



Established in 1936

The Doon School

WEEKLY



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DS-75 Film *Shashank Peshawaria gives a personal account of working on the DS-75 Film*

As a child and even until recently, I never gave a thought to how films were made. My knowledge was restricted to my belief that a director, a few film stars, and a bunch of other people, whom I casually reduced to an 'et cetera', alone made a film. And that was all. But perhaps I am not the only one who was wrong in thinking so. In fact, most of us are still so far in spirit from film-making that we only consider it a distant world full of glamour and style. However, in reality, there is a lot more that takes place in the production of a film than that which we imagine or see on screen. Being a part of the cast and production team of the DS-75 film (which still hasn't found a name for itself!) has been one of the most enriching experiences of my life.

The week before shooting, which I found most enjoyable, started with Dilip Sir's (casting director and line producer of the film) theatre workshops for the main cast. In these workshops, I went through a soul-searching process of exploring and expanding my creativity. I played various theatre games that focussed on developing different creative skills and dealt with controlling the flow of energy. Sometimes, I was asked to close my eyes and sing, allowing my voice to flow fluidly and discover several new spaces. Dilip Sir told me to shed all the layers of my body and be completely vulnerable, transparent and truthful (the most valuable learning of my life as an artist). I worked on creating the history of my character, an exercise which comes from the school of 'method acting'. Later, the supporting cast joined the workshops and I heard *Mahabharata* from Dilip Sir, after which we started preparing brief tabloids from it.

Other than the workshops, I worked with Ashvin (director) on editing the script. After sitting for hours and discussing the script, taking the ideas that the other actors and assistants kept pouring in, I sat at night and, using *Final Draft*, made the changes on the script. Once the script was ready, I sat with Ashvin and the rest of the main cast to divide the script according to the emotional beats (or what in Director *Sahib's* language is "What is the actor motivated by?") and actions, which I then transcribed at night. I also went along with the production team to the shooting locations for a technical reconnaissance which was necessary before the shoots.

When the shooting started, work became more rigorous. It stretched, many times, till late-night or started too early in the morning. I felt that Ashvin appreciated my presence most often when he was acting, since he frequently asked me how he should play out scenes or the requisite emotions.

I gained a lot from my time spent with junior boys, working on and creating a few tabloids for a futuristic play which is a part of the film. It allowed me to interact with my juniors, become friends with them and learn from them. I sat down with Mandakini (our costumes designer) for hours, deciding the look of our 'play-boys', and discussed the props and stage design with Sylvain (art director). From Sudheer (director of production), I tried to understand the lighting techniques whenever he had the time. I helped in the make-up of many actors for this play and realized how patient Mandakini, Paanchal (costume AD), Deepika (first AD), Kripi (second AD) and Aanchal (production manager) were.

Working on this film, with learned and accomplished professionals, was encouraging and helped me find myself amongst others, and within myself.

| Viewpoint |

THE INDEPENDENCE-DAY DILEMMA

Tanuj Kumar reflects on the current state of affairs in the nation and the challenges it is facing

Last week, when the country celebrated its 64th Independence Day, I found myself in a dilemma whether I should have sung the National Anthem with customary gusto or should I have joined the mourning Kashmiri widow in a dirge; whether I should have rejoiced in our freedom or rued the conditions of the poor; if I should have savoured the fine meal being served or think about tonnes of rotting grain. All these images flashed through my head and for a moment; I wondered whether we had truly gained independence. I'm not talking about the freedom which we earned from the British years ago, but of the freedom today, to live our lives happily, with dignity and without want.

Our country is passing through a challenging phase, with the thought of the impending Commonwealth Games weighing heavily on us. At the moment, there are many things which are plaguing the country, the Kashmir imbroglio being one of them. As the Commonwealth Games are approaching, skeletons have started popping out of the closet. What I find objectionable is the tonnes of food grain rotting in the monsoon while the government spends Rs 10 lakhs on a treadmill and many crores to build swanky stadia (with retractable roofs as an added attraction). We are spending so irrationally on the Commonwealth, and so negligibly little on building silos (infrastructure). Public distribution was immediately debunked by the claim that 'it was cheaper to let it rot than distribute it among the starving'. These words rang in my

(contd. overleaf)

ON CAMPUS

Victor Banerjee visited the School as Chief Guest for the Independence Day celebrations. He hoisted the flag and later addressed the entire School in the MPH. An interview with him runs in a forthcoming issue.

We welcome **Harold Snedcof**, who is currently visiting School and advising Sc form boys on college admissions in the US. We wish him a pleasant stay.

