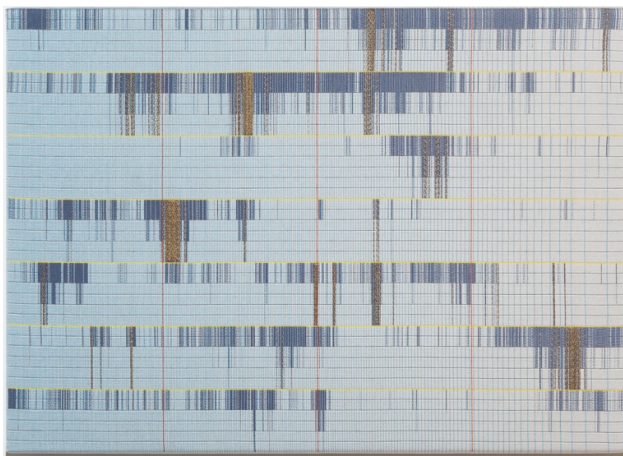


Inlines: On Susan Morris's *Silence* (2021)

Rye Dag Holmboe



Susan Morris, *Silence (Project for a Library)*, 2021

In July 2021, Susan Morris invited me to her home and studio in London to talk about her work and the text I am now writing. We drank tea and ate pastries while her cat, Teddy, hid under the sofa—the poor thing was unused to visitors because of the lockdown. After a brief catch up, Susan showed me a group of six tapestries woven on a Jacquard Loom in Belgium. The works were prototypes for a major commission from St John's College, Oxford, called *Silence (On Prepared Loom)*, a group of six much larger tapestries that now hang on the walls of its new library, designed by the architectural firm Wright & Wright. The tapestries in Susan's studio were what she called 'test pieces'¹ for this work, but they are also parts of a work in its own right, named *Silence (Project for a Library)*.



The garden outside St John's Library

In the garden outside the library at St John's College, Susan installed an audio recorder that registered whatever sounds were produced by the surrounding environment over a period of 50 minutes. Airplanes flying overhead, birdsong, a voice, the rustle of leaves, the distant sound of traffic. These are the sorts of sounds we often neglect to listen to but almost always hear, especially those of us who live in cities; noise pollution or signs of life, depending on your temperament.

Susan made a number of these recordings. The one she chose was made during term time; precisely, at 13.40 on Tuesday 12 November, 2019. The recording was passed through a computer where a specially written algorithm translated the sounds into visual form, organising them according to how loud they were, as well as their amplitude and duration. This pattern was colour coded and sent to a Jacquard Loom in Belgium, where it was woven into tapestries.

In previous weaves, Susan blended colours to allow for gradation. In *Long Exposure 2010-2012*, for example, a large Jacquard tapestry that evolved out of a project for the John Radcliff Hospital in Oxford, the artist used an Actiwatch to record her sleep patterns and exposure to ambient light over a period of three years. The data automatically collected by the Actiwatch was translated into colours that were blended for use on the same Jacquard Loom that wove the *Silence* tapestries. The light areas in the weave register her activity during the day, the dark areas her activity at night, when Susan worked late, slept or dreamt. For the St John's library project, the palette was simplified so that the weave structure, the warp and the weft, was more visible. The sense of a gradient was achieved by weaving solid lines of colour at different distances from one another.



Installation view, St John's College Library

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Fifty minutes, Susan explained, was more or less the time that John Cage's *Lecture on Nothing* took to give. Cage first gave the lecture in 1949 at the Artists' Club on Eighth Street in New York City, and then again in 1960. Apparently there was a recording of *Lecture on Nothing*, but the tape may have been lost. Susan described how inspired she was by Cage's text; as she spoke, I thought of her regular visits to the Buddhist Centre not far from where she lives in London and wondered what resonance that might have.

I had read Cage's lecture once before, as a student, but had forgotten how interesting it was, how curiously affective, given its title. For me, it reads as a kind of concrete poem. Cage spaces out words on the page in a way that is determined by a system that corresponds to the rhythmic structures he employed in his musical compositions. He describes this structure, which served as a kind of score for the performance, at the start of the lecture:

There are four measures in each line and twelve lines in each unit of the rhythmic structure. There are forty-eight such units, each having forty-eight measures. The whole is divided into five large parts, in the proportion 7, 6, 14, 14, 7. The forty-eight measures of each unit are likewise so divided.²

A line of poetry is composed of words and the spaces between them. Syntax is itself a form of time; reading a process both spatial and temporal. With Cage's lecture, however, you feel the empty spaces on the page in a more pronounced way than you would a conventional text or poem, while the words accrue materiality. This is emphasised when you read the text out loud—it was of course meant to be heard, not read.

