

E-GROTTO

ZINE 1

23rd October 2017



Foreword

In a time of despair, social anguish and control of the mind, cultures spawn like big, dirty nests where individuals are finally able to breed and gasp for freedom and light. At last, a new domain of electronic frequencies open up our ability to expand on what is nature, and what is Human.

One platform to expand and transcend on human abilities, would of course be our beloved Electronic Grotto. People can finally merge and become something more than Human.

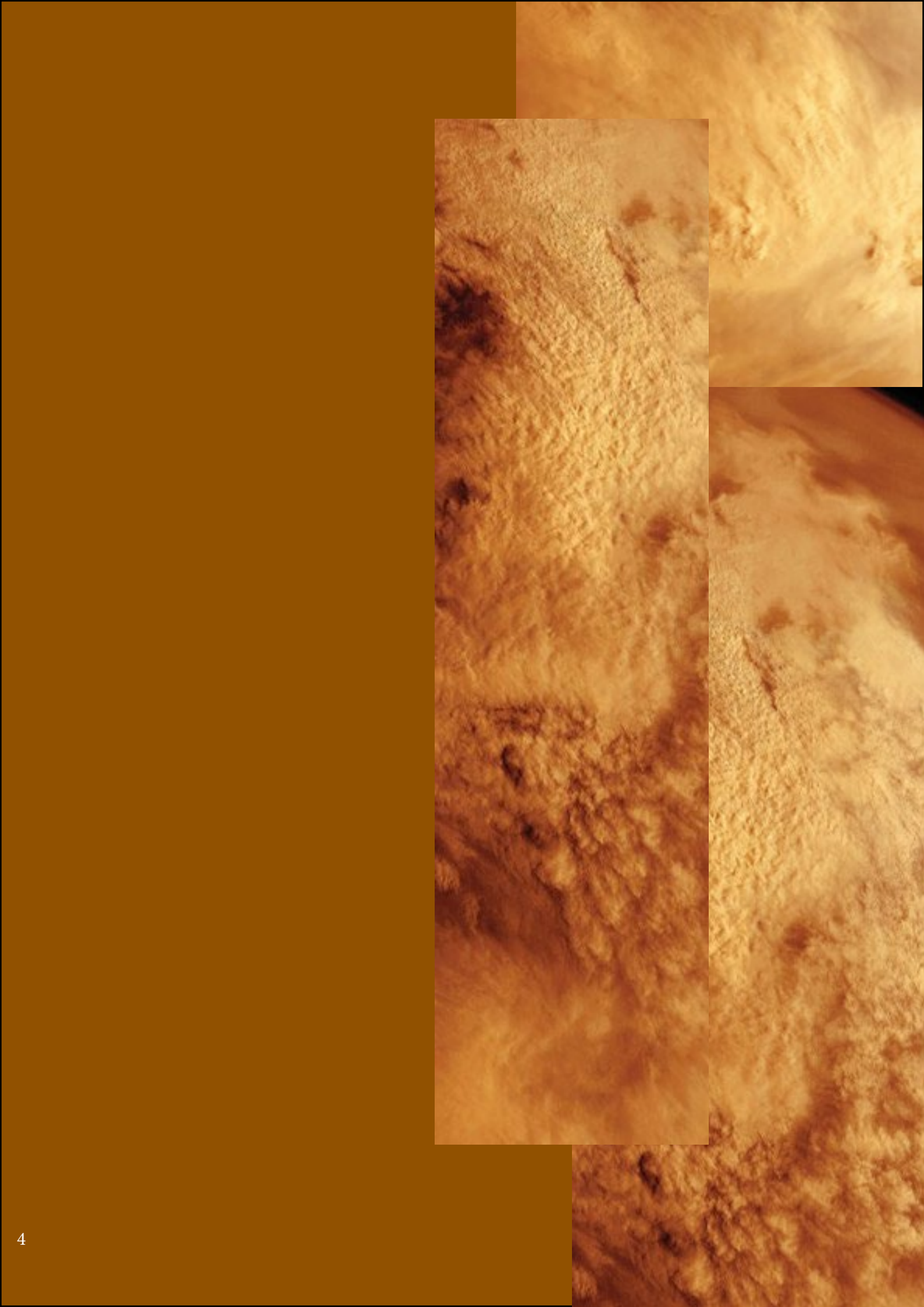
Come here with us and seek refuge from the Controllers, enter a reality that only concerns itself with your mind and dreams.

