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bitch mutant manifesto

VNS Matrix, 1996

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 morphings and infiltrates the system at root.

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 <>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
BUT IN SPIRALSPACE THERE IS NO THEY
there is only *us*

Trying to flee the binary I enter the chromozone which is not
one
XXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXX
genderfuck me baby
resistance is futile

entice me splice me map my ABANDONED genome as your
project
artificially involve me
i wanna live forever
upload me in yr shiny shiny PVC future

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 but the skin is cold...

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

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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, neuronsscreaming - spiralling towards the singularity.
Floating in ether, my body implodes.

I become the FIRE.

Flame me if you dare.

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