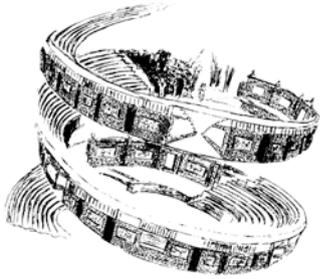


Established in 1936



The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
March 10, 2018 | Issue No. 2496



A SHOT OF TENNESSEE WHISKEY

An appreciation of the musical events at The Farewell dinner.

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A look at The Academy Awards, 2018.

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COLOURS OF LOVE

A few of our favourite moments during the celebrations of Holi.

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Criticising 'Criticism'

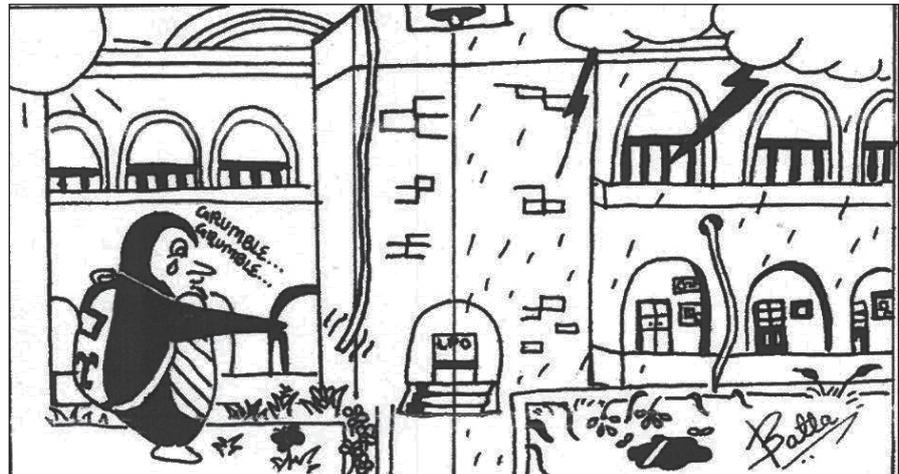
Aviral Kumar *comments on the general lens with which boys view School.*

Last week, the article published on the first page of the *Weekly*, 'Favourable Change' triggered considerable uproar from some students. The article, as I'm sure most of you who are reading this are aware, revolved around the system of favours in School. Many attacked the arguments presented by the author, claiming that they were partial and one-sided and his mathematical calculations of the average favours given per day were particularly galling to some. However, the point I'm attempting to make is not whether favours are justified; rather, it is the outlook of the authors who write such articles and the recent trend of perpetual criticism that has taken root within School that are of concern to me.

Much has been written about issues that plague School, ranging from the value of the School ties to the indiscipline of our boys, and from the culture of giving favours to the 'cool gang conundrum' and everything else in between. Little has changed though, and the only response that we come up with is to churn out more issues that criticise aspects of life here.

Undoubtedly, critique certainly has its place, but when all one can think of doing is to sit back and write long pieces about the next 'great' malaise prevalent in our institution, then somewhere rational criticism degenerates into cribbing. I completely agree that there are many aspects of Doon

which could be improved, but we must realise that this is case with any institution – there is always scope for improvement. Introspection and criticism are essential in order to inch ever closer to being a better School, but the problem arises when *Doscos* believe criticising Doon and celebrating it are dichotomous in nature – they definitely aren't.



While attempting to improve our School by criticising all that is wrong, we mustn't forget how to cherish it, for then living in this place becomes pointless. When all you see around you is something you feel like criticising, forgetting to see the many things around worth celebrating, you are likely to miss out on the best part of your growing up here. Yes, we might not have phones, but if we did, do you think you could talk about your troubles to the person sitting next to you till two in the morning over a hot bowl of Maggi? We may have a hierarchy, but we also look up to our seniors as individuals who can

guide and mentor us. Would it be the same if we didn't, or feel the responsibility and affection towards our juniors to do the same? Doon, despite all its anachronistic systems and perceived inconveniences, undoubtedly creates an atmosphere unlike any other. It is one that does not necessarily enforce hardship, yet prepares us to face it. It is one

that teaches us to retain and refine the identity of the individual, whilst also respecting the idea of the collective. I think it would be truly unjust to overlook all of this whenever we decide to publish another 'Crib Column.'

