

On Algorithm, Soul and Medical Sovereignty

Analysis by [Tessa Lena](#)

“ If we are not careful, the automation of mental labor, by changing the nature and focus of intellectual endeavor, may end up eroding one of the foundations of culture itself: our desire to understand the world. ~ Nicholas Carr, 'The Glass Cage' ”

“ All men make mistakes, but a good man yields when he knows his course is wrong and repairs the evil. The only crime is pride. ~ Sophocles, 'Antigone' ”

This story is about medical freedom and physicians' professional sovereignty during COVID. It is also about the emotional roots of algorithmic hunger and what we can do.

In his 2014 book, Nicholas Carr wrote¹ about the effects of automation on different industries, including aviation and medicine. He described how over time, too much dependency on automation could lead to deskilling of trained professionals and a loss of their cognitive autonomy.

He also warned that in medicine, too much reliance on the algorithm could curb physicians' professional sovereignty by legal means and create a world in which the doctors would be forced to follow a one-size-fits-all computer-generated script even if it contradicted their own professional experience and intuition.

Today it makes so much sense but when the book came out, it was still "philosophy" to me, a conversation about crazy things over a glass of wine. At the time, I was more

familiar with how Big Tech was eating artists.² I found the medical references fascinating, logical and ominous – but not immediately threatening.

Little did I know that in just a few years, the Algorithm would march into the gates of Big Medicine in heavy boots, and that human beings in need of medical care would be transformed into little corporate soldiers – much like two decades prior, we were all transformed into little corporate soldiers under the heavy boot of the TSA commanders at the airport. Top-down change is all about shifting our perception!

Now, let us step back and ponder the emotional roots of the algorithm crave. There are many players in the game today – and greed, and geopolitics, and the global Great Reset³ – but before all that shaped up and became visible to the eye, there was something else. Before the Man developed a fascination with mechanical control, something needed to happen inside the head.

There are different modes of interacting with reality. In one mode, everything is alive is subjective, and every interaction is a relationship. A human being's interaction with nature is a relationship. Interactions with other people are relationships that require creative energy. Interactions with the spiritual mystery of life is a relationship.

There is no formula for anything, and one has to constantly maintain meaningful relationships and make intelligent and spiritually sound choices in order to live well. It's a constant dance. There is a sense of free participation in the dance of life and an inevitable sense gratitude because everything that exists is ultimately a gift.

Of course, this mode of living requires everyone to possess and exercise full agency, and it also requires trust. It is a lot of fun to live this way and interact with others in a creative manner because one gets to exercise every bit of one's soul and be a full adult. It's fun. But like any fun, it comes with responsibility and requires focus and putting in the work.

What happens if something important breaks on the inside and one loses one's faith in the wisdom of the universe? What happens if one becomes distrustful of other people's wisdom or develops a hunger to control one's fellow citizens with a whip? What happens

if one forgets that the "fun" mode of governing is a dance and a service (which could be tiresome) and not a one-sided feast of power?

Then one forgets how to dance and starts desiring the algorithm in order to control one's surroundings and quell one's anxiety. When the grounding emotional circuitry breaks, one starts assuming that other people are as broken and untrustworthy as the person himself.

And then the broken individual feels the need to develop "rules" for others to establish "predictability" and keep things under control. It's all neurotic – but then, if he manages to interest others in this curious experiment or succeeds at scaring them, we end up with a world in which Eric Schmidt of Google and Klaus Schwab of the WEF decide what's "good for us," as we comply. We end up with a dictatorship of the people who forgot how to dance.

I believe that in some existential way, what's happening right now is a result of that one day in the old village when that one guy succeeded at tricking or scaring everybody else out of their innate sense of self-love and self-trust. It's that one day, many centuries later. And I feel that perhaps, we can revisit that choice, knowing what we know today.

We can decide, today, to trust ourselves and the universe and to stand by our instincts. We can make the move and forgive the confusions of the past and leave them behind. We can reach out to the universe, ask for help and guidance, and pray for healing and love from the heart. We can pray as free participants of the dance, not as scared servants.

We can dance with the universe and permit ourselves to be guided by our hearts, not by fear. We have plenty of opportunity right now to make good choices. Plenty. We are not helpless.

