

In this descent into hell that involves a long meditation and research—a descent in search of the truth—what type of reader would you like to encounter and to whom could you recount this truth?
Alessandro Fontana in an interview with Michel Foucault on April 15-16, 1984.

Rage. Inhaling a cloud of grey smoke. “When one knows in advance where one wants to go, a dimension of the experience is lacking, which consists precisely in running the risk of not going to the end.¹ Turchin. You know him?”

“Who?”, with an angry apathy.

“So, the guy has a lot to do with this thing.”

“There we go again,” he said wearily.

“What?”, leaning forward.

“...”, taking a sip of coffee while keeping eyes on him.

“Enough of it!”, with haughty aloofness, “Come on! It’s pretty clear that it’s time to talk about it. Damn! The case is clear: a government is being judged for blinding 460 young men. To blind them! Can you fucking imagine?”

“I know! You don’t need to lecture me about it.”

“Don’t I? It’s always the same thing! Many others were hurt or killed! Another one was thrown off a bridge.² Many others were cold bloodedly killed in Colombia³ and you treat it as if it was futile or...”

“I didn’t say that,” emphatically.

“But, you...”, ignoring the interruption and carrying on, “... you implied with your tone!”, letting the ash of the cigar that he was holding between his fingers drop all over the table.

“Careful!”, moving the ashtray towards him “Okay. Can we get back to what you were saying?”, feeling that the pressure of the subject was crushing them together. As when they were in

¹ Michel Foucault, “An Aesthetics of Existence” in *Foucault Live: Collected Interviews, 1961-1984*, interview by Alessandro Fontana on April 15-16, 1984, trans. John Johnston (Los Angeles: Semiotext(e), 1996), 450.

² A series of articles portrayed this event. Examples are “Anger in Chile After Boy Is Shown Falling From Bridge During Police Clashes” published in the *New York Times* (www.nytimes.com/2020/10/03/world/americas/chile-protests.html) and “Violencia institucional en Chile: arrojaron de un puente a un joven de 16 años en una protesta” in *Página 12* (www.pagina12.com.ar/296576-violencia-institucional-en-chile-arrojaron-de-un-puente-a-un). Last accessed February 2021.

³ This event was covered in articles such as “Colombia Protests Against Police Brutality Leave at Least 10 Dead” in *The Guardian* (www.theguardian.com/world/2020/sep/11/colombia-protests-police-brutality-dead) and “Javier Ordoñez: 10 muertos y decenas de heridos en Colombia durante las protestas por la violencia policial” in *BBC News Mundo* (www.bbc.com/mundo/noticias-america-latina-54106609). Last accessed February 2021.

the middle of a crowd. He stayed in silence. Just looking at him. With his eyes wide open: unblinking. His interlocutor then lowered his gaze and took a sip of his coffee.

She told him she was just going out of a radio interview and had been walking through the streets of Santiago for a while. She was walking slowly thinking to herself. Her feeling: that she was walking along with a crowd. Along with people who didn't think hope was dead. She thought that a veil had been lifted and that we had all looked at each other again to see: the violence. A force that rips apart Chilean society. And, what struck him when listening to this was the fact that she didn't want to stop looking at it. She told him, "the declaration of war—wielding arguments of the internal security doctrine on the part of president Piñera—the militarization of the conflict from day two, and the entire lexicon about the advocacy of violence and vandalization, the public lies sustained by the police, the murders, the torture, the criminalization and the vilification of youth, the inexplicable fire of the subway—an event without an official narrative to this day, even though there are all kinds of surveillance technologies to record what takes place, in order to justify the use of police and military force as the ONLY answer to social demands. Old tactics facing mobile phone cameras and today's information urgency. Amongst all this clash, between past and present, young people scream."

"It can't be a routine conversation, something ordinary that is taken for granted, which we get used to. No!"

"...", understanding that nothing else is to be said.

"It's becoming that, you know?", twirling a folded sugar pack between his fingers.

"Yes. You're right," understanding that force upon them.

"It's becoming normal to say: 'It was their fault. They were there' or 'They provoked the police.' No! Enough of that."

"I know. I know..." and raising his voice to show a little of himself, "... but, some do provoke! You know that!", pointing the finger at him, "Many others don't. But some do it, you know!"

"I know... I know what you're getting at.... I know what you're getting at," throwing the sugar pack on the table, shaking his head, and crossing his arms. "Don't generalize," gesticulating in anger. "Of course. You can say that. But, do we really believe that so many people are actually detained because of provocation?"

"Well, I've seen a bunch of videos of people provoking and..."

"But," abruptly interrupting, "it's always the quantity that matters, I guess. And, the context."

"What do you mean by that?", narrowing his eyes.

"Like nowadays...", muffling his tone when putting hand on his mouth for reasoning. "Let's take our current moment, with what you've said, that you've seen videos of it"

"Yes, they are everywhere," frowning, opening arms.

"I know. But, bear with me. You see how unique our time is?" He makes a dramatic pause. "All these people go to a demonstration and they take their mobiles, I mean, portable cameras that document, that create archives. And, don't come and tell me that these archives are fake," with a soothing tone.

"Well, I mean, we got over all those Trump post-facts," pensively.

A gentle and courteous body movement communicates “yes, we did, didn’t we” without words.

“There are plenty of people that still believe in all that paranoia...”, with a preoccupied tone.

“Yeah, I know,” he says, speaking more quickly, “that plenty of people are all messed up with their own flat-earth beliefs,” accentuating these last words with a dreadful tone. “But let’s get back to what I was saying about the quantity and context of these videos, please,” easing up the pace.

“What about it?”, nodding in agreement.

“You see them completely fragmented on the net. But you gotta put them in context. For example, the video by Mediapart⁴ showing how police sabotaged the protest against the Global Security law that happened on December 12, 2020. You clearly see how several dozen police charges were carried out that day and how the arbitrary arrests of demonstrators just seemed to be carried out without clear reasons,” with rage in his eyes. “The video goes up to a crucial moment when they can prove a false communication of the former Minister of Public Action and Accounts Gérald Darmanin. You see the movement of the crowd,” raising the cup of coffee, “from different angles and what the final video does is to present, to show us the ‘real’ by putting it all meticulously together. So, we understand how the event unfolded: police brutality was unjustified and resulted in a massive number of unjustified detentions,” lowering the cup after noticing he had finished it.

“Want another coffee?”

“Yeah. And some water. My throat is parched.”

“Okay,” calling out, raising his hand. “So, as we were saying. I see where you are going. But, even though...”, looking away, “even if it’s not recorded...”.

“Then it’s absurd to bring it up,” abruptly, raising his tone.

“I know what you are saying,” looking back at him, “but use some common sense. There are many things that we do not see and that we know are happening,” a little disturbed by his tone.

“What are you implying?”, picking up the folded sugar pack to distract himself from an inner thought.

“You yourself told me sometimes these provocations happen,” raising his eyes to the waiter “Two coffees and a glass of water, please.”

“I know they can happen...”, ignoring the waiter, “but it doesn’t mean that police can unleash monster-mode on the crowd. Because at the end they are the ones better prepared and fully equipped.”

“But, then again it’s their fault,” with a sharp tone while a rouge blush spread over his face.

“The protesters’ fault?”, in a violent tone. “What are you talking about?”, lowering his head, shadows under his eyes.

