

*The Walls of Barcelona: A Fictocritical Examination of Gender
Representation in Barcelona Street-Art*

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At thirty-five thousand feet in the air on China Southern Flight 303, adrift in a tenebrous dimension somewhere between Guangzhou and Heathrow, some hours after supper and a few more before breakfast, I'm sedated but awake. Rather than taking a punt on *Fast & Furious 6* on the screen a few inches from my nose I once again dive into Iain M. Banks' space-opera *Matter* on my Kindle, which depicts an anarchistic, galactic-wide, post-human civilisation called the Culture. Djan Seriy, the female protagonist, is a relatively recent inductee into the Culture and is still dazzled by the radical freedoms it affords. She is particularly seduced by the realisation that:

Where they did exist, men and women were mostly – most places, most of the time – equals. In the Culture this was even guaranteed by birthright, you could be whatever gender you wished – just by thinking about it!ⁱ

As a teenager in England I'd flounced through most of the 1980s with kaleidoscopic hair and painted face, avoiding high-contact team sports while gravitating towards the dance-floors of pansexual night spots. Despite no lack of certainty regarding my own heterosexuality, what a thrill it was to be in the midst of a crowd of people whose sexual orientations I was both unsure of and unconcerned about. These creatures revelled in their brazen ambiguity and so did I. Back then it was called gender-bending, derisively far more often than not.

So thirty years later, as I read Iain Banks' words in the darkened, thrumming cabin of the Airbus A330 over three kilometres above – where, maybe Kazakhstan? – I share Djan Seriy's glee at the potentiality of a world where gender is a "free-floating artifice"ⁱⁱ to be played with at will.

There is a myth that Barcelona was founded by Hercules.ⁱⁱⁱ In acknowledgement of this unlikely provenance there is a fountain in the city of which the centrepiece is a statue of the mythological Greek and Roman demigod parading his extraordinary masculinity atop a pillar flanked by two lions.^{iv} Joseph Campbell considered myth

a means by which we are able to tap into aspects of our inner selves that remain inaccessible to us if we allow the humdrum distractions of our daily lives to consume us.^v Roland Barthes proclaimed myth is a form of language, its signs and symbols conveying a message we wouldn't be privy to through any other medium.^{vi} So which facet of my esoteric self will the myth of Hercules and Barcelona unveil, and what will it whisper into my pricked-up, pierced ear?



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Imperious men on columns map the martial fortunes of most of the European cities I've visited. On the car journey from the airport it becomes clear that the Catalan capital is rife with them, which seems a little over-demonstrative for a city that has lost so many battles and been colonised by such a variety of aggressors.^{vii} They impose themselves on many of the city's plazas and the junctions of its broad avenues as my Indonesian chaperone Immanuel drives me into the heart of Barcelona for the first time. But it is not the virile monuments I have come for; it is the illicit, seditious designs adorning the city's walls.

Just before Immanuel drops me off in front of my small studio apartment on one of the many narrow, grimy, bustling streets in The Raval, he tells me with only the faintest hint of a warning:

“El Raval has people from many different countries.”

After hurriedly unpacking I leave the apartment eager to explore the area and get some supplies. I head in the direction where Immanuel had assured me there is a supermarket that's impossible to miss.

El Raval is one of the oldest areas of Barcelona and is bounded by the broad, touristic promenade of Las Ramblas on one periphery and the old port on another. It is historically renowned for playing host to many of the more nefarious activities of Barcelona's inhabitants, and crime and prostitution have been endemic within its cramped urban ravines for centuries. It has also been a home to the city's shifting immigrant populations over that time^{viii} and as I stroll wide-eyed, it becomes clear Immanuel was right and that it still is. Tiny shops selling halal meat, neatly arrayed baklavas and other sweet treats, döner kebabs and Turkish coffee compete for the business of the Catalans, Pakistanis, Algerians, Filipinos, Indonesians and Nigerians thronging the streets and alleyways, or clustered at their corners. I find a supermarket within three minutes and manage to get completely lost on the way back to the apartment as my eyes dart from one stimulus to another amongst a bewildering assault on my senses.

