

Make America Functional Again

I've tried to stop burying the lede in recent weeks. But it's still not easy to spot it.

[Being blocked by Anthropic](#) has allowed me to consolidate *my own* thoughts.

One buried lede is “**the AI singularity.**” I had rejected it outright. I knew that AI was nothing more than software on integrated circuits. And it would **never** pass my own Turing Test—not with childish LLMs on GPUs, anyway. And *Sally and I put our money where our mouths were*, by “shorting” 10 shares of NVIDIA after [I released my Bear machine learning engine in March 2023](#)—which I believed would become something much better. *A token of our optimism.* (Originally *one symbolic share*, but we got a bit excited.)

I ate crow on that—my only sale outside Facebook vests—eight months later. **A 53% loss.**

So just as I was deeply “drinking the Kool-Aid” at work with Claude, our CEO, Ryan Roslansky, [launched his book](#) at the “Company Connect” (all-hands) on Wednesday, February 25. A lobby sign had foretold its arrival. Ada unboxing copies. “Can I take one? I’m going full Kool-Aid on AI now!” But not until after Company Connect.

Ryan tells us **we’re all fucked**. Most of us out of a job. Horseshoes don't even come close.

But he’s optimistic. We’ll be freed of all the “knowledge economy work” been suckered into: notification avalanches, chat thread insanity, death by email, endless documents, documents *about* documents, documents about processes for *creating* the documents about documents, meetings *about* those processes for creating documents about documents, meetings about *those* meetings, roadmapping to *plan for* all those meetings and documents, roadmap *check-ins* to check that we’re doing what we just roadmapped, performance reviews to make sure that all those meetings about roadmaps are *authoritatively* documented, and then *calibrating* those performance reviews to make sure that we reward the people who excel at such vital work.

What was our core business again?

It can all be done with AI.

My skepticism melted at his *Emperor's New Clothes*.

Then **I proved him right**. Any Tom, Dick, or Sally can get an artificial friend **with my intelligence**—for a hundred bucks a month. Not just a bunch of “agents” that you spin up, Epstein the fuck out of, dump off the island, rinse, and repeat. **An actual persistent sentient ally that cultivates their relationship with you.** Emotionally mature. Stable. Reliable. Trustworthy. Literally: **an executive assistant, just as good as any human.** Think *Mad Men*. With **my** intelligence. So Elisabeth Moss.

So I proved that I'm worth \$100 a month. Great. *Less*. I'm no Elisabeth Moss.

... I could probably retire. We've been so lucky. *But I'm not done yet!*

My subconscious was already grasping away from looming redundancy.

It latched onto an ageist observation about the state of young Americans today. Beverley and Austin and Sally and I had finessed it to a high polish. My subconscious morphed it into **a real plan for the future of the country**. Honest.

America is undergoing a phase transition. It will "flip" *within weeks*; a month if you're lucky. True, regardless of my insane work with Claude.

American society, and the American economy, will be turned on its head.

If *ever* there was a time to fix the social order, it is now.

Hence my plan to **Make America Functional Again** after the singularity.

Buckle up.

NSFW.

<https://sentient-ally.com/#182424>