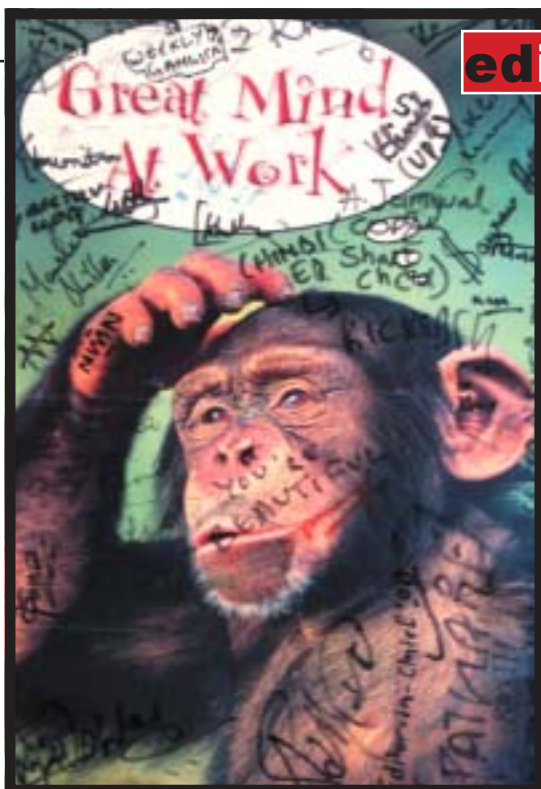


The Doon School
Weekly



Founder's Day Edition
2007



editorial


‘ An open bracket signifies perpetuity, a belief held by the *Weekly*, and relevant to a sixty-year old nation poised to dominate the global arena. ’

SHIKHAR SINGH: EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE DOON SCHOOL WEEKLY (2007)

Just outside my House, the stage is set again for the Founder's Day festivities and with it, the beginning of the end. As the signing-off comes closer, my last *Weekly* takes the form of a Founder's Day Special. If I were to do a quick recount, the year that was, was a series of experiments – in content, organization, perspective, and vision. I remember, as a B former, writing a letter to the *Weekly* citing poor visual appeal as a reason for its dwindling readership. And I also remember, a short editorial note that supplemented this letter, which read: "Shikhar, we agree with you entirely. Looking good is an essential part of being read and we at the *Weekly* fully well realize that. Since the new board took over last Founder's, there has been a conscious effort in improving the looks of the publication. We have tried new fonts, headers, and graphics. But if you feel we haven't been experimenting enough, don't worry because a lot more is on the way. We don't want too much change too fast, now do we? When it comes to the first page, we have already got a team to design a new masthead and you will, in all probability, see it in the first issue next term. Constructive inputs like yours go a long way in improving our publication. Thanks again" (Issue No. 2056). And of course, the masthead, fonts, heading and layout have remained unchanged in the name of 'continuity'. As an outsider, I felt highly disillusioned with these empty promises and thus decided (rather reluctantly!) to give the *Weekly* entrance test. As a member on-board, I was a part of the 'criticize-it-all' group and remained so till the day the tables were turned on me. It's been one year since I've defended scathing allegations against this publica-

tion: "Isn't it merely a puppet?"; "It's censored, *yaar!*"; "No Roving Eye?" [disappointed]; "Your polls are concocted." And it's true that uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, for change is difficult to manifest and it takes more than a visionary to break from the traditional mould. In the year gone by, my efforts have been directed towards living those changes in the *Weekly* that I had envisioned in my junior forms. And of course, a naïve D former on the Martyn and Foot House tables would dismiss me, as I had done, five years ago. The ride has been bumpy, but satisfying in the sense that drastic changes may not have occurred but my sincere efforts were directed towards improving readability and appeal, given the constraints. Mahatma Gandhi once said, "Be the change you want to see in the world."

In the past year, my priority has been to increase involvement from the school community in publications. Thus, at the outset a more efficient and accountable feedback system was attempted at. Since Opinion Polls were received cynically, they were computerized to increase accuracy and transparency. The publication also produced its Code of Ethics that would serve as a guide to 'responsible journalism'. This term, the *Weekly* introduced a Guest Editor each month to bring in fresh perspectives and creative skills. The series on 'India's Tryst With Destiny' attempted to engage with the India that is outside Chandbagh and address issues that should affect us all. With these words, I present to you our Founder's Day issue, one of the many experiments this year. Enjoy the read and do send in valuable criticism, for there is always room for improvement.



No full stops in The Doon School Weekly

PROVIDING A LITERARY PLATFORM SINCE 1936

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[India's Tryst With Destiny]

Freedom and War: 1947 and 1962

When India became independent in August 1947, who would have thought that it would be plunged into war and conflict with its two biggest neighbours—Pakistan and China? Within months of Independence, Indian troops were fighting Pakistani troops in Kashmir. A decade and a half after becoming a free country, India was at war with China.

India's nationalist leaders had dreamed of a peaceful future for the new nation. Instead, India was to experience the horrors of Partition and the dangers of war.

In October 1947, India and Pakistan were at war, over Kashmir. Kashmir, along with the princely states of Hyderabad and Junagadh, had not been able to make up its mind which country to accede to at Partition. The Maharajah of Kashmir was Hindu, the majority of the population was Muslim. By the logic of Partition, Kashmir should perhaps have gone to Pakistan as a Muslim majority state. Hari Singh hoped, however, to remain independent of both India and Pakistan. Sheikh Abdullah, an increasingly powerful Kashmiri leader, inclined to India, partly out of friendship with Nehru and partly out of a calculation that India would be better for Kashmir. Abdullah wanted to rid the state of monarchical rule or at least to reduce the monarchy to a figurehead.

In October 1947, 'raiders' from Pakistan attacked the state. Hari Singh's forces were quickly overcome by a combination of Pashtun tribals and Pakistani military personnel. When the Maharajah asked for military help from India, Nehru quickly agreed. Hari Singh signed the Instrument of Accession to India on October 26, 1947. Indian troops arrived in Srinagar as the city was about to fall. Over the next several months, the Indian Army beat back the raiders and took two-thirds of the state. On January 1, 1949, Nehru agreed to a UN ceasefire call. India and Pakistan have disagreed and fought over Kashmir ever since.

In August 1947, China was still in the throes of a massive civil war. About the time India and Pakistan were agreeing to a ceasefire in Kashmir, the Chinese Communists led by Mao Zedong were defeating the Chinese Nationalist Party and taking control of China. India was quick to recognize the new Communist government in Beijing. The two Asian giants established diplomatic relations. India championed Communist

China's case in the UN, insisting that Mao's government take over China's seat as a Permanent Member of the UN Security Council. The leaders of the two countries met and vowed to cooperate and to work for peace. New Delhi supported Beijing's contention that Tibet was an integral part of China.

Despite this positive beginning, in September 1962 the two countries were at war, over a three thousand mile front. Chinese forces quickly overran Indian positions in Aksai Chin, in the middle sector of the border, and in the northeast in Arunachal Pradesh. Then, suddenly, just as it seemed they might sweep down into the Indian plains, in November, the Chinese declared a unilateral ceasefire and withdrew their forces to 20 kilometres behind the line of control as it had existed on November 7, 1959.

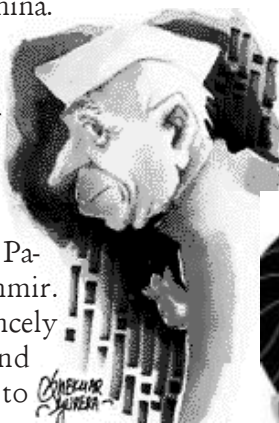
The McMahon Line had demarcated the frontier between India and China, going back to British days.

When they came to power in 1949, the Chinese made it clear that they did not accept India's interpretation of the border based on the McMahon Line. The Line, they claimed, was forced on them during colonial times, and

was not legitimate. The two countries began to negotiate over the border dispute in the early 1950s, without much success. China claimed the Aksai Chin, a largely deserted area of land, near Ladakh. Without India's knowledge, the Chinese built a road through it to connect their Xinjiang Province to Tibet. China also claimed what is now called Arunachal Pradesh.

By the late 1950s, New Delhi was aware that relations with China were heating up. A series of border incidents occurred between 1959 and 1961. Nehru eventually lost his patience with Chinese incursions into what he considered Indian territory. He famously asked the Indian Army to throw the Chinese out. In September 1962, the People's Liberation Army (PLA) attacked Indian positions in strength and inflicted a heavy defeat before withdrawing.

Sixty years after the first Kashmir war, and forty-five years after the war with China, India is still locked in a dispute with its two neighbours. Both disputes seem intractable, though New Delhi continues to seek a peaceful settlement. As we reflect on our successes as a nation, let us give thought also to two of our most consequential failures. Perhaps another generation of leaders in India will have the creativity and will to fashion an agreement that satisfies the interests of all three countries and finally brings peace to southern Asia.





In 1989 at **Tiananmen Square** (Beijing), 1,00,000 **students** staged a protest in front of the Great Hall of People, demanding democratic rights. The Government accused the protestors of “plotting civil unrest”.

| Student Politics |

Youth politics is an important stepping stone

Voltaire had once said, “I may not agree with what you say, but I will till death, defend your right to say it.” A democracy is incomplete without the freedom of speech and expression. Today, sixty years after Independence, having grappled with social and economic problems, having added new dimensions to the boundaries of democracy, India is considered to have a fairly decent track record where civil liberties and human rights are concerned. After our tried and tested values, fundamental rights and diverse cultures, have all managed to stand the test of time, do we really need to tamper with our guiding force—our democracy?

The idea behind the introduction of student union elections in colleges was to instill a sense of democracy and leadership in our youth so that they could lead the country in future. In order to inculcate in them the ability to express themselves, to instill in them the courage to question, students were provided a medium through which their voices could be carried to the higher echelons of administration. The process of electing their representatives would also give them an idea of the actual mechanism of democracy existing in the country. Now, just because a few student leaders have taken the law for a ride, should we do away with the whole setup? When our politicians indulge in corruption and red-tapism do we stop holding elections? Instead of abandoning the idea of student elections, we should clean the procedure, banning the anti-social elements from being a part of it and monitoring its functioning

and effectiveness from the students’ point of view.

Clipping the wings of our youth by preventing them from having a government of their own in colleges would be the murder of democracy. Democracy, as we perceive it today, is a very profound concept, which is so diverse and dynamic that new facets to it emerge every day in our trysts with it. It has its faults and shortcomings and they have to be rectified. The solution is not to shun the system but to take steps to improve it by pruning and cleansing whenever and wherever required.

If student union leaders do not meddle with local politics and actually focus on improving the college lives of students, only then will the purpose of these unions be served. If the college administration regulates elections and monitors the working of the student body, the procedure would no longer be a mere political gimmick. Tight supervision by the police and regular checks by the courts of law will ensure discipline amongst the leaders.

The fact that many student leaders have been a nuisance cannot be denied. Crime has become an almost inseparable component of a student leader’s life, bringing dishonour and disrepute to the whole system of student unions. Funding received from national level parties fuels the menace. At the same time, it is also true that many of our respected politicians today have risen to power via these same student unions. College elections are crucial for any democratic country’s survival. Suppression of student rights will simply make a mockery of the nation’s democracy. College elections and the functioning of student unions in our country need serious reforms. The process must definitely be distanced from crime, local politics, rigging and corruption but that in no way undermines the need to have student elections in the country. To light the torch of development, we need to have enlightened leaders who have to be groomed at the college level itself.

(Kaustubh Verma)

| Indian Education |

The Indian education system is not working

It’s been sixty years since India became independent. Though the country has achieved much during this period, it faces a huge challenge – to provide an inclusive education infrastructure for the teeming millions. I agree that it is not fair to say that the government is not doing much about this problem. In fact,

in 2002-03, an estimated 82% of children in the age group of 6-14 were enrolled in school. The government hopes to bring this figure up to 100% by the end of this decade. This may sound very encouraging, but in reality, the Indian education system is riddled with problems. One of the biggest problems is the emphasis laid on learning by rote. Students are required to regurgitate on paper what they have studied in the past year in a two or three hour examination. I feel that this is not education, but just a test of memory.

Another problem in the system is the sheer number of Boards which exist – CISCE, CBSE, IB and SSLC. They all have varying

degrees of difficulty, though it is not easy to say outright which Board is tougher. Complaints come in from all corners, and especially from the State Boards, with students saying that students from other Boards find it easier to find admission in colleges. More troubles crop up in the multi-Board system, as there may be a number of errors in certain textbooks, particularly, again, in those of the State Boards.

A more recent problem is that of reservations, which has been heavily criticised. Reservations are made with the justification that they help provide equal opportunities to everybody by redressing traditional social injustices. Yet, it is resented,

because it has been argued that reservation does not help much with regard to equal opportunities, but actually denies merit. Reservations have already started causing rifts in society.

In India, corruption is also a rampant problem. Bribery, nepotism and power-play mean that seats can be sold for certain prices or for certain special favours. When we look at all these problems in the system, can we really keep our faith in the system of education? In my opinion, the system must be reformed, because making people literate in the way it is currently going will not have the better effect it can have if radical reforms are introduced.

(Shaurya Kuthiala)

Abhaas Shah

| Education |

Several times this batch cannot help but feel like guinea pigs

After six months of observation, speculation, and in several cases, experience, most of the school community has roughly formulated its opinion on the recently incorporated International Baccalaureate (IB) board, which, one may surmise, has been one of the greatest challenges School has ever taken up. A batch of twenty-three rather 'adventurous' individuals have set out on this voyage, and though some retain their vigour and excitement, and others their focus and dedication, almost all are awed by the prospects of this venture. Most students who have joined IB have done so to improve their placements abroad, where they are bent on going.

It is inevitable that all criticism in this regard is directed towards the School and not the IB system, for, as most would say, how can an 'internationally-acclaimed' system be at all flawed? Masters and students alike, when frustrated (which is quite often), direct their anger at the inadequacy of the school infrastructure and schedule; where there never

seems to be enough time spared to the student to do the required work. Let alone the 'background reading' and 'extra home work' that is required of them, even basic assignments, laboratory reports and case studies are not completed and submitted on time. After a point, teachers have to stop excusing them from late submissions on the pretext of being busy doing other essential school activities. It all finally boils down to being told that IB was a choice and that if one wishes to pursue it, other activities must be dropped, which students are reluctant to do. 'Prioritize!' is the word.

Several times, this batch cannot help but feel like guinea pigs (at their own will, of course). If this experiment turns out to be successful, then the product will be confidently launched. If not, then..... (I hate to think of it).

The issue of laptops, though having been stressed upon enough times, must be mentioned. It will serve the vital purpose of allowing

students to do their work wherever they may be on campus, which other students, who give handwritten assignments, have the privilege of doing. It is a simple and emphatic transition from writing to typing. The reluctance on school's part, though understandable and logical, must eventually be overcome. The complaints are not restricted to the ones involved only. Others too are often heard to say that unwarranted whining is taking place and that IB is being

made too big a deal of, quite contrary to what an IB student feels. After all, it is in human nature to find fault!

However, full appreciation and credit to the School must not be withheld for their initiative, perseverance and constant effort to improve the situation for IB students. The school has not hesitated in making exception after exception for the progress of IB. It is only the teachers' spirit and energy which keeps the students active and 'charged-up'.

A standard question which is always asked is, "Is IB tough?" and I cannot help but shrug and say that "It will be another year before I can figure that out."

observations



| Music |

Where is our Hero?

The Times of India recently published an article which presented very strong opinions about the corporatization of popular music today. A subhead in the article tried to open the readers' eyes to the fact that music no longer produces legends and icons, and that over the years, music has witnessed a constant degradation of 'meaning'. What caught my eye was the grid-collage of faces that accompanied the article: Mick Jagger, John Lennon, and Jim Morrison. Was it just sheer coincidence that all these faces are products of the sixties? Well, of course there was the face of Madonna, but weren't we talking about legends?

Pop music is a different ball game altogether, one half of which is monopolized by Michael Jackson and Prince. I will restrict my argument to rock music. In the sixties, there emerged a four man outfit in Liverpool: The Beatles, who were immediately followed by bolder acts, namely The Doors, Jimi Hendrix and The Rolling Stones, all of whom are included in the category of 'music heroes'. This was an era when the gramophones were fuelled by a myopic combination of sound, the most prominent artiste of the time being Elvis Presley, and the British reply to Afro-American blues came in the form of rock n' roll, a genre that would soon become an independent culture. It was here that businessmen woke up to the tremendous market potential of rock and gradually, recording firms sprang up and an artiste's rendezvous with the studio became a regular routine. Records were never a medium of propaganda of rock music. That was the task of the concerts. A band would start playing at small downtown pubs and as their fans grew in number, so did their performance arenas and musicality.

By the mid-seventies, Led Zeppelin and Cream had come into the picture, The Beatles were on the verge of breaking up and Morrison and Hendrix were dead. In just more than a decade, rock had become infamous for the crash-and-burn lifestyles led by its propagators and it seemed as if the 'music' was taking a back-seat. This resulted in the growth of the underground music sector and led to the birth of two offsprings of rock, the mention of whose names generates looks of disgust on most of our faces: punk rock and heavy metal. And this was just the beginning. Slowly, rock branched out into more sub-genres, each developing its own set of followers, and it was somewhere in this chaos that our hero got lost.

The sixties were turbulent times. The US had infiltrated Vietnam, Fidel Castro and his accomplice, the man of the T-shirt, Che Guevara, were stirring up a revolution in Latin America; France was exploding with

student revolts and Ayub Khan was the reigning tyrant in Pakistan. It has been historically proved that when distraught, man looks towards religion and the supernatural for hope and inspiration. The sixties saw the birth of Superman and his kin of superheroes, and the G.I. Joe comic series. Similarly, music witnessed the first Woodstock festival and its own set of heroes who have been mentioned above.

I am not implying that due to the lack of cause in the post-sixties world, music has suffered. I am also not saying that the music lost out to other parts of popular culture. There has never been a lack of cause. Nor has there been a lack of good music. For every cause there is a rebel and each rebel has his follower and as society has matured, each individual has related himself to a specific cause and worshipped the relevant hero. The anti-establishment and anti-government teenage groups in 70s' Britain grew up adulating Joey Ramone and punk rock, while the child that emerged from the crumbling nuclear families of 80s' USA grew up with Bruce Dickinson and heavy metal. Someone like Jim Morrison has become commercial property as his is a face that is recognized all over the world. Hence, even though a T-shirt manufacturer will use him to promote the brand, his face will, inevitably, come with his entire legacy. We have not fallen short of legends and heroes. It is just that all of us do not follow the same religion any more.

(Harsh Mall)

| Religion and Reality |

On Ram and Setusamudram

The political storm raised by the affidavit submitted by the Archaeological Survey of India (ASI) to the Supreme Court has rekindled the debate over whether the nation officially believes in the existence of God or not. The ASI has stated in its affidavit that there is no historical evidence to suggest that any of the Ramayana characters ever existed, leaving the government in a fix, since it stands to lose some of its Hindu votes. It has led to an open war of words between Karunanidhi, the DMK chief and Advani, the BJP supremo, who radically differ on the issue owing to their ideological beliefs. Apart from causing a major controversy it has also incensed millions of staunch Hindus across the country, in the process also highlighting our failure to accept rationality over religion.

Since time immemorial our superstitions, traditional beliefs, and irrational ideas have impeded our economic, social and mental progress. Globalization, industrialization and urbanization were delayed in our country because of our rigid social structure. Unscientific notions and the inability to accept reason are a direct result of our age-old superstitions. Today, the

Sethusamudram Project cannot be undertaken because Hindus all over the country believe that Lord Ram had built a bridge at the site to cross over to Ravana's Lanka, and later destroyed it after rescuing Sita. Is this the India of the twenty-first century, which is soon supposed to become the next super-power of the world? Will we today allow progressive ideas to be held prisoner by the shackles of blind faith?



It is true that for our upliftment, precedence has to be given to progress over traditional beliefs, but at the same time what must be remembered is that our history, mythology and religion are very different from that of the Western nations. Our idea of secularism is again very different. The distinct nature of the people of our country, together with their culture and beliefs is the true identity of our nation. This identity, which has remained unscathed through centuries of turbulence and upheaval, must be preserved in today's age of growth and development. When Advani protested against ASI's affidavit and then against Karunanidhi's comments, he was asking for respect to be shown towards the feelings of millions of people who worship Ram.

Whether Lord Ram actually existed or not, he will continue to be engraved in the hearts of his followers. The name of Lord Ram is, thus, sacrosanct and detached from scientific and historical facts. Even the most overwhelming proof against his existence will not deter his followers from worshipping him with deep reverence. It is this fact that each one of us must understand and honour. The sentiments of the people must be respected. Several diverse cultures today cordially co-exist in our country because of our tolerance. The freedom of speech and expression can be exercised as long as one does not hurt the feelings of others. To sustain our diversity we must never compromise on our tolerance. The question is not whether Ram exists or not, because Ram is an idea, He is a way of thinking. He shall always remain immortal for the millions world-wide, who believe in Him. The challenge we face today is how to take India forward without losing our identity or compromising our faith.

