

# Soundtrack ilustrado

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# Soundtrack **ilustrado**

Dept. Artes SED



## ¶

El “decir” con imágenes, parece fundamental, creemos manejarlo, sin embargo a la hora de trabajar con ellas, hay muchas cosas que aparecen en el proceso, y que nos recuerdan que, tal como la poesía, en que no se trata solamente de usar el lenguaje hablado y ya, las estrategias, los mensajes, los significados, deben ser cuidadosamente pensados y planificados, y llevados con el cuidado de un nacimiento, a la realidad.

Los trabajos contenidos en la presente edición, corresponden a ejercicios de ilustración, de estudiantes de II y III medio de nuestro colegio. El desafío fue tener como eje, la música que ellos escogieran, pero ¿Cómo ilustramos estas canciones? ¿Cómo ilustramos la melodía, su letra y su mensaje, sin repetir lo que las palabras ya abrieron? Les presentamos una selección de productos de este ejercicio, que se destacan por su forma de abrir espacios nuevos en lo que ya existe, nuevas posibilidades, mensajes y experiencias personales, y experimentación con diferentes técnicas, en la libertad y el rigor, del lenguaje de la ilustración.

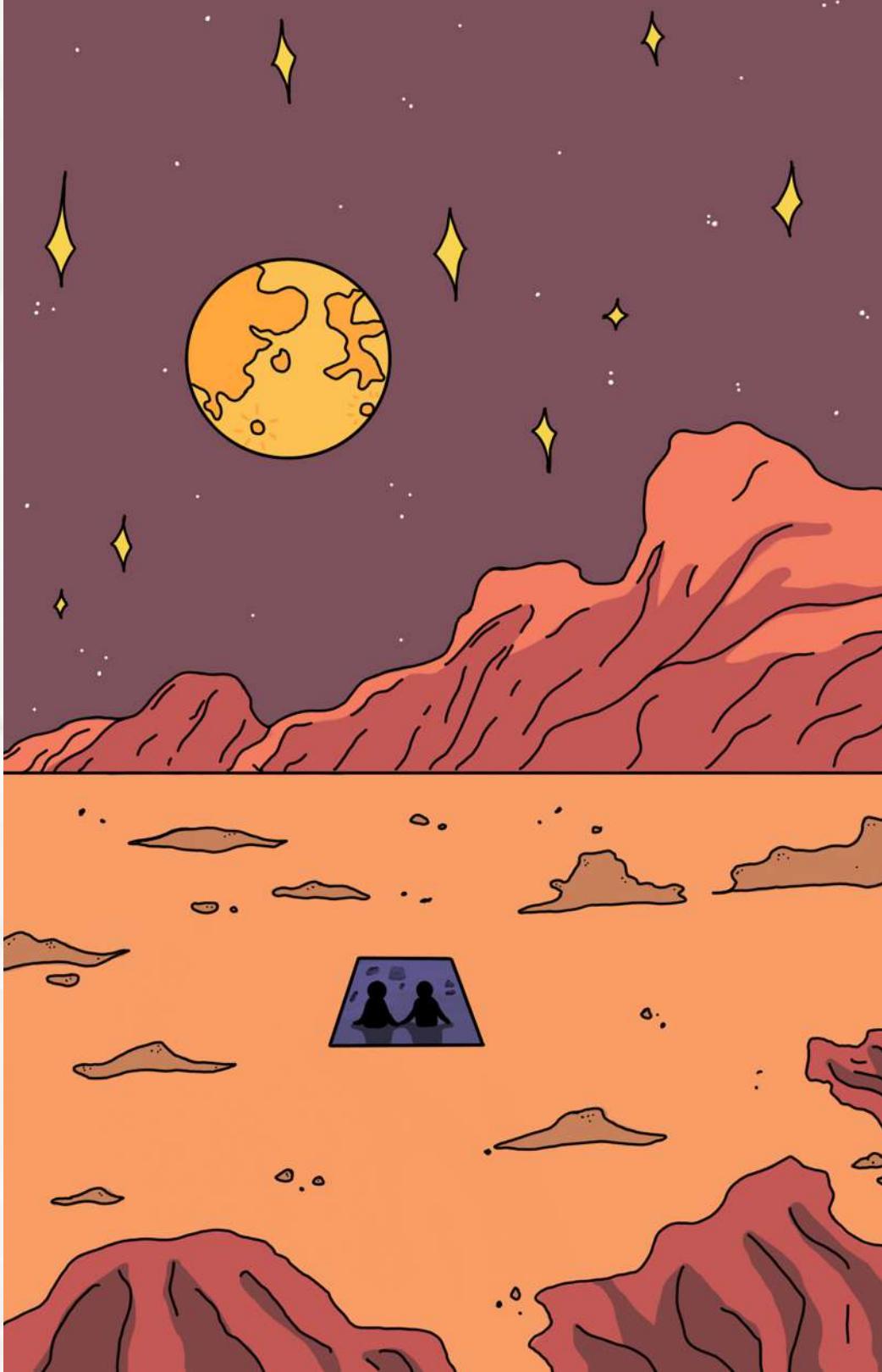
# Canyon Moon

## Harry Styles

You gotta see it to believe it  
Sky never looked so blue  
So hard to leave it  
That's what I always do  
So I keep thinking back to  
A time under the canyon moon  
The world's happy waiting  
Doors yellow, broken, blue  
I heard Jenny saying  
“Go get the kids from school”  
And I keep thinking back to  
A time under the canyon moon  
I'll be gone too long from you  
Staring at the ceiling  
Two weeks and I'll be home  
Carry the feeling  
Through Paris, all through Rome  
And I'm still thinking back to  
A time under the canyon moon  
I'm going, oh, I'm going

Quick pause in conversation  
She plays songs I've never heard  
An old lover's hippie music  
Pretends not to know the words  
And I keep thinking back to  
A time under the canyon moon  
I'll be gone too long from you  
I'm going, oh, I'm going.

**Ilustración:** María José Barberis, II B





# Meet me in the hallway

## Harry Styles

I just left your bedroom  
Give me some morphine  
Is there any more to do?  
Just let me know I'll be at the door, at the door  
Hoping you'll come around  
Just let me know I'll be on the floor, on the floor  
Maybe we'll work it out  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
And maybe we'll work it out  
I walked the streets all day  
Running with the thieves  
