



SUN DIAL: NIGHT WATCH

Susan Morris

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
RAIN	RAIN	RAIN	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	CLEAR	CLEAR	OVERCAST
CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	SNOW	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	RAIN
RAIN	DRIZZLE	SHOWERS	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	PARTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY
DRIZZLE	RAIN	SNOW	RAIN	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	CLEAR
MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	SNOW SHOWERS	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	CLEAR	OVERCAST
DRIZZLE	RAIN	SNOW SHOWERS	RAIN	PARTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	HAZY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY
RAIN	PARTLY CLOUDY	RAIN SHOWERS	THUNDERSTORM	PARTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	FOG	HAZY
RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MIST
RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	FOG
RAIN	RAIN	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN SHOWERS	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	N/D	CLEAR	RAIN SHOWERS	HAZY
DRIZZLE	DRIZZLE	RAIN	PARTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	FOG
MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	SHOWERS	DRIZZLE	CLEAR	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY
PARTLY CLOUDY	SHOWERS	SHOWERS	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST
MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	OVERCAST	STORMY	CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	FOG	HAZY
RAIN	PARTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	RAIN	HAZY	CLEAR	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	HAZY	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY
DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	VERY HOT	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY
DRIZZLE	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	VERY HOT	CLEAR	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	FOG	CLEAR	CLEAR
RAIN	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	VERY HOT	CLEAR	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	CLEAR
DRIZZLE	SNOW SHOWERS	HAZY	STORMY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	CLEAR	RAIN	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	CLEAR
RAIN	RAIN SHOWERS	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	HOT	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY
MOSTLY CLOUDY	SNOW	OVERCAST	CLEAR	RAIN SHOWERS	HOT	PARTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	HAZY	HAZY
RAIN	SNOW	RAIN	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MUGGY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	DRIZZLE	MIST	N/D
PARTLY CLOUDY	SNOW SHOWERS	DRIZZLE	RAIN	CLEAR	HOT	RAIN SHOWERS	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	FOG	OVERCAST
SLEET	SNOW	RAIN	HAZY	RAIN	VERY HOT	RAIN	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	HAZY	N/D
RAIN	SNOW	N/D	RAIN	OVERCAST	RAIN	RAIN	SUN/RAIN	RAIN	RAIN SHOWERS	CLEAR	CLEAR
SNOW	RAIN	RAIN SHOWERS	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	PARTLY CLOUDY	RAIN
RAIN SHOWERS	SNOW SHOWERS	DRIZZLE	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MIST	PARTLY CLOUDY	DRIZZLE	CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	HAZY	SNOW
DRIZZLE	SNOW	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	N/D	CLEAR	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	CLEAR	RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY
DRIZZLE		RAIN	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	CLEAR	PARTLY CLOUDY	OVERCAST
OVERCAST		RAIN	HAZY	MOSTLY CLOUDY	RAIN	SUN/RAIN	CLEAR	OVERCAST	MOSTLY CLOUDY	HAZY	RAIN
MOSTLY CLOUDY		DRIZZLE		MOSTLY CLOUDY		SUN = CLEAR	CLEAR		MOSTLY CLOUDY		PARTLY CLOUDY

National news

How did she manage to keep going on her 27,000-mile journey without being able to get a solid night's sleep?

Ian Sample
Science correspondent

Shortly after crossing the finishing line to claim the fastest solo circumnavigation of the globe, Ellen MacArthur handed control of the sleek B&Q trimaran to waiting crewmates, clambered into her bunk and slept solidly for the first time in 72 days.

Thanks to a device strapped to her right arm, scientific advisers to Team Ellen knew precisely how much sleep Britain's sporting hero of the moment and latest dame was getting at any point on the journey.

The gadget, no bigger than a cigarette packet, kept a log of her movements and combined with sensors monitoring the conductivity and temperature of her skin, it accurately recorded every minute of sleep she was able to grab.

Twice a day, the monitor beamed sleep records to an on-board computer which sent them via satellite to Claudio Stampi, a scientist at the Chronobiology Research Institute in Boston who has spent years training solo sailors to cope with chronic sleep deprivation.

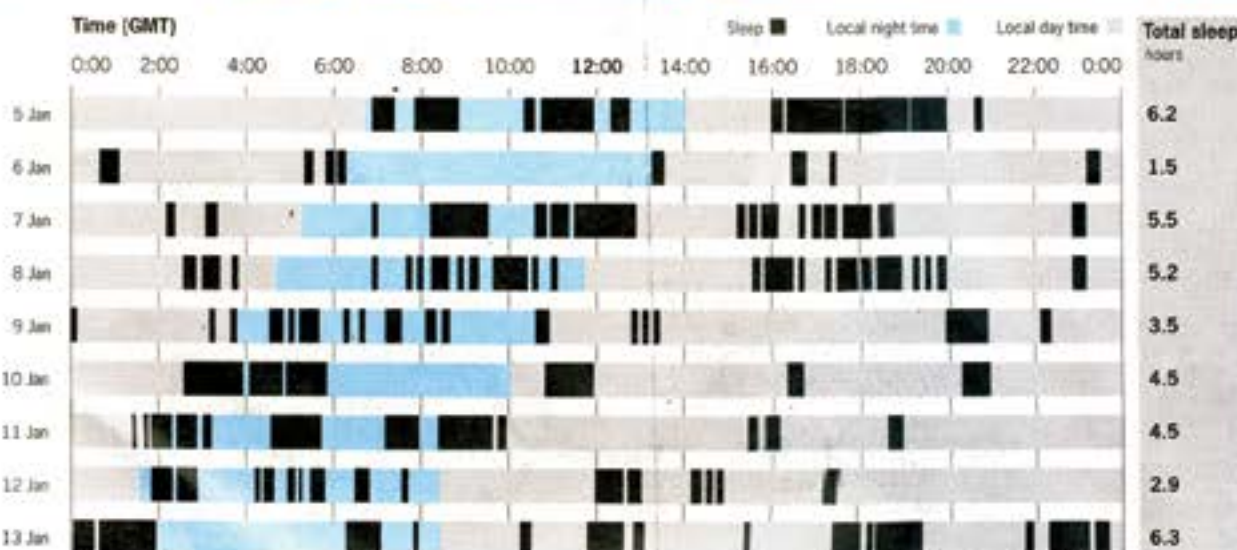
The constant demand on their time means solo sailors have to break the habit of sleeping for long spells at night and instead grab short naps throughout the day and night.

According to Dr Stampi, while MacArthur averaged 5.5 hours sleep a day during the race, it was typically broken up into 10 naps, a third taken during daylight hours.

The most tiring week of the race began on January 5 as she prepared to steer the B&Q around Cape Horn. Having been at sea for more than 40 days, her sleep dropped to an average of 3.9 hours a day, and on January 6, the records show MacArthur managed just 1.5 hours sleep in eight brief naps.

The entry in her race log the next day reads: "I am numb to tiredness as my veins are filled with adrenaline and fear. My brain is so active it cannot switch off at all." According to the sleep records, MacArthur was probably in her bunk as she rounded Cape Horn shortly after 7.30am on January 12.

Sleeping around the Horn



record attempts. Better technology means the mental demand on sailors is now far greater than it used to be, and sleep loss quickly muddles the mind.

"In the past you didn't get information on your position, you didn't have satellites or the internet. Without that infor-

boat as best you could. Today, technology makes the job far more difficult in terms of the cognitive skill you need," said Dr Stampi.

Taking a series of short naps instead of a single longer sleep is a more effective way to rest, because the early stages of sleep are more recuperative.

decision-making skills, making it a major problem for solo sailors. Racing against the clock means sailors are on edge for the duration of the race, and even minor mistakes can be costly.

In the 1994 BOC Around the World race, the French sailor Jean Luc Van Den

having run aground on the only stretch of sand for miles on the south-western coast of Australia. With the help of local people, he managed to refloat the vessel and continue the race.

In 1990, Desmond Hampton was less fortunate, smashing Sir Francis Chichester's Gipsy

At its extreme, sleep loss can cause hallucinations and solo sailors have been convinced that other crew were on board helping them out.

Charles Derbyshire, technology manager for Team Ellen, said sleep loss caused significant mood swings in MacArthur throughout the

got, and she could lose rationality, but that's not a criticism, it's a tough thing to do," he said.

Remarkably, it should not take MacArthur long to get back into a normal sleep cycle, says Dr Stampi. According to Team Ellen, she has been getting at least six hours sleep

'My brain cannot switch off'

December 13, day 16
1,825 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope
"I got some sleep this afternoon, but I need more."

December 25, day 28
1,250 miles to Cape Leeuwin
"I've got a cracking headache, hardly any sleep and I've been so stressed my tongue's come out in ulcers."

January 5, day 39
3,020 miles west of Cape Horn
"I've never been this bad. I'm totally exhausted."

January 7, day 41
2,000 miles west of Cape Horn
"I am numb to the tiredness as my veins are filled with adrenaline and fear. My brain is so active it cannot switch off at all."

January 9, day 43
1,200 miles west of Cape Horn
"We're in a boat that's getting tired, a skipper that's getting tired — mentally and emotionally zonked."

January 17, day 51
600 miles east of Punta del Este
"When the winds are changing so irregularly and the seas are very bad ... it's very hard to switch off and that little bit of grabbed sleep is never enough."

February 2, day 68
Azores archipelago
"Every time you go to sleep and get the sails right ... the next minute you've got the alarm going off and 27 knots of breeze."



The complete sleep records from the race will be of more than academic interest. Dr Stampi says lessons learnt from the race will feed into sleep management strategies for emergency services and shift workers to help cut the number of accidents caused by fatigue.

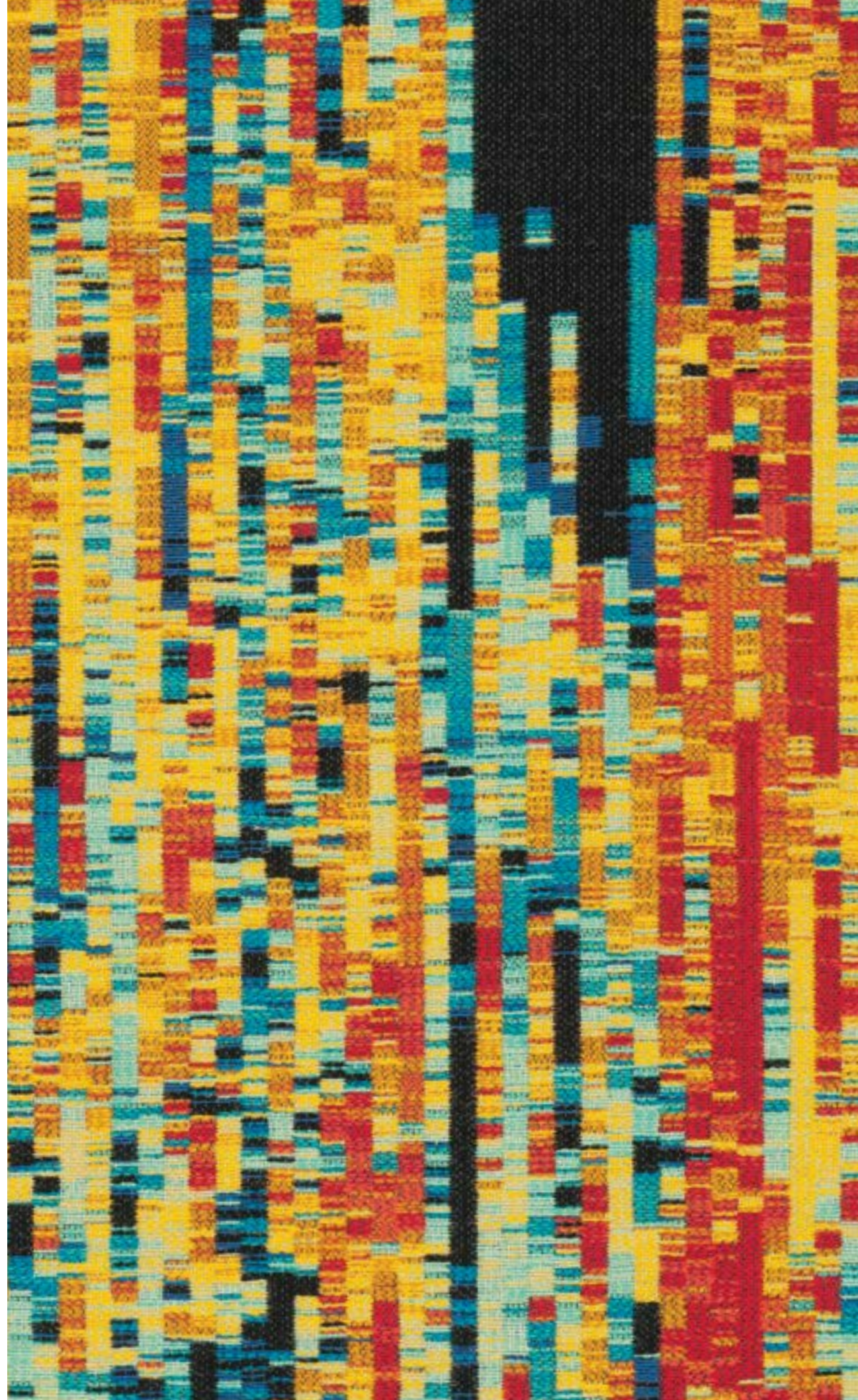
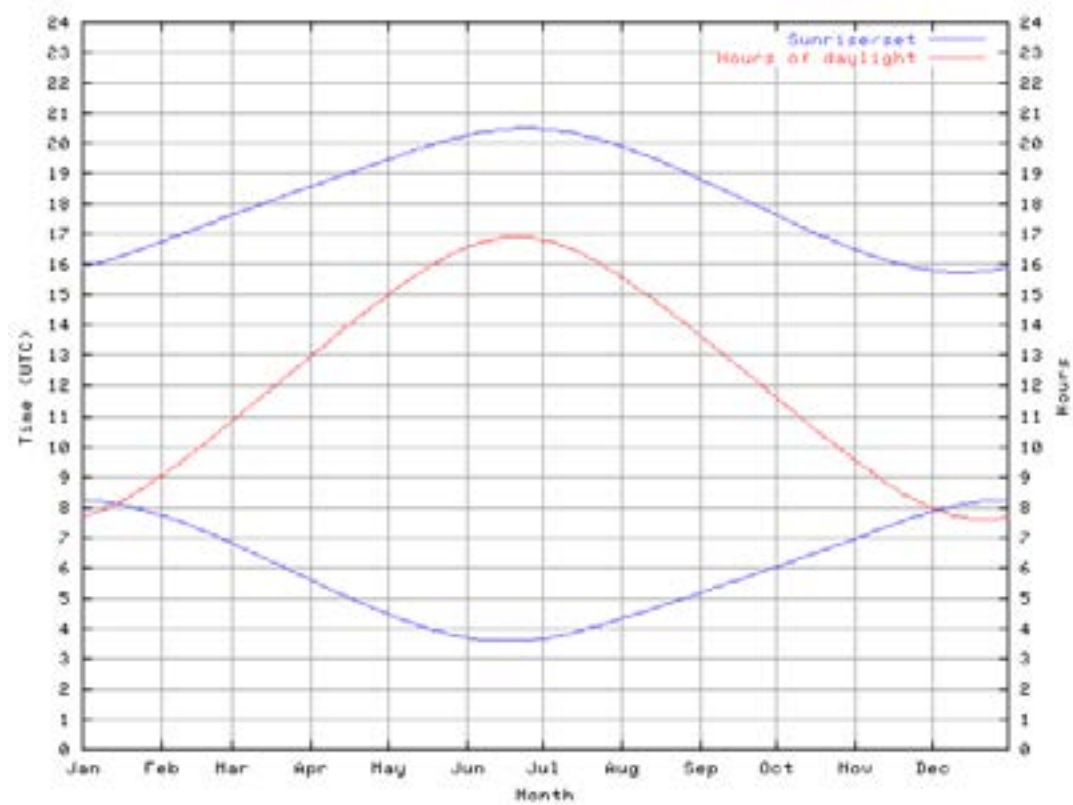