“They come like they are going to a party. It’s not serious!”, in a completely impersonal tone, distancing himself from that rage. “Like when, after the French Revolution, a series of audiences happen, a dialogue begins, you know? To talk about this new society. But, they don’t settle the base for new laws!”, lowering back, leaving space for the coffees and water to be placed on the table. “They are constantly talking about rights, which is much easier than to create laws.”

They both drink in silence for a moment.

“I see your point,” with a completely different tone. “But, I disagree because an ‘uprising’ is just the other side, negatively expressed, of what the word ‘enjoyment’ positively designates,”⁵ calmly

⁴ Mediapart. Video (9:01) *Comment la police a saboté la manifestation du 12 décembre 2020. Enquête vidéo*. Posted by Mediapart. January 3, 2021. Last accessed February 2021: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LgG0cEaUAAw>

⁵ Georges Didi-Huberman, *Désirer Désobéir: Ce qui nous soulève* (I. Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 2019), 242 (translation from French to English by the author of this text).

and unemotionally. “Bakunin as a matter of fact mentioned that, for him, the uprising of February 1848 was a party without a beginning and without an end.”⁶

“That’s the problem right there!”, with a profoundly disagreeable body language.

“That’s not the problem, that’s a feature, a characteristic of uprisings,” concluding with a sigh. “The discharges of violent flows originate the uprisings. But, of course, the party can be dangerous.⁷ As a matter of fact, since you mentioned the French Revolution, during the two centuries that preceded it, the political use of the festivities was carried out in two opposite directions: either to settle or to erode power.”⁸

She told him many things that appeared between her sleep and her vigil. Things that appeared through a condensation of days, weeks, months of conversation. One of the questions she asked out loud was related to the return of the repressed. She told him the elites were the expression of the repressed since they preserve a past state and they resist the future changes, they act seeking the minimum expenditure in the social transformation—a psychic economy anchored in colonial values. But probably, she told him, this return of the repressed is also in oneself.

“Anyway, we will be talking endlessly if we don’t apply context,” raising his voice as the cafeteria was becoming too crowded.

“Yes. Indeed,” agreeing with a pleased look at his interlocutor.

“We are talking about Chile, about a specific context,” waiting for a reply.

“Exactly. So, the ‘shock’ is something that comes to mind. The goal is rendering the adversary completely impotent,”⁹ raising his voice mildly to conclude his thought. “And, it reminds me of a purifying xenophobia.”¹⁰

“Sure,” moving the cup slowly onto the saucer. “It takes aim at the Other, the Alien, the Enemy. It is meant to disarm the adversary, so his soul may be inscribed with a different ideology, another narrative.¹¹ Yeah. But Klein’s theory of shock blinds her to the actual workings of neoliberal psychopolitics.”¹²

“What do you mean?”, inquiringly.

“I’m talking about many things. The predictability of our behavior due to Big Data. I’m referring to all the positivity in social networking. About the fact that neoliberal psychopolitics is dominated by positivity. Instead of working with negative threats, it works with positive stimuli. Instead of administering ‘bitter medicine’, it enlists Liking,”¹³ raising his tone. “It becomes an online spectacle. I mean, these videos and all of this online content generated by people: spectacular

⁶ Ibid, 245.

⁷ Georges Didi-Huberman, “Où va donc la colère?”, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, May 2016 (translation from French to English by the author of this text).

⁸ Ibid,

⁹ Naomi Klein, *The Shock Doctrine: The Rise of Disaster Capitalism* (Toronto: Alfred A. Knopf Canada, 2007), 333

¹⁰ Didi-Huberman 2019 (see note 5), 246.

¹¹ Byung-Chul Han, *Psychopolitics: Neoliberalism and New Technologies of Power*, trans. Erik Butler (Croydon: Verso, 2017), 34.

¹² Ibid, 35.

¹³ Ibid, 36.

representations of living human beings.¹⁴ We have an addictive behavioral spectacle on our hands. Have a look on the social networks, it's pure behaviorism that has extended to a level of a Pynchonian dystopia. We are in a Pointsman's experiment pressing buttons to have virtual love in return. In a reality that people like Trump (the master of media spectacle¹⁵) stimulates all sorts of anger-triggers by the users. As you said, a sort of way to either settle or erode power," enduring a belligerent gaze.

"I see your point," avoiding the gaze, taking the last sip of coffee. "I disagree with the comment regarding Klein's blindness because you have to understand it within the context of Chilean dictatorship. But, on the other hand, what you said about digital positivity is totally true in our current system. And it goes into a strange and complex mix....".

"Yeah," interrupting while raising his eyebrows.

"I mean, these videos serve as a way to understand society with a sort of untraumatized mind. The people who are recording them are in the middle of the moment and don't really get the chance to grab everything that is happening to them. They are in the middle of the real. The 'real,' or what is perceived as such, is what resists symbolization absolutely.¹⁶ So, people navigate the 'real' the best they can and get traumatized because it's too much to absorb!", exclaiming with a cracking tone. "I mean, to understand when you are being taken by the disciplinary force of the State with such a violent force. It drags you down with all impunity and anonymity. But, after you have these apparatuses, these mobile cameras that generate content and pour it over the net so that others (protesters or not) can see, with a cooler mind, everything that was taking place at that particular uprising...", breathing deeply, "and, they can see how everything unfolds itself. With this tapestry of digital video, I really see a way to stop impunity, because before it was escalating to a certain extent that the surveillance institutions (courts, or other institutions that ensure such things do not happen)," taking another deep breath, "were almost seen as useless for the protester. But, different actors, agents have emerged from the civil population to try to put a stop to it, through their complaints and constant fights," looking away in search of a sort of solution to what he has just said.

"So, you're saying that by seeing these videos you would... or better, people would understand how these events, how these political events were configured, right?", calmly.

"Yes, because now they become a piece of archive," understanding as he is speaking.

"I see," in a conciliatory tone.

"And, people are away from a traumatic moment," his face illuminated by the realization of an inner truth, "from the heat of the present. Even Wittgenstein's 'picture theory' was implemented through metaphors, through tropes of reality, remember?" Shaking his head, "you reconstruct the scene with a model so that people would understand. And, this reconstruction is in the context of a trial, before a court, so it's taken as reality, as the 'real.' It occurred to him that the model could represent the accident because of the correspondence between the parts of the model (the miniature houses, cars, people) and the real things (houses, cars, people). It further occurred to him that, following this analogy, one might say that a proposition serves as a model, or picture, of a state of affairs," emphasizing these last words, "by virtue of a similar correspondence between its parts and the world.¹⁷ As he said: In the proposition a world is, as it were, put together experimentally. (As when in a court in Paris a motor-car accident is represented by means of dolls, etc.),"¹⁸ pausing for a moment.

¹⁴ Guy Debord, *Society of the Spectacle*, trans. Ken Knabb (London: Rebel Press, 2004), 29.

¹⁵ Douglas Kellner, *The American Horror Show: Election 2016 and the Ascendancy of Donald J. Trump* (Rotterdam: Sense Publishers, 2017).

¹⁶ Jacques Lacan, *The Seminar, Book I: Freud's Papers on Technique, 1953–1954*, trans. John Forrester (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., New York, 1988), 66.

