



KALEIDOSCOPE

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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE:



The second issue of M.A. English's newsletter, Kaleidoscope, beautifully illustrates the department's activities and displays its students' creativity. The department has conducted numerous events pertaining to academics, whilst also refreshing students' awareness of contemporary trends through webinars. The college has viewed with utmost satisfaction the department's academic strides and its continued encouragement of students' talents and skills. The institution looks forward to more success stories from M.A. English. Wishing the department and the Kaleidoscope a promising future!

- DR.S. SNATHOSH BABOO

SECRETARY'S MESSAGE:



Congratulations to the department of M. A. English for releasing the second issue of its newsletter, the Kaleidoscope! Like the previous year, the newsletter has succinctly captured the department's activities and its students' art and literary output. I extend warm wishes to the staff and students who have contributed towards this issue. As always, the management will remain a bolster for all of the departments' future activities.

- SHRI. ASHOK KUMAR MUNDHRA

HOD'S MESSAGE:



Greetings! Kaleidoscope provides a comprehensive view of the activities of M.A. English. It also showcases students' creative endeavours. This issue, like any other, is the result of the dedication and hard work of our staff and students. It gives me great pleasure to formally release the Kaleidoscope for the academic year 2020-21.

- DR. MURALI GANAM

WHAT'S INSIDE

WEBINAR - PG. NO. 2

STUDENT'S CORNER -

PG. NO. 7



"MANAGING KNOWLEDGE"



A special lecture on "Knowledge Management" was delivered by Dr. V. Sayee Kumar, former HOD, HRM, D.G. Vaishnav College and Consultant in HRD, Counselling, and Psychotherapy practice. He explained the difference between explicit and tacit knowledge. Citing examples from everyday life he emphasised the relevance of the subject for students of various disciplines.

"THIRUKKURAL EXPLAINED"

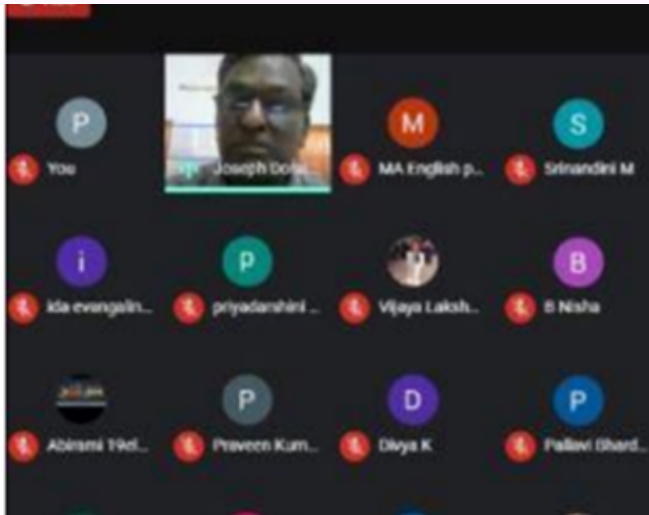


A special lecture on Thirukkural was delivered by Dr. P. Murugan, Head of Department, Tamil, DGVC, Chennai. Dr. Murugan provided the students with scholarly insight into the Thirukkural while at the same time giving real life examples to keep the students engaged. The talk was well received by the students.

"You can never understand one language until you understand at least two."

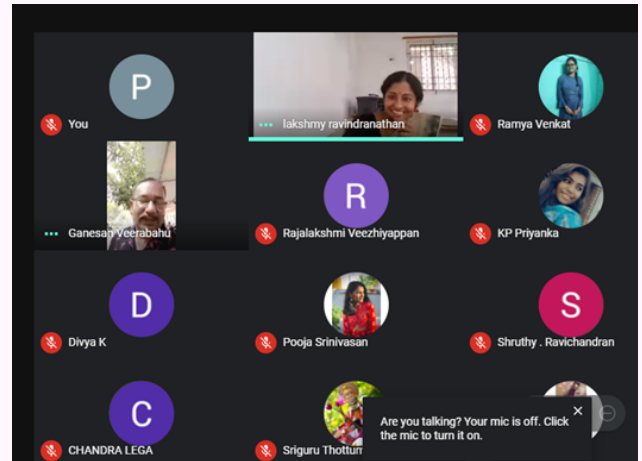


"AN OVERVIEW TO POSTCOLONIALISM"