Moreover, I think it's necessary to address a question that has propped up frequently in recent weeks: "What does it mean to be a *Dosco*?" The answer, to my mind, is incredibly simple. What does it mean to be a *Dosco*? Nothing at all. What I mean when I say this is that the uniqueness of the *Dosco* is that he can be whatever he

(Continued on Page 3)

ACCOMPLISHED ORATORS

The results of the **Inter-House Hindi Declamation Contest** are as follows:

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

The **individual positions** are as follows:

- 1st:** Agam Bhatia
2nd: Aditya Jain
3rd: Ribhav Bansal

Well done!

UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Go wear someone else.

KLK, imaginative.

You are so knowlgeous!

HCY, witnessing yours.

Pass the breakfast.

Tushar Jalan, eradicating obesity.

Padmavati got died.

Advait Ganapathy, 'English Markers.'

We won an individual team bronze.

Shourya Aggarwal, selfless captain.

I disagree you.

Kabir Subbiah, contemptuous.

Cut the scissors.

Lorcan Conlon, crafty.

Stop eavesdropping my conversation.

Advaita Sood, insecure.

“

Journalism is printing what someone else does not want printed: everything else is public relations.

—
George Orwell

VERSATILE VICTORS

The following are the awards given at the **Prize Giving and Farewell Assembly, 2018:**

The **John Martyn Memorial Cup for General Proficiency** was awarded to Ajaypratap Singh Grewal.

The **Senior award for General Proficiency** was awarded to Harshit Bansal.

The award for the **Gentleman Sportsman of the Year** was won by Keshav Maliah.

School Colours were awarded to Talin Aggarwal, Aneesh Choudhary, Shubham Dhiman, Divij Mullick and Shikhar Trivedi.

THE WHO?

Who is Krishna Pandit Bhanji?

Shourya Goel: A Health Organizer

Payas Hasteer: A Sage

Adit Chatterjee: A Socialist

Krishna Pandit Bhanji, professionally known as Ben Kingsley, is an English Oscar winning actor, famous for his movies *Gandhi* and *Iron Man 3*.

Around the World in 80 Words

Syria aid deliveries were halted due to chemical attacks, killing over 90 refugees. International Women's Day fueled Spain's female workers to break into a 'feminist strike. Former Russian spy, Sergei Skripal, and his daughter were found unconscious in the U.K. after being poisoned. Thousands of Pakistanis were sentenced to death and denied Human Rights in Saudi Arabia, for heroin smuggling. Coca Cola announced release of their first alcoholic drink. Juventus knocked out Tottenham Hotspurs, beating them 4-3 on final score.

Dosco Doodle

Musical Masters

Anant Ganapathy



(Continued from page 1)

wants to be. As much as we'd like to dream of the legacy bestowed upon us by the *Doscos* of yore, the fact is that we can never emulate them beyond a certain extent. The very fact that now we are always connected to the outside world and social media (albeit every weekend) through our laptops means that our perception and experiences of life in Doon are vastly different from a *Dosco* from the Eighties. No such template of an ideal *Dosco* exists; just like any other concept, it is subject to constant change based on its circumstances. Rather than constantly seeking to measure our worth against self-imposed benchmarks, we should revel in this adaptability.

I believe it is this fluidity which lends the *Dosco* his charm - each

boy who joins Doon is given the opportunity to truly shape his image and by extension the image of our community as he sees fit, and that is truly something understated and unique. More beautiful than this however, is what Doon as an institution gives us. I'm certain that a majority of us would have heard the old adage that Doon gives us more than an education, it teaches us about life. Well, I'd like to say that Doon doesn't teach us about life; I believe nothing really can, rather it presents the prospect of something greater - an environment where you can actually experience life as an individual, where pre-determined factors cannot dictate the course of your growth. To create a space where the limits of learning are only imposed by the individual upon himself is a truly

herculean task, and it is for this, above all else, that Doon truly deserves appreciation.

To conclude, do I believe that Doon is a perfect institute that produces guaranteed achievers? No, but I do believe it is one which generously hands the tools and created an environment where a boy can build himself into one, which does far more to garner our appreciation than our scorn. It is because our Old Boys understood this that they have gone on to do so much, and it is only when we understand this that we can do the same. If we are so inclined to reflect, perhaps we should also reflect upon all there is to love in this School, for it is only then that we can dispel the malaise of cynicism that plagues Chandbagh.

