

SURABHI

Journal of Arts and Literature

The Bi-annual Journal of Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology

Vol.8 No.2
(December 2017)



Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology

Department of Space

Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram

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From the Editor's Desk

P. Radhakrishnan

Surabhi wishes everyone a very Happy New Year ahead !

We are happy to announce that Surabhi is now four year old.

We note with great pride and satisfaction the 5th Convocation of IIST was held on September 14, 2017.

While reverently remembering the earlier Chancellors of IIST, Dr. APJA. Kalam and Prof. UR. Rao who have left us bequeathing to us a glorious heritage, we heartily congratulate and welcome the new Chancellor, Dr. BN. Suresh. Not only is he a veteran of high-standing in ISRO but he is, more fittingly, the Founder-Director of IIST. He has been honoured with the ISRO Lifetime Achievement Award 2016.

We are also happy on account of the ISRO Outstanding Achievement Award 2016 conferred on Dr. VK Dadhwal, Director of IIST.

A distressing event on August 31, 2017, however, reminded us that the unforgiving space leaves no room for complacency. Else, why should our workhorse, PSLV fail after 39 consecutive missions? One can't be too careful in space technology !

We present to you with great pleasure this issue with the usual fare, thanks to the boundless support from the contributors from ISRO/DOS fraternity.

With best wishes to all,

SURABHI

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Labyrinth

An experience of a young engineer

This incident dates back to more than three decades. I had joined M/s Kirloskar electric company after a diploma course in mechanical engineering from a polytechnic. After a year of rigorous training under the Training manager, a retired wing commander by name, Mr. H. P. Hande, most of the diploma & graduate engineers were absorbed by the company in its different departments.

The training program at M/s Kirloskar electric for Diploma/Graduate engineers had a great name in those days. Diploma engineers were supposed to wear a grey half sleeve shirt with a badge on pocket showing our name and our engineer counterparts wore a pink shirt. On our selection as trainees we were asked to buy the cloth from Mafatlal showroom on Sampige Road, Malleswaram, Bangalore. The diploma trainees were paid a stipend of Rs 600/- per month and engineers were paid Rs 1000/- per month. The selection was based on written test, group discussion and a technical talk. The factory started at 7.30 AM.

There was a big clock with a heavy lever to punch our entry time. On a yellow card time of entry was printed in black letters. Three times in a month if we had arrived after 7.30 AM we would be asked to meet Manager-Training. All of us were scared to see the big face of retired army man. Whenever he moved around in the training centre, we shivered in our pants. The discipline, punctuality and perseverance are the values I foster today and owe it to M/s Kirloskar electric company.

After training for a period of one year, we were put on probation for another year. I had started working in Quality Assurance Department involved in basic metrology of parts of motor, DC machines, etc. I and other few of my batch mates were in the Central Machine shop. We were supposed to work in shifts either in the morning, starting at 6.00 hours or afternoon starting at 14.30 hours. I had specially purchased a bicycle to suit this kind of timing.

I should mention a few interesting things before I proceed to the main topic. In those

days getting a job in M/s Kirloskar Electric was known to be a good breakthrough considering a few other companies like M/s GKW, M/s L&T, M/s BFW, M/s Mysore lamps, etc. M/s Kirloskar Electric had a nice canteen and food was exceptionally good; priced at just 65 paisa a lunch. The lunch included chapati or puri, rice and hot sambhar, veggi, rasam, curd, butter milk, etc. Coffee, tea and milk were given at 15 paisa. The distance to company from my residence was about 5 kilometers and cycling on traffic-free road was pleasant. The only issue was riding bicycle back home at 22.30 hours and the problem of stray dogs. Sometimes it so happened that even after reaching home I had to drive my bicycle further because of stray dogs barking at me and not allowing me to get down. Oh! Real tough time. Today I don't remember what tricks I played to fool those dogs and enter the house.

Okay. With this entire preamble, I will move on to the title story, rather true incident that happened in my professional career. In those days I was looking after shaft line of machine shop where small, medium and large motor and alternator shafts were turned on huge lathes. Initially, the raw stock was turned on one side and then reversed on lathe and again turned. The turning, facing, threading, grooving, taper turning are some of the operations that are carried out on lathe machine. Lathe is a very common and essential machine tool in any work shop having head stock on one end and tail stock on the other end. The work piece generally a cylindrical one is held between the two ends and rotated. A stationary single point cutting tool removes the stock from work piece. I had to inspect a host of parameters like extension

diameter, grinding clearance, bearing step diameter, bearing shoulder, etc. Of all these measuring bearing shoulder was really a tough task particularly for large motor shafts, because the vernier caliper I carried for measurement was almost of my height. The gigantic machine operators used to laugh at me carrying this instrument.

Apart from conventional lathes there were also special purpose vertical turret lathes to turn the large motor body. The inner surface and diameter need to be machined to a fairly good accuracy and surface finish on vertical turret lathe. This line of machines was called body line. The remaining part of machine shop included end cover line and some of the special parts were also machined in this line.

One day as usual after listening to Vividh Bharati, Bhakti Geet program on the radio in the afternoon, I left home and headed towards factory. On reaching the machine shop I came to know that my colleagues handling body line and cover line were not going to attend to their job. They were on leave. The machine shop supervisor who generally handles the production schedules, allots work to machine operators requested me to take care of these two line in addition to my regular shaft line work. I just said okay and went on to see the work going on in different machines.

On one of the capstan and turret lathes, a machine where once dimensional parameters are set and first job is checked, number of parts can be produced automatically, I found a special part of motor being fabricated. The drawing showed the title as LABYRINTH and raw material was Spheroidal Graphite (SG) Iron casting. This material has a special property of not

generating heat while fluid passes over it.

Now a bit about this labyrinth. In those days my knowledge was limited and I just understood that it serves the purpose of providing lubrication to intricate places. A labyrinth is a type of mechanical seal that provides a tortuous path to help prevent leakage. A labyrinth may be composed of many grooves that press tightly inside another axle so that fluid has to pass through a long and difficult path to escape. Later on I came to know that it is also a biological term named for connection between ear and nose of a person.

“Labyrinth of Lies” is a German drama film directed by Giulio Ricciarelli that won a torrent international film festival in 2014.

Labyrinth is a British-American adventure musical fantasy film directed by Jim Henson and produced by George Lucas. The film revolves around 15 year old Sarah's quest to reach the centre of enormous otherworldly maze to rescue her infant brother Toby.

Coming back to our labyrinth awaiting inspection, though it was not necessary to

check, since number of parts had been produced for the last three days and was stacked in pallets with the first part being given a “Go Ahead” green signal by the Quality engineer. I happened to pick up the fresh job from the machine and started inspection. The operator, I still remember him by name Mr. Gulam Ahmed was casual and said, 'What is there to check, we have almost completed five hundred numbers and coming to close the work order'. But I just went on, checked few dimensions, took a depth micrometer and started measuring a particular depth. I was jolted. I could not believe my eyes. I could imagine the magnitude of loss. The part was over machined leading to increase in depth and loss of material. The damage caused by this oversight was irretrievable. **All the machined parts had to be sent to foundry as scrap.**

This incident is vivid in my memory and I always consider it as a reward to my sincerity and alertness while working as a Quality Assurance Engineer.





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THE WORLD - A REALITY

In a great big room, he woke up,
Glinting, clanking hands taking him up
Hugged, kissed, snugly, he curled,
For, he had entered the world.

He slowly grew up, carefree and gay,
All his troubles whisked away,
Affluence morphed his naive visage,
The lusty twinkle in his eyes, no mirage.

