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and predictable treatment that achieves the promised aims in as little time as possible.

B As well as this idea of functionality, the concept of hygiene is also important. The notion of the mouth and the teeth is accompanied by a series of protocols, actions or experiences that we do around hygiene (for example, cleaning our teeth with a brush). Just as there's been a great evolution and participation of shape, materials and technology, for example in the uses that you have innovated, in the case of the toothbrush, there's been an evolution (directions, rotation, etc.), but the experience of cleaning our teeth is still unsolved. It is boring.

C It's curious that the toothbrush hasn't evolved. It's had improvements in terms of inclination or other parameters, but it's still a toothbrush, the same as always. There are electric ones, or other sorts, but they're still toothbrushes. Chemically speaking, we're unable to remove this plaque, we're unable to create a product that makes the toothbrush unnecessary. I believe that we'll take time to achieve it, the same way we'll take time to not have to shower.

We need to start from the basis that we use this part of our skeleton that is exposed to the outside world to eat, and just like any home, we have to clean it. Saliva, food and the surface tension of the enamel mean that an invisible film is formed on the tooth. If we don't clean, as our mouths are at 37°C, it's like having an oven, an ideal environment for bacteria to grow. If you want the optimum cultivation of bacteria, you simply have to take a Petri dish, put bacteria on it, place the plate in an oven at 37°C and wait for a night. You'll be amazed by the amount of bacteria there is. The mouth, therefore, is like an oven for growing bacteria.

EL COLETA: NEO STREET HUSTLER *RETROFOLK*

Talking about *retrofolk* music in Spain means talking about Ramsés Gallego, aka “El Coleta” (The Pigtail).

And El Coleta is today's urban artist who has been the greatest standard bearer for the collective image of the 80s, with a perspective that's nostalgic and proud of his streets (which is what *retrofolk* is all about). He himself has said that he started out as a street hustler who rapped to transform himself into a street rap – or as he prefers to call it, “thug rap” – artist. In his view, thug rap is more than just stories of the streets and encompasses all Spanish hustlers, from Lazarillo de Tormes to Little Nicolás and from El Torete to El Vaquilla, who, according to El Coleta, are the Spanish equivalent of American *gangsta rap* figures. This should be emphasized: Gallego is not a fan of flamenco or rumba. Due to a lack of money, he began to rap because it required fewer instruments and simpler vocal skills. Gallego is a rapper who began by imitating Mucho Muchacho and Kamikaze and, after many years, he realized the need or the opportunity to speak up for certain heroes of the Spanish underclass. The kid from Moratalaz (or “M.O.” as Gallego stylizes the name of his neighborhood) has recognized that, when he was little, he did not like street cinema:

I watched those movies and thought: “How awful, like people from my neighborhood!” I remember when my father left me in the car on Entrevías and I thought: “Here come the junkies...” I thought street cinema was trashy. Especially José Antonio de la Loma. Eloy de la Iglesia's films were more advanced, but I had to watch

Perros Callejeros (Street Warriors) several times before appreciating it. Film is like food, your tastes grow¹.

► [SEARCH FOR: \[IMDb\] Street Warriors, José Antonio de la Loma, 1997.](#)

Just like learning how to appreciate a new dish, Gallego began producing his first songs in the mid-2000s under the name of “D-Lito,” but it wasn’t until the end of that decade, with the release of *Iberikan Stafford* (2009) that he found his aesthetic and his taste. Look at El Coleta on the album cover of this mixtape, casually reclining his elbow on the hood of a red Ford Capri, with a tough and forbidding look, wearing a denim jacket and tight pants, also denim, and red, white, and blue Adidas sneakers. This mix of clothing from the era of Spain’s return to democracy and sneakers from the present has been, since then, a constant in the wardrobe of El Coleta, who is normally seen in his music videos wearing modern track-suits yet not breaking the overall *retro* feeling. Although the title of *Iberikan Stafford* on the album cover presents a bloody and metallic typeface reminiscent of 80s heavy metal, no allusions to that decade are found in the album’s lyrics. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[Google Images\] El Coleta, Iberikan Stafford, 2009.](#)

