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Dance, Dance, Dance!

Amit Gupta reviews the performance by the Bhoomika Dance Troupe, held on Tuesday, March 10, in the Rose Bowl



“Man lives in movement. Movement is the language of the dancer and body, his instrument. The body experiences life and movement, language is his medium of ultimate creative expression; his dance of life.” – Narendra Sharma

The Bhoomika Dance Troupe, formed by Narendra Sharma, is a well-established one and has many laurels to its name. Narendra Sharma was a disciple of Sri Udai Shankar, the father of modern Indian dance. Some call the form contemporary and some, classical. Of course, it is a wonderful fusion of both. Dance has always been energetic, emotional and creative. But what we saw last Tuesday, when the troupe performed for us, was awe-inspiring. Who would have thought that a dance based on classical steps could be so interesting and spellbinding?

The show started off with the *Rangavali*, showing the three different colours of our national flag, with the *chakra* in the centre. The dancers had transformed themselves, using their costumes, into colours and the *chakra* and showed us how these colours looked so simple individually, but when brought together, created the national flag.

This dance dwelled on the concept of unity in diversity. Throughout it, one dancer would take centre stage, while the other two watched. This cycle continued, depicting the diversity of our nation. In the end, the dancers came together in a circle to represent our unity and harmony.

The other dances included one in which Death came to take life (portrayed by a woman) away. The duo faced each other, sidestepping, almost fencing,

the eternal battle between life and death playing out in stark and even terrifying movements. The use of a simple bench to symbolized the earth was most imaginative.

The *Basket Dance* displaying a lively market used the simplest of props in a most effective way. The spontaneity of the movements were such that it seemed that no apparent choreography had gone into the production.

The highlight of the show was the dance-ballad *Siberian Cranes*. The steps, coordination, imagination, music and, above all, professionalism of the dancers took us to a different world. It was amazing to see how dance steps based on the movements of birds could create such a beautiful performance. The dance was performed like a story and showed the birds flying, breeding and then finally migrating in the end.

The dance steps required flexible forearms and a great deal of coordination. Also, there were parts in which a lot of trust and balance was required, as the steps performed could hurt the other dancer if a false move was made. The inspiration for this came partly from Balinese dance, with its slow, balletic movements.

It is unfortunate that very few people of our age



get to see and appreciate the real art of Indian dance. These dances were in no respect inferior to the complicated tango or ballet, or the hip-hop dances that entertain us so greatly. In fact, such dance has the power to elevate entertainment to art. We are truly grateful to the Bhoomika Dance Troupe from New Delhi for giving us this unique opportunity.

CAREER CALL

The Careers' noticeboard will focus on **Costs and Works Accountant** as a career choice this week. All those interested must look it up.



Animal Facts

- Koalas are excellent swimmers.
- Certain frogs can be frozen solid, then thawed, and made to continue living.
- The giant squid has the largest eyes in the world.
- One quarter of all creatures on the planet are beetles.
- Armadillos are able to contract leprosy.
- Snakes have one lung.

The facts are sourced from the Internet

Unquotable Quotes

You're unquoting me.

Sriyash Kishorepuria is unhappy.

Put the pics in, and we're done for.

Vivek Santayana finishes off the *Weekly*.

I know the Weekly Room password.

Govind Singh hacks in.

This is only for mens.

Avi Raj, sexist.

A civil war is when the Army fights the Navy and the Navy fights the Air Force.

Uma Shankar Goswami, warlord.

The ScLs are going in bits and pieces.

STB bids farewell.

I have see you last night.

Nikhil Sardana's nocturnal activities.

He got chess half colours.

Karmanya Malhotra, from the pawn shop.

Kunadi will build a Leaning Tower of Pizza.

Siddhant Gupta, architecturally-challenged.

Put the serve to me.

Piyush Upadhyay issues orders.

'Dumb teachers' is an oxymoron.

PCH defends her clan.

When you asked me to ask me?

Piyush Upadhyay asks.

That's a beautiful funny, yaar.

ANC admires.

Can't you mind?

Arjun Parmar needs some privacy.

What is the logic wrong in that?

PCH, caught off-guard.

I'm going to go second next.

Shivank Singh eager to go.

I not the coolness.

Arifeen Chowdhury confirms.

Where does this from?

