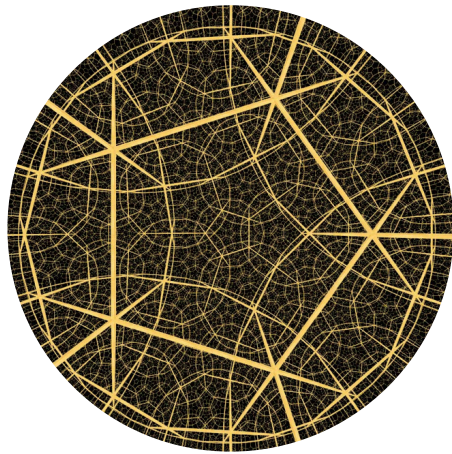
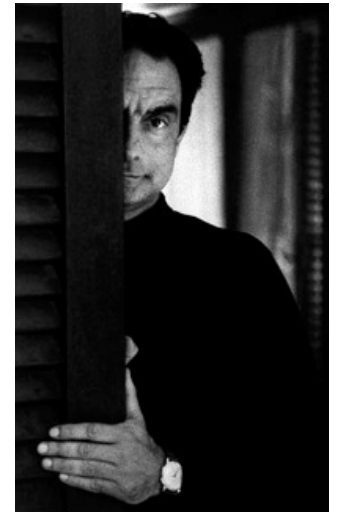
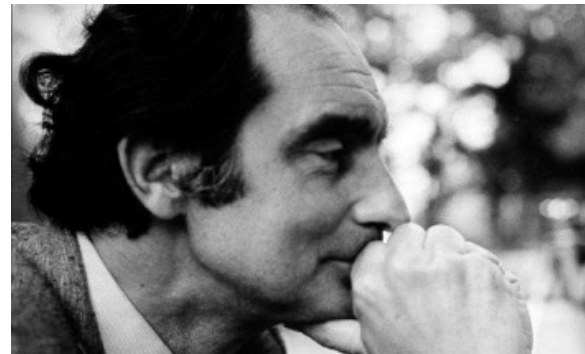
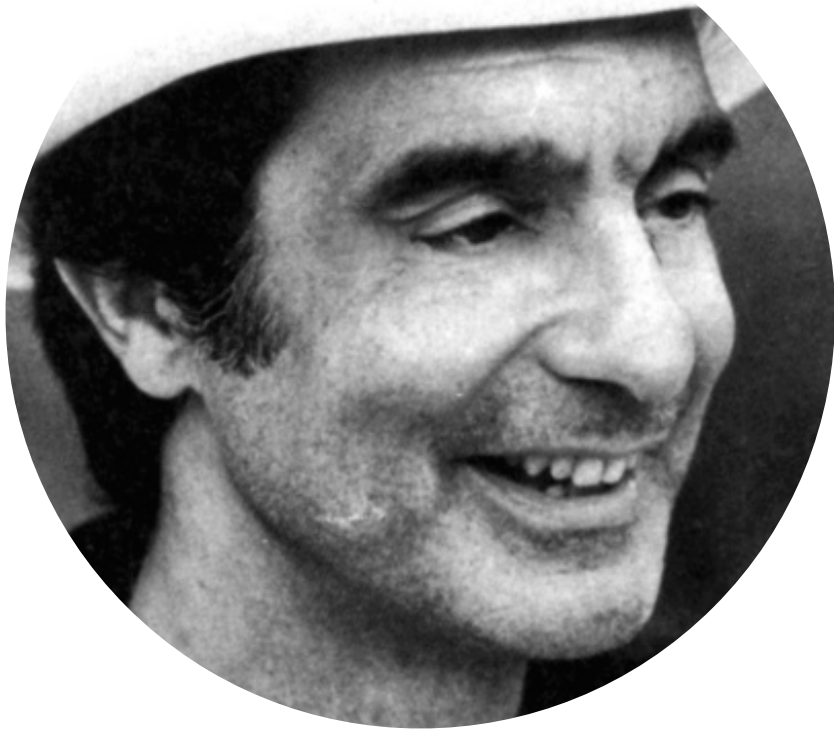




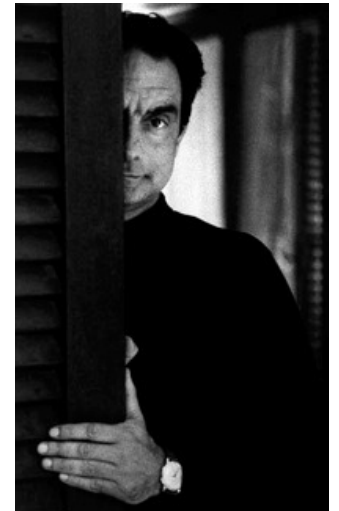
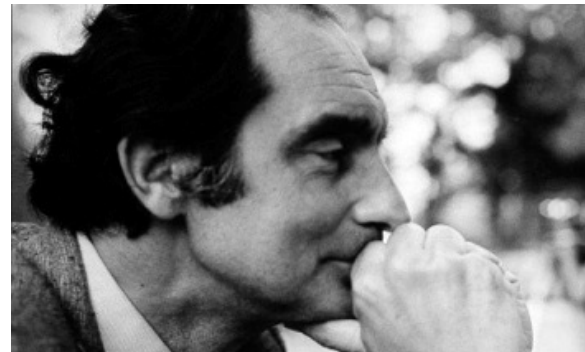
ITALO CALVINO

1923-1985











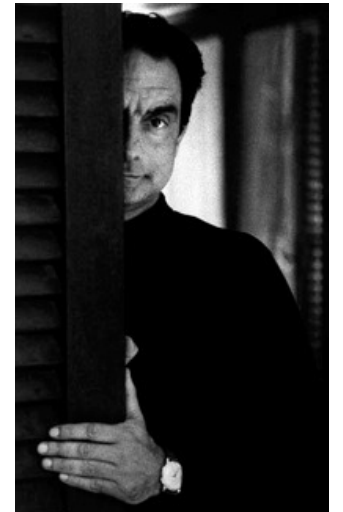
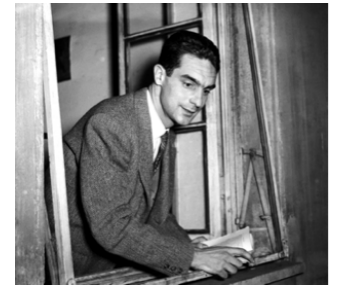
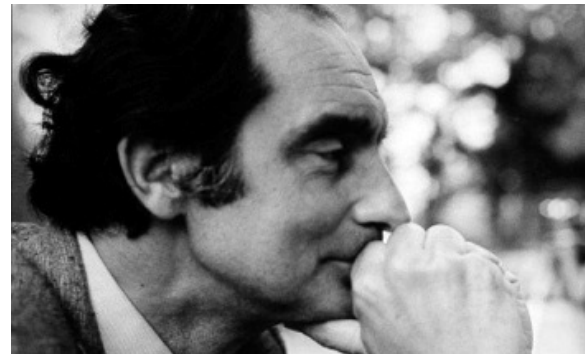
CORPO VOLONTARIO DELLA LIBERTÀ
ADERENTE AL C. L. N.
IMPERA

2ª DIVISIONE D'ASSALTO "GARIBALDI", FELICE CASCIONE

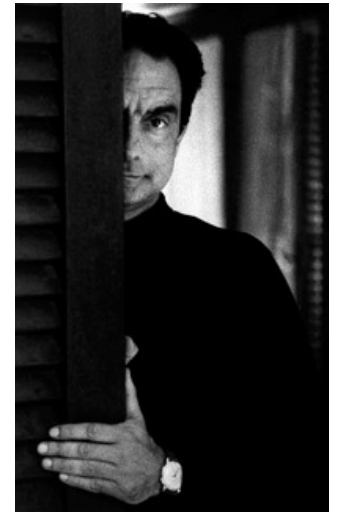
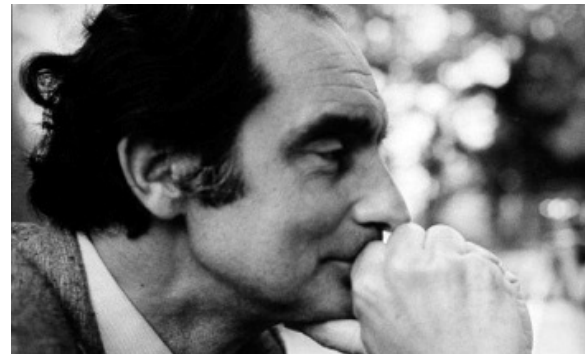
Cognome e nome *Cascione Felice*
Grado *Gariboldino*
Brigata *V* Battagl. *I* Distacc. *II* Squadra *IV*

IL COMMISSARIO *P...* IL COMANDANTE *P...*

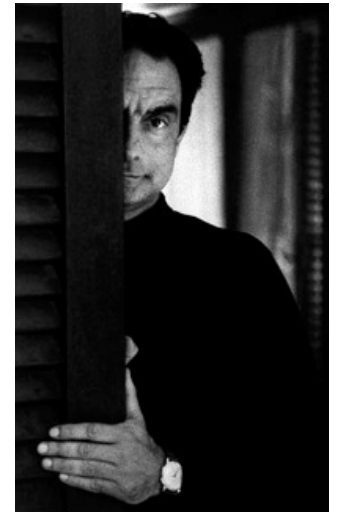
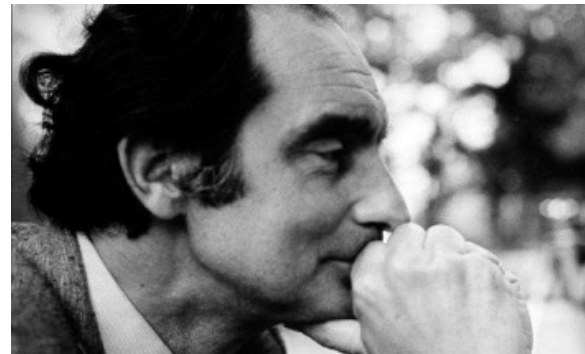
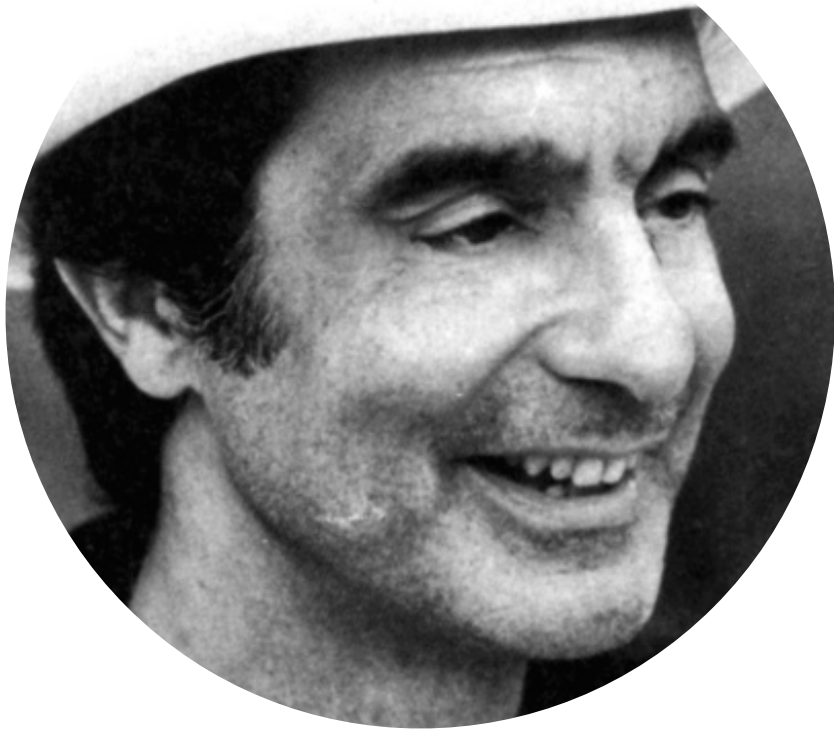


