

# CATHERINE

Megan Broadmeadow explores the other selves that exist within us; those others, created by society, to whom we must listen and obey. Her practice is narrative-driven, and draws on subject matter such as UFO religions and their charismatic leaders. During 2018-19, her episodic solo show, *Seek-Pray-Advance*, draws these ideas together through video, performance, installation and sound, and will be held in various locations across the UK. In this creative collaboration for CCQ, made before *Episode 1: EYES ONLY* opened at CGP London, the artist worked with photographers and stylists, in the biting winter wind off the sea at Pembrey Country Park, Carmarthenshire, for this joint commission with Chapter arts centre. Writer **Emily Watkins** twists her own creative thread into Broadmeadow's yarn of intergalactic encounter, religious euphoria and alternate realities.

**Megan Broadmeadow** collaborated with:

Artist **Fagot Koroviev**; Fashion Director **Danielle Rees**; session hair stylist **Dom Capel**; Central St Martin's fashion design students (**Belinda Gredig**, **Salome Kappelin** and **Scarlet Yang**); and students and staff from Carmarthen School of Art.

When Catherine was a girl, she lived way out in the bush. Snaking through the scrub – eucalyptus sharp in her nostrils and clinging to her hair, with dirt under her fingernails – she found a well. She lifted her head and her voice and her life and shouted, triumphant and to no-one, 'Cooo-EEE!' A kookaburra laughed, but underneath his rumble Catherine heard a faint 'cooooo-eh'. Now, if you'd been watching her (which you weren't, nobody was but the bird) you would have seen her freeze like a wild cat caught on the kitchen table with a chop in her wild cat mouth. Stock still, for she'd been sure she was absolutely alone. She was full of fury. Trespasser; this was her bush, and her discovery. She was full of fear too (who are you? Are you kind?) Wild cat that she was, Catherine yelled once more, one more 'Cooo-EEH!' and received another answer. It was louder than the first, but not as loud as her question. Good, thought Catherine. 'Even if you are cruel, at least you are far away, very weak, or very small. Ha! HA! ha!"

# MY CAPTAIN



**Rachel:** *I'm only Rachel, walking amongst the dunes. I'm only a supermarket cashier, strolling down the beach. The sands are vast and sprawling, the waves breathtakingly powerful. The waves are blue and white when they break. I've walked along this stretch of coast a thousand times before – it's where I walk the dog, and I tend to bring visitors here once we've exhausted the local cafes – although today the beach feels different. I'll follow my nose, and hop this kissing gate over the dune, instead of heading for the rocks. One customer! One customer today upset me so much I had to take my break early and hide in the staff loo. I'm not ashamed to say that I cried a little bit, although I would have been ashamed if he'd seen me.*

*He said:*

*'These eggs are broken.'*

*And I said to him:*

*'Gosh, they are too. Let me get you another carton.'*

*And he said to me:*

*'They shouldn't have been broken in the first place.'*

*And I said to him:*

*'[No sir, you're right. Thanks for letting us know.]'*

*And he said:*

*'Thanks for letting us know',  
in this horrid voice.*

*And I pretended not to hear him and, when I came back with his stupid eggs, he took them from me, looked me straight in the eye and dropped them on the ground. Egg got all over my shoes.*

*And he said:*

*'Better clean that up.'*

*And I said to him:*

*Nothing.*

*I pretended I was going to get the mop or something, and like I say I headed for the loo and had a little weep. What a power trip.*

**Unarius:** We hold these truths to be self-evident: that every human who has been, or is living, is in direct telepathic communication with untold millions of people, living on near or distant planets. That, during every moment of earth's history, discarnate entities are travelling back and forth – some to be reborn in new physical bodies, others influenced by unconscious auto-suggestion.

**Rachel:** *It was only when I was alone in the cubicle, that I realised the man reminded me of someone. I couldn't put my finger on it, but something about his tone and the shape of his brow, or maybe just the way his eyes folded in when he was laughing at me, brought me back somewhere I didn't know I'd been.*

Bring me the Orgonian Calibrator.

*Of course, my liege.*

Where is it?

*I'm just going to get it.*

That's right. Bring it to me. Ah, my favourite instrument! To hold it once more!

*Here it is.*

That's right. Here it is.

*It's here, my liege.*

No, I have it. Stupid girl. Now take it from me and place it on the lens.

*I can't lift it anymore.*

You could a minute ago!

