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06.09.2003

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Skills: Adobe Indesign, Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Illustrator  
Basics: Adobe Premiere Pro, Html/Css

I'm Arno R thlin. I'm 22 years old and I graduated from Fachklasse Grafik Luzern in Switzerland. During my studies I developed a fascination for visual communication and the beauty of effective Typography. I tend to take a more minimalistic approach to design, but I am also eager to see things from a different point of view.

German: native  
English: fluent

01

- o 2016-18 Kantonsschule Zug
- o 2018-19 Sekundarschule A, Loreto Zug
- o 2019-24 Fachklasse Grafik Luzern
  - o 2023 Internship at Stockholm Design Lab
  - o 2024 Grafiker EFZ, BM Gestaltung und Kunst
- o 2025 Internship at erdmannpeisker GmbH

15.01.-20.03.2024

Subject Area: Editorial, Layout, Typography

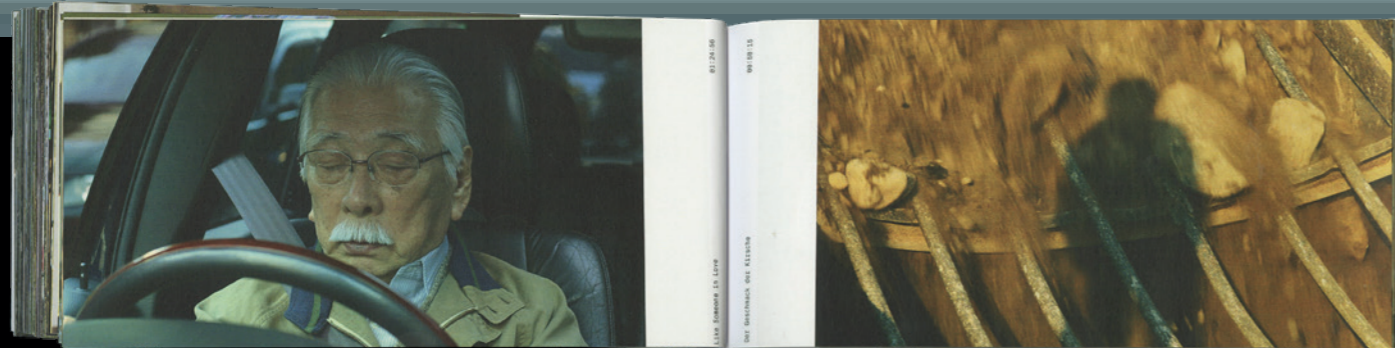
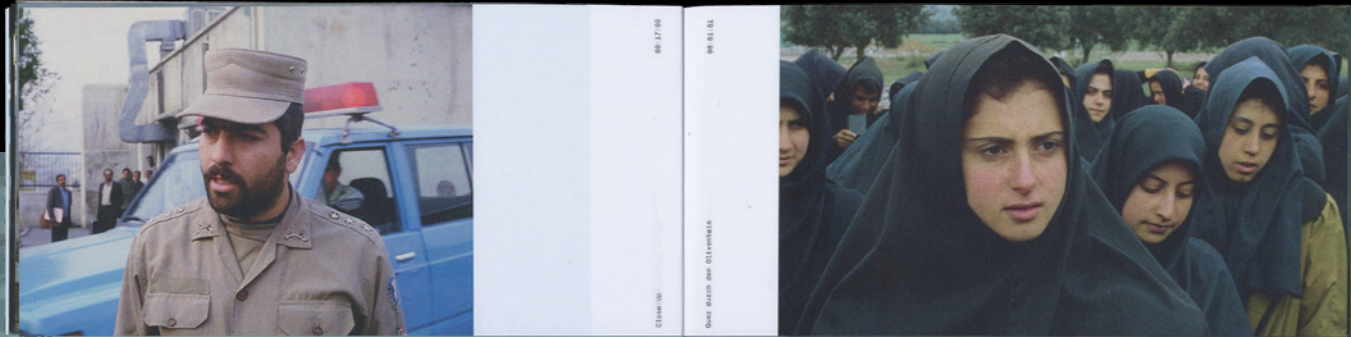
In this book series, I delve into Abbas Kiarostami's work, focusing on seven films mostly set in Iran. Part one "Alter" explores themes of misunderstood children and authority, occurring most prominently in "Where's the Friend's House?". Part two "Einsamkeit" draws from "Taste of Cherry", delving into grief and solitude. Part three "Autofahrt" centres on the journey motif seen in Kiarostami's films, offering insights into the area's structure and geography. Each book is meant to be looked at both forwards and backwards.

