



NATIONAL CONFERENCE CITYSCAPES: INTERSTICES OF SPACE AND MEMORY RETELLING METROPOLITAN CHRONOTYPES



The highlight of the conference was the **Exhibition of Paul Fernandes' Artworks, "Bangalore in 30 Frames"**, a curated exhibition of the illustrations of the renowned artist, Paul Fernandes that captures the beautiful city of Bangalore.



The National Conference on Cityscapes: Interstices of Space and Memory Retelling Metropolitan Chronotypes, held on the 9th and 10th of November, organised by the Department of English, Kristu Jayanti College, brought together scholars, researchers, and professionals from diverse fields to explore and discuss the multifaceted dimensions of memory.

This conference is an attempt to inter-sectionally locate memory and space that reconstruct city chronotopes to explore how identities are reconfigured in metropolitan Indian cities.

Tenzin Tsundue, the renowned Tibetan Poet, Writer and Refugee Activist delivered the keynote address where he stressed on the interconnectedness of memory and language, stressing more on the divergence of memory that exists with individuals from diverse backgrounds and how everyone is an immigrant.

The conference also witnessed a panel discussion on, "Cities and Memory Studies" bringing in experts from the domain of memory studies along with two related workshops by Roopa Pai, the renowned Author and Journalist and the other by Dr. Nimeshika Venkatesan- Assistant Professor of English, SSN (Chennai).

The National Conference on Memory Studies was a resounding success, offering a platform for intellectual exchange and fostering a sense of community among scholars and practitioners in the field. The diverse perspectives presented and the collaborative spirit of the event contribute to the ongoing discourse in memory studies, enriching our understanding of the interplay between space and memory.

Exhibition of artworks

The Hindu Bureau
BENGALURU

The Department of English, Kristu Jayanti College, Autonomous, Bengaluru, as part of the National Conference 'Cityscapes: Interstices of Spaces and Memory, Retelling Metropolitan Chronotopes' presented an exhibition of Paul Fernandes' Artworks titled 'Bangalore in 30 frames', on Thursday.

The exhibition was inaugurated by Rev. Fr. Jais V. Thomas, Financial Administrator and Director, Jayantian Extension Services, KJC.

-EDITORS

ACHIEVEMENTS

- **Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar & Fr. Joshy Mathew** have published a research article titled “Calibarting the Unheard Truths And Voices in the Select Poems of Mahmoud Darwish” in The Expression: An International Multidisciplinary e- Journal, A Peer Reviewed and Indexed Journal, Vol. 9. Issue 5, October 2023, ISSN: 2395-4132 pp 1-8.
- **Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar & Fr. Joshy Mathew** have published a research article titled “Revitalizing Polemics Through Exile Testimonio in the Select Poems of Jacinta Kerketta” in The Creative Launcher, Peer Reviewed, Refereed, Indexed and Open Access Vol. 8 Issue 5, October 2023, ISSN: 2455-6580 pp 34- 45.
- **Dr. L. Santhosh Kumar & Fr. Joshy Mathew** have published a research article titled “Exile Testimonio in Peter Carey’s The Journey of a Lifetime” in The Criterion: An International Journal in English, Bi-Monthly- Peer Reviewed Journal, Vol. 14, Issue 5, October 2023, ISSN: 0976-8165 pp 199-205.

STUDENT'S CORNER

Pretty Poisoned Poems

new class, no friends yet
you and I started with a text
fast forward a couple months you've got me
wondering
how I dealt with everything that was
happening
without you

felt the love before I could catch a glimpse of
reality
heard me cry, made me laugh
who knew you were my kryptonite
my poison ivy, my source of
anxiety
all the love you claimed to have
turns out they were pretty lies

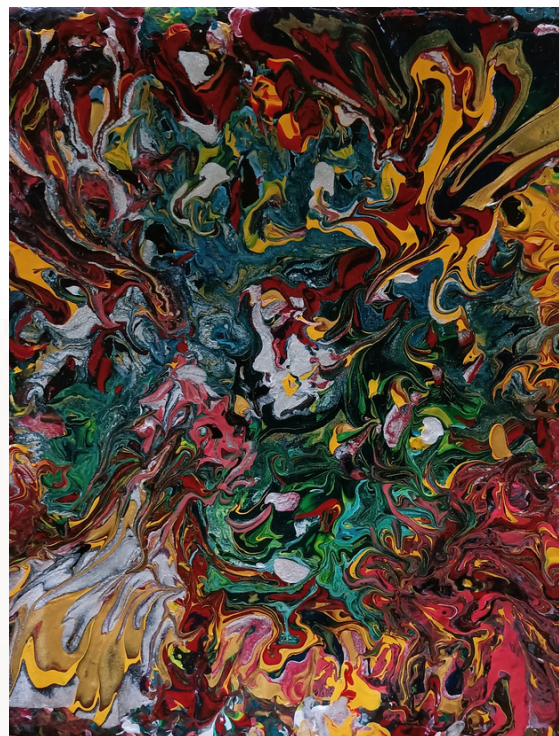


S. Shreya
(23BCAC58)

now here I am bruised but
breathing
lost the time but found myself
lost the trust but found prudence
now I'm growing from the pain like a
phoenix, rising
till I'm restored to the merited bliss, I'm
thriving

it was quite the rollercoaster ride
pretty poisoned poems poking inside
not sure if I can say I enjoyed,
but I can say it's the end of this fantastic lie

