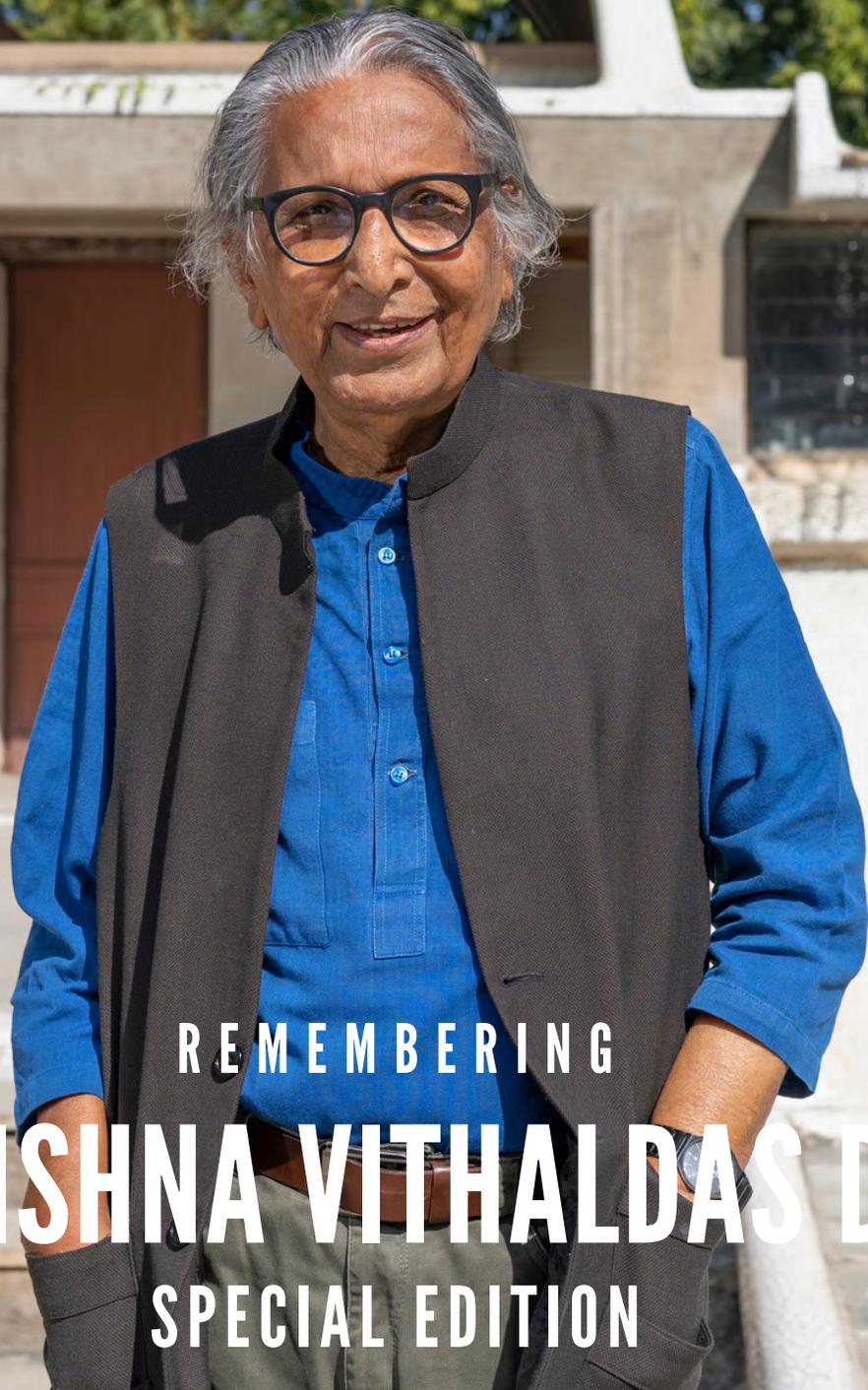


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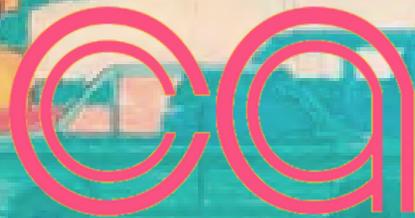
ISSUE NO. 03 | JANUARY 2023



REMEMBERING

BALKRISHNA VITHALDAS DOSHI

SPECIAL EDITION



architecture

time space & people

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Architecture, India

Publisher **Raj K. Oberoi**
Registrar, Council of
Architecture, India

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Cover Image **Balkrishna Doshi at Sangath**
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New Delhi - 110003

Architecture Time Space & People, the bi-monthly magazine of the
Council of Architecture is published by Raj K. Oberoi and owned by the
Council of Architecture.

To subscribe: publication-coa@gov.in
www.coa.gov.in

INSIDE

03

The Chance Disciple
Rajeev Kathpalia

14

Balkrishna Doshi: The Man The Idea
Christopher Charles Benninger

19

Balakrishna Doshi: A Man of Many
Parts!
Neelkanth Chaya

26

Doshi, A Fine Blend of Teaching and
Practice
Utpal Sharma

34

My Master
Girish Doshi

10

In Memoriam
Jaimini Mehta

17

"Life is Intangible" Remembering B. V.
Doshi
Durganand Balsavar

22

Doshi: A Timeless Architect, Inspiring
Teacher, and Celebrated Human
Being
Parul Zaveri

28

Doshi I Discovered: Down Memory
Lane - Six Decades
Kirtee Shah

37

Architect B. V. Doshi - A Mystical
Performer
Ajay Kulkarni





41

Remembering Doshi
Edgar Demello

44

Balkrishna Doshi's Architectural
Practice
Bimal Patel

47

Balkrishna Doshi: The Mystery of
Wonder
Prem Chandavarkar

50

On Doshi
Salil Ranadive

53

B. V. Doshi - Our Teacher
Sriram Ganapathi



FROM THE PRESIDENT

I met Doshi very late in life. My interactions with him started a few years before I assumed the office of the President Council of Architecture. As a student in the early eighties, the architectural scene was dominated by a few stalwarts like Doshi, Correa, Kanvinde, Raje, Baker and many more. The new generation of modern masters had yet to make their mark on the scene. I used to make it a point to visit as many of their works as and when it was possible.

Doshi's buildings were so sublime and subtle, that at first glance you almost dismissed them and were disappointed. But as you moved inside and experienced them they slowly unfolded themselves to you. The quality of spaces, the relationship of materials, the light and the play of it and the all-pervading simplicity of everything was manipulated skilfully by the architect. It was akin to falling in love with a person gradually. And in one of our meetings, we discussed this and he said no one has told me this. That was classic Doshi at his best. He had the ability to make you feel important and good while knowing fully that the person is in awe of him. He was a performer and he knew it. A performer who didn't need any preparation whatsoever.

Neelkanth Chhaya had organised a workshop and Girish Doshi had brought in some students and teachers for the same. Chhaya asked me if I could come over and have a poetry session on one of the evenings. I was pleasantly surprised to know that it was going to be in Sangath. On the day I walked windingly across the front lawn into the office and the vaults and the minimalist office, hoping to catch a glimpse of "The Man". I was disappointed. Before the start of the session, in walks Doshi in his trademark greenish bluish grey half kurta and the omnipresent glint in his eyes. He said he will sit for half an hour and leave. To my utter surprise, he sat for the entire two hours, at the ripe age of 90, asking questions trying to learn new Urdu words and commenting on my poetry. He gave me a feeling that he was a student and I his master. His habit of imploring you to explore your mind through questions was remarkable. The questions were simple and put across as a genuine quest. But that was the plot. Doshi was gauging you and trying to understand and measure you through his innocent questions. He knew the answers already. And he had the ability to surprise you and when he saw this he used to answer himself with a depth that you never had thought of. A devilish grin on his face but a devil whom you would love and would want to learn from.

After the session, he asked me what kind of work I do as he had not seen any of mine. I offered to show a few on my handset to which he said I'm sure a person who writes poetry can never do bad work. Send me a printed version of them he said. I made it a point to send the same, which he analysed much later in one of our interactions.

After I assumed charge of President he called me and instead of congratulating me, he said he was very happy to know. And not because you are heading the council but because a poet is. And went on asking me Isn't this what the council should do? Should we not be doing this and so on and on. He felt it necessary to put his point across without being overbearing.

During one of the online conversations on COA Social, I was chairing and he along with Rajiv Kathpalia and Durganand Balsavar were in conversation, Doshi used the same ploy and kept asking me questions and imploring me to answer them. He knew by that time that my answers would be what he wanted to say.



I met him a couple of times after that whenever I was in Ahmedabad as he took a promise from me that I should not go without him. I kept my word. I kept on wondering why there is so much love and affection. But realised that he was like that. If he took a liking for someone it was unconditional and a sublime effort to enrich that person.

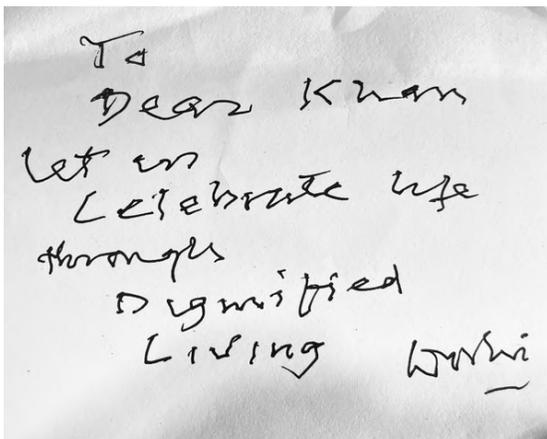
I met him the last time two weeks before he passed away. He was recovering from an illness and was frail and weak needing little help to climb a step or two. But his voice was the same. The glint in the eye was still there and the same child-like enthusiasm about architecture. Whenever he talked about it his eyes and voice changed as if some divine power has come within him. I now realise it was divinity itself. He talked about how architects should live in a dignified way and gave many examples one of them of his visit to Italy, wherein in a small town an architects association had invited him and after the program treated him to a lavish seven-course dinner in an elegant Renaissance mansion. Until we architects learn to live in a dignified manner how can we improve the quality of our fellow human beings, he said.

We talked about improving the quality of education, changing pedagogy with changing times, and augmenting teachers' knowledge systems and reminded his commitment to do so through various methods that we have been discussing often. Alas, that was not to be and we all are now bereft of the immense benefit our fraternity could have derived from his vast and in-depth knowledge. We discussed about how architects should engage in dialogue amongst themselves to discuss the environment, and urban interventions and bridge the gap between education and profession. He was sad about the fact that architects are not doing this anymore. We sat in the backyard of his home, with birds chirping in the background and a peacock sitting on the wall for a long time. Me not knowing this will be my last meeting with him and he knew it will be. While parting he said 'ab mile na milein, wo karna jo tumko bola hai....' He knew his time was over and that he was very soon taking the samadhi.

My greatest appreciator and admirer of my work as President, my strongest critic in private, and my informal teacher who taught me what is to be done without saying so in as many words is no more. Doshi, I will miss the glint in your eyes, your voice booming across, the muffled laugh and more importantly your insights into my mind which you so effortlessly penetrated. One of the biggest fortunes in my professional life was to have met you and bigger than that was the appreciation you had for me. Don't rest in peace. You have a bigger job in heaven.....Now that you are there and seeing it first hand, tell us what more is to be done to make our earth more like heaven....a task which you loved so much and implored us to do at all levels.

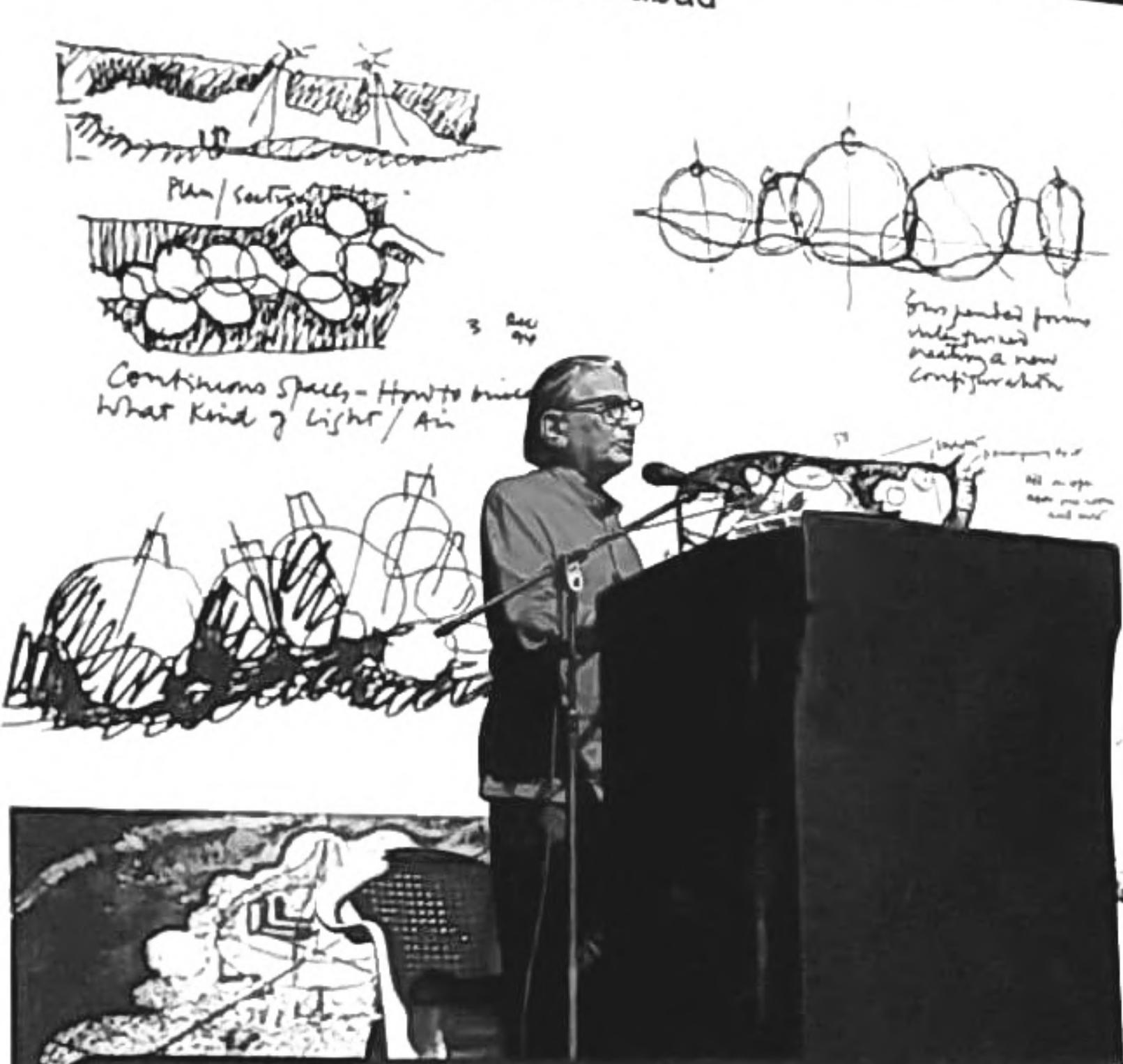


Habeeb Khan



To
Dear Khan
Let us
Celebrate life
through
Dignified
Living WJWJ

Dear Khan,
Let us celebrate life through
dignified living.
-Doshi



REMEMBERING DOSHI: A LEGACY IN ARCHITECTURE

Architect and visionary educator, Dr. Balkrishna Vithaldas Doshi leaves behind an indelible legacy of architecture projects, and writings. Doshi has been a recipient of prestigious international and national awards: Padma Shri and Padma Bhushan, the Pritzker Prize in 2018, the RIBA Royal Gold Medal (2022),

France's highest civilian honour-Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, and honorary doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania.

Born in Pune in August 1927, Doshi's formative years with Le Corbusier and Louis Kahn, synergised with his deep-rooted understandings of vernacular

principles, shaped a rare trajectory, spanning over seventy years, that deeply influenced architecture of the Indian subcontinent, along with the first generation of pioneering architects like Achyut Kanvinde, Charles Correa, Raj Rewal, Laurie Baker and several others. In his role as educator, Doshi

Transformations



collaborated and founded several institutions, inspired by Rabindranath Tagore's Shantiniketan; Centre for Environmental Planning and Technology-Ahmedabad, etc. The design and research-based practice, Vastu-Shilpa, is globally recognised for ecological city planning, educational and cultural institutions, affordable housing and research into sustainable materials and technologies. He co-founded the Council of Architecture, India and was instrumental along with Architect Bhalla.

Doshi's poetic and pragmatic projects continue to inspire several generations of architects and students: Indian Institute of Management-Bengaluru, CEPT campus, Amdavadni Gufa, Tagore Hall, Institute of Indology, Aranya low-cost housing. Travels across India and different regions of the world, provided Doshi, with more profound insights into architecture as a living organism: from the labyrinthine streets of Jaipur and Jaisalmer, Sarkhej and Fatehpur Sikri, Ajanta-Ellora and Mahabalipuram, Tanjore-Madurai, to the cities of Venice and Rome. Immersed in a rare mythical and narrative approach, the projects, endeavoured to break conventional boundaries and question dogmas echoed in his writings.

