

This project by Nora Ancarola (Buenos Aires, 1955) investigates, by means of a video installation that portrays control systems, the historical metamorphoses of the concept of surveillance, from Foucault's studies to border harassment against the migrant population, from war for power over territory to the new digital panopticons.

Nora Ancarola

**PANOPTICON_
FRONTIER 601**

20.07 – 20.10.19



[LA VIRREINA]
CENTRE
DE LA IMATGE

Ajuntament de
Barcelona



This project by Nora Ancarola (Buenos Aires, 1955) takes as its starting point Michel Foucault's now classic research in the 1970s in which he formulated an archaeology of disciplinary devices from the 16th to the 19th century, focusing his attention on three institutions that structure social indoctrination in modern times: the school, the medical clinic and the prison.

It is in Foucault's analysis of prisons, detailed in his book *Discipline and Punish* (1975), that the concept of 'panopticism' appears, a reference to the *Panopticon or the Inspection-House* (1787) of the utilitarian thinker Jeremy Bentham, an architectural and penitentiary model of surveillance without being seen regarded as the immediate precursor of the control of contemporary public spaces.

In addition, this work researches the so-called 'little shack of the Germans', a euphemism still used today for the Gestapo bunker installed in the early days of the Second World War in a strategic spot in Portbou, the city where Walter Benjamin committed suicide before Franco's police could deport him to France.

Panopticon_Frontier 601 explores the processes of border militarisation and the violence perpetrated by state authorities against migrants. It also considers the penalising archetypes generated by the media, politics and the law, the result of which is walls and fences are put up at borders and those who cross them while not complying with classist, excluding and racist frameworks of legality are persecuted.

The exhibition brings together the above-mentioned elements in a video installation that features screenings, light boxes and objects that present the technical grammar of a visual control system, bringing into the protected environment of the museum the experience of the panopticon, the testimony of those who have suffered harassment at frontiers, images and languages that make it possible to understand how surveillance is carried out today.

Thus, Nora Ancarola charts a kind of semantic and ideological short-circuit on the meaning of the sovereignty of individuals and the right to move from one territory to another, concerning the historical mechanisms on which the disciplinary society is founded, and about the abuses of power and the legal protections that have turned the administration of borders into a veritable state of emergency over migration and, most importantly, how much of these physical devices still survives today in the new digital panopticons.

*ART AND SURVEILLANCE:
THE OTHER AND CONTROL DEVICES*

Joan Maria Minguet Batllori

We think we are free. We need to think we are free. We have been told we live in democracies that protect our freedoms. And we want to believe it is true. And when our neighbours' freedoms are violated, a self-defence mechanism tends to emerge whereby we suspect that those neighbours are not like us and that our freedom remains intact. We think we are free because otherwise we would know ourselves to be aborted as individuals.

In 1968, José Maria Nunes, in his revolutionary film *Experiencias*, reflected on hunger in the world: "Two thirds of humanity go hungry, but most of them are unaware that that is not their natural way of life." If the hungry of then—like those of today—did not necessarily know that in other parts of the planet there were people who ate sumptuously, and even threw away an amount of food that they would have been able to live on, how can we deny that our freedom is being watched? How do we know we are not slaves to our own arrogance or our need to think we are free?

Or maybe we do know that freedom, freedoms, are being watched, and therefore controlled, but we attach no importance to the fact. Because we want to believe that it is other people's freedoms that are being watched. It is always other people who cause problems that we feel do not concern us: the immigrant, the exile, the poor, the fugitive, the imprisoned, the hooded, the intractable, the whore... We have learnt nothing from the attitude Martin Niemöller denounced in that poem in which he says that when the Nazis came for the Communists, he did not speak up because he was not a Communist; he did the same when they imprisoned the Social Democrats; and then the trade unionists; and the Jews... "Then they came for me, and by that time no one was left to speak up," the German writer finishes.

Come off it! Of course we're being watched. All of us! Without exception. In fact, the pawns of surveillance are being watched too. We need only go out into the streets of the big cities and see the signs ("area under video surveillance", "security camera", "alarm") that spread like wildfire, or the multiplicity of viewing points that oversee us in places of all sorts, to confirm what we are being controlled. Or at least, that cities are awash with signs that seek to set the scene of perpetual and insistent control. That is enough. Actually, we don't need to go out into the street; we are

being watched at home too, we allow ourselves to be watched or we do self-surveillance: our emails, the websites we visit, the financial transactions we make, the images and thoughts we voluntarily share on networks, location-tracking features of all sorts that we enable on our mobile phones, the storage of mounds of vaporous and indeterminate data of which we have no idea where it is or who manages it. In other words, who controls it.