A Shot of Tennessee Whiskey

Jaiveer Mishra appreciates the musical events at *The Farewell dinner, 2018*.

As the sounds of the ever-moving *Auld Lang Syne* at the Rosebowl faded, we bade a formal goodbye to SC Form as Farewell Assembly came to an end. While the mood after Assembly might have been slightly somber, the School Popular Band changed that with an entertaining and elevating performance at the dinner that followed at The Headmasters residence.

After we set up, Harsh Dewan took the mike and the first strains of *Tennessee Whiskey* filled the air.

The air indeed seemed lighter as there was a definite shift in the mood with a lot of humming to "You're as smooth as Tennessee whiskey... You're as sweet as strawberry wine". The rendition of this Clark Beckham classic had a personality of its own with fantastic improvisation by Zoraver Mehta on the piano, Samar Mundi on the guitar and Anirudh Bazari on the drums. The fast paced *Dani California* that followed, had Keshav Maliah joining in front and center and performing as only he can do best with his legendary

dance moves. MHS Sir most sportingly obliged and joined in to sing impromptu upon Zoraver's request adding his own flavor to the mix. What's more the "friendly face off" between Angad and Samar on their guitars reminded us that our musicians are not only talented, but also truly versatile, something that was reinstated by Ishaan Mauli Mishra's superlative contribution on the base guitar.

As the youngest member of the band and a first time performer at the event, I looked around at those present, and the thought that came to mind was this - only at Doon will one find this special camaraderie, where teachers, students and parents join in to make an occasion special and celebrate with their whole heart and spirit. Be it swaying to the beats of *Sweet home Chicago* or tapping to the rhythm of drums, piano and guitar, this special shot of *Tennessee Whiskey* can only be, and will ever only be found at Chandbagh.



Silver Screens, Gold Statues

Adit Chatterjee reviews the recently held Academy Awards.

This year, the Academy Awards kicked off splendidly, with a plethora of memorable moments that stole the show. Starting with Tiffany Haddish and Maya Rudolph, who were by far the funniest presenters of the night, complaining about their painful heels and complimenting each other's bathroom-emergency scenes in *Girls Trip* and *Bridesmaids*, they far outshone all the other presenters, and the duo were a welcome presence. That, accompanied by what is said to be "the most rousing feminist movement" by Frances McDormand, who delivered a rousing speech, that built up to the point where she asked every female nominee in the room to stand. When they did, it easily became the most powerful moment of the evening.

Being an Academy Awards ceremony centered on an exceptional number of gifted nominees over 40 - many of them women - the standout fashion moment was unquestionably that of Rita Moreno. The 86-year-old actress belongs to specific elite, being an EGOT - having earned an Emmy, a Grammy, an Oscar and a Tony. Other fashionable moments were once again taken by Tiffany Haddish, who, apart from lighting up the beginning of the show, wore a splendid white gown as a tribute to her father. However, fashion wasn't the only statement being made, as before introducing the award for production design, Lupita Nyong'o and Kumail Nanjiani made one of the night's most pointed political statements. The two introduced themselves as immigrants — Ms. Nyong'o was born in Mexico and raised in Kenya; Mr. Nanjiani is from Pakistan — and then made a not-so-subtle appeal on behalf of the

so-called Dreamers, who are in the United States under the policy of Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals, or DACA. Their future remains in limbo after President Trump moved to end the program. Ms. Nyong'o and Mr. Nanjiani, without mentioning the politics of immigration directly, briefly spoke about dreams being the "foundation of Hollywood" and the United States. Mr. Nanjiani, who was nominated for best original screenplay for *The Big Sick*, closed by saying, "To all the dreamers out there, we stand with you."

Finally, the main highlight of the show began. After a few speeches, the awards were announced. There was much excitement as *The Shape of Water* won best picture, and directors Guillermo Del Toro and J. Miles Dale leapt up in ecstasy. Other awards were provided to Gary Oldman, Frances McDormand, Sam Rockwell, and Allison Janney. *Coco* won the best animated feature film, as well as the best music. However, the star awardee was the sweet victory provided to Roger Deakins; after thirteen years he was finally awarded for the cinematography on his hit film *Bladerunner 2049*. Additionally, Allison Janney brought the house down when her first line upon accepting her supporting actress Oscar for *I, Tonya* was a brash "I did it all by

myself." If she had left it there, it would have been a speech for the ages, and probably would have earned her a Jet Ski, referring to the host Jimmy Kimmel's prize for the shortest speech of the night. The Jet Ski in question, however, was graciously awarded to designer Mark Bridges, who rounded off the night in a silly and charming conclusion.