Doshi believed that educational institutions and design studios needed a free spirit with programs that had a synergy of inter-disciplinary liberal arts, anthropology, dance, music, theatre, and history, to understand the nuances of construction, economy, structure, light and space.

Constantly searching for dignified, affordable housing, he responded to the challenges of Indian cities, with the design of Vidhyadhar Nagar-Jaipur and Khargar node-Navi Mumbai envisioning contemporary sustainable cities, embodying sustainable principles derived from indigenous settlements, responding to climate, culture, and materials. The low-cost, housing project, Aranya at Indore is a paradigm, receiving several international and national awards for incremental, community-based housing.

Words can barely describe the legendary architect, with a free spirit of rigour and humour. Balkrishna Vithaldas Doshi's legacy lives on through his philosophy and projects.

Our prayers to family, friends and well-wishers.

**Council of Architecture
India**



Source: Author

THE CHANCE DISCIPLE

Rajeev Kathpalia
31 January 2023

Thus it is said that a master chooses you - when you are ripe, you will fall into the lap of your guru.

It didn't quite happen that way, I think my guru did not have much choice in the matter. Before he knew what was happening, I was introduced as his future son-in-law in the middle of the night over a phone call from his daughter Radhika. Doshi only asked his daughter whether she was happy? On being answered in the affirmative, he put the phone down and went back to sleep. When asked by his wife Kamu what was the call about, he related the news about their daughter's decision. He claims that he

wasn't allowed to sleep very much that night and the next day they had to book their return from Italy where the Doshis were on that memorable night.

Within days of their return my first meeting with him happened. He came to meet me in Delhi. One of the first things he asked me was if I would take him to see buildings I admired in Delhi. I thought about it for a while, and presuming that he was probably more familiar than I, with most contemporary architecture, I took him to see Jamali Kamali's tomb and mosque in Mehrauli. Which he had never seen or heard of. He was, I dare say, pleasantly surprised at my choice.

Because, it allowed him to talk about siting of a building, the journey and the unfolding of a variety of experiences to reach it. He recollected what he had discovered for himself at Sangath his studio.

Then he wanted to see my sketchbooks from my architectural pilgrimage in Europe that he had heard about from his daughter. Having perused through them he said, you have raised many questions to yourself in these, but you know, you have also answered them and then he showed me things that I had written, but never connected in the manner he did. I think, at the end of the day, I passed his

“tests”. I realized that he had two incredible talents. He could make anybody of any age seem like the most important person to him. His way of looking at the world was unique, he would discover the most unusual relationships and juxtapositions and share them with you with immense enthusiasm, and you would look at the world once again with childlike wonder.

Having entered Doshi’s world, my re-education began by being presented books of all kinds, and not necessarily about architecture. He never taught me formally but discussions on the books would happen casually and conversations would flow. I learn’t by osmosis and observation. He told me stories about Le Corbusier and Louis Khan, both of whom he had worked with and revered them as his gurus. Though I had spent five years in Chandigarh and then travelled through Europe visiting Corb’s famous creations, Corb really came alive for me as a person and the architect through Doshi’s stories of him.

He was friends with many of the legendary musicians of his time. Pandit Bhimsen Joshi would always stay with him when in Ahmedabad. Doshi observed that all the Hindustani classical musicians are known by their “gharana” or lineage. Their each performance is an offering to their guru. He felt that contemporary architects have lost this idea of lineage and are obsessed with their individual talent. He would say, “the reverence for a guru makes your mind open and you look at what you are doing through their eyes and you add to a legacy.”

Doshi often said with disarming candor, “I am a pilgrim flowing in the river of life. Why did I take up architecture? I don’t know! Why did I have the opportunity to be with both Corbusier and Kahn! Why did the visionary industrialist Sheth Kasturbhai become my mentor or why did the scientist Vikram Sarabhai befriend me – it was again entirely by chance!” The fact that his guides, philosophers and mentors came in





rapid, overlapping succession throughout his life speaks about his faith in his destiny but also says volumes about his open mindedness to leave space to be inhabited by his gurus. He was never shy of calling himself a disciple.

For the first two years, our (Radhika and mine) practice in Delhi, like many fledgling practices had hardly any architectural work and survived on photography, some exhibition work in Moscow for the Festival of India and my teaching at SPA. At the end of those two years we participated in three competitions and won all of them. We now had an independent identity as architects, with work everywhere but not in Delhi. This and the fact that Radhika was to be confined to her parent's home in Ahmedabad as she was expecting our first child led to Doshi convincing me to shift to Ahmedabad for a short period. He said try it for a few months,

if you don't like it here, you can always return to Delhi. 33 years have past and I am still in Ahmedabad. He was very conscious that our identities should not be subsumed with his and was particularly careful that we would grow at our own pace.

On moving to Ahmedabad, every morning for almost 3 months, we would walk together through a different part of Ahmedabad. It was his way of sharing his city and spending time with me as I was yet to make new friends. Teaching at CEPT was another shared experience. He taught me how to look at things, measure things - to see. Slowly a cocoon of shared experiences and time together engulfed me. He became not only my father-in-law, but friend, mentor, partner, guru and guide.

After eight years of our independent practice, in 1995 we became partners. Soon he started sending all his letters

to me to reply. When I asked him why, he claimed that my English was better than his. He would then often correct the nuance of the letter that I had drafted. I soon realized that he was grooming me to respond to situations in practice. I learnt about professional conduct and responsibilities, ethics and building relationships. He once told me about Kanvinde and how at every visit of his to Ahmedabad he would make it a point to meet his former clients or at the least call them up. A habit Doshi admired and inculcated.

Though we dealt with projects independently in the office, we would share, discuss and visit each others projects. I learnt about vision, faith, tenacity and perseverance. He once told me the story of Louis Kahn's reaction when Corbusier passed away. Doshi had gone to Philadelphia after attending a service for Corb in Paris. When he met Kahn, Lou with tears in



his eyes asked “who shall I work for now?” This was not only the reverence Lou had for Corbusier but his work was an offering to Architecture. I understood it as creating something not for the client, program or function but something beyond time and posterity. The story liberated me - I ask myself whilst doing every project, will Doshi approve.

I once asked him during the turbulent days of the BDB project, when things were not going too well, how do you face such situations? He said “I was born into an extended family. Several generations lived together; some members were 80 years old and some just a few days old. Birth, life and death were recurring and natural events. So were the celebrations of festivals, birth ceremonies and extended rituals during and after death, and trips together to temples or places of pilgrimage. Everyone accepted and shared these inevitable events. Days,

months and seasons passed through good times and bad. Over time, changes in lifestyles, changes or breaks in the social, economic, and cultural structure within the household became a living part of each of us. Such continuous evolutions and transformation have become part and parcel of my perceptions of life as well as my aesthetic experience.

I now sense the how and why of this continuing acceptance of life. It is actually the experience of constant sharing. Sharing multiplied the effects of joyous events and diminished those of sad ones. It added new dimensions to our understanding of life as a constantly turning wheel or a broken circle, whether we performed the planned or the unexpected religious or social ceremonies. Living together helped us understand the uncertainties in life, the successes and failures. These increased our tolerance and changed the perception of life

from material to spiritual values. The conception of life after death and reincarnation brought about hope. An unending chain of construction and destruction, where "present", is only a phase in transition. These experiences made me realize that life is full of surprise and paradoxes. Everything that occurred in the past can happen again in another time, place, and form. Once past, events become memories, or visions. Such endless fluctuation of experience between the self and others, of the immediate world and beyond, of good and bad, and then and now, are simply God revealing and concealing his game, his Lila or divine dance". This understanding of life helps me pass through difficult times he said.

In many ways, though never said, Doshi was steeped in Hindu traditions. He was driven by the goal of dharma or spiritual good through the following of the right law and duty in harmony with the order of the universe.

Doshi claimed that it was only once as a teenager that he attended one of Mahatma Gandhi's discourses in Pune. He did not recollect much about the actual content of the discourse but that he was inspired and moved.

Unwittingly perhaps, he imbibed much. In his office above his table there lies pinned up a photo of the Mahatma with a quote "I will give you a talisman. Whenever you are in doubt.... Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man whom you may have seen, and ask yourself, if the step you contemplate is going to be of ant use to him....".

His concerns have always been about people and not just about architecture. In his view society can't function without its beneficiaries contributing back to its sustenance. He was fond of explaining about the visionary Maharajah Jai Singh the founder of the city of Jaipur. Jai Singh while planning Jaipur, invited the best artisans, craft persons and business people to be part of his city. He ensured for their safety, security, education and future growth that they and their progeny might prosper. He reasoned that their

I will give you a talisman.

Whenever you are in doubt, or when the self becomes too much with you, apply the following test. Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man whom you may have seen, and ask yourself, if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he gain anything by it? Will it restore him to a control over his own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to Swaraj for the hungry and spiritually starving millions?

Then you will find your doubts and your self melting away.

म. गो. व. सि. य.
०३१. ५. १९५१

prosperity would ensure taxes to fill his treasury so that it may be used for the common good of the city. This covenant of community benefits linked to individual growth has been the axiom that underpins Doshi's actions. There is a legend of how the commissioner of Indore was driving Doshi through the city of Indore. He asked him to choose a project of his liking as the city was going through a renaissance in the early eighties. As the story goes, Doshi was expected to pick one of the plum large public institutions, as was eventually done by other architects.

Doshi, upon passing a large open plot asked what was designated there? "Nothing much of importance for architects", retorted the commissioner. "It is a sites and services project. It is only a layout for efficiently distributing land to the very poor. In most cases they sell it to builders and

developers and go back to their shanty towns", the commissioner said most unenthusiastically.

Doshi has supposed to have promptly said, "That's my project". This 80-hectare site went on to become one of the most challenging yet most revolutionary projects in post independence India.

Though he claimed that it was on a whim (he also often said that he wanted competition) that he founded the School of Architecture at Ahmedabad, which fifty years later is a full-fledged university (Center for Environmental Planning and Technology or CEPT) with several integrated disciplines. I suspect it was his conviction of giving back to society that nurtured him which triggered the



leap into this endeavor. For over twenty-five years Doshi gave more than half his day to the School and in the remaining part successfully managed a burgeoning practice. His family of course challenges this; they claim that the students were adopted and became part of his extended family. This extended family now exists all over the world and consists of students not only from India but also from the US, Europe and Japan and has been instrumental of setting up future generations of architects.

As he seeded other disciplines such as Planning at CEPT and grappled with larger scale projects he saw gaps between practice, education and the reality of nation building. To bridge this gap and bring in research and its dissemination he founded the Vastu Shilpa Foundation a not for profit organization for studies and research in environmental design. Over four

decades the Foundation has been involved with solutions for slums and squatter settlements, recycling waste as building materials, and in documenting India's rich heritage. In the recent past, the Foundation has been exhibiting and publishing Doshi's oeuvre of work directed and curated by his grand daughter Khushnu Panthaki Hoof.

Doshi's oeuvre of work has extended from city plans to housing for squatters and slum dwellers. Some of the most prestigious national institutions like the Institute of Management at Bangalore and the CEPT University at Ahmedabad have been designed by him. He donned the mantle of institution builder, a responsible participant and a citizen in the true sense in all that he has done. His search for the real purpose of architecture, it's expanding complexities and effects on life has

been going on for over seventy years, complimentary to the needs of a changing society governed by the early years of independence, the socialist era and now extended into the globalized India. His search had been constantly to set up examples for Indian society not only as an architect, but teacher, researcher and social member by personal example underpinned by ethics, morality and a strong sense of history with true compassion for his fellow humans. He was truly a renaissance being.

I often joked with Doshi that it was because of his name Balkrishna that unlike us mortals, he remained ageless, forever a child, curious, compassionate and full of play. I'm sure in the heavens he is still smiling and exhorting us to play





Source: Author

IN MEMORIAM

Jaimini Mehta
27 January 2023

The passing of Balkrishna Doshi at the ripe age of 95 may not be called sudden or untimely, but nothing prepares you for the moment when it arrives. Plans for an upcoming meeting next week had to be thrown away. More ambitious ideas for how we are going to celebrate his 100th birthday five years from now must be forgotten. But then, didn't his zest for life make anything other than this unimaginable? And now he is gone. As peacefully as he lived his life. Step aside Vishvakarma. Make room. Doshi is coming.

For the architectural community – both Indian and global – he has left a

large void difficult to fill. For those who have worked closely with him and known him intimately, and there have been many, I can only paraphrase Homer to say that we are fortunate to have lived in the era of Doshi.

The era of Doshi coincides with India's emergence as an independent nation with high aspirations to be in the community of modern independent nations. Architecture was the vehicle through which this modernity was to be projected. Doshi was one of the handful of talented architects who took up the task. But unlike his other contemporaries, Doshi was not formally trained through a structured

program in any university in India or the west; he did not even finish his undergraduate course at the Sir J.J. College of Architecture in Bombay before taking up an apprenticeship with Le Corbusier in Paris and later associated with Louis Kahn for his project in Ahmedabad. His understanding of architecture came not from academic pedagogy but from his intuitive grasp of the great architecture of the world which he saw and extensively sketched while travelling. His numerous sketchbooks and notebooks are a window to his mind; they tell us about what attracted him, and what he found significant enough to record. They show not only

great historic architecture but also humble habitats which most people throughout the world make without the help of an architect.

Thus, unencumbered by any academic 'isms' such as Bauhaus modernism, functionalism, regionalism, post-modernism, etc. he was able to learn from, while not being influenced by, two of the greatest architects of the twentieth century, Le Corbusier and Louis Kahn. Both had a very strong and unique formal vocabulary. Though he worked closely with both he was able to develop his own architectural language rooted in his equally intuitive understanding of his community's traditions of building and of occupying spaces. He did give those traditions new forms in light of our aspirations to be modern, and at the same time, interrogated the new ideas against those traditions which are alive and are the repositories of our collective memories. His own house, 'Kamala House' and his atelier 'Sangath' as well as his design for the Indian Institute of Management in Bangalore, are

examples of the congruence of traditions and modernity.

One of his earliest buildings, the staff quarters for ATIRA in Ahmedabad, was a humble but elegant solution in response to the acute scarcity of resources and materials in the early days of independence. His was an imagination of habitation putting total faith in the humble brick, prioritizing good living spaces inside with quality of light and climate control and scaled clustering outside that can give rise to healthy communities. What was a response to the scarcity at ATIRA housing, was elevated as a forceful assertion in the design of the School of Architecture also in Ahmedabad. Here we can see the evolution of a language and vocabulary of labour-intensive brick masonry, celebrating the craftsmanship of our local skilled masons. He also challenged himself to overcome the limitations of brick construction and was able to achieve large and generous open spaces full of natural light by skilfully fusing brick construction with concrete technology.

Today, the campus is bursting with life with hundreds of young future architects benefiting from this inspiring architecture.

Probably, the finest gift Doshi has given the architectural community in India is this school of architecture, now a full-fledged CEPT University with many diverse design disciplines. It was a unique experiment in architectural education. The fact that Doshi himself did not have much formal and structured pedagogical instruction may have something to do with several innovations that set the school aside from the then-prevalent conventional European Beaux-Arts pedagogy mixed with a bit of Bauhaus modernism. The doors of the school were open, both physically and metaphorically, to let new ideas come in. Students were hungry to know what is going on in the world outside. They were encouraged to question everything, sparing not even their teachers. Studios were sites for the explorations of the new directions architecture was pursuing in the 1970s and 80s. Structuralism?



During many of his visits to Philadelphia, where I was working, he would often come to my house and persuade me to come back to India and join the school, which I did in 1976. Once he brought his eldest daughter Tejal, then seventeen and shy, with him. To entertain Tejal, I took them both to see a dance performance by a group of African American dancers led by the talented Alwin Ailey. They performed an interpretation of the medieval love song Carmina Burana brilliantly composed by Carl Orff. After the performance, over dinner, we discussed dance and architecture. I do not remember what caused it but I did say that if dance is motion in space, architecture is space in motion. A long discussion followed which ended only when both food and wine were exhausted. Doshi left with one piece of advice; keep the thought, and develop the idea. It has interesting possibilities.

He was a multifaceted man difficult to be straitjacketed in a singular identity only as an architect. He meant different things to different people.

Incidentally, he also had a few distracters, mainly on ideological grounds. A few young architects, trained in the West and enamoured by the Western ideas of modernism of glass and concrete, termed his architecture romantic and sentimental. It was when recognitions came pouring in from the West, first the French Gold Medal, then the Pritzker Prize and lastly the Royal Gold Medal from Britain, not to mention many accolades at home, that left no doubt about the direction that came naturally to Doshi.

Unassuming humility was the hallmark of Doshi. He addressed his juniors and even students with a respectful honorific. This humility was abundantly evident in his architectural autobiography "Paths Uncharted". Looking back at the events and encounters in his life, he, with utmost humility, ascribed his achievements to destiny. I had an opportunity to argue with him on this point. I maintained that when born, we inherit the world in which we have made no contributions yet. But as we live through our life, we

do things, be at places, and encounter people that may constitute the 'uncharted paths'. But it is how we deal with these events and encounters that constitute our initiatives and which not only shape our lives but also reshape the world in however a minuscule way. These unique initiatives define each one of us and make us the authors of that part of our life. He only smiled like a wise Rishi and in his peculiar way responded "na, na, but you see, there is always a higher force that guides us. We can only marvel at this and take full enjoyment in what we do". This enjoyment in whatever he did was highly infectious.

