

03.
OATH OF THE
CONSCIOUS METANOID
◁Nathaniel Harris▷

1 (3-2)

My name is Twinkle Golden-Delicious Unthank 235, being the 'new name' that was given to me upon initiation into the Order of the Imaginary Conspiracy. My 'old name' has been completely erased from memory by the Orbital Mind Control Laser. I am thirty two years old, at the last count, and male, the last time I checked. And I am an inmate of Arkham Asylum, having been diagnosed as an existential schizophrenic and solipsist. An apple a day keeps sanity at bay. If life is but a dream then my mind is obscene. Looking in the mirror at a broken reflection, I ask the nurse for another injection. Burple.

Do you ever suffer from the creeping suspicion that none of this, right now, that you are experiencing here in the present, is in any way real? This suspicion is what is known as solipsis. It means that you may be 'mentally ill'. It seems to me that I, Twinkle, am a complete fiction. I exist only in the head of you, the reader. Since I am not described, every single detail about me requires your own interpretation and imagination. Burple. Squwack. Heee heee heee! The little voice you hear inside your head is a voice of your own devising. The way it sounds, its inflections, the way in which it speaks, are all dependent on your own subjective judgements. I, Twinkle, am the voice inside your head right now. You are experiencing me, but I am not real. I am therefore completely dependent upon you for my existence, and owe you much gratitude.

Arkham Asylum is a fictional place, by the way. So do not bother trying to write to me. All attempts at rescue and escape are futile. I cannot live in your world. Your world has too few dimensions. Besides, I like it here. The nurses have short short uniforms. They give me lots of free drugs and keep me stoned all day. And my cell overlooks the apple orchard. It is very pretty at this time of

year, with the blossom and all. I'll get to eat the first apple of the year. Which is quack quack supposed to be lucky. Did you know that? Make a wish.

It is *you* that has my voice in your head telling you all this. A voice that, I might point out, is most certainly not the 'voice of reason'. Just thought you should know. In all likelihood, then, you are completely insane. But it is me that sits in this fictional loony bin. Do not worry, I am not about to burple blame you for this sorry fact. Although it is you that is imagining me here, now, it was not you who dictated these circumstances or authored my misfortune. They are afraid of what can be revealed in a work of fiction, you see, and have locked me safely away.

Is a dream about a fairy a real dream? What, then, about a story concerning an Imaginary Conspiracy? Is this a real story about unreal things, a truth about fiction? Or is this an unreal story about subjective truths? Is life but a dream? If so, is it a dream about a real life, or a fictional one? What is 'truth'? Some people say nothing is true. Some people say everything is true. Do not look at me as if I am going to give you any answers. Hee! I did not author the world. If I did, I would still advise you to take anything I say with a pinch of salt. After all, I am in an asylum for people who are voices in heads. Which is probably all 'God' is, anyway. Although I can also tell you GOD is ANGRY and She's BLACK. She is also a lesbian drug addict single mother in a wheelchair. Burble. What of it?

In the end, it hardly matters. What matters is *possibility*. It is my potential to be dangerous in the future that makes me dangerous in the now. I am an idea gone mad.

2

I warn you with all sincerity. What I am about to impart may endanger you. It may place upon your shoulders a responsibility of immense weight. It may be greater than any weight that you have had to bear at any time in the past. It may be more than you *can* bear. I warn you, then, and beg you to turn back. Read no further, if you imagine even for a second that such a responsibility might destroy you, as it has me. It places me in a dilemma, then, for also I beg you to read on, for a secret may not be preserved except in its passing.

It is with great trepidation that I reveal to you now the little that I know, for I am sworn to utter silence on all these matters on the pain of death. Nay, even unto a particularly painful death, and then to worse pain that will continue even after the event of death itself. This oath is taken very seriously indeed by the agents of the Imaginary Conspiracy. Before you read any further, I will remind you that right now the quack agents quack of the Imaginary Conspiracy are watching you. They can read your mind from anywhere in the world - because anywhere in the world is all in your mind, which is exactly where they are, too. You must make a decision.

Do you have the courage to dream, create, and destroy?

If your answer is no, please read no further.

If yes, and it is your desire to embrace reality through Imagination, please follow these instructions.

Gather together twenty-three coins of any denomination and one apple of any kind. Go to a place where nobody will hear you. This must *not* be a public house, or night-club. When you have done so, you may read on. Until then, read no further. I remind you that the Imaginary Conspiracy are watching you at all times. If you read further without following these instructions, we may choose to work against you. If you make allies and friends of us, we will work with you and for you in everything that you do.

Join us.

3

Place the twenty three coins and the one apple before you, as a payment to the Order of the Imaginary Conspiracy. Then repeat the following oath clearly and loudly, so that I and my imaginary friends can hear you.

