

# TRASH IN EVERYTHING WE DO: SUEDE'S *SINGLES* AND PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY IN MADRID

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*February 2004, Calle de Fuencarral, Madrid. I slide a blank CD-R out of its crudely photocopied sleeve, click it into my Sony Walkman, and press Play.*



Link to accompanying playlist

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## The First Half (All Killer / Movements)

### TRACK 1: "The Beautiful Ones"

*Richard Oakes' shimmering guitar blares into my ears and I start walking north up the pedestrian mall off Gran Vía, passing the jet set boutiques and designer shoe stores.*



Figure 1. Gran Vía (April 2004)

One brisk evening in early 2004, I bought a bootleg CD-R of Suede's 2003 compilation *Singles* off a peddler on Madrid's Calle de Fuencarral, just north of Gran Vía. The compilation crammed 21 songs onto one disc that clocked in at over 78 minutes, which wasn't bad considering the €2 I paid for it (1). It was the first piece of their music I ever owned, and equally likely the first time I ever heard their music.

### TRACK 2: "Animal Nitrate"

*A squall of what sounds like guitar feedback or a subtle synth line before the jangling chords come crashing in. I see the fountain at the center of La Glorieta de Bilbao in the distance.*



Figure 2. La Glorieta de Bilbao (May 2004)

No matter where and when I was walking that Winter, I almost always had my Sony Discman providing a private soundtrack, affecting "patterns of how to move around urban space and encounter others" (Weber 2014: 157). At the time, I was not yet, consciously, a geographer (cf. Cosgrove 1989). I spent most evenings wandering the streets of Chamberí and adjacent neighborhoods in *flânerie*, a decade before I had any idea what the word meant. Though the concept emerged in nineteenth century Paris, twenty-first century Madrid and her long hours provided a perfect arena for me to "wander without aim" (Bauman 1994).

### TRACK 3: “Trash”

*“The Rastro is above all, more than a place of things, a place of images and associations of ideas, associations of emotions, of things suffered, tender and intimate, which, in order not to betray themselves, once formed, disintegrate into white, transparent, floating and volatile ironies...” – Ramón Gómez de la Serna, 1961 (p. 2)*



Figure 3. Sunday morning at the Rastro (March 2004)

All of these affiliated memories in italics are personal memories – some captured on camera – from my life in Madrid (early 2004, with some interjections from later visits in 2009, 2015, and 2022). The CD-R of *Singles* was the first one I purchased, and one of few still in my possession. I spent much of that semester with Suede in my Discman and have revisited their hits on iPods and Smartphones as technologies changed. Suede’s first decade of singles (1993-2003) are inextricable from my psychogeography of Madrid (3), proof-positive of that affective relationship between materialities of music, technologies of hearing and practices of memory (Anderson 2004; Keightley and Pickering 2006).

### TRACK 4 “Metal Mickey”

*I sit down by the lagoon in Casa de Campo. A prostitute with a parasol sits down the road behind me, baring her breasts for motorists.*



Figure 4. Casa de Campo Lake (May 2004)

In my life as a Geographer, I came to Guy Debord's trademark of psychogeography, drawing upon my lifelong preoccupation with the intersection of popular music and place. Regretfully, I did not take much advantage of Madrid's underground music in 2004, but I moved to another capital city (Washington, DC) the following year, equally due to my newfound love of urban living and curiosity about DC's seminal underground scenes (cf. Sonnichsen 2019, Sonnichsen 2022). So, it suited my research well that "popular music has been associated with cities and with people's fears, hopes, desires, and dreams about them" (Cohen et al 2010: 106). Western perceptions of psychogeography are largely "committed to the development of the relationship of the urban environment and the psychic, daily lives of individuals... both [depending] heavily on walking as practice and method" (Long 2014: 50). Just as in Madrid, my early familiarity with DC as my new home came intertwined with the affective influence of my Discman. It wasn't until 2007 that a friend gifted me his old iPod. I could not bring myself to get rid of the Discman, though.

