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## Blown Out of Proportion?

*Dhruv Velloor questions the paranoia that had gripped the Community*

The recent threat of swine flu to the School had led to something akin to chaos being spread around campus. And having looked at petrified juniors and a couple of frantic masters, I wondered if things hadn't been blown out of proportion, and if we were not taking things a bit too seriously.

We need, most importantly, to be aware of the *facts*: swine flu was *not* spreading in School. There have been fourteen cases of Doscos with the flu in School – one them was quarantined and recovered (even before his report had arrived) without being administered *Tamiflu*, and the remaining are now healthy. While we cannot say that the scare is over in Doon, the fact that we have fewer cases of viral fever now than before point to the reality that the worst is well behind us.

In addition, we need to note that the measures the School is taking are purely preventive, and are intended to keep the situation under control. Classes were suspended to keep us well-rested, and playing games during rain has been disallowed to keep us from becoming vulnerable to viral infection. We need to understand that the School is sensible enough to look after us, and would never compromise on our safety and well-being. If the authorities saw fit to close the School down for a while, it was a decision that does not warrant questioning. The upside was that we all got an unexpected, but most welcome, holiday!

Let's all try to be discerning. We know the media is prone to exaggeration of information, and swine flu isn't as 'deadly' as it is made out to be. There are more deaths due to malaria and encephalitis every day in India than there have been of swine flu in a month. The media has implied that swine flu is practically incurable, when in reality it is little more severe than viral fever or a minor respiratory disease, which many get over without much medication. We have reason to be concerned, but let's not overreact. We managed to weather SARS, we got through viral fever and typhoid and conjunctivitis in School, and we'll get through this too. Instead of worrying too much, let's do what we can to stay safe – wash our hands, eat well, keep our natural immunity high.

In essence, let's not hit the panic button.

## Pandemic Pandemonium

*Vivek Santayana reminds us to act sensibly in times of a pandemic disease*

The purpose of a quarantine is not to prevent the disease from spreading, but to keep us from doing to ourselves something extremely stupid. The only legitimate threat from a pandemic outbreak is not from the disease itself (in most cases, people can be treated effectively in no time, as is evident from the fact that most of the swine flu cases had recovered before their test results arrived), but from the resulting panic and hysteria (in other words, chaos).

It would be best to look systematically at the main causes of such a hysterical reaction. Had we suspended inter-house competitions earlier on, it is very likely that all cases of viral fever and flu would have been diagnosed and cured before they could have become a cause of widespread infection. Let us consider the real reason why these communicable diseases spread: our irresponsibility. Whether the swine flu infection came in during DSMUN is debatable. However, what is a fact is that many boys who were participating in this conference and came down with regular viral fever refused to go to the hospital, facilitating the spread of illness. Following the conference was the swimming competition. Again, many students refused to go to the hospital because they were swimming for their Houses. The soccer competition had the same effect. Ultimately, it was our irresponsibility towards our own health and also the health of all those around us that led to the spread of the disease.

We all know that swine flu is not as deadly as it is portrayed to be by the media (although many of us refuse to believe so). We had unreasonably entered a state of panic. A dengue epidemic had also struck School last year (and fortunately wasn't hyped as much), but that was dealt with by the circulation of *Odomos*, not with a large-scale shut-down of activities. Dengue may not spread as easily as swine flu, but it is no doubt more lethal. Most unreasonably, we were so scared of swine flu that we were afraid of going to the hospital because we might just have been diagnosed 'positive'.

All the necessary precautions have been taken in order to keep us from infecting ourselves further. There is still nothing to worry about. The situation *is* under control. We have to make sure it stays that way. But if we had been more responsible earlier on, we would not be in a state of curfew (read 'holiday', to most of us). We have harmed ourselves enough. We might still be able to return to normalcy. Let us, for once, act wisely. Unless we do, all precautions the School takes will remain insufficient.

## Regulars

### TRADING PLACES

We welcome Ave Ramkaran from **St Stithian's School, Johannesburg, South Africa**, on a student exchange programme. He will be staying in Jaipur House and will attend classes with IB S form. We wish him a pleasant stay.

### SWINE FLU SPEAKER

**Dr D K Juneja**, epidemiologist of Dehradun district addressed the School on Wednesday, March 23, in the MPH. He educated the School community about swine flu and the necessary precautions and preventive measures that should be taken by the community.

