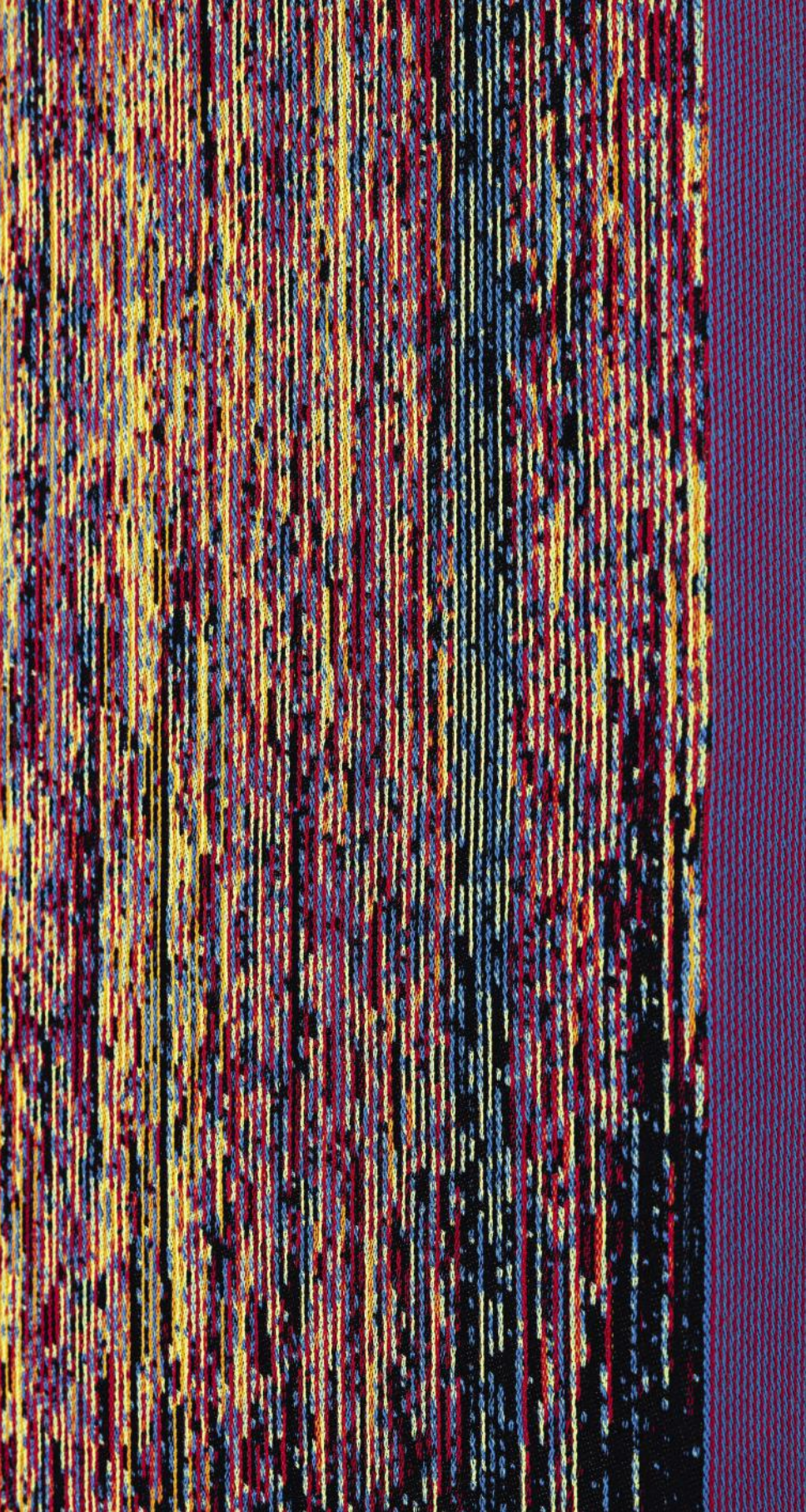
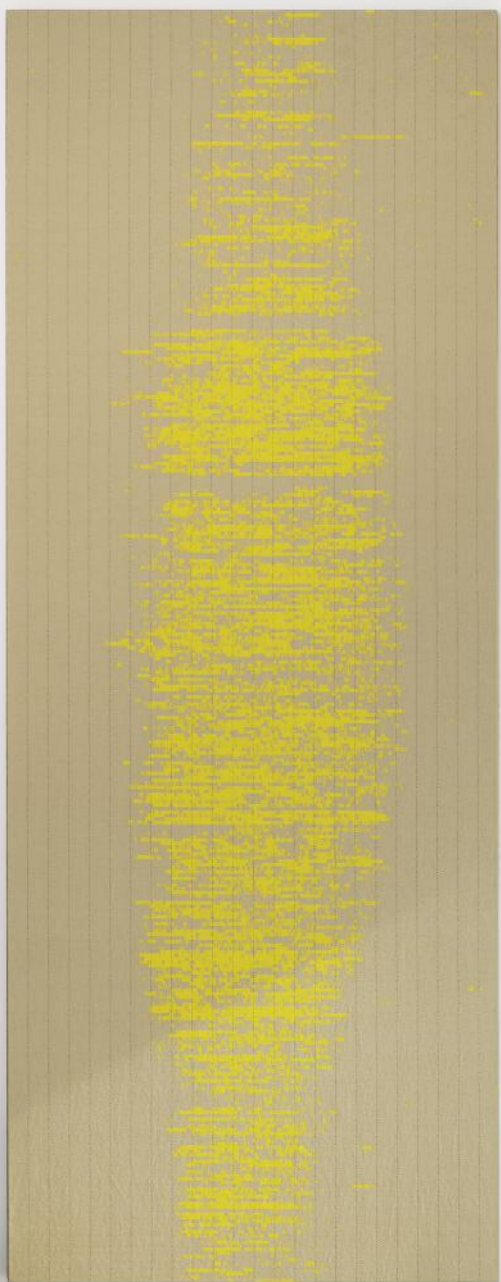




Susan Morris Four Tapestries

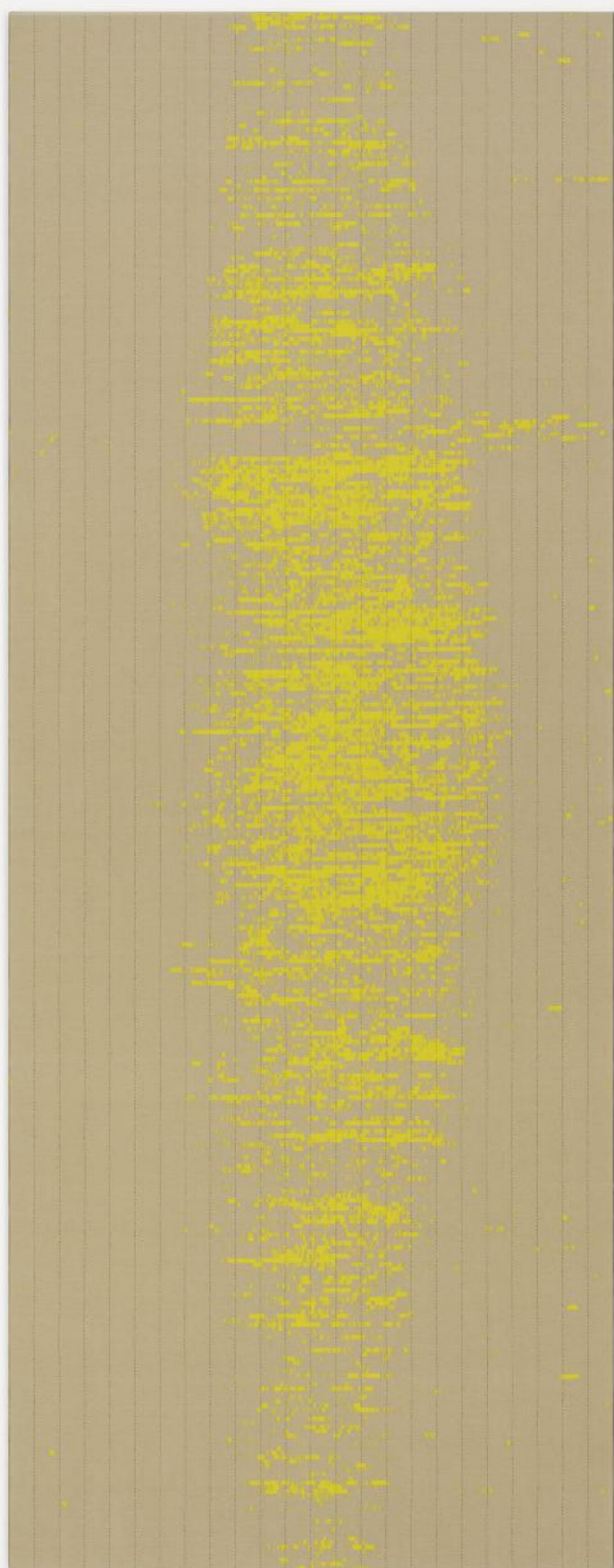


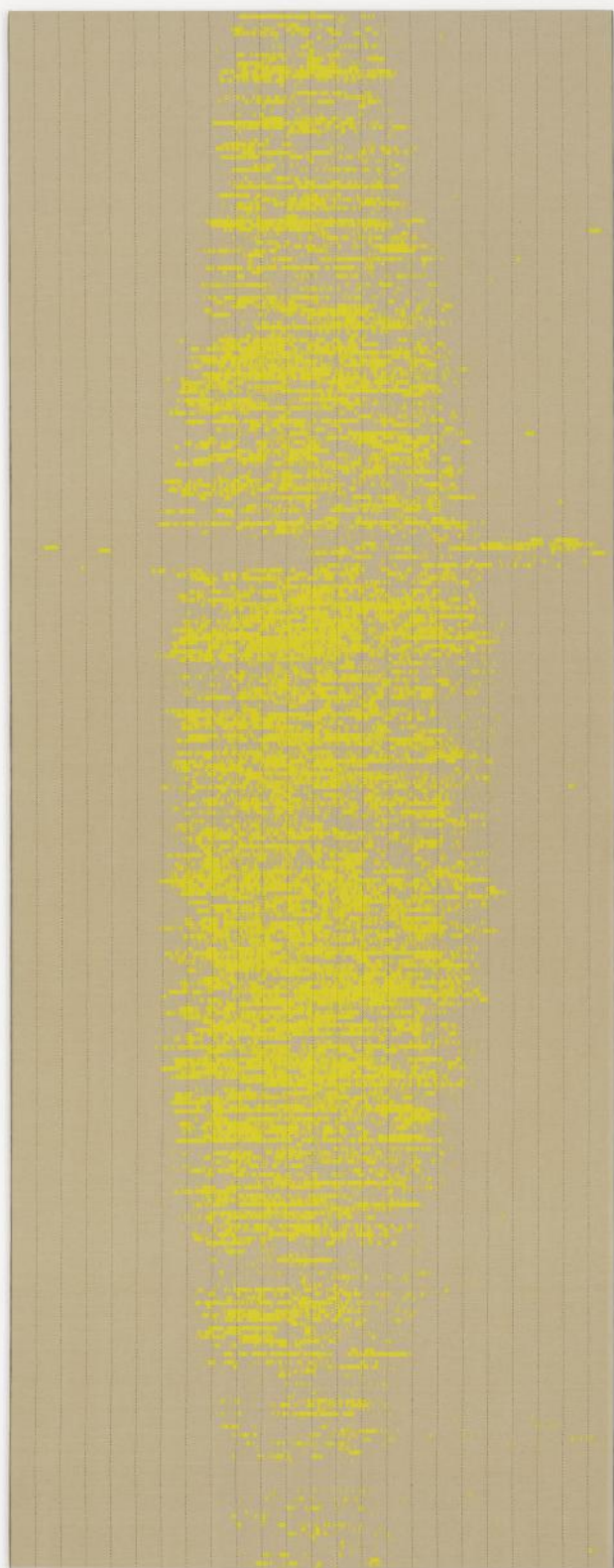


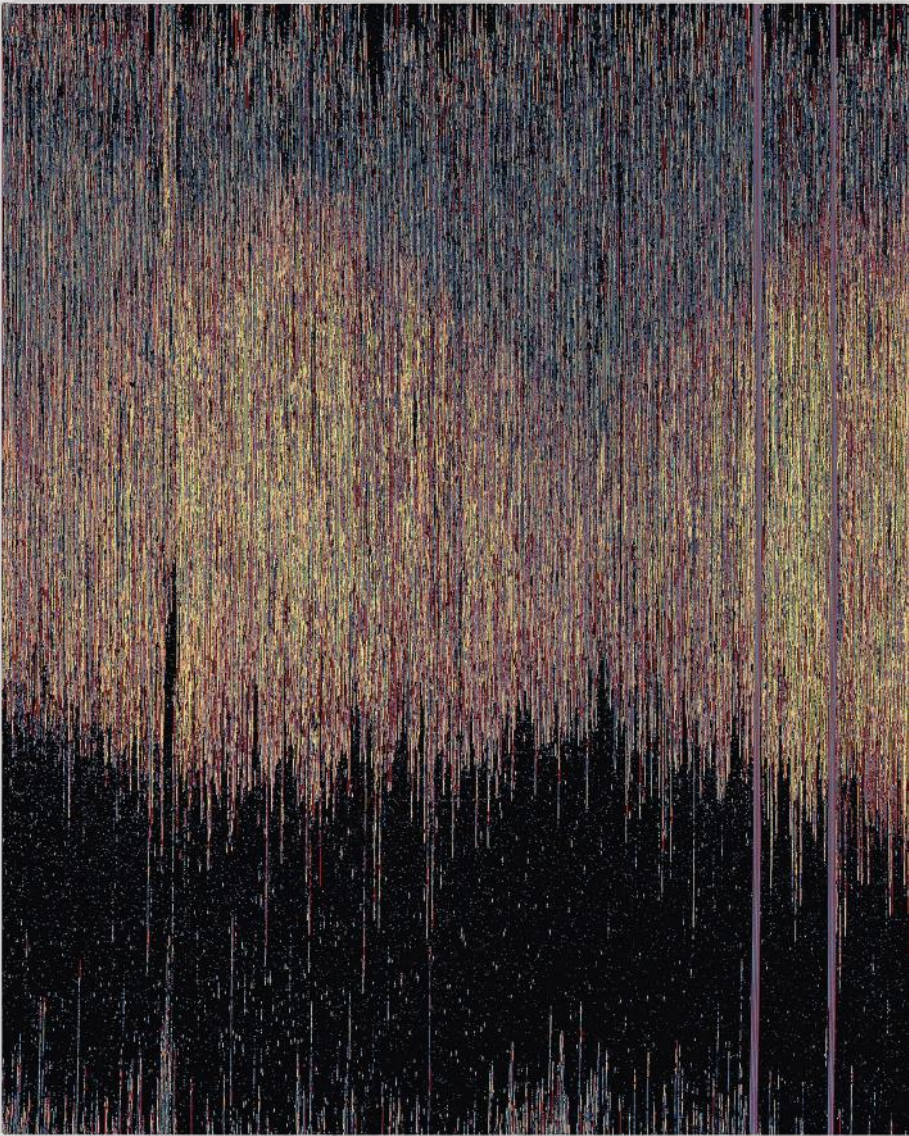


if this was the first line of a weaving rather than a text it