Shashank Peshawria wants to find out.

| Poetry |

Moving On

Abhilaksh Lalwani

You were downright cold,
Not blunt, not curt,
Though your words were strung with gold,
They were potent in their power to hurt,
They were colder than Stygian ice,
And even with that golden sun-fringed face,
You were cold,
Downright cold.
But I accepted it to be a weakness,
And that too not in you,
But something lurking deep within myself:
Something which severs the very currents
Of the air with its use.
Something that threatens the very foundation
Of friendship.
I must have been over-demanding, I realize,
But you were defiant,
Downright defiant...
And defiance, as always,
Leads to disappointment,
And I was disappointed, but I moved on...
And that was the biggest mistake I made,
I should have nipped it in the bud...
But this fool of a heart knocked against a rib or two...
And I forgot myself... forgot that though
One and one may be one,
One and two is always three,
But let it be.
I realize this now; thus I give up.
A reined-in heart is better than a heart broken,
Though it may still crack under the weight of time,
But time again is a tricky, treacherous thing,
So let's leave it alone,
Let's leave everything alone...

* * *



doonspeak

The new Test Week system is...

... a killer. – Anirudh Khanna
... *emosanal atyachaar*. – Aditya Vicram Gupta
... mini-trials. – Vibhav Gaur
... a change, 'again'. – Sambuddha Naha
... *ruttification atyachaar*. – Uma Shankar Goswami
... very good. – Sagar Aggarwal
... a revolutionary change. – Spandan Aggarwal
... great; at least we'll get serious. – Saud Khan
... a big burden. – Suraj Bishnoi
... packed with pressure. – Madhav Dutt
... horrifying. – Farhan Anis
... disorganised. – Shivan Tandon
... hell on earth. – Shawn Kapur
... convenient, fun and systematic. – Utkarsh Gupta
... old wine in a new bottle. – SSM

AZANMG

Rishi Sood laments his inability to spell

i cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacly uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, occdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in waht oerdr the ltteres in a wrod are, the olny iproamtnt tihng is taht the frsit and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can sitll raed it whotuit a pboerlm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Azanmig huh? yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot spleling was ipmorantt! (This is an excerpt from a forwarded email on the Internet).

Spelling for me has been the bane of my childhood. Someone had once remarked on reading one of my examination answer-scripts that my spelling was a whole new horror story. The periodic frequency of such comments increased as I became older and proceeded to mutilate and morph more advanced and lengthy words, whilst I grew indifferent to such remarks. Had not someone said a rose by another name would smell just as sweet or something to that effect?!

It was amazing how many versions of the same word I could come up with. In my junior classes, I would thump my chest with pride if I found less than ten red marks on one page of my notebook, never mind the fact that the page might have had only one paragraph in it.

Even with monosyllabic words like cat, bat, rat I would come up with all the permutations of the arrangement of the alphabets except the right one. Murphy's Law! I had it on good authority that I was not dyslexic. It was simply that the English language had some rules which did not make sense to me. Some people can't remember names, some can't do numbers; I was hopeless when it came to spelling.

For me it was mostly a case of trial and error.

Then, in my darkest hour, I found the miracle of Spellcheck! God bless Microsoft for that! Henceforth, whenever I had a doubt about how to spell a word, which was all too often, I would proceed to bamboozle the computer with my bizarre spelling which even the computer would have serious trouble keeping pace with. The problem arose with homophones. I could never get them correct. Was it tale, tail, *tel...*

Then there was the other problem. Sometimes the computer would provide so many options that it would become impossible for me to decide which to choose. At other times it would give me no options at all!

When I first joined The Doon School, Mr. Rao taught me History and I was aghast at the sight of the 14/20 in my first History test. I promptly raised my hand and asked KAR, "Sir, have you cut marks for my spelling?"

Pat came his reply, "Sood! If I had cut marks for your spelling, you would have scored in the negative"

I still remember redoing my ICSE projects over and over again just because they had far too many spelling mistakes. I remember my teachers circling my spelling errors and asking me to pay more attention next time. They failed to realize that if I redid my project, I would not misspell those same words again but there would be ten others that I would.

Finally my teachers gave up trying to rectify the infirmity that was so deeply ingrained in me.

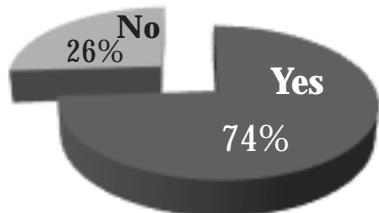
My spelling was like sporadic pimples on one's face; one pimple went away just to give way to another emerging at a different spot.

If my knowledge serves me right, Shakespeare also never signed his name the same way twice. Hah! So 'there's comfort yet'.



