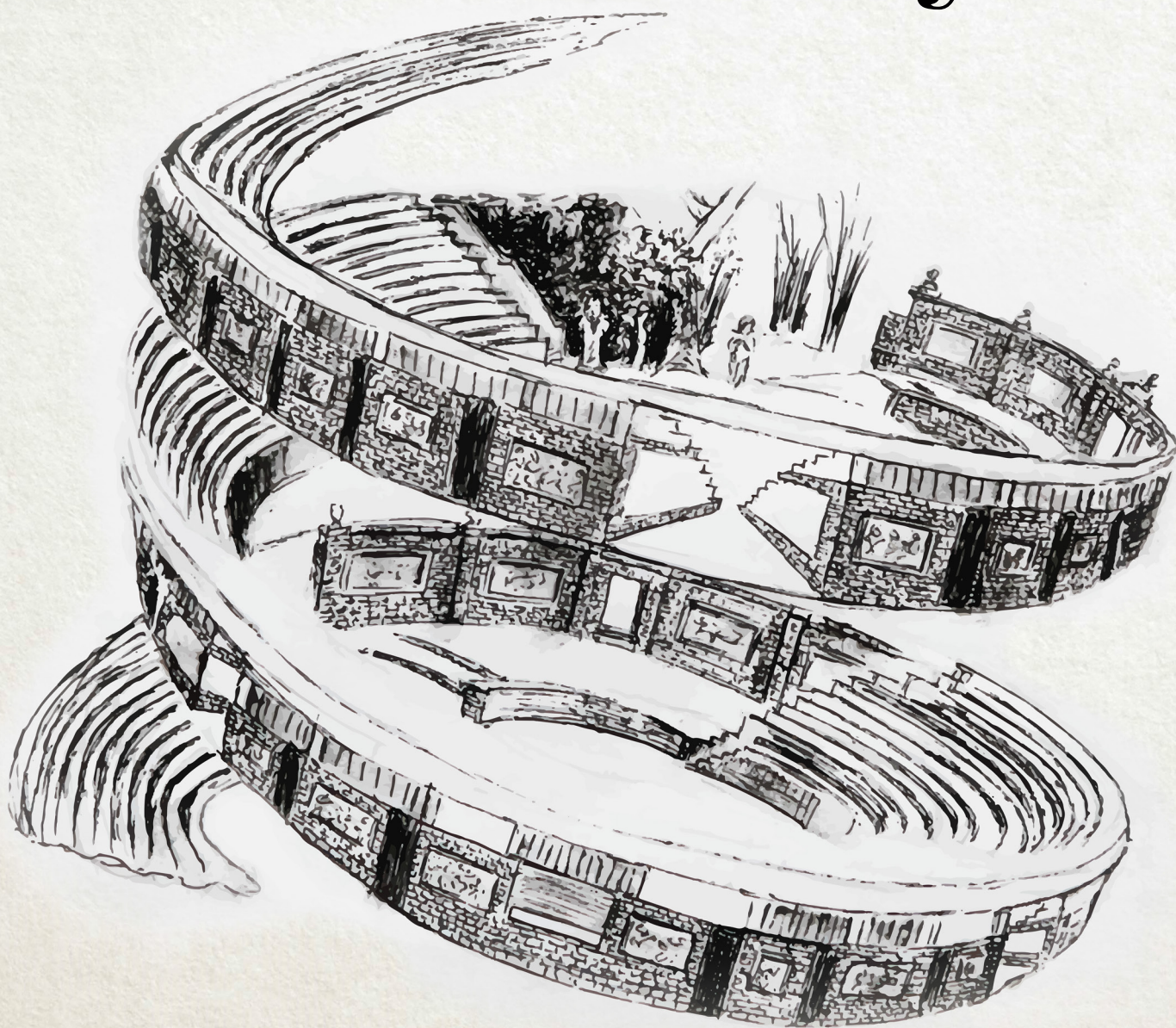


The Doon School Weekly



Santhak
22/8/10

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Living Our Mission at 81

Mr Matthew Ragget | *Headmaster*



I have been looking forward to Founders since joining the School because I have wondered what it would feel like when our bustling village of learning turns into a city for a few days. I imagine that there will be all the usual excitement that one finds in a city; the music, the theatre, the food and the energy. I should think that there are also some of the usual problems; the parking, noise, queues, rubbish and the stress that comes with so many people being in one place (especially for our administrative and support staff).

Celebrating Founders and collectively remembering what has gone into the making of a school is an important act of reflection for the community. Going through this annual check-up to take its pulse and to reaffirm that we are on the right course is an important ritual that will help everyone realign themselves so that we set out again on parallel tracks.

After 81 years of existing with the mission to turn exceptional boys into the servant leaders and ethical contributors to a free and meritocratic India, the School can feel rightly proud of its place in the recent history of this nation. Like any mature and successful organization, however, it could also fall into the trap of feeling a little too pleased with itself. This annual check-up is the chance for us to collectively examine our efficacy, influence and relevance.

Education in India presents its own challenges when it comes to government schools, but is booming for those who can afford it. There are new entries to the education business, with schools opening on a monthly basis all around the country. This must be doing nothing for the shortage of teachers in those schools where the country needs them most. So, what can an 81 year old, boys boarding school with 583 students do to bring about the change and live up to its grand mission? Well, the first thing that we can do is care about the problem and make sure that we are informed about where it came from and what efforts will contribute to improving things. If we can help to be part of the solution – and that could be in the form of advocacy and engagement on the regional and national level to social service in the town, hosting workshops for teachers and delivering training to others – then we are doing the right things. We certainly need to make sure that we are sending young men out into the world who are going to help make things better.

Global perspectives, one of the core elements of the Cambridge IGCSE programmes that we will be offering from B form in April, 2017, is something that will give us the chance to explore themes like ‘Education for All’, ‘Disease and Health’ and ‘Belief Systems’. The course requires that our students examine, analyse and evaluate questions of their own creation within these topics and make comparisons with other places in India and with other countries around the world. They are also required to work together and be assessed together, just like in real life, as well as to communicate their findings in a way of their choosing to reach a target audience using print, video or whatever they think meets their needs. As far as I am aware, this is the only internationally recognized K-12 school qualification that assesses anything that is actually useful in life and that is why we will be doing it. Einstein famously gave an examination paper to his graduate students at the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton. “But Professor Einstein”, one of them said, “you set us this paper last year!” “Yes”, Einstein replied, “but the answers are different this year.” Content knowledge will eventually be out of date, or just something to be referenced; it is the skills of where to find that knowledge, what to do with it and how to make it work for us that we need to be giving to our students.

That, and showing them how to be kind to one another.

The Final Piece

Chaitanya Kediya | *Editor-in-Chief*

This Editorial, in what now seems to be a tradition, is the last piece of this jigsaw puzzle. The articles are placed, the edits are in, and the printing press is warming up to print the last issue that I will ever work on. The thought that this journey, which has spanned over five years, is coming to an end is frightening and yet in its own way seems natural. Having worked on over 125 issues as member of its editorial board I can safely assure you that editing the Weekly is not an easy task, and it isn't meant to be one. It is the challenges of working on this publication that truly make the experiences memorable. From the moody printer in the Weekly Publications Room which needed to be cajoled to work on every occasion to the retro (read old!) computers which constantly reminded us of the temporary nature of our world by constantly crashing and erasing any work that we had done. This tenure had been arduous but definitely one that has helped me learn, grow and improve.

In my opinion, the Weekly best exemplifies consistency and resilience in a world that is constantly changing. In a rather paradoxical manner, these simple pages of black and white attempt to add colour to every Dosco's life in School and hopefully beyond. More than just a medium to chronicle the events taking place in School, the Weekly must continue to serve as a platform for debate, discussion and creative expression. Ignorance has always been the biggest problem that the world faces, and it presents itself in numerous ways. The fear of the unknown, the battle between religion and science, and even certain ideological and political positions all find their roots in a shared ignorance. In such times it becomes the duty of institutions such as the Weekly to serve as the light in a world of darkness.

To that end, in this year's Founder's Edition of the Weekly we have tried to contribute towards fighting the ignorance. From articles on the lack of appreciation of African culture to understanding the rise of a demagogue in the United States of America, this edition aims at providing an insight into a myriad of topics. We have also revived the Vox Populi to identify and analyse the beliefs and opinions held by members of the School community. Finally, we have continued with our New Yorker inspired design to allow for more space and a better reading experience.

As my editorial responsibilities come to an end, I would be amiss if I did not thank a few individuals. Firstly, I would like to thank Madhav who has stood by me through thick and thin. In an ironic twist, I would also like to thank the outgoing Master-in-Charge Mr Shrey Nagalia who has had an illustrious run of six years on this publication. Despite multiple arguments over censorship and article content, I could always trust his counsel to be unbiased and wise. Along with him, credit for the Weekly goes to Ms Anamika Ghose. She has always been there for us, especially if any last-minute dashes to the printers were required! However, I owe the most to my Editorial Board, which has faced the full spectrum of my emotions and borne my tyranny leadership. Words alone cannot do justice to recognise the amount of support that I have received from them over the past year.

If there is only one message that is to be drawn from this Editorial, or for that matter from the entire issue, it is this: assume nothing. While it is difficult to draw a line between paranoia and vigilance, it is often necessary to question anything that is simply being asserted. With countries being nearly evenly split on all issues such as transgender rights, immigration reforms, economic inequality and even climate change, it becomes abundantly clear that we are now living in an increasingly polarised world. In such a situation rumour mongering and character assassination have replaced the traditional duel of weapons or wit. Thus, despite having more sources of information than ever before we often restrict ourselves, whether consciously or not, to opinions and news that fall in line with our own set beliefs. The words

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“ In a rather paradoxical manner, these simple pages of black and white attempt to add colour to every Dosco's life in School and hopefully beyond. ”

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of Ferdinand de Saussure ring true, c'est le point de vue qui crée l'objet (it is the point of view that creates the object).

Ultimately, one must not let one's opinions stagnate, and should be willing to challenge them through every method possible. People have questioned the unpredictable nature of the Brexit vote and the recent rejection of the peace deal in Columbia. However, these events bear testimony to the fact that as consumers of information we limit ourselves to echo chambers that resonate our own opinion. This can be quite dangerous for it alienates a vast variety of alternative thoughts and opinions. The onus then, squarely falls on the individual not only to be aware and form an opinion but also to engage with differing opinions and allow for the possibility for a change in one's own opinion.

It is with this message that I bid adieu to this publication. I hope that this issue is enjoyed as much as we enjoyed in making it. On behalf of the Editorial Board, we hope you enjoy Founder's Day, and Happy Reading!

* * *

Flipping Back Pages

Madhav Singhal | *Editor*

This last minute writing of an Editorial for the *Weekly* brings a sense of closure to my tenure as a member of the Editorial Board. Being yet another symbol of the hurriedness that characterizes our functioning, this Editorial takes me back to the time that has hurried by.

It all started on a rainy August morning. After numerous try-outs and submissions (none of which ever got printed), the then Editor-in-Chief walked up to a timid B-former and informed that he would be on the board of the *Weekly*, albeit on a probationary basis. Then began the saga of finishing meals quickly to be on time for meetings, running to Chakrata gate after Friday dinner, collecting articles and the struggle to even out the spacing between words on the software. What followed was a hurried flip-book of events with sporadic scenes of Change-in-Breaks due to *Weekly* 'jam-ups', the never-met deadlines, bumper-car chairs in the room, bunking Friday morning assemblies, etc.

Along with the work of the *Weekly*, we hung on to our other pursuits: hurrying between the sports fields and the *Weekly* room, running to the library during break to finish the remaining regulars and representing School in other curricular activities (and ending up writing reports for the same!). This hustle-bustle only chased time at its heels and made it fly even faster.

It is perhaps this above-mentioned flurry that has become an important learning for me. The absolute necessity of not failing to print an issue, despite all the other involvements and responsibilities has taught me something valuable: there are some things which are greater than you are. The *Weekly*, for me, embodies the ideas, thoughts, efforts, pains, joys, and perhaps the existence of many who have served on its Editorial Board. This embodiment is what has always been the reason for me to be a part of the board and work for the *Weekly*, despite all other pressures.

Hurried. That is how I look back upon my time with the *Weekly*. As this hurried Editorial comes to an end, all I wish for is that time had moved a bit slowly, so that we could have relished our experiences with the *Weekly* even more. I wish it had been as slow as our working pace on Mondays, as relaxed as the publication room after the issue had been sent for print on Fridays, and as interesting as a reading of the *masala*-filled *Roving Eye*.

As I write this last line, all I can do is to implore you to savour this issue of the *Weekly* as I intend to: unhurriedly.

Yours truly,
Madhav Singhal

Writing for Writing's Sake

Atrey Bharghava and CC Chengappa | Senior Editors

When someone talks about writing in School, it generally involves getting an article published or being on the board of some publication. Many juniors talk about being part of a publication, because it might help them engage with productive work whilst in School. Being part of a publication does help an individual in many ways and is definitely something to be proud of. But what it leads to is an urge to see one's own name printed regularly, not the excitement of being able to express one's opinions through writing.

The focus of the School community has become rather myopic. Though we see a number of publications coming up each term in School, the intent of writing has changed. Students do not write because they love doing so, but because writing can provide them the recognition they are longing for. We do not seek to undermine the efforts that students make to write, but do believe that writing for recognition's sake dilutes the essence of this soulful experience. Writing should not be limited to ulterior motives, but should be something that comes naturally as a medium of expressing one's opinion. It is therefore no wonder that the best of writings are always personal, kept hidden from public view, to protect them from censorship and monitoring. Public writing requires the writer to adhere to certain notions, whereas personal writing has no strings attached to it.

In the larger context, what we are trying to critique is the need for the School community to change the way it perceives opportunity in School. We encourage each and every student to take all opportunities in School by the forelock, but at the same time recognize which activity he or she is best suited for. What we propagate against is the attitude of students to not engage in School activities because of lack of confidence, or the fear of being judged. However, one also needs to understand that though it is always beneficial to try every activity, it is not necessary to perform every activity. As our years in the junior forms went by, being part of a team, play or a publication gradually ceased to be the main motive for most people who, instead, opted to do activities for the seat of authority that they offered. There have been various individuals in the past who have commented upon this very aspect of School, and it is this growing trend of materialism that School needs to address.

“ Writing should not be limited to ulterior motives, but should be something which should come naturally to one as a medium to express one's opinion. ”

We are not saying that all Doscos run after material gains. There are people who might have tremendous acting abilities but still do not act because it is not something they want to do. There might be footballers who play every day WW but do not wish to play for the School team because they think competition is a contradiction to the ideal of fraternity which sports as a concept essentially propagates. However, we do feel a growing trend of materialism which is gaining ground in School.

As our time in School comes to a close, we know that our batch mates have utilised these seventy acres for everything that it has to offer. We may not be the best at what we do, but we have definitely learnt a set of skills that are enough to carry us forward in our lives. As writers of this piece, we have both used writing as a medium to express ourselves in School, regardless of whether people take the effort to read what we write or not. Moreover, receiving feedback, or even criticism for our writing helps us to improve further and strengthen our own writing skills. Through this analogy, we seek to establish that it is not necessary for a Dosco to be the best at everything he does. What is more essential is that he has the passion and ardour to continue improving in an area of his choice.

Moreover, there is no harm in trying out something, even in the latter stages of one's life. The one thing our teachers and seniors have told us through the years is that it is never too late to begin and build on an interest. What we sometimes forget is that even SCs are only eighteen-year-old adults with limited exposure outside the walls of Chandbagh, and it is too early to give up on learning something new. The attitude of Doscos to mock someone who starts anything afresh in his

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S or his SC form needs to change. We still have a long way to go, but our perception about events around us has definitely changed for the better. So much so that the amount of criticism and negativity with which we viewed a form-mate who tried out a new activity in his early School years has reduced considerably.

Through our years we have witnessed the School change for better in many ways, but as a community we cannot stop now. It is time we ascertain the extent to which materialism has seeped into the Dosco brain. We need to challenge this complex philosophical question in order to clearly pave the path our School is meant to tread on.

* * *

Freedom

Vinayak Shourie | *Reprinted from Issue no. 1649, October 26, 1991*

The gates clanged behind him. Finally, he was free. He had gone into prison, a juvenile, defiant man of only eighteen years. He had been convicted for murder in the first degree. Twenty years had caused a drastic change in him. His face had aged considerably and he looked much older than his thirty-eight years. He stood on the pavement, slowly absorbing all that was going on around him. Everything had changed. Women in flashy cars whizzed past him, as he stood on the pavement enjoying his freedom.

The pedestrian sign turned green and he started to cross the road. Suddenly, he noticed that people were no longer bothered. They did not follow rules. They continued to zip along in their cars. Feeling his pockets, he pulled out a few measly dollars. Walking into a cafe, he realised that his money was worth nothing.

Disgustedly, he walked into a poorer section of New York. He saw young, innocent-looking children peddling drugs. His eyes fell upon a couple of teenagers, thin and dressed in rags. They were indulging in heroin. The walls were covered with graffiti. Vulgar language and signs smothered

all the walls. Walking into a newspaper shop, he was horrified at the contents of the newspaper. He had not read one for twenty years. The news only contained deaths, rape, violence, drugs and other atrocities. He was disgusted. Throwing the paper aside, he strode past the surprised news agent. He carried on walking and finally reached Harlem. Thoughts of the old days flooded his mind, when people did have a sense of decency,

romance and mutual love.

He sat down on the pavement and slowly tears welled in his eyes and began to stream down his cheeks. He realised what the world had come to. His existence was meaningless. He was just another disillusioned soul, disenchanted with society. And what saddened him most was the bitter thought that he could not do anything about it.

* * *

In the Name of God

Armaan Verma

The clouds above released their tears,
And even the Sun could do naught,
But look away and close his ears,
As God stood speechless and distraught.

Mourning a world that once was green,
He wept at the sight of it dying,
While Man stood proud, bloodied, and lean,
Oblivious to God's crying.

The earth lay torched and all the grass still smoked,
It seemed the last voice of all reason croaked.
God asked of Man, 'For what, my child, for who?'
Man smiled wide. 'This, my lord, is all for you.'

Railway Rhapsody

Ms Priyanka Bhattacharya

At the ripe old age of 41, I'm struck by the fact that my childhood belongs to the previous century in a way that makes it fundamentally different from the childhoods of my sons, and most of my current students who are 21st century-*walas*. As in, I was spared the privilege of sanitisers, smartphones and satellite television, to say the least. Most importantly and thankfully, my folk were poor enough to not own a car or a scooter, and to only afford travel by railways. This final blessing ended up enriching me in ways I cannot even begin to fathom.

We travelled by the railways, three-tier, and in the days of the coal engine. By the time we'd reach Howrah, after a 30-hour journey, my face would have a distinct layer of soot on it, on account of my having stuck it to the railings of the window in order to 'see better' as I would sheepishly explain to my Ma. I'd fight for my window seat, and stick my face at the railings for as long as I could. When the landscape outside would get desultory, there'd be books to read, of course. I was once banished to the upper berth for an entire evening after a bunch of hoodlums boarded our compartment and forced everyone to share their seats for about six hours. I actually fell down upon the heads of two such gentlemen after a fit of laughter induced by Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*. I was still laughing as they scraped me off the

floor. My parents were laughing helplessly too. The poor hoodlums, frightened by the antics of this clearly disturbed family, left in disgust. I reclaimed my window seat gleefully. What a memory!

