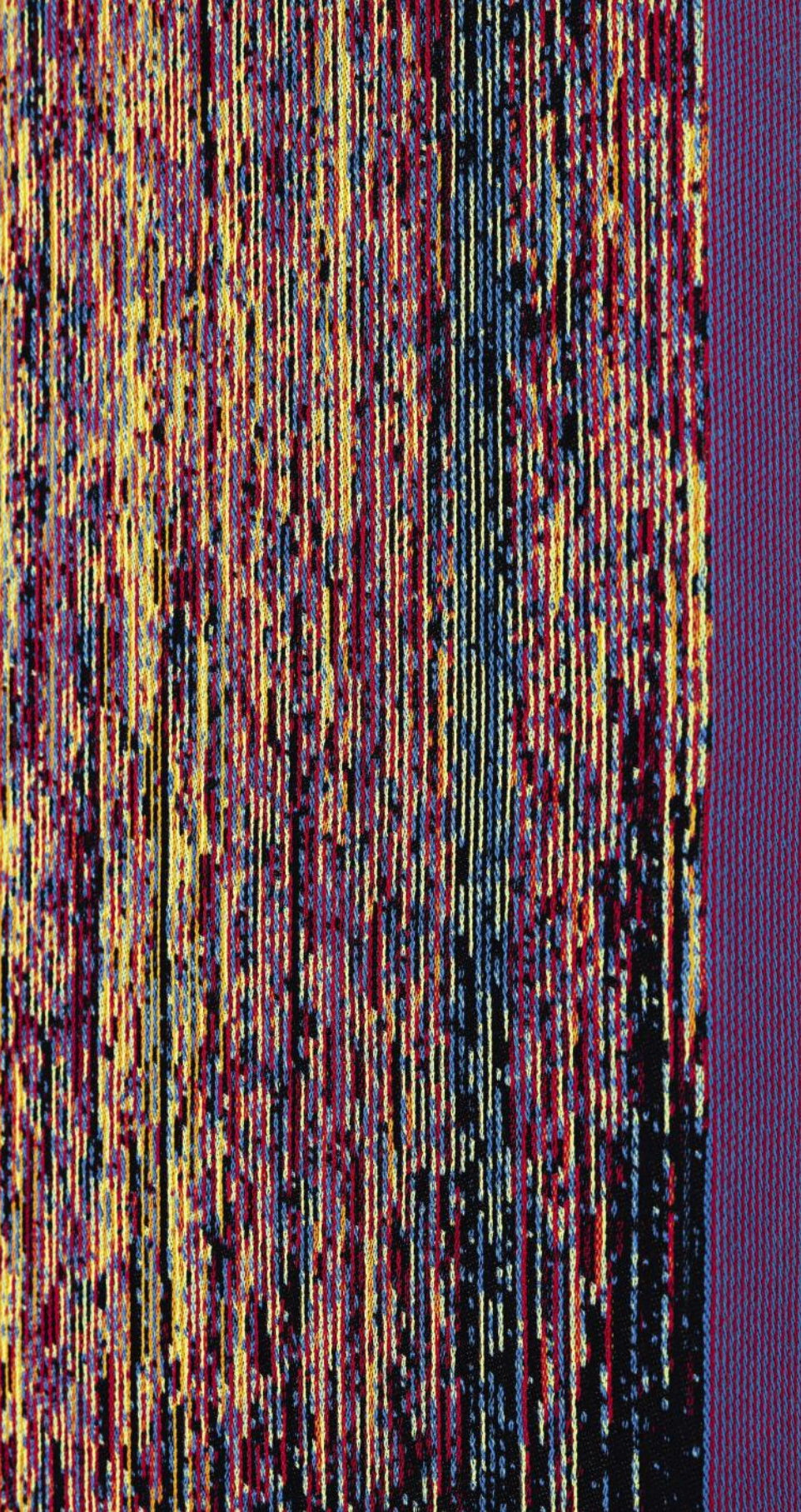


Susan Morris Four Tapestries

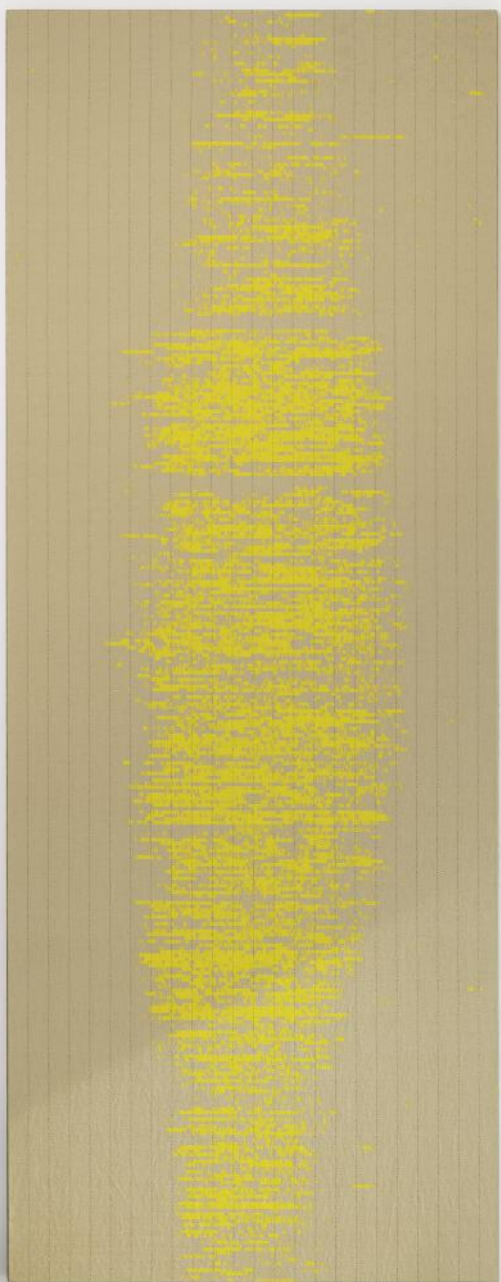








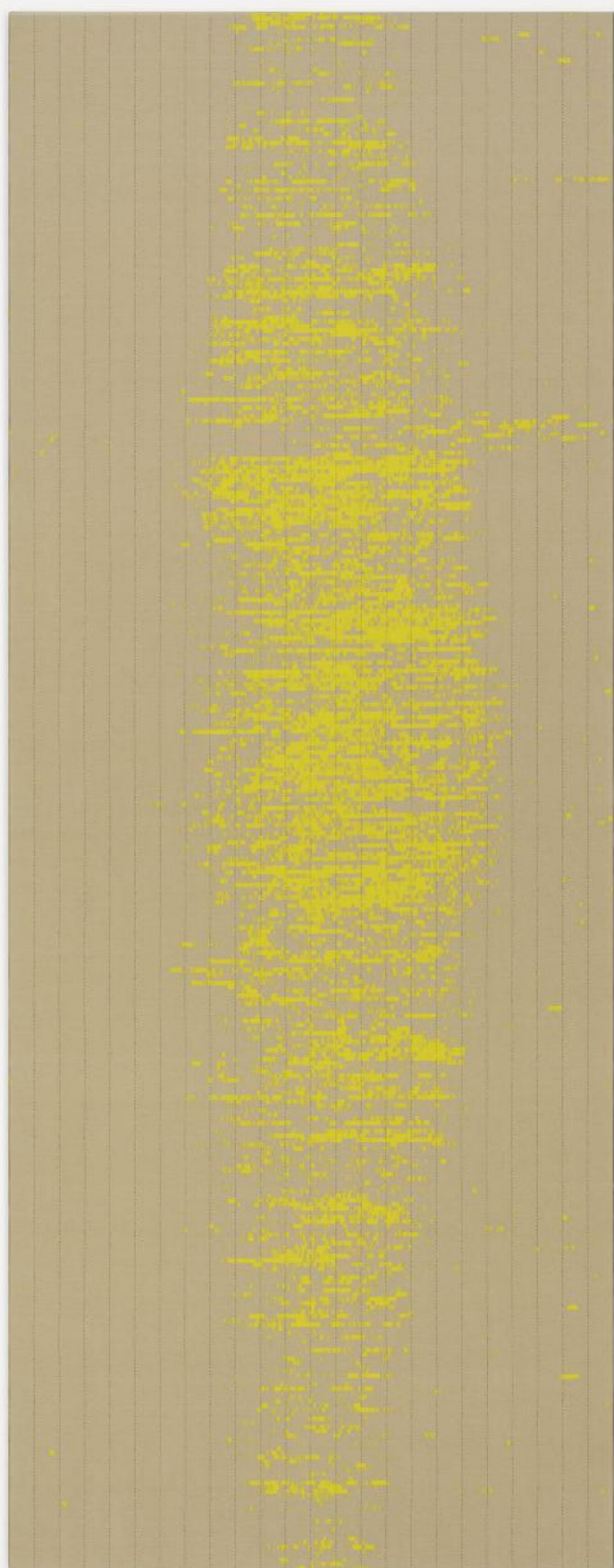




if this was the first line of a weaving rather than a text it  
would have been the last the end of the process  
the final weft not the first thread at its head it's always  
a matter of weaving she said as she drew another  
thread across the frame a stretch of time the ins and  
outs of a history 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

