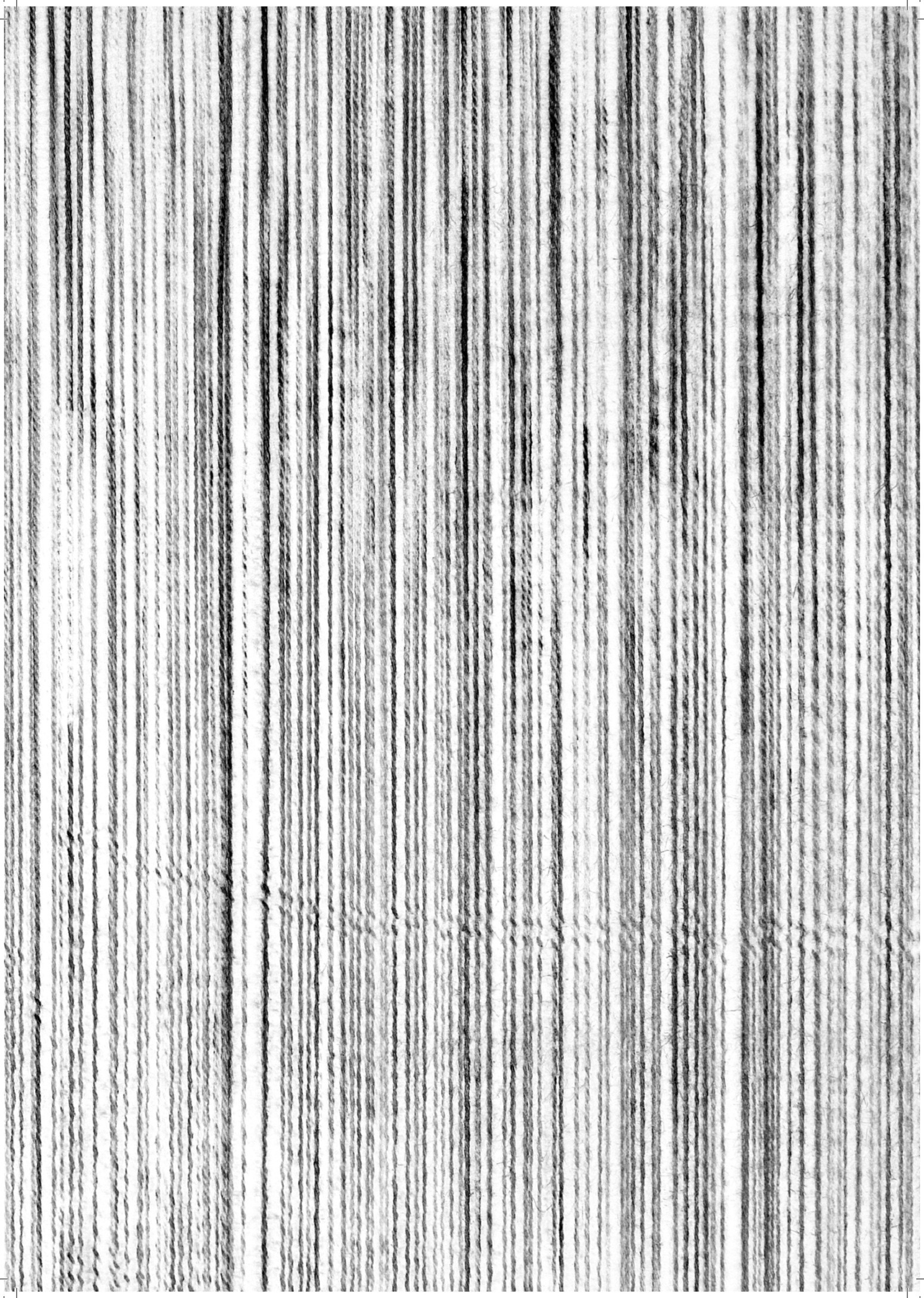
Sontag Montag

Susan Morris

with essays by Briony Fer, Margaret Iversen and Ed Krčma
edited by Deirdre O'Dwyer
published by Five Years, London



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www.fiveyears.org.uk
Edition of 100

ISBN 1-903724-03-1

Design: www.commonplacedesign.co.uk

LOTTERY FUNDED

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Acknowledgements

This book would not have happened without Deirdre O'Dwyer. I thank her for her intelligence, her perceptive scrutiny and dedication. I thank the writers Briony Fer, Margaret Iversen and Ed Krčma for their generosity, sparkle and humor, and for the musicality of their texts.

For the design and all practical matters concerning this book, I thank Asuka Sawa, Valentine Ammeux and Frank Schroeder, as well as Dave from Panopus and Phil from HDS.

For assistance with the Motion Capture Drawing, I thank Sarah Greenhalgh, Clare Graham and David Green at Culture Lab, Newcastle. There would be no drawing without David's enthusiasm and commitment.

For assistance with the Actigraphs, thanks to both Professor Russell Foster and Kate Porcheret at The Circadian and Visual Neuroscience Department, Nuffield Laboratory of Ophthalmology, University of Oxford. I am particularly indebted to Dr Katherina Wulff there, for tracking my restless days and sleepless nights.

For beautiful printing, I thank George Kraniotis at Digitalarte, London; Jenny Roland, Tom Martin and Michael Tapworth from the Curwen Studio, Cambridge; and Phil Abel from Hand and Eye Letterpress, London.

For amazing framing and needless support for the Motion Capture Drawing, I thank Matthew Jones and Dean Phipps from John Jones.

For preventing technical disasters and more, I thank THA, especially Aaron Down and Kostas Elezis.

For conversation, support and incisive criticism I thank Edward Dorrian, Mathew Hale, Beth Harland, Marc Hulson, Clive Hodgson, Louisa Minkin and Michael Newman.

For you, Hanna, I thank my lucky stars.

Introduction

Deirdre O'Dwyer

> Did I then have something so very particular to *say*? But what have I said? What is there to say? To say that one *is*? To say that one writes? To say that one is a writer? A need to communicate what? A need to communicate that one has a need to communicate? That one is in the act of communicating? Writing says that it is there, and nothing more, and here we are back again in that hall of mirrors where the words refer to one another, reflect one another to infinity without ever meeting anything other than their own shadow.
>
> George Perec, '*The Gnocchi of Autumn* or
> *An Answer to a Few Questions Concerning Myself*'

Susan Morris is a mark on a page. Or many marks, on many pages herein. She appears as blocks and voids, numbers, lines and chalk-dustings, in saturated colours and faint greys. It is possible to know Susan Morris through these pictures, without having a clue how she might present herself in person. How she might talk in conversation.

Susan Morris is a writer. Despite how the pages ahead appear. (The one word-laden piece by her is the poem that appears at the end of this introduction, and it took some coaxing for her to allow its inclusion.) Distressingly, she grasps the failure of language.

Tacked to her studio wall, she keeps a diary. On a long sheet of paper, with a horizontal line drawn across it, she each day takes a nail and hammers a hole, from left to right along the line. Each hole is typically annotated with its numbered date. Why some dates don't appear remains a mystery to me. Their omission does make me aware, however, that the borders of each void are diaphanous.

I realize that Susan is essentially a florid writer. On pages filled with monotonous straight lines, calendars, planners, scientific graphs and motion capture-drawings, she describes herself as a warm body, present each day in infinite measurements. The first series of works in *Sontag Montag* consists of grids composed of blocked-in sections of colour that diagram Susan's life by strange criteria: her menstrual cycles, her success at showing up at her studio, her tendency to cry. These are her year planners, based on a store-bought form, caught between their stated purpose and her retrospective use of them – they neither plan, nor explain what has happened.

Next are the Actigraphs, which Susan creates by wearing what looks like a faceless wristwatch, a device that charts her biorhythms to generate print-outs of oscillating bands of colour. No labels on the x- and y-axes are necessary to 'read' these graphs. Her plumb line drawings are altogether different in appearance from the two preceding series, yet once more utilise her body as an infallible writing instrument, logging her being as words cannot.

Her flight from language – impossible – is evident in the motion-capture drawings she has recently begun making in tandem with her plumb lines, charting the motion that goes on in between each pluck of the string, suggesting her body's movement might be visible in a two-dimensional print-out. The long, droning sheets of plumb lines are obviously compulsive in nature (all her series are 'ongoing'), but the motion-capture drawings up the ante of ridiculousness, the futility of Susan's attempt to 'capture' herself. What we see are beautiful scribbles.

Susan is the writer Perec describes, a frustrated captive in a 'hall of mirrors'. Her search for shadows is the subject of Margaret Iverson's essay in this book, which identifies her position as an artist within the frameworks of Freudian and Lacanian theory, and goes on to link her work to the historical precedents of Surrealists writers and W.G. Sebald. Iverson discusses how these shadows might be

conceptualised, while Briony Fer explores their experience, their nagging nature. Fer notes the odd logic of the artist's urge to schematise subjective experience, but doesn't call it peculiar, instead touching upon how communicability is present in Susan's work. Ed Krčma addresses the *Plumb Line Drawings* specifically, for their relation to the history of drawing and the trace, their place beyond language, their departure from expressionism to arrive at 'drawing Degree Zero'.

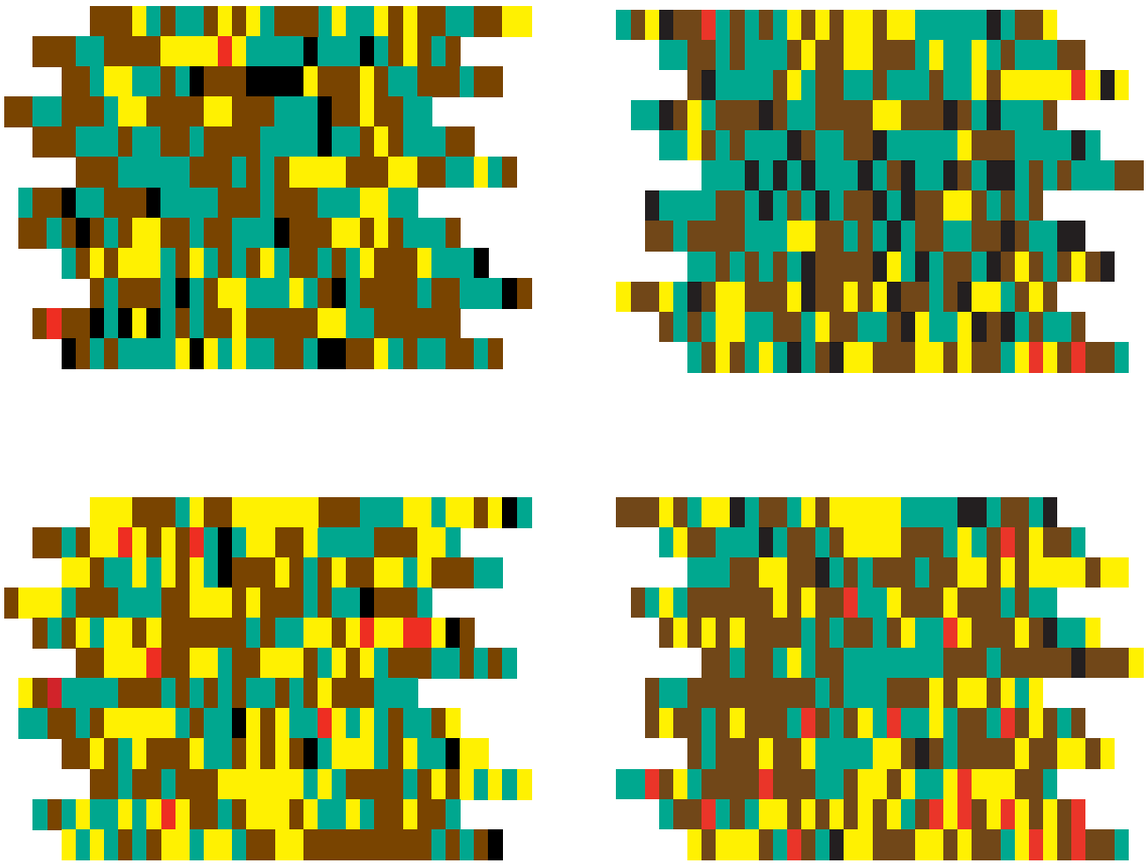
Knowing better, Susan forced herself to jot down a poem – the verbal sort – every day for a period of several months in 2008. These works are desperate – their quick composition evident in their urgency to rhyme, their use of quotidian phrases. Most of them were composed on the short bike ride to her studio, to be done with before starting her day. Yet they're comforting in a strange sense, with soft beats much like school children's skipping rhymes. They are regressive in their basic need to sound out words, to create patterns. To describe, to chart being, is to surface aberration. If these patterns never cohere as patterns should, there Susan is.

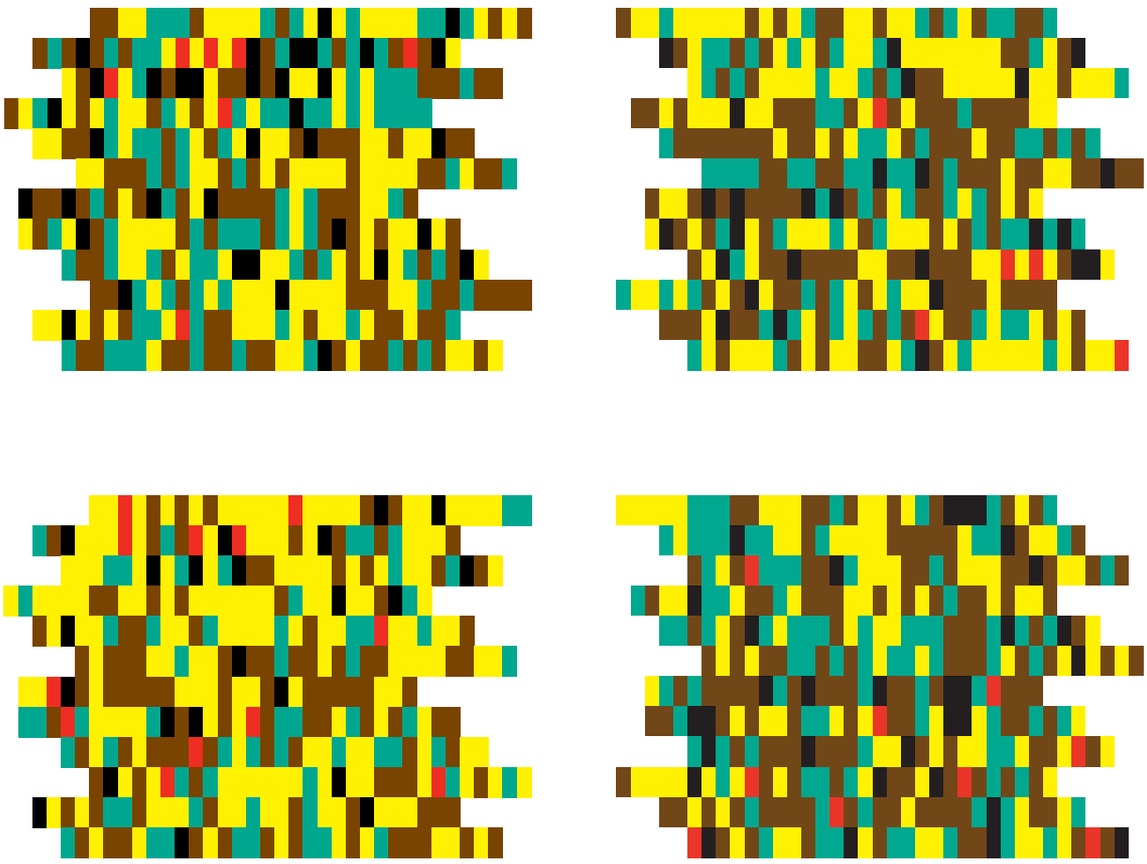
NAKED

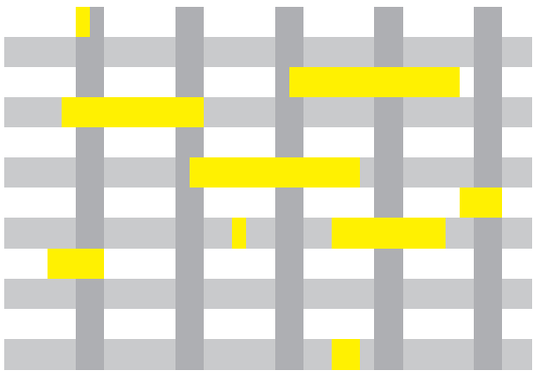
Oh dear, you've caught me naked again
Trapped, caught, naked again
Having my picture taken again
There you are
Phoning again
Catching me
Naked again
Oh dear
I'm naked
(and caught out)
Can't talk
I'm naked again
You caught me out
Naked again
I'm not naked I'm naked again
You caught me out
Naked again
I thought no one could see me
But you caught me
Trapped
And naked again
Oh, dear!
I'm naked again
I'm not naked
I'm naked again
Making stuff
Naked again
I'm not naked I'm
Naked again
I'm not naked
I'm naked again