Lecturers: Fabio Parizzi, Patrina Strähl

Von Teheran nach Koker

02

Aino Röhlin



22.08.-28.10.2022

Subject Area: Drawing, Editorial, Layout, Photography, Typography

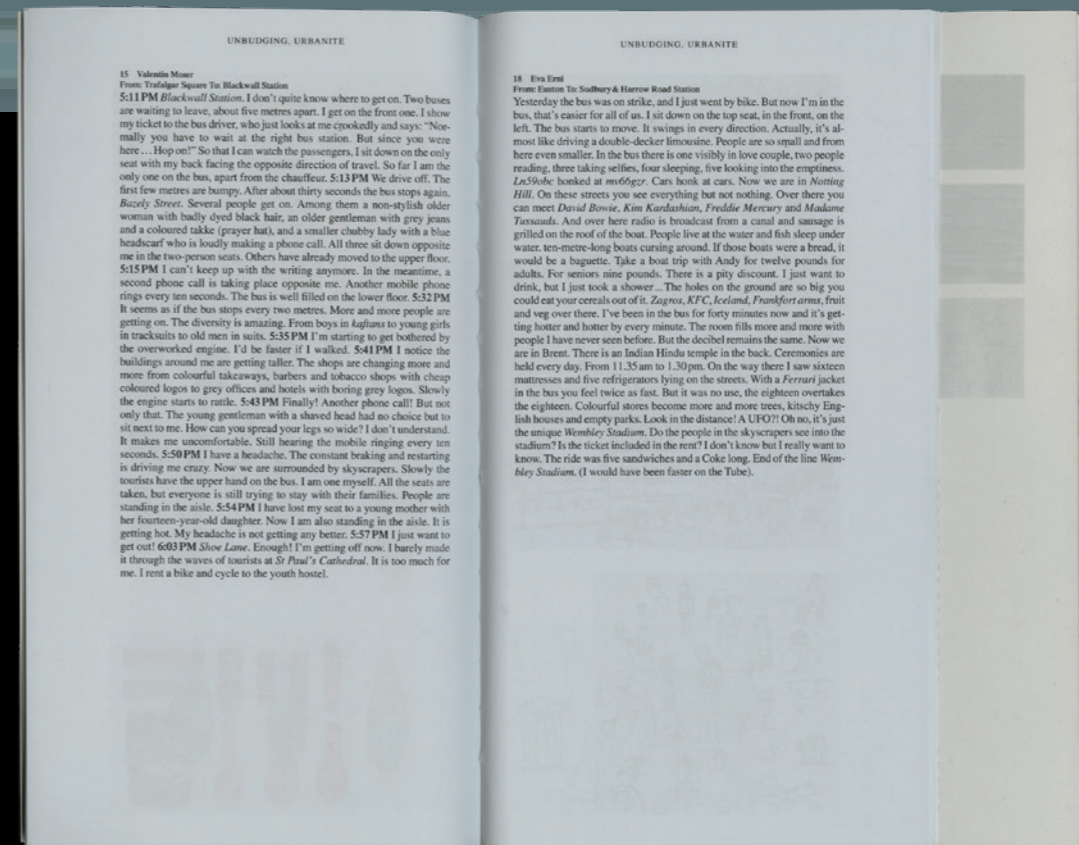
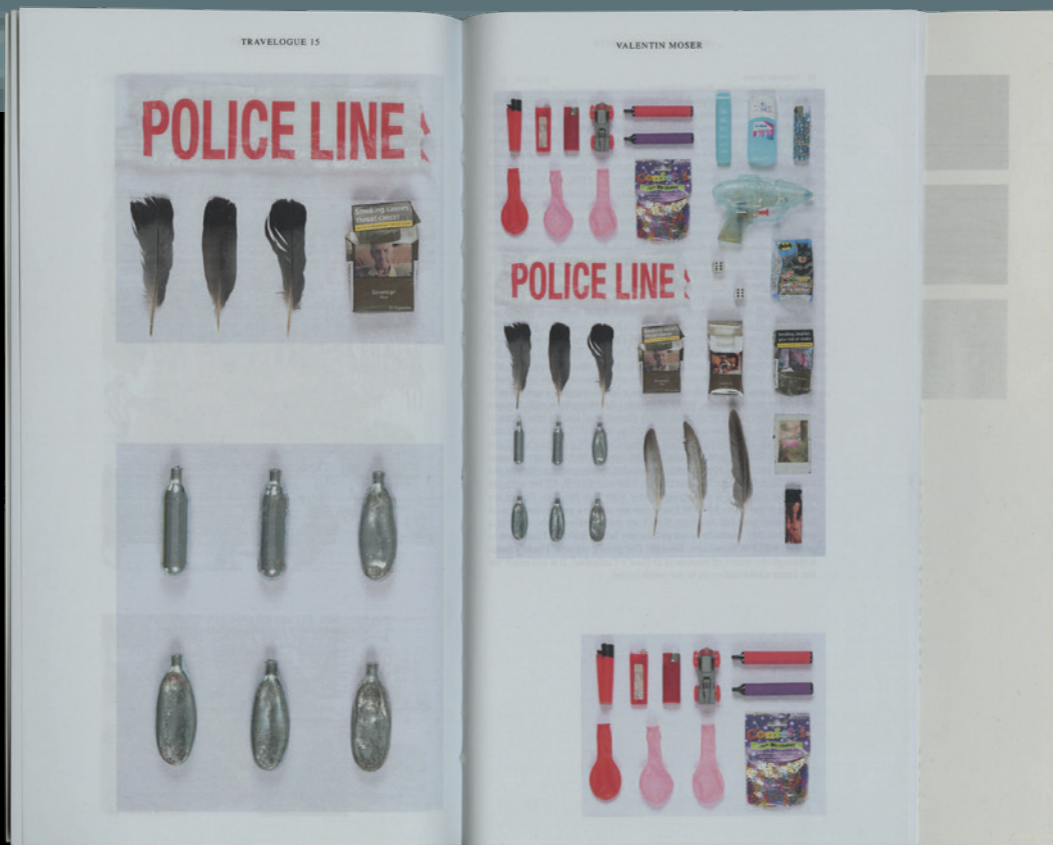
23 students spread over a city, yet they gravitate to the same things. 46 different sights, and similarities can be drawn between most of them. I used the resemblance to form three different chapters. To begin with, the architectural chapter—UNBUDGING—followed by the middle part consisting of a collection of cultural places—HODGEPODGE—and concluding with the representation of the feeling of a metropolis like London—URBANITE. Wrapping around the main part is a collection of posters drawn on our journey through England's capital.