In 1978, when I decided to marry, my wife-to-be was a student at the School of Architecture whom Doshi knew only as one of his many students. But when I told him, both he and Kamuben welcomed her with a warm heart and have since then treated her as one of their daughters. In 2008, I was hospitalized with a serious heart condition and had to undergo open-heart surgery. The hospital was not far from Doshi's studio. The operation lasted more than seven hours and Doshi came and sat with my wife giving her hope and comfort. His many visits to my home in Baroda were always occasions of hearty laughter, good food, and also architecture.

I have lost an irreplaceable friend and a mentor. And the world has lost a man whose passion for architecture will continue to touch countless inhabitants of his buildings. Dear Kamuben and all your extended family of four generations, I will not pretend to know or understand the magnitude of your loss: he was the centre of your universe. That centre may now feel like a black hole. But as the wise lady Hannah Arendt has said, it is in our speech and actions that we leave behind a lasting remembrance, which is eternal and immortal. While we mourn his passing we must celebrate this lasting remembrance Doshi has endowed the world for eternity and which has given him immortality.







BALKRISHNA DOSHI: THE MAN THE IDEA

Christopher Charles Benninger
24 January 2023

This morning Balkrishna Doshi left his body and continued on his journey, leaving us both memories of a man and an IDEA.

I believe very special people are implanted in our memories at birth. So even before the first time we meet them it is a kind of recollection from our memories! This is true only with a few unique people on this earth, and it was so when I first met Doshi in Ahmedabad in 1968.

When one met Doshi, even over a small matter, there was a glint in his eye, that hinted of something inevitable. It seemed through mere

glances and passing smiles that larger concerns were demanded from us, which transcended over the petty concerns of the moment. Rather than two people talking, Doshi was dealing with the collective concerns of humanity and thinking how this little problem is but a sliver, or a sign, of the greater human condition. There was always a sense of vision, of the future and an excitement that we are not dealing with something small or mundane, but that we are unraveling the essence of the universe. The more one came to know Doshi, the more apparent contradictions seem to fall into an order and a unity. It is within these seeming contradictions, that the

essence of Doshi lies.
What are these contradictions?

Doshi was both simple and sophisticated?
Doshi told his stories, and he was a great story teller, in such simple words that his innocence obscured a great sophistication. Each building he described, and each question he answered, was usually analysed through the analogy to a folk narrative, a riddle of life, or was explained through a passage from the epics. His range and grasp of tales belied an underlying encyclopaedic knowledge.

Doshi was both a traditional Indian

and a global man?

He lived very simply within the great Indian tradition. Seeing his home one felt that he could be in a relaxed village house lost in some rural place. Yet it was his great understanding of things which made matters appear simple. He brought the reality of things down to their basics making them fundamental yet truly universal and global.

Doshi was a wise sage yet he thought like a child?

Even at age ninety-five there was a child within Doshi's face; in the way he talked, and in the way he sketched. But behind that child-likeness, that playfulness, was the ageless wisdom of an ancient sage. His truth always presented itself in the simplicity of a child.

Doshi seemed as free as a bird, yet had the self-discipline to achieve? Doshi always appeared relaxed, free and unfettered, and was not bound to any ideology, or to any "ism"! He seemed almost bindas, or like a free bird, or like a traveler without any destination; knowing only the joy of moving and exploring. Yet, the contradiction: he has labored to start institutions which live on discipline; created buildings that only hard work can bear; and

created human relations, which mature over decades of devotion. Doshi was free in his mind, yet a slave to his devotions!

Lastly, Doshi was a MASTER OF THE SMALL, yet ponderer of the infinite! If he drew a small bird, it would be in flight; it would be all birds flying in one image; we too were watching it; we felt in flight; and we experienced the transcendental beauty of flight, and the unimaginable! Doshi dealt with the tiny seeds of things, yet in them lay the essence of all things!

There is only one form of good luck in life and that is to have good teachers! Good teachers inspire us! All of us who knew Doshi share the smile of good luck. Doshi made us aware of the GOOD IN OURSELVES, and we always felt very good about that realization! He catalyzed some deep understanding of our essential possibility about who we could be! That is what is known as inspiring.

It is that good, our feeling GOOD, and our knowledge of ourselves that makes us want to celebrate Doshi's life.

The life of any person is a dubious experiment. Life can be fleeting,

I came to India fifty-five years ago in search of a guru; in search of truth, and in search of a believable myth. I was so fortunate to find all of these in one living being, who's spirit still lives amongst us all here today: my guru, our guru, Balkrishna Doshi

meaningless and insignificant. It seems so amazing that anything can exist or develop! Yet Doshi's life was an epic journey:

- His boyhood in Pune in the old city;
- His student days at J.J. College of Architecture in Mumbai;
- A brief period in London with the good fortune to meet his guru, Le Corbusier;
- His years in Paris with Le Corbusier;
- His early days in Ahmedabad moving about in the heat on a bicycle to supervise Le Corbusier's buildings'
- His marriage to Kamlaben;
- Founding his studio Vastu Shilpa;
- Starting the School of Architecture at Ahmedabad;



- Work with Louis Kahn on the Indian Institute of Management;
- Wonderful friendships;
- Growing a single School of Architecture into the Centre for Environmental Planning Technology, and then into a university;
- Making great buildings; prizes and awards;
- Surrounded by a loving family;
- International recognition!

Doshi's life was a psychic process that has only partly been revealed and will continue unfolding.

Doshi was two beings inhabiting the same body. One being was the simple man, the friend, the husband, the father, and the architect. Yet there was another Doshi beyond the memories of encounters. There was the Doshi who was the AVATAR of imagination; there was the Doshi who was the manifestation of our dreams; it was like two beings always walking together; inhabiting the same space; knowing us as a friend, but playing on our spirits like a phantom! On one level Doshi was an object, like a tree, a stone or a mountain or a human being; on another level he remains, even after death, like a morning sunrise bursting over snow

clad mountains awaking our inner spirit and making us question who we are. When we were standing next to Doshi we felt there were two beings next to us: One was concerned with the day-to-day matters of life; the other drifting off transcending material being. It was this second personality, this "other persona," which formed a classic myth that carries within it the eternal spirit, which lights up one's imagination; one's inspiration; one's desire to be!

Thus, on this day of Doshi's leaving us, we must consider Doshi's personal myth, which will live forever; it will be a source of continuous celebration and inspiration. We must celebrate it without trying to understand it. We can only tell stories and recall incidents. Whether the stories are true has no bearing, and is of no significance! The only importance is whether we can grasp Doshi's story, and Doshi's TRUTH. The test of a man is in the message of his myth; only his inner vision, which projects out across the vast universe, and is etched into history, can have any meaning!

Every life is the story of the self-realisation of the unconscious. Here Doshi's life was unique. Everything in

the unconscious seeks outward manifestation, and Doshi's personality also desired to evolve out of its unconscious condition and to experience itself as a whole. Let us not employ the language of science, or the words of measure to trace Doshi's growth, his contribution and his GIFT. Let us celebrate the myth, which we all own; that is part of our being; which now passes as folklore and sets boundaries to all of our imaginations and possibilities.

It is the story of Doshi that allows us to set our own parameters; which has forced us to dream, which asks us to search and to seek again and again, that we can never forget.

I came to India fifty-five years ago in search of a guru; in search of truth, and in search of a believable myth. I was so fortunate to find all of these in one living being, who's spirit still lives amongst us all here today: my guru, our guru, Balkrishna Doshi





“LIFE IS INTANGIBLE” REMEMBERING B V DOSHI

Durganand Balsavar
04 February 2023

Recognised as an inspiring educationist, institution builder, urbanist, versatile artist, and humane architect, Doshi leaves an immense oeuvre that ranges from writings, sketches, drawings, paintings, and projects: dwellings, affordable housing, educational institutions, to cities and regional plans. Doshi’s formative years were immersed, working closely with two masters, Le Corbusier, and Louis Kahn, on seminal projects in the Indian subcontinent, that shaped its trajectory, alongside the pioneering projects of the first generation of Indian architects like Charles Correa, Achyut Kanvinde, Laurie Baker, Stein,

Raj Rewal - to name a few.

Born in Pune (1927), in a home where several generations lived together, the circumstances of communities, were marked by cycles of celebrations, and festivals. Architect Rajeev Kathpalia attributes Doshi’s immense understanding of cities, institutions, and housing, to formative years at Pune, inspired by vernacular architecture.

Over the last three years, participating in online dialogues with students and architects, Doshi was reflective, and often enjoyed paradoxical questions: challenges of cities, ecology, energy

and architecture education and practice, inspired his imaginations of the future.

A testimony of this trajectory, the research and design foundation ‘Vastu-Shilpa’, has evolved incredible imaginations of IIM-Bangalore, the CEPT campus, NIFT Delhi and the urban plans of Kharghar Navi Mumbai and Vidhyadhar Nagar, Jaipur and several townships and educational institutions. “I believe that education should have no boundaries,” Doshi would say. “It should have freedom and yet be rooted. CEPT has no boundaries and no doors, inspired by Rabindranath Tagore’s vision of

Shantiniketan.” Much more needs to be explored on the many inspired architects and academicians, artists and thinkers that collaborated on this journey at CEPT.

At the UN Symposium in Michigan (1970), Doshi outlined three basic precepts of his teaching practice: involvement, demonstration, and an underlying framework. It was a revolutionary concept for the Indian context, at that time in the 1960's: to inherently question the program, immerse in the social context, and evolve a design process in response to the climate and topography of the region. Discovery and a sense of freedom became the *raison d'être* of education at CEPT, with an immense sense of flexibility.

Doshi was exuberant, with the retrospective of his oeuvre, curated by Khushnu Hoof. It records Doshi's spontaneous, playful, intuitive, and yet rigorous search. The exhibition conveys ideas on nature, life in India, about elements and experiences, about memories and myths, and about art, music, painting and much more. In our times, when architects are often relegated to technicians or aesthetic considerations, Doshi's process invoked a larger cultural, philosophic milieu, mediating contradictions of a paradoxical simultaneity of the ostensibly opposites: of modernity and tradition, of rural and classical, of balance and disorder, of discipline and freedom, that embodied a search for 'heterogenous-homogeneity.' It enabled Doshi to evolve an architectural universe, from his observations and experiences of both, the Indian context as well as European Modernism.

Discussions with Doshi would invariably lead to inquiries on education, travel, urban life, or new learning experiences in the design studio, constantly questioning the status quo. To the many who knew the nonagenarian architect, he was a mentor, a seeker, a friend, and a devoted family man. “Kamuben [wife] and my family are my pillars of strength. This journey is unplanned and

from chance happenings.” Doshi would often reminisce. The visionary patronage of the Ahmedabad Education Society in supporting the institutions and giving a free rein to Doshi and his many collaborators, was a significant element of this journey.

Each of Doshi's collaborators, friends, students, and family have very different experiences that reveal the diversity of the phenomena. Doshi, would often recall the learnings from his father-in-law Rasikbhai Parikh, who introduced him to the wisdom of Indian culture.

Through experiences from travels and sketches, the quint-essential renaissance-Doshi would philosophically reflect - “Buildings are living organisms that grow. Buildings are not inert forms. Architecture is a celebration and a background for life itself... the Madurai temple, or Fatehpur Sikri, with terraces, pavilions, plinths and jalis, the chaotic streets of Indian cities. However, underlying this apparent chaos is a deeper order. This order, in constant flux, is my source, which I try to rediscover in my work, making me aware of the subtle nuances between the tangible and intangible. I realise that life is intangible”

**“I met Sampers in London,
who introduced me to Le
Corbusier, in Paris.
I did not know
French, so
Le Corbusier
would speak to me
with hand gestures
and draw large sections,
with charcoal, that would
float over the paper.”**



BALKRISHNA DOSHI: A MAN OF MANY PARTS!

Neelkanth Chaya
30 January 2023

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.*

Shakespeare, As You Like It

Balkrishna Vitthaldas Doshi revelled in every circumstance that his long life presented to him. Never one to be defeated by any adversity, full of humour, disciplined yet truly free, a person with convictions yet open to other views – this was the Doshi whose life was an exemplar for all

who worked with him or built a friendship with him.

His early years, his period of studentship, his apprenticeship with Le Corbusier and his relationship with Kahn, his experiences of many cultures, his practice as an architect,

his immense contribution as a teacher and institution-builder, his constant and insatiable curiosity and his love of life – all these were woven into his persona and continuously contributed to his ever-growing world of thought and feeling.

The player (and truly he was an adventurous and bold player) has now exited, having displayed the “seven ages of man”! This was the player who took his role with utmost seriousness while believing in his heart that he was only a player playing a role! That belief freed him yet precisely structured his thought and action.

I would like to remember him as one who joyfully enjoyed the lila of life, never weighed down by adversity, never allowing success to affect his humility. At the time when he is no more with us, I would like to remember the many facets of his being.

Architect and Artist

Undoubtedly his work as an architect will stand the test of time. Whether it be small houses, or large groups of houses or institutional buildings – his work displayed definite distinct and unique interpretations of what Kahn called “The Institutions of Man”. They expressed with poetic power the complex and often ambiguous relationships between humans, between the human and the greater existence and of course the human ability to sympathetically work with and shape material reality.

An unmatched mastery over spatial configurations, a sensuous feel for material and an acute interest in the effect of natural phenomena are seen in his work. Natural light in its many moods, massive stability and fragile lightness, along with the tactility of surfaces make his works memorable experiences.

He of course used to sketch all the time, but in recent years developed a personal style in painting. His drawings and paintings display the same surprising juxtapositions of visual values that are seen in his architecture. These works are of great value and show Doshi to be an adept artist.

Teacher and Institution Builder

Doshi's contribution to world culture as an institution-builder as well as teacher are no less important than his architectural works.

It would appear that in imagining institutional forms, Doshi wanted to avoid known formats. The very objectives in building institutions were conceived afresh. Thus the emphasis changes - from teaching, testing and issuing certificates of qualification, to creating places of intense inquiry and dialogue to build new forms of societal arrangement. Deeply influenced by Gandhi, Tagore and Aurobindo – and superbly complimented by various talented collaborators (who often challenged his outlook) – institution-building truly became an exhibition of a culture shaping itself through dialogic collaboration, rather than an act of merely personal vision.

Thus every institution-building exercise that Doshi participated in and led was a continuous cooperation and contestation between many strong thinkers – always with the aim of dissolving tired forms ridden with bureaucratic strictures and striving to shape supple and agile modes of organising. This went to an extent that the “recipients” of the institution's knowledge were equal and vocal participants in such collaborations. Hierarchies were avoided, radical creative ways to explore reality were continually exploding in the institution's thought-world and disciplinary boundaries were not allowed to narrow down the scope of thought. We have to remember that these ideas were being hammered out in the 1960's by Doshi and his colleagues, at a time when only radical thinkers like Illich or the Eames discussed them. This was a truly original and pioneering contribution.

Doshi's teaching style was one that often seemed whimsical or lacking clear ideas of what the student needed to learn. This was of course far from the case. Every project that he set systematically challenged received notions of appropriate grouping, creating a challenging milieu in which the student could not apply habitual interpretations and had to evolve a new understanding of whatever was being thought about. This was of course supplemented by Doshi's humorous and supportive presence, his

ability to sit with the student and demonstrate, through sketches, the strengths and potentials of the student's approach. Doshi's teaching gave each student a sense of self-worth that was far more important than what the grades indicated. One sees that for these areas of thought and action, Doshi's contribution was to value freshness over mere competence, suppleness over clear rule-based governance, and a deep concern for the value of each individual.

An Active Citizen

Individuals who are thoughtful, concerned and talented should ideally contribute to their society, their culture and their environment. They are more equipped to offer wise and thought-out views on changes that occur. Doshi certainly fulfilled this ideal.

His concerns expressed themselves first in relation to Ahmedabad. Throughout his long career, Doshi continually prodded both authorities and public opinion to squarely face the challenges that the city faced – whether it be in terms of urban policies, or concern for Ahmedabad's heritage, or concern for public facilities and spaces for all citizens – Doshi spoke out, volunteered designs and ideas and generally kept pushing for better public action.

But this citizenship did not confine itself to Ahmedabad. Doshi was an eager participant in national and international forums too, and in fact countless deliberations and decisions integrated his suggestions.

A Rasika of the Good Life

Doshi loved films, music, literature, theatre, the culinary arts and all other forms of creative activity. The School of Architecture thus became a hub for creative persons of all kinds, whether they were part of the teaching group or not. Certainly he kept reminding us that no human expression occurs in isolation, and any creative person needed to connect with all the multifarious expression, whether from India or from any other

culture.

Not only did he encourage enjoyment of the arts, he demonstrated it in his own intense pleasure when he saw or heard these forms. A rasika, in his view, relates to the world fully, and education therefore needs to develop the ability to partake of expressions that brought across rasas.

