

Vasant Valley

December, 2014

T O D A Y

Mute Eloquence

This year school held the Anjalika Kapur English Essay Competition on the 17th of November, 2014. The competition is open to all students of classes 9 – 12. This year a total of 96 students participated to write an essay on "Mute Eloquence". This is the winning article by Noor Dhingra of class 11.

Haven't you ever thought that there would be more? That this isn't quite enough? That the worlds you created in your paracosm, that the vignettes that are sewn in your power-naps would add up? That the people, the buildings, the faces you see are just combinations of letters and numbers, of atoms and molecules, outward and outward. And forever outward. Do you yearn for something else, something different, something new?

Behind the locked doors of words and numbers, there are tides. Frothy, bubbling. They ebb, they rise, and they dance in a salty trance. Under the keys of typewriters grow orchids, blue with melancholy, purple with euphoria. And interspersed between the words you say, the poetry, the clouds of language, the sunshine lurks. Waiting to be seen, to be noticed, to be heard. Have you ever felt the warmth, setting your vulnerability ablaze, bringing back faded memories of missed trains and steaming hot filter coffee?

Long ago, secret messages and codes were written between the sentences of sheets, innocuously, escaping suspicion. "Read between the lines", thereafter originated, which, as I ponder, has a similar connotation today- yet vastly different. We are so obsessed with meaning, with analysis, and the power of the 'written word' that we forget the elixir of emotion. The words that we build our life with, that we build our life around, shadow our innermost feelings. They are a premature, unnatural end to the abyss of human consciousness, to the vast sea of eloquence. Reading between the lines, to me, means leaving the microscope behind, and gliding through the air, breathing, flinching. It means parasailing. It means getting struck by the lightning of intensity, the soft breeze of calmness, and being swayed back and forth with the air of ineffable ambivalence.

And if we cover up this sky with skyscrapers, and sift through our minds for a meaning to life, for an answer, a lust for explanation, then the eloquence will get lost between the highlighted pages of lecture notes, scrawled with a blue ballpoint pen, in the hopes of getting a better grade. As you think about words, their meanings, the pages of your dictionary, there will be a dilemma. And you will sit, confused, with a question irking you, like an ant crawling up your spine. Is it words that make us human?

"We are so obsessed with meaning, with analysis, and the power of the 'written word' that we forget the elixir of emotion."

Words are a creation, an invention that we couldn't possibly live without. But they aren't what makes us human. Descartes talked about the idea of existence- what makes us who we are is the power of thought. Cogito Ergo Sum. These mind-placebos, which make the base for thinking, run in codes of emotion. Your power to believe in the beauty of your being, stitches your fabric. And the articulation of your thoughts, your feelings, your emotions, are the elements of your core. While the sentences and paragraphs and books and lecture notes stretch infinitely outward. Outward, and outward. And forever outward.

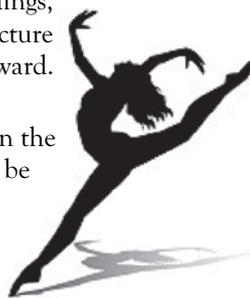
Do you still think that this isn't enough, that between the naïve notions of life and death, that the world would be better, different, other? Then maybe there are dams built across your shores, blocking the tide. A pair of scissors clipping the orchids. Maybe the army of shadows is too strong, and the illusions of meaning are eating away your being. But I promise you, that your thoughts can defeat the army. Open the locked doors, demolish the dams constricting you. Break out of the box of confinement, move out of the written word. Let the steam warm you up, let the memories flood your consciousness. ***Remember that words and numbers are nothing but a human creation, remember the elixir of emotion.***

Rejoice in your mute eloquence, in feelings unsaid and unheard. Dance in the trance of emotion, and remember, that silence defeats the army of shadows, and as Rumi said, "All else is poor translation".

Noor Dhingra, 11



The essays of the other winners are available on the website



School Watch

**Modern School (B.K.) Squash
Tournament 11th December, 2014**

Vasant Valley Team won the 2nd place

Team Members : Didar Joshua Joseph
Rebello, Naira Kothari and Krish Garg

Results of the Anjalika Kapur English Essay
Prize

Noor Dhingra won this year's Essay Writing
Competition and won a cash award of
Rs. 20,000/-

Kamya Yadav came second and won a cash
award of Rs. 15,000/-

Abhiruchi Rathi and Zoya Hasan shared the
third place winning a cash award of
Rs. 5,000/- each

Thanks for the memories

It's the end of the year, and we want to give you something to remember your batch by. So, find the 'Ode to Your Batch' over the next two pages.

ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2021 - Class 6

8 years is a long time to have spent with the same people; people you call friends. We've spent the most fun times at parties, sleepovers, and of course; day spends. Vasant Valley is lucky to have a bunch of amazing kids such as us, all in one batch. Playing pranks on classmates, on teachers, and getting reflection sheets is extremely typical of the batch of 2021. Being one of the naughtiest batches, crazy incidents have taken place. People get stabbed in the chest by goal post hooks and people throw up by looking at one another. You can only witness this madness with our batch. Joel and Yuvraj fighting has been an everyday thing since day 1; this is something our parents can agree to, considering it has been the most heard statement by us.

All of this is going to end in 6 years but that's a long time so we needn't worry about what subjects we'll major in, whether or not we'll take a gap year, or anything else. Instead we should enjoy the time we, a group of 90 students spend together, having fun, and being ourselves. Even though our batch has had its ups and downs, we have emerged stronger, and have been inseparable through it all. We all are a firm group of people who care about each other. Our batch rox!!!

Raag Setia, 6

ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2020 - Class 7



Here's to my favourite batch in Vasant Valley School - The batch of 2020. The best moments in life are those spent with friends, classmates and teachers in school. The class camps are the most fun, from being forced to doing everything in orderly fashion to dancing our heads off on the last day of camp. On every trip that we make out of school, it's the singing in the bus, all together that makes it so special. Sitting in the old technology lab right after our performance on Founders' Day and singing and dancing to the music of every song with so much energy, it all adds up to one big memory. Each person in the batch is unique in their own way and adds their own charisma to the group. I believe that the batch would be incomplete with even one person and we gel perfectly to make it the best batch: The batch of 2020.

Sehej Kaur, 7

ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2019 - Class 8

When you hear incessant screaming, painful howls, idiotic laughter, chatting, gossiping and more talking, you know it's us. It's pretty easy to spot us in a crowd too, just look for two people beating the pulp out of each other. But that's what makes our batch great (not according to Mrs. Chak). We are the living description of annoyance, we don't know when to keep shut and some of us have trouble *spelling*. I have been with some of these people since the very beginning and have seen them at their absolute worst. It's been a crazy rollercoaster ride filled with fun, mischief and really bad jokes. If I had a penny for every time I have heard an Ebola joke I'd have a lot of pennies. The last one I heard was JUST ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.

But we have great ideals. They comprise:

1. Making friends with those who have food
2. Trying the 'trick shot chalk throw' to get it into the bit in front of the black board
3. Launching attacks on the jhoola badi and petrifying little children
4. An extreme sense of hatred for math.

But don't get me wrong the batch of 2019 is still amazingly fun and probably the best there is in Vasant Valley. Sometimes. Ok, no not really. Well it's the thought that counts. (P.S. Don't send Mijju the one man hit squad after me for some of the comments made above.)

Aryan Sadh, 8



ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2018 - Class 9

Starting from baby steps in foundation, being the first batch to use the little rugs, brand new books and stuffed toys, the batch of 2018, is now half way through class 9. Tiny toddlers, frizzy hair, cutting peoples ears (which class have you ever come across that has ears cut with scissors?!)... all the memories, remind us each day, of how close we used to be. Growing up together was a charm we shall never forget. When we look at ourselves today, we see various 'groups' in our alcove, and undoubtedly realize we aren't the same as we used to be. What happened to the little kids singing 'tity raani', being fed by Mrs. Bakshi, and playing hand in hand in the jhoola baari? Today, we might bond at parties, meet as acquaintances, but the batch has changed as a whole. Whether to say for the better or worse is each ones perspective, but the little kids, who considered everyone their best friend aren't there anymore. However, no matter what one says about the batch being divided, each member of the batch of 2018 knows that they've played a role unmatched. No matter how distant we get, where we go, a huge part of us, will stay together. People say school years are the best time of your life, and as we believe, batch of 2018 verified it. From class 2 night stay, dancing to 'Mauja hi Mauja' to adventure camps unparalleled have made the batch what it is today. The annoyance caused by batch mates, has had teachers refuse to teach, and has pushed teachers to decide to quit. Not that its something to be proud of, but I suppose it is something that our batch has managed. As we proceed towards our final year together, I'm sure we'll be able to sit as one, and laugh about all our childhood memories, glorifying the fact that each one of us has been a part of each one of them. All said and done, each one of us understands, that as we grew, old friendships faded, and new ones sparked, changing us as individuals.