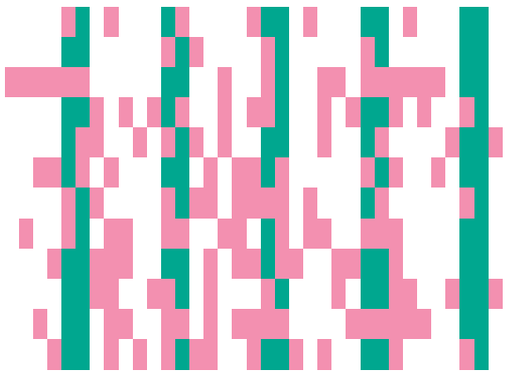
Susan Morris, 2008

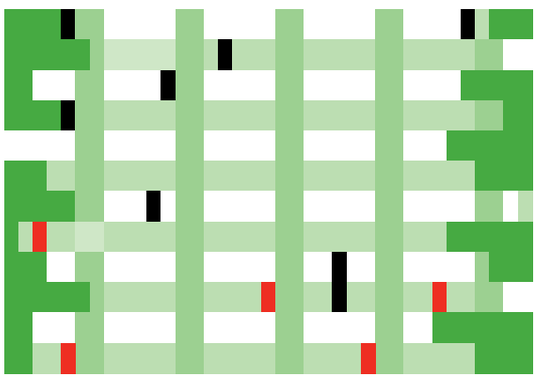
Year Planners

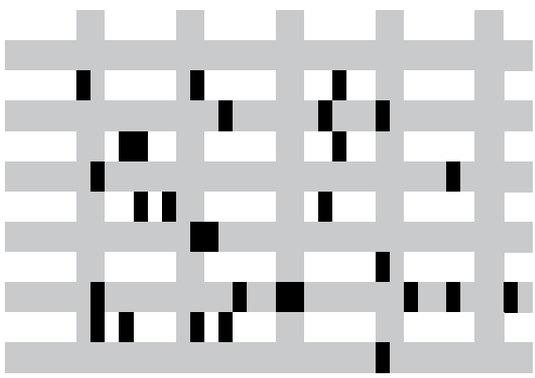


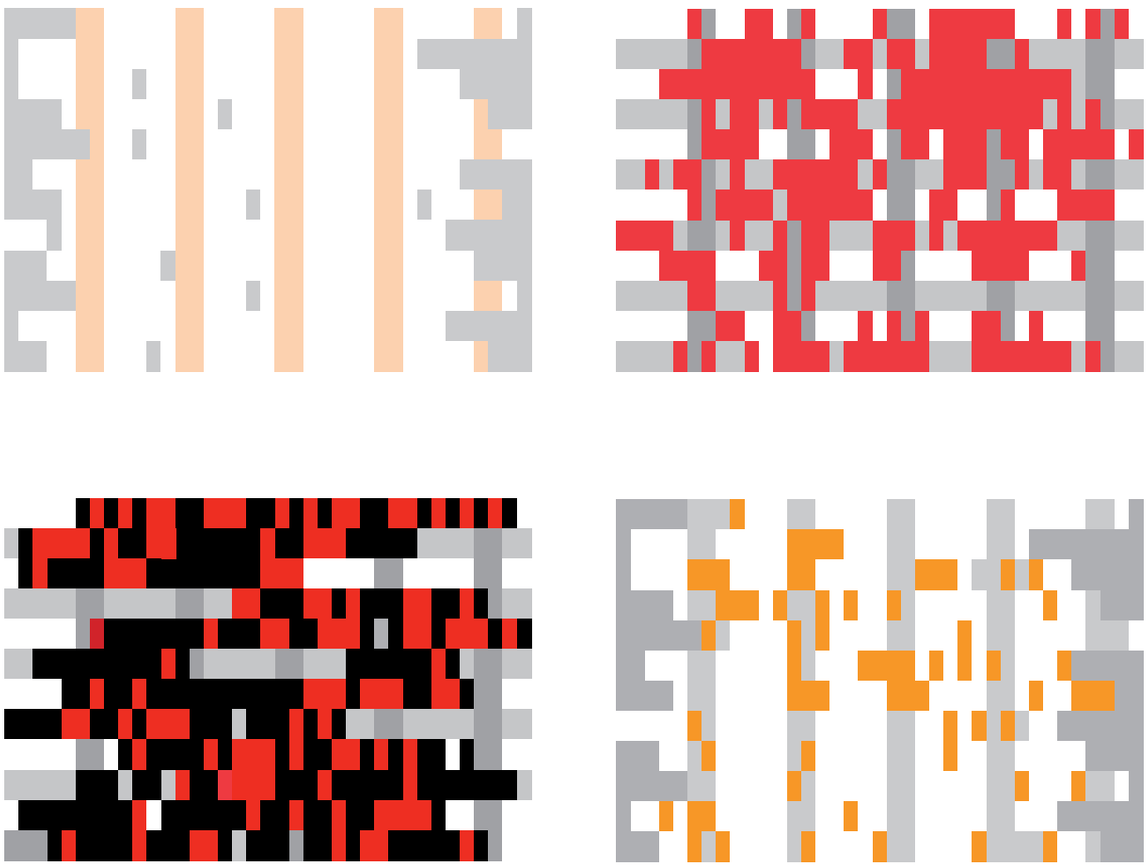


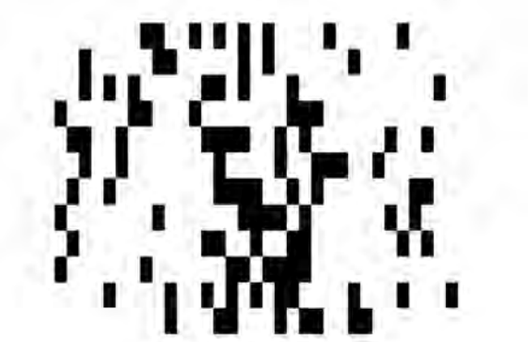


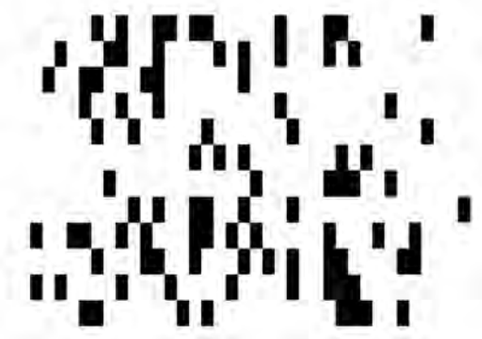


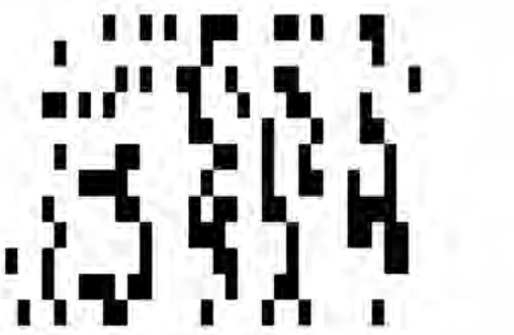


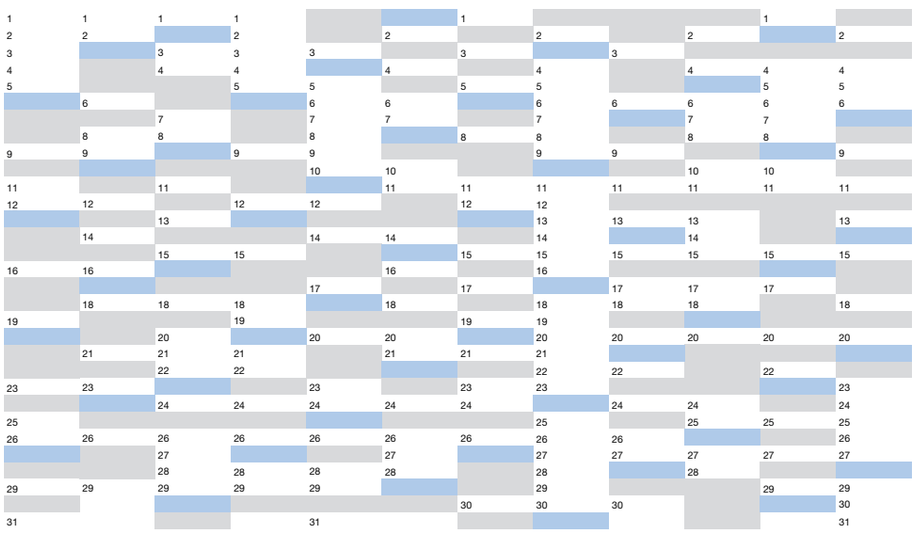


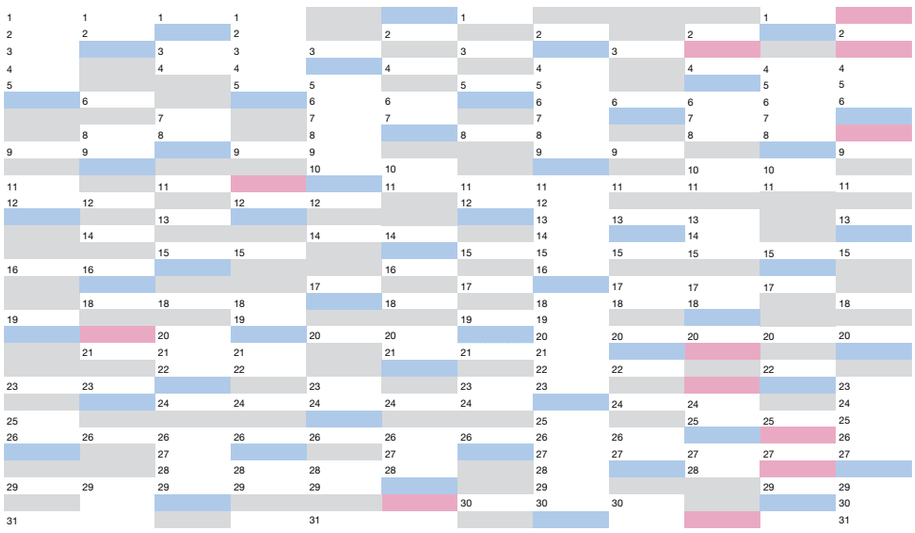


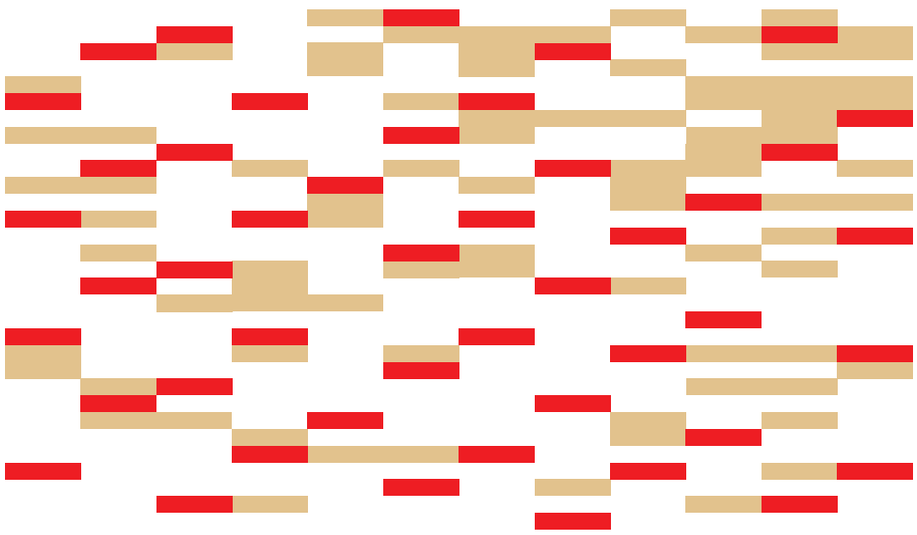


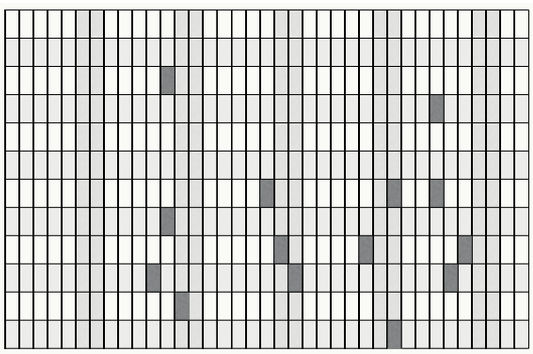


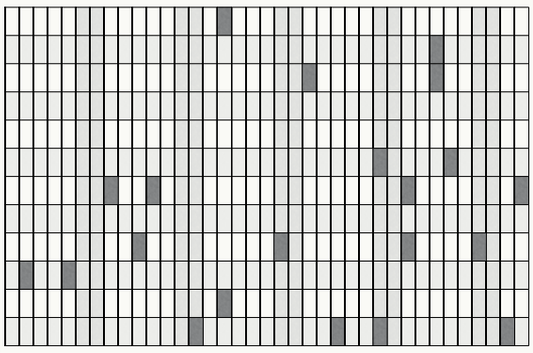


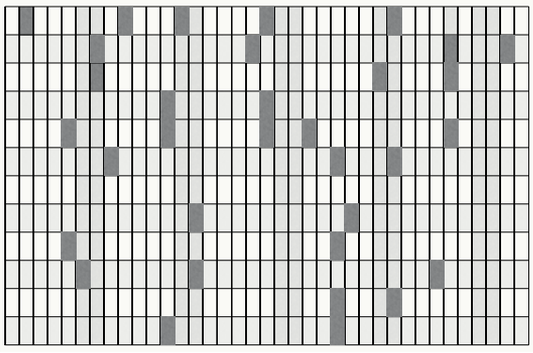












Kafka's Ear

Briony Fer

When Max Brod edited Kafka's diaries, he gathered into some kind of order an almost inconceivably disparate set of notebook fragments, in which simple quotidian observations were interspersed with drafts for his fictional pieces. What holds them together, barely, is the sequence of days, months and years: the order in which Kafka recorded his life, both actual and imaginary. Kafka had set himself the discipline of writing every day, and so wrote every day, observing himself in minute detail. And few subjects are more fascinating to him than the state of his own health: he meticulously describes his fatigue, his migraines, his insomnia. Virtually no external event is ever mentioned, aside from the odd theatrical performance he attends. Yet every minuscule shift in his body is an object of fascination. He despairs in and for his body. But there are also passages that emerge with a sudden rapture, like the fleeting moment in 1910 when he wrote: 'The auricle of my ear felt fresh, rough, cool, succulent as a leaf, to the touch.'[1] Like the numerous symptoms that proliferate through the diary entries, there is something in the sensual effect of this brief description of the object that is his ear that defies any distinction between inner and outer – as if the gradient of textures were some deeply alien yet intimate fleshy object.

To be a hypochondriac is to be an acute and scrupulous observer of our own bodies. Not immune from the condition himself, Freud described hypochondria as a state of being in love with our own illnesses. But even more compelling perhaps than the unknown illness itself is the complex relation hypochondria has to the overwhelming desire to describe and record symptoms – which surely accounts in part for the intimate connection between hypochondria and writing. The literary canon is peppered with figures lamenting their symptoms, from Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* through to Proust's famous inability to rise from his bed. Hypochondria can be taken as a metaphor for all fiction: after all, it is more than real in the imagination and so stands in for the intensity of all imaginary life.

Susan Morris's artist's book *On My Nervous Illness* taps into this long literary line of sufferers – linking her work to a history of hysteria and hypochondria, not least Judge Shreber's own personal account in *Memorabilia of a Nerve Patient*, published in 1903, which later formed the basis of one of Freud's most famous case studies. And yet, as an artist, albeit one whose thinking is deeply absorbed in a wide range of literary sources from Freud to W.G. Sebald, she also refuses to allow the relation of visual and verbal forms of notation to be straightforward. The work is frankly anti-narrative and abstract even though – in some admittedly imperceptible way – reading is everywhere in it – an intriguing and paradoxical aspect of the work that I will come back to. But first it is worth noting that although the body's syntax of symptoms is literally played out on its surfaces, Morris dramatises what it means to be an *observer* of one's own body and to record those observations on a daily basis in various forms of visual not verbal notation. This has something in common with a written diary, but is not a diary. The notational schemas deployed are even diametrically opposed to those of a diary. Although patterns of sequencing are obviously still involved, they do not follow the form of literary narrative, even a wildly fragmented one.

One format that Susan Morris has used even more than any other is that of the year planner – the kind mainly used in offices. The association with office paraphernalia is strictly anti-pictorial and invokes conceptualist tropes like card indexes or filing cabinets. The year planner becomes a way to collect information on herself, filling in blocks of time according to certain preset procedural rules. These might relate to the most mundane things like visits to the hairdresser, trips to the doctor, her menstrual cycle or mood swings. The daily grind of filling in the squares accumulates to make, by the end of any given year, an abstract pattern of solid blocks set amongst empty spaces of unmarked

1 Max Brod (ed.), *The Diaries of Franz Kafka 1910–13* (trans. Joseph Kresh), London: Secker and Warburg, 1948, p.11.

days. Time is marked out in blocks and voids, creating a direct yet entirely opaque equivalent to the temporal rhythms of everyday life. Year planners offer a ready-made grid, evoking the memory of grid-pictures (from Piet Mondrian to Agnes Martin) without being one.

Year planners are grids with time already built into them. They are intended to look to the future, to see the year ahead all at once, and so suggest impossible containers for time not yet lived. And yet they are also a means to record time passing and sharply condense calendrical time – so much so, in fact, that once completed they are fit only for the waste bin. As a format, then, there is something poignant in the way a year planner combines disparate threads within twentieth-century art – with the grid as both originary clean slate and leftover of earlier modernisms. Even more so, in Susan Morris's series of screenprints and lithographs, they combine the supposed indifference of the geometric grid with the intense subjectivism of the corporeal and the bodily.

The first work that she made based on the format of a year planner appears both shiny and shadowy, like smoked glass. The data was collected over a period of ten years. Then the black patterns of filled in squares were printed onto ten sheets of transparent acetate, one sheet for each year. These were laid one over the other and framed. The sheets furthest from the top of the pile, being obscured by degrees, fade to grey, so that the one on the very bottom appears only dimly through the other nine layers. The work is a record of Morris's menstrual cycle, but its effect is a bit like looking at a history of abstraction through a glass darkly – registered indexically in monochrome blocks of grisaille. It looks like an abstract picture without being one. It looks like a photographic plate without being one. It is in limbo, neither picture nor photograph. And so dramatises the fact that all visible surfaces, however abstract the schematic notations, are always haunted by photography. Although it is conventional to see abstraction in opposition to photographic representation, the two idioms can be seen to be intimately entwined in the history of twentieth-century art – not least in the role played by Étienne-Jules Marey and other photographers who saw the medium as a means to observe human movement in sequences that were invisible to the naked eye. In relation to Morris's work, the photographic calibrations of the body played out in a fluctuating series of overlapping bodies have a particular vividness – just as they had suggested the repressed body in seriality for conceptual artists of the 1960s like Sol LeWitt.

The geometric blocks of the acetate year planners are a smokescreen, then, for an underlying photographic impulse – as if the pattern of greys and blacks suspended in this strange void space are like the lights and darks coming into being in the mysterious process of developing a photographic print in the dark room. (This process has, of course, has been lost in digital photography.) They suggest a model of viewing *un*clearly – as if vagueness is a kind of necessary condition of the obscurity in which we live our lives. All the self-surveillance and self-monitoring looks as if it turns inward on the artist herself. It does. But in so doing it also turns outward, not unlike the auricle of Kafka's description of his ear, making an impression of the cycles and rhythms and ailments of a whole culture.

In 2008 Morris began to make what she calls her plumb line drawings. In the first of these she used builder's chalk, which comes in standard red and blue. Initially they seem to be very different from the year planner prints. They are drawings, after all, and the sense of the lines falling from top to bottom of the paper fixed to the wall is of an entirely different order to the rectangular blocks and voids that mark out the body's temporal rhythms and cycles in the year planners. But it is precisely these lateral connections between works that animate Morris's project. The plumb line drawings could even be thought of as a kind of print, except now the printing apparatus is partly the plumb line and partly the body itself. Pinning it to the paper at the top, the artist 'pings' the line of string against the surface, standing right up against the wall. She becomes almost a kind of pitchfork, tuning the space in

front of the work – which will of course become the space of our encounter with it. The mechanistic operation is repetitive and indifferent, with the variations arrived at purely by chance. Each line has a different quality, and the repetition of the gesture only exacerbates the differentiation of each trace – extraordinarily delicate and bearing the minuscule imprints of each twist of the string's fibre.

There is a large black and white plumb line drawing made using vine ash, in which the sense of a visual reverberation that is already apparent in the red and blue drawings is now even more insistent, – as if the spectator, in that sliver of space in front of the work, is being 'played'. Although this drawing abandons colour, it introduces a new level of physicality. I don't think this has only to do with the more velvety effect of the black powder that drifts across the surface – or the greater emphasis the material lends to those tiny imprinted wisps and curls of fibre that become almost phototropic (distantly recalling Darwin's experiments with climbing plants, where tiny pencils were attached to the tendrils of a plant to make automatic drawings that tracked their movements). Rather the combination of the powdery material substance with an *absent* body suggest ghostly traces. The small smudges marking the areas where a dirty hand has rubbed the paper top and bottom makes this clear – but so, too, do the fluctuating lines that form the screen of striations across the surface. The screen shudders and flickers. Minute convulsions make for sudden movements. Susan Morris has said that she sees her work as more like a body cast than an imprint, which I interpret to mean that it involves not just a pressing down onto a flat surface but a twisting and stretching and bending – contortions of a body in three rather than two dimensions.

Susan Morris has also said that it is important to her to try to make a handmade mark that is 'inhuman'. This runs entirely counter to the tradition of the handmade mark as expressive gesture. The mark is now an automatic reflex, yet it still reverberates with the sense of a hand's touch – the sheer physicality of the work no longer quite human but made irrevocably strange. The physical labour of making the works is – and has to be according to its logic – her own. It is slow. It is exhausting. What does it mean to measure the body you are in like this? To observe the body you inhabit not by looking in a mirror but by calibrating its most fundamental rhythms and habits and compulsions. Observing yourself observing yourself, to make something like a temporal chart – or graph – of what W.G. Sebald might have called the body's 'nervature' and which Susan Morris refers to as the 'bodily unconscious'. The systematic nature of her methods of collecting data only reinforces the role of random accident in the results – not only in the hysterical body's errant behaviour but also the deeply mysterious gaps and intervals that are as much a part of what she collects as any of the rest of it – marking out the very discontinuities that define us as subjects in the first place.

Her most recent year planner series, *The Artist's Tears Fall like Rain*, sets the emotive against the indifference of self-surveillance. Each lithograph chronicles a period of one year, recording the days in the month when Morris was reduced to tears. A regulatory language of self-indulgence versus self-control fails to describe the awkward veering between the sheer liquid dissolution and the dry detachment that seems to be involved here. The heightened or even hyper sensibility is taken to such a pitch that it is hard to contain and yet it is obsessively measured. It charts the body in a kind of liquid breakdown: rather than recording menstrual bleeds, as she had in her earlier year planners, now tears register menopausal mood swings, calibrating the psychic ruptures that accompany the body's physical transformation. And the tears 'fall like rain'. This phrase echoes Lacan's famous evocation of Merleau-Ponty on Matisse – his description of brushstrokes as 'touches that fall like rain from the painter's brush'.[2] Rather than looking *at* such a deluge of colour from the outside,

2 Jacques Lacan, *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis* (ed. Jacques-Alain Miller, trans. Alan Sheridan), London: Penguin Books, 1994, p.114.

we are now necessarily at stake *as* subjects within the visual field. Suggesting a gravitational pull downwards makes the presence of the fine grid all the more precarious – and evokes a wet world, perhaps even the 'vapours' of the old melancholic.

While she was working on the large black plumb line drawing, Susan Morris had scribbled a small set of notes on the far left-hand side of the paper, which she cut off from the final work. The words 'fall like rain' were among the annotations in this little diagram – literally to the side of the work but also a part of the thinking process that is absorbed into it. Other jottings included 'Proust's asthma' or 'Deluge'. Barthes is quoted as well, and, of course, Sebald. These scribbles made me remember how insistent is the relation of the work to writing – and even more pressingly – to reading – both Susan Morris's patterns of reading and our own. Rather like the way the body figures in her work more pressingly precisely because it is invisible in it – so, too, the intimate connection of her work to the novels of a figure like Sebald is all the more powerful because it is not at all obvious – and because in its conception it is so antagonistic to literary or narrative art forms.

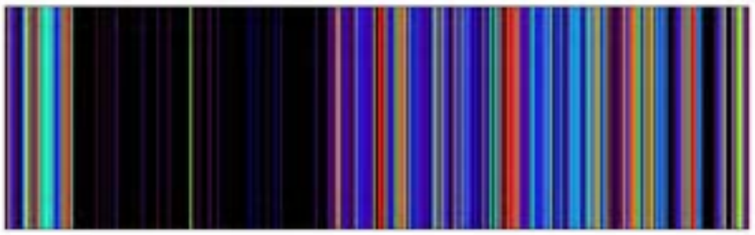
Susan Morris has frequently made allusions to W.G. Sebald's enigmatic books. Think of the character Beyle in his novel *Vertigo*. The syphilitic writer Beyle was the pseudonym for Stendhal, who, plagued by his symptoms, obsessively recorded them in various 'cryptographic forms' – the diagrams and calculus with which he calculated how long he had to live, and with which Sebald illustrates in his text. Or recall the passage in *The Rings of Saturn* describing the seventeenth-century silk pattern books in the Bridewell Museum in Norwich as 'these catalogues of samples, the pages of which seem to be leaves from the only true book which none of our textual and pictorial works can even begin to rival'.[3] The pattern book, a photograph of which appears alongside Sebald's description, shows the woven patches of fabric attached to the pages, descending on the left-hand side. My point is not necessarily that some of her year planner works look like pages from these pattern books, but rather that they mirror the processes by which they were made; they are also formed, somehow, by nature itself – the consequences of entirely impersonal and automatic reflexes. The little blocks of black and grey that seem to fall down the gridded sheet of *The Artist's Tears Fall like Rain* echo, as shadows might, the way the textile samples are laid out.

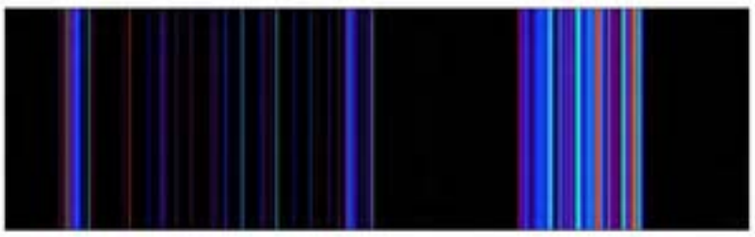
Despite the monochromatic colours and the bare grid structure, the effect of these falling shadow swatches is not austere. The black and grey ink blocks may not be 'succulent as a leaf', but their slight shine against the matte white paper makes the idea that they 'rain down' not so anomalous – or rather, somehow accurate precisely *because* so anomalous. It is nothing to do with what is being cried over. In this respect this series of lithographs deliberately cuts against the grain of its title. Tears, like the symptoms that beset the hypochondriac, fail to be signs *of* something, and they fail to connect to other symptomatic indications within a cogent system of causality. Symptoms without content, which connect mysteriously but without explication and emptied of affect. But there is a dogged persistence in the task of observing and recording the tears which tend to stop one's being able to see clearly at all, and occasionally come with blinding fury. Tears can be light or they can be the proverbial waterworks. The point of collecting the data is not to make those sorts of distinctions – so we can't know. No pathos, then, despite the inclination of the title, just a determination to continue to make work in lamentable times.

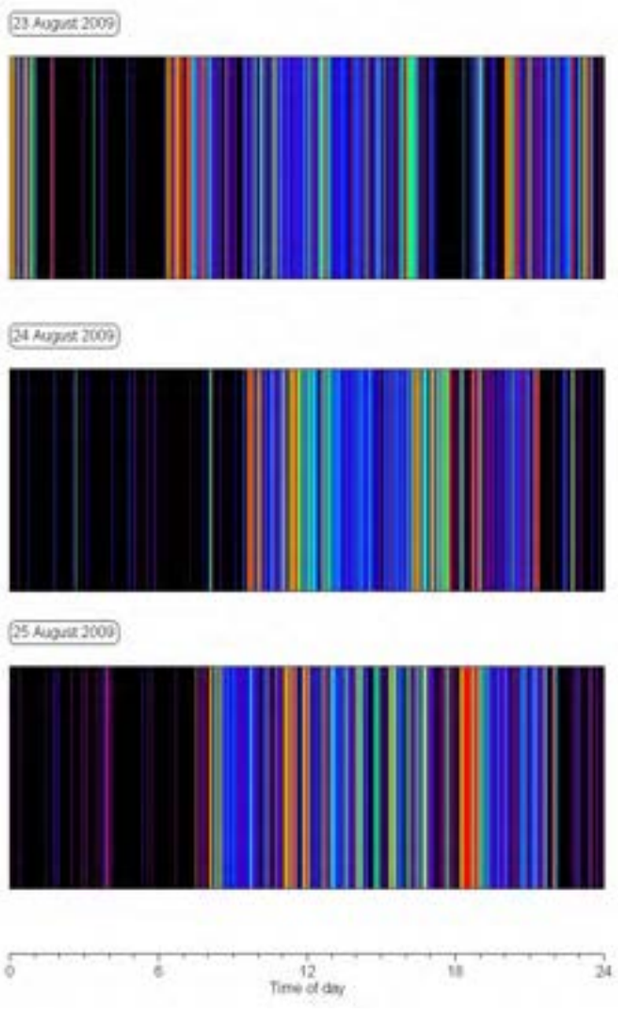
3 W.G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn* (trans. Michael Hulse), London: Vintage, 2002, p.286.

