

THE SCINDIA SCHOOL'S FORTNIGHTLY NEWSLETTER



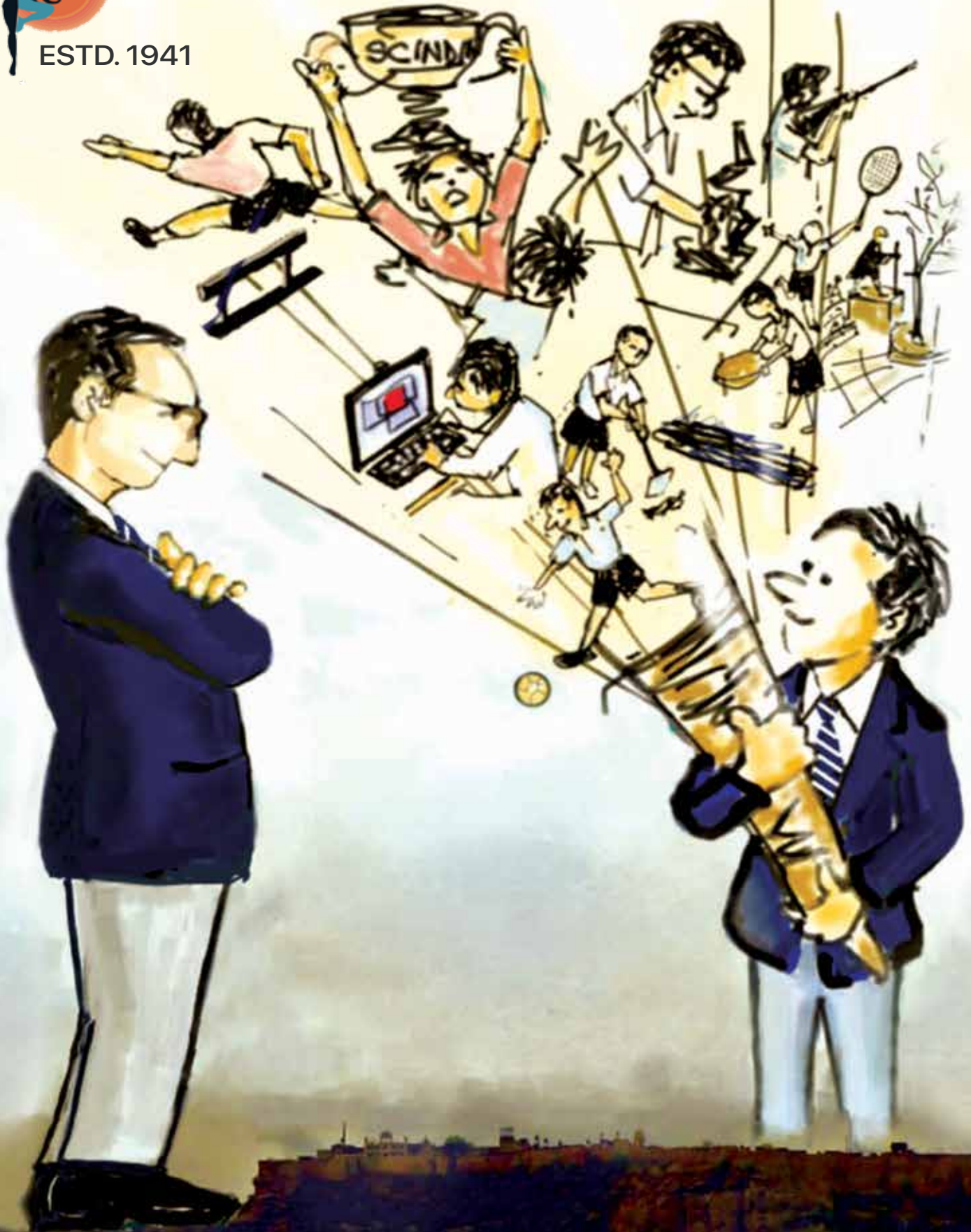
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REVIEW

FOUNDER'S DAY SPECIAL

OCTOBER 21, 2018

No. 1053



PRINCIPAL'S

MESSAGE



Dear Readers,

Each edition of the Review presented the fervent and vivid pictures of the year as we moved on and today it has registered the clocking of another year in the history of this great institution. While we advanced towards the regions from the known ones to the unknown, we had a foretaste of the climes- sometimes happy and sometimes challenging, yet we were inspired by the trials and tribulations and emboldened by encomiums. Greatly motivated by this wind of promise, we moved ahead and did create some landmarks on the way and tried to slake our thirst; of the ardent curiosities with the sight of that part of human life which has never been visited, and treaded before, nay, imprinted by the foot of young scholars.

Year after year, we have steadfastly nurtured those dreams of our Founding Father by a sound balance of quality educational programmes, state-of-art facilities, dedicated faculty, and an open door policy with parents.

I believe that human life must have a purpose and a sense of direction. Nothing in the world motivates young students as the sense of purpose. It fills them with enthusiasm and gives them a point to fix their intellectual curiosity on. The mark of a good education is humility. This value was instilled in young *Scindians* through the multifarious activities under the Round Square, Labour work, Adventure activities, Cleanliness drives and tree plantation work.

Another great value is of taking responsibility and being accountable for our work. No classroom transaction can ever seek to supply this mantle to the cloak of learning; it is only teamwork and camaraderie that shall ever seek

to venture into such foreign lands. Our young scholars had innumerable opportunities to come together and sink into such novel experiences. Some such as these are recorded in this edition of the Review, scilicet, the visit to the School by the team of a drama production company.

Our Old Boys lead by example through the social service work they do at School. The Blood Donation Camp and the Eye Check-up Camp by Dr Khanolkar are living examples of such model learning through demonstration of "higher citizenship" which the Late H H Maharaja Jiwajirao Scindia, had a vision of instilling in the students of the School. The villagers of the *Sonsa* Village visited the School and together we paid our tribute to the Father of the Nation on 2nd October. This is a huge shift to break into the minds of our society which surrenders to a pre-designed mindset- to create distinction on the basis of caste, creed and even profession.

As always, the Review kept us well informed of all the developments in every sphere of school life- examination results, adventure trips, sports tournaments, community service initiatives, House evenings, plays, international trips and the list knows no end. I congratulate the entire editorial team in making this dream come to life, every fortnight....

Today, I join all of you, as we proceed forth to relish the fruit of our labour. I am confident that our future will be much more fulfilling. We only need to build on these firm foundations in every possible way.

Once again, I wish a very happy Founder's Day to all.

Madhav Deo Saraswat

EDITOR'S

NOTE

Dear Readers,

This issue of the Review is a kaleidoscope of 'thinking minds', which breaks through the stereotypes. It is also a chronology of events and experiences in the eventful life of the School. As always, the Review has kept us well informed of all the developments in every sphere of school life. The credit goes to the Editorial Board which has been working really hard to present to us this dream every fortnight and make this year's Founder's Day Review, a success. We have tried to make this year's Review more interesting and we hope to set a benchmark for the upcoming Editorial Board of the next year.

Founder's day is not just a day; it is a sanctimonious festival in a *Scindian's* life. It gives every *Scindian* a platform to showcase his talent. So, as we stand on the last day of this rewarding year, only to bow down in obeisance and enter into another year in the history of this great institution.

LONG LIVE SCINDIA!

-Arya Laddha & Abhishek Mahour



Editorial Board

FORT NEWS

With each passing day, the morning and the evenings are becoming pleasant with the cool winds sweeping across this ancient citadel. The afternoons continue to be warm. The Fort looks lush green and well-maintained with the preparations for the Founder's Day in full swing.

The '12th Annual Education World India School Rankings 2018 - 19' has adjudged The Scindia School as the second best All Boys' Residential School in the country. The survey that rates and ranks the country's top 1,000 schools has adjudicated the School as one of the top boarding schools for two consecutive years in a row.



A proud moment.

Siddh Agarwal, Mehul Mittal, Herein Chaudhary, Shlok Sonthalia, Umang Rungta, Vibhav Kundu, Garv Sajani, and Shirish Mehra participated in the Pathways School MUN-18 held at Pathways School, New Delhi from 28th September to 1st October 2018.

