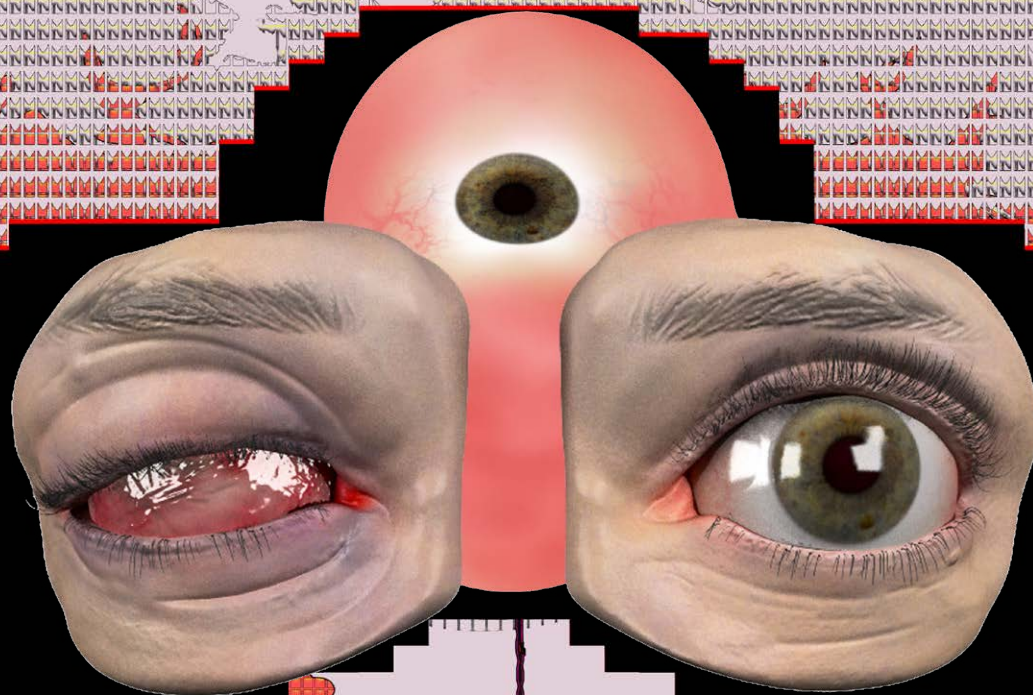


# GUARDIANS OF THE VISION



“WHO PRAYS FOR YOU?” ASKED LA MACHI.  
SO THAT THE BULLETS WILL JUST GRAZE YOU, TO BE INVISIBLE, SO  
THAT THEY WILL ALTER THEIR COURSE,  
TO PRESERVE YOUR EYES, YOUR SIGHT.

01 On 18 October, a spark from the flames set fire to Santiago de Chile. The rise of 30 pesos in the city's public transport fares unleashed protests all over the country. The neoliberal system implanted during the military dictatorship had left most of the population seriously unprotected. Citizens worn down by social inequality, debts owing to the high cost of living, expensive medicines, exorbitant health care, minute pensions, a lack of access to quality education and the privatisation of nearly all the water in the country were just some of the reasons for the start of the social outburst.

02 The citizens' demands for a decent life were repressed by the forces of public order. According to the official figures given in the latest report of the INDH (National Institute for Human Rights), there were 31 deaths, 3,765 people injured (including 288 minors) and 2,888 accusations of sexual violence, torture and use of excess force by the police and military during the social demonstrations from October 2019 to March 2020. Of those injured, 460 people were struck in an eyeball, some with total loss of vision owing to popping of the eyes caused by bullets, pellets and tear gas fired directly at the faces of the demonstrators. 2 people lost both eyes.



03 In Andean cosmology, the future is behind us and is not visible to the eyes. We look forward, towards the known. In the neoliberal cosmology, the eyes are the price to pay for a decent future. What else will we have to give up as we move further into this world of *superproductivity*? These lost eyes are the sacrifice for those who will come after us.