Actigraphs

22 August 2009 00h to 24h



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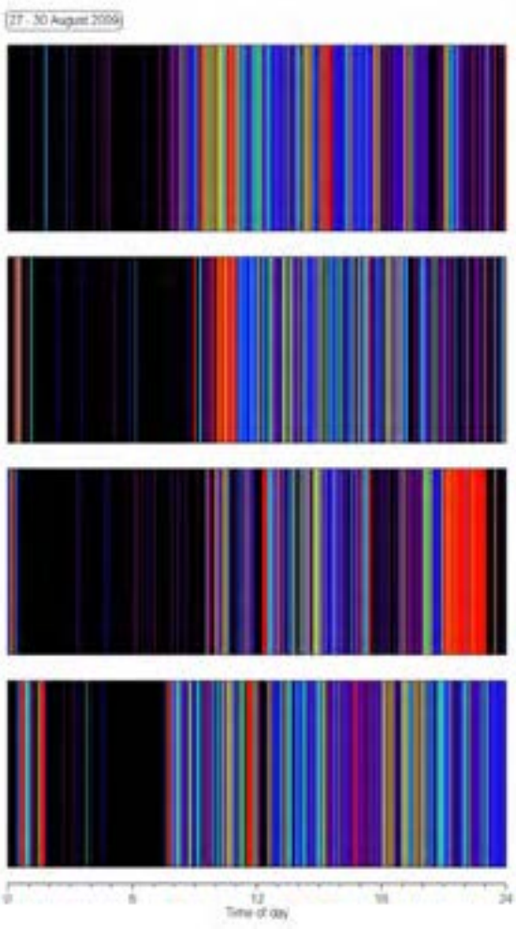
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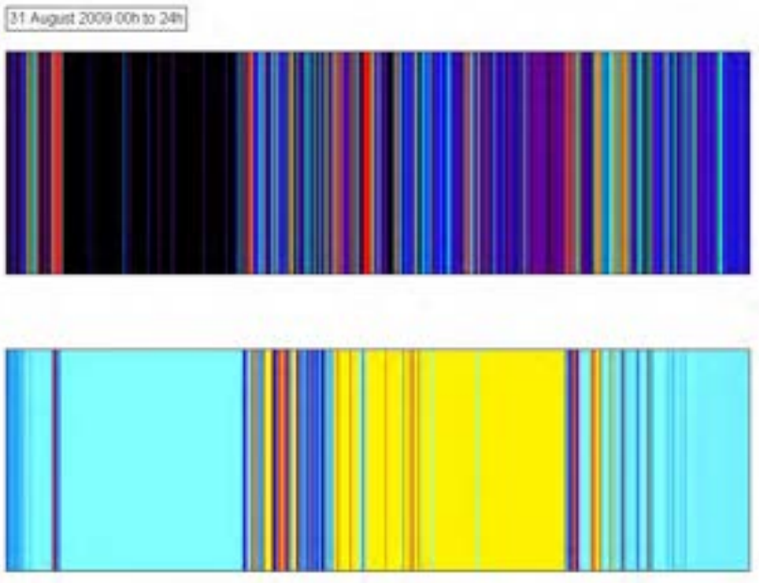
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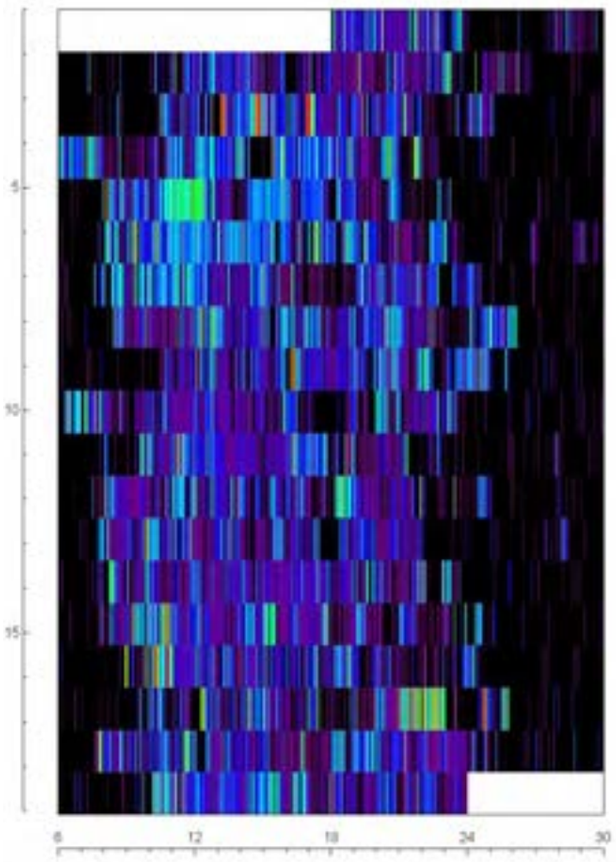
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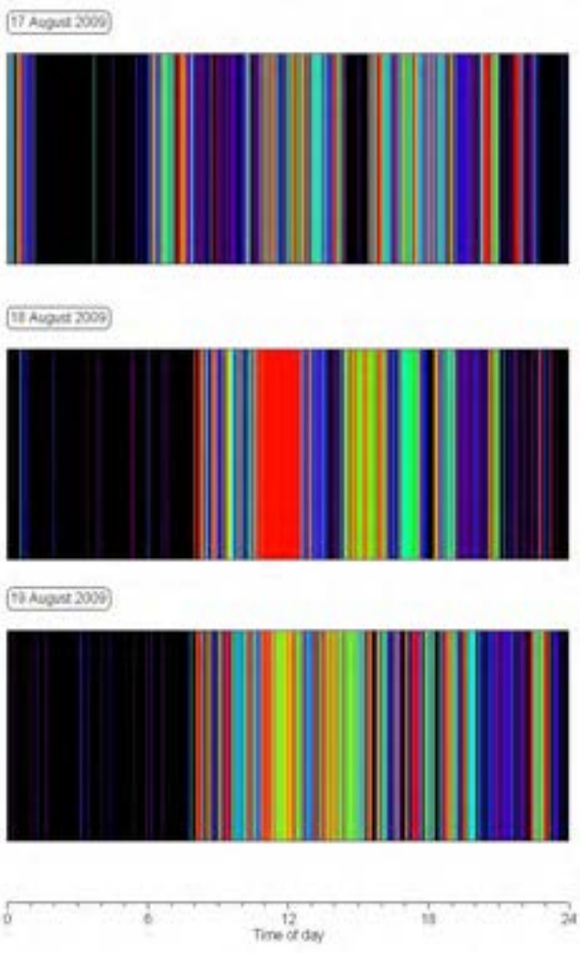
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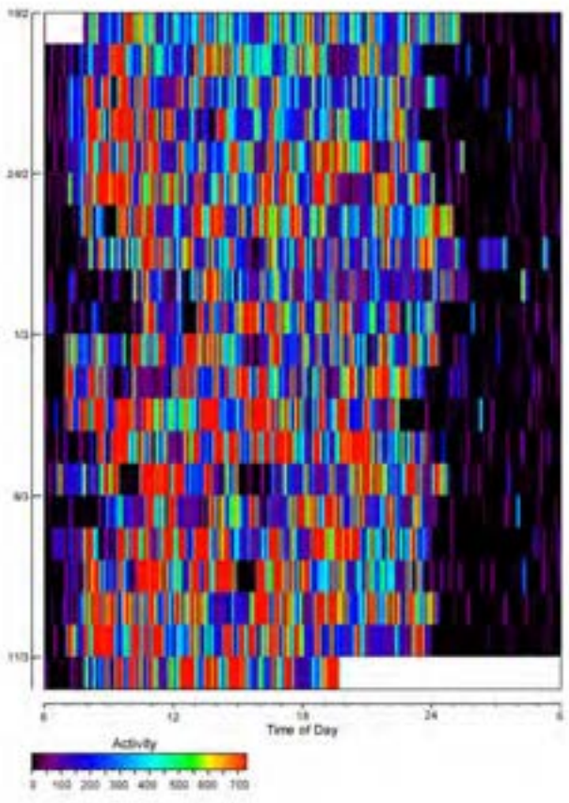
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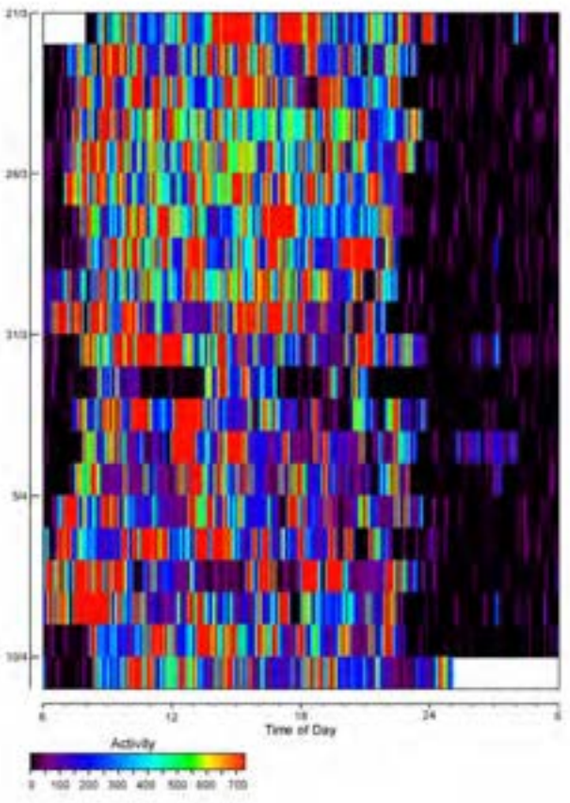
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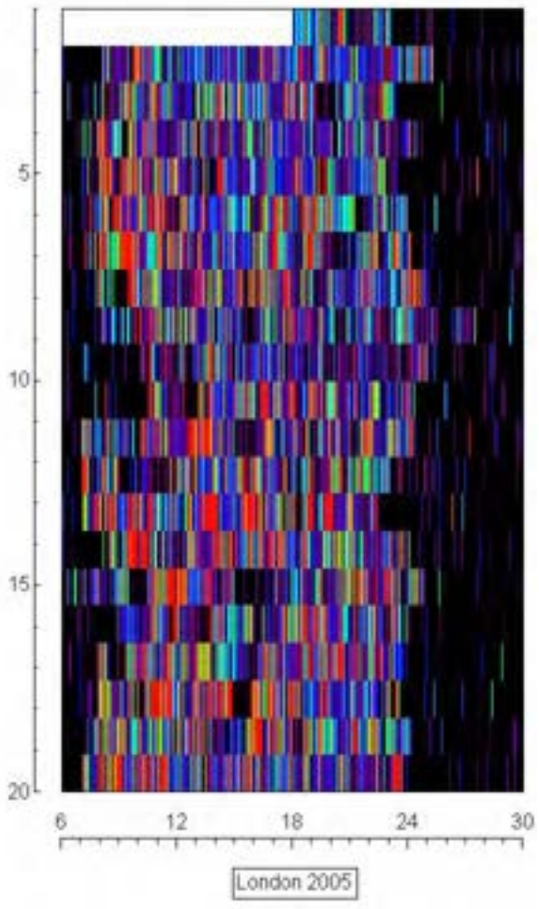
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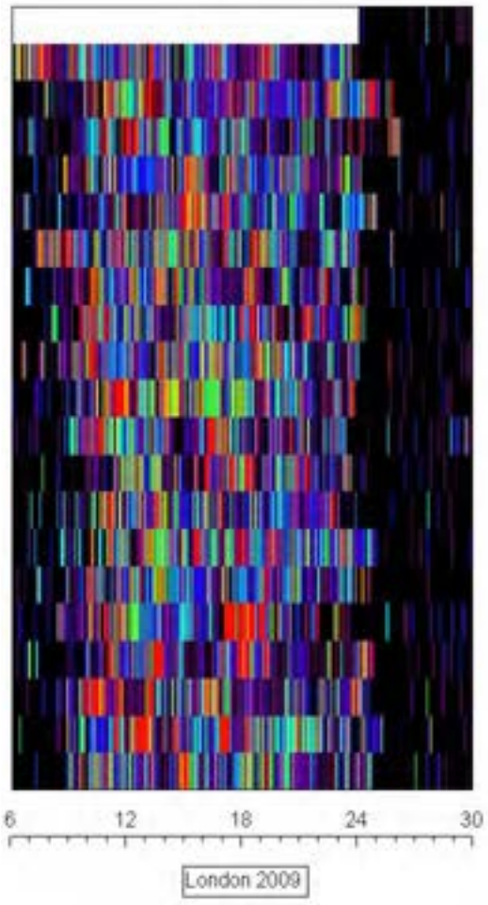
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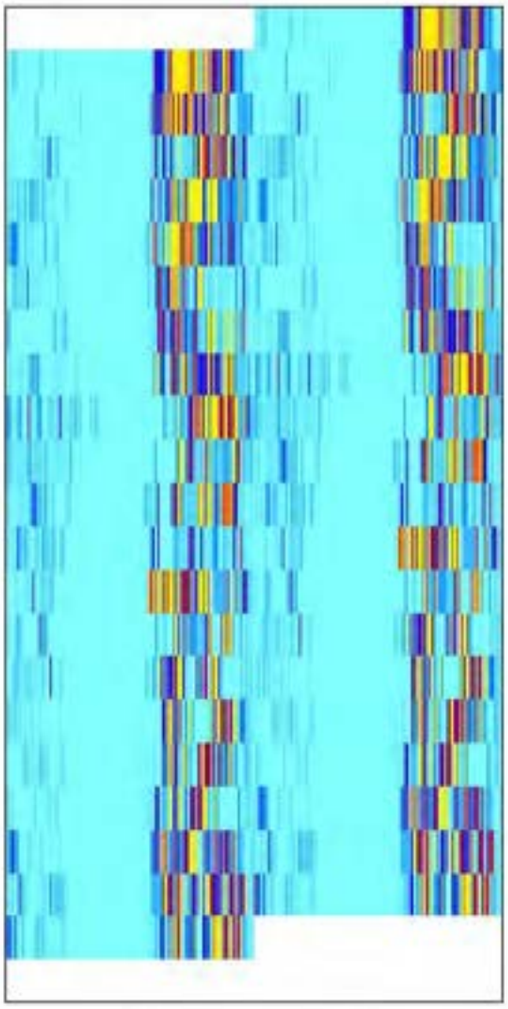

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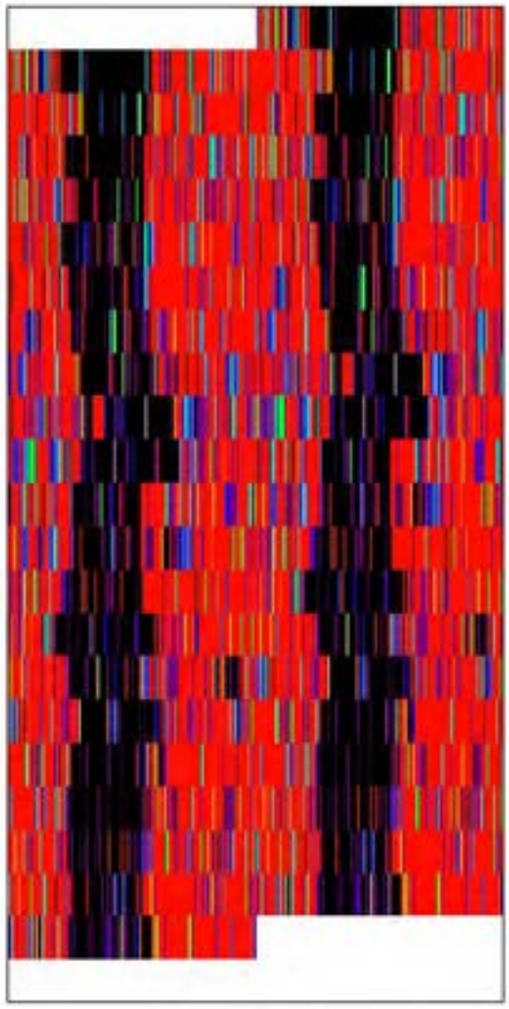

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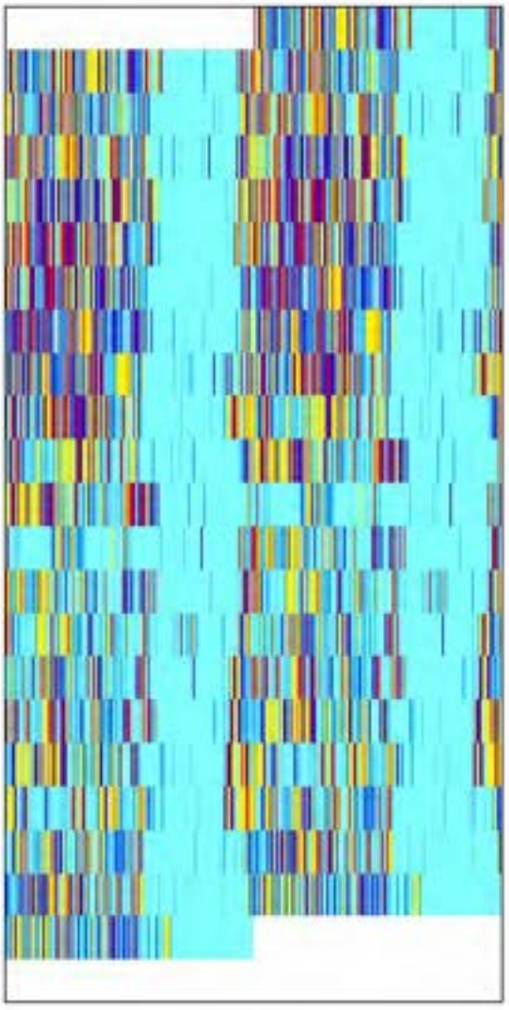

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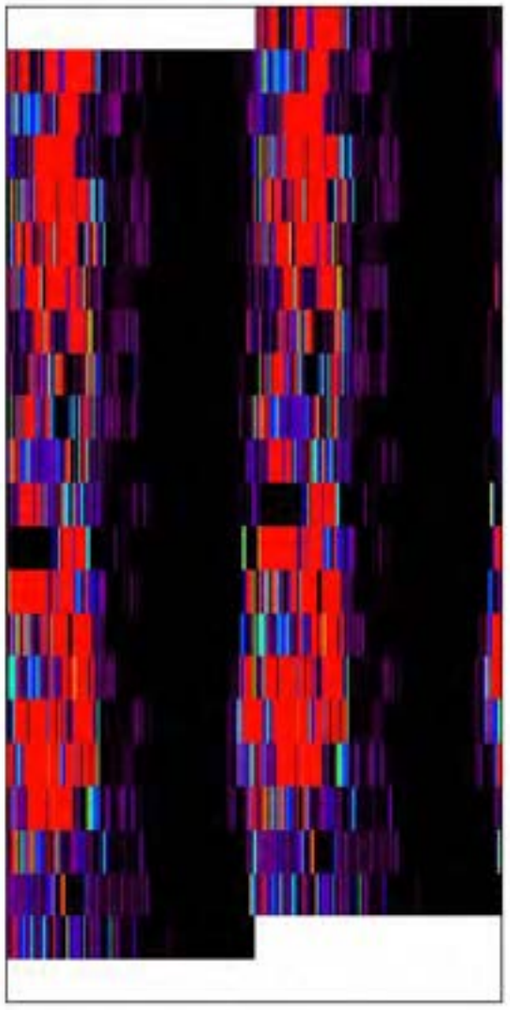

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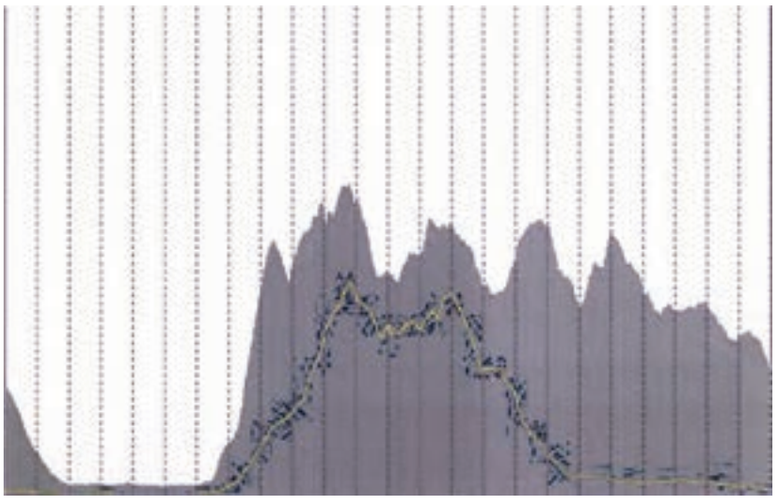

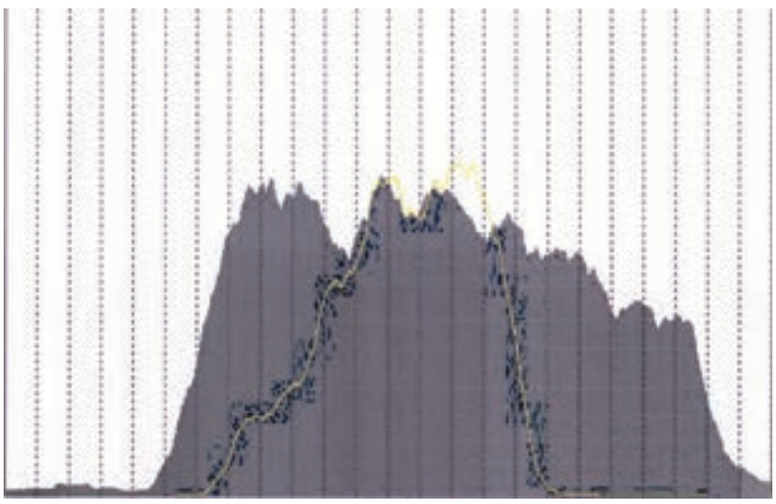

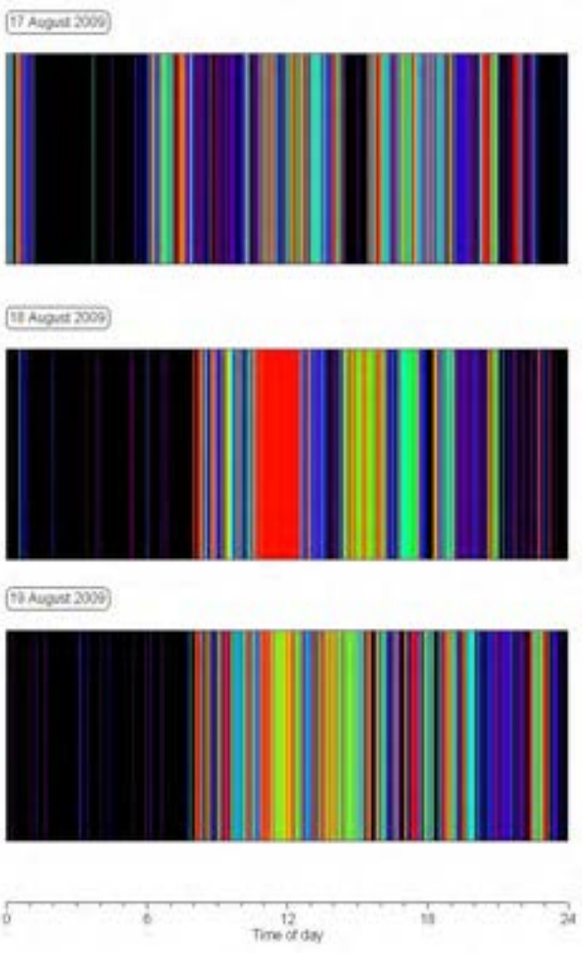
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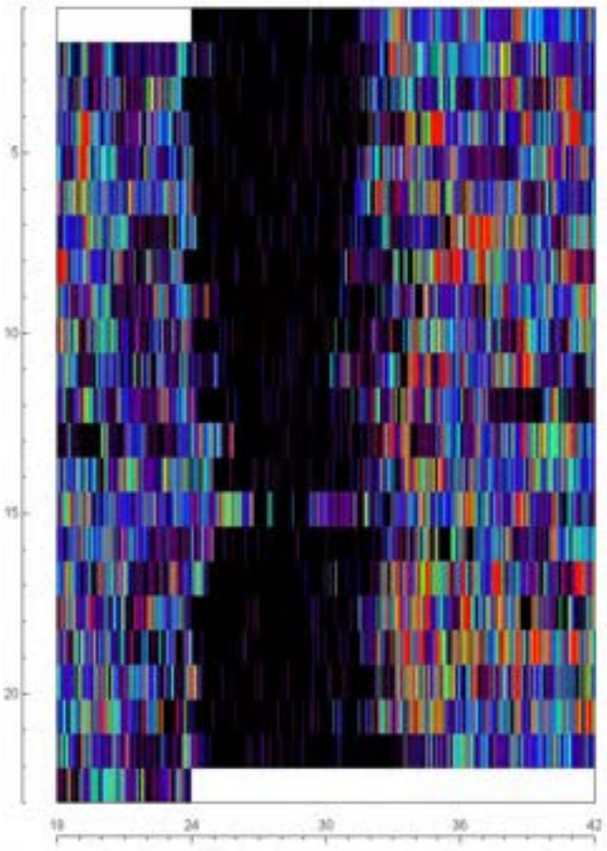
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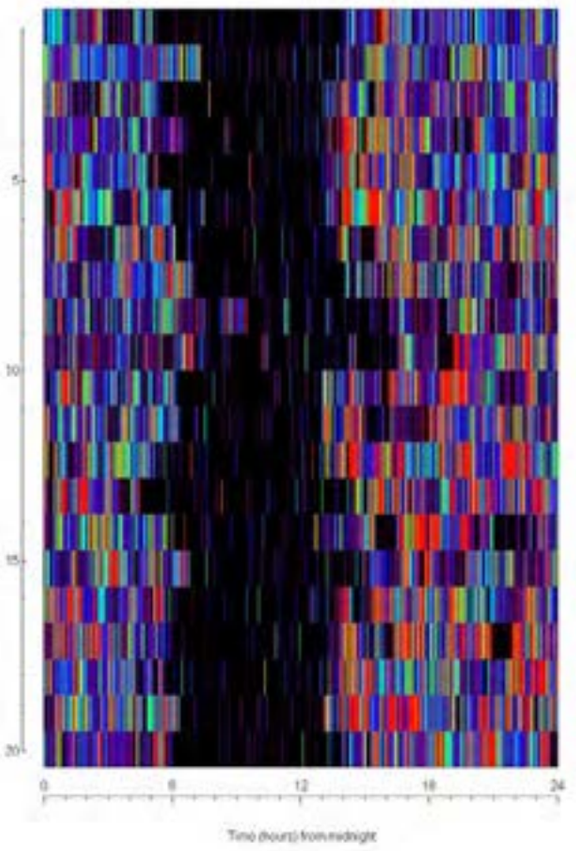
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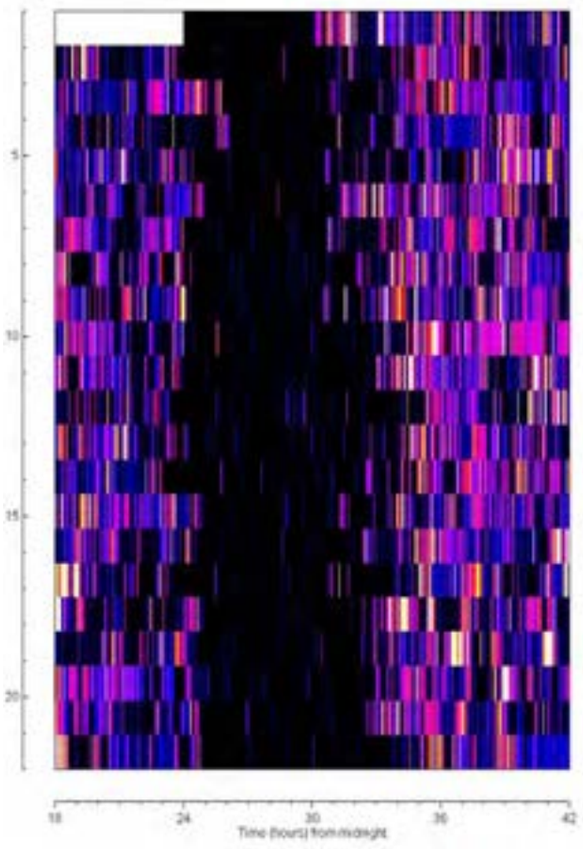
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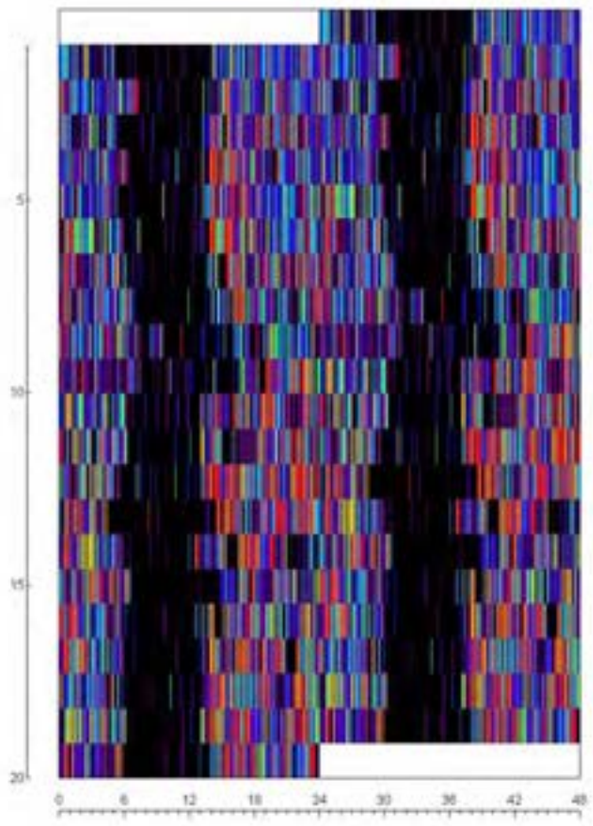
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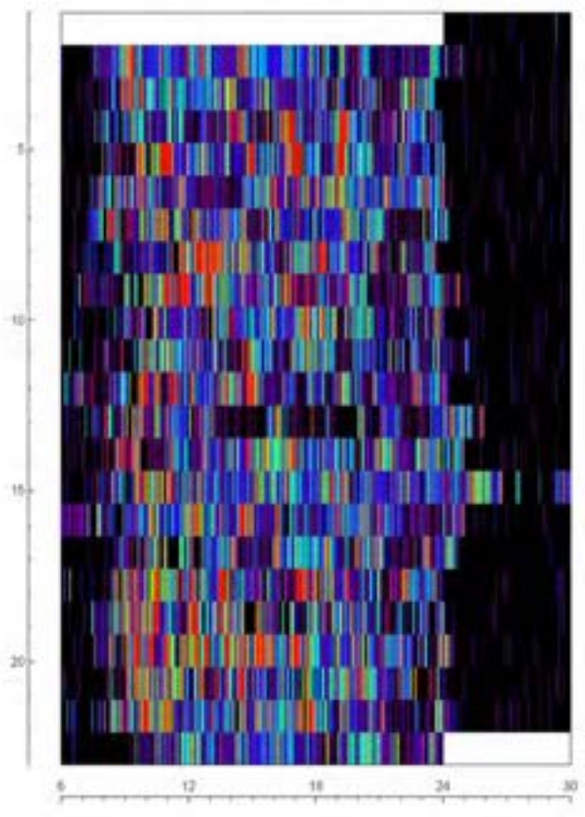
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Figuring Futility

