

Porco Morto
by Lee Breuer

PORCO MORTO

OSSIFIED REMAINS OF GONZO PORCO PHD FOUND IN EAST AFRICA ... THE PIG WAS SEVENTY

Bones found by the Behoheo River less than fifty meters from the hippopotamus hole
Were identified today by Abdul Ibn Said Zwow, Mustapha Macai National Park medical examiner
As Gonzo Porco PhD, author of the best recycled "Lonely Planet Guide To Heaven On Earth"
Which first identified paradise as a tourist trap Mr. Zwow opined he had been eaten by a lion

Behoheho campground, Macai National Park, B. Benedict Hare on a sentimental safari in East Africa ... direct to the Times

At 5:25 pm the sun sank behind a violet cloud and a yellow bird flew into a Banyan tree
A shock of thunder followed by a glissando of rain-washed clean a disorderly cache of bones
On the green grassy banks of the Behoheho (Swahili for Hippo shit) river
Vertebrae, ribs, haunches, skull, and the curved tusks, the great incisors - I knew at once the long wait was over
It was now possible to write finis to the strange, sad story - there could be no doubt
Here were the remains of Gonzo Parco PhD He had disappeared eighteen months ago

While the cause of death has not yet been officially determined, postmodernists worldwide have been investigating reports
That Gonzo Porco PhD, (who had a history of anxiety disorder) had committed suicide by terminating his pata-narrative
The news of his death ended a painful limbo for the animal's progeny
During which time they answered emails from concerned admirers of all breeds and followed up reported sightings
One in a pen at a Vermont country fair decked out in an aquamarine harness for the annual pig run
And another at a diner in New Jersey

Yet for his nearest and dearest there seemed to be little hope and no

final answers

The suspense grew agonizing in its final hours as a digital image of the quadruped's ossified remains

Was sent to the Times, (see breakfast edition posted online at www.hipposhit.org)

The pig's "challenged" son Porqueno had observed that the skeleton in question had the tusks of a warthog

And that no known incarnation of Porco had heretofore taken that form
But hope was short lived as Mike Hammer, the animal's dental surgeon
Came forward with documenting x-rays of the elaborate bone reconstruction

That had enabled the pig to have implanted warthog tusks

Certain evidence that Porco had been working on his terminal persona for years

Mr. PhD practiced the art of deconstruction with an obsessional mania
That transformed his fixations into fetishes and his fetishes into facts
The swine, who spoke publicly of his infidelities, megalomaniacs and even once of his remorse

Had striven to put it all behind him and settle in to porcine bliss - a girlfriend with an illegal subplot in Brooklyn Heights

Bikram Yoga, vegetables from Urban Organic, the occasional tantric workshop

He'd quit smoking, darkness and cynicism, it seemed, were in retreat
Animals familiar with this period commented that Porco had lost weight and appeared buffed up.

They wondered aloud if he were taking steroids

But in truth Porco had begun to visit his veterinarian almost daily
(As a septuagenarian tetrapod his Medicaid covered it for modest co-pay)

The diagnosis was shocking He was self-deconstructing

Apparently the pathogen was bliss

The pig's primary care veterinarian googled the biochemistry of happiness and printed out the latest online publications

Bliss, it seems, works on the amygdala to synthesize alkaline anxiety, which overcompensates, producing acidic flatulency

Which causes the large intestine to eat itself - a syndrome called FOGO, or, Fear of Getting Off"

After his disappearance an article in New York Magazine chronicled the pig's despair.

"Trait by trait he'd begun to lose that pure strain of swine that had sustained him throughout his maturer years

He picked up table manners, made friends with feminists

Boorishness, the role, simply deserted him

He tried testosterone, shooting directly into the bacon, and then porcine growth hormone into a pig's foot - to no avail

Porco lost touch with his characterizations, which consigned his face to a glazed expression

Where once there had been drama Where once, out of his snout had poured hyperbolic greens, golds, purples, carmines, aquamarines
Syntax like a pellucid coral reef, huge reverberating harmoniums that woofed and barked and trebled

Now, even his closet perorations drained Stories shriveled up

And leave hints that he intended to erase him from the network before
the axe fell
Wiretaps of his cellular reveal that, "This is Porco - please leave me
a message"
Had been ominously edited down to "Hi - please leave"

