

सुरभि

कला साहित्य पत्रिका

भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान की अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका

खंड.16 क्रमांक.2
(दिसंबर 2021)

SURABHI

Journal of Arts and Literature

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

Vol.16 No.2
(December 2021)



भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान
Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology
वलियमला, तिरुवनंतपुरम Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram

SURABHI

Journal of Arts and Literature

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

Vol.16 No.2
(December 2021)

Editorial Board

Editor

P. Radhakrishnan

Associate Editor

Gigy J. Alex

Editorial Board Advisors

Babitha Justin
Cimy Asaf
Anand Narayanan

Editorial Office

Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology
Department of Space
Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram.

Printed and Published at

Reprographic Facility, Library
Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology
Department of Space
Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram.

SURABHI

Journal of Arts and Literature

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

Vol.16 No.2
(December 2021)



Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology
Department of Space
Valiamala, Thiruvananthapuram

From the Editor's Desk

SURABHI wishes all its readers a very happy and prosperous 2022. Learning new lessons and acquiring habits from the pandemic and its variants, humanity has proved its resilience and is marching forward with renewed hopes and aspirations. IIST , with its renewed energy and vigour has started offline classes, discussions, presentations, celebrations and what not. The campus is now bustling with activities and its indefatigable spirit is soaring high.

IIST's first student satellite INSPIRESat-1 is getting ready for its maiden flight in the series. IIST's Space Technology Innovation and Incubation Centre (STIIC) has started its stride and our start-ups, Vashishta Research Pvt Ltd, SPACETIME 4D Printing Solution, and Bhuh Pramaan are also conquering new heights.

This issue of Surabhi is bringing you a visual and literary feast with topics ranging from the mystical moon to romantic Sherlock Holmes .

Wish you all a Happy and Prosperous 2022

Contents

The Sky of the Mind	1
Age is just a Number	2
Are you Prejudiced?	4
I have a Dream	7
Pencil Drawing	8
Seethamma	10
Sherlock – A Romantic Poet	12
The Space Adventure	14
Kuch Shabdh	16
Painting	17
Painting	18



Malavika R S

SC21B036

B.Tech-1st Year -Aerospace Engineering
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
malavikasarvan@gmail.com

THE SKY OF THE MIND

The sky, tearing apart
chasing by
soldiers of wind
preparing for the rain
of shatters of glass
from the edge of the brink of the war
raging across in the dark
interrupted by the big flash
of heaven's trident
to cleanse the ground beneath
from the egestion of mere demons
slaying my mind.

Weaved Patches

Thoughts are like the scattered clouds. When these opaque mixtures of dark smoke merges, we get the purest form of water; the rain which behaves like an outlet to let the dark and eerie emotions flow from the mind to emerge like the clear blue sky.



Prof. A Chandrasekar
Dean (Academics)
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
chandra@iist.ac.in

*Age is just a
number!*



All of us have spoken and heard the adage “Age is just a number”; more importantly older people use the above saying while talking about themselves. However, unlike the way we treat age as a number while dealing with ourselves, we do not generally believe in the positivity of the above adage and invariably and frequently utter the following to an older relative or an older acquaintance “you don't look your age”. In essence, while all of us are willing to treat their own age as nothing other than a number, we often do not treat age as a mere number while it is directed against others.

To cut a long story short and end the preamble, I am a senior executive in his late fifties working in a multinational company. Hence for me, “time is money” and “more time is more money”. Except for an hour of sedate morning walk and someone habituated to an austere and moderate food habits, I am not into any of the in-things in the health and fitness industry such as Intermittent fasting, a session in the Gym, Yoga, aerobic exercises etc., that are perennially trendy as far as weight loss and good health are concerned. I have my wife who is very active and into Yoga in a big way. To top it, she skips breakfast and hardly partakes a proper lunch and dinner. Added

to the above, she dyes her hair regularly and to be honest, does not look her age. Hence the glaring contrast with myself sporting white hair on a mostly bald pate and a gait that more than shows my age.

