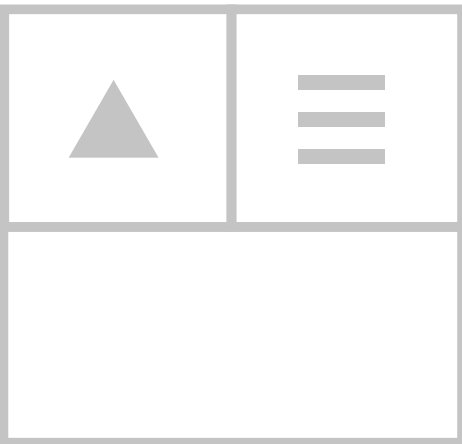




VLP AGENCY

CHILEAN
DELEGATION
20-24 OCTOBER







INTRODUCTION






To define Chile, even from its origins, there are many voices. Some of them say that its name comes from the Trile bird (*Xanthornus cayenensis*) that, when flying over the skies, sings “thrile”, which later evolved into Chile. Others claim that it comes from the Quechua word 'chiri', which means cold or snow, as the tall mountain range of Los Andes, which crosses it from north to south, or like the crystalline glaciers. However, the most accepted definition would come from the Aymara word “chilli”, which has two meanings: “the end of the world” and “the deepest place on Earth”.

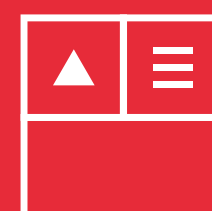
Chilean literature has a position as a Latin American referent, writing its own history, yesterday thanks to the poetry of its Nobel Prizes Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Neruda, today with a well-stocked ecosystem of books that enables one to integrate aesthetical, symbolic, cultural, and politic values to the debate.

In 2020, the pandemic crashed into the reality of the world, and also of the publishing industry. The difficulties went from the logistics in the chain of production to the intermittent closure of the markets. However, the Chilean publishing scene was able to do the unthinkable, and digital and physical copies in all genres followed an upward trend.

According to the 2020 statistical report by the ISBN agency, digital publications grew in an historical 166.9%, compared to 2019. Physical books did not stay out of the explosion of publications, and grew in a 15.96%.

In this ecosystem, as well, the coexistence of digital and physical books was complementary. While university and academic publishers are successful with the digital books, there are also those who mix physical and digital, installing specialized topics with a bold design, and those who deliver entertainment, understanding, and adventures to children in innovative formats and materials that favor the experience of reading physical books. Because the 10 publishing houses that have arrived to the Frankfurt Book Fair, thanks to the coordination of the Ministerio de las Culturas, las Artes y el Patrimonio, through the Consejo Nacional del Libro y la Lectura and the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores through ProChile, is only the tip of the iceberg of a very talented literary industry based on Chile, which is nowadays looking forward to internationalize their catalogues.





INTERVIEW



INTERVIEW

VLP AGENCY

VIVIAN LAVÍN

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Dialogues between continents are the specialty of this literary agency, which works to broaden knowledge and literature, insisting that it makes no sense for knowledge to be kept within four walls and far from society. We talked about it with Vivian Lavín, a journalist who has hosted the literary program Vuelan las Plumas for 20 years on Radio Universidad de Chile, and for the last three years she has been a literary agent: a "traveling saleswoman of books and authors at the service of the export of creativity from Chile and Latin America", as she defines herself.



INTERVIEW
VLP AGENCY**What is it like to work with the diversity of authors you work with?**

The VLP Agency represents 15 publishers and nearly 20 authors. What is interesting is the wide range of registers and genres: children's, youth, fiction, comics, graphic narrative... Illustrators as well. Chile is producing at a very high level. The feedback I receive from foreign publishers and agents is that they are surprised by the quality of the work of Chilean publishers and authors. And they congratulate me for having such a solid and robust exportable offer, which is due to the merit of the authors and publishers I represent.

The VLP Agency has already exported to Asia-Pacific, which is one of the markets on which it has focused since the beginning. What do you look at to recognize which works have the potential to fulfill this task?

At first, I thought the important thing was to know what the Asian market, or the Chinese market, for example, might like. However, the key is to find publishers with the same sensibility, which is called "matching". That is the main thing. I have been amazed that Korean and Spanish publishers are presented with the same book and it fits them both perfectly. For example, the graphic novel "Juan Valiente" (Liberalia, 2019), which tells the story of an African slave who later became captain under Pedro de Valdivia, in the period of the Conquest, it has already been acquired by the French publisher Mosquito Editions, and now I have an offer from Spain. Clt is a Chilean graphic novel, but it also deals with the whole African migration to America, which is of interest to the French, and to the Spanish, because of the character of Pedro de Valdivia. Or the graphic novel "Hijo de Ladrón" (Son of a Thief),

which celebrates 70 years since the publication of the original novel and which we have sold to Brazil. One might wonder why this Brazilian publisher is interested in a book like this, so Chilean, and the answer is that this publisher has a selection of books in which this graphic novel dialogues with its entire collection. It's about finding that perfect publisher for the books and authors we represent.

The internationalization of VLP Agency is an example at Chilean and even Latin American level of how culture is exported and continues to scale new territories. What are your next objectives as an agency?

When I look back, I see that we have achieved important milestones, such as exporting wonderful books, important for us, for our culture, and for those small publishers who are seeing how their works are being translated and published in unimagined territories. But the truth is that we are just starting and it is a long-term race. I aim to achieve greater sustainability over time. This is a business with a lot of variation. The pandemic hit us Chileans and those of us who live on this side of the world very hard, because unlike the Europeans, who continued to trade frantically, we were left out a little bit. The VLP Agency has been in business for three years, two of which have been spent in the middle of a universal pandemic. I aspire to understand and know this business better and look for better ways to be able to connect authors and books with publishers who are interested in the offer we have selected for them.

VLP AGENCY

Dozens of signatures and authors have already come to VLP Agency to take part. This is not only a sign of the excellent internationalization work they have done, bringing different continents into dialogue. It also reflects the need and urgency of professionalization required by the Chilean publishing industry. For its director, Vivian Lavín, there is no sense nor reason for knowledge to remain within four walls, locked up, gathering dust. For this reason, the agency, which has illustrators and publishers from Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Colombia, and Spain, is determined to conquer the most distant territories of the planet to broaden the horizons of reading.



ISBN 978-956-09410-0-8



LITERATURE. Fiction and Non-Fiction
Catalog
Year 2021

Among the strengths of this agency is a rich catalog of literature. Here we find *Las Marías*, *Nadar a oscuras*, *Hasta ya no ir* y otros textos, *Una vida encantadora*, *La hija de Inés*, *Coyhaiqueer*, *Allegados*, *Víctor 1907*, *Capello*, *Demonios vagos*, *Foto de portada* y otros cuentos, *Tony ninguno*, *La colección de los tulipanes negros*, *La traición de Borgues*, *Dibujos de Hiroshima*, and *Yo no era feminista*, just to name a few of the 26 books of literature with which VLP Agency travels to expand through the literary shelves of the world.

