



There are days in ones lives that stay etched in our hearts. One such day for me was an afternoon I spent with Kekoo and Khorshed Gandhi at their historic home in Bandra. It was here that Kekoo was born, had taken his first steps into the world, grown into a dashing young man and brought his beautiful Khorshed home as a bride . Together they had dreamt to build a space for the arts. And build they did. An institution called 'CHEMOULD'. A legacy that his daughter and my dear friend Shireen carries forward with much grace . I had made umpteen trips to Keki Manzil in the past . Every time I had gone to the Gandhi abode, I would meet Kekoo and Khorshed, sit with them and absorb all I could in those short meetings. Age, experience and wisdom has a quiet energy that can impart so much by its sheer presence. Besides painting, I have been capturing artists and the art fraternity through my lens in their intimate spaces, now for nine years. However, it was last year that I realised that I had never documented any of my special afternoons spent with them, through my lens. I questioned myself and could only come to one conclusion...'Institutions never die'. I guess I felt the same about Kekoo. For me, he was ALWAYS there when I went to Keki Manzil. Last year I decided to take a flight to Mumbai just to spend an afternoon with Keko and Khorshed. This time I took my camera. This photo essay captures some of those special moments. Kekoo in his myriad moods. I even followed him to his room where he decided to go for a quick nap. As he lay sleeping, enveloped in the red blanket with soft afternoon light streaming through the trellised window, a surge of emotions swept through me...

## FLY ON THE WALL #9

- Manisha Gera Baswani

