

H^ow T^o S^ho^w U^p? 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 quest in 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 artists and writers to explore performance as a social arrangement and mode of publishing. Following words written and spoken aloud, H^ow T^o S^ho^w U^p? creates a space to test where the breath is headed.

AF amsterdams
AK fonds voor de
kunst

H^ow T^o S^ho^w U^p? is supported by

www.showup.how

Autumn 2019



When I Was Alive, was published as a collection of poetry, where she also teaches. Her first collection of poetry, When I Was Alive, was published by Montez Press in 2017 and a second, titled Oliver Reed, is due to be published early 2020. From 2012–2019 she was the co-editor of the feminist art journal SALT. She lives in London.

H^ow T^o S^ho^w U^p?

Hannah Regel

In the line of the bright sun and her trusty red baseball hat
the unicorn women rejoin their friends, a waiter carries a tray
topless women cater to the sunset crowd
cocaine inked on his abs with the word 'RUSSIA'
a recycled clip from a 2011 film plays
on a continuous loop, the summer
of her 30th birthday goes on forever
Herself, in a red swimsuit. The image of a person
she gets in and out of cars
betrays no trace of a European accent:

I think the time arises, I think the time arises when a woman must be put out to work.

To experience what being a woman really is we degrade ourselves through work.

To experience what evil really is we degrade ourselves through work.

This is the alchemy.

We hoovered up human remains. Stole the houses birds live in.

Suffered in the outposts like saints; impervious to law, nature and consequence. food had
no bearing on our bodies.

A Big Mac held in the future of a void.

We had no civic responsibility, only that of destruction: reinforcing subjugation, refusing
cooperation, enhancing contempt.

Destruction is a civic responsibility.

It's like I've always said: If someone ever asks you to do something for them, do it really
badly so you never have to do it again.

Like being a woman

Or proximate to milk

We spill it, after Sorrow

Herding the cows, milking the cows, bottling the milk, washing the barn, filling up the
troughs

An unsuccessful barbecue.

You know among young men the ones who turn out to be great talkers are the ones that
get fucked the most.

*You know that among young women the ones who turn out to be great talkers are the
ones that get fucked the most.*

Kill the language. Kill it.

Get the shovel. We're making a belt.

Are you afraid?

Oh no, not of outdoor things.

But you have your indoor fears – eh?

Well – yes, sir.

What of?

Couldn't quiet say

The milk turning sour?

No.

Life in general?

Yes, sir.

Beauty is permission like animals have hearts

We forget sometimes that it is true

for pleasure

In the taste of meat

To enjoy reward

To not question where it came from

Reward

for the violence

Of living

And then suddenly there she was, marching towards us, a potty mouthed yo-yo

overheated and dehydrated

a damn good actress:

hotpants, vertiginous rope-heeled wedges, massive sunglasses

skinny and mob-handed with her manager

miming zipping her mouth shut

Text threads across my image,

open-air,

horseshoed

She has built it, and her fans.

*I mean, in the early days no one even glanced at me. You'd see these beautiful girls, the
most chic girls in town, who spend a fortune at the beauty parlour and on their clothes*

and everyone said Darling, You're Looking Wonderful! And then they'd ignore them. The men, not the women. The men would gather in the corner and start telling jokes or talking deals. The only time they talked about the girls was to say whether they scored with them the night before. People would point me out to Darryl and say What a Sensational Girl, and he would answer Just Another Stock Player, We've Got a Hundred of Them, Stop Trying to Push These Cunts on Me. We've Got Her for \$125 a Week. And then, about six months later, Darryl was paying me \$400,000, and the men – the men were looking at me – because some stamp had been put on me. I was branded, you see.

Well, then I showed them. You bet. There is no sin worse in life than being boring and nothing worse than letting other people tell you what to do. After that I never had to.

Those days it was just people, places and things. Alligators, hunting rifles, mirrors, chandeliers and camouflage nighties. Buckets of chilled rosè, other people getting trashed, injuries related to car crashes, revenge for something resembling a former lover.

In those days I lived every day like a birthday. A friend of mine came back off patrol from the navy and he was staying in Norfolk or was it Norway? Anyway, a few months ago he telephoned and asked the publican, who was his father, whether or not I could be given a rum and, well, I'm not used to it, and so I got fairly merry and I friend of mine was staying in the Jamaica no, the Duke of Normandy! And I was trying to see if he was in there so I went to open the window, just like that, and my hand went right through it. And anyway, it turned out to be the staff quarters, not the room that I was looking for. So I'm standing there, bloodied, in what I thought was my swimming costume because I was due to go swimming, but apparently no! The law tell me: 'lingerie.' So, fair and square, I was shoved in the slammer for a couple of nights. Flischief followed me around.

