

INTERVIEW WITH AN OCTOPUS

Willy is an emotionally-impaired octopus from the Persian Gulf. Born in an abandoned tanker three years after the First Gulf War, he roams the murky waters between Oman and Kuwait. A patriarch by cephalopod standards, he sulks along the shallow waters in search of food. This interview was conducted in the bilge tank of a sunken warship off the Strait of Hormuz while Willy was devouring some small fries.

Q: So how's life these days?

A: Well, I'm still alive. A shark nearly swallowed me yesterday, but I managed to slide between some cracks.

Q: Lucky bugger! It helps to be flexible, eh?

A: Hey – this is no civilized fish bowl. It is a real jungle down here. Unless you want to be sushi, you've gotta do whatever iz necessary ta survive.

Q: But what about ethical values? Don't you worry about the moral climate below the waters?

A: (pausing) Are you trying to bait me?

Q: No. I'm just deeply concerned about the lack of ethics around us.

A: That's easy for jerks like you with food in their bellies to say. When you're really hungry yer concerns may change. Try going without food for three days & see how yer ethics shift.

Q: What's your secret of survival, Willy?

A: Survivors don't tell secrets – only fools have big lips. If you really want to survive, don't remind people of the little secrets they prefer to ignore. Also, it helps to blend in – you've gotta change colors quickly.

Q: So how do you feel about duh future?

A: Well, ah, umm . . . None of us can escape the food chain, but we can celebrate our brief moments with élan. The business ah survival is seldom clean.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1995 Shizuoka / Fin.: 2023Yokohama

