

SEPTEMBER 2018

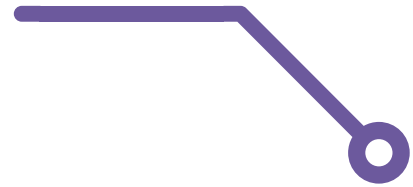
VOL 2

DALS

perspectives

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The Front Page of the Internet



A simple Google search may display it as a 'social news aggregation, web content rating, and discussion website' where 'members submit content to the site such as links, text posts, and images, which are then voted up or down by other members'. But to define Reddit by the same parameters as other social media, in my opinion, does not do it justice.

Reddit is a slumbering giant lying unconcerned amongst the titans that dominate the user - based internet. One surprising fact, although Reddit lags in terms of unique monthly active users (330 million) behind Instagram (800 million) and Facebook (2.13 billion) among others, it still surpasses Twitter, SnapChat and Pinterest. Get this, it ranks at 6th in the most visited websites in the world! (Behind Google, YouTube, Facebook, Baidu, and Wikipedia). This is largely a result of its users spending more time daily on its various subreddits as compared to other media. Why? Because it's better.

Other than the content being entirely user-generated and democratically 'voted' upon, perhaps Reddit's most distinguishing feature is its human moderation and curation of content on top of existing algorithms. The best analogy that I have seen so far, is to think of it as a university composed of millions of colleges, each with unlimited space, many courses, and teachers. Much like this, users can choose what 'courses' they want to take, or what subreddits they want to be a part of. The 'teacher' or moderator facilitates discussion and curates the subreddit by setting up rules and moderating what is posted. Each subreddit has its own culture and can range from the single digits to tens of millions of 'students'. Like most universities, you can choose your 'courses' according to your own preferences. And like most universities, break the rules and they'll kick you out.

The fascinating bit, however, is that instead of communicating with your friends or family, Reddit brings you together with people that share your interests. Imagine being surrounded by like-minded users, people that share your obscure tastes... Are you one of those people that like forming puns and jokes out of random words and phrases? Well then, r/punchlines, where you write a punchline and people try to come up with the rest of the joke, may be for you! Do you like storms? Do you have an undifferentiated passion for thunderous rain and lightning?

First, you're really weird and should probably see someone about that. Second, there's a subreddit called r/raining you might want to check out. It's literally just about storms. You know. For people who like that kind of thing. Maybe you're writing an article about Reddit and you want to demonstrate the pure randomness of what people are into? Well, I just went to r/obscuresubreddits!

My point being, there's a reason Reddit is called 'the front page of the internet'. If it exists online, it exists on Reddit. Why flock to (obviously) inferior social media when you can get to the source! Meme-lovers of Instagram and Facebook, where do you think your memes come from? In fact, content theft from Reddit itself has become a huge joke within the community itself.



Source: www.reddit.com/r/funny

For some reason, when it comes to Reddit, the choice seems to be binary. People are either on Reddit, or they have no idea what it is. In that regard, hopefully educating everyone reading this will make you, yes you (It might, nay it must!) Make you join. It isn't all good, don't worry. I'm not incapable of seeing its flaws, and believe me there are many. For one, there also exists, on it, an intellectual superiority complex (which I am completely guilty of). An 'us' vs 'them' mentality, that makes those that use it, look down on all those that don't. This can be quite entertaining, especially watching Redditors get into intense arguments with each other, over things as small as a typo. But in comparison to the slimy dredges that make their way into your lives through other media, unadulterated Reddit is bliss.

Behind its simple interface, drab look, and a conspicuous anonymity, there's a hidden gem - a veritable treasure trove of your interests tucked away in your own corner of the net - waiting for you. What are you waiting for?

- Jai Parera, Year 11

Spooof Advice

: by Professor Chandraswaroop Pillai

(Graduated Stanford 14 times. Majored in time management, Masters in school spirit and a Doctorate in critical thinking. Now, I write an advice column for a school newsletter.)

1

My science teachers yell at me for being more than three minutes late to class - even though the classes before science are often on the seventh floor. How do I get them to understand?

We're sorry, but it seems like the blame lies on you. Any moron with two ounces of common sense knows the solution to this. The three S's - strategize, shove and sprint. Firstly, prepare for this situation the week before. Go to the shop and pick up large Ziploc bags. Also, purchase a label maker. Put your books and materials in these Ziploc bags; organized by subject. Print and stick labels with your name, class, subject, pin code and Aadhar number on them. Arrive thirty minutes early to school so that you can put each Ziploc bag in the appropriate venue(s) where classes are to be held. Not having to carry books will make your journey between classes swift and aerodynamic for maximum punctuality. The next thing to remember is to shove. You must shove the teacher of the preceding class out of the way when they try to keep you for a few minutes, nay seconds, after the bell. The key is to tone the shoulders for a hearty, effective shove. Lastly, you must perfect your sprint. We recommend Olympic (or at least Commonwealth) athletic training for optimum speediness between classes. And there you have it - the secret to being a lean, mean, timely machine. Albert Einstein, the father of medicine, once said 'you just gotta speed dem legs to science, homie'. Do not worry if this test of endurance causes you to cough blood or bowl over small humanoids (commonly known as 'children').

I have asthma. The seatbelts in the school bus are so tight that they often make me breathless. However, the bus didi requires me to wear it. How do I persuade her to relax this rule for me?

2

Seatbelts in the bus are absolutely indispensable. In the event of a lurch, not only do they marginally slow down the inevitable crash into the seat in front, but they also bite into our shoulders to foster a sense of humility that we often lack in this Instagram era of selfies. We certainly agree that breathing is important. However, some things are even more important. Such as the looming threat of anarchy. Do you know how many gangs form in buses??? How many violent incidents take place daily, often over drugs????? Neither do we - but our experts suggest that the number is upwards of 'several'. By keeping us firmly in our places, seatbelts protect not just our bodies, but also our souls. Most importantly, they protect democracy.

