



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

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SCHOOL NEWS

We deeply regret the unwarranted delay in the publication of the last issue of BLUEPRINT — it was held up in the Press probably due to unusually heavy load of work of the season.

Mrs. Murken talked on "The Role of Youth" at the last Saturday Club:

Mr. Devarajan, Member of the State Legislature from Ooty, visited the school last week. He assured us that he would do his best to help in the expansion of the school building.

Among other visitors were — Mrs. G. S. Pathak

(wife of the Vice-President)
and her daughters ;

The Rajasahib of Khairagarh ;

Mr. Ranganath Sastri, his son and
daughter-in-law;

Mr. L. Khemka and

The Ranisahiba of Bobbili.

The XI and X classes who went to the Nazareth Convent for their Parents' Night show seemed to have greatly appreciated 'Arms and the Man' which was staged by the girls there.

The following films were screened in the school. Kenner; Mahanagar (Bengali). The Sword of Launcelet is to be shown on the 29th. The Senior classes saw Airport at the Assembly Rooms this week.

The following matches were played :

Crickét	...	B. M. S.	Ys.	St. Josephs	...	we lost
	...	B. M. S.	Vs.	Brecks	...	we won
Basket Ball	...	B. M. S.	Vs.	Stanes	...	we won

"Vahini" (Mrs. Paranjpe) was the guest of honour at a dinner hosted by the boys on the 21st.

And now before we break up for the Monsoon Vacation here's wishing everyone a happy time till the next issue which will be on the anvil early in September.

CRICKETERS

Fast bowlers !
They break a few nuts,
in their many overs
of people who don't have guts.

Spinners !
They crack a few wickets.
Oh! Spinners
Of wickets, they are thickets.

Confident batsman !
They play good shots,
and take one at a time like unlucky fishermen,
They make the analysis filled with dots.

A swinger,
His account is high
and of runs he doesn't linger,
So he needn't die.

S. Mada Mohan
Std, VII

THE BIRTH OF A POET

There are several stages that I think, a child goes through in writing poetry. I speak of an average child — there are bound to be exemptions.

At a very young age a child writes poems, because others write — he wants to be 'in' with the crowd. Next he regards composing poems as a means in gaining recognition. At this stage he writes, shows it around, gives it to the school magazine for publication. This is rather a crucial stage in the child's development, if the poem is published or at least praised by those whom he respects; he gets encouraged and continues writing, otherwise he gives up the whole idea of composing poems and seeks some other means of fulfilling his urge to create.

When he continues writing poems, he starts either making them humorous or he starts using high-sounding words ("dictionary words", as they are called) to gain respect from his companions. To him poetry means pairs of lines ending with rhyming words; if he now continues to write, he gradually enters a stage when he composes poems for its own sake. Poetry now becomes a medium for communicating some observations, some beauty, some strong feeling to others. Now the poems he produces do not necessarily rhyme but they have a new quality in them — rhythm:

At this stage his poems give him long-lasting satisfaction. This joy is not lessened by the poem being disapproved by his friends or anyone else, or by its being refused publication in any magazine or periodical. At this stage, I think a poet is born.

Masud Taj

APPROACHING AUTUMN.

The nights are getting longer,
The birds are flying further,
The sun hardly ever comes up
And the children again have no luck,
Summer is over and Autumn is here,
And the animals are all in great fear.

Ganesh and Ramanathan,
Std, VII

THREE CHEERS FOR GAVASKAR & CO!

Gavaskar and Co. have brought glory to Indian cricket by winning the first Test and Test series against the once mighty West Indians. We'll start with the West Indians. It wasn't the same West Indian team which crashed England under Smith in 1966-67. It wasn't the same which defeated the sizzling Aussies under Bobby Simpson. But this was a poor depleted team with two old cavaliers — the unique match winner Sobers, and the Grand master Kanhai. But a surprise find was Charlie Davis who came to India in 1966-67 as a young opening bat. West Indies even though put up a weak team, gave the strong Indians a stiff fight.

