

SUSANA COOK

HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

THE CONGA GUERRILLA FOREST

By Susana Cook

1999

At the end of the millennium a group of women get together to build a time capsule. Believing the prophecies and that the Y2K will end the world, they decide to spend the last days of the millennium building a time capsule for future civilizations.

They try to conciliate religion and science. How the destruction of the world, produced by science and computers and the belief in prophecies will come together in one second at midnight 1999.

Written and Directed by Susana Cook

Performers: Jennifer Steil, Ira Jeffries, Imani Henry, Sacha Yanow, Migdalia Jimenez, Cynthia Hampton-Sosa, Lara Crete and Susana Cook

The Cast

Congaza _____ Ira Jeffries

Congalia _____ Migdalia Jimenez

Congangel the Angel _____ Imani Henry

Congeta _____ Cinthia Hampton-Sosa

Congocha _____ Sacha Yanow

Congon _____ Susana Cook

Conguita _____ Jennifer Steil

Photographer _____ Lara Crete

Todas las Congas _____ everybody

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At the very beginning, The Conga Guerrilla Forest

(Todas las Congas enter walking slowly, we hear "Noche de Paz, Noche de amor". Later a Christmas carol, they will be getting ready to take a photo. They are sitting and standing in a family photo style trying not to move while they talk)

Congalia - Where did we start?

Congocha - In Africa

Congeta - Is the evolution theory still accurate?

Congon - I think it's obsolete. We didn't evolve, they found us

Conguita - No, it's not obsolete

Congocha - Nobody knows shit

Conguita - Well, the universe started, not the people, but the universe started in a black hole. That we know for sure

Congangel - Who?

Conguita - Who what?

Congocha - Who knows for sure?

Conguita - We

Congocha - Who is we?

Conguita - We humans, We civilized creatures, who can read a book and learn.

Do you have any idea how many wise scientists devoted their life to find out where we come from?

At the beginning they thought it was the nothing, not even the time and then the big bang occurred, and the universe and the time started

Now we know that they were wrong. We actually started in a kind of noodle soup.

That's what the string theory says

Congangel - We?

Conguita - Not we, the universe as we know it

Congeta - Not as we know it. It was different then

Congocha - Of course it was different, it was empty

Congalia - Wasn't it full of dinosaurs?

Conguita - I think the dinosaurs came later. In any case it was empty of humans

Congon - Who knows?

Congeta - She is right, who knows?

Congalia - For how long was it empty?

Congocha - Empty of humans it's not empty. That's what you people think, that without humans there's nothing

The Angel

(The photographer starts singing a church song. **Congangel the Angel** the Angel walks slowly toward the platform to the right side of the audience, wearing big wings, looking at the sky)

Congangel the Angel - At the end of the millennium the good souls will fly

Congocha - She is going up there again

Conguita - You are not going to be waiting there for fourteen days, are you?

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Congangel the Angel the Angel - I wait for the message

Conguita - Come here. She'll need to eat at some point

Congon - God found us

Congocha - Did you hear?. Somebody stole the virgin

Congalia - Nobody stole her. She disappeared in the air. People saw it

Conguita - Why would somebody steal a virgin?

Congeta - To sell it. It was a one hundred and fifty dollars virgin

Conguita - You can't price a virgin. You can't buy a virgin

Congon - People buy virgins every day

Congalia - You don't understand. You go to church if you want to see a virgin, you don't buy one. They belong there

The Photo

Photographer - Don't move please

Conguita - When is this photo going to be ready?

Photographer - I need a couple of minutes

Conguita - Not the shoot, when will you give us the photo?

Photographer - This time of the year is very busy, Christmas, you know? Everything. Allow me a couple of weeks. I'd say by January second you'll have it all ready

Todas las Congas - January second?

Photographer - Well, I need to make the contact sheets first, I'll show it to you, you choose one. I'll print it, we select a nice frame, by January second you'll have it ready to hang

Congocha - She is out of her mind

Conguita - Who is gonna hang anything on January second?

Congeta - And who is talking about frame?

Congon - We don't need a frame

Conguita - Right, it won't fit in the capsule with a frame

Photographer - What capsule?

Congalia - Time capsule

Photographer - Are you guys building a time capsule?

Todas las Congas - Aha

Photographer - And this picture is for the time capsule?

Todas las Congas - Aha

Photographer - I didn't know that. So of course you don't need a frame

Congocha - And we obviously need it before the end

Conguita - We are closing the capsule on the 30 th There are some discrepancies about the exact time the millennium is ending. There's a range of 24 to 27 hours that are fluctuating with the... with the what?

Congeta - With the solstice

Congocha - No, it's not with the solstice it's with the leap years

Congalia - No, it's the errors that have been made in the world's calendar

Congon - It's true, some say we actually are in the year 2004 already

Congalia - I wish that was true, I wish all this would be over

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Congocha - Don't worry, it is going to be over

Conguita - Please, don't get so tragic, you make me nervous

Photographer - You think everything is going to blow up?

Congeta - Everything is going to blow up

Congangel the Angel - We have different opinions

Congon - But we basically agree on the blowing up

Conguita - In a very basic way

Congangelthe Angel - Some of us are more spiritual than others

Congocha - Some of us have some scientific background

Congon - I am more rational

Congalia - (To photographer) You are not getting ready?

Photographer - I have so many jobs, Christmas and New Years is a very busy time. I make money for the whole year

Todas las Congas (*laughing*) - What whole year?

