

COMING

SOMETHING BY THE CODE
goes HERE (IMMERSIVE)
Pop culture low can be

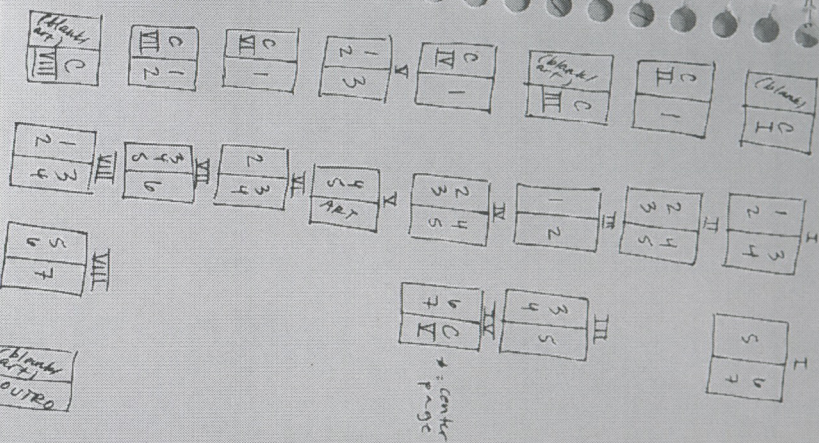
ABOUT NEW WAY & BUT
POLITICAL PAN. TO DISC
- BUSC.

PUZZLES
PROPHETICS
REALITY
(BETWEEN)

• SOMEONE HAS TO BE
BEING SHIT FOR THE WEEK
• RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WEEK
• DISCUSSION V CAN DELUSION

COINCIDENCE

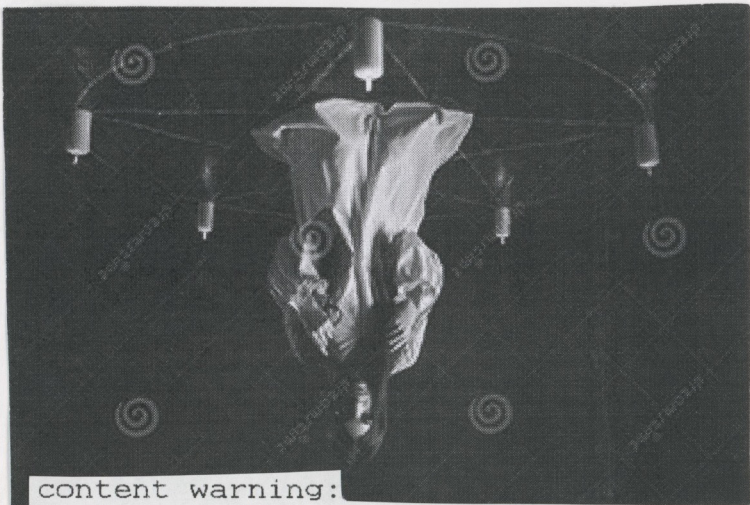
□ - FRONT COVER



BACK COVER

COINCIDENCE

T. Roseweeds
2021



content warning:
psychiatric facility descriptions,
fascist characters, paranoia



I.

If a storm was coming, would you know?

OCTOBER of the 17TH YEAR




PAY ATTENTION

{Between the torches and the bench}


WHOSE reality are you living in?

IF A STORM WAS COMING, WOULD YOU KNOW?

networks
 There's More Online!
 ✓ **CRITICAL THINKING**
 • Literary Analysis
 • African American in Congress
 ✓ **READING** 18 in the South
 ✓ **GRAPHIC ORGANIZER**
 Organizational: In Literature
 ✓ **SELF-CHECK QUIZ**
 ✓ **VIDEO**

Lesson 3
The South During Reconstruction
 ESSENTIAL QUESTION How do we know things that we cannot see?
IT MATTERS BECAUSE
 Reconstruction brought significant—but not necessarily lasting—change to the South.
Republicans in Charge

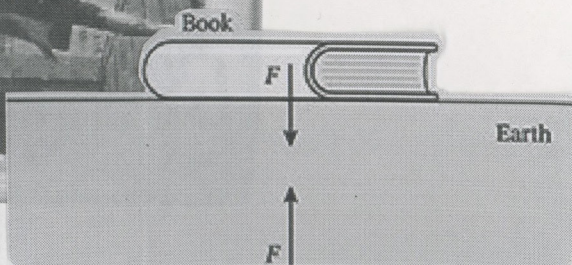
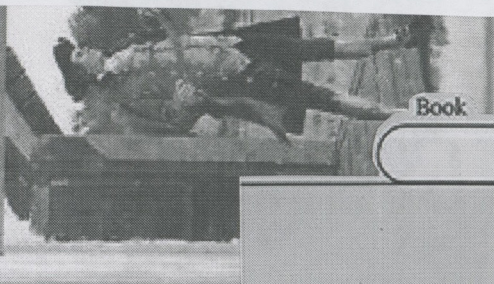


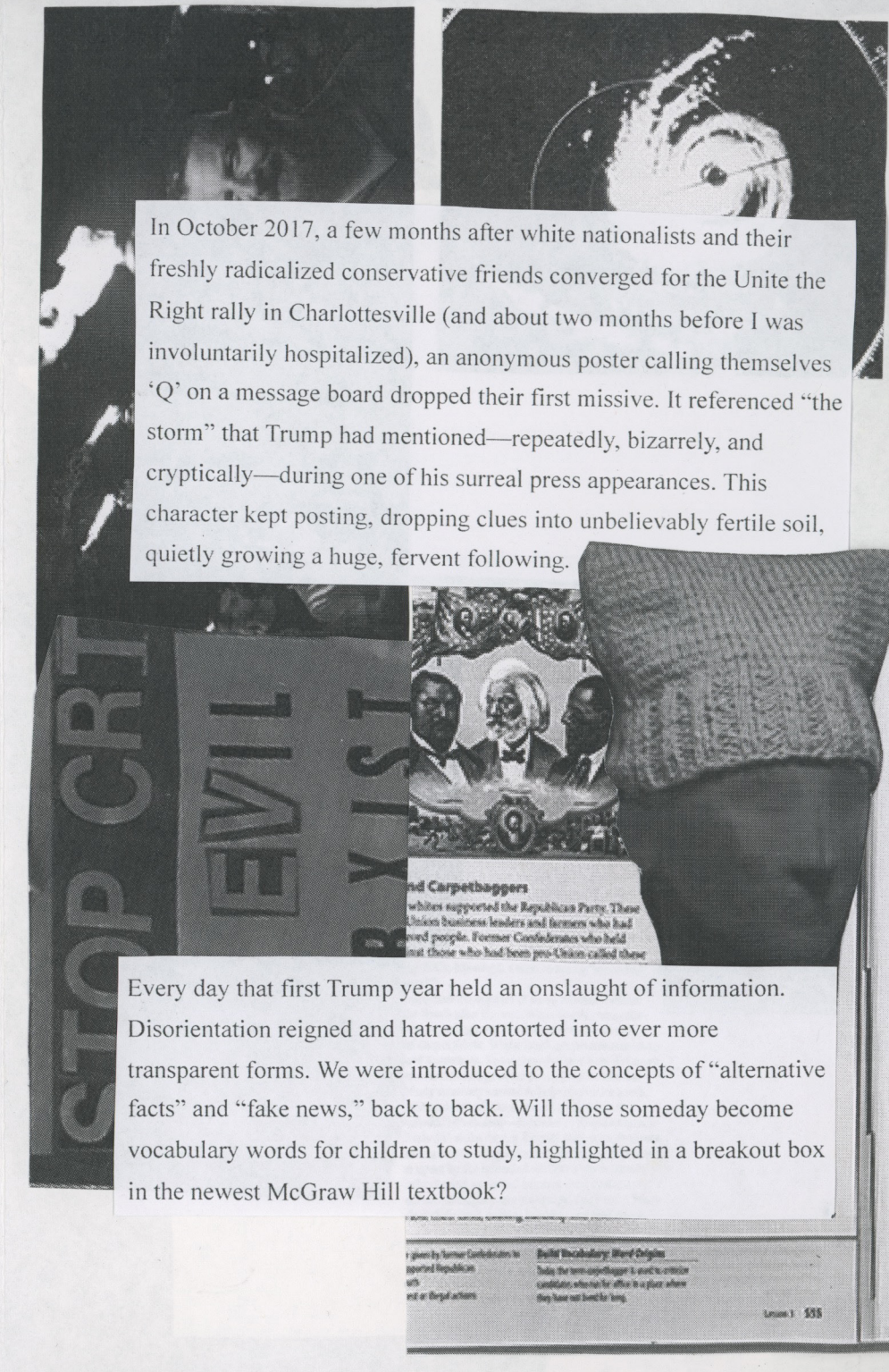
Sometimes, when I feel optimistic, I think about how the history books of the future will see us. I am not an optimistic person, so I don't think about it often, the future. The outlook for "history" and perhaps for "books" and most of all for "us" looks rather dim most days.

16 African Americans served in the House of Representatives and 2 served in the Senate between 1869 and 1880. The first African American senator, Hiram Revels, had recruited African Americans for the Union Army and served as a chaplain in a Mississippi regiment. He remained there after the war and was... While South of corruption? While some call that corruption Southerners were instituted. Some

And yet, I (we) persist. Isn't it difficult to imagine a history book about the recent past, though? Something that we radicals have long wished for—the end of single narrative—has come to pass, but many of us haven't built the skills needed to live in this multi-layered reality, mediated by nerds and robots, hyper-personal. Time and space are different now. Flexible, multiple, malleable. This condition complicates every facet of our communication and, if history endures to observe what comes next, will likely represent our biggest evolutionary leap and the greatest conflict of our era.

GREAT NAMES
in American History





In October 2017, a few months after white nationalists and their freshly radicalized conservative friends converged for the Unite the Right rally in Charlottesville (and about two months before I was involuntarily hospitalized), an anonymous poster calling themselves ‘Q’ on a message board dropped their first missive. It referenced “the storm” that Trump had mentioned—repeatedly, bizarrely, and cryptically—during one of his surreal press appearances. This character kept posting, dropping clues into unbelievably fertile soil, quietly growing a huge, fervent following.

Every day that first Trump year held an onslaught of information. Disorientation reigned and hatred contorted into ever more transparent forms. We were introduced to the concepts of “alternative facts” and “fake news,” back to back. Will those someday become vocabulary words for children to study, highlighted in a breakout box in the newest McGraw Hill textbook?

and Carpetbaggers

whites supported the Republican Party. These Union business leaders and farmers who had owned people. Former Confederates who held out those who had been pro-Union called these

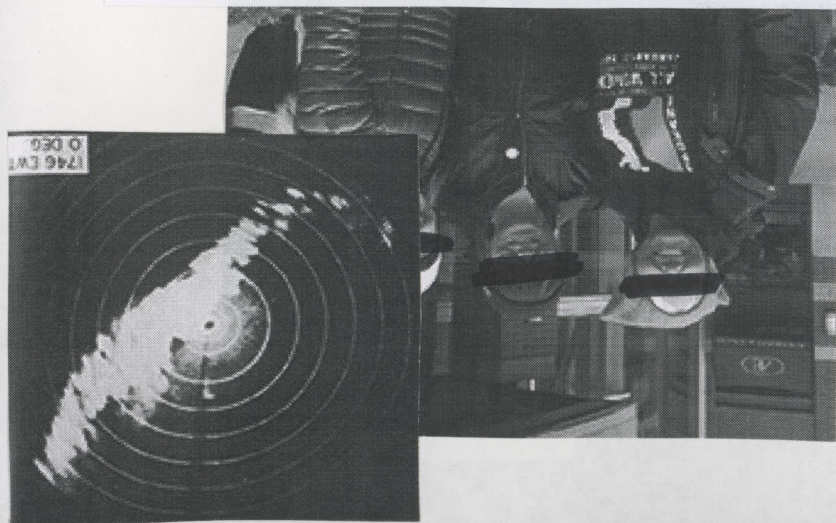
given by former Confederates to support Republican with out or illegal actions

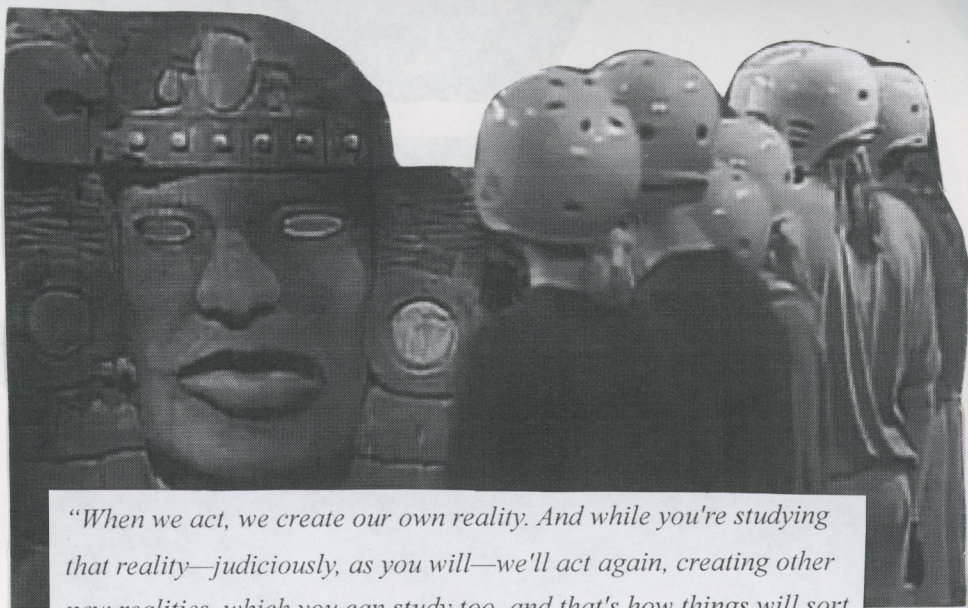
Build Vocabulary: Word Origins

Under the term carpetbagger is used to criticize candidates who run for office in a place where they have not lived for long.