On his follow up album (*Más cornás da el hambre*), El Coleta began to replace his lack of *flow* with historical references and varied rhythmic structures. The cover of this LP is, actually, a reenactment of the arrest of the *merchero* (a social underclass of itinerant metal merchants in Spain) El Lute, who was sentenced to capital punishment – subsequently reduced to a life sentence – for robbing a jewelry store on Bravo Murillo street in Madrid and killing its security guard. In 1966, while being transferred to a different jail by train, El Lute managed to escape from the Guardia Civil, remaining on the lam for two weeks. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[Google Images\] Arrest](#)

of *El Lute, Salamanca, 1966*. The photo of his arrest, featuring El Lute flanked by two upstanding Guardia Civil officers with a bruised cheekbone and his arm in a sling, is one of the most iconic images in the history of crime in Spain. The cover of *Más cornás da el hambre* recreated this scene, promising that this album would contain “Hood sounds from Moratalaz.” ► [SEARCH FOR: \[Google Images\] El Coleta, Más Cornás da el Hambre, 2011.](#) However, leaving aside the track called “Ramón Mendoza y Jesús Gil,” most of El Coleta’s references – whether criminals (James “Jimmy the Gent” Burke, Henry Hill, etc.) or athletes (Ben Johnson, Carl Lewis, etc.) – were from the United States².

It wasn’t until his 2013 album (*Yo, El Coleta*) that the kid from Moratalaz made his songs read like a laundry list of slang and names from recent Spanish history. To get a feel for it, listen to “Nanai Nanaina,” sampled from the famous onomatopoeia in a Las Grecas song, in which this pedantic list is unveiled (try to read it not as a whole but line by line): ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] Las Grecas, Te Estoy Amando Locamente, 1974; \[YouTube\] El Coleta, Nanai Nanaina, 2013.](#)

Juan José Moreno Cuenca robbing a bank, / Curro Jiménez with his sawed-off shotgun, / Andrés Pajares breathing like a parakeet, / *Iberikan Stafford* dropping a beat, / Lola Flores defrauding the tax man, / El Tocho and Maribel fucking in the tobacco stand, / cross-eyed Dioni watching for his cash, / el Muertes and el Jato hiding their stash, / thugs in their cars bumping my riffs, / el Torete throwing himself down the cliff, / el Pirri slicing up el Tejas on *El Pico*, / Ángel Cristo tearing up the circus, / breaking into a Renault 5 series, / a hundred thugs from Albal in a white Mercedes, / ten kilos of ammonal under

Carrero Blanco, / Chaba Jiménez climbing the Naranco,
/ Julio Alberto smoking crack, / Pancho hooked on
smack in the fall, / Gil and Caneda starting a brawl, / los
Charlines buying off the DEA, / Antonio Guerra making
bribes, / Galician gangs getting rich, / stealing the deal
from Quique San Francisco.

However, there is also the song “Contad los muertos” (Count the Dead), much easier to understand, in which El Coleta applies the famous phrase from the Battle of Rocroi, the Thermopylae of the Spanish infantry, to the twentieth century. Answering the question of how many men had participated on the Spanish side, a *tercio* infantry captain responded that the best way to know was to count the dead, an answer that El Coleta interprets not only as a sign of Spanish stubbornness and hardheadedness, but also of the reality that, in all historical struggles, common people are the ones who end up footing the bill and picking up the broken pieces left by kings and presidents. Refer to the song’s lyrics here: ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] El Coleta, Contad los muertos, 2013.](#)

Our parents voted left, / their dreams were stolen, / what
do you expect me to believe? / Our grandparents lost the
war, / some are still in ditches today. / In 78 they changed
their colors, / from the Feds to the secret police, / from
pinkos and fists to cute little progress, / punks and cords
for gray hair and protocol. / Then came the eighties and
parks with needles, / bag snatching and ETA bombs, /
the phony Madrid scene, / addiction and AIDS.

