

Urban Eclipses
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For Antonella, who sees with me

*"I brought the slow pace of my hills into the accelerated pulse of concrete:
nothing but a trailing blur remains."*

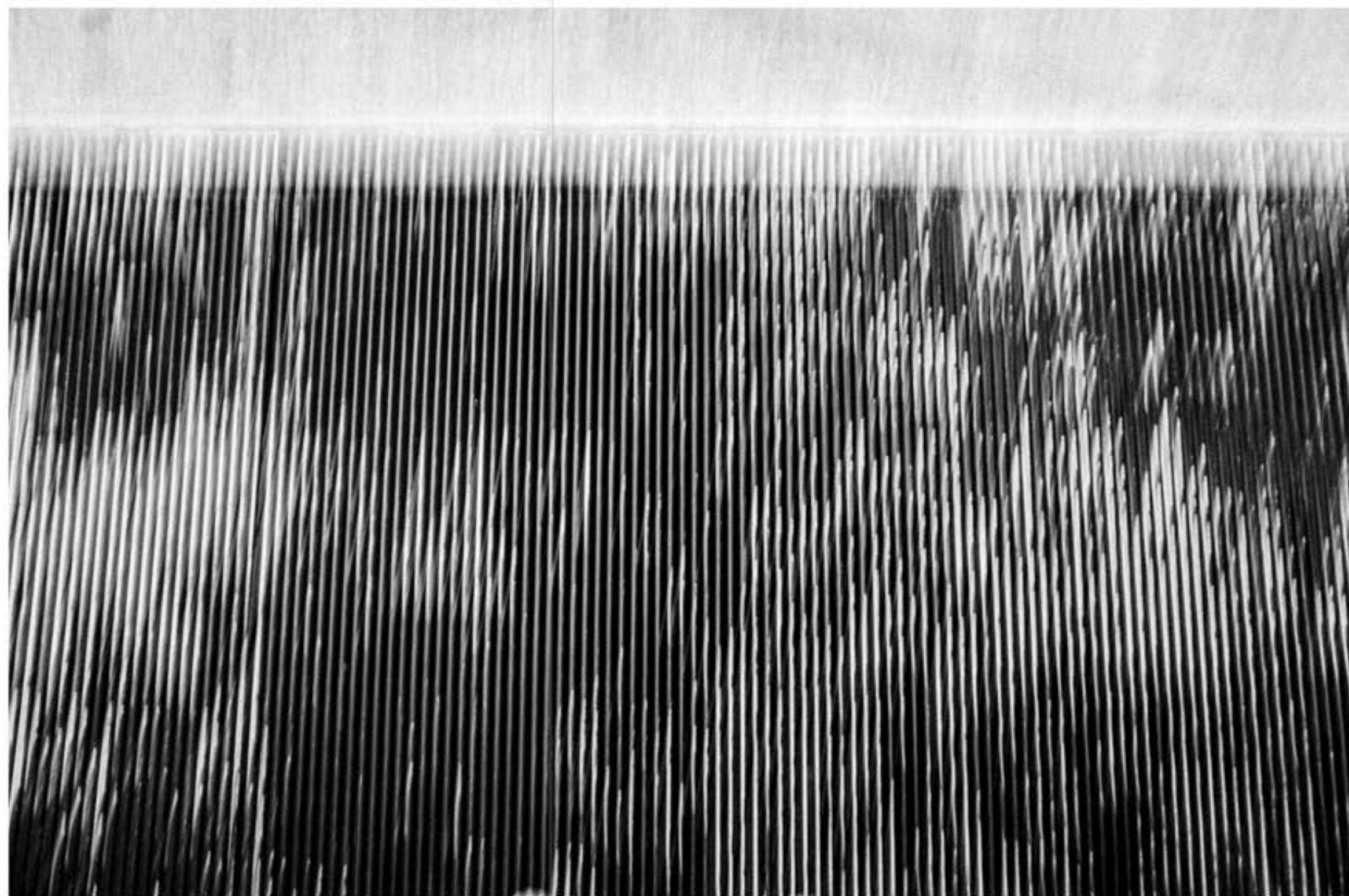
My daily life unfolds surrounded by the slow rhythms of the countryside, a landscape I truly call home and where I feel completely at peace. It's where I choose to be. The city, for me, is uncharted territory—an occasional detour I rarely take, one that simultaneously repels me and draws me in.

