"I don't blame the night. "I don't blame the beach. I don't blame the rain, because they all love me."

a Lord's remark to his "Lobuki" in a Luis Miguel-style paraphrase

Aesthetic nightmare: Luis Miguel as an icon (a Mexican idol: think of Michael Bublé less the voice, the talent, the charisma and the looks... plus an eternal stupid expression). A world where his values, image, voice projection, language, intonation and attitudes are multiplied like a cloning pattern. Where the exclusive is exclusion and social class is just the goal of any social climber with enough guts and speed to climb by using tags, signs and badges...

The 'Dictionnaire du look,' published in France in 2009, provides a taxonomy of all kinds of urban tribes.

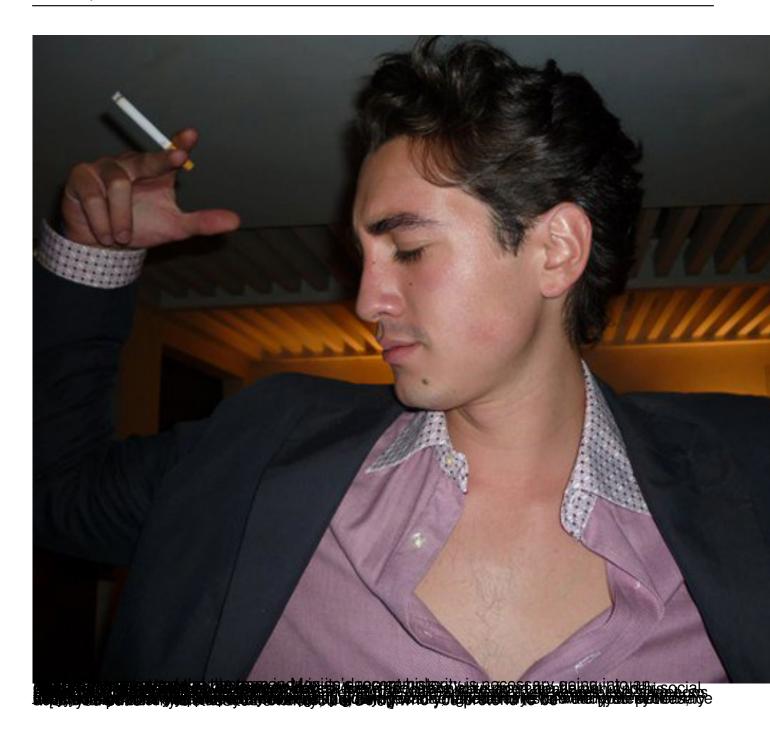
1 From ultra-conservative, convent-educated girls he "Marie Chantal" to fashionable hipsters, fluo kids and tektonic, to what we would call "fresas" in Mexico (according to www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fresa, quite literally sort of less likeable preppy).

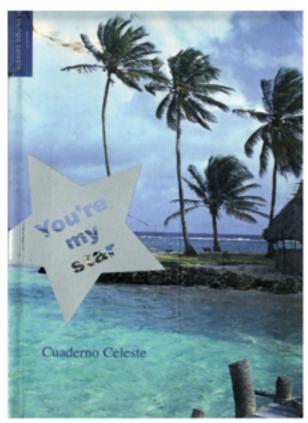


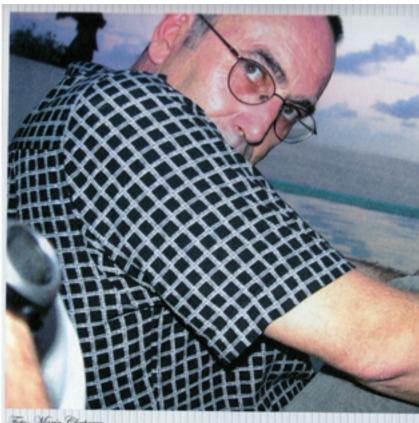
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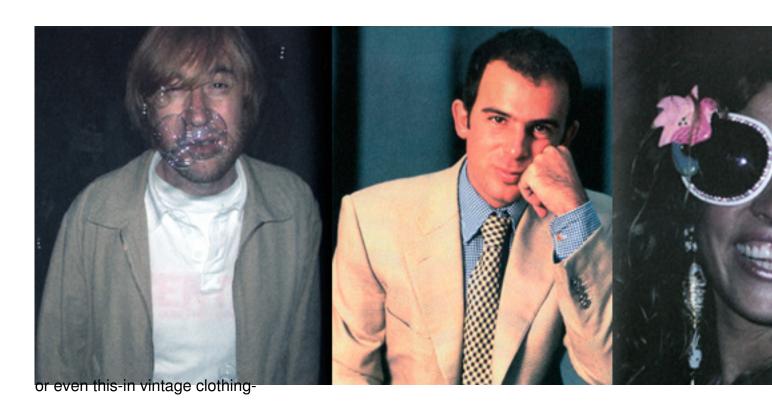








