

Ruins capture the essence of human ambition and the relentless passage of time. In their fractured forms, we encounter a dialogue between creation and destruction, between what once was and what remains. These spaces, marked by weathered stones and crumbled archways, speak not of silence but of endurance, transformation, and the beauty of impermanence. The photographs in this collection are more than portrayals of ruin; they are invitations to explore the layered complexities of human civilization. Each site is a palimpsest, a canvas where history, memory, and imagination converge. The scars of age and erosion reveal time's dual role as both destroyer and creator, inspiring us to see ruins not as remnants of loss but as vibrant entities alive with possibility. Ruins transcend their material deterioration. Like Piranesi's engravings, they awaken visions of transformation and future imaginings. The interplay between destruction and renewal reminds us of humanity's fleeting ambitions and the inevitability of change. Each photograph invites you to read the textures of stone and shadow, to imagine the hands that built these spaces and the forces that reclaimed them. This book does not seek to preserve ruins in stasis but to celebrate their dynamic spirit. From ancient temples to abandoned industrial husks, these images reveal ruins as liminal spaces, bridges between past and present, erosion and rebirth. Let their fractured beauty inspire you to embrace the stories etched within and the infinite potential of what comes next.



ATLAS OF RUINS

VOL 1

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CONTENTS

Introduction 01
Echoes from the Past 15
War Wounds 49
Industrial Rust 71
Failed Modernity 101
God is Gone 129
Urbex 157
House of Dust 177
Nature Always Comes Back 199
Facades 229
The Game Is Over 251

Introduction

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Bathing in Light
Italy, 2018
Torie A Nguyen



Luminosity
Spain, 2024
María Belén Iliev



Echi di Luce Perduta
Italy, 2024
Studio Monaco Verzellesi



The Dwelling of Time
Italy, 2024
Jacopo Cohen



Africo
Italy, 2016
Alessandro Mallamaci

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—“Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

Percy Bysshe Shelley

