

Miguel de la Vega

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This portfolio shows a selection of projects, carried out on my own, over the last years, during and after my BA in Motion Graphic Design at Gobelins, l'École de l'Image. Primarily working in art, fashion and music, my scope of work includes graphic design, motion design and art direction.

2024

Draft001
Issue 0

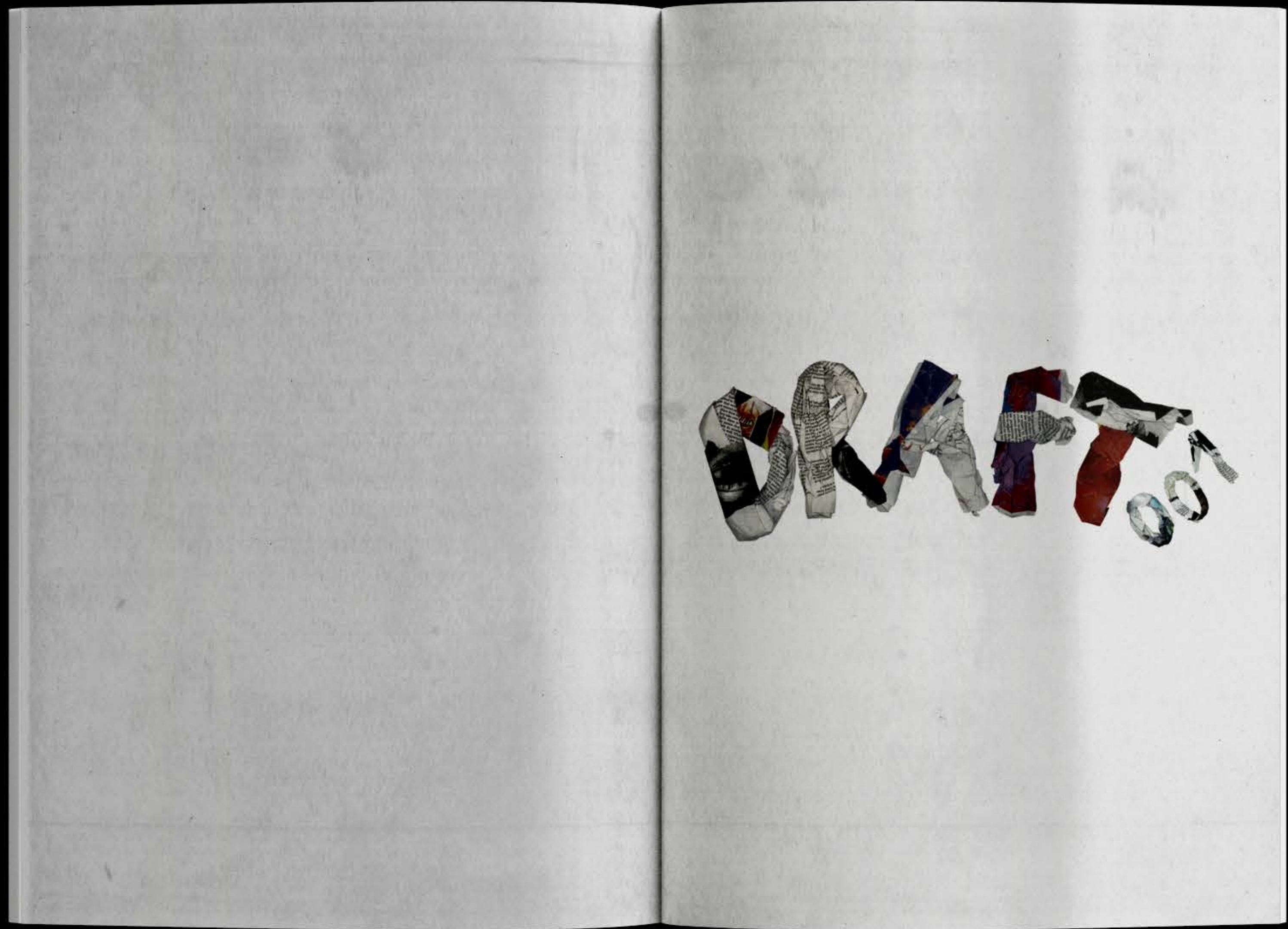
2021

This «zero» issue, released in July 2021 in Paris, Marseille and Berlin, was about new beginnings, chaos and the Big Bang. It was meant to express the desire to think within a disorganized environment.

I was in charge of all the graphics and layouts of the publication.

210 x 291 mm, 200 pages.
Editor in chief : Réda Ait-Chégou
Fashion editor : Pierre Desmones
Art editor : Caroline Honorien

Sold at Ofr Paris, KD Presee, Librairie du Palais de Tokyo, Fondation Agnès B. and Le Confort Moderne.





PSYCHIC

by Mati Hays & Johana Owen

of consciousness. Through the experience of making and wearing clothes the tension of the entire process becomes apparent. At a certain point I had to move faster and move on. I realize now that I had to develop consciousness beyond perception as the process became live, as if tuning into electric frequencies for navigation in flight.

The workings of the methodology have been consistently apparent, to share a few recent occurrences. There is always the moment of buying the winter coat. This past winter my online searches led me to a blazer ski jacket from the 1986 Howe House collection. It was listed at an incredible price and I knew it was the one, so I bought it. In a short time, the consignment dealer contacted me to say that the woman selling the jacket realized she could fetch a much greater price for the piece and had decided to cancel the sale. How often is it that a prophet makes the invisible known, the affections of one person towards an undetermined subject attracts others to suddenly see the appeal as well. Judgments of value are contagious. So in how both lovers and winter coats are lost from their original disciplines. In consideration for the loss of the jacket the dealer offered to send me a batch of clear glass handle rings for free from Australia, which I accepted.

I had just moved back to New York City after a period of isolation in the suburbs of Tennessee. Even during the pandemic, New York was a place to once again be seen among the theater of the streets and flirt with the audience of the public through dress. This season the glass rings were talismans. Everywhere I went, people were automatically attracted to them, grabbing my hands and asking me about them. Their popularity led me to contact the consignment dealer so that I could order more for resale. The dealer sent me a photo of a box with over one hundred of the magical glass rings. They came from the collection of a dead woman with over three thousand pieces. The woman became the biggest fashion arbiter in Australia through her work as a buyer for department stores in the 1970s and 1980s. In those days, buyers would have to travel to sales floors around the world in order to procure goods from particular appointments. In Hong Kong, the woman had stepped through the wrong door on her way to an appointment. She discovered a wholehearted juggling boxes of the glass rings in different colors. She ordered thousands of them and put them in different department stores all over Australia.

I knew that I had become the next buyer of the rings. I would buy the remaining supply from the consignment dealer and continue the dispersion of these magical baubles through-out the world. A couple of months after the purchase I decided to

EPIC

plan a packaging design for the rings. I tripped on acid for an entire day surrounded by my things and clothes. I spent time with my collection and spoke to it, rediscovering the objects accumulated through experiential research and making sense of it all. I tried to sit down and ruminate on the packaging design. All day I had been waiting for the delivery of a pair of 1950s Mosel Skyracer boots purchased for me by one of my latest admirers. Mosel Skyracers are the signature fetish shoe of a very particular shape seen on Bettie Page and other pinup models of the era. While waiting and ruminating I created a ceremony of rearranging all of my shoes to make room for the new pair. I was having a difficult time investing the packaging design for the rings so I forgot about it and moved on. I was in that nervous state of waiting for a package and worrying that I would miss it. I kept feeling as though someone was at my door. The door of my Victorian parlor floor apartment is beset by many different handles and knobs. I peered at the peephole for my first time and noticed its resemblance to the thick, rounded glass of the handle ring. I closed the peephole handle and noticed that the aluminum plate was missing. "Magi Eye Association Inc. New York." I realized that I would have the packaging concept around the peephole. I had just performed for the absent postal worker whom I had been anticipating all day. All day I had kept perceiving the false presence of a Magic Eye watching me through the glass peephole as I performed a baroque of clear changes and made leather box dances to the soundtrack of Galliano shows and the acid dose. My parlor door stood as a replicant of that passageway of discovery the dead Australian woman had stumbled through to find the rings of fortune. In my baroque moment I sat down on the couch. For a moment to cool down.

