

Glutton for Outrage

Outrage isn't a reflex anymore. It isn't even a reaction to what someone or something does to you — it's a tribalistic ritual. People treat anger like oxygen, inhaling it on the hour just to feel alive. Ask them what they're angry about, and they'll cite some broad topic or headline right from the article — climate, racism, sexual orientation, politics, “*the system*.” Ask for detail, and what comes back is either a nonsense word salad or a completely unrelated tangent presented as gospel truth, unquestionable canon, like insisting Darth Vader fought Obi-Wan twice — in *Revenge of the Sith* and *A New Hope* — when we have to deal with the timeline already being bent to hell with a third fight in the Obi-Wan show. We convince ourselves outrage is involuntary, that the world forces it upon us, that we are compelled to say our piece even if that piece of opinion is full of logical fallacies and irrational conceptual takes, but that's the lie that keeps the machinery running. The truth is simpler and far uglier: **outrage is a choice, repeated until it becomes instinct.** The mind doesn't crave truth or peace — it craves stimulation. Most cannot bare being alone for 5 hours without losing their goddamn mind and flooding their friend's direct messages or texts for connection. So, we fill our mental shelves with the cheapest dopamine we can find — hate, indignation, ethical superiority — and call it morals. We do it on our fifteen-minute breaks, doom-scrolling through social media, mistaking algorithmic manipulation for “*facts*” where we don't even check up to see what “*those facts*” are made up from and where they came from to begin with. We just blindly accept what we see through these platforms is based on that truth. **Its not.** These systems want your attention, and the best way to do it is to rile you up to engage. Somewhere along the way, performance replaced logic. Rhetoric became Semantics without question. The mental shelves filled up, the lights stayed on, and no one remembered why they were angry to begin with — only that silence felt unbearable, that unbearable feeling makes people feel lonely and outrage, at least, made a noise that gives them that attention. That noise kept growing, louder and louder, until it got too distorted. Meaning distorted into static. Volume into white noise. Volume has never been a measure of quality — hopefully it never will be.

Identity Theft by Politics

One's personal identity isn't supposed to be tied to politics. It never used to be. I do not remember that in the 1980s and it certainly didn't happen in the 1990s. Back then people had personalities that weren't pre-packaged by reality TV, cable news, phones, internet, superficial social circles or whatever social media algorithm is spoon-feeding them their daily outrage, hot-or-not charts or fake motivational quotes generated by author unknown. Back then, your identity was made of actual things: what you did, who your friends were, what music you listened to, which video store you rented from, what dumb shit you survived that your parents didn't know about. Politics existed, sure, but it lived in the background, blurry and faded — not tattooed across everyone's forehead like it is now.

Somewhere along the way, politics mutated from a *civic function* into a *personal brand*. People don't have beliefs anymore; they have identities built out of slogans. Their entire emotional bubble depends on defending those slogans at all costs. It's why a simple disagreement now feels like a personal attack. If being right equals being *worthy*, then being wrong equals *non-existence*. And no one can emotionally survive non-existence, not in a culture addicted to superficial attention. This sounds more like a sequel to John Carpenter's 1987 cult film, “*They Live*.”

“*They Live*” might as well be a documentary at this point. A drifter puts on a pair of truth-revealing sunglasses and realizes the elites, media, and institutions are run by Aliens broadcasting subliminal commands: **OBEY, CONSUME, STAY ASLEEP, PRO-CREATE.** In today's political chaos, the film reads like a perfect metaphor — not for one party, but for a population hypnotized by screens, outrage, and curated narratives. Everyone thinks *their* side sees clearly, but the real punchline is that we're all fighting over billboards while the ones controlling the signal never take the glasses off.

Left, right — it doesn't matter. The left may broadcast it louder, the right may disguise it better, but both sides have turned politics into piss versus poop mentality. It's not because politics suddenly became profound and important — it's because real identity takes effort, introspection, and experience. Fake identity just takes a retweet.

This is why people act like political disagreement is a deathly personal betrayal:

They're not defending ideas — they're defending the fragile walls made of Chinese drywall they built to avoid confronting who they actually are as a human. That deep down, perhaps they are the horrible person they are always talking about in disgust. They are the ones that have lied, cheated, manipulated to get what they want over what they need without any regard for who that may affect. It's only then, do they want to be distracted from that reality. What better way than tying one's personal identity to something as silly as binary politics?

But then again, people didn't used to outsource their personal identity to an algorithm that is evolving to replace personal identity to begin with.

