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REGULARS

2

FASHION
STATEMENT

3

BOARD
RESULTS

4

LTTE

6

All That Dramabaazi...

Priyanka Bhattacharyya reviews the *Inter House One Act Play Competition* held on May 13-14

It was a competition to remember. Even before the plays had begun, the drama had started. Actors from K, H and O had to wash off their pancaked faces on the first day of the competition when the rain gods decided to put a spanner in their works. It is an ominous start, ma'am, whimpered one of the Kashmiris. I had barely finished giving him a false moustache when the rain descended...

Ominous, did he say? I did not think so at all, after being entertained to the hilt for two evenings, thanks to the joint efforts of some two hundred boys of all shapes and sizes. Boys holding up spotlights, boys moving in props, boys dressed up as girls, boys dressed up as old men, boys wielding swords, boys at the piano, boys tweaking microphones, boys laughing, boys crying...if that is not the magic of drama, what is?

The competition began with a bang, thanks to a brilliant production by Hyderabad, *The Apple*. The audience were intrigued much before the play began, by the luscious red apples handed out as part of their imaginative brochure. If the Nizams wanted to "capture the kaleidoscopic essence of perception", I think they did a jolly good job. Their cues were spot-on, there was no fumbling with the lights, they pushed and pulled the audience gently in all directions...think, think, said they, think while you laugh, think if there is ever a "right" answer. There was a wonderful bit of mime put in for good measure too. Even though it might have been a bit of an 'OHT' for junior boys, the rapt silence in the Rose Bowl said it all. Take a bow, Hyderabad. You made us laugh, and you made us think. How easy is that in a world where 'entertainment' mostly boils down to mindless slapstick?

Then came Kashmir with their romantic comedy, *Broken But Not Torn*. The play explored the place of misconception in our lives, and the birth of comedy from misplaced perception. A silly goose of a priest, distressed lovers, a re-united family, a missing necklace, and amusing use of background music made this a frothy, breathless comedy. How the audience roared when the re-united husband and wife dreamily stretched out their arms to the background score from *The Titanid*. Though at times the characters seemed unsure of whether to adopt Italian accents or not, and some of the characters seemed to try rather hard to raise a laugh, it was, all in all, a breezy play. If the Rose Bowl has a memory, it will surely remember the pretty blonde bride who lost her veil, for a long time to come...

Next up, Oberoi House set up the mother of all traps, *The Mousetrap*. The audience gasped as prop after prop appeared on stage...and lo! Monkswell Manor had magically materialized, complete with a curtained window, and fireplace

and shivering hosts and guests! A classic whodunit, and one with a formidable reputation in the West End, the play clutched the audience by its throat here too. The knock on the window sent shivers down many a spine, the radio announcements were perfect, the women characters were convincing and the live background music was superb, especially the sinister final variation, in a minor key, of the nursery rhyme tune, *Three Blind Mice*. Oberoi might have fine-tuned their lighting somewhat, and worked on the speed of dialogue delivery, though. At times, Sergeant Trotter alone knew what he was saying, and many of us were left straining our ears and nerves! In spite of that, take a bow, Oberoi, for having the sheer guts to even *touch* this masterpiece. You had us biting our nails!

The next evening, amidst a threateningly grey sky, Tata took to the stage with their adaptation of Mahesh Dattani's *Where There's A Will*. The only India-flavoured production, the play peeped into the dysfunctional Mehta household, complete with the estranged father-son duo, the wronged wife, the apparently submissive daughter-in-law, and, later, the indignant ghost and compassionate 'other woman'. Of course, an invisible character called Money played a critical role all through. It would have been lethal had the characters, especially the father, managed to depict a range of emotions, instead of simply anger and disgust. The otherwise powerful plot turned rather one-dimensional because the characters were somehow unable to interpret this very complex script. Still, Tata managed to question the stereotype of the impossibly 'happy' Indian family, and managed pretty well.

