



# THE OLIPHANT

No. 168

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

May 22th, 1995

## Think About It

*"Who ought to be the Boss?" is like asking, "Who ought to be the tenor in the quartet?" Obviously, the man who can sing tenor. —Henry Ford*

## THE EDITORIAL

*A great while ago, rehearsals begun,  
With a Hey-Ho, the grind and the rain,  
But that's all one, Our play is done,  
And you'll have to wait a year for another  
one.*

*The joint production finally ended very 'productively' on the seventh of this month. After more than two and a half months of rehearsals and three days of staging it, the guys in the cast (including the director) are bed ridden and have been diagnosed to have the sleeping sickness. (Almost a week later, three illustrious members of the cast were handed House Master's cards for missing first school.)*

*Everybody got sentimental while writing on each others brochures on the last night. I got one which even the best would envy, except me. It said, "Bollywood is waiting for you!" After all the good byes were said, (the guard was wondering why twelve guys had come to escort three girls) the guys were roaming around saying 'Thank God the play is over.' Two days later they weren't the same guys. They were roaming around like love sick 'Orsinos' singing some new version of a song. Something that says, 'Send me the Angels....' (But they weren't exactly hugging pillows and sighing to love songs!)*

*One is missing the play, especially the director whose attacks of hysteria are legendary. Two minute delays, guys slipping out of character, characters not reacting are some of the things that sent her into a frenzy. When there was a delay, assurances of 'Maam,*

*this is India' did not seem to work. The break after the play seems to have done her a lot of good. (Now, everybody is waiting for the cast dinner especially because it gives them a chance to raid Mr.K's resources.)*

*Taking the opportunity of having to fill the space I'd like to congratulate the director for doing a professionally fabulous job (She managed to make even a schmuck like me act!)*

*The exies were here during the play and one particularly euphoric guy kept yelling 'C'mon Krishna' everytime he saw a green costume. He took a fancy to one member of the cast and kept cheering him on.*

*After the play he actually walked up to the cast members and congratulated the cast saying, "The play was very good. It must have been good because I couldn't understand anything." Later he tells me that the standard of the magazine had gone to the dogs because he understood whatever was printed. Someone said, "Your reply to that letter was good. I haven't read it but I've heard about it! It must have been good." One exie suggested that the language in the magazine being so difficult, certain articles should carry 'sub titles.'*

*Like always, I seem to have given the Staff Rep. a tough time on this issue too. I spent a whole day trying to avoid him and all the guys keep warning me that he has got his fangs bared. Meeting up with him will be like an interview with a vampire and I certainly don't want to be drained of life. You'll never know the cold suaveness with which he deals with the members of the board. The computer designer*

at the moment is helping me chip some ice off the block.

The staff members had a cool, pool side party during this fortnight and though I was in a classroom which gave a good view of them, sporting a pair of binoculars, I couldn't find the bermudas and the swimming trunks and

the cool physiques. Life savers and first aiders were immediately put on the alert and stretchers were kept ready. Mr. Mahenga Ram looked nervous. He was scared the pool would be used as a giant finger bowl.

—Sudeep

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

This issue seems to be more on the Joint Production than on the school. Why didn't you just change the name of the magazine for this issue. Well, since you didn't, I'll also give you something on the JP.

Right after the play was over, all members heaved a sigh of relief but it was quite superficial. There were however, four of the cast members who were genuinely sad at the remembrance of their flames. Of course, you, yeah, you are one of those hypocrites who was happy on the outside but sad on the inside. C'mon man, face it, 'You are in love.' I've even heard that you have been sleep talking through some of your more intimate lines and your rather passionate moves. Just that when you were supposed to say, 'Viola' you took somebody else's name. The name was pretty incoherent but we could make out some of it. But who's your fair maiden? Now that's an easy question to answer. I mean you didn't have much of a choice, did you?