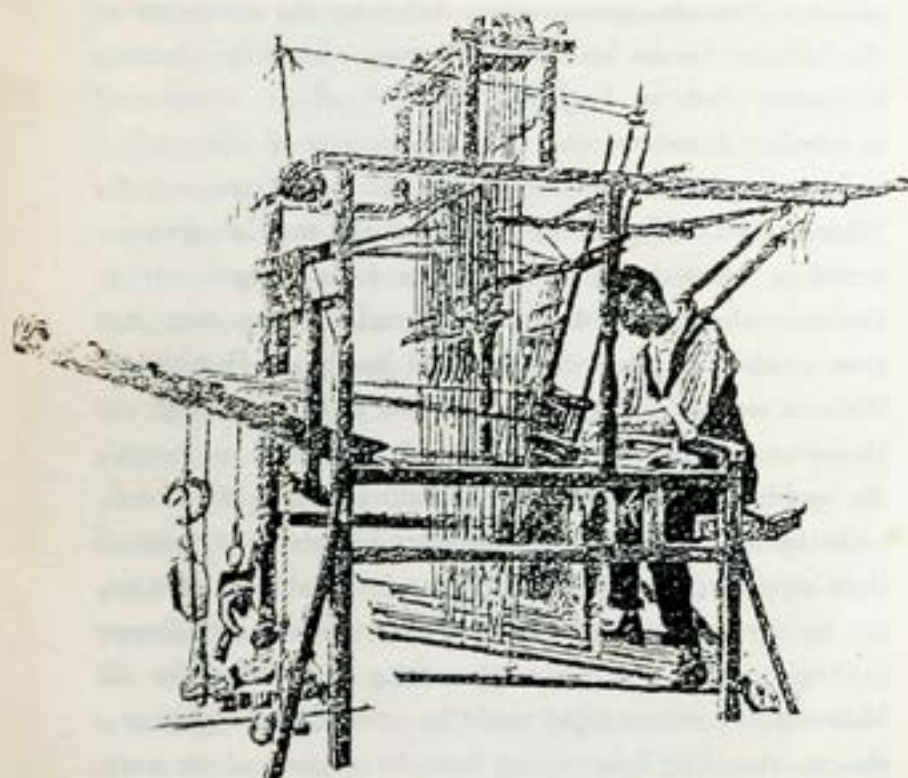
TABLE 2: ACTIVITY MONITORING - SLEEP/WAKE PROTOCOL

Date: 21.03.05 PAGE ONE

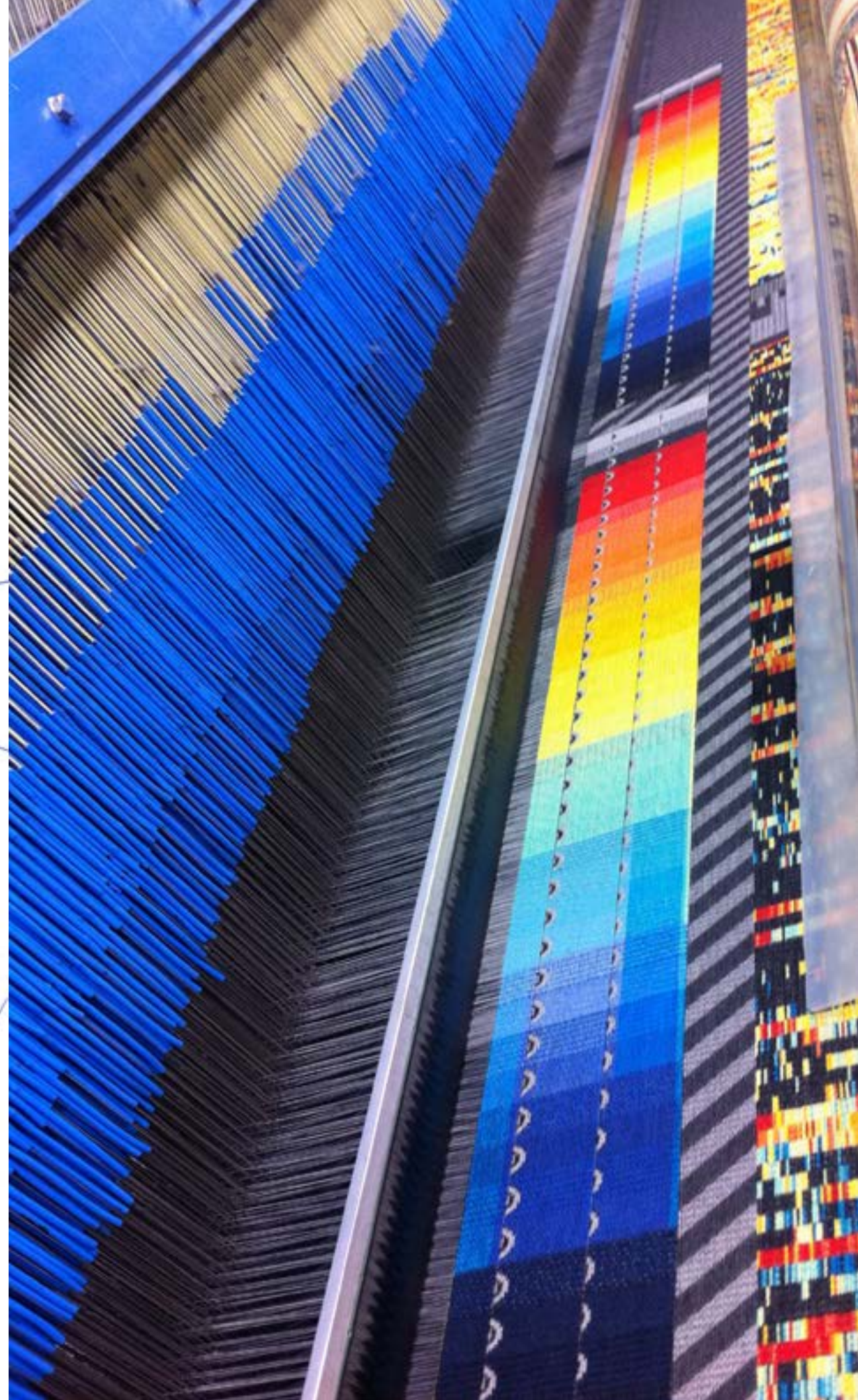
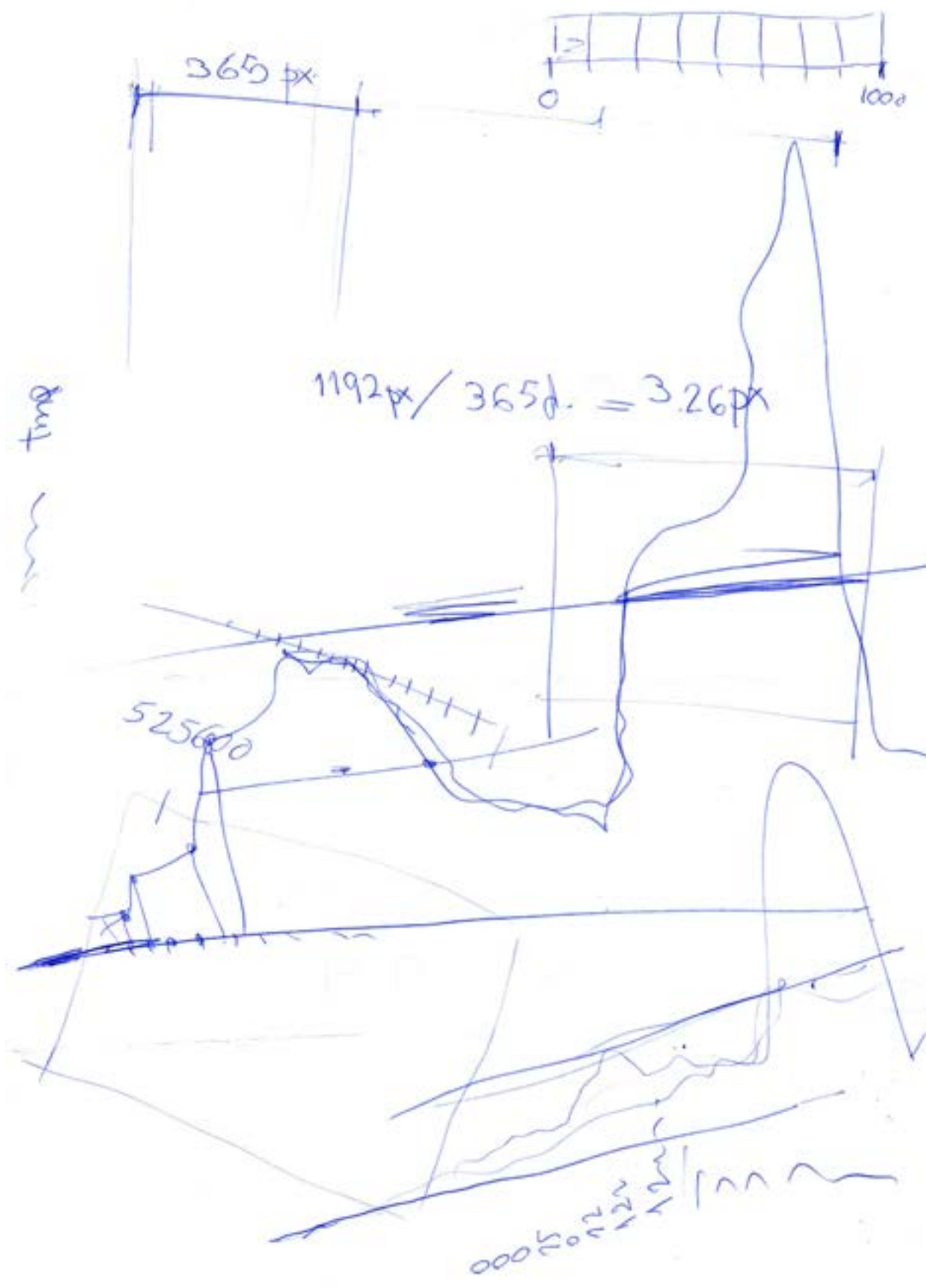
Please note: Meals/drinks; shower/wash; exercising; activity – e.g. walking; sitting alert – e.g. working at a computer, attending lecture; relaxing – e.g. watching television; feeling stressed; bed time; wake time; awake in bed; etc.

TIME	REMARKS		TIME	REMARKS		TIME	REMARKS	
12 AM (00)	00		08 AM	00	I pack my bag	4 PM	00	We drink wine at the
	10			10	and put it in the car.		10	restaurant on the hill.
	20			20	I chat to E		20	We sit in warm sun,
	30			30	in the kitchen.		30	surrounded by
	40			40	We set off for Lavin.		40	mountains and snow.
	50			50			50	We talk rubbish.
01 AM	00		09 AM	00		5 PM	00	
	10			10			10	Then start walk back.
	20			20			20	
	30			30			30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	
02 AM	00		10 AM	00		6 PM	00	
	10			10			10	
	20			20			20	
	30			30			30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	We return to the house.
03 AM	00		11 AM	00	We stop at café for	7 PM	00	We drink wine and
	10			10	coffee, and we chat.		10	prepare supper.
	20			20			20	We eat and talk.
	30			30			30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	
04 AM	00		12 PM	00	We arrive at the house.	8 PM	00	
	10			10			10	
	20			20	L shows me around		20	
	30			30	the house. It is large.		30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	
05 AM	00		1 PM	00	We eat lunch and drink	9 PM	00	
	10			10	beer. I have salad,		10	
	20			20	cold meats and cheese		20	
	30			30			30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	
06 AM	00		2 PM	00		10 PM	00	
	10			10			10	
	20			20	We walk to Guarda.		20	
	30			30			30	
	40			40			40	
	50			50			50	
07 AM	00	My alarm goes off.	3 PM	00		11 PM	00	
	10			10			10	
	20	I have a shower.		20			20	
	30	I drink coffee		30			30	
	40	and eat some toast.		40			40	
	50			50			50	I go to bed.

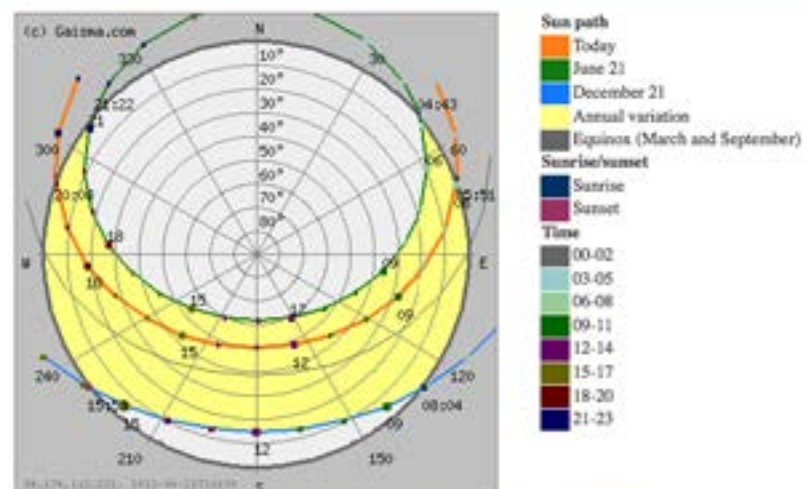
of labour have always gone hand in hand. If today, when our gaze is no longer able to penetrate the pale reflected glow over the city and its environs, we think back to the eighteenth century, it hardly seems possible that even then, before the Industrial Age, a great number of people, at least in some places, spent their lives with their wretched bodies strapped to looms made of wooden frames and rails, hung with weights, and reminiscent of instruments of torture or cages. It was a



peculiar symbiosis which, perhaps because of its relatively primitive character, makes more apparent than any later form of factory work that we are able to maintain ourselves on this earth only by being harnessed to the machines we have invented. That weavers in particular, together with scholars and writers with whom they had much in common, tended to suffer from melancholy and all the evils associated with it, is understandable given the nature of their work, which forced them to sit bent over, day after day, straining to keep their eye on the complex patterns they created. It is difficult to imagine the depths of despair into which those can be driven who, even after the end of the working day, are engrossed in their intricate designs and who are pursued, into their dreams, by the feeling that they have got hold of the wrong thread. On the other hand, when we consider the weavers' mental illnesses we should also bear in mind that many of the materials produced in the factories of Norwich in the decades before the Industrial Revolution began – silk brocades and watered tabinets, satins and satinettes, camblets and cheveretts, prunelles, callimancoes and florentines, diamantines and grenadines, blondines, bombazines, belle-isles and martiniques – were of a truly fabulous variety, and of an iridescent, quite indescribable beauty as if they had been produced by Nature itself, like the plumage of birds. – That, at any rate, is what I think when I look at the marvellous strips of colour in the pattern books, the edges and gaps filled with mysterious figures and symbols, that are kept in the small museum of Strangers Hall, which was once the town house of just such a family of silk weavers who had been exiled from France.



London, United Kingdom - Sun path diagram



Notes: * = Daylight saving time, * = Next day. [How to read this graph?](#) [Change preferences](#)

London, United Kingdom - Solar energy and surface meteorology

Variable	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X	XI	XII
Insolation, kWh/m ² /day	0.64	1.25	2.33	3.54	4.59	4.86	4.83	4.13	2.81	1.66	0.82	0.49
Clearness, 0 - 1	0.30	0.34	0.39	0.42	0.44	0.43	0.44	0.44	0.41	0.37	0.32	0.28
Temperature, °C	4.44	4.50	6.39	8.28	11.90	15.22	18.00	18.28	15.51	11.95	7.66	5.37
Wind speed, m/s	8.44	7.85	7.90	6.73	6.18	5.80	5.82	5.90	6.76	7.41	7.85	8.18
Precipitation, mm	55	38	49	47	52	52	49	56	55	58	59	59
Wet days, d	16.0	12.0	14.3	13.5	13.1	10.8	10.4	11.4	11.2	12.5	14.8	14.3

These data were obtained from the NASA Langley Research Center Atmospheric Science Data Center; New et al. 2002
Notes: [Help](#), [Change preferences](#)

London, United Kingdom - Basic information

Latitude: +51.52 (51°31'12"N)
Longitude: -0.1 (0°06'00"W)
Time zone: UTC+0 hours
Local time: 11:32:30
Country: [United Kingdom](#)
Continent: [Europe](#)
Sub-region: [Northern Europe](#)
Distance: ~2.9 km (from your IP)
Altitude: ~40 m
[Change preferences](#)



Susan Morris :
Activity 2010

Ref.: **FSSM04**

1 stuk

Size: B. x H. cm

94, sch/cm

20.328
insl/rapp

volgorde	Flanders naam	externe code	verbruik/rapp
01	87 GullGray __ Silk: ne 12/2 HK0202	615	559 g
02	5 Phantom __ W: ne 16/3, L&F, Opa	LF 3017 x 3 !!	599 g
03	50 OlympianBlue __ K: ne 6/1		559 g
04	5n4p0 SeaGreen __ W: ne 16/2, L&F, Op	LF 6158	399 g
05	7p2p8 SpectraYellow __ A: ne 15/2 frassi	FiliP3-142.giallo	430 g
06	105 Fiesta __ W: ne 16/2, L&F, Opalin	2338	399 g
07	3p6p3 LipstickRed __ Kgem: ne 24/2x3 l	879.rosso	838 g
08	5p3p5 Topaz __ A: ne 15/2 frassino	FiliP3-126.ocra	430 g
09	7n2p3 JadeLime __ W: ne 16/2, L&F, Op	LF 4607	399 g
10	4n2n3 BirdBlue __ A: ne 15/2 frassino	FiliP3-165.turchese	430 g
11	2p0n2 EnsignBlue __ W: ne 16/2, L&F, O	LF 3253	399 g
12	4p0p0 GargoyleGray __ W: ne 16/2, L&F, LF 4599**OPGELET*		399 g

