

Ethereal Delusions

The new Ono Sendai Matrix Mk100+ is your passport to

CYBERSPACE™

UNDER ₩19.000!

This new computer from Ono Sendai® represents a major breakthrough in fully immersive CyberSpace™ experience. A truly modern machine at an unreal price. Features all ports necessary to jack your brain directly into the infinite realm of CyberSpace™.

Can be used with our proprietary OS ROM Paks to enhance its already impressive 24 MegaBit processor. But Ono Sendai recognizes the need for on-demand overclocking; the 100+ features a TURBO SWITCH to keep FRAMERATE above 30FPS under the most grueling of circumstances. Nothing beats an Ono Sendai®. Nothing.

CyberSpace is a trademark of Hosaka Corp. all rights reserved

©2024 Ono Sendai®

TECHNOPHILIA

A Transhumanist Zine

Is transhumanism "gentrification of the human body"? What type of enhancements will be available or mandated to the disabled and disenfranchised? What does this mean for the definition of gender, sexuality, or queerness? What repercussions will this have on mental health? What ways might new advancements serve to enforce, or deconstruct, power? How will this adversely or positively affect social norms and the politically oppressed?

EDITORS:

ELISA MASK.....BrainvomitComix.co
ZAC FINGER.....ModemPunk.Com

CONTRIBUTORS:

#PROSPER YAMAMOTO..etherfore.tumblr.com
"Deep Teal, Vega, Toxemia, Somatotype"

#SHERRONDA J. BROWN....@NotYoAfrodisiac
"Black lives matter wallpapers"

#ETHEREAL DELUSIONS.....
Etherealdelusions.com/Portfolio
Idieonthepages.tumblr.com
"Neon dream, Skull and palms"

#GRID TOWN.....Gridtown.co
"Ono Sendai"

#ELISA MASK.....
"A Picture of the future, Trump's frozen head, Buy now!!! Adverts, Almost human"

#ZAC FINGER.....
"Dysfunctional Dystopia, Phone.Psd"

2017
ISSUE
#3

TECHNOPHILIA

TRANS
HUMANIST
ZINE



EDITORS: ELISA MASK // ZAC FINGER

V E G A

my heart beats faster when
neoleptic swarms collide
fascinate me, butterfly

I'm overgrown with forest bursts
strewn about death's orbit
once she talked about seeing first

the less i knew the more i wandered
I live lost. my patterns
they felt like st. joan's razored wrist

t o x e m i a

stillness, flame cold
the blades honed
to the everlast

reality's hopes and fears
sing of barren cliffs
in the howls of deepened wolves

i cannot speak unless i'm breaking silence
cannot reach unless it's wrong
I've earned Cain's wrath
dropped a metre to it

S o m a t o t y p e

i can't feel stars folding
if i could they'd daze away
motified and crescent drawn
i never could bleed enough