'Cause you left me in the hallway  
(Give me some more)  
Just take the pain away  
Just let me know I'll be at the door, at the door  
Hoping you'll come around  
Just let me know I'll be on the floor, on the floor  
Maybe we'll work it out  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
I gotta get better, gotta get better  
And maybe we'll work it out  
We don't talk about it  
It's something we don't do  
'Cause once you go without it  
Nothing else will do.

**Ilustración:** Ignacia Cartagena, II B

# Stuck on the Puzzle

## Alex Turner

I'm not the kind of fool  
Who's gonna sit and sing to you  
About stars, girl  
But last night I looked up into  
The dark half of the blue  
And they'd gone backwards

Something in your magnetism  
Must have pissed them off  
Forcing them to get an early night

I have been searching from  
The bottom to the top  
For such a sight  
As the one I caught when I saw your

Fingers dimming in the lights  
Like you're used to being told that  
you're trouble  
And I spent all night  
Stuck on the puzzle

Nobody I asked  
Knew how he came to be the one  
To whom you surrendered

Any man who wasn't led away  
Into the other room  
Stood pretending

That something in your magnetism  
Hadn't just made him drop  
Whoever's hand it was that he was holding

I have been searching  
From the bottom to the top  
For such a sight  
As the one I caught when I saw your

Fingers dimming in the lights  
Like you're used to being told that you're  
trouble  
And I spent all night  
Stuck on the puzzle

I tried to swim to the side  
But my feet got caught in the middle  
And I thought I'd seen the light  
But oh, no  
I was just stuck on the puzzle  
Stuck on the puzzle.

**Ilustración:** Emilia Girón, II B





# Heads will roll

## Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Off with your head  
Dance til you're dead  
Heads will roll

On the floor  
Glitter on the wet streets  
Silver over everything  
The river's all wet  
You're all chrome  
Dripping with alchemy  
Shiver stop shivering  
The glitter's all wet  
You're all chrome  
The men cry out the girls cry out  
The men cry out the girls cry out  
The men cry out, oh no

Oh oh! Oh!  
Oh oh! Oh!  
Off, off with your head  
Dance, dance til you're dead (dead)  
Heads will roll

On the floor  
Looking glass  
Take the past  
Shut your eyes  
Realize  
Looking glass  
Take the past  
Shut your eyes  
Realize  
Glitter on the wet streets  
Silver over everything  
The river's all wet  
You're all chrome  
You're all chrome  
Oh! Oh oh!