### TRACK 5: "So Young"

*A couple of small children exit a small bodega and run past me as I approach Bar Arco Iris. I can't hear what they're saying over my headphones. The only lyrics I register are references to being young, but this band's songs absolutely seem like they're about heroin. (4)*



Figure 5. Arco Iris Bar, Madrid (July 2009)

Any reading on psychogeography must tend to traditional geography. Madrid, like Spain at large, is off-center from modern imaginaries of Europe. Unlike most cities in Europe, though, its present is more interesting than its past, as Deborah Parsons (2003) argued in her examination of the city's modernism. London and the United Kingdom at large have gone to great lengths to distance themselves politically and culturally from Europe. Physical geography, too, mandates that one has to scale the Pyrenees and the other has to swim the Channel/drive the Chunnel to arrive at the heart of the European Union. Still, being a cosmopolitan city in league with Barcelona, Paris, and London, Madrid's streets provided a fertile landscape in which media "gray markets" could circulate.

## TRACK 6: "The Wild Ones"

*I slowly do a lap around la Plaza de Olavide. Maybe I do a few. This is a longer song, and I really like this place. It feels tucked away; traffics runs underneath it and the playground lends a familial, familiar ambiance.*



Figure 6. A quiet day at Plaza de Olavide (May 2004)

Prior to my exposure to music markets (both official and bootleg) like the Sunday flea by Tirso de Molina station, I was not too familiar with Spain's place in punk history. When the punk movement coalesced in the mid-1970s, the UK and Spain were in quite different political situations. For a few years, punk was a genuine pop music phenomenon in much of the English-speaking world, presenting a "distorted reflection of... post-war subcultures" (Hebdige 1979: 26). Spain was still embracing a newly minted Third Republic in the wake of General Franco's 1975 death. Spain's lack of World War II involvement and totalitarian repression under Franco forced subcultures into a different framework. Though Madrid did later birth counterparts to the Ramones or the Clash (perhaps most prominently Los Nikis, founded in 1981), punk landed differently on that urban canvas.

## TRACK 7: “Obsessions”

*I suppose it's time to go home. It's a good place to hit 'Stop' and put my Discman away as I approach my apartment building.*



Figure 7. The front door of my building (February 2004)

The result was called *la movida Madrileña* (the Madrid scene/movement). La Movida did include punk and new wave music (5), but it was a wider conglomeration of painters, writers, and weirdos enjoying their newfound freedom of expression. One prominent denizen was filmmaker Pedro Almodóvar, who would later win two Academy Awards (6) and become a household name in the US by the time I moved to Madrid in 2004. Almodóvar once said “we imitated everything we liked and had a great time doing it... the more we plagiarised, the more authentic we were” (quoted in Parsons 2003: 106).

## TRACK 8: “Film Star”

*In 2011, Madrid inaugurated its urban plagiarism of the Hollywood walk of fame on Calle Martín de los Heros. When my friend walked me by it in 2015, somebody had recently drawn a crude penis in red ink on Almodóvar's star.*



Figure 8. Pedro Almodovar's star (with phallic graffiti), Calle Martin de los Heros (July 2015)

It follows, then, that both *La Movida* and the Britpop tradition heavily leveraged penchants for fashionable plagiarism. Plagiarism had always been a hallmark of working-class art/rebellion in the UK, but Britpop deluged the mainstream with Noel Gallagher's blatantly borrowed riffs (7) (Niven 2014) and Damien Hirst's derivative pop-art (see James 2007). Like their Madrilenian antecedents, nobody gave a shit what their critics said about originality (or anything, really). What mattered was how much plastic you moved, and because CD bootlegging was still extremely



expensive (8) in the mid-90s, the top British rock bands sold compact discs in unimaginable numbers throughout Europe.

## TRACK 9: “Can’t Get Enough”



Figure 9. Jóvenes walking down Fuencarral (July 2009)

Though Suede were hardly working-class icons and quickly grew to resent the term, Brett Anderson’s obvious David Bowie inspiration/emulation fell right into that Britpop groove. Anderson co-founded Suede in London in the late 1980s, and the band’s art-school androgyny made them a perfect face for what came to be characterise Cool Britannia of the mid 90s. Indeed, they enjoyed a decade of phenomenal success in the United Kingdom, as the *Singles* collection would document in light of their dissolution in 2003.

