

# **FRESH \_MEET**

**A VISCERAL RECORD REPORT  
OF A VISUAL EXCHANGE BETWEEN**

**MEGAN BROADMEADOW,  
MITRA SABOURY &  
SARAH ROBERTS**

**USA/ENGLAND/WALES/GREECE/GERMANY**

**07.17 - 08.17**

**COMPILED BY SARAH ROBERTS ON THE  
OCCASION OF EBC 14.**

**1. Sitting in a tube *SHE* felt flattened into a moving line**

**Plotted points were pinpointed, blurred at their boundaries, bent into shape.**

**Potted plants escaped windows like triffids.  
Green. Succulent through the brickwork.**

**3. Looking at the Acropolis from a slippery bathroom *SHE* felt much the same.**

**tbt towelling toes, stirring to Cicada.**

***SHE* with gravel in the seat of her pants  
across the Pond walked  
...weighted.  
Stuffed.**

***SHE* filled a tote bag  
hand stitched and dragging at the buttock.**

**2. Aware *SHE* was being pinned on a map.  
A smooth sense of location prevailed  
*SHE* roamed around fields highly visible,  
all flesh and focused.**

***SHE* considered her visions of heat in the gloaming**

**Somewhere else at another point *SHE* was eclipsed.**

**4. Connecting.**

***SHE* thought of scorpions on the backs of doors  
wrapped or trapped in damp towelling.**

**Refreshing the scene  
*SHE* sent oranges and mud bleached socks.**

**Dusty, sweat baked and crusted.**

**5. SHE** dipped a pink finger in the pool  
puncturing the universal blue hues into ripples.

**SHE** sent radishes in swamp pools  
pulsing painted fingers and thumbs

**Lacy pipes and Crunchy red lightbulbs.**

**7. Somewhere near the onions and pounds  
for bowls, some Smashed open bank teller  
screens (three) told a story that felt ominous**

**SHE** described the swipe right experience of  
the scorpion and the deepening of this visual  
friendship foreplay.

**SHE** saw a riot.

**SHE** reclined - having not sat down for ages.

**6. THEY** shared pipes

**...and spoke of pipettes.**

**Weird science.**

**8. SHE** slept in a tin van.

**Returning to remote signals and seductive  
suggestions of truss and organs.**

**Scores of ones and twos dancing around one  
another and singing.**

**9. Antennae skulked under and in desktops  
being all sexy- *like*.**

***SHE* revelled at palm tree cast masks  
from mobile devices.**

***SHE* talked about monkey puzzles  
being out of place but rooted.**

**10. *SHE* had seen a soapbox pizza racing,**

**Not unlike the one *SHE* had spotted in the very  
beginnings of these things.**

***SHE* thought of laundromats and launderettes  
and aluminium shields.**

***SHE* felt *THEIR* edges and embodied *THEM*.**

***SHE* thought of swimming pools drained down  
to *THEIR* bones. Basking Hunks.**

**11. *SHE* picked up more stuff. Stuffing.  
Substance.**

**Inflated cod pieces and fat gathered grab hands.**

***SHE* picked up the pace.**

**12. Hungry at the thought of the pizza ...  
*SHE* thought of churros backbending off the walls.**

**Struggling with fallen arches.**

**Hot fat bones, sweet and vapey.**

**13. And so *THEY* were  
A Trinity pile up.**