

PROJECTS / PROCESSES VOLUME I

Research and Writing From SAF 2017

commissioned by



About Projects/Processes

Projects / Processes is a new initiative to publish commissioned research essays, longform writing, and in-depth criticism that explore the ideas and processes behind select curatorial projects at Serendipity Arts Festival. Over two years, the Festival has accumulated a rich database of creative energies and partnerships. As an eight-day long event, the Festival is a platform for multidisciplinary collaboration and cultural innovation, and has commissioned over 70 new works across the visual arts and performance since its inception in 2016. The Projects / Process series offers an opportunity to give some of these works and the stories that they tell an afterlife, through a deeply engaged look at how they came together and their significance to the discourse of contemporary art in India moving forward. Each volume comprises essays covering distinct projects that stand in some dialogue with each other, through the questions they raise and the thematic landscape they cover.

About Serendipity Arts Festival

Serendipity Arts Festival is a multi-disciplinary arts event set over a period of eight days in December in the vibrant settings of Panaji, Goa. Curated by a panel of eminent artists and institutional figures, this festival is a long-term cultural project that hopes to affect positive change in the arts in India on a large scale.

Serendipity Arts Festival 2017 experimented with site, form, scale, and display, featuring over 70 projects including more than 40 projects commissioned specifically for the Festival, alongside a line-up of scintillating programmes spanning music, dance, theatre, visual arts and culinary arts. In addition to the curated events, we believe in collaborations that can give the Festival varied perspectives. As a result, SAF 2017 saw an exciting array of Special Projects which highlight our institutional collaborations.

The Festival also attempts to address pressing issues such as arts education, patronage culture, interdisciplinary discourse and accessibility to the arts. This intensive programme of exhibitions and performances is accompanied by spaces for social and educational engagement.

About Serendipity Arts Foundation

Serendipity Arts Foundation is an arts and cultural development Foundation created to encourage and support the arts as a significant contributor to civil society. It aims to promote new creative strategies, artistic interventions, and cultural partnerships that are responsive and seek to address the social, cultural and environmental milieu of South Asia. Committed to innovation, SAF intends to promote and create platforms creativity, providing the wider public with a unique source of contemporary art and culture. SAF programmes are designed and initiated through collaborations with partners across a multitude of fields, each intervention created using the arts to impact education, create social initiatives, foster community development, and explore both interdisciplinarity and multidisciplinary in the arts, with a special focus on South Asia.



The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing: Goan musicians in the early Jazz & Hot Dance Era

First exhibited at Serendipity Arts
Festival 2017

Curated by Prashant Panjiar

Based on research by Naresh
Fernandes for his book *Taj Mahal
Foxtrot*

Curatorial Note

On Valentine's Day in 1919, the Times of India issued a dire warning about an American phenomenon that was sweeping the world. Jazz bands, the newspaper predicted, would "make life a nightmare" because they had only one objective: "to produce as much noise as possible". Months later, the commotion slammed into the subcontinent. Indians, to the horror of the snobs, sprang to their feet to dance. The foxtrotting, jitterbugging and jiving continued for almost four decades. From around 1925 to 1965, jazz and its elder sibling, "hot" dance music, held the subcontinent in thrall. From hotel stages in Peshawar and public bandstands in Madras, from the podiums of gymkhanas in Rajkot and railway institutes in Jamalpur, immaculately dressed musicians belted out fascinating rhythms that instantly had their audiences hooked. Upon hearing a pioneering jazz band at the Taj in Bombay, one young man seemed to articulate India's reactions to the swinging tunes when he confessed: "The music went to my head."

As it turns out, Goan musicians played a vital role in conjuring up that magic. Coming from a territory with a long familiarity with Western music, many Goans heard in jazz an echo of the songs of their souls. Their vast talents soon attracted the attention of composers of Hindi film music. Goan musicians were hired as arrangers to notate tunes that merged influences from both East and West, and also formed the bulk of the orchestras that recorded these melodies.

This exhibition draws on the personal photograph albums of around a dozen families to recreate together a vivid portrait of the significant Goan band leaders of India's jazz age. The exhibition contains an add-on section presented by the AIIS – Archive and Research Centre for Ethnomusicology that

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uses interactive computer screens to tell the larger story of jazz in India, with photographs from the famous Jazz Yatras and dozens of rare recordings by Indian musicians.