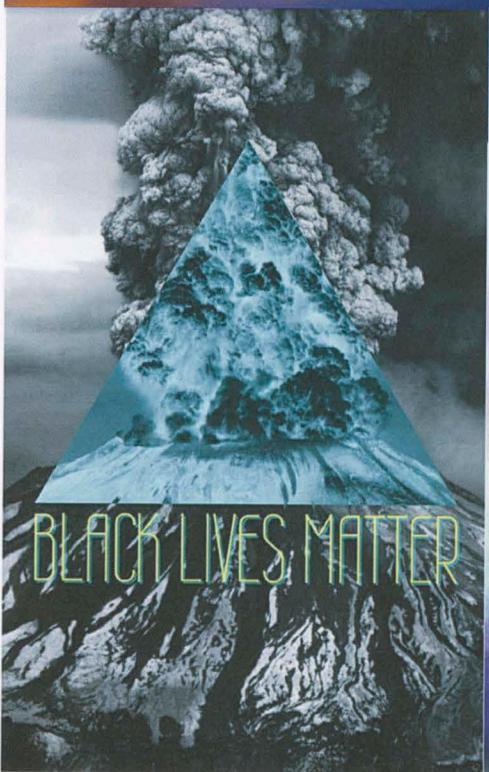
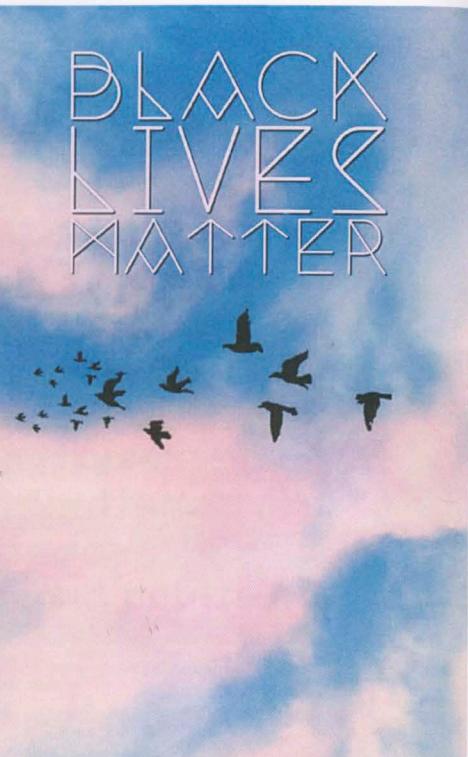
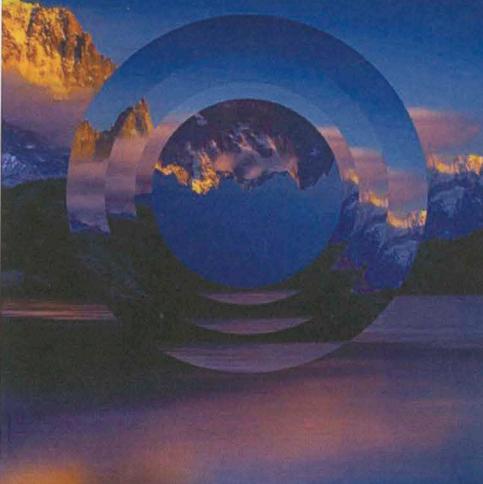
to telegraph my symphony
in letters that burst and flare
only something terrible and never
something wise
something broken, something bare

if i was starlight you'd see it
sea trash, never scraped the distant
if it would somehow let you know
i'm lost, not coming up for air again
sun dry my blood

000 000 000 000 000 000 000
E 3 E 3 E 3 E 3 E 3 E 3 E 3
pors pors pors pors pors pors pors
pors pors pors pors pors pors pors
wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx

A S A S A S A S A S A S A S A S
A S A S A S A S A S A S A S A S
pors pors pors pors pors pors pors
pors pors pors pors pors pors pors
wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx wrx

BLACK LIVES MATTER



Sherronda J. Brown

TRUMP'S FROZEN HEAD ADDED TO HALL OF PRESIDENTS; STILL UNIVERSALLY UNLIKED

-ELISA MASK

***REAL TRUMP QUOTES



Deep Teal

Prosper Yamamoto

Tessie looks at the black Zenny in her hand. Three cards, fanned wide.

"Just because I rebooted?" she says. The question quavers, puts her on a bad wavelength right from the start.

"Yeah," says Donn. "How do you feel?"

"Not enough," Tessie says. She chews her lip. Strains. "I don't feel enough of anything. It's permanent?"

Donn nods. He's starting to wisp backwards, to break from the convo.

"To test your pyramidalis," he says. "Now you use the Zenny to fill yourself back up."

Tessie can taste blood. "If that's even possible."

"Maybe it is," Donn says. "Maybe it isn't. We don't know for sure. That's why we do this."

The last word is a whisper. He's gone now, melted into the thick streetwalkers, or maybe he was a holograph. Tessie thinks. What did she really know?