Before retracing my steps I sit at a table on the street and order something to eat at one of the many aromatic restaurants I've passed. As I wait for a chicken biryani listening to a couple of beer-swilling, cigarette-smoking old ladies guffawing with each other at the neighbouring table, I soak in the *mise en scène* and wonder in what peculiar ways the gender identities of the locals are 'constructed in interaction'.^{ix} Sipping on a glass of Rioja, my eye is caught by a middle-aged man in tight, purple lycra singing a Catalan torch-song at the top of his lungs as he roller-blades by. I've barely been there an hour and Barcelona is already exhibiting a “bohemian style, a dandyism”^x that I'll be progressively seduced by over the next ten days.

On the night I arrive back home in Australia from Europe, rendered vacant by jet-lag and sustaining only a tenuous link to consciousness, I'll be listening to Irish comedian Dylan Moran's latest stand-up show when his endearing honesty will capture my attention:

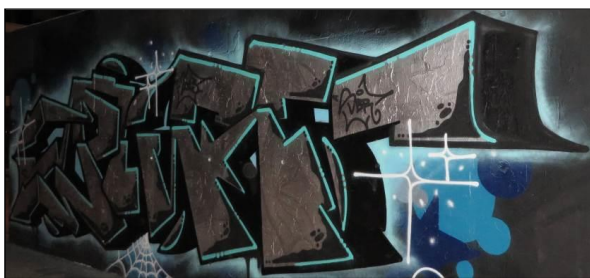
I had this period when I was addicted to action films. Modern ones, really stupid ones. Even better if it's got Jason Statham in it. They begin with him getting thrown out of an aeroplane. He's got one wire attached to his heart going to his arse, another one from his brain to his bollocks and if he pulls the wrong wire he swallows his eyes and vomits his liver. They're fabulous exercises in homicidal manliness. Because that's what's happening to you; you're becoming a blob, so you outsource your masculinity. You watch Jason doing all this stuff: "Come on Jason break his other collar-bone, I got a parking ticket this morning." You see, he's such a man. Even his lunch sweats. Most men are nerveless bags of glands. Jason makes decisions. Most men get poleaxed by indecision just walking into Prêt à Manger.^{xi}

The virile, brutish Jason Statham will strike me as an apt representative of hegemonic masculinity. And while I'll appreciate Dylan's attempt to offer himself up as permanently slobbered and complicit in the hegemony as he draws "the patriarchal dividend",^{xii} I'll have my suspicions that he's just too happy to not be meeting "the normative standards"^{xiii} to totally pull it off. Even if I'm half asleep, he always makes me laugh.

Later, after successfully locating my apartment, I set out to find a plaza we'd driven past on the way into town that Immanuel had suggested may be a good location for street-art. Wandering down Ronda de Sant Pau I pass a small park where a group of men are gathered, exhibiting many of the listing signs of drunken park-habitues I've come across before. On spotting me, one of the dishevelled crew embraces his fellow warmly as he throws me the devil-horns and yells in a gruff Catalan accent:

"Peace, love, drugs and rock'n'roll!"

Taking this as an encouragement rather than an invitation, I continue onto Avinguda del Paral·lel where I find the modern concrete plaza I've been looking for. In front of two large walls is a gaggle, a herd – what is the correct collective noun? – maybe a slam of skateboarders, pulling tricks for their own and each other's amusement. As impressive as the stunts of the boy-skaters may be, I'm far more interested in what is painted on the walls.



Although graffiti and street-art are both intrinsically subversive by virtue of their shared illegality, other than that they are ideologically distinct. As Chris would explain to me in a couple of days' time on the *Barcelona Street Style Tour*, Graffiti is all about tagging; writing your name in as radically stylised a manner, in as conspicuous or inaccessible a spot as possible. Street art on the other hand is much more open to multiple modes of expression and is often a more conscious and politically-nuanced act of resistance. Most of what I see on the walls on

Avinguda del Paral·lel qualifies as graffiti. It wouldn't be difficult to argue in favour of the artistic merits of graffiti on the basis of the technical skill involved in wielding a series of spray-cans in the production of these intricately-crafted designs, but they still come across to me as boys writing their names in ten foot letters as if to say: "Look at me!"

