

Carla Garlaschi

A Formula to Conquer the World

ISBN 978-91-637-0851-0
Stockholm April 2012

Translation by Alberto Busquilla

*If there is a God,
how can one tolerate not being God oneself?*

Friedrich Nietzsche

Translator's note

A text is a dangerous thing, filled with hidden traps and pitfalls, and it is the translator's particular privilege to discover but also to stumble and fall on them, to lose yourself or only come to learn that this time too you managed to survive although not knowing how. In the case of *How to be Someone* all this has become particularly clear, and as your translator I cannot withhold that the original text had some very peculiar properties which made it *almost* impossible to translate. In fact the original was written in a language that is still awaiting a proper name, a language that for the most part looks like English but here and there steals expressions and syntax from the Romance languages (mainly Chilean Spanish) and sometimes also blends a tablespoon of that obsolete German language spoken in Sweden (Swedish) into its composition. I can thus assure you that from the very beginning it was all too clear that the task of translating *How to be Someone* into English was destined to come to a struggle with the impossible. But I have tried ... tried moving back and forth between languages and estimated the text towards the simple criteria of making it *more* readable for the English-speaking reader.

The Translator

After long conversations in the garden with the one who has been my right hand during these years, accompanied by my faithful Trompo¹ wagging his tail, I have started to appreciate certain aspects of life I didn't value before, such as the boring afternoons on the sofa, watching a slow black and white film, eating the house speciality *pasta alla puttanesca* or one of those steaming hot pots that Raquel prepares on Wednesdays. Relaxed on the sofa I drink this *Söderblandning* tea of abounding aroma. In the drawings of the tea steam I can see the memoirs of a life that is as distant to me as the beginning of this career of the opportunist which has given me all the wealth that is now my property. While not denying I enjoy the luxuries I now have, like once in a while drinking a bottle Piper-Heidsieck Cuvée Rare 1988, the most precious of all treasures is still to own my own time and use it for doing nothing and everything whenever I want. Now things have changed a bit and I've become more dependent on help since I cannot get out that much during winter as my left knee hurts when it's cold. Fortunately, Raquel puts on aloe vera warm wipes spread with Peruvian honey (slightly more bitter than Argentinean) that her sister brings when she comes here once a year with news about Raquel's son and some of his increasingly figurative drawings mannered after Japanese Manga. It is not easy. Ulmo honey I stopped using long time ago because it is so fragrant it increased the blood pressure and I felt a kind of pumping in my veins, precisely those veins that go up from the temporal bone on the top of the ear, crossing the parietal down to the occipital bone, causing a severe shooting pain in the nape during moments I'd rather not mention here.

Talking about my workouts ... I haven't left boxing even though some people say I have, I just wear an angora rabbit wool pad to keep the knee warm and keep training. No, I won't go more into domestic details as I could spend many pages describing my routines. I should rather write about the list coming in the next pages and my reasons to think these notes could be helpful to someone starting his or her career, notes that partly remind me of teenage spirit and youth euphoria. In these notes everyone can find parts they may need, and perhaps it is good not to read them at one go but from time to time. I don't expect anyone to memorize them, or that they should appear in the university lecture hall, or even get into the book market or circulate among the students' photocopies and PDFs. The gesture of my text is mostly a way to explain certain events in my life which may have seemed doubtful to my friends who went through phases of newlyweds' morals. My actions have been guided by limitless devotion for a task that has led me to investigate into many schools, houses of friends (with or without a refrigerator), lovers, friend-lovers or lover-friends, several book stores and libraries and nameless cat-piss-stinking alleys. At times I have followed the crowd like the *hüiro*² follows the ocean, while at other I have embodied the *flaneur* as the most freshly newly showered and perfumed of the Romantics. Many were the places, the summer hits, the pelvic thrusts and other stuff, but it was always for the same reason – that thirst of wanting to eat the world like a watermelon, even though many say it is a pear whose axis is changed by 8 inches by every earthquake, thereby shortening its turning by 2.7 billionths of a second. Here I spit the seeds of this watermelon ...

From the first time I raised my head, my work has been a thaumaturgic chain of action built with an almost uninformed reckless task powered by this feeling of being far from where everything happens. I mean the emotional and intellectual provincialism and *malinchismo* which could definitely be said to be the product of the West's continuous invasion of Latin America, the occupation of the land and the destruction of the pre-Columbian places of worship in order to establish new rules.

