

n.paradoxa

online, issue 4

August 1997

**Editor: Katy Deepwell**

Published in English as an online edition  
by KT press, [www.ktpress.co.uk](http://www.ktpress.co.uk),  
as issue 4, *n.paradoxa: international feminist art journal*  
<http://www.ktpress.co.uk/pdf/nparadoxaissue4.pdf>  
August 1997, republished in this form: January 2010  
ISSN: 1462-0426

All articles are copyright to the author  
All reproduction & distribution rights reserved to n.paradoxa and KT press.  
No part of this publication may be reprinted or reproduced or utilized in any form or  
by any electronic, mechanical or other means, including photocopying and recording,  
information storage or retrieval, without permission in writing from the editor of  
n.paradoxa.

Views expressed in the online journal are those of the contributors  
and not necessarily those of the editor or publishers.

Editor: [ktpress@ktpress.co.uk](mailto:ktpress@ktpress.co.uk)  
International Editorial Board: Hilary Robinson, Renee Baert,  
Janis Jefferies, Joanna Frueh, Hagiwara Hiroko, Olabisi Silva.  
[www.ktpress.co.uk](http://www.ktpress.co.uk)

The following article was republished in  
Volume 1, n.paradoxa (print version) January 1998:  
N.Paradoxa Interview with Gisela Breitling, Berlin artist and art historian

## List of Contents

Editorial	4
<b>VNS Matrix</b> Bitch Mutant Manifesto	6
<b>Katy Deepwell</b> Documenta X : A Critique	9
<b>Janis Jefferies</b> 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 Nnadiokwe (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 C20th, 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.



## **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 maps The 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.

Copyright © : VNS MATRIX,1994  
n.paradoxa : Issue 4, August 1997