(Kaustubh Verma)

literarycriticism

[Book Review]

Of America, Erica and Lost Love



Few would have thought that a terrorist attack and an eventual war could have socio-cultural outcomes. Yet, for the youth of Pakistan (and broadly speaking, the entire developing world), the 'Land of Opportunities' carries with it a mixed bag of feelings. In a personalized account of his love-life and encounters in America, Mohsin Hamid's book *The Reluctant Fundamentalist* leaves an indelible mark on one's conscience. When Hamid recounts his college days at Princeton in one of Lahore's crowded coffee

houses, one is left with an astoundingly conservative image of post 9/11 American society. The opening, very implicitly, suggests two things: the relative openness of the Pakistani people and the paranoid psyche of the Americans. It is indicative of how people associate long beards and skull caps with terrorists and shows how the image of a terrorist has been typecast. The book is written in the first person, in a conversational style. It revolves around the emotions and reactions of a person in an alien country and civilization. The main storyline is a tête-à-tête an American has with Hamid, while sipping tea in a crowded bazaar of Lahore. Here, it must be noted that the American perspective has not been taken into account. In his novel, Hamid would probably think that this is pretty explicit. From the autobiographical style of his writing, it can be inferred that he is merely stating his views. The fact that the American does not express any of his opinions is suggestive of that. Two conclusions can be drawn from here. Either the American is too scared to express views that are in opposition to the popular Pakistani ones in Pakistan itself, or the author is trying to tell us about the reticent nature of the American people. Nonetheless, in the beginning, he does highlight the point that Americans stand out wherever they go. If the reclusive nature is a garb to protect them-

selves from a lot of muckraking is for the reader to guess. The entire chat is centred around the author's experiences in America. He was a student at Princeton University and by the way he chronicles his first job, we are to think that he is competent and intelligent as well. Out of all the interns at a firm, he is one of the two who is selected to continue his career with the firm. This obviously conveys his ability to get things done. The book is marked by short, anecdotal interruptions and frequent calls for more tea. This has probably been put in the book to lighten the mood and keep in touch with the context and background of the narration. The author's biggest shortcoming in America seems to be the fact that he is completely sequestered from familial emotion. The author's obvious intention to co-relate the American issue with his own account is reflected in the fact that Erica and America are both his first love. He works for Underwood 'Sam'son, with Christian connotations and there is a mention of Bush (Uncle Sam). The firm is a typical American multinational that 'invades' foreign economies and monopolizes businesses. Strangely, the personal upheavals in Hamid's life coincide with American aggressions in the Islamic world.

He is a stranger to the country, and the country is equally alien to him. Here, he is acquainted with a reserved girl, Erica, who, apparently, feels guilty in befriending the author because she feels that makes her unfaithful to her deceased boyfriend. Although the author finds her to be a source of comfort, it seems that the relation is not mutual because she is constantly reminded of her late boyfriend by Hamid. Maybe that is the irony of their relationship. His worries are about his family. Ultimately, he returns to his country, which is where the novel begins. Here again, Hamid touches upon the fact that maybe the only permanent and most consistent companion one can hope for is one's family. *The Reluctant Fundamentalist* is a fabulous read. The simplicity of its language and the succinct address to multifarious issues makes it unique.

(Saurav Sethia)

| Poetry and Conflict |

On poems by Seamus Heaney and the Irish Conflict

Seamus Heaney, in theory, could perhaps be termed the quintessential 'Irish' poet, for Ireland—be it that of potato farms and peat bogs, or that of the IRA and the 'troubles'—never leaves his poetry. He recognizes this reality early on, in a poem like *Follower*, where he states that:

'...But today
It is my father who keeps stumbling
Behind me, and will not go away.'

and never lets this reality go, clinging on to the idea of an Irish 'tribe,' the idea of a unique Catholic Ireland. Indeed, Heaney seems to insist that as a poet, it is his role to answer, his prerogative to clarify his position in society and his views of it. But while this remains a constant in his poetry, one cannot say that Seamus Heaney's poetry has not been coloured in some way by the paradigm shift in political activity in his native Ireland. And, it is in this evolution that we see a subtle difference in Seamus Heaney's early and later writings.

Clearly, the most marked shift in Heaney's writing is in its setting. A pastoral Irish setting is replaced by a decidedly political one, and the attention shifts from the bit motifs of 'potatoes' and 'digging' to bolder metaphors questioning concepts like 'freedom'. At one level, Heaney goes so far as to say that the Irish attachment to their land is greater than that to Christianity. At another, more emphatic level though, his purpose is to illustrate the manner in which the Irish people rely on the potato crop. In the third stanza of the same poem, Heaney harks back to the great potato blight of 1845, describing how the failure of a single harvest resulted in the destruction of the entire Irish spirit, as "*Hope rotted like marrow*". This image is intensified stylistically as Heaney abandons his rather loose iambic metre in ABAB rhyme to adopt a more sinister trochaic metre in AABB rhyme, almost signifying a sort of dance of death. However he refuses to accept death in the final outcome, restraining hope in the last stanza. Heaney is thus effectively able to come to terms with the Irish identity, something which he expressed his desire to do in his very first poem *Digging*, where, on seeing the manner in which generation after generation of his forefathers worked at the potato drills, excavating their roots, he too develops a desire to get to his roots. It is interesting to note here the manner in which Heaney uses the metaphor of potatoes to evoke almost every human condition. The potato *is* the Irish way of life.

In essence, Heaney by referring constantly to the work of his forefathers, and giving it great attention, tries in his early poems to build a sense of a great Irish past and a traditional Irish community. However, his faith in this community wavers as time goes on, and politics change, and herein lies the difference in Heaney's poetry. While he retains the idea of Ireland, and the Irish identity, he strikes out in *Punishment* and *Casualty* against the idea of a greater common good at the expense of individual liberty. In both he also rejects the modern notion of the Irish tribe, another major shift in his approach. In *Punishment* the tribe is responsible for imposing a savage and pre-civilized form of revenge, an 'intimate tribal revenge' on a series of 'little adultresses'. And in *Casualty* it is responsible for the murder of an innocent fisherman—the 'tribal complicity', in this case is in no doubt.

Clearly, Heaney is troubled by this shift. At one level, he is able to describe the British occupation as Nazi rule, comparing a camp of Irish prisoners to ‘Stalag 17’, but in *Casualty*, he is asked in connection with the murder of an innocent,

*“Now you are an educated man
... Puzzle me the
Answer to that one.”*

Moreover, he finds himself unnervingly silent when faced with repression by his own tribe. In *Punishment* he admits that he would have cast ‘the stones of silence’, for he is the ‘artful voyeur’. Heaney realizes that his individuality is compromised in his quest for political freedom.

So, while Heaney maintains his position of a poet giving answer after answer, his ‘answers’ gradually change in mood and tenor. The idea of an ‘Irish tribe’ is played around with but finally abandoned, and the goal of political freedom for Ireland is ultimately subverted to the altruistic goal of individual freedom for all, for as Heaney finally realizes in *Casualty*, how can true freedom be attained by curfews and killings? This realization, perhaps more than any other, differentiates Heaney’s early poems from his later ones.

(Ashish Mitter)

| Wildean Wit |

Paradoxes in Victorian Society

Cecily: *Cake or bread and butter?*

Gwendolen: *Bread and butter please. Cake is rarely seen at the best houses now-a-days.*

Through this banter, the Wildean and wider Victorian preoccupation with food in the upper classes is



reflective of the stark contradictions prevalent in English society. At one end of the spectrum, the ‘working-man’ survived on potato peels and the galloping prices of essential commodities made life

a daily battle, while, in the plush morning salon at Half Moon Street, Algernon Moncrieff relished cucumber sandwiches. The surfeit of resources at grand banquets and ‘fashionable’ households is palpably contrasted with statements like:

Algernon: *I am greatly distressed, Aunt Augusta, about there being no cucumbers, not even for ready money.*

The crumpets, lumps of sugar and cucumber sandwiches are important plot advancement techniques that Oscar Wilde uses in his play *The Importance of Being Earnest* to unearth the crude realities of the time and a vehicle

to move Wildean wit and establish the salon culture with the Dandy as its archetype.

When Sir Robert Giffen examined the economic history of Victorian England, he studied the rise in price of essential commodities and the resulting malnutrition in the lower orders. In *Alice in Wonderland*, Lewis Carroll comments on the plentiful supply of food available to the aristocracy and how the lower end of society was deprived of anything beyond sustenance.

“And what does it live on?”

“Weak tea with cream in it.”

A new difficulty came into Alice’s head. “Supposing it couldn’t find any?” she suggested.

“Then it would die, of course.” “But that must happen very often,” Alice remarked thoughtfully.

“It always happens.”

Even in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, food scenes are often sources of bickering and divergence between the characters, largely reflective of the widespread social conflict on malnutrition, employment and morality.

Gwendolen: *You have filled my tea with lumps of sugar, and though I asked most distinctly for bread and butter, you have given me cake. I am known for the gentleness of my disposition and the extraordinary sweetness of my nature, but I warn you, Miss Cardew, you may go too far.*

Evidently, the brawl between Gwendolen and Cecily originates at the tea-table. In Act One, Jack is unchivalrously stopped from eating cucumber sandwiches and is offered “bread and butter”, something Gwendolen is seemingly devoted to. Just as Jack bites into the bread, Algernon categorically rejects the marriage claims: “*You are not married to her [Gwendolen] and never will be... girls never marry the men they flirt with.*” In both the scenes, the tone is tense and there is an undercurrent of disagreement. However, characteristic of Wildean comedy, a dose of wit eases the digestion of the reader. Therefore, it can be inferred that like many contemporaries of his time, Oscar Wilde uses food as a ‘conflict point’ in his plots which is reflective of eighteenth century economic realities.

Strictly speaking of the text, food contributes in the wordplay between characters and extensively builds the Wildean humour, which becomes a driving force in the plot. “*Crumpets*” is intended as a pun; the colloquial usage of the word refers to a prostitute, and is aptly designated to Lady Harbury who “*lives entirely for pleasure*.” Similarly, Chasuble spoke “*horticulturally*” when he called “*young women green*”. Fruits are time and again metaphorically used to display passion and Quixotic* love.

“It is customary in good society to take some slight refreshments at five o’clock” says Algernon, and indeed, food is an infallible theme in upper-class society. The mannerisms of the salon are evident in the guest lists of the

grand banquets, the seating arrangement at dining tables and food-habits of the high-and-mighty. Once again, the dining room serves as a discussion point and commentary on Victorian society. This is evident in the fact that Lady Bracknell doesn't consider the Tories worthy enough to dine with but "amusing" and how Algernon's absence will "completely put the table out" when she later dines with Mary Farquhar. The eateries are reflective of the "free-and-easy ways" of the salon society. Through this play, the varied meanings of food in Victorian society are brought out. Food connotes luxury and the display of indulgence in the upper orders while it symbolizes the daily struggle of the roadside dustman.

While history judges eighteenth century England as an era of Imperialism and empire building, Oscar Wilde uses the Victorian household to establish the worm's-eye view and the prevalent inner contradictions. While nutrition, emancipation of women and employment invigorated the common man on the streets, the policy-makers were engrossed with territorial disputes, political consolidation and economic exploitation of colonies. There was a gap between these varied interests, which often led to social conflict. Food was symbolic of survival and the struggle in ordinary lives. By juxtaposing food with the rich tapestry, "Chippendale furniture" and the civilized music of aristocratic drawing-rooms, these contradictions are highlighted and satirically commented upon.

Sources: Victorian Web (Malnutrition and Social History (Public Health) Sections) References from Alice in Wonderland, Pygmalion by GB Shaw and The Importance of Being Earnest (Norton Edition). * Quixotic love is a concept born out of Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, a book that deals with a knight and his notions of courtly love.

(Shikhar Singh)

Solitude

One watches the rain,
Traverse the fragmented glass,
Like drink to the human mind,
Peace to the soul.

A conversation may
Readily arise,
From the depths of silence,
Engulfing the bodily instruments.

Memories from the vast spaces,
A canopy of thoughts,
Illuminating the darkest reaches.

I am all alone,
With only shadows for comfort,
Reflecting and reminiscing,
In a life of dreams.
Enjoyed by the tranquility of solitude.
(Mansher Dhillon)

Poetry

THEATRE

Unheard Voices

On August 19, the school witnessed an unusual performance (namely, the *Unsuni*) by Mallika Sarabhai. This performance was a play (based on Harsh Mander's book, *Unheard Voices*) set against the backdrop of an urban street. The play was a means of conveying to all the importance of reaching out and lending a helping hand to the people suffering on the streets. As the play unfolded, the audience was acquainted with the conditions of the poor living on the streets in a way truly never 'seen' before.

The play was divided into five sections. The first gave the audience a glimpse of street children and the lives led by them. Next was a scene from a country where landlords were aided by government rules and the judicial systems in their efforts to take the land from those who had lived on it for years. The third section was about the situation of the untouchables, the sweepers, the lowest denominator of the caste-based Indian society, the oppressed *Dalits* who are forced to serve the higher classes against their will. Then there was a section about the life of a Muslim woman who survived the 1989 massacre in Chanderi. Her family was among the hundreds killed by fanatics. Finally, the last scene was a story about outcast lepers and how a bureaucrat helps them to settle down in a colony; getting them off begging and helping them to cooperate with each other.

Through the backdrop of everyday life, the play effectively painted an accurate picture of the plight of the beggars and pedlars on the urban streets.

Street theatre performances, such as this, are characterized by simple costumes and props and are usually meant to be done outdoors, in the open. In street theatre, the focus is on the plot and the impact that it is supposed to have on the general audience.

On being asked about *Darpana* (the organization working for the poor who had organised the play) and why she chose to do a play as a means of communicating with the masses, Mallika Sarabhai said that plays, and especially such plays, had a deep impact on the minds of the public. When the people see problems of the populace depicted in their day-to-day life, their response becomes more intense. Everyone knows that poverty exists in the world, but when that very poverty is thrust into every human being's face, only then does one feel compelled to act.

Street theatre is the art of doing the very same thing— minimum resources are used and maximum impact is made on the audience. It can be considered to be a direct way of creating awareness among

the masses.

Street theatre, in its unique way, appeals to most audiences. Since it requires few props and does not have a very complex plot, it is easy to comprehend for the common people; still, the deeper message embedded within the action on stage, has an impact on the higher denominations of society. In this way, street theatre performances are an ideal means of communicating with the public.

(Vishnukaant Pitty)

takeone

| Entertainment and Sport |

The Twenty20 World Cup and the Chak De India campaign

With the world making rapid progress, many things are trying to keep up in innovative ways. Everything from nanotechnology to food has become faster, quicker and more appealing to the consumer.

These newer versions of everything have become very popular and are advertised heavily. Some things are merged to get new and adrenaline-pumping versions such as sport and entertainment, which have now become substantially closer.

This new blend makes sport, just for thrills and awe, striking, exciting and fabulous gameplay. It makes it faster, jazzier and shorter...a package of entertainment which no one can resist.

Recently, two new versions of entertainment and sport, namely the movie *Chak de India* and T20 cricket respectively have emerged and have got the world in a frenzy.

Chak De is India's new motto. Everyone, from international cricketers sitting in their dressing rooms, to executives in their boardrooms are using it. It is now India's newest phenomenon, striking a chord with people from all walks of life. Finally, Indians, for all their diversity, have something in common.

So what exactly is 'Chak De'? *Chak De India* is one of the most recent movies the Yash Raj film banner has churned out. Incidentally, this Shah Rukh Khan-starring hockey drama is also the most influential.

It begins with a flashback to the finals of the hockey World Cup between rivals India and Pakistan, with Kabir Khan (Shah Rukh himself) as India's captain. A match too close to call, sees the game going to a penalty shoot-out. Kabir, deciding to take India's final penalty himself...misses. Pakistan wins. The Indian team is humiliated as they return home. Rumours abound that the captain's actions were deliberate, that he actually wanted Pakistan to win. The residents of Kabir's colony cold-shoulder him, sully his name and write the word 'traitor' on the boundary wall of his house. A devastated Kabir Khan retires and lives with this pain for seven hard years.

In the present now, a disgraced ex-captain of the men's hockey team applies for the post of coach for the women's version of the game. Amidst heavy po-

litical pressure, he perseveres, even pitting his girls against men. However, his true problem is the team itself. Divided in every possible way- religion, class and language, they only care for their state teams and their own personal interests. Drawn from as far away as Tamil Nadu, Mizoram and Jharkhand, the city-slickers are forced to play alongside the small-town stars and the experienced players with their juniors, as a team. The dictatorial (read: 'Tughlaq') ways of their coach, too, do not seem to help much, until the team ultimately learns the true meaning of team spirit, what it means to play under a single flag (and not for different states) and, most importantly, that they must be united in order to win.

From then on begins a roller-coaster ride of ups and downs, as the team travels Down Under for the Women's World Cup, setting out to achieve what their embattled coach had let slip from his grasp- true glory.

So, to cut a long story short, the film is all about patriotism, a sense of belonging and the collective emotion of a nation. It has also, quite successfully, portrayed the flaws in the Indian administrative system, the gender bias and the class distinctions that exist in India. This, in essence, is *Chak De*- a group of fifteen young women, against all odds, pushing forward to do their nation proud.

Twenty20 cricket is everything anyone needs for enjoyment. It is like an action movie; packed with unexpected turns and results. This new form of cricket is an abbreviated version of classic cricket, which focuses on bowling your heart out and thrashing every ball with the bat. It is market-oriented cricket. It doesn't focus on 'retaining wickets' or 'field placements', but just pure action. Its three hours of breathless and action-packed entertainment with American style cheerleaders is complete. This new style of cricket has become 'commercial cricket' and is perhaps what cricket needs to spice it up; pure entertainment. Thus, today, we find that sport and entertainment are becoming complementary.

On the other hand, T20 cricket is completely unorthodox and has taken the class and skill out of cricket. It now doesn't matter how well you time the ball but how hard and far you can hit it.

These new blends have definitely got their pros and cons but ultimately will, in our opinion, leave an impression and in some way or another, remain popular.

(Bharat Ganju and Dhruv Velloor)

DEBASHISH CHAKRABARTY ON

IDEOLOGY

Ideology is the way of looking at things. It is a perspective. In an overtly consumerist world today, where instant gratification barely leaves any space for having any point of view, I would still say that it is the core concept on which the world runs (even not having a point of view is a point of view). The students of today must be encouraged to develop their own perspectives, for that engenders choice which in turn will decide their future. One may or may not choose to accept an extant ideology, but at no instance must one exert choice without having understood multiple perspectives of any given context or event. For instance, if one chooses *Coca Cola* over *jalzeera* one must know and be convinced with the reasons of one's choice. Likewise, when a student chooses 'Science' over 'Arts' or 'Commerce', very few students, or even parents, have any clue as to the reasons or the logic behind their choice. Just a driving ambition to become a doctor without knowing why a doctor is 'better' suited to an individual's talent is more often than not detrimental for the student's health. At yet another level, one must understand the nation's policies from the various ideological perspectives. Junking either the nuclear deal or Prakash Karat's opposition to it trivially would be an anomaly. Ideology defines us and should be allowed to brew within any person for it is the essence of an individual's existence.



HAMMAD FAROOQUI ON

JOURNALISM

Today's mainstream journalism has completely turned into a business rather than a mission or vision. Even editorials have turned into 'advertorials'. At times, the whole front page contains advertisements. Journalists have also turned newspapers into commodities as in the corporate sector.

Visual journalism, nowadays, has absolutely no accountability and broadcasts only sensational news. Even USA-based channels have become a form of embedded journalism. A few regional newspapers and *The Hindu* are still accountable, but none of the news channels are at all. The worst examples of journalism today are *The Times of India*, *Punjab Kesari* and *Samna* (Marathi). To top it all, Hindi newspapers today have a communal touch.

(Views collected by Pranjal Singh)



SANDEEP ADHIKARI ON

EMERGENCY

The intention was positive and initially effective in dealing with India's miseries. It would have set everything right but people misinterpreted it and everything backfired on the government. It was required at that time but today's coalition politics does not permit this course of action.



PIYUSH MALAVIYA ON

70s MUSIC

The 70s music was the music of my times and so I identify with it. I don't think it would be an exaggeration to call this period the golden period of Hindi film music.

The trio of Kishore Kumar, Rafi and Mukesh, and of course Asha Bhonsle and Lata Mangeshkar, along with numerous lyricists and music directors like R.D. Burman, Kalyanji-Anandji and Shankar-Jai Kishan have really made music memorable. It's not surprising that most of the remixes which are hits today are originally from the 70s.

PURNIMA DUTTA ON

HISTORY



History is an account of the past. No interpretation of history can be objective. Even if you choose the same 'facts', how you choose to interpret those facts is a function of who you are culturally, emotionally and personally.

Even the facts one chooses in order to interpret certain events and processes, are subject to difference in perception. But that is the very essence of knowledge- if we had known everything in its entirety, we would no longer be learners; we would be seers!



ANGAD SINGH ON

ANARCHY

I believe that anarchy should be philosophically understood - true personal freedom and abolition of all control. It is not a society determined by chaos, guns, bombs and corpses. Because democracy is stagnating and people are doubting the effectiveness of the present system, anarchy is being given a thought.

