
Melissa Ramos

Traverse



Fig 1: Melissa Ramos, screen still from *Traverse*, 2012. Courtesy of the artist. Click on the image to watch the video.

November 2012

Hello my dear friend,

*I just watched your film *Traverse* on your website and I feel compelled in writing to you about it, or maybe just writing about it. I had seen some of the images you sent me in a small booklet, and I already liked them very much; still, it was a strange and emotional experience for me to watch the extract of your film.*

In your film I saw me and my memories; I saw my childhood and all that is lost; in this lady walking peacefully, I saw my grandparents, my great-grand-parents, the emotional stability of my childhood. I saw myself looking at my sea, the Mediterranean, feeling the loss and the peacefulness that come long after the loss, at certain moments. I saw the waves of the sea, the waves of life, the coming and going of my emotions, the violence of some of them. And then I saw my sister who departed so long ago, but she feels so near, climbing the rocks as a ruthless, beautiful spontaneous child. She had become a sad and lost adult, maybe because she couldn't face the loss, but I prefer to remember her as the extraordinary child she was, climbing rocks, climbing trees, not fearing anything. She let the fear and the loss overwhelm her; she maybe thought that she had to kill the child in order not to feel fear and loss.

I chose to embrace fear and loss as they are part of my emotions, and only my emotions, whatever they are, make me who I am, and free. I hope that I will keep walking but that I will keep stopping sometimes and looking at the sea of my emotions, however painful it can be.

It is so strange that your film and your emotions feel so close to mine. I could find pieces of my life in your film, and what pieces they are! I barely talk about my sister these days, and never in the way I just did. I miss her terribly, so I thank you because it feels good to talk about her, it feels good to remember her and the love that still is.

I am glad I've met you and I believe that we have met well, my friend. I do not believe in fate, but I believe that some "accidents" in our lives must be embraced.

*With love,
Eve*

Dearest Eve,

I thought of you yesterday when I heard Palestine was announced the 149th state, hopeful for change and peace. It will still take some time for the war to ease there, but these are the first steps.

Your missive came to me with such tenderness I'm honoured to have created a felt experience. I send my condolences to your sister.

This was the film I wanted you to voiceover. I was meaning to invite you to fill in the gaps between the words with your own poetry of words. It can be anything you feel about notions of 'absence & presence'. There is no rush, but whenever you feel the courage to do it.

There is something strange about this work, really. It was made during a sad time of my life, which was also a time for big transformation. It is my history as a child used as an allegory: I fell off a cliff, falling in flood waters during a hurricane, close at darkness.

Something I was thinking of, was the eternal gaze of the horizon, the reverie of water, the uncontrollable heavy waters, maternal water & feminine water, purity and morality, violent waters and the voice of waters.

*With love,
Melissa*