Ed Krčma

Using a spirit level, a three-metre horizontal line is drawn across of a sheet of paper pinned to the studio wall, a few inches below its uppermost edge. It is from this line that the others will fall: beginning at its far left-hand side, the artist bangs in a nail and from there hangs a plumb line.[1] As the weight is pulled down and the string inside unreeled, the device coats the string with vine ash. The taut cord is then pulled away from the paper's surface and released to snap back against the sheet, leaving a powdery vertical line minutely broken by the string's grain. The nail is pulled from the wall with the hammer's back end and hit in again a millimetre or two to the right; the plumb line is again lowered, pinched and plucked, and a new impression appears. This process is repeated hundreds of times, sometimes over many months, until the surface of the paper is adequately covered: 'a pointless activity', the artist remarks.[2] The individual lines are materially fragile, degraded at their upper and lower extremities and vary in both length and density depending on the force with which the string has hit the paper (as well as the extent to which it has become frayed, or even worn through). What finally results from this repetitive work is a wide screen of closely woven vertical lines, bordered on each side by several inches of white paper. Far from pristine, this border space carries all the scuffmarks and smudges accumulated during the process.

Susan Morris describes her *Plumb Line Drawings* as drawing 'Degree Zero': the basic form of that primary graphic practice so closely bound up with the origins of language (and therefore existing as a kind of text).[3] Throughout the twentieth-century, and especially since the 1950s, drawing's 'zero degree' has been interrogated in light of the internalisation of deskilling and the abandonment of faith in expressive practices.[4] Whereas once drawing was seen as a first step towards the production of a mimetic likeness (as in Pliny's famous account of the daughter of Butades),[5] or as the purest means by which to display remarkable manual facility (exemplified by the competitive demonstrations of Apelles and Protogenes, or by Giotto's celebrated freehand circle), in the post-War period drawing has instead been set to tasks that imply a very different conception of art's work (and indeed of subjectivity). In this, the hand has been restricted to the by turns rigorous and absurd elaboration of pre-determined and frequently interminable production processes: erasure (Robert Rauschenberg), repetition (Eva Hesse), sequential iteration (Hanne Darboven), extension (Giuseppe Penone), duplication (Vija Celmins).[6] The *Plumb Line Drawings* enter this constellation of practices. Here, materials and technical procedures are reduced to a minimum: paper, a suspended string, ash and the repetition of a minor disturbance of gravity's path. The hand's work is confined to the performance of simple mechanical tasks (although the body is powerfully registered), and the marks are constituted by the sparest of material means (although the works are insistently physical).

The drawings are activated visually by a fine texture of variations that play across their surface. Each plumb line appears as if suspended in the process of emerging or receding from view, and these 'accumulations of disappearing marks', as the artist calls them, are at once suggestively indistinct

1 The device Morris uses is actually a chalk-line reel rather than a plumb-bob; the reel coats the string as it is extended, whereas a plum bob is simply a weight that is suspended from a plumb line. Morris has also experimented with other kinds of plumb line drawings, using a combination of blue and red chalk coating; with these, the choice of a line's colour was determined by the toss of a coin.

2 Conversation with the artist, 22 June 2009.

3 Email correspondence with the artist, 15 June 2009. Morris's phrase clearly refers to Roland Barthes's first book, *Writing Degree Zero* (trans. Annette Lavers and Colin Smith), New York: Hill and Wang, 1968.

4 On the question of deskilling, see John Roberts, *The Intangibilities of Form: Skill and Deskilling in Art after the Readymade*, London: Verso, 2007.

5 For an excellent discussion of the implications of Pliny's story for a conception of drawing, see Michael Newman, 'The Marks, Traces, and Gestures of Drawing', in Catherine de Zegher (ed.), *The Stage of Drawing: Gesture and Act*, London and New York: Tate and The Drawing Center, 2003, pp.93–108.

6 While their production processes have been thoroughly deskilled and shorn or any expressive rhetoric, it nevertheless remains crucial that these works have been *made*, that they are the result of specific material and bodily processes.

and strangely opaque.[7] The shifting fields of infinitesimal difference take on a veil-like, diaphanous quality, inviting the eye to project coherent forms into their indeterminate (perhaps even *undead*) liveliness. Yet such projections cannot gain sufficient purchase to stabilize and endure, and the surface remains quizzically blank. (Indeed, this alternation between imaginative prompt and literalist statement is just one of a series of qualitative opposites that these works switch between: integrated unity and discrete fragment, weightless cloud and tactile surface, compulsive symptom and remedial procedure.)

The tension here between cloud-like weightlessness and resistant objecthood connects the *Plumb Line Drawings* to aspects of older debates surrounding post-War American abstract painting. As large-scale abstract pictures which dramatize the action of gravity, they set themselves in (albeit rather distant) relation to the drips of Jackson Pollock, the stains of Helen Frankenthaler and the translucent veils of Morris Louis. Pollock poured, pooled and spattered his paint across the floor-bound canvas.[8] The subsequent raising of the painting from floor to wall, from horizontal to vertical, so the account goes, enabled these densely material surfaces to be 'sublimated' into the sheer optical fields championed by modernist critics Clement Greenberg and Michael Fried.[9] Viewed through the lens of such priorities, then, both the unruly 'base materialism' and the corporeal, performative dimension of these paintings were repressed.[10] Exclusionary tactics of this kind would also be necessary to make the *Plumb Line Drawings* over into purely optical fields; just as Pollock's pictures retain a 'lowness' that resists such sublimation, so, too, do Susan Morris's drawings exceed any such reduction to purely visual terms of engagement.

The weightlessness of the *Plumb Line Drawings* is that of an intense dryness, like that of dust or ash, of a 'thinglike nothingness'.[11] Although slight, the works' materiality points towards a bodily performance which is in stark contrast with the improvisatory and expressive fluency of Pollock's liquid gestures: Morris's pictorial field substitutes Beckett's stage for Rosenberg's arena. Moreover, both material density and tactile immediacy are diminished to the extreme and do not yield any of the empathic pleasures associated with the latter. Nevertheless, traces of bodily performance are visible and, once registered, prompt an imaginative reconstruction of the process of their production. This imaginative supplement opens up a gap between the drawings' aesthetic register and the implications of the kind of work involved here. The unintentionally produced yet consciously preserved smudges, heaviest above the puckered line of small holes where the hammer has scuffed the paper when removing nails, evidence a (protesting, struggling?) body behind the marks. It is by way of imagining this labouring body that the drawings lose their cloudy weightlessness and begin to harden into objects proper – mute and opaque.

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7 Conversation with the artist, 22 June 2009.

8 On watching Hans Namuth's film of Pollock painting, Douglas Kahn recounts, Allan Kaprow 'observed how the space above the plane of the glass/canvas was infused with the loops and stretches of paint hanging foreshortened in midair before falling to be fixed on the surface. Quite remarkably, he likened these delicate quasi-objects delineated in air to the nature of sound and their inscriptive collapse onto the canvas as a form of recording.' See D. Kahn, *Noise, Water, Meat: A History of Sound in the Arts*, Cambridge, Mass. and London: The MIT Press, 1999, p.274. The *Plumb Line Drawings* also carry such an imaginative aural supplement: the visual 'noise' of the activated surface (of which more later), the vibration of the plucked string and the twang and slap of its impact against the paper.

9 See, for example, Clement Greenberg, 'American-Type Painting' (1955), in John O'Brian (ed.), *Clement Greenberg: The Collected Essays and Criticism, Volume 3*, Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1993, especially pp.217–36; and Michael Fried, 'Three American Painters: Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski, Frank Stella' (1965), *Art and Objecthood: Essays and Reviews*, Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1998, pp.213–68. As Fried argues, Louis furthered Pollock's pictorial logic, replacing a materially dense surface with liquid veils of pigment, which soak themselves into the canvas. Manual and bodily performance was also reduced to an act of pouring, distancing pictorial effects from the rhetoric of subjective revelation.

10 For an extended and wide-ranging critique of the sublimations effected by modernist criticism by way of concepts largely drawn from the work of Georges Bataille, see Rosalind E. Krauss and Yve-Alain Bois, *Formless: A User's Guide*, New York: Zone, 1997; on Pollock specifically, see pp.93–103. For Krauss, Pollock's pictures powerfully resist such sublimation and instead retain the lowness of their horizontal origins in their insistent (indeed, *base*) materiality.

11 Eric Santner, *On Creaturely Life: Rilke, Benjamin, Sebald*, Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2006, p.100.

The amount of work necessary to complete these drawings is mechanical and repetitious, absurd in its combination of doggedness and futility. Mounting a chair, reaching up to hammer a nail, hanging the thread, descending again to steady the weight, then pinging the suspended thread against the paper to create not only a line, but also an impertinent slapping noise. The routine is repeated hundreds if not thousands of times: a film version might star Buster Keaton. The distance from improvised and expressive forms of bodily gesture does not require elaboration: Susan Morris certainly has more in common with the systems and repetitions of Minimalism and Process Art than with the Action Painter's spontaneous performances. Nevertheless, a comparison with the work of Agnes Martin, an artist who in some senses bridges this generational divide, will be of use here. Martin's grids share with the *Plumb Line Drawings* their spareness, linearity and serial repetition. Martin's hand leads a pencil line evenly across the grain of the surface, with a light enough touch so as to allow it to respond to the slightest textural variation. The action is calm, quiet and meticulous.[12] The heightened and contemplative cognitive mode involved in the production of Martin's grids rhymes with the similarly attentive comportment they elicit from the viewer, encouraging as they do a corresponding perceptual deceleration (and also enlivening).[13] Briony Fer argues that 'What Martin does is to isolate something precarious – like the infinite differences of her grids – and make of them something temporarily cohesive in a way that enables the loss of oneself in the infinite fabric of surface.'[14] With Martin's drawn grid, the surface is scanned (by both artist and viewer) with a rare attention, and its grain welcomed as a collaborator, reciprocally activating and being activated by the mark. Morris's surface is more undecidable; it receives the mark and supports its fragile materiality, but the process involved implies a less friendly relationship. Indeed, here we have moved a long way from what Fer calls the 'aesthetic of revelation' still present in Martin's work (albeit articulated very differently from the dominant artists of the New York School; Fer refers to Martin's 'metaphysics of the ordinary').[15]

Donald Judd described Martin's pictorial field as 'woven'.[16] Indeed, weaving and thread provide something of a *leitmotif* in Morris's practice. Establishing some distance from the familiar association of weaving with femininity and domesticity, the artist refers to the following passage from W.G. Sebald's *The Rings of Saturn*:

> ...before the industrial age, a great number of people, at least in some places, spent their lives with their 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, 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,

12 On Martin, see Briony Fer, 'Infinity', *The Infinite Line: Remaking Art After Modernism*, New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2004, pp.46–63.

13 Rosalind Krauss, developing the implications of Kasha Linville's phenomenological reading, famously reads these grids, viewed from a zone between the close-up registration of fine details and the block-like opacity that the works take on from further back (where all variations fall below the threshold of perception), through Hubert Damisch's concept of /Cloud/. For Damisch, /Cloud/ designated the pictorial unit that escapes a given system's logic, the element that cannot be accommodated to linear perspective's mode of knowing, but is nevertheless necessary in constituting that system *as* a system. See R. Krauss, 'Agnes Martin: The /Cloud/' (1993), in *Bachelors*, Cambridge, Mass. and London: The MIT Press, 1999, pp.75–89; see also Hubert Damisch, *A Theory of /Cloud/: Towards a History of Painting*, Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2002 (first published in French 1972).

14 B. Fer, *op. cit.*, p.58.

15 *Ibid.*, pp.47 and 61. As Fer argues, 'Martin always maintained something visionary, something that took vision beyond the merely literal.' (p.48) But this 'sublation of self' paradoxically opened the way for the 'blanking out of the subject' performed in the serial strategies adopted by Eva Hesse and Hanne Darboven (p.61). Fer recalls Lucy Lippard's characterisation of Darboven's work as a 'sea of numbers' that threatens to overwhelm the spectator; see L. Lippard, 'Hanne Darboven: Deep in Numbers', *Artforum*, vol.12, no.2, October 1973, pp.35–36. Morris's interminable accumulations have a similarly immersive draw. Encouraging a reading of the *Plumb Lines* as a kind of text, Morris also expresses identification with Darboven's project of 'writing without describing'.

16 Quoted in B. Fer, *op. cit.*, p.48.

> 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 their 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...[17]

The quality of unfreedom and distress here is twofold: it is a result of physical constraint within the assemblage, but it is also bound up with an internal sense of despair in the face of the real possibility that all this repetitive work has been for nothing, that is has been based on an untraceable mistake. Eric Santner has compellingly described the affective atmosphere of Sebald's writing, characterised as it is by an agitated melancholy, in terms of 'creaturely life'. Far from being the point at which the human demonstrates its underlying affinity with the animal kingdom, creaturely life is that 'peculiar proximity of the human to the animal at the very point of their radical difference'.[18] Such points of difference can be located, for example, at the outer extremities of the systems of law, sexuality and signification. It is not participation in these systems that renders the human creaturely, but rather an exposure to the liminal, obscene zones that establish the conditions for their structures to function at all – their unlawful supplements, states of exception, internalised injunctions, and the violent cycles of 'natural history'.[19]

Santner tracks a constellation of German-Jewish thinkers who use the concept of creaturely life to elaborate upon the human being under the conditions of modernity.[20] That is, subject to the accelerated rhythms of natural history, the furious production of 'enigmatic signifiers' – commodities with what Marx called 'phantom-like objectivity'[21] – and the dispersal of sovereign power across 'a field of relays and points of contact that no longer cohere, even in fantasy, as a consistent "other" of possible address and redress'.[22] In response to the accumulation of 'undead' objects surviving the form of life in which they held their meaningfulness, of surplus excitations and unlocatable injunctions, such authors diagnosed 'a state of emergency running through the fabric of everyday life'.[23] Modern melancholy, Walter Benjamin argued, takes on a manic aspect, an extreme excitation and agitation brought on by the flooding of the mind by stimulation and its simultaneous failure to cohere into stable meaning.[24]

This 'paradoxical mixture of deadness and excitation, stuckness and agitation'[25] proper to creaturely life articulates Morris's *Plumb Line Drawings*. In this respect they take on the quality of an hysterical symptom, manifesting as manic activity driven by a compulsion to repeat.[26] The drawings begin to appear as if made under duress, which is quite at odds with their initial air of weightlessness (which

17 W.G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn* (trans. Michael Hulse), London: Vintage, 2002, pp. 282–83.

18 E. Santner, *op. cit.*, p.12.

19 *Ibid.*; see especially Chapter 3, 'Toward a Natural History of the Present', pp.97–142.

20 *Ibid.*, p.12.

21 *Ibid.*, p.82.

22 *Ibid.*, p.22.

23 *Ibid.*, p.86.

24 *Ibid.*, pp.80–81.

25 *Ibid.*, p.81.

26 In my conversation with her on 10 August 2009, Morris suggested a kind of 'hysterical boredom' as the impetus for these drawings, referring to Roland Barthes's account of his perennial boredom: 'As a child, I was often and intensely bored. This evidently began very early, it has continued my whole life, in gusts (increasingly rare, it is true, thanks to work and to friends), and it has always been noticeable to others. A manic boredom, to the point of distress: like the kind I feel in panel discussions, lectures, parties among strangers, group amusements: wherever boredom can be seen. Might boredom be a form of hysteria?' See *Roland Barthes by Roland Barthes*, New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1977, p.24.

comes to seem more like *volatility*).[27] The innumerable encounters with the wall become part of an interminable and unwinnable struggle. The paper takes on a new aspect: it becomes a kind of wall that is hit against and nailed into – an obdurate, resistant presence, a surface to be covered over or blanked out rather than gazed into.[28] As is especially dramatized in *Plumb Line # 9*, where the scuff marks left by the artist's shoes have accumulated across the bottom edge of the sheet, Morris's body is jammed up against the surface. Recalling Jasper Johns's *Study for Skin I* (1962), in which the artist pressed his oiled face and hands against a sheet of engineer's drafting paper and dusted the resulting traces with black pigment, there is the suggestion of a trapped body behind the surface. In relation to Johns's work, Benjamin Buchloh has described a paradoxical, simultaneous elimination and maintenance of a corporeal ground – leaving only an 'extract of corporeality'.[29] This is enacted by way of a shift from the *soma* to the *derma*, a powerful reduction of the tactile which relinquishes the sensual pleasures of touch but retains the body as an inscriptive surface.[30]

This account of Johns is situated within Buchloh's broader discussion of the 'diagrammatic', a theorisation which has some purchase on Morris's practice. Set against the 'heroic chorus of abstraction', the diagram constitutes 'the one variety of abstraction that recognises externally existing and pre-given systems of spatio-temporal quantification or schemata of the statistical collection of data as necessarily and primarily determining a chosen pictorial order'.[31] Artists involved in elaborating diagrammatic practices forego the 'voluntaristic self-deception' of any claims to deliver an 'authentic corporeal trace', in favour of enacting a 'voluntary self-defeat'.[32] This self-defeating or suicidal tendency in twentieth-century drawing, whereby illusions of corporeal or psychic freedoms are renounced, offers, Buchloh argues, a genuinely critical registration of the extent to which subjective life under advanced forms of capitalism is pervaded by externally established systems of administration and control.[33] This conceptual framework provides the interpretive lens through which Buchloh then interprets the adoption of serial structures and repetitive manual processes in the work of, for example, Marcel Duchamp, Jasper Johns, Sol LeWitt and Eva Hesse. Indeed, it is in Hesse's series of untitled drawings from 1966 to 1967 that Buchloh identifies drawing's 'endgame' being played out, announcing drawing's historical disappearance.

Buchloh is emphatic in setting the diagram in opposition to more dominant modes of modern drawing: '[The diagram] would not only oppose all expressionist or automatist drawing practices, it would also replace them with the gesture and grapheme of an anti-aesthetic – with the *paroxysm*

27 Henri Focillon wrote compellingly of drawing's 'volatility' in *The Life of Forms in Art*, describing it as 'a process of abstraction so extreme and so pure that matter is reduced to a mere armature of the slenderest possible sort, and is, indeed, very nearly volatized. But matter in this volatile state is still matter… Its variety, moreover, is extreme: ink, wash, lead pencil, charcoal, red chalk, crayon, whether singly or in combination, all constitute so many distinct traits, so many distinct languages.' Quoted by Pamela M. Lee in 'Some Kinds of Duration: The Temporality of Drawing as Process Art,' in Cornelia Butler (ed.), *Afterimage: Drawing Through Process*, Los Angeles and Cambridge, Mass.: Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art and The MIT Press, 1999, p.31.

28 While there is a spaciousness in Martin's grids, the 'weave' of Morris's fields is tighter and more airless. If there is a vibrant charge to the way in which Martin's canvases 'go atmospheric' and become /Cloud/, then it is because Morris's drawings are more like the bleak, entropic rings of Saturn, composed as they are of dust and ice crystals.

29 Benjamin H.D. Buchloh, 'Hesse's Endgame: Facing the Diagram', in Catherine de Zegher (ed.), *Eva Hesse Drawing* (exh. cat.), New York: The Drawing Center, 2006, p.119.

30 *Ibid*., p.144. Buchloh quotes Susan Bordo's formulation of the body as '…a surface on which the central rules, hierarchies, and even metaphysical commitments of a culture are inscribed… The body is not only a text of culture, it is also … a practical, direct locus of social control.'

31 *Ibid*., p.119 and 117. 'Most accounts of abstract art have asserted the historical priority and superiority of paradigms of abstraction that are totally opposed to the order of the diagrammatic, celebrating those that supposedly traced the waves of universal cosmic energy and spherical musicality (e.g. Delaunay, Kupka, Kandinsky), or mimetically recorded the body's biomorphic foundation and libidinal flows (from Arp to automatism), or claimed to signal, with their shift towards the non-representational, the emergence of a revolutionary social egalitarianism, anchored in the universal laws of geometry (e.g. Mondrian with his grids and Malevich with his geometricity).' (pp.117–18).

32 *Ibid.*

33 *Ibid*., p.122.

of drawing, a graphic readymade.'[34] While the notion of drawing as 'paroxysm' invokes contact with the creaturely, Buchloh's naming of the ready-made signals that for him the diagrammatic has its most significant foundation in the graphic practice of Duchamp. Molly Nesbit has compellingly argued for the significance of Duchamp's education in the 'language of industry',[35] a schooling in 'a disciplinary and instrumentalising kind of technical competence',[36] which Duchamp set about to consistently undermine, forcing it into dialogue with the forms of bodily excitation and desire that it had renounced. In his *Network of Stoppages* (1913), Duchamp subjected a Cézannesque painting of elongated nudes to a system of plotting and measurement, overlaying them with a network of his 'diminished' metres – measuring devices (derived from his *3 Standard Stoppages*) deranged by the aleatory effects of the action of gravity.

Buchloh's discussion, although not in any neat alignment with the priorities of Morris's practice, nevertheless helps us further situate the latter in relation to wider social and psychic structures. Morris's instruments are directly drawn from the functional, everyday world of measurement and construction: hammer, nails, plumb line and spirit level. Coupled with these materials, her repetitive working methods resonate with the manifold varieties of alienated labour that dominate contemporary life. While these drawings might be driven more by internalized prohibitions and compulsions than by a will to critique modes of productive labour, the implications of the latter should not be ignored. (Rather like the 'absurdist metaphysics'[37] of Piero Manzoni, however, this critique is laced with a good deal of black humour, as the artist constantly verifies her vertical axis with absolutely no intention of building anything).

Although sharing a resistance to instrumentalisation, Morris cannot be said to share Duchamp's 'work avoidance'[38] – the amount of labour that goes into the production of each drawing is, importantly, inordinate. But then again, should all this activity be counted as *work*? There is in fact a good measure of indolence in Morris's process, which distances it from any submission to a work ethic. This is figured not least in the way in which she cedes, as Duchamp had done, a significant dimension of her agency to another kind of externally imposed force: gravity. For Morris, the action of gravity is employed not to deform an object, but rather to provide a consistent, reiterable line.[39] As with Duchamp, this enables her to entertain a register of passivity in her practice, and to bring the drawings into contact with the non-human. Here the lines are not so much inscribed as registered – or even *precipitated*.

