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WEEKLY



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Editorial

A Mountain Called 'Ourselves'



I was studying during midterm, not my books (to some of my teachers' disappointment), but myself: I reflected upon my character through the arduous yet scenic climbs. Expeditions like these bring out the best in us, and it is in the light of such difficulties that I learned many things and discovered many sides to myself.

A midterm teaches us independence, discipline, perseverance, and steadfastness. We compete against ourselves and our own weaknesses. In the process, we grow, surpassing our own limits. There is also great freedom up in the mountains, where neither School walls and rules restrain us, nor authorities discipline us. We are by ourselves. Such freedom entails great responsibility and self-discipline, and it is closer to a notion of adulthood than the carefreeness of non-accountability for our actions. We are accountable for not only ourselves, but for everyone around us. In such times, we develop a deep, fraternal sense of camaraderie and selflessness.

The entire experience – the rocky ascent, biting cold, sleepless nights and endless days – adds mysteriously to the beauty of every glacier, mountain or river we see along the way. The brief moment at the destination and the satisfaction earned are worth the travail of the journey and the days and sweat spent in climbing. The climb itself is most rewarding. There is nothing as fulfilling as reaching a destination and looking behind and saying to oneself, "I climbed this far", and nothing as beautiful as the sight of the world below after an arduous climb or stars above at night as seen from a mountaintop. Finally, in the quiet introspection of the descent, we are left with sweet memories of the climb and our reflections thereof. We return to School, not rested or relaxed, but tanned, exhausted, filthy, lips chapped, hair unkempt, our bodies thoroughly worn, yet happy and enriched, and these will be the persisting memories of the treks of our schooldays.

These expeditions are akin to what life has in store for us: hardships, surprises, disappointments, tedious competition and the invaluable satisfaction, contentment and happiness at the summit, when some moments can make the entire ordeal worth it. These five days are a life in themselves: we go from schoolboys to young men in the wild, living off our own amateur chapattis. These experiences bring us closer to ourselves, and we grow in many ways. In the end (my due acknowledgement to Pirsig), the real mountain we are climbing is a mountain called 'ourselves'.

Running for a Cause

Vivek Santayana on the Terry Fox Marathon of Hope which the School hosted on Wednesday, April 14

I had injured my knee during mid-term, despite which I ran in the Terry Fox Marathon of Hope. I told myself that I was complaining about an injured knee, while Terry Fox ran after having lost a leg. I confess that I lack that kind of determination, but I do love running; I can think better as I run. Also, I derive a peculiar happiness in running long distances. It is surprisingly relaxing. But the Terry Fox Run was for a cause. We were running to raise money for cancer research in India and we were celebrating the indomitable spirit of Terry Fox, who, like Lance Armstrong (an example the Deputy Headmaster had mentioned during the opening speech) did not give in to a mortal illness.

As our Chief Guest, Rahul Bose, said to the thousand-odd people gathered on the Main Field, "You aren't running for yourselves." We were running for cancer patients across the nation. We were running to raise money for cancer research and spread awareness about bone cancer. Despite its occasional contradictions, his speech drove a point home: serving society is about working for others' good. Terry Fox could have chosen to lead his life differently, resigned to his fate. Instead, he chose to run cross country to raise money for the benefit of other cancer patients. He had already lost his leg, but he didn't want that to be the case with other people. All of us had gathered to carry Fox's legacy forward, after he had died, as was printed on our certificates. This speech was the highlight of the event, and the run was flagged off in a Kodak moment with children from about 22 schools caught running round the Main Field with Hyderabad and Kashmir Houses as the classic backdrop. There was nothing overly challenging about the route that the run was set upon and it gave everybody a chance to participate.

There are times when I wonder what social service really is. Whom do we serve through these acts of service? What is the 'greater good'? Does the greater good really mean the welfare of those who are unfortunate or less privileged? Considering the French saying, *noblesse oblige*, our position entails responsibility towards those less advantaged than us. But in doing so, there is always the danger of looking down upon those whom we serve and 'othering' them. This condescending attitude reflects in the many reports of social service trips that often run in the *Weekly*. We are so full of our own benevolence that, in being the benevolent patrons of those we serve, we become patronizing. Through our benevolence, we bolster our position of privilege and 'nobility'.

(contd. on page 5)

TALKS

Anurag Chadda, an equity analyst, gave a talk on the *Intricacies and Dynamics of the Stock Market* on April 26.

