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## Editorial

### *75 Years of Penmanship*

Among the myriad questions an Editor-in-Chief is bombarded with on appointment, there is one definitive question many ask: what is the role of the *Weekly*? In reply, one could simply state that it is a 'chronicle' or 'journal'. However, every board member and, I daresay, every reader of the *Weekly* expects much more from it. The problem for every Chief Editor is that the expectations differ so widely. In my view, the *Weekly* serves as a forum for criticism, which is interesting to read and to write. It allows one to comment and analyse issues in and outside the School. Moreover, it allows students to use their creative and critical skills.

As I see it, the *Weekly* is a laboratory of sorts – a laboratory for budding writers of the School. It has allowed students to experiment with ideas and know the outcome of these experiments on Saturday mornings, mornings which are engrossing for those who offer their work for the School's judgement (and nail-biting for the Chief Editor). Regardless of what these judgements are, any outsider would say that we are blessed to have the opportunity to be published and be open to scrutiny at a public level in the first place.

Apart from learning lessons as a writer, a board member also learns to be an organizer and an improviser – two qualifications any institution would want its students to have. One learns to be resilient, not only in the face of criticism, but also in terms of coping up with ground work difficulties.

The community of course, sees the *Weekly* with different lenses. Every community member has a different perception of the *Weekly*. There have been times when the *Weekly* was seen as a battlefield – a battlefield of ideas. Most agree that it has acted as a mirror to the School's achievements and failures. While it has recognized the efforts of community members, it has also stung them with its criticism. Often it is seen as an entertainer of sorts, something many readers want it to be. Besides serving as a forum for creativity, it has allowed community members to address contemporary issues on a regular basis – issues concerned with events beyond the boundaries of our School. However, the *Weekly*'s biggest achievement, in my view, is its consistency. Despite all the flak we receive and all the logistical difficulties, the *Weekly* has come out on every Saturday (apart from the short phase when it served as a fortnightly) and will continue to do so; the *Weekly* will stand as long as the School does.

In this issue, we celebrate 75 years of resilience and creativity. Like any other organization, we have our history. Apart from celebrating our achievements, we have indulged in a lot of introspection. There have been a number of obvious changes and issues concerning the *Weekly*. For instance, 'censorship' of the *Weekly* is the most debated topic these days. In this edition, we have tried to address some of these topics; we have tried our best to be balanced in our approach. For the most part, we have concerned ourselves in this edition with issues of the School, a few of which are historical. Most articles are evidently concerned with changes that have taken place over the past few years. Like other Founder's Issues, we also have the creative and Hindi sections. Moreover, we have tried to go beyond our boundaries in the 'Miscellaneous' section and have included a number of issues that are not directly related to School but which interest many of our community members.

I must also point out that we have not reprinted any articles; I believe that the community members should get the opportunity to be heard at this level. Moreover, we have chosen to maintain our original identity, which is in black and white. All in all, I must say that it has been a herculean yet exciting task to create the issue celebrating the *Weekly*'s 75th Anniversary. I sincerely hope that this issue satisfies the variety of tastes at Doon. The Saturday morning reserved for this issue is undoubtedly the most awaited one for the board and myself.

**-Kanishka Malik  
(Editor-in-Chief)**



## From the HM's Desk

# The Weekly over the Years

Most good schools in the world have pupil bodies which, from time to time, express the desire to have a student newspaper, i.e., one edited and published by the boys and/or girls. Meetings are held and ideas exchanged about name, identity, style, content and editorial policy, and the newspaper is launched with great fanfare, enthusiasm and optimism that it will become a longstanding feature of school life. Most fold after the first or second issue; some falter but stagger on for a year or two because the founding editor makes an heroic effort to keep the idea alive, but with his or her passing out of the school, a fine proposition finally dies, probably only to be revived a school generation of five or six years later - but with the same predictable results.

As a headmaster and professional historian, I know how difficult it is to create enduring institutions in schools. This makes the achievement of DoscOs in sustaining *The Weekly* for seventy-five eventful years all the more remarkable. The title, very much in the tradition of newspapers over the past two centuries and which I like for its simplicity and directness, puts enormous pressure on the editorial teams to produce a quality product week in and week out, year after year; it is a good thing it is not called *The Daily*. The fact that so many eminent authors and intellectuals cut their teeth on *The Weekly* also makes the responsibility the post of the editor-in-chief both edifying and terrifying, and it is a brave man who steps up to the plate - in this case the printing plate - to take it on.

As my historian's training requires me to take the long view, I often think back over the past seventy-five years and the context in which DoscOs went about their quotidian business in a number of fields. The nature and purpose of *The Weekly* will continue to be hotly debated for the next seventy-five years if the history of the newspaper is indicative of the future. Calculating that fine balance between chronicle, forum for debate, crucible of intellect and cradle of creative writing has taxed editors and their mentors for the entire history of the school. This is as it should be; it is only through constant review that institutions can take stock of new realities and renew themselves, whilst at the same time remaining true to their traditions and heritage.

Again writing as a professional historian, I am delighted that the archives of *The Weekly* have been so carefully maintained. Our newspaper is not only a vital resource for writing and rewriting the history of The Doon School, but is also a treasure house for future social historians. The history of modern India is written in the pages of *The Weekly*; this nation was created and built by myriad streams flowing together, streams of daily living in a million villages, towns, cities, schools, clubs, companies, government departments, military encampments. The story of each, no matter how prosaic, is the story of India's struggle for independence and the building of a great nation. Reflected in the pages of *The Weekly*, sometimes clearly and explicitly, sometimes in a manner requiring historical judgment and interpretation, lies India's story of the last seven-and-a-half decades. I see in the early editions the vision of the Founder and idealism of those seeking to free themselves from the yoke of colonial rule; in later editions the optimism, aspiration and hope that a new nation and this still-young school would grow and prosper together; the confidence of the later decades when John Martyn retired from a school that had established itself in three decades as India's premier school, and which soon produced a Prime Minister and numerous other leaders and luminaries in multifarious fields; the concerns and hopes of the boys as India entered a period of rapid change after liberalization, and the School started to adapt to the challenge of accelerating globalization. But although it can often seem overly parochial, *The Weekly* is not just about the seventy acres of Chandbagh; The Doon School is nothing if not a microcosm of India and the world, and the struggles, fears, and aspirations of succeeding generations are painted in prose in the pages of more than two thousand editions, especially in so many remarkable and sagacious editorials and reflective articles.

We already use *The Weekly* as a set of detailed historical documents. For instance, when the 'grand slam' for inter-house sport was recently to be awarded for the first time in sixteen years and to Jaipur House for the first time ever, it was to our venerable newspaper we turned to fill in the gaps in the historical record. But *The Weekly* is so much more - and should be so much more - than a chronicle of achievement and events; it is one of the pillars of The Doon School's traditions and ethos, and one of the vital strands of our DNA that contain the truth of our identity.

**Dr. Peter McLaughlin**  
(Headmaster)







# THE WEEKLY STEREOTYPE

**Kanishka Malik** on the traits of a *Weekly* board member



When one thinks of a *Weekly* board member, what comes to mind is an overworked, bullied, socially-aloof Dosco who supposedly belongs to a class which is unpopularly recognized as the intelligentsia. These are only some of the character traits that constitute the *Weekly* stereotype, one that has been created and accepted by community members over the years. After all, in an all-boys boarding school, students have the tendency to be strongly judgemental and nicknames are churned out with the greatest of ease. In such a setting people are easily labelled and stereotyped. Consequently, when a Dosco thinks of a person belonging to a certain category, he is able to create a general caricature in his mind. Of course, not everyone mislabels us like this,

but many community members do have funny notions.

Having been on the receiving end of this generalization for years, I believe it is about time I showed which aspects of this stereotype are warranted and which are not. When I make these comments, I must point out that I have worked with board members for more than three years now and have thoroughly thought things through before passing any judgement. Moreover, I do not exclude myself from any criticism.

Firstly, a number of people have the false impression that *Weekly* board members possess exceptional intellectual abilities. Although this publication boasts of having had boys on its board who have gone on to become eminent scholars, legislators and media personalities, it is not, in my personal opinion, an elite club as many perceive it to be. The level and extent of reading is highly questionable and many of the board members lack knowledge about some of the most basic political and historical events. Their knowledge may be above average, but certainly not exceptional. Indeed, some board members may boast skills and knowledge in a particular area, like literature or history, but they cannot be looked upon as edifices of intellect; they are far too young for that. They may be on the path to wisdom, but they certainly haven't fully attained it.

What a *Weekly* board member does possess are the abilities to argue, question and reason. Of course, these qualities are complimented by a board member's ability to write, but apart from that, it is no coincidence that such a large number of board members have been actively involved with English debating. Over the last five years, all Secretaries of the Senior English Debating Society have been on the board of the *Weekly*. A board member possesses the ability to improvise (which probably explains how blank spaces are filled in at the last minute) and most importantly, the ability to innovate. Furthermore, with the advent of computer software, presentation has become an area in which most board members are compelled to excel in.

Apart from its intellectual persona, if one were to consider the School's stereotyping of the *Weekly*'s work culture, one would recall the instances when board members were labelled as 'servants'. I remember my junior days when I was called a 'servant' while taking opinion polls at senior tables. A *Weekly* servant is one who is dedicated solely to the *Weekly* and stays aloof

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from all other social affairs. Although this might seem true for certain board members of the past, not all board members stay indifferent to their surroundings. Not every board member is a workaholic. However, this doesn't imply that no board member is over-worked. In every batch, there are always one or two board members who spend a disproportionate amount of their time working for the *Weekly*, though they do this out of choice and not as an obligation.

**As a board member myself, I am inclined to sympathize with these being targeted by this *Weekly* stereotype, but looking at the bright side, I personally feel that the pressure from peers has reduced considerably.**

Even the generally accepted idea of a *Weekly* board members being alien to the sports field is not true, considering that most board members (barring myself and a few others) are also members of several sports teams.

As a board member myself, I sympathize with those who unwittingly find themselves as part of a stereotype, but looking at the bright side, I personally feel that the pressure from peers has reduced considerably. Of course, when the *Weekly* publishes something that goes against popular opinion, name-calling restarts immediately. I also understand that the *Weekly* is not the only such organization whose members are often labelled; there is the AV Squad to name one, and other activities that are extremely taxing, time-consuming, thankless, yet engrossing for certain individuals. Although it would be naïve and probably impractical on my part to suggest the stoppage of stereotyping, I can firmly state that endorsing stereotypes, even at the School level, points to a herd mentality and irrationality, both of which undermine a Dosco's ability to stand-out and be reasonable. However, despite all its demerits, facing such stereotyping has taught me one thing - to tolerate the herd and ignore popular misconceptions.

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## The Fill-Up Game

***Vikramaditya Kapur* discloses the *Weekly*'s secrets!**

If there is one role every board member of the *Weekly* can play, it is the role of an improviser. We, like any other journal, make changes in the last minute; as part of our policy of ensuring that every inch of space is covered. Junior members can be seen running around, trying to figure out how the remaining space could be filled the day before the *Weekly* goes for print. If an ambitious Chief Editor is publishing anything more than a four-pager, then we, the adroit improvisers are even more tense.

Primarily, the unquotable quotes serve as the most effective fill-up; they are easy to make and interesting. It is often amusing to see how many things that go into the *Weekly* as fill-ups end up being read and enjoyed thoroughly. In this respect, the *Weekly* is truly indebted to the regular slips of the tongue (which a Dosco previously called 'tongue of slips!'). I would use this opportunity to publicly thank certain masters and students who have been so resourceful in this regard. I must also confess that there have been times when an unquote has been forcibly attributed to a regular victim in the unquote section (our present Chief Editor often puts his own unquotable quotes to fill gaps).

UQs can fill only limited amounts of space. Snippets of news regarding sports matches, debates or other events that occurred during the course of the week have also come to our rescue. Sometimes we loosen the text, something I must thank the makers of Adobe PageMaker for. The illustrious boxes and the ability to increase word/line space offered by the software really help us to produce a well-structured *Weekly*.

At times, half a page or an entire page needs to be filled! In that case, we add what is called a blurb (enlarged text), along with a combination of loose text. We add photographs and increase the font size of the headings. There is one other fill-up which I haven't elaborated on- articles like these! Although I have been explicit in my comments on this fill-up game, I will oppose the claim that this article is a fill-up at all costs. After all, even I am a loyal '*Weekly* servant'! As for this disclosure, I sincerely hope the School pardons us for our ways, considering the circumstances we work in. After all, knowing our ability to make excuses, we can simply say "Well, they don't just serve as fill-ups..."



# The Printer and the Compositor

*Pratik Basu (ex-442TB '93) remembers his days as a board member of the Weekly*

I remember being extremely flattered when I was asked to join the *Weekly*. No one had paid much attention to me up until then and suddenly I was thrust into a group that included luminaries like Shourie, Nanda, Vivek Rai, and even my batchmate Chakko. I was intimidated, nervous, terrified even. I was too full of these overwhelming emotions to notice that I was being allowed, officially, to leave School during the week. Once Chakko and I had walked out of Chakrata Gate with one of the senior editors and not before we had placed ourselves in the auto did I realise what was happening. We were outside School!

We eventually made our way to Natraj Cinema and instead of going in to watch a film, we walked into a small office on the left. An elderly man was sitting behind a green metal desk with a contemplative expression on his face. Introductions were made; we were the new editors of the *Weekly*, he was the Printer. We were also introduced to the Compositor. He was a quiet man, with a kind smile and soft eyes. I had no idea what it was he did or why we were being introduced to him, but he seemed like a nice enough man.

Chakko and I fell into a nice little rhythm with this set of responsibilities. I personally enjoyed these trips. It gave me an excuse to leave the confining boundaries of School, and I always felt so important when I walked into the Printer's office. His eyes would always light up and he would introduce me to whoever was there as being from The Doon School Weekly. A headshake and a raised eyebrow of acknowledgement would soon follow, and I felt something I really had not felt up until then in my decidedly under-the-radar existence. I felt a sense of pride.

The time came, as it must, for me to edit my first issue. This meant that I was responsible for the whole thing: choosing the articles, choosing the layout, making sure it was all correct, making sure it all made sense. Naturally, I was in a state of panic. I went over every tiny little detail time and time again, wanting to make sure that it was all perfect. With all these millions of thoughts bouncing around my head, I was surprised when the Compositor took me aside.

"You know all these big changes you want made?"

"Yes", I replied, only half-listening because surely there were more important matters I needed to attend to.

"Do you think you can make them before we print the proofs?"

I was puzzled. What was he talking about?

There are all these big changes you've made to the proofs, I have to make all the changes, it makes it very difficult on me, it would really help me if these major changes were made before we got to the proofs.

What was he talking about?

He showed me. He took little metal letters and punctuation, which were flipped the other way (I couldn't tell which letter was which), and configured them into sentences and paragraphs and entire pages in cartridges that were placed in the press to create the prints. He was creating the entire Weekly one character at a time, by hand.

I tried to reason with him. But don't you think the articles read better because of the changes I made?

He smiled. I can't read.

This was a man who sat in his chair, and not understanding a word, would use a pair of tweezers to pick up hundreds of little pieces of metal at blazing speeds and physically put together our little weekly newspaper.

I was stunned. I was completely oblivious to the efforts of this kind, quiet man that made what we did possible. It was the healthy dose of perspective a self-centered teenager needed, and I made sure we followed his advice.

The rest of the process went off without too much of a hitch and I went to collect my first issue. The Compositor himself brought out the large stack of papers into the Printer's office.

My very first issue!

They were both proud. The Printer slapped me on the back. Well done young man! Let's celebrate! He took out a half-empty bottle of Old Monk rum and had someone bring in a couple of bottles of Thums Up. He poured a generous amount for himself and the Compositor, and then gave me just a tiny amount and filled the rest with Thums Up. We raised our glasses.

My very first drink!

As my time in School went on, I realised that a trip to the Printer also served as a great excuse to get out of bounds without permission, and I used this quite liberally. The funny thing was that even though I didn't really have to go to the Printer, I would always stop by and say hello. Of course, I could not weasel any more drinks out of the Printer, but I enjoyed coming over to see him and the Compositor. I always felt welcome.

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Time, just like the tide, waits for no man. And as time went on, the rumblings of major change began to appear over the horizon. We had switched to computer printouts when handing the articles in to the Printer, the very beginnings of a much bigger transformation. The Printer's son was starting to take over the business, slowly pushing his father off to the periphery. The Compositor was beginning to lose some of his work to the offset printing process. Still, they always lit up when I walked in, but there was that tinge of sadness as their smiles dropped, and there was that faraway look in their eyes, as the future seemed to be coming on faster than anticipated.

Time did not wait for me either, and in the blink of an eye I handed off the editorship to a younger, more agile student as I completed my ISC and finished School. It was a giddy time for all of us. We were all making our very first steps into the world beyond School (it existed!) and our first tentative step into adulthood.

The weeks went by and we were getting ready to leave Dehra Dun when I realised that I had something waiting for me at the Printer. As was often the case (and continues to be to this day in our household) we were late and in a rush. My father kept the car idling on the street as I ran up to the old familiar place.

The Printer and the Compositor were happy to see me. Where had I been? What was life like for me now that I was finally out of School? Where I was going to college? Would I forget about them?

I tried to answer as politely as I could, but I was pressed for time. I collected my print order and paid for it, when the Printer had an idea. His son was away for the day so he was in charge. The old twinkle in his eye returned when he produced the Old Monk and Thumbs Up. He took out three glasses. The Compositor was smiling, now that I was an adult this drink would be legal.

One last drink would have been great. For one last time we would have come together, and for a moment stalled the relentless onslaught of all that the future was about to bring. The *Weekly* would move the printing to a newer, more modern, outfit. Eventually, everything would move to offset printing and the Compositor would be thanked for his years of service and be given a pat on the back as he was shown the door. The Printer would stop coming in as his son would take over completely. And then, finally, years later, the business itself would shut down, along with the Printer.

That drink would have been great, it really would have. Just me and my friends, the Printer and the Compositor, enjoying the now for one last time.

But, you see, it was getting late, my future was waiting for me out there in the thrum of all that was about to come, and my father was waiting in the car.

# Our Legends

The Weekly boasts of a number of former Editors and Editors-in-Chief who have gone on to become prolific writers. Mentioned below are some of the works by former members.

## Vikram Seth:

*The Golden Gate*  
*A Suitable Boy*  
*Two Lives*

## Karan Thapar:

*Face To Face India - Conversations With Karan Thapar*  
*Sunday Sentiments*  
*Wisdom Tree*  
*More Salt Than Pepper - Dropping Anchor With Karan Thapar*

## Kanti Bajpai:

*Brasstacks and Beyond : Perception and Management of Crisis in South Asia*  
*Engaged Democracies: India-US Relations in the 21st Century* (co-authored by Amitabh Mattoo)  
*Peacock and the Dragon: India-China Relations in the 21st Century*  
*South Asia after the Cold War*

## Amitav Ghosh:

*The Circle of Reason*  
*The Hungry Tide*  
*The Shadow Lines*  
*River of Smoke*  
*In an Antique Land*  
*Dancing in Cambodia and At Large in Burma*  
*Sea of Poppies*  
*Glass Palace*

## Mani Shankar Aiyar:

*Remembering Rajiv*  
*One Year in Parliament*  
*Confessions of a Secular Fundamentalist*

## Ramchandra Guha:

*Makers of Modern India*  
*Savaging the Civilized: Verrier Elwin, His Tribals, and India*  
*India After Gandhi: The History of the World's Largest Democracy*

## Vijay Prashad:

*The Darker Nations: A People's History of the Third World* (2003)  
*Keeping up with the Dow Joneses: Stocks*  
*Fat Cats and Running Dogs: The Enron Stage of Capitalism*  
*Untouchable Freedom: A Social History of a Dalit Community*

## Ardeshir Vakil:

*One Day*



# The *Weekly*, Cricket and 'Bond'

**Mr Ramchandra Guha** (ex 7-H '73) on the late, Mr Sheel Vohra's role with the *Weekly* as cricket Master-in-charge

In my days in School (1970-3), the master-in-charge of *The Doon School Weekly* was 'Charlie' Kandhari. He published occasional articles by me, among them my Bakhle Prize Winning essay of 1973, which I haven't revisited since, since it was (as I recall) excessively lush and exuberant in its prose. In my own days in School, the articles I most enjoyed were written by the revered cricket master, Sheel Vohra. While in *mufti* he taught high-school mathematics, acquiring the nickname 'Bond', after James (007), for his ability to catch those who had copied answers from their neighbours; in whites, he was a dogged opening batsman and the finest wicket-keeper I have ever played with or against. He was large; over six feet tall, and weighed close to three hundred pounds. But his footwork was sure and his glove-work close to immaculate. Keeping to spin, and down the leg side, he was superior to some recent stumpers of the Indian national team.