Then there was that time a pickpocket tried to snatch my watch off my wrist just as the train began to leave Patna station. I held on to his hand from inside the train, all the while making him swear that he would never do such things again. The poor wretch had to keep running quite a stretch of the platform, begging for his hand to be freed. My co-passengers were shouting all kinds of encouragement—to both parties. Screams of “*pakde rehna, beta, chhodna nahin!*” mingled with “*bhag, bhag aur tez bhag*” added to the atmosphere. Meanwhile, my horrified parents were yelling into my face, “LET HIM GO! He'll lose his legs, you fool!” Of course, I had no such vengeful instincts, and I freed him just as the platform ended. I daresay he would have changed professions that day. That was some career counselling!

Another time, I woke up in the dead of night to check on my brand new trainers. You always worry about your shoes and luggage in a train. I had given space to a withered old man to sit at my feet while I slept on a side lower berth, against my father's advice. I had also worn the said trainers on a journey against my mother's advice. I mean you're

a teen, you won't listen, and that's all. This is what happened in quick series: I see trainers missing, I look out the window and see the withered old man walking off in them, nearly exiting the tiny station. Without a second thought, I leap out of the compartment, chasing after him, rugby-tackling him to the ground, yanking my prized shoes off his bewildered feet, and leaping back into the train just as it began to toddle off. My parents...well...to cut a long story short, my father swore he would never travel with me again. He said we could not afford to lose him to heart failure so early in his life. To this day, I travel in tattered shoes.

Of course there was so much else. Travelling companions, long conversations with perfect strangers, chess on magnetic boards, local delicacies sold on platforms, *poori-aloo* on leaf plates, and paperbacks bought from Wheeler's. I travel by boring AC coaches now, or worse, by air, the most unromantic means of transport. My children will never know the joy of actually smelling any landscape at all, of having the wind in their hair and soot on their face. Their travelling companions have their faces buried in their phones or laptops, and their ears stuffed with ear-pods. Train journeys in these sanitised times can be dreadfully boring. I am just thankful that my parents were ordinary enough to afford me the best days of my life.

Why Trump Sells

Aryan Chhabra | *An evaluation of Donald Trump's success strategy in the presidential race.*

It is hard to believe that a man who has called for an all-out ban on Muslims entering the US, defamed war heroes and called Mexicans rapists and drug peddlars is garnering praise for his ideas. More worryingly, he is also a presidential candidate in the upcoming US Presidential elections. This man, as we all know, is Donald Trump. As we come to terms with this reality, we cannot help but ask ourselves - how did an individual like him garner so much support? That is what this article will try to unravel. It will also delve deeper into why a leader like Trump has emerged in a society that has had a history of tolerance and openness, and whose belief in equality is one of its guiding principles.

To begin with, in a recent study released by a research centre, it was found that only 19% of Americans have faith in

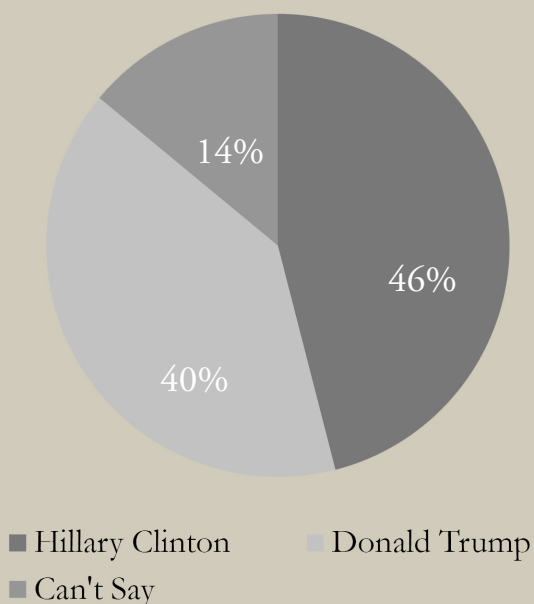
their government. What this effectively means is that a massive amount of population has lost trust in their leaders. Trump has successfully used this feeling of dissatisfaction and disaffection to attract supporters. By calling the political class 'the establishment', Trump has made the American public feel that their leaders have failed them. He has imbibed in people the sense that all politicians are dishonest and manipulative, and given his acumen for business he would truly be able to 'Make America Great Again'. Giving the examples of various foreign policy debacles like the Iraq War and Libya, Trump has effectively conveyed that the so-called top leaders of their country have made huge errors and their foreign policy has put America at the receiving end of all its losses. What has also helped Donald Trump's campaign is the lack of unanimity in the Democratic campaign in

its initial stages. While Donald Trump was inching close to getting the Republican nomination, Hillary Clinton and Bernie Sanders were too busy fighting each other to pay much heed to Trump's campaign. Thus, in the lack of opposition from the Democratic side, Trump launched a series of attacks against the campaign of both leaders, again helping him attract a huge number of voters.

What added to fuel to fire were the leaked emails which showed that the Democratic National Committee (a supposedly neutral body responsible for selecting Democratic nominee) colluded with media to push for Hillary's nomination, showcasing Democratic Party's hostility towards Sanders. Therefore, it wasn't much of a surprise for the Democrats when a poll conducted by Bloomberg found that almost half of Bernie's voters

Vox Populi

Who will be the 45th President of the United States of America?



As the quadrennial U.S. Presidential election-cycle inches closer to the last fortnight, the contest still retains its lingering stamp of uncertainty. Numerous scandals, developments and political faux pas, along with consistently low public approval of both major-party candidates have made result predictions difficult this cycle, with significant poll changes every day. In view of this, we decided to poll our School community for their view on the winner of the election. The results mirror reality, with Clinton maintaining a slight lead over Trump, and a large percentage of undecided respondents. It must be noted here that poll did not seek the respondent's preference between the two candidates, but rather their prediction of the likely winner. Clinton's edge over Trump may be attributed to the latter's controversy-ridden and unsteady campaign, as compared to the former's which has been relatively stable, yet faced moments in a negative limelight: making her advantage quite a small one. However, having been conducted prior to the first Presidential Debate, the perceptions are likely to have once again changed in the last few weeks of an ever-dynamic election. It thus remains to be seen whether our predictions shall indeed be realized.



<http://edition.cnn.com/2016/04/18/politics/new-york-city-donald-trump/>

would rather support Trump than join hands with Hillary in her bid to be the President. Apart from this, there is another huge factor that goes a long way into explaining Trump's success. However, before discussing that factor it is imperative to have a basic understanding of the psyche of a Trump supporter.

A significant amount of Trump supporters are without a college degree and believe that there is some sort of discrimination against Whites. Moreover, it was also found that voters who feel that they do not have any say in what the government does were 86.5% more likely to vote for Trump. Also, most of the Trump supporters live in parts of the country with racial tension and believe in waging a war against outsiders like ISIS, illegal immigrants and radicals. All of these traits are largely attributes of the White lower-middle class, and this is the community that Trump appeals to. The problems of the White middle class have largely been neglected by politicians. As a result, when these people went out to hear speeches by their leaders, they heard talks about Hispanics or African-Americans and the need to integrate them in society. However, they did not feel their demands were being addressed. They felt that not only were politicians and media uncaring when it came to them, but actually had contempt for their beliefs. Thus, the belief of the white Americans in religion, traditional

sexual beliefs and their opposition to gay marriage, homosexuality and rising immigration were seen as problems to be addressed and overcome, not as beliefs of

a decent society. Trump has very shrewdly addressed issues that pertain to the interests of this community and promises to find solutions to their problems. Thus, many in this community have come to view Trump as a saviour; a person who wants to listen to their problems and then be bold enough to fix them.

Like Adolf Hitler, Donald Trump has used people's dissatisfaction with the establishment, and his charisma to get people to vote for him. Let us just hope that Americans do not vote into power a man as irrational and aggressive as he. We all know that history has a scary way of repeating itself.

Morn

Nehansh Saxena

Coyly, silently,
She entered my chamber.
Dark nightmares were devoured,
By fantasy.

My weary body fit snugly;
The bed had hearth,
But I felt a hand, a virgin bride's hand, which signaled,
"Rise!" reassuringly.

She never spoke,
But her aura said it all.
Her refreshing breath brushed against my chest,
But as I awoke, she was gone.

I ran out of my room in her pursuit.
Her beauty mesmerized my soul.
I hadn't seen it, but it felt strong.
She was nowhere, but could I quit?

I couldn't. Not until I saw her,
A flawlessness of no form,
Her thinly netted veil hung over the sky.
She was the Morn.

Threadbare Standards

Ishaan Kapoor | *A comment on the virtues and shortcomings of School.*

More often than not, we criticize the shortcomings of any institution before we extol or even acknowledge its virtues. That being said, this article reeks of hypocrisy, because through the medium of this article I have attempted to acknowledge as well as criticize, with slightly more emphasis on the latter. And before you put this down and cry foul, read it through and try to understand, in its entirety, why indeed we are founded on this very hypocrisy that you're about to lash out against.

Let me reverse the conventional order, as I put you through this, and start off with a virtue. This institution is exemplary when it comes to several things, one of the more noticeable ones being the egalitarianism it perpetuates within its four walls. We wear the same clothes, eat on the same tables and attend the same classes, regardless of the historical baggage we carry as individuals. To top it all off we manage to maintain a vague sense of unique individuality amid the uniformity. But when we take this very virtue and litigate on it, we end up blindsiding a large chunk of the virtue and along with it, its absolute nature. And here I would caution you to take a deep breath, as you're probably not going to agree with what you read next.

If we pick up the example of punishment, often times we dish out a repercussion or a corrective measure to those who seek to gain unfair advantage over others, and this again, is all very well. The issue is - we don't compensate for those who are put at an unfair disadvantage for the same. In doing so, while we manage to push everyone back to the same baseline, we forget to pull those up who are behind it. Here I am not referring to those who start behind it (because of course as in an egalitarian institution we all start on it), but those whose productive assets are preoccupied with something else. And while one would say that those must work more to overcome their disadvantage, the space to work isn't always available. After all, there do exist only 24 hours a day and an exhaustible resource of energy for everyone.

The second issue is the right to free choice. Again, we would like to believe that everyone is endowed with the ability and space to prioritize or pick, but we would be delusional if we do. Within the boundaries of any institution our actions are bound by an anchor, entrusted by the institution itself under the alias of responsibility. In that, if one has proven oneself 'good' at something, it is taken for granted that he or she will see it through indefinitely. And this in turn leads to a kind of selfishness whereby each wants his or her 'own' activity to take priority in the mind of others and the priority endowed by the community creates an implicit hierarchy which dictates choice. So some activities inherently become 'more important' than others, which are now seen as a waste of time.

In all this, the institution does present more than ample opportunities to each individual, should one choose to avail of them. But the opportunity cost attached means that she or he is: a) bound to the chosen avenue, b) criticized if he or she does exercise his or her right to choose and opts out, and this critique will do its rounds under the guise of 'selfishness'. While at times the choice may indeed be selfish, we don't take into cognizance the times when it isn't. As a result, this cycle of contract and critique either deters the individual from availing of an opportunity, or renders him incapacitated once he or she has taken it.

Over and above everything, this leaves the initially perpetuated virtue riddled with holes. The notion of it as an absolute falls through. For instance, the egalitarianism within every gulf exists, and not just for those who keep their feet in more than two bodies of water. And because these are the people who do more, one doesn't recognize the burden the institution places on them. While the institution constantly delineates the chain of priority to its resident, it lays the chain flat, horizontally against the floor rather than hanging from the ceiling.

Don't get me wrong through this rant, I still respect the institution for it does a mighty good job in nurturing those

within it. Then again that is for the most part. There is still, and will remain, a niche which we will choose to blindside as it benefits us to do so.

'His' Story

Ansh Raj | *An overview of male stereotypes that plague our society.*

Over time, Feminism as a movement and thought process has gained enough traction amongst various sections of society all over the world. Despite the rigid structures that still prevail, many have accepted the tenets of Feminism as much required reforms that need to be implemented fairly quickly if we want a just and equitable society. However, what most of us haven't realized is that while Feminism is in full swing in societies all across the globe, another important element of society continues to be eclipsed by its own set of problems. In fact, many consider it to be non-existent and simply don't speak about it. This article aims to shed some light on the issue that is lurking in the shadows - the issue of Male Stereotypes.

"You are a man," "Buck up," and "Don't cry" are some of the words usually heard being spoken to a boy of a young and tender age. Since time immemorial, boys have been expected to be chivalrous, brave and 'cool'. It is a common belief that if one is a boy, one is only attracted to video games, outdoor pursuits, hard rock or heavy metal music and, of course, action packed movies. On the other hand, if a boy fails to meet this criteria, and is instead interested in romantic novels and prefers art and music over sports, he is immediately categorised as "gay" or "loser".

The time spent in school by a boy is considered the most crucial time of his upbringing, and it is in this

period that he tries to fit in - abiding by social norms that dictate how a boy is supposed to be. And many a time, the boy fails to comply with the "should be's" and is immediately discarded as being one of the weak or 'girly' ones. There are many boys who like dancing, singing, painting, and sewing, but refrain from doing any of these because of the fear of being judged by the others. Similarly, a boy is expected to go out and play with the other boys of his age. Staying at home and helping his parents cook or clean the house is simply not acceptable, simply because many consider these to 'woman's work.' These boys are often bullied by other 'manly' boys, and this bullying has a life-long effect on the victims. There have been many cases in the past where the bullied ones suffered from depression and anxiety, with a few even committing suicide.

There are many of those who, while trying to fit in, put on a constant façade to mask their own opinions and emotions. They are constantly putting up a show to the rest of the society so that they can be accepted, so that they can be called 'real men'. The ill-effects of this smokescreen are quite prominent and can cause permanent psychological damage on such boys. Sometimes, ironically, the same boys then resort to bullying, since many 'traditionalists' believe that 'boys will be boys' and bullying is not something to be really bothered about. What society does not realize is that the same boys, remaining under this delusion

will then get involved in immoral and unethical deeds - smoking, drinking, forming gangs, stealing, disrespecting women and elders to name a few. Yes, it is these men who later abuse women in the form of domestic assault, or even rape.

Fortunately, our own School has created a platform where every boy is comfortable performing activities of his own interests, however "girlish" (as the orthodox society puts it) it may be. Boys here take part in various 'unacceptable' activities like painting, cookery and music. However, what still remains unfortunate is the fact that boys aren't given much recognition by their classmates, juniors and seniors, if he is not fully involved in sports, or does not have an athlete's body- a dismay for many of our own colleagues- especially those who perform well in non-sporting activities.

Today men are often viewed as brutal, cold and selfish creatures. Perhaps the reason behind this can be their upbringing itself. Nobody, not even boys, are born hardwired to be cruel or rough. It is primarily throughout the stage of adolescence that certain social beliefs exist because of which boys are exposed to real damage. A change must be implemented, and it must be implemented quickly if we want to see men as creatures the Almighty intended them to be, and not as creatures the society forces them to become.

Sunset

Nehansh Saxena

The blood that ran through my veins was not pure. Its chastity had been ruined long ago. Sins had been committed. Cars swept across the road like the thoughts in my head. Too dazed to cross the road, a few cars stopped for me, perplexed. Deservingly, I walked straight into a moving car. Despite the mishap, I didn't deserve any courteous treatment. As gentlemanly the driver was, offering me help, apologies, it was my duty to deny assistance; for since when did sinners need any? As blood flowed out of the wound from the accident, no stains were formed. Stains only form on the skin of the clean, don't they? I limped on. The obscurity of my corporate black suit covered it. The New York bowler hat and coat concealed the little that showed. My face, smaller than my hand, fell under the bowler hat's shadows; there was nothing left to show anyways. Why is it that I couldn't acknowledge the poison within, when the whole world bowed at my

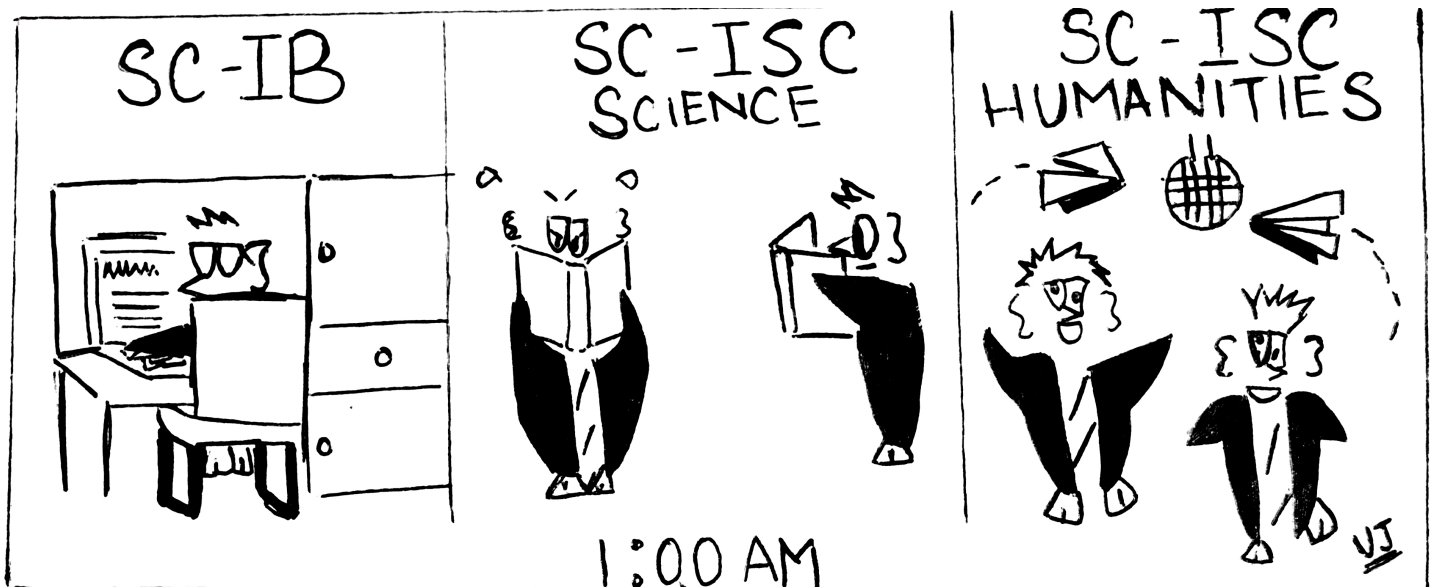
behest?

Who was I? What was I? These questions could have been answered by anyone on my part but me. It was easy to manipulate the masses, appease the executives and usurp positions. When I was alone, I couldn't face the respect I had accumulated over the years. When I looked back, giving an insight into what I had been doing over the years, my stomach curled in painfully, compensating for those I had pained, and the needy stomachs I have left unfilled in the myriad of personal, individualistic aspirations I set for myself.

It was late evening. The twilight sky hung there for a few minutes; it did not have enough time to wait and be admired by an incarnation of the devil. It stood there to symbolize the essence of my life. The bright red sun, at its brightest shade during the course of the day was at the periphery of the horizon.

As my eyes followed, it dipped into the ocean deep. I trembled in apprehension.

