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Regulars

2

The Legend,
Live!

3

A Swansong
(of Sorts)

3

Under the
Scanner

4

Confessions of a Serial Debater

Arth Gupta

Before anything else, I would like to clarify that this article does not imply that I will stop debating in the coming years. I believe that as a batch, our time has come to reminisce and bid farewell to the things that have helped us shape our identities within the walls of Chandbagh.

Debating in School is very often identified as an activity that is reserved for a select few, an intellectual quota, of sorts. Perhaps not everybody relishes the opportunity to defend their opinions in public, sometimes even vehemently so.

I have been checked rather often by masters and even form-mates for my '*debater-wala*' attitude, many of whom have said, "*Everything is not a debate.*" This is often followed by what I now realise is the worst argument in the world — "*There is no point arguing, be is too stubborn to understand anyway.*"

I have still not clearly understood the argument of how standing up for one's belief makes one stubborn and arrogant. Maybe it does. I am willing to acknowledge that possibility. Little do we realise that within all of us,

“I have no regrets, for choosing to debate was the best decision I have ever made. I hope you nurture that spark within you and let it grow to a fire.”

there lives a debater. But statements like the ones I have quoted often kill that little spark that all of us intrinsically possess.

Every decision we make, and every action that is taken by us employs some element reason and logic which has made us come to that conclusion. That is what debating is about. Whether we like it or not, every choice is a debate, and if life is indeed all about choices, then debating is most certainly an inescapable part of our lives.

The world today is experiencing conflict. At the heart of this conflict lies lack of communication. The sole reason for this lack of communication is very often intolerance towards conflicting opinions, towards opposing ideas and differing viewpoints. In a world where the sound of silence can be heard more often than any other, free speech then becomes much more than a right, it becomes a tool that must be used constructively to address issues that no one is willing to address.

To find solutions to problems that are not even cognised.

Debating has allowed me to utilise this freedom in its purest form, for it is perhaps the only activity that welcomes disagreement, yet never imposes silence.

Afraid of criticism, we often underutilise what is perhaps the most important symbol crafted in all of human history - the question mark. So this time, I urge you all to question everything you know about knowing, and proudly disagree. Maybe someone will call you "arrogant" or perhaps even "stubborn". But no matter what happens, never kill that debater that lives within you. More importantly, do not be afraid to be confused. I have seen very often, individuals avoiding a debate for it may challenge the opinion or belief that they already hold. It is here that the first seeds for the formation of an uncommunicative society are planted. Debating will not make you a saint, but it sure will teach you about the 'greys' of life. It will allow you to acknowledge different perspectives and gain a better understanding of life. Remember that it is confusion that leads to clarity, questions that lead to answers, and struggles that lead to success.

So yes, to the Dosco of the taxonomic bent of mind, I may have made my way through School through the '*debating-wala*' path. Debating has given me a lot more than any classroom ever could. I have loved every second of every minute spent on that podium, for it has given me more than I could ever ask for. I still remember my first SEDS meeting where PKB told me, "Debating doesn't happen in this room on Wednesday evenings, it happens every time and everywhere, for it is a way of life." I now realise how prophetic that statement had been.

I will still run into all of you, embrace differing opinions and stand up for my beliefs, with my innate and intrinsic '*debater-wala*' attitude. You may call me "arrogant", and I will still continue, for to me, everything indeed does boil down to a debate.

I have no regrets, for choosing to debate was the best decision I have ever made. I hope you nurture that spark within you and let it grow to a fire. In the end, as I always say, "*I rest my voice, but not my case.*"



Regulars

Through The Hoop

The results of the **Inter-House Basketball Competition, 2015** are as follows:

Seniors:

- 1st: Oberoi
- 2nd: Jaipur
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Tata
- 5th: Kashmir

House Cup:

- 1st: Oberoi
- 2nd: Jaipur
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Kashmir
- 5th: Tata

Juniors:

- 1st: Kashmir
- 2nd: Jaipur
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Oberoi
- 5th: Tata

Well done!

Squash

The following are the results of the Squash Individual Championships:

Under 17

- Runner Up:** Rishi Raj Deva
- Winner:** Nikhil Fatehpuria

Under 19

- Runner Up:** Nikhil Fatehpuria
- Winner:** Mayank Sojatia

The Individual Squash Championship trophy for the year 2015 was **won** by Mayank Sojatia.