Himanshu Moojoriya participated in the semi final of National Anveshika Experimental Science Test held at IIT Kanpur, from 27th September to 30th September 2018. Out of 50,320 students from overall India, 38 students got selected for the semi-final. Himanshu Moojoriya got first place in Madhya Pradesh and eighth position in the Final round.



A still from the play.

The Theatre Group- Act I Scene I and Out of Box Productions visited our school on 22nd September 2018. In the afternoon, they interacted with the students of the English and Hindi Literary society. In the evening they presented a play entitled "Two adorable losers", written by Mr Abhishek Pattanaik and directed by Mr Murtuza Kutianawala. The team of Act I Scene I comprised Mr Abhishek Pattanaik, Mr Darsheel Safari, Mr Suketu Shah, Mr Prateek Patel, Ms Rimsha Minocha, Mr Manish Kereker and Mr Anurag Khanna. The play is an English Comedy about a professor from the state of Odisha and a student weak in statistics. In an attempt to regain confidence, they approach each other which results in

an unusual alliance. It was a miraculous performance that left the audience spell bound.

Kushal Konsam, Moksh Jaswal, Vansh Raj Tyagi, Shivansh Singh, Jyotiraditya Upadhyaya, Anirudh Tyagi, Harsh Jadon, Pratham Srivastava, Gaurav K. Agarwal, and Sanskar Bansal participated in the IPSC Basketball U-19 Tournament held at Welham Boys' School, Dehradun from 25th September to 1st October 2018.

6 students participated in the Regional Round Square Conference held at Dhirubhai Ambani International School, Mumbai, from 12th September to 15th September 2018. The theme of the conference was 'Explore, Experience, Empower, Discover Yourself'. The students participated in coordination based activities like Hangman, Jigsaw bricks, A frame, Kabaddi, Lezium, Bollywood dance and Treasure hunt. They also actively participated in creativity based activities like Theatre Workshop, Tie and Dye, and Paper Bag Making with marble paper. This conference helped the students to try new things and identify their strengths and also helped them explore and experience the culture of Mumbai.



Round Square International Conference.

Varun Awasthi, Varun Gupta, Rohan Khanna, Krishnam Purwar, Aditya Pratap, Aman Gupta and Pranav Gupta along with the teachers- Ms Supreet Bakshi and Mr Gopal Chaturvedi attended the Round Square International Conference at Ashbury College, Ottawa, Canada, and Pre- Conference hosted by St Clement School, Toronto, Canada, from 22nd September to 3rd October 2018.

His Highness Maharaja Madhav Rao Scindia Memorial Inter School Hindi Debate was held on 30th September 2018. Floral tributes were paid to Late His Highness Madhav Rao Scindia who was a leader of the masses.



The Scindia School lifting the Winner's trophy.

Dhruv Jain, Devarsh Lokwani and Parikshita Singh sang the *bhajan- Mati kahe kumhara se*. The Chief Guest for the same was Dr Chandra Bhushan Jha, an acclaimed Sanskrit scholar. The judges for the same were- Mr Siddharth Shastra, Mr Tribhuvana Nath Dwivedi, and Mr Vibhash Chandra Verma. The Scindia School, Gwalior became the Winners while Syna International School became the Runner up.

On 2nd October, Gandhi Jayanti was celebrated in the School. In the afternoon *Shramjeevis* put up a wonderful *Bhajan Karyakram*. In the evening a Special *Astachal* was held in which floral tributes were paid to the Mahatma. A chant of *Om* set the tone for the evening. Thereafter, the *bhajans, Vaishnav Jan Ko* and *Raghupati Raghav Raja Ram* were sung by the students. An excerpt written by Mahatma Gandhi was read out by Utkarsh Vats and a poem on the Mahatma *chal pade dagmag* was recited.



Service before self.

Old Boys' News

Mr Pankaj Bhatia (Ex-Vivekanand, 1984) has been elevated as a Judge in the Allahabad High Court. He hails from Kanpur, and has been practicing law at Allahabad & Delhi for the last 28 years. We wish him all the very best.

Manmarziyaan, directed by Mr Anurag Kashyap (Ex – Jyotiba, 1989) was released recently. Manmarziyaan began filming in February 2018. It is a love story set in Punjab, India. It premiered at the 2018 Toronto International Film Festival and was released in India on 14th September 2018 to positive reviews from critics and audience alike. A special screening of the movie was organized for the Old Boys of the SOBA middle-east on 12th September at the Reet Cinemas, Springs, Dubai.

Dr Kaustubh Harshey (Ex – Md, 2004) is a practising vitreoretinal surgeon in Jabalpur. He along with his wife, Dr Chaitali Harshey, who is a corneal surgeon, has started their new venture, Daksh Netralaya which was inaugurated on 23rd September 2018. While at School, Kaustubh took interest in music, debating and painting. He was also a School Prefect and the School Quiz Captain. We wish them all the very best. He can be contacted at: M : +91 78603 42564 E : kaustubh.harshey@gmail.com

Dr Shashank Maheshwari (Ex – Sh,1983) has been elected as a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons (General Surgery) on 16th September 2018 at Varanasi. He is a practising surgeon in Mathura & specializes in general and laproscopic surgery and runs his own 50-bed hospital. He can be contacted on-M : +91 98976 27000 E : drsmaheshwari.mtr@gmail.com

In continuation of the community service initiatives by the Old Boys, two wheelchairs were donated to Charbagh railway station by SOBA Lucknow recently.

Mr Nikhil Pradhan (Ex- Jyotiba, 2003) has got his first book titled – 'Cold Truth' published by Harper Collins. Nikhil was Junior School Captain, Student Editor of the Review, Secretary of the English Debating Society, and School Prefect. He is presently in Bengaluru, associated with an Education start-up, after a long stint in advertising & journalism. Contact details : nikhil@nikhilpradhan.com



Mr Anurag Sinha

Mr Anurag Sinha (Ex – Mj, 2000) presented a monologue titled 'Ek Shahar' in our school on 1st October 2018. After the monologue he held a 'no-holds-barred' interactive session with the boys through which he offered guidance and counseling to young *Scindians*. He was also the Chairperson for the final round of the H H Maharaja Madhavrao Scindia Memorial Inter-School Hindi debate. He is a professional actor and lives in Mumbai. Contact details: M: +91 98193 06806

Senior diplomat Mr Vikram Misri (Ex – Sh, 1981) has been appointed as India's ambassador to China. He is a 1989-batch IFS officer and was posted in Myanmar till recently. We wish him much success in his new role.

The Batch of 1968-69 is celebrating their Golden Jubilee Reunion from 24th to 26th January 2019. They want to reconnect with their following batchmates whose contacts are not available with them. The names are as follows- Mr Chitrang Dubey, Mr Sanjeev Kapoor, Mr R Renugopal, Mr Raj Kumar, Mr Jimmy Dastur, Mr Uday Talchekar, Mr Rajeev Somani, and Mr Pankaj Kumar Srivastava. The information may be shared with the School or with Mr Anil Ghai (Ex- Md, 1968-69), email-anilghai@hotmail.com

The Old Boys of four prestigious Schools-Welham Boys' School, Doon School, Mayo College and the host school, The Scindia School played the match entitled-'United for Hockey' on 22nd September 2018. The trophy was awarded to The Scindia School.



Old Boys of The Scindia School lifting the Trophy.

A Letter to My Motherland

Sarvagya Goel, XI D

My dear Motherland

How have you been? We've been living on you, breathing because of you, and yet none of us bother to know how it is about you. It is only because of you that we get water to drink, clean air to breathe, food to eat. If you wouldn't have been there, our existence would have been a big question mark. You are the reason that the trees grow, the birds chirp, the lions roar, the fishes swim and we grow. You've given us every bit of you!

You know why I call you "Mother"... because you are like a mother: you give and keep on giving. You don't expect anything in return. You don't express that you cry... but you weep; deep down within. You are a symbol of patience, love, care, affection just as a Mother. And when we the humans test your patience, you show your anger in form of tsunami, earthquakes etc. to show that you're still the supreme; that your silence should not be taken for granted. You are an epitome of the alchemic beauty: you're still young, vibrant, bold, beautiful, calm, and full of love and care.

