



**Bolivian**Express  
Grupo Express Press

# BOLIVIA CREATIVA

Free Distribution — Issue 6



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The Bolivian Express would like to thank: Alix Shand, Esteban Medrano, Adrian Villanueva, Christian Vera

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Website: [www.bolivianexpress.org](http://www.bolivianexpress.org)

La Paz – Bolivia, February 2011



## Editorial by Mads Ryle

Welcome to the first BX of 2011. It may be the time of the Alasitas (see p.9) but there's nothing small about our 'Bolivia Creativa' issue. Inside these pages we're celebrating Bolivian creativity in many forms. We take a look at traditions old and new: from the 'heritage of coca' examined in the documentary *Inal Mama* (p.6), to the long-established music salon of the *Flaviadas* (p.4) and the handspun fairtrade products of *Artesanía Sorata*. The perspectives and struggles of the newer generation of creatives are here as well, from the independent dancers in *Sonarte* (p.13) to the current crop of contemporary visual artists working in La Paz (p.10). If you've been wanting to know more about homegrown Bolivian cinema, our feature on p.14 is the perfect place to start. And with the new year (which one of our writers spent on the *Isla del Sol* - p.8) comes new things: you'll find our brand new Cultural Calendar on p.16. This event listing will be a regular in BX from now on - just one more reason to keep a copy handy. Enjoy!

**N.B.** Several Spanish and Aymara words are marked in **bold** throughout this issue. Their meanings can be found in the glossary on the last page.

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La alta cocina mediterránea

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# FLAVIADA

## A FAMILY AFFAIR



Current custodian of the Flaviadas, Eduardo Machicado Saravia, in his library

Behind a black door at 2448 Avenida Ecuador lies 'La Casa de las Flaviadas.' But it is much more than a home - it is a shrine to classical music and the life of a man with a passion.

Every Saturday at six o'clock a ritual begins behind the black door on Ecuador. The Flavianos gather to worship. They worship Beethoven, Brahms and Bach. They also pay their respects to Don Flavio Machicado Viscarra - the father of the Flaviadas.

The salon of his 73 year-old home was built solely for people to gather and listen. For this occasion the room is dimly lit and incense is burning. In the front of the room a memorial to the great musical creators, in the form of a stained glass window, shines over the meeting. The mismatched sofas and chairs mirror their occupants - diverse. There are tourists, ex-

pats and bolivianos, children and their grandparents, first-timers and experienced Flaviadas.

In the corner a grey-haired man sits in his best Sunday suit (even though it is a Saturday). He is an unusual disc jockey but he uses state-of-the-art equipment. Every weekend he spins vinyl records, cassettes and CDs that keep the crowd returning. He is the son of Don Flavio, Eduardo Machicado Saravia.

At this gathering there is an unwritten rule - silence is required. The attendees sit with closed eyes and mouths. They close off all other senses so that their ears and minds and hearts are open to the musical selection.

"The sense of it [the Flaviada], according to my father, is to be a cultural center, and also to let the people have a space to get lost,

to be able to disconnect themselves from the world," says Don Eduardo.

Don Flavio never played an instrument but his passion for music went beyond physical talent. His love of music was nourished in the Boston of the early 1900s. He bought a stereo and began to collect records and listen to music at nights in his apartment while his neighbors gathered to enjoy. When he returned to La Paz in 1938 it was his family members (the majority of whom are also well-known in the arts community), intellectuals and friends who gathered.

Some of the big names who have visited 'La Casa de las Flaviadas' include both international sensations and local Bolivian academia, such as Cecilio Guzman de Rojas (indigenous artist who founded the School of Fine Arts in La Paz),

Leonard Bernstein (the American composer best known for his work on West Side Story), and Jaime Saenz (a famous paceño writer).

"This was an exceptional house," Don Eduardo tells me, "because of the meetings of a special group, intellectual people from different social origins. I asked my father: 'Why do you do this?' And he answered: 'Well, having so much and not sharing it would be a crime.'"

Now the house is home to La Fundacion Flavio Machicado Viscarra. It is always open and always humming with classical music. The Flavianos enter and exit as they please. Everyone is welcome from the seasoned composer to the drifting foreigner.

"I think what a tourist can get from it is to participate in a tradition. It is not a cliché, it is not part of the gringo tour, and it is not made for tourists. But everybody is welcome here because beyond being a tourist you are a human being," says granddaughter Cristina Machicado, who has been helping with the foundation for the last two years.

The house is also adorned with an

immaculate collection of books, newspapers, magazines and records. Don Flavio subscribed to papers in France, England and the United States following his return to Bolivia in the 1920s. He thrived on collecting music and information about music.

"My father used to say that a disc is like a book - a register that can be saved. For example the work of Ramanin when he plays his own compositions, or of Stravinsky when he directs in his own way. This is an archive," says Don Eduardo.

Therefore, sitting in on a Flaviada is an educational experience as well. Before every piece Don Eduardo educates the listeners on the life and sentiments of each artist, just as his father did. He also continues to keep impeccable records of letters, articles, and drawings about the Flaviadas. Although he did not consider himself an expert, Don Flavio was a definite aficionado.

"The only thing I think must go on is comprehension, this thing of sharing his passion. All this material has to be accessible to anyone, not only artists or art students or intellectu-

als, just people who are interested and curious," says Cristina.

The story of the Flaviadas is also the story of a family. After Don Flavio's death in 1986, his youngest son Eduardo took the helm of the Flaviadas. Eduardo grew up listening to the music and mingling with the intellectuals and commoners that passed through. Like all Flavianos, his understanding of music was enhanced by his close relationship with his father:

"When I was a kid I used to go to concerts with my father and he used to say that in the end your life is the continuity of what the one before you did, and I can see it, with my children. Cristina, for example, didn't know my father, but she talks about him as if she'd been seeing him doing everything each day."

During the first Flaviada of the year Beethoven's Ninth Symphony could always be heard coming from Ave. Ecuador. It is a tradition of Don Flavio's that his son and granddaughter continue today. "The Flaviada is a family thing," says Cristina. "The name comes from Flavio. It is a synonym and here it means to go to Don Flavio's house to listen to music."

TEXT AND PHOTO: JESSICA CRUEL



20 de octubre, frente a la Plaza Avaroa. Busca el trebol.

# LEAVES AND LINES

Mads Ryle interviews Eduardo López Zavala, director of *Inal Mama*



My first cultural outing after arriving in La Paz in December was to sneak into the premier of *Inal Mama* at the Cinemateca Boliviana, followed by a live performance of the documentary's powerful soundtrack from La Paz favourites Atajo and friends in the cinema's basement carpark.

It was only after seeing the film again with English subtitles at the studio of director Eduardo López Zavala – and interviewing the man – that I was able to appreciate what an apt introduction to Bolivia *Inal Mama* is. As a political, musical and visual essay about coca and cocaine in the cultures of Bolivia, it interweaves various social, historical, cultural and political facets of this country, and presents them in an audiovisual journey that takes us from the isolated Andean homes of the Kallawayas to the coca producing lands of the Yungas, down into the mines of Chapare and inside the overcrowded walls of La Paz's San Pedro prison.

