Kabhi Alvida Naa Kehna

The Weekly bids farewell to Dr. Vidhukesh Vimal. On this occasion, his students and friends share their thoughts on his tenure.

VKL has been one of the most influential figures of my Doon experience. Through debate and dramatics, he not only taught me to think from different perspectives, but also fundamentally shaped my identity in School and thereafter. Apart from all the roles he played in the School community, Sir was a committed mentor and a constant friend, pushing me to challenge my boundaries at all times, but also always there to pick me up if needed. Truly, few embodied the spirit of Doon as VKL. I thank him for everything he did for me and countless other students, and wish him all the best in his future endeavours.

-Ritesh Shinde (Ex 33-J, ’16)

“Your true educators and formative teachers reveal to you what the real raw material of your being is, something quite uneducable, yet in any case accessible only with difficulty, bound, paralyzed: your educators can be only your liberators”, Nietzsche writes. What’s remarkable about Doon are not its teachers, but its educators. I’m grateful to have found one in VKL. I fondly recall that there were countless sermons, but one shall forever be etched in my memory: “Success may be delayed, but it won’t be denied”. Congratulations on your success Sir, and best of luck in this new chapter of your life.

-Arth Gupta (Ex 189-J, ’16)

“There are three letters you must be wary of before you even so much as think about doing something wrong and those are V, K, L.” Believe it or not, that silly phrase was one of the first things I heard from my (Assistant) Housemaster as he smiled and welcomed me to Jaipur House. Who knew that this man was going to be one of my hardest goodbyes. The hours spent eating Chotu’s parathas, laughing on the lamest of jokes, receiving endless gyaan and even the occasional scolding are moments I would be willing to live a thousand times over. His renowned catchphrases (‘lazy elegance’, ‘kooda ho jaana hai’ and the likes) are teachings I will keep close to my heart wherever I go. VKL Sir invested in us on every front, even knowing our inside jokes and hopeless romantic lives well enough to get custom cakes themed on them. If you ask me, he wasn’t a Housemaster at all, he was a form-mate, a mentor and to me, a father figure.

-Yash Dewan (Ex 508-J, ’19)

Last year, this time of August, I was packing my bags after having spent 12 years at the The Doon School and was quite emotional about leaving my close friends, VKL being one of them. Little did we know that he

(Continued on Page 3)
The art of diplomacy starts with the heart of diplomacy which is to find a peaceable solution.

Jordan Blake Michiels
too would be going through the same process the very next year. If there was anyone on campus who could irritate me by knocking at my door at 12 in the night or 5 in the morning for the sole reason "Mona Khanna thodi gup shup maarte hain," it was him. And just like that Vidhukesh and I would have long sessions of chit-chatting over a cup of tea. Over those several *chai* sessions along with "mebenge waale" biscuits, I got to know one of the finest human beings on Chandbagh who became a true friend for life.

From knowing him as a carefree bachelor to a "slightly" more responsible husband and dad, and a "highly" dedicated and responsible Housemaster and several other hats which he wore, I have learnt so much from him in the past years, be it last minute hacks to preparing for SEN & IOE or preparing a *Power Point* for my interview or even training the C and D formers for the street play.

VKL has been family not just to me but to both my kids Shambhavi & Shiven also. With Shambhavi calling him *Ramu Kaka* and Shiven's rapport with Asmita as his elder sister and Aadya as the darling daughter of our family, they all hold a very dear place in our hearts.

Walking into Chandbagh will never be the same without Vidhukesh, Asmita & Aadya. All the very best to Vidhukesh for his new endeavour in life and I know, with his ability, he will do wonders for The Assam Valley School.

-MAK

VKL has transformed me from being a ruffian to somewhat of a decent, civilised man. Our memories of debates will always be cherished, especially the late night preparations, where we discussed everything except the motion of the debate, and survived on nothing but Maggi and lemon ice tea (graciously served at his place). An inspiration for me, he is indeed what I consider a true public school master, and I wish him all the luck for everything that I'm sure he's going to keep achieving.

