

Propose the Opposition

“Obsession with K-pop is intellectually diminishing”

FOR

-Naviya Chamariya, X

I am certain that a lot of anger and annoyance has been fuelled by the very motion of this debate, which is understandable as people tend to leave all sense of rationality when something dear to them appears to be threatened. This illustrates the stark difference between appreciating and obsessing over a certain thing. The K-pop fans that AVS overflows with, may want to persecute me but what we need to understand is that the argument is over 'obsession' and not 'appreciation'.

Illustrator: Takhe Tamo Reela

When one appreciates a language or a form of art, one tries to learn and understand about it without blatantly ignoring the cons of that certain art form. However, when one reaches the point of obsession, they become so emotionally attached that they rarely listen to reason and end up devoting valuable time over vague pursuits.

One might say that love for K-pop has opened up avenues in terms of cultural and linguistic exposure. This makes me ask a pertinent question to the K-pop fans: What is it that gives you this exposure? Is it learning the history, art forms and current affairs of the country or watching compilations of “Funny Moments of your favourite K-pop Bands”? The word obsession comes into play here. Appreciation of K-pop may possibly be the reason one is introduced to the Korean culture and if one is interested to expand one's knowledge or even stay merely entertained, they may try drawing not just from the music but essentially from its history. However, on observation of the K-pop loving society, it is fair to say that rather than

heightening one's awareness of the world, K-pop fans tend to exhibit cult-like characteristics.

K-pop brings with it the introduction to a new language and that is undeniably a positive effect. However, K-pop does not in any way provide one with an affinity to the art of learning languages. If one can barely learn to be proficient in the languages that are in the School syllabus, it is highly unlikely to develop

a cognitive grasp of the Korean language and its Hangul script after merely listening to albums by some boy band. Consequently, in an attempt to familiarise themselves to the Korean culture, people who fail to learn the language tend to alter the way they speak English making it a corrupt mix of 'Korea-ish'.

This is something that acts as a catalyst in the depreciation of the very foundation of speaking any language, befittingly. What we also need to understand is that an intellectual person isn't just a person who is academically sound. It refers to

someone who can appreciate the nuances of art, culture and history while staying entertained. This brings me to the next issue. Obsession with K-pop takes a further nosedive when this form takes an extension to fixation over Korean Drama. This invariably means a conscious or unconscious aping of a fictitious life whose realms stop making sense the moment they meet reality. K-pop as a form of art and appreciation or the lack of it is purely subjective and up to an individual's unique choice. It is the obsession over K-Pop that stunts cerebral abilities and leaves one stranded in a well, quiet akin to the frog.



AGAINST

-Sanjana Barooah, X

Lou Rawls once said, “Music is the greatest communication in the world. Even if people don’t understand the language that you’re singing in, they still know good music when they hear it.” I would like to start off with this and abolish any thoughts regarding the factor of not understanding Korean. After all, we do not see questions being raised over fanatics mulling over Spanish numbers with reprehensible Spanish lyrics especially since one is still confused between ‘J’ and ‘J’ in the Spanish language.

I would like to break down the fallacious motion and clarify some of the key terms. ‘Intellect’ means the faculty of reasoning and understanding objectively in other words, ‘a clever person’. Saying that K-pop, a worldwide phenomenon, is a genre of music which diminishes one’s intellect, is to say at the least, a pointless argument. I shall nevertheless take the pain to educate that certain section of individuals who are under the misconception that averting the uncertain and innovative, only makes them cerebral.

