

You Are What You Tweet?



by Lee Duigon

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“Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!” —Adm. Farragut

I don't know what Admiral Farragut would have thought of Artificial Intelligence (AI), but he would've known “Full speed ahead!” when he saw it. And that's precisely what we're doing with Artificial Intelligence: full speed ahead, what could possibly go wrong?

Just last week Google had to “pause” its AI Image Generation program—“pause” means “take it off-line”—while they tried to correct a wee “mistake” in the program. What mistake was that? Oh, nothing major. All they did was **erase white people from history** and make 'em all black. Presidents (even George Washington!), popes, scientists, everyone who ever made a name in history—all black. This, they admitted, was “an inaccuracy.” Ya think?

But they're not done yet, no, precious—plenty of capers left in that box.

This week's plunge into [AI featured a plan to “digitally” re-create your loved ones when they pass on](#). Well, hey, as long as it's “digital”...! All they've got to do is create talking images that parrot the loved one's collected tweets, emails, blog posts, etc. You are what you tweet.

Critics have warned that interfering with the grieving process—maybe even skipping it altogether—is something less

than a ticket to robust mental health. They have even suggested that it might give rise to a new religion. We could call it “Full Speed Ahead-ism.” We could call the tweet-spouting images “ghosts.” O brave new world, that hath such people in it! (Shakespeare had a line for everything.)

Messing around with artificial “ghosts” is probably not such a hot idea, either. But we are galloping, stampeding, racing full-tilt into an AI universe—and torpedoes be damned.

What would a new religion, centered on AI, teach us? Besides how to be as crazy as a bedbug. Would it merge with Transgender Mania, or compete with it for what’s left of our souls? What are we to make of a “religion” that appoints each and every one of us his or her own creator, inhabiting his or her own made-up-as-you-go-along reality? Inquiring black female popes want to know! After all, they might wind up in charge of it.

I remember a few years ago when they tried to do this with holograms. That scheme fell through—too far ahead of its time, I suppose.

But hey now! Grandma isn’t really dead! Just park the monitor on the table, turn it on, and there she is for Thanksgiving dinner: artificial resurrection (AR)! So much handier than whatever you might find in the Bible. And no asking tricky questions, like “What does she do with herself when the monitor’s not on? Is Grandpa there, too? He never made any tweets or sent any emails while he was alive—but can he do it now, in cyberspace?”

That’ll be the next step, won’t it? Messages from anyone who ever lived—or didn’t live. You want to talk with the Cat in the Hat? AI will make it happen. Just ignore the torpedoes and enjoy the ride.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://www.leeduigon.com/>. Click the link and maybe

this time stumble into a totally new reality. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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