Lecturers: Marco Backer, Valeria Bonin, Hanspeter Kuenzler, Michael Pilz, Patrina Strähl, Silvio Waser, Markus Wicki

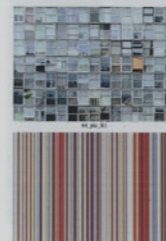
Great Minds Think Alike

03

Aino Röthlin



land on my surface but has the necessary equipment to keep two thousand people alive for about thirty years. If our calculations are correct, construction has been going on here since the first year, commencing by Aristotle from the first day of his fall, you therefore are mind blowing. The near *Barthes' Power Station* and have experienced many strange things. I finally found your commentary and images of proof, which I believe are the answer to all my questions. Nevertheless, the theory by Taly falls to me highly exaggerated. I think it's one of our values to stay grounded, believable, and to bring great arguments to the population. You've got a new supporter to your *SPS Rebel-Joe!* (should) has changed her name to *Anna Röthlin*!



was where I met Fran. A man who has lived in Walhamston his entire life. He told me that the morning last year held at the station. Even though attendance had been at its lowest during the past year, the place was packed that evening. I could believe it was showing down! Fran says, and he meant that literally. Somewhere in the back of their minds everyone thought someone would come in and see it. Surely that someone never arrived, the stadium was shut down after that some last night.

**55 Walhamston Bus Station**  
**Anna Röthlin**—The slow walking up to Walhamston stadium I didn't know what to expect. The alleged grand dog racing stadium of Britain shut down in 2008 and left behind a rather depressing site. The park right next to it works things I'd rather not imagine. Between the empty media bodies and almost empty capsules cars crawl through the streets on the ground. A rat scurries for a moment along the side of the road. The current state of the stadium's surroundings is perfectly reflected by an enclosure that with two drains in the park. While walking past them they stopped me and asked who I was and what I was doing there. *Passive*, the more I know of the team, upon hearing about my visit told me a story about his reaction to the stadium. He visited during Christmas and doubted if would snow since it was so warm. A couple hours later, walking past the stadium and his feet became. He was stuck in the snow. He asked about the "pret of it" and waited for me to answer. He wanted and answered himself shortly after he came to the own parking space they call home. Nevertheless, their houses are of a strange beauty to me. Everyone has a few square metres of their own to do whatever they want. Apart from the "free-don't" there are obviously some systemic rules. Colour palette, patterns, carpets and other decorative elements are subject to a standard. While it is and what happens on the other side of the wall I can only guess. Probably there are houses which are a source for conservation and company theories.

**55 Glenam Road**  
**Anna Röthlin**—Quasi a bookstore focused on representing its community share its bookstore with a fourteen-year-old girl. Founder and owner Eleanor opened *Pages of History* while pregnant with her first child. This obviously complicated things but also must have been really exciting. The shop is located on the *Lower Clarendon Road* and focuses on contemporary authors rather than classics. As manager and day one employee, Eleanor explained that fitting half of a rather small bookshop with classic novels you could buy anywhere from all over the world. Instead, they mostly focus on current books about politics, feminism, philosophy and the arts. They also introduced a computer system which allows for customers to leave a couple of pounds to support less fortunate book aficionados. This creates an inclusive environment where everyone can feel heard and supported. Plugged by an off-licence and a recently-shut-down Asian restaurant, *Pages of History* seems like an oasis in the rather rough neighbourhood around it. The baby-blue facade definitely seems better days, but the shop will create a feeling of warmth and hospitality. Stepping through the door feels like stepping into another world, much quieter and more peaceful than the busy streets of London. The shop is small but cozy and nestled in the ceiling with

books on every wall. The staff were the first people who weren't baffled by the fact that I wanted to take pictures of seemingly boring things or even draw them. The feeling of hospitality wasn't a feeling anymore. It was real. They showed me around the shop, the main room, the garden behind it and the basement filled with vintage books. This basement seemed the most interesting part to me. On one side of the room is a comfortable chair and on the other a small couch both lit by floor lamps. The whole room is wrapped in a warm light. You could almost fall asleep.