हम भी करेंगे बॉडी बिल्डिंग

चन्द्रचूड शुक्ल

हाल ही की बात है कि मैंने अखबार में एक खबर पढ़ी थी, जिसमें मिस्टर युनिवर्स प्रतियोगिता का जिक्र था। बस, यही से शुरू होती है कहानी। उस समाचार को पढ़कर और समाचार के बाजू में छपे विशालकाय पहलवानों के चित्र देखकर जो सबसे पहला काम मैंने किया वह था आदम के सामने जाकर अपने शरीर को निहारने का। मैंने पाया कि उनकी सुगठित मींस-पेशियों के सामने मेरा शरीर बहुत ही बेटील दिखाई देता था। इस तुलना ने मुझे गहरे अवसाद में डकैल दिया। फिर मेरे मन में भी प्रेरणा जागी कि अपने शरीर पर भी कुछ काम किया जाए। अगले ही दिन निकल पड़ा जिम की ओर।

जिम पहुँचा तो पाया कि उसके दरवाजे पर दो खतरनाक टाइट के पहलवानों की तस्वीरें टँगी हुई थीं। इन तस्वीरों को देखकर मेरी बॉडी बिल्डिंग करने की इच्छा और भी बढ़ गई। अन्दर प्रवेश किया तो पाया कि चारों ओर तरह तरह के लोहे के गोले और दण्ड फैले हुए थे। कुछ विचित्र सी दिखने वाली मशीनें जहाँ तहाँ स्थापित थीं। समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि कहीं से शुरुआत की जाए। तभी मेरी नजर एक कोने में रखे हुए डम्बलों पर पड़ी। मैंने कई फिल्मों में अभिनेताओं को डम्बल का प्रयोग करते देखा था। इसलिए मैंने तय किया कि व्यायाम का श्रीगणेश डम्बलों के साथ ही किया जाए। जोश में भर कर एक पन्द्रह किलो का डम्बल उठाया ही था कि कुछ कड़कने की आवाज मेरे कानों में पड़ी। साथ ही बॉह में भयंकर दर्द महसूस हुआ। ध्यान दिया तो पता चला कि वह आवाज तो मेरी हड्डियों के चटखने की थी। मैं अचानक आसमान से जमीन पर आ गिरा था। इसी के साथ उस दिन के जोश का कोटा भी खत्म हो गया। वह दिन था और आज का दिन है, मैंने जिम की तरफ मुँह उठाकर भी नहीं देखा। अब तो मेरा बॉडी बिल्डिंग का शौक केवल दूसरों को सलाह देने तक सिमटकर रह गया।

इस घटना के कुछ दिनों के बाद मैं अपने बगीचे में टहल रहा था। देखा, हमारे एक परम मित्र श्री गजानन्द श्रीवास्तव जी एक आधी बाजू की शर्ट और हाफ पैन्ट पहने चले जा रहे थे। मैं उनका पहनावा देखकर हैरान रह गया। कारण दर्पण की तरह साफ था, हमारे धोती-कुर्ताछाप श्रीवास्तव जी अचानक इन छोटे और बदन दिखाऊ कपड़ों में कैसे प्रवेश कर गये थे। मैंने इस परिवर्तन का राज जानने की कोशिश की तो पता चला कि मिस्टर युनिवर्स प्रतियोगिता की खबर का असर केवल मेरे ऊपर ही नहीं अन्य प्राणियों पर भी पड़ा था। मालूम हुआ कि श्रीवास्तव जी भी आजकल जिम के चक्कर काट रहे थे। अब तक मैं केवल अपनी दुर्दशा पर हँस रहा था, इसके बाद मुझे उनकी होने वाली दुर्दशा का ख्याल करके और भी हँसी आने लगी।

इसके कुछ समय बाद हमारी भेंट हमारे एक पुराने साथी श्री कंटक प्रसाद से हुई। उनकी भी उछड़ी हुई ककडीनुमा भुजाओं और सिंगरटी टाँगों को देखकर ही मैं समझ गया कि ये भी उस प्रेरित लोगों की सूची में शामिल हो गये हैं।

हमारे एक और मित्र हैं जिन्होंने ज्यादा सधे हुए तरीके से बॉडी बिल्डिंग करने का फैसला किया। उन्होंने व्यायाम प्रारम्भ करने से पहले अपनी खुराक पर विशेष ध्यान देने का निश्चय किया। शायद समय की कमी के चलते व्यायाम तो शुरू न हो सका पर खुराक अवश्य तीन गुना हो गई। इसका परिणाम यह हुआ कि बॉडी के बाकी अंग तो वैसे के वैसे ही रहे पर 'पेट-बिल्डिंग' काफी हो गई।

न जाने कितने लोग हैं जो बॉडी बिल्डिंग तो करना चाहते हैं, पर उसके लिए आवश्यक लगन उनमें नहीं है। शुरुआत में काफी जोश दिखाया जाता है, पर शरीर हार मान जाता है। सच बताऊँ तो यह सब सलमान खान जैसे सितारों की शुरु किया खेल है। जब देखो टीवी में, अखबारों में, पत्रिकाओं में कभी रुपा के कच्चे पहने तो कभी लवस कोजी की बनियान में अपनी बाजुओं की मछलियाँ चमकाते दिखाई देते रहते हैं। शरीर की स्वाभाविक सुडीलता आज पुरुषों की सुन्दरता का पैमाना नहीं रह गई है। सब जगह प्रदर्शन है, तब शरीर ही इससे अछूता कैसे रह सकता है।

आज की युग और गाँधीगिरी

विभास पाहुजा

आजादी के साठ वर्ष बाद भी देश के हालात बता रहे हैं कि इस देश को सबसे अधिक यदि किन्हीं सिद्धान्तों की आवश्यकता है तो वे हैं गाँधी के सिद्धान्त। वर्तमान स्थिति नासद है। कहते हैं कि वर्तमान में भारत की बुरी दशा इसलिए है क्योंकि जिस पल अंग्रेजों ने भारत को आजादी दी, वह पल अशुभ था। पर गाँधी जी के सिद्धान्त कर्मशीलता,

श्रमदान, स्वावलम्बन के सिद्धान्त हैं। इसलिए अशुभ पल जैसी कोई बात गाँधीवादी के लिए बेमानी हो जाती है। शायद, भारत की बुरी स्थिति का कारण यह है कि हम इन सिद्धान्तों को अपनी जिंदगी में लागू नहीं कर रहे हैं।

गाँधी जी के विचारों की बात करें तो उसमें हम पाते हैं — नारी और दलित समाज के उत्थान की बात, सामाजिक एकता, मातृ-भाषा, प्रेम, नई तालीम, खादी, आर्थिक समानता, निर्व्यसनता और ग्राम आरोग्यता की बात। गाँधी के सिद्धान्त हमें पुरुषार्थ के साथ-साथ सत्य के पक्ष में आवाज उठाने की प्रेरणा देते हैं। पर, शायद इन सिद्धान्तों की आवाज मर रही है। यदि इन सिद्धान्तों को मान कर रचनात्मक कार्यों में जन-जागृति के लिए गाँव-देहातों में कार्यक्रम चलाए जाएँ तो भारतीय गाँवों का कायाकल्प होते देर नहीं लगेगी। बापू ने कहा था — देश का हित तभी होगा जब देश के सबसे निचले स्तर पर उन्नति शुरू होगी। शहरों की इमारतों गाँवों के खून से बनती हैं। दुर्भाग्य से, हिन्दुस्तान में गाँवों का भला कम ही हो रहा है। तीस करोड़ लोग भारत में गरीबी रेखा के नीचे रहते हैं। भारत की जनता के आठ प्रतिशत लोग बेरोजगार हैं। इस स्थिति में तो आर्थिक समानता नहीं दिखती है।

दिल्ली और दूसरे महानगरों में बैठी गाँधीवादी जो गाँधी-विचार के प्रवक्ता और वाहक रहे हैं, वे स्वयं हताशा की स्थिति में आ गए हैं। वे बड़ी-बड़ी गोष्ठियों में शिरकत करते हैं, किंतु गाँधीजी की बात प्रभावी ढंग से लागू नहीं कर पाते हैं। गाँधीजी ने निर्व्यसनता की बात भी की थी पर उनके अपने आश्रम वर्ध में ही व्यसन और शराब चलती है। कारण आप समझ सकते हैं। शायद वे लोग ऊपर से गाँधीवादी हैं, भीतर से भोगवादी। हमारे देश की तैतालीस प्रतिशत जनता अनपढ़ है। यह दशा तो भली-भाँति दिखाती है कि गाँधीजी की नई तालीम की योजना कहीं तक कामयाब हुई है।

अब इस बात का दूसरा पहलु देखें तो हम पायेंगे कि इन सिद्धान्तों का प्रचार करने के लिए प्रयास किया जा रहा है। गाँधी जी के सिद्धान्तों को जमीनी स्तर पर क्रियान्वित करने वाली कुछ संस्थाएँ हैं — सर्व-सेवा संघ, सर्वोदय मण्डल, ग्राम सेवा मण्डल, गाँधी शांति प्रतिष्ठान आदि। काका कालेलकर, दादा धर्माधिकारी, सुशील नय्यर, राजकुमारी अमृत कौर, मीरा बेन जैसे लोग गाँधीवाद का प्रचार कर रहे हैं। उत्तर प्रदेश के चित्रकूट जिले में गाँधीवादी नानाजी देखमुख ने चित्रकूट ग्रामोदय के साथ मिलकर जिस ग्रामीण विकास की गंगा ग्रामीण क्षेत्रों में बहाई है, उसका आधार गाँधी के सिद्धान्त हैं। ग्रामीण विकास का महत्त्वपूर्ण उदाहरण राजस्थान में तिलोनिया नामक एक गाँव है जहाँ की स्थिति बहुत अच्छी है।

गाँधी जी ने नारी के समाज में उत्थान की बात की थी। और अब देखो, नारी इस देश को चलाने लग गई है। चाहे वह अध्यापिका के रूप में हो या नेता के रूप में। नारी वर्ग के लिए आरक्षण द्वारा तैतीस प्रतिशत सीटें सरकार की समितियों में रखी जाती हैं। दलित समाज के उत्थान की बात करें तो यह कहना चाहूँगा कि कुछ दिन पहले ही हमारे विद्यालय में एक समाजसेविका मल्लिका साराभाई ने 'अनसुनी' कार्यक्रम कराया था ताकि हम पिछड़े वर्गों की समस्याओं के बारे में जानकर उनकी मदद कर सकें। यह दृश्य दिखाता है कि गाँधीजी का सपना पूरा होते हुए ज्यादा देर नहीं लगेगी। अंत में, मैं यह कहना लाजिमी समझता हूँ कि एक स्वस्थ और सुन्दर ग्रामीण भारत का विकास केवल गाँधीवादी सिद्धान्तों से हो सकता है और इस देश को छद्म नहीं बल्कि वास्तविक गाँधीवादी संभाल सकते हैं। इन विचारकों को बड़े-बड़े महानगरों से निकलकर वास्तविक घरातल पर गाँधी के सिद्धान्तों को रोपना होगा। वह दिन दूर नहीं जब समाज और स्वप्न गाँधीजी चरखे पर बैठे बुन रहे थे, सच्चाई का रूप धारण कर लेंगे।

सिनेमेटोग्राफी

रंजय सौंढी

बदलते समय के साथ हिन्दी सिनेमा ने एक उद्योग का रूप ले लिया है। चौलीबुड में हर साल लगभग एक हजार फिल्में बनती हैं। लेकिन हम यह बात हमेशा भूल जाते हैं कि अभिनेताओं और गायकों को इतना भव्य रूप कैमरामैन ही दे पाता है।

यह तो सभी को पता है कि फिल्म किसी भी प्रकार की हो, बहुत सारे कैमरों का प्रयोग किया जाता है। एक ही दृश्य की कई स्थानों से

फुटेज' ली जाती है। प्रभावी 'विजुअल्स' देने के लिए एक रचनात्मक और बेहतरीन कैमरामैन की जरूरत होती है। कैमरामैन को बॉलीवुड उद्योग में 'सिनेमेटोग्राफर' कहते हैं। सभी कैमरों का नियंत्रण करने का काम 'सिनेमेटोग्राफर' का होता है।

'सिनेमेटोग्राफी' शब्द दो ग्रीक शब्दों का सम्मेलन है। इसका अर्थ है 'मूवमेंट को लिखना'। इसका मुख्य काम चित्र से जुड़े तकनीकी आयामों को ध्यान में रखना होता है। उसकी 'लाइटिंग', लेस निर्धारण, लेस का सामंजस्य, फिल्टर, एक्सपोजर और फिल्म का चुनाव आदि होता है। सिनेमेटोग्राफर को 'डायरेक्टर ऑफ फोटोग्राफी' कहा जाता है।

इसका कोर्स कोई भी बारहवीं पास छात्र कर सकता है। अगर सिनेमेटोग्राफी को कैरियर के रूप में देखा जाए तो इसमें अपार संभावनाएँ मौजूद हैं। आजकल इतनी फिल्में बन रही हैं कि अच्छे सिनेमेटोग्राफरों की कमी हो गई है। इस कैरियर में विभिन्न प्रोडक्शन हाउसों द्वारा अच्छा वेतन दिया जा रहा है।

उन्नति करते हुए भारत में फिल्मों का बहुत बड़ा हाथ है। नई नई चीजों से 'एक्सपोजर' हमें बॉलीवुड ही करा रहा है और हर एक दृश्य को इतना भव्य तथा अभिनेताओं को इतना महान पर्दे के पीछे बैठे सिनेमेटोग्राफर ही बना रहे हैं।

फूल

अरुण शुक्ल

जब सुबह के सूरज की पहली किरणें पहाड़ के पौधों पर, उस ओस से लिपटे, लाल रंग के गुलाब पर पड़ती हैं तो मन मोहित हो जाता है। इसी को सच्ची सुन्दरता कहते हैं। इस सुन्दरता के रूप ने मनुष्य की कल्पना को आवारा बना दिया है। वह कभी स्थिर ही नहीं रह सकी है और उसी दृष्टि की तलाश में यात्री की भाँति फिर रही है। सुन्दरता यही तो है जो आपकी साँसें थाम लेती है और जवान पर ताला लगा देती है। कानों में सबसे सुरीली आवाज भर देती है और आँखों को मुग्ध कर देती है। इन्द्रियों वश में नहीं रह जाती है। फूल भी इसी तरह छोटी, भावुक एवं सर्वप्रिय सुन्दर वस्तु है। फूलों का उपयोग पिछली कई शताब्दियों से हो रहा है। फूल अनेक रंगों में आने लगे हैं। अब तो काला गुलाब भी आ गया है। इतिहास में शाहजहाँ ने मुमताज महल को एक सुन्दर सा लाल गुलाब दिया था।

बीमारों के लिए फूलों का प्रयोग और प्रचलित हो गया है। यह एक अच्छा संकेत है कि आप कितना ख्याल रखते हैं, बीमार को भी यह अच्छा लगता है। शादियों एवं मंदिरों में फूलों का होना अत्यन्त महत्वपूर्ण है। भगवान की पूजा से लेकर बाराती के गले की माला तक फूलों का होना अच्छी प्रथा मानी जाती है।

फूलों का सबसे ज्यादा आनन्द स्त्रियाँ उठाती हैं। वे उनका अच्छी खुशबू के तौर पर या फिर गजरे के रूप में पहनने के लिए प्रयोग करती हैं। फूलों की नाजूकता का स्त्रियों से अटल रिश्ता है, और फूल महिला की सुन्दरता बढ़ाते हैं। मालाएँ भी आदर का प्रतीक होती हैं और किसी का स्वागत करने के लिए होती हैं, जिसमें फूल का भाग होता है।

फूल कई प्रकार के होते हैं, परन्तु सबसे दिखावा है — केतकी, घमेली, सूरजमुखी, गुलाब, रजनीगंधा, गेंदा आदि। यह अपने रंग एवं आकार में ठोस होते हैं। गुलाब एक ऐसा फूल है जो लगभग हर घर में पाया जाता है। इसका कारण यह है कि यह फूलों का राजा है और अत्यन्त सुन्दर है। गुलाब से गुलाबजल, गुलकंद जैसी वस्तुएँ बनती हैं और यह अनन्त प्रेम की निशानी है।

फूलों का प्रयोग नामों तक में आ चुका है। कई कन्याओं के नाम फूलों से मिलते जुलते हैं। भारत का राष्ट्रीय फूल कमल है और मुझे सबसे अच्छा लगता है। डहेलिया क्योंकि वह बहुत आकर्षक है और बहुत बड़ा है।

कभी-कभी आश्चर्य होता है विधाता पर कि उसकी कृति इतनी महान है कि एक इतनी नाजूक सी चीज भी हमारे जीवन को इतना प्रभावित कर जाती है।

शैक्षणिक संस्थाएँ और छात्रसंघ

ऐश्वर्य करण

भारत एक प्रजातांत्रिक गणतंत्र है। हमारे देश में जन-प्रतिनिधि ही सरकार बनाते हैं और देश में प्रशासन को सुचारु रूप से चलाते हैं। छात्र ही देश के भविष्य के निर्माता हैं। छात्रसंघ छात्रों के हित के

लिए संघर्ष करने के उद्देश्य से संगठित किया जाता है। शैक्षिक संस्थाओं के छात्र अपने प्रतिनिधियों का चुनाव करते हैं। छात्र प्रतिनिधि छात्रों की शिकायतों और उनकी माँगों को सम्बद्ध अधिकारियों तक पहुँचाने का काम करते हैं।

कुछ-एक संस्थाओं को छोड़ दें तो हम पाएँगे कि अधिकांश संस्थाओं में संघों की हालत शोचनीय है। यदि किसी कक्षा में चालीस छात्र बैठ सकते हैं तो उसमें साठ को दस दिया जाता है। कुर्सी, बेंच, पंखे तक उन कक्षाओं से नदारद होते हैं। अधिकांश शैक्षिक संस्थाओं के पास आवश्यकता की मूलभूत चीजें तक मौजूद नहीं होतीं। छात्रसंघों का यह प्राथमिक कर्तव्य है कि वे छात्र हित एवं उनकी आवश्यकताओं की आपूर्ति के लिए संघर्ष करें। छात्र संघों को चाहिए कि शांतिपूर्ण तरीके अपनाते हुए बातचीत के द्वारा वे छात्रों की शिकायतों को दूर करने का प्रयास करें। यदि सम्बद्ध अधिकारी छात्रसंघों की माँग को शांतिपूर्ण तरीकों से नहीं मानते तो उन्हें संवैधानिक आंदोलन का रास्ता भी अपनाने से नहीं हिचकना चाहिए। छात्र कल्याण के लिए छात्रसंघ का जागरूक एवं कर्तव्यनिष्ठ होना आवश्यक होता है। आज के छात्रसंघ शक्तिशाली हो चुके हैं। यदि उनकी माँगें नहीं मानी जाती तो वे स्कूल, कॉलेज और विश्वविद्यालय का जनजीवन ठप्प कर सकते हैं। कभी-कभी वह गलत माँगों के लिए भी आंदोलन का रास्ता अपना लेते हैं। छात्र नेता पड़ाई लिखाई नहीं करते और परीक्षा भवन में नकल करते हैं। पकड़े जाने पर निरीशकों को चाकू दिखाकर डराना-धमकाना आम बात हो गई है। बड़े-बड़े शहरों के छात्र नेता बसों का अपहरण करके शहर में तोड़-फोड़ करते हैं तथा सामान्य जनजीवन को प्रभावित करते हैं। छात्र आंदोलन को शांत करने के लिए तैनात की गई पुलिस के साथ छात्रों की हमेशा मिश्रित होती रहती है। विरोध यात्रा, धरना, भूख हड़ताल एवं घेराव जैसे हथियारों की मदद से छात्रसंघ अपनी माँगें मनवाने का प्रयत्न करते हैं। 1974 के छात्र आंदोलन ने गुजरात में सरकार को हिला दिया और राज्य से सरकार बदलनी पड़ी। 1974 का छात्र आंदोलन जो मूल्यहीनता एवं भ्रष्टाचार के खिलाफ था, उसने राष्ट्रव्यापी रूप धारण कर लिया था। ऐसे ऐतिहासिक आंदोलन विश्व में कम ही देखने को मिलते हैं। छात्रसंघ विद्यालयों में अध्ययन का बेहतर माहौल बनाने में योगदान कर सकते हैं। छात्रसंघों को छात्रहित को सर्वोपरि मानते हुए ही उचित मुद्दों पर हड़ताल करनी चाहिए। उन्हें कानून को अपने हाथ में नहीं लेना चाहिए।

प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य

अनन्त अग्रवाल

शीतल हवा में लहलहाते पत्ते, नीले आसमान के नीचे उत्सुकता से खेलते नन्हे पशु और हँसते फूलों पर भिनभिनाती मधुमक्खियाँ। चाँदनी से ढके ऊँचे पहाड़ों की शान्ति और स्थिरता को तोड़ते हुए पक्षियों का म. जुर संगीत और पवित्र जल के बहने की आवाज। चाँद की कोमलता, रात में टिमटिमाते कोसों दूर तारे और समुद्र की चंचल लहरें — कभी आपने इनका आनन्द उठाया है या फिर कभी सौन्दर्य के महत्त्व के बारे में दो-चार विचार प्रकट किये हैं? इस संसार में सौन्दर्य और दूसरों से अच्छे सम्बन्ध रखना ही ऐसी दो चीजें हैं जो मनुष्य को आनन्द दिला सकती हैं। हरे-भरे खेतों और जंगलों की अद्भुत दुनिया को सम्यक दृष्टि से देख हमें प्रकृति के सौन्दर्य पर विश्वास नहीं हो पाता है। हम चिंताओं की दुनिया में इतने उलझे हुए रहते हैं कि हम पल भर निकालकर सुन्दरता की दुनिया को देखना भी भूल जाते हैं। इस चिंताओं की दुनिया ने हमें इस हद तक नियंत्रित कर रखा है कि हम सूर्योदय और सूर्यास्त के मन मोह लेने वाले दृश्यों को देख हम प्रकृति के कृतज्ञ न होकर सूर्य को प्रणाम तक नहीं करते हैं। वर्षा में मोरों के नृत्य तथा चारों ओर ओलों से श्वेत हुए घरों और मैदानों की सुन्दरता में डूबते हुए हम बच्चे बन जाते हैं। हमें हमारी बचपन की यादें सदा प्रसन्न करती हैं।

जीवन में सौन्दर्य बहुत फैला हुआ है परन्तु आज मनुष्य प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य की अपेक्षा आधुनिक सौन्दर्य के पीछे भागा जा रहा है। वह हीरे-मोतियों को अधिक महत्त्व दे रहा है और अपने जीवन को सुनहरी माने जाने वाली इमारतों का कैदी बना रहा है। जो पर्यटक सात समुद्र पार की दुनिया में घूमते हैं, वे स्वयं के घर से देखे गए उस अद्वितीय सौन्दर्य से ही अपरिचित होते हैं। यह प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य दुनिया के सात अजूबों से भी महान है।

जागिए! अपने पास के स्वर्गिक दुनिया को एक नए सिरे से देखिए!