The next sad-sack is the Computer Designer. Yeah, not the new one, the old one. Ankur is also extremely love-sick these days and he is displaying full signs of it. He is often seen in his room listening to music which lifts his heart in one breath to heaven. He has been listening to the songs of the like of Patience, Wonderful Tonight and all that senti stuff. He bunked Mrs. Mehra's school lately and when asked why, he replied rather lovingly, "There can only be one Mehra in my life." Wowzee. Some lover that. He hasn't even got his hair chopped after the JP as he had promised he would. Instead he has started slicking his hair back and even started putting oil, a feat which took him seven years to accomplish. And to even think that someone in the cast told him to

do all this makes me shudder.

The turbulent one sheds a turbulent tear. How I know he contradicts those vibes but that's the way love goes. Who is it? Is it friend of mine. Yo, (not MTV Raps) it is a friend of mine. Manav 'badgeless' Sehgal is finally in love. Yoo-Hoo. After all these years of crooning over his past love affairs with someone whose name starts with a 'P', he has finally found someone whose name sounds like something out of a Pepsi ad. He too is seen very often in Chic School on the pretext of meeting his sister of course. He just died in her arms that night and I have no doubt that it must have been love and it's not over now. He sure needs some bad medicine for fixin' his broken heart as always. In his words, "Maybe my love will come back some day, only heaven knows, and maybe our hearts will find their ways, only heaven knows."

Hic, he too, hic, has fallen on something, oops, for something. Not because he is drunk half the time but because he has finally met his match. If we put their initials together, and crush it a little, it would bow to them because it would form the word, "Sank." And that's exactly what they keep doing all the time. Sinking deeper and deeper, looking into each other with hungry eyes. Now that he is back and looking more love sick than ever, he is eagerly awaiting the summer holidays. Such locals I tell you, both of them. He too thinks she is a good wench, and a true beagle and one that adores him. But to acquire this dame, will he dump the old one. (After this, even if he doesn't, she will.) Now I remember why he used to give those forlorn looks of his and just sit on the steps with the guitar in his hands. I hope his prayers are answered. Amen to that.

Please note that I take no responsi-

bility for the authenticity of the given information. I'm no informer.

Yours Truly, (pun intended)

Ashish Gupta.

Class XI

## LITERARY AFFAIRS

### Twelfth Night - A Review

First of all, I start with a confession. I came to see *Twelfth Night* (On Sunday, 7th May) full of fear and trepidation. I expected to be bored and perhaps even embarrassed by a slow moving play, with actors mouthing Shakespeare as though his words may bite them. Instead here was a play full of movement with cues rapidly taken in 2 and a quarter hours including a perhaps too long interval of twenty minutes.

Next, the stage setting. Cubes of different heights were moved around. Different acting levels were introduced and made full use of. Costumes, I confess, left a lot to be desired. This is always difficult work and perhaps the answer lies in not even attempting to create them if they cannot be made to appear authentic. Perhaps a little music could have been introduced; however, the beat of the drum during the brief moments when the stage was being altered was effective.

Any school production of such a size will have unevenness of performance. It was so with this play too, but the gap was narrow except for the smallest parts.

The play, in my opinion, belonged to Feste the fool. A charming, lively, athletic performance marred somewhat by a voice that was beginning to die on him. Well done Kumar Abhijeet. The quartet of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Fabian and Maria acted with much zest and enjoyment and this was, in fact, enough to infect and so carry the audience with them. Their butt, Malvolio, had his great moments in the 'letter' and 'yellow stockings' scenes.

Orsino, for all his lovely lines is, a rather two dimensional role. Here Sudeep Chaudhuri, making good use of his voice and

his understanding of poetry provided the most sensitive reading of Shakespeare in the cast. The girls, Viola and Olivia, also spoke well although in the more romantic interludes, they as also their opposite members, stiffened (inevitably?). Sebastian in perhaps the smallest of the 'major' roles did a fair job.

Diction was sometimes unclear. I heard complaints of this in the audience. My own opinion is that if pace is to be maintained—and that of course is primary in any production—then a sacrifice in this area is inevitable except at very high professional levels of Shakespearean acting. By pace I mean the speed at which a play progresses, the rapidity of cueing, speed of delivery. Poetry tends to suffer if pace is given greater importance. This must, however be so, because naturally, a play is for the enjoyment of the audience which will follow a story rather than lend itself to the music of the words. This music is listened to at different times and different places. At stage it has perforce to take second place. Better this way than the other!

