

RENEE SO



PROVEDANCE

## PASSAGE

### I

Now it is evening.

The sea was red in the evening sun. On the deck, bound together and dragging along, against the crest of waves. We take the daily measure: smoke and salt, dense billowing of sails. A grey shroud covering the earth and mists around.

These years of drift. Reclined at close of day, at breaking pace. We stand and sit. And rest when night falls. The sun rages — up from the well, held in the sky a head of fire.

Tell the dream: again, the same dogs and men, willingly led ashore. Again, the ships. Black in the evening and blacker at night. We drink and sleep and fail to rise. Ever more reclined.

Now it is winter. Now midsummer. Bright gulls banking: a steady, a sinking feeling. What star tells time? The brood sun. The scorched pyre of the sun — hand on sword into what animal hide may come.

Out past the breakers: a shadow founders on a reef, and a steep current pulls.

Now it was evening.

### II

Now it was night.

Slowly the full moon comes. Arriving at last light: I had been arriving at the speed of light. Channels and crossings. Great winds. On the passage encountering, what marvels, and so forth. In the dead of night, what murders.

Leaving the ship: a sideways movement, impossibly vertical when we entered. On a high pass, with stars massing — *news has reached the Church in Rome*. A sensation, perhaps, of flight.

Then rested, waiting for morning. Heads turned, perpendicular, to the ground and to their God. Calling to themselves in the diminished field. Having here landed, far beyond the waterline. Having come to punishing rest, O redeemer. *Draw thy sword, O soldier of God*. And I bowed my head, and did not wake in the morning. And the bulging mass, seethed at the border of black water.

In slow arcs. And there forgot, turning, a kind of origin: the bright circle setting and set, back and all along the funeral horizon.

They fell about, devouring each other. The day cloudy and full of rain.

Now it is night.

#### Notes

'Passage' responds to two knitted paintings by Renee So, *Sunset* (2016) and *Nightfall* (2019), and to the folding screens by Kanō Naizen that inspired So, which depict the arrival of Portuguese Black Ships in Japan in the sixteenth century.

The phrases 'The sea was red in the evening sun', 'Slowly the full moon comes', and 'news has reached the Church in Rome' (slightly altered), are from Shūsaku Endō's novel *Silence* (1996), which fictionalises the experiences of Portuguese missionaries in Japan in the seventeenth century. The construction of the phrases marking time, which open and close each part, also takes after that novel.

BELLA LI is the author of *Argosy* (2017), *Lost Lake* (2018), and *Theory of Colours* (2021), published by Vagabond Press. Her work has won the Victorian and NSW Premier's awards for poetry and an ABDA award for book design.

Produced on the occasion of the exhibition, *Renee So: Provenance*, Monash University Museum of Art, 27 April – 8 July 2023.

Images: Renee So, *Sunset* 2016 and *Nightfall* 2019, knitted acrylic yarn and wool, and oak frame, 154 × 154 × 6 cm. Courtesy of the artist; Kate MacGarry, London; and Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney. Photos: Angus Mill. Graphic design/artworking by A Practice for Everyday Life.

REVUE 50



PROVENANCE

## PARADIGMS

The outermost figure is goddess Nut, arching over daughter Isis who in turn arches over second daughter Nephthys or perhaps it is Tayt (goddess of weaving). There is something latent (or is it hampered) about the curled figure in halasana (or plough pose) . . . I begin to think of her as the child - OR as the 'I' - or as little Valerie in the film *Corsage* - enfolded in arms, drawn clothed into a full bath of water by mother Vicky Krieps, murmuring  
— “let me hold you like my little chick” (though Valerie is a HEN).

Krieps as empress (there but unseen) (often appearing veiled) arches uppermost above faithful attendant Marie who arches over Ida who arches over Fanny (who weeps over the empress' cut hair). (The amount they converse is limited but meaningful exchange is continual / energy courses between) . . .

— Of course this is just an IDEA. The faces are undetailed and the figures appear solid, strong . . . but refracted (as by the sea).

Another IDEA — the artist Agnes Martin (always 'there and not there') folding over the graceful weaver Lenore Tawney who folds over long-reaching Marli Ehrman who folds over (the only female Bauhaus master) Gunta Stölzl. I am saying “over” - one over another - but what I want to express is the artists' uncanny parallelism . . . In this realm, there is no horizon and best of all - - - no time . . .