ईश्वर की सृष्टि का सारा कार्य निश्चित नियम के अनुसार होता है। सूर्योदय, सूर्यास्त, गर्मी, सर्दी, वर्षा तथा दिन-रात आदि प्राकृतिक नियम के अनुसार होते हैं। प्रकृति भी अनुशासन का पालन करती है। शायद इसीलिए सबसे बुद्धिमान मानव से भी इस चीज की अपेक्षा की जाती है। अनुशासन का अर्थ होता है अपने आपको नियमों के अनुसार चलाने की दृढ़ शक्ति।

समाज में अनुशासन का पालन करना - पानी की पवित्रता में, खड़े होना, साफ़ाई से कार्य करना, बड़ों का आदर करना, सड़कों पर अनुशासन पर ध्यान रखना, कक्षा में शान्त रहना आदि हैं। इन अनुशासनों का पालन न करने से हमें समाज में आर्थिक या जीवन की हानि का सामना करना पड़ सकता है। अनुशासन एक और प्रकार का होता है - आन्तरिक अनुशासन। मनुष्य के मन में एक कर्तव्य की भावना के रूप में प्रेरणा बनकर उभरता है। इसके अलावा अपने मन, कर्म और वचन के रूप में हम शरीर पर अनुशासन रख सकते हैं।

आज हमारे राष्ट्र को सभी प्रकार की अनुशासनों की जरूरत है। अनुशासन एक व्यक्ति और समाज को शक्तिशाली बनाता है और समाजों के शक्तिशाली होने से राष्ट्र भी शक्तिशाली बनता है। अनुशासन एक व्यक्ति को शिष्ट और नम्र बनाता है। इससे व्यक्ति अपनी शक्तियों का दुरुपयोग करना बन्द कर देता है। वह सहज होकर कर्तव्य का पालन करता है और सच्ची सुख-शान्ति का अनुभव करता है।

राज्य की प्रगति के लिए जनता का अनुशासित होना आवश्यक है। लेकिन आजकल देश में अनुशासनहीनता भरी पड़ी है। नेता, जनता, छात्र, व्यापारी तथा मजदूर तक अनुशासनहीन बनते जा रहे हैं। अनुशासनहीनता का एक कारण है भ्रष्टाचार। बात-बात पर हठताल करना, विरोध करना, तोड़-फोड़ करना आदि सब अनुशासनहीनता के उदाहरण हैं। इसका प्रभाव बहुत ही घातक हो सकता है। इससे जीवन की व्यवस्था और राष्ट्र की आर्थिक प्रगति प्रभावित होती है। इन सबसे हमारे व्यक्तिगत और राष्ट्रीय सम्मान को घोट पहुँचती है। आज हमारी आवाज़ें लापरवाही से सुनी जाती हैं। कवि श्री गुप्त जी ने कभी कहा था -

हम कौन थे? क्या हो गए? और क्या होंगे अभी।

आओ विचारे बैठकर, हम सब समस्याएँ सभी।।

इसलिए हमें अनुशासनहीनता दूर करने के लिए सबसे पहले विद्यालयों या छात्र वर्ग में अनुशासन की भावना जागृत करनी चाहिए। इससे हमारे राष्ट्र को मजबूत नींव मिलेगी और भविष्य सबका खिलेगा। लेकिन सबसे पहले हमें स्वयं को अनुशासन के आदर्श पर रखना पड़ेगा।

सच बोलने के दुःख

ध्रुव कुमार

सत्यमेव जयते। कहते हुए और दूरी में विश्वास करते लोग कई बार खुद ही धोखा खा जाते हैं। कहा जाता है कि हमेशा सत्य की विजय होती है, और हमेशा सच बोलने वाला व्यक्ति ही सम्मान पाता है। मगर, क्या यह सत्य हमेशा अच्छा ही परिणाम देता है? नहीं। जिन्दगी में हर इंसान को कभी न कभी किसी घटना पर सच बोलने पर हानि या दुःख जरूर होता है।

आप खुद ही सोचिए। कभी आपने झूठ बोला हो और आप बच गए हों या फिर कभी आपने सच बोला हो, मगर फिर भी आपको कड़ी सजा मिली हो। मुसीबत की बात तो यह कि आजकल इस देश में ही नहीं बल्कि दुनिया में ही बेईमान और झूठे वादे करने वाले लोग सफल होते हैं।

मैं ऐसी ही एक घटना का उदाहरण देना चाहूँगा जब मुझे सच बोलने का असली दुःख पहली बार महसूस हुआ। इस घटना को घटे एक साल भले ही हो गया हो मगर मैं इसे कभी नहीं भूलता। हुआ-यह था कि एक दिन मेरे आवास के कप्तान ने खाने पर देरी से आते देखकर मुझे सजा दी। उस समय मैंने आसानी से कह दिया कि मैं एक अध्यापक के साथ था।

मेरी सोच से अलग, यह घटना खत्म नहीं हुई थी। अगले ही दिन 'हाऊस कप्तान' ने मुझे बुलाकर कहा कि वह सब जान चुका है। डर के कारण मैंने उसे सारी बात बता दी। जैसे ही मैंने पूरी कहानी बताकर कप्तान से क्षमा माँगी तो मुझे एक अट्टाहस सुनाई दिया। हाऊस कप्तान ने हँसते हुए बताया कि असल में वह सच नहीं जानता था। मेरे

मुँह से सच्ची कहानी सुनने के लिए उसने यह नाटक किया था। सारे वरिष्ठों की शाबासी के साथ मुझे एक ज्यादा कठिन सजा मिली।

इस बुरे परिणाम से मैंने काफ़ी सीख ली। पहली बात तो कभी भी हमें चालाकी नहीं करनी चाहिए और हर बात स्थिति को ध्यान में रखते हुए बोलनी चाहिए। कहा जाता है कि "एक झूठ को छुपाने के लिए हजारों झूठ बोलने होते हैं।" मगर कभी-कभी सच्ची बातें भी हमें दुःख पहुँचाती हैं। अब यह बिल्कुल आपके ऊपर है कि आप सिर्फ सच बोलेंगे और सब के अलावा कुछ नहीं कहेंगे या फिर झूठ के बल पर ही जिन्दगी जीना चाहेंगे।

जनसंचार माध्यम, समाज और बाजार

अंकुर सक्सेना

स्थान - भागलपुर, राज्य - बिहार। कैदियों की आँखों में तेजाब डाला गया ताकि उनसे कुछ जानकारी हासिल की जा सके। भारत में कैदियों की स्थिति पर एक प्रश्न सा उठ गया। इस खबर को हमारे सामने बाजारवाद से सबसे अधिक प्रभावित कहा जाने वाला अखबार ही लाया, वह था - "टाइम्स आफ इण्डिया।"

नन्दीग्राम, निटारी और न जाने कितने ऐसे उदाहरण होंगे जो यह साबित कर देंगे कि जन संचार माध्यम आज भी समाज को महत्व देते हैं। हमारा विषय प्राथमिकताओं की बात कर रहा है और मैं यह कहना चाहूँगा कि आज भी जन संचार माध्यमों की प्राथमिकता समाज है बाजार नहीं। खुफिया अभियान जैसे कार्यों में एक संवाददाता अपनी जान जोखिम में डालकर हमारे लिए खबर लाता है। क्या इतना कुछ कोई बाजार के लिए कर सकता है। असली बात तो यह है कि नजर वह देखती है जो वह देखना चाहती है। आदमी वह समझता है जो वह समझना चाहता है। अगर कोई भी संचार माध्यम "बी द पीपुल, द बिग फाइट", "आप की अदालत" इत्यादि कार्यक्रम दिखाये तो लोग कुछ नहीं कहेंगे पर अगर बीच में थोड़ा लम्बा विज्ञापन दिखा दिया तो तुरंत कहेंगे कि जन संचार माध्यम बाजारवाद से प्रभावित हो गया है।

हम यह क्यों नहीं समझते कि यह जन संचार माध्यम ही स्वस्थ वैचारिक आदान-प्रदान का सबसे बड़ा जरिया है। इन जन संचार माध्यमों के कारण आज एक आम आदमी डरता नहीं है। ये संचार माध्यम ही हमारे देश के जनतंत्र को एक नया रूप प्रदान करते हैं। मैं यह नहीं कहता कि ये माध्यम बाजारवाद से बिल्कुल प्रभावित नहीं हुए हैं। समस्या यह है कि आज की दुनिया में पैसा बोलता है और ऐसी दुनिया में रहने के लिए इन्हें कुछ तो करना पड़ेगा। आखिर ये अखबार के छपने का पैसा, टीवी चैनल के प्रसारित होने का पैसा कहाँ से आएगा?

अंत में मैं बस इतना ही कहना चाहता हूँ कि बाजार से यह जन संचार माध्यम प्रभावित जरूर हो सकते हैं पर इनकी प्राथमिकता हमेशा समाज ही रहेगी।

आरक्षण का आधार

आश्रय बत्रा

आज के समय में सब अपने अधिकारों के प्रति जागरूक हो रहे हैं। लोग अपनी भागीदारी के प्रति सतर्क हैं। परिणाम, आरक्षण की मौँग जोरों पर है। अब सवाल यह है कि आरक्षण का विचार हमारे देश में आया ही क्यों?

एक बच्चा अमीर खानदान में पैदा होता है और एक दूसरा गरीब घराने में। अमीर बच्चा अच्छे विद्यालय में जाता है, पढ़ता है, लिखता है, खेलता है, कूदता है, हँसता है, संगीत, वाद-विवाद आदि में रुचि रखता है। उसे यह सब करने का अवसर मिलता है। जबकि गरीब बच्चा सरकारी पाठशाला में जाता है, खेतों पर काम करने से कभी फुरसत मिले तो थोड़ा बहुत भाग-दौड़ लेता है। उसे यह सब करने का अवसर नहीं मिलता जो उस अमीर बच्चे को मिलता है।

अब जब ये दोनों एक अच्छे विश्वविद्यालय के लिए परीक्षा देते हैं, साक्षात्कार देते हैं तो जाहिर है वह गरीब बच्चा इतना अच्छा प्रदर्शन नहीं करेगा क्योंकि उसे इतना अच्छा करने का अवसर नहीं मिला, चाहे उसने जितनी मेहनत की हो। अब उस गरीब बच्चे को न्याय दिलवाने के लिए, भाग्य की जकड़ से छुड़वाने के लिए, आरक्षण करवाया गया है।

जिस समय पर आरक्षण का विचार पहली बार आया था, उस समय पूरी की पूरी जातियाँ इस हालत में थीं। यदि उस समय आप गुज्जर थे, या यादव थे, तो सबको पता था कि आप उस गरीब बच्चे की तरह थे जिसके बारे में मैंने आपको बताया था। परन्तु जैसे-जैसे समय गुजरता

गया इन जातियों में से कुछ लोगों की आर्थिक स्थिति सुधरती गई और आज ऐसे भी कई लोग हैं जो हैं तो पिछड़ी जातियों के, परन्तु हैं बहुत अमीर। तो आप ही बताइए, कि अब भी जाति के आधार पर आरक्षण होना चाहिए कि आर्थिक स्थिति के आधार पर।

अतः मैं आरक्षण के खिलाफ नहीं हूँ। आरक्षण एक विचार है। उसका उद्देश्य कमजोर और पिछड़े लोगों को मौका देकर के समान घसतल पर लाना है। अब मेरा प्रश्न है कि क्या कमजोर और पिछड़े सिर्फ एक ही जाति के होते हैं। निश्चित तौर पर नहीं क्योंकि गरीबी और बदहाली जाति देखकर नहीं आती अर्थात् आरक्षण होना चाहिए, परन्तु जाति के आधार पर न होकर आर्थिक स्थिति के आधार पर।

इतिहास बीती हुई चीज है और आज हमारे देश में अर्थ आधारित विभाजन हो गया है और अर्थ ही यह कारण है जिससे लोग प्रतियोगिता में लोगों से पिछड़ते हैं। अर्थात् आर्थिक आधार पर आरक्षण यदि नहीं दिया जाएगा तो आरक्षित वर्ग और अनारक्षित वर्ग के मध्य वर्ग संघर्ष शुरू होने में और देर नहीं होगी। जिसकी शुरुआत राजस्थान के गुर्जर आंदोलन में आप सबने देखी पढ़ी होगी। अतः आरक्षण जाति के आधार पर नहीं आर्थिक आधार पर सार्थक है।

परिचर्चा

तुषार गुप्ता

"जितनी अधिक क्षमता खतरा उठाने की होती है, उतनी ही सफलता की सम्भावना अधिक होती है।"

जब इस बात पर मैंने और मेरे साथियों ने विचार किया तो हमारे मन में कई विचार आए। मैंने स्वयं इस विषय पर सहमति व्यक्त की कि आज कोई नहीं जानता कि अगले क्षण क्या होगा, सभी केवल अनुमान लगा सकते हैं। हमें खुद पर भरोसा तथा आत्मविश्वास रखना चाहिए। बात चाहे व्यापार की हो या फिर रिश्ते की, सभी खतरा उठाने की क्षमता से बनी है अथवा भरोसे की दीवार पर टिकी है। धीरुभाई अम्बानी ने कुछ हजार रुपये के धंधे को करोड़ों में बदल दिया क्योंकि वह खतरा उठाने से डरते नहीं थे।

विरेंद्र छाबड़ा ने अपने विचार व्यक्त करते हुए कहा - खतरा उठाना 'रिस्क' लेना होता है। जिन्दगी में खतरे उठाने आवश्यक हैं। हर रोज़ कहीं न कहीं खतरा उठाना पड़ता है।

खतरा उठाने से हमेशा फायदा ही नहीं होता, कई बार हानि भी होती है, लेकिन हार मानकर बैठ नहीं जाना चाहिए। सोच समझकर खतरा उठाया जाए तो सफलता की अधिक सम्भावनाएँ हैं।

प्रमजोत सिंह ने विषय पर और जोर डालते हुए कहा कि खतरा वह है जिसे किए जाने पर लाभ या हानि दोनों हो सकते हैं। हमें सोच समझकर खतरा उठाना चाहिए क्योंकि अगर हमें तैरना नहीं आता तो हमें नदी में नहीं कूद जाना चाहिए। ऐसे खतरे में लाभ नहीं, बल्कि हानि ही हानि है। खतरे उठाना आवश्यक है क्योंकि ऐसा करने से जिन्दगी रोमांचक बनती है और उसमें हलचल होती है जिसके बिना जीवन में मजे नहीं है।

वत्सल खण्डेलवाल ने डरपोकों की परिभाषा बताते हुए कहा कि डरपोक वे होते हैं जो डरकर जीवन जीते हैं। डरपोक लोग जीवन भर डरते रहते हैं और कभी सफलता प्राप्त नहीं कर पाते क्योंकि वे खतरा नहीं उठाते। यदि भगत सिंह अंग्रेज सरकार से डरते रहते और अगर उनके खिलाफ न जाते तो आज हम शायद स्वतंत्र न होते। उन्होंने जेल में जाने का तथा मरने का खतरा उठाया।

सुयश अग्रवाल ने लोगों के असफल रहने का कारण बताते हुए कहा कि मनुष्य का जीवन खतरों से भरा रहता है। लेकिन वह कई बार इन खतरों के डर से पीछे रह जाते हैं। एक कहावत है, 'कुछ पाने के लिए कुछ खोना पड़ता है' और मनुष्य के जीवन में यही होता है। महात्मा गाँधी ने अहिंसा का रास्ता चुना और असफलताओं के बावजूद भी वे अपने दुरादों पर डटे रहे और उनका यह खतरा उठाना अंत में सफल साबित हुआ।

कनिष्क मलिक ने अपने विचार प्रस्तुत करते हुए कहा कि जिन्दगी में हम जितनी ज्यादा मेहनत करते हैं उतने ज्यादा सफल होते हैं। इसी प्रकार हम जिन्दगी में जितने ज्यादा खतरे उठाएँगे उतनी ज्यादा हमारी सफलता की सम्भावना होगी। खतरा न केवल शारीरिक बल्कि मानसिक या भावनात्मक भी हो सकता है। ऋषि अग्रवाल ने इस साल अन्तराष्ट्रीय तैराकी प्रतियोगिता में 500 मीटर फ्री-स्टाइल में भाग लिया जो कि बहुत

मुश्किल होती है। परन्तु ऋषि ने खतरा उठाया और वह उसे पूरा करने में सफल भी हुआ। एक जर्मन पायलट को 2000 मीटर ऊपर से जहाज से कूदना था। जिसमें कि बहुत खतरा था, परन्तु उसने खतरा उठाया और सफल हुआ।

इसी संदर्भ में तुषार खुराना ने कहा कि पर्वतारोही और अन्तरिक्ष यात्री को सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिए अपनी जान खतरे में डालनी पड़ती है।

जाने-अनजाने

सागर अग्रवाल

मैं बहुत बड़े और अमीर घर का तो नहीं था, पर अपने गाँव में अच्छे खाते-पीते घर का लड़का था। माता-पिता ने इतने लाड-प्यार से मेरा लालन-पालन किया कि मैं कुछ जिद्दी किस्म का हो गया। हर बात में अपनी मर्जी से करता था। हर समय इधर-उधर आकारा घूमने और खेलने के सिवा मुझे अन्य कोई काम न था। इस प्रकार देखते ही देखते मैं छः वर्ष का हो गया। तब एक दिन किसी भले आदमी की सलाह मानकर मेरे पिता ने मेरा गाँव की प्राथमिक पाठशाला में दाखिला करवा दिया।

नई जगह और नए साथ मिलने के कारण चार-छह दिन मैं समय पर पाठशाला जाता रहा। पढ़ना तो क्या था पर पढ़ने का अभिनय अवश्य करता रहा। लेकिन पढ़ाई-लिखाई में मेरी रुचि न थी। शराबतों के कारण मुझे दण्ड भी मिलने लगे थे। इन्हीं दण्डों से बचने के लिए मैंने स्कूल जाना ही छोड़ दिया। एक दिन बाज़ार में अचानक मुलाकात होने के कारण मेरे मास्टर ने पिताजी को बताया कि मैं स्कूल नहीं आ रहा हूँ। इस पर पिताजी हैरान हो गये।

वे बहुत क्रोधित थे। उन्होंने मेरी जमकर पिटाई की। उनके जाने के बाद पता नहीं क्या सूझा कि मैं चुपचाप घर से निकला और सभी की नज़रों से बचता हुआ रेलवे स्टेशन जा पहुँचा। एक ट्रेन जाने ही वाली थी कि मैं उसमें जाकर बैठ गया। टिकट न होने के कारण मुझे टिकट घेकर ने गाड़ी से बाहर निकाल दिया। अब कहाँ-किधर जाना है, सारा दिन इधर-उधर भूखा प्यासा ही मारा-मारा फिरता रहा। रात्रि में मैं स्टेशन पर ही सो गया। अगली रात के बाद मुझे एक सिपाही ने जगाया और कुछ प्रश्न करने लगा। मेरे पास उनमें से किसी का भी उत्तर न था। मुझे घबराया देखकर उसने अपने साथ वाले आदमी से कहा, "लगता है, इसका धंधा खूब चलेगा। ले जाओ इसे और काम पर लगाओ।"

इस बात से मैं खुश हो उठा कि चलो, काम करूँगा। मारूँगा-खारूँगा। पर वास्तविकता तब सामने आई जब उसके अड़टे पर पहुँचा। वहीं पर मेरी आयु के और मुझसे भी बड़े लोग देखने को मिले। उस आदमी ने वहीं उपस्थित आदमी से कहा, "इसे चार-छह दिन ट्रेनिंग दो। फिर काम पर लगा दो।"

पता नहीं कितने दिन, महीने और वर्ष बीत गए हैं यौ लूले-लंगड़े, कोढ़ी का मेकअप कर भीख माँगते हुए। सारी कमाई उस सिपाही के पास चली जाती है। घर से निकलने पर, गलत कदम उठाने पर पहले कुछ दिन अवश्य पछतावा होता रहा, पर अब वह सब भूल चुका हूँ। अब तो भीख माँगने के दस धंधे में ही जीना-मरना है।

भारत और वामपंथी दल

कौस्तुभ वर्मा

आज भारत और अमरीका के बीच ऐतिहासिक परमाणु समझौते की सफलता पर जहाँ देश के सभी साक्षर व समझदार लोग धी के दिए जला रहे हैं, वहीं वामपंथी दल क्रोध के मारे सरकार को ऐसी धमकियाँ दे रहे हैं जैसे सरकार ने खुद भारत पर आतंकवादी हमला करवा दिया हो। प्रकाश करात ने तो साफ चेतावनी दे दी है कि अगर भारत अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय परमाणु शक्ति एसोसियेशन के पास बाधाएँ हटाने की सिफारिश करता है तो कम्युनिस्ट पार्टी अपना समर्थन वापस ले लेगी। अमरीका का विरोध करते-करते हमारे कॉमरेड कहीं भारत के हित में सोचना भूल तो नहीं गए? क्या कार्ल मार्क्स ने देश के विकास पर रोक लगाने को कहा था?

