

**Artist's first name and SURNAME:** Salomé Lamas

**1. TITLE [WITH SUBTITLES WHEN NECESSARY]:**



**THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD (2016) 90'**

Three-channel HD video installation, 2:39, color, three-channels mono sound, 90 min. sync in a loop, Peru-Portugal-Switzerland-France  
sound, 90 min. sync in a loop, Peru-Portugal-Switzerland-France  
<http://vimeo.com/95149950>  
PW: salomelamas

**2. DENOMINATION/GLOBAL CATEGORY**

(painting, sculpture, object, engraving, drawing, installation, video installation, projection, etc.)

Video Installation – 3 screens projection

**3. DOES THE WORK CONSIST OF AN ENSEMBLE (A WHOLE) OR A SERIE? IS THIS SERIE OPEN (STILL IN PROGRESS) OR CLOSED?**

**IF IT IS A SERIE WITH DIFFERENT PARTS, DO THESE CAN STILL BE CAN THESE STILL BE EXHIBITED SEPARATELY?**

*In case of a serie, thank you for providing assembling instructions.*

Closed.

**4. DATE / EVENTUALLY INDICATE A PERIOD OF TIME IF THE WORK WAS REALISED OVER A YEAR**

4b. Date of creation, if different from the date of realization

*(for example: for a photography, date of shooting and date of print; date of reduced-scale model, or matrix, mould, or date of publication, etc.)*

Date of shooting: April 2015

Date of production: 2016

World premiere: 2016

**5. TECHNICAL DETAILS**

Three-channel video installation, HD, 2:39 color, three-channels mono sound, 90 min. sync in a loop, Peru – Portugal – Switzerland – France

