Walking around Madrid’s city centre at night can be like a graphic journey through lights, writings, shapes and shades. Bars and shops display a kind of pride for tradition, where stories can be found if you look for them. It feels like travelling through time: one minute you might feel like you are inside a Spanish pop song from the 90’s and, the next, in a post civil war novel. Unexpected sounds and smells are curiously familiar.

The coexisting citygraphs create a sort of hypnotic vision: a back and forth rhythmic dance; a flow of emotions constantly changing from glance to glance.