

God is resting. Use AI technology

As God's dog, I know the name of the Almighty will be uttered with solemnity by very many people being installed in high offices, as if they expect God to assist them at work. You remember the phrase: "So help me, God."

Do not be carried away by the pomp and ceremony. Gone are the days when God was young, a sprightly new invention that freely knocked at the doors of kings and prophets. God is now in divine rest, a quiescent state. He cannot help any ruler to do the right things.

Uganda has a rather curious problem. After 40 years in power, President Museveni and his command of the National Resistance Movement (NRM) have been so rust-welded in the machinery of the State that almost any contemplation of action by government without the President's approval verges on treachery.

As President Museveni himself clearly understood way back, the afflictions that come with overstaying in power are all assembled in the body of the regime he leads.

With the casualness of a guardian discouraging his grandchildren from going to the circus, the President can now advise the citizens who have no fuel to stay home instead of going to their workplaces.

The people who used to add value to the thought processes of the regime are either dead, retired, alienated or in prison. Low-brow is now in.

A Hajati Saidat who cannot control her ecstasy when she calls in Kamagu's wacky *Top Radio* show does not only portray how

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Alan Tacca
On the Mark



a cash envelope from Kyambogo's Hajati Namyalo transforms a moderately literate NRM fanatic into the happiest woman in the universe, rapping angelically about the sweetness of the scent around the Kyambogo icon; Saidat can also claim to be an 'authority' on President Museveni's rule.

But when the singing and the swearing are done, President Museveni has to run the country.

The plagues are still there. Crippled institutions. Corruption. A bloated government's extravagance. Fractured justice. A zombie of democracy.

Scandalous inequality. The President has got all these things on his plate. By choice; his choice.

The slogan 'Help me, God,' has ceremonial value. But with God in a state of divine rest, He cannot help the President.

Who will help our beloved, or only President?

I have an idea. AI; a robot; a computerised

wizard; call it what you will. The President has elevated science and technology almost to a religion. So, why not deploy science and technology for national duty?

In a real-world situation where Cabinet ministers, presidential advisors and government technocrats are believed to be scared of contradicting or seriously advising the President, a machine and the magic of state-of-the-art data-based software can be engineered to prompt the President in real time on virtually any matter he may be addressing with his voice.

For instance, the President might start on a theme of giving (or promising to give) taxpayers' money to some useless rapper or an Afro-beat non-scientist, or to a Mafioso-cum-medical science researcher. The machine would almost instantly beep a designated alarm signal and even utter: "No, Your Excellency."

If it is a good course of action, the machine would beep a different signal: "Proceed, Your Excellency"

As God's dog, aware of God's current state, I would recommend spending money on this technology instead of breakfast prayer sessions that you will hear announced between 2026 and 2031.

Miniaturisation today is such that the device could be worn in a breast pocket or even between the President's scalp and the 'First Hat'.

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