you enter *113 Rye Lane* and walk through that narrow corridor, you enter a whole new world. You feel like you aren't in Peckham anymore. Most people there are white people, mostly young, there is nice music playing in a good volume to work. There are many tables to sit at and even an extension. I feel so much safer here than outside this bubble. But also see the problem in having this kind of place in Peckham. The low house prices rise because these kinds of places make Peckham safer and more enjoyable. This creates the problem that the people who lived here for a long time afford their houses anymore and some rich kids who want to have a cool place to stay, move in.



**133 Canonville Street**  
**Jordan Hochmeister**—The Engine of Economy The businessmen entering the *Libral Building* are using a levitating capsule to travel from one site to another. The architecture of the building is modern. The modern character gives the engine its true power. A central station of economy placed in the City of London. Every day seems to be the same, checking in, working at the desk, trying to hold up the connections to the trading world. To be or not to be, that's the question. It feels sad, the motivation is steered by coffee, when actually only the quality of meetings can make the day better. It's exhausting to walk up the endless stairs and makes you realize. It takes every step into a nonsense automatic movement. The coffee is cold as I arrive at the top. A little late again, when I look at the clock, it walks fast enough to run into the room when the door is closing. The boss looks at my task of taking good photographs, without making me or bothering the other employees. I do really enjoy the atmosphere. The second time I visited the store, I was able to move up the coverage to ask the shop's manager if I was allowed to take pictures in his store, which he so graciously permitted me to. The employees were so nice, and curious of my work. I was able to show some of my polaroid pictures to the employees who made the coffee and could complement his great work. Because the store is so packed to the ceiling with its many prod-

**207 Dane Road**  
**Jordan Hochmeister**—Through the Corridors of Hyper March While wandering down *Uxbridge Road*, I stumbled upon *Hyper March's* colourful and fresh selection of fruits and vegetables. I was on the lookout for cool looking grocery stores to photograph the vibrant colours and textures, and *Hyper March* was just perfect. The inside was even better, with its rows upon rows of jars and packets of various spices and food stuffs from many different regions like *Farley, Greece and Palestine*. The store carries a *Halal* bakery. There is a condensation corner with a display of bright and colourful stacks of *Farkid Dangle*. Next to it there is a large bottle-style selection of nuts and oils. Across the aisle, in the bakery part of the shop, an employee is making fresh *Banana Bread*. While my first visit to this store might have been a little stunted with my task of taking good photographs, without making me or bothering the other employees, I do really enjoy the atmosphere. The second time I visited the store, I was able to move up the coverage to ask the shop's manager if I was allowed to take pictures in his store, which he so graciously permitted me to. The employees were so nice, and curious of my work. I was able to show some of my polaroid pictures to the employees who made the coffee and could complement his great work. Because the store is so packed to the ceiling with its many prod-

**Fachklasse Grafik Lazern—London Projekt 2022**  
Like the red blood cells that transport the oxygen through our veins, London's famous red buses move 6.5 million people across the town every single day. London's bus service consists of 8,600 vehicles operating on 700 routes, with 19,000 stops. All in all, the network covers 20,000 km<sup>2</sup>—half the distance of a journey around the world. While the tube runs from A to B, it is mostly headed towards concentrated by the bus and traffic of the streets, the buses' routes in the vast expanse of London that lies in between the tube stations and beyond. Travelling at a much more leisurely pace than their constant underground, every bus route has its own way to tell. A story that is also the story of London with all its nuances and often shocking contrast. For our project, *Only Losers Take the Bus*, 23 students followed two bus routes each. They documented these routes in image and text, adding their own recommendations for stop-overs at locations that held a special allure for them. In a final stage of this editorial design project, the students were asked to devise a concept that would bring together the visual material and the text in a well-mounted and attractive publication. We believe the best result which you are holding in your hands now and which is based on an idea by *Anna Röthlin*, marks a 25-fold refutation of the *Futurist Manifesto* slogan, *Only Losers Take the Bus*.