Yet the Good Life needs to be a life that attends to all forms of circumstance in a stance of equanimity and balance. Compassion and concern for larger reality are its basis. And these qualities Doshi demonstrated in the many challenging times that he faced.

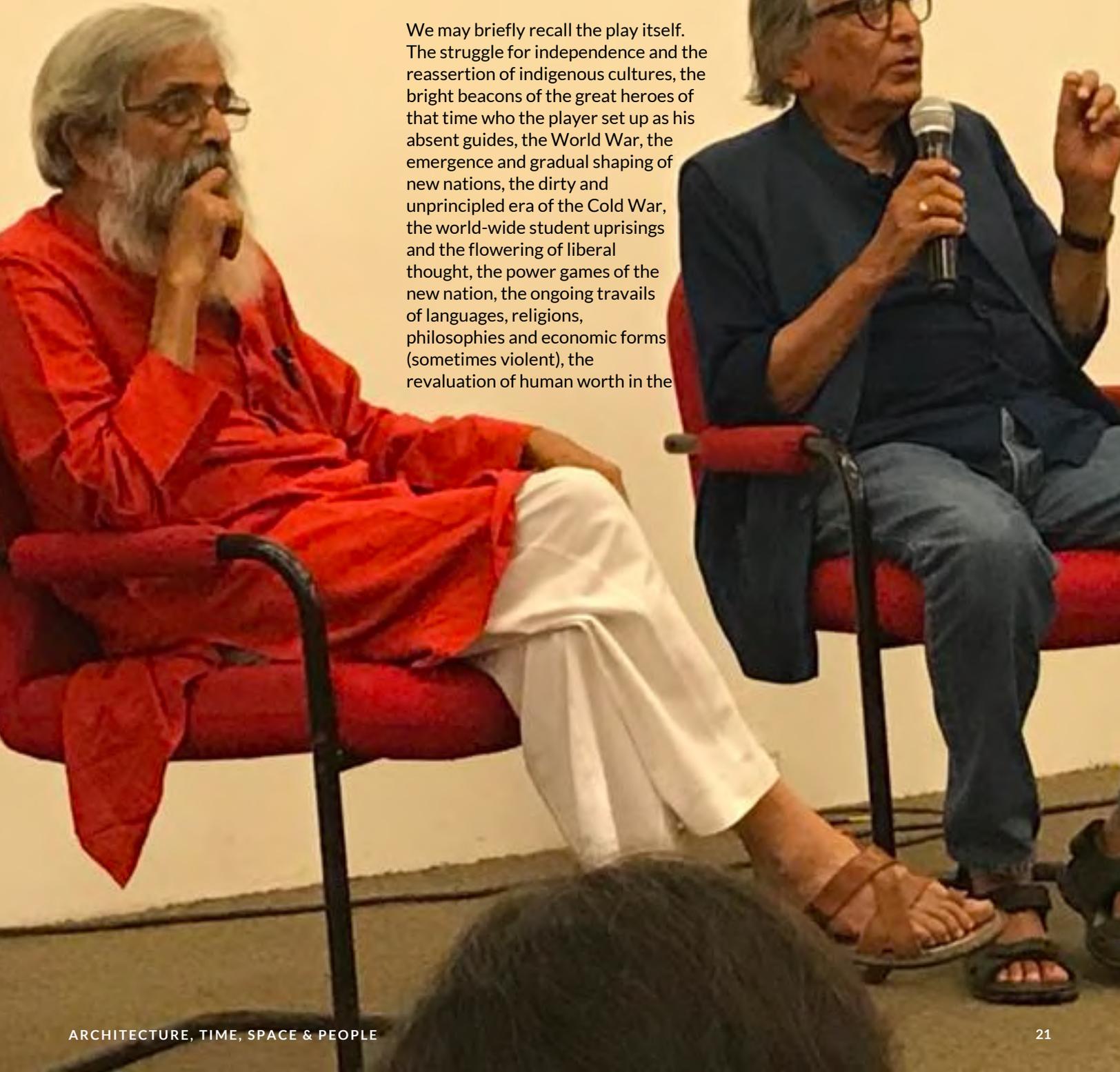
The Scene and the Player

This player whom we call Doshi, playing his part in the lila that unfolded all over the world in the 20th and 21st Centuries, has now exited.

We may briefly recall the play itself. The struggle for independence and the reassertion of indigenous cultures, the bright beacons of the great heroes of that time who the player set up as his absent guides, the World War, the emergence and gradual shaping of new nations, the dirty and unprincipled era of the Cold War, the world-wide student uprisings and the flowering of liberal thought, the power games of the new nation, the ongoing travails of languages, religions, philosophies and economic forms (sometimes violent), the revaluation of human worth in the

face of great inequality – all these are the background music of this player's role.

The role was played with great finesse and acute wisdom, great energy and unswerving patience, ingenious propositions and gay laughter! Lessons for the players that still remain on stage!





DOSHI: A TIMELESS ARCHITECT, INSPIRING TEACHER, AND CELEBRATED HUMAN BEING

Parul Zaveri
31 January 2023

Late Nimish Patel

After my parents and grandparents if any individual had a role to play in my life it's Doshi" "Every single student of this school in first 8 or 10 years had a bond with Doshi that I have not seen in between student teacher relationship. I would not be totally wrong if I would say that in the first five to six years he knew every student and his father's name and what his father was doing and those parents would call him at 12 at night saying their child has not returned and Doshi would go to school and find them or if he's not in the school, he would send somebody

to find that person in the night. So there's no surprise that we all felt like we were his children, so that he never differentiated. His family was much larger than his family.

I think if we have to really look at Doshi and I look at Doshi and everybody talks about him as an architect and assess him as an architect and his architectural work, I find that architecture from my eyes were part of him but not as significant part as what Doshi as a whole is. That as a human being and as a teacher both are to me as important as his architecture and his

contribution in both these other fields is so enormous and which will never be judged other than by people like us who would revere him, he is on a pedestal for us as a teacher and as a human being."

"I have seen his house for last 42 years change, adapt, re-adapt, alter, and there are some constants in that house that have a quality of timelessness that you can't really find in most projects, not just his but most projects of Contemporary Indian Architecture"

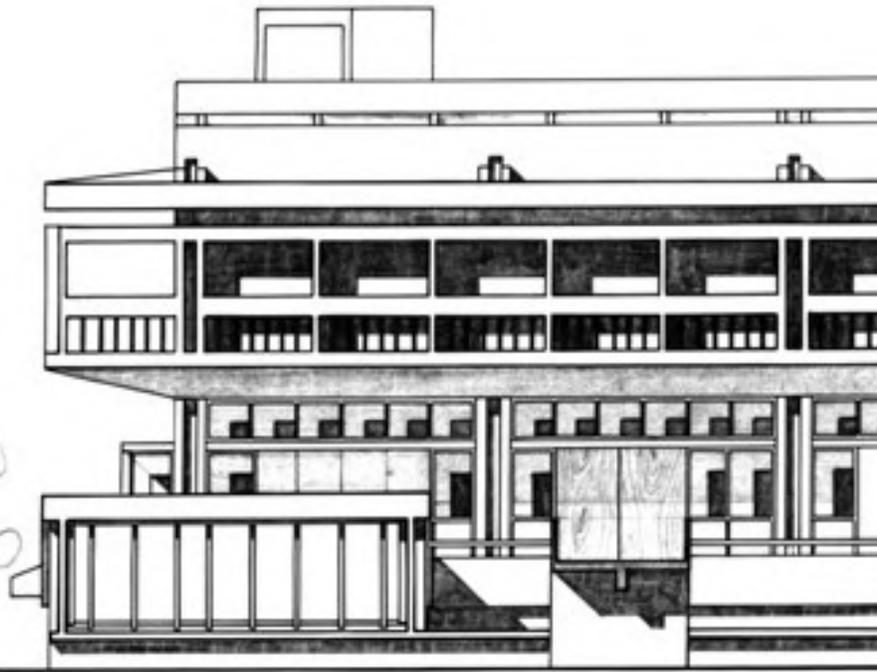
Parul Zaveri

Doshi was a learner throughout his life and all that he learnt, he shared. "From the peons to students and others he came across, he believed in sharing his knowledge. There was positivity, warmth and a connection that he could establish with everyone he met, even for a few minutes. Whether a person was in grief or was celebrating, he always had something to contribute. It could be praying, holding hands or sitting in dhyaan with them. He touched the nerve of people he met and worked with. His repertoire of different subjects was very large and hence he was able to strike a chord with various people on subjects they would be interested in."

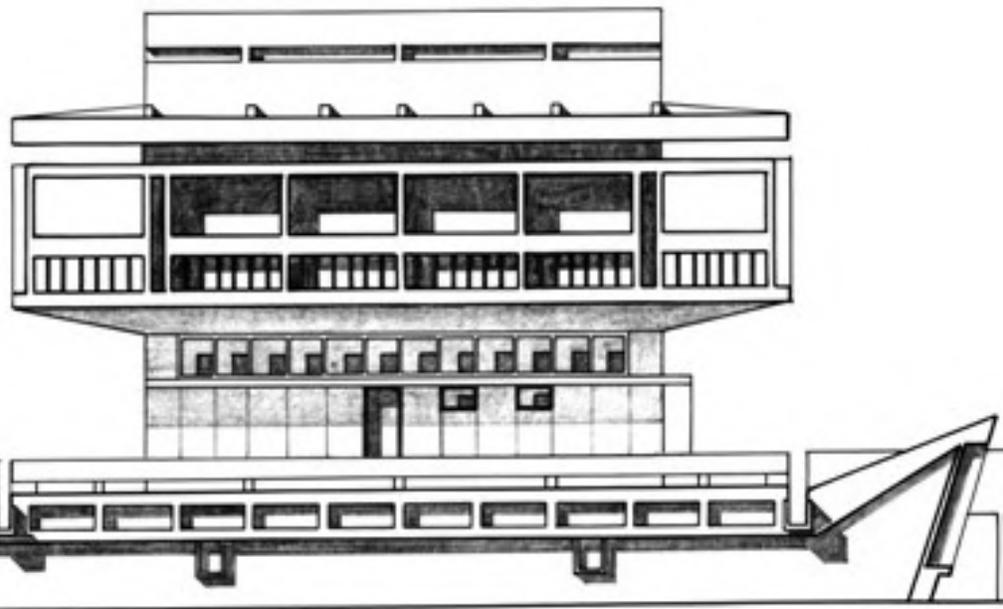
"I have studied here as well as abroad but haven't found a better teacher, he was an amazing educationist. He would find positives even in a negative situation. It is his outlook to life that made him what he is. I remember him sharing stories from his life while he worked in Paris. He had lived on bread, cheese and olives, sold sketches to support himself, but never complained. He regaled every experience and looked ahead and saw life as a celebration on earth"

"Doshi for anything that we wanted to experiment, he would say "why not, go ahead". This taught us in life to fly without fear and experiment many a times without worrying about the consequences."

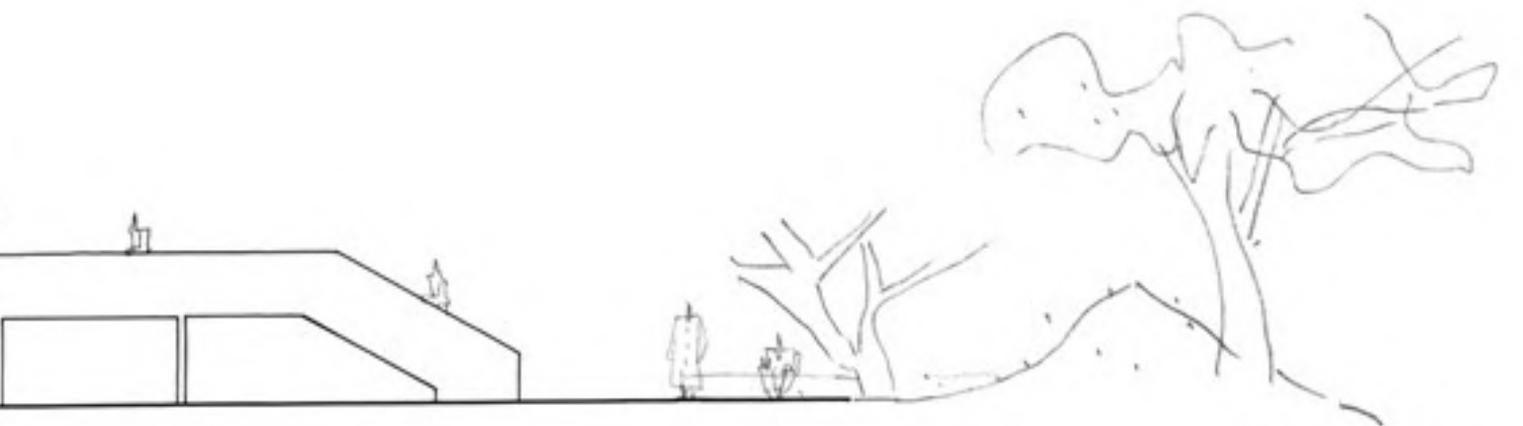
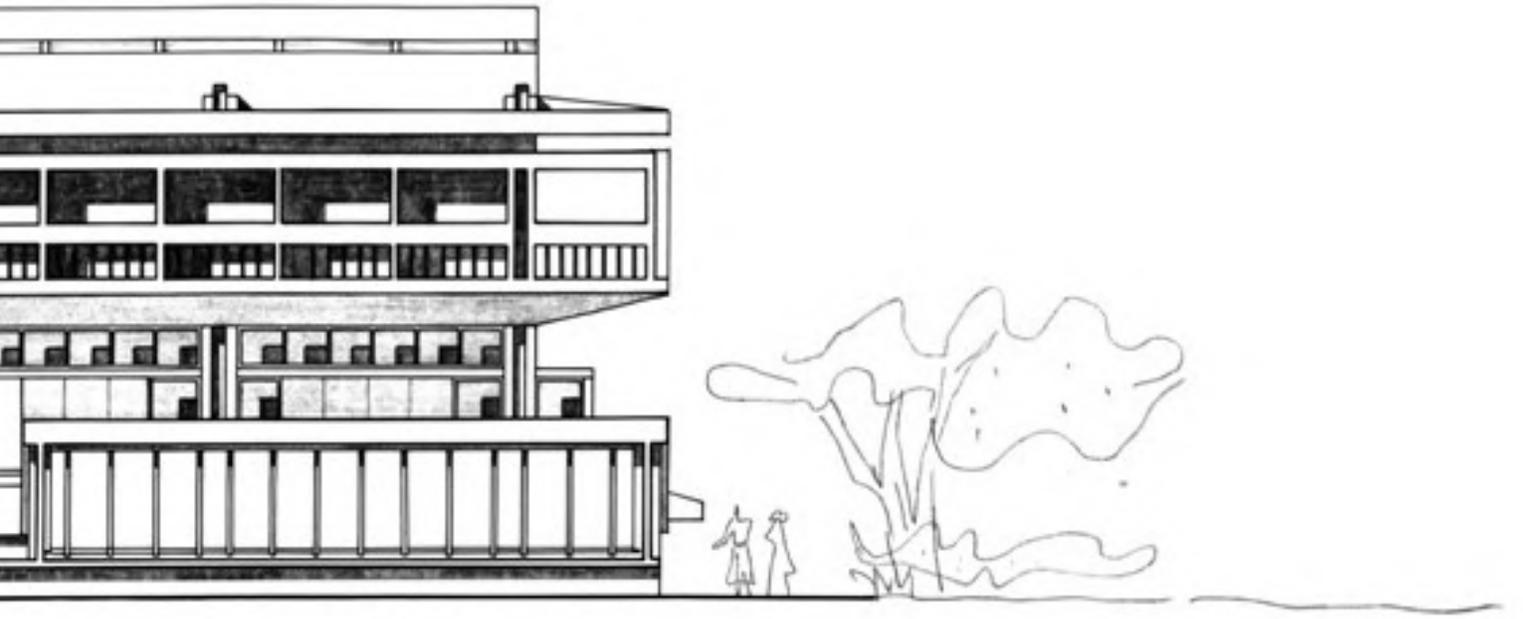
"In 2015, we were revamping Darpana Dance Academy Amphitheatre and its auxiliary functions and in which they also needed to increase the seating capacity for which we had to demolish one of the classrooms designed by Doshi. We had tried all the options but it was inevitable so Nimish took the designs and went to him for his approval. Doshi gave us his full support saying that change is inevitable and this building has served its purpose for more than 45 years so go ahead and do what you need to do."



north elevation



east elevation



VĀSTU-SHILPA b. v. doshi, architect.
dhan house, bhadra, ahmedabad-4, phone : 52982

shree kasturbhai Lalb
Indology
ahmedabad
elevations
scale : 1"=8'0"
date .







DOSHI, A FINE BLEND OF TEACHING AND PRACTICE!

Utpal Sharma
31 January 2023

I have known Prof. Balkrishna Doshi for over 40 years. First as a Master's student in Urban & Regional Planning, CEPT University, where he was our Studio Teacher. I was fortunate to start working with him on research project and large housing, urban design and urban planning projects at Sangath. As part of collaboration with Mc. Gill University, I was selected for a post graduate course in Minimum Cost Housing, where, our Aranya project at Indore was the main case study. After 10 years of full time work at Sangath, I joined CEPT as a Faculty member and still continued to work with Prof. Doshi. Working at Sangath was great

learning for me as there was frequent discussions on various projects. I got an advice to spend few hours everyday besides regular teaching at CEPT and was felt that this additional work only will give me identify and recognition , this I follow throughout my career.