'I am here and there is nothing to say', starts Cage's *Lecture on Nothing*; and then, soon after:

This space of time / is organised
We need not fear these silences, - /
We may love them³

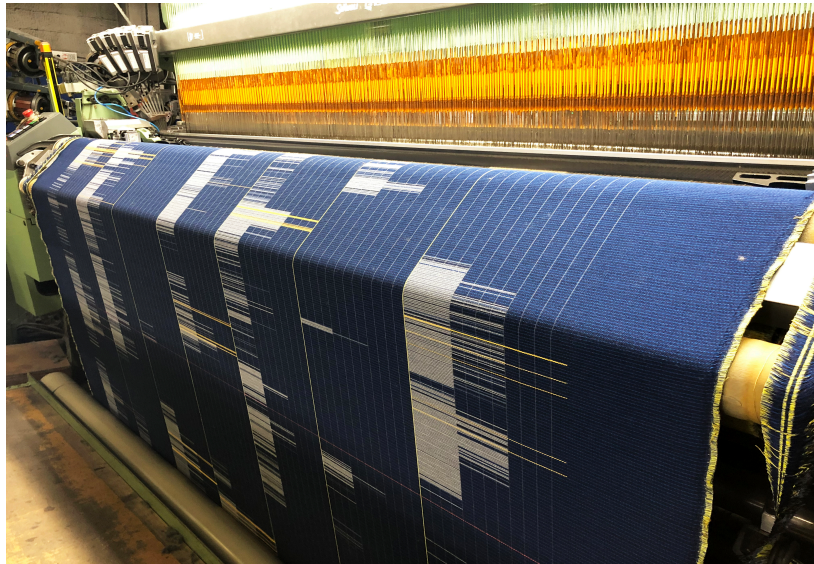
That we might love silences and not fear them is an idea that pervades Cage's work. Silence can free you from the burden of meaning. It can help you tolerate what must also form a part of existence, namely, the absence of meaning. The difficulty lies in letting silence be, that is to say, in not possessing silence, in resisting the urge to make silence mean when it does not, or at least doesn't always.

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The structure of the tapestries that make up *Silence (On Prepared Loom)* and *Silence (Project for a Library)* were loosely based on Cage's *Lecture on Nothing*. The 50 minutes are divided in the same proportion with the sixth tapestry looping back upon the first. Susan interpreted the structure of Cage's lecture as a series of cells in a grid, horizontal and vertical divisions

across the surface of each weave. The panels that have 14 units are more compressed than those with only 6 or 7 because the data is denser there.

Looking at the smaller tapestries in the studio, my first feeling was that they were starkly beautiful—though beautiful is not a word I think Susan would use. You get a strong sense of the independent materiality of each object, of thread and colour, warp and weft. The tapestries were stretched onto wooden frames by hand. This has allowed for small irregularities and distortions to punctuate their surfaces, which enter into tension with the quantitative method that forms each tapestry's content.



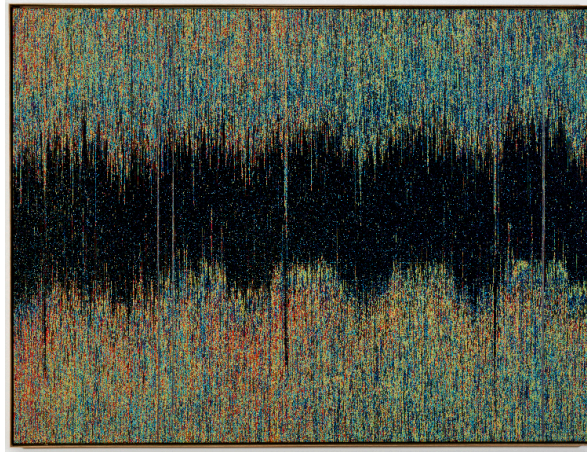
The *Silence* tapestries woven on a Jacquard Loom

It was easy to imagine how impressive *Silence (Project for a Library)* would look when scaled up. Susan showed me a carefully constructed maquette of St John's library and described how the space was flooded with natural light. This in fact proved to be an early complication because Susan wanted to work with yarns with which she was familiar, such as silk. Coloured silk fades very quickly, as does wool, so the tapestries were made out of mercerised cotton instead, which would allow the colour to last much longer. Synthetic thread was used for the sound peaks because it was more durable. These considerations led Susan to the decision that the blue which makes up most of the tapestries should gradually become paler, as if to anticipate the effects of time and the work's daily exposure to the sun. In this way a different temporality, determined by the Earth's rotation, was inscribed upon the surface of the tapestries.