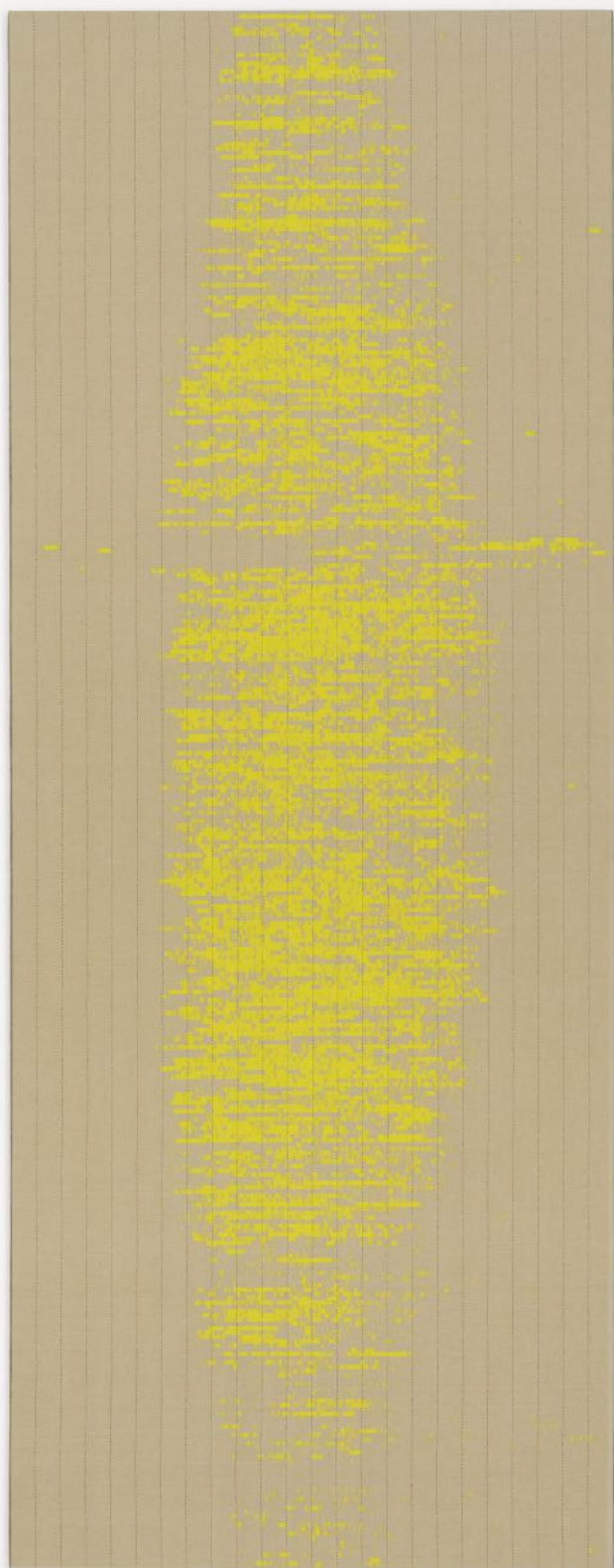
**Sadie Plant** Text/Textile 2025

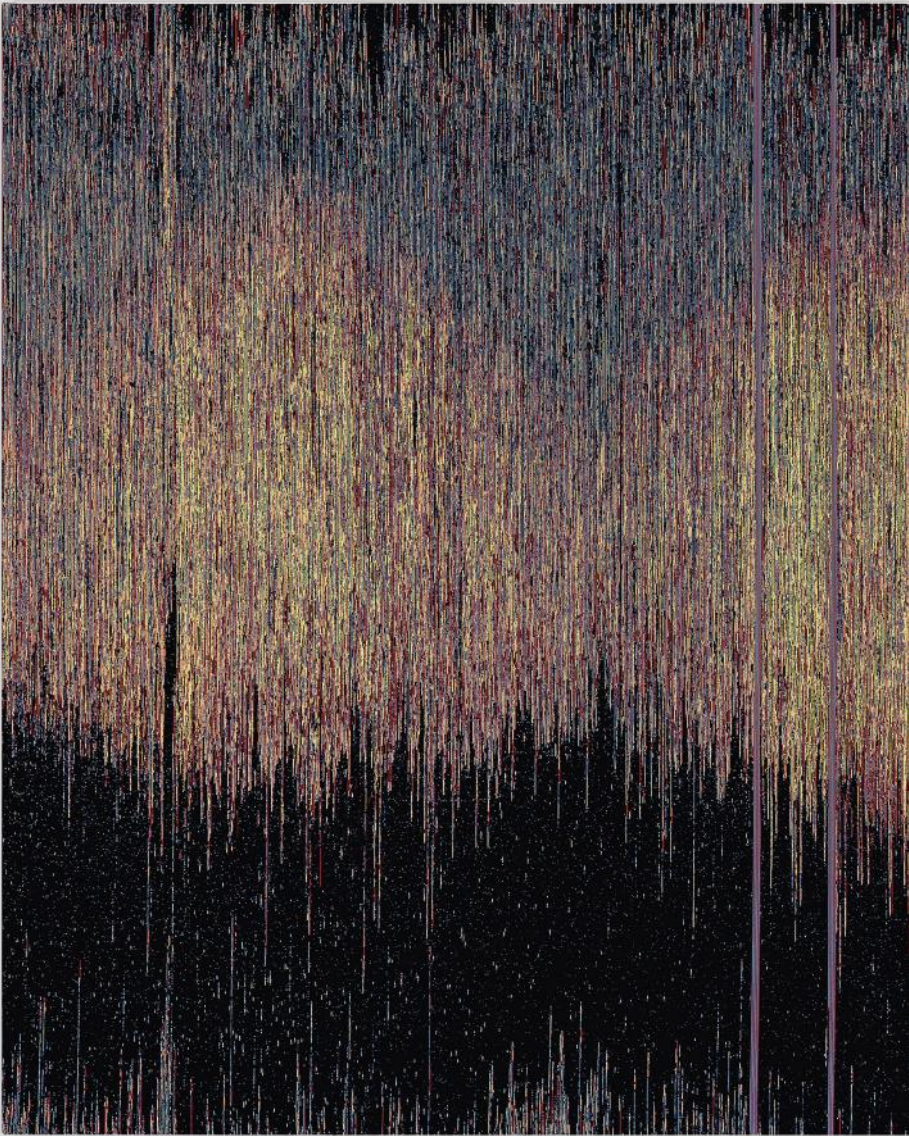






