell you he's going to overthrow all that 'epistemological violence'; on top of me. I have no fucking clue what epistemological means, but I think it sounds quite serious when prefixed to 'violence'.



And when my mouth is coughing blood and my fists are swollen from pounding at the wall instead of is the skull, I am numb and all I can tell you as I watch my hair strands being whirlpool into the sink (of course, a camera is placed to shoot this reflective moment for ethnographic purpose) is that:
it hurts;
no-not where I am hit.

It hurts like the way Jesus's limp corpse must have hurt when the maniac soldier thrust a spear into his stomach. It hurts in my emptiness. Whimpers and incoherence gush out from my mouth to flood the bathroom.

There's a deadline to meet. I can't afford self-pity.

I make a lazy note to add a chapter on the ontological nature of dirges sung in Malayali Catholic funerary rites. Of course, I have no fucking clue on what ontological means.

A tiny pamphlet is being passed around and I grab a copy.

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith”, reads the quote in a stylized font.

Below the quote, I read my name.

- Sandra Elizabeth Joseph,
3rd Year



Anshita Jain

CHANGE

Is escaping monotony
a reason for inconstancy?

Is that why leaves change their colour
and the moon reshapes itself regularly?

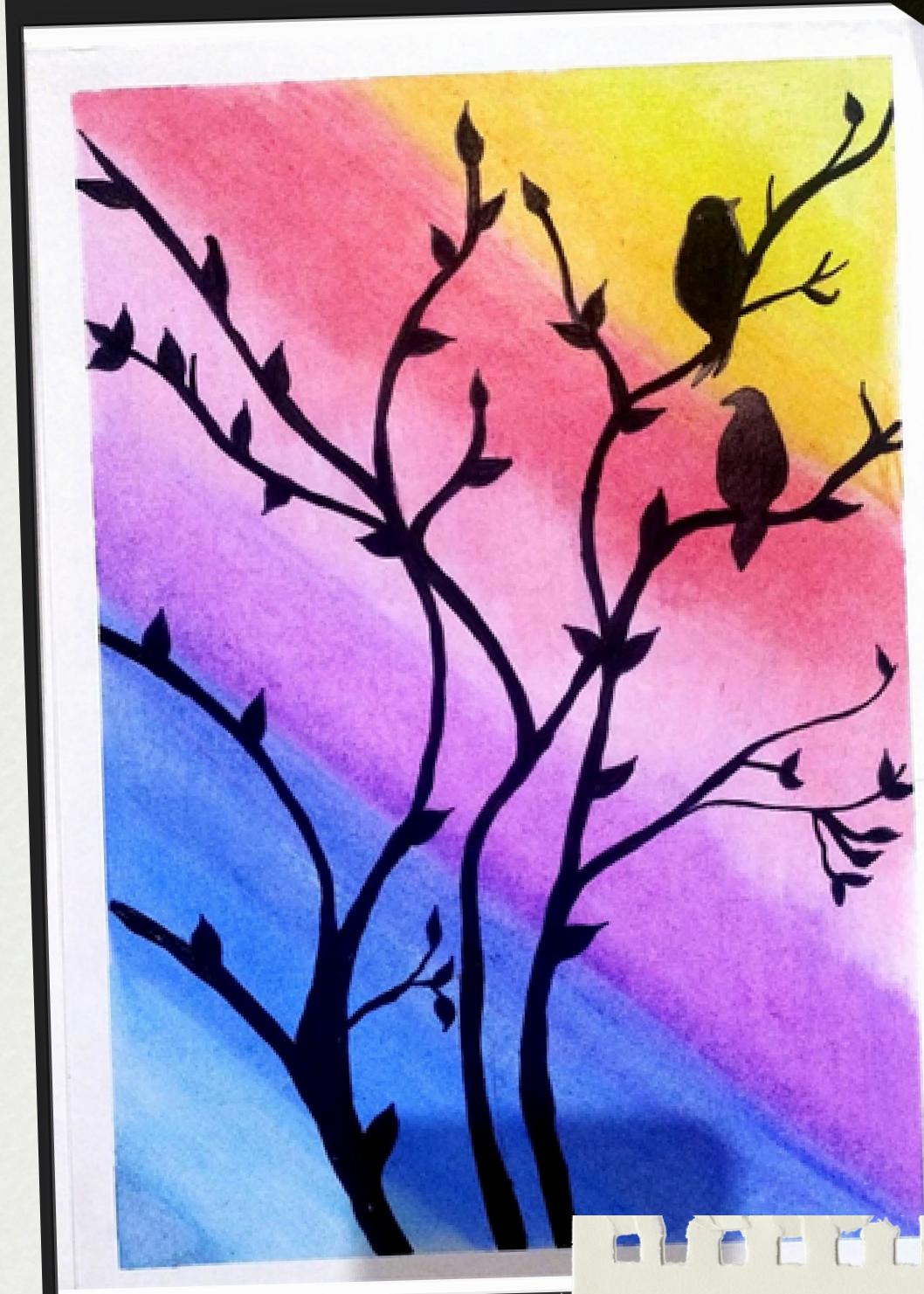
Or is it just for the sake of conformity
that we alter our behaviour constantly?

