

IN
M
E
M
O
R
I
A
M



A
M
I
T
S
E
H
G
A
L



EDITORIAL

Hello scenesters! Today's all about a celebration of the Indian DIY spirit. I've watched the growth of the Bombay scene over the last few years with both excitement and trepidation. Excitement at the increase in venues, audiences and the possibility of financial viability. Trepidation at our dependence on corporate sponsorship and elitist venues like HRC that care more about their audience rich, South Bombay brats than about the music.

Don't get me wrong, I love that we can have huge festivals like the Weekender and a plethora of gigs at every week. I like that the scene's visibility has exploded and that people who had never heard of Indian rock beyond Parikrama and Euphoria are now jazzing all over the new Adam and the Fish Eyed Poets album on my facebook feed.

But there's a flip side. There's certain forms of music, especially punk rock and indie (Fugazi and Pavement indie, not the Killers or Death Cab or any of that wimpy bullshit), that do not work well with corporate sponsorship. Can you imagine Sonic Youth playing 'Teenage Riot' in front of a Budweiser backdrop? Or Merzbow performing his acts of sonic terror in front of the well-heeled cultural parasites that make up the Blue Frog audience? So why are we so perfectly happy to see our own punk/avant-garde/metal acts compromise their art and their ideologies by acting as advertisers for vodka and clothing brands?

This is why Control Alt Delete is so important. It's a reminder of the true spirit of DIY indie, of how our scene started out and of who actually built the scene. Not big name brands, not self-appointed 'promoters', but us. The musicians and the fans, working together. It's a reminder that sponsorships and an expanded audience willing to pay a 1000 bucks for a gig at the Frog is well and fine, but a real and authentic scene also has to be independent and self-sustaining because one day the sponsors might move on to the next big fad and the page 3 hipsters might find new cultural forms to patronise in return for cultural capital and indie cred.

We decided to create this zine because we believe in the idea of DIY. Photocopy it, pass it around, give it to your friends. Make your own zines, set up your own gigs, create your own little indie labels. Stop moaning about the scene, get off your ass and make things happen.

-- Bhanuj Kappal

NOT PLAYING ALONG

There used to be a man named Jimmy Mills, and he'd spend his days poring over music catalogues, Beach Boys records, and other very important things like that. Now, being that way doesn't often amount to anything useful, but, just this once, it did: all the tunes he'd hum to himself - on the potty, in the tram on his way to work, standing in line to pick up a carton of eggs at the supermarket and so forth - eventually got tangled up inside his head and grew into ten whole new songs which no one had heard before. And, one day, Jimmy Mills put these new songs on a CD-R, playing all the instruments in place of the backing band he didn't have, and started giving out copies of it as a present to his friends.

In a better class of story, there would then be a stroke of luck. A friendly label would discover his little record; success and fame would follow. Jimmy Mills would retire contented in the home of his dreams, and everyone would live happily ever after. In the event, none of this happened. The world is a bit crap like that.

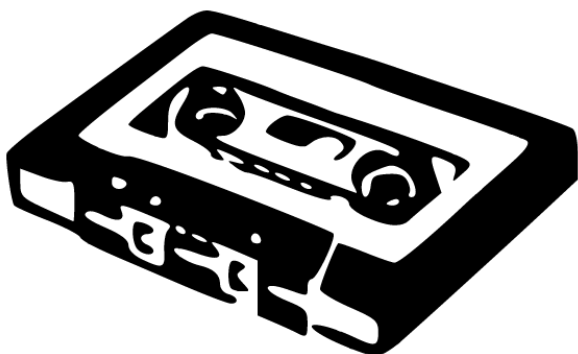
What did happen was this: the few people who heard Mills's album came to firmly believe that it was possible to make perfectly good music

by Moop

outside the orbit of record labels and name studios. Now, by the standards of these fast-moving times, this was a long way back: labels and studios were still a musician's only hope of being heard; indeed, if you weren't "signed", you were thought of as a failure, not a proper musician at all.

The "DIY ethic" - or whatever other name you want to give it, "bedroom pop" or whatever - is so commonplace as to be unremarkable now. But the point is this, that it was a new, startling idea once, and one which many dismissed out of hand for no better reason than that's not how things were done.

But "that's not how it's done" is the worst reason to not do anything, especially when there's something deeply wrong with the way things are. Little home-made records have changed the music-making game, and it's such a small step taking it from records to gigs that you wonder why more people aren't doing it. The live music business has walled itself in with its own bullshit. Cut out the middleman: do it yourself.





WE NEED TO TALK

Five hundred years from now, the world won't see commutes slackened by flying car traffic jams and stereos that soundlessly transmit sounds to your brain. On the contrary, it would be chock full of ape-haired boneheads fighting in dilapidated malls over vodka quarters left behind from yesteryears.

"...but the fourth world war will be fought with sticks and stones," says Einstein.

The graph marking the progress of average human intelligence through time is not an upward climb but best resembles a brown hill scrawled by a four-year-old. As we grow older, we'll only grow dimmer as a species.

Our proto-monkeyman descendants, between stick-fighting fellow ape-men over their hoard of stale booze, shall develop a form of music unique to their kind. Would it be hyper-polyrhythmic caveman metal with rocks for snares and boulder kick drums? Or vowel-only sonnets, raps taught to them by a Tupac hologram? We can't tell. What we can be sure of, however, is that despite their diminished cognitive capability, the music they make won't be any better than the music of our times. David Byrne's new book 'How Music Works' led me to

by Bhanuj Kappal and Ritwik Deshpande

realize that's not such a bad thing.

In his book, Byrne hypothesizes that the notion of progress in music is confabulation. He's of the opinion that musicians don't evolve over time, they merely adapt. To cite a powerful in-book example, manic tribal rhythms purveyed by Africans, with sharp/short percussion hits occurring at metrically displaced intervals, are the way they are because they were crafted to suit the environment in which they were meant to be played ie. around a bonfire in the great outdoors.