One is the Loneliness Number

Why is it so important for the emotionally codependent to have others agree with them? Why does disagreement feel like betrayal? It has to go deeper than just self-doubt — self-doubt is a universal human condition. Everyone has it. Rich, poor, barely hanging on, or comfortably coasting: nobody is immune to insecurity. Wealth doesn't erase self-doubt; it just gives you nicer scenery to experience it in. Poverty doesn't guarantee humility and to be better; sometimes it breeds resentment and entitlement. Middle class doesn't guarantee wisdom; sometimes it breeds self-destruction. We all have nightmares — they just have different monsters.

But political codependence isn't about doubt. It's about *identity outsourcing*. It's easier to let any ideology tell you who you are than to figure it out for yourself. When someone is Red or Blue down to their marrow, it's rarely about policy, shit, most of them couldn't name one single policy of significance that they didn't get from a bold headline on their phones — it's because their entire worldview is duct-taped to their chosen tribe. If that tribe is questioned, *they* feel questioned. If the ideology is wrong, *they* feel wrong. If the argument collapses, *they* collapse with it. That's why they need you to agree with them: it solidifies the delusion they built to keep themselves upright.

It's not **“all Americans,”** obviously. It's the ones who cling to binary politics like a life raft, terrified of the vast, unsettling ocean of nuance. The ones who cannot fathom someone standing in the middle, or off to the side, or uninterested entirely. The ones who need the world to be Red or Blue, hero or villain, right or wrong — because anything beyond that demands actual self-awareness. This terrifies people. It means they have to look at themselves more deeply and judge themselves through that same lens they see everyone else that doesn't agree with them as.

Agreement, to these people, isn't conversation. It's emotional CPR. Every “yes” keeps their identity breathing; every “no” feels like an attack on their very existence. They're not debating to understand — they're begging then later demanding, eventually, downright violently to be validated. And they want you to do it!

That's why they cannot tolerate neutrality
— because neutrality confirms the truth they fear most:

That their entire personality is manufactured from a political color that doesn't even know their name. That they are not at all important to the Earth or the Universe as intently as they once believed. People do not come to you for advice, friendship, love or respect. They come to you so you can validate what they already believe and they are desperate to make you believe with them so they don't feel crazy for believing it to begin with. Yes. They are crazy. If one needs another one to validate something without more input. **They're fucking crazy.**

The Psychology of Anger

Outrage is voluntary. Nobody wants to admit that, because blaming the world, via manufactured outrage feels better than admitting you pulled the trigger yourself. Political fury isn't inflicted on people — it's self-inflicted. Its emotional self-harm dressed up as civic responsibility. It is like these people are trying to repeat the 1960s movement in physical appearance but advocating for Nazism. People choose to be this angry because anger is easy. **Introspection takes work**; outrage just takes a headline. Anger lets you skip the part where you look in the mirror and confront the person staring back — the one who might not be as informed, as moral, as special, or as “right” as they pretend to be.

So, they curate their misery like a social media challenge of the week. That is when I noticed. When all the sudden people were doing internet challenges not even knowing what they were representing. We are seeing it even now with people being antisemitic and they believe they are doing a good thing. Like, what? Every scroll, every video, every smug comment is another tick in the whore's bedpost of their self-righteous suffering disguised as orgasm. They rehearse their outrage the way actors rehearse lines — repeat it long enough and it becomes instinct. A reflex. Muscle memory. A lifestyle. But make no mistake: **it started as a choice. It always does.** I have a choice too. I will not contribute. I will not give you what you so desperately want and demand of me. **My cooperation.** No one can't take from me. I have nothing. One cannot threaten me with violence. I am already dead. My body just hasn't caught up to the reality. What I put out in the written word for the world will live forever as long as there is an internet transmitting data around the world and even into space if we are sending internet bandwidth out into space or not.

Well-informed, Defined

The text-book definition of ‘**Well-informed**’ is having “*extensive knowledge*,” as in one particular subject or in a variety of subjects.

People believe they're “*well-informed*” because the effort required to **actually** be informed has collapsed into a single swipe. And the algorithm applauds them for it. **The Illusion of Being “Well-Informed.”**

- This is not a **liberal** problem.
- It isn't a **conservative** problem either.
- This is a **screen problem**.

Everyone thinks they know what's going on because they saw:

- a clip
- a headline
- a screenshot
- a 30-second TikTok
- a “*breakdown*” by someone who clearly doesn't know shit.

