

Established in 1936

The Doon School WEEKLY

"I sketch your world exactly as it goes." -Arthur Foot
May 30, 2020 | Issue No. 2574



STATION TO STATION

We bid farewell to four members of our community.

Pages 2 & 3

THE PERILS OF PERFECTION

A look into the consequences of obsession over lockdown goals.

Page 4

PROBLEM OF THE WEEK

Let's see if you can connect math to movies!

Page 6

Editorial

The War-Time Weekly

Varen Talwar

There are moments in our lives that present us with a chance to define ourselves. When this moment comes, you can either continue upon the path you have been treading, or you can jump across the treacherous chasm between you and your ambition. You really want to go to the other side, but it looks like too much work, and you aren't really sure if you will succeed. All you know is that if you do succeed, you will have done something truly spectacular.

Life presented us with such a momentous opportunity a few months ago, when School closed down and all of us had to return to our homes. At that point, I must admit the prospect of getting a break from the excruciatingly hard work it takes to make the *Weekly* was extremely attractive. However, as online classes became

more and more demanding, and the lock-down more and more prolonged, we finally saw two choices clearly laid out in front of us: We could go on enjoying our state of hiatus, or we could transcend the normal definition of our publication and make it a symbol of the perseverance the *Weekly*, and DoscOs in general, are known for. Still, however seductive the result might have been, the challenges involved in realising the process was too horrific to even think about. Who would actually make the issue on InDesign? How would we gather enough content for a weekly issue and continue for two months? What would we do to the Week Gone By and to the 'Regulars' of Page 2? Would we send out a PDF, or create a webpage? How would we communicate with the Board members? We were bombarded with these unavoidable questions in the beginning, and truth be told, they made this project seem unrealistic, even impossible.

However, beyond the heaps of work lay the tantalising promise of a new status – a memory in everyone's minds of what we had been able to achieve. For many of us, especially for the SC Formers, the pandemic has been a very unfortunate event, and we all crave to experience being in Chandbagh again, before our time runs out.

For us on the Board of the *Weekly*, The *Weekly* is something that has characterised the lives of DoscOs for over 80 years, and in doing so, has 'sketched our world, exactly as it goes', since the beginning. Therefore, it seemed to be the best way to give the School community a sense of unity and belonging, despite their geographical separation. If we could continue delivering the *Weekly*, same as ever, to the the community every Saturday morning, we would not only keep us together in spirit, but also provide a platform to document this surreal experience.

So, after extensive ideation on how to make this work, we finally came out with our first issue on April 11. Looking back at the eight weeks between then and now, I can hardly believe that we managed it. There were many times I wished that we could just stop – especially on Fridays, when I would sit after classes and complete the issue by the night. It was in these moments of pain and discomfort that the spirit of the War-Time *Weekly* struck me and kept me going. Because, it is this spirit that reflects the unique history of the publication: Its undeterrable nature through a World War, the Partition, a National Emergency and the Uttarakhand statehood agitation – just to mention a few

(Continued on the next page)

However, beyond the heaps of work lay the tantalising promise of a new status – a memory in everyone's minds of what we had been able to achieve.

(Continued from the previous page)
and now, the Pandemic. This idea is implicitly embedded in every Board member – it is what makes a weekly publication possible at all, not just during special times like these.
Therefore, at the end of this unforgettably challenging experience, I dedicate these issues of the *Weekly* to the ‘never-say-die’ Dosco spirit that has not only made us capable of attempting and succeeding at such a seemingly impossible tasks, but for instilling in me and in so many generations of *Weekly* board members the ability to wade through similarly difficult times, despite all temptations and reasons to sit back and relax. I

would also like to thank everybody who contributed to the *Weekly* during the past few weeks; I had outlined the importance of the general School community writing for the *Weekly* in my first Editorial last year, and it has been heartening to see the Weekly mailbox bursting with contributions of articles from members of the community over the past few weeks. Of course, we haven’t been able to print all of them, and honestly, we haven’t been able to give feedback to everyone. While we will be continuing the process of feedback into the holidays, and ensure that the left-over pieces are carefully screened, I encourage the people whose articles have not been accepted to

not get disheartened. Every failure is a spike in our learning curves.
The past eight weeks have constituted a memorable chapter in the 83 year long journey of the *Weekly*. The support we have received from various members of the School community has certainly made us a more inclusive publication, and has motivated people to write, reflect, and discover themselves. We hope this level of involvement continues as we return next term. Meanwhile, we wish you all very happy holidays, and whatever the circumstances are in the next few months, we look forward to continue delivering to you the essence of Chandbagh, every Saturday morning, at 9 AM.