Other highlights of the show were Keala Settle's commanding performance of *This Is Me*, nominated for best song, which should have opened the show. The lyrics "I'm not scared to be seen/I make no apologies, this is me" so perfectly summed up what became the themes of the night — diversity, empowerment, inclusion — and it was among the few moments of the nearly four-hour telecast when the audience seemed to come alive. Another surprising new addition was the new brazen font that was used, blaringly displaying the award category in a bright gold fashion, before it was even announced! This was a well thought of change, however, in order to counter last year's mix-up of the Best Picture awardee.

As the show rolled to an end, another year of the silver screen passed, with some of Hollywood's finest being appreciated. It now remains to be seen what the maestros of the film industry conjure up next.



2018
HOLI

Our favourite moments from the celebrations.
Picture Credits: Dr.Vidhukesh Vimal, Gautam Singhal and Udaya Goel



हम भी कभी कमाल हुआ करते थे

• शुभम धीमन

वो भी एक दौर था जब इस नई दुनिया के लिए दिल में अजीब से ख्याल हुआ करते थे। मासूमियत से मुस्कराते चेहरों पर डरे डरे से हज़ारों सवाल हुआ करते थे। कैद लगते थे जो उन दिनों में हमें कब गुज़र गए वो सारे पल यहाँ रोते मुस्कराते कुछ पता ही नहीं चला। बस, आज मुड़कर देखते हैं तो याद आता है, कभी हम भी यहाँ कमाल हुआ करते थे। घंटी की आवाज़ पर भागते हुए देखता हूँ उन्हें, सुबह - सुबह बेमन सा जागते हुए देखता हूँ उन्हें - पहले साल की पहली पहली हर बात याद आती है, दोस्तों से पहली मुलाक़ात याद आती है। याद आता है दूर कहीं रास्तों में मेरा खो जाना, कहीं खुद को तलाशते हुए रातों का सवेरा हो जाना। कारण, हालात कैसे थे जो लड़ना मुझे सिखा गए, रात के घने अँधेरे नगमों की ताकत दिखा गए। लफ़्ज़ों में बयाँ कैसे करूँ क्या था जो गुज़र गया हर किस्सा, हर लम्हा हसीं याद सा दिल में उतर गया। जैसे भी थे किस्से सब बेमिसाल हुआ करते थे। छोटी सी इस दुनिया में कभी हम भी कमाल हुआ करते थे। दिल की हर महफ़िल हर शाम कुछ नगमों सुनाकर जायेगी। मिलेंगी मंज़िलें नई मगर यह दुनिया फिर भी याद आएगी, अलविदा कहने को आज कोई लफ़्ज़ नहीं मिल पायेंगे। बस इतना याद रखना - कभी यहाँ हम भी कमाल हुआ करते थे।

अलविदा

• शिखर त्रिवेदी

झड़ते भूरे पत्ते सूखी सर्द हवा में तितलियों जैसे तैर रहे थे फूलों से उनकी खुशबू उड़ चुकी थी आसमान में सूरज ढल रहा था और एक लालिमा छाई हुई थी। दूर कहीं एक पेड़ के नीचे बैठा एक सफ़ेद बालों वाला बूढ़ा आदमी घाँस के बिछौने पर लेट गया उसके ऊपर डालियों पर एक चिड़िया घोंसला बना रही थी घोंसले में दो नन्हें बच्चे खिलखिला कर हँस रहे थे देखते ही देखते शाम हो गयी। अगली सुबह जब सूरज चमका तो सिर्फ़ वो बिछौना था, वो आदमी नहीं और घोंसले में से दोनों बच्चे उड़ान भर चुके थे। अलविदा कह दिया गया था।