I didn't know about Q yet, even though I obsessively followed the moves of the right wing. I lived on the border of Eastern Washington and North Idaho, where overt white supremacists had long sought footholds for their movement, and I felt our region had work to do—both for our own community self-defense and to support the rest of the nation as it came to terms with the specific flavor of white rage unleashed by Trump. As an activist, I spent so much of that first year running around, reacting, burning myself down and out. I wish I'd remembered sooner what that unnamed Bush administration official said in 2004:





"When we act, we create our own reality. And while you're studying that reality—judiciously, as you will—we'll act again, creating other new realities, which you can study too, and that's how things will sort out. We're history's actors...and you, all of you, will be left to study what we do."



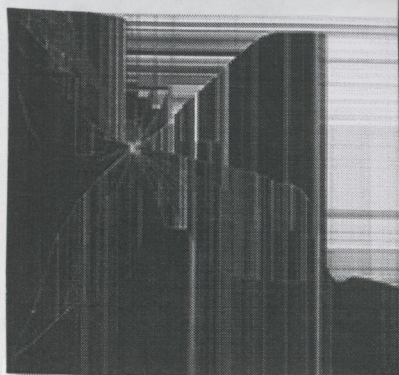
The force of the nail
on the hammer



The force of the
hammer on the nail

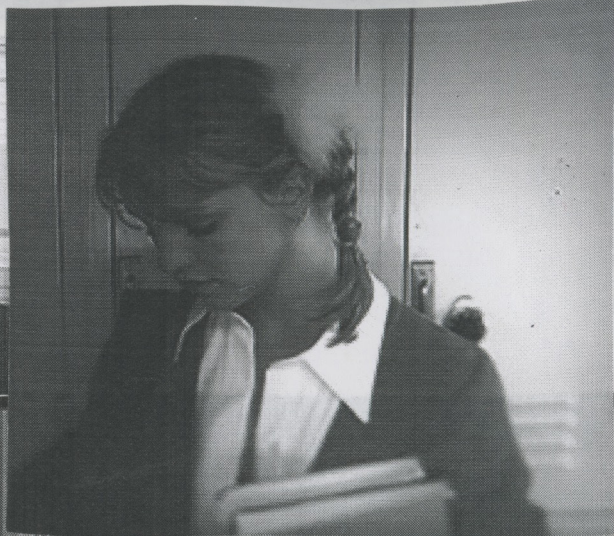
I wish a lot of things about that year. I wish someone had asked me to interrogate the source of my paranoia. I wish there weren't so much to be paranoid about. I wish I had been more wrong.



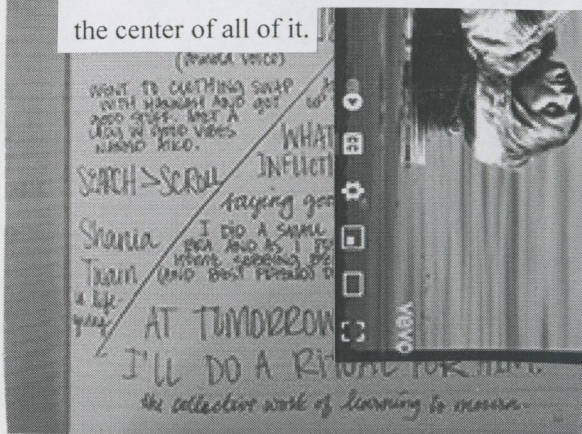


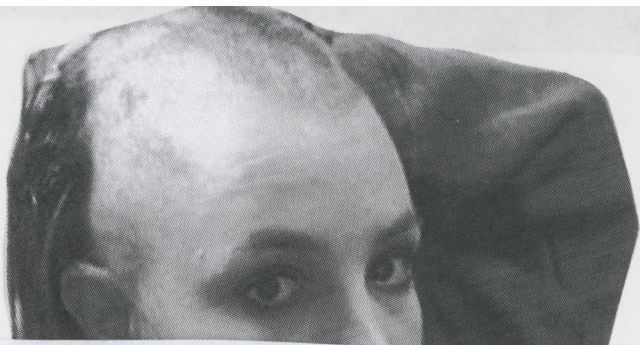
Password must:

- Have at least one letter
- Have at least one capital letter
- Have at least one number
- Not contain multiple identical consecutive characters
- Not be the same as the account



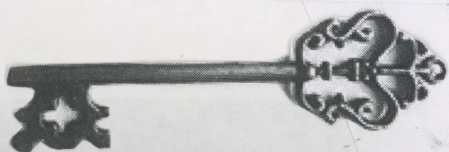
In November 2017, I started to feel off. Or on, depending upon how you see things. Previously innocuous details about the world—people's names, line breaks in poems, memories and lack of memory, pop songs, corporate logos—began to form a pattern that only I could see. I knew instinctively that I couldn't tell just anyone about this. It was related to an increasingly disturbing news cycle, to those at the highest levels of the patriarchy. Between literal Nazis, Christian extremists, a militarized police apparatus, and the karmic weight of our nation's violent history, we were all in danger. Somehow, I was in the center of all of it.





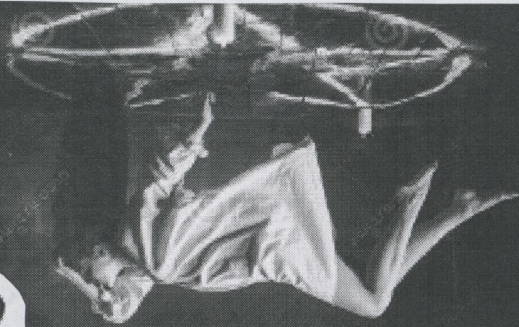
I rearranged items on my shelves to cast protection, to recode the messages I received in a way that would lend power to our side. I worried that some of my close friends who did not live near me were not real, or had been replaced. I tested them with cryptic text messages, trying to send clues that only the real versions could decipher. A friend in England messaged me back saying “people are keys” and I knew then that she had been sent away from this bad country because she knew too much. She was trying to help me, now, before it grew too late.

A book of poems lent by another friend proved her true existence when I realized that the thick anthology was actually a prop—made just for me—by the poets in my life writing under assumed names. There were clues in the names, in the poems, in the page numbers. I pored over it for an entire night trying to decode it. I tried to make my mom hide it away because what I found inside was too incriminating to keep within reach. One of the next days after that, after multiple sleepless nights, I packed a bag of disguises and totems and left the house. It was time to be smuggled out of the country before They could come and get me.

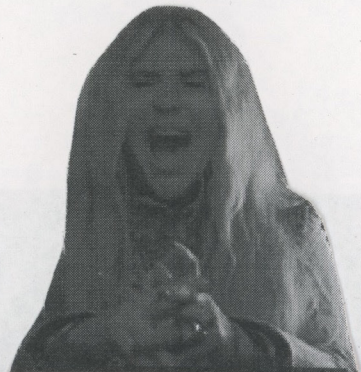
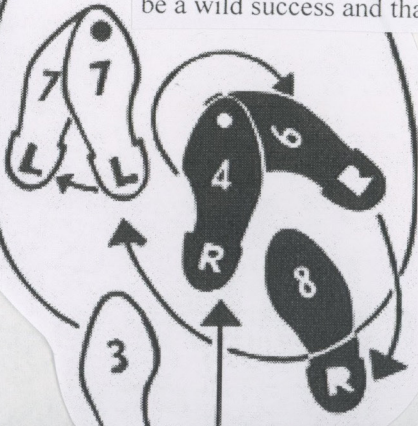




I was brought in to the hospital singing. In a version of what is called the Truman syndrome, I believed my entire experience there was a taped performance, my version of Beyonce's *Lemonade*, building on its themes of abuse, the grief cycle, and forgiveness. I was singing, I'm told, "Praying" by Ke\$ha. When I wasn't strapped down on the bare wood bed frame in that room, I was choreographing dances rife with symbolism and numerology. I made myself an upside down cross, a pentagram, casting out the dark Catholic energy of the hospital so entwined with my patriarchy-tinged paranoia.



The first night, in four-point restraints and singing my heart out, someone in an adjacent room with a low, gravelly voice sometimes sang back. I knew it was a poet I knew. I knew the show was going to be a wild success and that, somehow, pop music would heal us all.

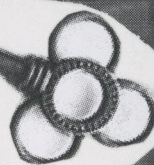


ENTER PASSWORD

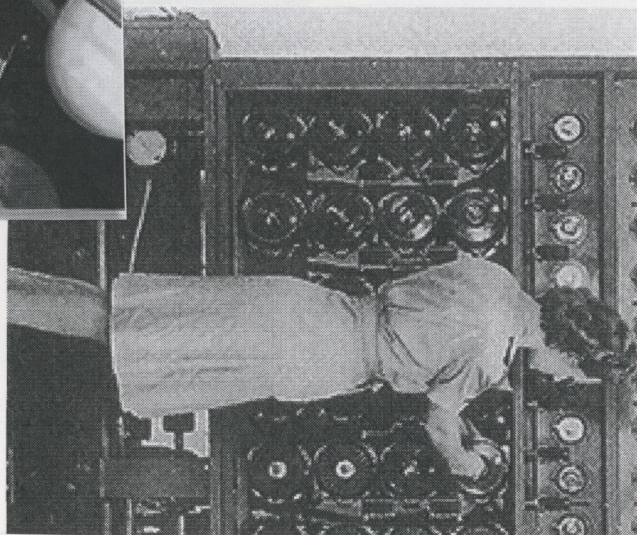
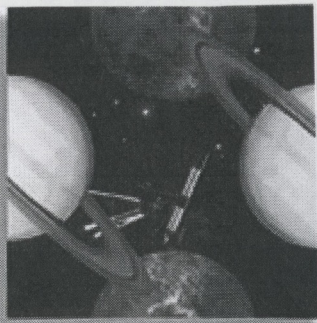
P A C

DOOR UNLOCKED

-[beeps]
-[whirring]



But some things only
God can forgive



III.

If you see it, is it there?

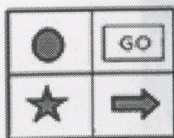
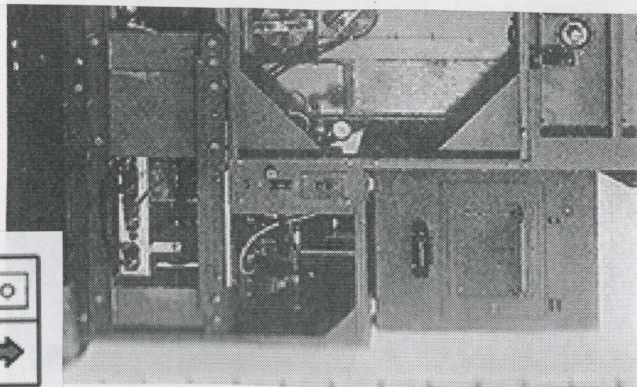
NOSTRADAMUS 911

{Remember being tested and wonder for what}

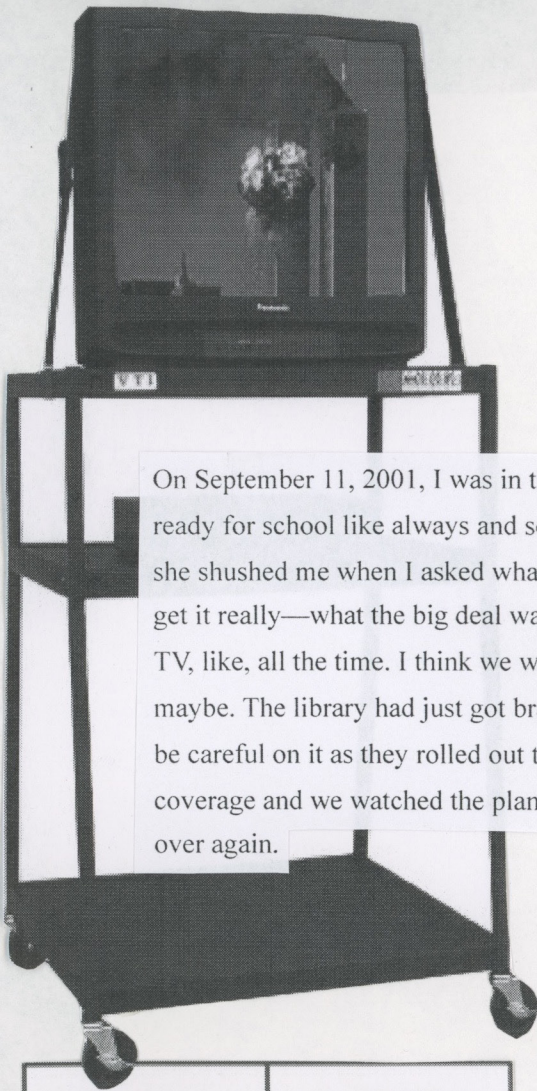
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Do you BEAR a STAIN?