Station to Station

Colleagues bid farewell to four members of the School staff and administration and wish them all the best for their future endeavours on behalf of the whole School community.



Ms. Anita Sabharwal
In our memories, Founder’s as an event always stands out. For almost three decades, there has been one person who has been tirelessly working behind the scenes to make each Founder’s a success. Most of us would enjoy at the stalls during the *Pagal Gymkhana*, but the enormous task would start six months before at Mrs Sabarwal’s desk. She gave all boys and staff their identity: their identity card, I mean! She has been a repository of the memories of Chandbagh for all these years, and now, after years of dedicated service, as she retires, the School community would like to wish her good health and happiness for the future and to thank her for her service. Her ever-smiling demeanour and her laughter during the meals will be greatly missed!

- Wg. Cdr. (Retd.) Anupama Joshi
(Continued on the next page)

Great Expectations
Saatvik Anand

QUARANTINE HAS ENDED...

SAATVIK

(Continued from the previous page)

Ms. Sarbjeet Sandhu

I first met Ms. Sandhu in 2008 when I was a tutor at Kashmir House. After my 12 years' association with her, I can confidently say that she is one of the kindest people I have worked with. As a Dame, her role demanded constant care and compassion, and Ms. Sandhu took on the challenge marvellously. From ensuring that *Chhota Hazari* was ready before boys woke up to her efforts in making sure that no student went without dinner, Ms. Sandhu's day revolved around her students. I have always found her to be ingenious in adapting to changing circumstances. Even in the most constricted of spaces, she would be able to design floor-plans to accommodate the SC-Leavers, and still find room for incoming exchange students. However, her greatest strength has been to serve as a mother away from home to hundreds of boys who have matured into men in her many years of service. Many of the boys would miss her cheerful vibe and the sight of Bubble, her pet dog, frolicking around in the quadrangle. With her departure, I will lose a confidant who I could turn to for ever-sagacious advice. As Ms. Sandhu moves into another beautiful chapter in her life, I wish her the best of luck and prosperity in the future.



- Mr. Manish Pant



Ms. Aanchal Negi

My association with Aanchal started from the day I first visited Doon with my family in April, 2018. Her warm welcome and enthusiasm about the Careers Department was something I connected most with. She not only made me very comfortable with the school system, but also helped me to understand the intricacies of working here. Her passion for counselling, active involvement with students, and concern for the department are astonishing. She is fearless and never backs down in putting her point forward. This is something to learn from her. Her constant concern for students, whether it is the predicted grades, timing of examinations, their performance in Oxbridge or any examinations, application season, or the university admission decisions shows how passionate and dedicated she is to her job. She has always connected with her students personally

as well as emotionally. Her sheer joy of meeting with colleagues, university officials, or the current or past students is truly infectious. We would like to thank her for the invaluable contributions she has made to the Careers Department as well as our students' life. Thank you, Aanchal, for all the pleasant memories in this exciting place. It was indeed a pleasure working with you, and we wish you the best in the next phase of your career. Farewell!

- Mr. Ajay Tayade

Mr. Ankur Khare

I met Ankur in June, 2013 for the first time here in Chandbagh, and it was a delight to get to know him. Ankur took no time in settling down in the School and instantly developed a deep bonding with the boys. Having fun and being happy at work won't be as easy without a wonderful person like Ankur. It was indeed a visual treat to see him playing almost every sport, not only with the boys, but with other masters as well. We had endless discussions on various design issues, and Ankur always came up with his brilliant and practical solutions. We would recall our adventures during our trek to *Anuli* and exploration in Pondicherry to find Ray Meeker's studio. I will never forget his supporting presence in difficult situations that crossed our paths many times.

As he embarks on a new path, I wish him many moments of happiness, success and achievements. The entire workplace will miss him. Goodbye, and all the best!