A webinar on "Postcolonialism- An Overview" was delivered by Prof. A. Joseph Dorairaj, Professor of English and the Dean, School of English and Foreign Languages at Gandhigram Rural University— Deemed to be University, Gandhigram. The seminar provided participants with an overview of Postcolonialism, beginning with the age of colonial rule to the present- day context of neo imperialism. The participants were introduced to the different ways in which the term postcolonialism can be interpreted. They were encouraged to reflect on what constitutes a postcolonial situation.

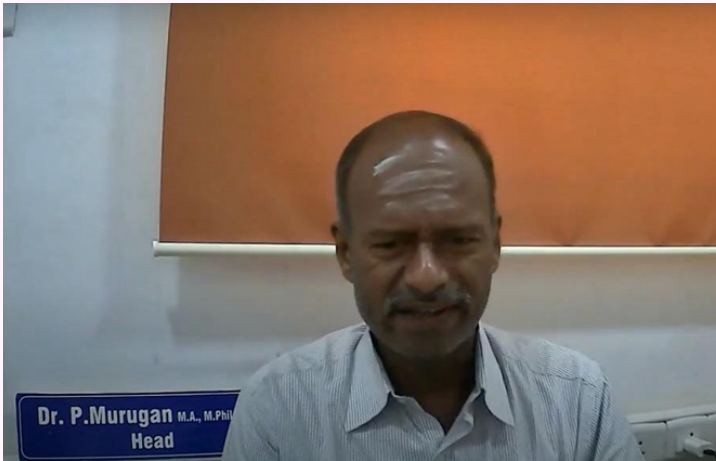
"DARK HOLDS NO TERRORS EXPLORED"



A special lecture was delivered on Shashi Deshpande's *Dark Holds No Terrors*. The resource person was Dr. V. Ganeshan , Associate Professor, Department of English, A.M. Jain College, Chennai. Students were briefed on the multiple perspectives through which the novel can be understood. Dr Ganeshan's lecture also drew attention to the relevance of the novel in current times.



"PARTHIBAN'S DREAM DECIPHERED"



A special lecture was delivered on Partiban's Dream by Dr. P. Murugan, Head of Department, Tamil, DGVC, Chennai. Dr. Murugan helped the students appreciate the tale of political intrigue and its place as a classic in Tamil literature. The talk was well received by the students.

"FILM STUDIES"



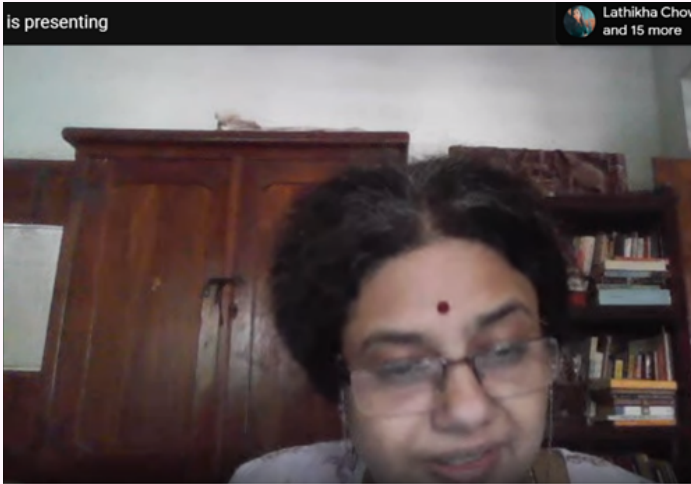
A special lecture was conducted on "Film Studies: Technical Cuts" by Mr. Thirumurugan, eminent director, writer, and actor. The speaker elaborated on practical aspects of filmmaking. He also spoke about creating original content. The students gained a clear insight into filmmaking and the challenges involved.