### SOCCER

The School soccer team took part in the **RIMC Soccer Tournament** and reached the semi-finals. The team won against RIMC 1 – 0, drew against the Assam Valley School 1 – 1, won against Doon International School 2 – 0 and Scholar's Home 3 – 0. The Doon School lost to the Tibetan School 3-2 in the semi-finals. Well played!

### SPLASHING SUCCESS

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Swimming Competition, 2009**:

Senior Cup:	Mediums Cup:	Junior Cup:
1st: Oberoi	1st: Oberoi	1st: Jaipur
2nd: Kashmir	2nd: Kashmir	2nd: Oberoi
3rd: Tata	3rd: Jaipur	3rd: Hyderabad
4th: Hyderabad	4th: Tata	4th: Tata
5th: Jaipur	5th: Hyderabad	5th: Kashmir

Congratulations!

## doubletake *Madhav Dutt*



*Quarantine!*

## Opinion Poll

Are you tired of the monsoon weather?

Yes: 51%

No: 49%

*(201 members of the School community were polled)*

**Next week's question:** Do you feel the swine flu scare is over?

### DEBATING RESULTS

The School was represented by Dhruv Velloor, Bharat Ganju and Vivek Santayana at the **India Today Cup Vasant Valley School Debates** held at Vasant Valley School, New Delhi, on September 3 and 4. The School was eliminated in the preliminary round. Dhruv Velloor was adjudged **Best Speaker** in his pool and also received a cash prize for being the highest scoring speaker amongst all the four pools in the Preliminary Round. The School was also represented by Arjun Singh Badal and Arnav Sahu in the **JK Kate Memorial Debates** held at Punjab Public School, Nabha. The team finished third. Well done!

The following are the results of the **Junior Inter-House English Debates, 2009**:

**Final Round:**

**Best Speaker:** Siddhant Sachdev

**Most Promising Speaker:** Rahul Shrivastava

The **House positions** at the end of the Competition are as follows:

1st: Hyderabad

2nd: Tata

3rd: Jaipur

4th: Oberoi

5th: Kashmir

Congratulations!

## Unquotable Quotes

*Give me a call once you reach Abu Dubai.*

**RSF**, uniting the Emirates.

*This is an answer I will never answer.*

**SRY**, is that a question?

*I was stuck in a traffic.*

**Piyush Upadhyay**, 'jamming'.

*I've lost my fingers.*

**Sriyash Kishorepuria**, they can't have gone far.

*Meet me at dinner with Madhav Dutt, whatever that is.*

**Sriyash Kishorepuria**, forgetting faces.

*Preachers don't preach themselves.*

**Piyush Upadhyay**, preaching and practising.

*Can we talk silently?*

**Vibhav Maheshwari**, tight-lipped.

## Chocolate

*Abhilaksh Lalwani*

It all began with chocolate,  
Or at least I like to say so.  
She may not even remember.  
Or maybe, she doesn't let it show.

It was the last of the pack:  
A lone wolf with enemies twain.  
But she alone was to be his bane,  
For into him did she bite –  
Woe to me, I deemed it right.

The unsavoured half she handed me:  
To give in to her, was fallacy.  
But, is it not a truth to behold:  
In love, even blood seems gold?

# “When I was in School . . .”

K V Arjun Rao

It's been a while since I've written anything for the *Weekly*, far too long in my opinion. And after reading the issue a few weeks ago (which was brilliant, by the way, so well done, editorial team!), I figured that I just couldn't be left out!

Where do I begin? So much to say, so few words (I'm notorious for writing rather long pieces but the *Weekly*, unlike my other publishers, has always indulged me) and I don't even know where to start. So let me say the one thing that I'm most famous for saying, “When I was in school...” There are so many things to say but here's a sample – my Top 5, if you will:

“Don't get stuck in the whining about why things are not working out and why everything is not the way you would like it be, that you miss everything else on the way. If you think there's something wrong, go out there and fix it! //

**1. The Master's word:** was gospel. No one argued with it, questioned it or thought about it – we just blindly accepted it. And we suffered because of it. I didn't know how to think critically (I still don't, not technically anyway) and ‘out of the box’ was out of the question. I suppose because of my loud voice and rather annoying habit cultivated by my History teacher of asking questions, I was always at the receiving end of a rather large number of sticks, chalk and dusters. However, all of it did teach me something – if people are trying to shut

you up, it's probably because you've asked the question that bothers them and makes them question themselves or because they just don't know the answers. But not once were they man (or woman) enough to admit it. It was slap, slap and away.