- Mr. Arnab Mukherjee

The Perils of Perfection

Karmanyaraj Yadav *reflects on the stressful nature of the pursuit of perfection.*

.....
This was my first hand at writing for the *Weekly*, so I wanted everything to be 'perfect'. I was very nervous when I started to write this article because I wanted it to be flawless. After taxing hours of endless forethought, I decided to start with the first thoughts that were dangling in my mind. It was only later that I realised that by ignoring the need for perfection, I was able to pen down my perception better. This experience led me to a profound self-realisation: perfection is sometimes dispensable!

Now that everyone is at home, and we finally have time just for ourselves, some would find this as a gratifying position in their lives where they are easing up and just living in the moment. On the other hand, some would have started working towards their personal development.

In my experience, most people are motivated by the other's expectations. In my opinion, perfectionism is less about perfection and more about the need to be perfect.

In my bouts of introspection, an audacious question struck me: what if I were to consider myself as an epitome of perfection? Yes, even I found this thought quite amusing, but I want you to question yourself the same way I did. Why can't you accept yourself to be perfect? This denial of our own perfection is based on a negative approach which, in this case, denies someone their claim to perfection. So, the purpose of this article is not to take sides or form biases, but to question: why does one want to be perfect? Why is it that getting a tag attached by all others but the person himself/herself, seems enough for one to weigh one's self-worth?

Undeniably, the current global pandemic should die out as soon as possible for the betterment of humanity, but if you secretly want the lockdown to last longer, you are not alone. This lockdown stands as a perfect opportunity for the people who want to work on themselves, especially for us, since a boarding school lifestyle restricts this in many ways. People thrive on

being better versions of themselves, and it is pretty clear that most of us have been pushing ourselves to do better. However, this attitude has its drawbacks. For the ones who are challenging themselves more than needed, I ask you, why do you want to be perfect? Are your goals a product of your own desires, or are they derived from others' expectations? In my experience, most people are motivated by the latter. In my opinion, perfectionism is less about perfection and more about the need to be perfect.

The race for perfectionism holds perils that result in the setting of unrealistic standards for ourselves, and then the failure to achieve them leads to cruel self-criticism. For example, to make the most out of this time, many students have started art and photography accounts on social media, along with YouTube channels, and even some community and fundraising projects. It is true that these initiatives are promising in many ways. However, their failure can burden the initiators with heavy public and personal criticism, leading them to doubt their own merit.

Perfectionism comes in two primary forms. One is more similar to the conventional idea of a perfectionist – someone who strives to meet very high standards – although these striving perfectionists tend to set their own standards and care less about what others think. The chances are that if you secretly wish for the lockdown to extend so that you can achieve your to-do list, you are this type of a perfectionist. The other, more perturbing form of perfectionism is characterised by overly critical views of one's behaviour, and an excessive preoccupation with other people's expectations of one's performance. Social comparisons follow as these self-critical perfectionists get little satisfaction in anything and believe that they will never be as good as the others. Physical fitness is psychologically vital to relieve stress. However, self-critical perfectionists may respond by merely abandoning any attempt to stay fit right now at home, while striving perfectionists can go into exercise overdrive, increasing the risk for exhaustion and injury. Neither extreme will ever be healthy.

The causes of perfectionism tend to either be genetic or are set by the environment as a response to external pressure. Many of us are unconsciously pushed to become perfectionists by our parents, teachers or friends. By being an obsessive perfectionist, you don't only harm yourself, but affect people around you as they reside in your environment. We start missing out on empathy and resilience. The first

(Continued on the next page)

(Continued from the previous page)

form of perfectionism sneakily turns into extreme self-criticism – that is why the identification of perfectionists is essential.

How can perfectionists manage their wellbeing during this lockdown? Learning to accept personal limitations and embracing imperfections is crucial, but maybe easier said than done. Limiting exposure to social media that promotes perfectionism would be a healthy decision. Keeping things in perspective can also help. For example, ask yourself, is it really the end of the world if you lost? More importantly, reminding ourselves that we all have some imperfections is essential for practising self-compassion. By embracing our imperfections, we, quite simply, evolve. It can be

detrimental to be a black and white thinker with the “all or nothing” attitude.