# El Ratón Mazapán

Un día en mi casa  
Entró un ratón  
Y eso causó una gran commoción  
Mi hermana Patricia  
Dio la noticia  
Veo su cola  
Hay que delicia  
Un día en mi casa  
Entró un ratón  
Y eso causó una gran commoción  
Mi hermana Patricia  
Dio la noticia  
Veo su cola  
Hay que delicia  
Papá de la pieza, se pone a gritar:  
Un premio le doy a quien lo pueda agarrar  
Pobre ratón donde te has metido  
En esta casa no eres bienvenido  
Mamá de una silla, chilla que chilla:  
Que nadie me ayuda, quien me lo pilla  
Pobre ratón donde te has metido  
En esta casa no eres bienvenido  
Papá de la pieza, se pone a gritar:  
Un premio le doy a quien lo pueda agarrar  
Mamá de una silla, chilla que chilla:  
Que nadie me ayuda, quien me lo pilla  
Pobre ratón donde te has metido  
En esta casa no eres bienvenido  
Y desde ese día, ya nadie lo vio  
Lesuento un secreto .  
¡Lo tengo yo!

**Ilustración:** Tatiana Restrepo, II B





# Dear mama

## Tupac Shakur

You are appreciated  
When I was young, me and my mama had beef  
Seventeen years old, kicked out on the streets  
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face  
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place  
Suspended from school, and scared to go home, I was a fool  
With the big boys breakin' all the rules  
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years  
We was poorer than the other little kids  
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama  
When things went wrong we'd blame Mama  
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell  
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell  
And who'd think in elementary, hey  
I'd see the penitentiary one day?  
And runnin' from the police, that's right  
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside  
And even as a crack fiend, Mama  
You always was a black queen, Mama  
I finally understand  
For a woman it ain't easy tryin' to raise a man  
You always was committed  
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it  
There's no way I can pay you back  
But the plan is to show you that I understand  
You are appreciated  
Lady, don't you know we love you? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above you (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love you?  
(...)

# Cuándo empezaré a vivir

## Danna Paola

Siete AM, un día más inició  
A los quehaceres y a barrer muy bien  
Pulo y encero, lavo y saco brillo  
Terminé, ¿qué hora es?, siete con dieciséis.

Un libro leeré o tal vez, dos o tres  
O en mi galería algo pintaré  
Guitarra toco, tejo, horneo, ya no sé  
Yo cuándo empezaré a vivir.

Rompecabezas, dardos y hacer galletas  
Papel maché, ballet, y algo de ajedrez  
Alfarería, ventriloquia y velas  
Estirar, dibujar o trepar o coser.

Los libros releeré, si el rato hay que pasar  
Y pintaré algo más, encontraré un lugar  
Y mi cabello a cepillar y a cepillar  
Pero al final, siempre vuelvo aquí.

Yo me pregunto, pregunto  
Pregunto, ¿qué cuándo empezaré a vivir?

Las luces que  
Deseo contemplar  
Cada año en mí  
Cumpleaños están

¿De dónde son?  
Ahí quiero ir  
Quizá, hoy mi madre  
Me permita ya salir.

**Ilustración:** María José Barberis, II B





# God is a woman

## Ariana Grande

You, you love it how I move you  
You love it how I touch you  
My one, when all is said and done  
You'll believe God is a woman  
And I, I feel it after midnight  
A feelin' that you can't fight  
My one, it lingers when we're done  
You'll believe God is a woman

I don't wanna waste no time, yuh  
You ain't got a one-track mind, yuh  
Have it any way you like, yuh  
And I can tell that you know I know how I want it  
Ain't nobody else can relate  
Boy, I like that you ain't afraid  
Baby, lay me down and let's pray  
I'm tellin' you the way I like it, how I want it  
  
And I can be all the things you told me not to be  
When you try to come for me, I keep on flourishing  
And he see the universe when I'm in company  
It's all in me

You, you love it how I move you  
You love it how I touch you  
My one, when all is said and done  
You'll believe God is a woman  
And I, I feel it after midnight  
A feelin' that you can't fight

My one, it lingers when we're done  
You'll believe God is a woman

I'll tell you all the things you should know  
So, baby, take my hand, save your soul  
We can make it last, take it slow, hmm  
(And I can tell that you know I know how I want it, yuh)  
But you different from the rest  
And boy, if you confess, you might get blessed  
See if you deserve what comes next  
I'm tellin' you the way I like it, how I want it

And I can be all the things you told me not to be  
When you try to come for me, I keep on flourishing  
And he see the universe when I'm in company  
It's all in me

You, you love it how I move you  
You love it how I touch you  
My one, when all is said and done  
You'll believe God is a woman  
And I, I feel it after midnight  
A feelin' that you can't fight  
My one, it lingers when we're done  
You'll believe God is a woman, yeah.