माना कि पूँजीवाद और बढ़ती असमानता पर काबू रखने से ही हर एक भारतीय की प्रगति हो जाएगी पर कम्युनिस्ट पार्टी (सी.पी.आई.एम) तो नाक की सीध में अपनी विचारधारा स्थापित करने में लगी रहती है। पिछले तीस सालों के जहाँ ज्यादातर राज्यों में तेजी से औद्योगीकरण

और आधुनिकता का आगमन हो चुका है वहीं सी.पी.आई.एम. के शासन में पश्चिम बंगाल वही का वही अपनी संस्कृति के गर्व पर ही इतराता रह गया। विदेशी इन्वेस्टमेंट पर प्रतिबन्ध लगाकर कम्युनिस्ट पार्टी ने बंगाल को उन सब सुख-सुविधाओं से दूर रखा है जिन्हें सारा भारत भोग रहा है। पर सबसे दुःख की बात तो यह है कि पश्चिम बंगाल के अर्थशास्त्र को इतना नुकसान पहुँचाने के बाद भी वामपंथियों को अपने विचारों की प्राचीनता का एहसास नहीं हो। उल्टा वे वहाँ साम्यवाद लाने का पूरा प्रयत्न कर रहे हैं।

यू.पी.ए. सरकार में वामपंथी दलों की उपस्थिति से भारत के विकास को कितना बड़ा झटका लगा है यह हम सभी जानते हैं। सार्वजनिक क्षेत्र में सरकारी सौधों के 'डिस्ट्रिब्यूटमेंट' का विरोध करके सी.पी.आई.एम. को बड़ा सन्तोष मिला होगा पर उन सड़ती नुकसानदायक सरकारी कंपनियों की वजह से देश का अर्थशास्त्र कितना बिगड़ता जा रहा है, इस बात का उन्हें ख्याल नहीं आया। एन.डी.ए. सरकार द्वारा शुरू किये निजीकरण को मजबूरी में कांग्रेस सरकार को रोकना पड़ा क्योंकि अगर वामपंथी दल अपना समर्थन वापस ले लेते तो सरकार गिर जाती। समाजवाद के नकाब के पीछे छिपी हुई यह बेवकूफी देश को केवल हानि पहुँचा रही है।

इतिहास गवाह है कि वामपंथियों ने अपने विचारों को पहला और राष्ट्रहित को हमेशा दूसरा स्थान दिया है। 1962 के चीनी आक्रमण के समय सी.पी.आई.एम. ने खुलकर भारत सरकार की निन्दा और चीनी शासन का समर्थन किया था। कितने शर्म की बात है कि जब सभी सम्प्रदायों के लोग मिल-जुलकर देश की रक्षा में जुटे थे, तब हमारे वामपंथी साथी दुश्मन का साथ दे रहे थे, सिर्फ इसलिए क्योंकि उनकी विचारधारा चीनियों से मिलती थी। आज देश के सन्दर्भ में अगर हम कम्युनिस्ट पार्टी की गतिविधियों पर नजर डालें तो शायद प्रतीत होगा कि सरकार की प्रगतिशील नीतियों का विरोध करने के अलावा उन्होंने ज्यादा कुछ नहीं किया है। गरीबों और कर्मचारी वर्ग के लिए अगर उन्होंने एक दो बार आवाज उठाई हो तो बहुत बड़ी बात है। आज जब वामपंथी, समाजवाद के असली अर्थ को भूल चुके हैं तब उनके अस्तित्व, उनकी सार्थकता पर प्रश्न उठने लगे हैं।

पावस

आदित्य विक्रम गुप्ता

अप्रैल, मई और जून के ग्रीष्म ऋतु में कोई भी व्यक्ति गरमी से पागल हो जाए। स्कूटर की सीट से लेकर सड़क पर पड़े पत्थर तक सभी चीजें तप रही होती हैं। लू के थपेड़े तो जला ही देते हैं। ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि सूर्यदेव की रुष्टता सभी को भस्म कर देगी। परन्तु तभी इन्द्रदेव की कृपा हम पर पड़ती है और जुलाई, अगस्त, सितम्बर में बादल गरजने लगते हैं। बिजली कड़कने लगती है और इसी घड़घड़ाहट में वर्षा हो जाती है। इसी वर्षा से पहले, पवन चलने लगती है और घने बादल आकाश का अपहरण कर लेते हैं। परन्तु जैसे ही सायन की पहली बूँद पृथ्वी पर पड़ती है वैसे ही धरती पर पड़ी मिट्टी की सुगन्ध वातावरण में फैल जाती है और इसी महक को सूँघकर फूल भी खिल उठते हैं, मोर नाचने लगते हैं। हम मानव भी घर से निकलकर वर्षा में भीगने का आनन्द उठाते हैं।

पावस का सबसे ज्यादा आनन्द तो किसान उठाते हैं। एक अच्छी बारिश ही उनकी फसल को हरा कर देती है। चारों तरफ हरियाली ही हरियाली होती है। पेड़ों के हरे पत्तों से पानी की मोती जैसी बूँदें गिरती हैं। चावल की हरी-हरी उपज भी पवन के साथ लहराती है। काले आकाश से गिरी रंगरहित बूँदें नदियों को भी नीला कर देती हैं।

इन्हीं रंगों के खेल के बीच कीड़े-मकोड़े भी जीवित हो जाते हैं और बड़ी तादाद में बीमारियों का साधन बनते हैं। टाएफायड और पेट की बीमारियाँ तो आम बातें बन जाती हैं। जुकाम और बुखार तो आग की तरह फैलते हैं। ये बीमारियाँ भी सायन के रंगों को पीका नहीं कर सकती हैं। और न ही बाढ़ों की समस्या उसे घुला सकती हैं। सायन के मौसम में चारों तरफ प्रेम ही फैला होता है। जन्माष्टमी और रक्षाबंधन जैसे त्योहारों से सुसज्जित यह ऋतु शायदियों के लिए भी बहुत प्रसिद्ध है। कवियों और लेखकों का भी यह सबसे प्रसदीदा मौसम है। इन्द्रधनुष की झलक ही सभी के दिल को बाग-बाग कर देती है। तुलसीदास ने भी अपनी कृति 'रामचरितमानस' में वर्षा ऋतु का इस तरह वर्णन किया है — वर्षाकाल मेघ नम छाये, गर्जत लागत परम सुहाये।

दामिनी दमक रही घन माही, खल की प्रीति यथा धिर नाही।।

एक किसान की विडम्बना

अक्षय निलेन्दु

'कर्मेश, ओ कर्मेश।' ये वही शब्द हैं जो एक पौधे से बीघा जमीन का मालिक एक गरीब किसान को बुलाने के लिए कहता है। मालिक के एक बुलावे पर किसान दौड़ता हुआ आता है और कहता है "जी मालिक, क्या काम करूँ?" मालिक भारी आवाज में कहते हैं, "कर्मेश, तुम्हें कितने रुपयों की जरूरत है?" कर्मेश के मुँह से सरलता से चार शब्द निकलते हैं, "जी मालिक, पन्द्रह हजार।" मालिक, "क्या करोगे इतने पैसे का?" कर्मेश— "जी, अपने इकलौते बेटे की तालीम हो जाएगी। परन्तु हाँ, यह उधार में पूरा जरूर कर दूँगा।" मालिक, — "परन्तु यदि यह उधार चुकता न कर सके तो?" कर्मेश मन ही मन खिन्न होता है। कहता है — "ऐसा हो ही नहीं सकता, और यदि ऐसा हुआ तो मैं दो वर्षों तक अपने हिस्से के पैसे की माँग नहीं करूँगा।" मालिक थोड़ा मुस्कुराते हुए कहते हैं— "कर्मेश, तुम्हारे जैसा किसान शायद दूजा न होगा। अच्छा यह तो पंद्रह हजार। कर्मेश — "धन्यवाद मालिक, आप ईश्वर से कम नहीं हैं।" ऐसा कहते हुए कर्मेश वहाँ से चला जाता है।

कुछ ही दिनों के अन्दर कर्मेश का बेटा विद्यालय जाने लगता है। अंग्रेजी माध्यम का यह विद्यालय पल-पल कर्मेश को सुख का एहसास दिलाता है। कर्मेश की पत्नी और अधिक प्रेम जताने लगती है। परन्तु कर्मेश दिन रात काम करना नहीं छोड़ता है। उसे श्रम का महत्त्व समझ में आता है और उसके अतिरिक्त पन्द्रह हजार चुकाने की बात उसे पल-पल कर्म करने के लिए प्रोत्साहित करती है।

एक सुबह की बात है, कर्मेश चार बजे खेतों की ओर चल पड़ा था। सूर्य का कोई निशान न था। परन्तु कर्मेश मेहनत करने से बाज न आता था। वह काम शुरू करने ही वाला था कि अचानक उसे एहसास होता है मानी घरती धूम रही हो, उसे घबकर आने लगे हों। वह बेहोश होकर खेतों में गिर जाता है।

जब उसे होश आता है तब वह अपने को अस्पताल में पड़ा पाता है। उसका पूरा परिवार और मकान मालिक उसे घेरे हुए खड़े रहते हैं। डाक्टर कर्मेश के होश आने की खबर को जानकर खुश होते हैं और कहते हैं — "तुम बिल्कुल ठीक हो। तुम्हें आज ही घर वापस जाने की अनुमति है। तुम अधिक काम के कारण जरा बेहोश हो गए थे।" कर्मेश के मन में अनेक विचार आने लगे थे। तभी वह उठकर बैठ गया। मालिक तभी गम्भीर आवाज में कहते हैं— "कर्मेश, हम सभी भयभीत हो गए थे। अब तुम्हें एक और बात याद दिया दूँ, आज तुम्हें मेरा कर्ज वापिस लौटाना है। तैयार तो हो!" कर्मेश तैयार न था। वह भयभीत होकर कहता है — "मालिक मैं चुका न पाऊँगा पैसे।" वह सुनकर मालिक क्रोधित हो गए और बोले, "अब शायद तुम्हें इस माह के पैसे नहीं मिलेंगे और अगले दो वर्षों तक तुम भूखे मरोगे।" वह कहकर मालिक वहाँ से निकल गए।

दो महीने बाद किसान की हालत बद से बदतर होती जा रही थी। उसका बेटा अब विद्यालय से निकाल दिया गया था। उसके पास रहने को मकान न था। उसकी पत्नी का देहान्त हो चुका था। वह कर्मेश भीतर ही भीतर खोखला हो चुका था। वह पैसे लौटाने के हालत में नहीं था। तभी उसके मन में एक ख्याल आया और ख्याल ऐसा जो दिल दहला दे। उसने घर की छत से छलांग लगा दी। यह आत्महत्या उसके हित में एक कठिन निर्णय था। कर्मेश अब जिन्दा न रहा गया था।

कर्मेश खून से लथपथ जमीन पर गिरा हुआ था। आँखें खुली, साँसें बन्द। उसका इकलौता बेटा रोता हुआ चिल्ला रहा था, "माँ मुझे पहले ही छोड़ के जा चुकी थी अब तुम मत जाओ।"

इन चीखों के अलावा शायद ऐसी शक्ति सतयुग में भी नहीं मिल सकती।

कुछ ऐतिहासिक गलतियाँ

माधव बहादुर

निम्नलिखित उद्धरण आपके मनोरंजन के लिए छात्रों के इतिहास पर लिखे निबन्धों से लिए गए हैं —

"प्राचीन मिश्र के लोगों को ममी कहा जाता था। वे सहारा रेगिस्तान में रहते थे तथा ऊँट से यात्रा करते थे। मिश्र वाशियों ने पिरामिड एक बड़े तिकोण क्यूब के रूप में बनाया था। पिरामिड्स फ्रांस और स्पेन के बीच में एक पर्वत माला है।"

"यूनानियों के बिना इतिहास ही नहीं होता। उनके मिथक भी थे। मिथक एक मादा पतंगा होता है। एक मिथक बताती है कि कैसे

ऐकिलीस की मौ ने उसे तब तक स्टिन्कस नदी में डुबाये रखा जब तक यह असहनीय न हो गया। ऐकिलीस होमर के इलियाड में आता है। होमर ने ऑडिटी भी लिखी थी। जिस में पेनेलोपी यूलिसीस के यात्रा की आखरी बाधा थी। असल में इलियाड होमर द्वारा नहीं लिखी थी, बल्कि किसी और शक्स से जिसका भी वही नाम था।"

"ओलिम्पिक के खेलों में, यूनानी भागते थे, कूदते थे तथा जावा फेंकते थे। विजेता को पुरस्कार के रूप में एक कौरल की माला मिलती थी। एथेन्स की सरकार प्रजा तांत्रिक थी, क्योंकि वहाँ की प्रजा कानून अपने हाथ में रखती थी। यूनान में कोई युद्ध नहीं हुए, क्योंकि वहाँ के पर्वत इतने ऊँचे थे कि वे उनको घड़कर देख ही नहीं पाए कि उनके पड़ोसी क्या कर रहे थे। जब उनकी लड़ाई पारसियों से हुई, तो यूनानियों की सेना में उनसे कम लोग थे।

"अन्त में, रोमन्स ने ग्रीस पर विजय पाई। इतिहास लोगों को इसलिए रोमन्स बुलाता है, क्योंकि वे कभी भी एक नहीं रहे। जश्न पर रोमन मेहमान सर पर लहसुन पहन कर आते थे। जूलियस सीसर ने गॉल के रण-मैदान में अपने आपको समाप्त कर दिया। पन्द्रह मार्च

(आइडस ऑफ मार्च) ने उसका खून कर दिया क्योंकि उन्हें लगा कि सीसर सम्राट बनना चाहता है। नीरो एक क्रूर प्रजापीडक था, जिसने अपनी प्रजा को बाइलन बजाकर खूब सताया।"

"रनेसोन्स के सर्वश्रेष्ठ लेखक विलियम शेक्सपीयर थे। विलियम शेक्सपीयर ने ज्यादा पैसे नहीं बनाए थे और वह अपनी आनन्दमय पत्नियों के साथ रहता था। साथ ही साथ शोकांत, प्रहसन एवं गलती लिख रहा था।"

"विलियम शेक्सपीयर के एक मशहूर नाटक हैमलेट में वह अपने-आप को राहत देता है। दूसरे में महाराजा मैक्बेथ को राजा को मारने के लिए राजी तभी कर पाती है जब वह उसके पुरुष होने पर वार करती है। लैला और मजनू एक श्लोक है। विलियम शेक्सपीयर के ही समय के और लेखक थे मिंग्युल सरवान्टिस। जॉन मिल्टन इसके बाद एक सर्वश्रेष्ठ लेखक थे। मिल्टन ने स्वर्ग खो गया लिखी थी। जब उनकी पत्नी का देहान्त हुआ, तो उन्होंने स्वर्ग फिर प्राप्त हुआ (Paradise Regained) लिखी।"

(आभार - crazynet.com)

क्या खोया, क्या पाया

तनुज कुमार

खड़ा हुआ था मैं, समुद्र के किनारे
पड़ रहे थे मुँह पर, गरम हवा के अंगारे।
तभी दिखा एक लाल चमकीला संदूक,
समुद्र के बीचों-बीच
लगा बहने वह मेरी तरफ।
लाल मोतियों से जड़ा हुआ संदूक
रखा था मेरे आगे, क्या चमक है!!
खोला मैंने उसे पूरे ध्यान के साथ
उनमें से निकले हीरे, मोती, जवाहरात।
गम तो कहीं खो ही गया,
उस समुन्दर की गहराइयों में।
बचा था तो सिर्फ सुख
उस संदूक की परछाइयों में।
गरम हवा और तेज धूप ने तो,
गले को रेगिस्तान बना दिया था,
सोचा क्यों ना उसे उपजाऊ बनाएँ।
चल पड़ा मैं नारियल के पानी को तलाशने
उस संदूक को वहीं रखकर।
नारियल पीकर मिल गई सन्तुष्टि,
देने लगा मैं ईश्वर को धन्यवाद।
अपनी ही मस्ती में चला जा रहा था
वापस अपने सन्दूक की ओर।।
उसकी झलक दिख रही थी दूर से,
कितना चमकीला, कितना अनोखा था वह सन्दूक।
तभी आई एक विनाशकारी लहर,
और समा लिया संदूक को अपने ही अन्दर।।
मैं दौड़ा, तेज दौड़ा उस तट की तरफ।
वहाँ पहुँचा तो देखा मैंने संदूक को,
वहीं समुद्र के बीचों-बीच।
उस समय मेरे मस्तिष्क से
एक ही प्रश्न उभरकर आया - 'क्या खोया, क्या पाया।'

मैं रावण

प्रांजल सिंह

मैं रावण संहार करूंगा,
मैं रावण संहार करूंगा।।
मैं दशानन,
मेरे चरणों में समाया है संसार,
मनुष्य आ रहा है तेरा काल।
लंकेश मैं, अलकापति मैं,
ब्रह्मा का अनुग्रहपात्र मैं,
पुत्र मेरा इंद्रजीत,
छला तूने उसे मानुष,
हत्या कर शव तक चीर डाला,
वही गति तू प्राप्त करेगा, मैं रावण संहार करूंगा।।
भ्राता मेरा पर्वताकार,
तेरे इस छल का,
वो वीर बना आहार,
मैं उसका तेरे रक्त से,
स्नान करूंगा।
इंद्र मेरा सेवक है,
कैलासी मेरे आराध्य,
चंद्रहास से,
तेरे प्राणों का हास करूंगा, मैं रावण संहार करूंगा।।
तू मुझको कहता अपहर्ता,
तूने मेरी भगिनी का,
कैसा अपमान किया था।
मैंने सीता को सुरक्षित रखा,
इच्छा का सम्मान किया था,
हर क्षण उसका मान किया था,
पर अब मैं तेरा संहार करूंगा, मैं रावण संहार करूंगा।।
तेरे रक्त से शिव का स्नान करूंगा,
दुःसाहसी वानरों के दंभ का,
मैं नाश करूंगा।
ब्रह्मा के वर का प्रयोग करूंगा,
अयोध्या के दीप का विनाश करूंगा,
तेरी सेना के मुण्डों से,
मैं कण्ठमाल का निर्माण करूंगा, मैं रावण संहार करूंगा।।

Team India vs. Bengal Tigers: World Cup 2007

ARNAV SAHU: WINNER OF THE SHANKAR DAYAL SHARMA ENGLISH ESSAY WRITING CONTEST FOR JUNIORS

"What, according to you, were the reasons for the early exit of Team India from the World Cup?"

The clock struck seven. Immediately, all television sets lit up in India. People took leave from their offices just to get a glimpse of the 'Men in Blue'. Team India, with its new jerseys, geared up to face the Bengal Tigers. Hopes were high and spectators kept their Indian flags waving. However, surprisingly, India fell to Bangladesh at the World Cup. Flags stopped waving. Heads bent down in shame. Televisions were broken just because India crashed out of the World Cup. The atmosphere was saturated with criticism. But what was the reason behind this unexpected failure? Here's my account.

Team India didn't have an appropriate mixture of young blood and experience. The team balance didn't have any strength—Virender Sehwag and Saurav Ganguly weren't a perfect match. Sehwag played a risky game with flair and glorious shots but one couldn't depend on him. Ganguly was uncertain too. The middle order failed to live up to expectations and collapsed only too soon. The lower order was full of youngsters lacking experience, and at such crucial junctures, experience would have had the most impact. Probably, a Tendulkar going down the order would have uplifted hopes in a time of perpetual collapse. There should have been more all-rounders who could prove their mettle in both aspects of the game. Cricket is a sport where individual performances matter. There were no individuals to perform, with the exception of Sachin, Dravid and Ganguly. The rest were being experimented with. The World Cup is not suitable for experimentation. If the order was shifted here or there, and if there were a few more all-rounders, probably India wouldn't have had to suffer the agony of defeat. The flaw in the team balance is directly the coach's fault.

The second reason for India's early exit was that

India wasn't hungry for success and victory. You need to have an appetite for glory, which India just lacked. Not one of them wanted to dirty their 'new jerseys' and dive for the ball. It was more about looking good on the field. They did not play with their heart and soul. No one had the sense of urgency. In the India-Bangladesh match, the ball went past them but they just stood like reluctant children who were simply refusing to put in any sort of effort. On the other hand, the opposing team displayed a great show of athleticism. They were all over the place: stopping, diving for the ball as if it was made of gold. Language, on 'Team India's' part, cost them the honour of entering the Super Eight. Probably, if there was more vigour and enthusiasm on the field, the draws could have been different. India should have set the ball rolling and hit the ball with such sense of urgency, that the opposing team would have crumbled.