Only the colour of his eyes, deep teal.

Tessie was the last person she knew to reboot her mind. No one they seemed too different. Still something had held her back. Some deep-seated voice, but it's voiceless now, floating away from her, disappearing the way Donn disappeared.

The Halo Mall is made up of stacked rings edged against stores. The rings are the only part of the city that sees the sun. Her friends pride themselves on how far into the stores they're able to get. Eventually exhaustion, starvation or thirst takes you, and the city Guardians revitalise you and teleport you back to the haloes.

She ascends, surrendering to the laze of the moving stairs. The Guardians are fair. Energy conservation before the journey.

The shallow stores have food. She eats three churros, chocolate, caramel and strawberry. That should be enough sugar for what she wants.

She walks past the chrome squared counter of the churro place, deeper into the storefield. Another voyager rubs his hand through her spiked halo of hair. Non-consensual, she thinks. Stolen luck.

The Zenny cards bristle against her skin through her shorts.

She knows what she wants now. To lose her skin and become a holograph. Like Donn, if that's what Donn is now.

There's a holograph transmuter three nela-squares away. She wanders to it, feeling faint. It's two golden rings, one hovering above the other, gleaming in the sun. It hums as she gets closer.

She walks up close, and feels the touch on her shoulder. Donn.

"It has to be this way," he says. "One person, one function."

She pulls the zenny cards from her shorts, slots them in. Then she steps into the transmuter.

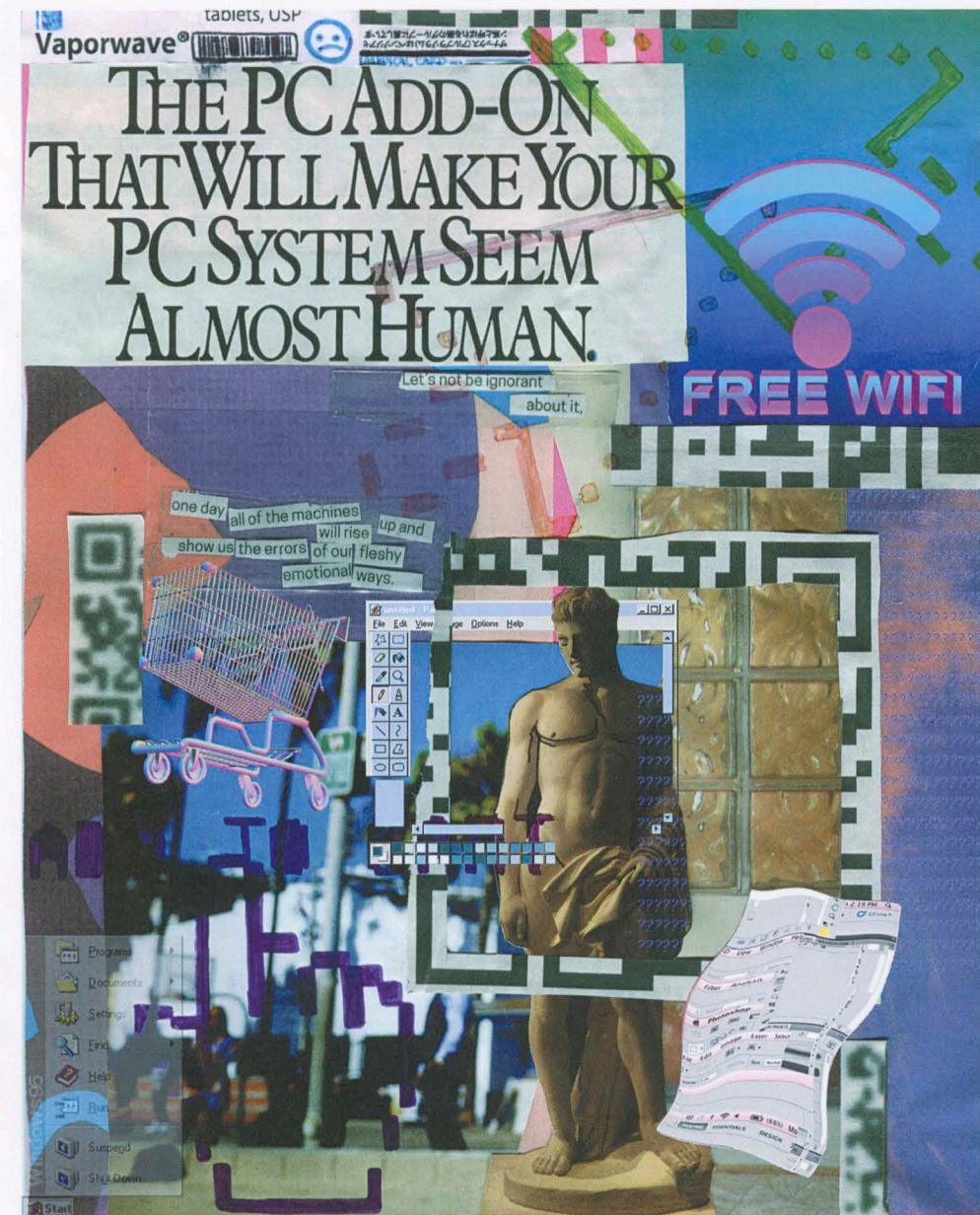
Everything goes black. There's an crackle in her mind. It moves around like a firefly. She tries to stop it, touch it, but can't. Her touch is only physical.

