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We welcome all participants to *The Annual Chuckerbutty Debates* and *The Doon School Quiz*, and wish them the very best of luck!

Rhythm and Rhyme

Dhruv Velloor reports on the Inter-House Music and Dance Competition, 2008



The Inter-House Music Competition was one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the Autumn term this year, particularly due to the fact that it came as a welcome break from the midnight oil burnt during test week. Of course, there was also to be new talent on show this time and all of us were sure that we would be in for a treat. Every House slogged it out in the Music School, and when it came to the days of reckoning, no one in the audience was left disappointed.

The first day was met with great excitement by the entire community. After the traditional lamp-lighting, the competition kicked off with the Light Vocal section. All the vocalists sang with a great amount of emotion and variation in their voices. Amit Gupta impressed with his *bhajan*, *Bajare Muraliya* and Manav Kochar with his *ghazal*, while Shashank Peshawaria performed pleasingly in the Sufi style. Abhaas Shah rounded the category off with the soulful *Teri Aankhon Mein*, thus completing the first category of the competition.

The mesmerising Drum Solos came next. Here too, the participants were all well-matched. Aadhar Sharma played his powerful solo with great panache, while Aashray Batra, Milind Kukreti and Vigya Singh pleasantly surprised everyone with wonderful debutant performances. Vedant Chandra, playing what he called his *Own Sound of Music*, which even incorporated the tune of *Do Re Mi* on the xylophone, caught the audience's attention with a thrilling, intense solo.

The Popular Band section followed. This proved to be one of the most enjoyable sections of the Music Competition, and all five Houses did their best to be the best. This year, the Music Competition seemed to be stricken

by Beatlemania, and the renditions were certainly appreciated. The performance of *Hey Jude* by Kashmir House and John Lennon's anthemic *Imagine*, performed by Jaipur House, received enthusiastic audience response. Hyderabad House followed suit, by performing the demanding *Let it Be* along with *Viva la Vida* by Coldplay, which showcased some fine instrumental work. Tata House, despite being the only ones to perform a song in Hindi (Kailash Kher's *Ya Rabba*), seemed to falter when it came to their Western piece, *How to Save a Life* by The Fray. Oberoi House was possibly the most creative when it came to choice of songs, performing Dream Theatre's *Hollow Years* and *Whiskey Lullaby* by Brad Presley, with Rishiraj Neog convincingly managing lead vocals and lead guitar at the same time.

The most-awaited category of the first day was to come last: the Dance category, which is everyone's favourite. Though chaos reigned backstage with frequent calls for assistance with make-up, the performances were simply stupendous! Hyderabad, Jaipur and Oberoi Houses' stylish and vigorous displays were very exciting. Kashmir House's dance was extremely innovative, performing the initial part of their dance with *diyās* and forming a 'human India' to wrap it up. The longest dance of the evening was by Tata House who used the term 'mass participation' to maximum effect. This ended up making the entire dance look fit for the opening ceremony of the Olympics.

The next day saw the school community reassemble in the MPH for another day of musical brilliance. The proceedings were kicked off by the Instrumental section, which was quite interesting due to the freedom offered to the musicians to perform on their instrument of choice. Aditi Joshi's violin played *Raga Yaman* at a furious pace, while Jaspreet Singh's sitar performance was noteworthy. D former Shreshth Khaitan shone on the mandolin with *Raga Bhairavi* rendered with great clarity. The Tabla section came next, and though any House would have been a deserving winner, Vedant Chandra, playing *Teen Tal*, once again came out on top with another masterly performance.

The penultimate category of the competition was the Solo Piano section. Ranjana Adhikari's eclectic choice of pieces (by Dvorak and Kabalevsky) was matched by

(continued overleaf)

Regulars

ARGUMENTATIVE INDIANS

At the end of the **Inter-House Junior English Debating Competition**, Aashray Batra was the **Overall Best Speaker**. Vihaan Khanna, Kanishka Malik, Sachit Taneja, Arjun Badal and Sumaer Sandhu received **Special Mention**.

Shashvat Dhandhanian has been appointed the **Secretary** of the **Junior English Debating Society** for the forthcoming year.

