

The Knife

Music Snobs Inc.

A collection of expert witnesses making sweeping generalizations about the scene.

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POP GOES THE PRIVATE UNIVERSE



“I’ll be the first to admit that it was so romantic, so romantic.”

When Adam and the Fish Eyed Poets emerged onto the scene, a number of breasts appeared on the horizon waiting to be signed. He was primarily a burst of stories, most casually shrouded in mystery. Speaking of sorcerers and lecherous old men, looking upon the world with despair and cynicism. Of imprisonment within tragedy unlocked by some ephemeral lust.

I wish Kishore Krishna wasn’t a real person with a real name. Just a concept bottled, untouchable and aging beautifully over time, something the world or any media couldn’t touch. After discarding the desolation of *Snakeism*, he’s grown more worldly and ominous into *Dead Loops*, and you find yourself

cruelly wishing you could imprison him in his angst further and further till he breaks down into some kind of full brilliance. But it isn't only his nearness to tragedy, his disenchantment or misanthropy; it is his rasping voice riddled with all of these things and his music that lurks murkily behind and around it.

"Bones of the lovers I couldn't please"

Through his records he lives in some kind of alternate slowed-down universe, a silent observer and an unwilling, resigned partaker in debauchery. The inhabitants of these stories are the emotionally wrecked and numbed-to-indifference young men and women, finding each other fleetingly in dark nights in cities, waking up trying to avert their eyes from themselves. More than once these men and women die, and even otherwise death is creeping into rooms, stealthily becoming a part of their surroundings.

Something of Nick Cave and something of Bruce Springsteen, half the gravel of Tom Waits and the distant harmonicas of Bob Dylan. Taking the slightest cues from Suicide, with none of the humming intensity or the chilling psychodrama. Like Lydia Lunch once said about no wave originating from "a lack of light in New York", there is definitely a bubble around Chennai. Something that pushes the musical dwellers of this city into the past, darkly or otherwise. Not only with regard to portentous reminders of mortality, but a preservation of the defining musical sensibilities of a time gone by.

"Your warm blooded dream eventually ran out of steam"

There's been an upswing of late in the country, of young musicians confining themselves to bedrooms and furiously churning out album after album. First Peter Cat, then Adam and his Fish Eyed Poets, and now Harsha Iyer. On their own with this incredible impatience, this is an augury of something incredible to come, there's an acute new urgency to create.

Would these solitary projects ever find mainstream audiences? Someone I loved once said as we mourned the attention-deficit future we were growing into, "We're going to reach a point where all the music in the world will be at frequencies we cannot hear but only feel- there won't be music to listen to, only for our bodies to physically feel." The best fights, the ones that make us grow, are fought by the ones indifferent to the existence of an external system, the accidental strong cases they put forward pitted against chakra-alignment pop and conformist folk. Maybe these will bring together the ones who live with a penchant for the past, frightened of a stupider future. I believe that someone in this country right now has the potential to make a song that a person could live in fear of.

SIDENOTE: From the inlays on *Snakeism*, "Deep throat performed by Vikram Kannan." Lol.

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