She opens her eyes.

The smell surrounds her, cloying thick. The deeper fryers.

Her mouth forces itself open, says something she has no control of.

"Churro for your vitals?" she asks.





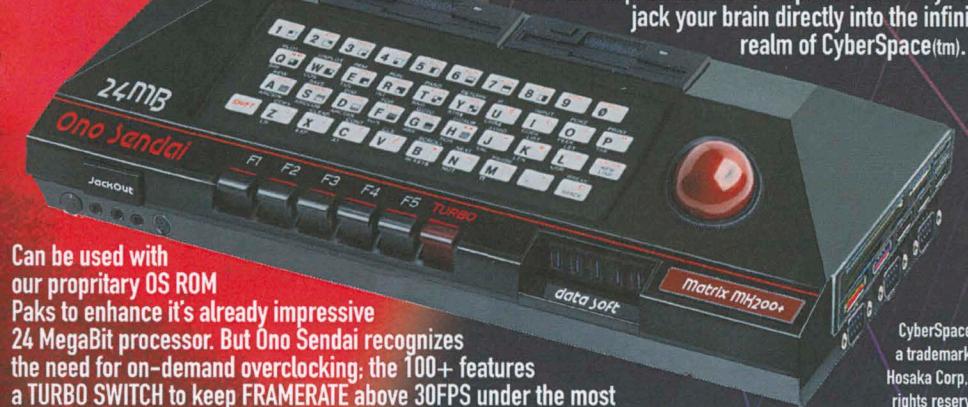
Ethereal Delusions

The new Ono Sendai Matrix Mk100+ is your passport to
CYBERSPACE™



UNDER ₹19,000!