You've been there since times immemorial. You've been a part of happiness, joy, sorrow, hues and cries. You've seen infinite battles, massacres, invasions- of the Great Alexander, Mohammed Ghori etc. On seeing your riches, the great and strong warriors have fought to conquer you but they all failed to understand that you can neither be acquired nor can belong to any one individual. You belong to all. After all, a mother is a mother, not to only one but to all. You've seen the miseries during the British rule and the spirit of the freedom fighters during the freedom struggle. The rulers, the reigns, the people have changed, but you continue to be the same forever.

I want to thank you for your unprecedented love and care. You gave us rivers, lakes, waterfall, mountains and cliffs. Whether it be a Muslim, Sikh, Christian or Hindu- no matter who we are; you treat us all, equally. Just as all children are equal in the eyes of a mother, similarly you, our motherland never discriminate with us on the basis of gender, color, religion, caste or sex. You have provided us with all your resources. Whether the farmer or a landlord, you provide us with the same amount of rainfall. All get the same food to eat, the same environment to stay.

You are an ideal example of balance. You ensure that balance is maintained between everything or else the

planet earth will be devastated. And yet, we greedy people continue to exploit you. Look what we've done to you. For our own personal wants, we've ruined your beauty. We've cut down your green veil, the verdant cover of forests, just to make our houses big and beautiful. Similarly, we've coloured your crown with sanguine blood. Just glance over the streets that are full of blood. That's not all... we've not stopped here. For industrial purposes and personal benefits, we've been continuously digging into mines and extracting non-renewable sources of energy such as petrol, and coal, thereby depleting you of your riches. We drained you-out of your bounty. We've polluted the rivers by washing away the toxic pollutants, sewage waste from the cities, washing clothes and discarding garbage into the elixir of life, your rivers. Excessive cutting of trees has led to deforestation. Global warming has led to melting of the glaciers. If we continue to do so, the callous attitude would no longer be tolerated by you. And then, we ourselves shall invite your wrath and no one shall be spared.

Isn't it the duty of the children to take care of their mother? Yes, it is. Just as it is the responsibility of a mother to take care of her children, similarly, it is the duty of the children to ensure that the mother is healthy and fit and is not deteriorating in health. You need us and we must make every possible effort to make you a better place to live in.

We must ensure that we use less of plastic bags, use renewable sources of energy, inculcate car-pooling, respect nature, use water intelligently, save electricity, switch off fans and lights when not in use, plant more trees and the most necessary, to think about our actions- about the harm that they might do to the environment and ecology .

We all are skeptical of one person making a difference in the entire world. But I would like to tell you that every single drop makes an ocean. So, I undertake and request everyone to contribute honestly and we for ourselves will see the change- the difference, we make to our mother; planet Earth. I would always thank our Motherland for giving us everything, for being so enduring. I shall always stay indebted to you!

Your indebted son...

Long Live Scindia



-Mr A N Dar (Bharat Dar)

Former Principal, The Scindia School
(Ex-Rn, 1958)

For me, unlike most readers of The Review, both past and present, my connection with Scindia is simply 'Divine Intervention'. This happened when Rohini and I were not even visitors to RR Chabutra nor SurajKund during our stay there: I guess, it was so because the community regarded me as a 'child of the Fort' and blessed us!

My life, from my birth till now, when I am already 78+ and married for over 50 years, has been full of accidents – all pleasant ones.

To the surprise of the readers of The Review, I was born in the dormitory on the first floor to the north of the staircase in Ranoji House. The reason was nothing but that the school was closing for its Summer Break in 1940 just when I was to take birth on April 27. As a result, the school could not provide my mother any vehicle to take her to the local hospital and I could not have waited: The school bus was required to transport students to the railway station and there was only one Fargo bus with the School in those days. However, a midwife was sent for from the palace and I managed to have a safe birth. I left Scindia after completing my Intermediate there in 1958 when I was 18.

That is how I am a unique Scindian: 'Born and bred' as one and also who headed his *Alma Mater* in 1997, its Centenary year. We will have to wait for this feat to be repeated.

As a boy in Class VI, one day I had been critical of my teachers and even condemned the principal while talking to my father, who challenged me to become a schoolmaster myself and even head The Scindia School. To head The Scindia School was then my lifelong dream. Interestingly, I had not been accepted by my *Alma Mater* to teach there, but The Doon School did where I remained for 31 years. Thank God, I was not appointed on the staff there as it is not a practice in such schools to elevate their staff to head the place.

Let me, however, continue with my 'connection' with Scindia.

Here in Goa, where my wife and I are settled with my son and his family in the last phase of our life, how was I to know that Rohini, my wife, would be diagnosed to have cancer.

One late mid July morning, while at breakfast, Rohini asked Shaili, our daughter in law, to take a look at some growth near her left breast. On checking up, Shaili suggested that we go to Dr Raghu, the BITS doctor who suggested that we take an opinion of a specialist as he suspected it to be malignant, but we must be more certain: "Why leave any doubts?" The doctor in the Manipal Hospital confirmed it to be malignant that required surgery: "No emergency but sooner the better."

Jaya Ghosh, one of my students from Jaipuria School in Kanpur in 1994, was a senior medical oncologist in Tata Medical Hospital in Mumbai with 10 years behind her. She suggested that we go to TMH for at least a second opinion to which both my son and daughter agreed. So, there we were in that famous hospital least realising what it was going to be.

We could never imagine that the hospital would be so very crowded with people coming from as far away as South Africa, Bangladesh, Assam, Bihar, Bengal, J & K. etc. We did not easily have a place to sit in the corridors or even on the steps. On some of those steps we were not even allowed to park ourselves. All the same, patients seemed to have great faith in the doctors there. Many of these patients did not have the money for their stay there and treatment, but the NGOs supported them all, in every way: At times, even with travel arrangements. The hospital tried to help these patients through volunteers from among old patients who had recovered and worked for NGOs. Remarkable spirit of



service! The admin staff would leave by 05:00 pm but the specialists remained till all the out patients were cleared, calling each one themselves by turn. What a commitment to service!

Registration, payments were all done by my two children. Like everyone else, we also waited for the specialist to come. By some luck, the doctor who had made a preliminary check on Rohini and verified her reports from Goa found us waiting outside, so she asked us to wait in another cabin instead of standing in the corridor. That was a stroke of luck for us!

My son and daughter went out for a cup of tea leaving Rohini and me behind in the cabin. After a while, even Rohini went out. I was then all alone in that room. After sometime, even I decided to go out to stretch my legs. Just as I was leaving the cabin, entered a handsome young doctor in his white loose coat over his blue top and bottom. On seeing me, he bent down with reverence and offered me the traditional Indian courtesies. I was stunned.

He asked me, "Sir, what are you doing here?"

On his white coat flashed in blue on his left side 'Garvit Chitkara! Oh my God! My own student from Scindia, Head of Madhav House in 2000-2001, though I had left Scindia on April 24, 2000.

I said, "I am here for a check up of my wife who has been diagnosed with cancer."

He read the reports from Goa and his response was, "We will do a fuller check up now, and it will be a blessing for me to operate upon her!"

It was indeed a blessing for me and my wife to be in such safe hands! I remembered Garvit as a very civilised and gentle soul in Scindia. With his characteristic smile and comforting voice, he seemed no different even now.

The tests were gone through and the date was fixed for July 31 with admission in the room for July 30.

Jaya Ghosh was with us all along and visited us in our room after her OPD hours were over. I recalled that she had been in Jaipuria only for her final two years while I was there for just her final year as I had shifted to Scindia from there. Jaya had reconnected with me three years back on the FB and even moved out to London for

a year. Just because of her, we dared to think of Tata Memorial in Mumbai, a big and strange city for us. All the same, the mother in law of my daughter offered me her vacant flat in Santa Cruz, just half an hour drive from the hospital. Her daughter, Renu, had married Rahul Haksar, another Madhav House boy. His son, Rohan, too, is ex-Madhav.

Even our wait was endless. We would arrive at 09:00 am and return home as late as 09:00 pm.

Between Jaya and Garvit, the surgery was completed on July 31 and we all were surprised that Rohini was discharged on August 01 after her initial reservation.

Garvit said, "You do not need to stay any more here but if you want to do so for your satisfaction, there is no problem."

On second thought, Rohini decided to return home. It was a sound advice because we kept receiving old students, former colleagues and relatives, bringing us company and even food.

Jaya and Garvit have remained in touch with us since then. They both even had us over for a meal at their respective place.

