

2050

Dear past me, (& 2023 eavesdroppers),

I'm writing you from the Pyrenees, close to where you left that little note in the ~~summit~~ summit box. I remember those days of hiking ~~there~~ as if we just came back, that dip ^{in size} as we came down the mountain...

You're probably expecting me to give you advice about what to do so that you may become my past self (~~or~~ ~~me~~ your future self). I know how appealing the day ~~that~~ in my life you caught a glimpse of recently would be to you. ~~But~~ ^{*out} ~~but~~ ~~but~~ ~~but~~ don't ~~convince~~ think backwards causation works.

If you like I can tell you how we got to where I am now, anyway. As you might imagine it was messy and there were many moments in which I thought all we had done up to that point was useless; that we had taken a wrong turn somewhere. We did many things that you would not expect to work, that you may even find distasteful. We took money from ~~the~~ investment bankers, states and international organisations - not all of which was stolen; ~~in fact~~ at first we ~~later~~ - we had to take ^{practically} begging. Later - quite a bit ^{far} the world ^{to take a hard look at our relationship to violence} of course, but it did so in entirely unpredictable and unexpected ways. ~~Constantly~~ ~~we~~ ~~constantly~~ had to ~~rushing~~ into new methods, tactics and strategies, old ones, only to jump ~~to~~ ^{to} implement techniques much older than ourselves (or ~~me~~ ^{ever} movements (at times)).

*It was in fact, just a speculation on my part; of who'll be in about a decade

→ When, at the second Battle of ~~Little~~ ~~actually~~ ~~took~~ place, our gas masks were sponsored by an obscure ^{Frealised that} investment fund based in the Bahamas, and our legal defence, indirectly dependent on a combination of ^(was) EU funding and a weird subculture of multi-millionaires, a sort of ^{online} "shortly capitalism", it really thought something ~~we~~ had gone deeply wrong. It had, of course. History is messy, and nothing ever goes according to plan; ~~according~~ ~~to~~ the next theories, we like to ~~play~~ ~~some~~ ~~things~~ juggle around in ^{and concepts} our heads. Of course, exactly ~~as~~ you know my memory has never been very good, did happen the way you may think. Mutualistic networks of care, alternative currencies, solidarity, organic, community gardening, privacy-enabling technologies, distributed manufacturing and decentralised energy production, ownership, ~~and~~ regenerating some of non-human power, ~~and~~ you have no idea - ~~not~~ the faintest - of how strange the cultural dynamics got as ~~the~~ bubble, and culture was fragmented ~~to~~ ~~the~~ breaking point only to ~~be~~ reconstitute a fractal and interdependent epistemological strategies. Somehow, we dove through this cultural ocean ~~like~~ as scary and beautiful as a puddle on LSD (sorry, that's a reference you won't get ~~until~~ until you're 10 years older than you are now - it, indeed, you're living the life I did). All you need to know, dear me, is that ~~it~~ turned out to be worth it eventually, some of it. ~~that~~ ~~thing~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~worth~~ ~~it~~ ~~turned~~ ~~out~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~worth~~ ~~it~~ ~~eventually~~ ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~. ~~that~~ ~~thing~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~worth~~ ~~it~~ ~~eventually~~ ~~some~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~. Perhaps it will for you as well. Yours forever, K.