

Hortobágyi László (Hortator) :

Letter to Pt. S.Ch.

*(Founder-Honorary Secretary of Mumbai-based SIRC and
a member of the Department of Condensed Matter Physics at the Tata Institute of
Fundamental Research, Mumbai)
connection with the death of Pt. Ravi Shankar*

Egy Jelenség újragondolása: Pt. Ravi Shankar (2012)

Dear *Suresh-Jí Pandit*

Egy Zsenivel kevesebb..

Szeretnék gratulálni a Necrologhoz..

Bár véleményem szerint sok esetben nem igazságos *Pt. Ravi Shankar* túlhypolt hírneve a globális médiában és a világhálón (ebben is megnyilvánul a magas, benaresi *brāhmin* származás *karma*-előnye, ha számos kevésbé ismert zsenivel összehasonlítjuk, mint például *Pt. Nikhil Banerjī, Satish Kumār, Gulām Hussain Khān, Balarām Pāthak, Budhaditya Mukherjī,* stb. stb., nem is beszélve a sok *Karnātaka* indiai mesteróriásokról, akik Nyugaton teljesen ismeretlenek.

De természetesen abszolút Ő volt az egyik legnagyobb és egyben az egyik utolsó nagy klasszikus mester.

Azt hiszem, az Ő története az emberi közösség kultúráinak hamis tudatosságának egyik ékköve, a lehetséges milliók egyike. *Ravindra Shankar* 1920-ban született *Benares*-ben [*Varanasi*], egy *brāhmana* családban, tehát magas társadalmi helyzetben, így nagy induló eséllyel rendelkezett. A 30-as években táncosként, bátyja, *Uday Shankar* társulatának tagjaként rendszeresen eljutott Európába.

Ez a helyi találkozás (pl. Párizsban) a "művészet" romantikus ethoszának, a *Schubert*-féle pátosznak és a szenvedő művész hamis romantikájának európai szellemében zajlott (ez a szemlélet máig változatlan), ami teljesen megakadályozta, hogy ő, az Európán kívüli, az akkori angol gyarmati kultúra kretén és bornírt világából érkező ember az európai és indiai zene között az egyetlen lehetséges kapcsolódási pontot, a *gregorián* énekgyakorlat, a középkori hangszeres stílusok és a *barokk* improvizáció köznyelvi idiómái vonatkozásában megtalálja.

Ez jól magyarázza *Pt. Ravi Shankar* későbbi, úgynevezett romantikus zenekari kompozícióinak érdektelen és unalmas jellegét, amelyeket (többek között) *Y. Menuhin*-nal, *P. Rampal*-lal, később a sznob *Ph. Glass*-szal együtt írt és (néha) együtt adtak elő nyilvános koncerteken.

Ebből az értelmezési aszinkronitásból, amelyet az akkori szűklátókörű Európa csak tovább rontott, hibák és zenei giccsek hatalmas gyűjteménye született.

(Ugyanakkor az 1950-es években mint az *All India Rádió* zenekarának (*Vadya-Vrinda*) vezetője, kifejezetten érdekes, és indiai struktúrájú zenekari darabokat írt, indiai hangszerekre, melyek előképe, *guru*-jának, *Ustād Allāuddin Khān Maihar Orchestrá*-ja volt.)

A zenetörténet minden magas kultúrája kifejlesztette a saját kifinomult hangszereit, ezért

nyilvánvaló, hogy például a *sitār* nem alkalmas a *rock-jazz* vagy a szimfonikus zenekari zene előadására, és ezért nyilvánvaló, hogy a dallamtalan és agresszív-brutális, macsó *szaxofon* vagy a *wagneri* zenekar nem alkalmas a klasszikus indiai zene előadására, amely (többek között) a kifinomult egy oktáv / 22 hangköz, azaz a *shruti* rendszeren és a poliritmián - alapul. Az utolsó élő (de haldokló) köznyelvi zenei nyelv már csak az arab-indiai világban található meg ezen a bolygón.

