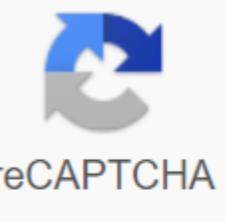


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With two Oscar awards to her credit, impeccable track record and honest admiration for the world, Santaolalla emphasizes the virtues of the simple and cares for her surroundings. His recent career is known almost in detail, especially as he won his first Oscar. But international decorations began in 2004 with Bafta for the musicalization of *Motorcycle Diaries*. The following year (2005) Bafta began with what was perhaps the year of its greatest consecrations so far; and went on, as you know, with his first Oscar and Golden Globe for *Secret on the Hill*. And in the crown of this triad years of legal recognition, 2006 brought another Bafta and his second Oscar with *Babylon*. Undisputed and undisputed number one, this Argentine musician, composer and producer is one of our best talent ambassadors in the rest of the world. The awards aside, his most outstanding work were in *Amores perros*, 21 grams, *My Blueberry Nights* and *Biutiful*, among other films that shine through his musical composition. It is clear that the cinema loves him, but also the whole musical sphere: he worked with Charly Garcia, Leon Gieko, Cafe Tacuba and Bajo Fondo Tango Club... and with so many artists. But to understand this trajectory, you need to start from the beginning. His early music career began at the age of 16 when he formed Arco Iris, his first band. From 1967 to 1988, they recorded eleven folk-rock albums. His life as an artist led him on the way of the squad to the terroir, constantly moving between our country and Los Angeles, the city that got him with the opportunities that a talented professional should develop his art in all its splendor. In the early years of his life he created other bands such as Soluna and Wet Pic Nic, interesting effects in Los Angeles pubs with their new wave of sounds. Let's not forget that they were transit of the 70s with all the power of the hippie movement. In 82 he returned to Argentina and released the album *Santaolalla* with Willy Iturri, Alfredo Toth and Alejandro Lerner. Connoisseurs say it was a kick-off to what would be an 80s musical twist with Soda Stereo, for example. Between planes and guitars, he produced with Leon Gieco De Ushuaia a La Kicaca, and the second album *Gi*. Already consecrated as a music producer, he has worked with Cafe Tacuba, Divided, Molotov, Julieta Venegas, Juanes, Jorge Drexler, Bersuit Vergarabat, Phobia, Tree, Caifanes, Maldita Vecindad, Bajofondo... and the list can go on indefinitely, or almost. In 1995 he released his second solo album: *Gas*, which was very well received by the music world. And from there until today he stood to travel and produce music like a star. Like the star he's become, and we all know. The multifaceted creator of El Gure Santaolalla (as he knows him in the middle) he is one of the most popular names when it comes to creating megaproducts in Hollywood and in our country. The guru has not lost the humility of the truly great. The guru has not forgotten his roots or important values of life. The guru today divides

his time between his passions and family. Because Gustavo Santaolalla doesn't just make music. He is also currently a winemaker in Mendoza and produces wines in Lujon de Cuyo. Don Juan Nauel Reserve, Don Juan Nauel and Selador are his other creations that can already be found in some very special restaurants for him. Sky and Earth products are the creations of a lifelong dream. He shares dreams with his wife, Alejandra Palacios, and his friend Raul Orozco. Malbec, Cabernet and Petit Verdot are varieties of this enterprise, which was born in Mendoza and which is enjoyed by wine lovers ... where they want to go. At this point we can say that his art is merging. He combined folklore with rock, tango with electronic music, cinema with wines, work with passion. And we were lucky enough to find this real number one in the premiere of *Eva Argentina*, an animated film directed by Maria Soan and based on drawings by Francisco Solano Lopez ... film musical Santaolalla, of course. In the midst of the madness of photographers and cameras, journalists and main characters, we came to him and asked him: What is it for you to be number one? I don't look like that. I think I'm the one who works, who has been lucky enough to reach through the job and, hopefully, through talent. I feel like one who is very grateful for the life that touched me. With family and friends I have and with the opportunity to continue to do projects that motivate me. I love doing magical things like this movie (referring to *Eva*) which I really enjoyed doing. - How does superexin live outside? I live in peace, I live traveling. But I have a question of identity deep within me, and that always accompanies me wherever I am. No matter where I am in the world, I constantly feel that feeling to be attached to my country, so I could say that I never left and I