But you all, all of you who study at Doon, are so lucky. You've never had to go through all of this. You're not only encouraged to ask questions but you're also taught how to do it! You question policy decisions, awarding of prizes and you are always provided with answers (most of which are read in the *Weekly*). And the entire exercise is valuable not only for you who are going to be making decisions of your own in the future and must be able to ask those difficult questions, especially of yourself, but also for the School. We are here for you. Without it sounding sickly sweet, you complete us.

But the most depressing fallout of this entire process of questioning is the near-absence of boundaries or, sticking with our Indianness, at least a Line of Control. While in the '90s teachers were still hated and complained about among our peers, there was never any outward show of disrespect. You knew where you had to stop and you did. And not once did anyone ever have to pull you up and speak to you, least of all the Headmaster.

Today, with teachers' hands tied (thankfully!), there is very little that this adult trying his or her best to deal with 25 kids day in and day out can do if things start to go wrong (as they occasionally do). And you kids are conscious of this and make life hell for this unsuspecting soul who has arrived with the best intentions to teach you or help you out in the House. The kinder a teacher is towards you, the worse the situation tends to become. You refuse to do work in that class, you resort to destroying furniture in the classroom, you vandalise the premises with messages of hate about him or her and you choose to walk out on him or her.

Of course this is not true of most of the students nor is it true of most of the teachers, especially those you perceive as having an iota of talent within them. Of course we're here for that. Use our talent – there are 75 of us here – suck every drop of that talent out from us and grow as a human being. But also realise that just because a person is simple, does not brag about where they've come from and where they studied, it does not mean they have no talent and nothing for you to gain from. Also, because a person is in a position of power and you have something to gain from his or her influence, don't delude yourself into believing that you will get all you want if you laugh at their bad jokes and constantly go to them for advice. Most teachers are fair and honest, for if we don't have our integrity, what do we have?

**2. We took it like a man:** the most disappointing thing about discovering that someone has done something wrong and is in dire need of disciplining, counselling or punishing is the fact that for half an hour you have to listen to him (one of you!) whine about how it wasn't your fault, how you didn't want to do it but your peers or your seniors forced you to, and my personal favourite: how a teacher has a grudge against you (don't be so full of yourself – you're not that important. Yet.).

There was a certain amount of pride in getting into trouble, especially in boarding school – read any of the famous books or accounts of boarding school and along with the deprivation and lack of emotional development is the number of times they were in trouble. And how they were doled out magnificent punishments – either by teachers or by prefects – and even today, ex-Doscocs speak of famous slaps that “flung me out of the classroom and into the corridor”. Come on, it nearly completely built the entire legend of teachers of the Old School. While I'm glad that I've never had to slap a student and I'm even more glad that it isn't allowed any longer, I do feel that it has resulted in the creation of a whole generation of wimps that can't take



anything – punishment, heartbreak, disappointment, low marks – God, the list can go on and on!

If you've done something wrong, be man enough to accept the blame for it. Stand up with your head held high and declare for the whole world to hear: "I did something wrong and I had a great time while doing it. Do your worst!" and believe me, you'll have a story to tell your kids.

**3. All this whinging, griping and complaining was unheard of:** beautiful synonyms for the same awful word. We were so busy (just like you are), always behind our schedules (again, like you are), never studied through the year like our teachers begged us to (still not sounding familiar?), that the time of the day you couldn't wait for was when you finally got into bed. The odds of us having the energy to actually think about the things that weren't going the way we wanted them to was so exhausting, that you just gave up on it. That said, the one thing that we did dedicate a lot of time and energy to was discussing how our luck with the girls was running out (if it was ever there to begin with). We were just so grateful to be able to make it to the next morning (tough when you think of the lethal triumvirate of your prefects, your teachers and the awful PT that we were put through ever morning), that we slept soundly.

Why are so many of you turning into complainers? It's only natural, I guess, because you don't know what's out there (more on that later). Don't get so stuck in the whining about why things are not working out and why everything is not the way you would like it be, that you miss everything else on the way. If you think there's something wrong, go out there and fix it! Don't wait for anyone else to do it for you. Remember: "You can't always get what you want. But if you try some time, you just might find, you get what you need."