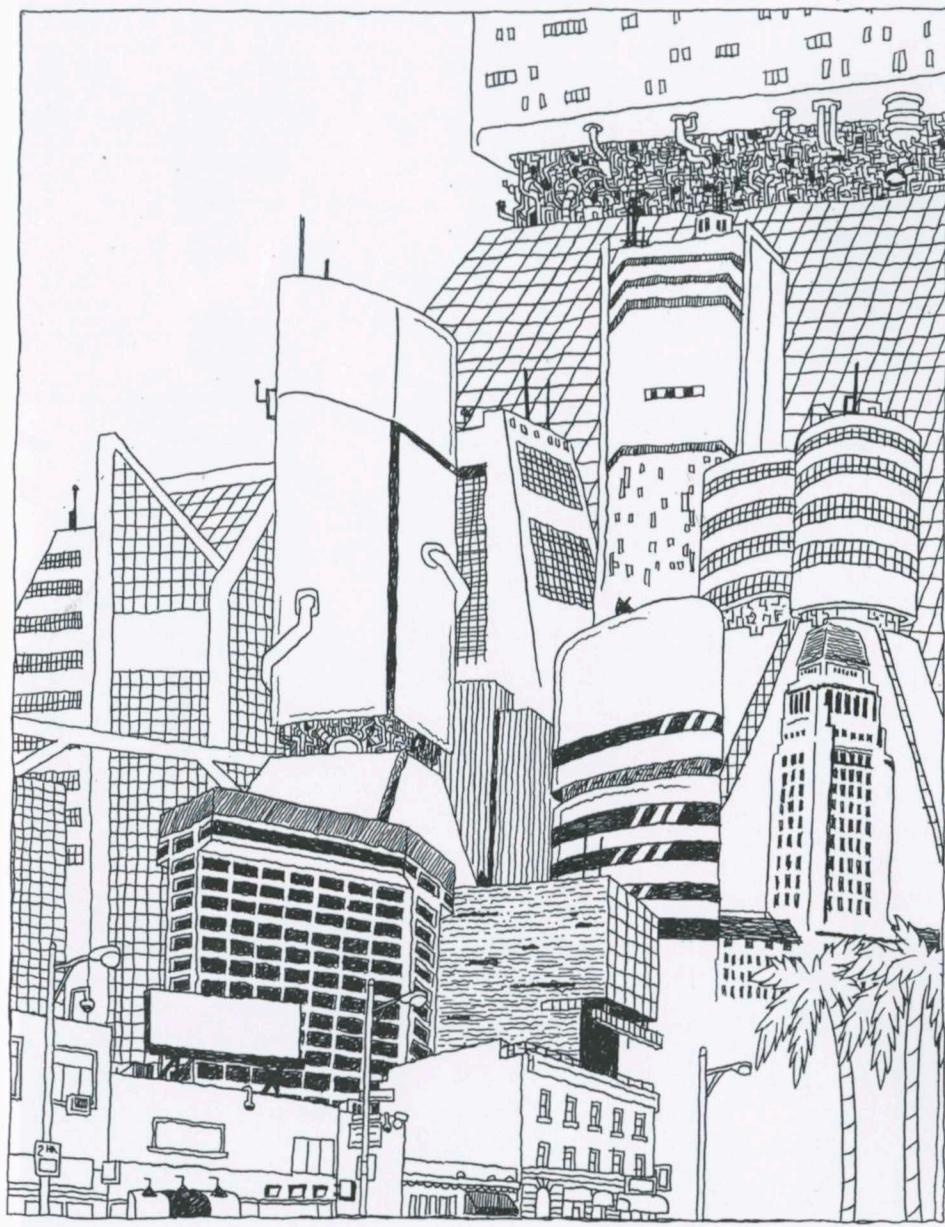
This new computer from Ono Sendai(R) represents a major breakthrough in fully immersive CyberSpace(tm) experience: A truly modern machine at an unreal price. Features all ports necessary to jack your brain directly into the infinite realm of CyberSpace(tm).



Can be used with
our proprietary OS ROM
Paks to enhance it's already impressive
24 MegaBit processor. But Ono Sendai recognizes
the need for on-demand overclocking: the 100+ features
a TURBO SWITCH to keep FRAMERATE above 30FPS under the most
grueling of circumstances. Nothing beats an Ono Sendai(R). Nothing.