¹⁷ Ray Monk, *Ludwig Wittgenstein: The Duty of Genius* (New York: Penguin Books, 1991), 118.

¹⁸ Idem.

“It substitutes reality at that moment. We can even talk about recollections or narrators of reality, their witness, reality witness. When they take that role for a concrete amount of time on a jury their subjective view of reality (which could be distorted by all sorts of variables) is taken as reality, or better, as the ‘real.’ But then we now have concrete pieces of evidence or archive...”, pausing to understand it better.

“That must be put into context. Like video you told me about in Paris,” in an aiding way.

“Exactly. It’s perhaps performed to incriminate,” in a faster tone. “But, we have it in our hands to configure a narrative about concrete events. Because one of the things that I read and that I found interesting was something that has always disturbed me: that you can always have ideologies that allow you to have different opinions about what you consider as things should be, but what cannot happen: to describe a different fact, a different reality. The only way things don’t get delusional is that there are things that have happened. These things that happen are concrete. You cannot say that they did not happen or that other things happened than what happened.”

“We would fall into Trumpian post-truth. And truth is a complicated matter since Aristotle, through Brentano, passing by Heidegger’s Being-true (truth) means to-be-discovering [*entdeckend-sein*]¹⁹. Or maybe all new truths must ‘really’ be read only as supplementary truths that can be added to the existing stock within an epochal framework.²⁰ One has perhaps changed perspectives, one has turned the problem around, but it’s always the same problem: that is, the relations between the subject, the truth, and the constitution of experience.²¹ Foucault said: I believe too much in the truth not to assume that there are different truths and different ways of saying it. To be sure, one cannot expect a government to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.”²²

“But he did believe that a certain truth was expected”

“Yes, a certain truth in relation to final aims, to the general choice of its tactics, and to a number of specific points of its program: that is the parrhesia (free speech) of the governed, who, because they are citizens, can and must summon the government to answer for what it does, for the meaning of its actions, and the decisions that it has taken, in the name of their own knowledge and their experience.”²³

“Let’s simplify it. To me if something is considered the truth before the court, it’s enough truth. This is how the society I belong to works. We don’t need to go back to the Greeks or entangle ourselves into the various definitions of truth in contemporary philosophy. Before the court, there are no masks (or at least if a person is using a mask that is considered the real) only one truth is unveiled and it either incriminates someone or settles someone free. Anyhow, following what you’ve raised about Wittgenstein, plus when you mentioned ‘spectacular representations of living human beings,’ the representation—that in a sense are those video archives—is pretty real to me in your analyses. But has the representation of the working class become an enemy of the working class?²⁴ Or, better, do these video-archives settle or erode power?”

“I see your point, but we are on the same page here: the spectacle is not a collection of images; it is a social relation between people that is mediated by images.²⁵ And, in this precise case, by moving images.”

¹⁹ Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. Joan Stambaugh (Albany: State University of New York Press, 2010), 210.

²⁰ Peter Sloterdijk, *Not Saved: Essays After Heidegger*, trans. Ian Alexander (Cambridge: Polity, 2016), 183.

²¹ Michel Foucault 1996 (see note 1), 450-451.

²² Ibid, 453.

²³ [Idem](#).

²⁴ Debord 2004 (see note 14), 54.

²⁵ Ibid, 7.

She has been walking for a long time now. But in her head, during that train of thought, it seemed like a brief moment. She was thinking about the Estallido Social.²⁶ Remembering the way she was trying to explain how its psychoanalytic ghost is the coup d'etat, how it's Pinochet, how it's the complicit elites that survived 'til today. Elites that were not sanctioned, that continued to act within the hegemony and impunity of the victorious, that maintained their practices, that developed their colonial businesses, that crushed the generations who denounced them. But they couldn't notice a peculiarity: they didn't realize that an odd thing would be lodged in the children of their children.

“Something that is occurring now... ” pausing for a moment, raising his hand to ask for a new coffee, “is that several cases are made by the contrast of old judicial archives. Cases that could be taken from intelligence files from twenty-five, thirty, fifty years after the events have occurred. So, this account, this narrative that is created, that actually belongs to power, it's a power narrative, is something that migrates from the intelligence files, which were under secrecy during a period of time, to the judicial narrative...”

“But...”, trying to interrupt.

“Wait, let me finish,” unfolding the sugar packet on his hand. “So, it is something that migrates from the intelligence files to the judicial narrative with a distance of fifty years. Thank you,” he said to the waiter. “Besides, it has a terrible consequence that leaves outside its realm all the social effects, all the social results of a crime,” troughing the sugar into the black void of the coffee. “Because, all these people who were blinded by police are going to stay in trial for another twenty-five, thirty, fifty years. All their lives! They will be seeking justice all their lives,” stirring, hitting the spoon against the coffee cup. “And, probably, for some, there will be a sanction for those who were injured in their eyes. But the political doings that are behind all of these injuries will be unpunished,” stirring faster, hitting harder. “Precisely because the judicial system constructs this social impunity. Because crimes are not committed by societies, but by people. When actually it is the other way around. Societies are the ones that develop context for political crimes. I'm not referring here to common or garden-variety small crimes. What I'm talking about is a specific power dispute. So, the ones who control the social movements, the ones who pervert it aren't going to a trial. This is going to go unpunished... sorry,” spilling a bit of coffee.

“Take it easy!”, passing over a bunch of paper napkins.

“How can I?”, trembling, raising the cup from the saucer and cleaning the coffee around it. “It's anger. It's the heat of the moment, I guess,” sighing.

“It has a lot to do with the anger, yes. This anger we are all experiencing, regardless of which side you are on. In anger we shake by seeing all the possibilities in front of us. We demand that we act when action is not clearly foreseen. We are humans after all and we can't see clearly what happens in front of us during a traumatic moment, as you said. Yet we demand a clear view from ourselves. And it produces these sorts of spasmodic movements,” doing the manual temblor movement with the left hand.

“Yeah,” picking up a cigarette. “You want one?”

“Sure,” reaching out to grab it.

²⁶ This social outbreak primarily unfolded between October 2019 and March 2020. It stopped due to the crisis of the Corona virus pandemic.

“I guess,” sighing smoke, “going back to social networking and the realm of what’s produced by mobile phones,” sliding the lighter towards him, “what we are speaking about here has a lot to do with them again because there is a digital judicial system out there. This is our hope right now.”

“What do you mean?”, lighting up the cigarette.

“I mean... Let me try to be clearer. Bear with me,” inhaling quickly. “The archive is a piece of document that can be activated by a trial. And, nowadays, the numerous videos taken by protesters with their mobiles are being uploaded on the net to be put on trial by its users. We see as examples the ‘cancel culture,’ ‘deplatforming,’ ‘online shaming,’ or ‘call-out culture’ which is connected for instance with ‘internet vigilantism,’ you see?”

“Yeah, yeah. So, before a court you can use a piece of document or the videos we were talking about as archive. In other words, proof that something has occurred. And, parallel, these same archives are being used in the digital realm and are part of trials. Digital trials.”

“Yes,” inhaling thoughtfully.

“But, isn’t it enough? I mean, isn’t legal justice enough?”, with a look of i-am-craving-an-answer.