West Indians are left without a good pair of openers after the exit of Hunte and Bynoe. The same is the case in bowling too. The present pair of Vanburn Holder and Grayson Shillingford or Uton Dowe is nothing compared to the two giants; Hall and Griffith. Sobers, Kanhai, and Davis batted with determination and got their team out of the muck several times. Lewis kept the wickets well, But better than that was his sterling batting,

Carew and Fredricks failed to impress. A ton was expected from Boyce but what they got was bitter disappointment. Dowe bowled well with a restrained use of a bouncer. Sobers' bowling wasn't of the same class, Inshan Ali bowled aggressively but the red cherry eluded the stumps. Holford staged a come back, even though not a great one. Thus the West Indies with a weak line up batsmen and bowlers lost a hard fought series against India.

For India its a matter of sheer glory, But the main cause for this glory are these cavaliers, Gavaskar, Sardesai, Bedi, Prasanna, Venkat, Abid and Solkar. Abid Ali with his brilliant all-round display, Solkar with his resolute batting and worthwhile bowling, Gavaskar and Sardesai with their excellent performance with the willow, Prasanna, Venkat and Bedi with fine spin-bowling, Mankad eventhough put up a good show, still hasn't overcome the temptation to chase the forbidden cherry outside the off-stump. Viswanath was expected to be a success but he failed, Wadekar's batting was of the third class. Only once did he bat well. Jaisimha was an utter failure with the bat but checked the runs with the ball; Krishnamurthi's performance wasn't good. He fumbled many a time, Durrani was expected to stage a great return to Test cricket but he disappointed bitterly, Javantilal performed well outside the Test. Even in his Test debut he didn't look like a nervous debutan. Jeejeebhoy kept the wickets well in the colony matches. But the thing which upset me was Wadekar's handling of Govindaraj, He should have opened the bowling with Abid instead of Solkar, Even Jayantilal should have been included instead of the nervous and weather-beaten Jaisimha. So Mr. Merchant has got a reason to be happy, So has Wadekar and Co. and the rest of India's cricket fans. But I tell you all, the lead is very slender-you can't hold it for long. And watch it, Gavaskar, England's pace battery has got 5 demons,—Snow, Ward, Wills, Shuttleworth and Lever so it won't be as easy as it was against the Caribbeans.

Yeshpal Levin

AS I SAT ...

On the window sill I sat,
Eating my lunch in peace,
I saw the Birdie of my class
Pecking at it still

As on the mountain rock I sat
And watched the clouds above
Drifting past the valley broad,
Like the cotton drifting on.

Under the coconut falls I went
Not caring for the world,
But when I touched the water cold
I ran and ran - on and on,
Till I reached a warmer falls.

But no falls came on my way
Only hills and tea plantations
At last I reached the I.B's warmth
I sat me down for a nice cold drink

Yatin

DARE TO BE FREE

(*A sermon for morning assembly*)

(This tape-recorded programme was presented on the day of the Headmaster's assembly recently when the XI class were given the school crests for their blazers, The school crest which consists of an image of a cypress tree in gold on a blue background, has the motto, 'Dare to be free')

A burst of 'pop' music against which four XI class boys A B C and D are sitting chatting. To them enters NGT.

A ——— Oh, good evening, sir.

NGT ——— I'm afraid you'll have to stop it soon now

B ——— Can't we have another hour or so ?

T ——— I don't see how you can. For one thing it's almost time you toddled off to bed, isn't it ?
and then, of course, pop music is rationed and you know it.

G ——— Is it just because you don't like it Sir, or is ———

D ——— But you said that day you liked pop once in a while !

B ——— Look here, sir we must have this out.

T ——— Certainly. Let's, But perhaps we don't need that background music, do we ?

T ——— Ah; how nice !

B ——— oh, well,

A ——— turn it off. (The music stops)
But for us to speak freely, would you mind if we addressed you as — well —
something no so freezing as 'Sir' or so distant as Mr. Thakar

A ——— Well, what about NGT ? May we say 'NGT'?

T ——— But how charming! It will cheer me up enormously and it would be such a tremendous compliment too !

B ——— Ok. Now you have asked for it, er—NGT.

T ——— Go ahead !