I was made except for an antique leather box. Suddenly I felt something slice my arm like a bolt. I screamed and reached it was one of the feathers on the box. Soon after I was dancing around again holding a pet of red fentanyl pain that I was applying to the minor. Suddenly I felt a jolt of electricity run through my body. The pain pit in my left hand overran and spilled down my shoulder, over the lighter box and onto my nose. I froze in the strange, bloody moment of the jolt. I missed the delivery of the skyracers that I had been dancing around for all day. I found a black, ugly, art deco dress from the 1920s with a hole that I had purchased last summer to commemorate the publication of an article I had written with Johana Owen about black holes in the universe of garments. I had purchased the piece for collection only. I had not intended to wear the dress because it was apparent to me at the time of purchase that it would not fit. I later opened the left-side seam of the dress to extend it a bit, agonized at myself for undressing me to interrupt our lives. Interrupted for seasons and we have to adapt to interruption because it ends up being the tick on the clock. Caring for the clothes and directly asking them what they have to tell me. Directly mystic process communicated, whole wardrobe changes since one new object comes into it. No new thing has to be created around. Like about rock falling bc at the time I was making the bumper pants, your clothes are jealous of the bumper pants being made. Interruption to whole scale of the wardrobe. Culture of clothing knows it. The doomsday falling was still about clothes, not some sense of like a relationship or something. My clothes telling me about my clothes because I am the

garment- with this as one. Fashion prophet Isabella Blow often described the clothing of Alexander McQueen as birds, claiming that he "made clothes fly". Blow said that the silhouette of his clothing was that of a seagull. Arius motifs were intrinsic to the beautiful and ostentatious relationship between Blow and McQueen, the divine talismen-entance whom she had twined into madness. McQueen would sometimes describe his memories of watching birds hover outside of the window of the jamaica beige-brick high rise apartment he lived in as a child. Blow would arrange factory sessions for McQueen on girders to her Hills estate. Birds, feathers, and wings were a common theme for many McQueen collections, especially in his 2008 tribute to Blow following her death. The sentiment of devastation I had felt when crushed under the heftiness of my garment rack reminds me of the avian motifs that seem woven into the sense of doom paralleling the relationship between Blow and McQueen. My clothes had resembled birds overwhelming my body in a manner similar to the bird attacks in Alfred Hitchcock's film The Birds, the paramount cinematic influence on McQueen's breakout 1980 collection. Hitchcock once stated that the birds in the film took up in tandem to punish the humans for indifference towards nature. Film historian Andrew Sarris identifies conspiracy as the theme of the film. The central character of a self-absorbed sociologist and airport lawyer are both too self-involved to pursue the impact of a real connection with one another, although their animal chemistry is readily apparent.

GENESIS

The romance plays out as a perverse ambivalence towards one another as they distract themselves with the beginnings of the small town around them. In this way they are complacent towards losing the apparent curiosity that they have for each other, a curiosity that threatens to turn them back to a state of nature and sexual pleasure. This wild ignorance is evoked by the pecking of the birds that begin to crowd the space of the frame until they are spilling in from a chimney to invade-bomb the entire set and devour the townfolk. The birds cost the entire audience surface of the plot in order to dissolve what tentatively reads as a romantic comedy into a psychological thriller. Hitchcock directed that the film evolve from a screwball comedy into "bird's terror" in the moment of this terror the main characters are forced towards intimacy as their complicity is lost to the mission of survival. The birds transform the petty romantic game into something much larger. The punishing attacks are spiritually motivated. In a similar manner spirituality is found through the way that my clothes seem to eat me alive. In The Birds and the dharma, birds eat people alive. In McQueen's oeuvre, garments come to take the place of birds. They digest us into a chrysalis that brings us lowest the next life. We come to occupy the individual's grief onto the event of our self-transformation. In my particular case, I come to occupy the life of the dead Australian woman. I come to occupy the life of myself. We come to occupy all those who live through us in our clothes, from both future and past lives that come to reclaim their experiences and memories by granting us the sensation of ownership over our sartorial possessions. Birds are mediums for the occult. They carry with them that point at which civilization dissolves into the magic of nature. In dharma, they dissolve corpses into flight. As garments they come to possess our sense of identity. In The Birds they force humans to join together through a spiritual pact. Pigeons and seagulls infect the most industrial of landscapes as a reminder that life will always creep back in. Birds navigate the world with a sense of time and distance that radically shifts their psychogeography from our own. They seem to always tell us something about how the past and future are playing out in the present time.

Arguably in the practice of birdwatching as ornithology. The form of divination was fundamental to political decision-making in ancient Rome and is said to have determined the exact position at which Rome was built. In McQueen collections, aspiration for birds translates to an aspirational approach to fashion. To witness the notion of clothing as it assembles into the conceptual framework of fashion becomes an act of divination similar to birdwatching.

While we often describe style as the ability to put things together, it is just as often about understanding how things fall into a divine formation like the motion of birds in flight. We are consumed into the version of time that birds and clothes occupy. These entities use us towards something magical, shocking us out of our distracted agenda. The occasion of the clothing collapsing from the garment rack to consume my body on the floor resembled a corpse laid out in the dharma, consumed by clothing only to be rebirthed by its flight when worn in motion. Crow and clothes eat us alive and carry us into the arena that they hold. We are already dead and they carry us into elsewhere, into the reconstruction of a world that has already happened. Matter is never destroyed. It is constantly frozen in that permanent first moment of creation. Each moment of transformation occurs within the chrysalis of the beginning.

We are always dead and clothes come to eat us alive. Life is a string of transition points where we are consumed, where we become what life feeds off of. We are diffused into a state of moment fractions, scraps of meat for the self-consuming chrysalis. We are re-made. As we are consumed we temporarily morph into the form of the animal that eats us. Clothing is what makes us animal as it enables the behavior of display. When the theory of evolution was introduced by Darwin during the Victorian era, the evolutionary behavior of display was readily apparent in the fashions of the time, which were rife with

I had done acid for a second time and left my apartment as it was snowing. I was driving with my friend the fine hand-stitched seams that I could tell were original. I had left the seams open since then rather than repairing it. Preparing to visit my friend, I tried the dress on again to find that my body had changed to fit into the dress even if the side seams had been closed again. The skirt seam looked gorgeous as it was, so I headed out. At the bottom of the stairs I was surprised to find a package was waiting for me because I was sure I had missed the Skyracers and was not expecting anything else. Figuring I had forgotten about some other order I had placed I carried the box to the house of my friend. As soon as I arrived, I barely gestured at a hello before asking for a hole to open the package. The package became a focus of fascination for the ensemble in the room. I opened the package to re-arrange a women straw necklace beaded with pearls and carved peach pits. The carved peach pit was carved into the shape of a monkey. I had no idea what to think.

I had not ordered it. The necklace sat in the box upon my lap before I lifted it out. I blew over the necklace with my breath to try to get it to tell me what it was, then replaced it in the box which I left open. I declared to the room that I would let the necklace sit out for a bit. The room was in a state of wash. Two hours later, the necklace came into my mind again and I told my friend there must have been something to it. At that moment I received a text from Johana asking me if I had received the package she had ordered to me. There seemed to have been something in the moment of wearing the dress and waiting for the package that led to this mysterious delivery of a delicate necklace to go with the dress I wore as I headed out of the door before I left my apartment. I had looked in the corner and thought that I needed to find a necklace that would go with the black silk dress I had had in mind one almost exactly like the one I received—a dairy glass bead necklace from the 1920s.