All texts Naresh Fernandes

Interactive kiosks AIIS – Archives and Research Centre for Ethnomusicology

Photographs Christine Correa; Ursulla Fernandes, Philip & Irwin Vaz; Larissa & Elfin Fernand; Christopher Pereira; Xavier Furtado; Lydia & Manuel Gomes; Ana Raman; Joe & Bosco D'Souza; Jenny Blanche, Thelma Shah & Alvino Pacheco; Lorna Cordeiro; Diago D'Souza; Toni Pinto; Yvonne & Braz Gonzalves; Naresh Fernades; Marco Pacci; Mark Beresford; Florian Pittner

Archival music tracks Marco Pacci

Videos Susheel J. Kurien, filmmaker Finding Carlton- Uncovering the Story of Jazz in India, for use of the film clip, The Basement Tapes; and Goa Folklore Productions for the preview of the movie Nachom-ia Kumpasar

Exhibition design Prashant Panjiar & Asmita Parelkar

Improvising History: Archival Negotiations and Memory in *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing*

Arnav Adhikari

In a striking moment of Susheel Kurien's 2012 documentary *Finding Carlton*, in which the filmmaker travels into the deep and quickly evaporating history of the little-known Indian jazz age between the 1920s and '60s, he finds himself in New York, speaking to Christine Correa, a jazz singer and the daughter of the prolific saxophonist and bandleader, Mickey Correa. Christine is seen singing beside the piano with her collaborator Frank Carlberg. She speaks with poise and wistfulness to the camera as she remembers what it was like to grow up in the glow of her father's music, as he studiously transcribed records at the table listening to the gramophone, or played into the corner of a room to hear himself with acute precision. She goes on to recall listening in on practice sessions, hearing the big sound of Mickey's band, which was, for a long time, a standard fixture at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay, setting a record by playing consistently between 1939 and 1961 (Fernandes 90). These scenes are interspersed with glimpses of an aged Mickey, who died in 2011, playing the piano and looking at old photographs almost diagrammatically, recalling the members of his outfit. Watching Christine talk about her father's rigorous practice routines or the way he held his instrument

in front of the mirror is like observing memory assemble and reconfigure itself in real-time, moulding to fit a sometimes-imagined past in the reality of the present, as Christine poignantly rues the absence of any recordings of Mickey's band, consigning it to photographic and oral history. And then it happens.

The scene cuts to Christine seated on a couch, mouth ajar and eyes wide open in an almost paralytic wonder, as the soft, muffled sounds of a swaying horn section hang loosely in the air. "This is it ... that's my dad ... this is his sound" she says, almost to herself, in an ecstatic moment of recognition. It's as if her vivid memories of Mickey's music have been willed into reality after decades; a sound that survived only through the written word or the frozen frame, finally comes to life in front of her.

This brief moment from *Finding Carlton* punctuates a wall tracing Mickey Correa's colourful life and career in Prashant Panjiar's curatorial project, *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing*, on view at the 2017 edition of Serendipity Arts Festival, an annual multidisciplinary event held in December along the Mandovi River in the Goan capital of Panaji. Panjiar's curation, like Kurien's film to some extent, traces the deeply rooted history of jazz in the early decades of the 20th century, with a particular focus on the Goan musicians who helped shape the essence of its sound, politics, dispersion, and ultimately, its evolution. The exhibition offers a glimpse into a national cultural imagination of the swing and hot music eras of the late 1930s onwards, and weaves into its narrative the personal histories of its most prominent Goan characters,