ISBN 978-956-3247-49-7



CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS. Non-FICTION
Catalog
Year 2021

An exquisite selection of 10 titles that can be read from 3 to 10 years old, including *Viaje Natural*, *¿Estamos solos en el universo?*, *Todos somos arquitectos*, *¡Fiesta! Cómo se celebra en América*, *Amor animal*, *una loca conquista*, *Julio Gálvez y la piedra Huamanga*, *Tablas de Sarwa*, *Cuando grande quiero ser*, *Juguemos a saludarnos*, and *De los pies a la cabeza*. Here education, understanding of the environment and awareness of the self are at the heart.

ISBN n/a



CHILDREN AND TEENAGERS. Fiction
Catalog
Year 2021

This catalog is not only beautifully selected, but also divided into crucial moments for children. VLP Agency organizes this huge collection into Toddlers -with 6 texts - Children from 4 to 5 years old -with 15 books - Children from 6 to 8 years old -with 16 works - Children from 9 to 11 years old -with 11 titles- and Young Adults, from 12 years old onward, with 6 creations.

ISBN 956-362-7-199



COMIC BOOKS AND ILLUSTRATED Catalog Year 2021

The breadth of graphic books and comic books allows for an enormous catalog of this area, full of colors, life, and content. It is divided into nine children's titles, eight women's titles, nine graphic novels, and four editions that allude to recent Chilean history in images. A must-have collection.

ISBN 978-956-09535-0-6



VIAJE NATURAL (NATURAL JOURNEY)

Authors. Josefina Hepp, Vivian Lavín, María José Arce

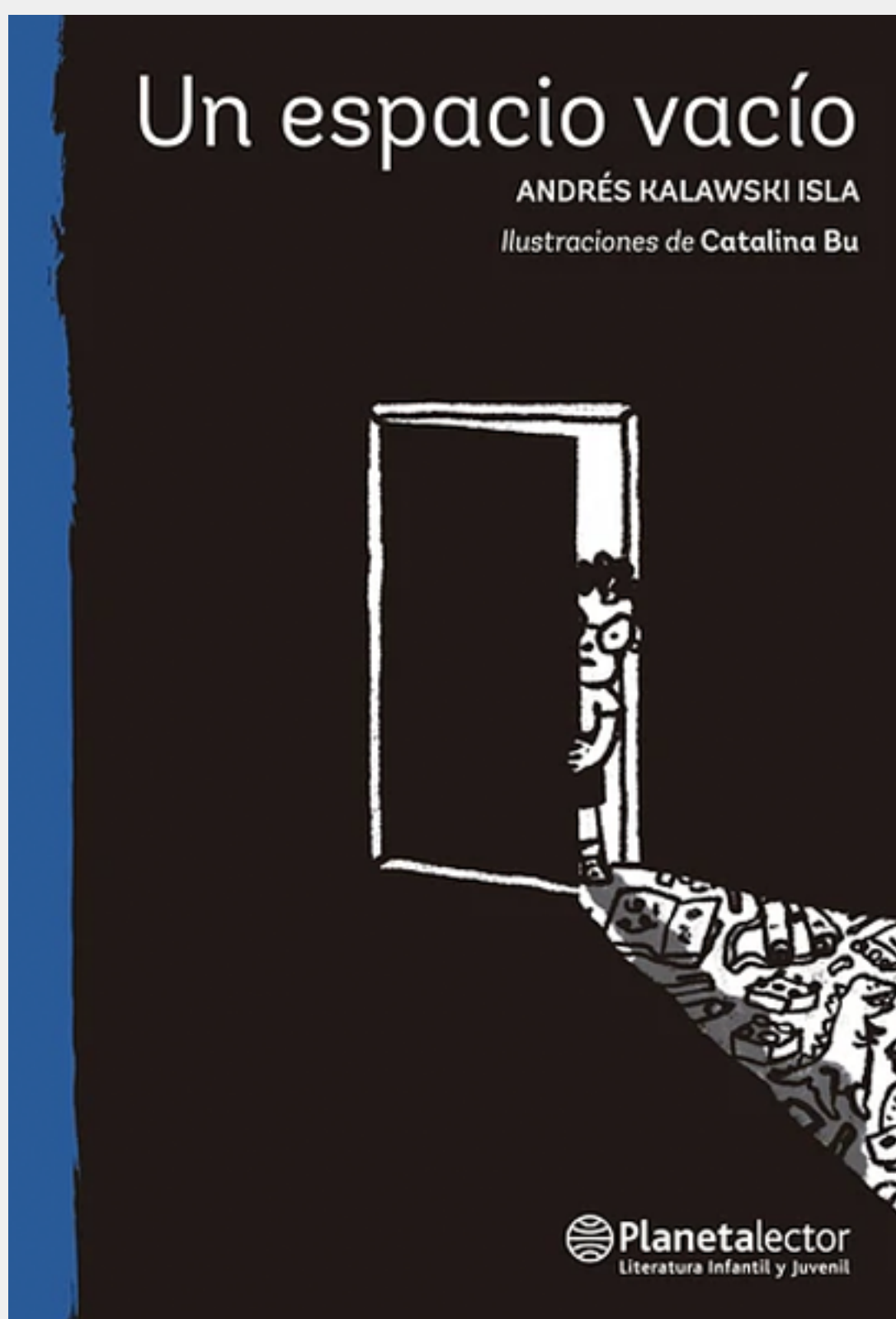
Genre. Narrative - Non-Fiction

Year 2021

This book seeks to relieve the outdated tension between art and science, to approach nature with wonder at its forms and colors, but without distracting us from our main task, to learn from it and listen to its call in the midst of the climate crisis. Beauty is pleasurable, and botanical illustration is the art that allows us to enter the botanical world through our senses. But it is also a scientific record that provides botanists and scholars with subtle and accurate representations that no technology or device can reproduce.



EXCERPTS



UN ESPACIO VACÍO
(AN EMPTY SPACE)

Author. Andrés Kalawski
Illustrations. Catalina Bu
Genre. Fiction
60 pages
ISBN 978-956-3601-19-0

For Gonzalo Saavedra

Dear Diary:

This is the first thing I'm writing. I have never had a personal diary, but it seems that one always has to begin by writing that: "Dear diary". It seems that one also has to write what day it is, but I never know what day it is. Every time I wake up, I want it to be Saturday, which is the day I like the most, but I almost never get it right.

I used to try to answer when they would ask "what day is it?" at school. I would spend the afternoon memorizing "Monday, Monday, Monday" (and I would move my head fast to speak to my own ear), but when I asked them they said no, it was another day, it was not Monday anymore. So I stopped trying.