He checked himself into the Institute for the Science of Soul in June
of 2002

An interview given to the Times by the Institute's director, the Holy
Cow Sri Moo Parahamsa, painted the pig's existential dilemma

"The client presented with a sick fiction," explained the venerable
Guernsey

"The crisis was aesthetic but its symptoms were fiscal"

According to a source close to the cow that prefers to remain anonymous

"There was something deeply uncommercial about Gonzo Porco PhD"

Here was an animal who'd been born to sell out - and no one would buy

The poor beast attempted to reinvent his marketability five times
But fame and fortune, "those glittering baubles", chose always to
elude him

His farthest foray into the capitalistic conceit came in 1995 with a
contract to edit

"A Lonely Planet Guide to Heaven on Earth" that cult guide for the
pilgrim traveler, to which the pig's preface reads"

*The arguments for and against travel to Heaven on Earth are often
emotional. The question of whether informed tourism helps or hinders
the 'Pro-Plutocracy' movement and 'Soul's Rights' is the subject of
ongoing debate. As of this writing Heaven on Earth remains under tight
military rule. Dissent is forcibly repressed. The pro boycott group
argues that shekels from tourism go right into the pockets of the
archangels, that Judgment Day is a legalistic farce, and that Jesus
Christ takes bribes (can be bought -baksheesh). Others feel that a
travel boycott is counterproductive, arguing that since the package
tour requirement has been waived (1998) the lot of the poor soul has
improved.*

*Historically, celestial tourism has always been a complicated issue as
pilgrim travelers utopia-bound are used as pawns in the strategic
match-up of Heaven versus Hell. In a landscape discolored by conflict,
what often prove the deepest scars of paradise lie in wait just inches
below its surface. The legacy of landmines in Heaven on Earth accounts
for an estimated four to six million buried bombs dotted about its
bucolic pastoral, many planted in Spiritual Heritage Sites.*

*Eco-tourism is the first victim when into one's itinerary wander one
winged angels with cracked haloes and singed harps turned to beggary,
buggery, and even crime. Holy tourists should check with locals before
choosing a spiritual path to follow - even if well marked with colored
blazes - and never wander off it to go dancing in the field, or even
take a shit. Your members and your digits are worth more than your
modesty.*

For further information contact Amnesty Interstellar, 1 Eaton street, London, or Soul Rights Watch, website www.srw.org and also the Free Utopia Coalition. Heaven is, historically, for all its metaphysical pretensions, still your generic Holy Empire, and tourists to H.O.E. do invariably email back to Lonely Planet comments like "you've seen one empire ... you've seen them all.

But the day after its publication a neo-conservative think tank impounded the entire first edition
Which sits even to day in a sealed vault in Beverly Hills.
Each foray into fiscal resuscitation grew more shallow breath'd and futile
Ecco Porco , the movie was aired at 5:18 on Sunday morning by Cable Channel 103 1/2 Its Neilson rating was -2.

It is symptomatic of the sick fiction syndrome that such an animal would end its days as a replay of a subplot to the Lion King
The watchdog on crisis line would try to keep him talking
"Fictional Termination!
Porco, are you going to stop writing just like that! Are you going to break your pencil?"
The conversation was recorded and we can hear the swine weeping
That broken pencil line seems to have pressed his button

Porco's departure from the Institute for the Science of Soul was a depressing affair
The pig had spent the night packing. It was important for the animal to be portable,
But it was loathe to throw anything away
So it packed and repacked, as if by re-arrangement its belongings could be made to disappear
The truth was, Porco couldn't decide whom it was he was packing for
Shoes that were too large for a previous persona could be too small for the next
Not to mention the dramaturgical chestnut *unity of time and place*
Where in the world was it going and in what season would it arrive
Worst of all were its textual problematics It had no new material
Desperately looking for old swinish puns to recycle
Porco stuffed a pile of frayed and coffee stained papers into a red manila folder
That, it is believed, the pig carried with him to the very end

"What was in the folder?" I was doing a fact check for my obituary
And the sad little porker facing me alone was in a position to know.
He knew everything
Officially he was literary executor of the swine's archives before which he'd sit morosely all day long
That afternoon I 'd found him weeping over a feature in Arts and Leisure
"What was in the red manila folder?" I repeated
He rose in a cloud of depression and limping past the mail that was never opened, by the phone that never rang, he wrenched open a rusty file
"There's only one thing amiss"; said Porquenco de Leon, Porco's