When the First Eleven played on Sundays, Mr Vohra would be one of the umpires. No visiting team ever accused him of partiality. His concentration must have been phenomenal, for he seemed to remember almost every ball bowled and run scored. We cricketers looked forward to the matches, but we looked forward even more to the reports Mr. Vohra would write on them. These covered two full foolscap pages of the *Weekly*. On Tuesdays, Bond would sit on the steps of the pavilion, correcting the proofs. On Thursdays, after lunch, the printed copies were distributed to the boys. With an almost indescribable sense of anticipation, we read what he had written about us. On the good days it went like this: 'Guha started promisingly. In his second over he had Clifford caught behind off a straighter one (47-2). In his fourth over he comprehensively beat and bowled Mr Prasad (58-3)'. Or he might have written: 'Guha played a handsome cover drive, the ball racing down the slope for four'. Of how many teachers can it be said that they have taken this kind of interest in their wards?

## Memorable Conversations

*Over the past few years, The Doon School Weekly has had the opportunity to interview a number of prominent people from all spheres of life. These people gave us insights into various professions ranging from business, art and cinematography to education, science and religion. Given below is a list of these individuals.*

- ✦ Mr Nandan Nilekani (co-founder, Infosys, and Chairman, UID)
- ✦ Lord Karan Bilimoria (founder, Cobra Beer)
- ✦ Mr Manpreet Singh Badal (ex-Deputy Chief Minister, Punjab)
- ✦ Mr Kalikesh Singh Deo (Member of Parliament, Bolangir Constituency)
- ✦ Lord Chris Patton (Member of Parliament (House of Lords) and also the last Governor of Hong Kong)
- ✦ Sir Mark Tully (journalist)
- ✦ Victor Banerjee (actor, dramatist)
- ✦ Nasseeruddin Shah (actor, dramatist)
- ✦ Vijay Simha (Senior Editor, *Tehelka*)
- ✦ Dilip Thakore (Editor, *Education World*)
- ✦ Stewart Beck (Canadian Commissioner to India)



Mr Kalikesh Singh Deo







# Justifying ‘Censorship’

*With a brief history about the change in the Weekly’s writing style over the years, Utkarsh Jha justifies the Weekly’s approach of toning down its articles and not indulging in any form of gossip*

When I flipped through the *Weekly*s of the past, I mistook some of them as propaganda for the Non Appointed Prefects Union or as a mouth piece for the Anti-Get-Up-For-PT-League. Some of them even seemed like gossip magazines. Believe me, I was aghast when I saw the scandalous (and even malicious) writing and caricatures that managed to find their way into the *Weekly*. Today’s *Weekly* would not dare publish cartoons of obese teachers (with hair protruding from their ears) bluntly poking jokes at the School. Contrary to the styles of those *Weekly*s, today’s *Weekly* would never portray socials with Welham Girls as a recapitulation of an explicit modeling reality show.”

In the late 40s, the *Weekly* began to morph into a boxing ring, where the students landed punches on the face of the School authorities every week. Every issue of the *Weekly* was crammed with anonymous Letters to the Editor, under amusing pseudonyms (eg. Jumbo, Fat-Big), each one criticizing things from Chota Hazri to PT to even the Headmaster and his dog. The assured anonymity of the authors probably encouraged them to critically dissect the School and gave them the courage to poke fun at anyone who lay within their grasp.

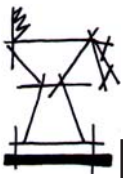
Around the 90s, the *Weekly* began to evolve. It shifted its focus onto serious and heavy creative articles. There was a drastic drop in the number of anti-School propaganda pieces, probably due to the fact that students were stripped of their privilege of sending in anonymous articles. The reports carried by the *Weekly* also donned a new avatar and were no longer sensationalist, tabloid pieces on the private lives of School’s celebrities, but extremely formal and dry. The instant the right to anonymity was removed the number of instigating articles plummeted and only sections like the Roving Eye were amusing. Another reason why such pieces became rarer was also the fact that the circulation of underground publications and the creation of anti-School leagues was taken as a serious offence.

Moreover, with the introduction of the *Weekly* on the internet, its circulation expanded to the School’s alumni and other readers outside School. Now, if any controversial statement is made in a *Weekly*, students will make a mountain out of a molehill on Facebook, humiliating the targeted people even more. It could even make the School look bad. Also, as I have personally experienced in recent times, the students and teachers have become more intolerant to good humour and do not take it as a friendly joke but rather as a derogatory remark. This has forced the *Weekly* to tone down its articles and ensure that no one is unhappy. There have been instances in which board members have been castigated for making derogatory remarks (despite their authenticity). These instances have served as deterrents to fellow board members and forced them to choose alternatives such as addressing contemporary issues to creative writing.

Although the *Weekly* has seen umpteen other changes concerning writing style, I feel that addressing this issue is pertinent, considering that so many Doscoccos accuse the *Weekly* of being censored or over-regulated. Certain Doscoccos want more of the so called ‘anti-establishmentarian’ articles, a notion which is vague and refers to some form of unhealthy debate. When the *Weekly* doesn’t publish gossip or any ‘anti-School propaganda’, people say it is being censored. Some of those blaming us should consider pointing a finger at their own intolerance, for if they were the ones being targeted in those gossipy articles, their reaction would not have

**“When Doscoccos compare the present *Weekly*s with the *Weekly*s of the 70s or 80s, they must not forget that the circumstances are very different now. With the advent of the internet and social media, our actions are observed and judged beyond the School’s boundaries.”**

been as liberal. I remember the rude response Vivek Santayana got when he addressed issues about his form in his time. Although some recent developments might bring the ‘liberal’ nature of the *Weekly* into question, Doscoccos must be careful about what they are blaming the *Weekly* for. When Doscoccos do compare the present *Weekly*s with the *Weekly*s of the 70s or 80s, they must not forget that the circumstances are very different now. With the advent of the internet and social media, our actions are observed and judged beyond the School’s boundaries.

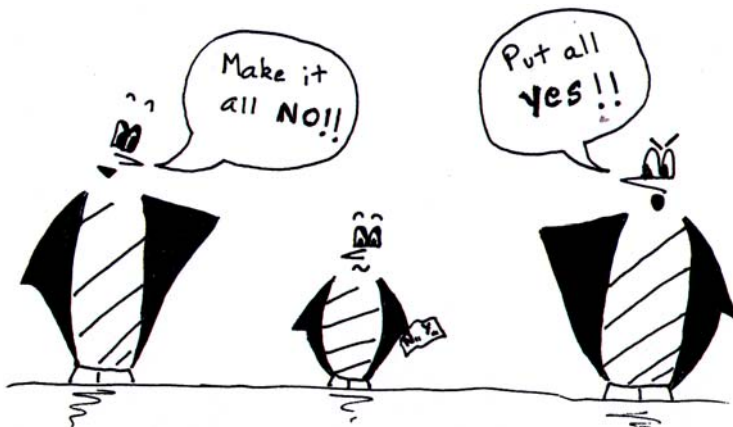


# The Truth About the Poll

**Shashvat Dhandhan**ia comments on the validity of the Opinion Poll



*The usual chaos at the dinner table*



Over the years, the Chandbagh community has made no secret about its suspicion of the Opinion Poll. Many believe that the results are rigged, either by the authorities to “manufacture consent” or by board members to avoid the task of taking the Poll. After listening to such blatant accusations for three years now, I think it is appropriate to bring the issue out in the open and discuss the validity of the Opinion Poll.

Let us first look at the method in which the Poll is taken. Boys go to every table and ask the question and make tally marks as votes. Now one can imagine what happens when a starry-eyed C-former comes to take the poll on the table. He is referred to as a *Weekly* ‘servant’ the moment he approaches with his pen and paper and bombarded with a series of sarcastic remarks. Then, a lot of Doscos don’t pay attention to the poll, some are absent, while others refuse to answer. Quite a few of those who are polled do not take these polls seriously. Polling Sc-form is the most troublesome process. There will always be certain seniors who snatch the piece of paper from the boy taking the poll; someone might tell the boy to get something or might order him to write ‘No’ or ‘Yes’ for everyone. Sometimes,

masters on duty in the CDH do not allow the student to take the poll before the first bell, leaving the student with less time to take it. Under such circumstances, mistakes are bound to happen.

Moreover, juniors cannot be asked certain questions. A lot of the times the *Weekly* does not poll the D or C-form students as, in all likelihood, they are not in a position to have an opinion about certain issues, such as private outings or School traditions. In fact, quite a lot of the seniors have blank faces when they are asked to give an opinion about some pressing contemporary issue. Here the Dosco’s ignorance is to be blamed, not the *Weekly*’s ineptness. I would also like to firmly state that the Poll is not rigged. The ‘authorities’ do not interfere in this activity. In fact, some of our results would oppose the expectations of people with whom the Poll is concerned with. For instance, after DS-75, the *Weekly* asked the question: Do you think DS-75 lived up to its expectations. 52% of those polled said ‘No’ and that is exactly what the *Weekly* published. Indeed, a lot of the time the *Weekly* makes errors while tabulating and collecting votes, but these errors are not deliberate; the bigger problem is to do with the attitude of community members.

I hope this article gives a realistic picture of what happens when a Poll is conducted. I would also like to remind everyone that our School is one of the few schools (if not the only one) that allows an Opinion Poll to be taken in the first place.

**Indeed, a lot of the time the *Weekly* makes errors while tabulating and collecting votes, but these errors are not deliberate; the bigger problem is to do with the attitude of community members.**



# The Weekly in your Eyes...

What I particularly like about *the Weekly* is the inclusion of latest global developments. I believe that such an approach is essential in today's times since it makes it easier for students to absorb what is happening in a language they can understand. - **Udai Bothra**

*The Weekly* is a siesmograph of the school. You can sense and feel the School through the *Weekly* without being in school - **Mr Farooqi**

Any institution, to stand up and be counted, needs to establish a history of its deeds. We all know that history is not a set of facts; that is statistics. To give History teeth, the zeitgeist (the spirit of the age) needs to be established. So, here was *the Weekly*, which would record events and also maintain a record of the context of the events. The function of the *Weekly* is two pronged: to maintain records faithfully, in detail, and to retain a flavour of the times through samples of writing, which in essence are articulation of thoughts. Over the years various editors and managers have interpreted the latter aspect, how best to retain the flavour of the times. - **Mr Debashish Chakrabarty**

It is something that I look forward to every Saturday breakfast, without which I feel that there is something missing in the week. It is a regular publication produced by a few boys who work tirelessly and unnoticed to chronicle the events of the week, to record the feelings of the week and the community and occasionally, to make us laugh at ourselves. - **Mr Philip Burrett**

I have always been a firm believer in the power of the voice of the youth. An article I wrote in *The Weekly* a couple of years ago, *Make Some Noise* I think it was called, spoke of exactly that. More than any institution in India and maybe even in the world, The Doon School has always advanced the voice of its students. Sometimes this is voluntary, sometimes it is cajoled and sometimes it is forced. Ambivalence is not something for young people; it is for those whose time has gone. Increasingly, apathy and indifference crowd the discussions I overhear on campus. No one really seems to care about the things that matter. I read about the School Council whining about more outings and more comfortable shoes but not once has a student tried to evoke discussion on the politics of our times. Not once has a student stood up and said, 'Enough. I will not take this any more.' And even more rare, is a student who is willing to stand up and take responsibility for his thoughts and actions. And this is where *The Weekly* comes into the picture. Here is a group of individuals, criticized and occasionally ostracized, who stand for what matters. And the day they give up on this as well, the dream that began seventy-five years ago, will truly fade into the memories of yet another mundane morning. - **Mr KV Arjun Rao**

*The Weekly* is a unique endeavour by a committed group of aspiring, young scribes, year after year, to carry forward the liberal, democratic and literary traditions of the School. *The Weekly* reports, informs, questions, interviews, debates, entertains and educates. Those who read it get to know of the way of life at Doon and for those who make it, it often becomes a way of life. - **Ms Stuti Kuthiala**





| Weekly Over the Years |

# Our History: The 'Firsts' of Every-thing

Given below are dates of inception of different sections of the Weekly

## Roving Eye

The 'Roving Eye' was first used as undercover names by board members of the *Weekly* in order to protect the anonymity of the writer of the column, 'Doon this Week'. The first time this pen name was used was in the issue dated **October 30, 1993**. Subsequently the column was renamed 'Doon this Fortnight' after which it became 'Doon this Term' and then it no longer appeared in the *Weekly*. It was these columns that provided humourous and often satirical accounts of events in School. After ten years, this section was renamed as 'Roving Eye' and was published for the first time on **August 16, 2003**.

The **first Weekly** made using a computer is dated April 3, 1993. This coincided with the change in the *Weekly's* publishing house to the English Book Depot, who remain our publishers till today.

The **first Opinion Poll** was also conducted in the same issue. The question was concerning the format of the *Weekly* as desired by students.



## under the scanner INDIA

The first 'India Under the Scanner' appeared on February 14, 2009. This was a modified version of 'India's Tryst with Destiny', a column that first appeared on July 21, 2007.

The **1st Hindi Piece** appeared on **February 7, 1947** in the form of a poem, while the first **Hindi Page** appeared in the issue dated **March 4, 1950**

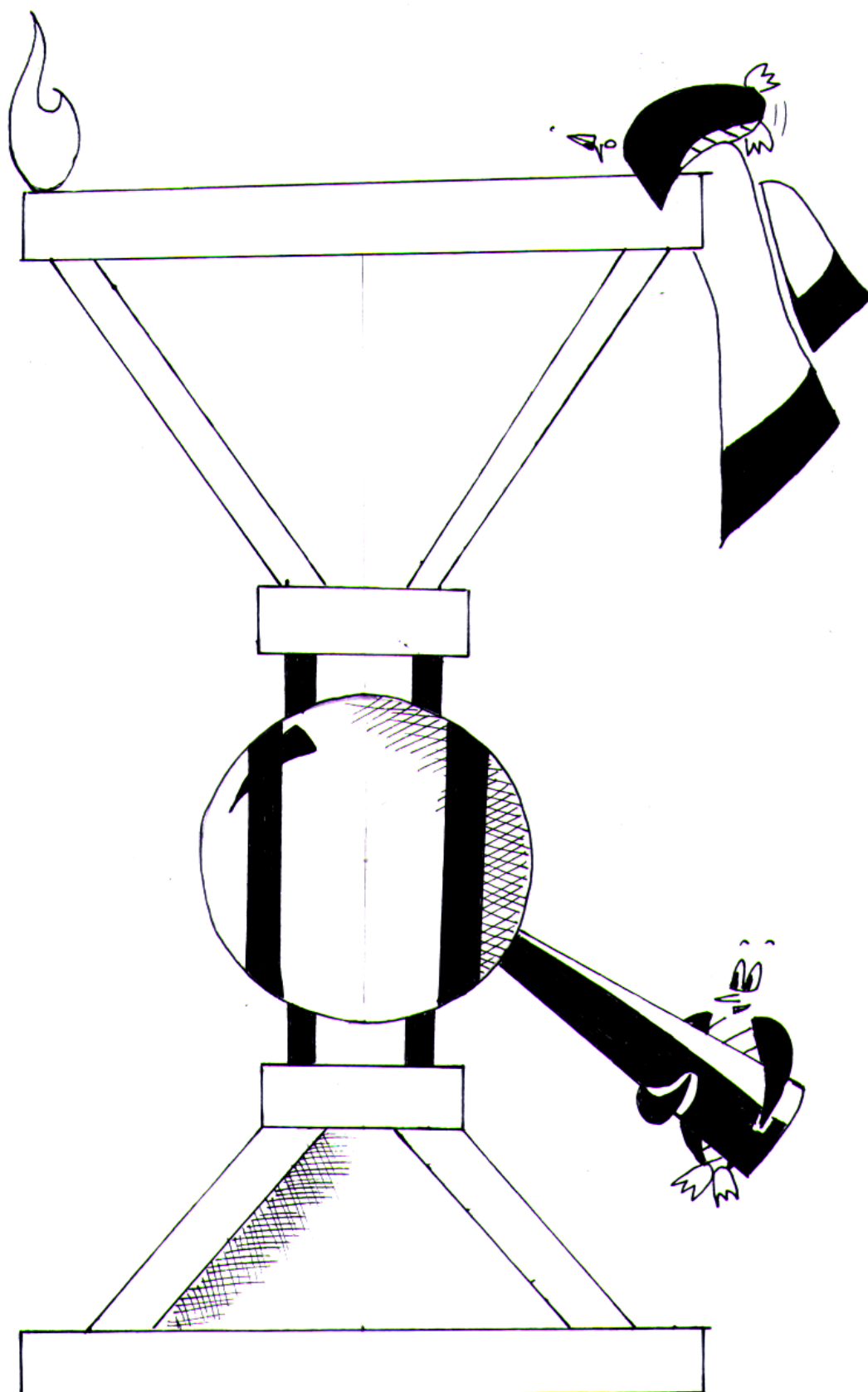
बापू  
जोवन के कलाकार,  
मिट्टी के पुतलों में  
तुमने  
भर दिया  
स्वर्ग का नया प्राण ।  
हर दी  
पशु-मानव की पशुता,  
कर दी  
वसुधा में नई बात ।  
अहो, स्वर्ग के दूत,  
धरा का  
पी-पी कर  
सारा विपाद,  
बरसाते  
जग पर अमृत बूंद,  
जग-जीवन में  
कर रहे देव,  
तुम  
अलका के  
उन्मुक्त द्वार ।

The poem *Bapu* by BP Chandola was the first Hindi piece to appear in the *Weekly*

The **first photograph** was published in the issue dated **May 28, 1949**. The photograph is of a scene from a play, *She Stoops to Conquer* (the original image is too blurred to reprint)

A number of areas have served as the **Weekly rooms** in the past. However, until the computer age, the *Weeklys* were made in the houses of the masters-in-charge. It was only after the beginning of the computer age that we saw rooms being allotted for the *Weekly*. From 2001 to 2008, AKS' present office served as the *Weekly* room; from 2008 to 2010, the present Career Counselling Department served as the Publications' Room and currently, the Publications' Room is situated in the Art School.

# School under the Scanner





# Technology at School

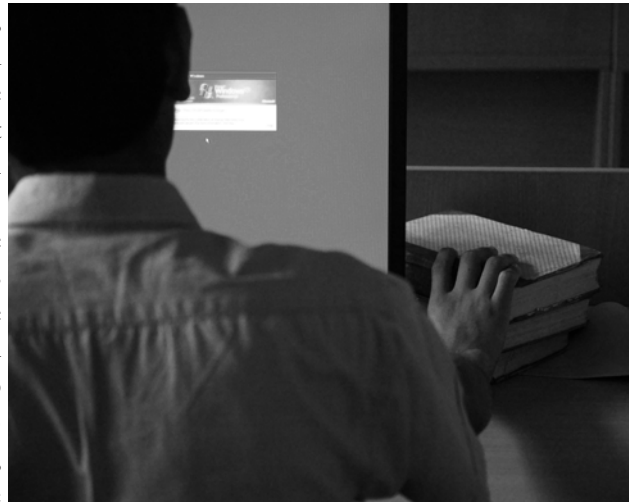
**Madhav Dutt** elaborates on the merits and demerits of technological improvements at School

More than a decade into the twenty-first century, it is evident that one of the biggest infrastructural changes in School has been the significant increase in the usage of technology. Although computers first appeared in School during the 1990s, their widespread usage was not witnessed until about 2002-2003.

Technology found its way in School as part of the changing global trends. As desktops, laptops, iPods and similar electronics were popularized around the world, they made their appearance at School and soon became omnipresent. It was imperative to keep up with these trends. Besides, with the inception of IB and information-demanding activities such as MUN, debating and writing, technological devices became the medium for acquiring information. The new publications and the improvement in the presentation of those publications were made possible primarily because of the usage of modern, state-of-the-art technology.

However, there is a flipside of allowing and providing electronics and easy access to information. Firstly, having fully functional computers in School all day long seriously interferes with the schedule of a student. Instead of being used for accessing information, technological devices are often used largely for trivial activities such as communicating with friends on social networking sites. Laptops are often used to watch movies or TV shows, play games or chat with people on Skype, at all odd hours. Instead of reading books

**“Moreover, permitting the use of such expensive gadgets brings about the problem of inequality and to an extent, undermines Arthur Foot’s vision of egalitarianism, since not everyone can afford these electronics.”**



in the library, most sit on the desktops and surf the net. There have also been issues of indiscipline such as posting unwarranted comments on Facebook or accessing prohibited sites. Easy access to information also makes plagiarism a simpler process. Misuse of this technology eventually requires the arduous task of regulation, such as monitoring activities of students on the internet and blocking access to certain websites, games and software. Such regulation is not only expensive and time-consuming, but is also detested by students. This is probably why debates over the usage of certain privileges on different fora such as the School Council and the *Weekly* take place more frequently than before. Every now and then, the rules concerned with the usage of electronics are reviewed and revised. Creating these rules also becomes a tedious task for the authorities, who can neither afford to be too liberal or too conservative. After all, activities such as social networking, despite being harmful when done in excess, do allow one to communicate with the world beyond Doon’s boundaries, providing a certain sense of freedom.

Moreover, permitting the use of such expensive

*(contd. overleaf)*

## Opinion Poll

Does possession of expensive gadgets undermine the ethos of equality in School?