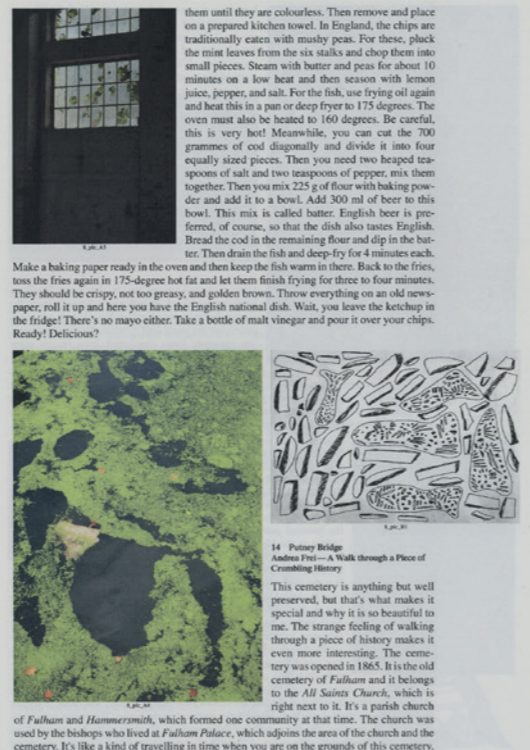
**210 Inverforth Close**  
**Toni Zeyherig**—The Ghast on the Hill They have become a silent story one never to be told morning left of their former glory always said had to stay on this site—Furrier he'll be trapped in the place he lost his life but now it seems he stepped and chases tension with his knife—When I saw him for first time he was cold and scared and pointed me into a bank of thorns but then he opened up and shared—that his story is a lonely one people come and go no one stays after the sun is gone he just watches the trees grow

**8 Roman Road**  
**Anna Ochilina**—Don't Judge a House by Its Windows. The canal can offer you whatever you want. You walk over the bridge and suddenly you're in a completely different area. Have you suddenly gone too far and ended up in Amsterdam? Oh no, in the distance you suddenly see the skyline of London. You walk along the canal and see houses made of bricks, boats, people restoring these boats, ducks that almost look like they are on display in the green canal. After a few minutes of walking, you see a crumbling warehouse. The factory looks abandoned, so abandoned that no one would use it anymore. You sit down on the wall by the canal path and make a short sketch because the building fascinates you extremely. Near to you are two men mending their boat. They offer me some of their quiche. People are walking, cycling and jogging along you. So, you sit there, next to the canal, what you feel feels good. It's quiet, the air is fresh, and the people are in a good mood. Some of them compliment you on your sketch or ask you why you are working on this building. This makes you happy and proud, because you yourself are sometimes very uncertain about your drawing style. You answer them and hope that you will learn interesting information and facts about the building or that an exciting conversation will ensue. Unfortunately, this does not happen, people are usually not so patient and keep on walking. You wonder why these people are so stressed. You pick up your things and walk on, once around the warehouse, because the boat owners who were repairing the building looks like it is alive. There is a dance studio, artist studios and an art gallery. The latter is of particular interest to you, a brutalist installation is waiting for you. You go into this room and the whole exhibition captivates you.

**8 Roman Road**  
**Anna Ochilina**—Fish, Ketchup & Chips? A recipe for four servings or two super hungry eaters! Take 850 grammes of potatoes and peel them. Then cut them into oblong rectangles. Be careful, cutting can be dangerous. Then pour 2 litres of frying oil into a pan or deep fryer and heat to 120 degrees. Put the pre-cut potatoes into the sizzling deep fryer. Be careful, they are very hot and there is a risk of burning! Fry the potatoes one after the other in portions for about 8 minutes. Fry

them until they are colourless. Then remove and place on a prepared kitchen towel. In England, the chips are traditionally eaten with mushy peas. For these, pluck the mint leaves from the six stalks and chop them into small pieces. Steam with butter and peas for about 10 minutes on a low heat and then season with lemon juice, pepper, and salt. For the fish, use frying oil again and heat this in a pan or deep fryer to 175 degrees. The oven must also be heated to 160 degrees. Be careful, this is very hot! Meanwhile, you can cut the 700 grammes of cod diagonally and divide it into four equally sized pieces. Then you need two heaped teaspoons of salt and two teaspoons of pepper, mix them together. Then you mix 225 g of flour with baking powder and add it to a bowl. Add 300 ml of beer to this bowl. This mix is called batter. English beer is preferred, of course, so that the dish also tastes English. Bread the cod in the remaining flour and dip in the batter. Then drain the fish and deep-fry for 4 minutes each. They should be crispy, not too greasy, and golden brown. Throw everything on an old newspaper, roll it up and here you have the English national dish. Wait, you leave the ketchup in the fridge! There's no mayo either. Take a bottle of malt vinegar and pour it over your chips. Ready! Delicious?

**14 Putney Bridge**  
**Andreas Fritsch**—A Walk through a Piece of Crumbling History This cemetery is anything but well preserved, but that's what makes it special and why it is so beautiful to me. The strange feeling of walking through a piece of history makes it even more interesting. The cemetery was opened in 1865. It is the old cemetery of *Fulham* and it belongs to the *All Saints Church*, which is right next to it. It's a parish church of *Fulham* and *Hammersmith*, which formed one community at that time. The church was used by the bishops who lived at *Fulham Palace*, which adjoins the area of the church and the cemetery. It's like a kind of travelling in time when you are on the grounds of this cemetery.