-Shikhar Trivedi (Ex 391-T,'18)

---

**Diplomat’s Dialogue**

The Doon School Weekly interviewed Ms. Nirupama Rao, Former Ambassador to China and USA

DSW: We have heard of the 'String of Pearls' theory, through which China is taking over the ports surrounding India. Despite its supposed commercial nature, there appears to be some security threat that it may pose to India, especially to its territorial integrity. What are your views on this theory?

Ms. Nirupama Rao (NPR): This is a theory that has been mentioned by quite a few security analysts, and is used quite freely in public today. The Indian coastline is over 7000 kilometres long and it has the Northern Indian Ocean, The Bay of Bengal and The Arabian Sea. I don’t think any country in this region has the maritime advantages of India. Therefore, I think that we need to internalise a confidence in ourselves in our unparalleled position. Now China is trying to build ports like they did in Gwadar, Balochistan, Pakistan and Myanmar, but China also confronts many dilemmas, such as the Malacca Dilemma. Additionally, the maritime space is very constrained due to its geographical features. A lot of China’s oil and energy exports have to pass through the very narrow Malacca Straits. India, on the contrary, also has the Andaman and Nicobar Islands which act like aircraft carriers because they overlook the Malacca Strait. We must leverage these advantages by building strong relationships not only in the neighbourhood, but also with sister democracies like the United States of America, Japan, and Australia. At the same instance, we must cooperate with our competitors like China. With China, there are some disputes which need to be settled; thus, it is necessary that we endorse dialogue.

DSW: In your tenure as foreign secretary and ambassador to China, you used Twitter as an aiding domain. However, a consequence of using Twitter is that both diplomacy and your personal views enter the optic domain, together. How do you categorise this problem?

NPR: We live in an age of social media where we have to face the reality. Being a diplomat, you cannot lock yourself away from reality. For example, in the Indian Elections, the ruling party’s media outreach in Balakot nudged the population to think in a certain way. It is imperative to understand that diplomacy pivots around communication. People always want to know the reality, and rightly so. So, we should use Twitter to reassure the scattered pockets of people. It links me to the people, and is an effective way of communicating. This is how thousands of Indians were evacuated from Libya during the Libyan Crisis in 2011. Twitter is a very important instrument for people in diplomacy. Today, diplomacy is about...
wearing gumboots in slush and sand and reaching out to people, and Twitter really helps to do that.

DSW: Even though Twitter has its uses, it can be used for destructive purposes: an example is Donald Trump. However, in such a scenario, is a single line potent enough to destroy diplomatic ties?

NPR: What you say does happen, but if ties between countries are very strong, then they will not be destroyed by a mere tweet. There is a superstructure between the governments of the two countries ensuring that ties stay strong. One has to see such comments in the context of the larger structure and evaluate it thenceforth.

DSW: India leaks high-skilled labour to countries abroad. Many of us will apply abroad too, for that matter. Do you see this brain drain as a problem?

NPR: There is phenomenal mobility in today’s world. People can work in a country abroad yet return to their country. What I see is that Indian professionals, abroad, are concerned about India and yearn to contribute to it. Now, the government needs to find methods to welcome them to work in India.

DSW: Taking into consideration the circumstances in Kashmir, don’t you think that the views of the people who are being affected should have been prioritised? Do the actions in Kashmir hurt the idea of a democracy?

NPR: The situation in Kashmir has been quite disturbed, making it very hard for the government to solve this problem. Article 370 was a temporary, transitional provision. Over the years, many provisions of the Constitution were applied to Jammu and Kashmir. The intention of the Government seems to have been to remove the provisions of Article 370 as these provisions were temporary to begin with. But I do feel that a lot of reassurance needs to be provided to the Kashmiri people. The process of healing must begin.