*I'm sorry, your honour.*

Carry it to the lens.

*I can't lift it.*

Lift it.

*I'll lift it and take it to the lens, as you have bid me, although it hurts to lift it and carry it.*

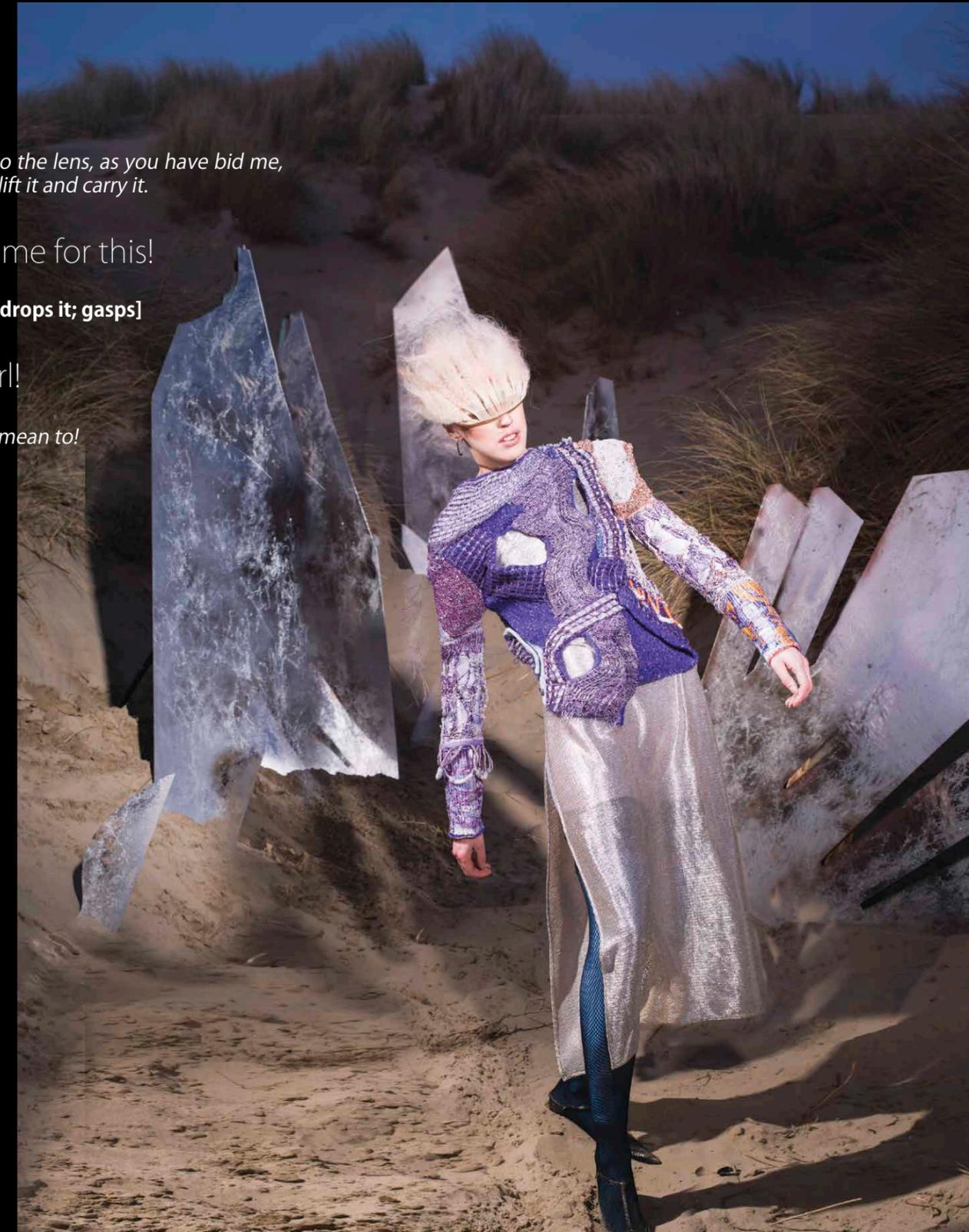
I don't have time for this!

**[lifts the calibrator; drops it; gasps]**

You stupid girl!

*I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to!*

Lift it again.