When was the last time you appreciated someone? There are so many people who are labouring to make life easy for you. And life can always be better. There can always *be* more. You can always *want* more. You can always *have* more. But sometimes, it's just good to sit back and thank the stars that you're here and not out there, alone, afraid, without anyone to lean on.

**4. There was so much pride in hearing someone say, "I give you the Class of...":** I finished from school ten years ago. Some (I should be honest – *most*) of my closest friends are from my class at school. And why not? We had grown up together, lived in the same rooms and dorms together, flunked the same Maths tests and played on the same teams (I know it doesn't look like much now but there was a time...sigh), it was only obvious that we would still be close. And now, just like it was back then, we stand up for each other. You expected to get it from your seniors and your teachers but your classmates were always on your side.

But here I find the opposite. Kids hate school not because their seniors are bullying them but because

“You all will forever be the ‘Class of ...’ together. And if there is someone who will help you out at any time in life, it is these guys you grew up with. But if you push them away, then what happens?”

members of their own class have decided to mete out some bizarre form of justice that they believe is lacking. The first time I witnessed someone being pushed around by his own form, I gaped incredulously. And I saw it happen again and again. And because it happens within areas where seniors will never be seen, it is barely noticed. We assume that you will look out for each other, not give up on each other.

It's a shame, really. You all will forever be the ‘Class of ...’ together. And if there is someone who will help you out at any time in life, it is these guys you grew up with. But if you push them away, then what happens?

**5. We didn't care about the “big, bad world”:** I have by this time spent as much time at Doon as a D former who joined in 2003. I had forgotten what it was like when I finished school. I knew nothing about colleges and the life that they had to offer. After seven years in a protected environment, I found myself in a city that didn't care about me; I knew no one and all my friends were so far away from me. And I can never thank God and my parents enough for making that decision of moving back home for me. I would never have met anyone other than the people I knew from school, never have decided to develop any sort of skill and would never have found this life that I have come to love, respect and cherish.

And the same thing happened to me last year. Doon has this brilliant ability of giving you a life that you can only dream of – clean air to breathe, freedom of thought and expression, independence of thought (if you choose to be brave enough to exercise it), safety (personal and professional) and an apartment that I would have to pay for through my nose if I worked anywhere else! I forgot about what was going on out there. I forgot that there are people, living very happy lives, oblivious to us living on our own planet here in Chand Bagh. I forgot that there was more to life than Socials' duty, toy duty and night rounds. And I hit rock bottom. And it was only when I was away that I could come to terms with what Doon is all about.

Don't allow yourself to fall into the trap of being like some of the people I know who can only talk about Inter-House matches and how things were so much better in their time. Find the world and you will find that there are things more important than whether you were fed a nutritious meal or not. Go out there and find life and you will find that there is more to it than winning a cup or being awarded a colour. Be decent, be humane, be kind, for that is all anyone will remember of you and not whether you were a captain or not. And live life. No wait, I mean *live* life.

So, that's that. The largest crib of the term. Make of it what you will. Take from it what you want. Trash it, smash it, rip it, shred it. Just remember that it's all true.

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# Letters To The Editor

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## Commending Dissent

Wouldn't we all love it if all the mangoes of a tree ripen on a given date? But then, we would have a surfeit of it and nature, in its unfathomable wisdom, believes in staggering our appreciation of its bounties. Likewise in the case with Doscos: Akash and Ishaan's responses were like the ripe mangoes, balanced and thoughtful. The lusciousness is, however, missing from the responses of Messrs Kapur and Bhatia, which revealed a common flaw in the young Dosco character – "when in doubt, cite tradition!"

The *Roving Eye*, since its inception, has been known as the 'poison pen' and has been a satirical take on Sc form 'socials' with Welham Girls' (eagerly awaited by the participants of this fete) or any current event of import like inter-school events. While ICSE tries its level best to teach children the distinction between satire, criticism and cynicism, some children, like mangoes, mature late.

However, I do agree with one aspect of this duo's mail, notionally. It is that the *Weekly* is such a delightfully paradoxical vehicle. Take this recent edition as an example. If the *Weekly Opinion Poll* is to be believed, 55% of the students believe that the *Weekly* is already heavily censored and it also has Messrs Kapoor and Bhatia categorically calling for more censorship. I am particularly fond of this line from the *In Poor Taste* LTTE, "If no one has anything good to say about the MUN, then it would be best if nothing was said at all." It could well be a line from the autobiography of a Hitler or a Stalin or a Pol Pot or a Zia ul-Haq and nothing would be amiss, but then, poor boys, they just "put their hearts and souls" doing MUN without having much intellectual inkling of the harsher historical reality of the world.