To the producer (who fails to receive any recognition in the programme) our congratulations on a well designed performance, full of life and laughter; lacking, thankfully, any reverential treatment of Shakespeare—who was after all writing plays to entertain an audience—us!

And finally, to Welham, I would say that it was brave to have taken on a full length production of Shakespeare. Medals I cannot hand out, but if I could you would get one. Will you settle, meanwhile, for an Honourable Mention in dispatches?

—Kamal Bhagat

## ***Now That's What I Call the Inside Stuff***

*The thunderous applause, the wide-eyed 'literate' spectators, the smiling face of the Principal and the First lady, basically everything, every comment, compliment and face spoke for itself. It reminded the cast, the director and all involved, directly or indirectly, that the production was a runaway success. 'We' as the director called us, could not help but smile and chuckle deep inside at the realisation that our effort had not been in vain. Little did the audience realise that to produce the kind of play that was staged, many nights had been spent tossing in bed and many sweltering afternoons had been beguiled running about the school campus.*

*Four months back, when it was first suggested by the Principal that this time's Joint Production would be Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, it did not have a mixed response. Everybody said the same thing in different ways. Some simply said, "Gross" while others went on in detail about how Shakespearean language would be incomprehensible to even the students of it. But against all odds, the director took up the challenge.*

*The audition was held way back in December and all parts were carefully selected and given to suitable boys and girls with the instructions that all parts would have to be learnt by the end of vacations. But we Welhamites have this rather uncanny knack of not following instructions. While the director's winter vacations were filled with visions and hallucinations of Twelfth Night, ours were filled with those of Discotheques, latest music and all kinds of fun and frolic. We returned to school without even opening our scripts.*

**The Initial Nervousness :-** *The cast was formally introduced in February. We had the whole of February and April since March was practically useless with a whole lot of functions and other activities. It suddenly dawned upon us that we had barely two months to go before we would stage the longest play ever staged in the history of Welham. Another few days were spent in nervousness on how much we'd have to do in such little time.*

**The Trial :-** *The first few days were filled with battles raging in the mind of the director to somehow bring the boys closer to the girls. Everybody seemed too reticent to talk to the opposite sex. Some moves could not be done at that time due to lack of familiarity.*

**The Gradual Easing :-** *Slowly but steadily the cast members shed their inhibitions and started interacting normally much to the satisfaction of the director but that gave air to rumours. Luckily, the rumours died a natural death and did not affect us.*

**The Excitement :-** *When things finally started shaping one could see the excitement on the faces of the cast members and the director. Lines were learnt and moves were remembered. In fact, some of the moves were actually done correctly. The lights were put up after hours of brain-wracking with the authorities and the electricians. The sets were built after days of arguments which were basically to dissuade the director from having such big blocks and plans to move them too. The shape of the blocks were changed, some movement was curbed but it was done.*

**The Disappointment :-** *There were days when everything seemed to go wrong. Nothing went correctly. There were storms which shifted the lights out of focus, rains which soaked the set, performers who were not in a mood to act, others who chose to socialise and laugh at the moves that some had been given. The director lost temper, gave us sentimental lectures, explained to us, we understood, or atleast we seemed to, but not for long.*

**The Wrath and Agony :-** *The director, not literate in Hindi, was expected to do things that any other person even of our country would be hesitant to. There was practically no help from the higher authorities. The electricians, the carpenters, the cloth merchant, the tailor, the seamstress and a lot of other people involved were not literate in English*

and the communication gap only added to the already building frustrations and agony. The late night rehearsals and the bugging schedule were all instrumental in the success of the play, because the more frustrated we got, the more resolved we became not to fall prey to the badly organised state of affairs of the schools involved. At first the girls were not even allowed to come for late night practices. But countless negotiations finally convinced those concerned to finally allow the girls for the late night rehearsals.