“It would be enough if...”, inhaling, looking away in search of words. “I mean, the law is not democratic. It does not see society as a collective democratic body,” pausing. His face suddenly became illuminated by a diminishing light. “It’s monarchical,” with a sharp look as if finding the right expression to it all. “So what the law does is to perpetuate it all the time. Because when you tell me about the cancellation culture and the *funa*.”

“What is this last thing you said?”, abruptly interrupting his narrative.

“The cancellation culture? You’ve just...”.

“No, the other one,” he said hastily.

“*Fumar*?”, confusedly.

“Yes. What is it?”, maintaining a puzzled look for a while.

“*Funa* is the name given in Chile to an act of public repudiation and social harassment of a person or a group of people,” putting out the cigarette. “It’s a social mechanism to find justice when there was none in the judicial realm. The harassed people in a way are related to crimes against humanity and society reacts through the *funas*,” sliding his hand into the cigarette pack while asking with his look and movement of the pack if his interlocutor wanted a cigarette and finally taking out two. “Mainly because they feel they are living their lives in impunity after committing crimes. Justice with one’s own hands,” handing his interlocutor a cigarette. “This is the justice that society does, which the courts cannot do. It’s out of their scope,” sharing the lighter with him. “It comes from mapudungún ‘*funa*’, by the way, something rotten or spoiled. And, in Argentina, as far as I know, it was used before but there it’s called *escrache*,” a sound of striking metal against a flint is heard, “which, etymologically, has more to do with ‘to scratch’, ‘to scrape’.”

“The Guernica,” inhaling profoundly and letting smoke out at the pace of his breath, “is in a way a form of this social mechanism. It was done by one person but it carries in itself an act of symbolic justice against a group of people.”

“And, it has this anger we were talking about. A spontaneity, an urgency,” reclining, lighting up his cigarette.

“It also serves to prevent oblivion, to maintain the memory of what has occurred,” breathing in tobacco. “It’s an attempt to preserve a sense of what happened,” breathing out smoke. “Because, what really happened is clear and inhumane, “with an acid tone. “*Their humanity is buried, or they themselves have buried it...*²⁷,” observing the smoke dissipating in the air.

²⁷ Primo Levi, *Se questo è un uomo*, trans. Stuart Woolf (New York: The Orion Press, 1959), 142.

Questioning the form reality should take, the reality of the crowd's heat and movement, she began to address paintings, more specifically 'pentimentos,' when past traces, schemes, and contours that were hidden by a painting surface emerge to the eye of the viewer. The sequence of events suddenly becomes clear and we can understand—without the help of Dora Maar's photographs—the way Picasso built a painting like Guernica. Like the crowd that is leaving a clear mark, an imprint, a precise track of its action in the space. Even if some can't clearly see its strokes, we all can be taken by the final result of its action. She had a clear view of it on the map of Santiago: all of the neighborhoods had experienced riots. All of them. Looking at the map, she felt a dimension of the phenomenon and she told him that. All neighborhoods, absolutely all of them, have gone through street conflicts during the period of the first three months of El Estallido Social. We started to say El Estallido Social but this was a revolt, she told him. It was a massive uprising. It wasn't as it was, as it always was in the past in the poor neighborhoods or on the outskirts. This happened in practically all of Santiago. And, through these urban things such as maps, through these layers of data information, one understands the dimension of this phenomenon. Both in the massiveness and in the opacity of the phenomenon. There will always be the phantom of the crowd's movement in the city. All its pentimento all around it. Piñera can cleanse or sanitize the city as much as he wants, the phantom of the crowd will be always there abstractly resonating.

“And, we are not talking here about an epic dimension of justice. It's not that. It is the awareness of the limitations of justice. That's the reason why young people record injustices with their mobile phones and upload these videos to an online platform. That is why they build archives that prove that something happened. It is due to the limitations of justice.”

They kept looking at each other in silence for a few moments. Even if the noise of the cafeteria—with the violently churning steam from the coffee machine, the sounds of clanking metal sound that the waiter made by throwing the clean cutlery back to where it belonged, and the murmur conversation—could be heard from afar, they seemed to have reached a moment in a discussion where the surroundings fog up and noise fades away.

“Aren't we talking about ideology?”, distilling longing.

“It's not so much about ideology, to my mind,” sitting back. “It's more about the psychic mechanism that sustains and creates this ideology.”

“What drives me crazy is to try to understand why people stay together. I mean,” sighing for a moment, “we are constantly talking about the crowd and afterwards about individuals. And, thinking, for instance, in Santiago, where there were people on the streets of every neighborhood during riots. The city is a pressure cooker. Why don't people leave the city?”, pausing. “Why are they still together despite all the violence against them? Why don't they move away from the city to create a new city (like it happened in Canudos)?”, bowing his head in defeat for not knowing the answer to those questions.

“Well, the theory of large bodies is a combination of stress theory, media theory, credit theory, organizational theory, and network theory,”²⁸ his eyes met the unlit cigarette between his fingers, giving the impression he was falling into the abyss of his being. “This last one, these networks, social networks, have a lot to do with what we are talking about here. It has to do with anthropology, sociology, computer science, and so on. Since its beginning, as an anthropological concept created in the ‘50s for the study of African societies, it was based on the science of complexity (complex adaptive systems, fractals, evolutionary metaheuristics of nature or culture, nonlinear dynamics, phase transitions, non-linear time series, self-organizing criticality, synchronization, percolation, chaos, and heavy-tailed statistical distributions or power law),”²⁹ speaking as he was talking only to himself. “And this combined with the force fields constituted by stress³⁰ also make a lot of sense in this particular case. One might think that the nation is a daily plebiscite, however not on the constitution, but on the priority of concerns,”³¹ his interlocutor’s cough roused him from his inner journey. “However,” looking back at his interlocutor, “this is no longer the case when we talk about Chile. When we see the entire process of the revision of its constitution. The daily plebiscite was not enough.”

“I think it was not enough because...”, he coughed heavily two or three times to finally clear his throat. “We as a human species, before the configuration of a notion of individuality, have a sense of connection with the other, of collective organization. Which is what makes us persist. And ideology translates a kind of psychic drive that has to do with this notion of the collective. We are more excited to do something in common than individually.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” strumming impatiently on the table.

“But, why don’t people respond to the collective pain? Why is the majority silent? Why do they only manifest during elections?”, pausing, seeming to understand the real meaning of the questions. “It gives me the impression that the majority is silent. And they should stop being like that. But, then again,” revealing the entire course of his thoughts, “they are terrified with repercussions. I feel that state power, or power in general (independently of the shape it can take), just wants people to become Kazuo Ishiguro’s character Stevens: unshakably loyal, subaltern, and blinded to reality,” looking diagonally at nothing.

“Right now there are people who are in doubt. Yes. People who can’t stand all of the riots on the streets anymore. Totally,” noticing how his interlocutor nods his head. “People that gave up because they needed to carry on with their lives! With the most basic ways to survive. That can’t take a profound change in society. It’s too much for people. For most people it’s too much,” pausing with a demanding look in his eyes.

“Yes. It’s too much,” murmuring to himself.

“But we are on the verge of a coup in Chile. Much more real than before because the ordinary people who adhere to the revolution started realizing that they want neither chaos nor confrontation and they become silent and neutralized by the situation. They accommodate themselves to the current situation because they are tired and then this becomes the moment when agents of power attack,” shaking his head negatively. “These same agents have already started to identify people who were part of the riots to eliminate them”.