B ——— Look; we don't like that classical muck which seems to send you into ecstasy. God; what rummy noises ! I can hardly keep my face straight when that fellow — that — here, D, what's his name ?

- D ——— I suppose you mean Balmurali !
- B ——— That's the fellow ! Well, when he goes on and on in the same key — You know, something like this (parodies Balmurah) I could scream !
- D ——— Don't talk rot ! He is supposed to be a great singer.
- T ——— Bravo, D !
- B ——— I don't care how great he is, I don't like it and I am sure most of us don't. Anyway, you are welcome to your peculiar taste in music, NGT. But why don't you allow us ours ? Why not pop ?
- T ——— 'Why not' is very difficult to answer because it is often not a question at all. 'Why' is easier — I could tell you why Balmurali or Subbulaxmi or Ravishanker — if their music doesn't tell you better than I can. But 'why not pop' is difficult to answer — eh, perhaps less difficult than for example 'why not 'pot'!' Still, let me try
- B ——— Pot? What is 'pot'?
- A ——— Don't you know ? Pot is drugs — you know, marijuana cocaine, LSD, all that.
- T ——— Yes. Your age group all over the world is now doing it.
- B ——— Ugh ! how awful !
- T ——— Ah, but why not, B ? (The others titter)
- B ——— That's cheap NGT. Look, I'll put it plainly. The school motto is supposed to be 'Dare to be free'. Look there it is — in bold letters. But what are we free to do? Even in a harmless thing like music —
- T ——— Harmless ? Music ? My dear boy, it is ver-well, if I may borrow one of your words, it is 'dynamite' !
- B ——— Don't be silly, NGT. And don't interrupt. As I was saying, even in innocuous things we can't do what we like. We can't dress as we like, we can't look as we like, can't read, hear, see what we like, we must keep to courses, time-tables, set hours for everything, we must eat this but not that, we must go here but not there, we must — well, there's no end to it. Where does daring to be free come in ? If we dared, my good-heavens, I don't know what would happen : probably we'd be out of the school before I could say 'Suresh Mehrotra' !
- T ——— Good heaven, boy, do you think what Suresh and his friends did was daring to be free ! Very far from it !

- C ——— Well, why not? I mean, it's — Well, B's point is: What does that motto mean when we are little better than captives — or slaves?
- T ——— Or kings and queens
- B ——— What! What did you say?
- T ——— I said, "Kings and queens".
- B ——— And what in hell — sorry — what on earth do you mean?
- T ——— You see. I have my own theory about why you are treated like captives.
- C ——— Aha, so you do admit the fact?
- T ——— Oh yes: it's obvious. It is so to a large extent, as things are: in most schools, Yes, yes — though things in the BMS are not, I claim, too bad. You fellows are better off on the whole than many others.
- B ——— That's as may be. But the fact remains ———
- T ——— Yes. I know. You see, there are all sorts of explanations. Some people say that schools have grown into dead, confining places because we have not really given them thought and have not bothered to change them. Some say that authority and violence have become such a familiar and set way of life in all our human institutions that it is difficult to change the pattern, that perhaps it suits us — we are flourishing on it. I myself have said that growth releases such terrific energies that we find it easiest to resort to rigid ways and patterns to confine or harness them. But, above all else, I always think that the explanation lies in the fact that you are too important to the community to be allowed much freedom.
- C ——— I don't follow you, NGT.
- T ——— Let me explain. I do not mean merely that you are a colossal national investment in terms of rupees and paise. That you certainly are — some thousands of crores of rupees worth in this poor country — though you don't seem ever to think of it, do you? No wonder all of us — parents, teachers, politicians — think and feel like shareholders and bankers and profiteers about you and your education: That is bad enough. But the trouble is deeper than that. You see, the fact is that in terms of life, in terms of history, you are the most important and the most miraculous thing to happen

to any human community at any given time. And if you look around you, you will see how nature or life treats such importance. Those models of prudence-the bees-turn their young (and, of course, the queens their mothers) into life prisoners and in the beehive the freest members of the community are the drones whose only purpose in life is death. Among butterflies, the caterpillar is bound hand and foot and closed up in a cocoon to educate it and turn it into the imago. Even in man's world we have had-from China to Peru — many societies where the young kings and queen were always the prisoners of their terrible importance. In fact, love takes such fantastic and terrible forms that when you try to relate education to love, you —

A ——— For heaven's sake, NGT, if you are trying to inflict one of your so-called poems on us, for once you will not find us a captive audience. We won't have it, see?

