

WEEKLY

THE DOON
SCHOOL *WEEKLY.*

ISSUE NO. 2689

WILL I HOPE BE
THE LADY TO
OF THE DOON
SCHOOL
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SCYLLA OF
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LONG AND
HONOURABLE
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I SKETCH
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WORLD
EXACTLY
AS IT
GOES

Acknowledgements

Beyond the countless hours that each member of the Editorial Board of the *Weekly* has poured into this issue, there are certain individuals whom we must thank for their contribution to this year’s edition.

Ms. Abia Qezilbash for her assistance in curating the articles and photographs credited to The Doon School Archives.

Mr. Ovais Sarmad for giving us the time and the opportunity to interview him and Rohan Taneja for all the effort he put in while designing the cover and select sections of this issue.

Lastly, the Board of the *Weekly* owes its utmost gratitude to the School community. It is the continued enthusiasm and support we receive from you that drives us to deliver our very best throughout the year. We will also forever be indebted to those who came before us and we hope that this issue will help uphold the tradition that our predecessors worked so hard to establish.

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[Arthur Foot]



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A Note on the Issue

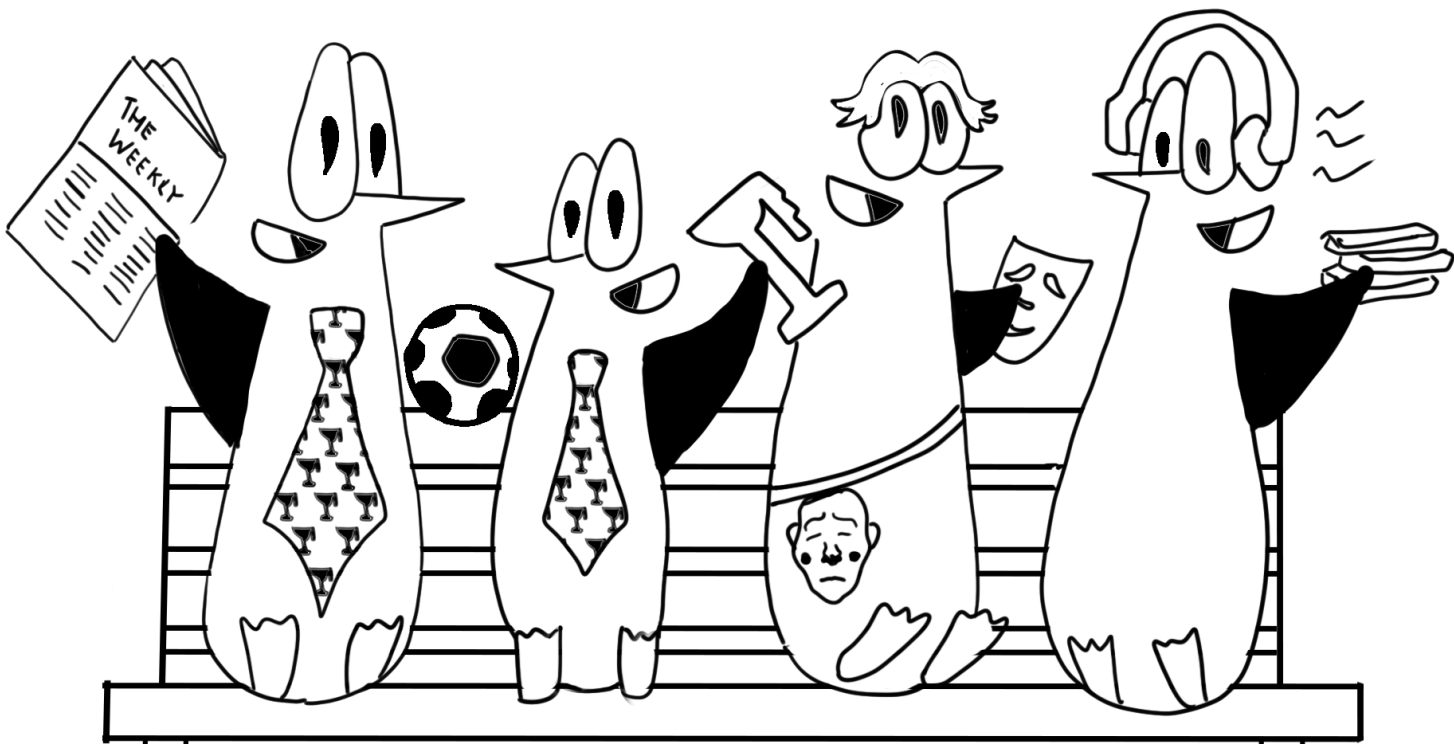
The *Weekly* has always strived to serve the School community in various avenues by providing a platform for a student body emboldened like no other. Taking on a plethora of iterations over the course of its eight-decade history, the Editorial Board remains steadfast in its mission to be the face of reportage, opinion, and debate alike. Within these four walls, the *Weekly* remains an institution in and of itself.

In this year's Founder's Edition of the *Weekly*, the Editorial Board has approached the design with a playful style, where convention breaks and symmetry bends. The splashes of colour in the form of varying dots provide a certain verve and life to the design of the issue.

Within the pages, you will find pieces ranging from opinionated accounts from various members of the School community in our *Doonspeak*, as well as interviews that provide insights into the most pressing issues of our generation.

The Editorial Board of the *Weekly* hopes to articulate the culture of writing that permeates this School, and hopes that all readers enjoy this issue.

Happy reading!



Editorial

Yashovat Nandan
Forging a path ahead

An Inchoate Issue

The template of my penultimate issue stares back at me. Its bare pages mark the end of my journey as a Reader, a Writer, and eventually an Editor. Soon, I will be devoid of the privilege of serving this institution.

Each succeeding Editorial Board brings with it its own vision for the publication; however, they all possess the common goal of upholding the *Weekly* to highly distinguished standards. The Board's aim is to print abundantly engaging articles that are able to connect with its coveted readers — sans prosaic content that must be coaxed out of those who bravely endeavour to write for it. It is crucial that the *Weekly* is able to propagate debate and discussion through its pages and that it is able to strive to kindle a sense of newfound curiosity in each of its reader's minds. Doon must revert to a time where ideas were openly questioned and where this publication was a forum for the community not merely to rant, but to tussle with the truth — the aim of such discourse being, hopefully, to improve it.

This year, we ventured to restore the idea that free speech would be brought back to Chandbagh as it was in the days gone by; undoubtedly, it was a bold task and it required sacrifices. But the *Weekly* was determined to fulfil this yearning, this lost duty — that each student who picked up an Issue on a Saturday morning in the CDH, would put it down with a mind transformed, no matter how minutely. As an equal goal, we sought to give the *Weekly* more variety as the School's flagship publication. To us, each issue would have to connect with every reader — to captivate them and keep them reading. It gave us the opportunity to evolve to bear the conscience of School and to uphold our belief in serving a meritocratic India. No longer was the *Weekly* something that was merely printed each week. It was an entity awakened — something that could be built upon, and something that provided a conducive environment for its readers and the School to thrive alongside. We must always remember that the *Weekly* and its readers maintain a symbiotic relationship — without one, the other simply does not exist, and that is why I hope that our readers renew their faith in this institution, for we are just a shell of ourselves without it.

Pages Beginning to Fill

Articles begin to pour in; the members of the Editorial Board go over them with assiduity. The frame of the issue has begun to materialise and a new sentiment has set in. The Board enjoys a sliver of success, motivating it to liberate the community from intellectual suffocation.

The virtue of this publication is that its story will not change. The narrative has been, and always will be the same: it serves the School as the voice of the student community. There are no limitations, as there should be no inhibitions in expression. Writers must restore their faith not only in the *Weekly* but also in themselves, for there is an immense and fundamental reward in creation, through writing or otherwise. Those who are resolute and unwavering in their undertakings are to be truly commended; as are those who express themselves without predilection. Those who do not conform to this notion of the writer and choose to walk the path of 'idiosyncrasy' find themselves facing an acute problem — a stream of steady criticism from the community. At the heart of this very indisposition is the notion that he or she simply writes without prudence. Evidence of this is also in the sadly dwindling number of contributions to the *Weekly* and other School publications. It reflects an antiquated motive to write in School, plagued by vexation at its very roots — the lack of readers in the community. The fact that we were readers first was the very tenet that motivated us to write.

Any form of literature on campus has evidently become too infra-dig for the majority of the community and is now promptly deemed 'uncool'. The Library, once a haven for most Doscos, has now been sentenced to a state of eternal solitude. It is now a sorry remnant of a community that used to take pride in its ability to think extraordinarily,



deeply, and extensively, and most importantly — to think autonomously. The *Weekly* is indeed the most widely and frequently read publication in School, but must its greatest strength limit its purpose? We would sincerely hope not.

We face an acute shortage of both writers and readers, the very constituents of this institution, and that is where the problem lies. However, we must not revel in misfortune; in order to remedy the situation we must advocate the advent of knowledge in a structured manner in a bid to preserve it within our minds. To that end, we must indulge in reading, for it is the only solution to this ailment. We must read for pleasure and in an attempt to satiate the intellectual hunger that resides within each of us, for if we do not, we are adversely impacting no one but ourselves and this community that we call home. As integral members of an institution that aims to develop within each of us a duty of service towards others, we must first inculcate within ourselves a duty to serve that very institution, and by extension, the *Weekly*.

Distribution

It is now Saturday morning. A cascade of black and white pages has descended upon the CDH. Those still distributing the issues carry themselves in a staid manner as they glide through the walls. Their falsely taciturn faces anxiously seek any insight into how the issue was received. A comment is passed — a compliment; a sigh of relief breaks across the members of the Board as they sit down to finally begin their meal. Ideas for the next issue begin to flit through their mind.

It is customary for Chief Editors in their final issue to recount their tenure and their accomplishments. And while I feel that I ventured to some extent to do just that, it has not been the primary purpose of this Editorial. No, it has been (I hope) to deliver unto the incoming Senior Board and Junior batches of School whatever I have learned over the course of my tenure. After all, the final task of any outgoing member is to set the publication up for the future. Furthermore, as a student at the helm of a School publication, I am perennially concerned about getting students to write, and of course, to read. A dyad constitutes the readers and the contributors of the *Weekly*, for each cannot exist without the other.

As I now depart, I'd be remiss, in my final Editorial, if I did not acknowledge the individuals who have fuelled the *Weekly* and myself through the course of the past year. I thank this Editorial Board for their loyal fidelity over an entire year of service under me. Supportive through tough times, forthright in duty, and faithful throughout; they have been the stark pillars upholding the quality of our work this year. I am also obliged to mention my predecessors to whom I will be eternally grateful, for they have laid the very foundations that I have built on; without their guidance, my contribution would not be half as meaningful. I would like to thank Ms. Purnima Dutta and Ms. Moulee Goswami who silently defended the *Weekly's* name and our community's right to free speech year-round, even in the face of adversity. And finally, I would like to thank you, the readers of *The Doon School Weekly*. This 'labour of love', as aptly deemed by a predecessor of mine, is purposeless without you.

Lastly, the *Weekly's* legacy has been one of lucidity, intellect, and unwavering reliability. It has been the only constant in our School's rich history, and it has been my proud privilege to serve this publication as its custodian for the past year.



Editorial

Tarun Doss

Final twilight



As I write, a thunderstorm breaks, marking the change of seasons at Doon. Heavy rain, a sheet of glass, cascades down across the Skinner's and the brilliant monsoon skies of pink, yellow, and red will give way to the still blue and gold of autumn. The October sun at Chandbagh is luminous, the sky is aquamarine, and the light is the light of Greece.

It all began in the autumn.

* * *

Today, eighty-eight years later, we celebrate the continuance of that pioneering experiment in education by embracing change. In the pursuit of the progression of ideas and actions which make up the fabric of this School's history, we stand today in an era rich with possibility. Collectively, the stakeholders in this institution — boys, staff, and alumni alike — are committed to the remapping of The Doon School as a centre of excellence. The times demand invention, innovation, imagination, energy, some fearlessness, and a strong entrepreneurial spirit if we are to assume a role of global leadership in education. The bridge to tomorrow is not about a set of promises — it is a set of challenges.

If we can accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope, we have the audacity to believe that Doon will not fail to rendezvous with greatness.

The most urgent and pressing concern is to work out the essentials of an education for the contemporary man. While this is a matter of substantial debate amongst those who reside in a realm of ideas, we propose that true education is not merely the absence of ignorance; it is the presence of awareness, not just of technology, the environment, contemporary affairs, and modernity, but of the 'self'. We also think that our primary concern at Chandbagh must be the kind of student we send into the world and not how accomplished or otherwise he is in life's many competitive endeavours.

We specialise in building character. In the great enthusiasm of our times, let us settle for a priority of sending out into the world ordinary men who care enough about the world to make it a better and happier place for all; Boys who are educated in the right attitudes and values, which will give them the vision of youth triumphant in the daring adventure of filling the 'content of democracy' with a 'soul generated by love'.

Inevitably, in every life, there comes a moment of judgement of whether to walk in the light of creative altruism or the darkness of destructive selfishness. We need to continue to encourage young DoscOs to believe that an individual has not started living until he can rise above the narrow confines of his individualistic concerns to the broader concerns of all humanity. Let us ensure that the 'children of light' from Doon are more determined and zealous than 'the children of darkness' who have poisoned our country with prejudice, intolerance, and hate. Let us build a world at Doon as it should be and not as it is; help us to teach our Boys to index their success not by their salaries and the size of their automobiles, but rather by the quality of their service and relationship to humanity.

Let us also acknowledge here the contribution of the 'Unknown Dosco', that ordinary individual with no special talent, who gained no honours or prizes, but who stretched himself to the utmost, upholding the standards, values, and ideals of the community, and whose honest labour, willingness to submit to discipline, industry, loyalty and a sense of fair play and duty made the School what it is today. And so we remember them as living memorials of the vision, passion, and faith of the people who founded this School.

Indeed during Founder's, as we look to the past with gratitude, I would want to pay tribute to my predecessors at the *Weekly* to whom this School owes so much; each one



The Doon School Archives

of them nurtured the growth of this publication in their own way and inspired the boys of the Editorial Board with a high sense of purpose. With the exception of the war years, the *Weekly* has never failed to appear every Saturday.

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It has stopped raining now, and as the shadows of dusk lengthen across the Skinner's, a faint rainbow silhouettes Jaipur House. The seasons will change, and as I watch the prism of light dissolve gently into the velvet of the night, I am reminded of the Greek definition of happiness — the full use of your powers along lines of excellence. This is precisely why Doon has brought happiness to so many and why those same people continue to love this School so deeply that they will champion it to the end of their days.

A full moon now gently bathes the campus in a strange but lovely ethereal glow... For the Sc's on the Editorial Board and for me it all ends, as it began, in the autumn.

From us to you: onward, Doon, in the New Millennium.

Editorial

Vinesh Uniyal
Ultimate ramblings

My dear reader, I have a confession to make: I have no idea how to start this Editorial. Perhaps I should start it in a rather clichéd way where I reminisce about how tireless nights stretched on till the dawn of day (more like till 11 pm really). Maybe I should talk about how it became somewhat of a norm to roam about classes like a sleepy-eyed ghoul. Or perhaps I should talk about how the *Weekly* has provided me with the ability to express myself as I pour out my absolute devotion and love into it.

And yet, one thing I have never truly liked is conforming to rigidity. So, for that reason, I want to try a different approach to this Editorial. My solemn duty is to you, the reader, and so, I have decided to piece together my interpretation of the different types of people receiving the *Weekly*.

An Average Dosco:

As they receive a fresh copy of the *Weekly*, their primal instinct is to open the *Unquotable Quotes* as they find amusement in random grammatical errors before peering at the cartoon and trying to make sense of the Penguins. At this point, they flip over to the last page, and read the *Week Gone By*, as they unanimously utter a sentence:

“Oh wow, Vinesh is a truly great writer, his *Week Gone By* has been the saving grace of my week, I am truly grateful to him!”

My reply to such a gracious comment is, “Thank you,” and remarking aloofly, “though, the real writer is you...” In that moment, I’m reminded that I’m not a James Bond character, and staring off into the distance doesn’t make me look mysterious, but instead awkward.

The Pseudo-Intellectual:

The pseudo-intellectual pretends to have read the entire article but most likely only read its byline. As their friends ask them what the article might entail, they spew the greatest nonsensical jargon. Example: “I’m absolutely flummoxed by the ubiquitous and pervasive sycophancy of modern age.” Thus, they are incapable of using simple language, and will most likely try for the *Weekly* Board multiple times, and inevitably fail. But soon they may change their ways as they realise what they did wrong: they forgot to mention that their favourite book is *Crime and Punishment*.

Now they shall get accepted into the Board, and will soon be struck with a grand realisation: pretentiousness doesn’t correlate to success. Thus, they are stuck with two choices: they remain the way they are, which will most certainly conclude with their removal, or they realise their ignorance and attempt to better themselves, ultimately understanding a tenet that no intellectual ever thinks of themselves as an “intellectual”. The pursuit of knowledge isn’t a destination, but rather a never-ending journey, and the constant drive to better oneself is the mark of being a true scholar.

Remember: the one thing common between the ignorant and the knowledgeable is the fact that they both are pseudo-intellectuals; the former simply remained that way.

The Overt Nitpicker:

Such a person is perhaps best seen in the form of a certain giant in on our campus. Most of them will quickly grab the *Weekly*, and the first thing they do is check if the *Around the World in 80 words* contains eighty words. Moreover, they will scan the entire *Weekly* for any grammatical errors, before fact-checking every *Unquote* and *Reader’s Checklist*.

If they somehow find a mistake, they will go up to the Editor-in-Chief, who is used to such incessant pestering, and will nag at him till lunchtime ends. I truly thank our dear Editor-in-Chief for enduring the brunt of our sins!



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An Average *Yearbook* Member:

“It is with great humility that the *Yearbook* admits that the *Weekly*, and its board, is a far better institution and publication. We are deeply ashamed of some of our past comments and beg your forgiveness for the same. We hope that the future bears a great partnership between these two great arms of School.”

Perhaps, I am right, or perhaps I am right. But one thing can be said with absolute certainty: I am right (to my precious *Yearbook* peers, please don’t attack me!).

Lastly, I believe that my Editorial would be incomplete if I simply stopped with the types of readers, because I want to stress upon certain thoughts, ones borne out of my long winding psyche. As a whole, it might not describe the School accurately, and one might even argue that I am wrong, but I believe that we are forgetting the principle of what it means to be a Dosco.

When I envision a Dosco, a certain image comes to mind. Someone who carries themselves with a certain degree of dignity, self-respect, and sophistication. Alas, someone who is desperate to decipher the world around them, and what better way to understand than to read and write for the *Weekly*. Ultimately, the *Weekly’s* sole purpose is to be an honest description of the pervasive matters affecting School, right? And yet, one thing I’ve noticed is the lack of readership and overall writers in this community. I’m not going to stress upon such an issue because I believe that my predecessors and peers have already commented on this phenomenon quite a few times, and yet I find it quite alarming that I’m utterly bound to do so as well.

The amount of times I’ve seen people merely glancing at the *Weekly*, before proceeding to carelessly discard them away on their respective tables is hurtful. It feels like a bitter slap to the collective efforts of the Board, and it seems this issue has percolated throughout the School.

For what I fear is not the lack of readership (yes, of course, that is one of my primary concerns), but if people read and understand issues, and yet do nothing to change or combat the issue, thus invalidating the article. If it had no impact, it might have simply been gibberish written on a piece of paper. If, after all the hard work of countless writers stretching from the inception of this very institution, those who have poured forth their soul to impact the reader on a deeper level simply reduces to the everlasting heaps of past *Weeklies* buried and forgotten: did it all truly matter in the end? My answer: yes, every bit of it. The very fact that you are reading this, my dear reader, gives the *Weekly* its meaning and purpose. You are what matters, for that’s always been the case hasn’t it?



The Weekly Gone By

To our outgoing Editorial Board, we will miss you greatly!

To Yashovat,

I do not think any writer's journey on the Board of the *Weekly* would be complete without the guidance of an Editor-in-Chief who truly makes an effort to work for the Board, rather than the other way around. In that way, Yashovat is someone who has, over the three years that I have worked with him, always strived to best accommodate both the needs of the publication and those who constitute it. His light-heartedness and sensitivity have made him easy to approach for anything from page plan ideas to advice. His perseverance and willingness to lead has taught me that anything that one does must be done with utmost focus, but can simultaneously be done without compromising on the joy one derives from it. Through times of madness and success, I have enjoyed working with Yashovat, as well as getting to know him in a professional and personal capacity.

●● Vivaan Sood

To Tarun,

To begin with, I couldn't understand how an individual could manage so many things on his plate, but over the years, his work on the Editorial Board has been a great source of inspiration for everyone, pushing us to become better writers. Since then, the impact that he has had on me stretches beyond the pages of the *Weekly*. His pursuit of excellence, as a writer, musician, sportsman and leader, gave me the courage to pave my own path in Chandbagh. Although most of our experiences have been shared on the football pitch, the way he carries himself through the multifaceted aspects of his School life taught me a valuable lesson on the art of expression, one that I have strived to emulate. Doscocs often tend to overcomplicate things, but in Tarun, I saw someone who, amidst the talk and trembles, knew what was right and what had to be written.

