
ANTHROPOPHAGIC RE-MANIFESTO FOR THE DIGITAL AGE

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Who discovered whom?

Was it the Portuguese discovering the native Brazilians just because of the effort in building the caravels, setting them onto the ocean and embarking on the long trip?

Why not the other way around?

Just because the indigenous people were in a passive position of merely having their eyes open and seeing the foreigners arrive?

Who ate whom?

Since your discovery, you have taken our colors to brighten with a brilliant red your ecclesiastics and royals, while we contaminated you with our tireless smiles. Now let us taste you in your new garments. We'd like to see through your engorged eyes and incorporate your assimilated happiness.

It's too late to turn back and contest it. Let's accept the past, but turn the table onto the future. We ate everything and swallowed it dry, but now may we spit it out with a lot of flavor to make good for the foreigners' eyes and leave them hypnotized with so much hunger.

Our pau-brasil wood was taken away, we were left with just a name: Brazil, while getting stuck with a stick. So, cover your assets, 'cuz now it's our turn at bat'.

Pindorama is no longer! Never! No going back! Hail to the technologic indigenous of the digital revolution who wants more than a whistle blower toy.

We want more than your whites and blacks brought from faraway lands, give us thine colorful data from the virtual worlds. But we want to find ourselves without getting lost in the depths of the jungles yet to be un-clothed.

Primitive now is almost gone, but maybe there are some Canneds and Bottleds in the burned bushes. Everything has been discovered and uncovered. Will we have to revert to being children content with our pre-logic, or will we be satisfied with the logic shop of forgotten revolutions of each year as new versions dictate?

To whom will The Contemporary Primal Scream belong?

Hail to Innocence and Purity! May they never lose themselves in the post-modern emptiness of the Matrix, the new belly button of the world!

Hail to the ignorance of the infant unknown to pixeland!

This time, what will the rich contribution of all mistakes be?

Hail to the En-Tropicalism of all the Souths.

Hail to the Laptop! The True Talisman of Happiness!

If someone presses the "delete" key, will history be erased? Oh! Good Ol' times those of the Red Telephone? It was just one button of reserved access limited to just one or two crazies. Now every loony has one!

So, let's blow those whistles at all the Cabaret Voltaires of every street corner.

The mind's sweatshop does not stop; the blood, sweat and tears run infinitum while the soccer, carnival, coffee, booze, and brown-skinned beauties leave everything neon-bright and dazzling. The little boat floats at sunset as night falls and your moon fights for space with our sun.

Our neo-concretism is your concretism, let's make everything right, left, forward or backward, doesn't matter, everything's unisex, one-size fits all, made in China, imported and exported until it hurts.

Our cannibalism is your income source and pride in feeding us. Your trash is our treasure which we resell to you for twice the price. Our poverty is your window through which you feed your curiosity. Therefore, do not complain who is using whom, or who is eating whom. This is a two-way road and no one needs to get stuck in it.

In nature, nothing is created, nothing is destroyed, everything is transformed; and now in the new era where all are one's and zero's, make your own mathematics and mixture, see what comes out of the anthropologic blender, which really has no logic.

Invention is the mother of necessity.

Transfiguration is a reaction of existence.

Manifestation is the subversion of learned realities in action.

~ COR INVERSUM IN SE IPSUM ~