"For me coca is an excuse to talk about Bolivia", López explains, "and to talk about the country, placing it in a regional context and within a globalised conflict." That excuse was made possible in 2006 when López secured Bolivia's first ever DOCTV-IB America award to develop the project. At the time he was in Brazil preparing for the restoration of the rediscovered silent cinema gem *Wara Wara*, but he raced back to La Paz and "wrote the project in one weekend or something."

"*Inal Mama* has a continuity with

other, older works", López tells me. His "clearly interventionist" *Camino de las almas* focussed on the weaving community of Coroma, whose "strong connection with their heritage is contained in their textiles." It became apparent that these textiles were subject to widespread smuggling – "A business much more fertile and lucrative than cocaine," says López. "This trafficking of heritage bothered me greatly...and this documentary announces in various ways what would later be seen in *Inal Mama*, in the theme of the heritage of coca, the heritage of cultures."

López mentions more than once that various people questioned why *Inal Mama* doesn't "make the theme of narco-trafficking more prominent? Or why not the new culture of coca, that of the cocalers, which is Evo [Morales]?...Why isn't it more concerned with crack, with the youth...?" And his response is that "the intention of the script of *Inal Mama* was for coca to be placed within the social fabric... which is where they have a clearer sense of it. Because coca produces an economic value and it produces a symbolic value, an abstract value."

Within the film this economic dimension is particularly located in the figure of Nacipio, an inmate of San Pedro prison who was incarcerated for smuggling cocaine between Bolivia and his native Brazil. Inside and outside the walls of San Pedro (where it is known that backpackers can enter and buy cocaine), we also see protesters with stitched lips demanding the modification of Law 1008, imposed as

part of the USA's goal of total elimination of coca and cocaine production.

The symbolic aspects of coca culture are captured by two Kallawayas, members of traditional pre-Inca healing communities, whose journeys help create *Inal Mama*'s narrative framework. The meeting point of these value systems is demonstrated in the bringing together of the coca producers of the Yungas and the Huarani community representatives who travel to meet them:

"The world today is one economy", says López, "with many territories. And for me coca is an economic territory... that I wanted to survey, that I wanted to show. Hence this articulation between peoples so distant from one

another, and who can't easily meet, such as the Huaranis and the Afro-Bolivians of the Yungas, or the Kallawayas and the miners. Various things went to tying them together which really had as it were a symbolic, cultural and economic force in coca."

"I use documentary as a provocative process," he continues. "The Huaranis have come to Chicaloma in the Yungas, have travelled three days to meet with the producers of coca there...The idea was that these borders that impede coca arriving clean and arriving at a good price could be erased." In the film we see these negotiations taking place directly between these community representatives, carving out an 'economic territory' that defies the normal patterns of global capitalism.

Woven into the social fabric of these communities in which the film is placed is the "profoundly materialist" Aymara theology which divides the world into 'Alaj Pacha' (the world above), 'Aka Pacha' (the world we inhabit), and 'Uku Pacha' (the world below). There is no moral criteria between them, as López explains: "they are complementary, they are simultaneous or else they don't exist. And the sacred and the profane – and coca – it is within this order of things."

"There are two Kallawayas," he goes on. "At first they are together in their community, they are saying 'with this [coca] leaf and with this other leaf...', they are beginning to set up a world that is in the skies, that is Alaj Pacha. But I choose two of them to go on

a journey. One goes to the inferno, the other to the sky. This one travels to Apolo, he sees the little girls in the coca plantations, gathers medicinal plants, reflects on the stupidity of a world that takes everything we have and sends us plastic. He's a sage. And the other one is too, but it is his lot to go to the miners, to go to rural areas... Uku Pacha is the Kallawayaya that goes to the miners...It's the imprisoned Brazilian, the women in jail etc. And the descent into the mine is the descent to Uku Pacha as well. Symbolically."

This Kallawayaya finds the miners, a key political and economic force in Bolivia, chewing coca underground and proclaiming that without coca there can be no mining, and without mining, no Bolivia. "It is impossible to consider the history of the mines without coca", says López. "And there had just occurred, when I started to shoot *Inal Mama*, a huge conflict in Huanuni [moving footage of which we also see during the film], where there was this massacre, between the unionised and the non-unionised miners. A fight between brothers; there were many deaths. "And it interested me that this conflict could reach such a level, and in a place that was that was marked out as coca territory, because it's mining territory."

He goes on to relate how in 1983-4 the MNR (Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario) "took the mining heart out of the economy, came out with Decree 21060, and sacked all the miners. And those miners were the ones who went to Chapare. And their children are the cocalers. It's a

very dense history. And in a country that's very...intricate in these respects. The past acts in the present in a very particular way."

López has chosen to create this intricate picture (of "a society that is so complicated, so jumbled, so interwoven, so contradictory, so ungovernable...") through "an urban opera, of the street...very much related to the groups and gangs that I already knew in El Alto and the Laderas." As such, much of the narrative is told or enhanced by the film's original soundtrack, mixing angry rock with traditional instruments and rhythms, plus a gorgeous chorus.

López hopes that *Inal Mama* can reach a much wider audience "in Europe and North America, where you say "coca" and the only perception is of a packet, a mirror, lines, a hundred dollars to sniff: this is coca. The plant doesn't exist, the cultures of coca don't exist."

He thinks that the critics in the Bolivian press who wrote about *Inal Mama* were "quite accurate" when they said that "it's not a documentary that registers a reality, with an off-screen narrator who explains this reality to you – no, it's loaded, it's woven together. Okay. This is exactly what the coca leaf does. The coca leaf sets things up, relates, conflicts, posits simultaneously the most prominent aspects of indigenous culture. And at the same time it posits the context of penalisation, of prohibition, of disqualification, of degradation, of humiliation..."



# NEW YEAR'S ON THE ISLAND OF THE SUN

TEXT AND PHOTO: ALANA FAIGEN

I celebrated New Year's Eve on an island where, according to Inca mythology, one of the most significant creations took place: the creation of the sun. Welcome to Isla Del Sol, where the days are sunny, the nights get cold and the beaches are inhabited by donkeys.