— Nuit, goddess of stars, arches from one dynasty to the next over Gunta Stölzl in 1923 who arches over Albers who arches over (burgeoning) Ruth Asawa at Black Mountain. OR the figures are Andean - ancient faceless weavers (known only by their work) - arching one over another over another over Anni Albers who looks up to them from plough.

And so on, like SO. (You see the IDEA).

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The anomaly in the picture is the curious figure in plough, who has the EYE (neither seeing nor closed). The 'I' is the mind that thinks: “I have an idea” (and then: I have an idea, I have an idea) and this creates a rectangle or a series of rectangles. “I try not to have ideas” says Agnes Martin, her foot planted but in AIR, body reaching THROUGH . . . extending over Hilma af Klint who arches over Joan Mitchell who arches over angel Otti Berger.

— The problem with the IDEA is - - - Vicky Krieps and her pale grey horse, circling the indoor riding hall to the accompaniment of Marie playing a white grand piano. The idea arrives like the horse (with the speed of a dream) but it can only perform a clipped canter . . . around, around, drawing an outline.

“That did not look quite right” says Krieps to cousin Ludwig as he performs his false faint (wink) flopping onto the carpet supine, letting his legs kick up. The problem is his eye, which he keeps half ajar (not quite giving himself up).

— “Go, go, go” sings Camille as feathered Vicky Krieps strides - rising two stairs at a time - followed close - by Fanny, Ida, Marie . . .

### Notes

— In the catalogue for *Renee So: Provenance*, there is an image (figure 18) of a painted ceiling relief in which the goddess Nut is depicted 'arching over two smaller figures in yoga-like postures'. Nut (also Nwt, Neuth, Newet and Nuit) is described by Wikipedia as 'goddess of the sky, stars, cosmos, mothers, astronomy, and the universe'

— Marie, Ida, Fanny, Ludwig and Valerie are all characters in Marie Kreutzer's 2022 film *Corsage*; Vicky Krieps performs excellently as Empress Elisabeth of Austria yet I see her only as Vicky Krieps; Camille (Dalmais) scored and performed the music for *Corsage* including the track *She Was* featuring the lyrics “go, go, go”

— in writings on Agnes Martin, it is often said that she 'disappeared' just as she began to achieve some success and notoriety for her intricate grid works; when she recommenced painting, her practice involved emptying her mind and waiting for the image of a painting to come fully conceptualised, the size of a postage stamp; AM believed strongly that an active intellect would impede the arrival of inspiration

— Lenore Tawney and Agnes Martin lived and worked for a time at the same building in Coenties Slip and had considerable influence upon each other's thinking; LT - a weaver, sculptor and collagist - is recognised for her impact towards the bridging of crafts and fine art

— Marli Ehrman was a member of the Bauhaus weaving workshop who, after emigrating to Chicago, became an influential teacher to innovative fibre artists including Lenore Tawney

— Gunta Stölzl taught weaving to Marli Ehrman at the Bauhaus; along with Anni Albers her contribution to the understanding and development of weaving (both for commercial and artistic purposes) is extraordinary

— Anni Albers was particularly devoted to learning and passing on techniques developed by weavers of Ancient Peru; I had in mind that it was Anni Albers who taught the sculptor Ruth Asawa at Black Mountain College but I read that it was AA's husband Josef Albers who was a mentor

— Hilma af Klint and Joan Mitchell are both exponents of the abstract

— Otti Berger was another brilliant weaver who studied at and contributed to the Bauhaus; she was killed at Auschwitz in 1944

— You may have read that Renee So's work *Flow State* is a kind of tribute to weavers of the Bauhaus and I have intended to name as many of these artist as I came across: (in no particular order) Gunta Stölzl, Anni Albers, Otti Berger, Benita Koch-Otte, Gertrud Arndt, Ida Kerkovius, Margarete Willers, Marli Ehrman, Dörte Helm, Kitty van der Mijll Dekker, Lilly Reich And Lena Meyer-Bergner.