Finally, there was Jaipur with their brilliant rendition of Edmond Rostand's *The Romancers*. A Romeo-Juliet-esque plot with a twist, the play had the audience marvelling at the minimal but imaginative props, and, of course, the list of unusual abductions! The two lovers were charming though inaudible at times, the conspiring fathers were immaculate, but the highlight of the play were the two swashbuckling abductors who infused so much life in a somewhat under-whelming plot, if one may say so. The Sedan-Chair Abduction shall be remembered for a long time, what say, Rosie?

All in all, as the HM pointed out later, everyone won! The creative arts cannot be equated with a sporting competition where a goal or a wicket produces clear-cut winners and losers. The judges must have had a tough time! Long after the 'House Positions' are forgotten, the magic of the stage shall be a fond memory for all those who were a part of it—actors and audiences alike. A classic win-win situation, if one may say so!

1. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, May 20

REGULARS

SQUASH WINNERS

The following are the results of the **Inter House Squash Championship, 2006**:

- 1st:** Hyderabad
 - 2nd:** Oberoi
 - 3rd:** Tata
 - 4th:** Kashmir
 - 5th:** Jaipur
- Well played!

STAGE SUCCESS

The results of the **Inter House One-Act Play Competition** are as follows:

- Best Actor:** Armand Khambatta
 - Best Supporting Actor:** Rohanjit Chaudhry
 - Best Director:** Armand Khambatta
- House Positions:**
- 1st:** Jaipur
 - 2nd:** Kashmir
 - 3rd:** Oberoi
 - 4th:** Hyderabad
 - 5th:** Tata
- Congratulations!

SURESHOTS

Vratul Kapoor and Rishab Bir Singh represented Dehradun in the recently concluded **Under-18, 6th Uttarakhand State Junior Tournament** held at Welham Boys' and Welham Girls' Schools. The team emerged winners after beating Roorkee by a score of 18-41. Kudos!

TENNIS ACES

The results of the **Inter House Tennis Competition, 2006** are:

Junior Cup

- 1st: Hyderabad
- 2nd: Tata
- 3rd: Oberoi
- 4th: Jaipur
- 5th: Kashmir

House Cup

- 1st: Hyderabad
- 2nd: Tata
- 3rd: Oberoi
- 4th: Kashmir
- 5th: Jaipur

Well done!

HOCKEY HOTSHOTS

The following were the results in the **Inter House Hockey Competition** for the year 2006:

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

Congratulations!

COLOURFUL RECOGNITION

The following were awarded Colours in **Cricket**:

Half-Colours

- Siddhartha Sharma
- Gurshant Singh
- Amritesh Rai
- Siddharth Swarup
- Abhimanyu Raj Singh

Full Colours

- Aditya Ajmani
 - Kinshuk Kocher
 - Pulkit Baheti
 - Samridh Agarwal
- (Rewarded)**

Congratulations!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Ice-hockey is the most faster game in the world.

Tanuj Kumar slips badly.

Start shutting up.

HMD returns after a long hiatus.

Who wants STA as a dance?

Lakshit Joshi is very enthusiastic.

The sunlight is very cold.

Shaurya Kuthiala the cool boy.

Ultraviolet rays are white in colour.

Vishnukaant Pitty dispersing knowledge.

The night sky is very bright

Ashish Mitter, the chamakta sitaara of School.

Can you stop shouting so softly, we are trying to study here!

Naman Goel, the only studios S former

Hockey Report

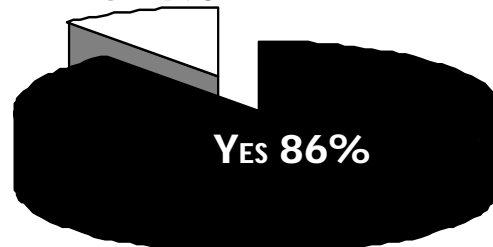
Akash Maheshwari reports on the recently concluded Inter House Hockey Competition