Ishita Malhotra, 9

ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2017 - Class 10

I'd like to take a moment to thank our parents, fate, the Vasant Valley faculty – whoever and whatever it was – that caused us to end up together, as a batch. I don't think I could imagine growing up beside anyone else, or in any other way. There's a South African term, "ubuntu" which translated, means 'I am because we are'. My surroundings, and my friends and the people who surround me, make me who I am. I am who I am, because of the people I grew up with. I have grown up with an absolutely nutty group of adorable, unique and zany kids who are talented and crazy. It might have been watching the boys play pro kabaddi in the alcove, or dancing in the Vasant Manch with Utsav for the sheer fun of it, or just sitting together and laughing for no reason that did it. I don't know what it was, but somewhere along the way, this group of kids became a personified home, and I realized that we don't need to be bonded by blood to be family (a family complete with its very own Papa). In the end, when we're grown up and the remaining two years of our lives here come to a close and we begin to look back on the brilliant adventure we've had, it won't be the classes that we remember but the magic that took place in between them, and I'm glad it's been with you, batch of 2017.

Kaamya Sharma, 10



ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2015 – Class 12

It's hard to put into words what the batch of 2015 is or what these past thirteen years have meant. It's not for a lack of words but simply because none quite do them justice.

For the past thirteen years, these 90 people have been the largest part of my life. These are the people we spent every day with; these are the people we grew up with. Every big moment I have somehow has them involved.

It's true that life will change and we will move on and still there is some sort of permanent role that this group of people will continue to play. After all, who else knows you the way they do? Who else shares a billion stories, memories and history with you? Who else remembers how lame you were in class 8 (and will take every opportunity to remind you)?

There is a sense of comfort amongst all of us. It's something that you can only feel with people you've known a long time. Through all the hard times you go through, the stress, the pressure, it's the feeling you get when you look beside you and you see the person next to you going through the exact same thing. It's also through the good times- when you find yourself dying of laughter or feeling the unbridled joy of being on the Yamuna Yatra, you know you can always look beside you and see a smile that mirrors your own. It's the fact that through all the ups and downs we've been through, we've been in this together.

It's a family of sorts. Sure, there will be always those that are closer than others. And yet it's not only about the best friends you're leaving behind, it's about the batch as a whole. It's the person that you haven't spoken to in a while and yet find yourself in a deep conversation with, it's the person who saves your life in the exam by lending you a pen (and maybe an answer or two), it's about the person that will be a part of your class and forever a part of your batch. It's for this reason I urge the batch of 2015 to remember all the moments we felt truly united, the moments we felt that sort of invincible solidarity that would be impossible to break.



Remember the night in Janki Chatti, where we spent the night singing, completely frozen around the bonfire. Remember the moment we performed our final Founders Day dance. Remember the Harlem Shake or our tug of war on Sports Day. Remember all the times in class where we've all broken into laughter over some lame joke that was cracked. Remember all the double maths lessons and exams we've endured together. Remember the times you've spent in the PE field or in Sister's Room. It's these memories that we will be leaving behind. It is these memories that remind us that we're classmates, friends, and above all and most importantly- a batch.

It's hard to believe that this is the end. That the only world we understand, the only world we know is now essentially over. The days that never seemed to end have suddenly added up and school and the batch eventually will become a thing of the past.

The question is how do we let go? How do you say goodbye to friends you know you'll see again? Friends that are so intrinsically a part of you as you are them, that life without them is not only impossible, it's unimaginable. The answer is you don't. Simply because we share the most important resource of all- a shared history. A history that no matter what the future holds will never change just as your friendship will never change. The people who you've been with for 13 years will stay forever in your life and definitely in your heart.

They say that leaders are the ones that walk ahead and followers are the ones that trail behind and friends are the ones that stand beside you. So thank you to the batch of 2015, for it has been nothing but an honour to stand beside you for the past thirteen years.

Tarini Sardesai, 12



ODE TO THE BATCH OF 2016 – Class 11

I have been asked to write a piece that captures the batch of 2016. I find myself puzzled to take on what seems like a daunting task. What can I write that strikes a chord with each one of my classmates, makes them nostalgic and hopefully a little sentimental.