**213 Mornington Crescent Station / Town Library**  
**Alkumudra Walker**—Fresh Coffee and Music If you're interested in music and coffee, *Café Koko* is the right place to go. To get to this wonderful café, you get off from the bus line 253 to *Hackney at Mornington Crescent Station* and walk towards a big white theatre with the name *Koko*. You will feel like you stepped back in time when you enter the small café at the back of the *Koko Theatre*. The smell that hits you as soon as you step inside, is a warm mix of sweet liquor and freshly brewed coffee. *Café Koko* is a cosy place, far away from the busy streets, where you can get some work done while drinking your coffee. However, you can also have a good laugh here over some drinks while being accompanied by music in a variety of styles. As I sat down at a table and got my sketchbook out, I got into a conversation with the barista. She told me that her name was *Jess*, and I admit she made the best cappuccino I have ever had. I instantly felt welcome and like I was in the right place. The location was a pub only six months ago called *Hope and Anchor*, but it got redesigned and became the current *Café Koko*. The café is filled with a selection of private art and photos which reference the theatre's deep musical history. As mentioned earlier it's not only a café but also a bar which runs till midnight, featuring many live DJs. The top bar offers a wide selection of craft beers, ciders, and cocktails. I met *Alex* at the bar, he works there as a bartender during the day. After a bit of chatting, he was willing to pose for a portrait. The staff at the

café are very welcoming and it's always fun to chat about random stuff you have in common. As you can probably tell, I love this place and can recommend this place to everyone.



**466 Tube Hill Station**  
**Silva Slaber**—Conversation with Dead People You've spent 417,852 Minutes on the loo? I ask the many people standing in front of me. Not only that they reply, we had sex over 1944 Times during all of the 5,730 years we lived. I gasp while I open my eyes. I find myself sitting on a bench in a graveyard. I must have fallen asleep during my lunchbreak. I check my watch to see how much time I have left before I must get back to work at the coffeeshop just around the corner. The many people I have just talked to, in my dream, have all been dead and buried for over 200 years. For a moment I felt so real, talking to them. I get up and start walking around the overgrown graves. Many of the names I can make out sound similar but that's probably just because there was a limited number of names 200 years ago. A cold shiver runs down my spine while I think about how crazy it is that there are so many dead people lying beneath me. I've never been a religious person, but I weirdly find myself drawn to graveyards. I have been thinking a lot about this topic recently, something that is terrible in its meaning but beautiful in how it looks. I don't find myself feeling sad in graveyards. Rather, I find it a calming thought that it seems that everyone has finally found peace. It's quiet here.

**3 Jiggy Hill**  
**Loris Prober**—The not so Little Life of a Bench in Newwood Park To sit down on a bench just to rest our legs is a normal thing to do for us. Most of us do it almost every day. We just walk up to it and sit down. It is just there, and it just exists for one reason—for people to sit on it. But I think it is more than just an object. It is a silent witness. It is there every day and every night. Just imagine how many people have sat on it already. How many secrets have been told here. How many stories were shared. How many relationships started and ended here. How many dog owners came



19 Knightsbridge  
Simon Flander — You Have to Be Rich

Approaching Sloane Street, the bus gets empty. Rich people don't travel by bus. This is the bubble where rich people live, eat, drink, and shop. Whatever there is in a shop window, or how bizarre the prices are, they will buy it. They would even buy trash. It just has to be in a shop window and have a brand name on it. While passing the street, you can see a homeless guy sitting in front of the Louis Vuitton store. He hopes to get a lot of money from rich people, but the opposite happens. He doesn't get any money from the rich people. They just stop by with their expensive cars and walk instantly into the stores without risking a look at the homeless guy. So, he thinks they didn't notice him in the street. Only middle-class people stop briefly searching for change to drop in his cup. Even as a middle-class person, here you feel poorer than poor. Every store entrance is just another border that you can't cross. The security guy's look goes through your body, and he just knows that you only go into these stores to steal something. You notice how you want to try to catch your innermost thief by yourself which still doesn't exist, but your fear of the security guy makes it exist. At night, the lights from the Gucci, Prada, and Louis Vuitton shops are trying to catch your eyes and shut them into their shop windows.

19 Sloane Square  
Simon Flander — The Big Issue

Every day the same man in the red vest tries to sell his newspaper at Sloane Square. At the same time, he scares the people away who don't have the word *Tourette* in their vocabulary. After the three days of noticing him, I wanted to observe him and even get to know him. The next day at 2.30 pm the newspaperman hadn't appeared. I was about to leave when he suddenly appeared. First an old lady walked by, but apparently he said something that offended her, so she slapped the newspaper out of his hands. But what she didn't know is that it was his *Tourette* talking, not him. Other people who walked by helped him pick up the newspaper and he was very thankful for it. He makes compliments, talks to people, and wishes them a nice day. Sometimes he throws random letters and words out of his mouth, when you look



carefully you can see him trying to catch them before they reach the streets, but that's almost always too late. He takes a lighter and a pack of cigarettes out of his vest, takes one cigarette out and smokes it while he is trying to sell another newspaper. The nicotine helps him to suppress his *Tourette* a little bit. Sometimes he talks a bit to people, and he stops selling. So, the newspaper selling isn't the most important thing to him, he is also a very social person. He has been selling newspaper for 30 years, for the last 5 years he's been selling them on Sloane Square. He is a very nice guy. We had a little talk and he asked what I was doing here. He told me, his name is *Kendon*.