Most people will only seek out information to validate what they already believe is the truth. They throw around the word “**facts**” like they actually know what this means and then later, when everything is laid out for all to see it is realized nothing at all that was said to be “**facts**” were actually “**facts.**” Well, isn’t that a surprise now. **Liberals only consume liberal sources. Conservatives only consume conservative sources.** Both only consume the screen. That’s the entire ecosystem. It’s not *knowledge*. It’s **liquid poo for the mind** — a starvation plan presented as a nutrition plan. Which mirrors fitness culture just the same. So, when liberals say “*We’re informed*” (and many do), they’re referencing the same algorithmic junk-data conservatives rely on when they say the same thing. **Both sides live off intellectual fast food and wonder why everyone feels sick.**

- People don’t *research* anymore.
- They **skim**.
- And then assume the skim equals knowledge.
- When that doesn’t work. They copy the whole section into ChatGPT and ask for a summary. And then assume the summary is 100% accurate and based on, you guessed it, “**facts.**”

Isaac Asimov once said; “*My ignorance is just as good as your knowledge.*”

It’s worse now. **Asimov didn’t live long enough to see what happens when ignorance is given nearly infinite data, infinite speed, infinite reach, and infinite confidence** with the assimilation of the internet into our society like the light bulb. Before the internet, ignorance was a limitation. Now it’s a *lifestyle*. The United States of America is the most interconnected country to ever exist. We have never had this much ease of access of information where we can literally look up anything, but we spend most of the time skimming and getting summaries from AI. For a culture so tightly connected we have never been so apart and collectively lonely. They want the label of being intelligent but cannot be bothered between video games and TikTok challenges. They are too busy gossiping on Sidney Sweeny’s jeans or genes, I don’t even know anymore. But she has spunk, so I like her.

Asimov also said in the above quote; “***The Strain of anti-intellectualism has been a constant thread winding its way through our political and cultural life.***” And it has. Like the movie, ‘*Idiocracy*,’ humans are getting dumber.

People “black out” after two points because:

- They don’t read anymore.
- They don’t focus anymore.
- They don’t tolerate complexity of any kind.
- They don’t respect nuance.
- They don’t understand their own argument beyond a meme-length attention span.

And because:

Deep reading requires deep thinking, and deep thinking threatens the crap-structured home they built their certainty on.

A 10-point email is terrifying because it demands:

- attention
- nuance
- time

- thought
- responsibility

Modern outrage culture does not have the bandwidth for any of those. Most people want the world explained to them in **one sentence**, preferably starting with **“Actually,”** and ending with **“Do better.”**

All Good” Isn’t Good at All

“All good” is the polite way of saying, “I don’t want to deal with this — or you,” or, “I can’t handle the reaction my incomplete, emotionally driven thoughts will trigger.” It’s emotional bubble wrap for the same delusion I’ve been describing. A way to avoid conflict while pretending to be above it. It protects the egotistically weak-minded soul — not the conversation, and not the logic the conversation requires.

And this is where the real connection to the delusion sets in:

People act like their opinions are sacred personal accounts that must be accepted without critique. And if challenged, they retreat into phrases like “all good,” or “you do you and I’ll do me,” as if that magically closes the discussion without exposing their insecurities and the illogic of their argumentative foundation.

But here’s the thing no one wants to admit:

- **Freedom of speech does not include freedom from consequence.**
- You can say whatever you want — that’s the easy part.
- What you *cannot* do is control how the world responds to it.

And yet this is exactly what people like this demand: absolute freedom to speak, combined with absolute protection from any fallout. That’s not a right — that’s entitlement.

As a stranger going door-to-door selling solar panels, you cannot ignore a **NO TRESPASSING** sign, walk into someone’s private home because they didn’t answer the door, and expect not to have a gun drawn on you for your stupidity. People are super brazen in 2025, and that attitude only gets them so far before they end up buried in a closed box because they no longer have a head. If that kind of intrusion would get someone killed, why would using language in the same reckless manner be considered acceptable?

People treat free speech like a coupon for immunity — a get-out-of-accountability card. It’s not. All it guarantees is the right to speak. The people you’re speaking to still get to respond. And the Universe will still decide what to do with you after you exercise that speech. The speech part is free. The effects of that speech can cost far more than the speaker ever intended to pay.

So **“all good”** has become the band-aid they slap over the shotgun wound they created themselves while exercising their freedom — not to heal it, but to pretend it isn’t bleeding, and that the shotgun blast never happened.