Besides being a professional, Prof. Doshi was one of the finest teacher in the field of Architecture and Planning.

I was advised to develop simple concepts and avoid flowery language. He could almost read students mind and could explain anybody's design in his own way which kept the students motivated.

I needed to keep a balance between research and consultancy while teaching. I had a chance to work with him as co-faculty on many design studios. He was at ease with projects of any scale from urban planning to construction details at micro scale. I had a chance to work on various research projects at Sangath namely Residential Open Spaces, a book on Aranya to name a few.

He helped me to build the Research and Consultancy Division at CEPT, which became really large with many prestigious projects over time.

Prof. Doshi helped me to start a new Faculty of Architecture & Planning at Nirma University. His advice and guidance was critical and gave confidence to continue with my work. He was very concerned about the decline in the quality of living environment and always highlighted the need to learn from historic cities and apply the learning on contemporary architecture and planning projects. He was very enthusiastic on discussing urban issues till a month ago. He had infinite energy to get involved particularly for the betterment of the city of Ahmedabad.





DOSHI I DISCOVERED: DOWN MEMORY LANE - SIX DECADES

A Tribute to the Celebrated Architect Balkrishna Doshi by One of his Old Students

Kirtee Shah
10 February 2023

Some of the old students of School of Architecture, Ahmedabad (now famous CEPT University), especially from the earlier batches (SA started in 1962), run a celebratory program called “Doshi We Know”. Under its banner the admiring and grateful group of alumni meet occasionally, interact with ‘Doshi Saheb’ when possible, felicitate him on special occasions, feel proud of this bond, the informal nature association, with him and run a fellowship. At the heart of it is genuine love, affection, admiration and gratitude for the man

who created that unique institution with an uncluttered vision of education that unburdened, practiced philosophy of open mind to create and fly, was easily accessible and unassuming to a fault, despite his many achievements and high national and international reputation. Many of them believe Doshi made a lasting contribution not only to their becoming good professionals but to their overall persona as well. He was charismatic, largely because of his humane qualities, effortless ease and warmth with which he related to each one and

carried no baggage of any kind.

I was one of his students in the first batch at the School of Architecture. Was fortunate enough to enjoy a personal rapport over the years. Could talk to him openly and frankly, even critically. He was a father figure and I called him Guruji. He passed away last week, in good health at 95, after living a full life and a long distinguished career as an architect and educationist.

Whereas my colleagues call it “Doshi

We Know” in my tribute to Doshi Saheb I would prefer to call it “Doshi I Discovered” as I recall three different encounters with him over a long period of 60 years. The stories I narrate will tell why.

The first one is quite recent. About four weeks before his passing away. Nearby to his residence for some work, on an impulse, I landed up in his house unannounced. He was sitting in the lawn, in bright sunshine with his daughter, Radhika. As we started talking, came the usual question: What are you doing these days?

The first one is quite recent. About four weeks before his passing away. Nearby to his residence for some work, on an impulse, I landed up in his house unannounced. He was sitting in the lawn, in bright sunshine with his daughter, Radhika. As we started talking, came the usual question: What are you doing these days?

I told him about the work INHAF, Habitat Forum, with which I am associated for a long time, is doing with the women construction workers. Told him that in nearly 50 years of architecture practice, while doing small or big, rural or urban, public or private projects I had never seen a woman carpenter or a woman mason or a woman plumber or a woman site supervisor or even a woman petty contractor. I told him that INHAF was trying to understand this phenomenon, as in India out of 50 million construction workers some 35% are women. But they are only in unskilled, drudgery jobs. They start as construction labour, as majdoor, and retire as one. They get exploited, do not get a chance to work on skilled jobs, do not earn decent income and do not climb the social ladder. I told him that it was patently wrong, unjust and that something should be done about it.

I told him that he was a celebrated architect, a big name, a thinking and influential individual and a caring and responsible professional. Also, while he designed his buildings on paper or a computer, it is these construction

workers who gave real life to his creations, his buildings. They gave concrete shape to abstract ideas. Had he ever thought about them? Had he ever thought about doing something about their conditions? Is the working and living conditions of the construction workers a concern for the architect? Is the construction worker a part of their universe? Are they a stakeholder in his professional practice as an architect? I also added: should a millowner care about their employees, workers? Is their welfare the millowners’ responsibility in some way?

His eyes popped up. The famous mischievous glint in admiration and even silent approval. He was candid. Truthful. His immediate response was that he had never thought about it.

While on the subject, he suddenly excused himself to visit the washroom, and asked me to wait to continue the talk. He did not return for a while. Radhika told me little later that he was tired and had slept.

To my surprise he called the next day. Saying he wanted to continue talking about the woman construction worker. And when I suggested that we could continue talking over dinner at my place, he promised to come, as he was keen on talking over the matter further.

It did not happen. He died.

I had not known that Doshi - open, frank, reflective, socially aware, willing to at least think about something he had not done all his long professional life. To be honest, I did not think he had it in him, that he was too much of an ‘architect’ to bother about the woman construction worker, about the supply chain and the role of a non-visible, non-directly-related small role player. I was wrong. It is not that I thought he would make a new start. It is that he had the openness to admit, wanting to learn, to think afresh, to re-sensitize himself at 95!

The second story is almost 60 years before that. It was the first year at the

It is that he had the openness to admit, wanting to learn, to think afresh, to re-sensitize himself at 95!

School of Architecture. There was no campus, not even a building. The school was running in a classroom borrowed from the local commerce college. I was one of the 28 students in the first batch.

Almost 6 months after the schools started I went to meet him to suggest that I was thinking of leaving the school, dropping out, as I could not afford the expenses that the class work required: one day buying colours, second day, buying papers, third day, buying model making material! I told him that I was poor, a widow mother from the village was supporting me, and that it was almost impossible for me to continue.

He advised me not to quit and promised to look after the expenses. He suggested that I work in his office to earn the required money. I politely refused saying I neither had the skill and the competence nor did I want to be influenced early in my career. He was not offended with an upstart’s attitude, who was refusing an offer by a master architect to work with him. In fact, he told me that was okay and offered that I give his three daughters tuition at home in return for him giving me some money to pull on. I do not remember how long the arrangement lasted. But Tejal, Radhika, Manisha, his daughters, and Kamuben, his wife, often remember and talk about it.

That was my first discovery of Doshi. Not the famous architect. Not the founder and director of the school I was a student at. But a kind, caring, sensitive, giving and considerate human being. Over the years his first

inquiry, whenever we met, was about my mother. And that was the charm of this place called School of Architecture, Ahmedabad. The school as a family and the teachers as caring, helping guardians. "Doshi we know" is an acknowledgement, a reflection of that spirit, that relationship, that bond, that culture. I had 35 years of deeply rewarding working relationship with another founder, teacher and a long time director of Cept, Dr. Rasvihari Vakil. He was a Rishi. We worked as equals. And we did not work on buildings. But on homelessness, poverty, slums, affordable housing, policy advocacy, neglected villages, and what would constitute good professional education for the country and the society's challenges!.

The third story relates to our meeting in a flight from Ahmedabad to Delhi, some 15 to 20 years ago. He spotted me seated, requested my neighbor to exchange his seat, and we chatted for about 60 minutes. The meandering conversation brought me to remind him of a challenge Mr. Romesh Thapar, an early public intellectual, had posed to the designer and the professional educationist community. While delivering the keynote address at the National Institute of Design's (NID's) international conference on "Design for Development" he said that the waves of vulgarity were invading Indian cities (in an apparent reference to deteriorating landscape of the cities with unplanned growth, vulgar display of growing inequality, destroyed rivers, polluted environment, a large and expanding number of people without adequate shelter and basic services, and visible erosion of human values) and the choice before a sensitive designer/architect was either to design one sensitive building among the 99 ugly or to work to sensitize the society to prevent or reduce those 99 ugly buildings coming up! In the early years of India's independence Mr. Thapar was articulating the public versus the private debate, the product and the process argument, and the individual and society choice for the designer community. Quite mischievously, I must admit, I suggested to Doshi Saheb that he

having done so much of 'architecture', having earned so much of reputation, it was time for him to devote his time, energy and skill to 'sensitizing the society'. To that his clear and prompt answer was 'no'. He said he could not do it, that he was not a *sadhu* or a reformer, that he was an architect and wanted to remain one.

That was also my discovery of the man. An honest person. A professional knowing his boundaries and wanting to work within them. No illusions about changing things - people or behavior or context.

With Doshi's going, undoubtedly, an era has ended. Not many know or would want to admit that he had internally and emotionally distanced and disassociated himself from CEPT, 'Doshi school' as many called it, for some time. Not necessarily with the philosophy of professional education or the way he saw the architect, architecture profession and practice and architecture education. In a manner of speaking "Doshi-ism", both in architecture and education, remained despite his physical absence, and I mean it in its positive connotation.

But it is time those who are there, who will continue doing and deciding things at CEPT, use the occasion for reflection, stock taking and new departure. The reality is such that we do not need a Romesh Thapar to tell us that the waves of vulgarity are invading our cities and settlements, and that we do not need the Covid 19 to realize that the India's human settlements - cities, towns and villages - are not in good health, and especially our urban systems are faltering. In many respects: be that environment or water or sanitation or governance or finance or institutions or slums or sustainability or mobility. It is a seemingly endless list depending on where one starts and what the vantage point is.

Correctives are needed. Almost transformative changes in the way we see, govern, manage and live in our cities, if we want them to be livable

and inclusive. And the way we produce, grow, transact, move and develop, if we want our cities to be sustainable. And anyone who knows the gravity of the situation knows that the palliatives will not work and tinkering with the system here and there is not the answer. As Wally Endow, the Secretary General of Habitat 2 said, "Urbanization holds out both the bright promise of an unequalled future and the grave threat of unparalleled disaster. And which it will be depends on what we do today. Unless a revolution in urban problem solving takes place we are headed for an uncertain future. If the city's development impulse defies '*Sanskriti*' and '*Prakriti*', culture and nature, it is hard to imagine where will it lead and what it will be. Because the city is not only a place, also people.

'Revolution' in urban problem solving is the need of the hour and, in my view, a good definition of India's urban challenge. It is time we responded with vision, conviction and creativity. And a place, and an institution called CEPT because of its history, its status, its unique environment, its special people, and its uncommon genes must be the first to respond, by changing itself, if necessary. The question that needs to be asked as Doshi Saheb departs is: how do we go about it? And as I am an alumni of CEPT and always had high expectations and hopes from it, feel strongly that Cept should lead the way. That is its karma, fate. CEPT's status as one of the leading institutions of professional education in human settlements makes it obligatory to play the lead role. And that is because some 60 years ago Doshi brought in a new, a fresh, a more open, a more informal, a more non structured way of teaching, educating, training young professionals and approaching problem solving. Recognizing the need to see architecture in its broader and wider dimensions and contextual framework he also initiated the planning school. But as everything around us tells us the context has changed and that demands a different response.

Humanitarian architecture - what is it?

It demands putting people before the place, form (fragrance) before the form, and the contents before the container. People's or user's welfare is its domain. If the country, in its desire to correct the past anomalies and make it a little more equal society for its disadvantaged citizens, is building 12 million houses in the cities and 30 million in the villages (the second 30 million after the first 30 million under IAY) under Pradhan Mantri Awas Yojana and now pledges INR 74,000 crore for the purpose in the recent national budget, by intent, almost automatically, calls for the designer's role. As making good houses, live-able houses, comfortable houses and good looking buildings in which those houses are staked requires, besides the money, also good and sensitive design. An affordable house is a greater design challenge as the area is small, money is limited, land is constrained, space is cramped, wastage is unaffordable and options are few. Also, Romesh Thapar's waves of vulgarity invading our cities also include those ugly buildings, called affordable housing, coming up in our cities. A well designed affordable house - comfortable, healthy, functionally appropriate, letting the old live without guilt and the young with dreams - is humanitarian architecture too, as it would help a large family live better for something like coming 20/ 30 years, a period that would shape a new born baby into a citizen contributing to nation building. These projects and programs, their design quality at least, needs to become a moral, ethical responsibility of CEPT and 400 odd other schools and college of architecture and planning in the country. The younger generation of the designers and the planners need to see, understand, and internalise this challenge. And a little that I see tells me that they are ready. I am not sure if the institutions training them are. It is difficult to concede that caring for the masons and the carpenters is also a part of humanitarian architecture and a step in making our cities inclusive.

Let me end by quoting myself - sorry for the indulgence - as to why is there a

need to change and why would I expect that thought process to start from CEPT. In a keynote address at the launch of the Laurie Baker Centenary Celebrations at Trivandrum a few years ago, while reflecting on the architecture profession, the professionals and the professional education this is what I had said, "[...] And I believe that Architecture as a subject, as an art form, as a science, as a shashtra, is too big and ancient to be treated with anything but respect and pride. But the architecture profession, as perceived and practiced now, certainly needs a rethink, a paradigm shift. The multiple crisis that includes energy, water, space, resources, ecology, governance, values, etc., and the new technologies, changing social equations and emerging realities in the globalizing cities make it imperative that the architects re-educate and re-equip themselves. Both de-learning and re-learning is called for. Moreover, a degree of de-professionalization of the conventional professional in terms of attitudinal shift, client choices and priorities."

"Architecture is a noble profession. In the hands of its conscientious practitioners, it is a medium to serve the people and also the environment. "Service" is the word. It combines both art and science. Culture and technology are its pillars. It is a vehicle to translate ideas and dreams into reality. It embraces both: reality and vision, creativity and practicality. It has been there from the dawn of the civilization and will always be there. However, the way it is perceived and practiced, it needs to move from the monuments to people; from magazine pages to practical lives; from the elite to the common people and from top to bottom". That would take nothing away from its hallow, its mystique and its nobility. It will only be richer.

"This is not an outsider's view based on ignorance, prejudice or ideological baggage. It is an 'insider's view, based on experience and borne out of a belief that the architects, as a community, as professionals, as privileged citizens, could do much more, serve many more and contribute so much more

That was my first discovery of Doshi. Not the famous architect. Not the founder and director of the school I was a student at. But a kind, caring, sensitive, giving and considerate human being.

meaningfully to this emerging society. It stems from an understanding that given an orientational shift and attitudinal change, they could be leaders in making our cities and settlements better places to live, work, grow, develop and prosper. This view does not negate the need for monumental architecture and the architects pursuing it. It only says that if 80 are chasing the monumental dream let us have just 20 who are concerned about the common people and their building needs.

It is not only the architecture and the buildings. Also the cities. Interestingly it was Romesh Thapar then, a public intellectual and not a planner or an architect who talked about the waves of vulgarity invading our cities. Today, many decades later, it is a politician, Varun Gandhi, and not an architect or an urban planner, who in his book "The Indian Metropolis" is talking about Urban India's 'lack of humanity'. He asks and I quote. "Why are our cities so hard to live? Why do they lack

in the most basic of facilities, such as pedestrian friendly areas? Why are India's cities so bereft of beauty and a sense of aesthetics? Why is the ground water and the air so polluted years after identifying the problem? Why do our policy makers remain apathetic in solving such issues?"

Yes, our cities must change too.

I am not sure if Doshi would approve of this demand for change for the institution he started. But a thing on which one would have little doubt is that he would, even if reluctantly, agree that the context has changed. This is new India that needs to quantum jump in its quest to make it not only prosperous but also equal and just. Doshi is not there to comment or respond. It is the next 30 years that we must think about. 2050. And it is for that relatively smaller trajectory that we need to prepare for and change. After we have created a level playing field we may seek and demand more creative freedoms.

But also remember, that is not either or.







Source: Author

MY MASTER

Girish Doshi
31 January 2023

It was in 1980; when after completing my architecture from Pune, I set out to Ahmedabad in hope of working at 'Sangath', Doshi's office. Though I was rejected at first, my consistent efforts eventually resulted in me becoming a part of the 'Sangath team'. In other words, I became one of the "Sangath's Sangathi". For the next seven years, all that I learnt, observed and experienced while working with Doshi, made me able enough to build a career of my own on strong base of his beliefs and teachings.

'Sangath' was always alive with the cheerful environment it catered to. Students from various countries and

regions of the world interned with Doshi. Many well-known artists, singers, musicians, painters, sculptors, architects from all over the world visited Sangath and often stayed with Doshi. His kind and calm personality, soft-spoken attitude and his eternal love for art, allowed him to weave and sustain these interesting relations which were cherished by all.

One of such treasured relation of his was with Purushottambhai Bakaraniya. He was a model maker in the workshop at Sangath and the senior-most collaborator in the studio. He could perceive Doshi's ideas with ease and would transfer the same into

large scaled models with detail and precision. Over the period of time, he had developed a very efficient dialogue with Doshi. Purushottambhai lived in a beautiful Bungalow in Ahmedabad. It became a yearly tradition that he will take a leave for a day and then Doshi would humour, saying that it's time to give him an increment. He would then visit his house for a family lunch or dinner restoring their dynamic. Purushottambhai passed away recently on 5th January 2023. His whole life he worked only for Doshi.