a) Materials

**Three-channel video installation, HD, 2:39 color, three-channels mono sound**

**MASTER LEFT CHANNEL 1 HD Mov. / Apple Pro Res 4444 / color / 2:39 / Sound Mono**

**MASTER CENTER CHANNEL 1 HD Mov. / Apple Pro Res 4444 / color / 2:39 / Sound Mono**

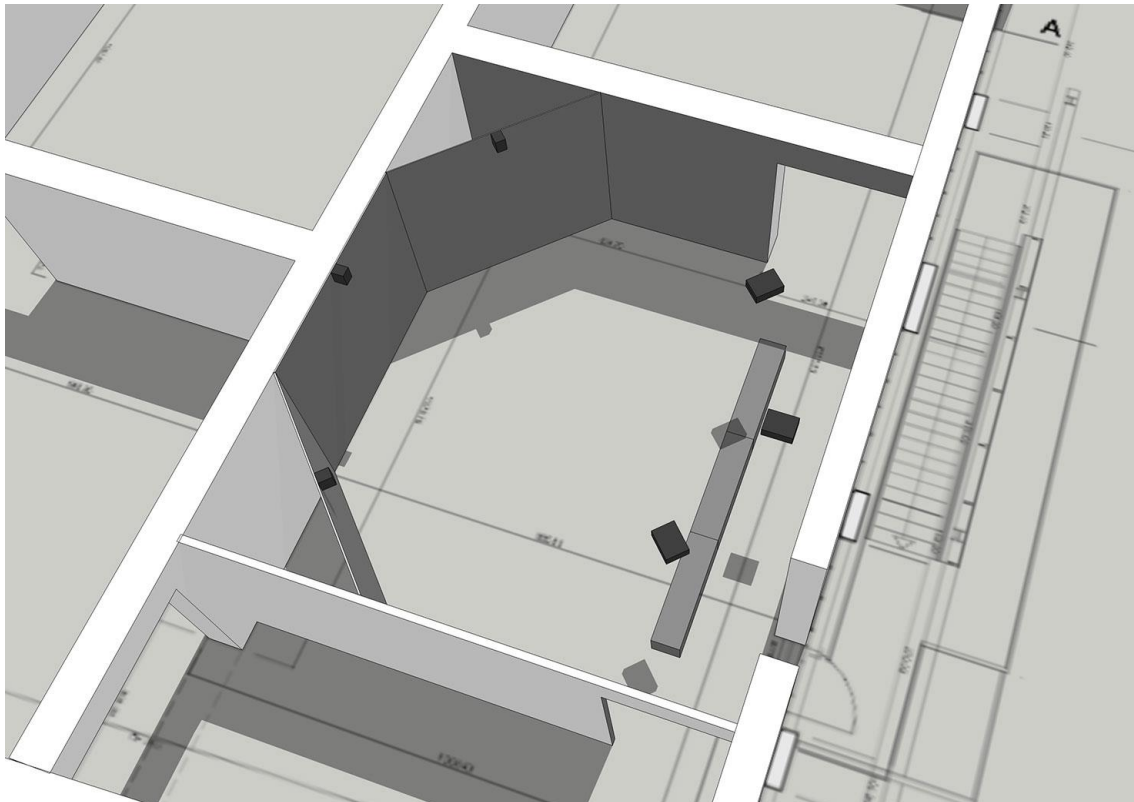
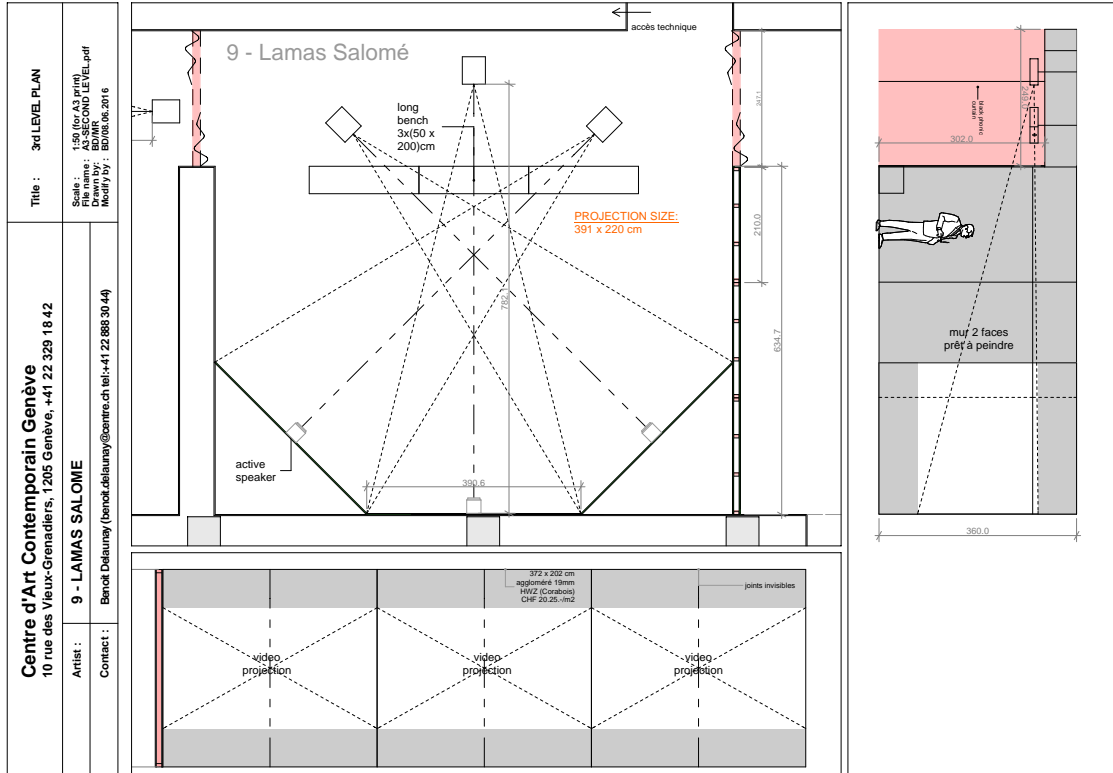
**MASTER RIGHT CHANNEL 1 HD Mov. / Apple Pro Res 4444 / color / 2:39 / Sound Mono**

**English subtitles incribed**

b) Material for base or background (*linen, aluminum plate, type of paper, pedestal, etc.*)