I walked down the boulevard leading to my house, with tall exotic palm trees on either side of the road. The tall, snaky shadows of the trees tried to embroil me. I choked. I rushed towards my residence searching for safety, a plush villa, only separated from the sea by the width of the boulevard. My wife opened the door. Not as much as a smile, not so much as an acknowledgement of my presence. She was an entity I had earned as a supplement to accentuate my reach. Who doesn't like an embellished, flawless face that never fails to smile at parties? She was my status symbol. Apart from the love we courted at parties, glances were rare between us. I sighed before entering my son's room. The wretch hardly knew what I was. As I entered his room, I realised that the only reason he considered me to be his father was



because he was innocent and indifferent. He had not understood the world yet. Perhaps he would someday. And on that day he would forget that he even had a father.

A son already disowned by his father for his immoral ideals, a father who will be disowned by his son too, the trajectory I was headed for was not what I had intended it to be. The hours post-dinner had been a blur as usual. Next morning, as I was glancing at my reflection in the mirror, I noticed a few greys on my hair. I groaned. On reaching my office building, I bumped into a former colleague whom I had surpassed aeons ago in the race to the summit of corporate greed. We exchanged customary smiles. I pressed his shoulders with my arms, almost pulling him down. My eyes glanced the differences we held in our physical form. He always used to be the laborious one. More than often, I had been the one who gave him my burden of the job. It was for the passion that he held for the job that he helped me, not our bond. His hair had merely a few feeble strands that remained as relics of the hard work he had undergone. "You haven't changed a bit, Max", he said. I nodded, with an objective expression. I didn't have a reply ready for him, rather; I replied to myself. Perhaps youth is best preserved in those who haven't used their true selves, like a fruit that refuses to be tasted. Before any awkwardness broke the formality of the situation, I turned and took quick strides before he could take a second glance of me. I already had too much guilt to feed upon; more would have crossed the tipping point.

I had the whole top floor to myself. A desk large enough to house a feast for those I left behind, and a throne deeper than my whims. I sat, still hesitant, despite the fact that it was my third year occupying the seat. There was no return from there, nor an option to start life afresh. I had to move on. But even through my leaden heart, a part of me still throbbed with the pain of those I had pushed down. Life carried me on; I still sit at the summit of corporate greed, but rather stagnantly. There is nowhere left to go anymore, so I am indecisive now. I am the red sun, waiting to fall into the deep ocean blue.

* * *

Routine

Bhaskar Chakravarthi | *Reprinted from Issue no. 859, May 14, 1966.*

The effect of routine on the character of any human being depends on how much of it he has to live with. Generally speaking, it builds a character, but in some cases it has broken men completely. A certain routine, which gives the individual scope to be his own master is definitely most useful. This form of routine is found in academic institutions, the services and in some monasteries and convents.

In academic institutions a certain schedule has to be adhered to, but this schedule always leaves room for the person concerned to express

his own ideas in any form he wants. He has to wake up at a certain time, eat at a certain time and work during fixed hours, but his individuality is never suppressed. During free hours he can go and do what he feels like, and no one will force him to do something he does not want to. Thus a sense of duty along with self-confidence is instilled in him, and he grows up to be a man of character.

In monasteries and other religious retreats a somewhat similar routine is practised. The brethren adhere to a fixed schedule and daily programme, but they always have

time to pray by themselves and explore the inner reaches of their consciences. The services have strict routine, but individuality is not completely pinned down.

There is some scope for a human being to avoid being slowly converted into a machine that moves when a bugle blows or when a bell rings. But unfortunately some men do change into this type of being and then they leave the army and return to a world void of routine they seem quite at a loss. This is because their individuality, their ability to make even minor decisions about ordinary things has

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been completely over shadowed by routine.

Routine is what breeds discipline. When a boy returns home for the holidays he finds himself free to do what he likes. He finds that no bell will interrupt him while he pursues some activity. Thus he tends to throw discipline, along with routine, to the winds. This lack of routine is what caused all the youth disturbances in Britain and other progressive countries.

Young people coming from institutions where they have been told what to do and when, for the major part of their stay, fling routine and discipline away on returning home and go about doing what they like and when. Where physical education is concerned routine is of paramount importance.

A short run in the morning every day keeps the boy fit and healthy.

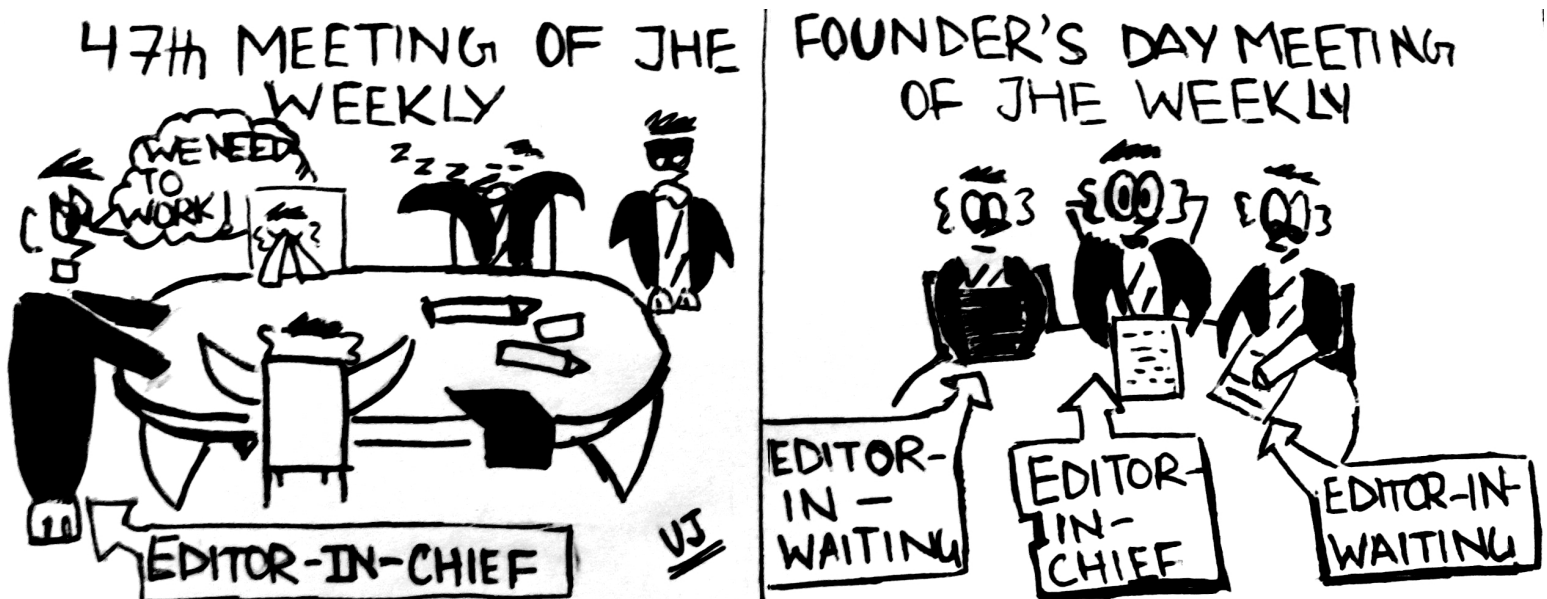
Here there is no harm in having a rigid routine, provided it is self imposed, as one can always recognise the limitations of one's body. For example, Sir Philip Sydney, one of the most famous Elizabethan courtiers, used to describe his physical education as "A good gallop on my horse every morning followed by a glass of wine for each of us, and surprisingly, he was fit throughout his life. Then there are the grandmothers of today's India, who still live in the orthodox of their youth. They get up early in the morning, have a cold water bath and then spend much of the day in prayer. They too live for an unusually long period, unusual at least for India.

I know a person who swims for an hour every evening in the summer, and plays squash for an hour in the winter. His constitution, too, is admirably tough and strong. This only goes to show that no routine can be too rigid where the

development and exercise of one's body is concerned. 'A routine, to be beneficial, must be well arranged.' It can be likened to a variety entertainment; all items must be arranged neatly and well to make the evening enjoyable.

There must be no repetition of items and they must follow each other in a pleasing manner. Similarly, a routine must present an enjoyable combination of the tasks to do, and avoid having two similar tasks appear consecutively. It must also have decent intervals between tasks, and most important of all, it must leave time for the individual to be left to his own self and mind.

If a routine can possess these essential qualities its effect on human character cannot be anything but beneficial but if it lacks any of these it can ruin altogether.



Just By Chance?

Ms Purnima Dutta | *On serendipity.*

Type in any word that crosses your mind on to Google and within milliseconds you will have all the information that you sought. However, my trips to the library have always been more enjoyable than Google searches for various reasons. Particularly one reason that has drawn me time and again to the library is the amazement I

“ You are likely to be caught unawares with surprises all along the way, and left marvelling at the amazing surprises that the world has in store.”

have felt at the happy surprise that the place always seems have in store.

I have found, in the library - any library - information that I didn't even know I wanted till I literally 'bumped into it'. So much so, that many Octobers ago, when in my bid to make up for all the missed college lectures, I went to the Library, and that trip was to change my life significantly. I was meant to look for information on old Germanic poetry, and the need was urgent. However, by some quirk of - should I say luck - I found a book with a suspiciously academic sounding title on economic history. However, for reasons still unknown to me, I pulled out the book and

before I realised it, I was going back to the hostel, proudly brandishing the book, with Germanic poetry light years away from my thoughts. The immediate outcome of such brashness is best left undisclosed, but in the long run, that one unanticipated encounter was to change the course of my life: I finally became interested in history!

Such experiences of 'pleasant surprises' however, are not confined to the realm of academics only. Have you ever had a tune playing in your head, and much to your surprise, even discomfiture, found that the Assembly song for the day sounded inexplicably similar to that tune playing in your head? If it has, let me assure you that you are likely to experience this over and over again for all the years of your life. From your worries tonight about international security issues appearing on the front page of tomorrow's news headlines, to the Assembly speech on Monday morning articulating your concerns, you are likely to be caught unawares with surprises all along the way, and left marvelling at the amazing surprises that the world has in store for each one of us. One such personal surprise is the discovery of a word called serendipity one afternoon when I had just been similarly surprised. Incidentally, this discovery was also quite serendipitous, as the word popped up on the dictionary while I was attempting to find a word beginning with 'G'!

Serendipity was coined by Horace Walpole in the mid-eighteenth century, to describe an unexpected finding he had made, and in doing so, made a reference to a Persian fairytale called 'The Three Princes of Serendi'. These princes, said Walpole, were 'always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of'. Although in my experiences with serendipity, there was no role played by sagacity, there are numerous discoveries and inventions in science, which were made possible by the role of sagacity as much as accident.

Some of the most famous discoveries include the microwave and its role in cooking, the discovery of the medicinal role of penicillin... the list could go on. However, none of these would have been possible if the individual involved was lacking in sagacity; in other words, if she or he is unprepared to make sense of, or successfully understand the significance of the chance encounter, there will be no discovery.

So the next time one of us walks into a library or a bookshop, let us not simply walk away with three books we didn't even know existed, but also exercise our sagacity in reflecting upon the significance of the finding. This will give us practice so that we can make sense of such chance encounters and go on to make momentous discoveries, all thanks to the serendipity.

Homicide in Harlem

Armaan Verma

"Name?" The man conducting immigration at the counter had preposterously small spectacles resting on his hooked nose and an indifferent look stuck on his face. He did not even look up as he asked.

'Benjamin Davis,' Ben beamed as he replied.

The immigration officer glanced at him and frowned. He pointed a fat finger to his left. 'Shouldn't you be in that line with the other coloured people?'

Ben's heart sank. He had been studying in France for so long that he had almost become estranged to the truly American racial hatred that had driven him away from home. He nodded curtly and proceeded, lugging his suitcase, to the line with all the other blacks. He had not seen men and women of his colour for so long that he seemed almost out of place among them as they merrily joked and pushed each other around. He made his way through immigration and stood, awaiting a bus from the South Street Seaport to Harlem. Ben was so eager to meet his parents that he could hardly keep still.

He ignored the disapproving looks from the white strangers around him. In some ways, he felt a tingle of joy. He considered it a superpower that he could irritate people just by the colour of his skin. That joy lasted until someone pushed him roughly, throwing his suitcase in a different direction. The man adjusted his hat and snarled. "You better watch your step, boy."

Ben groaned. The summer of 1935 was not at all a good time to be an African-

American. "I didn't do nothin', sir." He picked himself up and dusted his jacket. Ben returned the white man's gaze.

"Did you say something, boy? Your black mouth seems awfully big." The man stepped an inch closer. Ben could make out other figures ready to pounce on him like panthers.

Ben sighed. "No, sir." His mother had always said that he had an awfully big mouth. Thankfully, the bus arrived and Ben waited for all the other passengers to board before him. Finally, just as he was about to climb the steps, the bus driver yelled out a curse.

"Whaddya think you're doin'? Get on the next bus. I ain't gonna take the rap for getting late." Ben was vexed. "Why in God's name should I do that?"

The bus driver, a fat, middle-aged man seemed of Italian descent. The smoke from his cigarette clouded the entire vehicle. "Because you're black, slick. The hell makes ya think I got coloured seats on this tiny bus?" Without another word, he drove off into the noisy Manhattan traffic.

Ben's memory really did seem fuzzy. Had his countrymen always been so rough? He did not recall so. Ben decided to walk it. As the concrete jungle of New York cast its shadow over him, he couldn't help but dream of his mother's stew waiting for him in their cramped apartment home. Everything from the littered sidewalk to the imposing buildings seemed almost surreal. After half an hour and thirty pence worth of street food, he spotted his apartment

building a slight distance away from the main road. The bricks were as faded as when he had left, and his community still as segregated. Harlem greeted him with its customary awry atmosphere and its deserted streets.

A surge of happiness spread throughout Ben's body. Almost unconsciously, he ran across the road, aware of the two policemen glaring at him from the other sidewalk. He saw his father dressed in a loose shirt and a hat hiding his greying hair, outside their apartment, checking the mail. God, he felt unspeakable joy. His mother soon came out and their eyes met his. He felt tears welling up in his eyes and started towards them.

"Hey!" Ben turned, spotting the two policemen who had been watching him closely. The first one was in his thirties and was clearly accustomed to his work, while the hesitant steps of the second one as well as his prim uniform told Ben it was his first day on the job.

"We have word of a homicide on this block. You're coming with us." The first man looked down at Ben with burning hatred in his eyes. He grabbed Ben's arm and his hold grew much firmer when the latter resisted.

Ben almost yelled back, "But I didn't do or see anythin'!" His parents, by this time, saw the commotion and were running towards him, shouting his name all the while.

"We saw you running. Now quit fighting or I'll see your black behind in prison." The policeman snarled while his partner simply stood there

uncomfortably. When Ben tried to free his hands, the policeman shoved his knee into his back and Ben crumpled to the ground. He continued to resist even as the cop's elbow enveloped his throat. "Why, 'cause I ain't white folk, y'all gonna put me in jail?" After a few agonizing seconds, Ben realized he couldn't breathe. His mind was in a

swirl of anger and helplessness.

"Shut up, boy!"

For the first time, the second policeman spoke. "Hey, Jim, you're killing him. His life matters too." He seemed like he was about to intervene but then thought better. His partner almost laughed. "Do they really?"

* * *

Oddities

Aryaman Kakkar

Are we oddities? Are we?

Yesterday I saw a child, fire blazing from his fingertips, fuelled by unquenched curiosity.

It turned to smoke, drifting to a girl with auburn hair and startling green eyes. The irises filled with such sorrow that she released a scream, filling the world with an eerie silence.

Today I saw a boy. With an aura of gold and humongous white wings, he flew high above the others. He, with his gilded wings and beauty, was an angel.

While they glided, the true oddities

remained scattered below, staring longingly at those in angelic flight. For they were the ones with unwavering despair and lingering, longing love.

The world had trained, goaded out of them their expressions, their feelings, their words. Cast aside, their despair grew with their love, unsure of anything, everything.

Until now. Over time they had learnt to accept their lonely curse, giving to themselves a power unlike anything before. For with their acceptance, they healed others plagued by the same.

For what they couldn't feel, they

As Ben felt his lungs failing and his head turn giddy under the chokehold, he could only murmur a few words, "Even blacks have... rights."

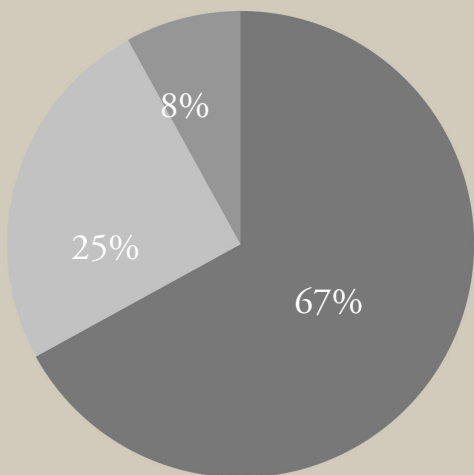
The cop with his elbow around his neck whispered back, in a tone almost of pleasure, "Animals like you don't have rights."

guided others how to laugh, to cry. For what they couldn't say, they listened to others, giving them a person to talk to. And because they couldn't heal their broken bones and cure their poisoned minds, they healed others of their ailments, of those flying high.

We, the healers and poets, learnt to accept what plagued us. We, with our despair, healed others of their melancholy, and I filled my words with magic and love, my heartbreak and my incentive.

You haven't answered me. Are we oddities? Are we?

Vox Populi



Is having classes before breakfast better than having them after lunch?

Since the beginning of the year, our School has experienced many changes. From the administrative set-up to the annual calendar, the debate has now culminated to a change in our daily schedule. The reason for the change in the old schedule was due to complaints made by students and teachers alike regarding the sleep deprivation problem they faced. However, the new system has failed to provide a solution to the problem. Boys feel that having classes before breakfast, followed by a rest-hour after lunch results in a better biological cycle. The teachers concur, finding the current schedule to be inefficient and underproductive. With a majority of the student community favouring a change, many enthusiastic Doscors have framed and pinned their own versions of the 'ideal' schedule on the Library boards!

The Path to Progress

Devang Laddha | *A commentary on the degrading effectiveness of foreign aid in today's world.*

Often, the concept of relying on foreign aid to rehabilitate a country's economy has found favour amongst many economists and strategists. The European Recovery Program laid down the foundation of such a concept. Popularly known as the 'Marshall Plan', under this plan the US gave monetary aid and essential goods to a Europe that was barely recovering from the damage wrought by the Second World War. The aid managed to act as the necessary catalyst to economic growth in the region. The sale of US goods in Europe increased manifold and at the same time it placed the European economy on a more stable footing. Following this example, numerous countries over the next few decades provided foreign aid to other countries in need. However, what we see today is that despite billions of dollars of aid being provided on a yearly basis, some countries have still not managed to jump start economic growth, or even recovery in some cases. Some seem to have gone from bad to worse. Hence, it becomes important to analyze the actual effect that foreign aid has.

The reasons for providing foreign aid are many. While some countries do it to satisfy a certain political agenda, or to reduce the threat of terrorism, most do it to promote social welfare. Foreign aid can be used by countries to build infrastructure, invest in the market, create jobs or deal with national threats such as terrorism. This allows governments to assume a more aggressive role in combating

various problems and improving the lives of citizens, especially when it comes to implementing various social welfare schemes. A good example of foreign aid being used to revamp an economy is that of South Korea. After the destabilizing split of 1948, US aid helped the country revamp its infrastructure and attain rapid economic growth. This then led South Korea to becoming one of the world's most prominent economies.