It seems like it is with every batch. A box of memories that teems with snippets of our shared past. We are the very privileged key holders of this box. We unlock it and out flow the stories that unite us.

The nap times in nursery (from what I hear), the river camps to Beasi, the interludes for drama festivals. The sharing of glances when a rather "milky" name is heard in the alcove or a prominent DJ's credentials are discussed by Yatra tents. The exchange programs and Japan trips, and the acronyms that spanned countries and continents, all to name the coolest of cliques. It is the few individuals whose antics we laugh at together or wince and whine at in unison. It's moments like those on Founders Day when we were eager to see how badly impossible dance moves had been mastered by the person standing next to us.

A year from now when we would have walked down the centre stage steps and formed a (hopefully) better idea of what we may want to do in life, I'll be feeling confused again. It'll sure be strange not seeing each one of you at 7:25 to exchange glances of despair/excitement/annoyance depending on what the first lesson demands.

Avanti Divan, 11

ありがとう

Arigatou Gozaimasu (Thank You)

Basil to chartreuse to orangutan and crimson – Maple leaves of the Japanese autumn. Eating Wagashi in a traditional Japanese garden, tea ceremony in kimonos and furos at the Masuda House – Japanese culture came to me first hand. 6th Batch mass media –Jenesys 2.0- a program between India, Malaysia and Japan brought us the closest to Japanese culture. These interactions, experiences with the cities, families, and technologies opened up our worlds into a community so different yet similar to our own. Embedded in its rich culture lay admirable values that we imbibed from Japanese ways. Japanese have the special talent in maximizing efficiency in time. Whether it was the magnanimous amount we successfully accomplished in one day or the remarkably compact nature of their homes. The homes with all necessities and even luxuries all arranged simply and systematically in small spaces. Through bus rides and cycle-throughs, I saw snippets of Tokyo in its prefectural government offices, skytowers and industries. Remarkable advancements in media and technology across generations – evidences of which I saw at the Newspaper Museum, broadcasting studios and Mitsubishi Miniaturmirai Industrial Museum. Directing my own radio show at Tokyo FM, I slowly understood the inner workings of broadcasting services. Sound effects from sandboxes, world-class cameras at Nihon University and brilliance in waste management furthered my image of as simple, yet a technological superpower. Helmets in studios, importance and sophistication of radios and newspapers during times of natural disasters showed me the resilience capacity and preparedness (and faith) the Japanese had learnt. As I left the Masuda family (a family that I call my own now) having indulged in cultural exchange through food, clothes and language I understood the value of creating relationships across borders.

“What started as a mass media course, ended up ‘capturing’ a cross cultural experience, expanding our ‘lens’ of South East Asia” – Serena Nanda

The most priceless way to learn about something is through experience, and the Jenesys 2.0 program of Japan Mass Media gave us just that. Being so concentrated westward, we were in awe of the completely distinct practices and culture of Japan. Through the 6 day program we changed our opinions on Japan from the country of funky gadgets to a much more knowledgeable understanding of the Japan way of life. Not only did we learn a lot from the people of Japan, we imparted a lot on knowledge about our traditions on the people we interacted with in Japan, who thought everyone one of us required curry three meals of day and wore only saris. Of all the things we learned, the culture of the cities we visited were what we have taken back as a group as the most valuable things, some of the few being:



Punctuality: One of the most ingrained values in all Japanese is the sense of punctuality. Although they are too polite to ever reprimand someone for it, the Japanese are strict about their sense of timing. If an event starts at 11:37, it will start when the watch reaches 11:37, and participants are expected to arrive at least 3-5minutes before that. Its fair to say we Indians were not used to that.

Cleanliness: One of the reasons the streets of Japan are so clean despite its high population: area ratio is every citizen’s sense of cleanliness. Each person takes out the time to clean the driveway in front of him or her, keeping the narrow roads clean enough to feel spacious. In fact, cleanliness is encouraged in every sphere of daily life. After each meal, the rice bowl is filled with the previous days tea, and cleaned with a pickle. The tea is then drunk, leaving the rice bowl cleaner and easier to wash. Each city also has a highly intensive and well laid out waste disposal system, with segregation, recycling, reuse, and cremation, so that the final result is only a harmless, pollution free gas.

“I think Japan is a better model of development for India as compared to western countries because like India, it has its roots in culture.” – Shiv Seth.

We as a group connected with the people in Japan over our similarities, the importance of family and guests, the respect of elders, and traditions, etc, and learned from each other’s differences.

