

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** amsterdams
fonds voor de kunst

www.showup.nl
summer 2018

Sophie Collins grew up in Bergen, North Holland, and now lives in Edinburgh. *Small white monkeys*, a text on self-expression, self-help and shame, was published by Book Works in 2017 as part of a commissioned residency at Glasgow Women's Library. Her first poetry collection, *Who Is Mary Sue?*, was published by Faber & Faber in February 2018. She is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at Durham University.

Sometimes there is no intent in what we say; we simply feel a compulsion to say it. Only after we say the thing are we forced to reckon with it.

Gorse and sheep, gorse and sheep, gorse and sheep.
The sea. I told my peers that the train journey to my new work was fine – enjoyable, even. First it was the truth, and then it was a lie. I felt the change happen after just a few months, but tacitly refused to adjust my original statement.

The polls had made it clear to me that the acknowledgement of a change in thought or comprehension would be perceived as an admission of something undesirable – a refutation, perhaps, of an essentialist view of the world – whereas to maintain an untruth, even in the face of repeated exposures and potential humiliations, made you appear more trustworthy to most.

The only way to be accurate, I think, is to say nothing. Blinding fields of rape stream by. By late summer the yellow flowers are fetid, smelling of unwashed genitalia.

After the fields, the quarry: brick-coloured earth.