On an adjacent wall there is however an image that is entirely different, if not esoteric, in its nature. A blond, blue-skinned fairy-tale princess peers out from behind the throne of a toad king, her three eyes wide open. The object of her gaze is a deformed beast-man who has 'Fucking' on his mind. Although this picture is far from being technically well-executed it strikes me as dripping in multiple meanings, potential interpretations. Has she really chosen the mean-looking toad over the prince? Has she seen through her prince to his bestial core? Are they truly the only choices she has? I leave intrigued if none-the-wiser.



When I was twenty-one and at the flamboyant apogee of my 'gender-bending' phase, I was living in the South Welsh town of Swansea, which wasn't renowned for its open-mindedness to non-normative performances of gender at the time. Of course this just made their subversion all the more tantalising for someone with my subcultural affiliations, and shocking the locals was all part of the fun. Although I was quite comfortable with my privileged status of male heterosexuality, I enjoyed testing the constraints that were "built into what language constitutes as the imaginable domain of gender"^{xiv} more than most of the other males in the town. But as I was soon to find out, "gender is a performance with clearly punitive consequences".^{xv}

One evening I walked into a dance night at the University bar with my equally primped friend. We were both immediately sprayed with liquid and on turning towards its source we recognised the University rugby team arrayed at the bar, flicking beer at us. After I blew them a kiss we headed straight for the dance-floor, where we were soon surrounded by the entire team. After seeing my friend getting jostled by a couple of meaty fellows, some unanticipated instinct kicked in and I singled out the guy who seemed to be the alpha-male of the pack. Like a high-camp seducer, I slinked across the dance-floor and got down on my knees before him. He leapt back as if scolded and on seeing their captain retreat in such a hurry, the rest of the team followed suit. Although they didn't know I wasn't gay, the Swansea University rugby team still perceived my feminised performance of masculinity as subordinate to their own version and sought to expel me "from the circle of legitimacy".^{xvi} If it'd been within the scope of my vocabulary at the time I'd have been tempted to cry: "Take that hegemonic masculinity!"

I wait for Chris outside the side entrance of the Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona. As I skulk in the shade watching the skaters in the square outside the MACBA, it feels like I'm about to perform a drug deal or take part in some other

renegade transaction. A guy in a beanie and sunglasses appears, furtively proffering a pamphlet to no one in particular. As I wander over I see it says: *Barcelona Street Style Tour: El Raval Street Adventure*.

"I'm guessing you're Chris?" I inquire.

"That's right," he replies. "Just give me five minutes. Maybe grab a drink or something."

I sit down at a table outside one of the cafés in the square, order a glass of Gran Reserva and try not to stare at Chris as he stands there caught between making himself conspicuous and melting into the background. After closer to ten minutes it seems obvious that no one else is coming on the tour. Just me and Chris. Perfect.

We set off at quite a pace, both physically and verbally, as Chris starts bombarding me with information about the Barcelona street art subculture. He tells me that it exploded after the death of General Franco in nineteen seventy-five, expressing the euphoria and relief of the people after liberation from his repressive dictatorship; about how it was a legitimate practice until Barcelona was awarded the nineteen ninety-two Olympic Games, when the city administrators decided it was time to clean up the city before the gaze of the World fell upon it and they consequently outlawed it.

"These days it's a three thousand Euro fine and maybe some prison time," he tells me. "It's an act of rebellion man."

After questioning him I find out Chris is originally from California and has been in Barcelona for the last four years, most of them illegally. He started giving the tours both as a means to raise funds for food and shelter, as well as an outlet for his knowledge of and fascination for the world of graffiti and street art. As we walk he explains how the classic cock and balls image was found when the ruins of Pompeii were excavated, so graffiti has, he claims, been around at least since the Romans, if not dating back to prehistoric cave paintings.



On a dusty wooden fence within a sealed-off building site opposite the MACBA he first introduces me to the work of Vegan Bunnies and Bomb Zone.

"You'll be seeing plenty of them," he says. "They were an item until recently so there're lots of their pieces either next to each other or that they've done together. One of them would be watching out for cops while the other works. You can tell from some of Vegan Bunnies' recent work how cut up she is they've split. She wears her heart on her sleeve."