K-pop, as in Korean Pop introduces us to a new, varied and rich culture. This in return develops our global awareness and compels us to experiment with and learn different languages, discover inventive ways of dancing and song writing. The appreciation of K-pop helps bring together like minded people who through the common platform of music share ideas and interests and thereby grow as individuals. I believe that it is only the ‘fear of the unknown and the different’ and a narrow mindset that prompts the Proposition to not associate this

dynamic era of music as intellectually enriching. BTS, the worldwide sensation and one of the biggest Korean sensations recently spoke in the UN, talking of love and how it is the only universal component that unites us. Korean bands are being recognised and felicitated worldwide from the American Music Awards to the Billboards to the United Nations. A genre that has been recognised globally and is spreading the message of love, understanding and acceptance amongst the youth cannot in any form and fashion, be regressing. Listening to songs and learning a language gives one an important element that is usually quite hard to find- a context for words. In their song “Happiness”, Red Velvet sang, “The world is filled with beautiful things and great things. That it’s been a while we have stopped caring about money and power.” These lyrics though simple, are powerful. Majority of the artists in Korea start young, and work tirelessly through blood and sweat to make it big in the entertainment world.

We must remember that K-pop bands today have won awards against their established English Boy Bands and singers, which include Bieber and Harry Styles. Their concerts have the widest of audiences across the world including fan clubs out of Kolkata.

Non-appreciation of Korean Pop music and calling it intellectually diminishing is only contradicting worldwide acceptance.

That is the truth and like a great debater once said, the truth should not be debated upon but be gracefully accepted.

CAMPUS NEWS

On 3rd March 2019, The Social Service League along with their M/ic Mrs. Lipika Bora and accompanying teachers Ms. Pooja Borah and Mr. Anil Kumar Yadav made their way to the Nabapravat Orphanage where they interacted with the children and cooked a meal for them. The League returned with a renewed sense of service and a deeper appreciation of a shared existence.

The ever-engaging CDT Department’s newest initiative, The Orchid newsletter made its debut on the 1st of March, taking the activities of the room to a further and wider audience. The team consists of Deep Ngangom, Avneet Arora, Ayang Borang, Nilasha Bhinsaria, Adrija Das and Anushcka Joshi led by the multi-talented Mrs. Priyanka Joshi, Head of CDT. The newsletter promises its readers a vibrant and creative peek into their world and will be published every fortnightly. We wish the Team the very best in their endeavors.



THE OUTPOST

Illustrator: Eloziini Senachena



The tension in the Valley continues to simmer as another explosion at a bus stop in Jammu kills one while injuring thirty-two.

The Nobel Foundation announces two Nobel Prize for Literature for 2019 after an interlude of a year post the infamous #metoo accusations. As the General Elections loom ahead, the Rafale issue re-enters the

news with Congress President, Rahul Gandhi backing The Hindu over its investigative article regarding the deal.

At the quagmire of accusations lie the Oppositions demand for proof of success behind the claims of the IAF which promises to keep the circus of the 2019 elections entertaining.



IN CONDOLENCE

-Mrs. Meenakshi BoraGogoi, Chair, Department of Assamese
Mr. Hitesh Das, a pioneer of the teaching community was an Assamese Teacher at The Assam Valley School. He joined the institution in 1996 and retired in the year 2014 after an 18 year tenure. Mr. Das left for his heavenly abode on the 4th of March. A man of simple taste, Mr. Das was well recieved among the student and staff community for his popular anecdotes. A composer and a singer, his presence on and off stage was unforgettable. I have had the pleasure of working with him throughout his tenure as his Chair and grew a bond with him that moved beyond the confines of our professional life making us a part of each other's family. While we remain deeply grieved over his demise, he will continue to live in our fondest memories forever.