Conguita - You are very irresponsible

(The photographer starts singing again while striking her camera and tripod. The Congas start moving to the left side of the audience, where the high chairs are. They create a wall of women having a conversation as if sitting in the street in a summer afternoon. Congocha will slowly remove her shoes and socks, she will cut her toenails, Congalia has her hands in between her legs, she takes them out only when she has to talk. Conguita rocks nervously touching constantly some part of her body)

The Angel is eating a sandwich

Congon - What are you doing?

Congangelthe Angel the Angel - I am having some lunch

Congon - Aren't you gonna miss the message?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I think it's a different kind of message I'll receive. I don't think I need to be standing there all the time

Congon - What is it? mail? e-mail?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Don't be shallow. It's a spiritual message

Congon - Is it coming from inside?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - No, it's like a revelation

Congon - Is it going to appear?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Yes, it's going to appear

(They stay looking around, waiting)

Congon - Will I be able to see it?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I don't think so

Congon - So, it is coming from inside. I was right. You see it, only you can see it, because it's coming from inside you

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Revelations are coming from Outside, that's why they are called revelations

Congon - Then, how come I am not gonna see it, if I am here sitting with you at the moment of the revelation?

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Congangel the Angel the Angel - Because you have to be spiritually awake. You are ready inside, to see what happens outside

Congon - Can you tell me when you see it? Maybe I am ready inside after all. What do you know about my insides readiness?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - You are not

Congon - How do you know? I am very spiritual

Congangel the Angel the Angel - O, yeah?

Congon - Yes, I am. I love candles and incense, I love nature, quiet moments, that's spiritual

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Do you pray?

Congon - Let's pray. What religion? Let's pray

Conguita - I don't believe in the prophecies anymore

Congocha - Why?

Conguita - Every supermarket I go, they are different

Congeta - What supermarkets?

Conguita - I mean I grab the books when I am waiting in line to pay. They have different versions about the prophecies. Nostradamus, you know? Nostradamus is one of the prophets He is very accurate. But I mean they don't seem to agree on what he announced. I am not talking about some translation problems, but huge differences and inconsistencies, about the dates, about the facts

Congalia - When they mention the end of the world, they mean the universe?, or planet earth?

Congocha - Prophecies are not that specific. Did you ever read a prophecy? It could mean anything

Congon - The deadline of deadlines is near. It's a mathematical reality. This is the year 1999. One plus nine equals 10. One plus zero equals one. One is God. 999 it's 666 inverted, Deus versus Demon. $9+9+9$ equals 27. $2+7$ equals nine again, the number of God.

During this year we witnessed some signals that seem to be the preparation for the second coming. The big cross of planets, on August 11th 1999, which meant the bigger approaching of the Christic Pole to the planet, center of the drama of creation. This Christic pole, approached before, on August 8th 1997, which added is 888. 8 for the day, 8 for the month and 8 by adding 1997. 888 are the numbers corresponding to the name of Jesus. It also approached on September 9th 1998. 9 for the day, 9 for the month and 9 by adding 1998. And 999 is the Sacred Circle of God.

Congalia - That's a translation problem

Congocha - There's translation, adaptation, distortion

Conguita - Everybody was having revelations at the time. They were allowed, they were popular.

Congon - If I would have a revelation, I wouldn't tell anyone about it

Todas - Why?

Congon - They would put me on medication

Congocha - She is right, today it would be considered a hallucination. They didn't know any psychology at the time

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Congeta - Maybe we are wrong, maybe hallucinations are revelations. Maybe we are giving medications to the prophets

Congocha - No, that's crazy

Congon - Or maybe prophecies are a disorder

Congangel the Angel the Angel - You can't question prophecies, you can't question two thousand years of history

Congalia - It's the computer bug, that Y2K that worries me

Conguita - Motherfuckers, they didn't care about us (*she gets angry and nervous*). They knew everything was going to blow up. The atomic bombs are connected to computers.

The intercontinental ballistic missiles carrying nuclear warheads are controlled by computers. They just didn't care. For sure they built nuclear shelters for them. With golf fields, tennis courts. They're going to blow us up. And they have our money down there

Congocha - Relax. I think the universe didn't start, so it's never gonna

end. We just can't understand it because we can only think

of finite things. Endings and cycles. Because that's the way

they organized our thinking

Congalia - Who did?

Congocha - At school. I don't know. The scientists

Conguita - I think it was more the religions than the scientists

Congocha - They were working together at the time

Congalia - (*crying*) Oh, my God. We'll die

Congon - Not me. I am with the Jewish calendar. I am trying to keep thinking about it. It's the year 5761. In the Chinese calendar 4698, in the Muslim calendar 1421

Congeta - That's a very good idea. The Muslim calendar sounds so much better. Why only 14 hundred?

Congocha - They say that whatever has to come, it might just as logically be linked to the death of Jesus, rather than his birth. And they presume that Jesus died at age 33, so in the year 2033 is going to be really bad

Conguita - Also, the Western calendar starts with the year one and not year zero, so the 21st century and the third millennium do not begin until January 1, 2001

Congalia - Oh, God, this is never going to be over

Congocha - When the year 1000 arrived people were crazy too

Congeta - I know some villagers swore that a sooty snow that fell was in fact a rain of Satan's blood and they burned their village to the ground

Conguita - The pope told them

Congalia - You don't know who to believe in, the scientists the popes

Congeta - Nobody knows shit

Conguita - They thought the earth was on top of a big turtle

Congalia - Maybe it is

Congon - Who came up with the Big Turtle Theory?