**Yes 23%**

**No 77%**

*(305 members of the community were polled)  
(reprinted from Issue No 2294)*





(contd. overleaf)

gadgets brings about the problem of inequality and to an extent undermines Arthur Foot's vision of egalitarianism, since not everyone can afford these gadgets. Although students don't express their feelings explicitly, we know that it can be discomfoting when electronics become status symbols. Besides, the more sophisticated the devices become, the higher the probability of theft, a problem which has escalated and has constantly been voiced.

Despite the magnitude of the problems, one cannot resolve them by running away from them, which is to say that the misuse of electronics and technological facilities cannot be resolved by doing away with them. After the kind of changes that have taken place, I feel the best solution is to maintain a balance by not being too liberal or conservative when it comes to creating rules. Most importantly, we have to be patient and not let our short-sightedness create unreasonable restrictions. After noting the poor examples set by some who misused electronics and wasted their time in the process, DoscOs should probably learn to use them more responsibly. After learning lessons through the mistakes of others over time, the distractions that have been brought about by these devices will be avoided or at least be reduced. Once these facilities are deployed for useful purposes, they will become the assets that we need them to be.

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## WIKIPEDIA At Doon

*Aditya Bhattacharya remarks on the usage of Wikipedia by DoscOs*

Over the past couple of years, apart from Facebook and other forms of social networking, that aspect of the Internet which has affected the world and DoscOs alike is the Wikimedia revolution. When I was in School last term, front pages of all national newspapers used to be filled with Wikileaks disclosures and the goings on of the website's creator, Julian Assange. While Wikileaks made the fields of diplomacy and business more transparent, Wikipedia plays the role of an encyclopedia, a role with which most of us are familiar with.

A site frequently accessed by DoscOs for all kinds of work, Wikipedia has a huge database and hundreds of citations for almost every article. It is typical of a Dosco to search for brief, and concise summaries of events and definitions of words on Wikipedia. However, DoscOs have also been victims of this revolution, in the sense that some of them rely too much on Wikipedia. Even though Wikipedia does provide a wide range of information, it is after all an open source and can be edited by anyone. A lot of its articles are stubs, and many require citation. However, one cannot undermine Wikipedia's credibility since it is likely to be unbiased, being an open source and not for profit.

The other adverse effect of Wikipedia has been that DoscOs don't refer to books as much as they should. For instance, if DoscOs want to read about an issue like the Israel-Palestine conflict or the Korean War, most of them would simply go through the few pages of an article on Wikipedia (a common phenomenon amongst students doing research for MUN or articles for publications) instead of doing a comprehensive research through reading books by authors with different political ideologies. Moreover, Wikipedia gives a very brief idea about an issue and over-reliance on Wikipedia creates the habit of avoiding comprehensive research. While this may be acceptable if the goal is to just acquire a brief idea, it is not acceptable when one wants a deep and detailed understanding of the issue.

The solution to these problems would be to rely on Wikipedia just for facts and figures and not for opinions and perspectives. To take the example of the Israel-Palestine conflict, if one wants a detailed understanding of the issue, Wikipedia can be used for knowing a date or a person's name, but must not be the only medium used to understand the political forces at work because this would result in an incomplete understanding. On the whole, Wikipedia is a useful tool, but, as stated earlier, it must not be the only tool.

**“Wikipedia is a useful tool, but, as stated earlier, it must not be the only tool.”**



# Disputes of The Year

*2011 witnessed a number of heated debates over various pressing issues.*

*Given below are accounts of a few*

## Compulsory Talks

A rather contentious issue that surfaced through the *Weekly* was that of talks being made compulsory for students to attend. Many proponents and opponents of the matter made clear their apprehensions and conceptual differences regarding various aspects of the debate. Some maintained that hearing distinguished speakers putting forth their views and experiences was a privilege, while a few others argued that listening to one speaker after the other had become a monotonous affair and that the entire exercise had begun to lose its flavour.

Those against the idea of talks being made compulsory vehemently argued that they added to the already packed schedule of a Dosco. On the other hand, those in favour of compulsory talks rightly stated that interaction with people who have excelled in their respective fields gave students the necessary exposure, and inculcated a desire to do well for themselves in the future. The debate boiled down to whether the school should aim to relieve some of the stress students experience due to their hectic schedules or whether it should continue arranging talks at a regular basis as a way of investing in students' future development.



## Communal Bathing

One often does not write about School's system of communal bathing in the *Weekly*, not because there is anything wrong with it, but because it can easily outrage the sensibilities of those who just don't understand the rationale behind such a system. However, due to recent developments and changing trends, a debate ensued which was then voiced by the *Weekly*.

At the start of term, as boys returned from the luxury of private bathrooms, a number of senior boys were awed at the sight of the newly renovated bathrooms. What awaited them was the absence of communal bathing; instead, neatly installed, were shower cubicles that offered boys the luxury of a private bath. While the conservatives resisted the change and argued that communal bathing enforced punctuality, making the boys take their baths quickly and be in time for the myriad activities, those who welcomed the change, including the Headmaster, reasoned that the new system would raise the hygiene standards amongst boys. They said that in the rush to bathe quickly and get out, as was usually the case with communal bathing, boys were not able to have proper baths. The conservatives retorted by saying that communal bathing fostered a sense of openness amongst boys.

While communal bathing has been done away with in only two houses as of now, considering the majority who welcome the change, communal bathing will be a thing of the past in the near future.

## Sports Restructuring

Today, academics have assumed top priority and the School finds itself a situation where it is trying to fit a lot in a small span of time without affecting studies. Moreover, there is the issue of sports facilities (the Skinners' field in particular) taking too long for renovation. As a result, sports have become an area which has witnessed a number of unpopular decisions, receiving much flak from the student community.

The cancellation of Inter-House competitions was the first such step towards sports restructuring in School. The primary reason for it is the problem of logistics and the paucity of time. In order to cut down the number of activities, such measures have taken effect. But most students felt this cancellation was redundant as these sports involve the least amount of students.

The number of grounds also needs to be taken into account. The Upper Skinners has been under renovation for months and only four grounds were used for soccer season, with only two grounds being spared for House practice. In such a situation, majority of the boys got only four hours of playing time per week.

Also, the availability of coaches is a major concern. Many feel that even the few coaches that come could be used more effectively.

We all believe that sports restructuring is required. But finding a suitable solution has been problematic and the methods adopted by the school have not been received well.



## Housemaster's Card: a deterrent or an Interference?

The Housemaster's Card (or the White Card) was introduced in the Spring Term of 2011 to serve two primary purposes: firstly, to reserve the Yellow Card (YC) for more serious offences and secondly, to give the Housemaster more authority to deal with disciplinary issues at the house level. Assuredly, the introduction of a new tool of punishment attracted a significant amount of debate.

Those supporting the move believed that the card gave the Housemasters more authority and allowed them to settle certain matters within the House, thereby reducing the burden on higher authorities. Moreover, they believed that it would act as an effective deterrent, at least for junior boys.

Those against this new punishment considered it redundant. Their argument was that the card would be given for trivial offenses ('not going for *chbota hazri*' is often cited as one such trivial offense) and would not be taken seriously by the students. It was believed that the card's effect would be reduced because of its overuse. Some also emphasized that the card was often handed out for the same offences as those a prefect would punish a student for, thereby undermining the authority of the prefects.

One could clearly note the mixed reactions of community members by the continuing debate on the issue. This is usually what happens when changes are made at Doon and is an indication of the democratic atmosphere prevalent here.

HOUSEMASTER'S CARD	
Number of Boy <input type="text"/>	Name <input type="text"/> No. <input type="text"/>
Sent up by <input type="text"/>	
For <input type="text"/>	
Date of termination <input type="text"/>	
Signatures	
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
Tutor	Housemaster

## IT: Frustration and Impatience

Over the course of the term, there was much controversy over the regulation and maintenance of technological devices at School.

It began with an uproar against malfunctioning equipment in classrooms and Houses, be it the projectors, audio systems or computers. Masters, too, were frustrated with the recurring equipment related problems. The main concern of the School community was the time wasted in trying to fix these problems. The *Weekly* featured an article highlighting this situation (and promptly received a firm response from the IT department). The IT department argued that vandalism by boys was a predominant cause of the problem, and controlling vandalism wasn't in their hands. While the response was partly true, there were a few instances when the School server ceased to function and the School was left without internet access, and this had very little to do with vandalism. But it would be unfair to lay the blame squarely on the IT department as they are handling an extremely complex area of functioning that needs to be working efficiently at all times.

When it came to regulation, students also felt that a number of websites were blocked needlessly. Facebook was, of course, the most demanded privilege. If students did at all try to bypass the server, it was primarily to use Facebook. However, social networking has its disadvantages which compel the School to take unpopular decisions and very little merit was found in arguments which resisted the regulation of social networking sites.

## CCTV: Invasion of Privacy?

Unarguably, one of the most heated debates of the year was concerned with the installation of CCTV cameras by School authorities. As per a poll conducted by the *Weekly*, an overwhelming majority of the students polled were against the installation of CCTV cameras. Most students were discomforted by the fact that they would be monitored 24x7 through a network of cameras, which they thought was an invasion of their privacy. The School unanimously voiced the view that discipline should be instilled by prefects and masters and not through the installation of cameras. However, the minority supporting the move rightly argued that the installation was needed to maintain a level of security within the School. The School community was assured that the cameras were not meant for invading privacy but for security purposes.

A few students (like our Chief Editor) argued that the motives of the authorities had been 'misunderstood' by the student body. Although the interest in the issue has waned, further developments, such as the installation of CCTVs in Houses could spark off the debate again.





# Being 'Doscis'

**Aakansha Mohan** describes her experience as a girl in an all boys School

Walking down school roads in uniform, questions like "Oh, so girls do study in The Doon School?" are often asked. It surprises most Old Boys when they get to know that the number of Dosco girls has been increasing almost every year. During Founder's, Old Boys often come up to us and tell us about Dosco girls who studied with them. It's nice to know that those girls have not been forgotten. It started with four girls when I joined in 2007, and now we're a bunch of eleven.

We're a small part of the community, so it's important for us to stay together and work things out. Somewhere down the line, we've all been through the same learning experiences which bring us closer, and we tend to be more co-operative than usual. Life in Doon is very different for us, also because we don't live in boarding houses, share rooms and bathrooms, etc. It's comfortable in that context but definitely not easier. It is challenging because our parents are here to keep a sharp eye on us at all times. Just wearing a different uniform makes you feel like you're not part of the usual crowd. Being a Dosco girl is definitely not like being just another girl in a co-educational school. It's different in the way we're treated, the small things we need to take extra care of, living up to expectations and most of all, making our way out of the crowd and proving ourselves.

Initial years in School seem to be the toughest. It takes a lot of time to adjust to the fact that you don't have much support, especially when you've been shifted from an all-girls' school. It is only after these initial years that it starts to sink in that life has to be lived in a certain way, no matter how tough it might be. One of the major drawbacks of being a Dosco girl is that we don't get to play sports, or at least not in the way we would have in another school. It is disappointing sometimes when we can't participate in everything the boys participate in, but then there are a lot of other co-curricular activities in which we could participate

and cover up for not being on the field. Participation by the girls in the School has increased notably over the years, but there is still a lot of potential to do a lot more.

Teasing has always been a problem in our School, and we're not any different when it comes down to that. In fact, being girls, it affects us a little more than it should. But eventually you realise that avoiding it is the best way out. It even makes you mentally strong at times and you tend to get your priorities right and know that it is a part of life.

I'm often asked "How do you survive here?" It's all about the getting used to. Once you set your goals, there's no stopping. We all need to prove ourselves in some way or the other, and that's what keeps us going.

Despite the challenges, there are things we really enjoy. Though hard to confess, it feels great when you're given a little more respect than the others. You don't really have to run the extra mile all the time. Although being a Dosco girl proves to be a little tough, we consider ourselves lucky to be studying in one of the best Schools in India, where not all girls get an opportunity to study.

## **Bipasha Dutta**

I am often asked what I am doing in an all boys school. Truthfully, the thought of going to another school never even occurred as Chandbagh was home to me even before I knew what being a Dosco meant. My childhood is full of happy memories of this place, when *bhaiyyas* would pamper and spoil me and I thought of this place as one happy family. To break away from this family and go to another school seemed absurd. In essence, coming to Doon was like a given for me; even my friends (my mother's colleagues' children) would study here. So I was happy to have cleared the admission tests and couldn't wait for it to be the 1st of April. Little did I know that everything was going to change so drastically for me from that day on.

While my homesick friends were trying to adjust to life in the boarding, I struggled to come to terms with the fact that the campus that had been my home was now suddenly a very formal place. Overnight, all my uncles and aunties were now my Sirs and Ma'ams, so much so that even my own mother gave me a bad chit! Later that afternoon, when my friends told me that my mother was more like my step-mother, I was ready to believe them! It was like leading a schizophrenic existence.

I gradually discovered that I belonged to a sub-species called 'Doscis'. I did not have a problem

(contd. on next page)





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with being called a Dosci but the connotation attached to the word – that of being a bimbo - was not entirely palatable. This labelling is certainly not justified. I know of enough ‘Doscis’ who were great at sports, Scholar’s Blazer awardees, and though only a ‘satisfactory’ student myself, I too, am certainly not a bimbo. The word has started to sound humiliating and discriminatory. I am a Dosco, and proud to be one, and would not like to be stereotyped. And then again, which ‘Dosci’ gave anyone the idea or the basis for such stereotyping? None that I know of.

Labelling has often hurt me. Although I cannot claim to speak for the ‘Doscis’ now, before me or the ones who will come after me, I hope somewhere some bit of my bitter-sweet memories in this article will ring true with them too.

## THE TOP PRIORITY

**Yuv Vir Khosla** comments on the increasing emphasis on college planning at Doon

Over the last few years there seems to have been a gradual shift in the School interests. Doon is in the process of acquiring an international facet; we are in the middle of an inevitable struggle to compete with the leading educational institutions of the world. To achieve this stature, the administration has guided students to focus on activities that aid them to get admission to elite universities. Every now and then, there are talks conducted by admissions officers of different universities and there are even structured classes held to educate students at an early age. There was a time when Doscis were unaware of the essential processes of applying to colleges abroad. The current undertakings are aimed at resolving such issues.

However, despite the importance of these undertakings, many have been resistant to this change. In their myopia, these students feel that too much is being sacrificed in the process. Students have constantly been ranting about the overdoing of the entire process and believe that the fine line between the importance given to careers and the enjoyment of senior forms has not been maintained. The question that arises is whether we are willing to let School turn into a mere gateway to good universities?

I believe that it is imperative for a school to have the facilities to assist students in making the right decisions concerning their careers. In this regard, the authorities have been extremely pragmatic. With the initiation of SAT classes in affiliation with *Princeton Review*, the School is surely taking the whole process of admission abroad seriously. If it is the hard work that Doscis are complaining of, then their complaints are unwarranted. One needs to spend hours training for SAT and understanding the nitty-gritty of admission processes. After all, diligence is a prerequisite for going to the best university.

The contention students hold is that the process has become more tedious and time-consuming, especially when talks and seminars are made compulsory. Moreover, there is the growing feeling that everything is now being done to add to the list of achievements in one’s CV and not with the genuine interest that was once present. While it is difficult to make any generalizations, what I can say is that many students get involved in activities just for making their list of achievements longer. The irony here is that most admissions officers say that a long list of achievements is not advantageous for an applicant. If one genuinely pursues what one is passionate about and specializes in it, it will be more beneficial while applying. The biggest dispute is with social service, an activity many take part in just to impress an admissions officer. However, those who have voiced their concern about such issues must remember that admissions officers have ways of learning about any such fabrication of achievements.

To give a bird’s eye of our situation, what I can ascertain is that we are in a transition phase in which Doscis are changing their priorities and their approach to career planning. In the short-term, this will reduce, if not end, interest in traditional activities and create stress for senior boys. Unfortunately, that is the price we have to pay if our priority is the future and not the present.



### doonspeak

*The growing emphasis on college planning...*

Necessary, but should be restricted to SCs only. -

**Abhinav Mittal**

Should be compulsory only for seniors - **Rohan Shriram**

Should be taken more seriously - **Ishan Sandhu**

Is improving day by day - **Shivam Goyal**

Much more than it used to be- **PMV**

Essential guidance- **Abhinav Kejriwal**

Given more importance than required - **Aditya Gupta**



# Angrezi Hatao Andolan

**Vikramaditya Kapur** comments on the Angrezi Hatao Movement and its impact on School



Swami Agnivesh

In the past 76 years, Doon has received various esteemed guests who came either as visitors or to give talks. But there was one particular guest who actually came to shut the School down!

During Mr Das's tenure as Headmaster of The Doon School, there was a strong movement in the Hindi belt of India known as the 'Angrezi Hatao Andolan'. The aim of this movement was to shut down all English medium schools because the belief was that these schools were marginalising the Hindi language. Being particularly strong in regions of Uttar Pradesh, this movement targeted prominent schools such as The Doon School on a regular basis. The members of this movement would daily place a symbolic lock on the Main Gate of School, signifying their wish to shut it down.

When this movement was growing stronger, Swami

Agnivesh visited Dehradun to lend his support to the movement. Being an eminent social activist, a large crowd gathered at the gates of the School to witness what Swami Agnivesh had to say. The Headmaster sent MCJ and other senior masters to meet Swami Agnivesh and invite him into the School. He was taken on a tour of the campus and shown the facilities which the Hindi Department enjoyed, the Hindi publications and the debating society. He was told about the democratic system of the School, including the story about boys who had once shaved their heads in protest against the short hair rules in School. He also had a chance to interact with students at lunch. Swami Agnivesh was taken aback by what he noticed; the day spent in Doon changed his perspective. When he left that night, he asked, "Why can't every school in India be a Doon School?"

There was another popular movement that took place sometime in the 1980s, a movement whose foundations were based on the belief that Doon was an elitist institution. Due to a string of remarks made by

## The Babalog issue and the Angrezi Hatao Andolan were tests for The Doon School at the public level.

the late Prime Minister and Old Boy, Rajiv Gandhi, there was a period when Doscocs were termed as *babalog*. What added fuel to the fire was the fact that a number of politicians and senior advisors who were a part of Rajiv Gandhi's government were Old Boys (such as Mani Shankar Aiyer). Doon was accused of being elitist and westernized. The people who went along with this phrase were certainly unaware of the motives of our School's founders; they were judging the School through

the anecdotes revolving around just Rajiv Gandhi. We all know that the purpose of setting up our School was to create an "aristocracy of service inspired by the ideals of unselfishness, not one of privilege, wealth or position." The question of Doon being elitist should not even arise when the words spoken by Mr Foot affirm the aims of the School. Besides, Doon selects students on the basis of their capabilities and not their backgrounds and provides scholarships to students from less privileged backgrounds. Moreover, unlike other groups of people who are termed elitist, Doon does not stay aloof from world affairs or social realities. There are enough activities within our School, such as social service, that allow students to understand the poverty and hardship that pervades large sections of Indian society.

The *Babalog* tag and the *Angrezi Hatao Andolan* were tests for The Doon School at the public level. Both attacks were inspired by stereotypical notions of Doscocs being westernized, elitist and unaware of social realities. It was imperative for us to come face to face with these accusations and dispel these notions.

### Is Doon a School for elitists?

It is most definitely not. I would never have survived here as a teacher had Doon been an elitist school.

Never in my 33 years of service has a student shown any disrespect towards me – MCJ

By no means is Doon an elitist school but certainly it was created to impart elite knowledge to its student – MHF





## Doscos all the Way

**Sanjiv Bathla (ex 158-TA '84)** reminisces moments as an Old Boy, Housemaster and a School parent (these are extracts taken from the *Chhota Hazri Days*)



*Sanjiv Bathla (third from left), leads the race*

Much has been written about School in earlier publications, and enough has been photographed enough too. Yet so much is left unsaid, and not enough has been captured in pictures. In my school days (1977-1984), the black and white photographs came home by V.P.P during the holidays. Some parents had no choice but to pay for them, even if their son was the guy coming fifth in a race and did not even happen to be in the frame. "Well, I was the guy just there, and I would have made it if I hadn't got that damn stitch".

Then the school reports followed soon after, in another big brown envelope and one knew where one stood. The postcard, with a 15 paisa print from the School Hospital would arrive, informing that the boy / ward was admitted many moons ago, for a bee sting or whatever cough. If lucky, sometimes more details like 'the *green cough mixture* was administered and *red paint* was applied' could be found filling in the blanks. That seemed to be the sequence of communication between the school and the parents. No emails or telephones were available for parents to plan a visit, or for the boys to communicate, other than through the Indian post. Telegrams / phonograms mostly could not be deciphered, and one felt the family wishes on his birthday. Computers were unheard of and the generators came in only in the 80s, with a *Gen-squad* running it between events. Before that, one was content with using hurricane lanterns and having a soap-dish bath due to short supply of electricity and water. A few qualified lifesavers would jump into the pool to fish out the frogs before they could allow the boys in. Parents visited perhaps once in a year, when they could have done so more often. Today, parents are aware the moment a boy sneezes and there is much more communication, apart from the innumerable visits they make to school in a year. I wonder what the next crop of Old Boys will remember their school by. I hope not just the visits and the emails.

