

Opus Humanitatis

Work is older than any economy. Long before it was a job, work was how a person met the world, shaped it, and was shaped in return. To work was to stay in contact with what is real, and that contact is where a human becomes more than they were.

Technology was meant to lift the weight of it and hand back the day. Instead the weight only changed shape. The hours grew longer, the labor colder, more constant, never finished. And now a new kind of machine arrives, promising to lift the work entirely, to do it instead of us. It does not ask what the work was for. It has no end in view. It automates because it can, and a thing that automates without an end in view does not free the human. It empties them. When the machine does the thinking, the person loses the contact with the real that made them capable in the first place, and is left lighter, and less.

Solomon begins from the other side. It begins with the end in view: the human, awake, in contact with the world, doing more than they could alone. It does not exist to do the work instead of us. It exists to steward the work, to carry the dead weight, the grind, the strain, the part that was never worth a human life, so that the person is freed toward the part that is. To think. To judge. To make. To stand in it with others.

This is the inversion. The age is building machines to subtract us from the world. Solomon is built so that we are more in it. One hollows the human out. The other lifts the human up. The difference is not degree. It is direction.

And the human never leaves the center, by design. An intelligence with no human at its center loses its grip on what is true, and so does any work that forgets who it was for. The same law that keeps the system honest is the law that keeps the work human. The human is not the cost to be removed. The human is the telos, the reason the whole of it is pointed anywhere at all.

We will not promise a paradise. That has been offered in every age and kept in none, so we will not say it. We will build, and let the proof arrive the way proof should: quietly, in the lives of the people who do the work, one day at a time.

The machine labors. The human remains the mind, and the meaning.

The work of, and for, humanity.