The reason Middle Age Europe didn't see such music at all is because the reverberative acoustics of the primary listening space of that era, the cathedral, would turn spitfire percussive hits into a muddled clusterfuck.

This hypothesis extends beyond physical factors such as the acoustics of the space in which the music is to be presented to more subliminal social and political determinants. Pressures settling on a creator's mind find a vent in his/her creation, often with no participation of the conscious mind. Any art-form is doomed to be a diary of some sort, like it or not.

The clincher? Music is not a quantifiable variable that gets better or worse through time. All it is, is a coping mechanism.

As Indians, we have a lot to cope with. A sarsen of a music industry running in intersection with the stock-film whorehouse that's Bollywood. A social landscape rife with preconceived notions fueled by devilish norms and mores. A populace missing the point with so large a margin as to inspire suspicions of deliberation. It's no surprise we look at music made across oceans as a form of escapism. Our one-way ticket away from closed minds and bureaucratic beartraps. Note by note, it seeps into the music we create. But somewhere, we forget to draw the line.

The end result of this process is a generation of somebodies trying to sound like somebody.

Instead of filtering the music that influences us through our immediate surroundings, we view it as an end in itself. Out of it we sculpt a lofty ideal we're compelled to conform to. What happens is we end up expressing our playlists instead of ourselves. We're left with a patchwork of ex-buzzbands and the flotsam and jetsam of formative years à la Coldplay.

Viewed from a long enough distance, our scene is bits and fragments of everything bandied from everywhere. Along every suburb, there are a dozen intrepid singers, drummers, guitarists, Abletoneers forming indie groups without realizing indie is as abstract a concept as time. As they ape their idols in an attempt to tune out what's around them, close their eyes to a land of unparalleled problems and paradoxes itching for creative exploitation.

We lack understanding when it comes to the importance of the socio-cultural context in which our favourite music was or is being made. You don't need to know about the history of Reaganomics and Thatcherism to enjoy hardcore punk, and you don't need to know about LBJ and the anti-war movement to enjoy music from the

60s. But if you're going to try to import these musical forms to India without paying attention to this context, then you have a problem.

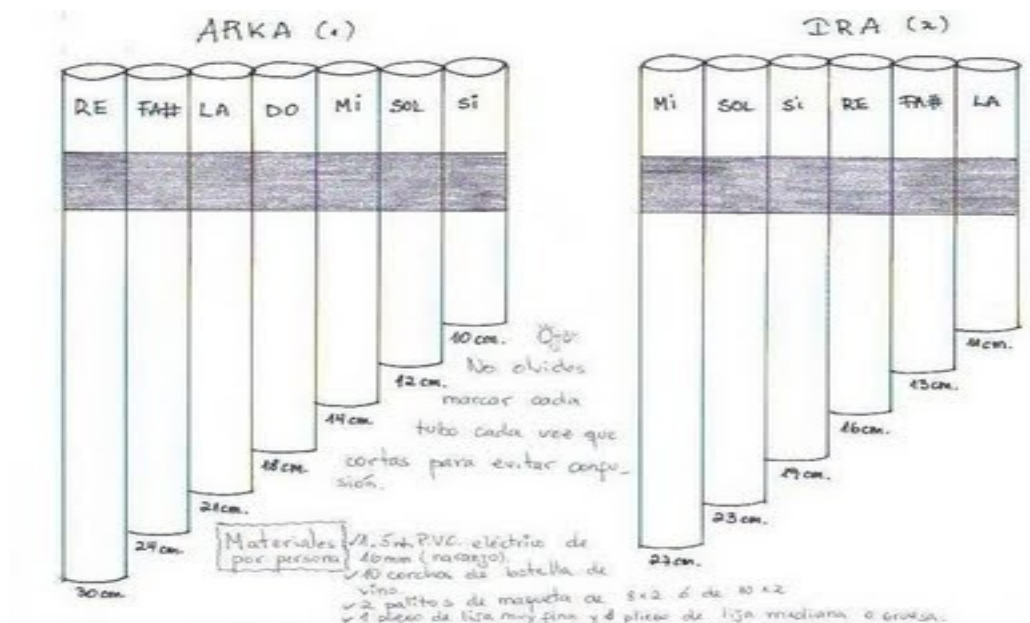
So much of Indian indie sounds insincere and derivative because so much of it is insincere and derivative; not just in terms of the sound but also in terms of the ideas and ideals it expresses. We've very faithfully reproduced the cultural signifiers of all these different movements (mosh pits, black t-shirts, raised fists), but none of the ideological context (anti-capitalism, anti-consumerism, critique of mainstream society and politics, actual conviction to the ideals espoused). We've imported these cultural forms - punk, metal, rave - without trying to adopt their ideas and adapt them to the Indian context.

But there's a bigger reason for the scene's lack of engagement with the world around it. And it's not one any of us like to be told. The Indian scene is made up of relatively well off urban kids who just can't be bothered to care. Our wealth insulates us from the problems faced by the rest of India. We've got more in common with kids in NY or LA than those in Dharavi. And we're perfectly happy about that. We'll celebrate Obama's election, but Indian politics is too dirty for us to care. We'll be outraged that Chris Brown beat up Rihanna, but nobody wants to acknowledge the gang rapes in our own cities. We'll make fun of Billie Joe Armstrong's drunken rant, but nobody has the courage to call out fat, bloated, talentless bloodsuckers who masquerade as artists in the Indian mainstream.

We behave like ex-pats from the West stuck in India trying to recreate a little bit of home.

Fuck that.

Till the Indian scene stops living that pathetic little day-dream and engages with the social and political realities of our country, it'll never sound as real and authentic as the music we're inspired by.



(((FLUTE X FLUTE)))

by @fadesingh

The earliest known flute is the Divje Babe bone discovered in Slovenia. Musical instruments have evolved along with human consciousness. A few years ago while thinking about making new instruments that used nature as the performer and music driven by ambient forces - such as wind chimes, I imagined a hybrid specie of flute and chess. A slightly modified version is presented here.

