

Rusty Nail part A

Written by: Kiki Orfanos, photos: Kiki Orfanos

Greece is famous for its ancient leavings. Sun-warmed temples provide the drama for twilight photographs. Intricate mosaics appear suddenly in the wilderness and bleached statues sheltering fading colours in marble grooves, fill museums. Elegant sentinels of the past, they represent mathematics, harmony, science, logic, philosophy, architecture, and all the Muses. Telling the multi-layered story of an archaic culture, they are the material proof of a mastery of arcane subjects and connect us, through aesthetics and curiosity, to an ancient intellectualism and spirituality.

But there are recent remnants too; disintegrating houses decomposing where they stand - closing up, breaking down and falling away. These are the vertical dead, but the story that they tell is of another aspect of the same culture. This one is domestic, redolent of family and struggle, an earthier knowledge, a darker, harsher spirituality. Both also celebrate the great communal values of family, community, hospitality that suffused the ancient past and animate the present. When Homer's Menelaus points a furious finger at a capering Paris for the abuse of his hospitality, his outrage resonates today. Hospitality is sacred and must be respected. It is a belief held dear through the ages and familiar to every generation.

A house is an organic thing, of course it is. It is the exoskeleton of the lives that inhabit it; people are its organs; its lungs, brain and heart. It witnesses, shares, and feels everything that happens inside it, laughing with you, weeping for you.

The fortunes of those who dwell there are the fortunes of the house itself. But when the people leave, locking the door and walking away, the long and lonely process of disintegration begins, and stubborn memories lodged in the corners of forgotten rooms, turn into trailing cobwebs and gently float away. Greece is practiced at abandonment.



Entire villages lie dormant, grieving for the human energy that created them and filled them with life. Internal, retrospective, full of a subtle, delectable menace, they inspire Gothic myths, inviting ambiguous photographs, which explore the elemental drama of decay. This is the visual poetry of loss.

An arched lintel set in a shattered wall still surrounds a wooden door, which leads nowhere, and the broken shutters on the window next to it screen a room which, without ceiling and walls, isn't a room at all. The curve of the arch spans centuries, connecting the door of a simple house to the same ancient culture that made Homer's Giant-built walls. The substance - wood and stone - lasts forever, only the form changes.

By using the available materials and drawing on their knowledge of, and connection to, the landscape, the builders made peace with their environment and constructed their buildings, dividing the land

with those dry stonewalls which so effortlessly follow the rise and fall of the topography. Kythera is partly fashioned of limestone, rock that began as small creatures - coiling, multi-chambered shells, which descended infinitely - gently - in death to the sea floor. Here, water pressure crystalized them over many millions of years and cemented them into stone, then movements which occurred in the very crust of the earth, deeper than the ocean itself, conspired to return them to the surface to become the limestone foundations - the bedrock - of continents and islands.

Stone forms, informs and infests the landscape. For the people it was gift and bane. They blasted it out of the way of their roads and then used it to surface them. They cleared it from the fields and then used it to enclose their property. Houses and villages were configured so naturally they seemed not to be built from stone, but to grow from stone. Stone remains so deeply embedded in the culture that you might, with perfect truth, claim we are still living in the Stone Age.

Liquid light tinged with gold, flows over old stone structures at the

Η Mediterranean Cattering του Κώστα Τρεμπέλα

στη διάθεσή σας για το καλύτερο Cattering

σε κάθε είδους εκδηλώσεις για λίγα, πολλά ή και πάρα πολλά άτομα. Με τις καλύτερες τιμές και τις πιο εκλεκτές ποιότητες

ΜΕ ΠΕΙΡΑ ΔΕΚΑΕΤΙΩΝ

ΣΤΗΝ ΔΙΟΡΓΑΝΩΣΗ

ΣΥΝΕΣΤΙΑΣΕΩΝ ΓΑΜΩΝ

ΧΟΡΩΝ, ΑΡΡΑΒΩΝΩΝ,

ΚΑΘΕ ΕΙΔΟΥΣ ΕΟΡΤΑΣΜΩΝ



ΚΑΘΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΣΕ ΣΥΝΕΣΤΙΑΣΕΙΣ ΠΕΝΘΟΥΣ.

Αναλαμβάνουμε διοργανώσεις Κοκτεϊλ Πάρτυ, BBQ κλπ.

ΤΗΛΕΦΩΝΗΣΤΕ ΜΑΣ ΣΤΟ 0419 493 401

MEDITERRANEAN FOOD HOLDEN P/L



Τροφοδοτούμε μαγαζιά κι εστιατόρια

ΜΕ ΟΛΑ ΤΑ ΦΡΟΥΤΑ ΚΑΙ ΛΑΧΑΝΙΚΑ

Φρεσκότατα κάθε μέρα.

Καλές τιμές και ΔΩΡΕΑΝ ντελιβερω

ΘΑ ΜΑΣ ΒΡΕΙΤΕ ΣΤΟ

2 Mimosa Street Bexley

ΔΙΠΛΑ ΣΤΗ ΓΩΝΙΑ ΤΗΣ FOREST RD.

ΤΗΛ. 0408 477 855