Whenever I venture into the maze of streets and buildings, a profound sense of disorientation sets in. I find myself completely at sea in the face of a frenzy that feels entirely foreign, and even more so when confronted by the cold detachment that subtly stands between people. I can't look at this geometric chaos with the detachment of a mere observer; my perception cracks, and the sense of isolation becomes almost physical.

I document this visual shipwreck through daytime images that reject sharpness to embrace unease. The city loses its footing and becomes a blur, a concrete ghost where shadows grow deep and alien, and daylight warps, reflecting my urgent need to break free.

In this context, the loss of form is not an exercise in style; it is the only honest language I have to visually translate the impact of a world whose rhythm goes over my head.

Even the air has right angles here.





The buildings measure the sky in stripes.









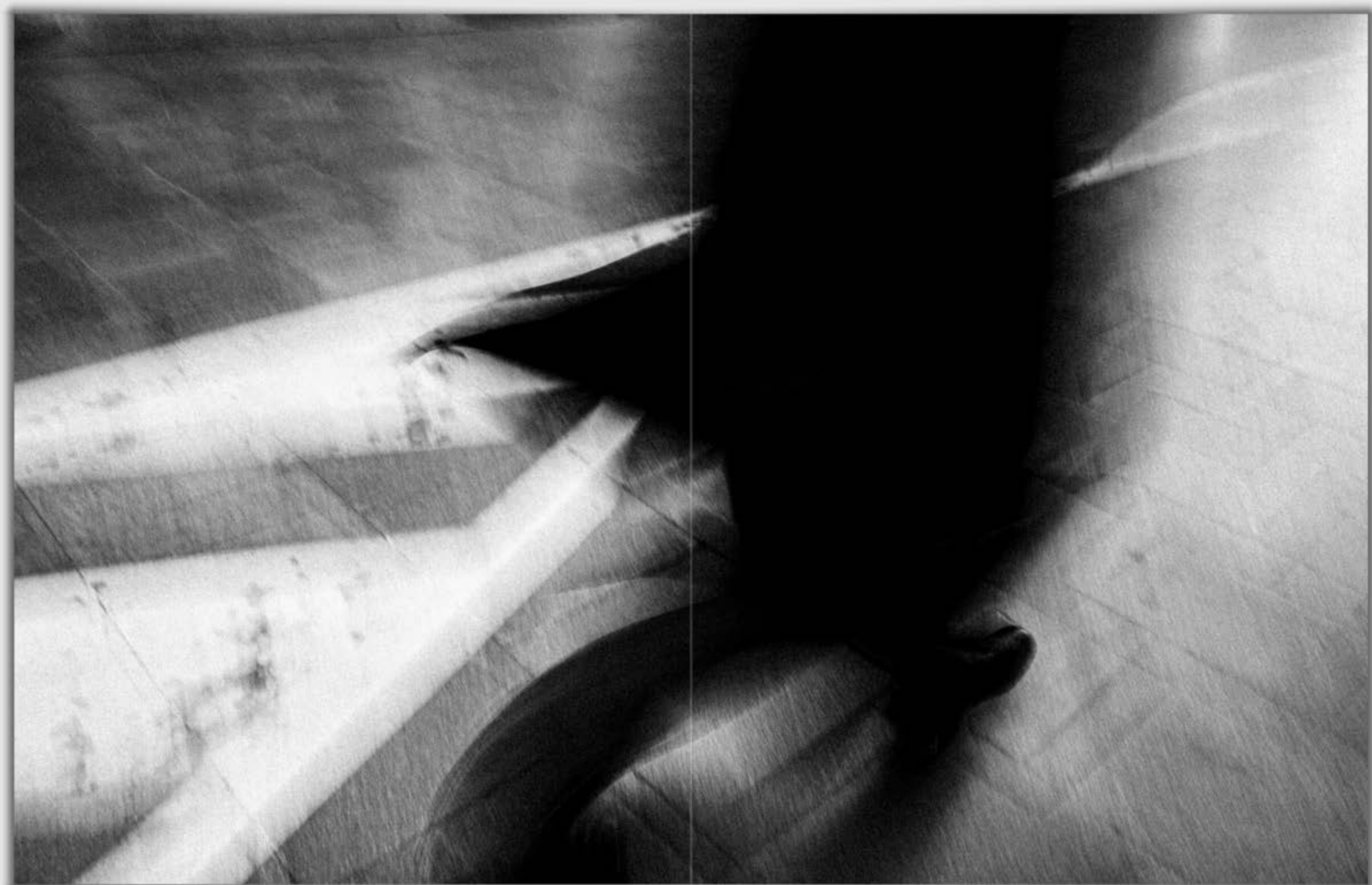
There are constant prompts designed to make us slow down, silent cries for help that we catch only out of the corner of our eye. Yet we choose to push forward, turning a deaf ear to every signal, because to stop and listen would mean admitting that we are all equally lost.