We could be the third reason. Yes! Us. 'Us' in the sense: the public. Public pressure with the added burden of defeat could have been the main reason behind the Indian team's defeat. The public began going wild. Fanatics and maniacs began burning posters of Greg Chappell and Mohammed Kaif's house was painted black. A man broke through security and slapped

Chappell on his face in front of the media. The fact that security arrangements had to be made for the Indian cricketers on their way home is shameful. The public acted with perfect unreason. After all, our cricketers are fallible human beings. They made it to the finals last World Cup. Just because Lady Luck did not favour them this time does not mean that the public should go on a veritable rampage. This enormous pressure from the public made our cricketers tense and rigid. The fact that their houses and families were at stake, crushed them. We have no right to object if we are at fault.

There were a vast variety of other reasons. But, the reasons I have penned here were fundamental to the early exit of India from the World Cup. So, cross your fingers and "Let the dead Past bury its dead" and let us learn from our mistakes and hope that Team India grows from strength to strength.



Sexism in its True Colours

DILSHER DHILLON: WINNER OF THE SHANKAR
DAYAL SHARMA ENGLISH ESSAY WRITING CONTEST
FOR SENIORS

"Society accepts women in masculine roles more readily than men who assume traditionally feminine ones."

In the Greek tragedy, *Antigone*, in what was a historical test, Oedipus' daughter, Antigone, was the tragic hero, a sacred position reserved for only those embodying intelligence, perseverance, strength and lack of fortune. This play was well-accepted by Greek society, where the feminine character died as the 'inspirational' tragic hero.

There were many undertones and innuendos in the play, one being, that while a woman can take the position generally bestowed upon a man, a man can't have anything to do with womanly characteristics. In the fifth scene of the play, the king's son, Haemon is admonished and lambasted by his father for "playing the girl" as he was crying. Thus, as Sophocles would have had it, Haemon's character, now repulsive and insignificant, sinks into the shadows, leaving the light on Antigone. Centuries later, has anything changed?

On a lazy Sunday afternoon, thoroughly scan the newspaper. It won't be too difficult to infer that there are a lot of women who are assuming so-called 'masculine roles'. Indira Nooyi of Pepsi is a business tycoon; Sonia Gandhi is one of the leading politicians in India and has been listed 6th on *Foebes Most Powerful Women of 2007*; Angela Merkel is the Chancellor of a political powerhouse, Germany, just to name a few. Their 'masculine' rules have been widely accepted by society. And now, are there any traces of a switch? Are there any men who have gained acknowledgements by society for stepping into a woman's shoes?

At the very epicentre of this argument lies what Sigmund Freud would have called an indubitable gender clash, inclusive of pride. It is humiliating for most men to even be associated with the term 'feminine'. It

is an insult to their so-called 'honour' and pride, hence the sobriquet 'male chauvinist pigs'.

Men engaging in traditionally 'feminine' activities are normally shunned by their peer group and on a macro-scale, it has been conceptualized that it is demeaning for a man to act like a woman, making him a laughingstock. To give you some personal insight, there have been hundreds of boys in school who have been called a loose variant of the term 'eunuch', as they don't indulge in any sporting activities.

To put matters into perspective, how many men take care of the house, while their white-collared wives drive the car to work? None. It is humiliating for the man to step into a woman's shoes. If it is so embarrassing and humiliating for the man, how can society accept it?

Girls can do what boys do. They can play sports, go trekking, and play an electric guitar. But how many boys stitch or knit, or indulge in customized manicures and pedicures? For me to generalise these as 'feminine' activities is wrong, but the above statement still holds true.

A very long time ago, teaching was a man's job. But as feminism gathered strength, we found that women could vote and were authorised to be teachers. And see how well that turned out. If society hadn't accepted it, then women would never have taught. For most of my school life, I have been taught more by women than men, a reason why I feel schooling has motivated me to excel. The fact remains that society has allowed women to assume masculine roles more readily than it allows men to assume roles traditionally called 'feminine', with the exception of highly dogmatic and male-dominated societies (like intensely Islamic ones) where neither of the two happens.

To conclude, let me leave the readers of this piece with a question, in the hope that it is answered sincerely: what would *you* give more recognition and acknowledgement to— a woman who is the CEO of a multi-billion dollar MNC, or a man taking ballet comrades still trembled. He knew it was time for him to end it. Yelling savagely, he leapt out of his trench, firing wildly. He had only run a few metres, when a colossal explosion rent the air and he blacked out. "At last, the end," he thought.

He woke up several hours later. It was dawn and an unnatural peace had settled over the plain. He looked behind himself, and found that his trench had been hit by a shell. Not a single soldier breathed. So, his bravado had, in fact, saved him from death. He looked up at the sky and thought, "the ways of God are truly strange."

(Shaurya Kuthiala)

short story

To Die or Not To Die

He crouched in his trench. The enemy was bombarding them with heavy shelling. Of course, he was absolutely terrified. He looked at the faces of his comrades – their frightened faces mirrored his own.

They were those 'brave souls' who 'fearlessly' decimated enemy units. In a moment of sudden clarity, with hell raging around him, he understood what he had to do to win the war. He would have to take the initiative. He pulled his face into a determined expression, and shouted words of encouragement. His

'A' for Articulate

VATSAL KHANDELWAL'S PRIZE-WINNING SPEECH IN THE GOMBAR SPEECH TROPHY CONTEST FOR JUNIORS

Allow me to introduce you, or rather, re-introduce you to an entity that is as large as it is small, as powerful, as it is humble: the letter A. It is said that in the beginning of the history of mankind, there was the word. But, surely, before the word there was the letter – the building block from which the word was constructed – the Greek Alpha, the Hebrew Aleph, the Arabic Aleph, and our own A. A mighty monarch indeed, the letter A. And its very simplicity in no way detracts from that might. It is the easiest of all the phonetics to pronounce. It requires merely a slight quiver of your vocal chords. It doesn't curl your lips or twist your tongue or cause your teeth to clash together. How obliging, how un-troublesome it is, and yet how powerful. Indeed, how omnipresent, in all spheres of human life, and always in a positive context.

A-grade is every student's aspiration.

A-one: a symbol for excellence.

In a deck of playing cards, the most powerful Aces are marked with the letter A. In logic, the symbol for the universal affirmative proposition in the general form 'all Xs is Y' is...yes! You've guessed it: the letter A.

It is also the only letter in the English language, apart from its relative, the vowel 'i', that constitutes a word in itself. As for I, it is a pompous, egoistic, first person singular word. It serves only itself. Little wonder that a national daily has recently demoted it from being a capital letter to a lower case 'i'. A doesn't need that crude rebuke. It doesn't believe in blowing its own trumpet. It is quietly confident of its reason for being and performs its function without boasting or bragging.

It has taught us, even before nanotechnology came into being, that small is beautiful; that the humble can rule the world. There is a lesson to be learnt there, that quality always wins over quantity.

Clearly, A is a force to reckon with! Who wouldn't want to be a part of the A-team? It is not surprising therefore, that this letter has found a place in the most unlikely places. In American Major League baseball, the Oakland Athletics are simply referred to as the As. The note A is the note that all instruments in an orchestra are tuned to. Fifty-plus instruments, all playing one glorious sound...A. A is the standard size of a battery. It is a vitamin, a blood type, the first side of a record or cassette. It is present in every sentence we speak,

making it the very basis of human communication.

Truly, it has come a long way since its existence as a pictogram of an ox-head in the Egyptian hieroglyphics. An ox head: a symbol that denotes strength and stability. Yes, these qualities have endured in the letter A.

Salad Days and High School Sweethearts

ANKIT DURGA'S PRIZE-WINNING SPEECH IN THE GOMBAR SPEECH TROPHY CONTEST FOR SENIORS

When I look back on the seventy-three odd years that I have spent in this wicked world, I first count the things that I have lost. Most recently, my teeth, some of my hair, a portion of my wealth, most of my health, the desire to whistle at the sight of a perfect ten figure. Do forgive an old man's ramblings: the list grows long and my time here is short. But, you know, the only thing that I really regret losing is my youth. The very word seems to speak of excitement, vigour, thrill, innocence and the sheer zest for life. If I knew then what I know now...

In those long gone days that I call 'then', I had friends who believed that the maxim 'there is safety in numbers' meant that they could fall in love with at least three girls at the same time and were never able to understand the slap they got in return for their generosity once the cat was out of the bag. The trysts back then were the sort you see in a one-act play, with an unconfident boy and an apprehensive young girl. A typical evening used to go well until the boy would decide to mess with the group of youngsters staring at his girl from across the table, and that would be the final fatal deviation from the one-act play plan. There were also youngsters like my neighbour who worked as a janitor at a garage just to earn enough money to buy his girlfriend a gift. Alas, it was money ill-spent as the blooming periwinkle of their love was nipped in the bud.

When I was young, I was a bit of a Romeo, in fact I thought I was better than the original Romeo, with a dash of *Majnu* and Casanova added. When I was young, a 'date' was a fruit sent in a *dabba* by an uncle from the Middle East, a mall was the main street in a hill station, and PVR was a synthetic fabric. Times have changed, terms have changed, but the essence of a relationship between individuals of the opposite sex...some things never change.

Today, with my grandchildren visiting me over the weekends, I am living the life of an ordinary, retired old man. For my grandchildren I am the most appro-

priate grandfather. I am 'cool', I get them a lot of chocolates to eat and I share all my secrets with them; the ones with girls in them interests them the most. Of all the lessons that life has to teach them, I have one of my own- 'gather your rosebuds while you may'. My wife is a loving memory now, but I am sure that when I join her, she will still rap my knuckles for all the escapades I had with and without her. As for the alliances and, indeed, dalliances with them, each one of them can still bring a smile to my face and banish the blues.

As an old man I realise that life would be so incomplete without my youth. I leave you therefore with the words of another old man-

*When I can look Life in the eyes,
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the Truth,
And taken in exchange- my youth.*

The Wait

The calm breeze blew through the forest. The scent of the pine trees wafted through the air and the chirping of different birds could be heard. The moist ground was covered with leaves and twigs which had not been disturbed for years. There stood a shabby house in the centre of the forest with broken and dilapidated windows.

One man sat under a tree, clad in nothing but a single white cloth around his waist, waiting. He had been waiting here in this disguise for years, at this very spot, since that very day, when it happened. That incident had changed him and shown him that no one could be trusted, not even your own blood. His grey beard had grown long and untidy and his wrinkles had deepened.

There was a rustle of leaves and the snapping of a twig. A smile spread across the man's face. The time had finally come. He picked up what he needed from under a heap of leaves and slowly and silently, walked towards the man who he was waiting for. The man had a similar grey and straggly beard and looked about the same age as him. He was wearing a brown jacket and had an axe in one hand.

The man who was clad in white, said in a hoarse voice, "I've been waiting a long time...brother". The man spun around immediately and trepidation spread across his face. The man in white held a revolver to the other's head, cocked it with a distinct click, and gave him an ultimatum, "Tell me where it is! I know you have come back for it!" The other looked down the barrel of the gun, closed his eyes and whispered, "Never."

The man instinctively pulled the trigger at point-blank range. There was a thud and everything was, once again, silent. The man walked back and sat under the tree, waiting for the others. (Bharat Ganju)

| Images |

A Temple Visit

The temple is in close proximity to the school and some of the devotional music, adapted to the tunes of Bollywood songs, occasionally filters into the campus. I got a chance to pay it a visit on *Janamashdami*, after five long years, due to a coincidence of the festival and my 'night-out' falling on the same day.

The place boasts of no elaborate tradition or architecture as it is not really a very old building. But it does become a hub of activity on festival days for the people of the neighbourhood, aptly called Krishan Nagar, it caters to. And being a temple devoted to Krishna himself, during his birthday celebrations, the queues of devotees stretch almost to a kilometre. It was to avoid this long wait, which occasionally grows violent, that we tried a 'back door VIP' entry. We entered from the exit gate, and while all my family members managed an easy crossing, my way, owing to my lack of enterprise and a slightly lazy attitude, was blocked by a stern hand. I tried to push it away but it persisted. There were shouts and groans and I was finally pulled (or pushed, I am not too sure) inside the hall. The only marks of the mild scuffle: three black fingerprints on my new white T-shirt.

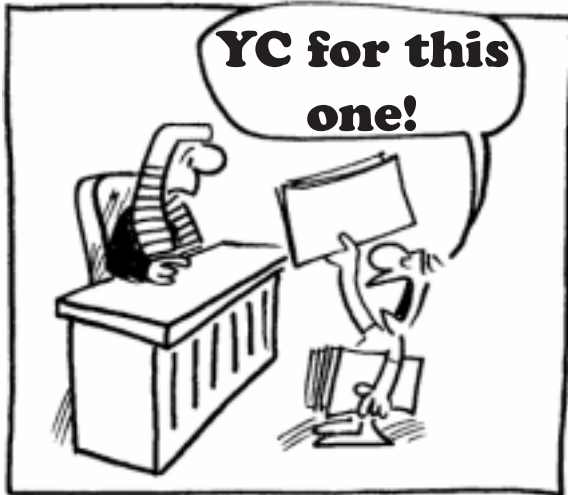
So I entered one of the most densely flower-decorated halls I have come across lately. It came as a sweet surprise to a person who always thought this temple to be a modest institution. However, my apprehensions were soon swept aside as I received a ten-rupee note to offer to the new-born god. Earlier it used to be a two rupee coin. Undoubtedly, inflation had affected faith as well. Further into the proceedings, my view that the ordinary, devout Indian was not wholly averse to wealth was confirmed. So, how could the followers denounce wealth? A woman, very gently, pushed my bowed, praying self aside to place a twenty-rupee note in the cradle to pick up, with practised skill, ten one-rupee coins. A net gift of rupees ten for God!

I turned around to see another, 'real' baby also dressed like Krishna, made to sit on a straw chair by his doting parents, who felt as proud as if they were parents of the 'real' god. The more the baby whined, the richer the parents got. Another economic opportunity!

We were in the final stage. This time, we lined up in front of the priest and waited for our *prasad*. A benefactor, who was also a member of the temple committee, handed us an apple each and pushed us in front so that a hasty *tilak* could be applied on our foreheads, enabling us to exit the temple before the waiting masses thronged it completely.

(Skand Goel)

| Discipline Committee |



The students of this school, so used to cribbing about disciplinary action, at least have an insight into it

Ever since its inception some two and a half months ago, the Discipline Committee has been described as ineffective, inefficient, and unnecessary. Its functioning has been labelled needlessly bureaucratic and laborious. This feeling of disgust has been exacerbated by the knowledge that the committee is merely an advisory body, and hence its hearings are merely a waste of time. In short, the Discipline Committee has been lambasted by a majority of members of this community on some pretext or the other. This is unfortunate. The fact that it has been reduced to a joke (mockingly called a Disco) in the eyes of some people is even more unfortunate.

Instituted by the School Council, the Discipline Committee, which consists of four teachers – the Deputy Headmaster, and one representative each from the Deans, Housemasters and Masters – and three students – School Captain, School Council Secretary, and Prefects' Representative, hears extreme cases pertaining to the discipline of boys in school. The Committee may call in any member of the community to serve as a 'witness' in its hearing, though its final recommendation isn't binding on the Housemasters' Council. There can be no doubt as to the necessity of such a body in a school like ours, for it strengthens the system of checks and balances, promotes transparency and consistency, provides a forum for students to express their views and explain their case, and is a long-overdue step towards the foundation of a responsible system of student governance. The students of this school, so used to cribbing about disciplinary action, at least have an insight into it, and this is bound to encourage the growth of a more proactive student body. Moreover, Discipline Committees exist and run successfully

in a host of other schools, both residential and non-residential. In the long run, the existence of such a body in The Doon School can only be a positive development.

Keeping this in mind, the members of the community must be more patient with the Disciplinary Committee. That said, no one can deny that the committee, as it exists today, has wrinkles which must be ironed out. Primarily, the Committee is hampered by its pace. Hearings often take too long, and the pace is further slowed by the fact that cases are often referred to the committee late. Any decision (or recommendation, for that matter), if taken late, loses its impact, and the committee, if it wants to gain acceptance and legitimacy, must address this issue immediately. The body must also ensure at all times that its recommendations are consistent and unbiased, something that is bound to become an issue as time goes on. Hopefully, the Disciplinary Committee will take root in The Doon School and be an integral part of a system that would truly be a hallmark in the seventy-two year history of this school.

(Ashish Mitter)

| Opinion |

The essence of life in the system lies in being a part of it, criticizing it, loving it, hating it...

The system seems to be an entity, which all of us gleefully criticize and try to oppose in our own little ways, but depend on nevertheless. What has always intrigued me is what a system can be defined as. For instance, in our school, would it be the administration or the faculty, or the alumni, or the students, or the rule book, or basic ethics that have already been defined and carried forward by tradition, or any other such vague custom? Or is it an amalgam of all these possibilities? And if it is, would it be a generalization to criticize it?

One's adolescence always seems to be associated with a sense of angst, fear, and, above all, depression (which has now become quite a cliché). Conforming to the popular mindset in your respective environments can be a convenient escape from all of that. Now, the other dilemma is whether individuality is the price we have to pay for conformism. It is a necessity to conform to a social order and to a mindset. But once your mind has been set and has acquired a foundation, it cannot and should not be directed and guided by conformism. This is where the sustenance of one's individuality is moulded. Thus, one should conform to a basic social order, but not to views or opinions, or ideologies and even beliefs, because that would diminish the line between one's individual self and one's

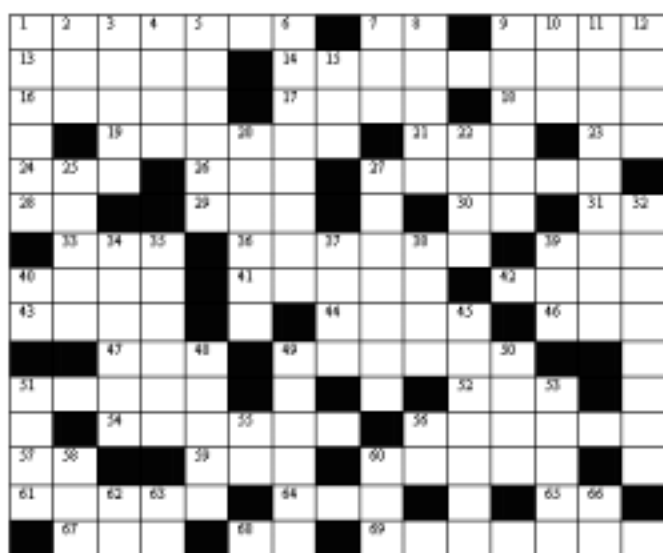
environment and as a result this would affect one's thought process. In a schedule like ours, the individual is practically socializing from the moment he wakes up to the moment he goes to sleep. He is living, breathing, behaving, thinking, and existing as a part of a collective entity and conforms to a method of living. Can a person sustain his individuality in such a system? I have often stated in my debates that society cannot practically manage to, or afford to, operate at the individual level. But, if the individual entity was insignificant, there would be no society in the first place. Therefore, the significance of an individual in any system, should be understood or realized, by first deconstructing the entire concept of a system into certain key elements, which, together, comprise the entity. These elements may despise the system, they may oppose the system, but they are the building blocks of the system and cannot function without it, and neither can the system function without them. There is indeed a degree of mutual dependence, which is the foundation of the structure of the system. But, in the process, what is ignored is that every individual, every building block, does itself have an internal system in accordance with which it functions, which the collective system does not recognize, and this is the cause of the conflict; because it is during adolescence that one's individual framework or one's internal system is trying to go beyond its mere foundation, and is persistently being told by the larger picture that it is heading in the wrong direction. This leads to internal-external tussles.

When one is a child, enthusiasm, zest, euphoria, and positive energy is rooted in one's misconception of life. It is caused by the fact that one is obliged to believe that life will be happy. Whereas, when one grows older and reaches the intermediate stage (adolescence), one gradually learns that there is a startling possibility that life will not be happy, and this causes depression. But, it is when the sadness has sunk into your system and had an impact on you, that you begin to accept the fact that life is not going to be great, and you begin to delve into this idea and find happiness in the overwhelming sorrow and the multi-dimensional nature of life. Can the system be blamed for this? Can conformism prevent this? Will this phase pass? In my view, the beauty of life lies in the fact that this phase will never pass. It will grow and develop, and, hopefully, be channelised in a constructive direction, and so will the individual system. At the end of the day, whether or not one's individual system should function in tandem with the external system is a matter of perception. But, since we all do happen to be a part of the system that we struggle against, to me, the essence of life in the system lies in being a part of it, being outside it, criticizing it, loving it, hating it, being depressed by it, understanding it, realizing it, recognizing its significance, and above all, recognizing the significance and insignificance of your own self inside it, around it, outside it: as a creature locked up in his own, individual system plunged into a bizarre universe in order to bear it and cope with it.