I go back 48 years, and I can still hear the gravel crunch as I walk up to the Art School door. Entering, I sit down on a low desk, I am handed a sheet of paper, a box of crayons and I hear the voice of Rathin Mitra for the first time. “No copying, you see! Everyone will do their own drawing!” Therein lay the genius of this incredible man, a great artist and wonderful teacher. As strong, vibrant and vital as he was, equally gentle, light and encouraging was his touch on the mind of his pupils, nudging each one to search for and find their own voice; then sing their own song, much like he did. What strikes me as I look back at the School works of Rommel Varma, Jaishankar Kala, Jimmy Mody, Umaraman Srivastava, Vivek ‘Smiley’ Prashad, myself, is that nowhere do I find the overbearing imprint of a strong teacher, other than how each work is uniquely and boldly the work of that schoolboy. He imparted that essential importance of creative integrity by example; his work was uniquely his, as unique to himself as is the work of Dali or Tyeb. “No copying, ever, you see.”

The Doon School has been home to great teachers each of whom has left their unique imprint in our collective psyche. You can’t but say ‘mountains’ and not evoke an image of Guru or Jack Gibson, similarly, say ‘Art’ and out leaps Rathin Mitra. That beautiful red brick building saturated in turpentine, encrusted with the works of Sudhir Khastagir, the Art School remained his domain, and let no one forget that to their peril. I remember visiting the Art School as an Old Boy, and standing with him on its steps looking out at the main building recently painted a bright terracotta. Looking fiercely at me, as only he could, he said of the painters “Get out of my Art School! I told them, and don’t come back here again.” His beautiful brick building remained beautiful. To me it was my home away from home, my place of refuge in the storm of adolescence, a place where my mind was free to dream, thanks to the nurturing mentorship of this wonderful teacher.

I was all of 15 when I sprang on him that I had spent my winter holidays conceiving a work, in four sections, 16 feet by 10. I spoke intensely of my angst-filled concept, the interlinking of the tragic human condition with nuclear war, poverty, pollution, and

(Continued from Page 3)

(Continued overleaf)
religion. He was quiet while he thought about it, then said “the School is not going to buy you so many canvases that size, so you will make them yourself.”

Over the next month and a half he supervised while I made the stretchers in the carpentry shop, then helped me stretch the canvases, then taught me to prepare the canvas. I bought the cans of lead-white and turpentine, to make the base, from my own pocket money. It was not a simple task, but it was fascinating, (sometimes I just sat watching the paint dry) and, finally, when he thought the canvases were usable, did I get the oils from the Art School to begin the work. His faith in me gave me confidence in myself, and through his constant teasing he would not let me take myself seriously, but, my God, he taught me to take whatever I did, when I did it, very seriously, a difference very few people can see.

However, all this mentoring wasn’t always smooth sailing, of the three YC’s I got, two were from him; yet, he was so without malice that I have only to picture him in my mind’s eye and I grin.

Rathin Mitra inspired art in me the way only a teacher that absolutely loves, eats and breathes it from every pore of his being can. That unspoken transfer of creative thinking and confidence. By his just being there and being himself, everything around him resonated. In the cool, silent, peaceful, high ceiling studio, I could dream about the magical green of new April leaves as they lit up in the morning sun. Once, completely captivated by the colours of a sunset, I waxed eloquent on the sublime to another teacher as we looked out on a truly glorious sunset, on a cycling Mid-term. Half way through my rather purple description I caught him looking at me like I was a worm in his lychee, I learned very quickly that not everyone was Rathin Mitra, and very few people could “see.”

What to say of the art of Rathin Mitra? I believe buildings spoke to him, the brick and mortar called out to him and in his singular way his pen spoke back to them. Whether it was Suicide Alley, the slowly suffocating solitary temples of Garhwal or the beautiful old buildings of Calcutta or Chandan Nagar, Chestnut or Foot house, he lovingly recorded their last song, before “progress” returned dust to dust. His drawings were his sonnets to his great love, his “Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade...So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.”