T ——— My dear A, when you grow up and then slowly begin to drown you will find that the only solid thing your hands will touch and gratefully cling to will be poetry in one form or another.

A ——— I don't see that; and in any case it is not likely to be *your* poetry: so spare us, please.

T ——— But, my dear man, I am serious about what I am saying to you. If you see it my way, your blind shadow-fighting for what you call freedom will abate a little-although I wouldn't want it to abate, really.

B ——— Are you trying to say that we should be-and remain-captives? that we are just biology? I thought we were human

T ——— Ah, good. You have put your finger precisely on the point. That's where *daring* to be free comes in. Now I'm going to be fearfully philosophical for a moment. Brace up. It looks as if man has dared to turn survival and biological efficiency and evolution on such an exclusively human base as love-love set in a pattern of truth and goodness and beauty-which are things unknown to biology. And the one thing which these values vitally need, beyond biological restraint, is freedom. Therefore man has to dare to be free. But along with freedom, restraint also remains a vital need.

And although that makes man's upbringing a basically tragic and absurd experience, growth is such an irresistible miracle, so overwhelming, that despite its tragedies and absurdities, adolescence reaches out, through many thicknesses of schools and teachers, through deprivations and rigidities, as the seed underground does, and grasps the joy and freedom and excitement which it needs. Freedom to the human child is really something like oxygen and even in the worst of schools and homes, it is and has to be there.

- B ——— Is your purple patch — your philoophising — over? Can we return to plain talk?
- T ——— Yes, Do forgive me.
- E ——— Do I now understand that you are for freedom?
- T ——— Well-er-yes, in a sense
- T ——— Good egg! Atta boy, NGT! Now you are talking!
- E ——— Am I? And you understand what I am saying?
- B ——— Sure! We dig you. You are saying freedom is good.
- C ——— And several things besides. But —
- B ——— No 'but' about it as far as I can see. You make it sound complicated. But freedom is such a very simple thing, isn't it? You allow us to do what we like and we —
- A ——— Within reason, of course —
- B ——— What do you mean 'within reason'? After all, we are all basically decent fellows. It's when we are pushed about — you know, 'do this, don't do that, or else' — it's *then* we go bad and dull and vicious and wrong. Give the honest freedom and real democracy and we —
- T ——— Within reason of course —
- B ——— What do you mean 'within reason'? After all, we are all basically decent fellow. It's when we are pushed about — you know, 'do this, don't do that, or else' — it's *then* we go bad and dull and vicious and wrong. Give us honest freedom and real democracy and we —
- T ——— Give you freedom? Who is to give?
- B ——— What do you mean? why, you and the teachers and other grown-ups — the whole lot of you; of course, who else?
- T ——— Alas, my dear child, that's only partially true. The trouble is that freedom becomes unnecessarily romantic when you

think of it as someone withholding it or giving it and your wanting it just for that reason. It is like as if you turn a vitamin or a breath of oxygen into a wine in some holy grail. Yes, of course, those of us who are concerned with your growth — and who is not? — we do have a part in accepting, providing, organising real freedom around you. But remember this. Real freedom is like the spider's silk: it has to be spun by us out of our guts if we have to climb upwards to catch sun-beams and flies and dew in it. It must be — or

C — — — O Lord ! there you go again ; you can't keep away from the stuff, eh ? But now look. First you say that we are too important to be allowed freedom. (What a screwy idea !) Then you say freedom to a human child is like oxygen OK. And then you jump around again and say it can't be given. What do you mean ? Really, NGT, we didn't know you were so muddle-headed ! Can't you put it in simple language ?

T — — — But if I use simple language it will at once look like poetry to you and you will start complaining again: However, here goes.