Each of the six parts of *Silence (For Prepared Loom)* measure 210 by 280 cm. This size was determined by the dimensions of the alcoves in which they would hang. Susan used a 4:3 aspect ratio, much beloved by Cage, allowing the library's architecture to function as a constraint. She showed me how the architects had converted a gate in the garden wall into a large window, which would allow visitors to see outside into the garden while sitting beneath or walking past the tapestries. I imagined dust motes spinning in the light.

Beautiful, perhaps, but the tapestries were also impassive. As your eyes move across their surfaces, from left to right, there is a sense of rhythm, repetition, accent, as if you were reading a musical score. The tapestries are filled with data, almost like ledgers. Yet their experience is one of silence, or quiescence, to use a word that Cage liked.

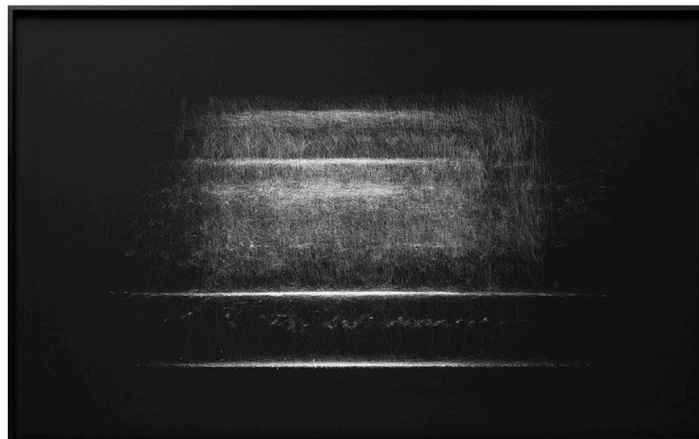
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Susan Morris, *Sun Dial: NightWatch Sleep/Wake 2010-2014 (MLS Version)*, 2015

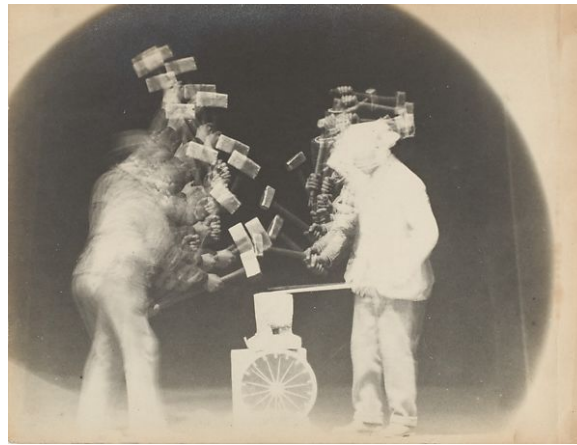
In their examinations of the relationship between automaticity, technology, labour and the body, Susan's works make visible the often imperceptible processes—the body's exposure to ambient light, say, or its sleep patterns—that fall beneath the threshold of consciousness. A long-standing concern of hers is the measurement of time: how the length of the working day or artificial systems of clock and calendrical time, can control our activities in daily life.

Almost a decade before producing the *Silence* tapestries, for example, Susan made a series of works called *Motion Capture Drawings* (2012). To make them, the artist was recorded in a motion capture studio in Newcastle with anodes attached to her body while drawing. A vast amount of data was collected and converted by a specially created algorithm into a line, which was then printed by an Inkjet printer onto large sheets of paper. The Inkjet used only black ink, so what you read as a white line is in fact the paper showing through; a 'no line,'⁴ as Susan put it.



