

● Practicum Artium

● Graphic Design

● KABK 2021

Invisible Cities

The City Guide

Published in 1972, *Invisible Cities* by Italo Calvino is about the art of framing and storytelling. In this novel, a well travelled Marco Polo is summoned by emperor Kublai Khan to describe to him the state of his expanding empire. In this book Polo describes 55 cities to the Khan over the course of many nights, each more fantastical and characteristic than the other. In the end it is revealed that all the cities described by Polo are in fact inspired by Venice.

This zine is the result of an introductory course to graphic design, taught at the Royal Academy of The Hague (KABK) in collaboration with Leiden University.

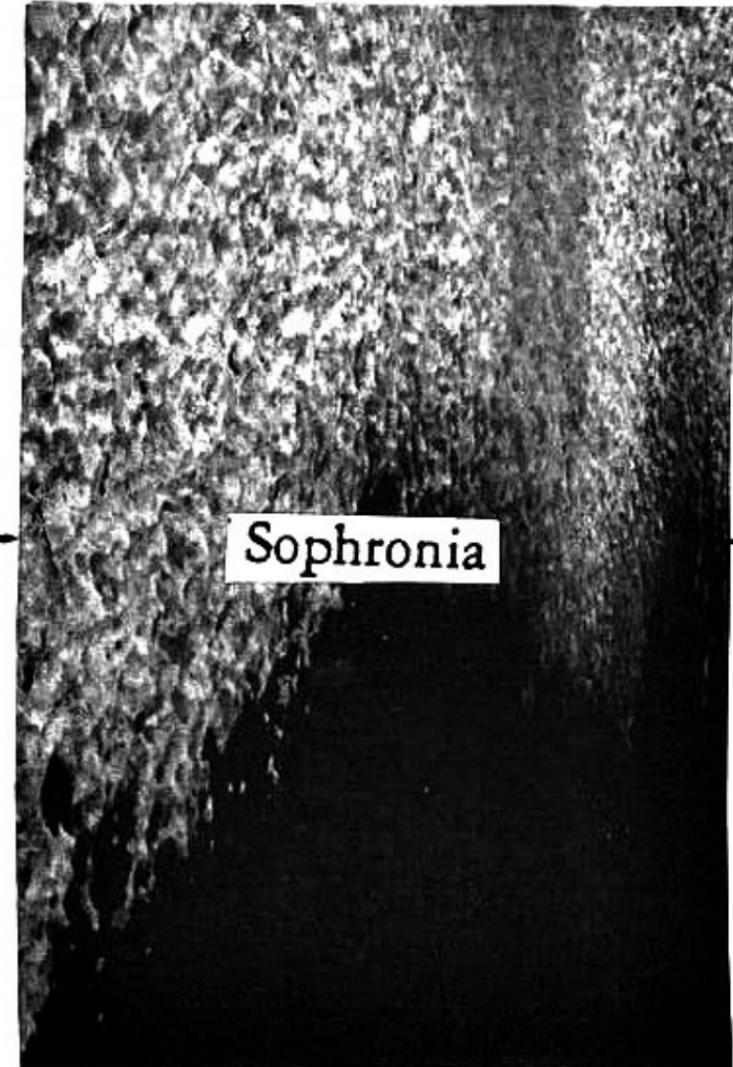
Being a graphic designer is not much unlike being a city tour guide. You need to know a city like the back of your hand before you can explain it to others. Where will you begin your tour and where will you end? What is the order of highlights you will guide your viewer in? What manner of speaking are you using to animate the tour? Are you a funny guide, a detailed guide, a matter of fact guide, a historically versed guide? In this assignment students were handed a city from 'Invisible Cities', and were invited to guide us through this city in 4 pages. What they chose to show us is their interpretation of the city in question and the visualisation of their intrigue.

We move through cities that are likened to the complex weave of tapestries, to the fragility and ingenuity of webbing, to illusionary globes that echo into eternity. We meet cities that are joined by paradoxes and oxymorons, cities that can only be read by peering through its architecture and cities teetering on the brink of their own annihilation.

We hope you enjoy your tour through our invisible cities.