In India they take care of the crows because every night/vision the crows give them as knowledge of ancestors dictating the future of the person they care for. Care for the crows because everything they do means something. Happens in relation to my garments as well. When these garments have that effect-alien or creating opportunity in life then reactions of others happen in relation to them. Relationship back to the garment and garments have a huge effect when cared for, when worn and washed and lived in. When we also a party in the East Village. Before driving, I stepped out to get the snow off of the windshield. I took off my newest ostrich feather hat and placed it into the front seat. By the time we were parking in the East Village I realized that the box was missing. It really upset me because of the power I had put into the hat. When I stepped out to get the snow off of the windshield, I realized my friend to go back for the hat, but she convinced me to stay because we were right in the middle of a chaotic trip. Someone at the party overheard, the snowfall turned to a blizzard, and we had to dig the car out of the snow to get home. I nearly had a breakdown during the dangerous drive home. When we arrived back we pulled into the same parking spot we had left from. Nobody had left their hands during the storm. As we stepped out of the car my friend spotted a shiny looking shape three or four inches under the snow. My friend dusted the shiny strand out and all of the snow fell off of it as it pulled out its original shape. I tried to explain to her what I had been going through— all of the emotions about the psychoses that we train ourselves to do.

There is an intuition that garments may relate to that I am a person who has been alive forever and I am searching for the thing I had worn in a past life. It is not a feeling of longing for a vintage style but really feeling that these recovered objects are things that I had possessed and lost to time. Current life feels like a moment where I can recover these things. Sections of time have become missions to return and retrieve the garments and artifacts of a past life. Maybe what I felt with the woman who had been a consigner from Australia is that she is a part of me I am retrieving. We can take on images as our ancestors and help them to reclaim their wardrobes. Clothes are ancestral resonators.

Perhaps that is the appeal to many people who care for artifacts. Ancestry has been depersonalized in the era of the open internet. We can take on images as our ancestors and help them to reclaim their wardrobes. Clothes are ancestral resonators.

During the springtime, life is withheld from decay. A new birth reanimates us into automation. A crew holds the memory of a dead person in its mind as it fashions the eye sockets of a fresh corpse. We are always reanimating a world that has already existed. The dead speak to us through the automation. Fashion is an industrial force and garments populate the algorithm, and the dead are reanimated through this artificiality. Over 200,000 USD were spent on the creation of the mechanical birds that devour the actors in The Birds. Human plans are overtaken by algorithmic machines.

Every rebirth is in honor of the dead.



Art direction and design of the posters of the collective exhibition «A Look Inside» were displayed at FAWA in September 2023.

The exhibition featured a selection of 14 artists with diverse backgrounds and practices. Drawing inspiration, among other sources, from Virginia Woolf's text «A Room of One's Own» the idea was to advocate for an intimate space both in the literal and figurative sense. This theme serves as an ode to the social and intimate struggles of gender and identity.

The posters extend an invitation to visitors, encouraging them to attend the exhibition and explore what lies within the artists' minds. By delving into their thoughts, attendees can journey into the artists' intimate spaces.

A LOOK INSIDE

EXPOSITION COLLECTIVE

12 OCT. 2023
VERNISSAGE



12H
13H
14H
15H 16H
17H
18H
19H
20H
21H
22H
23H
00H

EXPOSITION

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22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
JANV. FEVR. MARS AVR. MAI JUIN
JUIL. AOÛT SEPT. **OCT.** NOV. DÉC.
2023

FAWA
11^{BIS} PLACE AUGUSTE BARON
75019 PARIS

A LOOK INSIDE

EXPOSITION COLLECTIVE

12 OCT. 2023
VERNISSAGE



12H
13H
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15H 16H
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CAMILLE BERNARD
CATO.INK
CHLOÉ ROYER
CORENTIN DARRÉ
CLOE SONNET
DENIS MACREZ
DÉSIRÉ MOHEB ZANDI
FABIEN ADELE
INDIA LEIRE
JULIAN FARADE
MATTHIAS GARCIA
SALOMÉ CHATRIOT
SARAH BOURSIN
SHAGHA ARIANNIA
YANMA FOFANA FANY

EXPOSITION

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
JANV. FEVR. MARS AVR. MAI JUIN
JUIL. AOÛT SEPT. **OCT.** NOV. DÉC.
2023