Any child can multiply 8x8 and be proud to announce the number 64. Numbers are easy, but we will try to multiply a flute by a flute.

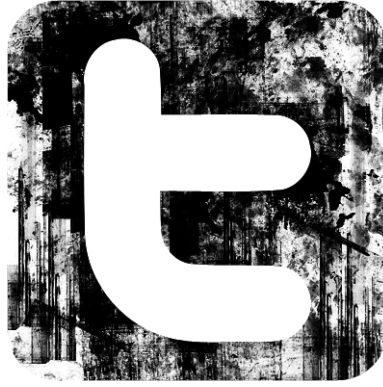
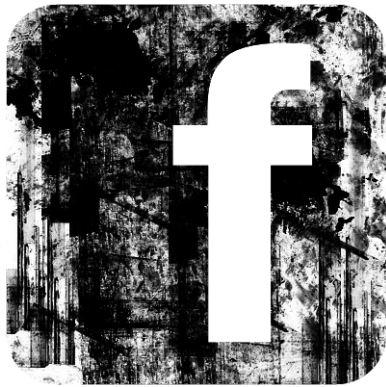
First, we will see how to add flutes. This is much simpler, all you have to do is take several flutes and bundle them together to create a zampona (see picture). In this particular instrument from the Andes mountains, the sliding of your lips across the flute-mouths replaces the work of fingering. There are no holes on the surface of such a flute.

Instead of placing the flutes adjacent to each other we can insert one flute through the other's centre orthogonally like a plumber's

cross-pipe . Try this with soda straws and you will see how difficult this can be - however, when you manage to fit together two normal flutes like this, you can slide them against each other to vary the sound instead of fingering the notes. If you can make an 8x8 flute system it might begin to look like a foosball table (or a human sheesh kebab ensemble, if you prefer). This 64-hole board is more like a game of chess, over which you may place beads of different colors and weights. Call a jeweler of semi-precious stones and ask him the sound of an opal falling on oak and you will have achieved the first tactical victory.

Playing the board is easy. You encase the whole structure in a dome of fiberglass with pipes leading from the outside to the board, to pump in the air. Install the assembly high up in a tropospheric jet stream.

A minor civilization of avian woodworms will eventually discover the alien monolith. We can listen to the sounds of the flute from a backyard radio receiver, as the invisible glass beads rise and fall.



SOCIAL MEDIA 101 FOR BANDS AND INDIE ARTISTS

by Pallav

Let's dispel all doubt for now and assume that you've worked alone or with your band-mates and created the next best thing to hit the soundwaves. The songs in this album are your babies that you've brought in this world fighting through dope clouds, shitty management, faulty equipment and all sorts of other problems. Maybe it's an album full of tracks with catchy choruses, mad riffs, deadly vocals and thumping bass that will shake every speaker box from Chandigarh to Timbuktu. You love it, your mom loves it, your imaginary girlfriend loves it and now you want more people to love it!

You want to promote this music and this album and you set up a Facebook page like every other artist that wants to get noticed. But even after telling all your friends, your mother and that creepy uncle from your mohalla to "Like" your page, you're not seeing any results! Nobody's downloading your songs, nobody's sharing them, and the whole thing is just gathering dust in a forgotten corner of the Internet.

What went wrong?

Just like life, a lot of things can go wrong in the

virtual world too. Maybe your album wasn't good enough, but even if it was, lack of marketing probably killed it before its natural death.

Dig this.

Even before your art starts walking and running by itself, it needs to be led into the wild wild world out there with a steady hand, a reassuring pat on the back and the support that people are ready to take care of it in case something goes wrong.

So, as a band or a group of musicians, or artists, or anyone doing anything creative on his/her own, who wants to put it out there in the world -- where it is consumed by the masses and it brings you money or fame or appreciation, or beer or whatever it is that you desire, -- what do you have to do to make things stick?

How do you make your work go viral?

The answer is to be present. Be everywhere. Connect with the opinion leaders. And most of all, make something so good that it appeals to the people. Your work should connect with your audience and it should give them a certain

happiness to share it further.

Let's get into the dirty muck of detail and get our hands dirty with the sexy bits and bytes of information. The whole game is about getting discovered. If the audience doesn't come to you, how will you enthrall and hypnotize them with your art or your work? Here are just some of the ways in which you can exploit social media and power of sharing to succeed as a DIY/Indie artist.

Get a YouTube Account: YouTube is the mother of traffic. If you're a band and you are making music, then you should already be on YouTube without having to read this article. Get into the nitty-gritties of the thing. Making a killer video and uploading it is not enough. Tag that thing in the right places. Reverse engineer tags by asking yourself what a person would type in the search bar if they were looking for your music? Next, in the description, clearly type the lyrics of your song. Why? Because if someone hears your song anywhere on the internet or the meat world, they might want to search for it using the lyrics if they don't know the name of the song. Lyrics are a vital discovery tool for any emerging band. And reply to comments, even the trolls. Be respectful, it pisses off the trolls.

Get On Soundcloud: Soundcloud is probably the best way to upload and share music across various platforms, web or mobile. And if you're giving some samples of your tracks for downloads, you're golden. It is also a great way to get feedback from the people who in the trade and who will most probably give you close to honest feedback. The best way to get recognized here is to tie up with bands/artists who are producing music in similar genres as you. Building relationships online goes a long way when it comes to getting them en-cashed in the real world. Along with reaching each other's audiences there is a world of opportunities that bands can explore by getting together. Many

artists now "donate" their songs for remixes, which is another great way to engage with a new fan base. Find out these DJs and artists, get your work out there.