from Mickey Correa and Chic Chocolate to the Gomes brothers and Braz Gonsalves, from Chris Perry and Lorna Cordeiro to "Jazzy Joe" Pereira and Frank Fernand. The walls are palimpsests of a forgotten—and largely unknown—history, brimming with photographs, posters, letters, cutouts, musical notation, rare recordings, and sparse footage of the many manifestations of jazz as it grew out of a particular moment of transnational reckoning in India—Bombay, most of all—and the world. Specifically: the background of the world wars, the struggle for independence from the British, and the vibrant tessellations of cultural production across the globe, which swiftly ushered in the modernist age across mediums and modes of practice. All of this lingers between the lines of Panjiar's exhibition, which is based on the writer Naresh Fernandes's research for his sweeping, historical account of the early days of jazz in India in *Taj Mahal Foxtrot: The Story of Bombay's Jazz Age*, published by Roli Books in 2012. While familiar characters from Fernandes's pages dance across the walls into Panjiar's exhibit—Fernandes is a key collaborator and the author of the wall texts—there are plenty of unmined photographs, newly discovered personal histories, and of course, a primary emphasis on how Goan figures became both catalysts and markers for not only the hidden, sublinear narrative of jazz and cultural hybridization, but also an unlikely influence on what has become an almost synonymous aspect of popular Indian culture: Hindi film music. The brief clip of Christine Correa from Kurien's film, playing on loop in low resolution on a small, mounted screen in the corner of the Adil Shah Palace, stood out to me on my first

walk through the show because it seemed to distill many ideas latently probing the surface of *The Music Stopped*, and that in many ways inspired the terrain that this essay hopes to cover. There is, on a primary level, the palpable nostalgia that is a function of the exhibition's very design, and one that comments on the absence of a more visibly prominent jazz movement in contemporary India. More intriguing however is the way in which memory, as illustrated by Christine's onscreen recollections, plays a significant part beyond simply a sense of yearning. In talking with Panjiar and Fernandes about their own processes of collecting and collating material for this exhibition, what emerges is a practice and presentation of contemporary archiving that, in the absence of widely recorded resources, exists largely in personal and familial collections. How does this archive ultimately take shape? What does it articulate and, perhaps more importantly, what does it leave unsaid about the socio-economic and political contexts these musicians had to navigate? How does presenting this specific archive of Goan history in Panaji itself, approach ideas of private versus public lives, and the inner and outer world? The clip of Christine, who was born in Bombay but now lives in New York, to an ethnic-Goan father born in Mombasa and who lived in Karachi, further points to a history of migration and diaspora that was central to the development of jazz in India. Geographical movement, transnational identities, and geopolitical stakes played a significant role in the ways in which jazz music was disseminated and consumed, and therefore how it actually sounded and developed, from the Swing Era to post-Independence, from Indo-jazz and jazz-

fusion to the formation of a contemporary discourse around Indian jazz as an ionized, independent movement. This essay analyzes some of these considerations of the archive in light of global identities and the politics that run through the heart of, and often subliminally through, *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing*. Along with illuminating the process of assembling an archive, my conversations with Panjiar and Fernandes also speak to how this project stands in conversation with their own practices of photography and journalism.

Years before John Coltrane's thematic and tonal variations on North Indian Classical music in the 1950s (Pinckney, Jr. 14) earned him much acclaim, or Ravi Shankar's collaboration with saxophonist-flutist Bud Shank in 1961 made him the first Indian musician to record in the United States with an American jazz artist (14), and well before John McLaughlin's experiments with the band Shakti created the foundations for a Carnatic-jazz idiom, Bombay nightclubs and hotels were bouncing to the off-kilter rhythms of a new kind of music: swing. It was violinist Leon Abbey's iconic first performances at the Taj Mahal Hotel in 1935, frantic and fast-paced, that introduced a new type of "hot" jazz never before heard in India at the time, and exploded the ways in which dance and jazz music were consumed by (largely upper-class, westernized) audiences (Fernandes 21). His very presence as a resident musician brought an entire community of touring African American artists to the south-Bombay neighbourhood

of Colaba, where they were treated with the luxury and admiration they could hardly expect in their home country, then at the peak of the Jim Crow Era.

Abbey's stint at the Taj was the spark that led to the formation of a new vocabulary and demand for dance music in a city that was flourishing economically. With the establishment of new industries, transportation, modes of communication, Bombay provided higher standards of living than almost any other part of the country. These connections, as Fernandes writes, "seemed to speed up the pace of life itself ... the frenetic rhythms of jazz were a perfect reflection of the hyperkinetic tempo of modernity" (21). With this new internationalism, Bombay became a busy pathway for cultural exchange—largely among a contained social stratum—between Europe, North America, and communities in and around Maharashtra itself, of which Goans formed the majority.