Congratulations!

Fisticuffs

The results of the **77th Inter-House Boxing Competition** are as follows:

Seniors:

- 1st: Oberoi and Hyderabad
- 2nd: Jaipur
- 3rd: Tata and Kashmir

Mediums:

- 1st: Tata and Oberoi
- 2nd: Hyderabad
- 3rd: Jaipur
- 4th: Kashmir

Juniors:

- 1st: Tata
- 2nd: Oberoi and Jaipur
- 3rd: Kashmir
- 4th: Hyderabad

House Cup:

- 1st: Oberoi
- 2nd: Tata
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Jaipur
- 5th: Kashmir

Kudos!

The Polymath

Vallavi Shukla has been awarded the **Scholar's Blazer**.

Congratulations!

"Of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness."
Bertrand Russell

Imaginative Minds

The following students have qualified for the **2nd Round** of the **National Creativity Olympiad** to be held on **6th December** at **IIT Delhi** and acquired the highest marks in their respective forms-

- D Form:** Sriman Goel and Vedansh Sanjay Kokra
- C Form:** Aditya Reddy and Harshvardhan Agarwal
- B Form:** Aayush Chowdhry and Devansh Mittal
- A Form:** Raj Sankla, Pragun Agarwal and Jaideep Gill

Kudos!

Accession

The following boys have been appointed as **Boys In-Charge** of various activities for the **forthcoming year**

Boy In Charge:

- Boys Bank and Tuck Shop:** Ashwath Madhok
- Quiz Society:** Dhruv Johri

Grand Slam

- Editor in Chief:** Vivan Sharma
- Chief-of-Production:** Tushaar Sharma

Infinity

- Editor in Chief:** Tejit Vinod Pabari
- Chief-of-Production:** Chinmaya Sharma

We wish them a fruitful tenure!

Hawkeyes

At the **12th Boys All India IPSC Shooting Championship 2015** held at **Daly College, Indore**, the **Under-17 Team** comprising Akshat Jha, Raihan Vadra and Yuvan Jaidka won the **Team Gold** in the . Akshat Jha also won the an **individual silver medal** in the same category with a score of **355** out of **400**.

Keep it up!

Tennis

The results of the **Inter-House Tennis Competition** are as follows:

Seniors:

- 1st: Kashmir and Hyderabad
- 3rd: Jaipur
- 5th: Oberoi and Tata

Mediums:

- 1st: Kashmir
- 2nd: Hyderabad
- 3rd: Jaipur
- 4th: Tata
- 5th: Oberoi

Juniors:

- 1st: Jaipur
- 2nd: Kashmir
- 3rd: Hyderabad
- 4th: Tata
- 5th: Oberoi

House Cup:

- 1st: Kashmir
- 2nd: Hyderabad
- 3rd: Jaipur
- 4th: Tata
- 5th: Oberoi

Well done!

Zubin Mehta: The Legend, Live!

Zoraver Mehta

On the 31st of October, 17 Doscos accompanied by PCH and ARK, had the opportunity to witness a scintillating performance by the Australian World Orchestra, led by the acclaimed conductor Zubin Mehta.

The Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium provided the perfect setting to the soaring crescendo of violins performed by musicians drawn from some of the world's greatest orchestras, including the Israel Philharmonic, London, Sydney and Melbourne Symphony Orchestras.

The evening commenced with the Leonore Overture No. III, the prelude to Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*. This dramatic composition, with its rhythmically dynamic phrases brought to mind the zeitgeist of revolution and struggle of 18th century Europe.

This was followed by an aria from Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute* called 'The Queen of the Night', an emotive masterpiece performed by soprano Greta Bradman. The piece is a hallmark of virtuosity and the vocalist only lived up to the expectation. Greta Bradman is an Australian operatic soprano and interestingly, is the granddaughter of cricketing legend Don Bradman.

She also performed the romantic 'On the Rosy Wings of Love' one of her favourite pieces by Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi. The sheer range of her voice and the ease with which she transcended the dynamic requirement of singing softly in the virtuosic coloratura passages truly left us (particularly School Choir Leader, Siddhant Gupta) mesmerized.