FAWA
11^{BIS} PLACE AUGUSTE BARON
75019 PARIS

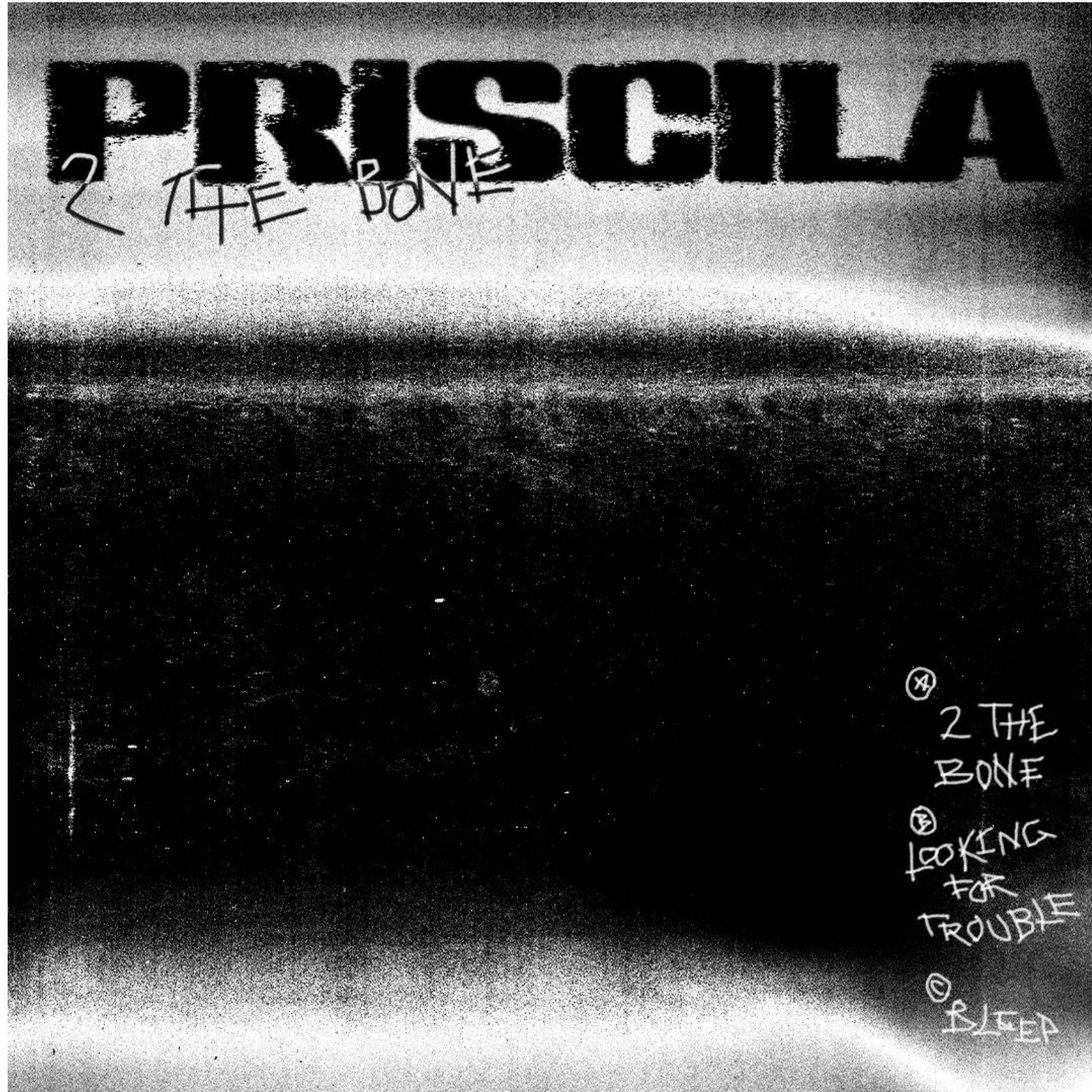
PRISCILA

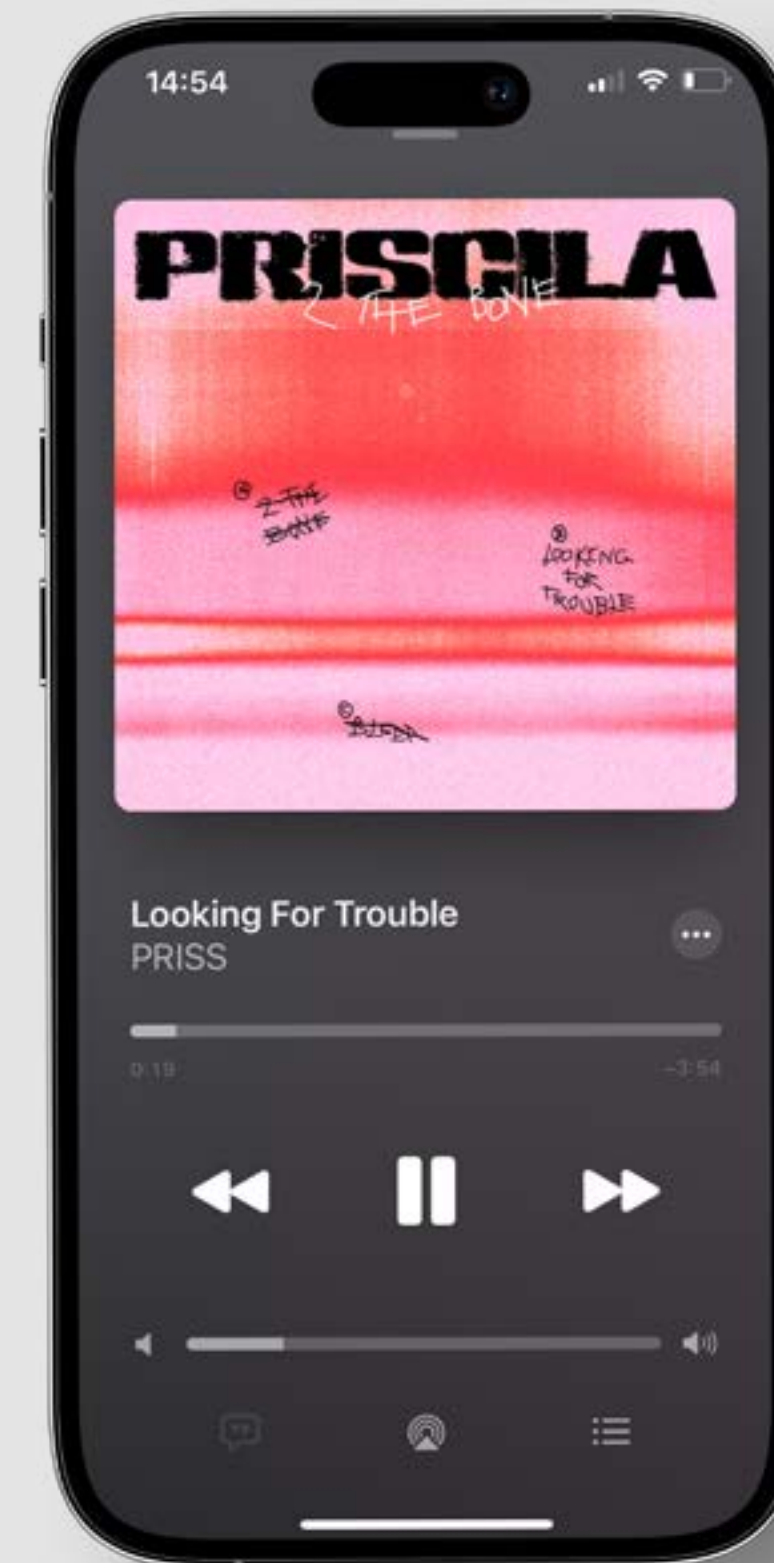
EP cover design + single cover designs for first project of Brazilian techno DJ Priscila Ferreira.

2023

Priscila's artistic vision is immersed in darkness and mystery, an atmosphere reflected in the visual narrative of the EP's cover. The design serves as a portal, offering a glimpse into her enigmatic world, becoming a poignant extension of the sonic experience.

The work presented below is the image intended for digital platforms, as we are currently working on adapting it for an upcoming vinyl release.





WEOWNTHECITY

Title design for the music video «TQG», a collaboration between Karol G and Shakira.

2023

The title functions as a logo, with all letters converging to create a symbolic representation.

The logo was also featured as part of the advertising campaign on Times Square billboards.

Directed by Pedro Artola

Produced by We Own The City

Service production by This Is Sample



WEOWNTHECITY

Draft001 is an independent bilingual publication about contemporary creation. It is dedicated to showcase and shed the light on talents that are made invisible by the current fashion, photography and art industry.

The main focus of the magazine is to reveal new perspectives and alternatives by exploring each artist's processes of creation, research diaries and working methods.

This issue, called «Parade» is focused on carnival, dreams and traditions.

Working as the art director of the publication, I also designed all the graphics and layouts of the publication; sometimes, in collaboration with other artists of the magazine.

180 x 254 mm, 268 pages.