*When Catherine found her well, she was in it and outside it too. Suspend your disbelief until Catherine has thrown the oranges and the bread rolls to herself. And caught them. Catherine threw the oranges and the bread rolls down the well, didn't hear a splash or a thump, felt sure they had been caught, called 'hello heard hello' called 'better?' Heard, 'better', called, 'I'm Catherine', heard, 'I'm Catherine,' called, 'nothing!' heard, 'nothing!'*

*I've hopped the gate. This trail is interesting. There's a broken tree, which I suppose I never saw when it was standing. I'm beginning to feel lightheaded. I'm approaching a clearing in the trees. I've never seen trees growing out of sand like this, although maybe I have. The trees are green. The trees are blue. The trees are green again. The light in the clearing is blue, that's what's blue. The clearing is an amphitheatre. The amphitheatre is an office block. The office block is a nail salon. The nail salon is an embalming salon. The embalming salon is an old woman. The old woman is a spaceship.*

That there have always been in the past, as well as in the present, interplanetary travel and interstellar vehicles. Prior to Earth's admission to the Interplanetary Confederation, it is not only imperative to establish peace and the pursuit of happiness, but also to abolish violence, war and terrorism, to eliminate economic greed and materialism and global warming, to stop the rape and pillage of Mother Earth's natural environment; it is also of the utmost importance for each human being to attempt, with the utmost degree of sincerity, implementation of these concepts as a part of their very lives.

**Catherine:** Jesus used to be Master of Venus, you know. He tried to teach us some pretty advanced science by doing things like walking on water, or moving the stone covering the entrance to his tomb, but we were too freaked out to understand. All he had to do was change the basic relationships of the atomic structures within his body to the higher dimensions (the 'source'), and he was weightless. He could pass through stone, which we think is solid. This is all pretty basic stuff on Venus, but we've got a long way to go before we get there, man. Even our most advanced thinkers would be like babies compared to the scientists on Venus.

I didn't know I knew that. Do I know that? The old woman is a spaceship and she's broken. I'm broken. The spaceship is the man from the supermarket. I'm glad he crashed in the amphitheatre. I'm glad he crashed in the school playground.

We, therefore, as representatives of Planet Earth, in the name and by authority of the good people of this planet, publish and declare our intentions to participate in the preparation of our home, Planet Earth, for the landing of an interstellar vehicle and the resulting contact and alliance with an enhanced race of intelligent souls; the purpose being one of enlightenment, and exchange of cultural heritage, and the much-needed scientific understanding and physical evidence proving, the evolution of homo sapiens into homo spiritualis.

*I'm daydreaming, zoning out. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan. In the bleak midwinter, dah hum dum my home. Just remember that I saw you marry, divorce, marry, divorce and marry. I saw how tender you were with the children. The old woman is in the spaceship. La femme vielle est dans le... I saw her tumble civilisations. I saw her command fleets of craft like this one. She was my captain. She was too flamboyant. She's walking through the trees, towards the kissing gate, towards me.*

*Suddenly very hot in the bush. Very cold by the sea. Catherine My Captain is still with me now. She's standing just there. I can feel her.*



*Hi! hi. Here! here. Who are you? who are you.*

Catherine didn't discover, that afternoon, whether she was talking to her echo in the well, 'her echo in the well', or someone who admired her very much, or someone cruel, or weak, or small, or far away. How could she? People and echoes can seem just the same, especially to a child or a wild cat, and Catherine became bored and hot, sitting as she was on a stone, by her well, in the afternoon sun. She realised the rock beneath her was warmer than she was, and Catherine pressed grubby little fingers to her thigh as she sat crosslegged, left funny fingerprints and then touched the rock again to compare. And how strange! For Catherine was alive, and she was sure the rock wasn't. She did it so many times that her fingers, darting between thigh and stone, became hotter than either, and then she really couldn't know. Catherine trotted home, thirsty as the earth beneath the rock, which had been beneath her fingers, which had been beneath her, and went to sleep beneath her eiderdown, beneath her ceiling, beneath the whole heavens.

Catherine was talking to me then, and she is speaking through me now. I am encountering her. She has exited the spacecraft and walked into me.

**Venusian 1:** Hey man! There's a girl out there.

**Venusian 2:** No way. I can't see a girl.

**V1:** Well of course you can't, man, if you don't recalibrate your headset to pick up the earthling frequency. Dial back and look out your left window.