Sport at The Doon School is not a matter of life and death. It is beyond that. This was evident from the ardour with which the recently concluded Inter House Hockey Competition was played. The games displayed showed high levels of skill and spirit. Arashdeep's hat-trick against Jaipur House helped Tata secure eight points. The House XI matches were highly competitive. It will be hard to digest that the eventual winners, Kashmir, lost to Oberoi House 7-0 in a Leagues 1 match. Utkarsh seemed like an interesting prospect with his hat-trick. There were also a few high-scoring junior matches. Scores like 5-1(Oberoi vs. Jaipur) are indicators of promise. Nikhil Sinha needs special mention here. Though only in B Form, he played for his House XI team and was indeed a force to reckon with. However, what impressed me most was the standard of the Juniors 2 matches. They were played with as much spirit as ever, only this time with much better scores. One must not be deceived by the closeness of the matches. It was often seen that teams depended on only a few key players. In the junior matches, particularly, the teams need to come together as units and not play as individuals. The Kashmir House team outplayed itself with its impressive passing. The House XI matches between Hyderabad and Kashmir and Oberoi and Jaipur were feasts for sports lovers.

OPINION POLL

Do you think that two Trial papers on the same day are too demanding?

No 14%



Next Week's Poll: Award the term gone by with one of the following: Distinction, Commendation, Satisfactory, House List.

FASHION STATEMENT

KANTI BAJPAI

What, RSF asked suddenly, in one of those classic non-sequiturs that he sometimes specializes in, was I doing at a fashion show?

It was Sunday evening, and I was on the Main Field, rapping about this and that with RSF when he hit me with his rather cheeky question. Going through my mind was my loss of temper at the thoughtlessness of a rather exasperating senior boy, the cricket defeat to Pinegrove in the morning, and the hockey victory in the Council's tournament. I wasn't exactly thinking fashion at that moment. How had RSF come to know about my page 3 encounter? Apparently, I had been spotted on television, sitting in the audience of the Lakme India Fashion Week, and this had led to some rather sarcastic commentary on campus about KPB's priorities!

What *was* I doing in Delhi, ramp-side? A few days earlier, I had been invited by Manoviraj Khosla (ex-281 JB '85) to attend his show at the Lakme event. Coincidentally, I was to be in Delhi for a meeting of the Architecture and Projects Committee early the next morning. A fashion show seemed a good way of spending a fallow evening.

'Viraj' designs for the Kingfisher label, and I was curious to see what kinds of clothes he makes and what fashion is all about. The show was short (45 minutes, about average for these shows). There were striking-looking young women and men draped in his new line of clothes swaying and sashaying to the pounding, hypnotic music. While I won't comment on the clothes—that's the job of professionals in the fashion industry—the last set on the ramp impressed my amateur eye the most.

As it turned out, the show became the occasion for a Doon reunion. There were a number of Doscos in attendance, most of them from Viraj's era and therefore from the days in 1980-81 when I had taught at Doon: Viraj's brother, Sandeep (ex -489 JB '87), Raghuvender 'Donny' Singh (ex-878 TB '82), Vivek Seth (ex-915 JB '82), Sharad 'Sheroo' Sharma (ex-334 JA '85), Rahul Bhagat (ex-865 JA '82), Rajeev 'Bobby' Sikand (ex-869 TB '81), to name just a few. At the party afterwards, there were others from school including Viraj's father, Rajendra (ex-318 J '54), and so for me the evening turned into a small but pleasant Dosco bash.

Back at school, RSF's impertinent question got me thinking about fashion. While I didn't go to the Lakme event for any very intellectual purpose, it seems to me that fashion is a serious thinking proposition. What is fashion or, more accurately, the fashion industry? Why does it attract so much attention? Why do some people love it and others love to hate it?

For cultural theorists, fashion is an important part of modern life: it tells us something about ourselves as humans and the world we have made. Fashion is not simply voyeurism, that is, looking at the rich and beautiful. It is not mere exhibitionism—the flaunting of bodies and outrageous clothing. Nor is it a trivial pursuit indulged in by decadent eccentrics and social vagabonds. Cultural theorists take fashion seriously because it occupies the intelligence and labour of so many people and because it fascinates the rest of us.

If fashion matters, how shall we think about it? What does it represent? The answer depends on whether you are a liberal, Marxist, conservative, or feminist. Only liberals take a positive view of fashion; Marxists, conservatives, and most feminists, on the other hand, look at fashion with suspicion.