Girjesh Pant, Vice Chancellor of Doon University gave a talk on *India's Energy Security and Global Dimensions* on April 27.

EXCHANGE

Benjamin Lebus and **Benedict Harvey** from **St Edward's School, Oxford, England**, on student exchange, will be with us till April 24. We wish them a fruitful stay.

SCHOLARS ALL

Archit Kumar, Amarinder Sodhi, Prateek Agarwal and Revant Nayyar have been awarded the **Scholar's Blazer**. Congratulations!

SOCIAL SERVICE

The School Basketball Team escorted by JNX took part in an anti-plastic rally on April 4. Their efforts and involvement was greatly appreciated by the organisers.

The Doon School and Talent Enablers, an NGO, carried out a health camp on April 11 at The Gyanoday Vatika.

The School hosted the first **Terry Fox Marathon of Hope** held in Dehradun on Wednesday, April 14. It was an open running event to raise funds for cancer research in India, conducted by the Indo-Canadian Cancer Research Foundation.

WINNING SPEAKERS

The following are the results of the **Gombar Speech Trophy Contest, 2010**:

Juniors:

Winner: Utkarsh Jha

Runner-Up: Vikramaditya Kapur

Seniors:

Winner: Bharat Ganju

Runner-Up: Utkarsh Gupta

Congratulations!

HOCKEY RECAP

The School Hockey Team played a match against an Old Boys' squad on April 9 and won 1 – 0.

The School Hockey Team played Welham Boys' School on April 13 and won 5 – 0.

Well played!

Opinion oll

Do you find the current test-week system unnecessarily demanding?

Yes  **61 %**

No  **39 %**

(310 members of the community were polled)

Next week's question: Do you think the CC-TV in the School Hospital is encroaching too much on our privacy?

INTER-HOUSE RESULTS

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Hindi Poetry Recitation Competition, 2010**:

1st: Chandhrachuda Shukla

2nd: Shoumitra Srivastava

3rd: Abhishek Patel and Vinayak Aggarwal

The House positions are as follows:

1st: Oberoi

2nd: Kashmir

3rd: Tata

4th: Jaipur

5th: Hyderabad

The following are the results of the fourth round of the **Senior Inter-House English Debates**:

Jaipur vs Kashmir

Best Speaker: Piroune Balachandran

Most Promising Speaker: Anmol Jamwal

Winner: Kashmir

Tata vs Oberoi

Best Speaker: Abhinav Mittal

Most Promising Speaker: Arjun Sethi

Winner: Tata

The following are the results of the **Inter-House Cricket Competition, 2010**:

Junior Cup

1st: Hyderabad

2nd: Jaipur

3rd: Oberoi

4th: Tata

5th: Kashmir

Senior Cup

1st: Tata

2nd: Hyderabad

3rd: Jaipur

4th: Oberoi

5th: Kashmir

Well done, all!

AFZAL KHAN UPDATE

In the **Afzal Khan Basketball Tournament**, the School Basketball Team played its first two matches on Wednesday, April 14 against The Doon International School, Dehradun and The Shri Ram School, Gurgaon, and won both matches, 47 – 20 and 32 – 19 respectively. The team played its third match against The Lawrence School, Sanawar, on Thursday, April 15 and lost 53 – 48. Well played!

CAREER CALL

The Careers' Notice Board will feature **Gemology** this week. All those interested should look it up.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Thank you for the wonderfully profound Editorial to the April 1 issue [*Ed.: not circulated outside School*]. In context of the recent spate of (fashionably) cynical speeches by boys at Assembly, your piece stood out for its good sense and balance. Keep the thinking cap on firmly, especially when so many folks do not consider it an essential part of their wardrobe!

(Priyanka Bhattacharya)

| Report |

Cricket at Scindia

Deep Singh reports the School Cricket Team's participation in the His Highness Madhav Rao Scindia Cricket Tournament, 2010, held at Scindia School, Fort Gwalior between April 4 and 8

Contemporary cricket has fallen prey to the expediencies of a twenty-twenty over game, where deft touches have been dwarfed by blistering blows. The presence of elegance and grace has been marginalized in favour of brawn and muscle. Short back-lifts, astronomical bat speeds, razor-sharp fielding are now game-changers, reducing the margin of error significantly.