Rewards ensued his every cry,
Horror trailed those who dared to defy,
Pampered, spoilt, never did they scold,
So he knew nothing of the world.

Oh how ignorant he was!
Of pain, despair, misery and loss,
Of the vicissitudes of life,
Of betrayal, cruelty and strife,

That one day it came a bolt from the blue,
What was happening, he had no clue,
"Your folks are gone", he was told,
Destitute he was, at the mercy of the world.

For some days, he didn't quite understand..
"Gimme this! Gimme that!", he did demand
But the world simply stared and laughed away..
He was kicked, shoved and pushed into disarray.

Helpless and aimless, he began to fret..
His pristine limbs were oblivious to sweat.
"Toil to survive", he was told,
He came to know little of the world.

He scoured the streets, searching for food,
Not that it was any good..
A lifetime spent in the world's greatest riches,
Left him unaware of the world's deepest ditches.

Starving, thirsty, cursing his fate,
He thought of his parents, brimming with hate,
A final epiphany, as he turned cold,
"Finally, I know how really is the world!!"



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The Mynah's song



I wrote fast, looking up frequently from the crumpled sheets of my notebook. I had to finish my homework before I went to play. This was a race against time, against the sun which also seems to be racing with me to set as soon as possible. "Why, oh! Why can't there be no homework, no school, no chores to do? Why always there were umpteen things to do before I could play?" The teacher was very strict now that the exams were approaching. Father was also monitoring my homework closely. Life had become so difficult.

I looked out of the narrow window of my room and looked worriedly at the ominous darkening skies. It had been raining all morning and it threatened to rain again, the sky melting into water and darkness, drowning my playtime in the deluge. The fields around the house were filled with water, which stretched out like a still mirror around the house, reflecting the clouded skies and the tall, lofty coconut trees. It was an unbroken vista, as if the earth and the sky were one. One big, glassy globe. The delicate, rice saplings were bent under the weight of the rain and their heads were almost submerged in water, leaving the farmers worried about the possibility of losing the crop.

No such uneasiness clouded my joyous world. I rushed through the home-work, committing mistakes, cutting and erasing, and re-doing the sums. Just then the mynah's song reached my ears and I sat up straight. The mynah whistled and chirped, enticing me out of my room into the outside world. The magic world of play, scrambling and rummaging about the grassy grounds, climbing trees, seeking out the nests of birds, playing with friends or fishing in the flooded fields. I just could not sit in that dark room any longer. Jumping up, I took off like a rocket from the room.

My mynah was in the round cage. This cage had belonged to my pet squirrel who had run away and hence was empty for some time, till the mynah had occupied it some months back. I spoke in my special bird language. The mynah's eyes were gleaming black, full of affection and he growled and clicked and chirped on seeing me. His beak was deep yellow and the feathers were glossy brown. I was proud of my bird and opened the cage carefully. The mynah immediately climbed onto my hand and alighted on my shoulder. I fussed over him and gave him his food and played with him by letting it hop from my right hand to my shoulder, to my head and then onto my left hand. My bird had the freedom to

fly and it would venture into the nearby branches and after some time would come back to me. We were the best of friends and I needed nothing more.

I walked with the bird to the tall coconut tree with the hollow in the middle of the trunk. This hollow had been the mynah's home. The home where the bird had hatched and had lived with his parents and siblings. I remembered that evening, some months back, when I had come back from school, all dusty and hungry, with my heavy school bag dragging behind me. As soon as I entered the grounds around my house, I sensed that something important was happening. The birds were in a flutter, the mynahs and crows were screeching and cawing raucously and even the squirrels were making a big noise. I understood the language of the birds and beasts and knew that something uncommon was happening and decided to investigate.

The school bag was thrown on the verandah and I ran out. "Unni! Where are you going? Have your food!" I disregarded my mother's shouted instructions and ran out swiftly, jumping over the shrubs and fences and ran towards the commotion. Immediately, I noticed the reason for the noise. A big snake was coiled around the coconut tree trunk, climbing and slipping and again climbing up, towards the hollow in the tree. I was stunned. I knew that the hollow contained a nest of the mynahs, with many hatchlings inside. I had been watching this hollow for many days, always aspiring to catch a young mynah when it attempted its maiden flight and fell into the shrubs below. The creepers below the coconut tree spread from tree trunk to tree trunk and made swinging, green hammocks where the weak hatchlings had a chance to fall during their feeble attempts at flight. I had been

waiting for this opportunity, but now the evil snake was going to disrupt my plans.

In a frenzy of anger, I shouted, adding to the cacophony. I picked up some stones and threw it at the snake. The combined onslaught of the birds and the boy was too much for the snake, and it half slithered and half slipped from the coconut tree and fell onto the ground and swiftly slipped away. Hearing this noise, a weak, delicate baby mynah peeped out of the hollow. Fearing the imminent danger, the baby mynah made a daring, half-hearted attempt at flight and half flew and half fell into the net of creepers among the fan shaped leaves of the Tapioca plants. The baby mynah's parents made squawking noises and came behind the helpless, entangled baby mynah, fussing around it and trying to set it free. This was a chance of a lifetime and a moment of triumph for me. The blood rushed to my small, sweaty face and rubbing the hair from my eyes, I went for the kill. I went to the helpless, baby bird and tried to disentangle the bird from the creepers. The bird held fast to the creepers, sensing danger. Its yellow beak opened in fear. The bird's parents made big noises and pecked at me, but I persisted in getting the bird, unmindful of the pain caused by the angry pecking of the mynahs. Finally, I broke the baby mynah free, though the bird continued to piteously hold on to a tiny creeper. Giving a whoop of victory, I raced through the grounds to the silent, waiting cage.

The mynah's parents followed me and they exchanged excited croaks with the baby inside. The next day also, the parents hovered nearby and fed the mynah through the bars of the cage. I was happy that I did not have to do much to take care of the bird and just kept some water and a piece of banana in the cage. For a few days, the parent birds continued to

be near the cage and fed the baby mynah. But after some days, things seemed to change. The parent birds stopped coming to the cage. I was puzzled. "Was it because the parents were busy with the other babies or was it because they smelled the human near their baby?" The baby mynah also looked lost and lonely. His yellow beak was open, as if wondering what had gone wrong. I felt a warm, liquid emotion envelop me then. It moistened my eyes and tightened my heart. It was the first time that love had lighted up my tiny, boyish heart. I brought insects for the bird and also grains and banana and water.

The baby bird, slowly forgot its parents and loved me back, whistling and chirping in its mynah tongue whenever it saw me approaching. Slowly it got tame, sidling up to me, alighting on my boyish shoulders and head, making tiny noises in its throat. But as the mynah grew close to me, it became distant from its own kind. The other mynahs chattered in distaste at this baby bird. Whenever the baby made any attempt to go close to the other mynahs, they attacked it in a group, fiercely excluding him. This was repeated several times and many a time, I had to save the mynah from its own kind. It was sad. For all purposes the baby mynah was now alone. Except for me, 'Unni'. I was the baby mynah's world.

My days were filled with joy. But this friendship with the mynah led to the neglect of my homework, studies and my daily chores at home. I was unmindful of my father's instructions and my mother's calls for prayers, or food or for getting some items from the grocer's. That rainy day when I ran out without completing my homework, on hearing my dear mynah's call was the day when things came to a head. All the

carelessness of the recent days, crowded upon me and wreaked havoc. It was a day which shook up my tiny, fragile world. 'UNNI', shouted my father, "Where are you? You don't have time to do your homework or any study, the whole day you are with that useless mynah. Come here, let me knock some sense into you". I wanted to run away and hide from my father's rage, but was afraid of the consequences. My father found me and thrashed me hard. I sat crying and the mynah looked at me, puzzled, from a distance. His gleaming eyes looked sad, as it made soft, growling noises from inside the cage.

