

We have continued to think about the question of how to show up?¹ What does show up mean in relation to the spaces we occupy, the characters we play, and the work we make? We have invited artists to think alongside us by exploring the relationship between writing, speech and performance. Through a series of events at San Serriffe in Amsterdam, How To Show Up? invites artists to present new writing and performance work. Following words written and spoken aloud, How To Show Up? creates a space to test where the breath is headed?

How to Show Up is a collaboration between Gianmaria Andreetta, Annie Goodner, Elizabeth Graham and Elisabeth Klement. For every event we publish a handbook in collaboration with the artist.

¹ In late 2014, during a group seminar on Brecht and the Poetics, the filmmaker, poet, the artist and AIDS activist Greg Bowitz introduced us to the question of how to show up.

² 'These words I have just written, I am speaking them aloud, to test where the breath is headed, I believe it goes upwards' — Maria Fusco, Happy Hypocrite, Issue 7.

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Artist and writer Ghislaine Leung, lives and works in London and Brussels. Recent solo projects include *The Moles* at Cell Project Space, London, 078746844 at WIELS, Brussels, *Soft Open Shut* at Studio Voltaire, London, and group projects *Hollis & Money* at Kunststhal Stüttgarter and UJA London, *Violent Incident*, Vleeshal, Middelburg and *Prosu(u)mer*, EKKM, Tallinn. Recent writings in *How To Sleep Faster*, LA N.L., *Insulation* and *Pure Fiction*'s *Dysfiction*, Frankfurt with her collection of writings *Partners* forthcoming in 2017. Leung is editor of *Versuch Press* and member of PUBLIKUM (WOMEN + EDITORIAL). She was resident at WIELS, Brussels 2015 and Hospitalfield, Arbroath in Summer 2016.

It cuts like butter
The blood nick into the foam
Welling and wetting up

The puff of liquids into warm winds, breaths of kissing
it better and dirt plaster residues.
Of hot mouths filled with teeth and spit
filled with powdery fag ends

We are an economy of sexes;
mine, yours, hers, his, theirs,
All laughing at your dad's house
All fraught in the All-You-Can-Eat

Our oddball circumstance. We are 15, 16, 17, 18, 27, 36.
Not a group but a thing that becomes some sort of just
about bad design pattern and only by repetition.
There were only so many holes
only so many permutations.

And the air is cold in my
throat and
at my right side the glass
radiates
exterior

I laugh so hard the muscles underneath my breast and
arms hurt, my back hurt. Us proud on the black back
roof, the waste product of extension. Around and up the
dirt beige carpet stairwell, through the window onto
the hot asphalt, bodies all new in composition, ranging
un or hyper aware. A single item of clothing, a sticker,
a number. I remember you best because you left.

My under knee where is it crosses my other leg is
indented by knee,
it is almost pain, not pain

Today I noticed the way his jumper hung around his
arms and neck.

Not so much beautifully,
less precise than that
it hung, that was it.

an indent of my bone to my flesh

The flat on the third floor, past the door, over the
cream carpet, along the parquet floor to the room, last
on the right and painted light grey blue. And you sat on
the side of my mattress. Out of the thing that wasn't a
group. All spunk satined sheets, magazines and incense
sticks.

There is a slow hum that covers my skin, painkillers
or skin, plane sound in my ears, hollow and dusky grey
blue exterior. The skin on my hand wrinkles and flexes
over bones tired and dry and covered in grill burns
that never fade or that are replaced so quickly by new
burns that they are always present. Those bones that
dig from the inside out into my muscles, neck and
shoulders a slab of solid over boiled meat resting and
grown tough and cold.

The double blade razor out of the mirrored cupboard,
and the little clear grey tray that holds the spares, and
the heavy foaming clear green shaving gel. One of five
albums in the CD player, a black cut oblong with red
lights lit behind smoked glass. Pumping the foam out
of the can and spreading it onto your face, tilted chin,
the muscles and veins in your neck.

You move like blood next to me, knees bent double.
An indent of metal in my wrist and the heat. Last time
with these leaves you were dying, everyone was doing
well, but you were dying. Black-flecked red-stretched
over-soft resistive substance that holds me to this
place that I cannot leave. Moored to my supplies.
All this money.