Congocha - I don't know. Maybe it was just a metaphor

Congon - Maybe there is a fucking turtle below us and we just can't see it

Congocha - Wait a second, certain things have been proved, they are true

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Like what?

Congocha - Like maps for example

Congon - I believe in the turtle

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Conguita - Nobody has ever seen the big turtle

Congon - Somebody did, for sure somebody did at some point. People believed for years in the giant turtle

Congeta - Nobody has seen the turtle, nobody has seen God, nobody has seen the Holy Ghost

Congon - You don't need to be a genius to see what is going on in here

Conga family - What?

Congon - Some people made reservations to have a dressed up ball in a fancy hotel. They will be celebrating that we'll all gonna blow up. They are the ones who have money, ergo power, ergo they know what is gonna happen. We know shit. They are not gonna come to tell us what is going on

Congalia - We should go to the hotels

Congeta - What for?

Congalia - They'll be safe, for sure they'll be safe

Congocha - She is right. We should go where they go. That hotel is not gonna blow up

Conguita - She could be right

Congangel the Angel the Angel - She is paranoid. You think they passed secret information of what it's going to happen?

Congeta - Yeah, they'll blow up with us

Conguita - I am ready for the end of the world, like the religious part. But I don't feel ready for the whole computer bug thing. When I was a kid and I read in the bible that the skies would open, and the angels with trumpets, was it trumpets?

Congeta - What are you talking about?

Conguita - The end of the world, the judgment day

Congon - I didn't read it. I didn't read any of that. Good for me

Conguita - I was so terrified. I think I devoted my life to prove that it wasn't true. But I didn't learn anything about computers

Congangel the Angel the Angel - They didn't know about computers at the time, that's why they couldn't describe it so well in the prophecies. But they knew something strange was gonna happen and everything would end

Congocha - Maybe the Final Judgment is just a computer program

Congangel the Angel the Angel - It's The tribulation. The rise to power of a cunning man disguised as a kindly world leader, but in reality he is the diabolic Antichrist. He will plunge the world into a catastrophic war that will end all wars on the plains of a mid-east valley known as Armageddon

Congalia - They say that the one-world leader already exists, and you know what it is? It's the United Nations, and its leaders are under domination by Antichrist agents who want to imprint all of us with the mark of the beast

Congocha - And they are doing it, very slowly, with the universal identity cards, the Social security numbers, DNA tests and secret high tech methods of monitoring our every move

Conguita - Oh, my God. Is that the mark of the beast that John described?

Congocha - It looks like. First it's going to be the economic meltdown when our electronically linked worldwide computer web struggles to find the year 2000 in its programs. Then we will all become in our social security numbers, identification cards, DNA, we'll all be just 666

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Conguita - Oh, Stop it please

Congangel the Angel the Angel - We should relax. Panic could lead to the rise of the Antichrist

Congalia - We should go to the hotels

Congeta - Do you know how much it costs to get in?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - If there's Hell, those people are going to hell. You shouldn't be near them

Congalia - No way, they always get the good part

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Not when it comes to hell

Conguita - Yes, she is right. You don't understand. The Purgatory has different values

Congocha - The apocalypse

Conguita - Yeah, Heaven and Hell

Congalia - Everything becomes reverse

Congon - Yeah, we'll be dressed up having dinner in a God's hotel, you are so naive. You think everything will be the same, only reversed?

Congocha - It doesn't work like that, it's more complex

Congon - When Galileo said that the earth was not the center of the universe, they were laughing at him

(Pause. The other ones look at each other)

Conga Family -- So?

Congon - I don't know. We'll blow like cockroaches

Conguita - Actually they say that the cockroaches will be the only survivors

Congon - How do they know? They put a cockroach in a lab, they activated a tiny atomic bomb, and the cockroach survived. So they proved, that cockroaches will survive the atomic bomb

Conguita - No, in the vicinities of sites where they carried out nuclear bomb tests, they found nothing but bugs

Congangel the Angel the Angel- If you were good you'll survive, if you were bad you'll crash like a frog

Conguita - I am good

Congocha- I'm good

Congeta - I'm good

Congalia - I'm good

Congangel the Angel the Angel- How good?

Congalia - Good, in general

Congangel the Angel the Angel - What do you do to be good?

Congalia - I recycle, I care about the earth. I don't hurt anybody, I am good!

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Do you pray?

Congalia - No, you have to pray too?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Of course

Congalia - Well, it's never too late to start. I can pray. I could start praying right now

Congangel the Angel the Angel - It's too late now

Congocha - You don't become good the first day you pray

Congeta - It's accumulative

Congalia - How long does it take?

Congocha - I don't know. (to Congeta) How long does it take?

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Congeta - I don't know but there's also the baptism. It's not a one day thing. You don't become a good Christian in one day

Conguita - Do you have to be Christian?

Congocha - Of course

Congalia - Well I'm not Christian

Congeta - But you are trapped in a Christian era

Conguita - I could be a good non-Christian

Congocha - I don't think there's such a thing

Todas las Congas - No, there's not such a thing

Congalia - What about people from other religions?