My wife was animatedly talking to me one evening after I returned from my office. Apparently, she had gone to a nearby courier shop where she saw a husband and wife pair manning the shop. While she did not wax eloquence about their efficiency in their courier service, what stuck her was that the man was supremely young. He did not appear to be a year older than 42 and what was very surprising was that he had a daughter who was already married a couple of years' back. I did not check with my wife to find out whether the husband-wife pair are already proud grandparents. According to my wife, the man she saw in the courier shop had a flat tummy and a trim figure and had a cheerful and happy go lucky disposition. My wife did not have any words of praise or admiration for the lady in the courier shop; possibly she was expecting me to ask her about the lady in the courier shop. With more than 25 years of married life under my belt, I am smart enough to know what (and when) to ask my wife.

I thought the above meeting in the courier shop would be forgotten by my wife and I would be allowed to continue in my comfort zone. However, I hardly realized that my trials and tribulations would commence a few days after the courier shop meeting. It started with discreet comments about my looks, my gait, my weight and my hair colour and culminated in my lack of fitness and overall average to poor health. She confronted me with articles that indicated walking even for an hour a day is not going to have any impact on my overall weight, on burning of calories and improving my fitness levels. She implored me to take up a fitness programme that would target and improve specific parts of my body to provide for long term overall health benefits.

In times of such misfortune, a MAN occasionally gets unstinted unsolicited and unconditional support from unexpected quarters. In this case, I got unbridled support from my daughter. Daughters forced to skip college lectures and going through online classes from home due to Covid Pandemic tend to generously support and side with the “underdog”. Initially my daughter started giving me the emotional support and provided me hands on lessons on how to handle the trouble at home. Subsequently, she confronted her Mother and argued with my wife that every person is entitled to not just an opinion but also empowered to decide on what is good for their health and what needs to be done to improve on their fitness levels at their own pace and choice.

Not making much headway as far as

convincing my wife, my daughter decided that the best way to defuse the situation at home was to accompany her mother and pay a visit to the nearby courier office when her mother makes the next visit. Never did I imagine that all my trials and tribulations would come to an abrupt end with the above visit of my wife and my daughter to the courier office.

My daughter who was younger and definitely smarter had a gut feeling the moment she entered the courier shop and saw the husband-wife team that “ALL IS WELL”. My daughter sensed that these two persons whom my wife mistook for husband and wife were not married and were actually having an employee (so called husband) and boss (so called wife) relationship. The boss (so called wife) really looked her age. It was also true that the daughter of the boss was married two years back. After hearing the responses of the lady to a few indirect and discreet questions about her daughter and her (purported) husband, my daughter got convinced and could convince her mother of the nature of the actual relationship of the team that manned the courier shop.

I wish all men have such understanding and wonderful daughters who will serve as their saviours during distress periods and situations. I am also realising that although “Age is just a number”, “health and fitness levels are not just numbers and to acquire the above, one needs to invest time and attention”. I recall a wonderful saying on old age, “Old age is like climbing a mountain. It is true that at most times one feels short of breath; however, the view is that much better”



Dr. Nikhil Eyeroor

Library Officer - C
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
eyeroor@gmail.com



Are you prejudiced ?