The small island was my chosen New Year's destination almost exclusively because its name translates to "Island of the Sun" – how can you go wrong? I also tried typing "new years eve Bolivia," into Google, and one of the first results was a party tellingly entitled, 'ISLA DEL SOL 2010 NEW YEARS EVE.' The webpage featured a list of DJs from Bolivia, Venezuela, Brazil and Argentina, along with a link to the Facebook group and a reasonable ticket price-tag of Bs. 50. Having recently decided Google was going to make all my travelling decisions for me, my New Year's Eve was planned. I joined the event on Facebook and told every backpacker and local I met in Bolivia this party was the place to be on New Year's (hoping word on the chaotic Bolivian streets

The island is split into north (Chal-lapampa), east (Ch'alla) and south (Yumani). There are no cars or **trufis** on the island, so you do everything on foot (just like in Incan times!) It takes about three hours to make your way across the island (or longer after a few **Huaris**). If you arrive on the south side of the island, be prepared – the only way to all the action is **arriba** (the guidebooks conveniently leave this part out). And besides having to carry a heavy backpack all the way up you have to deal with **chollos** and young-ones trying to sell you jewellery along the way – a strange choice when they could more profitably be selling cold water or their mule to carry your bag up. But firing as the walk was (especially at an altitude of 4000m), watching Bolivian men carry oversized speakers on their back all the

Peru like I was), ancient walking paths to explore and a small museum to visit. You can give the "fountain of youth" a miss if you run out of time – I tried it when I arrived, and I know for a fact I wasn't looking too youthful on New Year's Day.

Isla Del Sol allowed me to rediscover the distant horizon and my own personal space – two things that are luxuries after you have travelled through some of the busier cities in South America. Some tourists avoid Bolivia because it is enveloped by land and not seas. However, when you watch the sun set over the infinite and sacred Lake Titicaca from one of Isla del Sol's many vistas, it's almost impossible to comprehend that Bolivia is in fact a landlocked country. If you look to the other side of the island, your eyes will also be blessed with an unexpected panorama of snow-capped mountains.

New Year's on Isla del Sol involved a lot of when, where, why, how and whos. But after watching the sun go down as we munched our way through some pizza



would spread, if did.)

Most people arrive at the Isla Del Sol on a ferry bursting with a bunch of tourists, their **mochilas** and maybe a few locals. The ferry on the 31st of December was particularly packed with party-goers ready to bring in the New Year. The boat host spent the one and a half hour trip trying to flog whatever he could, be it a hostel room, a tour, a return trip on the ferry or the cigarettes in his pocket. He had it all.

way along the same path for the New Year's party shut me up pretty quickly.

While La Paz may be remembered for its numerous fried chicken takeaway outlets, Isla Del Sol can be recognised by the ridiculous amount of pizzerias and hostels scattered around Yumani. You'll also be joined on the island by llamas, muddy pigs and noisy donkeys. If you want to get your cultural experience on, there are some ruins to visit north side (if you're not ruined out after

to line our stomachs, the party finally started and a campfire was lit to keep us warm. Counting from 10 backwards in Spanish after a few **cervezas** proved a little difficult, but luckily my slip-ups were drowned out by others doing worse than I was. Isla del Sol was the perfect way to bring in the new year. While I forgot to eat my 12 grapes for luck at midnight, I managed to make it through two rocky boat trips on New Year's Day without being sick over the edge, so I feel like luck is on my side in 2011.



## FORGET CHRISTMAS

Forget Christmas: it's January. Which, in the Bolivian calendar at least, means it's time both for the Alasita Festival ('Alasita' thought to be derived from an Aymara word meaning 'to buy for oneself') and for the Ekeko to take centre stage. He's like Santa Claus – he has the same rosy cheeks, the same air of jolliness, and (often) a big round belly like a bowlful of jelly – but instead of wearing all red, he dons a llama-wool hat and miniature objects hang from his body.

The Alasita Festival – also known as the Miniature Festival – has the Ekeko as its symbolic figure. Loaded with money, food and other objects, he also carries the desire of those who hope that the miniature objects they hang on him will become real as the year goes on. For example, if you hang a small plastic car from your Ekeko figure, you hope to get your hands on a life-size model later in the year; likewise, hang a small box of matches from the Ekeko and you just might have the fortune to get a slightly larger version before the year's end. Every year at midday on the 24th January, tributes are made to the Ekeko in various parts of the city.

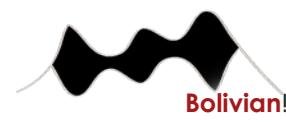
The festival finds its beginnings in the pre-Hispanic period, when the Aymara god Ekeko (also known as the 'Thunupa') also become known as the 'god of abundance/prosperity'. The festival gained success and recognition in colonial society from 1782 onwards, the year in which the festival's official day of celebration was first established by Sebastian Segurola, a Spaniard who succeeded in defending La Paz from an indigenous siege. Today it is regarded as one of the most important folkloric festivals in Bolivia.

This year sees the opening of an exhibition entitled 'Las Alasitas: traditions of La Paz, in miniature', which features miniature handicrafts and Ekeko figures belonging to various collections of museums local to La Paz. The exhibition, organised by the Union of Local Museums, opens on Friday 21st January in the Temporary Exhibition Room of the Museo Costumbrista Municipal 'Juan de Vargas' (see *Cultural Calendar*, p16); it will also feature various prizewinning works from the Alasita Festival alongside works that have won local competitions in previous years.

According to Daniela Guzmán, the head of the Union of Local Museums, many of the Ekeko figures were made anonymously; most of them date from the second half of the twentieth century, and some as far back as the Thirties. The handmade figures of this rather peculiar character – over thirty in total – were made using different techniques and materials, some using plasterwork, some carved from wood, and others made using metals such as silver or copper.

The exhibition will be available for viewing until the 20th February, and if you're fortunate enough to be in La Paz during the Alasitas Festival, make sure to buy yourself an Ekeko figure complete with plastic cars, miniature matchboxes, or little copies of the Bolivian Express, and you just might be lucky enough to get what you want this January.

Original text and photo: Juan Manuel Miranda Martínez. OTP (OMC/GAML P)  
(Autonomous Municipal Government of La Paz)  
Translation and adaptation: Andrew Cummings



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TEXT: MADS RYLE



# ART - ENTITY

ARTWORK: ANUAR ELIAS

My pompous-sounding investigations into 'the state of contemporary art in Bolivia' started inauspiciously. I thought, well, the first thing I'll have to do is to look at some art. Maybe it's just a case of pathetic fallacy, but the local weather seems to have it in for me every time I try and visit an art gallery in La Paz, as it starts to rain torrentially. Wandering up and down Ave. Ecuador under darkening skies I found the Centro Arte y Culturas Bolivianas shut for maintenance, and the Atipaña gallery closed while awaiting a new exhibition. So then I headed to the Zona Sur where Galería Arte 21 and Galería Alternativa in San Miguel proved to be little more than glorified craft shops selling cheap, badly-hung paintings of nice, saleable, dull subjects alongside table ornaments and other crafts. Then it started to rain again, so I left off visiting Galería Nota for another day.

In the meantime I went back to Atipaña for the opening of an exhibition by a young artist from El Alto, met and interviewed a group of young artists from the La Paz scene, had a read of Bolivia's 'Otro Arte' magazine, chatted to various people about 'contemporary art in Bolivia', and briefly attended an artists' workshop. All of which, thankfully, proved a little more fruitful than wandering the streets in the rain.

