

University of Utah

Getting My House in Order

Andrea Fábrega

Art 4410

Moses Williams

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Introduction

Many people today seek more simplicity in their lives. That's understandable given the pace, complexity, and distractions of daily life (exacerbated by our constant connection via text, email, and social media). I've read over the years about decluttering one's home to simplify life. One approach is 'Swedish death cleaning'^{1, 2} (döstädning), which tells people to aggressively get rid of belongings before death. My Capstone thesis is inspired in large part by this technique.

But instead of treating it as a private domestic ritual, I use it as a public artistic practice of purge, preserve, and create. Herself an artist, Margareta Magnusson's gentle Scandinavian tradition advocates methodically sorting possessions, letters, and emotional detritus long before death to unburden loved ones. My BFA Capstone thesis and exhibition use ceramic-centered installations as a creative incarnation of that ethos: I'm distilling my lifetime of accumulated "stuff" (from my own 25-year miniature-porcelain practice, to recent large-scale ceramic wheel-thrown and hand-built forms made at The U, and more) into acts of reclamation and creation. I also draw inspiration from Mark Dion's archival cabinets³, where assembled objects become evidence of cultural / consumer excess. I draw too on Louise Bourgeois' obsessively stitched dolls⁴ that become records of familial memory, trauma, and inheritance.

My installation transforms 'death cleaning' into playful assemblages of art that both harken back to childhood and show that we can choose what to carry forward, reuse, or discard. I'm changing döstdädning from cozy self-help to a critical meditation on legacy. I show that a powerful creative artistic act in a complex world need not require making more things; it can instead be the courageous, loving editing we do before the final sorting falls to someone else.

Body of Thesis — Personal

My parents, who died recently (at 88 and 89), were not clinically hoarders. But Mom, as she started to decline, kept loads of junk mail, empty boxes, old pillows, and much more. After Dad, a psychiatrist and medical anthropologist, was forced to retire from the University of Pittsburgh, he continued to write and do research. He also started buying loads of art online (e.g., using 1stdibs) as a hobby, and that became a key part of his social life. He'd frequently write or call dealers many times about a piece. He'd ask so many questions about the meaning of, say, a Buddhist statue, that I'm sure many dealers thought they were being psychoanalyzed.

A few of these purchases were nice, but I saw most as just tchotchkes. Quantity is no substitute for quality. My husband observed after my parents died that 'It's a shame they didn't buy 20 exceptional pieces, instead of 600 so-so pieces, like they were buying art by the pound!'

It sometimes caused me emotional pain to see how crammed their home was with this art, covering almost every wall and flat surface. The home they left was not the elegant home in which I grew up. I saw first-hand how much work was needed to select the keepers and find how to sell the rest of my parents' art once my sister and I moved them to Salt Lake City in 2022 into assisted living, after their 45 years in Pittsburgh. The broader clean-up was even worse, but at least it didn't require finesse. When my husband went back there to clean their home to prepare it for sale, '1-800-Got-Junk' literally hauled away three trucks full of junk.

All of this made a serious impression on me. I began to think deeply about the large body of art that I created and the large quantity of materials (fabrics, notions, patterns, drawing supplies, and more) that I accumulated over decades. I wondered what would happen to all of my work if I died, and what my family would have to do. More importantly, I started to think about my body of art, in so many media, and the connections among the many pieces.

Could I do something new and fresh that used some of my past work? What do I have left to say as an artist? Would seeing these connections give me new perspectives and drive me to dive again into art forms that I've not made for a while (such as porcelain in miniature)? I've always been driven to create, and need some kind of project where I can play and experiment and fail and regroup to try again. I decided that I'd start this process with my Capstone project.

"Gal Pals in My Childhood Wingback Chair" was the most direct application of using old work to make new work. I knew I needed to get started, i.e. get in gear. Indecision, decision-making, and hand-wringing were just procrastination, the enemy of getting things done. I needed to start moving. I knew I needed to hook into a flow, that familiar divine state where the voices of doubt are quiet. A tangible object which illustrated my theme of assemblage / re-use was the key.

