

**Yes!**  
**The Conspiracy really exists.**  
**And furthermore it's all your fault.**

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# Forward

In this book, I will **not** attempt to identify the controlling members of the various conspiracies, the high-ups who manipulate, dominate and direct the media or the government or the courts or the political process or the military or the corporations or the capital or the religions or the very psyche of the dupes, fools, dunces and cretins that populate this planet.

No. It's perfectly obvious who these people are, and they have more than enough money, power and moral ambivalence to pursue me to bankruptcy in their libel courts, have me arrested by their police, or even murdered by their gangs of roving criminals and thugs. Frankly, I don't fancy it. I prefer an easy target so I'll mostly just be ranting about the powerless, stupid dumbasses who're too illiterate to even understand this damn book, let alone take exception to it and have me murdered. The dupes and the deluded who let the entire damn conspiracy process happen.

You know. People like **you**, you feckless stupid human filth.

In the following pages I hope to show how your pointless unthinking zombie-like trudging through the bland, normal life set up before you by other dim-eyed half-sleeping cretins just like you makes the world the broken, hellish, conspiracy-ridden place you have to live in.

And worse! *I* have to live in it too. I hope you're proud.

Yes! The Conspiracy Really Exists.

Rev. Priest

# Introduction

## **Conspiracy:**

1. An agreement to perform together an illegal, wrongful, or subversive act.
2. A group of conspirators.
3. Law. An agreement between two or more persons to commit a crime or accomplish a legal purpose through illegal action.
4. A joining or acting together, as if by sinister design: *a conspiracy of wind and tide that devastated coastal areas.*

Listen dumbass: The Conspiracy *really exists!* It just isn't what your pathetic duped mind thinks it is. The Conspiracy itself has *lied to you* about what the term means, subverted the very definition of itself to induce incredulity over its simple existence. And like an obedient broken slave you *fell for it*. Hook, Line, Sink and Rod.

When someone more enlightened and flexi-thinking like me talks of the “The Conspiracy,” he doesn't mean the government, the lawyers, the spin-doctors or the newspapers. He doesn't mean the cigar-smoking men in suits making deals in back rooms, swapping lives for oil, souls for cash and power. He doesn't mean the mafia, the media, the middlemen, the moneychangers or the multinationals.

When I talk about the conspiracy I'm not talking about a group of *people* at all. Nor even any of the many groups of aliens or visitors from other dimensions detailed in my forthcoming book “Is your neighbour an alien from planet X? An alien species

compendium”<sup>1</sup>

Look at the fourth definition in the quote taken from dictionary.com at the beginning of this chapter. “A joining or acting together *as if* by sinister design.

Your tiny mind couldn't have fathomed it until now but **of course** “The Conspiracy” is a metaphorical joining of forces. If it were anything else it would merely be “A” conspiracy, one of any and many that plague the media, government, industrial, technological, educational, philosophical, corporate, fashion and scientific spheres.

No, “*The conspiracy*” is something much more elusive and even destructive than those hopeless human attempts at power games. *The conspiracy* is self-created, using witless dupe recruits like you to construct itself in what laughingly passes as your mind. You and your reckless stupid ilk created a force of nature so vicious and delinquent it destroys lives, hopes, dreams even whole cultures. Yet it is so fundamental to the modern human mindset that it's practically invisible, hidden by a memological blind-spot of gargantuan proportions and it is only recently that it has been possible to observe and analyze it's effects.

Reverend Stang describes the conspiracy thus<sup>2</sup>:

*It doesn't even know it's a conspiracy! It can't. It's a faceless confederacy of dunces, so vast and so broad that it underlies all the lesser conspiracies and permeates all human reality. Quite the opposite of devious, it dominates by merely exploiting the overall,*

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1 See <http://dalliance.net/books/aliens>

2 In **Revelation X** by Rev Ivan Stang.

ISBN: 0-671-77006-3

*mealy-mouthed, chickenbutt-kissing "Code of Normality" (or CON) of ALL the Pinks, norm-worms and mere-humes at large. There is no more insidious and subtle a weapon than that.*

The conspiracy is a collision of forces; social norms, economic realities, cultural precedents, political maneuverings, and most of all *your stupid dumb human nature* that conspire to normalize the world, make it a blander, duller, safer, hellish suck-pit so bad that even powerful psychedelic drugs can't help us escape.

And worse, you're so brainwashed, so utterly fooled by the conspiracy justifications and deceptions that you would suppress thought, shed blood and sanction the senseless slaughter of millions just to protect your own insane hand-me-down beliefs.

The conspiracy brings us war, famine, senseless toil, mental straight-jackets, murder, politicians, lawyers, moneychangers, Disney cartoons and a hopeless slacklessness that permeates every last cell in each of us. And yet you support it every day!

In the coming chapters you will see how you have been conditioned, programmed, brainwashed and led unwittingly to support the most insane and destructive force ever unleashed upon the world. How it all came to seem so sensible, so *normal*, and finally what you can do to help make it all stop. To become a part of the solution.

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Rev. Priest

# Birth

All men and women born on planet Earth are born with *original slack*. At birth, in fact, slack is just about the only thing you actually have. Yet, already wired into your brain-pan are the tools the conspiracy will use to warp your fragile forming mind.

Despite what some so-called religions would have you believe, the human mind is **not** a thinking-machine designed for intelligence and given free will by God. In fact, it's an evolutionary mess, roughly thrown together by the forces of natural selection to do *anything* it needs to do to reproduce.

At birth, you have potential. Your mind could take on any one of billions of different configurations. It could fly like a golf ball to unimaginable heights of creativity and deduction. It could be the next Plato, a new Einstein, Michelangelo, Copernicus, Rev Mickey Finn, or Genghis Kahn.

And yet, you'll end up as a worthless cog in the conspiracy machine, toiling so you can afford to travel to work, eat, save for your retirement. Playing your tiny part in the huge practically all-encompassing global conspiracy apparatus, because it *seems* like the right thing to do.

Well, it would *seem* like it, wouldn't it?

While your mind has potential at birth, it is not a blank state. No creature in the world is born as a *tabula rasa*. Your brain at birth is built from drives, reflexes, autogenetic instincts and unconscious knee-jerk heuristics all built not because they're

good, or true, or beautiful, but because they helped your mega-great grandfather and mega-great grandmother *get it on* in their own million-year antiquated version of the proto-conspiracy. And they just did it by *copying everyone else*.

To become something other than the relentlessly inbreeding abjectly conformist, thought-free, unrealized waste of bone you are you'd have to *fight* these inbuilt reactions, the docile obedient mind-lock that exists in every single one of us at the time we are born. And chances are, you're programmed not to.

Programmed by your genes, and the raw-materials delivered to you down the placenta to your willing, gaping, forming body. Spiritless, standardized, involuntary molecular-chemical processes build you to *want* things. To *need* things. A conspiracy-crack-baby born addicted to the drives of your own base emotions. You are a crying, mewling, hopeless, child-mortality figure waiting to happen. You're born *knowing* that your only hope is to *impress* these people. Gurgle! Act Cute! Do whatever makes them smile, pay attention to you. **Feed** you.

It's *worse* than being a blank-slate. The odds are actually stacked *against* you from the start. You see a nipple, you suck on it. You feel something in your hand, you grasp it. You associate something with a smile, a touch, a cessation of pain and it becomes your new mantra, your Pavlovian-trained meta-instinct.