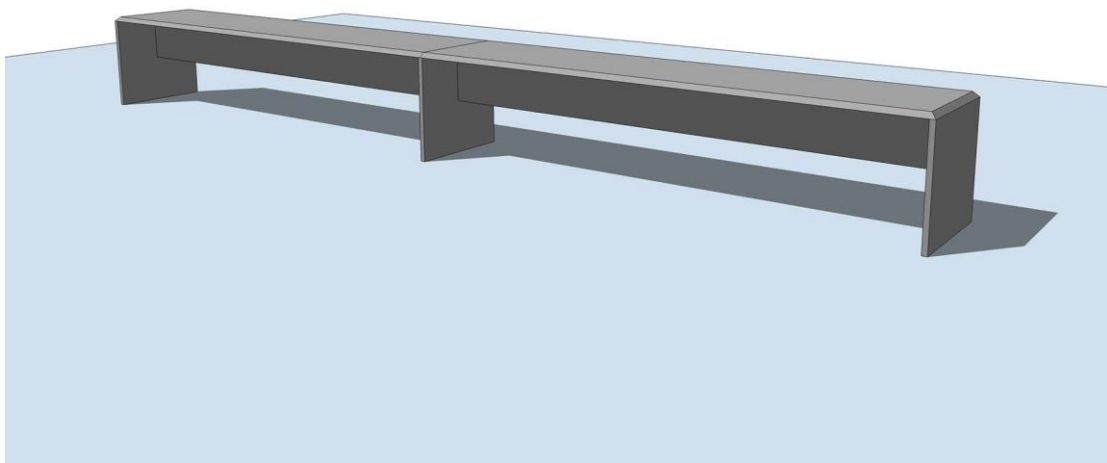
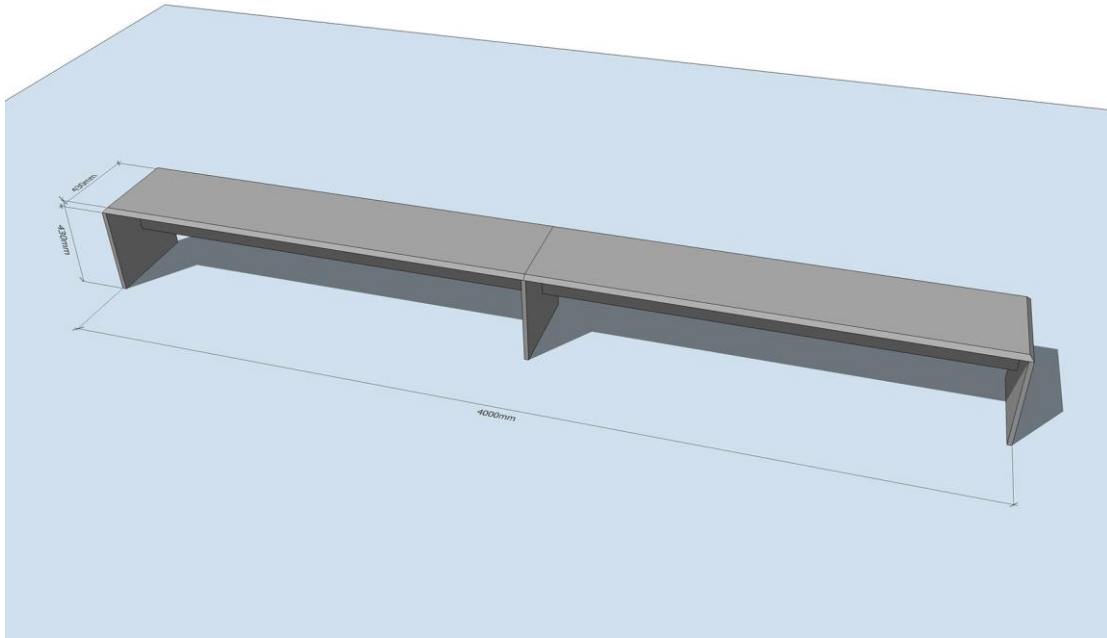
Check installation build up plans.

**When possible respect the instructions and exhibition design:**

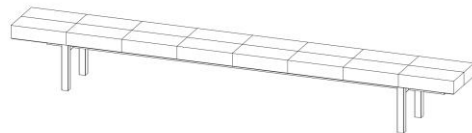


A. Walls and Bench Painted  
 Color Ref: NCS S-5500-N

a ) Bench option I

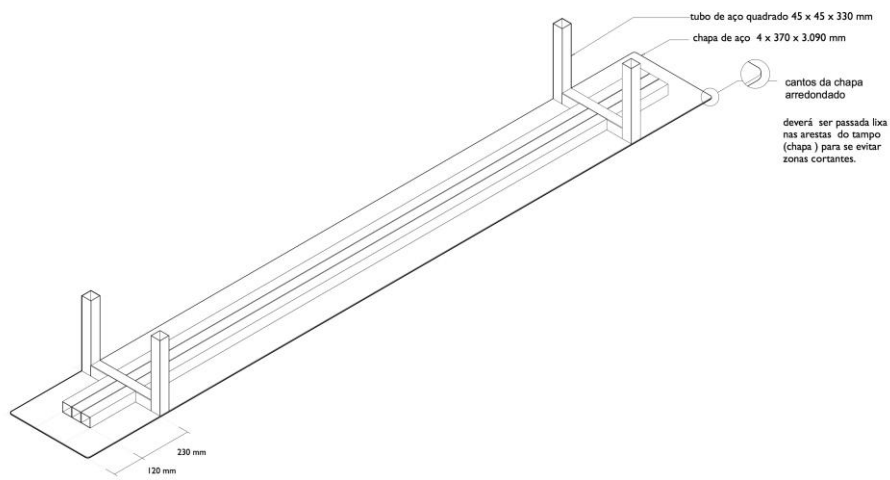


b ) Bench option II



Argila natural para moldar: da Sio - 2  
16 unidades de 12,5 Banco/White  
fornecedor: <https://www.pontodasartes.com>