\* \* \*

### Seamless

The good and the bad, the genius or the stupidity, the *dhugs* and the *ticks*, following rules or breaking them, the Y.C's and the colours, the smiles and the friendships, the mud and the rain, the fun and the hardships, all seem at the same level- seamless, for us to carry with us forever. Seamless from Chhota Hazri to Supper, PT to Toye time, Holi to Diwali, Spring term to fall, E-form to Sc. Last, but not the least, the two or three digit school number, that goes along with us as tags even to the Heavens of sorts, where we still live 'House wise', with or without the spirits.





# THE END OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS

*Arjun Kamdar analyses the causes that led to the end of corporal punishments at Doon and how this change was received by the School community*

What is common between hockey shots, slapping and Wimbledon? Once upon a time, they were all forms of corporal punishments at Doon. Juniors often hear interesting stories about corporal punishments of the past. There are those Saturday nights when a couple of seniors will huddle up with some juniors as captive audience and describe some of the most painful experiences and legends linked with corporal punishment. Every junior would have heard stories about Wimbledon (a punishment in which a senior would make two juniors slap each other until one of them would give up), hockey shots and slapping. However fabricated these stories might seem, there is one truth which no one can dispute – corporal punishments have, to our relief, come to an end.



The experiences I have described are not myths. Corporal punishments (or even physical punishments for that matter) were pervasive at Doon. If a student did not do a senior's 'favour', in all likelihood, he would get a couple of slaps. If a team performed poorly in an inter-house match, an extra PT or hockey shots were guaranteed. Yes, once upon a time, such practices did exist at Doon. Seniors indulging in them were rarely reported or reprimanded. Initially, even I found it hard to believe the gravity of the situation, but after conferring with a few senior masters, I realized that those stories were no tell-tales. The interesting question we need to ask ourselves is how and why these practices came to an end?

Well, there are many reasons why these practices were abolished. Corporal punishments ended at Doon, at the same time when they ended around the world. There is no doubt that corporal punishments went against the nature of modern education. Even the reasons for giving corporal punishments were not justified. Playing poorly in a match does not call for physical punishment and a senior has no right to hit a junior if his work is not completed by him. Moreover, with the growing reach of the media, we know how one incident of physical punishment could severely damage a school's reputation. Another questionable aspect of this practice was that boys would be physically punished if they lost a match, but if they failed in a subject, they did not face the same punishment. Are sports or inter-house competitions supposed to be the be-all and end-all for Doscocs?

These practices undoubtedly took a lot of time to abolish. After recognizing the gravity of the problem, the authorities had to take decisive actions against students. Certain seniors were made an example of. For instance, Houses were debarred from participating in a competition if its team members were physically punished by their seniors. Some students were even expelled for their actions. Such examples acted as deterrents for other students. There were even a number of workshops and meetings to educate Doscocs about this issue. When it came to physical punishments, restrictions were introduced for changes-in-break and extra PTs. Earlier, students were made to do five-sign or six-sign changes-in-break, but now the limit is three-signs. Even extra PTs have to be shorter than fifteen minutes while earlier there was practically no limit to it.

This new system was welcomed by the juniors with wide open arms, but the seniors did not appreciate it. Seniors felt that their rights had been snatched away and that 'School was going to the dogs'. We would often come across Scs talking about how juniors had become 'pansies' due to the lack of discipline. Many stated that juniors could not be controlled anymore. They took it to be a direct attack on the senior-junior hierarchy. Some

**“The School took the right decision by abolishing these practices; it was an essential step towards modernization.”**

masters also felt the same way to the same way. They thought that they would not be able to maintain discipline in the classes and the boys would misbehave. This was reactionary conservatism - adverse reactions that would be felt in the short-term. Although, not all their views were unwarranted, the School took the right decision by abolishing these practices; it was an essential step towards modernization.



# 69 acres: Too Much or Too Little?

**Madhav Dutt** comments on the growing concern over the shortage of land at Doon

When parents look for a School to admit their child in, they usually research a lot on the campus and the facilities the School provides. The campus gives the school an identity.

Doon's campus is an inherent part of its identity, a part which most visitors and Old Boys can't resist praising. However, this part of its identity has a shortcoming, one which has been receiving much attention lately and which seems impossible to overcome – its area. Initially, when I heard that Doon's campus was 69 acres, the figure seemed relatively high. Most renowned schools in Delhi (the city from which I come) have twice the number of students and one-fourth the area. However, I realized that my first impression was mistaken. Our 69 acre campus is proving to be less for all the facilities the School aims to offer in the near future.



*A glimpse of the old swimming pool*

When the Schools' planning was underway, the decision-making body had a choice of founding the institution either on *Chand Bagh* (44 acres) or on *Hathibarkala* (317 acres). Besides the obvious difference in the price of the lease, the body decided to lease out *Chand Bagh* estate from the government as it also had old, well-built, majestic buildings (The Main Building, Kashmir amd Hyderabad Houses, Tata House Villa etc.) in its perimeter and *Hathibarkala* was rather barren. Today the option of a 317 acre plot might certainly seem favourable. The year following the founding of the School, the School procured 24 acres of Skinner's land; Jaipur Villa was actually Col. Skinner's residence. Since this purchase of land, the School has been offered another plot only once. A relatively large piece of land near Tata House (behind the Masters' houses) was offered but the School lacked sufficient funds and the land was bought over by ONGC. Despite our financial inadequacies back then, we know that the purchase would have been beneficial in the long-run. Even the Headmaster himself stated in jest that he would be willing "to take a loan from a bank" to get the money, if the neighboring land was offered again.

Other residential schools in India boast comparatively larger campuses. RIMC's campus spans over 183 acres while Daly College, Indore's campus is 118 acres and the Scindia School's campus size is 110 acres. Procuring more land will allow us to upgrade the old buildings and construct new ones. An addition of maybe 50 acres of land can benefit the School greatly. With excess land the School will be able to provide its students with new services like clay or grass tennis courts or maybe even a new golf course. The benefits are endless, be it in sports or academics. Moreover, acquiring more land is the best alternative. We cannot raise our buildings and create multi-storied ones. We cannot congest the School with any more structures as it could adversely affect its aesthetics.

However, we cannot undermine the efficiency with which we have made use of our resources. Inside the new Art School there is a picture of the original campus and the current one. The infrastructure of our School has evolved beyond recognition, to say the least. Since the School's birth, there has been the addition of a

**"To implement our ambitious plans, we require more land. In the short-term, it would seem too expensive, but any prescient Dosco would choose to struggle in the short-term and bear the fruit of that struggle in the long-term."**

Design Centre, an Art School, a new House(Oberoï), additional housing for Masters, relocation and addition of the new tennis courts and almost half the School (CDH, swimming pool, basketball courts etc.) has been renovated in the past 76 years of the School's existence. But to implement our ambitious plans, we require more land. In the short-term, it would seem too expensive, but any prescient Dosco would choose to struggle in the short-term and bear the fruit of that struggle in the long-term.





# The Truth About **Third Best**

**Mr Arjun Rao** writes about the veracity of the events in his recently published novel, *Third Best*

In February of this year, I acquired marginal notoriety as the author of a book that seems to have encapsulated the life of a student in a boarding school (presumptuous statement, but bear with me). And everyone who read the book (thank you, I am tremendously grateful) has asked me one question: How much of *Third Best* is true? How much of what is in the book happened to me or to people I know or to students I have taught? And the answer to that question is - none of it. Or maybe it is all of it. Something that is in the story that I created has happened to someone on this planet at sometime, of that there is no doubt. Do I know any of them? Probably not, no (but if you do know any of these people, I'd love to meet them!).

*Third Best* was a story I began in my head years ago, around 2005, originally conceived of as a play. But then I read *The History Boys* and that idea flew out of the window and all the little scraps I had written on, conversations between Nirvan and Go, Nirvan and Ruma and countless others went into the drawers of my desk, forgotten and lost. In 2006, lost and confused, I decided to clean out that same desk. It had been years.

Between phone numbers of girls I had forgotten (I was twenty-five back then!) and bank statements and tax returns (which to my father's relief I have now started filing. As in, in a file. I always pay my taxes. Promise!), I chanced upon a sequence that never made it to the final version of *Third Best*. I read it over and over and realized how much I had changed since then. I began to type out the scrawls that had first taken place in The Diner of the India Habitat Centre in New Delhi (great burgers, by the way) and suddenly I had three pages. By the end of that evening, those three had turned into nineteen. There was hope.

But then came the holidays with their usual heartbreaks, lost moments and wasted opportunities. School resumed and *Third Best*, now neatly organized in a folder on my desktop, remained exactly as the scraps it had originally been, albeit in a form that could be deciphered, but still lost and forgotten as before.

And then something started happening. Every time something didn't work out, or the day was worse than the day before, or when I hit rock bottom and just didn't want to get out of bed at all, *Third Best* suddenly made me want to survive the day. On the day a class went to hell, I wrote in Nirvan losing Ruma. On the day I screamed and screamed at students in the House when a dance practice went on too late, I wrote in Gautam being bullied. On the day I felt I had no business looking after other peoples' children when I couldn't even make them feel protected, I wrote in Faraz's heartbreak. Something of me went into each of those moments. And just when I thought that this book was going to make any reader want to kill himself, I realized that there were good things that would change the shape *Third Best* was going to take - the day a student quietly thanked me; the day I realized I had fallen in love; the day I heard the new Pearl Jam album. All of them matter because no matter what all writers tell you, inspiration usually strikes when you are lying in bed, waiting for sleep to come or when you're asleep in the form of a dream or, most annoyingly, when you're on the loo. You really have to work hard at keeping an idea alive. One distracted moment and you've, quite literally, flushed it all away.

But the greatest inspiration I found was right around me. In the magnificent work that the teachers and students of The Doon School do, day in and day out, without even realizing it. We don't realize how much we affect each other's live by just walking past each other every day. That first smile early in the morning can turn into five hundred by the end of the day. That inspired class that even takes the teacher's breath away, the kind in which no one wants to leave when the bell rings, can change a life forever. That mumbled conversation on the edge of Skinner's watching your team play could make you want to change the world. But then, we are human, imperfect and sarcastic and suspicious and critical by nature. We take it all for granted and don't thank our stars every single day that we live on a beautiful campus, that there is always someone around to look out for us, that there is always someone to tell us that it will all be ok. If only we realized that it's the small things that we will actually remember when the lights start fading.

So, to get back to it. Did any of it happen? I'll never tell. If you figure it out, find me. And I will smile and deny it all.





# Back to School

*Karan Thapar*

*(reprinted from the Hindustan Times' issue of October 24, 2010, immediately after DS 75)*

Are school days really the best days of one's life? It would be sad if that were true. In my case it would mean that after leaving Doon at 16 my life has irreversibly deteriorated. On the other hand, we all look back on school through rose-tinted memories. And the older we get the more hallowed they become.

This is a question that was uppermost in my mind yesterday as Doon School celebrated its 75th anniversary. Last night, as the platinum jubilee reached its climax, thousands of DoscOs would have answered with an emphatic yes.

The truth is that for none of us was school an unalloyed collection of happy, joyous moments. There were also terrible times. Even if they helped us grow up, they were still painful to live through. Yet when we look back we forget the hardship and suffering. We only recall the pranks, laughter and triumphs. If at all with pride at having survived them.

So what is it about Doon School that makes adults in their 40s, 50s and 60s, as much as lads in their 20s, turn mushy?

To be fair, part of the answer must be the innocence and hope with which a teenager views himself and the world. He's too young to know his limitations and still unaware of the obstacles that can thwart his ambitions. Dreams seem realisable, odds can be overcome and the world appears a fair place. In this sense, school days are truly idyllic.

What made Doon special was that each of us was treated like an individual. I never felt one of many. I was always aware of my identity, preferences and interests. I hated sport and got teased for it but no one forced me to play. I enjoyed debating and acting and was encouraged to participate. I wrote and read but that too was accepted.

Today, I would claim the story of the Doon School Scholar's Blazer proves my point. For decades, sportsmen were recognised with a coveted deep blue blazer. It made them special. There was nothing similar for the academically inclined. It took years of struggle for the School to admit the need for equivalent treatment.

In 1971 it did. On Founder's Day that year, Col. Simeon, the Headmaster, awarded the first Scholar's Blazer.

I was thrilled to win it but what followed proved more memorable. "What sort of blazer should it be?" the Headmaster asked. I was non-plussed. All I could think of was an imitation sports blazer. After all, that's what I had been craving.

"Come on, young man," Col. Simeon admonished. "Yours will be the first. You can create a design the whole School will follow. Do you really want to be a copy cat?"

Even today, almost 40 years later, I can't believe the HM allowed a teenager to design the Scholar's Blazer. I chose a conventional double-breasted style in black. And that's how it's been ever since.

The pride of Doon is that people like Col. Simeon are not unique. My housemaster, Gurdial Singh, my maths master, Sheel Vohra, my geography tutor, Charlie Kandhari, the head of history, 'Zeeks' Sinha, and many others, whose faces I can vividly remember and whose voices I will never forget, shaped my life. Not simply by telling me what to do but by encouraging me to do it my way. And when I got it wrong — as I often did — they explained that a mistake is not a crime. It's better to try and fail than never try at all.

That's the best lesson Doon taught me.

**"What made Doon special was that each of us was treated like an individual. I never felt one of many. I was always aware of my identity, preferences and interests. I hated sport and got teased for it but no one forced me to play. I enjoyed debating and acting and was encouraged to participate. I wrote and read but that too was accepted"**

we remember the punishments and penalties, it's



# The Year Gone By

*Shashvat Dhandhanian* comments on  
the year gone by

Although DS-75 was over, the term wasn't; both the School and the *Weekly* continued. We witnessed the Inter-House Boxing and Athletics Competitions, though the length of both the events was reduced. At the end of the term, we sadly bid farewell to the masters-in-charge of the *Weekly*, PCH and STK who had spent invaluable time on the publication.

The year 2011 has not been as exciting as the previous year, for obvious reasons. Though the School has set new standards for itself this year. The beginning of the Spring term and the year was marked by the School Captain elections. Vihan Khanna and his team of prefects assumed their duty. Cricket started and flourished, in no time. What marked the cricket season, in my opinion, were the number of centuries that were hit. At this moment, the AT formers (which unfortunately included me) were taking their examinations. This year, we saw the highest individual and average score at the ICSE ever. Although, these results did overshadow the results of the then ScL's, their results, both at the ISC and IB were promising nonetheless. Towards the end of the cricket season, our School Debating Team represented India for the first time at the World Individual Debating and Public Speaking Championships (WIDPSC) in Brisbane, Australia. Although they were far from winning the trophy, they gained a lot of exposure and confidence.

There was one thing we missed; the April Fools' issue (how foolish of us!) Although most community members were let down by this decision, our editors chose to stick to their stand. Along with this, April also saw the PT and Hockey Competitions take place, like every other year. In April, we hosted the Afzal Khan Basketball tournament. Though we lost in the quarter-finals, we played sportingly and well. This was followed by the extensive practice that boys and girls put in for the Inter-House One Act Play Competition, held in Hindi for the second time. What made it more hectic, I presume, was the change of the venue to the MPH on the final days due to the weather conditions.

During the vacations, our boys returned from the different schools, that they had gone to for their Exchange Programme including Eton College and Deerfield Academy. Meanwhile, the School's expedition troupe went to the Everest Base Camp, for the third time. A literary trip to England was undertaken, as was one to NASA.

The highlight of the major sports was that Jaipur House won the Grand Slam this year. Among other events, our School Team participated in the IPSC Football Tournament for the first time in 35 years and emerged victorious.

The Music Competition, following the success of the Battle of the Bands, was stretched over a period of a month. The decision received both criticism and appreciation. But, as a member of the audience, I hardly felt that the standards had been affected due to the change.

The term also showcased some of the School's achievements on the co-curricular front. For MUN (Model United Nations), boys first left suited up as delegates for the WEMUN Expo in Beijing. They came back with a number of individual laurels and as a team they were adjudged the Best Delegation in the mid-sized category. Soon enough, we hosted the annual DSMUN. Then there was our prestigious Chuckerbutty Memorial Debates in the first week of September. We saw the implementation of formats that we learnt from our exposure at WIDPSC. Our speakers, with a newly adopted style, successfully outcompeted everyone and won the finals. I must add, that there was the controversial cancellation of The Doon School Quiz this year, along with the Inter-House Racquet Sports Competitions.

The Autumn term, which has been haunted by the 'flu' and what is commonly called '*cunji*' flew along smoothly. We saw a significant improvement in the results of Test-week, which took place in September. Soon after Test-week was mid-term. Although the School tried their level best to ensure that all boys went for a trek, it was disheartening to see the number of boys who stayed back, but I understand that their staying back for SAT was indeed important. Hopefully, their efforts will bear fruit.

Most recently, we saw ourselves being placed second to Rishi Valley School according to the *Education World* rankings. This, as discussed in a previous issue of the *Weekly*, was mainly because of our shift in priorities- which look resolute to promise results in the future. As of now, what most are anticipating is the staging of the musical, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a collaboration of the English Dramatics STA and the Music School. Considering the way the cast and crew has been 'crucified' with the 'Jesus Christ work', we hope to see a great show. As this goes to press, the Inter-House Athletics Competition is in full swing and witnessing a large scale participation.

The year gone by has seen both crests and troughs, but surely the crests surpassed the latter. Though we can see that most Doscos are exhausted, considering the amount we packed in this term, I hope you have a memorable Founder's this year.





## Lethargy

**Kanishka Malik**

The idea strikes my mind,  
My eyes wide open.  
But I am caught in your grind.  
Trapped in your den.

Excuses are made,  
Explanations given,  
Outbursts on the raid,  
Excuses they are!  
All scapegoats hired by you.

Encroached is the mind,  
Encroached is the execution,  
Encroached is all innovation,  
With the creeper of lethargy.

## Sleep

**Aditya Bhattacharya**

Bestowed upon me was the greatest gift of all;  
Unfortunately it came to me during Physics school.  
A lesson which *never* failed to excite and enthrall,  
Until I succumbed to it and almost fell of my stool.

So powerful was it, such visions it gave-  
Transported my mind to beautiful dimensions,  
Power that every ruler would crave.

Alas, it was too good to forever last undisturbed;  
A piece of chalk was flying towards me like a light-  
ning bolt!

My gift had been extinguished, the power curbed,  
When the bell woke me up with a jolt.

## The Cold Shoulder

**Arnaav Bhavnani (C-form)**

Somewhere a dog barked  
In the cold, freezing night,  
And from the last crumbling turret  
The last pigeon took flight.

As the first bombs fell around us,  
They blew everything to dust,  
Our bodies were incinerated  
The world war's killing lust.

In the end the world was ash,  
Like the greyness of infinity,  
And the beautiful world before  
Was no longer a reality.

The rich and powerful lived, of course,  
We cried until our voices went hoarse,  
But they never heard our voices  
Or maybe..... they didn't want to.

## Bedlam

**Angad Singh**

I looked over my shoulder,  
at the demonic shadows of my non beliefs,  
swept under hysterical illusions of their  
existence,  
my mind moulded by those unknown,  
into a pot of contradictions, confusions.  
This pot of contradictions, confusions given an  
occasional stir,  
by the electrifying thoughts of the Greats,  
my own inconsequential.  
which of these are true and real?  
i ponder hard, ravaging the clayey lands of my  
intellect.

Unable to believe in a single 'ism',  
the shear number, gravity of some,  
raise a racket,  
a thundering bedlam, harmonical, musical to some  
by demons of belief,  
sublime melodies sung by angels of counter  
culture.

These angels and demons  
rave rant rip shred pull heave at the,  
scales of belief,  
in the pot of contradictions and confusions.

## The Flannelled Fools

**Aftab Seth (ex-189J '60)**

They walked onto the field  
These flannelled idiots,  
When the summer has been sealed  
And the sun is at its highest.  
Not caring whether their face goes hectic red,  
All they do is lunge and lunge  
At that poor ball of leather and strings.  
The field is full of the sound of the bat  
Which is worse than the purring of cats  
It even drowns out the music of the birds that sing.  
Wasting time day after day  
Barring the progress of industrious fellows  
In the beautiful month of May.  
All you hear is the umpire bellow  
Responding to a player's "How's that?"  
All I see in the player's hand is the cricket bat.  
These flannelled fools block and chock  
That is why I here do mock,  
These stupid senseless buffoons,  
Who will later repent the spent moons  
When they see the time they have wasted  
In this awful pastime of the flannelled fools.