The movement of people from Goa to Bombay has been a long-established trajectory that, according to Fernandes, dates back to at least 1822, when Goans fled persecution at the hands of the Portuguese, and sought the shelter of British rule (55). Then in 1835, a rebellion that deposed Goa's first native-born governor general forced many of his supporters to seek protection in Bombay. A further lack of opportunities in the largely agrarian, feudal Goan economy, combined with Portuguese oppression, tremendous industrial growth in Bombay, and the opening of a new railway line, created an ever-thickening connection between the two regions over the years. While the primary forms of employment for most migrants were in service, as maids, cooks, or butlers to the elite, many

Goans soon became fixtures in the music scene, playing in wedding bands, orchestras, and eventually big band groups. Their communal affinity for music was not a random cultural occurrence, but has its roots in a rich tradition of Konkani folk forms as well as in the influence of the Portuguese, who placed a significant emphasis on musical education for children, which ultimately equipped many Goans with the ability to read staff notation or interpret scores, a vital skill for versatile future jazz musicians who slotted into western bands, and later, into Hindi film music.

In *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing*, Panjiar makes a choice to leave much of this history unsaid, or articulates it briefly via Fernandes's wall texts, which hint at histories of migration and colonialism without bringing them to the fore. Panjiar is conscious of catering to a Goan audience above all else, and perhaps trusts their knowledge of a regional narrative without having to explain it to them. Or, he at least hopes to lead interested viewers to *Taj Mahal Foxtrot* for further contextual information—the exhibition indeed culminates in a broad platform with the book placed on it for viewers to look through. Panjiar's sensitivity to his audience here, which stems in part from his own relocation to Goa from Delhi, became clear in our conversation, as he seemed eager to avoid a simplification of Goan identity in any capacity. His hope was to showcase complexity and move away from a dominant, monolithic idea of Goa.

I'm not one to think that a festival in Goa should only have things about Goa, which as a region should have a

national audience, and be international in its outlook. But for Serendipity Arts Festival, I was very conscious because [the curators and organizers] are all parachuting in for a week. I realized that through my living here, I wanted a greater engagement with the people.

This initial desire and focus for a kind of site-specific representation became the catalyst for Panjiar's archival process, which in itself is an illustration of the way the history of jazz is remembered in Goa and Bombay, and how its legacy has been preserved or forgotten.

From the outset, when I asked Panjiar about how his own successful career as a photojournalist and a curator of photography influenced his work here, he is quick to point out a distinction:

I didn't want this show to be labelled "photography" ... there are so many other elements to it. Coming from a photography background, when we talk about a photo exhibition, we expect to see photography that itself expresses something, but that's not the case here. We're culling from an archive, and it's telling you a lot of things. I wouldn't call it a photo exhibit.

Nomenclature becomes an important distinguishing factor in *The Music Stopped*, as Panjiar is eager to mark the significance of what is ultimately an archival display with museological

ambitions, rather than a presentation of images. However, his own propensity for the photographic form doesn't completely preclude his work as a collector of material here. The journalistic and archival modes are actually in constant dialogue with each other throughout the exhibition: in the accumulation and sorting of raw information, the interviewing process, the negotiation of subject-source relationships, and the interpretation and narrativization of data.

It is interesting though to see a shift in subject matter here for Panjiar, whose photojournalistic work for magazines like *India Today* and *Outlook* among many others, focuses on stories of community displacement, economic inequity, environmental damage, and political conflict. Naresh Fernandes, currently the editor of the digital daily *Scroll.in*, has his own storied trajectory as a journalist with writing in *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and *The Hindustan Times*. For Panjiar, his process of collecting the material felt close to how he approached stories for a print publication.

Ultimately, it's storytelling. As a photographer in journalism, you go out, shoot, and collect material, you listen to stories and tell them through reportage. This is similar, only I was not the photographer. That process of immersing myself in a subject is very important for me; even earlier, when I did big photo essays, I always started with research. It takes me two to three months to learn the histories of people, and it's only after that immersion that I'm able to shoot.

How does this journalistic process manifest itself in *The Music Stopped*? For Fernandes, during his work on *Taj Mahal Foxtrot*, he began largely by talking to friends and families of iconic jazz musicians of the era, unearthing a fascinating oral history of maverick performers in Bombay, who, by the time he began his project, were mostly long gone. These conversations consequently led him to more institutional sources and databases of access, at the University of Chicago or the Howard Thurman Collection at Boston University. After years of being steeped in his own research for the book, Fernandes chuckles with a newfound wonder when I ask him about what his process of collaboration with Panjiar was like. “It’s almost like he re-researched the pictures I had in my book,” he says, “He found glorious new ones that I had never seen before ... all this time after I had finished and almost forgotten some of this ... It was like a whole new project. It was lovely to look over his shoulder and see it take shape.”