IF YOU SEE IT, THEN IT'S THERE

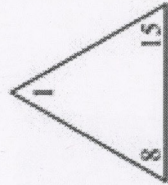


C

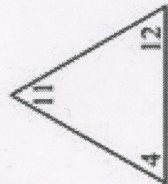
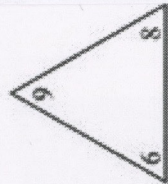


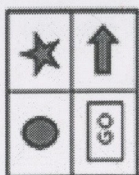
On September 11, 2001, I was in the fifth grade. I remember getting ready for school like always and seeing my mom see the TV. Maybe she shushed me when I asked what was going on, maybe not. I didn't get it really—what the big deal was—because buildings blew up on TV, like, all the time. I think we watched TV all day at school, maybe. The library had just got brand new carpet and they told us to be careful on it as they rolled out the AV cart and played the news coverage and we watched the plane fly into the building over and over again.

<table border="1"> <tr> <td>OK</td> <td>😊</td> </tr> <tr> <td>➡</td> <td>⛔</td> </tr> </table>	OK	😊	➡	⛔	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>⛔</td> <td>😊</td> </tr> <tr> <td>➡</td> <td>OK</td> </tr> </table>	⛔	😊	➡	OK
OK	😊								
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➡	GO								
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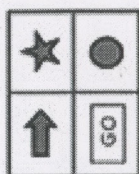


What doesn't belong?





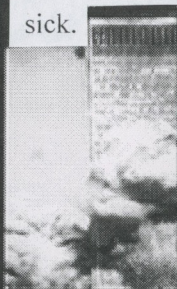
B



A

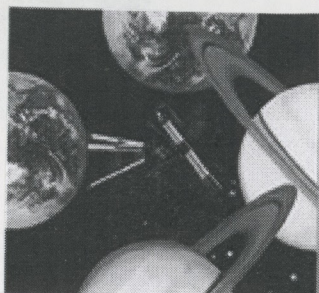
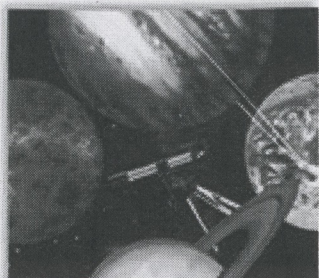


At some point during library class, my friend Natasha saw me put my head down on the desk and start shaking. She thought I was laughing and didn't want us to get in trouble, but then I fell off the chair and threw up on the day-old carpet. I guess it was a seizure, maybe. I got to go home and that's all I really remember. Maybe it was my first vision, about how everything would change for the worse again and again and suck me into wanting to save the world. Maybe I was just sick.

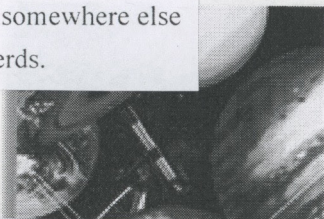


**DID NOSTRADAMUS PREDICT THE
TWIN TOWERS? IF HE DID, WHAT'S
NEXT IS EVEN MORE TERRIFYING**

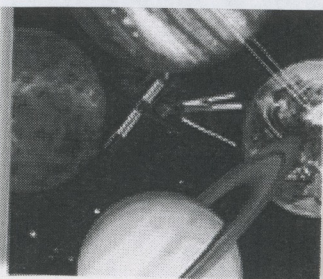
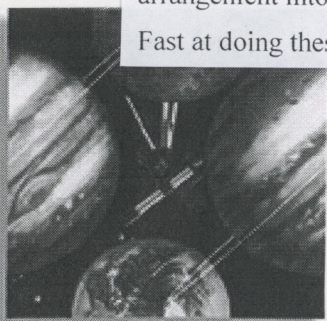


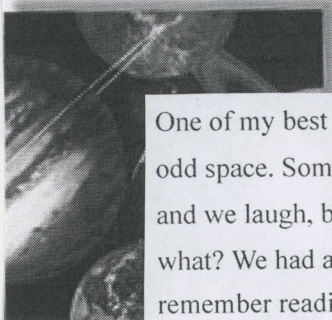
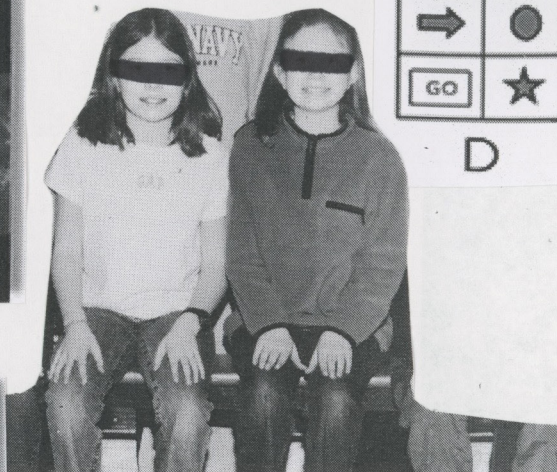
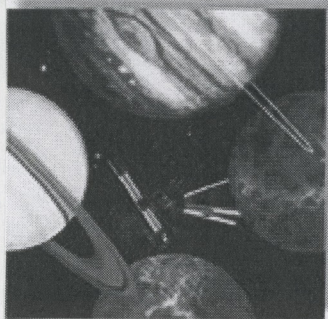


A couple years before that, some of us got pulled out of class to go take a bunch of special tests from some visitors. I remember something about wallpaper swatches, maybe. Matching, finding patterns, code-breaking-type activities. After the tests, four of us in my class got picked. We were all white and I was the only girl. This meant that we spent a whole half school-day somewhere else now, with the “gifted” kids from other schools. Nerds.

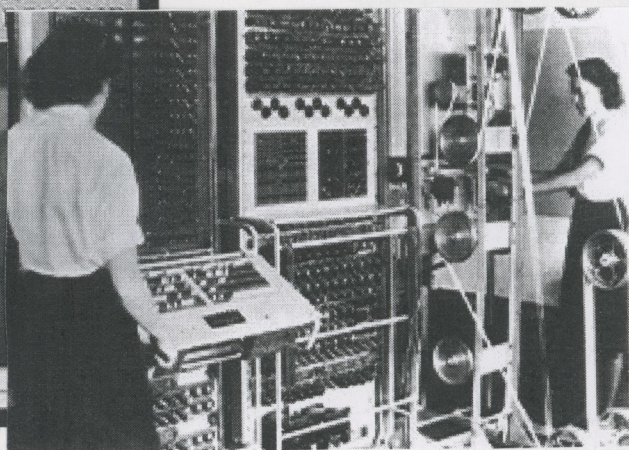
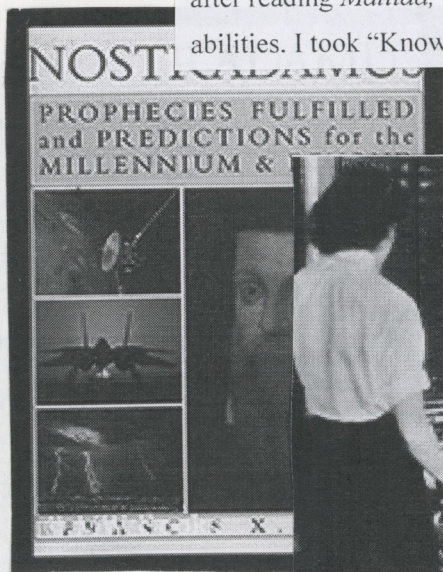


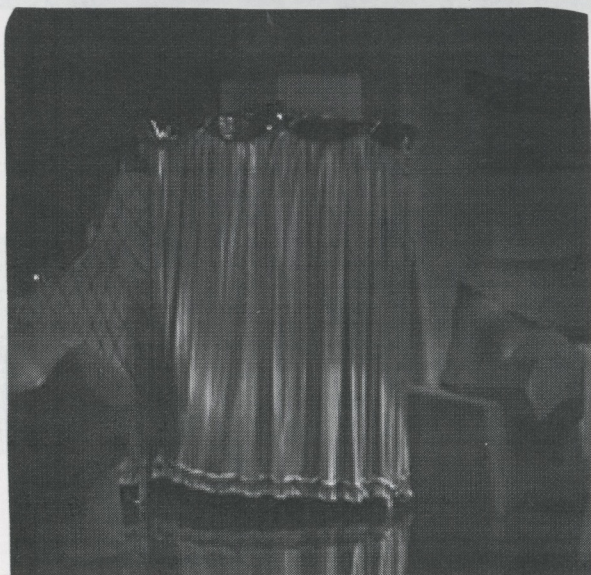
We learned about medieval times, we learned Japanese calligraphy, made inventions and, in free time, solved puzzles. At the time, Crazy Puzzles were all the rage. Nine squares with halves of figures—animal bodies bisected, or plants, or cars, or anything—arranged in different combinations with only one possible solution, one arrangement into a grid that made all the matches work. I was Crazy Fast at doing these. I could just see it and I didn’t know why.





One of my best friends is someone I met as an eleven-year-old in this odd space. Sometimes we look back and ask, “What *was* that, dude?” and we laugh, but I really do wonder. It felt like training, but for what? We had a coffee table book, maybe, about Nostradamus. I remember reading how he predicted all kinds of things, including 9/11. I tried to tune into my own visions. Gave myself headaches after reading *Matilda*, trying to focus hard enough to activate my own abilities. I took “Knowledge is Power” a bit too literally, maybe.





IV.

Power>Two Sides

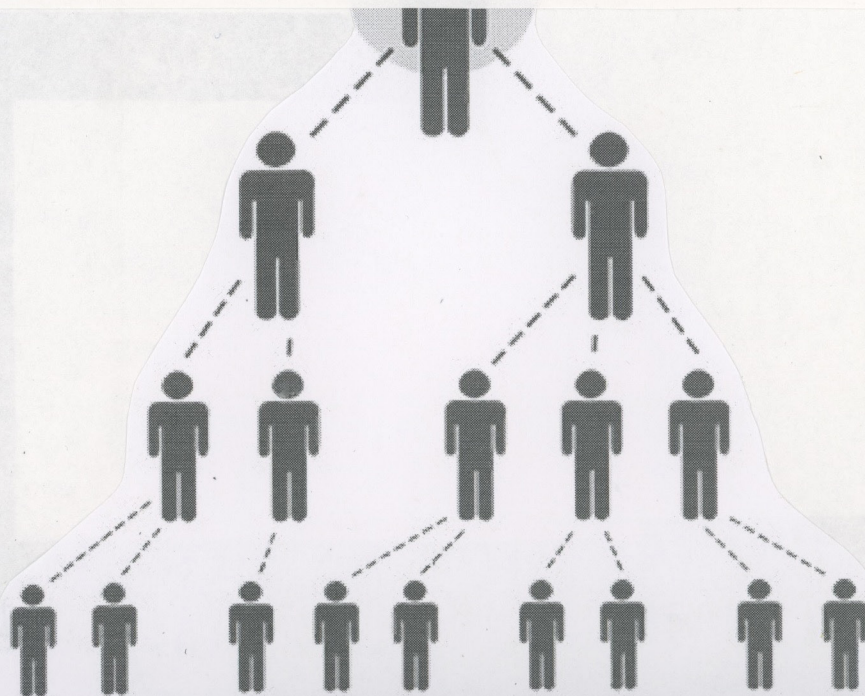
THINK BIGGER

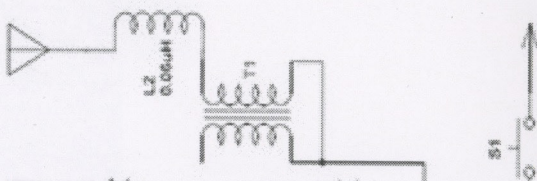
{Can't go under it / Can't go over it}

THINK SMALLER

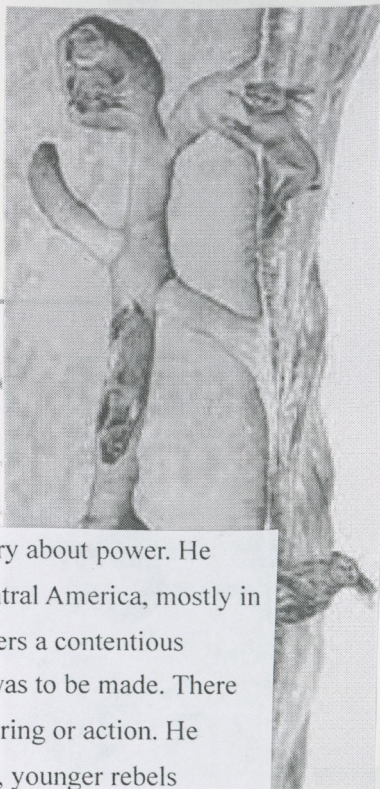
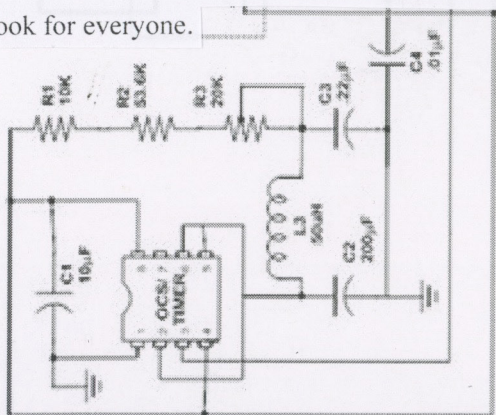
WHO told you that story?