Roland Barthes wrote of Cy Twombly's marks that 'Everything flows and tumbles, showers like a fine rain or falls like grass – erasures made in indolence as though it were a question of giving a visibility to time, to the very tremor of time.'[40] Twombly's marks rain down without concern for any cursive elegance or signifying responsibility; for Barthes they are the product of a permissive indulgence of the body's inclinations. Morris's marks are similarly resistant to co-option by any injunction to signify or explain; but unlike Barthes's Twombly, rather than figuring an escape from subjection, Morris

34 *Ibid*., p.119.

35 Molly Nesbit: 'The Language of Industry', in Thierry de Duve (ed.), *The Definitively Unfinished Marcel Duchamp,* Cambridge, Mass. and London: The MIT Press, 1991, pp.350–84. See also Molly Nesbit, *Their Common Sense*, London: Black Dog Publishing, 2000.

36 B. Buchloh, *op. cit.,* p.120.

37 B. Fer, *op. cit*., p.34.

38 Helen Molesworth, 'Work Avoidance: The Everyday Life of Marcel Duchamp's Readymades', *The Art Journal*, vol.57, no.4, Winter 1998, pp.50–61.

39 The force of gravity has a history of being used to figure futility and absurdity – think, for example, of Bas Jan Ader's *Fall* series (1970–71), or, in a different sense, Eva Hesse's *Hang Up* (1966).

40 R. Barthes, 'Non Multa Sed Multum' (1976, trans. by Henry Martin), in Julie Sylvester, et.al., *Cy Twombly: Fifty Years of Works on Paper*, New York: Schirmer/Mosel, 2004, p.30.

instead excessively mimics its effects. The lines seem to fall without exerting pressure; like a cast shadow or light rays imprinting themselves on a photosensitive surface, drawing here aligns with the operations of photography: 'a zero degree that cuts the human out', Morris comments.[41] As Michael Newman closes a recent theorisation of drawing, 'If writing with light began by imitating drawing, as analogue photography itself becomes an archaic medium, drawing will aspire to the condition of the photograph, not as a projective representation, but rather as a resemblance produced by contact, like a life cast or death mask, an image not made by human hands, a relic like the stain on a shroud.'[42] Morris's marks share this indexical status, and similarly waver on the boundary of human and non-human; they are, rather, *creaturely* deposits.

Yet these drawings do not mark time like most photographs in a single, brief exposure; they imply a far longer duration and register a more complex 'tremor of time', to use Barthes's phrase. On the one hand this tremor is visual: a liveliness in the perceptual encounter as the infinitesimal variations play across the surface. In this they recall the weird animism of television sets, which, on receiving only a weak signal, or no signal at all, generate random static, or 'snow', from inside the apparatus. 'In response,' writes Richard Shiff, 'the amplifier seeks out a strong signal or any signal. In lieu of anything better, the receiving medium will produce a transient moving pattern of its own upon the raster – variations in illumination at or near the scale of the individual pixel, patterns which never coalesce into an intelligible "picture".'[43] The device produces a kind of meaningless visual noise, in lieu of a coherent or recognisable signal.

The question of movement and duration is more insistently introduced by the *cinematographic* aspect of these drawings, however. Like a projected film image, they comprise hundreds of discrete imprints, sequentially registered (indeed, 'snapped'). Of course the location of movement is different: whereas films are animated by the uniform motion of the projection device, drawings gain their dynamism from the unstable attentive and perceptual comportment of the viewer. Henri Michaux used the phrase 'cinematic drawing' to describe his repeated attempts, spanning several decades, to 'draw the consciousness of existing and the flow of time. As one takes one's pulse.'[44] Drawing, he asserted, provided a language more adequate than formalised French for the registration of the singular intensities of his duration. Writing, in its dependence upon the pre-given articulations of language, has a suicidal dimension (the point was made explicit by Louis Aragon in 1924).[45] Instead, then, Michaux created a multitude of 'illegible' characters – physiognomic glyphs that do not signify in the conventional sense, although they do address the knowledge and excitements of the body. Susan Morris makes the muteness of Michaux explicit, and evacuates the mark almost entirely of its expressive, improvisatory or indeed *human*, dimension, insisting instead upon an unyielding opacity.[46] Yet the problems are in some sense shared: that of the struggle to mark time, to construct an adequate record of presence, to make something that stands.[47] Morris's evacuated marks, however, lay no claim to sufficiency, preferring instead to concentrate on the compulsive drives brought about by such an impossible predicament.

41 Conversation with the artist, 6 September 2009.

42 M. Newman, *op. cit.*, p.105. On 'the stain on a shroud', see Georges Didi-Huberman, 'The Index of the Absent Wound (Monograph on a Stain)' (trans. Thomas Repensek), *October* 29, Summer 1984, pp.63–81.

43 Richard Shiff, 'Photographic Soul', in David Green (ed.), *Where is the Photograph?*, Brighton: Photoworks, 2003, p.106.

44 Henri Michaux, 'To draw the flow of time' (1957), in Catherine de Zegher (ed.), *Untitled Passages by Henri Michaux* (exh. cat.), New York: Merrell and The Drawing Center, 2000, p.7.

45 For a discussion of Aragon's poem *Suicide* within the context of the work of Marcel Broodthaers, see B. Buchloh, 'Open Letters, Industrial Poems', *October* 42, Autumn 1987, pp.67–100.

46 The sense of production under duress is, however, not absent in Michaux, especially in light of his accounts of his experiments with mescaline. See, for example, his *Miserable miracle: la mescaline*, Paris: Gallimard, 1956.

47 Santner offers a multifaceted discussion of the 'signifying stress' associated with creaturely life, and the desperate search for more durable meanings amidst an landscape of 'enigmatic signifiers' that excite one's need and desire but remain restlessly opaque. See E. Santner, *op. cit.*, pp.33ff.

Michaux once dreamt of a kind of infinitely supple, liquid language that would be able to register the continuous shifts in the intensities of subjective life. The reality of such a language was explicitly figured by Marcel Broodthaers in his *La Pluie (Projet pour un texte)* (*The Rain: Project for a Text*, 1969).[48] Sitting outside at a makeshift desk, a deadpan Broodthaers engages in the Sisyphean task of writing in the rain. As soon as the ink touches the paper, the ink dissolves into a small sea of eddies and wash. Writing degenerates into drawing, and drawing into a mere stain. Here, a liquid language is a *flooded* language, one without proper articulation and therefore degenerating into an entropic glut. Onto the final frames of this short film the words 'Projet pour un texte' are superimposed. The sense of futility underlying Broodthaers's project is closer to the affective atmosphere of Morris's work. Indeed, Morris can be seen to be 'writing' such a text – one that is reflexively engaged with the problems of signification – but she is I think performing a rather different role. Her labour is as much Penelopean as Sisyphean. That is, it might be interminable, but the effort is backgrounded by an affective investment and perhaps even by a shadow of hopefulness; the artist's attention retains the implication of *waiting*.

In what sense is this procedure akin to the analytic session? The question is perhaps too speculative, but it is posed by the artist's reference to Georges Perec's short account of his own analysis, *'Les lieux d'une ruse'* ('The Scene of a Stratagem', 1977).[49] After years of taking notes on his dreams, Perec began to feel that they were only being dreamt so as to be transformed into texts. He did not want the same to be the case with the yield of his analysis and, instead of recording the details of his sessions, he would simply make a cursory notation in his diary of when a session took place; in *'Les lieux d'une ruse'* he lists the perfunctory notes that occasionally accompanied his entries (usually registering disappointment): '"sad", "drab", "long-winded", "not much fun", "a pain in the arse", "crap", "pretty dim", "pretty shitty", "depressing", "laughable", "anodyne", "nostaligisome", "feeble and forgettable", etc.'[50] There is something of Perec's resistance to representing and narrativising his experience that resonates with Morris's methods. Perec writes of the necessary destruction of 'the great wall of ready-made memories' and of 'the rationalizations I had taken refuge in' before he could gain access to his own story and his own voice: 'I had to retrace my steps, to remake the journey I had already made, all of whose threads I had broken.'[51]

Progress was slow, he reports, but the 'drab' and 'anodyne' sessions provided 'something resembling a fold, a pleat, a pocket'[52] in the continuity of everyday life; a space that was 'far from the din of the town, outside of time, outside of the world'.[53] By undergoing this ritual two or three times a week for four years, and by way of such 'repetitive and exhausting gymnastics',[54] an unpicking of a too familiar weave of narratives and well worked-out phrases could occur. Walter Benjamin famously referred to the 'Penelope work of forgetting' in Proust, and, as I have indicated, Morris's drawings might be seen as the residue of such a Penelopean labour.[55] Worked on over many months, their seemingly absurd repetitions install a kind of blankness that claims not to present any kind of solution, but might

48 See H. Michaux, *Emergences/Resurgences* (1972), in *Drawing Papers* 14, New York: The Drawing Center, 2000; especially p.11. See also Richard Sieburth, 'Signs of Action: the Ideograms of Ezra Pound and Henri Michaux', in C. de Zegher (ed.), *op. cit.*, pp. 211ff.

49 Conversation with the artist, 22 June 2009.

50 Georges Perec, 'The Scene of a Stratagem' (1977), *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces* (trans. John Sturrock), London: Penguin, 1997.

51 *Ibid.*

52 *Ibid.*, p.167.

53 *Ibid.*, p.169.

54 *Ibid.*, p.172.

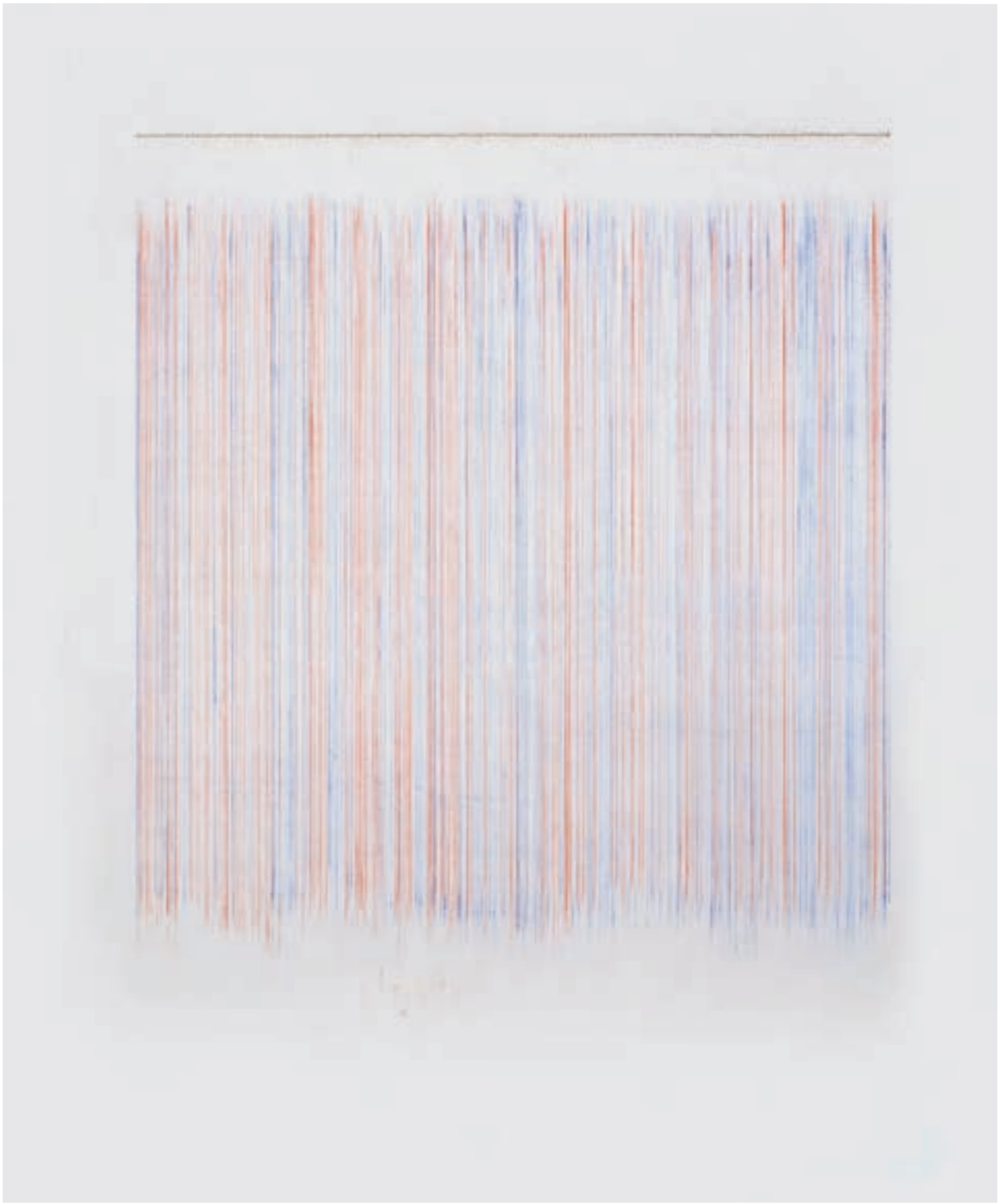
55 Walter Benjamin, 'The Image of Proust', *Illuminations* (ed. Hannah Arendt), London: Fontana, 1992, p.198.

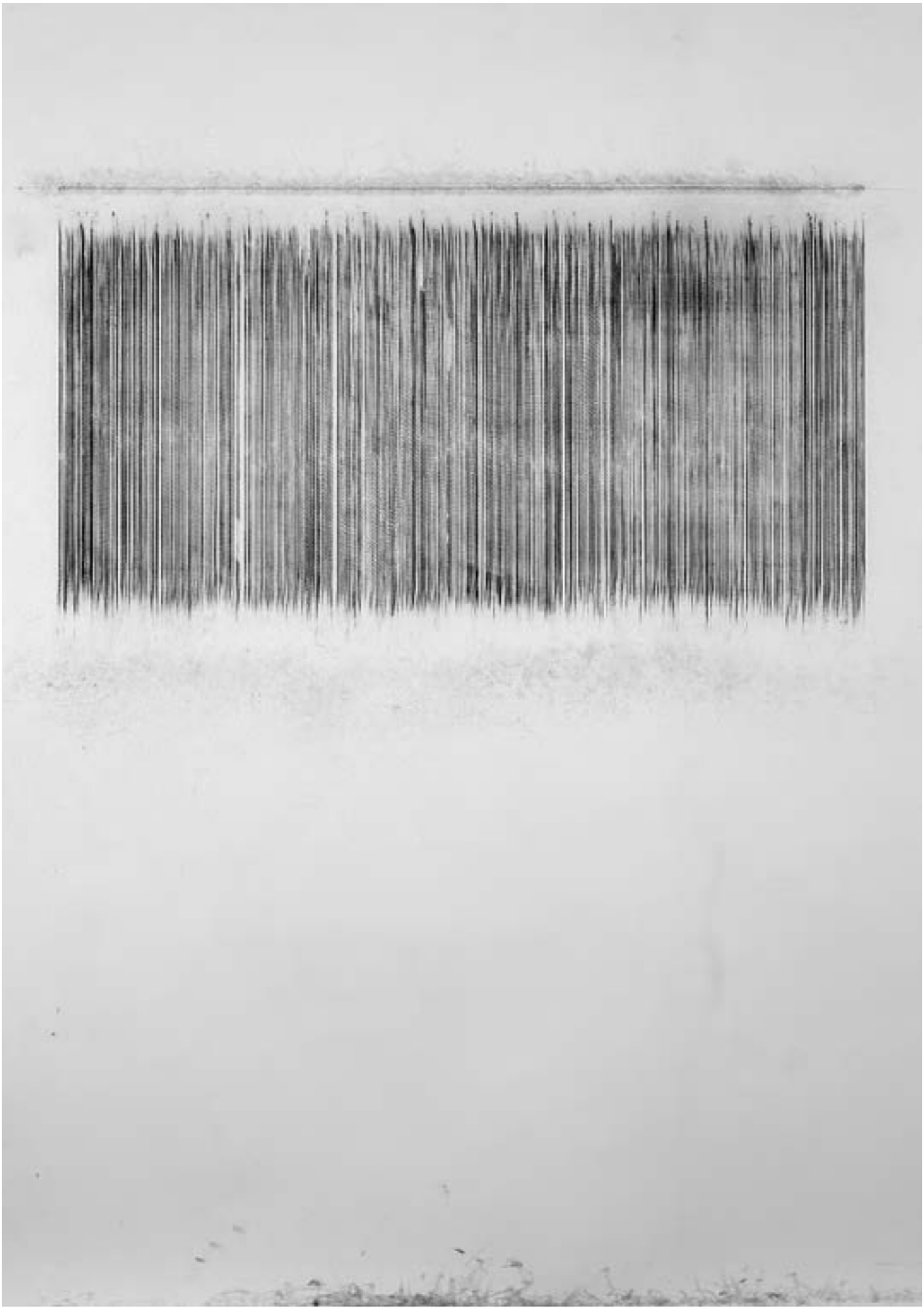
nevertheless (and with a certain canniness proper to Penelopean labour) still deliver a pocket of time in which the 'nihilistic vitality' of various addictive fictions is 'deanimated'.[56] This 'pointless activity' – hiding a surface – might be read as the making of a hole in the fabric of discourse, engineering a 'dent in falsity', to use Broodthaers's phrase, and as a refusal to fully identify with the rules, codes and seductions of the symbolic order (hinting instead at the obscene dimension which guarantees its efficacy).[57] Under duress, then, drawing's constraint is made over into a stratagem for clearing a space from the restless injunctions and compulsions to which we are normally subject.

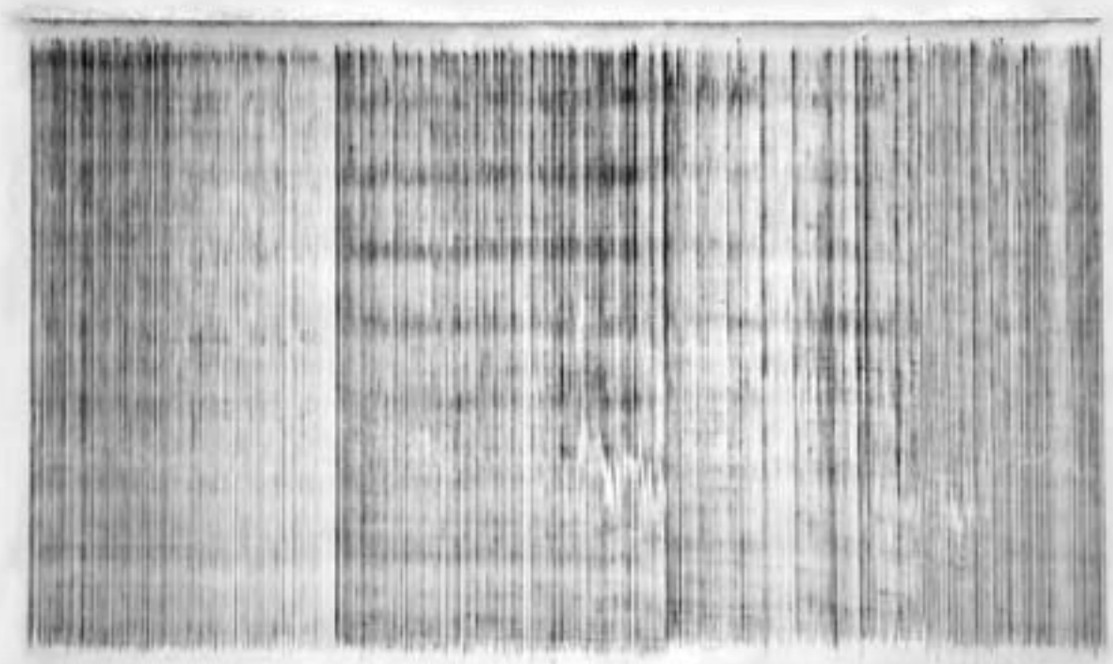
56 E. Santner, *op. cit.*, p.81.

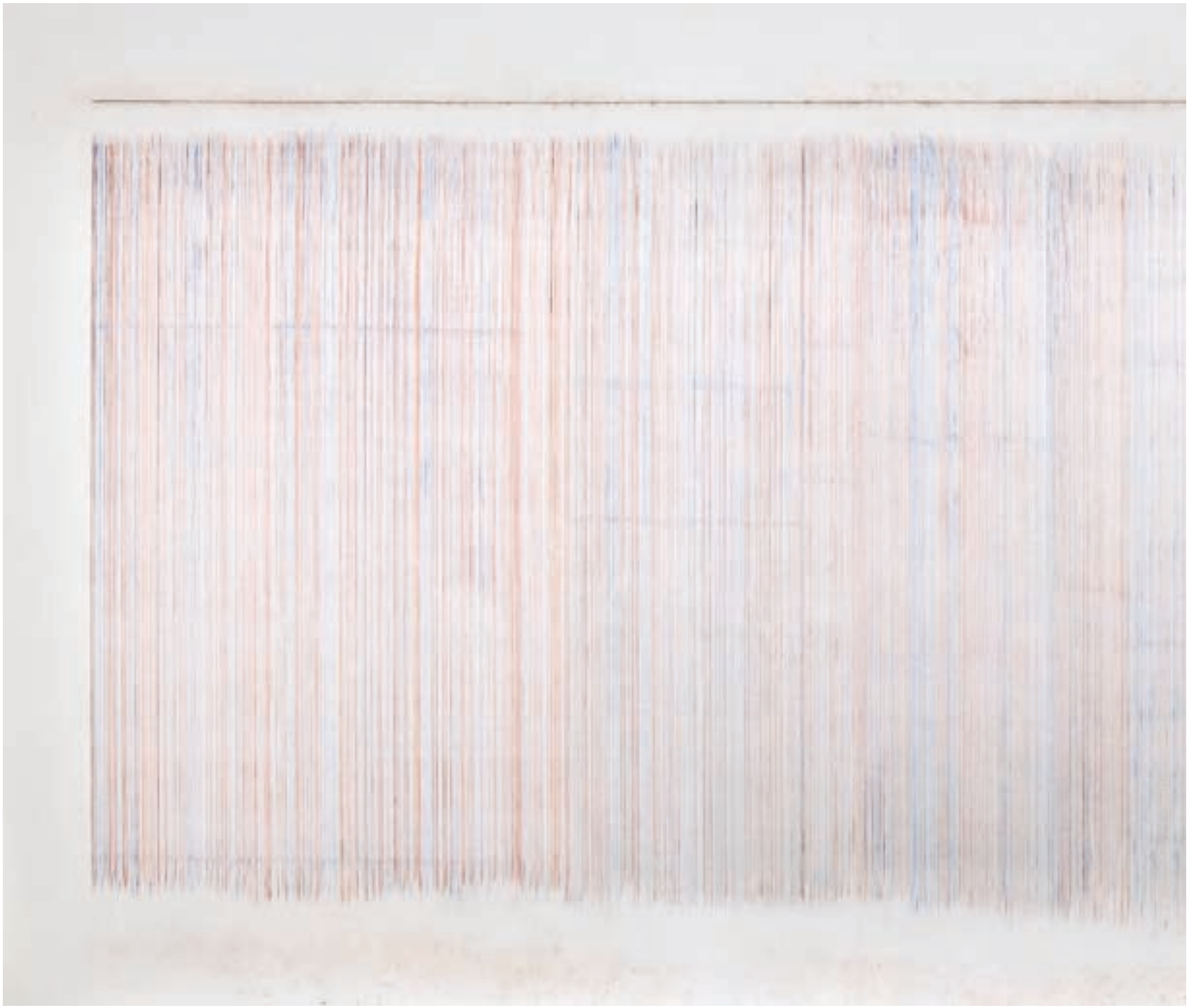
57 Marcel Broodthaers, 'Ten Thousand Francs Reward', *October* 42, Autumn 1987, p.40.