HUMANS OF DAIS

This Issue: Mr. Sreeraman Ramanathan



“So I grew up in Kerala, which is where Kathakali originates from. I was largely influenced into taking up this dance form as a serious hobby because of the temple festivals held everywhere on a regular basis. These were grand events that showcased the finest dancers in the state. Kathakali also enticed me because of the colorful costumes and the unique make-up. Since my teenage years, I’ve been learning the dance, and have given several performances too. As much as I wanted to take it up as a career, my parents discouraged me from doing so, and it has remained just a hobby. Even when I was in Delhi, I worked with the International Centre for Kathakali for a while. Naturally, my commitment to the dance has reduced due to lack of time, but my passion for it has stayed on. If anything, it has become even more, because chances are few; I only perform in the holidays. As far as the current youth are concerned though, times have changed, and parents are encouraging their children to stick with their hobbies and turn them into careers. Kathakali is an essential part of our culture, and its glory needs to be carried on. I would be really sad to see it go.”

NOT ALL HEROES WEAR CAPES

Edition 2

August 2018 saw a country at its worst and its people at its best. It witnessed Kerala's worst floods in a century and caught a glimpse of an entire nation uniting in a time crisis. The extent to which almost one billion people acted in order to assist the state of Kerala was unexpectedly remarkable.

Following the excessive rainfall and severe floods that started in July, over 370 people died and over 280,000 people were evacuated. Naturally, homes, families, resources, and possessions were lost. Immediate and sizeable donations were made by state governments, famous personalities, independent companies, and common people through various non-governmental organizations. Amongst all the efforts made to restore Kerala's state of normalcy, were those made by students from our own school.



Inspired by a group of friends from Trivandrum, Anushka Basu of Year 11 initiated a drive to collect relief material from the DAIS community and transport it to Kerala via an airlift from an NGO called the 'Vedant Welfare Foundation'. She worked closely with several volunteers from Year 11 and 12, including Arjun Shukla, Aryamaan Dholakia, Daivik Chawla, Diva Agarwal, Keerti Gupta, Mihika Mishra, Nainika Pansari, Tanisha Deshpande, Nayantara Batra, Saatvik Kher, Sakshi Hinduja, Shawn Chauhan, Trisha Agarwal, Isha Valia, Ishita Baghri, and Yash Shah. Most importantly, a majority of school students, teachers, and staff contributed towards a total of 220 cartons worth of donations. This included 60,000 gloves donated by a company, 40 kilograms of medicine and blankets worth 75,000 rupees, all bought from the remnants of our school's annual farewell budget.

The entirety of this drive took place between Saturday, the 18th of August and Tuesday, the 21st of August. The idea was pitched on Saturday, executed on Sunday, publicized on Monday, and concluded on Tuesday. As one would expect, time

constraints and logistical issues were major hindrances in the smooth-running of this initiative. The drive was grouped with those independently initiated by several other students. For example, Keerti Gupta's collections from her family and building community were brought to school and added to the donations. Several forms of advertisements were used such as official circulars, messages, posters around the campus, and social media. Nevertheless, the volunteers saw that several teachers and students without direct access to these mediums offered to send in donations the following day. However, due to the urgent nature of this circumstance, the material had to be sent in by Tuesday. Therefore, they felt that their outcome did not reach its maximum potential. If only they'd had some more time...

The time-consuming logistical work did not seem to help their cause. Several sealed cartons were sent in unlabelled, truckloads of material had to be conveyed to several destinations (not to mention, in cars) and huge amounts of materials were to be sorted. The volunteers spent their free periods, breaks, and lunches. They arrived early to school on Tuesday and stayed back till 6 PM ensuring that all the material was sorted in a systematic and efficient manner.

Anushka shared the experiences she took away from this hectic, fulfilling event. She researched several NGOs and was urged by many into working with those with a certain 'title' or 'brand'. However, for her, recognition did not matter. Her aim was to send help in ways that were most effective. The Vedant Welfare Foundation was the only NGO willing to airlift material, instead of driving it. For this reason, it was her first and only choice, as it would have reached the victims faster.

The Perspectives team would like to appreciate the joint efforts of all student volunteers, assisting teachers (Ms. Manisha, Mr. Basu, and Mr. Sreeraman) as well as the entire DAIS community that contributed towards making this student-led initiative a success. As members of a larger society, we often tend to forget the magnitude of power that lies in our actions. We fail to realize the importance of the small parts that make a whole. And times of national crises like these remind us that a single box of medicines or a simple blanket could help restore life in places far away from us. And if that doesn't convince you that as teenagers, we too can make a difference, I don't know what could.



CREATIVES

THE SHINY SURFACE

We can polish the surface,
Till it glitters and gleams,
Never can we remove the cracks that grow underneath.
the reality of society.

-Anusha Vaidyanathan, Year 11

This is a world where we openly separate,
And place a shiny pedestal,
Where those who shower in roses,
Can go flaunt a false trait.

Smiles and waves all the way,
A sea of tears lie within,
Of those who shower in coal,
Locked away and kept hidden.

Proudly presenting the ornate mirror,
Every flaw hidden in a fold,
A sparkly representation of the truth,
But all that glitters is not gold.



We can polish the surface,
Till it glitters and gleams,
Never can we remove the cracks that grow underneath.
the reality of society.

