

Transcript for Disrupted Meadow – Creative Lives Version

Carran:

It's in two parts.

Inside, then outside.

You'll know when we're going to go outside.

So if I can just warn you to be prepared that we will be going outside.

And welcome to everybody who is on line wherever you are out there.

It's lovely to see you in the sky.

I am coming to a head in a meadow

on a collapsing cliff

that is whispering the inevitable to the meadows that are coming after,
with their cows, their dogs, their hedgerows, their foxgloves, their walkers and
their forever bowing grasses.

We are going down and down and down and now the drowning comes.

I am making this presentation while the front of the house is being peeled away.

Ben is drilling the render off.

The masonry all falls down and down and down and down
into the skip.

I am meditating in my workroom.

The relentless drilling disrupts my sky thoughts
and my breathing is silenced by the din.

I think:

the ripples will be smoother and that irritating silicon-filled crack will have gone.
It will cost quite a bit, but it'll be worth it in the long run.

"It will look lovely once it's finished," says my neighbour.

Besides, "you'll never have to paint it again," says the workman.

The noise can be heard right up the street
and I am embarrassed by all the attention.

I balance the emissions in my head and guess,
"it won't be too bad...will it?"

I am in the past-future and in the present moment.

I am in a process of making anew.

Like the plants in the garden
with the help of all creatures great and small
along with Uncles Tom, Dick and Harry.

I am showing off my 'June number' in this beautiful indoor space,
Studio 6.

I am an exhibit at the Southport Flower Show.
I am a doughy tuna bagel from Southport's washed out Food and Drink festival.
I am a fluttering faded remnant from a Jubilee Street Party.

Will I get it together for the Castlefield Gallery Launch?
I don't know if I belong in a gallery,
but I don't want to let anyone down.
I'm honoured by the invitation,
but it doesn't take away that imposter syndrome feeling.
Still, the brief is pretty open and we can basically offer whatever we are working
on.

I am playing out sixty or so years that seem like only yesterday.

Where have I been?
Asleep?

Or have I just woken up?

"Service is the expression of the awakened heart.
'I do this for myself alone.' When we serve others we serve ourselves."
Jack Kornfield quoting Ghandi.

"I have now somehow become an elected councillor.
That's a kind of service,
yet I don't always feel awake when I'm wearing that particular dress."
Carran Waterfield quoting herself.

Life is a meadow that over time gets disrupted.

"medwe (medwu), medowe (medow)
grassland kept for hay, pasture field,
Water field
going back to Old English *mædwe (MADWAY)*¹"

¹ "Meadow." *Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary*, Merriam-Webster, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/meadow>. Accessed 17 Jun. 2022.

"30 August 1971

Feeling the fresh air against my body I ran down the field with Sid towards those beautiful creatures.

As I walked over Wyken Slough I suddenly remembered the swifts, which always occupied this area. I remembered Mandy saying they swoop to attack. I honestly don't believe this anymore. They do it just to annoy you really. They know they are at a benefit with their wings. I soon reached the edge of the field in which the horses...

...I passed the field in which the horses leisurely grazed. And after stopping for the hundredth time for Sid to do his business I found an opening in the barbed wire. It must have been cut away for farm vehicles to get through as I could see definite tractor tracks and in the field towards the other side there was a farm implement. The dew was still on the grass.... "

I am stopping.
I am splitting.
I am reversing.
I am betraying.
I am arresting.
I am an uprising.
I am rising up.
I am displaced.

"Definition of *disrupt*
transitive verb

to break apart: RUPTURE : Three periods of faulting *disrupted* the rocks.
to throw into disorder : Demonstrators trying to *disrupt* the meeting.
to interrupt the normal course or unity of... *disrupted* a bridge game by permanently hiding up the ace of spades
to cause upheaval in an industry or market)" ²

A distant divorce plays the old tunes plays from 1973.

Out of a panic –a pan-ic a-pppppppandemic
a second parent dies.

Now we can't put it all back together again.

"I love you in a place where there's no space or time.
I love you for in my life you are a friend of mine.

² "Disrupt." *Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary*, Merriam-Webster, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/disrupt>. Accessed 17 Jun. 2022.

And when my life is over, remember when we were together.
We were alone and I was singing this song for you"³

You were alone and I am singing this song for you.