“Like...”, suddenly pulling a face. “What do you mean?”

²⁸ Peter Sloterdijk, *Estrés y libertad* (Buenos Aires: Ediciones Godot, 2017), 14. (translated by the author of this text from the Spanish version)

²⁹ Carlos Reynoso, *Redes sociales y complejidad: Modelos interdisciplinarios en la gestión sostenible de la sociedad y la cultura*.

³⁰ Sloterdijk 2017 (see note 28), 14.

³¹ *Ibid*, 15.

“For example, they start to use social networks to persecute these people. As we were saying: to cancel them. But also persecutions in an old-fashioned Cold War mode. People from the left wing began to be attacked in the streets without knowing by whom and the reasons why they are being attacked.”

Why was she so worried? Because she doesn't want to see another attempted coup, another coup d'etat. Everybody was talking about that possibility. It was part of the conversations everywhere in Latin America. Chile with Piñeras and Brasil with Bolsonaro, for instance. To see a repetition of this historical process, what America Latina has suffered already, was a kind of phantom that was always around. She was walking through those intense streets thinking about this psychological, traumatic phantom. Of how it has always been around her imaginary. Always with the certainty that it was going to repeat. She wasn't prepared for how a coup could repeat itself. And, nobody could really predict that since history doesn't repeat itself. It can look alike, but it never repeats. But, what we call "repeat itself" doesn't refer only to power, to the way some people keep on fighting to have it, and the counter-power that would be this state of riots or revolutionary states or counterrevolutionaries—that would be the political narrative of doings—but it refers to something in the psychological aspect of masses that I do think that repeats itself. She didn't think that what repeats is ideological. What repeats is a certain kind of individual and collective psychic mechanism. And that was her fear. She was fearing these individual and collective psychic mechanisms that cause terror. Her anguish was fed by the fear of these mechanisms: the standardization of violence and society's complicity. Not only of state agents—like the police force—but of how society standardizes violence, justifies it, and silences it through a policy of non-reaction.

“You know, now thinking why people stay...”, murmuring.

“I'm sorry,” looking at his mobile.

“I mean, you asked why people keep fighting. Why do they stay? You asked,” his eyes, like rounded stones, fixed on something in the cup.

“Yes,” typing something on his mobile.

“I guess it has to do with the territory also,” raising his eyes in search of the waiter.

“What do you mean? Don't order another coffee. That's too much,” reprehending his attitude.

“Yeah. You're right. As I was saying, it's not a coincidence that people were fighting at the Plaza de la Dignidad, which had its statue taken off. The statue of General Manuel Baquedano. It's not a coincidence that people were fighting there.”

“Really?”, leaving aside his mobile phone.

“Yeah. It's, as a matter of fact, a sacred place for Mapuches where two rivers converge. There's a symbolic level at the epicenter of all this conflict. Even the shots of the police...”

“What about them?”, craving precision.

“The protesters used the surrounding trees as barricades. So, when you pass by these trees you see the marks of numerous shots,” saying much more with his squinting gaze, perhaps accentuating everything metaphysical that could exist in that situation.

“So, the trees protected them? Is that what you’re saying?”, narrowing his eyes as by assimilation.

“Well, either you see it that they took protection behind the trees or that they protected them. Yeah,” with a smile.

“It reminds me of Mapuche’s knowledge,” mildly, “of how the spirits that own the earth take different forms to show themselves to ordinary people³² and in this case to protect them. Of how *nature is spiritual* (*Mapu kajfvduguey*).³³ Colonialism tried to destroy the concepts and knowledge associated with the feminine and to nature, some of them were banned or their meanings changed. As, for example, the concept of *Pijan*, ‘volcano power’, defined as ‘devil’ or *ahve* ‘soul of the dead’, defined as ‘hell.’”³⁴

“And it does seem that this process is indeed a kind of descent into hell in search of the truth,” looking towards his interlocutor with the thought set on these trees, out in the open.

She was interested in knowing how these emotions were being diluted by the collectivity. What types of mechanisms are used to make these collective erotic emotions appear ... What are the mechanisms that domesticate it? But when people start to see the prices that have to be paid to end a specific ideology—this drive for justice, of what is obviously defensible—it begins to be undermined. It begins to be regulated, domesticated. And, societies that have experienced such recent traumatic processes—such as Chile or Brazil or Argentina—it is easy to reactivate these fears. Intertwined with all these matters, she questioned the form it should take: her translation of the real, her reality. What is it all about? It is active and it is very dangerous. And, faced with the threat of destruction, people retreat. The ones who don’t become the victims. All these things considered, she thought, after going through all those archives, she no longer had any doubt that it was an Intelligence agency decision to shoot in protesters’ eyes. A decision that she understood within the narrative of the last fifty years. In other words, they couldn’t make people disappear again, they couldn’t carry out a coup d’etat again as it was made years ago. She knew, in the depths of her being, that it was answering the obvious question: what is the worst thing we could do? Without having the sign of the previous time. And they found the worst thing they could do. And, for that to be possible, they would have to eliminate, as usual, the authorship of the action. Another phantasmagoric level for those events. But nowadays it’s not so easy anymore. She downloaded, she encountered five secret documents

³² Fresia Loncon Antileo, “Lo que la abuela materna me contó” in *Maben ñi Puji: Espíritus Femeninos. Relatos de mujeres originarias*, ed. Elisa Loncon Antileo (Santiago: Universidad de Santiago Serie RSU –USACH, 2018), 48

³³ Ibid, 94.

³⁴ Ibid, 12.

that said: Secret Carabineros³⁵ de Chile with all the official stamps. It is not so easy today to do this kind of thing without being noticed.

“So, what is being used in the jury? What’s the case?”, impatiently after all this time of conversation, individualizing a specific topic.

“They are using two interesting materials provided by a mathematician and an astrophysicist.”

“And what are their conclusions?”, wishing to resume the conversation.

“The conclusions of the mathematician are very interesting.”

“What are they?”, like an impatient reader.

“The conclusion of the mathematician is that... Unlike the astrophysicist, who says that this was not made by chance. It was not made by chance at all. Because according to him, for 160 people to have suffered eye damage³⁶ there would have to be 2.200.000 people with gunshot marks on their bodies,” delivering each bit of data seriously and calmly, no longer smiling, pausing briefly with each figure. “For that to be random there would have to be 2.200.000 people with gunshot wounds on their bodies and in this case, and only in this case, could there be 160 people who were randomly shot in the eye”.

“So, this is the information of the astrophysicist. And that is probability data,” with crossed arms, holding elbows with hands.

“Yes, indeed. A probability formula is used in this context,” without caring about the numerous stimuli around him in the cafeteria.

“So it mainly deals with two questions,” with a gesture full of restrained impatience. “What is the probability that something like this happens?” and “When this probability coincides with the real data?”, right?”

“Yes. That’s to say: every few million body shots I can randomly get 160 missing eyes,” with great seriousness.

“I see.”

“But the mathematician came to a conclusion with more data, more variables...”, pausing for breath.

“Such as?”, taking advantage of the silence.

“Well...”, pausing briefly, “shooting distance, type of weaponry and a very important variable... because these cartridges have twelve lead buckshots and they come out in the shape of a cone (which are not all the same because they come out colliding with each other).”