# 1990

## Soda Stereo

Siete AM, un día más inició  
No habrá remedio infalible  
Te confiaré  
Las almas son tan corruptibles  
Que no querrás saber  
De mí sólo lo que ves  
Conseguirás de mí  
Te confiaré  
Y no querrás saber  
Anclado en 1990  
Los Dioses no saldaron cuentas  
Para poder salir  
De mí sólo lo que ves  
Conseguirás de mí  
Naturaleza insaciable  
Cavaré entre tus labios  
Hoy lloverá y se abrirá la tierra  
Baby, please  
De mí sólo lo que ves  
Conseguirás de mí  
De mí verás  
Conseguirás de mí  
Verás lo que quiero  
¿Qué conseguirás de mí?  
Anclado a 1990.

**Ilustración:** Ignacia Cartagena, II B





# What you gonna do 4 luv Baby Fuzz

Had a smooth way of talking  
From the minute you said hello  
Reached for your waist, your bulletproof face  
And my eyes turned criminal

Was a dead man walking  
The second I took you home  
But I shoulda known you'd pull the trigger on my  
soul  
And shoot it full of bullet holes  
What you gonna do 4 luv

Who'd make a soldier  
Lay it down like a little toy  
But when you're looking up at the barrel of her love  
You know you never really had a choice, did you

Girl ain't easy  
And she calls for desperate ways  
If you want to get up next to her kiss  
You gotta go down in a blaze  
What you gonna do 4 luv.

# **Shine On You Crazy Diamond**

## **Pink Floyd**

Remember when you were young, you shone like the sun  
Shine on you crazy diamond  
Now there's a look in your eyes, like black holes in the sky  
Shine on you crazy diamond  
You were caught on the crossfire of childhood and stardom  
Blown on the steel breeze

Come on you target for faraway laughter  
Come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr, and shine

You reached for the secret too soon, you cried for the moon  
Shine on you crazy diamond  
Threatened by shadows at night, and exposed in the light  
Shine on you crazy diamond  
Well you wore out your welcome with random precision  
Rode on the steel breeze

Come on you raver, you seer of visions  
Come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine.

**Ilustración: Maurizio LaRocca, II B**

**SHINE ON YOU CRAZY  
DIAMOND**





# **El Conticinio**

## Guitarricadelafuente

Quiero poder verte dormir  
Entrar en tus visiones  
Saber qué es lo que fui

Aguantar la respiración  
Llenarme los pulmones  
De wiski peleón

No me levanto de la cama  
Quiero servir de inspiración  
Quiero ser carne de cañón

Por las noches la policía sigue mis sueños  
Con fuego y con gasolina me mantengo despierto  
Y quiero volver a mis cabales  
No te pediré de vuelta las llaves

Un elixir a mis heridas

Tentando el vicio y el azar  
Las posibilidades de volver a empezar  
Dejando de decir “mañana”

Quiero servir de inspiración  
Quiero ser carne de cañón

Por las noches la policía sigue mis sueños  
Con fuego y con gasolina me mantengo despierto  
Y quiero volver a mis cabales  
No te pediré de vuelta las llaves

Un elixir a mis heridas.

# Lucha de Gigantes

## Nacha Pop

Lucha de gigantes  
Convierte  
El aire en gas natural  
Un duelo salvaje advierte  
Lo cerca que ando de entrar  
En un mundo descomunal  
Siento mi fragilidad  
Vaya pesadilla  
Corriendo  
Con una bestia detrás  
Dime que es mentira todo  
Un sueño tonto y no más  
Me da miedo la enormidad  
Donde nadie oye mi voz  
Deja de engañar  
No quieras ocultar  
Que has pasado sin tropezar  
Monstruo de papel  
No sé contra quién voy  
¿O es que acaso hay alguien más aquí?  
Creo en los fantasmas terribles  
De algún extraño lugar  
Y en mis tonterías para  
Hacer tu risa estallar  
En un mundo descomunal  
Siento tu fragilidad  
Deja de engañar  
No quieras ocultar  
Que has pasado sin tropezar, oh  
Monstruo de papel  
No sé contra quién voy  
¿O es que acaso hay alguien más aquí?