would have been the last the end of the process
the final weft not the first thread at its head it's always
a matter of weaving she said as she drew another
thread across the frame a stretch of time the ins and
outs of a history in which it has been present from the start
as we know from our metaphors those looms of life
fabrics of reality lost threads spun yarns
all those warps and wefts well-worn and wearing well
at the heart of the digital automation slips from
fingers to machines Jacquard and his punched cards
Lovelace and her codes Morris and these tapestries
the perfect medium for the rhythms of a life
breaking days falling nights repetitions
continuities routine interruptions unseen codes
patterns in the tangled webs we weave running
in the background tracked and traced the
infrastructure of the self on show the automatic writing
of the everyday portraits of a body and the world in
which it finds itself and goes missing all the
time without saying automatically unconsciously
unwittingly fabricating subjectivity generating
identity streams of information rivers marking
time falling through the images opening lines

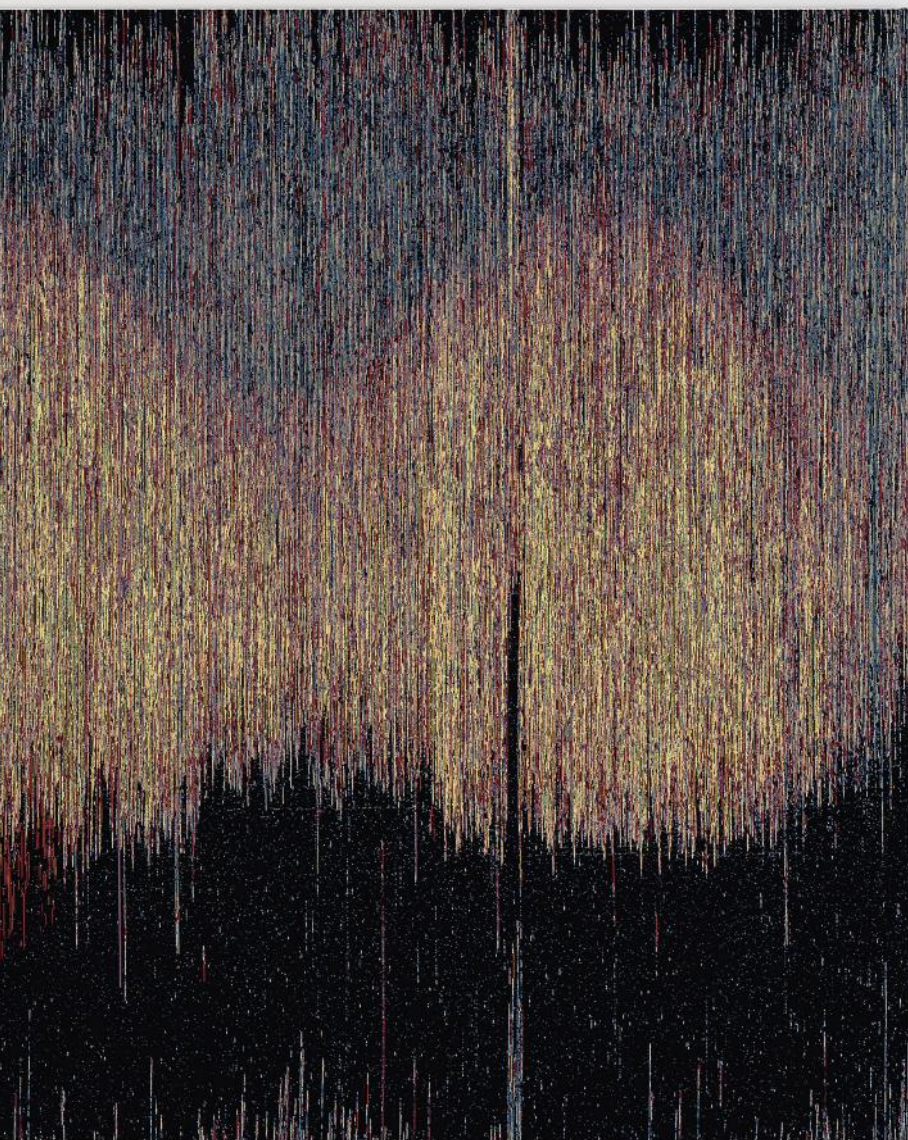
Sadie Plant Text/Textile 2025







SunDial:NightWatch_Activity and Light 2010-2012 (Satin Weave) 2017 Jacquard Tapestry: Silk and Cotton



Yarn 129 × 207 cm

