This vision is hard to take. Some people, understandably overwhelmed, prefer to zone out and nod along to the pundits blaming Trump. Rather than acknowledge that this crisis is complex and long in the making, they point fingers at the obvious buffoons.

Conspiracy theorists take things in the opposite direction. They obsessively research and seek connections, looking to predict our elusive overlords’ next moves. At the most outlandish end of the spectrum, Bohemian Groovers are secret lizard people who stalk through the forest hunting sex slaves. As nutty as such stories may sound, they at least hold some metaphorical truth. These men do not have our best interests in mind. The depths of their callousness and narcissism put them well into the realm of psychopaths. As the world collapses around them, they single-mindedly seek to feed their voracious egos and already over-stuffed coffers. How best to explain? This is a death cult you see meeting between the trees, and yes, their rabid inhumanity means they’re not quite human.

John of Neponum is not just shushing members of this cabal, though. He’s also shushing you. As more and more people wake up, the media scramble to silence subversive narratives and push forward a sort of respectable politics of information. Their psy-ops are escalating: they don’t just withhold key facts and fabricate fearmongering plots; they smear those who counter their lies. Increasingly these elites look like the conspiracy theorists they denigrate, inventing nonexistent associations, as seen in a term like “Russian Wikileaks”—a phrase that unites two entities despite a glaring lack of proof that they’re connected. Meanwhile, they demonize whistleblowers, leakers, independent journalists, and others who contradict corporate media lies, as they shyly advocate for censorship by inventing alarmist terms such as “weaponized information” and “fake news.”

They want you to shut the fuck up.

So keep talking, and even if it sounds like gossip, just remember they’ve driven us to it with their relentless deceit. Gossip is traditionally seen as a woman’s vice in part because it can serve as a corrective, one that threatens an exclusionary patriarchy seeking to keep feminine energy at bay. Even if Bohemian Grove is not a sex-slave hunting ground, it’s a place where plutocrats form and strengthen bonds that keep us hot polloi out. The way we doom these men to irrelevance is to make sure we’re vicious and to make sure we’re heard.