At Atipaña, 25 year-old Salomón Paco had occupied the gallery's two small spaces with a mix of abstract canvases and detailed paintings whose figures, held bound in an elephant's trunk or shrinking from nightmare apparitions, suggested a threatening exoticism and ghoulishness. Like so much of the work by young artists that I did eventually track down, these scenes took identity as a pivotal theme. This comes as no surprise given the newness of the 'Escuela Municipal de las Artes' which Paco attends in El Alto, a booming city notorious for its predominantly migrant demographic makeup - in limbo between the rural and the urban, the indigenous and the markedly western, the pre- and post-industrial.

Anuar Elias' winning entry for the Arte Joven prize in 2010 is a piece of video art entitled 'Occidente' that features poetry of his wife's which includes the refrain '**Bolivia no existe**'. However, this questioning of identity comes from a very different perspective (both in terms of class and opportunity, but also given that Elias is in fact Mexican). It is far removed from the focus around 'indigenous' identity that is presumed to occupy the aforementioned artists

from El Alto. However Salomón Paco's work contains none of the more typical motifs of 'indigenous art' that you might, for example, find in the Museo Arte Contemporáneo de Plaza on El Prado. Indeed, it seems that in fact it was necessary for Salomón to come into La Paz to display his work since, as he told me, there is no audience for abstract art in El Alto

Salomón's mentor Adamo Morelicón talked to me enthusiastically about the Escuela de las Artes in El Alto, but his assurance that the introduction of guest artists from conceptual backgrounds was done 'without compromising identity' hints at some of the tensions that exist in this changing environment. For Morelicón, though, this combination of more 'modern' artistic approaches with the more 'spiritual' creative process which his Alteño students bring to their work makes for exciting and original new forms that reflect the current '**proceso de cambio**' in Bolivia.

For Anuar Elias and several of his peers with whom I spoke, this idea of an indigenous identity is an invention on the part of the government, a kind of 'indigenismo' that they are trying to force through the mediums of culture. This, of course, is debatable since this aesthetic vision and ideology have existed long before the MAS. Nonetheless, at present aesthetics and politics can appear quite closely tied. The resulting confusion as to how to support and develop artistic practice makes it a difficult task for the Ministry of Culture to choose which activities to promote.

Despite the government's rapid inauguration of the El Alto art school, neither it nor the much older Fine Arts Academy are actually entitled to endow degrees. It seems this privilege is reserved for UMSA, which according to everyone I spoke to is an institution very much set in its ways. One student assured me that studies of modern art end with Edward Munch, and several were disparaging of the fact that there is no education in conceptual thought, nor in mediums beyond painting, sculpture and a little photography. And it seems that the same goes in both the Academy and in the

El Alto school; Salomón Paco told me his greatest influence was the painter Francis Bacon, but he had discovered the artist for himself, not through his formal education.

Andrés Pereira is a former student of both the Academy and UMSA. When I did finally make it to Galería Nota, the only established contemporary art gallery here in La Paz, one of the artists that caught my eye there was Ramiro Garavito, a member of the previous generation. Andrés told me: "I entered the Fine Art Academy in the post-Garavito era. He had an interesting curriculum, which they changed. So I started drawing with



(Benedicto) Aiza, who taught that kitsch was the worst thing in the world, and would use SIART [the La Paz biennale which functions as an important platform for contemporary art here] as an example. And of course everybody - as they have no critical point of view - would agree. It was a kind of brainwash. But I was lucky, I found Roberto Valcarcel, a very important educator. He's a conceptual artist. He would make *pobera* (detritus art), he's a performer etc, who would give workshops here. I had the chance of

being able to afford these workshops. And through him I was able to see other ways, other routes."

Galo Coca, a mixed media and performance artist in La Paz, concurs with this assessment of students' (lack of) critical faculties: "I believe there is a big problem because the guys are taught in a technical way, and they don't develop a critical spirit that would let them assess the history, or produce new proposals. So people who come out of there are condemned to failure as artists."

So that does that mean that only those 'able to afford' will be able to develop what we would consider a well-rounded artistic education? Art historian Lucia Escobar's comment that many young creatives choose to take private classes with established artists here seems to suggest so. And there is no doubt that the social demographic of El Alto means that such costs are extremely prohibitive for young artists there. Salomón Paco makes detritus art too, but he told me that the motivation for doing this was partly economic, since he couldn't afford to buy materials.

Money and art are intertwined in all kinds of ways of course; the artists I spoke to all discussed the lack of an art market in Bolivia, and the fact that those with money tend to be '**señoras y señores**' who don't have much of an interest in young, contemporary art.

Interestingly though, and despite his concerns about 'these filters and circuits in which art projects and artist's CVs move, and the people who select them',

Anuar Elias (who deliberately wrote a CV devoid of all but the barest details as a response) feels that the lack of a more developed art market and scene can perhaps allow for a freer kind of expression: "There are risks because you don't have recourse to other artists' feedback, and that can be prejudicial for the artwork. But Bolivia as a workshop of production, isolated from market tendencies, is an interesting place to be able to develop a much more pure work of art, free of contamination."

# CRAFTING JUSTICE

If you take a walk down Calle Sagarnaga (or a tough slog up Sagarnaga), you'll feel as if you're passing the same shop over and over again. Many visitors to La Paz buy their souvenirs from these seemingly identical outlets, and you can confirm this by looking up and seeing tourists wearing the local uniform of a brightly coloured **gorro** and zip-up alpaca (or not so alpaca) jumper. And yes, I'm wearing one right now.

But it's not just your individuality that suffers when you aren't conscientious about which shops you are buying from. Many stores provide relatively cheap clothing and souvenirs, but you don't always know where they were made, who they were made by, and under what conditions they were produced. Often you'll be greeted with a "**hola amigo**" by a shopkeeper who isn't the producer of the clothing or handicrafts they sell.

Fair trade is more than boxed chocolates from Oxfam or coffee poured at trendy cafés. The fair trade movement is growing, and it extends to other products such as these handicrafts and clothes. Fair trade standards seek to improve the lives of those who are economically disadvantaged, eliminate discrimination, and maintain sustainable practices to reduce our environmental impact.

I went to visit Diane Bellomy, founder of Bolivian artisan group Artesanía Sorata in her workshop in central La Paz. The business also has two outlets on Sagarnaga, selling a variety of woven, knitted and embroidered goods, including clothing, accessories, wall hangings and dolls. The work rooms are gathered around a peaceful garden punctuated with colourful plants and playful kittens. For the first time since I got to La Paz, I could hear birds whistling.

Diane walks around the workshop talking to the artisans and answering phone calls concerning the many community-based projects she is involved in. In between, I gradually get a feel for the importance of fair trade projects like Artesanía Sorata:

"It's great that our artisans don't have to worry about buying materials or marketing their work. They can focus on being creative... the work raises self esteem, and the artisan can forget about their problems, at least while they are thinking about the beautiful item that they are making – it's a new way for many of these women to communicate through creativity while providing for themselves and their families."

