

H⁰w T⁰ Sh⁰w 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 rest where the breath is headed.

How to Show Up? is supported by **AK** amsterdams fonds voor de kunst

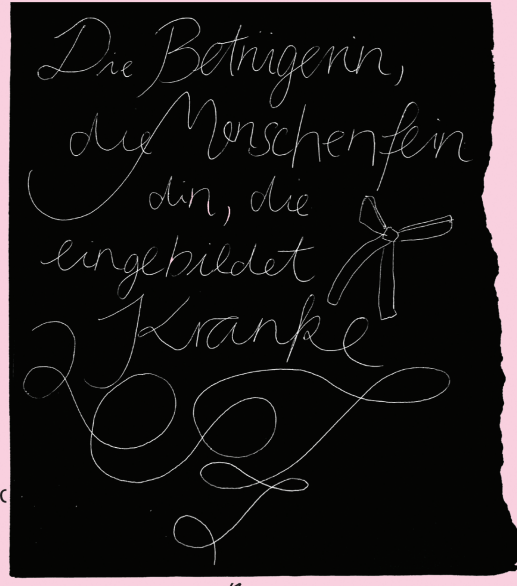
www.showup.nl

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Germany: Kölischer Kunstverein, Cologne; Éclair, Berlin; and Nassauischer Kunstverein Wiesbaden, Wiesbaden, Germany. Her poetry, films, music and performances have also been presented at KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin; Potsdam; and the Städtische Galerie, Frankfurt with Judith Hopf and is currently a resident at Cité Internationale des Artes, Paris.

Luzie Meyer (*1990, Tübingen, Germany) lives and works between Berlin and Paris. Recent film screenings and solo exhibitions include Kunstverein Braunschweig, Braunschweig, Germany.

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HOW TO SHOW UP?

Luzie Meyer

A gentleman should always be
at pains to control that itch for
scrubbing to which we are so prone,
one should always keep a tight
reign on any desire one may have
to advertise such trivial
diversions or in eagerness
to display one's work one runs
a risk of cutting a pretty
poor sort of figure.

GESTURE

Be careful not to
understand more than what
I am providing.

What is the world asking
of me?

What does it want?
Has it abandoned me?
Is it revolving around me?
My love read to me a
sentence:

Thoughts are but texts to
condemn us.

Is the world plotting against me?

Desires are not needs.

There is a difference and the difference is:

Needs are neglected, desires are used.

I know what I am doing to myself.

I am Neglecting myself for you.

You are welcome.

My body is fine.

I am afraid somebody is watching me.

Many and many a year ago

there was many and many a thing to do

many a thing to forget to do.

I consumed too many toxins over the last months.

Once consumed, the amount of toxins in your body always
remains the same.

It never changes.

The toxins don't disappear.

You merely replace one with another.

Restraint is the only way to stay clean.

Therefore the most repressed people are the healthiest.

Repressed with a glass of milk.

A new systematics.

You are naturally totally unfit.

But culturally tough.

Hello this is me and this is all my stuff.

Hello this is me and these are my muscles.

Hello this is me and this is my narrative.

I am totally unfit to be part of this operation.

I have an insatiable psychic longing.

For critique.

Dichter, Denker

Richter, Henker

I don't think you should force people to be naked.

If you are melancholic it is because something
was stolen from you.

There is this event that I never asked to be part of.

Now it is consuming all my time.

You become part of it because it is rewarding.

It rewards things nobody would ever have considered worth
rewarding.

Like following a law.

Laws are nonsense, everybody thinks that.

Shut up.

You are being unreasonable.

Eat the hors d'oeuvre that you are offered.

Olives give me a rash.

Eat your olives and you will get your belly button pierced.

I have painted an oak tree.

It symbolizes my lust.

I made a movie about a brothel.

It symbolizes the symbolic order.

I have written a poem.

It refers to my struggle for recognition.

You have made a play about your problems.

It means that there are problems that belong to you alone.

Shut up, this is bourgeois.

You have made a film about filmmaking.

It symbolizes the narcissism of the medium.

You have painted me.

This symbolizes nothing but you just can't help yourself.

Be careful not to understand more
than what I am providing.

No IT'S UNIVERSAL.
I hate all mankind. Some because they
are wicked and perverse, others because
they don't show the unrelentless detestation
that virtue owes to vice.

God, it breaks
my heart to see
men compound with
vice! There are times
when a sudden
longing comes
over me to seek
some solitary place
and flee
the approach of men.