Recently, when I was traveling on a private bus in Trivandrum City, I heard a melodious song flowing out through the FM Radio channel. The music carried me back to my childhood days. Instantly the movie's name rushed to my mind; it was from an old Malayalam movie, *Kakkothikkavile Appoppan Thaadikal*, which I watched from thatched-roofed talkies in my village. The film was about a girl kidnapped by a gypsy from her house while her elder sister went to fetch a tumbler of water for him. When she returned, the gypsy and her little sister were missing. The abducted girl grows up with a group of gypsies. The reunion of the girl with her elder sister and the melodrama in between, is the movie's storyline. The above-mentioned abduction scene in the film made a strong imprint in my mind. During my entire childhood, I kept a suspicious eye on gypsies. In our village, wandering nomads making stone grinders and stone slabs (traditional kitchen appliances in Kerala) were a regular sight. The abduction scene flashes to my brain whenever I come across them, and I will be

ready in a fight or flight mode. Involuntarily my fingers move to the leather belt I wore over my trousers to get prepared for an attack if they try to abduct me. Entire boyhood, I was prejudiced about these poor people who worked for their daily bread. Such strong was the influence created by the movie in my tender mind. However, I don't think this is an isolated incident that happened in my life. We all are victims of prejudice at times.

The dictionary defines prejudice as a feeling of like or dislike for someone or something especially when it is not reasonable or logical. Prejudice comes from Latin, "pre" means before, and "judice" means judging. Together they mean to have judged in advance. The name itself signifies what prejudice is. It is a blind judgment before getting an exact idea about the individual. Skin tone, dress, tattoos, the way of speaking, political inclination, the area of residence, ... anything under the sun can cause prejudice. As the meaning represents this, the word often connotes a negative sense.

It is undeniable that prejudice exists in our vicinity. The cruel face of prejudice occurs when injustice is shown to the apartheid class of people. Cultural advancement in our society taught us that prejudices based on race and gender are unfair and immoral. However, our society has made considerable progress in fighting against these kinds of prejudices.

A person's upbringing is the leading cause of a prejudiced mind-set. If parents are prejudiced about a person, place, or ideology, naturally there is a chance to be passed the same to the next generation. A bad experience from a person practicing a particular religion or ideology can cause an individual to think that all people following the doctrine are made up of the same mould. Without rational thinking, the mind will fix the picture.

Our perception of the world is created with our limited life experiences. Categorization always adds flavour to our thinking process, making us unaware of whether we sense things right or wrong. Though the categories we formulated will satisfy our thoughts, they won't be always accurate.

Though humans are not born with prejudices, they cultivate prejudice in one form or another. The assumption of a prejudiced person is that his group is superior to another group. As children grow, prejudice also grows with them in their inner self. However, we cannot blatantly blame anyone. Human beings have a tendency to rely on pattern matching in enabling decisions. For making a quick

assessment in situations involuntarily, we seek patterns. It is a cognitive process in our brain that connects current sensory stimulation with past experience. If we had a bad or unpleasant experience in the past connecting with the incidents we encounter, obviously, our brain will act according to that. Irrational over-generalization based on limited personal experience leads to this situation. However, pattern matching ability is the secret of human beings' accelerated evolution and superior reasoning capabilities. Intelligence is linked to the pattern matching capacity, and even it serves as an essential factor in IQ tests. Researchers prove that people with outstanding pattern processing capabilities excel in their life.

When people correlate and causate, the issue gets more confused and complex. If a particular person quarrelled with you, we could not say that all people from that region are quarrelsome. Correlation is not causation. However, it is possible to develop very effective "judgments" based on observations of complex patterns. In some professions, success is very dependent on being able to make logical judgments.

However, in my personal experience, despite high cognitive abilities, people are also prone to be influenced by generalizations.

We do not have to let prejudices carve out our interactions with fellow beings. When meeting new people, let them open up and be involved. Each person and group have their own talents and their own problems.

Accepting the strength and weaknesses is mandatory for keeping the social fabric boisterous. Let allow new people in our beautiful lives to define a picture of them with their words and actions, not their appearance or other backgrounds.

Training people to become more empathetic to members of other groups is one method that can be implemented to reduce prejudice. It is to be taught from childhood itself. Increasing contact with members of different social groups makes people aware of their own beliefs' inconsistencies. Another technique to be

used is to make the people imagine themselves in the other person's plight. Nevertheless, we cannot completely wipe out prejudice from our life; but we can help the next generation by inculcating empathy and egalitarianism in their mind. Every person deserves to be treated as worthy of respect regardless of origin and ethnic background. Only humans can rise above the innate antagonism and rise above the natural enmity and co-exist peacefully in the beautiful world with peace, tolerance, and harmony. So let us dream of a world without prejudice and discrimination.