●● Arjun Prakash

To Vinesh,

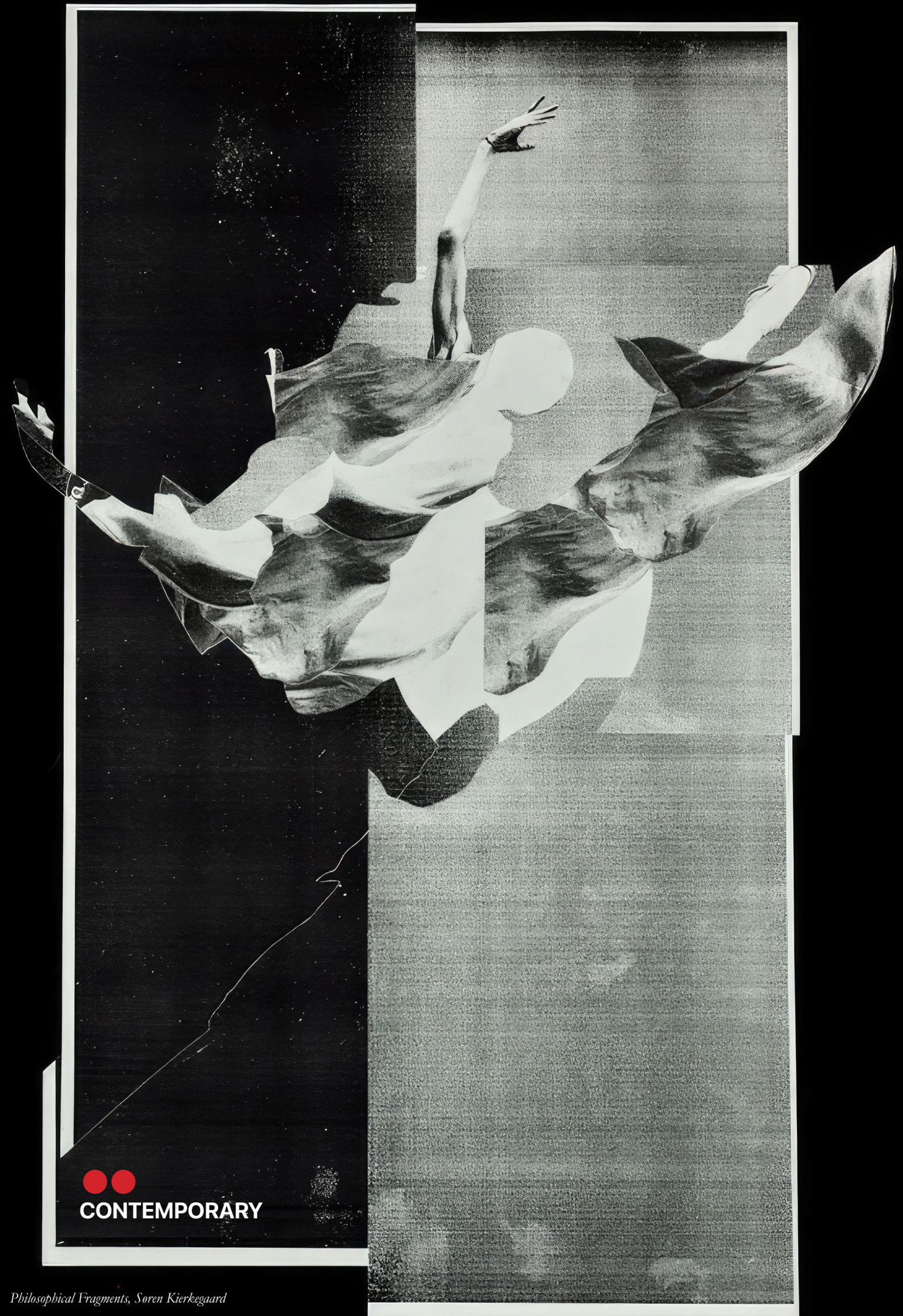
An absolutely fantastic person and a whole lot of fun, Vinesh makes his passion for drama evident in his character. From taking charge when needed to being the perfect comic relief during stressful times, his presence always gave me a sense of comfort. It is difficult to encapsulate Vinesh without sounding superficial, but that's who he is. He has written some of the best accounts of the week I have seen, and without fail was one of the most consistent people to work under. To me, he's a man you don't want to disappoint, but it was never out of fear; rather, he always imbued his own quiet confidence in you, and that usually brought the best out of us. If I was going through a hard time, I would go to Vinesh. If I ever wanted someone to talk to, I would go to Vinesh. Honestly, he was my go-to for any situation, an inescapable charm. I wish him the best in the times to come.

●● Arav Khanal

To Abhay,

Abhay is someone who I have always looked up to, especially in terms of sheer perseverance. Back in the days when Abhay used to leave his room, I would look at him in awe of his unrivalled work ethic and efficiency. Sitting and editing with him in the *Weekly* room till the early hours of the morning, where one would find himself wondering if that noise was a leaf or something supernatural, really brought us close in shared suffering. From late night talks about the functionality of a comma in a certain sentence, to proofreading, nothing escapes his terminator-like gaze. Abhay has been a true *Weekly* member, suggesting ideas that only other Board members find funny, or thinking of article ideas in the twenty minutes before the post-dinner *Weekly* meeting. From his constant *hojayega yaar* to his steadfast attitude, Abhay fails to change, and in the end, I think that's a good thing.

●● Zubin Dhar



Philosophical Fragments, Soren Kierkegaard

The Sleep Conundrum

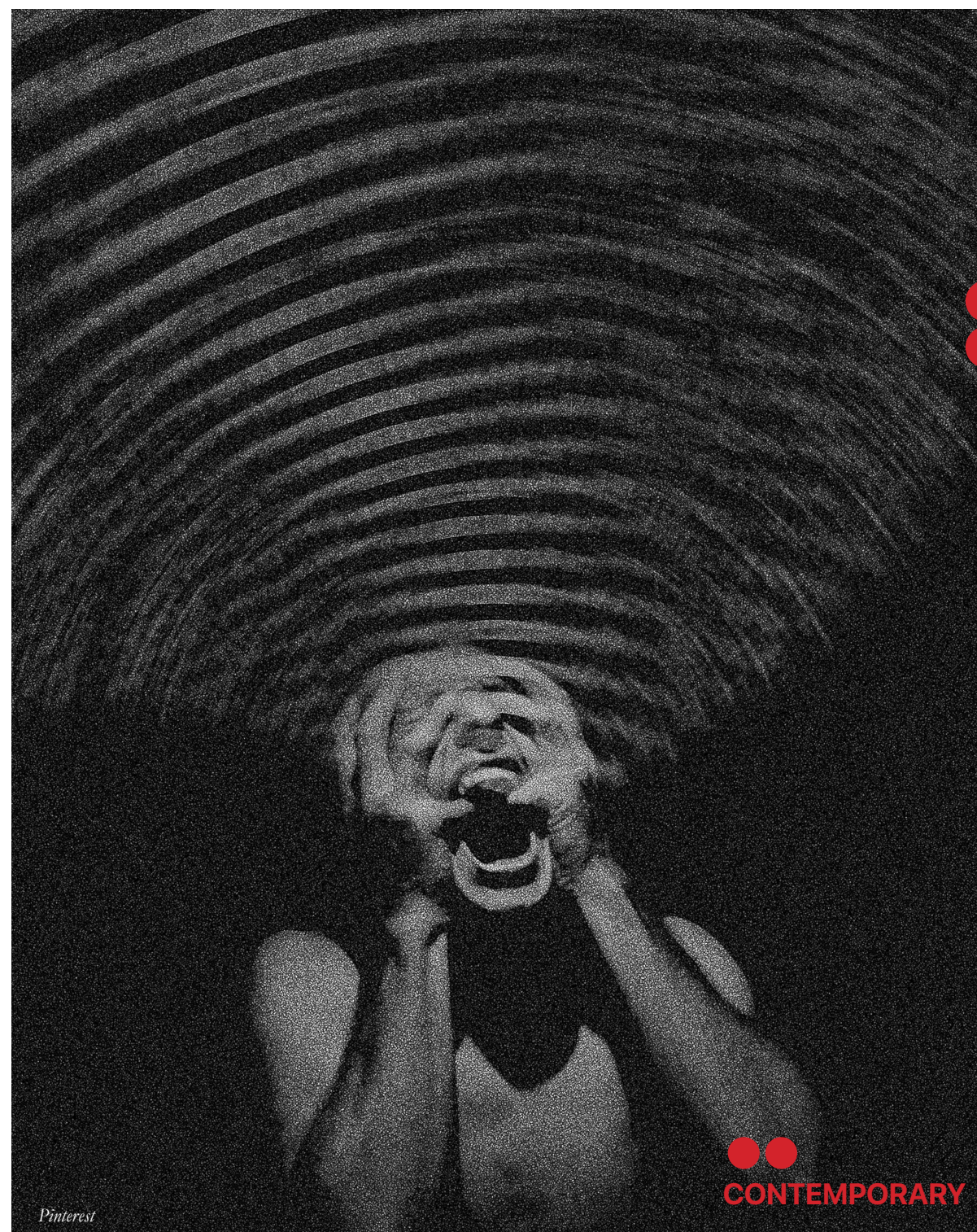
Arjun Prakash

A working day in Chandbagh is a tried and tested formula for squeezing the productivity out of each and every Dosco. In the culture of a boarding school like Doon, or even society at large, being overly busy is seen as evidence of the effort you put into your work. The concept of rest is often neglected as a result of this lifestyle. Quite alarmingly, our generation spends most of their nights scrolling through social media, with our eyes glued to the billions of bright pixels staring back at us. Whether it be watching late-night football matches, or trying to meet essay deadlines by the skin of our teeth, our minds continue to tick late into the night—perhaps inadvertently ignoring the needs of our bodies. While in School, many of us have resorted to the coffee machines at the oddest of hours, all in an attempt to keep us energised. This makes me ponder: to what extent does a pure lack of rest affect a Dosco's productivity, when it becomes a part of the daily routine? Moreover, as a society, is this 'grind culture' something that we should continue to encourage or is there a dark side to it that deserves more attention?

Dear reader, hopefully, I can reach a healthy conclusion by the end of this article, but in order to do so, certain scientific facts must be taken into consideration. It is fair to assume that we have all pulled an 'all-nighter' at some point in our lives. To observe the effects that this actually has on our cognition, Matt Walker, a sleep scientist, decided to perform an experiment that tested a hypothesis and proved how much a lack of sleep really mattered. In the experiment, participants were divided into two groups; one group got eight hours of sleep, while the other group was kept awake in a lab without caffeine for the entire night. The next day, an MRI scan that recorded snapshots of all the participants' brain activity was taken while they tried to learn a list of new facts. Interestingly, there was a 40% deficit in the ability of the brain to make new memories in members belonging to the group without sleep. In



Arjun Prakash highlights the harmful effects of the "grind culture" propagated in School.



CONTEMPORARY

layman's terms, the scientists realised that human learning and memory are intertwined with the amount of sleep we get each night.

Although an all-nighter is not something we experience every day, most teenagers would agree it tends to happen around exam time. To put it into that context, a 40% deficit is the difference between a student 'topping' an exam versus someone failing miserably. However, as with anything really, a lack of sleep only develops into a real problem when it becomes a habit, and in School, I have seen this happen with many of my peers.

While in School, many of us have resorted to the coffee machines at the oddest of hours, all in an attempt to keep us energised, but to what extent does a pure lack of rest affect a Dosco's productivity, when it becomes a part of the daily routine?

They may not realise it, but when a lack of sleep becomes the norm, they are much slower at completing tasks — be it in the classroom or the football field. This is only scratching the surface of the physical effects it has on our body; on the ground level for the average Dosco whose schedule is jam-packed from morning to night, it tends to be the least of our worries since we are admittedly stuck in the aforementioned 'grind mindset'. Speaking of which, School's hyper-competitive culture has motivated me to keep doing things and to continue to stretch past my creative limits. When I first joined School, I viewed this as an advantage. But as time passed, I realised that it was taking a toll on my ability to do things effectively. I have had teachers tell me that I am 'burnt out', and that I need to spend

more time resting. I felt that I was getting more than enough rest, perhaps due to the coffee, but like the MRI scan, there are some things that only others can identify. People may warn us in person, but psychologically we are brainwashed into a cycle of repeated exhaustion that, once the caffeine tank runs out, leaves us in a worse condition than the previous day. It might be awfully clichéd, but we have ample amounts of time in the day to complete pending work. Moreover, poor time management during the day is the most prevalent factor that contributes to our woeful sleep schedule. Ironically, the time that should be used to rest is used to work, and vice versa. School's atmosphere is designed to help us productively flourish, but it can also cripple us to a state where our mental health is compromised. The change that we can make to our own School lives is immense, yet it boils down to a simple choice in terms of utilising our time.

It is our duty to motivate the people around us through our relentless efforts, however, this should not come at the expense of a culture, where rest is seen as a sign of weakness or in Dosco terms, 'slacking'.

Aesop's Amnesia

Samarveer Bisen



Living life as the main character is not feasible for everyone. This supposed 'main character' has all the qualities that a writer expects the protagonist to have — good looks, charisma, confidence, and talent. Often, the supporting role is overlooked, but what readers need to understand is that they are the ones who give depth and context to the entire story as a whole. The morals and values which they possess are the factors which make them stand out from the rest.

However, the realisation settles in when we see that the supporting characters aren't recognised, and people who throw themselves into the limelight seem to succeed all the time. These supporting characters stay in the backdrop even after giving their best. It is at this point that one would realise that the world is unfair. While we encourage MUNs and debating in School, the morals they teach about the need for inclusivity and open thinking fails to persevere over the innate need for superiority and domination. It is like we keep forgetting the lessons we have learnt. This is known as Aesop's Amnesia. Remember this for the term going ahead, and try to apply it to your own life, because the situation I am in has shown me that many fall victim to this fictional plague.

There is this smell roaming about in the air, of newly wrapped yellow lamps waiting to be opened and the brown boards waiting to be painted with the uneven and coarse white paint. Isn't it surprising how these responsibilities are being thrust upon us without any prior intimation? Although there are the wicked few who have been slyly trying their luck for that tie ever since their D or C Form, 'scoping' was still a distant thought for me when we were told that all leadership positions were going to be appointed earlier for our batch. As a student of Political Science, I must say that our School is home to politics, far more competitive than that in the country. For the Juniors who are still yet to experience this — trust me, you are in for a ride.

There is no time for procrastination in your S Form. I have realised that any and all competition is always and ever-so watchful, waiting to strike during moments of vulnerability. We need to watch our backs, and at the same time advance forward, trying to be ethical with our actions and choices. The latter is what I would like to



Samarveer Bisen discusses how the unfair nature of the world leads people to forget the lessons they have learned.

stress upon. While trying to attain all these positions in School, we teach ourselves a set of beliefs and morals that would help shape us into a person for the better. After all, when you 'scope', you don't just show who you are, you show who you can be. Yet, it seems the moment we become what we so long sought after, we start to suffer from memory loss. Why is it that we stop giving time to the things we loved to do as Juniors?

This is when I would like to bring up the matter of Aesop's Amnesia. Every year, it is the same thing. We see our Seniors fall victim to sloth, we see some turn into tyrants not knowing how to deal with such a sudden bequeathing of power, and we see how they become lost in the positions they hold. Do we not see such patterns pertaining to ourselves? Why must it be that we never learn? The thing is, we do learn. At least some of us do. But the world is cruel and unjust, and seeks to favour those who are willing to do anything to reach their end goal.

The fact is, positions only matter so much. We know that ten years down the line it is not the ties and blazers we remember but the memories we shared with our teachers and peers. To my fellow batchmates, I only have one thing to say: do not be disappointed if your name is not announced on stage. Your memory won't fade simply because your wardrobe is not as decorated as the rest. What we reminisce about is the experience that we gained in the process.

We see our Seniors fall victim to sloth, we see some turn into tyrants not knowing how to deal with such a sudden bequeathing of power, and we see how they become lost in the positions they hold.

Thorns in the Garden

Kanishkh Kanodia (Ex 495-O, 2019)

At the time of my graduation from School, if someone were to ask me if I would go back and do Doon all over again, I would whole-heartedly agree with them. But, as I have come to spend more time outside of Chandbagh, the instinctual yes has transformed into a 'maybe' with multiple question marks. As the nostalgia of the 'good-old days' faded away with time and distance, I began to reassess the impact of some very 'normal' parts of a Dosco's life on me. More often than not, I realised that perhaps certain institutionalised practices of Doon were not really as monumental in the development of my character as they were portrayed to be. The negative impacts may have outweighed the benefits of certain practices. Maybe, it is time to rethink and reevaluate some of the fundamentals of Doon. Looking back, it is hard for me to imagine how we were expected to thrive in a culture that normalised a system where students were allowed to levy punitive measures on others on the basis of arbitrary judgments and decisions.

Those who fail to conform to such a narrow definition carry the burden of being failures, while those who succeed carry the guilt of success many years after leaving Chandbagh.

A casual defence for such behavior, which admittedly I also gave, was two-fold. Firstly, it was justified on the basis of the idea that the by-product of the system would be well-groomed, disciplined Doscos. Secondly, it was viewed as a tradition that had to persist to preserve the very identity of Doon. The hierarchical divide is viewed as an intrinsic part of what gives Doon its identity, and punishments are but a necessary by-product that upholds the whole system. The logic goes that without punishments, the hierarchy would collapse, which would be followed by a complete uprooting of discipline in School, leading to chaos and anarchy. Doon would soon cease to be Doon. The extent of existential philosophy that is embedded within this argument makes it hard to be challenged or even reformed because it would be seen

as an attack on the identity of what Doon is. It would prompt a profound reckoning of the systems of Doon, which means that either the change is extremely gradual or non-existent, leading to a persistence of the system year after year. However, a system which valorises the 'stick' approach at its core is flawed in multiple ways.

Punishments are seen as one of the primary incentives for promoting certain kinds of behaviour, which is deemed as necessary in the basic functioning of any educational institution. However, when the 'stick' approach fails to work, the only other alternative left in the toolkit of Seniors is to use that same approach but to a harsher extent. The punishments become worse and worse, from lines to changes to extra PTs to even more extra PTs, which is worrisome especially when those levying such 'sticks' are youngsters themselves. Even worse, such practices create a culture in which harshness and strictness are normalised as symbols of effective and strong leadership. Kindness and dialogue as means of disciplining are viewed as weaknesses. I do want to refrain from painting a picture of all Seniors and Sc Formers at Doon as the problem, and that everyone is complicit in promoting such a system. But, at least from my vantage point of having graduated from School five years ago, I cannot help but think that any punishment levied by a Senior, that has the potential to coerce someone just a few years younger to him, is morally wrong. This is especially unacceptable if the arbitrary form of coercion can negatively affect the physical and mental well-being of the individual. The ends to which such a system is used needs to be investigated more.

On the one hand, discipline is a virtue that promotes punctuality, responsibility, integrity, and a sense of communal space, something that School has always tried to instil in us. However, in our collective fervour for preserving discipline and traditions can go too far, leading to the creation of an environment based on fear and stifling of individual growth and creativity. To date, I am scared to admit having a medical problem to miss an event for fear that it would be viewed as disingenuous or, frankly, weak. At the very extreme, it paints a certain picture of who a Dosco is. It forces people to suppress huge parts of their identity and individuality, and



Kanishkh Kanodia looks back and re-examines the School's hierarchy system and its impacts on one's individual growth.

promoted a very myopic picture of what it means to be a Dosco. Those who fail to conform to such a narrow definition carry the burden of being failures, while those who succeed carry the guilt of success many years after leaving Chandbagh. I am certain that School has changed a lot in the last five years. Maybe, these debates on the Senior-Junior hierarchy, punishments, traditions and conformity are but irrelevant excavations from my time. But as someone whose experiences at School ended in 2019, these remain the dominant expressions of my time at Doon. They still continue to shape how I view School, and its impact on my well-being.



The Doon School Archives

A Meritocracy of Oneself

Raghav Periwal and Shehzaad Shergill

Raghav Periwal and Shehzaad Shergill discuss how a shift in priorities in Senior Forms has affected the School as a whole.



Like everyone else, we embarked on our School journey as naïve, wide-eyed Juniors. The Holding Houses acted as galleries to the colosseum that was the culture and traditions exhibited by our predecessors. Watching from afar, we could not wait to indulge in the very culture and traditions that defined generations of Doscos. Unbeknownst to us, like the rest of the world, we fell victim to the blip that Covid brought. Diluting our way of life, the Pandemic forced us to fill in the blanks while navigating through our Senior years — devoid of the fabled historical masters and the mythical antics of Seniors. The dream sold to us upon entering the gates of Chandbagh soon found itself to have lost its sheen. The fallibility of our memory was vigorously tested and this phenomenon acted as the catalyst for a venomous way of life, one which endangers the very ethos which defines the motto by which we swear by. A way of life which sees our boys prioritise themselves and their interests over the legacy and prestige perpetuated by the Dosco name.

The rat race plaguing the world outside our ecosystem demands a heftier (almost superficial) CV from each individual thrust into the race. With this colossal change, students worldwide are now forced to take up multiple skills, activities and other cosmetic actions, all in an attempt to bolster their CV. The current trend in the aforementioned activity is to partake in the creation of a social service endeavour which lasts as long as the length of its description on a résumé. The result of this is a plethora of dormant Instagram accounts, all promising to “bring about a change” in the most ostensible manner possible. While I do not question the ‘good’ these endeavours might bring to our society, I feel it is imperative to underscore their unsustainable nature which forces the organisation to have a foundation of twigs. Examining the landscape of our own domain, finding similar practices is not an arduous task, where in an attempt to inflate their CV, boys often undertake a position, only to hang up their responsibilities the second the assembly announcing their position is over. From prefectorial ties caked in the dust of disuse, to stitched colours on t-shirts being unblemished from a lack of wear, such a practice has agonised our community for years. Gone are the days when one had an ample number of leaders whom the School community looked up to, people who went above and beyond their ‘simple job description’. Gone are the days when

assimilating a new value into a Junior was prioritised over completing that college essay. Gone are the days when our Seniors were sprinkled over our local theatre of dreams (Skinners) rather than completing reps in the gym. The Senior student body has lost the light and power with which they used to inspire others to be ‘better versions of themselves’. Stigmatising the act of inculcating our Juniors with the very values we were brought up with, Seniors now refrain from partaking in an activity if it abstains from furthering the length of their already ‘grandiose’ CV.