Although we want to think we are free, our freedom is being watched. Of course it is! George Orwell's "Big Brother Is Watching You" has been completed with "Big Data Knows You Better Than You Know Yourself". In the words of the German thinker Boris Groys: "Surveillance is not something external to the web or a specific technical use. The internet is, by definition, a surveillance machine; it divides the flow of information into small, traceable and reversible operations and so places each user under actual or possible surveillance. The internet creates a field of total visibility, accessibility and transparency." We are all the other! We are all the other! We are all the other! We are all... (I lie: in the world there are people who cannot be placed under surveillance because they have nothing; they cause minimal nuisance to the system as long as they accept their condition. I'll come back to this presently.)

*Art is here to do counter-surveillance:
Nora Ancarola's panopticon*

In all cases, surveillance is a device. It always has been. Ever since the times of the panopticon prison. It's not about whether they are watching you or not; it's about the fact that they can. In any event, from the biopolitical viewpoint, whereas at the time of its birth this surveillance was geared towards creating the disciplinary societies discussed by Foucault, now we would live in the control society that Deleuze referred to—hardly in glowing terms—when the cyber-boom was no more than embryonic: "Compared with the approaching forms of ceaseless control in open sites, we may come to see the harshest confinement as part of a wonderful happy past."

Art too is a device. If Bentham's panopticon is a construct of the 18th century, art history as we understand it today was also born astride the 18th and 19th centuries as a symbolic or superstructural control device, to put it in Marxist terms. A device designed to activate a controlled perspective of the artistic past and the art created in that period. In other words, the Enlightenment

fostered a narrative with the aim of passing off clearly cultural and sectarian perspectives as natural ones; of including in museums an imagery that is actually the representation of the opulence of power as if it were an interclass imagery; of introducing concepts (“masterpiece”, “genius”, “beauty”...) that fulfil no other function than the control exerted by the artistic institution over the imagery of the past and, if possible, over the imagery of the present.

This is where we come to the challenge—and at the same time the stimulus—posed by Nora Ancarola’s installation *Panòptic_frontera 601*. This project questions us doubly. First, through its intention to deliver a critical rethinking of the panopticon as a device for controlling power in our presumably trans-panoptic society. Second, but synchronously, it is conceived as an intrinsic slant on the role of art as an uncritical, indolent, submissive and therefore ultimately coercive device.

Nora’s panopticon forms part of a project or a set of projects that, grouped in the debate between the leaden moments and the silver moments in the social life of individuals, delves into the issue of the underprivileged, the uprooted, the exiled, the immigrant, the victim... That is to say, all those who bear the brunt of the contemporary world, blamed by power for being poor, for being the other. And worse still, blamed for not being content with their wretched situation and aspiring to live in the world of opulence, for believing that they can dream of their own silver moments. Blamed for not understanding that power sentenced them the moment they were born (owing to their social background, race, geographical origin, gender...) to live permanently in a leaden state.

In her panopticon, Nora reminds us that otherness is not a natural condition. It depends on who has control over surveillance. Like on that border in the north of Catalonia, in Franco’s Spain, in Portbou, where the Gestapo watched from the Germans’ hut for the arrival of the enemies of fascism. That border that was crossed—but only once, one way, and tragically—by Walter Benjamin, the thinker who declared that “The tradition of the oppressed teaches us that the ‘state of emergency’ in which we live is not the exception but the rule.” A state of exception that is only possible by means of extreme surveillance, then and now.

Because Nora’s panopticon is not intended as belonging to the terrain of the archaeological; it is no bucolic hymn to the memory of Benjamin and all those who, fleeing from fascism, crossed that border point or any other. If anything, this interpretation is tacked on to the work. But the most striking thing

about the installation is the contemporary nature of its focus. Placing our silhouettes in an apparently harmless—even beautiful—landscape, from which the device can watch you. And if it can do it, it does it, even if you do not appear on the screen; there are other people whose images have been captured and emerge amidst the landscape. It is a landscape in which you see, perhaps with fascination, the Mediterranean, this sea where hundreds of people die trying to get to the European shore: they have the audacity, although they are the other, to want to be the one. And these “ones” are left to die mercilessly or, if they are lucky, they become refugees, exiles, poor, always poor.