As such, it is not in the least surprising that El Coleta has become the favorite rapper of specialists in historical memory. Consider the above in view of the book of academic papers regarding this topic called *Outside the law: the street hoodlum phenomenon in*

the Spanish return to democracy, in which he is hyperbolically described as “the Federico García Lorca of Moratalaz³.” To complicate matters, El Coleta has appeared as a supporting actor on the television series that has most contributed to the historical revisionism of recent Spain, *Cuéntame cómo pasó* (Tell me how it happened – the longest-running soap opera in the history of the Spanish boob tube, which is currently on its twentieth season, about the 90s). In collaboration with Cecilio G., the kid from Moratalaz also recorded a song paying homage to the main character of this revisionist saga. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] CEEGEEOTCP Ft. EL COLETA ꞑ ANTONIO ALCANTARA ꞑ ENRY K.](#) “I’m Antonio Alcántara, I started out at the bottom. / Once I was a school janitor, now I’m businessman of the year,” goes the song’s refrain, which seeks to establish a parallel between the rising up from the bottom of African-American rappers and the possibilities of social advancement during the so-called “Spanish miracle.” “I’m Antonio Alcántara, bitch, I started out at the bottom. / This is the fucking 80s, there’s work here,” El Coleta and Cecilio G. sing, during a decade, the current one, marked by precarity and unemployment. In a joint interview given in mid-2016, these two urban artists talked about how the 2010s would be represented in *Cuéntame cómo pasó*: “That’s when people listed to El Coleta and Cecilio G.,” the latter joked, “drugs had evolved massively and music was cheap... in every aspect⁴.” Speaking of drugs, the 90s are another era that has featured in El Coleta’s *retrofolk*. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] El Coleta con Niño de Elche, Vota PDR.](#) The song “Vota PDR (Vote for the Clubbing Party),” featuring El Niño de Elche, fondly recalls the excesses of the Valencian clubbing scene at the beginning of the 90s and considers what would happen if a ruling political party in Spain openly advocated the partying lifestyle. Herein lies the sociopolitical

subtlety of El Coleta and El Niño de Elche. Instead of uncritically accepting conspiracy theories about drug use as a form of population control surreptitiously spread by the State, El Coleta and El Niño de Elche imagine a fictitious world in which “partying is a right” and “getting the spins no longer occurs.” A world in which “drug taxis are the official cars (of the politicians)” and in which the municipal authorities only “fine you if they see you’re not dancing.” This suggests that, although the police may not actually be distributing heroin at high school entrances, our reality is not, deep down, so far removed from this fictional world in which, as the kid from Moratalaz and El Elche sing, people vote with rolling papers instead of ballot papers. El Niño de Elche hardly raps at all in this song, except to describe ravers as “*Ex-Spanish* who are uncertain about their future” and “*Ex-Spanish* who don’t ask for or take help.” In this way, the *ex-flamenco* artist not only makes a pun on “España” and “Expaña” (“Spain” and “Ex-Spain,” or what was once Spain) similar to the one Chimo Bayo made on a song with “ecstasy” and “X-Ta Sí, X-Ta No,” but also implies that what being Spanish means, in some way, has ceased to exist. All Spaniards are, in a certain sense, *Ex-Spanish*.

Another El Coleta song inspired by the 90s is “Camaradas Cañeros” (Cool Comrades), in collaboration with the versatile duet Mueveloreina, who record the same style of electrocumbia in French (*Des femmes et des hommes*), featuring a sort of electro-punk-rap-trap EP railing against the Spanish royal family (*Never Mind the Borbons*). Despite their variety, this Valencian duo is characterized above all by their political positions: they have written songs against femicide and supporting feminism (“Vivas”), against the Gag Law and in favor of freedom of expression (“Shoot My Head”), against heteronormative virility and in favor of new

masculinities (“Semenylevel”), against the violence that took place during the Catalan independence referendum and in favor of cosmopolitanism (“Colateral”), and so on.