Because norms are what guide us
giving us barely any autonomy.

Or maybe it's the search for novelty
that turns us into wannabes.

Because be it plants, animals or humans,
all thrive for identity.

- Anshita Jain,
2nd Year



Artwork by:

Lavanya Dahiya,
3rd Year

GREY

- Debolina Saha, 1st Year

A million-grey space!

Sometimes the best choice, when we come to a fork in a road,
is to retreat or merge, instead of taking the left or the right.
Yet, the binary in us would want to choose either of the ways.
If we can choose to merge the two or retreat, we are in the
greys, we stand out!

Human beings usually work in terms of grey. That's because no one seems to be perfectly wrong or perfectly right- such a utopia doesn't exist! Hence, we are social beings and stand out from the rest of the kinds. Several studies either implicitly or explicitly converted the well-known facts of dark and light into greys and insipid, which made things look more natural and relatable hence less dichotomous.

In recent years, especially due to deconstructive structuralism, people have built neutral thoughts which are less judgemental, making them easier to work within the corporate world. In a world where it is so easy to judge and so very difficult to be less judgemental, there exist people who chose to remain as the grey between the two extremes. They can be considered extremely genuine people.

Achieving what the community understands as neutrality, means carefully and critically analysing a variety of reliable sources and then attempting to convey to anybody, the information contained in them fairly, proportionately, and as far as possible without bias. This forefront of neutrality with rationality is what is needed in society to grow and become better every day!

Probably, there was no better time to redetermine the paradigms defining the standards of the fundamentally classified colours of this universe. Though science presents the entire spectrum accommodating the distinct hues of versatility, yet philosophy and spirituality represent the ideal paths of wrong and right through the primary extremities of black and white, respectively. Human perception has been biased since the very dawn of understanding.

Ironically, even the very literature that sets the standards of education, considers black to be ominous and white to be divine.

Harnessing moderation provides us with the armour to fight against the discrepancies born out of this existing polarity. The tangible resort to mesoscopic ideology enables the dilation of the intellect of constricted visionaries to transform into righteous clairvoyance. The Chinese theology of Ying-Yang epitomizes the concept of dualism as the ubiquitous institution to categorize the actions of mortals. The milieus, however, represent a pasquinade of this theology because society is an amalgamation of miscellany and not just corporeal identities. The complementary attribute of Ying and Yang would hold even more meaning if the blend was categorized by homogeneity. And that hypothetical homogeneity between the so considered erroneous and empyrean incarnates the form of Grey; the idea of solidarity!



Grey is not a shade that creates a dissimilitude between races, tribes or clans. It is the greater truth that binds the faith of our civilization.



Debolina Saha

The Grey hair delineate a life of experience and the Grey ashes symbolize the ultimate fate of our existence, where both depictions resolute more commitment to our lives than reliance over Black or White ever did. The unsurpassed choices will always demand a standard of gradient over a more fraudulent garb of solids. The moderation will permit the plebeians to view the power, authority, and elegant symbolism of Black without degrading the reputation of White, thereby re-instilling faith in our ability to perceive through conscience and not mere outlook.