Dear diary:

Last time I began writing I forgot to put what I had thought, which is this: I started this diary because in this house
very strange.

things happen. My
mom used
to live here
when she was little.

I used
to live

elsewhere, but I
live here now. This
house has a
backyard and I
have a room
for me.

.
It is big, the windows are too high and they don't close right. There is a light in the whole house that I
had never seen. Is there a way to capture the light of a place and save it? I wish we could have light
as a pet.

There is also a backyard and in the backyard there are some boards lying on the ground, with the
paint peeling off in pieces.
I'm going out to play.

I can't stand my mom grounding me over my messy room anymore. I always put everything away.
Plus, when I tell her it was not me, my mom says that she doesn't like it when I lie and begins to cry. It
makes me angry and it makes me sad. We live in this house now. My mom says that I have to get
used to it, that I have to make the most of the backyard. That I have more space here and a room just
for me, but that we must not make a mess. She also says it is normal that I miss my friends from the
building, but that she can't stand my tantrums and that this is difficult for everyone.
I told my mom that I didn't make a mess, but she didn't believe me. I already wrote that but it is
important and you have to repeat important stuff.

It is true that my things are everywhere now, but I am sure that I had put them in their place. Although
maybe my mom is right and this is like my thing with the days of the week. Maybe I make a mess
and then I forget.
I'll have to keep an eye on myself.

Being angry and sad I forgot to put "dear diary", dear diary, but in diaries one must not erase or
correct anything, because they are for posterity, for when I'm grown up and I've forgotten about
everything. "Posterity" is a new word, it means "the after". I try to collect new words, but I confuse
them a lot and I'm embarrassed of misusing them. For example, when I was younger, I would ask for
a "stabbing of cereal" instead of "a handful". Now I just ask for "a bowl".
One writes a diary for posterity. Although if I as a grown up forget everything about I as a kid, how am
I going to remember I wrote a diary in order to remember?
I'll think about that while I keep an eye on myself.

Dear diary:

I haven't been sleeping well. I'm sleepy in classes and I have trouble focusing. My mom is worried.
Our school is going to a cookie factory tomorrow. The cookie factory was like this: it smelled a lot like
cookie and after a while we didn't feel like eating anymore. There was a place where they checked
them out to see if any had something weird. They also showed us a video with the history of cookies.
Everyone used a coat and a small hat. It was like a grandma or lunchroom lady uniform.

My sister makes these drawings (dear diary). I tell her everything. She barely speaks, but she draws
really well. I'm supposed to be the only one allowed to read this diary (are you, the me of posterity,

reading this now? If not, you should stop reading. Personal diaries are personal). My sister has the right to read it because she only looks at the pages I asked her to draw in. Also because she doesn't know how to read too well, so it doesn't matter.

I can't draw like her. When I ask her how she does it, she just shrugs.

Dear diary, I think I already know why I'm not sleeping well: I hear these noises close to me during the night. Like music, but out of tune. It must be the upstairs neighbors. Tomorrow I got to go to ask them not to be so loud so late.

Dear diary:

So there's no upstairs neighbors. My mom, my dad, my sister and I used to live in an apartment before. We had upstairs and downstairs neighbors. Sometimes the smell of food would go up from the apartment below. It was salty and sweet food. I think something with pumpkin.

At other times my mom would hit the roof with a broom to ask the upstairs neighbors to quiet down. One time she let me do it and I dropped the broom on my head, but I didn't cry.

We later came to live here with my sister and my mom. My dad no longer lives with us anymore. Since this is a one-story house, we have no upstairs neighbors or downstairs neighbors. When I told my mom the noise from the neighbors of the other apartment wasn't letting me sleep, she began to cry. She cries a lot, lately. I guess I should have paid attention to this thing with houses not having upstairs or downstairs neighbors sooner, but I've been very busy. I can't manage to think about everything.

Where do those late-night noises come from?

Dear diary:

I don't like writing at school. The professor says that we shouldn't repeat words, that using the same word several times is inelegant. The problem is that if I am telling the story of a coin I lost, I have to repeat the word "coin". The professor says we can use another similar word, but I'm not convinced; or that I can say "that thing which I lost" instead of simply saying coin, coin, coin (when the professor gets mad, she repeats words).

When I am a grown up, I will let my children write as they like. If you're my me from posterity, the one reading, remember this.

Dear diary:

I'm sure this house has something strange about it. I kept an eye on myself all afternoon. I was in the kitchen eating a pear when my mom came saying that my room was all messy again. I told her it wasn't me, that I had kept an eye on myself, but when I go to see, everything was lying everywhere. My mom is super angry. I am as well, but she's angry with me and she still doesn't believe I kept everything in order. Besides, if I had thrown stuff everywhere, I wouldn't have put them like this, far away, stuck to the wall. When I make a mess, I use all available space.

Now I have to keep everything away again, so I can't keep writing.

Dear diary:

When my mom has to go out and she can't take us with her, she asks grandpa to look after us. I like it and she doesn't let me stay with my grandpa. I like it because he gives me candies (I've stashed a lot of the candies he has given me) and because he lets me inside the library and look at the books with a golden edge on each page. They have strange titles. The ones I like the most are Anthology, Complete

Works, and Nobel Prizes, selection.

I also like it because he listens to tangos on a little radio that he carries around the house. Tango is a music with weird pauses and it has this sound of rubbing dirt with your hands. It's nothing like the songs at school. But I don't like him because he repeats stuff. Mom says repeating stories is a right old people get to have. Grandpa always tells the same stories about when he lost his job and his family was left with no money and then after a while he tells it again. And he also sleeps all of a sudden. That's why I don't like him, but I also like him. And he doesn't call me "grandson" or "Felipe". He calls me "friend".

Dear diary, when I have a rabbit I'll name him Constato. The word "constato" means "I make sure", my mom says, and it's not used as a name, but grandpa agrees it would be a really good name for a rabbit. I want to have a rabbit and teach him to hunt for his own vegetables.

Dear diary, what I write today has no drawings because my sister went out. I made a discovery. Every time mom scolds me because my stuff is lying everywhere in my room, there is an empty space between my stuff. A big space, like the size of a couch. I'd like to explain it with a drawing, but my sister isn't here (I already told you this, but I repeat it because it's important). I don't think I can wait until she gets back. I will draw myself.

My room looks like this:

Dear diary, there is not a night I don't hear noise anymore.

Other stuff that's happened:

1. My sister is back. This is a drawing of her walk:
2. I was very sleepy in the morning and could only wake up by focusing on finding a good name for a

soccer team.