The myriad of councils, spearheaded by the vested interests of the Senior members (or even the masters in some instances) cater to their needs by mutating policies and schemes to fit their own personal ‘agendas’. All this does is further disgrace the honours they bestow. Many of our ‘leaders’, not oblivious to the criticism they deserve, choose to feed their own egoistic tendencies instead of fulfilling the responsibility bestowed upon them. An example detailing the same includes the instance of Seniors being infuriated with their exclusion from the trivial decision that dictated the position of projectors. This juxtaposes the tectonic efforts of our predecessors who prioritised their responsibility with which they were endowed before engaging in frivolous endeavours detailed above.

While we too are not immune from the very criticisms explored above, it is important for our Juniors to observe and amend our mistakes in an attempt to resurrect the values and traditions which used to be commonplace amongst the walls of Chandbagh. Suffering from the hypocrisy of the few in power, the School falls victim to the hands of the very individuals which it seeks to empower. They weaponise their positions to satiate the wants of their self and their clique, tainting the defining characteristics of the archetypal Dosco. Deflecting accountability to our new Masters perpetuates the constant barrage of critique they already experience. Practising the former is a disservice to their genuine attempts to galvanise the fabled ethos propagated by the traditional ‘Doon School Master’. As we, the Seniors, now have the duty to be the torchbearers of that very ethos, which we learnt from those individuals who upheld responsibilities and championed the values that defined a true leader.

Many of our ‘leaders’, not oblivious to the criticism they deserve, choose to feed their own egoistic tendencies instead of fulfilling the responsibility bestowed upon them.

The Red Steps of France

Shaurya Luthra

Shaurya Luthra recounts his experience at the Cannes Film Festival.

In the heart of the French Riviera, where the azure waves embrace the golden shores, the world's most illustrious celebration of cinema unfolds its majestic curtains. For decades, the Cannes Film Festival has stood as a beacon of cinematic brilliance, drawing visionaries and dreamers from all corners of the globe. This year, amidst the glitz and glamour, history was written as The Doon School received a prestigious invitation for the very first time, thanks to an alumnus of the School, Mr. Dungarpur. Surrounded by artistic visionaries, and inspired by the power of storytelling, this experience not only etched The Doon School's name in Cannes' history, but also left an indelible mark on all of our souls, and hence began our journey to the famed festival.

From the beginning itself, the festival teemed with life, a bustling kaleidoscope of people from all corners of the globe, drawn together by their shared love for the silver screen. Pavilions glamoured with flags and emblems of numerous countries stood tall. Amidst this vibrant tapestry, we were invited to attend the Indian pavilion, where Mr. Dungarpur's revival of the film *Ishanou*, a gem of India's North-Eastern cinema became a testament to the country's artistic heritage.

Under the Indian pavilion's resplendent cover, I witnessed the celebration of our cinematic legacy, intertwined with the modern visions of young filmmakers, movie directors, and famous Indian movie stars like Sara Ali Khan, Mrunal Thakur, and Ali Fazal. Here, cultural exchange was more than mere diplomacy; with an amazing mix of various people contributing their unique creativity. As the festival unfolded, we were overwhelmed with the urge to experience the one-time premiers and must-watches of the festival. Talking to the film enthusiasts and young filmmakers, gave us an insight regarding how this industry functions. Importantly, we learned to appreciate the effort behind what makes a movie good, as well as how numerous aspects of a single movie, no matter how big or small they are, changes the entire view of how one



respects it. These film enthusiasts were extremely experienced and definitely incredible to talk to about cinema.

One of the films we got the chance to watch was called *Le Retour* (Homecoming), a deeply moving film by Catherine Corsini that explores returning home, family dynamics, and self-discovery, while also touching on aspects of family love, controversy, and the LGBTQ community. Catherine Corsini's direction beautifully portrays the older sister's transformative journey, skillfully navigating her feelings for another woman amidst partying and self-destructive behaviour. The film's profound impact is a result of the director's significant efforts to authentically depict the emotional depth of the characters and the intricacies of their relationships, making *Le Retour* a timeless and thought-provoking cinematic gem that delves into themes of identity and human connections. The director's artistic vision and dedication to storytelling brought forth a captivating and emotionally resonant piece in *Le Retour*, leaving a lasting impression on the audience.

We also attended a talk by Michael Douglas about his life and work, which proved to be an unforgettable experience. With his legendary career spanning decades, the acclaimed actor shared fascinating anecdotes and insights into his roles, both on and off-screen. From iconic characters to personal challenges, his candid storytelling left the audience inspired and in awe of his immense talent and resilience.

In the last few days of our journey, Mr. Dungarpur kindly got us tickets for the one-time premiere on the red carpet to watch a marvel called *Acide* in the main hall of the festival, *Le Grande Théâtre*. On the carpet itself, an overwhelming wave of lights engulfed us. Hundreds of cameramen were poised, clicking photos left, right, and centre, capturing the magic of the moment. The unmistakable *click-click-click* sound echoed in our ears, a testament to the glamour and grandeur of the occasion. Celebrities strolled by, some stopping for interviews or posing for the paparazzi, while others

made their way to their luxurious cars.

The atmosphere was electrifying, and our experience was surreal. The attendees around us were donned incredibly fancy dresses and formal attire, adding to the aura of elegance and opulence. And among them, we proudly represented the honoured Dosco logo, a symbol of our School's rich history and tradition.

Walking the red carpet at the Cannes Film Festival was an extraordinary immersion into the world of film enthusiasts filled with boundless enthusiasm. The vibrant energy and unwavering willpower of the attendees to partake in world-class premieres were truly contagious. The air crackled with excitement as hundreds of cameramen captured the thrill and anticipation that permeated through the event.

Amidst the glimmering lights and the dazzling stars, we felt the pulse of the festival's heartbeat — a collective love for cinema. The passion for storytelling and the art of filmmaking united everyone present, from celebrities to avid moviegoers. It was a unique celebration of creativity, where dreams took centre stage, and the power of cinema to transport us to extraordinary worlds was palpable. Immersed in the contagious anticipation and excitement of fellow film enthusiasts, we eagerly joined the line for a highly anticipated film at Cannes 2023 — *Indiana Jones and the Dial of Destiny*. Amidst the excitement, we connected with like-minded strangers, united by our love for storytelling and filmmaking. Though we unfortunately didn't get the tickets, the experience itself was magical, filled with laughter and admiration for the cinema. This encounter left a profound impact, inspiring us to explore our passion for films further. Cannes proved to be more than just premieres; it celebrated the universal language of cinema, bringing together a vibrant community of film enthusiasts.

Beyond Academic Frontiers

Mr. Manu Mehrotra

The purpose of most boarding schools is essentially to provide an immersive and educational environment that goes beyond just academics. One then starts to contemplate: how does one ensure that both curricular and co-curricular programmes are on par with each other in order to achieve true holistic development? When it comes to upholding the responsibility of providing truly holistic education, I believe there are a few key aspects of a school's curricular and co-curricular programmes that must be prevalent.

Firstly, curricular and co-curricular activities cater to different aspects that contribute to holistic student development. Both activities will have common elements while being essentially different. While one can simply say that curricular programmes focus on academic knowledge and skills, a good co-curricular programme will seek to provide multitudes of personal development. Co-curricular programmes should be present as a platform for a more holistic education by fostering personal growth, developing social skills, and competencies in areas beyond academic subjects, and promoting the overall well-being of the individual.

It also goes without saying that to have students successfully partake in a school's co-curricular programme, the school must do justice to fostering everyone's interests and passion. Students in boarding schools come from diverse backgrounds with varying talents. A good school will integrate both their curricular and co-curricular programmes in such a manner that each student may leverage it to its fullest. A good programme provides opportunities for students to hone their talents, inculcating a sense of fulfilment, responsibility, and discipline. More importantly, a school is a platform where students explore their

inclinations and skills, perhaps for the first time. A mark of a good school, thus, is that it provides as many varied experiences as possible.

However, as evident in our own School, it is important to understand that while one might be capable of involving themselves with multiple and conflicting co-curricular activities, it is necessary to promote a balanced lifestyle. Teaching students how to optimally split their time is the crux of successfully integrating both curricular and co-curricular programmes in a boarding school. Such balancing teaches students valuable time management and prioritisation skills, and it also promotes a healthy and balanced lifestyle, emphasising the importance of both mental and physical well-being.

While so far we have set the precedent of establishing and integrating good curricular and co-curricular programmes in schools, there remain facets left to explore and define what makes a programme 'good'. Co-curricular and sporting activities often involve teamwork, leadership, and ethical decision-making. It is often possible to address these aspects more directly and deeply through such activities and sports as compared to addressing them in classrooms. This well-rounded development prepares them to face real-world challenges and make meaningful contributions to themselves, their families, and society. Personal growth is a crucial aspect of education that extends beyond textbook knowledge. Co-curricular activities and sports offer opportunities for self-discovery and personal development in a manner that academics cannot. Students can discover their talents that were unidentified and this helps them overcome fears, and learn to lead and organise. A 'good' co-curricular program opens a student's path to self-discovery, letting



Mr. Manu Mehrotra talks about the importance of balancing the emphasis on curricular and co-curricular programs in boarding schools.

them develop into confident, well-rounded individuals who are better equipped to navigate the complexities of life beyond the boarding school environment.

A holistic education program should not only momentarily provide the benefits it poses, rather, it should allow a student to continue their endeavours beyond the walls of their school and emphasise the importance of lifelong learning. It should instil in students a newfound love for learning that goes beyond the classroom. It encourages them to explore new interests, develop hobbies and even uncharted careers, and continue their personal and intellectual growth, even long after they leave school. By valuing both curricular and co-curricular activities, boarding schools create well-rounded individuals who are not only academically proficient but also socially and emotionally competent. These students are better prepared to face the challenges of the real world, contribute positively to society, and lead fulfilling lives enriched by a diverse range of experiences. In essence, equal or judicious emphasis on curricular and co-curricular programmes in boarding schools is the key to nurturing the leaders and innovators of tomorrow.

A holistic education program should not only momentarily provide the benefits it poses, rather, it should allow a student to continue their endeavours beyond the walls of their school and emphasise the importance of lifelong learning.



Never Ceasing Exploration

Rishabh Bhandari (Ex 234-TA, 1998)

Last year was my father's golden jubilee celebration at School. In the lead up to it, considerable chatter dominated our family group conversations. From afar I received updates gleefully. It was a delight to see him at ease with his friends and surroundings — his enthusiasm evident when I spoke with him. My brothers and I felt collective pride in seeing his name etched on the notice boards — the same pride we felt when we were boys ourselves at School. Approaching my own silver jubilee this year, I was thinking about this with a sense of symmetry. Retracing my journey — perhaps much in the way my father did last year — it is a cathartic process. I have been thinking about School a great deal this year, more so than usual. Perhaps it is the milestone anniversary that has acted as a prompt in "turning over the pebbles", as the cerebral cricketer and psychoanalyst Mike Brearley puts it in his recent memoir. A few weeks ago, I was walking through some lush school playing fields in North London with the grass full of sheen after rain — for a split second I felt time, space and distance converge as I found my teenage-self staring back at me in a *kurta-pyjama*, taking an evening stroll across Chandbagh. In a corner of my mind, I saw the green vista of the Main Field and the Mussoorie skyline yonder before me.

As my batchmates and I come together across continents to celebrate our anniversary, our thoughts about the School echo Wordsworth's open admiration for nature — filled as we are with the "joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused." It is an indivisible thread that binds us together.

In a corner of my mind, I saw the green vista of the main field and the Mussoorie skyline yonder before me, something far more deeply interfused.

Of course, not all was plain sailing. The early years were often hard and we would be wise not to overstate aspects of it. For my part, recalling a dreary trundle at the crack of dawn to get a gigantic kettle of tea for the entire House (regardless of the weather), put matters into perspective.

"What's all this humbug about character building? Why cannot the Seniors suffer as well," we would wonder.

All that said, the plethora of convivial memories more than made up for such early travails. In an age of information surfeit, it is hard to imagine a time when relying on newspapers and magazines were almost our only connection to the outside world. I can recall rushing back after breakfast to Tata House to scour the headlines (did Agassi win or Sampras?), and spending many hours in the Library reading different newspapers and periodicals. At that time, few universities in India — let alone schools — would have subscribed to several overseas publications. Yet in our Library, we had access to publications from *Forbes* to the *Herald* from Pakistan. The world outside mattered as much as the world inside.

If not in the Library, listening to music in the Tata House Common Room was a preoccupation. Many a pleasurable hour was spent with Vasant Nath, Gautham Maediratta, Rahul Chaudhuri and other friends pouring over Bruce Springsteen and Dylan. Talking cricket and tennis with Messrs Tarun Yadav, Karanbir Brar, Gaurav Bahri, Ashish Kuriyal and Arjun Chowdhury remained a constant — we can still recall sitting on the stage of the MPH watching the 1996 World Cup!

Co-editing the *Weekly* with Vasant gave me a priceless life lesson in time management and organisation skills — no matter what, we had to ensure the 'proofs' were ready by Thursday! The debate and discussion in the *Weekly* Room provided a stimulus, that unknown to me at the time, would serve me well through my adulthood. What of the teachers and all the other friends? There are too many to mention. In a world where *Dead Poets Society* met the *Shawshank Redemption*, I remain forever grateful to the eclectic mix of teachers and friends for encouraging me to muddle through with good humour. As a special call-out, the few of us who were taught English by Mr. Kamal Bhagat could fail to be inspired by him. His gift — as I now realise — was not to patronise us but treat us as young adults.

As the Class of 1998 reunites to celebrate our time at School, I know that we are simultaneously remembering and renewing our respective bonds. In this context, my journey is not unique. Each of my friends will have their journeys too. As we look back



Rishabh Bhandari reflects on his fond memories of School, in light of his silver jubilee.

and ahead, I can think of no better tribute to this band of explorers, and to School itself than TS Eliot's observation from the *Four Quartets*:

*'We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.'*





Mr. Anubhab Bhattacharjee
reflects on the challenges he faces
as a teacher of the new generation.

In the realm of career aspirations for millennials, engineering and medicine — coveted by parents and celebrated by society. These professions have been viewed as the ultimate path to success, leaving little room for other options such as teaching. The perception of a teacher's role, characterised by modest attire and classrooms in this society doesn't carry the same sense of glory as that of a doctor saving lives or an engineer building marvels.

Many, like me, faced judgement and disappointment for choosing to teach. A former colleague once said, "Nobody chooses to be a teacher as their primary career choice. It is always the last resort." My journey into teaching was inspired by my own experiences with learning difficulties and the kindness of teachers who supported me. To me, it seemed like an invitation to positively impact young learners' lives, even at the cost of societal expectations.

The challenges, however, did not end there. The millennial generation's education was shaped by traditional teaching methods, but the 21st century brought about rapid changes in technology, challenging our profession. Moreover, our middle-class upbringing instilled values that sometimes clashed with the corporate work culture. This begs the question: how do we teach, and what do we teach, in a world where such traditional values are often overshadowed? While I teach Chemistry, I understand that it is not just academic knowledge alone that will prepare my students for life. My role extends beyond transferring information; I am essentially shaping a training ground where students develop skills and confidence. In the modern classroom, my role transcends traditional boundaries. Academic excellence is just a part of the equation; I'm also expected to equip my students with critical thinking skills, adaptability, and emotional intelligence. In a world where technology evolves faster than curricula, fostering a love for learning and adaptability becomes paramount. I strive to create an environment where my students feel encouraged to explore, question, and innovate.

Yet, in the 21st century, I question whether

I am the right role model. Will anyone heed my advice about honesty when it's undervalued? The corporate takeover of education has created a non-inclusive work environment. While my generation has somehow adapted, will the students I teach accept these practices? And if work cultures don't change, then are we creating 'comfortable landing planes' that won't apply when they are adults? How do we best prepare them for the harshness of the world out there? It leads me to say that teaching might not remain a valid choice without introspection, and in such pursuit, I face a moral dilemma.

As I impart values like honesty and integrity, I often wonder if I am preparing my students for a world that may not fully appreciate these qualities. Will they encounter challenges due to their ethical standpoints? Will the world reward their integrity, or will it be perceived as a hindrance in their professional journey? These questions linger, emphasising the intricate balance between idealism and pragmatism in my teaching approach. Moreover, teaching in the digital age has its own unique set of challenges. While technology offers innovative tools for learning, it also brings distractions and a constant battle for attention. Navigating this digital landscape requires continuous adaptation and creativity. Integrating technology seamlessly into the curriculum, and ensuring it enhances learning, is a constant responsibility. Although I would say that I am well-versed in technology, I find myself in a perpetual race to keep up with the latest advancements so that my students receive a relevant and engaging education.

In my classroom, I am not just a dispenser of knowledge; I am a mentor, counsellor, and sometimes even a parental figure. I strive to create a safe space where students can voice their opinions, express their doubts, and share their dreams. I encourage diversity and inclusivity, fostering an environment where everyone feels valued and respected. However, I am also aware that the inclusive atmosphere I nurture within my classroom stands in stark contrast to the challenges faced in the broader educational landscape. The corporate influence on education has led to standardised testing, rigid curricula, and a focus on quantifiable results. While these measures aim to ensure accountability, they often overlook the diverse learning styles and individual strengths of students. As a millennial teacher, I find myself at odds with these one-size-fits-all approaches. I believe in personalised learning experiences tailored to each student's needs, enabling them to explore their passions and interests. However, reconciling this belief with the

prevailing system is a constant struggle. Additionally, the pressure to achieve measurable outcomes sometimes overshadows the importance of holistic development. Character education, emotional intelligence, and social skills are as vital as academic achievements. As a teacher, I am not just shaping future professionals; I am nurturing compassionate, empathetic individuals who contribute positively to society. Striking a balance between academic rigour and character development is a delicate art — one that requires unwavering dedication and resilience in the face of systemic challenges. Despite the uncertainties and complexities, our commitment remains unshakable. We are not just educators; we are architects of the future, shaping young minds and moulding generations to come. In conclusion, being a millennial teacher in the age of 'Generation Alpha' is a multi-faceted journey, filled with both opportunities and challenges. We navigate the ever-changing landscape of education, embracing technology while preserving the essence of human connection. We grapple with moral dilemmas, questioning the alignment of our teachings with the realities of the world our students will face. We champion inclusivity and personalised learning, striving to create an environment where every student thrives. It is a challenging yet immensely rewarding journey — one that defines not just our profession but also our collective legacy.

Many, like me, faced judgement and disappointment for choosing teaching. A former colleague once said, "Nobody chooses to be a teacher as their primary career choice."

Ages, Aspirations.

Mr. Anubhab Bhattacharjee



The free
press is
not an
option in
democracy;
it is the

sine qua non
Without which, not.

Doonspeak

Compared to when you joined the School, do you feel that the student-participation in the decision-making process is more, less or the same?

As the time you spend in School increases, the decision-making power you hold is bound to increase. But more than the actual decision-making power, it is the perception of the same that has changed for me. Four years ago, the ability that I thought a Senior had to make meaningful changes in School is certainly not something I feel like I have today. It is impossible to accurately establish whether a D Former today feels what I did. So, with that bias, I do feel like there has been a change in the say that students have in decisions that affect the entire School community. Some notable examples would be the dismissal of the School Captain voting system, the censorship across publications and the lack of follow-up regarding problems raised by Doscos in councils. Quite evidently then, there have been changes directly aimed at reducing a student’s decision-making power — for better or for worse — an effect that is only heightened by the normalisation of having the ability to make decisions for smaller groups as Seniors. Personally, I feel like this just creates a facade of student involvement — an indicator of dark times to come.

Kabir Takhtar

As I reflect on my journey since joining School, I can’t help but notice a significant shift in the landscape of decision-making power. It has become evident that the authority once entrusted to students has diminished over time. The culture of having students control the vast responsibilities has now disappeared. When I first entered the halls of Chandbagh, there was a palpable sense of collaboration and student involvement in the decision-making processes. We had a say in matters that directly impacted our academic and extracurricular experiences. However, as the years have passed, it’s disheartening to acknowledge that the pendulum has swung less towards student empowerment. The rights given to students have slowly vanished with us left with no voice. Our School, from what I could make out of conversations with my Seniors, was a beacon of collaboration and empowerment. The corridors echoed with the vibrant voices of students actively participating in shaping their destinies. It was a magical time when Student ideas could sprout wings and soar.