Panjiar’s ability to bring “new” material to the project involved an activation of a global archival network from Goa to New York, an arduous process that had him navigating the tricky terrain of family relationships that are so fundamental to the practice of oral history, and jazz more generally. His process then began by setting certain parameters for his data, trying to streamline a set of characters in a fixed era to focus on.

He decided from the outset that the exhibition needed to be situated in the hot music and swing movement in the years before and around India’s independence, and was largely trying to stay away from the influence of progressive, free jazz, or bebop as it manifested itself in the ’60s and ’70s in jazz-fusion and Indo-jazz, thus placing his lens squarely on the big band sound.

The propulsion of big bands in the Swing Era then naturally carved out spaces for certain protagonists (bandleaders, arrangers, outstanding instrumentalists) to shine. Most importantly, Panjiar was conscious not to bring the exhibition into an amorphous contemporary period, which would dilute the stories and influence of the people at the core of this period: the Goan musicians. With all this in mind, his final list included the following artists:

Micky Correa
 Chick Chocolate
 Frank Fernand
 Johnny Baptist
 Sonny Lobo
 Jazzy Joe Pereira
 Francis Furtado
 Joe & Johnny Gomes
 Sebastian D’Souza
 Lucila & George Pacheco
 Chris Perry & Lorna Cordeiro
 Tony Pinto
 Braz Gonsalves

With subjects, a timeline, and a sonic template in place, Panjiar began going through the material Naresh Fernandes culled for *Taj Mahal Foxtrot*, but quickly discovered some glaring inadequacies, in image quality and particularly, the ability to transfer some of what was used more illustratively to frame the text in Fernandes’s book, to what a curator could harness

in telling a more contained story or capturing a mood. These discursive incongruities forced Panjiar to consider the modes of his storytelling process at every step, and ultimately led him to the doors of families in Bombay and Goa, in search of a memory, a photograph, or a letter.

While the personal, interrelational family archive—photographic or oral in nature—can often be the most significant way into a psycho-biographical understanding of a subject, it also poses certain ethical risks, and can bring an attempt at distilling truth under the shadow of bias. If the material basis of the exhibition is sourced largely or in part by relatives, then the show might bend under the need to maintain a family-approved narrative. Panjiar highlights these precarious positions with the example of putting material together on the volatile multi-instrumentalist Chris Perry and his relationship with the vocalist Lorna Cordeiro.

Within families, there are often problems ... some people weren't speaking to others. I had to leave out some details. These musicians led colourful lives, had affairs. It's an important part of that history, but people were uncomfortable, and if that discomfort did not allow that material to come out, then you have to ask: is it so important? For example, the Chris Perry and Lorna story is very well-known and controversial, but Chris Perry's family is completely in denial. They just did not answer any of my messages or calls. Finally, I had to go to Lorna and I had to think: will she be angry because that video [from 2014 Konkani film *Nachom-ia*

Kumpasar, which is loosely based on their relationship] is next to her picture?

Clearly Panjiar is dealing with an ethical conundrum here, where he puts himself at risk of using sensitive information at the expense of both the Perry family and Cordeiro herself, all while asking them for material to fill the exhibition to begin with. The particular story he's referring to is drawn out in vivid detail by Fernandes in a piece he wrote for his website, later adapted for the online publication *Quartz* in 2015. Chris and Lorna shared an incredible chemistry on stage, and played the Bombay circuit—at the Venice most notably—together to great public interest; Lorna had joined Perry's band as a teenager, a 16 year-old collaborating with an already-established performer some 20 years her senior. Chris soon left his family to be with Lorna and their colourful relationship on stage became marred by years of jealousy, alcoholism, and emotional abuse off it, until Lorna was finally able to tear herself away from Perry's band in 1971. The accounts in Fernandes's *Quartz* story suggest the persistent rawness of their explosive relationship, even all these years later. He writes,

Like the myths about the city in which they soared to fame, the tale of Chris and Lorna has gained so much in the re-telling it's sometimes difficult to thresh the apocrypha from the actual. Thirty years after the two stopped performing together, old-time musicians in the bylanes of Dhobi Talao and Bandra still beg anonymity as they reminisce in sad whispers.

