



Tech-Illa Sunrise (.txt con Sangrita)

Posted by Rafael Lozano-Hemmer & Guillermo Gómez-Peña, post-chilango double agents compiling illegal knowledge

Meijican artists release recovered files of the tech-illa network.
Experts believe leaked document may be false.

Dear cibernautas angloparlantes,

Ever wonder what is in the root directory of your Mexican server? Wouldn't you want to peek at the files of Chilicon Valley's most powerful sysadmins?

Scary, que no? What follows is a leaked document extracted from deleted files of the tech-illa network, a rare glimpse at the webback underground's real agenda. Whether the tequilianos were responsible for the dot bomb market collapse is still unproven, but the latest electrical brownouts in the United States and Canada suggest that they are still active and at large.

<Warning> It is unclear at this time if this information was left in the cracked server on purpose, to be distributed by the hackers as a decoy.
</Warning>.

Año de 2002 DT (despues de Technopalzin)

Go-Mex East Erra-fael

The year of the Stalking Fox

According to Mayan Astrology (Channel 55)

I. Decompress "Mexi-cyborg" file.

Nosotros, los otros . . .

We are all ethno-cyborgs, chiborgs, cyBorges, ciboricuas y demás. If you want to know the future of technology take a good look at us, check out Walter Mercado en Univision, a true transgenic social spammer, the mero Miami bastard son Morpheo de Schwarzenegger y Liberachi.

Also, check out sixty-year-old TV hostess & Venezuelan Extreme Beauty Queen Viviana de la Media-noche, with her designer



Fig. 1. Isis Rodriguez as La Super Chicana (1994) (from the series *El Mexteminator*). Photograph by Eugenio Castro. Reprinted by permission of the artist.

body rebuilt from zero in

Tijuana clandestine clinics; mil dólares, and this includes nose job, chin, inflatable chichis with silicon processors, removable ribs and voice change activator.

Don't forget to also research "Latino Frankenstein" sites, Direct TV en español, and pop cultural phenomena like 274-year-old talk show host Don Francisco; el Transgenic/trans-ethnic Ricky Martin invented in Epcott, o La criminal pop star, Gloria Trevi, who also knows the secret of immortality . . .

We/our 207 face lifts & our 49 laser surgeries for composite identity

We/the Mexican Orlan

We/El Frankenstein de Los Mochis y La Novia de Chucky

We/Los High-tecas de East LA y La Mision.com

We/our very sentimental feedback hearts

We/our rrrrototic jalapeño joystick enlargement method

We/our identity morphing mask (we code-morphed before Transmeta's crusoe processor and IBM's daisy project)

We/our 1960s melanina pills still sold in Tijuana and Acapulco for "instant racial ID change"

We/our liposuctioned nalgas de estética infomercial bien 1970s

We/our peyote graphics engine

We/our mojado scuba technology

We/carne asada eating ebola bacteria

We/burrito powered robo-raza

We/los ciber-nacos en La Neta-scape

We R slowly corrupting your default configuration

We R going to zapata your PRAM

We R alien webbacks,

and we have strapped on

our new hybrid neural implants

that enhance the adaptability

of the epistemo-loco-perceptual apparatus

to non-linear telesensory inputs.

You think we are getting sleepy when we are just resolving a recursive loop: why else have fuzzy logic cochlear processors, mex-plico? We're solving netaphysical dilemmas of sorts, tex-plico? Our bigote doubles up as an antenna for our spread spectrum wireless LAN connection (and yes, it is I-triple-E eight-o-two eleven-g and bluetooth compliant).

Question: What's the most powerful computer super-cluster?

Answer: A 512-processor machine in New Mexico called "Los Lobos." No coincidence the cluster is programmed in "Object Oriented Chile ++" which is radically incompatible with all your languages (you may utilize our machine translation program Mexicorama2 to view but not edit the code).

You feel pretty hot with your overclocked gigahertz Pentium when all the action is in our new yottahertz Sexium with speedy-g-spot inside (available from chip maker Advanced Mexican Devices AMD).

Have another drink compadre.

II. Issue whois command <Lupita.xml>.

Who do you think is your sysadmin?

It's Lupita, your service provider!

That's right, Lupita is the real motherboard, la Gran Coatlicue Digital, la Matrix Chola. Born multitasking and multithreading, she has protected memory and she won't grant you access privileges. Y wáchala porque se come a sus hijos! She laughs at your binary code, *&%\$^& when you try to digitize, *#@\$!%^ scan*!~@\$+(* and sample**&^^^%R# the world with a simple YES/NO, a one or a zero*^%#)(+^ black/white, in/out. Norte/Sur. No wonder you are undergoing a crisis in representation/masculinity/sociability/ethics/technology.