**Materialisation :-** All set and done, the play then finally started taking shape and we actually enjoyed play practices. The day did not seem complete till the time we did not rehearse. All those who came to watch us rehearse said something to the effect that it would flop. Without intending to, they actually discouraged us sometimes. After rehearsals, we would sit together and the director would open her book filled with notes. She would rip all of us one by one but no one seemed to mind. There were almost no ego problems between the cast. 'We' had become a family.

**The Last Minute Problems :-** When everything was seemingly ready, a lot still remained. The printer of the programme seemed almost illiterate once we saw the first and even the second proof of the programme. Eventually, one of us had to go and help the poor guy out of his dilemma. Besides, there was just one painter in school who helped as much as he could but maximum of the sets (say about 95%), were painted completely by the cast, the director and also the School Captain alongwith the Stage Committee and Light and Sound guys. But that wasn't just it.

Imagine staying awake till three o'clock in the morning painting sets and then getting up for class at six thirty and being reprimanded for coming five minutes late! It was at moments like these that everything seemed thankless but we hung on. That was just the beginning. The screens were put up and just as we were admiring them, a raging storm ripped them apart and the next thing we saw were the torn screens. Like a cherry on a cake, the tailor played truant too. The few costumes that he

made on time, were a little too loose at the waist and a little too long.

Then came the 5th of May, the day when the play was to be filmed. The costumes of the twins had not arrived till late afternoon. The director in panic fled to the tailor shop with another member of the cast but the tailor seemed to have fled from the face of the Earth. Half an hour before the play, and no costumes for two of the performers. Luckily, they were twins (in the play, of course) and had to do with pink T-Shirts and Blue Jeans. We performed the next day for students of various schools and the day after that for the invited guests. The most thrilling and exciting feedback we got was on the second day. A big 'Thanks' to all girls of Welham Girls' High School for the response they gave.

**End of the Road :-** On the 7th, before any of us realised, it was all over. Months of hard work, moments of togetherness, of friendship, of love, arguments and teasing, all over. There could not have been a sadder relief for any of us. As we sat on the steps for one last time, our faces were smiling, but we weren't. It was a very futile attempt to mask what was inside. We exchanged autographs. Everybody wrote something for the other. We clicked snaps of each other together, but every smile seemed so artificial, so fake that anyone who would see us now, would definitely believe that we, were really good actors.

As the clock ticked towards mid-night, it was time to drop the girls back to school, for one last time. We started our walk towards the silver gate but no one wanted to. We walked them back and said bye, knowing very well that that was it. The family that had been building up for so many months was suddenly torn apart. Another few minutes, and it would all be over.

As we returned from there, no one talked. Everybody was silent, enjoying the stillness of the night and of everything else. And as we walked towards our hostels, some lines came to my mind.....

## ***Cherished Memories***

*Oh, Nothing is as sad as it seems you know  
Cause, someday you'll laugh at the heart-ache,  
Someday you'll laugh at the pain,  
Somehow you will get through the heart break,  
Somehow you can get through the rain.  
When love puts you through the fire,  
When love puts you through the test,  
Nothing cures a broken heart ,  
Like time , love and tenderness.*

*— Ankur Nigam  
Class XII*

## ***EMOTIONS***

### ***THE NIGHT BEFORE :***

*A savage storm rages in my head.  
Turbulent waters and fiery skies rock the very  
cradle of my existence. My mind is rocked by  
electrifying, painful jolts that are slowly and  
steadily becoming the death of me.*

*I am trying my level best to hold  
myself together and scribble this down before  
I lose complete control over myself.*

*My emotions are surging and my  
affections are swaying from pole to pole, from  
corner to corner, from person to person.....*

### ***THE NIGHT AFTER :***

*The storm has subsided. Waves lap the  
shore and the first cry of the gulls is heard as  
the sun peeks out from behind a grey cloud  
looking curiously like a child emerging from a  
dreary, droll school building.*

*Got my thoughts together, got my pri-  
orities right, set my life, in other words -  
ORGANIZED.*

*Only a few after-effects of the storm are  
being felt; other than that - PEACE.*

