

Once upon a time there was a foreign girl. She was not little but one could say she was. The girl was wearing a blue and white kilt that her great grandmother gave to her in a dream. (Her great grandmother was from Glasgow. Margaret Watson. Margaret was on her way to Australia where she was supposed to marry a distant cousin of some sort. On the ship that she was travelling on, worked the girl's German great grandfather. With their romance they stole some Celtic blood into otherwise rather Germanic veins in Germany.) One day the girl's good enough mothers asked her to go and find the lost organ of her family. It was, they said, in a country across the sea. (Let's pretend she was not living in England already). Scotland. Of course, in reality the good enough mothers would never do that. They would ask her to find a job in the local supermarket or bank. But let's imagine the girl makes her way to Glasgow where under the city's own kilt her innocence wanders into the dark underbelly of Life Art. The first night at the bar, while looking for the lost organ (at that point she was also looking for a piano), her great grandmother talked to her through the eyes of Franco B. 'You are looking for the bowels' she said. (Five years later the big girl finally managed to thank that great grandmother carrying man by uttering some completely drunken words of no meaning. That was her talent in the real world.) When the piano was found she had a fantastic first Hello and afterwards a Keidan came upon her and said that she was a great performer. Now she knows what that means. Over the years she was slowly initiated into the dark wet corners of her own digestion. If she had not entered that place of live Life she wouldn't have found that well millicanly supported cauldron of (her) messy creativity. The bowels were cooking and stirred some appetite, which was brilliant, because the unconscious should also be a happy place. There were Cathys and Zanes and Antoinettes and callings from Liverpool, Cardiff, Brussels, Ljubljana, Copenhagen, Utrecht and Brisbane... pulling her further away from home (home stayed silent until today). When she made her third wish she finally became be-bowelled, restoring her family's intestines with a voice. For nature's memorial service the High Priestess of Live Art's underbelly made it possible for the Girl to choose a place of her liking (you do not ask the night before your final initiation to change the space unless you know the Priestess has bowels too). So, over a period of five years the girl transformed from a scared ugly duckling to a nearly confident fully organed artist who is happy that she was trusted and that she could trust the Gurus to come up with the good stuff.

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