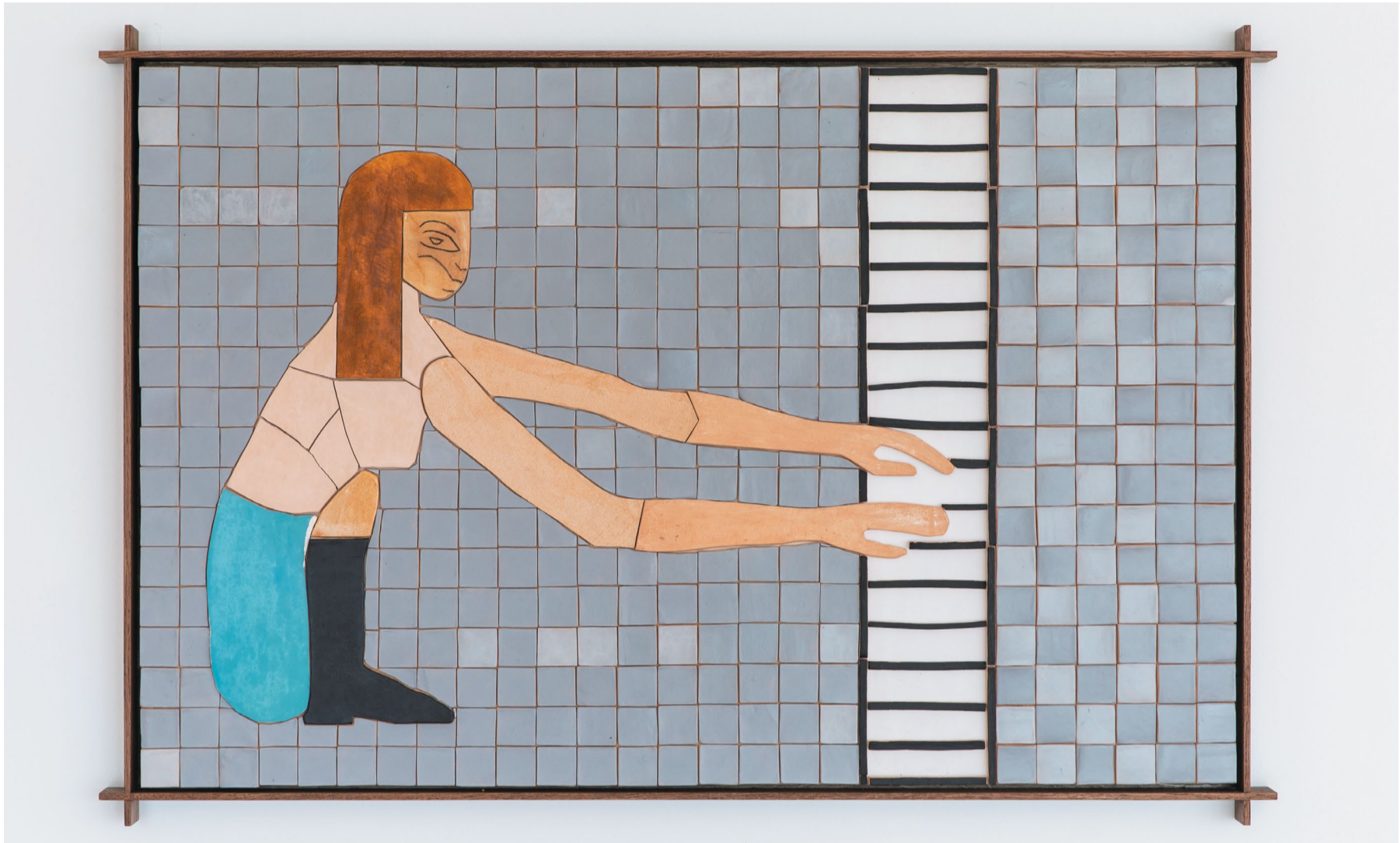
LEAH MUDDLE is a poet, arts/crafts practitioner and a retail worker. She has a chapbook titled *Enchantment or a meal* (Shower Books); other writing appears in the Rabbit + Heide book *House of Ideas: Modern Women* (ed. Jessica Wilkinson), as well as the *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Cordite Poetry Review* and *Overland*.

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Image: Renee So, *Flow State* 2019, glazed earthenware and aluminium frame, 170 × 284 × 3 cm. Courtesy of the artist and Kate MacGarry, London. Photo: Rob Harris. Graphic design/artworking by A Practice for Everyday Life.