For liberal social theorists, fashion is an expression of human individualism—a peacock-like desire to be noticed. As humans we are doomed to find ways of expressing our personal genius. Fashion, like other cultural systems, is a mode of expression that reveals how we perceive ourselves and how we perceive others. It is a form of human creativity and communication. Like other forms of individual attainment, it marks one human off from another. It is also therefore marketable in the form of goods and products: difference sells. Those *in* fashion can market the fruits of their creativity, as artists, writers, and filmmakers do. The intelligence, aesthetic sense, and labour that go into making clothes that are different from the apparel of others can bring social recognition and generate profits. Fashion seeks reward and is an entrepreneurial act. Liberals, on the whole, celebrate fashion as yet another aspect of the colour and spice of life and ability of humans to turn talent into profit.

For Marxists, fashion has a much darker connotation. They agree that fashion is a cultural system, and it is precisely this fact that worries them. In a period of advanced capitalism, culture is particularly helpful to the ruling class in maintaining its dominance. Culture is a form of ideology. It helps intimidate people and keep the masses 'in line.' Put differently, it makes ordinary working people accept their station in life. It prevents the working class and others who are in subordinate positions from understanding their own misery and the causes thereof.

A Marxist view of fashion would be that, as part of culture, it plays a role in creating images of prosperity and power, and, conversely, of belonging. High fashion may be out of reach for most of us because it is expensive, but it suggests that our society has great wealth—there must be people who pay for these outfits and then throw them away. High fashion also suggests that there is great power around. The rich and celebrated move in fashion circles. They buy fashion. Fashion is the privilege of the powerful. Fashion also displays the powerful to the relatively powerless (on page three), to remind them of their powerlessness. In this way, it intimidates the underclass and keeps them in awe.

More popular types of fashion, though, play a different role. They encourage a sense of belonging. Casual fashion garments suggest that there are lines of specially-tailored clothing, with fancy labels, that even ordinary people can aspire to. The ordinary man and woman too can buy leisure and sportswear—and perhaps look as good as the models on the ramp. The sense of being part of a larger community of the fashionable and of being able to live the lifestyles that the clothes seem to advertise dull our critical faculties and make us feel better about our lives. These are some of the reasons why, Marxists would argue, it would be foolish to be dismissive about fashion.

Yet another Marxist understanding of fashion would be that it keeps the wheels of industry turning. Fashion, by definition, is time dependent. What is fashionable today is out of fashion tomorrow. Once something is out of fashion, it

is discarded. The consumer is persuaded that what he has in his wardrobe is no longer wearable. He must go out and buy a new article of clothing. This keeps consumers buying and spending and feeding the relentless appetite of advanced capitalism.

Conservative theorists also view fashion skeptically and critically. Conservatives are obsessed with tradition. Tradition, in their view, is the best that humans have thought and done. To disregard tradition is to turn one's back on the best that society has thought and done over hundreds if not thousands of years. For conservatives, this is foolish. Why ignore or disrespect something that so many human beings have worked so hard to give us? Tradition therefore should never be taken lightly. If fashion evokes tradition, if it gives new life and regard to traditional values and ways of living, then fashion is good. If it does not, if it questions tradition and if it carelessly promotes change and novelty, it is bad. On the whole, conservatives are suspicious of fashion. They cannot help the feeling that fashion is a challenge to established patterns of being.

Then there are feminist views of fashion. For some feminists, fashion is about the empowerment of women given that so many women are involved in the industry. Fashion employs women models, features women designers, depends on women buyers and retailers, and enlists the services of women fashion experts and commentators.

For most feminist critics, though, fashion has to be seen as yet another system of exploitation and degradation. Women's bodies are used to sell clothes. In effect, a model's body is controlled by fashion designers who are predominantly men. To be a model, a woman must strictly control her diet and exercise without end. She must be obsessed with her looks and appearance. A woman, in this sense, is her body, and nothing much else. Fashion does not therefore empower women; it makes them into caricatures. Worse, the industry is ruthless and cruel. As her looks change, a model becomes dispensable. The glorification of supermodels and the life of the ramp powerfully influences young women who imitate the iconic figures that they see on television and in the fashion magazines.