"challenged" offspring "I can't find his love letters."
"Love letters!" I cocked an eyebrow. "That pig couldn't love anybody."
Explained Porqueno, "That's what Porco called his Good Reviews "

*A letter to the editor of the New York Times from Boheho River East Africa dated February 6, 2008 has been received .
It appears to be a suicide note entitled Last Will and Testicle begun that fateful departure night . It is the pig's last words*

To the Editor: Dear Grey Lady ...

I've just notified my psychiatrist that I'm checking out of therapy on the advice of my agent, as Group Therapy is bad for my character
Apparently, when the psychosis is aired the persona blows away in the breeze Nobody recognizes me
My agent says that Media America is a cultural construct of mythic proportions
He maintains that I am not remotely connected to this myth and suggests I go into translation
He wants to book me in East Africa He says my animal works in Swahili

I have a number of fears concerning East Africa
Not the least of which is that outside Nairobi I won't be able to pick up the Times
Yes, I'm ashamed to say it but I've relapsed
After packing, I hit the street to cop at the newsstand
Normally, tooting up cost \$1.25 - that's when you smoke or snort or bake it in cookies, or just have a nice evening read
But now I'm using the needle Shooting up the New York Times costs \$5.00 and you stay high for a week
It's a deal. It includes the Sunday Supplement, which, alone now, is \$4.50
The generic junkie will laugh, but in truth I am a hard-core abuser
Yes, I've come to know substance abuse better than most
The substance we each abuse is reality. Reality is the name junkies give their fiction of choice.
For example, the reality of heroin is that it's simple shit - one-dimensional, formulaic - (that's the skinny from Second avenue)
The heads of the town are up to The Times

I can remember the night in Group that I got hooked
The weather was bad, wind blew, rain rattled
There were seventeen of us. A new client had come; a Grey Lady
She was suffering
Sitting rocking in her chair like a stack of newspapers teetering on its axis
Her edges were damp had she been caught in the rain, or were they tears...
"Please welcome the New York Times to Group Therapy", Sri Moo Parahamsa

announced. We clapped politely
I had the urge to cum all over her. I'd found my fetish - *truth in journalism*

What did I feel, Grey Lady I felt vivid! O the torture, the spins, the options, the creative dilemmas
For example, what music of my heart should under score what angle of your face?
What did I feel Grey Lady? I felt "life-like"
The Times was a beautiful vagina that in my hubris I engorged with every cunilingual wag of my tongue
Your vibrations were histrionic! There was drama in the air - tragedy - and it was generational
Clearly the New York Times was going through menopause
In the hot flashes I could see your pages smoldering
You were all shook up, and it was this that seduced me to distraction
You believed in yourself. You were a self-believer, (any lie detector test could tell that).
The Times believed it was the paper of record, arbiter of Truth, Justice and the American Way
Not to mention fashion and wines.
You thought you were the system itself. You were positively delusional. You were my *liaison dangereuse*.
All my life I've wanted to fuck the system. It was love at first bite.

Gossip had spread that in your private interview you tried to terminate treatment before you'd even begun
When the holy cow let slip that perhaps you, the definitive tabloid, were a fiction like every thing else,
A rich little JAP from Hillandale, Connecticut, a Saul Steinberg New Yorker cover, an Ernst Block gold leafed item at Sotheby's
That like everyone else, you were a note to an essay on phenomenology
You flared your nostrils, pulled out your checkbook, and breezed out the door.

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I sat there erotically close, looking at your nipple and saying not a word, thinking,
"We're both in the entertainment business, loose packets of fictions. We're so alike you could be my mother
It made me hard as a crowbar knowing that if you could see me inside out you'd want to kill me.
And in the still of the night, when I woke to the realization that I couldn't do it... couldn't say to myself. "Pig, that wraps it!"
It was a comfort to my soul to know that all I had to do was come clean to you... and you'd kill me for me.