Love War



Jihal Kumari Mistri
(23BCAC29)

Loss – The Scariest of all

I have met you in stories,
Not mine
but others.
I have only felt you in pieces,
not from skin
but from words.
I have only heard you through speakers
not your voice
but your favourite songs.
You are my dream
You are my story
You are my past
You are my present
But you are my all.



Pratyushi Joshi
21ENGH41

ARRAY OF SHADOWS

In the shadows, I stand unfamiliar

A tale untold
Of expression and emotion
To be shown in the array

In the dawn appears
The rays of lights
It's the onset of everything
For new journey

In the sunset

End to the last leg of the journey
As I stand unfamiliar
In this array of shadows

In the end

In this array, a lesson is learned
To move on from former events
Embrace the new journey



Achsah Mathew
23MENG02

Too soon to grow up?

Desire on your fingertips
And nowhere to go
Thunder in your heart
And nowhere to rumble
Lightning in your feet
And nowhere to run to
No one to run to
A sad maze of sad faces
A kaleidoscope of blinking tears gone unseen
Happy people with pretty smiles -
Huh- a myth only witnessed never proven
There we were,
Wondering and amazed by life's silly follies
Being crude and crazed, a bunch of boys nowhere
to run to
No one to run to
There we were, vulgarity spewing from our tongues
Fire raging in our hearts,
Fear fearing us,
There we were, lightning in our feet
Flashing hot black cracks of light in the middle of
day,

Desire on our fingertips roaring through our
fists

Running in a wilderness unexplored and
dangerous

Untouched and intense

We ran, with a grin on our faces

✦ And sweat on our necks,

We ran,

With blood hammering with adrenaline

And screams of joy and wicked innocence

We ran,

But once we were there,

At what point we let go of each others hands

Of each others hearts in that maze

In that cursed maze, where we swore we would
hold on,

Where we swore our shoulders would be knit
tight with our hands,

I never knew, we never knew

And thus, there we were

✦ Muddled in the crowd

Of sad faces in countless mazes

Becoming one with them

With nothing to amount to

Nowhere to go

No one to go to

Just a bunch of delusional children

Forced to chain themselves to the whereabouts
and howabouts of a path with no destination

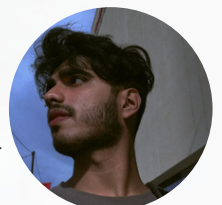
What do you call that?

Enlighten me,

What do you call the lost lives of budding
adolescence slaughtered for the sake of
begrudged
maturity?

✦ Is that it, that's what you call it? Only two
words?

Growing up?



Yuvraj Gawra
22JOEN26

Be a Warrior of Eternal Life

If you are the true for yourself,
You are the guru of the world.
You come before me and bless.
With your chest a thousand injuries,
With your life hundred thousand wisdoms.
Enemies so many to eliminate since,
There are many ways to sorry for the way.
With mother earth you will change
Now with you with you the nation will come.
Change one thing is constant forever.
All that changes is Immortal with soil.
If you are in patience can take water in a sieve,
Until come on, its ice cubes.
If life is depends on money or happiness.
Buy on rent or for a price.
The enemy than enmity,

A friends enemy more dangerous than anything.
Every day, the sun gets up early, like -
If you gets up early,
You will win everything.
'You' named as body or soul or what?
No it is action of being said.
It is God, who sets up that rule in hand,
Its up to you to finish.

Give bravery with a bow your word,
It gives change in all, because -
It is immutable.
You run, suffering if caught
Chase you, he resisted and chased,
Suffering will flow.
Anger with suppressed anger,
He who rises with loss with empty,
Everything is temporary. So,
Change one thing is constant..

Dr. N. Ravikumar
Faculty



The Heart, Soul n Beauty of the Ocean



Dr. R. Vidyavathi
Faculty

Quietus

Coffee, our common ground
Fantasies were facts
Two different worlds
Were united in breaks

He watched over us for years
Yet he went invisible to most
Not my intention to point fingers
Just a cry of a sparrow's sorrow

His cup was alone while I held mine
Waiting to unleash some facts with smile
Enquiring souls I learnt about end
Yet another friend I lost in a month

T'was his time to fade and fly
He soared above sorrows to a solace
Let's embrace the wait to fade
Till we hear the knock on the door

Hold your coffee, befriend one
Let it be an invisible stone
As we all want to be visible
There is always one waiting for you

Mr. Meshach R.S Edwin
Faculty