The threat of obsessive perfectionism is not only restricted to this lockdown, but it is one of the significant concerns that teenagers face. Those of you who are indulging in procrastination should try to find a passion, but those who have already dived deep into their work need to take a step back and take things slow. I don’t think one should aim to be perfect from the word go. Rather, one should aspire to grow and learn as an individual and work on something one enjoys. Finally, it might be helpful to take a moment and acknowledge the fact that your mental health might be getting affected; take it easy on yourself and reach out for help.

2 Idiots

Advaita Sood

On Monday, two idiots were seen cursing one another in the town square in the city of Pompa. It isn’t that they called themselves idiots, it is simply that they were judged as such by the residents. They were, of course, outsiders. Such moronic squabbling was reserved for the riff-raff passing through town. People gathered around to watch as the idiots argued over the most trivial issues. Folk sniggered and chortled and exchanged looks of haughty derision, incredulous at the idiots’ utter stupidity.

“What’s happening here?”

“Oh, only two idiots fighting”

At the end of the day, however, one couldn’t get too involved in the affairs of these lowlives. Why would they? They had better things to do.

On Tuesday, jibes turned to slanders, and each tried hard to outdo the other. Each caustic remark warranted a larger audience and was delivered with a somewhat comic fervour so the people laughed and pointed and went on with their day. The next day, the idiots seemed to get more physical. They jumped and ducked, swiped at and punched through the air and would only occasionally come into contact with each other. The residents guffawed and threw coins at the performers, for it really did look like an acrobatic display, and they brought their children to look at the funny people doing foolish things.

On Thursday, the idiots’ faces began to leak red, and some children were afraid.

“Why are the funny men bleeding, dad?”

“Oh no, no, it’s simply an act like in the movies.”

So the people left more coins beside them as the children frolicked about in the streets, mimicking the moves of their funnyman of choice. Large crowds formed around the idiots as each punch began to connect, each kick’s path through the air blocked by a

chest or a rib. Some in the audience got caught in the crossfire, some sucked into the action, but all seemed well at large, and most carried on with their lives.

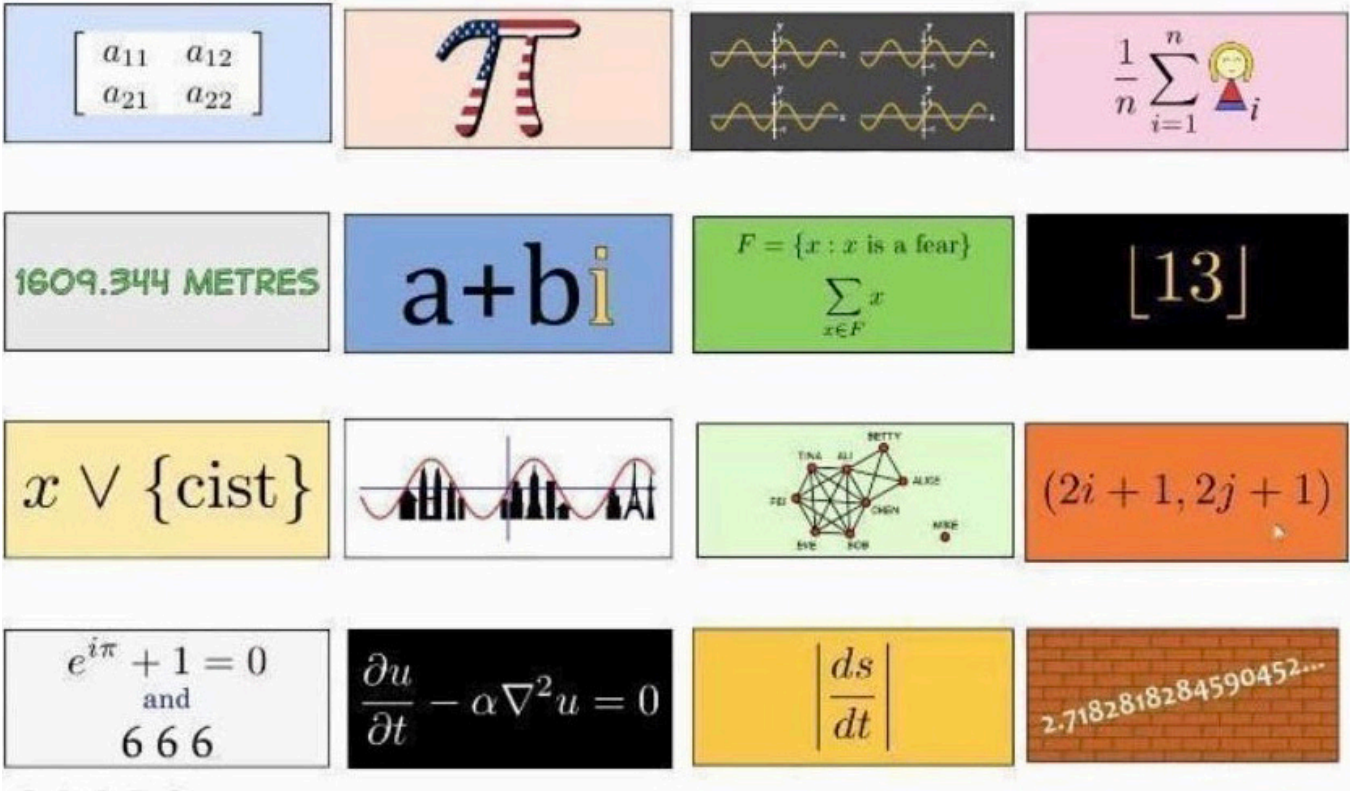
On Friday one idiot managed to get hold of a stick and brandished it at the other, who subsequently armed himself with a club. Some more of the townspeople involved themselves, but perished in the process. The next day, a series of bangs resonated across the town. As the day progressed, the sounds increased in frequency while bodies began to litter the streets. Amidst the bedlam in Pompa, the townspeople began banding together, but disparities in spirit fractured relations, and soon, there were distinct groups. On Sunday, massacres ensued as cadavers populated the streets and soon outnumbered those that retained their vitality. Each being began slaughtering the next and as time went by the cacophony of chaos quietened.