I looked at the mynah and a wave of hate engulfed me. It was because of the mynah that my father had thrashed me. "I do not want the mynah any longer. Let it go. Maybe then I will be free." In a frenzy, I opened the cage and asked the mynah to fly away. The bird did not come out. I clattered and shook the cage, still the bird refused to come out. Then I went mad. I hopped across the ground, with the open cage and shook and clattered and did my best to get the mynah out. The bird dropped out and flew to the roof of the cow shed. It called out to me and seemed to ask, "What's wrong with you, my friend"?

In anger, I stomped away and went to the edge of the rain fed fields. The image of my tear-streaked face stared back at me. The waters were silent, except for the sudden movements of some aquatic creatures. These movements made small ripples in the silent waters, which faded away slowly. A Kingfisher burst out in a flash of blue, with a fluttering fish in its beak. And again the waters became still. Nature was silent. It was the silence which connected the flashes of life, the beginning and the end of innumerable living beings. Again a buzz of raucous bird noises crowded around me and

penetrated into my miserable mind. It was the hysterical, angry sounds of a flock of mynahs and I knew that my baby mynah was in danger. I had saved my baby bird many times from its own kind. But this time I did not heed the warning, did not turn around and lift that crucial stone and shoo the other mynahs away. I waited, with a stubborn tightening of my chin, "Let the mynah go, the bird which caused me to waste my time and not do my homework and which was the reason for my thrashing. Let the mynah go".

I waited till the agonizing sounds ceased. Again nature was silent. Slowly, I went to the place from where the noises had come. So calm and cruel. The baby mynah lay on his back, his legs up in the air, the beak open, torn and bloody, but still breathing. I looked at the bird, my companion of sometime and felt nothing. I was a stone sculpture, completely unfeeling. I took the bird in my hands. The bird trembled and then slowly became still. Then I knew that the baby mynah was no more.

That tiny corpse lay in my small hands, so completely trusting, even in death. The innocent, helpless bird was let down by the ones he had considered his own. I looked at the bird for a long, long time. Then the hot tears came and scalded over my face and fell down on the dead mynah. "Oh! Why, why did I allow this to happen? Why didn't someone stop me? Oh God!" I cried piteously, looking up at the sky. "Why didn't you stop me. I was so cruel. I wish I could turn back the clock and bring the wheels of time to a stop. If only I could undo the last five minutes, things would be ok." Squatting down, with the Mynah in my hands, I cried as if I would die.

The finality of death weighed down on me. As I was a village boy, growing up with the birds and animals and the insects, I knew what death and birth was all about. I knew that once you are dead, you are always dead and never came back. I felt that I had to do something to at least give some respectability to my dead friend. I looked around and the sun was coming down, setting the flooded fields on fire. It was getting late, but I had lost my sense of time. In my grief, still I found a sense of direction and some boyish idea of respect for the dead. I went to the edge of the fields and found flotsam and leaves and twigs floating away in a mild current away down the field. I found a flat piece of wood and laid the mynah to rest on this. I whispered the prayers which my mother had taught me into the mynah's ears and with tears falling down my cheeks, floated the bird on the piece of wood into the waters. The mynah, my friend, floated away with its gleaming eyes closed, its claws raised towards heaven and its beautiful beak open. I knew that the mynah's song was silent forever. The dead bird's feathers were glossy brown as it floated away on the mirror-like waters of the fields, in between the submerged saplings of rice, towards the flaming dusky orange of the setting sun.



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To Mom, With Love



"The train leaves at 6 am. What time should I wake up? Is 4:30 fine?"

"Yes, that will be fine. I won't call you in the morning to wake you up. I'll be sleeping. So, be on time. I'll call you at 6:30."

"OK, Mom. Good night."

"Good night."

You have always loved your sleep more than the world around you. "Sleep in the early morning is so refreshing", you say. And I don't blame you; it is indeed mesmerizing-sleep in the morning. You have always hated your mundane daily chores and always wished you were rich and there were many domestic help around. You rarely attended any of our school functions. You cooked really well but always hoped if someone else would have cooked for the family. You created such a scene when dad didn't bring your favourite vanilla cake. Your pickles are never delicious though you make the best food. Yes, I am talking about you, mom.

In India, when we hear the word "mother", a visual imagery is formed in our minds of a

figure who takes care of you, one who cooks delicious enough for you to relish every single morsel, one who makes amazing pickles, one who wakes you up in the morning- a self sacrificing, loving personality. My mother has never been everything of these. You have never been a typical Indian mother. When my hostel mates talk about the savoury dishes their mothers make when they get home, I am reminded of your words, "Honey, I am not sure if you'll even get home cooked lunch this time when you come home but I have talked to a nearby restaurant, they serve everything". When my friends talk about their mothers picking them up from school, I remember the van driver who forgot to pick me up from school when I was five years old or the time my little sister was waiting, in the rain crying in front of the school gate cause mom, you were so so late. But every time someone says "You know my mom left her job so she could take care of me. I so wish she hadn't", I am filled with such a pride and respect for my mom. You are an inspiration for me and my sister.

How are you? I am Avi, a ten year old boy from India and one of your greatest admirers, for you have been my greatest inspiration in my world full of constant struggles and my fight against the everlasting pain. We live in different parts of the world... very far apart, but we have similar experiences and stories to share. And I know that you, as my role model, would understand me, even if nobody else did.

My incredible journey started about two years ago, when all of a sudden, I began experiencing uncontrollable eye blink, severe hand movement and neck jerks. As I was a young child, my parents often thought that I did so just to seek attention or it was a new fad that I had learnt from the television and would You were never less good than any other mother. You are just this amazing soul who chose her needs before ours. And I am so proud of you for doing that. I know how your heart ached when you had to leave me, a 3 month old baby with a nanny whom you had known for just two days. Your body shivered until you returned home to see me safe. I know how you and dad sacrificed your nights' sleep to take care of me and my sister when we were little. I know how tears rolled down your eyes when you were late to pick up my little sister from school and another parent said to you, "You should be more responsible, she is just a child" but you had got late at work. I still admire how you realized that it was essential for you to have your job not just for you, but for your children too, for a better financial life. When dad says, If your mom hadn't worked, some things wouldn't have been possible for us", I just can't help being marvelled at you. It's fine if you can't make the right pickles or if you don't get time to cook for us. What makes me happier is to see you busy at your school

projects-being the amazing teacher to your students and the member of the Children's Science Congress. Mom, you leave for work early in the morning still I and sis had the best lunch in our lunch boxes. We have grown up seeing you and dad share equality in every sphere. Till the age of fifteen, I didn't know that men's work and women's work held a huge difference in the society and we so love you both for that.

Mom, I do feel sad at times when you don't have time for us or when you complain about the daily chores. But you know what, that sadness is nothing compared to the happiness I get realizing that you are so much more than my mother and dad's wife-you are that tough independent woman who never hesitated to speak about her needs, to think of herself before others. We don't complain if our fathers are late from work or if they don't cook or if they never have time for us, because he is a father after all. But we always have complaints against our mother if she does any of that cause she isn't supposed to be like that. But it's high time we realized there is nothing wrong if a woman thinks about her health, work or priorities before others. There's nothing wrong if she keeps her maiden name after marriage like you did, mom. A woman can be a daughter, a mother, a sister, or a wife facing all odds to keep her dreams alive. She can be a home maker, a teacher, a doctor or a fire woman. She doesn't always have to be the damsel in distress; she can also be a hero. She may be the angel who dances to the sound of the raindrops falling at her footsteps or be like the thunder that roars. Mom, I love you and Dad, thank you for supporting this strong woman in flourishing and loving her for who she is.



