

THE GHOST FLOATS, NEVER RUNS

Ayelén Coccoz on *The perils of keeping it real*

Three girls sit together, tight, linked to each other. They look at us, each from her own gaze, and together, they take a slight leap in their chairs.

Sadness is a diffuse matter, like the atmosphere that surrounds these girls. An atmosphere woven from a vaporous and surprisingly solid material. The girls, we don't know what they are made of. Neither approaching or sticking the nose to the limit that separates us will bring us proof. But they exist, that's beyond doubt. They exist and they stare; perhaps even breathe. And it may be too risky to say this but, why not, sometimes I think I hear them whisper.

The old insistence on capturing time seems resolved in a way as simple as the action of catching air in a jar. That which contains and retains the three girls also contains air and time; all the air and all the time that could fit such a small space: a breath of air, perhaps a minute or two of time, and only three girls (not even complete).

Air, time and girls are solid, but they move very subtly. They are air, time and girls, but they are also something else, something that does not have a name, and that has taken on an arbitrary form, that of the box that contained them. The box no longer exists. They - air, time and girls - are the ghost of the box, they are their own box.