“He was shameless. He left his wife and three small children for that girl.”

“Chris and Lorna were in love. When they fought, they became mortal enemies. He destroyed her and he destroyed himself.”

Ultimately, the text for Chris and Lorna’s section in *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing* merely gestures at this complex history in a few words that read: “They made magic on stage, but their relationship was volatile.” Encountering these sort of problems of representation, and perhaps mediated intrusion to some degree, inadvertently becomes a fundamental part of Panjiar’s archive, its very formation a result of these negotiations. Further, we’re led to ask how these factors play into a larger question of a public-private dichotomy. When personal memory is consigned to collection in a public forum for a geographically-specific audience, what are the dynamics of power at play? In Benjamin Hutchens’s “Techniques of Forgetting? Hypo-Amnesic History and the An-Archive,” he uses Jacques Derrida’s 1995 neo-Freudian treatise *Archive Fever* to argue that the radical energy of lived memory is often neutralized by documentation, and relinquishes both authority and authorship to the archivist. Perhaps Panjiar’s selective methods of collection here does then transform, as Hutchens suggests, *memorabilia*, or memorable events in a span of time, into *memoranda*, which makes value judgements on things that are worth remembering (5). Hutchens draws out this discrepancy further when he explains, “What differentiates counter-memory from archival memory is that the former has

a politically radical edge, wielded against the smooth surface of archival ‘memory’” (10).

Counter-memory runs parallel to the images and text that adorn the walls in this exhibition, and what is often left unsaid can also be read as being actively forgotten. The histories of Goan migration, Portuguese and British rule, and perhaps most glaringly, class politics, don’t find a direct way into the otherwise fascinating stories of these far-flung and idiosyncratic musicians pictured in iconic poses, leaning into a frenzied, imagined utopia with their instruments in hand. The question of what role a show like this, situated in Goa, might have to play beyond conjuring a nostalgia and wistfulness (which it achieves in phenomenal measure) for a moment gone, then remains. While there is undoubtedly a powerful joy in the experience of yearning for the ragtime stylings of Bombay nightclubs past, the erasure of counter-memory, that is, the reality of who actually had access to these cultural spaces to begin with, threatens to render an archive like this somewhat toothless.

This debate comes up in my conversations with both Fernandes and Panjiar, who is eager to emphasize that the nostalgic function of the archive in *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing* has its own political value, as a way of pointing something out by its absence, an apophatic gesturing towards the contemporary moment. The rich proliferation of swing and hot music in the ’30s, and the work of innovative Goans like Chic Chocolate—whose sleepy trumpet in 1945’s “I Couldn’t Sleep a Wink Last Night” filters through a little speaker, as if passing through time—is a reminder of a cultural

hybridization that India may have lost but never replaced.

The number of clubs [in Goa and Bombay] has gone down and many have been gentrified into fine-dining restaurants. We're not being moralistic about the idea of the cabaret and the nightclub here. We're celebrating it rather than denigrating it, which is what is happening today, with cracking down on nightclubs and western culture. Yes, I would have preferred the show to be more political, but doing something which harks back to a memory which you can celebrate and telling people to lighten up also has a value to it.

Fernandes also feels that expressing a politics of what is lost is best done latently in this format, as compared to in his book, which unearths significant historical detail. He believes the title of the exhibition is itself a way to reintegrate Goans back into the narrative of jazz music in India, which they have largely been written out of. He suggests that there is an immediacy in the connection to a largely visual archive like this one, where the potential opportunity to identify a family member up on the wall becomes a way for local audiences to assert their constructive roles in a national cultural imagination of that time, and to also to revel in a sense of delight. I was actually struck as I took a walk through the exhibition to escape the hot Panaji sun one day, when a Goan family behind me suddenly cried out at spotting a distant uncle in a poster advertising a big band performance. One mother began dissecting the image for her 10-year-old son, recalling

what it was like to grow up around that kind of music and to visit houses that were filled with the sound that became a distinct part of their Goan identities as children. These moments of recognition and revelation bring us full circle to the role of the informal family archive, which, despite its potential dangers, is maybe the most authentic mode of representation for this particular exhibition. Unlike in the iconic jazz cities of New Orleans, New York, or Chicago, where archives of jazz in all its transmutations, through swing and ragtime to bebop and free, exist in institutional structures at an objective distance from the familial, in Bombay, or India more generally, these contemporary archives are still being mined, and families continue to be primary sources of vital information.