The first session of Group is traumatic for any new client. Old convictions are challenged
The Times was truly vulnerable at the onset of deconstruction, when one's blueprint is brutally revealed
She was obsessed with the notion that, just like any generic *God Spiel*, she was history
As a group it was customary for us all to go out for coffee after our sessions

I made a point of sitting next to the newspaper She was having a hard time with her family history assignment. I could have proffered my help. As a book myself my scholarly researches could have filled in the blanks. I could have told her that the first post modern attempt to create utopia - the very thing all books try to do - Was the one perpetrated by her own ancient ancestor A'dol-'ph O'ck/ks , Who from the humblest of origins, that of a first generation Babylonian slave, Turned entrepreneur, purchasing for ten sheep a controlling interest in a Tigris river papyrus patch Which enabled him to print *All the News Fit to Inscribe* And rise to the position of publisher of the Old Testament

I could have written her whole story - how her patriarch, the ancient O'Ock/s observing in 543 BC A line of commuters from the burbs of Baghdad, each astride an ass, reading its daily scroll, postulated that "News is either Good News or Bad News, hence, an editorial policy that administers hits of good news with doses of bad news Creates the habit of reading one's morning paper"... that, in short, news is addictive.

How back in the "fig" (for that's what the hip called Jerusalem then), 'Why news is junk' became the subject of an historic argument on the steps of the second temple. A certain redactor on the Old Testament drama desk pointed out that Good News following upon Bad News upon Good News upon Bad News was not journalism at all but "theater-in-itself" And, traditionally, was not reported, it was reviewed. That the news was, in actuality, Entertainment Section advertising copy - each show trying to fill its balcony seats. How history records that the Holy Circulation Department lobbied for the Bible to become a single gargantuan Sunday insert Stories trying to sell themselves being indubitably a newspaper's life blood and, by definition, "circulation-in itself " And, consequently, as the news came to be no more than entertainment advertising copy filed by any hack who could hold a stylo It became editorially imperative to make taste by passing judgment on which hack jobs were to become canonical And which were trash to be thrown into the bin of the Apocrypha The drama desk, it was argued, was the only qualified judge of reality for a people of the book For, reality being performative, a people of the book was a people of the script How it is written that Elijah had prophesized on Mount Hebron that Frank Rich would be bumped up to the op Ed page

I could have filled out her whole ancient history But then how could I bring myself to tell such a story to the New York Times She would be hurt and in her paranoia bring her whole late edition down on my head. William Kristol can raise welts! I couldn't bring myself to do it. Instead I drove her home in her Mercedes to her Hillandale mansion in Connecticut. All the way the Grey Lady lay with her head buried in my lap unzipping

my fly with her teeth between tollgates
She felt rejected if I didn't cum just before I paid the \$1.25.

We would lie in bed, a dictionary between us. We spoke such different languages. I'd have to look everything up.
"Do my truffle, baby", the New York Times would moan
I couldn't understand a word of what she meant
The dictionary explained it as a literary allusion to the politically incorrect animal
Pure Skrunck for "Stick your pig snout up my ass and snuffle a turd"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love Maureen the Bitch in thee, the Fat Frank Rich in thee
Sports Wednesday, Critics Choice, and Sunday kitch in thee
You are my late breaking story. My International page, my Metro section.
You caress me with your headlines
Lies, all lies... Lies are "life-in-itself" The truth is *nothing*.
And here in east Africa, as I confront the truth-in-journalism, gazing through a suicidal window onto my demise
Shaking like a palsied pig before falling through the glass pain to sleep without dreaming
I write this rhapsody to you, my dearest prevaricatreuse ... you are a swineling's dream come true

At root our love affair was a fatal attraction, a work of Thanatos.
Grey Lady, I loved that schizophrenic vein buried deep in your composing room that wanted me both dead and alive
As much as I snickered at your byline, so much did I love your media hype?
How you put your spin on me, an unclean animal, un-kosher, a jihadist sworn to a holy war against winners.
How many hogs get to be bad boys. How I loved what you loved in me most - my Caledonian Boar

And, of course, like all the unclean of the earth, all I wanted was a hot bath
You see my dilemma. How can a pig be kosher? Like a Midas, everything it eats turns to fatback
Your system digests a Vanity Fair and shits out a Democracy.
My system converts gefilta fish and matzoth balls into bacon