Or on the city walls, I think, instantly curious about how such an intimate thing as a relationship break-up can be played out in a completely public space. Vegan Bunnies is the nom de guerre of a Peruvian girl who has been pursuing political activism through her art on the walls of Barcelona for the last few years and, as her name suggests, she's a militant vegan. Her alloy of naivety with an ardent advocacy of egalitarianism touches me.





We plunge into the labyrinthine streetscape of El Raval and Chris stops frequently to point out and briefly expound upon pieces of street art. Suddenly every doorway, every shutter, on or around every corner is a canvas for this clandestine yet wilfully public subculture. I've been walking many of these streets for the last three days and until now they've appeared inscrutable to me. Now they are teeming with diverse designs, with signs and symbols. I begin to see recurring images or styles as the individual artists become recognisable to me. The world of street art comes



alive as I learn about its history, the personal stories and ideologies behind the artists and the relationships between them all. Along with Bomb Zone, I see the work of other artists time and time again: The perennial Pez, whose recurring motif is the grinning fish, Onergizer the ubiquitous,



crazed icy-pole and El Xupet Negre, The Black Pacifier. All these local boys epitomise the colourful, mischievous style of Barcelona street art, and they all choose to represent themselves through cartoonish graphic alter egos. Although they sometimes appear to make ideological statements depending on the contexts of their pieces in relation to others, they often seem happy to be playfully ambiguous.



Chris is excited to show me a wall with a psychotic-looking piece by El Arte es Basura – Art is Trash – because he usually only paints on temporary piles of garbage. He introduces me to the rat-obsessed Kram, the abstract 'grafuturism' of Zosen and H101, the post-postmodern Orticanoodles and I start to see the modified stop signs of Canadian Chet Abrahams on almost every street corner. But not all of the pieces are childlike or



heavily stylised; many are exquisitely well-executed portraits, some with recognisable subjects and some not. Pieces by BToy, Alice and the French C215 gaze out from their grubby urban surfaces, often accompanied by an arresting sense of melancholy.



BToy's powerful series of representations of illustrious women emphasises the potent feminine presence within street art, in both its artists and its subjects. I can see that this is a different world from the graffiti scene.



As we turn a corner onto another of the many tiny squares within El Raval, I get my first noxious taste of The Jizzard.

“What can I say?” asks Chris. “He’s Jewish, he likes to fuck black girls and he likes to drink beer. While he fucks. You’ll see his themes are consistent if we can find any more of his stuff.”

I choose to believe The Jizzard is implementing a substantial degree of satire in order to achieve some biting social commentary regarding religious, racial and gender stereotypes within his crass imagery, possibly even illuminating the relationship between “domination/subordination and...marginalization/authorization”^{xvii} within the construction of marginalised gender identities, but Chris is unable to either confirm or deny this. On the



opposite wall Chris points out another, only marginally more sophisticated piece in which a young, naked woman kneels down in an arguably submissive pose.

“This is by Mineta,” he says. “I don’t know her but I’ve decided she’s definitely got daddy issues.”

I feel he’s being a little presumptuous and that the artist could be exploring “gender ontology as parodic (de)construction”,^{xviii} but Chris just smiles and says:

“There’s loads of her stuff around, so just wait and see and then you can decide for yourself.”

He’s right, we do see more of Mineta as we weave through El Raval. I conclude that whatever else they may

be, her images certainly ask the question ‘how does a body figure on its surface the very invisibility of its hidden depth?’^{xix}



As the evening darkens Chris stops in front of the fifteenth century Antic Hospital de la Santa Creu.

“Tell me what you can see,” he says.

I scan the high stone walls until I spot an anomalous shape about twelve feet up near the corner of the building.



“What is it?” I ask.

“Your guess is as good as mine,” replies Chris. “I’ve got no idea who did this but it’s kind of interesting.”