-Tanya Kapur, Grade 10

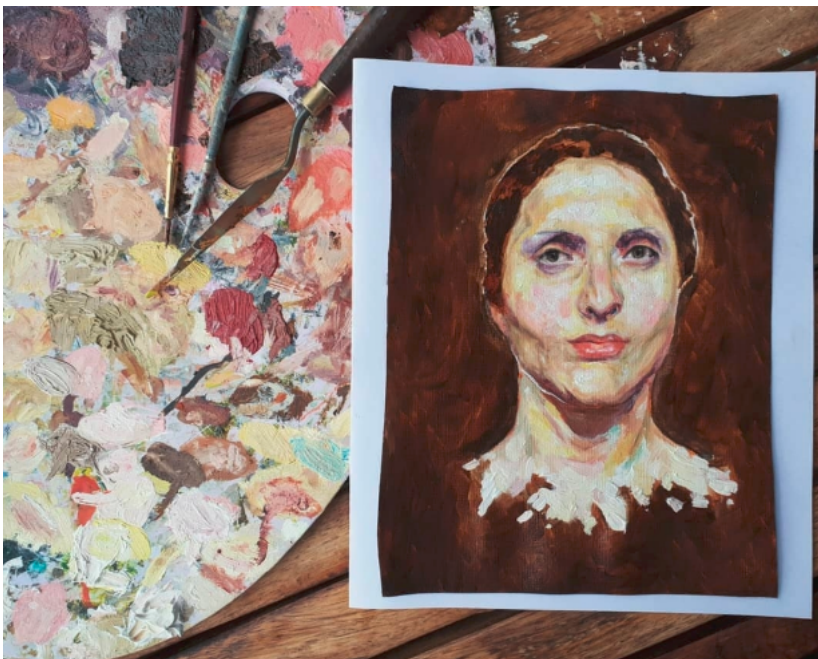
Schism
3/9/17

not talking to you
feels like
an endless war,
heart
versus
head

but, talking to you
feels like
a constant battle,
body
fighting
soul

and I don't know what to do

-Srishti Sanghvi, Grade 10



-Paree Rohera, Grade 10

A Summertime Affair

Fine dines and ageing wines.
Articulate accents, profound minds.
Graceful gowns and tinted ties
Boundless chatter on the rise.
Piano notes and passionate sways
Scented candles on stone cold days.
Intricate silverware on opulent trays.
A blood red carpet, a moonlit gaze.

She's weary outside.
Beyond the smoke screen of your tired grandeur.
She's starving
Behind the whispers of your boisterous clamor.
It's chilly out there,
Suffocated by your mirage of feather and fur.
She's dwindling inside.
Under the weight of your jaded chandelier.

And yet,
There you sit, in your heated restaurant.
Surrounded by your exclusive little breakfast club.
Laughing at jokes you don't even get.
Feigning interest in things you barely understand.
Nodding, clapping, flirting, prodding.
Caught in a rut, every Saturday morning.
And yet,
There she stands, in her time-worn boots.
Entranced by your exclusive little breakfast club.
Rehearsing jokes she won't ever tell,
Craving a lifestyle, she barely understands.
Hoping, pacing, staring, longing,
Caught in a rut, every Saturday morning.

White winters of wishful wanting.
A stray snowflake, seamlessly symmetrical,
Stumbles upon her frozen lips,
Thawing open a weary smile.
Her numb, blue hand reaches for the foggy window pane.
Her shivering fingertips trace a familiar rhyme.

Her silhouette disappears through a wrinkle in time.
And all that's left is little to say
Scribbled on that damned foggy window pane
*"For love that once smiled in April
scowls at me in May."*

Just like that two lovers, in a cruel twist of fate,
Turn their backs to desire, and part, each their own way.
Just like that all your promises fall to the floor and break.
False fame, false fortune, and eternity, all bygones of a
better day.

Still, she hurts, for she knows better,
Then to think your word would last.
A classic 'too good to be true':
Affluent boy finds love in the lower class.
A love that changed like seasons.
Not love, infatuation.
A rebellious obsession.
A temporary fixation.
A summertime affair.

Still, she hurts, for she knows better,
Then to think your summer would endure the year.
That the sun would shine upon two strangers,
And their paths would intertwine forever.
But the summer's steam condenses.
The snug warmth fades.
Their paths begin to grow frosted.
Darkness conquers the summer's rays.

And here, as she walks on the slick footpath,
Noticing footprints she leaves in the snow.
(Her trudge, her pace, her weight,
Her everlasting woe,)
'True Love' walks across her - a sincere smile,
Steady walk and an expensive coat.
Oblivion in his eyes,
Bearing affection and warmth and hope.
He locks her gaze, hints a nod,
He promises a future in his stare.

She shrugs him off, walks away, knows better,
Than to fall for another summertime affair.

-Hitanshi Badani, Year 11

- Lara Agarwal



500 Roses

she picked up the flowers
one by one
pricking the thorn on every
turn.

she walked out
covered from head to toe
till she came across a
beggar
and handed her the first one
one.

she kept going on
crunching rocks under her
until she met a labourer
and handed her one.

2 down, 498 to go.
she kept moving on
looked inside a window
empty
only to find a single kettle
boiling on.
she only left one rose
by the countertop
clutching her breast
hid under a shawl.
she shuffled her feet
and moved on.

rocks turned to dust,
her feet turned brown.
unaware.
she walked on.
she saw a woman
carrying dust and concrete
her arms scratched and
sinewy
resembling the dead trees.
she walked up to the woman
wanting to leave her a rose
but too scared to hand it her
she dropped it in the bowl.

the thorns pricked her every
side
she bled and bled
but not a whimper in sight
she marched on ahead

she walked and walked
from fields to towers
only to find very few women
in power.
she decided to change its
course
by handing out mere flowers.

her hands almost empty
she kept moving on
only to reach
back where she belonged
armed with a single rose
she swore to move on
and through this journey
helped 499 women,
move along.