सोचता हूँ

• डॉ विधुकेश विमल

सोचता हूँ एक कविता लिखूँ तुम पर..... तुम्हारे होठों पर तिरती उस अनछुई हंसी को जिसे देख लगता है जैसे ओस की बूँदें किसी पेड़ के नए पत्ते हिलाती दूसरे पत्ते पर गिरी हो और दोनों पत्ते केवल काँपते से रह गए हैं। जाड़े की सुबह में कोहरे को चीर सूरज सी गुनगुनाहट देते तुम्हारे चेहरे को चांद सी उस बिंदी को तुम्हारे हाथों की गर्माहट कानों में छनकर आती उस खनखन और छनछन को आँखों के विश्वास को बाँधा है जिसने मुझको उस स्पर्श को जिसे मैंने महसूस किया है अपने अकेलेपन में पूरी संपूर्णता में तुम्हारे साँसों के हर उच्छ्वास को फूलों से लदी सरसों के पेड़ सी काया को - दूँ शब्द लेकिन, शब्द खोज नहीं पाता तुम्हें अभिव्यक्त कर नहीं पाता, सच कहूँ तो ऐसा करना ही नहीं चाहता डरता हूँ उनसे, कहेंगे वे भावनाओं में बह रहा है व्यावहारिक बन..... प्रेम तो कब का मर चुका उसकी लाश मत ढो... शोर बढ़ता जा रहा है संवेदनाएँ दम तोड़ रही हैं मैं व्यावहारिक बन रहा हूँ इसलिए केवल सोचता हूँ एक कविता लिखूँ तुम पर।

Nature

Arjun Madhukar Wakade

A clap of thunder by the break of dawn,
then the gentle patter on the leaves of the
coconut trees,
a swift breeze running through my hair,
walking as silently every blade of grass seemed to
watch,
caressing my cheek as the drops rolled down,
ever so steadily the shower went on.

As I advanced towards the open ground,
the plants coming alive with color,
the earthly smell crawling through the moist soil,
the trees rejuvenating with life and,
buds blooming to life while,
monsoon's magical song played in my ears.

A Hit

Arjun Singh

Today, I know I'll take a hit,
I'd felt it'd come, I must admit,
On my success, it'll be a slit,
Today, I know I'll take a hit.

In public, silently I'll have to sit,
In private, though, I'll throw a fit,
"Why?" I'll ask, "did it come to this?"
"What crime did I really commit?"

"Bad things happen" they will say,
"To good people" in added wit,
"At times we have to deal with failure",
"And for our sins we must remit".

"Sin?" I question, in defiance,
I'm in an existential knit,
Pondering over my reliance,
My regimens and moral writ.

The blow is hard, but I remember,
As The Stallion once put it,
"It ain't about how hard you hit,
It's about how hard you can get hit."

"And keep moving forward."
"That's how winning is done!" his quip,
Wisdom did it nigh transmit,
Stay strong, "be willing to take the hits."

So I'll be disappointed, but handle it,
My Creed will stand: clichéd but honest, albeit,
That those who quit will never win,
And those win will never quit.

Ready, I stand, to take the hit.

A Dying Note

Bhai Kabir Singh

David was satisfied, he had accomplished his goal.
He finally had the time. He lay down to read an
anecdote.

All of a sudden I was engulfed in darkness. I
could see nothing, hear nothing, and feel nothing!
I was frozen. My fingers turned numb. Slowly, I
started regaining control over myself, gathering
confidence. I could see a bulb flickering in the
distance. I started moving towards the light,
trembling as my legs moved. I entered the hallway,
I could see the bulb above me, flickering, flickering,
flickering. The bulb failed to provide any comfort.
The objective was too ghastly, it was a terrible
thing, and the bulb could not help. I knew what I
would do next would haunt me for the rest of my
life.

I looked down; the gun was grasped firmly in my
hand. My conscious struggled to take control. My
insides burned. My anger took control of my soul,
my mind. I knew it was time - I loaded the gun.
Sweat trickled down my cheek. I took brisk strides;
I knew what had to be done.

I entered their bedroom. It was dark; I could
not see much. I could barely tell between him and
her. I loathed the way he hung on to her, grasping
her tightly, as if it was their last time. It disgusted
me. How could she love a man like him, a mere
peasant? I could feel my anger boil. My face turned
red. I could hear the clock; tick, tock, tick, tock.

The clock struck twelve, I lost my sanity. I dived
at her first; choked her. Muffling her cry for help.
She deserved to die. She had betrayed me. Old
memories came flooding back, fuelling my anger.
It was time to move on to him. He knew who I
was and what I wanted. I stared at him, he quivered
with distress. He had the eyes of a walking dead
man. He knew what awaited him. He had stolen
my wife!