You’d be unlikely to spot it by chance, but it looks as if it’s been cast in metal of some kind. However, its discreet presence on the old wall becomes almost disturbing when you begin to see what it is: a headless cruciform torso with pendulous breasts, the lower part of which is either a series of labia or the heads of penises which have been impaled on what looks like a bone. It is dark but undeniably compelling and its placement high on the wall of this old Gothic building feels entirely

appropriate. It appears both feminine and masculine, but is it a union of binary opposites or the consequence of their conflict? There is certainly an air of sacrificial violence around it, of being more gender-mutant than transgender, of being a “binary machine”.^{xx}

By the time he leaves me standing alone on Avinguda del Paral·lel, Chris has offered a mythology of the Barcelona street-art subculture that is at once intimate and fantastical, engaging and provocative. It is the story of private lives, personal beliefs and internal spaces told on a very public stage, where each player is a vector within a complex matrix of influence, in a constant state of flux along “lines of flight”.^{xxi}

On a sunny Sunday afternoon early last year my bi-sexual ex-girlfriend/best friend/lover – let’s dispense with definitions and just call her Jeh – and I met three bearded friends for lunch in the pub while we waited for our clothes to wash in the laundromat across the road. From a distance you would’ve been forgiven for mistaking them for bikies; shaved heads, piercings, tattoos, leather, chains, studs. However, even though one of them rode a Harley, they weren’t bikies. Two of them were transgender men, but if you’d asked them they would’ve all told you they identified as queer. That day the topic of conversation was a local Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual/Transgender organisation’s adoption of I for intersex into their acronym, while rejecting the Q for queer. Most gay and lesbian organisations around the world had already assumed the acronym LGBTIQ, but for this local group it was a Q too far. According to my friends, some of the older members were uncomfortable about it because of the history of the word queer as a homophobic term of abuse, which was understandable but failed to recognise the opportunity for empowerment through reclamation of the word. Apparently these older members also felt threatened by what they perceived as the dangerous ambiguities implicit in the queer identity. Because queer identity was unstable and resistant to categorical definitions they were concerned by the possibility that heterosexuals may insinuate themselves into the organisation by claiming to be queer. I could sympathise with their fear of risking the safe space they’d fought for, but had to agree with one of my friends who said:

“It’s just time to move on already. Nothing good ever came from fear and exclusion.”

After lunch, as I watched my washing tumble in the dryer, I speculated on what it was that appealed to me about the queer ethos of my friends. I figured it was because they so consciously and blithely embodied the performative nature of gender where “there is no ‘being’ behind doing...the deed is everything”.^{xxii} Because they wore their masculinities like a favourite new outfit and embraced life in “the intermezzo”,^{xxiii} where becoming-whatever was an adventure.

As I wait under the imposing Arc de Triomf taking photographs of it in the early afternoon sun, I wonder which particular triumph it was built to celebrate. When I spot Mike holding up the flier for *Barcelona Street Style Tour: El Born and Gothic Street Excursion*, I introduce myself and ask him if he knows.

“I don’t think there were any worth celebrating,” he tells me. “They probably just liked the one in Paris and wanted one of their own.”



There are seven of us on this tour and we trail after Mike as he heads into the back streets of El Born, which seems to be a more tranquil, smarter neighbourhood than El Raval. After reciting a similar opening script to Chris he reveals that he is originally from Columbia. His interest in street art springs from his own artistic practices, although he strenuously denies ever painting on a public space. As we delve into the



more obscure byways of El Borne I see work by plenty of now-familiar artists: Vegan Bunnies, Bomb Zone, Onergizer, Btoy and Mineta have all made their marks. A new character, Mr Cheese begins to appear, cheekily interacting with the other pieces around him without ever mocking or trying to steal their thunder. The



streets become narrower as we pass into Barri Gòtic, the oldest part of the city, and the street art comes thick and fast. As the others crowd around Mike trying to follow his narrative I see feminine gender stereotypes and the heterosexual matrix, “through which bodies, genders, and desires are naturalized”,^{xxiv} ruthlessly



satirised. I see male stencil artists for who the gloss of the patriarchy has worn thin deconstructing the gender binary by privileging the feminine over the masculine, or refusing to acknowledge the feminine as the ‘other’ by portraying it within the masculine. And I see a female artist



reimagining Olive Oil, one of the most submissive, airheaded female cartoon characters of all time as a confident, capable woman. Whether satirically or not, someone has drawn a cock and balls across Olive’s face, which further augments the complexities of this piece’s commentary on gender dynamics.



