

EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE IN THE REVERSE¹

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I.

On March 29, 2019
Agnès Varda's grave rose
 as a fragment
 pieces filled with
flowers
 in Montparnasse Cemetery

Her grave is motion
 between past and present
not representation of
 definitive closure,
 under my eyes
 her grave became an essay

“But ability in an essay is
multiplicity, infinite fracture,
the intercrossing of opposed forces establishing any
number of
 opposed centres of stillness”²

her grave is permanent fracture
 (every frame is a fracture)

Dead artists become fragments
Dead artists become frames

II.

Her works: a turmoil in my mind
(a never ending documentary
of her existence)

 longing the development of Agnès' frames
 through times and spaces

Fuck memorial celebrations
Fuck final resolutions
Fuck chronological history
Fuck the historical consciousness of death

I want her to become a
 moving image
her fragments becoming part of my Arcades Project
 constellations with
 images that sparked from her curiosity
 over and over again

observe her no
 body
observe
 her fragments

III.

Her body walking backwards in the plages
(plages)
in the flux of my existence

frames collide with my own
waves collide with my own

m-o-v-i-n-g-i-m-a-g-e

For less than a second
Our lives will collide
The endless suspended
The door open wide

Then she will be born
To someone like you
What no one has done
She'll continue to do³

Her work makes me walk in reverse in my own plages

She is not an absent shadow
a wave
that keeps breaking on the shore,⁴
the development of her existence
inhabits and transforms

grave is not a monument
grave is existing tension

dead artists never die

1. Jean Baudrillard. *Fragments*. (London: Verso, 2007), 61.

2. William Carlos Williams "An Essay on Virginia" cited in *Essayism*. (London: Fitzcarraldo Editions, 2017), 15.

3. Leonard Cohen. *The Book of Longing*. (London: Penguin Books, 2006), 1.

4. Virginia Woolf. *The Waves*. (London: The Hogarth Press, 1960), 211.