To generate even more excitement, I used a ceramic head that I recently made after I did a loose 3D sketch of a young girl. I used an underglaze black crayon to denote features and hair. The old Andrea could never have made this but I wanted to break that mold. She looked like the archetype of a girly doll. I made 8 of these gestural heads (a term suggested by my ceramics professor, Ernie Gentry) and this was the one that I knew I had to make a body for. I found my favorite Victorian doll pattern and started tweaking it directly on the muslin. I drew on the muslin to accentuate certain features. I made large hands and digits. I wanted the whole process to show in the final work. I wanted to prove to myself that I'm breaking free of my old approach – hiding the lines and guides which I rely on so assiduously. Those straight ball-point lines on the fabric kept me marching through the process. All of my stitches would show. I've been doing this long enough that I knew I would finally love the sign of the hand. I automatically make running stitches even and bilateral attachments symmetric.

Finally, I was trusting myself to make something without endless samples, rehearsal, and testing. I quickly decided to use sand to stuff the doll. I loved the heft of sandbags and that made her very poseable. I picked out another head which I found unacceptable 30 years ago but now found so interesting. I had little confidence in my head-sculpting skills so I relied on a mold. I overdid the features and threw her into a salt kiln figuring if I lost her, no big deal. She came out so beautifully with her orange-peel skin and rich black hair that I kept her around. I quickly made another body with different proportions to show myself that I could play around with sewing patterns just like with clay. Typically, I never allowed this kind of play when sewing. No need for clothes for either of these dolls. The contrast between my highly-finished dolls and these recent ones was giant, so they had to be together – to prove to myself I could make a different kind of work. I put them in the child's wingback chair I sat in when visiting my Grandma.

Many children have a desire to collect and to organize: stamps, seashells, or whatever. I was always fascinated with assemblages, from when I first saw 'Wunderkammer' (curiosity cabinets) in museums. They're eclectic collections of objects that people started to assemble in 16th century Europe. They sometimes included items from the natural world like seashells, rocks, and fossils. Most contained works of art, like cameos, miniature pastel paintings, or coins. In the past few years, I saw the vast Georgian curiosity cabinet at the British Museum, and a Dutch or German one at the Walters Art Museum in Baltimore. Some famed museums today, like Oxford's Ashmolean Museum (which I saw during my U of U Learning Abroad program in London last May) started as a Wunderkammer.

I found that there are some contemporary and recent artists of note who create assemblages. Mark Dion is one; his work usually involves a scientific presentation with objects from the natural world. Another is Louise Bourgeois, who finished her last work a week before she died at 99.

I grew up in a home full of art, which surely inspired me eventually (after much delay and detour) to become an artist. My mother appreciated art. Her mother loved art; it was always a thrill for me to fly from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, as a young girl, to visit Grandma and see the art in her elegant apartment on Rittenhouse Square. She was also a docent at a local museum and sometimes took me there. My parents collected some fine art over the years, especially Chinese and Japanese painting and decorative arts, as well as some modern European pieces. They also inherited some beautiful pieces from Grandma.

In spite of growing up with art, I could NEVER have majored in art at Carnegie Mellon; my parents thought that would be frivolous. I needed a 'real career', and got a BS in Economics. I hated it, and left the field after a year as an economic analyst in Chicago. I moved back to Pittsburgh, started a computerized typesetting company with a college friend, met my husband, moved to Boston with him, became a successful technology recruiter, and then did telesales.

It took me two years to let myself be free and discover art as my career, and I dove in deep. I immersed myself in ceramics, because of the incredible variety possible with the material. I loved the challenges of throwing / hand-forming, glazing, and firing. I started making

'normal'-sized pots then decided to make them in miniature. I was inspired in this by my childhood love of collecting miniatures (mainly furniture and paintings) with my mother, and making some miniature furniture on my own.