To further make the point on just how far the Valencian duo’s political commitments reach: in February 2018, they protested against the ban on *Fariña* (the book about drug trafficking in Galicia), against the conviction of the rapper Valtonyc for insulting the Spanish crown, and against the withdrawal of Santiago Sierra’s works on political prisoners in Spain that were exhibited at ARCO, the annual art fair in Madrid; Mueveloreina then uploaded a video to their YouTube channel called “#EstoNoLoHaDichoUnRapero” (A rapper didn’t say that), in which they read aloud some posts, tweets, and comments left by far-right trolls and *haters* across various social networks, thus exposing and denouncing the tolerance shown by the Spanish government regarding statements such as: “You son of a bitch, Franco’s Moorish Guards should slit your throat,” “I’d like to put you into a concentration camp with rapists and immigrants,” and “The Catalan prosecutors will face the firing squad in due time. Our best weapon will be terror⁵.”

The music video of “Camaradas Cañeros” follows this same political line, in which graffiti shaped like a pill appears with the logo “Vota PDR,” highlighting the continuity between featuring El Niño de Elche and Mueveloreina. The clear Valencian clubbing scene background in Mueveloreina’s music and El Coleta’s far-left lyrics leave no doubt: ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] El Coleta con Mueveloreina, Camaradas Cañeros, 2017.](#)

They say it was ETA, / beat the drums for the anthem.
/ They’re lighting up your papers, / they control dissent.
/ Puppets, / machine guns: / legitimate ultraviolence. /
[...] Tough-on-crime at the protest, / ask El Nani if they

torture. / They killed the constitution / and kept prison alive / [...] If there's nothing to eat at home, / get yourself a blade and use it. / If the rent's too high, / kick down the doors. / Our stomachs are grumbling / while those on high laugh; / if they're Marie Antoinettes, / then off with their heads.

If the fashionable drug in the 90s was pills, as seen with the PDR logo, in the 80s, *retrofolk's* glory years for El Coleta, the drug that caused a sensation was heroin. The song "Piko 3," performed jointly by El Coleta and Jarfaiter, is dedicated to heroin and plays as if it were the third and final movie in a trilogy produced by the filmmaker Eloy de la Iglesia on heroin trafficking.

► [SEARCH FOR: \[IMDb\] El pico, Eloy de la Iglesia, 1983; \[IMDb\] El pico 2, Eloy de la Iglesia, 1984.](#) Indeed, "<3" ("angle bracket or peak three") is a very common expression in Spanish urban slang. For Pimp Flaco and Yung Beef "peak three" is essentially a symbol for love (the heart or love emoticon), while for Cecilio G. it represents someone unaware of spinach stuck in their teeth or shit stained underwear (a clear scatological expression). With El Coleta and Jarfaiter, we find out that "<3" mainly refers to a huge hit of smack. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] El Coleta con Jarfaiter, El Piko 3, 2014.](#)

El Coleta and Jarfaiter are, unsurprisingly, two of the leading actors in the film *Quinqui Stars* (Street Stars), by Juan Vicente Córdoba, which has reinforced the parallels between rumba and modern urban music. ► [SEARCH FOR: \[IMDb\] Quinqui Stars, Juan Vicente Córdoba, 2018.](#) Unfortunately, this docudrama is perhaps too ambitious and, instead of simply establishing the obvious parallels

between the 1980s and the 2010s (a high dropout rate, significant youth unemployment, vast opioid consumption, etc.), the director ends up covering too much ground without enough focus by addressing convoluted issues such as historical memory, feminism, or the Catalan independence movement in the same film.

Regarding the third topic, mere platitudes are given. The trivial conclusion that is reached is that "we're patriotic about our neighborhoods." As to the second topic, the film's leading female characters are supposed to be a group of today's *trap queens* (Blondie, Bea Pelea, and the group IRA), but anyone who has heard them knows that only one of them can be classified as a "trapper" (Blondie) and that the others perform reggaeton (Bea Pelea) or political rap (IRA). In the end, the only thread keeping this two-and-a-half-hour film together is the feminist *Bildungsroman* of El Coleta, who, for no apparent reason, starts watching *Réponse de femmes* (1975), by Agnes Vardá. *Quinqui Stars* really only has something to say regarding the first issue, historical memory. Read, for example, the verbal eruption from José Sacristán, the actor who starred in *El diputado*, the spectacular film by Eloy de la Iglesia on the Spanish return to democracy:

Talking about the streets today means practically eighty percent of the society in which we live. The ones that are there both the most and the least are flirting with some sort of delinquency or another. Between fools and fuckers, we're here figuring out problems and mistakes the best we can. The world is full of assholes and most of them have the right to vote. You see that daily, every step of the way. [...] We've exited Franco's tunnel, we're a democracy now, and here we are, with all this clutter: between a republic set up by four incompetents and

goggles for seeing the homeland proposed by others; between the new left that changes direction every fifteen minutes and the traditional left, you've got to go to the graveyard to find it.