In the **Inter-House Hindi Debates**, 2008, the following were the House positions at the end of the **Preliminary Round**:

1st Tata

2nd Oberoi

3rd Hyderabad

4th Jaipur

5th Kashmir

Aruj Shukla was adjudged **Best Speaker**, Vishnukaant Pitty was adjudged **Second Best Speaker** and Ankur Saxena was adjudged **Third Best Speaker**. Kanishka Agarwal was adjudged **Best Interjector** and Aditi Joshi was adjudged **Second Best Interjector**.

Tata and Oberoi Houses qualified to the final round. In the **Final Round**, the results were as follows:

Saurav Sethia was adjudged **Best Speaker**, Amit Gupta was adjudged **Second Best Speaker** and Aruj Pal Singh was adjudged **Third Best Speaker**. Tata House emerged victorious.

Mansher Dhillon and Abhaas Shah represented the School in the **IIPM Cicero's Challenge Debates** held between September 4 and 7 in New Delhi. Mansher Dhillon qualified for the Final round.

Well done!

TALKTIME

Ajmal Nawaz Khan, the son of General Shah Nawaz Khan, who played a prominent role in the Azad Hind Fauj of Subhash Chandra Bose, gave a talk on **'The Indian National Army's March to Manipur'** in the AV Room on Saturday, September 6.

Shishir Priyadarshi (ex-394 H '73) a Director of the World Trade Organisation, gave a talk to students of A and S forms on **'India and the WTO'** in the Library on Tuesday, September 9. An interview runs in a forthcoming issue.

NEW RECRUITS!

The Entrance Test for *The Doon School Weekly* will be held this month. All those interested in joining the publication are requested to give their names to Dhruv Velloor or Sriyash Kishorepuria.

ERRATA

In the previous issue of *The Doon School Weekly* (No. 2196), Uddhav Prasad's name was not mentioned on the Editorial Board of the *Yearbook*. He is an Associate Editor on the Board. We regret the omission.

(continued from page 1)

Nikhil Sardana, who played a sensational *Maple Leaf Rag* School Music Captain Kushagra Agarwal played Telemann with great understanding. Shatrunjai Dewan and Tanuj Kumar made their debuts with demanding compositions by Schubert and Tchaikovsky.

And finally came the House Choirs. This last category summed up the performance levels throughout the competition perfectly, and to call the Houses closely matched would be an understatement. The rendition of the difficult and rhythmically challenging *Dhrupad* style, conducted by the House Music Captains was a fitting finale to the competition.

After the Chief Guest, Dr. Biala's speech, the long-awaited results were announced. As all of Jaipur House (due to their dominance over the two days) rose in anticipation of victory, all they could do was stand in disbelief as Tata House (because of a massive victory margin in the Dance) stole their thunder. The competition finally came to a dramatic close, giving all a sure sign of what we will be treated to next year. All in all, the Inter-House Music Competition, 2008 was a thrilling story of hard work, determination, victory, defeat and mistakes (some more cleverly covered up than others!); one that we will all remember for a long time.

Unquotable Quotes

What is else?

Saksham Sharda, nothing much!

I was bleded, man.

Archit Kumar is in great pain.

Such an idiot class, I have not never seen.

BLA admonishes.

Did Shasvat become the Secretary of Hindi JEDS?

VSM, bilingual.

Shah Rukh Khan is the nephew of Subhash Chandra Bose

Arnav Sahu, genealogically confused.

I don't know what you does.

Shubham Agarwal, neither do we.

I'll make you yours.

Milind Pandit, how?

Blood was taken from the wrong nerve

Nilesh Agarwal, heading towards a nervous breakdown.

CAREER CALL

The careers' notice board will post information on the top ten **Business Schools** in the US. All those interested should look it up.



Opinion Poll

As a part of the Inter-House Music Competition, do you prefer this year's genre of dance to last year's?



Next Week's Question: Which generated more interest: The Doon School Quiz or The Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates?

| Viewpoint |

Showing Attitude

Vivek Santayana questions the unwritten laws that govern senior-junior relationships in School

School functions on three unwritten laws; they are 'no *sneaking*' 'no *sliming*' and 'no *showing attitude*'. These are just about three 'commandments' which govern our everyday lives and are not documented in the *Codes and Policies* book.