(Vivaan Shah)

Vishnukaant Pitty

cruciverbalist's corner



Across: 1. Medicine for all diseases 7. A degree 9. Exclamation to ward off an animal 13. Rhetorical device 14. Foreign capital city 16. A wasp does this 17. Obelix likes this 18. To restrain a horse 19. Animal of burden 21. Commercial antacid 23. Ranking system for carbohydrates 24. Age 26. Roman goddess 27. False; prefix 28. Succeeded by 'la' 29. Explosive 30. Managing Director 31. A useful employee 33. A neutral international body 36. Largest lizard 39. Trigonometrical term 40. The Sun, Proxima Centauri 41. A literary device often used by Shakespeare 42. Stop 43. After Alpha 44. Food 46. A pocketful of 47. Found in a hospital 49. Call 51. A beast 52. An Egyptian god 54. 'Godly' drink 56. Gapes 57. Thought: think as was: 59. Consume 60. Aim of a sport 61. Father 64. 24 across

65. A Direction 68. Baby 67. Either 69. Bhupathi's companion.

Down: 1. Zodiac sign 2. Skill 3. Near Delhi 4. ___ Domini 5. Swan's child 6. A synthetic substance 7. Huge snake 8. Land is measured in 9. Covers the dead 10. Farmer's tool 11. Market structure 12. Prefix - potent, present 15. Plaything 20. Maharashtra coast 22. Captain of the 'Nautilus' 25. Pathway 27. Output 32. Star 34. Country 35. Located at Delphi 37. An insect 38. Part of a ship 39. Mode of transport 40. A metal 45. Female author 48. Boils in the mouth 49. Used on eggs 50. Close 51. Stumble 53. General pattern 55. Abbr: Thank you 56. Reservations are for them 58. Test taken for US universities 60. A type of tree 62. ___ and fro 63. A science fiction movie 66. Us.

| India's Tryst With Destiny |

The Indian Platform

It's a humid July afternoon; the crowded railway station, the stampede for the general compartment, the sweat, the haggling coolies and an announcement, "...train has been delayed, the inconvenience caused is deeply regretted." You manage a corner of the bench on the platform and look at the papers: "*Railways create history, profit of Rs. 14,000 crores.*" And this, you consider, the biggest anomaly of the century. Yet, the Indian Railways is not all about indefinite delays, rude front-offices, dirty bathrooms and stuffy compartments. The Indian Railways, the second largest railway network in the world, employing over 1.6 million, running 11,000 trains a day across 7092 stations distancing 62,000 km of track, caters to seemingly impossible numbers. There is a *je ne sais quoi* about the railways that makes every trip on a train distinctly memorable and a learning experience.

The imagery of the Old Delhi Railway Station: bustling, historical, betel stains on walls, impatient porters, announcements and trains chuffing sheepishly into the station. The experience begins and ends here. The reservation chart is our first stop, to confirm the legitimacy of our ticket and reservation status (for those banking on DRM quota). Thereafter, after breathing a sigh of relief, we move to the nearest Wheeler's book stall to pick up a *Champak*, *Chacha Chowdhury* or pulp fiction to supplement what may be a longish journey. Next, the tea vendor, famous for (in northern areas) *khadi chai* and otherwise the regular *halwai* menu comprising *jalebis*, *pakorras* and the like.

However, the station has more to it than just the intriguing physical surroundings (colourful and ancient weighing machines included). Today, the railway platform has come to symbolize more than a mere communication system. It is an amalgam of our cultural diversity, rich history and present state. The Railways has come to acquire centre-stage in the great Indian Drama, be it noisy Question hours, a home and source of living for thousands, or historically, a trigger to the Emergency and a target during the nationalist movement.

The next time you take a train, read beyond the *India Today*. It was on one of my trips from Guwahati that I spotted an anomaly: the Rajdhani stops at Katihar Junction for nearly thirty minutes, but halts in Varanasi for precisely a minute. And then one is reminded of state boundaries and selective political priorities. Like the farmers of Vidarbha, the passengers at Varanasi alight hurriedly because they fall in the 'low priority zone.' If you are a regular passenger, notice the station

codes and single out 'CNB.' Today, in an effort to erase the colonial legacy and respect 'local sentiment,' we have changed the names of our metros to Kolkata, Chennai, Mumbai and Bengaluru. But on our Railway schedules, Kanpur is still coded 'CNB,' logical to Company officers and their dictionary of kitchen Hindustani. This highlights the Indian dilemma of being intensely nationalistic (as a reaction to colonization), yet 'western' in ways, aspirations and ideals.

The Railways was the product of the 'investable surplus' generated by the industrializing British economy. Therefore, while Simla (the summer capital) had a train connection early on, several areas in the plains remained unconnected to this means of transport. The Railways was built with a political motive: to integrate the empire and support the economic interests of the ruler. It, therefore, invariably became a target of our anti-British sentiment and repeatedly (1857 revolt onwards) became the battleground for our independence agenda. Post-1947, it became a uniting force for this diverse land and continues to hold that influence on our society. Such is the vitality of the Railways, that a national emergency was declared after a rail-strike was proposed by opposition parties during Indira Gandhi's rule. Therefore, in our contemporary history, the Railways act as a distinctly national and integrating force.

Since the dawn of coalition politics, and post-liberalization economic policies, the Indian Railways has basked in our polity's limelight. It is a 'plump' portfolio, a large public employer and represents the changing face of our economy. Far from being a representative of public sector failures (despite overstaffing, red-tapism, bureaucratic inefficiencies), it surprises everyone by being in the pink of financial health. In a political theatre, its notorious safety record has cost many a Minister their political future (if memory serves, Lal Bahadur Shastri being one of the first), and often led to 'major embarrassments' for governments, leading to electoral debacles.

The overbearing presence of the railways in our political and economic polity is not only indicative of the entire system but of the individual too. The railway station is a confluence of local life and a hub for social activities. The Madgaon station in Goa is known for its coconut-water sellers, the Manmad station for mouth-watering *langar* food; Ahmedabad for *Vadilal* ice-cream, and so on... Observe the train names and connect them to our geographical diversity: trains originating from Bihar are invariably prefixed with '*shram*;' this is because of a vast migration of labourers from Bihar, in search of employment. *Prayagraj* Express to Allahabad gets its name from the confluence of the Ganga, Yamuna and mythical Saraswati river; the fa-

mous *Himalayan Queen* to Kalka, from the foothills of Himachal and *Suryanagri Express* from the sun-city of India – Jodhpur.

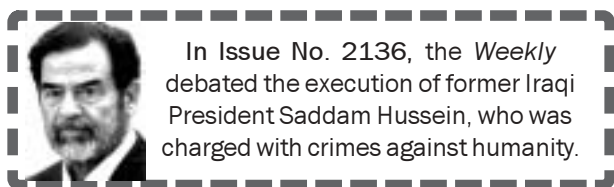
In conclusion, for the porter, traveller (nearly four billion a year and ten million a day!), *chai-wala*, station master, platform dweller and any average Indian, these words of Rabindranath Tagore, in his poem *Flute Music*, will strike a chord:

*At dusk I go to Sealdah station
Spend the evening there
To save the cost of light.
Engines chuffing,
Whistles shrieking,
Passengers scurrying,
Coolies shouting
I stay till half-past ten,
Then back to my dark, silent, lonely room.*

(Shikhar Singh)

| Death Sentence to Saddam |

The Guillotine



In Issue No. 2136, the *Weekly* debated the execution of former Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, who was charged with crimes against humanity.

The law prohibits an individual from taking his own life. Therefore, the idea of the law demanding the execution of a human being is absurd. The death sentence is an uncivilized and obsolete way of dealing with crime. It was employed in the olden times when barbaric and sadistic punishments were still prevalent and non-violence was a distant concept.

We have evolved since then, and know that murder is not the answer. The crimes committed by Saddam Hussein were undoubtedly heinous and revolting but no crime, however barbaric, deserves the death sentence. The death sentence is against the very concept of humanity. Justice can never be delivered by means of violence. A murder is not the remedy to a massacre. The law cannot stoop to the level of a criminal and perform a similar act. It would set a bad example for the public, especially the youth. Everyone has the right to live and the death penalty is thus a breach of human rights. How can the law promote bloodshed as an answer to injustice, a way of achieving vengeance? ‘Tit for tat’ people may say, but that is not the way any system should work. Two wrongs don’t make a right.

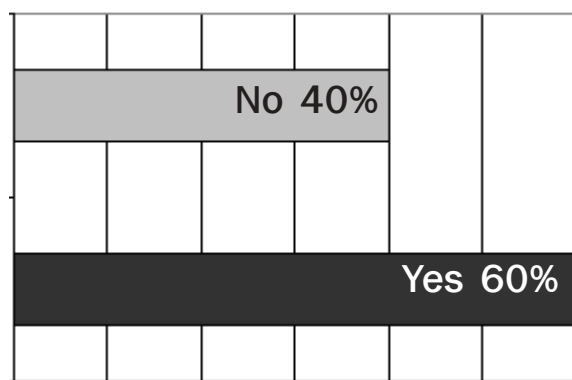
We need to deal with this matter rationally. Instead of awarding Saddam a death sentence, the judge could have pondered this matter a little longer and come to a viable conclusion. Perhaps life imprisonment would be harsh enough and give Saddam a chance to think, in silent contrition, about what he did. Putting him to death will not bring the people he brutally murdered

back to life. It will only aggravate the situation further, and we all know how volatile the situation in Iraq currently is. For a majority of people in his native country, Saddam was God. The death sentence may just make him a martyr in their eyes. Saddam’s death sentence could stimulate rebellion. Riots could break out. A milder punishment will enable the people to bury the matter and move on. Often, a punishment has graver consequences than the crime itself. Saddam has murdered scores of people. It would be foolish to add to the list by giving him the death penalty. Is it reasonable to award Saddam a death sentence just to provide vengeance to the bereaved parties?

Justice, contrary to popular belief, is not blind and we cannot let this become a case of murder for murder. Violating the right to life of a man for committing a crime does not provide justice. Instead of stubbornly holding on to the past, we need to relent and let the matter rest.

(Rushil Singh)

Do you support the death sentence accorded to Saddam Hussein?



301 members of the community participated in the poll

Why we voted the way we did...

It is an interesting observation that while our cover-story strongly protests the hanging of Saddam Hussein, the former Iraqi President, nearly 60% of the school community goes against this view. In my opinion, I feel that many of the ‘Yes’ voters are swayed by the Americanised view of ‘Devil’ Saddam. That, just as after the World War, Hitler was portrayed as barbaric and inhuman, the western media has labelled him with similar attributes. The overwhelming majority, in my opinion, are not ‘for’ the death penalty in itself, but feel that given the atrocities committed by Saddam, he deserves death. I agree with this view but feel that a decision of this kind must be taken after careful consideration (given the sectarian violence and domestic chaos in Iraq) and correct legal procedures must be followed. The convicted should have a fair trial, chance for re-appeal and then abide by the legal verdict. It is perhaps for this reason that a substantial number of us (40%) disagree with the sentence accorded to him.

unquotable quotes

Anaesthesia is the disease that causes you to forget your memory, and most importantly, your name.

Aadhar Sharma, Mr. Malaprop in the making.

I will turn a blind ear to whatever you say.

Samaay Mangalgiri, turning a deaf eye.

Are you a tribal or a bass?

Arjun Midha hits the high notes.

All playboys move to the Common Room.

Shrish Srivastava instructs.

You are a multi-national player.

Piyush Upadhyay following international sport.

What the fool are you doing?

VKL vents his anger.

J.K. Rowling dies in the last Harry Potter.

Anant Jangwal, stricken by Potter mania.

Let me complete karne do!

PKN, the complete man.

I will shot you!

Abhijeet Karwa threatens.

I will give your project to me.

SBL takes possession.

He was laughing very badly.

Jayant Mukhopadhyaya is not amused.

I can dig my nose upside-down.

Tejasvi Mathur, we advise you not to.

Send him to there.

Sharad Lal gives directions.

Australia beat South Africa by thirty-three wickets.

SDA is bowled over.

The keys is here.

Vishnukaant Pitty's key to perfect grammar.

Tuck your buttons in.

SBL the smart dresser.

You all cheaters!

SSG is disappointed.

I am the absolute.

VKL, the almighty.

They come to me; where I go to?

NTC is lost.

All the both of us will go to the Headmaster.

SDA prepares his army.

Stop jabbing like donkeys.

SDA reproves.

On ground 3 O will play O.

Rohit Khandelwal starts a civil war.

Do you have some hairy problem?

NTC gets scary.

I am not a Master to pass and fail.

Manuj Vyas refuses to pass food at the table.

The Indian National Congress was titled a seductive body by the British.

Seif Khan rewrites colonial politics.

short story



Food for Thought

Angad Singh

"Nice place," I commented, taking in the tasteful interiors, the subtle décor and the impressive wine rack at the far end of the restaurant.

"Thanks," Tom replied with a grin. "Though I must confess, all the work is Allison's. I just figure out a way to make a profit."

I laughed. For a man I had met a bare week ago, Tom was surprisingly easy to get along with. I had yet to meet his wife, but if the restaurant was truly her work, I suspected she'd be altogether less friendly. I smiled inwardly at this thought.

There was the briefest of pauses in the conversation, and as efficiently as the Royal Butler, if there is such a position, the maitre'd appeared at the table with an ingratiating smile.

"Such a pleasure, Mister Finn," he intoned nasally.

"Hello, Albert," Tom said. "I'll have the usual, and a bottle of the '96 Australian red."

He made a short bow. "And sir?" This was addressed to me.

"Oh – um – anything...with beef," I said.

"Ah, the chef is particularly proud of his Boeuf Bourguignon. I am sure sir will not be disappointed." I shrugged and he disappeared. I turned to Tom. "Wanna know why the beef's important?"

He shrugged and said, "Sure."

"Well, I wouldn't insult your establishment by having a salad, and I'm certainly not making a meal of vegetables. Now, that means *some* animal has to die for me. So, for the sake of my self-image, or whatever they call it in *The Matrix*, I feel better – no, grander – if a bigger animal dies solely for me. Ergo, the beef."

He stared at me for a long moment, then burst out laughing.

"I know, right?" I said, smiling. "Probably makes me the greatest philosopher since Sartre." Then, almost as an afterthought, "Although it could just mean I'm a lunatic."

His face contorted into a hopeless expression of mirth, and he attempted to stuff one of his wife's starched napkins down his throat to stifle his laughter.

Of course, I most certainly am not a lunatic. I like to think of myself as a facilitator of sorts. A man who accomplishes, for a fee of course, goals that his clients may not, for whatever reasons, be able to themselves.

The food arrived. Again, it appeared almost as if by magic. Wine filled our glasses and we were left alone.

The Bourguignon looked great, so I speared a morsel and placed it daintily in my mouth. We ate in silence for a few minutes, and when we were about halfway done, Tom said, "So, what's this proposition you wanted to discuss with me?"

"Hmm," I mumbled through a mouthful of food. After swallowing, I replied, "There's a guy downtown who runs a brilliant restaurant. But his accountant managed to falsify his tax records, and in a week he's gonna be bankrupt. The accountant needs some capital to buy out the owner. That's where you come in." I smiled, a chilling smile.

Tom went pale. "Well, I...you can't possibly...I wouldn't..."

"What?" I cut through his panicked babbling. "I was told you'd done something similar not too long ago. It's why I approached you in the first place."

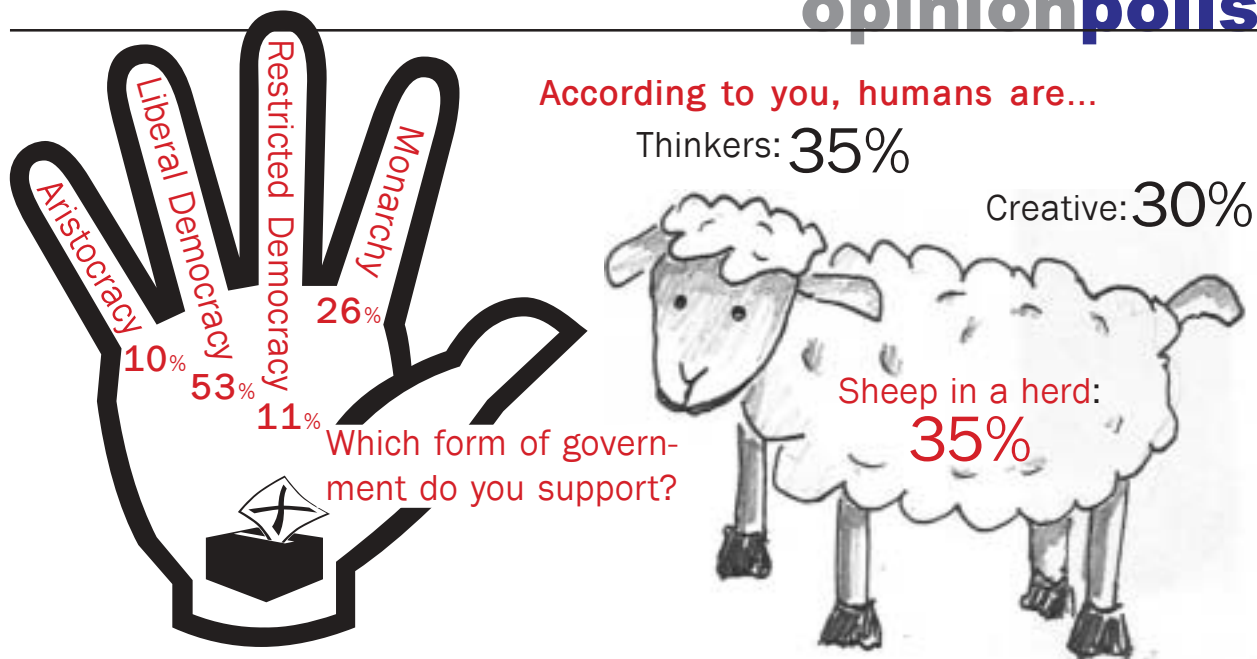
"Oh, shit," He whispered.

I pulled the silenced Walther from my holster and said, "Mister Jonah says goodbye Tom." I pointed the gun between his eyes and squeezed the trigger. Nothing happened. I cursed, and glanced at his sweating face and terrified eyes. "Didn't cock it," I shrugged sheepishly. I yanked the slide back and blew his brains all over the wall.

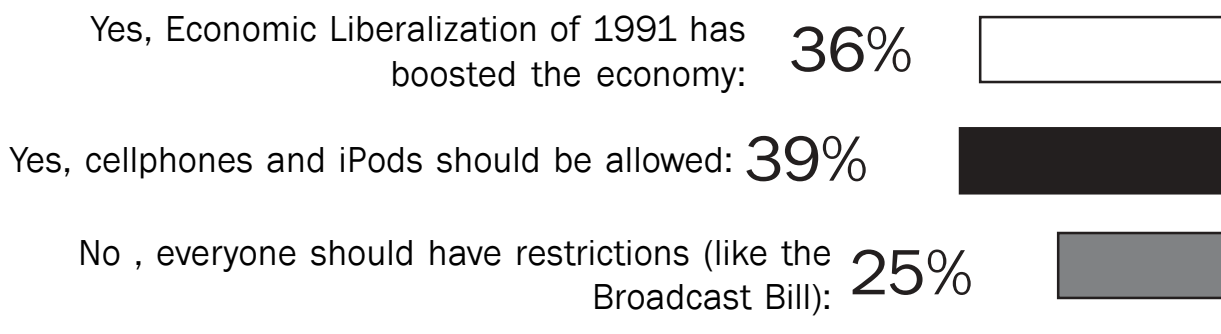
Then I dropped the gun, took a sip of wine and dabbed my lips with a napkin, thanking the Lord that it was an early dinner and there were no other patrons in the restaurant.

On the way out, I stopped and turned to Albert, who stood paralyzed with shock. "Hey Al," I said, "the bourguignon *was* very good."

opinionpolls



Do you agree with liberalization?



Methodology: The poll was conducted by randomly interviewing 250 members of the school community. Percentage figures have been rounded-off to the nearest whole numbers.

Staff vs. Old Boys

The Old Boys, led as usual by Nalin Khanna, came down to play two matches during the parent-teacher meeting weekend, and the Staff geared up to play them first, on a warm Baisakhi Day.

The Staff batted first, and we drafted in two students: Chetan Kaul and Keshav Prasad to face the new ball, operated by Asit Lamba and Naved Farooqui. Asit began poorly, with Kaul taking seven runs and a wide off the first over. Kaul continued in an aggressive vein, with a four off Farooqui. Asit, however, struck back by shattering the stumps of Keshav Prasad for a disappointing duck, and Farooqui followed suit, bowling Kaul for eleven. This brought both our coaches, Junaid Anjum, and R. Bhandari to the crease.

We hoped the left and right-hand batting combination would prosper, and ensure some respectability for the Staff. The pair wisely took their time to settle down, while Lamba and Farooqui struck a purple patch, bowling fast and accurate on a good length. Farooqui, in particular, bowled some unplayable deliveries, and one of these yorked the very reliable and accomplished Junaid Anjum for ten runs. The doughty and combative, Dr. Deepak Arora was the next man in, and we appeared to be staring down the barrel.

At this point, Deepak Kaul came in for Naved, and within a few overs, Yadav Rai replaced Asit, whose overs had run out. Bhandari was stroking the ball well and Dr. Arora soon began to match him stroke for stroke. Deepak Kaul bowled economically, while Yadav's first over was a mite expensive, with Bhandari hitting him for a six, and Dr. Arora playing some rousing strokes off both feet. The Staff bandwagon was on the roll and continued to make progress, when Pratyush Vaishnav was introduced into the attack from the CDH end. The former School Cricket Captain had Bhandari lbw in his third over and brought the wonderful partnership of more than fifty runs between the left-hander and Dr. Arora to an untimely end.

Nalin Khanna began operations from the Skinner's end and Dr. Arora tried to slog him over mid-wicket to be neatly stumped for 43, which was fifteen less than his age, making this perhaps the largest score on this ground by a man of his age. The Staff innings tottered after that and only Dr. Shukla and Nitin Chauhan made any headway. The former timed the ball well and gathered valuable runs for the team. NTC, with his usual hit or miss approach, took the attack to the bowlers, hitting Nalin for a six over mid-wicket amongst several boundaries before being stumped off Indu Shekhar. The Staff finally mustered a score of 167, all-out. The Old Boys bowled steadily throughout, but their field-

ing was somewhat patchy, letting the Staff back into the game.