However, what I do could never be the 'rescue of the native,' rather it is the antagonistic use of means and references that don't exist in the First World. Here my task is to do justice to history out of the impossible, "the failure of literature by means of the implacable exercise of literature."³ The Monopoly of the Gorilla, that political hierarchical *gorilloid* game repeated to boredom in The Banana Republic, has to be ended through an intelligent strategy. After the *Telenovela*, the continuous Domestic Tragedy, the hierarch must meet his parricide (who will just repeat his role).

Here I will develop the following:

- 1) The intent to conquer the position of the Hierarch, a Will to Power.
- 2) The conquest of Space time of the world.

The Conquest is needed as the object – the domain and authority of the hierarch – of the parricide's desire, as this domain isn't where he lives and works, but 'the outside.' The conquerable is always outside, so it is mandatory to "win by war operation"⁴ and have a strategy. My strategy I call:

Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering

Chichadelic is tropical rhythms that incite love and desire. Chichadelic is a style of music created in order not to feel sad in times of failure and depression, working as *gasofa afectiva*⁵ (emotional fuel). It is the sound of Amazonian and Andean music that originated in the '50s, a hybrid mirror of *el mestizaje*. Chichadelic is rooted in son, mambo, bolero, merengue, guagancó, cha cha, joropo, cumbia, rumba, guajira, conga, guaracha, huaynos, waltzes and polkas, blending them with rock sound effects such as delay, fuzz, overdrive and wah-wah to assimilate, nationalize and *acholar* (transform into the native culture) any foreign influence. Sometimes it also includes shamanism cosmogony and *ayahuasca* to achieve the true soundtrack of a *mestizo nation* – the utopia. In the beginning, by the late '50s, the Cuban Revolution confirms that *gringos* not only can't colonize the whole Latin American culture, but also that they cannot defeat these countries completely. During early '60s the coexistence but also the predominance of tropical rhythms instead of the "Anglo beat" is an evident fact. Chichadelic is also that rhythm which makes you feel good and gives you with a state of relief in "this marathon where the winner is not the one who comes first in place, but the one who endures."⁶ Chichadelic are the mint pills, *propoleo* sprays to relieve headaches, something the herbalists give in times of disappointment in the Monopoly of the Gorilla; the help when the eyes get tired of seeing double and want to see only one picture. When your mother says "What are you doing with your life?" and there are no more chocolates in her chocolate box hidden in her closet beneath her small perfume bottles and lace underwear, Chichadelic is there waiting as those sheets where the perfect beauties in the black and white films (Hiroshima Mon Amour, Casablanca ...) jump to escape fire or when they are about to commit suicide but change their mind. Chichadelic are those others you have known since long, the servants in the upper-middle class houses. Their songs are the ones that were there

when it was too embarrassing to ask them for shelter. Chichadelic are those people who are cleaning your house. Did they also have to clean your nose?

Chichadelic people smell of cheap perfume, cheap deodorant working so-so, mixed with their sweaty white-bread-fattened flesh. Sticky kisses of cheap lipstick, cheap fantasy perfumes. Like their equally fantastic stories of the devil and of the weeping woman mourning the death of her children (*La Llorona*) on a moonless muddy road where rabbits are dazzled by headlights.

All this kind of mythology seems to be half-owned by the people raised in the upper-middle class houses at the time it belonged to the other, the servant. Those people (the ones raised in upper-middle class houses) have inherited the musical taste of their servants as no one of their parents played Chichadelic music at home. This can also explain why many places in Santiago de Chile become fashionable by faking a popular image of red-and-white-squared printed plastic tablecloth, those expensive pubs with European province names (Liguria) where The Tennis Player, once offended when asked by European press if he was of Mapuche descent, shows his manliness by beating up other guys. All those males from the *corral*⁷ swarm the streets of Santiago City. Walking stodgily, they sharpen their teeth with canned food, because the meat they eat is *corral* females nursed with low-fat powder milk and bombarded with pictures of *hollywoodense* jet-set and European monarchies existing not forward or backward in their life, but a few suns away.