-Tanvi Inani, Year 12



-Keya Shah, Year 11

Ripped Wings

I dream of soaring:
Inhaling freedom like I live
To breathe,
Open my wings to fly,
No chains that bind feet,
No hail, No storm, No thunder,
Capturing every sunrise, every sunset every rainbow-
Gliding over failed attempts,
Over past scars and torn hearts:
Never. Ever. Stopping.
So that time would never make me its prisoner,
So that I could
Live, Smile, Dance, Dream.
I dream to soar,
Yes, just dream because
I'm trapped in a cage,
And ripped are my wings
I'm just a dreamer who dreams of hope:
Hope -
a key that I've seem to have lost in my search for my true self:
A bird -
Born to fly, to soar, to sing:
But here I'm singing songs of the mute.
Helpless. Waiting
For a shooting star to wish upon.
For a miracle:
To stitch my ripped wings
And collect the residues of
My broken dreams.

~Vidusshi Hingad, Grade 10



-Vyome Poddar, Grade 9

Of Fearlessness and Indifference

Six months ago,
I read about the rape
of an eight year old girl,
and I felt stuck in time
as if it was still 5 years ago
in Delhi,
as if our country was still burning,
in the heat of our anger.
We called her 'fearless'
But I found myself
drowning
in the depths of my
emptiness.
Because it WAS emptiness,
that took over my body,
a cold shot of paralysing nothing,
desensitising me,
the shock
dehumanising me,
beyond indignation
beyond voice
beyond movement
and thought.

Six months ago,
the rape of a little girl
in the streets of kashmir
took something from me.
Maybe it was
my hope that one day,
I could find a haven
in the country I call my home or
my insistence
that five years later
this society had risen
moved forward
safeguarded, protected,
truly regarded
women to be
the incarnations of the goddesses
they so ardently worship.

But here we stand,
5 years later,
having bundled ourselves,
once again,
in the warm, comfortable blanket
of inertia.
We lay there
serene,
until the world around us
blares warnings
of the 'Next Nirbhaya'.
We rise then,
a moment of
timed outrage,
reactionary
But never sustaining,
and we
settle again
in our habitat
of indifference.

But it was not
indifference
That brought you
To the streets of Delhi.
It was not indifference
That amplified your voices
Because indifference
Never elicits a response
indifference
should never be a response.
Indifference
is the beginning
of my loss of freedom.
Indifference
is the end,
the very death of my soul.
Indifference
leads to perversity,
perversity in the way
we call Asifa
The Next Nirbhaya.

The Next Nirbhaya
in a world
not ready to bear
the weight of another Nirbhaya
The Next Nirbhaya
in a society
that needs the next name
to acknowledge the scores
of lasting problems.

To the people who protest,
I can't be your next name.
I don't have it in me
To be the next soul
in a growing pile
of the echoed
yet forgotten.
I can't be your muse
your spark of motivation.
I can't sacrifice my future
to catalyse a solution.
I need you,
selfishly
to stop here,
end with this
because I can no longer
live in the fear
of it being
my name
on your lips.

- Anonymous

Kalakaar Spotlight

An interview with school alumni Avi Anurag

Kalakaar was a joint initiative by DAIS' ex- grade 12 students as part of their IB CAS projects in celebration of the arts. Conducted in March, 2018, this event included poetry slam, stand-up comedy, filmmaking and acting contests as well as a panel of highly reputed judges. The following is an interview with Avi Anurag - one of the several student organisers.

What was the purpose of holding Kalakar? What were you looking to achieve in terms of impact?

Our aim for holding Kalakar was basically two-fold. One was to create a platform for students of our age to express themselves in the performing arts, especially because the performing arts are definitely under-represented in terms of extra-curricular activities that students can engage in. The second aim was essentially to raise funds and awareness for people of all social backgrounds to engage in the performing arts, allow students and elders to engage in things like film, theatre, or dance. We focused on things that we found interesting, like poetry and stand-up comedy, but the intention is much broader than that. In terms of impact, we definitely, most of all wanted to raise funds for the causes that we mentioned, specifically one NGO called the Dhenuki Cinema Project wherein they show movies to extremely underprivileged parts of society, like remote villages and areas in India, and hold programs and workshops for these people. Additionally, I think something which we wanted to do from the outset was really bringing this area back to the forefront of discussions, get people to start talking about things like stand-up comedy, poetry and the impact it can have. Our winning contestants in Kalakar were invited by some of the judges to perform with them. Especially considering how successful and popular some of our judges were, it was definitely a big deal - not only for the students but for us.

Do you think you were successful in communicating the purpose?

I think that we definitely were successful, simply because the idea behind the event was not lost at all. Every aspect of it was focused and geared towards the intention of raising awareness and encouraging people to take part in the performing arts, and that's something which we never lost sight of from the beginning till the end. Just today, one of my teachers told me about how one of the junior classes (perhaps the ninth or tenth) simply wouldn't let her talk the day after the event because they just wanted to go on and on telling her about the event, and that really satisfied us - knowing that it had such a far-reaching impact on our juniors was so fulfilling for us.

What has the reaction to the event been like from students and teachers?

Not to toot our own horn, but there were several students who said in as many words that it had been the most enjoyable school event, and that was definitely the best compliment that we could ever have achieved. Then there were teachers who enjoyed it so much and could relate to everything people were saying. Quite frankly, the reason why we kept poetry in the beginning and then stand-up comedy was that we assumed that stand-up comedy would be more engaging. But in the interval, when only poetry had happened, one of the teachers came up to us and told us that this was one of the most successful events that had ever happened and that he was enjoying it so much. That just showed that even though we expected only stand-up comedy to do well, every aspect of the event was engaging to the audience. I think something which the teachers and the students really liked about the event was that we kept it focused. We didn't try and include too many things into our event, and I think that's just a general piece of advice to give to students who would want to do this event or really, any other project of any magnitude in our school - it's always, always better to start off small and really focus and perfect the things you want to do. If you try too hard to include too many things, everything just falls apart. Moving aside from students and teachers, our judges told us they witnessed a level of creative talent that they absolutely did not expect in our school. I still remember Kanan Gill incomplete splits, hitting the table and laughing during one of our comedians' performance!