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ELDERLY MAN AND CHENNAI OPEN

The elderly man whom I am referring to here is not that elderly, considering that we have chief ministers and prime ministers in waiting who are on the wrong side of eighties or on the right side of nineties. He is in his early seventies, is of a medium build, fair complexioned, clean shaven, and sports thick spectacles; in effect someone whom one is likely to meet often during morning walks and in public parks. My initial impression on my first interaction with him was no different; however once I got to know him more closely, I realized that I have met the most committed tennis enthusiast ever. He happens to be the owner of my rental house at Bangalore where he lives with his elderly wife in the rear lower portion. He has no children; while his parents have died long back, his wife's aged parents stay at Chennai.

I, being in my early thirties, recently married and having moved in to Bangalore couple of years back was initially hesitant to take his

house for rent as our rented portion was in the front lower portion with the traffic noise disturbance too much to bear just across our portion. It was my wife who prevailed on me to accept the house as the rent was reasonable and the owners were quite decent.

In our country we come across only cricket enthusiasts (experts) starting from the milk man who delivers our morning milk to my super boss at my office; all of them seem to know what ails our cricket team and have their own innovative solutions to offer. My knowledge of lawn tennis was very poor initially and my owner took the initiative to educate me on the finer aspects of the game. Quickly I learnt the difference between 'drop shot' and 'drop volley' and the difference between 'let' and 'lob' and started enjoying with him the long and gruelling singles matches of the French Open played on the slower clay courts.

I ventured to ask my owner whether he had played tennis during his youth; to my amazement I learnt that he hadn't even owned a tennis racquet. Most of our countrymen - sports enthusiasts - have not played any competitive sports during their early days but have mastered the art of dissecting the performances of the players and having understood the finer nuances of the sport. Very quickly I realized that the two personal heroes of my owner were the two legends "Rafa Nadal" and "Roger Federer" – both gentlemen highly admired for their exceptional talent in the tennis court. Although he wanted either of them to win each and every Grand Slam and the major ATP tournaments, I could make out that my owner was somewhat partial to Rafa Nadal.

My house owner never ventured out of his house; all his time in the house was spent watching one or other of the ATP tennis tournaments in television. Once I ventured to ask him whether he has at least watched a tennis match in a stadium; he answered that earlier he used to watch the local matches in Bangalore but on seeing the agonising differences in the quality of tennis between the international players one sees in the television with the one's one gets to watch in the courts, he has stopped visiting the tennis courts to view local matches.

It was in the last week of October last year that my house owner approached me informing me that he and his wife are travelling to Chennai as his father-in-law's health has become a cause of concern. He hoped that he will back in time to watch with me the ATP Finals, held annually in November at London that features the world's top eight tennis

players. When the ATP Finals came and went, my owner had not returned, as his father in laws's condition was still not out of danger.

I realized that I won't get to meet my owner before the Australian Open that is held during the last fortnight of January every year since he may have to stay in Chennai till the first fortnight of January. Suddenly an idea struck me; why not surprise my owner by sending him tickets to watch the semi finals and finals of the men's singles for the Chennai open tennis tournament that is played in Chennai during the first week of January.

I quickly checked up to find out the names of the top tennis players who have confirmed their participation to play in the forthcoming Chennai Open. I was pleasantly surprised to see the great Rafa Nadal has confirmed his participation, so were other greats such as Carlos Moya, Marcos Baghdatis and Mikhail Yozhney. It goes without saying that Rafa was the highest seed for the Chennai open and the year was 2008.

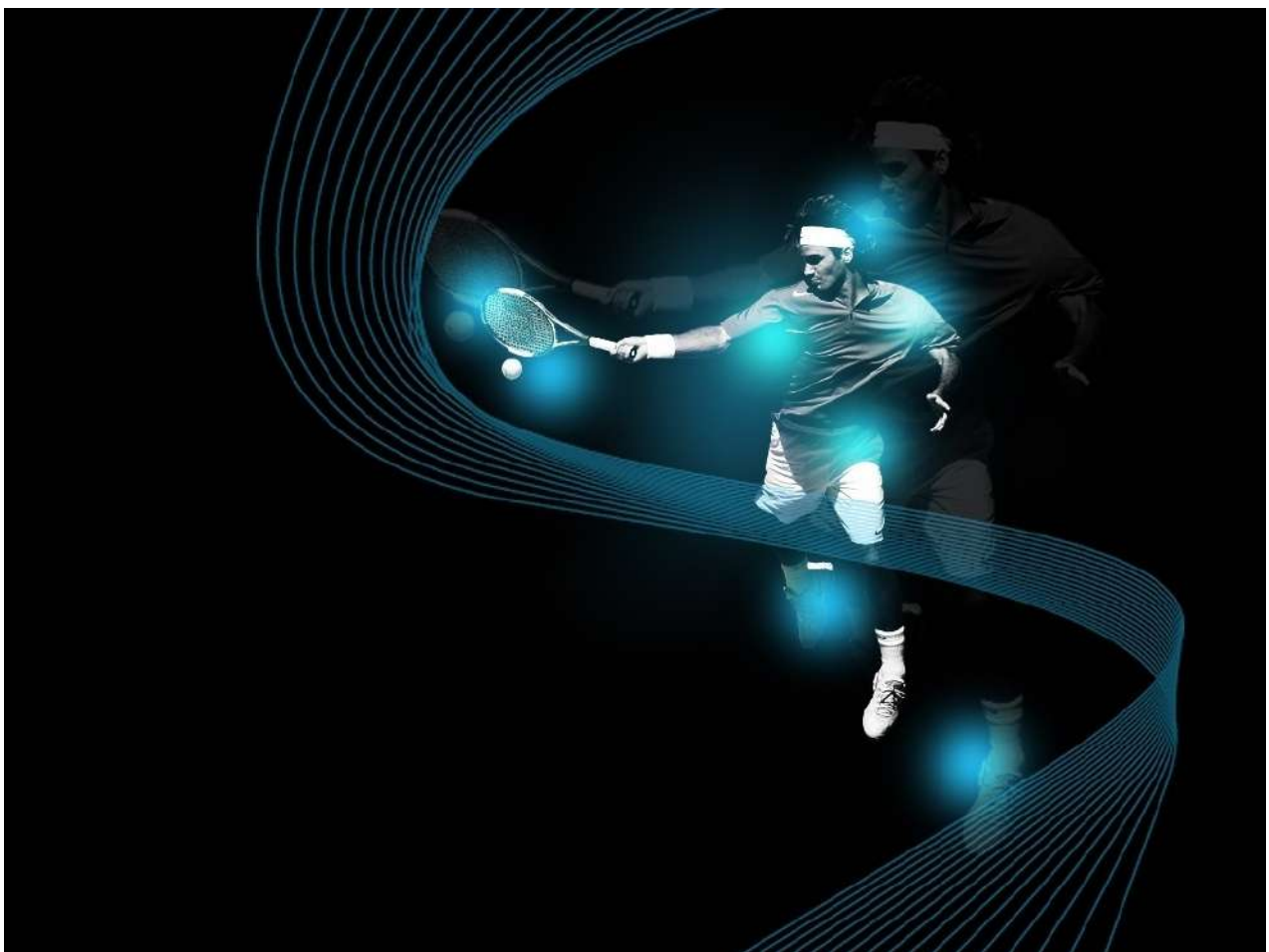
Two days before the semi finals of the Chennai open, I ensured that one ticket reached my house owner in his Chennai address for the men's semi-finals and finals matches along with the cheque for the monthly house rent. It is now nearly a week after I had sent the tickets and the rent; I did not hear from the house owner at all. However I noticed that the cheque for the monthly house rent has yet to be encashed.