Editor in chief : Réda Ait-Chégou

Fashion editor : Pierre Desmones

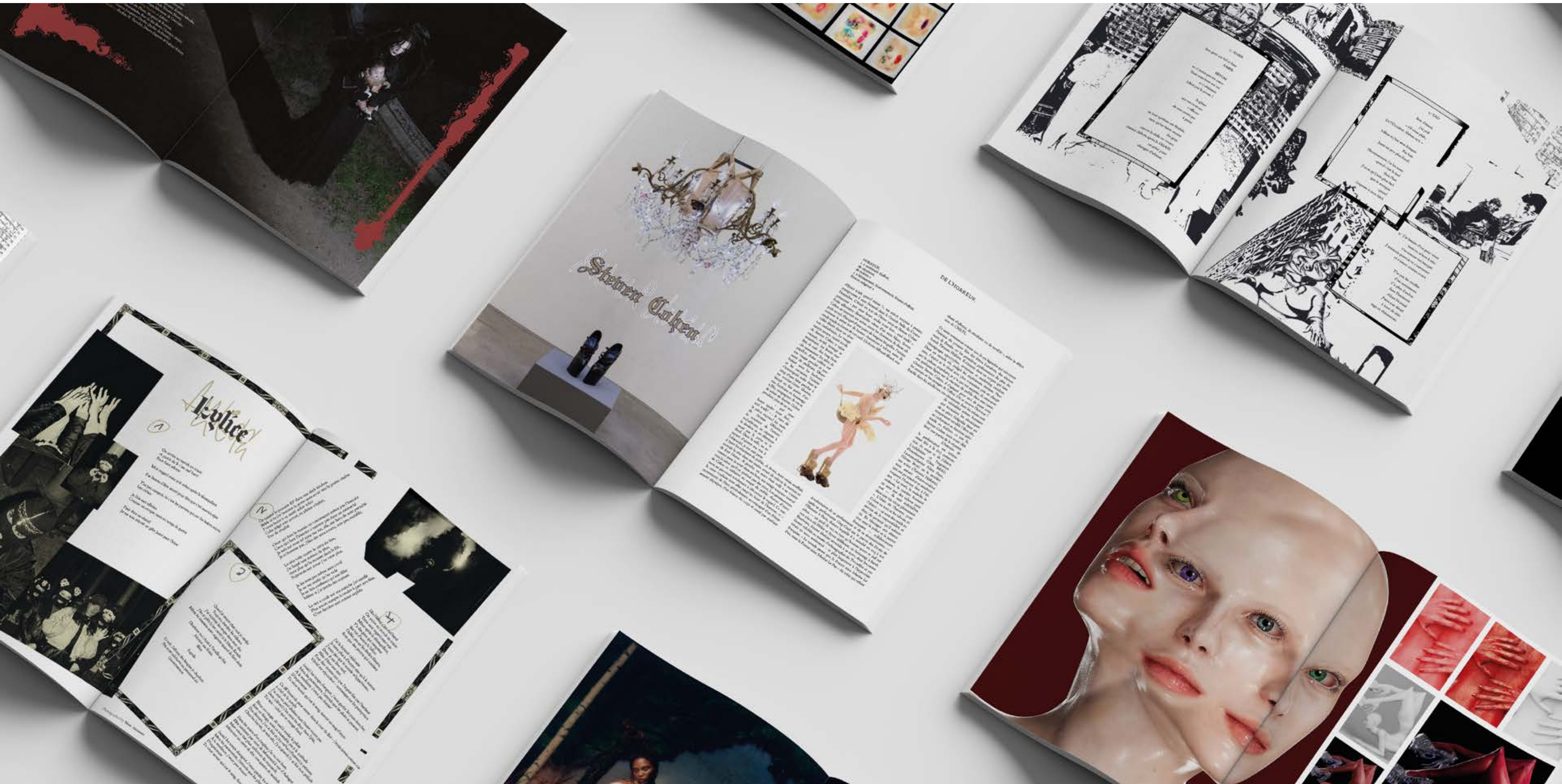
Art editor : Caroline Honorien

Available at Ofr Paris, KD Presse and Le Confort Moderne; and presented in October 2022 at Palais de Tokyo.













Book sales Poetry performances : Emma is Ruined Thursday 13 Av. du Président Wilson
Canal Chouf October 6 75016 Paris
Théo Casciani From 6pm

Draft001
New Issue "Parade"



PALAIS DE TOKYO



Working for the image department at Nina Ricci, I created, among others, these two title designs for some of their digital content videos :

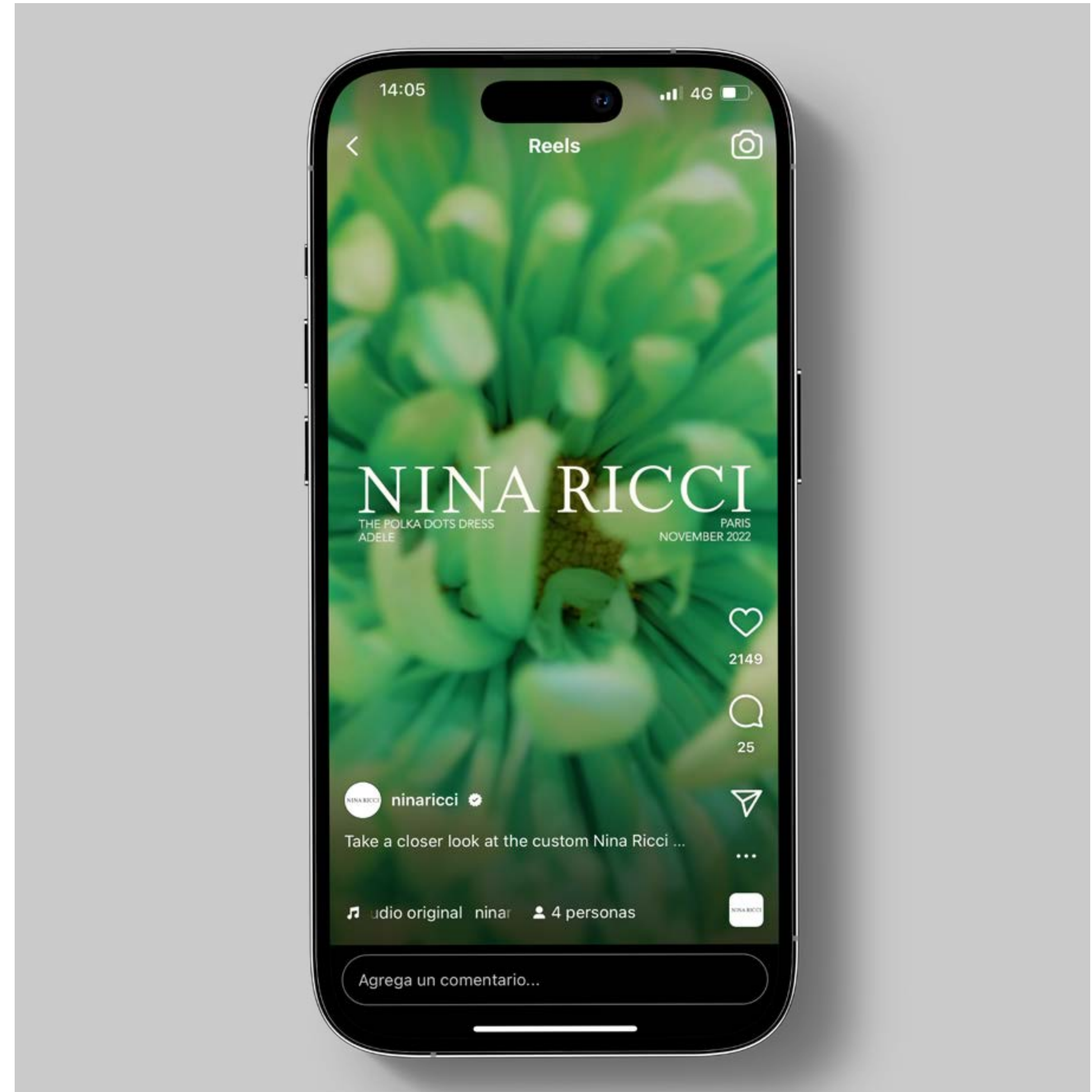
In the first one, aligning with their logo, I crafted a very refined design with a structured composition that blends a classy rounded font to showcase their custom dress for Adele.

The second one features an elegant silver handwritten font to present their Christmas content.

Art direction by Javier Sola

NINA RICCI
THE POLKA DOTS DRESS
ADELE

PARIS
NOVEMBER 2022





Nodaleto x Heaven by Marc Jacobs

2021

Posters for the AW21 collaboration between the French shoe brand Nodaleto and Heaven by Marc Jacobs were featured in a high school setting.

These posters played a role as components of the campaign's set design.

The design is crafted to humorously and stylishly emulate the posters and announcements typically found on high school bulletin boards. However, the primary focus is consistently placed on showcasing the collaborative shoes.

Set design by Olivia Aine
Produced by Kitten Productions

NODALETTO

I'M IN HEAVEN
The new album

Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Comin soon

The poster features a purple background with a repeating pattern. At the top, the word "NODALETTO" is written in a pink, bubbly font with black bear-like faces integrated into the letters. Below this, a large heart shape is divided into three sections: the top left shows a pair of black platform shoes, the top right shows a pair of plaid platform shoes, and the bottom section shows a pair of purple platform shoes. In the bottom left corner, there is a small graphic of a character from the "I'M IN HEAVEN" album. At the bottom, the text "Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Coming soon - Comin soon" is repeated in a small font.

CHESS Festival

Room : 127
Day : Tuesday

The poster has a green and white checkered background. At the top, the word "CHESS" is written in large, bold, yellow letters, with "Festival" written in a purple cursive font to its right. A small black bear-like character is positioned to the right of "Festival". In the center, a yellow-bordered square contains a green and white checkered board with several pairs of shoes placed on it. To the left of the board is a large, yellow platform shoe with a black Jordan logo. At the bottom right, a purple cloud-like shape contains the text "Room : 127" and "Day : Tuesday".

MISSING SHOES



DAISY BLUE WENT MISSING FROM THE CAR PARK AT FERNLEA VETS IN KINGSTOOD ON FRIDAY 30TH.