Where do you see Kalakar going forward now?

So one of the things that I'd definitely really like to see Kalakar doing, is areas where we thought we'd be able to expand to but couldn't because of lack of time, resources, etc. Specifically, perhaps, using the opportunity of the leadership series that our school holds, where senior school students are invited to the auditorium to listen to speakers, and something which we've always wanted to do from the very beginning was expand from single speakers to panel discussions, because we think it's always more engaging and interesting for the audience. So something which we'd like to hold or hand over to our juniors is the idea of a film-related panel discussion, and definitely continuing the event 'Spotlight' for many years to come. A lot of people simply came because of the high-profile judges that we had managed to get, and while those performances were enjoyable, what I think was most surprising and most amazing for me as an audience member, was witnessing such brilliant performances from people that I know but had never realized possessed such talent. So I think Kalakar should continue to be a platform to allow people to speak and try things out for the first time.



'Get Out'-Film Review

(The following is a preview of the Assistant Director's Film Reviews, going online soon)



Comedy genius Jordan Peele made his directorial debut in the thrilling horror film, 'Get Out' last year, which was met by thunderous critical approval, as well as an Oscar for outstanding writing. I'm not personally a fan of horror films. Call me generalist (or a wimp), but my image of a horror film involves someone being dragged through a dimly lit room screaming, by something you can't see; or a pale girl in a tattered dress walking menacingly in the distance behind a protagonist with a high pitched brass note behind it. Despite that predisposition, I absolutely loved 'Get Out.' It completely turned the stereotypical image of a horror film on it's head, and made for one of the most pulsating movies I've ever seen.

I want to be clear. 'Get Out' is terrifying, but that's not always the same thing as scary. Off the top of my head, I can think of some three jump scares in the entirety of a one and three-quarter hour-long horror film. The film isn't scary in the way traditional horror fans might be accustomed to, but that doesn't stop it from being the creepiest movie ever. There were moments in the film where I actually needed to pause it to recollect myself, with Peele's masterful screenplay building such unbearably gripping tension and undeniable creepiness that I was almost laughing at how damn good it was. Such a good use of close-in shots and stunning performances, even from supporting cast members, that really hit home the out-of-your-skin kind of scary that they were going for.

I can't emphasize how good Peele's writing and directing on this film was, only by saying that he probably should have got the Oscar for Best Director as well. Unlike most standalone films, this one has the capacity to be spoiled for people, so I'll just say this, without giving anything away. When you watch this film, the moment it ends, watch it again. Or at the first convenient time. Pay attention to the characters' actions, the choices they make during the film. By knowing what happens next, it'll make your skin crawl when you glean the motivations and plans that they had, which is another testament to the cast. Daniel Kaluuya was inspired, giving off a nervous, suspicious air that was so relatable I wanted to scream for him throughout the film. One of my favorite actors, Bradley Whitford, was exceptional as per usual; joined by on-screen wife Catherine Keener, who made only her second, and most convincing appearance as a diabolical psycho witch. I've already mentioned the incredible performance from most of the supporting cast, who were instrumental in the creation of that insanely creepy energy, but the star of the show, in my opinion, was Allison Williams, who's double-edged-sword of a character was the most scarily convincing performance I've seen in as long as I can remember, especially from someone who's spent the lions' share of their career in sitcoms. I really can't say more without giving anything away. You have no idea how much I want to.

The biggest difference between this film and your average horror (or at least my concept of a horror), was the weight of social issue addressed in the film. The film tackles racism in a way that I personally have never seen before, and in the context of a story, I don't know that the world has ever seen before. I just don't think I've seen a story that's so unique, so compelling, and so well written all at the same time. Jordan Peele deserves our highest respect. He's made a film riddled with suspense, full of twists and turns, and more compelling than most, and he's done it under the guise of a horror film, a genre that I genuinely thought was a lost cause in my eyes. I would strongly recommend it to anyone, even those who, like me, don't take horror with their tea. Almost especially them, as it might even turn some people around on a whole genre of film. Without a doubt, one of the best films released over the past couple of years, and, in my opinion, as a result of it's layered, pulsating storyline and characters, one of my favorite films.

ISTA - ONLY THREE DAYS

March 17th - 19th saw DAIS host its first ever International Schools Theatre Association (ISTA) Festival. The festival was attended by students from all over Mumbai, Bangalore, and Hong Kong. While DAIS students had been privy to ISTA festivals in the past, this was the first time our school played host to its own festival, organized by Mr. Nick Pillow and Ms. Ayesha Thomas. The festival lasted three tumultuous, exhilarating, and pulsating days; during which we had a time that could not possibly be expressed in words. Over the three days, we were propelled into the deep end and out of our comfort zones, engaging in a mix of physical and thought based activities that honed our creative capabilities and introduced us to a methodology for art that we could never have imagined.

The striking thing about the festival, on a creative level, was the kind of creative process we were exposed to as students. At ISTA, all students are sorted into different ensemble groups, which are each headed by an artist. Each artist has a different style to devising performances. As IGCSE Drama and IB Theatre students, it was unbelievable to experience the different approaches to the stage that the different artists have. One focused heavily on comedic effect, while another was intuitive. One was stylized while another dealt in musical, protest theatre. These styles, in their uniqueness, introduced new angles of creating theatre and translating thoughts into visuals. It was probably one of the most creatively immersive experiences I've ever had; but in an organic, unforced way.