## Winners of the Short Story Writing Competition

# The Recalcitrant

**Revant Nayyar (1st position)**

“Where are my lines?” snarled the Prefect from behind the desk, separating him from the figure of the 14-year old boy standing before him. “I haven’t done any,” replied the latter, almost indifferently. George was tall for his age and sleek with brown hair, an angular face that was presently reddened and moistened with sweat, and narrowed eyes that looked across the room contemptuously. “What? Are you sure you want to play around with me?” The Prefect’s voice rose to a roar, and he immediately rose from his chair. Yet George did not budge. He stood with an air of defiance about him; in his posture, his clenched fists, and his eyes that were beginning to glint with a dangerous sort of fury. Soon, all those pent-up feelings that had churned and tormented his insides; that sickened sense of rage and angst; that helpless frustration; that perpetual desire to fling something across a room ... soon, it would all find an outlet for expression.

“*The star of revolution will rise high above... from a sea of blood and fire... to lead a liberated humanity*” These words of Mikhail Bakunin that he had mused upon so often in the last few years, infused his clenched fists with an enhanced sense of purpose. It was time for him to unleash the sea of blood and fire; to kindle the lamp of revolution that always emerges to overthrow the existent order; received with apprehension at first, but later cherished as the first step that will guide society towards a higher kind of truth. He had often imagined himself as a soldier of anarchy, proud, erect and free; set to liberate the individuals of society from the State that had attempted to subjugate them to its own whims and sadistic desires. Yet he had never imagined that his first step would be taken here, in this School itself... He lived in a Residential School Society. It was a society in which power of a monstrous kind was wielded by the seniors and the authorities, whereby they could literally dictate the lives of those that they ruled. He recalled the day when he had first joined the institution, a year ago. The Masters had at that time addressed the gathering. “You must learn to love and serve the House... You must respect all the rules prescribed in our school booklet... You must remain impeccably dressed and clean-shaven...”. He remembered shuddering every time he heard the words, “*You must...*” Who were these authorities, to dictate every single aspect of his life; ranging from the time he woke up to all the activities that he did? Who were they to bar his liberty by setting rigid norms according to their whims? Why should he invest most of his time in serving the House; which, in actuality, consisted of attending to all the personal requirements and comforts of the seniors? The classes that he attended dealt with a plethora of irrelevant detail, but none addressed deeper questions raised regarding world politics, economics and nature. He was in essence a philosopher; and could not concern himself with all the trivial detail taught to him.

And so he had protested against the regime, but with no avail. None of his peers seemed to be appalled at the fact that the School was crushing their dignity and individuality. It was he who they mocked instead; he, who was striving to ensure a brighter future for them... He was now almost incessantly punished by both Prefects and Masters, and was now also faced with the looming threat of expulsion due to his perpetual refusal to comply with any of the norms of his examinations, or to the other stipulations set by the society. He had spent seven hours yesterday, writing lines and running punishments for these offences. And he was to do the same indefinitely, till he learnt to ‘*respect the voice of authority*.’ And so in the evening yesterday, he had decided that he could no longer live in this conformity and oppression. He had sketched his own scheme for him to regain his humanity and dignity, and to send a message to other students subjected to such authority.... Today, he had not attended any of the various ‘compulsory’ activities prescribed in his school routine -P.T., breakfast, lunch, call-over. He had, in his test today, deviated from what had been taught in his textbooks; but had instead, more than ever, wallowed in the tabooed realm of original ideas. He had remained slovenly dressed and unshaven, much to the annoyance of the Masters. He had missed his daily services of the seniors. And now he had missed his lines.

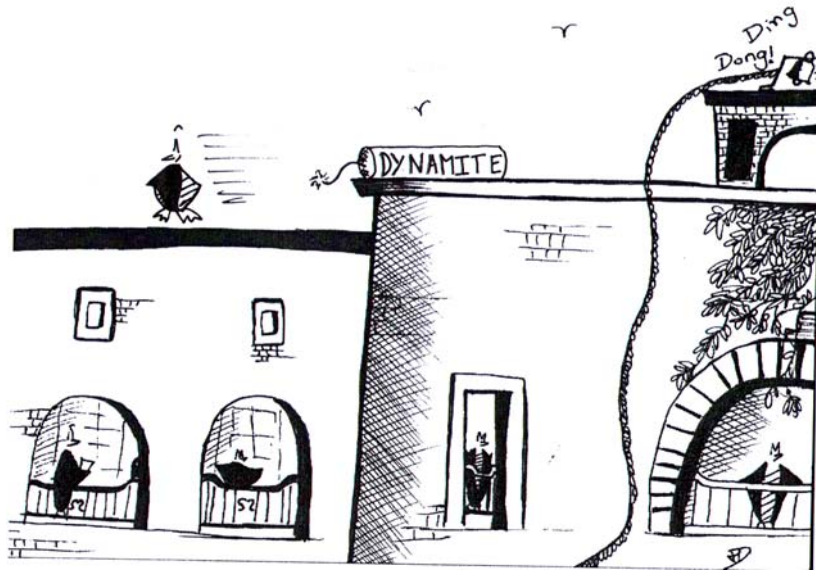
Presently, the Prefect began walking towards him with long, furious strides. Holding him by the collar, he pinned George to the wall. George could endure it no more. He launched his muscular body into the Prefect’s, knocking him down with sudden force. He began showering wild, heavy blows upon the Prefect. The latter

*(contd. on next page)*



(contd. from previous page)

lay there still in shock and agony, spluttering blood. He knew that had done it. He had taken the step that perhaps no junior had ever dared to; the first step that would initiate the revolution. He walked away from the room, his head held high in a queer confidence and a controlled anger that now motivated him on. He stormed down the corridors, ignoring the Prefect shouting hysterically from inside; and the rows of stunned eyes watching him move forward. He knew that the infuriated herd of senior would soon come for him, to inflict their vengeance upon he who had dared to rebel.



He slipped out of the residential area, now walking along the road that led on to the School boundaries. He stretched himself along the back wall of the library building. He made up his mind. He would leave this institution and lead an organized rebellion from the outside. But before that, he must leave his imprint which would spark the long-awaited revolution. He opened his bag, and take out a sheaf of letters from inside. Enshrined within all of them, was a simplified version of the basic tenets of anarchism, that he had largely derived from his reading of the *Anarchist Manifesto* published in 1850. It began with the words:

*"Since mankind's dawn a handful of oppressors have accepted the responsibility over our lives, responsibility that we should have accepted ourselves. By doing so, they took our power. By doing nothing, we gave it away..."*

He had moreover, in his paper, drawn various parallels between Maoist China and their own society; explaining why the juniors should choose to renounce the tyranny of the School authorities. He talked about how, despite the fact that the people in authority changed from time to time, the nature of this authoritarian regime remained intact, always directed against the juniors. And that if there was a time to overthrow it, it was now... Presently, quietly making his way back to the House, he began dropping letters in through every open window belonging to a junior dormitory. He took care to tread carefully, lest he should be found out. Then immediately, he heard a voice behind him. "Psst..." He turned to run, before he found that it was only Michael; a faithful and gullible Junior who he had confided all his beliefs in. "Get out of here. They have sent us all to hunt you down," whispered Michael. Handing him the stack of letters, George slipped past the open window and encountered O'Brien; a huge, burly senior, who grasped him tightly and tried to crush him with his bulging arms. He was trapped. Then events took place in quick succession. George kicked and waved his arms furiously, and somehow managing to loosen the other's hold upon him, and momentarily broke free. Then he scampered down the road, past the library, past the rows of houses, until he arrived at the Main Building. It was now time for him to execute his *coup de etat*, by attacking the symbol of authority of the institution- The Main Building. He knew that there were a few teachers currently assembled inside the Headmaster's office; but human sacrifice always had to be made. News of his doings must spread as far as possible; to other schools in towns in the country, and possibly even in other countries. It must act as a cry demanding freedom for all children.

From his bag, he took out the apparatus. It was dynamite that he had made himself; consisting of nitro-glycerin, sawdust and gunpowder mixed in an oven-like box. He connected it to the socket in the nearest classroom, and then ran. It would go off in around fifteen minutes from now.

He hid in a little wooden shed some distance from the site of the explosion. Then he picked up a white chalk and carefully sketched the anarchist's insignia on the wall of the shed. He shouted out aloud, *"I have come here tonight to keep a promise. A promise that is over four hundred years old. Tonight I am here to give you your freedom"*. These words made him shudder with a strange kind of joy. He smiled, and stretching himself along the floor of the shed, waited.



## अकेला

वल्लवी शुक्ला

अकेला,

एक शब्द स्वयं में अकेला

सैंकड़ों में किसी एक का अहसास

जैसे बंजर ज़मीन पर हरी घास,

जैसे निर्जल कमजोर की प्यास।

किन्ना कमजोर है यह शब्द,

फिर भी किन्ना सख्त

जैसे बूढ़े बाप की कड़वी बात,

जैसे अमावस्या की रात।

जब किसी को ना हो

किसी की उपस्थिति का आभास,

बस वही होता है अकेलेपन का अहसास।

(हमने कुछ छात्रों से इस विषय में बात की कि जीवन में महत्वपूर्ण क्या है - धन या कुछ और? क्या जीवन की सर्वश्रेष्ठ वस्तुएँ खरीदी जा सकती हैं? यह ऐसा प्रश्न है जिसका जवाब आज के युवा को खोजना ही पड़ेगा। इस जवाब पर बहुत कुछ आधारित है। प्रस्तुत हैं कुछ लोगों के विचार जो इस विषय में प्रस्तुत किए गए

- सम्पादक )

**अभिषेक कक्कड़** का कहना था कि आज के युग में अमीर लोग और भी धनवान होते जा रहे हैं और गरीब लोग गरीबी की गहरी खाई में और भी नीचे गिरते चले जा रहे हैं। लोगों के रहन-सहन और वर्ताव में काफी अंतर आने लगा है। इसका मुख्य कारण यह है कि लोग एक-दूसरे से बहुत ज्यादा प्रभावित होते जा रहे हैं। इस आधुनिक दुनिया में बहुत बड़ी संख्या में लोग सिर्फ पैसे के पीछे जानवरों की तरह भाग रहे हैं और इसी कारण मनुष्य का शांत स्वभाव नष्ट होता जा रहा है। आज स्थिति ऐसी हो गयी है कि केवल यही बात ही मायने रखती है कि किसके पास किन्ती सम्पत्ति है, किन्ना धन है। पर सवाल यह है कि क्या पैसा आदमी के चरित्र की जगह ले सकता है? क्या पैसा हमारे हृदय में प्रकृति से मिले हुए अनुपम वरदानों के प्रति हमारी धारणाओं को सही रूप में बनाए रख सकता है?

दुनिया दिन-दहाड़े एक नया और काफी कुछ अनचाहा रूप ले रही है। आज का मनुष्य भौतिक वस्तुओं के लिए अपनी जान तक बलिदान करने के लिए तैयार है। मगर, सच्चाई यह है जीवन की सर्वश्रेष्ठ वस्तुएँ खरीदी नहीं जा सकतीं, पड़े ही वर्तमान समय में पैसा एक अमूल्य वस्तु बन गया है और लोगों के चरित्र से जुड़ गया है। कपड़ा इंसान को सिर्फ बाहर से सुन्दर दिखलाता है। सभी बाहरी सुन्दरता से प्रभावित होते हैं लेकिन कोई भी इंसान के चरित्र को नहीं देखता है। बाहरी सुन्दरता तो खरीदी जा सकती है, लेकिन मनुष्य के अन्दर के व्यक्तित्व को नहीं खरीदा जा सकता है। इंसान के पास चाहे जितनी भी नई वस्तुएँ क्यों न आ जाएँ, वह संतुष्ट नहीं होता। सभी जानते हैं कि प्राकृतिक सुन्दरता खरीदी नहीं जा सकती। इस सुन्दरता को केवल समझा जा सकता है। मेरा मानना है कि चारों ओर फैली सुन्दरता की असीम विभूति का आनंद हमें पूर्ण रूपसे लेना चाहिए। हमारा चरित्र आज की भाग-दौड़ से भरी जिंदगी के लिए नहीं बना है। हम स्वार्थ में इतने अंधे हो गए हैं कि बस एक दूसरे के लिए बुरा ही सोचते रहते हैं और हर समय किसी न किसी तरह एक दूसरे को नीचा दिखाने की कोशिश करते रहते हैं। हमें इस

दुनिया में एक अलग पहचान बनानी चाहिए और यही हमारा सर्वप्रथम उद्देश्य होना चाहिए। हमारे सोचने का ढंग बदलना चाहिए। आकाश जैसी स्थिर और समुद्र जैसी गहरी सोच का होना बहुत ज़रूरी है।

धन का हमें कतई भी मोह नहीं होना चाहिए। बाजारू और ललचाने वाली वस्तुओं से दूर रहने में ही भलाई है।

**अर्णव जोशी** ने इस विषय को एक अन्य दृष्टिकोण देखते हुए कहा कि जीवन जन्म से मृत्यु तक की एक छोटी यात्रा है जिसमें सभी को एक जगह रुकना होता है। मनुष्य अमर नहीं होते और वक्त के साथ उनका अस्तित्व और स्मृति भी मिटने लगती है। चाहे मनुष्य धनी हो या निर्धन, मृत्यु उसे समतल पर ला कर इन चीज़ों की क्षुद्रता का ज्ञान कराती है। अतः मृत्यु इस बात का प्रमाण है कि जीवन धन का गुलाम नहीं है। किन्तु इसका क्या यह मतलब है कि जीवन एक ऐसा खेल है जिसका कोई अर्थ नहीं क्योंकि एक दिन हमारा अस्तित्व खत्म हो जाएगा? मुझे ऐसा नहीं लगता। जीवन को हम खुद ही अर्थवान बनाते हैं अर्थात् हमें खुद के जीवन को अपने आप ही सार्थक बनाना पड़ेगा। ऐसा अपने अन्दर सही एवं सच्चे संस्कार लाने से ही मुमकिन है।

संस्कार ही हैं जो दुनिया में सबसे श्रेष्ठ हैं और इन्हें खरीदा नहीं जा सकता। यह मूल्यवान धन गाड़ी, बँगला आदि से ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण है क्योंकि यह इंसान की चारित्रिक तस्वीर दिखाता है। लोग ठीक ही कहते हैं - धन गया तो कुछ नहीं गया, स्वास्थ्य गया तो कुछ गया लेकिन अगर चरित्र गया तो सब कुछ गया। चरित्र ही हमें दूसरों से अलग करता है। जब मनुष्य रुपी बगुलों में हंस की पहचान करनी होती है तो यह चरित्र ही मार्गदर्शक होता है। चरित्र को बनाया जाता है। मनुष्य अपनी मेहनत और लगन के साथ अगर सच्चे दिल से काम करे तो वह अपना एक अच्छा चरित्र बना सकता है। अगर मनुष्य अपने द्वारा किये काम से संतुष्ट है तो वह उसका चरित्र एक अनोखी तरह से बदल देगा। अतः अगर इंसान चरित्रहीन है तो उसके पास मानवता का अनमोल धन नहीं पैदा हो सकता। जन्म होते ही हम हर तरफ से संस्कार पाने लग जाते हैं। माता-पिता द्वारा समझाई गई बातें, बड़े-बुजुर्गों द्वारा सिखाई चीज़ें हमारे चरित्र को बनाने में मदद करती हैं। यदि बचपन में सही संस्कार नहीं मिले तो बाद में इनका मिलना बेहद मुश्किल हो जाता है। संस्कार हमारे जीवन में काम आते हैं। हमारी मदद करते हैं और हमें बेहतर इंसान बनाते हैं। संस्कार हमारी आत्मा के खाने-पानी का काम करते हैं। सामान्य धन सिर्फ शारीरिक-संतुष्टि और आराम दे सकता है। सर्वश्रेष्ठ चीज़ें तो उन्हें कहा जाएगा जो हमारा आत्मिक विकास करें और नैतिक और आध्यात्मिक दृष्टि से हमें खुश एवं संतुष्ट रखें। ये चीज़ें बाजार में धन से किसी भी भाव पर नहीं खरीदी जा सकती हैं।

घोड़े को पानी के पास तो ले जाया जा सकता है किन्तु पानी पीने का काम उसे खुद ही करना पड़ता है। इसी प्रकार धन एकबार को हमें अच्छे चरित्र वालों के पास ले जा तो सकता है लेकिन उसे हमें दे नहीं सकता न ही वह उसे खरीद सकता है। अच्छे चरित्र को पाने की क्रिया हमारे बस में है और उसे अपने जीवन में लाने के लिए बुरी चीज़ों का परित्याग हमें ही करना पड़ेगा। यह काम हम धन दे कर किसी और से नहीं करा सकते। जीवन में सर्वश्रेष्ठ चीज़ें आत्मिक उन्नति एवं अपने जीवन के अर्थ को समझने से पाई जा सकती हैं। यही सच्चा धन है।

**रघुराज राठी** का इस विषय में यह मानना है कि जीवन की सर्वश्रेष्ठ वस्तुओं में से एक है मित्रता। अमीर लोग यह सोच सकते हैं कि महंगे महंगे उपहार देकर अपने चाहे हुए लोगों से मित्रता की जा सकती है

लेकिन यह विचार बिल्कुल आधारहीन है। दोस्ती तो प्यार और विश्वास के बल पर पाई जा सकती। यह कमाई जाती है, खरीदी नहीं जा सकती, इस बात को सभी को मन में बिठाना ज़रूरी चाहिए। **अग्निराज सिंह** का मानना है कि आज की गलाकाट प्रतियोगिता के युग में लोग खुशी का मतलब भूल गए हैं। खुशी केवल प्राप्त की जा सकती है उसे खरीदा नहीं जा सकता। खुशी पाने के साधन अलग अलग हो सकते हैं, जिसका एक उदाहरण है कामयाबी। जिसे केवल अपना कर्म करके ही पाया जा सकता है। जितनी खुशी माँ-बाप को अपने बच्चों को देखकर मिलती है उतनी खुशी तो कहीं भी तथा किसी भी माध्यम से नहीं मिल सकती। बड़ी से बड़ी रकम उस खुशी को खरीद नहीं सकती। मनुष्य की भावनाएँ उसकी महत्वपूर्ण संपत्ति होती हैं। भावनाओं का मोल कोई कैसे लगा सकता है। उन्हें न खरीदा जा सकता है और न ही बेचा जा सकता है।

**शिवान टंडन** ने इस विषय में बताया कि यह अफसोस की बात है कि आज के समाज में सफलता और खुशी पाने का अर्थ धन पाना हो गया है। मेरा मानना है कि सफल वह व्यक्ति होता है जो मन से स्वच्छ हो। सामाजिक और पारिवारिक संबंधों के विषय में मेरा मानना है कि धन के बल पर बने हुआ रिश्ते कमजोर होते हैं जबकि प्रेम और सहानुभूति के आधार पर बने हुए सम्बन्ध अटूट होते हैं। दुनिया में हम सफलता तभी प्राप्त कर पाएंगे जब हम अपने में सद्गुणों को विकसित करेंगे। अच्छा और सफल जीवन प्रेम, त्याग, सच्चाई, और आत्मबल मांगता है, धन नहीं। जो लोग धन के भरोसे बैठे रहते हैं उन्हें क्षणिक सुख तो शायद मिल जाता होगा पर जीवन के सच्चे सुख से वे सदा महसूस ही रहते हैं।

**वत्सल गोयनका** का कहना था कि किसी हद तक यह बात सही है कि धन का जीवन में महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है। किन्तु यह कहना अनुचित होगा कि धन से सबकुछ पाया जा सकता है। पुलिस को पैसे खिला कर जेल से निकला जा सकता है, पर चरित्र की निर्मलता को नहीं पाया जा सकता। पैसे के बल पर अमीर पिता का बेटा दुनिया के अच्छे से अच्छे विद्यालय में जा सकता है पर ज्ञान नहीं पा सकता। कुछ चीज़ें हैं जो बिल्कुल बिकाऊ नहीं होती हैं जैसे, सम्मान और मर्यादा। सालों लग जाते हैं इन्हें पाने में। जो यह मानता है कि पैसे के बल पर सब कुछ किया जा सकता है वह इंसान के तौर पर कभी सफल नहीं हो सकता।

## तू ही तू

शिवांक सिंह

तू है कहाँ ?मुझे याद आती तेरी,  
तेरी बाहों में खो जाऊँ ,तनहा महसूस करूँ,  
बस यही चाह है मेरी।  
मैं उड़ रहा हूँ,  
तुझसे दूर जाते दर्द हो रहा है ,डर लगता है,  
दिख रही अब बस आँखें हैं तेरी।  
तेरी नैनो का काजल रंग देता मेरे ख्याल,  
याद दिला देता तेरे साथ बिताया प्यार भरा वह साल।  
तुझे देखते ही चाहने लगा था मैं,  
तेरी मासूमियत ,तेरी बाहें ,तेरी शरारत।  
बस एक और विनती कर रहा हूँ,  
दोबारा अपना ले मुझे।

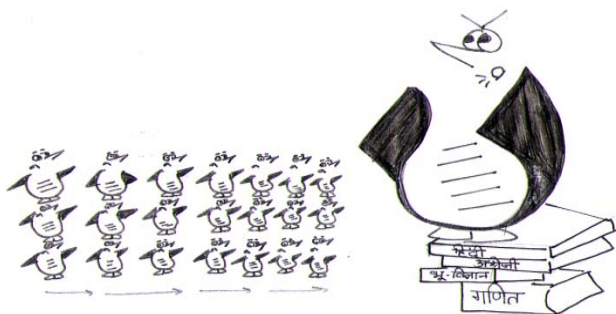
एक बार फिर रिश्ता जोड़ ,नाता बना,  
नहीं तो खो जाऊँगा मैं,  
किस गलियारे में ,किस सड़क पर ,न जाने कहाँ.....