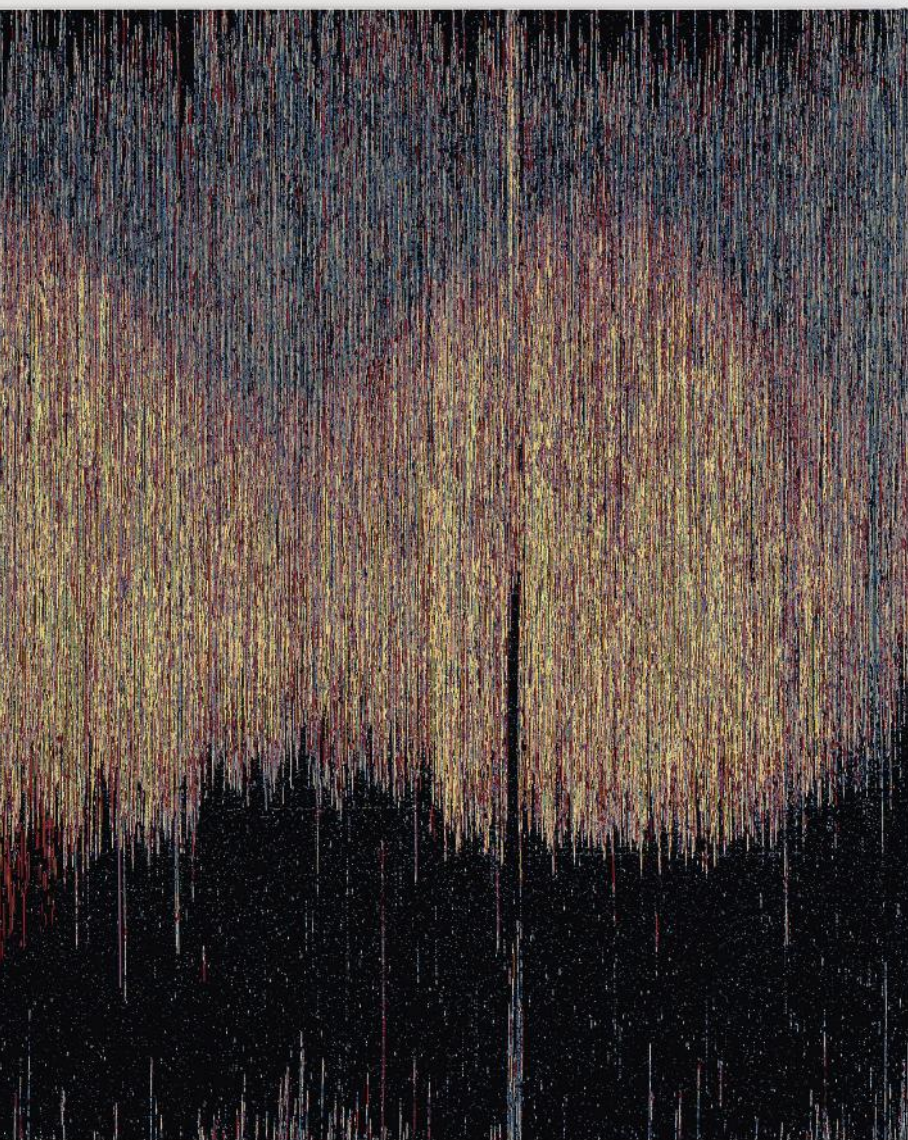






SunDial:NightWatch\_Activity and Light 2010-2012 (Satin Weave) 2017 Jacquard Tapestry: Silk and Cotton





Yarn 129 × 207 cm