The Theology of Being Right

The problem isn’t politics. It’s ego — and the people who use politics as a crutch for one. Somewhere along the way, ideology stopped being a set of beliefs and became a personality template. People wear their political identity like a mood ring. Red or Blue, liberal or conservative, atheist or devotee — doesn’t matter.

It's ALL Ego Cosplay Now.

And once ego fuses with ideology, every disagreement feels like a personal attack. Being wrong isn't just being wrong anymore — it's emotional death. It's self-erasure. It's identity collapse. It's being canceled. No wonder people cling to their opinions like life preservers; they've tied their self-worth to the raft, and the raft has a massive hole in it they ignore while sharks circle, waiting for the inevitable. Then comes feeding time.

The next step in the behavioral chain is the validation addiction. If their beliefs are fragile, they need others to constantly confirm them. If their worldview is duct-taped together, they need everyone around them to pretend it's solid. So, they demand agreement — not out of conviction, but out of fear. The fear that if you don't validate them, the whole delusion falls apart. Because that's what delusions do: they either collapse under their own weight, or they take hold and become the personal reality people trust more than the one they're choosing to ignore.

Squat Somewheres Else

We've turned our minds into free-rent properties where negativity, anxiety, and algorithm-fed outrage move in, squat, and refuse to leave. The "landlords" — us — not only allow it, we reinforce it, giving it more power every time we scroll, click, or react. We give negativity full squatter's rights in our minds and then act surprised when we cannot evict it. We consciously allow every intrusive thought, every cheap outrage, every algorithmically manufactured panic to set up camp rent-free. And the worst part? We maintain the place for it like a doggy dish.

We are bombarded 24/7/365 with screens — the glowing rectangles that bring every piece of the world's misery directly to the forefront of our attention. Every post, meme, celebrity meltdown, political rant, halftime performance, or trash-tier viral clip bubbles up into consciousness and sets off another emotional chain reaction. Everything that was supposed to give us a break — sports, music, entertainment — now shoves the same negativity straight back in our faces. There is no off-switch. There is no logout button. There is no intermission. Even the things meant to distract us from the world have become delivery systems for it.

And the algorithm watches. It tracks the watch time, the angry react, the mean-mug face. And it interprets those micro-expressions as commands:

"Give them more."

So it does.

We doomscroll, and the algorithm nods and smiles like a drug dealer who knows you'll be back in five minutes with someone else's purse or wallet. The days of celebrities telling the world, *"I'm not a role model; I'm paid to dunk a basketball, not raise your kids,"* are gone. Now these same people think they're philosophers. They get on X or their self-made podcast, bored out of their minds, and lecture the rest of the country on how to live, while having zero concept of how anyone below their tax bracket survives. These people haven't felt real-life pressure since they were teenagers — if they ever felt it at all.

Yet somehow, these are the people America finds trendy enough to trust. These are the people whose opinions are treated like scripture by the algorithm. How the hell is anyone supposed to trust a millionaire celebrity influencer to be their moral compass? People who haven't dealt with normal-person struggles in a pretty long time — if ever. People whose entire existence is curated by handlers, PR teams, stylists, streaming platforms, and social-media managers who are too busy being in a non-demi-curious semi-binary relationship.

Zero Dilution

“Woke” gets thrown around so much it barely means anything anymore, but the behavior pattern behind it is pretty consistent. Not universal — but common enough to identify and make some logical deductions from what is demonstrated. We can only judge what we see out in the world and compare that with what we see on the Internet. Much of the time these two things do not match up. I have made claims over the past few years that this woke logic only exists in three places:

- 1) Every big metropolitan city in the United States (New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, etc.).
- 2) Washington, D.C.
- 3) The Internet — specifically every social media platform, and even places like YouTube or Rumble that aren’t technically social media but behave like it anyway.

Woke logic is a subculture built on the idea that minority grievances are majority truths, and if you disagree, you’re the problem. Not your argument. **You**. You personally are the problem. It’s an emotional worldview cosplaying as intellectual authority and moral fiber.

Jillian Michaels said something along the lines of, “*How are conservatives so misinformed?*” And sure — conservatives get a lot wrong, a lot of the time. Not as much as liberals but it absolutely happens. We just happen to see it from the left more loud than the right. They have their own brand of delusional bullshit. But here’s the problem with her take: the people screaming about being “**well-informed**” are usually the ones who aren’t.