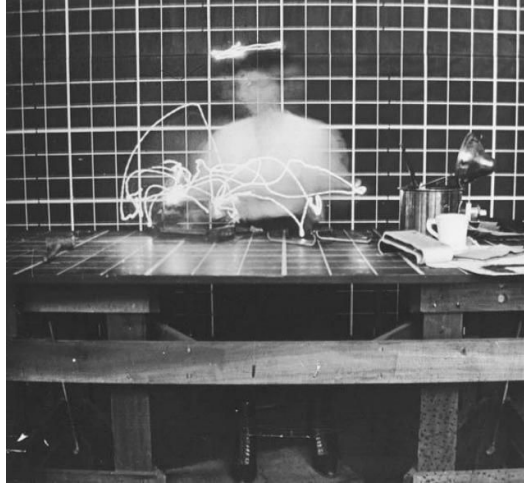
Susan Morris, *Motion Capture Drawing [SPDR]: Facing View*, 2012

The *Motion Capture Drawings* drew upon the chronophotographs of Étienne-Jules Marey (1830-1904), a French scientist who used multiple exposures on a single photographic plate to represent and measure the body in action. The chronophotographs were proto-cinematic, but they were also used to rationalise the movements of the human body. Charles Fremont, an engineer who assisted Marey in his laboratory, used chronophotographs to investigate the expenditure of energy in human labour. Fremont's forgers labour before a dark field with the chronometer visible in the foreground. The workers themselves are indiscernible, pictured as the sequential positions of hammer and hand.⁵



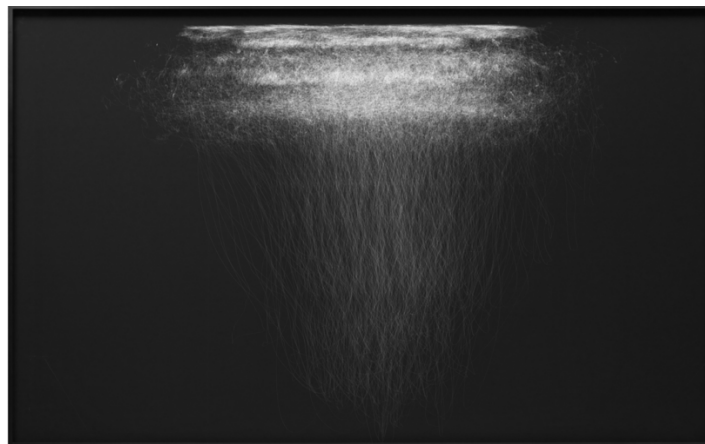
Étienne-Jules Marey, *Chronophotograph*, 1894

Equally important was Frank Gilbreth (1868-1924) and his *Motion Efficiency Study*, which included a number of photographs of workers with anodes attached to parts of their bodies. Like Marey's chronophotographs, the images were used to make the movements of workers more efficient. A line full of twists and turns was an indication of uneconomical labour; a straighter line the sign of efficiency. Trade unions at the time saw motion study as a tool for producing automatons, but Gilbreth, who worked with Fredrick Winslow Taylor, maintained that motion study was designed to make labour more comfortable, reducing fatigue and helping to provide adequate rest breaks.⁶ By 1915, Gilbreth had produced an alphabet of all labour motions, which he called Therbligs.



Frank Gilbreth, *Motion Efficiency Study*, 1914

The *Motion Capture Drawings* read as unruly expressions of Susan's body, the white lines almost scribbles in which you, the spectator, can easily get lost. The motion capture software registered the myriad ways in which her body moved, involuntarily, unconsciously, usually imperceptibly, recording its every movement while she drew and, it would seem, became tangled up by her own line. The drawings invite us to think about, among many other things, how automaticity and the becoming-indiscernible of the subject can be at once coercive—the actions of the labourer are reified into second nature, his movements the expression of what could be called a capitalist unconscious—and, in the body's resistance to measure, potentially subversive.⁷ Rationality is turned inside out, so to speak, in the fulfillment of its own logic.



Susan Morris, *Motion Capture Drawing [ERSD]: View From Above*, 2012

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The *Silence* tapestries are woven out of similar histories. The French weaver and merchant Joseph Marie Jacquard (1752-1834) used cards with holes punched through them in order to control the intricate manipulations of thread on silk looms. The Jacquard Loom operates within a simple binary, zeroes and ones, warp and weft. What you see in a final tapestry is an oscillation within that binary.

‘The horizontal steel rods with springs at the end “sense” the holes punched in a

rectangular piece of cardboard. When a rod “feels” a hole it passes through and activates a mechanism for lifting the appropriate warp thread, which is then skipped in the weaving, while the other threads are regularly woven. The way the holes are punched programmes the pattern.’⁸

The invention of the Jacquard Loom in 1801 was met with fierce protests by silk-weavers in Paris, who saw it as a threat to their skilled labour. As did the Luddites when the instrument arrived in Britain in the 1820s.