We used to open bowling alleys and kiss usherettes and I had that kind of surly image, you know? I had some advice once, I got a lot of advice. Actually, the only reason I started acting in the fashion that I do is because I was in a car crash with my ex wife, simply rolled the thing over and squashed it under a lamp post. I appeared the next day with my arm covered in blood and somebody grabbed it and said Are You Alright Captain Clegg? And I said Des I'm Hurt, or something like that, probably over the top, and Peter came over to me and said Oliver what you must remember is that when you're hurt you must always make an understatement of it, don't say Des I'm Hurt say Des I'm Alright and so I've kept like that ever since. He taught me a great deal, like Do Nothing, Do Absolutely Nothing. And he did nothing, my dear boy. I'll never forget he went to Browns Hotel because he'd been kicked out of all the others, got some sandwiches and what have you, then realised he'd forgotten where he was working. So he got a police car, and he said to police car Will You Please Take Me To Where I am

Working? They said Mr. Welles we don't know where you're working and he said You Must find Out. So he had them all at it. Anyway, in the end he got out of the police car, walked round the corner, found the damn place and when he got in the lift, you'll never believe this, got stuck. Six floors up! Its twelve stories, and he got stuck, and we were waiting, and when he eventually came out, three hours late, he said Sorry Michael. And that's what its about, understatement.

Duffy and swollen, full of bracelets and bulimia gossip
sprayed to an unnatural sienna, a child model
going crazy, once protested:

Can I Take a Lie? –

They Root for Me and Say They Want Me to Work, Then Pull the Plug

She goes down to the nightclub at the Hilton, tobacco in her mouth, a black eye, milking Gator Bite shots, Fanax bars... and a pack of cigarettes. Wrecks the whole air-headed hotel. Pours bleach over the pool table. Destroys the whole place. Walks past the bar, scantily clad, using the f word, and for no reason pulls down the bottom part of her shorts and shows her behind. Right in front of a couple of kids!

Boxing jumbo, nightcrawlers.

Everyone was in such awe of the violence that we all just stood back in horror, including the police. And she just walked out, went to the airport. Even conned some local boys out of several hundred dollars. Nobody Ever Laid a Hand on Her! I Admire Her Greatly.

I'm telling you this as a father.

The subtle domination of a well told anecdote is the language of the father.

You're intimidated you see, it's working.

You know, I'm playing a colonel in my next film and that is why I look extraordinary. I combed my hair and I thought to myself: Excuse Me! I'm playing a colonel and, devastatingly, I had to pencil in my moustache after four days which proves I'm not terribly virile, but nobody pity me: the reason I'm such a great actress is because I don't know how to lie.

When I have my tv show - which I'd never do, but if I did, or if I called myself a leading voice - I'd have the audacity to say I don't support women like you. Women's liberation will never survive, not while I'm in the kitchen. The women's liberation sometimes do some extraordinary sabotage; I mean the fact that I have been smothered in whiskey, and it is whiskey - I can taste it - pays absolutely no cause to the lady. There are going to be a lot of people that will laugh and there will be several who will be quite indignant. I'm not indignant because this is indicative of the bad manners of a lot of chauvinist ladies. But I'll tell you one thing for free: the women in England are quite good. They are good because they're always in the garden: you can't hear them when they shout. I think that most women, I think that most women are very happy. I really think that most women are happy in the garden. Not because they like it, but because it's where they belong, I mean Shakespeare wasn't a bird was he now. I think that basically women are very happy.

Please understand my sense of humour so you don't think I'm crazy. I only took so many selfies because when I'm super healthy I'm super fast and I multi task, I can do anything: a large scale painting in two hours, an audition, a photo shoot and document it all! It's a joke about social media and vanity and if you don't get that well then there's no hope for you. I hope you've understood that now.

America is Always Like Go Go Go Go Go.

*Here's the Thing: Very Simple.
It Was on That Beach That I Got Hit and I
Said to Myself
I'm Going to Get That Beach. It's Going to
be My Beach.*

Flasks frolicking in the waves. Inflexible

I Have No Emotion, No feeling

*Several teardrops on the left cheek
A photo of the actress reading her book: an oceanfront
chaise
She's Probably Deeply Troubled and Therefore
Great
in Bed*

*You Don't Like My Little Noise Makers?
I raised them to kick, bite and dress under time
They are about to get their hands real dirty -
an A for oil spill.*

*No self-destructive tendencies
Just degrees of playing along*

*Her ankle tag malfunctions.
Alone
She says softly,*

Bloom?

(that's her lawyer)

There's a crawfish in my purse!

*It is vibrant, clinging
and afraid
What of?
Couldn't quiet say
The milk turning sour?
No.
Life in general?
Yes, sir.*

Notes:

Various lines, phrasings and incidents throughout are taken from the interview *You Can't Hurt Lindsay Lohan Now* published in *The New York Times*, *The Simple Life* seasons one to five, Paz de la Huerta's instagram captions, multiple interviews with Oliver Reed, Anne Carson's *The Gender of Sound*, Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and the book *Fly Lunches with Orson: Conversations Between Henry Jaglom and Orson Welles*.