Our day in Sangath would start at 8 in the morning and it never ended



without completing the work. Sometimes we worked throughout the night, till the satisfactory level of work was achieved. Every morning at Sangath, Doshi would converse with each of us while explaining the work to be done, through his spontaneous yet simple sketches drawn from different perspectives. The web of sketches would portray the exact idea which he had in mind. The exercise enabled us to visualize his thoughts and the expected work with clarity. It was always a challenge to produce accurate architectural drawings which could do justice to his sketches. We used to work hard to reach the precision required and even Doshi would work with us. The only difference was that his speed and capacity to work was 25 times more than that of us.

Doshi's love and sympathy for architectural education formed an integral part of his personality. He worked endlessly to make the

contemporary and modern education of architecture, available in India. We can see the result of his actions in form of Center for Environment Planning and Technology (CEPT) in Ahmedabad, a world approved organization. It was only through Doshi's idea and efforts that the dream of CEPT could be realized. He did not stop there. Along with teaching, he has written a number of books regarding different aspects of architecture which continue to inspire and guide the young generation of students as well as professionals.

In 1987, I returned to Pune and started 'Navkar Architects'; my own architectural practice. Before leaving, Doshi asked me for a promise that, on his every visit to Pune, I will be there at the airport to receive him. He said, "if some day you are not there to receive me; then I will understand it that Girish is not producing the work which is expected of him and is thus avoiding me." In last 43 years, not once, did I

Though I was rejected at first, my consistent efforts eventually resulted in me becoming a part of the 'Sangath team'.

break the promise.

He was a fatherly figure to me who was also my teacher and my friend. After my father, my mother and Doshi were the idols I believed in.

Few years back, my mother passed away and now even Doshi has set to



the journey beyond. Memories and blessings which I received from these individuals, is the real treasure which I will cherish throughout my life.

I have never come across a master other than him, who could play with light, space, scale, proportions and the other elements to realize his ideas. He could solve the most difficult and tiresome issues in architecture in no time. He had clarity in his thoughts, physical fitness apt for the profession and above all he had an enthusiastic mind. He could perceive and understand the core of the subject immediately. It was an ability of his which he developed and sharpened with consistent study and analysis. Everybody called him 'Yogi'; and he was one.

His thoughts, beliefs and his presence always served as an inspiration to me and will never cease to do so. Doshi was, is and always will be with me.





Source: Author

ARCHITECT B. V. DOSHI - A MYSTICAL PERFORMER

Ajay Kulkarni
1 February 2023

May I describe Doshi as a protean and a performer who existed equally comfortable with everyone and everywhere not restricting to architecture or architectural education continuously transforming. Many who worked and knew him might agree that every small or prolonged interaction with Doshi was in several ways analogous to a memorable performance. His normal interactions would leave an impression of his spontaneous analogies, voice modulations, his facial expressions his childlike curiosity with a glint in eyes. His voice quality engaging and was very often were like he was narrating a story. Most amazing I discovered

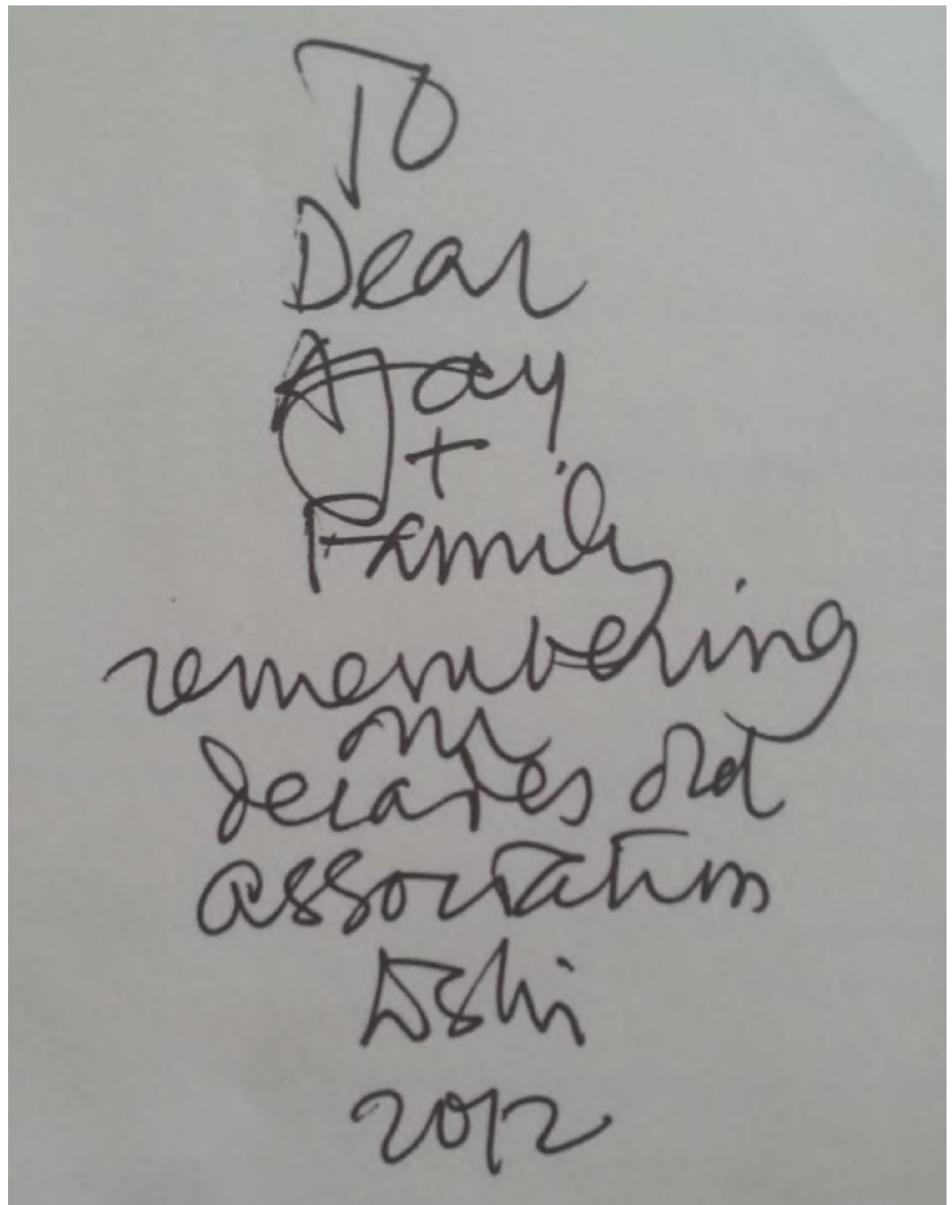
that his stories ran parallel and independent on drawing board, during the making of a building and even on completion of a building. While he talked about his own buildings, he would narrate the similar story and though anticipated it was extremely engaging and a new version no less than the severally heard great epics one would get unknowingly, deeply involved. He was mystical, enigmatic performer indeed. I remember I had sent him images of cave 33 and 34 of Ellora after his visit. He transformed those images on returning back to Sangath (Doshi's office) and sent me a completely modified collage using those images with this note:

"To Ajay. You will discover every moment great wonders of Architecture- in this photo taken by you- Best Wishes"

Doshi
28.12.2008

This incidence is very illustrative of how Doshi looked at the world around and I am sure many may agree with me in various incidences. He would very subtly, spontaneously transform and gift you with that unique “other point of view”. May be that’s the reason he was extremely successful in reinterpreting masterly teaching of the acrobat Le Corbusier and Kahn the yogi. Like the collage I mentioned his architecture had an anticipated syntactics - set of linguistic elements. His poetry was deceptively common, simple but deeper than it appeared. It needed reading and rereading to decipher several layers. No wonder those who know Doshi as a passionate teacher know of a completely different person than a practicing architect in action mode on sites. I was fortunate to assist him in both capacities. I used to assist him in an elective studio called “Image of a City” at CEPT and also represented him for long on MIDA (now known as YASHADA) at Pune. He was not the same person in studio, at site and at school. Especially post-independence India needed a true “Indian “ image in its cities, modern architecture, and Doshi along with Ar Kanvinde and Correa fine-tuned the pure yet reinterpreted classical notes the frozen music which will be heard for centuries to come. In several ways I saw Doshi like Pandit Kumar Gandharv or Pt. Mallikarjun Mansoor who too were curious of life beyond their field of expertise and had mastered the art of interweaving India and Indian ethos in their creative work effortlessly.

As a fresh post graduate of IDC IIT B I went straight to Sangath for an interview. Ahmedabad, Corbusier, Loius Kahn on one hand and Doshi, CEPT, Sabarmati Ashram and Adalaj on the other always haunted me. I had to be there anyhow. It was 1989 August I joined Sangath and stayed for a few years. The perception of time in terms of number of years months days was not the same. The time got stretched, elongated and was virtually many more years than actually spent. With Doshi the measurement of time lost its significance. The days were



extended and hour was elongated while you were in the Sangath. He used to get amazed and intrigued by the smallest thing. One could almost see he is instantly connected to a much larger world.

Like Doshi as a person, his architecture was deceptively simple. Outwardly he wore a simple look like Kumar Gandharva, Mallikarjun Mansoor or Lata Mangeshkar. When he spoke on his architecture it used to be a montage of several images, his body language, his face expression and certain peculiar set of phrases or words. Whenever Doshi interacted formally or informally he chose to begin with a narrative or an analogy and end with one. The core essence of

his interaction was not a point in black and white but offered several connotations.

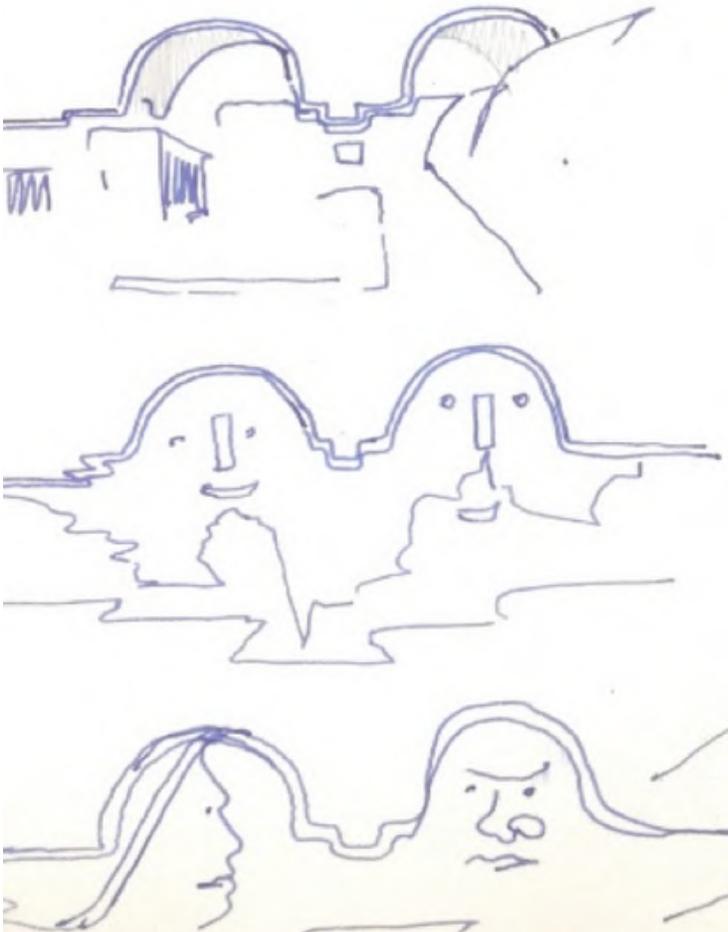
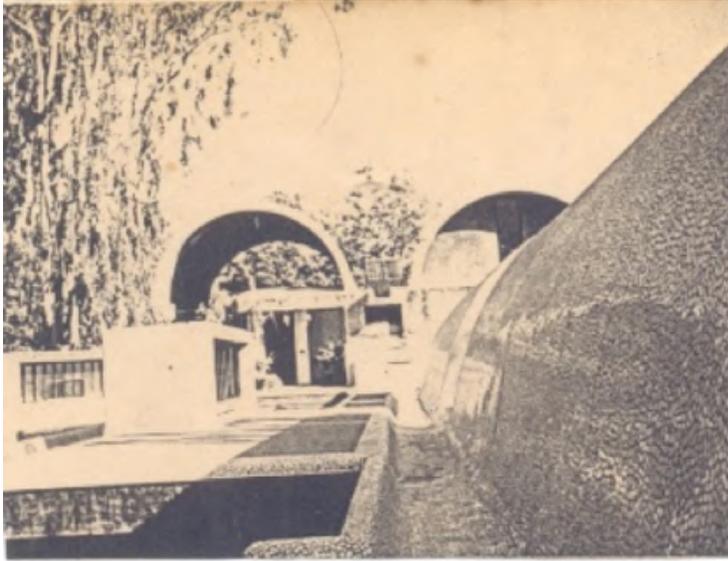
“Don’t overdo things, master and learn where to stop, Architecture is to know where to stop” was the message Doshi gave me.

Walking through his buildings was an experience of all those images of montage I mentioned. You could almost sense him subconsciously walking along and narrating those spaces. His buildings were a continuous experience of unfolding stories, a seamless whole. At the same time his forms and buildings were not obviously picturesque or loud. They needed the same series of optimal interaction exchange of few narratives

and engagements. His buildings and spaces had a deep sense of cognitive engagement along with the real physical form. Like a fine piece of poem, it was intentionally created to be open ended for the readers perceptions and reflexes. His buildings like him as a person appeared simple, subtle yet they were extremely

powerful and at times invading the spirituality of the onlooker. This is quite the same experience as Louis Kahn simple and overwhelming spaces. Doshi defined new Indian-ness in architecture not restricting to one typology but several.

Doshi was a curious person. He was



inquisitive and wanted to associate everything around living or non-living with architecture. For him architecture wasn't restricted to buildings but to everything else around the building. His methods of problem solving were very unusual and mysterious. I feel people who knew Doshi closely and have worked with him in some way or the other have a unique and customized bond with him. Especially recalling my days at Sangath, Doshi was 60 years old, with great energy. Sangath was a place of happening in several ways such as Friday talks, yoga sessions, visitors like M F Hussain, Charles Jenks. While he used to be in the office the office had unique vibrations. He was the epicenter of dynamic seismic energy moving all over the office, and his presence could be sensed from any corner of the huge office.

He was like an endless source of creative energy apparently quiet yogi yet highly agitated striving for an endless creative state of mind. He was a great teacher, inspirer. Sangath is one of his finest creations, in fact Sangath and its precinct was under the magnetic or charismatic field with Gandhi Labor Institute, his house 'Kamala', CEPT, Amdavad Ni Gufa, Institute of Indology. All master pieces concentrated in and around university area.

He visited Aurangabad and I had the privilege of showing him around Ajanta, Ellora and Paithan. It was a memorable satsang (spiritual association) with a yogi at 82 with childlike energy to climb down thousand steps from Ajanta view point followed by patiently watching each cave. God was with him always. He visited my office and inquisitively saw my work, photography and calligraphy. He was extremely curious and inquisitive about my calligraphic messages. On receiving my calligraphic messages, he chose not to just respond over WhatsApp but to call, discuss and appreciate. I am blessed in several ways to have known a yogi who touched my life.

I always felt Doshi knew he is eternal; he knew he is divine!





REMEMBERING DOSHI

Edgar Demello
26 January 2023

My work is the story of my life, continuously evolving, changing and searching... searching to take away the role of architecture, and look only at life." – B.V.Doshi

The architect, educator, visionary, Balkrishna Vitaldas Doshi has ceased to be amongst us. He has passed through the great vault of the sky to become one with the infinite cosmic order he so often spoke about. An order that he had spent a lifetime transcribing into his work; through his mind as well as his heart. His was a relentless decoding of the very meaning of life each and every time he addressed another project.

