

FRIENDLY  
CANNIBALS

GUILLERMO WOULD LIKE TO THANK

LORENA WOLFFER

ELAINE KATZENBERGER

ROBERTO SIFUENTES

ANASTASIA HEROLD

NOLA MARIANO

ENRIQUE EXTENDS THANKS TO

CHRISTINE M. LANDO

PAULE ANGLIM

## FRIENDLY CANNIBALS/ARTIFICIAL ROMANTICS Chicano State Department Chronicles

### Editors Note:

Documents from the Chicano State Department Archives are made available under the 1999 Freedom of Information Iniciativa. However, any material deemed sensitive and/or classified has been deleted by department censors prior to public access; these missing texts are indicated by a notation in the document [MISSING].

Additionally, on-line censors may have altered or deleted contents of e-mail at the time of transmission.

### 1.

Dear Vampira99, la única,

I am having an identity crisis in front of my laptop – the worst in months. In fact, I'm just about to delete myself from the Infobanco del Chicano State Department Interneta [CSDI].

I'm sending you these last e-mails without any clear purpose estético-político, and I don't expect you to answer all of them. [You'll see that they, too, suffer from a crisis of identity.] I ask myself and I ask you: Are they fragments of some sci-fi poem, or pieces of an elliptic love letter? (It's impossible – & illegal – to be "direct" nowadays. . . .) Are they excerpts from some performance script in-progress, or are they parts of a highly classified document that **CENSORED**? For the moment, all I can tell you is that some

of their content may be illegal. But I don't care anymore. Me vale. In fact, by the time you download them, they might very well have been censored, edited, or slightly altered. Since no one believes in objectivity or integrity nowadays, there is a slight possibility that **CENSORED**. I see my dark, hyper-Mexican face reflected in the bright, liquid screen. I look good, chido in an old-fashioned way, acá bien 1950's charro en black & white, but extremely perplexed – like you, like all of us. Vampirísima, pregunto: Is perplexity different from fear? Is it possible to experience fear in virtual space?

## 2.

It's 1999 in AmeriKKKa – “Ham-e-rica,” according to my nephew (Generation MEX rockero, el Ricardiaco), “the nation of techno-hatred and unnecessary disputes.” He read somewhere that “Cyberspace is dead.” As one MIT cybermilitia leader declared, “No longer a privileged, white freezone, nor the virtual mall it was supposed to become, it looks too much like the outside world now<sup>1</sup>.” Which means it is now controlled by the CSDI, it's brown & rowdy, punto, and its lingua franca is colloquial Spanglish,

masticado así

bien cybersabrosso

<http://caliente/100%caliente/hornyficado>.

I mean,

sin ti me muero,

sigo muriendo-me lenta-mente

ante la triste pantalla de mi Mac 947-HPX.

Pregunto-te: Is it possible to die in cyberspace?

Could you attend my funeral? Would you?

Do you still remember the touch and temperature of my skin?

P.S. I got myself a brand-new tattoo, bien Aztec high-tech.

Connect the camera tonight, so you can see it. Aún palpita como tu hermosísimo cho**CENSORED**

[MISSING]

## 3.

Tepoztecardiente,

To give you some political background, in case you don't have access to the other Neta memory files<sup>2</sup>. We, acá en el norte, have entered into a post-democratic era; we now live in a world without theory. The nation/state is purely a metaficción/nostalgia; the borders & climate fluctuate as I write. It's the end of the world – and the word – as we know it. *Cambio*.

NAFTA was a blast, loca, a trinational pendejada. *Cambio*.

The Salinas clan is still in jail with García Abrego (capo of the Gulf Cartel) and the Felix Arellano brethren (from the Tijuana cartel). *Cambio*.

Exiled in Bosnia along with ex-colleague Helmut “sin fronteras” Kohl, Billy Clinton spends his lonely hours playing “Stand By Me” on the tenor sax. *Cambio*.

Patricio Buchanan (Remember that pinche orate/car salesman/sideshow impresario-gone-hard-right televangelista?) is now a dictator-in-exile somewhere in Johannesburg or Mississippi. By the way, Blacks in South Africa, like their contemporaries in the

Bronx, South Central Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., and Atlanta, have gained control of their cities, but this matter belongs to another chronicle.

Ayyyyyy!!

Another day without you,

397 dias sin que me muerdas la carne, carajo!

*A cyber ad suddenly appears on the screen:*

QUERIDO CIUDADANO TRANSFRONTERIZO:

YOUR GLOBAL DESIRES ARE OUR IMMEDIATE NEEDS, & VICE VERSA. PLEASE CHOOSE FROM THE FOLLOWING MENU:

IBM . . . INS . . . VHS . . . SDL . . . PRI . . . NBC . . . PMS . . .

DHL . . . LWH . . .

4.

Why?

[ Social, media, pop cultural, and virtual realities have become indistinguishable; they feed off each other, reflect, and reinterpret one another in kaleidoscopic and multidirectional ways. And so does identity (personal & transnational), and so does my mind . . . and my writing. . . ]

Every, and I mean every ex-“person of color” (What does “color” mean in virtual space?) now owns a personal computer the size of a cigarette pack. Only a handful of “us” dare to spend more than seven hours a day away from it. (SHIT! VISTE EL WARNING SIGN EN LA PANTALLA? CHITONA!) In fact, I’ve spent more time with my laptop than with you, my

dear vampira internáutica.

No, that’s not true. I actually spend half of my computer time talking to you. But am I really talking to you, “connecting” with you, or is this just a new performance project, another desperate attempt by a neorromantik to humanize what is simply not humanizable? Are you the same ethnocyborg I love so well? When you receive this e-mail, would you be so kind as to press your impeccable breasts against the screen?

*Session interrupted:*

SOMEONE ELSE HAS SIGNED ONTO YOUR ACCOUNT.

PLEASE DIAL 1-800-#\$%^&\*\*\*(+\$^+!@\*)% & NOTIFY YOUR TUTOR, IPSO FACTO.

5.

“Why?” you asked rhetorically in your last e-mail.

You know very well, dearisima, that by the mid-’90s the White House and the Congress had become a joke. Ex-white men in gray suits screaming at each other like ugly, oversized pre-pubescents, trying to create yet another new law to take away one of our “personal freedoms,” or to pass a better (nastier) crime bill (directed mainly at Blacks and Latinos), or to implement a new, experimental technique for punishing immigrants, Spanglish speakers, pregnant women, the homeless, the elderly, and “at risk” teens of color (this covers about 86% of the total population). They – los políticos de la Casa ex-Blanca (now bien Brown) – engaged in endless discussions

about ergonomics, nanophysics, interracial child adoption, or the epic menace of Japanese cars. On national television, those same guys with their big bellies and lots of make-up would discuss the size and shape of the genitals of a newly appointed black judge, attack performance artists like me for "immoral un-American behavior," or speculate about the age of Chinese missiles.