But the people of Chichadelic rarely reach the magazine covers (Hola). Instead they read the pirate version in the newspapers – the Chilean jet-set. And with more luck than the men and women from the corral (the Hollywood look-a-likes) they receive an almost divine aura, and the less the Chichadelic care about the jet-set life, the more they care for those saints-statues that they at least can visit in church and touch when they ask for favours, or glue onto them *Gracias* plackets or carvings in bronze, plastic, wood, cardboard or paper. There is more communication with the statue of that semi-divine human being who lived 2,000 years ago than with the jet-set idol living presently because the statue can be dressed and touched, and it can break if a beam falls from the ceiling. The statue gets a biography; it becomes mortal and brings its worshippers closer to death simultaneously as the wannabe Hollywood lookalike *jet-set criollos* engage in the constant poor resurrection of youth by stretching wrinkles in Brazilian clinics.

That is why the vision of Chichadelic has much more solidness than the jet-set lifestyle promoted by the Mall. Because Chichadelic is vulgar. And it inhabits the houses of the people with some economic influence from within, through the kitchen and the servants' transistor radios and cell phones. This is the true appropriation, silent and effective, invisible and ever present, and it will never disappear as the *utopias con hielo*⁸ of those who speak of equal rights for the workers and a better educational system.

Gonzo Engineering is the uninformed construction of an object; the process when something is made almost by mistake but turns out good; the homemade weapons to fight against the Power of the Centre⁹; the will to have “a style that constrains, anguish and repugnates the reader-viewer while inexorably attracting him or her.”¹⁰

An unknown amateur on the Internet, Mr. Nobody, declares the rules:

- 1) Be Optimistic
- 2) Be Willing to Cheat and Steal
- 3) Throw Away What You Don't Need
- 4) Embrace Your Impatience

That is that silly faithfulness of the optimist, the one represented by the peasant and the rural people. In this optimism there is an ignorance of how things work or how things are structurally organized, but this is not a problem or something to worry about. It is not a religious optimism (“God is Love,” 1 John 4:8,16) at any rate, but the optimism learned through commercials for chocolate milk with vitamins and minerals. It is a *pichulero*¹¹ and a kind of gangster psychology that affirms “Everything is Possible.” That baseless positive thinking embodied by Pangloss (in Voltaire’s *Candide*) or closer in time by Michael Shermer’s *Why People Believe in Weird Things: Pseudoscience, Superstition, and Other Confusions of Our Time*. In this book the author describes how “smart people” are more susceptible to believing in weird things, like people who trust in tarot or believe in aliens and leave their academic jobs to study UFO sightings in more depth, or like the recipient of the US Honour Medal, Admiral Byrd, who in his diaries talks about the existence of a civilization in the centre of the earth with its entrance located at the South Pole.

Being optimistic can also mean that kind of self-deception by which The Tennis Player visualizes himself winning for the sake of winning. It is a pretty simple thing, but not easy to carry out, that requires constant focus on imagining oneself winning prizes and getting standing ovations from the crowd. But – for unknown reasons or through sheer will – the optimist’s dreams are always achieved, resulting in a strange *déjà vu*. The optimist then thinks that he or she is getting signs, but it is he or she is who invents them. To adopt this attitude it is necessary not to be ashamed or afraid of being ridiculous. People who always mow the lawn when going to the summer cottage will always make jokes saying that even their children or dog could have done the work you do. Try to avoid these comments. Go on and assume it is a phase. If you are easily hurt by words you have to learn to be able to eat shit.

*Miénteme como siempre
por favor miénteme,
necesito creerte, convénceme,
miénteme con un beso que parezca de amor,
necesito quererte, culpable o no*¹²

Lie to me as always
Please lie to me,
I need to believe you, convince me,
Lie to me with a kiss that seems like love
I need to love you, guilty or not

As one person sometimes isn’t enough for doing all the duties or covering all the expenses, the work or diligence of another person could be an important help. Here comes the asking-for-favours part. In the beginning, ask someone in an elegant and courteous way to do what you want. The reason doesn’t matter because it is just the will. The subordinate is given an amount of money in payment for the time and commitment invested in the undertaking. Sometimes he or she could also be compensated with dinner, a drink or a dance. If what you need is beyond the scope of what you can give in return, you can take it, steal it and always have a solid theoretical argument that moves within an academic framework. It is important not to be *delincuente en el barrio*¹³, not to steal from colleagues and close friends. As friends however are part of a *círculo de proximidad* they could easily become your first victims of robbery since “[...] *plagiarism is necessary. It is implied in the idea of progress. It clasps the author’s sentence tight, uses his expressions, eliminates a false idea, replaces it with the right idea.*”¹⁴ Colleagues may steal from you, too. It is inevitable as a part of being close. Your immediate family could also be affected, but unlike friends stolen from, family can be calmed down with a white lie. As they are family, they will always forgive you. Asking for money without returning anything is a viable option sometimes, but it is recommendable not to make it a habit.