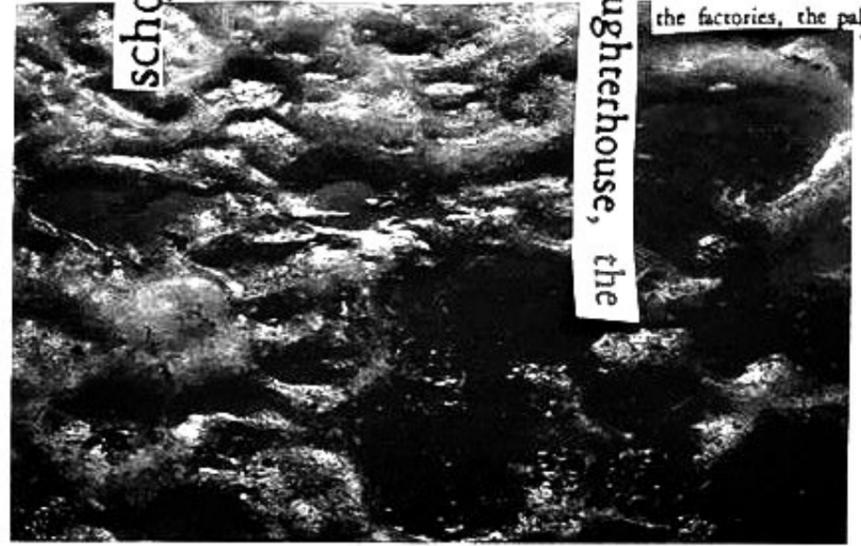
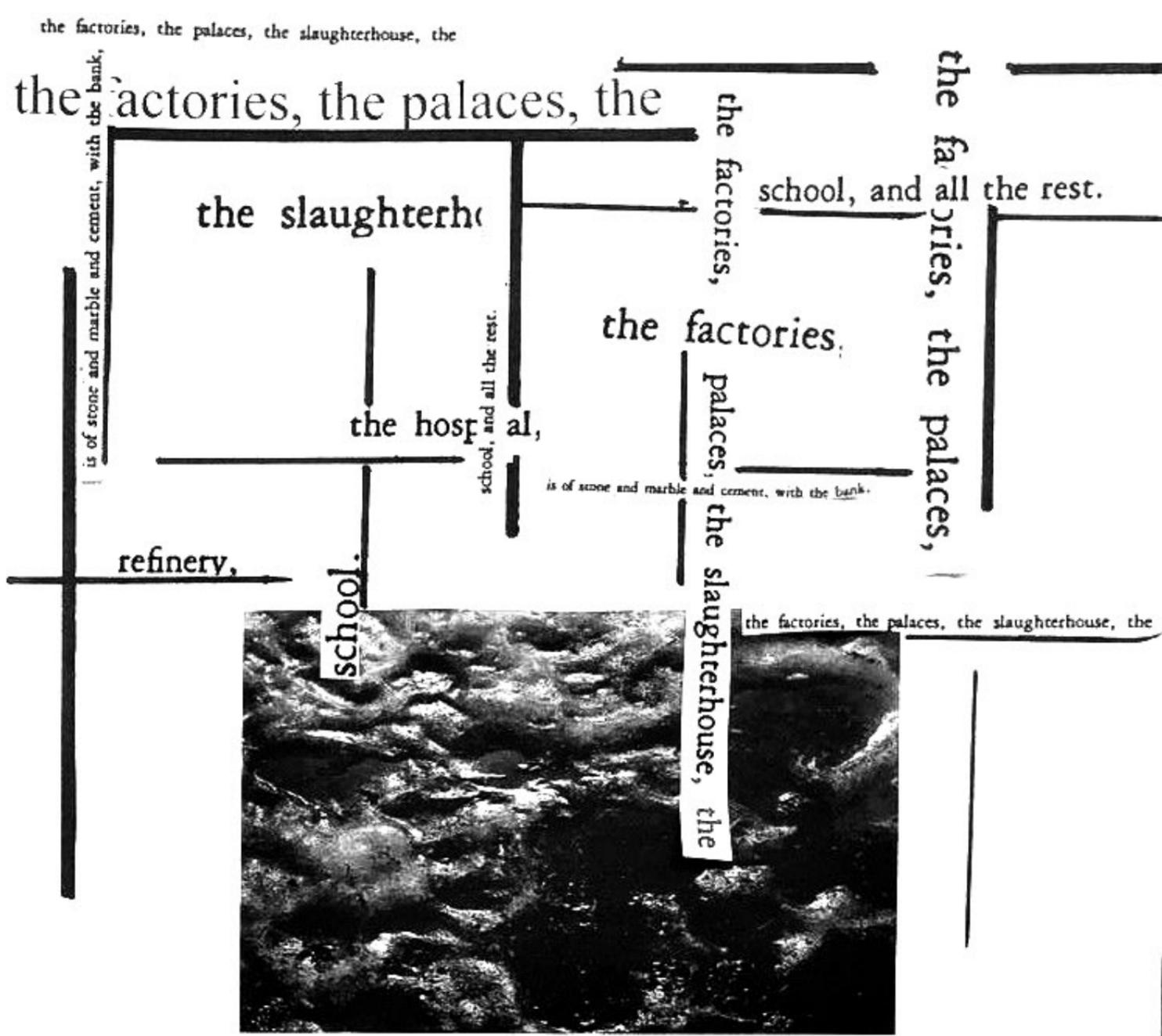
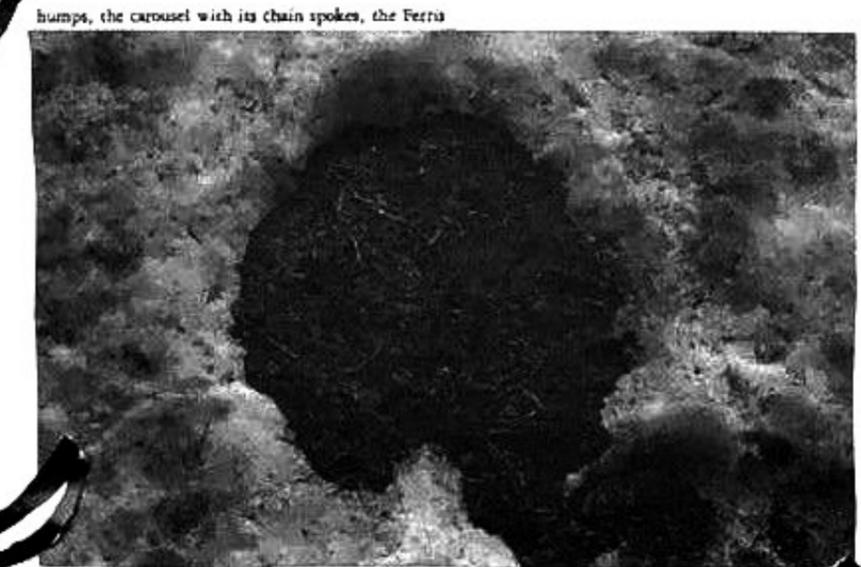
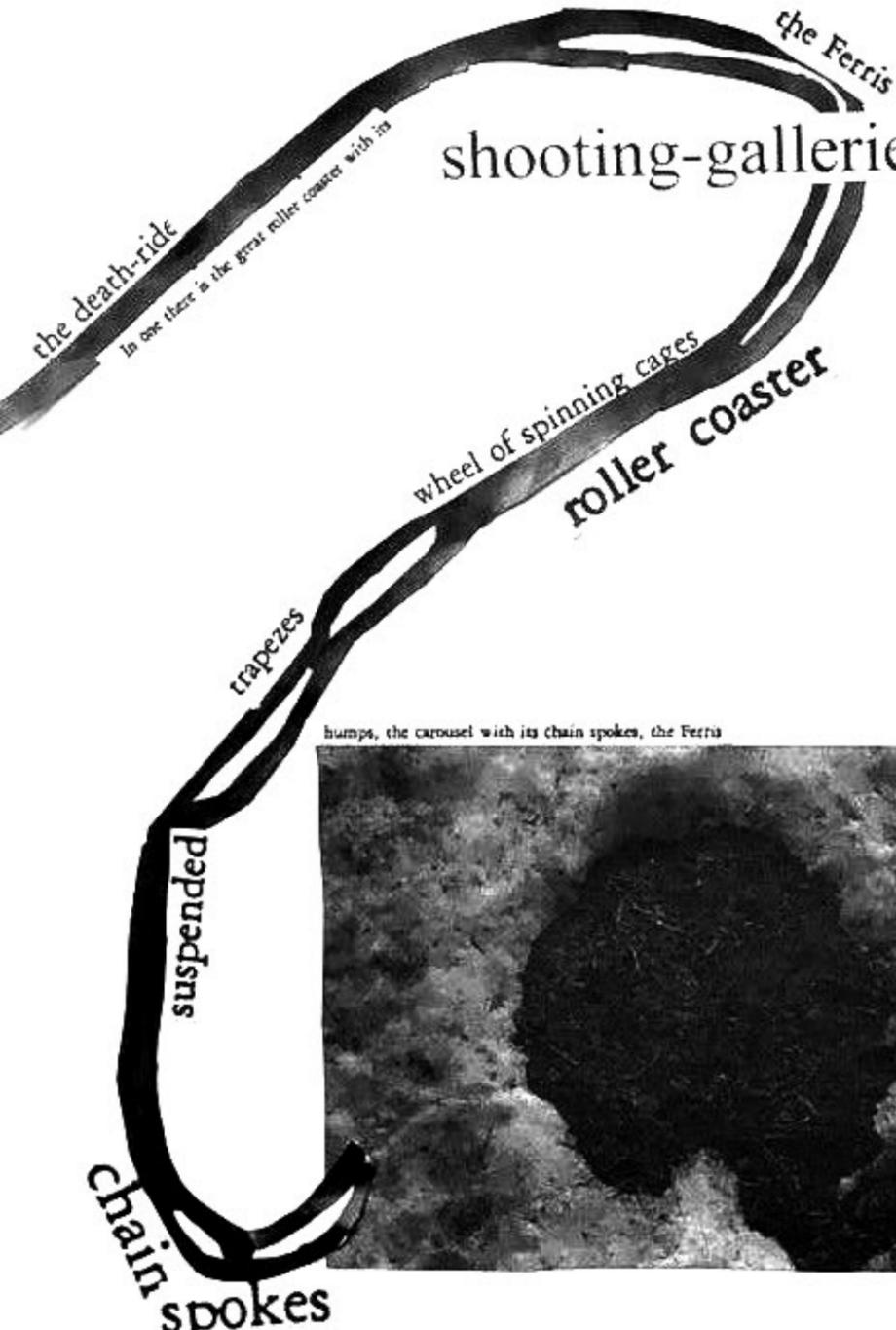
Yin Yin Wong (Tutor)	Jihae Cha
Chen Zhang	Mees van Rhijn
Felix Roos	Merel van Altena
Hedda Peters	Angelica Starnari
Emma Regeni	Simone Lammertink
Jana Dabelstein	Sitora Sayed