The earth here is a memory buried under a palm of stone.





There is a living memory desperately trying to resurface from beneath this sterile asphalt, a spontaneous echo still searching for its space. Yet the concrete swallows it whole, leaving it to exist only as a fleeting shadow trampled by the indifferent rush of footsteps, as the natural world steadily loses ground.









*I chase trajectories that aren't mine, moving at a pace that is completely at odds with who I am.
We are all caught up in the exact same disorientation, yet everyone handles it alone, reduced
to a fading shadow lost in the shuffle of a world that steadily erases us.*

There are invisible coordinates that claim to make our choices for us, rigid grids and forced directions dictating a predetermined path. Yet, the more I try to force my pace into these strict patterns, the more I lose my bearings, realizing that the only way to stand my ground is to accept being completely lost.















Even the sun, as it cuts through this concrete, ends up mimicking our cages. It reminds me that in this place, even daylight is a prisoner forbidden from wandering free, forced to move within a perimeter laid down by someone else.



Perspectives with nowhere to go, except upward.

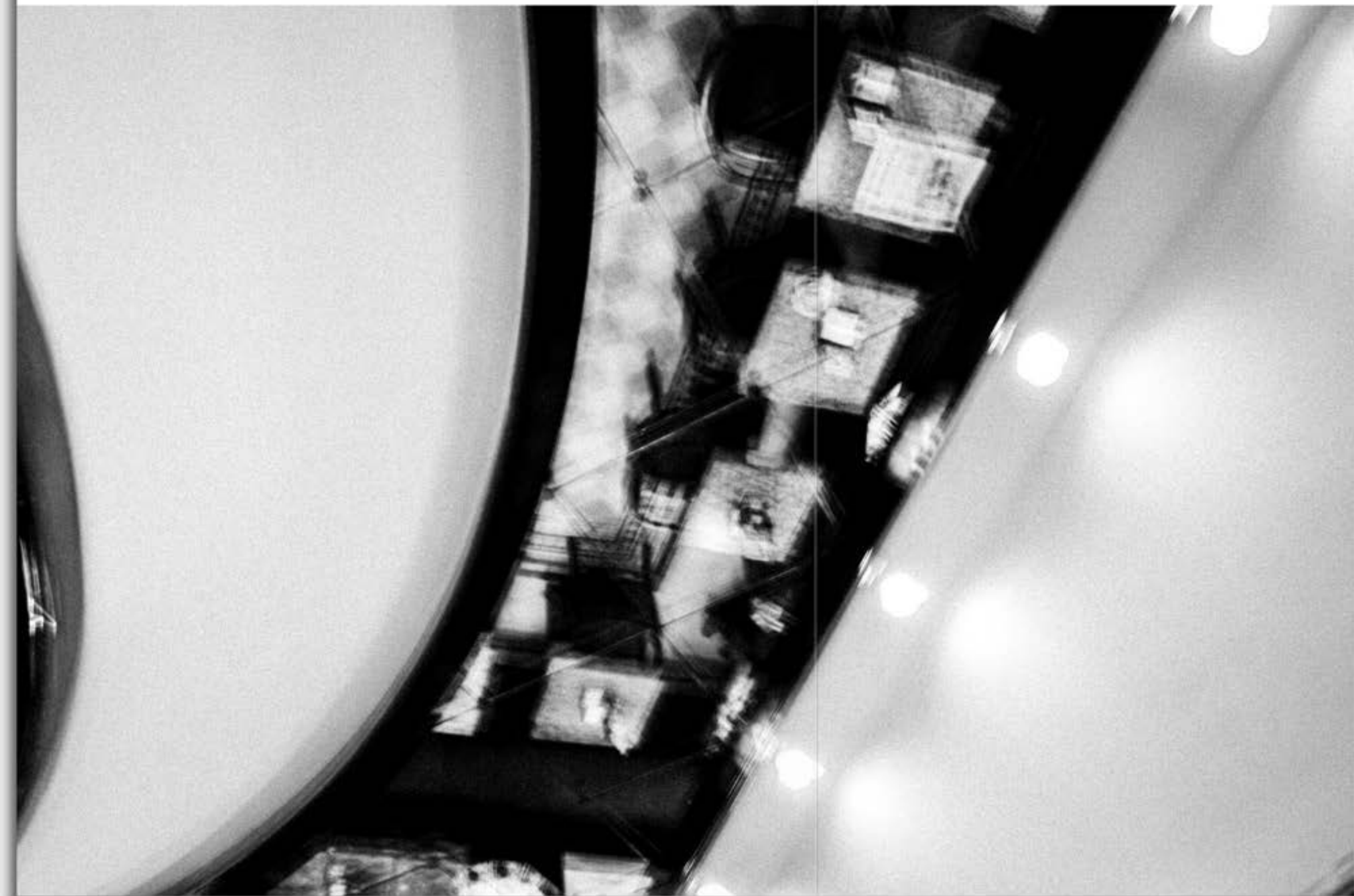




The sun beats straight down, but the shadows remain sharp.











We walk with our heads down and no longer even look each other in the face, reduced to shadows crossing paths without ever truly meeting. In this blind haste that erases everyone's identity, we have traded connection for indifference, forgetting that isolation does not protect us—it only makes us invisible to ourselves.









Spaces sliced in two, where even the closest presences seem to fade away behind an invisible screen. Nothing remains but the feeling of chasing a ghost—a figure turning their back on us and slipping away into the silence, leaving us to face our inner darkness once and for all.