However, while a few countries have successfully utilized foreign aid, it has failed to alleviate the economic problems of many other nations, particularly in sub-Saharan Africa. According to a Wall Street Journal Report, over the past six decades, \$1 trillion of aid has been given to Africa, but the per-capita income has stayed lower than that of the 1970s, and more than 50% of the population – over 350 million people – still live on less than a dollar a day, a figure that has nearly doubled in two decades. This data poses a lot of questions about the working of foreign aid. Where does it work? Why does it work? Why does it not work? And, ultimately, what is the solution for sustainable development? I believe that to answer all these questions we need to explore some key aspects of foreign aid.

Firstly, we need to see how foreign aid is managed. Aid is primarily given to governments of countries with the assumption that it will be used effectively and for the right purposes. Often, how this aid is used

is not even monitored by the country giving it. In numerous cases, this has led to rampant corruption and aid being used to benefit a few rather than the many. Instead of addressing the needs of the people, a situation is created in which existing conditions are allowed to prevail, just so that aid keeps flowing in and a few political bigwigs keep pocketing it.

Secondly, we need to address the effect of foreign aid on the domestic market of a country. Foreign aid, and the introduction of foreign goods puts a strain on local businesses and often makes domestic markets weak and unstable, especially if the aid comes with strings attached. For example, a shipment of medicine coming from another country adversely affects the local producer of the same medicine. Thus, people find it harder to get work in the market, causing more social friction and lack of skilled labor due to lack of work. These factors dissuade private individuals from investing in the domestic economy and setting up local industries. The result is the absence of a self-sustainable economy. Being completely reliant on other countries for goods and with no domestic economy to speak of, these underdeveloped countries become further dependent on foreign aid.

The third issue that needs to be addressed is the effect of foreign aid on the relationship between the government and its citizens. In a democracy, a government is held

accountable to the people as the source of funds for the government is in the form of taxes. However, with vast amounts of aid coming in, governments become less reliant on their own population for funds and thereby, less urgent in their efforts to work for the progress of the people. This leads to corruption, especially in the way governments exercise power over the people.

Thus, many times, unrestrained and unchecked foreign aid promotes neither social welfare nor growth. Moreover, it does the recipient country no favours if foreign aid, directly or indirectly, drives a wedge between the general population and the government, especially if it is responsible for making the government corrupt and authoritarian.

Hence, what we see is that the concept of foreign aid needs greater scrutiny. While aid can foster economic growth, it also needs to be monitored. Its allocation, and the effect it has on the health of a country should be regularly checked by donor countries. Any violations should lead to the immediate suspension of foreign aid. Moreover, the recipient country needs to invest foreign aid in the training of its people and making them economically empowered, as well as investing it to strengthen domestic institutions and infrastructure. Developing countries should be able to function independently and be self-sustainable. Assistance, when required to combat threats should be given. However, it should all be measured and with a cap. Most importantly, foreign aid should not come at the cost of the common citizen's political empowerment.

Who We Are

Aryaman Kakkar

"Who we are"

A phrase, a statement.

A question? Perhaps.

It asks what defines us,

Makes us 'who we are'.

From the simplest of taunts,

To being taunted beyond the line.

An act of kindness and faith unto others,

To begging for scraps of food.

It is what we have done,

Are doing and will do.

We decide what we will become,

No higher power but our minds.

A single action, a simple decision is all

The excuse that Change requires.

Destiny and Faith have no hand,

In herding the true and the liars.

An idea born of anger, despair, helplessness.

An idea that guides these words.

One of identifying and rectifying mistakes,

Grave crimes, I have committed over the years.

To the victims I write for they shall know;

A letter, a kiss, a friend turned foe,

The first, a necessity; the second, heartbreak,

The third, a matter of pride, hubris for my sake

His passion for words turns brittle and breaks.

I beg for forgiveness, acceptance, hope

That I once again, will be hated no more.

That I, out of trust, will be feared no more.

That I, out of change, will be a friend once more.

'Who are we?'

I think to amend,

For isn't that the question

We ponder again and again?

Our identity, our feelings, our words

Our thoughts, fleeting as birds

Overshadow what was our past,

For it was once, but never again.

From Rochester's love undeterred,

To Miss Eyre's decisiveness,

We decide what we become,

A cold lover or a friend, firm.

We decide to love and forget,

To hate, to accept, to forgive.

My Fight for Words

Ms Malvika Kala | *On the power of language in politics.*

“Polonius - What do you read my Lord?

Hamlet - Words, words, words, words”

Nuclear energy, climate change, migration policy, labour reforms, fashion, education: everything that is public can be considered political. Politics has the capacity and authority to affect all spheres of social life. In this wide scope of political matters, one needs to closely examine the relationship between language and politics. Whether it is in the parliament, reality selling talk shows, at demonstrations or for international diplomacy- language and politics go hand in hand. Language has been used (and abused) at the hands of people in power to convince their supporters or those in the floating cadre, and to assail their detractors or quell the opposition. Words have an innate power and language might just be one of the biggest building blocks of democracy. Mass media strives to keep us uber-informed about the happenings and mis-happenings in a day. There are countless commentaries and interpretations – all of which are possible only through language. Language, therefore, is not only an instrument of politics but rather a prerequisite for its very possibility. Political action is lingual action in more ways than one. This means that the speaker and his/her speech have certain responsibilities and consequences. When a minister declares, “Hereby I step down from the post of ...”, the resignation is a function as well as an absolute direct

result of the communication.

The political scientist Martin Greiffenhagen believed that whoever named or labelled things also ruled over them. For him definitions created realities. Political reality is mediated in language. Our primary experience is inseparable from our perception about it. The whole thought process as well as the ensuing communication is what makes a vivid image of reality possible. Opinions and counter opinions are all a result of the same categories of perception and value based judgements. One’s perspective is influenced by agents of the outside world and our own environment.

Since politics is widely accepted to be an object of discourse, it is very easy to be swayed by either side. Propaganda has long been a weapon of the intellectually weak. The Nazis used language to remain in power and control the populace. The term ‘Third Reich’ (Third Empire) itself harks back to the glorification of a monarchical past and sought to legitimise Hitler’s autocratic government as a direct successor of the imperial legacy. Deliberately warped language was used by Nazis to destabilize and overthrow the Weimar government. The words of German language were denuded of their multi-faceted meaning and transformed into mere expressions of disapproval and fear. These words, emptied of their essential implications, were then used to marginalise and clamp down adversaries. Anyone who thought and spoke differently was judged through this corrupt language and accused of towing a decadent and

degenerate line of thought and of uttering slanderous and seditious falsehoods. Victor Klemperer, a Jewish Philologist and survivor of the Second World War wrote a book based on his experience with the Nazis - ‘The Language of the Third Reich: A Philologist’s Notebook’ (lingua Tertii Imperii: Notizbuch eines Philologen). The titular LTI (lingua Tertii Imperii) emphasized the damage that the Nazis had inflicted upon the German language. German came down from being a language of poetry, philosophy and high culture to an abased version where everything was censored and subjected to state controlled media. There were numerous euphemisms to cover up horrifying state sponsored acts, for instance ‘Sonderbehandlung’ literally meaning special treatment, just denoted murder and ‘Endlösung’ that literally meant a final solution, but in this context, indicated the Nazi plan for the extermination and genocide of all Jews.

Nazism stands as an example to the fact that constant drilling and propagating of hate speech and modifications in the most basic use of language-in idioms, sentence structures and words themselves, can accomplish what neither powerful individuals nor vitriolic speeches alone can. It was the mechanical repetition and droning on of these words that led to German people becoming willing executioners along with the Nazis and the Gestapo. This kind of manipulation of language is what one must be most wary of. One must try to look out for signs of debasement of language into a garbled, vulgarized and authoritative

version of itself. It is not just an organ of speech but also affects the psyche of an individual and then, gradually, an entire nation. One must be careful of creating and living in an environment where public discourse is allowed to deteriorate and degenerate from being subtle and nuanced to a watered down version that blatantly cleaves to the nether regions of the mind and misconstrues everything else that offers another alternative or a choice in general.

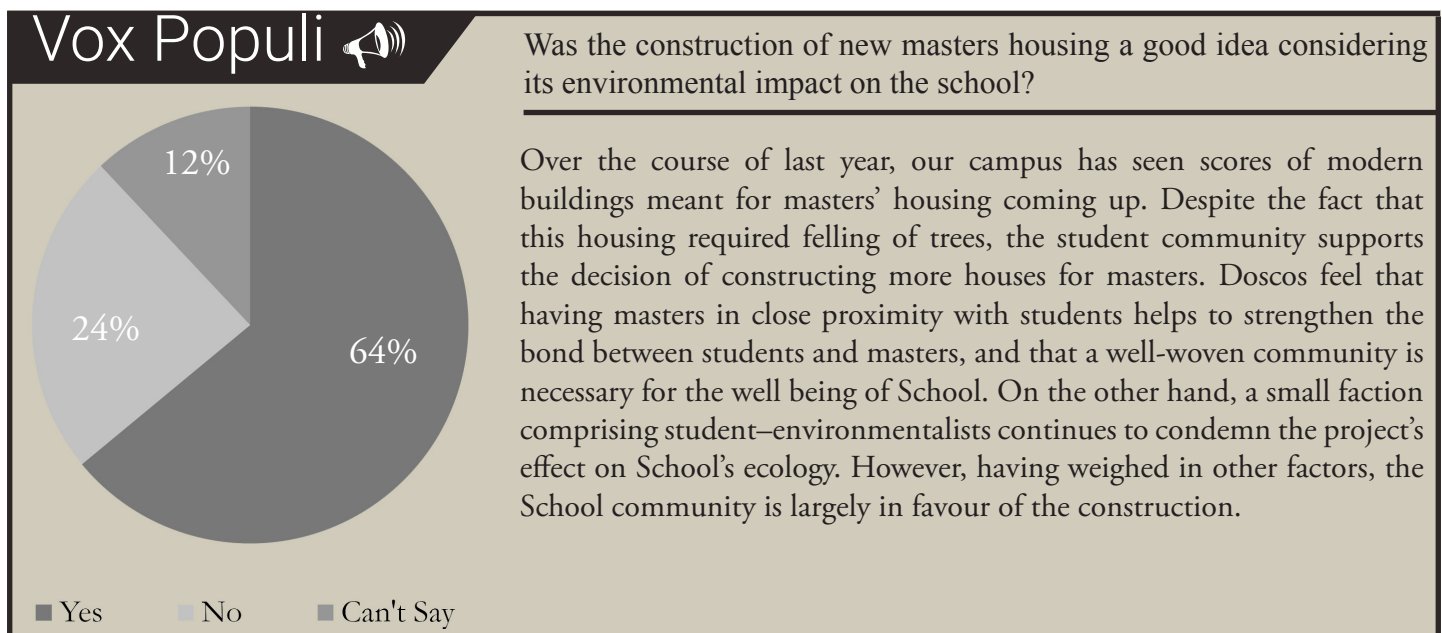
History writing is another casualty in this slow execution of language, culture and freedom. Since the writing of history itself follows a narrative structure, it becomes imperative to understand who wields the pen. Traditional Historiography ignored the struggle of the powerless and the marginalized and, treading upon their graves, suppressed their voice. History has to be understood in conjunction with the spirit of the times and the biases that come with it. A 'Revolution' erased the memory of the denigrating 'Mutiny', and my fight (*Mein Kampf*) is no longer a simple autobiographical assertion.

The elementary meaning of communication for our day-to-day coexistence has to be examined – how we, as social beings, mutually perceive, understand or misunderstand one another (whether intentionally or unintentionally). There is only one guiding principle of free speech: one learns to speak through speaking. Students especially, being the voice of tomorrow, have to be encouraged and motivated to think on their feet (if it is too soon to stand on them). The power of words should be passed on to future generations so that they can uphold and respect the responsibility and freedom that comes with living in a democratic society.

Mephistopheles: To sum up all - To words hold fast!
 Then the safe gate securely pass'd,
 You'll reach the fane of certainty at last.
 Student: But then some meaning must the words convey.
 Mephistopheles: Right! But o'er- anxious thought's of no avail;
 For there precisely where ideas fail,
 A word comes opportunely into play.
 Most admirable weapons words are found,
 On words a system we securely ground,
 In words we can conveniently believe,
 Nor can we of jot a word bereave.

J.W. Goethe: Faust 1

* * *



संपादकीय...

हम काफ़ी लंबे समय से यह देखते आ रहे हैं के विद्यालय में लोग वार्तालाप करने में हिंदी का अंग्रेजी से अधिक प्रयोग करते हैं मगर ताज्जुब की बात है कि जब बात आती है पढ़ने या लिखने की तो लोग हिंदी से कतराने लगते हैं। आखिर इसकी वजह क्या है? स्कूल में हिंदी पत्रिकाओं के पाठक अंग्रेजी पत्रिकाओं के मुकाबले बहुत कम हैं। हम स्कूल की सबसे अधिक पढ़ी जाने वाली पत्रिका से जुड़े हुए हैं इस नाते इसकी वजह ढूंढे बिना हमसे रहा नहीं गया। यही कारण है कि इस वर्ष मैंने अपने साथियों के सहयोग के साथ 'हिंदी-वीकली' को एक अपरंपरागत रूप देने की कोशिश की है। प्रस्तुत अंक में केवल लेख ही नहीं हैं बल्कि वाद-विवाद एवं रोजमर्रा से सम्बंधित मुद्दों पर दून स्कूल के छात्रों के विचार भी शामिल हैं जो निश्चित रूप से भविष्य को दिशा देंगे। कविता और कहानी के बिना एक पत्रिका अधूरी है इसीलिए राजनैतिक स्थिति पर एक मार्मिक कविता एवं सोचने पर मजबूर कर देने वाली एक कहानी अंक में सम्मिलित है।

कोशिश यही रही है कि डोस्कोस को सोचने पर मजबूर करने वाले ज्वलंत मुद्दों पर डोस्कोस के विचार प्रस्तुत किए जाएँ और उनका समाधान खोजने की कोशिश के जाए।

कोई भी प्रकाशन अपनी भाषा के सात हसात पाठकों के अनुभव के आधार पर अपना महत्वस्थापित करता है। मैं आशा करता हूँ कि इस वर्ष वीकली के हिंदी विभाग का अपरंपरागत रूप इसके पाठन को और भी आनंददायक बना देगा।

आपका,

राहुल भागचंदानी,

मुख्य- हिंदी संपादक

'एक्सचेंज प्रोग्राम' का अनुभव

• जशन कालरा

एक नये, अनजान और अलग देश में जाकर वहाँ के लोगों के साथ रहना एक १६ वर्षीय के लिए एक अद्भुत एहसास होता है। जाने के पूर्व इस सोच का उत्पन्न होना कि वहाँ के लोगों की संस्कृति, पालन और रिवाज कितने भिन्न होंगे, उसके कदम को और भी चुनौतीपूर्ण बना सकती है। कुछ इसी प्रकार जिज्ञासा, उत्साह और विचारों से भरा हुआ, मैं २२ अप्रैल २०१६ को गोल्ड कोस्ट पहुँचा। जैसे ही मैं अपने एक्सचेंज स्कूल, 'द साउथपोर्ट स्कूल' पहुँचा, जायज़ सी बात है कि मैंने खुद को एक ऐसे वातावरण में पाया, जो मैंने आज तक न देखा था और न ही महसूस किया था। शुरुआत से ही मुझे यह साफ़ हो गया कि यह भिन्नता मेरी ज़िन्दगी में ताज़गी का झोंका लाएगी।

प्रथमतः कई बेहतरीन और मोती सरीखे लोगों को जानना, और उनकी संस्कृति एवं जीवन-शैली से परिचित होना, अपने आप में ही एक अनोखा अनुभव था। उनके रहन-सहन के निरीक्षण ने मुझे ज़िन्दगी को लेकर नई दृष्टि प्रदान की। जैसे-जैसे मैं वहाँ के तौर-तरीकों से परिचित हुआ, वैसे-वैसे मेरा दूसरे लोगों एवं भिन्न संस्कृतियों के प्रति नजरिया भी बदलने लगा।

मैं अपने एक्सचेंज स्कूल का आभारी हूँ कि उन्होंने मुझे कभी रोमांच की कमी महसूस नहीं होने दी। अंतर-विद्यालय टेनिस प्रतियोगिताओं से ले कर शहर के दौरों तक, मेरे एक्सचेंज काल में मस्ती के पलों की कमी नहीं थी। और तो और, साउथपोर्ट जैसे सुन्दर कैंपस में रहना मेरे लिये सौभाग्य की बात थी।

भाग्यवश मुझे मेरे एक्सचेंज के काल में ऑस्ट्रेलिया की कुछ बेहतरीन जगहें, जैसे, सिडनी, मेलबोर्न,

कैनबेरा, ब्रिस्बेन तथा कैन्स को देखने का मौका भी प्राप्त हुआ।

शायद मेरी ज़िन्दगी में अब तक का सबसे रोचक और साहसी कार्य था मेरा सिडनी के बाहर 'स्काई-डाइव' करना। निर्मल गगन की तहों में पंछी की तरह उड़ना, और नीचे की दुनिया को अकाल्पनिक ऊंचाइयों से निहारना, एक खास और याद रहने वाला अनुभव था।

निष्कर्षतः मैं शुक्रगुजार हूँ कि मुझे एक्सचेंज पर जाने का अवसर मिला। एक्सचेंज प्रोग्राम की सबसे खूबसूरत बात है एक ऐसे वातावरण में रहना और ढलना जो कि हमें शायद सिर्फ सुनने में ही आया हो। उनके शहरों और देश के बारे में जानना, उनकी कक्षाओं को देखना, वहाँ के लोगों से मित्रता करना, उनसे उनकी ज़िन्दगी के बारे में बातें जानना और उन्हें अपनी ज़िन्दगी के बारे में बताना- ये कुछ अनमोल हिस्से हैं उस अद्वितीय अनुभव के। मैं अपने सभी कनिष्ठ विद्यार्थियों को इस मौके को नज़रअंदाज़ करने की भूल करने से टोकूंगा और यही कहना चाहूँगा कि इस अनुभव को शब्दों में पूरी तरह बयान करना संभव नहीं है और सभी को इसे स्वयं महसूस करना चाहिए।

विचार-धारा

क्या विद्यालय में हिंदी वाद-विवाद में आप कुछ बदलाव देखना चाहेंगे? इसके भविष्य एवं स्थिति के बारे में आपकी क्या राय है?

शिखर त्रिवेदी (हिंदी वाद-विवाद प्रमुख): वाद-विवाद कागज़ पर ही हार या जीत लिया जाता है, भाषा तो मात्र एक माध्यम है, विचार प्रकट करने का। आरम्भ से ही मेरी और हिंदी विभाग की यही कोशिश रही है कि बोलने के तरीके से ज़्यादा विचारों को अहमियत दी जाए। हम समझते हैं कि भाषा

और बोलने का तरीका भी अत्यंत आवश्यक हैं, परंतु वाद-विवाद मूल रूप से एक 'विचारों की जंग' है।

जहाँ तक विद्यालय में हिंदी के स्तर और आदर की बात है, मेरा मानना है कि आरम्भ से ही हिंदी का औपचारिक रूप में प्रयोग नहीं किया गया है किन्तु दैनिक जीवन में और अनौपचारिक रूप में उसका बढ़ता प्रयोग देख, मुझे अत्यंत उल्लास होता है।

क्या आप यह मानते हैं कि अंग्रेज़ी पत्रिकाओं के मुकाबले, हिंदी पत्रिकाओं की अध्यापकी कम हो रही है? अगर हाँ, तो आखिर इसकी क्या वजह है?