29 St Ann's Road Hill  
Isamu Aohashi — The Wedding Dresses

It's my fifth time this year. And finally, my last. Who even came up with the idea that Turkish people must have five weddings before they are officially married? That's what I'm going through right now. Although I'm exhausted, I'm excited to pick out a white wedding dress. The previous four dresses were either red,



UNBUDGING

Loris Probst  
31\_Pic\_B1 Lambeth Bridge today (p. 4)  
31\_Pic\_B2 Facing north, you can see massive cranes reaching up into the sky  
31\_Pic\_B3 In the north you can see huge futuristic buildings  
31\_Pic\_B4 In the south you see more traditional stuff going on, like Big Ben for example

Nana Spaziali  
13\_Pic\_A1 An empty grave surrounded by green radiating veins (p. 4)  
13\_Pic\_B2 A sign of life  
13\_Pic\_B3 Hand up!

Eva Erni  
18\_Pic\_1A The faith connects (p. 4)  
18\_Pic\_2A Indian culture meets English architecture

Albina Gilder  
25\_Pic\_A1 Slopes and colors give a colorful variety to the business world (p. 5)  
25\_Pic\_A2 The same work simply with other colors. Another object that catches your eye  
31\_Pic\_A3 The structure becomes more and more surreal, depending on what extract you're looking at  
31\_Pic\_A4 Seeing the roof in combination with a normal building, it almost becomes comically fantastic

Marco Spörl  
44\_Pic\_A1 The new neighborhood (p. 5)  
44\_Pic\_A2 A conspiracy unmasked  
44\_Pic\_A3 Hidden fusion power grid in Ravenshoe Power Station

Anna Röhlin  
55\_Pic\_A1 The neon sign appears as "nearly home" beacon for nearby residents (p. 6)  
55\_Pic\_A2 In 1984 a nightclub was opened within the foundations of the clocktower  
55\_Pic\_A3 "The Store" was once regarded as the leading greyhound racing stadium in Britain  
55\_Pic\_B1 Pages of history were read: London's Independent Bookshop of the Year  
55\_Pic\_B2 The basement features a selection of vintage books with a focus on crime fiction  
55\_Pic\_B3 The shop hosts events and monthly art exhibitions in the basement

Isamu Aohashi  
29\_Pic\_B1 Even out of a shiba (p. 11)  
29\_Pic\_B2 The kahub bride  
29\_Pic\_B3 The garbage chocolate cake

Andreas Frei  
14\_Pic\_A1 Barred and overgrown (p. 10)  
14\_Pic\_A2 To the memory of Alfred Cotton. Died September 17<sup>th</sup>, April 27<sup>th</sup> years  
14\_Pic\_A3 The family vault of family co-owner of Winchester House Palace

Albina Gilder  
25\_Pic\_B1 There's a shadow in front of the Vauxhall Tavern. Who is it? (p. 11)  
25\_Pic\_B2 The view into the distance  
25\_Pic\_B3 The look without the city shop assistant who doesn't like to be photographed  
14\_Pic\_B3 Filled with everything you could possibly want

Simon Flander  
19\_Pic\_A1 Try to dive into the bubble of rich people (p. 19)  
19\_Pic\_B1 The glitz and glamour of the shop windows need your eyes and want to take you to another dimension (p. 18)  
19\_Pic\_B2 The redhook bag has caught into the shop windows, will anyone notice? (p. 19)  
19\_Pic\_B3 A history world of the rich where everything is like in a fashion advertisement, surreal, stimulating  
19\_Pic\_B4 Every day when I go past Sloane Square on the bus, I notice this man who is also there every day (p. 20)  
19\_Pic\_B5 I watch him to see how he tries to sell his newspaper  
19\_Pic\_B6 Watch how he gets the attention of others and how he interacts with people  
19\_Pic\_B7 Must him and ask him if I can take a photo of him

Isamu Aohashi  
29\_Pic\_A1 Graffiti on the front brick wall side of the Illegion Arts Factory (p. 21)  
29\_Pic\_A2 Under the painted surface in front of the Illegion Arts Factory. The church with its simple next to a modern building  
29\_Pic\_A3 The view of the Illegion Arts Factory from the bus  
29\_Pic\_A4 How water pipes on the side wall of the Illegion Arts Factory

Ivo Löhrer  
63\_Pic\_A1 A very stylish man who always approached me in a friendly manner. His mixed style of clothing is very symbolic of the diversity of Duxton Road (p. 22)

