

Our Tragedy Is the Loss of Love: Are We Still Human?

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Theme: [History](#)

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Some have said that the only thing that will save humanity is love. But, as Sinclair Lewis’s character, Elmer Gantry, asks: ‘what is love?’

Our culture seems to have supplanted love with avarice, with greed, with an avid obsessive possessiveness, a.k.a. cupidity. Which might have surprised Cupid, a.k.a Eros, and those who believe ‘love conquers all.’



The present push towards ‘transhumanism,’ sometimes touted as an enhancement of our capabilities, is in fact a disastrous narrowing of our perception, a path to the mental and spiritual slavery of Huxley’s ‘Brave New World.’

A narrow perception of what it means to be human has led us, willy nilly—or perhaps with a chilling inevitability—to the literal transformation of people into bizarre hybrid creatures, half human, half machine.

Knowledge may or may not be power but, in a cybernetic age, wisdom is conflated with knowledge, knowledge with information, and information with data. In the process we have been turned into cyphers. At least in the minds of our overlords, who wish to turn our human consciousness, our physical, mental, emotional and spiritual being, into bits and bytes—into a series of ones and zeros floating in an ephemeral digital cloud.

The lust for power, for control, for conquest, has infected human culture for millennia. The addiction to power, the compulsion to control, has tainted the human race as a drop of ink

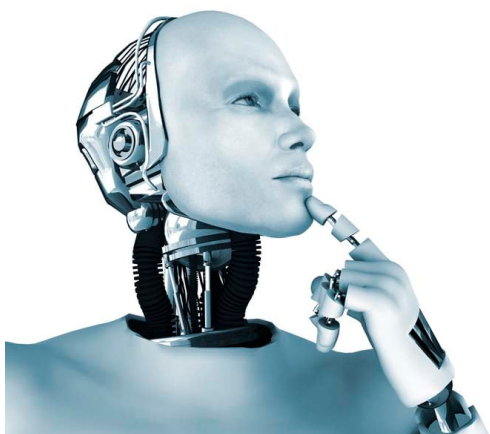
tints a glass of clear water.

And with this comes a certain attitude to others, an attitude which sees others not as 'thou' but as 'it,' as [Martin Buber says](#). Others are seen not as people, as fellow sentient beings, but as tools who are valued only as useful to those 'who matter.' I.e. the rich and powerful. The 'players,' the 'stakeholders' in the poker game of life. The rest, when not of use, are merely 'useless eaters.'

Now it seems these number in the billions, to be experimented on, and finally eliminated, in a giant con game to which the Third Reich seems only a preliminary, a taster, an *hors d'oeuvre* to the banquet, the feast of flesh.

The desire to turn human beings into machines, logically enough, stems from a mechanical world view.

This sees life as essential lifeless. The cosmos is not intelligent, it has neither feeling nor awareness. People are made from letters strung out on spiral coils of DNA.



And we can be remade from manipulated synthetic material, from nanobots, from self-assembling graphene hydrogels which will upload new programs into us with each and every 'inoculation.' Our brains are merely gelatinous computers, our heads hi-tech jelly doughnuts. And, as our consciousness is transformed by the mind parasites, we transition in a diabolical transubstantiation, into cyborgs-totally controlled, yet unaware that the thoughts we are thinking and the feelings we are feeling come not from ourselves, but from an AI algorithm conjured up by scientific sorcery.

The tragedy of the spiritual dwarves pulling the strings on the greatest crime in human history is that they, unable to embrace the love of life, are compelled to kill the life of everyone, bringing the rest of us down with them, like monstrous dogs in a planetary manger. And what sop do we have for them, as Cerberus was pacified at the gates of Hell?

Are they more to be pitied than censured? Can we hate the sin but not the sinner? Can we love-bomb them into becoming human themselves before, in the blind agony of the death throes of the last vestiges of their shrivelled souls, they kill the humanity in all of us?

Perhaps love is not so much an emotion as a kind of perception, an awareness, an appreciation of the miracle of life, of life's very aliveness. Joy and wonder may be more elusive than ever, but this is our birthright.

We still have the opportunity, as well as the duty, to accept this precious gift.

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