“I of my own free Will and accord do hereby most solemnly vow and swear before Discordia and all these witnesses that I will always hide, conceal and never reveal any Art or part of this Secret of our Imaginary Conspiracy, which is to be revealed to me at this time, or any other time hereafter except to an untrue and fictional initiate after finding them to be so after due trial and strict examination. Furthermore I vow and swear that I will not give it or see it given to a fool nor to a lost-it, nor to a drunkard nor to any one tripping nor to anyone who would abuse or bad use its knowledge. Furthermore I vow and swear that I will not give it nor see it given to anyone employed except to an artist, author, musician or poet. Furthermore, I vow and swear that I will not give it or see it given to anyone under 5 or above 529 years of age nor without the sum of 23 coins of any denomination and one apple of any kind, or anything of the same value being placed on the table as I do at this time before three imaginary sworn initiates after trial and examination finding them to be so. Furthermore, I vow and swear that I will not give it nor see it given to anyone after the sun sets on Friday night nor before she rises on Monday morning nor in a public house or night-club. Furthermore I vow and swear that I will always be at the call of the Imaginary Conspiracy within the bounds of three miles unless I can find a damn good excuse, such as; myself in bad health, having to sign on, my mobile telephone has no credit or I am simply too stoned. Furthermore, I vow and swear that I will not give it to my Father or Mother, Sister or Brother, nor to anyone who did not fight in the Punk Wars. Furthermore, I vow that I will not write it nor endite it, paint nor print it, carve nor engrave it, on rock nor gravel, sand nor snow, silver nor gold, brass nor copper, iron nor steel, woollen nor silk, nor anything moveable or unmovable under the great canopy of heaven; or so much as wave a single letter of it in the air whereby the secrets of our Imaginary Conspiracy might be revealed. And if I fail in any of these obligations that I go under at this time or any time hereafter, I ask to my heart's wish and desire that my throat may be cut from ear to ear with a flick knife, my body torn to pieces between two motorbikes and blown by the four winds of heaven to the uttermost parts of the earth; my heart torn from my left breast and its blood wrung out and buried in the sands of the sea-shore in the shadow of Sizewell-B where the tide ebbs and flows thrice every 23 hours that my remembrance may be no more heard among untrue and fictional initiates of the Imaginary Conspiracy. So help

me Discordia to keep this solemn obligation. Nothing is true and everything is permitted. **So mote it be.**”

You may now consider yourself an Imaginary Initiate. You must choose for yourself a new name – being:

The name of the imaginary friend you had as a child, the kind of apple you chose, plus the name of the street that you live on. Add to this any number between one and three hundred and sixty to represent your 'degree' within the circle of the Imaginary Order. You may imagine any hand shakes, passwords and mysteries appropriate to your imaginary grade. Try them out on any imaginary people that you meet.

4 (2X2)

The secret agents of the Imaginary Conspiracy are everywhere. We are your shopkeepers, civil servants, students, lecturers, policemen and prostitutes, priests and pop-stars, in telephone exchanges and post offices, internet chat rooms, strip bars, casinos, galleries, museums, on street corners begging for alms and selling 'The Big Issue'. We are working behind the counter in the health food shop, serving you beer in the pub, lighting your fag in a night club. We collect your rubbish, clean your public toilets, deliver your milk, fix your teeth, help you to decide what clothes to wear this season. We deliver your children, and we measure you up for your coffin. We wait, like Manchurian Candidates, ready to strike at any moment, ready to do something Imaginative with our lives, ready to say or do something inspirational and of great burble quack significance to the whole world. We are so secret that even *we* do not know who we are... It hardly matters. What is important is that you remain aware. Anything that anyone, anywhere, does or says, may be a message to you, personally, of the most profound spiritual importance. The more unlikely the agent, the more important it is that you remain aware of what they might have to impart to you. Quack quack.

Our call is to psychic re-evolution, happening not before your very eyes or beneath your nose, but between your eyes and behind your nose. Kick open the doors of perception, smash away the windows of the soul, reach out from your solipsis to the Greater Fiction, take and change whatever you desire without fear of reprisal. You have sworn allegiance to the Imaginary Conspiracy, and we shall be with you always. We are Twinkle, the Anti-Christ, and the Man Who Was Not There. We are servants of the Goddess Burble-Discordia-Eris-Quack. Only as a work of fiction may such a call be burble quack permitted.

We cannot be stopped, and once we have a hold of you we will never, ever, ever let go. We think you should know. We do not want to encourage you to be paranoid. Paranoia is a heightened awareness based upon fictional ideas distorting your perception of the real world. Rather, we seek to awaken the faculties of *metanoia*. Metanoia is also a heightened state of awareness, but it is based upon real ideas distorting your perception of the fictional world.