Palettenaam: Actigraph1Cd

PunchSoftware: Texicom

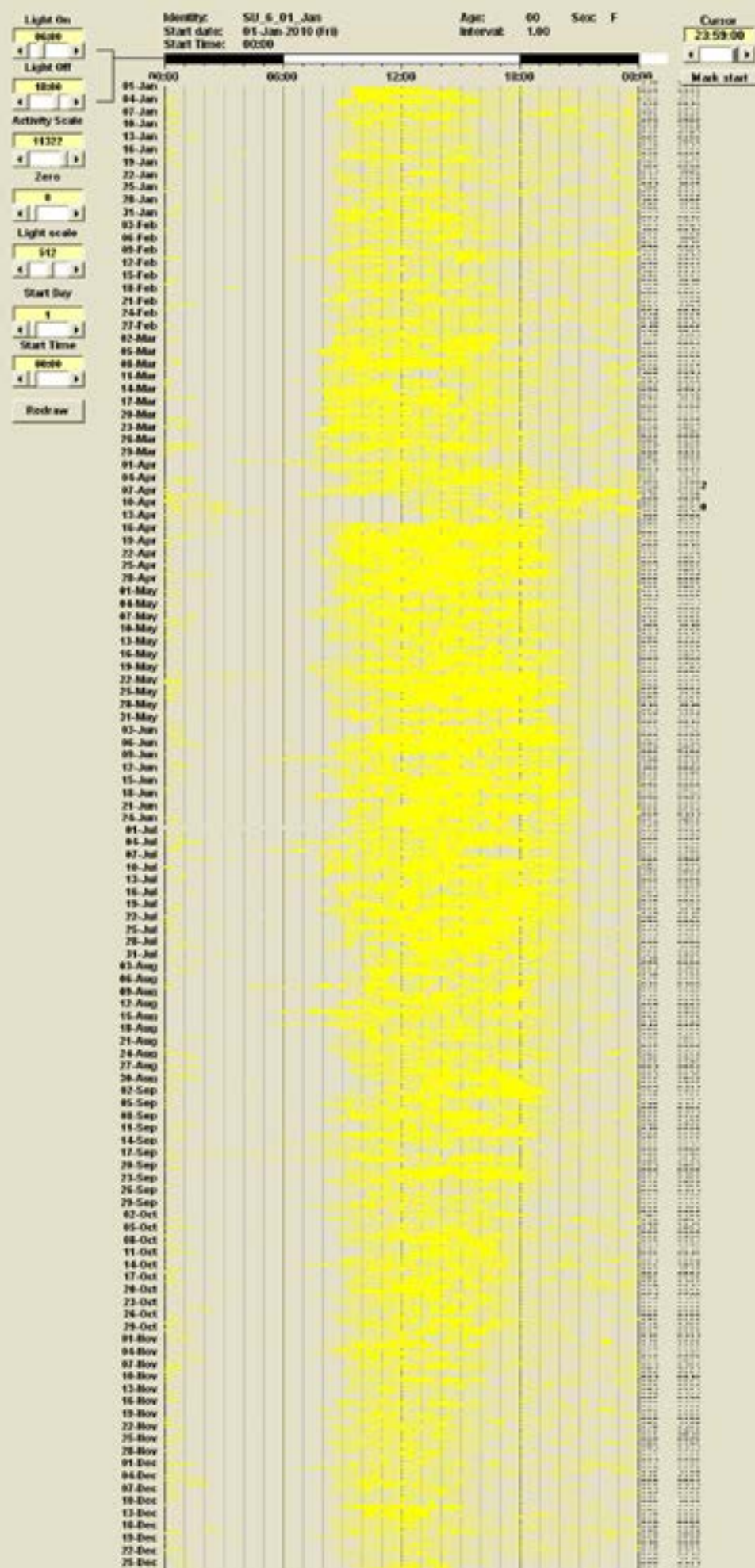
PunchFile: FSSM02a-all.txt

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FSSM04a

1 DORNIER

Opmerkingen:



z e r o s + o n e s

North of England, *The Economy of Manufactures and Machinery*, in 1832. The pin factory with which Adam Smith had illustrated his descriptions of the division of labor had made a great impression on him and, like his near contemporary Marx, he could see the extent to which specialization, standardization, and systematization had made both factories and economies into enormous automated machines themselves. Babbage was later to look back on the early factories as prototype "thinking machines," and he compared the two main functions of the Analytical Engine—storage and calculation—to the basic components of a textiles plant. "The Analytical Engine consists of two parts," wrote Babbage. "1st. The store in which all the variables to be operated upon, as well as all those quantities which have arisen from the result of other operations, are placed," and "2nd. The mill into which the quantities about to be operated upon are always brought." Like the computers which were later to run, and still do, the Engine had a store and mill, memory and processing power.

It was the Jacquard loom which really excited and inspired this work. Babbage owned a portrait of Jacquard, woven on one of his looms at about 1,000 threads to the inch and its production had demanded the use of some 24,000 punched cards, each one capable of carrying over 1,000 punch-holes, and Babbage was fascinated by the fine-grained complexity of both the cloth and the machine which had woven it. "It is a known fact," he wrote, "that the Jacquard loom is capable of weaving any design which the imagination of man may conceive." The portrait was a five-feet-square "sheet of woven silk, framed and glazed, but looking so perfectly like an engraving, that it had been mistaken for such by two members of the Royal Academy."

While it was "generally supposed that the Difference Engine, after it had been completed up to a certain point, suggested

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21st of February

RAPHAELS BANK
ST PANCRAS EURO 108
21\02\11 05:56 RR000108
CARD NUMBER XXXXXXXXXXXX9635
SEQ NUMB 8204
WITHDRAWAL EUR100.00
FOREIGN CURRENCY DISPENSE

DISPENSED CURRENCY CODE : EUR
CONVERSION RATE : 1.099
COMMISSION : FREE
TOTAL BILLING AMOUNT : £91.03

09:43. Arrive Brussels hungry and tired. It is a dreary day, cold and grey; a fizzle of rain in the air.

10:12. I follow Marcos’ directions: Hi Susan, at the train station where you arrive — Brussel Zuid / Bruxelles-Midi — you take the train leaving at 10:14 in the direction De Panne; you get off at the first stop — Gent Sint-Pieters, where you arrive at 10:45 — there you make a connection with the train leaving at 10:57 in the direction of Kortrijk; you get off at the third station: Waregem (you pass two stations in between: De Pinte and Deinze). You normally arrive in Waregem at 11:12. I will pick you up from there. If you miss this connection in Brussels, then: In Brussels train direction Knokke leaving at 10:26 — Gent Sint-Pieters 10:57; Gent Sint-Pieters train direction Kortrijk leaving at 11:09 — Waregem 11:29. You let me know if you read this? You let me know which connection you got?



10:56. Gent. There’s a poster at the station. While I wait, I Google.

LUC TUYMANS
RETROSPECTIVE
18.02 > 08.05.2011

For the first time, Belgium is hosting a major retrospective devoted to its renowned artist Luc Tuymans. Following a series of US cities, Brussels is the first – and only – European city where the exhibition, a co-production by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Wexner Center for the Arts, can be seen. In their selection the curators have highlighted a number of series, each of which was conceived and developed as a coherent whole by Tuymans. These have been specially brought together again for the exhibition from (mostly private) collections all over the world. In total there are some 75 works in the exhibition, offering a chronological overview of 30 years of creative work. Via topics such as the Second World War, (post-)colonialism, and 9/11, subjects such as violence, history and nationalism, perception and surveillance are addressed. Tuymans raises the issue of the immediacy of the ever-present, consumable image. His subdued colour palette plays a prominent role in this context, as does his unique, deceptively impassive but expressive style. For the first time, the exhibition offers an opportunity to see the Super 8, Super 16 and 35 mm films that Tuymans shot in the early days of his career; alongside photographs and images from popular culture, these continue to bear fruit in his working methods today. Luc Tuymans – Retrospective is organised by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Wexner Center for the Arts, Ohio State University, Columbus. Generous support has been provided by Bruce and Martha Atwater. Additional support has been provided by Carla Emil and Rich Silverstein, by Flanders House, the new cultural forum for Flanders (Belgium) in the United States and by the Flemish Government.

Curators: Madeleine Grynsztejn & Helen Molesworth

BO
ZAR
Centre for fine Arts
Rue Ravenstein 23
1000 Bruxelles



15:00. We are at the factory. Marcos and I discuss my ideas and make sketches.

15:45. I take some photographs of the loom (although I keep saying womb.) Marcos points out the warp threads.

15:46. There are thousands of needles. The noise is deafening! I film the loom with my phone. It is amazing, thrilling...

15:50. Marcos points out the Weft Threads Tension Device. I photograph it.

16:40. Now I am back in the car, on the road. Marcos drives me to the little station.

17:04. I am on the train... feeling very low. Overwhelmed by the impossible task I have created for myself. How will I solve this tapestry / weaving problem?

19:47. In the stark little hotel room... Outside my window, a cat is howling.

21:39. I sit alone, completely alone – all other customers have gone – at what is probably the most expensive restaurant in Bruges, if not the world (recommended by Trevor). Wonder what Dominic meant by his 'lugubrious' email.

21:45. Swans swim by. There is a canal to my right and, in fact, also to my left. I am in a little window seat, a rose on my table. That song with the flute – you filled up my senses – is playing. Where there isn't glass there are mirrors. Will probably get very drunk here. (Or go bankrupt trying.)

22:07. My chest is hurting so much! I've got this awful feeling I'm going to die here.

22:27. I made a clumsy attempt to explain my work to Marcos today. But I wish I had just told him stuff like how much I love timetables. For example – at the train station. I should have pointed them out to him, we passed so many lovely ones. And I should have shown him stuff like those accidental works of art in those adverts... I should have told him about how I love the bands of colour you get on spreadsheets... how wherever you get data organised into peculiar patterns, or columns of figures... I had better make my unsteady way back to the hotel. This music is making me ill...

WHEN SOMEBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY...
Oh no – it goes:
EVERYBODY LOVES SOME BODY SOME TIME AND ALTHOUGH MY DREAM DID NOT COME TRUE
Or something like that...
HELLO DOLLY...! WELL GOLLY GEE FELLAS! FIND HER AN EMPTY KNEE, FELLAS!

Duc de Bourgogne			
Tafel : 6			
1	x Lotte Prel	25.00	= 25.00
1	x divers keuken	8.00	= 8.00
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totaal btw 4		33.00	
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Dank U en tot weerziens..			
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23:21. At the hotel (after walking back alone through empty floodlit streets) I stare at the tapestry sample that Marcos gave me and think... It's ok.

23:44. I set the alarm before going to bed and remind myself whilst doing so that I got up at four am this morning.

22nd of February

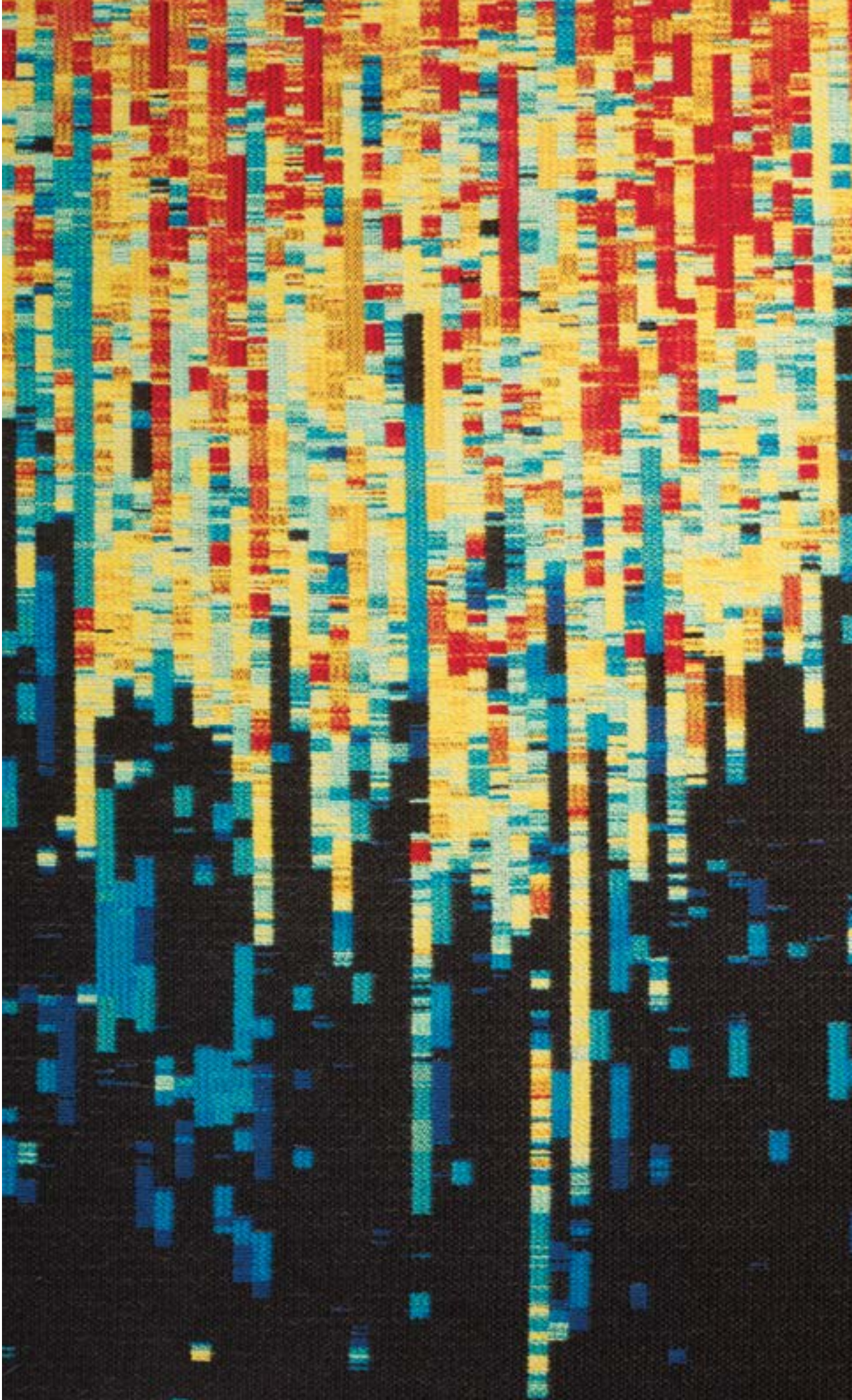
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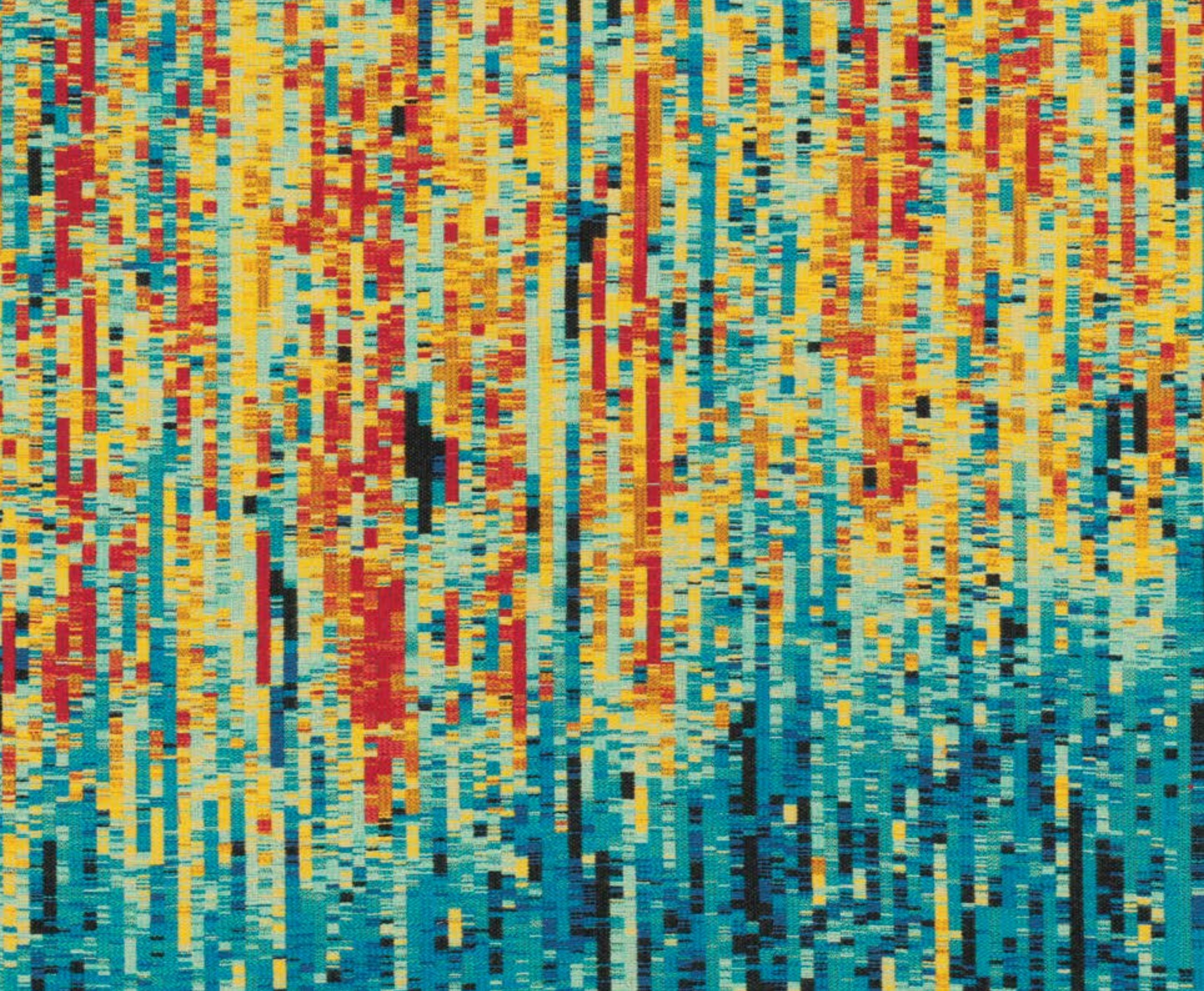
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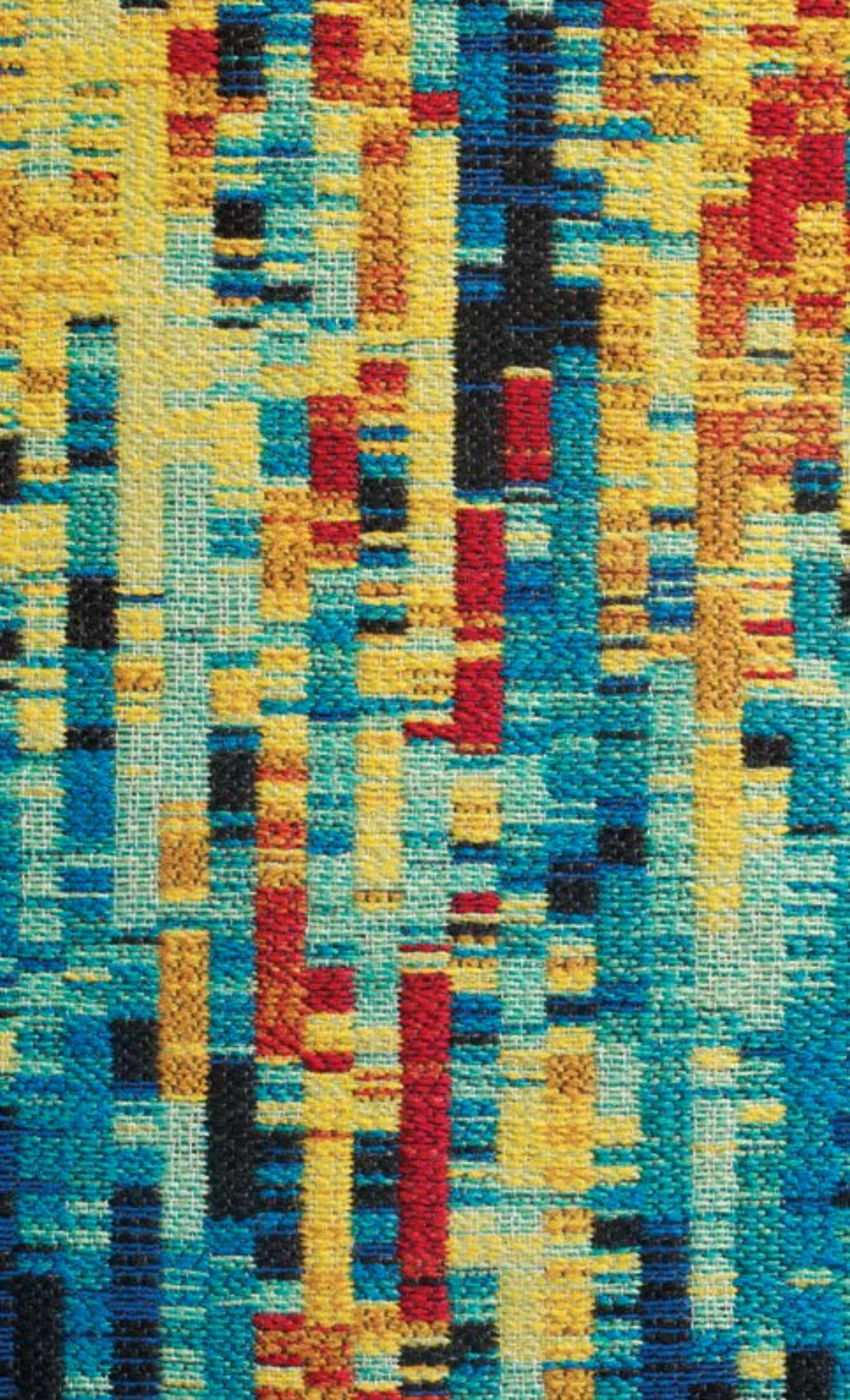
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Date: 22/02/2011 10:40
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EUROPABANK Ref: 233097