The main excursion, upon which we were meant to base our devising was a trip to Dharavi. It was definitely very deep-end stuff, particularly the foreign kids who'd been in Mumbai for less than a full day, but it was a really interesting visit that gave us a lot of insight into what's happening just out of sight for people who live in the main city. Dharavi is a really interesting place, vibrant, full of color and life. Obviously, the standard of living isn't especially high, but there's this air of stubbornness about the place, making the absolute best out of what they have. We had a lot of material to work with when we were putting up our final performances two days later.



We put up performances within our ensemble groups, in groups of students of mixed schools. That was the other thing that made the festival so special: the people in it. Other than the kids we had the chance to host, who were just wonderful, everyone who came for the festival was there with intent and we learned a lot more from each other than we did from the teachers. As amazing as they all were, they were really there as facilitators and guides for us, as we had our own experiences. The festival was tied with TeachForIndia, an NGO that the school has numerous ties with, which really made the interactions we would have on stage feel like an equalizer. While I definitely think my ensemble artist was some kind of wizard who had a way of getting the creativity out of someone, it also still felt like it was us doing the offering, and for that it was hugely beneficial; for the quality of our expression, and our creative confidence.

Some things are difficult to explain, and I feel like the depth of the experience we had at ISTA is one of them. In those three days, we dove deeper into our creativity than we ever had before, made incredible friends, and learned more than we ever have in a three-day period. When the last day rolled around, there were tears from kids who didn't want to leave their hosts and from hosts who didn't want their guests to leave. All the while, I couldn't get the thought out of my head "How could all of that have happened in just three days?" It was such an indescribably rich and fruitful experience, so educational and so damn fun at the same time. All in just three days. We have Mr. Pillow and Ms. Ayesha to thank, and we can only hope that the school is encouraged to play host to more events like ISTA.

SATIRE

FIRST AMBANI STUDENT TO PASS BIG HISTORY REGRETS LIFE DECISIONS.

Incredibly, we are prepared to report that a student has completed the Big History course in its entirety. That's right. All the quizzes. Fans of dignity and self-respect were dealt a deadly blow yesterday, as an 8th-grade student had the sheer audacity to sit down and complete all of the quiz modules set for Big History. He will be the first student ever to receive a certificate of completion of Big History. The certificate is said to read "We hereby recognize the terrible place of low self-esteem and depression that accompanies the completion of the Big History course. We wish you luck on the rest of your... life?" The certificate is also said to include the phone number of a renowned brain trauma therapist. The student himself, whose name carries too much shame to print, was approached from a distance for a comment. "I didn't mean to, I swear!" A former friend of the student warily mentioned on the record that "I'd never have spoken to him if I'd known then what he was. I haven't even written my Little Big History essays."

STUDENT REJECTED BY HARVARD DUE TO INCOMPLETE CALLIDO MODULE

Friends and family of Indarjeet Singh grieve today after Indarjeet was declined admittance to Harvard. The pain was deepened considerably, however, when it was revealed that the rejection, in spite of a 20,040 SAT score (and a similar IB score), was the product of an incomplete Callido module from the 9th grade. Reports can officially confirm that Section 3: Logic and Reasoning; which comprised of five slides, at least one of which contained the sentence "Deji is a badass toddler"; was fast forwarded to the end of each video instead of sat through until his brain actually died. Little did Indarjeet know, the offense was recorded by the College Board.

"I should have known something was up when my possessions starting spontaneously combusting," sobbed a defeated Indarjeet when approached for a comment. "Callido always knows." It was at that moment that Indarjeet himself burst into flames.

Needless to say, students from all over the school quake in their boots at the prospect of not getting into the top 0.0000001% of universities worldwide, which means that Callido holds all of the cards.

IB CRITICAL LEARNER PRESENTATION CONTAINS ORIGINAL THOUGHT

In a shocking turn of events, sources reported that during this year's IB Critical learner presentation, an original thought was expressed. We would like to warn our readers (as this is a family publication): the following contains questions of relevance (reader discretion is advised).

Incoming IB students were treated with a scarring surprise yesterday, when, during the annual IB Critical Learner presentation, a new student dared do something no fool has ever done before: utter a unique opinion during a full class discussion.

The student reportedly whispered the question; "That's all fine, but what does open-mindedness actually mean?" Naturally, he was chased out of the auditorium by fellow students carrying an assortment of assault rifles and good ol' fashioned swords. The student's current whereabouts are unknown; however, it is assumed he won't be showing his face at school ever again after betraying the number one principle: Meaning is for the weak.

One of the proud members of the group that chased the traitor away tripped over his genericism on his way for a comment: "What do you mean these sessions are supposed to be productive?" said the student. "If I can identify that a good word to use in front of a hundred and fifty people is compassion, then I damn well deserve a round of applause."

Controversy in Comedy

On Independence Day 2018, our Head Girl, Poorvika Mehra, delivered a courageous and thought-provoking speech, questioning the integrity with which we uphold the efforts of our beloved freedom fighters. Much of what she said resonated, but one line, in particular, made me think more than the others. She said, "Every time we hear and accept, or tell a racist joke, we build the foundation for an institution of racism, sexism, and hate." I agreed with this wholeheartedly, but it also created a bit of a predicament for me. You see, I love Ricky Gervais, and I love Dave Chappelle. I love Jimmy Carr and I love Chris Rock. These are comedians whose comedy is rooted in outrageous, shock comedy; say the craziest, most socially unacceptable thing you could possibly say to make people laugh. It might not be fair to say that's the total breakup of Dave Chappelle's comedy, for example, he has less racy stuff as well, but the shock factor definitely exists with him and the rest of them.