I pushed, and pushed, and pushed the material and my own body making miniature ceramics. I made thousands of pieces and sold them to collectors around the world. I became an expert in each of the world's major ceramic traditions: Chinese, Korean, Japanese, medieval and Renaissance Europe, Native American, and more. I needed so little material to make a vessel, and only needed an eyedropper of glaze on each pot, so I could experiment like crazy and make pots of incredible variety. My husband often traveled on business and I'd accompany him, spending days in museums in the US, UK, France, Italy, Holland, Japan, and Hong Kong, studying ceramics, making notes and drawings, and photographing pots for ideas.

The idea of combining old and new work intrigued me and was an exciting journey for Capstone. The juxtaposition showed what I hoped would be growth — more flexibility and tolerance, thereby stoking confidence and keeping the angry voices shouting 'perfection, perfection!' at bay.

The stoneware *"Mother – Baby"* sculpture (2025) with its two opposing hoods became the basis for another assemblage. I imagined what happens during the first few months of life. The baby's empty head is a coiled empty vessel hungry for love and interaction. The mother dumps her dreams and hopes, as well as expectations and neuroses into that maw. In turn, the baby's coos, cuteness, and darlingness wash over mom and you get the endless loop which is the foundation of all relationships and patterns in your life. I filled up the hoods with pots and let them overflow to show a darker side to my relationship with Mom. I used earthquake wax to secure everything together. I could see doing another version where I would use dripping beeswax, thereby showing the effluvia of life.

Broken chipped pots symbolized the crushing expectations, so close but not there. Once, I felt my miniature pots always had to be perfect. That stems from growing up having to be perfect — looking great, behaving properly, being obedient and pliable. It was never enough. I sensed early on that if I did something that didn't fall within that perfect zone, then I wouldn't get that soothing wash of feel-good chemicals. In Mom's good graces — you were warm and safe. Disappoint her — you were cast out. The tracks were laid down early for me to strive for perfection in everything so I would always be safe. OCD ran in the family so genetics accentuated that trait. My Dad told me that his father compulsively washed his hands.

"Heads on a Cornice", a tableau, leaned on the latter idea as well. At The U, I recently made the simple head in the middle, glazed white. I adorned it with fired-on fruit and veggie decals in the style of the 16th century artist Arcimboldo. I made the other four heads nearly 20 years ago. I vividly remember the work to sculpt their facial features after throwing the basic head on a wheel — my eyes constantly flitting back and forth to ensure symmetry. With all my heart, I felt they had to be perfect. Today I can happily slap decals on a clay head. To me, this

piece is more interesting than the precise modeling and together they showed me how far I had come.

Moving on quickly (I didn't want to lose my Capstone momentum), I found several shadow boxes I had stored. I wanted to line them with mirrors and use glass shelves to display my past miniatures. I dreaded the thought of cutting the mirrors and glass but I made it a positive – here was a chance to learn a new skill. I had a lull in my clay work, and getting to know a new material would be a good challenge. This would open up so many possibilities in my practice - the more tools in my bag the better. Thankfully that very day, dear Kiera in my Capstone class showed me how to cut glass and let me use her tools. Mirrors invite close observation and don't lie. Scrutiny and criticism were big themes in my life — my parents being relentless scrutinizers and critics. More importantly, mirrors and glass promoted and provided light and the ability to see all sides and angles of an object.

My first few weeks with this process were unpleasant beyond belief. I was going to give it up. Taking breaks from the scoring and using the tile saw helped. I finally started getting the hang of the tools. I had to be in a “ready for battle” mood to use this material — whereas with my clay and fabric, the forgiving squishy and soft materials let me relax. The sharp fracturing nature of the silica-based materials was so threatening — there were always little shards of glass on my work table and so much wasted glass and mirror. You can mush clay together and you can piece fabric. The loss inherent in using glass offended me economically.