Enough for now about stealing. Considering cheating, the more passports you have, the better. This is mostly considered an advantage; most people only have one passport. Having many

nationalities you can apply for art funding in different countries. Always use the most appropriate for the occasion. Part of the trick is to be lucky, which is inherent to Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering. But in comparison to cheating it is actually more important to be on your watch, be constantly vigilant and investigate into stuff, be it the Internet, friends, parties, discussions or bulletin boards and posters on the street in order to find out and get your hands on what is offered by a city or country. Charm is also part of it, and physical attraction is a key to some people, especially men. Some people may think this is unfair, but in practice it's the Law of Jungle and there's no way to change it. Fake letters, fake identities, fake material can be used sometimes. If the viewer feels a bit outraged, it always has to be dealt with in an elegant way. Many people like to be cheated with elegance and beauty. Sucking of private parts is not a clear option, although it is a possibility as the very last resort in times of real despair.

Considering the very product of your work, an excellent presentation makes the basis for a sensual and seductive outcome. It is important to keep the viewer's eyes focused – “Look at me! Take care of me!” – and reach that hypnotic aura of Byzantine icons.

The boundaries are diffuse. When confusion comes, these principles are in danger. Stay vigilant. It is important to look in the mirror once in a while and say “Who the fuck am I?” and remember that you will die. Don't wear a watch. Do not forget that some things are lies, which doesn't mean that you are a lie. Basically, this is what you can do to survive. Review every now and then the principles of Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering, most of all the Be Optimistic part.

*When the police came next morning, I pointed out to them an enormous turdlying in the snow outside the garage. 'They nearly always do that,' one of the cops told me. 'They can't help it. They're scared.'*¹⁵

Throw Away What You Don't Need and get rid of personal or recycled sentimentalism in order to transform it into something else to avoid times of stagnation and paralysis. The Enemy #1 of Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering is the *Telenovela*, the Domestic Tragedy. In terms of physics, *energy cannot be created or destroyed but transforms*¹⁶, and a good purgative for emotional toxins caused by the *Telenovela* is a cathartic work phase once or twice a year to keep your temper in check. Do not wear jeans. Get rid of unnecessary fear for powerful people and remember that they also need to eat and take a leak. Try not to believe in God(s).¹⁷ Instead, take responsibility for your actions and don't ask an invisible third party to give the assistance you never know when it will come.

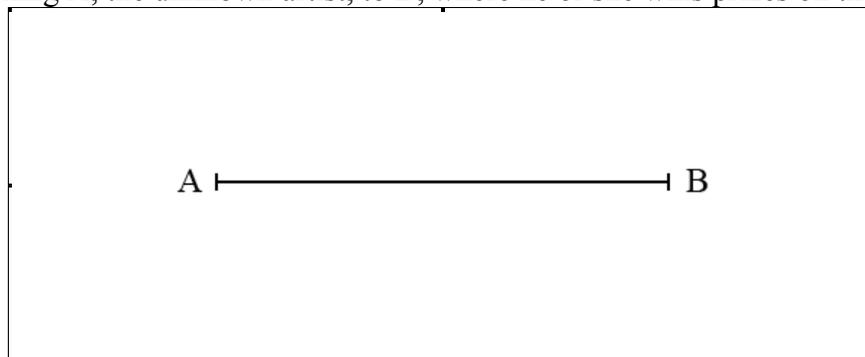
Get rid of Granma's ideas of what is good for you and other expectations. This is one of the hardest things as this morality often comes wrapped in *telenovelesco tul*. You must stop being hypnotized. Her idea of good behaviour could paralyze you.