On returning home, I found a letter from the house owner along with the cheque for the monthly house rent. He thanked me profusely for sending me the tickets for the semi-finals and finals of the Chennai open; he could watch

the semi finals match between Rafa Nadal and Carlos Moya which Nadal won; a marathon three setter of a match that lasted three hours with all three sets going through tie-breaker in a best of three sets encounter. It was a great experience to watch in person his favourite tennis legend playing and winning a marathon. However, he could not watch the finals of the Chennai open which Nadal lost to Mikhail Yozhney in straight sets as his father in law had to be brought home from the hospital.

On closer examination I found that he had enclosed another cheque to me for the ticket cost of both the semifinals and finals of the Chennai Open that I had incurred. He mentioned that he was overwhelmed to see my love and affection for him and felt that it would not be fair for him to allow me to pay for watching his legend play in the Chennai open.

My owner is back in Bangalore in time for us to watch the Australian open together; to this day he refuses to accept every monthly house rent that I have been trying to pay him with the admonition that he cannot take money from one of his own.





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THE SINGLE PHOTO



Life gets horrible when you are mixed up in too many things. Being a multi-talented person is a sin, and on top of that being responsible is like adding fuel to the fire. But is it worth burning ourselves in the fire? Let me share a day where my multi-tasking skills were used to the fullest. Remember the date 11/11/2017.

The Day(s) Before:

Okay, let me be straight with the details, because they themselves are quite twisted and thrilling. There are 3 major events to be noted:

(1) The practice match for the Inter-Centre Sports Meet 2017 (Cricket):

The Cricket team for ICSM 2017 was almost set. We have been regularly practising nets session for the past 2 months. With less than 3 weeks to go, we desperately needed to play a practice match. With great difficulty I had found a cricket ground and booked it in advance. But now the drama began, half the team *probably* got election duty, so were not available.

(2) PRL Foundation Day:

This was not much of a problem, but the issue was it fell on Saturday (The D-day). So PRL

declared this day as a working day. At office already I was busy and now it's a working day. This really affected the other 2 events.

(3) The 2nd IIST Alumni Association of Ahmedabad (IAAA) Meet:

With the help of my seniors and friends, we had been planning a long time ago to conduct our annual get together on 11th Nov. Two months ago, I never expected the schedule to be too hectic.

Friday, The day before D-day. I called the in-charge of the Cricket Ground. His name is Gaurav. I asked him to book the ground for 12th November morning. He agreed. Now comes the trouble, I asked him for a bill. He had never made a bill till now. So he asked me some time and he would call me in the evening. I informed the cricket captain and the sports in-charge that the booking had been done...

As office got over, I got a call from one of my seniors. His request was to postpone the Alumni Meet to Monday or next week. Quite an awkward moment, where you have to say no, but without hurting his ego. I politely said "I'll contact our organizing team and let you know, but mostly the event cannot be postponed...". I next went to my friends' place where we, the

organizers had planned to meet. Our senior couldn't turn up, but as the rest were there, we made our 11th hour plan. The meeting was to discuss a lot of things, but I realized it's more cumbersome than what we spoke. We had to plan the finance, the events order and publicity in great detail. I took the responsibility of making a collage video of previous years' alumni meet. In the middle of the discussion, I got a call from Gaurav! He asked me to confirm again, as he had cancelled another 2 teams for us. I confirmed him we are coming. I also asked him about the bill, he told he will give it to me by tomorrow's lunch. After completing the planning for the IAAA meet, I went to my usual dhaba for dinner and went straight to my home and slept with the hope that tomorrow would be fine.

The D-day 11th Nov 2017:

I woke up as usual at **6 am**. I realized that I won't be useful at home, so I got ready and went to office. I was well dressed for both the occasions, the PRL Foundation Day and the IAAA Meet. I reached my office room at around **8:30 am**. I summarised the work to do. I had to make the video collage, confirm the teams playing for tomorrow's cricket match and record the procedure to on and off the new ACSM Instrument.

At **8:45 am** I got a call from the captain. He asked me about the bill, I told him that I'll get it around lunch time. Later I checked mail and replied to a few Purchase Order mails. At **9:15 am**, I got a call from my lab-mate. He called me for the high tea served in the lawns opposite to Administration building. As I casually came down, I met Sunil sir of our division. He was getting an award for completion of 25 years of service in PRL. I congratulated him in advance

and he appreciated my shining clothes. Finally, on reaching the lawns, I took a snack packet and was searching for a friend for company. Finally, I met my IIST senior and chatted about tonight's meet, asked his batch-mates also to join and told him how hard we prepared. It was then the cricket captain approached me...

He asked me the update, I said the ground is ready and we need a team. So the captain summoned all the cricket team members, who were visible in the lawn. A new problem arose that half of the team were busy with election duty. It was then (around **10 am**) that we were asked to assemble in the Auditorium for the beginning of the function. I found a remote location in the Auditorium for me to continue with my chat.

In the Alumni group I pinged a reminder in the WhatsApp group. Then the discussion started of where the location is and what type of food we would get. Satisfied with progress in that group, I opened the PRL Cricket group. I messaged to ask how many members are busy tomorrow for election duty. I got no reply, but after 10 mins the captain replied and asked everyone available to assemble at the lunch pandal. Then I switched over to Gaurav for the bill of the ground, he asked for 5 more mins. I then got a message from my friend Jaya Krishna. As the discussion in IAAA WhatsApp group was going on, payment methods was being discussed, so JK (Jaya Krishna) told that he had an idea of going digital and cash free, so he would take care of the money collection part. I replied to him that would be great and in-fact fantastic!

The function got over at around **12:30 am** and everyone slowly dispersed to the lunch pandal. I was thinking of a theme song for the

collage video. I walked slowly and lonely towards the food counter, when a WhatsApp message interrupted me. It was Gaurav who sent a photo of the bill via WhatsApp. I asked him to send a softcopy via Gmail. He replied Gmail? I don't such stuff! I laughed at my situation, it's a funny world we live in. As I was walking aimlessly with the food plate half-filled, the captain and the sports in-charge with a few more cricket team members, who were sitting in a round table, called me...

During the lunch time (**1pm**), we started discussing about the number of players available. We summed up to 8 players and so the captain immediately told that let's cancel tomorrow's match and postpone it to 25th. I immediately suggested we have more players from the student's side so somehow we'll get 11 players. He now showed his bossism and said we have to practise with our perfect team else it's of no use to play the practice match. I then pleaded with him that for the sake of 2-3 players he was sacrificing the match session of 8-9 players! He was more furious and told me to call Gaurav and cancel the booking immediately. I did what the captain said. Gaurav said he would try and let me know within an hour and scolded me that I broke a promise. And he further said if no team is available, we had to pay cancellation charges. I said the same to the captain, he said 'we' would collect it from the rest of the team members. With that heated discussion, I coolly departed with the Sooji Halwa desert...