On top of that, every edge had to be wet sanded because the scored edges were raw and messy, looking unfinished. I didn't want any distractions for the pots that would sit on these shelves. In addition, I insisted on the glass shelves being able to slide out. This is part of my obsession with functionality. My pots have to work, so my shelves have to come out to make it easier to set them up and clean them because they will get smeary. This precise cabinetmaking experience would be a fantastic addition to my artist's toolbox.

Immediately leaning into the latter theme, I chose a variety of pots with contrasting heights but similar colors. The dozens of fine craft shows I did over those early years prepared me for this arranging and display. I needed to “rest” in some familiar territory and hook into an enjoyable flow. The negative voices came out in fury — “WHY AREN'T YOU JUST MAKING POTS? You're just procrastinating. Anybody can simply set up tiny pots.” I kept breathing and was excited by what was happening. It was that wonderful familiar feeling of when I was a little girl setting up my room boxes, just playing with the tiny beauties.

“Translucent Reflections I and II” were my first shadow box assemblages. Each had a sculpted head, man and woman, who were meant to be together as well as being the core of the sense of community I wanted. I was getting better in the glass and mirror department, lining several more boxes so I went through some more pots and this triggered other themes I wanted to illustrate. I had saved all my seconds and shards from my tiny pots. The shards came about from pots which fractured upon opening the kiln. The glaze layer was thicker than the eggshell-thin bodies so the tension from cooling fractured the pot.

Those pots were achingly beautiful and had such incredible potential. There had been so much hope in these pots. I could never hold these beauties in my hand because they broke. I needed to remember all this hope and possibility. And now, I display them in *“Whole – Broken – Still Here”*. I couldn’t do that before. Dirty work – mistakes and failures -- had to be hidden. My pots were always supposed to come out perfectly. Shards show the process and bring the eye even closer. The mirrors highlight the randomly cut edges and the interesting shapes that appeared.

Glues had been a personal bugaboo in the past. I had to learn about different kinds of glues, which was (initially) another unpleasant necessity if I wanted to continue this glass and mirror thing. The voices came out in full force again — “You did this in first grade. All you’re doing is kludging crap together. Anybody can do this. There’s no history in this — squeeze the bottle, stick it together. How cheap it looks to throw stuff together.” Glues opened up so many more possibilities. I had to get over it. Once again, my body had to be in a certain mood to handle its smell, texture, and behavior. Plus, I HAD to learn how to “unglue”. E-6000 oozing from a bond had permanently glued a shadow box shut. I learned how to unstick glues.

This was empowering and it gave me confidence in trying out glues in different situations. To keep true to Swedish Death Cleaning philosophy, I wanted the next owner to be able to undo my work so they could use things the way they wanted to. This was always true in sewing — you have to be able to unsew because mistakes WILL happen. They are part of the process. Interestingly, fired clay is NOT undoable. I loved the purity in thinking about an object emerging from the fire in a totally fused and natural state. I was becoming more flexible in my practice. I could break my own rules.

During my tiny pot days, I also hand-formed ceramic miniature furniture. Looking over each of my chairs, I was struck by the distinctive character of each side — how well-crafted they are. They were originally made to view in one correct way — upright on 4 feet, as a chair is used in a home. The excitement of seeing the different sides compelled me to display my chairs in an unconventional way. Unbelievably, I had this antique wood-glass specimen box in my stash. I had to test all the glues to see which ones wouldn’t damage the wood or the ceramic, which could hold all the weight, and which would let me unglue the chairs and glass cover. At this point, the voices weren’t coming out because I was getting so much satisfaction from this glue journey. The title *“Five Views of a Club Chair”* (2026) popped into my head after one of my all-time favorite art titles, Hokusai’s *“Thirty-Six Views of Mt. Fuji”*. Those art history roots run deep.