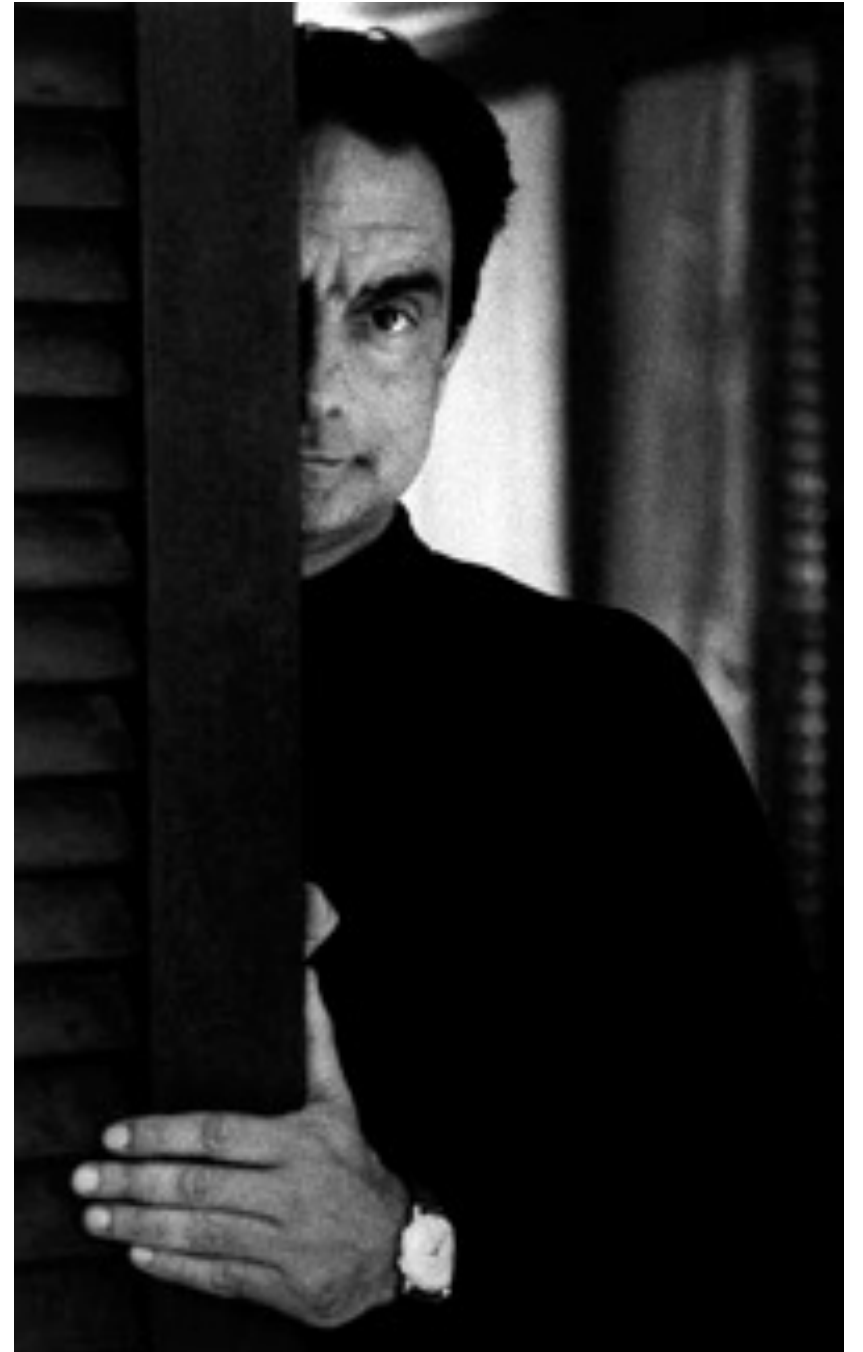
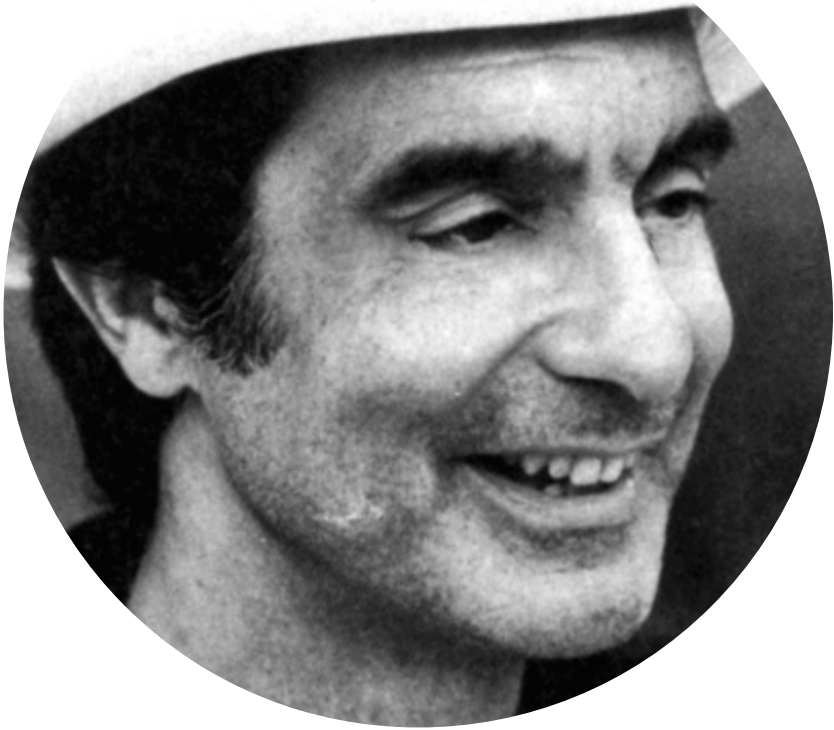


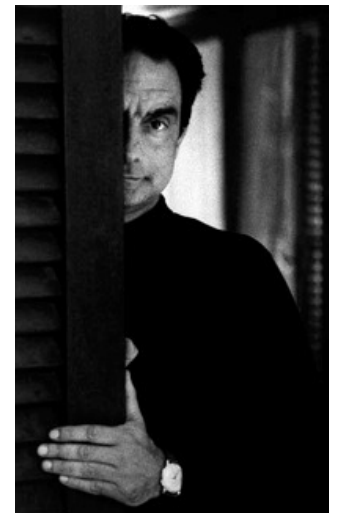
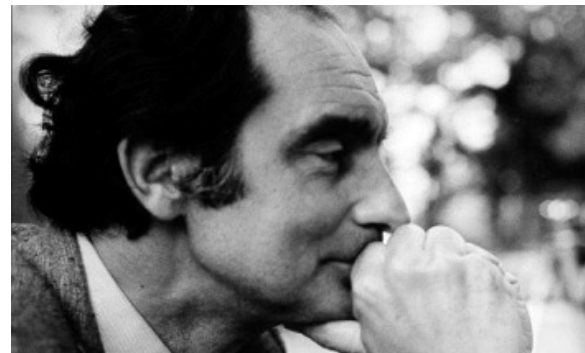


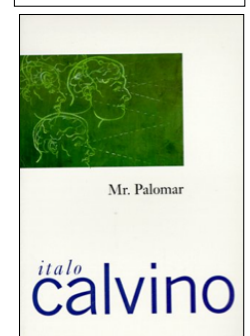
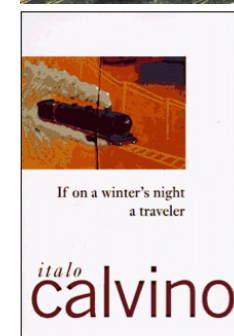
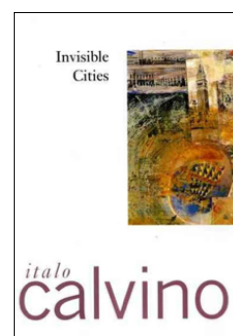
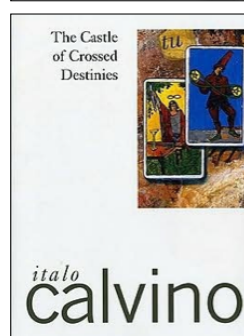
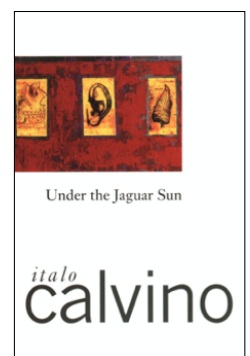
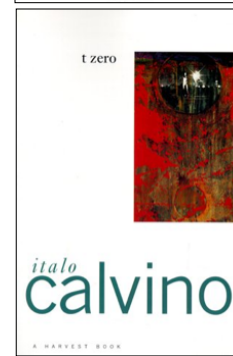
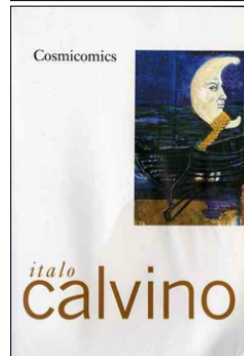
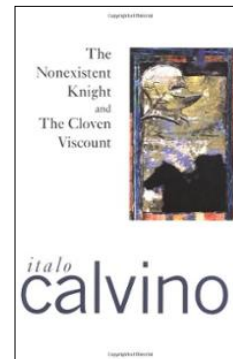
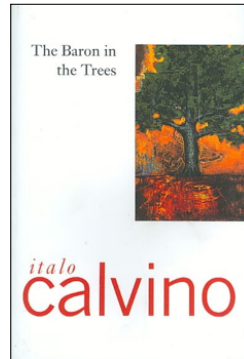
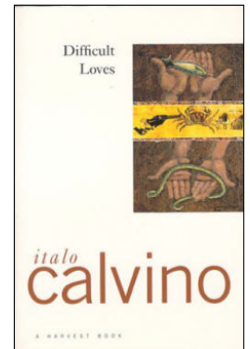
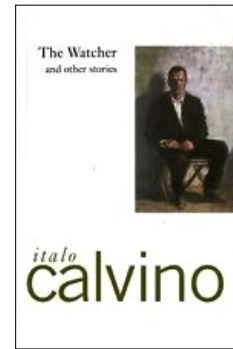
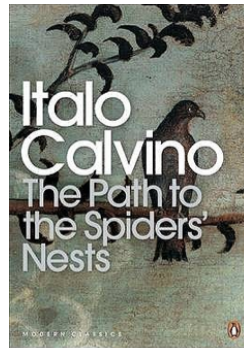