Does this make me a hypocrite? There's nothing I hate more than hypocrisy, few things that irritate me more than a double-standard, and so I spent a long time afterward wrestling with myself. If I believe so fiercely as I do inequality and positive representation, how is it okay that I find Ricky Gervais funny? How is it not a double-standard for me to laugh when Jimmy Carr makes a sexist joke? It ate at me for a long time, so, to answer my question, I did my research, I dove back into the comedy.

I re-watched stand up from all of the comedians I just mentioned and made note of what made me laugh; what about what I was hearing I found funny, and how much of it was in contrast with the beliefs I propagate about social inequality. Despite my questions and sudden insecurity about my social stance, I laughed in all the same places, at all the same jokes that would definitely fall into the category of "offensive" for the people who categorize such things; and, close to the end of it all, I was feeling pretty terrible about myself. Here I was, someone whose friends would probably categorize me as uptight about this kind of thing, laughing till I cried at jokes made at the expense of minorities. I'm a goddamned hypocrite, I thought to myself.

Then I re-watched Ricky Gervais' Netflix Special Humanity, in which he is outrageous and offensive as per usual. But close to the end, he goes on a rant that ended up being really very profound and not all that funny. I don't want to go too deep into exactly what he said, for that, I'd strongly recommend watching Humanity on Netflix, but what he said got me thinking again, and suddenly I didn't feel like a hypocrite. Here's basically what I took from it, for his words I'd still recommend the special.

Comedy is not a truth-telling industry, nor is humor a truth-telling idea. Comedians don't do comedy to spread a gospel, they do it to ease the pain ever so slightly. The world is not a particularly nice place, full of not particularly nice people who do not particularly nice things. This is not permanent, and I do genuinely believe that an ideal, or at least a reality better than this one, can and does exist. But people have different ways of coping with negativity, and whether we like it or not, there's a lot of it out there. People tell jokes to ease the

pain ever so slightly. The world is not a particularly nice place, full of not particularly nice people who do not particularly nice things. This is not permanent, and I do genuinely believe that an ideal, or at least a reality better than this one, can and does exist. But people have different ways of coping with negativity, and whether we like it or not, there's a lot of it out there. People don't tell jokes with appropriate representation in mind, they tell them to make people laugh, and people don't tell jokes with the prerequisite of consequences, they do it to make people laugh; to fight the negativity.

Offensive jokes are labeled that way for their content, but the bottom line is more people laugh at them, and for that, they do their part in stemming the number of frowns in the world. If someone is establishing their reality from what makes someone laugh, then they're looking in the wrong place. Comedy isn't fact-checked; it's not supposed to be. The problem, therefore, isn't the jokes so much as the way people hear them, taking the fruits of laughter and deciding to accept them as truths that they don't pretend to be. People need to learn to detach jokes from what they believe because that's not what comedy's for.

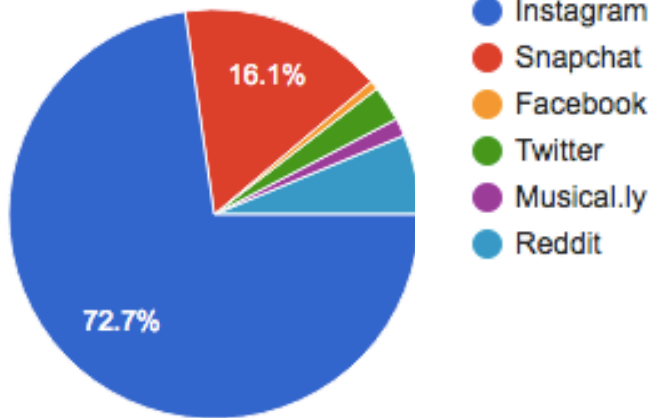
This raises another problem though. When someone from our school jokingly says to a girl "go make a sandwich," is it sexist? I've already established that I don't think it is, but all people are not obligated to believe what I'm saying. For some people, it might just not make them feel nice, and that's a perspective that deserves just as much respect; if it makes them unhappy it defeats the point of comedy; it's canceling out the laughs with unease. To extend the example, someone makes the same joke and someone else hears it and starts to form their image of women that way. That person would be wrong to do so, but you can't force them to agree with you, so do you not tell jokes in public? Jokes have to be made at someone or something's expense, it's impossible to censor a public space to the point that no one is the butt of a joke. So what do we do now?

It's a tough question and not one that might have an answer in the immediate future. People need to be able to detach themselves from comedy, but what if they can't? Again, as a global community, it might take us more time to answer that one. But as a school, I think it's important we try, try to allow for the possibility that not everything we say is said with the intention of perfect factual correctness and minority representation. We need to be able to laugh, and we become infinitely more accepting of others when we can laugh at ourselves. Being made the butt of a joke needs to stop being an insult, it needs to be accepted that jokes are not the same thing as reality, and it starts with us accepting comedy as a method to make us happier, not to spread hate.

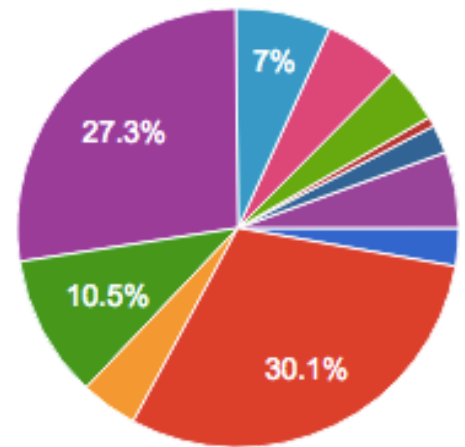
Poorvika wasn't wrong; for people who make these jokes in bad taste, with the intention of hurting people's feelings, and people who aren't able to detach comedy from reality, jokes do build the foundation for inequality. Those who tell jokes for the purpose of hurting feelings are part of the problem, they are using a tool meant for positivity to hurt others and should be ashamed of themselves: for rubbing mud in the cracks of what should be a pure thing. Intentionality is essential; the reasons we do and say things are more important, by far than the things we do and say. It needs to be in the spirit of jest, and it has to be a two-way street. With that in mind, it isn't the jokes that need to change, but the people on either side of them.