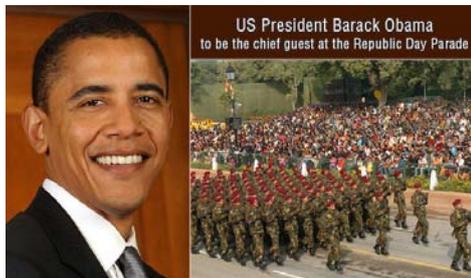
“The Japanese are as precise and punctual as the Germans, as tech-savvy as the Chinese, as culturally conservative as the Indians, and as courteous as... Well the Japanese. It’s a unique blend you will never see anywhere else.”- Viruj Menon.



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The American Pie



US President Barack Obama to be the chief guest at the Republic Day Parade



India’s improved international relations can successfully be attributed to Prime Minister Narendra Modi’s concerted efforts at bringing India at power with nations across the globe. The latest jewels in the crown would definitely be new agreements with Russian President, Vladimir Putin and American President, Barack Obama’s visit to India as the guest for the Republic Day parade.

The latter has been hailed as a catalyst by many for Indo-US ties. President Obama is the first White House incumbent to attend the ceremony and also the first US President to visit India twice during his presidential tenure. What does his visit to India at this crucial time mean for all of us? Analyzing the various aspects of this situation, there are a few things that come to my mind. Considering the fact that Obama’s visit comes within four months of Modi visiting America, is perhaps an indication that the bond between the two nations is evolving. The visit will give both leaders an opportunity to sit and discuss various issues (global and bilateral), even those which they do not agree on. Secondly, India has never been at the helm of any foreign body like the IMF or the UNSC or had a respectable say in various international affairs. There is a possibility that strengthening of Indo-US ties will also allow India to find a higher place in international affairs. However, on the contrary, many critics also caution the Indian public to not be swayed by this perceived euphoria. Obama’s visit may not be symbolic of anything and may not result in anything substantial, for he has been named a “lameduck President” raising a lot of questions on his credibility. One thing that can be said for sure is that whatever turn this event may take, Republic Day 2015 will definitely be a feast for everyone’s eyes!



Kamya Yadav, 10

LIFE IN CLASS 5

- Class 5 was so much fun, there were highlights so many.
- Oh! How I want to list them all? I don't want to miss out any!
- The first highlight is that we started writing with a pen,
- Which makes most of us feel like grown up men.
- Class 5 is an important landmark, getting ready for the life ahead,
- Junior School by the foundation, for the path we have to tread.
- Many things we discover, also about our nature
- We go to new places, to explore and to adventure.
- In class 5 we go out on many field trips,
- In showcase we perform exciting plays and skits.
- Subject and proficiency awards are highlights of class 5,
- Even beyond the award class 5 helps you thrive.
- The act on Founders' Day is now on the big stage,
- We surely get the feeling that we are coming of age.
- Goodbye Junior School, class 5 was so much fun,
- Hello Senior School, let's find our place in the sun!

Suryash Dasgupta, 5

MERRY CHRISTMAS

My Wishlist for Santa

1. Brazuka ball
2. Fifa Netherlands T shirt
3. Annual 2015 book
4. Messi's studs
5. Colour Peps 100 Pack

Darsh Puri, 3

Melody the Horse

I wish to be a horse rider or gemologist. I love horse riding because it is my favourite sport. And whenever I sit on my horse I give it a sugar cube to eat before riding. It gives the horse instant energy. In the middle of the class I realise my horse has to get lots of energy to ride. After the class I pat my horse Melody and give her some hay and carrots and sugar cubes.

Ayesha Thakar, 2

“श्रीमान भारकर छुट्टी पर चले गए”

दुनिया में कुछ भी हो अच्छों के लिए मौज ही मौज है। न रकूल जाना न पढ़ना न खेलना अब भोना और खाना। लेकिन कब तक? भूख के आभाव में तो धरती पर कुछ हो ही नहीं सकता चारों तरफ अंधकार भय और भरही ही भरही। भूख के बिना तो धरा से जीवन ही समाप्त हो जाएगा। दिनकर से दिन होता है पौधों से भोजन मिलता है जीवों को जीवन मिलता है। धरती को भूख से गर्मी मिलती है जिसके कारण धरती में जीवन है। सूर्य के कारण ही दिन और रात होता है महीने और साल होते हैं। इसलिए अगर सूर्य छुट्टी पर चले गए जीवन जगत का अस्त हो जाएगा।

आदित्य जैन, 4

IF THERE WAS NO GRAVITY

What would happen if one day,
Gravity took a holiday?
What would we do without,
The force that keeps us down?!