“So, one cartridge comes out of the gun and each cartridge contains twelve lead bullets, which are tiny spheric ammunition made of plumb, right?”

³⁵ Carabineros: Chilean police.

³⁶ “Given that you randomly shoot someone in the body, the probability of it being right in the eyes is on the order of ~1 in 5,000. You would have to wound ~750,000 people to have 150 eye-damaging wounds.”

Tweet by astrophysicist Nestor Espinoza on November 5, 2019. last accessed February 2021: twitter.com/nespinozap/status/1191802764894113799.

In email communication with Voluspa Jarpa, on August 5, 2020, he updated the numbers to the number of eyes damaged at that time: if the final number was 450, it multiplies by three the number of people to be injured—2.25 million in this case. With respect to a closed equation for the probability, the order of magnitude would be:

$$P \sim A_{eye}/A_{person} \sim 1/5,000$$

Consequently, if we call H the number of people with injured eyes, the calculation for the number of total injured (T) could be written as:

$$T \sim H/P = H \times A_{person}/A_{Eye}.$$

“Yes, and, when the cartridge explodes, when it’s activated, these pellets, these bullets expand in space in a conical way...”

“And,” interrupting, “they collide with each other during this moment.”

“Exactly.”

“So, there is a random element in the way it is triggered. You mentioned shooting distance (which is space and time), type of weaponry, and what’s the last variable?”, anxiously.

“The last one would be anthropometrics. So, the measurement of a human individual in order to have in consideration, for instance, that the area of an eye is four by six centimeters. The eye cavity area,” passing his hand over his right eye.

“This is the area that he had to restrict his calculation,” with an expectant tension.

“Yeah, to be able to see if that had been random or not,” calmly.

“Sure,” nodded in agreement.

“So he added all of these variables to his equation: body, distance, space, speed, type of weaponry. And he says: if the cops had obeyed their protocol and only fired at thirty meters (which is what is said in their protocol) there would be zero impact on the eyes.”

“Zero?”, he asked succinctly.

“Zero! It’s like 0,7. It’s zero.”

“Sure. And, what’s more?”

“At twenty-five meters away the causality is 1,2. So, one person would get wounded in the eye. At twenty meters away: three people. At five meters it would be almost forty people. These can be seen in the graphics he made that are being used in the trial.”

“I remember seeing them on plates during the jury.”

“Yes. And the most interesting conclusion, which is of political nature, is the fact that by the number of shots...”, trying to light a cigarette.

“How many shots were fired?”, in a scarcely audible tone.

“two million and...”, the cigarette still hanging unlit from his mouth. “Look,” emphasizing a pause with his hands, “in the entire year of 2018, the police fired 2.484 cartridges. Throughout the year of 2018!”, with deliberate emphasis.

“Taking into account that each cartridge carries twelve of these tiny spherical bullets,” frowning.

“Yes,” finally inhaling smoke. “And, in the month of October, which is not the whole month of October, it is from October 20. That is to say,” while letting grey smoke eddying from his mouth, “from October 20 to October 30, the police fired 104.341 cartridges.”

“In ten days! Impressive,” smoke was billowing over his head.

“Between October and December 2019,” pausing for a moment, “there are sixty-one times more shots than the whole year of 2018”.

“And when did they do these formulas?”

“The astrophysicist came up with this formula when they blinded Gustavo Gatica, a boy who was wounded in both eyes.”

“Who went blind,” with a sharp tone.

“Yes. In the anguish and the shock of the real, the astrophysicist used his knowledge to see if it was useful for this precise contingency. And he tweeted it.”

“So once more the impact of the social network, the virtual crowd, makes a difference in the real”

“Yes. And for the trial he expands this equation. Because on his Twitter he only published the conclusion.”

“And what about the mathematician?”

“He already had the reports. I mean, sixteen important reports had already been issued at the time he started doing his equation. Reports on ocular trauma, for example, issued by different organizations: legal, medical, of human rights, etc. There were already technical reports and there were already certain data regarding the amount that the police had shot. Different data about the civil society in action.”

“I see. Civil society is facing the fact that power is coming against civil society, specifically the youth.”

“Exactly. Which is the worst that can be. To be against the youth. And, then civil society activates its different knowledge. Doctors, for example, were very important. Their diverse and extensive reports were very relevant in this context”.

“I’ve seen them. The reports are very painful.”

“Yes, and these are the ones which were presented before the Senate and the human rights commission. In the end, it is material that civil society produced.”

“But, what about the conclusion you mentioned? What is the conclusion?”

“Well, the conclusion... which is something that is a result from the facts: there are 460 people with missing eyes. This is a concrete fact! This conclusion comes from the web of facts that generates this concrete fact: this precise number of people blinded by police brutality. So, the conclusion: there were two conditions that made it possible for the police force to produce these events. The first one: it is an unprofessional police force, which does not comply with its protocols; that doesn’t know how to use those weapons; and that was also in panic. Because these police forces were composed of very young officers, who received little instruction or education... And, this lack of control is an important factor in explaining the number of injuries caused to protesters.”

“What about the second one?”

“That there was a small unit, a picket of police officers that was dedicated to shooting in the eyes of protesters.”

“...”, goggling his weather-beaten eyes.

“So, not all police officers knew that this group existed; they also didn’t know that there was someone dedicated to this.”

“And, the map doesn’t lie: the entire city had exploded. There was no way to contain this uprising.”

“There was no way whatsoever.”

“And this is what the trial is about? This is why Piñera government is on trial?”

“There was enough proof to incriminate him since the beginning of the trials on the police force. Like Crespo’s trial, he was the one who fired more on that day and at that corner. And that is thanks to people’s mobile videos.”

“You say that because Crespo said he wasn’t at that corner, right?”

“Indeed. For example, Chilean independent press, which are these people who have mobilized to make alternative press material, which is in contrast to the official press, receive all sorts of video recordings from the public. One of them is called Piensa Prensa and they’ve sent to the court videos that prove that he was indeed at that corner, at that time. In contradiction, with what you’ve mentioned, that he said he wasn’t.”

“One video proves that?”

“No, more than one. There are different videos, from different people, of different angles that indeed proves that he was at that corner.”

“So this old way of acting in court when using the witness phrase: ‘no, I wasn’t at that corner’, this old your-word-against-mine loses its validity, it falls to the ground, right?”

“Yeah. Besides, the police officers did not want to hand over the number of bullets fired. But, after they were being subjected to strong pressure, they delivered the amount of bullets used by Crespo on this particular day.”

“And, how many? What’s the amount we are talking about?”

“These five cops, who had been on the corner where this kid got hurt, have to make a list of how many bullets were used. A daily report is made, you know? And you can’t imagine the quantity of times Crespo has fired.”

“How many?”, bringing out the words with struggle.

“2.040 in the space of two seconds, a police officer fired forty-eight pellets that dissipated among the demonstrators only seven meters away,” with callous directness.

“...”, looked blankly at him.

“And, it’s even worse,” he said disconsolately.

“How? How can it be worse?”, in tones of sorrow.

“Bear with me,” straightening up his back.

“...”, remaining resolutely silent.

