



Established in 1936
The Doon School
WEEKLY

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RAGA TIME!

Pranay Agarwal and Anish Dundo report on the flute recital at the Music School

Walking down the lively corridors of the Music School on the afternoon of September 12, one could not help but notice the flurry of activity and eye-catching decorations – bright marigold garlands hung on the walls, crisp white sheets covering soft mattresses on the floor, the fragrance of incense sticks filling up the hazy corridor, Arjun Singh struggling with a handful of boys to get perfect acoustics... The reason – a flute recital by the renowned artist, Pandit Nityanand Haldipur.

The musical evening was organized by SPICMACAY (Society for the Promotion of Indian Classical Music and Culture Among Youth), a non-profit organization dedicated solely to the promotion of Indian classical music amongst young people in schools and colleges all over the country. Out of over 4000 events held by them each year, we were privileged to have one of them in our very own school, graced by such eminent musicians.

The evening commenced with a brief introduction about the performers by Vansh Bhatia, Secretary of the Music Society. Panditji belongs to the Senia-Maihar gharana, and boasts of such tutors as his father, Pandit Niranjan Haldipur, Pandit Pannalal Ghosh, Pandit Chidanand Nagarkar, Pandit Devendra Murdeshwar and Padmabhushan Ma Annapurna Devi. He was accompanied on the tabla by Mr. Vinod Lele of the Banaras gharana who, amongst several other accomplishments, has been an A grade artiste with All India Radio since 1984. His rhythmic beats were characterized by liveliness, immaculate control over the *laya* and impressive dexterity.



Panditji started by telling the audience how impressed he was by the standard of music at Doon. He had been to schools where formal training in music was unheard of; we at The Doon School, he pointed out, are privileged to learn such “excellent music from excellent teachers.” He then told us about the various gharanas in classical music, and their origin, which can be traced back to the time of the legendary Tansen, a musician in Emperor Akbar’s court.

His performance started with a melodious rendition of Raga Desh. The moment the flute touched his lips, and the first note, a modest ‘sa’, was produced, the audience was enthralled. The raga started with a slow rendering of the notes, known as *alaap*. He had forewarned that it would be a “bit boring”, but the construction of a *raga* (much like the construction of a building, brick by brick) demanded the slow build-up.

He gradually moved on to the fast, energetic *gat*. It was striking to note that the clarity of the notes was as prevalent in the fast *jhala* as in the *alaap*.

After Raga Desh, a *drun* was played in Dadra Taal, which is a regional rhythm, originating from the Banaras gharana. It did not have the complexities of a *raga*, thus making the evening a little lighter. Nevertheless, it charmed the audience.

Mr Lele proved to be a perfect accompanist, and with his meticulous control over the tabla, succeeded in adding strength and energy to the performance. The tanpura was played by the D form ‘bulbul’, Vatsal Khandelwal.

Since there was some time left after the performance, Pandit Haldipur answered a few questions put forward by the audience. He told us about the bamboo flute, his daily practice routine and gave a message of encouragement to the next generation of budding musicians. The event was graced by a large number of staff members and prominent musicians of Dehradun.

Overall, the concert was a beautiful experience for everybody present in the hall. Panditji’s knowledge and skill on the instrument, interlaced with his wit and rapport with his young audience, ensured that those ninety minutes just flew by. Hidden amongst Panditji’s melodious notes was also a message for the youth of the country: that our roots lie in our great traditions of classical music.

REGULARS

Q&A

The school was represented by Eeshaan Tiwary and Chinmay Sharma in the **Scindia School Quiz** held at the Scindia School, Gwalior. The school was placed second in the quiz. Well done!

STUDIOUS SCHOLARS

Pranay Agarwal and Skand Goel have been awarded their **Scholar's Blazer**. Congratulations!

WELCOME TO DOON

We welcome **Mitchell Levieux**, an exchange student from **St. Sthian's School, South Africa**. We wish him a pleasant stay here.

SERVE, SPIN & SMASH!