He squealed, "Please, please. Don't hurt me!"
He continued yelling, but it was futile. I watched
him plead, begging for mercy. The satisfaction was
overwhelming. The time was right. My face straight
and my gun poised; I took the shot! Multiple shots!
It was finally over. I glared at the dead body. I was
elated, I had finished my mission. I had waited so
long for this moment.

David was proud of his work. The diary had
exceeded his expectations. It had captured his
experience perfectly. He looked over to his side -
he could see the gun drenched in blood.

The Week Gone By

Adit Chatterjee

Last week, we saw the numerous corners of the school lit up in various hues as the Houses held their first House Feast of the year – the last, however, for the Batch passing out, and it seemed only fitting that it involved farewell speeches, wild jam sessions and school songs being sung late into the night – the proper Dosco sendoff. As the final strains of *Auld Lang Syne* resonated into the night on Prize Giving Assembly, the Batch of 2018 farewell, as they celebrated possibly the last time all of them were together with the traditional ‘appale ki appale’.

The rest of the School left for a generously long outing (with rather large bags in fashion), and one would think that School had uprooted itself and planted down in Astley Hall, considering the large number of Doscos there, all enjoying their last weekend of freedom before they bury their heads in their books for the upcoming Trials. However, the spotlight wasn’t solely on the passing out batch; the Masters got in touch with their musical side on Wednesday, bringing the house down with a spectacular performance of “Music with Masters”, It was the appropriate calm before the storm of correcting papers, something the boys and masters dread alike. Food supplies seem to be running low already, and the coffee

provide solace to any late night stragglers looking for this elixir of marks – much to the dismay of the CDH – for the increasingly missing cups of the Dining Hall. Our ATs seem to be working hard, many struggling to work off the ‘love handles’ they put on in their diligent pursuit of mark(er)s; However a recent talk convinced them otherwise, and a majority of them can be found snoring in the mornings after long nights in the toyespantries. The Main Field is still active, as Hockey practices are diligently held on the sidelines of the ongoing Inter-House Cricket matches. As the week rolls to an end, we wish the entire School community the very best for our exams, bid the outgoing batch farewell, and hunker down, as ~~Winter~~ Trials are coming.

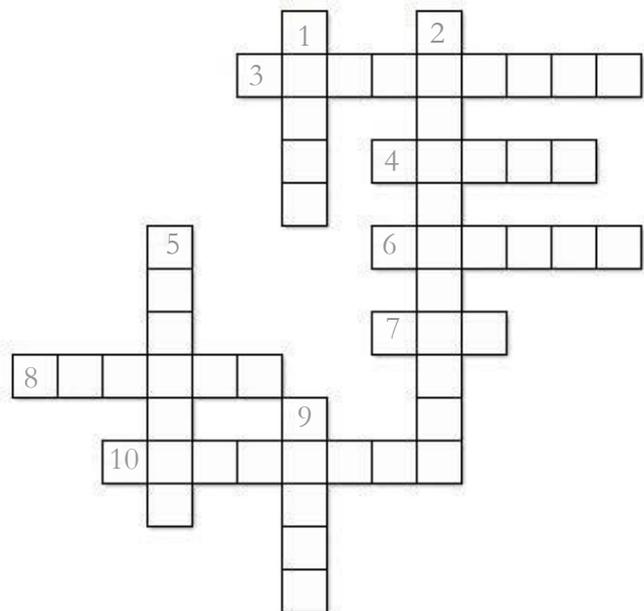
Crossword | Famous Women

Across

3. A Bollywood legend whose tragic life mirrored Marilyn Monroe’s.
4. Took on racism in the Deep South with powerful reporting on lynchings.
6. The first American woman to win an Olympic championship.
7. A feminist poet and revolutionary who became a martyr known as China’s ‘Joan of Arc.’
8. Author of Jane Eyre
10. A gifted mathematician who is now recognized as the first computer programmer.

Down

1. Buried in an unmarked grave, cancer cells were taken from her body without permission. They led to a medical revolution.
2. Established what may have been America’s first tennis court in the 1870s.
5. A transgender pioneer and activist who was a fixture of Greenwich Village street life.
9. A postwar poet who was found dead in her flat.



Note: All answers to this crossword are the concerned persons’ surnames.

7. Jin	9. Plath
6. Abbott	5. Johnson
4. Wells	2. Outbridge
3. Madhubala	1. Lacks
8. Bronie	
10. Lovelace	

Down:

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