Bár a *mahārāja* udvarok eltűnésével párhuzamosan már megkezdődött a hagyományos indiai iskolák (*gharānā*-k) kihalása, az előző századforduló táján, a klasszikus indiai zene általános félreértése a "*fehér ember*" fogyasztása révén, egy olyan konzum indiai zene kialakulásához is vezetett, amely csak a szörnyű *pop-new age* ipar globális "konform-idiomatizmusával" volt összemérhető és végül kimondható, hogy az eredeti forrása a klasszikus zenének körülbelül *Ustād Vilāyat Khān* szimbolikus halálának napján (2004. március 13.) kihalt.

Amikor 1680- körül egy *Lübeck*-ben élő kórusmester-organista írt egy fűgát, amelyhez az esetek többségében nem adott hozzá semmilyen kulcsjelzést, nem volt ritmikai jelölés sem és az előadásmódot sem adta hozzá ékes olaszul, mégis száz évvel később, 2000 km távolságban tökéletesen előadták, hiszen aki komponálta, bízott a másokban aki eljátszotta, mert : "*amit mindketten tudunk, azt miért kellene leírni ?*".

Az európai zene utolsó "szabad improvizációs" gyakorlata a reformációs kórusmuzsika hatalmas alapidallamkincsére és az orgona-cembaló-lant előadások kortárs improvizatív gyakorlatára épül, (a fent említett) nagyon egyszerű kottarendszerrel (mint a *guru-sishya parampara* vagy a *gamelān banjar* zenekarok kottái stb.). Az európai kontinentális-kollektív zenei nyelv általános gyakorlata körülbelül *J. S. Bach* halálának szimbolikus napján (1750. július 28.) halt ki.

A konfliktusmentes kollektív örömök helyébe az örömmentes egyéni konfliktusok léptek .

Később a *Föld* fehér féltekéjén átmenetileg megjelenik az amerikai *jazz* "kvázi köznyelvi" nyelve, amely *Miles Davis* szimbolikus halálának napján (1991. szeptember 28.) szintén kihalt, aki élete utolsó szakaszában, *Vancouver* szigetei között már éppen csak a bálnák énekét tudta hallgatni

Egyébként jól láthatjuk a különbséget, ha összehasonlítjuk egy *rāga* (*pakad*), *maquām* vagy a *gamelān gendhing* bármelyik főtémáját a *jazz*-zene primitív és ostoba motívumainak maszturbálásával. A *jazz* egy teljesen más társadalomból származik, teljesen más "rejtett jelentésekkel" és/vagy történelemmel.

Manapság a *jazz* soha nem jut el sehová, mert ez az egyéni onánia ergonómiája, tehát csak az elidegenedett egyén privát és képzelt menyországának és poklainak *diszfémikus* "dialektusa", nem más mint egy exodusparádé az intelligensebb proletárok számára.

Az utolsó periodus a nyugati világban a 60-as évek "*kvázi globális*" ifjúsági nyelvének rövid időszaka volt, ez később a *gothic*, *new-wave*, *acid*, *house*, *Love Parade*, *goa*, *dubsteps*, stb. idiómák százaira esett szét.

Napjainkban pedig mindezt követik a nyállal és édes nyálkával átitatott, "*világzenének*"

nevezett pénzcsináló projektek csillogó metafizikai handabandái.

Ma már a tantrikus végbéltisztítás és a 4/4-es minta-*loop*okra hülyített szórakoztatóipar zenéje jellemzi a világzene giccsvilág és a *wellness-ambient* műfaját, amely globálisan a *Wychi-Exonybm Corporation* egyik *Wellness-Neuronetics* alosztályaként fog működni.

pranam from Hungisthān

László

(*Hortobágyinak László* 2012, <http://www.guo.hu> és a "*Budavāri Kutya & Cicak*" honlap levelező tagja.)

Sokan dühösek *Pt. Ravi Shankar* szelektív nyugat-imádatára (köztük én is), ezért csatolok néhány oldalt a *Rāga-mālā* című önéletrajzából, hogy szemléltessem az álláspontja természetének változékonyságát. (*GENESIS PUBLICATIONS LTD. Edition, N.Y.1999 ISBN: 1-566-49-104-5*):

lásd angol szöveg után:

*

One Genius less..