Nagaraj Anant

Scientist SE

SATCOM CSG CCCA SCC ISTRAC ISRO

Bangalore

nagaraj_ananth@istrac.gov.in



I have a Dream

I have a dream
to fly into space,
to land on the moon,
and make it my base.

I have a dream
to visit nearby Mars,
the planet appears red,
without any scars.

I have a dream
to photograph Venus,
the planet shines bright,
during twilight hours.

I have a dream
to visit Saturn,
fascinated by its rings,
I am ready for the sojourn.

I have a dream
to zoom near the SUN !
Oh , NO, I will be burnt
in his hot urn.

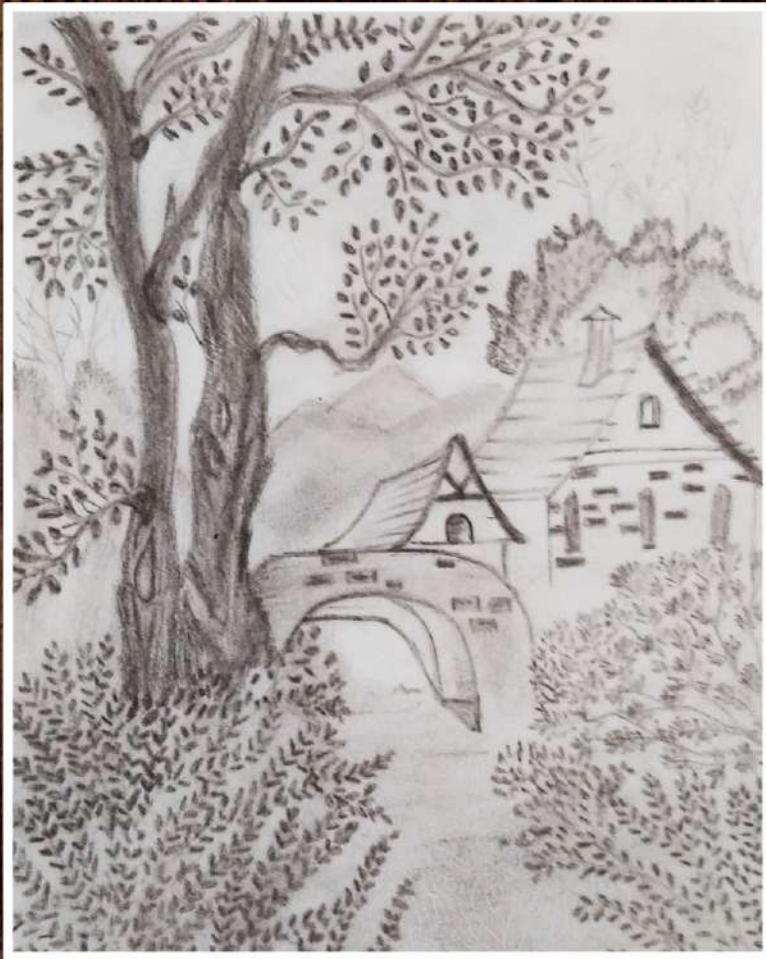
My dreams are numerous,
costly for the pocket.
But I will achieve anyway
with a reliable rocket.



Mini Ajayan
Senior Project Assistant
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
miniajayan@gmail.com

Pencil Drawing







Nagesh G
Engineer "SF",
Applied Optics Area
LEOS, ISAC, Bangalore
nageshg@leos.gov.in



Seethamma

Seethamma is our mother's elder sister, our aunt. She was born in a small village of Raichur district called Marali. Exact time is not known but probably in between 1925-1930. Height was about less than five feet. Complexion was red bleached white. She was a small figure in appearance. She married a school master named Ramachar. Because of the transferable nature of the job, the husband and wife travelled and stayed in most of the villages of Koppal taluk of Raichur district.