If found please contact :

111-111-111

A poster for 'The Fashion Shoe Club' featuring a woman's legs in a plaid dress and a high-heeled shoe, with a red heart and a pink star. The background has horizontal stripes. The text 'JOIN' is in large purple letters at the top. 'THE FASHION SHOE CLUB' is in large green letters. At the bottom, it says 'WHEN: Mondays, 10pm' and 'WHERE: Room 321'. A red heart with 'heaven' and a pink star with 'nodaletto' are also present.

WHEN: **Mondays, 10pm**

WHERE: **Room 321**

WEOWNTHECITY

Title and credits design for cover single and music video of Karol G and Tiësto's song «CONTIGO».

2024

Directed by Pedro Artola
Produced by We Own The City

CONTIGO

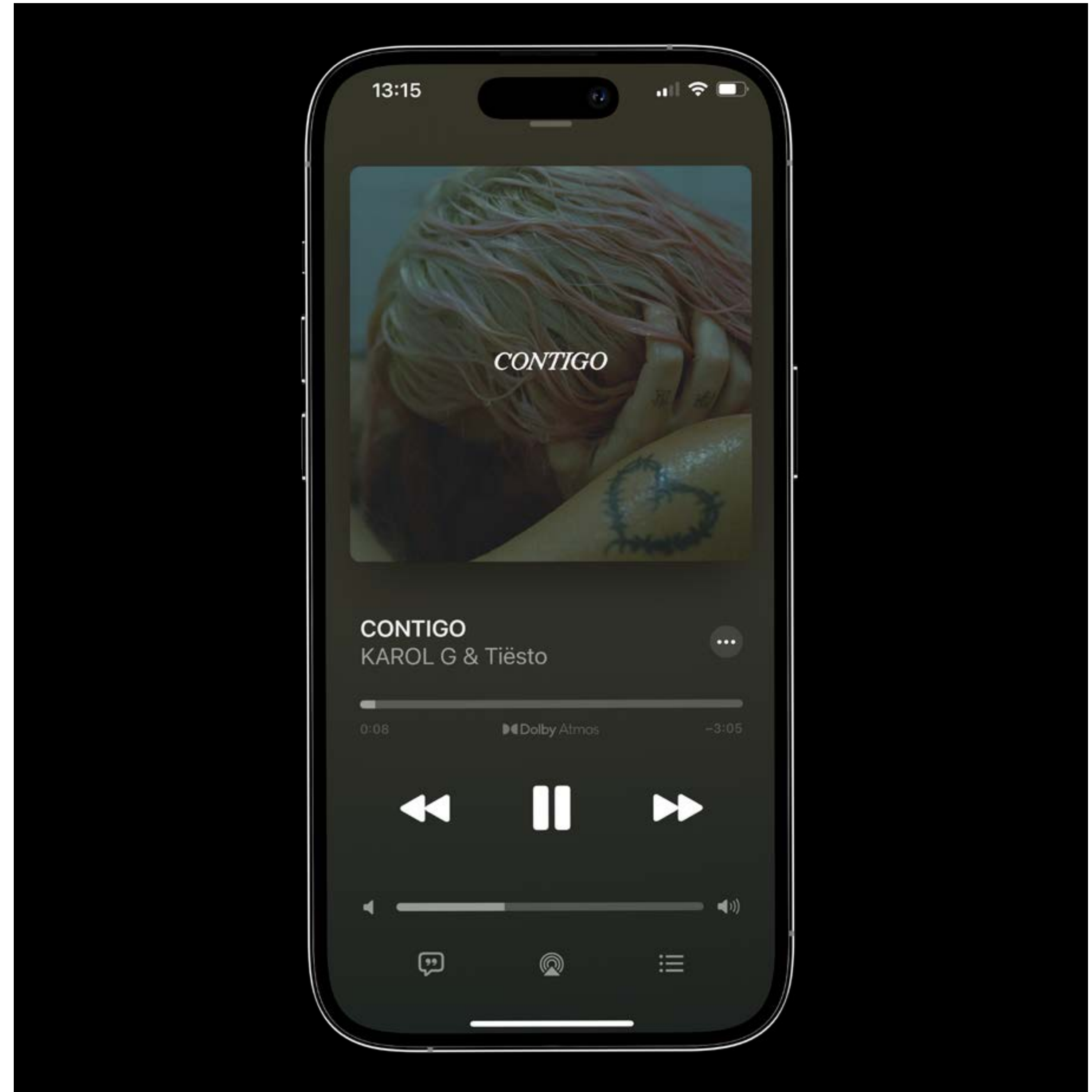
[music] *KAROL G & TIËSTO*

[starring] *YOUNG MIKO*

KAROL G & PEDRO ARTOLA [story]

PEDRO ARTOLA [direction]

[production] *WEOWNTCITY*



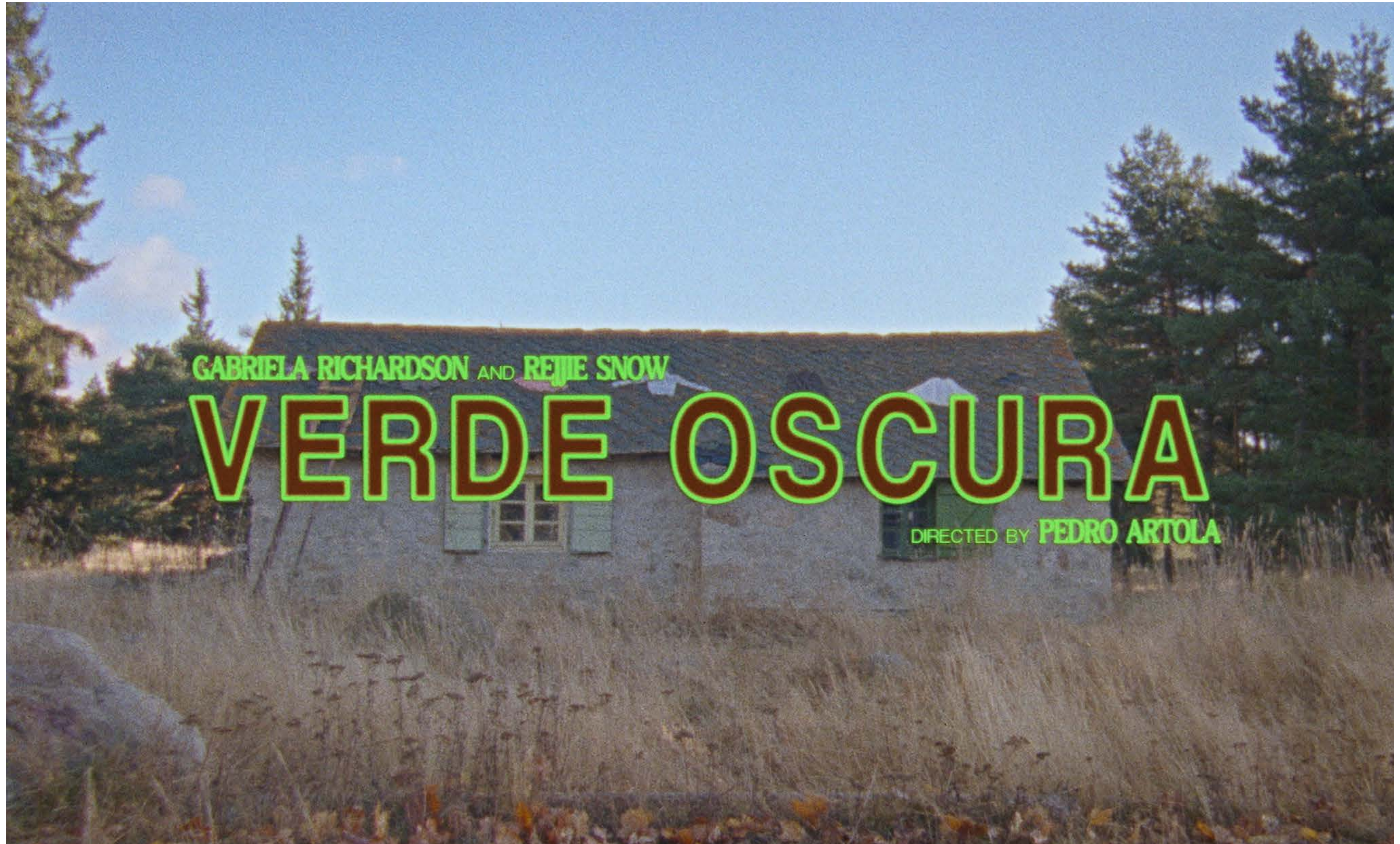
Vivir Rodando

Title and Credits Design for Gabriela
Richardson's New Music Video

2023

The design aims to convey a classic and elegant, yet eccentric vibe that aligns with the video's style. This is achieved through a combination of serif and sans-serif fonts, blended with a fluorescent green palette.