I would like to congratulate *Necrolog*.

Although in my opinion in many cases it is not fair *Pt. Ravi Shankar's* over-hyped reputation in the global media and on the *World Wide Web* (this too is a manifestation of the *karma* advantage of his high *Benares Brāhmin* lineage) when compared to many lesser known geniuses such as *Pt. Nikhil Banerjī, Satish Kumār, Gulām Hussain Khān, Balaram Pāthak, Budhaditya Mukherjī*, etc. etc., not to mention the many *Karnātak* Indian master giants who are totally unknown in the West.

But of course he was absolutely one of the greatest and one of the last great classical masters.

I think His story is one of the gem of the false consciousness of the human community/cultures, one of the possible millions. *Ravindra Shankar* was born in *Benares [Varanasi]*, 1920, in a *brahmin* family, thus, in a high social position and so having great chances. In the 30ies, as a dancer being member in his brother *Uday Shankar's* troupe, he regularly managed to visit *Europe*.

This local meeting (for eg. *Paris*) took place in the *European* spirit of the romantic ethos of the "art", the *Schubert*-like pathos and the false romantic of the suffering artist, (this approach remains unchanged to this day) that completely prevented him, the extra-*European* man coming from the cretin and indifferent world of the *English* colonial culture of that time, from finding the only possible linkage between the *European* and Indian music in respect of the *Gregorian* vocal practice, the instrumental styles of the *Middle Ages* and the colloquial idioms of *Baroque* improvisation.

This explains well the uninteresting and boring character of *Pt. Ravi Shankar's* later so-called romantic orchestral compositions, which were written with (among others) *Y. Menuhin, P.*

Rampal, and later by the snobbish *Ph. Glass*. and performed (sometimes) together in public concerts.

A huge collection of mistakes and musical kitsch has resulted from this interpretive asynchrony, make worse by the narrow-minded *Europe* of that time.

(In turn as the leader of the *All India Radio Orchestra (Vādya-Vrinda)* in the 1950s, he wrote particularly interesting orchestral pieces with an Indian structure for Indian instruments, which were prefigurations on his *guru Ustād Allāuddin Khān Maihar's Orchestra*.)

All high-cultures of the music history has developed their own sophisticated musical instruments, therefore it is obvious that the *sitār*, for example, isn't suitable for *rock-jazz* or symphonic orchestral music and therefore it is obvious that the tuneless and aggressive-brutal, macho *saxophone* or the *wagnerian* orchestra isn't suitable for the performance of the classical *Indian* music which (inter alia) based on the sophisticated one octave / 22 intervals-*shruti* system and poliritmia.

The last living (but dying) *colloquial-vernacular musical language* now can only be found in the *Arabian-Indian World* on this planet.

Although the disappearance of the *Mahārāja's* courts had already begun the extinction of the traditional Indian schools (*gharānās*), the general misunderstanding of *Indian* classical music at the turn of the previous century through the consumption of "*white man*" also led to the emergence of a consumerist *Indian* music that was only comparable to the global "conform-idiomatism" of the dreadful *pop-new age* industry and eventually it could be said that the original source of classical music was around the time of the symbolic death of *Ustād Vilāyat Khān* (2004. March 13) died out.

When, in around 1680, a choirmaster-organist living in *Lübeck* wrote a fugue, to which, in most cases, he added no key signatures, no rhythmic notation and no performance method in eloquent Italian, it was performed perfectly a hundred years later, 2,000 km away, because the composer trusted the performer, because : "*what we both know, why should we write down ?*".

The last "free improvisational" practice of *European* music is based on the vast basic melodic treasure of *Reformation* choral music and the contemporary improvisational practice of organ-harpsichord-lute performances, with a very simple notation system (as mentioned above) (like the notation of the *guru-sishya parampara* or the *gamelān banjar* orchestras, etc.). The general practice of the *European* continental-collective musical language died out around the symbolic day of *J. S. Bach's* death (28 July 1750).