About 45 years ago I remember visiting their houses in small hamlets called Neeralagi, Kudurimoti, Neera and Mangaluru. It was her daily routine to prepare warm water for bathing on a wood burning stove, fetch water from far away well, cooking food and walk about two miles to a small rivulet to wash clothes. Though husband himself was a teacher in the school, Seethamma was illiterate and could not find a chance to pick up few alphabets in her mother tongue. Due to various reasons not known Seethamma didn't have the fortune of having children. For a long time, she joyfully served her aged and ailing mother in law.

Our Seethamma resembled the Seetha of Ramayana. She never visited any of the holy

places like Kashi, Haridwar, Badari, etc leave alone what this generation people go on vacation to USA, Europe, Dubai and other foreign countries. In the daily life she never cooked food on gas stove or electric appliances and washed clothes in washing machine.

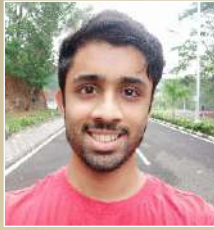
The greatest quality of Seethamma was that none of the difficulties and troubles in life could take away the graceful smile on her face. Never in her life time had she complained to any one that life is boring or why I have to suffer so much in life and curse god. She listened to others problems attentively and felt their trouble as her's and offer whatever little help she could. To the neighbours she showered love and affection but never felt that nobody is offering any help to her. Seethamma was an infinite reservoir of happiness and fountain of enthusiasm that never dried up.

During her old age she lost her husband. During ill health of her husband she took best care of him and roamed to different hospitals. She showed the courage and self confidence during difficult times that is not seen in educated and affluent people of today.

Seethamma had no formal education and personally could never read any philosophy, mysticism, sacred scriptures and because of the busy work schedule couldn't get a chance to listen to discourses of Hinduism. So what. She herself stood as a symbol of what Vedanta taught about truth, Non violence, tolerance, sacrifice and service to humanity. Her face had the charming smile of an innocent child.

Seethamma never got any award or felicitation from any organisation or government. Born in some unknown village and sacrificed most of her life serving others, she spread happiness, love and left sweet memories among the people who came in her contact; she lived beyond the awards, rewards, recognition and fame of society.





Shriram T G
SC19B094
B.Tech, Avionics
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
shriram.sc19b094@ug.iist.ac.in



Sherlock – A Romantic Poet

An introduction to the Theme of the poem :

It is the early 19th century, and though the day was bright, a huge tornado surged inside London's famous consulting detective, the Great Sherlock Holmes. Still, with a deep heart he picked up the violin and lightened his burden over Chopin's Nocturne ;for he had lost someone whose worth he realised far too late. As the aura of sadness seeped in, he was reminded that he wasn't the only one to blame. The flame kindled, the piece transposed and picked up pace with *Vivaldi's Summer*. Burning in anger, he finished with a loud twang, snapping a string in two. Silence followed. Tired, he sat down and took a sip of water, gently striking her picture, reminisced with happy memories.

To the only one witty enough to trick me,
My senses and my heart flow out to thee,
For what I saw in you, was beyond my mind
Strong enough to catch your whiff in the blind.+

To conscience, this affection was a mere sentiment,
Losing was all I hated, too much to lament,
But how naïve I was, the ego I had on,
My life away from you made me so forlorn.

In danger, you kneeled some place faraway,
Awaiting your untimely death, life appearing in gray
In search of you, though miles astray,
I finally knew love would lead the way.

Coming in a flash, ever refusing to leave
All I thought was you had ways to deceive
Sure Moriarty was behind this, a plot of his concoct
Until I realised, in your heart you had me SHERLOCKED.