# Puro Veneno

## Nathy Peluso

Malos deseos, no hay esperanza  
Cuchillo baila en mi garganta  
Quiero creer, mi hermana que este no es el fin  
Todavía siento el Corashe pa' vivir  
(Corash, corash)

Entre las ramas de tu cuerpo  
Aquella noche una serpiente me mordió  
Y su veneno me ha aturdido  
Tan adictivo que el placer ahora es dolor

Tú eres veneno, puro veneno  
(Que me duele)  
Inevitable como tus besos (que me arde)  
No tengo freno ni antídoto, papá  
Así que márchate  
No tengo más piedad  
Calambre

Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Qué sufrir, la cordura me arrebató  
Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Que alguien me diga cómo puedo remediarlo

Esa pasión me tiene tan atrapada  
Amargamente enamorada  
Cada momento en el que yo pienso en ti  
Siento que estoy, ay más cerquita de morir  
Ay Dios mío

Tú eres veneno, puro veneno  
Inevitable como tus besos  
No tengo freno ni antídoto papá  
Así que márchate  
No tengo más piedad  
Calambre

Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Qué sufrir, la cordura me arrebató  
Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Que alguien me diga  
cómo puedo remediarlo

Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Ay de mí  
Qué sufrir, la cordura me arrebató  
Me arrebató

Ay de mí, ese hombre me envenenó  
Que alguien me diga  
Cómo puedo remediarlo  
Ay mi cordura, por Dios  
No tengo antídoto, papá  
No tengo antídoto  
Ay de mí  
Tírame Corashe para vivir  
Qué sufrir  
Ese hombre me envenenó,  
me envenenó  
Ay de mí  
Ay, ay, cómo  
Que me envenenó  
Que me envenenó  
Que me envenenó  
Cómo puedo remediarlo  
Que alguien me diga cómo

Líbrame de ti.

# Dreams

## Fleetwood Mac

Now, here you go again  
You say, you want your freedom  
Well, who am I to keep you down

It's only right that you should  
Play the way you feel it  
But listen carefully, to the sound  
Of your loneliness

Like a heartbeat, drives you mad  
In the stillness of remembering what you  
had

And what you lost  
And what you had  
And what you lost

Oh, thunder, only happens when it's raining  
Players, only love you when they're playing  
They say women, they will come and they  
will go  
When the rain washes you clean, you'll  
know  
You'll know

Now, here I go again, I see  
The crystal vision  
I keep my visions to myself

It's only me, who wants to  
Wrap around your dreams and  
Have you any dreams you'd like to sell  
Dreams of loneliness

Like a heartbeat, drives you mad  
In the stillness of remembering, what you  
had  
And what you lost  
And what you had  
Ooh, what you lost

Thunder, only happens when it's raining  
Players, only love you when they're playing  
Women, they will come and they will go  
When the rain washes you clean, you'll  
know

Oh, thunder, only happens when it's raining  
Players, only love you when they're playing  
They say women, they will come and they  
will go  
When the rain washes you clean, You'll  
know.

Ilustración: Emilia Girón, II B



# LOVE TRAIN



# **Love Train**

## **The O'Jays**

People all over the world (everybody)  
Join hands (join)  
Start a love train, love train  
People all over the world (all the world, now)  
Join hands (love ride)  
Start a love train (love ride), love train

The next stop that we make will be England  
Tell all the folks in Russia, and China, too  
Don't you know that it's time to get on board  
And let this train keep on riding, riding on through  
Well, well

People all over the world (you don't need no money)  
Join hands (come on)  
Start a love train, love train (don't need no ticket, come on)