WHAT IF YOU PULL BACK THE CURTAIN AND REVEAL...?



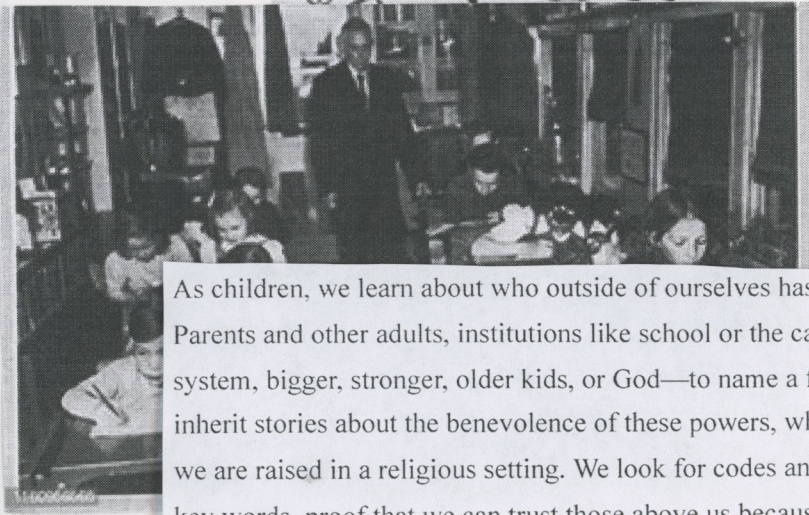


An activist friend of mine loves to tell this story about power. He participated in solidarity work throughout Central America, mostly in Nicaragua, throughout the 1980s and remembers a contentious meeting during which an important decision was to be made. There was great indecision about an upcoming gathering or action. He describes the mostly male group of outspoken, younger rebels growing quiet during what seemed like an impasse in the argument, and then watching every head pivot back to the corner of the room where a very old woman had sat unnoticed through the entire meeting. She waited a beat before giving a small, solemn nod. The action was on, because she had agreed wordlessly in that moment to cook for everyone.





Power is not one set of markers or behaviors. It is a neutral force that I prefer to understand in terms of physics. A force, a void, a mass, a vacuum. My own understanding of power is shaped by my collected traumatic experiences of powerlessness. Statistically, I share this in common with many readers, but even if a person has not experienced a clinically acknowledged trauma, they have had a childhood. And childhood, however pleasant or painful, is characterized within our dominant culture by a lack of power.

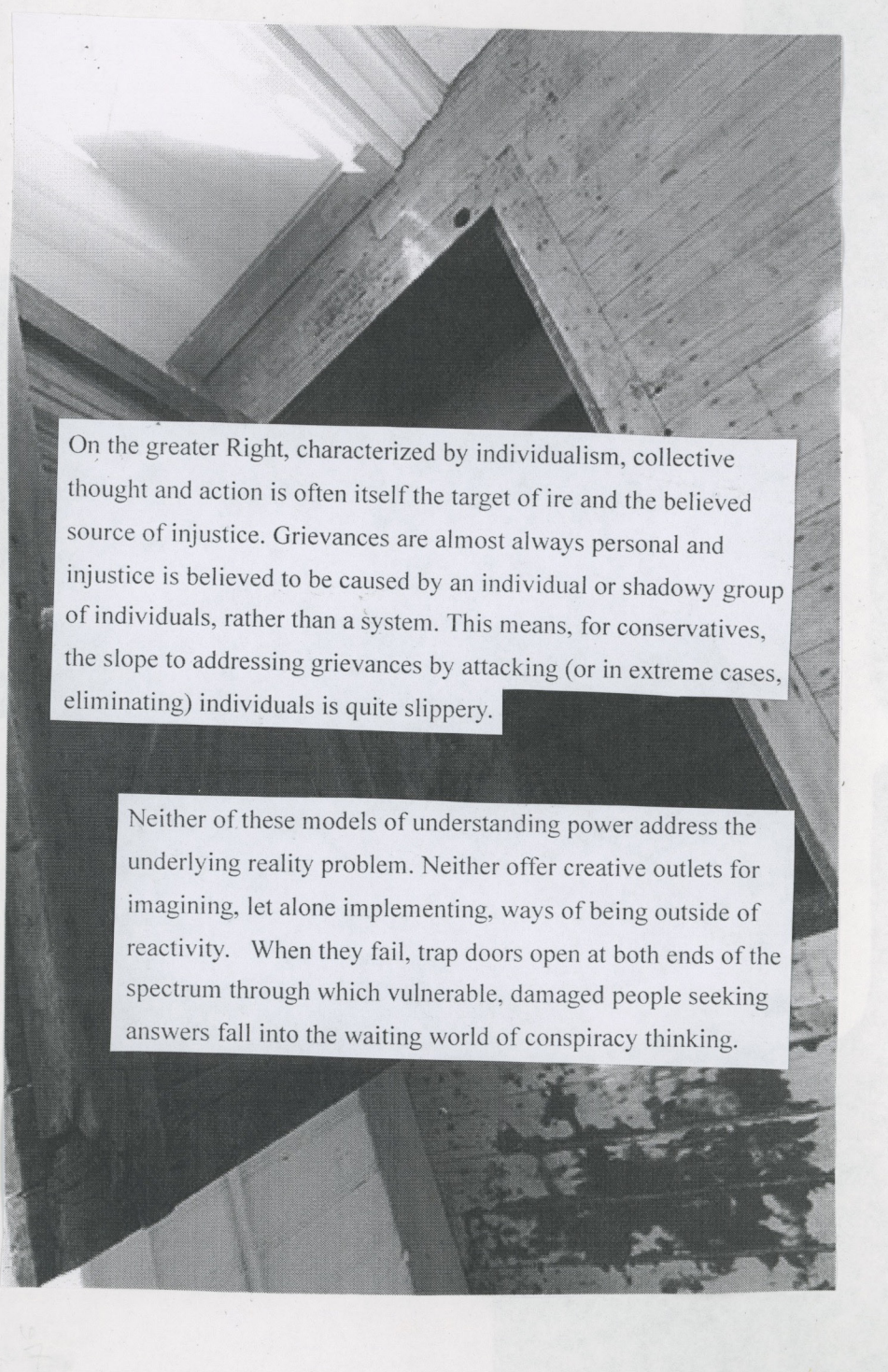


As children, we learn about who outside of ourselves has power. Parents and other adults, institutions like school or the carceral system, bigger, stronger, older kids, or God—to name a few. We inherit stories about the benevolence of these powers, whether or not we are raised in a religious setting. We look for codes and signs and key words, proof that we can trust those above us because we know implicitly they could alter our lives without our consent. Our culture then enforces the reproduction of hierarchy by offering hope—a vague promise that one day, we, the powerless, will trade places with those above us and do it all our way.

I have a theory based on years of observation that those who become activists almost always do so—consciously or not—as part of a healing process or in response to personal trauma. We attempt to identify the source of our suffering and name it. We build community around our shared experience and come together to seek repair, justice, change. But in the United States (which is the only context in which I can speak to these issues), our limited analysis of power often keeps our goals out of reach.

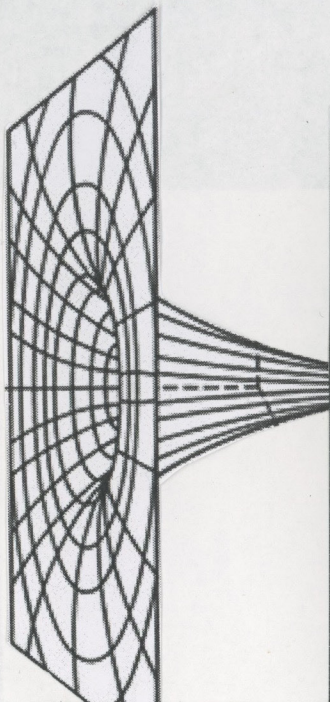
The greater Left, characterized by class analysis, is better at building a collective to fight injustice, but sometimes misses the mark on the nature of power, trusting too heavily in the institutions (the same ones that created and continually protect the injustice in question) to improve themselves out of sheer benevolence. Often for liberals, oppression is treated as a big misunderstanding that can be solved through education or “good governance.”





On the greater Right, characterized by individualism, collective thought and action is often itself the target of ire and the believed source of injustice. Grievances are almost always personal and injustice is believed to be caused by an individual or shadowy group of individuals, rather than a system. This means, for conservatives, the slope to addressing grievances by attacking (or in extreme cases, eliminating) individuals is quite slippery.

Neither of these models of understanding power address the underlying reality problem. Neither offer creative outlets for imagining, let alone implementing, ways of being outside of reactivity. When they fail, trap doors open at both ends of the spectrum through which vulnerable, damaged people seeking answers fall into the waiting world of conspiracy thinking.



V.

How deep is the tunnel?

<CASSANDRA>

{I told you so/ I told you so/ I told you so

</CASSANDRA>

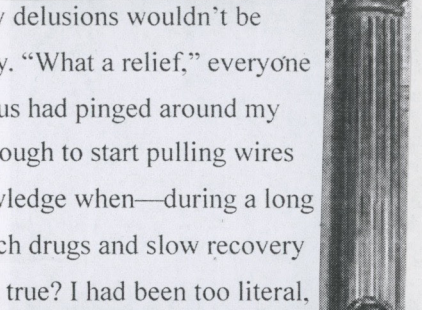
Have YOU ever seen a PORTAL?

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT!!!!!!

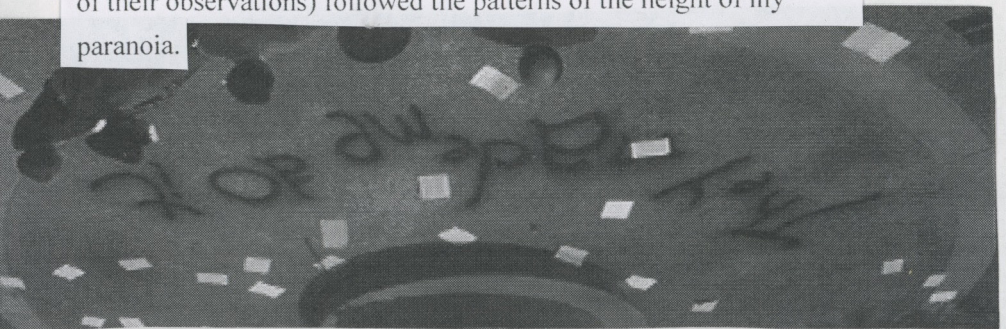




In the hospital, doctors discovered that my delusions wouldn't be permanent, exactly. I wasn't Forever Crazy. "What a relief," everyone loudly did not say. Long-undiagnosed lupus had pinged around my body for years, finally growing hungry enough to start pulling wires in my brain. But what good was that knowledge when—during a long year of chemo, steroids, blood draws, psych drugs and slow recovery—so many of my prophecies kept coming true? I had been too literal, maybe, but I wasn't wrong.



That spring, 2018, just a few months after I handed off my laptop and phone to a friend for "security screening," the nation learned about a large-scale experiment on our population facilitated by social media companies and political consulting firm Cambridge Analytica. At the same time, mainstream outlets and right-wing-watchers started to amplify the QAnon narrative and its followers, who multiplied exponentially with each "drop" of cryptic, supposedly-insider information. While I knew the Q adherents were wrong—because their conspiracy echoed so many anti-Semitic tropes and focused, ultimately, on the worship of Trump—their methods (and even some of their observations) followed the patterns of the height of my paranoia.



The far right

Republican discussed violent attacks and surveillance with rightwingers

My father morphed over the course of that year from a passive libertarian to a fully-fledged Trump supporter, making The Patriarchy more literally manifest in my own life. Emails and chats, written around the time of Charlottesville in the earliest moments of my paranoid spiral, leaked in 2018. They showed local paramilitary types chatting amongst themselves (and with at least one local elected official) about their coming insurrection, explicitly threatening specific activists in my community. And finally, that summer—exactly as I had envisioned nearly a year before—I was taken from my home in a surprise arrest, on a warrant I didn't know I had and was never shown, by a mixed group of local and federal law enforcement calling themselves only “the task force.”