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Extra:	0.00 EUR
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Total:	75.00 EUR

Thank you – Dank U– Merci
– Thanks for your visit

11:02. I photograph the framed posters in the breakfast room: AUSTERLITZ: HONNEUR ET COURAGE.

11:05. In the Comments Book in the hotel, someone writes ‘from flooded Brisbane’.

11:22. I am thinking about proposing my CLOCKWORK piece for the Zurich show. I look through the notes I made back then and feel interested again in all that stuff.

Tell me now what is CLARITAS and you win the cigar.

– The connotation of the word, Stephen said, is rather vague. Aquinas uses a term which seems to be inexact. It baffled me for a long time. It would lead you to believe that he had in mind symbolism or idealism, the supreme quality of beauty being a light from some other world, the idea of which the matter is but the shadow, the reality of which it is but the symbol. I thought he might mean that CLARITAS is the artistic discovery and representation of the divine purpose in anything or a force of generalization which would make the esthetic image a universal one, make it outshine its proper conditions. But that is literary talk. I understand it so. When you have apprehended that basket as one thing and have then analysed it according to its form and apprehended it as a thing you make the only synthesis which is logically and esthetically permissible. You see that it is that thing which it is and no other thing. The radiance of which he speaks is the scholastic QUIDDITAS, the WHATNESS of a thing.

This supreme quality is felt by the artist when the esthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The mind in that mysterious instant Shelley likened beautifully to a fading coal. The instant wherein that supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the esthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind which has been arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony is the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition which the Italian physiologist Luigi Galvani, using a phrase almost as beautiful as Shelley’s, called the enchantment of the heart. Stephen paused and, though his companion did not speak, felt that his words had called up around them a thought-enchanted silence.

12:33. I write to Natalie in Zurich and suggest the ‘Academics...’ (Clockwork) piece – plus a tapestry! May as well be brave... I was completely wrecked this morning, got down in time for breakfast but only just... shaking... felt bruised and almost disfigured by recent lack of sleep compounded... strangely... by deep sleep here... now I am sitting alone in gorgeous sunshine in the empty breakfast room in sweet silence. I think of music and long to listen to something quiet and intense and think with dread about my ears – my fear of deafness...

Clive sends an email which makes me laugh (and miss him).

From: clive hodgson <clivehodgson>
Subject: RE: update
Date: 22 February 2011 11:33:14 GMT
To: susan morris <susan@susanmorris.com>

I am sure that you will be fascinated to learn that we had a busy weekend – went to Coventry to see Ann’s parents. Actually the destination was Kenilworth, for what it is worth, but Coventry first. It is a bit of a mess, Coventry, but then it was bombed. I fear that the subsequent damage was just as great. We had disgusting fish and chips in a pub next door to where the old bods live, which made us feel a bit nauseated, on account of the batter that we ated. That batter we had better have not ated. Or maybe it was stinky fish. Then the next day loads of visitors to our house, nieces, daughter... Meanwhile Clive is doing very little work, and even now I am shirking, but I can honestly say that I have just checked my mother’s bank account, which comes into the category of useful jobs, and I cleaned out the litter tray. Last night I went to a book launch at the Innovation Centre. It was innovative, I believe. The author was ‘in conversation’ with a mumbling and rather mousy artist. No matter as he can speak eloquently without provocation, so the mouse got barely a squeak. The launch itself was introduced and rounded off by an older mouse, who could have been the mother of the first mouse I mentioned. She was also a mumblor (cries of ‘can’t here yer!’) and her loudest squeaks were almost lost in the thick atmosphere (many intellectuals). She said that it was all put on by TRAIN which stands for Transnational Research and Active Artistic Irresponsibility in Nuneaton, or something equally hard hitting. The whole gang was there, looking a little battered, and also like our fish, from what I hear, well past their sell by dates. Fresher fish is required in the brave new world of The Art School. All the technicians have been sacked, there is no longer a library, no recruitment, as the BA and MA finish this year. It is the very end, and it is in sight. I don’t mind, but it is tough for all the ones who lose a job. Lets hope there is life in some Beyond for them. I now have got your small birthday present, so either you have to tell me your address at Sunny Cottage, Merry Lane, Seaside Town, Beamingfold, Lovelyshire OR wait patiently. I know you are going to the land of the sprout. I hope it is not too grey and windy – which it is famous for. Don’t forget to tell me when you get back and we can celebrate. C x

12:51. Michael sends his Rodenbach essay

Article Proofs Cover Sheet Manuscript Information

Journal acronym	RPHO	Author name	M.N.
Volume/Issue	4(1)	Manuscript	553396 number

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14:41. I wonder about the town in the sunshine – it’s very pretty. I look for a photocopy/printer place so I can have Michael’s essay to read but can’t find one. My intended destination, however, is the Groeningemuseum. It is closed – for renovation. There is in fact an enormous amount of building/repair work going on here. The entire main drag is being dug up and there are many churches under wraps. A tip: do not visit Bruges in the winter. Or in February, at least. It’s not ready for you...

Now, in another restaurant. How does home cooked food taste? I have forgotten. Music is playing, loudly. Some disco pop mix, a woman performing with great enthusiasm – a lot of heavy breathing and deep, wistful, sighing. Now a husky old man is speaking, in regret-laden French, to a background chorus of young girls. They are singing LA... LA... LA...

14:44. Oh! I was so pleased I had sent that email to the gallery in Zurich. And then I decided to send another image... No! Why do I always do too much?

15:09. Suicide and War. Why am thinking about this? I’m thinking about how, when I was showing one of my students The Arcades Project, I said “...and, um... he committed suicide, unfortunately...” I cringe at this “unfortunately”! But she was just a kid – Benjamin, the war, another country. Her blank uncomprehending look. My embarrassment (my sentimental heart). Think about Alan Ball’s comment about punk rock – that we were closer to the second world war then, when that whole scene was happening, than we are to punk now, which seems relatively recent... Then I think about the fact that my parents lived through the war, as kids, and how strange that fact is. I know nothing about my Dad’s experience – it’s buried along with all his secrets. Of my mothers, I know only that she was too old for the Micky Mouse gas mask, so had to have an ugly one, and that Uncle Peter was mugged on his way back from the shop with the week’s paltry ration of sweets in a tin. They were upset about the tin. The French man is back, full-throttled and quivering. AAAAAH...! JE VOUS AIME! JE VOUS AIME!

I pay my bill. But I don’t move.

MARIA VAN BOURGONIE			
Tafel : 1			
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1	x Lunch daily express	16.50 =	16.50
Cash :			19.75
Incl 21%			3.25
Incl 12%			16.50
Dank U voor uw bezoek, en tot weerziens			
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nr. 000005	kasnr. 1	22/02/2011 15:24	

15:26. A white horse, its mane catching the sunlight, runs, pulling a tourist-filled trap, past the window. I am at the back of the restaurant in the chocolatey darkness. I look across the empty tables, across the crisp white tableclothes (yes, I am eating late and alone again), at the sun-filled square outside. I suppose I should go and look at some ‘attractions’. Haven’t noticed many interesting men about the place so far, however... Does that horse enjoy his job? I feel sorry for it. Maybe he enjoys his day though? Or is it cruel? They should stop it – it’s cruel! Poor horse, in blinkers and straps. Dressed up and forced to run around the square all day like a demented version of the sightseers he is carrying, who also see – what?

15:39. Je suis malade, I say to the waitress as I leave, conscious of the fact that I am taking my inhaler in a public place. Je suis malade, I say (with crooked smile). But she doesn’t know what I mean.

15:54. I reach the tea shop – marvellous! Everything is closed!

WE ZIJN MET VAKANTIE. TERUG OPEN VRIJDAG 4 MAART.

15:56. Suddenly: I want to go home.

16:02. I’m homesick. This happened last time. The unhealthy food, drowning in butter and cream, the coldness of the people and their frightening children, the tourists, the wall-to-wall restaurants and chocolate shops – the expense. I want to get out of this wasteland – fast.

16:09. I walk amongst the broken concrete that was once the main street.

16:11. All the cobblestones are piled in a heap by the side of a huge hole.

16:16. At the broken steps that lead to the church, I take a photograph. Once I heard a mother mutter.

Go on son and shut the shutter
The shutter’s shut the son did utter
I cannot shut it any shutter

16:52. I walk to the train station as the sun goes down – long shadows across the park. I find a seat (eventually) and the boy I sit next to shifts uncomfortably. But I realise, now, looking at how people arrange themselves in the carriages, that it is not just because I appear to be being categorised as a ‘tourist’ that the people seem to want to avoid me. The people here avoid each other! They could teach us Island People a bit about taking up four seats at a time while wearing a face of such open hostility that one dare not come near. I’m slightly worried, as the train pulls out, late, that I am not going to Brussels. The muffled announcement does nothing to clarify the situation. The golden sun flickers through the trees. My travelling companion writhes in his chair. He has a newspaper open in front of him: Puzzle and Win.

17:01. I think about last night’s texting with Mathew, and how we thought of a new title for the ‘songs’ book: My Glittering Clitoris. The sounds are good. Perhaps that could be a subtitle though, or even another crappy song, as I like (Songs From) MY CUNT very much. But this book which is not a book – will probably never be a book – is not worth thinking about now, so...

We travel smoothly through the flatlands, passing the rows of generic housing – little boxes, ridiculously banal – and yet, every now and then, an architectural mini-masterpiece pops up in the middle of it all. I think again about my notes for the Clockwork piece, (re)discovered this morning, and about how, in the restaurant at lunch, I had thought about working them up into a paper or a ‘talk’ – not that there will be any audience (think with a shudder of my recent presentation at W) – but with the overall idea of making a third essay out of it, to go with the SPIDERWEB and the CUNT (i.e. Neanderthal) writings, and make – what? A sort of book? A mini collection? A three part manifesto or prose poem (‘of sorts’)? What of the ‘rest’ of my PhD? My little discoveries? Did I make any? Could that make a forth and final component? A quartet. The salmon I ate sits heavily in my belly. Will text Trevor and ask him to get some lettuce for a salad, tonight. We are still gliding along through the fields and houses. A flock of ducks rises into the sunset, over the leafless trees.

17:51. Brussels Midi. I look for a place to have a cup of tea. There is nothing upstairs. And too much downstairs.

18:02. A Tintin mural casts a shadow across the shiny station floor.



18:15. I find some newspapers in this bi-lingual town: DE MORGAN and LE SOIR.

19:19. Questions. I wait in the queue for the passports and luggage scanners. It has ground to a halt. I think about the fact that I am still bleeding. How long has this been going on? Longer than usual or just the same? Also – this pain in my chest. It’s actually in my breast. Some of the time. Should I go and have a monogram? (Now that I’m on HRT?) Or is it the same pain I always get, always got, alongside my period? Should I take those ‘things to help with my anxiety’ that Dr M gave me? They are obviously some form of anti-depressants. Uppers or downers... Would that be so bad? Especially as alcohol just doesn’t seem to do the trick any more.

Well... not for long.

19:45. Now I’m in another coffee bar waiting for the train home – a step closer, just another fifteen mins or so of torture. Realise that the reason the Belgians always seem so grumpy is that they are all ever so slightly pissed... Young and old, male or female, they sit around drinking pots and pots of that yeasty lager.

19:58. Bad news. There is a delay: a technical problem. Now I’m worried. Technical problems. Explosions, breakdowns, I drown in the tunnel. Suddenly, it seems as if flying would have been the better option. Although I hate flying. The next trainload of people are coming into the waiting room which is already full. My chest aches on the other side now – home!

19:59. I photograph the work of ‘art’ in the waiting room. It is a slightly moth-eaten Union Jack made out of old tin cans. WELCOME – it says, in a Never Mind the Bollocks-y kind of cut-out style – TO GREEN BRITAIN.

21:52. Anxiety. Maybe I’ll do something for the Lacan Study Group I’m supposed to belong to by discussing anxiety in relation to Barthes’ Camera Lucida. This could be useful, if I wanted to develop the so-called claim I made in my PhD that Camera Lucida might be more productively read through Seminar X (rather than XI). But can I really be bothered? Is it really important to me now? I need to move forward, not backwards, over and over old ground. I should be thinking about the work for UN-PERIODICAL, my manifesto on ‘unproductive work’. As I’m so good at that.

I need to sleep.

