

MAXIMUM CITY: MUMBAI LOST AND FOUND

Mumbai appears to be a city of excesses and contrasts at every corner. From the central, touristic and reassuring neighbourhood of Colaba, to muslims areas, from Marina Drive and Chowpatty to the new modern neighbourhood of Bandra, where now the new generations of rich Indians, who are riding the wave of economic growth, enjoy to live. Signs of the fast change are everywhere: a branded bag sticks out of a sari, the beautiful face of Aishwarya Rai is looking at us from a huge poster, while we cross a peripheral area through its mega buildings indian style, the glittering and cheeky writing on the black back of a veiled woman. As a river, people flow to Haji Ali's mosque, in the meantime teenagers in t-shirt and jeans, running after the Bollywood dream, rehearsal the steps of their dance in Hanging Garden. The massive shopping malls and Porche car distributors meet with improvised colourful little temples of god Ganesh on street corners. On the seafront, in front of the mythic Taj Mal it happens to come across a toy seller who, at the end of his shift, absorbed and devotional, celebrates a puja to the abundance's goddess.

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Graphic designer and for ten years art director of Touring Club Italiano. I frequented and love photography before and after the coming of digital age. I like to look at the world through the lens, happy if my camera holds something precious. I practice and teach yoga and I believe that photography is a form of meditation too.
Second workshop with Shobha.