Get A Blog: Yeah, we've all heard that blogging is dead and all, but blogs still work when you don't afford the time or capital to create a full-fledged website. Blog design is important, have your contact information above the fold, easily visible and spent some time in writing an About Us page. Again, discoverability comes into play when you're looking at a blog. Post regularly, tag all posts and submit your blog to music directories and exchange links with other blogs that promote your genre of music. There are a number of platforms where you can get a blog, explore them, find out what best suits you and then create your account and get cracking. Whether you get a blog on Wordpress or Blogger, make sure that you've made it very easy for a random person to like your post on Facebook or share it on Twitter or Reddit or on the bookmarking sites that people use for discovering new ways to waste their time and seek entertainment.

Get a Tumblr: Now you might question why getting a Tumblr is different from getting a blog. As an answer, you'd be pointed towards the massive community and the ease of posting and sharing content on Tumblr. The idea, as with any other social media site, is to engage with people in different fields of art. Learn from them, be generous, be giving, and help others so that they will help you in return. No one gets discovered simply on the merit of their work, the hard reality is that good work needs a push from good people to get it rolling till it gains critical mass to work on its own.

Last, but not the least, the mother lode, Twitter: 140 characters, rapidfire, far-reaching, and highly unforgiving, Twitter can be a game, as it is for most people, or it can be nuclear fuse under the ass of your

creative work that will propel it into the stratosphere. Heard of Gangnam Style? Yup, that song got its initial push from Twitter.

If you are an artist, there is one simple rule for success on Twitter, Be Retweetable. Retweets are the manna of twitter popularity. Every retweet is another step in a chain reaction that can send your work far and wide and this is precisely what you're aiming for, discovery. Using Twitter for artists can be a whole article in itself, but there are just few simple rules that you can follow and repeat till you're golden.

1. Help Others – Retweet and recco bands and artists who are also looking for discovery so that they also retweet and recco your work.

2. Please RT – Please Retweet A golden phrase that always works when you're looking a response. An ideal tweet would be a link (Youtube, Blogger, Tumblr, etc) description of link and a Please RT. Again: (Link - Description - Please RT) Why this particular format? Because many people RT manually and that chops the tail of the message, and if your link at the end of message gets chopped it's useless. Keep it short. Use CAPITAL LETTERS to create a sense of drama

in your Tweet. It's an art and a science, PRACTICE and you'll get better with time.

3. Follow People – Call it narcissism, ego feeding or whatever, people love to get followed on Twitter. Feed their egos, follow them. Be respectful when you talk to them. Connect with them and find leads.

4. Don't Be An Asshole – Negative attention is of no use. You are aiming to be the loved and beloved artist/band that everyone wants to root for. No use being a smartass. This is true for every other place you leave your virtual footprint, because Google sees all. You don't want any future prospect to Google your name and end up on your assholic adventures on the interwebs.

For any band or artist, building a good, solid reputation on social media is no child's game. It takes hard work, dedication and a love for what you do. There are companies that get paid massively to do this kind of thing for their clients, but as an indie band or artist, you're the only one who can do it better than anyone else. So, go out there, explore, learn, find success, have fun. Most important of all, have fun.

Good luck and godspeed.





THE SCAMMIES

by Bhanuj Kappal

The scene is dead! Long live the scene! We've come a long way from the days when band members made up half of the crowd at Razz gigs and every second person on stage would tell you to 'support the scene'. I remember when people used to ask for Metallica covers during Tripwire sets, DR sets, Zero sets, in fact I think I drunkenly shouted for Metallica once while Rishu was introducing the next band. I remember when you could fit the entire Bombay scene into one medium sized club (Razz) and you wouldn't even have to use the mezzanine. I remember when bands played for a couple of beers and a club sandwich.

That's all history now. Now the Bombay rock/metal/indie/whatever scene is much bigger, with lots more bands, more venues and a lot more money. And the ultimate symbol of a scene that has positively, absolutely, Verified

by Visa made it - the awards shows. Bollywood B-listers hogging the limelight; an invite-only event to keep out the real fans; Luke Kenny as host boring the shit out of everyone and annoying the shit out of everyone else; and a handful of scenesters drowning their embarrassment at the open bar. So basically, what usually happens when cash-rich corporations decide to buy some street cred by teaming up with scene 'promoters' desperate for any sort of attention, even if it takes the form of condescension and abuse.

We've decided to fight back with our own set of music awards, the Scammies. After weeks (ok, hours) of serious planning at our swank editorial office in Janata, we finally held our exclusive awards ceremony on the much beloved pavement outside Juhu's legendary Juben Wines. Here are some of last night's big winners:

Greatest rock band of all time: This was a highly contested category, with nominees including indie rock veterans Vayu, Brahma, Sceptre, and the multiple award-winning metal pioneers Dementra, but the honours went to Delhi Xerox-rockers Parikrama. A teary-eyed Subir Malik dedicated the award to Deep Purple, the Doors, Woodstock, groupies and “that one prick at our shows who keeps asking about our debut album.”

Best young artist: It’s been a great year for new artists, with Chennai singer-songwriter Harsha Iyer, Bangalore mellow-drama act Sulk Station and Delhi producer Dualist Inquiry in the running. However, they were all to go home empty-handed, as a drunk Gary Lawyer jumped on stage, grabbed the award and drove off on his Harley shouting “I’ll till I die, bitches!”

Best concert: You guessed it. Metallica was always going to win this one, even if Lars Ulrich hadn’t threatened to sue all of India’s engineering colleges for piracy. The thrash metal titans are known for their incendiary live sets, but this time they outdid themselves, inciting a riot at their Gurgaon concert without playing a single note. Their non-show inspired Indian rock fans to perform their first real act of rock and roll defiance, and for that Lars, everything is forgiven. Even that drum sound on St. Anger.

Best live music venue: The Hard Rock Cafe franchise beat off competition from page 3 favourites Blue Frog (Mumbai and Delhi), dingy metal dive B69 (Mumbai) and the legendary Someplace Else (Kolkata) to clinch this one. The Madonna and Elton John merchandise, the over-priced food and booze, the condescension towards broke college kids, the terrible live sound and groan-inducing playlist all reek of total punk rock attitude. These guys really don’t give a fuck, about music or anything else. The great rock ‘n roll swindle, indeed.