## TRACK 10: "Everything Will Flow"

*This song is immaculate, and exactly what I need to hear at this point in my life.*



Figure 10. Madrid from my window (February 2004)

To this American coming of age in the mid-nineties, Cool Britannia only made a handful of mainstream dents (9). Most of the biggest bands affiliated with Britpop, including Suede and Blur, were marketed more aggressively toward music nerds than teenyboppers (Cavanagh 1997). I have no memory of ever seeing Suede on MTV. I had no first-hand exposure to any British press at the time, so the hype that journalists built around Suede was wholly unfamiliar. For example, it wasn't until after I listened to *Singles* that I knew of Anderson's antagonistic relationship with original guitarist Bernard Butler, who split halfway through recording *Dog Man Star* (1994). In 2004, I was studying film so, ironically, I was more familiar with *Dog Star Man*, the masterwork by American avant-garde filmmaker Stan Brakhage, who had died the previous year. The band insisted the title was a coincidence. However, the front and back cover photos featured photographs of a nude figure lying on a bed by the American artist Joanne Leonard (10) – *a tender and intimate image... tied to floating and volatile ironies...*

## The Middle Tracks (Some Filler / The End of the CD Era)

### TRACK 11: “Stay Together”

*The reference to “two hearts under the skyscrapers” hits home, for some reason.*



Figure 11. The Four Towers gaze over a pile of rubble near Chamartín station (May 2022)

### TRACK 12: “Love the Way You Love”

*Eh, this song sucks. I hit skip.*



Figure 12. Graffiti in a vacant lot near Chueca (July 2009)

Back in my American hometown in the years before I moved to Madrid, I knew somebody who moonlighted as a clerk in a CD shop in a puke-colored, soul-sucking, highway-adjacent outlet mall. He and I got along well, despite disagreements over whether it was ever justifiable to charge \$18 (11) for a Compact Disc. He said yes, but I would never be convinced. The costs of the materials that went into a Compact Disc (casing, disc, and artwork) were roughly one to two percent of the standard MSRP (Strauss 1995). My misgivings also stemmed from how quickly things were changing; a lot of my friends at college now had converted their whole music collection into digital formats, encased in the iTunes program. I thought it was odd how quickly the American middle class was divorcing itself from music materiality, particularly once Apple opened the iTunes store in 2003.

### TRACK 13: “The Drowners”

*I don't yet know it, but this was the first single that Suede released, ushering in Britpop. I also do not yet know of Supersonic (12), a Britpop club a few blocks from my flat. Granted, I'm not yet the US drinking age, and I'm an awful dancer, so clubs are new terrain for me. What I do know upon first listen, however, is that this song sounds massive and that it could easily have birthed a movement. I listen to it on repeat on my walk home from class.*



Figure 13. The sign outside Supersonic, Madrid's original Britpop club (July 2009)

Indeed, while I was arguing with my friend over CD prices, file-sharing services like Napster, KaZaa, and Limewire made spending money on music ostensibly redundant for anybody with a reliable internet connection and free time. There was still a fertile market for the production and distribution of bootleg compact discs, though. Not everyone was in a financial position or even enthusiastic to unload their physical media in favour of MP3s at first.

## TRACK 14: “New Generation”



Figure 14. Estadio Santiago Bernabeu after Real Madrid v. Celta de Vigo (February 28, 2004)

No matter how much persistent music consumers were being ripped off, the bootleg market has always existed for reasons reactionary to industry overreach (see Heylin 1994). Though it seems anachronistic now, peddlers, predominantly recent immigrants from Africa, laid out a patchwork of CD-Rs and DVD-Rs across blankets which could easily be cinched in a moments' notice whenever a suspect authority figure approached. I never witnessed any arrests or out-and-out harassment of these vendors, but I'm sure it happened enough so that, as I was thumbing through crudely Xeroxed covers of new releases, the quilt would disappear from under me and the vendors would hide behind a nearby corner.

## TRACK 15: "Lazy"



Figure 15. Perrito, descansando al lado del bar Arco Iris (July 2009)

I never knew exactly how illegal these bootlegs were. The high mobility of disc vendors, a lack of quality control, and a lack of visible police harassment all converged to form more of a "grey market" (Karaganis 2011; Sezneva 2012) than anything critically enforceable in 2004. One year prior, the Ayuntamiento de Madrid had significantly updated their citywide peddling ordinances (13). Several articles emphasised codification of National ID or Passport for licensure (No. 11), the city's heavy hand in enforcing sanitation and prices (21-23), and a gaping range in penalties for violation (14), none of which were clearly defined. Absent from the city's peddling laws were any explicit references to music or electronic equipment, further blurring the points of intersection between the power of street vendors and the power of the government (Milgram 2015).

