

Creating Hazards in Crowds

by [Carl Nelson](#) (January 2024)



American Warfare-Commission for Relief in Belgium- Floris Jaspers, 1939

In a world in which our institutions have grown so large (and those who run them so narcissistic) that their existence threatens those they are meant to serve- (that is, in ecological terms, when they have exceeded their carrying capacity) -methods with which to cull the herd would seem necessary. Rather than allow these institutions to feed until

there is nothing left to devour (that is, us!), the introduction of some natural predators would seem in order. The only other measure which would seem to suffice, would involve their wholesale slaughter (political revolution) on a periodic basis. This is messy, brutal, and a fractious enterprise. Certainly not a not a method blessed of a natural harmony, general safety and continual growth.

If we are to limit the growth of organizations, it would seem that we must limit the protections these organizations can offer the individual citizen in exchange for their submission.

Some people are collectivists. They like and follow the demands of a collective.

But most people, I would think, simply adhere to the admonition "there's safety in crowds," "there's safety in numbers." Find a crowd, insinuate yourself, be agreeable, don't cause waves, and you'll be safe; you'll live free and comfortably as the people you associate with. Most people follow leaders who protect them, and abandon those who can't.

Crowds, such as these, to me are like knit sweaters. They are fine until somehow or other a loose line of yarn is found; someone pulls on it or it catches on something, and the whole sweater rapidly unravels right in front of our eyes. Likewise, it would seem, that the most fitting way to extinguish a crowd—or a movement—would be to find that loose thread, and pull. That the best way to counter the mania of crowds is not to attack their leaders, for this only binds their followers' loyalty—but rather, to attack the interiors, those unimportant NPCs who hoist the brand name. Once these Interiors find that they are NOT safer in the crowd, they cannot leave fast enough; the crowd disintegrates before our eyes.

A recent example of this has been the law firm of Davis Polk recently rescinding job offers for three law students and Harvard and Columbia for signing pro-Palestine letters. The

rest of the signers quickly scattered into the institutional shadows like rats, de-vowing their allegiance with the cause. One little tug, and that tightly knit, truculent band unraveled before the media's eyes. Rats, leaving a sinking ship, never moved so fast.

The Left currently has hoisted a swarm of cultural evils to be fought, but which are actually a herd of Trojan Horses whose hidden threat is uniformly the creation of a worldwide collective of such stupendous reach and power as to be unassailable, with social credit scores, digital money, electric vehicles, weaponized institutions, etc. On social media I find the conversations from global warming, to gender dysphorias, to the recent behavior of Hamas continually bogged down by legions of the ostensibly thoughtful (but likely timid) who argue that the answer to these conflicts is in trying to "see both sides" and reach common ground. But these fainthearted voices, like Neville Chamberlain's appeasements, are truly just trying to argue with an enemy of their particular choosing and construction, the enemy they would like to have.

Our current enemies don't care about finding solutions. They believe they already enshrine them.

"Rock against head!" These are the two sides.

Ignore this, and you'll be in the "common ground" soon enough.

When I worked in sales, I noticed two differing ways the sales initiates had of going about the job. One sort perused the databases, studied the informational materials with heads often buried in their computers. The other sort were either on the phone, or much more likely, weren't there at all. Instead, they were out knocking on doors, placing calls from wherever, and selling. Can you guess which type prevailed?

I currently follow a fellow with the moniker, Sundance, who writes for "The Last Refuge". I've found his essays a step

ahead of much that is out there—which is mostly a well verbalized wrap-up of what is already known, as if it needed to be stamped and notarized by a widely read pundit before being marked as within the Overton Window and safe for consumption. Presently though, my main man has had to take a step back. He writes:

Here's the hard pill to swallow, it doesn't matter what name you put down, you are wrong. None of the aforementioned names, or any others, have a total picture of the problem from both a macro and micro view. None of them do.

The silo system in DC creates impenetrable barriers. I have not found a single person who knows how it all works and connects as a corrosive cancer buried deep inside our U.S. political system.

Factually, and I mean this with no joke at all, if you have been reading here for a while you have a better grasp on the problem than any elected politician. This is not a disposable line. I'm deadly serious. I have not found a single person inside the system who understands the dynamic that creates what they claim to stand against, not a single person.