You were orgiastic - all cultures are orgiastic.
Here in East Africa when I open you up section by section - even the foreign edition of you, even the Herald Tribune -
I am jerked off - I am transported. I am restored, taken to the theater,
My restoration theater of delights where fools prattle and hubris reigns
Upon your G spot the world beckons me to improvise. Your reality working with my reality is feral inspiration
Your news working with my news is classic chemistry, that collaboration wherein an entertainer's basest instincts are honed
Where every plot imagined is constructed
Culture has never had an EMO. Extended Massive Orgasms are cultural anathema. Culture, traditionally has had to jerk itself off

But now in my coffin I foresee an orgy of delight, not only with the Paper of Record, but with every snob classist tabloid on the newsstand. I foresee my right fist in the ass of the New York Times, my left fools finger dancing a Bosa Nova on the head of Gourmet Magazine's defrocked clitoris, while I go down on the New Yorker. Get the picture? A cultural EMO can only be had at the hands of the counter culture! Your sex life is in the hands of pigs. And for the pig a path to the stars is hewn from the land of the deadly dream.

You see, for me, little pieces of the world have gone absent without leave
(It's a sign of Alzheimer's, I'm sure)
And all my misplaced pieces I have re-impregnated in you.
Knocking up objective reality has kept me from the brink.
O Times, you were my entertainment, and entertainment is an animal's saving grace.

And now, my darling, now, in this my deepest of depressions, I am just deranged enough to take you at face value
To buy into the *Full Monte* of your delusion - freedom, poetic justice, constitutional reform
Its there, like a hologram in all the news that's fit to print, in your thumbnail review of Frank Capra's *A Wonderful Life* in mini disk
Here in East Africa I've been sleeping in the street. I cover myself hands and feet in you - you, my media coverage
I crumple up your pages and stuff them under my neck and between my legs. I wipe my ass with your style section
On the coldest nights I tuck the Sunday magazine around me like a body bag
Passers bye say whom is that pig sleeping under the New York Times - who is that swino.
I can tell you this now, my beloved, now that I will be dead and gone before you print it
Now that I am a letter to my editor in chief. Only now can I tell you Yes, I am your child. You are my mother. I am your creation, America unemancipated, a tabloid's love slave.

For it is proved, it is fact, and has been duly reported, that utilizing the latest advances in carbon dating and computerized stratification typology that can record an onion peel of earth as thin as a millimeter, it has been shown that George Washington did not cut down a cherry tree, neither did he throw a gold piece across the Delaware, nor sleep here nor there nor any where. Not an archeological molecule of historical America has been unearthed. At Gettysburg not a bullet has been found - only c-dimutane veroxidized, an important nucleotide found in petrified horseshit. And as for the Emancipation Proclamation - recent chemical analysis corroborates that it was forged between 1931 and 1934 in the vicinity of Times Square. Reportedly, this derivative of horseshit was also found in all the news that's fit to print and 12.7 molecules per micro liter have been discovered by chemical analysis in the ink of the Emancipation Proclamation. In short, nobody has been emancipated. America was not discovered, America was created by a small gifted cabal of writers, editors and marketing consultants working feverishly on the Times Building's 64th floor during the famed gloomy Sunday

circulation crisis which, pundits are convinced, pushed the 'depress' button harder than the stock market crash. In other words, America is not a republic, nor the flag for which it stands, America is just another people of the book - a Times bestseller.

And these animals hooked on the news of the day are collectively termed a *readership*. JJ Roseau explains it in *The Social Contract* - "Since what you read is what you read into, every reader gets the news they deserve." A readership forms a corp. Readers of newspapers form a *news-corp*. A corp is any individuation in a mass - be it a body of flesh and blood in a biomass or a body of truth in a mass of conjecture. Corps are reciprocally parasitic. A body of truth lives in and digests a body of flesh and blood, as do bodies of flesh and blood live in and digest bodies of truth. When bodies of flesh and blood are digested by bodies of truth -in-journalism they, politically speaking, are held in state. And thus in 543 BC, in the mind of the publisher of the Old Testament, the state as a state of mind was born. As the Bible created the Jews, the Times have created America. What a gaggle of Semites could do in Babylon, another gaggle could do in mid town Manhattan - create an addicted media-ocracy.