In a way, I find Anuj and Arjun's letter very similar to that of Shashank Peshawaria's searching article – both pieces of writing are a search of an adult Dosco's identity, which is exactly what boys of this age are wont to do – while the former set expresses their latent anger in the petulant demand for hegemonic authority, Shashank's piece is more of a soul-searching one. Each seems to be vying with the other in trying to ascertain what a Dosco is or should be! In fact, I am glad Anuj and Arjun have taken up the pen, in a world where peer bullying is a chosen method of asserting authority.

Finally, that the *Weekly* is the platform of this debate is the mark that all is well with the world (read The Doon School) and the *Weekly* is maturing into a fine ripe mango (my obsession with mangoes stems from the rather slim season this year)! The Editorial Board has been doing a fine job since 1936 and is doing it 'appallingly' well! In an age where the pen is being increasingly considered as losing its power, this handful of boys and masters have kept the flame burning!

(Debasish Chakrabarty)

## 'In Poor Taste', Indeed

In the August 29 issue of the *Weekly*, a letter written to the publication in this context made for an interesting read. It called upon (or dare I say, questioned) the sensibilities of the *Weekly's* Editorial Board for giving print space to two articles – one a piece of fiction titled *No Answers* and another, a *Roving Eye* piece written on the DSMUN. The idea behind this piece is not to take sides but to perhaps highlight the issues that emerge out of this 'controversy', attempting to be a dispassionate voice of sorts.

In a closed environment like The Doon School, one tends to feel content with resting on past laurels and traditions. Hence it comes as no surprise that the letter then starts out by denouncing the *Weekly* for having, "...lost its focus completely and contain[s] articles that are not needed." Those words of wisdom spoken, it goes on to accuse the *Weekly* of being "too liberal". Perhaps there is a contradiction here. Instead of seeing focus or priorities being changed (as they do with time) what is being lamented is that a 'liberal' outlook is substituting an 'earlier focus'; that can only be corrected by reverting to old-school censorship. Add to that, the petitioners feel aggrieved that focus has been lost *completely*. Does one hope that this abstract, seldom-defined thing called 'focus' is retained in parts to stop the spectre of liberalism from haunting the *Weekly*? Should one not be congratulating the *Weekly* instead, for being so brave as to provide print space to hitherto stigmatized subjects? An all-boys' school is prey to a very repressive discourse of masculinity, where every boy is called upon to prove his virility. Those who don't, or can't, are identified as the deviants. In such a context, stories like *No Answers* is most pertinent in the questions it poses. However, there are other accusations of malcontent and personal slander. Without bothering to inspect the veracity of such claims, what one cannot ignore is that every author is captive to his subjectivity. Hence he will eulogise or condemn people, characters or incidents as his experience or personal sense of propriety allows him. That the selection process of articles for the *Weekly* 'baffles' the petitioners is similarly a function of their sense of right and wrong. It is unfortunate, I suppose (and I am not necessarily celebrating it), but it is an inevitable part of authorship.

The biting criticism that it served to the *Roving Eye* also reveals facets of how meanings are invented outside the author's domain, attributing meanings that may have not been intended. Diverse views on authorship have stressed upon the role that consumption or readership plays in the reception of any written text. The author, hence, loses his autonomy once he has inscribed his views and these words assume a life of their own in the eyes of the reader. If it was not bad enough that the *Weekly* had fallen by allowing liberal ideas to infest its space, it further deigned to allow a critical piece on its *hallowed pages*. How criticism is tantamount to reducing the *Weekly* into a 'gossip magazine' (I suppose one meant a tabloid; a journal cannot be a magazine!) is beyond my limited imagination. One does not have to agree with all

(contd. overleaf)

Under the scanner

# INDIA

## FREE SPEECH?

Abhishek Choudhary

Not for the first time in recent months, does the BJP find itself amidst a raging controversy. First, it was the infighting among the top brass after the poll debacle which continued (and which is still continuing), and now, the controversy that has resulted from the expulsion of one of the most seasoned stalwarts of the BJP, Jaswant Singh.

