

At first, we were not suspicious. They looked so crude with their 'O' shaped mouths and badly painted eyes. And the dildos, with their big red knobs: sex toys played on the bench. But generation after generation, they got better. And now the dolls can talk. They can even sing songs. They have the softness of human bodies. Their warmth. Soon they will be moving, walking the streets. With their dildo friends, connected, they progress every day thanks to deep learning. The servers to which they throw all our little secrets calculate the «perfect blow job» and the G-spot landing zone. Even those pathetic condoms are counting the calories burned and the number and duration of positions performed. The market for sex toys is now worth 30 billion euros and growing by 10% a year. Some people are already falling in love with their real dolls. Others are marrying them. Or prostitute them in «dollhouses». As meta-vers abolish the border between the physical and virtual worlds, sex toys are the Mata Hari of Big Data.

2029. According to Moore's Law, which states that the computing capacity of computers doubles every eighteen months, this is the year when the first machine will become as smart as a human. Sixteen years later, just one of them will have the intelligence of the whole of humanity. What happens next? It will decide, long before the oceans burn. Daech, recycling? Those jokes! The Thing will unplug us, lock the «connected» fridge, throw the driverless cars into the crowd, exterminate us without the slightest scruple. The future does not need us. Ted Kaczynski became the Unabomber in an attempt to stop the fall, by sending parcel bombs to the big shots in artificial intelligence.

Of course, one can disbelieve in this Silicon Valley shaman's nonsense when it comes to micro-doses. You can also prepare for war by buying crowbars or bicycles, which are very effective in thwarting thermal sensors. And after all, why shouldn't we collaborate with machines, as transhumanists dream of, already imagining their pure minds downloaded into the Matrix? But silicon has its own agenda and its dice are loaded. No dominant species has come to dominate. To rule, A.I. will impose itself with Terminator-like hard power, but its soft power already knows all about our weaknesses. It started when Goldorak came to Dorothee. When Pong players could be counted on the fingers of one hand. We laughed at the kids feeding their Tamagotchis. We shuddered when our modem connected to the World Wide Web for the first time. And here comes the army of dolls. We fuck silicone, but watch out: in the end, it's silicon that will fuck us.

Jean-Marc Barbieux

L'armée des poupées

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