## TRACK 16: "She's in Fashion"

*I walk out of the Alonzo Martinez Metro and cross by la Plaza de Santa Bárbara. A small production crew surrounds a woman, who is posing into a TV camera. I remember seeing Zinedine Zidane filming a French lottery ad in that same spot five years ago.*



Figure 16. A crew films a make-up advert by la Plaza de Santa Bárbara (July 2009)

In early 2008, a satirical column in the Minneapolis Star Tribune unceremoniously eulogised the format (Riemenschneider 2008). Around the same time, *The Independent* affixed a CD by Minneapolis demigod Prince to an issue at newsstands throughout the UK. In 2009, Will Straw wrote of this promotional stunt that “it was difficult to tell while almost-extinct cultural form was propping up the other” (p. 82). Ouch.

## TRACK 17: “Attitude”

*It's not awful, but this song still feels like filler. I hit “skip” after the first chorus.*



Figure 17. Anarchist graffiti on a road sign near the Madrid Opera House (January 2004)

In his 2009 book *Appetite for Self-Destruction*, journalist Steve Knopper credited a panoply of factors in the compact disc crash of that decade: price gouging which heavily favored major labels and manufacturers (the former often owning the latter), poor marketing/merchandising decisions, and coked-out music executives (15) running to their lawyers and lobbyists to battle the tide of music file-sharing via those aforementioned platforms. As punk scholar Ellen Bernhard (2019) recounted, the CD glut did influence punk labels like Epitaph and Fat Wreck Chords to break newer bands via compilations sold for \$4-6, a solid \$10 below the standard price of most albums at the time.

## TRACK 18: "Electricity"



Figure 18. A Record shop near la Plaza del Callao (April 2004)

By the mid-2000s, even the bootleg CD market was grappling with impending obsolescence:

“Only a few years ago, the street commerce in pirated music...was held up as convincing proof of the bleak future facing the cultural industries. Now the reliance of this commerce on digital discs, and on the quasi-artisanal labor needed to make and transport them, seems quaintly heroic, a means of resisting music’s final loss of physical artifactuality. Those who buy pirated CDs are now considered deviant less for their support of piracy than for their outmoded attachment to the CD as an object.” (Straw 2009: 78)

Touché.



## TRACK 19: “We are the Pigs”

*I hear a crowd chanting, “Por España! Por Espana!” while walking by el Templo de Debod. I walk over to the railing and see a crowd assembled, flying Falangist flags and holding up their arms in fascist salutes. It terrifies me.*



Figure 19. Falange (far-right) rally by el Templo de Debod (July 2015)

Furthermore, Straw reflected that by 2005, street vendors in Mexico City were “[competing] less with the legal vendors of entertainment software than with the archives of downloadable music available for free on the internet” (2009: 80). Bootleg CD-Rs of specific albums (complete with artwork and intact track lists) were giving way to CD-Rs loaded with MP3s covering entire discographies. I do not recall seeing any full discography packages mixed in with Xeroxed bootleg reproductions of official albums in 2004 Madrid, and when I returned in 2009, music and movie bootleggers were already starting to vanish from the familiar corners they once crowded.

## The Two Concluding Tracks

### TRACK 20: “Positivity”

*I walk out of my building and see the street has been closed off. It’s marathon day. I watch runners pass by the Bilbao Metro station for a few minutes. I’m about to go meet some friends in Retiro. This will be one of the most beautiful days of my life.*



Figure 20. Marathon runners on Calle de Sagasta (Sunday April 25, 2004)

It started with an impulsive bootleg CD purchase that could only have happened in a specific era and, based on how much I still connect the *Singles* to Madrid, a specific place. In those days, I knew very little about Suede and assumed their greatest years were behind them. Today, my collection now includes more records by Suede than almost (16) any other band. Toward the end of a 2018 NME interview, Anderson and bassist Mat Osman commented that the reason they have thrived artistically over this past decade was because they *aren't* superstars anymore (17). The pressures and conditions that willed their *Singles* into existence, especially to a level of demand as a bootleg all over the streets of Madrid, are no more. Several tracks from 2013's *Bloodsports* have supplanted several older songs in their live sets; “Barriers” and “It Starts and Ends with You” sound better than most of the *Singles* (18).