Best music publication: Rolling Stone looked set to win this one, but they were upstaged by new entrant NME India. The Indian edition of the iconic UK music publication is yet to launch the physical magazine, but their website has already taken the scene by storm. Highlights include a brilliant revisionist history of Parikrama, an over-wrought piece that introduces brilliant ‘new’ artists who made it big 5 years ago and the invention of a brand new word (its’). With an editor who name-drops The Black Keys and swears in front of the “suits”, NME India looks set to rule this category for years to come.

Lifetime Achievement Award: A highly emotional crowd got to their feet and applauded as the indie scene’s saviour, muse and lover made his way to the stage for this special lifetime achievement award. Yes, I’m talking about The Sponsor. There wasn’t a single dry eye in the audience as the organisers read out the long list of names The Sponsor has assumed during his life-long association with original independent music. A succession of anarchist punk rockers, left-wing alt-bros, Satanist metalheads and hedonistic cock rockers made their way to the stage to shake The Sponsor’s hand. Where ever an act railed against corporate excess, The Sponsor was there in huge font size on the stage backdrop.

Whenever a posh venue opened its doors to scruffy indie rockers, The Sponsor was there forcing them to drink his over-priced beer. For ensuring that any attempt at transgressive and revolutionary art was co-opted before it could gain momentum, the indie scene owes a huge debt to The Sponsor.

After all, who needs integrity when you can have branding and be on TV?



THE GENDER QUESTION

by Ammel Sharon

The two year prison sentence for two members of the all - girl punk rock group, Pussy Riot, in Russia gives indie rock fans plenty to think about. Clearly inspired by the Riot Grrrl movement of the nineties, Pussy Riot grabbed headlines and perturbed governments with their balaclava masked, cathedral hijacking, feminist-anarchist-and more hyphen toting politicking.

Sure, times are looking up for women in rock in India too. More stage space, more exposure, fewer covers and strong performances. However, equality between the sexes, fans and bands, is really not the most interesting question gender throws up anymore.

We could begin with the question of difference. Is there a distinctive style that women are bringing to the Indian scene? Women performers will point out immediately that there is hardly one woman-voice that they're pushing. Compare Pratika Prabhune's heavy metchul style to Monica Dogra's electro leanings. Besides, all the women in Indian rock will tell you that it's a shame women are sidelined and need special attention. It seems then that to most women performers in Indian indie, gender

does not matter. That should close the case, except everyone's missing the elephant in the room.

Gender is hardly about women. It's the way in which we become men and women, or refuse to be either. We've seen how multiple sexualities have come to dominate the country's imagination since the reading down of Section 377. If anything, Ska Vengers' BDSM styled Rough and Mean new video is an indication of artists being open to different positions.

Still, we ought to push the envelope a little more. How does gender figure in rock? It's fascinating how Mumbai's authorities are able to find newer ways of enforcing their ideas of social order. Besides, there isn't any one centre of power, which makes its working all the more insidious. This makes the place of rock in the city's vibrant urban culture scene all the more important, surely? It leads us to the question of whether there is a certain kind of masculinity that music highlights and whether in its recent mainstreaming, this has become cleaner and (dare I say it), more orderly. How important this is, is gleaned from the fact that the ardent fan following comprises of all kinds of folks and the

performers ought to be wary of unwittingly becoming a part of the vigilante culture.

What the recent crop of female performers are bringing to the stage, more than oomph, is a measure of sexual ambiguity that rock seems to have forgotten. Take a different context, where once a gyrating Presley brought grave moral concern, in part because of his incredible female following. Today rock is more given to the serious and knowledgeable (male) fan. We ought to remember though, that the bubblegum rock of the seventies and eighties played a huge role in changing the gender equation.

If women were missing in union offices or in the stands of sport clubs, it was at the concert that they came in large numbers and with each other. These are different times and women transgressing norms is not high on a list that focuses more on achievement than anything else. That's why all this talk about equality between men and women really doesn't cut it. It's now a capitulation to the status quo. It isn't going to take the indie scene anywhere.

Are we going to see a new kind of re-alignment in rock's complex electronic poems? I thought I snatched something like 'transgender politics' during Ashutosh Pathak's 'Wasted in the Petri Dish' album. What sound is going to accompany a new sexual revolution that can be once again more open and definitely more transformative? What will it take to bring the LGBT into rock and who knows what rock will do for the fluid and still invisible group?

The Pune and Mumbai queer prides invited Alisha Batth to perform to a scattered and negligible audience, but boy, did she catch their attention. Situated somewhere on the complex evolutionary spectrum of music, queer audiences take immediately to her androgynous image. With the slightly jaded

Patti Smith and Melissa Etheridge influences, I'm hoping for a more exciting oeuvre that she could develop.

While there is little discrimination between male and female audiences, it's a different story backstage where women performers are still judged as sexually promiscuous and dangerous. We would like to see how bands respond to these interesting times. What we are seeing is the emergence of the solo singer songwriter and the increasing presence of the bass guitarist as female. Will it make a difference to the predominance of male bands? More importantly, where will rock go from here? How is rock going to channel rage in a changing time and what are the demands that new audiences are going to bring to music?

Orthodox and well-established traditions have their own ways of self critique. The Hindustani classical oeuvre works within a rigid, and sometimes oppressive, guru-shishya regime but accommodates both male and female artistes. Take the example of thumri. Today, we instantly recall the voice of Bade Ghulam Ali Khan yet, thumri is an extremely feminine (streemay) form. In making the world feminine, without confrontation, lies the subversive and alluring power of the thumri. Rather than being identified with female voices or speaking of a certain kind of desire, the thumri embodies a certain interrogative quality, accompanied by various layers of meaning as well as humour.

A similar question could be raised, I think, for the urban scene in Mumbai. It simultaneously, is and is not about women today. It's about what gender can do to the form and sound of rock just as it has in the past. For both rock and gender, it only gets interesting when we start thinking about those defined limits and how we render them irrelevant.