Directed by Pedro Arola
Produced by Vivir Rodando



DIRECTED BY **PEDRO ARTOLA**
PRODUCTION COMPANY **VIVIR RODANDO**
PRODUCER **SARA RENTERIA** PRODUCTION MANAGER **ANNA ALVAREZ**
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT **RAQUEL GARCIA** AND **SERGI OROVIO**
LOCATION MANAGERS **ANNA ALVAREZ** AND **ANDREA ROMA**
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR **ARIADNA MARTIN**
DOP **URI BARCELONA** FOCUS PULLER **FELIPE LARRONDO** GAFFER **JOEL BURGES**
STILL PHOTOGRAPHER **PABLO ESCUDERO**
ART DIRECTOR **JOU MASSANA**
ART ASSISTANT **ANDREA ROMA, JORDI MARTÍ,**
LULEYM AND **RAIMUNDA BOSCH**
SFX **MARCOS DÍAZ** PRECISION DRIVER **ANNA ALVAREZ**
HAIR AND MAKE UP ARTIST **MARIONA BOTELLA**
STYLIST **ADRIÁN BERNAL**
STYLING ASSISTANT **CLAUDIA CATROUX ESCOBAR** AND **JÚLIA MORATÓ**
EDITOR, VFX AND SOUND DESIGN **CHERRYCOLA**
GRADING **LUCAS HOPE**
GRAPHICS **MIGUEL DE LA VEGA**
BEAUTY **ONLY POSTPRODUCTION**
SPECIAL THANKS TO
KEVIN MARTINEAU, MARIE-LAURE, MAX MASSOT AND **PAULINE DUC** FROM
CAMPING LE PETIT CANADA,
CASA MAS JUNQUÉ, **JORDI SANCHEZ RUFANDIS** FROM **FIELDS,**
MARTINA AND **ALFONS,** **NAPALM RANTALS CAMERA & LIGHTING,** **STUDIO L'EQUIPE,**
RUBERT FROM **TREE AT PARC D'ACTIVITATS CERDANYA,** **VIRGIN AR JESUS AMORES,**
POL PASCUAL AND **RICHI PASCUAL** FROM **WATER TANK**

For the first time in VOGUE's 128-year history, the 26 editions have united under a same theme. The Vogue Hope captured a moment in time as all the editions were united to shine a light on those striving for positive change.

Working on one of the editorials of the issue, we focused on the power of family. As the art director and designer, I decided to introduce the images as part of a photo album's family, bringing importance to memories and traditions.

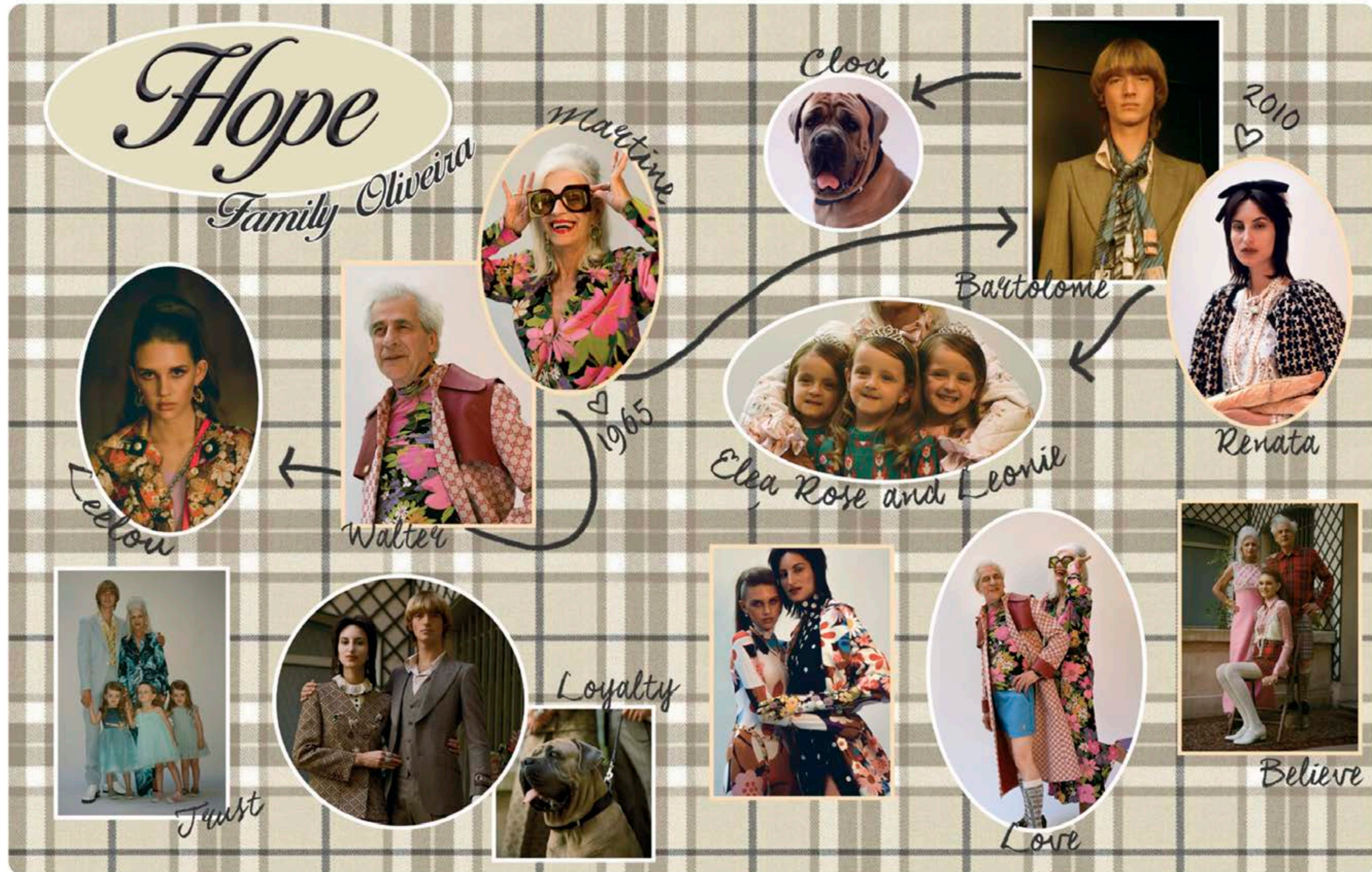
203x267mm, 20 of 368 pages.