Toc-toc, toc-toc-toc. The pots and pans clamour to the same rhythm, all connecting together. The city rings from the windows of citizens shut up under curfew.  
*Toc-toc, toc-toc-toc.*

In the context of the protests, I've heard the buzzing of police drones spying on activists. *Dzzzdzzzzdzzzz, dzzzdzzzzdzzzz.* I've seen those unmanned craft with my own eyes flying down into the inner courtyards of buildings, looking for faces, spying on assemblies, hovering over the protests, filming and indexing guilty parties through its pixelated vision. *Dzzzdzzzzdzzzz.*

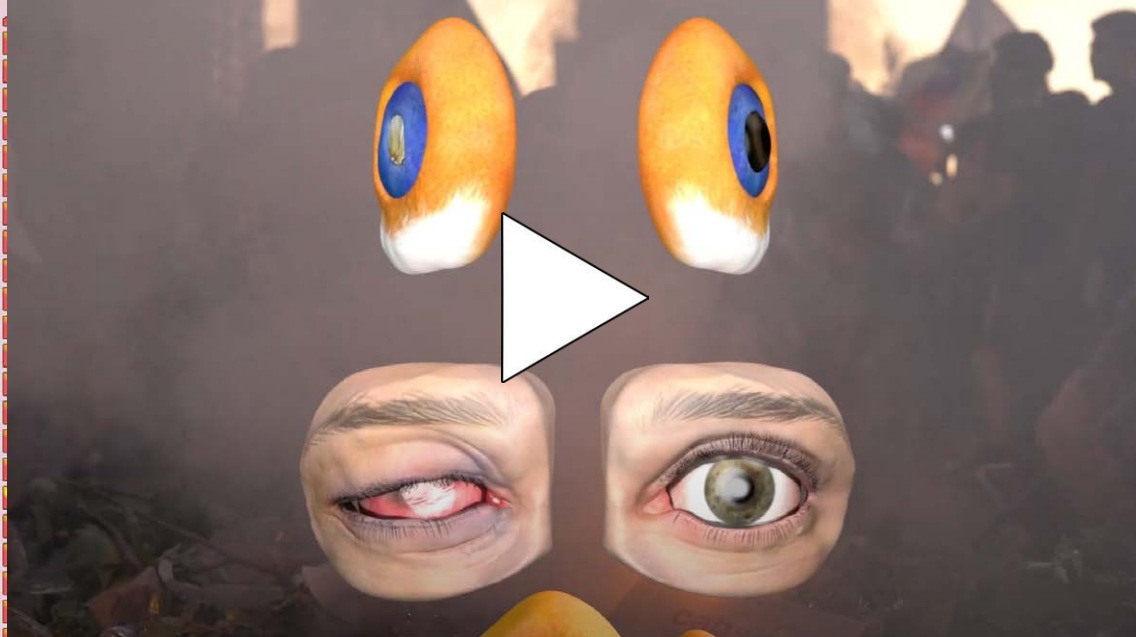
I define a drone as an "astral extension" of a human being that allows them to move across the world above. A flying eye. A vigilant eye. An eye suspended in the air.

At the end of November 2019, protesters in Santiago's Plaza de la Dignidad joined forces and brought down a drone with a "light attack". Using the blinding potential of laser pointers, they spontaneously brought all their light beams together, and all aiming at the spy drone at the same time, they shot it down. The social struggle was transferred to the air, using the transparency of light as a weapon.

*I raise my eyes towards the sky full of green lights pointing at the drone. I feel the presence of the toucan flying around it in circles as it falls. I ask these blind birds to activate my vision of the invisible.* An era of police astral flights is dawning. Their visions, enhanced. The drone, the watchful eye of this era, is destined to be brought down by the collective.







04 One of those days I went to the seminar “Challenges of the transition to a new civilisation”, where a talk was being given by the philosopher Gastón Soublette. He stressed that the social outburst managed to attract the attention of the international press, which described Chile as a country with the world’s most scandalous social inequalities given the reigning economic and technological order, whose pillars are the accumulation of capital and competition. In the midst of this social crisis, he mentioned that the government has proposed only mitigating measures, hoping in this way to content a population “whose privations keep it near the edge of the bearable.”

After his account of how the capitalist system fails to work for us because it disarticulates planetary life, he spoke of how life is making room for itself through the emergence of a new paradigm that is arriving to shatter the one we currently inhabit. *Bit by bit.*

At the end of the talk, one of those present explained the theory of ascending energy at the planetary level, where solar storms are radiated by the Sun towards the Earth producing earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and revolutions. He remarked that we are in a process of planetary ignition where all we have to do is make ourselves available for inflammation by these new energies, which will give us the necessary information to undertake the new transit.