Drawing the blade through the foam along the warm
skin, the pull of hairs caught on double edges, the
mix of hair and cold foam into a glass besides your
bare ankles. The words that leave your mouth. The
movements that I make around you on the mattress
on the floor where we had taken photos of each other,
were I had asked you to take photos of me. Where in
other images later on other beds I had taken photos.
Your name that I move across inside.

Colour floods my mouth
It will not go down

15, 16, 17, 18, 27, 36
Black lycra bell bottoms
hanging lank and loose
across pelvic bones, over
draped on thigh blades
little soft skull faces
and menthol cigarettes

And the low languid light of days exerting hard
breaths. So compressed and extruded
an enormous redacted sheerness.
a knife thin fullness.

foam hair glass
The razor across your face,
the foam pushing out in grey curls

Breath, motion, manner. The dry skin of my finger
running across my face nerve endings and light hair and
the anxiety of desires not yet owned, never owned.

Security systems in varying colours and sizes mounted
to a chipboard felt covered display. Gate motifs, castle
motifs, lion motifs. The Dakar Defender parked on a
brand new red brick herringbone laid drive replete with
sleeping lions cast in concrete placed either side of the
faux Georgian paned glass porch doorway. Matt black
gleaming metal and raised wheel base.

A giant 3 metre floor to ceiling decoupage image
of the British actress Danniella Westbrook, famed
for the cocaine related loss of her septum, adorning
and blended into the bare plastered back wall of the
tailoring shop opposite. Evenly and efficiently bathed
in white blue led light. Celebratory black bunting.
The image blown to illegible proportions and pixel
perfect from a 100 metres. A giant image of the model
Twiggy framed and set back into the wall and draped
with black bunting. A giant picture of an unnamed
blond woman, unframed.

foam hair glass. The alcohol stings.

Walking fast paced and slow behind me, in front of me,
you go to touch my hand with yours, so dry and loose,
taking my fingers in yours. It is true that the nothing
I have is smaller than the nothing you have.

Teeth hitting brick
Into the mulch where I dip tepid to the world

He punched her twice in the face
The efficacy of violence
And my deployment of it here, self same
Clearly. He slapped her.
An off warmth
Sick warm

Touching the razor across your face, the foam pushing
out in curling collapsed folds. The veins of your neck,
on your arms, resting next to mine, where I touch the
heatsink of your body. The bone arc of a limb, close to
its limit, resting in its ache.

The slow soft built hum and flinch of plastic frames,
of plug sockets in red child eyelids, the whirring that is
blood and power and pull that fills evades and silences,
the dying high of a system witnessing its own sad form
crumpling, broken heeled to the floor. The miserable
strap left half hanging off, dragging on the ground by
synthetic fibre strands.

A thick mentholated green or drying spice or cold
aldehyde, like roses and vetiver, like heavy musk and
citrus vanilla, like white blooms and blackened leather.
One and then the other, against warm or cooling skin.
The smell of warm burnt sawdust. The hot cloying blush
of fever. The blush of a charcoal line on paper alone.
The rose dewy cheeks of gold particle cream.

foam hair glass
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4 for 4 pounds
80p for 2 litres
1 for 4 pints
25p for 400 ml
50p per litre
15, 16, 17, 18, 27, 36

Blooming solid grey smoke whipping from the 7th floor
balcony in flames. A sound when the colour cuts and
rolls away. Hot leather car seats tightening to pale skin,
skirts and shorts.

It's not just outside or in but a multitude of tiny points
of heat that constellate in quadrasonic centrality to a
perpetually emerging disappearance of self that point
dissipates into a frequency porous material and solid
vibration, in one hectic coloured hue here. Flagons of
light and swallowed liquid crystal phantom limbs that
push out membrane buds, all currencies exchangeable
for one undulating inaudible frequency of parting lips.

Constantinople on my pinned down elbows the weight
of jaw to head to throat swallowed lump and heavy
carpet hollowed in this home of tasteful dexterity that
is still home but not for that or any other quality except
now and you and this vague, unrested head, hope for the
multiplication of our bodies into new forms.

blooming moulds
tonic and mixers
cool clear spirits

knife thin fullness