Indeed, the relationship between the textile industry and the exploitation of labour is as old as capitalism itself and was instrumental in shaping the working day as we now know it. In *Time, Work and Culture in the Middle Ages* (1977), the French historian Jacques le Goff showed that it was during the fourteenth century, at the dawn of the industrial era, that merchants first replaced Church time with a more accurately measured time useful for profane and secular tasks. The unit of labour time in the medieval West was the day; its length was decided by agrarian rhythms and Church bells. The advent of the mercantile class changed this. Time became successive, quantitatively measurable. The ‘appropriation of time [by the merchants]’, wrote LeGoff, ‘was made manifest by clocks, by the division of the day into twenty-four hours, and, before long, in its individualized form, by the watch.’⁹

What Le Goff called the crisis of the fourteenth century was determined by two factors, labour and time, and the ways in which competing social groups fought over units of measure. This conflict was most acutely felt in the textile sector. LeGoff recounts how, in 1355, the royal governor of Artois allowed the people of Airesur-Ia-Lys to construct a belfry whose bells chimed the hours of commercial transactions and the working hours of textile workers. At the end of the same year, the bailiff of Amiens allowed that “the sound of a new bell”¹⁰ should serve as the means of regulating the “three crafts of the cloth trade,”¹¹ as then existed in various cities in France. Many other examples are provided.

Le Goff also described how there were strict punishments for those who tried to reclaim time or refused to obey the dictates of the clock. In Commines in 1361, for example, “every weaver who appears after the sounding of the morning bell will pay a fine of five Parisian solz.”¹² And if textile workers seized the bell in order to use it as a signal of revolt, they incurred enormous fines: sixty Parisian pounds for anyone who rang the bell for a popular assembly, and the death penalty for anyone who rang the bell to call for rebellion against the king, the alderman, or the officer in charge of the bell.

In cloth manufacturing cities, then, the life of the town was determined by ‘the time of the cloth makers’¹³ and their ‘new masters.’¹⁴ The sixty-minute hour was firmly established. As LeGoff observed, this rationalisation of the working day long anticipated Taylorism. Already in the fourteenth century the ‘infernal rhythms’¹⁵ of capital could be felt. ‘A humanism based on a [...] computation of time was born’.¹⁶

Look now at the *Silence* tapestries. Each weave is a mathematically divisible expression of duration, a fifty minute space of time, and each is composed of so much data. Fifty minutes is a shortened hour, which takes into account the need for rest breaks between hours and is appropriate to the average attention span. As Susan explained, it is the length of most lectures or seminars.

Meanwhile, the use of technologies including an audio recording device, a computer, an algorithm and a Jacquard Loom speaks to the information age, to the computation of time and space through number. It is often said that the Jacquard Loom and the binary system it first employed anticipated digital technologies by two centuries. All machine languages are made up of binary coded instructions in which there are only two possible states, off and on, states that are usually symbolised by 0 and 1. The internet is made up of the same binary system. Hence the use of weaving metaphors such as web, net and network.¹⁷

In this context, it is also noteworthy that St John's College was founded in 1555 by Sir Thomas White, a wealthy merchant tailor who made his fortune in the cloth trade. The college was the first to be founded by a member of the mercantile class and not by the clergy. St John the Baptist was the patron saint of the tailor's fraternity, later the Merchant Taylor's Company in London, of which Sir Thomas White was Master. The Company has occupied the same site on Threadneedle Street since at least 1347.

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Important as these histories are, in their receptiveness to what is outside them, the *Silence* tapestries intimate a different register of experience. In *Lecture on Nothing*, Cage spoke of a form of poetry free from the drive to possess. 'Our poetry now / is the realisation / that we possess nothing'¹⁸, he said. Poetry was only poetry if it was disinterested, if it unfolded in the absence of the self. 'How different / this form sense is / from that / which is bound up with / memory'.¹⁹ What mattered to Cage was the generative potential of constraints, the creative tension between chance and structure, freedom and law.

Pure life
expresses itself / within / and through structure
. / Each moment / is absolute, / alive and sig-
/ nificant. / Blackbirds / rise / from a field making / a /
sound / de-licious / be-yond / com-pare²⁰

Pure life was the name Cage gave to what he called elsewhere 'poetry without a thought content.'²¹ For him, thought and cognition always stood in the way of the creative process. 'Psychology – never again?'²², asked Kafka in one of his aphorisms. It was a question Cage was fond of citing.