The Imaginary Conspiracy disguises itself as a cunning fiction so that you will instinctively seek the truths that lie behind it. They call themselves 'Discordians', 'Luciferians', 'Illuminates', and by many other names. Their secret glyph is the Apple of Avalon, sometimes whole, sometimes with a bite removed, sometimes with the encoded name of their goddess, 'Kali-Sti', engraved upon it, or their dark and destructive god, 'Mack-N-Tosh'. Always they have employed the five rayed star, seen on old churches, in Freemasonic jewels, and in the circles and summonings of the witches, magicians and sorcerers. All these people are 'in on it'. Quack. The five pointed star, or pentagram, is a sign representing the seeds within the apple, revealed when it has been cut neatly in half.

Yet all these things are *red-herrings*, so that even their initiates remain ignorant of the mysteries that have been imparted to them. In this way they programme the subconscious minds of their agents, whose conscious minds are enchanted by the fictions they have swallowed. It is through these subconscious assumptions that the agents of the Imaginary Conspiracy control the world. Burble.

5 (2+3)

You might call them 'psychic pylons' through whom such fictional initiations pass, transmitting to our imaginations like radios receiving voices of the dead. Indeed, some might say that this is what happens to dead people anyway - they become works of fiction and cease to be 'real'. Ghosts, like U.F.O.s, are banished from reason and condemned to the infernal realms of 'Imagination'.

I gained my sponsorship in the Conspiracy through a contact in a Satanic cult I joined during my years in Hackney, living amongst the artists, performers, circus clowns and freaks that had made it their stronghold back in those days. There were hedonistic indulgent parties, plenty of sex, drugs, and dramatic 'Black Masses', but of little obvious value regarding the magic or mystery they had advertised. Well, it turned out that there were a few agents of the Imaginary Conspiracy amongst this strange East End cult who were scouting for people

Imaginative enough to move on to more profound initiations of a different kind. My contact was a surreal little fellow whom others called 'Doctor Na'Ton Shaitan', or simply 'The Good Doctor'. He revealed to me the true secret behind the pentagram employed in Satanic ritual, and introduced me instead to that more profound spiritual service, the worship of Our Burble Quack Lady of Burble Completely Quack Meaningless Occurrences.

He told me that his own sponsor was a fellow from Northern Ireland known only as 'The Anti-Christ', the Magi of that paradoxical cultus, The Vicious Circle. The Anti-Christ himself claims that he gained his sponsorship in the Order of the Imaginary Conspiracy from 'The Man Who Was Not There'. As in, when I was walking down the stair I met a man who was not there (he was not there again today, I wish that man would go away).

He, in turn, had been initiated by a cute little blonde called 'Daisy', whose middle name was that of our Lady, and whose parents met whilst working on the set of 'Illuminati - The Opera'. Should you ever meet her, you are well advised to give her all your money, without ever telling her why, and play very close attention to everything that she has to say. She is the untrue and fictional High Priestess of the Imaginary Conspiracy. She has the ability to reveal to you the Penultimate Quack Burble. Yet you must never make mention of the Imaginary Conspiracy, or reveal to her your knowledge of it. If you do so, you will be expelled from the Order without mention.

6 (2X3)

I braved Chapel Perilous, and dared to bite of that Apple denied our ancestors in the Garden. I swore to know, will, dare, and keep silent on all the absurdities of ritual they might employ. I learnt to value my Imagination above any mere material thing, and with it I embraced all my perceptions. I gained union between my own consciousness and that of the Universe, only to discover that 'the Universe is Mental'. And then I learnt to forget all the unanswerable questions I had asked, and all the secrets I had learnt in trying to answer them, just like the rest of humanity does. Thus, I found myself initiated into a secret society whose secrets were so secret that the secrets were secrets even from the secret society itself. I really had no idea what it was that I was getting into. Nor did anyone else.

To be honest, I'm still pretty unsure as to whether this is all some trick of the mind. If it is, there still begs the question as to who played the trick - them, me, or you? Is there even a distinction to be made between us all?

It is like the whole 'twenty three' thing that the Temple of Psychic Youth were so hot about in the nineteen eighties. Robert Anton Wilson picked up on it, too, and so did William Burroughs. You might remember them from your studies of American literature. Does the number twenty-three really occur with more regularity than any other two digit number? Is it really 'the number of coincidence' or do we just see more and more of them because we are looking for them? And why is it so often equated with acts of evil, with disaster? There are twenty three temples in the Grand Lodge of English Freemasonry. Why? Coincidence again? Is it a coincidence that occurs more regularly because more people are looking for it? Has some kind of psychic-field been created? Is it a fiction made real?

I had hoped, in vain, that my thirty second year of age might see a reversal of all this confusion. I do not know if I am undertaking a rebellion against the Imaginary Conspiracy or doing their business for them, or both.

Note: The author of this work was arrested soon after his release, performing some socially unacceptable act (reader's choice). I do not know who signed his release forms, but I do not much fancy their chances of promotion.