3. I hit myself twice with one of the kitchen furniture. Mom says it's because I'm growing and cuddles my head. The good thing about growing is that you get cuddles. The bad thing is that it hurts.
4. There is a raspberry plant in the backyard, next to the fence. It has small thorns and no raspberry right now, but there is a lizard that always lies there in the sun.
5. Dad said he would take me out during the weekend.
6. The next door house has two trees with branches that extend into this house. One is called persimmon and the other loquat. The loquat has the prettiest core there is. Grandpa says that when persimmons appear I have to climb the fence to get him some. There is a nest in that tree but it doesn't have eggs. Grandpa says it's the summer house of a song thrush.
7. When I'm sleepy in the morning because of the noises during the night I think about names for pets. I could work doing that and helping people who cannot think about how to name their dog or their frog.

Grandpa also looked after us today and lent us his typewriter. Typewriters were used long ago, before there were computers. The sound of a typewriter is the best thing there is. Actually, it has several sounds: the one the keys make, the sound of paper reaching its end (because in typewriters one rolls the paper and it moves to the side only as one presses the keys, until one gets to the end and something like a bell sounds); and there is also the sound of the thing that turns to lift the paper. I like playing with grandpa's typewriter a lot and he lets me use it when he wants to make me feel better. As I typed away, grandpa repeated his stories about when he had to sell almost everything because he didn't have a job, even a piano he had, to be able to feed his family. I'm sleepy. I'll continue tomorrow, dear diary.



ESTRELLA
(STAR)

Author. Roberto Fuentes
Genre. Children Narrative
90 pages
Year 2016
ISBN 978-956-9476-11-2

For my mischievous aliens, Rocío and Romina
«I know people do not stare at normal children everywhere.»
August's Lesson,
R. J. Palacio

When she entered the room, I did not notice that she was being escorted by Professor Cofré, I just saw a thin girl with black hair, the shiniest black hair I had seen until then. I think only in interstellar space something so dark can shine like that.

—This is your new classmate—the professor announced, and only in that moment did I realize that giant, skinny man with a funny beard that would teach me almost every class was there.

—Hi—the girl said, smiling.

Nobody replied, I just raised my hand timidly in a greeting manner. She saw my gesture and, in a hurry, I lowered my hand.

—My name is Star—she added.

—Come on, kids, say hi!—said the professor, vigorously.

—Good day, Star—we all shouted in unison.

Nobody wanted to make professor Cofré mad, since his punishments are very shameful. One time, because several times I had arrived late to the classroom after the break, he made me come up with a love poem and read it out loud to a woman he had drawn on the board.

After greeting Star, it hit me that the only empty seat left in the room was the one beside me. We were twenty nine students, thirty with her, and I would sit alone because I couldn't stop reading everything I write out loud and that distracts the rest.

—I like this planet—Star said, and both the professor and the students were left astounded. She then covered her mouth and started laughing. Her laughter infected Professor Cofré first, and then everyone else. It was a concert of roaring laughter and hiccups.

We must have laughed for about ten minutes. I'm not exaggerating. It was only when she stopped laughing—a musical and somewhat high-pitched laughter—that the rest of us could stop. Then Star, without telling her anything, went to sit beside me.

—My name is Germán—I said clumsily.

—I know—she replied—and just so you know, laughter is only one of my powers.

She then drew this on my notebook:

I felt happy. The most fun girl in the world was sitting beside me.

I added a few things to her drawing and showed her the result:

Then professor Cofré started talking and we paid attention.

Star turned out to be very diligent. She would take notes looking forward, without even glimpsing at her notebook. That distracted me a little, and what also distracted me was the fact that she was not distracted by my voice.

—I guess writing without looking at the paper is another one of your superpowers—I said when the professor went quiet to check out something in the class book.

—I see you're attentive... It's not that hard, you just have to focus and relax your hand.

—How so?—I asked.

—Focus on what you're going to write and let your hand go and do it. Try it. Look at the board and write your name on the notebook.

I felt a certain excitement over the challenge, I'm not going to deny it. I placed the tip of my pencil on the blank sheet and made an effort.

—That's not that bad. You started well and then got nervous. Try again, this is just practice.

I took a deep breath and changed the sheet. I felt more relaxed.

—You improved... If you do it a thousand times you will do it perfectly.

—A thousand times? That's a lot.

—True, but I have had plenty of time to practice between journeys.

I was about to ask about those journeys, but the professor began talking about the Mayans and the human sacrifices they made in honor of the gods.

—And where were those gods?—Star suddenly asked out loud.

We were all startled. New students generally spend even a week without opening their mouths.

—Well—said the professor—, Mayans addressed the sky.

—The sky... Space?

—I don't know if that is far, but they were aiming high.

—It's sad that they killed people aiming at gods that did not exist, she concluded, somewhat sad.

—Yes—added professor Cofré—, although if they had existed, it would have been something cruel anyway. But that's how they lived, it was their culture.

—It is difficult to accept how others live—finally said my desk partner, and we all stared at her somewhat confused.

Star didn't speak like all my classmates; she seemed grown up and used words we had never used. For example: «to accept».

Also a bit surprised, the professor moved his head up and down and went on with the class. Star kept taking notes as if nothing had happened, but I could feel the glances surrounding her. And since she was by my side, those glances would surround me, which caused me irritation and shame.

It turns out Star, besides being my desk partner, was also my new neighbor. After that first day we walked together from school. It was only two blocks and we only had to cross one street, which always had a policeman controlling the transit and the crosswalk. She walked quiet and wouldn't stop staring at everything: the people, the sky, dogs and cats, the birds and the trees. Before saying goodbye at the door of my house, she finally spoke:

—I'm sorry about my silence, but I must do a full report.

She then kissed me on the cheek and walked to the house next door, which had been empty for a long time. A man who was on the roof fixing something said hi to her and then to me. Star sent her a flying kiss and went inside the house.

I wanted to tell my parents about the girl I had met at school, but when I crossed the door of the front yard I didn't hear my loving dog Lucas barking, so I went looking for him in the back yard. I didn't see him either.

I entered through the large window facing the living room, and found my parents sitting on the sofa.

My dad is an architect and my mom is a landscapist, and they both have a little company of projects about which I don't understand much. The good thing is that they are always home, because they work there. I gave them a kiss and asked about Lucas. They went quiet.

—We had to take him to the clinic. He didn't get up today—dad told me.

—And what does he have?—I asked.

—Nothing—said mom—, he's just a bit old.

When I was born, dad gave me Lucas, who was also a newborn; he was only two weeks older than me. He's a mix of poodle and stray dog, and he's the cutest dog in the world. The funny thing is that in my right arm I have three moles in the shape of a triangle, and Lucas has something very similar, but in his belly... It's a birthmark that unites us. We are like brothers.

—He's ten years old—I said—, barely ten years old!

—Ten years is a lot for a small dog, dad explained to me.

—And when is he back?

—Soon, we hope—mom took out the orange juice from the fridge and poured me a glass.