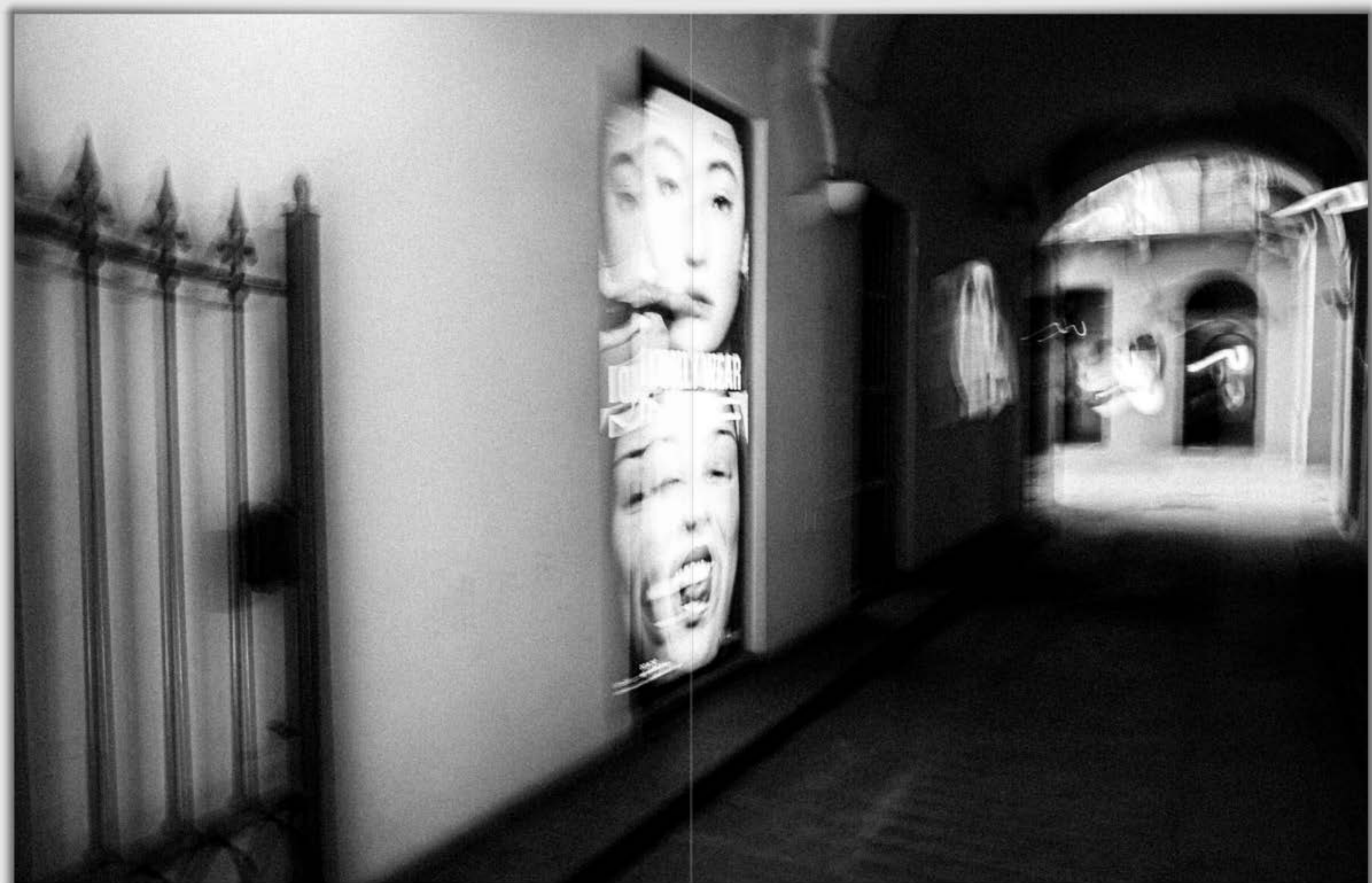






Sometimes the abyss doesn't hide in the dark, but disguises itself as light. It is a white void drawing us in, an upside-down chasm at the end of the corridor that we risk slipping into if we let our guard down.







We no longer give weight to words; we forget how powerful they truly are. We take them for granted, letting them blur into the city's background noise, never realizing that when language breaks down and loses its core, we are the ones losing our grip—left with nothing to hold onto in the void.





The urban space feels increasingly defaced, as if no one respects it anymore. We pile sign upon sign, visual scars overlapping in general indifference, turning the city walls into a mirror of a silent ferocity that consumes beauty and tramples any sense of belonging.



















In the end, nothing remains but blurred trails.

*We dissolve into this endless rush, having long since lost touch with the lightheartedness of our youth;
thus, we become the abstract extension of a city that consumed us in silence, leaving us to vanish into
thin air like shadows destined to fade.*



The city rushes on. I stop right here.