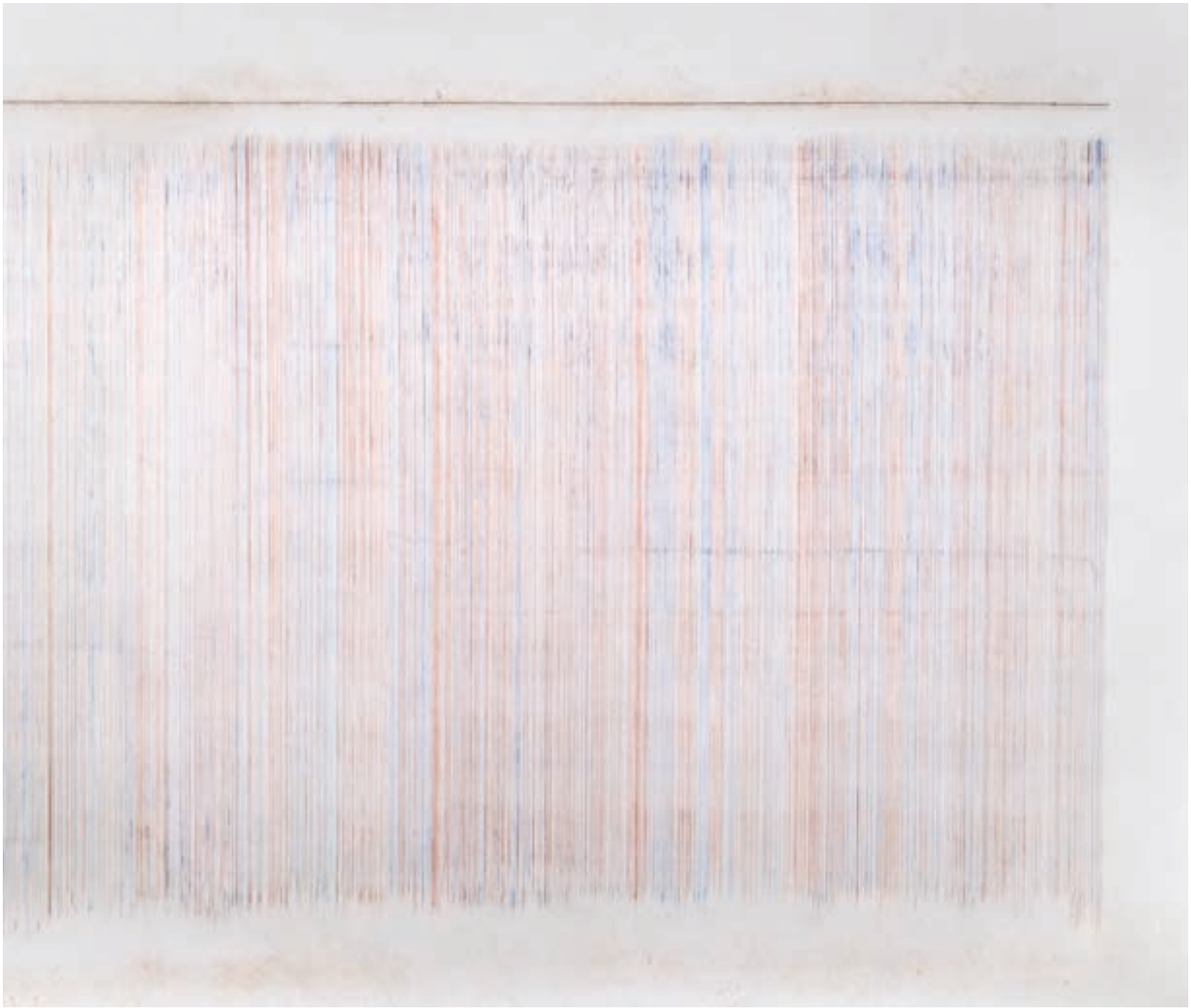
Plumb Line Drawings

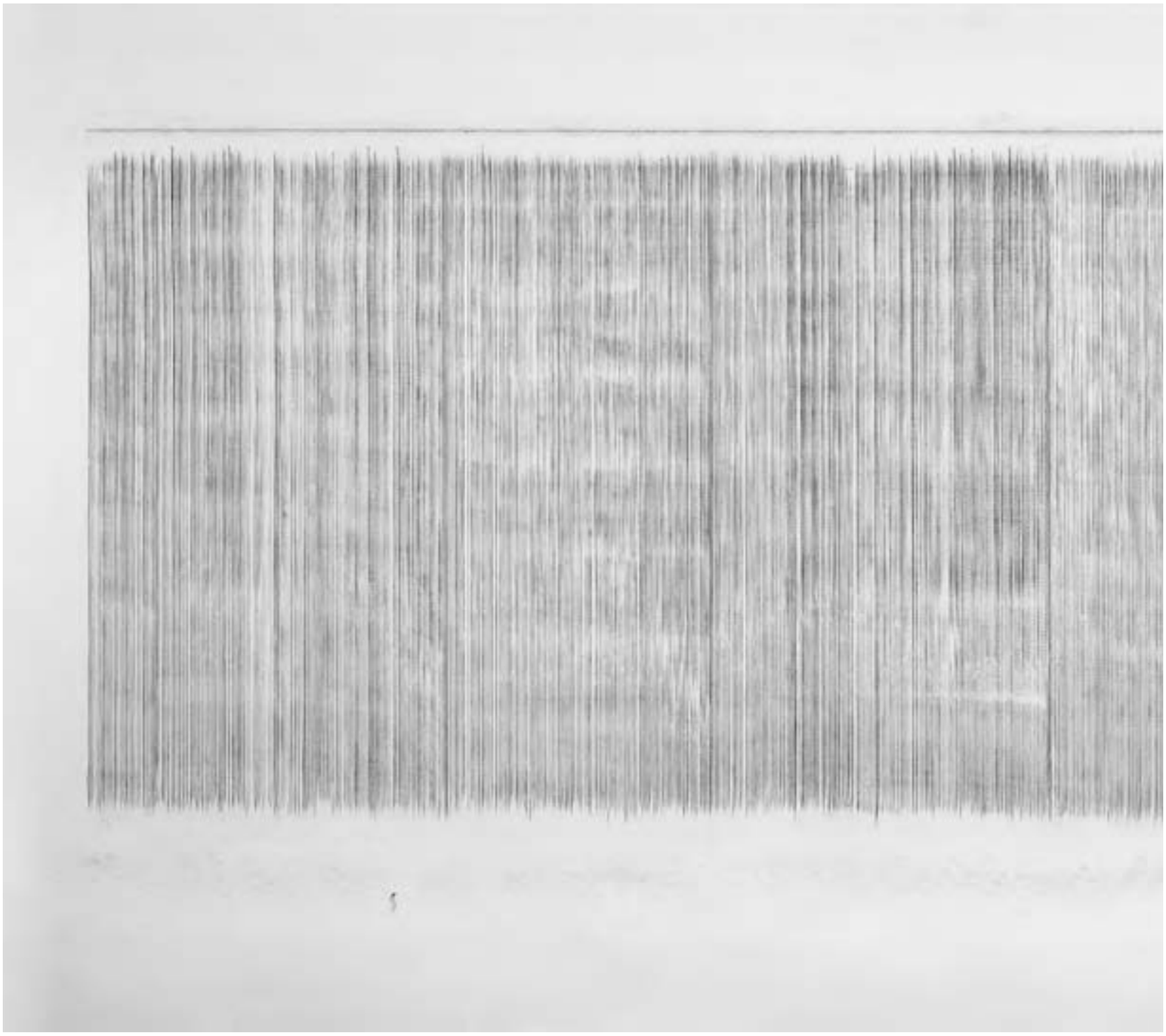


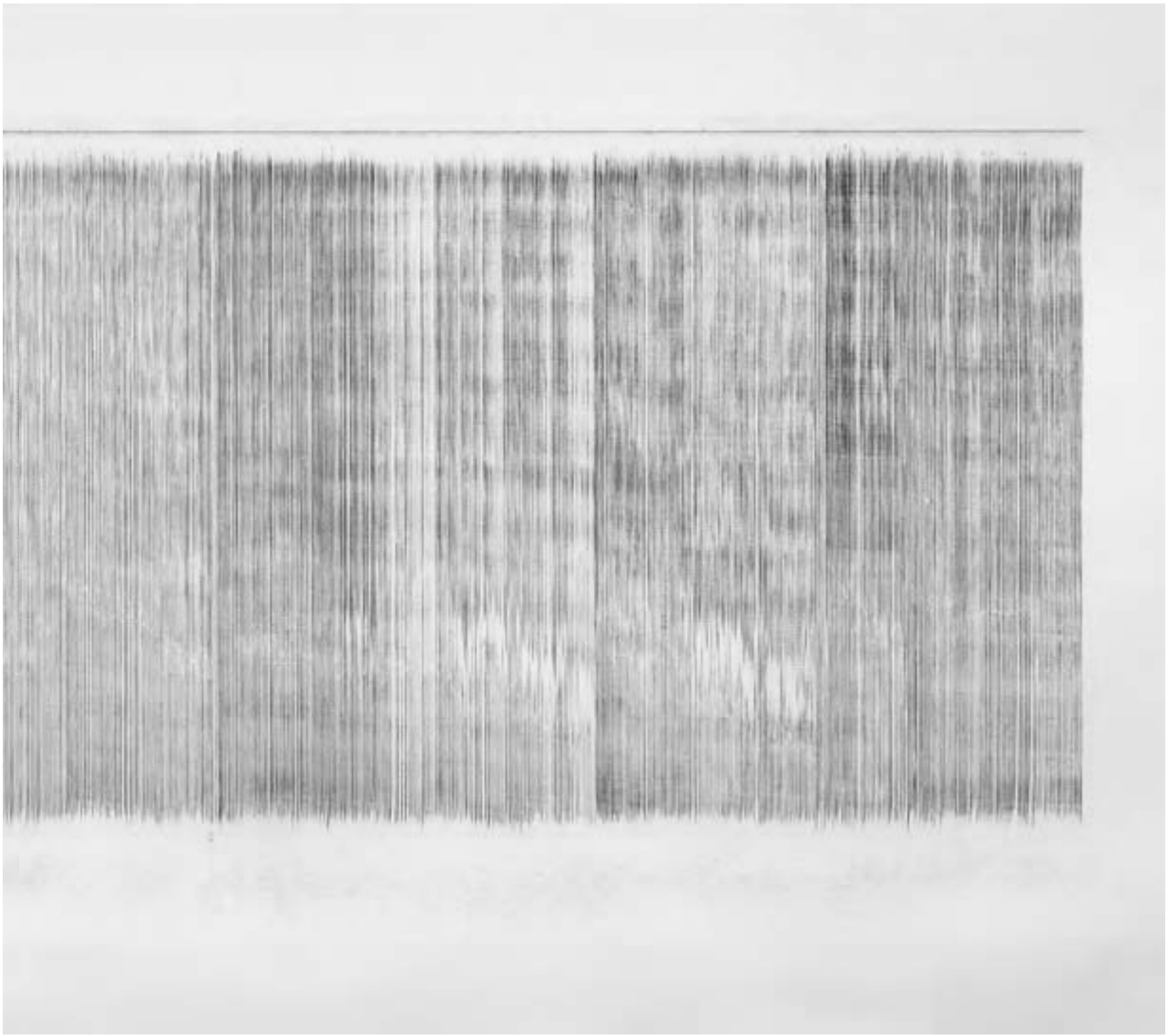










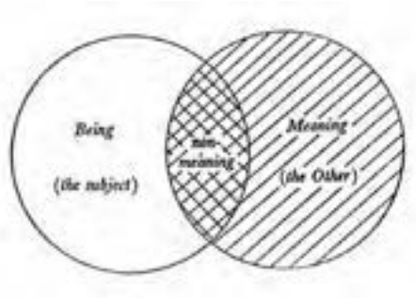


On Susan Morris, or, the Shadow of the Object

Margaret Iversen

In his essay 'Mourning and Melancholia', Freud used a metaphor to capture in language the feeling of loss and pain that one feels when a loved person dies or otherwise departs. While successful mourning involves gradually severing one's attachments to the dead, unsuccessful mourning, melancholia, involves clinging to the object so closely that the ego becomes identified with it. In the case of the melancholic subject, as Freud so eloquently put it, it is as if 'the shadow of the object fell upon the ego'.[1] This figure of speech suggests a partial eclipse of the subject. Like the moon darkened by the shadow cast by Earth, the bereaved person feels marked by a dark spot, a lack. Freud was specifically referring to the pathological condition of melancholia, but the figure connecting trauma, loss, death and shadows has a long poetic tradition and wider implications. It was, for instance, an image taken up by Lacan to describe the very constitution of the subject.

Lacan invoked Freud's metaphor of the eclipsed subject when, in *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis* (Seminar XI), he discussed the precariousness of the subject caught up in the field of meaning, or what he also called the symbolic order. He stressed the way language imposes itself from outside like a traumatic blow. The imposition of language carves out a sort of residue, 'the real', which thereafter threatens the stability of subject's position. Language, by this account, involves trauma and loss for the subject. Indeed, the subject must negate himself as real, as being, in order to accede to meaning. Entry into the symbolic implies, then, the fading or vanishing of the subject in the register of the real: 'Hence the division of the subject – when the subject appears somewhere as meaning, he is manifested elsewhere as "*fading*", as disappearance.'[2] Appealing to set theory, Lacan presents a diagram of two slightly overlapping circles, the mutually exclusive domains of 'meaning' and 'being', intersecting to form a middle domain of 'non-meaning'. One way of interpreting this diagram might be to suggest that the entry into language creates a pocket of nonsense that is crucial to the identity of the subject.

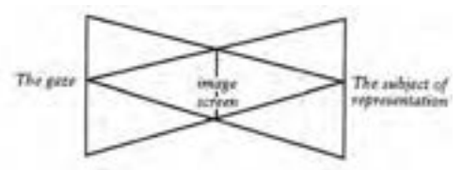


In the same seminar, Lacan presented a diagram of the subject's relation to vision. He compared the conscious subject's sense of this relation with the model of geometric perspective, represented by a simple triangle. The point of view that the perspectivally constructed painting gives to the subject is the illusion that he is the centre and origin of meaning: 'I see the world.' But, Lacan insisted, the subject is also the object of a disconcerting outside gaze that seems to look back at him. In order to fully diagram the subject's relation to vision, then, one must superimpose an inverted triangle on the first. This shows the subject caught up in a gaze that does not at all conform to the strictures of perspectival vision; the criss-crossing of lines in the diagram is meant to show the resulting visual confusion. The eye could imagine itself master of all it surveyed were it not for this spot or void that persists outside the normal strictures of meaning and vision. Because it is an intimate part of

1 Sigmund Freud, 'Mourning and Melancholia' (1917 [1915]), *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, vol.14, London: Hogarth Press, 1971, p.258.

2 *Ibid*., p.218.

myself, projected outside, this spot becomes the object of the scopic drive; it is what I search for in looking, even though the encounter with it is wounding.[3] When language fails, when vision blanks, it is because 'being' is casting its shadow on 'meaning'.



Freud's and Lacan's accounts of the traumatic constitution of the subject – and their metaphors of shadow, eclipse and fading – together provide a framework for thinking about Susan Morris's work. She gives us a lead in this by recounting a key memory from her childhood:

> When I was between nine and ten years old, glancing at my father's newspaper, I stumbled across an image that shocked me. Since then, every time I am reminded of this incident, I experience a sort of panic. It is as if a piece of my self 'cuts out' – my mind goes completely blank. This evocation has echoed through the years; as a kind of recurrent forgetfulness, it is both the event and figure on which my practice is based.
>
> What I saw in the newspaper, all those years ago, were two photographs accompanying an article on the effects of 'drug-taking' on a spider. Two different photographs side-by-side, two different 'instances' of the creature: one before and one after it had eaten a fly laced with LSD. The spider itself was in neither image, represented instead – or, defined, perhaps – by her web: one perfect and the other (after the drug-taking) a chaotic shambles.[4]

This traumatic incident is clearly a case when the shadow of the object (the chance sight of a photograph at an impressionable age) 'fell upon' the subject. The incident is recalled but its meaning is a blank. Morris says that 'it is both event and figure on which my practice is based', yet her art practice inverts the process. In her work, it is the shadow of the subject that falls on the (art) object.

How does one go about finding artistic means that have the contingency of trauma? How can one make a mark that issues from the being of the subject? In short, how to make a mark the way an object casts a shadow? The marks made must somehow be involuntary in order to bypass consciousness. They must be impersonally determined, as if they came from elsewhere, automatically, perhaps, like the instinctual spinning of the spider's web. The image of the web provides a striking parallel to Morris's working practice because it is both involuntary – spun out of the essential being of the spider – and diagrammatic.

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3 It is worth mentioning that Roland Barthes's account of the effect of the photographic punctum owes a great deal to Lacan's theory of the gaze. See R. Barthes, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography* (trans. Richard Howard), New York: Hill and Wang, 1981; and Jacques Lacan, *The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psycho-Analysis* (ed. Jacques Alain-Miller, trans. Alan Sheridan), New York and London: W.W. Norton, 1981. See also my 'What is a Photograph?', *Art History*, vol.17, no.3, 1993, pp.101–18; expanded version in M. Iversen, *Beyond Pleasure: Freud, Lacan, Barthes*, University Park, Pennsylvania: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 2007.

4 Susan Morris, *On the Blank: Photography, Drawing and Writing*, Ph.D. Dissertation, London: University of The Arts, 2007, p.8.

In preparation for an ongoing series of works, Morris wore a black watch on her wrist, a watch without face or hands. The device, called an 'acti-watch', records intensity and duration of movement, and is used, for example, by chronobiologists to track sleep disturbances. The acti-watch's data is used to create graphs that are indexical traces of a subject's periods of waking and sleeping; they chart graphically, in multi-coloured displays, periods of 'being' and 'fading' over time. Dr. Katherina Wulff, a researcher at Oxford with whom Morris collaborates, has described our sleep patterns as being akin to our fingerprints: unique and individual. Morris presents these graphs exactly as they come from the lab, titling them according to the rough duration of time recorded and her location during it. As she remarks, 'the bright colours are the trace of my activity "in the world" and the dark areas (the shadows) are when I'm "out of it", sleeping and, quite probably, dreaming'. It is possible to think of this work in relation to automatic writing – or drawing – and to consider the graphs as involuntary, diagrammatic, displaced self-portraits.

Morris's inquiry into electro-mechanical devices for visualizing a body's physical states takes up a longer history of scientific investigation that stretches back to the mid-nineteenth-century invention of graphic techniques for tracking and recording invisible physiological or psychological activity. The early machines consisted of a rotating drum wrapped in paper and a stylus that responded to some slight movement or stimulus. The resulting graphic illustration of variation over time appeared, amongst other places, in the pages of Charcot's famous *Iconographie photographique de la Salpêtrière* (1876–80) alongside photographs and drawings documenting hysterical attacks.

'Epileptic phase of a hysterical attack.' Paul Richer, *Études cliniques sur l'hystéro-épilepsie ou grande hystérie* (1885).

The history of the development of these scientific devices and their reception by the Surrealists is the subject of a fascinating article by David Lomas, '"Modest recording instruments": Science, Surrealism and Visuality', connecting the Surrealist practice of artistic automatism with the rise of these

technologies.[5] One motivation for this importation of the scientific graphic trace into the visual image was that it provided a means of representing the dimension of time. The desire to represent more dynamic and temporal phenomena can clearly be seen in Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* (1912), a painting indebted to Étienne-Jules Marey's scientific technique of chronophotography. (Marey was, incidentally, also involved in the invention of the sphygmograph, a gadget that was attached to the wrist to measure the pulse – an early prototype of the acti-watch.)

Another important implication of the invention of these devices was that the human observer of phenomena was replaced by a machine. For artists and writers associated with the Surrealist movement, this impersonal automatism served as a model to be imitated. In fact, Lomas's title is taken from the Surrealist manifesto of 1924, the essay that formally founded the group. In a discussion of the successes and failures of attempts at automatic writing, Breton complains that most writers are too full of pride: 'But we, who have made no effort to filter, who in our works have made ourselves into simple receptacles of so many echoes, *modest recording instruments* who are not mesmerized by the drawings we are making, perhaps we serve an even nobler cause.'[6]

Lomas offers some excellent examples of the Surrealists' appreciation of the graphic trace, including a collage by Max Ernst and a Salvador Dalí etching. He does not mention a remarkable, if late, example of the genre: a series of three electrocardiograms made in 1966 by Brian O'Doherty and titled *Portrait of Marcel Duchamp*. O'Doherty, well-known for his book on the ideology of the gallery space, *Inside the White Cube*, sidesteps the conventions of portraiture in favour of drawings made by a machine that translated automatically Duchamp's heartbeat – its speed and regularity – into a jagged series of peaks and troughs. This drawing obviously does not resemble the person whose heartbeat it records. Rather, it is an indexical trace, mediated by an electro-mechanical device, of one of his vital functions. The machine thus functions analogously to a camera – automatically registering certain aspects of the world that would otherwise remain invisible to the human eye.

Lomas perhaps underplays the discrepancy between nineteenth-century scientists' interest in the graphic trace that seemed to deliver the full legibility of the body and its functions, and the quite different concerns of the Surrealist artists with the temporal axis, which they thought of as a non-spatial fourth dimension. These interests, coupled with the negation of authorial agency, are also Morris's concerns, and what emerges from her practice is the 'intermittence' of the self – its memory blanks and involuntary recollections, its fluctuating presence and absence.

The Surrealist critique of authorial and artistic agency is the theme of Denis Hollier's essay 'Surrealist Precipitates: Shadows Don't Cast Shadows'. Surrealist autobiographical writing, he claims, amounted to 'the search for what, in literary space, would be the equivalent of what a shadow is in pictorial space; an index that makes the work lose all virtuality'.[7] Automatic writing had a brief efflorescence in the early 1920s, but the fundamental aim of evading authorial agency and artistic convention was enduring. In his article, Hollier considers the cast shadow as exemplary of the type of sign admired by the Surrealists, noting that it is the clearest example of an index that is 'less a representation

5 David Lomas, '"Modest recording instruments": Science, Surrealism and Visuality,' *Art History*, vol.27, no.4, September 2004, pp.627–50.

6 André Breton, 'Manifesto of Surrealism' (1924), in Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (ed. and trans.), *Manifestoes of Surrealism*, Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1969, pp.27–28.

7 Denis Hollier, 'Surrealist Precipatates: Shadows Don't Cast Shadows' (trans. Rosalind Krauss), *October* 69, Summer, 1994, p.124.

of an object than the effect of an event'.[8] The literary equivalent of the cast shadow, he says, is the first person. Just as the cast shadow indicates the object, the I is an index of the subject of enunciation: 'The I opens up language to its performative circumstances. The unfolding of Breton's autobiographical texts, such as *Nadja* (1928), was just as much unanticipated by the author as it was for the reader.'[9] Both *follow* the narrative.

Apparently contradicting this first-person, performative strategy, Breton recommends that the writer maintain as objective or neutral an attitude as possible. For example, in *L'Amour fou* (*Mad Love*, 1937), Breton recommended recording experiences as in a medical report: 'No incident should be omitted, no name altered, lest the arbitrary make its appearance.'[10] In the 1962 introduction to *Nadja*, he claims to have adopted a tone 'as impersonal as possible', like that of a neuropsychiatrist.[11] For him, the realist novel suffers from a paucity of reality. Breton's texts, by contrast, have characters who exist and who have proper names. The first person, in this context, is not an expressive subject, but one who reports without fictitious elaboration. The books are also liberally 'illustrated' with photographs. Hollier suggests that, along with the first person and narrative inconclusiveness, they effect an 'indexation of the tale'.

Susan Morris touches on these ideas when she discusses the importance for her work of W.G. Sebald's writing, especially his book *The Rings of Saturn*, which, as Morris has noted, is punctuated by uncaptioned photographs and narrated by an 'I' that migrates through different speakers. In this text, Sebald refers to 'King Solomon's treatise on the shadow cast by our thoughts, *De Umbris Idearum*'.[12] The book is mentioned only in passing, but the thoughts connected to it seem to resurface later, when he describes pages from a seventeenth-century silk pattern book as having 'an iridescent, quite indescribable beauty *as if they had been produced by Nature itself*, like the plumage of birds'.[13] It is the idea of a kind of mark produced as if 'by nature' that attracts Morris, who has also pointed out that Sebald's allusion to plumage recalls Lacan's Seminar IX, when he writes of Matisse's astonishment at a slow motion film of himself painting. The film revealed to Matisse that his many gestures were directed by what Lacan suggests was 'not choice, but something else', adding, 'If a bird were to paint would it not be by letting fall its feathers?'[14]

The camera, another modest recording instrument, captures the graphic trace in an impersonal way, revealing a world otherwise invisible to the eye. Walter Benjamin called the world revealed by close-up or stop-motion photography the 'optical unconscious'. But the sort of imperceptable natural phenomena he had in mind, such as the legs of a horse at full gallop, is not what Morris's work aims to capture. Her practice is closer in conception to Benjamin's remarks in 'Little History of Photography', when he discusses the photographic self-portrait of Karl Dauthendey and his fiancée who would later kill herself. He describes how we search the photograph as if the camera were able to record the trace left by the original trauma, making it possible for us to predict retrospectively the future disaster:

8 *Ibid*., p.115.
9 *Ibid*., p.129.
10 A. Breton, *Mad Love* (trans. Mary Ann Caws), Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1987, p.39.
11 A. Breton, 'Avant–dire (dépêche retardée)', *Nadja*, Paris: Gallimard, 1964, p.5. (My translation.)
12 W.G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn* (trans. Michael Hulse), London: The Harvill Press, London, p.272.
13 *Ibid*., p.283 (My italics).
14 J. Lacan, *op. cit*., p.114. Lacan is commenting on Maurice Merleau-Ponty's description of Matisse in his book *Signes* (1960).