LAND OF THE FREE

-Eloziini Senachena, X

The 2nd of March, 2019 witnessed the Inter-House Lower School Debates which brought to the forefront a group of talented budding debaters. The Chairperson for the event was the Head Girl Aakangsha Dutta who is also the Captain of the Athenaeum with Naviya Chamariya as the timekeeper. The esteemed judges for the evening were Mrs. Tamanna Seth, Mrs. Priyanka Kashayp Das and Mrs. Savinder Kaur. The motion of the Debate declared- 'Considering Today's Scenario, Humanity is more important than Patriotism'. Representing the Blue House, Bhoroli-Lohit, were Takhe Tamo Haaro, Angie Nongthambam and Shristi Bajaj as the Reserve Speaker. Jinari-Manas had Aayat Hazarika and Saron Nigel Odyuo as their Speakers with Sampada Malpani as their Reserve Speaker. Subansiri-Namdang had Lavanya Adhikari, Naman Tribrewal as their Speakers with Karleen Tok as the Reserve Speaker while representing Kopili-Dhansiri were Alda Nongmeikapam, Ahamed Dayan Alam and Fareeha Ambreen. The debate stormed around the definitions of

'Nationalism' and 'Fanaticism' with frequent references to the Pulwama Attack. The side Proposition countered with their argument that posed the question, 'Does patriotism not act as a foundation for humanity?'.

The Opposition argued that humanity was an abstract if utopian concept while patriotism was palpable and resulted in the development of a nation through the involvement of its citizens. Takhe Tamo Haaro, was awarded the Most Promising Speaker as much for his flair as for his wit during the rebuttals. Ahamed Dayan Alam, who earned the title of the Best Speaker spoke powerfully against the topic, stating that patriotism is the foundation of humanity and it is what compels people to uphold their values while respecting the sanctity of others.

The House positions were as follows:

1st position- Kopili-Dhansiri

2nd position- Bhoroli-Lohit

3rd position- Jinari-Manas

4th position- Subansiri-Namdang

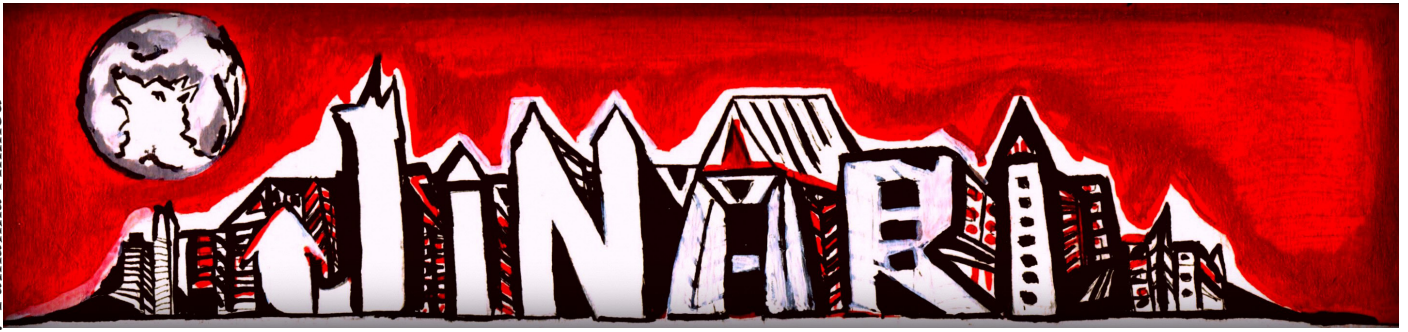
INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL RESULTS

- 1: *Kopili-Dhansiri*
- 2: *Subansiri-Namdang*
- 3: *Jinari-Manas*
- 4: *Bhoroli-Lohit*

WO-MAN

- Jirmin Toko, XII





JINARI IN SISTERHOOD

- Trisha Baruah, House Captain

There is a certain way the rays of the morning sun envelopes the building sheltered in a corner of this vast landscape, that seems to leave a burning glow on the girls who occupy the first floor. There is no colour that is so biologically wired into us as the colour red. It seeps into us the essence of sisterhood and is associated with courage, power, strength, determination, and energy. At Jinari, we believe in resonating the qualities of the colour we wear and constantly strive to live up to it. Staying true to this, the Reds at AVS have been a force to reckon with creating history by winning the much coveted 'Silver Elephant' of the R.B Magor trophy for the third time in a row and intend to keep steady the flow of the steam.