All this is to say that we badly needed change, and the Chicano/Zapatista militia movement took care of it.

[MISSING TEXT]

## 7.

Remember pre-gringostroika TV – the evening news para retrasados mentales, remember? Remember OJ and the Menendez brothers? Remember Geraldo presenting, "Tonight, and for the first time in history, suburban albino cannibals who have eaten their children and/or their parents." Remember the trial of that feminist filmmaker who killed her lover in front of her camcorder, and then peacefully ate his guts, and then became "the most popular talk show guest in the West"? (Do you have a copy of that video? Can you send it to me?) I mean, they were killing each other like crazy, mientras nosotros ganabamos terreno sigilosamente. In those days, the Unabomber, Trockman (Remember the Freeman?), and Bernard Goetz were much, pero much more famous than, say, Leslie Marmon Silko, Carlos Fuentes, Edward Said, or Andrei Coudrescu (see attached file: Post-colonial Thought). Repito: Things were really bad, vampira. Repito: All

this is to say that we badly needed a change, and the Chicano/Zapatista militia movement took care of it. But this does not necessarily mean that we are better off now, just because

*Session interrupted. The digitized image of a crucified policeman in a miniskirt appears on the screen. A scroll reads:*

DISTRUST OBVIOUS AUTHORITY.

CONFIDE IN SUBTLE AUTHORITY.

TELL US YOUR REAL & IMAGINARY PROBLEMS.

## 8.

**CENSORED** because we are now in the middle of the Great Transition, bajo el mentado "Brown House effect," o sea, going through the Big Smoke of the end of the millennium. We all seem to have temporarily lost our perspective, balance, vision, sense of humor, and originality (authenticity, I don't give a damn). [We live in a world devoid of theory, ethics, and ritual. Disnarrative facts mingle with broken symbols and bankrupt myths. There's no North or South anymore, no left or right, no centers or peripheries, no societal cardinal sense whatsoever. Just loneliness, soledad incommensurable, all-encompassing loneliness at the end of this cigarette. And when I turn off my computer ] . . . **CENSORED**.

No loca, there's no more last frontier to conquer or defend – virtual or geographic – no place to hide and wait for better times. In fact, technically speaking, we are not alone. Right now, someone, somewhere may be a witness of my

vulnerability, and I will never know **CENSORED**

But enough of my chilango angst. Por cierto, me mandaste el paquete? I politely remind you of the exact contents:

- the CD of Brazilian banghra we made love to on our very last parting
- 4 chicken legs
- a gas mask (just in case);
- a pair of snakeskin boots

The whole thing shouldn't weigh more than 45 kilos. And remember, my name **should not** appear on the box. Usa cualquiera [de mis performance aliases: "Mad Mex," "El Quebradito," "El Naftazteca," o "Gringófago."]

I desperately await something tangible; something I can lick, bite, or chew when I turn off my computer.

## 9.

*Session interrupted. The following text appears on the screen:*

"Their social experiment is over;  
their dreams are over as well.

They are now ready to kill.

They believe that no one can stop them.

They are the Anglo Liberation Front."

– Miguel Algarin, *Chief of the Nuyorrican Police*

"I am the only American citizen  
whose First Amendment rights are violated."