I was a little critical of Scindia as is my wont one day back home after the surgery and, unlike her nature, Rohini immediately retorted, "Isn't Garvit from Scindia only?" I was left speechless.

I have deliberately shared this experience as I regard it only as 'divine intervention', this bond between a teacher and his students. Incidentally, both my children have also been my students, but at Doon, while I was my father's student in Scindia and his House, Ranoji, too. I am so very happy that I belong to a family of schoolmasters and am linked with Scindia in such an interesting way. It has been a most wonderful journey of being a schoolmaster for me.

I experienced a most beautiful world during our stay there: Cleanliness everywhere, medical expertise, care and kindness of all and faith of the patients. Even the Canteen of TMH served edible dishes. It just could not have been better.

Long live Scindia and goodness in this world!



Gender Stereotypes in Literature

Ms Sneha Bhagat, Faculty in English

Society is believed to be built upon binaries with masculinity at its centre and marginalised groups, especially that of femininity, at the periphery as its pillars. This explains why it is rather difficult to extract patriarchy from within the realm of literature. According to Deaux and Kite, gender stereotypes are beliefs about typical personal attributes of males and females that are often communicated by cultural influences such as mass media, religion, art and literature. Over the years, literature has presented us with phrases and images of both sexes that have been rapidly adopted within common parlance, examples being “the knight in shining armour” or the “damsel in distress”. Thus, the gendered nature of literature applies to both the masculine as well as feminine sections of society.

Literature for a long time was viewed as a man’s domain, and female writers, unless from extremely well-connected privileged backgrounds, have always been denied access to this space. Yet, some defiant women writers have boldly published some of their works that were received quite well by society, by using pseudonyms. Prominent among such writers were the Bronte sisters who published under the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell while Mary Ann Evans published *Mill on the Floss* under the pen name, George Eliot.

Several instances of gender stereotypes have been noted in popular texts such as Jane Austen’s *Pride and Prejudice*, famous for its oft quoted opening, “It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in

possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife". This single line encapsulates the patriarchal image of society during the 19th century and hints at the irony that Austen later employs throughout the novel to critique social norms and ideals. Austen has deliberately presented a caricature of many of her characters to satirize the 19th century notion of marriage. Young women were expected to be comfortably settled in life through the prospect of being "well married" which required them to be skilled in managing a household, being adept in music and needlework. Being opinionated or well read, as the protagonist Elizabeth Bennet is, were not viewed as virtues making her eligible for marriage.

G.B. Shaw's *Pygmalion* can be used to show how the society grants respect and appreciation to a woman only when she adheres to the prescribed notions of femininity. The movie depicts Eliza Doolittle, a flower girl who is unruly and misbehaved. She does not know how to speak or behave like a lady. Professor Higgins, a representative of patriarchy, takes on a bet to transform Eliza into a 'true Englishwoman' so that she may pass in society as a figure of flawless femininity. Eventually he succeeds and the once ridiculed flower girl now becomes a woman who is greatly appreciated and desired. This shows how the woman is manipulated by the male and also provides a critique of a hypocritical society which is shallow and rigid.

Femininity meant being a fragile figure that lacked muscular strength, "a body in whose very contours the images of immaturity had been subscribed" ; something that conformed to the image of the "damsel in distress" or "the angel in the house". We are well aware of the stories of *Sleeping Beauty*, *Snow White*, *Rapunzel*, etc. which are told to us from a very young age. There is always a beautiful princess who needs the rescuing by a handsome prince. The protagonists become embodiments of femininity and masculinity respectively. Other stereotypes, such as blue is for boys and pink is for girls or boys should play with cars and girls with dolls are also taught from childhood. Therefore from the very beginning the mind of the individual is constrained within the chains of social constructs and there is little or no scope at all for development on their own.

The classical texts feature women, who are beautiful and attractive, which is a signifier of the perception of the age. They are portrayed as objects that men desire and wish to possess. Helen in Homer's *The Iliad* is one such example. She is considered to be the epitome of beauty and femininity. She is desired by all the men of her age. But this same Helen is also blamed for the Trojan War which lay waste to an entire city. Christopher Marlowe in *Doctor Faustus* describes her as the "face that launched a thousand ships." Therefore, the beauty of a woman is both desired and condemned at the same time. The other classical texts like *The Mahabharata*, *The Ramayana* and *Abhijnanasakuntalam* have all depicted the image of the woman as docile and comely. There are descriptions of their long flowing hair, eyes similar to a deer, luscious lips and slender waists. They become

the ideal representatives of womanhood and femininity which all other women try to embody.

Even when we look at the ages ahead we notice that the same idea of femininity is consistent even though time has changed. We can see an instance of this is in *The Mill on The Floss* by George Eliot. On one occasion, the protagonist Maggie Tulliver, tired of all the criticism that she hears about her hair, cuts them off. Her brother mocks her for the way she looks and she regrets her decision. Her mother on seeing her shouts out in horror. This entire scene shows us how the physical appearance of a girl was considered to be of utmost importance.

Also in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, the protagonist Katherine, who is considered a shrew, due to her ill-tempered nature may be used as an example. She is reputed throughout Padua to be foul tempered and sharp tongued. One of the many reasons that she is this way is because of her feelings about her undesirability, the fear that she may never win a husband because she is intelligent and independent. Katherine is an exceptional woman but a threat to patriarchy, therefore at the end of the play she is 'tamed', rather, domesticated by her husband Petruchio. She eventually becomes the epitome of femininity as is evident in her last speech.

Similarly men too have been portrayed in ways that pander to rigid patriarchal conventions and have come to associate masculinity with notions of power, strength, rationality, chivalry, dominance and leadership as opposed to representation of women as the "fairer and weaker sex" that is more emotionally charged, irrational, helpless, nurturing and docile in nature.

Therefore, literature is laden with stereotypical examples of both men and women that create a very specific socially accepted image of both genders. With the passage of time we can see a change in the manner and representation of genders in literature. But even so there still permeates a mind-set that continues to impact the prejudiced nature of society.

walking
into

the unknown as a teacher

I always loved to live an unplanned life. When nothing is planned, the nature takes over; when the decision is not made, when there is no choice, that's when we live like a tree. Mere existence! The only difference is that a tree lives a choice-less life without understanding and awareness. But for me, it is a choice-less life but there is all the space for understanding and awareness....

Teaching a topic can be so much of fun. When the lecture is not a demonstration but exploration with curiosity, it becomes such a joyful journey- when the topic is not to be taught but learnt. I never like to take a stance of knowing something. I would rather sit with the students and learn it again. What to learn is never an issue; the point is in the journey. The whole process of learning is so beautiful; I sometimes want to live it again and again. So often, I can be spotted while talking to other teachers about how it went during the lecture.

What makes the work so enjoyable? How can one have such a passion for work? I must clarify here, that I have no interest in growing in career. Promotions and protocols bore me to death. I just hate it. What I love is the process of learning.

But what makes the work so enjoyable? The answer is- being unplanned. Not living on the edge of the clock is the only way to be happy. The river of joy dries out in the desert of time. So, if anyone asks me

how to plan studies, I simply answer, "Don't plan! Let it happen." Because when you plan, you have to execute your plan; when you don't plan, the nature executes its plan for your growth.

One day I asked my students- "Why does the flame of candle always go up? You can tilt the candle but the flame always rises up. And the flame of the candle also has a peculiar shape. Why is it that shape only? What is so special about it?" The epic question was, "Is the flame solid, liquid or gaseous in nature?" The students were clueless. And honestly I, too, didn't know the answer. It was the last ten minutes of the lecture, so I just stretched on with more questions on that and promised to them that I would answer it all, on the next day.

The next day, I answered it all. The heat coming out of the burning object causes the air molecules to radiate light; that's why different objects burn with different colours. The answers were given and students were happy. But that's not the point at all. The lovely part was asking about that- which I did not know myself.

Asking of the unknown makes the space for newer understanding and joy. Ask what you do not know. Let the students think and you think or find it too. Break the box of known. Walk into the unknown and you have met the beauty of life...

own.. her....

