

## Yellowish house

, in front of a demolished one a sofa laying outside seems like an apocalyptical one. Dwarfs and swamps.

We ring the bell last try of the day.

Comes one woman and then the husband.

- Oh ja we've seen this letter?

- uhmm I don't really understand but.

- Should i ask for the passport?

- You picture light, ok.

- I also make some pictures, wait.

He comes back with some self printed a4.

Winter portrait of him in the garden, in front of a big pin tree covered of snow.

Another one with the mat of his boat on the back, some more compositional this time.

He goes back inside and she keeps talking to us.

She starts explaining about her knitting art.

She invites us inside.

On the wall she shows us a big carpet or table clothes hanging.

Three years of work she says.

Taking out from closet, drawer she shows us more motives.

This one and the little ones.

They're all done with old material or recycled clothes or fabrics.

She shows us the square and

start describing a family or community sitting together around a fire.

The scene repeat it self as a kind symmetrical pattern.

We tell her we enjoy looking at them.

She learned it from her mother.

Renata tells her grand mother does also knitting

art or a kind of clothes for the dishes or

simply as decoration forms.

We come to the point asking for windows that faces the road.

There was a big window, they had to block it. Burglars had broken in from this window.

A friend of the couple is here in the living room.

A gentleman seems almost British. We greet him.

The living room faces the lake and the huge boat just park at the edge of the garden.

I make knitting his passion is sealing. Whoua we say together.

The boat can take 12 persons.

They take a ride now and then, but the winter it stays at side of the garden.

The only one is the kitchen window giving on the little swamp and dwarfs. The view continues on the demolished house.

Someone from Lebanon, he came one day.

Now they started demolishing but this is it.

Years in that state.

I explain the view does not matter at all.

The project is not about aesthetic... We literally measure the light by means of black and white photographing.

I tell my concept once more.

This is art not photography anymore.

Well it seems they would let's us come later this week, Friday or Sunday they don't know. We look in our agenda of meeting and explain the best is Friday at 8 or 9pm we say.

They ask if we want to let the technical camera at their home.

We would like but tomorrow we also picture the neighbors and so we will carry it.

We greet them warmly and soon walk away with the camera on the little car.

Lucky once more we rang at the right door. We talk about this pictures he showed us and her knitting art.