## चिढ़

ऋषभ शर्मा

"ऐ, क्या कर रहा है।"  
"तू ऐसा कैसे कर रहा है?"  
"मुझसे यह सवाल हो ही नहीं रहा।"  
ऐसे कुछ शब्द हर बार मेरी गणित की कक्षा में लोग मुझ से कह देते थे। मेरी काबिलियत से मेरे माता पिता तो खुश हैं लेकिन मेरे बाकी साथी नहीं। उनसे पूछो तो आपको उनमें मेरे विरुद्ध चिढ़ महसूस होगी। चिढ़ का कारण अगर पूछें तो सच यह है कि वे मेरी योग्यता से चिढ़ते थे। यह चिढ़ सिर्फ मेरी कक्षा तक ही सीमित नहीं रही थी। इस चिढ़ की वजह से लोग मुझे सताने लगे और मैं चिढ़ने लगा। आज मैं आप सब को इस चिढ़ के बारे में बताऊंगा जिसने मेरी नींद हराम की और मुझे आत्मविश्वास से रहित बना दिया। मेरे दोस्त तो सिर्फ मज़ाक करते थे लेकिन मुझे झटका लगा। इसी आत्मविश्वास की कमी ने मुझे अपनी पढ़ाई में पीछे कर दिया। चिढ़ाया तभी जाता है जब कोई आपके साथ वैर करता है लेकिन मेरे साथ तो बिना वजह ही लोगों ने चिढ़ाना शुरू कर दिया। मेरा जीवन अपने पतन पर आ गया। सब पहले तो मेरी बढ़ती नाकाबिलियत पर चौंक गए लेकिन धीरे-धीरे वक्त के साथ मैं और चिढ़ाया गया -इस बार अपनी नाकाबिलियत पर। अब मैं इतना दुःखी हो गया कि मैं कोई भी काम ठीक तरह से नहीं कर पाता। अब मैं कोई भी काम करने का प्रयास ही नहीं करता कहीं मुझ से कोई गलती न हो जाए। गलती करने का डर अब मेरी सबसे बड़ी कमजोरी बन गया। केवल ग्यारह वर्ष की आयु में मैं इस कठिन परिस्थिति को झेल रहा था। मेरी किस्मत ने इस मोड़ पर दिया। मेरे माता-पिता ने मेरी इस परेशानी को भांप लिया। उन्होंने मेरा साथ दिया और मुझे इस समस्या से छुटकारा पाने के लिए तैयार किया। उनके प्रयत्न रंग लाये और मेरा खोया आत्मविश्वास धीरे धीरे लौटने लगा। धीरे धीरे मैं साथियों के तानों और कहकहों से लापरवाह होकर अपने काम में जुट गया। समय के साथ मेरे माता-पिता मुझे पुनः अक्ल आने वाला और खेल-कूद तथा अन्य क्रियाओं में भाग लेने वाला वही पुराना विश्वासपूर्ण बच्चा बनाने में सफल रहे। यह सब मैंने इसलिए लिखा है ताकि मेरी तरह कोई दूसरा इस चिढ़ के चक्रव्यूह में फंस ना जाए और अगर फंस भी जाए तो उससे निकालने के लिए सहायक लोगों को खोजने में असफल न हो। कई बार लोग जाने-अनजाने में कुछ ऐसे काम कर बैठते हैं जो दूसरे के जीवन पर बहुत ही गहरा असर डाल सकते हैं। कई बार तो नैराश्य इतना बढ़ जाता है कि लोग आत्महत्या तक उतर आते हैं। जीवन से तंग आ चुके लोग मानसिक स्कावट के शिकार बन जाते हैं। कई बार तो ऐसा भी होता है कि इसके कारण अच्छे-खासे लोग भी अपना जीवन बर्बाद कर बैठते हैं। मनोवैज्ञानिकों के मुताबिक दुनिया में जितने भी खुदकुशी के कारण हैं

उनमें से नैराश्य और अवसाद सबसे बड़े कारण हैं। मैं नैराश्य और अवसाद के उस स्तर तक तो नहीं पहुँचा जहाँ आत्महत्या ठीक लगती है लेकिन तजुर्बे से मैं कह सकता हूँ कि एक छोटी से चिढ़ बहुत घातक हो सकती है। चिढ़ को हमें नकार देना चाहिए। अगर कोई तुम्हारी बुराई करता है, तुमसे चिढ़ता है और तुम्हें चिढ़ाता है तो उससे ऐसा ना करने कि विनती भी की जा सकती है। बात को वहीं खत्म किया जा सकता है।



परीक्षाओं की ओर

- अभिषेक पाय

## पहला प्यार

### सैफ अली

बेहद खूबसूरत थी वह। इतनी खूबसूरत कि चाँद भी अपनी रोशनी खो देता। उसके केश रेशम से चमकते थे और उसकी आँखें रहस्यमयी थीं। वह भी उसी दिन से उसी बस में सफर करने लगी। मुझे आज भी याद है जब मैंने उसे अपनी सीट पर बैठने की पेशकश की थी। वह मुस्कराई। उस मुस्कराहट ने उसकी खूबसूरत और भी बढ़ा दी। उसकी उस एक मुस्कान ने मुझे लहू कर दिया। मीठा सा एक 'शुक्रिया' कहते हुए वह बैठ गयी। शहद से भी मीठी थी वह अदा।

अगले दिन फिर वह मेरे साथ मेरे बगल में बैठी। बातचीत शुरू हुई। उसने मुझे अपना नाम, पता, काम बताया और मैंने भी ऐसा ही किया। इसी तरह हम हर रोज़ उस आधे घंटे के लिए मिलते बातचीत होतीं। उससे बरसों का रिश्ता महसूस होने लगा था। वह मेरी आदत बन चुकी थी। उससे मिलना और उससे बात करना भी मेरी एक ज़रूरत बन गयी थी। एक रोज़ वह नहीं आई। उस दिन मैं काफी उदास रहा और उसकी कमी को महसूस करने लगा। मुझे उस दिन उसे चाहने का एहसास होने लगा। उस रात मैंने उससे अपने प्यार का इज़हार करने का निश्चय कर लिया।

दो दिन बाद वह दोबारा आई। उसके चेहरे पर वही मुस्कान थी। वही नूर की नदी उससे आज भी बहती दिखाई दे रही थी। मेरे बगल में वह उसी मुस्कराते चेहरे के साथ बैठी।

मैं बोला - "मुझे तुम से कुछ कहना है।"

वह बोली - "मुझे भी कुछ कहना है, मेरी बात पहले सुनो।" उसने खुशी से अपनी अंगूठी दिखाई और अपनी मंगनी के बारे में बताने लगी।

कुछ देर तक मैं चुप रहा। समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि क्या हुआ, कैसे हुआ? पल दो पलों के लिए मेरी धड़कने रुक गई। लेकिन अगले ही पल उसकी मुस्कराहट देख कर मेरा सारा दर्द दूर हो गया। अफ़सोस से मैं जल रहा था लेकिन उसकी खुशी और मुस्कराहट देख कर मैंने अपना इरादा बदल दिया। आखिर किसी को चोट क्यों पहुँचाऊँ? उसकी मुस्कराहट को नष्ट करने वाला मैं कौन था? ना ही मुझमें ऐसा करने का साहस था। उसके पूछने पर मैंने कहा कि मैं अपनी बात भूल गया और

अगले दिन याद करके बताऊंगा। उसके बार पूछने पर भी मैं चुप ही रह गया।

इस बात को हुए कुछ ही दिन हुए थे जब उसने बस से सफर करना बंद कर दिया। मेरे घर उसकी शादी का कार्ड भी आया। मैंने ख़त के द्वारा शादी में उपस्थित न होने का कोई बहाना बताया। उस दिन से आज तक न तो मैंने आज तक उसे देखा, न ही उसके बारे में कुछ सुना। बहुत कोशिश भी की उसके साथ बिताए लम्हें भूल जाने की। लेकिन ऐसा हुआ नहीं। अतः आज भी अपने पहले प्यार की खोज में उसी बस से सफर करता हूँ।

## संगीत-यात्रा

### रेवांत नायर

पिछले तीस से चालीस वर्षों में शायद ही किसी कला-क्षेत्र में इतना बदलाव आया है, जितना संगीत में आया है। मैं अपनी बात अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर से आरम्भ करूँगा और फिर भारतीय संगीत पर नज़र डालकर आज के संगीत की चर्चा करूँगा। मैं यह भी दिखाने का प्रयत्न करूँगा कि आज का संगीत किस प्रकार कई तरह से शोर के ही समान बन गया है। आज के ज़माने में यदि आप अमेरिका की बात करें, फ्रांस की, या फिर भारत की, संगीत सबके लिए लगभग एक ही प्रकार का बन गया है। इन सभी देशों में और खासतौर पर भारत में, पश्चिमी संगीत का प्रभाव हमारे अपने हिन्दुस्तानी संगीत पर कहीं अधिक है। इसलिए पश्चिमी संगीत की चर्चा भी हमारे लिए आवश्यक होगी। इसके बाद भारत के पुराने संगीत पर भी झलक डाली जा सकती है।

बीसवीं शताब्दी के पहले हिस्से तक दुनिया में काफी संख्या में लोग बीथोवन, मोज़ार्ट, बाक आदि को सुनते थे। भारत में रागों का उल्लंघन कोई नहीं करता था। हम इस प्रकार के संगीत को वास्तव में कला के रूप में देख सकते हैं; इसमें ताल थी, सुर था, लय थी तथा कई स्वरों का सम्मिलन था। स्वर ऐसे थे जो एक लय के हिसाब से बदलते। गायक अपने खुद के स्वर को सरल, मधुर और सच्चा बनाकर प्रस्तुत करते। बजाने वाले भी वायलिन, हारमोनियम, तबला, वीणा, मृदंगम जैसे परिशुद्ध शास्त्रीय वाद्यों को लेकर ऐसी स्वस्व-हरियाँ उत्पन्न करते जो मन को प्राकृतिक रूप से सुखकर और आरामदायक लगतीं। भारतीय संगीत के लिए यह बात विशेष रूप से उचित है, जहाँ संगीत हमारी प्राचीन संस्कृति को आज तक बढ़ावा दे रहा है। अब सवाल उठता है कि आज कितने लोग हैं जो यमन, कल्याण, मालकौंस, भोपाली और दरबारी से परिचित हैं? आज के ज़माने में भारत में यह मधुर संगीत लगभग समाप्त ही हो गया है। फिर भी कुछ कलाकार हैं जो पुराने रागों को थोड़ा बहुत बदलकर आज भी हमारे सामने पेश कर रहे हैं। पश्चिमी संगीत के क्षेत्र में भी कुछ संगीतकार हैं जो धुन, स्वर और लय वाला संगीत बना रहे हैं जैसे कि कोल्डप्ले। परन्तु अफ़सोस की बात यह है कि इस प्रकार के कलाकार न तो भारत में और न ही पश्चिमी जगत में उतने लोकप्रिय हैं जितने लोकप्रिय वे लोग हैं जो संगीत के नाम पर शोर पैदा कर रहे हैं। रैंड नामक लेखक का कहना था कि संगीत वह साधन है जो हमें मानवजाति, जीवन और उसके अस्तित्व के बारे में सोचने के लिए प्रेरित करे।

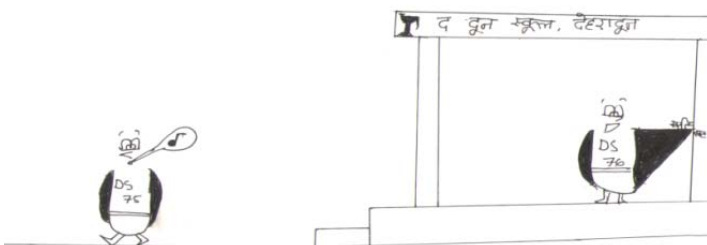


संगीत में धुन है, लय-ताल से बढ़ होकर सुरों के गणित के बदलाव के हिसाब से हमारी जटिल और बेहद कोमल मनोवैज्ञानिक क्रियाओं, प्रतिक्रियाओं और विचारों को प्रतिबिंबित करता है। यह हमें पुराने रागों या पश्चिमी सिम्फोनिज़ में दिखता है। १९५० के करीब एल्विस प्रेसली जैसे कलाकारों ने पॉप का आविष्कार किया, जिसमें सुरों का क्रम था और तेज़ी होने के बावजूद भी उसमें लय थी। यह संगीत गंभीर विचार उत्पन्न न कर पाता था, लेकिन लोगों के जीवन-क्रियाओं की परछाई था। फिर जब लोगों ने तरकीबों के साथ खिलवाड़ करना शुरू किया तो पुरानी परम्परा का विरोध होने लगा। इसके हिसाब से पहले पॉप, जैज़ तथा ब्लूज़ का आविष्कार हुआ। डी हू नामक एक बैंड ने अपने एक प्रदर्शन में खूब तोड़-फोड़ मचाई और इस नए संगीत को रॉक का नाम मिल गया। कई बार इलेक्ट्रिक गिटार का प्रयोग, सरदर्द पैदा करने वाले शोर में हुआ है और बढ़ती तकनीक ने संगीत और शोर के बीच फर्क लगभग समाप्त कर दिया। जहाँ रॉक में लय, सुरों का क्रम और प्राकृतिक मधुरता है वहीं उसके बाद आए संगीत में तो यह भी नहीं है। संगीत पहले हमारी मनुष्यता, जीवन और सभ्यता को दर्शाता था, अब आज के प्रचलित संगीत में प्रायः ही निर्ममता और कठोरता की झलक मिलती है।

यदि आप मेटल या हैवी मेटल को सुने तो पाएंगे कि वह बस कलाकार के आक्रोश का एक परिणाम है। लोगों को यह संगीत इसलिए पसंद आता है क्योंकि वह उनकी पाशविक तथा आदिम निजी भावनाओं का प्रतिनिधित्व करता है। यह शोर मात्र मानसिक परेशानी ही जागृत करता है और कमाल की बात तो यह है कि लोग इस ही परेशानी को पाने के लिए यह संगीत सुनते हैं।

इसके अलावा आज रैप हो गया है जिसमें सुरों का बदलाव है ही नहीं। वह एक सुर और लय में चलता संगीत है जिसमें गायक असभ्य तथा अश्लील शब्दों के प्रयोग से श्रोता की रुचि कायम रखता है। यह श्रोता के मन में भी वही पीड़ा, क्रोध, भय और पशुता उत्पन्न करता है। आज भी पुराने संगीत को कुछ हद तक सुना जाता है, जो कि एक सकारात्मक बात है। परन्तु अधिकतर संगीत निजी भावनाओं की अभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम मात्र बनाकर ही रह गया है।

ऐसी स्थिति में बेहद ज़रूरी है कि पुनः अपनी जड़ों की ओर लौटा जाए और जो हमारे हाथ से चाहे - अनचाहे फिसल गया है उसे फिर से पाने का प्रयास किया जाए।



इश्माम चौधरी



| Bakhle |

# Bakhle Essay Prize Test

Topic: Is The World Easily Misled by 'Show' Over 'Substance'?

***Revant Nayyar (1st position)***

You have probably begun reading this essay, somewhere hoping to encounter well-rounded characters and well-structured paragraphs. The content of thought is indeed important, but you do feel you need well-defined structure of presentation to 'aid' you in grasping the meaning and essence of this essay. Before you begin to protest indignantly at the allegation I have made, I will assure you that you are not alone in falling to the lure of skilful presentation. Neither do you succumb to it consciously. This tendency, in fact, is ubiquitous among human beings. It is the result of an innate, subconsciously integrated psychological reaction that most human beings undergo.

"This first impression is the last impression." This is a saying you are perhaps familiar with, and it does represent the unfortunate state of affairs that afflicts the human race. When we observe something, our mind subconsciously forms a holistic image of that which we see. Without even attempting to discern the intricate and profound thread of thought that underlies a performance or a piece of art, we form a judgment about its character. And thus it so happens that it is the sensual form of an entity that first grasps our immediate enthusiasm or aversion, acceptance or disapproval, pleasure or distaste. We fall prey to forming what can be rightfully called a premature and uninformed judgment. This is a phenomenon, not restricted to any one culture or any one sphere of endeavour. Its consequences lie before us, regardless of the school, locality or nationality that we belong to. Yet, lately, more than ever, it seems as if 'show' has been gaining increasing precedence over 'substance.' And this is something that deserves to be addressed today.

Ayn Rand, the 20th century philosopher, said, "Substance in the human being is dying." She is famous for her claims that modern art, culture and literature is dead, due to its increased focus on mere sensuality. She explained this as a 'degeneration of music into sound and appreciation into mere impression.' Truly, in the Post-modern era, we have 'art' that plays around innovatively with permutations of colour, shade, angles, designs and form. Yet, for all its creativity of form, it holds no deeper meaning. In Rand's words, art is meant to embody one's sense of 'life'- a subconsciously integrated, metaphysical view of life and of existence. This, she claims, is the true substance and character of art. Yet, as we constantly deviate from it, we will find that art increasingly becomes about 'form' and 'texture' and 'show'. The deeper end that these were supposed to attain – the quest for meaning and insight, is fading into obscurity. Art that is intended purely for the senses is clearly increasing due to our demand for it. It is because we, as a race, are becoming increasingly oblivious to the distinction between meaningful thought, and the former. We are increasingly forgetting that the latter is merely the means to achieve the form. And this, I feel, must be done away with, even though it is an innate tendency it is one that has no place in a world of intelligent beings.

Just as we have employed our higher sensibilities to rid ourselves of irrationality, superstition and barbarism, this tendency of ours too must be overcome. It is lamentable that the world today is full of the manifestations of this tendency.

I recently attended a global public speaking competition abroad and found that the adjudication of this too, seemed to be driven mostly by 'show'. There was one side, in the final debates, that had produced a comprehensive case that indeed addressed the debate in its entirety. Then there was the other side, which had delivered its case with charisma and vigour, but which had lacked any solid content. I watched how the judges' eyes had followed every gesture, every smile and every flourish of theirs, without acknowledging the fact that these did not rest on solid argumentation. The latter won the debate, only, it seemed, due to the manner in which their argument was presented. What is the objective of a debate, if not to foster meaningful argument? Yet this was another situation in which show was given precedence over substance. Anyone reasonable would express disapproval at this problem that plagues human judgment, but there are few who do not acquiesce to it. We see people meticulously colouring their hair before attending an interview. We see corporate officials spending a lot of time on 'fixing' their appearances, and feigning a sickly sweet smile to confront any passer by. They know that most people will judge the book by its cover, and fail to see beyond the cover of ostentation that they don. Various criminals, malicious and fraudulent, corporate and government officials, use ostentation as



a veil to conceal their true selves. They indeed succeed, because our society gets turned on by the 'show', failing to acknowledge the 'substance' behind it.

As we evolve as a race, this propensity is one we must give up as soon as possible. This precedence accorded to 'show' over 'substance' should be renounced, if only to provide testimony to our inherent intelligence as a race.

## Topic: Better Strong Enemies Than Weak Friends.

### ***Vihan Khanna (2nd position)***

A man is often judged by the company he keeps, and in a world that is shrinking day-by-day due to globalisation, strength- both physical and mental- is required to rise to success. The question to ask is what exactly inspires us? What gives us the drive and determination? The simple answer is competition. It's that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow that we all seek. And my opinion is that strong enemies or competitors inspire us to chase our dreams.

Historically, we can see how the fates of a Nazi Germany and North Vietnam were determined due to the presence of weak friends and strong enemies respectively. Hitler and his Third Reich were at the epitome of power at the end of the 1930s. He was militarily and financially capable of fighting a war that would see Germany emerge as a Eurocentric world's superpower. However, one of his crucial flaws was to bail out his ally Italy from Africa where she was retreating from Egypt back to Abyssinia. Because of his loyalty and insistence to help a fellow nation which was incapable of protecting its colonies, Hitler was unable to open up a front on the Stalin-led USSR early enough. What transpired was a German surrender later in Stalingrad and a key flow of power away from the Axis Powers.

The example of Germany provides us with a clear picture of fallibility of weak friends. Similarly in life, having weaker friends places us under a moral obligation to help them in need. For the ambitious individuals in society, bailing out such 'friends' is not an option. Moreover, having weak friends often leads to a lack of incentive to push ourselves to the limit. We ask ourselves whether we really need to improve if we are already the best and thus fall prey to an overwhelming sense of complacency. Athletes for example, such as Alan Iverson, who for the past nine years was Franchise Player for the Philadelphia 76ers failed to attend team practice. Two years later the ex-two time NBA MVP was dropped from the team. There are people in this world who consider that an individual must assist his friends. From a moral standpoint, I too agree . However, my opinion is based upon the idea that success is the true goal. Whether this success is material or immaterial it doesn't matter. The truth is that competition brings out the best in us.