If there is no gravity on earth,
We will lose everything of worth.
We would fly into the sky,
Along with my chair and apple pie!

There will be no clouds, I am told,
As water will escape, no gravity to hold.
No rivers, no lakes, no seas,
Will mean no plants and no trees.

So don't cry when you see a butterfly
With wings. I don't want to fly!
Gravity keeps my feet on the ground,
And everything is beautiful all around!



Udai Singh Dungarpur, 5

My Wishlist for Santa

1. A book – Pretty Star the Pony
(and other stories)
2. A book – Moin and the Songster
3. Scooby Strings
4. Mini loom band set

Jia Noor Singh, 3

Dear _____,

From the moment I stepped into class 5,
I knew it was going to be tough,
It would be like learning how to drive,
And the road was going to be rough!
I've had varied experiences,
That have made me both happy and sad,
But it's been an exciting journey,
One I'm glad I've had!

From performing at the Drama Fest,
To Founders' Day on the main stage,
I worked hard to 'Raise the Bar',
And wrote with a pen on every blank page!
The ASSET exam, being a prefect on duty,
Our class acts were quite a beauty;
The Class 5 journey has been memorable
indeed,
To nothing else, you must pay heed!

Your friend, Ishaan Wahi, 5

What's the Newsletter to YOU?



Q. Do you read the newsletter?

Students mostly replied in affirmative but many also said that they only preferred reading particular sections of the newsletter. Students have been seen reading the newsletter and then leaving them in classrooms. When asked their opinion on this, they felt that the number of copies must be reduced

and the online edition must be promoted.

Q. Can you relate to the articles in the newsletter?

Students felt that they could relate to some of the articles as each has their own areas of interest. Ashutosh Trivedi said, "Articles mostly revolve around current affairs, making them relatable." Others also said that the articles were very interesting and informative.

Q. Have you ever contributed to the newsletter?

While many said that they have, a common opinion of the students is that the newsletter is restricted to the Editorial Board and not many contributions come from outside.

Q. What would you like to read more of in the newsletter?

Well, Busted was obviously a no-brainer but apart from that, many wanted more movie and game reviews, horoscopes, interactive quizzes and articles on current affairs. Joseph Sabu said, "I'd like to read more scientific articles," while Aanchal Sharma wanted the playlist section to be brought back. Many were also of the opinion that Teacher of the Week should be a regular feature.

Q. Do you think that the newsletter is an effective platform for students to express themselves?

Once again, the answer was a unanimous yes but students also wanted more articles to come from among them and not just the Editorial Board.



Since the law doesn't allow us to watch death matches anymore, the modern man has devised the closed-door reality series – Big boss. A show wherein moral stands dissolve in thin air like Kim Kardashian's marriages, and friendships seem as temporary as the contestants' polite demeanours, Big Boss serves as a source of entertainment to (whether we admit it or not) most of us, and the big question still remains, why? Why are people willing to waste an hour a day of their lives, skip parties, or not study for a test, all to watch a group of forgotten celebrities locked in a house argue with each other? Unlike

talent shows or quizzes, the show's large viewership can't even be attributed to great displays of talent or intelligence, so what can it possibly be?

Well, for starters, this show provides us with a great learning opportunity. Whether it's sheer ignorance, dull wittedness, or on some rare occasions, intellect, every possible behavioral characteristic is exhibited in the personalities of the predominantly outspoken cast of the show. Not only does teach its viewers to have patience with blatant doltishness, but on a more serious note –it exposes the intensity of relationships in closed environments and human behavioral patterns. It helps us clarify our values but if we look at the big picture, it all boils down to this- Big Boss provides us with entertainment. Not the 'Kabhi Khushi Kabhi Gham' Saas-bahu entertainment, but pure, unadulterated, raw entertainment. And am I ashamed that deep down I am so unevolved that I find pleasure in human conflict? Yes. But does that mean I'm going to stop watching Bigg Boss? Absolutely not.

Dedicated Bigg Boss Viewer, 10

Online issue: <http://www.vasantvalley.org/vasantvalley/archives/newsletterarc>

Please send all articles to :
newsletter@vasantvalley.org



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