Coupled with this is the trend that jazz in Goa-Bombay has adopted a *gharana* model more commonly associated with Hindustani Classical music and dance, where the artform becomes a vital marker of family identity that transcends generations. The tragedy however lies in how many sons, daughters, or grandchildren have actually gone on to become respected professional musicians in their own right or end up making a living from it—Braz Gonsalves (who is Chic Chocolate's son-in-law) and Christine Correa seem to be the main exceptions here. Most of the musicians in the exhibition themselves lived as lower-middle class people, and were never really rich, unlike the consumers of their music, who were largely the westernized upper classes. As the colonial powers transitioned out of India between 1947 and '61, and swing music faded against the popularity of bebop in the US,

it grew increasingly difficult to earn a livelihood from playing the Bombay clubs, and many Goan jazz artists were forced to find more lucrative modes of expression for their music, namely, Hindi film music. “This was to be the abiding tragedy of Indian jazz,” Fernandes writes. “Numerous Indian jazzmen would make their careers performing on stage to appreciative audiences, but rarely make any records in a country in which film soundtracks dominated the music industry.”

And so the Goan cats of the Bombay jazz age took their music to the movie studios, where accents of swing became a tool, either to symbolize a new modernity or to illustrate the dangers of forgetting an inherent national culture (Fernandes 108). Chic Chocolate, Anthony Gonsalves (of “My Name Is Anthony Gonsalves” fame), the Gomes brothers, and Frank Fernand, were some of the more successful Goans to make the transition to film music, further aided by a rich history of technical musical training, improvisation, and composition that made them such astute jazz performers to begin with. Multiple little screens showing video clips from old movies punctuate the archives on display in *The Music Stopped*, recontextualizing a rich history of music that perhaps would not exist without the innovative efforts of Goan jazz musicians. It is thrilling to watch these videos that have been so integral to the cultural imagination of film music, and almost discover anew the jazz-swing influences, while connecting them back to the lives of those we have come to know intimately through the show. From Chic Chocolate’s flamboyant cameo in “Deewana Parwana” from 1951’s *Albela*, to Frank Fernand’s arrangements for “Baar Baar Dekho”

from *Chinatown* (1961), to Johnny Gomes’ assistance on the eternally jubilant and propulsive “Eena Meena Deeka” from 1957’s *Aasha*, it becomes clear that while Indian jazz may not have survived in its swing avatar, it continued to adapt and remained resilient, playing a founding part in the music that sustains and inspires popular culture in India to this day. The blending of jazz inflections and movie soundtracks—audible even in contemporary Bollywood—became a way to almost democratize a music that was otherwise for the consumption of the upper echelons of society. “Too many people think of jazz as art music,” Fernandes tells me over the phone, “jazz was dance music to be enjoyed, and that’s what Hindi film music made it. It took it back to the streets and got people to dance to it, like in New Orleans.”

The larger ethnomusicological arcs that emerge from such a contained number of sources, for what is a brief period of modern Indian history, is a testament to the incredible transmutability of an archive that might still have more to give in the years to come. Fernandes’s initial research for *Taj Mahal Foxtrot* has given rise to numerous rearchived forms, while also triggering global networks and inspiring multiple stage and film adaptations, a website with updated material and new stories, and even a chain of restaurants. The exhibition in Goa further unearths the possibility for more diverse stories like these to be told, and brings into question the variegated ways in which such archives might be treated, whether within informal structures, or consigning them to institutional ones where they may be

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narrativized and preserved. Or perhaps finding a balance in which it can exist in both these spaces simultaneously. The alternative formal and informal systems then provide the opportunity to meditate on how such archives may flourish in the future, and what their most authentic mode of presentation might look like. In “Speaking in the Groove: Oral History and Jazz,” author Burton W. Peretti believes that informal practices can indeed operate alongside the formal, and suggests that a greater emphasis on the former, can provide a more inclusive space for the narratives and people often erased from jazz history, like the Goan musicians here (12- 13).