Le Soir Mardi 22 février 2011



PETER DEHORTY a commencé à Regensburg (Allemagne) le tournage de « Confessions d'une enfant du siècle », adaptation par Sylvie Verheyde du roman d'Alfred de Musset, avec Charlotte Gainsbourg. © ANDY RAIN

POSITION

us petit des grands éditeurs de BD français, Delcourt, fête ses 25 ans à Bruxelles. P.34

POLITIQUE

Les choix du KVS
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film qui n'existait pas



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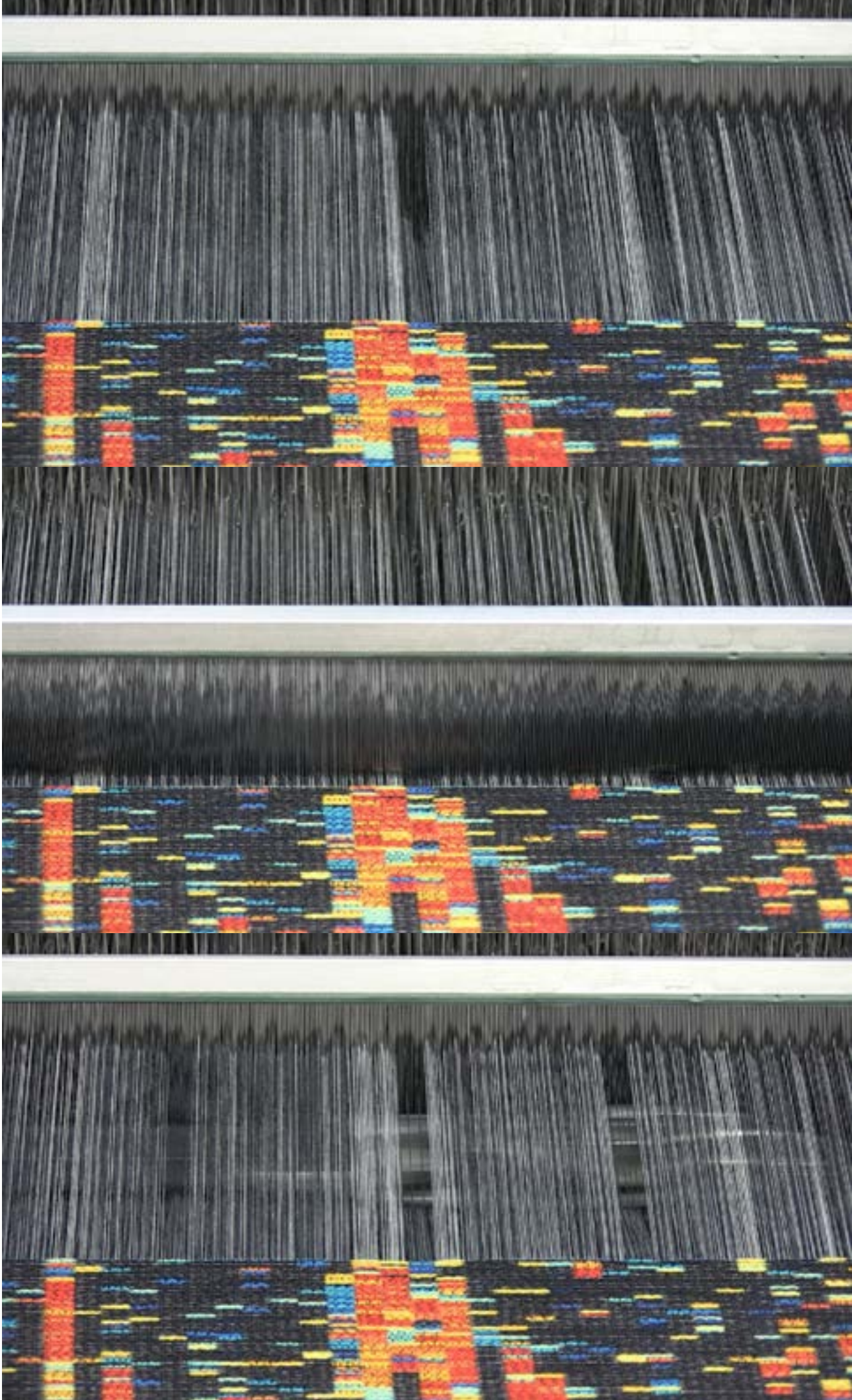


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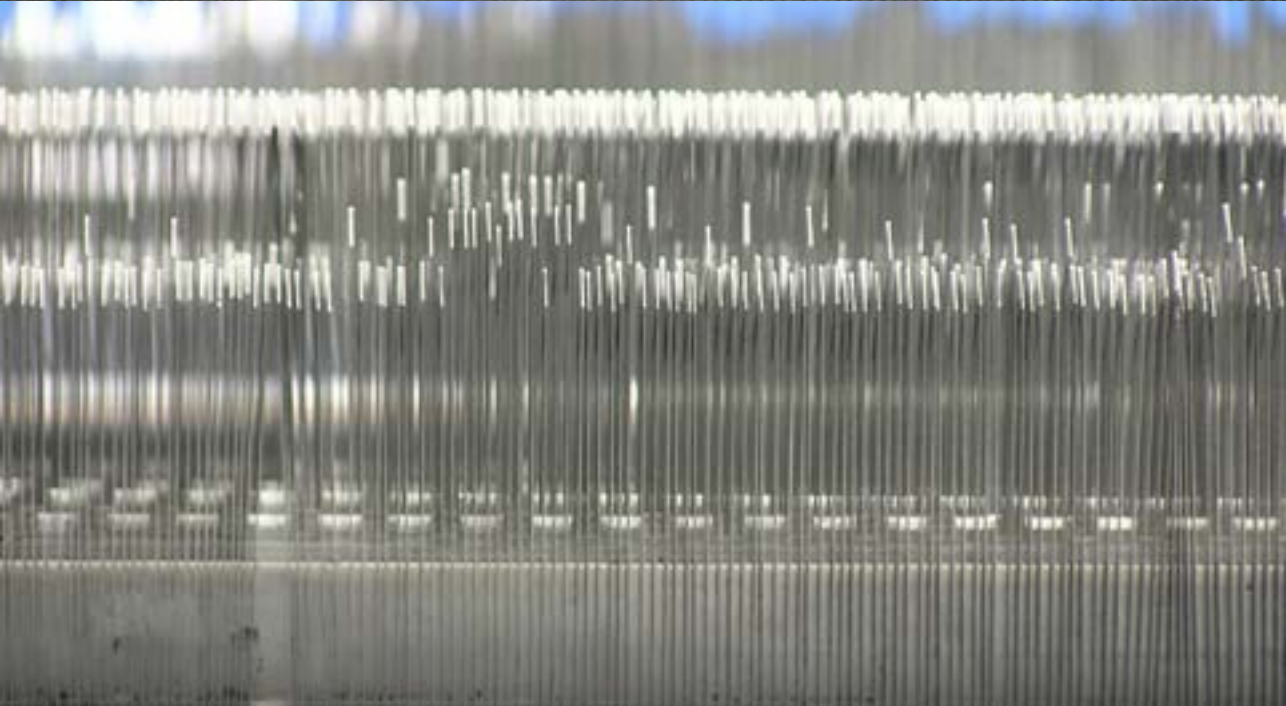
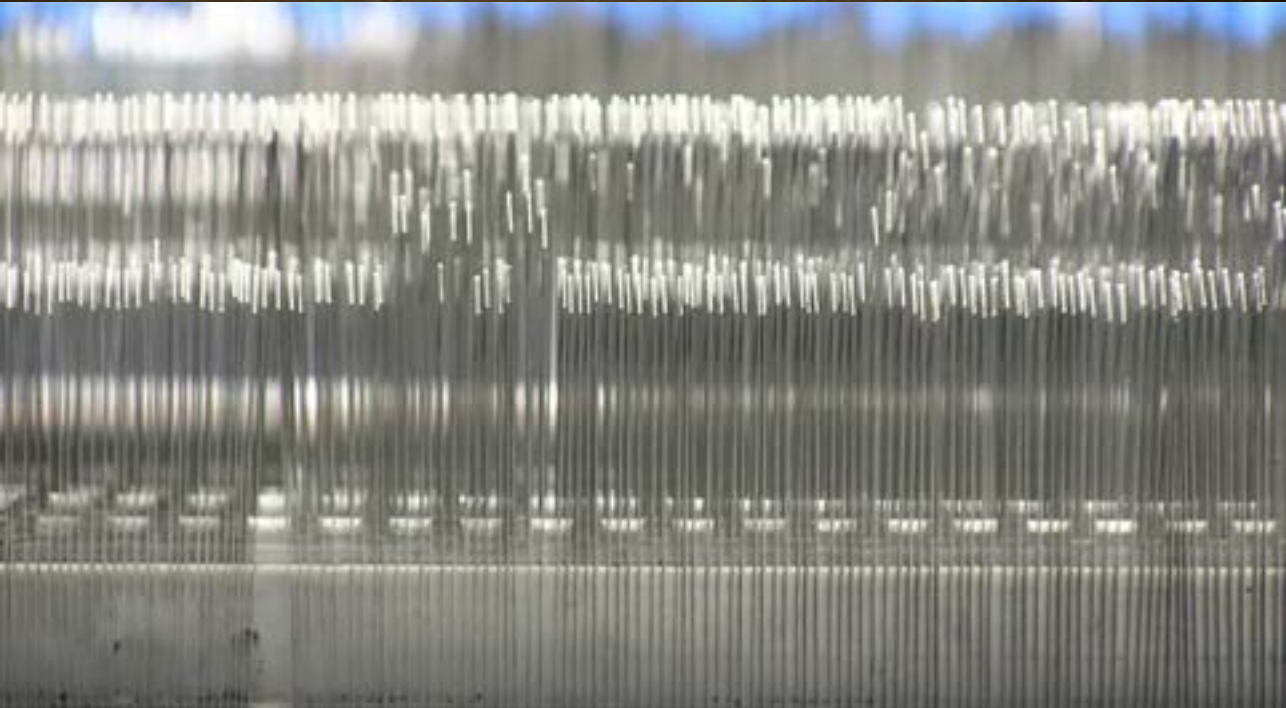
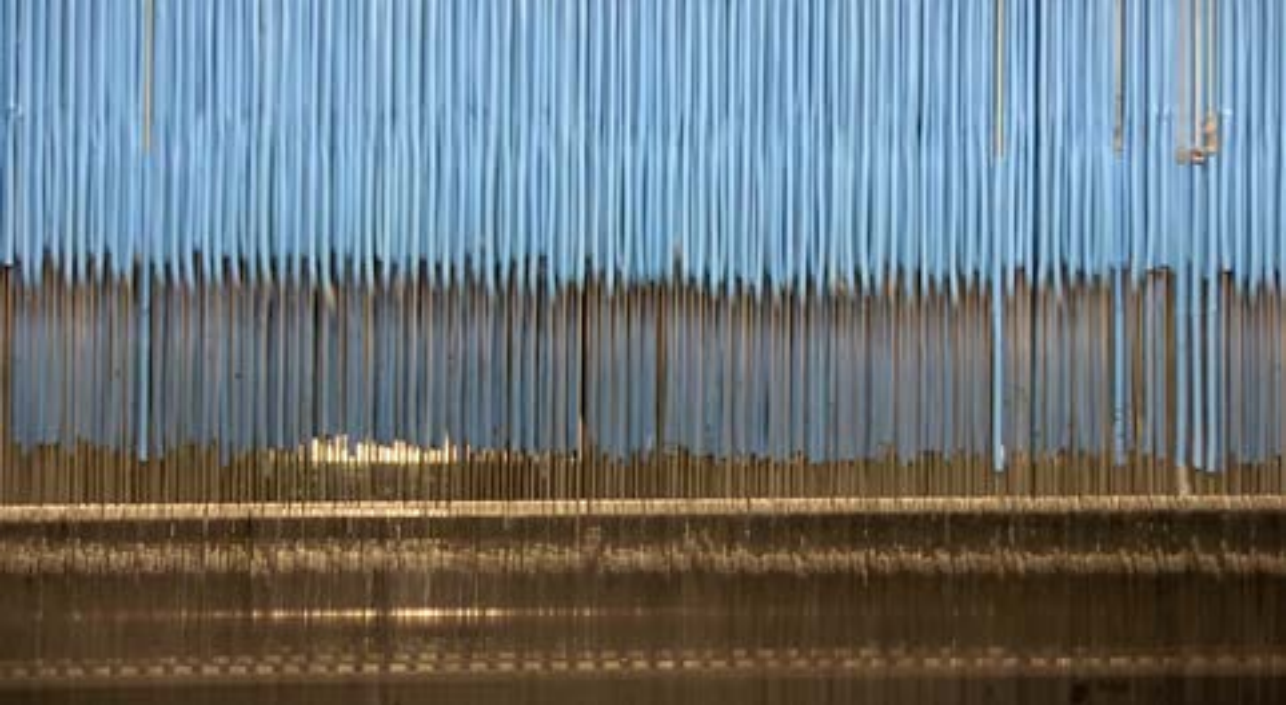
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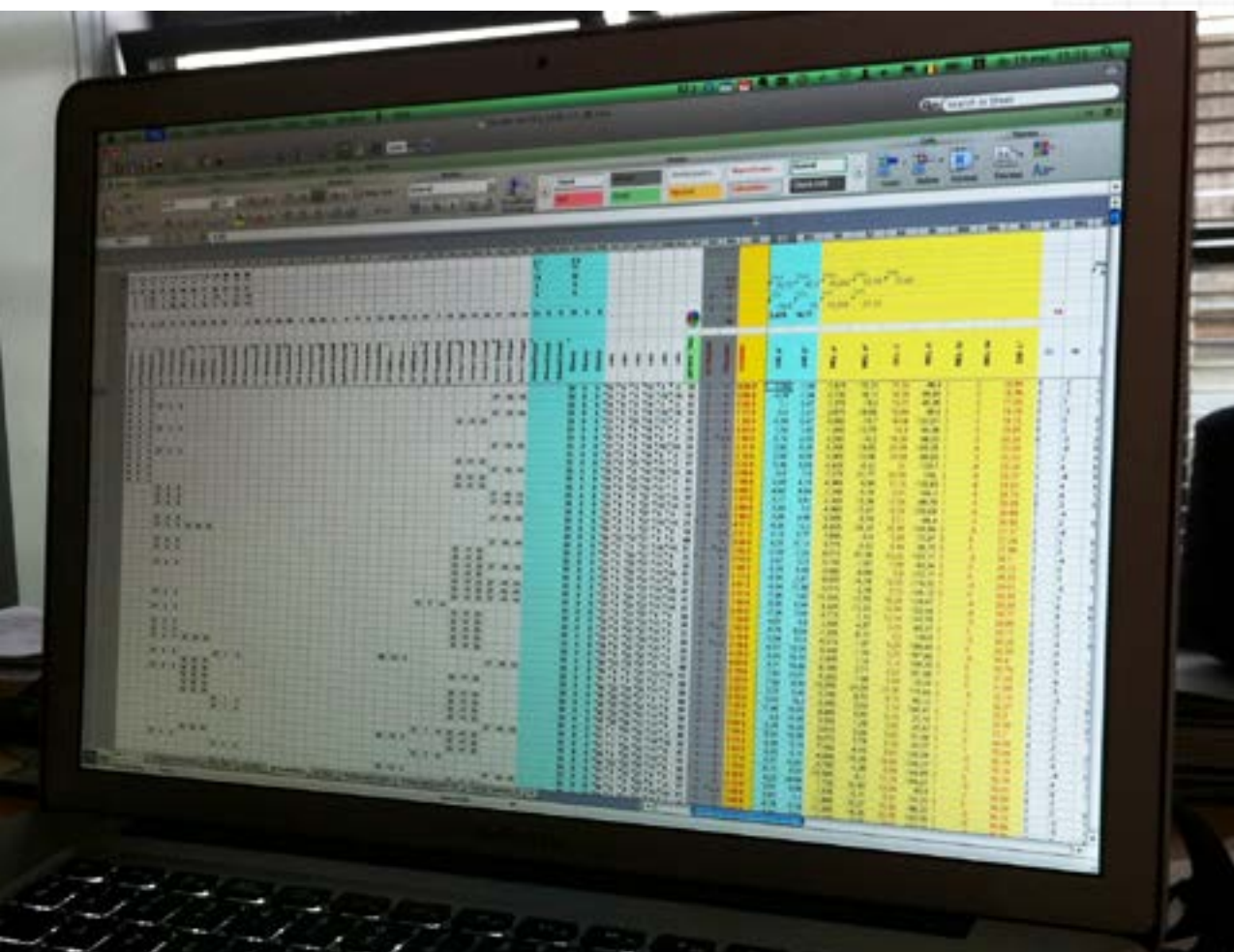
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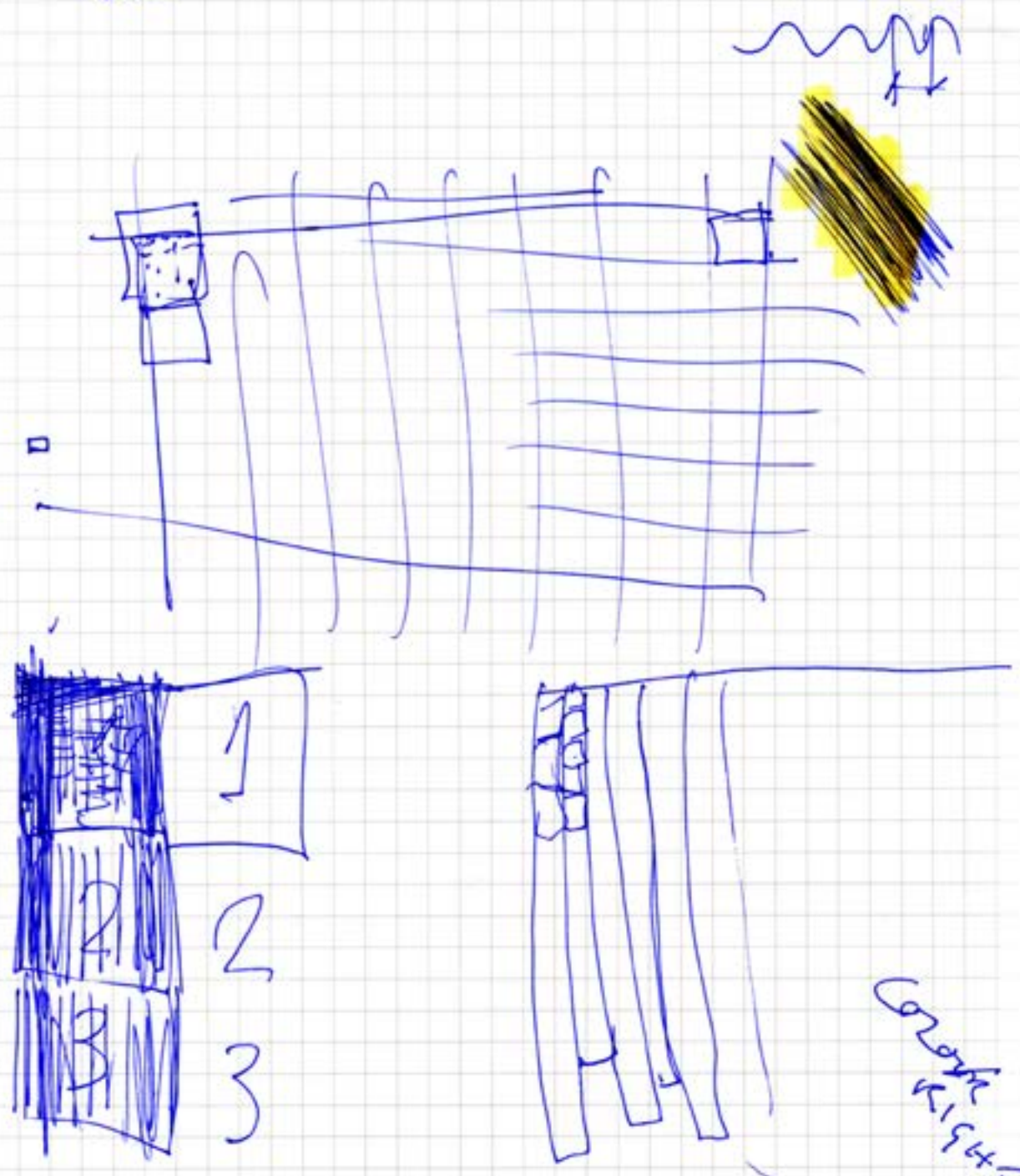
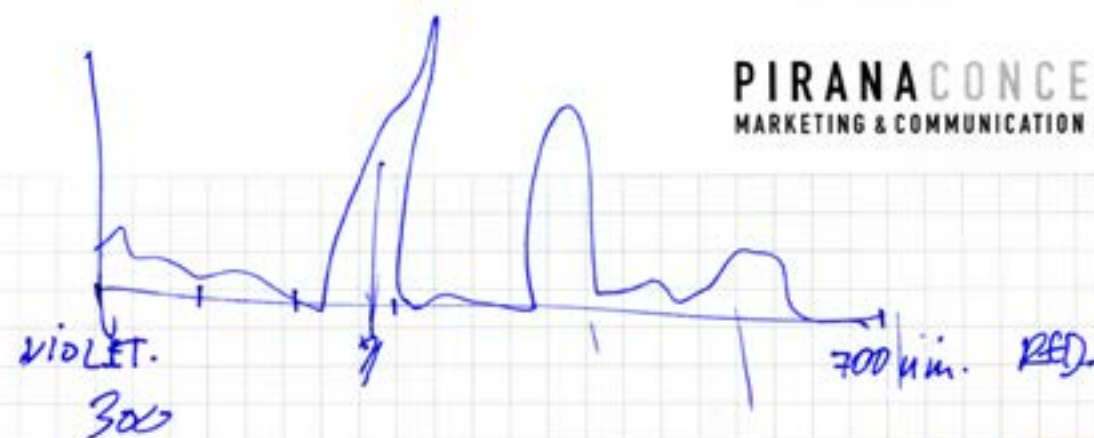