The famous cricketing adage explaining the implausibility of “stars shining in the same place twice” was a tocsin while preparing for a twenty-five over a side tournament. Well-attuned to the vicissitudes of a twenty-five-over game, a team comprising fourteen boys accompanied by DKS, ANC and myself left on April 2 to participate in the 10th His Highness Madhav Rao Scindia Cricket Tournament held at Scindia School, Fort Gwalior. Abounding in confidence gained over the course of the season yielding a 100% win-loss record, the boys were anxious to consolidate their winning streak against some formidable opposition. I personally anticipated some nail-biting finishes as a result of the vagaries of a twenty-five-over game.

The train journey to Delhi and onwards to Gwalior was comfortable and got us to Scindia School, Gwalior with ample time to acclimatize to the grueling conditions characterized by the sultry climate. Even though the surreal fortress was bedazzling, the parched grounds made the boys flinch as the spectre of fielding presented a foreboding challenge. A total of eight teams entered the tournament and were split in two pools of four teams each. The draws placed The Doon School in Pool A amongst the presence of redoubtable sides such as Modern School, Barakhamba. Our first match was scheduled against our traditional rivals, Mayo College. The odds, I felt, were clearly stacked up in our favour owing to a convincing nine-wicket victory clinched against Mayo in 2009.

On April 4, our captain strode out to the middle and won the toss against Mayo. Rajdeep made a perspicacious selection electing to bat and in the process mitigated the perils of chasing an enormous total. Rajdeep opened the innings in an indomitable manner characterized by some flamboyant on-drives. On the other end, Dokhania struggled with his timing and dealt purely in singles. Rajdeep's onside game was exacting, characterized by some fierce blows both square and in front of the wickets. Cruising at 43 for 0 in seven overs Dokania was run out as he failed to ground his bat, an oversight not uncommon amongst school boy cricketers. Itihaas joined Rajdeep momentarily in the middle to be caught unawares as he played slovenly to a slower ball that tore past his defenses. While Rajdeep made short shrift of Mayo bowling, Vihaan was sent in to salvage the fall of two quick wickets. Within a span of a few overs Rajdeep was caught playing an impassioned shot at covers dealing a shuddering blow to the side. Shortly, Vihaan was strapped on his pads early on to be dismissed and replaced by Prannoy who too departed uneventfully.

Having scalped two key wickets, Mayo had clearly ruffled our feathers. Fortune smiled on us as our batting line-up threw a spanner in their works with Uddhav and Rohan consolidating the innings, aided by a cameo performance from Siddhant Sachdev, to drive the scoreboard to 157 for 9 – a defensible score, provided the bowlers were disciplined and unwavering in their line and length.

As feared, Doscob bowled recklessly, doling out freebies in the form of extras and wides, costing the team 23 runs in the first two overs itself. A stroke of luck saw their opener being run-out as a result of some spontaneous work in the field. The Mayoites rotated their strike with alacrity till Rohan departed as a result of being adjudged lbw. Shortly, Rajdeep effected the departure of Bharat Tandon by snatching a blinder from behind the stumps. The match was evenly placed at 67 for 3 in 11 overs until Siddhant bowled woefully and was belted for 18 runs in a single over. The exorbitant over changed the complexion of the match and what had been a close game until now was rendered a mere formality as Mayo chased down the total in 22.1 overs for the loss of 5 wickets. The veil of invincibility had been finally lifted from our brow and the chinks in our armour were exposed.

A heavy head and an open heart saw our boys suffer the debacle against Mayo with humility. Jostled and jolted by their encounter the boys were back on their feet and out of their slumber in no time, raring to go. As anticipated, the boys rose from the ashes against YPS Mohali by pledging adherence to a predetermined game plan that bore fruit indeed. A comprehensive bowling performance and an immaculate fielding display saw the team restrict the opposition to 156 runs. Uddhav's fielding performance in particular showed vestiges of what it meant to be a veteran. Finally, buoyed by a deep batting line-up, a mere 157 runs seemed an attainable total. Our entire team stood vindicated as some fine batting by Rajdeep, Dokania and Udhav saw the team complete the run chase most comfortably in a meagre 23.2 overs.