half-



Sophronia

cities



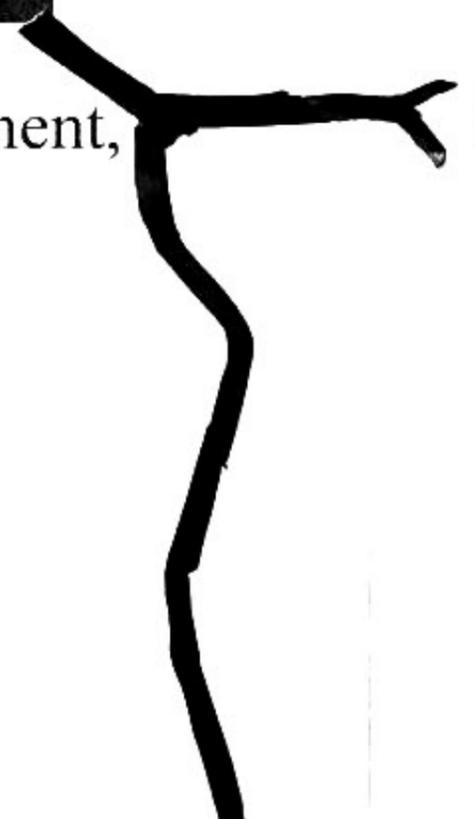
half-permanent, half-temporary

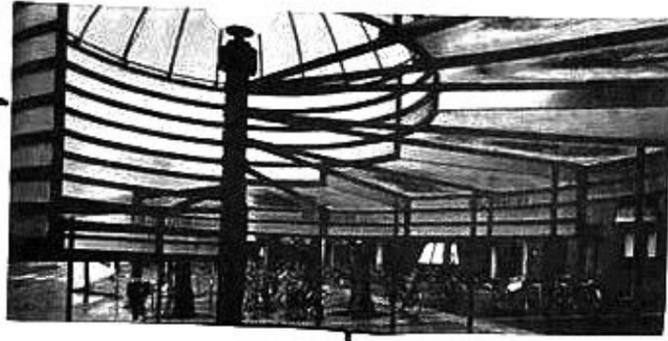
it begins to count

they uproot it,

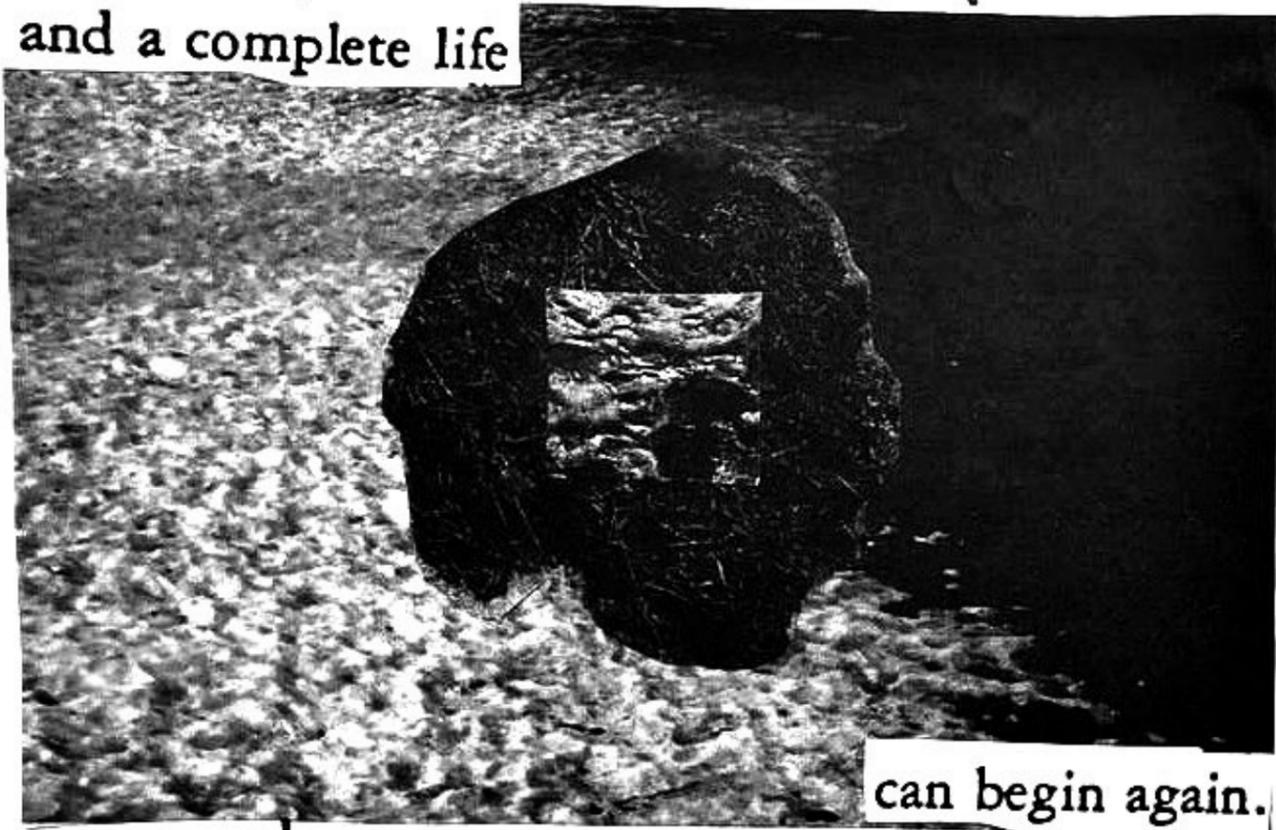
the months, the days

its sojourn is over,





and a complete life



can begin again.



Emma Regeni

Isaura

Isaura, city of the thousand wells, is said to rise over
a deep, subterranean lake.

On all sides, wherever the

inhabitants dig long vertical holes in the ground,

they succeed in drawing up water, as far as the city

extends,

Its green border repeats the

dark outline of the buried lake; an invisible land-

scape conditions the visible one; everything that

moves in the sunlight

is driven

by the lapping wave

enclosed beneath the rock's calcareous sky.



CITY OF TAMARA — mees van Rhijn

You walk for days among trees and among stones, rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing: a print in the sand indicates the tiger's passage; a marsh announces a vein of water; the hibiscus flower, the end of winter.

Finally the journey leads to the city of Tamara. You penetrate it along streets thick with signboards jutting from the walls. *The eye does not see things but images of things that mean other things.*

Isaura, a city that moves entirely

s

d

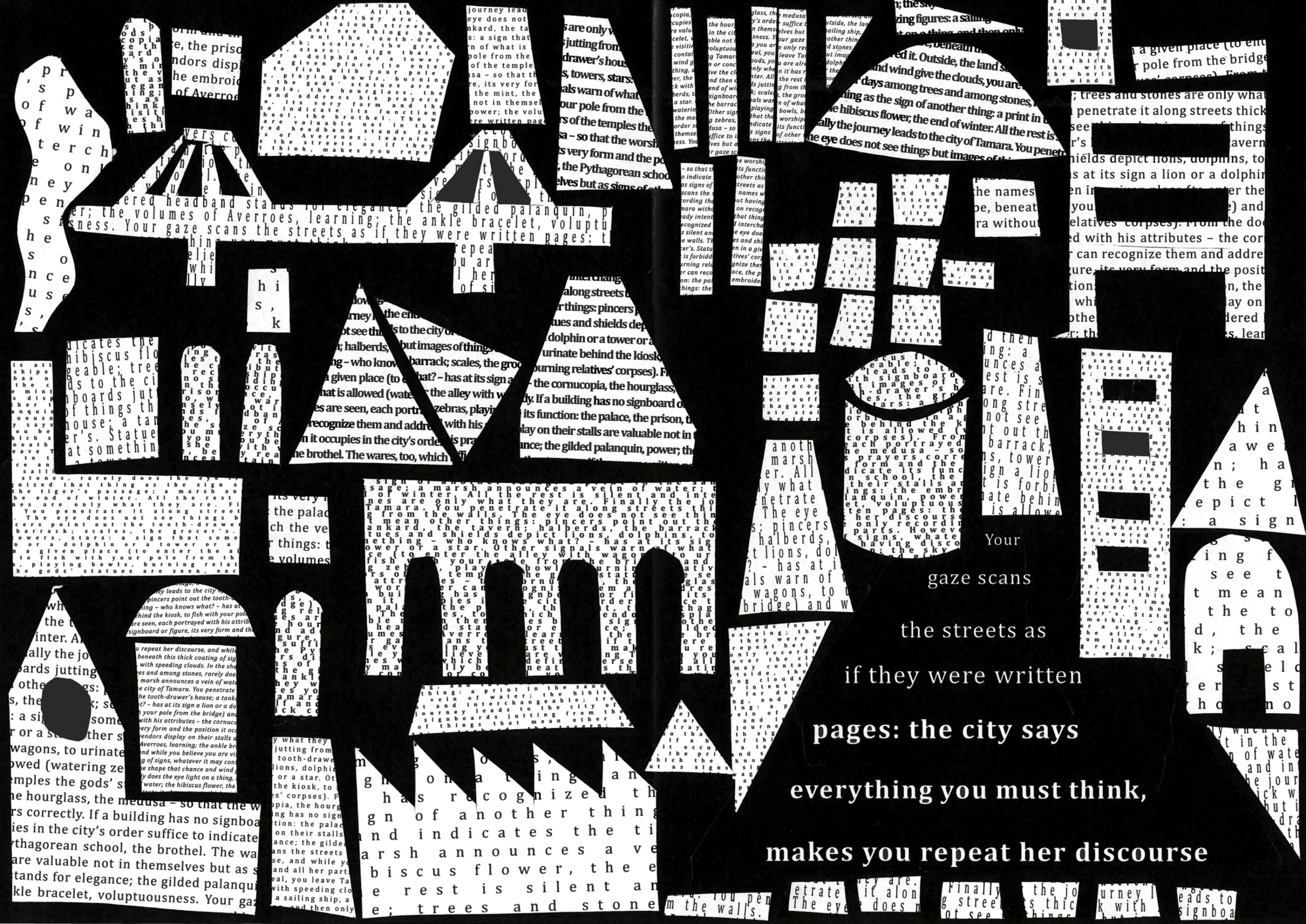
r

a

w

p

u



the prison
dors disp
he embroi
of Averro

the gilded palanquin, p
the volumes of Averroes, learning; the ankle bracelet, voluptu
ness. Your gaze scans the streets as if they were written pages: t

the hibiscus flo
geable; tree
to the ci
boards jut
of things th
house; a tan
er's. Statue
at somethin

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse

the streets as
if they were written
pages: the city says
everything you must think,
makes you repeat her discourse



However the city
may really be,
beneath this thick coating
of signs,
whatever it may contain or conceal,
you leave Tamara
without having discovered it.

Outside,
the land stretches,
empty,
to the horizon;
the sky opens,
with speeding clouds.

In
the shape that
chance and wind
give
the clouds,
you are already intent on
recognizing figures:
a sailing ship,
a hand,
an elephant...