Jinari has always prided itself in the girls it houses and aims to watch them grow in grace, dignity and self-assurance.

The spirit of a girl in the red jersey is as much the quintessence of sportsmanship on the grounds as she is a mark of cultural excellence on the stage she rules. Academia has always been a forte of Jinari girls where intellectual pursuits are encouraged as is the discovery of self. The House believes that every one of its girls must find a way to build a niche for herself in an area of her choice during her School years. It is felt that while achievement must be pursued, a Jinari girl aims to build herself into a sensitive confident human being for whom service is a way of life. AVS is a multi-cultural confluence

where the ethos of this great institution is held firmly by the students who belong to it. Standing guard to its vision and holding fort for the eighth year in a row as it's Housemistress is the dynamic Ms. Pamela J. Syiemlieh under whose stewardship Jinari has grown from strength to strength. A woman of many talents and interests, Ma'am Pam (as she is affectionately called) believes that a person's character marks her caliber and decides her future and therefore must be shaped with integrity, generosity and moral courage.

Close at hand and part of her formidable team who make Jinari a House of quality and esteem are its tutors, many of whom by now have shared a long association with the House. Mrs. Jhilpa Bhutia, the firebrand Dame of the House is a strict disciplinarian with a kind heart and an artistic streak whose creativity makes Jinari a building of beauty and warmth.

As the last rays of the setting sun leaves its traces on every wall and corridor of the House, Jinari remains for its girls a home away from home. It nurses and shelters and watches them grow into young women who carry on them lessons learnt through the wise words of their seniors and the guidance of their mentors. They will remain enshrined for always in the history of this institution they helped shape and mark a vibrant red, a colour that will always be a part of their identity and the streak of a great House, Jinari.



TALES FROM THE CRYPT

Disclaimer: The following stories are based on true experiences and are not intended to cause hysteria.

Episode 1: The Storm at Night

Writers: Kankana Saikia, V

It was a stormy night and the Jinari -Bhoroli side of Tihu was fast asleep. At quarter to three that night, three girls in a certain room woke up with a jolt almost simultaneously without being aware of each other. As the clock struck three, the wooden door of the room which was wide open, banged shut. The three girls leapt from their beds that instant and stared at the door. Lighting struck and thunder rolled darkening the night. The girls dashed towards the door and tried to pry it open. Although they pulled with all their might, the door did not budge. They could hear the footsteps of the 'night didi' who kept a watch on them but could not see her no matter how hard they tried.

They gave the door one last lunge and found it come open in a smooth arc. The girls ran back to their beds out of fright as lightning struck and thunder rolled again. The time on the clock read half past three.

Episode 2: From The Shadows

Writer: Debastuti Kashyap, VI

I slowly stretched for a bottle of water; hunched over my textbook. It was one of those nights when the exams fever was high and the signs of exhaustion was evident as my eyelids kept sliding shut despite my best efforts. Just when I finally manage to clutch the bottle, darkness enveloped the room. "Power outage!" I muttered and although my tone was indignant, I was glad for the divine intervention that provided for a minute of relief. Suddenly I felt cold air rush into the room but the usually creaky door had not made a single sound of being pulled open. The silent moonless night seemed to

stand still intensifying the darkness around me. Right then I felt quick taps on the top of my head and then we simultaneously asked, "Who is this?". I reach out in the dark to figure out which of my friends were trying to play a prank. The lights come on almost on que and I realise, I am alone in the room and the door was firmly shut without any signs of a visitor.