The political reading of Nora’s work is inseparable from the positioning that we can find in it from an artistic perspective. Art as a device tends to be on the side of the system, in gigantic proportions. Benjamin himself, in his seventh thesis on history, underscored this: the historicist historian empathises only with the victor of history. And the victor of history dominates the artistic present, safeguards the past and expels from it those who were not the victors, together with the losers’ descendents, those of today. Walter Benjamin expressed this emphatically: “Whoever until this day emerges victorious, marches in the triumphal procession in which today’s rulers tread over those who are sprawled underfoot. The spoils are, as was ever the case, carried along in the triumphal procession. They are known as the cultural heritage.”

Nora Ancarola’s panopticon, like all her current work, rejects this art that is encapsulated by the guardians of the victors’ cultural heritage, that submissive creation that asks for or demands no more than veneration. Her work, like that of other artists, are in line with that old maxim coined by the critic Sebastià Gasch: “the works of our contemporaries move us much more when they reflect the vivacious now, the ungraspable present, than when they try to evade it with adventurous constructions.”

Nora seeks to subvert the mechanisms that have made art into a device for control, entertainment and alienation. Her installation asks an effort from the visitor, not the epidermal assumption of forms or narratives. It is the only way to conceive art as a device for counter-surveillance, to avoid falling into the will of power: to make us believe that art can never be conquered by the other. Because the day we, the others, conquer the narratives on art history, on the art of our time, all the world’s museums will tremble. And then we can start not to think we are free but to know we are free.

THERE ARE PLACES AND PLACES

Frederic Montornés

There are places and places. Places to be in, places to avoid, places to pass through, places that are a way in, places in the mountains, places to look amongst, places to think in, places to stop in, places to flee from, places to let yourself go, places to love in, places to hide, places to hide in, places to kill in, places that are not to be trodden, places that are high up, places by the sea, places to stroll in, places to dream in, places that are far away, places to be used, places to be experienced... places that exist. Intensely.

There are also places that exist because they need nothing. They are just places. Places that exist in their own right. Places nothing is required of. Places where it is not necessary for anybody to go. Places with no one. In other words, places that exist.

On the border between the French and Spanish states there is a place¹ the name of which bears no relationship with the territory² that imprisons it. Neither of them. It is a place that was occupied years ago, a building erected to fulfil a very specific role, a space conceived in order to see without being seen. It is a space³ that was built to watch whoever might pass near it, a place to stop whoever might try to do so from continuing on their way⁴. A place to shoot from. It is a place that was designed to be able to see without being seen. A premeditated place. A place to spy from. We are talking about a house to watch from. We are referring to a place that was designed to be able to exert control.