(Countless times she said) :

Let not thy nemesis thee Cumber[^],
Let us go running far-far-away,
But this fickle brain never surrendered,
Another machination of his, I would say.

Little did I know, even she had no escape
A mere toy, a puppet of his game
But her love was true to me, to sacrifice like Snape
Cursed to sleep forever by the evil I hate to name.

Anguish yelled my omniscience to hell,
Hoping to revive my Snow White, I kissed her well
Vengeance took shape , decisions rash
Plotting to bring down Moriarty with a bash.

When that would happen one fine day,
I knew I would write a poem, for I had to say,
“I love you”, and I hoped it echoed till heaven
In your remembrance, now I can live a life pleasant.

A snippet of the how the poem came into being:

I cannot recollect if the initial idea to write this poem was implanted in my dreams the night before, but it sure felt like it was dropped like the Apple from the sky on that December afternoon. It was supposed to be a very busy day, for the next day I had an important End semester exam coming up. For a moment, I thought of getting back to my studies to prepare for the next day, but the first stanza was stuck in my head, resisting to leave my brain empty to grasp anything else. Thus, this poem is the result of my dedication to this art and the inspiration drawn from the BBC series “Sherlock” , starring Benedict Cumberbatch, as well as the two Sherlock Holmes movies, starring Robert Downey Jr.



Rohit Mandal
SC20B158
Engineering Physics
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram
rohit.sc20b158@ug.iist.ac.in

THE SPACE ADVENTURE

Part-I

Long back zillions of years ago, before the existence of our present universe there was an almost similar universe with living systems very much like ours.

There was a planet named 'Laniekea' under the rule of a single leader 'Cizzatzro' who had a cruel mission of conquering each and every planet in his own spiral galaxy and bring them all under his reign. He wanted to make everyone in his galaxy to follow his rules, regardless of how inefficient and cruel they were. He never hesitated in taking up the sword against his own people and eventually conquered almost 80% planets in his galaxy within 1000 years from his first intragalactic war. His planet was highly advanced and was capable of travelling at 50% the speed of light and also could create wormholes to travel enormous distances in seconds. They could also extend their lifetime from about 200 years to around 3000-4000 years and were typically a Type III Civilization and were still prospering. There was thus a time when Cizzatzro had conquered almost all planets and he decided

to destroy some remaining dwarf planets which were a bit less advanced, in a single strike. He thus ordered his generals to use Megablasters, which were capable enough of even destroying a solar system in a single shot. His generals did use the Megablasters and destroyed the remaining dwarf planets but still in there, a planet named 'Arize' luckily survived the blast but the massive radiation from the blast killed 99% of the population there and this escaped the general's notice.

Only a few hundred Arizona people managed to survive the attack with minimum injuries. Among them was their planet's best warrior 'Hazzatzro' who decided to take Cizzatzro's reign down and punish him to death for the enormous destruction. In a decade's time Hazzatzro managed to form an army of his remaining 200 people and invaded 'Laniekea' in a way that Cizzatzro's planet security system could not detect his army.

Hazzatzro and his army then decided to disguise as Cizzatzro's army and kill his army soldiers one by one and also collect their weapons as they had a very limited weaponry with them. This went as planned and after a weeks' time they were capable of killing 10% of Cizzatzro's main defence army and also they could map out the exact place where they can find Cizzatzro and kill him without being detected by his guards.

Finally, Hazzatzro could find Cizzatzro, and they had a face to face battle with each other. He took him down and killed him and, got control of their planets headquarters where they decided to try and use 'Laniekea's' advanced technology to restore all planetary bodies that have been destroyed by the Mega blaster.

Around a decade later Hazzatzro and his team could finally design such a machine which could possibly restore all planetary bodies once destroyed by Cizzatzro. The machine was carefully turned on and it showed signs of its proper working but suddenly there was technical error with it and it went out of control and everyone was sure of a big blast and ran away for their lives.