Mr Suyog Upadhyay,
Faculty in Physics and Mathematics

Why do people watch CID or any detective serial on TV? What do they get out of it? Superficial entertainment is right, but that's not all. Everyone has the instinct of walking into the unknown. Living in oblivion, where even the known is forgotten, is the virtue. When you need it, you can remember it and use the known skills. But you can forget it otherwise. Walking on the path unknown, you will ask questions and try to find the answers. The whole life becomes a beautiful puzzle. Who doesn't like to solve puzzles? Puzzle makes us happy. If we solve it, we are pleased. If not, we learn. Those who miss the puzzle in life, those who live a one dimensional life, have no other pedestal for the expression of their curiosity. I think that they divert themselves to these detective serials then.

Similarly, for a teacher, his teaching should come in the form of a mystery. Have you ever done that? Have you ever sought to know something unknown? I am not exactly talking about a puzzle. Puzzle is defined and bound by its structure and it disintegrates into a solution. I am talking about the mystery. Mystery is like a calm night. The more you listen, the more you hear silence. There is this beautiful mystery around this silence. It has its aroma. Unlike a puzzle, a mystery solves into either a deeper or a radically different understanding or a profound insight.

A teacher should make his topic a mystery first, build on it. Let its aroma spread. Then he should demystify. Give parallel examples to make it interesting. If possible, discuss the tendencies of mind in relevance to that. And then slowly start asking questions leading to the understanding of the core concept. Establish the concept and explore the interrelation of this concept with the other concepts.

This is exactly what Indian classical music is like. In singing a raga, the vocal artist sings a pattern of notes. This pattern is then explored and sung with a different feel or a different vision. A versatile singer sings the same note with many different emotional expressions. This is called "harkat", which signifies variation of feel. It is about different perspectives of the feelings associated with that pattern of notations. My best lecture for me is the one, where I have many such variations or "harkats" and the different perspectives of a particular concept is completely understood.

If the lecture is going well, you can hear me humming some song. Or I walk out of the class singing. But that's no joy reading. Come, join me in my class. Let's learn together, let's sing together!

Let I Be Thy Glass...

This article is based on the interaction between Mr Alope Ghosh, Faculty in Art, and Dr Smita Trivedi, Staff Editor, Review; who has penned it down for the perusal of the readers of the Review.

When I talk to him about how his sojourn has been, his eyes beam and the otherwise pensive mood of his gives way to a smile that knows its boundaries, for he has always been a quiet and an unassuming worker. He loses himself in recollections- from the time since he must have had the understanding to look about himself and find that his legs did not support him in his endeavours- to the time when as a teenager who couldn't walk on his legs but dreamt on the bed, to which he was confined to- of climbing a mountain. His life has been a harsh struggle which was metamorphosed into happy reality by his grit and determination. He feels his life has been a great achievement, a gift by God- not a cruel destiny, for he believes that "The mind is its own place and in itself, can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

He harks back into the hazy remembrance of his childhood. When he was only six months' old the disease of polio engulfed him. Amazingly, as we look at him today, it would be so difficult to believe that he could not walk on his legs till around fourteen long years of his life. There was a huge courtyard in his house, when he was small. Early in the morning, his duty bound mother would make him sit in the courtyard and he would take a stick and draw with it on the soft, mud- pasted floor. He smiles broadly as he says that he had no other work to do for unlike his other seven siblings- school wasn't his reality. The parents said nothing, but barely hoped that he would be able to walk on his own. The parents kept silent for they did not want to discourage the child and the child one fine day had a great revelation to himself. He thought that if he proceeded to live his life like that- the courtyard that saw the bloom of Art in him would be his nemesis. He would never be able to move out of it. He recalls it as God's voice in him; the stream of consciousness. He set out to challenge, what had come his way. He tried to get up and walk- there was indeed an excruciating pain that emanated from such an effort but he clears up that he had no pain- it was only the ardent desire to be equal with others in their physical strength.

This is also the story of a family which supported this teenager with whatever they could do for him. They tied parallel bamboos in the courtyard and with its support, this youth set out to mow down the physical limitations. Later, a walker took the place of the bamboos and he walked. There was a master who came to teach the children in the evening. All children would gather around him to be taught and this boy would be made to sit, too. He started picking up the Bengali language but he recalls he was never forced to learn. Interestingly, as he started walking a little, at around fourteen years of age one day his father asked him if he wanted to go to a school. He

replied in the affirmative and the headmaster of the nearby school agreed to admit him. He did not receive formal primary education but he cleared the tenth grade with Bengali, Math, History, English and Geography as his subjects.



Stone Carving for Founder's Day, 1997.

His elder sister was of the view that he should take up painting and pursue it. Someone suggested to the family that Shantiniketan would be the best place for him.



Stone Carving at Shantiniketan, 1993.

In the first time, he tried but he did not get a chance to be admitted but the second time, luck came his way and he entered into the portals of a place which was to decide the direction of his life forever. Shantiniketan was an extremely motivating force and those who are ailed by 'peer pressure' must know that his friends exhorted him to learn to ride a bicycle and indeed, he learnt to ride!

In 1996 after the entry into Shantiniketan, fate brought him to the threshold of another change- The Scindia School. From this point of time, there was no looking back. He was indeed on the top of a mountain, both in a physical and metaphorical sense.

Cricket is a game that has always fascinated him and he loves the game of football. Earlier, back at home he would escape from a window of the house to participate in football. The family members were fearful of debilitation by another injury so they barred the window. He still loves the game and also has distinct memories of the 1983 Cricket World Cup. He also reiterates that Ms Kirti Ghosh, his wife has always been an immense support for him.

Lastly, it is important to mention about his absolute attachment to his teaching of wood carving and stone carving in the School and the genesis of it. He says that he had not been to school in the way that all other students go to a school and thus, concludes that The Scindia School- is his school. He walks around with the heart that swells with pride like an Old Boy which this ancient Fort has nurtured and reinvigorated for so many long years.



Resuscitating a dead tree into a work of art.



Under the inspiration of Mr A N Dar the relief work done on the walls of OAT in 1998.

Refugees are Our Collective Concern

Shubham Agarwal, XII D

In this very chaotic and war prone world, humans have forgotten what makes them different from the other creatures. We have been engulfed and captured by greed. The greed for power, and the greed for dominance. Human nature by itself is dominant and there is no cure to that, but as citizens of the modern world, it is our duty to come out of our credo and rise up against anything and everything that has been destroying not only human lives, but the world as a whole. We need to understand the fact that life is just not about fatalities, homicides, destruction of property, mass killings because of different ideologies. This is what has been stopping us from attaining the so called word, 'Peace'. Peace as of now is just an illusion that will never be achieved if we continue to follow in the same direction we are going towards, right now. Achieving peace via militarization, threat and power is not peace but fear instead-the fear of life, the fear of inferiority. Wars have been a part of life and will always be regardless of their nature. But, wars result in a number of atrocities and problems. Destruction of property, destruction of life, destruction of habitat, wars are the crux of every problem. Using a large number of capital for war results in lack of proper infrastructure, unhealthy living conditions and improper lifestyle of the society which affects the entire world, in totality.

Coming forth to the point of refugees, a refugee is a person who has been forced to leave his/her country in order to escape war, persecution, or natural disaster. The issue of refugees has been on its peak in the 21st century and is a matter of concern for all the countries. There are an estimated 42.5 million people displaced by persecution and conflict in the world. This breaks down to 15.2 million refugees, 26.4 million internally displaced persons and 895,000 asylum seekers. We need to recognize the fact that refugees are innocent and helpless beings. Due to internal and even political or ideological problems of different communities, the condition of their life goes down the drain. Refugees are our collective concerns as these people are in much need of help for not only themselves but their hopeless families and their life itself. We need to understand that it is not only the duty of the government of the country but every individual residing in the country to help these people and provide them with every support possible.

According to facts, the Syrian refugee crisis has been the worst humanitarian crisis in our time. Half the country's population which was more than 11 million had either been forced to leave the country or had been killed. These refugees are not only having huge difficulties

in gaining acceptance in other countries, but are even being refused entry in various parts of the world. Such intolerance has put all of these innocent Syrian lives in jeopardy. More than 6.6 million Syrians are internally displaced and talking about refugees, 23 million Syrians are in need of urgent humanitarian assistance whether they have escaped the country or are still trapped. Other countries need to understand the situation of Syrians and respect the fact that small countries such as Lebanon and Jordan are accepting these refugees whole heartedly. This raises the point about the reason why large and powerful countries such as Russia, The United States of America, countries in Europe etc. are not taking in as many refugees as they could have and could sustain.