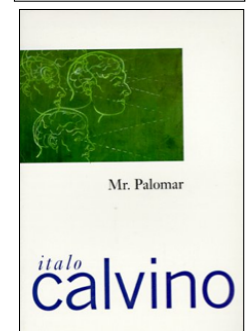
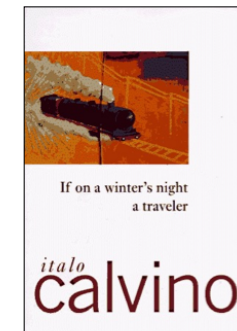
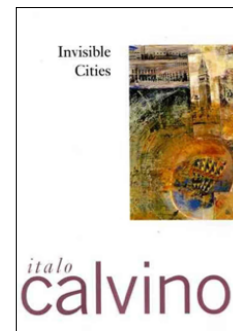
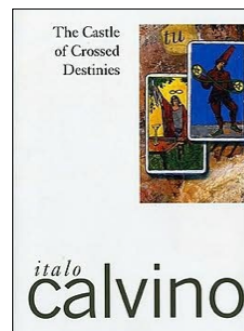
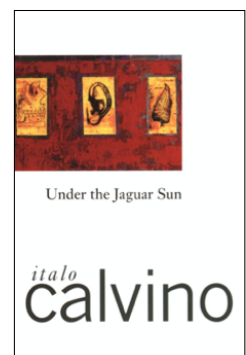
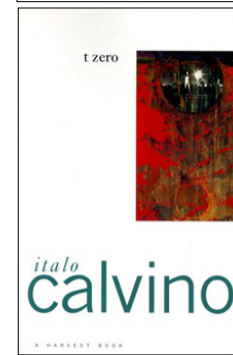
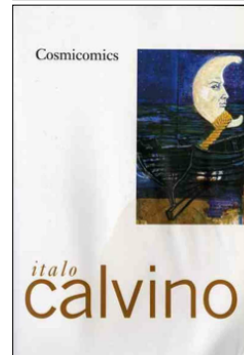
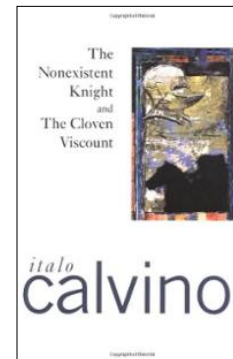
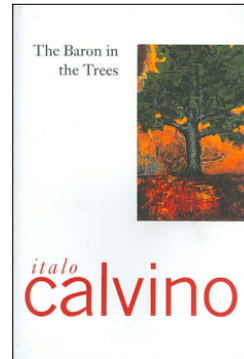
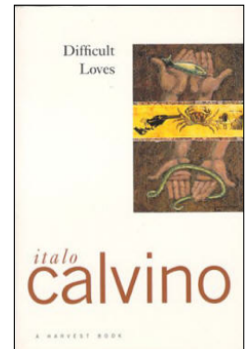
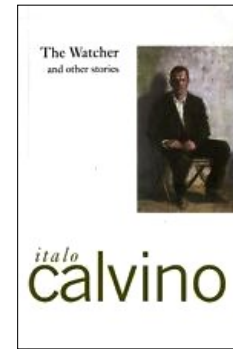
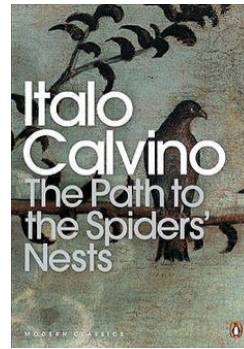
1940s: neo-realist



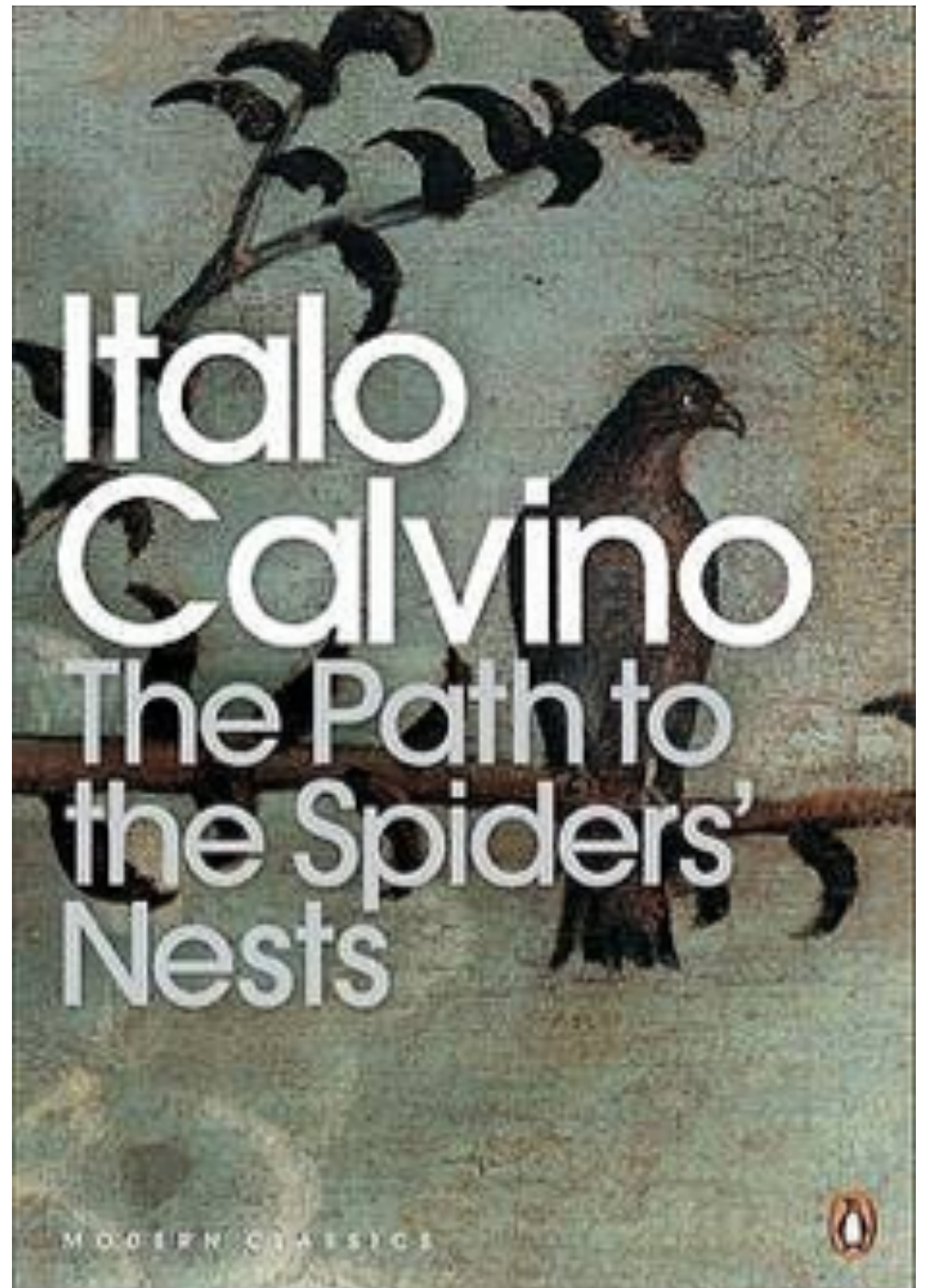
1950s: ancestors

1960s: "science fiction"

1970-80s: experimental



1940s: neo-realist



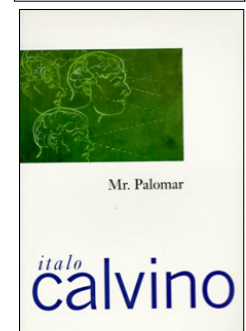
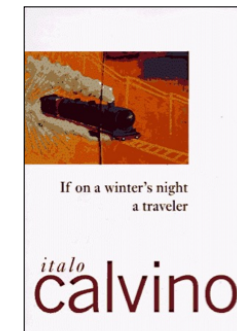
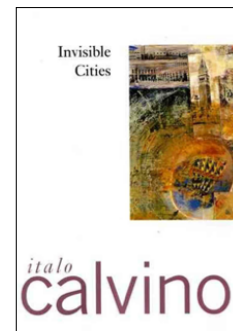
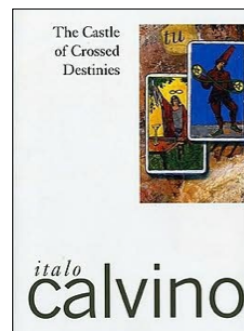
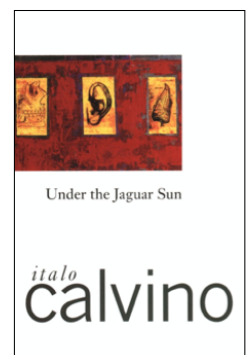
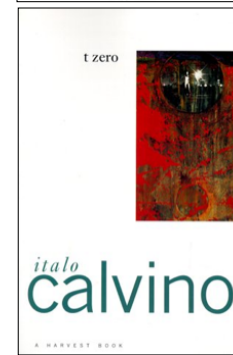
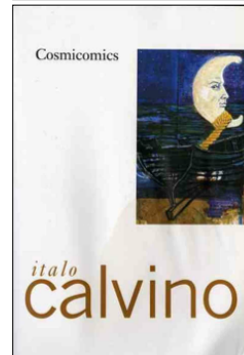
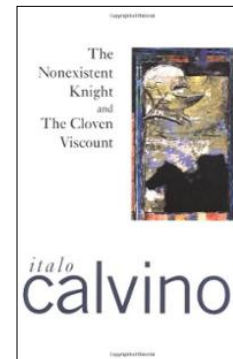
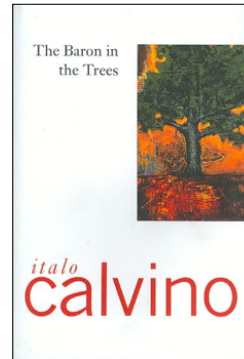
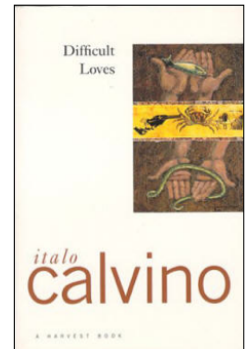
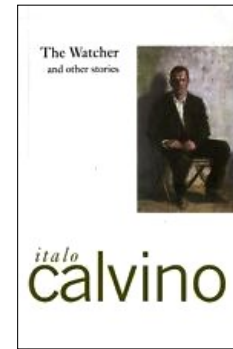
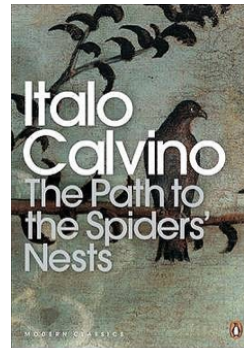
1940s: neo-realist