Banco para The Burial of the Dead de Salomé Lamas



Estrutura do banco para The Burial of the Dead de Salomé Lamas

Technical drawings by Fernando Brizio of bench, designed for The Burial of the Dead (2016)



d ) Floor



Stone image reference

B. Sound specs

3 – speakers;

C. Image specs

a) 3 – projectors (Equal Model-Ref. / Lamps 0h / New if possible – for color matching between screens)

Minimum projection area 391x220 cm

b) 1 – Media Player for perfect sync

(Bright Sign <https://www.brightsign.biz> for perfect sync between the 3 channels, Matrox, or other system)

If using Bright Sign player / recommended encoding of MASTER files

.MP4 files

Codec H264

Max. bit rate 25-30 Mbps

FAQ / Support:

<http://support.brightsign.biz/hc/en-us/articles/218065707-Which-quicktime-mov-mp4-file-types-do-BrightSign-players-support->

D. Text accompanying the work should be printed and made available to the public. Included in the materials delivered - at the end of the doc.

c) treatment(s)/product(s) in case of restoration (p.ex : *silicone for latex*). Please indicate the name and address of (the) firm to contact.

For preservation materials should be copied and updated to newer formats in order not to become technologically outdated. There should be a back up of the MASTERS.

Film Factory <http://filmfactory.fr/> or similar service provider.

**6. PLACE OF REALISATION** (exact address):

Shooting

April 2015, La Rinconada y Cerro Lunar, Ananea, Santo Antonio de Putina, Puno – Peru

Post-production

Editing: Abril 2016, Lisbon – Portugal

Sound Editing: May 2016, Lisbon–Portugal

Color Grading: May 2016, Paris – France

Deliveries: September 2016, Lisbon – Portugal

Premiere

November 2016, Geneva – Switzerland

## 7. DIMENSIONS

(height x width x depth / or diameter, without frame) and other measures necessary, in centimetres (duration should appear in minutes/seconds)

> dimensions with frame (height x width x depth)

Three-channel video installation, HD, 2:39 color, three-channels mono sound, 90 min. sync in a loop, Peru – Portugal – Switzerland – France

Minimum projection area 391x220 cm

## 8. AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE (date, justification, etc.)

Please indicate if the work signed, dated, titled, or any other inscription. Thank you for the transcribing exactly as these inscriptions appear on the work (eg. a monogram).

a) Emplacement of inscriptions on the work

Please refer to credits inscribed in the work.

b) Technique of inscriptions

Digital - Three-channel video installation, HD, 2:39 color, three-channels mono sound, 90 min. sync in a loop, Peru – Portugal – Switzerland – France

## 9. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES

SALOME LAMAS: PARAFICTION (Selected Works) by Mousse Publishing, Milan - Italy

BIENNALE DE L'IMAGE EN MOUVEMENT 2016: AN ANTHOLOGY by Mousse Publishing, Milan - Italy

## 10. PREPARATORY WORK(S)

### 2016 - Eldorado XXI

HD video, 2:39 color, Dolby 5.1 sound, 125 min., Portugal-France-Peru

Production: O Som e a Fúria, Shellac Sud, Tambo Films

Support: Instituto do Cinema e Audiovisual (ICA), Centre National du Cinéma (CNC), EURIMAGES – Council of Europe

Development awards: FIDLab 2013 FID Marseille (Le prix Sublimage, Le prix Vidéo de Poche).

Development Support: DocStation 2014 Berlinale, Rockefeller Foundation Bellagio Center, Yaddo, Bogliasco Foundation, Berliner Künstlerprogramm des DAAD, Critical Media Practice – Workshop (WIP), Harvard University

Distribution: O Som e a Fúria, Shellac Sud

## 11. REPRODUCTIONS

For our documentation, thank you for sending us, for each work, a colour reproduction

**Installation views / Documentation, Video Stills – please refer to additional materials.**

## 12. ADDRESS OF THE ARTIST (STREET WITH N°, ZIP CODE, CITY, COUNTRY)

Salomé Lamas

Rua da Bempostinha 20, 3E

1150-066 Lisbon, Portugal

## 13. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

Thank you to join a short biography of the artist, with the mention of studies, formation and exhibitions as well as the catalogue, if existing, in which the work is reproduced.