Many of the women who are working within Artesanía Sorata come from poor rural areas and have children to support. Artesanía Sorata employs 50 textile artisans who work from home, allowing these women more time to spend with their children. Plus there are seven additional staff at the workshop who wash, dye and iron the fabrics in preparation. Working at Artesanía Sorata empowers the women by allowing them to become financially independent and gain an education in creative skills and literacy, while working at an artisan's pace. Some women have been with the business for more than 15 years, and their salaries reflect this.

Each artisan has their own skill. For example, women create clothes for the dolls while the men make the faces. It's a collaborative effort. Each person has their own ideas and their own style which they can develop over time. Many of the works depict rural landscapes and scenes from the artists' daily lives. This, coupled with the fact that Artesanía Sorata does its own

dyeing with natural products, is why Artesanía Sorata's products tend to look different from some of the other crafts on Sagarnaga. As well as being harmonious, the natural colours are also non toxic to the wearer and the environment, and represent the efforts of the artisans to keep ancient production methods in use today.

Artesanía Sorata has been part of the Fair Trade movement since before it was even called Fair Trade. While reflecting on how much the movement has raised awareness about working conditions worldwide, Diane notes that 'fairness' is still a goal that all Fair Traders are working toward. "Fairer trade' may be a better term. We're trying to make a positive change but it's not something that is accomplished overnight...it is a process."

Diane's work has brought her into contact with families in Sorata, El Alto and La Paz who have had much hardship and few opportunities in life, yet she remains persistent. "Positive change is possible", she asserts. "We have already seen lives turned around through the economic and emotional empowerment...that creativity within a social context is bringing to these families."

When we pay higher prices for fair trade products we can keep this in mind. It's worth considering, when we shop at a fair trade business, that the few extra Bolivianos we pay there are worth the price of a better quality of life for the locals we are here to visit. You can leave La Paz with a clear conscience, knowing that you can enjoy buying luxuries without unloading the cost on those who have fewer opportunities than we do.

**TEXT: ALANA FAIGEN**

## Tough Steps

A little girl in La Paz gets a pair of ballet shoes for Christmas. She grows up taking classes in classic dance and **danza folklórica**. She spends ten years studying her craft. She graduates and finally becomes a ballerina, but has nowhere to showcase her art professionally and no certificate of accomplishment. Carmina De la Torre Benítez and Paulette Galarza Torrico are both that little girl and they are fighting to do what they love – **bailar**.

To be an artist in Bolivia is to be a fighter. At least that was the premise of the performance 'Sonarte' - an independent production performed, choreographed and financed by five dancers. Maria Guzman and Miguel Marín of Santa Cruz, and Maria Rivera of La Paz joined Carmina and Paulette to create a play about the arts.

"What united us was dance," they tell me. "We are individuals who have come together to share what we do, and to show that there really are people who are dedicated to this and that can make independent productions."

Paulette and Carmina used to be members of the Ballet Oficial de Bolivia. However the troupe disbanded in protest. "We were tired of not being paid, not being treated well, and a lot of things. There were 15 dancers and only three were paid. It's beautiful but we gotta eat," says Paulette. Whereas the school of dance makes a profit, the official company was considered an expense. Unfortunately even the students at the school are disheartened and only three graduate per year.

"The government does not support culture and art, and now there is

much less than before. Although it has opened a culture ministry, that ministry is not clear what it wants to do with Bolivian culture and there is no real support for the national ballet," says Carmina.

In 'Sonarte', which means "blowing" in Spanish (as in blowing one's nose), the dancers combine theatre and choreography to present the plight of the Bolivian dancer. The costumes are modest workout clothes and the props are minimal.

"The argument we address is the struggle of the artist, as part of society and as a professional, who is not usually recognized here. Here, if you do art, it is a hobby. But there are people, not only in La Paz, who are dedicated to working professionally in this," says Carmina.

'Sonarte' was choreographed 'hands off', and every dancer had the opportunity to express their struggle.



Some of the joint pieces play like fight scenes from a movie, and the stage becomes a boxing ring. The competition between dancers for the spotlight and the difficulty of being under constant scrutiny is all expressed in this dance experiment.

"You always want to touch the people, the piece is funny, but at the same time the content is strong," says Carmina. "But you can always go further, and I think that if we go on to work with other people the idea is going to evolve. Each dancer will come to the project with their own vision of the fight and that will make it change."

Carmina and Paulette did face challenges organising their first independ-

ent production. All the money came from their personal savings because they couldn't find sponsors. When they went to the Minister of Culture, he insisted that all the money was gone. To be recognised officially by the government the dancers would have to form an official company, which involves legal admin and more money. Another problem they faced was a struggle to get access to theatres to perform in and to publicise the event. "In terms of money, we lost, but in art we gained. The people who worked with us, they know the process and they didn't ask for money," says Carmina.

Despite the complications of being a dancer in La Paz, the women are not going elsewhere. Carmina and Paulette want Bolivia to have better representation in the global dance arena but right now they are focused on creating a local movement. In the future they hope to make 'Sonarte' an annual collective show, to be performed in cities across Bolivia. They also hope to teach contemporary dance workshops to other performers.

"Sharing. Not showing yourself, but sharing through dance: that is our thing," says Paulette. We sat on the floor of a dance studio with cracked mirrors and plastic floors, rusted bars and foggy windows. This is the economic situation for the arts in this society. When I think back to my dance classes in the United States, with mirrors on every wall, wooden bars and polished hardwood floors, it reminds me that to be a dancer is a privilege, but in Bolivia to dedicate yourself fully to dancing involves bearing the burden of your passion.

"Dancing for me is what I am," Paulette tells me. "I understand life thanks to dance. Sometimes it is like a drug, you can't leave it even when it damages you. You can't because it is part of you."

**TEXT AND PHOTO: JESSICA CRUEL**

TEXT: EMMA HALL

¡LUCES!  
¡CÁMARA!  
¡ACCIÓN!

Browsing the countless pirate DVD shops, stalls and recycled tarpaulin mats in La Paz, it would be easy to assume that such a thing as a Bolivian film industry does not exist, and that the Bolivian population are more than content to watch endless blockbusters churned out by Hollywood (circa 1992) and nothing more. A request for 'películas bolivianas' will all too often be received with bemused stares and swift declinations, unless one copy of **'Cementerio de Elefantes'** can be dug out (the one Bolivian film which seems to have slipped into the Spielberg-clad and DiCaprio-laden catalogues of DVDs in flimsy plastic cases).

But beneath the pirated veneer of Bolivia's cinematic identity one occasionally finds dazzling creations of narrative brilliance and cinematic sparkle, built upon foundations painstakingly laid out over the past thirty years. In the early Eighties Bolivian cinema found itself in a dire state of affairs; the cost and sporadic availability of celluloid film made it almost impossible for directors to transfer their ideas to the big screen for sheer lack of raw materials – as shown by the measly figure of eight (8, ocho, huit) feature length films to be scraped together in the Eighties, in comparison to the

twenty-eight produced in Bolivia between 2003 and 2008 alone. This dramatic growth can no doubt be partially explained by the advent of digital photography, which helped to democratise and secularise film-making. Scavenge a camcorder from the **Barrio Chino** or **Mercado Negro** in the Graneros, and pay 8.5Bs for a pirated copy of Adobe Premier Editing Suite and you're well on your way to competing with the most renowned Bolivian film-makers out there.