Deep into the ancient honeycomb of Barri Gòtic, Mike stops in the middle of a plaza in front of an old church.

“Let’s see who can spot it first,” he challenges.

We each scan the high walls around us until one of the girls in the group calls out:

“Got it. What is it?”

“This one’s a complete mystery,” replies Mike as we all follow his gaze to the strange crucifix up above us. It’s no less disconcerting now in the bright sunlight than it was in the dark a couple of nights ago. For all the sense of “a politics of pure possibility”^{xxv} that much of the other art has left me with, and even though it’s mutant form excites me, I can feel pain emanating from this enigmatic piece.



It’s five in the morning on Las Ramblas and I’m hungry and ready for bed. All the bar-hopping and cross-discipline bonding with my fellow students over the last few hours has left me exhausted and intoxicated. As I stagger across the road towards Carrer de l’Hospital a burly figure emerges from the shadows on the street corner and invades my personal space.

“Hey baby, why don’t you take me back to your hotel room and let me fuck you real good,” she says in a gruff voice as the street lights dance in her silver sequin mini-dress. I try to get past her but she puts her big, meaty hand on my crotch and blocks my way.

“Come on baby, I promise I’ll fuck you so nice,” she insists.

“Fuck off,” I say, my patience exhausted as I push her muscular frame away. I hear her deep laughter receding as I stagger towards my apartment.

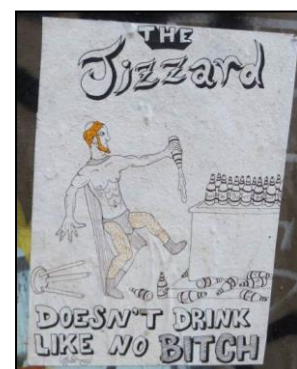
After making and inhaling a sandwich I check my email. There’s one from Jeh in my inbox. It’s a Leunig poem:

Life is porous, the whole thing leaks,
There’s no such thing as a perfect seal.
It all gets out, it all gets in;
Everything leaks into every thing
So that every thing can heal.
What a terrible sad neurosis
Is the fear of this osmosis.^{xxvi}

I check my pockets as I take my pants off next to the bed. They’ve been emptied.

It’s my last night in Barcelona and I’m in a basement flamenco club in Plaça Reial. The female dancer is the first to appear, and with skirts waving and eyes flashing her performance is proud and defiant. In a torrent of furiously Spanish syncopation the male dancer bursts across the stage, his stamping Cuban heels a blur. From one second to the next his strutting embodiment of male potency shifts into a display of such tender fragility that it takes me a few seconds to realise I’m holding my breath. He’s not the first man in Barcelona I’ve seen who is comfortable sharing his vulnerability, but it makes his performance all the more compelling. It’s something I’ve noticed about some Spanish heterosexual men compared to straight men in most other places, that they have “different ways of using, feeling and showing male bodies”.^{xxvii}

An hour before I’m due to meet Immanuel for my lift to the airport I’m wandering the streets of El Raval for the last time. On a street I’ve been down a dozen times in the last ten days I spot a new piece by The Jizzard. He must’ve only just put it up. The thought that I may’ve just missed him thrills me. True to form it’s offensive on a number of levels. I’m still unsure if he’s a cheerleader for the patriarchy or engaged in “a gendered counter-sexist politics for men who reject hegemonic masculinity”.^{xxviii} I guess I’ll have to learn to live with the ambiguity.



On China Southern Flight 304 I’m thirty-five thousand feet above somewhere in Eastern Europe digesting my fish and potatoes. My second glass of red wine is warming me, but the Valium I’ve washed down with it is yet to take effect. Until it does I scroll through the pictures I took of the street art of Barcelona. It’s clear that many of the female artists are more playful with how they represent their gender identities than the boys, who only seem able to play when they represent themselves through an alter ego à la Pez or Mr Cheese. But my abiding impression is how, along with a mischievous

sense of humour, many of the artists seem to share a desire for 'social justice, peace and balance with the natural world'.^{xxix} Their personal journeys as represented through their public art demonstrate how they are in a process of "becoming",^{xxx} and that the walls of Barcelona provide a canvas where these states of becoming encounter each other and generate change.