A team of four musicians from the **Worldwide Appreciation of Music Foundation**, based in the United Kingdom, visited School on August 18 and 19. **Sam Tannenbaum, Lucie Bebbington, Helen Allen-Williams** and **Gaspar Hunt** held Master Classes on piano technique, violin and guitar playing and also gave a piano recital in the Music School on August 19. A report runs in a forthcoming issue.

DEBATE UPDATE

The following are the results of the various rounds of the **Junior Inter-House English Debates** held over the week:

Hyderabad vs Kashmir

Best Speaker: Kunal Kanodia

Most Promising Speaker: Madhav Dutt

Winner: Kashmir

Jaipur vs Tata

Best Speaker: Utkarsh Jha

Most Promising Speaker: Vikramaditya Kapur

Winner: Jaipur

Oberoi vs Jaipur

Best Speaker: Utkarsh Jha

Most Promising Speaker: Prabnoor Singh Bal

Winner: Jaipur

Tata vs Hyderabad

Best Speaker: Arnaav Joshi

Most Promising Speaker: Rahul Srivastava

Winner: Hyderabad

Oberoi vs Hyderabad

Best Speaker: Vrindam Nagpal

Most Promising Speaker: Suraj Bishnoi

Winner: Oberoi

Tata vs Kashmir

Best Speaker: Vikramaditya Kapur

Most Promising Speaker: Yuvan Kumar and Shivaan Tandon

Winner: Tata

Oberoi vs Tata

Best Speaker: Vrindam Nagpal

Most Promising Speaker: Jai Khanna

Winner: Oberoi

Jaipur vs Kashmir

Best Speaker: Kunal Kanodia

Most Promising Speaker: Ritesh Shinde

Winner: Kashmir

The following are the **House positions** at the end of the Preliminary Round:

1st: Oberoi

2nd: Kashmir, Jaipur and Hyderabad

5th: Tata

Well spoken!

COLOURFUL PLAY

The following have been awarded **Colours in Gymnastics:**

Half Colours

Sagar Karnawat

Nivit Kochhar

Shreyvardhan Swaroop

Full Colours

Arjun Sethi

Abhinandan Rajan

Vigya Singh Dhiman

The following have been awarded **Colours in Hockey:**

Half Colours

Pranoy Bohara

Uddhav Prasad

Trivikram Singh

Full Colours

Vahin Khosla

Shiva Gururani

Harsh Varma

Shivam Katyal

Congratulations!

INTERNATIONAL AWARD

The following boys have achieved the various standards of the **International Award for Young People:**

Bronze: Vidit Sidana, Avik Gugalia, Pulkit Bansal, Eeshat Tiwary, Karan Singhal and Rishabh Pande

Silver: Spandan Agrawal and Vaibhav Gupta

Rishabh Chatterjee and Prateek Agarwal have been awarded the **IAYP Blazer** for completing all three standards of the IAYP.

Congratulations all!

FOOTBALL FEVER

The School Soccer Team played against the **Asian School, Dehradun** on Saturday, August 14, and won 8-1, the **Old Boys' Team** on Sunday, August 15, and won 1-0 and **RIMC, Dehradun**, on August 17, and won 3-1.

The Mediums Team also played the **Asian School, Dehradun**, and won 9-0.

Well played!

* * *

ears, even as the tricolour unfurled on Independence Day. It was reported that the food was enough to feed 140 million poor people for one whole month. Is this the freedom we struggled for? We minimise losses and strive for economic stability (given that free distribution would make the market prices shudder alarmingly) when, in principle, we allow thousands to starve? Such a response is appalling. So much for being brought up believing we mustn't waste food.

It is sad how we are gearing up for the Games to be held in October. Everything seems to be out of place, no one knows the outcome. All our talk of national pride and portraying the Commonwealth 2010 as an icon of Indian development is hypocrisy. At the cost of this glamour, we are neglecting our own people and their basic needs. Besides, in the wake of all these scams, I doubt that we'll manage to host the Games successfully. These were some of the reasons why I did not really rejoice this Independence Day. Perhaps you have the same feelings about it. Last week, the Chief Guest on Independence Day, Victor Banerjee, said something very interesting, which I quote "We Indians are unique and creative because of our vast knowledge, we still talk about our mythology. In other countries people have forgotten their mythology." Indeed, we do talk about our mythology, but we may never understand the underlying principle behind it. We feed our imagination with it. We remember the tales. But we have forgotten, or rather lost, the values they preach.