The conflict-free collective joys have been replaced by joy-free individual conflicts

Later, the "quasi-colloquial" language of *American jazz* temporarily appears in the white hemisphere, and also dies out on the day of the symbolic death of *Miles Davis* (28 September 1991), who, in the last days of his life, could only listen to the songs of whales on the islands of *Vancouver*.

By the way, you can see very well the difference if you compare any of the main themes of a *rāga (pakad)*, *maqām* or the *gamelān gendhing* to the masturbation of the primitive and

imbecile motifs of jazz music. The *jazz* comes from a totally different society with a totally different "hidden meanings" and/of history.

Nowadays *jazz* never gets anywhere, because it is an ergonomomy of individual onanism, a *dysphemic* "dialect" of the private and imaginary heaven and hell of the alienated individual, nothing more than an exodus parade for the more intelligent proletariat.

The last period in the western world was a short period of "quasi-global" youth language of the 60s, which later fell apart into hundreds of idioms of *gothic, new-wave, acid, house, Love Parade, goa, dubsteps, etc.*

Followed nowadays by the glittering metaphysical hodgepodge of money-making projects drenched in saliva and sweet slime called "*world music*"

Today, the music of tantric rectal cleansing and the entertainment industry cretinized on 4/4 *sample loop-s* characterises the world music kitsch and wellness ambient genre that (will) global function as a subdivision of the *Wychi-Exonybm Corporation's Wellness-Neuronetics.*

pranam from Hungisthān

Lāszlō

*

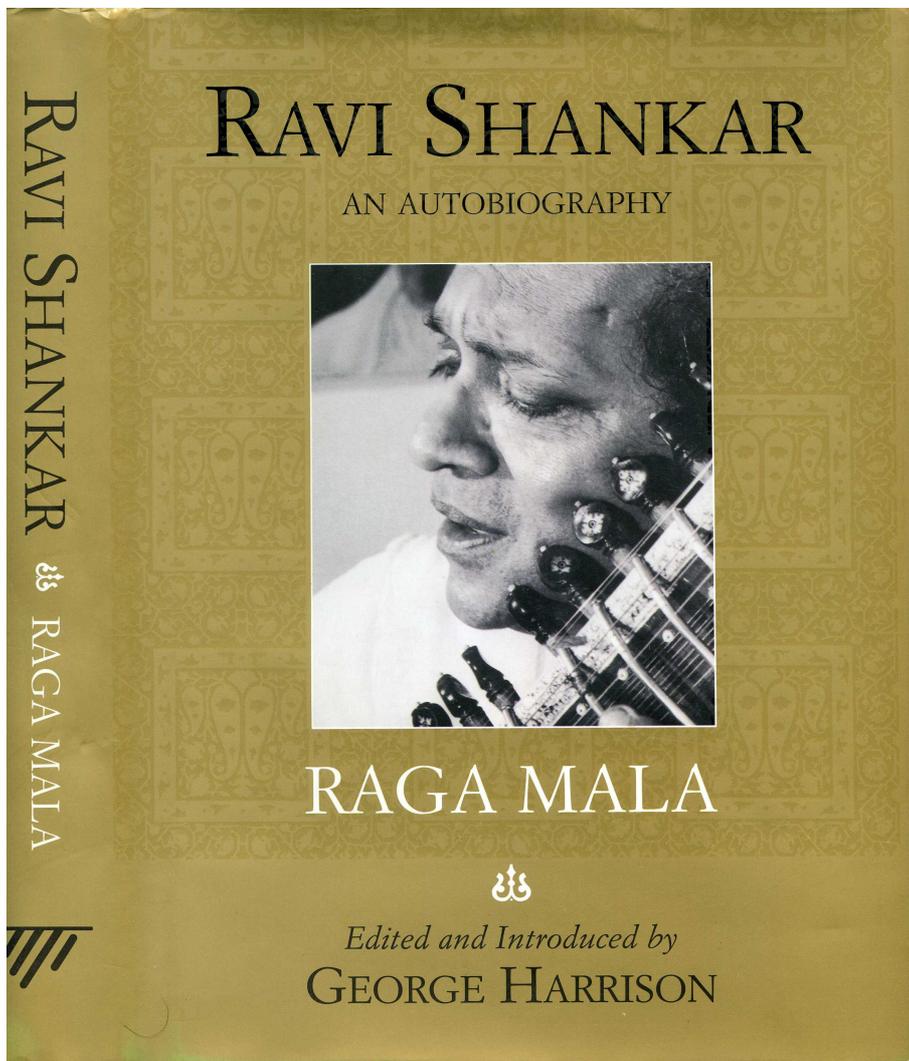
(*Lāszlō Hortobāgyi 2012, www.guo.hu and corresponding member of "Puppies & Kittens of Budavár" website*)