1950s: ancestors

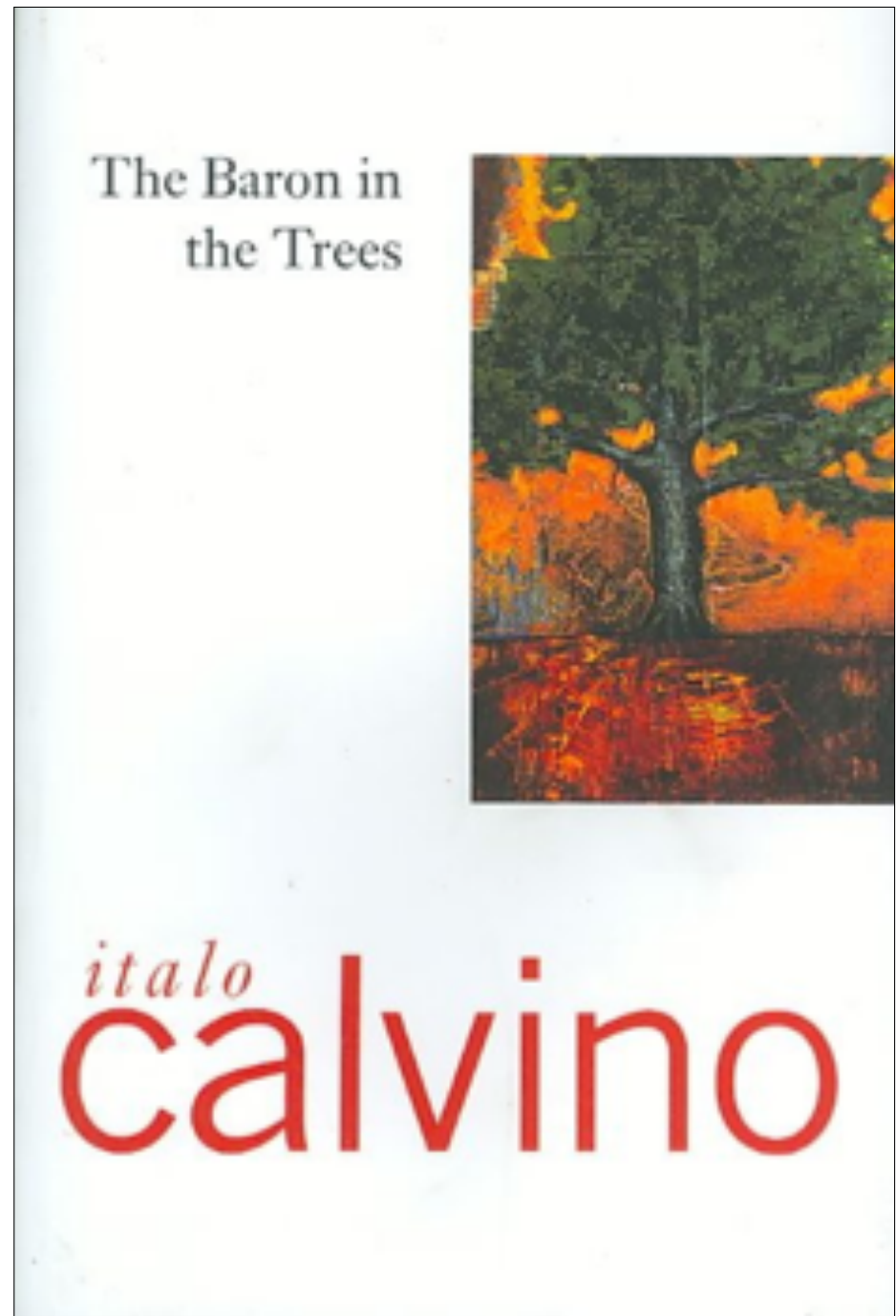
1960s: "science fiction"

1970-80s: experimental





1950s: fairy tales



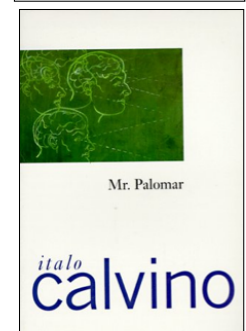
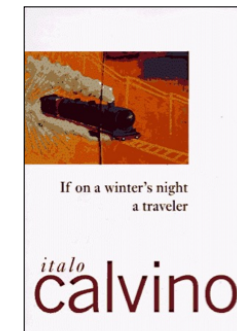
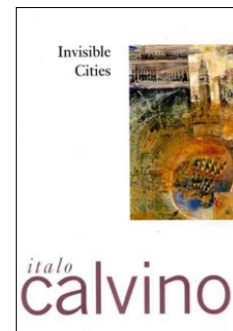
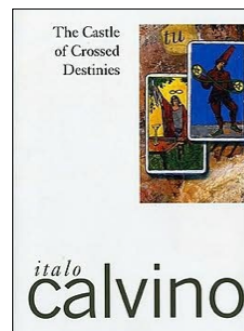
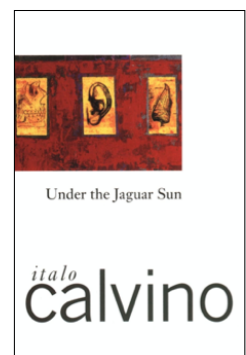
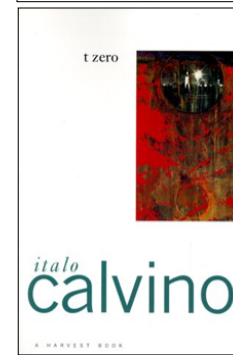
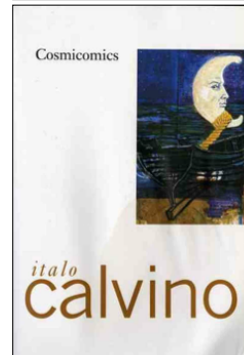
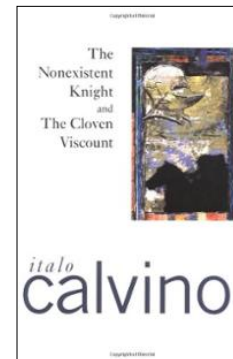
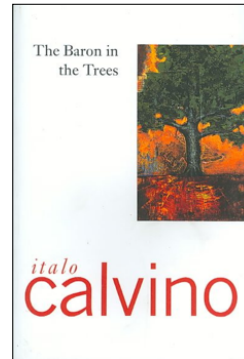
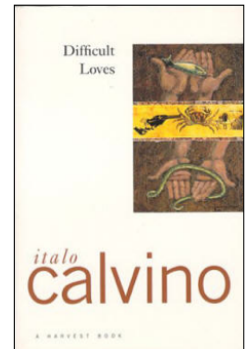
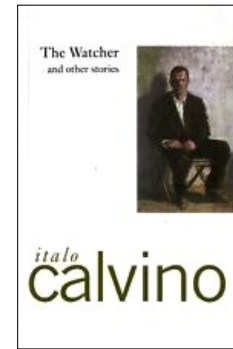
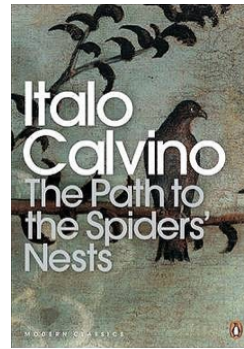
1940s: neo-realist



1950s: ancestors

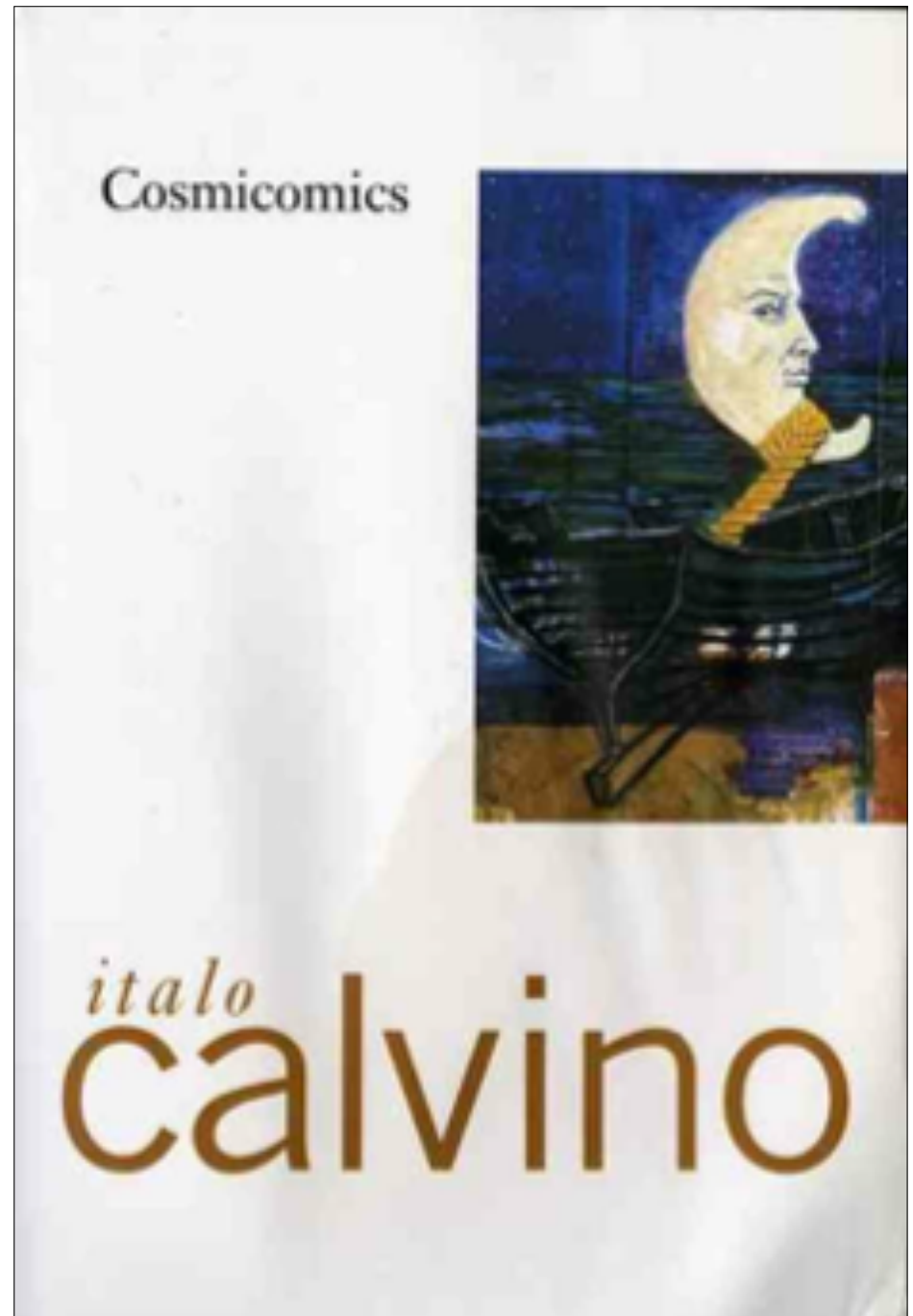
1960s: "science fiction"