In the **Inter-House Table Tennis Tournament 2006**, the results are as follows:

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

Congratulations!

KAMALA JEEVAN RESULTS

In the **Kamala Jeevan Inter-School Hindi Debate**, RIMC, Dehradun were adjudged as the winners with Daly College, Indore finishing as the runners-up. The Doon School was placed fourth. Well done!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Don't bite me with your nails.

Madhav Bahadur, trying to use his cerebellum.

Where is the Modern High School of Dubai from?

Saksham Sharda needs the 'promised' atlas.

So many years have passed away.

MTS kills time.

Is the quiz English or Hindi?

Avyay Jhunjhunwala is cognizant of the facts.

Both of you all come to the main field at three.

Akaash Pathare the singular leader.

Has Udit done a Phd on suunior-jeenior relationships?

Shikhar Singh's tongue is in a twist.

I learnt how to handshakemy hands.

Shikhar Singh, an uquotable machine.

Stop picking on your navel button.

Shikhar Singh, outta control.

KPB e-mailed it us.

Saurav Sethia gets mail.

Do you like Hardy's 'The Headmaster Of Canterbridge'?

Saurav Sethia at it again.

CAREER CALL



सत्यमेव जयते

The careers' notice board will focus on the **NDA** this week. All those interested in serving the nation should quick march and have a look.



A Matter of Choice

Akaash Pathare

Nestled in seventy three acres of one of the greenest patches of Dehradun, we have an institution imbued with morals, traditions, culture, principles and a group of talented individuals. Why is it then that most of us always look on the negative side: why can't we be proud of what we have? Why do we have to whine for the most insignificant reasons; are we that spoiled? Or, rather, why do we always have to find a problem that doesn't even exist? We are not the end of the world! It's amazing how we set out to judge and belittle others who are complete 'outsiders,' when we aren't perfect or invincible ourselves.

Ideally, Doscocs should be humble, kind, articulate, 'studs' in one field or another, presentable and above all, genuine. The list would go on like a roll-call of virtues. Doscocs, in the past, were recognized because of these qualities. Amidst a group of people, a Dosco should stand out, not only for his manners, but also for his grace under pressure and his general demeanour.

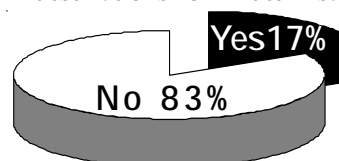
One thing that struck me and surprised me, is the thing that also sets us apart from the rest: our unity; how we stand by each other through thick and thin, without even thinking twice (sometimes foolishly too).

Why have we come to Doon if we just want to idle away our time here and do absolutely nothing to improve ourselves, or in some way contribute to the school? We should be taking advantage of being in Doon, devouring everything that it offers us because one thing is for sure – a chance like this is never going to come again. If you have come here just to sit in your House for six years and not involve yourself in the community activities, you should have stayed in a day school. An ex-staff member rightly said that there are some people who come to Chandbagh and leave it without creating a ripple, and then there are those who leave an indelible mark on this school. It's up to you to decide which category you want to fill. We should gain inspiration from all those who have left school, left their mark on it, and 'made' it in the world outside – politicians, businessmen, journalists, authors, bureaucrats, executives – people who have changed society and gained prominence nationwide, if not worldwide.

At the end of it all, it is a matter of choice. It is up to us to decide who we are going to be and, more importantly, what we are going to be made of. When we leave school without doing anything, it's going to be only us who will regret this wasted opportunity, we who will kick ourselves when we realise that we haven't fulfilled our potential. And then, we wouldn't have only wasted our school life but would also have missed out on what we could have been.

Opinion Poll

Do you think that mountains should be the only destinations for midterms?



MAKE SOME *REAL* NOISE

K. V. Arjun Rao

The young have always been harbingers of great change. They have stood up to attempts by the older generations, perpetrators of that great crime – ignorance, and forced the world into the throes of revolution. They have been the believers in a greater time to come. Ridiculers of religion, they have believed in and awaited the arrival of a messiah the most. And they haven't sat around praying, wishing and hoping, either. The atheists that most of them are, they force everyone to sit up and take notice. They shout it out from the rooftops, they clash in the streets, they stay up all night arguing and writing about the change that is needed and then they throw it at you. In your face.