El Coleta didn't hold his tongue either when, during the promotional tour of the film, a journalist asked him if street cinema had more class consciousness than modern urban music: "Street hustlers didn't identify with the working class at all. They didn't give a shit: it was really anarchist and individualistic. Actually, when they snatched purses from old ladies, they were stealing from the working class⁶." El Coleta dedicated his last album to be released, *Neokinki* (2018), precisely to such anarchists and individualists. In this album, unlike with his previous LP, *M.O.Vida Madrileña*, the arch of historical references is not limited to the 80s, but reaches across time to cover the Civil War on tracks like "Bakaluti Durruti." As the name "M.O.Vida Madrileña" (The Madrid Scene) indicates, the subject lending itself to the title of the 2015 album, it is an examination of the cultural policy of Enrique Tierno Galván, the mayor of Madrid between 1979 and 1986, from the perspective of a kid from the city's margins. In the music video for the title track, filmed in La Vía Láctea, one of the capital's most retro bars, El Coleta shows up with a sawed-off shotgun to rob some snobs dressed like Olvido Gara (the real name of the lead singer of Alaska and the Pegamoides, a famous Spanish punk rock band from the 80s). The song's lyrics reflect this subject and many other memories from the era: ► [SEARCH FOR: \[YouTube\] El Coleta, M.O.Vida Madrileña, 2016.](#)

Robberies are back and unemployment is at 25 percent.
/ I'm not a Pegamoide, forget about you. / The times
are bad, low blows all around. / Everyone's an artist, but
nobody's got a job. / [...] Tierno is a drug apologist, /

drugged city, narcogovernment. / We're European and
very modern. / From Madrid to heaven, ask Carrero.

This is, in short, El Coleta's *retrofolk* music. How can this musical genre, *retrofolk*, of which El Coleta is the epitome, be defined? If music critic Simon Reynolds has baptized the addiction that modern pop music has regarding its own past as "retromania," in other words, today's proliferation of vintage aesthetics and tribute bands, we term "retrofolk" – as employed throughout this article – as the way in which Spanish musicians appropriate references and styles that are thought of as outdated even though they are alive and well⁷. *Retrofolk* is the way in which pop culture becomes popular culture through a dual exercise in approximation and distancing: on the one hand, approximation consists of updating the way in which that culture is presented and, on the other hand, the distancing that implies considering it something of the past that can be exposed in a showcase. The clearest example of *retrofolk* in Spain has been the way in which the 80s have been addressed, both as a source of inspiration and as a historical relic. Even the musicians who have approached that decade with a critical and revisionist attitude have glossed over the fact that most of the dissenting attitudes towards disconnected and disenchanting youth, which were supposedly dominant at that time, were already voiced back then, much more radically so than today. In the end, Spanish *retrofolk* is nothing more than an expression of the country's inability to imagine a popular culture without placing these people in the past tense, both inaccessible yet terribly familiar.

What role do objects play in El Coleta's *retrofolk*? A decisive one. First there's the Ford Capri, which looks straight out of a car ad in which the body's red color calls to mind a woman's lips. Then there are the colorful Adidas sneakers, on that dusty, desert-like ground.