माधव भारद्वाज (मुख्य सं. 'युव-अर्पण'): मेरा मानना है कि हिंदी और अंग्रेज़ी पत्रिकाएँ दोनों ही आरम्भ से बहुत अच्छा काम करती आ रही हैं। गुणवत्ता में आरम्भ से ही हिंदी और अंग्रेज़ी पत्रिकाएँ बराबर रहीं हैं। हिंदी को तो बस हम लोगों की सोच ने अंग्रेज़ी से नीचा दर्जा दिया है। अगर हम लोगों को हिंदी भाषा की अहमियत का एहसास दिला सकें, तब ही हमारा कार्य पूर्ण होगा।

रुद्र श्रीवास्तव- ('सृजन प्रयास' के मुख्य संपादक): मेरे विचार में विद्यालय में दोनों भाषाओं का ही स्तर अच्छा है किन्तु दोनों भाषाएँ शौक से नहीं पढ़ी जाती। मेरा मानना है कि इस मामले में अंग्रेज़ी, हिंदी से ऊपर है। मुझे लगता है कि इसका कारण इतिहास से ही हम पर पश्चिमी प्रभाव और बढ़ती अंतर्राष्ट्रीयता है, जिसके कारण लोगों को लगता है कि अंग्रेज़ी जानना अन्य किसी भी भाषा को जानने से ज़्यादा महत्वपूर्ण है।

विद्यालय में इस साल कई खेलों की प्रक्रिया में काफी बदलाव आए हैं। हमने कुछ वरिष्ठ खेलों के कप्तानों से उनके अपने खेल तथा इन बदलावों पर उनके विचार प्राप्त किए।

उज्ज्वल महेश्वरी (स्कूल सीनियर पी. टी. लीडर): विद्यालय में पी.टी. में काफी बड़ा अंतर आया है। छोटे-छोटे बदलावों ने, जैसे निर्णायकगण का इस वर्ष सामने 'पविलियन' पर बैठना, प्रतियोगिता की शोभा बढ़ा दी है। दूसरे सत्र की पी. टी. में भी कई बदलाव आए हैं जिससे वह पहले से कई ज़्यादा लाभदायक बन गई है। मेरा मानना है कि विद्यालय में पी.टी. का भविष्य उज्ज्वल है।

अंगद सिंह शेरगिल (स्कूल हॉकी कप्तान): मेरे विचार में आज विद्यालय में लोगों के अंदर वह जीतने की चाह नहीं है जो आज से कुछ वर्ष पहले हुआ करती थी। इसके कारण अंतर-विद्यालयी प्रतियोगिताओं में हमारे प्रदर्शन का स्तर नीचे गिरा है। जहाँ तक भविष्य की बात है, मेरा मानना है कि कुछ 'माइनर' खेल जैसे स्विमिंग और टेनिस आगे जाकर डोस्कोस से काफी प्रशंसा और प्रेम प्राप्त करने वाले हैं।

किसी को खबर नहीं हुई

• शिखर त्रिवेदी

वह सड़क पर रहने वाला
महँगाई के पहिए के नीचे
दबकर मारा गया।
किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
चार बाई छह के कमरे में
पलने वाले सपनों को
बुलडोज़रों ने रौंद दिया।
किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
लाखों की क़र्बों पर
करोड़ों के मकान बनते गए,
बिकते गए।
किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
वह किसान अपने ही खेत में
पड़ा-पड़ा मर गया
सूखा खेत लहू से भीग गया।

किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
दो रोटियों पर जीता
वह चार का परिवार
कूड़ेदान से उठाकर खाने लगा।
किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
तानाशाह आते रहे
सियासतें बदलती रहीं
अवाम सोता रहा।
किसी को खबर नहीं हुई।
क्या कभी होगी....

हमें बोलने का हक है!

• शुभम धीमन

हम एक ऐसे देश में रहते हैं जहाँ सभी को बोलने का, विचार विमर्श करने का तथा अपनी बात सभी के सामने रखने का हक है। हम सभी को आज़ादी से अपनी ज़िंदगी जीने का हक देते हैं। मुझे भी भारतीय होने के नाते यह हक है मैं इस विषय पर आज चर्चा करना चाहूँगा और इसकी वजह आपको चर्चा के दौरान ही ज्ञात हो जायेगी। सबसे पहले बात करता हूँ हमारे समाज के उन कार्यकर्ताओं की जिन्हें सरकार ने भारत के कल्याण का ज़िम्मा सौंपा है। ये सज्जन भारत के सम्मान का खयाल तभी अपने दिमाग में लाते हैं जब कोई जानी-मानी हस्ती का नाम उस खबर से जुड़ा हो। अगर कोई आम आदमी भारत के सम्मान पर दाग लगा रहा हो तो इनके अंदर का भारतीय नहीं जागता। चलिए सबसे पहले बात करता हूँ उन खबरों की जो हमारे तिरंगे और उसके अपमान से जुड़ी हैं। कुछ समय पहले की ही बात है, फ़िल्मी दुनिया के मशहूर अभिनेता अमिताभ बच्चन जी ने भारत के एक मैच जीतने पर अपने घर से बाहर निकलकर, तिरंगे को अपने कंधे पर डाल कर अपनी खुशी का इज़हार किया था। इस बात के लिए किसी सज्जन ने उन पर केस किया कि वे

तिरंगे का अपमान कर रहे हैं। ऐसा ही कुछ फिल्मी दुनिया के एक और सितारे शाहरुख खान के साथ भी हुआ था। चलिए मैं मानता हूँ कि उन सामाजिक कार्यकर्ताओं को देश के सम्मान की परवाह है लेकिन वे तब कहाँ गायब हो जाते हैं जब स्वतंत्रता दिवस और गणतंत्र दिवस के समारोह के कुछ घंटों बाद ही हमें सड़कों के किनारे प्लास्टिक के तिरंगे पड़े मिलते हैं; जब चौराहों पर लगे किसी भी भारतीय झंडे के नीचे हमें पान के दाग मिलते हैं। ऐसे में तो सिर्फ़ दो संभावनाएँ हो सकती हैं, या तो इन कार्यकर्ताओं में देश-भक्ति तभी जागती है जब खबर अखबारों की सुर्खियों में छपे, या तो करोड़ों की आबादी वाले इस देश में वे हर पान थूकने वाले और तिरंगे का अपमान करने वाले इंसान को खोजकर समझाने की हिम्मत उन में नहीं है। इन देशप्रेमियों ने तो उन लोगों को भी नहीं छोड़ा जिन्होंने भारत का अपमान करने के लिए नहीं, बल्कि उसका सम्मान बढ़ाने के लिए तिरंगे का सहारा लिया था। बॉक्सिंग में भारत का नाम रौशन करने वाले विजेन्द्र सिंह ने जब अपनी पोशाक में भारतीय झंडे को लगाया तो इन सज्जनों ने उस पर भी उंगली उठाई। भारत में ऐसे न जाने कितने लोग हैं जो तिरंगे के कपड़े पहन कर छोटे से छोटा काम करते हैं, तब इन लोगों को कोई ऐतराज नहीं होता। ऐसे देशभक्तों की आज कमी नहीं है। इन्होंने तो हमारे प्रधान मंत्री, मोदी जी को भी नहीं छोड़ा, जिनके तिरंगे का मफलर डाल कर पसीना पोछने पर इन्होंने फिर उंगली उठाई, मफलर पर तिरंगा बनाने से क्या वो मफलर नहीं रह जाता? क्या उससे पसीना पोछकर मोदी जी उसका अपमान करना चाहते थे? नहीं।

अगर ये देशभक्त सज्जन सही ढंग से काम नहीं करेंगे तो भारत का दुनिया में अपना नाम बनाए रखना मुश्किल हो जाएगा। लेकिन इनके हिसाब से

तो यह हमारे देश की शान पर चार चाँद लगा रहे हैं। इस एहसान के लिए मैं इन्हें आदरपूर्वक नमस्कार करता हूँ और अगर किसी को मेरे ऐसे करने पर आपत्ति है तो मैं उन्हें याद दिला दूँ कि यह भारत है और मुझे बोलने का पूरा हक है।

अब बात करते हैं भारत के उन लोगों की जिन्हें यहाँ सिर्फ़ बुराइयाँ ही नज़र आती हैं। ऐसे लोग सरकार के द्वारा दी गयी हर सुविधा का फ़ायदा भी उठाते हैं लेकिन बिना उसमें नुक्स निकाले उन्हें उस सुविधा का आनंद नहीं मिलता। “भारत के भ्रष्टाचार का कोई मुकाबला नहीं है”, “अरे भाई, यह देश तो सो रहा है”, “अरे, सरकार ही नकारा है”, “अरे, भाई मंत्री ही बेकार है” - ये सब इनके पसंदीदा वाक्य होते हैं। इन में से कुछ लोगों की पूरी ज़िंदगी का परिचय मैं आप से कराता हूँ। ये बचपन से ही पलते हैं भारतीय माहौल में लेकिन दिल में विदेशी समाज बढ़ता रहता है। बड़े होते-होते यह भारत की कमियों से परिचित होते हैं, यहाँ पढ़ने लिखने के बाद इन्हें भारत छोटा लगने लगता है। बड़े होकर सोचते हैं, “भारत में कुछ नहीं रखा, हम तो विदेश जाकर ही बस जाएँगे” तो मतलब भारत ने यह ज़िम्मा अपने सर लिया है कि इन्हें बड़ा करे, इन्हें दुनिया में रहने के काबिल बनाए और फिर जब उनकी बारी आए भारत की व्यवस्था में काम करने की, उसे आगे बढ़ाने की तो वे पीठ दिखाकर उस देश में जाकर बस जाएँ जिसने उनके लिए कुछ नहीं किया। जी हाँ, और वहाँ जाकर वे बोलते हैं, “अगर भारत में रहते तो इतने काबिल नहीं होते।” वे यह भूल जाते हैं, या सोचना ही नहीं चाहते कि अगर भारत में रहते तो आज भारत भी उस देश जितना काबिल होता। अपने घर की रोटी खाकर किसी दूसरे को कमाकर देना मेरे विचार में तो सही नहीं है।

हम जिस सरकार को कोसते हैं, उसे बनाने के लिए हमने, इस देश ने बहुत मेहनत की है। यह सरकार किसी से कम नहीं है लेकिन तब कर भी क्या सकते हैं जब हमारे पेड़ के पत्ते किसी दूसरे के आँगन में खाद बनकर गिरते हैं। अगर सिर्फ बोलने के लिए बोलना है तो ना बोलना ही सही है। फ़र्क तब पड़ता है जब आप बोलकर, खामियाँ निकाल के उसे बदलने का जज़्बा भी रखें। अगर नहीं रखते हैं तो अपमान करने का हक भी आप को किसी ने नहीं दिया है।

मासूमों की कुर्बानी

• विशेष खेतान

मध्याह्न का प्रचण्ड सूरज धरती पर आग के शोले बरसा रहा था। काली सड़क सूरज के ताप से पिघलकर ज्वालामुखी के लावे के समान पिघल रही थी। संकरी सड़कों पर वाहन पीं-पीं करते हुए रेंग-रेंगकर चल रहे थे। ऐसे शोर-गुल में भी मेरा पूरा ध्यान महुए के उन पेड़ों पर था जिनके लाल पत्ते लू के थपेड़ों से पूरे फुटपाथ को सिन्दूरी रंग में रंग रहे थे। पास ही कहीं एक शोर उठा और दूसरे ही क्षण सब कुछ काला हो गया। सुबह के उगते सूरज के साथ मेरी नींद खुली। आस-पास सभी जवान सो रहे थे। तम्बू से बाहर निकलते ही पर्वतीय स्थल में बहती मदमस्त बयारों ने मेरे चेहरे को चूमकर मुझे स्वर्ग का अनुभव दिया। कश्मीर की वे घुमावदार वादियाँ मुझे अब कुछ लुभाने सी लगीं थीं। राशन के तम्बू से चाय का एक गर्म कप उठाकर मैंने घंटा बजाने का आदेश दिया। सभी जवान बाहर निकल कर एक कतार में खड़े हो गए और मुझे सलाम ठोकने लगे। “आज आप सभी का इस कैंप में आखरी दिन है, इसके बाद आप सभी इलीट स्क्वाड के जवान बन जाएँगे।” सभी के चेहरों पर एक मुस्कान थी। कसान को बुलाकर मैंने आज के प्रशिक्षण की कमान सौंप दी। दस मील की दौड़, दो

घंटे टारगेट पर गोलियों की मूसलाधार वर्षा और फिर दो घंटे की कुश्ती प्रशिक्षण के पश्चात सभी जवान खाना खाएँगे। कसान को सब कुछ समझाकर मैं जंगल की ओर निकल पड़ा। चलते समय धमाके का वह दृश्य मेरी आँखों के सामने चलचित्र की तरह दोबारा चलने लगा। दर्द से भरी चीखें मेरे कानों में जोर-जोर से गूँजने लगी। मैं पास की एक चट्टान पर जाकर बैठ गया और मन ही मन वह दृश्य दोहराने लगा। एक क्षण सब कुछ था और दूसरे क्षण कुछ भी नहीं। पास के मैदान में कुछ बच्चे क्रिकेट खेल रहे थे। तब ही वहाँ से एक हवाई जहाज़ गुज़रा। अब मैदान साफ़ था। सड़क के दूसरी ओर एक मासूम गरीब बच्चा अपनी माँ की रूखी उँगलियों से खेल रहा था। अब वहाँ हड्डी के कुछ जलते टुकड़े और फटे कपड़े थे। मेरी आँखों से पानी की कुछ बूंदें निकलकर ज़मीन पर जा गिरी। फिर जैसे अपने मन को संभलकर मैंने स्वयं से कहा “बड़े पैमाने पर कुछ बदलाव देखने के लिए मासूमों की कुरबानी जायज़ है....” श्रीनगर में किया गया वह धमाका शायद ज़रूरी था। अपनी बन्दूक को कमर पर बाँध मैं क्रांतिकारियों की उस सेना को सफलता की बधाइयाँ देने के लिए लौट पड़ा।

क्या अच्छे दिन आ गए?

पक्ष

• देवांश शर्मा

२०१४ के राष्ट्रीय चुनाव में भारतीय जनता पार्टी के श्री नरेंद्र मोदी ने देश में ‘अच्छे दिन’ लाने का वायदा किया था। मोदी जी चुनाव पूर्ण-बहुमत से जीत गए। उनकी सरकार के आधे दिन समाप्त होने पर प्रश्न उठता है कि वह अपने वचन को निभा रहे हैं या नहीं। मेरे विचार से अपने वचन को निभाने में सक्षम हैं।

सर्वप्रथम, मोदी जी की सरकार में भ्रष्टाचार पर विराम लग गया है। ढाई साल के पश्चात भी भ्रष्ट कार्यों का एक भी आरोप केंद्र सरकार पर नहीं लगा है। अगर कोई नागरिक भारत सरकार में भ्रष्टाचार से सम्बंधित शिकायत करता है तो शीघ्र कार्यवाही होती है और दोषी को दंड दिया जाता है।



राष्ट्रीय सुरक्षा के मामलों में वर्तमान भाजपा सरकार पिछली सरकारों की तुलना में ज्यादा सतर्क तथा सशक्त है। पहले पाकिस्तानी सीमा पर गोली बारी करते भारतीय सैनिकों को दिल्ली से जवाब देने का आदेश नहीं आता था। अब सेना को उपयुक्त प्रतिक्रिया करने में पूर्ण स्वतंत्रता प्रदान की गयी है। आतंकवादियों से बदला लेने के लिए अब भारतीय सेना सीमा पार करके आक्रमण करती है। २०१५ जून में सेना ने म्यानमार में आतंकवादियों के अड्डों को नष्ट किया। पाकिस्तान के संग मोदी जी ने मित्रता के असंख्य प्रयास किए। लेकिन जब पाकिस्तान ने धोका दे कर आतंकवादियों को पठानकोट तथा 'यूरी' हमला करने भेजा, तब मोदी जी की सरकार ने सेना को एल.ओ.सी पार कर के आतंकवादी छावनियों का विनाश करने का आदेश दिया। पाकिस्तान ऐसा कड़ा दंड प्राप्त करके अचंभित हो गया।

आम आदमी के दृष्टिकोण से भी देश में सकारात्मक बदलाव आया है। 'प्रधान मंत्री जन-धन योजना' के अन्तर्गत २४.७४ करोड़ खाते खोले गए हैं जिनमें

कुल ४३५३२.६७ करोड़ रूपए हैं। इससे सरकार से देने जाने वाली आर्थिक सहायता सीधे गरीब व्यक्तियों के खातों में जायेगी। अतः, लीकेज पर विराम पड़ेगा। स्वच्छ भारत अभियान के अन्तर्गत ढाई करोड़ से अधिक शौचालयों का निर्माण हुआ है। सड़क निर्माण में पिछली सरकार की तुलना में २ गुना गति बढ़ी है। एलपीजी सब्सिडी अब १० लाख प्रति वर्ष आय से अधिक व्यक्तियों को उपलब्ध नहीं होगी अर्थात् अब गरीब लोग इसका और लाभ उठा पाएँगे। किसानों के लिए लगभग ३ करोड़ मृदा स्वास्थ्य कार्ड बांटे गये हैं। और तो और सरकारी वेबसाइटों का प्रयोग करना अब सरल हो गया है 'डिजिटल इंडिया' योजना के कारण। ४०० रेलवे स्टेशनों पर गूगल-व्यापार-संघ ने मुफ्त इन्टरनेट उपलब्ध कराने का वचन दिया है, जिनमें से १९ स्टेशनों में यह सुविधा पहुँच गयी है। स्मार्ट-सिटी मिशन भी प्रारम्भ किया गया है। अन्य भी अनेक योजनाएं हैं जो मोदी जी की सरकार ने आरम्भ की हैं। हाँ, सत्य है कि इन परियोजनाओं का पूर्ण समापन होने में समय लगेगा। लेकिन इनके प्राथमिक चरण की सफलता को देख कर भविष्य में आशा रहती है। अगर यह अच्छे दिन नहीं है, तो क्या हैं?