# RENEE SO

# PROVENANCE



1. Trying not to dwell on the injustice of yesterday. As the shop was quiet I decided to print some labels to stick on bags to make up the Ones we were low on.
2. In the morning I is the buried mouth with sweet dirt. I has lost two teeth the important ones. An old friend tore them out by accident. Now I loses words daily to whistling.
3. Standing at the cash register I bend down slightly to look for the little printing machine hidden under the counter on the first shelf. Pulling at its cables the machine moves freely, its wires sliding noiselessly over the plush white laminate as I bring it up onto the counter.
4. Toni Morrison tells her students I don't care about your little lives, okay?
5. Its little rubber feet make a soft dull sound as it steps into balance.
6. For years I couldn't believe I was in your blindspot.
7. I lost so many to the water. For every three I lost two of them fullness, volume, a left eye.
8. Through the translucent grey plastic window on top of the machine I see the machine is loaded w/ the roll for printing barcode stickers. I pull against the tinted grey capsule & it unclicks w/ a sudden force as its slightly juttred out plastic corners clipped under ridges securing it to the little greige body break free.
9. I is sick of Anne Carson. I draws a direct line from Anne Carson to what you might call Normcore Poetics. I writes something on a piece of paper, tears the strip off with the writing on it (bit by bit, squeezing along the paper between index finger & thumbnail as an imprecise cutter), folds it & places it in the pocket of a utility jacket.
10. It's always a wonder to experience the pulling apart of a gadget that appears impossible to dismantle, to hear a breaking sound & discover w/ satisfaction that it is merely the sound of success, of your accidental mastery of a machine composed of breakable plastic parts deceptively resilient to human fumlings.
11. This only works or rather doesn't work if there is a feeling of relation. Of beholder and beholden. Being held. To ransom or account or in a flower.
12. With the underside of its grey dome completely exposed, I freely access the cavity of the machine, running my fingers down the sides of the barcode roll until I find the space between it & the green plastic arms holding it in place & pull them away from each other.
13. Does I keep reading from this morning until the little life grows big?
14. Someone told me I was no longer describing or commenting on the substance of things. I had become that person who would criticise the broad context, zoom out to the general, only ever focus on the frame. I reacted more calmly than I was truly feeling and tried to accept what they were saying, realising it to be true when I recalled all observations
15. and attempted a new one.
16. Alas I couldn't get out of the damn frame (!) why couldn't I? I started to panic watching others casually swimming in the substance of things from some window, some frame. I tried to say something but it was all frame. I started mounting a defence. I was desperately looking out for the consequences of not caring about the frame, the price of framelessness.
17. One Christmas she'd been saying in her sleep would you like that gift wrapped? The bit too friendly lilt at the end.
18. (Maybe you can draw a direct line from W.C.W's anapaestic lilt in American speech to gift wrapping wrapping gifts wrapping gifts wrapping gifts.)
19. Sometimes if it's very quiet you can hear the words.
20. Each time I lift the curved grey window I think of The Jetsons & their retrofuturist vehicles buzzing in space.
21. A form always tries to find another. A large looming triangle sits down on its point. Its point is the soft tissue surrounded by teeth. Or is it the teeth? No, it's dread, something close to music. We still live the Space Race Logic of Scale proximity towards a resemblance or resistance to the thing more or less.