Later that night as I drift off in Jeh's bed, Dylan Moran will come close to articulating some of the thoughts that've been running through my head:

And the truth is that straight culture has a lot to learn from gay people. Now I'm talking about men, I'm not talking about women. That's just jolly japes. We'd all do that if we were girls. That is the mainstream view. But there's a lot of honesty in that culture that we don't have as...I say we, I mean me obviously, and other straight people. Because y'know, I saw an ad in a magazine in America. It was men for men. I didn't understand all of it but I was very impressed by the honesty. But my favourite ad on the page just said: "Anything!" Now that is a wonderful position to be in, to know you can rock up to someone's house and say: "Here's the box of cottage cheese, here's my saxophone, where is the kitten? Because when we pack this baby and you hit a high C, that cat has to go over the roof. Otherwise we don't get to eat my shoes." There's a wonderful directness about that. It'd be much better for straight people other than all this GSOH, I love country walks nonsense. Just give it to people, say: "Come around, sit on my head and insult my furniture. Then we'll talk."^{xxxi}

He'll come close, but his excitement over the word 'Anything!' will be spot on.

Author's Note: All pictures of street art were taken by the author, but copyright of the images remains with the artists.

ⁱⁱ I. M. Banks, *Matter*, Kindle Version, 2008, accessed 7 October 2013 from Amazon.com, p.87.

ⁱⁱⁱ J. Butler, *Gender trouble: Feminism and the subversion of identity*, Routledge, New York, 1990, p.6.

^{iv} P. Stone, D. Lyon and P. Harris, *Pauline Frommer's Spain*, Wiley Publishing, Hoboken, New Jersey, 2009, p.243.

^v P. van der Krogt and R. van der Krogt, *Statues – hither & thither*, 2011, <http://www.vanderkrogt.net/statues/object.php?webpage=ST&record=escy051>, Viewed 14 November, 2013.

^{vi} J. Campbell and B. Moyers, *The power of myth*, Anchor Books, New York, 1991.

^{vii} R. Barthes, *Mythologies*, Vintage, London, 1993.

^{viii} R. Hughes, *Barcelona*, The Harvill Press, London, 2001.

^{ix} J. Busquets, *Barcelona: The urban evolution of a compact city*, Harvard University Press, Harvard, 2005.

^x R. W. Connell, *Masculinities*, Polity Press, Cambridge, 2005, p.35.

^{xi} Hughes, op.cit., p.17.

- ^{xi} D. Moran, *Yeah Yeah*, 2012, http://v.youku.com/v_show/id_XMzQ5MDIwOTAw.html, Viewed 19 November, 2013.
- ^{xii} Connell, op.cit., p.12.
- ^{xiii} *ibid*, p.79.
- ^{xiv} Butler, op.cit., p.9.
- ^{xv} *ibid*, p.139.
- ^{xvi} Connell, op.cit., p.79.
- ^{xvii} *ibid*, p.81.
- ^{xviii} Butler, op.cit., 47.
- ^{xix} *ibid*, p.135.
- ^{xx} G. Deleuze and F. Guattari, *A thousand plateaus: Capitalism and schizophrenia*, Minnesota UP, London, 1987, p.276.
- ^{xxi} *ibid*, p.277.
- ^{xxii} Butler, op.cit., p.25.
- ^{xxiii} Deleuze and Guattari, loc.cit.
- ^{xxiv} Butler, op.cit., p.151.
- ^{xxv} Connell, op.cit., p.243.
- ^{xxvi} M. Leunig, *Life is porous*, 2013, <http://www.christiandequincey.com/iQNoeticNews/?p=4005>, Viewed 18 January, 2014.
- ^{xxvii} Connell, op.cit., p.233.
- ^{xxviii} *ibid*, p.142.
- ^{xxix} *ibid*, p.243.
- ^{xxx} Deleuze and Guattari, op.cit., p.276.
- ^{xxxi} Moran, op.cit..

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