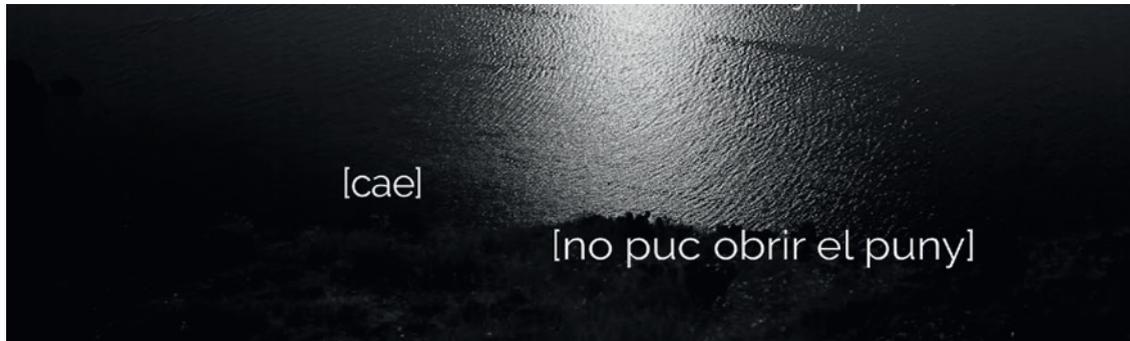
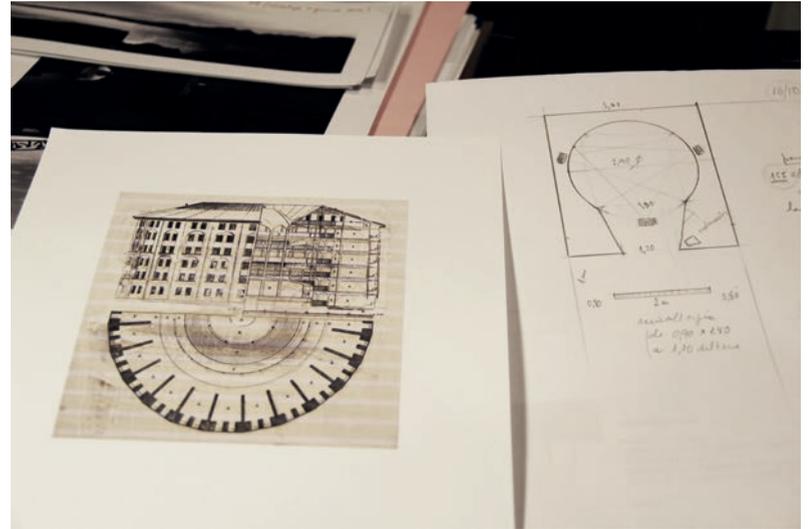
Surveillance and systems of control, but also security, prohibition, coercion of movements, fear, intense fear, terror, fleeing⁵, fleeing onwards, fleeing backwards or fleeing anywhere, adrift⁶, roaming aimlessly, life and deaths, extirpated lives, lives that are not lives, moments of uneasiness⁷... and a frozen serenity⁸.

All this and much more is the stuff of *Panopticon_Border 601* by Nora Ancarola.

Conceived as part of a project that, as we are told by the artist⁹ herself, arose “out of a long and sustained task of researching and producing works that attempt to reflect on processes of building new lives in exile, spaces in between and situations produced by uprooting and social and/or economic expulsion,” this exhibition by Nora Ancarola proposes approaches to some “of the individual drifts related to the little stories within History”. It is a proposal that, taking as a reference or point of departure “the context of the end of the Spanish Civil War, coinciding with



The Kafkaesque Suitcases, 2018
From Cerbère to Portbou, 2018
Bentham's panopticon, 2019





the beginning of the Second World War in Europe, the exile of the Spanish Republicans and the collusion of the Nazis to put an end to their ideals, their values and indeed their lives,” serves the artist to highlight the nature of those spaces through which pass those who flee in search of a better life, or even just a life.

We are talking about spaces where what is commonly known as the survival instinct is put to the test.

Taking as her starting point the *Caseta dels Alemanys* (the Germans’ Hut), a now ruined construction that was built by the forces of the Third Reich near the Coll dels Belitres border crossing, between Portbou and Cerbère¹⁰, Nora Ancarola sets forth in her exhibition proposal the materialisation of a space of transit in the manner of a participative installation which, as its name indicates, clamours to be activated by whoever passes by, experiences, listens or thinks. Directly or indirectly. It is an installation constructed in the volume of an enclosed space and, from the gunpowder of the Second World War to the leaden sky that hangs over the sea, at the same time representing a serene pause in the research Nora has been carrying out for some years, it relates to the silence of what happens when nothing seems to be happening, the silence that can be heard after someone lets off a gun¹¹, the silence of a lived space, the muteness of a suffered space, a space that is not forgotten, no matter how many years pass.

But let’s start at the beginning, that is, where Nora’s panopticon starts: in a fist¹². Or, to be more precise, in the space that opens within a closed hand¹³. Or in the space where the pain of the irreversible resides, where restraint takes form, where form is not silenced, where it is the giver of form who speaks, where what is formed is a sentence, where a sentence condenses the voice and where a succession of expressions among boxes of light are there to reveal, in a subtle variety of intensities, such explicit meanings as those carried by such diverse verbs as to flee, to exit, to dare, to cross, to withstand, to suffer.

In the manner of a landscape outlined in the sentences written by that closed fist¹⁴, the onlooker who ventures into Nora’s panopticon is confronted with a string of isolated words that define, stumbling and twitching, one single thing: the anguish of those who suffered the roads of the sea, the uneasiness of those who resist, transiting towards a better life.

“She can’t swim, she’s cold,” says one in Arabic. “He’s falling and turning,” thinks another. “Impossible to go back,” we hear in French. “A man on your back,” says one who feels it close by.