It seems that the BJP is haunted by Muhammad Ali Jinnah's legacy. During his visit to Pakistan in 2005, LK Advani had commented that Jinnah was "one of the only secular leaders of his time", and that he was "a person who had created history". By saying this, Advani endangered his political career and had to give up the post of party president to compensate for his outspokenness. History repeats itself, they say. The history of independent India is littered with examples of political apostasy and here comes another case liable to be called so. Last month, Jaswant Singh was expelled from the BJP because he published a book *Jinnah: India – Partition – Independence* on the role played by Jinnah during Partition. The BJP's reason for expelling him is that he deviated from the core ideology of the BJP. The stand of the BJP can be gauged from Arun Jaitley's comment that, "No party can give its members the liberty to go against the basic ideology or belief or talk publicly against it". It is perceived by the BJP and others that in his book, Jaswant Singh praises Jinnah and condemns Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's role during Partition. Sardar Patel is seen as the leader closest to the BJP's ideology at the time of Partition. Jinnah, being the first president of Pakistan and the man chiefly held responsible for Partition because of his drive for a Muslim homeland, has always been a symbol of hate for the BJP. Not only for the BJP, but for the entire nation, Jinnah has been a demonised figure.

In my eyes, there is nothing in his book to suggest that Jaswant Singh has denigrated Sardar Patel, or gone against the ideology of the BJP. Jaswant Singh's book amounts to a political biography of Jinnah. Therefore, I consider it very unfortunate that such criticism should have been poured on Jaswant Singh, whose only 'fault' is that he has written of the period of Independence and post-Independence in a light which does not suit the BJP. It is time that the BJP learns to accept different interpretations of history.

Even if we grant the fact that Jaswant Singh has denigrated Sardar Patel and praised Jinnah, why has the BJP and most of the nation flared up in protest? Can an Indian not praise Jinnah? We have to make a distinction between his public life and his personal attributes. Hypothetically, this is the death of the Great Indian Democracy.

A recent article that I read draws a comparison between the Indian National Congress and the BJP. The writer

talks about how Shashi Tharoor in his book *India after Midnight* heavily criticized the imposition of Emergency and also the Gandhi family. Even after this, the Congress gave him a Lok Sabha ticket from Thiruvananthapuram and went so far as to appoint him a minister in the Ministry of External Affairs. The writer contrasts the decision of the Congress with that of the BJP, who expelled Jaswant Singh when he praised Jinnah's personal characteristics and questioned the role of Sardar Patel during Partition. The BJP has always prided itself on its internal party democracy and compared it to the 'autocratic and dynastic' Congress. This shows that the BJP has always been far less accommodating to criticism and freedom of speech than the Congress and thus less democratic.

The BJP has to bring its ideology in line with the changing mood of the nation. In orchestrating a recovery, it is hamstrung by its communist-like belief in the supremacy of ideology. It puts the party in the role of a sect, which fits uneasily with its stated goals.

The fact that I am ashamed of most is that India, which prides itself on the freedom of speech enjoyed by its citizens, has hardly spoken up during this entire 'Jaswant Singh-Jinnah' episode. The truth of the matter is, that we in India have become accustomed to hypocrisy.

\* \* \*

(contd. from page 5)

that was said in the *Roving Eye*, and perhaps rightfully, a few were angered. The MUN conference was a product of many people's hard work and carried out sincerely. As DEB's letter in the same issue points out, there were loopholes in the execution of the conference. To make MUN 2010 a better event those faults need to be rectified, an exercise that is premised upon identifying the problems. The *Roving Eye* was mature in not associating the problems with one or any individual(s), it was witty and, as I am told, in line with the tradition of *RE* to be light enough to be read and forgotten. But instead, the conference became so sacrosanct that it evoked a response as dogmatic and incredulous as ". . . if anything good cannot be said, then let's not say anything at all." Of course, the incomprehension of that sentence notwithstanding, it shows a dangerous level of intolerance towards anything that disturbs the artificial harmony on campus. The sentence represents a preliminary trend towards moral policing and extraconstitutional censorship of the extreme right wing movements anywhere. In such cases then, it is not a sin to be critical; it is, in fact, a necessary virtue.

To conclude, this is not a letter written against any student in particular as I am unacquainted with the writers in this particular case, but to argue against the ideas it stands for. I congratulate the *Weekly* again for encouraging such pieces that go beyond the mundane and challenge certain accepted norms. However, I do agree with one thing: in poor taste, indeed.

(Shatam Ray)

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