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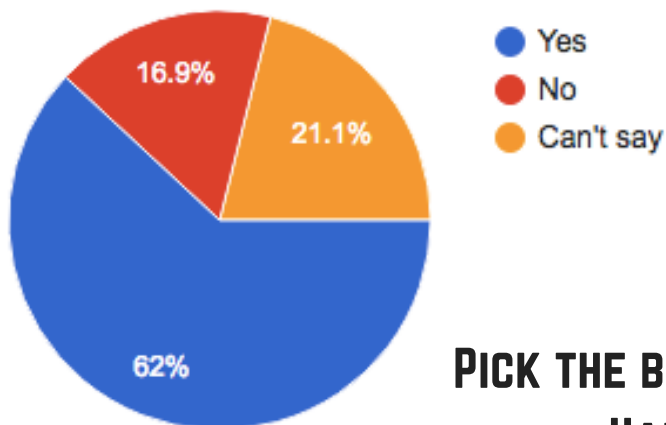
PICK A SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORM



PICK A COMEDY SERIES



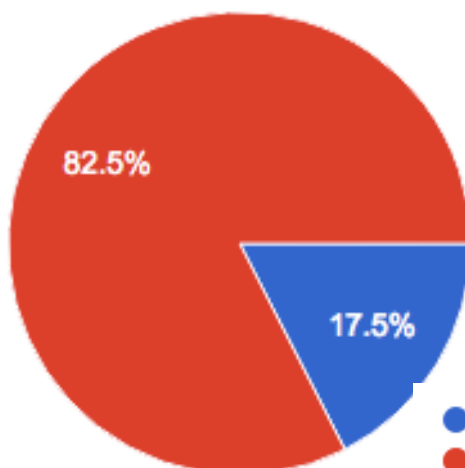
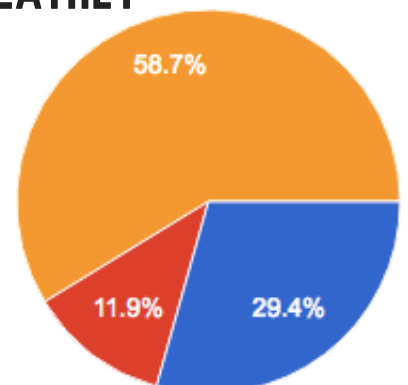
IN YOUR OPINION, SHOULD THE OSCARS HAVE CREATED THE NEW BEST POPULAR FILM CATEGORY?



- How I Met Your Mother
- Friends
- Fuller House
- Modern Family
- Brooklyn Nine-Nine
- The Office
- Silicon Valley
- The Big Bang Theory
- Parks and Recreation
- Melissa and Joey
- I don't know/watch any of these shows

PICK THE BEST DEATHLY HALLOW

- Elder Wand, the most powerful wand in existence and considered unbeatable
- Resurrection Stone, a stone with the power to raise the dead
- Cloak of Invisibility, a cloak that turns its wearer invisible (surprise!) and never loses its power due to curses and/or age



4TH FLOOR OR 5TH FLOOR?

- 4th floor
- 5th floor

student projects



Divyang Dost by Naman - Divyang Dost is a web based movement - conceived and run by middle and high school students. It is aimed at bonding the differently abled (Divyang) and the abled (Divyang Dost) people. It works towards promoting social inclusiveness of Divyangs in the community by generating empathy and acceptance for them. The website has been launched. There is a team of nearly 45+ volunteers led by core group of 4 to 6 members. All of us are from 12 to 17 years age group. Nearly 80 DDs and 50 Divyangs have registered in two weeks. We aim to reach 1000+ DDs and Divyangs soon. www.divyangdost.org

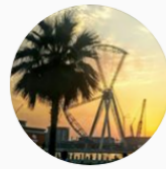
Ba Dastoor -

Ba Dastoor is a student run performing arts group in Mumbai. From short films to creative chill sessions, Ba Dastoor is a fun, friendly environment to express your creative talent among fellow students from all over the city. In a time of under-representation for creative arts at the student level in India, we aim to give students a platform to learn from each other and improve as artists by setting up performance events all year round. From DAIS, Aman Datta, Saatvik Kher, Kashish Khanchandani, Vedant Mehra, and Ishana Khanna are students involved in Ba Dastoor, and can be approached for details. <https://badastoor247585631.wordpress.com/>

Prisha's poetry blog

<https://supernovaeandstardust.wordpress.com/>

Dream Grove - A local initiative bringing together the community to turn a nearby park into a food forest using perceived "waste" material. Jai Parera. [@dreamgrovebandra](https://dreamgrovebandra.com/)



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Photography account
Just some nice pictures



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once upon a time, we had the world at our feet.
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kashishstudio

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Kashish Shah
DAIS'20 || 16

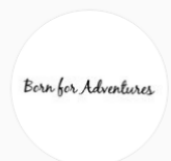


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Shaina's clicks 📸
For the moments we can not put into words 🌈🌈🌈🌈
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📍 find me
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dreamgrovebandra

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Dream Grove
🌿 A local initiative bringing together the community to turn a nearby park into a food forest using perceived "waste" material 🌿



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