While most of all, you are primed to *copy* things, not just *things* but *ideas, thoughts, behaviours, dogmas, convictions, opinions*. You are a meme-sponge, and because of the accident of your birth you are a sponge in the sewer, soaking up sickly conspiracy-infected purified brain-piss and noxious, foul, treacherous mental-

crap.

Oh yes, like Larkin said<sup>3</sup> “*They fuck you up, your mum and dad, they don't mean to, but they're unwitting co-conspirators of a gigantic code of normality, dupes of a vast and profound global brain-warp determined to rob the world of variety, colour, vision and slack.*”

Of course, it isn't *just* your mum and dad. Not even *just* your family and their friends. It's *all* the slackless, mindbogglingly bland, psychologically disfigured barely post-neanderthal dupes and gloopers you come into contact with. You god-parents, your aunts, your dad's shiftless waster hippie friends, your mum's shopping buddies. ALL of them conspirators, ALL of them poisoning your thought-glands, ALL of them bending your will to that of the conspiracy for their own sakes, or worse, because it *seems* right.

As a baby you learn different coloured screams for when you needed changing, or you needed burping, or you needed food. You and your carer make up this code as you go along, by trying to guess what each other means, what will make you shut up, what will make her feed you or whatever. If it works, you do it again, and again.

That's how your imbecilic brain works. You copy what you saw work before, what you tried successfully last time. You avoid the things that get you slapped down, or burped till you're sick. You might think you're smart, but all you're really doing is *copying* smart people. You might think you're artistic, creative and graceful but really you're just a big *fraud*, a plagiarizing clueless

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3 Or would have done if he was more concerned with *truth* than *poetry*

robot, *imitating* your way to conspiracy success.

I say “conspiracy success” advisedly, because your birth-brain is so utterly clueless, so completely devoid of anything besides your cloning instinct, it has no idea what “Success” might mean past getting that shit out of your nappy, or getting another mouthful of gruel. No, to decide what “Success” or “Failure” mean, you take the usual dumbass shortcut and you just *copy* what everyone else thinks it means.

Substitute “Right and wrong”; “Blue and red”; “sane and insane”; “Cool and Square”; “Logical and Illogical”; and “Painful and Pleasuring”. It's still true. You have no idea, so you just go along with everybody else. You probably think that that's the *right* thing to do, even now, but you're so screwed up that you don't even know what *right* means! You just listen, like a gramophone-entranced puppy, and believe what *they say*. Which is what *they* were told. And, in turn, what *they* were told.

So who told your mega-grandparents? It's *the conspiracy* that told them! A combination of their own peril, misconceptions, self-serving lies, dumb-conclusions and faulty proto-logic. They are its dupes, and they convinced the other dupes and you just went and *believed* it! After all, it seemed “right.”

By *their definition* of “*right*.”

In the midst of this terrible fate, you have only one thing going for you, and right there from birth you have a lifetime's supply if it. It could save you and you have enough to give it away! You won't, of course, but you *could*.

Yes! The Conspiracy Really Exists.

Rev. Priest

All men and women born on planet Earth are born with *original slack*. And you had it in buckets.

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# Childhood

All men and women born on planet Earth are born with *original slack*, but from the moment the doctor slaps you and *forces* you to start breathing their conspiracy air, the CON begins the process of stealing it, infecting your mind and breaking your spirit.

They start with what they call “childhood.” A period when you're *supposed* to “learn”. I mean, millions of years of inbreeding has ensured you're a domesticated animal to start with. Anxious to please and ready to do *anything*. Yet you still have that one thing the conspiracy can't take from you until you're born to have it. The spark of slack.

Without a person to *have* slack, there is no slack to be had. And the conspiracy has evolved to *breed* us, mostly just to recreate itself, but also to gain an *infinite supply of slack*, ripe for the stealin'.

The conspiracy has many ways to bring a child up as slacklessly as possible, draining it, sucking it from her mind-blood like a psychic parasite. Mostly the kid is just treated to abject poverty, a struggle for life, harsh conditions and daily toil. Kept too busy to notice.

You, though, *you're* one of the lucky few! The conspiracy has no hands, but nevertheless you're geo-hand picked, by accident of your birthplace, your parenthood, your built-up procurable inheritance. Picked to be subject instead to a less physically-demanding struggle. Which, you would think, would free you up to struggle against *them*. But of course you're too weak and

pathetic, too self-absorbed and sedentary. Not just *physically* thanks to your cotton-ball lifestyle, but also *psychedelically* thanks to your trained-reality and your duplicated cookie-cutter cerebellum.

For the first few years of your pathetic existence your carers do as they are expected to do by the conspiracy, because they haven't the wit to do otherwise. They probably even buy books and guides and read parenting magazines, *paying* to know what the conspiracy thinks is good parenting so they can *copy* it, do just as they're told. But you hardly have to read a book to know that the conspiracy will want its parents to do whatever it takes to turn their child, you, into yet another mindless, irrational, newspaper-reading, duped co-conspirator.

So that's what they do.

They tell you the old conspiracy fairy tales, that contain the very subliminal building-blocks they'll use to manipulate you later. Normal, obedient, Barbie-doll princesses getting what they need, winning, while anything freaky or different or strange is mocked mercilessly, humiliated and driven to extinction, conversion, "Beautification". Worse yet, they show you the Disney dumbed-down cutened-up patented-and-trademarked monetized ripoff *copies*.

Those fairy tales have a message that your carers even make explicit with an order: ***Don't talk to strangers***. Obviously designed to keep down the number of influences on your growing mind, ensure that it's just the *local* conspiracy that gets to influence you. Oh, sure, they *say* it's because strangers are dangerous, but most folks who get hurt get hurt by *family*. You're

probably *safer* with a bunch of strangers than alone with your stepfather.

At the time you are perhaps too old to really be blamed for it, but you ruin your chances at every turn. You have an implicit trust in people who you *know nothing about*. Partly because they're just around by accident of birth, and mostly because you don't know *anything*. You're just a barely conscious learning and copying machine. Hoping to learn enough to get a *soul*. But you'd be in the tiny minority if you did.

If they can't trust strangers, your carers figured, then surely they can trust the *television!* After all, there's no “naughty” language on the television and the conspiracy has told them that naughty people use naughty language. So if they say “Oh dear” instead of “Fucking hell!” you can put your kids with them.

And they *know* that that machine is used to brainwash you. Even many conspiracy-riddled parents realize that putting your kids in front of an admitted fast-food-whoring, CON-toy-mongering, brain-warping, psycho-dulling machine for hours on end isn't too smart. But they do it anyway, because they're too exhausted to do otherwise and anyway, *everyone else does*.

They won't leave you alone for a second with *anybody*, except that damned hypno-box. They supervise you constantly, making sure *nothing* but conspiracy crap gets into your head. They worry that sex, or drugs, or hip-hop, or swearing might *infect* your personality, ruin your “innocence” even though it's that very “innocence” that keeps you swallowing the inane, boring, homogeneous, ken-doll *sheep-shit* they've got you *seeping in*, building a lifetime addiction to their group-thinking approval.

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They're so afraid of *nothing* that they won't even let you walk alone the few blocks to school, they'd sooner *drive* you to school, filling up the roads and the air with their people-carts and their toxic unbreathable brain-rotting carbon monoxide.