*

[http://www.guo.hu/___WORDPRESS/Laszlo-Hortobagy_i_Gayan-Uttejak-Orchestra/_Thoughts_Hortopaedia/2012_Rethinking-Ravi-Shankar_phenomenon_\(eL-Horto2012\).pdf](http://www.guo.hu/___WORDPRESS/Laszlo-Hortobagy_i_Gayan-Uttejak-Orchestra/_Thoughts_Hortopaedia/2012_Rethinking-Ravi-Shankar_phenomenon_(eL-Horto2012).pdf)

*

Many people are angry at *Pt. Ravi Shankar's* selective adoration of the West (including me), so I attach a few pages from his autobiography *Rāga-mālā* to illustrate the variability of his nature of his point. (*Let me quote from the GENESIS PUBLICATIONS LTD Edition, N.Y.1999 ISBN: 1-566-49-104-5*):



62 p. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED PRINTED IN ITALY

COPYRIGHT © 1997 RAVI SHANKAR: MAIN TEXT PLUS PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS FROM RAVI SHANKAR'S PRIVATE COLLECTION. COPYRIGHT © 1997 GEORGE HARRISON: ANNOTATION, TEXT, PHOTOGRAPHS AND DOCUMENTS FROM GEORGE HARRISON'S PRIVATE COLLECTION.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN IN 1997 IN A LIMITED, SIGNED AND NUMBERED EDITION BY GENESIS PUBLICATIONS LTD. 2 JENNER ROAD, GUILDFORD, SURREY, GU1 3PL, ENGLAND
MANAGING EDITOR: OLIVER CRASKE DESIGN AND ART DIRECTION BY FIONA ANDREANELLI, DAN EINZIG AND DAVID COSTA AT WHEREFORE ART?

DIRECT ANY ENQUIRIES TO WELCOME RAIN PUBLISHERS LLC 532 LAGUARDIA PLACE, BOX 473 NEW YORK, NY 10012

ISBN: 1-56649-104-5

FIRST EDITION: SEPTEMBER 1999

By the time of his first return trip to India, Ravi was becoming increasingly drawn to music. Already an admirer of the troupe's *sitar*-player, *Vishnudas Shirali*, and sarod-player, *Timir Baran*, when Ravi heard the latter's nephew *Bhombol* (real name *Amiya Kanti Bhattacharya*) playing sitar in Calcutta he felt inspired to become a student of the young man's own *guru*, the celebrated *Enayat Khan*.

Ravi arranged that when the troupe returned to India the following year, 1934, he too would

become a *shishya* (disciple) of *Enayat Khan*. However, the night before the formal gauda ceremony he had an attack of *typhoid* and was taken to hospital. He was forced to abandon the ceremony, which seemed to be a clear sign he was meant to have another guru. Destiny is a concept of paramount importance for an Indian musician

*

199 - 200 pp.