"A film is never really good unless the camera is an eye in the head of a poet."

— Orson Welles



"PUTTING LIGHT ON RAINBOW"



A special lecture on D.H. Lawrence's *Rainbow* was delivered by Dr. Aparna Srinivas, Founder, Emerald Dove Academy (Online teaching platform). The guest speaker connected *Rainbow* to the other works of Lawrence. She delivered a detailed character analysis and an exhaustive lecture on the novel.

"CULTURE AND CONTEMPORARY STUDIES"



A webinar was conducted on "Contemporary Academics and Cultural Studies: Some Critical Engagements" by Dr. G. Bhaskaran, Professor of English, School of English and Foreign Languages, Gandhigram Rural University, Gandhigram. He spoke at length about the dissolution of the distinction between High and Low culture which Cultural Studies encourages. Culture, he reminded, should be understood as a discursive field and is a key instrument of hegemonic control.



"ASPECTS OF FILMMAKING"



A special lecture on conducted on "Film Studies: Technical Cuts" The resource person was Dr. Prabanand Chandrasekharan, Assistant Professor, Department of Visual Communication, DG Vaishnav College, Chennai. Students were briefed on the importance of camera angles, lighting, and editing in the construction of a visual narrative. The students gained a clear insight into the behind-the-camera aspects of filmmaking. They understood how the visual media can shape perceptions and beliefs in subtle ways.

"Creativity is inventing, experimenting, growing, taking risks, breaking rules, making mistakes, and having fun."
— Mary Lou Cook



STUDENTS' CORNER

TO TIME

You abandon us,
in a blink of an eye.
Always playing deaf
to the meek's cry

Do you heal the pain
that walk our door,
Or just cover it up,
by creating more.

What's in store...?
I am caught up in the middle...
Blindfolded, you expect me
to solve a riddle.

Like the glass,
you reflect light-
Differently, each time,
according to the aging sight.

Illusion or not...
You are the greatest dictator.
Neither god nor the devil,
here, is the victor

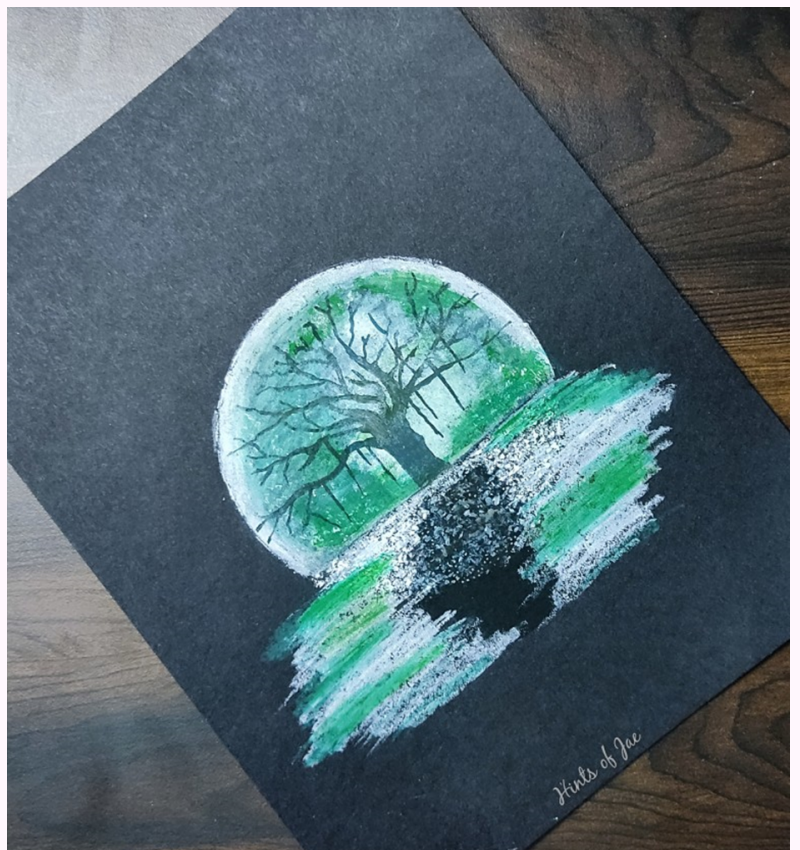
At times, you deepen
the cuts, which make me bleed,
Turning a blind eye
to my need.