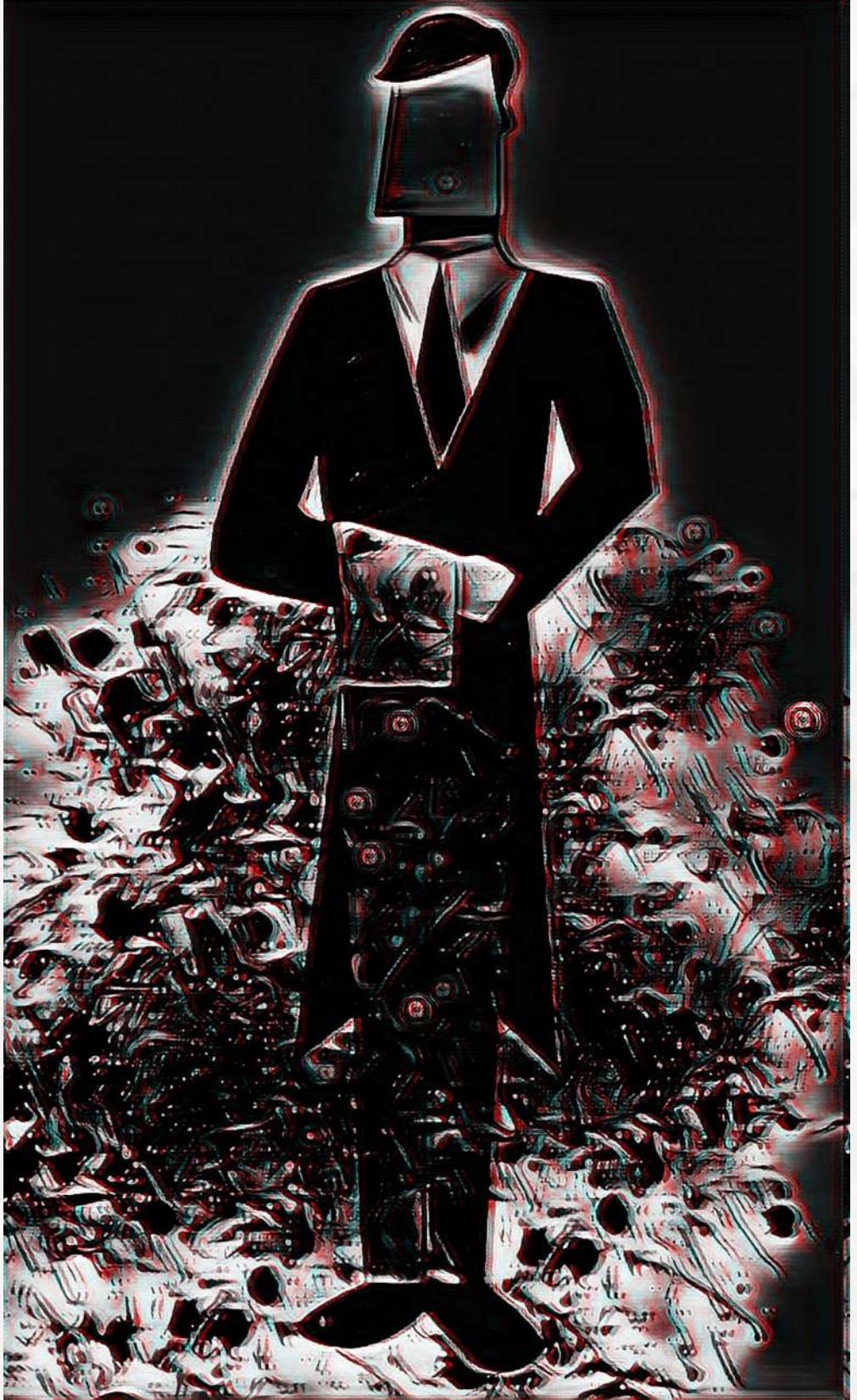
People all over the world (join in, ride this train)  
Join in (ride this train, y'all)  
Start a love train (come on, train), love train  
All of you brothers over in Africa  
Tell all the folks in Egypt, and Israel, too  
Please don't miss this train at the station  
'Cause if you miss it, I feel sorry, sorry for you  
Well

People all over the world (sisters and brothers)  
Join hands (join, come on)  
Start a love train (ride this train, y'all), love train (come on)  
People all over the world (don't need no tickets)  
Join hands (come on, ride)  
Start a love train, love train  
Ride, let it ride (...)

# **Frankly, Mr. Shankly**

## **The Smiths**

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held  
It pays my way, and it corrodes my soul  
I want to leave, you will not miss me  
I want to go down in musical history  
Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck  
I've got the twenty-first century breathing down my neck  
I must move fast, you understand me  
I want to go down in celluloid history, Mr. Shankly  
Fame, fame, fatal fame  
It can play hideous tricks on the brain  
But still I'd rather be famous  
Than righteous or holy, any day, any day, any day  
But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled  
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill  
I want to live and I want to love  
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of  
Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held  
It pays my way, and it corrodes my soul  
Oh, I didn't realise that you wrote poetry  
I didn't realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry, Mr. Shankly  
Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask  
You are a flatulent pain in the arse  
I do not mean to be so rude  
Still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly  
Oh, give us your money!





# Mother

## John Lennon

Mother, you had me  
But I never had you  
I wanted you  
But you didn't want me  
So  
I just got to tell you  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Father, you left me  
But I never left you  
I needed you  
But you didn't need me  
So  
I just got to tell  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Children, don't do  
What I have done  
I couldn't walk  
And I tried to run  
So  
I just got to tell you  
Goodbye  
Goodbye  
Mama don't go  
Daddy come home.