Heck, face it, they drive you to *school*, the most blatantly blindingly, conspicuously brainwashing anti-concentration-camp known to man!

# School

The *socialization* you're given at school is so important to the modern conspiracy that they make it compulsory. It is worried that people may escape the worst of their parents mind-lock because, well, some of *their* parents escaped the worst of it.

So the CON invented schools, to all intents and purposes a jail for your body and worse yet, for your psych-acorn. You need permission to *take a fucking piss*. You suffer constant conspiracy-supervision and they don't even deny that *socialization* is their aim and their insistence. *Socialization* to what, exactly?

The conspiracy needs a future full of passive, dependent, auto-obedient dupes and paroles, so its “education” systems are designed to churn them out, mass produced to mass consume to keep the whole mass spinning.

They cram your head full of so many curriculum facts, without giving you the *reason*, or the capacity to *think*, that you learn quickly **not** to think. *At all*. You're tested on what you can recall for just a few minutes during the exam so that you'll *believe* what they say, even though half the things they teach you in school are *lies!* It doesn't matter if your answers are *true* or *reasoned* or *understandable*, it only matters that you write the right things, collect the right gongs, that you can remember it long enough to get *graded* on it.

Graded so you can be called a “Success” or a “Failure”. Your weak mind, already ingrained with those con-concepts, blindly follows, strengthening the pathways or killing the potential based

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on the power of that “F for Failure” or that “A for Ace.” You *know* when you're not doing things *as they say*, which they claim, for sake of argument, is *right*. ***Even when it's obviously wrong.*** You don't have to understand it, just *copy* it, just *regurgitate* it, and you're be “A for Amazing” not “F or fucked”.

Only the A graded are just as fucked.

Right isn't what you figure out, it isn't what you deduce or observe or estimate, it's what *they say it is*. They aren't there to teach you the *curriculum*, that's clear. The curriculum is obviously irrelevant to any real person's life, they're teaching you that **they are right**. They're teaching you to rely on them to tell you what to do, what to believe, what to think, when to go to the bathroom.

They teach you group-think, though they call it *teamwork*. Assign you into a group of your *peers*, dumbasses like you with no more idea than you, and then they grad you as a group. *You're* responsible for *them*. *Their* results are dependent on *you*. So you'd better conform, they make you into a robot and you *have* to help or ***others will suffer***.

They tell your carers and you that they're worried about *drugs* getting into the school, and then they fill it up with retalin, kiddy-speed for the ones who need mind-altering drugs to escape the tedium of mixed-ability classes and rote-learned-lists and the unthinking robot compliance of their so-called peers.

Because all they *can* test is if you can *copy*, they have a strict curriculum set out ready for you to absorb. Nothing controversial, obscene, violent, innocence-losing or, you know, *interesting* can be allowed. So bland, quantitative, unchallenging, unchallenged,

useless nonsense is what they teach you, what they cram your brain so full of that it can't think, and what you have to regurgitate before you can forget it all again after the exam to make room for something *useful*. Or at least, a different, more fashionable *kind* of conspiracy crap.

They need to prepare you for a sedentary life, so they force you to do about the most unnatural thing a child can do. Sit still and be quiet for hours on end. No interaction, no questioning (or they'd think you're *dumb*), no distractions. Just sit quietly like you will do in front of the brainwashing mind-tube for years on end later in life and learn to turn your brain *off*. Least it distracts you from their plan.

You spend years sitting through a factory-education, a battery-farm for growing minds, cooping them up so small and confined that they never learn they have *wings*. A factory education designed to build factory-workers and factory-shoppers and factory-thinkers buying factory-magazines written to fill factory-made-minds.

That's just what the school *authorities* do to you! You're thrust in with a far more vicious conformity-creating monster than a stern headmaster or a politically correct Parents and Teachers Association. They at least can't *punch* you or *torture* you or give you the wedgie of your *life*.

If life soaks you in peer pressure, school is like a steam pressure cooker. With a broken valve. Like a distillery, concentrating the conformity, highlighting the hegemony. At school, if you're *not* a stereotype you're *nothing*. Nobody. What kind of music do you like? What team do you support? What's your favourite colour,

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what's the best flavour of pop-tart. Which *tribe are you?* The wrong answer can get you ostracized, scorned, melvined, kicked.

All the conspiracy tribes, even yours, have one thing in common: They're defined by what they *buy*. What they buy to *wear*, what they buy to *listen to*, what they buy to *watch*, what they buy to *play*. What they buy to *read*. Badges, badges, you can't move for stinkin' badges, nor the implication, the certain realization, that you *need* some badge, or you'll get "F for Fashion Disaster" from the bullies, or the sports-clubs, or the scouts, or the goths, or the subgenii.

Then when you get old enough, biology throws another spice into the recipe. God damned *puberty!*

# Adolescence

Of all the conformity-inducing cards in the the conspiracy's deck, *sex* has to be the ace. At least the *conspiracy subversion* of sex, because the whole thing is not what it should be.

It shouldn't be like this! This should be a blissful period in your life, a celebration of the beautiful changes in your body. Your discovery of erotic touch, the reciprocal joy of giving pleasure. But already the two dimensional mental-props built into your the minds of your peers, your environment and *your own stupid pointless conformity*, have all but ruined it's beauty and sublimated it's allure into ugly, stupid, greed and pointless petty oneupmanship.

Sex, titillation and eroticism are powerful riptides of hormones and they *control the way you think*. They have to, they're bound to, they're genotomically destined to it. Such a massive explosive pressure can't be *contained* by the conspiracy. So it subverts it, bends it, irrigates it to it's own more calm, controlled and colourless conscription.

Like slack, you want it so the conspiracy takes it. Locks it up behind moral guidelines, hierarchical stereotypical castes, petty tradition and the instance that only *they* can tell you when it *feels right*. Well DUH! Who told you how to *feel*? You listen to *them* over the screaming incessant call of your own body! They say it'll feel wrong, and so even though it feels right, you hold it back. It seems like the *right* thing not to, even though it *feels* like the right thing to do!

With sex all locked up for their approval, their censor, their greedy desire for power, they can teach you that *some* things increase your *attractiveness*. If only you were *attractive* enough, then the conspiracy rules – their own rules – won't apply.

They offer you an impossible lottery, and you greedily, unthinkingly chase it because *everybody else is*.

There are other ways to do this! You just know I'm gonna mention the yeti, who live a similar life in the dark, hidden Himalayan shadows as the bonobo chimps do out in the moist swamps of the Congo<sup>4</sup>. Sex is not a weapon for them, their conspiracy doesn't teach them to keep it safe, trade it for something, rank their peers by it. It's not currency, they *give it away* and they get *more in return!*

Is that “better” than false monogamy, than sexual repression, than homophobic attacks, than rape, than keeping things behind closed doors, than rejecting half of everybody as ugly, then driving an economy with pent-up frustration, than using sex to *sell beefburgers?*

Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't, but you didn't even *think about it*. And even if you did, what can you actually *do* about it? You've already given up hope by adolescence, by the time the hormones curse through your brain-veins with the force of a tsunami, the conspiracy already has its flood defenses in place. The canals of stereotypicism, the flood planes of grading, the levys of hand-me-down peer pressure.