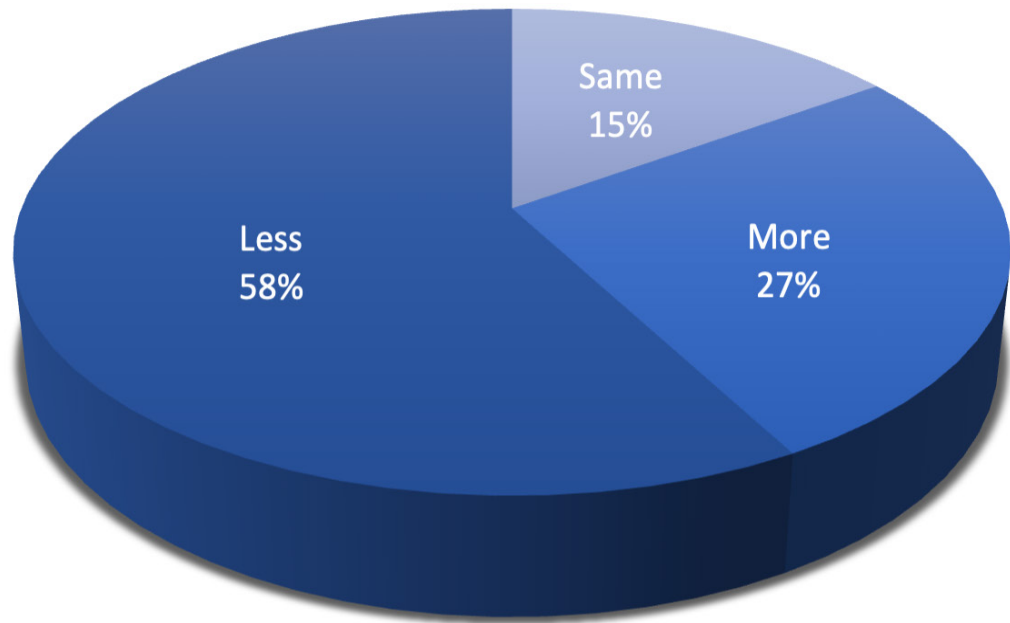
Nanda Karumudi

When I look back to my C Form, I remember having a conversation with a particularly vocal Prefect who told me that as I progressed through the hierarchy in School, I would be able to make increasingly greater decisions for myself. He told me that, every year, I would be able to feel my voice being heard more, but to be honest, I feel that he was wrong. I think that in my C Form, I had more decision making power because, at least then, I felt like I could tell my parents about any problems that I was facing and somehow, they would magically get solved. I do not find myself having that level of power or having that capability to solve problems that I face in School today myself, and I find Doscos having less of an influence on things which pertain to our lives wherever I look. When I think of a reason as to why, I struggle to put my finger on it, but there is one thing I know for sure — students in School no longer hold the same decision-making power when compared to when I joined School.

Kanishk Bammi

The first time I entered School after the Pandemic in my C Form, I was starstruck. The importance of the roles the Students played in School was astounding to me. I would see my Seniors voting for the next School Captain. I would see them conducting music performances and directing plays. What struck me the most, however, was the concept of a School Council. Students from every House gather with Masters and suggest changes that can be brought about in School. But as time passed, I saw the minutes of the meetings arriving with an exponential frequency and having a lesser impact on the day-to-day lives of the students. It was this that made me realise, the decision making power of the students was diminishing gradually each term: whether it be the incapability to vote, or the new guidelines put in place to dilute the hierarchy.

Agastya Chamaria

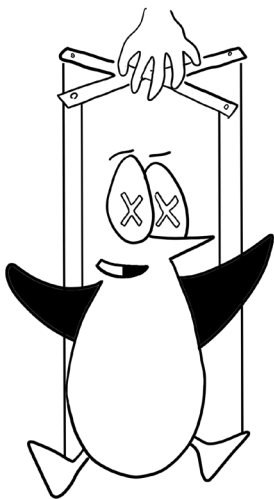


397 members of the School community were polled.

I may broadly divide the power into two categories when I have to examine my own decision-making abilities: individual and collective. Personally, I believe I can notice a general improvement in the options I have at every point in School, such as being able to pick between two tasks. Consequently, it may be said that I can be the one who shapes the extremely complex individual characteristics of my Dosco journey. On the question of society, I believe we have noticed a progressive loss of control. This is not necessarily a terrible thing, since there are some aspects of schooling that, in my opinion, must be rigidly enforced and to the extent that which there should not be an alternative. By allowing students who are moderately mature to carve that basic framework, we cannot let certain elements of a Dosco’s life change.

Arjun Mitra

Democracy has always been at the heart of Doon’s quiddity, but over my last five years in School, I have witnessed a disturbing trend of increasing unilateral control which is surprisingly and sadly, external in nature. While School has necessarily faced issues on several fronts, including academics, through the course of my time, decisions were not simply handed out. And even if they were, the discourse was weighed in as an essential part of the whole process rather than a vile facade. What remains to be the biggest challenge today is that it is not only the students who feel unheard and ignored but also the Masters, which is deeply concerning on several levels. While it is imperative to steer this institution in the right direction, more often than not, this ‘right’ is exactly where we are going wrong due to the myopic views fuelled by a lack of perspectives.



Aryaveer Agrawal

साक्षात्कार

WITH MR. NASEERUDDIN SHAH
CONDUCTED ON -28.8.23

The Doon School Weekly (DSW): आप फिल्म इंडस्ट्री में कैसे घुसे और आप उसमें आगे कैसे बढ़े?

Mr Naseeruddin Shah (NSH): मैं चौथी क्लास तक पढ़ाई में बहुत अच्छा था। चौथी क्लास के बाद पता नहीं क्यों मेरा मन पढ़ाई से हट कर लिटरेचर और जो हमें कहानियाँ पढ़ाई जाती थी, उनमें लगने लगा। घरवालों को इस बात की फ़िक्र नहीं होती कि उनका बेटा कितना बड़ा आर्टिस्ट बनेगा, उन्हें सिर्फ़ इतनी फ़िक्र होती कि उनका बच्चा अपना पेट भर पायेगा या नहीं। तो मेरे माँ बाप को भी यही फ़िक्र थी। मेरे दोनों भाई जो मुझसे बड़े थे, पढ़ाई में तेज़ थे। न मैं एथेलेटिक्स में अच्छा था, न पढ़ाई में। पर हाँ, हमारे स्कूल में ड्रामा हुआ करता था लेकिन उन ड्रामों में भी कभी काम नहीं मिला। मेरे दोनों भाइयों को बेस्ट एक्टर का अवार्ड मिला, पर मुझे काम करने का मौका भी नहीं दिया। तो शायद मुझमें तभी ये आग लगी और मैंने रियाज़ करना शुरू कर दिया, और वो भी बस यँ ही, अनजाने में। जो एक्टर मुझे पसंद थे, मैं उनकी नक़ल किया करता था। अकेले, किसी के सामने नहीं। और किसी से कहने की हिम्मत भी नहीं थी कि मुझे यह काम पसंद है। फिर मैंने नाटकों में काम करना शुरू किया, अपना ही एक इनिशिएटिव लेकर। मेरी तारीफ़ होने लगी और स्कूल में लोग मुझे पहचानने लगे। मेरे माता-पिता इसके बारे में अनजान थे और चाहते थे मैं अपने भाइयों की तरह पढ़-लिख कर डॉक्टर बन जाऊँ, पर मुझे वो सब नहीं करना था। उन्होंने मुझसे कई बार पूछा कि तुम क्या करना चाहते हो पर मुझमें कभी हिम्मत नहीं हुई उन्हें बताने की क्योंकि अगर एक बारह साल का बच्चा यह कहता है तो उसपर समाज हँसता। अब तो एक्टिंग भी एक सम्मानित कार्य हो गया है लेकिन अभी मैं सोचता हूँ अगर कोई बच्चा बारह साल की उम्र में यह चाहे कि वह एक कवि बनेगा, स्कल्पचरिस्ट बनेगा तो उसके माता-पिता क्या सोचेंगे। वह कहेंगे कि बच्चा नादान है, समझता नहीं है, वह रोज़ी-रोटी कैसे कमा पायेगा? तो यह बात जो है वो पेरेंट्स को समझनी चाहिए, जो मेरे पेरेंट्स कभी समझ नहीं पाए। अफ़सोस ज़िन्दगी भर वे नहीं समझ पाए और ज़िन्दगी भर वे मुझे नकारते ही रहे। मेरे पिता ने आज तक मेरा कोई काम नहीं देखा। लेकिन 14 या 15 साल की उम्र तक मेरा यह इरादा पक्का हो गया था कि मुझे यही काम करना है पूरी ज़िन्दगी भर। क्रिकेट का सपना तो मैंने पहले ही छोड़ दिया क्योंकि मैं जानता था कि मैं उस काम में इतना अच्छा नहीं था। परन्तु एक्टिंग तो मैं कर सकता हूँ और जब मैं पहली दफा स्टेज पर गया स्कूल में, तो मुझे लगा, मुझे अपनी जगह मिल गयी, जिसकी मुझे तलाश थी और मैं यहीं रहूँगा ज़िन्दगी भर। स्कूल के बाद जाहिर-सी बात है कि मुझे कॉलेज जाना था, कॉलेज में मुझे दो ऐसे अध्यापक मिले जिन्होंने मुझे बहुत प्रेरणा दी। उन्होंने कहा जो मैं कर रहा हूँ वह बिल्कुल ठीक है और उन्होंने मुझे हिदायत दी कि इसी तरह से पढ़ो, ये पढ़ो, ये देखो और तुम कॉलेज के बाद ड्रामा पढ़ने जाओ। मुझे विश्वास ही नहीं हुआ की ड्रामा का एक स्कूल भी होता है। मुझे मेरे कॉलेज के एक टीचर दिल्ली में वह कॉलेज दिखने ले गए। और मुझे तो लगा कि मैं जन्नत में आ गया हूँ। थोड़े दिन बाद मैं अपने पिता के पास गया, वह हर बार की तरह कुछ बाद बढ़ाने लगे तो मैंने नाराज़ होते हुए कहा कि मुझे आपकी ज़रूरत नहीं है। वहाँ पर 200 रुपये प्रति महीने मिलेंगे इसलिए मैं जा रहा हूँ और मैं फिर चला गया। मैंने वहाँ तीन साल बिताये और तब तक मेरा मन उसी रम गया था। तब मैं सोचता था कि जो रियाज़ और अभ्यास मैं अपनी बारह साल की उम्र में करता था, जैसे कि कलाकारों की नक़ल करना, यह सब मेरे बहुत काम आयी। तब मैंने सोचा, अगर कोई बच्चा बारह साल की उम्र पर कहे की वह टेनिस प्लेयर बनना चाहता है तो आम-तौर पर उसके माता पिता उसे मना ही करेंगे। वे कहेंगे कि पढ़ो, लिखो, खेलने के लिए पूरी ज़िन्दगी है। ऐसे में वह बच्चा अपने अरमान लिए रोजर फेडरर या नडाल को देख, उसके शॉट्स की नक़ल ही करेगा न। मैंने भी यही किया लेकिन कुछ लोग अपनी पूरी ज़िन्दगी नक़ल उतारने में ही निकाल देते हैं लेकिन खुशकिस्मती से मैं उस चीज़ से आगे बढ़ पाया।

DSW: आपने महात्मा गाँधी से लेकर कई काल्पनिक किरदारों तक विविध प्रकार के किरदार मंच पर जीवंत किये हैं। आप अपने आप को इन विविध किरदारों के लिए कैसे तैयार करते हैं?

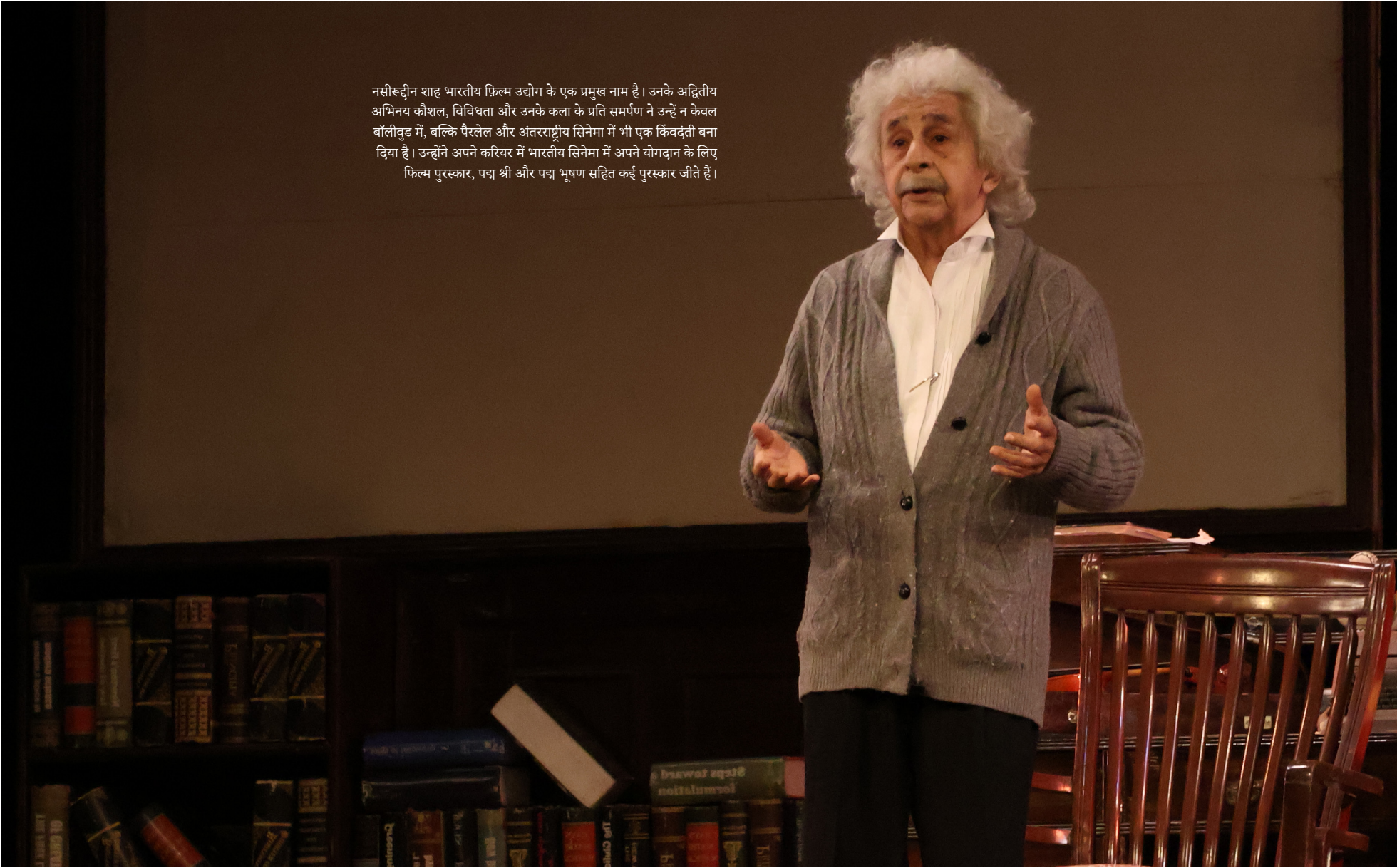
(NSH): देखो अगर महात्मा गाँधी या आईस्टाइन जैसी भूमिकाएँ जो मैंने की हैं, यदि इनका अभिनय करना हो तो इन लोगों की बातचीत व् संवाद की फुटेज एवं वीडियो को स्टडी करना महत्वपूर्ण है ताकि उनकी शारीरिक भाषा, हाव-भाव और बातचीत के तरीके के साथ मैं तालमेल बिठा पाऊँ। लेकिन अगर फ़र्ज़ कीजिये मिर्ज़ा

ग़ालिब की भी भूमिका मैंने की है, जो शायर थे, उनकी आवाज़ कहीं भी रिकॉर्डेड नहीं हैं, उनकी तस्वीर भी एक ही है जो उनके बुढ़ापे की है। तो वहाँ पर मुझे अपने दिमाग से उस किरदार को, उस व्यक्तित्व को महसूस करते हुए अभिनय करना पड़ा। जैसे - ग़ालिब कितने लम्बे थे? उनकी आवाज़ सुनने में कैसी रही होगी? कैसे चलते होंगे? किस तरह बोलते थे? गाँधी जी की भूमिका करते हुए मुझे अपना वज़न घटाना पड़ा था, मुझे दृश्य-श्रव्य माध्यमों की सहायता से उनको कई-कई बार देखना और सुनना पड़ा और ऐसा ही मुझे आईस्टाइन के समय भी करना पड़ा था। मुझे प्रयास करना पड़ा कि मैं उनके अंदाज़ में बोल पाऊँ और पर्दे पर उनके जैसा ही नज़र आ सकूँ। हर भूमिका के लिए हर तरह की तैयारी करनी पड़ती है। किसी किरदार को निभाने के लिए, उसको समझने से भी ज़्यादा ज़रूरी होता है, उस किरदार की परिस्थिति को समझना और अपनी कल्पना का इस्तेमाल करउस किरदार को जीना। जैसे यदि मुझे हिटलर की भूमिका निभानी हो तो उसके बहुत सारे रिकॉर्ड उपलब्ध हैं, जिनको मैं देख सकता हूँ और उन्हें समझ सकता हूँ। मुझे किसी तरह उनके व्यवहार को पकड़ना पड़ेगा। तो एक्सटर्नल से ज़्यादा उस इंसान पर बीत क्या रही है ये जानना ज़रूरी है।

DSW: थिएटर और फ़िल्म दोनों में एक अभिनेता और निर्देशक के रूप में आपको कौन-सा माध्यम अधिक चुनौतीपूर्ण लगता है और कैसे?

(NSH) यह कहना मुश्किल है कि कौन-सा ज़्यादा चुनौती भरा है। कमर्शियल फिल्मों में भी मैंने काम किया है और मेरा माना है मैं कभी भी उनमें अच्छा काम नहीं कर पाया क्योंकि मुझे वह अच्छी नहीं लगती। परन्तु अपनी रोज़ी-रोटी चलाने के लिए मुझे उनमें काम करना पड़ा। फिर मैं इस नतीजे पर पहुंचा कि यह नाचना और गाना आसान कार्य नहीं है और मैंने कोशिश की है परंतु मैं कभी यह अच्छे से कर नहीं पाया। एक बात ज़रूर है कि दोनों ढंग की फिल्मों में अलग चुनौतियाँ हैं, हालांकि दोनों में अभिनय करने में अंतर नहीं है, क्योंकि सच्चा अभिनय दोनों में हो सकता है। जो महान पर्फॉर्मन्सेस मैंने देखे हैं उनमे सच्ची एक्टिंग होती है जो श्रोता को पसंद भी आती है। एक और दिलचस्त बात कि दुनिया के जितने महान एक्टर होते हैं, उन सब की शुरुआत थिएटर से ही होती है। ऐसा कोई कलाकार नहीं है जिसकी शुरुआत फिल्मों से हुई हो और वह थिएटर में बहुत सराहनीय हो। थिएटर में अनुशासन की ज़्यादा ज़रूरत होती है।

लोग समझते हैं कि एक एक्टर कामयाब हो जाता है



नसीरुद्दीन शाह भारतीय फ़िल्म उद्योग के एक प्रमुख नाम है। उनके अद्वितीय अभिनय कौशल, विविधता और उनके कला के प्रति समर्पण ने उन्हें न केवल बॉलीवुड में, बल्कि पैरलेल और अंतरराष्ट्रीय सिनेमा में भी एक किंवदंती बना दिया है। उन्होंने अपने करियर में भारतीय सिनेमा में अपने योगदान के लिए फिल्म पुरस्कार, पद्म श्री और पद्म भूषण सहित कई पुरस्कार जीते हैं।

DSW: जैसा आपने बताया कि आपने अपने गुरु से एक्टिंग के गुर सीखे। लेकिन आज बच्चे और युवा भी विदेशी भाषाओं की फिल्मों से प्रभावित और प्रेरित होते हैं। क्या आपको लगता है कि आने वाले समय में जो बॉलीवुड डायरेक्टर्स हैं, वो हमारे कल्चर को सही से दिखा पायेंगे या फिर वे भी अपनी फिल्मों में बाहर का इम्पैक्ट लायेंगे ?

(NSH): मुझे लगता है दोनों चीज़ों का मिश्रण होना चाहिए क्योंकि तकनीकी हिसाब से जो विदेशी फिल्में हैं, वो हमारी फिल्मों से मीलों आगे हैं। अब जो थाइलैंड की फिल्में हैं या फिर कोरिया की फिल्में ले लीजिए। भले ही उनकी फिल्म इंडस्ट्री हमसे कई गुणा छोटी है लेकिन उनकी फ़िल्में हमसे इतनी बेहतर क्यों हैं ? क्योंकि वह अपने फिल्मों में अपना कल्चर और ट्रेडिशन दिखाती हैं इसलिए अपने कल्चर को पढ़ना बहुत ज़रूरी है। वह उससे जुड़े हुए हैं। बाहर के ट्रेडिशन के बारे में भी आप जानें लेकिन अपने देश की परम्पराओं को जानना भी बेहद ज़रूरी है। आप अगर पहले की फिल्में देखेंगे और उनको स्टडी करेंगे, आप देखेंगे कि उनमें कितनी सुन्दर तरह से हमारे कल्चर को दिखाया गया है। हमारी ऑडियंस को क्योंकि अब कचरा मूवीज देखनी की आदत हो गई है। अगर किसी फिल्म में पहले आधे घंटे मज़ा आ जाये तो फिल्म अच्छी लगती है। इसलिए मैं चाहता हूँ कि हमारी ऑडियंस ज़्यादा डिमांडिंग हो। वह बोले कि हमें यह सब नहीं देखना, हमें अच्छी चीज़ें दिखाओ। लेकिन हमारी जनसंख्या ही इतनी है कि जो अनपढ़ लोग हैं उनके पास इतना समय नहीं कि वह मूवी देखें और उसपर आवाज़ उठायें। इसलिए उनकी सोच पर इस चीज़ का बहुत बुरा असर पड़ता है। इसलिए ये आप पढ़े-लिखे लोगों की ज़िम्मेदारी है कि आप इस चीज़ पर आवाज़ उठायें और उन लोगों को जो पढ़ नहीं सकते, उनकी सोच को बदलने का मौका दें , इन फिल्मों को बदल कर।

DSW: आप हमारे स्कूल के बाल कलाकारों को क्या संदेश देना चाहेंगे?