“Crespo is an instructor,” with a sharp gaze, “An instructor of the police school for the use of anti-riot weaponry. He educates. He is a teacher. He was teaching a class. This is what he was doing at that time.”

“Oh my God!”, burying his head in his hands.

“Imagine this impressive feat, this technical achievement, this magnificent tour de force of making the enemy blind in both eyes.”

“...”, with a thick silence.

“This is a technical achievement between them.”

“And, Crespo is not new in this game, right?”

“No! He was in the student demonstrations of 2011 in Valparaíso. People had singled him out as the cruelest to the students.”

“All that happened during the Piñera government?”

“Yes. And at that time, against the students, Crespo was singled out as the butcher of Valparaíso. This lieutenant was preparing himself at that time. He was young.”

“And, Piñera, in 2011, allowed for the first time (in thirty years in Chile) that it would be a North American military base in Chilean territory, right?”

“Yes. As a matter of fact, this is all connected with what I’ve been telling you. This military base was the result of an agreement that Piñera made with the director of the CIA. And, bear in mind that this base is twenty kilometers from Valparaíso and its specialty is urban guerrilla-type disturbances. They built a citadel for training. Crespo was possibly trained in this base.”

“So, they’ve put into practice what they’ve learned with the students of Valparaíso.”

“Because it is a port city. It is very difficult to tame it! Much more than Santiago. And, after Crespo’s training, he participated, as part of a group, in the assassination of Camilo Catrillanca.”

She told him that the murder of Camilo Catrillanca (a twenty-four-year-old Mapuche community member murdered by police in 2018 who was shot in in the back of his head on a rural road in the Araucanía) was the point zero of the awakening. A despicable and cowardly State crime that exhibits all the laziness of power, the corruption of the police force, the militarization as a response to the conflicts that society wields to sustain its lack of ethical will to build a new society where all citizens have basic rights with which we agree upon. The murder of Catrillanca gave us the tone, it showed us: the violence and the lies as the genuine

professional tactics of the State. It showed us the lack of will and possibility of building a society for all. So, torn apart we see how the blood of the Chileans is spilled, again. She told him that when you go up the Andean Mountains and you are in the middle of it you realize that Chileans inhabit a geological fault: they inhabit at and with that energy. It is felt in their bodies as magnetic fields are probably felt. Or, as how we feel the density of the repressed psychic in our children. A generation that was once again willing to lay down their bodies and suffer the brutality that the system imposes. She told me it tore her apart to see how the blood of her people is shed. State violence as a response to social demands that allow us to build a better society of this new century. It made her remember all the massacres that appeared through our history as a political solution, which prevented the birth of a new society: that leaves behind its colonial-macho-classist-racist vestiges.

“Moreover, this group arrives in the Estallido Social. This is the group that the mathematician identifies when he understands that there is chaos here and with a picket of police officers specialized in doing this kind of damage: ocular damage. And do you know why?”

“Because it is extremely difficult to shoot a person in the eyes when they are moving. And, with that system you’ve told me, of twelve bullets that move conically and collide with each other, it’s even more difficult.”

“Absolutely! Look: in the entire history of the Gaza Strip, there are 200 people injured by pellets in the eyes. Throughout the entire conflict! Here, we are talking about three months in the history of Chile”.

“...”, holding his breath.

“So there is an active political, military, police movement, a very corrupt one, that is against these social, political reforms that Chile is going through right now. In a place that education is a private matter. Health is private. Water is private. The water is private by the Chilean constitution. The water! Chilean society needs to change!”

She remembered saying to him that the civic consequences of this police system that imposes an extractivist model through violence and institutional corruption—held the implantation of the doctrine of the internal enemy and institutional lies—that also designs the psychological shock that results from the threat of state violence, so that the population remains controlled and entangled in opposing narratives of hateful versions of one another. Perverse liberalism. Inhuman. An ideology for people who don’t need each other.³⁷ She told him that they had to denounce those people. In any kind of way. Like Tolstoy, for instance, who unmasked and denounced Nicholas I and Napoleon and the Russian imperialism and state terror and fought (through his writing) in defense of victimized minority groups of all kinds: Gypsies,

³⁷ Sloterdijk 2017, 66.)

*Bashkirs, Jews, and Dukhobors.*³⁸ *State terror has converted in private terror through corporate dystopia.*

“And, this movement has been active for a long time probably because Piñera puts this base in his first government”.

“Of course. And, he uses it heavily right now.”

“Well, surely, it may have to do with the fact that different reporters from the alternative press (responsible for gathering these videos) have been hurt anonymously in the streets. They are being persecuted and attacked with razor knives in the streets. Because they know that if a second social outbreak comes, a second Estallido Social, it will be these independent reporters who are going to record the police all the way through to denounce, to report them. You could even say that they were the ones who prevented Piñera from carrying out his coup.”

“And, that’s why I mentioned Turchin.”

“Who is that again?”, strumming on the table.

“I didn’t tell you. So, Turchin talks about a kind of science of history that is consistent with the logic argued by Tolstoy in *War and Peace*.³⁹ Tolstoy’s concept of history is valid but overly simplistic (which is not surprising because science in the nineteenth century had not yet discovered sensitive dependence and chaos).⁴⁰ What Turchin accomplishes is called cliodynamics. Something that—even if it doesn’t use Big Data instruments—offers predictions about the future. It deals, for instance, with something we are talking about: the reasons why political violence waxes and wanes in long cycles.⁴¹ But this is described in the letter she has sent to him.”⁴²

“So, it has to do with repetition of history,” fretfully.

“Well, according to him, cycles exhibited by historical societies and states, however, are not the same as highly periodic, repeatable phenomena in physics, such as planetary motions or pendulum oscillation.”⁴³

“I see. It has to do with multiple factors that are also related with the consciousness of history, I imagine.”

“Yeah. I have forged a lot of awareness of history in me. And, I think it has been a sort of psychological defense mechanism. It’s not exactly about the repetition of history, but it is. I mean, we

³⁸ Paul Friedrich, *Tolstoy and the Chechens: Problems in Literary Anthropology*, *Russian History*, vol. 30, no. 1/2 (2003): 113.

³⁹ Peter Turchin, *War and Peace and War. The Rise and Fall of Empires* (New York: Plume Printing, 2007), 250.

⁴⁰ *Ibid*, 255.

⁴¹ Peter Turchin, *Ages of Discord: A Structural-Demographic Analysis of American History* (Chaplin: Beresta Books, 2016)

⁴² Extract of the letter to Peter Turchin: “*In Chile there is social unrest as a product or residue of the neoliberal system. Something that is emphasized through the disruptive process that Chile has experienced since October 18, which was later accompanied by demonstrations and protests, which had as a response the violence of State agents against the civilian population (including violence infringed on the human rights of the Chilean population. It was the second process of major protests in Chile, after 2011, when almost forty countries also broke out in protest movements, with Chile being the most intense country at that time (duration and number of people). This gives a sign of the structural nature of the crises and the particularity of Chile to be the most intense case in this Latin American context. The social crisis would be resolved politically through a plebiscite with the goal to formulate a New Constitution. We must imagine that all the erotic energy and all the thanatic energy of society unfolds in October 2019, in the form of an outbreak of society creating a permanent protest that supposes the imminent fall of the current Constitution in Chile, which was formulated in dictatorship. The Chilean population went to the streets on October 18, 2019, supporting the social, massive and street protest until the beginning of March 2020. And, this protest managed to resist for so long in the streets, largely due to the use of lasers, used by the protesters to metaphorically blind the police force, who appeared, at the epicenter of the conflict, physically and via drones. (...)*”

⁴³ Turchin 2007 (see note 39), 16.

all probably have this sensation that things are going to happen as before. Like a shock. When we receive a shock by our own mistake when touching a dangerous appliance or thing and then we become afraid to touch it again... All I'm talking about is that I am afraid that there will be a coup in Chile."

