

FEDERICO CLAVARINO & TAMI IZKO - THE CRAB'S HOUSE (part 3)

A shadow is cast on the wall. It moves fast. The sun comes in from the window facing the street, and the two plants we bought to add to our privacy are now being projected on the white surface. The shadows vibrate with the wind. Quickly: a piece of paper to trace their silhouette. This is done five times, on different days, at different hours. One early morning the olive tree in the small courtyard also appears on a wall. The last paper goes underneath that shadow, the sharpest of them all.

Almost everyone's late the first time. There are a few no-shows. The shrimps get rubbery in the lemony sauce, how long should we wait? A first lesson on flexibility. We collect four items to cast, some come with a story, some don't.

The second time dishes are simple, we make the same dessert: Eton Mess, but with yoghurt instead of cream. We befriended the man at the pastry shop, he studied sculpture and makes the most gorgeous meringue. The objects brought to us that night are charged with meaning. One of these we fail to cast. During dinner a friend asks how come we decided to work on something ephemeral a few hundred metres from the Acropolis.

A picnic is the third and final round. Lost on Philopappos Hill carrying many bottles of wine. The view is great. The flowery tablecloth lying on the ground looks funny. We collect four viable objects and leave when it gets dark.

So what are we left with?

Candles cannot be lit without oxygen to keep the flame going, and for each of our gatherings we relied on fire or sunlight. We were left with a series of impressions, placed in a foreign space, and all of them are now slowly flickering away.