Ho Chi Minh's Vietcong success serves as a testimony to my statement. Facing the United States as adversary, the North Vietnamese seemed to stand no chance. However, it wasn't the Russian or Chinese aid that forced Nixon to start pulling soldiers out in the 1970s. The reason why North Vietnam won the war was because of the spirit of the communist revolution. Ironically, it was the United State's weaponry and capital that strengthened the Vietcong's endeavour for a unified communist Vietnam.

Of course in modern day life few people will face the US army of the 1960s or the allies in World War II as 'enemies'. But if we shape the idea of an enemy in terms of competition, be it business-wise or sports-wise, the stronger adversary has more to teach than the weaker team mate. There is a clear difference between the two. The latter is ever willing to be content with the existence he or she has; and thus to a certain extent, is devoid of the drive to succeed. The stronger enemy offers lessons to be learned.

The very presence of an enemy keeps us ever- vigilant of our surroundings. The world is certainly full of predators: those willing to destroy our work without the slightest hesitation. This manipulates us to become almost animalistically- prone to protect ourselves from the predators, like in the wild. And somewhere down the line we ourselves transform into the very enemies we are trying to protect ourselves from.

The Harry Potter series provides us with a very coherent example of good prevailing over evil. The key aspect to highlight is the strength of Harry's friends. The complex plot that the series unveils ultimately teaches us a simple lesson; our greatest strength lies in the hands of others. It is the power and terror of Voldemort that invigorates Harry and the rest of the wizarding world.

Through both history and literature we learn that having enemies isn't always detrimental to us. In fact, the most difficult battles are the ones that really shape us as people. As we face the crashing tide of our enemies in our lives, all that we ever have to remember is that nobody can hold us back.





## Questionable Integration

*Under Section 1 of the RTE, it is compulsory for schools to offer free, primary education to all children till the eighth grade. In essence, the privileged will be integrated with the underprivileged. Although this aims to bring about a certain degree of equality, many contend that it will fail to achieve its goal*

### Point

**Raniz Bordoloi**

Today, when we have 41.6% of the total Indian population falling below the international poverty line and 25.96% being the illiteracy rate in the country, the education of the poor is an issue which has assumed alarming proportions. Keeping in mind this growing need for education, it has now been made a fundamental right, especially with the endorsement of the Right to Education. This implies that everyone in India is entitled to receive education, irrespective of his/her caste, colour, race, religion, political status or origin.

However, one of the most disputed aspects of this right was the suggestion to integrate privileged students with underprivileged ones. Many have stated that such forceful integration could have adverse effects and instead of overcoming class differences, it might reinforce them, if not widen them further. In my view, the underprivileged should be integrated with the 'elite' and one needs to discard the present myopic views in order to see the long-term benefits. The Indian Constitution states that every individual in the country should have equal access to all opportunities and one's background should not limit one's access to educational opportunities.

Under-privileged students have numerous disadvantages when compared to their privileged counterparts. Apart from economic inequality, these students often belong to those sections of society whose growth has been hampered on grounds of religion, caste, region etc. In this scenario, where large social groups have been denied equal growth opportunities, it becomes the responsibility of the government to give them the right push and support. Without that push and support, these groups would remain relegated to the margins of society. For instance the Deputy Headmaster pointed out that in the batch of 1985, 15 boys were studying at Doon on a government scholarship. Most of these 15 boys raised the bar for DoscOs through their achievements and performances.

In fact, a particular DoscO even went on to become Chief-Editor of the *Weekly*, though he was not even remotely proficient in the language before coming to

### Counterpoint

**Utkarsh Jha**

As per Section I of the Right to Education Act (2009), it is compulsory for schools to offer free, primary education to all children till the eighth grade. Though, this is indeed an endeavour in the right direction, the act contains the seeds of its destruction within its bosom. One of the factors which could lead to the germination of the seeds is the mingling of people from different socio-economic backgrounds as a result of the Act.

It is common knowledge that children will demand whatever catches their fancy. This is where the first problem of the RTE lies. When different socio-economic classes interact in an environment such as that of a school, it is inevitable that there will be some trivial object which hints at the material wealth of the student's family. For example, a particular student might bring *Cadbury's* for break while the other may only be satisfied by a bar of *Lindt Dark Cocoa*. Knowing the behavior of children, it will not be long before a child from the lower income group pesters his parents for something which they cannot afford. This would create a huge burden on the parents who would have to explain the economic divide and therefore, further underline the dilemma in the child's mind. It is practically impossible for a school to remove all commodities which could indicate a person's background. With the scale of commercialization today, even the simplest object can bear a hefty price tag.

Not only is there the problem of want and curiosity which is innate in children, but also the problem of social hierarchies and taboos. The RTE allows the son of a domestic help to gain admission into the same school as that of his or her employer's children. This promotes the vision of an equal world where everyone has equal benefits and opportunities. But it will not be surprising to see children, whether consciously or unconsciously, giving their less privileged counterparts the cold shoulder and putting on an air of aloofness. Lower income groups are, in all likelihood, going to be looked down upon.

The poorer or even minority groups would yearn to change their customs as a result of the mocking and jeering which they face. They will develop a feeling of being inferior and their self-esteem would take a major blow.

However, it might not always be the case that the different groups will be hostile to each other. By filling the school with a wide variety of people from different

*(contd. on next page)*



(point contd.)

school.

Education is, after all, the only window of opportunity for the poor. It paves the way for social equality and eventually, nation building. Therefore, bridging the gap between the haves and have not's is desperately wanted.

Moreover, integration with the underprivileged classes will make privileged students aware of the social constraints existing in the country. Just the way social service allows students to understand the whole notion of dignity of labour, studying with the underprivileged will make the privileged appreciate the struggles of those who are less fortunate. In the short term, there may be rifts between the two classes, but in the long-term, socio-economic differences will be overcome.

(counterpoint contd.)

walks of life, the diversity of the school would surely increase. However, the children, both rich and poor, may not be comfortable with the diversity they experience.

Thus the RTE, though a well-intentioned Act could end up widening the divide and misunderstanding between the rich and the poor. I agree that we must erase the boundaries between all people and aim for an egalitarian society. But that dream and vision cannot be realized through the forceful integration of different economic classes. The social hierarchy has been built and ingrained in the minds of people over centuries. It is therefore logical to reason that the boundaries can be removed only through small steps which will lead us to the vision of an equal world. The Right to Education is an act which is ahead of its times and might fail to serve the purpose.

## Chutnified Doon

**Mr Farooqi** elaborates on the concept of 'Chutney English' and its prevalence at Doon

*Chutney* English—a term which Salman Rushdie first flaunted has become a part and parcel of today's socially inclined Urban Indian Linguistic System. One just needs to take a peek into the Twitter and Facebook timelines and there are enough examples to see what this new system is all about. Curiously, it is the generation with internet exposure which is the carrier of this language, as it finds itself neither in the territory of English or Hindi, but somewhere at a point where it is an apology of both. Purists may argue that it is the dissolution of language, but language is an evolutionary system to begin with. We don't speak the English that was spoken in the 14th century, it having taken into its umbrage several languages that have crossed its way, whether it be French or Hindi. Today, Urdu, a highly culturally exalted language finds itself in a historical trap. It has had a curious journey, once the epitome of cosmopolitanism of the bygone era, to a religious identifier that it sometimes gets tagged by today.

To fast forward to modern times and speak about the urbanization of what is today known as *Hinglish*, let's go back a little to the liberalization of the Indian economy. One can dive deep into the Pepsi generation to a point in time when Pepsi launched itself in India. The *Yeh dil mange more* generation has evolved and if movies are a system of communication and thereby speak much about the generation professing it, then titles like *Jab We Met* and songs like *Zara Zara Touch Me Touch Me Touch me* are strong indicators of this newer set of Urban Indian consumers. This newer generation is not so much the global audience which Rushdie was talking of, but rather a much globalized Indian consumer. The *Chutnified* English then remains a metaphor for a newer India: as much emerging as it is established.

Not to go too far into the world out there, one may just need to look within the precincts of the Chandbagh Estate where the tradition of this *chutnification* has been gaining ground. If words like *Chooch* for autorickshaw, *Kallu*, *rutt*, *lend*, *dange* etc. were inherited from earlier batches, each passing generation has added to this lexicon of *Hinglish* words. Today we have words like *Vella*, *Jalebs*, *Milan-Julan* and *Ballo* which form a crucial part of the system called Dosco lingo.

As the impatience runs higher, technology gets faster and words get shorter, like could to cud and great to gr8 and so on and so forth, language worldwide is evolving in a curious way. What then does all this mean for the Parent language? Is there no point in adapting to the structures of the parent languages, Hindi and English? There can be no answers. Much like the human body, the body of language has its own DNA which evolves. A Chetan Bhagat may be popular with these half breed children of *hinglish*, but it is still an Amitav Ghosh who commands the culture of Indian English writing. No wonder then, that the second most social platform, Twitter, chose the Hindi Diwas this year to offer its services in Hindi. Facebook customized itself to this market way back.

While markets move towards rural hinterlands, it is going to be quite a curious journey for this *Hinglish*, as the urban language is called today. But then again, India is not Bharat and Bharat not India, only Hindustani *bol raba hai!*



# Talent: A Myth

**Aahan Menon** dispels the notion of talent being a prerequisite for success



Talent - a commonly used word is quite a peculiar concept when examined closely. If we go by the dictionary, talent is a natural aptitude displayed by an individual in any activity. At first glance, nothing seems wrong with this concept. However, if we delve into the subject, we will discover how this notion of talent is rife with loopholes.

When we say that 'a person is talented', we essentially imply that the person being referred to will naturally be able to perform a particular activity better than others. What worries me most is that talent is thought of as synonymous with success (even at Doon), so much so that it is thought of as a prerequisite for success. In essence, one who does not display this 'natural ability' in one's chosen field will not be successful.

## ***Talent or Persistence?***

Now, I would like to point out the key word in the previous statement—'display'. This ability seen by most is simply a display, nothing more. Let me take an example from my School life. Since my C form I have been considered above the average level of proficiency in English, at least in my form. I 'displayed an ability' to comprehend texts faster than most students and proved repeatedly to be grammatically correct based solely on my 'gut feeling'. The perfect definition of talent, isn't it? Now, let's look into the background of this 'talent'. My mother and father happen to be from North and South India, respectively. My mother speaks English and Hindi and my father English and Malayalam. Therefore, by default I grew up with the English language primarily being used as a medium of conversation. Both my parents also happen to be voracious readers, a habit which I happened to inherit (though not at the same level). Now, let us look at my 'talent' again, shall we? My ability to comprehend texts comes from my familiarity with the language. My repeatedly correct grammatical 'gut-feel' is simply a product of the amount I happen to have read. So when we now examine the situation, is it really a talent I possess or simply the result of repeated experience, or in other words—practice?

Practice is the concept that creates the illusion of talent, bewildering bystanders and making them believe that an individual is naturally much more capable in an activity than the others surrounding him or her. When an outsider views a supposedly 'talented' person, he does not realize that he is only viewing a final product, a product of continual practice which is never seen or known by the observer, leading him into believing that the individual is gifted. Further delving into the topic we see that all successful individuals in any walk of life, obviously possessing the prerequisite 'talent' have for some reason almost always begun to strive towards their goals at an early age. Also, from various sources you will hear that when they were at a beginner's age they displayed a great amount of talent and potential for the given activity? Now, we actually see the truth as it is. When observed by outsiders, these 'beginners' appear to possess a natural gift. Little do these outsiders know that they have begun practice in their chosen field much before the average people that surround them, giving them an edge over their opponents in every manner. To quote Michelangelo himself - "If you knew how much work it took to attain my mastery, it really would not seem beautiful at all." The more depth into which one observes this situation the more obvious it becomes that it is true that some will possess a physical or genetic advantage, but the implementation of this advantage can be done only through one method—practice.

Let's take another example - that of Andre Agassi. He was the personification of talent, wasn't he? Let us take a look at his daily training routine. Agassi's father was a man who believed in statistics and numbers, a

**"Practice is the concept that creates the illusion of talent, bewildering bystanders and making them believe that an individual is naturally much more capable in an activity than the others surrounding him or her."**

concept which he applied obsessively when it came to his son's training. Agassi's father reasoned that anybody who served one million balls in a year would have an unstoppable serve. So Andre Agassi would serve a staggering 1,250 balls every day. Excellence requires grit, determination, focus and passion. Hopefully this will dispel the notion of talent and re-emphasize the fact that champions aren't born, but made.

## **Bibliography:**

*Outliers* by Malcolm Gladwell

*Bounce* by Mathew Syed





# Wildlife In Trouble



**Arjun Kamdar** highlights the ramifications of developing touring hotspots around wildlife sanctuaries

As I reached the gates of Kanha and waited for my turn to register my vehicle in the record book, I felt this warmth spreading inside me. I started speaking to a local tribal who I had gotten acquainted with on my previous visit. He sold local handicrafts, such as key chains, stamps and shawls. During the course of our conversation, he began comparing the highly urbanized Kanha of today, to the untamed, wild condition of Kanha two decades ago. That gave rise to a question; was wildlife tourism, which lead to the development of such a culturally and ecologically rich region a boon or a bane?

I feel that wildlife tourism is perceived as a means to earn funds for the conservation and protection of the flora and fauna. The reason is that it is a non-consumptive activity, which means that the tourists going into the sanctuaries are not taking anything away from the park, they are there to just have a look, which means that there could be no possible problems. But even if they don't indulge in activities such as poaching, they do indirectly affect the animals and their natural surroundings. The luxurious hotels in wildlife sanctuaries such as Kanha are tapping fresh water from rivers that feed the reservoirs of the park. Hence, during the summer season, man-made ponds are made which are fed by water-tankers that refill the ponds every alternate day.

Another problem that arises is that tourists place a huge demand on the environment. They demand various luxuries, such as running hot water, air-conditioners, and even fireplaces. The hoteliers would not let such an opportunity slip from their hands, so all of these services are promptly provided, without giving a second thought to the amount of energy guzzled or the consequences of the latter on the environment. This creates a demand for jobs which brings people from all over the country. And this leads to the development of the region.

You must be thinking that this development is good for the economy, because it provides livelihood for the locals. However, this development is a double-edged sword. With the transformation of a sleepy hamlet into a bustling tourist spot, many difficulties arise. The locals are manipulated to sell their agricultural land to resort owners, who then, through various illegal means convert them into non-agricultural land and construct resorts. The locals are given false promises of getting a well paid job after the resort has been built, but then are offered menial jobs in the resorts, such as those of sweepers and janitors. Since they have no other option, they earn lesser than what they did earlier.

Also, the development of tourist hotspots leads to encroachment of the habitats. We often hear stories about leopards entering residential areas and being killed. In May, in Bandhavgarh National Park of Madhya Pradesh, a tigress was run down by a forest official's gypsy and another was electrocuted before that. Even in Tadoba National Park, a tiger was spotted chewing on a beer bottle which belonged to some drunken tourists. There are many other tragedies that have occurred because of man. Many of our national parks, such as Gir National Park, the world's only place to have the nearly extinct Asiatic Lion, has a fully functional railway line running right through it. This claims the life of not only the prey, but also the predator. Another creature that faces the wrath of technology and modernization is the elephant, which is constantly mowed down by trains. Their migratory paths are cut off by highways, canals and electric fences. In the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, the corals are getting bleached because of the sunscreen used by divers. This fact has not been confirmed or denied by the officials and so, the absence of data makes everything seem alright.

However, the development of tourist hotspots is a Catch-22 situation. Tourism provides finances for a sanctuary, but it creates problems for the locals and even the animals.



*A Tiger in the Kanha National Park*



# How Wall Street Corrupted USA

**Vikram Kejriwal** reviews the documentary *Inside Job*

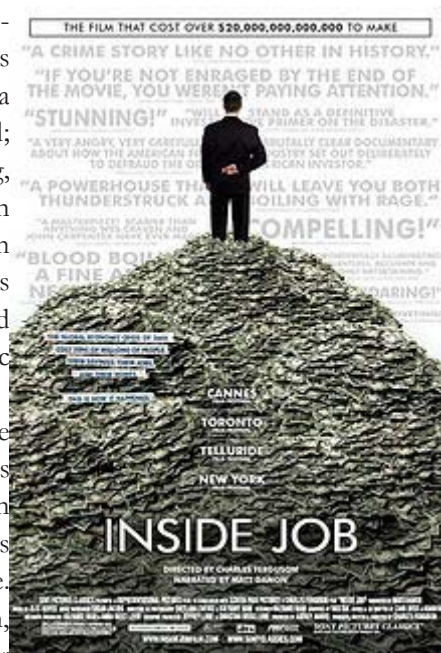
American cinema has begun to fall under the murky waves of commercialization. We think that every movie which is released requires packed action sequences, erotic scenes and of course, 3 D. Once in a while, movies like *Inside Job*, *Social Network* or *King's Speech* are released; movies which defy all boundaries. They simply focus on people talking, good music and a first-rate storyline. Call me naive but my perception of the US free market and its high credit-risk economy was sky-high and I strongly believed in the banking system of the country. Charles Ferguson, in his 2010 Academy-Award winning documentary pulled down the facade of innocence, and revealed to the public the systematic corruption of the United States of America.

The documentary is divided into five parts, illustrating in a simple yet powerful manner how and why exactly the 2008 financial crisis occurred. Ferguson has the amazing ability to grab the layman's attention by explaining in precise detail complex banking terms. *Inside Job* reveals an investment banker's greatest weapon against the plebeian: ignorance. The introduction of the film showcases a study of how Iceland, a rich, high PCI (Per capita income) nation went into a financial crisis after

privatising and deregulating its banks in 2000. The storyline immediately shifts to a skyline shot of Manhattan with Peter Gabriel's classic: "Big Time". The first segment of the film (entitled "How We Got There") elaborates on how the Reagan administration began a long series of financial deregulation of the US free market economy. A surprising touch to the film is Matt Damon's bold and confident narrative throughout the 100 minute film. In 1994, by the time Clinton was in power, the credit system was risky, dangerous and greedy for money. Ferguson interviews the who's who of the financial world including Dominique Strauss Khan, Christine Lagarde, Elliot Spitzer and several other prominent figures. The interviews and explanations clearly depict how all loans, mortgages and debts were packed into CDO's or collateralized debt obligations and sold to investors. Instead of the classic system of one-to-one insurance, several people then began to insure one home, hence creating a volatile bubble of dicey insurance with the powerhouse insurance giant AIG.

With the onset of Bush's administration, Ferguson moves on to showcase in the second part of the film, 'The Bubble'. The US economy had begun a sweeping housing boom. Home owners were allowed to take risky loans they could not repay, and yet all rating agencies gave these debt obligations perfect ratings (AAA). Subsequently we see that the risky sales of such CDO's prompted speculation, where large multinationals like Goldman Sachs betted against their own customers. The rest of the film elucidates the onset of the 15 trillion dollar crisis which began in early 2008 and shook the world free market economy. In a touching note, the camera pans to developing nations of Singapore and China, showing how the poor, as always, were the worst affected. A sensational aspect of the film is the director's belief of how Wall Street has corrupted the study of economics in the land. In an interview with Glenn Hubbard, Dean of Columbia Business School, we see how economists from Ivy Leagues were hired by finance institutions to publish reports selling deregulation of the market.

*Inside Job* is no ordinary Hollywood film. It leaves you fuming yet wiser. It broke a stereotype in my head and I knew that the finance world is far from being a service industry. It is clear that the government of USA is controversially a Wall Street one. The financial crisis of 2008 is accountable to certain people who are still in power and beheld by Obama's false promises of stricter ratings and regulation. The concluding sequence of the film is perhaps the most powerful section of the documentary focusing on the Statue of Liberty. As Matt Damon rightly says: "They (bankers) have corrupted our political system, they will tell us that we need them, and what they do is too complicated for us to understand, it won't be easy, but some things are worth fighting for".