**V2:** Shit! I see a girl alright. She's no Venusian, though, know what I'm saying?

**V1:** Wait.

**V2:** What?

**V1:** Shh!

**V2:** She can't hear us, man, we're speaking on a different plane...

**V1:** Shh! She's walking up to the ship.

**V2:** She can't see us, dude, she's just stumbling...

**V1:** SHH!

*Hello? Hello?*

**V2:** Shit.

**V1:** Shhh!

*Hello? Hello?*

**V1:** She can see the ship!

**V2:** She can't!

**V1:** She can, man. Look at her face. The vibrations must be off or something.

**V2:** Maybe she's vibrating.

**V1:** That's stupid.

**V2:** Well something weird's going down. You're stupid.

**V1:** Shut up.

**V2:** ...

**V1:** She's touching the ship!

**V2:** No she's not.

**V1:** She IS!

**V2:** There's no way she can see it, let alone feel it. Shut up, and she'll walk straight through us.

When H G Wells channelled his experience of the Orion constellation, 8,000 years ago, into The War of the Worlds, everyone was so affected by his readings, because they remembered the pain of watching their civilisation implode. For my part, my favourite past lives are the ones when I was famous or powerful. Some highlights: I was a Viking King, I was St Cuthbert of Lindisfarne (obscure, but beloved before the Norman invasion); I was a midwife to an Assyrian princess; I lived as a sheep herder in the hills of ancient Sodom and, more recently, I was my own great grandfather. I lived with my wife in other worlds; in this lifetime we are lovers, but in the past she has been my mother, my tribal leader, my son and much more besides. We are tied very tightly together. Sometimes we argue and have to remind ourselves that we're just playing out old frustrations and power dynamics from prior existences. For instance, she asked me to get the kids from school last week, when I'd already told her I'd made plans with a friend. I became so angry, before I remembered an instance in a past life, where she'd been my boss and insisted on my working late. We laughed, and she apologised and picked up the kids herself.

I am filled with love of Catherine. I love the very essence of Catherine. The way she moves, and the way she used to, and the way she looks when she turns her head over her shoulder and I'm standing behind, so she's looking back at me like she has to go on but doesn't want to forget, and her brave hands, and her wise eyes. I love Catherine's clothes. I love her very breath. Oh, to be a glove upon that hand! I want to slip into Catherine and wear her like a coat.

SEEK-PRAY-ADVANCE, EPISODE 1: EYES ONLY, MEGAN BROADMEADOW is at CGP until 29 APRIL 2018 [cgplondon.org](http://cgplondon.org)  
Tours to: Green Man Festival, 16-19 August; [greenman.net](http://greenman.net)  
QUAD Derby, Autumn; [derbyquad.co.uk](http://derbyquad.co.uk)

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Sabbah Iqbal for contributing beautiful garments which we did not have time to use with the extreme cold

All the staff at Pembrey Country Park, [pembreycountrypark.wales](http://pembreycountrypark.wales)

#### Garments Credits:

##### Image one:

Jacket - Matt 13:32, Salome Nanni Ida

[Kappelin @salomekappelin.design](http://kappelin@salomekappelin.design)

Mask (in sand), Megan Broadmeadow  
Antique rose sequin and beaded body, Blackout II [blackout2.com](http://blackout2.com)

1940's peach negligee, Blackout II

Black vintage cowboy boots, Absolute Vintage [absolutevintage.co.uk](http://absolutevintage.co.uk)

Metallic silver catsuit, Move Dancewear; [movedancewear.com](http://movedancewear.com)

White sequin boob-tube (used as scarf) Rokit [rokit.co.uk](http://rokit.co.uk)

##### Image Two:

Recycled newspaper jumper, Belinda Gredig

Blue stockings, Pamela Mann [uktight.com](http://uktight.com)

Silver dress, stylists own

##### Image Three:

Clear glass garment, Scarlet Yang [scarlettyang.org](http://scarlettyang.org)

Metallic silver catsuit, Move Dancewear; [movedancewear.com](http://movedancewear.com)

White sequin boob-tube (used as scarf) Rokit [rokit.co.uk](http://rokit.co.uk)

Catherine!

Rachel.

You found me.

On the contrary, you found me.

I found you.

My name isn't Catherine anymore, although it's all the same to me. I've had hundreds of names, after all.

My name isn't Catherine.

My name is Uriel. It always will be.

My name is Uriel.

Your name is mine.

My name is your name.

Look at your dress. What a funny garment.

'Funny' That's a word. Don't you recognise it?

I recognise your dress.

You should do. You're wearing it.