- God



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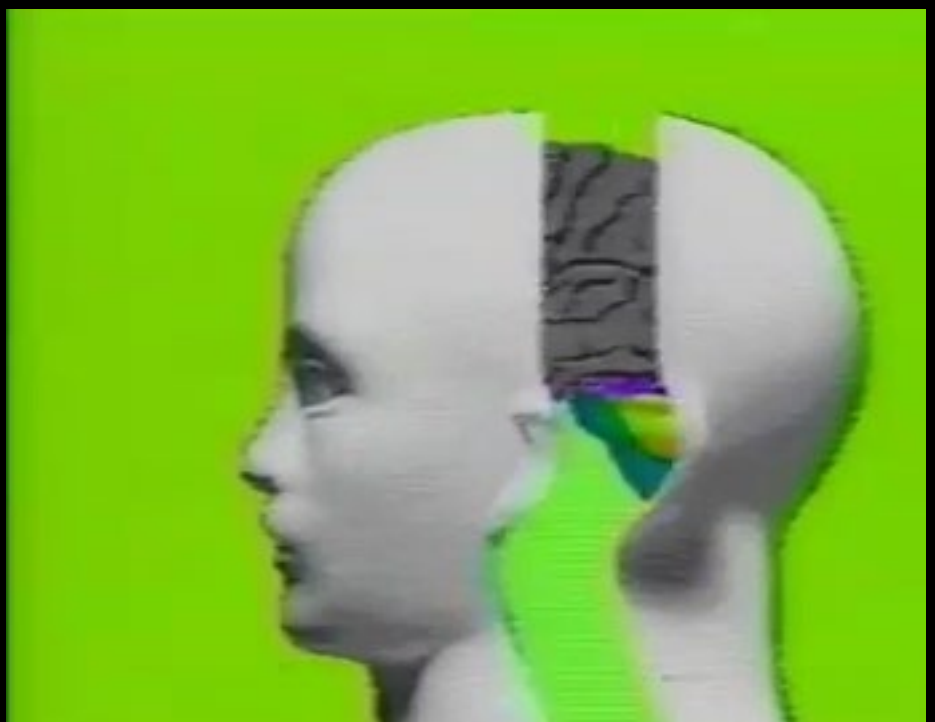


“Get some more of
that sleeping medi-
cine and she’ ll be no
bother ‘til morning.”

“I don’ t like doctors.
They give little girls
horrid medicine then
cut out their appendix
and charge their papas
a thousand dollars.”

“They are burning the
candle at both ends--
living much too fast.”

“She has the Society
Bee, in her bonnet.”



Transcendence

My mouth is open and I am watching my own self - screaming into the dirty bathroom mirror. A light is shining upon me in degrading fluorescent light; it flows over me like a cold shade in springtime, shaping my veins like the sand of a desert.

Warm liquid run uncontrollably down from my eyes, starting their first seconds in wet red, converting shortly to purple in colour.

My tongue is shaking as if it were filled with a thousand crawling worms - I can see it in the mirror. Like a thin bag of skin pushed to the edge of capacity, increasing its transparency, showing the insects that lie beneath.

It must be ready to burst at any moment now.

A lightning strike of shivers hits me and travels down my spine and onto my feet, bursting the bag of skin that used to be my tongue - I am in panic, my naked body on the dirty, disgusting floor, absorbing the stains of filth like the disgusting pig I am.

My voice fades, my sight fades, I fade. I am finally without pain.

I have transcended.

Is this what they call Nirvana?



The room is lit by dimmed candlelights from the table, and a shimmer from the open entrance that connects what one could guess is the rest of the apartment.

An exception to the otherwise dark room is the bright visual noise from an old television, cast on the wall opposite to it.

Flowing like a digital aurora across the room; a static, electronic salesman dancing on the wall.

God



Partly Mechanical

Hardly Human



The pilots who bombed
Baghdad

flew in virtual
reality.