Congocha - They have a different calendar

Congeta - The question is that either you believe or you don't believe in the year 2000

Conguita - You can't believe in a year

Congangel the Angel the Angel - If you believe that Jesus was the son of God, and therefore a new era started when he was circumcised

Congeta - If we'll start the year 2000, everything will blow, and it's gonna be the end of the world

Congalia - So the Christians will blow. I am not a Christian then

Conguita - No, they think everybody will

Congalia - They can think whatever they want. Non-Christians we'll be fine. We'll be OK. Let's forget this whole millennium thing. We don't want that

Conguita - But the computers are Christian in a way. And fucking everything is connected to the computers. Forget it, we gonna blow with them. It's hopeless

Congocha - We are trapped. Everything is Christian

Conguita - OK. Let's work in our time capsule, just in case. (She goes center stage and looks for the paper where she is writing the document for the time capsule)

Congeta - This is an interesting fact. We can write that we were not Christian, and we blew with them

Congocha - Yes, right down. "The Christians took over the time and we all blew with them"

Conguita - Why couldn't they leave us alone with the Jewish calendar? Or the Chinese calendar.

Or the Aztec calendar? We would be already in the year 5 thousand three hundred, what is it?

Congocha - 5761

Todas las Congas : Ahhhh, it sounds so nice.

Congalia - I think I am Jewish

Conguita - Me too

Congeta - What happened in the Jewish year 2000?

Congon - I don't know. We should find out. It could be an interesting reference

Conguita - We should stop all this non-sense and work on our time capsule. It's very important. Congaza! We can leave a great contribution to future civilizations, so they don't make the same mistakes we made. I am writing the document. Who would like to say something?

Congon - Don't build computers. Don't let anybody change your calendar. But if the calendar gets change anyway and you can't help it, and you have to start all over at some

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point, pray and be a good Christian. Sorry we left you some cockroaches, we couldn't kill them. They survived us because they are better Christians

Conguita - I am not going to put that

Congon - And by the way, what happened to the people who were dancing in the hotels? Did you find their bones? If they survived us you can take that as a scientific prove that they are cockroaches

Congaza- I wrote a note myself. I would like to read it, to see if everybody agrees in including it

Todas las Congas - Sure, go ahead

Congaza - (reading from a piece of paper)

"We were good people
Actors, clowns, poets. Nice people in general
We didn't deserve to blow up
because it was the year 2000
but we did anyway (she interrupts, and explain to the others) - In case we blow up, you know what I mean -
(she continues reading)

We didn't see any purgatory or announcement of any kind
The only thing that was very publicized was some problems with the computers.
We created the monster. We created technology to serve us and we became it's slaves

I always knew that those computers that were supposed to solve so many problems one day would become our worst enemy
I knew one day the computers would kill all of us
And so they did (she interrupts herself again) - In case we blow up, you know what I mean - (she continues)

I hate them so much. That's why I wrote this note with a pen
and not with a computer.
If everybody would do like me
If they would stop using their computers
We would still be here
and instead of you reading this letter
I would be telling you the story
Looking at you in the eyes"

(Todas las Congas are very touched by the letter)

Congon - Is that theory accurate? If we stop using the computers nothing will blow up? Let's do something about it. We should mobilize people. Maybe it's not too late

Conguita - We have given up already, didn't you notice? We are writing documents for our time capsule

Congon - You don't understand. maybe we can save the world

Conguita - How? You'll send an e-mail to people telling them to stop using their computers?

Congeta - OK. Relax. Stop fighting. I would like to read my poem

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Conguita - Why would they need a poem?

Congeta - It's art. It's culture. It's an important part of our civilization

Conguita - Your poem is an important part of our civilization?

Congocha - I agree that we should include some art

Conguita - A Picasso maybe, not her poem

Congeta - My poem is part of the culture too

Conguita - You were talking about art

Congeta - Congaza wrote a poem

Conguita - That is a document. And Congaza is wise

Congalia - How do we know that they'll know any English?

Conguita - I included an English book that will teach them the basics. And from there they can do some research. If they'll be so civilized

Congocha - Should we put that we are all lesbians?

Conguita - It's so obvious

(They suddenly face the audience and start singing a vehement God Bless America)

Conguita - I don't like labels

Congon - Which one? American?

Conguita - Oh, no, no sorry, I am thinking about the document. If we put that we are all lesbians. I am bisexual

Congon - And that's not a label?

Conguita - well

Congocha - It's two labels in one

Congon - If you sleep with men you are straight. If you sleep with women you are a lesbian. if you sleep with both you are confused

Congeta - Or you are cheating

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Christian is not a label right?

Congon- Put spic

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Trans

Congeta - Bulldager

Congalia - Ape descendants

Congangel the Angel the Angel- We should definitely include information about these categories

Conguita - What about the Picasso? We didn't discuss that yet

Congangel the Angel the Angel- Yes, let's include a Picasso

Congeta - What about my poem?

Congon - Your poem was replaced by the Picasso

Conguita - *(She is still concentrating in the document she is writing)* Human being is too vague. Women it's better

Congon - Yes, that's less vague

Conguita - Well, I don't think they will care about our sexuality

Todas las Congas - Yes, they will!

Conguita - OK, we can say that we had diverse sexuality

(Todas las Congas talks at the same time, getting loud and nervous)

Congeta -- Put lesbians.

Congocha - And put that you are straight

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Conguita - I am not straight, I am bisexual

Congocha - All the time?