The machine took the shape of an enormously powerful "Atom Smasher" and had a gigantic explosion and destroyed not only their galaxy but their whole universe.





Shantanu Shakya

SC20B160

Engineering Physics

IIST, Thiruvananthapuram

shantanu.sc20b160@ug.iist.ac.in

कुछ शब्द

मैं रोया, परिस्थिति कठोर थी या मैं कमजोर था।
मैं आज भी नहीं जानता वो कैसा इक दौर था।
दुनिया कहती है, तुझमें हिम्मत नहीं थी, तू कमजोर था।
लेकिन, मैं जानता था मेरा गम, और मैं मजबूर था।

अब लोग कहते हैं मुझे, मैं मगरूर हूँ ।
पर मैं तो अपने ही नशे में चूर हूँ।
ये लोग जलते हैं मुझसे,
क्योंकि, मैं अब इस दुनिया में मशहूर हूँ।

किसी को दोष नहीं देता हूँ मैं, अपने इस हाल के लिए।
खुदा से बस इतना ही मांगता हूँ ।
कि भूल जाऊँ मैं ये दर्द फिलहाल के लिए।
मैं जानता हूँ ये दर्द तकलीफ देता है,
पर किसी ने कहा है, भूल जा ये दर्द अपने यार के लिए।





Tandralee Chetia

Scientist/Engineer
ISRO Propulsion Complex
Mahendragiri, Tirunelveli
tandraleechetia@iprc.gov.in

Painting





Painting



T C Rajan
Senior Project Assistant
Main Accounts Section
VSSC, Thiruvananthapuram
tc_rajana@vssc.gov.in

Designed by

Shiju US

Multimedia Graphic Designer
Reprographic Facility, Library
IIST, Thiruvananthapuram

सुरभि

IIST-144-IP-E-04-2022

कला साहित्य पत्रिका

भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान की अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका

सुरभि: कला साहित्य पत्रिका भारतीय अंतरिक्ष विज्ञान एवं प्रौद्योगिकी संस्थान द्वारा प्रकाशित अर्धवार्षिक पत्रिका है जिसमें कलाकृतियों एवं सर्गात्मक रचनाओं का प्रकाशन किया जाता है जैसे – कहानियाँ, कविताएँ, अनुस्मरण, फिल्मों एवं पुस्तकों की समीक्षाएँ, यात्रा विवरण, भेंट वार्ताएँ, रिपोर्ट, आरेख, छाया चित्र, वैज्ञानिक साहित्य, पेन्सिल ड्रॉइंग, चित्ररचनाएं आदि। अंतरिक्ष विभाग के विविध केंद्रों के लोगों की सर्गात्मक प्रतिभा को प्रोत्साहन देने में यह पत्रिका विशेष रुचि रखती है। इस पत्रिका में अंग्रेजी, हिंदी एवं भारत की किसी भाषा की रचनाएँ शामिल की जाती हैं। पत्रिका में प्रकाशन के लिए उपर्युक्त प्रकार की रचनाएं आमंत्रित की जाती हैं।

Surabhi: Journal of Arts and Literature is a bi-annual art and creative journal published by Indian Institute of Space Science and Technology. It publishes creative and critical literary pieces like short stories, poems, memoirs, film/book reviews, travelogues, interviews, reports, sketches, photography, science fiction, pencil drawings and paintings. It has special interest in boosting the creative talents of people from various Centres of DOS. It intends to publish articles in English, Hindi, and in any Indian regional language. The Journal invites submissions in the above category for publication.

आप अपनी रचनाओं की सॉफ्ट कॉपी सह संपादक को निम्नलिखित ई मेल पते पर भेज दें। /
You may please send soft copies of your submissions to the Associate Editor to the following e-mail ID:

gigyjalex@gmail.com / gigy@iist.ac.in

SURABHI

Journal of Arts and Literature

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