I DON'T CARE BUT STILL

by Namaah Kumar

There is a little place near my house in Juhu, where I go often to smoke a cigarette or two, until the watchman Girdhari comes hobbling along trying to shoo me away, like he's protecting some sort of national treasure.

Well, if you ask me, he is. And although it's just a sheet of asbestos covering a construction site, with the words 'EYESORE' painted across it in cheap black paint, it is my personal chapel to the patron saints of peace of mind. I once took a friend here, hoping he'd see in it what I did. He didn't; he said it was bad art.

This got me thinking about the concepts of good and bad art. Does the artist really have a choice? What about the viewer? Do we really stand a chance against our preconceived notions of good and bad? How much of it has to do purely with the outward aesthetic appeal?

See, the illusion of choice is a twisted thing. In the context of art, especially, the choice has long been made for us by a bunch of experts whose expertise is backed by nothing but dogmatic philosophy. They claim that there is a distinct line between good and bad art, and furthermore between acceptable and unacceptable forms of it.

I'm baffled at how this can be true of a form as abstract, in a world so diverse, where a minority constantly struggles to appeal to a sensibility that only exists in the minds of our self-appointed cultural gate-keepers. The fact of the matter is that no work of art stands alone as just a few strokes of the brush. The medium, message and process come together to make more than just a something that'd look pretty hung up on a wall.

When the idea of a particular piece is to be an outlet of the artist's dissatisfaction with the popular approach towards art or the systems that surround it, the piece cannot be complete if created within the parameters of said restricting systems. When the underlying theme is rebellion, it's counter-productive to keep the law in higher regard than the art itself.

Some say that such freedom could be used for evil. The reason I have trouble grasping this idea is because never has a piece of graffiti come to life and stabbed a dude for staring it down condescendingly, but I can think of many times when seemingly law abiding citizens have done much worse for a much smaller motive.

But the law of course, is laid down not to protect victims of legitimate wrongdoing, but the masses from the burden of perspective. To keep them from

questioning everything until they're forced to do something about it. Like scribble profanities against the government across a billboard, perhaps. If you ask me, the people offended by this should be thankful that the so-called 'vandal' picked up a spray can, not a gun.

To which some may say, "Then how about we sanction spaces for artists to express themselves, in order to reach a compromise." The problem here is that art can't be compromised. There are no shades of grey within which the sanctity of an idea can be restored to its original grandeur once it has been dragged through the muck of 'popular sensibilities'. This sort of thing might work for artists who simply want to get their foot in the door of an art gallery and demand hefty sums for jizzing on their canvas, but the idea that street art should be 'sanctioned' is regressive and misses the point.

Street art in general stands for the people reclaiming the public spaces they live in. It blatantly disregards the idea of coloring within the lines. Whether that is interpreted as heresy, rebellion or a revolution must be left up to the people that share that space. A wall full of graffiti may not be capable of curing cancer, but it could make someone smile while they walk past it. Pieces of art, for free, making up in visual appeal in urban areas what they lack in natural beauty, just there, asking for nothing in return, and definitely not starting a war any more than the flap of a butterfly's wing on a planet in another galaxy.

There's something about seeing art in public spaces that has a function other than just feeding consumerism. It isn't like when people walk into a fancy gallery and say, "If it's in a gallery, it must be brilliant." The result of carefully cultivating a society trained to think this way is best illustrated by this wonderful piece by David Shrigley overleaf.

In history, most revolutions have been backed by strong artistic movements, providing a perspective to the people that transcends lobbyism, red-tapeism and bureaucracy. Stating pressing issues sans the jargon. These movements, be it at the time of Michealangelo, Duchamp or Banksy, all stand for something greater than just the aesthetic value; the canvas mattered as much as the content on it. The creations of the time weren't just documenting the cultural history but were also instrumental in shaping it. At every point, art has provided a mirror, and better still, an outlet for otherwise suppressed individualistic ideas and given birth to a generation of artists inspired by the conflict between social norms and freedom of expression.

I think the idea of freedom or liberty is really misused in the social context, but as an abstract, it's something that resonates with everyone. People want to be in control, but they tend to do so selectively. For every person willing to lead a revolution, there are a dozen, shooting over his shoulder, too afraid to offend anyone. The majority will, more often than not, give up certain freedoms for a safe life. Or sometimes they will want to be told what to do so they don't have to think for themselves—as long as they can still exercise their free will without stepping on too many toes.

To these unwilling cogs in the murder machine, street art provides platforms to stand for something, lest they fall for anything. And forces them not to subscribe to an opinion, but to have one. Because I don't know much, but I do know that if there is one sure way to fail, it is by trying to please everybody.

And so it may not please the people who've been waiting two years to finally move in, but I hope that building in Juhu never reaches completion and that the commercial ideas of what is visually appealing don't get in the way of my favourite eyesore.

HOW TO ORGANIZE GUERRILLA GIGS

by Rahul D'souza

The two bastions of the Bombay scene were Rang Bhavan, where experiments with commercial gigs began in earnest in the early 2000s and Razz where the then scene would nurture all bands, new and old in the hope that they would be picked for a smattering of big money shows. While Rang Bhavan fell early, Razz persisted and allowed bands, managers and events people (sometimes all rolled into one) to get together and organise a gig whenever they could afford one. While the commercial scene eventually recovered from Rang Bhavan's closure, thanks in part to the sudden proliferation of festivals and venues such as Hard Rock Cafe, the indie scene has floundered since the License Raj forced Razz to shut its doors to gigs. What it needs is innovation and reckless innovation at that: guerrilla gigs.

The most important part of throwing a guerrilla gig is reconnaissance and organization. Reconnaissance is important to enable bands to have ample time to set up and dismantle equipment while also finding time to actually play. This means that a venue must be selected where property owners and public authorities take a lenient view on trespassing. Everything cannot be perfect and one must prepare for occasional surveillance. To plug holes organizers need to assemble a group of volunteers who sacrifice their time to watch out for unfriendly arrivals and help dismantle stage and equipment quickly. Speaking of equipment, battery powered amps are a necessity to ensure that your plans aren't dashed by the lack of a power supply.