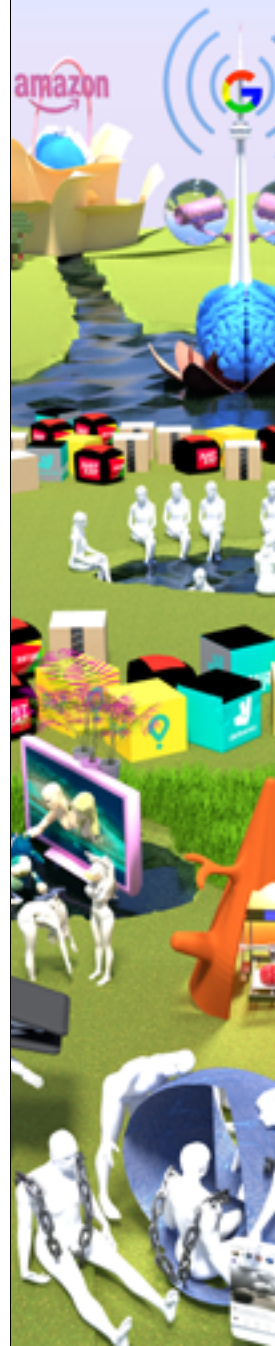
This brings to mind Bruno Latour's actor-network theory, according to which the world is composed of many more centers of action than those strictly having intentionality and subjective consciousness. Objects are also actors. Of course they are actors: taking on the shape of a sawed-off shotgun or a pill, like the one in the Clubbing Party logo, they can make or break people's lives. In his own way, El Coleta participates in this nostalgia for the analog that we all seem to share since our lives are now completely ordered and contained on screens. In the era of ubiquitous digital connection, it is not surprising to see the resurfacing of nostalgia for a world in which objects were – at least in our imagination – less flat.

- 1 Iago Fernández, "Quinqui de guardería," *Vice*, 07/08/2013.
- 2 See Koldo Gutiérrez, "El Coleta le da to el palo al rap español," *Revista Cactus*, 05/08/2017
- 3 See Joaquín Florido Berrocal, Luis Martín-Cabrera, Eduardo Matos-Martín y Roberto Robles Valencia (comp.), *Fuera de la ley: asedios al fenómeno quinqui en la Transición Española*, Granada: Comares, 2015
- 4 VICE en Español, "Música barata y fama de YouTube. Una conversación entre El Coleta y Cecilio G.," *YouTube*, 03/01/2016.
- 5 Along with their leftist political positions, Mueveloreina is also characterized by their proximity to the world of marketing and advertising. Two of their songs are, in fact, music for advertisements: "Voy" is used for a travel agency (Waynabox) ad and "Solarbabies" is the soundtrack for a clothing line (Kotté) ad. How does Mueveloreina make their leftist ideology compatible with this collusion with tourism and textile capitalism? No idea. This was the criticism offered by cultural journalist Nicolás Prados in his controversial article "Muéveloreina: el publi-trap" *Yung Vibez*, 08/06/2017.
- 6 Enrique Mariño, "Quinqui Stars: vuelven los perros callejeros," *Público*, 11/30/2018.
- 7 See Simon Reynolds, *Retromania: Pop Culture's Addiction to Its Own Past*, London, Faber and Faber Ltd, 2011

THREE TEXTS-TASSELED FILAMENTS, WITH NAMES

Isabelle S. The nature of braided filaments, once ivory red plastics, full of fleshy, black and red tassels, gold papers on red papers, sequins, interlocking backgrounds of white lace, the formation of loops within loops, knots, fringes shedding tears, asking for favors, giving thanks, airy stories in each thread, small spider webs of crossed colors, hooped frames, woven rhombus-stars- Objects with pleated histories, each different, interpreted daily to live-with-the-gods. Good. Non-autonomous history that exists *becoming-with*, put into play day after day. They came to me. I don't feel like a collector. I bought them because they were cheap, because they hardly weighed anything and because I wanted to be with them, close to Buddha, Confucius, poets, and myself. I was thinking of Federico G. Lorca. There were hundreds of them, with different names, one for each wish by the faithful. One for each person who ceased to be One to be that object. Modest objects that unexpectedly intertwine their daily lives with the gods. They've had to learn, good messengers that they are, desires on a dove's wings, the exchange: that was what humans wanted to tell the deities. Gods, humans and objects wondering, what are we witnesses of, each other? Whose existence is witnessed by whom? The way back: the gods return through them, desires circulate through them, each filament, each color. If they didn't exist, neither the gods nor desires would know how to be heard.

Donna J.H. Objects, the origin of a precarious, intensely illustrated context, vivid, deeply enjoyed. I began to think through them.



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