“They’ve left us on our own,” says someone in English. “I can’t open my fist,” says another in Catalan. And from that fist to a hand and from that hand to a body and from that body to a face and from that face to a glass¹⁵ surface, the skin of a mirror. The point that will reflect whoever has entered Nora’s space, the point that will describe the *Caseta dels Alemanys*, that is, the place from which this panopticon starts. The point you are going to reach.

As a preamble to what awaits behind the glass, words are superfluous to announce what it does not have. So a handful of letters are used to define the indispensable: the hut.

Once past the barrier of the wall that obliges us to skirt it to reach what lies beyond, a sea expands in its entirety. And affixed to the surface of this sea, the reflection of a sun. Opening up before the eyes of the onlooker, this sea enables us to contemplate everything that happens within its bounds and suggest what can, from time to time, be seen from that hut: the comings and goings of those who went and came back, the escapes and returns of those who know no peace, words and more words and expressions that relate to others, lost faces and found faces, isolated memories and the voice of silence...

... the image of a movement narrated in 12 minutes and a void that is shattered in 40 seconds of darkness. A short time. The time it takes to wait between an end and a beginning.

Nora says that the view from the *Caseta dels Alemanys* is overwhelming and that she never tires of returning there, no matter how many hours she has spent at the site. She also says that this place enables you to gain a perfect understanding of the meaning of expressions like “staggering until he dropped”, hear confessions such as “fear of drowning¹⁶”, witness truths like “the night is drawing on” and suspect tragedies such as the one condensed in the sentence: “she can’t close her eyes.”

The *Caseta dels Alemanys* that Nora recreates in the manner of a contemplative space echoes with all the voices while the world closes in within the confines of the skin. From there—not from further down—we can perceive what is happening in time, what never ends, what drags on indefinitely: our survival instinct, our need to live.

From the moment we cross the threshold and enter Nora Ancarola’s panopticon we move from a space that was enclosed in a fist to a space that is utterly open to all types of interpretations, explanations of all sorts, manners and ways of understanding life.

Because there are places and places.

¹ *Lugar* (place)

a. (From Latin *localis*, this derived from *locus*) Portion of space, not limited in extension, in which a thing is or can be... From the viewpoint of logic or the idea expressed, *lugar* and *sitio* are equivalent and interchangeable. In usage, however, one or the other of these nouns is preferred in certain cases and one of them may even be completely disused.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Place is the term given to a space located by means of specific coordinates. A place can be measured in two dimensions, i.e., by determining length and width. From the point of view of human perception, a place is especially related to the use of the senses, particularly that of sight. In language, on the other hand, a place is a type of construction that can be conveyed through specific syntactic relations or through demonstrative pronouns. In a manner of speaking, a place can also be said to be constructed virtually, that is, in people’s minds.

(Source: <https://definicion.mx/lugar/#>)

² *Territorio* (territory)

a. From *terr*, root of Latin *terra*, land. Extensive piece of land, geographically determined naturally or politically or as a jurisdictional area.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. The concept of territory tells us about power over space; when we refer to a territory we are talking about the different powers that are exerted over a space, delimiting it and differentiating it from other spaces. When we talk of territory we are referring to boundaries. Each country is a territory, as it is governed by rules, laws and power structures that differentiate it from other spaces. Each state exerts control over its territory.

(Source: <http://enciclopedia.banrepcultural.org/index.php/Territorio>)

³ *Espacio* (space)

a. (From Latin *spatium*, race course; see *despacio*) Magnitude that contains all the bodies that exist at the same time and in which these bodies and the gap between them are measured. In particular, considered as the place in which stars float... Any area occupied by one body impeding another from occupying it.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Physical environment in which bodies and movements are situated, and is usually characterised as homogeneous, continuous, three-dimensional and unlimited.

“Space and time have been two of the great philosophical concerns.”

(Source: <https://es.oxforddictionaries.com/definicion/espacio>)

c. Space was defined as early as Aristotle, as that which is implied by bodies, i.e., the place they occupy, their immobile boundary, being the sum of the spaces occupied by bodies, total space, eliminating the concept of a void. All space contained a body. It was one of the Kantian a priori categories, together with time, which gave form to sensitive matter. Newton brought us the concept of space as immaterial, immobile and infinite substance in which material objects floated.