Eva Löhrer  
63\_Pic\_B1 This is Lucia. I met her on the first day and immediately realized that she is the opposite of a figure (p. 7)  
63\_Pic\_B2 I saw this portrait for an exhibition. It shows the courtyard of 133 Rye Lane  
63\_Pic\_B3 A photograph through a window in a staircase. Another bubble-like place creates pretty well

Fabio Marzullini  
133\_Pic\_B1 The grid with minimalist hex shapes (p. 7)  
133\_Pic\_B2 Little to the capsule grid  
133\_Pic\_B3 Mean of well-off class  
133\_Pic\_B4 The levitating capsules

Jordan Hochstetler  
207\_Pic\_B1 A strange but interesting juxtaposition between two aesthetics (p. 7)  
207\_Pic\_B2 Building for his boss  
207\_Pic\_B3 He seems to have so much time. Everyone runs while he just sits and watches the air  
207\_Pic\_B4 I tell them my name is George, because they can't say Hermann

Eva Zeyang  
210\_Pic\_B1 "Sorry you can't walk through here, they are shooting a book cover under the stone" "What's the book called, if you don't mind me asking?" "Fire and Genesius, I think" (p. 8)  
210\_Pic\_B2 "Come on guys, smile like you're excited about this photo shoot!" says the photographer taking someone's engagement photos in the rain. They were not excited at all

HODGEPODGE  
Anna Occhiali  
8\_Pic\_A1 A fight, it came out of nowhere. It shows on a building. The nothing is a pool of water (p. 8)  
8\_Pic\_A2 Back as far as your eye can see. Everything is made out of this reddish, rectangular stone  
8\_Pic\_A3 The window, it looks ramshackle and broken. You never know what awaits you inside (p. 9)  
8\_Pic\_A4 The leaves dance on the canal, they float and flow slowly with the water. A boat comes, they move fast. But they come back  
8\_Pic\_B1 A jumble of fish and potatoes mixed makes a delicious meal. Everyone knows it because it is the national dish of Great Britain

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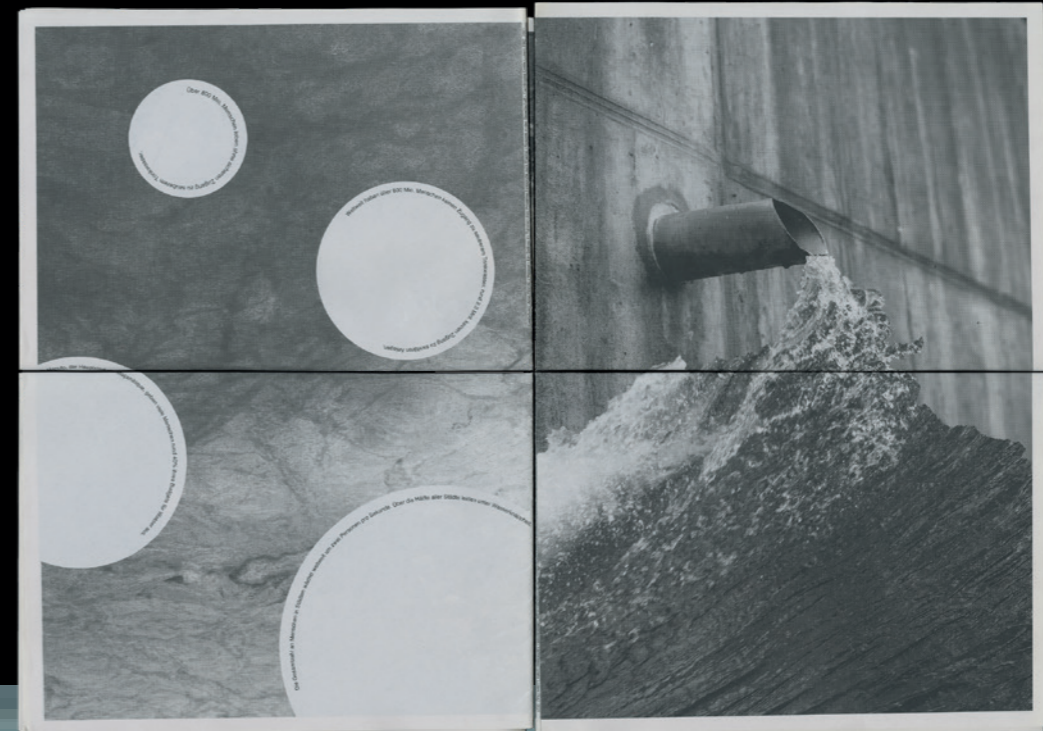
01.03.-21.05.2021

Subject Area: Layout, Photography, Typography

In tandem with the poster-project "Water, The Oil of the 21st Century", I also designed a paper to deal with the topic of water. I was able to use far more text than on the poster. I strictly worked analogue rather than digital. Furthermore, I set off and took photographs of places where one would encounter water. The different areas of water use are combined with collages showing the motion of water.

Lecturers: Melchior Imboden, Martin Woodtli

Photographics



06

Aino Röhlin