Necessarily powered by emotion, young people find themselves most receptive to the needs of their time. Their greatest virtue is that they are bred on hope. Hope that the powers-that-be will finally relent, will see the errors of their ways, will admit that they are wrong, will reconcile themselves to the fact that the world will be a better place if they just, for one second, sit down and open their eyes.

Hope is also the young's greatest shortcoming. Eventually the inability to actually make sense to and convince people around them begins to scratch at their minds. An itch that allows doubt to set in. "What am I doing here", they begin asking at protest rallies they slowly stop attending. "What am I talking about?", they ask as they stop making sense to themselves. And, "What is the point of it all?", brings with it the death blow, the demise of idealism as they put on suits, get into fancy cars and drive into the sunsets of their worst nightmares.

Sigh. You know, I sometimes wonder if I'm growing into the world's youngest senile old fool. I dream of past glories and often find myself in darkness when I think of the present. I find myself resigning myself to the fact that I'm no longer cool. Perhaps I never was. The future brings with it impending doom as I find myself even more confused than I was yesterday.

My theme song last year contained the following lyrics:

Twenty three

I'm so tired of life

Such a shame to throw it all away

The images grow darker still

Could I have been anyone other than me?

But I live in hope. Thankfully, I still suffer from the malaise of the young. It is a rather miniscule hope, but a hope nonetheless. A hope that someday, somewhere, someone, anyone, who has walked out of my class will stand up and say something. That someone will stand up, all alone, in front of a tank and refuse to budge. That someone will look down the barrel of a gun and put a flower inside. That someone will stare death in the eye and smile because they knew they were dying trying to save the world.

But I find myself sinking. Everyday. Instead of saying something about inequality, I find people concerned with finding paths to greater glory at any cost. Instead of doing something about injustice, I find people waiting their turn to perpetuate that same wrong done unto them. Instead of individuality I find a mob, a flock of sheep led towards anonymity by a false messiah.

And why shouldn't they? What have I ever done to change their minds? What example have I set for them? I

too was, and in many was still am, exactly like them. So why should I expect any different?

I always say that I made a lot of noise while I was at school. But for all the things that didn't really matter – protesting against changes in school uniform, the need for more free time to spend with the girls, more posters on my walls, all things that seemed so important then. And now? Embarrassing to say the least. While I thought I was speaking out against the system, I was actually the greatest proponent of tradition. I could have questioned the school's priorities towards academic commitment and my future, but I didn't. I could have lived up to the authority vested in me and stood up to my classmates as they beat up defenseless young kids, but I didn't. I could have asked serious questions of my teachers as dusters were thrown at me, but I didn't. I didn't say anything.

Why not? I had all the hope and hate and contempt for the system and a fair idea of what needed to be done, all the requisite factors that drive most young people to protest. But I just sat back and whined about it with less conviction than it takes me to decide what method is going to be used to kill the animal that I'm going to eat.

Was it because I was just too comfortable and never wanted for anything? Or was it because I just didn't care? Most people think I'm a pretty nice guy but people who know me best will also someday have the courage to tell me that I'm lazy, apathetic, indifferent and completely self-centered. And I suppose that's it. Even this article is such a sham. I have found ways to frame my sentences in such a manner that no one can really point fingers at me. And if you say anything about it, I will, in my usual fashion, rubbish you and become defensive.

I am a typical member of a society that has worked too well. I am not concerned with what I really going on around me but am satisfied with restraining myself in an environment of isolation much like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

This will probably be my greatest failing as a teacher. My inability to teach my students to make noise. To scream and shout until their voices go hoarse. To be naïve enough to try and save the world.