*—Rumaan Kidwai  
Class XI*

*The first time I saw her I went head over heels,  
Before her ravishing beauty, I had to kneel.  
Her smile, her eyes and her entire appearance,  
I swear to God she filled my life with fragrance.  
Visions and thoughts of her I have cherished,  
Without her I guess, my lord, I would have  
perished.*

*The touch and caress of her beautiful face,  
In which the lines of agedness had no trace.  
Since I saw her ,my condition went bad,  
When we got married, I went whooping mad.  
My after-work hours were, then, never lonely,  
Her acceptance of me, had made my life lively.*

*But days of euphoria went too fast,  
Twenty summers ago, this day, I saw her last.  
I returned home from work and I saw a large  
crowd,*

*My lovely, little dear was covered in a shroud.  
Millions of tears fell out of my eyes,  
It seemed, as if the heaven had fallen out of the  
skies.*

*I raged like a maniac, crying for my wife,  
Desperately, I tried to shake her back to life.  
People took hold of me, I struggled, but in vain,  
I don't think anyone understood my pain.  
She was buried in the graveyard which was a  
mile away,*

*It seemed as if my life had been snatched away.*

*Reveries of mine have been filled with sorrow,  
Now I lie on my bed, expecting death any day  
from tomorrow.*

*I do not feel sad at being close to death,  
'Cause I know she is away by only one breath.  
Soon we'll be walking, arm in arm,  
In Heaven we'll come to no harm.  
I'll be joining her for years to come,  
"Come, come quickly! Death, please do come."  
In Heaven, where we'll lose our true identity,  
And as one, we'll be merry till eternity.*

*—Ashish Gupta  
Class XI*

# WELHAM NOW

1. A group of six boys-Akshi, Siddhant, Samarth, Muzaffar, Pratyush and Vipul went to Agra to represent Dehra Dun in the State Championships. Dehra Dun stood first. Akshi, Siddhant and Samarth have been selected to represent U.P. in the Nationals. Akshi, however, returned owing to various reasons.

2. Miss Chopra has been appointed the Head of Admissions. Our congratulations to her.

3. The Life Saving Exam was held on Sunday, 14th of April, at the swimming pool. lot of enthusiastic budding life savers were present.

4. The Kadambini Short Story Writing Contest was held and a few of our enthusiastic staff members participated in it.

5. Nikunj Gupta, Gaurav Dubey and Kumar Abhijeet represented the school in the Inter-School Hindi Debate held in Welham Girls' on the 9th of this month. The school stood 3rd.

6. Mr. Rajiv Nagalia tied the nuptial knot on 11th of May with Ms. Shikha. Our hearty congratulations.

7. The Taekwondo Championships were held in the Activity Centre on the 12th. Amrinder stood first in the Senior Section and Aditya Malhotra stood first in the Junior Section.

8. The First Round of the Inter-House Science Quiz was held on the same day. The results were as follows : Krishna leading with 102 points, followed by Jamuna with 80 points and Ganga with 78 points and trailing behind them was Cauvery with 35 points.

9. The P.T. Competition was held on the 13th of the month.

10. Rumaan Kidwai and Sarthak Pany represented the school in the Inter-School English Debate held in Cambrian Hall on the 15th.

11. Mr. Vachani, too, tied the nuptial knot the same day, i.e. on the 15th with Ms. Rekha. Congratulations to him and his wife and our best wishes for a happy married life.

12. Although there was no formal inauguration of the Squash Courts, they have come into function. Boys keen to play squash have started utilising this facility.

13. The Inter-House Sub-Juniors and Juniors English Debate was held on the 11th of this

month. The results were as follows :-

## SUB-JUNIORS

Individual Positions :

1st - Sahil Vohra and Archit Baweja

2nd - Vikrant Tomar

3rd - Rohan Sachdeva

Best Rebuttal - Paritosh Kumar and Aditya Malhotra

House Positions :

1st - Ganga

2nd - Jamuna

3rd - Cauvery

## JUNIORS

Individual Positions :

1st - Shariq Ansari

2nd - Aayush Negi

3rd - Mehul Mayank

Best Rebuttal - Abhijeet Sengupta

House Positions :