Zubin Mehta, known for his dynamic and highly personalized interpretations of large-scale symphonic music, treated us with the evening's finale— Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D Major. The pastoral setting, with its interludes of melancholy, was communicated to the audience by the mourning woodwinds playing the theme and the whispering violins. The sorrow was exhibited by several chromatic passages played by the cellos. The melody played by the oboe in the third movement depicted the beauty of nature.

The standing ovation that followed continued unabated until the maestro consented to wield his baton once again for an encore. This was the rhythmically exhilarating 'Furiant' from the Bohemian composer, Dvorak's 'Slavonic Dances', and employed all the resources of the orchestra, with the percussion playing a key role.

For many of us this was the first live performance by symphony concert. A far cry indeed from YouTube videos! As musicians, it was a tremendous learning opportunity. The experience of hearing the sound of a full symphony orchestra playing in perfect accord under the direction of a living legend is one I will never forget.



A Swansong (of Sorts)

Manan Pradhan

I have a history exam tomorrow, but Chaitanya has somehow convinced me that this is important. I had set out to write this as a farewell to the publications of School, but I don't really know what to say. The debater in me seeks to pen down well organized, cohesive thoughts, but another side of me is telling me to let my mind ramble as my fingers fly over these keys. So here it is then, my last article, dutifully typed out and sent.

When I write, it is important to me what people think about immediately after reading my pieces. I say immediately because long ago, somebody drilled the maxim "The first impression is the last impression" into my head. With that in mind, I would appreciate it if people referred to these ramblings as "thoughtful", "heartfelt", "sincere" and other such adjectives.

I remember when I joined School in D Form and aspired to be a writer. I joined the *Weekly*, but was unceremoniously removed a term later. I joined the *Yearbook*, but a similar experience awaited me there. I was out within the term. The *DSIR* editors never took me onto their board. Thereafter, I made the biggest mistake of my six years. I stopped writing. I renounced it and in many ways, it was like a bad breakup. Truly, it was the worst thing I could have ever done. Every time I wanted to write something, I would convince myself not to. On occasions that I failed to accomplish that, I would procrastinate until the publication had already gone for print, almost like a subliminal psychological mechanism, cogs whirring away with the sole goal of stopping me from writing. In fact it got so bad that I almost decided not to give this last piece in. All through my S and SC forms, friends (seniors and form mates) hounded me about writing something, and I made my flimsy commitments, only for that pesky work ethic to haunt me whenever I opened MS Word. As Douglas Adams said "I love deadlines. I love the whooshing noise they make as the go by." But enough about me. At this point nothing would give me more joy than listing out witty epigrams and aphorisms that I think we should live by. Although I did originally write this to re-discover my own writing, I'm now motivated by the sense of duty towards writers in School. To that end, to any and all writers, budding or accomplished, I'll give this advice (unsolicited as it is): never stop expressing yourself. Keep writing. I know it sounds overly dramatic, but it's true. The key to writing well, as with any other creative pursuit, is the exploration of that task. That exploration will never come unless the writing happens. So if you think this article isn't coherent, it reads like a ramble or you hate the tone; blame my lack of practice.

I've never written anything quite this reflective. It almost feels like having a conversation with myself. Indeed the only things that come close are the essays I've written for colleges. While those had an end to fulfill built efforts of sustained labor, this is more organic, my closing thoughts as SC Form comes to an end. What prompted me to write this? What qualifies me to hand out this advice? Maybe it's an inflated sense of self-importance or the idea of having a sentimental last article. Either way, I'll leave this here, a fitting end to a School writing career that never actually started. So here it is: my swansong (of sorts).