Why are you impartial
to the ones who suffer
Isn't life
already tougher ?

Even if it is
hard to chew,
in this mysterious ride,
I will sit beside you.

Not as
your slave...
but one you'll
soon title as brave.

- NIRANJAN



- JAYASHREE



REAL LIFE STORIES

Hello! Bello! It is The Walkie-Talkie's story time, now. I have been waiting to share this real-life story, which I hold so close to my heart. So, I got an opportunity to attend a workshop on "Writing and Editing" from an University in Delhi. It was a two days' workshop. The first day's workshop was about the birth of a book. Yes! You read it right. The session was about how a raw manuscript enters the desk of a publishing house, advances as a copy and comes out as a finished book that is ready for sale. I have, of course, given only a brief explanation of that long yet beautiful process.

The second day's workshop was exclusively on "Writing". The key speaker of that day was Dr. Anuradha Marwah, author and a playwright. With her charming look and her ideas put in a well-turned way, Dr. Marwah made it interactive and an interesting session. Towards the end of the session, the author read and narrated a small part of her previously published novel. The book-reading part by the author narrated a young girl's college life. Later, Dr. Marwah asked all the participants to write a short-story or a poem about our college memories in real-life within the next 15 minutes. We were supposed to send it to the host's email.

It was not just about writing up something and sending it. She offered a surprise to us. Woohoo! She admitted that any one or two best pieces that inspire her will find a way to be featured in her upcoming college fiction. In spite of the excitement inside, I maintained a calm outlook and opened a fresh Word document to create my story.

In the given 15 minutes, I was thinking about multiple memories from my college life. Besides my Undergraduate degree, I have zillion equivalently cherished memories from my postgraduate life. Therefore, trying to fix on any particular event, my heart did not let me give up on the others by choosing one. The host reminded that us have only 5 minutes left. That was exactly when I started typing something frantically. When the host said I hope everyone has sent your submissions, I quickly cleared a few words, replaced them with other words and finalized my story. Since the host and the author started reading a few submissions on the call, I sent mine immediately.

continued...



After reading one or two more submissions, I heard my name called out by the host. He opened my email and the author asked the host to read it for her. He did!

Yaay! I was jumping inside and listened to the host as if it was a fresh piece to me. As the host kept reading, I fixed my eyes on Dr.Marwah whose euphoric face made my heart pound swiftly. My wide curve lips accompanied my chill shivery hands at the moment when the host and the author expressed their joy towards my story.

Her first reaction was, "Wow!" 'The college life of each of us has been narrated in a wonderful and proficient manner', said Dr. Anuradha Marwah. 'It is so nice', she added.

Is that not a special moment for any budding writer? Absolutely! My happiness did not know its limit at the moment. I am still uncertain whether it is the best piece amongst the other submissions. But, I am proud that it touched the author and the host personally.

So, will it be fair to just mention this story to you and not showing you all the particular piece that I am referring to? Totally not! So, it is attached below. It is not any cash prize, certificate or a medal that I have received but their words of appreciation and expression of happiness.

COLLEGE STORY

The road was packed with vehicles. It was a rainy day. I was looking through the window with hunger, excitement, and fear of the transition from high school to college. I wondered whether all the stories that I have read in books about high school would be real; the stories that movies portray would be real. Our car was slowly moving into the college, heading the admission counter and the engine stopped. I was afraid about the new phase while I still felt joyous to experience what my college life would have for me.