## TRACK 21: “Saturday Night”

*‘If I ever see Suede live, I hope they close with this. What a wonderful fucking song’, I think to myself as the Metro Linea 1 pulls into the station at Bilbao and I step off the train onto the platform (19), trying to decide which exit to take. I could take the one closest to my apartment, but I’m not ready to go home yet. I head toward the other exit.*



Figure 21. Bilbao Metro Platform on a Saturday night (July 2009)

Chamberí has changed, there is not enough demand for digital media to dominate grey markets anymore, and the vendors of second-hand ephemeral goods, always transient in the first place, are long gone. No matter how much better Suede get with age, no material piece of their music could mean as much to me as the cheap knockoff CD-R that started everything. As easy as CDs are to duplicate, and as simple as the Xeroxed liner notes are to reprint, it’s the one item I could never genuinely replace.

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Figure 22. The author on the platform at Chamartín (July 2015)

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## Endnotes

- 1) I would later buy a legitimate copy of *Singles* at a used CD store in Washington, DC, netting exactly as much money to the band (\$0.00) as my bootleg purchase did.
- 2) Translation by Deborah Parsons, 2003.
- 3) Of course, my material-psychogeographic relationship with Suede is not limited strictly to Madrid. I often recall a moment on Portobello Road market in 2009 when I foolishly passed on an original vinyl pressing of their debut album for £10. In 2019 in Paris, I purchased their hefty B-side collection *Sci-Fi Lullabies* at an FNAC by Gare du Nord, wrongly convinced I would never find it in the States.
- 4) They were.
- 5) Radio Futura's 1980 single "Enamorada de la Moda Juvenil" ("In Love with Youth Fashion") became one of the flagship anthems of La Movida and remains one of Spain's great early punk songs. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t00n9tbnKd8>
- 6) Best Foreign Language Film for *Todo Sobre Mi Madre* (1999) and best original screenplay for *Hable Con Ella* (2002).
- 7) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=asPX9UllGn0>
- 8) According to Bob Starrett's article in a 2000 Roxio Newsletter (accessible at <https://web.archive.org/web/20030202233907/http://www.roxio.com/en/support/cdr/historycdr.html>), it was not until September 1995 that the first CD writer that cost under \$1,000 was made available to consumers.
- 9) As I remember 1994-1996: Oasis, The Spice Girls, and *Trainspotting*. Blur and the Verve both became one-hit-wonders stateside in 1997.
- 10) <https://www.discogs.com/master/10069-Suede-Dog-Man-Star/image/SW1hZ2U6MTlwMzQ4Mw==>
- 11) Roughly \$27 in 2022 purchasing power.
- 12) In the words of Martin DiBergi, "don't bother looking for it; it's not there anymore."
- 13) Full text available at <https://sede.madrid.es/portal/site/tramites/menuitem.5dd4485239c96e10f7a72106a8a409a0/?vgnnextoid=069d7b3cb0e4f010VgnVCM1000009b25680aRCRD&vgnnextchannel=245e5d53be9a0210VgnVCM100000171f5a0aRCRD&vgnnextfmt=pda>
- 14) Artículo 43 warned of potential *apercibimiento* (a verbal reprimanding), up to €6,010.12 for *faltas muy graves* (very serious violations).
- 15) <https://www.hollywoodreporter.com/news/music-news/walter-yetnikoff-former-cbs-records-president-and-industry-titan-dies-at-87-1234995762/>
- 16) Blur.

17) This article's early genesis was as an essay praising 2016's *Night Thoughts*, which I felt reestablished the band's artistic ambition and relevance for a 'New Generation.' 2018's *The Blue Hour* was even better. In 2022, they released *Autofiction*, which appeared on many year-end critics' polls and fomented a successful international tour.

18) <https://www.nme.com/news/music/suede-blue-hour-new-album-interview-brett-anderson-mat-osman-video-2377804>

19) I did not see the music video for "Saturday Night" (1997, Pedro Romhanyi, dir.) video until years after I first heard the song. It's setting in a London Tube station fit in well with my Metro-centric Madrid psycho geography: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wEWn0aVcuSM>

