

Script for R69-32

HD voice over video with colour and sound.

Duration: 7 minutes

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I'm known internationally for the depth of my corners
And the timeless engineering transfixed between my borders.
A stunning assemblage of material brilliance
That's handmade and crafted, evoking a real sense of genius.

I was once proud of this ability to reflect a wealthy man's taste
And considered myself the most immaculate of minimalist landscapes.
That kind of aesthetic seriality -
A quality
That makes me an ultimate collector's item
Working seamlessly despite him.

But I've come to realise my value is determined on scandal
And uncomfortable angles through which I've been forced.
That there is no remorse for my mistreatment -
I've received no apology, of course.

When I was stolen from the Museum Van Bommel
The building itself had for me felt safe
Due to the aesthetic affinities of which we relate -
Our rigid exteriors

Repetition and shape

Our angular seams

And minimal drapes

This mesmerising sculpture, a monumental structure.

Naively I thought that here I would always be safe.

But the theft I can almost handle

And emotionally dismantle

If I had a chance to consider

But what came right after was much more sinister.

I was put up for sale shortly after in London

But there I realised the thief all of a sudden

Had to disguise me from the authorities

Given the illicit illegalities.

His plan uncurled using the most simple of weapons

Demonstrating all the virtues of male aggression.

He picked me up

Laid his hands on my border

Then turned me around to sit on my side.

His intention to make me appear
As an undiscovered artwork
With which he could steer
My façade as his oyster
Host his future endeavours
A typical approach
To fill his bank with credit.

The sale failed to go through and for that I'm relieved.
But because of the media surrounding the scandal
I'm now worth more as this dramatized damage
Even more remarkable
An expression of genius
A modernist Houdini,
Thanks to this 90 degree weakness.

It may be considered an amusing crime
As I hail from minimalism
A simpler time.
Making this a futile endeavour
As almost identical
Whatever way I am rolled, poked, prodded, controlled.

This misfortune of my distortion has left a fear inside me.

I've been fraught with confusion

But now have more sight

Into the endless disrespect that we objects get

From hands in dealings within financial contexts.

The hand can move you

Discard you

And use you.

It moves delicately at first

But then it does thirst

To get us and force us into positions we don't like

To make money and prosper in many different sites.

Choosing where we are presented

Within which time zone, or cultural institution, we are intended.

To make their fortunes

To position their wealth

Through us they aspire to be portraying emotional depth.

The hand possesses power

A potential

And always a threat

It can grip, steal, distort and dissect.

A tool, a device, the man's most valued item

Although dare they admit their power despite it.

This treatment is reminiscent of the power they hold

And none of us are different

No matter what we're told.

Their ownership, borrowing, loaning and selling

Their mistakes, lives and precarious dealings.

Their continued quest and hunger at best

To fulfil their bottomless pits of unresolved feelings.

And I have no choice but to exist under their decided proceedings.