I left my backpack in the couch before almost drinking it in one go, and then searched for my notebook.

I drew something for Lucas.

Although it didn't end up very pretty, I was going to show it to him the moment he arrived from the vet in order to cheer him up.

My parents were looking at each other. They were very pensive.

—How was school?—dad asked.

—Ah!—I said—, good thing you ask—I noticed that they cheered up with my enthusiasm.

—Remember when I said I liked boys and not girls?

—Yes, we remember—said mom smiling and with a hand on her chest.

—And we also remember you explained to us it was because girls were boring and didn't run nor played ball—dad added.

—Yes, but I still can't understand why you got so scared.

—Silly grown-up stuff—he replied, don't worry.

—Well: now there's finally a girl I like.

—That's lovely—said mom with a tender voice.

—She's a new classmate and, moreover, she's also our new neighbor—I said, smiling.

—The man on the rooftop has a daughter?—asked mom.

—Guess so—I said.

—And does that girl run and play soccer?—my dad wanted to find out.

—Not that I know of. I like her because she's different, she's magical.

—Magical?—both asked in unison.

And then something clicked in my brain... She's magical and my little dog is sick: maybe she can help him.

—Magical—I said, and went to my room. Before going in I heard mom say to dad:

—You've never told me I'm magical.

We were losing three to two to the other fourth year team. They had already beaten us in the last

break and we couldn't be beaten again. They would tease us too much at the end of the day, mocking us. In a corner shot I jumped and headed towards the ball with my eyes closed. I know this is not how you must do it—dad has told me this a thousand times—, but I can't help it, I do it without thinking. The point is that, when I opened my eyes, the ball was still in the air and clearly about to go over the goal, but suddenly it fell and entered. It seems nobody noticed the strange trajectory, because while my classmates were cheering, the kids from the other team were chastising their goalie. Behind the goal I could discern Star, who was laughing, and then I thought I understood everything. I knew nobody does real magic. It's tricks. But nice tricks, like Stars', are few and valuable. Although they're still tricks. Or maybe not. Maybe the ball just suddenly went down for physical reasons.

Star turned around and began snooping around a sort of garden behind the multipurpose court. She was alone. There were still five minutes left to break, so I told everyone my ankle was hurting and I left the game. Another classmate came in to replace me and they kept playing as if nothing. I walked towards her, who was crouching with her hands in the dirt, and surprisingly, without looking at me, she said:

—Nice goal.

—It was a magic goal—I answered, and we both laughed.

I bent down next to her and asked her what she was doing.

—I'm surprised by these little animals—she told me, and showed me three woodlice she had in the palm of her hand. Two were curled into a ball.

—Every garden has them—I said.

—They're so pretty! And they look so much like QR8...

—QR8?—I asked.

There, while drawing something in the dirt with a stick, she explained to me that QR8 was a small planet located around the nearest star to Earth. I thought that star would be some days away on an intergalactic spaceship, but she told me it was lots of light-years away. She also told me that in that planet some very special beings lived, that they were very resistant to heat, but that a little cold would kill them instantly. She then showed me the drawing she had made in the dirt.

—This planet opens in the summer and closes in the winter, forming a little ball.

—And its inhabitants?—I asked.

—They go inside to escape the cold.

—And what do they eat?—I insisted, somewhat impressed.

—They gather food in the summer for winter.

—Like ants?

—I guess, she said—. All species are fascinating.

—You're very imaginative. You should write a book.

—That's what I'm doing—she said, with a little smile.

The bell rang and I didn't get to ask her if she was really writing a book or not; neither if she liked dogs. We went inside the classroom in silence, right next to each other, behind everyone else. Some whispers could be heard when we were seen. We sat down, and before the professor entered the room, she said to me:

—One day I will show you what I have learned in my travels.

—Are we going into a super-ship?—I asked in a low voice.



PECHOS (BREASTS)

Author. Daniel Olave Miranda
Genre. Narrative Nonfiction

Project BREASTS was born as the idea for a book and is based in a wide-ranging investigation that the author, a journalist, has carried out for fifteen years. During that time, he has photographed and interviewed more than 100 Chilean women, between 16 and 70 years old, on the subject and their own body.

The first part of the Project is composed by original photos in the manner of an almost documentary register, through digital camera, of breasts belonging to women of all types and ages. Chilean. Everyday women. Married and single. With and without children. Young, mothers, grandmothers. A wide range of physical types and histories. The photographic exhibition took place in March and April of 2007, at the Cine Arte Alameda (Alameda 139), and was made up of gigantographies with the selected photos of some of the over 100 women that have posed for the project.

Furthermore, the photo shoots have resumed since 2016 in order to add new participants, which do so in a different format. Posing, in their everyday life, with other scenarios and contexts, women that work or create through their bodies (models, artists, dancers, actresses, etc.), and that have a special relation with it, in order to bring new life into the original project and be a part of the book that, finally, will be published by the publishing house Ocho Libros. ocholibros.cl

THE BOOK

Along with the photos, the book includes the testimonies of more than 100 women between 16 and 70 years old that took part of it. There, they speak of the relation they maintain with their breasts, through them, with men, with the world. Motherhood, sex, and a series of anecdotes, information, and personal opinions on the subject.

PROJECT BREASTS

Project "Breasts", which began with the photographic exhibition more than 10 years ago, is just a part of the investigation that journalists have been developing for years on the subject. There is the book with the text and photos, to be sure, but it is also a multimedia concept as well. A project whose intention is to add other expressions, such as video, theater, performances, dance, parades, and much more.

A series of activities conceived toward the acceptance of their own body on the part of women. And for men to learn more and become sensible to the subject.

It is a sort of homage and also a call: to become aware of the threat of cancer, to promote breastfeeding, and to see and accept the female body as it is. Far from the stereotypes created by the media. «From the breasts, the body. And from the body, the people.»

ON BREASTS

Female obsession and masculine sleeplessness, a woman's breasts are a sort of cultural symbol. Through them, a series of fixations, behaviors, and social reactions through history can be explored. Representation of the feminine, of fertility, and of life, through breastfeeding, it is also a target of the most unraveled fetishism. A woman's breasts have been transformed into erotic objects and bait to

sell products, draw crowds to the movies or, in the pages of a calendar, decorate a mechanical shop. A source of inspiration for many artists, their image runs through the story of visual arts, and also through that of poetry and literature. Song verses have been written and, of course, they have starred in more than one film.

Their meaning—erotic, aesthetic, anatomic, cultural, plastic, medical, etc.—varies from one age to the other, from one culture to the other, from one country to the other. Their historical, social, political importance has suffered great changes and transformations. Before, through oil painting, they incarnated the virgin breastfeeding baby Jesus. Today, thanks to silicone, they help young girls who want to appear on television.

