

An Experiment in Musical Comprehension

Keith Kahn-Harris and Ann Morgan

Introduction

How do we *not* understand music?

When questions of musical incomprehension are raised, it is usually to problematise the lack of understanding. Musical incomprehension is, in this sense, either a source of misunderstanding (in some cases, one that can result in hostility towards or moral panics about a particular form of music and its adherents) or as a prelude to subsequent understanding through a process of education (self-education, peer education, institutional education and so on).

But what if musical incomprehension was not treated as a problem? What if incomprehension was reframed as a practice that might have value and that could be developed as a craft?

What follows is an experiment in which the two of us – Keith Kahn-Harris and Ann Morgan – attempt to find a productive way to explore their own lack of understanding of particular musical forms.

Ann Morgan is a novelist and author of the book *Reading the World*, for which she attempted to read a novel from every country in the world¹. Since 2021 she has been running 'Incomprehension Workshops' which work as follows:



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The main body of the workshop is built around turning the English literature comprehension exercise on its head. Instead of giving answers, participants are invited to explore what questions, problems or reactions examples of writing from unfamiliar traditions provoke or pose.ⁱⁱ

Keith Kahn-Harris is an author and sociologist who has written widely on metal music as well as other genres such as Jewish music. In his book *The Babel Message*, he argues that not understanding a language may be a more potent way of developing a convivial attitude to the 'other'.ⁱⁱⁱ He was drawn to Ann Morgan's method through his own interest in curiosity as a sociological and literary practice.

Both of us were keen to investigate how Ann's approach to incomprehension might be extended to music and other forms outside of the written word. Might music's non-verbal qualities create a more visceral – and perhaps threatening – experience of not understanding? And what might we learn if we were to 'sit with' the sounds that baffle us, rather than asking those sounds to give up their secrets?

We agreed on the following format: both of us would choose a piece of music for the other to listen to, from a genre or artist to which they had previously had little or no exposure. We would both listen to the selection without doing background research. We would then write about what we heard (in the third person) and then the other would respond to that reaction (in the second person).

Ann Morgan's Response to *obZen* by Meshuggah (Nuclear Blast 2008)

The challenge with trying to approach any new work or experience in the spirit of genuinely open curiosity is that human

beings bring associations to everything. We're wired to do it, learning by likening and contrasting almost from the moment we're born. As a result, even artefacts that are as far removed as possible from our experience will spark comparisons and memories, prompting us to reach for analogies that, however inadequately or wrongheadedly, will help us make sense of and categorise the unknown and the new.

In my Incomprehension Workshops for curious readers, I try to get round this by removing all context to the extracts I present. Participants receive pieces of writing without any knowledge of when or where they were produced, or who wrote or translated them. The aim is to encourage them to come to the pieces we read without assumptions and to respond as freshly as possible.

In real life, however, that sort of vacuum doesn't exist. Everything arrives with packaging of one kind or another. In the case of Meshuggah's album *obZen*, this packaging came in three forms: the information Keith Kahn-Harris gave me about the year the album was released (2008) and the fact that the band are not Jewish, despite having chosen a Yiddish name; the thumbnail album cover that appeared when I searched for the music on Spotify; and the list of song names. Intrigued as I was by Keith's comments, it was the album cover that sent my thoughts spiralling. No doubt reinforced by my awareness of Keith's expertise in heavy metal, the image it showed of a white, cadaverous face and bloodied – or 'bloodened', as I was later to discover – hand immediately sent me back to my teenage years.

I was never much of a metalhead, but for a while I hung around with a few people who were, several of whom I was keen to impress. As a result, the album cover

brought up memories of straining to hear clashing drums and roaring vocals through shared headphones on school buses, getting stamped on in dark rooms above pubs and ricking my neck during over-enthusiastic attempts at headbanging. My abiding impression was of trying to like something that didn't quite suit me, a hard, unsettling form that I didn't quite have the front to own.

When I plugged in my headphones to listen *obZen* in the more sedate surroundings of the high-speed train service from London to Folkestone, aspects of that teenage experience seemed doomed to repeat themselves. It wasn't simply the list of aggressive song names – 'Combustion', 'Bleed', 'This Spiteful Snake' – but the fact that, from the moment the first track started up, I couldn't make out a single word.