# Civil Wars

## Guns and Roses

Look at your young men fighting  
Look at your women crying  
Look at your young men dying  
The way they've always done before

Look at the hate we're breeding  
Look at the fear we're feeding  
Look at the lives we're leading  
The way we've always done before

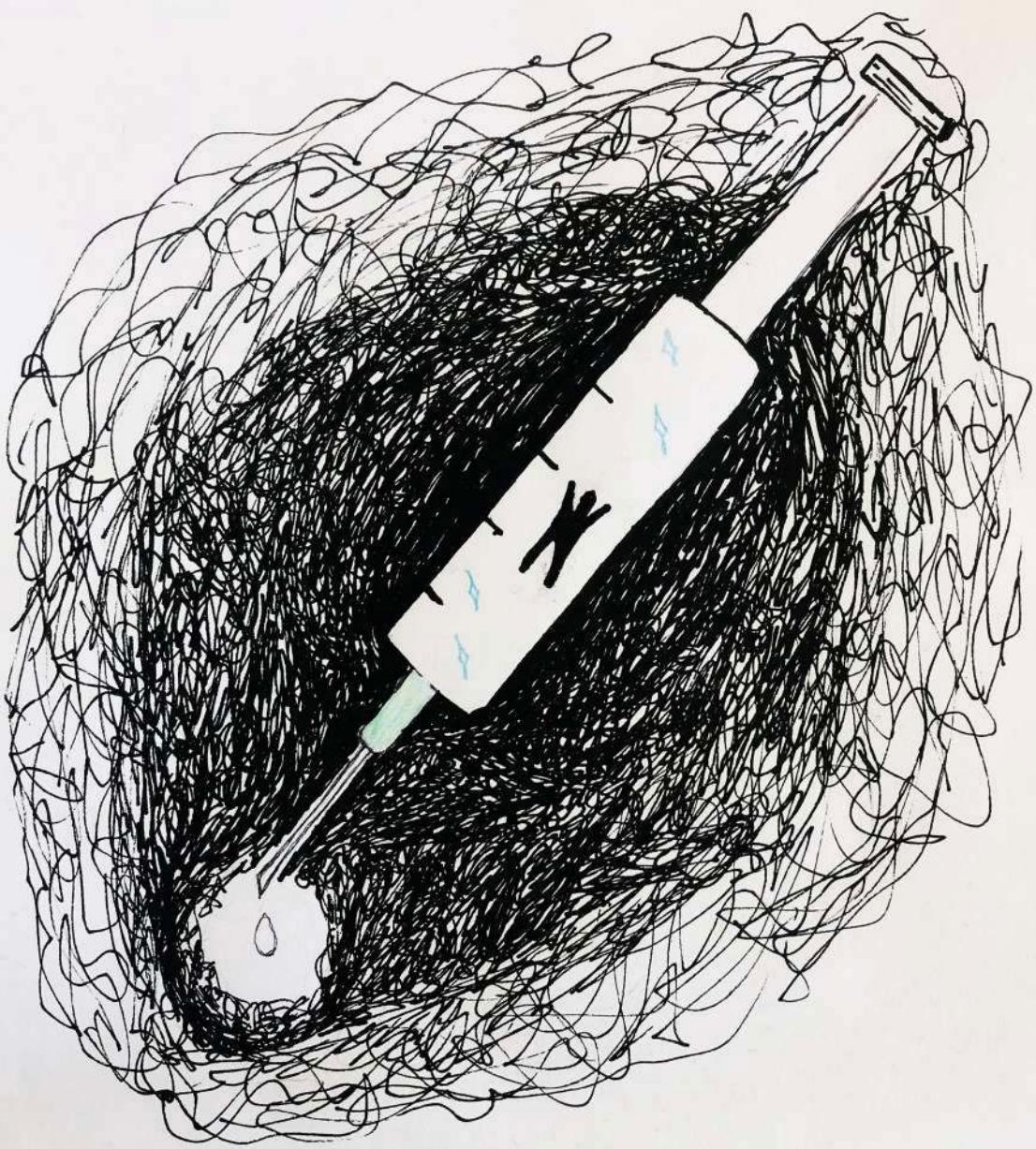
My hands are tied  
The billions shift from side to side  
And the wars go on with brainwashed pride  
For the love of God and our human rights  
And all these things are swept aside  
By bloody hands time can't deny  
And are washed away by your genocide  
And history hides the lies of our civil wars

D'you wear a black armband  
When they shot the man  
Who said "peace could last forever"  
And in my first memories  
They shot Kennedy  
I went numb when I learned to see  
So I never fell for Vietnam  
We got the wall of D.C. to remind us all  
That you can't trust freedom  
When it's not in your hands  
When everybody's fightin'  
For their promised land  
And

I don't need your civil war  
It feeds the rich while it buries the poor  
Your power hungry sellin' soldiers  
In a human grocery store  
Ain't that fresh  
I don't need your civil war  
Ow, oh no, no, no, no, no (...)