1970-80s: experimental





1960s: science fiction



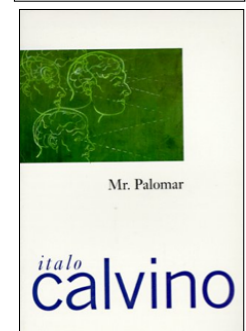
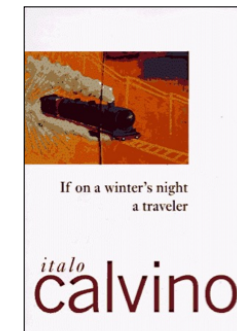
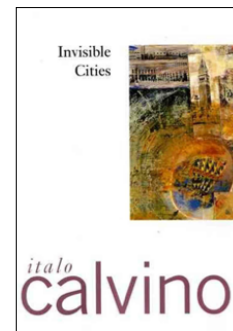
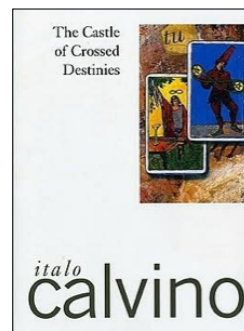
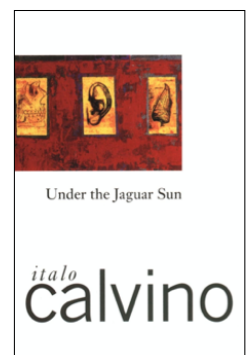
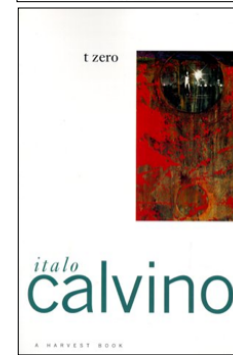
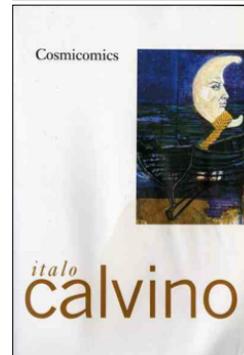
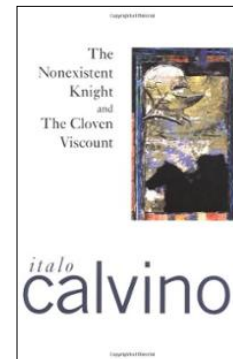
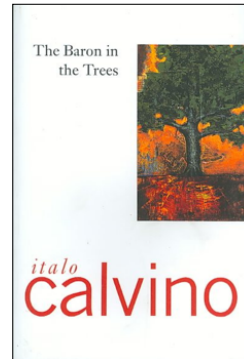
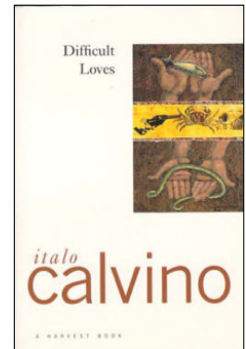
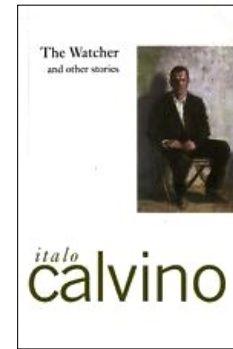
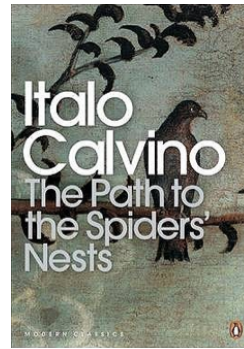
1940s: neo-realist



1950s: ancestors

1960s: "science fiction"

1970-80s: experimental





1970-80s: experimental



If on a winter's night
a traveler

italo
calvino

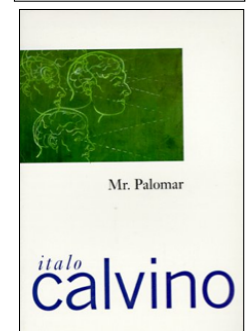
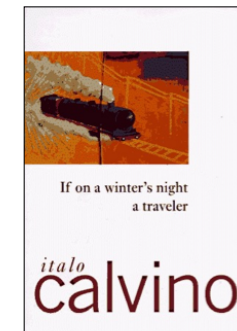
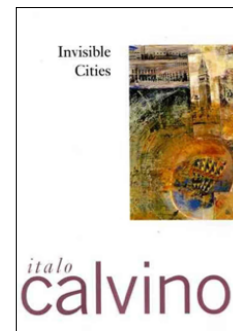
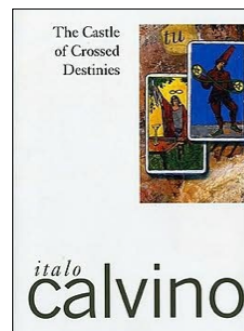
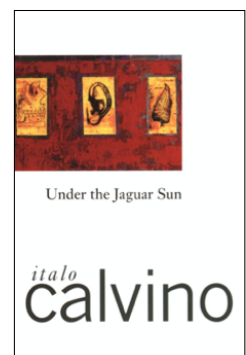
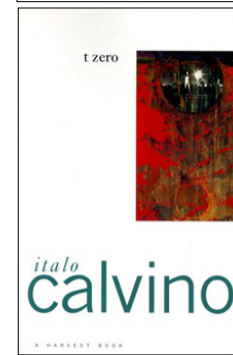
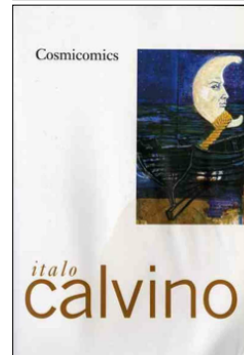
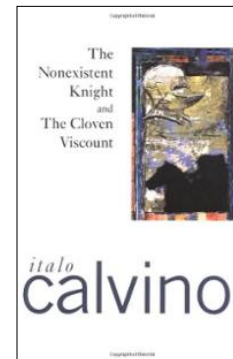
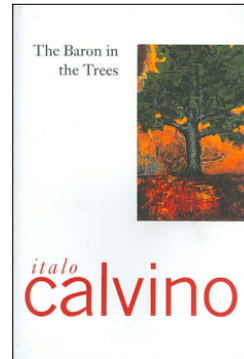
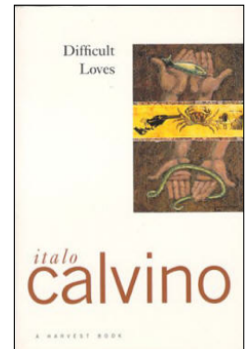
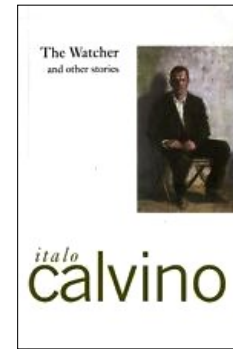
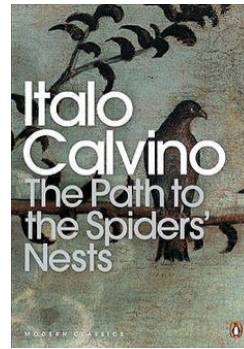
1940s: neo-realist

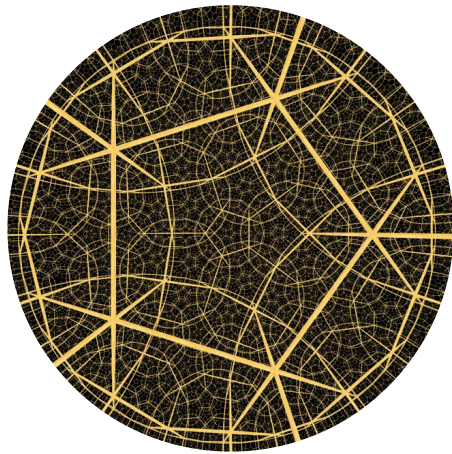


1950s: ancestors

1960s: "science fiction"

1970-80s: experimental







Writer?
Storyteller
Western
Traveler
Mastery



Reader?
Listener
Eastern
Emperor
Desire

Marco Polo describes a bridge, stone by stone.

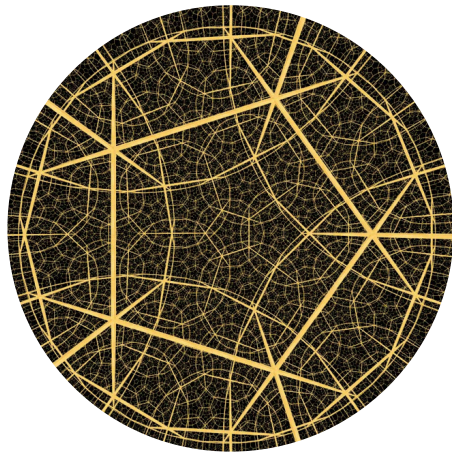
“But which is the stone that supports the bridge?” Kublai Khan asks.

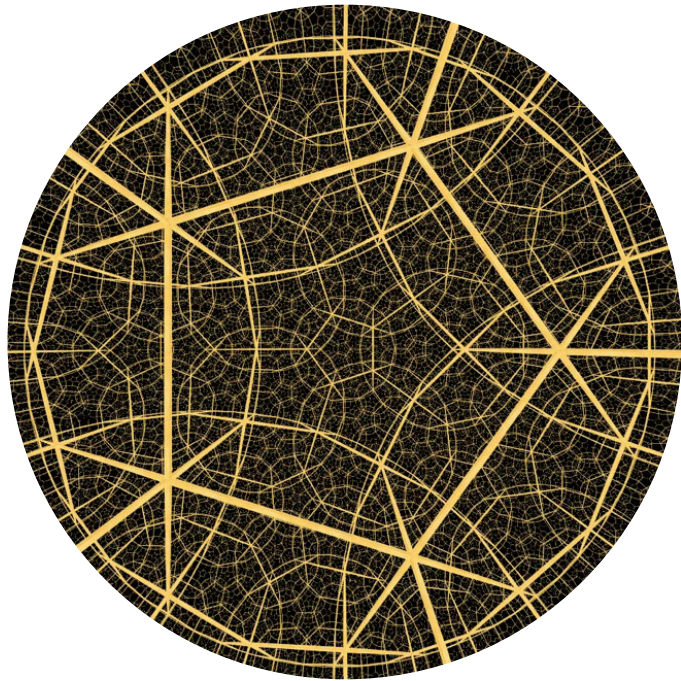
“The bridge is not supported by one stone or another,” Marco answers, “but by the line of the arch that they form.”