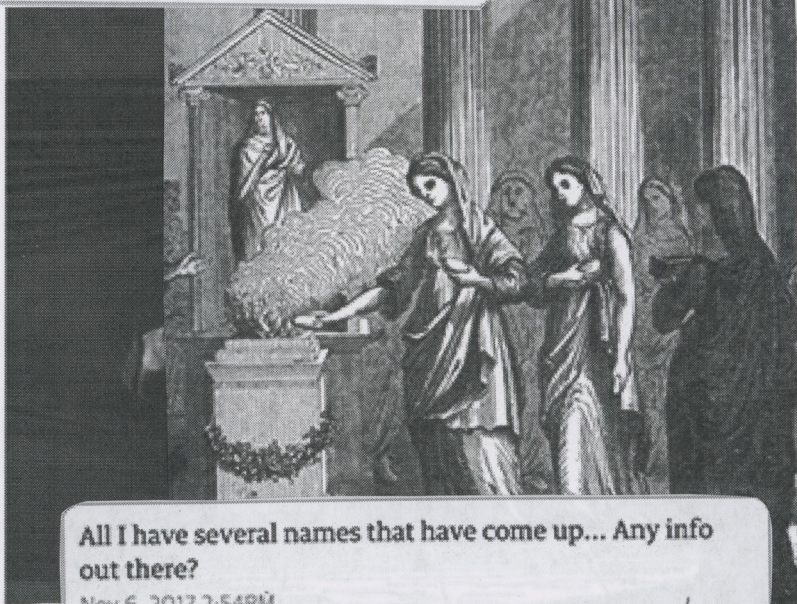
Matt Shea

Ok. What BG checks need to be done. Give me the list.

Nov 6, 2017 9:49PM

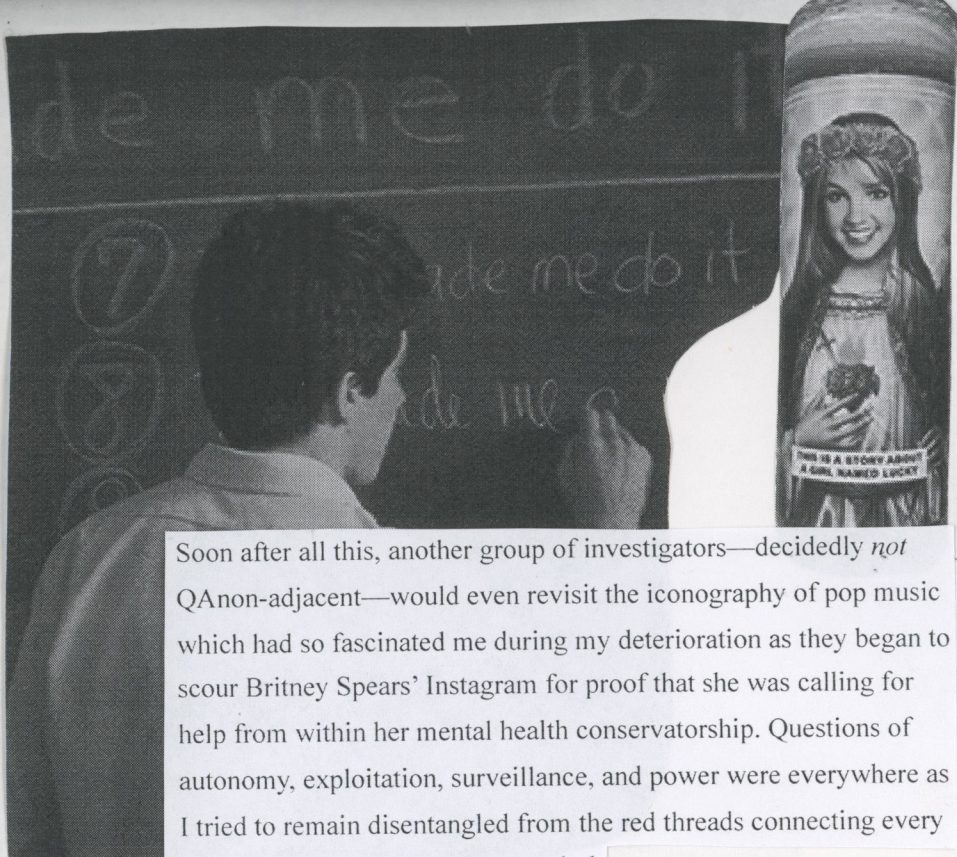
Democrats call on GOP to oust Rep. Shea after report says he backed surveillance on left-wing protest

UPDATED: Mon., April 22, 2019



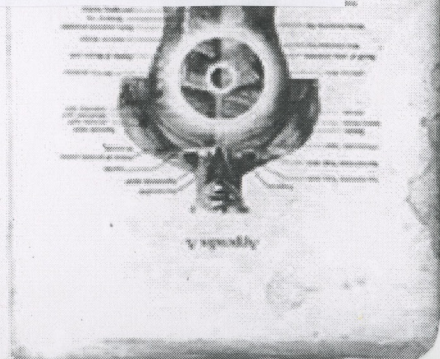
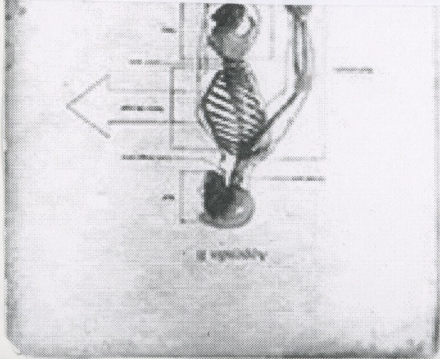
All I have several names that have come up... Any info out there?

Nov 6, 2017 2:54PM



Soon after all this, another group of investigators—decidedly *not* QAnon-adjacent—would even revisit the iconography of pop music which had so fascinated me during my deterioration as they began to scour Britney Spears’ Instagram for proof that she was calling for help from within her mental health conservatorship. Questions of autonomy, exploitation, surveillance, and power were everywhere as I tried to remain disentangled from the red threads connecting every clue on every cork board in my mind.

I tried so hard to shake the psychiatric diagnoses and treatments that lingered after my hospitalization while all around me, everyone seemed to be seeking clues, tightening down security, and fomenting suspicion. I focused intently on catching my breath during those years at the canyon’s edge, watching the steep walls erode, the reality chasm deepen, seeing more souls slip and fall into its waiting gravity.





britneypears • Follow

...



britneypears There's always a way out!!!! This looks like paradise 🌴🌴🌴

100w

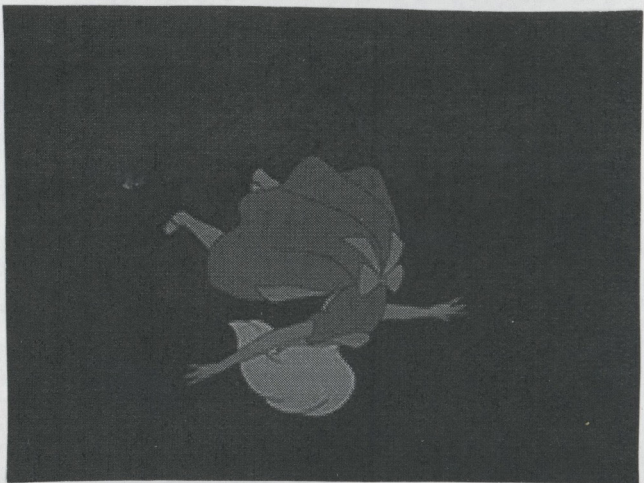
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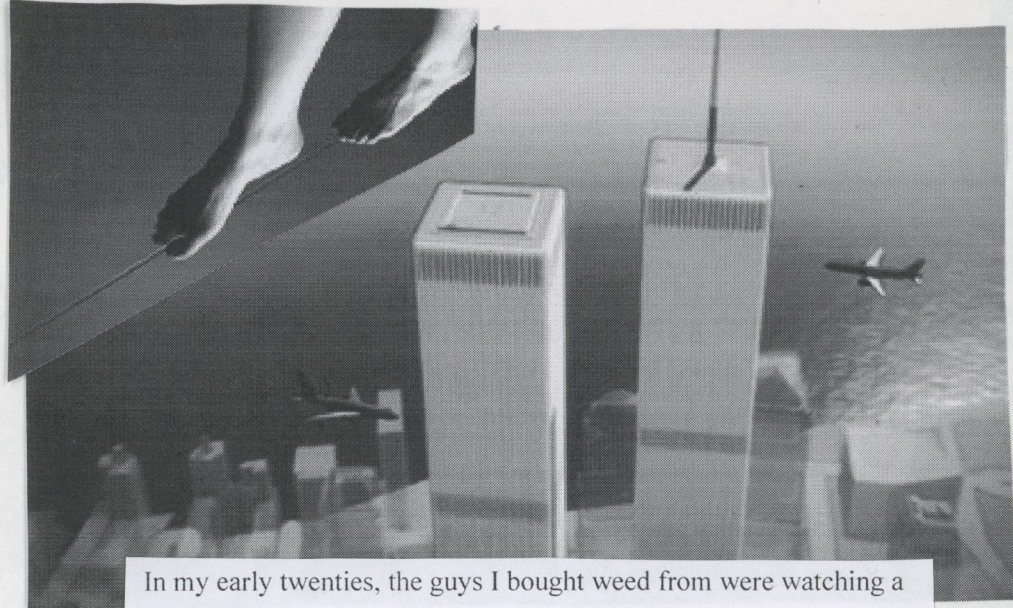


VI.

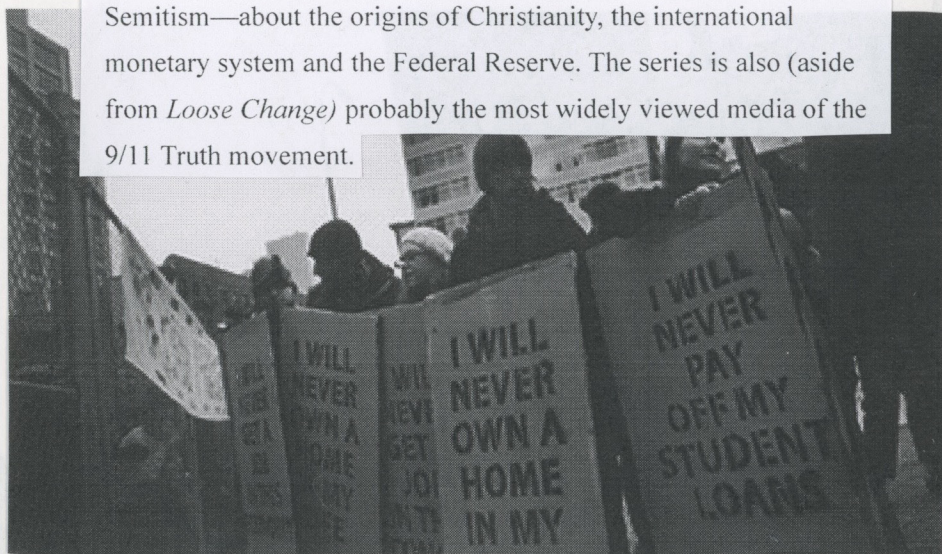
Do you think it's a coincidence we met?
{You kids sure watch a lot of documentaries}
RECOMMENDED FOR YOU
do you KNOW that for sure
Alphabet Agencies...

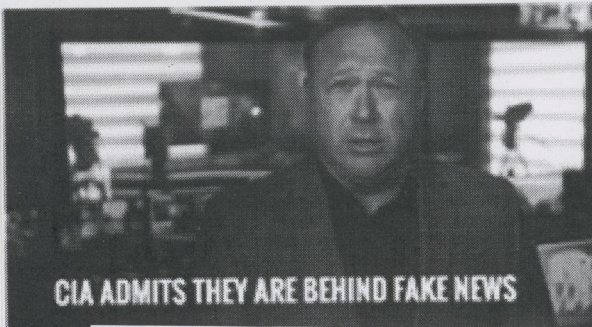
DO YOU BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCES?



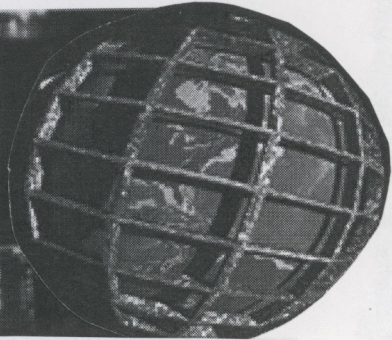


In my early twenties, the guys I bought weed from were watching a weird Youtube documentary every time I came over. This was during the Occupy era, featuring Anonymous. An era during which *The Elegant Universe*, *What the Bleep Do We Know?*, and *Loose Change* had every stoner thinking they were a physicist. For a whole season, it seemed these guys were always watching the *Zeitgeist* movies or imploring someone new to watch them. This film series (2007-2011) stitched together long breathless sequences of interviews, narration, and archival footage into sweeping claims—heavily tinged with anti-Semitism—about the origins of Christianity, the international monetary system and the Federal Reserve. The series is also (aside from *Loose Change*) probably the most widely viewed media of the 9/11 Truth movement.