CyberSpace is
a trademark of
Hosaka Corp, all
rights reserved

©2024 Ono Sendai(R)



COVER ART FOR "DYSFUNCTIONAL
DYSTOPIA", ZAC FINGER

2015 2016 2017 2018 2019
2020 2021 2022 2023 2024



"PHONE.PSD" T-SHIRT DESIGN, ZAC FINGER

A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE: THE PARTY IS ALWAYS RIGHT

-ELISA MASK

As soon as the judge announced her sentence she had begun to sweat, but upon completing her journey through the virtual holoportal she was fully soaked in anxiety. Although she knew her 'real' body was suspended somewhere in a tank detached from her virtual form, every sensation of the simulation was palpable.

She arrived on the other side nauseated, as government scientists had warned, but also in the middle of a street packed with various contrasting individuals. Most of which were shouting, holding signs, and other cobbled-together imagery i.e. a crude grim reaper on a stick. She realized it must be a protest of some kind when she caught sight of the militaristic police presence clumped in excessive armadas around the area.

Her blood ran cold. She turned sharply-- already looking for an escape-- but a nearby vehement protester grabbed her by her long, black ponytail.

The overhead A/C humming and her computer fan combined into a remarkably comforting background noise, or maybe that was just the lavender essential oils being pumped in by the same vent. Her eyes were getting blurry after about an hour of constant staring at her screen. She rubbed her burning eyes and exhaled in relief when her corporate implant chimed her break time signal.

Regardless if the cubicle occupant was paying attention, she repeated rhythmically "TGIF, TGIF, TGIF" as she walked past the long rows of hexagonal cells occupied by other worker bees in the hallway. When she crossed the doorway at the end of the hall her corp implant beeped, logging her entry to the office breakroom into corp's database.

She instinctually scratched the itch on her neck, an occasional side effect from the implant yet easily the most irritating. It only exemplified that she was a corp dog, constrained by an electrified fence. "Don't bite the hand that feeds you" she said aloud, laughing alone.

She quickly made her allotted afternoon cup of herbal energy shots and encountered no one on return to her cubicle station. For the better, if any employee's schedule was off by 5 mins or more their next break would be docked accordingly. She resumed surveying her quad-screen display after applying company-branded eye drops.

Her hair was yanked back so quickly all she glimpsed was a brim of an american flag cap. Then her vision was blooming with aftershock of the pavement she was consequently sprawled on.

"You want equality, I'll give it to you bitch!" the flat-chested person cackled, lifting up a sneaker to stomp

She stared at the antagonist in momentary shock before she quickly rolled out of the way, in disbelief that she had never done anything to this person yet already had a busted lip.

"Leave me alone, you sadist!" She shouted, scampering back to her feet in attempt to make distance between them.

"I'm a Psycho?!" Her attacker retorted. "You murdering rapist people came here, ruin my livelihood--you cunt!" he continued to advance.

A figure appeared from the crowd with a canister sprayed in a focused line at the rabid flag cap's eyes. The flag-capped attacker shrieked and dropped to the ground, clawing futilely at their face.

"Yozelin," the woman with the canister said from underneath a handkerchief tied around her mouth. She then collected her frazzled damsel and swept her down an alleyway.

Relatively safe, Yozelin removed her kerchief and hoodie to reveal her stunning bronze features and voluminous natural hair. "You seemed like you were in need of some help, was I wrong?" Yozelin asked.

She stared with saucer-eyes at the tall woman above her before shaking her head, coming to her senses. "Sorry... I don't see many girls like you anymore where I'm from. Well, at least ones who aren't in prison," she muttered, still trying to come to grips with the situation. The place the holoportal had sent her was proving to be just as brutal and animalistic as the government judge threatened.

Yozelin laughed bitterly, "isn't that the damn truth?" she gave a furtive glance to the street behind them, action still vibrant between clashing groups. "Yeah, you could say I'm used to this type of scene... You need outta here though, huh?" She trailed off, eyebrows raised for a name.

