

# SUSANA COOK

## HIDVL ARTIST PROFILES

### GOING SOUTH

By Susana Cook

At the age of five I escaped with a circus  
I guess I must not have been talented in any of  
the circus skills  
because at the age of seven, the circus abandoned  
me  
on the road, halfway between Clavel and Samanita  
with Sandy, the monkey  
I remember that morning,  
we looked at each other's eyes and we knew:  
they were gone  
we headed north  
after 60 miles of quiet walking  
we stopped in a little town called Milanta for  
water  
I found a job there, feeding birds  
in a bird store  
Sandy kept walking north  
without showing any attachment to me...  
I guess I must not have been talented feeding  
birds  
because after a month I lost my job at the bird  
store  
I kept walking north  
I reached Gandara  
I had some money in my pockets,  
I decided to invest in education  
I went to school  
a good one  
the heirs of many important people were going to  
that school  
I made good contacts there  
I told them that my father was a diplomat, he had  
to travel a lot  
I was invited to trendy birthdays parties  
I met a rich guy  
we got married  
we had kids, and a house and servants  
I became a doctor  
my kids were very happy,  
they were making important friends  
because of my diploma  
but I wasn't happy

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I knew they didn't love me  
I left, walking north again  
looking for true love  
I was wasting my time  
I decided to start having sex  
I was talented at that  
I was helping people to relax  
giving pleasure, getting pleasure  
after five years I ran out of desire

"True love is God", I read on a car's bumper  
sticker  
"Expect a miracle"  
then I did  
I expected a miracle  
and then I found out that the miracle was faith  
so I've got a miracle  
I finally had faith  
I also had two dogs  
my life was getting crowded

I knew something was important:  
the glass of water  
I was getting old and thirsty  
and nobody there to bring me a glass of water  
then I got it myself  
and I remembered my mother  
the day I abandoned her  
I was five, she was twenty five  
I wondered -How old is she now?  
that issue started to obsess me  
I had to find her  
I headed south looking for my mother  
I found her in the audience  
at the circus  
my curiosity was satisfied:  
she was old  
about twenty years older than me  
she didn't remember the day I left her  
but she was forgiving and understanding  
I gave her a glass of water  
and I left  
looking for true love  
"True love is inside you", somebody told me  
how could I get there?  
my holes...  
I had 10

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holes

I developed a close relationship with my holes  
I tried to take care of them  
things were coming out of my holes  
I could put things inside my holes  
pull out things, off my holes  
I could go inside me  
I was humid inside  
my fingers were coming out with different fluids  
with different textures  
different smells  
from each hole  
how far inside could I go?  
were they connected?  
nothing was possible without my holes  
through my holes I was listening, reading,  
shiting, talking, fucking  
without my holes  
I wouldn't have any interaction with the outside  
world  
I was my holes  
then I thought  
How can our relationship with our holes  
affect our relationship with other people's  
holes?  
and how can our relationship with our own  
and other people's holes affect our vision of the  
world?

I asked Mother Nature about holes...  
she gave me fingers.

digging in my holes  
I found my soul  
I found political tendencies  
sexual preferences  
cultural origins  
I could dig in  
I couldn't dig out  
of me  
people had opinions about me  
I wasn't sure why  
they were looking at me  
I wanted to make them happy  
I wanted them to laugh  
people laughing around me  
I was the clown

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but I could look at them in the eyes  
and I knew more about them than I knew about me  
- Shut up fucking bitch!  
they said  
- So what?  
they said  
- man hater  
they said  
mind your own business  
they said  
- Who are you?  
they said  
-I am a spic for export  
I said  
that gave me an idea  
spic for export sounds like a product  
I was broke and I was a product  
I was ready to sell my culture  
I was ready to sell whatever they thought I was  
If they created me  
it's because they needed me  
I was a liar again  
taking care of people's desires again  
my need  
digging inside me  
it wasn't my soul then  
it was my stomach  
I didn't want to comfort myself  
I didn't want to get distracted  
what was the point?  
it wasn't true love anymore  
I had to pay my rent

maybe it's time to commit suicide  
I thought  
maybe it's time to find god  
I thought  
maybe it's time to be homeless  
something was missing in my life..  
oh, yeah, power  
the ones I thought were the losers  
were making good money by now  
my teeth were getting old  
and I still had no clue what was life about  
I thought I was a winner  
at some point I thought I was the messiah too

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I am a historic moment  
I am lost in history  
I am a flying goldfish

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