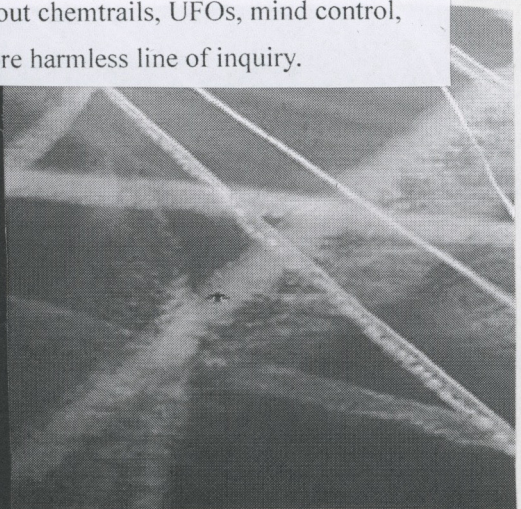
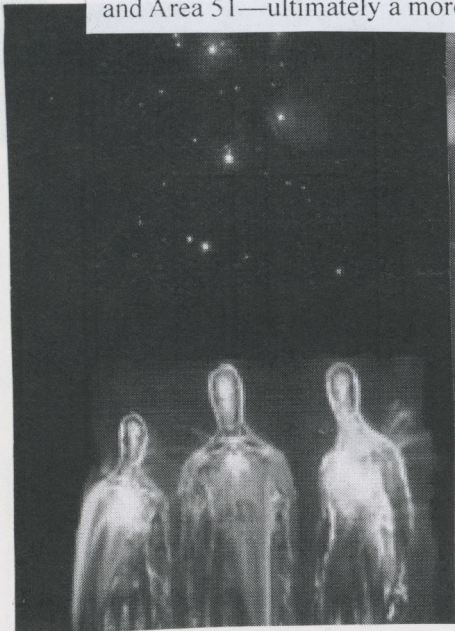


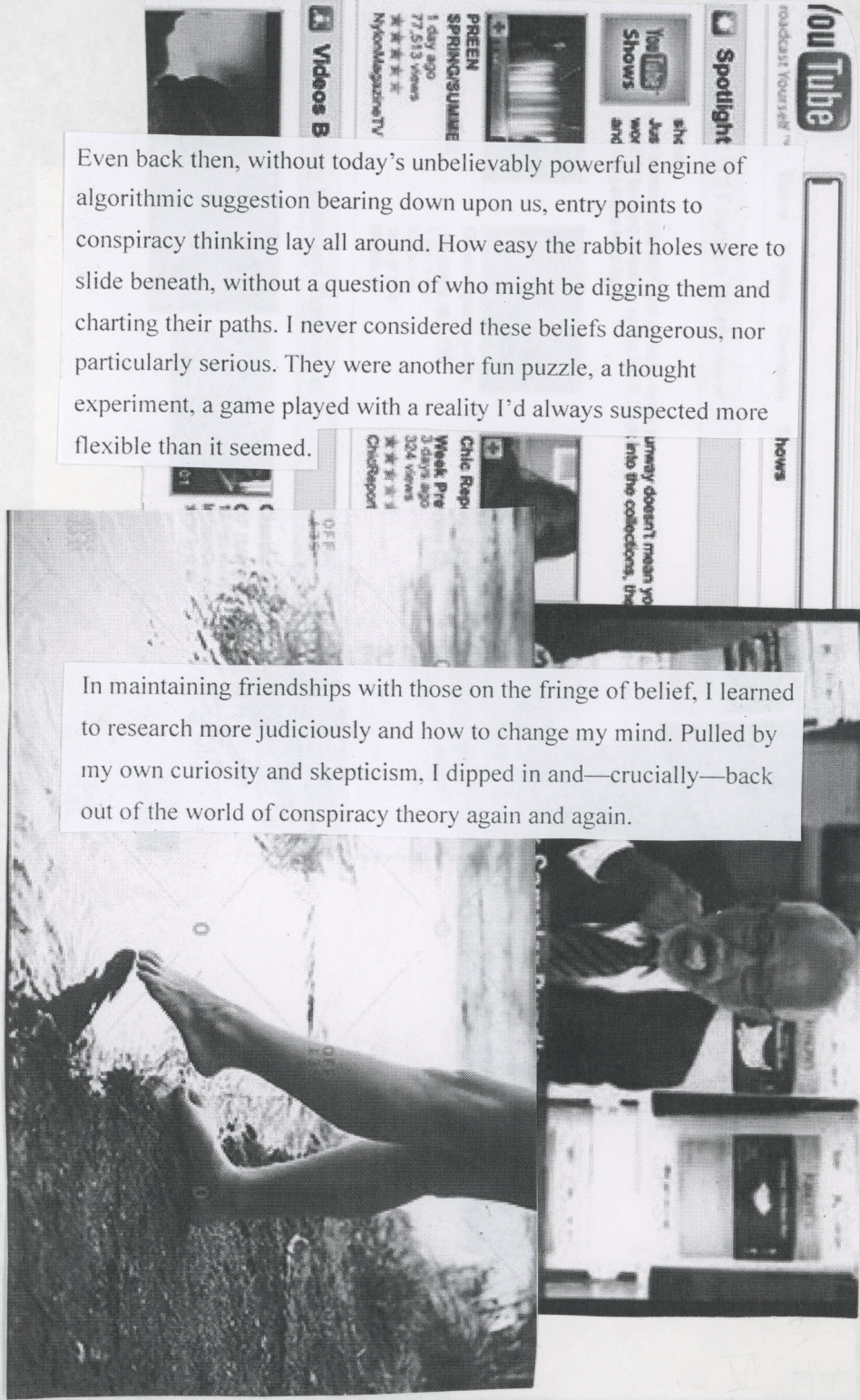


CIA ADMITS THEY ARE BEHIND FAKE NEWS



This foundation sent the impressionable down one of a few forking paths of belief. In the case of these weed-dealing roommates, one became what we now might call “alt-lite.” He got deep into InfoWars (long before Alex Jones became a household name), started buying gold, caucused for Ron Paul in 2012, and continually grew more conservative. The last I heard from him, it was through long, long text messages about covid being a global hoax orchestrated by China. I had to block him. Another went the LSD and quantum physics route and got really into theories about chemtrails, UFOs, mind control, and Area 51—ultimately a more harmless line of inquiry.



The image is a complex collage. At the top, there's a horizontal strip of YouTube interface elements: a 'You Tube' logo, a 'Watch Yourself' button, a 'Spotlight' button, a 'YouTube Shows' button, a 'Videos B' button, and a 'PREEN SPRING/SUMMER' button. Below these are several video thumbnails. One thumbnail shows a person's legs sticking out of a body of water, with a text overlay that reads 'Even back then, without today's unbelievably powerful engine of algorithmic suggestion bearing down upon us, entry points to conspiracy thinking lay all around. How easy the rabbit holes were to slide beneath, without a question of who might be digging them and charting their paths. I never considered these beliefs dangerous, nor particularly serious. They were another fun puzzle, a thought experiment, a game played with a reality I'd always suspected more flexible than it seemed.' Another thumbnail shows a person's legs sticking out of a body of water, with a text overlay that reads 'In maintaining friendships with those on the fringe of belief, I learned to research more judiciously and how to change my mind. Pulled by my own curiosity and skepticism, I dipped in and—crucially—back out of the world of conspiracy theory again and again.' A third thumbnail shows a person's legs sticking out of a body of water, with a text overlay that reads 'unweary doesn't mean you into the collections, the'.

Even back then, without today's unbelievably powerful engine of algorithmic suggestion bearing down upon us, entry points to conspiracy thinking lay all around. How easy the rabbit holes were to slide beneath, without a question of who might be digging them and charting their paths. I never considered these beliefs dangerous, nor particularly serious. They were another fun puzzle, a thought experiment, a game played with a reality I'd always suspected more flexible than it seemed.

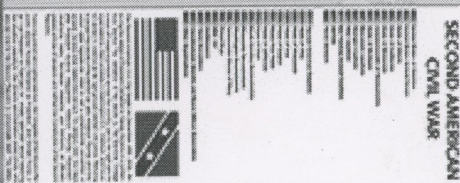
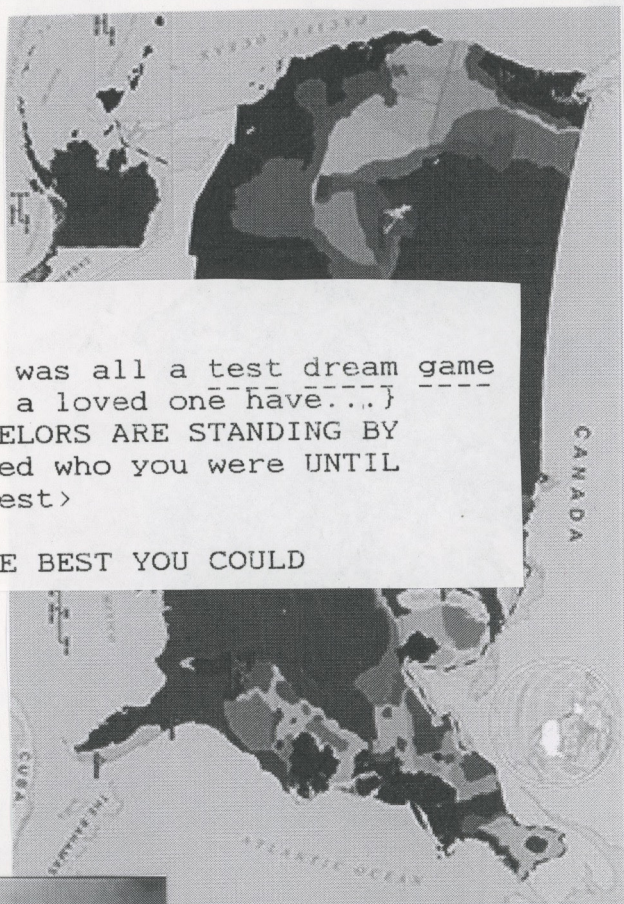
In maintaining friendships with those on the fringe of belief, I learned to research more judiciously and how to change my mind. Pulled by my own curiosity and skepticism, I dipped in and—crucially—back out of the world of conspiracy theory again and again.

VII.

What if it was all a test dream game
{If you or a loved one have...}

EXIT COUNSELORS ARE STANDING BY
No one cared who you were UNTIL
glitch </test>

YOU DID THE BEST YOU COULD



The Second American Civil War at its Outset - 2021 A.D.

American National Republic (ANR)
- American Patriot's Alliance
- Sons of Disgrace of Christ

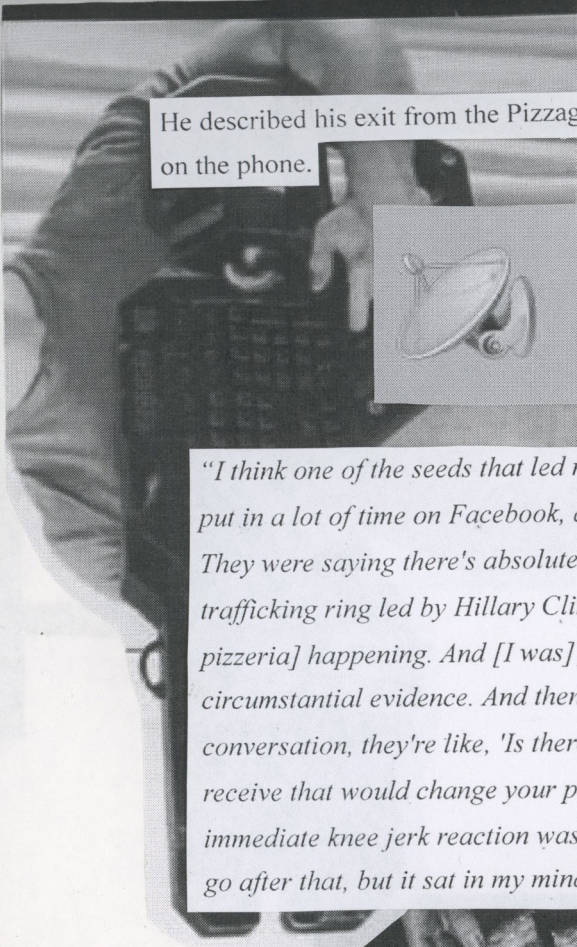
Much of last year, I felt that secession was the only way to address the slow motion civil war playing out in the U.S. Wouldn't it be easier for everyone if those who want to live in a cult of personality and toxic masculinity, who choose guns over healthcare, and believe "freedom" only means "*my freedom to*," could have their own place to do that and leave the rest of us alone? The deep divisions between us—based on what we believe the problems we face to be, who we believe is worth protecting, and what is true—still seem irreconcilable. And maybe we shouldn't try to reconcile. I have cut people out of my life with little hesitation this year. Many relationships have been driven apart by extreme right-wing belief and conspiracy obsession.

Support groups proliferate online for both sides of the QAnon phenomenon—for believers whose radicalization alienated their families, and for those family members who had to step away after watching their loved ones grow too immersed in what was essentially an obsessive online role-playing-game with real-world consequences. Some revisit the deprogramming techniques used with other cult members in an attempt to retrieve those taken in by this quasi-religious movement. A friend of mine was kind enough to talk to me about this recently. Our friendship was forged in our mutual interest in conspiracy theory and when we met, he was deep into Pizzagate research. He now provides consulting to those wishing to engage their radicalized relatives and bring them back to a shared reality.