However, there were two performances on the final evening that upset me very much. I had heard plenty about *Jimi Hendrix*, and the moment his name was announced there was crazy applause. When he came on, at first I couldn't hear him at all because the girls in the audience were shrieking so loudly. A fabulous performer on guitar, he could have been a solo guitarist throughout a long career. I was really enjoying his tremendous power and virtuosity, but after the second or third song he began all the antics for which he became famous. First he was almost making love to his guitar with obscene movements, and that upset me a little because in our culture we have such a feeling of respect for the instrument. We treat it as something sacred. Worse was to come: towards the end, like a ritual, he poured some petrol on the guitar and set fire to it. It seemed a sacrilegious act, and I was so angry that I felt like getting up and going away.

Later on came *The Who*. I had no idea who The Who were, and I didn't find their sound any different from those of many other rock groups. I was exhausted by then and planning to sneak away afterwards, but because of what happened next I almost ran from there! If Jimi Hendrix's antics were too much for me, this was even worse. Towards the end, as part of their act, The Who started meticulously banging, breaking and shattering their instruments on the stage. That was the limit! I couldn't take it any more, and left with disturbing sensations in my mouth, ears and heart - although I still have some wonderful memories of some of the earlier performers.

There were a few other groups I listened to at *Monterey* who belonged to the different American school of hard rock, including *Jefferson Airplane* and *The Grateful Dead*. Out of all the American groups *The Grateful Dead* were the ones that lasted, still commanding respect in the Nineties. I met *Jerry Garcia* at Monterey, and *Mickey Hart* has long been an enthusiast of Indian music. (It was a joy to see Mickey at my October 1995 concert in San Francisco, which took place at the *Masonic Auditorium*. At the invitation of *Zakir Hussain*, who was accompanying me on tabla, Mickey had brought his own sound equipment and he was in charge of the sound engineering for the whole performance.) But at Monterey the *Grateful Dead's* sound was too loud for me, hurting my ears with the pounding rhythm - although the young audience seemed to go crazy about these hard-rock groups, and never stopped shrieking!

Every art form has a spectrum of styles. In literature there are some works that enlighten or delight you when you read them; and there are others that are more realistic, make you appreciate the trials of life. There are suspense and 'whodunit' mysteries, which lead on to

horror Stories and then those sickening ones punctuated by gory details of inhuman creatures with raw flesh, blood and all the secretions of the body flowing freely. There can be romantic and erotic writings that are so beautiful, counted among the highest literature - and then there can be sheer pornography, perversion and sex-and-horror Stories all mixed in with disgusting details. In the same way I believe that in music you find all the different layers of feeling. In India these are vital elements of our music - we call them rasas. With many groups, such as *The Beatles*, I never had any disturbing feelings about rock music, but gradually what I was to hear later was different. The loud and pounding sound of hard rock, acid rock and punk rock, with the ear-splitting amplification of shrieking voices and the metallic steel sound, created a feeling of violence. The kids would get into a violent sexual frenzy, with musicians and listeners both high on drugs. I expected that 'this too shall pass', since everything seems to come and go in pop music (as in life), but I couldn't be so appalled that this has not been the case. Even some of the MTV programmes magnify devilish, violent feelings, not only through the music but also through what you see. 200 p.

*

2016 p.

When I play in one of my own sitar concertos with an orchestra, I feel enclosed within my own prison. It's all fixed: I have to enter at a certain point and, after my improvisation, play the cue and make eye contact with the conductor for the orchestra to come back in at the right moment. Whatever I improvise is not scored, but it is within some limitations, some time value.

My biggest problem comes when I hear the slightest error, a wrong intonation or a wrong note, or a rhythmic mistake by even one single individual, especially when I'm playing a cross-combination piece. I get so disturbed that I forget my own part and make a mess of it!

Many Western musicians also have problems. For instance, when they try to play the meend it sounds so out of tune, because they touch all the microtones in between notes; and that's not how we do it. Our meend takes years to master; it is not merely a glissando or a slur. Rhythmically also there are problems, because of the complex Indian cycles of sevens, eights and other odd talas. The younger musicians tend to be much better at grasping it because they are orientated to jazz, pop and modern music.

I am very fortunate in that, without having learnt Western music technically, I am able to appreciate it - whether it is classical, jazz, country-and-western, folk, or modern pop and rock. During my childhood spent touring the world, I was surrounded by all sorts of music, particularly classical; I had the opportunities to hear the great instrumentalists, vocalists and conductors of that time. As a child you absorb things automatically, so my ears became attuned to such a variety of music.