For most feminists, then, fashion is an imprisonment of women. It is also, as these critics like to underline, an imprisonment of men, because if fashion traps women into certain kinds of roles, then it traps men simultaneously into opposite and complementary roles.

Liberals celebrate fashion. Marxists, conservatives, and feminists, for very different reasons, view fashion much more darkly. What cultural and social theorists have shown is that fashion is an aspect of modernity from which there is no discernible escape. Fashion is inextricably linked to modern, urban existence. Like popular music and film, it is a mirror to the complex social world we have made for ourselves. It is a human invention that excites and imprisons us and cannot therefore be easily dismissed from our thinking.

Analyze that the next time you find yourself at the Lakme India Fashion Week.

BOARD RESULTS 2006

ISC

Total no. of students appeared: 86

Result declared: 100%

School average: 83.02%

90s Club:

Salman F. Chowdhury	95.75%
Raghav Puri	95.25%
Ayush Wasu	94.75%
Jagabanta Ningthoujam	94.00%
Karam Vir Lamba	94.00%
Tushaar V. Kuthiala	93.75%
Nikhil Sharma	93.75%
Akhil Kejriwal	93.25%
Vibhor Gupta	93.25%
Pranav R. Swarup	92.50%
Karthik Handa	92.25%
Pinaki Misra	92.00%
Aritrick Chaterjee	92.00%
Pushparaj V. Deshpande	91.75%
Udit Agarwal	91.75%
Arpit Verma	91.50%
Feroz Nath Khosla	91.25%
Hemant Bishnoi	91.25%
Aditi Chaturvedi	91.00%
Dalip Singh Kang	91.00%
Zorawar J. B. Nongrum	91.00%
Sahil Kumar Batta	91.00%
Nawang Shakya Bodh	90.75%
Vidur Sehgal	90.75%
Akshay Premkant Thapan	90.00%

ICSE

Total no. of students appeared: 84

Result declared: 100%

School average: 85.64%

90s Club:

Skand Goel	95.40%
Eshaan Puri	94.60%
Ashish Mitter	94.40%
Puneet Agarwal	94.20%
Manuj Kumar Vyas	94.00%
Sreedev Basu	94.00%
Naman Agarwal	94.00%
Aditya Shankar Prasad	93.80%
Ankur Ankesh	93.80%
Gaurav Sood	93.40%
Ashwin Bhaskar	93.20%
Sharad Gopal	93.00%
Jigish Arvind B. Ruparelia	93.00%
Abhas Bhargava	92.40%
Ramakrishna Pappu	92.00%
Naman Kandoi	92.00%
Naman Goel	91.60%
Pranay Kapoor	91.60%
Tushar Raturi	91.60%
Nakul Mehan	90.80%
Agam Garg	90.80%
Tanveer Angad Singh	90.60%
Arpit Panjwani	90.60%
Swapnil Dhar	90.00%
Yadavalli Venkat Aditya	90.00%
Saurabh Tiwari	90.00%

Dealers in Injustice

Rijul Kochhar writes on the recent attacks on dargahs in Vadodara

A *dargah* is synonymous with religious tolerance and vibrancy of the mosaic that makes India a religious superstructure, in short, a magnificent, people-driven monolith.

This is the rosy picture: a sepia, where all is brown and gray. An image where we have no white or black – good or bad (as the stereotypical colours denote).

Ajmer, a nondescript and dusty city in Rajasthan is renowned the world over, even revered, as the ultimate example of the confluence of castes, creeds, faiths and religions. Yes, an oasis in the desert of communal strife that the world is today. But how can a town reeling under acute water shortage be an oasis? Well, the source is the *dargah* of Saleem Chisti.

This *dargah* is the Mecca of India, not Muslim India or Hindu India or Jain or Buddhist India, but India as a whole. The mounting of *chadars* and the tying of threads are some of the rituals performed, when the deities bestow boons to their devotees.