As a matter of pride and to show solidarity with the world's refugees- The Refugee Olympic Team competed at the 2016 Summer Olympics in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, from 5th to 21st August 2016, as independent Olympic participants. This has set an example to the world regarding the welfare of refugees. Helping refugees should be ones foremost duty as a citizen of the world. There are many ways one can help the ones in need as a community or even an individual. Firstly, making a financial donation to a non-governmental organization (NGO) that is doing related humanitarian work overseas. For example, Save the Children, UNHCR, Refugee Action etc. are the many organizations for funding and providing financial support to these people which is most important. We can arrange for a fund-raising campaign. One can make a bigger financial impact by arranging a refugee fund-raising campaign within ones community or online. Working with an existing refugee service to arrange and donate the money raised during the campaign would also play an integral role. The next rung of the ladder is getting in touch with local media sources. When local, state, and national refugee stories come up, contacting ones local media and encouraging them to report on those stories would not only raise awareness but also help in the situation. Local media can include television news, radio news, and newspapers. Lastly, we can organize a community discussion. Arranging for an informative, discussion-based event regarding refugees and their associated crisis is important. Inviting members of our communities to attend the event by thoroughly promoting it would also be of help. These are just a few ways by which one can help them but small steps are the ones that would take us to our goal. A world without humanitarian crisis will be a world in which every individual plays an integral role in community welfare.

Light of the Soul

Prakhar Jain, XII C

In a lonely moment, of a lovely night
I closed my eyes, and lost myself
in the land of infinite mysteries
of passions and hopes.
And there I lived
in a society- full of colours.
Where conformity didn't prevail,
and intelligence was hailed,
where no discrimination took place,
and folks moved at some pace,
where wealth was scarce,
but hearts were made of gold.
though eyes held tears,
They were full of hope,
where status wasn't important,
but merit had its craze,
Nobody lived in solitude,
and no hearts held hate.
Where grudges were forgotten,
and peace was all around...
But then I woke up,
to my alarm clock's sound.
The clock struck seven and the hour bell rang,
and I was brought to reality in a haze,
and as I gaze outside my window,
all I see is an endless maze.
For reality neither ends nor originates,
but makes one's life so confusing,
that it leaves people struggling in a daze.

The hardships everybody endures,
struggling with maladies everyday.
As some struggle to overcome poverty,
and religions filled with greed,
others struggle to profess their love,
for their one and only sweet.
And some struggle with failing health,
but still, crave everything grease
while others struggle for two meals,
with empty stomachs and broken dreams.
And all around this pandemonium,
bigots make their move,
polluting minds with cruelty,
with sadness and abuse.

As the reality is too horrid,
I'd love to return to that dream,
But it's the reality for a reason,
as nothing perfect is infinite.
Instead of bemoaning our fates,
we should set aside conflict for the time being,
and stand together as a race,
like it was meant to be.

For strength is in unity,
and unity breeds peace,
once we all unite,
this nightmare will become that dream.

A lovely poetic expression of The Eclipse

Mr Devendra Bhatnagar, (Ex-Ja, 1974)

The Moon blissfully ignorant
That it may soon be eclipsed
Smiles,
And adds additional tinsels
Of silver trinkets
Enhancing her allure
As gently in the night sky
She spreads her radiance
Across fields and window sills
Skyscrapers reach out in the sky
Turning their giddy heads

Whilst planes wink and rock their
wings
The Sun with no tact
And burning anger
Reaches closer to overshadow her
The Earth, it intervenes
Coming in between
And hides her
With its own mantle
Hiding her beauty from jealousy.

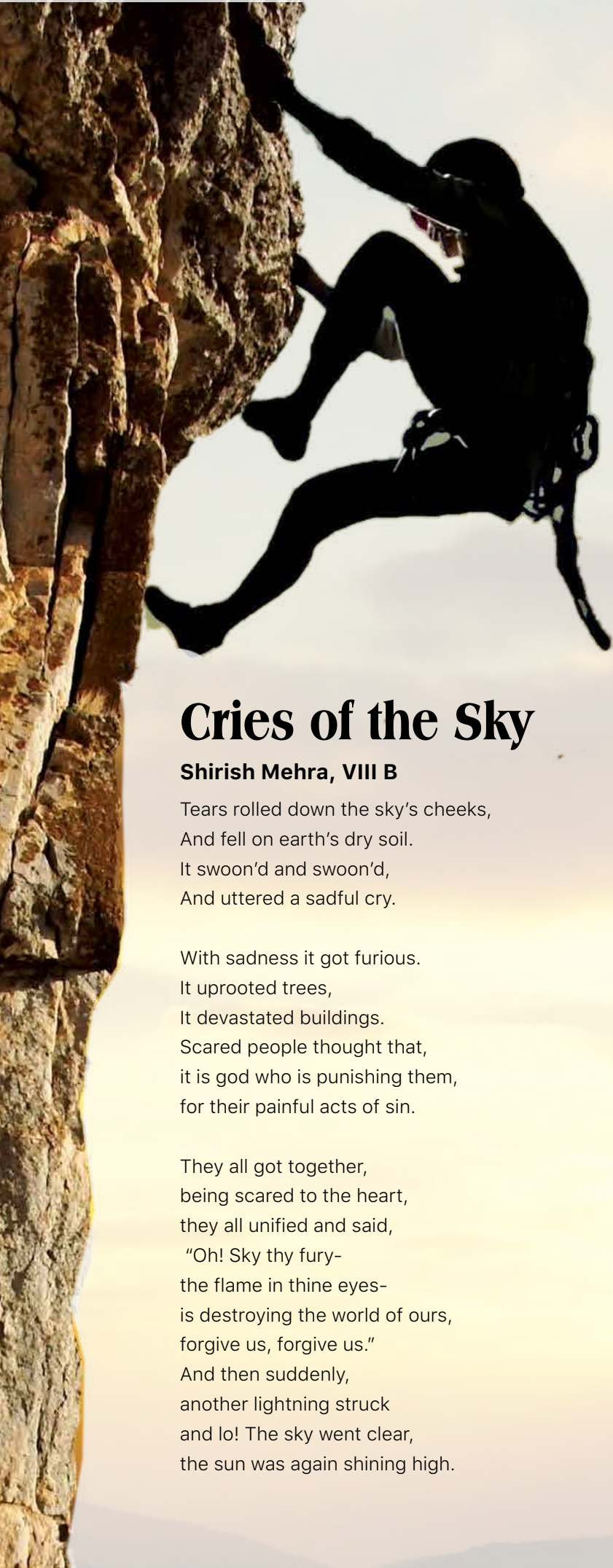
I was Born Unfettered

Dr Smita Trivedi, (Staff Editor, Review)

I was born unfettered
On the shores of the Gangetic plain
With the desire and the will to live.
Later, crushed by an army of sycophants
and those, given in to flattery.
I pity them now,
with a heart crushed , but not to pass a judgement
says my soul- the *atma* of my by being...
One who pits one against the other,
making personal rivalries out of naught,
will be punished by divine providence.
Don't be in a hurry, my mind thought.

I pity them for their mean hopes...
The world would be a better place
To live without.....
But nobility, if not a rarity
would find no charm then....
To kindle appreciation for the noble
the ignoble has to be...





Cries of the Sky

Shirish Mehra, VIII B

Tears rolled down the sky's cheeks,
And fell on earth's dry soil.
It swoon'd and swoon'd,
And uttered a sadful cry.

With sadness it got furious.
It uprooted trees,
It devastated buildings.
Scared people thought that,
it is god who is punishing them,
for their painful acts of sin.

They all got together,
being scared to the heart,
they all unified and said,
"Oh! Sky thy fury-
the flame in thine eyes-
is destroying the world of ours,
forgive us, forgive us."
And then suddenly,
another lightning struck
and lo! The sky went clear,
the sun was again shining high.

The Strings of Belief

Sarvagya Goel, XI D

After falling to climb
the Everest,
the reply of a great man.....
"I will come again
and conquer you.
because as a mountain....
You cannot grow,
but as a human- I can."