(NSH): पढ़ना ज़रूरी है। लोग समझते हैं कि एक एक्टर कामयाब हो जाता है, माता-पिता की दुआओं से, खुशकिस्मती से या भगवान की दया से। ऐसा नहीं है, अपने आप को शिक्षित करना बहुत ज़रूरी है। अब कई लोग मेरे पास आते हैं और बोलते हैं कि मेरे बच्चे को एक्टर बना दो, यह कुछ पढ़ता- लिखता नहीं है। अब ऐसा नहीं होता है कि सारे निकम्मे लोग ही एक्टर बनते है। तो मैं बच्चों को समझाता हूँ कि ज़रूर अपना इरादा पक्का रखो लेकिन यह मत समझो कि तालीम से तुम्हारा पीछा छूट जाएगा। यह नहीं होगा। जो इंसान एक्टर बनाना चाहते हैं तो उन्हें दुसरे कलाकारों को देखना चाहिए कि वह अच्छा क्यों है। इसके लिए पढ़ना बहुत ज़रूरी है। साहित्य जो है, बहुत ज़रूरी है। उसके साथ नाता रखना ज़रूरी है। या फिर अगर आप एक लोकप्रिय कलाकार बनाना चाहते हैं अक्षय कुमार की तरह तो वो कीजिए जो अक्षय ने किया। अब अक्षय जैसा भी कलाकार है लेकिन जहाँ तक भी वह पहुँचा है, बहुत मुश्किल से पहुँचा है। तो उन युवाओं को देखना चाहिए कि उनको किस तरह का एक्टर बनना चाहिए।

दृष्टिकोण और सामंजस्य

वीरेन जिंदल

प्रत्येक पीढ़ी की जीवन यात्रा मज़बूती, उत्कर्ष और नए विचारों के साथ होती है

हमारा मानव समाज अनेक पीढ़ियों में विभाजित है और प्रत्येक पीढ़ी इस दुनिया को अपने दृष्टिकोण से देखती है। आइये, इस विचार को अलग-अलग संदर्भों में गहराई से जानते हैं।

पीढ़ी उन लोगों का समूह है जो एक ही समय सीमा (आमतौर पर लगभग 30 वर्ष) के भीतर पैदा होते हैं। प्रत्येक पीढ़ी की अपनी विशेषता होती है और जब विभिन्न पीढ़ियाँ एक साथ काम करती हैं, तो वे पीढ़ीगत मूल्यों को कार्यस्थल पर प्रभावित करती हैं। हमें विभिन्न पीढ़ियों की पहचान करनी चाहिए, उनके अंतर और मुख्य मूल्यों के बारे में जानना चाहिए और समझना चाहिए कि पीढ़ीगत कार्यनीति पर इसका कैसा प्रभाव पड़ता है।

जैसे जीवन के विभिन्न मुद्दे और पहलू हमें आकार देते हैं, ठीक उसी तरह, वे हमारी पीढ़ी को भी आकार देते हैं। हमारे दादा-दादी के समय में, जिनका जन्म 50 के दशक में हुआ था, वे बिना तकनीकी साधनों के जीवन का मज़ा लेते थे। उनका दृष्टिकोण हमारे नज़रिये से अलग है क्योंकि उन्हें लगता है कि तकनीकी साधनों की आवश्यकता नहीं है। इसके विपरीत, हमारी पीढ़ी के लिए तकनीकी साधनों के बिना जीवन की कल्पना करना मुश्किल ही नहीं नामुमकिन है।

हमारे माता-पिता और दादा-दादी हमें ऐसे मूल्य देते हैं जो हमें जीवन के बाद के चरणों में मार्गदर्शन प्रदान करते हैं। यह हम पर निर्भर करता है कि हम मूल्यों को कैसे स्वीकार करते हैं और महत्वपूर्ण निर्णय लेते समय उन्हें कैसे लागू करते हैं। यह भी प्रकट है कि प्रत्येक पीढ़ी का अपना दृष्टिकोण होता है। यह समझना ज़रूरी है कि प्रत्येक पीढ़ी के इस दृष्टिकोण का व्यावहारिक जीवन में कैसा प्रभाव पड़ता है?

एक बात जो हमने अपने दादा-दादी से सीखी है, वह है, हमेशा आस-पास की दुनिया के नियमों और विनियमों का पालन करना। लेकिन अब हमारी पीढ़ियाँ समझ गई हैं कि समाज को बेहतर बनाने

वीरेन जिंदल जीवन के मूल्यों और परिवर्तनों के बारे में लिखते हैं।

के लिए कुछ नियमों को तोड़ना ज़रूरी है। यह वह परिवर्तन है जिसे नई पीढ़ी लाती है। जिन नियम-कायदों का हमारे दादा-दादी ने पालन किया था, ज़रूरी नहीं कि वे नियम आज की दुनिया के लिए भी प्रासंगिक हों।

हम देख सकते हैं कि हमारे दैनिक जीवन में कितने सारे पारिवारिक मतभेद होते हैं। इसका मुख्य कारण हमारे माता-पिता और दादा-दादी के विभिन्न दृष्टिकोण हैं। यही कारण है कि पुरानी पीढ़ियों को यह स्वीकार करना चाहिए कि दुनिया बदल रही है और लोगों के दृष्टिकोण बदल रहे हैं।

प्रत्येक पीढ़ी की जीवन यात्रा मज़बूती, उत्कर्ष और नए विचारों के साथ होती है। विचारों का यही नयापन पीढ़ियों की सोच और मूल्यों में भिन्नताएँ उत्पन्न करता है। जब एक नया युग, नया दौर आता है, तो पुरानी और नई पीढ़ियाँ असमंजस में पड़ जाती हैं। पुरानी पीढ़ियाँ अपनी सोच और विचारधारा के आधार पर दुनिया को देखने की प्रवृत्ति रखती हैं, जबकि नई पीढ़ियाँ, नई सोच और नए आदर्शों के साथ दुनिया को देखने के पक्ष में रहती हैं।

पीढ़ियाँ जन्म लेती हैं और विकसित होती रहेंगी। यह एक चक्र है जिसे रोका नहीं जा सकता। सीधे शब्दों में कहे तो यह जीवन का एक हिस्सा है। हमें विभिन्न पीढ़ियों को समझने और पहचानने की आवश्यकता है ताकि हम सामंजस्य और स्वीकार्यता का भाव विकसित कर सकें।

ऊर्जा पेय: उपयोग से उपभोग तक

आचार मंधोला

आज कल की तेज़ रफ़्तार दुनिया में, ऊर्जा पेय का उपयोग और उपभोग बढ़ता जा रहा है। इसके कई कारण हैं, जैसे देर रात तक जगे रहना, लम्बे समय तक काम करना या किसी को सिर्फ़ स्वाद अच्छा लगना। यह पेय बड़े-बड़े कारख़ानों में बनाए जाते हैं, और इनमें कई प्रकार के पदार्थ होते हैं, जैसे कैफीन, टॉरिने, विटामिन-बी आदि। इनके प्रति ध्यान आकर्षण के लिए हमें टीवी, रेडियो, समाचार पत्र और सोशल मीडिया पर विज्ञापन दिखाए और सुनाए जाते हैं। ऊर्जा पेय को और अधिक प्रचलित व प्रचारित करने के लिए ये कम्पनियाँ खेल प्रतियोगिताओं के आयोजन पर अपने पेय के बारे में बात करते हैं, और ज़्यादातर प्रसिद्ध व्यक्तियों से उनका समर्थन करने को भी बोलते हैं।

एनर्जी ड्रिंक एक बहुत बड़ी सनक बन चुकी है। इसका सबसे पहला कारण है कि इतनी सारी कंपनियाँ इसको बनाती और विज्ञापित करती हैं। ऐसी बहुत सारी कंपनियाँ हैं, पर कुछ प्रसिद्ध और जाने-माने नाम हैं- गेटोरेड, रेड बुल, मॉन्स्टर एनर्जी, और रॉकस्टार एनर्जी। ये तो सिर्फ़ कंपनियाँ हैं, ऊर्जा पेय के कई प्रकार भी होते हैं, जैसे हाइपोटोनिक, आइसोटोनिक और हाइपरटोनिक।

हाइपोटोनिक पेय में हमारे शरीर से कम चीनी और नमक होता है।

इसलिए वे जल्दी से हमारे शरीर में घुल जाते हैं और हमें तेज़ी से जलयोजन मिलता है। इस प्रकार का ऊर्जा पेय ज़्यादातर जलयोजन के लिए कार्य से पहले पीते हैं। यह हमें कम शक्ति देता है।

आइसोटोनिक पेय में चीनी और नमक प्रतिशत हमारे शरीर के हिसाब से होता है। यह हमारे शरीर में घुलने के लिए थोड़ा लंबा समय भी लगाता है। परंतु, ये हमारी ताकत ज़्यादा बढ़ाते हैं और व्यायाम के दौरान ऊर्जा की कमी पूरा कर देते हैं। इनमें पेट के लिए हानिकारक चीनी और दूसरे पदार्थ मिले हुए होते हैं।

हाइपरटोनिक पेय में हमारे शरीर से ज़्यादा चीनी और नमक होता है। इस कारण वे हमको ऊर्जा देने के लिए और हमारे शरीर में घुल जाने के लिए और भी ज़्यादा समय लगाते हैं। यह हमारी अन्दर काफ़ी शक्ति और ऊर्जा बढ़ाते हैं। मगर, साथ में हमारे शरीर को नुकसान भी पहुँचाता है। यह पेय व्यायाम के बाद पिया जाता है।

ऊर्जा पेय को बेचने का बाज़ार काफी बड़ा है। इसमें सबसे बड़ा भाग खिलाड़ियों के लिए है जो इसका इस्तेमाल सबसे ज़्यादा करते हैं। ऊर्जा पेय बनाने वाली कम्पनियाँ अपने आप को विभिन्न प्रतियोगिताओं में विज्ञापित करती हैं। जो लोग लम्बे समय तक

काम करते हैं या रात में काम करते हैं वे भी इन ऊर्जा पेय का इस्तेमाल करते हैं। उन्हें लगता है कि ऊर्जा पेय उनकी थकान दूर करने में मदद करते हैं और उन्हें ऊर्जा प्रदान करते हैं। एक वर्ग जो इनका इस्तेमाल सिर्फ़ स्वाद और लाइफ़-स्टाइल के लिए करते हैं, उनकी संख्या भी बढ़ी है।

ऊर्जा पेय समाज में काफ़ी प्रभावी साबित हुआ है। इनका असर युवा पीढ़ी, खेल प्रतियोगियों और मनोरंजन के क्षेत्र में अधिक हो रहा है। मैं अपने पाठकों को बताना चाहूँगा कि उन्हें सोच-समझकर ऊर्जा पेय का सेवन करना चाहिए और प्रमाणित व विश्वसनीय उत्पाद का ही प्रयोग करना चाहिए। उन्हें अवयवों को देखना चाहिए और सेवन की मात्रा को भी सीमित करना चाहिए क्योंकि अति प्रयोग से निर्जलीकरण (आपके शरीर में पर्याप्त पानी नहीं) हृदय की जटिलताओं (जैसे अनियमित दिल की धड़कन और दिल की विफलता) चिंता (घबराहट और घबराहट महसूस करना) जैसी समस्याएँ हो सकती हैं। इसलिए इनके अनावश्यक प्रयोग से बचें और ज़रूरी हो तो इनका सीमित और सुरक्षित प्रयोग करें व स्वस्थ रहें।

हैण्डरिटन लवलेटर्स

अरविन्दनाभ शुक्ल

बच्चों के कमरे की दीवार पर चिपके हुए कागज़ के ऊपर हाथ से अंग्रेजी में एक उद्धरण लिखा हुआ है।

आजकल के बच्चे हिन्दी को पिछड़ा और हिन्दी पढ़ने वालों को और भी अधिक पिछड़ा मानते हैं। उन्हें लगता है, सारी अच्छी बातें अंग्रेज़ी में ही लिखी जा सकती हैं। अंग्रेज़ी में लिखी बातों का प्रभाव भी ज़्यादा पड़ता है। मैं बच्चों के इस विचार से सौ ठके सहमत हूँ। बच्चों के मन में परमात्मा का वास होता है। अगर वे ऐसा मानते हैं तो भई, ठीक ही होगा।

देखा नहीं, बर्गर बेचने वाला जब फ़र्नटेदार अंग्रेज़ी में ऑर्डर लेता है और ग्राहक के दिए नोटों को करीने से बक्से में सजा देता है, आत्मा तपूत हो जाती है। पिच्चा बेचने वाला ग्राहक की टूटी-फूटी अंग्रेज़ी पर द्रवित नहीं होता। ग्राहक का अपमान न हो जाए इसलिए भाषा की पटरी नहीं बदलता। वह धाराप्रवाह अंग्रेज़ी में बात करता है जिसके परिणाम-स्वरूप ग्राहक का आत्मविश्वास आसमान छूने लगता है। टेलीकॉम कंपनी की आपरेटर मधुर स्वर में फोन करती है और फिसलती हुई अंग्रेज़ी जवान में 'बिल' की जानकारी देती है। सारी बात होने के बाद अंत में सधी हुई आवाज में स्थानीय भाषा में किसी अन्य सेवा के लिए पूछती है। हमारा विश्वास दब हो जाता है कि अंग्रेज़ी कमाऊ-पूतों की भाषा है और अन्य देसी भाषाएँ सेवादायों की।

अंग्रेजी के महत्त्व को इसी बात से समझा जा सकता है कि हमारे मोहल्ले का तेलुपंसारी जिसके बाप-दादों ने भी कभी न तो अंग्रेजी का मुँह देखा होगा और न ही अंग्रेजों का, आजकल 'साबुन की बट्टी' को 'सोप-केक' बताता है और हिसाब में कोई गलती हो जाने पर नाक में उंगली घुमाते हुए जोर से कहता है 'सिट' और उसके बाद देसी तरीके से दाँतों में जीभ दबा लेता है।

पुरानी बात है, हमारे बचपन के साथी बब्बन के दूर के रिश्तेके मामा एक बार कहीं विदेश गए थे। भगवान जाने किस देश में गए लेकिन बब्बन का कहना था कि उन्होंने इंगलैंड की यात्रा की थी। यूँ तो उस जमाने में विदेश का मतलब इंगलैंड ही था वैसे ही जैसे सभी गोरे अंग्रेज और चपटी नाक और बंद आँखों वाले चीनी कहलाते थे। खैर, बब्बन ने बहुत चकित होते हुए बताया था कि मामा के अनुसार इंगलैंड बड़े कमाल का देश है। वहाँ के रिक्शे-ठेले वाले भी अंग्रेजी बोलते हैं। सच कहूँ, इस सूचना ने एक बार को तो हमारा आत्मविश्वास जैसे हिला ही दिया था। अपने देश की शिक्षा प्रणाली से नफ़रत सी हो गयी थी। अपने मास्टरों के प्रति खुदक बढ़ गयी थी।

आजकल के बच्चे हिन्दी को पिछड़ा और हिन्दी पढ़ने वालों को और भी अधिक पिछड़ा मानते हैं

ख़ास तौर पर अंग्रेज़ी के मास्टर का तो मुँह नोच लेने का मन होने लगा था जो और कुछ तो छोड़िये चार ढंग की गालियाँ भी अंग्रेजी में न सिखा सका था। ये वो ही मास्टर था जिसके अनुसार 'साइंस' पढ़ने वाले लड़के 'जहीन' होते थे, 'कॉमर्स' पढ़ने वाले 'मेहनती' और 'आर्ट साइड' वाले 'लफंगे, निकम्मे और नाकार'। ये तो भला हो नयी शब्दावली बनाने वाले विद्वानों का जो 'आर्ट साइड' को 'मानव-विज्ञान' या 'मानविकी' कहने लगे और इतिहास, भूगोल,

नागरिक-शास्त्र पढ़ने वालों को जाहिली के कलंक से मुक्त किया।

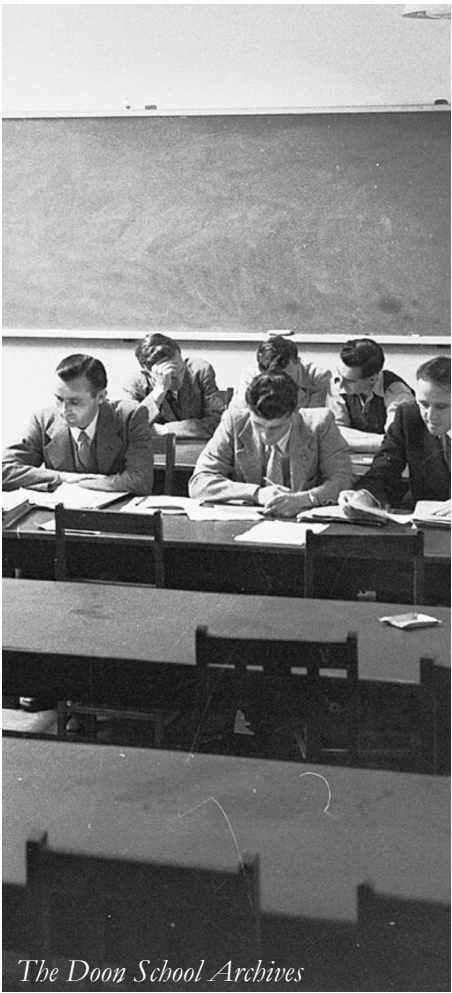
अंग्रेजी का प्रभाव देखना है तो रेलवे के रिजर्वेशन की लाइन में 'एक्सक्यूज़ मी' कहकर देखिये, तुरंत आगे बढ़ने का मौक़ा मिलता है। कोई सभ्यता का व्यवहार कर रहा हो तो देहाती जवान से एकदम निकलता है, "ज्यादा अंग्रेज न बन, जमीन पर आजा।" इसका अर्थ यही है कि सभ्यता का ठेका अंग्रेजीदां साहेबान ने ही ले रखा है। हमारे पड़ोसी सरदार जी का पुत्र रूस में काम करने चला गया था। वहाँ उसने काम के साथ-साथ एक रूसी औरत से शादी भी कर ली। गोरी बीवी तो मिली ही और साथ में दो गोरी बेटियाँ भी रंगे में मिल गईं। कुछ साल विदेश में रहकर सरदार जी के लख्तेजिगर वापस लौटे। बस स्टैंड पर आगवानी के लिए आधा शहर हाज़िर था। चिकने सफ़ाचट प्रवासी को बस से उतरते देखा तो सब चौंक गए। उन देसी साहब ने दाढ़ी और केश को तिलांजलि दे दी थी। उनके पीछे-पीछे उतरे तीन दमकते हुए चेहरे। शहर में हल्ला पड़ गया। एक रिक्शे पर साहब अपनी पत्नी के साथ स्थापित हुए, दूसरे पर गोरी-गोरी द्रुध सी काया वाली दो बच्चियाँ। पीछे के दो रिक्शों पर सामान लादा गया। उससे पीछे के तीन रिक्शों पर स्वागत के लिए पहुँचे हुए डेढ़ दर्जन बंधु-बांधव विराजमान हुए। रिक्शों की कतार के पीछे असंख्य साइकिलें और पैदल चलने वाले लोग थे। छोटे-छोटे बच्चे पूरे उत्साह से दौड़-दौड़ कर रिक्शे वालों को रास्ता दिखाते थे। बात रिक्शे वालों से करते थे, लेकिन उनकी नज़र गोरी सवारियों पर ही रहती थी। बीच-बीच में यस, ओके, थैंक-यू की अंग्रेज़ी भी सुनाई देती थी। कोई-कोई बच्चा तो ऐसे लेकर ज़ेड तक पूरी अंग्रेज़ी की वर्णमा वर्ण ला सुना देता था। विडम्बना यह थी कि उन बेचारों को कोई यह बताने वाला नहीं था कि तीनों विशिष्ट अतिथियों में से अंग्रेजी किसी को भी नहीं आती थी। आगे चलकर घर में क्या हुआ यह लम्बी कहानी है, लेकिन इतना जरूर समझ में आ गया था कि अंग्रेजी का विशिष्टता के साथ निकटता का नाता होता है। आजकल मॉल संस्कृति सिर चढ़कर बोल रही है। चमचमाते मॉल में मातृभाषा में बोलकर इज़्ज़त का कचरा कराने से बचने के लिए क्या बच्चे और क्या बूढ़े, सभी अंग्रेजी सिखाने वाले संस्थानों की ओर रुख कर रहे हैं। व्यक्तित्व को संवारने के लिए अंग्रेजी सीखना अपरिहार्य है, आचारविचार-व्यहार की चिंता गयी भाड़-चूल्हे में। हमारे बचपन में जो काम दस रुपये की 'रेपिडेक्स इंग्लिश स्पीकिंग कोर्स' की पोथी से हो जाता था उसमें हजारों खर्च किये जा रहे हैं, आखिर कुछ तो होगा इस भाषा में।