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LANDSCAPE CONCEPTS

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COMMISSION	:	FREE
TOTAL BILLING AMOUNT	:	£57.11

GREAT BRITISH GIFTS & SOUVENIRS

08:51. Despite my best efforts to ensure I have a SEAT (including paying a lot of money, but also, phoning up to check, etc...) I get turfed out of my allocated carriage because the air conditioning has failed. Told to sit 'anywhere', I then get turfed out of the seat I choose (by a man, of course) because it is 'his'. Is it? There was no sign...

Now I have nowhere to sit. All the tables (especially the ones of four) have been grabbed by single men, busting out of white shirts – so I get a backwards going no-seat on the edge of one of these. I feel angry, because I'm the only woman in these first class carriages and feel treated as if I'm not really (supposed to be) here. Maybe I'm not? A whining sound twists and writhes inside my body but I keep my mouth shut. I wanted to arrive calm and rested for my WORK, GUYS...

whine (hw n, w n)

v. whined, whin-ing, whines

v.intr.

- 1. To utter a plaintive, high-pitched, protracted sound, as in pain, fear, supplication, or complaint.
- 2. To complain or protest in a childish fashion.
- 3. To produce a sustained noise of relatively high pitch: jet engines whining.

v.tr.

To utter with a whine.

n.

- 1. The act of whining.
- 2. A whining sound.
- 3. A complaint uttered in a plaintive tone.

[Middle English whinen, from Old English hw nan, to make a whizzing sound.]

whin'er n.

whin'ing-ly adv.

whin'y, whin'ey adj.

09:53. Ping! From FRANCE calls to UK/EU are 36ppm (15p to receive). Text is 11p (free to receive). Data £3.06/MB. All inc.VAT. More info freephone 2266. Emergency services 112.

09:56. It's DONDERDAG says the sign. I want to complain.

10:43. A newspaper on the train gives me tips VOOR SLIMMERIKEN.

11:06. The grey north European light, the grubbiness... But efficient, in a dour sort of way.

11:31. Poppies spill all over the station at Deinze. I can't get a photo in time! What a beautiful red...

14:54. Marcos and I are choosing colours. Here is the list:

- Phantom
- Purple Velvet
- Orient Blue
- Spectral Blue
- Bird Blue
- Pine Needle
- Citronelle
- Empire Yellow
- Spectra Yellow
- Poppy Red
- Gull Grey
- Raven Black

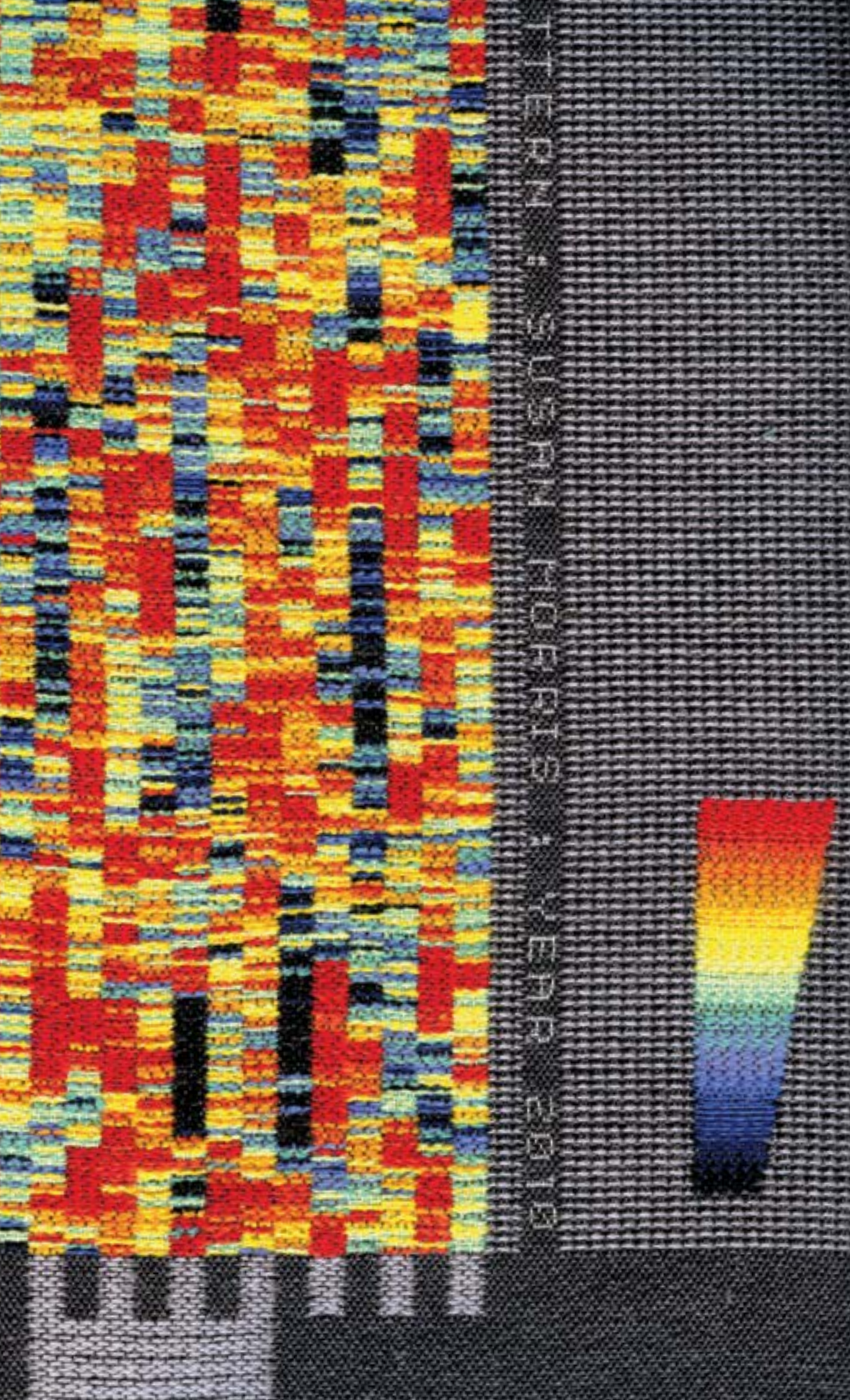
15:21. I choose Raven Black and Gull Gray for the border. London birds. London colours.

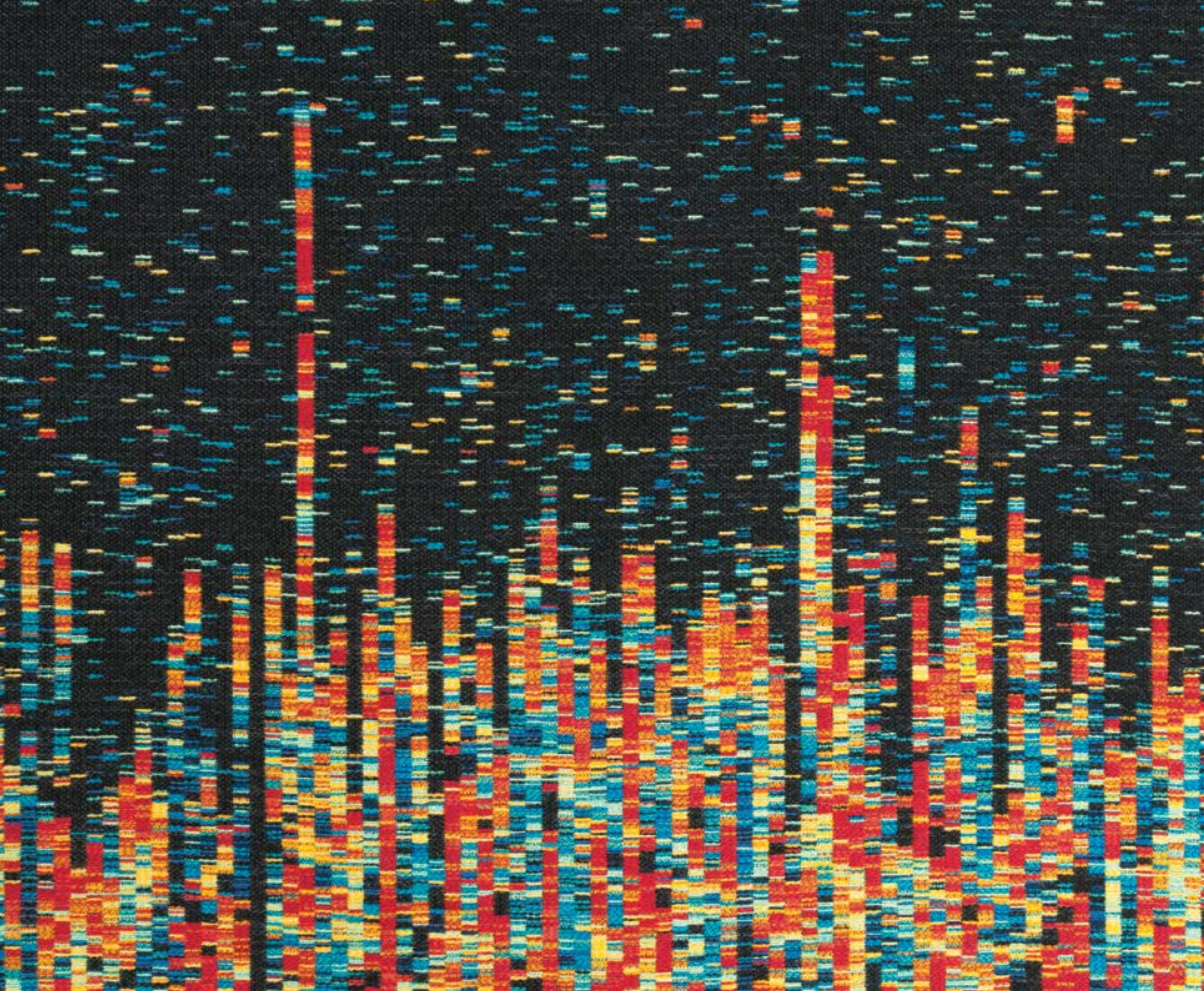
15:23. I think about last nights scoff at the Gilbert Scott: Pigs in Blankets. My stomach rumbles. I want some more.