Jana Dabelstein

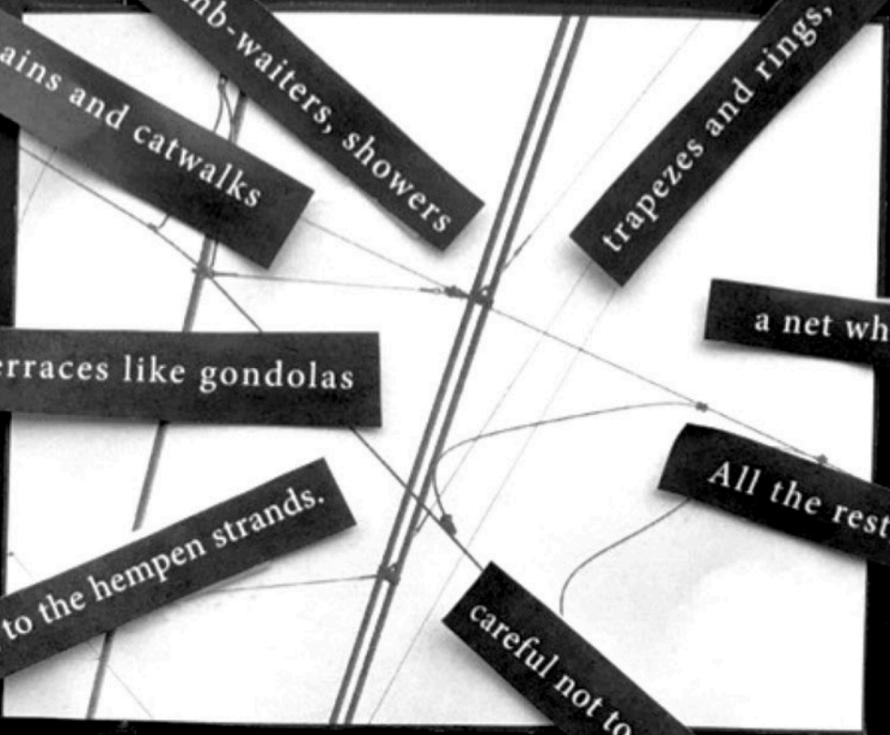


Octavia

the city is over a void, bound to the two crests with ropes and chains and catwalks

skins of water, gas jets, spits, baskets on strings, dumb-waiters, showers

trapezes and rings, cable cars, chandeliers, pots with trailing plants



rope ladders, hammocks, houses made like sacks, clothes hangers, terraces like gondolas

a net which serves as passage and as support

All the rest, instead of rising up, is hung below

You walk on the little wooden ties, careful not to set your foot in the open spaces, or you cling to the hempen strands.

careful not to set your foot in the open spaces, or you cling to haempen strands

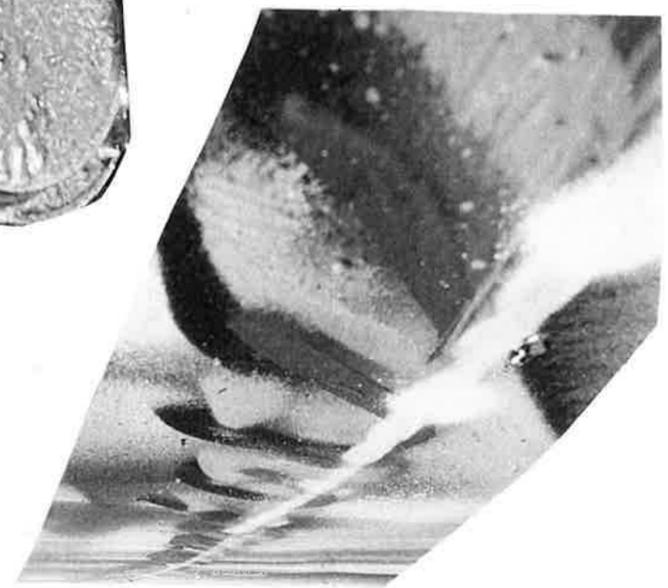
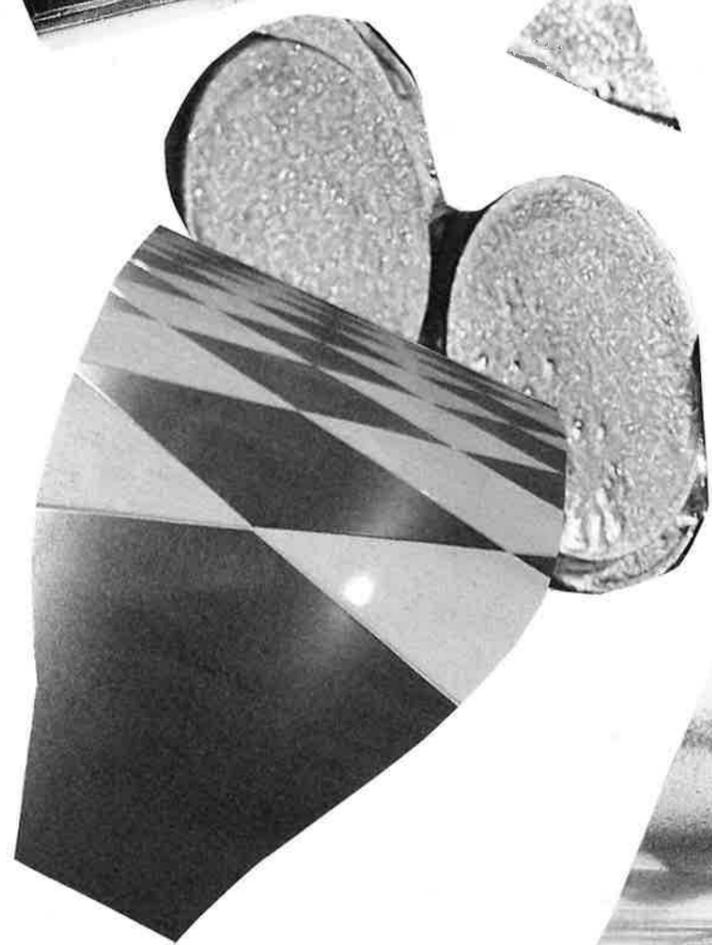
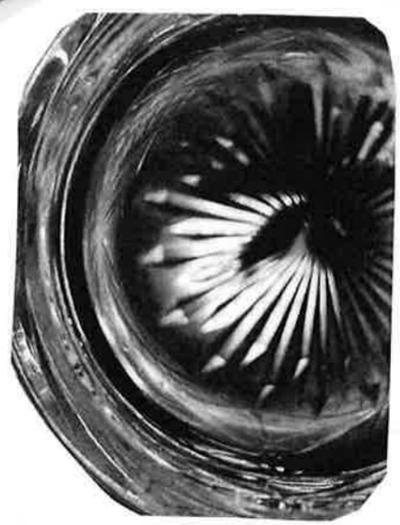
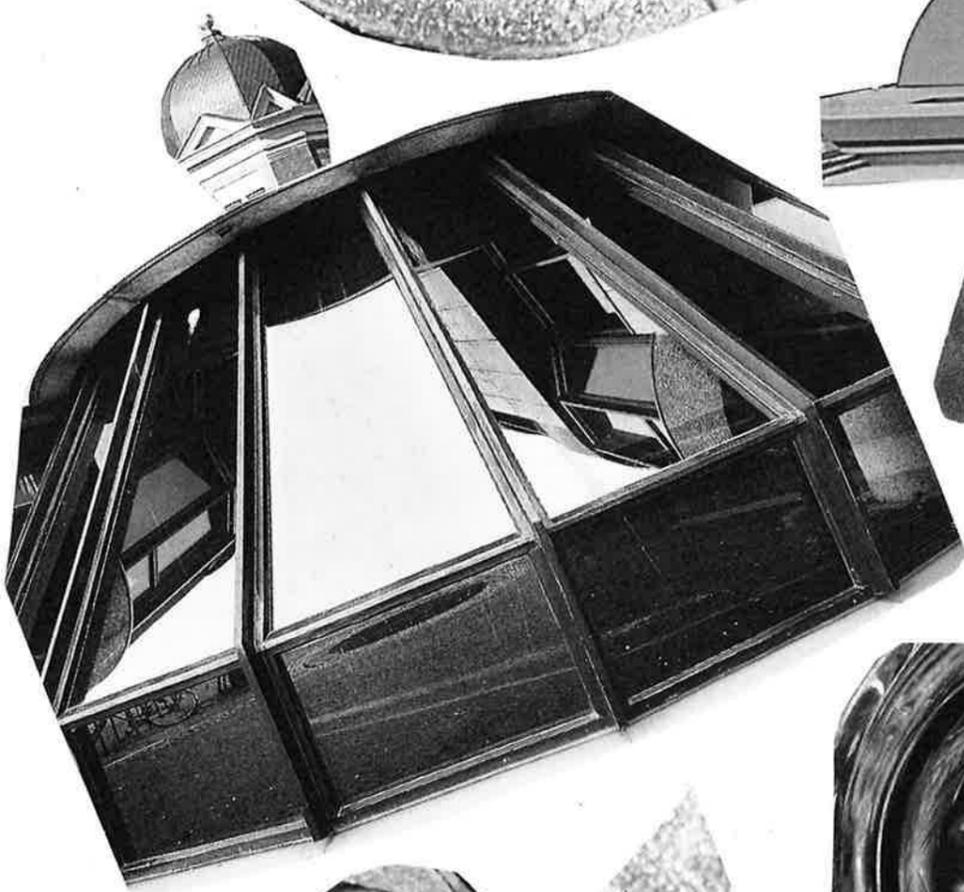
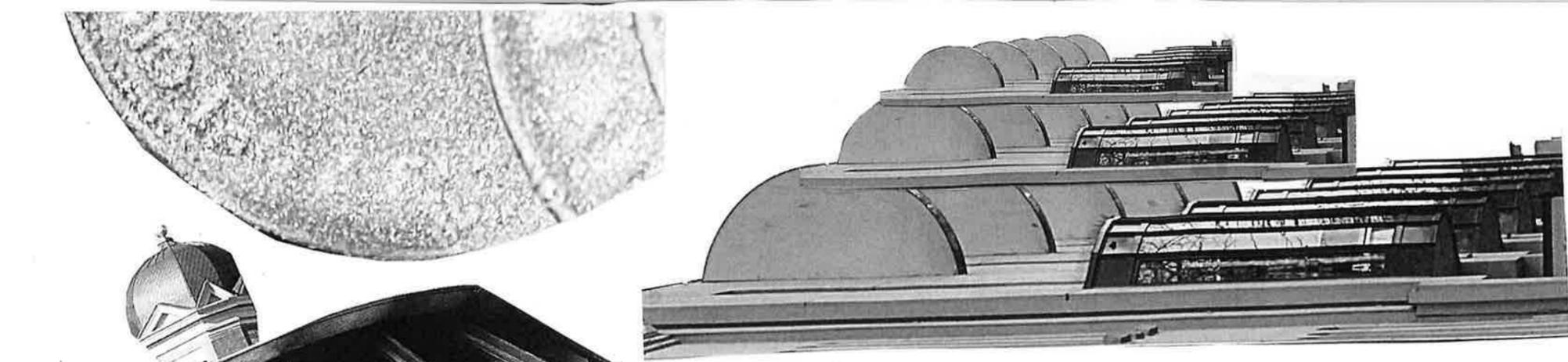