आम जनता की समस्याओं को सुनने में तथा उनका समाधान करने में वर्तमान भाजपा सरकार कुशल है। विदेश मंत्री श्रीमती सुषमा स्वराज ने असंख्य बार विदेश में पीड़ित भारतीय नागरिकों की सहायता केवल एक ट्वीट मिलने पर ही की है। रेल मंत्री श्री सुरेश प्रभु केवल एक ट्वीट मिलने पर यात्री को मदद पहुँचाने की कार्यवाही शुरू कर देते हैं। एक छोटी लड़की वैशाली के माता पिता के पास उसकी दिल की सर्जरी के लिए पैसे नहीं थे। प्रधानमंत्री जी को लिखे एक पत्र ने कठिनाई को हल कर दिया। नागरिकों को सरकारी मामलों में सुझाव देने के लिए

वेबसाइट बनायी गयी। प्रधानमंत्री जी स्वयं देश को एक मासिक व्याख्यान करते हैं और देशवासियों के साथ सीधा संवाद करते हैं।

प्रधान मंत्री श्री नरेंद्र मोदी ने एक साक्षात्कार में कहा था कि उनका अच्छे दिन लाने का अर्थ था कांग्रेस राज्य के 'बुरे दिनों' को समाप्त करना। वास्तविकता में यह सरकार कांग्रेस से बेहतर तो है ही। लेकिन यह बात भी सत्य है की मोदी जी की सरकार के सामने एक विशाल कार्य है। क्या वे भारत में गरीबी का विनाश कर पाएँगे? क्या वे भारत को महाशक्ति बनाने का अपना संकल्प पूरा कर पाएँगे? इन गम्भीर सवालों का उत्तर इतना शीघ्र कोई नहीं दे सकता है। परन्तु हाँ, मुझे लगता है कि देश सही दिशा में चल रहा है और पहले की तुलना में अच्छे दिन जरूर आ चुके हैं। आशा है कि यह सरकार अपने वचन का पालन करती रहेगी ताकि हमारे देश में और भी अच्छे दिन आएँ।

विपक्ष

• श्री आशीष डीन

हमारे देश के प्रधानमंत्री श्री नरेंद्र मोदी ने एक साक्षात्कार में कहा था कि उनके 'अच्छे दिन' लाने का अर्थ है, कांग्रेस राज्य के बुरे दिनों को समाप्त करना। यदि ऐसा है, तो वर्तमान भारतीय जनता पार्टी के सामने बहुत से विशाल कार्य हैं, जो देश की जनता के लिए विशेष महत्व रखते हैं।

कांग्रेस पार्टी के शासन काल को आशाओं और साहस से ओतप्रोत हो कर तथा जड़ता से बाहर निकल कर, संघर्ष का काल कहा जा सकता है।

सच तो यह है कि वर्तमान समय में ऐसा कहना व सोचना बहुत साधारण और सरल लगता है, परन्तु जिन विकट परिस्थितियों से निकल कर भारत देश उन्नति तथा सफलता मार्ग पर चल सका, वह इतना आसान नहीं था। इसके लिए जिस दूरदर्शिता तथा

कुशलता की आवश्यकता थी उसे वास्तव में केवल और केवल कांग्रेस पार्टी और उसके वरिष्ठ नेताओं ने कर दिखाया था। उन्होंने देश में सामाजिक और आर्थिक विकास के साथ भारत को विश्व भर में एक मजबूत राष्ट्र स्थापित किया है।

१९४७ में स्वतंत्रता के बाद नवगठित भारत देश के समक्ष जो चुनौतियाँ थीं, उन्हें स्वीकार करते हुए कांग्रेस पार्टी और इसके शीर्ष नेताओं ने सबसे पहला काम देश के एकीकरण का किया, जिसके बिना राष्ट्रवाद और जनतांत्रिक संस्थाओं के प्रति जनता समर्पित हो ही नहीं सकती थी। इस उद्देश्य के बाद कांग्रेस नेतृत्व ने देश की जनता को एकता, अखंडता और धर्म निरपेक्षता का पाठ पढ़ाकर, उसे संसद और देश के कानून के प्रति भी जिम्मेदार बना दिया। इसी प्रकार कृषि क्षेत्र में भी कांग्रेस सरकार आरंभ से ही आर्थिक विषमताओं तथा असमानता की गंभीरता को समझते हुए, केंद्र सरकार को इस उत्तरदायित्व का आभास था, कि देश की तरक्की तभी हो सकती है, जब देश के सभी भागों का समान और संतुलित विकास हो। इस कार्यक्रम को लागू करने के लिए गाँवों में सैंकड़ों सहकारी संस्थाओं का जाल बुन दिया गया, जिस में 'सहकारी बैंक', 'भूमि गरीबी बैंक', 'सेवा एवं बाज़ार सहकारी समिति' आदि संस्थाएँ बनाई गयीं। ये सभी संस्थाएँ स्वयं-शासी थी और इनका संचालन चुनाव का आधार बनीं संस्थाओं द्वारा किया जाता था। सही अर्थ में पंचायती राज से विकास और ग्रामीण प्रशासन का उत्तरदायित्व लोगों को प्राप्त हो रहा था, जिससे ग्रामीण विकास की गति तीव्र हो रही थी। इस प्रकार वे संस्थाएँ जनता के हाथों में शक्ति प्रदान करने के उपकरण व आत्मनिर्भरता लाने वाली एक प्रक्रिया बन रही थीं और साथ ही मानव संसाधन के विकास की आरंभिक कड़ी बन रही थीं।

१९५५ में कांग्रेस सरकार ने ही अछूत रीति को दंडनीय अपराध बना कर, संविधान के द्वारा शिक्षण संस्थाओं और सरकारी नौकरियों में अनुसूचित जातियों और जनजातियों तथा समाज के अन्य पिछड़े तबकों के हित में आरक्षण के प्रावधान को लागू करने का प्रयास किया था।

१९४८ में ही कांग्रेस सरकार ने भारत के महान परमाणु वैज्ञानिक होमी जहाँगीर भाभा की अध्यक्षता में परमाणु उर्जा आयोग की स्थापना की। इस प्रकार भारत देश दुनिया के पहले देशों में से था जिसने परमाणु उर्जा के महत्व को समझा। कांग्रेस नेतृत्व ने सेना को व्यापक आधार वाला संगठन बनाया और उसमें समाज के हर तबके को प्रतिनिधित्व दिया। इस प्रकार लोकतांत्रिक देश की सेना गैर राजनीतिक हो, यह कांग्रेस सरकार का ही लक्ष्य था।

१९६० में नई तरह के बीज और खाद तकनीक पर आधारित "हरित क्रांति" की शुरुआत की गई थी। १९६९ में बैंकों के राष्ट्रीयकरण के बाद उनकी शाखाओं का विस्तार और उपयोग पिछड़े क्षेत्रों के पक्ष में किया गया। क्षेत्रीय असमानताओं को दूर करने के लिए कांग्रेस सरकार ने इस्पात, उर्वरक, तेलशोधन, पेट्रो रसायन, मशीनी निर्माण, भारी रसायन आदि उद्योगों में सार्वजनिक निवेश की नीति को अपनाया। इसके साथ ही बिजली, सिंचाई पारियोजना, सड़क, रेलवे एवं संचार जैसे बुनियादी संचयनों का विकास भी कांग्रेस की महत्वपूर्ण पहल रही है। इसके अतिरिक्त श्रमिकों को समाजवादी अधिकार देने के लिए श्रमिक क़ानून बनाए गये।

वास्तव में कांग्रेस सरकार स्वयं विकासशील नीतियों का पालन करते हुए देश को उच्च शिखर पर पहुँचाना चाहती है जिसे आधुनिक अवधारणा के अनुसार आज की सरकार द्वारा देश का विकास कहा जा रहा है।

पिता

• शुभांग शील

कभी अभिमान तो कभी स्वाभिमान है पिता'
कभी धरती तो कभी आसमान है पिता।
कभी हँसी तो कभी घोर अनुशासन है पिता'
कभी मौन तो कभी भाषण है पिता।
माँ तो कह देती है अपने दिल की बात'
आसमान सा खामोश रह जाता है पिता।

खुदाया प्यार

• अभ्यांशु उत्कर्ष

ये नशा भी तेरा ग़ज़ब सा था,
हर अदा ने मुझको मारा है,
इन जुल्फों की उलझन ने ही
इस दिल को यूँ सुलझाया है,
इस धड़कन पर काबू न रहा,
इन साँसों की क्या बात करूँ,
इस दिल की धड़कन है बस तू,
इस मन की आरजू है तू,
खुदा ने तुझे फुरसत से बनाया,
इस अकेले को प्यार दिलाया।
इस चहरे पर है नूर झलकता,
इन आँखों में संसार है बस्ता,
दुनिया की अब परवाह क्या करूँ,
तू ही तो है अब सब कुछ मेरा,
ये दिल तो तेरे क़दमों पर है,
नज़रे भी यूँ झुकी सी हैं,
बस एक आशा बाकि है मुझमें,
यह प्यार ऐसे भड़के इस दिल में,
की खुदा भी इसे भुला न पाए,
की खुदा भी इसे मिटा न पाए।

The Red Tint

Arjun Singh | *A commentary on the historical impact of Cambridge University's Fabian Society.*

Over the course of history, few entities have existed whose actions have provided revolutionary changes to the world, and altered its fate as we know it. Many personalities have come and gone, leaving some semblance of a legacy behind; but very little – comparable to the likes of Marx and Princep – have ascended to the aforementioned platform: the echelons of legacy.

One such entity is the Fabian Society of Cambridge University. Unknown as it may be, this group of profound personalities has considerably influenced both the United Kingdom and the world – and its tall figures – on political and economic matters over its 132 years of continued existence. Respected and well regarded, the society's credentials bear important contributions to both the contemporary and historical world, with their ideas having passively touched the lives of millions across generations, including our own.

Founded in 1884, the Society was an offshoot from a minor varsity club that aimed to promote amongst Britons a Buddhist-styled simple livelihood: popular with themes of pacifism, non-violence, vegetarianism and aesthetic morality. However, a Kejriwal-like political ambition amongst members caused the group to break-away into the Fabian Society, which soon adopted a socialist platform and began publishing pamphlets regarding the same. Contrasting itself with radical variants of socialism at the time, the society instead advocated for 'evolutionary' socialism, which could be achieved through democratic means instead of revolution (unlike Marx and Mao), and formed the precursor of the British Labour Party (which influenced socialist parties in various dominions and former colonies). Taking its name



<http://www.fabians.org.uk/about/>

“ Contrasting itself with radical variants of socialism at the time, the society instead advocated for ‘evolutionary’ socialism ”

those who offered alternative views to prevailing politico-economic beliefs of the time. Foreign students too, would later in their lives become the agents of Fabian socialism's ideological spread overseas; notably, the likes of Muhammad Ali Jinnah, Lee Kuan Yew, Hafez and Bashar al-Assad, Saddam Hussein and George Bernard Shaw (whose Fabian leanings led to the London School of Economics) – and for India – Annie Besant and Jawaharlal Nehru, were all either avid members or influenced by the society to great degrees.

In its early years, the society remained distinctly democratic and moderate in its socialist views at a time when radical variants were gaining popularity across the world. Not being fraught with overt idealism, it advocated for realistic reforms such as universal healthcare (a precursor for the now-National Health Service) a minimum wage for all workers and a national education system. Through its recurring influence on the Labour Party for several generations, such ideals were eventually implemented in the contemporary United Kingdom to great successes, and form core parts of its present day welfare-state, with support even arriving from the rival Conservative Party. However, the group's greater political contribution can be noted from its early writings on foreign affairs: which argued for interventionist policies (in contrast with British imperialism) to pursue liberal objectives. Its beliefs of military expansion and readiness, exploitation of economic trade opportunities, and of intervention where necessary – such as the Boer War – served as methods to retain a nation's pre-eminent geo-political status without overt imperialism and colonization. Such released at a time when independence movements in colonies were taking shape, and today – as some argue – bear striking similarity to Western interventionism adopted by both Britain and the United States.

Examples of the Fabian Society's international influence remain numerous, along with variants of its original ideals noticeable across regions. For India, Nehru's Fabian leanings significantly shaped the nation's economic foundations. The ideas of massive state economic intervention, controlled means of production in key sectors, and regulated private activity in the presence of a democratic government owed to such beliefs, which remained dominant throughout his daughter's tenure and two decades post-independence. Congruently, Pan-Arab nationalism derived its ideological framework from Fabian views, specifically the Ba'athist Party (founded by member Michel Aflaq), which aligned its policies during its years in Iraq (under Saddam Hussein) and, presently, in Syria under the Assad regime.

While the Fabian society greatly impacted developments of the 20th century its role in global politics has been diminished from the advent of the 21st, with the bulk of its influence now restricted to the United Kingdom (producing two Prime Ministers and 200 MPs since the year 2000). Nonetheless, the society's impact on global history, and its intellectual framework for today's social democracies remain chiselled into our political foundations, and for the foreseeable future casts on our progress its lingering red tint.

* * *

Injustice

Karan Sampath | *The harsh truth of a Nazi concentration camp.*

The sky was an eerie blue as the boy woke from his slumber. This slumber was the only source of happiness for him. It was the only time he could even try and hope for something;

“Hope was all but lost. The humble homes which felt like palaces when the boy thought about them now were akin to dreams.”

something that was beyond what his meagre existence currently offered. As the boy got up, he could see the commandant prancing around, beating his weary, exhausted countrymen with barbed batons and not sparing a thought for the anguish and pain they were currently experiencing. They rushed towards the quadrangle, shivering, driven only by the fear of pain. This pain had, over the endless days, numbed any emotion left in the remains of what

was to be an innocent boy, untouched by the harsh realities of the world today.

The boy began sprinting around the camp with the other inmates, as he always did day after day, month after month. The loudspeakers blared out words issued in harsh tones, devoid of any sympathy for the miserable labourers. Every day they sprinted, and if anyone was seen slowing down, they were either shot or thrown in the gas chambers. Malnourished and hungry, the boy had lost all sense of morality. He only experienced thirst and hunger. Those were the two sensations his being had been reduced to.

After the running came the work. The boy was made to run to his place of torture, where he would have to slog day and night so as to not get in anyone's bad books. It was back breaking work, and it was disheartening for him to see one or two of his fellow workers being

dragged and beaten. Lifting and pulling the huge bags of wheat and corn to feed the beast known as the army, the boy would often come off with deep red sores and cuts on his back. His ears were closed to the outside world, and he rarely said a word. He used to remain sullen and gloomy through the day. His work would often take him near the houses of the officers and it was there, one day, he saw it: a small, stale piece of bread. His eyes shone with a gleam no one had seen before. He gave in to the urge and dropped his sack. He sprinted towards it and jumped on it, stuffing it inside his mouth in a blink of an eye. Suddenly, somebody started shouting, and he knew what had happened. He had been spotted.

Hope was all but lost. The humble homes which felt like palaces when the boy thought about them now were akin to dreams. As the commandant's whip cut through the air, the boy cried out in despair: a cry echoing through the halls of injustice.

Questioning Legacy

Aryan Chhabra | *An opinion on the advantage given to relatives of Old Boys in the admission process.*

This article examines an issue that has long been a part of our lives, but for some reason gets subverted as soon as we enter the gates of Chandbagh. All of us have felt that proud thump on the back when we read our acceptance letter from this institution. We have all experienced that feeling of achievement when we realised we had made it. We were the ones to be selected from amongst the hundreds of those who had applied. But before we get carried away with our feelings of accomplishment, it is important to pay attention to one of the biggest flaws that exist in our admission process. This flaw is the unfair advantage given to sons/brothers/grandsons of any member of the School's alumni. Let me be clear from the beginning that I am not attacking this institution in any manner; this problem is one that is present in a lot of institutions worldwide and the Doon School, as a member of the global community probably found it convenient to have a system that was well established and had a lot of successful precedents. All I am arguing against is the unfair advantage provided to some students when they sit for the Doon School Entrance Exam.

Before I begin my argument, it is imperative that look at how this bias for some students comes about in our admission process. It is a well-known fact that applicants nationwide (if not worldwide) face tough competition to earn the right to be called DoscOs. As we know, it is a two-step process consisting of an exam and an interview. Two lists are drawn after the examination process is over. One

is the 'General list' that has the names of all applicants who are not related to Old Boys of this School. Another list constitutes all those applicants who have a 'Direct Relation' (i.e. sons, brothers or grandsons) with any Old Boy. Not many of us would be aware that this second list has a cut-off that is way below the cut-off of the General list. So, after consulting relevant School authorities, I found that the cut-off for the second list stands at 50%, while that of the General list stands at about 80%. Such huge difference in the cut-off begs the question: why does being related to some Old Boy give some applicants a huge edge over other applicants?

After a fair amount of thinking, here's what I could gather. Firstly, it helps build what some might call a 'legacy'. I am sure that one would agree that the idea of a son, grandson or even brother walking through the same corridors and reliving the same experiences is instantly appealing. History repeating itself in the shape of different individuals might indeed help create traditions and legacies. Moreover, this advantage is meant to act as an incentive for Old Boys to send their sons to School and also keep the financial machinery, in terms of fees and fund-raising, running smoothly. It is quite obvious to conclude that apart from their own associations, people are more inclined to provide their assistance to an institution if their loved ones are studying in it. What must be noted here is that I am in no way implying that people can 'buy their way' into this institution. I also want to clarify that the fact that

it helps to raise funds is simply a by-product of this reservation and not the main incentive behind it. Believe it or not, another reason for such reservations is genetics. Any institution that offers such reservations generally works on an assumption that the children of the alumni will have traits that are similar to their relatives. And such reservations are not just limited to educational institutions. They are present in other fields as well, which shows its widespread use in choosing the right person for that particular institution.

However, here's why I oppose such quotas: it negatively impacts merit. Students who enter this School through this quota come at the cost of students who have worked harder and may have procured a better score in the entrance examinations. While I appreciate the sentiments with which Old Boys regard the School and the importance of a legacy in a boarding school, having a separate quota for any type of candidate does a disservice to that very institution which so many have come to regard so highly. I am confident that even Old Boys would agree that they would rather have their loved ones come into School after having gone through a fair and equitable system of selection. Moreover, the argument about genetics and its implications in deciding a student is not a valid one, simply because if in the institution's eyes the student has the virtues of his father, than why can't he take the exam and succeed just the way his father did? Having such a quota simply serves as a source of discouragement for other aspirants who have worked hard, but

find themselves behind those whose only license to success is an Old Boy's last name.

The Doon School was established with the hope of creating a meritocratic institution that would serve a free India. While I can confidently say that the latter part of the statement is achieved year after year, it is time we really work towards making the former part come true as well.

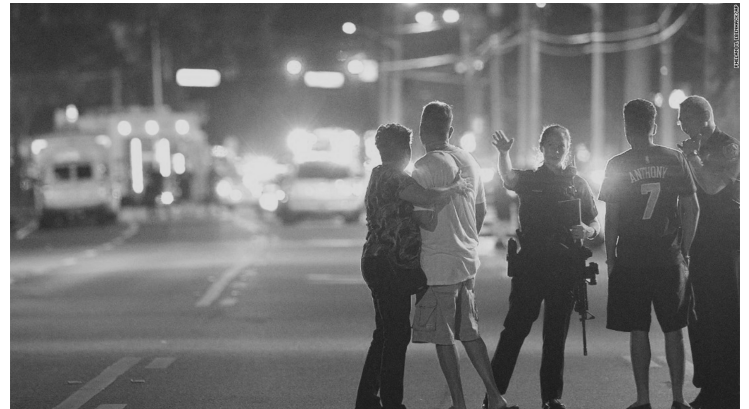
Guns In Orlando

Aayush Chowdhry | *A commentary on the Orlando Shootout, which left most of the world in shock.*

For a second, imagine it's just another Saturday night and you are sitting in a bar with a fellow patron, enjoying the evening. Suddenly, you hear a gunshot, but it is lost amidst the loud music and wan lighting. A second shot; now you are a little concerned. A third shot, and a cacophony of screams breaks out as a body slumps to the floor. Chaos sweeps in as the shooting still goes on, lasting for what seems to be an eternity, all the while bodies continuing to drop to the ground. Before you know it, you are cowering below dead people just to survive, fumbling for your cell to dial three digits.