Where do the irrigation channels lead? Where exactly, flowing

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4 [http://savvyinsider.com/article.php?op=viewArticle&article\\_ID=15&id=15](http://savvyinsider.com/article.php?op=viewArticle&article_ID=15&id=15)

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with the peer-current whichever way you're pulled, do you end up for all of your adolescence? They make everyone want the best, but with their narrow definition of best, almost nobody can get it. So you buy badges, you buy fashion, you buy the right newspapers, sandwiches and branded breakfast cereal. Lottery tickets in the trendy fashion and style sex-jackpot. It's a rollover week, everything half price! Does it help? Do you get the best? Is "the best" even real, or just a copied conspiracy con?

Oh yeah, they subvert your passion, your love, your non-conforming beauty. They dim your individual eccentricities, dull your innovation, dilute your creative thinking. They turn your desire into power and money and you just figure it's okay, because nobody else is complaining. Well, nobody *sane*.

They have you, you'd do whatever they want, you'd be nice, you'd like the right things, think the right things, do anything they tell you to do. And what do they tell you to do?

They tell you to sacrifice a third of your life to maintaining their machine. Wake up early every day, and toil for the money you need to buy the car you need to get there, the place you need to live near to, the love and pride of your friends, family, and other co-conspirators. They make you get a JOB!

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# Jobs

They have you doing exactly what they want. It might appear that this is so they can drive the economy, make themselves money, feed the people, run the government or exert power over their fellow man, but remember this isn't a conspiracy made out of *men*! It's not a conspiracy made out of people at all! *The* conspiracy has no need for money, or an economy, or power or sated people. All it wants is your slack! Your independence, your creativity, your imagination, your *difference*, your *mutations*. It wants a world of passive, dependent, auto-obedient dupes and it's greed is insatiable. So, straight out of school, they make things *worse*.

Those horrible, unending, relentless early mornings set up during school continue. The regimented march of the clocking-on, clocking-off, clocking-in, clocking-out, never-clocking-ending-clocking-shake-it-all-a-clocking-bout, the constant, eternal tick tock, tick tock of their control leaves you *no time*, rushed and stressed, always with something to *do*, somewhere to *be*. They tell you that you have to do *banking*, and close the fucking banks the whole time you're not *there*, at *work*, doing whatever they ask.

The entire system is needlessly inflexible, intolerably *normalized*. One fit lifestyles for homogenized, bland, pointless little zombie-sheep like *you*. Oh, it's *fine*, for *you*. By now you *want* to get up at 7am every day. There's so much to do! You get a proper evening, you're uncomfortable *every single fucking day*, but it's good because, well everybody else does – you're off at the same time as them. Too *knackered* to *talk*, too exhausted to want to bother, but it's *quality* time that counts. Besides, otherwise you'd miss the

best part of the day. Bah! You *ruin* the best part of the day with your insistence at agreeing to insane toil, you sell a *third of your useful life* to a force that just makes you *want it more*. And by agreeing you sell the rest of us out. You even think you know what *quality time* means!

Why? What insane justification can possibly excuse this? The conspiracy at least needs an *excuse!*

Paul Graham wrote that “*The basic idea behind office hours is that if you can't make people work, you can at least prevent them from having fun.*”<sup>5</sup> They don't measure how much you *work*, and pay you that way. The conspiracy doesn't, frankly, *care* how much work you do. They measure how long they can attach you to their slack-sucking construction and *seep* the slack from your life. You could at least *try* to negotiate. You could *ask* if they'd measure the work you do instead of the hours your bum warms their chairs, but that would be *weird*, that would make you *look different* and stand out. You're more terrified of the conspiracy and it's disapproval by now than you are of sacrificing *half your waking hours* on their endless fucking unmeasured pretending-to-work busy-fussing and *waiting*. What a fucking imbecile! You're as stupid as the wasted, grey, timid, coasting-duped walking dead you're surrounded by. You *are* one of them.

A co-conspirator with your own *boss*. He wants your slack for the conspiracy, and you want to hand it over because you have to *impress* everybody with your earnings power and your willingness to work and your hi-energy, get-going, work ethic.

It doesn't matter what kind of work you do, you still have to do *so*

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5 See <http://www.paulgraham.com/opensource.html>

*much* of it you're driven mad like a cat in a box. If you pick something *easy* it's *low paid*, they just make you do *more*. If you pick something *high paid* it's high-power and you somehow *still* have to do **more** to fight off the competition from the other suckers fighting and working to get their chance to work *harder* for more money that they can't even use because they're at fucking *work all* the time.

Hunter-gatherers, even in the harsh forests and African plains, used to hunt and gather for maybe three hours per day<sup>6</sup>. They'd slack off, have sex, fool around and sleep more than you and they'd eat *better* than you with your double-super-mcwhopper, shake and fries grabbed quickly during your half hour lunch break. **You** dumbass jumping fuckwit! You work eight, nine, even **TEN** hours a day, practically every day, toiling at grind, wasting your grey matter, so you could *what?* Have a couple of weeks off in the summer? Put food on the table? They call this *progress* and you, stoned out of your mind on conformity, normality, and bland, boring, washed-up mediocrity *agree!*

You are either fighting the boss, or fighting to **be** the boss, either competing against your comrades and fellow dupes or licking their darkest holes. You may even think that you *slack off*, but all you can do in that place is *pretend*. It's unreal, it's all a conspiracy house of cards. It works because you think it works. It works because *everyone* thinks it works. Very little *useful* comes out.

If you aren't involved in the *politics*, you're a victim of it, if you ignore the promotion ladder you get stepped on, if you climb it

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6 See **The Food Crisis in Prehistory: Overpopulation and the Origins of Agriculture** by Mark Cohen.

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you're even *more* stupid, working harder to *make someone else rich*.

You suffer pointless unending *meetings*, back-breaking *heavy-work*, constant complaints from soulless *customers*, dumbass clients, idiot bosses, reckless agents and quarter-wit co-workers. ALL of them co-conspirators in *taking your slack*. **YOUR** co-conspirators, you **HELP!**

So you try to get it back, and **be** the customer, the client, the boss, the agent, the co-worker, the co-conspirator *back at them*. Even though you *can't use stolen slack*. You're just wasting you own taking theirs, FOR THE CONSPIRACY!

They need the mass slacklessness to drive the mass consumption that drives the mass production that takes away the slack! So flea brains and robots and donkeys like you gave *up your slack to help them*.

Does bumming off in your job help? The great saint Bill Hicks once claimed to have told his boss “why don't *you* pretend like I'm working?”<sup>7</sup> as if *that* would fix anything. It's not the *work* that destroys you. *Work* can even be satisfying, rewarding. It can even **be slack**. Bumming off in your job doesn't help, you're still *in a job*. All the time.

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7 Oh, I dunno, some rant of his. Why don't you do your own research for a change?

# Money

So for a third of your useful life, you toil and sweat, suffer work-related stress and injury, save up health problems that'll eventually kill you for what? It's not *just* because you're a braindead, unwashed cretin. You do it for **money**.

And what the hell is money? It's not made of metal, or paper, or magnetically aligned particles on some bank's hard-drive. Most modern economies use *fiat money*, that's not even *backed* by anything but the conspiracy's word that a dollar is worth, well, *a dollar*. You're chasing something that doesn't even exist, and calling it a career.