During the studio visit, Susan explained that, like Cage, she wanted to make work that was 'inhuman.'²³ By this she meant work that was not an expression of the self. Hers is a poetics of self-occlusion. Just think of the various procedures that went into the making of *Silence*: first, the audio device, which recorded the world's dictation in the garden outside the library

at St John's College, sounds Susan didn't make, sounds that were open to chance; second, the computer and algorithm, which translated these sounds and organised them into visual form; finally, the Jacquard Loom, which wove them into textiles and turned them into something for us to see. These layers of technological mediation make the tapestries feel distant, impersonal, like the dream of a dream. They induce a small vertigo. It is as if the creative process always took place on another scene of articulation.

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There has long been a connection for Susan between Cage's prepared piano and the Jacquard Loom. Certainly the visual analogy between the two instruments is striking. The word 'text' stems from the Latin *texere*, to weave, which also invites a connection between weaving and writing and, by association, drawing. Like the music produced by Cage's prepared piano, the *Silence* tapestries are the products of processes akin to involuntary writing or automatic drawing. They are the cousins of dreamwork; indeed, Sigmund Freud once described the dream as a 'weaver's masterpiece', the unconscious as a 'factory of thoughts',²⁴ which connects dreamwork historically to nineteenth century industrial production and to the Freud family trade in textiles.

Dreams, though, are conventionally held to be expressions of the inner world. What you see in the *Silence* tapestries is a writing of the outside, an inscription of the world's dream. As with a fold, the distinction between insides and outsides is always unstable in Susan's work. But there is, I think, a greater sense of involution to the *Silence* tapestries. Each tapestry is a





kind of indrawing of the world's sounds, delineating a movement from the outside in. The outline of the work is the world's inline, to borrow a term from the philosopher Alan Watts.

Involuntary, automatic, open to chance—perhaps this inhuman aspect helps to account for the starkness of the tapestries' beauty. 'One evening', Cage told an interviewer,

Morton Feldman said that when he composed he was dead. This recalls to me the statement of my father, an inventor, who says he does his best work when he is sound asleep. [...] A fluency obtains which is characteristic of nature.²⁵

Note how, in the name of fluency, or pure life, death, sleep and nature are conflated. The same might be said for *Silence (On Prepared Loom)* and *Silence (Project for a Library)*. The tapestries intimate the silence within the text, the silence around which the rest of the text has been composed. The use of brackets in both titles is significant in this regard. They suggest that the tapestries are different inflections of silence, which holds them between parentheses.

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Imagine yourself now in St John's College library, sat at a desk, gathering your thoughts, allowing for that pleasurable mixture of attention and absent-mindedness that a good library facilitates. It is a place where knowledge is ordered and submitted to classification. The world is quiet here, but not completely. People cough, whisper, walk around. Books are moved, pens dropped. People who speak are shooshed. You settle down, breathe in the smell of books, glance up at the tapestries that hang nearby and, especially on a sunny day, daydream of being outside, in the garden, say.

Cage liked to recount the time he visited an anechoic chamber at Harvard University, a room free from echoes and as silent as humanly possible. In the silence he was surprised to hear two sounds, 'one high and one low'.²⁶ The engineer in charge informed him that the high sound was his nervous system in operation, the low one his blood in circulation. From this Cage concluded that objective silence did not exist, or rather that what we mean by silence is related to intentionality: unintended noise is silence, and what is unintended is pure, ascetic, or, as the psychoanalyst Wilfred Bion might have put it, 'free from memory and desire'.²⁷

The story of the anechoic chamber reminded me of a passage written by the cultural theorist Peter Sloterdijk about the acoustic life of infants before birth. ‘These were the two universal factors of intra-uterine hearing’, he wrote, ‘the cardiac *basso continuo* and the mother’s soprano speaking voice’.²⁸ Sloterdijk described these two sounds—one high, the other low—as ‘proto-music’²⁹, in that they anticipated all other sounds. In the acoustic register, birth describes a loss of ‘sonic continuity’.³⁰ In the beginning there was silence, the syncopation of two heartbeats, the chronometrics of the heart.