Kublai Khan remains silent, reflecting. Then he adds: “Why do you speak to me of the stones? It is only the arch that matters to me.”

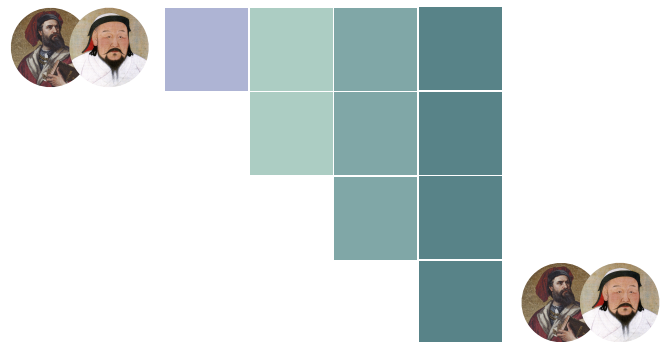
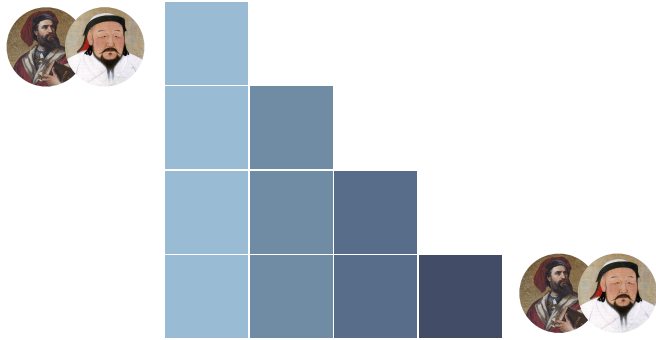
Polo answers: “Without the stones, there is no arch.”

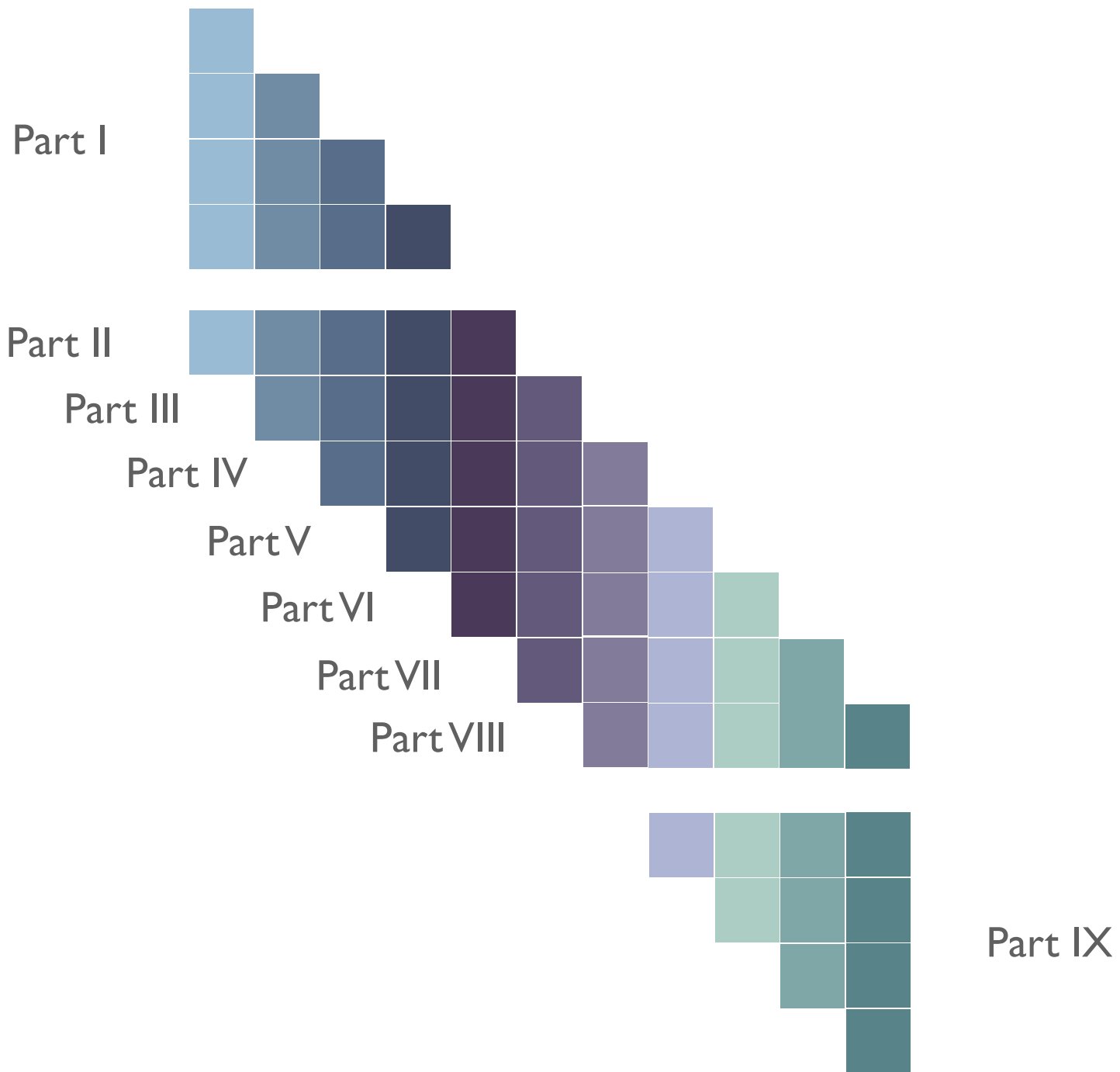






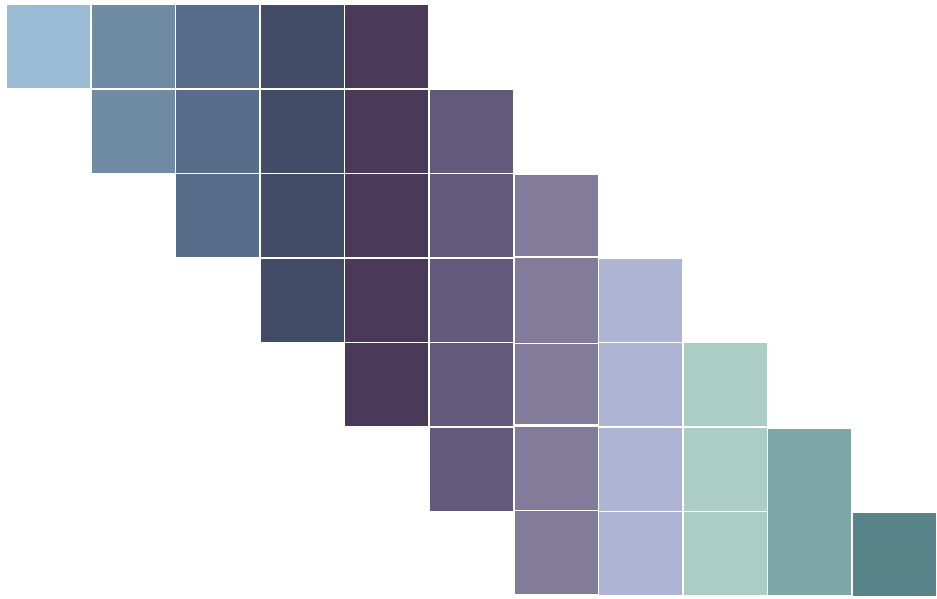
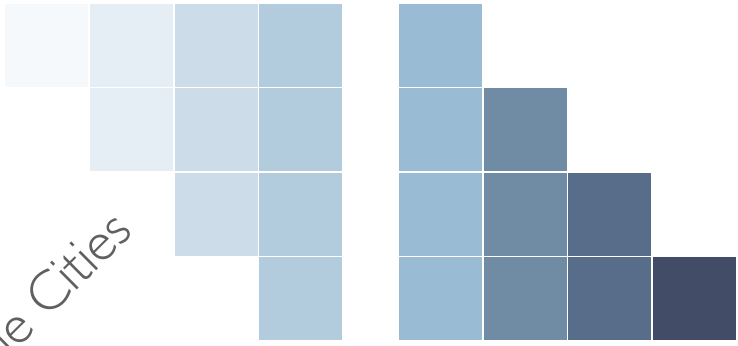
Utopia
Plot
Characters
Frame vs. City
Form vs. Content



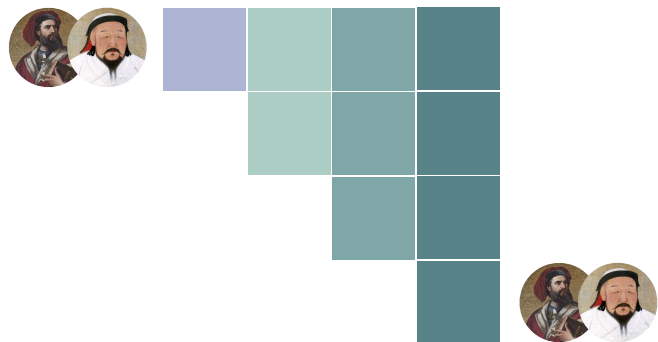
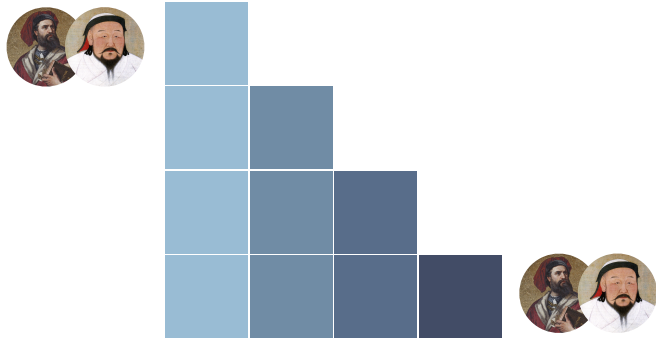




Invisible Cities



Invisible Cities

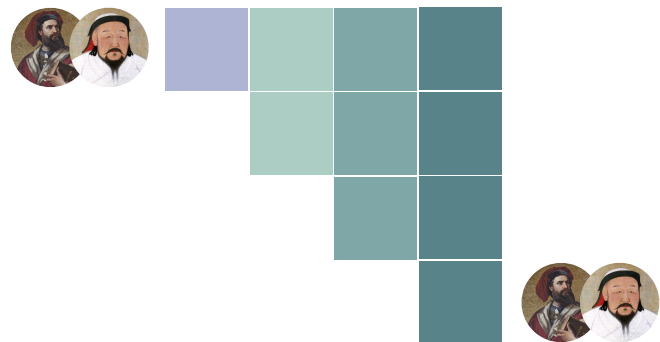
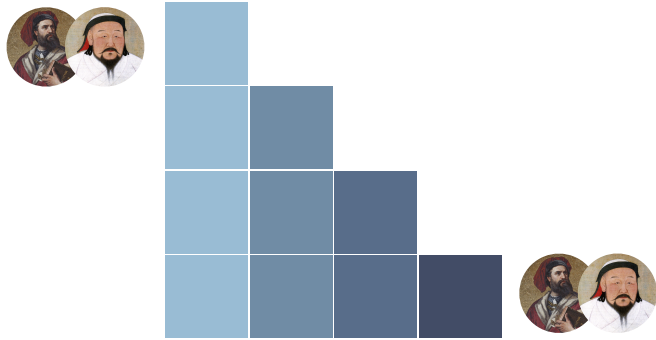