Regarding social life and smiles it is important to be careful and *no gastarse* (“don't waste yourself”), because you could end up spending lots of time visiting nice people or having long lasting dinners. You could run the risk of living in “the parent constellation of the bourgeoisie”,¹⁸ which of course is not bad and a personal choice, but it would certainly be a distraction to an artist's inquiries. The warning is that too much mundane activity could be harmful.

La paciencia es la madre de la ciencia, could be explained with a counter example: when wanting everything now you lose perspective and that Zen state of the Adult who by being patient gets things done, that attitude which hopes that after death the Gates to the Afterlife of Ghiberti or Rodin will open.¹⁹ It is a totally valid way to see it, but as time is short we want

the success to arrive soon, the sooner the better. It is no longer fashionable longer to die to become a respected artist – it is maybe better to get arrested or censured²⁰ –, perhaps because the life expectancy has increased through the centuries? Embrace Your Impatience is not the Visa credit card slogan “Because Life is Now” but the impatience that forbids you to sit down for the only purpose of warming up the seat, the common practice of bureaucracy. I talk about having the attitude of the lynx. This attitude has infuriating sides which may give you stomach ache, headache, shivering eyes. It is like the hunger you experience when you wake up after a long sleep, a hunger that can be satisfied either by toast with avocado, pizza, hamburger, oat meal or fruit salad (who knows all the weird stuff people with hangovers eat). There are so many different occasions in daily life when you need to get sharp. And please do not go offering business cards! Try to talk to those who have found their position in life even if they already have their territories²¹ that they of course will not share. Occasionally however, they could invite you to watch their territories from their balcony or have a look in their books or for cocktails. Happy days, they could even show you that they have mercy and were once like you and give you their leftovers. For those people, usually older people, the hunger is like the one that comes after a nap, the hunger of eating just a bit more to continue the party. The lucky ones have the luxury of having children, something that is almost insufferable if you are an emerging artist. The noise of the buses and the children screaming and crying will break you down, and unless you have a well-to-do family or a 50+ idle mother that can take care of her grandchildren, it is recommended not to be impatient about having children. Instead, collect something and get yourself a dog.

In other words, one of the Axioms of Euclidean Geometry declares *infinite set of points form a straight line*, so if the shortest distance between A and B is a straight line, you want your story to begin at A and end at B. This means doing infinite actions and having possibilities in the way of taking A, the unknown artist, to B, where he or she wins prizes on the TV news.



Impatience is inversely proportional to the goals achieved. If the body gets tired of partying ... well that is not a problem for the young ... take vitamins, use creams and exercise; keep the blood pumping.

Impatience does not make you blind; it lets the abyss between one action and another become visible. Impatience could suddenly open up as a transgenic hormone brainstorming momentum of the truth of the drunk.

Country: Chile
 Sex: Male
 Age: 32
 Height: 1.80 m
 Turned Pro: 1996
 Career prize money: \$7,475,476
 Plays: Right-handed (two-handed backhand)

The Tennis Player is the polished version of The Football Player. He is like a kind of tamed unicorn left to soak in *Boldo* leaf water. Slightly bleached, having his most curly hair shaved. He makes a lonely appearance in Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering, deeply focused in front of a better or worse reflection of himself. He also learned to play when looking at the reflection of the windows at the garden of his parents' house.

The Tennis Player is not for sale as The Football Player and does not represent any sport association. The Tennis Player goes to fancy clubs and the broadcast gala of *Festival Internacional de la Canción de Viña del Mar*²³ accompanied by Brazilian top models. He is the perfect representative of the upper-middle class. He has many people around him in charge of the towels and the ball boys are his servants while playing. The Tennis Player is the winner of the Fair Play Prize. The Tennis Player hogs the limelight.

Monopoly of the Gorilla is the essential *Chupacabra*²⁴ system as the repercussion and resulting effect of Colonialism. It means the Nepotism where the Gorilla always wins the presidential elections in the Banana Republic. Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering considers the Gorilla the absolute ruler who locks power within a pyramidal structure. From the bigger boss to the smaller, from Big Fish to the Dwarf Pygmy Goby. The Gorilla shouts excitedly and it reverberates all through his hierarchical tree. The Gorilla is visceral. He calms down by copulating with *Telenovela* TV stars. He always does what he says and his temper is infectious and could also be found amongst the heads of large corporations. A giant ape of ferocious passion, capable of anything, like King Kong. Monopoly of the Gorilla is an unfair game. He who doesn't like it is better off leaving. Monopoly of the Gorilla does not save the world.