Global warming is a proven hoax. Fifty-seven million years of sedimentary samples indicate no relationship between global temperature and CO₂ levels. There are two sexes, period. (Check your groin—but don't rub, please.) And Hamas' total reason for existence is to eliminate the Jewish population of Israel. They have very clearly stated this. And when they have changed their name, this new group will clearly state this. It's the Islamic way. Our enemies' gripes (arguments) are all facades. Their actual gripe is that we exist. We are in their

way. Their answer: rock to head.

We may never understand the conundrum we Americans find ourselves in. Fine. We don't understand gravity either, but humans, and in fact all life forms, have made our peace with it. (Very few of whom, e. g. gerbils, paramecium, etc., are highly educated.) And we have made our peace with it by figuring out over time and in innumerable ways, how best to survive and benefit from it.

We need to be focusing our explorations as to discovering methods of defying the Commies, the Woke, Progressives, Democrats, and all other progenitors of our currently topsy-turvy, down the rabbit hole existence. We need offensive efforts! We need to start a list of actions which work to eclipse our enemies, to so frighten or confound them that they disavow their own existence, or at least slink off to leave us be, because I fear, like the dark side of the moon, there is no eliminating them. Like the poor, the jealous will always be with us. This isn't an easy problem. Like Ulysses, it seems we figuratively need to be lashed to the mast of modern life to avoid it.

And second, I would posit that these offensive efforts must work on the individual level, as organized opposition is already halfway toward constructing the very organizational collectives which, when infiltrated, will be turned against us. Organizations are their own ecosystems designed by a collective mindset. When we produce them, we have one foot already in our grave.

We need a long term strategy to make the world a more hostile environment for collective mindsets and their fellow travelers – eradicating their breeding grounds; salting their environs, degrading their emulsifiers. In how many ways do we already defy gravity? There, that's how many ways we need defy the woke and their imps.

In order to win the current cultural wars, I would suggest these to start:

First, we must protect the individuals who support our cause. Because it is in the nature of people to flock, we must demonstrate that under our protective umbrella, their lives are free and safe to continue as currently practiced. Humans are largely herd animals, and like Christians, we must become good shepherds. We must place the herd under our umbrella; under our care. We could use some mules (strong cultural defenders) patrolling the perimeters at all times:.

The song, "Try That in a Small Town" by Jason Aldean is a plea for this covenant with our fellow Americans. The great migration from the blue to red has already begun. Parallel economies have sprouted. Pieces of yarn have begun to be pulled. Some years ago, I read the book, *The Art of Not Being Governed* by James C. Scott. There are many people out there working this problem (and have been for centuries, sigh). But the recent Presidential election of Javier Milei of Argentina looks quite promising, and sprouted a recent [editorial](#) in the *Epoch Times* by Jeffrey A. Tucker, "What is Anarcho-Capitalism?" Which lays out a hopeful horizon.

Secondly, we must allow the opposition to feel the fear, chaos, and simple displeasure their policies create. Insulated elites are not going to be insulated enough in this grand encroachment. As proof of elite vulnerability, I offer this recent [column](#) by Naomi Wolf, "Among the Rich."

Naomi suggests some charity. I would suggest kicking them when they're down. There's nothing like a good drubbing to build muscle memory.

Wear a MAGA hat! Don't buy woke products. Parade your thoughts. There's a hundred ways to harass them. Be one of those vindictive crows we've read about, who wait outside your doorway—who remember you! Who remember your mandates. Who

remember your cancelling. Who remember your scorn, and hatred. Free passes? I don't think so.

Walk among these unimportant NPCs who brandish the brand name. Find their loose piece of yarn. Pull it! Step on it. Watch them run. Keep asking these wokies, "What is a woman?" It drives them bananas. The question is too hard!

Back the winning plays and run them (these miscreants), over and over.

Let's all be good shepherds of our environments and restore the cultural balance.

[Table of Contents](#)

Carl Nelson has recently finished a book of poetry titled, *Self-Assembly*, which will be published shortly, and from which the above poetry has been selected. To see this and more of his work, please visit [Magic Bean Books](#).

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