The opening of this show was on 1 March 1, 2007, at the Centro Cultural Alameda.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Daniel Olave Miranda is a journalist and major in social communication from the University of Chile. Critic, scriptwriter and professor of cinema. He has worked in the main written media, radio, and television, as a commentator, editor, host, creator, and advisor to content and programming. Of them, La Tercera, El Mercurio, La Nación, TVN, Canal 13 and at Zero, Horizonte, Bío-Bío, ADN, and Cooperativa radio stations, among others. He has penned the books "Chile vs Hollywood" (Grijalbo, 1996), "Perdidos en la Pantalla" (Huelén, 1998), "Pantalla Prohibida" (Grijalbo, 2001) and "Cuentometrajes" (Alfaguara, 2011). He is the creator and host of the show "Todocine" in 13C. He has been teaching workshops on cinema for over 10 years, and through the "Pantalla activa" initiative, which earned the Audiovisual Fund, has done free courses in Santiago and in regions. He has focused on publishing since 2013, and currently works as an editor Penguin Random House.

Climate change and us

A boy and a rabbit traveling the world to
discover how to save the planet

Rodrigo Lara Serrano
Ilustrado por Pablo Luebert



la bonita
ediciones

la bonita
ediciones

NOSOTROS Y EL CAMBIO CLIMÁTICO
(CLIMATE CHANGE AND US)

Author. Rodrigo Lara Serrano
Illustrations. Pablo Luebert
Genre. Informational Children Book
88 pages
Year 2020
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la bonita
ediciones

How a virus and a cougar changed everything (for me)...

Hi there! I am Teo. I am 11 years old and I live in Santiago. I have an older sister who studies biology in Concepción, Greta, and a rabbit of the variety «Lion's Head» that it's called ... "Lion."

The point is that I lived quiet in peace until last summer a new virus appeared that makes people sick in the world, the famous COVID-19. My dad got started talking all day about «the pandemic», super upset. My mom, on the other hand, said that it was not so bad. Until one day it was and they set a night curfew where we live, and one night a cougar that came down from the mountain appeared!

Exciting, until they said it was running around town because it had no rabbits to eat due to the drought that affects the center part of the country! I was scared by Leon. Were they coming the mountain pumas looking for me domestic rabbit?

Climate change?

I called Greta, who laughed to death. And She explained to me that, since years ago it rains close to nothing, there is less vegetation, ups, pasties. And since there are fewer pastures, there are also fewer rabbits and other herbivores that eat them in the hills and mountains, and - of course - the pumas walk around skinny and hungry.

It seemed like a good explanation, but she added something else: «This happens because the climate is changing». "Whoa, what a shame," I said, now worried about cougars. And then she dropped a bomb: 'It's our fault. Climate change is caused by our civilization by warming the planet.

Right after, the schools closed and many neighborhoods were put to quarantine. I took advantage of the confinement watching documentaries and reading, to discover, that even the coronavirus originated in the changes we are making to the planet, without thinking about the consequences. And I found out that, if we don't fix the problem all of us together, scientists alone won't be able to do a lot.

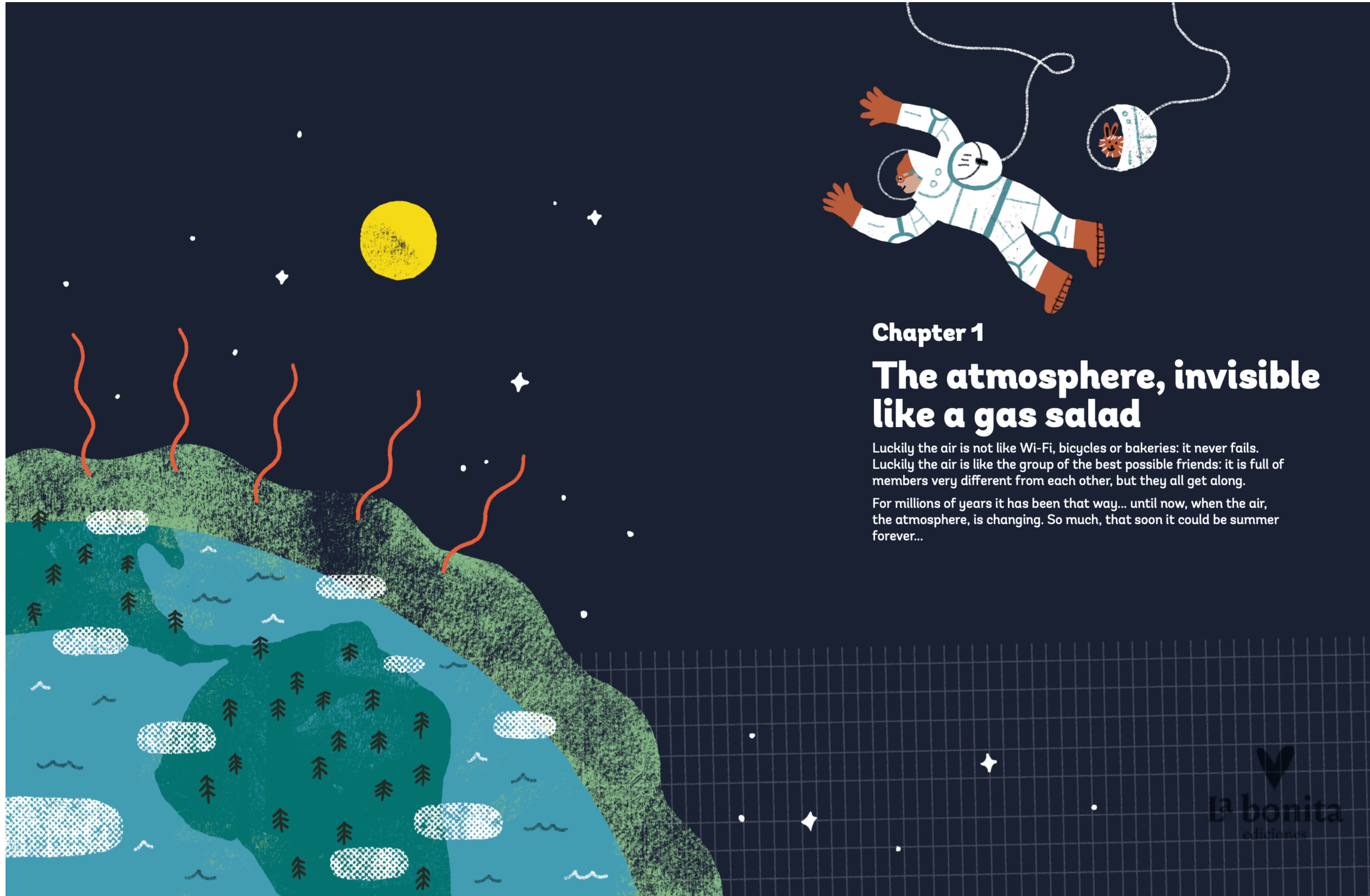
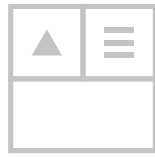
That is what the book is about!