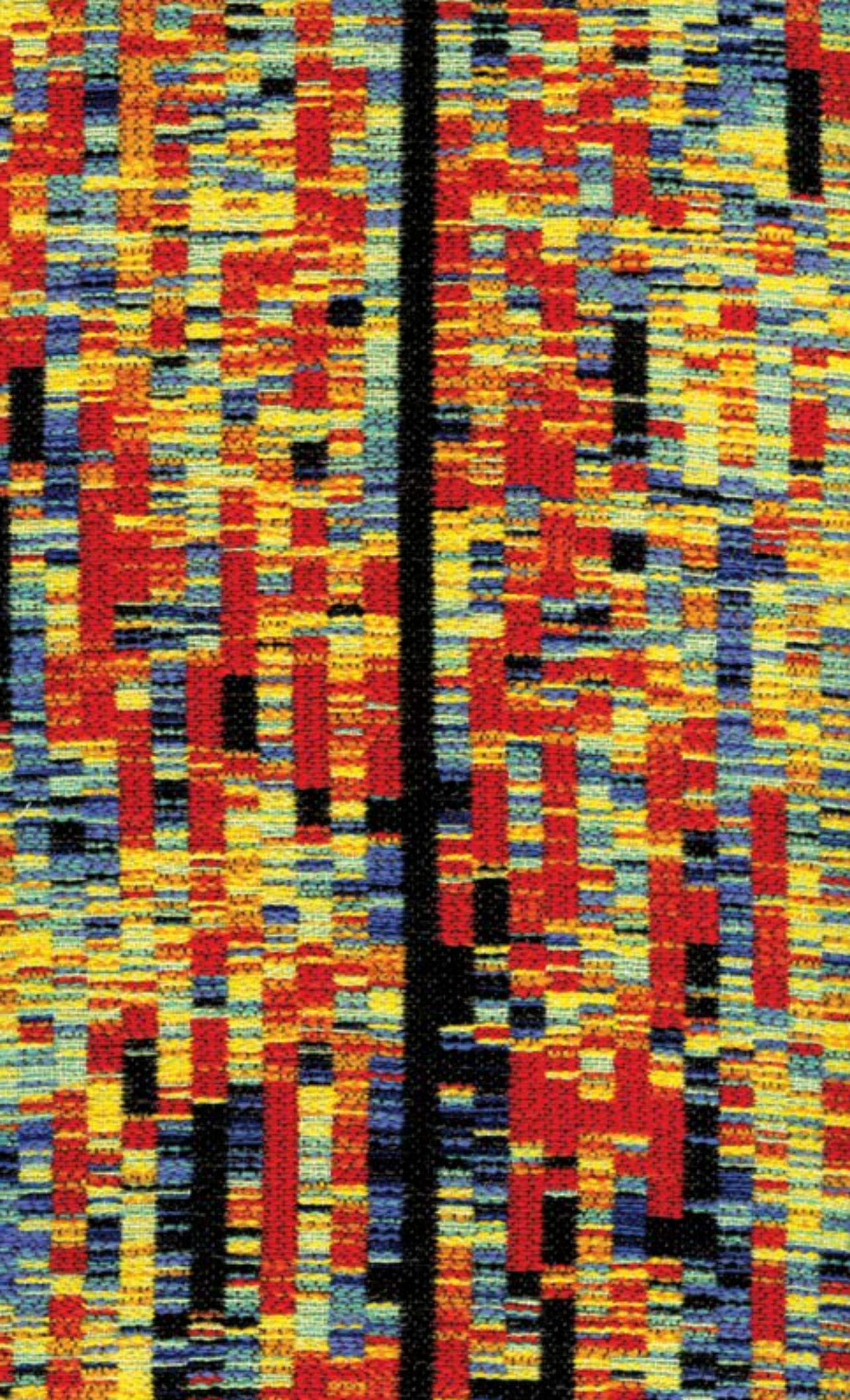
16:33. Now I am standing alone at a little station in Belgium.

16:49. On train to Bruges. Still travelling backwards. This seems to be the way it's going for me today. Realise also, that I could have stayed in Brussels. Or anywhere else close by. Anywhere but Bruges...! Oh dear. I just did what I thought was simplest but, of course, it will be suffocatingly chocolatety again. And the tourists. The expensive restaurants.

17:00. Collapsed Rose... Marcos told me that the word for poppy is something like 'Klapperroos'. It is a Flanders poppy, he says, which reminds me of The War. But strange, that I only just linked Flanders to – well, FLANDERS. And all the dead, the dead young poets, etc... The train moves off.







17:44. I sit in the hotel and Google the Flanders poem:

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime. –
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: DULCE ET DECORUM EST
PRO PATRIA MORI.

17:56. I go through my emails. Cuddly toys are for sale. I am feeling low, I need a cuddly toy – but these would not reach me in time. I must go out to eat.

18:07. I stare at the map on the door to my room. Which one am I in?

1 ste verdiep
bad bad bad
Groeninghe

18:20. There’s a hole in the road. And one in my soul! Or is it in my belly?

19:08. I find a seafood restaurant, by the market. I sit in the remains of the sunshine and realise – I haven’t got anything to read! I long to pick up a book. How strange, I’ve drifted so far from everything... though I’m not sure what ‘everything’ actually is... I worry about my work. Such a lot of effort – but will it be any good?

19:10. More colours here... My plate is full of them! This wine is delicious...

BVBA Den Gouden Karpel			
Vismarkt 9-10-00 8000 Brugge			
BTW be: 0461.094.151			
Tafel : R1			
1	x Portie sla mix	5,00 =	5,00
1	x Gegrilde tonijn HO	29,50 =	29,50
1	x Glas Witte Wijn	4,25 =	4,25
1	x Ananas	10,25 =	10,25
1	x Moka	2,55 =	2,55
Euro:			51,55
Dank U voor uw bezoek, en tot weerziens			
nr. 000006 kasnr.1		19/05/2011 20:31	
		2	

21:23. Back at the hotel, after spending a ludicrous amount of money on my meal (perhaps I shouldn’t have had the ice cream), I think I should burn the receipt but no – I present it here. I have to learn to live without shame. Or at least be thicker-skinned when I do shameful things. I check my emails. The furry animals offered by the WWF are still up on the screen: If you love nature and wildlife, or know a loved one who does, then our special offer on toys could tempt you to go a bit wild.

Anna sends me an invite to her show. I go onto the gallery website and play with an app they have there – 500 LETTERS – which writes automatically an ‘artist’s biography’. I am honest about my personal data, then rise to the challenge. I tick ALIENATION, CHANCE AND UTOPIA for my ‘themes’ and get the following: Susan Morris (1962, BIRMINGHAM, United Kingdom) is an artist who works mainly with contemporary strategies. By merging several seemingly incompatible worlds into a new universe, Morris tries to create works in which the actual event still has to take place or just has ended: moments evocative of atmosphere and suspense that are not part of a narrative thread. The drama unfolds elsewhere while the build-up of tension is frozen to become the memory of an event that will never take place.

[back to the first letter](#)

[back to the biography form](#)

1. Personal Data

Gender: ☐ Male ☒ Female

First name: Susan

Surname: Morris

Date of birth: 1962 Birthplace City: Birmingham

Country: United Kingdom

Workplace City: London

2. Media

I mainly work with:
(select 1 medium)

- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Photography
- ☐ Drawing
- ☐ Sculpture
- ☐ Performance
- ☐ Media art
- ☐ Installation art
- ☐ Film
- ☐ Mixed media
- ☒ Conceptual
- ☐ I work in a variety of media

I also work with:
(not required, select multiple)

- ☐ Painting
- ☐ Photography
- ☐ Drawing
- ☐ Sculpture
- ☐ Performance
- ☐ Media art
- ☐ Installation art
- ☐ Film
- ☐ Mixed media
- ☐ Conceptual

3. My main themes are ...

pick three (each theme generates 100 words or 500 letters)

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Abstraction | <input type="checkbox"/> Form | <input type="checkbox"/> Post-modern |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Aesthetics | <input type="checkbox"/> Interpretation | <input type="checkbox"/> Presentation |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Alienation | <input type="checkbox"/> Irony | <input type="checkbox"/> Referential |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Appropriation | <input type="checkbox"/> Landscape | <input type="checkbox"/> Representation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Archive | <input type="checkbox"/> Language | <input type="checkbox"/> Romanticism |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Chance | <input type="checkbox"/> Memory | <input type="checkbox"/> Semiotics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concept | <input type="checkbox"/> Minimalism | <input type="checkbox"/> Situation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Confusion | <input type="checkbox"/> Movement | <input type="checkbox"/> Social criticism |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Craftsmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Poetics | <input type="checkbox"/> Strategy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Everyday | <input type="checkbox"/> Pop culture | <input type="checkbox"/> Urbanity |
| | | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Utopia |

Cancel

Refresh your biography

Susan Morris

Susan Morris (°1962, Birmingham, United Kingdom) is an artist who mainly works with contemporary strategies. By experimenting with aleatoric processes, Morris formalizes the coincidental and emphasizes the conscious process of composition that is behind the seemingly random works. The thought processes, which are supposedly private, highly subjective and unfiltered in their references to dream worlds, are frequently revealed as assemblages.

Her conceptual artworks feature coincidental, accidental and unexpected connections which make it possible to revise art history and, even better, to complement it. Combining unrelated aspects lead to surprising analogies. By merging several seemingly incompatible worlds into a new universe, she uses a visual vocabulary that addresses many different social and political issues. The work incorporates time as well as space – a fictional and experiential universe that only emerges bit by bit.

Her works bear strong political references. The possibility or the dream of the annulment of a (historically or socially) fixed identity is a constant focal point. By putting the viewer on the wrong track, she tries to create works in which the actual event still has to take place or just has ended: moments evocative of atmosphere and suspense that are not part of a narrative thread. The drama unfolds elsewhere while the build-up of tension is frozen to become the memory of an event that will never take place.

Her works are given improper functions: significations are inversed and form and content merge. Shapes are dissociated from their original meaning, by which the system in which they normally function is exposed. Initially unambiguous meanings are shattered and disseminate endlessly. Susan Morris currently lives and works in London.

Save your bio to the sites gallery



20th of May

07:30. An email arrives: This is confirmation of your booking and is not your travel ticket.

Dear Dr Morris, Thank you for buying your train ticket(s) with thetrainline.com – your first stop for train tickets. Your booking reference is 1101483273. All of the information below is available in My Account. For further assistance or to contact us, please visit our Help Pages.

09:33. Here is my breakfast.

09:50. I stare at the posters in the breakfast room: Smoke. Dead Horses: VEILLE D'AUSTERLITZ

09:53. Back in my room I contemplate the instructions ‘in case of fire’.

TO PREVENT FIRE

- Do not smoke in bed
- Do not use the cooking apparatus
- Do not use inflammable objects or products
- Do not dry clothes on the central heating
- Check on evacuation ways in the vicinity of your room

Should fire break out in your room, keep calm. If you are unable to get the fire under control, leave the room, making sure that you close the door. Warn the reception desk. If you hear the signal to evacuate the hotel (alarm in the corridor), leave your room quickly, making sure you close the door, and make your way calmly to the exit.

10:06. As I leave the hotel I am given some cards. A tea room they recommend. (I should tell them Laurence sent me.) And their card with a tiny, cluttered, map on the back. I make my way to the station.

10:12. My instructions are to go to Gent St Peters on a train going in the direction of Knokke or De Panne. I stare at the electronic timetables. Then I must change and get on a train going in the direction of Kortrijk. I must get off at the third stop on this line: WAREGEM. I must hurry.



10:18. High on the station ceiling floats a helium balloon. It’s My Little Pony.

11:04. I arrive in Gent and wait on the platform, staring at the posters.

11:06. And start to think... There’s some weird shit going on there... how many women are sharing that man?

11:12. Marcos calls to say he has driven to Gent after all and so can collect me so I get off the train really fast, but stand right in the door in case I have to get on again (in case I’ve misunderstood where he is) and I say, very loudly, into my mobile phone —I AM OFF THE TRAIN!

People around me start to laugh. It is true that I am acting like an idiot. I got confused. (And may have panicked.)

11:56. On the way to the factory we stop – to photograph the poppies in the wastelands.

12:45. The test we did is truly awful! Garish, clashing colours – how? Why? We try another combination:

- Lipstick Red
- Fiesta
- Topaz
- Spectra Yellow
- Rattan Yellow
- Jade Lime
- Sea Green
- Bird Blue
- Ensign Blue
- Phantom



13:31. While waiting for the new test to weave, I go into the office to think.

13:43. I understand everything about the colour mixing – except why I can’t get the colours I want. I feel very frustrated.

14:00. Slowly... the weave comes off the loom. We are getting somewhere! Maybe we will do it.

14:09. We try more combinations:

Lipstick Red	Lipstick Red	Lipstick Red	Lipstick Red
Fiesta	Fiesta	Fiesta	Fiesta
Topaz	Topaz	Topaz	Topaz
Spectra Yellow	Spectra Yellow	Spectra Yellow	Spectra Yellow
Jade Lime	Jade Lime	Jade Lime	Jade Lime
Sea Green	Sea Green	Sea Green	Sea Green
Silver Lake Blue	Silver Lake Blue	Alaska Blue	Bird Blue
Bird Blue	Olympian Blue	Bird Blue	Olympian Blue
Ensign Blue	Ensign Blue	Ensign Blue	Ensign Blue
Phantom	Phantom	Phantom	Phantom

16:23. Gent: a city of bicycles.

16:36. I now know (a bit) about colour theory. I sit in the sunshine, gulping ice cold water. A rainbow dances and quivers, suspended across the fountain.

16:53. Now I am waiting for another train. On the lonely platform the rails are humming.

17:18. I AM A WOMAN! I demand the right to have a body, that needs to eat... Or just... (at the very least): check in.

17:54. We pull out of Brussels. Marcos will weave the finished tapestry tomorrow, without me. But... we did it.

18:24. I have a drink.

20:04. I am having a very, very pleasant journey back to London. I managed to change my ticket so I that could leave an hour earlier – I told them my cat was ill. It just popped out of my mouth! Even I was shocked and upset (I mean – for the cat).

Now we are travelling in sunshine of such strange intensity. Bright, open skies open over lime green fields of France.

19:57. I work for most of the journey home, catching up on emails, writing the piece for Ruth. But just towards the end I put everything away – I am exhausted. I pick up a magazine instead – it is for the deaf, and therefore somehow soothing.

20:14. We jostle and shove our way out of the station, the announcer broadcasting loudly: DUE TO A PERSON HIT BY A TRAIN AT RADLEY THERE ARE NO TRAINS RUNNING EASTBOUND OUT OF KINGS CROSS. I skip nimbly onto a bus.

Nimble, quick
Candlestick

20:38. I get home. The cat – in rude health, thank goodness – is purring loudly.

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Express					

How did we do?					
Visit www.tescocomments.com and					
tell us about your shopping trip					

SPECIAL K					£3.11 A
WATER BISCS					£1.14 A
SOYA FRESH					£1.39 A
DAAL CURRY					£3.62 A
COCONUT CURRY					£3.62 A
ROQUEFORT					£1.55 A
PESTO					£2.28 A
TOTAL					£16.71
MASTERCARD SALE					£16.71
AID					: A0000000041010
NUMBER					: *****3013 ICC
PAN SEQ NO					: 10
AUTH CODE					: 049114
MERCHANT					: 1748881
START: 04/10					EXPIRY: 11/11
Cardholder PIN Verified					
CHANGE DUE					£0.00

VAT RECEIPT SUMMARY					
Rate		Net		VAT	
A 0% VAT		£16.71		£0.00	

SIGN UP FOR CLUBCARD					
You could have earned 32					
Clubcard points in this transaction					

[BARCODE]					
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The Actiwatch® Light

PATHOLOGY REPORT				
Patient : Morris, Susan		Dr David Stephen Myers		
Unit No : X0418724		Wellington Diagnostic & OPD		
DOB : 18/01/62		296 Golders Green Road		
Sex : F		London		
Ref.No. :		NW11 9PY		
Location: HCA Laboratories				
Requisition No : 05096514		Date & Time of Receipt : 19/07/10 1333		
Date & Time of Report : 19/07/10 1630		Date & Time of Sample : 19/07/10 UNK		
Test	Result	Flag	Reference	Units
HAEMATOLOGY (Blood)				
Haemoglobin	12.4		{ 12.0-15.0 }	g/dL
Haematocrit	37.5		{ 36-46 }	%
RBC	4.1		{ 3.8-4.8 }	x10e12/L
MCV	91.6		{ 82-103 }	fL
MCH	30.3		{ 27-32 }	pg
MCHC	33.1		{ 31.5-34.5 }	g/dL
RDW	13.0		{ 12.0-16.0 }	%
Platelets	213		{ 150-410 }	x10e9/L
WBC	4.3		{ 4.0-10.0 }	x10e9/L
Neutrophils	2.4		{ 2.0-7.0 }	x10e9/L
Lymphocytes	1.4		{ 1.0-3.0 }	x10e9/L
Monocytes	0.3		{ 0.2-1.0 }	x10e9/L
Eosinophils	0.09		{ 0.02-0.5 }	x10e9/L
Basophils	0.03		{ 0-0.1 }	x10e9/L
ESR	4		{ 0-12 }	mm/Hour

Main Features

- Wrist worn light-weight sleep and activity monitor for ambulatory monitoring
- Recording of physical activity by means of an accelerometer
- Recording of ambient light level by means of a surface mounted diode
- Designed for use with custom sleep and activity analysis software with a reader for data transfer to a PC
- Suitable for use with sleep disorders & circadian rhythm studies
- Validated against polysomnography for use in sleep
- All data stored in the software is fully exportable for analysis in a third party program

The Actiwatch Light is a wrist-mounted device which detects and logs movement. It can therefore be used to measure activity or the absence of it over time. It also measures and stores external light intensity therefore enabling the effect of light intensity on circadian rhythms to be studied. The data is stored in the watch and can be downloaded to a PC for analysis.

The AWL has a built in sensor on the face of the watch as shown in the picture.

In the Activity plots or Actograms the light level can be viewed with the activity data or separately. Activity can be analysed in other ways using Periodograms, FFT plots or Non-Parametric Circadian Rhythm Analysis.

The activity plots coupled with specialised software serve to analyse sleep-wake patterns, sleep efficiency and sleep fragmentation which give an indication of overall sleep quality.

Validation

The Actiwatch has been extensively validated for use in different applications. It has also been validated against polysomnography the 'gold standard' for use in sleep studies.¹



A full bibliography of published papers using the Actiwatch is available on our website.

Actiwatch Applications

The Actiwatch is in use in the fields of physical activity monitoring, sleep, respiratory medicine, paediatrics, psychiatry, health psychology, pain, Alzheimer's & Parkinson's research, geriatric medicine, dermatology and urology.

