

How To Show Up? is a performance programme that takes place in Amsterdam, and began as a conversation questioning the relationship between the spaces we occupy, the characters we play, and the work we make. This question presents an opportunity to work alongside artists whose practices are entangled with ideas of self and belonging, and whose work takes the form of text and the live event. Since 2016 the programme has worked with artists and writers to explore performance as a social arrangement and mode of publishing. 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 supported by **AK** amsterdam  
fonds voor de kunst

[www.showup.how](http://www.showup.how)

*Melissa Tun Tun is a research artist working with sound and performance, based in Geneva.*

## SANSET

*Here I am now, in Geneva. I actively wait for a change to occur, for someone to notice, for something to take notice. I've been undertaking this one, single activity the whole morning. Nothing is moving. Skip the speed.*

So here we are, facing the complexity of a lineage we now embody.  
Owning a time that has too many plagues.  
Undefined, here we are, seeking our own orientation.  
We are no longer passengers, we now know something,  
small and precious.

We were groomed to think we hadn't learned anything, small and precarious.  
Yet, we taught ourselves how to play dead.  
We apprehend our contours and share ourselves,  
Let them resonate in each repository.  
We distribute instead of attribute, and we alone survive the law of negativity

We resist the accomplice, judge, or culprit.  
We organise ourselves differently.  
We have trust and zero prescription  
just a deepening of relations,  
Global and anonymous.

What if our capacity to imagine that alternative has been so long constrained  
that it has survived shrinking.  
Decay so full of juice,  
that it can be squeezed down to pure sweetness, fatness  
and poured over anybody who asks.

We do not wish for time wasters or guilty parties,  
we seek to encourage and propagate,  
looking both inside and out.  
We observe minutes passing, and still, do not know how to take hold of time.  
We search for temporal binding,  
in tune, active, ready, fully operational.  
When is this thing going to happen?  
We are longing for the event that would shift the rules and make our roles vanish.

*You'd better choose your position*

The copper pig said, grabbing my sweater and my flannel overshirt and pushing his steel-capped fingers into my fat, black, leather puffer jacket. That same fat, black, leather puffer jacket that everybody's jealous of.  
The one proudly produced by Schott in the United States of America, with the big label inside. It feels more like a vehicle registration document; probably the resilience of Schott's original commitment to producing Airforce and Navy jackets, securing America's venture into soft power through:

***BIG — FAT — LEATHER — JACKET — MAKING***

The thing is, in Amsterdam nobody really notices me.  
I'm a big, fat secret.  
I rush down the streets on my bike,  
I'm going so fast I can't linger on faces or gestures.  
There is not one face, not one body, not one attitude that appears ready for me.  
Every surface is seized in its actual truth, leaving plastic reality far behind.

In all these dimensions we'd rather place ourselves diagonally, on one side's edge, where the equilibrium between forces and influences lies. Where the level through which we can communicate is enhanced.  
Where, beyond a genealogical recall, we can trust the unspeakable.  
There, listening has the value of organising the inadequacy of vocabulary.  
There, our vernacular tongues can get in their mouths.  
Almost but not quite.