

We have continued to think about the question of how to show up?<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> '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.

# GHISLAINE LEUNG

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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's Stuttgart and LA London, *Violent Incident*, Vleeshal, Middelburg and *Pros(u)mer*, EKKM, Tallinn. Recent writings in *How To Sleep Faster*, LA NL, *Insurrection* 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