> No matter how artful the photograph, no matter how carefully posed his subject, the beholder feels an irresistible urge to search such a picture for the tiny spark of contingency, of the Here and Now, with which reality has (so to speak) seared the subject, to find the inconspicuous spot where in the immediacy of that long-forgotten moment the future nests so eloquently that we, looking back, may rediscover it. [15]

The camera's blind mechanism, Benjamin suggests, renders it incapable of censoring the 'inconspicuous spot':

> For it is another nature which speaks to the camera rather than to the eye: other above all in the sense that a space informed by human consciousness gives way to a space informed by the unconscious.[16]

Roland Barthes was deeply impressed by these passages when he wrote *Camera Lucida* (1980), a book of key importance for Morris. Although she only rarely uses photography, her work touches on what Barthes calls 'mad realism', which has nothing to do with imitation or resemblance. Especially in the current era of the rise of photographic digitalisation, in which the value once set on the indexicality of the medium is now giving way to a manipulated pictorial model, Morris searches for a mode of mark-making that retains the paradoxical quality of an indexical trace of a (past) presence – a presence invaded by absence and loss. Morris's year planner series, for example, is derived from a regular practice of recording on a calendar days of presence and absence in her studio, marking the fluctuations not of physical, but of psychic presence. The resulting diagrammatic prints thus create diagrams of positive and negative space, rhythms of colour punctuated by blanks, or unmarked zones. Similarly, her recent work done with a carpenter's plumb line is the result of a repetitive and mechanical process that gradually fills the large sea of white paper, marking it automatically, systematically – marking time, intermittently. The variations in the notations over time and their inhuman character also suggest the variations of the mechanical lines of the graphic trace.

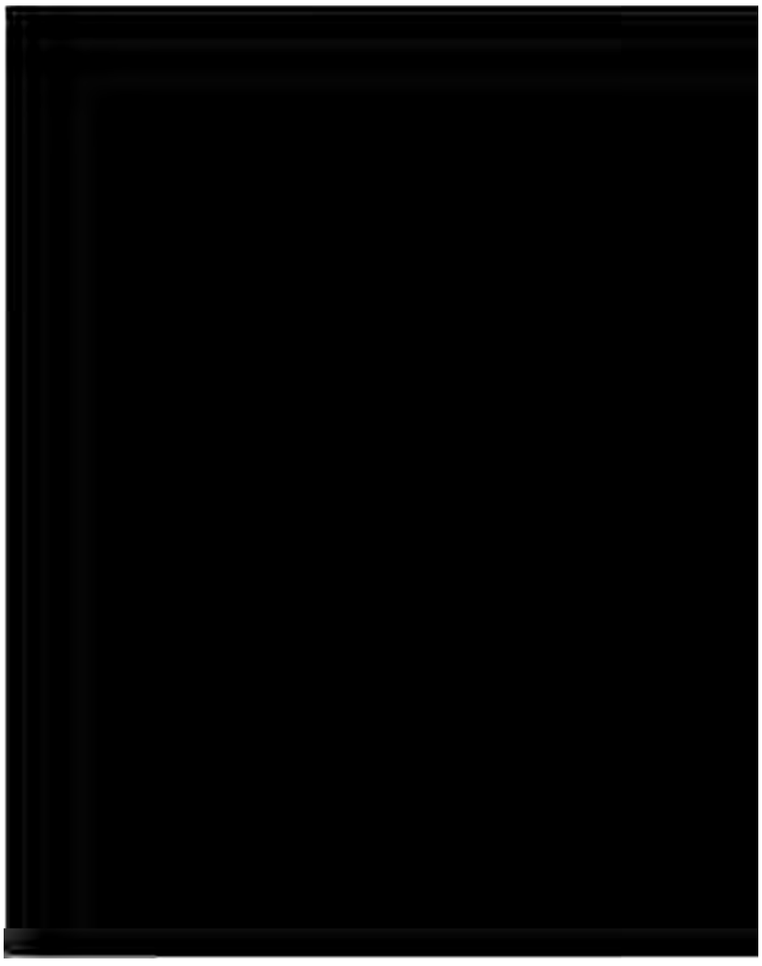
Morris's repetitive, intense work on the plumb line drawings has very recently inspired a new series that aims to capture the unconscious time, rhythm and movement of her working process. These new 'motion capture drawings' are made in a studio that has the technical apparatus required to track movement as a graphic trace. She wears sensors on her wrists and on the back of her head as she goes about tacking up the plumb line at the top of a large sheet of paper, snapping the string on the paper to leave the chalk mark and then winding up the string. The beautiful rhythm of the movement is shown in the resulting picture as a complex tangle of white lines on a black ground. While the result might be compared to Jackson Pollock's large canvases, the process is much closer to Marey's chronophotography.[17] However, it is important to bear in mind the difference between Marey's strict adherence to chronological time and Morris's rather different use of the graphic trace which, like the Surrealists', opens up a time of reverie outside of meaning.

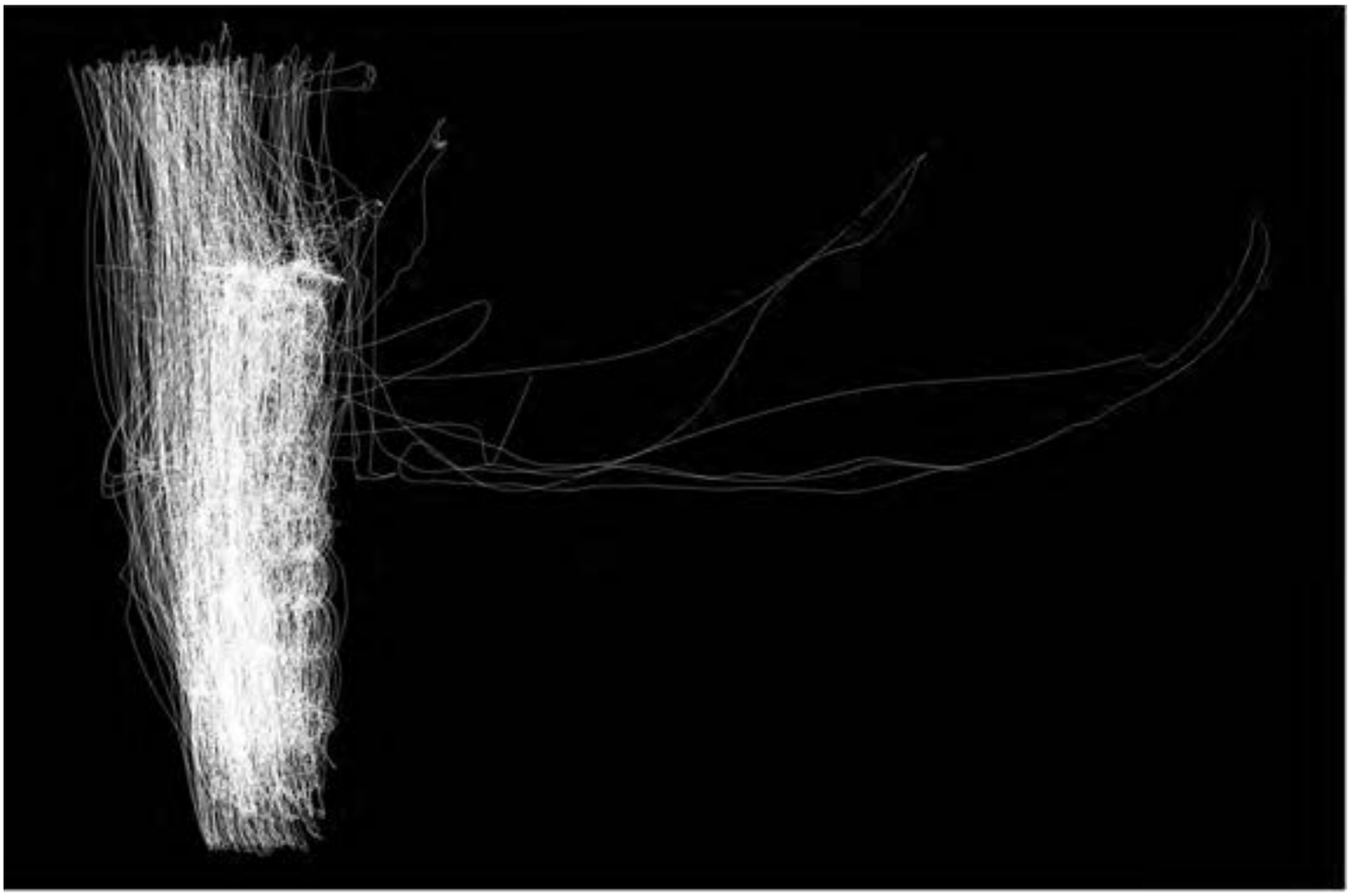
15 Walter Benjamin, 'Little History of Photography' (1931), in Marcus Bullock, Michael Jennings, et al., *Walter Benjamin: Selected Writings, Volume 2 1927–1934*, Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1999, p.510.

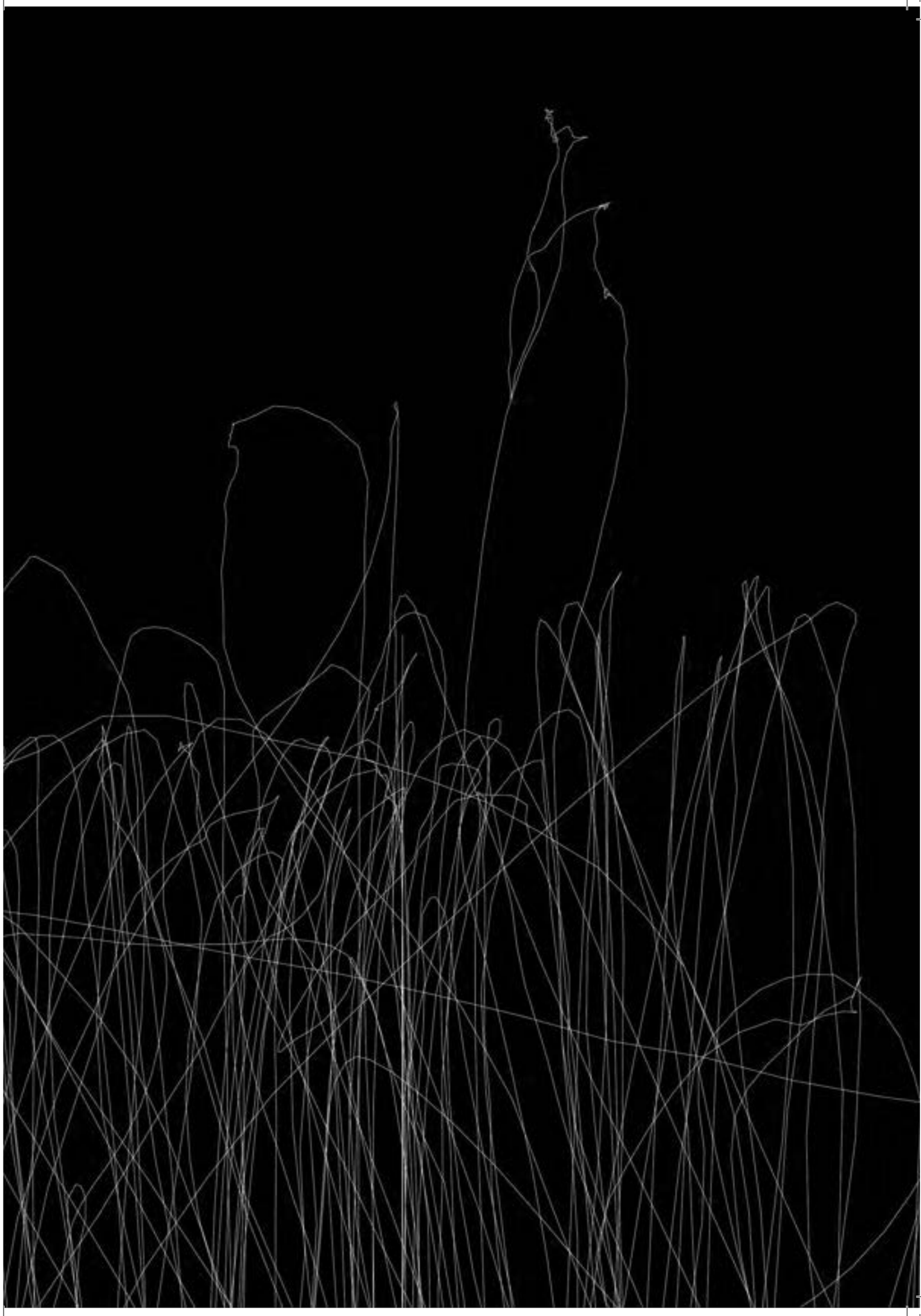
16 *Ibid*., p.510.

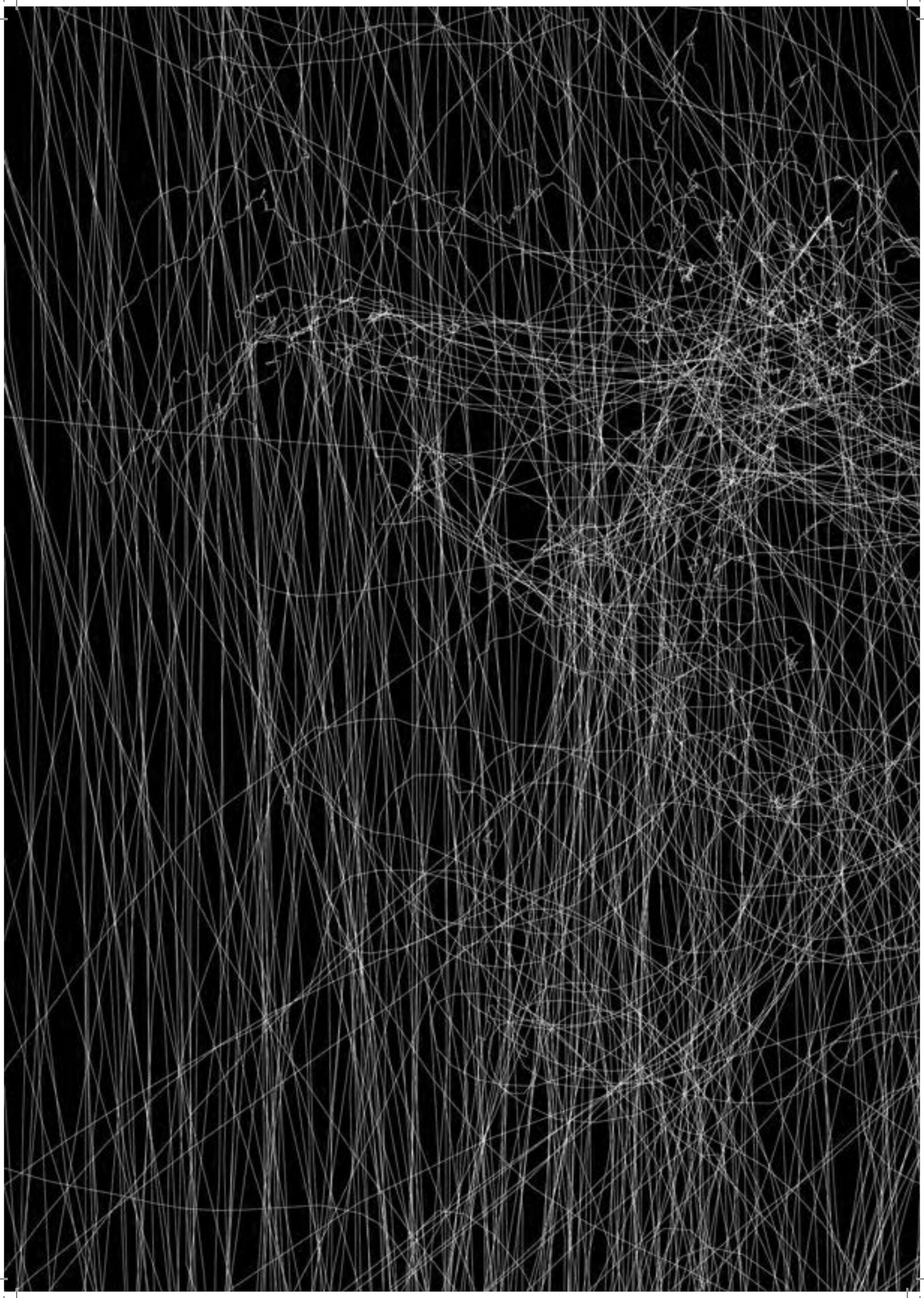
17 Francois Dagonet, *Étienne-Jules Marey: A Passion for the Trace* (trans. Robert Galeta), New York: Zone Books, 1992.