To me, the reestablishment of continuity between the insides and outsides of art, between interiority and exteriority, subject and object, is perhaps the most important work the *Silence* tapestries do. It is their ethic, if you like. Susan’s self is effaced, her body almost completely absented from the process of making. This allows for the world’s rhythms to be woven into the rhythms of the work. The tapestries are ciphers through which the world—or should I say the object?—finds its expression. One might fairly ask, as the art historian Briony Fer has done, how much of the world can the work of art contain?³¹ The question is a pressing one. But to ask it implies that art is separate from the world, which is what the *Silence* tapestries make ambiguous.

There is a tension to this continuity, which I think underpins much of Susan’s work. In a world in which art is so susceptible to what is outside it, perhaps even determined by what is outside it, there may be no position left for art to take, indeed no position left for us to take. In the absence of discrimination and prejudice, everything counts equally. Choice becomes meaningless. As does responsibility. This quietism may also be true of the state Cage called ‘Zen No-Mind-ness’. His friend the cultural theorist Norman O. Brown, whose books on Marxism and psychoanalysis Cage greatly admired, saw this tension in his compositions and was perhaps the first to put it into words. ‘Chance operations avoid real uncertainty’, wrote Brown, emulating the composer’s rhythmic structures, ‘the negative capability of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, and / darkness / The results of chance operations are always impeccable: the experiment / cannot fail / no choice no error no blame.’³²

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Towards the end of the studio visit, Susan mentioned that 50 minutes was also the length of a psychoanalytic session. The artist has a long standing interest in psychoanalysis. She recently finished an analysis herself. It was a Lacanian one in which, I imagine, sessions were rarely, if ever, 50 minutes long.

The French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan is now notorious for how short his sessions became: many lasted only a few minutes. One of the reasons behind the indeterminate length of his sessions, the *séances scandées*, was to provoke a question in the analysand, a question that Lacan sometimes used the Italian for, *Che vuoi?* What do you, the Other, want from me? I am not sure about the therapeutic value of this indeterminacy and the paranoia it must provoke, the intense attention it gives to the moment the session ends and the words and



Installation view, St John's College Library

feelings that preceded it. There seems to be a need for omniscience on the part of the analyst, absolute trust in his or her countertransference, which I for one have yet to experience. But I can see that there might be a certain poetry to the process: analytic listening would be like a form of scansion, a cut in the session the equivalent of a line break, continuity between sessions a kind of enjambment.

For those who, like me, were schooled in the post-Kleinian tradition, the idea of ending a session prematurely is almost taboo, although it is noteworthy that Freud was much more flexible than we are. His clinical diaries show that he sometimes saw his patients for one hour, sometimes for an hour and a quarter, sometimes for an hour and a half, even for two hours, with only a pocket watch to give time its measure or, as one critic has observed, his chow Yo-Fie, who could be relied upon to leave the consulting room at roughly the right time.³³



Installation view, St John's College Library

Clearly, though, a frame is needed—although what we mean by a frame has been called into question by the pandemic and lockdown beginning in March 2020. The frame, both spatial and temporal, functions in psychoanalysis as a generative constraint. The chronometrics of

psychoanalysis, the need for measure in both time and space, serves as an instrument for the intensification of the transference and, paradoxically perhaps, for the experience of that which knows no measure, the unconscious. But clock time is not unconscious time, and when we tell our patients, 'It is time', we are also asking them to internalise a restriction that is historically specific.

The receptivity of the *Silence* tapestries took me elsewhere, however. There is a bird that used to sing in the garden outside the study where I work in London. My previous consulting room was in a part of town rarely frequented by birds. Since the lockdown I have worked on the telephone from home, where there are more trees. Each of my patients has heard this bird sing and felt differently about it. One asked if I owned a caged bird (which now makes me think of John Cage and St John's, of saintliness and desire, of communion with the object and the world, of freedom and constraints, chance and determination, life and death), another wondered whether I was really in England, and not abroad, another whether I had recorded the sound of birdsong and had it playing in the background. Perhaps the most memorable association was to Lovebirds kept in different cages so as to make them sing.

You could say that birdsong provided the sessions with silence, in the way Cage meant the word. Birdsong helped me to think about the insides and outsides of analysis, of inlines and outlines in the fold of the psychoanalytic process, which is continuous with both the world and the object. 'The always-there is not perceived', wrote José Bleger of the psychoanalytic frame, 'until it is changed or broken'.³⁴ Or, as Cage put it in *Lecture on Nothing*: 'Structure without life is dead. But Life without structure is un-seen'.³⁵ Once the world is experienced as silence, there appears to be no limit to what can be thought of as the world interior to psychoanalysis, or as the world interior to art.