Epoch length	2 sec	5 sec	10 sec
Recording time	18 hours	45 hours	3.5 days
Epoch length	15 sec	30 sec	1 min
Recording time	5.5 days	11 days	22 days

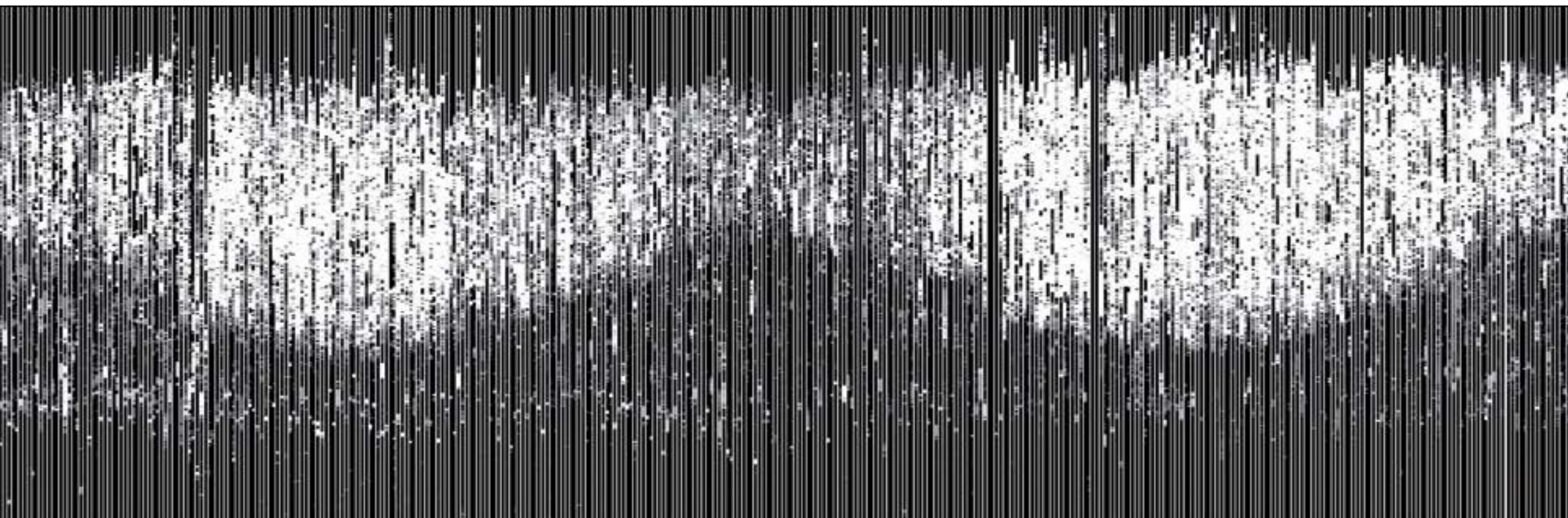
Technical Specification

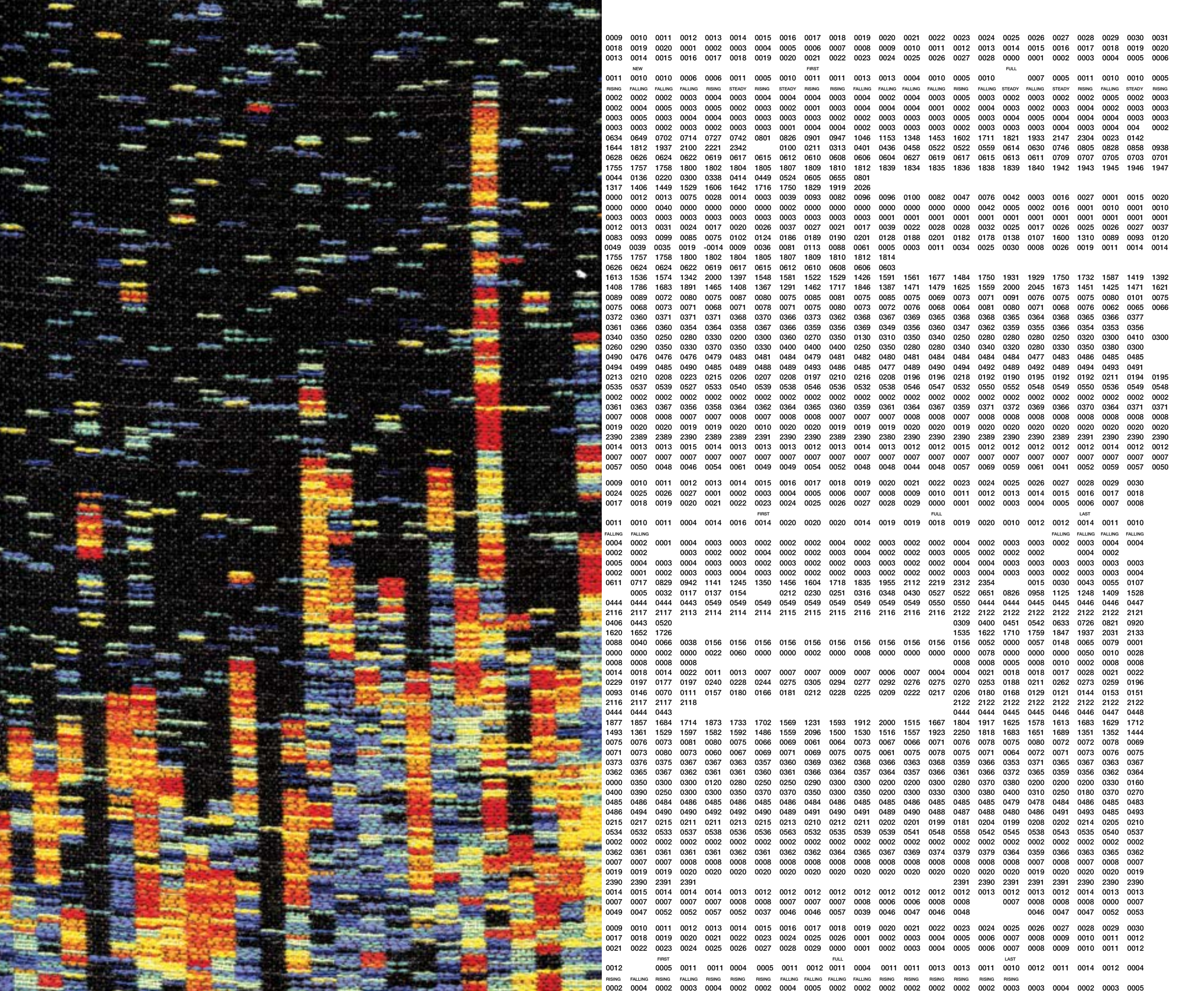
AWL	
Weight:	17 grams
Battery life:	180 days
Battery type:	CR 2025
Memory:	64 KB
Splash-proof:	Yes
Warranty:	2 years
Size (mm):	37x29x10
Epoch Range:	15s-15min
Light:	1-32,000 Lux
Rec time:##	22 days
PC Analysis: Win® 2000/XP	
## 1 min epoch	

Bibliography	
1 Kushida C, Chang A, Gadkary C, Guilleminaut C, Carrillo O, Dement W.	
Comparison of actigraphic, polysomnographic, and subjective assessment of sleep parameters in sleep-disordered patients. Sleep Medicine 2 (2001) 389-396	
Stanford University Center of Excellence for Sleep Disorders, Stanford Sleep Disorders Clinic, 401 Quarry Road, Suite 3301, Stanford CA 94305-5730 USA	

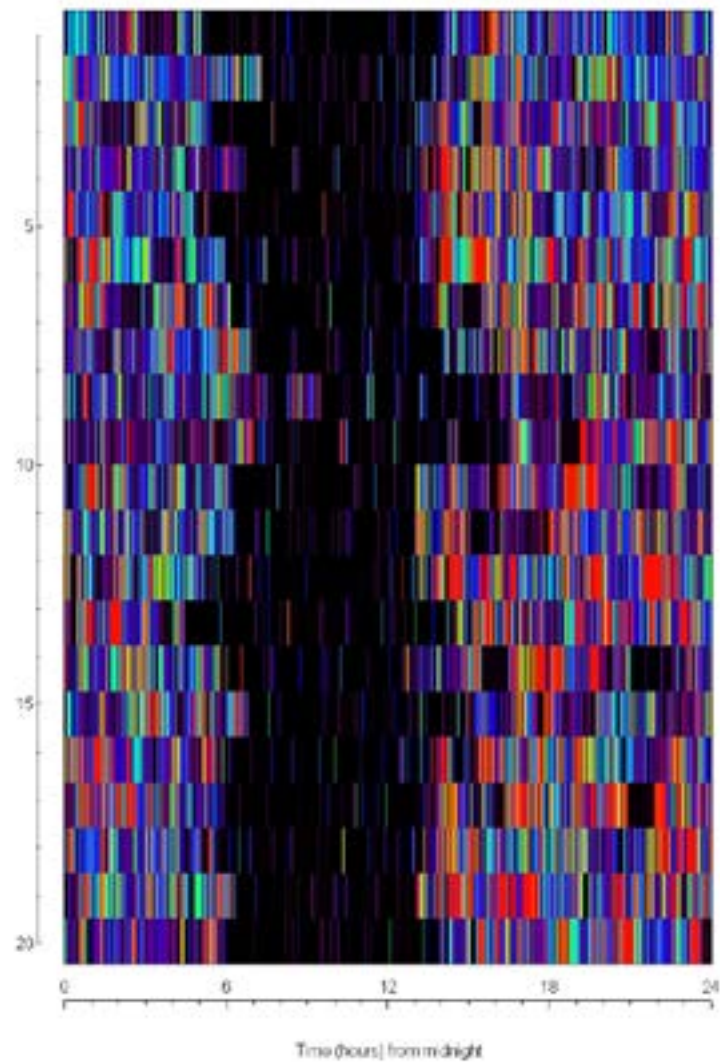
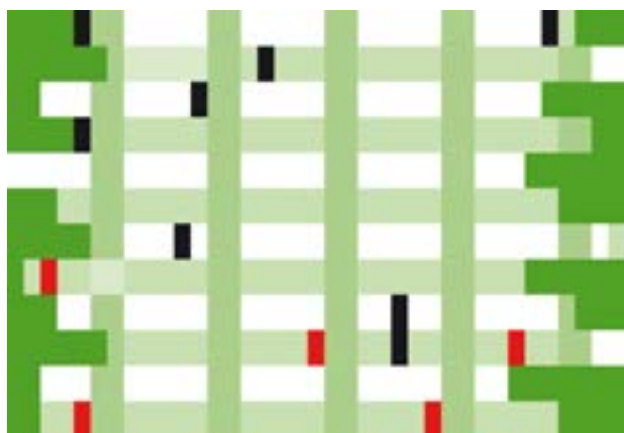


Cambridge Neurotechnology Ltd.
Upper Pendrill Court, Ermine Street North, Papworth Everard, Cambridge UK
Tel: +44 (0)1480 831223 Fax: +44 (0)1480 831733
Email:admin@camntech.co.uk www.camntech.co.uk

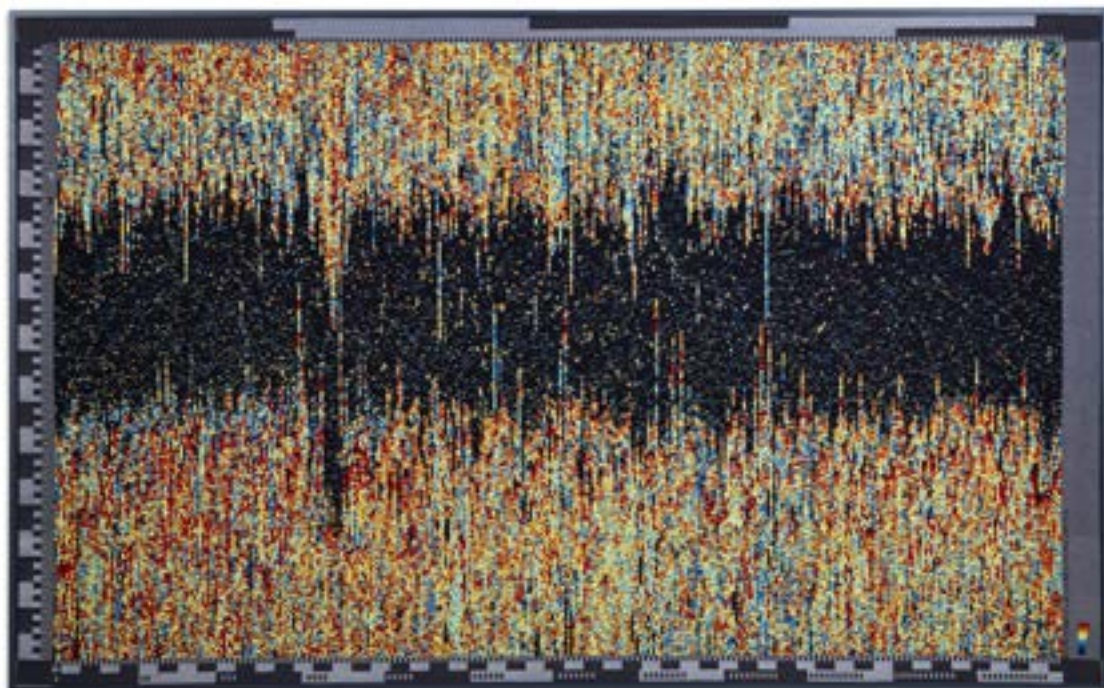




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0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	0007	
0057	0050	0048	0046	0054	0061	0049	0049	0054	0052	0048	0048	0044	0048	0057	0069	0059	0061	0041	0052	0059	0057	
0009	0010	0011	0012	0013	0014	0015	0016	0017	0018	0019	0020	0021	0022	0023	0024	0025	0026	0027	0028	0029	0030	
0024	0025	0026	0027	0001	0002	0003	0004	0005	0006	0007	0008	0009	0010	0011	0012	0013	0014	0015	0016	0017	0018	
0017	0018	0019	0020	0021	0022	0023	0024	0025	0026	0027	0028	0029	0000	0001	0002	0003	0004	0005	0006	0007	0008	
						FIRST									FULL							
0011	0010	0011	0004	0014	0016	0014	0020	0020	0020	0014	0019	0019	0018	0019	0020	0010	0012	0012	0014	0011	0010	
FALLING	FALLING																FALLING	FALLING	FALLING	FALLING		
0004	0002	0001	0004	0003	0003	0002	0002	0002	0004	0002	0003	0004	0002	0002	0003	0005	0002	0002	0003	0004	0004	
0002	0002		0003	0002	0002	0004	0002	0002	0003	0004	0002	0002	0002	0003	0003	0005	0002	0002	0004	0002		
0005	0004	0003	0004	0003	0003	0002	0003	0002	0002	0003	0003	0002	0002	0003	0002	0004	0003	0003	0003	0003	0003	
0002	0001	0002	0003	0003	0004	0003	0002	0002	0002	0003	0002	0002	0002	0003	0004	0003	0003	0002	0003	0003	0004	
0611	0717	0829	0942	1141	1245	1350	1456	1604	1718	1835	1955	2112	2219	2312	2354		0015	0030	0043	0055	0107	
	0005	0032	0117	0137	0154		0212	0230	0251	0316	0348	0430	0527	0522	0651	0826	0958	1125	1248	1409	1528	
0444	0444	0444	0443	0549	0549	0549	0549	0549	0549	0549	0549	0549	0550	0550	0444	0444	0445	0445	0446	0446	0447	
2116	2117	2117	2113	2114	2114	2114	2115	2115	2115	2116	2116	2116	2116	2116	2122	2122	2122	2122	2122	2122	2121	
0406	0443	0520													0309	0400	0451	0542	0633	0726	0821	
1620	1652	1726													1535	1622	1710	1759	1847	1937	2031	
0088	0040	0066	0038	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0156	0052	0000	0057	0148	0065	0079	
0000	0000	0002	0000	0022	0060	0000	0000	0002	0000	0008	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0078	0000	0000	0000	0050	0010	
0008	0008	0008	0008												0008	0008	0005	0008	0010	0002	0008	
0014	0018	0014	0022	0011	0013	0007	0007</															







SUNDIAL:NIGHTWATCH_SLEEP/WAKE_2010, Silk and wool yarn, 170cm x 282cm, 2011
Tapestry recording the artist's activity and rest over 365 days.

ACTIGRAPHS

Archival inkjet prints generated from data recorded on an Actiwatch – a device used by chronobiologists to track disturbances in sleep. Worn on the artist's wrist.

OBSERVATION PROJECT

Numerical measurements taken from sources connected to the artist, such as bodyweight, mood, local daylight hours, high tide etc., track a fluctuating body in a variable climate.

TAPESTRIES

Jacquard tapestries woven from digital recordings of the artist's sleep/wake patterns and her exposure to light. Data values are converted directly into corresponding coloured threads representing each minute of each year.

YEAR PLANNERS

Various everyday activities are tracked by the artist across the grid of a conventional year planner. The pattern of information gathered is transcribed as a series of abstract screenprints.

DIARY

Extracts from 'Untitled Diary Project (A work in progress)', 2011–ongoing.

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