अंग्रेजी प्रगतिवाद का प्रतीक है। अंग्रेजी बौद्धिकतावाद का चिह्न है। वैश्विकता की चमक-दमक उसी चेहरे पर दिखाई देती है जिसकी जिह्वा से सार्वजनिक-विमर्श के लगातार जुगाली किये जाते हुए जुमले अनवरत बहते हैं। आज के चिन्तक-विचारक वे ही हैं जो जमी-जमाई तथा समय द्वारा परीक्षित एवं समर्थित मान्यताओं-परम्पराओं की लानत-मलामत करने को फैशन मानते हैं। आज के मानवतावाद की वकालत का जिम्मा उन्हीं के हवाले है जो व्यक्तिवादी-चिंतन को सामाजिक सरोकारों से ऊपर या जरूरत के अनुसार नीचे मानने की सुविधा का भोग करते हैं और अपने मुँह से बेरोक-टोक कुछ नारेनुमा शब्द झाड़ते रहते हैं। यह सब अंग्रेजी में ही होता है; कभी सोच में तो कभी भाषा में। इसके अलावा बाकी सब फिरका-परस्ती और गवॉरपन के अंतर्गत आता है।

अंग्रेजी कुलीनों की भाषा है। कुलीन हमेशा संख्या में कम ही हुआ करते हैं। वैसे इसका अर्थ यह भी नहीं है कि जो संख्या में कम होते हैंवे हमेशा कुलीन ही होते हैं। तो, कहने का मतलब सिर्फ़ इतना है कि अल्पसंख्यकता जो है वह 'अभिजात्य' या 'कुलीनता' का विशेष तत्व होती हैं। संख्या के आधार पर ताकत का अनुमान लगाने की गलती मत कीजियेगा क्योंकि उनकी ताकत बाकी सब से कहीं

अरविन्दनाभ शुक्ल द्वारा एक लेख का पुनर्मुद्रण

अधिक बढ़कर हुआ करती हैं। तभी तो पाँच प्रतिशत अंग्रेजीदा उच्च-कुल-जन्माओं का छोटा सा लश्कर एक अरब से ज़्यादा को चला रहा है। मुझे तो परेशानी इस बात को लेकर है कि अरे यार, पैजामा, चाय, योगा, गुरु जैसे दूसरे दर्जे के शब्द अंग्रेजी के शब्दकोश में क्यों शामिल कर लिए गए। प्योरिटी भी कोई चीज होती है! मैदिल से अंग्रेज, अंग्रेजी और अंग्रेजियत का प्रशंसक हूँ। अंग्रेजी की नफासत मुझे प्रभावित करती है। देखिये, अंग्रेजी ऐसी है जैसे साफ़ सुथरे कागज़ पर शानदार तरीके से टाइप किया हुआ लेख जिसमे मन-भावन कृतिमता साकार होती है। दूसरी तरफ, देसी भाषाएँ ऐसी, जैसे कागज़ पर हाथ से सजा-सजाकर उकेरने की कोशिश करते हुए भद्देसपन के साथ लिखा हुआ कोई लेख। बताइये, कहीं मशीन का शानदार उत्पाद और कहीं हाथ का अरुचिकर काम! कोई समानता हो सकती है क्या? तो यह तय हुआ कि महान विचार अंग्रेजी में ही व्यक्त किये जा सकते हैं। इसीलिए बच्चों के कमरे की दीवार पर चिपके हुए कागज़ पर लिखा उद्धरण अंग्रेजी में था – 'हैण्डरिटन लवलेटर्स विल नेवर गो आउट ऑफ़ स्टाइल' यानी 'हस्तलिखित प्रेमपत्र कभी प्रचलन से बाहर नहीं होंगे।'



The Doon School Archives



Mr. Sarmad served as the Deputy Executive Secretary of the United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC) Secretariat, advising on a range of issues relating to the strategic operations planning and development of the organisation.

Communications Department, The Doon School

interview

WITH

MR. OVAIS SARMAD

CONDUCTED ON

-18.8.23

generation and I feel very guilty. If this were a court of law, I should be held accountable, put in jail, or punished for not protecting the environment. Really, we need to bring out and emphasise on that moral and social responsibility. And I like to think, what better place to do this than in India? Because in India, we are generally very socially aware, morally responsible, and ethically educated people as a result of our traditions, religions, customs, and many other factors. We can be a real dynamic for change; this is why I believe education, in this matter, is important.

DSW: What are some kinds of challenges you have faced in educating people, and what types of action do you recommend we take to achieve these goals within the decade?

OSD: I will give you an example — if you take a person on the street who is living on paycheck to paycheck to feed themselves and their family, and you inform that person about the environment and climate change, it will not resonate with that person. This is because for that person, at that level, the environment is the least of their concerns. We need to reach out to those we can properly educate, those who have the capacity to bring change such as officers, teachers, and social workers who can be entrusted with such a responsibility. When you educate such people about the environment, they bring this matter under scrutiny. We must take into consideration the people we can change, and then look at those in positions of power who require a change. That is how you can convince governments to change. We can see this happening in Europe, where I have lived

most of my life. In the last elections in Germany, the right and left-wing parties were thrown out, with the Green Party winning the most seats, and it is happening in other places as well. We must make sure this happens effectively.

DSW: How can the United Nations, and more specifically the UNFCCC, more actively ask countries to contribute not just money but actual developments to fight against climate change?

OSD: The UNFCCC, in this instance, does not have the authority to tell governments what to do. All the United Nations, in general, can do is transparently state actions, consequences, and results, as well as track whether countries are upholding the treaties they have signed. The UNFCCC clearly shows where the countries stand in the implementation of the Paris Agreement. For example, this year marks the first time the UNFCCC will measure all countries' contribution towards the Paris Agreement. We are essentially tracking what was promised, what has been delivered, and what gap there is that we need to cover up. Then, we will begin negotiations to address that gap, to reach our goals by 2030. At least for this year, this is the UNFCCC's plan.

DSW: Do you think the presence of these so-called cartels, such as OPEC and OPEC+ countries, the fact that they control a substantial portion of the world's oil trade and the fact that they will limit oil trade. Do you think this is good because this incentivises countries that import these products to move to more sustainable roots or do you think its bad that these countries control the oil trade because they have the power to disrupt world trade and affect the lives of millions of people.

OSD: The short answer is, unfortunately, these cartels are not good at all in any sector or society or business. OPEC is a cartel and they serve the interests of the oil-producing countries. But they are not blind, not deaf. They see the writing on the wall, that the governments of many countries who are moving, changing and they will require those barriers to be broken. New trading mechanisms will evolve, such as carbon trading and ISA (the International Solar Alliance), further propagating the trade of renewable energy, which is spearheaded by India and France.

(Continued overleaf)

The Doon School Weekly (DSW): Could you please elaborate on your vision for this decade and how you see your role in fostering global collaboration to address this urgent challenge that we face?

Mr Ovais Sarmad (OSD): I'd like to label this decade, until 2030, the 'Decade of Action'. Having come from the United Nations and being closely associated with matters related to climate change for over six years, I feel that treating climate change as a sustainable development goal (SDG) has been extensive, and we have met multiple targets to ensure that we are at a pace to get to the level improvement we are meant to reach by 2030. We are working, and we are working hard. We have to focus on climate change and environmental protection, because with the way we humans are consuming the natural resources that are available to us, we are far from sustainable. If we continue this way, we will end up in huge trouble, and there is plenty of scientific data to back that up. We are seeing it in every part of the planet and it's just a multitude of problems. I personally believe that we still have an opportunity to stop and reverse the damage we have done, but we must act and implement it at scale and at a pace that is adequate, and we must do it by 2030: that is the 'Decade of Action'. In my

case, more specifically, it is one of my responsibilities to educate everyone at all levels. Through environmental and climate literacy, we can ensure that people know about the state we are in, and can take initiatives both on a societal and individual level. We all have the power to make choices every day, no matter where we are economically. If we can educate people on that, I am sure we can meet our targets.

DSW: What other issues do you think need to have some level of concern raised, and can be achieved through people simply changing their habits?

OSD: When it comes to shifting habits and the environment, I think that there is a moral and ethical dilemma. I strongly believe that everything that we are able to enjoy — benefits from the environment such as the air we breathe, the land that we use for growing fruits and vegetables, and our own livelihoods are not something that we inherited from our forefathers. Instead, I feel, we have borrowed it from future generations. It is in this sense that we hold responsibility. Responsibility for the borrowed time and resources, and the expectation to look after it, and to hand it over in a better shape to the next generation. You are the next

You are the
next
generation and
I feel very guilty...

DSW: How do you think that countries which are heavily reliant on fossil fuels can move towards a more sustainable and environment friendly national industry in a positive and conducive way?

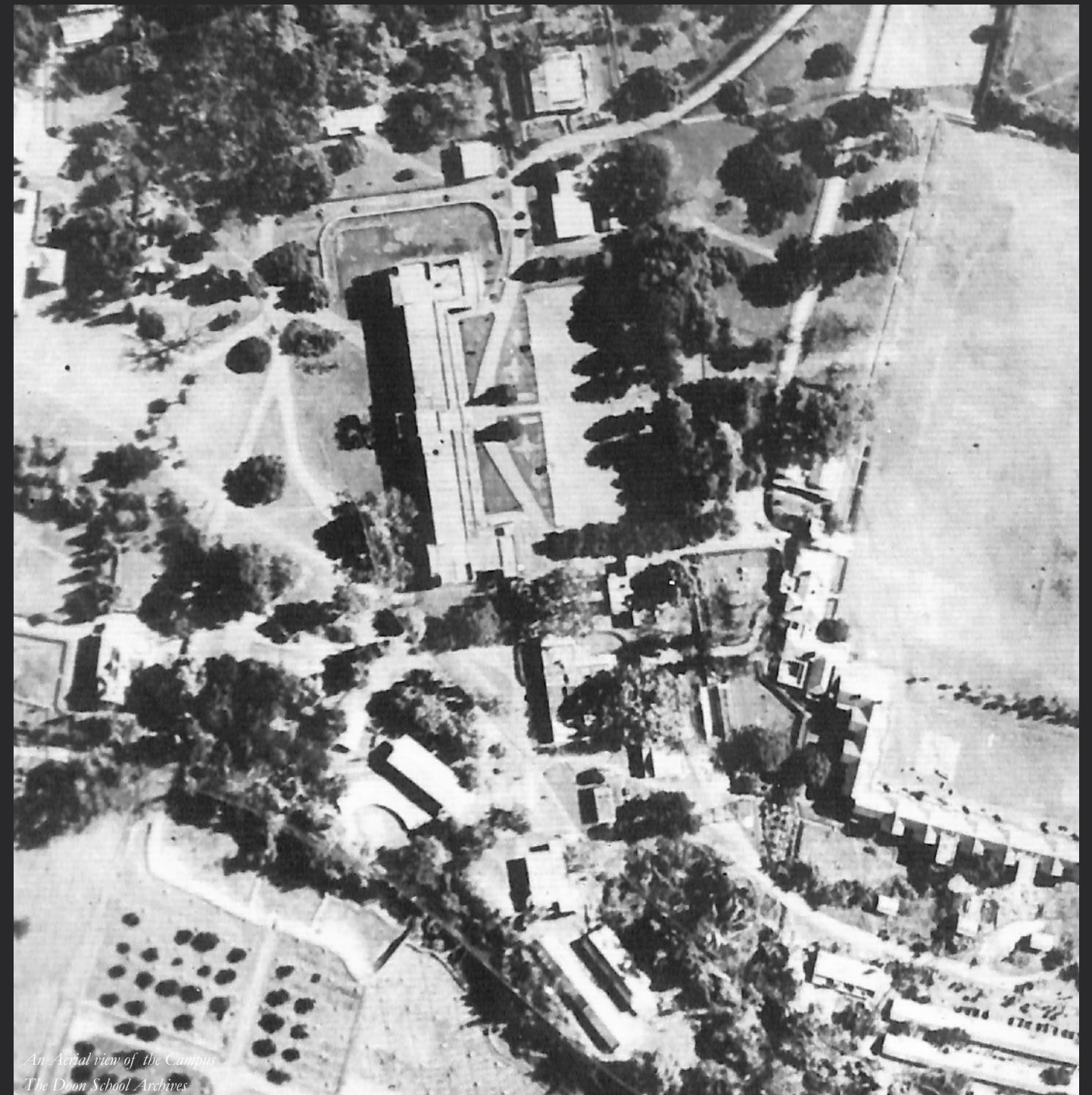
OSD: During the climate change negotiations, a treaty was signed that clearly states that those transitions have to happen in a just and equitable manner. But it will take time. If you go to Saudi Arabia, you would see that they have the largest national power generation plants. They have moved away from solely generating oil and are instead focusing on pioneering civil development; there are many massive projects you must have heard of. They are changing their country's source of revenue to be less reliant on oil and more reliant on tourism and the like. Their transition is happening, but what I would strongly like to emphasise on is that it is not happening at the pace that is required. They continue to pump out oil. I have talked to them and they claim to be carbon neutral. They say that it is not them who burn the oil, and that they simply export it. However, this does not mean that they are carbon neutral in their oil production. Even the industry that refines and extracts the oil has a carbon footprint. It's a very complex issue and this is exactly what we attempt to decipher in global negotiations. But for now atleast, we need to see if those countries are moving away somewhat from fossil fuels, and we see that it is happening.

DSW: Do you think that students have the ability to point out problems and ask for them to be solved, and if so, how can students around India and around the world go about this and advocate for change productively?

OSD: In the UN, there are very active youth groups. There are representatives of students and young people from all around the world who are raising their concerns and conveying them to the UN, and all the while they are receiving recognition. The amount of youth involvement you see in dealing with climate change is unparalleled compared to anything in history. I mean, you have seen the protests everywhere. As for how the students can help: they can join those voices in a responsible and credible manner, not just by shouting and screaming. It should not come down to extreme measures where there are riots and acts or threats of violence. We all have our own ways of expressing ourselves, but we all should first use our voices responsibly. To ensure that, first of all, become climate literate. Then, join groups, whether it be nationally or globally, to convey your concerns and learn from each other and promote discourse. Now is when you build on your abilities, and later on all of us will be working to deliver our voices to governments, and their officers will listen to our demands to bring about change.

DSW: How do you think smaller countries can adapt to the situation they are in and make the most to actually contribute towards the reduction of climate change?

OSD: First, you must understand of something called 'carbon credits'. To help you understand this concept, I am going to take the example of Bhutan. Bhutan is a country that is very rich in terms of natural resources — trees and the like — they absorb carbon. This leads to a situation where they are, in terms of their carbon footprint, net-zero, or maybe even in the negative. This value is now a value that they can trade. What we aim to achieve with carbon credits is to put a price on carbon. Richer countries who cannot regulate and control their industries enough to cut down on carbon emissions can now purchase carbon credits from smaller net-zero countries. States like Bhutan, Costa Rica and other developing nations can reap these benefits. Eventually, carbon trading is going to be a huge thing. We are going to put a price on carbon. Suppose your country, through a certain action, is emitting ten tonnes of carbon into the atmosphere. Meanwhile, I have just absorbed twenty tonnes of carbon from the atmosphere due to the abundance of forests in my nation. In such a case, I can benefit. You can now buy carbon credits from me to offset your country's impact on the global climate. Then I, as a developing nation, can use the money I received from the transaction to further develop my country. And I am happy to see that something like this is happening.



the Archives

The Doon School Archives, located on the second floor of the Kilachand Library, is an extensive collection of publications, photo albums, and digitalised records maintained to preserve the cultural heritage of School. Its primary purpose is to provide and maintain anything and everything from School's past and present that may have historical value to its patrons. The articles you will see in this section have all been collected from the Archives, managed by Masters and Boys of the School as a part of the Archives SUPW (socially useful productive work), that have been carefully maintained in an initiative to teach accountability and the value of Doon's legacy.

Editorial

Diwan Nanda, Issue 1595

It's raining. It's raining very hard. Heavy, sorrow-filled drops fall onto a world flooded by so many problems, it has forgotten how to count. Blood flows like water in a dirty stream. Our land is being raped before our own eyes in the name of development. The globe is being slowly squeezed and the life cycle of our world is being strangled by hate. We are vanishing deep into oblivion, to be lost forever. Now, the rain's stopped. The sun appears through the clouds. A man unlocks his window to the world after 27 years. 27 hard years later, he can walk freely on his own land, no longer confined to his cold, dark cell. Nelson Mandela, a fighter for the true cause of freedom, for equality and brotherhood, can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel. He has completed a long, trying journey. For him, it is another chance to shout out loud. The South African Government is giving us an important message. They are putting up huge banners all over that we're just looking through, not because we can't see them, but because we don't want to see them. Maybe you don't want to listen to me but I have to tell you that it's not too late. It's never too late to change. It's never too late to lend a helping hand. It's never too late to say you're sorry. It's never too late to take your stand. Maybe that's what life's all about. Standing up and saying what you've got to say. Maybe, that's the lesson we've forgotten to teach — never say die! Go ahead. Make a difference. What you've got to say is important, because in this rapidly corroding world of ours these little differences are what count the most. Don't try to ignore this message or put it off till later because now is the time for action. You can make a difference and you have to make a difference. Don't think you're safe in the warmth of your cosy concrete homes because you aren't. Because, before everything you're still 'black' for those who only see two colours. You're still an ordinary human being, equally unprotected below the crumbling sky, and the burning earth. Last week's events marked a great victory for all of us. Why don't we all celebrate it by helping that starved beggar on the road, that dying animal species, those unfortunate victims in Bhopal or that oppressed person of colour in Africa? It doesn't take much. And if you can't be bothered doing anything, at least smile; you'll make the world a much better place to live in.



The New Boys ‘Honeymoon’

Unnamed, Issue 363

This article is dedicated to the home-sick as well as to the valiant, to ambitious sportsmen and to spectacled scholars, and last but not the least, to those newcomers who at this moment find themselves “poised on a huge wave of fate, which lies uncertain on which side to fall!” My friends and I all remember (don't we?), our own first few bewildered weeks as New Boys; when we first gazed with uncertain eyes at the strangeness of it all. We were confused, we lost our way, we talked to strangers, and accepted whatever came next, all rather meekly and naively. We listened to the sermons of the Headmaster at Assembly in the form of songs from Tagore's *Gitanjali* and with equal thought to the lectures of the Housemaster at lunch, and on what other people think of you when you put your jam knife into your mouth! Yes! Then comes the Doctor and his crew who just don't excuse you from your morning PT, and not to speak of the Dame, who just can't be convinced that beds can be aired without being folded into neat stacks! Then we gazed and started at the monument of Law — the Prefect — and carefully studied his whims and fancies before nearing his sphere of influence! We listened to the ‘pep’ talks of the various captains of the never-ending number of games, come one and come all. A few classes had already gone by and although the idea of work had not yet penetrated the consciousness, we still attended them! Then the ‘Trials’ (I am referring to the games field and not Mr. Dindyal's classroom with its scenic view of Mussoorie!) Ah! The ‘Trials’ — great days for ambitious sportsmen! So each day, with new impressions, we would wander back to our Holding House and lie on our unbelievably hard beds; whilst a kaleidoscope of Masters, notice boards, yellow cards, red cards, chits, detentions, corridors, booklets, towers and minarets passed before our eyes. Life, in fact, was paradise! By the time you have read this, you will have already have had a few days of this life and would have acquired a few nicknames, and will be getting used to it all. And so it will continue for a month or two. But gradually you will find yourself drawn towards the exams and Inter-House Competitions; the exhortations will diminish in intensity and you will find yourself caught in the snares of class room and games field... and the swimming bath (especially if you are a non-swimmer!). You will realise that the honeymoon is over. But cheer up! The daily round is quite lively. Things do happen at Doon! You will find life pleasant if you play your part. Join a society or club (but not too many!) and take an active interest in the affairs of your House and School. Finally, remember to do some work (even in your first term), but don't become a mugger! The Doon School is more than a vocational training centre. It is a seat of learning but also living, where you will spend some of the happiest years of your life. Don't think that this is another lecture in the form of morbid entertainment! I write this as I was also perched on that “wave” some years ago and know how you feel, and just to show you that I still retain some House spirit I will state boldly that I belong to the paragon of all Houses — Hyderabad House — THE HOUSE OF LORDS!

Punishments

Vivek Khanna, Issue 1320

The question arises: why punish? This is one thing that, unfortunately, is not being understood in School today. Our numerous punishments are almost ineffectual and serve no purpose. Boys are now being punished for breaking a rule and not for the offence itself. The authorities should realise that punishments in School should be aimed at reforming the offender, nothing else. We have to face the fact that a punishment may affect one person and not another — an individual is convinced of his own rightness, no one can change his mind. Punishment is not necessary — someone can be shown that he is doing wrong, and it can be done in two ways. Firstly, by showing reason to the offender by speaking to him. If this works, the School can consider itself to be at its best. If not, it is done the hard way. This may affect one through the severity of the punishment and it may induce one to stop the offence. Unfortunately in some cases it just makes the boy angrier.

A significant point I want to bring out is the influence of others in participating in a 'crime'. What is wrong with smoking in principle, as long as one doesn't drag someone else into it? Four years forward, an Sc Former will be in college and allowed to smoke, so why not now? As long as a Boy keeps it to himself, there should be no objection. As with bringing money from home, in most cases it is just to satisfy one's appetite and for nothing else. So much importance shouldn't be given to a Boy who just wanted to eat more. Why should a Boy restrain his appetite when he can and wants to eat more? Expulsion is not the answer. We have to realise that a Boy's life cannot be ruined for an offence that, by all rights, should be minor and inconsequential. Another failure in School is the Senior-Junior relationship, especially the forced one between an S and an Sc Former. I fail to see the difference between two boys of virtually the same age. So to be punished for 'not respecting' an Sc Former is almost laughable. One cannot enforce respect by punishment. If one deserves the respect, it will automatically be given. In a few cases, an S Former is in actuality older than an Sc Former. And here we are, paying absolutely (at times) undue attention to Boys of our own age, forced to already treat them as our 'elders and betters'. It is clear that a Prefect's attitude in School must be changed drastically. To deal with an offender, he must show him (the offender) the fault in his actions without punishments to whatever extent he can. A Prefect should be appointed based on his ability to enforce discipline; to do it by establishing an understanding, and not by pushing his views down our throats.