Conguita - I slept with a woman in college -

Congeta - That doesn't make you a bisexual that makes you a college student -

Congon - That makes you educated

Conguita - You can't help it, you can't live without categories

Congalia - Maybe you didn't find the right label

Congon - Put butches, femmes, futches and transgender

Congeta - Some lesbians don't like to be called butch

Congocha - most butches wouldn't like to be mistaken for a femme

Congalia - Some femmes don't consider themselves lesbians

Congangel the Angel the Angel - some women don't like to identify as women

Conguita - some females are not women

Congocha - some women are not female

Congon - some women are not lesbians or bisexuals or heterosexuals

Conguita - they hate labels

Congalia - they rather be called human beings

Congeta - to stay away from categories

Conguita - they are free

Congocha - there's a lot of free people nowadays

Congalia - And that's how the world ended. All these people fighting over labels and categories (She exits)

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I have some seeds I think we should include

Todas las Congas - (They feel very touched) Awww...

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I am not trying to be poetic. You guys are writing a whole anthropological essay of our culture and the labels, they might be interested in our flowers instead

Congalia - (*She comes with a magazine*) Sorry to interrupt, I just found this religion update, I thought it could be useful. It's, you know, as everything... just in case... it could not be true. It's a bit disturbing. But, I don't know, this guy is a leading theologian.

Todas - Go ahead, what is it?

Congalia - Well, it looks like if things happen the way we think they could happen, I mean, apparently none would survive the slaughter. He wrote some notes about the purgatory too. He says that the Purgatory is inherently unpleasant, but it doesn't have to be a nightmare. How bad it is and how long you spend there depends a lot on you. The disturbing part is that, you know the John's prophecy in the bible, the Antichrist right? And his followers will wear the mark of their true master, Satan, by bearing the numbers 666 on their body. And you know the four Horsemen of the Apocalypse you know

Congas - Yes, we know

Congalia - OK, Nostradamus predicted three Antichrists, not one three (reading) "Arising ahead of the time of the final onslaught just before the new millennium" Most agree that

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he was referring to Napoleon and Hitler as the first two, and this guy says that Saddam Hussein might be the third and final Anti-Christ. (reading) "Hussein is already on the scene and continually pushing the world toward a devastating war at the same time nature, in the form of the great comet, wreaks natural havoc on the earth before 1999 is over." And you know what happened with the mosquito spray. I don't know is scary

(From the back appears a The Procession of a Virgin. A group of people walk slowly and quietly in procession, carrying a big image of a Virgin. They walk around the stage. All the characters join quietly the procession. They exit, disappear in the back)

Congeta - What was the Virgin doing in the Purgatory?

Congocha - We are just practicing, right?

Conguita - Who exactly was Santa Claus?

(Congangel the Angel he Angel the Angel is on top of the ladder again)

Congangel the Angel the Angel - When I was a little boy and I started for the first time to experience wheels. I was not trying to understand the mechanism. How could I, it was far away. But somehow I knew I was being transported on wheels. I didn't have access to the use of my legs as we know it. I was walking on my mother's legs but I had wheels, to play with, I removed them from those little cars they gave me to play with. It was so evident. It was so evident. I didn't have wings. I was not trying to draw up, the old shapes were the ones to stay. and then Lady Queen died. They told me she died, I read that she died, but I didn't see her dying, I didn't see her when she was alive either. She couldn't see my wings, because she couldn't see me, maybe she wasn't alive. I remember her lady style, her Lady Queen style, her smell. How can I remember her smell? I was just a little boy, and I played with what I had to play. I knew she couldn't see me, I was removing the wheels of the little cars they gave me to play with. She was raising my expectations unduly. She didn't know I could smell her. I seem to remember another in the anomalous apartment, I do not remember much of me standing up, in front of all that strange fashion. What was that? It didn't seem to remind me of anything. Why was it there? Everything was there to remind me of something, but it didn't, this one didn't. Why couldn't I place it anywhere in my memory. Of objects, of things. Maybe it wasn't there because I couldn't remember what it was.

I wasn't forced to play with wheels. Everything seemed so natural at the time. I know they were given to me. And I could understand them. What was the mechanism to go up Lady Queen? Balance is a different thing now. Balance is not what it used to be

Conguita - No, I don't think she is going yet

Congocha - No, it's not the time

Congalia - How much longer?

Congeta - 14 days

Congocha - What are we going to do during all this time

Congon - We'll wait (To Conguita) Is the Time Capsule ready?

Conguita - Kind of, there's no more room in it

Congeta - Where are we gonna put it?

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Conguita - We'll bury it I guess.

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Sinners have reasons to fear God

Migdalia - It's true. Seven years of Hell on earth is what God planned for the wicked

Congangel the Angel the Angel - We might be the generation that sees Armageddon

Conguita - What is the official catholic position in this?

Congeta - Christ return is near

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Holy Spirit

Congocha - (To Congangel the Angel the Angel) - Which one is going to be the signal?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Comets will appear. After the comet the great nation will be devastated by the earthquakes, storms and great waves of water, causing much want and plagues and most living creatures will be killed, and even those who escape will die from horrible diseases, for in none of those cities do persons live in accordance with the laws of God.

Todas las Congas - Oh, shit

Congeta - This could be the day

Congocha - (to Congangel the Angel the angel) - How can we know?

Congangel the angel the angel - There will be wars and fury that will last a longtime, whole provinces shall be emptied of their inhabitants, and kingdoms shall be thrown into confusion

Todas las Congas - Oh, shit.

Congocha - What about the beast?

Congalia - Is that the Antichrist?

Congocha - You were talking about it

Congangel the angel the angel - The whore of Babylon

Todas las Congas - What whore of Babylon?

