

MAXIMUM CITY: MUMBAI LOST AND FOUND

After twenty-four hours of airports, check-in and various controls on my arrival I should be destroyed, but the air of Mumbai me strangely charged ...

I go down the street, my eyes meet eyes with beggars, vendors ashish, women in saris, a crowd uncontrollable, and yet, paradoxically, in a stable equilibrium. A Marine Drive marriages are an explosion of color as in a film of bollywood, women are veiled and bejeweled, while near a woman in blue sari sea sleeps curled up on a concrete bench.

The beach is wide Chowpatty, full of men and women who bathe clothes to greet the sun going down, lying on the sidewalk, a young father Animal Law Past to his three children.

In the Muslim faithful an endless line of advance towards the Haji Ali mosque, while at the Dhobi Ghat, the laundry most 'famous in India surrounded by huge skyscrapers, a quiet man stretches out the clothes in the sun, in a corner of a happy baby sleeps cool bags of dirty clothes.

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I'm 23, I'm a student of the degree course in Industrial Design at the Faculty of Architecture in Palermo.

I work in photography almost always being the 'heir to a family that deals with photography for four generations.

I have attended many courses and seminars, where I studied photographic techniques and post-production. I won the workshop "Maximum City: Mumbai city of excesses" held by Shobha after presenting the best photographic portfolio in the previous workshop, "From the mud comes the lotus flower", always held by Shobha in Palermo.

The report and the Street life are two aspects of photography that have always interested me: to tell the world with your own eyes without pointing out its presence, take part in that instant, precise and clear, but with distant eyes and conscious.

Second workshop with Shobha.