will always return. Heaven and Earth is the name of your winery. And these seem to be words that synthesize a man who has well planted his feet, and his head flies in the most magical creation. Music, cinema, family, wine, composition and common sense. And the ingredient that co-replaces these virtues has its own name, its own: Gustavo Santaolalla. The number one we can all say is Chapo. In a world marked by the value that the market gives everything, it is very easy to estimate, that is, to put a price, to give value. And do the opposite: discard. The consequences are terrible. Masako and Mrs. Lynch testify. Literature can tell us what the world is like. Susan Sontag Talking about contempt means first knowing that appreciation. Let's see to appreciate it putting a price or bet on selling things. Increase the value or quote of currency on the foreign exchange market. Third, recognize and respect the merits of someone or something. Feel affection or respect for someone. Let's not be surprised at the question of putting a price on things in the world by signing up for the value imposed by the market in various orders. I think that today we could dwell on those who now, in Western culture, seem to celebrate the fate of the subject on the prevalence of the image. Market teams be young, tall, skinny, fibrous if possible white, and better even if it's blonde and blue-eyed. Maybe - we run the risk of thinking - he commands, fundamentally, to be young. We ignore why this condition itself enters the land of quality very well seen. And appreciated. In the past, the sages of the tribe were talked about as those characters who had precious value, about the experience and knowledge that work and bring with them the days. But we know that we are going through a global universe of mutations. Contempt at this time (especially) soars into the various that succeeds in the market. Contempt, contempt, disregard for others necessarily implies intense disrespect or recognition of others. And this implies the denial and humiliation of those who are despised and the self-esteem of those who despise. A despised person is considered unworthy. Aside from the image or appearance, the subject can be despised for what it thinks or feels, for its race or condition. The mad contempt for others has been the numerous massacres throughout history. This commandment to love one's neighbor as oneself seems to have been written in the table of law to be broken. From Cain and Abel, through the war of the Crusades, the Holocaust madness of Hitler under the flag of the Aryan race, the persecution of blacks (from this Nelson Mandela, survivor of the martyrdom of apartheid), to the death of women subjected to the horror of Islamic laws in mid-2013, everything seems possible in this life, in this world, as a result of the exercise of contempt. Worst of all, perhaps, is the sense of resentment and vengeance that comes to punishment for humiliation for being different. It's like a poisonous circle that feeds on. Masako and the Cursed Kings Sometimes these feelings fall on themselves, and there is a kind of self-control that prevents the subject from growing in its and its context. One example is the interest of Princess Masako of Japan, a cultural woman who gave up her diplomatic career to marry Naruhito, the imperial crown prince. Masako was unable to give the man the heir to the Empire of the Sun, which does not allow women to take the throne, and leads to a huge depression for more than a decade. Another undesirable and severe consequence of contempt is the feeling of disrespect. Out of malice (anger born in the spirit of disappointment suffered in the pursuit of desires or in the pursuit of vanity), Richard III, the king despised as little in the history of England, commits the most terrible family crimes, as recorded by Shakespeare in his work, and Anne Boleyn betrays and banishes his own sister Mary in a dispute about the conquest of love (and the throne) of Henry VIII. They say that those who know that the mistress of Inaki Urdangarin, the husband of Infanta Cristina Spain, carried out in spite condemned him for rebuttals and scandal for embezzlement, a topic that splashes the royal family these days. And it is better not to mention Corinna zu Sein-Wittgenstein, who, when she was removed from office with sheet money, literally left out of the chains the deprecitated King Juan Carlos de Borbn. I would like to close the topic of contempt with true history, but also fiction, which thus make true stories richer and more interesting, because literature, to paraphrase Susan Sontag, can offer models and besemind deep knowledge embodied in language and storytelling. Madame Lynch and Paraguayan patricians have always been an exotic destination for Europeans. Voltaire, in the eighteenth century, made his *Candido* trip to Paraguay. And in the 19th century, several romantic writers presented the country as a whimsical refuge of love and adventure. Nietzsche's