But it was the Goyem that sold it. The marketing of culture to the western world was really the invention of one man - Pablo Bonaparte Escobar. Pablo was born in a small theme park replica of a Corsican village circa 1791 in the province of Medellin. His particular genius was perceiving the market potential of narco-culture, that as long as there's a demand for narco-culture there will be a supply. Today, the price of culture on the street is in the billions. America alone contains 28 million animals addicted to the Times.

Bonaparte-Escobar is credited with the invention of a process of throwing culture into a large pot and cooking it into a paste which, chemically speaking, is a 70% pure cultural chloride. The purification of narco-culture goes through many stages before it reaches *The Times*. Under the Medellin cartel, the leaf was pounded into a white theocratic powder, which, over the years, was developed into baroque concoctions such as Athenian democracy, Spartan oligarchy and a variety of monarchical mixtures in the dark ages after Rome. Various catalysts were used in the process - which begins with the literary leaf of the culture plant. The addictive chemical component is called drama. This leaf, which had been chewed for millenniums by indigenous animations, is activated, not by the traditional bit of ash or lime, but by a dollop of vaginal fluid or cum which you place on your tongue before mastication.

Culture, more easily transported and distributed in powdered rather than in leafy form, was initially introduced by the academic community, but since the advent of 'culture crack', a process that draws out more of the hydrochloric acid from the cultural mix in a chemical reaction that makes the mixture crackle, distribution has been dominated by tabloids. The traffic is such that the narco-culture distribution network is called the Dis-information Highway.

Allow me to digress for just a moment. I do hope you won't feel

used but I have a favor to ask. I am enclosing in this letter to my beloved editor a note to Ben Bradley. Would you pass it on for me?
Thank you

Dear Ben:

It is a disturbing thought that, as made painfully clear by my publicist, the New York Times has opted that you are planning to review my opening night in Botoweowo East Africa - (it happens to be my closing night) - in the performance piece known in working title only, as Porco Morto. Why the fuck the Times would spend 6000 smackeroos on a business class to Nairobi, hotel, driver, bodyguard and miscellaneous expenses is beyond any semblance of a business rationale - which only re-enforces my suspicion that the Times is out to get me one last time. Ben, you know you won't like my ending. Its not abstruse enough for you. Its not post-structuralist enough for you. I know you Ben. You have a vegetable aesthetic...its not Potatoland enough for you. Ben, if you dump on my death scene what the fuck do you expect me to do for an encore. As Patrick Henry put it, "Give me life or give me liquidity" Journalism has final cut on life's movie. The play is a power play. It's all about sex.

I understand the sex game, C & D, create and destroy
Build an animal up in order to tear the animal down...
Feed 'em to starve 'em, sprinkle upon them the manna of media exposure and then bury them on the back page
Every animal has its enemy. Every hare its hound
Fat Frank has been mine. He's painted my financial picture for twenty-seven years.
But little does he know I'm member of The Egise Pas Presse .
On Geddy's birthday Mama Lola told me she dreamed that someone eating a power lunch was in my way .
She handed me a Frank rich doll saying don't stick pins in it. That would be murder, Stuff lard balls down its throat. Frank will gain 84 pounds before Labor Day.
And that's just what happened. Have you seen his latest photographs?

But the enlightened beast sees the post modern picture
That animals are a taxidermological bricolage of systems, composites of linguo-artifacts That, like a computer chip, have crossed a threshold of emergence.
This emergence signifies that *they have read their storyline*
And high, as a character in a fiction, behave in a manner that has come to be defined as a *life-like-ness*.
Parco's Republic, which discusses ideas as idealized "forms" notes that the idea of a "life-like-ness" is traceable to Frank Capra's *A Wonderful Life* which animals, pigs among them, have voted, industry wide, into their top 100 story lines.

The introduction of a dream into a form is called a fix. A fix implies that something's broken.
Before it is fixed, a form has broken faith But once it starts dreaming, faith-in-itself is totally restored.
Then watch out! Here comes another cultural artifact

Ben, lets be professional. I've been emailed a questionnaire from the

East African Critical Establishment, the answers to which I append forthwith.

Q: Local wits in both Variety and Backstage call you the "non profit venture". Can you elaborate?

A: To be perfectly honest, my bookings are a disaster. I am a book. When you book a book you just can't start cutting pages because its running over budget. As a tourist of life, I suspect my tour has been undercapitalized.

