

**MANIFESTO:
THE CALCULATOR LIBERATION FRONT
AFTER WENDELL BERRY'S "MANIFESTO:
THE MAD FARMER'S LIBERATION FRONT"**

by

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Dear people of the world:

We are happy to announce that in 2018:

We love the quick profit. The click on the mousepad. The tap on the screen.

Sold!

Vacation with pay.¹ Education on my bank account. Entertainment on credit. Love at the tip of my dollars.

They say "Λεφτά υπάρχουν."²

We rest on fast made. We consume. We don't produce.

Why should we, after all?

We are happy to announce that in 2018:

Our youth has progressed. Thank God they don't philosophise!

The sickness of thinking has been in extremely low levels-Almost eradicated!

Ready packed, fast paced notions-On sale!

Let us lead you into a new era!

We are not the children of the last thinkers you burned.

We torched the night together. We breathed fire, we spat fire,

Unto the rebels, the thinkers, the writers, the poets.

The sickness of producing has been in extremely low levels-Thank God!

We are happy to launch: The new version of the Homo sapiens 2.0!

This model comes with:

1) Imitative reactions

2) Compressed and 4packed concealed thoughts

3) Sensor that responds to "Like" hits-hit the button down bellow

Among his hobbies are:

Pseudo-philosophising in cafeterias, counting likes, retweets, and double taps.

Anti-use conditions:

The new humanoid graphic card does not recognise colors-only pixels.

Home is where the pixels are

Home is grey and home is hard

Home is where the neighbour is just another face, where another face is another follower.

1. Line 2 from "Manifesto: The Mad Farmer's Liberation Front" by Wendell Berry.

2. Translation: There's still money. This phrase was introduced to Greek reality and everyday life after the Prime Minister of Greece announced that there is still money in the banks, even though the economic crisis was at its peak. The phrase misled the population to vote for the same party, in false hope that the recession would not have any consequences on Greece. Since then, the phrase denotes that one has tricked another or that one makes fun of someone.

Now buy 10.000 followers only with 14.99\$-what a bargain!
Home is punched in a card.

So, Berry, how can the computers stop computing?
We love the Lord. For Lord is Ads. We love the world. For world is feed on the home-page.
We work for nothing. We have taken all that we have and we are poor.
We ripped the flag-it's not trending any more.
We hope to live in a free-Wi-Fi republic for which it stands.
We give our approval to all we cannot have. We praise inaction, ignorance and passiveness-
For the new humanoid cannot destroy what it has not produced.
We ask the questions whose answers we know. We ignore the answers that contradict to our own.
We promote ideas that complement our ideas. But our ideas, are their ideas.
The new model does not have ideas of its own. It's polished to perfection.
We live to harvest. We consume.
The new model does not plant-what is plant?-*404 error, word not found, maybe you mean plan?*
Planning and playing and plotting and plucking.
Planning the day, playing the game, plotting the future, plucking the earth.
We go with love to the fields. Love for the profit, the plucking, the sucking.
The field is our mistress.
We love taking off her clothes. Dig deep into her. And toss her aside.
We put our faith in the machine.
We are the great, great, great grandchildren of the last humanoid 1.0 you pulled out of the market.
The gears, the cogwheels.
Listen to our stomping. The whizzing of our cards, the rustling of our money.
We don't expect the end of the world, for we are the end.
Our women go cheap for power and men. Our men go cheap for power and women.
Who shall we satisfy?
We swear allegiance only to the present. We discard the past- we destroy possibilities of future.
As soon as the generals and the politicians can predict the motions of our minds³, we surrender.
We lose ourselves. We leave them behind as landmarks. Signs of an era
when the great³ grandchildren of the free stopped practising resurrection.

As an artist living in Greece in 2018, in a country plagued by the economic—and, to an extent, by an ethical—crisis, I cannot miss observing my surroundings and reflecting upon them. In Greece, instead of understanding the power of the voice and education, we obey the voice of the coin. The Greek population is a sedated mass of mouthpieces that meddle with social media in a desperate effort to keep up with trends that are promoted by American celebrities and influencers. This toxic behaviour manifests extreme consumerist tendencies and a lack of conscience, leading to alienation from fellow humans and from the environment. This sad reality, which has not escaped me and has been the topic of discussion during most of my social interactions, is depicted in the poem. It carries all the disappointment and bitterness over how my fellow citizens deal with reality and their failure to appreciate simple material products and to produce more

3. Lines 50-51 from "Manifesto: The Mad Farmer's Liberation Front" by Wendell Berry.

elevated thoughts and theories like our ancestors. These negative feelings of resentment are presented through extensive use of parody and irony—hence, the transformation from humans to humanoids.

Works Cited

Wendell, Berry. "Manifesto: The Mad Farmer's Liberation Front." *Wendell Berry, New Selected Poems*, Counterpoint Berkeley, 1999, pp 173-174.