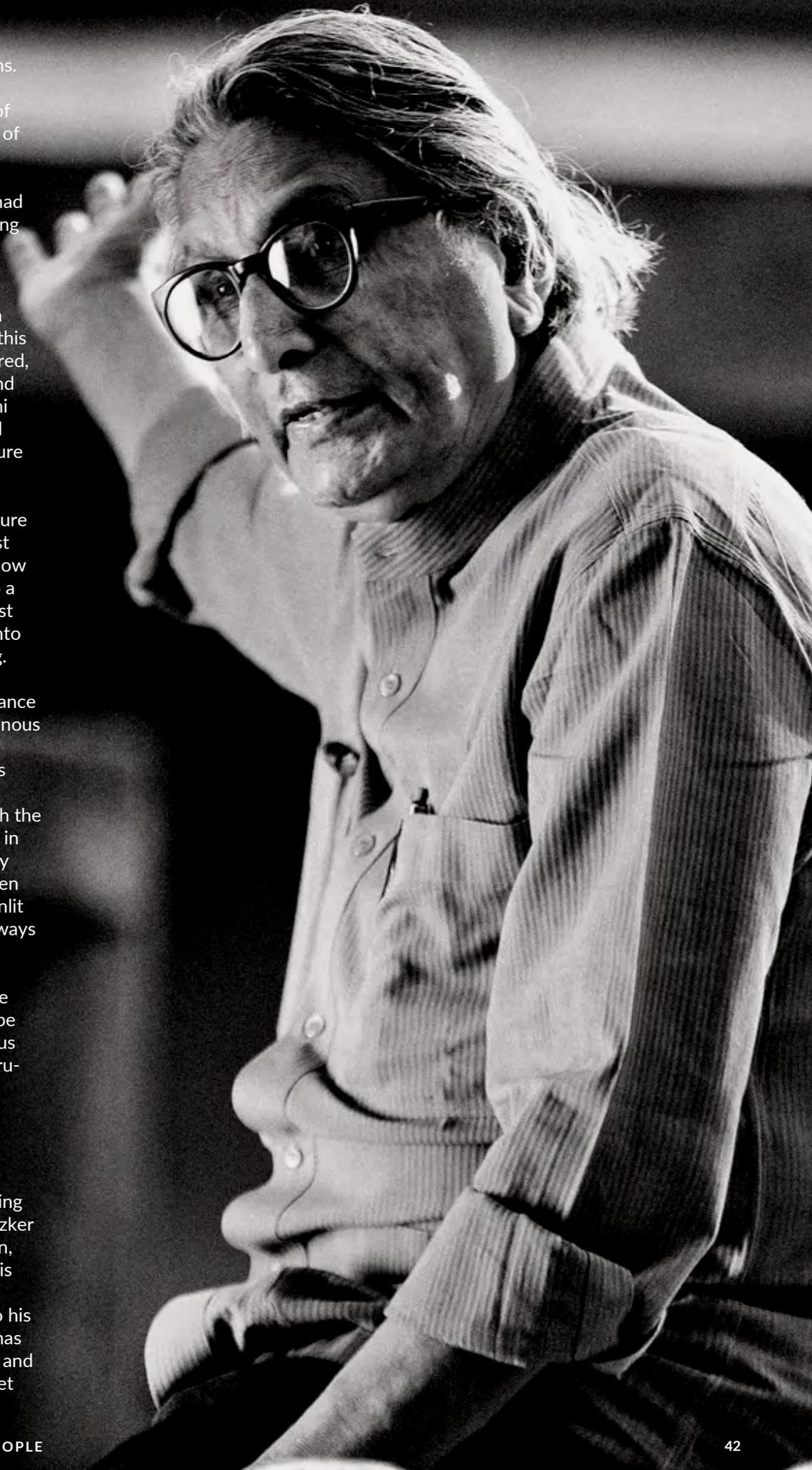
Functionality, material form, the ephemeral nature of light and shade were, for him, a given. Deep down his intuitive engagement was always with the metaphysical nature of the building, its soul. And deeper down, it was about people and about life. For him the nobility of our discipline was expressed in the act of inhabiting. That crossing of a threshold which, in a sense, gives life meaning; a third 'skin', so to speak, between the tangible one we are born with and that grand abstract one, of the universe. Metaphorically that was the breadth of his engagement and of his vision – both personal and universal.

Pico Iyer, in an essay titled Stillness, refers to how our infatuation only with the intellect has left a sort of void at the core of our being. Intellect without heart. And this shows not only in our personal, but in our collective life as well. It has carried over into our discipline where the desires and dreams of people are sometimes at the bottom of the heap. But for Doshi the heart mattered, people mattered. Whether it be the occupants of his numerous social housing projects, or his many institutions of learning or those of commerce or culture, he saw humane ways to express an idea. Ideas that centred around people, giving them tangible and intangible spaces to

express their hopes and aspirations. His architecture always adding another dimension to their lives; of the individual, the family and that of the community.

A small group of us in Bangalore had come to know him intimately during the 1980s when the construction of his magnum opus, the Indian Institute of Management, was underway. He came often enough for us to absorb the trajectory of this project. From its conception inspired, he said, by the complex imprint and spatial geometry of the Meenakshi Temple in Madurai. He abstracted these ideas to create an architecture for formal learning as well as, to paraphrase the Dutch architect Herman Hertzberger, an architecture for the unexpected. When the first phase was over we marvelled at how that early inspiration receded into a pale watermark vis-a-vis the robust modernity that eventually came into being – an Institution for Learning. Learning that happens within and outside the classroom through chance encounters in the vast and voluminous corridors of the building. He had honed his ideas some twenty years earlier in the design of the CEPT School in Ahmedabad even though the two buildings were different both in program and in scale. On the many trips we made with him, undertaken both in the day as well as on moonlit nights, his childlike enthusiasm always came to the fore. But in his spontaneous sharing he was also reflecting and questioning what he had done, and encouraging us to be part of the conversation. Each of us felt being part of that timeless guru-shishya experience.

He was the most fêted of our architects, both nationally and internationally. Numerous awards came his way eventually culminating in the architecture Nobel, the Pritzker Prize in 2018. It was in recognition, the jury observed (in part), ... 'of his exceptional architecture, his commitment and his dedication to his country and the communities he has served, his influence as a teacher, and the outstanding example he has set



for professionals and students around the world throughout his long career’.

His acceptance speech (in part) was thought provoking and intriguing as well. ‘Every object around us, and nature itself – light, sky, water and

storm – everything is in a symphony, he said. And this symphony is what architecture is all about. My work is the story of my life, continuously evolving, changing and searching... searching to take away the role of architecture, and look only at life.’ It is the second part of that sentence I found intriguing. But it brought to mind that eternal dilemma of the human condition, expressed so succinctly in those magical words of TS Eliot:

Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?

Where is the knowledge we have lost in information

Where is the Life we have lost in living.

And like the sages of old, and in his own unique way as well, he comes to address the notion of maya that is somehow implicit in that verse. Having attained knowledge and wisdom that perhaps transcends our discipline, he returns to embracing the ‘fullness’ of life.

Many years ago, as a co-curator of CoLab Art & Architecture, we had invited Doshi to deliver a lecture at the NGMA in Bangalore. Coming a few minutes before the start he nevertheless sat with me and asked what he should speak about. I was tongue-tied to respond to this obviously rhetorical question! Then taking a minuscule piece of paper – perhaps twice the size of a postage stamp – he scribbled some illegible (at least to me) notes. After an introduction, in which I had referred to him as the conscience keeper of our discipline, he went on to give a momentous talk titled Rur-urban Galaxies. A talk that still resonates with the rhythm of poetry and of music and is talked about almost ten years after the event. Needless to say, he never looked at that piece of paper. He was a natural story teller, creating a narrative that included the everyday as well as the sublime. Folk as well as fantasy. The hall, to seat a little under two hundred, had perhaps

three hundred; people all over the aisles, window sills and stage front. What’s more there were an equal number outside listening on an audio system. It was, as someone said, like attending an architectural rock concert!

That was his draw, through his charisma, his informality and his wisdom. We have lost a man who was larger than life. One that mortality will find impossible to erase from the minds – and hearts – of future generations of architects.

Doshi was always modest about his antecedents. He did not stop calling himself the disciple of two Masters, Le Corbusier and Kahn, referring to them as his inheritance. Not only did he spend many years at 35 rue de Sèvres at the Corb Atelier in Paris, but he continued to work for him on his return to Ahmedabad. The Mill Owners’ Building is the result of Doshi’s very deep engagement with the project, the same way Iannis Xenakis’s was with the La Tourette Monastery in France. With Corb’s vast international oeuvre, he needed architects who were in sync with his thinking and his worldview. But since then he has found his own path, and for over six decades, Doshi’s legacy has been nothing short of prodigious; both in the practice of the discipline as well as in academia. He was not just a great teacher but an institution builder. His setting up of CEPT in Ahmedabad in the 60’s and nurturing it for half a century and more was indicative of his deep passion for our discipline. And he was willing to share this passion with literally everyone. In recent times, Doshi’s legacy has been shared in museums worldwide. NGMA, Art Basel, Vitra, Architekturzentrum Wien, München ... to be part of a larger exhibition at the MOMA.

The legacy of a Master Architect

A natural and an inspiring Teacher

A Universal Man.



BALKRISHNA DOSHI'S ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE

Bimal Patel
06 February 2023

Balkrishna Doshi was a great Indian architect. He contributed immensely to Indian architecture through his prodigious practice and by co-founding a school of architecture in Ahmedabad in the early sixties that continues to be a center of pedagogic innovation. In addition to this, Doshi did much to inspire architects and to keep the profession's flag flying high through his inspirational talks, interviews, writings, and public engagements.

Doshi was born in 1927 and grew up in Pune. He studied architecture at the Sir J J School of Art in Mumbai. Starting in 1951, he worked in Paris

with Le Corbusier and then returned to India to represent him for his projects in Chandigarh and Ahmedabad. In 1958, Doshi set up his practice called Vastu Shilp in Ahmedabad. Later he formed a partnership called SDB Consultants in Delhi with Joseph Stein and J R Bhalla. Doshi made Ahmedabad his home and lived in the city till his death on the 24th of January 2023.

In the modern architecture of twentieth century India, Doshi's practice epitomized the artistic or romantic approach to architecture. It was highly influenced by his mentor Le Corbusier and provided a counterpoint

to the rational and professional approach epitomized by architects such as Antonin Raymond, Baburao Mhatre, Achyut Kanvinde, and Joseph Stein. As with others from his end of the architectural spectrum, Doshi preferred an artistic approach to architecture, over a problem-solving approach. Emotion, for him, was more important than reason, the sensuous more interesting than the intellectual, and the creation of an experiential impact more important than the solving of functional or practical problems. When designing buildings he preferred to be led by instinct rather than by reasoning. He had the great ability to explain his designs in mystical

yet engaging terms to his clients, who had deep faith in his creative prowess.

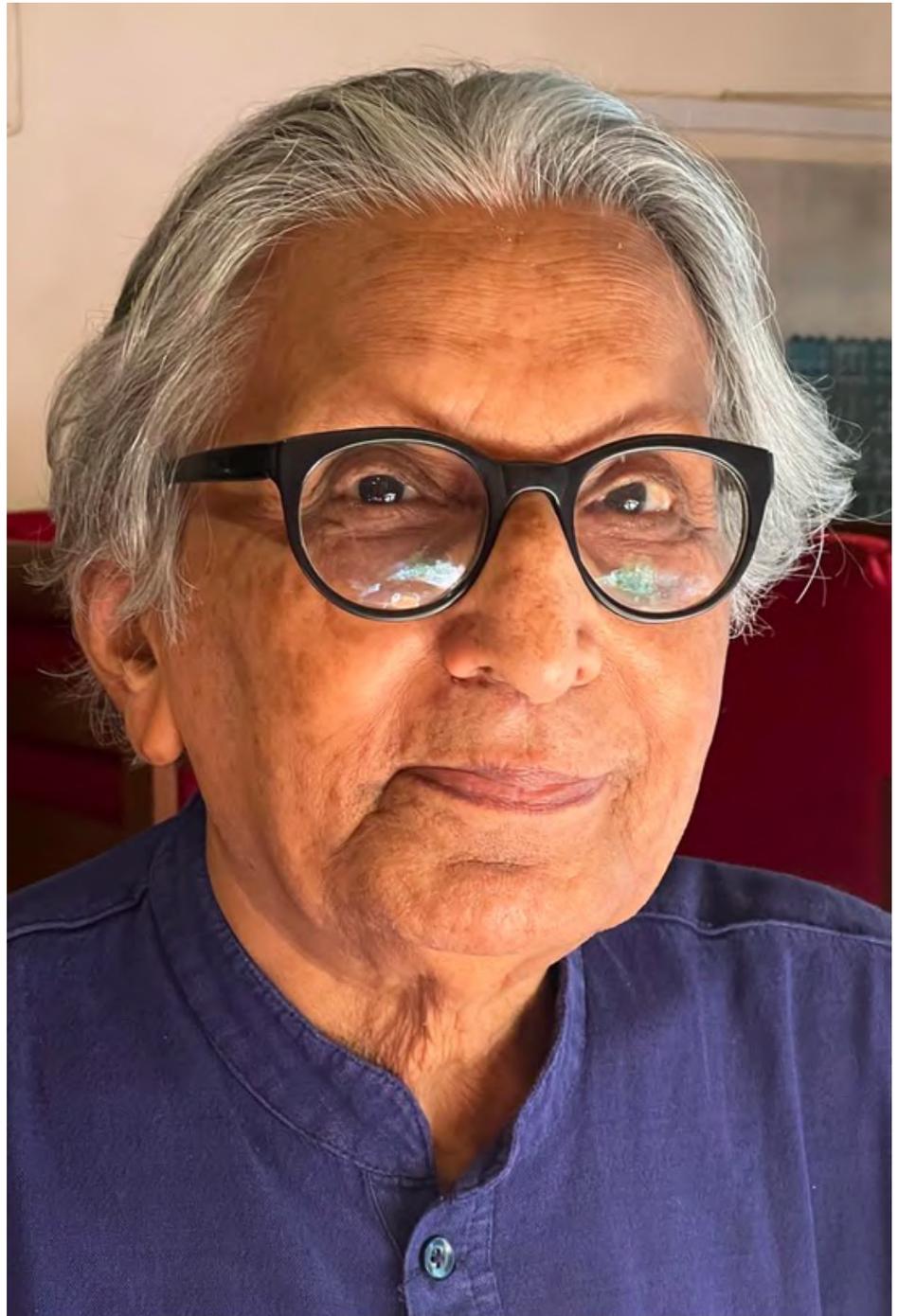
Given Doshi's view of what architecture was all about, his office was personalized and centered around him as the master architect. He was at his best when designing institutional buildings where resources or functional complexities did not pose major constraints. Projects that demanded consideration of efficiency, commercial viability or technical proficiency were not his forte. The low-cost housing projects that he worked on, of which there were many, were all publicly funded and ones where the cost of land could entirely be ignored.

Doshi's practice spanned the latter half of the twentieth century. He started in the decade after India became independent. At that time, the country was brimming with confidence and was infused with hope. There was a strong belief that, freed from exploitative colonial rule, India would be able to generate wealth, lift itself out of poverty, and modernize itself.

Ahmedabad, where Doshi chose to practice, was full of great modernizers like Vikram Sarabhai, Kasturbhai Lalbhai and Gautam Sarabhai. Many new institutions such as the Indian Institute of Management, the National Institute of Design, and the Space Applications Center were coming up in the city. Doshi's architecture, during this period, was infused with the infectious optimistic spirit of the times. It embraced modernity, radical innovation, and internationalism. His architectural language, exemplified by the School of Architecture, the Institute of Indology, and the Tagore Hall, was abstract and shorn of any reference to traditional Indian architecture. He, like many others during that period, was busy creating a new, forward looking architecture for India.

Over the years, however, India increasingly came under the yoke of bureaucratic socialism and autarky. Its economy stagnated, and India was cut off from the world. By the mid-seventies, it no longer seemed feasible

that India would ever escape poverty and modernize. In a remarkable volte-face, many Indian intellectuals reacted to this dismal state of affairs by turning against modernization and declaring modernity – like sour grapes – to be not worth striving for. They decried Western scientism and materialism and praised India's spiritualism and frugality. They found new interest in religion, ancient traditions and the crafts. During this period, Doshi, along with a host of other like-minded architects also rejected modernity and



embraced counter-enlightenment values.

In this second phase of his practice, Doshi sought to create an architectural idiom that was rooted in traditional Indian architecture and was justified by ancient architectural beliefs. He advocated for the use of indigenous technologies and traditional crafts. He even developed a representational technique that was based on traditional miniature paintings and increasingly resorted to speaking in mystical terms. Exemplary projects from the latter half of his practice include Sangath, his own office, and his plan for Vidhyadharnagar township, which was based on the concept of a mandala. Doshi's explanation for Bharat Diamond Bourse's form, 'The Legend of the Living Rock' is a fine example of how mystical his explanations had become by the early nineties.

Doshi contributed to architectural education by co-founding the School of Architecture in Ahmedabad in 1962 and leading it for a decade. This school drew in many practicing architects to teach. Doshi's inspiring influence, as well as incongruity with alternative architectural and pedagogic visions held by other stalwarts at the school such as Bernard Kohn, Rasu Vakil, Hasmukh Patel and Anant Raje ensured that over the years, the school evolved to become a vibrant center of architectural education and thinking. In the early seventies, Doshi collaborated with Christopher Benninger to establish the School of Planning. This school also became an important center for planning education in India. Sixty years later, both schools are now part of CEPT University and continue to be beacons of architectural and planning education in the country.

Doshi was conferred a vast array of awards, during the period he was practicing and well thereafter. The most important ones were: the Padma Shri (1976), IIA's Babu Rao Mhatre Gold Medal (1988), Honorary Doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania (1990), Aga Khan Award for Architecture (1995), The Global Award for Sustainable Architecture (2007), Officer of the Order of Arts and Letters (2011), Dhirubhai Thakar Savyasachi Saraswat Award (2017), the Pritzker Prize (2018), the Padma Bhushan (2020), RIBA's Royal Gold Medal (2022) the Padma Vibhushan (2023 – posthumous). He also received much devotion and love from those who were captivated by his mesmeric charm and charismatic personality. Doshi's work and influence are, however, far too important to only be accorded accolades and fawning adulation. I hope that they receive the serious, critical, and analytical assessment that they genuinely deserve.