As I was approaching my office room, I encountered the people who demonstrated the working of ACSM instrument. They told me that tomorrow (Sunday) they required my presence as the experts (who are *foreigners*!)

would be available to demonstrate the calibration procedures for the ACSM. Realizing it is a matter of 'national' importance, I said that I have to ask my boss.

As I entered my room, I saw the wall clock; it was **2:25 pm**. I realized that I am late for making the collage video. I started by searching for a theme song. Around 5 minutes later my phone rang. It was Gaurav. He said no one is willing to come and that we had to play a match. I explained him clearly we are not coming. He said then, we had to pay 50% charges as cancellation fees (That was 4000 rupees!). I was in shock; I didn't know what to do! I told him that I'd asked my administration department and let him know soon. He replied by saying that I could ask whomever I want, but he needs the 4000 rupees. Somehow, I managed to tell him that I would update him soon.

I resumed that collage work. I chose the song '*Humsafar*' from '*Badrinath ki Dulhania*' and started the work of enhancing the photos one by one. After that as I placed the photos in Windows moviemaker, when suddenly my office room's landline rang and scared the hell out of me! It was from the lab and my lab-mate and he asked me to come to the lab ASAP and told me its urgent work. I went to 6th floor and entered the lab. I was surprised to see everyone, and then I realized it was a sweet party by Sunil Sir for his award, which he got today. In such a office party type situation, it is not easy and, I assume, would be considered rude to just leave by saying that you have work. Anyways, I waited for an opportunity and departed stealthily.

Now I rushed to my office PC, and looked at the time in the bottom-right corner of the monitor

screen; it was **4:35 pm**! I finished compiling all the edited photos, set the timeline for the theme song, and pressed the “**Save movie**” button, then a window popped in the centre of the screen. “This feature is available in full version only!” I stared at the monitor for a while. If it had been a human being, I would have stabbed it right in the CPU! Helplessly thinking what to do, I got a call... It was the captain...

He asked me to get the *Quote* from Gaurav for the next match and said not to worry about the cancellation charges. This time he emphasised on the word quickly as he would not be available next week. I looked at the time with the phone in my hand; it was **5 pm**, confidently (*sarcasm*) I said “sure bhaiya!” I conveyed the same to Gaurav. He said this time he wants in advance. I said definitely but he has to send me a quote. He then hesitated and asked me what a quote was! I kept my cool and explained him everything in detail.

After placing the phone, a great solution to the collage video problem came to me! I remembered recording the monitor screen using an app. So I played the video and recorded the it in the Monitor screen. After finishing it, I looked at the time; it was **5:45 pm**. I had said 6:30 pm reporting at the venue, *Salvation restaurant*. With the given traffic conditions it would take me 45 minutes to reach there. So I left my office room. As I left the office gate I realized I needed a laptop to play the video and... the laptop is at my home.... So I rushed there and took the laptop and thought for a minute whether I missed anything... Yes! I missed the camera for the recording the performances... where is it? Oh! It's office!!! I dropped the plan to go to office,

called JK to arrange a camera and went straight to the venue.

I reached there at **6:40 pm**. And one junior was already waiting for me. I apologised, and we started scanning the place. JK arrived, and then we made a help-desk for money collection and Alumni data filing. After that I checked the projector connectivity with my Laptop. It didn't work! I looked around dozens of people had already come, but the performers had not come yet. I called Prabodh as he was going to present using a laptop. He came at **7:45pm**, and finally everything was set. I started with the mike and realized I was very bad at compering, especially after the Tsunami I had come through. Eventually Ananya bhaiya took over and events started smoothly. I was good handling at the background, but then I suddenly remembered, where is the camera? I looked at JK, he said it's on the way. I looked left and right and snatched my friends phone (One Plus 5) and did the camera man job and events coordinator...

After all the events got over and we had the dinner. I forgot the most important thing. I ran towards the mike and announced everyone to assemble for the group photo. Yup that single photo is enough to describe and remind the D-day 11th November 2017. At around **10 pm**, we took the photo and everyone dispersed. JK payed the total dinner amount of Rs. 25,826 (for 74 members), in my presence. I returned home with the happiness of seeing everyone together and with the injuries of the mental shock, I just went through....

In the meanwhile, my phone switched off. So, as I reached home at around **11:45 pm**, I switched it on after plugging the charger, I got 8 missed calls and 53 WhatsApp messages

from 7 people. I switched it off and slept again.

The Day(s) After:

The next day I woke up and attended all the messages and calls. 3 calls from Gaurav, 2 calls from the ACSM instrument demonstrator, 1 call from home and the rest were related to Alumni meet. Most messages were related to the Alumni meet so I thanked everyone...

From Gaurav's side it was for the cancellation charge. And as I also told him that I wanted to

pre-book the ground for 25th morning (for which I asked the quotation), I paid him 5000 rupees, hoping that I would get my money back. Then I went to office to attend to foreigners...

It was quite a day.... But a time will come when I have to face such days on a regular basis... As I have faced it already, I'll be ready and waiting for it...





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Pencil Sketch





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In Memoriam *... to my teacher, a wonderful soul.*

Veni

Vidi

Vici

"I came, I saw, I conquered", thus said Julius Ceaser and that was the life, (not only life) "life and times of Prof V C Harris." One who was always a crowd puller, and at the same time someone who preferred to stay far from the madding crowd. Harris Sir, or sometimes his students called him Harris 'mash' (which is a more respectable and adorable term in Malayalam), some scholars who are elder and sometimes younger called him Harris, the one who introduced and familiarized Jacques Derrida and his "Differance" to the Literature scholars of Kerala. Prof. V C Harris never addressed himself as a Professor or even Dr V C Harris, but just Harris, and he chiselled a "Harrisian style in his lectures and classes." The one and only master craftsman of literary theory and criticism bid adieu to us on Oct 9, 2017.

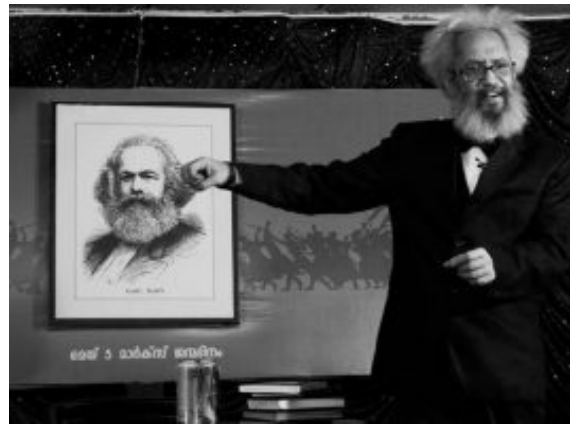
I am not an authority to write an obituary note on Harris Sir. But as a die-hard fan who missed her adorable hero, as a student who missed her teacher, along with thousands of students

I deem it as my duty. Quite a few years back, in 2002, when I entered School of Letters, Mahatma Gandhi University, as a guest faculty, Harris Sir was in Germany as a Visiting Professor. But even then the students, teachers, the wind, frisky squirrels and even the chirping birds there missed him like anything and they were waiting for his return from Germany. He came back after two years.



He was a wizard in his classes, the students fought to roam around him as if he is the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The charisma that he exuded around him is unexplainable. He talked like a sage in his classes; lectures were like the magic spells. The students learned and discussed Descartes, Plato, Kant, Husserl, Marx, Strauss, Foucault, Lacan, Althusser, Lyotard, Deleuze and Jameson. He lectured about modernism and postmodernism. Students learned and deliberated in his classes. He introduced them to the world of discourse without themselves realising that, a great teacher par excellence whose lectures extended for three or more hours.