Photographed by Alva Galim

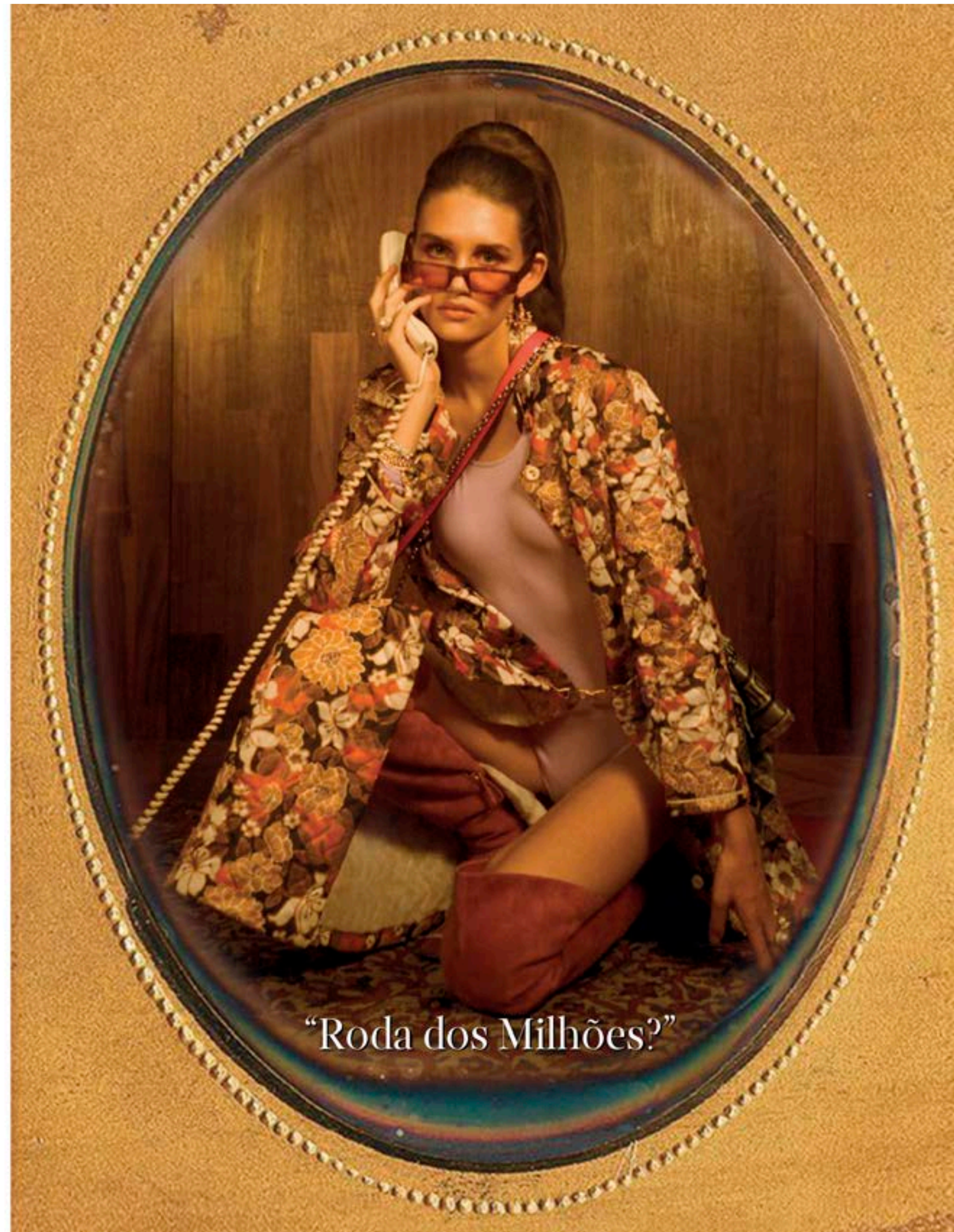
Styled by Alba Melendo

Set design by PZToday

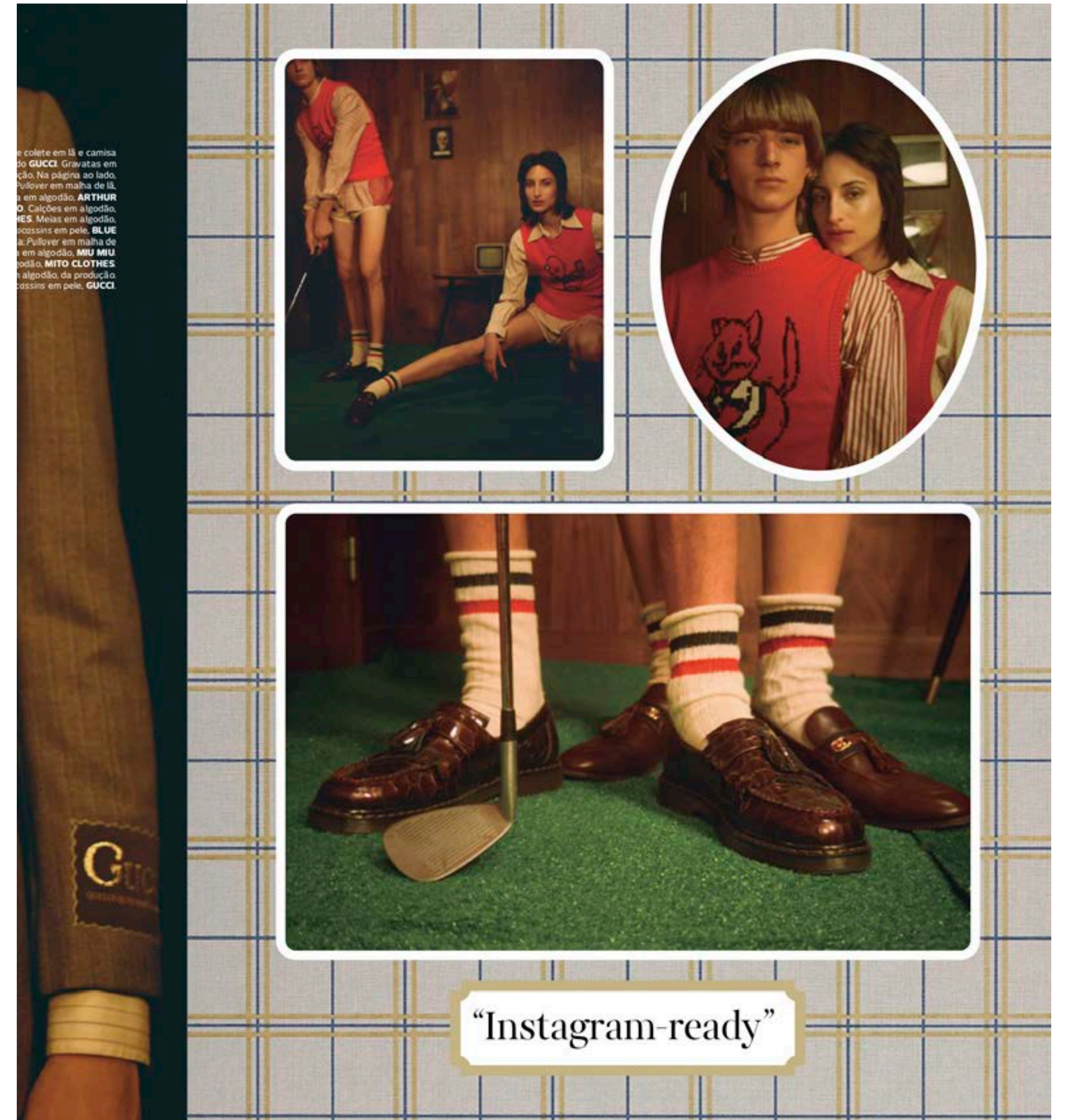




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Poe



“Roda dos Milhões?”



colete em lã e camisa
do GUCCI. Gravatas em
ção. Na página ao lado,
Pullover em malha de lã,
em algodão. ARTHUR
O. Calções em algodão.
ES. Meias em algodão.
cessos em pele. BLUE
a. Pullover em malha de
em algodão. MIU MIU
odão. MITO CLOTHES
algodão, da produção
cessos em pele. GUCCI

“Instagram-ready”

Thank you !