Τετραγράμματον

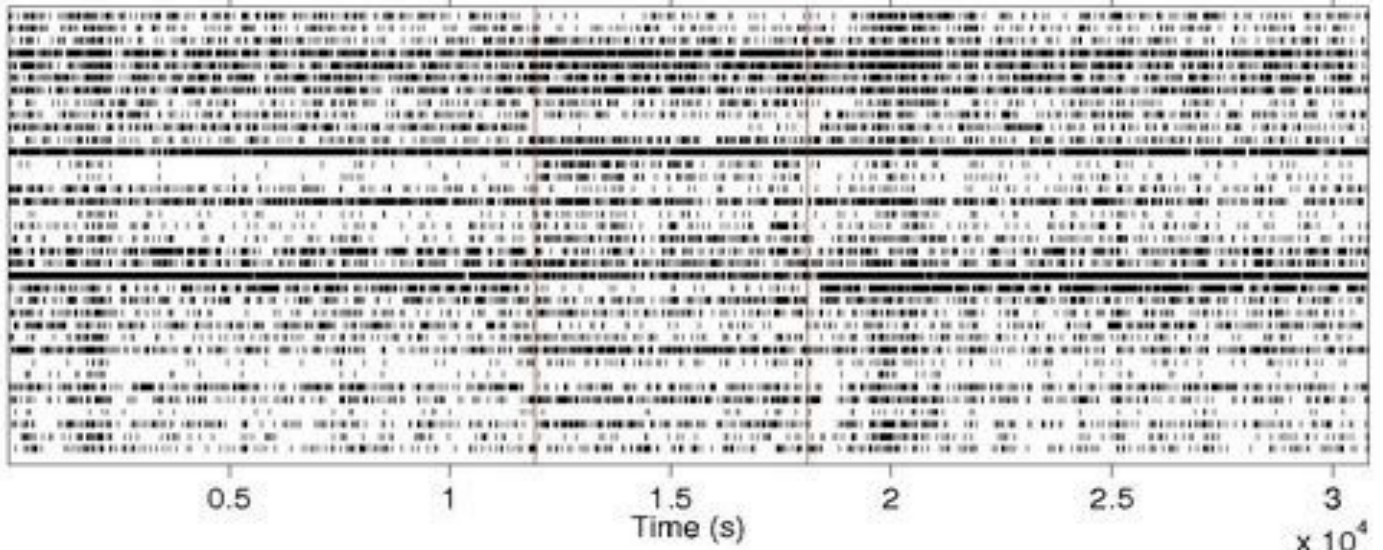
8.22: for although SOLOMON was wiser than any man (KINGS 4:31) his mind cannot control his destiny for that is the work of the LORD (YHWH)

9.1: after death there is LIFE - after LIFE there is LOVE - after love there is only divine light ADAM KADMON

10000: ADAM KADMON THE PRIMORDIAL MAN


12: the MAGEN DAVID enters the MENORAH and devours the VESICA PISCES - there is only hunger

0:: Так называемый “крест святого Петра”, который был распят вниз головой. В своем смирении он не захотел быть распятым также, как Христос. Сейчас знак перевернутого креста взяли себе сатанисты, и он символизирует противоположность христианскому догмату, противоположность Христу. Таким образом, он символизирует Антихриста. Также он является эзотерическим символом переворота, связанным с XII картой таро – Повешенным.



Building a Digital Human explores the entire modeling process from head to toe.





McKenzie Wark on Cyberpunk culture (1992)

Subcultures are an art form. They can have their delinquent edge, its true. Mods took too many amphetamines. Punks were a little prone to rioting. Cyberpunks sometimes have a romantic fascination with hacking into other peoples' computers. All this is a testing of limits, a pushing to the limit of the social norm.

The enduring product of any subculture is a rapid innovation in popular style. Subcultures pioneer styles of life for the mainstream. In the case of cyberpunk, the networked world of cyberspace, the interactive world of multimedia and the new sensoria of virtual reality will all owe a little to their willingness to be the test pigs for these emergent technologies.