Another shadow box, *“The Étagère of Curiosities”* comes from the rollicking part of this Swedish Death Cleaning treasure hunt — odd discoveries I had totally forgotten. I made the étagère when I was 14 years old living in London (Dad was there on sabbatical), and it was in pieces when I found it again this semester. Mom and I had taken an adult-education woodworking class at a vocational school. She insisted that we make Victorian-style furniture.

Mr. Toby, the teacher, kindly obliged this mother-daughter team who knew almost nothing about woodworking but had great love and enthusiasm for fine furniture.

The mahogany wood had to be planed to the appropriate thickness. I put wood dowels in an electric drill secured in a vise, to turn the shelf supports with a file and sandpaper. I'm sure I was in heaven making every bead the same length to satisfy Mom's all-seeing eye. A hand-rubbed French polish brought out the grain. Those were the days when I was still in Mom's 'perfect' category. By age 15 I was in Mom's 'other' category. Is it a coincidence that I went headlong into an eating disorder? Ten years after I found clay, the destructive eating ceased. Coincidence?

I made each piece in this box, including the peach-pit basket. When I was first out of college and living in an apartment, I had no tools. I remember being struck by the detail of a peach pit — all of the crenellations looked like texture in a basket. If I could drill through the pit and slightly alter the silhouette, I could turn it into a respectable basket. I just had to add the fine silk bow coming out of the breakfront drawer... which opens of course! The even tinier pots on the shelves have pourable spouts, removable lids, and a trimmed foot on the cups. I found that my collectors coveted the tiniest pieces the most. I had to be in a certain mood to make them.

Research

Reading about two artists who focus on assemblages in their own work influenced my Capstone project: Louis Bourgeois and Mark Dion. There's a lot of information about them in Wikipedia and other sources. I briefly summarize their work here, along with some parallels to mine.

Louise Bourgeois (French, 1911 – 2010) turned obsessively stitched, patched, and repurposed old clothing and household fabrics—often hoarded from her youth—into sculptures and drawings. Her textile works show the repetitive act of mending, which symbolizes her attempt to “keep things together”. She was trying to heal the emotional fragmentation caused by parental betrayal, wartime upheaval, and the terror of separation⁵. I see my mirror-lined shadow boxes of miniature porcelains and my hand-sculpted and hand-stitched dolls drawing a quiet but resonant parallel to her work. I channel a similar drive toward meticulous repair and containment in my world of ceramics, fabrics, and dolls. My creations are born from my great love of the decorative arts and my desire to escape the critical voices in my head by getting into a creative flow. Bourgeois' work has been described as externalizing rage and memory on a bodily scale⁶. My work internalizes it into jewel-like precision and fragility—objects so small they demand vulnerability and focus from the viewer, turning private healing into personal control. Bourgeois thus offers me a model for turning personal trauma into disciplined, repetitive art making: proof that the scale of trauma's echo can be as powerful in the miniature as in the monumental. Each of us has used art as catharsis to reclaim agency over early emotional pain.

Mark Dion (American, b. 1961) is a foundational figure in contemporary assemblage who treats collecting, ordering, and displaying objects as a tool to observe and criticize modern

society⁷. My practice—long centered on miniature porcelain vessels but now expanding into larger, conceptually arranged ceramic and textile pieces—mirrors several of his core strategies. Here are three parallels between our work:

Both draw on historical traditions of wonder and display (Wunderkammer / curiosity cabinets) to question how we construct meaning. Dion “explicitly revives 16th–17th-century cabinets of curiosity, mixing scientific specimens, artifacts, and ephemera to satirize Enlightenment taxonomies”. My decades-long miniature-vessel practice already distilled historical ceramic traditions (Greek, Chinese, Japanese, Islamic) into intimate objects. My current assemblages and textile integrations expand this into sculptural “cabinets” that play with scale, whimsy, and narrative (e.g., ‘Transfer of Humanness’, my shadow boxes, Archimboldo adorned with decals). Both of us use the cabinet / assemblage format to make the viewer linger and reconsider categorization—scientific vs. poetic, macro vs. micro.