Under the Scanner

Nehansh Saxena writes on the recent attacks in Paris

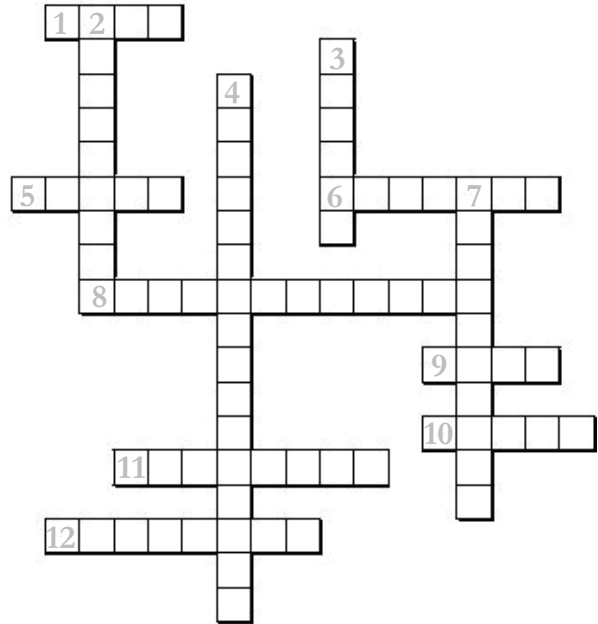
Ten months have passed since the attack on Charlie Hebdo and the Koshor Supermarket in Paris. The capital of France has received a dreadful jab, as soon as it felt that it could lower its guard. A scorpion once stung, returns twice as deadly: perhaps an anticipation that was shot down before it arrived. In the previous instance, it was chiefly targeted at one satirical newspaper; the attackers dispensed their duties, and the Islamic State eagerly grabbed the eyeballs it craved for. However, this time, the parcel was sent for His Excellency-Hollande himself, for France's air-strikes on the ISIL-occupied areas, collaborated with the United States. Dubbed the 'most violent attack on France since World War II', France still trembles in its aftermath.

Last Friday, the thirteenth of November, a group of armed men, attacked six locations in the capital of France: the venues ranged from restaurants to the prominent Bataclan Concert Hall, where the Eagles of Death Metal rock band was performing, and *Stade De France*, the national football stadium. President Francois Hollande was present at the stadium, watching a friendly international fixture along with the Foreign Minister of Germany. The death toll of the attack was a staggering 129, with a large number of deaths arising from the bombing at Bataclan Concert Hall, where at least 80 people were randomly showered by bullets and multiple explosions. The rest of the deaths were from the double suicide bombings that happened in close vicinity to the stadium. That was witnessing a match between Germany and France. More than 200 people were injured. This attack on Paris was visibly unprecedented. Although the gunmen were taken down by the French forces after the attacks, a major factor that cannot be ignored is that Paris was taken by surprise, and is still recovering from the shock.

It is a standard practice of the ISIL to grab attention in this manner as it claimed responsibility over these attacks. It was ascertained that France would require immense protection for two reasons. The Paris Global Climate Summit 2015, which is scheduled some time later in this month, and because France is a part of the US- led coalition that waged air-strikes on the ISIL-occupied regions of Syria and Iraq.

Hollande was in shock of this bloody assault on Paris, and France called in a State of Emergency for the first time in decades. France's borders were sealed, in order to keep the other perpetrators within its territory. All public services came under a temporary closure. He pledged, at the Bataclan Hall, that a war shall be waged on terrorism as a "merciless battle". This assault was taken by France "as an act of war", as the Hollande mentioned in a speech last Saturday. On behalf of France, and countering the attack he stated, "We will lead the fight, and we will be ruthless." The President's trip to the G20 summit in Turkey stands cancelled. As for the rest us, our prayers are with the families and friends of all the victims of these heinous crimes. *Je Suis Paris.*

Crossword



Across

1. Old name of France
5. Author to win the Man Booker Prize this year.
6. First country to issue stamps
8. Fear of washing or bathing
9. Winner of the Emmy for 'Outstanding Comedy Series'
10. First animal to go to space
11. Words that have the same spelling but different meanings
12. Director of the Academy award winning movie, 'Birdman'

Down

2. Galaxy closest to the Milky Way
3. Highest paid actor for the year 2015
4. A person who studies bats
7. The top scorer of Borussia Dortmund with 14 goals

Note: All answers related to persons this crossword refer to their surnames.

Answers to This Week's Crossword:	
Down	Across
2. Andromeda	1. Gaul
3. Junior	5. James
4. Chiropterologist	6. England
7. Aubameyang	8. Abtutophobia
9. Vesp	9. Veep
10. Laika	10. Laika
11. Homonyms	11. Homonyms
12. Inarritu	12. Inarritu

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