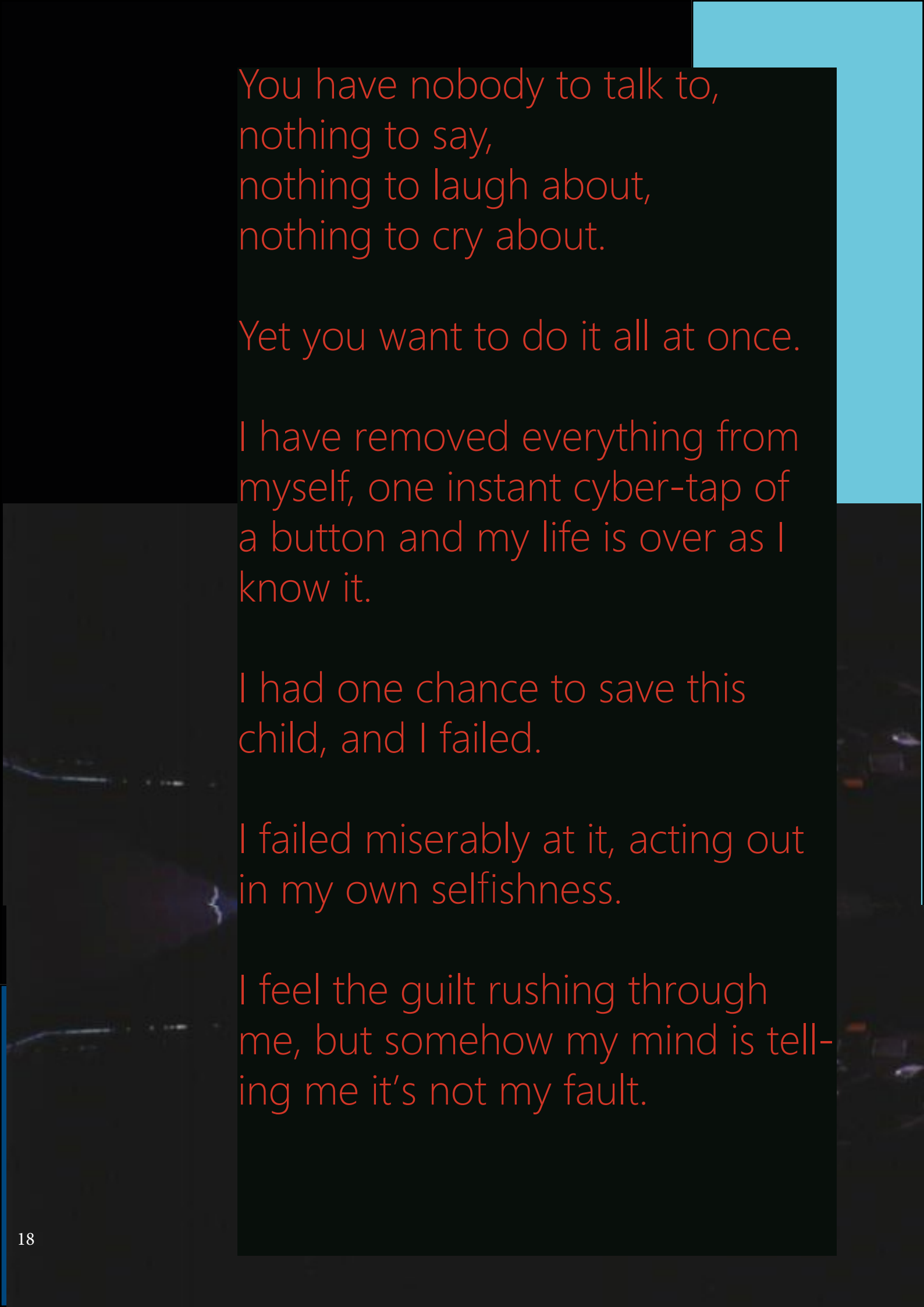
Ruby and gold flows onto the walls as the sun rises with my dead body.

It is the reflection through the port, rye and various liquor in my window.

I have finally disconnected from reality and transcended. This day, when I closed my eyes to meditate, I had a moment of self realization.



Is
she
better
off
in
heaven?



You have nobody to talk to,
nothing to say,
nothing to laugh about,
nothing to cry about.

Yet you want to do it all at once.

I have removed everything from
myself, one instant cyber-tap of
a button and my life is over as I
know it.

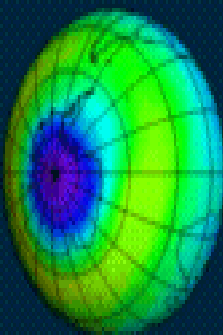
I had one chance to save this
child, and I failed.

I failed miserably at it, acting out
in my own selfishness.

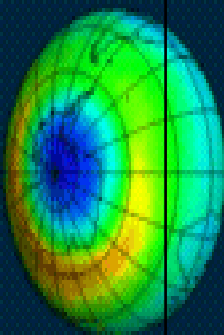
I feel the guilt rushing through
me, but somehow my mind is tell-
ing me it's not my fault.

100 140 180 220 260 300 340 380 420 460 500

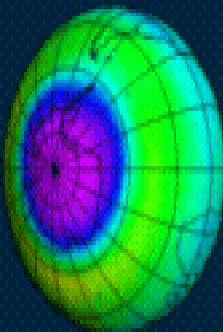
Oct 1986



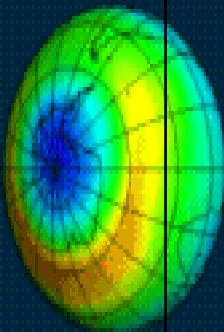
Oct 1980



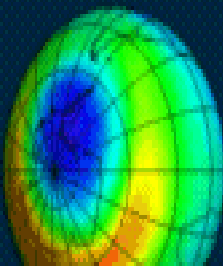
Oct 1987



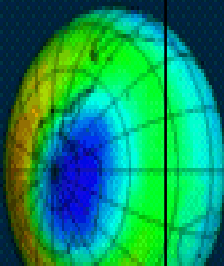
Oct 1981



Oct 1982



Oct 1982



time will prolong time, and life will serve life

Credits

The E-Grotto Collective

God
Crypt
Solomon
Keiser

All non-glitch texts written by god@e-grotto.faith

Poem on page 5
The Poor Little Rich Girl - Eleanor Gates (1917)

Quote on page 11 and
Text on page 14
McKenzie Wark on
Cyberpunk
culture (1992, alt.cyberpunk newsgroup)

Delve **deeper** into your
reality and subconsciousness
with these resources by the
collective at

www.e-grotto.faith

UPLOAD YOURSELF.