"Which is implied when reading Turchin."

"Yes. And it is not that coups are planned in an obvious way. When one knows in advance where one wants to go..."

"One runs the risk of not going to the end," remembering, with a smile.

"Exactly. So they know that. They unfold general guidelines. They are not specific plans. They are done in a reactive way. I had the clear feeling in 2015 that in terms of colonial society (which has been imposed in Latin America by its elites and by developed countries), that justice had no conceptual capacity to help society to make the next change (the one that Latin American society should make: to abandon its colonial moorings). The judicial system comes from monarchical justice. Its origin has to do with monarchical law where a permanent social class *status quo* is maintained. There are no social responsibilities because the responsibilities are individual. The problem in our society is that a large part of the crimes we have experienced are social crimes. There are no individual crimes in this case. When someone kills forty-seven men who held positions in the three powers of the State, including twenty-four presidents or presidential candidates from fourteen Latin American countries in fifty years, it's not just the killing of one person. It is not a binomial problem between assassin and assassinated. I am transforming this society completely. So the power that perpetuates this hegemony does so by using this resource," with a tone that measured steps were taken, steps that always brought him back to the same place.

"Are you telling me that Gustavo Gatica will have justice, but that this effect on society and how this effect is articulated within the political power is always avoided, put aside?", staring at the enraged gaze in front of him that seemed to be at the same place where they had started.

Rage. That makes you feel, in subjective terms, bigger than you are. Like a giant. It overflows with its own size and strength. That makes you leave the place you occupy. It's what gets you into action. Hot rage causes inaccuracies, tremors. But coldly administered rage is very useful. What is said about Achilles is mythical. But female rage is not so well known. And the anger associated with injustice... She thought about the name of this anger. What would it be? It is not just any rage. It has a name. Although there are many who do not say and do not feel anything when things happen. But later history judges that. The one who said nothing when it should be said. When it was essential to do something and nothing was done. Because if you don't say anything, what is your practice about? What is your life about? Don't you understand? Don't you know how to read it? Do you feel like Seymour "Swede" Levov when trying to understand his daughter? Maybe Swede and the police don't have the basic tools to understand these realities. Because right now we are trying to translate a reality that people want to flee from. Do not bow to the master as the butler Stevens. They are responsible for not stopping the mechanism from following its course. The calm cold of the center. The silent ones. Those who do not prosecute when it is necessary to do so. As when Spinoza talks about the difference between the common people and the citizens, he is inadvertently making

a psychic definition. These silent ones do not feel responsible for what really happens. They do not want to have the responsibility of citizenship which is to be informed and attentive. "I didn't know," is what 40% of the Pinochetistas said. "I did not know that they were torturing." Or we go straight to the Trumpist-post-truth-neo-liberal-corporate-dystopia era of: "That has never happened." But now everything changes with the information devices that somehow produce approximations of reality and, therefore, civic responsibility that is different from one generation to another. If technological devices can change the way you feel about social reality what then? And it's not a question of taking charge all the time or being aware all the time because you can't make it happen. We are humans after all. And, no, that's not a dreamer's mentality. There will always be someone who says yes. There will always be those who infantilize the thinking of those who struggle in thinking about a better way that society can live. They look at them, with the awareness that they know about the world, even if they say in surprise, "I didn't know it," those with a commoner mind, those who wait for the master to tell them how things are and how they have to be. But these dreamers are the types who won't know. The master, the one with the highest hierarchy, has to come. The master will come. So, those who are called dreamers say out loud: "If you want a master, you will have one." They need a master: someone who comes to lie to them, because they are not going to take responsibility for themselves. They won't take charge. There are 460 young people blinded by one government. What has to go through their heads so that they do not consider that serious? Anger helps you feel and move. Anger. In a masculine-colonial mind it is confused with aggression. But, when it is female, it becomes the mothers and grandmothers of the Plaza de Mayo. Hell is not other people: Hell is the other in me that I dare not think of. And for all speaking beings, men or women, the feminine is the first other which struggles to be heard.⁴⁴ Nascent powers, without guarantee of reaching their own end and, therefore, without guarantee of power.⁴⁵ They keep within themselves the conceptual distinction between potency and power.⁴⁶ What happens to her, regarding the Social Outbreak, is a strange, sublimated feeling of motherhood that has to do with her experience of motherhood and her teaching experience. That's why she finds intolerable that those police officers are blinding young people who can be and are symbolically their children. What is it that makes you resist? What doesn't make you destroy this that makes you resist? What sustains you? What makes you still remember? Alastos, then: like alétheia, it is built on a negation of the root of oblivion. And yet it is a very different way of not being in oblivion. It is hardly surprising that in Greek language and thought, alétheia has prevailed as the "positive" noun for truth, while

⁴⁴ Julia Kristeva, *Seule une femme* (La Tour-D'Aigues, 2013), 17 (translation from French to English by the author of this text).

⁴⁵ Didi-Huberman 2019, 48-49.

⁴⁶ Idem.

*prose forgot álastos. It is doubtless the result of the same euphemizing process that, in place of the verb alasteín, equivalent of Arcadian erinúein, “to be enraged” (where we easily recognize the vengeful Erinys), classical prose substituted the less threatening mnēsikakeín, this “opposite of amnesty.”*⁴⁷ *Anger. Anger as a power, which generates movement and social change. Anger makes us resist in an exercise of memory, in an exercise of waiting and questioning and fighting for justice. She associates anger with justice. She was walking on the streets after an interview on a radio and when she left, she walked and saw a young man crying. He was with a bicycle, but walked and a man accompanied him. He sat on the sidewalk crying and shaking. She asked them what was wrong with him and the older man, his father, told her that he had just been released from the police station, half a block from where we were. This young man was twenty-four years old, but looked more like a child. They had released him and his father said they had tortured him, putting a knife to his throat and putting his head in the toilet. She hugged him for a long time, so that the father could make phone calls and because it was the only thing she could think of doing. His entire body was trembling, he couldn’t speak. Suddenly he murmured: “They wanted to kill me.” He cried a lot. And he couldn’t take the water she offered him because he was shaking too much. At that moment, they were ordinary people on the street at 1 pm on a summer Friday in Providencia, Santiago de Chile. They had tortured him and he was in shock. They were there for a long time and then some lawyers appeared and took over the situation. He didn’t want to report it because they had threatened his life if the truth got out. This descent into hell to get in touch with the truth could cost his life. What kind of person would handle this truth? What kind of person would you recount this truth? Then, she told me she kept walking, in shock, after realizing that there are many things that we do not see, but that we know are happening.*

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⁴⁷ Nicole Loraux, “Of Amnesty and Its Opposite” in *Mothers in mourning*, trans. Corinne Pache (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1998), 99-100.