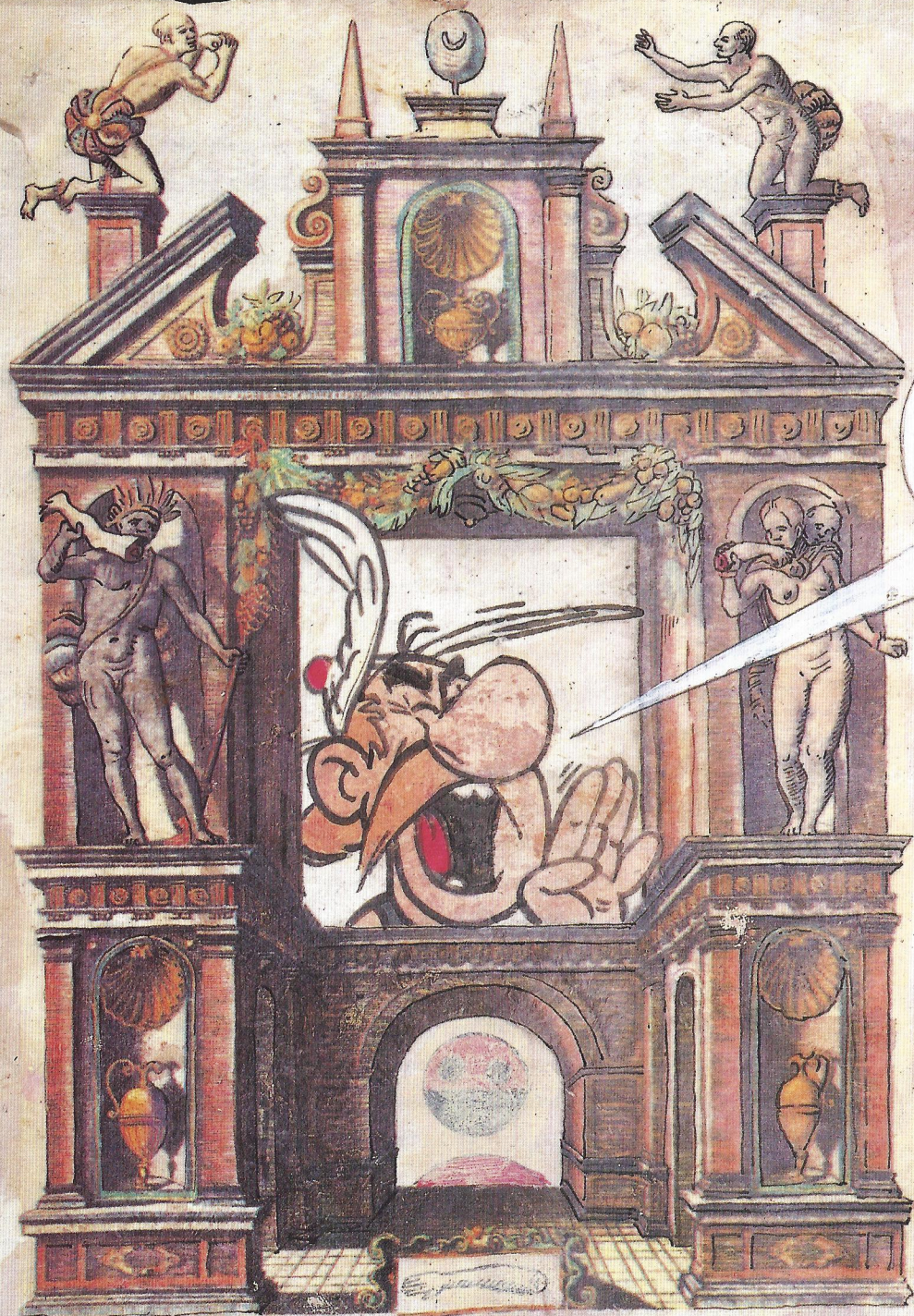
– Bob Dole

Times are tough for runaway Anglos. Euro-cimarrones without a national identity card must literally live underground. They've finally fulfilled their atavistic bohemian dream of becoming full-time marginal others & romantic outsiders (but now, with the actual consequences). They are regarded derogatively by the Latino mainstream as "EW's" [Exotic Waspbacks], "suburban ethnics," or "CLP's" [Colorless Peoples]. Technically, they are no longer defined as "white." (DELETE THIS WHEN YOU READ IT, LOCA!) According to Chicano antropólogo Bobby Sánchez of the University of Aztlán Liberado, "They are pink, hairy, naive, unnecessarily violent, and tribalistic. Les original sauvages de l'Amérique du Nord." A \$500 reward, "Wanted – Vivo o Muerto," has been posted for each of them.

### NEWS ITEM:

"It's like an upside-down version of the Wild West out here," cries a CNN reporter, live from the scene of a standoff at a ranch located on the Pacoima Anglo reservation, where members of the Chicano Secret Service are attempting to negotiate with a fringe religious faction of the Salve Comitatus militia.

In order to protect themselves from visceral Latino rage and from rampant vigilantism, the members of SWMA [Straight White Males are Allright] have created an intricate clandestine communications network. In a parody of mainstream Chicano tactics, they broadcast a pirate TV program en la frecuencia 524.89 which offers: "\$200 pesos cash for every bilingual Mexican official, corporate vato, or intellectual coyote – dead or alive, skinned or scalped."



