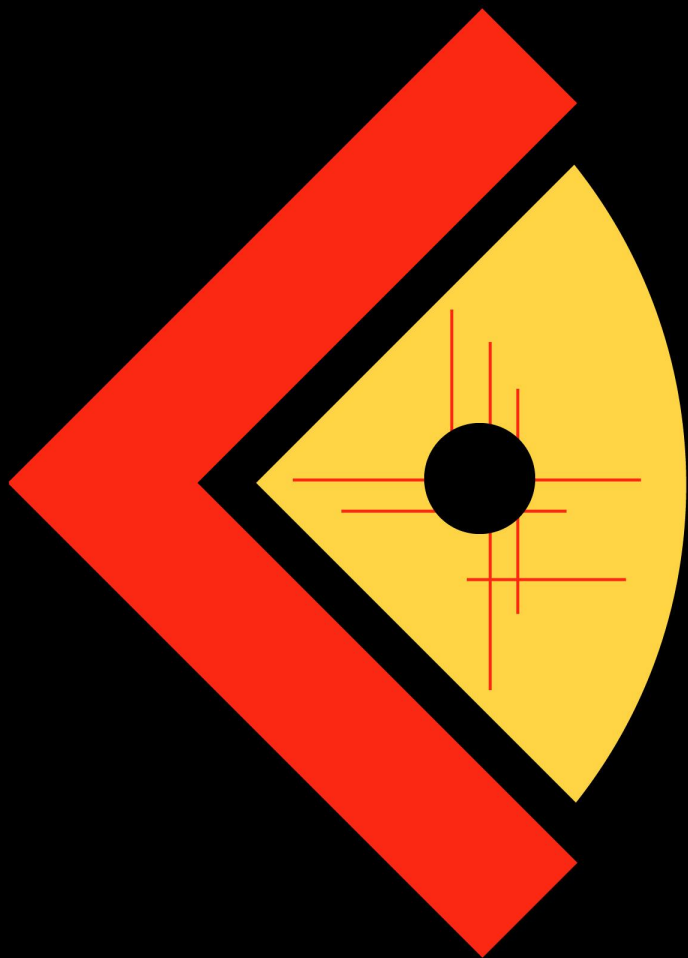


SEEING



Sylvie Gendreau

New Leadership

CÉRA

SEEING

13 STRATEGIC VISION PROTOCOLS TO INVENT
THE FUTURE

NEW LEADERSHIP

SYLVIE GENDREAU

Illustrated by
PIERRE GUITÉ



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SEEING

“To see is to receive, to reflect is to give to see.”

Paul Éluard



The machine runs faster than our mind.

Artificial intelligence compresses decades of research into minutes, optimises our workflows in microseconds. And yet. Our days overflow.

Faced with this abundance, our reflex is biological. Accelerate. Eyes fixed on the quarterly results, mistaking agitation for action.

That is the trap.

The faster the world moves, the more value shifts. To analyse, to calculate, to optimise: what makes us strong is being commoditised by the algorithm. Strategic intelligence no longer lives in the quick answer, but in fine perception.

Our challenge? To see sooner, to see truer. To steer power towards where it creates lasting value.

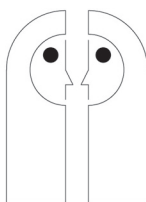
This book was written to help you do the thing the machine cannot do in your place: slow down and observe what lies ahead. Think in silence.

How do leaders, scientists, philosophers bend the real by changing where they stand?

To see clearly, let us leave the tumult of the world behind. The time of a breath.

Sit down. The journey begins on a pier, before a lake.

OUT OF SIGHT



Sitting at the end of the wooden pier, legs swinging, two men let the silence cradle them, their eyes lost in the lake. A sheet of glass. A vast expanse of midnight blue where green feigned sleep.

In the distance, the mountain crests cut the sky beneath a languid sun. On the opposite shore, a chime, the echo of a laugh, a boat's motor... the muffled hum of the village reached them like a murmur.

A light breeze set the lake's surface shivering. A few birds dived towards the water, then climbed back into the blue.

"Your turn," said Thomas, smiling.

It was their game. Each time they sat here, they shared their world.

Thomas did not see with his eyes. Lucas forgot to see with his other senses.

"The sky is smooth tonight," Lucas began, letting his gaze drift along the horizon. "There's a wash of blue dying into a vanishing orange. The mountains look like sleeping giants, their violet summits already blurring. The water holds it all, as if the sky had fallen to the bottom of the lake. It's... so still."

Thomas nodded slowly, breathing in the air.

"So still, yes."

He fell silent for a moment, tilting his head back.

"But it's a stillness that moves. You say the sky dies into orange; I feel its warmth pulling away. The breeze has just shifted—did you feel it? It comes down from the summits you describe. It carries the smell of cold rock and fir. Listen to the birds: they're not the same as an hour ago. Their cries are more restless. They're looking for their nest. The lake isn't still. Tiny, stifled giggles run across the water. It breathes."

Lucas chuckled, mimicking the ripples by gently nudging his friend's shoulder. "A laughing lake—why didn't I think of that before! You might be in the dark, but you certainly don't lack imagination."

Thomas laughed. "Or fish... they're still biting."

"Bat-man! I always get skunked here. Without your superpowers, we'd be going to bed on an empty stomach tonight."

Lucas looked at the lake and the mountains.

Guided by his friend's words, he no longer saw only violet shapes. He saw the cold of the rock. He closed his eyes a moment, and the cry of the birds drew in his mind the

height of the trees along the shore. The hum of the village, which he had ignored until then, took on depth: it was the sound of day's end, bodies soon to be at rest.

"I can see it, your breeze," Lucas murmured, opening his eyes. "It's creasing the water right there, ten metres out. Like skin shivering. Soon it'll be the hour when night has swallowed everything."

"Day, night—what's the difference? Night has swallowed my eyes."

A sigh.

"But tonight, what do you see?" Lucas asked.

"I see your orange, warm on my cheeks... and I know where the pier ends, where the void begins," Thomas smiled, running his palm over the rough wood. "When the light fades, the air thickens."

At dusk, on their patch of wood, each completed the other's sight. The lake had become a place where colour could be breathed, where sounds became living beings. They no longer faced the world: they were inside it.

THIS IS what Merleau-Ponty calls the chiasm, or the intertwining: the crossing where my experience meets another's to form a wider world.

For the philosopher, truth is not suspended in the void; it is born of encounter. To speak with another is to allow their way of seeing to alter, unsettle, enrich my own.

What Thomas and Lucas feel on their pier, we live too. No one faces the world from a fixed post. We move through it.

Our reality wavers between order and uncertainty. On one side, everything seems in its place, legible, self-evident. On the other, disorder, sometimes chaos. The landmarks give way.

At the heart of this movement lies perception, the first gesture by which we grasp the world. Before understanding, we perceive.