| Reflection |

The Boy, The Man, And I

Revant Nayar

A stranger recently remarked that I was a 'good man.' I was immediately taken aback, and a jolt of shock flooded my being. Not at the word 'good', but at the genuineness with which he had called me a 'man'. 'Good boy' or 'good guy' or 'good kid' somehow seemed more appropriate adjectives to use. I had never before pictured myself as a man; I had never felt I was one. In my eyes, I was just a helpless and insecure teenager. When I got home, I gazed at my reflection in the mirror. I hardly recognized the creature that occupied the framed piece of polished glass in front of me; it somehow *couldn't* be me. A distinct band of hair below his nostrils had become prominently visible as a moustache. His chest was broad; his jaw prominent; his cheeks outlined; and he had lost all traces of that roundness that one associates with the child. Yet it was his eyes that gave his true self away away; widened, full of curiosity and fear, insecurity and desire.

I contemplated all this with a growing sense of alarm. It was as if my body had kept up with the flow of time, while my mind and soul; more specifically, my sense of identity, was stuck in a kind of 'time capsule'. It was struggling to keep up with the persona of an adult, but somewhere, it had lagged behind. I was somehow so young, so imperfect, and so insecure. Then beside my confused and helpless reflection, another 'me' emerged. I did not make him appear intentionally; he had appeared of his own accord. But he was different from me. He was my picture of a true 'man.' He stood inside the frame with an ease I had never known, exuding an aura of confidence and stability. He looked at me with a gleam in his eyes, and a twitch of a smile. There was a certain, very subtle sense of amusement with which he regarded my baffled and uncertain expression as he could read every single one of my frenzied thoughts. Yet there was no malice in his eyes; instead, there was a sense of benevolence, mixed with solemnity and genuineness.

After a gap of a few minutes, or maybe it was a few months or maybe even a few years, I found that I was also getting transformed- internally. The child was slowly fading away from the mirror. The man began to occupy the space more emphatically. He was becoming me; rather, I was becoming him. It was as if my heart was becoming enlarged to occupy the space in my chest. My brain broadened to fill the space within my skull. My presence had become so strong, so emphatic, so assertive. I now knew where I was and what I was doing; what to do and what not to. Yet the helpless, wide-eyed, desirous child often returns in the mirror. Such as when I wake up from a dreadful nightmare, my heart throbbing. Or when I get furiously angry. Or when I look through the glass window to view something that lures my churning insides, so vulnerable to temptation. Often, he battles against the man; yearning to push him out of the mirror. But nowadays, it is usually the man that triumphs. That is because I consciously support him.

| Poetry |

Truthless

Shashank Peshawaria

I can be made life,
And death.

I can be made a god.

I can be made a lie.

Mirrors don't reflect me.

My shadow is not my own.

People make me lie

And people make me.

I am not free,

Are you?

| Viewpoint |

Fwd: Issues

Vivek Santayana on how the increasing number of forwarded emails reflect a deeper lack of discipline

The recent spate of useless chainmail that keeps filling up all our *Doscomail* inboxes (including those of the Headmaster and Deputy Headmaster) ad nauseum is a legitimate concern. It reflects not only our inherent stupidity with ICT facilities, but (alarmingly) an inability to understand English or simple instructions. It has already been forwarded to us that the increasing chainmail forwarded through the 'students' or 'everyone' mailing lists (and the frustrating replies that, inadvertently, find themselves in *everyone's* inbox) are choking intranet traffic. There is a limit to the load our servers can take. I am not familiar with the technical jargon, but even a layman can understand that such inane forwarding of such email by the dozen every hour to eight-hundred-odd people in School causes problems. There have already been times when *Doscomail* has behaved erratically (and sometimes crashed). A few members of staff have been very mild in their replies to these pointless messages (and some have, unfortunately, been supportive). While one could dispatch a score of scathing replies to all accounts, it would be of no avail, given our disinclination to obey instructions. The best option would be to do away with this feature. There are a number of potential uses for this feature: a substitute to mealtime announcements, circulation of notices and important documents or a substitute to paper circulars.