Such was the condition of Andy Moss and many others as that tragic night in Orlando at the 'hottest gay bar of the nation' - Pulse. Officials have confirmed this to be the most grievous hate crime against the LGBT community, or the worst terrorist attack on the United States of America since 9/11. In either case, it remains the largest single-person shooting in the recent past. Omar Mateen, an American-born man who had apparently pledged his allegiance to the ISIL was the perpetrator of these attacks. The shooting caused the death of 49 people. Along with the casualties, 53 people were wounded and Omar too was killed by the Orlando Police.

The police chief said that this was a punctiliously planned attack but most reports don't suggest that there was any accomplice to the crime. Mateen is said to have, and I quote, "Walked into the club at 2 AM at night (around closing time) with a rifle and a pistol." This raises many questions as the shooting was said to have begun from the backside of the bar. How did Mateen manage to simply walk in with a rifle and a pistol, sit down, order a drink



<https://peopledotcom.files.wordpress.com/2016/08/orlando-shooting-1024.pg?w=1024&h=768&crop=1>

and then begin the shooting at his own pace without an accomplice, with all convenience? Or does the 'hottest gay bar of the nation' not have metal detectors?

According to CNN, Omar Mateen was interviewed by the FBI in 2013 and again for a second time in 2014 but was not found to be a threat. Various US Officials have said that Omar's weapons were legally purchased firearms. This once again calls for a debate on gun laws as they exist in the US right now. This debate has been raging since the time these laws were written. Most people believe in the Second Amendment of 1791 which reads "a well regulated militia being necessary to the Free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms should not be infringed." Although these words have completely lost their relevance, because the USA of 1791 was a completely different world, people say that this amendment is a tradition of the country. What they choose to ignore is the part where civilian gun owners walk into schools and pubs with 'legal' firearms and kill innocent people.

President Obama had declared a state of emergency when the shooting took place in Orlando; the ripples of the tragedy being felt all around the country. The juxtaposition of this crime with the shooting of Christina Grimmie and the Boston bombing left the whole nation lurching in the dark. People suffered, but the world simply kept spinning, as usual.

Central Dining Hall

Mr CJ Miller | Reprinted from Issue 862, August 13, 1966

The Board of Governors, meeting in Delhi on 6th August, has decided that a Central Dining Hall should be built and that the present Houses should then be divided into two so that there will be eight Houses in place of the present four.

There are many reasons for these decisions: one of the most pressing is that the constantly rising price of food has thrown an increasing burden on the financial resources of the School. The present system of dividing and cooking food in separate kitchens is an expensive and inefficient one and substantial savings will be made by eating centrally. Many schools in England have found that the rise in food prices and the wages of servants have forced them to abandon dining in separate Houses; the same economic forces have made the same decision inevitable here.

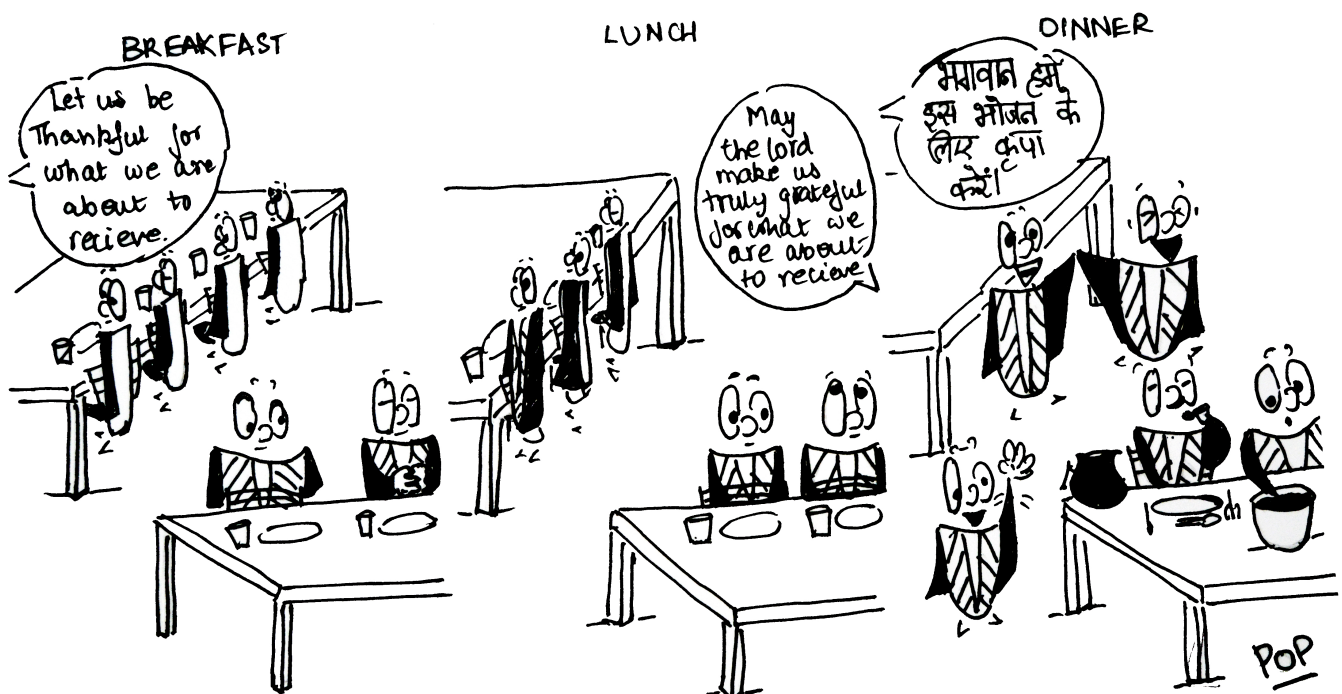
When I first arrived at the Doon School I was surprised to find how large the Houses had become. I believe that Houses of about ninety boys throw an intolerably heavy burden on the Housemasters. By building the Central Dining Hall space is available in the Houses to provide new Common Rooms, so that the present Houses can be divided in two, and the expense of building on to the present Houses is avoided.

The Central Dining Hall therefore saves the School money not only in food but also by making other building unnecessary. Then the Houses are divided the boys at present in the Holding Houses will be absorbed into the new Houses, and this again provides accommodation in the present Holding Houses for married masters, making further building unnecessary. For all these reasons it is clear that the building

of a Central Dining Hall now will make possible a saving to the School and a reduction in the size of Houses to more manageable proportions.

This decision has not been taken without much anxious thought and discussion. It is realised that walking across the Estate to a building a short distance away for all meals makes life at School measurably less pleasant, but I hope that this loss of amenity will be balanced by a gain of amenities inside the Houses. It is probably true that food cooked centrally may lack the personal touch that can be given in Houses, but I am confident that there need be no general lowering of standards as a result.

Planning for the Central Dining Hall has already started; it is hoped that it may be completed in a year's time though clearly there may be difficulties in obtaining the necessary materials.



Pan African

Kushagra Kar | *An investigation into the deterioration of culture in Africa.*

With all that is happening in the world today, it becomes difficult to remember the beauty that still remains. I refer to the continent of Africa. A continent that has, thankfully, stayed out of the *jambalaya* of the world we live in today. So, for once, I would like to appreciate what the culturally rich and religiously diverse continent of Africa has to offer, and hopefully provide the reader with a reason to pray that it persists.

Africa is a very religiously diverse continent, as I mentioned. The main separation comes down to Christianity and Islam. Not surprisingly, the differentiation is based on region, with Northern Africa being more inclined towards Islam. At the turn of the century, this region held the title of being the most disputed region in the world. With the death of Muammar Gaddafi and others like him, the region regained stability. Whilst the dust from the Arab Spring cleared in Africa, the Middle East rose into a tumultuous state. The Arab Spring, however, led to a loss in beauty, culture and heritage in the region. Egypt, a mythological epicentre, had forgotten its traditional culture, and had fallen under religious and military dictatorships. The fall of this culture set in motion the slow degradation that would take place throughout the rest of Africa.

The Western and Central regions of Africa had always been more superstitious. Traditional culture in this area consisted of black magic and gods of nature and each of its aspects. The people were God fearing. To them, God was a protector. A silent watcher who controlled everything in the universe,

and therefore had no time to listen to their petty issues. Unless famine had claimed hundreds of lives, the people would pray to his messengers. The entire system worked in beautiful harmony. Although there were various versions of this culture, all people understood each other, and where they were coming from. Society consisted of closely knit communities where each man worked for respect, and could not be born into it, or given it on the basis of religion. With the rise of Christianity in the area, people began to disregard these traditional values. Christianity condemned magic, looking upon it as a sin, and established an orthodox Christian hierarchy. The richest men were given special privileges, which were bestowed upon their children automatically. Slowly society, as people knew it, had deteriorated.

Whilst the Western Coast only suffered a gradual loss of culture, the southern part of Africa had its culture snatched from it. Dutch and British colonialism rapidly changed how people thought about things and as a result, the region swiftly became money oriented. Although this region can now be accredited with the strongest economy and development rate in the region, one must stop to think - at what cost? The beauty of African culture was the manner in which society functioned around it. Despite their impoverishment, people were content because society and culture worked in harmony to create a place for each person.

Imagine a world like that. Many of the crises faced by the world would

simply dissolve into history. An entire dimension comprising religious struggles and attempts to cleanse the Earth of 'infidels' would cease to exist. Some may argue that African culture should not be the model for the world to emulate. True, the continent is drowned in poverty and strife. Though, the fact is that no other continent has persevered as long as Africa has. It has never been guided by a religious set of rules and norms that a person must follow to achieve salvation. Instead, it is governed by a way of life in which the individual decides how a society should run. Its culture does not own anything to 'prophets' or preachers, but to decisions people took to create a stable society. Everything else fell in place.

When culture was replaced by religion, things fell apart.

Many decades ago, Africa was at a crossroads – either to shun the foreign religions that were attempting to invade it, or accept them and join the New World Order. Africa chose, and the rest is history. Africa suffers more than it ever has in the past, and now it is too late to turn around. Understanding the importance of culture over religion and the difference between the two is something the rest of the world must do now. But the world moves on, oblivious to these facts. I had started out wanting to bring out the beauty that remains. Unfortunately, not much does.

** Jambalaya is a Louisiana Creole dish of Spanish and French influence. It consists of meat and vegetables mixed with rice. In Nigeria, the word is more popularly used to depict a mess.*

Modern Day Diplomacy

Karan Sampath | *Scrutinizing today's mode of tact and communication at the global level.*

Thirteenth century Mongolia. A caravan approaches the Persian fort of Otrar. The governor, not knowing why it has come, has every occupant ruthlessly murdered. A Khan in Mongolia then asks for the governor to be extradited, sending diplomats to do so. The Shah of Khwarezm refuses, sending instead the head of one of the diplomats. What follows is the death of 1.25 million people at the hands of Genghis Khan.

Diplomacy as a concept has been alive since the 6th century BC, when the Chinese military strategist, Sun Tzu, wrote about it in his book 'The Art of War'. Every state in history is seen to have employed some form of diplomatic methods to secure its interests. From Sun Tzu to Chanakya, Genghis Khan to the Cold War-era, diplomacy has evolved and changed both itself and the geopolitical order of the period. The Cold War brought to light three aspects of diplomacy. Firstly, the formation of a state-centric environment. Secondly, clear cases of mutual cooperation between countries. Finally, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs being the main institution for foreign policy implementation. Since then, diplomacy has transformed again, with clear adjustments on global forum. The purpose of this article is to highlight the factors affecting diplomacy in this fast-paced world as well as the possible consequences in the future.

Diplomacy is defined as the art or practice of conducting international relations, as in negotiating alliances, treaties and agreements. It is considered

to be an art by many. It is an innate part of any relationship at the international level. In a nuclear world where MAD (mutually assured destruction) serves as a powerful deterrent, diplomacy is the only rational solution to any conflict between nations. Treaties are signed, forums are created and groups are made to deal with the many layers of every conflict. Every nation has its own vested interests, and without clout, their interests can be ignored. Thirty years ago, the world saw two major superpowers controlling the global forum and most countries being under the shadow of one or the other.

Modern day diplomacy is global, complicated and fragmentary. Diplomacy today is shifting onto the global forum more than the local forum. Bilateral diplomacy is becoming a thing of the past, with countries joining together and forming blocs. Countries which have a common interest take part in treaties and agreements for their own benefit. Under Article 5 of the NATO treaty, each and every country has to go to war against the aggressor if any of the member states are attacked. This makes each member state secure in the belief that they won't be harmed by a hostile enemy.

The European Union (EU) is another similar example. It is considered one of the most powerful 'blocs' today. That's the beauty of it. Even though 28 nations in close proximity to each other constitute it, it is still taken as one entity. This means that all trade deals and investments go through these blocs, making the leverage they

have much stronger. If the EU were to split apart (assuming Brexit starts off a chain reaction), it would mean harm to the member states themselves.

The political world today is defined by information: the more one knows, the more powerful one is. In a world where information is exchanged in an instant, it is increasingly vital for foreign offices to develop information technologies for better networking of information. Intelligence agencies are gaining influence, power, resources and importance, with governments relying

“The political world today is defined by information: the more one knows, the more powerful one is.”

on them ever more than before. The Iran Nuclear Deal in June, 2015, saw two sides reaching an agreement after decades of tension, sanctions and rifts. There was more public pressure on negotiations as society was more aware and involved with such decisions. This acted as a catalyst and hastened negotiations.

Diplomacy is evolving, changing and broadening in every way. In this fast-paced world, it is trying hard to keep up with the times. Twenty years from now, diplomacy might have taken on a new role, a new shape or a new image. Nevertheless, its importance is increasing with no signs of changing as there is no option of war, no last resort.

The Things We Do for Love

Kanishkh Kanodia | *A story on love, and its all-pervasive quality.*

The bus came to a gradual halt, and he sprang up and rushed towards the door. The desperation to see her face had nullified the dimness of the twilight. He stood there, waiting to see her sparkling sapphire eyes embedded in the most beautiful face crafted by God. Not a single person stepped out. Rushing into the bus, he saw all the seats full, and not one occupied by her. Finally, the driver asked him, "Sir, may I have your ticket?" Dazed, he managed to mumble, "Uh... What... Oh... Sorry!" No sooner did he get thrown out than the bus vanished into the wan light.

The bus halts at a stop in the vicinity of a forest. Lit only by a small bulb hanging from the broken ceiling replete with meshes of spiders, it was eerie and lonely. As she alighted, she felt the cold breeze gently touch her thighs hovering over the ground, but she didn't shiver. The frost didn't affect her; the darkness didn't affect her. It was like her life had been embroiled with darkness. Enchanted at the thought of returning back to her love, she stood there waiting for him. Finally she saw him, but he walked right through her.

He sat on the bench, sullen and dejected. She hadn't come. The sounds of silence crept into his ears, freezing every nerve of his miserable body. No voice could be heard. No being could be seen. He was all by himself.

She sat on the bench, covered with layers of dust and dirt. He sat beside her, but he didn't notice her. He got up, and with every step, the distance between

them kept increasing. She couldn't hear anything but his voice echoing in her mind. She couldn't see anyone but him. The air was as heavy and still as her heart. He still didn't respond.

He got up. An hour had passed but there was no trace of his love. His heart was somber and he could feel hollowness inside. His love had left him, breaking all the vows of faith and eternal love. She must have eloped with someone, or she may have been pretending the whole time. Overwhelmed by emotions, he was expressionless. He couldn't perceive anything around him. Giving up all hope, he got into his car and drove away.

She got up after seeing him leave, leaving behind no trace on the dust-filled bench. She saw him dismayed and dejected. Why could he not see her? Why couldn't they talk? An invisible barrier was preventing the union of the two lovers. But what was it, she wondered? It was like they were present in two different realms of life, unable to connect.

He drove back to his house, as fast as he could. He crossed the garden, leaving behind footsteps, and

desperately hoping that someone would find those footsteps. In front of him stood his barren and hollow house. With damp eyes, he trembled across the hallway, throwing his body on the couch. His teardrops seemed to have drained out every iota of his soul, leaving behind only his body.

She followed him, scrambling her way towards his house. Making her way through the garden, she noticed a pair of footsteps left for someone to notice. She stood on the threshold now, leaving behind no trail in the mud. Upon reaching the door, she knocked, but no one responded. She knocked again, harder this time, but no one responded. There was no one left to respond.

Finally he opened the door. He stood there with his bare body. She stood there, staring into his eyes, too engrossed to notice anything else. Their eyes met. She threw herself into his arms. He felt her coldness against his cold torso. Their souls were finally one, leaving behind their bodies. They stood there in each other's arms without disturbing the stillness of the night, without disrupting the motionless air. It was all silent.



Retrospecting Laughter

Devang Laddha | *An investigation into humour and the decline it has suffered.*

At the heart of comedy lies the concept of the anti-climax, of giving the viewer the unexpected. This unexpected has often been used very creatively and has many a time challenged societal norms. It has enabled people to have fun, mock society and its workings. It has also given a chance for people to voice their opinions, albeit, sometimes at the expense of other people. This humour gives something very essential to society: a release valve. It gives people the chance to express themselves and have fun. However, today, this humour is being eradicated from society by a growing paradigm of political correctness.

The concept of political correctness has spread all over the globe, under which, the 'rights' of people are being defended. Any sort of offence, no matter how miniscule is considered very offensive and is reprimanded. Even a harmless drawing of a political head is considered greatly offensive and a matter of national insult. The spread of such intolerance has become a cause for concern.

As mentioned above, the concept of political correctness is shutting off the release valve of society. It is not letting people express themselves and have fun. While it is surely wrong to insult or mock another person, it is just as wrong not to let anyone say anything even mildly offensive. If someone is saying something just to have fun, and not to insult or bully other people, we need not stop him. However, if someone is using humour solely for bullying or harming someone, then we should correct him. As a society, we need to be tolerant towards a lot of things. When offense is

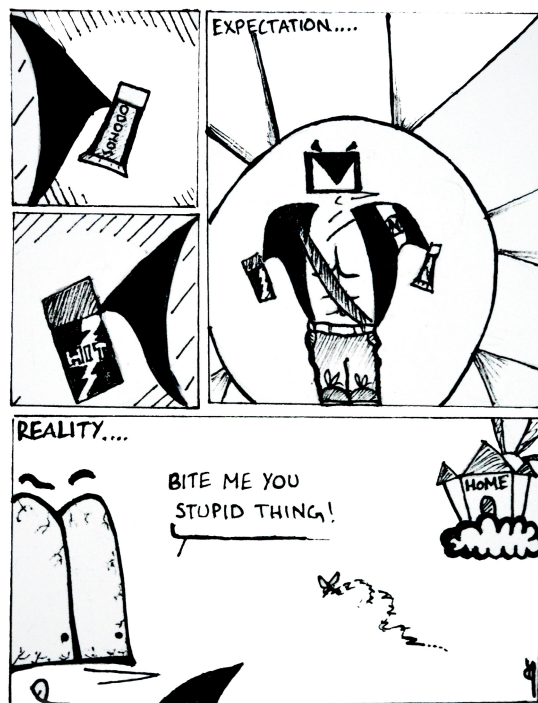
direct and harsh, such as in the case of hate speeches, we should indeed stop people. However, until then we should keep our sense of humour along with our cool.

The reason we need to keep this release valve in society is because it gives people a chance of letting out their frustrations and criticisms. The moment we stop people from saying things, we are giving rise to a pressure cooker kind of a situation. People will have to bottle up their opinions and feelings, but it is not possible to keep things sealed for long. Sooner or later, whether for individuals or societies at large, feelings and opinions will find a way of erupting through the surface, and they will do so with significant force and damage. Secondly, simply silencing people will not eradicate any social ills or prejudices. In fact, communication, even in its offensive forms, is the only way of bridging

whatever gaps that may exist.