Both of us shift between intimate / miniature scale and monumental installation to heighten viewer engagement. Dion’s tiny specimen drawers sit inside vast gallery cages or room-sized environments (his ‘Library for the Birds’, etc.). I spent 25+ years perfecting sub-1½-inch functional porcelain, then pivoted to oversized slab-built works (38”+ high, 50+ lbs). Now I’m making assemblages that invite the viewer into intimate and quiet inspection. In both cases, scale becomes a conceptual tool: the miniature draws you in close (personal revelation); the large-scale assemblage surrounds you (institutional or existential reflection).

Each of us treats the collecting and arranging of found or made objects as a valid methodology for art. Dion famously excavates riverbanks (e.g., his 1999 Tate Thames Dig⁸), museum grounds, or natural sites, then reorders the debris into cabinets or installations that expose the arbitrariness of classification. My new assemblages of my miniature pots (and experiments with hand-built stoneware, molded heads, and found-material-inspired forms) similarly recompose multiple elements into larger statements. Both of us turn “stuff” into systems—Dion’s systems critique institutional knowledge; my systems celebrate personal rebirth after burnout.

My current art history class, Arts of China, exposed me to the tomb art of the Tang Dynasty, which was another inspiration for Capstone. These ancient artists created miniature grave goods⁹, small-scale models of objects, animals, servants, and buildings intended for use in the afterlife. They were often earthenware or glazed ceramics, mass-produced via molds. They provided the deceased with the familiar comforts, status symbols, and laborers they’d need in the next world¹⁰, serving as a practical and affordable alternative to full-sized goods or human sacrifices. The famous Terracotta Army is a much grander-scale version of this tradition, as were later Tang dynasty tomb guardian statues (I enjoyed one of these Zhenmushou that Dad bought from a dealer in Toronto in the 1990s). I have no doubt that the Tang craftsmen and their customers who ordered objects for their tombs were as fascinated with the miniature scale as I am. This ‘thing’ I share with those ancient people was surely a motivator to revisit my miniatures in their closed boxes.

Conclusion

My thesis project revisited a lifetime of making art, through the lens of Swedish Death Cleaning, recontextualized to forge new art from old work. I'm happy to know that I'm not alone in making new art out from old: thank you, Louise Bourgeois and Mark Dion. Capstone helped me become more flexible and tolerant. Past creations motivated my thesis work — the downside is that I have to deal with old demons. Learning to be easier on myself and getting myself into a flow in order to stop negativity are the keys to me being a more creative, productive, and happy artist in the rest of my life. There is so much more material in my stash so I still have to manage the onslaught of negative voices always seeking perfection. My current coursework in drawing (I'm minoring in drawing here at The U) is another way to expand my studio practice, building confidence in a new medium.

I'm optimistic because of the results I created in Capstone and the incredible challenge and satisfaction of making headway in my Swedish Death Cleaning. It will continue. With time, I believe the voices will not be so loud.

For me, art is a marathon. I'll be dealing with my aging body (as we all are, but I'm 64), which is an opportunity "to make" in a whole different way. My body has experienced battering emotional and physical stress since I was 14 years old; I remember wrist pain from staying in the same position while I performed delicate procedures on paper clay. A few years ago, I started to switch over to my left hand for much of my clay work and drawing. This has been emotionally empowering and lightened the load on my right side tremendously. I go back and forth between right and left hands — the latter has its own language and aesthetic.

My realizations throughout Capstone include the epiphany that imperfection is not failure but evidence of life; that negative inner voices go quiet in the flow when I trust the process; and that art's greatest power lies in its unfinished nature—open to reinterpretation by others. These topics matter because they address universal human concerns: mortality, legacy, self-forgiveness, and the urge to leave the world lighter. In a chaotic era, *Getting My House in Order* offers respite through wonder, inviting viewers to reflect with tenderness on their own accumulations of things. I encourage viewers to try and to savor the quiet triumph of simply beginning again.

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