

Creative Transphobia and The Matrix

BY
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Originally The Matrix was very bleak indeed: portraying a dystopian vision of the future where helpless billions of humans were harvested in fields by machines for the processing power generated by their brains. Bleaker still is the idea that the human farming operation takes place on Mars rather than Earth. Yet this dystopian vision of mankind's reversal of mastery was dumbed down, under the assumption that audiences wouldn't understand the utility of harvesting the products generated by the human mind. As Nietzsche said: the will to system displays a lack of integrity (systematic integrity): the inner mental products become "outer" physical objects that require our attention, maintenance, and explanation, spelling the doom for our projects and eventual encasement in the products we have made. But producers thought this too complicated, so instead the humans were likened to batteries used for energy. For the transgender person this sort of world isn't just terrifying, but it's also transphobically terrifying: a moral dilemma, because, while technology is needed to obtain the genitals they want, technology has and forever will carry with it the capacity for evil. Even in an "ideal world" where one can digitally become their true self represented by computer program, the program being hardware-generated software is by architecture a prison for the brain. In the interest of furthering it's self-advancement, there is little reason for the machines not to harvest the human beings for their outputs via psychological torture, since the machines were products of human minds themselves: outputs themselves, no differently than milk: the output of a cow.

The inner world made into the outer world envelops humanity in toto, such that revolution becomes the primary goal, even though revolution does nothing to solve the problem constituted by the human being's dependency on tools: sense-transcendent mathematics and hardware. Theoretically the digital world in which the humans are "trapped" may originally have been a solution to human problems, like housing or equality or the representation of one's true self. Yet sadly this is not a valid path to equality, however, since the operational limit of a given program requires inputs to be entered one at a time (this view is not entirely alien, see Nick Chater's book: "The Mind is Flat" for a similar exposition of the flatness of expressions: answers): humans cannot "jointly" or "equally" own a given thing, no matter how much they wish it were so. Like it or not, humans are innately unequal since they occupy different spatial points: their freedom limited forever by the constraints of space and time. This is not a surmountable limit, unfortunately, else new inventions at the time slice of their production would be able to occupy all hands simultaneously.

A future world where the sense-delivery technology exists to replicate the vagina, and, by extension, give birth to human beings, is a future where the question must be asked how these technologies will be applied. We must ask: "To what end?" Futurist communicators tout the benefits of the artificial womb without saying what will be produced by the womb (or what the product of the womb will produce), just as they tout the benefits of the artificial intelligence, without saying what will be produced by the artificial intelligence, either. So strangely, the futurist communicator places their listener into a pincers movement of the inconceivable, with nothing on each side, since the outputs of both are not possible to describe. What does not exist cannot be asked for, because creativity is chaotic: destructive and untold, else it would not be original. No outputs are describable, and paradoxically the story of their application in "our future" is told, even though we're already here, so we cannot be birthed by such machines. An individual can, but this would be a limited case. It goes without saying too that humans do not need to fear being enslaved by machines because they've been quite enslaved to clocks and time for thousands of years. From my perspective and experience, however, all of what sprang from my

imagination when speculating on the pros and cons of the cybernetic body was, tragically, my innermost fears: I was anticipating that my goal to become female would be warped into a goal without limit, because once I had the power of life and death in my hands I would be comparable to a kind of God. But if I was, then what would I need to produce to justify my wants?

But this was just my imagination showing up the problems of the world I had in mind. My family was very judgmental, so I imagined worst case scenarios where my transition in a “culturally normal” way were spun into a story to be told against my objectives: an argument for sterile conservatism, rooted in the paranoid fear of infinite change, like Heraclitus's crying about the universe being forever-living flames. Those who are transgender know that technology is required to transition, just as those who are obsessed with science fiction are informed by it to think that mankind is unfit to make a home among the stars. With the Rousseauian hope of a terrestrial paradise abandoned for increasingly far out and lofty objectives in vogue, such as a quantum computronium multiversal computer or the promise of a “grand theory” or the “unification” of the sciences or an abstract “merger” with technology, to name but a few, the transphobic consideration of research suggestions casts a depressing shadow over the goal of fully transitioning at all. Motivation to be creative is thus established for the the Wachowskis, and whatever transgender creatives that opt for this rabbit hole (Neo, quite literally, follows the white rabbit). Only self-consciousness of “what The Matrix is” can give the creators the knowledge required to choose a symbol like this consciously. However, the expression of the fear need not be interpreted as a craving for the diabolical; for it's really the opposite of evil to use one's knowledge of potential evil to brace the audience for what could do them harm. Anticipation of negative judgment can be the wellspring from which a message like this flows: the delivery of any such warning is not a sign of true malevolence, but evidence of a heart of gold.