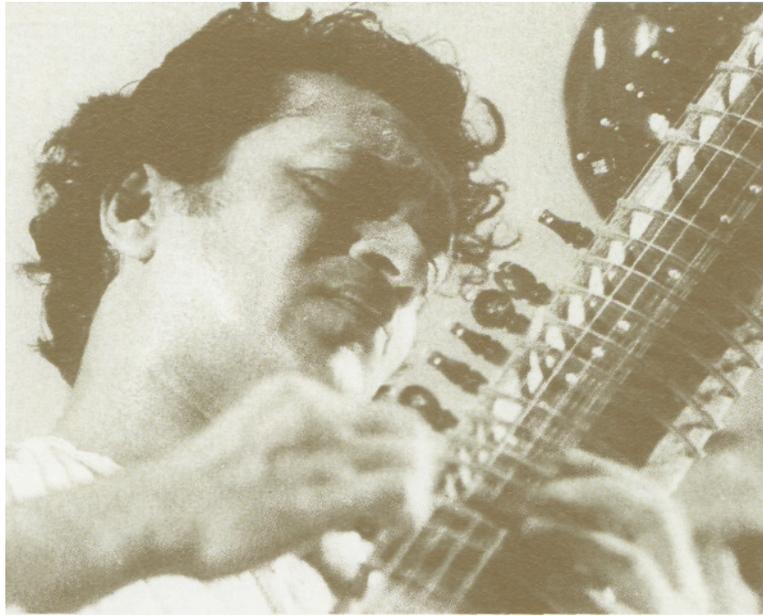
It should, however, be stressed that my formal knowledge of Western classical music is quite limited. I did have to learn it in Paris in my youth, but did not keep it up for long. I can read

Western notation only in slower passages, and cannot write it - when I am composing for Western musicians an assistant helps me to do this.

My tastes are mostly for pre-twentieth century music. I have always been very fond of baroque music, especially the music of Bach, which is much easier for an Indian listener to appreciate, because he finds attractive melodies in it. Mozart is another great favourite of mine, for the same reason. I do generally prefer pieces with solo instruments; I have no trouble in appreciating symphonic music, but it is not always that it affects me emotionally. Beethoven's sonatas and a few of his symphonic pieces touch my heart deeply, and Tchaikovsky is extremely melodic. When it comes to opera, there is so much to admire in Mozart's Magic Flute, Don Giovanni and Marriage of Figaro, Bizet's Carmen, and a few lighter operas and operettas, but still have problems with long Wagnerian epics.

Within the classical framework, I find it difficult to appreciate fully more recent music, beginning from Schoenberg and atonal music, through avant-garde, musique concrete and electronic music. Strangely enough I have great trouble with anything discordant. In Darmstadt, Germany, there is a regular festival of modern music featuring pieces by all the famous modern composers, and I have twice been invited to give sitar recitals there. If I arrive at such a venue one day before my performance, I always make a point of listening to what is going on. On those two occasions in Darmstadt, and least two other times since, I have noticed that I develop a peculiar problem.

It is mystifying how it happens, but I find that when I start hearing those strange sounds or discordant combinations, within a few minutes I feel stomach cramp, and from stomach cramp I develop a terrible headache nausea. At first I thought these physical effects were coincidental, that suffering was due to some bad food I must have eaten; but it has happened again and again, right up to this day! I feel ashamed of myself, because thousands of people rave about this music. Though I am sure most of them are sincere in their appreciation, one has to wonder whether some are behaving in a trendy manner, motivated by snobbery. Sometimes I intellectually appreciate the intelligent combinations used, yet the whole gamut of this modern music, I am embarrassed to admit, is a physical problem to me. I have to try harder, maybe!