A beautiful tiny island where the sun is always shining. The best picture of it is like a splendid aerial sight from a Grumman Goose G-21²⁵ two-propeller amphibian airplane arriving to the land of clear waters. Good location for getting the best shots used by travel agencies' advertising for a holiday in tropical countries. Once you have arrived on solid ground there are plenty of servants. Everyone smiles and the best food is offered, the host will take you to the best streets so you don't have to see the homely parts of the city or countryside (like the case of the ex-US president Bill Clinton's arrival to Chile when the road from the airport to the city had just been fixed). This is the state of those nations that live on the sale of pieces of land to foreign capital, and as the moneyed classes flees the banking system, the very trunk of the national tree is permitted to rot and crash.²⁶ The Monopoly of the Gorilla is the governmental system implemented in those republics. All types of criminals are received well as long as they pay – even VIP Nazis. The Banana Republic produces drugs and imports stuff, its inhabitants party and work like maniacs but depression could leave them impotent. The Banana Republic lives in chaos. The situation is covered up well by raising more funds to

promote culture.

Telenovela

The *Telenovela* is like the Paralyser Ray Gun in the sci-fi movie Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars: The Beauty Queen plays the main part. It's the perfect recipe for escape, for women and men alike. While the characters of the Greek tragedy are of political significance, the characters in the *Telenovela* usually only have money and the drama revolves around simple conflicts like the wealthy family against the poor, and other binaries such as love against power and so on. The amount of make-up foundation cream is important. The episodes follow each other while the characters, mysteriously enough, are almost never working but always presenting an appearance of extreme passion as if they were under the constant influence of some drug, the men on cocaine, the women on methamphetamine or marijuana. The characters become some sort of catalogue of Latino stereotypes. Suffering is a big part of the enjoyment, and to sob while watching TV series interrupted by mobile phone commercials is a common practice. The *Telenovela* chapter is the parallel to the bolero singer. Each of his hit songs are a broken heart eternally bleeding. *Telenovela* is Enemy #1 of Chichadelic Gonzo Engineering because it incites us to step into a paralyzing sentimentalism.

Country: Chile

Sex: Female

Age: 26

Height: 1.72 m

Weight: 57 kg

Career Prize Money: She refused to share this information.

She frequently appears on TV wearing a golden trikini. She has amazing puma eyes, generous derriere and breasts. She was once told to "be very aware of the world around you and present your opinions in a way which is both poised and charming."²⁷ Thanks to her diligence she is at the top of the pyramid according to the Strip Club Pyramidal Theory.²⁸ When she's winning the beauty crown, she cries to the masses, fed with success and angry with hunger. She has everything but her own body. She always apologized by the metaphysical laws of sex appeal. The things she says are published in news papers with Happy Endings. During daytime she busies herself with creating scandals by showing up in public places without underwear; or performing 'the leg crossing scene' and accidentally showing her sex to the audience of *Festival Internacional de la Canción de Viña del Mar*,²⁹ or giving her Italian lover a blow job in Miami,³⁰ or causing her Drug Lord boyfriend to get caught by the police by writing her adress on Facebook. She once gave premature birth to a daughter who died because she didn't follow the pediatrician's advice to avoid taking the baby out for a weekend on the beach. She also leaves The Football Player and marries The Tennis Player.



He is a son of a sad and poor spirit and works in his father's company. He doesn't have financial problems and spends his life maudlin for the moment when he can start study and pick up the career imposed upon him by his parents. He is so unfortunate that he doesn't even dare to silently curse his destiny. He has a cyber girlfriend with newly-operated breasts and nose, and he sends large sums of money to her whilst she is posting photos on Facebook where she's having umbrella drinks together with her *papichulo*.³¹ Mr. Nobody has in fact several cyber dates. His hobbies are related to crafts: Surrealist watercolour painting and piano lessons. He grows and smokes his own marijuana and knows tasty recipes for all kinds of cupcakes with grass. With his hobbies he can be very successful thanks to the large amount of time he's spending on them, sometimes entire days. He is *almost* a hacker and doesn't have sex very often. Docile Mr. Nobody is always helpful, and in return you should be kind to him (though that's not difficult since he is always kind), but don't give him money because he has more than enough.