Scuttling Modern School, Barakhamba, is never an easy task, considering the legions of first-class as well as test players they have produced over the years. Being the favourites in the tournament and bolstered by

(contd. overleaf)

some devastating batsmen in their line-up, our team needed to play out of their skins to even stand a chance of rattling them in the slightest. Having won the toss and electing to bat a charismatic innings of 80 runs from Rajdeep ensured the team reached a respectable total of 170 runs in 25 overs. However, the score proved insufficient as the batsmen minced and clobbered the bowling, setting the stage for an unrelenting onslaught. Unmukt Chand thwarted the bowling at will, notching up 84 runs in just 32 balls. The run chase was characterized by an unyielding and merciless assault on our bowling machinery. The boys were out of sorts against such a staggering and phenomenal display of batsmanship. Finally, without much difficulty Modern School reached the total of 171 runs in 17.5 overs, owing to their stupendous batting aided by some poor bowling on our side.

Judgment day placed both Mayo College and Doon in a precarious position as each of the teams had secured two points in the qualifying stage. A marginal difference in net run rate axed our chances of a berth in the semi-finals and Mayo College entered the next round. The calibrated analysis educated us as to the mere difference in net run rate being on account of four paltry runs over three matches. A wave of disappointment washed over the entire team, leaving them hapless and dejected. On the upside, however, they understood how a few additional runs in an entire tournament can alter the equation during the final analysis. Nevertheless, the learning experience was invaluable, teaching the boys that every ball counts and the margin of error in a 25 over game is miniscule. On the whole, I felt our pride was salvaged as flashes of brilliance earned the side plaudits in the fielding and batting department.

The Gombar Speech Trophy Contest, 2010

Winning Entry in the Juniors' Category

Junko

Utkarsh Jha's story of a distressingly dilapidated laptop

A state of the art computer, brimming with the latest software. According to me this is the perfect gift for anybody's birthday. Sadly, although I did receive a laptop for my birthday, what I received was extremely different from what I had imagined. I found wrapped in some shiny wrapping paper a second-hand, groaning laptop with hardly any life left in it. And for obvious reasons, my generous benefactor shall remain unnamed.

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Yes, I am going to be talking about my birthday present, an ancient and exasperatingly notorious laptop.

If there ever was a device which evoked pity, I am pretty sure it would be my laptop. The machine comes to life each time with a chugging start. It quite accurately resembles how I stumble sluggishly out of my bed on any given morning. However, if the ignition of the laptop is successful, there is no reason to celebrate. This is because there are numerous other obstacles to be faced.

The next issue on my hand is usually to make sure that my machine does not catch fever by overheating and therefore come to a spluttering end. This can be achieved by various methods, though my favourite is giving the computer a sponge bath with a wet towel. This not only allows me to cool my computer but also cleans it. However, cleaning my laptop does not make much of a cosmetic difference but more of a psychological one. This is because rust won the battle with my computer and seems to be settled contentedly on many a corner.

Now that I come to think of it, my computer would have been better off during the Mutiny when almost everyone decided to rise against the British. My computer would definitely have been a perfect symbol of revolt, possibly on par with the sepoy. And there is also a possibility it would have gained some historical brownie points rather than dying a painful death as it is now.

At this point of bringing the beast to life, I usually face my biggest challenge. My computer has a very weak immune system and cannot be exposed to harsh climates, particularly the internet, which seems to always contain a handful of viruses and worms. These diseases are easily contracted by my laptop. This leads to potloads of money being spent on its medication. These include some quick remedies like Norton and some intricate medical surgeries which need a visit to the local computer surgeon. This Achilles' heel restricts the sites I can visit to almost none.

In such dire situations, there are always many computer games that can come to one's rescue. However, my computer has decided to break its pact with game publishers like EA and function only sporadically. At all other times it flashes a message reading "The computer has encountered a cerebral problem and refuses to execute the command as it is unreadable." Due to this message I sometimes genuinely wonder if my computer was not taught to read and write by its manufacturers.

It has only been a few days since it chugged up my drive, once a very stylish and sleek racer, all crimson. Now due to its frequent flats, I doubt if I shall have any further truck with it. According to an astrologer who was consulted on this matter, this 'junko' is destined for the junkyard.

Roving Eye: *The Piano Man**

Ch Ed on Socials

All of us shuffled in, clean-shaven, well-groomed, punctual, and with a newly-discovered and ephemeral sense of manners and chivalry, a product of conflicting excitement and nervousness. Some even came with parental consent. The anticipation kept us on tenterhooks, and we would squint and crane on hearing engines approaching to see whether it was the much-awaited (and fashionably late) bus or just another false alarm. The caterer's van got us going, but, on this rare occasion, we turned away from food in disappointment. This air of eagerness gave way to overwhelming nervousness and self-consciousness as the ladies arrived, and we were transfixed, staring at each other, waiting for someone else to take the first step. The advice we got didn't put us at ease, either: "Go for the food before it's all gone", "Get some phone numbers, if you can", "Always say *nice* things", "Don't make it look like there is an iron curtain between the two of you", "You don't need to know how to dance; just move your limbs in any fashion", "Grow your hair so that you can let it down", *et cetera*. "Gentlemen [with an embarrassing degree of emphasis on 'gentle'], what kind of hosts are you? Go receive them," we were told, and so we did, and we managed a slow start on this very awkward first time.