Suspended over the abyss,

the life of Octavia's inhabitants is
less uncertain than in other cities.

Diomira
Diomira





Memory

Memd

Mem

Me

Diomira

Dio

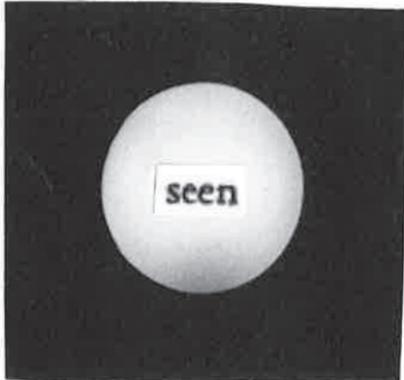
mira,

gods,

look

envy cries ooh!

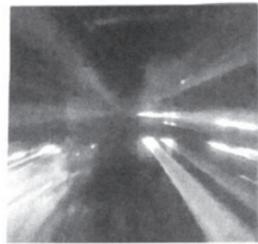
is that he feels



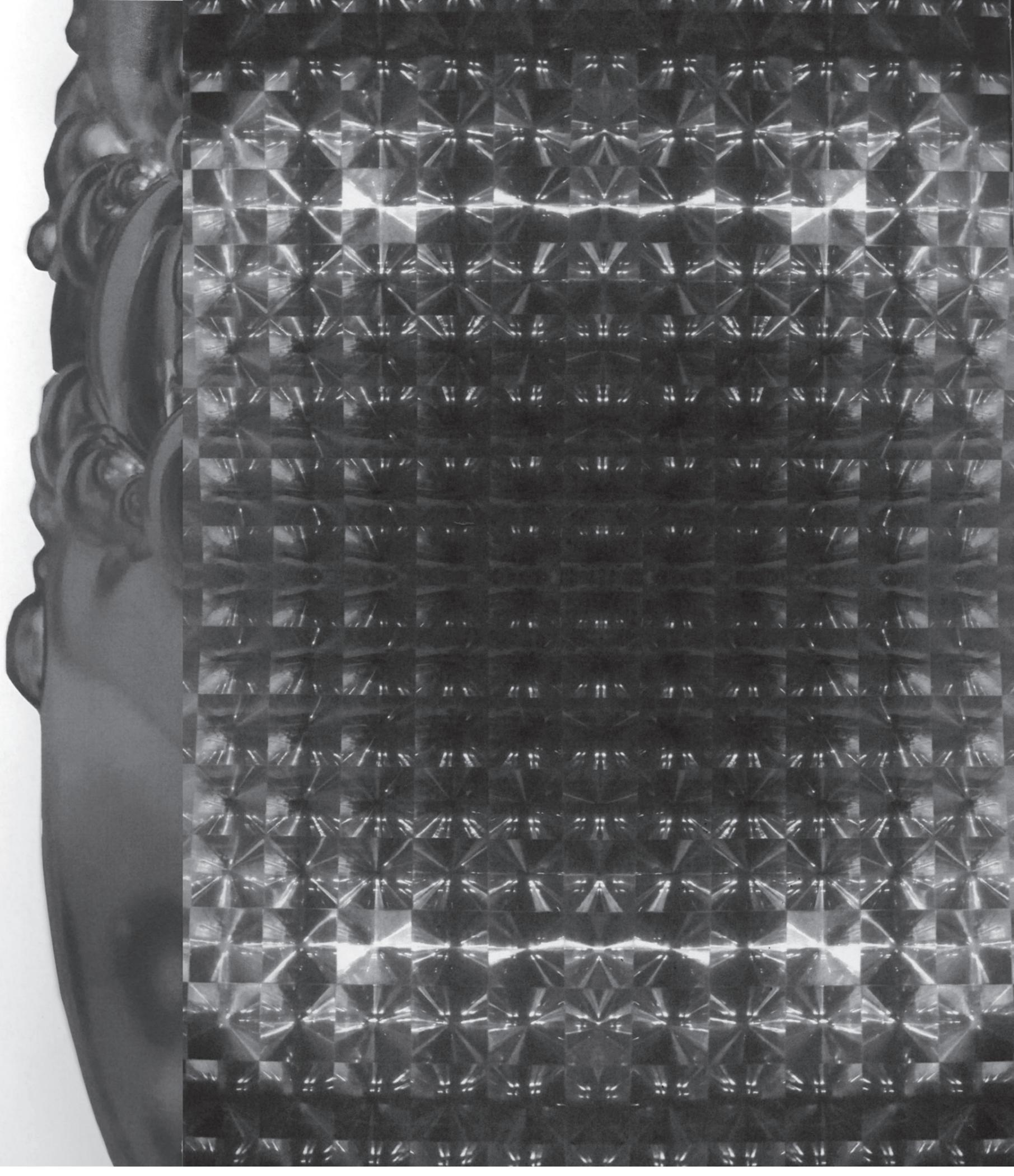
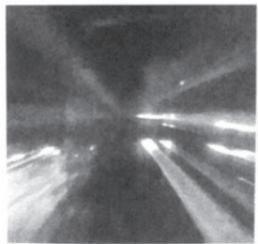
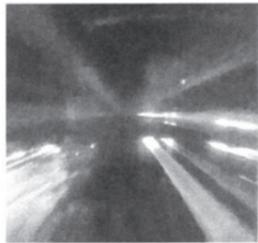
seen