Money is just more conspiracy gunk in the global ideosphere. People trust it because, well, *other* people trust it. Governments argue and debate, worry and fret over whether to switch to the Euro, or control their own idiotic monetary policies, or peg their currency to the dollar, or whatever. But it's not the *government* that's deciding what people think is worth something. The *conspiracy has direct control*. If your president said you should pay your bills in Disney-Dollars would the rest of the world take any notice? Would you?

You use all kinds of money, you've probably even brought *gift tokens*, about the most stupid form of money you can possibly imagine, but mostly you'll be using your nation's official crap. You do it for the same idiotic, illogical, unthinking reasons you do most of the stupid irrational things you do. Shout it out with me now, *because everybody else did*. Gah! Is there any other reason you do anything?

Don't get me wrong here, I'm not saying that money is evil. Even baby Jesus only said the *love* of money *grows into* evil. I'm not even saying it's worthless. It's one of the safest promises out there. Please, give me some. I'll take all you can offer.

It is, however, the perfect illustration of the kind of thing the conspiracy does to flaky cretins like you all the time. Money *does* have value just because everyone thinks it's valuable. You're *forced* to agree that it's true, just because everybody else says it's true. The problem with money is when you mistake that socially agreed valueless-value, this meta-value, with *real* value. When you start to want a big bank balance for the sake of a big bank balance. When you think *art* is an *investment*.

A dollar is worth a dollar for the same reasons as a Rembrandt is worth several million of 'em. Coz you can get some sucker to pay it. Neither one of 'em is worth *that* much to you until you trade it.

You and your barter-partner need to agree on an exchange. So is it gonna be dollars, or pounds, some oligarchy money or will it be cigarettes, or favours, or Monopoly Money. Well. Which is the conspiracy *telling you to use?*

The governments want you to use their money, because they can *tax* their money. You can't tax barter. Imagine asking for the 10% of that pet hamster you swapped for a snake in sales tax? Nobody ever paid 5% on their personal IOUs. But you don't write IOUs, you can't, the fuckers in the conspiracy won't except it! It's like your government's word is better than your own! Frankly, you're so damned unzipped it probably is.

The main thing you think about money, the most insane thing, the the most blatantly imbecilic, moronic, nonsensical thing you think about money is that just a *bit more* of it will be *enough*. You've *already got a bit more* for “Bob's” sake. You've been on that treadmill for *years* and it *always leads to the same place*.

There's only one way to get everything that you want in life, and that's not to want very much, but you're duped and conned into thinking that what you have *isn't enough*. Always. What you really need is a little more *slack* but the idea is so alien to your conspiracy-riddled thought-bucket it's practically inconceivable. You can't *buy* slack, so what's it worth?

Money goes down in value every second it's in your pocket. They call it inflation, like it's everything *else* that's going up in value, not the money coming down. Yet you're so dippy and deranged you measure your worth in currency, so you have to run just to stand still. There's no correlation between money and happiness but you still seek one like it's the other, as if to make yourself more comfortable in your misery.

The conspiracy tells you that Time Is Money, hurrying you with false promises of wealth and fortune, making you *sell* time to them, trade valuable seconds of your life for some pathetic multiple of the minimum wage. You do it too. You actually trade time for money. Worse yet, you get into debt and trade *your future* for money. Sure, a mortgage looks *good* compared to *rent*, but you'll be *working for the bank forever*.

The whole system is so random that indiscriminate “bubbles” form all over, tidal waves of meme-juice flowing across the markets. Sweeping some bubble surfers to riches and dumping the

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cost on the rest of us when it pops. You buy housing because everyone else might want to buy housing. You'll make a killing, so long as everyone is as stupid and manipulable as *you are*.

They are, of course. The most infuriating thing about the conspiracy is that it's *right*. According to their own logic.

The effects of the conspiracy can sometimes be most transparently seen in the workings of a capitalist economy. These economies aren't run or controlled by faceless bureaucrats, elected politicians, big companies or even by the banks or gods or aliens. Things make money because you and your idiot nose-chained co-conspirators *buy* them. The market goes up because everyone thinks it'll go up. Econoplastic feedback *moulds the economy*. It's like a dog chasing its own tail, things shoot up or down in value because everyone expects them to. The economy, it's currencies, the value of it, it's all a self-creating mythology that exists only in the conspiracy's brainwaves. **Your vacant, unintelligible, cloned “opinions”**.

So pop charts and stock quotes and interest rates and inflation and fashion and international relations all follow the same unthinking auto-animated chaotic chase up and down. Once again: It *is true*, but only because everybody thinks it is. It's the conspiracy's greatest trick, their self-defining truth, and like a puppet on the conspiracy strings, you must but agree, even if it's crazy and arbitrary and even if it's *wrong*.

# Religion

Even more obvious than the econoplastic feedback that drives the pop charts, currency markets, football results and celebrity lists is the section of the conspiracy we call *religion*.

Even stinking idiotic dumbasses like you will admit that there is such a thing as a *false* religion in this world. That the Greek gods were even less real than the Spice Girls, that Venus was nothing more than a metaphor, a parable. That billions of people the world over have been *believing a lie*, dedicating their whole lives to worship of false gods, wasting their time on conspiracy insanity.

But, of course, *your* religion is *right!* You're actually sitting there thinking that there's a *god!* Or, that there isn't one. You really think your conception of the way the universe works is *better* than the ancients. When it's just as absurdly inaccurate and half-witted as the idea that "Zeus" or "Bob" or "Science" rule the world.

You can study, if you're bored enough, the history of religions. How one morphed and merged with the next, the whole exotic memology and family tree of monotheism, philosophy, the entire arbitrary survival-of-the-poppist evolution of yer modern religious ideology.

Yet still your loony, laughable, ludicrous, hand-me-down ideas are somehow more *valuable* than those ancient, old, broken religions.

Oh yes, you look strangely at people who say that the conspiracy is a real, tangible, measurable thing, that you're an unwitting dupe of a gigantic global CON. Then you smile and nod in agreement

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when some dude in a dress says he's god's messenger on earth and you *do as he says* for fear his irrational voices-in-the-head invisible sky god will zap you in the afterlife.

The afterlife! Some tripped-out caveman thinks he can see a world beyond his pathetic CroMagnon ken, he tells his hairy Paleolithic friend about it and a million years later you're cowering in *fear*. Fear that you'll get the mushroom-driven fiery-hell-visions rather than the blissful rolling blue sky clouds and green green grass.

You've heard all the Machiavellian types spouting their own dogma, that religion is the opiate of the masses, that the common man considers it true, the wise man false, and the powerful man as useful. You've heard that to the enlightened, praying is like writing a letter to Santa. You *know* it, and yet somehow your own mummy and daddy were *righter* when they said there was a sky-god than the were when they said there were fairies. You're really dumb enough to think your own *conspiracy gunk is better* than the last guy's.

You're not helped by your biology, again, the very brain you use to think with (if you can call it that) is built by millions of years of evolution to understand *other dupes like you*. You instinctively ascribe motive, intent and reason to every sappy random chaotic thing that happens in your life. Miracles and the presence of the gods everywhere because your brain grocks that more easily than mathematics and chance and probability.

The Con would have you believe that there are no atheists in foxholes, and the CON is *right*, as usual, because once their vicious memetic viruses get stuck in your brain it'll go through them one by one in an emergency, searching for *something* to

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help, no matter how ludicrous *and unlikely*. Then if by some fluke you actually *survive* you'll be convinced it was the fault of your god because the idea of being adrift in the chaotic sea of pointless luck is just too unfathomable. You can't reason with chance.