I would personally give the DJ credit for the entire evening: he set up the MPH and played the music for us at the cost of his fun. In making such a sacrifice, in choosing to sit on the stage rather than hover around the dance floor, he took a place above us all, where he obliged our plea, *Sing us a song, you're the Piano Man / Sing us a song tonight. / Well, we're all in the mood for a melody / And you've got us feeling alright*. He played for us all. To begin with, he played a fast number for the School Captains, both of whom put me at ease: I wasn't the only klutz (a word I wish I hadn't used as it was inevitably misheard) and I wasn't the only one with a fear of savage dancing. The Piano Man even played for the teachers on duty, who put on an absolutely stunning performance (in fact I am *still* stunned – rather, shell-shocked – by their dancing).

The shy ones were flocked in patches around the dance floor. They asked for the upbeat numbers as a nerve tonic. Of course, it took a while: they went from being stationary to moving in a PT-like alignment. At least it wasn't an entirely intra-School affair. But soon enough, we managed to resume the usual frenzied dancing, having an occasional laugh as songs with more implicit connotations played. The gallant ones did not need these shenanigans: they took the floor by storm and swept the ladies off their feet, and it really did not matter what songs played, what dance they did or which school they studied in: they just danced. All they asked for was a song they could dance to, nothing specific, and nothing extravagant, just some music to kill time. Of course, there were the manic talkers who wanted softer music that would not drown their conversations. They were dotted around the hall in pairs, sharing jokes (laughter, after all, does not have a foreign accent) and anecdotes (fortunately, no reference was made to *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, although, al-

legedly, some of us went in that direction). Those with girlfriends were satisfied with the occasional playing of *Tonight* (some went so far as to attempt a dead-slow ballroom dance). For them, it was more about the company rather than the music playing. Those that broke up were trying to move on, shaking off all associations and reminiscences. They discussed films or books on loneliness, which was better than sulking alone.

We may have had interactions with the opposite sex a number of times in a number of ways: debates, MUN conferences or IPSC tournaments, we may have studied in co-ed schools before, we may have cousins, sisters, friends, girlfriends or other such acquaintances in the 'other camp', but there's something besides the girls that makes Socials what they are. Maybe it's that the intention is just to unwind, relax and have fun in the presence of girls, who themselves have such an effect on us. We let ourselves have a good time, forgetting, for once, cricket, midterms, test week and everything else in between.

That evening, we lost ourselves: in the music, dancing, gossip and momentary crushes. (Dare I mention that some of us are still lost?) It felt like a breath of fresh air in our daily asphyxia. All throughout, the Piano Man played for us. He was whom we went to see, after all, to forget about life for a while. His music sounded like a carnival and afforded us carnivalesque release from our dreary routine. It was intoxicating. For once, we were happy, rather, enraptured.

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(contd. from page 1)

I feel we think too narrowly about the scope of social service. Social service isn't merely donning a 'Terry Fox Run' T-shirt and running or paying handsomely (parting with our dessert shares) for flood victims. Service to society isn't just 'clothing the naked', 'feeding the hungry' and 'uplifting the downtrodden'. We can put society before ourselves in a number of other ways. Social service is as much about going into politics, civil services or the media (despite the conventional cynical stereotypes about these professions) as it is about mixing cement in Fatehpur. In all cases, if done with honourable motives and integrity of action, we work towards a better nation. In all such cases and professions we are contributing to society. That, too, is a cause greater than ourselves. Unfortunately, 'social service' is generally considered to be mutually exclusive of everything but charitable work.

I chose to participate in the Terry Fox run because I enjoy running. It was in Terry Fox's memory and the proceeds would go to the Indo-Canadian Cancer Research Foundation, which, for me, is a secondary benefit. The real pleasure was the run itself. I confess that it wasn't a noble endeavour from me to serve society, but the event itself, the organizers and the Foundation believe in the cause of Terry Fox fighting cancer. I do not subscribe to such lofty notions. There are different causes that I believe in, and I believe in a different way of serving society. I applaud Terry Fox, for his belief in his cause and, above all, his determination, nonetheless: I still cannot get over my injured knee, which has only gotten worse.

