**From:** Hellene
**To:** Globe through Europe
**Sent:** 10 July 2013, 1:47
**Subject:** Social Media Resurrection

|  |
| --- |
| Dear Human I like to eat pig. I am on my thirties and I am Greek. I prefer the term ‘Hellene’ but in favour of our communication I accept the term ‘Greek’.We Greeks like pork here. I guess it is an eastern thing. Well, not exactly East. Indians do not eat pork. Europeans like eating pork. Are Greeks Eastern Europeans?When i was in school i was performing for “Survival”. Being gay and all that. When I moved in London I came closer to who I am…I am a man who is, interculturally, open to diversion. Five years after, I had to return and “Join” the Greek army.I forced myself to hide my sexuality out of fear to the unknown violence. Who is gathering army? During the last 12 months, there have been at least 19 violations of the constitution. One of them is the termination of the sole Public Tv and Radio communications within an afternoon. It has been more than a month without it. Constitution are you out of order? Do you need new software? Or shall I purchase a macintosh? A macintosh is said to be a pain in the –excuse me- ass, if you are used to work on a pc environment. Dear European governments in which environment do you think I should I live in? I did as you said. I bought a macintosh but I cannot work it out. We need you to translate the instructions book. We can help you on that.When I was dismissed from my military services I started living my life in Athens. One of my most memorable nights in Athens is when the music group, Iamx, came for a live show. Performing for my joy! A role I enjoy. I “Underline” my eye with my black make up pencil.I “Interact” with my Mohican hair. I “Apply to” my body my British pantalones and my black boots.I had fun…I took a taxi back to my boyfriend. On my way there, I decided to eat some pork at a restaurant. Wrong decision. I was followed by three men… ( Please allow me to replace the term ‘Men’ by reintroducing a new one for this case, the term ‘Pigs’.) I was followed by three pigs who beat the hell out of me. First my head behind my back. Then my back. My face. My lips. My stomach. My everywhere. They left the mark of their bootprint on my face.Help. HELP. ΒΟΗΘΕΙΑ. I WAS YELLING. BLOOD. SΗOCK. The police officer implied that I should have been dead. I went to a public hospital. Stood there for at least an hour. No service available. Busy night. There were too many people injured…and too few doctors. My friends took me to a private hospital. We were afraid for internal bleeding. It was internal. But not bleeding. Internal “Souling”. For years. Till here. This kind of pig is now a political party which is represented in the Greek Parliament.Many of my fellow citizens vote for them. What will happen when the pigs grow more?We are in need of children who will learn how humans coexist. Pigs you are a category yourself. Animal pigs forgive me. Fascist pigs forgive me not.Europe? Which is going to be?Pigs or P.I.G.S.?Gods and Goods, I challenge you to reshape.Academia and Performance Art, I invite you to investigate and transform.Iamamiwhoami and human, I thank you. |

Sent from the universe to “Be” and to social media.