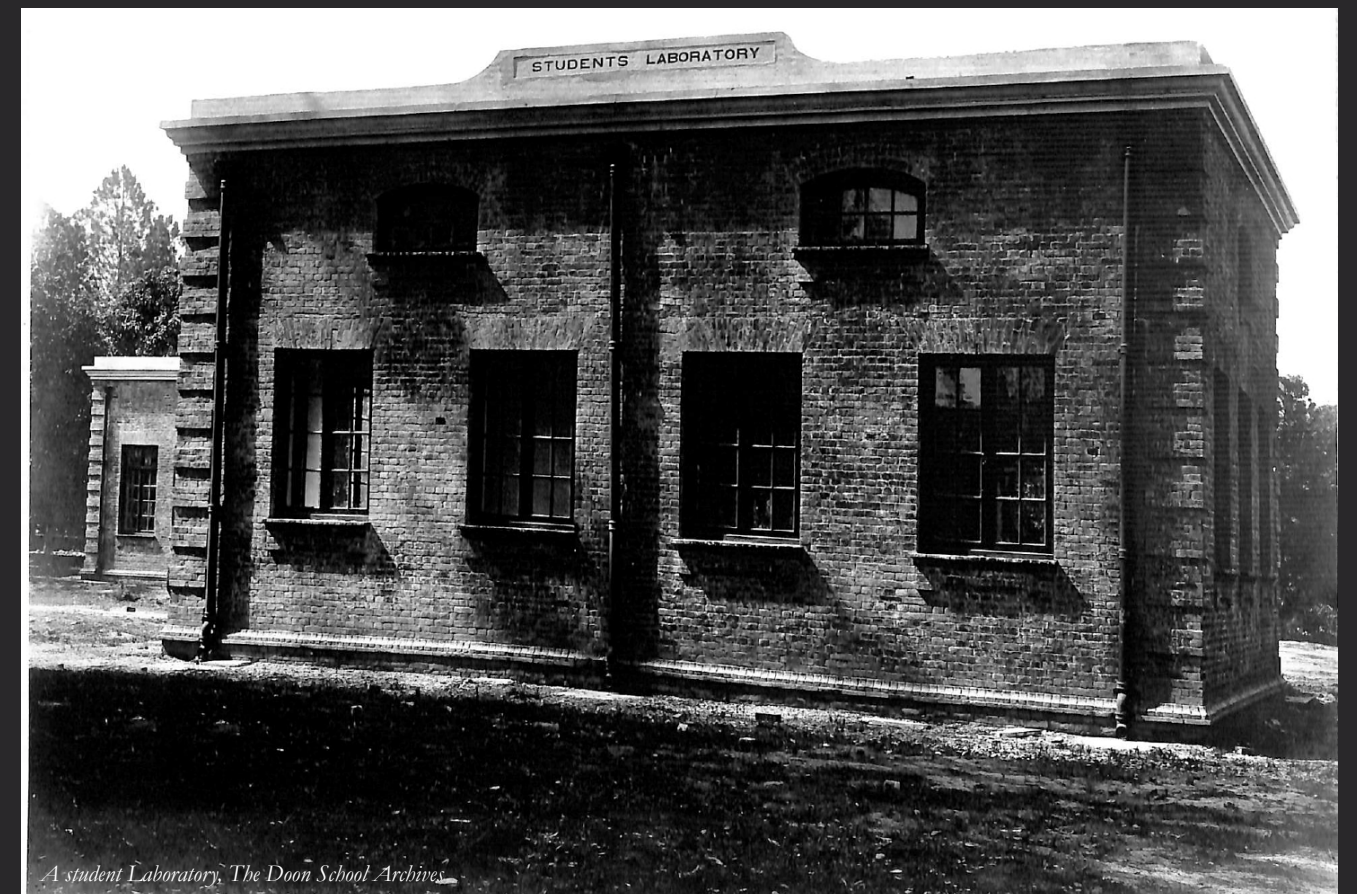
Gymnastics Inter-House
The Doon School Archives

Doon Needs Change

John Marx, Issue 1695

The Doon School; considered one of the finest in India, it was modeled after the English Public Schools of the 1930s-40s. Since then, schools in England have progressed to the trends of the 1990s, but it is my belief that Doon remains trapped in the past by a basic lack of forward thinking. My considered opinion may send vibrations up the spines of ex-Doscors, but I feel that now that Doon has got the name and got to the top, it is content with resting on its laurels. Thus, few new improvements have been made and this will lead to inefficiency, and ultimately, to decay. I could list a mile of examples, but here are just one or two. Two great rocks of the English Department, UCP, and AND, have departed and oops! It seems that someone forgot to bring in someone to fill the gap. Look at the School's blackboards. How much time is wasted on teachers hopelessly scrawling on these slippery slabs only to abandon hope and switch to a better classroom? Another part of School life which in my opinion does nothing to increase the output of the School is PT. I have yet to meet a student who enjoys PT, and I am yet to speak to a teacher who wholly agrees with it. I am teaching my B Form Geography, and I turn away from writing on the (modem) blackboard to see a herd of hedgehogs busy scribbling away. Discipline is in the mind, not in these horrendous haircuts. Every public school wants to be at the top of the academic table. But this is where Doon School shoots itself in the foot. Although class time is important, out-of-class work plays an equally vital part in the success of the student. This comes in the form of Toye Time. I have heard nothing but complaints from Teachers and Students alike of the Boys not being able to finish their homework on time. Having experienced it first hand, I know how frustrating it is for Teachers who have prepared lessons in advance on a tight schedule, only to have to rearrange it all due to some talk or debate. It is easy to see the problem the Boys' face. How can The Doon School expect academic standards to rise if this continues? Toye time should be for studying and for nothing else. Debates, lectures, and talks should be severely cut down and rescheduled to other times. But when? The Boys have enough in their day already. So, The Doon School has a problem. But this is not the time to apportion blame. Now is the time to make the change, make the improvements, and begin on the road back to progress.

(John Marx, JMR, is a school leaver from Marlborough College and is teaching at Doon for this Term.)



A student Laboratory, The Doon School Archives

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo

●●
FICTION

*If I can not bend the will of
Heaven, I shall move Hell.*

Tithonus

As he stared down the shaft, he didn't really know what to feel. A flurry of emotions usually ran through his head, tormenting him every waking moment, but now when it mattered, that voice in his head had died down to a hum. He closed his eyes and felt his body tip over. A gentle smile trickled over his face, as a gust pushed against his body, still unable to stop it from the freefall. Then, it was over.

He woke up, his heart sinking further with every breath. His reflection in the lifeless hospital walls looked back at him, as he felt his damaged face. He was still... alive. His worst fears had materialised, as he drew further into his bed, defeated. As a robot nursed his injuries, he once again wondered how old he had become. At this point, he had lost track. The beginning of his life and the memories of his first hundred years had been lost, washed away by time. Yet he still remembered bits and pieces of that lost life, before the cold metallic cities, before the crowded skies, before man could become immortal.

The age of scientific innovation had led to the ultimate advent, a way to finally stop one's cells from ageing. A young man in his forties had jumped at the opportunity to be the very first, but looking back, he should have listened to those around him. The scar on his right hand, a gentle ridge that ran from his wrist, reminded him of that moment. The moment when he had inadvertently cursed himself to a life devoid of joy. The world was changing, and he was changing with it, that was his justification back then. It was the only way to the future, and so, the years came and went, its people came and went, a select few choosing to stay on.

He remained adequate from the outside, but inside, he had begun to rot, consumed by his loneliness and stubbornness to change.

The others enjoyed their immortality happily, just like he once did as well, but none of them had yet lived even a fraction as long. The flame that filled their desires to live still burnt bright, but for him, that flame had smouldered and died into a plume of smoke. It spread through him, infecting him like a disease, suffocating him and subjecting the mind to damnation. Society had banned euthanasia at the dawn of the previous century. Humankind

developed splendidly, pushing the frontiers. The moon had developed into a colony, and the Earth's surface converted into a giant sprawling city. The idea of countries and territory having been abandoned long ago, an archaic concept. He sat back in his hospital bed, empty within. A relic, the agony of leaving the past behind far too many times had taken a toll on him. He remained adequate from the outside, but inside, he had begun to rot, consumed by his loneliness and stubbornness to change. He had changed before, trying to reignite the flame within but he was no longer ready; to change, to live once again, to walk aimlessly under the endless sky. His past few decades had been spent in the confines of his home, trying to reminisce memories of his past. Sometimes he would just sit in a dark empty room, recalling the lives he had lived, the paths he had walked on, and the people he had met. The only face he remembered now was the cursed face he saw in the mirror, still exuding that youthful vibrance. He despised it, with every core of his being, the very sight of it made his stomach churn. When the road diverged in the yellow wood, the path he chose had no end in sight, no objective. Yet he still chose it, a life devoid of company, of purpose.

And so, in a world where he no longer wanted to live, and a society that wouldn't let him die, he decided to finally be the one to liberate himself. He had finally thought that he would be free, but once again science kept his lifeless soul tethered to his body. He had read many books during his time in his prison. Like Tithonus of the Greeks, he had not been blessed by the gods; he had been cursed. He looked outside and had a rare smile, for while the world may have changed in his many lifetimes, the grey skies and cold rain never seemed to leave. He leaned forward, inspecting the scar on his hand, remembering the time when the winter rain brought with it a petrichor. He was one of the few left behind... abandoned by death, imprisoned by science.



Theodor Kittelsen, 1900

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Krish Agrawal He woke up, his heart sinking further with every breath. His reflection in the lifeless hospital walls looked back at him, as he felt his damaged face. He was still... alive.

A Paradisial Thought

Arav Khanal writes about the human journey through life, with its challenges, obstacles and rewards.



They were crystal steps, a faint blue outline with a pink hue, and they were made of glass. Every step, his shoes tapped against them. It creaked, almost like it would crack any moment. Careful as to not break them and fall into the vast expanse below, he took small deliberate advances. It took careful thought to know where to next rest his foot. The whole world around him was coloured like an aurora; it went on for forever, for miles above him and many more below.

Of course, there were the clouds, and those he followed. With vines dangling from the sides, and spirals of stairs leading up to them, a visible pathway of many such fluffy islands could be seen. He could taste them, smell them, and somehow hear their silence, but he could not see what lay beyond the milky veils. He knew he had to get closer, as he had done with the whole trail behind him.

He turned back to see just as much of this world behind him as there lay ahead. "I must've already passed those", he thought. But he couldn't recollect much. In fact, it was only now when he really took notice of his surroundings. These 'clouds', as he termed them, resonated with familiarity. These vibrations rung near the back of his skull, but all he processed was run through a filter and distorted.

Then he took another step, and then another, each one more blind than the last, eventually forming a cadence that was second nature to him. He looked to his right, and then to his left, where there was another cloud — detached from the trail he found himself walking on. This one too veiled something inside it, but this time he could faintly make out the contents. He thought of numbers, many numbers. The numbers themselves were a tangled mess; he had struggled with mathematics his whole life, and this whole matter was alien to him, but the more he tried to compute the values that popped into his head, the more transparent the veil became. And then... it disappeared. As if it weren't there to

begin with, it had left this world. But he retained something from it — a sense of relief. It lightened a burden he carried in him, a burden he only now realised existed.

This realm started making sense to him. He looked ahead of him, and faintly near the horizon he could make out a waterfall. The end of it all, as there seemed to be nothing beyond it. There flowed no river through this land, but still, the rush of water sounded deep within him, and he felt the urge to keep moving.

Approaching another cloud, the astringence of beer left a bitter taste in his mouth. But he could not focus on it, for now his ears desperately attempted to cling onto whispers orbiting around him. They rose in volume, both getting louder and more numerous. It seemed like casual chit-chat, perhaps a giggle or two in between. As he mindlessly walked around this second cloud, he encountered a third, a more alluring, one. One that poured out serving after serving of urgency in him. The wisps that loosened out of it tasted like paper and smelled of the driest ink. He reached out, an unfamiliar arm grew out of his chest and plunged itself into the soft, warm, fuzz, slowly tipping him off balance. He fell, turning around mid-air. In a fit of *déjà vu*, his body shook as he collided with the floor.

Disoriented for merely a half-second, he immediately looked straight up. A shadowy wisp followed his movements along the trail. He crawled backwards, perhaps a foot, and then the shadow slowly inched over. A sense of dread gushed throughout his body. It had poured in through spillways, like an opened dam. What if it caught up to him? He could bear the thought no longer, and immediately got up. Continuing to move through the trail. This whole world of his, it was filled with vibrance. There were gradients of blue turning into purple, warm shades of orange and pink, as well as the cooling and inviting greens that to him felt like the taste of raspberry. But the shadow...

Sic Parvis Magna
Sic Parvis Magna
Sic Parvis Magna

it was dark, and solid — not just a void that followed him, but a strikingly finite mass that sought him out.

He moved on, faster than ever before, with the wind deafening him and combing back his hair. Yet, it took just as long for him to reach the next cloud.

This one was different. There was no veil. In fact, it revealed more than what was there. There was a house, and a bright blue sky eating into the very fabric of the realm. And the realm fought back, creating an ever-changing border between the two. The grass around the patio was dry, a tire swung gently in the breeze, hung from the grand oak to his right. He recognised the place — it was his childhood home, but it was not inviting. He yearned to get closer, but it barked back at him to stay away. The clashing between the two worlds grew more and more vibrant, and the encroaching aurora acted protective. So, he moved. He had to, there was no point in doing anything but leaving this breach of reality behind. The internal anguish doused itself after he went far enough away.

But then is when he began to worry. There seemed to be so much to get lost in, and a long path ahead. Every time he found something new, there would only be so much time until he would have to move on. Life for him had turned into a game; clear puzzle after puzzle and advance to another. Living like this did not seem glamorous, but it felt safe and comfortable. This was his haven, his rationale. Ever so often, he turned back, and saw it creeping, and worried if he would be able to reach the waterfall before it was too late. He worried; he did not wonder. The curiosity was to clear this place of all the clouds and leave only the endless flavourful backdrop behind. Such was his place.



Pinterest

A Vicious Cycle

Avi Bansode explores the emotions of being constantly watched and judged, by both external forces and our inner selves.



Tangled in sheets and a multitude of pillows, I woke up suddenly; an instinctive urge took over as I stood up and glared at the hands of my wall clock. It read 4:20 am. It took me a few seconds to process this — the hands seemed to be all over the clock, pointing at every hour and reminding me how time was against me. As I glared at the clock, it seemed to develop a face of its own — inhuman yet so realistic. It peered back at me and its prying eyes, seemingly scrutinising everything running inside of my mind. Victim of this judgement, I concluded that I needed sleep. Although it took me a long time to wake up, when I woke up the next time, I felt exposed and stripped, not of my identity, but of the mysteriousness that made me myself. As I entered the shower, I drew the curtain that separated me from the rest of my cluttered bathroom. Here, under the incessantly falling hot-water, I felt reflective; the water was soothing and it made me ponder. Questioning my own identity was not infrequent in this safe space, and it was with great effort when I would finally turn off the tap and pull open the curtain. Much like the red curtains of a theatre, I felt like I had opened myself up to the rest of the world; as if a thousand pairs of eyes stared at me in a theatre, I was thrust into reality. Privacy was reduced to nothing, and the 'superficial me' was back to feed into the monotony of society we call living. Often at home, alone, I would cook with lively music and a personally-comforting ambience, yet, I felt like I was subject to a bunch of film-cameras rolling in my kitchen. I would break into a dance move or two as the potatoes boiled or as the oven baked on, but I would stop a second later in an effort to not embarrass myself. Even though there was not a single human being in my visible vicinity, I felt exposed and subject to continual judgement. From whom I could not fathom, for it hurt my mind; we all have our limitations, especially in the psyche.

This feeling that I was being watched would not stop, and it felt more tangible when I would pick up my phone. Even though I had enabled all the 'privacy features', it felt like there was someone on the other side of the screen not only getting a good view of my clumsy face but also slowly controlling what



Poetry Prof

Every little action of ours is caught upon, and its implications echo for lengths of time that exceed our vision and dimensional thinking.

I consumed. Every little suggestion, every notification, and every pop-up my eyes caught had this aspect of pure manipulation and malice. As much as I would metacognitively reflect, I knew it had influence: whether it was subconscious or it was in every action I took with consideration. Such a thought reminded me of why I am what I was in the first place — humour, sadness, surprise, fear, pride, honour, melancholy all stemmed from the same media and content I would consume. My source of every tangible emotion I could face was all the same; boundaries had been transcended and ambivalence is all that clouded my mood all day. It made me wonder how I know all of this and yet, I couldn't stop; we often talk about how ridiculous animals are when they are victim to the most basic of traps, yet we do not introspect how we trap each other. Every little action of ours is caught upon, and its implications echo for lengths of time that exceed our vision and dimensional thinking. Passive or active, it does not matter anymore for every little move of the eye dictates what will happen next; we are entirely in control yet we, literally, are not. When I try to deliberately modify my actions for the better, it has no effect: the malice is either sought by others or life just

works through organic action. It feels like cheating even if I am doing good (by notion) and naturally relieving to be selfish in my actions. Guilt swarms into me both ways, distracting me and further clouding my own judgement. Self-esteem disappears in all of this as fate takes the driving seat — yet again, I lose control. When I feel like I am back in charge, I do wrong and fall back into the vicious cycle of feeding into the void of nothingness, suspended by a few threads I like to call my identity.



"In Fumo Pacem"

In Smoke (there is) Peace.

Ganadhipati Aryan

The Dance of Embers

In the heart of a somnolent town, there resides an enigmatic figure, whose life has been an intermingling of smoke and secrets. His name is whispered through the cobblestone streets. An old man whose very existence is intertwined with the rhythmic dance of embers upon his fingers. For years, he has held the world in the curling tendrils of tobacco, drawing life from each drag until the tips of his fingers burned a sombre shade of black.

Each day, he draws out a well-worn, crumpled pack from his pocket, and with a flick of a match, he ignites the first spark of his daily ritual. As the smoke curls around him like a shroud of nostalgia, one can almost sense his memories dancing about, yearning to be set free. His eyes gleam with a precious drop of poignant insight, alluding to a life well-lived, where happiness and sadness intertwine harmoniously, much like the wisps of smoke that emanates from his cigarette. His fingers, blackened by the touch of countless cigarettes, are a testament to the passage of time and the weight of experience. Yet, in the darkness, lay a striking contrast to the light that emerges from his soul. Each drag is a meditation, a connection to the past, and a communion with the present.

The old man is a silent storyteller, and his cigarettes are the ink that filled his pages with his life's tale. In a dimly lit room, he sat, drawing people to his cigarettes

like moths to a flame, intrigued by the aura of mystery that surrounds him. Time in his room seemed to have taken a peculiar detour. The air, thick and languid, held secrets that danced in the faint, smoky tendrils that swirled lazily under the dim glow of a single, weary, overhead bulb. It was a room where the past clung to every surface, where the walls themselves whispered tales of countless cigarettes and their ephemeral rituals. The walls bore the scars of years of devotion to the smouldering vice, transforming from pristine white to a tapestry of amber and sepia tones. A heavy, oppressive scent lingered in the room, a mélange of smoke, old leather, and memories. It clung to the frayed armchair in the corner and the curtains.

In the whispers of the townsfolk, he was labelled by some: an addict, while others called him a philosopher. But beneath judgments and speculations lied the truth of his story — a tale of resilience and defiance. For every puff he took, he exhaled not just smoke but also the worries that life had heaved upon him.

It was as if the smoke carried with it the burdens of his past, and in each exhale, he liberated himself from its weight. He has weathered storms and braved hurricanes of heartache, finding solace in the companionship of his cigarettes. They had become more than mere tobacco; they were loyal confidants and a trusted friend in the journey of his life.

Perhaps there was more to his bond with cigarettes than meets the eye.

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Could it be that they were his artistic expressions, a masterpiece in the making? For in the coils of smoke that rise to the heavens, one can almost see the strokes of a painter's brush, crafting masterpieces.

Yet, with all his allure, the old man remained a mystery. He refused to disclose the intricate details of his story, leaving us captivated by the untold chapters of his life, concealed beneath the smoky haze of his cigarettes. As we observe the old man's dance with embers, let us not rush into judgement but instead try to understand the narratives he wishes to tell, not with words but rather with each draw and release of smoke. It is a silent symphony, a performance that captures the essence of a life lived unapologetically.

His cigarettes have etched a mark on his fingers, and they have left an indelible impression on our minds. The old man and his cigarettes stand as a reminder that life is an intricate mosaic of choices and experiences, and sometimes, the most unexpected paths can lead us to profound revelations.

So the next time, dear reader, you encounter an old man, sitting on a bench with his crumpled pack and his blackened fingers, take a moment to immerse yourself in the dance of embers. In the graceful wisps of smoke, one can uncover a mirror that captures the essence of your voyage. It stands as a powerful testament to the everlasting pursuit of purpose, affection, and unity that resides within every human soul. As the day came to a close, the old man stubbed out his last cigarette in the ashtray, and exhaled the worries of his day with a sigh of relief.

He has weathered storms and braved hurricanes of heartache, finding solace in the companionship of his cigarettes...

Nothing New Under the Sun

It is ironic that in writing on originality I could not bring myself to produce something substantial; perhaps it proves my point. Insofar as originality is unattainable, we see that it is desirable — even when we know it to be impossible, we think that it is never detrimental for us to try.