Violation of any of the three has dire

consequences. These rules have insinuated themselves into our lives, into our subconscious and into our behaviour. They are passed on from generation (so to speak) to generation, guardian to ward and senior to junior. Let us look at exactly what these rules are; *sneaking* did throw up a lot of controversies in my D form at Assembly speeches, in *Weekly* articles and even in classroom interactions. What one side argued was that it had become synonymous with 'reporting' (and I really do not intend to go back into the conundrum of what the true definition of *sneaking* is). But whether it is or is not, no one appreciates a tattle-tale. The connotation is still unclear, but it is definitely a good idea not to get one's self into something he is not, in any way, involved; especially by testifying against someone. That is what the 'law' against *sneaking* says. *Sliming* plainly is dishonesty to a senior; lying, skiving and the like. School society is senior-dominated. Going against them would be like going against your boss. Now if such senior-junior relationships are deemed to be bad or even harmful, a worthwhile reminder here is that such hierarchies exist in every workplace today. There were no controversies regarding *sliming* so we can let it be. Allow me to put a question mark on the concept of *showing attitude*. Going by the fact that it has existed in School for quite some time now, it is a well-established norm. But I believe it is high time that this norm should be questioned.

Looking at it plainly, how should we behave with a senior? We should respect him. We should obey him (if it is not a violation of the disciplinary code). We should be polite. We should not be cheeky or rude. This is part of our ethos, an intrinsic part of senior-junior relationships. Violating these norms has its own consequences. But this is the way it is and it will remain so. Also, by obedience, I do not refer to being servile. It does not mean being a slave. All it means is that you do as you are told. Now the difference between obedience as 'doing what you are told' and 'being a servant' is a question in itself. The answer: the difference between obeying your parents because you are their son and, doing what they say because they are your masters and you their domestic help. Violations of these tenets is called *showing attitude*.

But there is a lot of ambiguity in the definition of *showing attitude*. Firstly, every individual has the right to have his own identity. Every individual has the right to dissent. Every individual has the right to be whatever he wants to be. Being an individualist, dissenting and going by one's own intentions is not *showing attitude*. Having one's own ideology, thinking in a unique way, being revolutionary and novel are not *showing attitude*. Dissent is vital for progress. Conformity will always lead to a retrogressive society. However, in our D form, we are indoctrinated into conforming with whatever a senior asks of us. We do not get any scope to mature as a completely autonomous, ideologically independent and mentally free individual until we reach our S form. A large fraction of the School society, as a result of this, loses the capacity for individual thought. By empowering the juniors to dissent, we encourage them to question convention and we encourage them to grow as rational individuals. Since time immemorial, society and civilization has only progressed because of dissent and outright defiance to the conventional and orthodox doctrines. This dissent may not lead to a revolutionary change in society, but it will lead to growth of the individual on the whole. An individual is ideally supposed to have an ideology. A Dosco is supposed to strive to be an ideal individual. Arthur Foot, in his essays on the Dosco, comments on the thoughts and ideals of a Dosco. However, in School, we are to do whatever we are asked to. In the process, we aren't given our own thinking space by seniors. We are made conformists in behaviour and we are made conformists in opinion. We do not express ourselves openly in front of a senior. We rely on his sense of judgement and we forsake our own. We do not let our own competence grow. We just sit back and agree.

Dissent, defiance of conventionality in terms of thought and refusal to conform to what seniors tell you are being dubbed as *showing attitude*. We are becoming intellectually stunted. We do not question anything we are told. *Showing attitude* is a form of suppressing individualism. Now if individualism in behaviour is done away with, it will suppress its unique nature, which is the core of progress. Thus, the impact of having such an ambiguous norm is retrogression. *Showing attitude* can only be confined to one's behaviour in terms of manners and conduct. Going beyond, going into ideologies and ideas, will definitely become suppression to individualistic thought – mini-fascism. I am not saying that it will be a cataclysmic loss for society. What I am saying is that an individual loses a great part of his education. We are faced, not by pressure towards academic excellence, but by forced conformity. And that is the main problem a Dosco faces in the development of a balanced individual with a mind of his own. That is a major flaw because of which the School is failing to produce its envisioned number of lateral thinkers. A great segment of Doscos have become conformists to society. Though conformity leads to easy survival and defiance is regarded to be social suicide, dissent is the nature of mankind and dissent is being curtailed. The problem is compounded when *showing attitude* is removed from all spheres of our lives and we stop thinking and acting as ourselves.

