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, whimped 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, think, 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. 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. O berri 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, O berri, for having the sheer guts to even touch this masterpiece. You had us hitting 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 underwhelming 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: O beroi
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

**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: O beroi
4th: Jaipur
5th: Kashmir

**House Cup**
1st: Hyderabad
2nd: Tata
3rd: O beroi
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**
1st: O beroi
2nd: Jaipur
3rd: Tata and Kashmir
Jaipur
5th: Hyderabad

**Senior Cup**
1st: Tata and O beroi
2nd: Jaipur
3rd: O beroi
4th: Hyderabad
5th: Jaipur

**House Cup**
1st: Hyderabad
2nd: Tata
3rd: O beroi
4th: Kashmir
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 A jm ami
K inshuk K och er
Pulkit Baheti
Samridh Agarwal
(Reawarded)

Congratulations!

**Unquotable Quotes**

In hockey is the most faster game in the world.
Tanuj Kumar slips badly.
Start shutting up.
HMD returns after a long hiatus.
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 nightsky is very bright.
Ashish Mitter, the chamakta sitara of School.
Can you stop shouting so softly, we are trying to study here!
Naman Goel, the only studious 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 O beroi 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 (O beroi 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 O beroi and Jaipur were feasts for sports lovers.

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

- Yes 86%
- No 14%

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

KANTI BAIPAI

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 KP B’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), Raghuvendra ‘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 Doon 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.

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 suspicion 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.

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**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%
- Tushar V Kuthiala 93.75%
- Nikhil Sharma 93.75%
- Akhil Kajriwal 93.25%
- Vihbor Gupta 93.25%
- Pranav R. Sarup 92.50%
- Karthik Handa 92.25%
- Pinaki Misra 92.00%
- Anirvick Chatterjee 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%
- Nawanj S. Bodh 90.75%
- Vidur Sekhal 90.75%
- Akshay Premkanti 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%
- Manoj Kumar Vyas 94.00%
- Sreekant Basu 94.00%
- Naman Agarwal 94.00%
- Aditya Shankar Prasad 93.80%
- Ankur Ankesh 93.80%
- Gaurav Sood 93.40%
- Ashwin Bhaskar 93.20%
- Shradha Gopal 93.00%
- Jigish Arvind B. Ruparelia 93.00%
- Abhis Bhargava 92.40%
- Ramakrishna Pappu 92.00%
- Naman Kandori 92.00%
- Naman Goel 91.60%
- Pranay Kapoor 91.60%
- Tushar Raturi 91.60%
- Nakul Mehan 90.80%
- Aman Garg 90.80%
- Tanveer Angad Singh 90.60%
- Arpit Panjwani 90.60%
- Swapnil Dhara 90.00%
- Yadavalli Venkat Aditya 90.00%
- Saurabh Tiwari 90.00%

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4. The Doon School Weekly Saturday, May 20
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 dargahs 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 Swarop, 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 ‘Pakistani’ 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 said, “under Modi, law and order in Gujarat 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...”
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 damming to our actions and attitudes as a community. It took an outsider to point out that we were very keen to come back and witness the Inter House One Act Play Competition. We do understand 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 Mad about 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)

Getting Carried Away

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 would simply 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. It seemed to us that that new age had taken hold in 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 Mad about less entertaining than a Govinda movie? To paraphrase a fellow spectator, a comedy’s impact is momentary, unless accompanied by some underlying message.

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