199-200 pages

Already orientated by their music in the film *The Graduate*, I was impressed by Simon and Garfunkel's performance and became extremely fond of them. Paul Simon wrote such beautiful music, and Garfunkel had an angelic voice; indeed that's what I miss among rock and pop singers. Most of them go sheerly by their talent, their presentation and their lyrics (and also, I think, a lot of luck), but few of them have a good voice with accurate pitch. Donovan was another exception, as was Joan Baez - as well as her striking looks and a beautiful personality, she had a lovely velvety voice.

There was a lot of talk about Janis Joplin - that she was addicted to drugs and wild as a person. In spite of all that, at Monterey I was Struck by the emotion and the electricity, the passion and the fire, which blazed from her so prominently. She sang from her guts, like some of the olden-days jazz singers. A fantastic but quite different singer who made a great impact on me was Otis Redding, whose melodic voice I remember vividly. He had a clean and handsome appearance, too. His death in a plane accident six months later was a sad loss.

However, there were two performances on the final evening that upset me very much. I had heard plenty about Jimi Hendrix, and the moment his name was announced there was crazy applause. When he came on, at first I couldn't hear him at all because the girls in the audience were shrieking so loudly. A fabulous performer on guitar, he could have been a solo guitarist throughout a long career. I was really enjoying his tremendous power and virtuosity, but after the second or third song he began all the antics for which he became famous. First he was almost making love to his guitar with obscene movements, and that upset me a little because in our culture we have such a feeling of respect for the instrument. We treat it as something sacred. Worse

commotion in

*Haight-Ashbury,
1967.*

was to come: towards the end, like a ritual, he poured some petrol on the guitar and set fire to it. It seemed a sacrilegious act, and I was so angry that I felt like getting up

and going away.

Later on came The Who. I had no idea who The Who were, and I didn't find their sound any different from those of many other rock groups. I was exhausted by then and planning to sneak away afterwards, but because of what happened next I almost ran from there! If Jimi Hendrix's antics were too much for me, this was even worse. Towards the end, as part of their act, The Who smarted meticulously banging, breaking and shattering their instruments on the stage. That was the limit! I couldn't take it any more, and left with disturbing sensations in my mouth, ears and heart - although I still have some wonderful memories of some of the earlier performers.

There were a few other groups I listened to at Monterey who belonged to the different American school of hard rock, including Jefferson Airplane and The Grateful Dead. Out of all the American groups The Grateful Dead were the ones that lasted, still commanding respect in the Nineties. I met Jerry Garcia at Monterey, and Mickey Hart has long been an enthusiast of Indian music. (It was a joy to see Mickey at my October 1995 concert in San Francisco, which took place at the Masonic Auditorium. At the invitation of Zakir Hussain, who was accompanying me on tabla, Mickey had brought his own sound equipment and he was in charge of the sound engineering for the whole performance.) But at Monterey the Grateful Dead's sound was too loud for me, hurting my ears with the pounding rhythm - although the young audience seemed to go crazy about these hard-rock groups, and never stopped shrieking!

Every art form has a spectrum of styles. In literature there are some works that enlighten or delight you when you read them; and there are others that are more realistic, make you appreciate the trials of life. There are suspense and 'whodunit' mysteries, which lead on to horror stories and then those sickening ones punctuated by gory details of inhuman creatures with raw flesh, blood and all the secretions of the body flowing freely. There can be romantic and erotic writings that are so beautiful, counted among the highest: literature - and then there can be sheer pornography, perversion and sex-and-horror stories all mixed in with disgusting details. In the same way I believe that in music you find all the different layers of feeling. In India these are vital elements of our music - we call them rasas. With many groups, such as The Beatles, I never had any disturbing feelings about rock music, but gradually what I was to hear later was different. The loud and pounding sound of hard rock, acid rock and punk rock, with the ear-splitting amplification of shrieking voices and the metallic feel sound, created a feeling of violence. The kids would get into a violent sexual frenzy, with musicians and listeners both high on drugs. I expected that 'this too shall pass', since everything seems to come and go in pop music (as in life), but I am appalled that this has not been the case. Even some of the MTV programmes magnify devilish, violent feelings, not only through the music but also through what you see.