Not only as a great teacher, he was quite known to the students and artists as a great theatre artist too. He brought the students to the world of Samuel Beckett. His acting style, dialogue rendition, and solo performances made him a professional actor. He who started his journey into the academic world as a film critic and writer wrote a series of works on cinema, theory and criticism. He acted in several plays, cinemas, and just before his untimely death acted in the Malayalam short film, Krappum Kuruppum (Krap and Kurup).



Prof. V C Harris, a friend of all, let it be a scholar, or a student, or a fellow teacher, or an auto driver, or the street side vendor or a bartender, was liked by all. A great soul of immense courage, an academic who was so unassuming, who always kept himself away from the corridors of power and hated power games, that was Harris Sir. Irrespective of all his personal idiosyncrasies, (sometimes he forgets his professional commitments like delivering lectures,) no one can help from loving this guy. Harris Sir, we cannot forget you, that is your spirit, we love your childlike smile and that sparkle in your eyes. That wide gorge that you left us will always remain as it is.

auf Wiedersehen





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मृगतृष्णा

जज़्बा है भर गगन, कुछ कर जाने का,
तूफानी हौसलों पर उतर जाने का
पथरीली, कंटीली चाहें जो राह हो,
बस नंगे पाव ही उसपर गुज़र जाने का ॥

ना चाहूँ साथ ऐ खुदा, ये मंज़िल मेरी है
मैं कर्मा हूँ, मेरे हाथों पर लकीरें क्यों उकेरी हैं ।
दे सके तो बद्दतर मुश्किलें ही दे दे
इस बार तो प्रण लिया है,
कर्म के लिये प्राण छोड़ जाने का ॥

भीषण तपी राह पर फूटते छाले, मंज़िल दिखाते हैं
कैसी मृग-मरीचिका ? रास्ते बढ़ते ही जाते हैं ।
मैं उन्मादी-उत्तम, लिये उन्मत्त मन, रुकता नहीं
लहू-विहीन तन, मंज़िल गगन, बन पतंग हारता नहीं ॥
राहें दंग, साँसें तंग, रूह धारे आतंक
ना चुकता मंज़िल कभी मैं, यही है मेरा दंग ॥



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ഇര

മഴക്കാടുകളുടെ മറയൊഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ പുളളി മാൻ തന്റെ കാലുകൾക്കു വേഗത കൂട്ടി. പുൽമേടുകളാണ് മുന്നിൽ, ഒളിഞ്ഞിരിക്കലിന്റെ സാധ്യതകളവസാനിക്കുന്ന നഗ്നഭൂമികൾ. മരങ്ങൾക്കു പിന്നിൽ പതിയിരുന്ന ആ ചലനങ്ങളു വശേഷിപ്പിച്ച ഭീതിയുടെ ഉലച്ചിലുകൾ ഒടുങ്ങും വരെ ഇനിയവൻ ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കും. അതിനിടയിൽ, അവൻ, ഒരു പക്ഷേ പുൽമേടുകൾ താണ്ടുകയും പുഴയൊഴുകുകൾ ഭേദിക്കുകയും മലയേറ്റങ്ങളിലേക്ക് മുന്നേറുകയും ചെയ്യും. പിന്നിലെ പിന്തുടർച്ചകൾക്ക് തീവ്രത കുറഞ്ഞു. എന്നിട്ടും അവൻ ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. പുൽമേടുകൾ പാറക്കെട്ടുകളായി പരിണമിക്കുകയും കാൽവയ്പുകൾക്കോരോന്നും തന്നോടുതന്നെയുള്ള ക്രൂരതയാവുകയും ചെയ്തിട്ടും അവൻ ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. വേട്ടക്കാരന്റെ പിൻവാങ്ങലിനു ശേഷവും അവൻ ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. എന്തെന്നാൽ, ഭയം അപ്പോഴും അവനെ പിൻതുടർന്നിരുന്നു.

ഉച്ചവെയിൽ താഴ്ന്നു. പലായനം പോറലുകളേൽപ്പിച്ച ശരീരത്തോടെ, ഭ്രാന്തമായ കിതപ്പുകളോടെ, പുളളിമാൻ പുൽമേടിന്റെ അങ്ങേത്തലയ്ക്കലെ വേർപെട്ടു നിന്ന പാറയിൽ നിലയുറപ്പിച്ചു. ആ വൈകുന്നേരത്തിന്റെ എല്ലാ വശ്യതയും

ഒപ്പിയെടുത്ത ഒരു കാറ്റ് അപ്പോൾ അതുവഴി കടന്നുപോയി. അതിലവൻ തന്നെ പിൻതുടർന്നവന്റെ ഗന്ധം തേടി ചെവികുർപ്പിച്ചു. വേട്ടമൃഗത്തിന്റെ ശബ്ദം തേടി... കണ്ണുകൾ കണ്ണെത്തും ദൂരത്തോളം ശത്രുവിനെ തേടി... അവന്റെ നിശ്വാസങ്ങൾ മെല്ലെ ശാന്തമായി. തരണം ചെയ്തു മുറുകിയ നിമിഷങ്ങളുടെ തീഷ്ണതയിലെവിടെയോ അവനു പേടി കൈമോശം വന്നിരുന്നു. ചീവീടുകളുടെ കരച്ചിലുകളും, പക്ഷികളുടെ ചിറകടിയൊച്ചകളും, അകലങ്ങളിൽ കാട്ടാനക്കൂട്ടങ്ങളുടെ കാൽവയ്പുകളുടെ മുഴക്കങ്ങളും, പുഴയിരവങ്ങളും, ഇലയനക്കങ്ങളും, മഴയൂർന്ന മണ്ണിന്റെ, കാട്ടുപൂല്ലിന്റെ ഗന്ധവും അവന്റെ ബോധത്തിലേക്ക് മടങ്ങി വന്നു. ഓക്കുമരങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചകളിൽ വീണ്ടും തണൽ പരത്തി, വിമോചനത്തിന്റെ സുഗന്ധം പേറുന്ന മറ്റൊരു കാറ്റ് അപ്പോൾ കാടിന്റെ ഹൃദയത്തിൽ നിന്ന് പതുകെ വീശി. ആ നേരം മുതൽ, അവൻ ഇരയല്ലാതായി. ഇളം വെയിലിൽ, തളിർത്തു നിന്ന പുൽനാമ്പുകളിലേക്ക് അവൻ മുഖം താഴ്ത്തി. ഏറെയൊന്നും മുന്നേയല്ലാത്ത ഭീതിതമായ ആ സമാഗമത്തിന്റെ അവസാനത്തെ ഓർമ്മകളും അപ്പോൾ മറവിയെടുത്തു.



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நீலம்... நீலஜாலம்

(இது கவிதை அல்ல; என் உணர்வின் பகிர்வு மட்டுமே)

உன்னை வர்ணிக்க வார்த்தைகளுக்குத் திறனுண்டோ!
ஒருவர் சொல்லி மற்றவர் ரசிக்கும் போது உண்டாகும் சிலிர்ப்பை விட
நாமே நுகர்ந்து சிலாகிப்பதும் மகிழ்வதும் பன்மடங்கன்றோ!

நீலம்:

வானும் கடலும் மயிலும் என்ன தவம் செய்தன தமக்கு நீல நிறம்
வாய்க்கப்பெற!

வான மோஹினி தான் எத்தனை நீலங்களில் மின்னுகிறாள்!
எண்ணிலடங்கா நீலப்புடவைகளில் பவனி வருகிறாள்!