Congon - The whore, the whore of Babylon, it's in the bible

Congangel the angel the angel - At the trumpet's blast, all true Christians will suddenly ascend half way to heaven the moment Christ begins his descent

Congon - Why half way?

Congocha - You see? You have to be a true Christian

Congon - They'll stay halfway?

Conguita - I don't want to die, I really don't want to die. I don't know what is gonna happen if I die

Congon - Let's watch TV

(They turn on a TV. They watch it. We hear Songs of Freedom)

Congalia - It's out there

Todas las Congas - What?

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Congalia - The parade, they are there, they are marching. They are so organized. Neat

(They all approach the window and watch the parade, which is in the audience. They wave and smile to them, the audience, or yell things. At the end of the parade or military march they come back inside.)

Congangel the Angel the Angel -

A woman dressing as the sun. The moon under her feet. On her head a crown of 12 stars. It's the beginning of a new celestial age, new teachers and prophets arise and their influences dominate life on earth. We are already in contact with those incredibly advanced and peaceful people. They are living among us, waiting for the right moment to reveal themselves and the wonders they can teach us, when they deem us ready to know. The comet Hale-Bopp is drawing closer to Earth, Aquarius is nearly upon us

Pause

Congon - That's the message you've got?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - For right now, yes

Congeta - Is not that bad

Conguita - So you don't need the wings anymore?

Congon - We are not sure if the scientific or religious information provided in this show is accurate in any way. We know that this people are real and that this is a true story. They are really waiting for the end of the world, and they are really building a Time Capsule *(While she is talking the rest of the performers nod with their heads approving every word she says)* They really took a picture and they'll be living here *(asking to the rest of the performers)* -We are right?

Todas las Congas - Yes

Congon - the last fourteen days of the millennium as it was announced in the prophecies. People ask us "What does it mean? this whole thing? Is that lesbian scene really necessary? What were you trying to say, that lesbians are here to save the world?"

(The rest of the cast nods approving)

Yes, lesbians are here to save the world. We are the last hope, it's in the prophecies .

(To Las Congas) Do you have the book with the prophecies?

Las Congas - No, we couldn't find it

Congon - Ok. It's something like:

"They'll give birth to hundreds of androgynous. Our new teachers in the age of Aquarius will come to us from our own specie but far from the reaches of . Virgins loving virgins will reveal the horizon of the mysterious circumstance . Crossing the line of Sun."

Eventually somebody added a comma. So it read: Virgins, (comma) loving virgins. But originally it was "Virgins loving virgins" which sounds very much like lesbians to me

(Romantic music, dance. Then poem. While Congon recites her poem to Conguita Todas las Congas wait looking at them uninterested)

Congon -

I love you like I never loved before

I never loved this way

I never loved you before

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this way
This is not the way I usually love
Did I ever loved?
Is this love?
I'm loving
but
loving
but
loving
but
in loving?
my love grew and grew and grew
and got old
and died
and was born again
then
it's eternal
When I see you lying in your bathtub
my whole existence makes sense
the universal equilibrium makes sense
my past lives come to life
Inside you
I remember every one of my past lives
I remember loving you as a holy horse
I remember loving you in a savage place
I remember loving you in a far away island
I remember when I was a king
the emperors kneeling before me
and that deep romantic night
when I discovered that my power was coming from your thighs
Ancestral voices prophesying war
I went to you my cathedral
-Don't shut the door, let me enter your divine gate
let me unravel in your breast my entangled life
Save me my most dear! Let me rest my wings
I am hungry for you, I want to be replete with you
my tongue is rehearsing in front of your monument
my tongue-tied, dried in desserts
waiting for your water
I love your hands, your smell, your temperature
I love the decoration in your house
my passion for Gothic churches is nothing compared with my passion for you
let me be a boat in your jelly ocean
I, proudest sailor, hold me afloat
transport me farthest....take me to the rainy rainbow.... bring more water for my wave
and the ship moves on
I, mariner refreshed with rain... I am sailing my ocean

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I am sailing..... Land Ho!

Todas las Congas - I thought we were going to save the world

Congon - yes

Congocha - Who is going to do the flyers?

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Do you think we should start a lesbian calendar?

Congalia - It's a good idea

Congangel the Angel the Angel - When would we start?

Congocha - I think that will make us operate like a religion

Congeta - We need something. If we don't have a specific time, or a specific place, people won't have anything to hold on to

Congocha - We could wear a uniform

Congon - We kind of do already

We hear Tango music

Congocha - Oh, my God. That's the tango. We said we were not gonna do the tango

Congon - Yes we are

Congocha - We don't know the steps

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Because you are trying to lead

Congon - Ah, no. Congangel leads Congocha

Congocha - I am not trying to lead anything

They dance tango choreography

Congangel the Angel the Angel- Are we going to save the world dancing?

Congon - We are not dancing, we are creating meanings

(They are pushed into a new choreography. Ca Cha)

Congeta - The problem is that any of us is a good singer. Otherwise we could sing

Conguita - Well, none of us is a good dancer either

Congalia - That's true

Congangel- Do you think we'll recruit new women with these dances?

Conguita - We should try to get more multimedia, that's what everybody likes now

Congon - Listen, I am not doing this for personal reasons, there's a purpose behind every move

Congalia - The main thing about us is that we are smart

Todas las Congas - It's true

Congon - I think that the main thing about us is that we are charming dancers

Conguita - I really think that we could be the queens of multimedia

Congeta - No way, we are poor

Conguita - We can get creative about it

Congocha - She is right, we have a TV here, If we turn it on, we'll be almost multimedia

Congon - We should try to get some kind of projector. Do you have a projector?