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BALKRISHNA DOSHI: THE MASTERY OF WONDER

Prem Chandavarkar
25 January 2023

My world was shaken on the morning of 24th January 2023 on hearing of the passing of Balkrishna Doshi, Indian master architect, Pritzker Laureate, and someone who has influenced me greatly, first from a distance, and then through knowing him personally as a mentor and friend over the last four decades.

The first time I encountered him in the flesh was in the mid-1970's when I was an undergraduate student of architecture at School of Planning and Architecture in New Delhi and attended a lecture he delivered there. His reputation had preceded him. We

knew he had begun his own practice in Ahmedabad in the mid-1950's, and we entered the lecture hall that day as members of a generation of Indian architects who would follow in the footsteps of his generation, acknowledging him as one of the trailblazers shaping the architecture that would define India's independence and modernity. We knew his professional career had begun with an adventurous move to Paris in 1951 to work in the atelier of Le Corbusier, that master of 20th century modern architecture, knowing nobody in that city while being a vegetarian who spoke no French. Yet he flourished, so when he returned to

Ahmedabad, Corbusier trusted him to oversee the execution of four projects there. We knew Doshi as more than a pioneering architect, being an educator and institution builder, having established the Centre for Environmental Planning and Technology (CEPT) in Ahmedabad as an internationally recognised site of excellence for innovative education and thought on architecture and urban planning.

In the lecture that day, which I still remember vividly, he presented two housing projects he had recently completed, both for public sector townships, as well as the first building

of the CEPT campus. I was struck by the idealism and skill with which he deployed architecture to offer possibility and promise to its culture of inhabitation, while simultaneously seeking integrity with site and climate. Before that lecture, the only projects of Doshi I had known were the Institute of Indology and Tagore Memorial Hall, both projects in a Corbusian idiom of exposed concrete and expressive form. Corbusier's Capitol Complex in Chandigarh, built in the late 50's and early 60's, had been a major influence on Indian architecture of the time, whose torchbearers had adopted it as the idiom of Indian modernism, a phase that continued until the mid to late 1970's, and I had imagined Doshi to be in the same league. That day, I realised that although Doshi had a personal equation with Corbusier far closer than any of his peers, he was one of the first to change course after an early adoption of that idiom to adopt an architecture that emphasised space over form, focused on inhabitation over expression, seeking to be timeless rather than symbolising the spirit of a time.

In the late 1970's, this approach evolved to reach one of its most iconic expressions in the Academic Complex of Indian Institute of Management Bangalore (IIMB), an architecture inspired by precedents from history such as Fatehpur Sikri, an architecture meant to dissolve into its landscape, where interior experience took precedence over external appraisal offering a rich weave of light, scale, vista, and texture. Spatial emphasis evolved in later work in a transcendental quest to dematerialise the physicality of architecture through strategies of burial, seen in projects such as Sangath (where Doshi's practice was based), Amdavad ni Gufa (an underground juxtaposition of the architecture of Doshi and the art of M.F. Hussain), and the academic building for the National Institute of Fashion Technology. Aranya, a social housing project for the urban poor in Indore, broke away from the norm of an architect specifying and delivering a completed product to offer a material

and spatial framework by which people could adapt their homes over time so that the housing could reflect the lives and aspirations being lived within it. I never had the opportunity to ask Doshi if he had read the philosophy of Martin Heidegger, but his architectural odyssey epitomised Heidegger's definition of authentic dwelling as that which gathers the fourfold of earth, sky, mortals, and divinities.

Admiration for Doshi's architecture took on a different dimension once I had the opportunity to know Doshi the person. My first close encounter was in the early 1980's when he visited Philadelphia to lecture at the University of Pennsylvania. My wife had recently graduated from that university and I, after graduating from another university, had recently joined her there. We invited Doshi to our home for dinner, and he readily accepted the invitation despite him being an internationally acknowledged master and my wife and I being fledgling architects. It was the second time he was doing this as on a visit a year earlier, before I arrived in Philadelphia, he had accepted an invitation from my wife. When he was in our home, he was spontaneously and disarmingly indifferent to differences in age or magnitude of achievement for he came with a sole agenda, one he lived every moment of his life, to enjoy himself. We laughed together, he shared his thoughts and experiences, he quizzed us on our beliefs and lives, and a good time was had by all.

Over the years, as I got to know him better, I learned this was his mode of discovery: to seize the day with open-eyed wonder, enthusiasm, and affection, soaking in all he saw as fodder for consequent reflection and creativity. He never went anywhere without a small spiral-bound notebook in his pocket in which he frequently documented thoughts and sketches. Whenever he attended a lecture, whether it was being given by a young architect or another master, he would listen attentively, taking copious notes.

In the 1980's, a group of architects had formed in Bangalore, each having their

own practice but meeting frequently to discuss architecture, share photographs of travel, travel together, and learn from each other. The group came to identify itself by the acronym 'BASE,' and I became a member of this group on returning to Bangalore in 1986. Doshi would visit the city frequently in those days as construction was ongoing at the IIMB site. He would reach out on every visit, and at least one evening of his stay would be spent with the BASE group talking, sharing, collectively thinking. We felt privileged to receive attention from this great architect, only to find that his enthusiasm for discovery would often leave us in the shade. One late night after dinner, we were escorting him to where he was staying and passed by the construction site of a corporate office building, a striking modernist building with an enveloping screen wall of bush-hammered concrete, a material expression being seen for the first time in India. Doshi was curious to see it and asked that the car be stopped so he could get down for a closer look. We accompanied him, peeping politely over the compound wall, only to find that Doshi, far senior to most of us, had climbed on top of a section of the wall for his curiosity to learn demanded he get the best view possible.

This energetic zest for life continued throughout his life. In 2011, when he was in his mid-80's, he came to Bangalore for a launch of his book "Paths Uncharted." We had the privilege of hosting him for that visit in our home in North Bangalore. The day after the book launch was a packed one. He started the day with a visit to a building in Central Bangalore designed by a former student. From there, he went on to catch up on developments at IIMB in South Bangalore, wandering around the expansive campus, and climbing the stairs to the top of the 30-metre-tall water tank tower to get an overview. From there, he visited Ranga Shankara, a vibrant space for theatre and theatre lovers that had opened a few years earlier, exploring the whole facility, including climbing onto the catwalk above the stage. He ended the day at a dinner in East Bangalore

hosted in his honour. Returning home at close to midnight, he finally admitted to feeling “a little tired.” Of considerable significance is the fact that Kamala Doshi, his wife since 1955, kept pace with him through the day, and he was transparent on how her companionship was crucial to his being.

Perhaps, it is an incident in the mid-1980’s that reveals the essence of the person Doshi was. My mother was a member of a trust that had started a new school, Doshi dropped by to meet her and see the school, and she escorted him around it. Being a new school, it only had students from kindergarten to Standard 6. Describing his visit, my mother said she had taken many adults on tours of the school, but Doshi was the only one who considered it necessary to know the place from the child’s perspective. He visited every room, and in each room, he sat in a chair meant for little children and inhaled the aura of the room. This reveals two facets of his core. First, in every experience, you must discard convention and expectation to spontaneously seek empathy with its intrinsic authenticity. Second, the child you once were must never go away for if you lose that child, you lose the capacity for wonder.

Doshi was one of those rare individuals who retained the innocence of childhood, and one must not equate this innocence with naivete. Rather, it is the absence of preconditions so that you revel in your experiences in the world in the pure essence of their being, opening yourself to the wonder of what they offer you. He did not fall into the trap that captures so many of us, where we cross a threshold into adulthood by allowing expectation and desire to shape us into a shield of artifice, where we define learning and accomplishment by how others certify our sophistication rather than measuring it by the joy of wonder we experience.

Joseph Campbell, the famous scholar of myth, said that we make a mistake thinking we seek the meaning of life for what we truly seek is the rapture of

being alive; feeling that rapture when we learn to discern in the world around us echoes of our innermost being. Doshi was a living embodiment of Campbell’s assertion. He taught me to escape the prison of esoteric theory and to eschew the temptations of temporal fashion. He showed us that if architecture is to have any value it must echo the inner being of its inhabitants, and that to get to know this one must look within. He demonstrated that teaching is not

about offering pearls of wisdom for it depends more on how successfully you infect others with your passion, values, and commitment. He lived the aphorism of the Isha Upanishad, “Let go and rejoice!” His life manifested that the adult is not differentiated from the child by worldly sophistication but by the degree of rigour acquired in exploring how to be a good human being, a rigour that leads to the mastery of wonder.

This article was first published in 'The Wire' on 25 January 2023





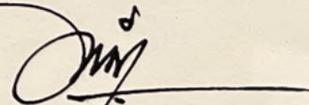
Dear Doshi Kaka

*In 1981 I arrived in Ahmedabad
to study Architecture.*

*To this day I continue to return,
to learn about Life.*

Your Wisdom is Ageless.

Blessed to have You.

Dear Salil 
It is only love that
percolates in our veins
So is life + Architecture
Best wishes + Thanks
Salil 18.1.27



SALIL RANADIVE

ON DOSHI

Salil Ranadive
30 January 2023

Doshi kaka

What a glorious life!

*Work that touched the senses
And Teaching that ignited scores of minds
To the Joy of Life. And of Architecture.*

*Blessed to have lived during his time,
And to have been able to
Engage with him through the decades.*

The first time I saw him was in 1981 - during the course of the Entrance Exam at the School of Architecture Ahmedabad. At the time various Tests were held over 2-3 days, and original 1000-odd

candidates were pruned- down in halves at every stage, culminating in personal interviews of about 70, of which a final 35 were granted admission.

What an ego-boost for an 18-year-old

that was! It was akin to getting a seat at an IIT of one's pick, for a subject or program of one's singular desire. For an ardent Bombay-ite, educated at its 'fancy' schools and colleges, and with secured seats at

both of Bombay's premier architectural colleges, this change of heart was unexpected.

But during just my short stay during the Entrance Exam - I was already mesmerised by the CEPT Campus. 'Raw' brick & concrete buildings (I was yet to learn the proper term : exposed brick!), truly 'open' spaces, where studios were connected by free-wall-less passages, overlooked one-another, light streaming from quasi-industrial glare-free North-Lights, rolling lawns connected through an open basement and shallow stretched steps, monumental darwazas that pivoted closed to become walls, clean open balconies, no gates, no bells to mark the beginning or the end of class, freedom to arrange and re-arrange desks, the inescapable rhythm of the monumental brick walls with the freedom to create and re-interpret spaces within and around them. Classes on the lawns, or under an experimental geodesic dome, a full-fledged Workshop, a dhaba-like open canteen under a great Neem tree - a school of Architecture, along with a school of Planning, a Center for Arts, a Science Center - all open and with full access across 24x7x365 - this was 'Junnat', an Ashram, a Gurukul, a Jyanbharthi, all-in-one.

Then there was this array of highly-charged minds under whom one studied : Doshi, Raje, Leo Perriera, Rabin Vasavada, Hasmukh Patel, KB Jain, Karula Varkey, Meena Jain, Miki Desai, Ravi Hazra, Piraji Sagara, MC Gujjar, Meena Jain, Dinesh Mehta, Meera Mehta, CB Shah, RJ Shah, Pannubhai Bhat, Neelkanth Chayya and a constant stream of stalwarts visiting or passing-through: Sen Kapadia, Shankho Chatterji, Badal Sarkar, Mrinalini Sarabhai, Kamal Mangaldas, Uttam Jain, Kamu Iyer, Ketan Mehta, Bernard Kohn, Frei Otto, Walter Nietche, William Curtis.

And of course there was this virtually hand-picked selection of the best-of-the best group of a mere 150-odd students across the 10-semester program. They were representative of a slice of the true India. From across

geographies, across demographics, across income-groups, these are vibrant young minds from all manner of backgrounds, means, languages, interpersonal skills. But what bound us all was the inherent urge to explore space and time - each, unknowingly, in their own individualistic way, to question, to create, to explore, to find new ways to upset the known and set new paradigms, to rebel, to think that nothing is impossible, to think big and to scale, to focus on to detail. To build, to set-up, to execute.

But the first lesson I learnt, when thrown into a class-full, nay, a school-full of such energies was to stay humble. Not to under-estimate anybody. To be constantly open to learn. Because one never knew where the next big idea, or the next epiphany would emerge from - and one never wanted to ever not be ready to receive that!

'Manthan' could be a term I'd use if I had to say how all the learning emerged. It was a churning, a reflection, an assimilation, introspection, an internalisation, an osmosis. It was a process of 'slow learning'. None of that boxed-education that is packaged and churned out for students to swing around the turnstiles in the shortest possible time. One was allowed, almost expected, to Grow here. To mature. Age was not a barrier to when one graduated, especially when there was a visible and sincere pursuit of knowledge and learning.

Doshi, and all the teachers were always accessible. Then in his mid-50s, having just completed the building of his magnificent studios Sangath, he was at the peak of his practice. Yet he was regularly at the campus, in the studios, at juries, at the canteen, ever so often with a venerable guest - to engage and interact with students. He wouldn't hesitate to pullout a 6B Shorty and call for rough tracings to sketch multiple overlays upon student's drawings to demonstrate and discuss possibilities that perhaps we never recognised, and recollect memories and impressions from our

individual lives and surroundings that we would otherwise take for granted. He would listen, and laugh, and famously tell his 'stories' - like a great sage of yore, sitting under the great neem (Bodhi ?!) tree. Imparting nuggets of insights and suggestions that suddenly switched on some light deep inside, and kept one charged for weeks - in vigorous pursuit of refining a design that one had been working on.

The subject of their tales were varied, and emerged from Doshi's own quests in seeking. Embedded in local Indian vernacular, they ranged from his joy for music: Indian classical and jazz, dance: their symbology, mudras, rhythm, narratives, grace, fluidity; Architectural and Design Heritage. A favourite was about the grace, beauty and versatility of unstitched fabric and how it is the crux of Indian clothes: sari, dhoti, turban, shawl, even as a cradle for infants. Another observed the difference in the way Indian food is served and eaten off a thali or the tenets of rhythm-based Indian Classical music - and the diversity, choices and configurations of experience that they simultaneously offer.

After I graduated, and eventually set up practise in Bombay the frequency of our interactions reduced to times when I visited Ahmedabad, or when we were at the same venue during a seminar, festival, or jury.

He was always interested in the work and projects I was engaged in, why I wasn't teaching more, my learnings, yoga and meditation, my 'grihashthram', my joys and happiness. And even if our meetings were infrequent, and spread over months or even years apart, the conversation continued from where we left off the previous time. He remembered, and he cared !

Our last conversation was after he turned a spritely 90, and soon after he had been conferred the Pritzker. Some of us who were part of the Alumni Association of the School of Architecture dropped by his magnificent house to congratulate him. The short visit for a cup of tea turned into a long conversation for almost two hours.

When we asked him what sees us needing to do for the school, he said, ... "go forth, go beyond Ahmedabad.

There are just a few of us here, but we must reach out across the length and breadth of India. There are now over 400 schools of architecture, and thousands of students. Interact with them, and their teachers. Strengthen them. Infuse them with the joy for Architecture.

Engage with the places you live in, the cities, towns, villages. Seek to better lives through their environments and habitats. Don't rest !"

Ever the teacher, the educationist, the institution builder.
Architect par excellence.

Ever the seeker.

I pay him my deepest respects
And pray
for the eternal Peace of his
enlightened soul.

Amen.





B V DOSHI - OUR TEACHER!

Sriram Ganapathi
02 February 2023

I did my undergraduate study in Architecture in the mid 1980's from University of Roorkee (now known as IIT Roorkee). I had never met or seen Doshi but all I wanted to do was to work with him. As soon as I finished my Thesis, I caught the next available train to Ahmedabad armed with my sheets of drawings. It was love-at-first-sight when I saw 'Sangath' - It was the most beautiful building I had ever seen! I reached early and was sitting and sketching on the amphitheatre when a kurta-clad man with longish hair walked along the path. He saw me and came up to me and saw what I was doing and suggested a different angle for the

sketch which framed the trees better. Only when I went into the office did I realise that he was Doshi! (Doshi Sir for me but I would refer to him as Doshi here)

Doshi has been a huge inspiration to generations of architects. The sheer joy and enthusiasm he would bring into his design was infectious. It was amazing how he would seamlessly weave a story in his work and infuse life into the narrative. His design discussions would be most engrossing - and we would throng the desk he would be sitting on and try and absorb every word he spoke. The analogies he would bring up, the little stories that

would emerge would seem distant from the design at hand but somehow at the end of the interaction things would all tie-up together and make sense. He would speak with the same ease and manner with a student intern as he would with his senior colleagues. He inspired a deep love of history and instilled pride in our 'Indian-ness'. He always spoke of simplicity in design but I always marvelled at how bold he was in his design thinking. The varied canvas of his works is simply awe-inspiring - the sheer sculptural beauty and fantastic detailing of the Institute of Indology, the magical spaces in CEPT where the outdoors and the indoors are seamlessly interwoven, 'Sangath' with its beautiful gardens, play of light, levels, volumes, surfaces and textures and so much more! We are truly honoured to have shared a lifetime with B V Doshi.



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