

**CC5 - Your Body Speaks - November 2016**  
**The Most Embarrassing Day of my Life or**  
**The Artist, The Buyer, The Hostess and The Student.**

Let me paint a picture for you of the most embarrassing day of my life. I am heavily pregnant and temporarily insane as I have gone to an Art exhibition in Naivasha, on my own. I waddle in, wearing a tent, and clogs feeling exhausted and VERY self-conscious. I stick close to the paintings, trying to hide, which trust me is quite hard with 9-month baby sticking out of your front.

People ENTHUSE as they seem to only in the presence of ART ('Don't know what it IS but am told it's BRILLIANT) and 'The Artist' talks intensely about the process: "Art is not faithful representation," she says: "It is what your mad psyche CUNJORS and your hand VOMITS on-to the page." Mmfg - I so don't need this image right now.

The paintings are... uninspiring, and expensive. A duo of: 'What? Leaves?' is priced at 800,000 shillings... EACH! Way out of my league, and I am already almost out of the door again when I over hear this: "Powers must be flush! His wife Sara just dropped a bomb on two of these things!" Let us call this lady, Sara Powers, 'The Buyer'.

That evening we are invited to a Ball at Muthaiga Club by my husband's new boss who I have not yet met. Same clogs, different tent, and I feel even more knackered. During introductions in the foyer ("Hello, hello.") 30 names go 'whwitttt', straight through my brain, including that of the host's wife, let us call her 'The Hostess'.

She says: 'You were at the exhibition today, did you like it?'

I can say: "Yes, thank-you," or I can lurch in, like a train derailing at 200 kms. per hour.

Included in the things I say are: "I know 100 better artists", "Those things will be half price tomorrow," and "SOMEONE must like them; some crazy Powers fellow bought his wife 2!"

I tell her that if she gives me her card I will have her invited to far better events and she goes to take one from her purse but then thinks better of it, and puts it away.

"Her loss." I think, as we are called in to dinner.

I am still blissfully unaware of what I have just done until I catch this, across the table: "Sara darling, pass the salt?" HOLD ON A MINUTE! SARAAAAA???? Mid-mouthful my brain races: What was the name of the lady who bought the paintings, Powers' wife? Horrible realization hits me as I watch The Hostess, yes, Sara, Sara POWERS, pass the salt. Oh no, please no, please, it can't be, it is: The Hostess and The Buyer are one and the same! She put away her card because it would have revealed to me who she was, and... she wanted to SPARE me the SHAME.

I wish Sara Powers had been outraged that night. It would have justified disliking her. Her grace was far harder to handle. She felt SORRY for me. Oh how that HURT! And now, what? Apologize, thus demonstrating how weak my opinion is, or stick with the truth; that I didn't love the paintings, and live in her memory forever as a hapless fool. I don't mind telling you that in the end I did nothing; I do believe in letting sleeping dogs lie and I am not ashamed of that; some things really are better left unsaid. But I learnt, oh Lord did I, 'The Student', learn a simple lesson: "As the spoken word cannot be re-swallowed, never be unkind with it."

But Sara Powers is not the only reason that night is branded forever into my mind; just a few hours later something else happened that overshadowed everything; our precious daughter, who we had waited 9 long months for, finally arrived.