sister, Elizabeth, for example, who was not very well in her head, came to live with her husband a little far from her land with very rare, terrible, Donacytic ideas. It's a good thing your journey quickly ended in her husband's suicide. Anyway, in the second half of the same century, the Irishwoman, Eliza Lynch, enters Paris, somewhat prone to passionate metamorphosis. That is: passions, as Ovid explains in his *Metamorphosis*, cause continuous mutations in the universe of gods. And human. Born in Ireland, poor and abandoned by her mother, Eliza married a French soldier at the age of fifteen, who doubled her age: Mr. de Cuatrefages. At the time, his choice was closely related to money and the possibility of know the world with this mature gentleman. Miss Lynch was renamed Madame. Soon he regretted it. He was superbly bored on the military side and, for worse, the climate of Algeria caused him suffocation, various riots, dreams and erotic fantasies. So lived, somewhat hinged, in the style of *Madame Bovary* in the novel by Gustave Flaubert. Until Francisco Solano Lopez appeared in her life, young as she was, and spoke to her in French with a Paraguayan stop melody that has its charm. And his grace. Sometimes, as they began to cry out for love, Francis spoke with his ear in Guarani, and Eliza came to the miniature mort, whispering words in English, French and in the guttan language of her fiery lover, much more ignited by his own power than the breezes of African Sirocco. The power is serious: his beloved's father was the president of Paraguay, and the young man will soon be appointed marshal. Irish woman doesn't walk. He decided to go with him to the land of guarenya and chip, these cheese buns and starchy cassava flour, which maximized the fibers of love. They traveled on two different boats because Solano Lopez knew that Madame Lynch did not like the Paraguayan patrician ladies. And it wasn't. She could barely get out of the ship when she was immediately held in a distant fifth, where she did light up meetings with Francis. Like many brave women (remember, in our lands Ana Maria Perichon, aka La Perichona, lover of Santiago de Lyne and grandmother of the indomitable Camila O'Gorman), Madame Lynch was summoned to Paraguay, with some malice, La Madama. In his novel Madame Sui writer Augusto Roa Bastos fiction, in the character of the Japanese, some features an eccentric Irish woman who imported Solano Lopez to Paraguay. Over time, Madame Lynch was also nicknamed Marshall. The truth is, he never gave up his love. When Solano Lopez ruled her homeland and fought in the Triple Alliance war, she fought her husband and children in melees, to the point that she was dubbed the colonel for her bravery on the battlefield. But long before this huge war Lynch managed to get out of the fifth and live in Asuncion, next to his beloved. He was very influential. He imported French magazines, genres and perfumes. She dressed up as a queen and talked about literature in the halls, where she liked to shine, seducing right-handed and sinister. Fewer Paraguayan midwives: they continued to show contempt. Once, it is said, the family of Solano Lopez wanted to poison the couple with a trick in the style of Lucretia Borgia. They were sent a source of poisoned spy, but someone in the kitchen told them. Madame decided to celebrate life on a rag. He's been throwing a party. The costume, in which she appeared holster in a lovely suit of silver scales and black polka dots, invited the villagers to eat the delicious suruba - a fish that teems with the rivers Parana and Paraguay - season with Roquefort, the disturbing blue cheese that Lynch brought in large quantities from France. To do this, I had money and power. On the night of the party, the marshal put two magnolias in her hair, freshly cut from a tree in the huge yard of her house. He said goodbye to the head smell. Embrace her love, Francisco Solano Lopez, Lynch sang in her already transformed original English Happy Birthday to you / Happy Birthday you / Happy birthday, Mr. President / Happy Birthday for you in a hoarse and soft voice like a cat purring at night. Because they were both born again when they came out of a poisoned squid. (The same scene that a century later will repeat Marilyn Monroe with J. F. Kennedy in the 1960s, but already, of course, without any chips.) That's another story. And one more topic. Perhaps it is worth thinking, as the great Mary Elena Walsh said, that perhaps Madame Lynch did it, as in the couple of Jade Fierro: Here I will stand / deep as a caroso / I say veleidoso / that by changing it goes out of its way: Toad that changes the tank / always toad from another well . To spite, Richard III committed the most horrific crimes, as we learned from Shakespeare. For the same reason, Anne Boleyn betrayed her sister. And Inaki Urdangarin's mistress condemned him to the trial. It's a test.

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