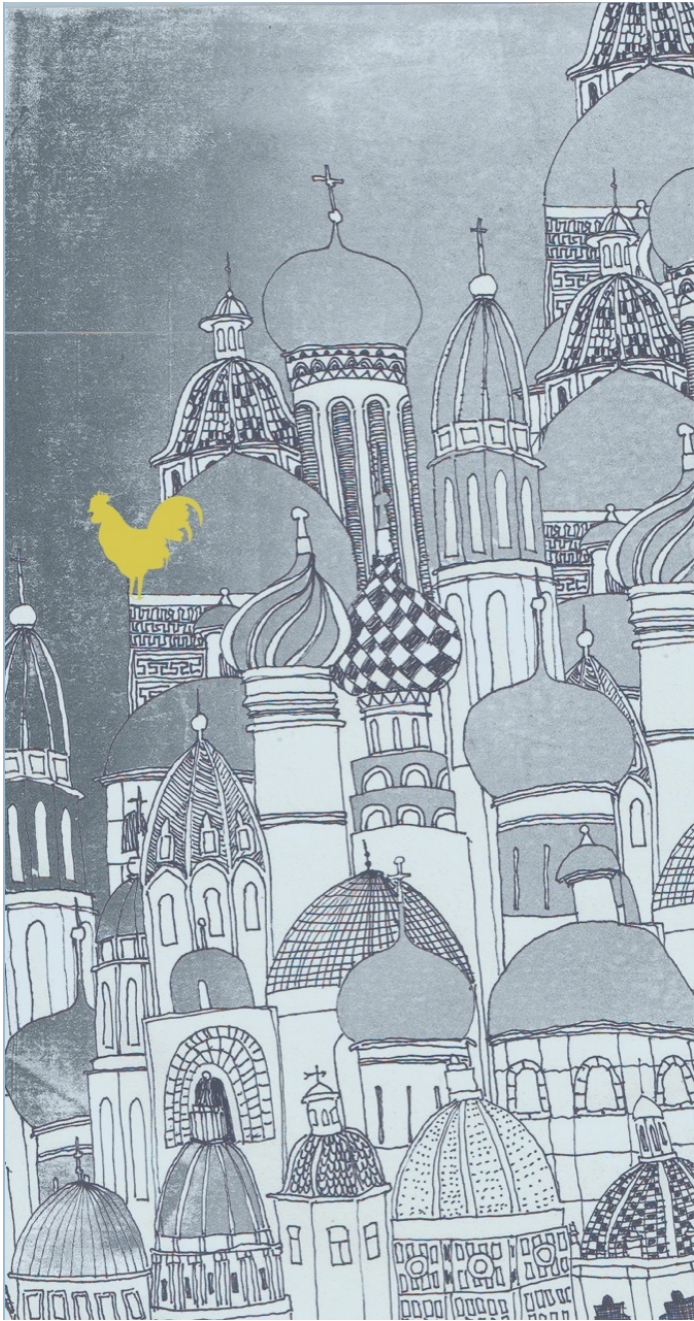


Kublai Khan does not necessarily believe everything Marco Polo says when he describes the cities visited on his expeditions, but the emperor of the Tartars does continue listening to the young Venetian with greater attention and curiosity than he shows any other messenger or explorer of his. In the lives of emperors there is a moment which follows pride in the boundless extension of the territories we have conquered, and the melancholy and relief of knowing we shall soon give up any thought of knowing and understanding them. There is a sense of emptiness that comes over us at evening... it is the desperate moment when we discover that this empire, which had seemed to us the sum of all wonders, is an endless, formless ruin... Only in Marco Polo's accounts was Kublai Khan able to discern, through the walls and towers destined to crumble, the tracery of a pattern so subtle it could escape the termites' gnawing.

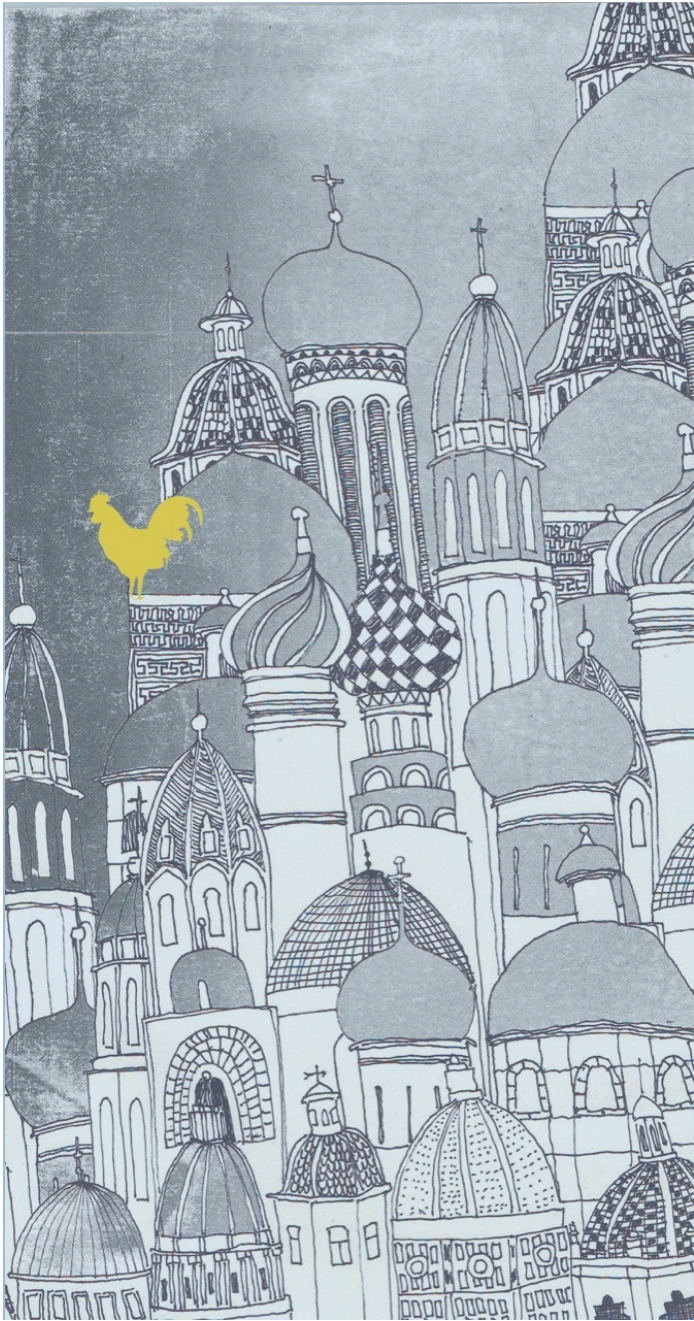


*Kublai Khan **does not necessarily believe** everything Marco Polo says when he describes the cities visited on his expeditions, but the emperor of the Tartars **does continue listening** to the young Venetian with greater attention and curiosity than he shows any other messenger or explorer of his. In the lives of emperors there is a moment which follows **pride in the boundless extension** of the territories we have conquered, and the **melancholy** and relief of knowing we shall soon **give up any thought of knowing and understanding them**. There is a sense of emptiness that comes over us at evening... it is the desperate moment when we discover that this empire, which had seemed to us the **sum of all wonders**, is an **endless, formless ruin**... Only in Marco Polo's accounts was Kublai Khan able to discern, through the **walls and towers destined to crumble**, the **tracery of a pattern** so subtle it could escape the termites' gnawing.*

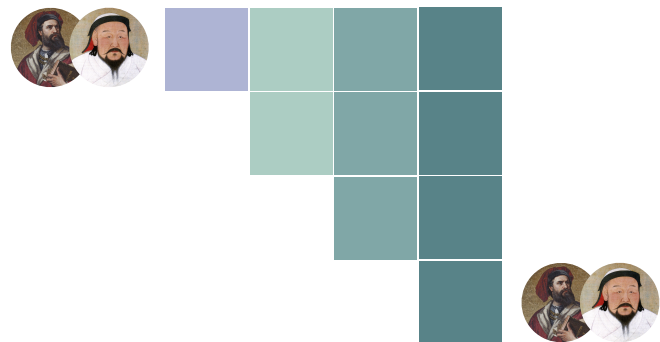
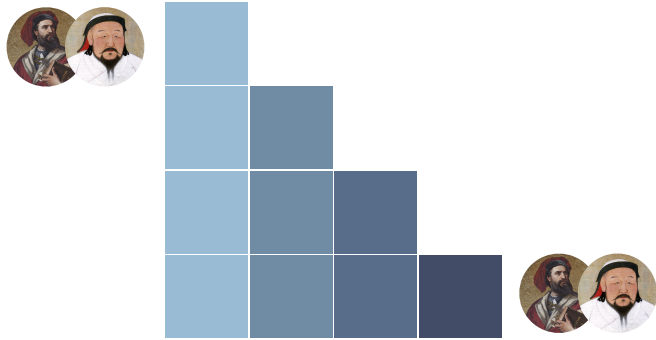




Leaving there and proceeding for three days towards the east, you reach Diomira, a city with sixty silver domes, bronze statues of all the gods, streets paved with lead, a crystal theatre, a golden cock that crows each morning on a tower. All these beauties will already be familiar to the visitor, who has seen them also in other cities. But the special quality of this city for the man who arrives there on a September evening, when the days are growing shorter and the multicolored lamps are lighted all at once at the doors of the food stalls and from a terrace a woman's voice cries ooh!, is that he feels envy towards those who now believe they have once before lived an evening identical to this and who think they were happy, that time.