But in Gujarat, it is a different story. A shrine here does not bring people closer. Rather, it bears the brunt of both sides. It is the hated and oppressed entity. It is regarded as something that dilutes the purity of other religions. The ‘us versus them’ attitude, which is fast polarizing and ghettoizing the cities of Gujarat, requires the destruction of these ‘germ-breeding’ *dargahs*.

The latest trouble began in Vadodara on May 1, when the civic authorities, under the aegis of the local BJP top brass and the police, demolished the *Dargah Hazrat Rashiuddin* – a structure that has been recorded as having existed even before the city was founded. Quite interestingly, this particular *dargah* has had its share of mention in Vadodara’s history. Historians date it to the late 1600s, while it was on the survey maps since the 1900s. It is not the *dargah* which has encroached upon the city and its people. What has happened, is that Vadodara itself has encroached upon the area around the *dargah*! So, the question of ‘development’ is not only lacking in credibility, but also unfair and unjustified in its totality.

The motive, apparently, was ‘development’ of the city. It is interesting to note that this very structure has been targeted by communal forces since 1969.

Earlier, a ‘compromise formula’ had been agreed upon. Two-and-a-half feet of the sanctified area was to be reduced to rubble, and a road was to be made upon that area. But on May 1, in all grandeur, the bulldozers did their job. They destroyed the whole *mazaar*. Even a metalled road was paved and finished by the evening of the same day on the same area of land. What efficiency!

In the aftermath of the 2002 carnage, the *Wali Dakharni’s Mazaar* met with the same fate. Interesting as it is, this structure was right opposite the Commissioner of Police’s office in Shahi Baug,

Ahmedabad. Again, a road was built over the demolished structure – overnight. The façade of Ustad Faiz Khan’s tomb was also destroyed then.

Thirty-eight year old Rafik Abdul Ghani Vohra was attacked by a mob and burnt alive in his car. He was returning from work on May 2 when this happened.

The police and administration have, once again, acted as agents of injustice. The Commissioner of Police, Vadodara, Deepak Swaroop, repeatedly disconnected his phone, when Rafik’s family called – almost 200 times! On pleading with the police control room, Rafik’s people were told to go to ‘Pakistan’ for help.

The State administration did not act then, and would probably have never done so either, had Godhra 2002 not happened. What drove them to call in the Army was fear – mortal, legal and, most importantly, electoral.

Functionality within the framework of the Constitution is a myth, and a mockery is made out of this myth everyday.

As Teesta Setalvad puts it – “The police and administration have lost the ability to function with neutrality...Constitutional breakdown is a fact of everyday life in Gujarat.”

Adding fuel to this already raging inferno are slogans like ‘Destroy the mini Babri Masjid’ and ‘If the Municipal Corporation will not demolish, the VHP and Bajrang Dal will.’ Five lives lost, hundreds injured and lakhs worth of property damaged – all in 36 hours.

Seeing this happening, an incident worth sharing comes to mind. When I was in Delhi recently, debating at IIPM, a debater from Gujarat came up on stage and, with great vehemence, started linking the great Indian dream with the great Gujarat – he talked about the enormous strides his state had made in economic, financial, agricultural and social spheres. He attributed all this to the able leadership of CM Narendra Modi.

What he perhaps forgot, and I forgive him for that, is that under Modi, law and order in Gujarat has become so arbitrary, not, perhaps, for the affluent in their swanky bungalows and latest cars, but for the common *chaiwala*, the shopkeeper on the roadside, or the *mujawars* (caretakers of *dargahs*, some of whom also happen to be Hindus) of these small *dargahs* dotted all over this state. For them, mere existence has become an uncertain commodity. One day you pray at the *dargah*. Overnight, you have an expressway on it. ‘Development’ indeed. But at what cost?