"Margaritte, but my friends call me Rita"

She stared at the lower left quadrant of her screen, a deep frown on her pale face. "This is the last thing I need" she muttered under her breath, careful not to curse least the implant shock her in response for vulgarity in the corp office.

The fervor of the scene had gotten too hectic. She'd lost the target in the crowd. The penalty for a target lost more than 7 minutes was a -1 hour vacation time for every minute lost. She had just managed to save up enough for a full 4-day Christmas weekend and her log could not afford to take a hit because of one inane target.

Her corp implant beeped, a 3 min warning until her system would notify her supervisor... if target location wasn't logged. She raked a hand across her sweaty forehead and enhanced perimeters of her search.

"How will we get out of here? They seem to be on all sides," Rita said as they crouched together behind a dumpster, watching the stream of people clashing in the open street as night fell.

Yozelin was typing in a small handheld device. "The cops are kettling, cutting off all outer streets so we're stuck in these blocks together-- it's like they're trying to get us to beat each other to death so they don't have to do it themselves." she let out a strung-out sigh.

Rita shivered at how flippant she was about what was rapidly becoming a real concern. "I can't believe I got sent here." She squeezed her eyes shut, thinking of the court sentence that had resulted in this hellhole. "I should have just fled when I had the chance..."

Strong hands gripped her shoulders confidently and Yozelin stared at her with iron resolve. "Don't talk like that, you deserve to be here, you have the right to fight!"

All her sincere speech accomplished was letting loose forlorn tears welling up in Rita. "You don't understand" Rita said. "No matter how passionate you are, it isn't enough, none of this matters--"

Yozelin released her, a dampened look across her face. "I get how you feel, but I'm never going to stop" she said resolutely before standing and offering her a hand up. "Now, do you want to get out of here or not? Cause I got a plan while you were moping," she pointed to a rusty fire escape above them.

She let out a squeal of delight, then covered her mouth, thankful that no one from the surrounding cubicles popped up at the noise. Target located, with .09 mins to spare before penalty. She enhanced the image to verify that the target had made non-violent contact, and as the resolution sharpened on the screen, she grimaced.

The most dangerous native a prisoner target could come in contact with was a sympathizer. Largely because they could instill a false sense of well-being, or even a momentary hopeful outlook; absolute opposite intent of the criminal sentence program.

"Why do they always have to make more work for me?" She muttered disapprovingly under her breath, typing in a flurry on her communication screen.

Prisoner Target #: 0008342_H Priority: High Status: Open

Department: Prisoner Facilitator - F Division Heyyy,

'Was guiding target when fraternization with native sympathizer occurred. Need target redirection for maximum sentencing effect. Please Resolve! Thx, Jenna'

Her correspondence was sent to the IT team controlling camouflaged NPCs in the area that would get the prisoner target back on track for the authentic sentencing experience. With a stoic expression, she checked "by all means necessary" on the helpdesk ticket. A 0.5 second breaktime was awarded to her device with an audible 'bing'.

Yozelin seemed to climb the creaky ladder with ease, but Rita tried desperately to distract her mind from how shoddy it looked. They climbed it to the roof of the building, temporarily abandoned due to the excitement below.

"What now?" Rita asked, but Yozelin's response was drowned out by the sounds of a helicopter flying over them, searchlights blazing.

"Whaaat?" Rita shouted as the helicopters continued into the distance.

Yozelin was pulling up her handkerchief and hood again. "I said, they only send out choppers before they--"

Large plumes of smoke started to rise from several points in the chaos, and then it clicked for Rita. Tear gas.

The air itself was already starting to sting. Screams of pain mingled with shouts from protesters. Loud booms from beanbag guns blasted through smoke. Searchlights projected twisted humanoid shadows engaged in brutality onto buildings. Rita hacked and choked as they maneuvered low on the roof, hiding from helicopters in the shadows, scaling roofs to higher ground.