# The Best of Unquotable Quotes

*You go to the swarg either the nark.*

**MNP**, expert on afterlife.

*China is a strategic partner of the Indian Ocean.*

**Chaitanya Fatehpuria**, strategic analyst.

*My name is I.*

**Raghuraj Rathi**, now an Apple product.

*Tamil Nadu is the acting capital of Hyderabad.*

**Ritesh Shinde**, reorganises India.

*The tree is made up of wood.*

**Aahan Menon**, the botanist.

*One minutes switch of the fans for two minutes.*

**SRT**, bidding for time.

*Nice shoot!*

**Karmanya Malhotra**, yes, a headshot!

*You just hogging doing.*

**Sudhansh Aggarwal**, on overeating.

*Is your water bottle waterproof?*

**Shrey Aryan**, no it is shockproof!

*I won't fail but I won't pass.*

**Sidharth Popli**, in limbo.

*You shouldn't take asteroids.*

**Shrey Aryan**, the aliens won't let you!

*I can't see the darkness!*

**Aditya Bhattacharya**, can you see the light?

*Listen to me when you are speaking!*

**Digvijay Gupta**, demands multitasking.

*I didn't never knew.*

**Sai Swayam Samal**, now you does!

*Have you ever been to foreign?*

**Suraj Bishnoi**, not yet!

*Three and three give me seven!*

**Raghav Kothiwala**, the mathematician.

*Don't you slimy.*

**Eeshat Tiwary**, what should we?

*Do not trouble to others!*

**MNP**, keeps his eyes out for trouble.

*Boys are not empathy towards me.*

**AKM**, left out.

*Something say.*

**Prabnur Bal**, demands an answer.

*There were four dead skeletons there.*

**RSF**, the archaeologist.

*Let be.*

**Vedant Agarwal**, wants peace.

*Don't smart me.*

**Anuroop Jouhal**, does not wanted to be messed with.

*I'll send you the picture in the ASAP file.*

**Harshvardhan Singh**, extremely urgent.

*Go toye out now.*

**DKM**, creates confusion.

*My pug grew into a boxer.*

**Sagar Karnavat**, the dog breeder.

*They looking determined.*

**Harshvardhan Singh**, intimidated.

*Whenever I have a habit.*

**Shreyansh Chheda**, relapsing habits!

*You should visit the physcatric!*

**Prabnur Bal**, adviser.

*Nani is half-Portuguese, half-Italian and half God knows what!*

**Dhruv Sirohi**, explores family trees.

*I'll eat my face!*

**Banda Lamba**, famished.

*There is a problem behind every reason.*

**AKM**, problematic reason

*Hydrogen burns silently with a pop sound.*

**Ashish Rao**, tops chemistry

*It's a great honour to award these scholars the games blazer.*

**PKJ**, confused!

*Napoleon lost the battle of Bonaparte.*

**SNA**, rewrites history.

*I looking you, you looking me.*

**ABC**, attention problem.

*He is good in studies and decent in academics.*

**Sidharth Suri**, synonymous.

*Learn to soul with your sing.*

**Arnaav Bhavani**, reveals the secret of music.

*You no heard what I said.*

**Parth Gupta**, now we have!

*Thought for food.*

**Aditya Gupta**, intellectually hungry

*You buyed this book.*

**Amaan Kazmi**,

*You sued have.*

**Swayam Samal**, unleashes his lawyers

*If you die, I will kill you.*

**Ritvik Kar**, murderer

*Get me marker from its top.*

**RSF**, reaching out

*Lets read a thousand book, page each.*

**RSF**, reading between the lines

*Are you a stealer?*

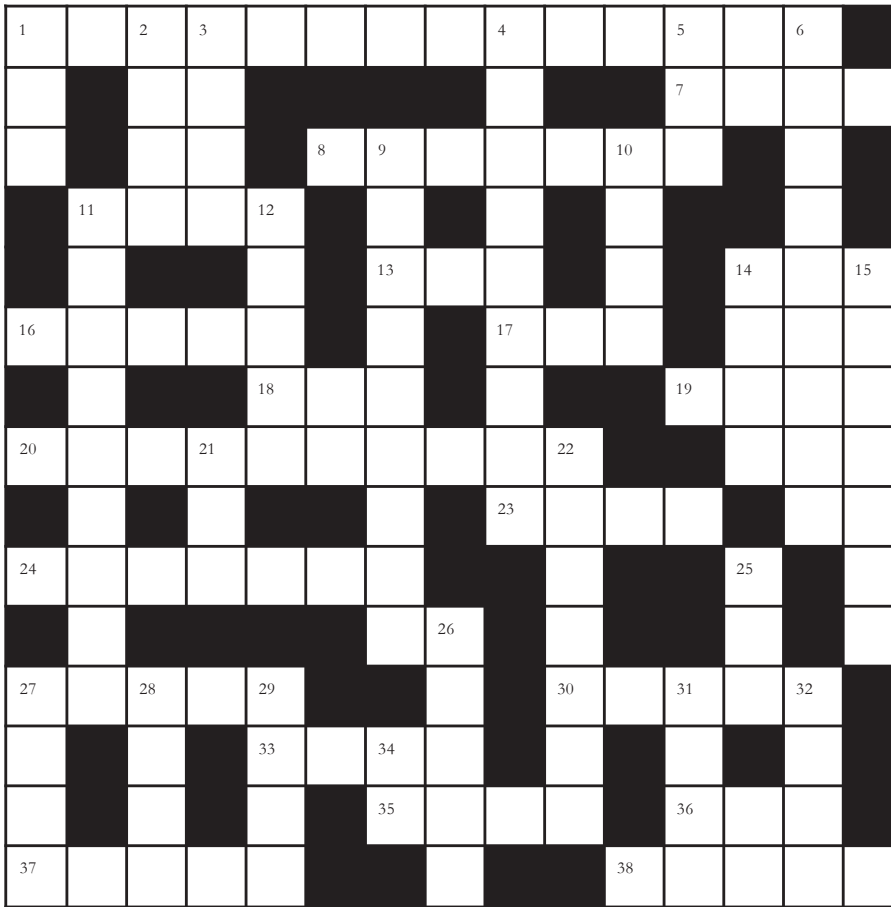
**AAQ**, investigates





## THE CRUCIVERBALIST'S CROSSWORD

Shashvat Dhandhanian

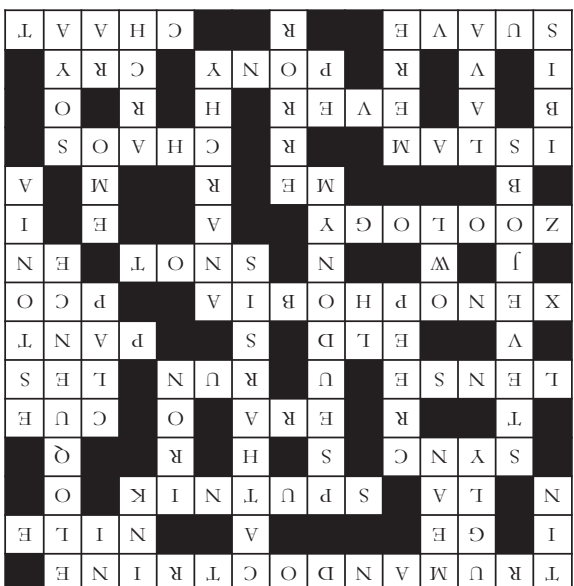
**Across:**

**1:** President's advice against communist insurrection(6,8)  
**7:** Egypt's most prized possession (4) **8:** The soviet space race (7) **11:** iPod with iTunes(4) **13:** A period in history (3) **14:** Signal for actor (3) **16:** Concave or convex (5) **17:** Terry Fox (3) **18:** The past in poetic language (3) **19:** An article of clothing (4) **20:** fear of foreigners (10) **23:** Eww! (4) **24:** study of animals (7) **27:** the religion articulated by the Qu'ran (5) **30:** The first being according to Greek mythology (5) **33:** Always (4) **35:** small horse (4) **36:** \_\_\_\_ out for help (3) **37:** A man who has a sophisticated attitude (5) **38:** Street foods of India (5)

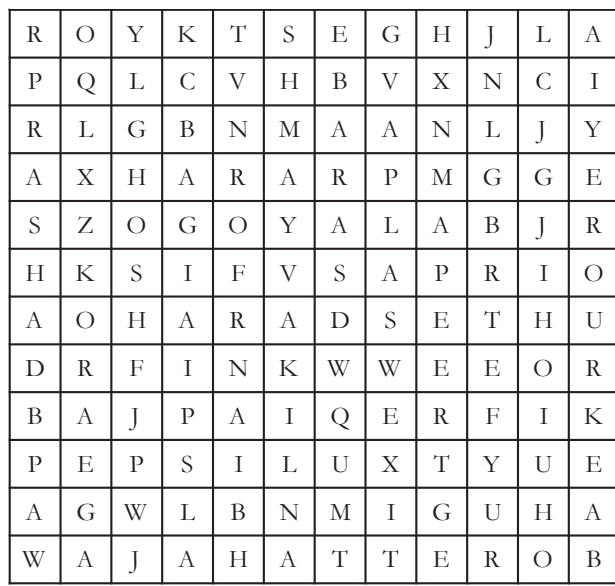
**Down:**

**1:** Cans (3) **2:** Description of the protagonist in Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tale

(4) **3:** Mathematical average (4) **4:** emotional release (9) **5:** A Chinese invention (3) **6:** Persuasive technique (9) **9:** Pen name (9) **10:** Rust (4) **11:** Steve Woznaik and a fruit (5, 4) **12:** To crawl (5) **14:** applause (5) **15:** Country's Prime Minister is Andrus Ansip (9) **21:** A character in A.A. Milne's 'Winnie the Pooh' (3) **22:** No government rule (7) **25:** Soft-core punk music (3) **26:** Mistake (5) **27:** A bird from the Threskiornithidae family (4) **28:** Pompeii (4) **29:** solely (4) **31:** Representative of Gothic architecture (4) **32:** British term for soy (4)

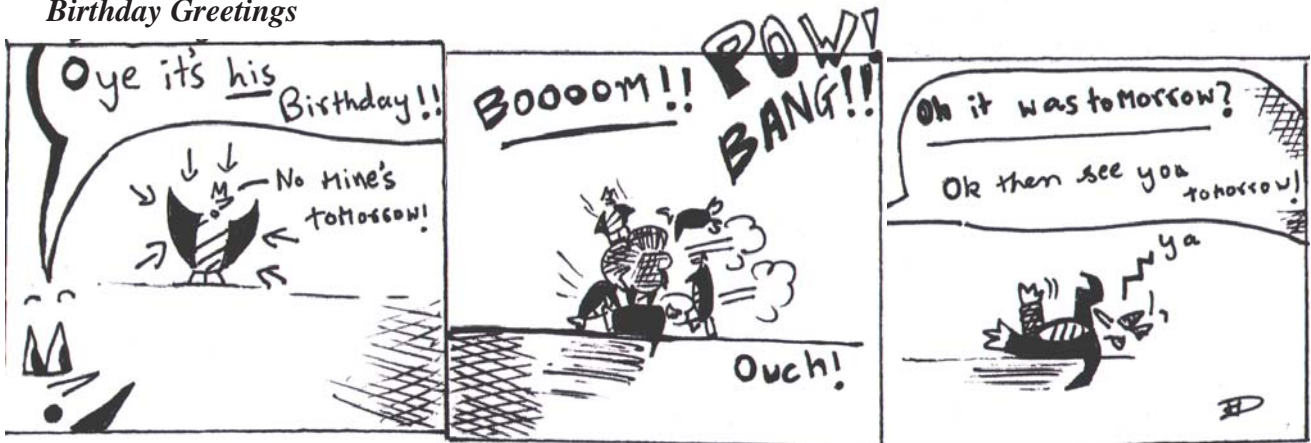
**ANSWERS:****Word Jumble**

Given in this box are the names of 10 famous authors and media personalities who are former editors and editors-in-chief of the Weekly. The first person to find them will be treated to KFC by Mr Sharfuddin

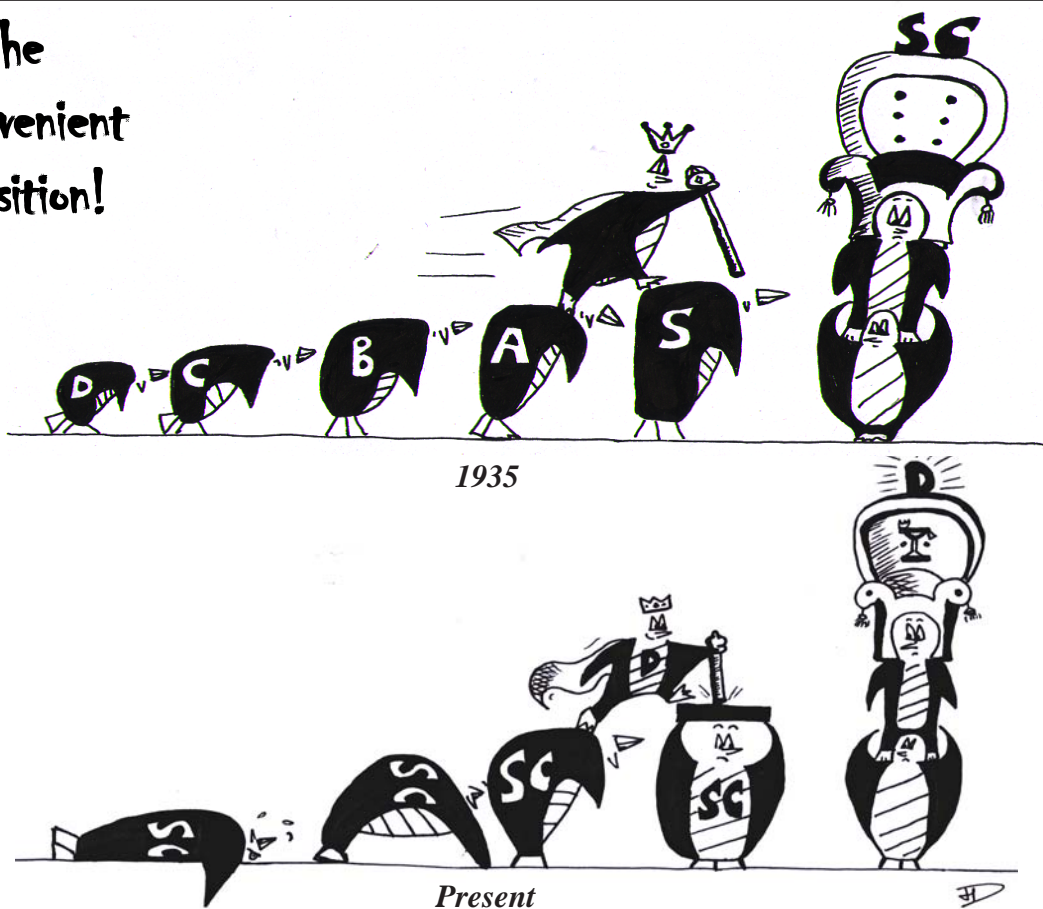




## Birthday Greetings



## The Inconvenient Transition!

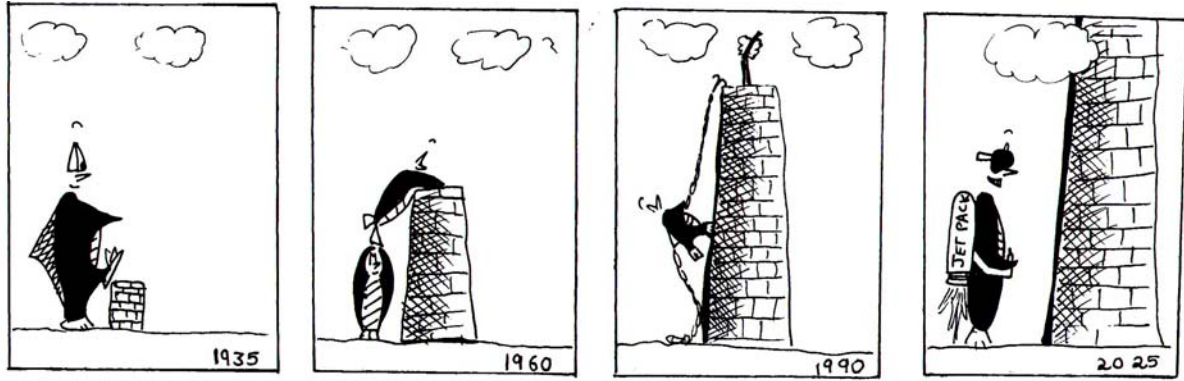


## Bullet Proof Rotis

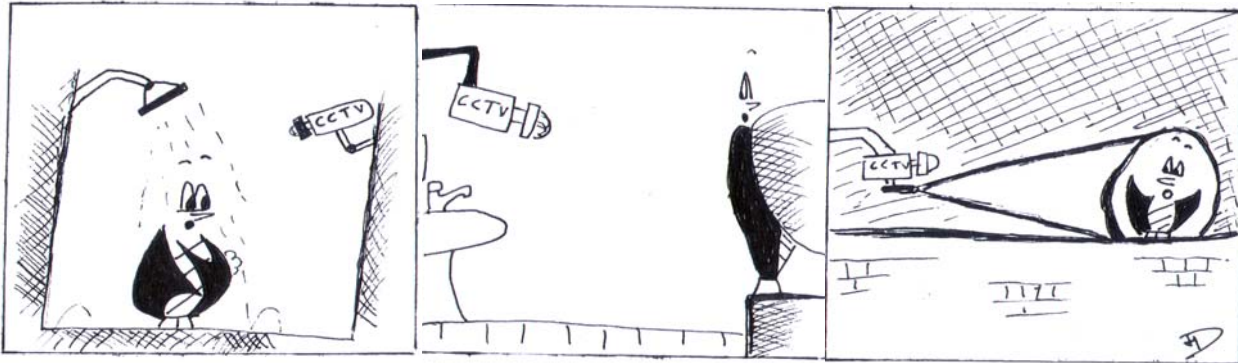




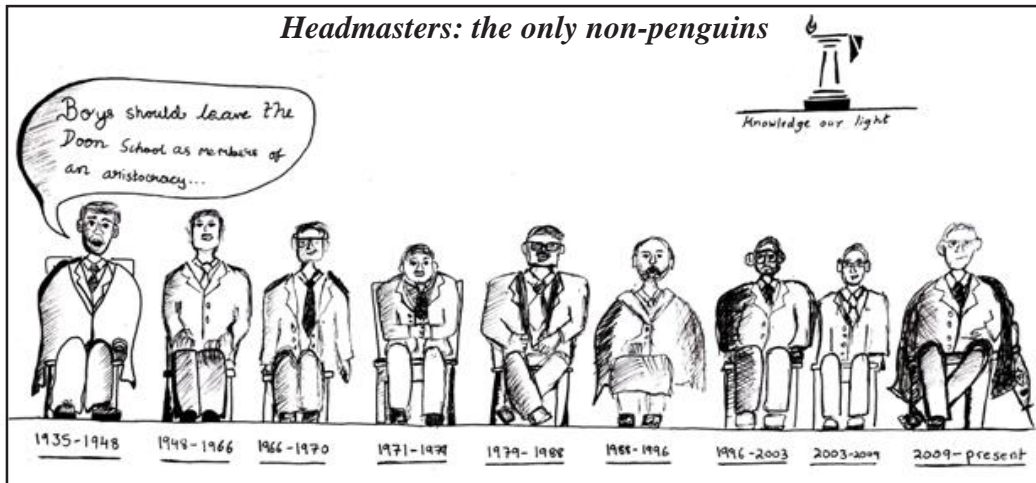
### Busting (the boundaries are worth crossing)



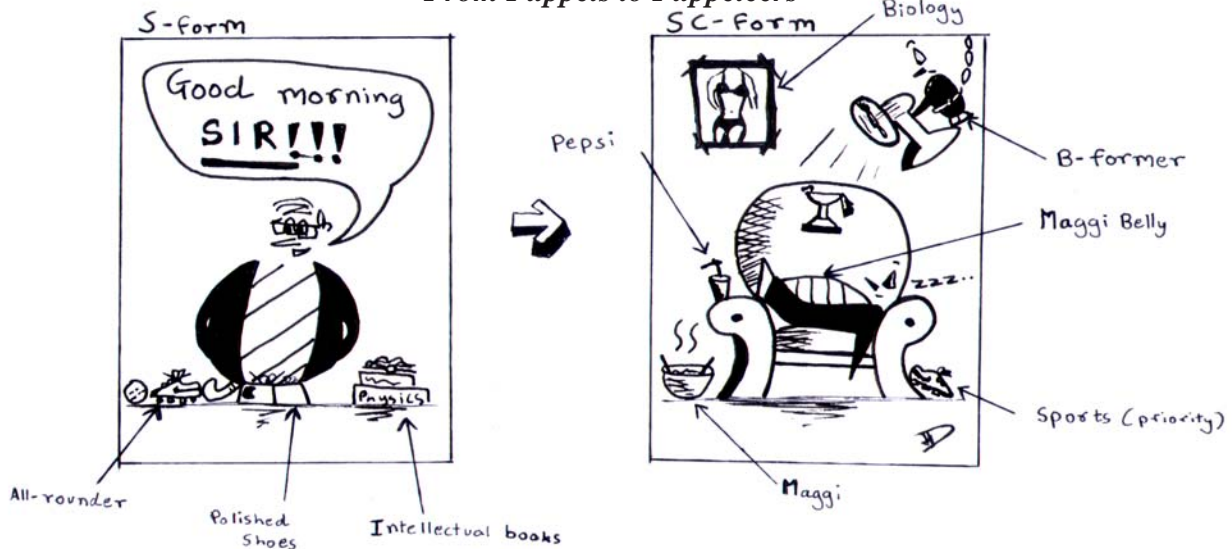
### CCTVs at their best



### Headmasters: the only non-penguins



### From Puppets to Puppeteers





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