

Take a Trip to the Invisible Cities

Placed on this landscape
villages and cities seem fragile.
I always felt
that if I closed my eyes
they would disappear,
as if they've never
been there,
that houses should try hard
to stay together, otherwise
this chromatic wildness
would swallow them.

Invisible cities belong to the world, every part of the world that keeps
alive the memory of past cities. My villages have two faces: one obvious,
one hidden. I paint them as I remember them. I purify them from any
realistic detail, trying to create a short chromatic summary of each place
and reproduce the feeling you get when you see it for the first time. All
paintings are based on real places that I've visited, but the viewer is free
to find his own cities behind mine, the ones that remain invisible to me.



K Koinata Publishing House
www.koinata.com

ISBN 978-618-80515-4-6



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This book is the result of an amazing meeting between two projects that gave me the opportunity to express the same idea in different forms. The first project is a series of paintings I've been working on for the last fifteen years, named "Invisible Cities", since I was initially inspired by Italo Calvino.

The second project is a film called "Take a Trip" directed by Christos N. Karakasis, and produced during the last two years. All filming took place in England and London is the city presented. I was asked to write a text that would be used in the film. As a writer I do not find it easy to write on a given subject, but this was not the case. It was about a city, and cities were always part of my thoughts as they used to be my main subject in another field of my interests; art. How could I put my perception of a city in words, though? It seemed easy at first, but was it really? I had to think and watch the film so many times, but still couldn't find my way with words. Then suddenly I was running out of time, I had to let the director know if I was going to give him the text or free him from waiting. I decided to free him. I was sorry, but it seemed that cities were only meant to be painted by me. Maybe I couldn't combine different ways of expressing myself on the very same idea. Maybe we all have different areas in ourselves that do exist as whole entities, but can never meet, because they are just parallel to each other. So I freed him, but, as soon as I did, I started

writing. I knew London, I knew England, I had lived there for long periods and suddenly it was all coming together.

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ISBN: 978-618-80515-4-6

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