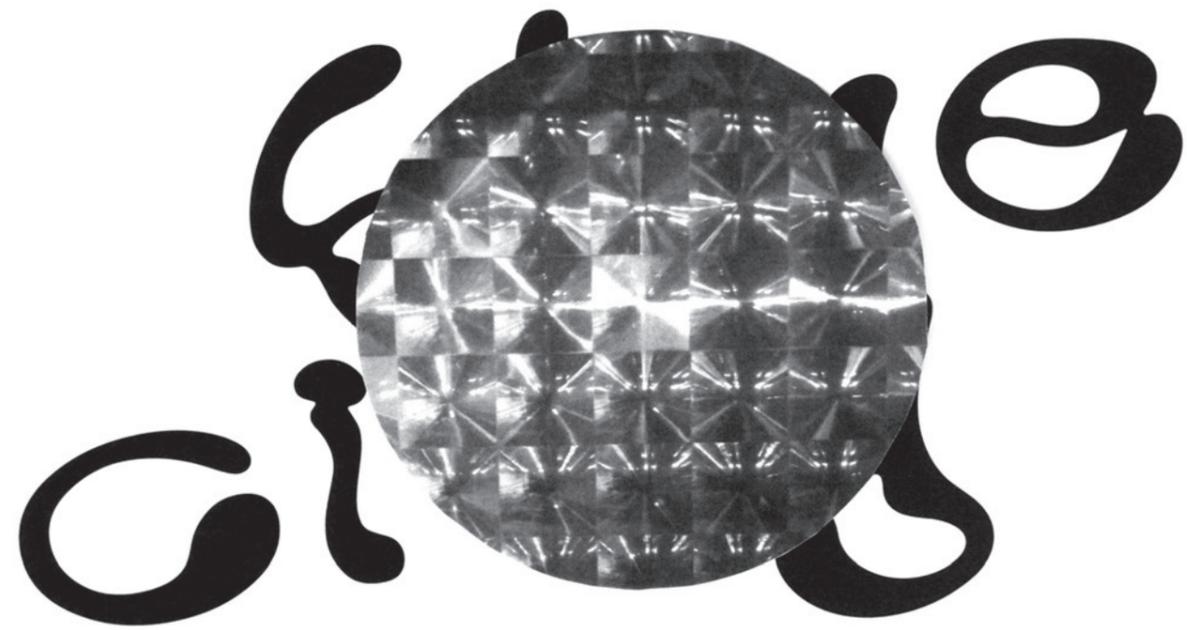


Dihae Oha
Fedora



Not all
equally
real but
only as
assumptions





გეზიონი

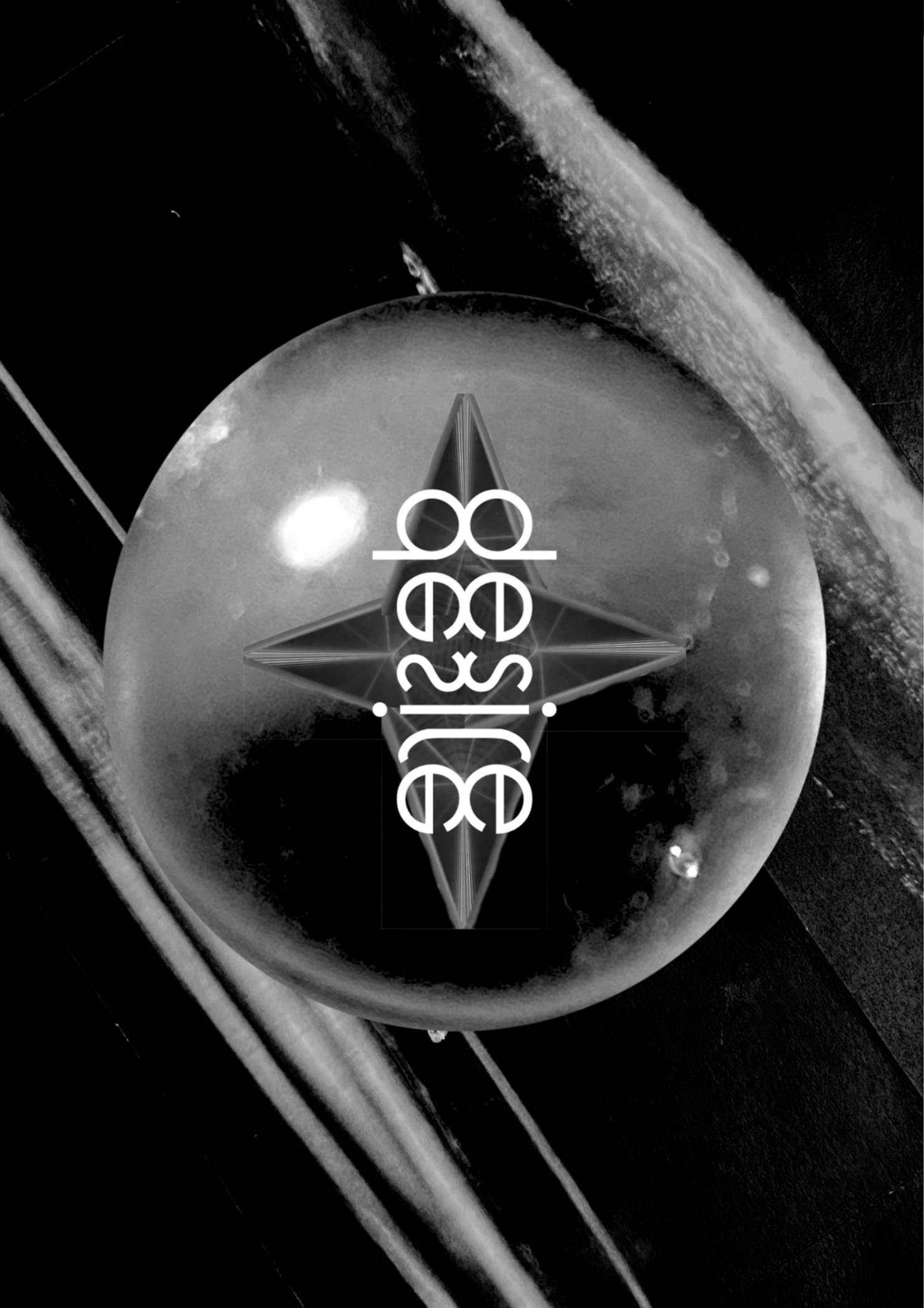


მეც |
X808|808



2023

2023



olinda
by Felix Roos

Olinda

by Felix Roos

In olinda, if you go out with a magnifying glass and hunt carefully, you may

find somewhere a point no bigger

than the head of a pin

which, if you look at it slightly enlarged,

reveals



olinda is certainly not the only city that grows in concentric circles, like tree trunks which each year

add one more ring.
add one more ring.
add one more ring.

the gardens, the pools, the streamers across the streets, the kiosks in the squares, the horse-racing track.

horizon

and then it becomes a full-size city, enclosed within the earlier city

then a soup plate.

then as large as a mushroom,

size of half a lemon,

blossoming

blossoming

blossoming

horizon

and so, on and on,
to the heart of the city

and so, on and on,
to the heart of the city

and so, on and on,
to the heart of the city

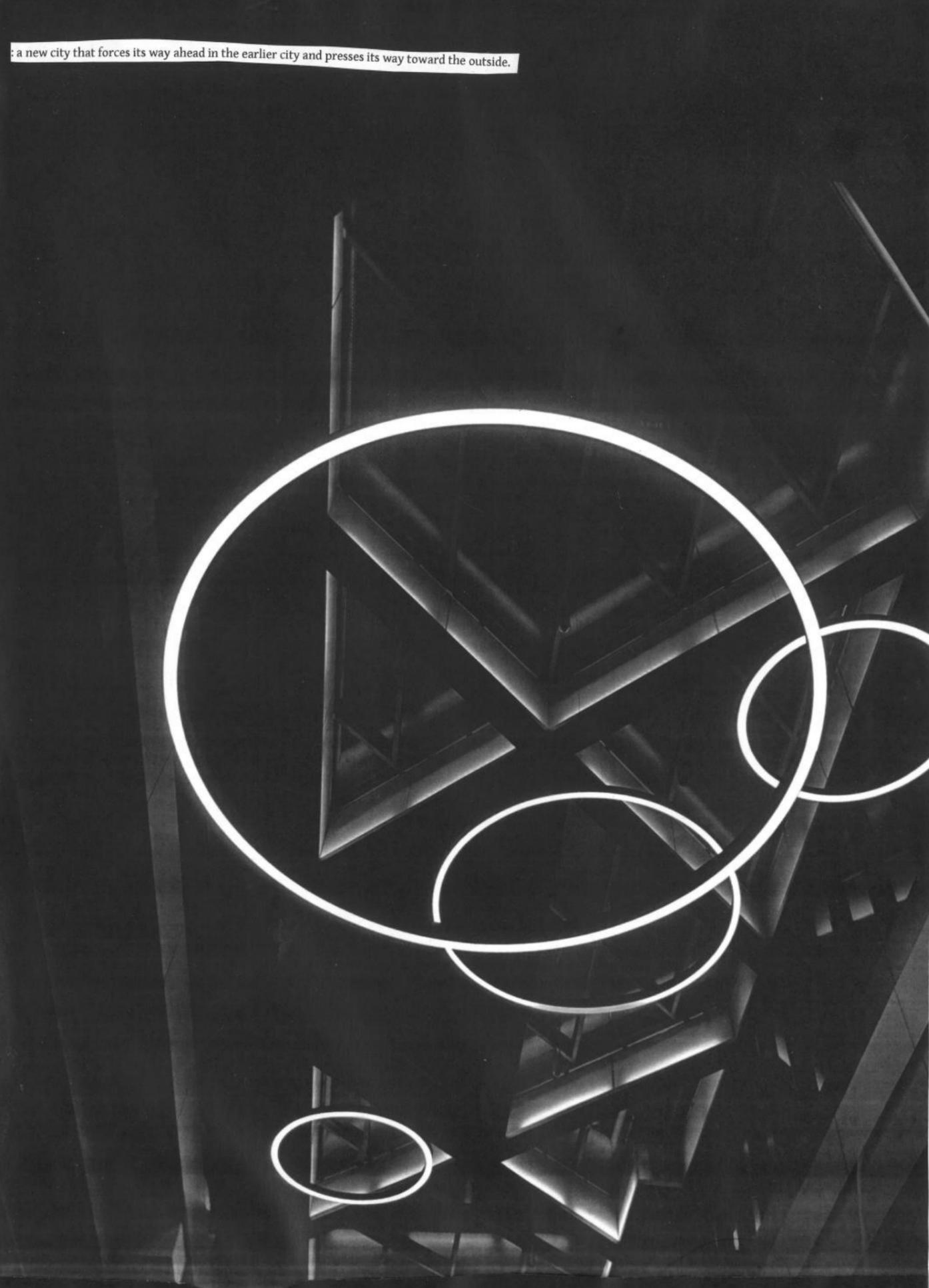
grows in concentric circles.

