

A Ghost is a question (1997)

As a child, I was obsessed with the maelstrom of stone monsters and saints in the Gothic façade of Salamanca's cathedral. Severely eroded, the parts closer to the ground, rather than of stone, seemed to be made of melted wax. I had the intense feeling that those reliefs were soft and vaporous, as if what I was facing were ghost stones.

In Dario Argento's film *Profondo Rosso*, a medium compares thoughts with spider webs that stick to someone as they go through them, announcing, for instance, the impending arrival of the golem with crystal-clear omens: the appearance of its silhouette on a wall when the paint covering it falls off, or a ladle of molten lead shaping itself into its head when suddenly thrown into a bucket of cold water. The Golem is an incorporeal shadow, like the shadows left by the victims of Hiroshima.

When I first visited the Prado Museum I was still a child. That day I found out that *Lucrezia* by Andrea del Sarto was a ghost. I could not locate where the image really was. It was as if, in reality, it did not consist of paint applied on canvas by a human hand. It was like a mirror, in which, when we look at our own image, it is hard to tell where the reflection really is. The picture seemed to be a product of very intense thought on the part of the painter. So intense it had become forever trapped on the surface of a white canvas.

As a result of all this, years later, I decided I would always apply a filter to the objects I was later to present to the viewer, the space between the clock and the bed.

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