**Ilustración:** Maurizio LaRocca, II B





# Beetlebum

## Blur

Bleettlebum  
What you've done  
She's a gun  
Now what you've done  
Beetlebum  
Get nothing done  
You beetlebum  
Just get numb  
Now what you've done  
Beetlebum  
And when she lets me slip away  
She turns me on  
All my violence is gone  
Nothing is wrong  
I just slip away and I am gone  
Nothing is wrong  
She turns me on  
I just slip away and now I am gone  
Beetlebum  
Because you're young  
She's a gun  
Now what you've done  
Beetlebum  
She'll suck your thumb  
She'll make you come  
'Cause, she's your gun  
Now what you've done  
Beetlebum  
And when she lets me slip away  
She turns me on  
All my violence is gone  
Nothing is wrong  
I just slip away and I am gone  
There's nothing wrong  
She turns me on  
I just slip away and now I am gone  
He's on, he's on, he's on it.

# Face to face

Ruel

I love that new dress you bought  
Yeah you sure look nice  
Heard you liked that new restaurant  
You know I've been there twice  
And the way that you switch up your hair  
All of the moments we've shared  
Strolling the streets back in Rome  
Oh, how I wish I was there  
It ain't fair  
No, it ain't fair

I'm in my bed sitting, talking to screens all day  
But I can't seem to say what's on my brain  
But I wonder, I wonder  
If you would feel the same  
If one day we'd meet face to face

I messaged you yesterday  
Haven't heard back yet  
Did I do something wrong  
Or is it something I said  
And it hurts me inside  
Cause it's killing my pride  
To see you reply to all of these other guys  
Tell me why  
Tell me why  
Tell me why, ooh, oh, ooh

I'm in my bed sitting, talking to screens all day  
But I can't seem to say what's on my brain  
But I wonder, I wonder  
If you would feel the same  
If one day we'd meet face to face  
I'm in my bed sitting, talking to screens all day  
I know you don't even know my name  
But I wonder, I wonder  
If you would feel the same  
If one day we'd meet face to face.

I LOVE THAT NEW  
DRESS YOU BOUGHT  
ME WHY ME  
NO IT'S FAIR  
AIN'T PRIDE  
KILLING IT'S  
SCREENS ALL DAY  
TALKING TO RESTAURANT  
TELL I'M LIKED THAI NEW  
WRONG HEARD YOU  
SOMETHING BACK IN  
DID I DONNW STROLLING THE  
STREETS  
FACE TO FACE

WE'D MEET  
YOU YESTERDAY  
MESSAGED  
I WONDER  
IF YOU'D  
FEEL  
THE SAME -  
SURE LOOK NICE  
YOU  
DON'T EVEN  
KNOW MY NAME  
TROIS.  
DEUX.  
UN,



# Tren al Sur

## Los Prisioneros

Siete y media en la mañana  
Mi asiento toca la ventana  
Estación central, segundo carro  
Del ferrocarril que me llevará al sur

Ya estas fierros van andando  
Y mi corazón esta saltando  
Porque me llevan a las tierras  
Donde al fin podré de nuevo  
Respirar adentro y hondo  
Alegrias del corazón, a ha ha

Y no me digas pobre  
Por ir viajando así  
No ves que estoy contento  
No ves que voy feliz

Dos y media en la mañana  
El olor se mete en la ventana  
Son flores y mis animales  
Que me dicen bienvenido al sur

Yo recuerdo a mi papito  
Y no me importa estar solito  
Porque me llevan a las tierras  
Donde al fin podré de nuevo  
Respirar adentro y hondo  
Alegrias del corazón  
Respirar adentro y hondo  
Alegrias del corazón

Y no me digas pobre  
Por ir viajando así  
No ves que estoy contento  
No ves que voy feliz  
Viajando en este tren  
En este tren al sur

Y no me digas pobre  
Por ir viajando así  
No ves que estoy contento  
No ves que voy feliz  
Viajando en este tren  
En este tren al sur.



Este libro fue terminado de editar durante el mes de diciembre del año 2020, en Santiago de Chile. Los materiales contenidos en él, fueron realizados en la asignatura de Artes Visuales, durante la temporada de clases a distancia, por pandemia COVID19, en el colegio San Esteban Diácono, por las profesoras Victoria Villar y Francisca Cifuentes. La unidad que abordan, tiene como objetivo explorar el lenguaje y la alfabetización visual, a través del arte de la Ilustración.