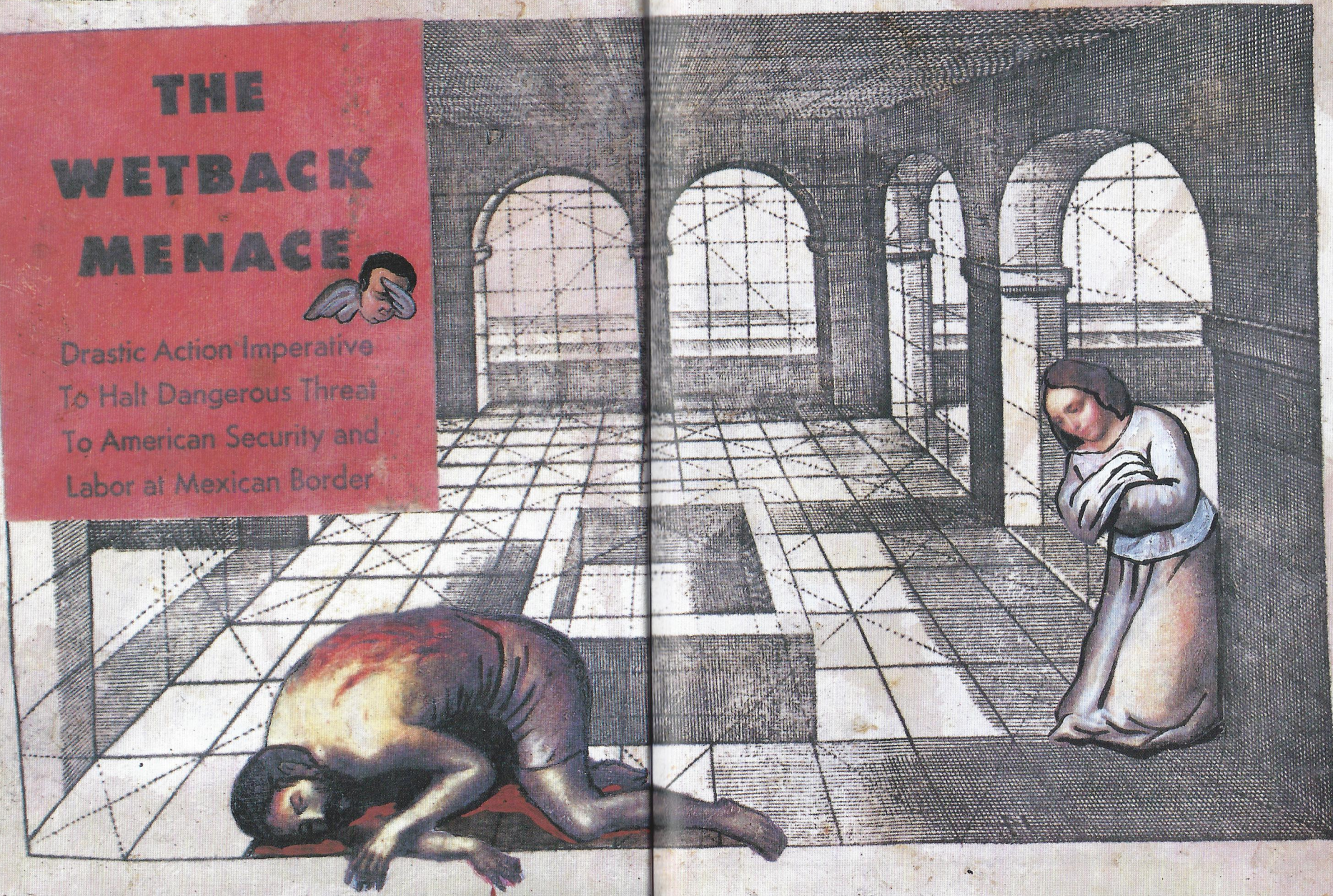
ORBIS  
CANIBALIVM

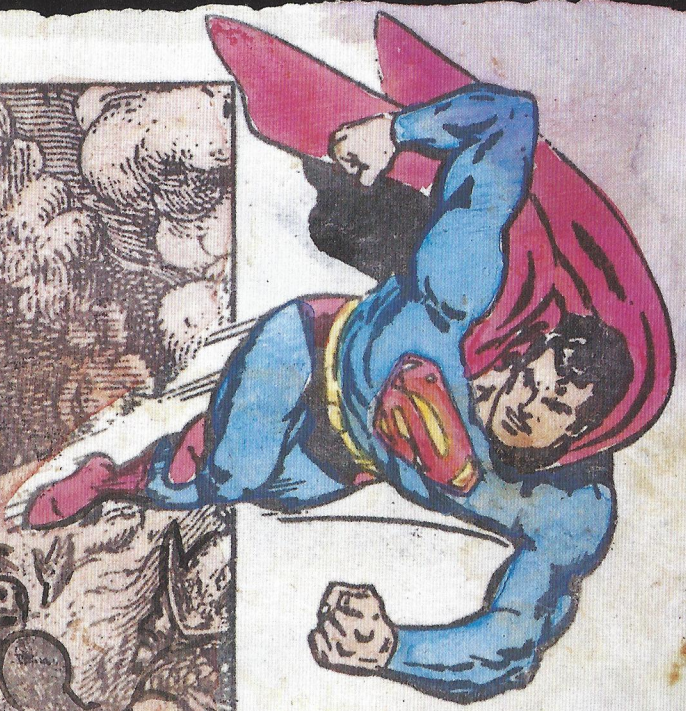
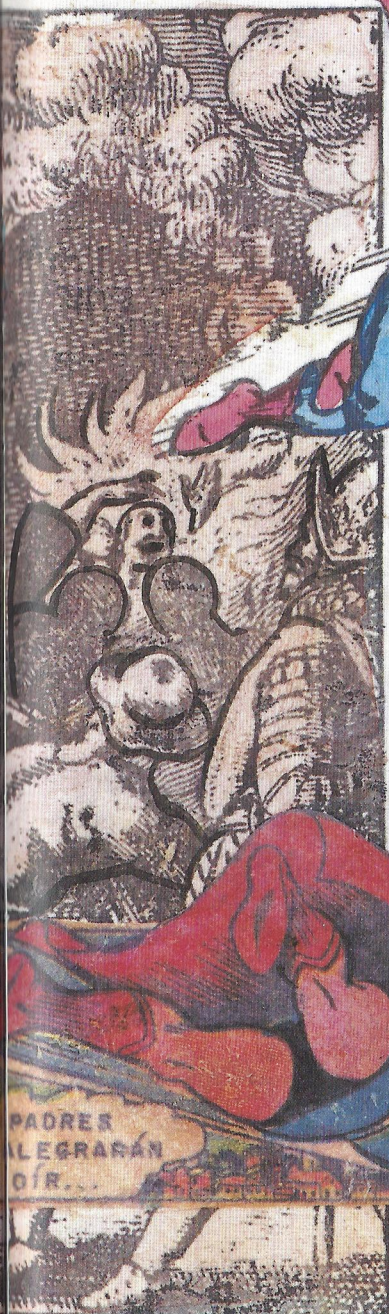


# THE WETBACK MENACE



Drastic Action Imperative  
To Halt Dangerous Threat  
To American Security and  
Labor at Mexican Border