a totally new olinda which,
in its reduced dimensions

and the flow of lymph
of the first olinda

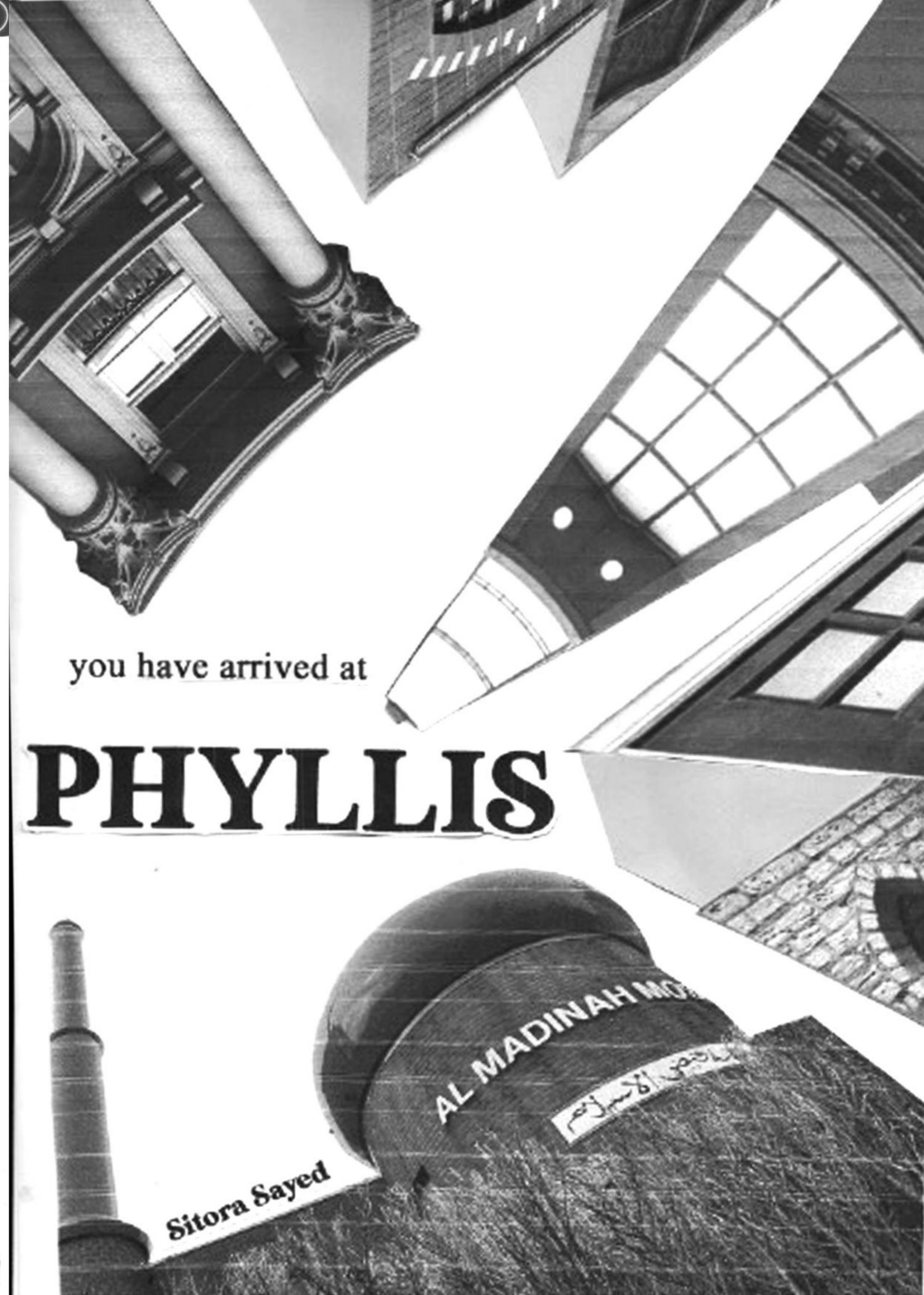
that point does not remain there:

a new city that forces its way ahead in the earlier city and presses its way toward the outside.



within this innermost circle there are always

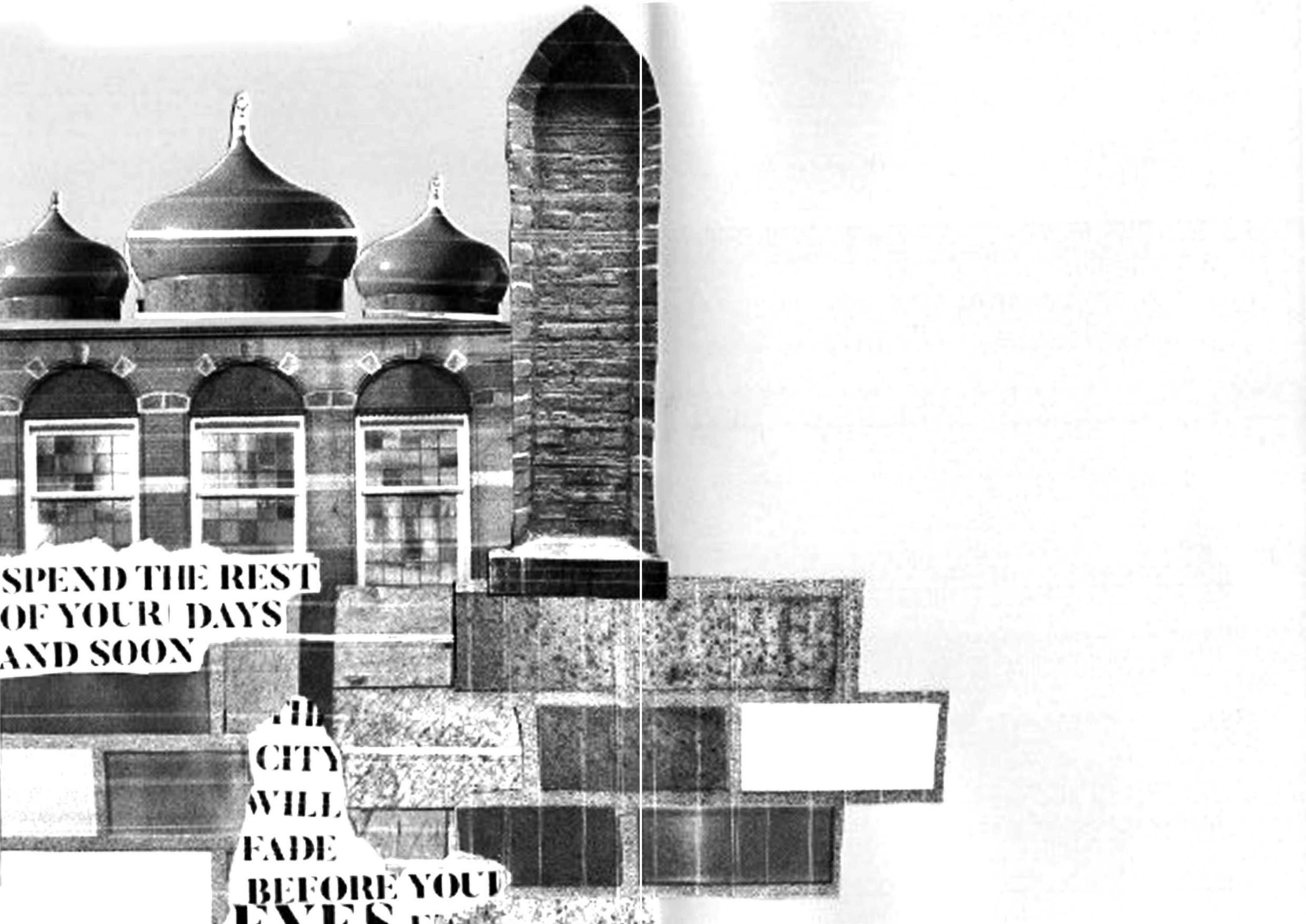
--though it is hard to discern them--the next olinda and those that will grow after it



you have arrived at

PHYLLIS

Sitora Sayed

A black and white photograph of a building with three domes on the left and a tall, narrow tower on the right. The building has arched windows. A vertical line runs down the center of the image. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

**SPEND THE REST
OF YOUR DAYS
AND SOON**

**THE
CITY
WILL
FADE
BEFORE YOU
LEAVE**



windows,

and they might



a blank page.