Leaving there and proceeding for three days towards the east, you reach **Diomira**, a city with sixty silver domes, bronze statues of all the gods, streets paved with lead, a crystal theatre, a golden cock that crows each morning on a tower. All these beauties will already be familiar to the visitor, who has seen them also in other cities. But the **special quality** of this city for the man who arrives there on a September evening, when the days are growing shorter and the multicolored **lamps are lighted all at once** at the doors of the food stalls and from a terrace a **woman's voice cries ooh!**, is that he feels envy towards those who now believe they have once before lived an evening identical to this and **who think they were happy, that time.**

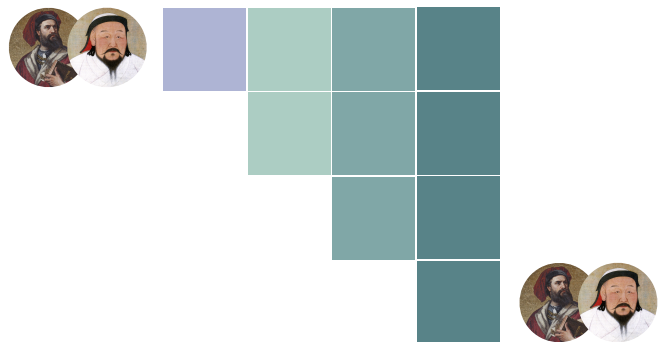
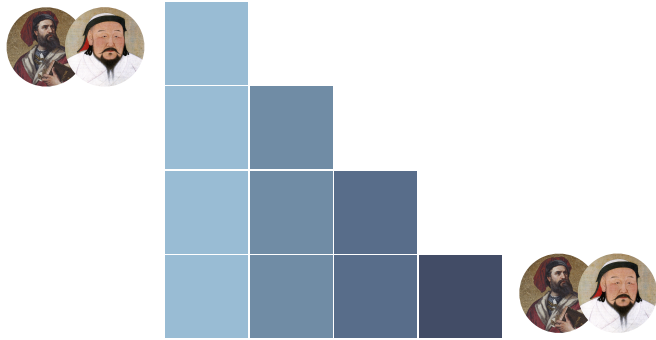




Whether Armilla is like this because it is unfinished or because it has been demolished, I do not know. The fact remains that it has no walls, no ceilings, no floors: it has nothing that makes it seem a city, except the water pipes that rise vertically where the houses should be and spread out horizontally where the floors should be. Against the sky a lavabo's white stands out, or a bathtub, or some other porcelain, like late fruit still hanging from the boughs. You would think the plumbers had finished their job and gone away before the bricklayers arrived; or else their hydraulic systems, indestructible, had survived a catastrophe, an earthquake, or the corrosion of termites.

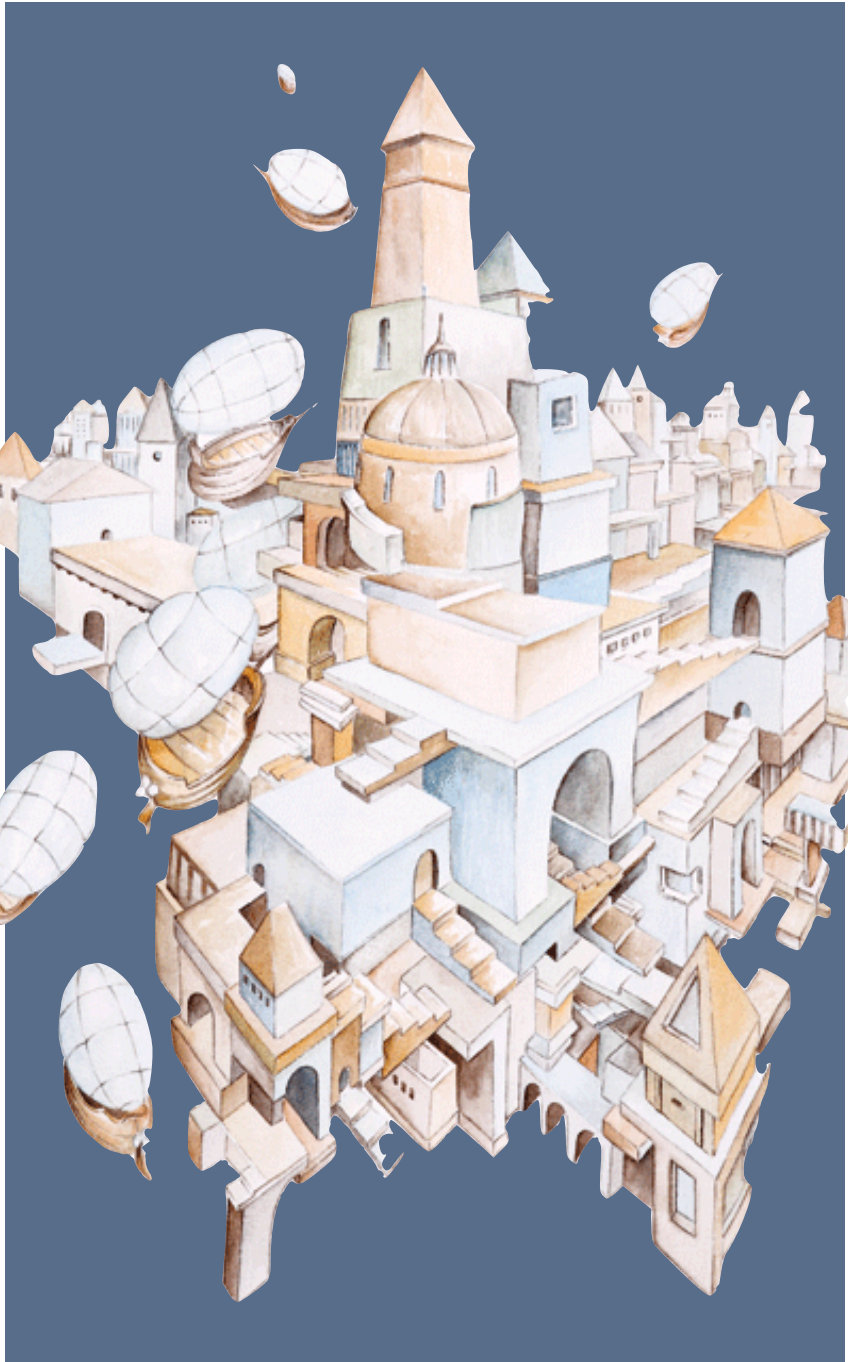


Abandoned before or after it was inhabited. Armilla cannot be called deserted. At any hour, raising your eyes among the pipes, you are likely to glimpse a young woman, or many young women, slender, not tall of stature, luxuriating in the bathtubs or arching their backs under the showers suspended in the void, washing or drying or perfuming themselves, or combing their long hair at a mirror. In the sun, the threads of water fanning from the showers glisten, the jets of the taps, the spurts, the splashes, the sponges' suds.

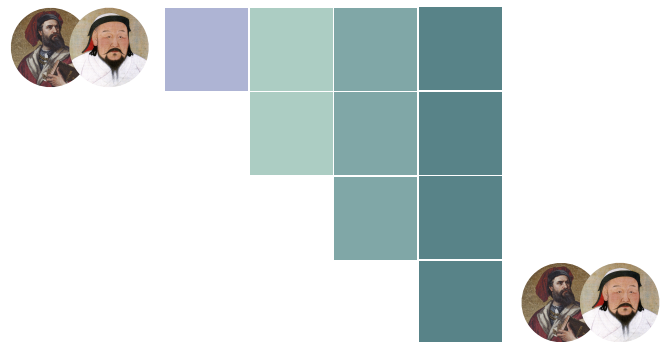
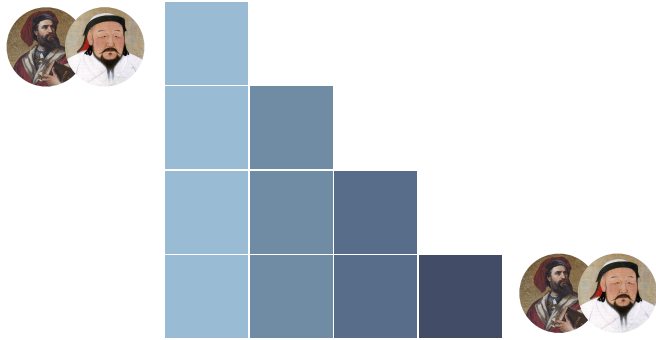




Travelers return from the city of Zirma with distinct memories: a blind black man shouting in the crowd, a lunatic teetering on a skyscraper's cornice, a girl walking with a puma on a leash. Actually many of the blind men who tap their canes on Zirma's cobblestones are black; in every skyscraper there is someone going mad; all lunatics spend hours on cornices; there is no puma that some girl does not raise, as a whim. The city is redundant: it repeats itself so that something will stick in the mind.

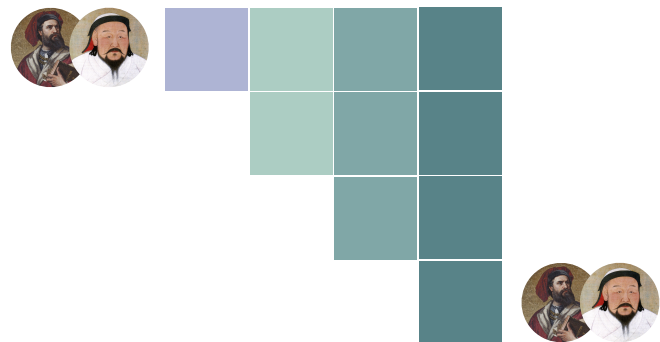
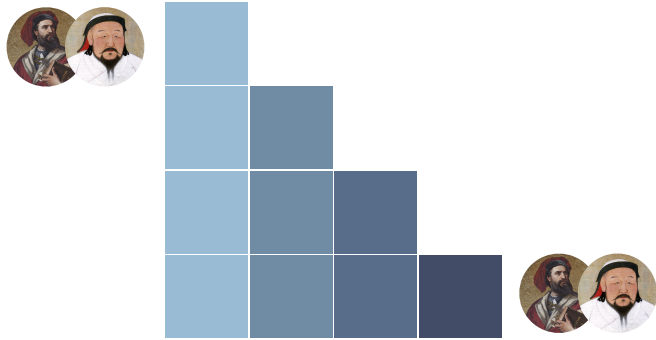


I too am returning from Zirna: my memory includes dirigibles flying in all directions, at window level; streets of shops where tattoos are drawn on sailors' skin; underground trains crammed with obese women suffering from the humidity. My travelling companions, on the other hand, swear they saw only one dirigible hovering among the city's spires, only one tattoo artist arranging needles and inks and pierced patterns on his bench, only one fat woman fanning herself on a train's platform. Memory is redundant: it repeats signs so that the city can begin to exist.





Kublai was a keen chess-player; following Marco's movements, he observed that certain pieces implied or excluded the vicinity of other pieces and were shifted along certain lines. Ignoring the objects' variety of form, he could grasp the system of arranging one with respect to the others on the majolica floor. He thought: 'If each city is like a game of chess, the day when I have learned the rules, I shall finally possess my empire, even if I shall never succeed in knowing all the cities it contains.'





And Polo said: 'The inferno of the living is not something that will be; if there is one, it is what is already here, the inferno where we live every day, that we form by being together. There are two ways to escape suffering it. The first is easy for many: accept the inferno and become such a part of it that you can no longer see it.'



UNLIVABLE CITIES



UNLIVABLE CITIES



UNLIVABLE CITIES



There are two ways to escape suffering it. The first is easy for many: accept the inferno and become such a part of it that you can no longer see it. The second is risky and demands constant vigilance and apprehension: seek and learn to recognize who and what, in the midst of the inferno, are not inferno, then make them endure, give them space.



THE NON-INFERNAL