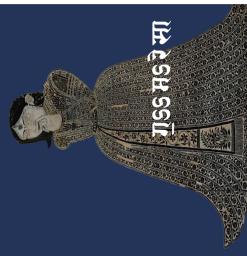


a traditional reed, a message re-coded, a field recording, a quiet texture, a voice  
classical roots, coded forward, but always seeded by reed,  
stretches, patterns, logic — shared by both

### code like ink, memory like melody



part reverie, part recursion  
distant voices linger  
several voices rise, language and remembered  
table patterns ripple outward  
unborders in slow symmetry

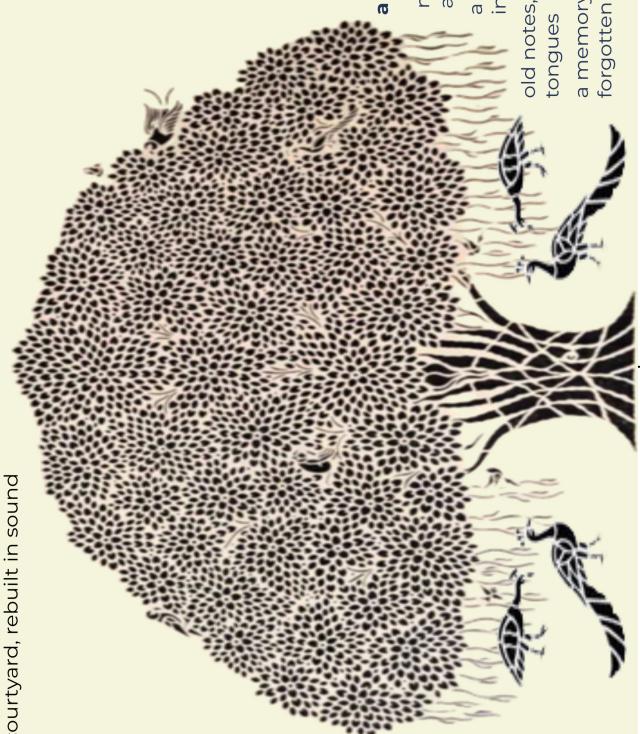
रोग दरबारि, जह अल इस मेलन

a memory re-tuned, not  
tongues old notes, re-sounding in new  
a thankyo carried  
and offering —  
adjusts a track —



for gotten  
a memory re-tuned, not  
tongues old notes, re-sounding in new  
a thankyo carried  
in frequencies

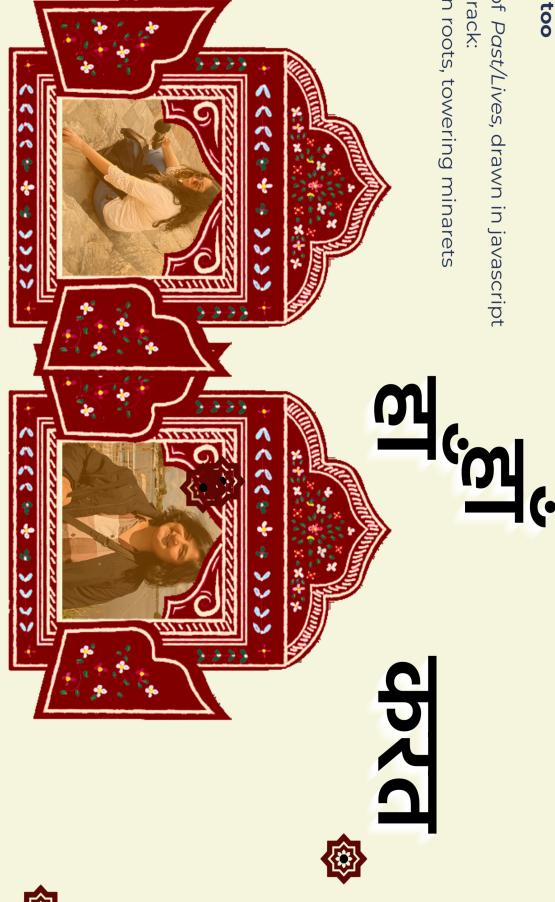
### a note to the gurus



a remembered country, rebuilt in sound  
a beyond these gatherers all  
wind, ghumgoon, blossoms  
echoes of riyaz drift from carved windows

### this zine is code too

a memory-map of *Past/Lives*, drawn in javascript  
motifs from the track:  
*jharokhas*, banyan roots, towering minarets



### *Past/Lives* is a sonic offering to memory

In this track, Nanditi traces her childhood in a music school tucked within the heritage folds of Jaipur's old city — where echoes of riyaz, kathak, and birdsong mingled beneath a banyan tree. Built on the regal gravity of Raag Darbari, the piece layers melody with memory, and speculation with sound — invoking voices from distant windows and long-forgotten courts through fragments of her own voice. *Past/Lives* is a homage to her gurus; both reflection and invocation — a reminder that what's behind us never truly disappears.

The past...lives. The track is a way of returning.

*Past/Lives* is part of **Algorave India Compilation One**, a community-driven compilation album of algorithmic music from India.

### Credits for *Past/Lives*

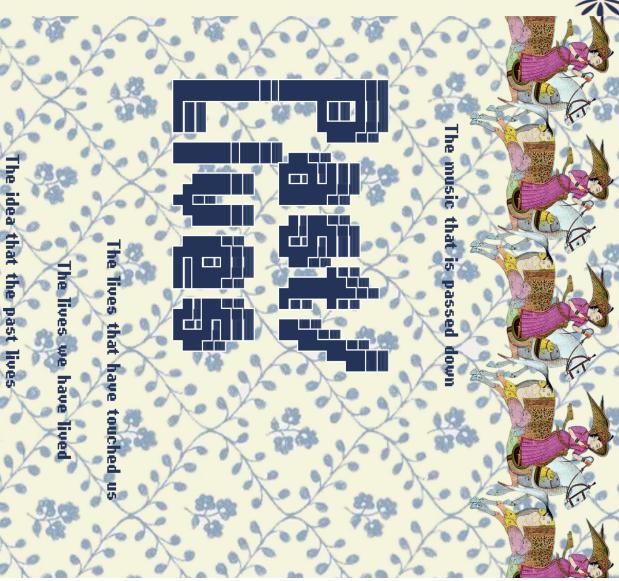
**Nanditi Khilnani**  
Musician, Composer, Producer, Vocals

**Avani Virdhani**  
Visual Artist, Zine Creator

Special thanks to Mehran Shah for  
conversation sample from a riyaz



like the music — it loops between structure and intuition  
a living artifact of sound, space, and code  
look close, and you might catch yourself peering back through distant jharokhas



# Past/Lives



Can you play it to yourself in your memory?  
Can you remember a sound from your childhood?