It was another day. The road was busy again. It was a normal sunny day. I was looking through the window with tears filled in my eyes. I felt emotional, sad and fearful that the three years of that college life flew away like a swift bird. I had more stories on my own life. I had new stories that were not from movies or books. Our car was parked; the engine was ignited. We moved out of the college slowly. Tears dropped down my cheeks as we crossed the exit gate. It felt heavy, happy, grateful, and guilty.

College life is a phase with mixed emotions.|

- V.R.RAJALAKSHMI



WATERCOLOUR WINTER LANDSCAPE



ACRYLIC FALL LANDSCAPE



- PREETHI. Y. S

POEM

Oh, how heavenly thou art!
Sitting in front of the moon
Thee green trees dancing in
the streets
O! Thy breeze blows at me
It doth waves my feelings
Scattering in my rusty
remembrances
Oh, how heavenly!
Thine darkness is not new to
me
It only gives me rapture...
Thou sparkling stars smile at
me
Thee smile makes me glee
In my hearts of hearts
Oh, how heavenly!
O, Selene!
Only thou know the darkest
secrets in me
Thy Glorious presence soothes
me
Thou pall me in thy arms
Thou ought in my soul
I feel myself in thee
Oh, heavenly thou art!

- NANDHINEE. U



PICKLING JARS

What is the first thing that comes to mind while reading those words? Mango, chilli, sour, salty, glass? Ah, the meanings that a simple thing as a pickle jar can denote in some households. The humble pickle can become a symbol of patriarchy, the symbol of male superiority.

Look deep inside your kitchen cabinets you will find the designated jar, a glass or a plastic one. There are two levels to this. The actual jar of pickles and the smaller jar it is put into so that the source jar is not contaminated.

Which jar does the maker of pickles aka the women get served out of? None of the above mentioned. Till the source is fresh, fragrant and uncontaminated it is meant for the men. When the jar is dry, withered, discoloured with just the ruins left it is found fit for the women. Women receive what is leftover and considered unworthy for men.

A jar, usually airtight, accurately describes the state of women in a patriarchal household. The humble pickle jar shows the gender divide, the suffocating ruins of women. Second class citizens in their own house, required to make do with whatever is left over. We justify this with excuses like women having a lower appetite, the docile homemaker or the sacrificial mother for her children. Society, the jar can't handle the sourness anymore. The jar has cracked and is no longer airtight suffocating women's ambitions. From hoping to get the leftovers from the source, they are the source now.



- PRATIBHA BAGDY



THE NIGHTMARE

Kissing a goodnight to my sleeping daughter, I started reading "Tell me your Dreams" by Sidney Sheldon. I didn't expect to be intrigued by a book unaware of the time, I kept reading until my eyes got heavier. I decided to set the book aside on the table and checked on my daughter before slowly drifting back to sleep...

I found myself in strange surroundings. I remember reading a book and then falling asleep. Now I'm awake, I wondered why I'm in the kitchen and the atmosphere was unusually eerie. It is a nightmare, I often get nightmares. I decided to let the nightmare flow praying I would wake up to see the ray of a beautiful smile on my daughter's face.

Each step filled the silence in the room the sound of blood dripping from the tip of the knife and the muffled noises from the girl tied in the chair filled the room. My body begins trembling in fear, the air made it hard to breathe, I avoided making noise. I knew it was a nightmare, I couldn't wait to wake up. I couldn't see the girl tied in the chair, I knew the girl is alive but she was in her final moments. Unstoppable tears rolled down the all cheeks, I walked slowly to the girl, even if it is a nightmare I want to save her. I can't wait for the next morning to wake up as a normal mom not a woman who suffers from a nightmare.