*SOLAR STORM,  
BURN MY CODES, SO THEY WILL OPEN AND KNOW WHERE TO GO!  
WE CAN'T GO ON AS WE ARE.*





05 The Alt-right, the far right in the United States, also proclaim a change of paradigm and a new order. *But that's another story, another future that we have nothing to do with here.* The capitalist system is so well designed that with or without a revolution, with or without a virus, it makes sure it's always the same ones who win. Mining was the only economic sector that showed a growth in shares in regional exports during the social outburst. Who can have bought shares in extraction of resources? Now, during the pandemic, the Big-Tech companies like Amazon, Facebook, Microsoft and Netflix have considerably increased their fortunes.

06 At this time, in the United States, other eyes are being injured in the rioting that has followed the death of George Floyd. While here we have a social outburst, there they have their racial outburst. As Gastón Soublette said, this is a universal protest.

In the middle of the chaotic months of the social outburst, I sent an email to a friend in Lima. I copy it out here so as not to lose the immediacy of the narrative:

Dear Violeta,

I'm writing to you from the revolution. I'm excited to be writing this. Frightened too. Revolution in Chile! At what minute? Two and a half months ago I read an interview with Cecilia Vicuña in the newspaper The Clinic. She described a very common situation in Chile, and I wanted to weep for the soulless country I inhabited. I felt defeated. It was like reading the death sentence we had all already accepted in silence:

"What things make you think of the horror we inhabit every day? When you get on a Chilean bus, what's on that bus are not exactly human beings. They're atrophied beings, abused beings, beings swollen up by poisonous food, desperate beings who have already thrown in the towel, and all or nearly all are half drugged or asleep. That wasn't so before, because now people are forced to work like slaves for abusive wages. And all to achieve something impossible: well-being. And so it's like living a great lie, and that lie generates hatred, rage, anger, indifference and self-destruction." Those were Cecilia's comments.

Days later, the social unrest exploded. It is as though Cecilia's words had silently reached everyone's hearts, which had refused to continue to embody them. The impossible happened! Chile awoke, as the hashtag says: #chileespertó. And although changing the laws will be slow, we are changing fast. Now nothing will be the same. We shall remain alert to the thousands of micro-decisions we take each day.

Last Tuesday, we went out to stick up posters for the publisher *Mercvria* in the streets of Zona Cero. As we wandered through Santiago, we passed by the Dignity Camp and saw people singing, we heard policemen shout at them and throw small traders and migrants off the Plaza de Armas with the aid of their biotechnologies (dogs). We choreographed with Las Tesis at the Museum of Memory and Human Rights, and then we marched on to La Alameda, stopping the traffic. Anto held me by the arm. We undulated down La Alameda with a sea of women. When we passed San Juan de Dios Hospital, patients waved white sheets out of the windows as a gesture of support.

We passed by a restaurant that displayed three reproductions of Peruvian pre-Columbian sculptures in its windows, which were scrawled with graffiti reading: "Seats for original peoples" (in reference to the new constitution we hope to have). They were watched over by a very young guard who looked amiably at us.

During that afternoon, we crossed paths twice with a procession of people walking in silence through the centre of the city. The woman leading the group carried a cardboard placard painted with an injured eye.

In Santiago, every image of eyes in a public area has been spontaneously intervened, with no prior organisation. Statues, monuments and advertisements have been sprayed with red graffiti. All of them. It is as if the sorrow for the lost and bleeding eyes had updated a download to the public arena. Santiago looks like a fictional city, the nightmare of vision. People take charge of the sculptures nearest home. I am looking after one of them. I paint its eyes red every time the municipal authorities cover them up with grey.

The revolution is brutal. Terribly brutal. Horribly brutal. Did you know that a man-child, Gustavo, a 21-year-old psychology student, lost both his eyes? The police shot at him as he was taking photos of the protest.





A good friend of mine is an ophthalmologist who works in one of the clinics near the demonstrations. It fell to him to treat Gustavo and inform his parents that he had lost his eyesight completely. After treating hundreds of lost eyes, these months have pierced him to the soul. Here I'll share with you what he told me today:

More than ever before, I find I cannot move from here 🙏, because I have to be a healer of eyes 🙏🙏🙏, but also of souls 🙏🙏.