"Gas stays closer to the ground, people on street level are probably stampeding," Yozelin said through gasps, "safer up here"

Rita shook her head, her eyes were red and streaming with tears. "You don't get it, none of this is 'safe'--"

A flaming bottle crashed through the top window of the building they were serpentineing across. They both ducked in response, but Rita couldn't find the wherewithal to pop back up with immediate tenacity as Yozelin did. The thunderous roar of the blitzkreig was earsplitting. Rita curled up into a ball, starting to rock back and forth.

Yozelin grabbed her arm. "There's no time for that, we need to keep moving!" she insisted.

Rita slapped her hand away, "No, there's nothing we can do! Just leave me alone! I can't get away!" she howled over the cacophony of sounds.

Yozelin turned away sharply and briskly walked to the roof's edge but, with one leg dangling off for the next building's fire escape, she turned back. "I know we can get through this if we stick together, as one!" Yozelin shouted over the noise with a determined expression. Her hand outstretched, ready to pull Rita along with her.

"I..." Rita was consumed with conflict, and for a moment her heart lifted with the improbable possibility that Yozelin could be a force of change.

Suddenly, a helicopter sailed dangerously close to them and dropped a smoking canister on the roof as it passed. Yozelin faltered, having taken off her handkerchief and hood to talk, she began to hack and shudder uncontrollably in response. Her body wobbled, suddenly wrenching itself loose as her legs lost its hold; her arms were still outstretched and her eyes wide as she fell backwards through the billowing smoke into the alley below.

"There's nothing I could do, can't change history." Rita told herself as she squeezed her eyes shut. "Happens all the time, another drop in the bucket of the people they've killed" her voice didn't even sound convincing to her own ears.

As the fire started by molotov began to consume the buildings, Rita felt the roof underneath her continue to heat up. Even so, she remained paralyzed.

"How could they let this happen?! Why does it have to be like this?! Why doesn't somebody stop it?!" She repeated mournfully to herself as the flames licked materials around her. "Just have to make it 20 years, just 20 years..." Rita started to feel sick, by the time her sentence was up there was no doubt she'd converse with every sympathizer here--and consequently watch them die.

The heat began to recede and she felt the familiar thrum of the holoportal come over her, her stomach already queasy as she clamped her shaking hands over her ears. "I-I can't do this" She whimpered. "I-I'll do whatever you want! I'll say whatever you want! Just let me go!" She wasn't ready, but the holoportal was apathetic as it reset her never ending journey.

Jenna sat back in her chair and smiled to herself as she completed the successful shift for the prisoner target. The results were ranked as a 97% traumatic response from target--but there was always room for improvement.

She completed the process by resetting the counter for the target's sentencing experience. Another 24 hours, meaning only a day of the target's total 20 year sentence had passed so far. Reliving the same date and time period deemed most effective to re-educate the prisoner's specific race and gender classification was a cornerstone of breaking separatist criminals.

"Hey Jenna," her supervisor greeted. "Excellent work on that last target, but let's try to get that traumatic rank up to a 99% next time, right?" his eyes were on his tablet, so he didn't note her nod as he resumed down the cubicle hall.

Jenna tossed her long blonde hair over her shoulder and clicked on the next prisoner target #0087690_B, to be deployed to the same recreation of the time period as her last target.

She did enjoy seeing what it was like to be alive during the excitement of the current government's rise to power. Archaic terms like 'women's march', 'systemic racism', 'classism', and 'riot police' didn't exist anymore. Under the TrumpMerica Government everyone knew their place in the Great Country. Or else they were collected by military police, sentenced by the Un-American Activities Committee, and re-educated by the Ministry of Law Order Values. There was no protesting the Great President, because there was no reason to question the evolution of the Great Country, which meant everyone was safe.

Her implant beeped to indicate another 5 min break and Jenna smiled to herself, bolstered by the motivational posters adorning the hall as she walked briskly past.

War is peace.

Freedom is slavery.

Ignorance is strength.