அதிகாலை வானம் அடர்ந்த நீலம்
ஆதவன் உதித்த வானம் செந்நிறம் கலந்த நீலம்!
உச்சி வெயில் வானம் தெளிந்த நீலம்
மங்கும் மாலையின் நிறமோ மயக்கும் நீலம்
இருண்ட வானம் கொண்டதோ
பட்டின் மென்மை பொதிந்த கருநீலம் (பாரதி பாடியது போல!)

மேகம் நிறைந்த வானத்தில் தான் எத்தனை நீல வர்ண ஜாலம்!
துளித்துளியான மேகக்கூட்டங்களில் காண்பதென்னவோ
நீல வெளியில் செம்மறியாட்டு மந்தையாம்!
கார்மேகம் கொண்ட வானமென்னவோ
கருஞ்சாம்பல் கலந்த பஞ்சுப் பொதியாம்!

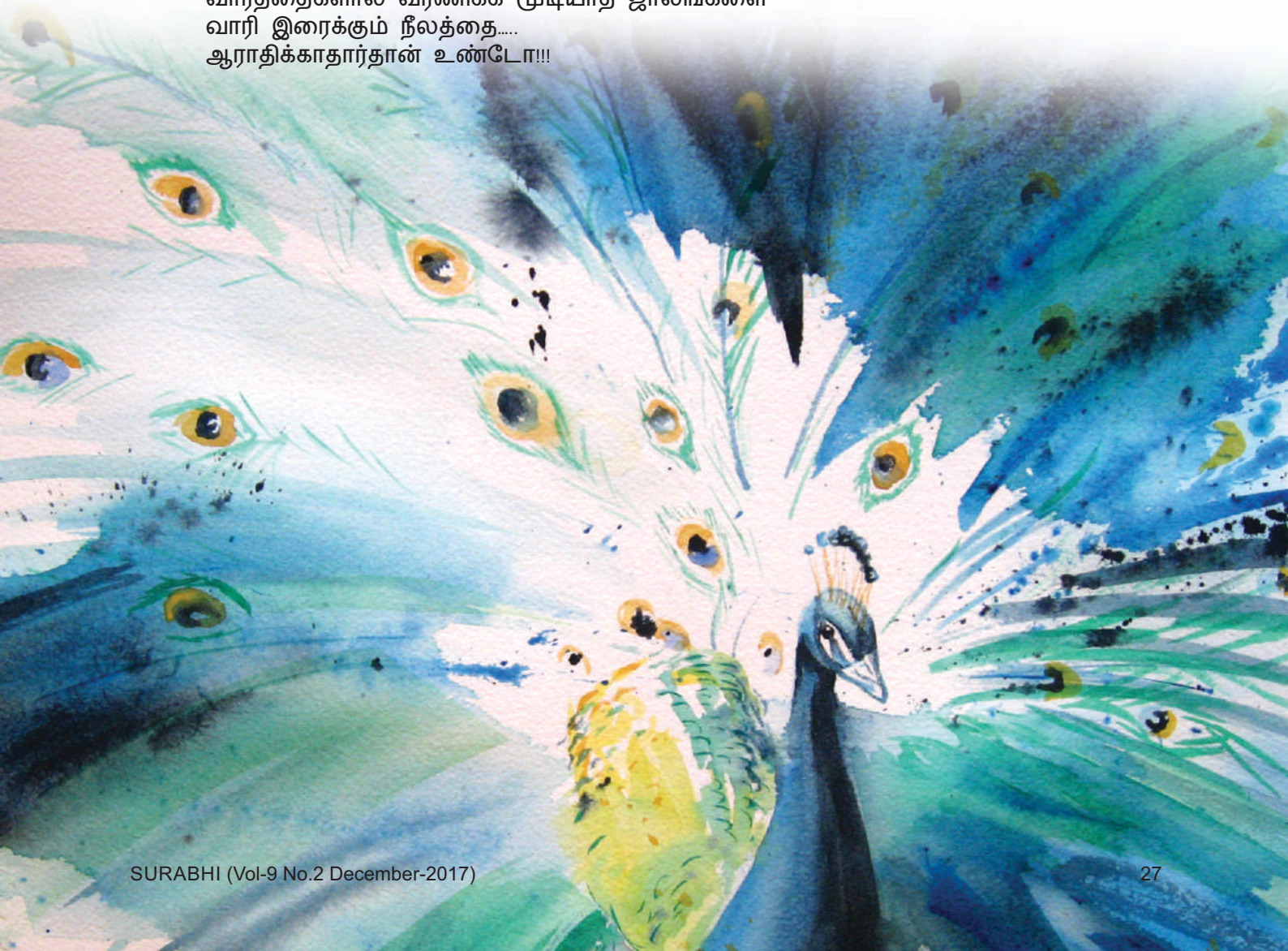
அதிலும், மாலை வேளை மேகத்திரள்களைக் கண்டதுண்டா?
செஞ்சாந்துக் குழம்பில் தீற்றிய நீலக்கூட்டங்களைக் கண்டால் தான்
சின்னக் குழந்தை போல் மனம் தான் துள்ளி குதிக்காதா?
இதயம் தான் இலகுவாகி விண்ணில் பறக்காதா?
அவற்றின் அமைப்பில்தான் எத்தனை நேர்த்தி! எத்தனை மிளிர்வு!

ஒளிரும் நீலம் கடலுக்கே உரியது.
ஆதவன் உதிக்கையில் ஆழியின் மஞ்சள் கலந்த நீலம் காண்கையில்
அது அளவற்ற புத்துணர்ச்சி கொடுப்பதை உணர்ந்ததுண்டா?
முழுமதியில் ஒளிரும் கடல் கூடத்தான் தகதகக்கிறது; ஆனாலும், அது நம்
உள்ளத்துக்கு ஒரு நீண்ட அமைதியைத் தருவதை அனுபவித்ததுண்டா?

தெளிந்த கடலில் தான் எத்தனை நீலங்கள்!
தூரத்தே தெரியும் கரு நீலம்,
அதுவே மெல்ல மெல்ல மிதமான, பசுமை கலந்த,
மற்றும் வெவ்வேறு நீலங்களாக மாறி மாறி
நம் கால்கள் அருகே வருகையில்
வெண்துகள்களாகி அலைகளோடும், நுரைகோளுடும்
நம்மோடு விளையாடி குதூகலிக்கச் செய்வதில்லையா?

வானுக்கும் கடலுக்கும் அடுத்து நீலம் என்றால் உடனே
என் நினைவுக்கு வருவது மயில் மட்டுமே!
வானுக்கும் மயிலுக்கும் உறவு போலும்
அதனால் தானோ என்னவோ
விண்ணிலிருந்து வரும் அதன் உறவை தன் பெரிய தோகையை விரித்தாடி
வரவேற்கிறது போலும்!
பளபளக்கும் நீலப் பட்டாடை போர்த்தியதன்றோ மயிலின் மேனி!
பசுமை, கருமை, அரக்கு என எத்தனை நிறங்கள்
அதன் மேல் பரவி இருந்தாலும், அவை அனைத்தும் மின்னும் நீலத்தில்
இயைந்தன்றோ மிளிர்கின்றன!

இன்னும் எத்தனை எத்தனையோ.....
வார்த்தைகளால் வர்ணிக்க முடியாத ஜாலங்களை
வாரி இரைக்கும் நீலத்தை.....
ஆரதிக்காதார்தான் உண்டோ!!!





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Painting



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