CALL NOW!
1-800-555-0199

1-8


\$5.00 surcharge for all o



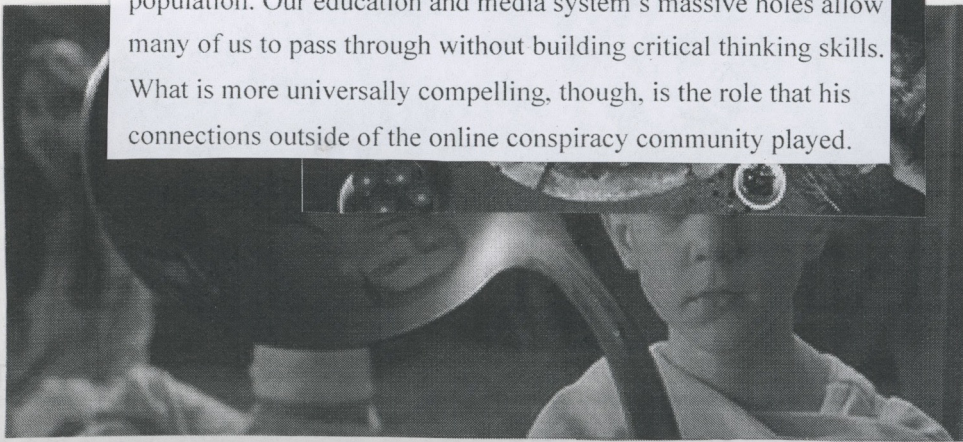
He described his exit from the Pizzagate-to-QAnon rabbit hole to me on the phone.

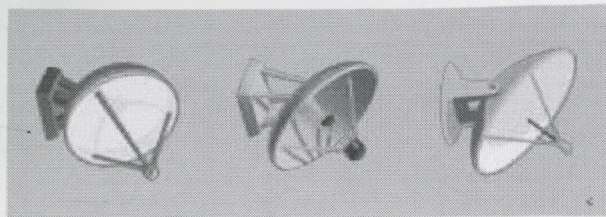


"I think one of the seeds that led me to letting go was a person who put in a lot of time on Facebook, arguing back and forth with me. They were saying there's absolutely no possibility of [a child sex trafficking ring led by Hillary Clinton headquartered in a DC pizzeria] happening. And [I was] just dropping them with a bunch of circumstantial evidence. And then at the end of the nearly three hour conversation, they're like, 'Is there any information that you could receive that would change your perspective on this topic?' And my immediate knee jerk reaction was 'no,' right? And they just let it go after that, but it sat in my mind for a long time, that question."

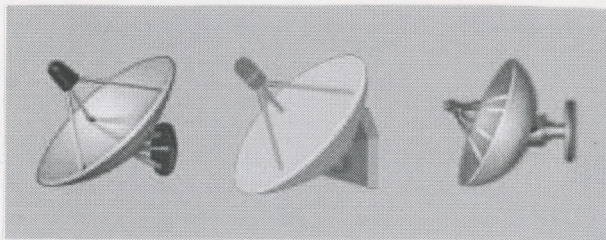
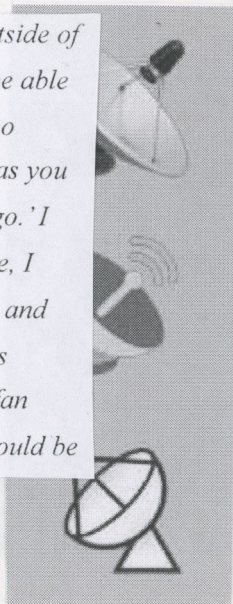
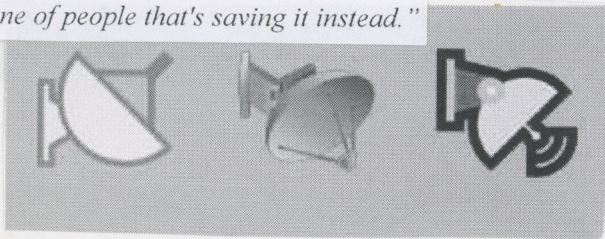


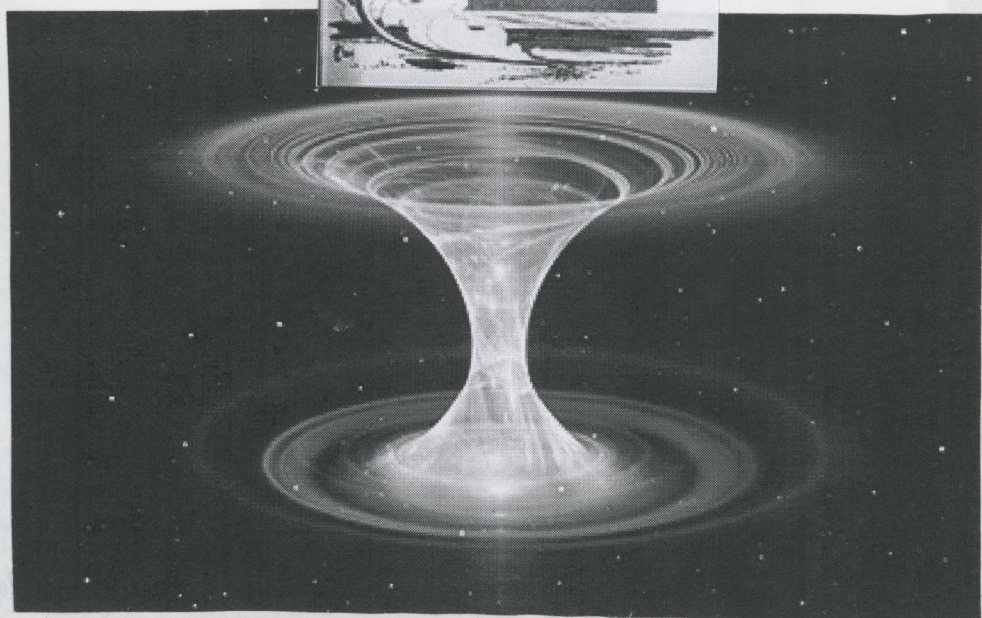
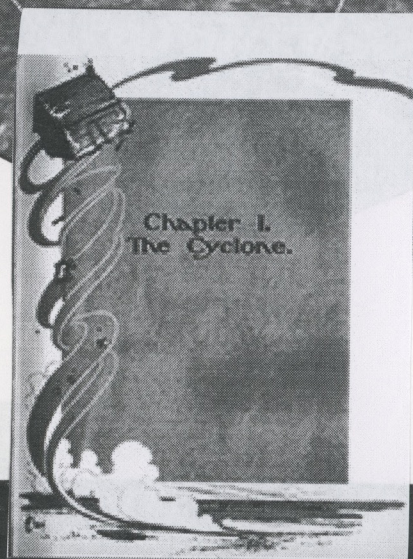
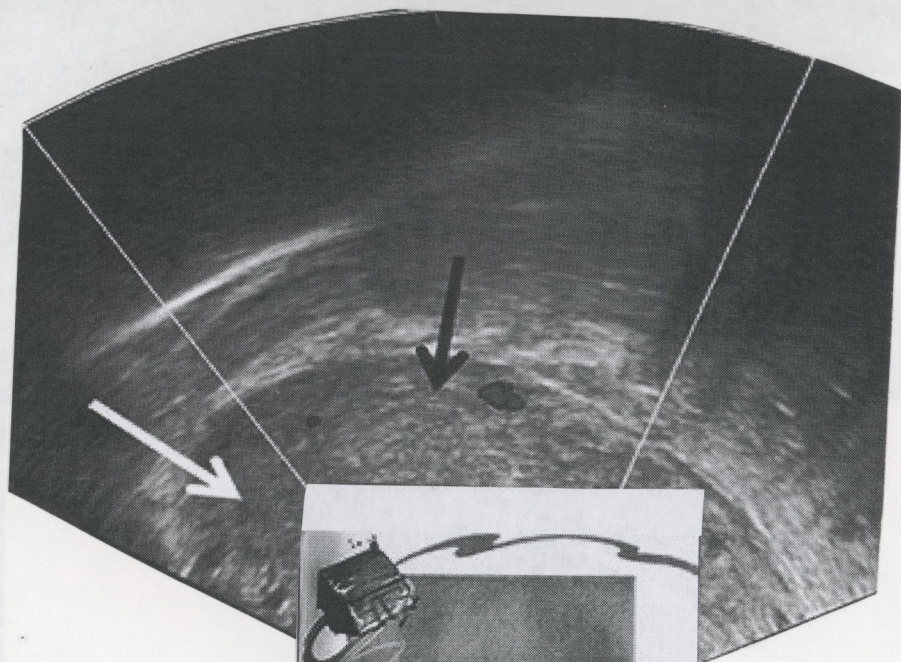
His curiosity and humility are by no means universal in our population. Our education and media system's massive holes allow many of us to pass through without building critical thinking skills. What is more universally compelling, though, is the role that his connections outside of the online conspiracy community played.

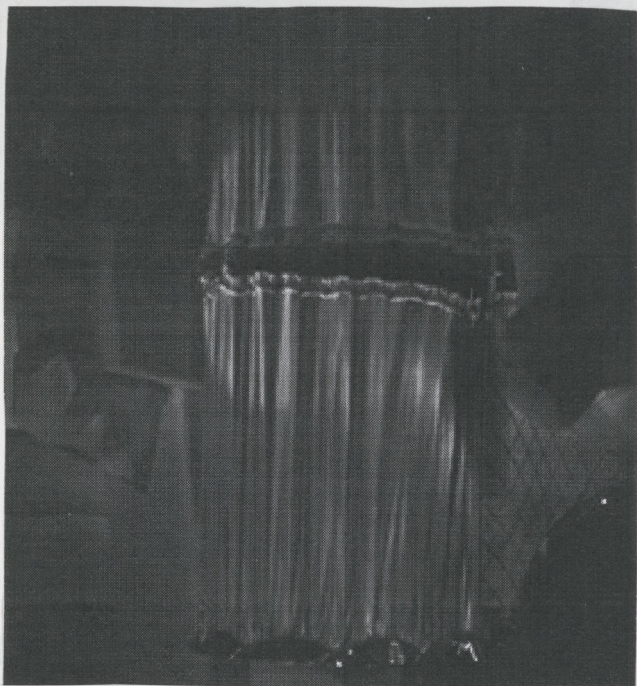




"I think it's the people who I had—people who were on the outside of it—that understood my perspective. It was very validating to be able to have people say, 'you're not completely crazy.' But [they also said], 'we're thankful that you no longer are as deep into this as you were, and we hope that you'll transition into fully letting this go.' I think that if I would have gotten shame from those same people, I probably would have doubled down. I realized how much time and energy I was putting into this when I could be working towards actually changing the world rather than co-writing this giant fan fiction fantasy of the evil cabal that's destroying the world. I could be one of people that's saving it instead."







VIII.

Do you hear something on the wind?

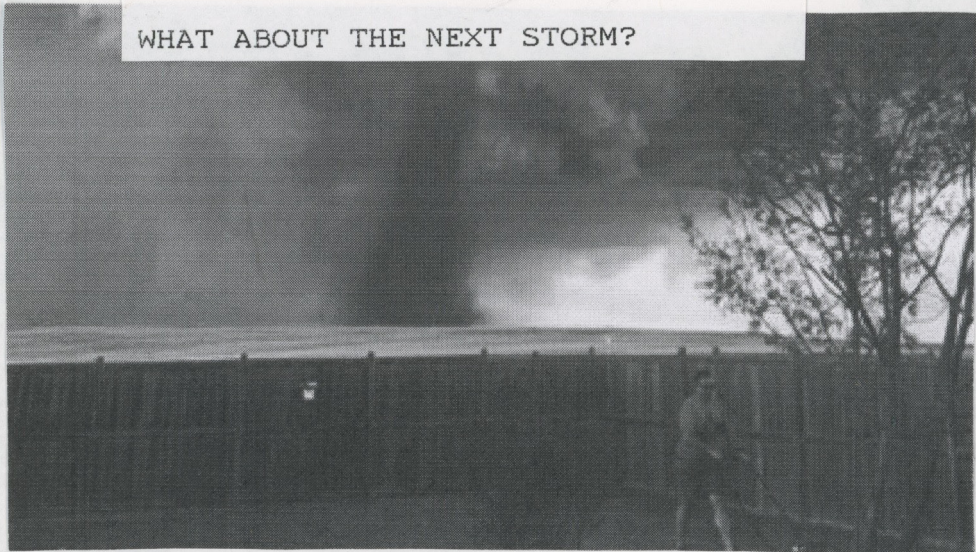
CPT. CAPGRAS COTARD

.....another curtain.....