Gujarat is a modern monolith. But if the people live with an ‘us and them’ approach, then it would spell doom for the state, and, indeed, the country at large. Economic growth and social tolerance go hand-in-hand. They are two sides of the same coin. Remove one, and the coin becomes *khota*: in effect, defunct and counterfeit.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GETTING CARRIED AWAY

I would like to use this forum to address an open letter to the senior members of our student community

Doon, I thought, has always encouraged openness and discussions. But this Monday morning, I had serious second thoughts. At Assembly, Paul, our exchange student from Louisenlund, Germany, aired his views about certain disciplinary actions taken by School. That is not what upset me. His perceptions about what is the right forum to express his opinions might understandably be different or wanting from what we perceive. And in any case, he is an outsider and a newcomer to School. What dismayed me was your reaction. Your loud and prolonged applause went way beyond the usual courtesy extended to an exchange student on his last day at Assembly. I thought it was more because you felt that he had said what you always wanted to say, but for some reason, refrained from saying. Whatever happened to institutions such as the Prefects' and School Council, House Council and the *Weekly*? Were these not the platforms for initiating and continuing discussion that would ultimately lead to better understanding and congeniality among the various members of this community? Did you have to wait for Paul to say what you yourselves could have said? Or is it that we ourselves are not sure how right are the actions that we defend? Whatever the reason, one thing appeared to be quite clear: we are incapable of discussions and seeking answers to our queries. We would much rather resort to surreptitious ways to vent our anger. We are not ready to ask questions, neither are we interested in knowing the answers. We are content to behave in a cowardly and disruptive manner and blame the system every time we are caught on the wrong foot.

The applause also came across as an absolutely uncerebral action of a group that does not have the capacity to introspect. For what Paul said could not have been more damning to our actions and attitudes as a community. It took an outsider to point out that whatever considerations may have driven the authorities to take disciplinary action was grossly unfair since there are 'such occurrences – and much worse – happening around here every day, all the time.' Why, then, are we not doing anything about it? Or were we expressing our acceptance and approval of such actions by enthusiastically applauding, and therefore, condoning them? It was a depressed feeling that I came away with, from the Monday morning Assembly. Tell me, am I being unnecessarily cynical? That this was just an aberration and that we are still capable of a civilized exchange of ideas, opinions and views without having to show each other up, or put ourselves down?

(Purnima Dutta)

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Having been part of drama during our school lives, we were very keen to come back and witness the Inter House One Act Play Competition. One always feels that the next batch simply would not be able to manage without us. We received a pleasant jolt to find ourselves completely in the wrong. Not only was the show on without us, but it had actually progressed from strength to strength. It seemed to us that imagination, skill and flair had been put to even better use this year in the choice of plays, props, special effects, nuances and dramatic devices.

However, from our newly detached perspective, we feel that low farce has come to assume far too important a role in judgements in the recent past. We weren't so detached till this year, but one can still have an objective view of things. One welcome change, though, has been the replacement of points for audience response by points for the brochure. Too many good plays have suffered in the past because they were perceived to be 'OHT' and did not generate any discernible audience response. We do not believe that a play's main intention is to entertain and amuse only. Also, we do not think that 'entertainment' is necessarily synonymous with slapstick comedy. Are we to believe that our community would find *Maqbool* less entertaining than a Govinda movie? To paraphrase a fellow spectator, a comedy's impact is momentary, unless accompanied by some underlying message.

'Entertaining' plays 'entertain' momentarily; 'plays with a message' often stay with the audience for life. A convincing play is, in essence, a microcosm of life itself. It should therefore, comprise comedy and darker shades of life along with its poetry and prose. Unidimensionality never carries credibility. As a poet once said, "each according to his powers may give/ Only on a varied diet may we live." It is this varied diet which we seek in the Inter House One Act Play Competition. We do understand that we are in an age of specialisation but this should not include drama in its entirety.

It was good to see that the directors and cast cared more about the process than the outcome. The concept of art for art's sake is idealistic, but something worth subscribing to. For this 'varied diet' to continue we hope that this maxim does not lose its value.

(Aditi Chaturvedi, ex-429 H '06 and Parag Rastogi, ex-458 H '06)



CAREER CALL

The Careers' Notice Board will focus on **Mass Communications** as a career option this week. All those with budding communicative skills should certainly check it out.

Online Edition: <http://www.doonschool.com/magazine>

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