Salomé Lamas (1987, Lisbon) studied cinema in Lisbon (Escola Superior de Teatro e Cinema) and Prague (Filmová a Televizní Fakulta Akademie Múzick'VCH<sup>[1]</sup><sub>[SEP]</sub> Praze), visual arts MFA in

Amsterdam (Sandberg Instituut, Gerrit Rietveld Academie) and is a Ph.D candidate in Contemporary Art Studies in Coimbra (Universidade de Coimbra).

Her work has been screened both in art venues and film festivals such as Berlinale – Internationale Filmfestspiele Berlin, BAFICI, Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofia, FIAC, MNAC – Museu do Chiado, DocLisboa, Cinema du Réel, Visions du Réel, MoMA – Museum of Modern Art, Museo Guggenheim Bilbao, Pacific Film Archive, Harvard Film Archive, Museum of Moving Images NY, Jewish Museum NY, Fid Marseille, Arsenal Institut für film und videokunst, Viennale, Hong Kong Film Festival, Serralves – Museu de Arte Contemporânea, Tate Modern, Centre d'Art Contemporain de Genève, Bozar – Palais des Beaux-Arts, TABAKALERA, ICA – The Institute of Contemporary Arts, TBA 21 Foundation, Mostra de São Paulo, CAC – Contemporary Art Center Vilnius, MALBA, SESC São Paulo, among others.

Lamas was granted several fellowships such as The Gardner Film Study Center Fellowship – Harvard University, The Rockefeller Foundation – Bellagio Center, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Sundance, Bogliasco Foundation, The MacDowell Colony, Yaddo, Berliner Künstlerprogramm des DAAD.

As an educator she is affiliated with Universidade Católica Portuguesa and Elias Querejeta Zine Eskola.

She collaborates with the production company O Som e a Fúria and is represented by Miguel Nabinho Gallery.

[www.salomelamas.info](http://www.salomelamas.info)

#### Selected Work / Filmography

FATAMORGANA [in production] • EXTINCTION [2018] • FATAMORGANA [2017] (theatre play) • UBI SUNT I [2017] • UBI SUNT II [2017] (video installation - in collaboration with Christoph Both-Asmus) • UBI SUNT III [2017] (video installation - in collaboration with Christoph Both-Asmus) • COUP DE GRACE [2017] • HORIZON NOZIROH [2017] (video installation - co-directed with Gregorio Graziosi in collaboration with Christoph Both-Asmus) • SELF PORTRAIT [2016-17] (web installation) ...RIOTS AND RITUALS [2016] (web installation) • THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD [2016] (video installation) • ELDORADO XXI [2016] • A TORRE [2015] • MOUNT ANANEA (video installation) [2015] • NORTH: TRIAL BY FIRE (audiovisual performance) [2015] • LE BOUDIN [2014] • THEATRUM ORBIS TERRARUM [2013] • NO MAN'S LAND [2012] • A COMUNIDADE [2012] • ENCOUNTERS WITH LANDSCAPE3X [2012] • VHS [2010-2012] • GOLDEN DAWN [2011] • IMPERIAL GIRL [2010] • JOTTA: A MINHA MALADRESSE É UMAFORMA DE DELICATESSE [2009] (co-directed with Francisco Moreira)

#### **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS ENCLOSED WITH THE WORK:**

- a) Complete CV – digital pdf;**
- b) Salomé Lamas: Parafaction (Selected Works) – book;**
- c) Press kit;**
- d) Portfolio;**
- e) Subtitles with TC, transcript of dialogues;**
- e) Additional info.**

#### **The Burial of the Dead**

(2016)

#### **Synopsis**

There is no need to design or stage an apocalyptic landscape, for the earth we inhabit is already in crisis and the apocalypse is now. Attempting to redefine ethnographic film tradition, The Burial of the Dead is a video installation set in the Peruvian town of La Rinconada, at an altitude of 5,500 meters on the edge of a gold mine; it captures a dystopian world that scarcely seems possible in the twenty-first century. The cinematic triptych conveys the extremity of its situation and the dimensions of its misery without having

to resort to graphic images. Indeed, it is a Dante-esque Escher-scape of haunting beauty.

#### **Technical details**

Three-channel video installation, HD, 2:39 color, three-channels mono sound, 90 min. Sync in a Loop, Peru – Portugal – Switzerland – France

#### **Credits**

##### **'The Burial of the Dead'**

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##### **'The Burial of the Dead'**

Is an original video installation by artist **Salomé Lamas** produced in the framework of the **Biennial of Moving Images 2016 (BIM)**, Switzerland.