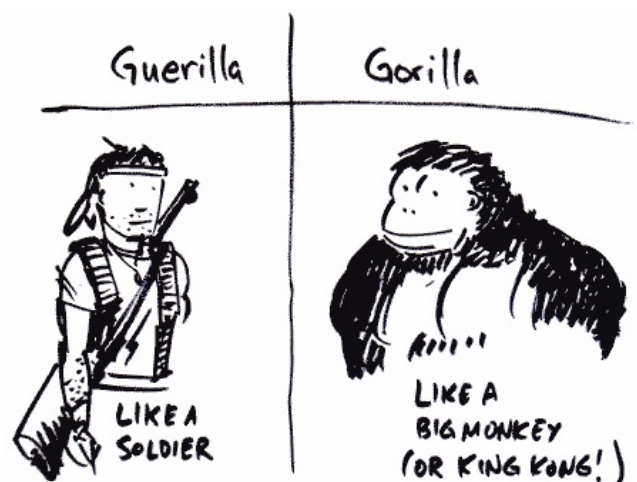
While security may be a big priority, a close second must be selecting the venue. A capitalist mantra in sales and marketing is "Know your Audience" but guerrilla gigs should twist this into "Explore Audiences", since PR for the show should be limited in order to avoid the information falling into the wrong hands. The more public a venue is the better the chance of attracting an uninformed audience of passer-bys. Gig organizers can use this as an opportunity to sell indie merchandise, thus

including a larger cultural base than just the music. If organizers and bands subscribe to particular ideologies or have set activist agendas, this may be a good opportunity to distribute pamphlets and talk to bystanders about it.

For a more intimate gig, organizers can consider trespassing, or as I like to put it occupying and liberating spaces. Search parties can look for abandoned buildings, holidaying neighbours (bungalows in older parts of the city preferred), schools during vacation time and disused government premises. Court sealed premises may have watchmen that guard it from trespassers but with a generous donation and promise to not be there for more than a few hours, these properties can once again be lived-in spaces.

Trust and secret communication should be the pillars on which a good guerrilla gig scene is built. A good way to communicate is through messaging boards that preserve anonymity. Another option, which I favour, is to communicate via IRC nodes where once again participants can seek anonymity.

Guerrilla gigs can become a vital tool to keeping the indie scene going with gigs at regular intervals. Their usefulness cannot be doubted, allowing new bands to build much needed confidence and stage presence, should they be lucky to ever play in curated live performances.



THE CASE FOR MAKING MUSIC

by Natasha Furtado

Under siege by a group of Spanish conquistadors or a pack of rabid werewolves, I would admit that as a child, I've listened to music that hasn't been quite all that. I've spent, what can only be considered, too much time blaring yesteryears pop drivin' out the windows of our seventh story apartment loud enough as to impose itself on helpless passersby below. While my musical tastes have changed, I still can't think of those songs without instantly being transported to a childhood filled with really bad TV shows, tea time snacks and games I really don't have the energy for any more. Make music because it's the closest you'll ever come to building a time machine.

There are six billion people in the world. Lost. Ecstatic. Sad. Depressed. Just plain old content. Six billion people in the world who might one day hear a song you wrote and be compelled - compelled to think about their childhood, compelled to smile, compelled to sing, compelled to dance, compelled to cry. Make music because you can touch people. Make music because you could be on the soundtrack to one of their lives.

Making music does come with its share of responsibility - to go beyond the formulas, the generic and the uninspiring. You'll have to battle Bollywood and Britney and music moguls trying to package you into a clean, shiny more marketable version of yourself but at least you can choose your weapons. Make music because the gatekeepers of mainstream will try to stop you but before you know it, you will have expanded someone's horizons.

Choose to be a musician because you won't be bound by rules or a code of conduct. Unlike bankers or lawyers or even editors, you won't need to care about SEBI, the constitution or the Chicago manual of style. You can use the word fuck just as easily as you can use the word petrichor or the word anathema. All together, all at once, one at a time and never if you so choose. You can preside over the

marriage of Acid rock and Balinese Gamelan and divorce religion from bhajans. You can smack a metal riff over a Daler Mehndi song and you can make teenagers in America dance. Make music because it lets you.

Make music because if Justin Bieber can, anyone can. Go at it with your friends. Go at it alone. Go at it with a bassist you met playing World of Warcraft. Go at it with the love song you wrote your girlfriend in ninth grade. Go.

Make music for the girls. Make music for the boys. Make music because, over the sound of my friend singing 'At Last', I heard a man's pants fall to the floor.

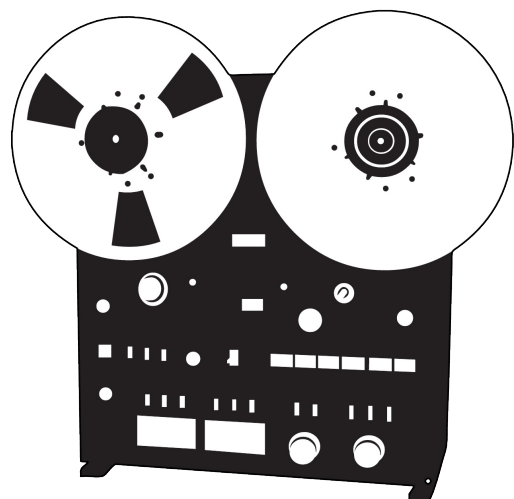
Make music for the money. You'll probably do your best work when you're poor but someday you might be rich. You could also be poorer than when you started out. No matter how it turns out, it beats the hell out of getting rich from sitting at a desk making people miserable.

Make music at your desk.

Make music in your living room.

Make music in your head.

If for nothing else, make music because people need something to dance to when they are drunk.



fuck it.