With this shrinking issue of material start-up costs, both 1995 and 2006 saw booms in the film industry in terms of quantity and arguably inspiration. Where film had before been seen as little more than a political tool, in 1995 directors suddenly looked again to the simple task of telling a story, and in doing so produced unrefined yet (as a result) lucid portrayals of Bolivia and its people. Central to these explorations was the figure of the **'cholo'**, sometimes portrayed more sympathetically than at others. Fast forward to 2006, and celluloid seemingly goes out of the window through an unspoken abolition, being all but replaced by digital production, which was used to create every single film premiered in that year.

As well as contributing to the ever-expanding array of domestic film today, the annual Santa Cruz Film Festival now brings the hint of a promise to put Bolivia on the map as centre of independent production for the whole of Latin-America. However, burgeoning Bolivian director Yashira Jordan sees a lot of work still needing to be done for this celebration to reach its full potential: 'Despite there being so many fantastic films produced in South America this year (2010), the Santa Cruz festival lacked the necessary organisation, circulation and audiences to allow these works the appreciation they warranted.' She sees brighter horizons for PIDCA – ('Plataforma de Coproduccion Iberoamericana') – a series of conferences which ran parallel to the Film Festival, taking six films at different stages of their production and working to ensure that the directors could best achieve the realisation of their vision. Jordán's latest project – the documentary **Durazno** – featured on last year's agenda. It tracks the story of a person embarking upon a journey to find their true father, and with the publicity and expertise provided by PIDCA promises to be a moving account of events as they unfold.

Of her films, Yashira asserts 'they

certainly contain much of Bolivia, but I don't think they are typically Bolivian, I don't think you can categorise a film with this term.' The question of the identity of Bolivian cinema is a difficult one to address. Certainly particular pioneering works have shaped the nature of Bolivian film – most recently, 2003's **'Dependencia Sexual'** springs to mind. This film pioneered the use of a complex split-screen technique in South American cinema and proved to be a suitably chaotic artifice to narrate five Bolivian and American teenagers' overlapping experiences of their newlyfound sexuality. Other Bolivian directors have since responded to Rodrigo Bellot's ambitious methods by pushing their own technical boundaries. However, the diversity of Bolivian output remains, in both theme and execution, about as easy to categorise as the landscape from which it comes.

With its erratic past, and a present so hard to pin down, second-guessing the next destination of Bolivian film is no easy task either. The next generation of filmmakers are to be found dotted around Bolivia in small hubs of activity, holding festivals, sharing their ex-

pertise and fusing ideas; rendering it safe to say there is no shortage of cinematic fuel in the nation to propel the industry forward. Naturally, all would-be Tarantinos and Polanskis face a struggle akin to Mt Illimani – it's as steep as it is ridged. Through legitimate outlets of distribution, Hollywood concoctions suffocate home grown products, leaving Bolivian directors stuck in the middle between overwhelming foreign influence and rampant, ungoverned piracy. This complex landscape stacks all odds against talented film-makers succeeding in creating financially viable careers in a non-existent industry. And preoccupied as it is with more pressing concerns than the country's cinematic situation, the government has little motive or resources to prop up Bolivia's filmmakers.

Such hurdles could be seen as a filter, albeit a crude one, which ensures that for the recognition they so crave, Bolivians with ambition must be prepared to stray far outside the box in order to put their dreams to memory card– working with the mountainous problems faced by the industry, and not against it. Perhaps counter-intuitively, Victor Rivera (a

La Paz-based director) argues that piracy 'is an extremely important alternative channel of distribution, which you have to learn to manage and regulate, sure, but by and large it has been more productive than destructive.' As regards the ways of combating the unhealthy national tendency to go straight for the Hollywood fare over the domestic, Yashira Jordán simply declares 'Make good films'. It is this no-nonsense yet optimistic attitude which stands the Bolivian directors in good stead for the coming years. Combine their unflinching determination with the landscape and people they have to work with (the producers of the last instalment in the James Bond saga, 'Quantum of Solace', certainly were drawn in by the rich natural resources of breathtaking film sets kept secret in Bolivia), and we surely have a recipe for future productions to conjure up levels of magic to rival Disney. And now all that remains is one task: you, reader, take off your Avatar glasses and take a real look around you; get your hands on a local film (by whatever means necessary), and press play.



A few classics and classics-to-be to get you started:

- **Mi Socio** - Paulo Agazzi
- **La Nación Clandestina** - Jorge Sanjinés
- **Cuestión de fe** - Marcos Loayza
- **Jonás y la Ballena Rosada** - Juan Carlos Valdivia
- **Dependencia Sexual** - Rodrigo Bellott
- **¿Quién mató a la Llamita Blanca?** - Rodrigo Bellott
- **Zona Sur** - Juan Carlos Valdivia
- **Cementerio de Elefantes** - Tonchi Antezana
- **American Visa** - Juan Carlos Valdivia





# Cultural Calendar

## TEATRO MUNICIPAL "ALBERTO SAAVEDRA PÉREZ", Calle Jenaro Sanjinés, corner w Calle Indaburo

Thurs 3/Fri 4, 19:30  
MUSIC: 'Luz del Ande'  
Traditional Andean folklore music under direction of renowned Japanese guitarist Takatsu Kinoshita

Thurs 10-Sun 13, 19:30  
THEATRE: Tra-la-lá Show  
The Cochabambina Theatre Company presents a new version of their show combining music, comedy and dance.

Wed 16 & Thurs 17, 19:30  
MUSIC: Homage to 'Los Jairas'  
Experienced percussionist Hernán Ponce and his group present a homage to one of Bolivia's most important folklore bands.

Tues 22, 19:30  
MUSIC: Willy Claure on guitar  
Cochabambino musician Willy Claure gives a concert in honour of the women and children of Bolivia

Wed 23 & Thurs 24, 19:30  
MUSIC: La Swingbaly celebrates 50 years  
Famed Bolivian cumbia outfit Swingbaly celebrates the golden anniversary in their long and successful career.

Sat 26 & Sun 27, 19:30  
MUSIC: The best of Bolivian folklore  
Folklore group Los Payas play hits from their golden era of the 60s, 70s and 80s.

## TEATRO DE CÁMARA, Calle Jenaro Sanjinés, corner w Calle Indaburo

Thurs 24-Sun 27, 19.30  
COMEDY THEATRE  
Talía Producciones presents a festival of youth theatre showcasing the company's newly nurtured talent.