Congeta - No, I don't

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Congangel the Angel the Angel - No

Congocha - No, what kind of projector? I don't have any, anyway. No, I don't

Congon - Some kind of sound system, movie system?

Congalia - No, nothing

Congon - A computer?

Congeta - I don't have a computer

Conguita - I have one at work, but I can't bring it

Congon - A VCR?

Congeta - Yes, I do, but it's not really good

Congocha - I have a radio

Todas las Congas - Bring your radio

Congon - What about you guys, a vacuum cleaner, a toaster?

Conguita - I have a toaster, but what are you going to project in a toaster?

Congalia - It should be some computerized toaster with screen incorporated

Congeta - We could project slides on the toasts

Conguita - Technology has no boundaries. We are staying behind. This is the moment to show equipment, to show the fascination of men with technology, and we don't even have a computer

Congocha - OK, here is my radio

Todas las Congas - Turn it on

Conguita - The radio is not working. People were fascinated with radios 50 years ago

Congon - OK, we could be historical, epic multimedia

(calling Congaza)

-Congaza!

(Congaza comes)

Congon - **Congaza**, what can we do to save the world?

Congaza - To what?

Congon - To save the world

Congaza - Ah, OK

Todas las Congas - What can we do?

Congaza - Be loud

(Congaza leaves)

Conguita - She is right

Congocha - Yes, she is right

Congalia - We need a mic then

Congon - No, I don't think she means a mic

Congeta - Right, she means loud

Congangel the Angel- Maybe she means louder

Conguita - Do not stay quiet

Congocha - To speak up

Congangel the Angel- It's like a metaphor I think

Congalia - Do you want me to call her and ask her again what she meant?

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Congon - No, she said what she had to say. Be loud, we have to think about it

Conguita - I think it's clear

(Loud music of parade. They try to continue the conversation, but they are interrupted by the loud parade, so they go to the window to look at it)

(The procession of the Virgin comes back)

(They sing America with the Virgin)

(Congangel the Angel the Angel goes to the back, next to the window

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I think I am going, I think I am going!

Todas las Congas - Come back here! We need you

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Ahhhh!!

Todas las Congas - Life goes on in town. There's fourteen days left

(We hear the photographer in the back singing frenetically. Las Congas will sit around a table, with wine, grapes and olives. They hug each other)

Conguita - I am so glad you are back

Congocha - This is scary, it reminds me too much of the last supper

Congon - Everything is always going to remind you of something

Congeta - It's a pity we don't have enough infrastructure to show that you are a hero, we can't show big battles or that kind of thing

Congon - It's OK, heroes always tell the stories afterwards. you don't see anything, you just know that they did it, or you hear the story

Conguita - Right.

Congon - It was a long battle

Todas las Congas - Yes, tell us

Conguita - I am sure it was very difficult

Congon - It wasn't like any battle

Todas las Congas - No

Congon - This battle had to do with honor, with my best friend's honor

Congeta - I love friendship

Congalia - What happened to your friend's honor?

Congon - This guy stole his wife

Todas las Congas - Oh, no

Congon - I couldn't stand it

Conguita - Maybe she left

Congon - No, he stole her

Congalia - Awful

Congon - We had to enter the city

Todas las Congas - Oh, my God

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Congon - But how? was the question

Todas las Congas - How did you do it?

Conguita - I am sure you had an idea

Congon - Yeah, we disguised ourselves as horses

Conguita - Brilliant

Congon - Running like crazy around the city

Congocha - Exhausting

Congon - Eating grass, drinking water from the lake

Congeta - disgusting

Congon - And they were feasting. And they had my best friend's wife

Congalia - Oh, God

Congocha - What did you do?

Congon - We were horses for six long hours, until we gained people's trust. We had to approach the palace

Congalia - Oh, God, it makes me nervous

Conguita - It's really smart

Congon - And then, when we got to the palace

Todas las Congas - What did you do?

Congon - We got out of the costume and we killed them, all of them. Seven thousand six hundred and seventy eight men, who thought we were horses

Congocha - How many horses did you have?

Congon - Seventeen, not really horses, you know. I killed about 5000, with these hands, with this sword. Bloody moments. It's not nice to remember

Conguita - Yeah, don't think about that

Congon - A guy running towards me, parts of my horse costume obstructing the full movement of my legs. I couldn't run. I was trapped in my own lie. My sword penetrating the bodies of all those men that thought that I was a horse. I fouled them. And I killed them. Mostly out of surprise. "It wasn't a horse god damn it" I heard them saying amongst themselves. Before they could recover from the surprise, fast and sharp my sword was there to explain the trick. Don't you foul with my friend's wives, I yelled, killing them with a statement, of loyalty and friendship

Todas las Congas - good

Congon - I met a couple of Gods too during my trip. I learned about heaven and earth, death and life, humans and animals, animals and vegetables and minerals. I learned about destiny and origins, about memory and predictions, about gods and men, about love and home, about home and property, about property and prophecies

Todas las Congas - Aha

Congon - Do you know what was here before us?

Todas las Congas - What?

Congon - Nothing. And this is what is left of me. Nothing

Todas las Congas - ooo....

Congon - And you know what is gonna happen in fourteen days?

Todas las Congas - What? What is gonna happen?