Recently the bird has flown, together with its song, replaced by a flock of green paraquets, which steal nesting holes and squawk loudly in the morning, the portents of a very different world.

Rye Dag Holmboe is a writer and academic. He is currently a Leverhulme Early Career Fellow at UEA, where his research examines the relationship between creative process and psychoanalysis. He completed his PhD at UCL in 2015 where he was an AHRC Doctoral Scholar and later a Teaching Fellow. Holmboe has published books on several contemporary artists as well as essays and articles on art, literature and theory in journals including *Angelaki*, *Art History*, *October*, *Third Text* and *The White Review*. His book on the Conceptual artist Sol LeWitt is published by MIT Press in 2021, and a co-edited volume, *On Boredom: Essays in Art and Writing* by UCL Press the same year. Holmboe is currently writing a monograph on the painter Howard Hodgkin, which is supported by the Howard Hodgkin Legacy Trust.

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- ¹ Conversation with author, 17 July 2021.
- ² John Cage, 'Lecture on Nothing' in: John Cage, *Silence: Lectures and Writings*, Marion Boyars, 2009, 109.
- ³ Ibid, 109-110.
- ⁴ Conversation with author, 17 July 2021.
- ⁵ For an excellent discussion of Fremont's chronophotographs see: Noam E. Elcott, *Artificial Darkness: An Obscure History of Modern Art and Media*, University of Chicago Press, 2016, 44.
- ⁶ See: Brian Price, 'Frank and Lillian Gilbreth and the Manufacture and Marketing of Motion Study, 1908-1924. *Business and Economic History*', Second Series, Volume 18, 1989.
- ⁷ I borrow the expression from Samo Tomšič's *The Capitalist Unconscious: Marx and Lacan*, Verso, 2014.
- ⁸ Daniel A. Wren and Arthur G. Bedeian, *The Evolution of Management Thought*, Wiley, 2020, 53.
- ⁹ Jacques Le Goff, *Time, Work and the Middle Age*, University of Chicago Press, 1980, xiii.
- ¹⁰ Ibid, 46.
- ¹¹ Ibid, 46.
- ¹² Ibid, 47.
- ¹³ Ibid, 46.
- ¹⁴ Ibid, 46.
- ¹⁵ Ibid, 46.
- ¹⁶ Ibid, 36.
- ¹⁷ For a brilliant and complete history of the Jacquard Loom, see: James Essinger, *Jacquard's Web: How a hand loom led to the birth of the information age*, Oxford University Press, 2004.
- ¹⁸ Cage, 'Lecture on Nothing', 110.
- ¹⁹ Ibid, 111.
- ²⁰ Ibid, 113.
- ²¹ I have lost the source for this quotation.
- ²² Cage, '45' For a Speaker', in: *Silence: Lectures and Writings*, 164.
- ²³ Conversation with author, 17 July 2021.
- ²⁴ Sigmund Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) in: *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, Volume 6, 282.
- ²⁵ Cage, 'Composition as Process', in: *Silence: Lectures and Writings*, 37.
- ²⁶ John Cage, 'A Visit to the anechoic chamber', YouTube, accessed 21/08/2021.
- ²⁷ Wilfred Bion, 'Notes of Memory and Desire', in (ed.) E. B. Spillius, *Melanie Klein Today: Developments in Theory and Practice, Vol. 2. Mainly Practice* (pp. 17-21), 19.
- ²⁸ Peter Sloterdijk, *The Aesthetic Imperative*, Wiley, 2007, 6.
- ²⁹ Ibid, 6.
- ³⁰ Ibid, 6.
- ³¹ Conversation with the author.
- ³² Norman O. Brown, cited in: Christopher Shultis, 'A Living Oxymoron: Norman O. Brown's Criticism of John Cage', *Perspectives of New Music*, Volume 44, Number 2, Summer 2006, 66-87, 70.
- ³³ See: Herbert Will, 'The Concept of the 50-minute hour: Time forming a frame for the unconscious', in *The International Forum of Psychoanalysis*, Volume 27, 2018, 14-23.
- ³⁴ José Bleger, cited in: Jean-Bertrand Pontalis, *Windows*, Bison Books, 2003, 51.
- ³⁵ Cage, 'Lecture on Nothing', 113.