Again, the whole construct is a self-creating mythology, just more religio-plastic feedback, more freaked out conspiracy spunk seeping into your almost completely incapable monkey brain, but *of course* it's gonna feel real, to you.

Even if you think you *have no* religion, the truth is that exhuming the deep seated lies and fantasy given to you by the conspiracy would mean taking your entire being apart. You're that far gone it's all but hopeless, you *embody the conspiracy*, you hackneyed pathetic drooling dunce.

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# Nationality

Even if you were born on an airplane flying at fifty thousand feet above the middle of the Pacific Ocean, you'll still have been categorized by the conspiracy, assigned and grouped into your Nation. You didn't pick it, you can't quit it, you weren't old enough to make any kind of sensible choice even if they'd *let* you but from day one you're encouraged to take *pride* in the accident of the country of your birth. What country *do* you support in the World Cup? Is that because they're the **best**? No. You support them because you were *assigned* to them, because you've been trained and duped and suckered by the conspiracy your whole contemptuous desperate life.

What the hell is a nation anyway? Nothing but a socially constructed mind-brace, used to tie up your soul and force you to sacrifice your slack for the CON. Your nation will *tax* you, it will suppress you with laws and conventions, it'll even pack you up and send you off to *war* to fight some other CON nation. You go, of course, because you're *forced* to, even though you know that war is by it's very nature a conspiracy, THE CON writ large.

There's *loads* of wars going on right at this minute, hundreds of half-wit grimy dirt-crawling bamboozled cretins shooting and stabbing each other, fighting for some CON excuse, killing over the colours on a map or who they get to bow down to and call Leader or God or whatever, who gets to rob them of their oil. The soldiers on each side have more in common with each other than the conspiracy leaders and movers and shakers pushing the tokens around on a map a hundred miles away from the carnage but they fight for their *nation* thinking their President would do the same

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for *his* countrymen. Meathead simpleton conspiracy dupes like you are jingoistically jousting you way into endless oblivion because some conspiracy fuckwit *told them to*. You'd think they'd say “screw this Jerry, let's use these guns to kill *them*, the bastards that sent us out here, *class* war not national war.”

But no.

They do let you change your nationality, eventually, if you're rich enough. But they don't let you *resign them all*. There's no “None Applicable” when it comes to citizenship. Oh, sure, the *gigantic immortal corporations* are allowed to be multinational, but almost all of the six billion simple-minded dunces on this planet have to sit in the boxes they were given by virtue of what box their parents were in. The truth is though, by the time people are old enough to even try it most of them are so utterly hypnotized, so completely in the conspiracy's thrall that they wouldn't change if you *paid them*.

Your country needs you! Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country! Your country right or wrong!

The conspiracy has a practically endless supply of idiotic clichés training you to think of yourself as part of this imaginary *thing*. They devalue your individuality and charm, reduce you to a citizen, a member of their CON.

What size territory you decide to pledge your pinheaded loyalty to is pretty much entirely random. The USA is a group of 50 states that are each bigger than most countries on the planet, yet the citizens of Monaco live in a country smaller than London. Some

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fear the super-state, the federated nation, as if the conspiracy leaders in the federation would be any different to the conspiracy leaders in your local council.

Your nation's influence on you is incredible, but *which* nation it is is about as relevant as which brand of toothpaste you use. Your oppressed and tortured by *your own co-conspirators* whether you're living under occupation and slavery or the leader of your own principality.

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# Media

All this while, and all your life, you are *seeped* in media. Boiled in advertising, char-grilled with television, fried with a bit of radio and sauted newspapers, served with diced music and a dressing of novels, magazines, videos, DVDs, theater visits, cinema visits, billboards, text messages, websites, forums, chat-channels, pop-sci books, lectures, lessons, telephone calls and docudramas. Almost all of them designed by the conspiracy for the same purpose and reason as the fairy tales, the morality tales, the stern-police-warnings and the military orders.

Every time you read in a newspaper a story about something you *actually understand*, something you *witnessed*, something you *know*, it's wrong in the detail and misleading in the interpretation. Yet every time you read something you *don't* know about, you believe them! You think it's important to keep track of their overarching Newsweek story-arc, even though you know it's a useless soap-opera that will only touch your life when they make you go and *fight their wars for them*. You argue about issues, *because they were in the newspaper*. Then you forget them when they're not. Remember the Crack epidemic? Is there more crack around now than during the height of that panic or less? Do you worry about it more or less? I mean really! You're acting like a goddamn thoughtless copying undead memebot.

The blatant mistakes, misquoted speeches, unreasonable assumptions, biased interpretations, silent manufactured consent, and fucking *celebrity* news is just the *overt* message. It's the stuff you *know* you should be critically-thinking about but can't be bothered in your hopeless overworked brain-dead inert void-think

stupor. No, it's the metaphors, the subtext, the subliminal messages and morals, the codified references and unintentional conspiracy sub-hypnotic control trigger phrases – the stuff you don't even *notice* because you're so utterly in the conspiracy's thrall – *that* is how they're really *programming* you.

You don't think about *why* they chose their focus, heck *they* don't even think about it much. The reporters and diplomats and politicians and actors and writers and chief grips and makeup people and stand-ins and musicians and copywriters are just as enthralled with each other, *and* the conspiracy at large, as you are.

The newspapers are all copying each other, desperately competing to get that story first – there's billions of stories but they're all looking at the same misdirection. Like a dumbfounded magician's audience they're carefully examining the sparks, smoke and flashes and not even noticing the assistant walking calmly out the fire exit.

How do they compete with each other? By watching the news-wire. Story chasing comes down to internet surfing. ALL the newspapers are two-thirds the same, often word for word, press releases and puff pieces, promo and spam. Just something you can read so you don't have to *think*.

The movie producers all make the *same fucking movie*. Over and over again, and over and over again. Often with the same goddamn *name* and the same bloody *script*. Then they even have the cheek to *repeat* each of them, again and over again at some harmonic televisual frequency that stops people even caring and leaves them parroting it back when they finally *do* meet a real person.

Look at *adverts*. You can't help but do so. They're on every wall, every screen, every tree. every lamppost, every movie, every book, every magazine, the faces and lips of every person you meet. Heck, they're even on the *schoolbooks* and they're *in your own head*. The advertisers already *know* this stuff I'm telling you. They've read books on neuro-linguistic programming, hypnosis, credulity, credibility, brain function. They've *measured* things like customer response and you, you greedy sucker, even *cooperated*. “Would you like to fill in this customer survey? You *might* win a better drone-mobile to take you to your wage-slavery.”

The whole advertising *model* is a leech. A blood-money thirsty machine, cranking out conspiracy meme-control. The advertisers rip out your “eyeballs” and feed them to their customers, their clients, who then push up their prices and *make you pay for it*. Thousands of copywriters, advertising executives, sold out musicians, corrupted film-makers, fame-whores, yuppies, designers, models, photo-editors and *idiots*, all sucking your money, your attention, your time, your motivation, your individuality and your *slack*. Spinning you into advertigo, all so that you can get “*free*” “programming” from the OTHER branches of their co-conspiring media factory.