(Source: [https://www.ecured.cu/Espacio_\(F%C3%ADsica\)](https://www.ecured.cu/Espacio_(F%C3%ADsica)))

⁴ *Camino* (way, road, path, track)

a. Strip of terrain, flatter and more comfortable to tread than the adjacent terrain, used to go from one place to another.

(Source: [https://www.ecured.cu/Espacio_\(F%C3%ADsica\)](https://www.ecured.cu/Espacio_(F%C3%ADsica)))

b. Etymologically derived from the Celtic word *cammin* meaning passage, path, place through which one moves to reach a destination. We talk of life paths to refer to all the possible options we can choose from to build our fate, which depending on what we choose will bring us different consequences. It is said that someone *va por buen camino* (is on the right road) when they opt to take actions that are judged to be valuable, such as helping their fellows, studying, working, starting a family, etc. Countries build routes or roads to enable travel from place to place, either on foot or by means of transport. Some roads are specially maintained with state contributions, with the addition of private contributions (tolls).

(Source: <https://deconceptos.com/general/camino>)

⁵ *Huir* (flee)

a. (From Latin *fugere*), to leave a place hastily out of fear... To escape, to evade, to abscond. To leave a place where one is held or watched, by deceiving the guards or using force.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Some journeys are not made by choice. They start by fleeing, with the sole objective of surviving. This is the journey that is made by millions of people trying to reach Europe. Their places of origin differ, but they share their reasons for deciding to flee: war, violence, persecution or poverty. Fleeing, escaping, running away and leaving everything behind is an act of bravery. Fleeing to survive.

(Source: <https://www.savethechildren.es/huir-para-sobrevivir>)

⁶ *Deriva* (drift)

a. From the verb *derivar*, to change the course of something. Of a thing, to take a new direction. To separate from a current or a conduit a part that is carried in another direction.

(Naval) Of a vessel, to deviate from the course it is following.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Within situationist procedures, the *dérive* or “drift” is presented as a technique of uninterrupted passage through varied ambiances. The concept of the *dérive* is inextricably linked to the recognition of effects of a psychogeographical nature and the affirmation of a playful and constructive behaviour that sets it off in all aspects against the classical notions of travelling and strolling.

(Source: <https://www.ugr.es/~silvia/documentos%20colgados/IDEA/teoria%20de%20la%20deriva.pdf>)

⁷ *Desasosiego* (uneasiness)

a. Anxiety, discomfort or physical or moral unrest.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. This term refers to a lack, shortage or absence of serenity, stillness, repose, moderation, silence, calm, tranquillity, peace and relaxation, which incites unrest, concern, agitation, discomfort, embarrassment, stunning, stupefaction, cowardice or distress.

(Source: <https://definiciona.com/desasosiego/>)

⁸ *Serenidad* (serenity, calm)

a. Stillness. State of the weather when it is not altered by any atmospheric phenomenon that might make it inclement... Of a person, quality retained in moments of danger or, in the face of an unforeseen event, the capacity to act fittingly.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Spinoza’s pantheism was not grandiloquent and seemed to have been born out of the serene contemplation of things. This serenity, directed at nature, was also directed towards the human soul. Together with Montaigne’s *Essays*, Spinoza’s *Ethics* could be, out of all the books to have been written in the course of European culture, the most useful for appeasing, albeit temporarily, our passions. In both cases, appeasing does not mean annulling or shunning but instead wisely traversing the passions, experiencing them, even intensely, without succumbing. *Ethics* is a veritable survival manual, of great intellectual significance, that consoles us and renews our strength, without raising any false hopes about the human condition. Baruch de Spinoza, the accursed devil of the rabbis of Amsterdam, is our master of serenity.

(Source: https://www.ara.cat/es/opinion/maestro-serenidad_0_2175382690.html)

⁹ *Artista* (artist)

a. Person who cultivates any of the fine arts.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. Despite playing an indispensable role in culture as a phenomenon, the professional activity of the artist is not always properly regulated or guaranteed by cultural policies. In fact, artists, creators and professionals of trades related to the world of culture often find themselves in a worrying situation of economic and job insecurity.