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The project is co-produced by **Centre d'Art Contemporain de Genève** with the support of **Fonds d'Art Contemporain de la Ville de Genève (FMAC) • Fonds d'Art Contemporain du Canton de Genève (FCAC) • FAENA ART • In Between Art Film • HEAD.**

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The project is produced with materials collected in April 2015 for the shooting of the feature film **Eldorado XXI (2016)** by **Salomé Lamas** produced by **O Som e a Fúria and Shellac Sud** with the support of **ICA Instituto do Cinema e Audiovisual • CNC Centre Nacional do Cinema et de l'Image Animée**, Ministère des Affaires Étrangères et du Développement International – Institut Français • **Eurimages** – Council of Europe and the additional support of **FidLab2013 Fid Marseille • Rockefeller Foundation** – Bellagio Center • **DAAD Artists-in-Berlin • MacDowell Colony • Bogliasco Foundation • Yaddo.**

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##### **Shooting of Eldorado XXI (2016), April 2015**

*Credits for other production stages of Eldorado XXI were excluded.*

Director • **Salomé LAMAS**  
Director of Photography • **Luis ARMANDO ARTEAGA**  
Director of Sound • **Bruno MOREIRA**  
Director of Production • **Raquel DA SILVA**  
Chef of Production • **Lali MADUENO**  
Fixer • **Niche NECEFORO • Leon QUISPE HUARANCA**  
Drivers • **EDWIN & NERCY**  
Catering • **Juan QUISPE**

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##### **PORTUGAL SOM E FÚRIA**

Production • **Joaquim CARVALHO • Cristina ALMEIDA • Fabienne MARTINOT • Sofia BÉNARD**  
**Accountants • Aline ALVES • Amadeu DORES**

##### **FRANCE SHELLAC SUD**

Coordination of Production • **Francine CADET**  
Assistant • **Marion SCHREIBER**  
Administration of Production • **Cyrille DE LALEU**



Assistant • **Elodie LATRIGLIA**

PERU TAMBO FILMS

Coordination of Production • **Celine WALD**

Accountant • **César EGOAVIL**

---

Producers • **Luís URBANO** • **Sandro AGUILAR**

Co-Producer • **Thomas ORDONNEAU**

Associate Producer • **Maxim HOLLAND**

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Sound and Image Equipment • **SCREEN Miguel Nabinho**

Insurance • **GRAS SAVOYE** • **RISKMEDIA**

Translations • **Gloria DOMINGUEZ**

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*Additional credits for The Burial of the Dead (2016)*

Editing • **Salomé LAMAS**

Editing Studio • **Salomé LAMAS Studio, Lisbon**

Editor Assistant • **Rita QUELHAS**

Intern • **Henrique REAL**

Sound Concept and Design • **Miguel MARTINS**

Sound Mix • **Miguel MARTINS**

Sound Studio • **SUNFLAG, Lisbon**

Color Grading • **Caique de SOUZA**

Lab • **FILMFACTORY, Paris**

Original Music • **João LOBO** • **Norberto LOBO**

Exhibition Design • **Fernando BRIZIO**

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SWITZERLAND CENTRE D'ART CONTEMPORAIN DE GENÈVE

Head of Exhibitions and Registrar • **Maxime LASSAGNE**

Head of Communication and Special Projects • **Natalie ESTEVE**

Assistant to the Director and External Relations • **Priscilla GONZALEZ**

Administration • **Régine GORGERAT**

Technical Coordination • **Benoît DELAUNAY**

Education Department • **Frédéric STORDEUR**

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Biennial of Moving Images (BIM) Artistic Direction, Curators

**Cecilia ALEMANI** • **Caroline BOURGEOIS** • **Elvira DYANGANI OSE** • **Andrea BELINI**

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Text accompanying the work should be printed and made available to the public, when possible.

NOTE: French translation available

### **I. The Burial of the Dead (2016) by Lawrence Wechsler**

At 5100 meters (16,700 ft.), the sprawling Andean goldmining encampment at La Rinconada, in the southeastern corner of Peru, just shy of the Bolivian border, is quite simply the highest-elevation permanent human settlement in the world, encompassing a population of close to 30,000 souls, the vast majority of them desperately poor. The principal enterprise there is overseen by the Corporacion Ananea, but, as William Finnegan pointed out in a recent piece in the New Yorker (“Tears of the Sun: The Gold Rush at the Top of the World,” April 20, 2015), “Nearly all the mines and miners there are ‘informal,’ a term that

critics consider a euphemism for illegal. [Others] prefer the term 'artisanal.' The mines, whatever you call them, are small, numerous, unregulated, and, as a rule, grossly unsafe. Most don't pay salaries, let alone benefits, but run on an ancient labor system called *cachorro*. This system is usually described as thirty days of unpaid work followed by a single frantic day in which workers get to keep whatever gold they can haul out for themselves."