Only, of course, the difference between advertising and the other media is a line so blurred and slight that there's no word for the non-advertising media. Movies make enough to run their canteen from just agreeing what brand of phone their hero will use. Kickbacks? No! It goes on the advertising budget. Product placement is the rule because *you* want to look as cool as your hero, that dumbass xeroxed Romeo. It's there because *you* think being more like yet-another-lame-lovestruck-heroine means

wearing the same designer clothes as she does. You're about as conscious as the comic-book characters who's brand choice you copy. Worse yet, you live in a world so full of carbon copy soulless repli-droids like you that *you're right*. It **does** make you look cool, to *them!*

It makes you fat, it slows down your metabolism like a mediative trance, it beams their radiation directly through your soul-windows to the back of your brainpan. It won't listen, it won't talk back and it'll censor anything too controversial or challenging. Yet chances are you stare at it, ignoring the people you're with, for hours and hours and hours every week. Oh, television is so addictive you'll even watch the same show over and over again on Bravo or Gold – only the adverts change – but will you admit you have a problem? No, you sit and watch 'reality' shows, passive voyeurism on criminally boring wannabe celebs. You know they're edited into caricature, you know there are people *outside* who aren't so dull and repulsive they have to get onto national television to get some *attention*. Yet still, you sit and watch, probably so slack-starved you can't face the thought of going outside and having to *interact back*.

You could go out, strike up a conversation with a stranger, give them this book, learn something that isn't spoon fed to you by the CON, but you'd sooner tune into some soap opera. After all! You wanna know if that fictional made-up girl gets that fictional made-up boy to react with her doubly fictional made-up jealousy provoking kiss with that other fictional made-up beefy guy. You'd sooner watch the “news” and learn about someone in pointless high office, or suffering on the other side of the globe. You can't really *talk* to those people. They won't *judge* you, they won't *hate* you because you're so fucking dull, way more boring than you

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*imagine* the stars of stage and screen are. Heck, even duller than most of them actually *are*.

You'd sooner watch the game coz, well, it's exciting! Our boys – who you've never met and never will meet – might beat their rivals – who you've never met and never will meet – at a sport you haven't played since school and were never very good at anyway!

You can't escape their noise anywhere. and you're so used to it you don't even want to.

While you're driving in their metal mass-produced family-sized droid-carrier, you have at your fingertips a dozen “free” conspiracy-controlled radio stations. All playing the same bland, unoffensive, pretend conspiracy pop-rock. Sure, you're at the controls of a ton of steal and plastic moving at sixty miles an hour and need every bit of wit at your disposal to keep from crashing and killing yourself and others but *you need the distraction!*

Otherwise you might think?

The radio stations all accept money, payola, to play some records and then pay cash back out under horribly complicated copyright laws to the record labels that paid them to play it. Meanwhile they *charge* “advertisers” to pimp their shops and TV shows and cars and toys and *utterly useless crap*, and you think you can tell the *difference?* Bollocks! There's no more difference between Radio 195-point-X-FM and Radio 321-point-Y-FM than there is between one arbitrary retro tune they play and the next bland manufactured buzz. No difference between that and the adverts they splice it with. All of 'em tied down, gift wrapped, polished and *owned*. Crappy *copies* of things that had a spark, once. Before your

pointless birth.

Pop music is as much about *fashion* as it is about music. More badges for your brain, more labels for your lifestyle. A catwalk for people who think catwalks are for fashion dupes. You may even think you don't care, but the colour of your jeans fades up and down with everyone else's. How can it not? Every time you walk into a shop it's full of tee-shirts and jeans –all the same! You can't even *get* unfashionable clothes unless you dig 'em up from a charity shop. And that wouldn't *drive the fashion machine*. People might *think you're poor*.

You may think that the web is the answer: Remove the conspiracy by removing the conspiracy media control! Put the memespace in the hands of the people! If everyone can publish, somehow the conspiracy can't control it! But *pah! Poo poo!* The people *are* the conspiracy, even the *bloggers*<sup>8</sup>. Sure, they're independent of *obvious* conspiracy control, but they're just a gaggle of uncultured hopeless dupes, just as fooled and unthinking as you are. A million voices, all shouting the same incoherent unimaginative bland bullshit. Is that going to help drown out the conspiracy noise? You'll just take *more* of it in. If you actually *write* you'll just increase your delusion that *it matters!*

All the media is a mirror, even the stuff you write yourself, and when you look into you are hypnotized and genotypically cursed to see there not what you *are*, but what you are *supposed to be*. And then *copy* it. Maybe even *write about it*.

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8 \*spits\*

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# Parenthood

Sooner or later you notice that there's something you're *expected to do*. Something that the conspiracy needs just as much as it needs to drain your slack, sap your creativity, steal your time, destroy your individuality and strangle your soul. Your parents *want* it, your friends are all doing it, it seems like suddenly *everyone* is doing it and if you don't do it soon *you'll miss out*. You'll be *left out*. Never mind that you'll lose out *either way*.

Hardly anyone wants kids when they're 14. Nearly everyone has 'em by the time they're 40. For some, the mistake was obvious. Contraception is beyond the wit of many, and fallible for all, but either way – for almost everybody – it comes eventually. It may have taken serious mind control from the conspiracy, years of peer pressure, tears, biological urges, hypno-training and a constant bombardment of morals, fairy stories, teaching and advertimedia but they get you eventually. Or they instill a desperate misery if you can't.

I mean *wow*. You thought you were too busy before, all the *stuff* you had to do, all those *hours* in a job. Now there's an attention demanding, droolingly stupid, utterly hopeless, dependent new person in your life begging you to help them and once you'd married *that*, you had a bleedin' baby!

The peer pressure was like a water cannon *before* you had another family on top of the two you were just escaping from. Only *now* you have to be the *responsible ones*.

“I turned out all right,” you figure – not noticing the horrible

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conspiracy mess around you, the waist deep, fetid, demoralizingly bland filth. “I turned out all right, so I'll do what my parents did to me, only better”

Oh god. You want to program your kid *better* than they programmed you! By now you don't even want the little snivelling thing to have to be *different*. You're so convinced of what is 'right' you'll do anything to ensure that it fits into the conspiracy nightmare surrounding it.

Only the conspiracy is still sucking out all your slack, it's still demanding work, it's still demanding those early mornings and late nights. In fact, now it has another way to get you up even earlier. You know all the kid really *needs* is your *slack*, but you're so utterly drained, with so much *media* to catch up on, so much to do, you haven't got the slack to give. But you do have a telly! She can watch that. And it'll only be a few years before the whole school nightmare gets it's fresh intake of warm slack-filled bodies to drain and mould.

I don't need to recount the programming you inflict on this potential new mastermind. You went through it yourself, and you're programmed to hand it right on down, generation to generation. Just turn back the pages for a refresher of the litany of offenses against slack, individuality, memetic-diversity and personality you went through, and pass on – digested and normalized – to your co-conspiring offspring.

What parenthood does to *you* is just as profound as the childhood you're inflicting on your prodigy. Yet more hormonal assaults, tying you chemically and emotionally to this kid – so much you would sacrifice *anything* to make sure it's safe. Die trying. Even

though the best thing for children isn't always total safety. Certainly not when they're totally safe *locked up in the conspiracy's tight grasp*.

You stamp on each other's freedom, you ban people saying rude words in front of 'em, you stand up for *normal* people, doing *normal* things, and get an adrenaline boost of fear every time something *different* happens that might *frighten the children*.