Congon - Nothing

Conguita - You defeated them

Congon - Yes. but the work is not finished yet

Todas las Congas - Is not?

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Congalia - What else do we have to do?

Congon - We have to stay here for the next fourteen days

Congocha - On, no, I want to get out

Congeta - I want to see the sky

Congon - There's no sky

Congalia - I have three cats at home

Congon - No, we'll be performing fourteen more days. we were written in the prophecies

Conguita - But you defeated them, we don't have to obey the prophecies anymore

Congon - We are not obeying any prophecies, I wrote them

Conguita - Write something different

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Calm down everybody, there's only seven days left. We are having a good time here

Congon - Do you want to hear about the other battles? It could be inspiring

Todas las Congas - Yes, go ahead

Congon - I was still recovering from the battle, from all that grass I had to eat. We launched our ship into the sea. The ship was drawing near to a strange island

Congalia - Which one, what island?

Congon - We didn't know. None of us had ever seen that island

Congocha - Scary

Congon - It was night. I was alone looking at the sea, the sky, the stars

Congas - Yeah, yeah

Congon - I met a beautiful siren. that night. God she was a great singer. My men were terrified "Don't listen to her! She is wicked! It's a trick! She'll make us drown into the deep ocean" What the heck, she was so beautiful. But I am not stupid. She thought she was tricking me. But I knew all the time what was going on. I knew how many men had drown in the sea following a beautiful voice singing lovely tones, a beautiful face with a fish tail

Todas las Congas - Right

Congon - But I still wanted to have a good time, after all those battles. I always liked fish. (To Conguita) I was thinking about you my love. What did you do during all this time?

Conguita - Nothing, I waited for you

Todas las Congas - We all waited for you

Congon - I was trying really hard to come back home. It was so difficult, so . . . But I am a hard man, never downhearted and never tired. I must be made of iron

Conguita - You are a woman

Congangel the Angel- Of course she is, it's just an expression

Congocha - I think that was Odysseus, the story you were telling

Congon - Everything is always going to remind you of something

Conguita - Yes, heroes are always very similar

Congon - I am not. Five thousand six hundred and seventy men, where did you hear that?

Congocha - I think I heard something similar. At least the sirens thing is very common

Congalia - Listen, we love you. Nobody is questioning that, we do love you, no matter what

Congon - I learned so much during all these years. Do you know how is it like to be a horse? Do you know how horses feel inside? I am so exhausted, it was so hard, I can't

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hear any criticism right now. It was really heroic. It's not easy my job. You, common , unblessed people, you have an easy life. To be a hero is...

Todas las Congas - Yes, we know, we know

Congon - It's sweaty, it's exhausting, demanding. Lonely. Uncomfortable. And dirty. There's no beds out there, no showers , and all those girls rubbing oil all over my body

Conguita - You should be rich by now, you deserve it

Congon - I should be rich, I know

Congalia- Or at least have a comfortable bed, you deserve it, you are exhausted

Conguita - You can sleep in my bed tonight if you want

Congon - It's OK, I'll sleep out here, when things get too easy, too comfortable you risk to loose your stamina. You can get soft and vulgar. I am a warrior, I can't forget that. If I sleep with you it would be too sweet, too soft, unless you want me to protect you

Conguita - Sure, you can protect me

Congon - So you want me to protect you

Conguita - yes, I do

Congocha - You can protect me too

Congalia - Me too. I was having awful nightmares, there's so much noise at night. I am so worried

Congon - OK. I'll protect all of you

Congeta - Maybe we should sleep all together

Congon - OK. You sleep all together and I'll protect all of you

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I am fine. I don't want protection. I sleep better alone

Congon - OK

Congangel the Angel the Angel - Are we a religion, an army or a political group?

Congalia - We are a race

Congeta - No, we are not a race

Conguita - We are a community

Congon - I think we are a ballet

Congalia - Yes, I like ballet

Congangel the Angel the Angel - I don't know. Congaza told us to be loud

Congeta - She is right, ballets are very quiet

Conguita - It's an expression of the body. It could be considered loud

Congon - We could be a ballet with very loud music

Congocha - A ballet of thinkers

Congon - A non-trained ballet of thinkers with loud music

Conguita - A non-trained, but very inspired, ballet of thinkers who care

Congalia - With very loud music

Congeta - Loud bodies in dance

Congon - Loud brains in dancing bodies

Congocha - Not mute ballet

Congalia - The art of activism

Congangel the Angel- Activism in the arts

Congeta - Dancing for a cause

Congocha - The meanings of the bodies that can't move too well

Conguita - Words of bodies

Congon - We are a museum.

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Todas las Congas - Why a museum?

Congon - I don't know

Conguita - According to the prophecies without the comma, we are here to announce The Age of Aquarius

Congeta - You are right. We are like prophetesses or something

Congocha - We have to teach the mysterious circumstance

Congalia - Yeah, the crossing the line thing

Congocha - I think we should stop the dancing part

Todas las Congas - No way

Congocha - It doesn't add any credibility to what we are saying

Todas las Congas - We like dancing

Congocha - But we are bad

Todas las Congas - That's the point

Conguita - These people should go. We have to start the protection part now

Congocha - Yes, let's do the protection part

Congon - Sure, I feel like protecting

Congeta (to Congalia) You should ask in the audience if someone could feed your cats

Todas las Congas - Shhh

(Walking backstage in line, seven steps. The photographer and Congaza will join them. Facing the audience now they walk 7 steps forward and bow. When they are down, loud music starts)

FIN