She has long ago dropped the binary code in favor of a recombinant self-organizing system of neural nets interconnected via EMR fields that allow for complex emergent phenomena, lighter and deeper shades of brown.

El ciberespacio es café, ni blanco ni negro, remember,
You try to ping her but get a 401.

You try to trace her and you get a denial of service attack.

You try to open her attachments but you get a blue screen of death.

You try a portscan but you get an error type 2.

You send her cookies and she hits you with the "I Love You" virus.

You send her pirated MP3s (bad Polish pop tunes) and she hits you with the "I need you" virus.

You are TC (technologically correct), she is TI (technologically incompatible).

Empty trashcan/la memoria está en el dedo.

We know your sysadmin and she is mad as hell.

Snooping on her registry could be your last fatal crash.

It turns out that without a Mexican server you are just a client, a terminal, a dead end. Think about that next time Juan Valdez, Juan in a million, gets you a coffee.

III. Decompress history file on "Mexican science."

Back in the late 1930s, the theory of cybernetics was first postulated at the Instituto Nacional de Cardiología, when Mexican researcher Arturo Rosenbleuth investigated the heart's autonomy from the brain. Until then, no explanation was available as to why the heart kept beating in brain-dead "Pacheco" (*mariguano*) bodies. O sea, how could the *corazón* keep pumping without receiving instructions from the brain? Also in Mexico City, Dr. Rosenbleuth's gringo colleague Norbert Weiner, interdisciplinary thinker extraordinaire, developed "the theory of messages and feedback" to explain self-regulation and in so doing laid the foundation for most current thought on control and communications.

Carnales, and you thought cybernetics was about hard- and soft-ware? When it was about wet-ware all along; about corazones sangrantes, errantes, punzantes, mecánicos, hidráulicos: about pulsating hearts que jamás siguen instrucciones de arriba; puro heart-drive ese.

2 PAGES OF UNTRANSLATABLE SHAMANIC LEXICO-LOGICAL POETRY

And then Mexicans brought you color TV, thanks to Guillermo González Camarena's first patent in 1940. And followed through with the first stereo and telepresence recordings, gracias al maestro Juan Garcia Esquivel in the 1950s.

Also in the 1950s, Mexican wrestler hero and alternative scientist El Santo made several movies in which he clearly anticipated the Internet, lap-top computers, web cameras, see-you see-me systems and Chicano performance art.

Then in the 1960s, Chicano scientists from the Michoacán Institute of Technology (MIT) working in clandestine garages throughout the U.S. Southwest developed amazing hydraulic robotics for lowrider cars, which in retrospect make American robotics, from Moravec to SRL, look frankly naïve.

More recent accomplishments you may know about are the laboratory synthesis of pheromones (*abusado con los Latin lovers*) and Miguel de Icaza's Gnome project, the most admired and adopted "open source software" ever developed. However most of these breakthroughs have been ignored by the Logos Digitalis, and as of now remain unpublished except by *Mecánica Nacional*.

What did you think happens at the Mac/illa-doras?
We are reverse engineering your ass, mi nerdisteca!
Porque?
You want the naked truth?

According to an MIT spokesman, "Latinos are currently interested in what (we) term 'imaginary' or 'poetical' technology. Its premise is as follows: Since most Latinos don't have access to new technologies, we imagine the access. All we have is our political imagination and our humor to interject in the conversation . . . It's an imaginary act of expropriation."

Pero eso sí, your Xbox is made in Guadalajara, a true Meiji-can Trojan burro.

IV. Decompress gastronomy file.

While your fabs produced Silicon wafers with copper deposition, we



Fig. 2. Roboxotl and generic white male at the Museum of Fetishized Identities (Sydney, Australia) (2002). Juan Ibarra, left, with a wax figure, right. Photograph by Heidrun Lohr. Reprinted by permission of the artist.

Olmechs were already going submicron with carbon-based buckminsterfullerene biocompatible processors ... and eating them! Ever heard of nacho chips? Well, that happens to be the code name for our nano-EPROM-chips.

Our fat beer gut (see ../barriga.jpg) is our redundant array of lipid-soluble memory nano-chips—digo “nano-chipos” de chipotle—that’s right, tortilla co-processor wafers made in TJ/Taiwana and East Japangeles.

We eat it all, de tocho! We can assimilate “low” or “high.” Nos da igual. Our diet includes everything from crappy calculators, “Target” ionizers, and

wrist/phone watches (o sea, refurbished Aztechnology), to sound systems with fake fancy brands “made in Tepito” & mas y more hydraulics for our hi-preco “lowrider” carruchas. (Just check the new Made-in-Kioto “Lowrider” Mag.) We specially like cables con chorizo, tamalgochis y web-os rancheros.