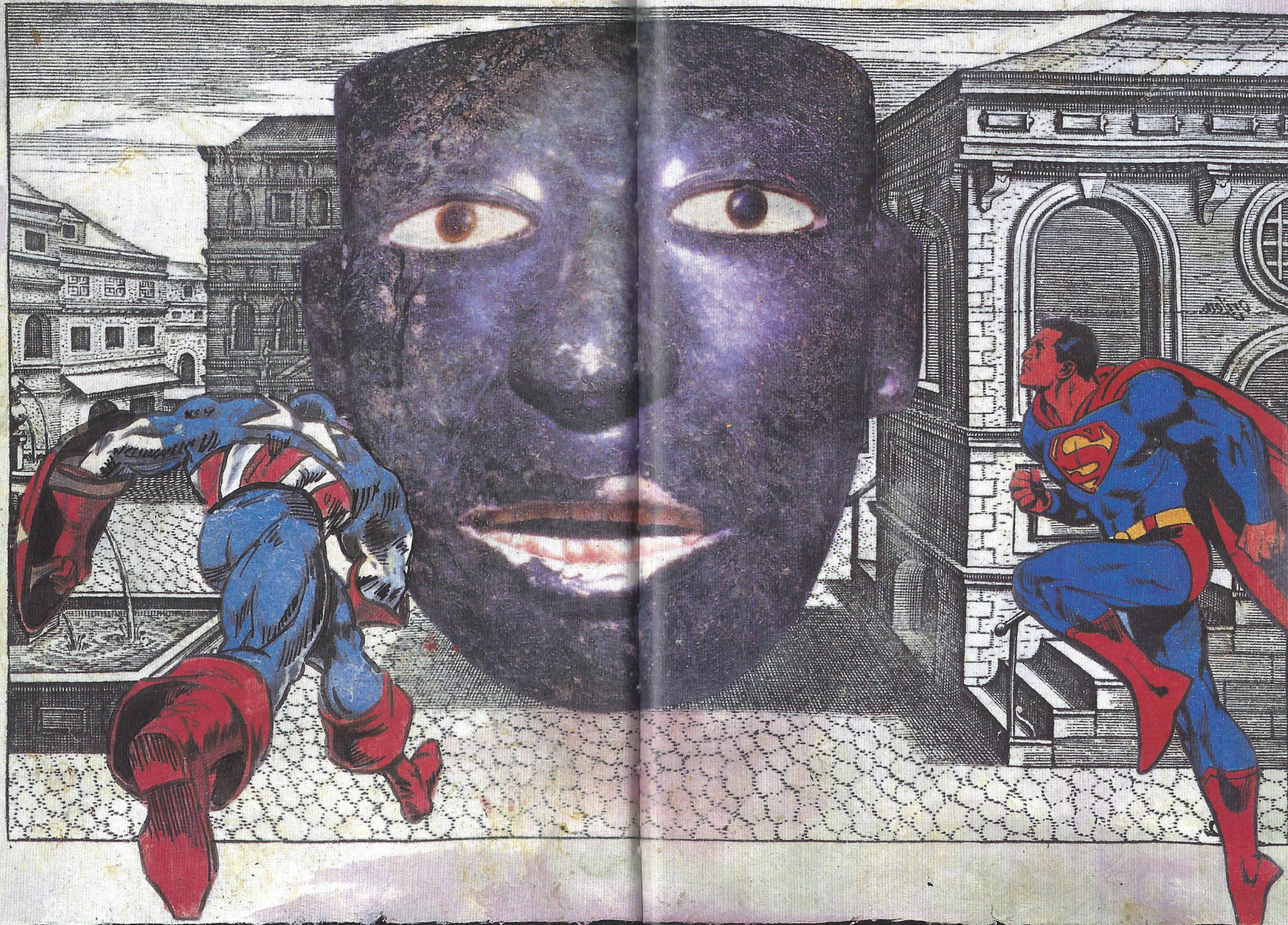


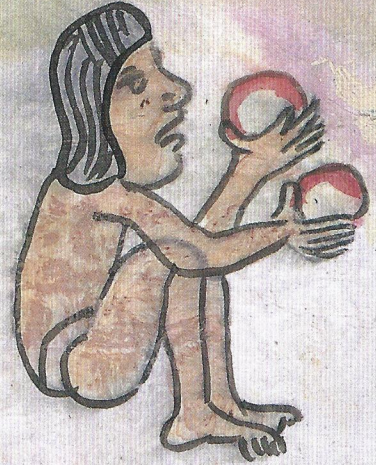
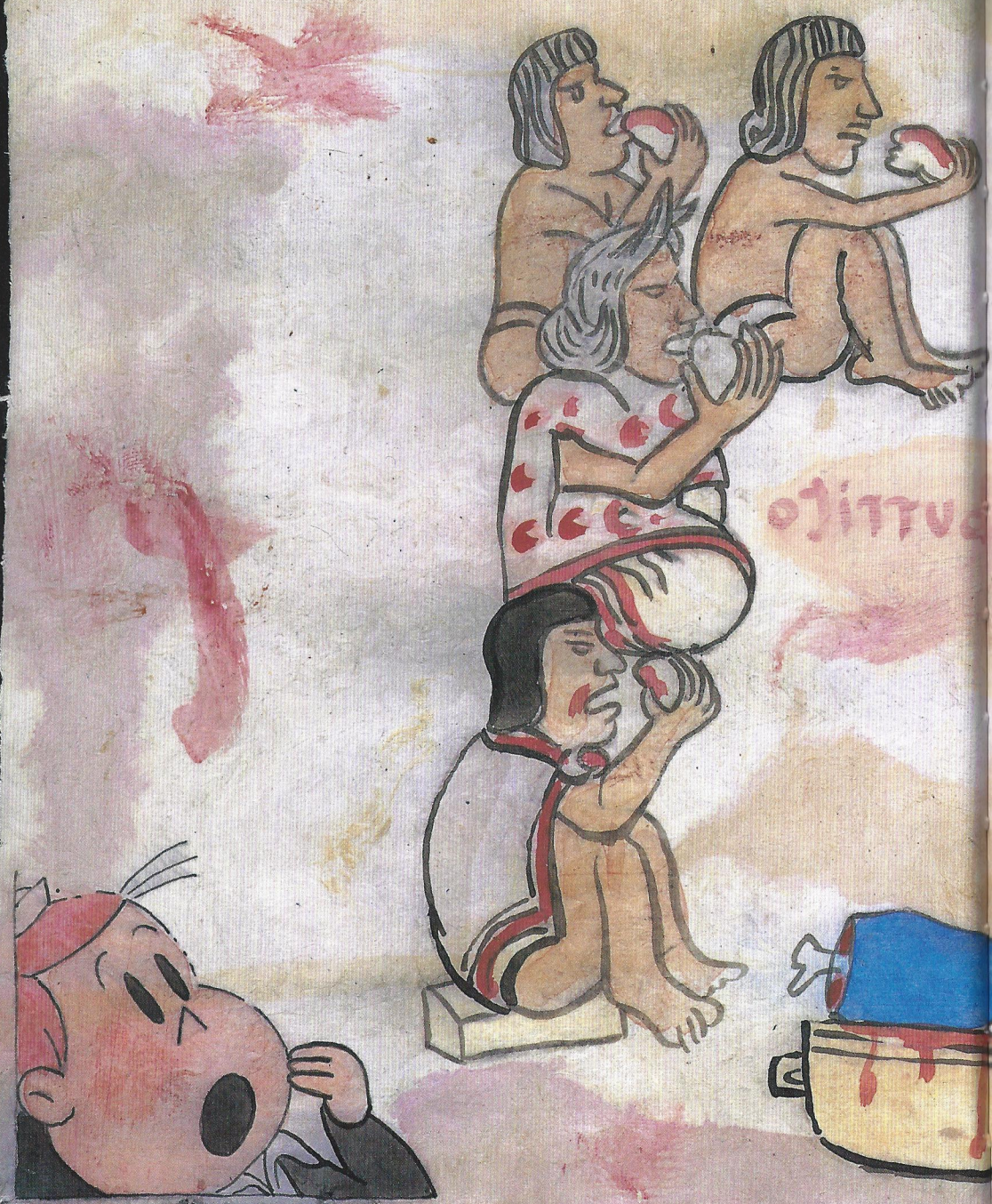


MIS PADRES  
SE ALEGRAAN  
AL OIR...

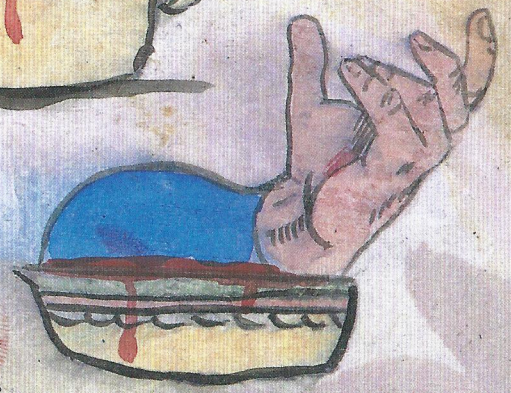
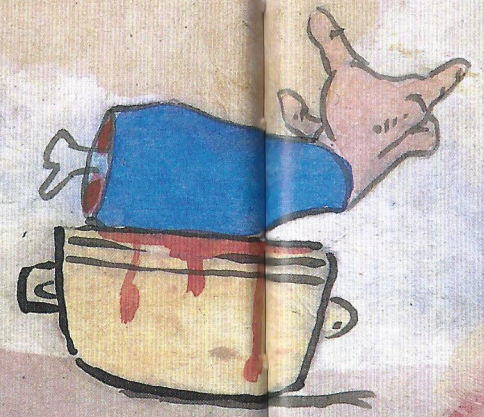
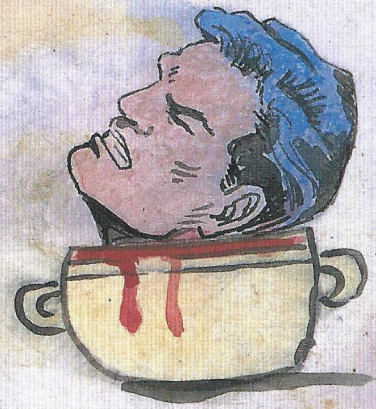
... LA NOTICIA.