22. I spose you could draw lines & reach really, really far out. You could draw a direct line from William Carlos Williams to Anne Carson to what you could call Normcore Poetics w/ its donning of Lightweight Functional Trousers.
23. You could draw all the way from the Summer Palace in Beijing to the navels of several worlds.
24. She thought the pain made her music. But it held her back and placed her in a floating frame of someone else's doing.
25. Arms widen with a rough zipping, cracking sound (again without breaking) and let go of their little prisoner, the roll slackening dully onto the cavity. Lifting it out of the machine with one hand, my middle finger in the hollow of the tubular cardboard core, thumb wrapped round its shining white exterior, the other hand instinctively does the same simultaneously, with the middle finger cradling the hollow of the roll and the thumb wrapped over the slippery satin surface of the white stickers with their fresh, blank, gold-bordered text boxes.
26. I lift the solid weighted sticker roll and place it into the cavity, suspending it in place while my thumbs push against the green arms until they embrace the new roll.
27. Opening wasn't hard. Is never hard. The wild pain of closing. Open on all sides howling.
28. I flip the grey window down with my index finger and with its own weight it fastens over the ridges.
29. (Ridges we never see (until of course such time that they are broken off don't work require cleaning) and yet know are there through their daily clicks and our forcing against or away from them.)
30. I hold the power button down, feeling with satisfaction the complete fit of its smooth concave against the convex of the pad of my index finger. The green light blinks twice in the translucent rubber circle frame of the power button and I also see the light gently pulsing through the yellow crescent moon of pressure on the top half of my nail.
31. How quickly you can lose an impulse how quickly you can find yourself outside a thing. Tessellate tessellate tessellate tessera.
32. The machine comes alive with the halting zips of its rotating internal rollers feeding stickers through, forwards, pausing, then some more, until the roll is aligned and the first four stickers hang in a trembling white arc catching the light in its golden trim.
33. In response I lift the grey dome once more, roll back the stickers until the first is precisely aligned just before the row of tiny silver teeth. I close the dome and press the button once more, and this time it feeds only one sticker through. Ready.
34. You said things like 'falling short'. I saw towards fullness the movement is perpetual. I was simultaneously thinking of you simultaneously thinking while listening to me while listening to you. Holes appear. You were being followed by you. You would be crossing the road or walking right past you, with the faintest brush of eager smooth claws as you passed you.
35. You caught you looked and walked and dressed just like you, or as you would have, had you stayed. This is the time of you constantly entering a room you were in already / attempting to exit a room while being inside it / succeeding in staying while leaving. What I am seeing was a gesture at the table / a five-page certain look only women recognise.
36. I click on the cream yellow (interesting that in the digital revolution we never lost or forgot to emulate the exact shade of the ubiquitous manila folder, the same yellow for a notepad icon. Even children now whom I imagine don't use yellow notepads or manila folders would know what shade of yellow they come or came in, before 3M revolutionised office supplies by introducing notepads in colours previously confined to texters or highlighters – Grimace purple, hot pink, lime green. Who would use these? And how would you highlight on these notes? Do the offices of the multinational conglomerate corporations use their own subsidiary stationery companies' products? Imagine Mike Roman, CEO of 3M, with those thick luscious lined large cue card sized Post-Its in the drawer of his executive desk, peeling off a hot pink sheet and pasting an addendum to a document. Growing up we used standard small square cream yellow post-its. They were usually large enough to write on, provided you didn't try writing while it was still attached to the stack. The square stack of post its formed an impossible cliff edge that your curled hand poised for writing would inevitably fall off, hypothetar eminence first. That falling

- motion mid-scribble produces a small humiliation, a feeling of inadequacy as you failed to navigate something so run of the mill, a failure of judgement, of assessment of space. Your good sense is disturbed. The post-its had a gentle adhesive backing that never fully secured them to the page. In the hot humidity of where I grew up they would lift themselves off the page. corners curling upwards. When you lifted the page off the desk the post-its would flicker off onto the dusty floor and the adhesive backing, now blackened and totally useless, or someone would step on it by accident, securing it to the ground. Imagine professional and personal lives ruined and changed by missing addenda, office and home floors littered with pastel petals of crushing instruction – '(don't) sign (yet)!') folder icon and select *Nutmeg ground* & print a test label.
37. You used to write long and hard, always just as I had almost given up. One day I put all the letters you wrote in a black bag and let them languish under the stairs. One day they started reappearing all over the place. You leave notes around the house – 'where is she?' 'don't forget to eat
  38. (The syntax of spice descriptions w/ name first texture second to maintain the alphabetical order of products has transformed speech in this workplace. We say with regular frequency, 'Can I have some star anise whole please?' 'Did you check on the cassia ground?' Salt fine. Bête noir. Whiskey neat.)
  39. Good. The text is aligned within the gold border so I print off 25 x labels.
  40. fruit, 'damaskino.' You corresponded for years. I remember the colour of air. Now you see 'around his neck,' 'over her head,' once, 'on the fork of a tree' – the mouth unclosed.
  41. The stickers come off in curls like an apple skin against a peeler & I gather them by devising a roller using both index fingers, hands as an extension of the printer, & place them next to a stack of bags.
  42. I peel off the sticker and hold it with the tips of middle fingers, hover and align it with the dots near the bottom of the bag, then press the sticker onto the paper bag using thumbs, sweeping them outwards onto the edges of the sticker.
  43. Some didn't remark. Wet threads lying about the place pressed against each other, forming characteristic patterns that remained when they dried. Or drying takes a lifetime.
  44. At this point I lean
  45. over to the screen of the cash register, eyes searching the bottom corners of the screen for the clock. As this is a new screen, I don't yet know from memory if it's the bottom left or right, or in fact the top left or right, that the clock is displayed.
  46. Feeling trapped and then the words 'a hole is a trou' appearing, I couldn't think of what else to say, and whether I could say it and in such a way, so I called you, told you, tried to leave the room. I was carelessly doubling and tripling over again.
  47. How long does it take for the human mind or mine at least to remember the face of a new screen and to disremember the old one? I find the clock on the top right, totally unexpectedly the last place I look to see that it is 10.30 a.m.
  48. These motions are instinctual & narrating them while demonstrating it to a new staff member is unnecessary, in fact
  49. You staying in the room while leaving was something that is highly annoying but not wholly, even partially, unusual.
  50. the narration is the part that trips them up, makes the task seem more esoteric than it is even as they witness with their very eyes the simplicity of the task. The addition of unnecessary words of instruction never fails to confuse.
  51. Guiding words like 'here' or 'like this' are sufficient, while 'you want to use your thumbs along this side to make sure' clash against our instincts of the material world.