Mum:

Ah look, you're a big softie, Brandy.

Carran:

We're going for a walk
to watch the sun rise over the city.

Come on! I'll race you.
On your marks, get set, go!

Into the streets!
I'm gonna show you the town.
I'm gonna show you the shops.
We'll watch the sun rise over the city.

1996

My Sister, My Angel

Mandy said don't wear the red one,
wear the black one
and make sure your hair's tie up so we can see your face.

Well I'm not wearing the red one
and I'm not wearing the black one.
I'm wearing the blue one!

She's in there.

What you looking at?
What are you looking at?
You were laughing yesterday.

You can see her on the zoom.

Zoom zoom zoom zoom!

She's in there.

³ Lyrics for A Song For You by Leon Russell (1970)

What you looking at?
What are you looking at?
You were laughing yesterday.

We all say, "Yes, Yes, Yes."

Reading from A Suffolk Punch by Mary Waterfield

"My Children:

As they were born, I found my childhood again. We learnt from each other and grew up together through the good times, the sad and lonely times with much laughter and tears.

My daughter Carran was born on October 12 1956 - my firstborn. My second born, Tony October 3 1958. My third born, Mandy - April 14 1961. My fourth born Roy September 1 1962, my fifth born Matthew November 12 1964, my sixth born - Melanie December 12 1970.

Melanie taught me so much during her short life of three weeks and as I held her tiny hand and watched her draw her last breath, it was difficult to say goodbye as I kissed her cheek.

What an impact she had on me, although at the time of her death I was so grief stricken, I wasn't to know until much later the influence she had and the healing which took place - my daughter Melanie - My Sister, My Angel."

These are the well-funded ones
the ones that are well rehearsed,
precise,
got a good title.

Not like this one *Disrupted Meadow*.

That's the title of this piece:

Disrupted Meadow.

2009 *The Last Women* performance and exhibition
The first parent dies.

Sung:

I shall plant this in my holy garden.

1989 – *Omega and the Golden Water, The Land of Shapes*

1991 – *Married Blitz, Sticks and Stones*

1992 – *The Dig, Dreamweavers*

1993 – *Tributaries*

1994 – *Olim*

She's from here but she came before.

So it's not just like a set play that someone's written down.
You make the world.

1995 - *Godiva, the naked Politician*

1997 – *Inside Out, Vagrants*

1998 – *Echoes and Omens*

1999 – *Looking for the Tallyman*

2011 - Find Sandra, *The Feast (From Macbeth)*

2012 – *All at Sea*

2013 – *The Session (From Macbeth)*

2014 – *Threshold*

2015 – *The House and Little Blue Man*

2017 - Heron Corn Mill Residency:

Devising Your Own Creative Practice

Join the Labour Party

2018 – *Birnam Wood (From Macbeth)*

2019 – How to be a Councillor – *The*

Party Needs You – Ward Walking

2020 – *Follow the Stone*

The second parent dies.

2021 – *Just Walk*

Sung:

What did you want to be?

I wanted to be

A tree.

Trees don't think

Trees just be

Me a tree

Just be

2022 - *Disrupted Meadow*

I want to be

I'm holding it all together
in the middle, Dad,
Mum,
Labour,
the left, the right
the right to the right,
the right to the left and the middle;
and the somewhere in between
over there.

I don't like this gate.
I don't like this gateway.
I don't like it.

Mum:

Smile, Carran.

No, not like that.

Carran:

What about in 'uddersfield in 'uddersfield?

Mum:

... there was a cow that couldn't

Carran:

yield

Mum:

yield, the reason why it couldn't yield:
It didn't like its 'udders feeled.

You know, ugggh!

So it strained and strained.
And then, do you know what it did then?

Carran:

No, what?

Mum:

It strained so hard, it shit.
Oh that's very rude, isn't it?

Carran:

It's not rude, no.
It's a farmer's word that is, shit.

Mum:

Yeah it is as well.

Mind that lump of shit there, gal.

Carran:

Who used to say that?

Mum:

The farmer,
so that I didn't tread on it.

Mind that lump of shit there, gal.
Don't tread in it!
You're not supposed to tread in it,
You're supposed to get over it,
you know.