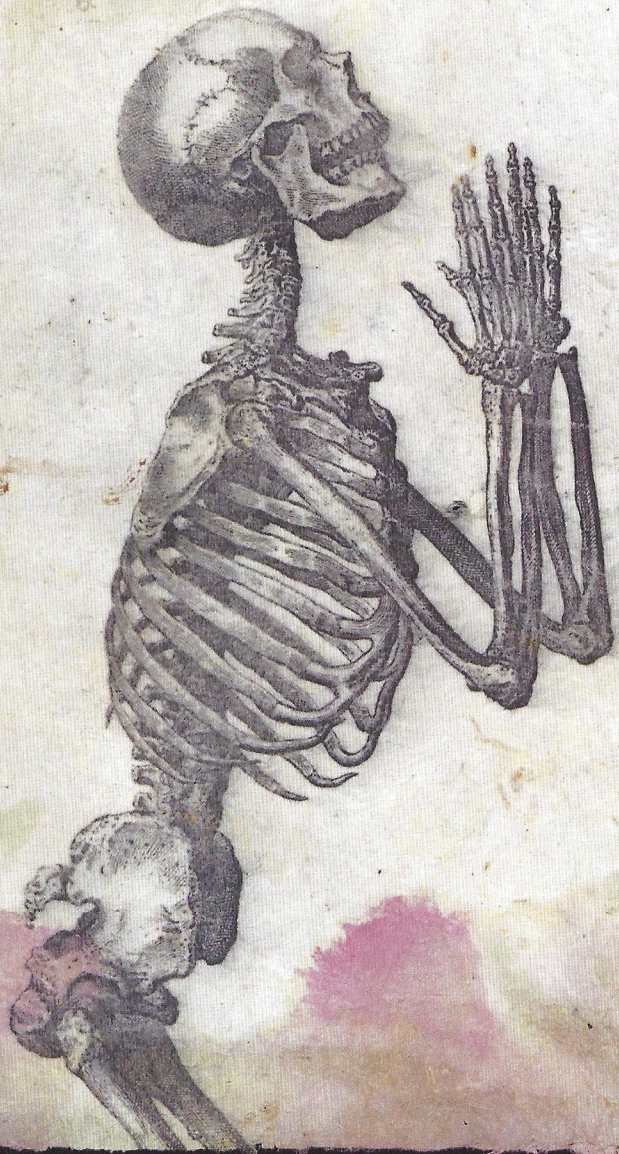




2 up 3 qu 2 of it



nobody, nobody, nobody  
truly lives on earth,...





..



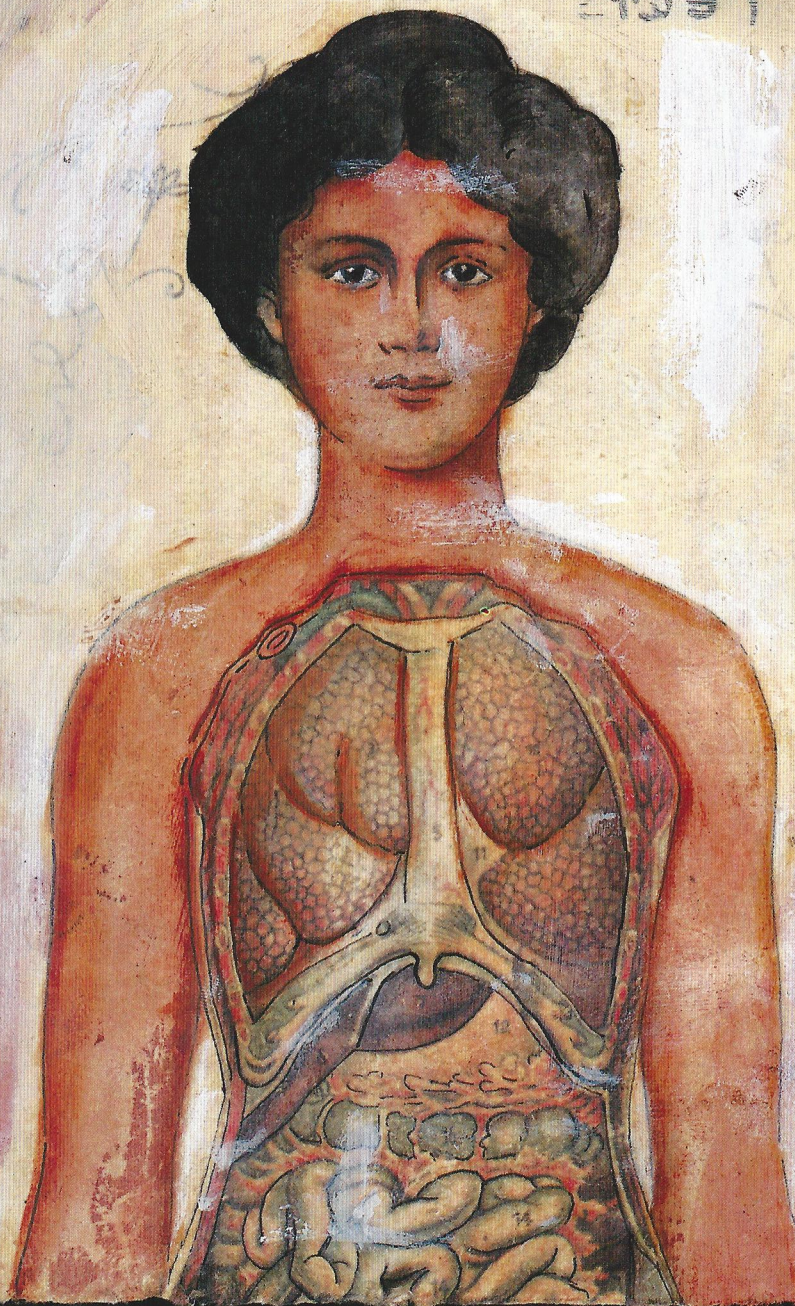
no more

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erost

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JIM STARR  
OF THE  
**BORDER  
PATROL**



THE  
BIG LITTLE  
1944



Their leaders are either ex-cops, soldiers-of-fortune who survived the Second U.S.-Mexico War (1997-98), or ex-Hollywood movie star types. Todos son ex-algo. [And this, they adore: They love being perceived as ex-gringos, ex-dominant, ex-powerful. Now they can see themselves as víctimas, victims of whatever or whoever they fear: "angry" eco-feminists, militant rappers from Michoacán or Bali, androgynous Tex-Mex midget accordionists, neo-Zapatista sci-fi poets, "illegal aliens" who pose as porn stars or magical realists, you name it.

