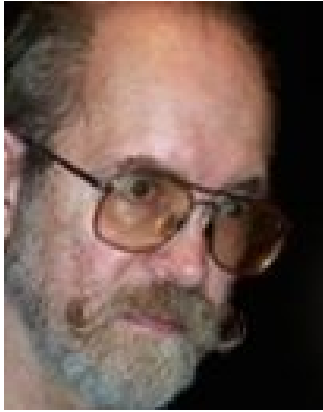


Are AI Robot Priests The Future?



Lee Duigon

The Nuts Are Out in Force

How crazy are these times we've blundered into—with our eyes wide open, I might add?

First we've got a [sales pitch for robot priests, their theology grounded on Artificial Intelligence](#), a euphemism for Artificial Stupidity. To illustrate just how much thought has gone into this, check out this headline.

"Robot priests more acceptable to Protestants than Catholics, says professor."

Let's hear it for journalism school. "Durned Catholics! Why, I like robot priests more than I like them!" Is that what the, er, professor means to say? He could have written, "than to Catholics," but we are told that a grasp of proper English means you're probably a racist. Well, the professor has avoided that pitfall.

He thinks it's time for the Church to endow us with robot priests. Until the technology catches up to this vision of the future, ought we to confess to our toaster-ovens? Our cars? At Union Theological Seminary, they're confessing to potted plants. Maybe all these professors are kind of potted, too.

Meanwhile—please correct me if I’m wrong—all 17 of the remaining Democrat presidential candidates, the ones who haven’t already beamed up to the mother ship, are on record as supporting the Green New Deal.

The Green New Deal says that beef is bad because cow-farts help cause Climate Change, which will bring about The End of the World: therefore we have to give up beef.

But this past weekend, all 17 of the [candidates descended on Iowa for the Iowa Democratic Steak Fry](#)—and there consumed 10,500 steaks. Pretty big carbon footprint there, eh? But maybe what they mean is that you, O lowly peasants, have to give up juicy steaks. You, not them. They can eat all the steaks they want. Served up on their private jets as they zoom off to Davos for another Climate Change pow-wow. Could it be that they themselves don’t believe a single word of the bilge they’re trying to force on us?

[After the Day of Ten Thousand Steaks, let’s jet off to Italy for Milan Fashion Week](#), where Gucci trotted out... high-fashion straitjackets. I knew there was something we were needing in our culture, but couldn’t put my finger on it. Straitjackets as a fashion statement—that was it.



An “activist model” who says she’s “non-binary,” and that she’s had a few mental issues of her own, from time to time, staged a protest of Gucci’s spring/summer collection, suggesting that straitjackets as trivial fashion items is in somewhat poor taste. Gucci replied that they don’t intend to sell the wretched things: they were just “making a statement” against uniformity, and how “power is exercised over life, to eliminate self-expression.” Would you have thought of that? Some wordsmith out there in Gucci-land deserves a raise.

All right, they weren't real straitjackets; they were just designed to look like straitjackets. Who can argue with a fashion genius? But if everyone who needs a straitjacket, these days, were to get one, we'd have no politics. And our colleges and looniversities would be gravely understaffed.

I can hardly wait till architects jump on the bandwagon and start designing houses with rubber rooms.

How far can all this nonsense, all this hypocrisy, go before the whole civilization comes crashing down, crushed under the weight of its own follies? How many screwballs can one society accommodate?

The Smartest People In The World are indescribably stupid.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week at my blog, <http://www.leeduigon.com/> , all without benefit of a straitjacket. Stop in and visit; a single click will take you there. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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