On Monday, none of the residents of Pompa remained. Two people walked along the streets. The idiots collected the coins left behind for them, along with any other valuables in the city, and placed whatever they found in a bag. They gazed at one another, chuckled, embraced, and journeyed out of the city of Pompa, on to the next.



Problem of the Week

Using math, how many of the sixteen movies can you identify?



Source: Spiked Math (Answers can be found at <http://spikedmath.com/movie-math-quiz/solutions.php>)

“

I’m gonna base this moment on who I’m stuck in a room with. That’s what life is: it’s a series of rooms. And who we get stuck in those rooms with adds up to what our lives are.

—

Katheryn Winnick as *Eve* in *House MD* (S.3, Ep 12), written by David Shore

Around the World in 80 Words

India exceeded 1.6 lakh COVID-19 cases, reaching the fourth highest number, globally. Officials of various EU and African nations criticised the recent foreign policy actions and statements by the Chinese government in Taiwan, India, and Hong Kong. Children of slain journalist Jamal Khashoggi were forced to publicly forgive their father’s killers. Civil unrest exploded across America over the alleged daylight murder of a black man by a white police officer in Minneapolis. Locust swarms destroyed crops across the Indian sub-continent.

The Weekly wishes everyone very Happy Holidays!

The views expressed in articles printed are their authors’ own and do not necessarily reflect those of the Weekly or its editorial policy. Online Edition: www.doonschool.com/co-curricular/clubs-societies/publications/past-weeklies/ weekly@doonschool.com



©IPSS: All rights reserved. Published by: Kamal Ahuja, The Doon School, Dehradun. Editor-in-Chief: Varen Talwar Editor: Adit Chatterjee Senior Editors: Aviral Kumar, Keshav Raj Singhal, Sriman Goel Hindi Editor: Sudhir Chowdhry Associate Editors: Aditya Jain, Advaita Sood, Aryan Agarwal, Kabir Singh Bhai Special Correspondents: Aadi Jain, Ahan Jayakumar, Armaan Rathi, Sudhanshu Chowdhry, Vihan Ranka Correspondents: Abhay Jain, Sai Arjun, Siddhant Srivastava, Yashovrat Nandan Cartoonists: Anant Ganapathy, Paras Agrawal Webmaster: Kritika Jugran Assistant Managers: Arvindanabha Shukla, Priyanka Bhattacharya, Purnima Dutta, Technical Assistant: KC Maurya Picture Credits: Ms Kritika Jugran (Pages 2 and 3), Dreams Time (Page 5), CakeCo (Page 6)