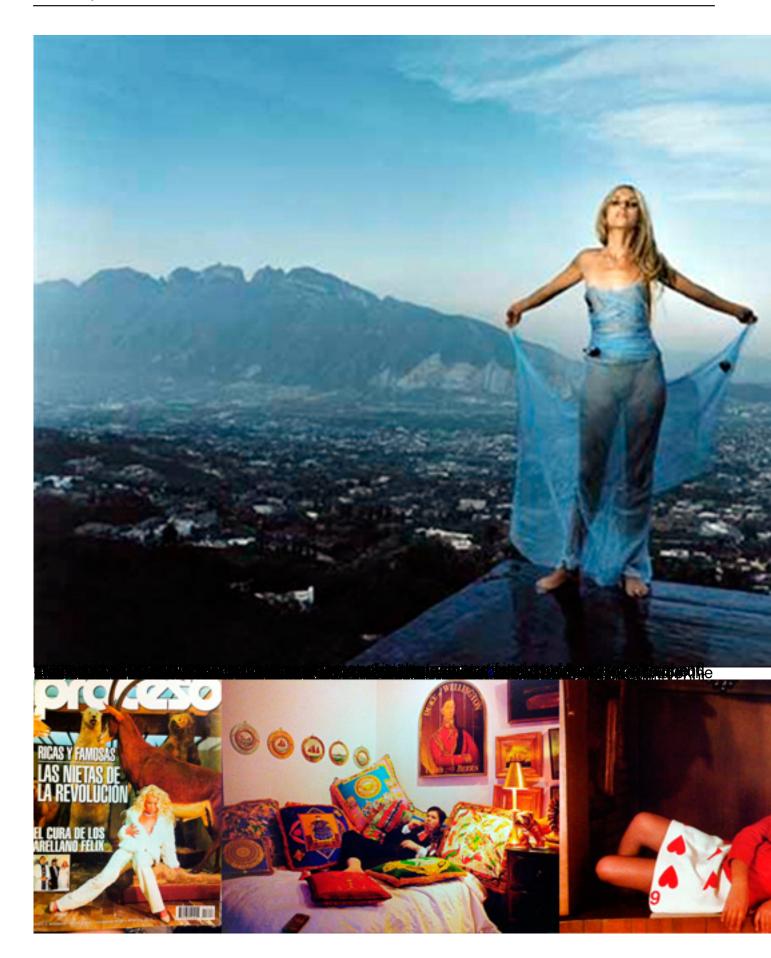
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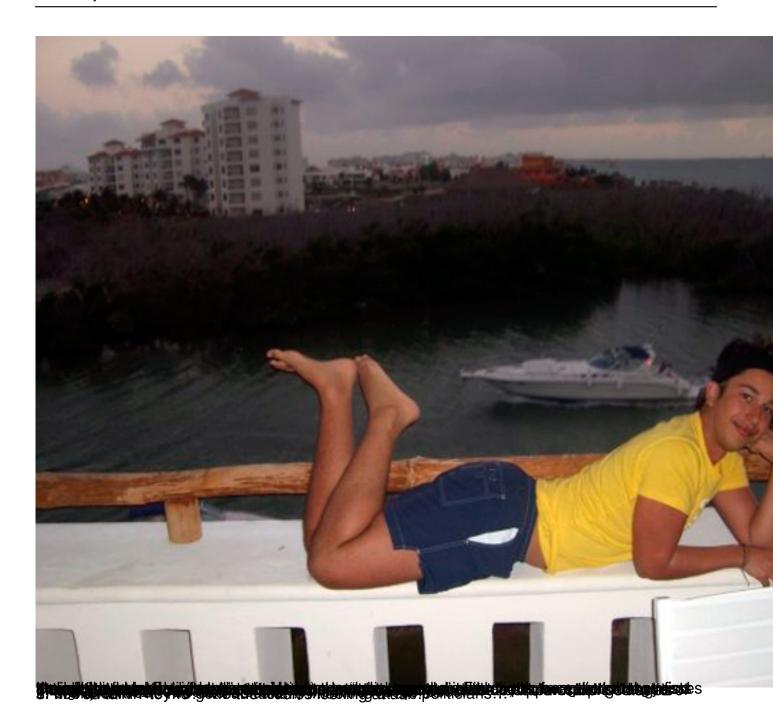


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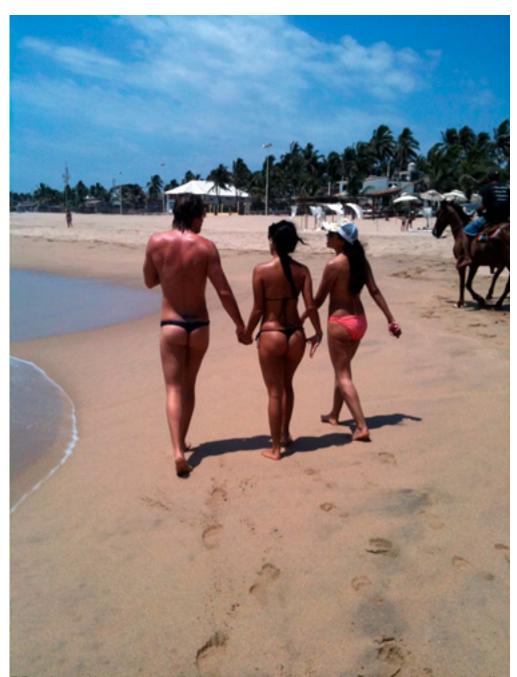












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