Why do you think the founder of Slashdot.org, the ultimate net destination for nerds, is called “CmdrTaco”? Cause that’s where the action is, cross-over edible biotech computers that thrive in diverse gene-pools ...



Fig. 3. Guillermo Gomez-Pena as the Warrior for Gringostroika (1992). Photograph by Glen Halvorson. Reprinted by permission of the artist. Reprinted by permission of the Pocha Nostra archives.

O sea, que wáchala:
Somos “techno-canibales”;
Habitamos en Chilicon Valley,
Barrio sur del DDT (Digital Divide Tardio).
but we keep heading North ...
Tranquilo, mi querido ethernet address 00:03:93:fb:1c:9e
Have a psycho-tropical tech-illa,
Y ponte las pilas web-on.

V. Quetzalcua82L¹ (from “Memory bank #36582).

In 1999, Americans were arming themselves in record numbers, preparing for the Y2K blackout to be protected from looters, riots, anarchy, you know, brown people. At the same time, Subcomandante Marcos was named by *Wired* magazine as one of the top ten techno visionaries of our era. If you can’t escape from Latinos in the privileged final frontier of cyberspace, where can you hide?

1. Heavily edited excerpt from an unsolicited e-mail by “Cyber-Vato #127” Bob Sifuentes.

The following warning has been circulating throughout the net by cyber-terrorism watchdog groups:

"Virus Alert!! Warning!! Do not open any email sent to you if the 'subject' is in any language you do not understand" . . . Spanish, French, Spanglish, Frangle, Ingleñol ... Opening these messages may corrupt your fragile sense of personal and national identity . . . If you have recently pointed your browser at any web site with Latino content: Zap Net, Virtual Barrio, Inter-Neta.com, Lati-Net, Salsaparagringos.net, Chihuahuas.com—a subsidiary of Taco Bell Incorporated, Ricky Martin's Menudo unplugged Page, Pocho Magazine, Pochanostra.com, or any other "Latino" web site . . . you may be already infected.

NSA virus researchers at the Pentagon are calling this new Silicon infection Quetzalcoat-82L or simply "The Mexican Bug."

The dreaded Michelangelo virus '96 and the RTM virus are harmless compared to the Mexican Bug. Like a gang of microbites this "programa" loiters at seemingly nonthreatening Latino webs: Rock en español music sites, high ethnic crafts, el Carne Asada without Meat Club, vegan burrito recipes, and sexual tourism information pages, detecting and targeting gringos with an innocent fascination for ethno-exotica.

Soon after visiting these sites you receive a "friendly" looking e-mail, announcing a nice Mariachi Festival or advertising a Salsa theme cruise to Baja. When you open it, a cute talking Chihuahua in a poncho and a pink sombrero appears on the screen and delivers the following message with a thick sabroso Spanish accent:

"There are no moral, physical, or social repercussions to your actions in cyberspace. Digital technology has finally allowed us to create an inoffensive millennial mythology of the Latino, the Indigenous and the Immigrant Other. We are part of this new mythology. We are meant to cater to your most intimate fears and desires."

VI. Excerpts from the cyber-testament.

In the beginning there was nothing,
only cyberspace,
a vast untamed, unseen cyber-desert
with no water, ice, fire, or wind.
There were no animals or plants,
not even microscopic creatures.
and then we came,
El Gran Homo Digitalis.

In the absence of cardinal points,
we moved in all directions,
conquering every inch of virginal space,
naming it as we saw it,
mapping the uncharted terrain of our future.
We were young, ambitious and white,
& there was no one else around to bother us.

It was the Cambrian era of cyberspace.

Our dictum was unquestionable:
borderless "communication," that is in English,
free trade across continents & minds,
mindless interactivity,
a Theology of Interface,
unlimited belonging to a "total world,"
Our World.
Then came the Others,
brown people, tar people, e-mongrels of sorts,
speaking bizarre linguas polutas.
The cybarbarians came from the South of nothingness,
& rapidly moved North into "the zone,"
Our Zone.

In order to keep the webbacks "out,"
we constantly upgraded our systems & software
& made them increasingly expensive & complex,
but they began to pirate our programs.
We then created border firewalls,
intricate security codes, digital checkpoints,
but they figured all of them out.

Soon we were left with no other option
but to privatize the New World.
The "land grab era" was coming to an end
North, South, East, delete.

We were then forced to
utilize more severe
\$ /tmp/.LmT # uname -a;id
in order to AIX rs9 3 4
000962744C00
& those living South of the
digital divide
were uid=103?!(????)
gid=0(system)
euid=0(root)
#until the()65#@+8*&II
AT +++



Fig. 4. British Curator displays his new specimen (London, England) (2003). Guillermo Gomez-Pena, left, and Brian Biggs, right. Photograph by Manual Vason. Reprinted by permission of the artist.