I want you to accompany us around the planet, me and Leon, to see what climate change is about and how to avoid it.

But first, to understand how it is that The Earth is heating up, you have to get out of it!

So we'll leave by going to the International Space Station...



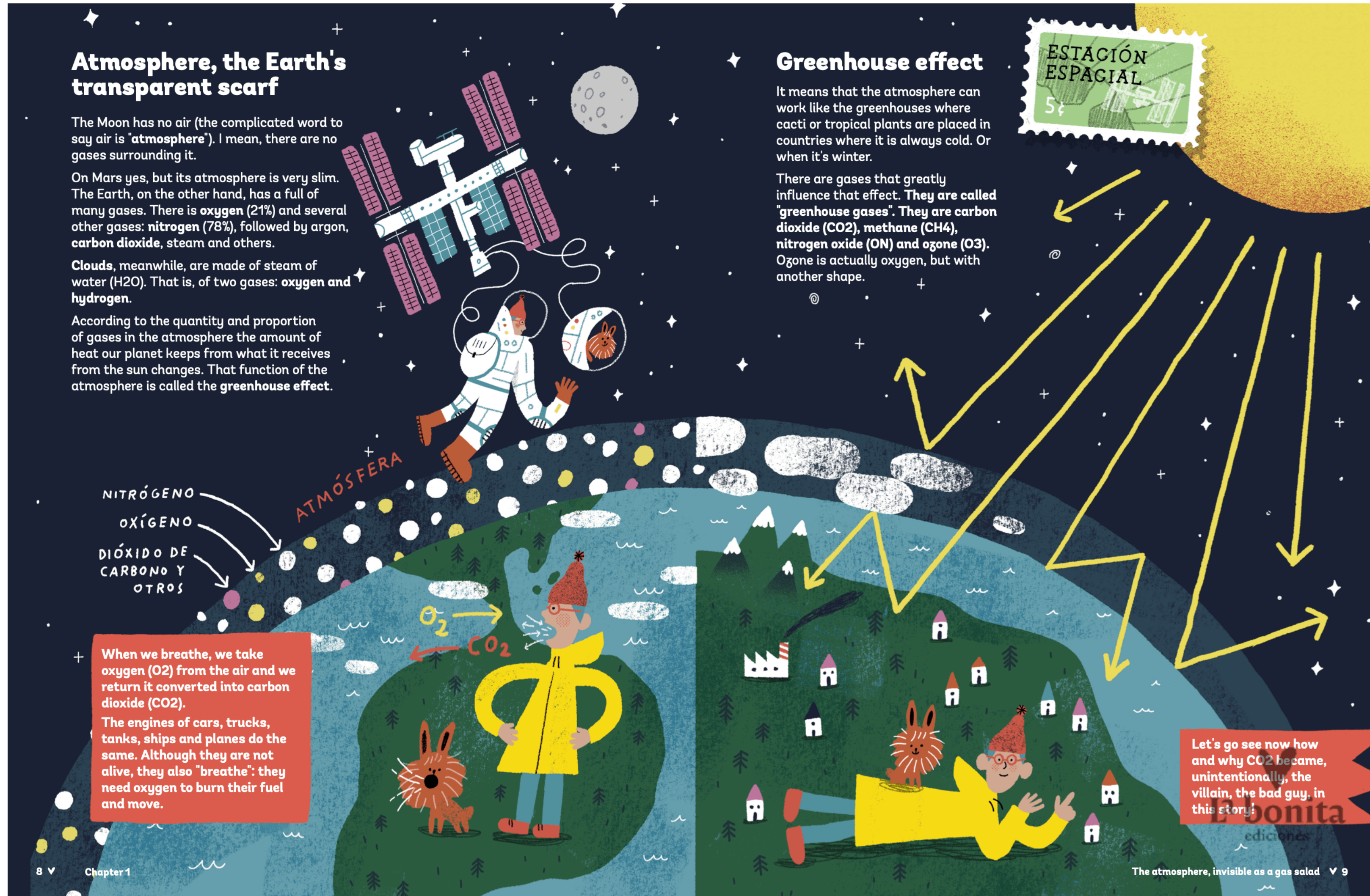


Chapter 1

The atmosphere, invisible like a gas salad

Luckily the air is not like Wi-Fi, bicycles or bakeries: it never fails. Luckily the air is like the group of the best possible friends: it is full of members very different from each other, but they all get along.

For millions of years it has been that way... until now, when the air, the atmosphere, is changing. So much, that soon it could be summer forever...





EL FLAUTISTA (THE PIED PIPER)

Author. Andrés Moreno

Genre. Fiction

PROPOSAL FOR PUBLICATION OF THE NOVEL “THE PIED PIPER”

ON THE AUTHOR

Andrés Montero (Santiago, Chile, 1990). Writer and storyteller, winner of the 10th Ibero-American Novel Elena Poniatowska Award. Co-founder of the La Matrioska Company for Storytelling and director of the “Casa Contada” School of Literature and Storytelling.
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PUBLISHED BOOKS

Adult Audience

Tony Ninguno (La Pollera, 2016). Novel / Ibero-American Novel Elena Poniatowska Award (México, 2017) / Pedro de Oña Award (Chile, 2015) / Clarín de Novela Award finalist (Argentina, 2014) / Gabriela Mistral Award finalist (Chile, 2014) / Ministry of Culture Literary Creation Grant (Chile, 2014). Published in Argentina (Odelia), Italy (Edicola) and Denmark (Jensen & Dalgaard).
Taguada (Sudamericana, 2019). Novel. Adapted to theater by Teatro UC (Chile, 2020).
Por qué contar cuentos en el siglo XXI. (Palabras de Candil, España, 2020). Essay / Ministry of Culture Literary Creation Grant (Chile).
La muerte viene estilando (La Pollera, 2021). Short stories.



Children and youth audience

Alguien toca la puerta (SM, 2016). Book of short stories. Marta Brunet Award (Chile, 2017) / Santiago Municipal Award (Chile, 2017). Published in Mexico (SM).

En el horizonte se dibuja un barco (SM, 2018). Novel. Santiago Municipal Award finalist / Barco de Vapor Award finalist.

