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n.paradoxa online issue no.4 August 1997

## List of Contents

Editorial	4
VNS Matrix Bitch Mutant Manifesto	6
Katy Deepwell Documenta X : A Critique	9
Janis Jefferies Autobiographical Patterns	14
<b>Ann Newdigate</b> From Plants to Politics : The Particular History of A Saskatchewan Tapestry	22
<b>Katy Deepwell</b> Reading in Detail: Ndidi Dike Nnadiekwe (Nigeria)	27
<b>N.Paradoxa Interview</b> with Gisela Breitling, Berlin artist and art historian	35
Diary of an Ageing Art Slut	44

## Bitch Mutant Manifesto

### VNS MATRIX

The atomic wind catches your wings and you are propelled backwards into the future, an entity time travelling through the late C2oth, a space case, an alien angel maybe, looking down the deep throat of a million catastrophes.

screenflash of a millionmillion conscious machines burns brilliant users caught in the static blitz of carrier fire unseeing the download that scribbles on their burntout retinas seize in postreal epileptic bliss eat code and die

Sucked in, down through a vortex of banality. You have just missed the twentieth century. You are on the brink of the millenium - which one - what does it matter? It's the cross dissolve that's captivating. The hot contagion of millenia fever fuses retro with futro, catapulting bodies with organs into technotopia . . . where code dictates pleasure and satisfies desire.

Pretty pretty applets adorn my throat. I am strings of binary. I am pure artifice. Read only my memories. Upload me into your pornographic imagination. Write me. Identity explodes in multiple morphingsand infiltrates the system at root.

n.paradoxa online issue no.4 August 1997

Unnameable parts of no whole short circuit the code recognition programs flipping surveillance agents into hyperdrive which spew out millions of bits of corrupt data as they seize in fits of schizophrenic panic and trip on terror.

So what's the new millenium got to offer the dirty modemless masses? Ubiquitous fresh water? Simulation has its limits. Are the artists of oppressed nations on a parallel agenda? Perhaps it is just natural selection?

The net's the parthenogenetic bitch-mutant feral child of big daddy mainframe. She's out of of control, kevin, she's the sociopathic emergent system. Lock up your children, gaffer tape the cunt's mouth and shove a rat up her arse.

We're [con]verging on the insane and the vandals are swarming. Extend my phenotype, baby, give me some of that hot black javamagic you're always bragging about. (I straddle my modem). The extropians were wrong, there's some things you can't transcend.

The pleasure's in the dematerialisation. The devolution of desire.

We are the malignant accident which fell into your system while you were sleeping. And when you wake we will terminate your digital delusions, hijacking your impeccable software.

Your fingers probe my neural network. The tingling sensation in the tips of your fingers are my synapses responding to your touch. It's not chemistry, it's electric. Stop fingering me.

Don't ever stop fingering my suppurating holes, extending my boundary but in cipherspace there are no bounds [or so they say] BUT IN SPIRALSPACE THERE IS NO THEY

### SUCK MY CODE

Subject X says transcendence lies at the limit of worlds, where now and now, here and elsewhere, text and membrane impact.

Where truth evaporates Where nothing is certain There are no mapsThe limit is NO CARRIER, the sudden shock of no contact, reaching out to touch [someone] but the skin is cold...

The limit is permission denied, vision doubled, and flesh necrotic.

Command line error

Heavy eyelids fold over my pupils, like curtains of lead. Hot ice kisses my synapses with an (ec)static rush. My system is nervous, neurons screaming - spiralling towards the singularity. Floating in ether, my body implodes.

I become the FIRE.

Flame me if you dare.

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