I dropped to my knees as I saw the girl, it was my beautiful daughter covered in blood. She weakly lifted her head to see my tears rolled down from her eyes. "Mo...mo ...mom...my" she whispered with a broken weak voice. I quickly untied the rope to get her. She looked at myself with terrified eyes trembling in my arms with fear, tears flowed from her eyes, she said "W...why mo...mo...my? am...I a ba...d gi...rl?" her voice broke as she spoke. I could see she is in pain tears rolled down my cheeks "No honey...you will be alright...it's just a nightmare" I hugged her. I knew she was sleeping beside me. She whispered in my ears "Wh..why di...d yo..u sta...b m...m...me mo...mom...my? i...it hu...hurts". I couldn't believe what I heard "I...I would never hurt you honey" why did she say I stabbed her. "Mo...m...my i...s a li...ar" she whispered with broken voice, her hand fell down. She is not breathing, my daughter she...she is dead.

continued....



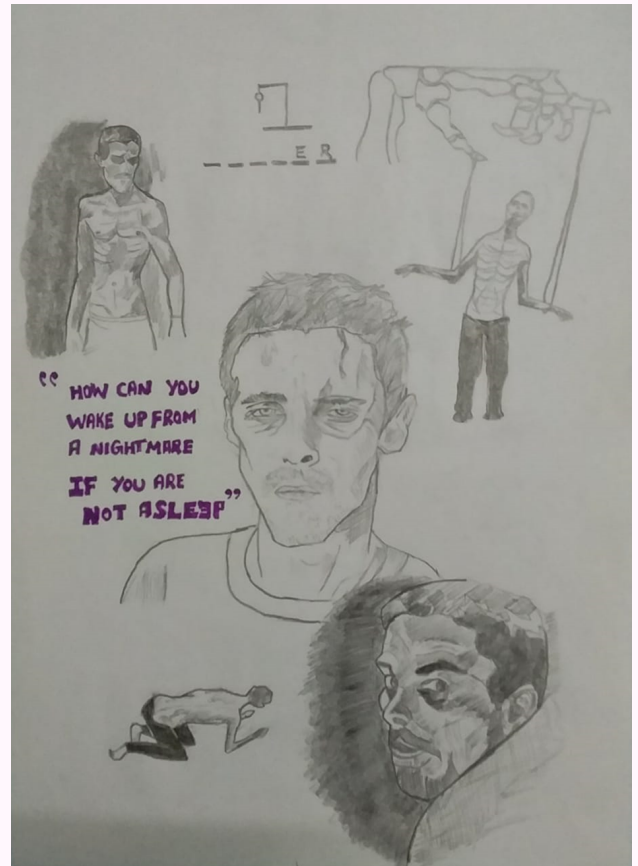
I ran down to get help...I ran across the mirror in the hallway, when I saw something strange. I looked at the knife...I looked at the blood...I looked at myself holding knife covered in blood. I broke down I looked at me....no it wasn't me. I looked at the monster who killed my daughter. I killed my daughter... even though it was a nightmare but why me...why me ...why me. I curled up and stayed still the sunshine hit my face, it was a nightmare I thought. I couldn't believe it, I cut my hand with the knife to end it and wake up to see my daughter. The blood gushes out of my hand....I...I could feel the pain.

"It is a nightmare...It is a nightmare...It is a nightmare" I mumbled to myself with blood gushing out of my hand. I was trembling in pain, my eyes got heavier. I knew it was not a nightmare...I'm just a monster who killer her daughter. "I...I...I... am s...so...sorry ho...ney".

- BADRU NISHA. N



- POOJA



- V. NIRANJAN



THOSE FOUR DAYS

something that never liked the
pungent smell,
locked in a free land under a spell

endured under the pungent world,
funny it lost the sense of smell

with different animals, different
food, different people,
locked in a free cage under a
spell

with a hard heart and hungry
stomach,
worried it waited for the time to
run

when the spell was lifted,
realised it retrieved its sense of
smell

this time very strong and,
locked under its own mind spell.

SRINANDINI. M



- POOJA



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CONTACT:

kaleidoscopedgvc@gmail.com