{Show me the receipts again}

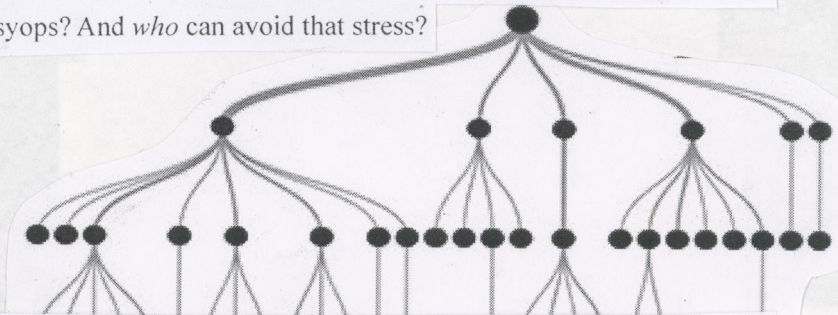
ANOTHER CURTAIN

WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT STORM?



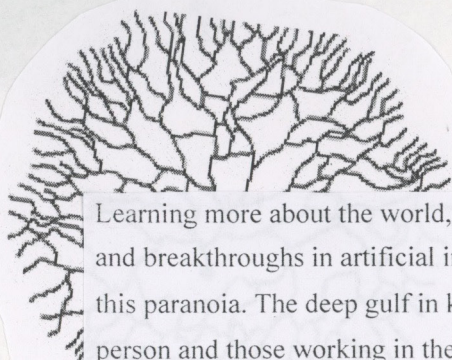


My rheumatologist, who saved my life and has kept me in remission for four years now, often reminds me in evaluating my symptoms that I should let her know if my thoughts “become strange.” She also tells me to “avoid stress.” And that brings me back to thinking about how this time in human history will be remembered and if it will be remembered. What are *un-strange* thoughts to have during a convergence of crises and the looming end of civilization as we know it? How can one *avoid* stress during climate collapse and pandemic and chronic state violence in the era of social-media-facilitated psyops? And *who* can avoid that stress?

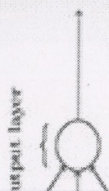


I remain very aware that it could happen to me again at any time. Every so often, a little whisper flickers through my consciousness, stirring up feelings of being surveilled (which, to complicate matters, we all are) or doubts about my sense of reality. One coincidence in language or moment of *déjà vu* has the potential to trigger a spiral into the deep web of the pattern I once glimpsed a little too vividly.

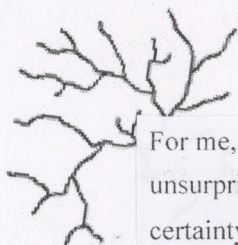
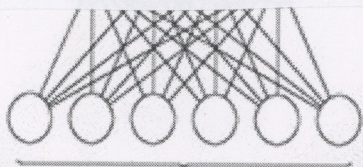




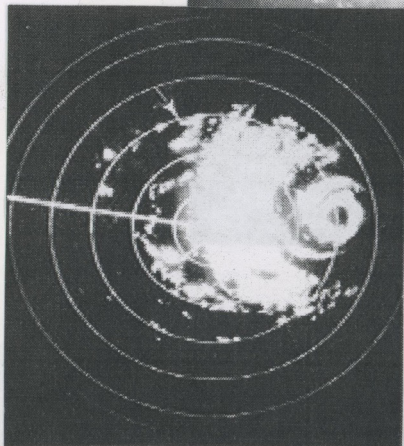
Learning more about the world, and especially about tech companies and breakthroughs in artificial intelligence, does nothing to assuage this paranoia. The deep gulf in knowledge between the average person and those working in these fields is a terror all its own. How do we test a reality we don't fully understand? How do we face a challenging and often horrific world with the endurance to focus on practicality over escapism?



Example of a deep neural net architecture.



For me, the experience of total self-doubt holds a lesson, unsurprisingly linked back to notions of power. Assertions of certainty and truth quietly signify power. Christians capitalize the Word of God, unassailable. Governments stamp documents Official and Certified, legally binding. Now, we entrust private media companies to mark online news stories Factual or Flagged. But as we live through the societal destabilization of losing our centralized truths, perhaps a door opens, making room for a harmony of difference rather than a clash of realities. Maybe not.



TIMELIKE
INFINITY

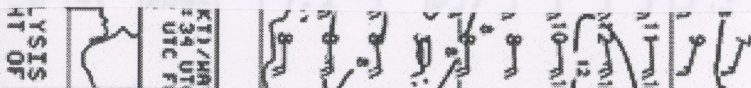
DISTANT
FUTURE

"LIGHTLIKE
INFINITY"

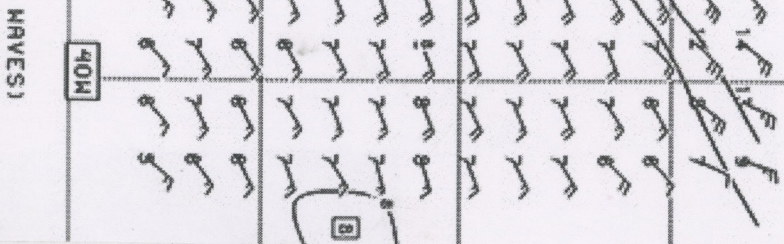
Spending time traveling between flashbacks and prophetic visions has forever changed my own acceptance of the linear. The commonly expressed desire for the Trump era to be "over" or—more universally—for the pandemic to be "over" fills me with dread because nothing is ever *over*. The longer we live, the more patterns we'll see. The more patterns we see, the more coincidences we'll experience.

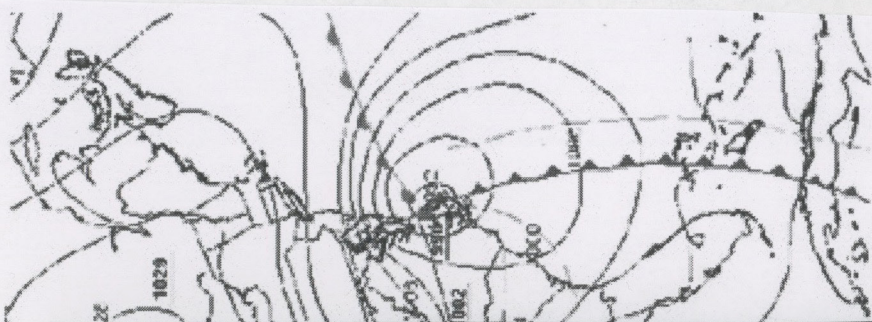
time

space

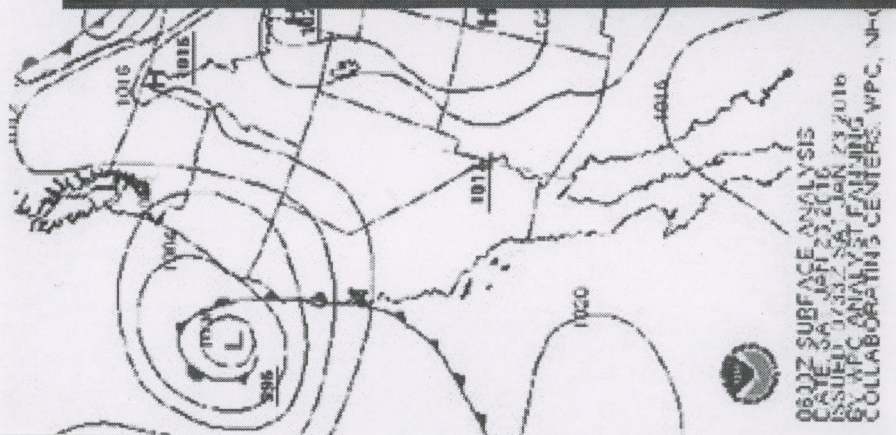


We each face challenges that force us to confront our reality, that shake our faith in our beliefs and the power of our perceptions. Has it happened to you yet? How many times? I wonder constantly whether we have the skills and empathy to do this work as a collective. I doubt the ability of a people so divorced from our role as parts of a living ecological system to ever return to that foundation of our reality. But everything has aligned before, and perhaps it aligns again now. For instance, is it a coincidence you're reading this?





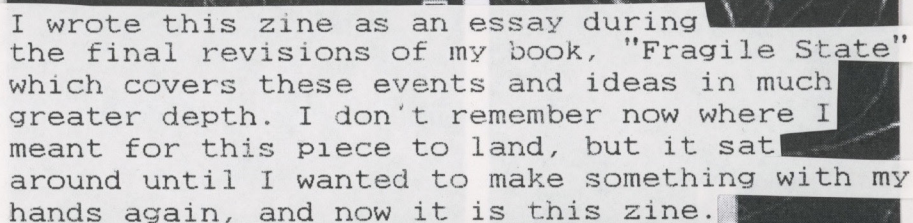
Do you believe in coincidences?



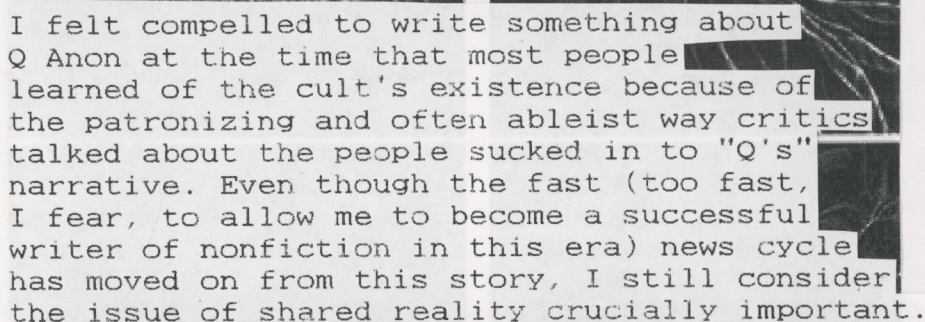
0800Z SURFACE ANALYSIS
CASEY SA JAN 23 2016
ISSUED 0733Z SA JAN 23 2016
BY WPC ANALYST CENTER
COLLABORATING CENTERS: WPC, NHC



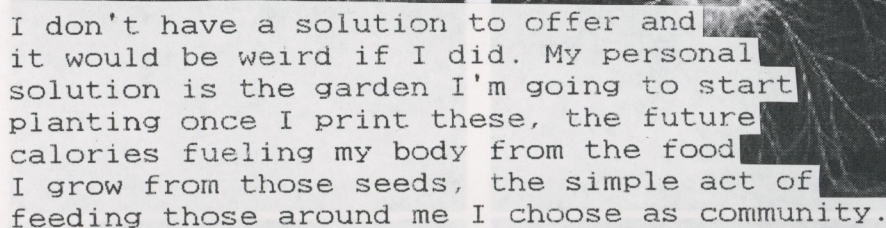




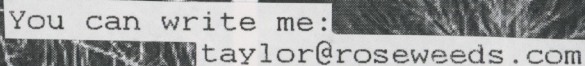
I wrote this zine as an essay during the final revisions of my book, "Fragile State" which covers these events and ideas in much greater depth. I don't remember now where I meant for this piece to land, but it sat around until I wanted to make something with my hands again, and now it is this zine.



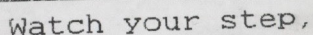
I felt compelled to write something about Q Anon at the time that most people learned of the cult's existence because of the patronizing and often ableist way critics talked about the people sucked in to "Q's" narrative. Even though the fast (too fast, I fear, to allow me to become a successful writer of nonfiction in this era) news cycle has moved on from this story, I still consider the issue of shared reality crucially important.



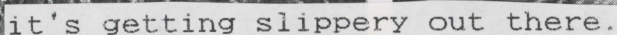
I don't have a solution to offer and it would be weird if I did. My personal solution is the garden I'm going to start planting once I print these, the future calories fueling my body from the food I grow from those seeds, the simple act of feeding those around me I choose as community.



You can write me: taylor@roseweeds.com



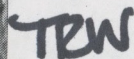
Watch your step,



it's getting slippery out there.



<3



TRW

REALITY PROBLEM

And yet, I (we) persist. Isn't it difficult to imagine a history, look about the recent past, though? Something that we radicals have long wished for—~~the end of single narrative~~—has come to pass. ~~Unfortunately~~ many of us haven't built the skills needed to live in this multilayered reality, mediated by nets and robots, hyper-personal, time and space are different now. Flexible, multiple, malleable. This condition complicates every facet of our communication and, if history endures to observe what comes next, will likely represent the biggest evolutionary leap and the greatest conflict of our era.

and friends?

In October 2017, a few months after while nationalists converged for the Unite the Right rally in Charlottesville and about ~~two~~ months before I was involuntarily hospitalized, an anonymous poster calling themselves 'Q' on a message board dropped their first missive. It referenced many surreal press appearances. This character kept posting, dropping clues into unbelievably fertile soil, quietly growing a huge, fervent following.

Every day that first Trump year held an onslaught of information. Disorientation reigned and hatred contorted into ever more transparent forms. We were introduced to the concepts of

screening the nation team
facilitated by social media a
right-wing-watchers started to
multiplied exponentially with ea
the Q adherents because their
ultimately, on the worship of Trump
height of my paranoia.

WHAT PATTERNS?

While I knew
certain tropes and focused
one of the same patterns I had in the

was
1980s
at a second
growing quiet
I need pivot back
the entire meaning
because she had

she that, prefer to
operate as a flatter, more
shaped by my experiences of
stances of significant trauma
it even if a person has not
not what source?