Meanwhile you give them *false* fear. Fear of monsters that don't exist, fear of Santa's bad-list, fear of *people*, fear of rejection, fear of anything but bland, ordinary, normal, conspiracy gunk-think.

The *responsibility* would be disheartening if it didn't feel so *right*. You can't risk your life anymore, you can't even risk your poverty, you're suddenly not just playing the conspiracy game for *yourself*. They can get at you *through your kids*. Act too weird, they'll take them away. Act too recklessly, you may doom them to a parentless life, an even more literal conspiracy upbringing, poverty, crime and misery.

Well, it's true. Parentless kids have less chance of living a normal life. They'll suffer, even. But, you know, they're just doing what the conspiracy expects of people like them. What *you* expect of people like them. Your own expectation dooms them, your own caution dooms them, your own conspiracy dumbass cretin thought-mash dooms them. To grow up like *you*. Simply *everyone* expects it!

So for twenty years, they make your life hell. You're even more busy, even more slackless, even more tired and you're just barely sleepwalking through life, completely blind to the shadows of

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conspiracy influence all around you. You do your best for 'em, and then, just as you're starting to get used to them, they fuck off and you miss them horribly. The only thing you have left to hang your CON-consciousness off is your job. Without that conspiracy straightjacket, you'd collapse from lack of slack. Your own back not strong enough to hold your weight without their support anymore.

So what do *they* do?

They make you *retire*.

# Retirement

You work yourself until you literally can't carry on, even the conspiracy admits it, so despite the job being all you have left to keep your brain inflated, they make you "retire".

A big wrench for a con-bred auto-dupe like you. Retirement alone is estimated to kill thousands of people from boredom each year. With a lifetime of nose-led conspiracy-following, when they finally spit you out the other end you're at a loss for what to do.

Oh, they still have *norms*, *expectations*, but now *they've all changed*. You're out of place in the modern world. Things move faster than they used to, everyone seems more lewd, too free, even though they're under tighter conspiracy control than you ever were. Less free to be *different* even than you.

Your memory isn't what it used to be but you're sure it wasn't like *this* in your day. People had *respect!*

Why do you think you're thinking this way? Do you think it's *true*? Do you think it's *more true* than it was when your granddad was saying it?

Old, worn out, nothing better to do than sit about feeling *jealous* at all the free young spirits, griping, moaning, trying any way you still can to help the conspiracy drain their slack, make them more *manageable*, more honourable, more *similar to each other*. To you.

After the massive toll of conspiracy pressure, abuse, work,

brainwashing, co-conspiring, expectation and slack-draining, you're too exhausted and too dependent to think for yourself. To even realize you're still *able* to think.

The conspiracy has taught you to be *afraid* of young people, with their strange new fashions and their mutated speech patterns and their gruff tribal manner. You know that *you* were nothing to be scared of when *you* were their age, you were just following fashion and joining tribes. You know that you and they *both* are just doing what the conspiracy expects, as it demands, giving it your slack with no hope it'll be returned. Yet still you're *afraid*.

You're so afraid you won't *talk* to them, and how else can the generation gap be bridged? So it stays, making sure the younger people can't learn about the CON from the older people, nobody gains the benefit of your bitter, broken, conspiracy-bridled ruin of a life and you rot alone, desperate in your misery. The uncaring conspiracy ignoring your plight. You're almost completely slackless now. What possible use could the conspiracy have for you, you fat, bald, pathetic, broken lump?

You could finally do all those things you wanted to do but you had a *job*, you had *kids*, you had that *mortgage*. Finally, you're free! Free to do whatever an exhausted, conspiracy-ridden, close-minded, fat, balding, ugly, slow, stupid idiot like you wants to do. Which is lots of *rest* and for some insane reason even more *early mornings*. Why *do* you do that? Why get out of bed when all you have to face is a day of energyless, directionless, apathy. The day only lightened at all with a good gripe and moan?

Yet despite your bitterness, your angst, your fear, your willing slavery to peer pressure and biology, you still think you did

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allright. Everyone ought to do as you've done, toil and sweat as you're ground into retired mud under the conspiracy slack-stealing robotic boots.

Your kids have grown up, and you want them to fall into the same trap you fell into. Just dying to be a grandparent. You still don't want those kids of yours to be *weird*. You want your family to do all the same things your friends families are doing, or they might think *you* aren't quite *normal*. So you pressure them to the end.

Then, finally, biology throws it's last laugh at you. If you're "lucky" you watch your friends die, one by one, until the inevitable time when your conspiracy-led, pathetic unimportant, *unoriginal life* comes to and end. Often a blessed relief by then, your pain-ridden, hopeless grey life finishes and all you've achieved is the conspiracy's purpose, the conspiracy's toil, the conspiracy's ends, the conspiracy's happiness, the conspiracy's bland dull life and now, at last, a conspiracy death.

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# Death

Even at the final moment, the conspiracy has its hooks in people. Death is the final act in life, and doing it with dignity and good timing would, you would think, be the right of every sentient creature. But not so in the conspiracy's corrupted world. **They** will have control over life and death thank you very much.

So you can't chose the method, timing, or reason for your own death. It *has* to be at the conspiracy's behest be it in automobile accident, medical malpractice or more usually just the effects of years of crappy, slack-sucking decrepitude and pain.

Afterlife? You didn't **really** have a life when you were alive, if there's an afterlife it's the echo of the conspiracy's laughter as you rot and disappear into the ground.

You will have a funeral, of course. All the people you left behind will gather together to be sad at each other, reinforce all their conspiracy fuck-witted, copied, stupid, traditional mistakes. They'll stop and ponder how you should live life for today, then go home early so they can get to work in the morning.

If you'd *done something* then people might talk about you for years. I mean something *different* of course, not just copied everyone else's stupidity. Being the same stupid as everyone else isn't noteworthy. You should have been a different kind of stupid, or maybe even a different kind of clever. You should have broken the conspiracy bonds and escaped. "Remember when she took the kids to school that day, and then went to work, and then came home and slept, exhausted, in front of the telly?" isn't something

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people will ever actually say. “Remember when he stripped naked to protest the school swearing ban and then went home with that passing traffic cop” might be.

The conspiracy will live on, probably getting stronger. You might take comfort in that, after all you worked for it all your life. It would be kinda like taking comfort in building an indestructible, inescapable prison and locking yourself and all mankind into it though.

However the dead feel no comfort, and the conspiracy, as always, has won.

# Afterward

You've seen how the conspiracy not only planned out your slackless, normal life for you but roped you into forcing others into the same sinking, dilapidated, unseaworthy boat. Helping to cull their creativity, joy, imagination and slack. You've seen what a predictable, bland, useless life you've led and you don't even *want* it to stop. Do you? If I seriously gave you an alternative, would you even want it? You'd just find conspiracy-reasons to reject it. You'd protest that it's not that bad, that you get quite a good deal compared to some. You'd be scared to throw off the shackles, to run from the shepherd, to break the chains of your oppression and smash the conspiracy into bits. You'd say it won't work, it's not worth it, the mortgage or the kids, or the job, or the career, or the parents, or the debt, or the friends, or the economy would suffer.

Well there *is* an easy answer. It makes sense, it liberates, it's pain-free AND...

I'm not going to tell you what it is.

Why?

Because the first step, the very first step, is to *stop doing what other people tell you to do, you dickhead.*

Now fuck off.

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