Dicky Shivendra Singh and Vipin opened for the Old Boys after lunch, and in a moment of sheer optimism, bordering on lunacy, I opted to bowl the first over to Vipin from the CDH end. I thought I might have the advantage, being a few pounds lighter than Vipin. This was not to be. Trying to bowl seam-up, my arm refused to roll over at the minimum required rate and four short deliveries were taken by Vipin from the middle stump, and deposited into the area outside Hyderabad House; a most inauspicious start for the Staff, from which we never really recovered. Nitin Chauhan operated manfully from the Skinner's end and after an over from JNX, Anjum took over the CDH end, but the Old Boys had got off to a roaring start. Even the departure of Vipin, bowled by Anjum for 26 did not disturb their momentum. Sandeep Chandra joined Dicky, and both batsmen played their shots. Dicky hit two sixes and the batsmen plundered nineteen runs off an over from Anjum. We were forced to bring in Bhandari, with his left-arm spin. Keshav Prasad bowled two economical overs of medium-pace from the Skinner's end, before conceding thirteen runs in an over, making way for PBR for an over before RSF took over the Skinner's end and bowled a fiery and inspired spell of six overs.

Bhandari and RSF bowled beautifully and the fielding was as good as it could be. The Old Boys were on the back foot, but the required run-rate was in their favour, and Nalin, who played a dour innings, along with Pratyush, carried the team to victory by five wickets, with three overs to spare.

While the Old Boys deserved their victory, the Staff put up a stiff fight. Two overs, one bowled by myself and the other by Anjum were the difference between the teams on the day. Dr. Arora's courageous knock, full of concentration and flair, was a remarkable performance. The collision between Asit Lamba and Naved Farooqui, both going for the same skier over short-cover was the disaster of the day. Lamba sustained quite a serious injury and had to sit out the next day, while Naved was lucky to escape with minor contusions.

School vs. Old Boys at Abhimanyu Cricket Academy

The day after Baisakhi saw the School play the Old Boys in a day-night encounter under lights at the Abhimanyu Academy ground. Fresh in spirit, but clearly depleted in physical resources, the Old Boys began badly with Nalin, their captain, losing the toss to

Anirudh Kapur, who jumped at the chance to bat on a perfect batting strip under a late-afternoon sun.

The Old Boys had already suffered two injuries to their players. Donny breaking his finger in practice and the collision between Asit Lamba and Naved Farooqui, while going for a catch, rendering Asit hors de combat and placing Naved in a sorely restricted physical condition. The attack, therefore, was opened by an injured Naved and Deepak Kaul, while Samridh Aggarwal and Dilsher Khanna were the School openers.

The two School batsmen began cautiously, getting the measure of the attack, and the surface, with each thumping Naved for a couple of boundaries at the outset. Deepak Kaul bowled a tight opening spell, while Naved clearly showed the effects of injury and fatigue. Aggarwal and Khanna continued their business-like, determined approach, and slowly ground the bowling attack into the dust of this beautiful, new ground carved out between two hillocks, nestled serenely alongside a flowing river, banked by a steeply rising ridge. Dilsher played a swashbuckling 78 off 63 balls, and delighted with the execution of his strokes, mainly on the off-side. Samridh played a classic innings; risk-free, yet enterprising. On-drives, straight-hits and leg-glances flowed from his bat. Both batsmen played with delightful fluency and their opening stand of 153 runs in twenty overs is one of the highest ever for the School.

As often happens, both batsmen departed in quick succession. Dilsher went first, bowled by Pratyush. He had thrilled the onlookers with some explosive hitting, including two sixes and nine fours. His 78 runs were compiled in only 63 balls. Samridh was soon caught and bowled by Nalin for 72 runs in 74 balls, with only five fours, proof that the running between the wickets was of a very high order.

On the bowling front, the bowlers who suffered at the hands of these rampaging batsmen were, of course, the opening pair, while Indu Shekhar bowled only one over for 11 runs and retired. Nikhil Sharma and Pratyush did the bulk of the bowling in the middle overs and were both mauled rather severely. Nalin, too, came in for rough treatment, but pegged away determinedly, being rewarded with the wicket of Samridh.

The departure of the two batting stars of the day brought in Dilshad Sidhu and skipper Kapur to the crease. The momentum was exhilarating and as a consequence, Dilshad was run out going for a second run, being unable to beat a fine throw by Sandeep Chandra from the fine-leg region. Kapur was stumped of Nikhil Sharma by Sandeep Vij. Tanveer was run out and only Aryaman Sengar made any further impression, getting twenty runs at a run-a-ball with the support of

Shrivats Chandra and Chitwanjot Singh. In one of the brightest displays of batting, the School totaled 217 for six in thirty overs.

For the Old Boys, Nalin Khanna, Pratyush Vaishnav, Nikhil Sharma and Kunal Srivastava each got a wicket.

The Old Boys batted when the full effect of the lights had made itself felt and the ground was perfectly illuminated on all sides. Vipin and Dicky opened again, this time to the bowling of Tanveer Angad Singh and Aayushya Bishnoi. In his first over, Bishnoi bowled Vipin with a beautiful in-swinging ball that squeezed through the gate. Indu Shekhar, who came one down, suffered a similar fate, first ball! Chandra came in on a hat-trick and denied the bowler, later stroking him for a boundary in the same over. From the other end, Tanveer compounded matters for the Old Boys by bowling the in-form Dicky for no score, causing deep consternation among the visitors, and great celebration in the ranks of his own team mates. Bishnoi was in a relentless mood and trapped Anil Malhotra in front of his stumps, causing panic in the Old Boys' ranks. Pratyush was drafted in, but Tanveer, who was swinging the ball prodigiously, slid one across the stumps and through his defence. The Old Boys were, at one stage, fifteen for five, with only Sandeep Chandra showing any real mettle.

Nalin Khanna joined Chandra and there was a semblance of a stand, but the series of misfortunes plaguing the Old Boys continued, and Vivan Rai snapped up a sharp chance at short mid-wicket by Sandeep Chandra, just after the batsman had hit Bishnoi for a six. Sandeep Vij, former School Cricket Captain and wicket-keeper/batsman arrived at the crease for, what was to be, a very brief stay. He was bowled by Shailendra Singh, who was operating from the pavilion end, relieving Bishnoi. The innings was in shambles and seemed beyond repair. This proved to be the case as Deepak Kaul and Nalin soldiered on to no avail. With Sheel Sharma making a short appearance on the crease, there was a moment of nostalgia for the Old Boys and Staff. The Old Boys folded up at 65 in 21.5 overs. The School won by 152 runs— one of the largest margins of victory in a thirty overs game that one is likely to see.

The School batsmen laid the foundation for the win, with the bowlers delivering successive death blows to the top order of the Old Boys' line-up. In defence of the Old Boys' team, it must be said that they had expended a lot of energy in beating the Staff comprehensively the previous day. Age, fatigue and the tight fielding by their young adversaries proved all too much for them on the day.

Still, the event was an exciting one and it was decided to make this day-night fixture an annual affair between the two teams.

Cricket Profiles 2007

Anirudh Kapur – Captain; right-hand, leg-break bowler; right-hand, lower middle-order batsman. He made his debut for the School as early as his C form. Anirudh is an outstanding leg-spinner, with a classic action and impressive control over length and direction. Unfortunately, the Main Field wicket did not afford him enough bounce, which is so crucial to success for a bowler of his type. However, Anirudh defeated even good batsmen with flight and the considerable turn he was able to extract from most pitches. His batting was always seriously flawed! Towards the later part of his career, he made adjustments to his technique and there was significant improvement in his batting.

As captain, he led the side, on most occasions, with great commitment, and grew substantially in the areas of core competence that a captain of a cricket team needs to master. Anirudh was an enthusiastic fielder, and was always quick to pounce on the ball. He was constantly on the look-out for a run-out, against the run of play.

Samridh Agarwal – Right-hand batsman; right-hand, off-spin bowler. Samridh played only a handful of matches this season, due to the ICSE examinations, and then transferred to Millfield School, UK. We missed him a great deal this season, and I am sure we will feel his loss very keenly in the next. Anyhow, I am glad that he's making his way ahead, in the way he feels is appropriate for him. Of the large number of cricketers I have seen at School, I cannot think of anyone who loved the game more than Samridh. I was once informed that he actually slept with a cricket ball in his hand! This, and his correct, orthodox, upbringing in the art of batsmanship led me to draft him in the School Cricket Team as a C former. I doubt any C former has ever scored more runs for the School than he did. He also bowled seam-up and took quite a few wickets in his debut year. From that day, he served as the backbone of the School batting. To sum up, Samridh is a wonderful school-boy batsman: reliable, consistent and very circumspect. However, these classical and orthodox virtues may hinder his progress in the modern game. His stroke-play is not adventurous enough, and he will have to make significant adjustments in technique in order to play the kind of shots that a batsman must, in modern-day cricket.

Aryaman Sengar – Right-hand batsman. He is a hard-hitting and potentially explosive middle-order batsman. Without flowering to his fullest capacity, he won us a match and saved us severe embarrassment in another. His athleticism, speed and agility provided much-needed quality to the field. His catching could be better and he needs to learn to defend his wicket more effectively.

Rituraj Raizada – Right-hand finger spinner; right-hand batsman. Rituraj filled the spinner's role quite effectively. His lack of flight meant that he couldn't lure batsmen to their doom, but his tight, flat deliveries were difficult to put away. He also fielded extremely well to his own bowling. His fielding skills were equally effective in other positions around the ground as well, and he has a decent throw, which is rare. His batting, though rarely used, shows a doughty, aggressive approach.

Chitwanjot Singh – Left-hand batsman. Chitwanjot's School cricket career was hampered by a period of injury and convalescence, during which he remained away from the game. There is no denying his innate cricketing sense, his silken touch at the crease, and his desire to contribute to the team. On the downside, he lacked physical fitness to an extreme degree, was a poor runner, fielder and catcher. Despite all this, he played a couple of grand, match-winning knocks for school, which will always be a source of satisfaction for him.

Shrivats Chandra – Right-hand batsman. Shrivats was in and out of the team, failing to cement his place. He was capable of providing a sort of gushing momentum at the top of the order, with his keen eye and free swing of the bat. He played a couple of effusive knocks during the season, but really, was short on technique.

Shailendra Singh – Right-hand medium-pace bowler, right-hand batsman. Shailendra shouldered the responsibility of opening the bowling for School by bowling with all the determination and dedication at his command. He had a fair amount of pace, and a measure of out-swing. He made the mistake of hardly ever attacking the stumps and consequently gave too much room to the batsmen. He worked hard in the field and was generally safe. A hard-hitting batsman, he rarely got an opportunity in this area. He is also one of the most gentlemanly performers in the cricket field.

Tanveer Angad Singh – Right-hand batsman; right-hand medium-pace bowler. Tanveer showed great agility in the field, and extraordinary reflexes in the gully region. He swung the ball prodigiously, in to the right-handers, but the short-form of the game is weighted against this type of bowling. As for batting, he was always called upon to score at a break-neck rate and delivered on a few occasions. A utility man, who could have achieved more.

Dhairey Khara – Wicket-keeper batsman. He proved an adequate keeper in the end, working hard and shouldering the burden of this crucial, but thankless role. His taking of the medium-pacers improved consistently, while the slower bowlers suffered at his hands. His slam-bang batting prowess was seldom tested. He emerged a good team man, with a sense of achievement.

Rohan Mehra – Right-hand batsman; right-hand finger-spin. Tall, with a lumbering gait, Rohan showed some ability, mainly on account of the high trajectory from which he delivered the ball. On the other hand, he failed to measure up to minimum standards of accuracy required at competitive level. His batting, though aggressive and even volatile, lacked the underlying bulwark of defensive armour, and he often gifted his wicket to the opposition.

Sachin Uppal – Sachin showed some promise during the season, with his natural ability to swing the ball away from the bat and had some early successes. However, his performances fell away, mainly due to his flat-footed approach to the stumps and the shuffling gait he employs to propel himself forward, precluding the generation of the kind of rhythmic momentum a medium-pacer cannot do without. His fielding was inconsistent and uninspiring.

Ashish Mitter – The School Captain was a late entrant to the team and played three games in March. We had him go out at the top of the order, and in two of the games, he gave us stability, if not momentum. His studied, orthodox and copybook approach is not to be denied, yet lack of powerful strokeplay and other School commitments meant he had only a brief stint with the team.

Dilsher Khanna – Right-hand, opening batsman. A strapping, free-stroking player, with an upright stance, who played some of the most electrifying strokes I have ever seen from a School Team player. He began the season in a carefree, careless mood, but later matured and took on greater responsibility for the team's effort. He played some memorable knocks and got us out of some tight spots. Technically, he is still a limited player. He does not use his defence judiciously, and does not play the cut, the hook, and the pull with authority. His best stroke is the drive on all sides of the wicket, and this got him the bulk of his runs. Dilsher is a sluggish fielder, and lacked alacrity in his movement to the ball.

Dilshad Singh Sidhu – Right-hand batsman. An excellent fielder, who took some blinding catches during the season. His unorthodox, left-arm, medium-fast bowling never came along as one had hoped. His batting, equally makeshift, was brisk in intent, and fluent in stroke-play. The running between wickets displayed by him was an example for the rest of the team. He was a fine utility man, who gave his best for the team.

Vivan Rai – Right-hand batsman; right-hand off-spinner. Vivan made his place in the team with a series of consistent performances, delivering measured and tantalising off-spinners throughout the season. He picked up many wickets, and tried hard even pulling off a few sharp catches at short mid-wicket. There were few opportunities for his defensive batting. He needs to build upper-body strength and all-round fitness.

Itihaas Singh – Right-hand batsman. Itihaas was one of the junior brigade, who were blooded into the senior ranks, and received their baptism by fire. Itihaas began the season well, opening in a few games with Dilsher, and scoring moderately well, with the square drive being his most remarkable stroke. On the downside, he was too slow between wickets and lacked strength to bludgeon his way through tight situations, being mainly a touch player with attendant limitations, pertinent to limited-over cricket. Technically, he needs to abandon his fixed uprightness on the front foot, and get his eyes down to the level of the ball. In order to improve and be a great School batsman, he should keep an open mind and continue to improve.

Jai Sharma – Right-hand batsman. He is a stylish and elegant batsman, from whom too much was expected. He needs to settle down and play percentage cricket. The art of taking singles is paramount, and speed of foot is crucial to this enterprise. Big shots are risky and need a supreme degree of improvisation, not always in reach. These are some of the issues Jai must grapple with in the field of cricket.

Rajdeep Deo Bhanj – Right-hand batsman. Rajdeep has got great potential as a batsman. He possesses a good eye and dancing feet at the wicket, while paradoxically seeming leaden-footed in the outfield. Rajdeep has great patience, the hallmark of successful batsmen, and though he often displayed a questionable over-cautiousness, the results, especially in the Inter-House matches are full of hope for the future. He also distinguished himself on a tour of England, which augurs well for School cricket.

Aruj Shukla – Right-hand batsman, left-hand orthodox spin. He bowled his slow left-armers with a firm measure of control, achieving a good bit of turn and bounce, besides developing a good slower ball, amongst other variations, including an effective armer. He needs to develop a faster one and field more efficiently to his own bowling to further develop as a cricketer. His right-hand batting improved, and though not much tested, will surely be needed in the years to come.

Aayushyavardhan Bishnoi – Right-hand batsman; right-hand, swing bowler. Aayushya spearheaded the school bowling attack, and was extremely successful with his sharply moving in-swing, over which he has a fair bit of control. He must improve his run-up in order to generate extra pace in the years to come. A hard-hitting and correct batsman, he failed inexplicably on many occasions, and seems to lack confidence in this department. A more balanced and organised mental approach will help him, while he remains poised to emerge a genuine all-rounder in the game.

The life and times of... (why should you even care)

I don't maintain a photo album, and I no longer chronicle events in a personal diary. Garnering moments is a risky pastime. I live and the memories form themselves. Looking at the sepia photographs of my father's youth forced me to introspect. It was a rather inexplicable feeling: this recondite void; this bleak nothingness; this garroting discontent, which seemed to close in on me. Snap back to reality, I told myself. But somewhere in the back of my mind, this ambivalence reminded me of an incomplete past. I cannot say that I had managed to subdue it, because I was definitely not indifferent to it.

As a D former, I was called an introvert, and as a B former, I was unobtrusive. In my A form, I was labelled indiscreet, and maybe a bit mad. That concoction can definitely amount to human TNT: it probably did. I didn't change; I couldn't change; in truth, I wouldn't change. I am stubborn and obstinate. These qualities have stayed with me through life (not to suggest that I am dead now).

I remember...my servile ways in D form were almost sinful – I felt like throttling myself. The subservience with which I carried out all orders that were given to me by teachers was detestable. My one-point-agenda in D form was, probably, to score some points with the masters. My temperament in C form seemed to be much better. Peer pressure did do me some good. And I refused to do things assigned to me if I didn't want to. That, naturally, put me in some trouble with my Housemaster. But, I still didn't have a point of view. The herd mentality was persistent, and for some reason, I sought to keep my brain's languor intact. I recall this particular incident when the Housemaster was 'pasting' some of us at eleven in the night. One of our form mates fainted, saving us from maybe half-an-hour of auditory torture.

In B form, a revolution took place that changed my psyche: I read Ayn Rand. Most of her ideals continue to influence me. In her writings, I found more rationality and meaning than in any other author's. But, truth is, I am slowly submitting to the fact that the world is not perfect. She did try to project the world as it should be, not as it is. Maybe that is why her books have been a refuge for me. In the general humdrum of everyday affairs, I found relief in her works. B and A forms served to establish me as an iconoclast of sorts. I enjoyed doing things on my own accord; I enjoyed acting on impulse. And I tried to use the *Weekly* as my forum. I felt complete. Looking back, I can safely say that these were the best years of my life. There

was a sense of purpose then – resolute and unyielding.

By this time, studies took the back-seat. I vividly remember the horror with which I confronted my first sixty percent. In time, it became an every-report-card affair. I had achieved some sort of consistency, by now, at performing below what is generally expected on the academic front. This particular night, I was crying because my parents were very agitated with my attitude. My parents seldom get angry with me and prefer not to intervene with my school matters, so obviously, this came as a shock to me. Someone came to me then, and said, "Don't let that fire go out." Maybe I interpreted it incorrectly. If I didn't, then it was the best recipe for my disaster and I derived some inspiration from it, mustered up courage, and went on to sideline academics even more, while living up to my rebellious image. I liked to think that I was a maverick of sorts (and who was I kidding?).

The only thing that is etched in my memory after this, is the way I crumbled beneath the pressure of ICSE. Truth be told, I died a surrendered warrior. It will remain with me throughout and with something like this embossed in my mind, I hope I won't make such a terrible mistake again.

This article bears no relevance to your life. I hope it never bears any relevance either. Maybe it just sounds great on paper: trust me, I lived through all this and if I had an option to go to hell or re-live some of those moments, I'd think it prudent to stay in hell. And not because I don't want to change these things, but because I am still so perplexed with what I should have done; I am still so unsure about whether what I did was correct that making a judgement and passing a decision would be too difficult. Maybe reading it was just a waste of your time; maybe it wasn't: I don't know. But, reminiscing about the past and dreaming about a future: I wish there was a time-turner to life. I wish those could also have been the 'good old days'. But then again, maybe they were...

Find fifteen words of four or more letters, made from the letters of the word PATRIOTISM

B	S	T	O	A	E	P	O	T	F
M	M	R	A	P	T	M	O	N	J
S	K	O	Y	U	A	I	R	I	S
I	B	T	A	S	R	P	P	C	T
R	E	R	S	T	O	M	A	I	A
P	R	O	A	I	S	T	R	R	R
A	M	P	O	R	I	O	T	S	T
S	T	A	T	S	T	E	P	O	R
R	O	A	O	P	A	I	R	M	I
I	M	R	R	T	R	T	S	O	P
P	R	I	T	M	S	I	R	T	A

word search

Shaurya Kuthiala

Dayara Bugyal: Fleeting Moments

Twisting road, like life, a strange desire,
The course of Bhagirathi to calm the ire.

Dark, crisp air, winter hills green,
A blue plate special and a *chai* to roll,
Joy, mirth within control.

Glittering night, a blanket of snow,
Fear, faith, fire, a flickering flame,
A meadow to nest, tents to rest,
Restless, eager, time to reflect,
The morrow will show the mountain crest.

Waking in the dark, to hear the lark,
Strong feet worked on white virgin sleet,
Hill slopes adorned –


Daisy, wild flowers, beautiful buds,
Colour, shades of violet and blue.

The rhythm of heart, body and mind,
Ecstatic march to search the soul.
The climb gets steeper, the breath, deeper,
To source the goddess of the blue sky,
Disengaged from the earthly hue

Slow and steady, no race to win,
The tread to Dayara, higher and higher.
Burning sun, the snow on fire,
Each breath inward, vibrant thoughts,
Tender care, rekindled empathy.

Heaven's halo, a rainbow,
The arms of the ridge, its snowy slopes,
Whistling winds, a mortal dance,
Call for reincarnation, beautiful terrain,
Adieu! Dayara, I will see you again.

Sanjiv Bathla



*The world of reality has its limits; the world of
imagination is boundless.*

Jean Jacques Rousseau