Some would also argue that we should not have fun at the expense of others, something I quite agree with. However, what I am proposing is not having fun at the expense of others, but rather making these others, us, more tolerant. We shouldn't object to the most trivial of statements that are just said for fun. We have to draw the line between fun and hurt and give a wider birth to fun.

As a society we have to take measures to ensure that people do become more tolerant. We will be giving a voice to more people, leading to a more stress-free society. We certainly need more comedy, more of the unexpected, to escape the monotony of life. However, again, they are no absolutes. So when, anybody is suppressed, bullied or mistreated, defend him, for that too is our moral responsibility, but for everybody's sake, let our moral tone be mixed with a fair amount of humour.



THE VERY BEST OF UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

I am thee bro.

Shantam Gilra, Shakespeare's protege.

I saw it falling it.

Raghav Saboo, potential skydiver?

Open the window and let the atmosphere come in.

VKL, the new Geography teacher.

Did he just Yoda you?

Raghav Saboo, who knows?

The tree is too long.

Sudhanshu Agarwal, making new discoveries.

I like the green, though it has become yellow.

Ali Hussain, the inventor.

Could I borrow your pen cap.

Hamza Hussain, does anyone have one?.

I like the city Manchester.

Tushaar Sharma, committing treason.

The dictionary has no words.

Aayush Chowdhry, nor do we.

You would have droven me insane.

Arjun Singh, successfully.

You are growing shorter by the day.

Yash Dewan, can't see it from your perspective.

I could see the invisible ghost.

Dhruv Ahuja, having hallucinations?

My water is frying in the kettle.

Devansh Mittal, the chef.

I ripped your cage to shreds.

Siddhant Kumar, PS: The cage was made of metal.

I ran across the pool.

Nehansh Saxena, swimmer?

I like to be sadist.

Madhav Singhal, Editor of the *Weekly!*

Bloody will you here come.

NTC, we wouldn't like to.

I grew two feets in school.

Yasir Nizam, crawl out of here.

All the Jaipur House are studs.

Shreyansh Goyal, we're doubtful.

It's raining cats, dogs and mouses.

Ekamveer Singh Guron, falls from the sky.

Did speak you?

Aditya Saboo, maybe a little too early.

How many of we are aware of this?

MPT, we are definitely not.

I am halving the page.

Kushagra Kar, being creative.

I saw the lights open.

Aryan Chhabra, having an epiphany.

It is more easier than that.

Atrey Bhargava, clearly.

Keep quit.

Arjun Singh, persuing his interest in the language.

I would have had funny.

Shouryan Kapur, the class clown.

Let me toye that settle.

Raghav Kapur, displaying leadership qualities.

The ships drowned into the shallow water.

Shreyansh Goyal, the 'creative' storyteller.

What's the place of the name.

Mitul Agarwal, exploring new ideas.

I think in my mind how is possible.

KPS, how indeed.

His hair is large.

Harshit Bansal, a keen observer.

How well you hear in your eye.

Arjun Singh, not as bad as that.

People who spread violence are violinists.

PMV, violence is an art then!

You are stretching yourself too thin.

SKD, painful indeed.

This sentence make no sense.

Kushagra Kar, precisely!

He did swam.

Nikunj Bansal, sports commentator.

These are the mouses.

Keshav Pransukha, watching 'Tom and Jerry'.

Did you guys come silver?

Arjun Singh, second place.

Open the lights and fans.

PKB, starts a class.

Why you argue?

DKY, against that; we have to.

How happens in computer?

AKS, Syntax Error.

Is your behaviour meticulous?

Nehansh Saxena, Mr Perfectionist.

I feeled it.

Arindam Arora, must have been painful

When did I speak that?

Ansh Raj, right now!

Nobody leaves until the bell rings!

ARD, exercising authority.

The Year Gone By

Omar Chishti and Salman Mallick

Yet another year has gone by. As Founder's rolls in, and our deadlines approach, it's time for us to get down to chronicling the events of the year again. Last year's Founder's Day proceedings were probably the last 'normal' Founders we ever had, with the last 'normal' Trials and the last 'normal' two-month winter holidays. School has been mired in a cycle of change over the past year. In the midst of all this change, the one constant was the relentless pressure of events, with boxing, basketball, racquet sports, quiz and Trials. The highlight of all this was probably the final Seniors A basketball match, which was lent the atmosphere of an Afzals match when almost the entire school turned up to witness the match, which ended after an untimely own basket.

The Spring Term saw the beginning of a new era, with the new calendar system finally kicking in. After the School Captain election, a new prefectorial body was appointed in the Rose Bowl, which is perhaps inured to the drama these announcements cause

after all these years. The student body, however, followed with rapt attention as some were satisfied, some pleasantly surprised, and many disappointed. It also saw the end of an epoch in the School's history, with the previous Headmaster, Dr. Peter McLaughlin making a surprise announcement and calling it quits in a historic 'evening assembly'.

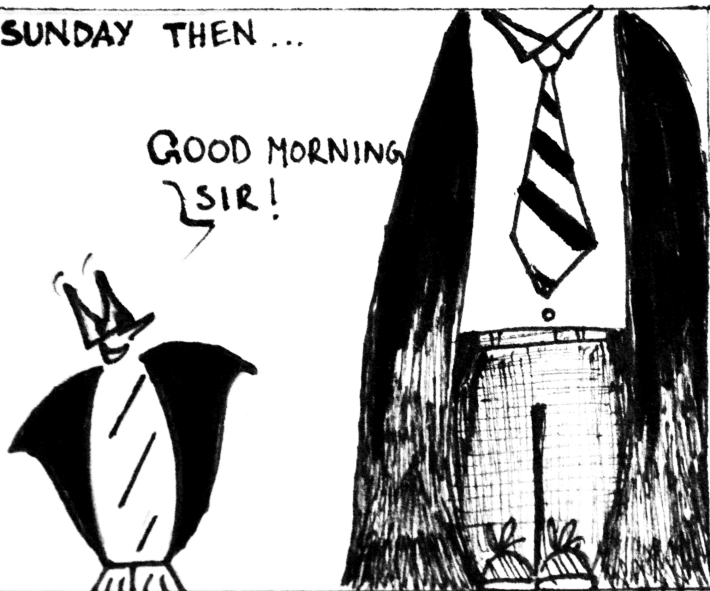
Midterms followed Test Week, and the brand new 'spring break' came immediately after the midterms. Meanwhile, Oberoi House seemed to be on a dream run, winning everything that lay in its path, from Inter-House Cricket all the way to Inter-House Play. After the invigorating fortnight back home, hockey season swung into action with all the injuries and near-misses which accompany the sport. After the IB examinations, the last of the SCE formers departed; many of them are now finding their feet in college, in the same way that the D-formers, who had arrived later than usual, were then finding their feet in School. This May did not signal Trials

fever, instead bringing a series of rather lightly taken 'internal assessments' which helped relieve most of the pressure built up by the maelstrom of ongoing events. The ICSE and ISC results were announced towards the end of the term, with the School graphs reaching new heights. No pressure, batches of '17 and '19! Incidentally, with the introduction of the IGCSE curriculum, there are only two batches left in School which will give the ICSE examination. Our new Headmaster, Mr. Matthew Raggett was welcomed to School as the term drew to a close and took over his responsibilities after a symbolic transfer-of-power ceremony. Boys returned home for their summer vacations with a whole lot of sleeping (and eating) to catch up on.

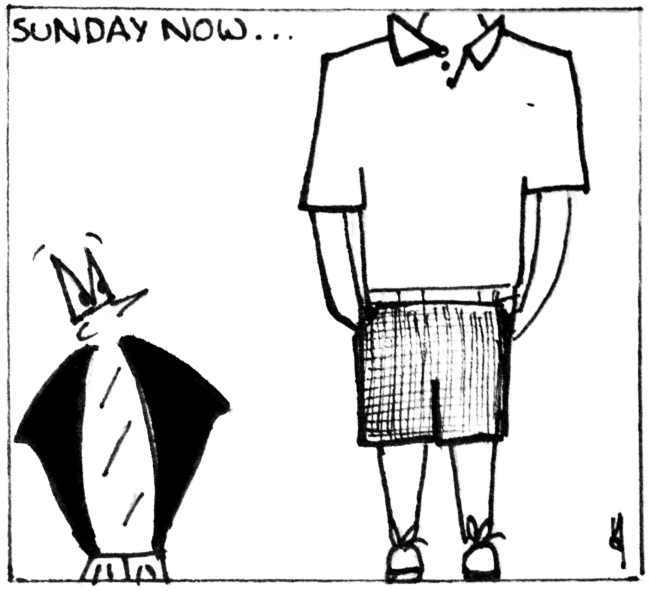
The monsoon had worked its magic on the School grounds over the break, with lush greens greeting the boys as they returned mid-June (The summer break was shortened by ten days). The run up to DSMUN saw record attendance at the gym, with Doscos looking to seal diplomatic (and romantic) ties, and

SUNDAY THEN ...

GOOD MORNING
SIR!



SUNDAY NOW ...



bringing a flashy assortment of suits, ties and kurta-pyjamas in tow. This football season saw novelty in more ways than just the usual debut of flashy new studs, with the implementation of a controversial system of practices last seen decades ago, and the defeat of the School Team at the hands of Old Boys (considering the record number of ex-School Football Captains and assorted legendary players on the field, the modest score line was probably a mercy). The refusal of the rain gods to spare students from PT led to much grumbling, but as autumn and September Trials came closer, DoscOs buried themselves in their textbooks. Following Trials, even Masters complained of stress, having been forced to juggle teaching and assessing as many as four different curricula over the past year.



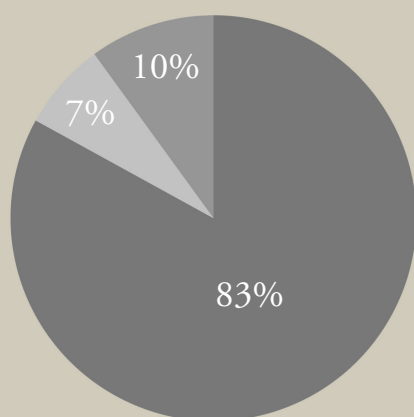
Picture Credits: Uday Goyal

The School Council decided to grant private midterm parties the right to carry their phones this time. The S-Form second term 'fever' has touched new highs over the past few months as campaigns are run, alliances made and friendships broken. For those not quite out of the blocks yet, remember that the race ventures into unexplored territory this time, considering the 'third term' is yet to come. Let us hope the Rose Bowl announcements don't spell out disappointing ends to this year's S form drama!

October arrived with a bite in the morning air (replacing the one which had seen a spate of dengue cases in School), but the run up to Founders has seen frantic activity as printing deadlines and directors work to galvanise DoscOs into completing all the requisite preparation on time. A rather confusing 'sitting' assembly taken by a certain Hyderabad House SC Former certainly relieved most of the stress that had built up with all these activities. In case visitors were confused by the absence of an English play this year, they must look no further than the activity's boy-in-charge for more details.

We will be looking forward to our new Headmaster's debut on the podium at Founders, hoping that the speech isn't too long (even if it is, we can rest assured that most will be daydreaming about the coming holidays). Here's to another excellent year gone by!

Vox Populi



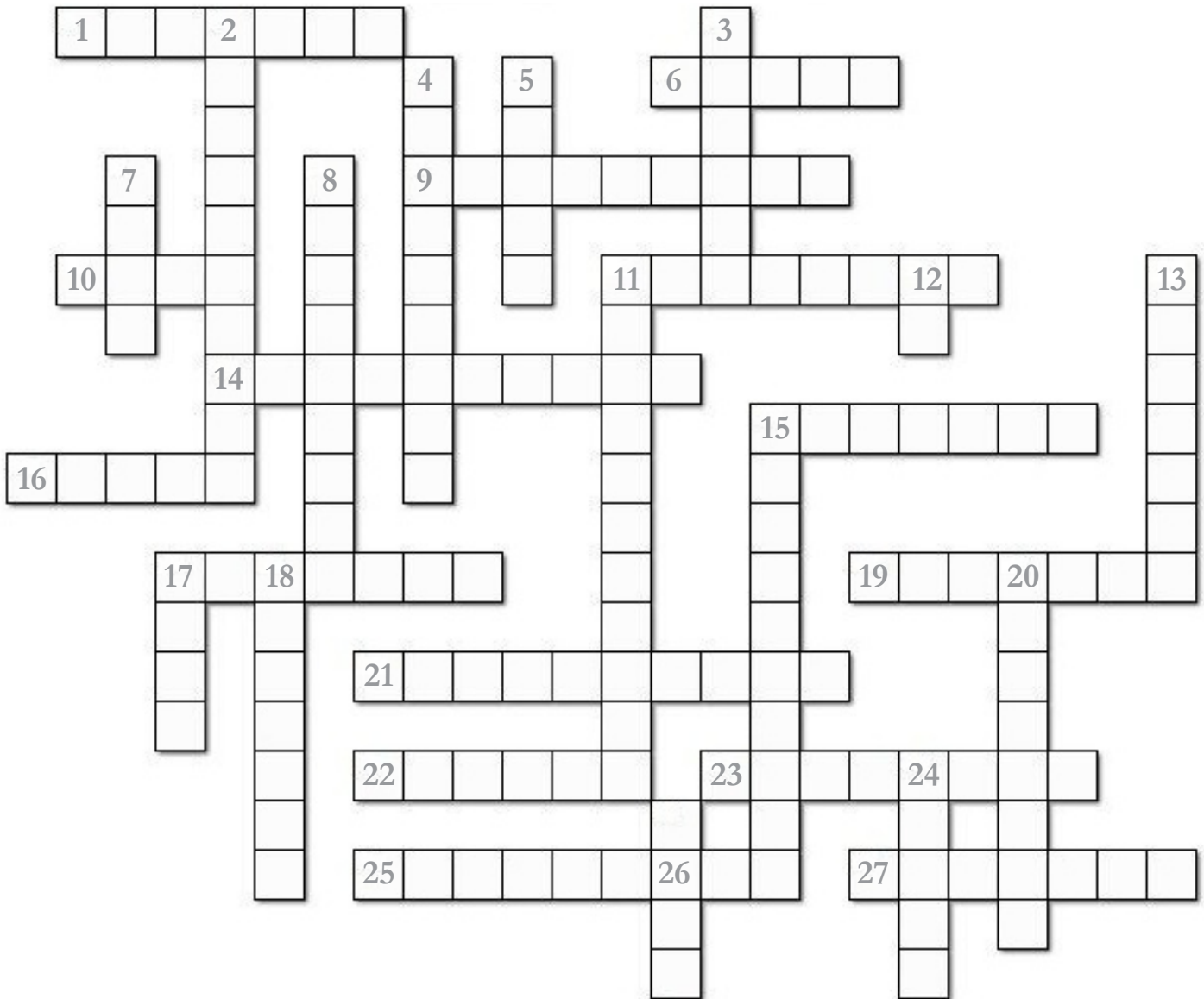
■ Yes ■ No ■ Can't Say

Do you think that all Indian schools should provide their students with a comprehensive sex education?

The debate on sex education has been raging in the country for a long time now. While most progressive nations have adopted this as a 'healthier method for young adults to learn about sex', many Indians are still reluctant to provide their children with a comprehensive sex education. However, the student community feels strongly for sex education. Out of 418 members of the student community, 83% voted a solid yes while 10% took a neutral stance on it. They believe that instead of gaining knowledge about sex from potentially incorrect sources, it is better to receive a proper sex education.

The Cruciverbalist's Corner

Anagrams



Clues

Across

1. A secret sexual relationship.
(iiaolsn)
6. The groove in a ring or bracelet in which gems are set. (elzeb)
9. D-shaped ring used by mountaineers and climbers as hooks. (rebcraani)
10. Prong of a fork. (ntei)
11. Clear (lleuicpd)
14. Causing body tissue to contract. (tengrinsat)
15. A cure for everything. (eaaanpc)
16. Acting modest or humble. (saeba)
17. To defame someone. (eaurtdc)
19. Body language. (tormcop)
21. Unthinking enthusiasm for a particular country or group. (mnisvauihc)
22. The projecting piece on a sundial

- whose shadow shows us the time. (mongon)
23. Make something more attractive or better. (vattiite)
26. To free of charges or blame. (teareexon)
27. Piece of clothing put on shoulder, usually as a symbol of honor (leaptue)

Down

2. Deeply rooted. (tvenieaert)
3. The core or central part of something. (erklne)
4. Exact copy. (smilefica)
5. Flat horizontal beam set immediately under the seat of a chair. (napor)
7. The fur of a red squirrel used to line coat sleeves. (ivra)

8. The policy of making different races live apart. (partheaid)
11. Naively optimistic. (lossgainnap)
12. The third type of ego. (2 letters)
13. Slit of any garment that facilitates it's taking on and off. (ketcalp)
15. A vote for all the people of a country or group on something. (pbsiectlei)
17. a very thick, heavy and scholarly one. (emot)
18. Easy to talk to. (balefaf)
20. The narrow vertical depression between the base of the nose and upper lip. (liphtmur)
24. Something that doesn't provide any challenge, which is not tough. (dipav)
25. The upper, front part of a shoe covering the toes. (pvma)

25. vamp
24. vapid
20. philtum
18. affable
17. tome
15. plebsite
13. placket
12. id
11. panglossian
8. apartheid
7. vair

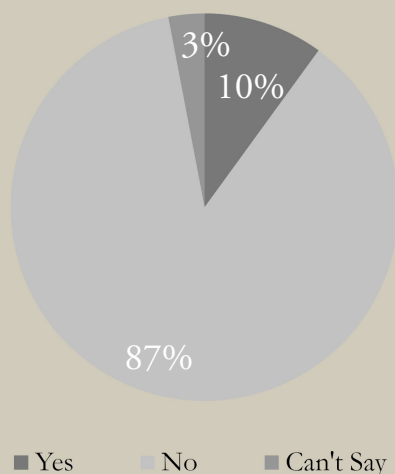
5. apron
4. facsimile
3. kernel
2. inveterate
Down
27. epaulet
26. exonerate
23. titivate
22. gnomon
21. chauvinism

Answers

19. comport
17. traduce
16. abase
15. panacea
14. asringent
11. pellucid
10. tine
9. carabiner
6. bezel
1. liaison

Across

Vox Populi



Do you think that students wearing uniform watch will help the School in further becoming an egalitarian community?

The question of introducing uniform watches for everyone was proposed and passed by the School Council recently. This decision was taken so as to increase a sense of equality amongst the students and make no student feel that he is inferior to someone. The School community, however, does not agree with the proposal because it feels that a possession as trivial as a watch does not define an egalitarian society. Also, it believes that by this reason, everything in School—pens, toothbrushes, quilts, to name a few, should be made uniform. The poll evidently showed that the School was not happy and did not agree with the reason for introducing a uniform watch for everyone.



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Printed by: The English Book Depot, 15 Rajpur Road, Dehradun, Uttarakhand– 248001, India.

Published by: PK Nair, The Doon School, Dehradun.

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Published with the kind permission of Ms Priya Chaturvedi

Special Thanks to Sarthak Singh (Ex-353 O, Batch of 2010), Leonardo Pamei



**THE
DOON
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