Today when I stand looking at where his beloved Art School had stood, I know, had Mitra still been in School these philistines would never have been able to dismember and replace her with a pair of soulless cuboid lumps, “Get out!” I can hear him say... I close my eyes and I’m back many years, the fragrance of turpentine and oil paint curling about me, palette knife in hand, in my heart I carry her silent peaceful space. I console myself that the brick and mortar was only the body and this new space will be an avatar.

You either hear his song or you don’t. But when you do look at his drawings, “see” them as he did, the dying call of a world rapidly slipping away, see them with his “transfiguring eyes of love”.

I have added below what some other people have said about him.

Rathin Mitra studied at the Govt. College of Arts & Crafts, Calcutta. At 21 he became the youngest member of the Calcutta Painter’s Group which was one of the most important artist groups in India. He decided his journey lay in drawing rather than painting, and over the next seven decades he evolved his own unique style.

His drawings are in collections around the world. The West Bengal Government commissioned him to capture the heritage buildings of Kolkata and its suburbs, Chandan Nagar as they were getting demolished by property dealers, developers and financially ailing families. It is said he faced a lot of resistance from these people. He became famous for his incredibly detailed pen and ink drawings that depict old heritage buildings in Kolkata and though most of them have been demolished, they live on in his drawings.

Pen and ink sketches became his trademark and later he undertook many important commissions in India to do the same for the buildings of Delhi, Mumbai, the temples of Garhwal, Kumaon, Varanasi and of course Dehradun and The Doon School where he spent 26 years of his life.

Rathin Mitra started as an art teacher in Daly College, Indore. (There is an interesting clip online where he talks of this experience). From there he went on to Lawrence School, Sanawar and subsequently to St. Paul’s, Darjeeling as the Head of the Art Department. He took over the Art Department from Sudhir Khastagir in The Doon School in 1955 and remained with us till 1980.
The Week Gone By

Divyansh Nautiyal

It took a day for many of us across campus to recuperate from the three-day long DSMUN and the much-awaited ‘academic rigour’ that was brought into the average Dosco life because of the event. With the event, we also saw the end of MHS’ six-year long tenure as the head of the activity; his presence will be duly missed from the activity that has become synonymous with the name.

While one tenure comes to an end, interactive sessions for the beginning of another have initiated in the House of Eagles as boys interact with the prospective Housemasters. The end of the month will perhaps also bring forth the name of the new Housemaster. Amidst so much that has happened last week, our Football team participated in two local tournaments which ran almost simultaneously. Although the team put up a splendid performance, it missed out very closely in penalty shootouts against our neighbouring School in Dalanwala.

As we await the beginning of Inter-House Football, last week saw the commencement of Inter-House Swimming which witnessed exceptional performances from swimmers and a few records being broken as well.

The Wellness Centre runs on high alert with a surge of patients over the span of a couple of days.

Wordsearch | Holidays

1. _______ is a Jewish festival and is also known as the ‘Festival of Lights.’
2. This holiday, which is an African-American celebration of life, starts on 26th December and continues for a whole week.
3. Yom _______ is celebrated on the holiest day of the year in Judaism.
4. Mardi _______ is a popular German holiday also referred to as the ‘Fat Tuesday’ and consists of celebrations, carnivals and revelries.
5. The French national holiday celebrated on 14th July with military parades, fireworks, concerts and tableaux is called _______ Day.
6. This Jewish holiday is a commemoration of the nation’s freedom from slavery.
7. The _______ Week celebrated in Japan is a week in which a number of Chinese holidays fall such as Green Day, Constitution Day and _______ Day.
8. Also called the ‘Star Festival,’ this holiday is widely celebrated in Japan and China.
9. _______ is the tenth day of Muharram and commemorates the death of Husayn ibn Ali, the grandson of the prophet of Islam.
10. This holiday observes the birthday of the Islamic prophet Muhammad.