LING TOONG writes poetry and prose. Her most recent work has been published in journals such as *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Rabbit* and *Cordite*. She was one of the featured poets in *Rabbit + Heide, House of Ideas: Modern Women 2021*.

Produced on the occasion of the exhibition, *Renee So: Provenance*, Monash University Museum of Art, 27 April – 8 July 2023.

Image: Renee So, *Learn to Weave* 2019, glazed earthenware, acrylic and oil paint, and oak frame, 97 x 133 x 6.5 cm. Collection of Sandra Cohen, London. Photo: Rob Harris. Graphic design/artworking by A Practice for Everyday Life.

REVUE 50



PROVENANCE

## VESSEL

So.           Down stairs into the earth.  
The stairs are clay.           The hair-like  
pale roots I           try my tongue on  
taste of wanting.           In the mouth  
of dirt a tongue speaks.           It says:  
This. This.           A sound of water  
dripping into water.           Eye-  
like           at the back of the head  
a round of sky           and clouds slide  
over it:           remembering.  
Cities. Empires.           Under such  
stone-cut names to where           fingers  
grow out of the walls.           Lustrous.  
Slippery.           Now the clay stairs:  
sodden. Heavy           the legs slosh  
with pocketings.           The dry blood.  
Nail parings.           A single hair.  
The din of drunk men           l a u g h i n g .  
A vessel is a ship.           Is  
a receptacle.           A vein.  
Says: This. This.           I remember.

LISA GORTON writes poetry, fiction and essays. Her awards include the Prime Minister's Award for Fiction, the Victorian Premier's Prize for Poetry, and the Philip Hodgins Memorial Medal. Lisa has contributed poems to Izabela Pluta's book *Figures of Slippage and Oscillation* (Perimeter Press, 2019) and written in response to Mira Gojak's sculpture *Prop for Instabilities II* for the 2021 Buxton Contemporary exhibition *This is a poem*. Lisa's most recent collection *Mirabilia* (Giramondo, 2022) was awarded the Wesley Michel Wright Poetry Award.

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Image: Renee So, *Woman II* 2017, stoneware, 46 × 29 × 20 cm. Private collection, Melbourne. Photo: Angus Mill. Graphic design/artworking by A Practice for Everyday Life.

REVUE 50



PROVENANCE

## WEAVERBIRD

The morning men fill the fine lines across new paved cement, cracked by small breaks, like arid earth, marked by grey epoxy. The window calls up this view, backward to the benchtop where I stand, head bowed in the sink, washing chicken skin and carrots, a break of birdsong lifts my eye towards the cavern. Before the adjoining room, there was glisten; tufts of grass pressed to the bordering fence. Small freesias dot the line. A weaverbird made home in a neighbour's palm, that hung the height of the rooftops.