Tres noches en la escuela (SM, 2016). Novel. Ministry of Culture Literary Creation Grant (Chile) / Barco de Vapor Award Finalist

THE PIED PIPER

Novel for adult audience

254 pages (Calibri 11, double spaced)

81657 words

Unpublished

SUMMARY

At the dawn of the 13th century, hundreds of children from the town of Hamelin are kidnapped by a soldier battalion, their tracks lost forever. Only Markus, a nine-year-old kid hiding in a haystack, escapes an unpredictable fate, receiving at the same time a mission that will be with him throughout all his life: finding the missing children and showing them the way. Years of escapes and fruitless searches thus begin, during which he is taken in by Santino of Naples, an exiled conman, a brothel addict, and a tireless storyteller who takes Markus as his assistant. Together, they travel through Italy doing cons, the culmination of which is selling an old flute in gold to an innkeeper from a Tuscan city. This scam will trigger a series of events that will cause

Markus to abandon Santino, join a wandering company of troubadours, and begin a path where carnival, lust, love, deceit, pain, and loneliness will make him know the shiniest and darkest places of the human heart.

OTHER IMPORTANT ASPECTS

The Pied Piper is a novel that aims to reinvent, from contemporary literature, the forms and motifs of traditional European storytelling. The fast-paced plot of travels, gifts, eroticisms (which follows the structure of the heroic journey) is traversed by existential questions on fate, deceit, and truth, and especially on the power of fiction to transform into reality in a world that desperately looks for answers to human misery.

Some books that could be considered similar in their structure, their setting, or their motifs:

- The Cloven Viscount
- The Baron in the Trees
- Damascus Nights
- Lazarillo de Tormes
- Don Quixote

PLOT SUMMARY

One morning, all the boys and girls of the town of Hamelin (a little village at the north of the Holy Roman Empire) are ripped away from their mothers by a soldier battalion, not being heard from again. Only two children escape an unpredictable fate: the son of the concierge, due to his limp, and Markus, an orphan hiding in the haystack and alerted by an old lady, who alerts him that someday he will have to “show the way” to his siblings. Markus runs away to the forest, where he is found two days later by Santino of Naples, an exiled conman and brothel addict, who saves him from the dangers of the forest and takes him as an assistant.

Markus and Santino will spend five years doing low-life scams and scams. It is on the lodge of a Tuscan city, run by an enormous man known as the “Big Friendly Giant”, where they will pull their most successful job: the sell in gold of an old flute that they pass for the last made by Ziryab, a famous Arab musician from the 19th century. A week after this job, Markus will abandon Santino forever when the latter tries to con the former himself.

Being fourteen years old, without a trade or talent, Markus decides to return to the Big Friendly Giant’s lodge, awaiting the innkeeper to forgive the scam and help him somehow. To his surprise, the Big Friendly Giant had resold the flute, unaware it was not authentic, and to a much higher price than what he had paid for, which sets him in advance to favor Markus. These are days of carnival in the city, and Markus will meet a company of young and wandering troubadours, the children of Loquacetto. Once he expresses his wish to join the company, Parolet, the oldest of the troubadours, sets as a condition that he recover Ziryab’s flute, whose history they knew from the innkeeper’s mouth. Smitten by Festa, one of the female troubadours, Markus accepts the challenge and manages to discover that the flute will be the wedding gift of the city count’s daughter, managing to steal it by putting into practice everything

he learned from years doing cons next to Santino.

In this way, Markus becomes part of the troubadour company, and will traverse with them the Italian north for three years, during which he learns to play the flute and comes up with a story to explain why Ziryab’s last flute was in his possession. Borrowing from his own life, Markus comes up with the story of a pied piper who took all the children from the town of Hamelin, of which the only one to escape, by taking the flute with him, was himself. The troubadours take the story as true and begin narrating it down their travels, making it famous all over Christendom.

Trouble arises when Parolet discovers that Markus and Festa are in a relationship. The oldest of the troubadours then reveals that they are not brothers, and Markus suspects he is in love with Festa. Parolet will insist in their return to Tuscany in order to participate in a minstrelsy contest, although they haven’t abandoned the north in three years for fear of the count’s soldiers still looking for them for having stolen the flute during the wedding. They finally decide to go, but Markus chooses to stay in the lodge on the outskirts of the city, waiting for the contest to end. However, one night, however, the soldiers arrive at the lodge looking for him and Markus must escape. He will go to the Tuscan mountains, where, first out of fear of the soldiers, then because the war breaks, he will live for twenty years as a hermit and mule driver, abandoning the wondering life forever and burying the mission to find the missing children of Hamelin.

One year, however, spring arrives sooner than expected, and Markus can walk down to the village where he rarely gets his provisions from and sells the cheese he produces. He discovers that the war is over and that the village goes to the city to host the carnival that is being created on the occasion of the carnival festivities. Markus goes to the city and decides to participate in



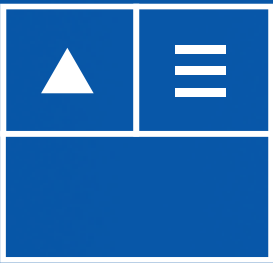
a minstrelsy contest. The same night, the Big Friendly Giant will arrive at the lodge, which recognizes and hosts him, and he will find the oldest of Loquacetto's children, Tamburella, now a thirty year old woman. Tamburella will explain that Festa is married and lives in Al-Andalus, while the other troubadours live in Santiago de Compostela, the city she left in order to become a troubadour. Markus wins the city's minstrelsy contest and with that money buys the Big Friendly Giant's lodge, running it since along with Tamburella.

Ten years later, when Markus is almost sixty years old, a young man arrives at the lodge attempting to sell an instrument, supposedly fabricated by Ziryab himself. Markus recognizes the job Santino of Naples has conceived, and demands the man tell him if he knows where Santino is. He thus finds out Santino was hanged fifteen years prior, and that the young man is his son. Santino's son tells him that, after Markus abandoned the Neapolitan, the latter spent years looking for him, for he never understood why the child had left without even leaving a message. He thus arrived, years later, to the very town of Hamelin. But once there, besides not finding the boy, he discovered that in said town there was a population gap, and that the children were forced to marry as soon as they were biologically capable of rearing children, in an honor system ran by a limp man, the only young man in the village. The entire system is based on the strange story of children kidnapped by a pied piper. Markus discovers that his own invention has arrived in the town and upholds an evil system, and it is then that he decides to finally return to Hamelin and reveal the truth.

Nevertheless, Markus will be taken for the same pied paper of the story, and so he will be made prisoner and sentenced. As they argue whether he will die by hanging or burning, Markus convinces the custodian to set him free and flee with him. In this way, locked inside the church as they debate on the prisoner, the adults of Hamelin fail to hear the sound of the flute, which

will captivate boys and girls because of the story it implies and which they consider a promise of freedom, encouraging then to abandon their beds and their homes in order to follow the flautist through the woods, fiction becoming reality.
In Hamelin, currently a city with more than 50 thousand inhabitants, there is a street called Bungalosenstrasse, the street of drums. It is forbidden to dance or make music in it, in memory of the children who disappeared more than seven centuries ago.





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