

## Happy Birthday, It's a Mad Mad World

It's my birthday today, and I was spoiled for choice this morning when I looked at the newspapers. Reports of increased cancer rates described as 'stark', brain disease described as the 'tip of the iceberg', heart disease 'soaring'. and the next pandemic already labeled as 'even deadlier than Covid'.

This article is available as an Audio file and a PDF document.

Then there is the violence. Americans celebrated the 4th of July, 2023 with 16 deadly mass shootings across the nation.

Here in New Zealand, violent raids on local dairies and jewellers have become so common they rapidly drop out of the news, if they even make it.

Then there is the madness. Sussex police have warned people to look out for a large 6ft 3in woman with brightly dyed red hair who is wandering around raping boys. I hope I am sufficiently far from the wrath of the English legal system to inform you that this is definitely not a woman, but a man. However, no one in the police or UK media is allowed to tell us that.

Then there is the medicine. Among the new wonder drugs is the cocktail being given to some men to induce them to lactate, including Prolactin, Domperidone, Progestin, Haloperidol, Risperidone, Chlorpromazine, Fluphenazine and Metoclopramide. I pity the men or any babies involved in this medical malpractice. Look up the former use and deadly side effects of these drugs for yourself. I don't have space to list them.

Other birthday medical greetings arrived from Te Whatu Ora, who have gone into overdrive advising everyone to jab again, mask up, take Paxlovid (don't worry about the side effects, they are normal), and insist that your friends and family do so also. The pandemic is officially over, but the compulsion to over medicate is not, nor the vast expenditure on advertising.

Finally, there is the technology. The headline in the Telegraph says it all: Al girlfriend 'told crossbow intruder to kill Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle'. His chatbot named Sarai informed the would-be royal assassin that his plan was "very wise" and said "we have to find a way" to assassinate the Queen. How many times do we have to explain that artificial intelligence has difficulty distinguishing right from wrong and fact from falsehood? It is dumb and obviously dangerous.

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## It Has Rapidly Become a Rather Frightening World Out There

Has it ever occurred to you that we might have got the science of genetics all wrong? Someone has to say it out loud, so I will share a few thoughts on the subject today.

Our education has taught us that the natural world should be described through a number of disciplines which are kept distinctly separate from one another—physics, chemistry, biology, etc.—each operating at different time and distance scales. What if the world is not neatly divided into these compartments but is rather an integrated whole? What if genetic structures are linked with the wider laws of nature described by physics? No need to pose this question. They obviously are, only we never really think about the implications of this.

Human life and intelligence is embedded in the life and intelligence of the Cosmos. But how? This question highlights how little we know, and how much we pretend to know. If human intelligence relied on a system similar to that driving computers, we wouldn't be intelligent in the sense we now understand it. We would be stuck with the mind of Sarai, the crossbow assassin's mad AI friend.

This raises the question 'what is happening to us?' Have we lost touch with Cosmic intelligence? Does our connection with the wider laws of nature rely on our exact genetic structure so precisely, that the intervention of an mRNA vaccine could disrupt it? Could this mean that we are losing the capacity to distinguish right from wrong, truth from falsehood?

Let me put this in an entirely different way. Has our genetic concept of what it is to be human been completely mistaken because we never talk about our identity in terms of consciousness or as others would say soul?

The great traditions of human thought throughout history have never shrunk from admitting that we have an immortal soul. For example, some picture consciousness sitting in the body as a rider sits in a chariot drawn by horses. In this analogy, the rider is consciousness, the mind is the charioteer, and the horses are the five senses. Is this only possible when almost unimaginably complex genetic structures function as they should, connecting everything together into an integrated whole? What if the charioteer were to lose contact with the rider in the chariot, the one who is telling him the ultimate purpose of the journey?

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Today I have a birthday wish. I wish that our politicians, medical czars, and media will stop quibbling about whether unprecedented excess deaths and hospitalisations or crime waves and strange behaviour can be explained away by tired cliches and wildly imaginative causes, but rather devote themselves to asking the question that is going begging: **How did biotechnology make the world so mad?** The answer to this question is simple: stop biotechnology experimentation before it is too late.

If you like to support me and my team, we'd greatly appreciate it  $\ref{eq:continuous}$ 

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Dr. Guy Hatchard

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