If I had a Heart

Aarush Prabhu, VII B

If I had a heart
I could love you,
If I had a heart
I could turn the dew
On the blossoms
If I had a heart
I could save a few.
I lost myself in the battlefield
While you rested in a bar.
We fought
We brought
A victory home
When you were on your
Laptops browsing through Google Chrome.
We left our family with bags
Not with snacks
With guns and buns.
If I had a heart
I could say this to you
If I had reached my home
Or even my dome.
If I had a heart
I could spare you
Or a few.
If I had a heart
I wouldn't be a demon
If I had a heart
I could create heaven.
I gave to the country
My youth, my only bounty.

भ्रष्टाचार

प्रिंस कुमार, 11ए

यह बात आज की नहीं, बड़ा प्राचीन है भ्रष्टाचार,
लोग कर देते हैं अपने ही ईमानों का व्यापार,
अनेक राजाओं पर कराए इसने घातक वार,
जिनके न होने से शायद, कुछ अलग ही होता यह संसार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

कभी इशारे, कभी सामने, कभी आँख को मींचे
कभी मेज़ के नीचे कोई, झट से हाथ से खींचे,
यह खेल चलता है नोटों से,
यह जहान भरा है खोटों से,
इस लालच का चारों ओर हो रहा प्रचार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

यह दिखाई देता है लाल बत्ती वाले रोड पर,
भ्रष्ट कर्मचारी खड़ा है हर गली के मोड़ पर,
आज हर काम चलता है नोट पर,
चिंताजनक मुद्दे कम थे क्या ?
जो यह आया नमक छिड़कने चोट पर,
भ्रष्ट हो चुके सबके विचार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

हम बैठे हैं भ्रष्टाचार को जड़ बनाए,
बाधाओं का स्रोत है इन सबकी शाखाएँ,
काले धन में इसने चार चाँद हैं लगाए,
सब कोई कभी न कभी इसकी गिरफ्त में आए,
बेईमानों नाकारों को ही, ये है हरदम भाए ।
मनुष्य के जीवन में है, ये कैसा आचार ?
चंद पैसों के लिए हुए लोग लाचार ।
न छोड़ा है इसने देश का कोई कोना,
एक समान हो गया है ईमान का होना, न होना,
मनुष्य को धन ने बनाया है खिलौना,
धन सबके सिर चढ़ बोल रहा है, जैसे जादू-टोना ।
मूर्ख व्यक्ति जितना भी कमाएगा, फिर भी वह,
न एक सिक्का ऊपर ले जा पाएगा ।

कभी तो उस भ्रष्टाचारी का सच सामने आएगा,
लालच, मृत्यु के बाद भी नाम ही डुबाएगा,
चल रही है यहाँ ईमान की मार-मार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

न होता है भ्रष्ट को प्राप्त चैन का बिस्तर,

और हमेशा बढ़ा ही रहता है चिंता का स्तर,
क्या नहीं है तुम्हें अपनी इज्जत की फिकर ?
जो तुम आज गिर गये हो इस कदर ?
कि लालच में भटक रहे हो दर-बदर ।
बहुत हो चुका अब बदलो ये संस्कार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

भ्रष्टाचार का रूप देख हर देशभक्त-आँखें हैं नम,
कितना भी धन मिले तुझे, सब पड़ने वाला है कम,
दे रहा है यह हमारी तरक्की को ज़ख्म,
लालच के आगे ईमान ने तोड़ा है दम,
इस रोग से है हर कर्मचारी बीमार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

बड़े ज़ोर-शोर से चल रहा यह दो-नंबर का धंधा,
धन ने किया है हर व्यक्ति को अंधा,
भ्रष्टाचारियों के गुलाम हैं इस देश के कई बंदे,
समझाने से न बनेगा काम,
हमें अब हाथ में लेना होगा डंडा ।
यह दीमक है, मत करो इसे स्वीकार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

कर्मचारी करते हैं जान-बूझकर लापरवाही,
ताकि मिल सके दो नंबर की कमाई,
न जाने क्या देते होंगे ये खुद को गवाही,
दो नंबर के धन से न कभी चैन की नींद आई,
लालच छोड़, सद्चरित बनो, सबकी इसी में है भलाई ।
भ्रष्ट आचरण छोड़ करो ईमान की कमाई,
बेवकूफियाँ छोड़कर, अब बन जाओ समझदार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

भ्रष्टाचार खुद से ही नहीं,
बल्कि देश से भी कर रहा है गद्दारी,
यह गलती पड़ेगी तुम्हें भारी,
क्या रिश्वत दे पाओगे तुम ? बढ़ाओगे ये बीमारी ?
जब भी मुँह खोलोगे तुम, होगा कोई और भ्रष्ट कर्मचारी,
कभी तो मचेगा तेरे अंतरमन में हाहाकार ।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार ।

भ्रष्टाचार की जड़ काटने के लिए,
बच्चों को देनी होगी सीख,
कि भ्रष्टाचार की कमाई से तो अच्छा है,
माँगनी पड़ जाए भीख,
धन न सही, कम से कम सर तो ऊँचा होगा,
जब चलेगी ईमानदारी की रीत,
कब तक बहरे बने रहोगे,

कभी तो सुनो अपनी अंतरात्मा की चीख।
मत खाओ, खिलाओ अपनों को, यह घृणित आहार।
चंद पैसों के हाथों हुए लोग लाचार।

लालच का अंधकार जब हटेगा,
तभी तो उगेगा एक नया सवेरा,
अक्सर तुमने इसे किया है अनदेखा,
अंतर्मन जागृत नहीं हुआ है तेरा।
हो चुका भ्रष्टाचार का अब हर रवि अस्त है,
क्योंकि तू यदि गुनाह छिपाने में नहीं व्यस्त है,
क्षमा करना अगर कुछ गलत बात है कही
या रह गई हो कोई कमी,
बदलाव के कुछ अभी भी हैं आसार।
चंद पैसों के हाथों शायद लोग नहीं होंगे इतने भी लाचार।

हमारा देश भारत

प्रभव मेहरोत्रा, 12सी

यह देश है वीर जवानों का,
लाखों होते कुर्बान जहाँ।
इस देश की माटी की खातिर
खड़े हैं सीना तान यहाँ।

यह देश है सोने की चिड़िया,
जिसके हैं हम रखवाले।
इस देश के सारे अरमानों को,
हैं हम पूरा करने वाले।

यह देश है हमको इतना प्यारा,
जान भी हम लुटा देंगे।
इस देश के हैं हम रखवाले,
शीश भी अपना कटा देंगे।

इस देश से हमको प्यार बहुत,
इस देश पर है अधिकार बहुत।
यह माता है जन-जीवन देती,
सिखलाती हमें संस्कार बहुत।

इस देश की खातिर जीना हमको,
हम इसकी शान बढ़ाएंगे।
बढ़ेंगे आगे, नहीं झुकेगे,
ध्वज ऊँचा लेकर जाएंगे।

होड़

श्री गणपत स्वरूप पाठक
हिन्दी विभाग

‘प्रतियोगिताएँ तनाव को जन्म देती हैं।’ समूह ‘ब’ के लिए सभापटल पर उक्त विषय वाद-विवाद के लिए निश्चय हुआ। जीवाजी और महादजी को इसके विपक्ष में बोलना था। जोशी महोदय ने मुझसे कहा कि इन आस-पड़ोस के सदनों के प्रतिभागियों को वाद-विवाद में आप सहायता प्रदान कीजियेगा। सो, जैसा मुझसे बन पड़ा; मैंने सहायता की। महादजी सदन के प्रतिभागी थोड़े हँसमुख थे। सक्षम बार-बार यही आग्रह करता रहा कि महोदय कविता की चंद पंक्तियाँ लिखा देते तो मेरे वक्तव्य में जान आ जाती। एक दो दिन तो गुजार दिए लेकिन आखिर में उसके लिए कुछ पंक्तियाँ लिखने बैठा तो ये कविता बन पड़ी। पढ़िए ये कविता और बताइए कैसी लगी:

तानना अपने करम को,
कोसना अपने धरम को,
भाग्य के कदमों में बेदम वो पड़ा।

जो है जीता रोज़ के दिन,
विजित हर बाधा कठिन,
सफलता को पाँव में दाबे खड़ा।

होड़ से आसान होती हैं,
मंजिलें आसार होती हैं,
बन हृदय सुन्दर सरल बातें लड़ा।



मेरी मानसरोवर यात्रा

सार्थक गुप्ता, 7 सी (जनकोजी)