[THREE PAGES OF MISSING TEXT]

*Session interrupted. The following text appears on screen:*

"They wanted to defend the last frontier.

They first moved north to Canada, then to Alaska, and then to the Aleutian chain, but they just couldn't adapt to ice.

It was the white migration; the last one."

— Miguel Algarin, Chief of Nuyorrican Police

10.

La desmodernidad lo abarca todo:  
untranslatable loneliness,  
cultural emptiness,  
political vertigo,  
sexual despair,  
synthetic pleasures,  
unclassifiable weather.

The night is clearly the place to be, sin fronteras ni contornos, a

safe place for techno-warefare & unlimited entertainment. At night, I love you much, much more, especially when my life is in danger and my tongue is out of control.

. . . at night, the militias roam the streets of my city, a city without limits or a name, without a recognizable government, city council, or police department, without churches or cafés, without architectural coherence or a sense of self.

. . . no, I'm not talking about Los Angeles or Dallas. I'm talking about myself, my inner city, la megalópolis de mi conciencia. Where words like "alternative" and "marginal" lost their meaning and moral weight long ago. (SHIT! I ACCIDENTALLY DELETED A PARAGRAPH!)

11.

The *fin de siècle* militias are as diverse as the Anglo "dominant society" once was. There are still the obvious racist, macho paramilitary types, but we also have the clean-cut, *Seig heil!*, yuppy militias (equally armed, and much more dangerous), and the Magna Computera militias (the IBM Dementia Boys & the MacWorld Possy, for instance). And there are other, much stranger ones, like the nouvelle heavy-metal milicianos, the disco-nostalgia miliciiana, and the retro-lounge militias. There's the Mennonite Disorder, the AA Militia Briaga, assorted New Age militias, the S&M Texan Cowboys, the Unitarian Gay Patriots, there are even nerd militias (mocos armados). This last category is one of the most insidious: Many of its members are actually quite smart and mustios, and they can easily pass for sympathetic nerds meandering at the computer store. One group actually believes that **CENSORED**

[MISSING TEXT]

Paradoxically, the old Chicano Intifada, now mostly Muslim & fundamentalista (don't ask me how this happened), is still active in the borderlands, forming inexplicable alliances with disenfranchized white supremacists. Fringes of the Black Muslims and the neo-indigenista movement are also flirting with them. ¿Por qué? No estoy completamente seguro. Perhaps their spiritual agendas are somewhat similar regarding monotheism, or

*The following message appears, blinking on the screen for 10 seconds:*  
YOU HAVE A COMPULSIVE NEED TO ENUNCIATE AND CREATE INVENTORIES OF CONCEPTS AND IMAGES. WHAT YOU NEED IS TO INTEGRATE ALL OF THIS ENCYCLOPEDIA INFORMATION INTO A COHERENT MORPHOSYNTACTIC SYSTEM.

The militias all share one dominant feature: the absolute lack of a sense of humor. Their political objectives include, but are not limited to these: A) Get rid of "us" hegemonic darkies up "here"; B) Restore some form of Puritan monospirituality as the driving force of government; C) Install microgovernment, o sea, bio-regional politics, county-sized; D) Totally annihilate the GOBIERNO CENTRAL, a *logos federalis*, which is now entirely controlled by a "progressive" (whatever this means nowadays) multiracial junta.

P.S. The militias keep moving North. . . .  
(I ACCIDENTALLY DELETED ONE PAGE.)

## 12.

Vampira, mon amour,

I don't understand why you keep asking me all these silly questions. Isn't all this information available down there in the southlands? Are you testing me? Do you still love me? Can love survive in virtual space?

*Session interrupted.*

## 13.

**CENSORED** and the structure of the Brown House is fairly loose. Seven people share the political decision making process: 1.) Gorgeous and unapproachable, La Directora calls the shots from her claustro, and we can only talk to her via videófono. Ella es esencia digital pura, belleza virtual fría y calculada, autoridad inquestionable. Punto. 2.) El Comandante Bob Sifuentes, a crazy vato loco from the Valley, is in charge of the entire U.S.A. [United States of Aztlán] Communications Department. (Even this text – by the time you, or anyone else reads it – will already have been checked by him and his group of sinister editors, headed by José TT, "El Semántico".) 3.) Next to Sifuentes, sits K. Chan, "La China Chola," black-belt karate instructor and postfeminist ex-rock producer from Wachingón, D.C. According to the minority paper *The Washington Post*, she "knew too much and too many people not to be included. Punto." (Nota: During the resistance days, she gained a reputation as "la Matahari posmoderna.") 4.) Her comadre, Cristina "King" Miranda, ex-dominatrix from Puerto Rico Libre, heads the reformed INS. She is a polyglot en ambos sentidos; she loves small Salvadoran men and conservative

Cubans who make love with their socks on. La "King" is known to be mean to Anglos — people say "it's because she's half Anglo herself." 5.) La Ruby Martínez, the celebré theologian of transgender liberation and the world's first fully ordained transvestite Catholic priest, heads the United Council of Fringe Churches, an ex-marginal organization which now performs a major role in transnational theological politics. Over 1,000 fringe religions — from Santería to Voodoo Robotics, and from the Church of the Shining Jalapeño to the cybershamans — have banded together in opposition to the virulent underground Christian Right. 6.) Next to La Ruby sits an enigmatic figure who goes by the name of "El Mexterminator" (tu sabes a quién me refiero). Ex-quebradita singer and narco-brujo, this Mad Mex invencible was a great hero during the Second U.S.-Mexico War. Along with his co-heroes, Supermojado, Superchicano, and Vatoman, he defeated Migrasferatu and his border patrolmen. His call for the historic "week without Mexicans" was instrumental in dismantling Americas' tourist, agricultural, construction, and cultural industries. In the TV movie Vampiros de Pacoima, you may recall that he killed Claude Van Damme, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Sylvester Stallone. 7.) Last, but not least is Subcomandante Marcos, ex-Zapatista leader, who now runs the Bureau of Transnational Indian Affairs from his web site, "La Cañada Virtuelle".