Opinion Poll

Do you feel the new 'mini-trials' system of Test Week is better than the previous system?



(267 members of the School community were polled)

Next Week's Question: The School is to receive a MIG-23 fighter plane, which has been recently decommissioned. Where would you choose to place it from among the following locations: a) the area between the Swimming Pool and ASH's residence, b) the area between the Art School and the CDH, or c) the garden in front of the Science Block?

Votalysis

Besides the fact there is a long interval between the first session and the second session, the mini-trial system offers a more exam-like environment. On the other hand, the environment might seem too exam-like for a test week. This is perhaps the reason why part of the community hold contretemps with the concept of 'mini-trials'. Having all activities and the regular routine stopped for a test week does not seem feasible. The syllabus, too, is more or less equivalent to that of a normal test week. But due to the growing importance of academics, implementing this new schedule will perhaps provide more time to the students with their text books. The examinations are nearly as long as that in a trial and makes more sense than taking tests of forty minutes such as that in the previous system. On the whole, besides the cessation of all activities, the new test week provides a more trial-like environment and is thus preferred by the school community.

The Unacceptable Lowliness of Being

(with apologies to Milan Kundera)

Vivek Santayana

The *Codes and Policies* handbook is not taken too seriously until sometime after Founder's, when the 'scoping season' begins. That is generally the period when the majority of the School community finds it acceptable to wish masters and be generally courteous towards them. The teacher-student relation the School once boasted of has now been debased. The only occasions we visit masters are at Holi and Diwali,

“ Accusations of obsequiousness kill the work ethic, just as offensive synonyms for sycophancy have killed manners and good behaviour. We don't even give most of our teachers the unconditional respect they are entitled to. What are we hoping to achieve by imposing such social put-downs? ”

and that too only if we're hungry. Very few students pay masters visits for the sake of saying hello, discussing a book or for any other reason. Gone are the days when tutorial meetings were 'not about the food'. Any deviation from these lines would be sycophancy – for which we have an array of inappropriate words in our active but limited vocabulary. As mentioned in an Assembly talk recently, we don't even give most of our teachers the respect they are entitled to. Even when it comes to behaving well with juniors, we lack politeness, friendliness, warmth and approachability. Having any of these traits would be deemed as the building of a vote bank. These are popular jokes around campus, and, at times, the resulting unpopularity becomes unbearable. We have to build immunity towards this, and we do so eventually. We learn to turn a deaf ear when necessary. Most gestures and intentions will invariably be misinterpreted and misunderstood, the consequence of which will eventually lead to a decadence.

The severity of 'calling someone names' fades away by C form. We're much harder by then. Hard, not only in taking things, but in doling it out ourselves. We lose all sense of propriety and we make ourselves part of the same cycle. We do not accept the fact that some of us are naturally disciplined and well-behaved and, above all, hard-working because we love what we do and want to do it well. We do not

always work for a reward. Some of us write just because we enjoy writing, take pictures around campus just because we love photography, run just because we enjoy running or because we want to keep fit and do things we love doing just because we love doing them. To avoid humiliation (or to avoid being unpopular in a milieu where popularity matters greatly), we sometimes use the pretext of a tyrannical editor-

in-chief, IAYP, or other incentives to make people see some reason. But when it comes to keeping up our good behaviour, something which is in abeyance otherwise, we don't really have many pretexts.

Interestingly, most of our 'lingo' regarding sycophancy has perverted connotations. So, if good behaviour has been reduced to being equalled to deviant behaviour, and correspondingly tabooed, it's no surprise that so many of us reduce ourselves to becoming crude and unsophisticated.

After all, there is a limit to our tolerance. Other accusations are that of obsequiousness which kill the work ethic, just as offensive synonyms for sycophancy have killed manners and good behaviour, I believe such outcries are justified. It isn't really an attempt to gain sympathy, but it *is* an effort to keep another evil from incorporating itself into an already individuality-crushing system.

What are we hoping to achieve by imposing such

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social put-downs? The lack of transparency between seniors and juniors and the lack of interaction between students and masters could perhaps become the handicap: whereby we lose invaluable resources. If that happens, we will not have someone to turn to for guidance, support or help. When we go through tough times, we won't have someone who knows us well enough to help us. The lack of courtesy, shabbiness of turnout and, vulgarity of language have already brought the Dosco closer to an unacceptable level of behaviour. We no longer stand out in society unless we wear our uniform. Our behaviour no longer sets us apart in a positive way. It can all be credited to the way we ourselves are trying to erode such values.

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