Freedom, you said, B, was simple. Well, it is not. One man's freedom is so often another man's bondage or at least discomfort and, what is worse, that same man's own worst enemy. The individual's freedom tangles with his community's freedom, and vice versa. The thin line between freedom and license can be and often is a great danger. Even to handle 'given' freedom you need skill. But the thing which worries me most is what I must call the trivialization of freedom—mere ostentatious freedom—long hair, purple Nehrus, pop, pot, showy sex — all that empty freedom which is just an absence of restraint. In schools too there is so much of it — urged and demanded by otherwise quite reasonable people. To me it seems, sadly, that all this rather takes the dare out of freedom. I agree that over the centuries as schools have claimed more and more areas of children's lives, there has been a greater loss of freedom for the child. And just to take the wind out of the sails of trivialization, I would say 'yes' to no uniforms to as long-or as short-hair as you like, to your own choices and decisions in a number of areas of school life, to adjustment of time-tables and routines to real needs, to pop music or any other current noises you want, to greater freedom of movement, to free relationships and so on, if-and this the crux of the whole matter — if —

- B ——— Three cheers! Well, er-two cheers, any way. And when do we start, NGT? When do you give us these freedoms?
- T ——— Well, any day you like, if —
- G ——— That is not good enough. Be serious NGT and don't bandy so many 'its' about.
- T ——— I mean it. You see, these things will not mean very much because, to me freedom has a far more difficult and far deeper application. So when I answer your question 'when' I shall now be talking of that real freedom which needs daring. But I suspect that you will not much care for my answer.
- B ——— Oh, come on, it can't be worse than what you have been saying. And in any case we have kept that last hurrah in our locker. We shall just cancel it if your answer is as impossible as some of the things you have said already.
- T ——— You know some people have been very logical. They are saying that schools have become unfree and bad, and that the only logical thing is to do away with them — education will be much better, more real, without them.
- B & C ——— Ooh! How wonderful: No school:
- A ——— Don't be silly. I think it would be just awful!
- D ——— Oh, I don't know: it may make no difference at all worse luck.
- T ——— Personally, I am quite clear that, if, tomorrow, in a flash flood of drastic reforms and teaching machines and computers, the school and the teacher disappear from our civilization, very soon they will have to be resurrected in some form or other. The school and the teacher will always remain the custodians of that ancient secret by which restraint and freedom together create man.
- C ——— What's that got to do with daring to be free, here and now,
- T ——— This: first, the less important thing. Even after you have been 'given' all the freedoms which I mentioned a moment ago there will always — remain the basic restraints imposed by your importance to the human community. Even if you come to us as test-tube babies or juggled-genes babies, our anxieties and hopes and dreams will dog your growth so that you will continue to be, in some degree, prisoners of your importance. Certainly, you will be much less unfree. But — and this is the weightier thing I have to say — you will not be really free until you have been taught to dream,

to be passionate and true, to live a strenuous life. That is the only meaning of being free and, even more of *daring* to be free. Freedom in any other sense is either trivial or false — a mirage. A school which, however permissive or Summer-hillian it may be, does not have this deep conscious concern about the young to teach them, to dream, to be passionate and true, to live strenuously is not a free school : a school which has it — even if it has its restraints - is truly free.

Finally, I would very much like to recommended to you, even if it sounds very very odd in our day and time, another equation of freedom which I recommended as a motto to another school.

“Sa Vidya ya vimuktaye”

‘That is learning which liberates’ — the liberation not being confined to your mind and body — your dreaming and being passionate and true and your living strenuously — but culminating in your union with God. This last is undoubtedly the greatest and the deepest meaning of freedom — the only kind of freedom which can be an end and not merely a means : and if you dare, really dare to be free, that is where it will take you-straight into those outspread arms

(Pause)

Now then, how about that last hurrah ! (prolonged silence)

Hm, A deep silence eh? I thought as much. Mea culpa !

Mea culpa !

ABCD — (Together) Amen.

RED

Red —
the color of blood
of human beings
shed by human beings.

Red —
the color of communism,
the color of the ‘reds’,
‘reds’ of violence.

Red —
the color of murder
splashed across the scene —
murder of human beings.

Red —
the color
of the
blood
red
rose,

Masud Taj.