1st - Cauvery

2nd - Ganga

3rd - Krishna

# RINGSIDE VIEW

The trials for the Dehra Dun District Basketball Team were held in our school. A number of boys tried for the team demonstrating various stunts. Siddhant, Akshi and Samarth, along with Muzaffar, Pratyush and Vipul went to Agra to participate in the U.P. Basketball Inter-District Championship. The Dehra Dun team dominated over others from various districts and reached the finals with no difficulty. In the finals, the team played against Varanasi, and after a nail-biting match of rigorous basketball, Dehra Dun beat Varanasi by 3 points. Siddhant, Akshi and Samarth were chosen to represent U.P. in the Nationals.

Switching over to another arena of sports. The Inter-House hockey matches for Sections B and C were played. In Section B the first match was played between Jamuna and Ganga. There was a display of skills from both sides but the defenders of Ganga were no match for Jamuna. Saswat and Puneet scored a goal

each to take the match for Jamuna. The final score read 2-0 in their favour. The next match was between Krishna and Cauvery and though both teams played well, neither was able to score a goal and the match ended in a draw. Next on the list was Jamuna versus Cauvery. Saswat, playing well put in two goals for Jamuna. The Cauvery scorers could only score one goal which was scored by Parivesh. At the end of the match the scoreboard read 2-1 in favour of Jamuna.

The following match was Krishna v/s Ganga. Suman and Anirudh scored one goal each for Krishna to win the match. Yashab's efforts could only cut down the margin to one goal. The score read 2-1 at the end. The match was followed by one between Cauvery and Ganga. Bagadia, with excellent stick-work converted 2 goals for his team making Cauvery win- 2-0. The last match was played between Jamuna and Krishna. Saswat keeping up the good play lead Jamuna to victory by scoring two superb goals. Krishna could not reply in spite of the efforts of Chauhan and the others. With the third consecutive victory, Jamuna, thanks to Saswat, lifted the trophy.

The matches for the seniormost section, too, were played. The first match was between Cauvery and Ganga. Being at a loss of one of their main player, Muzaffar, who had gone to Agra, Ganga put up a good fight but were unable to stop the well-planned attacks of the Cauvery forwards. Manish having good control over the ball scored three goals for his team, Khullar and Puri too, contributed by scoring a goal each. The next match was played between Jamuna and Krishna. Though not having a good team, Jamuna played extremely well and gave a good fight to Krishna. Prashant and Ankur, the Krishna forwards, were unable to break through the defenders led by Abhishek and the match ended in a draw with no goal

being scored. Jamuna and Ganga played the next match. The first goal was scored by Jamuna when Arpit converted a wonderful pass. When ten minutes remained, Ganga scored a goal but the Jamunaites walked out of the match in bad spirit. According to them, the ball had gone from over the pole. Ganga was declared winner of the match.

The next match was the one between Krishna and Ganga. Muzaffar having returned from Agra boosted the spirits of his team. Prashant broke through the Ganga defence thrice. Ankur, too, helped push up the score for Krishna by scoring a goal. The Gangaites could not reply and lost the match by four goals. The final score was 4-0 in Krishna's favour. The second last match was played between Jamuna and Cauvery. Both teams played well with a display of skills by both sides. Manish, having hurt his finger, did not play as well as expected, but due to his superb passes Vishwas was able to score two goals for his team. Though the Jamuna forwards, Arpit and Vinayak, tried hard, they were unable to reduce the score and the scoreboard read 2-0 in Cauvery's favour at the end. The deciding match of the section was played between Krishna and Cauvery. Akshi, who had gone to Agra, had returned. It was definitely the most exciting match of the inter house. The Cauvery team was full of pep and had the most number of school team players. Krishna was the underdog. It was an extremely close and a well fought match which both teams thoroughly enjoyed playing. Bikash Gurung scored a solitary goal for Cauvery in the middle of the second half. After that again, the match resumed with the ball moving to and fro but never entering the goals. As the whistle blew, it brought to Cauvery, the hockey cup and to Krishna, the satisfaction of having played a good game.

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### **EDITORIAL BOARD**

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