And people wonder why I don't smile any more.

talent hunt

Year after year, the Weekly looks for new talent within the school community to rejuvenate it. All those C, B, A and S Farmers interested in joining the Editorial Board must come to STB's classroom on Thursday, 28th September 2006, at 2:30 pm to sit for a preliminary test. Short-listed candidates will be required to appear for an interview at a later date.

You're Beautiful

Abhaas Shah

The essence of man lies in individuality and perception, and thus it is said, "beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder." Beauty is not only visual, it is not about looks, nor the mere physical features endowed upon everything around us by God. Beauty is the all-encompassing blend of one's senses, which hits so hard (when it does) that you are left dumbstruck, and can truly exclaim, "That is beautiful!". I worship beauty. It is sacred. It is a staunch reminder of the fact that there is still substance and something of value left in this world. That is beautiful! Beauty is truly everything that ever lived on this planet. For all of us share this common feature of being what we are and what we can be. For all of us share that knowledge of right and wrong, and yet are not always right. There is a flaw: and that is beautiful!

A lot of us think of beauty and imagine women, we imagine flawless skin, perfect assets and attractive hair. This is not, however, all we think about. For beauty is not so lowly and constricted. Beauty has no boundaries. For beauty is the ultimate statement of love and devotion. It is the control of the divine human heart over the human body. When we do rise above such mediocrity we, in an assiduous manner realize that beauty resides not only in the shape of the body, but also in the shape of the mind, not only in the face, but also in the countenance, and we acquire the skill of judgment of character and come to know that all good-looking people are not of the same ilk. Beauty is everything from the mind to the body. As Francis Quarler puts it, "If virtue accompanies beauty, it is the heart's paradise, if vice be associated with it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace."

We begin to comprehend this profundity in other manners. We see beauty in the perfect pass, the flawless shot, we perceive beauty in the lush green scenery of Doon, which we usually take for granted. We sense beauty in music, in art, in novels and in the words of great men. Each person's choice differs, yet everyone is awestruck with the beauty revolving around them. Nothing is beautiful from every point of view, yet we should never lose an opportunity to appreciate anything that is beautiful, for beauty is God's handwriting – a way-side sacrament. Beauty is sacred. It is divine.

To quote Zimmerman, "beauty is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder."

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CRICKET CRITERIA

SAMRIDH AGARWAL

Cricket is not just about picking up a bat and smashing the living daylights out of an odd leather ball. It is much more than that. It is essential for a batsman to stand with his body weight distributed equally, not a shade more to the right or to the left. It is important for a batsman to bend his body perfectly, while keeping his head in line with his shoulders and as steady as a rock. The batsman's follow-through, as opposed to that of the bowler's, ensures that the power with which the ball is hit can get it through to the desired direction. Shuffling can, sometimes, also help batsmen gain momentum. The bowler, on the other hand, must remember to take measured strides. A stride too long or too short can upset the entire rhythm of the delivery. Moreover, a perfect follow-through is required from the bowler so as to get the correct amount of pace in his delivery. Often forgotten though it is, the role of the fielders is much more than decorative. The coordination and communication on field by them greatly increases the morale of the team. High speed and active participation is expected from any good fielder. He must move about his fielding position to maintain the inertia of motion, so that he is not taken aback by a ball rushing toward him. Of course, these are not all the elements that make a great cricketer, yet these are the essential components. The game requires from a player – concentration, agility and a high level of physical fitness. Incorporate these into your own style: it will do your game a great deal of good.

Let There Be Light

ADITYA SHANKAR PRASAD (EX-3T '06, ICSE)

Knowledge our light,
And teachers our lamps,
Illuminating the dark corridors
Through which we meander.

And in these corridors of life
We find many a laurel and wreath,
Prizes which we would have never stumbled upon
Had it not been for our guiding torch bearers.

This torch is never extinguished,
For each one of us is a torch bearer in his own time.
And with each fellow passerby with whom we share the
Flames of our torch
We bear forth into the maze of life.

If this torch fall prey to the wind,
Armageddon is soon to follow,
For all the world and its glory
Shall be lost in the shadows of ignorance.