Lamas's *The Burial of the Dead* launches out with a series of sublimely still images, mountain lakes and sheerscapes, like nothing so much as the magisterial photographs of Ansel Adams, except that in this instance black and white are the actual colors and, wait, those scraggly grass tufts over there in the corner turn out to be shivering in the wind, a bird suddenly floats by, and all that scabbly scree isn't a mountain face at all but rather an entire town, barely clinging to the cliff-face.

Shortly after the credits, the biggest marvel of all: another long take (long and then longer and then longer still)—one is put in mind of those amazing careering single-takes at the outsides of Scorsese's movies or the endlessly roving vantage in Sokurov's *Russian Ark*, except that in this instance (an audacious Copernican flip!) the camera doesn't move at all, peering down instead from on high as Lamas holds her unblinking gaze for close to an hour, while dozens and then hundreds (and presently thousands?) of miners, groaning under the weight of their burdens, trudge by in squeezed files, some heading up and others down the narrow pitched mountain path, the scene starting out in thin crepuscule but persisting into pitch black (by the end all we see are the crisscrossing beams of the workers' hardhat headlamps), the soundtrack consisting of the crunch of their boots played off against stray wisps of audio testimony and wafting passages of radio banter. A human antfile. A Dantesque Escherscape: Möbian Sisyphi.

Tree-quarters of an hour in (times three), Lamas finally blinks, and what follows is a veritable avalanche of sense impressions, one haunting and haunted setpiece after the next. Tin shacks scattered about a high desert plateau.

A lone truck lumbering up a stark barren switchback. In the distance, silhouetted against a precipice of scree, a few individuals braving the blowing snow, hunched deep, scrabbling, clanking, chipping at the rocks, leaning in, tossing most of the shards aside, stuffing the occasional promising chunk into ever more bulging bags and then heaving their tentative hordes back up the crumbling screeface. (It occurs to us that in much the way they are sifting for ore, Lamas is panning for souls, the main difference between them being the veritable bonanza of her takings compared with the pathetic paucity of theirs.)

And then a different lone truck comes wending down the steep mountain track, its back filled with miners already celebrating the end of their grueling day: a bit after that, we meet up with the same guys once again, though now they are grotesquely masked and prodigiously caped, dancing up a storm around a spitting bonfire: Goya incongruously set to the frantic pulse of the latest in electropop.

Elsewhere, earnest rituals imploring the protection of various patron saints.

Or nighttime alleys, with drunks tumbling out of shanty bars. Or a little boy scrunched alone in his little shed, gazing intent, palming of all things a remote control unit (could it be that he is playing video games?), after which we get to see him one last time as he simply stares out at us, his gaze mute, shy, inheld, penetrating, perfect: and then the thing he goes and does!

The hush, in short, of witness.

Someplace we will in fact likely never go, though on second thought, as we emerge from the trance in which Lamas has had us entrapped all this time, and gaze, say, down upon the rings on our fingers or the baubles hanging from our ears or necks, a place whose sordid travails actually implicate us all, and profoundly so. And what are we to make of that?

### **'The Burial of the Dead'**

Is an original video installation by artist **Salomé Lamas** with exhibition design by **Fernando Brizio** produced in the framework of the **Biennial of Moving Images 2016 (BIM)**, Switzerland.

## **II. Units of Measurement (2016) by James Latimer**

What can six shots hold? Three shots are enough to capture a landscape, an expanse of rock, ice, cloud, and snow so vast it feels like the frame can hardly contain it, like the lake, mountains, and sky stretch on forever. Everything appears frozen, immobile, devoid of life, it's only when a bird flies overhead and the wind moves through the blackened reeds that you can even tell it's not a photograph.

There's no sign of where the voice might be coming from, it can only have emerged from beneath the tundra, carried and amplified by the wind. It sings of a sorrow as immeasurable as the land, of endurance, of endless exertion and the endless drinking needed to assuage it, of a life spent between Lunar de Oro, Rinconada, and pallaquear.

Another three shots and something else emerges from the landscape, although it carries the same grey and white color. At first glance, this could be a natural formation, some rare mineral outcrop spilling out of the side of the mountain, a geological structure of countless proliferating rectangles. The rectangles are iron huts and the outcrop is a city, albeit one as silent and still as the expanse it nestles within. A city fills the frame, but this is a city unlike any other. No light, no color, no movement, nothing that stands out, nothing to catch your eye. A place of pure function, without ornament, a place extracted from the elements, not designed. Six shots to hold a landscape and a city and blanket both in misery.