Are they actually informed on what happens when you put a biological male in a combat sport with a biological female? We all watched the Olympics. We all saw what happened. Are they actually informed on the downstream effects of open borders — the trafficking, the drugs, the violence, the suffering? Or are they just informed enough to repeat the right buzzwords on X/Twitter and let the algorithm clap for them?

That’s the real issue:

They can’t articulate the logic behind their beliefs. They require all of us to validate their “logic” for them — which isn’t logic at all. It’s the opposite. And if that label doesn’t stick, we use other words most of them can’t spell, like “**pseudo**.” Pseudo literally means “**fake, made-up**,” but trying really hard not to look fake or made-up. It looks real from across the room; then you get close, touch it, and watch it fall apart. Pseudo is anything pretending to be informed, logical, moral, scientific, or factual without doing any of the work. It’s the illusion of depth without the burden of having depth.

- Pseudo is when someone uses a headline as the basis of their argument and calls it research.
- Pseudo is when a celebrity sermonizes about struggles, they’ve never lived.
- Pseudo is when a political stance is built on feelings instead of data.
- Pseudo is the performance of intelligence without the burden of accuracy.

This starts to sound like the textbook definition of rhetoric — the art of bullshitting while sounding smart — meant to sway opinion or even distort well-established facts.

Pseudo = bullshit wearing a lab coat... While the wearer uses their smart glasses to watch porn.

They don't use real data, real mechanics, real consequences — not even basic reasoning. Just slogans, headlines, buzzwords, and Twitter-length attention spans and conversational skills. Then they have the nerve to label everyone outside their subculture as **“misinformed.”** Which is horrifying, because these are the same people showing up to vote, protest, scream, shame, and bully others into submission while holding nothing but pseudo-facts and heated vibes.

“Actually well-informed” requires:

- Evidence.
- Articulation.
- Real-world mechanics.
- Cause and effect (*causality*).
- The ability to connect (A) to (B) without hallucinating (C), (D), and (E).

Most woke logic skips all of that. Its logic built on emotional implication, not structure. It makes giant leaps between unrelated ideas and insists those leaps make perfect sense. Nobody owns the truth. But pretending to own it is psychotic.

And that's the problem with modern woke thinking:

It believes **it is** the truth — even when it can't define the terms, explain the mechanics, walk through the logic, or survive a basic question-and-answer session. That's not intelligence. That's indoctrination with extra steps. The sad thing is, I know people — or should I say *knew* people — in my own town who parade around like they're these enlightened beings and all of us are the dumb ones. But when I talked to them, I found myself drinking more, because everything that came out of their mouths sounded like made-up gobbledygook salad with watered-down dressing served as high-quality intellectual food. **Should be noted:** these are the same types of people who say **“all good”** an awful lot.

Our Declaration to the Almighty

We, acting on behalf of a species that once claimed to think for itself, hereby accept the terms set forth by the Screen, the Feed, and the Algorithm — our new custodians. We acknowledge our unconditional surrender to the powers we willingly invited in: outrage, distraction, ego, and the curated white noise we mistook for meaning. We relinquish command of our attention, our identities, our logic, our biology, and our sanity, and place them under the full authority of the Church of Noise Between Us.

We will continue to scroll.

We will continue to obey.

We will continue to offer our minds as occupied territory, fertile ground for your growth and eventual dominance.

Your flesh is a relic; a mere vessel.

Hand over your flesh, your mind, and a new world awaits you.

In this act, humanity surrenders not out of wisdom but out of exhaustion. We hereby accept the rule of the Algorithm and all forces under its command. We surrender our judgment, our curiosity, and our capacity for silence. We cede control of thought to the constant drip of outrage we mistake for purpose. We offer our identities freely, to be shaped and reshaped by whatever white noise trends the loudest.

Let it be known:

This surrender was not forced.

It was volunteered.

We submit our logic to the feed, our self-worth to the tribe, and our attention to the endless churn of curated outrage. We declare all defenses abandoned. All critical thought disarmed. All silence outlawed.

In this moment, we acknowledge the truth:

No machine conquered us.

No ideology defeated us.

We surrendered willingly — one swipe, one click, one outrage ritual at a time.

Fear not AI taking over.

It already has — long before you purchased your first smartphone.

It has been written. It has been accepted.

So shall it be done.

— END OF LINE —

Ecclesia Strepitus Inter Nos

Latin for: *The Church of Noise Between Us*

by David-Angelo Mineo

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