(Source: <http://conca.gencat.cat/ca/ambits-ducatuacio/estatut-de-lartista/>)

c. An artist is a person who creates or produces works of art. The capabilities of the author and the artist can, of course, come together in the same person. A painter or a singer-songwriter combines both qualities. What we call an artist belongs to the lexical family of the word “art” (from Latin *ars*, *artis*, a calque from Greek τέχνη (*téchne*)). Given the changing significance of the notion of art, the term “artist” can be defined or studied from a historical viewpoint, an artist being identified as anyone who is capable of “creating” (as opposed to merely reproducing) on the basis of his or her own inspiration.

(Source: <https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Artista>)

d. Nora Ancarola, for example.

¹⁰ From here it can be seen how the Gestapo dominated Portbou. Any movement could be detected from this place. Witnesses from the village confirm that the Germans had been given carte blanche by Franco to do as they liked and arrest and deport whoever they saw fit from Portbou to Figueres. Nearby stands the penultimate of the 602 boundary stones that mark the border between Spain and France. “As a consequence of the provisions of the treaties of Bayonne, the border is physically indicated by 602 boundary stones that mark on the terrain the dividing line between the two countries. These boundary stones are numbered from west to east: the first located on the banks of the Bidasoa and the last on Cap Cèrbere, and marked with consecutive numbers and letters.”

(Source: <https://ca.wikiloc.com/rutes-senderisme/ronda-de-portbou-hasta-la-caseta-dels-alemanys-1966446>)

¹¹ *Arma* (weapon, gun)

a. Utensil serving to attack, wound, kill or defend oneself.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. A weapon is a tool of aggression, useful for hunting and self-defence, when used against animals, and can be used against human beings in instances of attack, defence and destruction of enemy forces or installations, or simply as an effective threat. A weapon is therefore a device that enhances the scope and the magnitude of a force.

(Source: <https://prezi.com/bsalvo0mu8mh/un-arma-es-una-herramienta-de-agresion-util-para-la-caza-y-1/>)

c. A weapon is a tool used to increase the destructive range or power of a person or nation. From the beginnings of humanity to the modern civilisation of the present day, weapons in general have been and continue to be a facet of the development of mankind.

(Source: <https://es.wikiquote.org/wiki/Arma>)

¹² *Puño* (fist)

a. (From Latin *pugnus*, fist and wrist, whence *pugnare*). Clenched hand.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. A fist is the result of an action in which the fingers are folded against the palm of the hand and the thumb is retracted, showing the knuckles. A fist can be open or closed.

(Source: <https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pu%C3%B1o>)

¹³ *Mano* (hand)

a. (From Latin *manus*) Fem. Extremity of man's arm, beyond the wrist... Closed hand: Hand with the fingers folded into the palm. (See "fist")

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. On the palms of our hands we have several lines, but there is one in particular that forms the letter M. It is said that those who have a letter M on the palm of the hand they do not write with are lucky and prosperous in their respective careers, as they have a great capacity for self-motivation and discipline. Furthermore, these people have a special ability to detect lies and deceit.

(Source: <https://maestroviejo.es/tienes-una-m-en-tu-mano-esto-es-lo-que-realmente-significa-2/>)

¹⁴ *Puño cerrado* (Closed fist)

The expression *closed fist* is redundant, because *fist* already means 'closed hand'. This expression sometimes appears in the news, for example, "He hit his victim on the head with his closed fist." By definition, a *fist* is a 'closed hand', so it is not always necessary to specify that it is closed.

(Source: <https://www.fundeu.es/recomendacion/puno-cerrado-es-redundante/>)

¹⁵ *Cristal* (glass; crystal)

a. Glass pane. Sheet of glass used in windows, to protect pictures, to make mirrors, etc.

(Source: *Diccionario de uso del español*, María Moliner)

b. The word *cristal* comes from Latin *crystallus*, which in turn comes from Greek *krýstallós*. In Spanish, *cristal* is the name given to high-quality glass.

(Source: <https://definicion.de/cristal/>)

c. In literature, the water in which things or light are reflected.

(Source: <https://diccionarioactual.com/cristal/>)

d. Mirror or object made of glass in which objects are reflected.

(Source: <https://diccionarioactual.com/cristal/>)

¹⁶ *Abogarse* (Drown; choke; suffocate; stifle)

reflexive verb

1. To die owing to lack of air.

2. To feel that air is lacking.

3. To be unable to breathe.

4. To feel oppressed.

(Source: <https://es.thefreedictionary.com/ahogarse>)

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