What can one shot hold? It can track the changes in light that occur over forty minutes (times three). It's dusk at the beginning and you can still see the path, a strip of mud that zigzags down the mountain, disappearing from time to time behind the mounds of sandbags and trash that form its makeshift borders, topped off with a sprinkling of snow. For a while, there's light enough to make out the yellow and orange of the hard hats, the patterns that adorn bags and clothing alike, the white reflective strips on the black uniforms. But darkness falls quickly and soon only torches light the way, marking the course of the now-invisible path, alighting on the rubble and detritus encased in the muddy, icy ground, picking out babies strapped to their mothers, sacks resting on shoulders, bent backs swaddled in thick blankets. Although the radio announcer says it's 6:21 am, it's getting darker by the minute, day and night make little difference here and time is a relative concept. These forty minutes could be any forty minutes, a unit of measurement as perfectly unwieldy as the place it's measuring.

People talk of arriving with neither money nor experience, of learning to extract gold without guidance, of selfishness, isolation, and hardship. Shootings in the street, desperate suicides, dynamite attacks, robberies; the voice that sang the opening song wasn't beneath the tundra, it was here. Stories pass through the mind and bodies pass in front of the camera, and the natural impulse is to attach one to the other. But while the flow of stories sometimes slows, the stream of bodies is ceaseless; for every body you manage to affix a story to, there are ten left without one. Things are not neat and not everyone gets their say; for each story that can be told, there are scores more that cannot.

When talk turns to prospects, to aspiration, to hierarchies, each person passing the camera becomes a fleeting embodiment of the only two possible directions.

It's a seductive trajectory, which is why the stream of bodies never abates. But few reach the top; even while a wife may rise, a husband can still fall. It's not just that it's hard to get your footing, a place as volatile as this can take your feet out from under you. This image is thus a constant reminder, that any path that leads up must also lead down.

By the time the mountainside is in total darkness, there's nothing to stop sound from overriding space. When the wind begins to howl, it's as if the scene has moved further up the mountain, where the throngs of people must cling on to the rock for dear life. When the noise of dripping water comes to the fore and everything starts to echo, it's as if the people no longer swarm up and down the mountain but rather inside it, passing through the vast cavern where La Bella Durmiente, the Awichita dwells, two names of many for the sacred keeper of Rinconada's treasure. If it weren't so dark, you could see the offerings littering the ground: coca leaves, fruit, liquor, human hearts ripped from bodies still living; the greater your offering, the greater the protection. But this is just one more relationship of scale in a place that is full of them, so many, in fact, you could overlook the one simplest and most shocking. For light, time, subject or location may change, but whatever happens, there's no breaking the chain. One shot to hold the fuel that powers the mountain, a stream of bodies that never ends.

What is left to do when the counting is done? Mental images need fleshing out, relationships need adjustment, and first assumptions need to be overturned. After all the endless climbing, only a vehicle can take you to the highest plateau. Up here, the parts are familiar but their arrangement different. There are the same iron huts from the city below, but here they form clusters, not one conjoined mass. The time it

takes for the thunder to cross the valley proves the landscape is as vast as ever, but there's no snow on the ground; beyond the piles of debris, there are even tufts of grass. When the workers take to the slopes to sift through the scree, it's the same story. You've seen the helmets and been told the names of the tools, but this is the first time you've seen them put to use. You've heard the sound of the wind whipping the mountain, but you've never seen how easily it could pull you off the edge.

When the camera returns to the city, it no longer feels like the place seen at the start. Whether down at street level or viewed from above, there is now light, color, and movement, a place of noise, activity, life. Both the steep, narrow streets and the many bodies thronging through them recall the pathway up the mountain, although now there are more than two directions to choose from. Girls veer off to the side, a couple wander down the hill together, a man stops to urinate in the street before dragging his inebriated friend with him up the road.

When an offering is made on the mountainside, reality is less spectacular than the imagination, a modest nighttime ceremony held on a pile of trash, with torches and a small fire for atmosphere. There's something far more ceremonial about how the mysterious figures in masks and hats dance in frenzy around the bonfire, although it's never clear what it is they're invoking: suffusion with divine energy or release from infernal work. It's no coincidence that the masks arrive when perspectives are already shifting: when the little boy nervously places the mask over his face as asked, it's as much about changing what things look like as how they're actually seen.

There's still one final glimpse of the landscape, sided by a *bloody* graveyard, to remind you it's as implacable as always. You must take the ice-rimmed passage to reach the cavern in your mind.

What is the sum parts? The experience of a place and the maxims used to document it: there are things you can quantify and others you cannot; only a complex structure can do justice to a complex subject; how you see a place at the beginning is never how you see it in the end.

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