Episode 3: Locked Steps

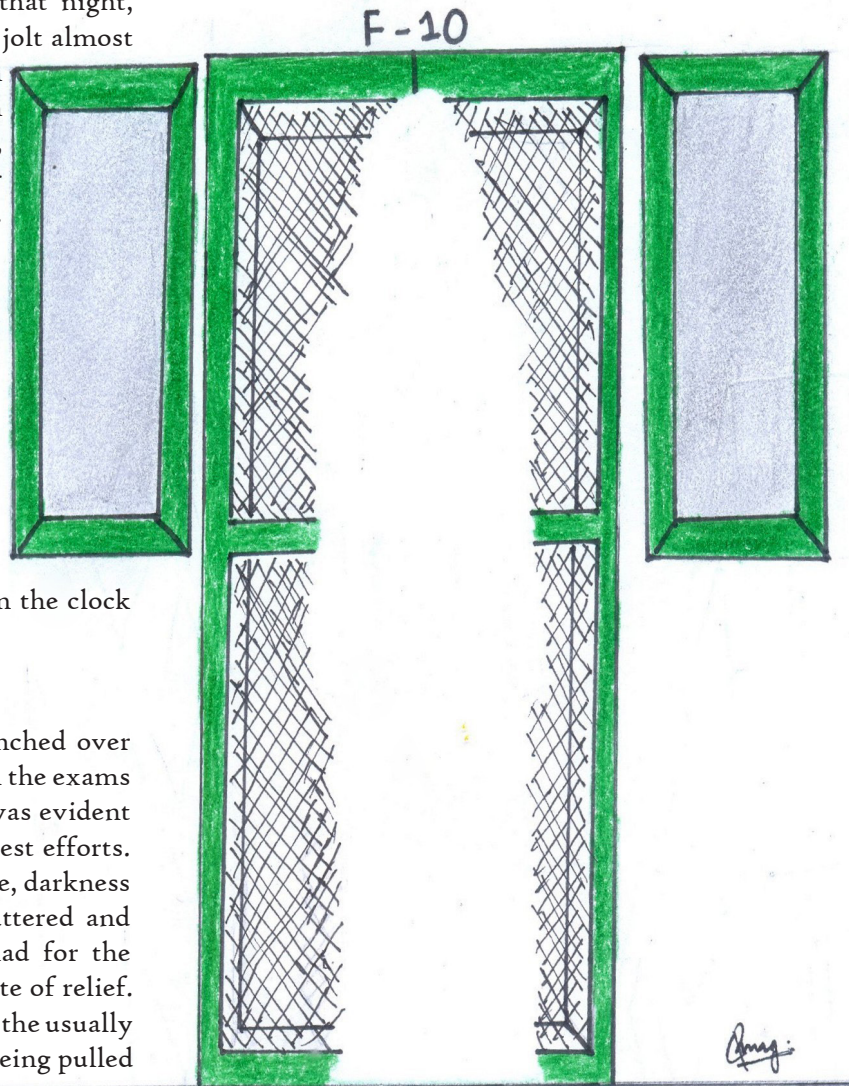
Writer: Manvi Agarwal, VI

It was Founders and the dance practices were on. I had been part of a rigorous dance schedule and was glad to be able to drag my exhausted feet back to the House for a quick shower and perhaps an even quicker nap. I was walking down the corridor to my room and had just crossed the Common Room when I heard strains of classical music come from within. I would have

diligently continued on my way with my head down and only sleep on my mind had it not been for the sound of accompanied ghoongroos that seem to float out of the window.

I paused to take a peep, my curiosity peeked considering the rest of the building lay silent and from what I could make out, I was the only occupant around. Through the window I saw a senior girl practice a routine on kathak her movements as crisp as they were graceful. I quickly traced my steps back to the door of the Common Room to take a closer look at the dancer.

To my surprise, I found the proverbial lock hanging on the door which was resolutely shut. I ran back to the window and peeped in. To my astonishment, the room now lay empty, its only occupant the faint strain of classical music.