(* Inspired by the song by Billy Joel titled Piano Man)

| Reports |

Women's Week at Sapera Basti

Faraz Khan

The Doon School held a week-long celebration of Women's Day in the school, Doon Gyanoday Vatika, Balbir Road, dedicated to spreading awareness about the importance of women in society. A series of events were organized, including poetry and drawing competitions themed *Women in Daily Life* (which the boys judged), an extempore speaking event called *My Dreams*, and an informal discussion with boys of the School on various relevant issues regarding women. Almost forty children from the Vatika participated with great enthusiasm and excitement. The competition brought out the tremendous amount of talent the children possessed, through the vivid drawings they made and a very impressive performance by those who recited the poems. Despite their economic disadvantages, they showed much energy and intelligence. It's the irony of fate that bright minds such as theirs could go to waste, owing to poor infrastructure in the country. It made me realize just how privileged I am. They were also very receptive and we bonded within moments. About fifteen boys from The Doon School volunteered and helped organize the various events over the week.

To mark the end of the Women's Week, a health-camp was organized on March 8. Ashutosh Mathur from Prem Sukh Hospital & Dialysis Centre visited the school. During the camp, he performed free check-ups for the women of the locality. In the beginning, very few women were interested. However, thanks to the efforts of the Vatika staff (who went to practically every house in the area), nearly fifty of them came to attend the workshop. Special attention and advice was given to pregnant women. General advice about health and hygiene was also given. While they were hesitant in the beginning, they opened up eventually. The women voiced their problems and asked questions, which were answered by Dr Mathur and members of The Doon School staff. Dr Mathur also offered free check-ups, blood tests, ultra-sound, and diabetes check-ups for the women at his hospital. Boys and teachers were present and they distributed calcium and iron tablets. These medicines were provided by the School doctor. The whole event was organized by the boys and the teachers of the School. Special acknowledgements are due to the Headmaster, MCI, AMB, VKL, MAK, RLR, MIA, Devashish Singal, Angad Bawa, Faraz Khan, Chirag Ambekar, Saadman Chowdhury, Harshit Tiwari, Aviral Gupta and Divyant Sapra.

* * *

The 'Ebony and Ivory' Concert

Tanuj Kumar reviews the concert given by Nikhil Sardana in the Music School on March 31

The first piano concert of the term featured Nikhil Sardana, who has earlier played at Founder's Day concerts and Inter-House Competitions, and who was, consequently, no stranger to the stage. Being an experienced pianist, he showed his virtuosity by playing a variety of pieces, ranging from Western classical to jazz. He began the concert with Frederic Chopin's *Revolutionary Etude*, a demanding technical study comprising chromatics and leaps from the top to the bottom of the keyboard. It required complex finger work and, despite a few slips, he filled the piece with life. The next piece was soft and suited the cloudy evening. The famous classic *Für Elise* by Ludwig van Beethoven, which has, as Sardana himself described, sadly found its way to ringtones of mobiles, the reverse sirens of cars, or even door-bells. But Nikhil mesmerized the audience by playing the beautiful piece in its entirety and proved that there is much more to *Für Elise* than the few commonly-heard bars of arpeggios.

Next in line was a piece of modern music called *Rondino* composed by Douglas Lilburn. The piece was in rondo form, in which the main theme is repeated at regular intervals, thereby providing the audience with a sense of familiarity after listening to the piece only once. The main theme of the piece was a scalar passage on black keys which he played flamboyantly. Following this, he played Mozart's Minuets 1 and 2 (from *Sonata in E-Flat major*). The piece contained lilting, dance-like melodies and Nikhil demonstrated his understanding of the light and graceful Mozartian idiom. The last piece in the concert was Scott Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag*, and, owing to the lively and 'ragged' rhythm, it scored high on the entertainment scale. The syncopated rhythm of the piece and the 'stride' form of the piano style added to the charm. After the performance, the audience gave the artist kudos for a fine performance.

This was a 'farewell' concert for Nikhil and he has certainly set an example for the juniors in School and hence encouraged more participation. He will be remembered for his unique technique in handling this demanding instrument. We wish him luck for his future plans and hope that his love for music never dies.

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