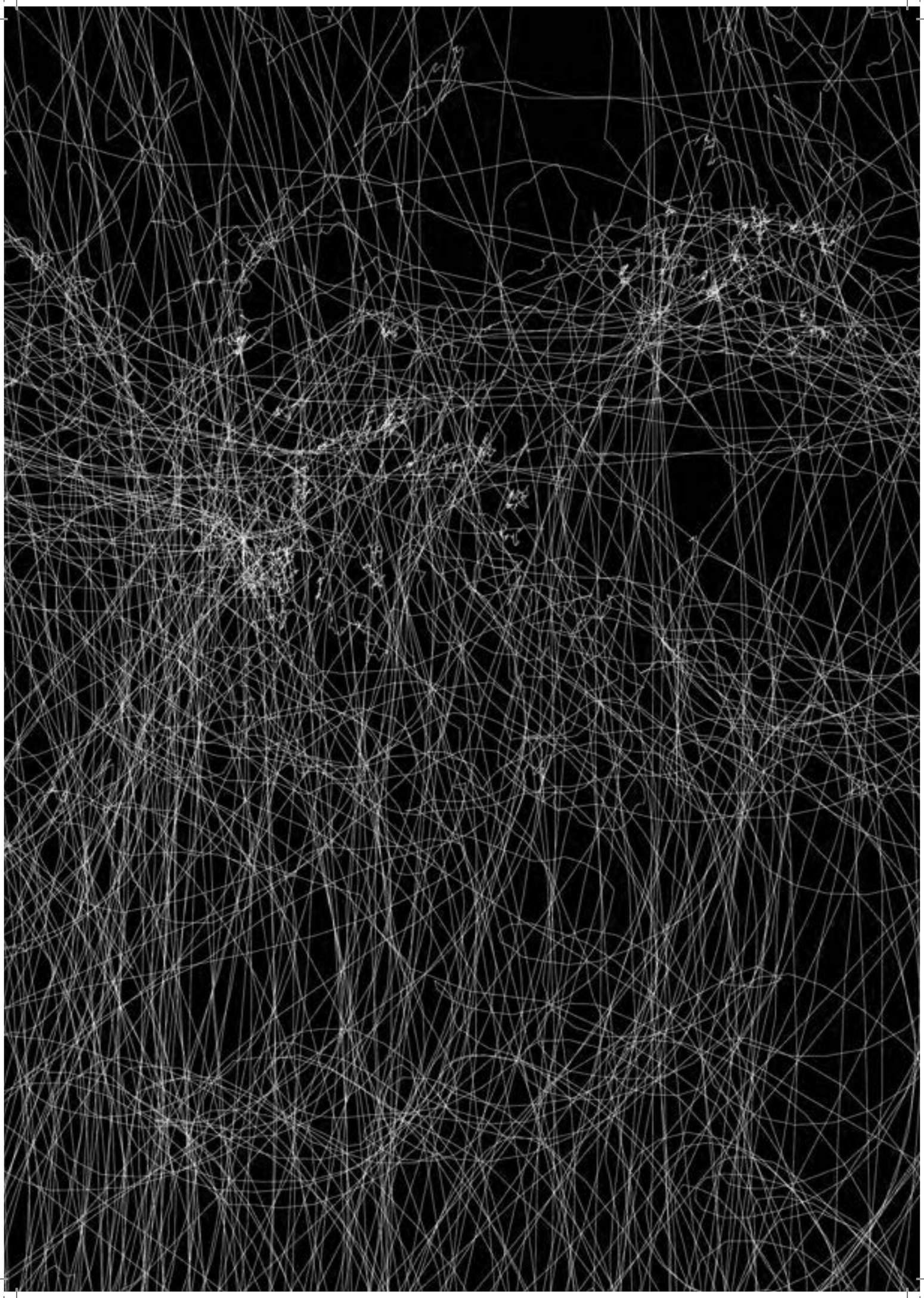
Motion Capture Drawings

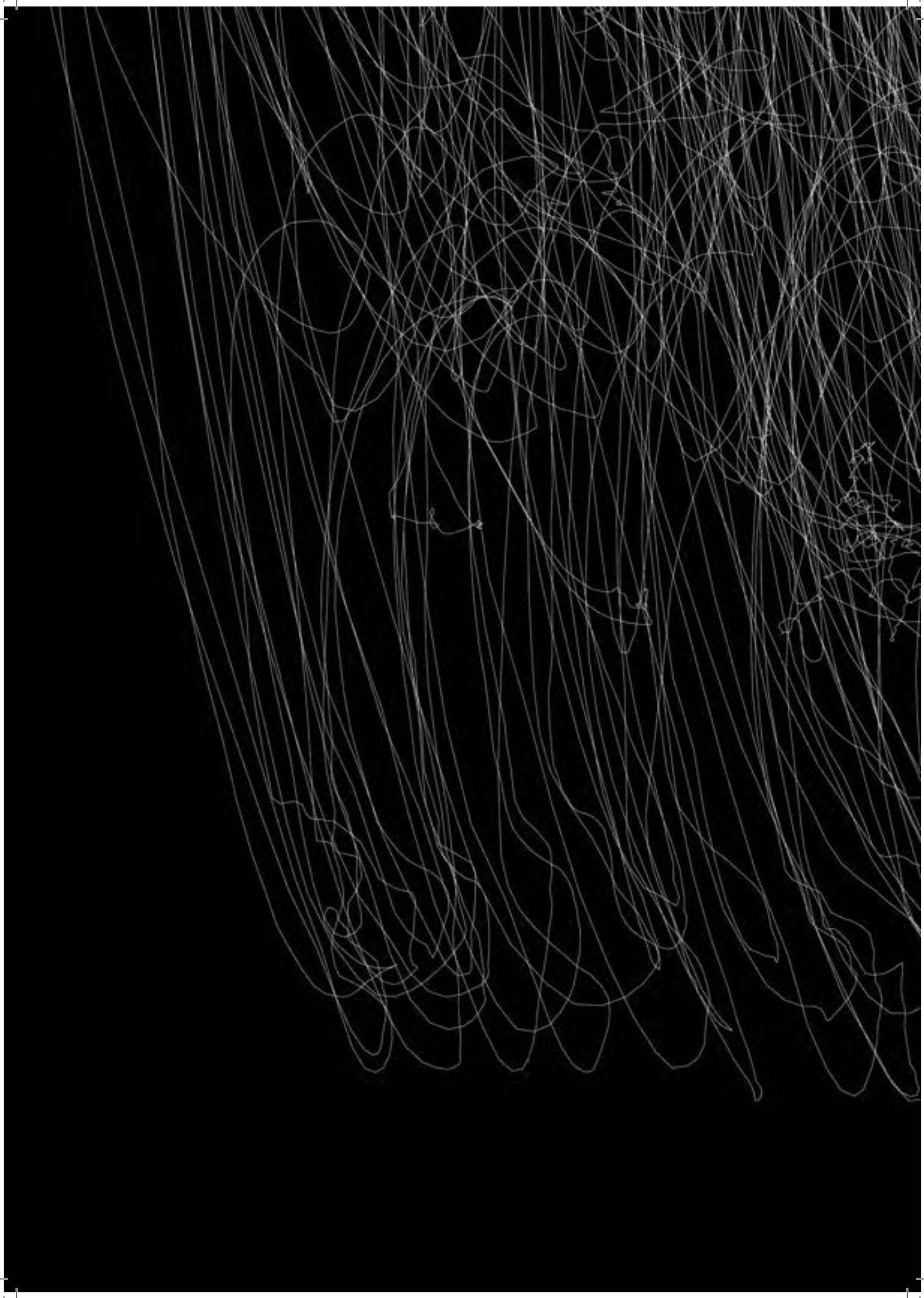


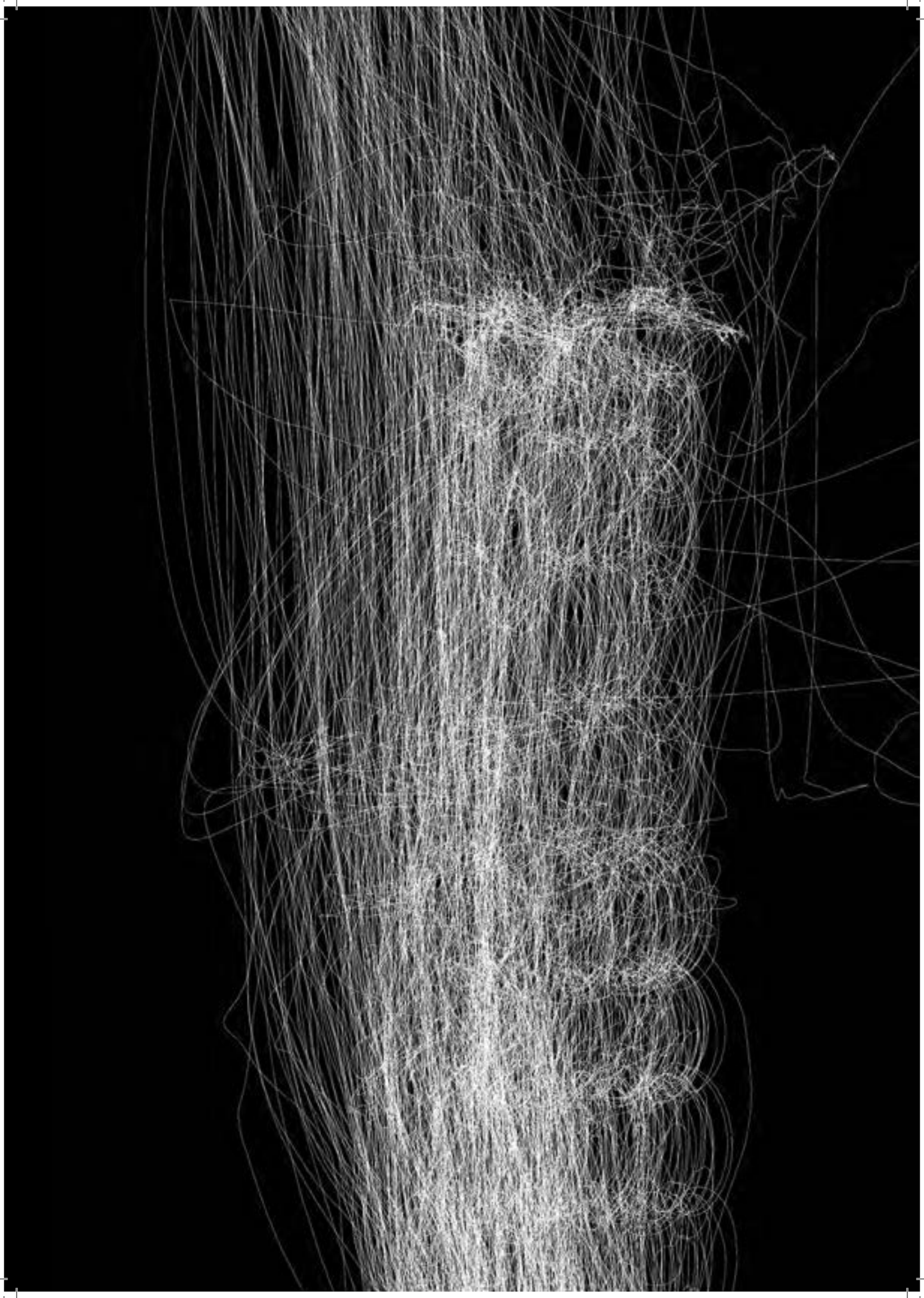


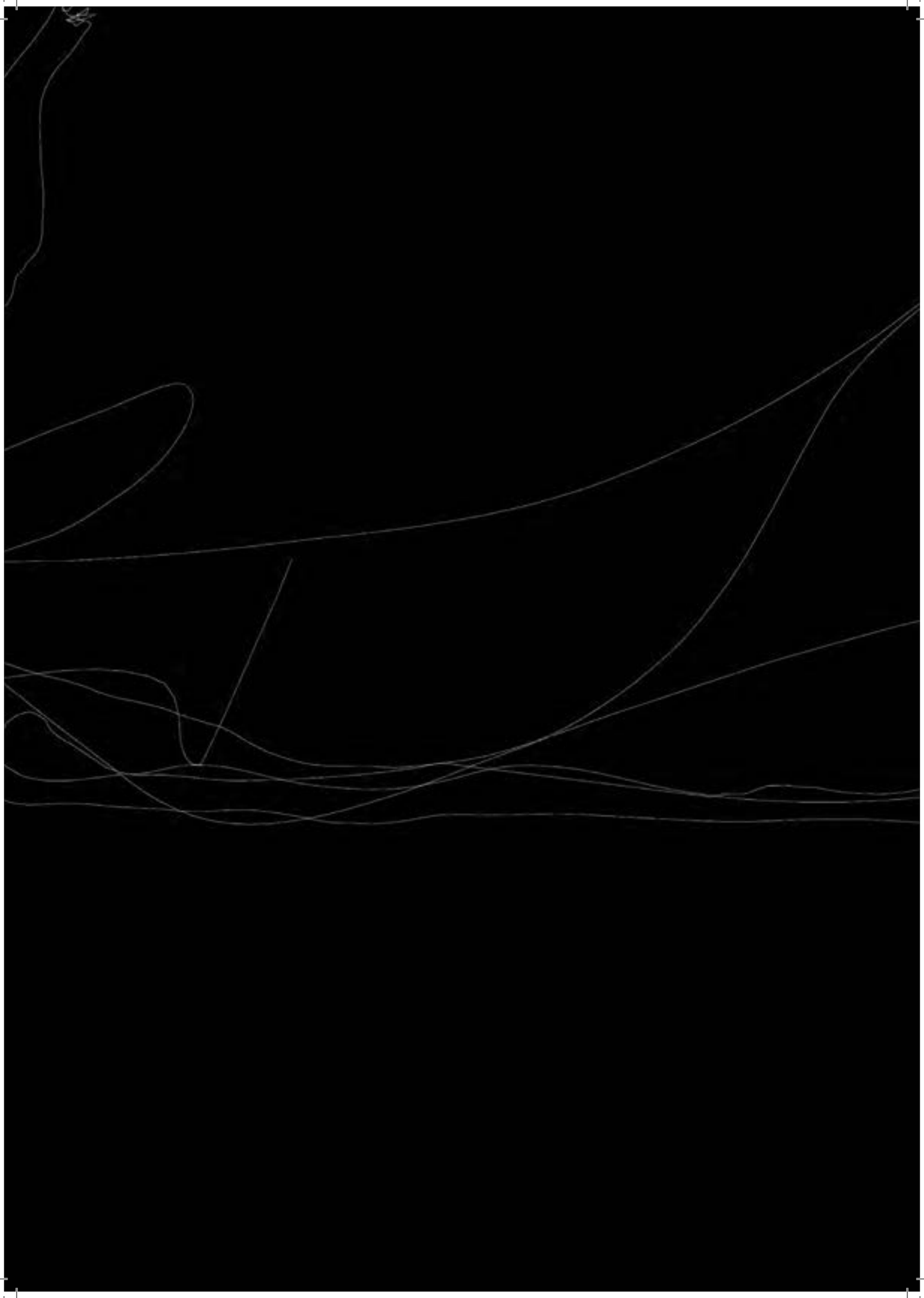


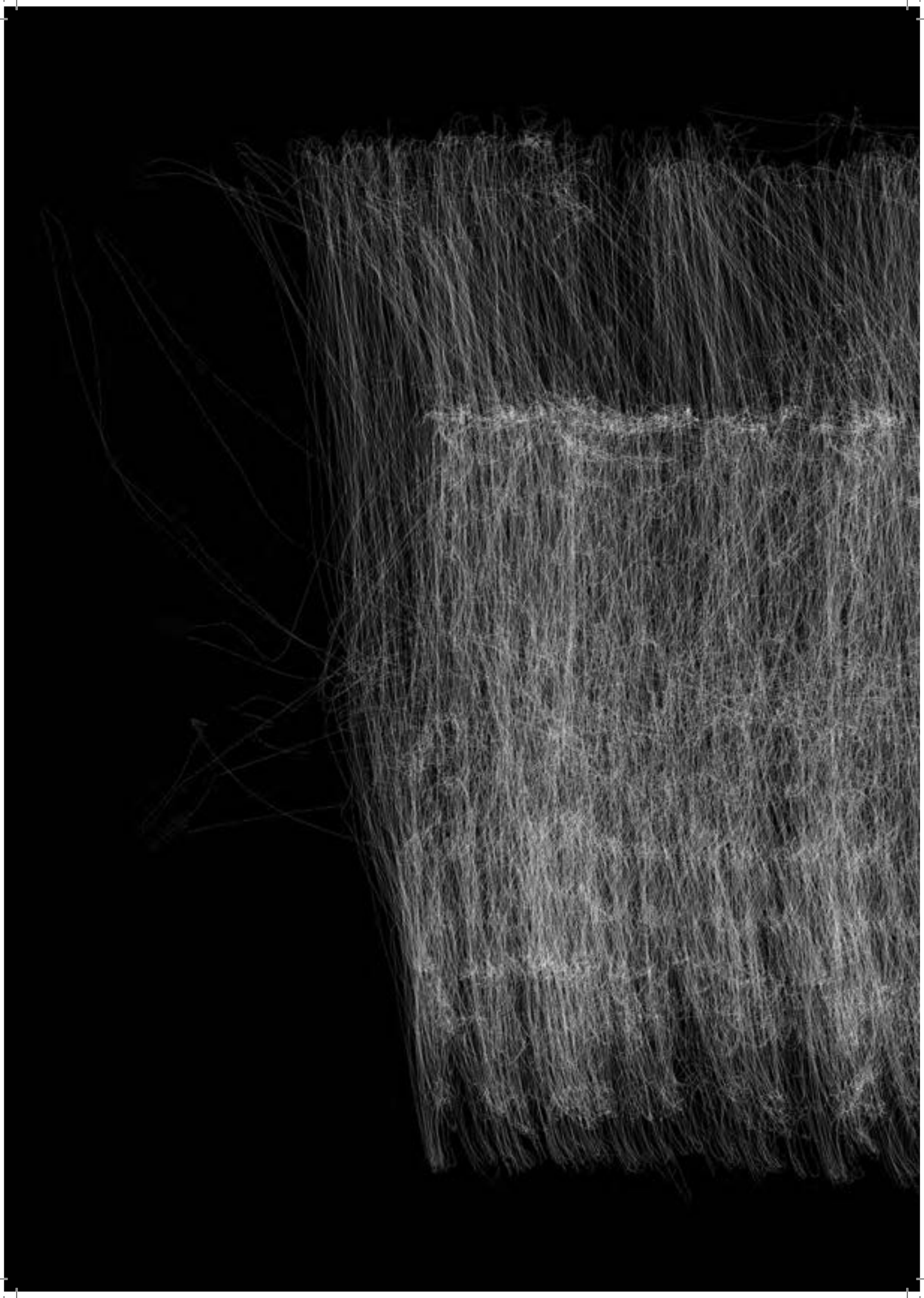


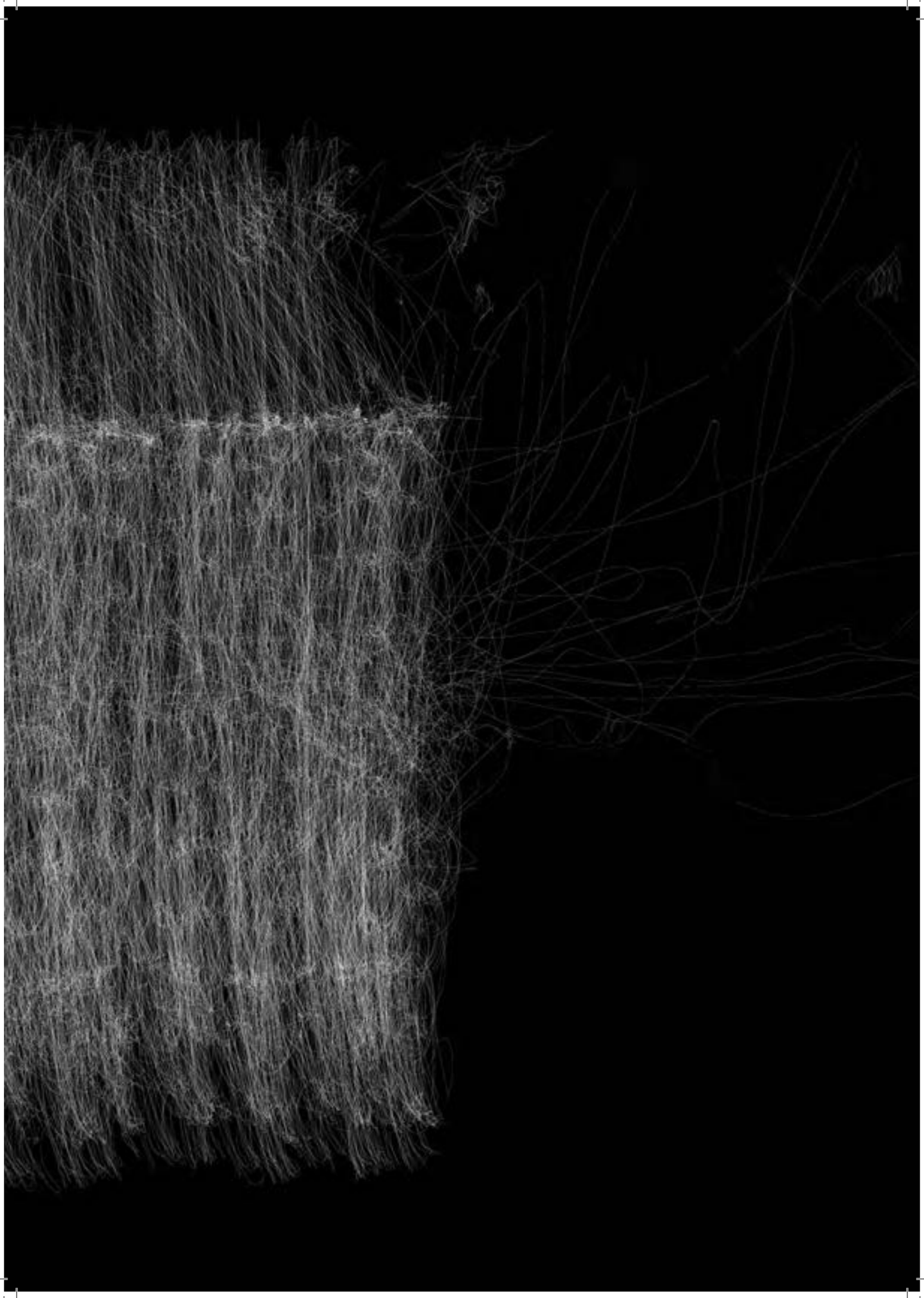


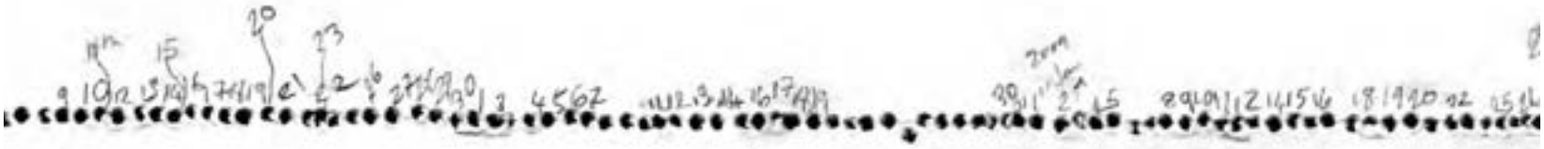












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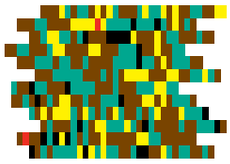

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Screen Print on Paper
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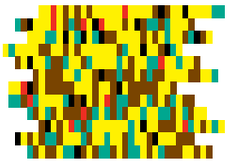
2006



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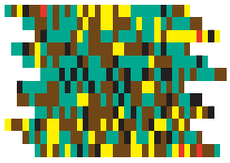

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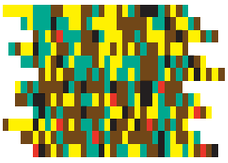

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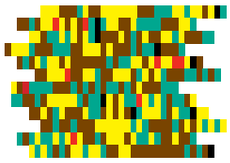

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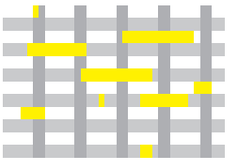

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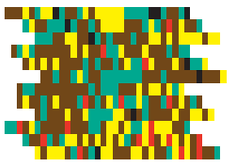

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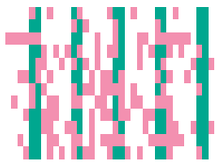

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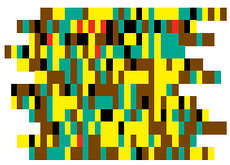

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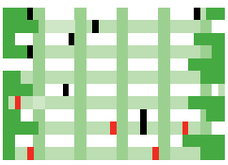

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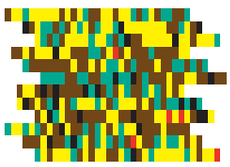

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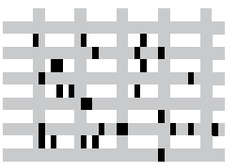

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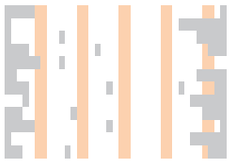

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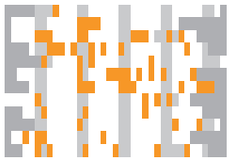

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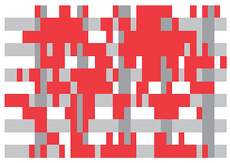

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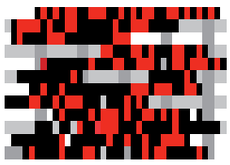

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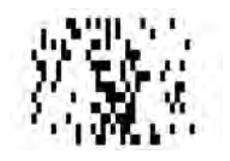

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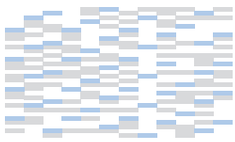

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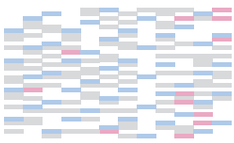

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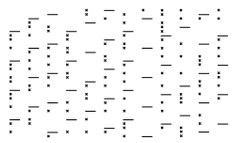

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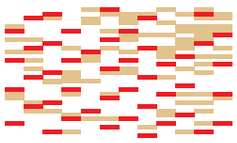

Sonntag Montag
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I am... (Still) 2004
Screen Print on Paper
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2007

I am... (Still) 2005
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I am... (Still) 2006
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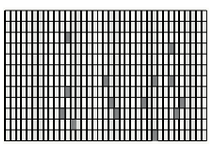
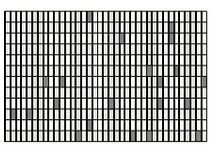


The Artists' Tears Fall Like Rain
2004 Lithograph on paper
60 x 90 cm
2005



The Artists' Tears Fall Like Rain
2007 Lithograph on paper
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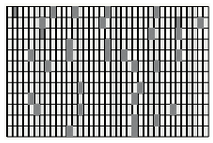
2008



The Artists' Tears Fall Like Rain
2008 Lithograph on paper
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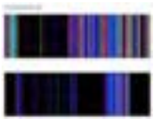
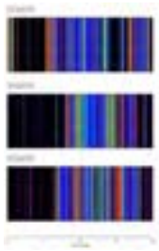


Lost on Oxford St
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009



Three Nights on Dartmoor
Actigraph
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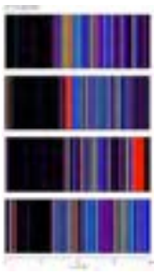

Sleepless Days, Restless Nights
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
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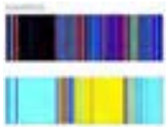
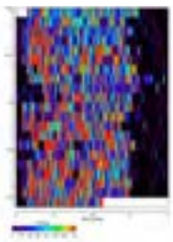


Driving Too Fast/ Elastoplast
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009

Intermittence (Aug, 2009, 24hrs)
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009

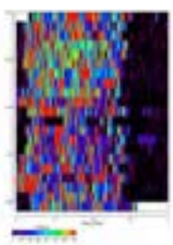
Three Days in Newcastle
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009

Mountain in the Rain,
Switzerland
Archival Inkjet on paper
57 x 81 cm
2006



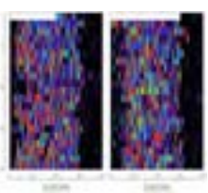
Intermittence (London Activity,
Feb 2005)
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2006

Mountain in the Rain,
London
Archival Inkjet on paper
57 x 81 cm
2006



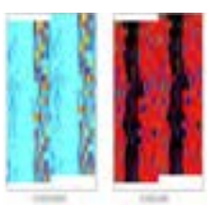
Intermittence (Swiss Activity,
March 2005)
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2006

Three Days and Nights in Berlin
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2008



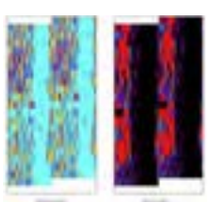
London 2005-London 2009
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009

I Stayed Up All Night
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009



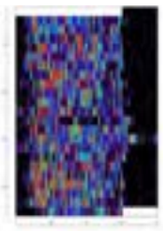
Intermittence (London Diptych)
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2007

Hours from Midnight March
2005
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2006



Intermittence (Swiss Diptych)
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2007

Hours from Midnight March
2009
Actigraph
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2009



Intermittence (June, 2008, 24hrs)
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2008

Intermittence (June, 2008, 48hrs)
Archival Inkjet on paper
46 x 34 cm
2008

Plumb Line Drawing no. 8
Vine Ash on paper
100 x 120cm
2009

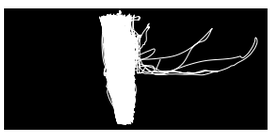
Plumb Line Drawing no. 5
Builder's Chalk on paper
120 x 120cm
2008

Plumb Line Drawing no. 9
Vine Ash on paper
134 x 154cm
2009

Plumb Line Drawing no. 11
Vine Ash on paper
150 x 250cm
2009

Plumb Line Drawing no. 7
Builder's Chalk on paper
150 x 430cm
2009

Plumb Line Drawing no. 11
Vine Ash on paper
150 x 430cm
2009

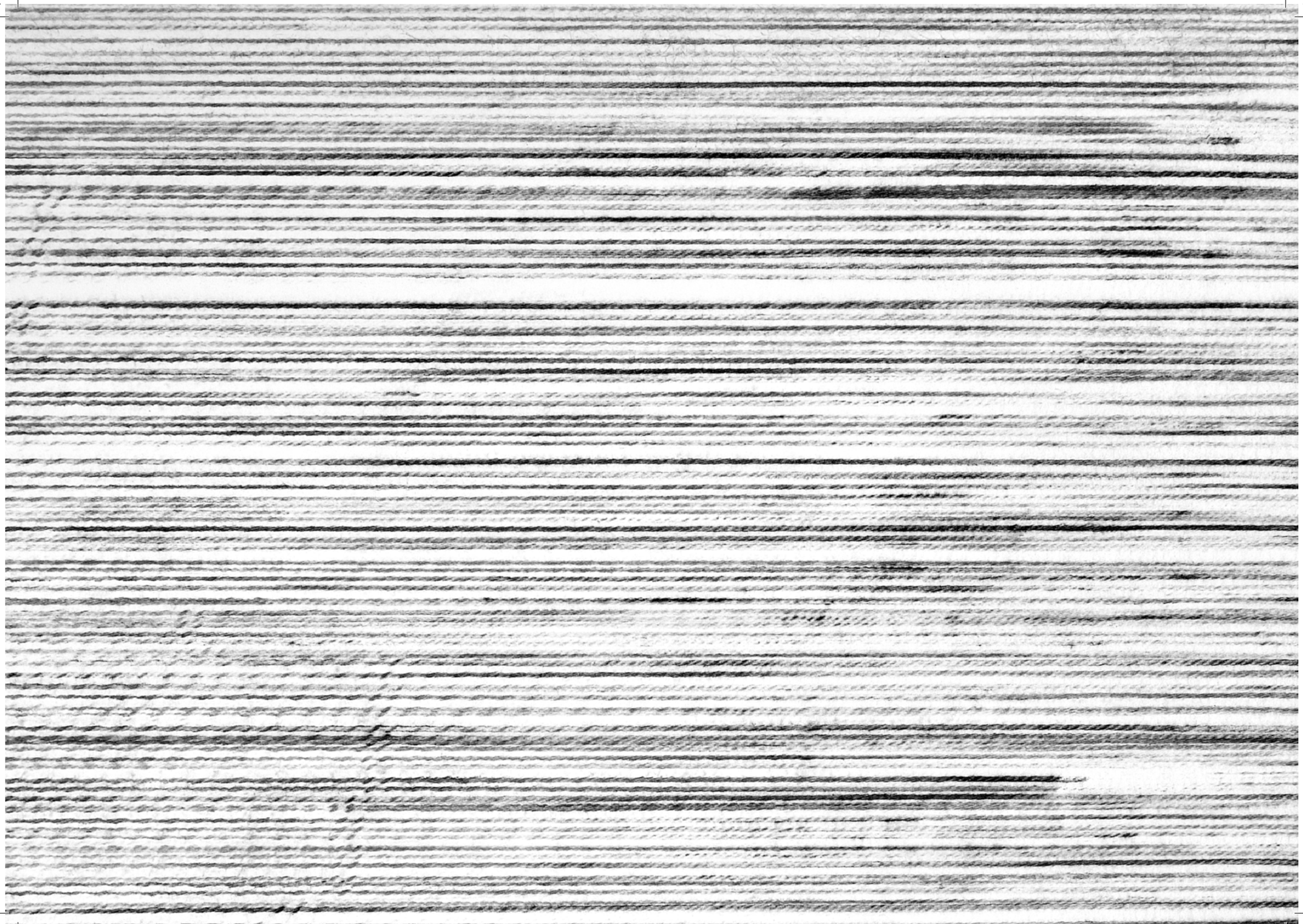


Motion Capture Drawing (First Stage)
Archival Giclee print
150 x 250cm
2009

Motion Capture Drawing Detail
2009

Motion Capture Drawing 001
Archival Giclee print
150 x 250cm
2009

My Blue Rule 2008/2009
Pencil and nail holes on paper
8 x 112cm
2009



ISBN 978-1-903724-03-3