IS IT BETTER TO SPEAK OR DIE*

- Prerna Barooah, Jinari House Captain, Batch of 2015

I read somewhere that Rumi never wrote down any of
his poetry and I wondered

Perhaps it was something simple:

if the reason I couldn't do it- I've spent all of the sixty-
four days since I read that trying-

at that split-second between the parting of the lips
and words falling through sound into waiting ears,

was because I was trying so goddamn hard
to.

Was it because he felt things I
didn't, haven't (won't)? Or was it

simply a matter of motor skills-

a practiced mastery over every
syllable that flowed out of his

mouth while even my feelings
stumbled in their efforts to
just be,

choosing instead to lie scattered and incomplete within
me?

his fingers were steady and
he couldn't feel his nerve
endings clenching

and the pages didn't spin
around him and the bile
didn't

rise in his throat and;

and if it ever did he could
blink it all away like I never
could.



Illustrator: Tamanna Ahmed

**The exact origins of the title of this piece are unknown but
I found it as part the dialogue within Andre Aciman's novel,
'Call Me By Your Name'.*

Apart

- Saziia Selvia, XII

It is the year 1947, where a free India woke up to senseless
bloodshed and unprecedented violence. This bloodshed
and violence felt more real to the three figures huddled
together inside a hut, on a damp summer night.

"Ammi, when is Abbu coming back?" the boy asked,
looking up with his big brown eyes. "Soon, my darling,"
she whispers pulling him closer. She knew that her
husband was probably dead, devoured by hatred and
ignorance that was so widespread these days.

Her mind floats back to the time when she had first
come to the neighborhood, a blushing bride eager to
start her new life. Her husband had taken her around,
introducing her to all their neighbors, slyly slipping
scandalous details about them when they were out of
earshot. She recounted countless times they had knocked
on each other's doors to share morsels of cherished
delicacies from festivities held the night before. Those
days of togetherness and camaraderie were now a
bygone era and reality today had them poised as each
other's enemies. She fervently prayed to Allah to get
them through the night even as the cries of "Har Har
Mahadev" raced through the air.

"Merciful Allah..." she whimpers as she clutches the little
boy closer to her chest. It breaks her heart as she sees

her old mother glance toward the kerosene jar which lay
next to them. She has heard of how the Sikhs of a nearby
village had chosen to chop off the heads of their women
instead of allowing the Muslim men to take them away;
apparently not a single woman had survived. She asks
her God for strength and courage to do what she has to
do next. Sorrow and dread fills her being as she hands a
small green pill to the little boy. "Swallow this, Abu."
she whispers softly but firmly. The pill had been hard to
procure as the luxury of a peaceful demise was expensive
these days. The boy did as he was told.

A few moments of silence pass when Abu grinned
broadly to show two missing teeth, "Ammi?" "Hmm...?"
comes the choked reply. "I love you." Which mother
could have held herself together after that? She breaks
down completely, inconsolable sobs rocking her
withered frame. The startled boy reaches out to his
mother, holding her with his thin brown arms, and in a
voice that was quickly fading he whispers, "I'm sorry."
Far in the distance man killed man in the name of God,
the savior.

That damp summer night a mother held the limp body
of her child in her arms as another poured kerosene over
her daughter and grandson.

Ripple #97

-Sieyina Meru, XII

He could smell the
vast blue ocean,
He could almost
taste the freedom
he envisioned.
But for the iron
bars that held
him.

Saza-e-Kalapani

Tongue of Slip!!

1. Give it him to now - Sempisang Toy, XII (*What? Your grammar?*)
2. Tomorrow I will run behind me - Balkirat Kaur, XII (*Can you keep up?*)
3. Do you have hand hanilizer? - Remin Kabak, X (*We'll hand it over.*)
4. My hair is very tall - Prarthna Sharma, XII (*Beyond head and shoulders.*)
5. For example let's take an example - Farial Shahin, XII (*Nice example.*)
6. She will look like a men - Orihona S. Bikash, XII (*Happy Women's Day!*)

Keep It Reel!

The Runway

-Arhata Saikia, XII

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