Valdrada Aiqraqa

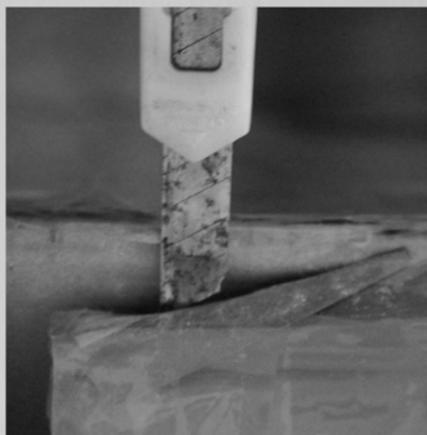
Chen//Valdrada

traveler, arriving, sees two cities: one erect

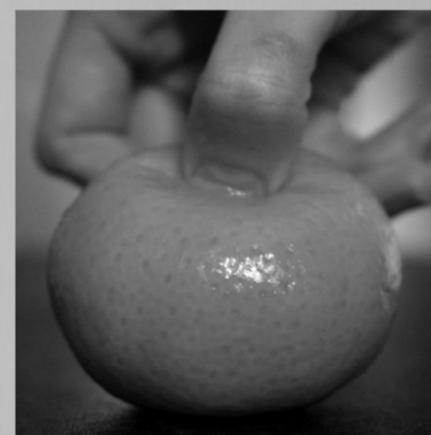
Even when
lovers
twist their
naked bodies,
skin against skin,
seeking the
position
that will
give one
the most
pleasure
in the other,



Valdrada's inhabitants
know that each of
their actions is, at once,
that action and its
mirror-image



it is not so much their
copulating or murdering
that matters as the
copulating or murdering
of the images, limpid
and cold in the mirror.



other reflected, upside

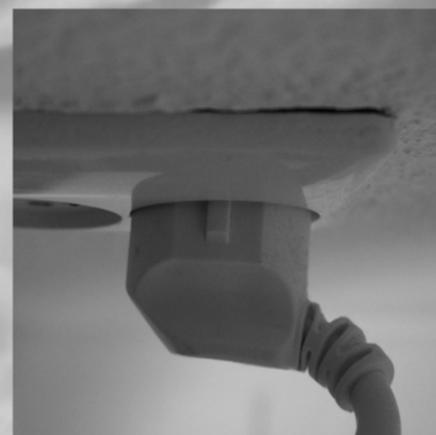
which possesses the
special dignity of images,
and this awareness
prevents them from succumbing
for a single moment to chance
and forgetfulness.



it is not so much their
copulating or murdering
that matters as the
copulating or murdering
of the images, limpid
and cold in the mirror.



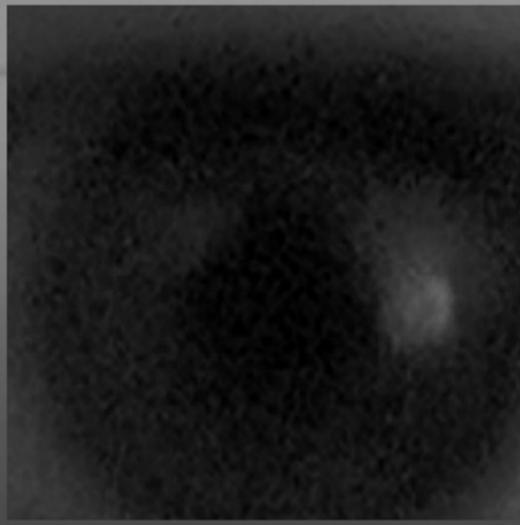
even when
murderers
plunge the
knife into
the black veins of
the neck and
more clotted
blood
pours out the
more they
press the
blade that
slips between
the tendons,



above the lake, and the



Nothing exists or happens in the one Valdrada that the other Valdrada does not repeat because the city was so constructed that its every face and gesture is answered, inverted, point by point. The two Valdradas live for each other, their eyes interlocked; but there is no love between them.



a repetition that can be followed throughout the whole woof. But if
 confusion, the mules' braying, the lampblack stains, the fish smell is
 in the darkness. In Eudoxia, which spreads both upward and down, w
 controversy. But you could, similarly, come to the opposite conclusion:
 the carpet proves that there is a point from which the city shows its
 inverse is the city of Eudoxia, just as it is, a stain that spreads out shap
 is, a stain that spreads out shapelessly, with crooked streets, houses t
 ed according to their true relationship, which escapes your eye distr
 among the arabesques, an answer, the story of his life, the twists
 had been sure that the carpet's harmonious pattern was of divi
 and each can find, concealed among the arabesques, an answer, th
 the mysterious bond between two objects so dissimilar as the carpe
 Hedda // Eudoxia

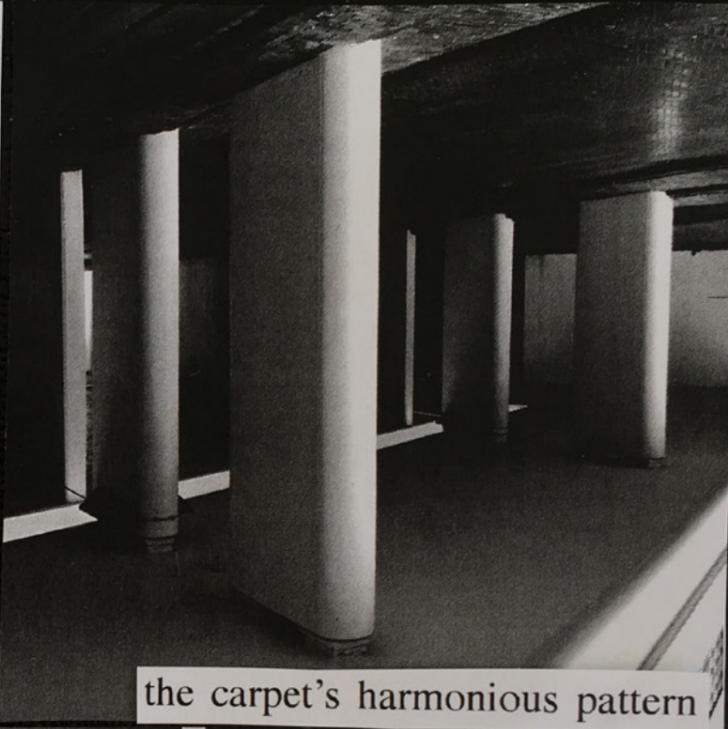
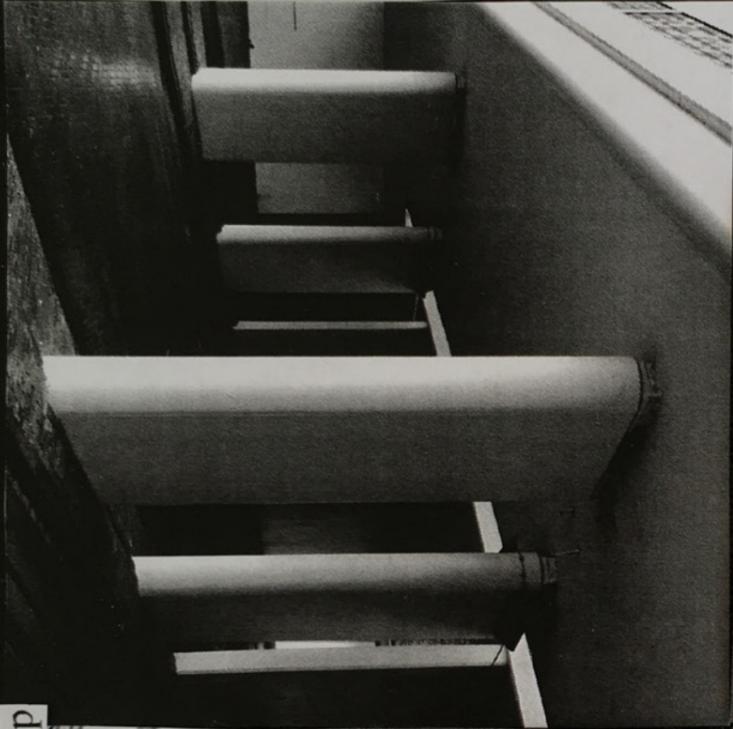


the geometrical scheme

incomplete perspective you grasp

arranged according to their true relationship

pause and examine it carefully



the carpet's harmonious pattern

arranged according to their true relationship



each place in the carpet corresponds to a place in the city

a carpet is preserved

in which you can

observe

the city's true form.