The members of this performative junta spend endless hours discussing "the decision-making process." No one

wants to take the lead, and as a result, the ultimate anarchist goal has become a reality: Too much sensitivity = zero action. It's great, but totally dysfunctional.

Therefore, Vampira XXX, our fragile sociopolitical structure, our psychological order, and the aesthetic quality of the whole enchilada are now maintained purely via Internet. It's all diiggiittall eessaaa. . . .

Mi loca, did you download the two attached files containing the complete transcripts of the last "mitote" we had at the Brown House? I'm afraid they might already be aware that I am sending you classified

*Session interrupted by Bob Sifuentes, Comando de Control Central:*  
**ARS INTERDISCIPLINARIA: ONE RACE/UNA CULTURA/ONE RELIGION/ONE FUTURO**

## 14.

Vampira,

Today, I intercepted a strange e-mail from a nameless Anglomiliciano. I hope you enjoy it:

*This land that once we called "the land of opportunity" is now ridden with fear, violence, and guacamole. Mexican vampires are everywhere, stalking my comrades at night. They suck their blood, and leave the corpses in the street. . .*

*We are being persecuted purely because of the color of our skin. The only decent job left for a blonde is in the underground porno-fashion industry, the last of the old colonial industries*

that we have left. "Opportunity" is the name of a sweat shop.

Please tell PWK that 8402846380 is not available for fumigation yet. Tell him I \*(%#%\*( 7 Mexicans last night. It was easy, just like in the old greaser Westerns that Dad used to watch. Ajjuuuuuu!! Chin-ga-da-da-da!!

Hey, should I report this guy to Comando de Control Central?

[22 PAGES OF ILLEGIBLE CHARACTERS]

### 15.

Por cierto, some bruja from Miami has been sending me infected e-mail, 2 o 3 veces al día, coño! Tonight we are doing a limpia. Kicking Woman, Ernie Blinking Snake, & Lobo Rabioso are coming over. (Ernie is recuperating rapidly from the 3 shots he received the other night at the gallery opening.)

### 16.

**CENSORED** that all we have left is sex; cyber-sex without a body; sexo anónimo, sin facciones, sin identidad; sex without emotional repercussions; sin, sin = sexo deportivo, intrascendente, doloroso, extremo, impersonal, sin proposito alguno. And the more anonymous, detached, and wierd, the better.

**CENSORED** and so death as a high spiritual goal is unattainable. Death es kitsch, cultura popular, trivia, but I see no other way out of here. [Me captas, corazon? Si me quieres ayudar, borrame! borrame!!]

### 17.

In the past 10 minutes I've deleted more than half of the texts (the best parts), so when you read this, it will appear to be incomplete. But after all, aren't we all incomplete and fragmented anyway? Aren't we all just mere residues of what we once were?

Vampira, excuse my post-Mexican rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrromanticism.

NDLVLFVL;DCM M LLL LLDLD; LL;

LLWUUGHBHDCB"WE00JK N VS;MMKDKJJDCDN Al,mm

A[ODOPmclco kviubklldhdgg

Me muero.

Jaina, dónde andas?

Are you lost in the cyberbarrio?

I cry like an orphan hyena. I hold an unknown, unrecognizable woman. Her pink breasts are pressed against my heart. I bleed. Someone has just shot me, but I feel no pain. I turn my computer off & on, and press my bleeding chest against the screen. I make 3 digital prints. The diagnosis is instantaneous: 3 broken ribs; left coronary artery bleeding; left lung perforated del carajo.

I press a button, and I am cured, ipso facto. I put on my Chicano virtual reality bandana in order to have a pantheistic experience. Then, when I reach my metaphysical orgasm, I'll drink a glass of rum (pausa) & continue writing this text.

### 18.

Adoración,

I haven't been able to recognize anyone for three days now. This, of course, is to be considered "normal" in a "place" such as this one. Here, we all seem like foreigners to one another. *Cambio.*

I hate to feel “dominant”. I can’t pass for Eurotrash, like some of my friends. I can’t. My face is an archetype: sideburns sinaloenses, mustache á la Zapata, copper-colored skin. My tigerskin vest, my snakeskin boots de siempre – the same old quebradita look from my performance days. And my accent, despite my performance skills, is still completely recognizable. [Borrarme! Borrarme!!! Here in this land of hatred and fractured geographies, me estoy volviendo loco. Don’t ask me why, just delete me!]

I think it’s the lawlessness, the venison & the kinkiness in this ghost town . . . you cover yourself with blood, make-up, and quicksilver to disguise your origins . . . I mean, the first cowboy was a Mexican.

It’s taken me 20 years to get to the point where I can articulate my **CENSORED**

Don’t answer me más.

There is no place to hide or wait,

No more placebos or instant utopias.

Good-bye from virtual Aztlán,  
El Mad Mex

DELETE IT ALL!

1180570406820857694048288965419148

<sup>1</sup> Approximately 40% Chicano; 15% other Latinos; 30% Black; 10% Asian; 3% Native American; 2% Others [cifras del Depto. de Demografía y Estadística de la Universidad de Aztlán Liberado].

<sup>2</sup> Other Neta memory files include: Memoria hca. de Califas; Nostalgia Aztlaneca II; The Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty. Revised, 1998; and Chicano DNA: Chile y Esperma.

ARTSPACE BOOKS IS A FORUM FOR  
CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS AND WRITERS.  
THESE COLLABORATIONS OF  
IMAGE AND TEXT BY TODAY’S MOST  
INNOVATIVE ARTISTS CHALLENGE THE  
CULTURE IN WHICH WE LIVE,  
AND INSCRIBE THE VITAL SOCIAL  
FUNCTION OF ART.

PREVIOUSLY RELEASED FROM  
ARTSPACE BOOKS:

MEMORIES THAT SMELL LIKE GASOLINE  
BY DAVID WOJNAROWICZ

JERK  
ART BY NAYLAND BLAKE  
FICTION BY DENNIS COOPER

REAL GONE  
ART BY JACK PIERSON  
FICTION BY JIM LEWIS

DESIRE BY NUMBERS  
ART BY NAN GOLDIN  
FICTION BY KLAUS KERTESS

THE STRANGE CASE OF T. L.  
ART BY TONY LABAT  
TEXT BY CARLO McCORMICK

APPENDIX A:  
BY A. M. HOMES