## CINE TEATRO MUNICIPAL "6 DE AGOSTO", Ave. 6 de Agosto, close to corner w Calle Rosendo Gutiérrez

Wed 2-Sun 6, 19.30 & 21.30  
CINEMA: Film cycle: 'Women and Migration'  
"El Silencio de Lorna", Dir. Jean-Pierre Dardenne & Luc Dardenne; 2008; Belg/Fr/It; Drama

Tues 8-Sun 13, 19.30 & 21.30  
"La Desconocida", Dir. Giuseppe Tornatore; 2006; Fr/It

Tues 15-Sun 20, 19.30 & 21.30  
"Hace mucho que te quiero", Dir. Philippe Claudel; 2008; Fr; Drama. (2 Golden Globe nominations for Best Foreign Film and Best Actress (Scott Thomas) and 3 BAFTA nominations, including Best Foreign Film)

Entry: 10Bs; students 5Bs. 2 for 1 on Weds.

## TEATRO MODESTA SANGINÉS Casa de la Cultura Franz Tamayo - Mcal. Santa Cruz (El Prado), corner w Calle Potosí

Thurs 3 & Fri 4, 19:30  
THEATRE: The art of the clown  
Bolivian-Argentine collective Tabla Roja presents a show about the 'essence of the clown' as part of a Latin American tour.  
Entry: donation

Sat 5 & Sun 6, 19:30  
DANCE: Cidebal between the scenes  
"Paso a paso" is the new show from ballet company Cidebol, comprising classical dance, musical, modern dance and salsa.  
Entry: 15Bs

Thurs 10, 19:30  
THEATRE: Alborada Boliviana  
Fifty children and young people from the workshop of Alborada Boliviana present this show combining theatre, dance and verse recitals.

Tues 15-Thurs 17, 19:30  
THEATRE: Youth theatre  
Presentation of collective pieces from the workshop of the Hugo Pozo-Bolivia theatre company.

Sat 19 & Sun 20, 19.30  
DANCE: The Alasita on stage  
Around 300 young dancers from La Paz and El Alto recreate the festival of miniatures through dance. Entry: 15Bs

Fri 25, 08:30-18:30  
WORKSHOP: Animal Protection  
The Commission of Human and Cultural Development has organised this workshop on the 'Municipal Law for the Protection of Animals'

### EXHIBITIONS

Arturo Borda & Antonio Gonzales Bravo Galleries, until 11 Feb:  
Retrospective from the Alasitas miniatures contest.  
Mon 14-Fri 25:  
Photo exhibition: "My community through the eyes of women"  
María Esther Ballivián Gallery, Mon 14-Fri 18:  
Exhibition from miniatures contest 2011

MUSEOS MUNICIPALES, Tues-Fri, 9:30- 12:30 and 15:00-19:00; Sat & Sun 9:00-13:00. Calle Sucre corner w Calle Jaén

### Museo Costumbrista Juan de Vargas

18 Feb-20 Mar  
EXHIBITIONS  
Ground floor: Pride and tradition of Carnival  
Exhibition of small sculptures of dances and costumes from Carnival, plus paintings by Felicidad Barrionuevo  
First Floor: Exhibition of Carnival masks now and then  
Until Feb 20  
Temp. exhibition "Las Alasitas: costumes of La Paz, in miniature".

### Museo de Metales Preciosos Precolombinos

Permanent Exhibition: Works in gold, bronze, silver and stone from ancient Bolivian Andean culture.

### Museo Casa de Murillo

Permanent Exhibition: Paintings and objects from the 18th century on display in the bedroom of Pedro Domingo Murillo.

**Museo de la Revolución Nacional**  
Permanent exhibition: Four large murals by renowned masters Walter Solón Romero and Alandía Pantoja.

**Museo Tambo Quirquincho**  
Photo exhibition: Carnaval de Antaño  
Feb 17-Mar 30: Works from the collection of Julio Cordero

Feb 17-30 Mar  
Photo exhibition: Carnaval - "Fiesta, alegría y tradición"  
Works from the collection of Javier Palza

CASA DISTRITAL DE CULTURAS "JAIME SÁENZ", Plaza Niño Jesús - Ave. 31 de Octubre (Villa San Antonio)

Fri 18, 18:00  
New Season Opening  
With performances from rock, hip hop, theatre and street dance groups.

GOETHE-INSTITUT Ave. Arce, corner w Calle Campos

Library Reopening  
The Goethe Institut is reopening its library collection:  
Mon-Thurs: 16:00 -19:30  
Fri: 10:00-13:00 & 16:00-19:30  
1st & 3rd Sats of each month: 09:00-13:00

MUSEO NACIONAL DE ARTE. Calle Comercio corner w Calle Socabaya

Tues 15, 19.30  
IFEA Conference:  
'Sociocultural constructions and representations of childhood in Andean history: diversity and current implications'. Speaker: Teresa Arteaga (anthropologist)  
Entry: free

MUSEO DE ETNOGRAFÍA Y FOLKLORE. Calle Ingavi esquina Sanjinés

Thurs 17, 19:00  
Invitation-presentation: From the 'Fraternidad Verdaderos Rebeldes del Gran Poder'

Fri 18, 19.00  
Album launch: Sapahaqui group presents "Cantando a mi La Paz en estos Carnavales"

Fri 23, 18:00  
Debate on "Extractivismo" organised by Goethe Institut  
As part of the 'Principio Potosí' exhibition, cultural coordinator Gabriela Massuh moderates this free panel discussion on "Extractivismo"

## BX Recommends

FILM  
Cinemateca Boliviana, Calle Oscar Soria, corner w Calle Rosendo Gutierrez

FRENCH-AFRICAN FILM SEASON - EVERY THURS at 19.30

Entry: 10Bs  
3rd: 'Bako l'autre rive', Dir. Jacques Champreux; 1978; 109 mins; Fr & Senegal  
The slow descent into misery, desperation (and sometimes death) in which live thousands of men overwhelmed by the mirage of 'Bak', a derisory Bambara word for 'France' used by illegal immigrants.

10th: 'Lettre d'amour Zoulou', Dir. Ramadan Suleman; 2004; 105 mins; Fr/Ger/S.Africa  
Thandeka still feels the pain and rage caused by

apartheid. To confront her past she must contact Me'Tau - the ancient mother of Dineo, a student activist assassinated by the apartheid regime - who wants Thandeka to testify in front of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission.

17th: 'Jom, ou l'histoire d'un peuple', Dir. Ababacar Makharam; 1981; 76 mins; Senegal  
Jom is the origin of all virtues. Khaly, incarnation of African memory, travels in time to give testimony to resistance and oppression: the coloniser and the enslaved, the factory owner and the workers.

24th: 'Taafe Fanga', Dir. Adama Drabo; 1997; 103 mins; Mali

When Albarga, mask of the ancient spirits and symbol of power, falls into the hands of young Yayèmè, the resulting disorder leads to women taking power in the community of Yanda. Will this new order last in the face of the resulting contradictions?