It would certainly be a waste to do away with such a convenience for such a preposterous reason, but, if the community needs a reminder, it isn't the first time it is happening: the BP Chandola Essay Contest was cancelled this year because of someone's persistence on removing the list of topics from the notice boards every time they were put up. Greater issues of discipline, such as those pertaining to bullying, theft or academic dishonesty, are one thing. But such lacunae in our everyday discipline reflect something more serious: a casual, care-free attitude towards basic courtesy or fundamental rules. It doesn't stop here: there are countless gatecrashers at dinners for School events; respect for Assembly, School songs or grace before meals is diminishing; we take no trouble shirking responsibilities assigned to us by demanding favours of juniors. (It has come to the extent that "What are juniors for?" has become a casual remark.) Somewhere, something has gone wrong

QUESTIONING BY RIGHT

Kanishka Malik on the potential of the Right to Information Act

Independence Day is of course, a day we commemorate the struggles of our freedom fighters and this time, among other things, we discussed the significant growth shown by our nation over the past two decades. As it is the week following Independence Day, I believe it is appropriate to discuss certain undertakings of the Government which have been discussed in the mass media, but not within the school community. Most of these undertakings have received criticism and praise by the mass media, but I believe it is necessary for the major ones to be discussed by the *Weekly*.

I remember the day before our Independence Day, when some of my form mates and I visited Sapera Basti to conduct a survey. Among other things, the inhabitants criticized politicians for certain promised allocation of funds for development projects which never materialized. It was then that I briefed them on the Right to Information and its potential. Of course, it was very difficult for me to explain the Right and the procedure for using it, but with effective propaganda, we can get every one of those citizens to use it. Apart from the fact that the Chief Information Commissioner, Wajahat Habibullah, is an Old Boy, it is the transparency it brings about that makes this Act unprecedented. The bureaucracy, as we all know, is a regular impediment for every citizen going about his business. Besides making paperwork difficult, it affects the implementation of promised undertakings and development projects. The RTI makes every bureaucrat and Government officer answerable to any citizen demanding information.

The last few months have witnessed an uproar from the conservatives in the Government sector, but we must understand that whenever there is some sort of liberalization undertaken by a Government, it is the conservative elements that oppose popular opinion. This statement typifies the atmosphere created by the RTI. One attack on the power of the bureaucracy has left the conservatives shouting for amendments to this unprecedented undertaking. Fortunately, powerful supporters of the Act have prevented the passing of any amendment that will reduce the prospects of obtaining transparency.

The other undertaking, which occurred recently, in January this year, is the Right to Education. As the name suggests, it gives every Indian the right to receive secondary school education. The problem with this Act has been the cost of implementing it and the process of bringing private schools under the purview of the RTE. After ancillary expenses like the Commonwealth Games, implementation of the Right is becoming a tedious process due to the lack of funds. State Governments, like that of Uttar Pradesh, have asked for additional funds (the channelization of which is always controversial). The second problem, which involves bringing private schools into the purview of the Right, has brought the chilling class difference amongst students under the spotlight. Children of less af-

fluent backgrounds will certainly have problems in mingling with those of the wealthy and privileged. However, as long as supporters like Kapil Sibal continue pressing for its implementation, the Act should see the results being achieved.

I have discussed these two undertakings as they are unmatched in their extent and nature. Implementing them will certainly be a tedious process but that is an inherent aspect of any such undertaking. That was the situation in post-apartheid South Africa. That was the situation in Alabama, when black students were allowed to study with whites. Hopefully, the implementation of such rights won't face that kind of tension. Only optimism and true grit can save these undertakings.

Letter To The Editor

Knowledge Our Light Shoe

Dear Editor,

October 21 to 24, the 75th Founder's Day, is the most awaited School event of the year. Everyone connected with School is excited and preparing with enthusiasm. But some of the commemorative merchandise that will carry the School logo does not seem graceful or elegant for the purpose, and, in fact, may be disgraceful to the School.

The logo is proposed to be printed on shoes. There will be a steel plate between the laces with DS-75 engraved on it which. I consider it disrespectful to be wearing the logo of our School on our shoes. We feel pride to carry the School crest on our blazers and colours ties, but to carry the same on our shoes is disgraceful.

In a similar case in 2005, a line of slippers was removed from an exhibition in Singapore because it had Mahatma Gandhi's image on it. Indians protested when they saw this as they couldn't bear the thought of Gandhiji's picture printed footwear. In another incident in a previous cricket World Cup, a female cricket commentator, Mandira Bedi, wore a sari which had our Tricolour printed on it, but the setting of the sari was such that the Tricolour touched her feet. How could we Indians tolerate such an insult to our national flag? She had to change her outfit immediately because of the respect accorded to a national flag.

For us Doscocs, our School is our alma mater. The logo represents our identity. And wearing our school's lamp on our shoes reflects a lack of respect for it. I don't think we are promoting the right sentiment for DS-75.

(Sachin Mehra)

Opinion Poll

Do you think the Indian youth today takes pride in being a citizen of this country?



(338 members of the community were polled)

Next week's question: Are the logistics of School events becoming increasingly inconvenient?

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