Why try at all then? It would be far easier to simply echo what was once said or written, perhaps put a little of yourself into it, and then sell that idea. Someone could always produce something truly unique, but as long as you say the same thing louder, it is you who receives the credit.

However, that's not how I saw it. The very essence of originality and its elusive nature are perhaps what make it so appealing. There, sitting in the tiny diner, I thought about what it would take to be original, or at least close to. Copious amounts of coffee, sandwiches, and juice could not break the deadlock that arrested my mind. As I wrestled with this dilemma, my attention drifted to a couple sitting two tables behind me. The wife, evidently grappling with anxiety, tapped some muted rhythm, her eyes by contrast remained fixed on her husband. He, unlike his wife, looked much older, perhaps an effect of the cigarettes, one of which he nursed alongside his food. His eyes held an element of aloofness that betrayed resentment. Neither chose to initiate conversation, instead opting to sit in a strained silence which further precluded any chance at interaction. Unsurprisingly, both seemed to have a distaste for each other.

Where then, was the life of their relationship? Was marriage that unoriginal? Did years of coexistence drain the prospect of novelty, where tedium now reigned, and the adventure of marriage lost its verve? Perhaps in the beginning, the unfamiliarity of it all enticed them. That thought brought me back. If my ideas now were fundamentally echoes of the past, what then was the first original thought? Was the *Ecclesiastes* right when it said: where that which was, will always be, and that which was done, will always be done? Because if we are truly incapable of contriving unique ideas, then perhaps it is impossible that someone in the past had an original idea. Or maybe, back then the

world was so new and murky to them that they could not help but have new thoughts. Either way, this prospect frightened me; to consider the possibility that anything I had ever done, and so anything I would do would have already been done, it induced an insignificance in me that seemed greater than death. Further unsettling was the paradox of originality, where neither the realms of theology nor science could explain how original thoughts began, spontaneous or induced.

Just then, the waiter approached my table to take my order. He was new; I had been coming here for just over a year now, and I did not recognise him. His apron was tied on his front unlike the other staff, and as he stood opposite me he looked towards the floor with some quiet diffidence. I proceeded to place my usual order: a club sandwich with a side of fries. I had started ordering that a month after I began frequenting the diner. I had seen an old woman enter the diner sometime during midmorning, and without delay a waiter brought her the sandwich. I supposed at the time that the fact that only a handful of people visited the diner led to this haste; I now know that a fewer still ordered the club sandwich. I don't know what brought me to order it as well; maybe I wanted to try something new, or maybe I too wanted to one day enter this diner with the same confidence she did and be treated the same way. In any case, now sitting before was the same meal I had eaten for the last nine months. Whether I ate it for the first time, now, or in the future made no difference; it was made the same, and it would be made the same again. Even if I, at some point, were to enter the diner, and be brought a club sandwich within minutes of my arrival, I would not gain any added satisfaction from it coming earlier than usual; but perhaps I would gain some entitlement.

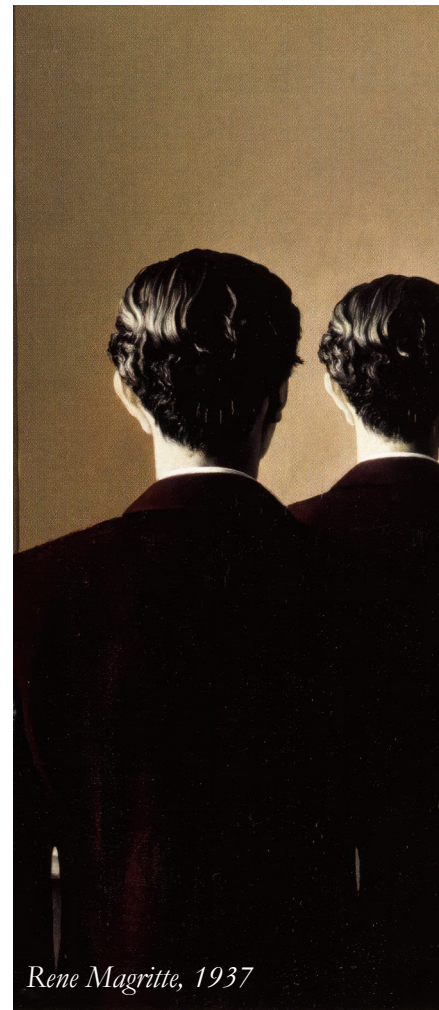
There it was again; originality, that damned thing. Was I wrong to appropriate a woman's habits (if such a thing was even possible)? Perhaps I was too harsh on the couple — I'm not married, so how could I, a supposedly objective viewer, comment on the nature of relationships? But in that conflict, as I confronted the prospect of banality in thought and expression, I found some solace, in the fact that I was not alone in this struggle. Mine was not a



Vivaan Sood The very essence of originality and its elusive nature are perhaps what make it so desirable.

singular affliction, but rather a continued and valiant fight against the ordinary (not that it is necessarily wrong to be ordinary). In that way, simply the pursuit of originality would be enough, even if left unachieved. It was not a mountain to conquer, but rather a journey to appreciate, as notwithstanding failure, at least one could have an effect — an effect on ideas that were once held infallible, to strike down predispositions or champion previously hidden ideas. Originality, or lack thereof, is not inherently bad — it is the unwillingness to think that is. You must want to try because thinking otherwise would preclude you from the very thing you strive for. Whether what we seek to achieve begets new thought in the end is crucial, even if the new thought is not truly novel.

When you struggle to think of something unique, simply remember — there is nothing new under the sun.



Rene Magritte, 1937



Pinterest

The Last Consonant

When I stand leading others,
they applaud me,
my prominence is unparalleled.
What happens then, when
I get relegated to the end?
Am I not the same?
What has changed?
A victim of ignorance,
no one wants to take my name.
I have been doomed to be
the last consonant.

- Ms. Mugdha Pandey

*The consonant reflects at its plight: it mostly remains in the
oblivion when it appears in the end of a word as it stays
unpronounced in the French language.*



Departure

I believed in you, young soul,
but now I must abase you
for you have abased what the future holds.

Oh those dreams, those irrational dreams,
they keep pecking at me
haunting my mind, laughing at your naivety.

How gullible of you,
to think you could clinch
what little you knew, what little you did.

You are dead to me for aye,
for killing one's desires early
must be the kindest use of a knife;
we grow cold too soon,
and each man wrecks the thing he loves
eventually, for good or for worse.

I feel alien, too distant,
too tired, never satisfied,
for all hope is vain.

Adieu!

- Krishiv Jaiswal





Nostalgia

You have an odd smile on your face;
It reminds me of the spring in which we met.
That time, it felt like time and space
Were warped just for our engagement.

Maybe it's because our hearts have changed,
Or maybe it's because we haven't aged.
It feels like your heart has moved on
To another time, when it was still warm.

Summer is my favourite season.
You do all sorts of things, meet new people,
Wander around, no rhyme, no reason.
Brains baked, but the memories made.

Maybe it's because you thought winter
Is when things settle down and die,
And I thought that winter is when
Things slow down and prepare for new life.

Your odd four-season-smile tells me that
Your heart is going through changes
And these languid limpid days won't last.

In this long-short year that we've been together,
We've grown old, and cried together.
But here we are, sitting on the porch,
Still in spring, waiting for this summer.

- Yash Adalti



The Symphony of Fate

The fate has been written,
The destiny is forsaken,
The tunes of sorrow fill the hearts,
Who is it that receives peace?

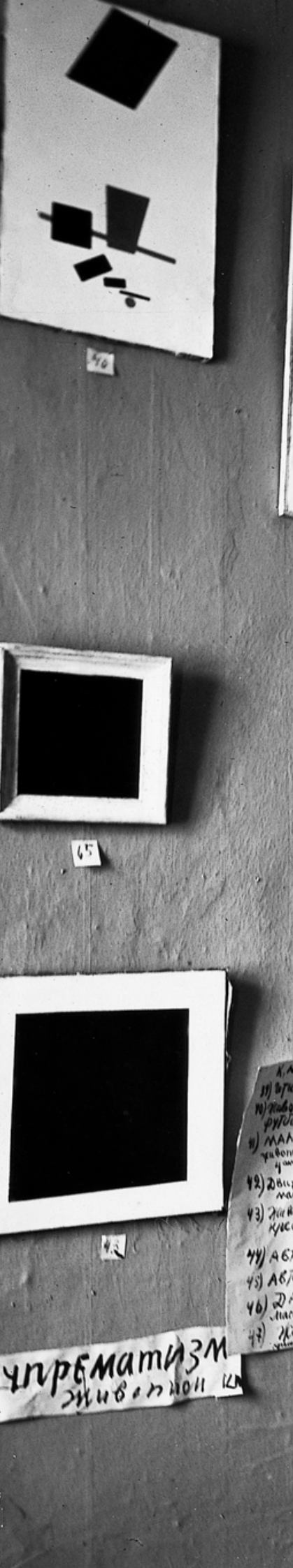
It is I who sings the symphony,
It is about the pain that has been received,
Who is it that believes?
Believes in me.

The symphony is filled with sorrow,
No one finds any help that they can borrow,
The gate of hope is far,
The symphony is always sour.

The dark shadows lurk all over,
The rain drop their droplets,
The part of peace comes later,
By that time, the symphony of fate had already
shown its nature.

- Zorawar Singhal





We (*just can't get you*)

can read most people
our sister said that it is because we're faithless.
we take in things mapped out, flattened.
in coarse lists, the ups and the downs and the variable.

like the general, measuring utility and meters with death.
or the gambler, reading the deck.
but we can't wrap our heads around you.
We can't bury you in our calloused heels
and stomp all of you.
nor can we keep you afloat in these lines.

we'd like to spill into
your torso of white.
live there
and sit there
in the cracks of your palms
and laugh like loose change.

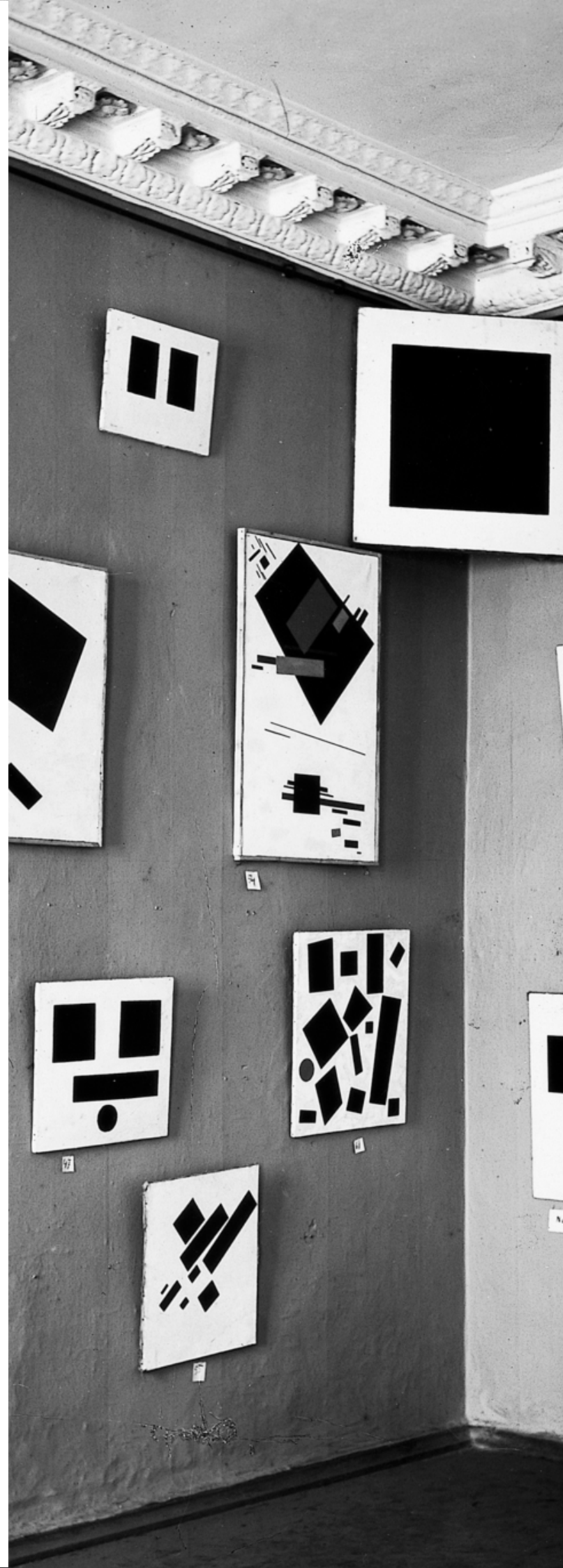
inwards and onwards, your heart screams.
like the human mind that marches and fumbles forth
only to understand itself — we read that somewhere.

sometimes we feel there are too many of you

and the many *you*s sing and drive us gently mad,
and they're woven in your mother's austere denim
— the ones that you wear regularly, without pride or nostalgia,
or any baggage. weightless in vintage, and

tragic
like waves circling a morning wreck
— dim and easy on the eye.

- Armaan Rathi
Ex 117-K, 2023



Halcyon Wind

The candelia picks up
Nipping and biting
My prickly morning skin,
A serenade of sorts
In its playful chaos.

The already pewter sky
Looks to intimidate me
Even more, turning a final
depressing tinge of
Grey still.

Like a hoodlum, you came
With the deluge.
Ran past by me, fleeting.
Stripping me of my final
Shred of sanity.

I almost didn't see you.
Olive were your
Eyes, yes, I remember
Their surreptitious ecstasy.

Isn't it lovely?
At least I thought so.
The serendipity of it all,
It was too good to be true.

The sun shone again,
Restoring the lingering
Sense of ennui.

I brush the cold
Beads off my forehead.
A curious disquietude
Abounds me.

- Rehhan Chadha



BEST OF UNQUOTABLE QUOTES

Some of the finest *Unquotable Quotes* curated over the last year.

THE REGULARS

I bunked class for hospital.
Ikjot Singh, healing.
I am in the ninth cloud.
Harsh Begani, floating in ecstasy.
Do not keep repeating that, the joke will become less joker.
Anushtup Giri, The Dark Knight Rises.
I am refereeing this conversation.
Prabhav Jain, oratory overseer.
We need to room the locks.
Tanmay Gupta, locked inside.
I read the movie.
Krtin Goel, reading in between the lines.
Wake up your eyes.
Omar Ahmed, mentally asleep.
You are mentally white.
Zubin Mehra, stereotyping.
I am watering my bottle.
Veer Babaycon, staying hydrated.
What colour is your blazer?
Harsh Begani, average Andrew Tate supporter.
I don't have allergic to milk.
Aakash Mishra, allergic to English.

TONGUE OF SLIPS

I wanted to got the Markers Cup.
Raghav Vij, not for English we hope.
Play practices after Rosebowl in dinner.
Ayaaz Ferozi, overworked.
Very bad taste has come.
Divyaansh Surana, so has very bad grammar.
Don't cover a judge by his book.
Jigmet Urgian, law abiding citizen.
I'm not hungry, I just want to eat.
Krish Ghai, chewing his words.
I heard them over-talking.
Shaurya Surana, a keen listener.
Black people have darker voices.
Karan Agarwal, fifty shades of black.
I am gonna go brush my face now.
Loechin Phangcho, hygiene 101.
Work faster, your work is not working.
Jansher Grewal, efficiency.
I was looking with my hand.
Aaditya Agarwal, sixth sense.

SC-LEAVERS

I am a staunch LGBTQ againster.
Vinamra Agarwal, against English.
Sir, I was came on time.
Satvik Petwal, zero late marks.
As chill as cucumber.
Uddhav Goel, the coolest in the room.
I think I've rescinded since coming to Doon.
Ruhaan Goel, applying for an English Major.

MASTERS

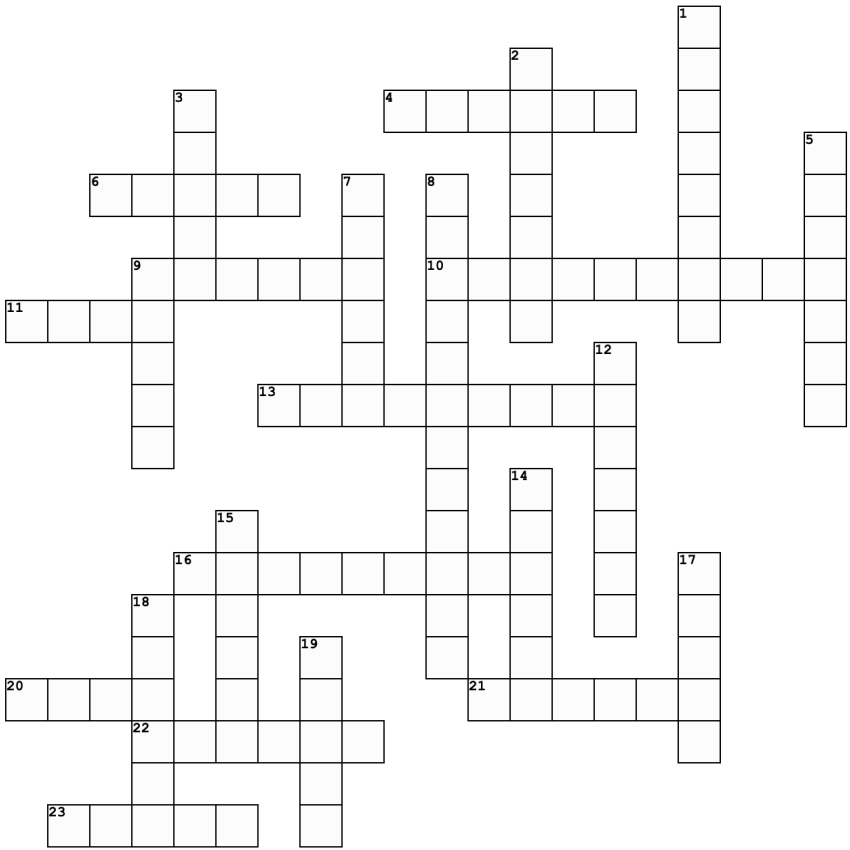
My phone charges with my body heat.
SRT, too hot to handle.
How can you going to be reduce?
JTR, still waiting for an answer.
This PTM is not for feedback, it's for feedforward.
ABE, who actually needs a PTM?
Rapidly changing at a very fast rate.
MIA, need for speed.
I will shoot you with a knife.
MMR, the assassin.
Time will pass, but you will not.
AKM, timeless.
You are not part of the DSOBS, you have only been inducted.
HM, a warm welcome.
It's a water full of test tube.
ABE, reversible reaction.
Stand up and outstand the class!
RLR, prodigal students.

FACTUAL ACCURACIES

We've used much of these unquotes.
Pragyan Goel, true and thank you.
When's the Weekly coming out this week?
Vir Mehta, inquisitive.
I was the headgirl in my old school.
Vivaan Sood, gender neutral.
Indians are not Asians. Indians are Indians.
Rahul Kapri, staunch nationalist.
I cannot tell english.
Kharanshu Pasala, evidently.
It is unpossible to fix my grammar.
Samarveer Bisen, man of his words.
When I close my eyes, I can't see.
Ved Chichra, daredevil.

CROSSWORD

ANSWERS OVERLEAF



Down

- 1. Japanese animator responsible for directing films such as *Spirited Away* and *Howl's Moving Castle*.
- 2. Who has the most number of appearances in the Times 100 list?
- 3. Who said, “If I win, I am American, not a black American”?
- 5. Songwriter and playwright known for the Broadway musicals *In the Heights* and *Hamilton*.
- 7. The American visual artist known for paintings, including *Marilyn Monroe* and *Soup Cans*.
- 8. Leo Tolstoy’s final novel.
- 9. A salesman wakes up one morning, only to discover he is a giant insect. Name the author.
- 12. In the Bible, this individual betrayed Samson to the Philistines.
- 14. The least populous country to host a Formula One race.
- 15. Patron saint of England.
- 17. Known as the father of modern anatomy, this Greek physician is credited with the discovery that arteries carry blood.
- 18. Who led the Prussian Army for more than thirty years as Chief of Staff, through conflicts such as the Franco-Prussian War?
- 19. He became the first film critic to win the Pulitzer Prize for Film Criticism.

Across

- 4. Acrophobia is the fear of ____.
- 6. The English translation of the Latin word *vox*.
- 9. Mountain pass connecting Pakistan and Afghanistan.
- 10. Cricketer with the second highest number of runs in One Day Internationals.
- 11. This famous communist country is the largest island in the Caribbean sea.
- 13. This individual is generally credited alongside William Wordsworth as the founder of the romantic movement.
- 16. The Rome Colosseum began construction in 72 AD under this Roman emperor.
- 20. First king of Israel, as per the Hebrew Bible.
- 21. Desert between Nevada and California.
- 22. Martin Luther wrote the 95-_____.
- 23. Famous Singer of the album, *19*.

- Down

 - 1. Miyazaki
 - 2. Jinping
 - 3. Smith
 - 5. Miranda
 - 7. Warhol
 - 8. Resurrection
 - 9. Kafka
 - 12. Delilah
 - 14. Monaco
 - 15. George
 - 17. Galen
 - 18. Moltke
 - 19. Ebert
- Across

 - 4. Flying
 - 6. Voice
 - 9. Khyber
 - 10. Sangakkara
 - 11. Cuba
 - 13. Coleridge
 - 16. Vespasian
 - 20. Saul
 - 21. Mojave
 - 22. Theses
 - 23. Adele

“*Fluctuat nec
mergitur*”

She (the Weekly) is tossed by the waves but does not sink.