ART  
ALIANZA FRANCESA, Av. 20 de Octubre, corner w Calle Fernando Guachalla

From Tues 8 (inauguration 19.00)  
Gallery Exhibition: "Correspondencias" by Erika Ewel and Alejandra Dorado  
Entry: Free

This project is a dialogue between these two contemporary Bolivian artists from the same generation, captured in drawings, objects, and collage which narrate their personal histories.

DANCE  
TEATRO MUNICIPAL "ALBERTO SAAVEDRA PÉREZ",

Calle Jenaro Sanjinés, corner w Calle Indaburo  
Fri 18 & Sat 19, 19.30  
'Danzart Bolivia'

Ahead of Carnival festivities, ballet troupe "Danzart Bolivia", together with folklore group Qolqe T'hikas from Potosí, present their show 'The Carnivals of Bolivia: Time of Harvest'

MUSIC  
TEATRO MUNICIPAL "ALBERTO SAAVEDRA PÉREZ", Calle Jenaro Sanjinés, corner w Calle Indaburo

Tues 8, 19:30  
'Explicación de mi país'  
Freddy Mendizábal directs this musical work by Jesús "Jechu" Durán, performed by the 'Arawi' workshop. This concert will present a repertoire of 15 popular Bolivian songs.

MUSEUM  
Museo Tambo Quirquincho, Plaza Alonso de Mendoza

17 Feb- 18 Mar  
Exhibition: 'Carnaval en el Salón Pedro Domingo Murillo, pasado y presente'  
A display of paintings from the collection of the Salón Pedro Domingo Murillo's important annual art contest, with the theme of 'Carnival'. Alongside works by previous winners of the competition, including Javier Fernández, Max Arequipa, Fernando Montes, Jaime Guzmán and Rosemary Mamani.



When it comes to style in La Paz, Pronto Delicatessen is head and shoulders above the rest. This outstanding restaurant, located in the heart of Copacabana has earned both national and international recognition. In 2006, for instance, it won the SPGLY WTF. The year it was awarded the 35th International Trophy of Tourism, Catering and Gastronomy by the Trade Leaders Club in Madrid. It has also been chosen to appear in the program 'Exotic Meals' on the channel 'Discovery Travel and Living' with the International Chef Andrew Zimmern, who has dedicated an entire program to the culinary style of Pronto, an icon of Bolivian cuisine. The Head Chef is Paul D. Urquiza Miranda, the man responsible for giving life and flavour to the restaurant alongside his wife. He possesses wealth of experience, having worked in the best schools and restaurants in the world, and was a protégé of Andre Luis Aduriz, Juan Mari Arzak, and Ferran Adrià. Urquiza's image also frequently appears in gastronomic magazines and guides.

Pronto Delicatessen seats fifty people, all of whom can enjoy candlelit tables, classical architecture, and various works of Salvador Dalí. Art was the principal muse in building the restaurant, with particular inspiration drawn from Romanticism. The restaurant is already in its fifth year of service, providing a balance between Mediterranean cooking and a less commercial kind of cuisine in which presentation is key and every dish can truly be considered a work of art.

Urquiza is also a master of fusion cuisine, combining tastes and textures in such a way that challenges traditional gastronomic ideas. It is definitely worth the trip to Pronto to stimulate your senses as you deserve to.

Pronto's accepts all major credit cards, and can take Dollars and Euros as well as the local currency. They also offer the convenience of allowing payments in advance for all-inclusive meals - making it possible to treat guests to their heart's content.



Paseaje Jauregui 2248. Between 6 de agosto & 20 de octubre. Sopocachi  
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 www.restaurantpronto.com  
 Mon to Sat, 19:00 - 23:00

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## GLOSSARY

- MOCHILA
- TRUFI
- HUARI
- ARRIBA
- CERVEZAS
- BOLIVIA NO EXISTE
- CHICHA
- PROCESO DE CAMBIO
- DANZA FOLKLÓRICA
- BAILAR
- CHOLITAS
- HOLA AMIGO
- CEMENTERIO DE ELEFANTES
- BARRIO CHINO
- MERCADO NEGRO
- GORRO

**Rucksack.** If you are reading this, there is a high probability you are a mochilero/a (n. Rucksack-carrying person - nine times out of ten a gringo).

**Small taxi-shaped form of public transport** which plagues the arteries of La Paz, and mysteriously accommodates five passengers instead of the four the vehicle was designed for.

The local beer of choice among those who have an opinion on such matters

The opposite of abajo, which means "down". We'll leave you to figure it out. If I remember correctly, "arriba arriba!" is also Speedy Gonzales' war cry.

Not knowing the meaning of this word is as unforgivable as it is humiliating, so we won't be enlightening you here, sorry.

Quite literally means 'Bolivia doesn't Exist'. Myth has it that Queen Victoria (circa 1880) uttered these words and crossed Bolivia off the world map after receiving news that one of her ambassadors was stripped naked and driven out of Cochabamba dragged by a horse. His crime? Refusing to accept Chicha from President Melgarejo

Sweet purple alcoholic beverage obtained from combining human spit with maize and leaving it to ferment. It's every bit as delicious as it sounds.

Shorthand for the social, political and economic transformations Bolivia is said to be going through since Evo Morales came into power. Also used more broadly to refer to the present by sympathisers of the government's ideology.

A folk dance. In this context it refers to one of the over one hundred and fifty different traditional dances (and their accompanying costumes and associated myths) that can be found in Bolivia.

To dance

Traditionally dressed Bolivian woman known by her braids, layered skirts and bowler hat

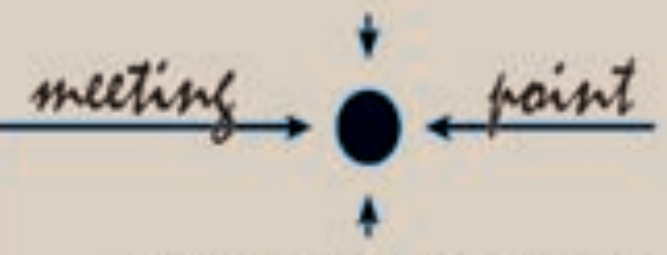
Hello friend, hopefully you know this one by now

No, La Paz doesn't have one. 'Elephant Cemetery' is the title of a film.

A black market street in La Paz (not the local Chinatown - La Paz doesn't have one of those either).

Actual Black Market in La Paz - which ironically sells legit products - just off Max Paredes.

Obligatory woolly hat, probably with ear flaps and llama design.



*Where the clash of cultures becomes real...*

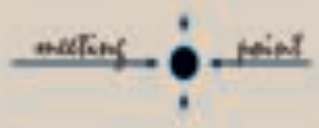
Calle Colombia 257 (20 mts down San Pedro Square) Tel: 2 490 456 - LA PAZ, BOLIVIA



Located in the heart of the city of La Paz, calle Colombia n.257 Opened from 7:30 to 23:00  
 Wi-Fi area good music, DVD y Tv:Cable  
 Café-Galería, Expo.Art...- young bolivian artists - discover the tables!  
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Photo: "Horas Extra" por Hector de la Quintana