Water boils a whistle, a blue mug in the drying rack airs with yesterday's geography, a steady hand to the lip, I reach for the sometimes, the always of this room. Its continuity. A place I did not care for, but cared to look through; I was standing in this other room, at a previous time, thinking about one day standing, as I am now, standing and looking out again to the small bird weaving a nest-home against the reassurance of morning dew; it's disappearance, plaster walls concealing the familiar scene, running tandem with my return, burdens my past with a newness, unburdens me now.

I look down towards the patterned cement and its associations. River-lines, a knot untangling, twin roads towards the sea's eclipse. The white of the adjoining wall, the small window, outside's promise, further and distant, like, the promise of my hand on your shoulder. I remember how I messaged you about my childhood kitchen. I was in a store, thinking about buying you a book, looking down at its innocuous cover as the view out the entrance; the hint of foliage hanging over the hold; the wind, animating the leaves, made a silent sound in my direction - held me forward towards this enclosure, I now coalesce within. You were far then. Your city, 'hot, dry and when it rained, it rained with you.' With your humming sadness that I searched up to, crawled upon, and watched your demotic hands turn a page. My hands too. Your chest left small marks on my cheeks that you thought to photograph - there was no camera. Instead, you traced a word across my face with a finger, slipping into my mouth, slipping further down, slipping between us, between verbs, amidst conversation overheard from the hallway, like a collection of small tiles, the room, porous grout.

Guy, we'd pass in the kitchen, my legs exposed and barefoot at the kettle, his greyed counterface and weighted hands on the stem, straining water and granule; he'd quip, each morning was nothing but another in a trail of others, hardened chips of paint, white and flaky, dalmatian the back of his hand. His mother had just died. He drank his coffee, leaving, always, his mug in the basin; I'd carry back into our room, cups of tea, and a foreign weight that you asked me to put down. To you, I'd said, isn't his Time, just as much, mine? Maybe you couldn't see what I did, through a crack in his door, his skin rough against the bed, clothes strewn the floor, and a face, indented with lines, a photograph of his old girl, pinned to the wall, six in a row, six under. Then, I still saw my mother as unable to cry. At her mother's bedside, composed and close to break, I thought a way to tell you about Guy, why I cared so much for his proximal, distant life. I saw water, contained and warm, pass from my hand to his. I saw him demure to the very present of his mother dying, and, I see myself, a spectator to her nurse, lay made up hands on her body, with more knowing than I could. Her head was cold. I whispered, B just had a baby, and moped her brow, surprised by my feeling of wanting new life. Her chest, filling with fluid, breath laboured, her last light in the moon's full din. Day-old chapati, bruised nectarines, tableau of grapes, errant still life, a corner table that I kept to, to remember. There were sounds too, of childhood evening prayer, pausing play to prostrate on wet grass, released her body like a swollen breast to feed us. Come home. She is dying, said her voice, through the phone; she sounded how she used to, calling us in from the street, our outlines drawing clear, walking towards her in the pitch black.

I buried my head in my hands, listening to your mumble, your look for something to eat. Shirtless, shoulders drawn inside the open fridge, pulling potatoes out one by one, tumbling to the sink, washing their detritus down the drain, peeling their leather skin, lips in a slight pout at the tide drawing back, not knowing when it would return to shore. You were all of my summers, before I met you. There was nothing left to talk about knowing there was no more time. You turned towards my slumber with, 'Guy is gutless for arranging those photos of that woman,' and I agreed, for want of agreement. It was morning, anyhow; we both longed for the comfort of the morning after, and in your face, carrying small wets to the chopping board, was a half-way pause, widening past my head. I sat straighter, and peered behind my shoulder to the aura aside me; there was our door-window, its usual view of trees, and grass, and lines, so I turned. Back to your still posture nodding slightly, a smile cresting across your face. You leaned into the sun's pith crossing your eye, turning your gaze curious, and in it, I saw you, hand me over to something else.

SAARO UMAR is a writer. Her experimental work *Two Uncles* came out from Incendium Radical Press in 2021.

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Image: Renee So, *Venus of Valdivia* 2019, glazed earthenware and oil paint, 128 × 110 × 1 cm. Courtesy of the artist and Kate MacGarry, London. Photo: Rob Harris. Graphic design/artworking by A Practice for Everyday Life.