“By empowering the juniors to dissent, we encourage them to question convention and we encourage them to grow as rational individuals.”

| Short Story |

The Crusader

Rayhaan Imam

Amit's mind was racing as he sat on the bench. In his hand, he had a sleek Sig Sauer 9 mm. Should he, or should he not? He was held captive by the possibility of the situation. Was this his last resort? Yes, it was. There were three bullets in the gun. He hid the revolver in his jacket. He wondered whether his father would notice the absence of the gun from his desk.

He was having problems in school, bully problems, Rahul Mehra problems. It all started in the third grade, with the disappearance of his pencil case. Now, at the end of the eighth, he was targeted more dangerously. Two can play at that game. Amit was picked on by just about everyone. That would come to an abrupt end. No one would dare say a word against him. He had the power. He would call the shots.

Amit continued to ruminate on his plan. There were two sides to the situation, 'his' choice and the 'right' choice. The 'right' choice was that he go to the school counselor and sort it out, getting Rahul expelled. 'His' choice dealt with the problem completely. He could give Rahul his dues for all the pain and suffering he had caused to everyone. Rahul deserved this. And now, for the first time in his life, Amit could be God. Amit would make the judgement. He would have Rahul at his mercy, begging. He would have the power to remove that evil smirk. He would be the Grim Reaper. He felt the pistol and he heard a thousand cold voices in his head chant, "Kill him. Kill him."

This power, this feeling of power, this power to play on the very fear that Rahul used, intoxicated him. He would handle all the complications. Rahul would be armed himself. This could be self-defence, couldn't it? He couldn't resist the temptation. The bullets in the gun had a hypnotic presence. He was fascinated by their power and how three small bullets could make him God. But questions whirled around in his head. Was it worth the sacrifice of a reputation? Was it worth the humiliation his family would suffer? Was it worth the disappointment it would cause his parents? It would be worth the brief stint in the juvenile penitentiary. The shackles would be undone, sooner or later. But the change it would bring in his life would be unparalleled. He might as well pay the price. If he didn't do this, he would never get the chance to ever again. It was now or never.

He got up. He would no longer be the scrawny little pipsqueak who got picked on. If he wouldn't take a stand, who would? The school bus arrived and he climbed aboard. His hand cradled the pistol, and the voices grew louder and louder.

| Reflection |

Dropping a Line

Shashank Peshawaria

I want to write. I want to write like Wilde did. I want to write like Kipling did. I want to write on anything. But alas! I can't even frame a sentence. I have no sense of punctuation. Every sentence I write is like a three-pound cake: studded with commas, semi-colons and colons like chocolate and cherry garnish. I don't know how to use an exclamation mark. I don't know anything. I can only read. But what's the use of glueing the eyes to a text if nothing can be learned from it? I have the unfortunate propensity of ruining syntax. Huge words that I pick up from enormous dictionaries, when self-consciously used to create an 'effect', kill the true thought behind the sentence. To write that I am feeling hungry, I will write that my stomach is like a bottemless pit, butterflies are fluttering aimlessly, and starvation is making me feel like devouring everything in sight. Yuck! This is pathetic. What a shoddily stretched, cheesy sentence! At times, my inability really gives me the jitters. Will I ever be able to fulfil my dream of being able to write? Will I ever be able to, at least, have an essay published in a column of a newspaper or a magazine which is considered original and creative enough? The stories that I write are baseless. The list of factual and grammatical errors in them is never-ending.

Pallid mist hangs over the hills.

How silent are the nests.

The sun sinks far in the west.

The owl makes its kills.

But I don't know what to call these things.

What should I write when the day is sunny?

I am in a fix with words.

It is not funny.

The grammar is messed.

I am so distressed.

The standard of my writing is nowhere even close to my aspirations, but still, I aspire to write like Wilde or Kipling or Keats or Fleming. And yet, I want to write something. I want to write everything. I want to write.

LINGUA FACTS

- More than 1,000 different languages are spoken on the continent of Africa.
- There are more than 2,700 languages in the world. In addition, there are more than 7,000 dialects.
- Somalia is the only African country in which the entire population speaks the same language, Somali.

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