

You're Better Than the Mob; Don't Forget it

There seems to be a strange willingness to destroy real individual human lives in defense of abstract imagined threats.

Watch the way people get excoriated on social platforms if it is believed that their actions, words, or even thoughts, are potentially not proactively in line with whatever imagined doomsday threat is en vogue. They don't have to even do anything concrete or harm any specific individual in a specific way. They themselves only need to be perceived as a threat to the crusade against some big unsolvable boogeyman that no one actually really cares about but everyone pretends to.

What if we reserved active disdain for only those times when a real person took an action that caused us firsthand harm?

I cannot imagine any way in which the world would be worse.

The burden of proof would be on those rallying everyone against a public stranger to demonstrate such harm and show why additional parties ought to consider themselves part of the harmed in explicit provable material ways.

The danger of bad individuals – even “evil” if you insist – is utterly dwarfed by the danger of self-righteous mobs seeking to crucify them.

Mobs aren't human.

They represent a reprehensible sub-human animal spirit that lurks behind mass man at all times. It is the spirit that believes some men ought or need to rule others. It is the spirit that suppresses the individual will with a nebulous collective death cult. It is a spirit that revels in the suffering of those envied more than individual progress.

In religious terms, it is Satan. In political terms, it is The State. They are essentially the same spirit. They exist only based on belief in and fear of them. Their incantations are collectivist words like “We” and obligatory words like “Ought”. They place an unfulfillable burden of responsibility on everyone while making accountability for anyone obscure to the point of impossible.

Their message is always one of what cannot be done without them. Their psychology is that of an abusive spouse angling at co-dependent manipulation. They desperately and cruelly whisper and shout a repeated hammer drum of what horrors and impossibilities await those who don't yield to their necessity. They don't pretend to be good. Their lie is that they are necessary. That without them you would die. But they are death. Of soul even

when not of body.

Don't give in.