It is intense living 🌟, the energy you feel towards the centre of social demonstration is a dense one 🙏.

Some cases of popped eyeballs from the front line that I have dealt with, have made me clearly aware of their commitment to a cause they regard from their souls as a just one 🙏. Although they've lost their eyes, they understand there are other ways to see 🙏 that are developed with the other senses or with the visual aid of today's technologies 🙏🙏🙏. They feel they're at peace. That is very impressive to hear, especially from the ones who have suffered total loss of eyesight 🙏. Their love ones -parents, partners- regard this a loss that incapacitates for life 🙏. They're the ones who have to be "contained" so as to overcome the "loss" of the other's sight and accept that life is possible in a different way 🙏🙏🙏, since the essence 🙏, the invariable and permanent constituent of their nature, is

to see 🙏 that are developed with the other senses or with the visual aid of today's technologies 🙏🙏🙏. They feel they're at peace. That is very impressive to hear, especially from the ones who have suffered total loss of eyesight 🙏. Their love ones -parents, partners- regard this a loss that incapacitates for life 🙏. They're the ones who have to be "contained" so as to overcome the "loss" of the other's sight and accept that life is possible in a different way 🙏🙏🙏, since the essence 🙏, the invariable and permanent constituent of their nature, is maintained 🙏🙏🙏.

The essence is invisible to human eyes 🙏. It's an idea from Saint-Exupéry that can be applied to the fact that the human eye 🙏 is capable of seeing only certain very limited range of the light spectrum. We are so absorbed in what we have been taught about the importance of the tangible, the visible and the beautiful that we have yet to develop the other vision 🙏🙏, that one that matters, the one which will enable us to live out a future. 🙏🙏🙏.

It is vision that will permit dialogue when we find an alternative to the

us to live out a future. 🙏🙏🙏.

It is vision that will permit dialogue when we find an alternative to the binary order, not only in politics but also in education, in health, in life 🙏. If we do not learn this soon, there will be no future for anyone 🙏. We must help so that everything returns to its course 🙏. We need to act collaboratively and to be networked 🙏, just like the axons in our retina, which are what allows us to see. In that way, we will live on a higher frequency and be able to function more calmly 🙏. The attitude is one of not fighting, not assaulting, not destroying 🙏.

Activating new paradigms of vision 🙏 implies accepting that we have to find a common goal, not an individual one, founded on collaboration and support networks, so that changes can be brought about from within our small circles. 🙏🙏🙏🙏🙏🙏.

We must activate that third eye, 🙏🙏 that kind and intuitive vision which sees all that has happened as necessary 🙏.

Whenever I think of the people who lost their physical vision, a shudder runs through my body. Although it's a personal trauma, it's also a national one. Who is going to take charge of remodelling their lives? The State, obviously not. They are emotionally contained by the people, the ones who are unable to make ends meet. A civic campaign raises funds for those who suffered eye damage under the slogan "Those who lost much more than us". The citizens organised a website that receives donations from common and ordinary people, in case you'd like to contribute.

I don't exactly know what the things are that have changed place. I go back again and again over the experiences I've lived through these months. In traversing them, they've been impregnated in my spirit to change it forever.

I think of your son Leos, and I'm glad that by living in Spain and Peru, he can inhabit different worlds. I wish that experience would give him wisdom, understanding, flexibility, humility. We need mediators, bridges, humans who can integrate the cosmologies of both near and far. Good for him, still a child, impregnating himself with the Peruvian holograms that are full of life and connection, and at the same time of precariousness.

My friend Rafael from Venezuela, who I met in the sanctuary for animals affected by the fires in Bolivian Chiquitania, migrated to Lima with his family a week ago. They're grown up. He told me he'd found a job, heavy labour. It's what there is. My heart aches to think of it, with his tired body and his tireless positivism, he'll earn 140 dollars to sustain his family. I wish you could help him, reach out to him, visit him and converse. That's how we carry on, by helping one another. By conversing with each other. I can send you his WhatsApp.

Leaving you with a hug,  
Patri

AND IN THOSE MONTHS I SAW A BLIND DRONE, A BLIND DOG, A BLIND OWL, A BLIND TOUCAN AND A BLIND HUMAN.