“Did your benefactor unravel such secrets?”

“No, he didn’t.”³²

Finally, I have showed you my positional map, revealed my tactics and showed the invisible sides of the mentioned situations and characters that you may find on the long road of Conquest. After all my directions, I inevitably come to the point where I have to say my very last word. For this what could be better than going back to the casseroles ... just as when the daughter-in-law asks her mother-in-law for the recipe of the her son’s favorite course, and the mother gives it away but doesn’t mention the X ingredient, in order to keeping the love of her son untouchable. Do as she (the mother) and keep your deepest secret unreachable. Do not write it anywhere so someone can read it. If you write diaries, burn them every ten years. This is the last but the most necessary test, the most difficult task to follow, because by hiding your secret you could run the risk of forgetting it. As those buckets filled up with sand, I could maybe help you stop the burning of your secret and tell you how to get back your secret once forgotten, but since I’m not a philanthropist ... that’s not my job.

The “unknown amateur in internet, Mr. Nobody” is actually not unknown but could be identified as Dr. Olivia Koski, a NY-based engineer and journalist who formerly earned a living manipulating light for an aerospace company and who is writing for magazines like *Popular Mechanics* and *Wired.com*.

¹ From Spanish, “Twister” in English.

² Common name for varied and abundant seagrass on the coast of Chile.

³ Rafael Conte in his prologue to Bataille’s *Literature and Evil*.

⁴ Definition for *conquista*, dictionary Real Academia Española.

⁵ Term used by José María Feliú.

⁶ Nicolás Grum publishes in a business newspaper “Nicolas Grum wants to be the World Champion of Artists,” attaching his mobile phone number. The phrase quoted is the conclusion after Romina (anonymous person) calls Grum and gives him an advice for his career as an artist.

⁷ In urban Chile the expression “coming from the corral” *ser de la chacra* is used to point at people living in the countryside.

⁸ Joaquín Sabina, song *El Café de Nicanor* from the album *Dímelo en la Calle*, 2002.

⁹ Rudolf Arnheim, *The Power of the Centre*, 1974.

¹⁰ Rafael Conte in his prologue to Bataille’s *Literature and Evil*.

¹¹ Chilean slang for charlatan.

¹² Luis Miguel, Latin American Pop Star. Song *Culpable o No (Míenteme como siempre)* from the album *Un Hombre Busca una Mujer*, 1988.

¹³ Chilean popular saying which means “Don’t be a delinquent in your own neighbourhood.”

¹⁴ Comte de Lautréamont, *Poésies*, 1870.

¹⁵ Roald Dahl, *Switch Bitch* Stories published by *Playboy* magazine, 1974.

¹⁶ Physics Law of Conservation of Energy.

¹⁷ European Buddhism.

¹⁸ Hermann Hesse, *Steppenwolf*, 1927.

¹⁹ Ghiberti, *Gates of Paradise*; Rodin, *Gates of Hell*.

²⁰ For example Ai Wei Wei and Pål Hollender.

²¹ Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*, 1515.

²² Information based on the average of the three most successful Chilean Tennis Players in the last two decades: Marcelo Ríos, Fernando Gonzalez, Nicolas Massú.

²³ Latin American version of Eurovision Song Contest.

²⁴ An animal said to exist in parts of Latin America, where it supposedly attacks animals, especially goats. – ORIGIN Spanish, literally ‘goatsucker’, from *chupar* ‘to suck’ + *cabra* ‘goat’. Oxford Dictionary of English, 2010.

²⁵ Used in the TV Series *Fantasy Island* (1977–84).

²⁶ O. Henry, *Cabbages and Kings*, 1904.

²⁷ “Confessions of a Beauty Queen,” published June 24, 2009, <http://ezinearticles.com/?Confessions-of-a-Beauty-Queen&id=2501242>

²⁸ Francisco Morán Valdes, 2011.

²⁹ *Festival Internacional de la Canción de Viña del Mar* is broadcast mostly in Latin America and some states of the US.

³⁰ Miss Universe 1987, Cecilia Bolocco.

³¹ Sugar Daddy.

³² The Teachings of Don Juan, Carlos Castaneda