Q: Le Monde and Figaro have called Gonzo Porco PHD "post-humanist" Is that good press or bad press?

A: According to the Origin of Archetypes by Natural Selection, the post-humanist as a species evolved by deconstruction of character following classical evolutionary laws. Nature selects whether a characteristic like "piggishness" will thrive and reproduce or go extinct.

Q: Any species confronted with extinction mutates wildly to come to terms with a new environment. Dinosaurs became chickens. Come clean now Porco. What about this warthog business? Why reconceived a performance at this decrepit stage of your career.

A: I've had it with domestic animals. A domestic animal is a constipated animal. Culture, the great domesticator, fills animals full of shit. I'm wild at heart. I go back to the beginning. I was there at the summer of love. I go back even further. I was there at the first drop of acid. I was on the road with Jack.

Q. Are you going extinct?

A: Tonight somebody walked out on me. I couldn't believe it. At first I thought they were just going to the bathroom. I kept staring at the empty seat expecting them to sneak back in at any moment. They didn't even wait for intermission

Professionally speaking , Ben, I suspect that the entire East African Critical Establishment works as stringers for the Times Drama desk, and I expect to be strategically misquoted . After I'm dead I'll sue. You can count on it!

Grey Lady I love you. Love of System is the World as Will
Because the will of the world hath commanded me to love the system, the will of the world hath commanded me to kiss the butts of winners.
If I were a single cell, the will of the world would command me to cohabituate with other cells in an orgy of communication until I became an organism.

Now, as fiction, I am commanded to edit myself into the canon, the Meta-fiction, to write myself off

For it is written "You are the will, nothing exists besides you...and you are a hungry will... and there is nothing to devour but yourself"

I love thee grey lady

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways... actually there's only one
Suddenly I am a song that makes me cry.
I make myself cry as I feel my animations coming apart
My bones float out of their sockets, my sinews stretch and pop
I am of two, three, four minds - they fly off and dissolve in a Dirac
soup, a soupy sea of misery
No mountains rise up out of it - no islands appear - no reefs - just
rolling swells of tears.
I am a song that can make me cry.
You too are crying my dear Grey Lady. You too come apart
Pain pulls you this way and that.
On your front page replete with wars of the day, the murders of the
hour, the bone thin children, the imploded dreams,
The parade of pigs obeyed in office, the slop of capital gains, the
pork of life... the pork!
I can read into your soul that you feel something. I can feel you
feeling something
You're losing your journalistic objectivity. Grey Lady, you're
fighting tooth and nail but you're losing it
Losing your moral fervor
And I can see that all along your moral fervor has been just as
fictional as all the rest.

Thus with my last breath I take the Bodhisattva vow - a vow of
compassion.
But as I am helplessly postmodern, I can't feel sorry for people. I
can only feel sorry for publications.
In my great compassion for the written word, for all tabloids, all
sensible beings and books and forms
I find I have gained compassion for reality-in-itself.
I am a song that makes me cry. I shall sing it to you

*AH SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, AT LAST I'VE FOUND THEE
OH, AT LAST I KNOW THE SECRET OF IT ALL
ALL THE LONGING, SEEKING, STRIVING, WAITING, YEARNING
THE IDLE HOPES, THE JOYS AND BURNING TEARS THAT FALL...*

*FOR 'TIS LOVE, AND LOVE ALONE THE WORLD IS SEEKING
AND 'TIS LOVE AND LOVE ALONE I'VE WAITED FOR
AND MY HEART HAS HEARD THE ANSWER TO ITS CALLING
FOR IT IS LOVE THAT RULES FOR EVER MORE*

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Lee Breuer is co-founder and co-artistic director of Mabou Mines. He has created numerous works for Mabou Mines as a writer, director, performer, and producer. He directed *Peter and Wendy* for an extended run at the New Victory Theater, winning five Obie Awards; that play was revived in 2011. He directed an adaptation of Samuel Beckett plays for Mabou Mines, which received three Obie Awards. Among his numerous other works are *The Shaggy Dog Animation*, *Sister Suzie Cinema*, *A Prelude to Death in Venice*, *The B Beaver Animation*, *The Red Horse Animation*, *Lear*, *Gospel at Colonus*, and *Mabou Mines Dollhouse*.