The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing, which winds audiences through layered and zig-zagged walls that Panjiar envisioned would help take viewers on a phenomenological journey through time, culminates in a sunlit room with two interactive screens on loan from the American Institute of Indian Studies’ Archive and Research Center for Ethnomusicology. Here the modern and contemporary, the informal and formal modes converge in the digital, as fascinated viewers plough through pictures and recordings, timelines and histories of Indian jazz, from its nascent days to the aftermath of the era through which we have just passed. The screens open the exhibition up at what one would expect to be its terminal point, almost like a unexpected motif in a jazz tune, steering it in another direction, as if to assert that jazz is indeed a global music, one with a distinctly Indian form that continues to move and shake long after Bombay’s greatest clubs went quiet.

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Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4





Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8





Fig. 10



Fig. 11



Fig. 12

Captions

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Exhibition view of *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing: Goan musicians in the early Jazz & Hot Dance Era* at Adil Shah Palace, Goa, 2017.

Fig 1

Chic Chocolate with his first band at the Bristol Grill in Bombay, 1945-1946. The band featured vocalist Penny Willard, Mervyn Sequeira on piano, Cawas Lord on drums, Dennis Vaz on clarinet, Norman Mobsbey on clarinet, and Perry on double bass.

Fig 2

A clip from Sushil Kurien's *Finding Carlton* plays on loop alongside a photograph of Mickey Correa, pictured with the vocalist Pepita in Bombay, 1940.

Fig 3

A video for the song "Mera Naam Chin Chin Choo" from the Hindi movie *Howrah Bridge* (1958) plays next to an image of Sebastian D'Souza, who arranged the music for the film. Below are scores for the album *Raga Jazz Style* (1968), also arranged by D' Souza.

Fig 4

The Correa Optimists Band in Karachi, 1936.

Fig 5

Images from the early days of Jazz in India. (Center) Dancers pictured in the ballroom of the Taj Mahal Hotel in the early 1940s, next to a photograph of Leon Abbey's band in 1935.

Fig 6

Lucila Pacheco during one of her first professional performances at Greens Hotel in Bombay, 1948.

Fig 7

The exhibition culminates in a sunlit room with screens from the American Institute of Indian Studies' Archive and Research Center for Ethnomusicology.

Fig 8, 10, 11 (Courtesy of Prashant Panjiar), 11

Installation view of *The Music Stopped, But We Were Still Dancing* at the Adil Shah Palace, Serendipity Arts Festival 2017.

Fig 9

Braz Gonzalves (left) and Chic Chocolate (right).

Fig 12

Images from a photo collage of Chris Perry and Lorna Cordeiro. (Courtesy of Lorna Cordeiro)

Biographies

Arnav Adhikari is a writer and editor based in New Delhi. As an Editorial Fellow at *The Atlantic* in Washington, DC between 2016 and 2017, he covered books, music, and popular culture for the website. His writing on the arts has also appeared in the *Asian American Writers' Workshop* and *Hyperallergic*.

Arnav is a consulting editor at Serendipity Arts Foundation/Festival, where he helps oversee content and research projects across various platforms. Most recently, he contributed writing for the artist Ratna Gupta's solo show *everything is precious* (2018) at Sakshi Gallery in Mumbai.

Prashant Panjiar is a photojournalist and photographer focusing on reportage, editorial, and documentary photography. He has served on the jury of the World Press Photo Awards, the China International Press Photo Competition, Indian Express Press Photo Awards, and the National Foundation of India's annual photography fellowship. He has worked with *The Patriot Newspaper*, *India Today*, and the Outlook Group of Publications. As co-founder of the Delhi Photo Festival, Prashant has curated all the three of its editions. In 2015, he conceived and curated the first edition of Sensorium, a festival of arts, literature, and ideas for Sunaparanta, the Goa Centre of Arts. Prashant also guides younger photographers through Nazar Foundation, which he co-founded.

Naresh Fernandes is the editor of *Scroll.in*, a digital news publication. He is the author of *Taj Mahal Foxtrot: The Story of Bombay's Jazz Age* and *City Adrift: A Short Biography of Bombay*.