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.

“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.

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.

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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.


In the context of the protests, I’ve heard the buzzing of police drones spying on activists. Dzzzdzzzdzzzzzz. 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 pixeled vision. Dzzzdzzzdzzzz.

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.
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.

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SOLAR STORM,
burn my codes, so they will open and know where to go!  
we can't go on as we are.
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 a time! 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 keep for the future. So I included it here. It was like a soulful past I inhabited. I felt defeated. It was like something my country had not been accepted in silence.

“Nothing makes 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 ihinuca beings, beings who are already thrown into the town, and all or nearly all who are left are dragged or slain. That wasn’t so before, because people were forced to take part in whatever was happening. Now people are forced to be silent. And if something happens, it’s like living a great lies, and that lie generates hatred. In Chile, it’s rage, anger, indifference and self-destruction.” Those were Cecilia’s words.

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 carry on the same. The impossible happened! Chile awoke, as the saying goes: Chile desperto. And although changing the laws will be slow, we are changing. For now, this is the way.

Last Tuesday, we went out to pick up postcards for the publisher Mercurio in the streets of Juan Cero. As we passed by the Escuela de Artes en Santiago, we passed by the Esquinas and saw people singing. We heard the birds singing in the trees. We saw the bus drivers and migrants off the Plaza de Armas with the aid of their biotechnologies (BIP). We witnessed the protest at the Museum of Memory and Human Rights, and then we walked on to La Alameda. Stopping the traffic. A taxi driver asked me if he could take me to La Alameda. I declined. I walked off La Alameda with a group of women. When we passed the San Joao de Dios Hospital, patients were seen writing messages out of the windows as a gesture of support.
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 as 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.

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 linear 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 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, the kind that integrates vision which sees all that has happened as necessary.

Whenever I think of the people who lost their physical vision, a shoulder runs through my body. It’s a personal connection, a feeling shared among the people. It’s also a national problem.

The State, the social and political system, its laws and the most influential organizations are unable to take action to change the conditions of those who lost their eyesight. For those who lost their eyesight under the new system, we are so impressed with their will, their hard work and their commitment, and the way they’ve managed to adapt and do things in a different way.

I don’t exactly know what the things are that have changed their lives. I’ve seen them at work and in their homes. I’ve seen how their families have changed. I’ve seen how they’ve managed to change their lives and their lives with their children and their grandchildren.

I think of your son, Leonel, and I’m glad that living in a different world, in a different place, you’ve been able to share your story with us. The brave and the courageous, the ones who are doing things in a different way.

I want to thank you for your courage, for your strength, for your solidarity, for your commitment. I want to thank you for your courage and for your strength.

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

Leaving you with a hug.

And in those months I saw a blind drone, a blind dog, a blind owl, a blind toucan and a blind human."