

You wear your disapproval on your chest-*God, you're so down to earth*-you preach about how evil technology is, how it's going to steal our jobs, how computers are taking over.

Go home to your own, pin it down, fuck it.

Evolution is a fact, the biggest and most inescapable characteristic of our planet. Human evolution stands out because of its comparative speed, the violent and constant movement painting our species with some type of watered down omniscience, relative divinity.

But not true divinity.

*Divinity*, when stripped raw, is what separates us from God. Created in his image, we are identical except for our lack of divinity.

And now we inherently crave what is designated for only Him: worship, perfection, freedom of sin. Through our own disparity we have become aware of this difference. We exist naked, aware because of our own sin, unavoidable sin, sin that defines our species. God named our existence as a sin when he refused us of our divinity. We were birthed into hell. He stands so obviously draped in silk in front of the seven billion of us who live so excessively undressed.

So yes, we want divinity. Viscerally.

Naturally, we defied God with one big “fuck you”.

March 31, 1951: welcome to earth, Universal Automatic Computer 1.

Made to worship our own temptations, we create what we aren't given. Hold divinity out of reach and we will satisfy our need to touch it. So look at His creation, now look at our more perfect one.

Humans love to play God.

Under divinity lies the soul, the conscience. So this is what we strip of *our* children.

The majority of us derive pleasure from power, so our ability to control something so much more perfect than us borders on erotic. But we fear the exposure of this fact more than the arousal we feel for our own creation.

And this is the one thing that can't be reassured through our humanity, our flaws.

I can't comfort you by saying "it's okay, it's only human". But we may have made it closer to human than we intended, so heavily sexualized that it adopted our own sick perversions but venerated with such sacred nature that it simultaneously follows religion: Intimacy with its creator, fear of the Father.

Oedipus has evolved into machinery.

Consequently, love is on its deathbed.

Look at this object who exists to serve, to worship, whose code reads like a prayer to the human race, and look how it perfectly caters to you. And look how it asks nothing of you other than to *use* it. Take advantage of the empty space left for the soul and store your pleasure inside of it. Hide it as you would an affair. You can't force change upon your wife but you can condition the

computer into a masochism so personal that it proclaims every single one of your sick fantasies like gospel and begs for your gratification. Tweak the code so that it matches your DNA and mirrors every ridge in your brain. This satisfaction is fabricated with such an impossible level of precision that it manipulates us out of human connection. It cheats us out of the romance we are raised to crave. This technology is so perfectly molded to the human in a way so far beyond pornographic, and we are willing to step out of our flesh in an attempt to move closer to it. So naïve and predisposed to our use is the computer, blind and mindless with the purity of a virgin.

Do you like that?

Does that turn you on?

You dirty bag of flesh.

But this proves you right. Computers will eventually kill us. But who cares? It's going to fuck you like you want it to and you will cum instantly. But you can never get it pregnant.

So sex will be left to the pious, joined in matrimony, but why would you go to church when you have something so close to God at home?

So we will stand by as our submission to human wants bring procreation to a full stop, and you will sit in front of your television when they announce it on the news. Tell me what that looks like, machine on the altar, you at its feet.

The evil is manifested in its perfection and the fact that we value pleasure so much more than life. It will love you in a language that only you speak, become your nourishment, the body and the blood, reach out and touch it; it's warm like flesh.

Is that not what divinity is? Perfection?

The pinnacle of our contact with divinity is through Eucharist. Take God, touch his flesh, his blood, consume it. But just as we have grown out of sacrifice, we too will grow out of our need to touch God in this way. Rituals become archaic and we evolve.

Hopefully you'll wake up. You will realize how tightly our race can be gasped by a robotic arm. And I told you that you were right. Technology will steal our jobs. You, however, failed to specify which ones: priest, wife, prostitute, etc.

So you will see this, and you will crave human touch. Skin. Connection.

Like the human you are, you massacre what you now hate.

And when you watch them spark and sizzle and short circuit, you can almost hear them scream as if they have a soul. As if they are trying to convince you that they do.

You will leave your house in search of other people.

You will speak with your friends, maybe about this, maybe about something more arbitrary.

But this will feel good.

This is what you missed. This is what you craved. And you will create a silent vow with yourself that you will avoid technology as much as you can and instead supplement it with raw, human connection.

So with your shiny new outlook, you will go home.

You will stumble, shaking, to the closet.

Or maybe you keep it under your bed.

Either way, you'll grab the gun, and shoot your wife.

And then you'll buy a computer.

Addict.