A NOTE FROM THE ORGANIZERS

by Himanshu Vaswani

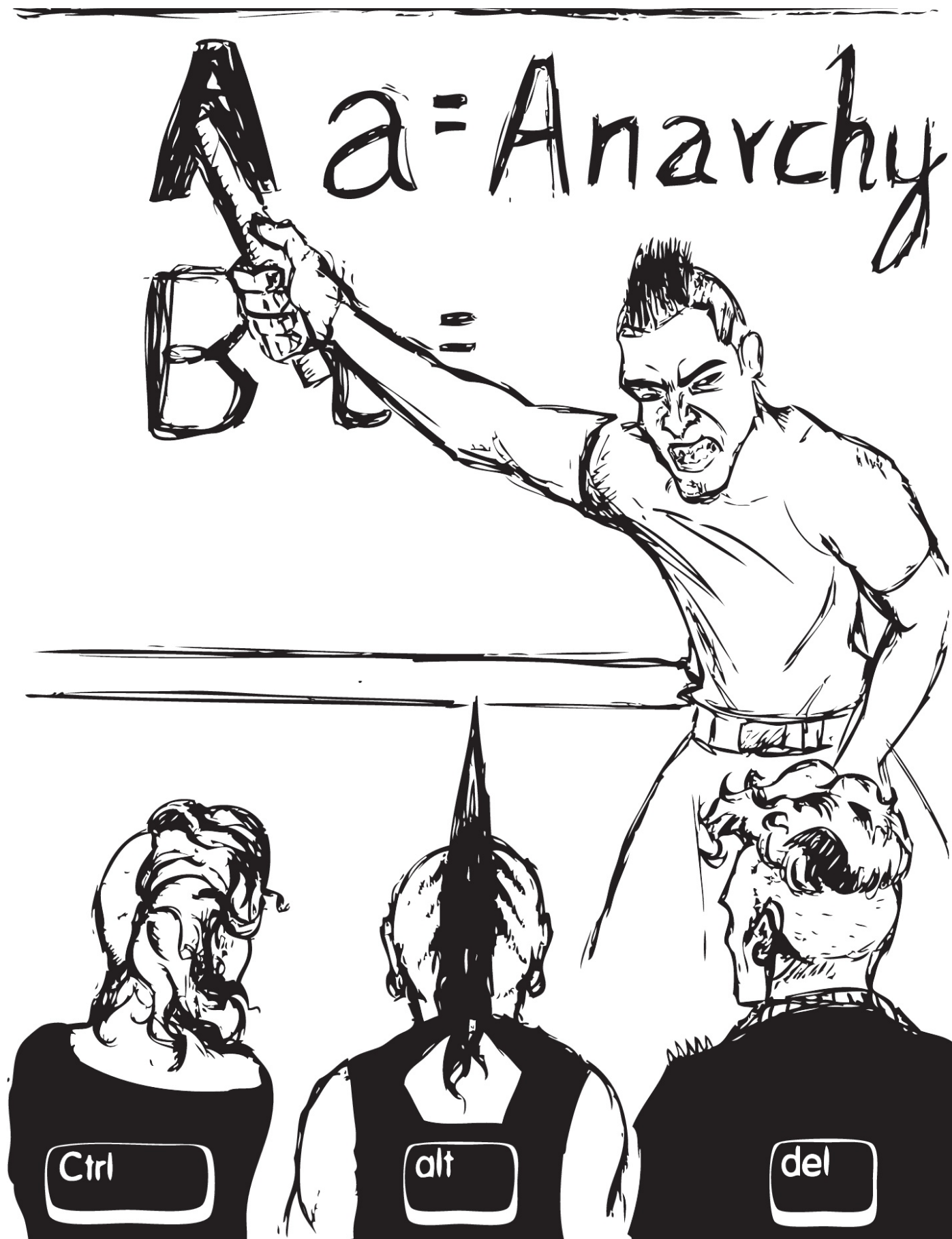
We came up with the idea for Control Alt Delete one night when we were drunk out of our wits. Luckily, we managed to remember enough to put flesh and blood around it. The idea was to create a self sustained ecosystem and a text book win-win for all involved. DIY by default had to be at the crux of it. I got tremendous support from all the bands and friends and suddenly it became larger than anyone had imagined. Bands went out busking in colleges, made the gig poster their display pics and genuinely showed a great amount of enthusiasm. It was a welcome vacation from sponsorships and brand requirements. Finally we had a show where we didn't need to worry about anything but music and the agenda was to get high and have a good time, while making everyone happy. We finally could say 'fuck' when we wanted to. I got a lot of support from many people along the way like BAJAAO who came on board with the venue extending their full support to the pay what you want model; and NH7 who came on board with a surprise Zero set, among others.

This latest edition of the gig deserves its own paragraph because of the sheer intense vibes people have sent towards us. Sidestand

officially joined hands with Ennui.BOMB, NH7 and BAJAAO to create the self sustained monster that Control ALT Delete has now become. We have already broken even while I am writing this article and every penny collected henceforth will be divided equally among all the 10 bands performing here. This reinstated my faith in the existence of a scene in the so called industry that we have come to be. Control ALT Delete will always stand for this unity, at the risk of sounding dramatic, and will always remain a gig 'by the scene and for the scene' in its true sense, not just because it sounds cool. This gig has only happened because everyone involved put something in it. Right from you who paid something for this fanzine and this gig to the people who have generously contributed to our crowd funding campaign, the good folks at wishberry, redwolf, bands who have contributed their music to Stupidities, the Bhench*d Madarch*d team, Bababananain for the artwork, the volunteers who helped us out, all the bands for their promotion and last but not the least Sitara Studio, the next best thing to happen to Mumbai. Everyone has given something and gotten something out of it. Control ALT Delete is our welcome 'Reset'.

"The great Indian growth story, with a blood sucking agenda"



**EDITOR**

BHANUJ KAPPAL

LAYOUT & SUB-EDITOR

RAHUL D'SOUZA

DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION

ELVIN PEREIRA

BOB

This zine was created using freeware