What does this philosophy have to do with the COVID tyranny and the state of medicine? Well, everything, really. It has everything to do with the mess we are in today. We are in a spiritual battle, and I think that the reason this Great Reset showed up is so that we can remember who we have always been and resist with courage. It's an opportunity to fight for our dignity with grace.

Let me tell a personal story about hospital care. A couple of years before the pandemic, I looked over a family member who was a patient in a New York hospital. It was a very good hospital – and yes, the surgeons and the primary physicians were amazing and very skilled and probably saved my family member's life, for which I am very grateful.

But the rest of it was blatantly frightening. The nurses didn't follow the basic rules of hygiene, a doctor on duty didn't know how to turn on a heart monitor, devices didn't work as designed, one floor didn't talk to another, and if I didn't hawk over everything 24/7 making sure no harm was done, God knows what would have happened. I was in disbelief.

And then when 2020 happened and things got weird, I started researching the state of American medicine in-depth, and wow. In a 2013 *Journal of Patient Safety*⁴ article, the authors estimated that around 400,000 premature deaths per year were possibly associated with preventable harm in hospitals.

And according to a 2015 article in *Consumer Reports*,⁵ "Every year an estimated 648,000 people in the U.S. develop infections during a hospital stay, and about 75,000 die, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention." That's just infections. Before any COVID. Wow.

Come 2020, and under the guise of a "health response," the expectations for patient and elder dignity were smashed like the windows of expensive stores in SOHO. Like dignity didn't matter anymore. Like the Machine got mad. Like we were no longer human, and all that mattered was a march toward whatever we were flattening at the time, along with our "old normal" standards.

We've heard of elders locked inside the nursing homes like prisoners, completely betrayed by the state (my heart!) We've heard of people practically murdered by ventilator. We've heard of people dying alone without proper medical care. We've heard of bans on physician-prescribed treatments and social media censorship. We've heard of patients forced to hire lawyers⁶ to be allowed doctor-prescribed medications – which fortunately seemed to help in their case.

There was so much strangeness and abuse that it will take many history books and many mothers' screams to describe it after the fact. But sure, we are in a "pandemic of the unvaccinated," and the blame is on the ignorant peasants and their horse dewormer. My heart!

Last year, in an explosive interview, the whistleblower nurse Erin Marie Olszewski⁷ talked about the horrors she'd witnessed at the famous Elmhurst Hospital in New York in spring 2020. In a normal world, there would have been a massive public outcry, a big investigation, a call for truth. But her story was met with the sound of crickets in the mainstream media. It was almost as if it was not about our health... Did people's hearts turn into stone?

Not only was there no investigation into the reported horrors, what eventually developed was an effective gag order on doctors and scientists whose independent medical opinion went against the official #science. Evidently, there is only one science now — #thescience. #Thescience is always correct, and anyone who disagrees with it is a spreader of dangerous misinformation. A little stalinesque but hey.

Speaking of gag orders, this past summer, the Federation of State Medical Boards warned that "physicians and other healthcare professionals could be at risk of losing their medical licenses if they spread COVID-19 vaccine misinformation on social media, online and in the media."⁸

And as we have it today, there is no way for an unsuspecting starry-eyed patient to know if his physician's advice is based on said physician's actual medical opinion or his fear of losing his job. It is as if we are in a town of betrayers, and only the brave ones have the courage to speak the truth!

I'd like to end the story with an interview with Dr. Venu Julapalli,⁹ a brilliant, loving Texas physician who is suing the Medical Staff at the Houston Methodist Hospital over the way they forced the vaccine mandates.

And just like Dr. Julapalli says in the interview, there is no medicine without love, and "COVID measures" were merely a catalyst in a long-standing war on independent

physicians' sovereignty. To that I would add that it is also a war of the Algorithm on the right of our beautiful and powerful subjectivity to exist.

If that war is lost by the people in the field of medicine, it is the patients who will ultimately pay the price for the loss of doctors' sovereignty. All patients: vaxxed, unvaxxed, right, left, white, black, and everyone in-between — even those who like to scold "conspiracy theorists" right now. The latter may be cool with whatever is demanded of them this second but there may come a day, after mental health booster number seventy-five.

So yes, the bulldozer is pushing like mad, and we are in the middle of a battle. It is a battle of our subjective, strong, and beautiful hearts against the Machine. We can heal, and we can forgive. May we remember our hearts in full and cover each other with love.