घूमना किसे अच्छा नहीं लगता ? और जब हम पूरे परिवार के साथ कहीं जा रहे हों। मेरे परिवार में भी हमने मानसरोवर की यात्रा पर जाने का निश्चय किया। मानसरोवर की यात्रा पर जाने के लिए सबसे पहले चीनी दूतावास, नई दिल्ली से वीसा और तिब्बत घूमने का परमिट लेना पड़ता है। मानसरोवर यात्रा हिन्दू, जैन और बौद्ध धर्मों के लिए अत्यंत पवित्र यात्रा है। बर्फसे ढँका हुआ कैलाश पर्वत तथा ऊँचे स्थान पर बसा हुआ मानसरोवर दोनों ही तिब्बत में स्थित हैं। कैलाश पर्वत की परिक्रमा को भगवान शिव का निवास स्थान भी माना जाता है।

मैं और मेरा पूरा परिवार अपनी गाड़ी से डबरा से नेपाल गए। हमें वहाँ पहुँचने में सारा दिन लग गया। हम नेपालगंज पहुँचे। वहाँ हम लोग सारा दिन घूमते रहे। वहाँ के बाजार को देखा। यह बहुत बड़ी जगह नहीं थी। हमने एक रात वहाँ गुजारी। अगले दिन हम नेपालगंज से सिमीकोट पहुँच गए थे। जिस होटल में हम रुके थे उस होटल की बालकनी से वहाँ का दृश्य बहुत ही अच्छा लग रहा था। सिमीकोट एक बहुत छोटी सी जगह है, जहाँ सुविधाएँ बहुत

कम हैं और कई बार खराब मौसम के कारण हवाई जहाज़ भी नहीं उड़ते। आपके पास कुछ चीनी युआन भी होना चाहिए जो तिब्बत में खर्च कर सकें और भारतीय रूपया तो नेपाल में भी चलता है।

सिमीकोट में हमने एक रात गुजारी और अगले दिन सुबह हेलीकाप्टर से हम लोग नेपाल और चीन की सीमा की ओर चल पड़े। लगभग तीस मिनट में ही हम वहाँ पहुँच गए। सीमा के इस पार से उस पार जाने के लिए हमें कुछ देर के लिए रोका गया फिर हम एक बस में बैठकर चीन की सीमा की ओर चल पड़े। वहाँ पहुँचने के बाद हमारी तलाशी ली गयी। हमारे एक-एक सामान को देखा गया। इस सब कार्रवाई में 3 से 4 घंटे लग गए और इतनी देर हम बस में ही बैठे रहे। ले-देकर उन्होंने हमें सीमा पार करने दी। इसके बाद भी बस को रास्ते में दो बार रोका गया और तलाशी ली गयी। होटल पहुँचने में हमें 15 मिनट लगे। हम लोग बैठे-बैठे बहुत थक गए थे तो हमने होटल पहुँचकर थोड़ा आराम किया।

अगले दिन नौ बजे ही हम मानसरोवर की यात्रा पर निकल पड़े। हम लगभग ग्यारह बजे तक वहाँ पहुँच गए थे। वहाँ पहुँचने के बाद जैसे ही हम बस से उतरे हमारे सामने एक बहुत बड़ी झील थी जहाँ हमें आना था यानी कि मानसरोवर झील। वहाँ का पानी बहुत ठंडा लेकिन साफ़ था। उस झील में मैंने और मेरे परिवार ने स्नान किया और मानसरोवर झील में नहाने का हमारा सपना साकार हो गया। झील में नहाने के बाद हम सबको काफी अच्छा लग रहा था। अब तक हमें कैलाश पर्वत दिखाई नहीं दिया था क्योंकि चारों तरफ पहाड़ बादलों से ढँके हुए थे। जब हम आगे बढ़े तो हमारा भाग्य अच्छा था और हमें कैलाश पर्वत के दर्शन हो गए। अब जब कैलाश पर्वत दिखाई देने लगा तो हम पूजा के लिए चल पड़े। वहीं पर एक मंदिर था जहाँ हमने पूजा की और पूजा समाप्त होने के बाद जब हम बाहर निकले तो वहाँ का भी दृश्य बहुत सुंदर था। वहाँ की सुंदरता सिमीकोट की सुंदरता से भी कई गुना अधिक थी। हम सब मंत्रमुग्ध हो गए थे। अब हमने मानसरोवर झील की परिक्रमा की जिसमें हमें चालीस मिनट का समय लगा। हम सबकी इच्छा थी कि हम लोग कैलाश पर्वत को नज़दीक से देखें इसलिए अब हम कैलाश पर्वत की ओर बढ़ने लगे। यह पहाड़ बर्फसे ढँका हुआ था। वहाँ ऑक्सीजन की भी कमी थी परंतु हमें साँस लेने में कोई दिक्कत नहीं हो रही थी। इसमें टेढ़े-मेढ़े पथरीले रास्ते से होकर

गुजरता पड़ता है। यहाँ पहाड़ों पर कहीं भी पेड़ नहीं दिखते, हाँ एक-दो जगह झरने ज़रूर दिखाई देते हैं। लोग याक या खच्चर पर भी अपना सामान लादकर या उस पर बैठकर यात्रा पूरी करते हैं। कहीं-कहीं थोड़ी बहुत घास अवश्य दिख जाती है।

यह मान्यता है कि यह पहाड़ भगवान शिव का निवास-स्थल है। मेरे लिए आपको यह बताना कठिन है कि यहाँ की सुंदरता कितनी सम्मोहित करने वाली थी। इस यात्रा के बारे में मैं जितना लिखूँ उतना ही कम है।

इस यात्रा से मैंने जाना कि नेपाल और तिब्बत या चीन के लोग कैसे हैं, वहाँ का खान-पान क्या है ? वहाँ कौन सी मुद्रा चलती है? रास्ते में किस प्रकार की कठिनाइयाँ आती हैं? और इन सब से मेरी जानकारी में भी वृद्धि हुई है। आप सबको कैलाश मानसरो-वर की यात्रा करनी चाहिए क्योंकि आप जब तक स्वयं नहीं जायेंगे आप उस सुन्दरता को महसूस नहीं कर पाएंगे।



क्या से क्या हो गए

आकाश फोगाट, 12 ए

जिनको बनाना चाहते थे खुदा
वो मतलबी बन गए ।
जिनको दिखाना चाहते थे आसमाँ
वो धूल बन गए ।
रखना चाहते थे नदी की मिठास में
समुद्र से मिलकर नमकीन बन गए।

जिसे देना चाहते थे वजह
वो दिशाहीन बन गए ।
करते रहते थे सुलह
आज वो गाँठे भी गंभीर बन गए ।

गलियाँ सड़क से मिलने के लिए बनी है,
सड़क बनने के लिए
एक स्याही कागज़ पर उतर जाए तो कमाल बन जाती है
परंतु कपड़े पर गिर जाए तो द्राग बनकर रह जाती है ।

सँवारना एक कला है
पर जो संजोकर रखता है उसी पर खुदा मेहरबाँ है
क्योंकि दिल का वज़न मन से तोला जाता है
तराजू से नहीं
चिंता अपनों की होती है सारों की नहीं ।

अकेले गलती हज़ारों में करो,
पर एक भी बाज़ारों में नहीं ।
शब्द मन में उतरते हैं दीवारों पे नहीं,
लोग मंजिल को पूजते हैं सहारों को नहीं।
क्योंकि विश्वास अंधा होना चाहिए
परंतु अंधेरे में नहीं ।

The Artist's Interpretation



Mr Jayant Gaur

The sketch and the concept have been developed by a distinguished Old Boy, Mr Jayant Gaur (Ex- Md, 1966). The title of the sketch on the cover page is AMALGAMATION OF GENERATIONS. Mr Jayant Gaur took a degree in Chemical Engineering from IT BHU and remained an entrepreneur for 20 years, thereafter. He opted out of it, at the age of 42, to pursue Art-his passion. Ever since then, he has remained a conceptual artist, sculptor, painter, cartoonist, writer, wildlife photographer and calls himself a man who generally pursues dreams. He recalls that his interest in sketching was kindled by Mr Jacob, a PT Instructor in Junior School in 1958. The Fort is the platform on which there is a young student exhibiting the spectacular achievements, and on the other side there is an Old Boy appreciating it, nostalgically; together they form the amalgam of the past and the present-which coalesce and culminate into a bright future.

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