To be fair, this wasn't helped by the background train noise and sporadic announcements coming over the Tannoy. Perhaps I was being unfair to the music, I thought as we thundered through a tunnel; maybe some latent teenage resentment had led me unwittingly to sabotage this listening experiment by conducting it in an unfavourable setting. But no, even in the quiet spells, the vocals of the opening tracks offered me nothing more than an indistinct roar. Besides, I reasoned, art has to meet us where we are. That's part of its challenge. Books, TV shows, paintings are all at the mercy of outside influences – the ring at the doorbell, the building work next door, the phone buzzing. Even fully immersive experiences like plays and concerts aren't immune to intrusions from fellow audience members or the distractions of a busy head.

Unable to decode the words, I resolved to pay attention to what I could access, and spent the first several tracks focusing on

the instrumental lines. Here, my appreciation started to open up: the skill of the players was clear. I was intrigued by the syncopated rhythms and intricate, furiously demanding instrumentals. The stamina alone required to deliver the drum part was staggering. In fact, perhaps worried that I might struggle to find my way into the music, Keith had subsequently sent me a link to a YouTube video of Meshuggah's drummer playing 'Bleed'; I'd refrained from watching it before listening, wanting to experience the album first in the order it was presented, but no doubt this would have impressed me still further. What's more, there was far more range in the music than I had expected. The intense, aggressive, mechanistic grind, gave way to wistful, plaintive interludes that struck me as intensely beautiful – guitar solos conjuring images of lonely wastelands, and what I assumed were synth or keyboard interludes suffused with the pain of longing for connection and something brighter. The songs felt more experimental and daring than the relatively monotonal crashing I was used to associating with metal. Things seemed to have moved on somewhat from the prevailing trends during my headbanging teenage years. (Indeed, when I googled Meshuggah after finishing the album, I was gratified to note that they had moved towards a style dubbed – by Wikipedia, at least – as progressive metal, which seemed to fit with what I'd felt when I was listening.) These musical observations kept me interested and went some way to fight the gusts of irritation and feelings of exclusion that something deep-rooted in my psyche kept blasting at me during the first half of the album, telling me that I, a middle-aged mum on an afternoon train, shouldn't be listening to this. That I was too middle-of-the-road for this sort of caper. That this music wasn't for me.

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Luckily, my work around incomprehension in reading has taught me that such feelings of exclusion often point to something worth unpacking underneath the surface – a defence mechanism shielding an opportunity for learning and personal understanding if only we can have the patience to sit with, accept and explore it. This certainly proved the case here.

Halfway through, a breakthrough came in an unexpected form: accidental fumbling with my phone enabled a – to me – hitherto unknown bit of functionality in Spotify, whereby the lyrics scrolled down the screen as the music played. Suddenly what had been an indistinct roar became alarmingly clear. Indeed, my irritation with the vocalist quickly shifted to admiration when I realised how skilfully he was enunciating the words once I had the prompt of the text in front of me.

At first, I wondered if this was cheating. Surely, I wasn't really experiencing the music in the raw if I had the helping hand of the words to refer to? But then, in a comparison I suspect may not have been offered to Meshuggah's work before, it struck me that opera houses often display surtitles, even when works are performed in English. How was this any different?

Having squared referring to the words with my conscience, I found my attention shifting. The instrumental lines now took a back seat and my focus was on the lyrics. In many ways, they were in line with what I might have expected: rage; disillusionment; a strong anti-establishment message underpinned with a profound suspicion that everything was built on lies.

At first, I found it interesting, even refreshing. I was particularly intrigued by the phrase 'bloodened hands', which cropped up towards the end. Perhaps it

was a slip, but there seemed to me to be an intentionality behind this neologism that suggested a slightly different quality to the more conventional 'bloodied' – as though blood had been slathered on the hands in question but without conferring the honour or rite of passage inherent in 'blooded'.

After a while, though, the relentless hopelessness behind the words and the heaps of negative adjectives they kept channelling into my brain also began to grate on me. I started to get an odd urge to laugh. 'Get over yourself, love,' I found myself thinking. 'Have a cup of tea and calm down a bit. It's not all that bad.' My mind started to wander towards non-performance settings with which metal music is perhaps unfairly associated in popular culture – tank loads of US army soldiers riding into Iraq, torture chambers (at least in some of the darker TV dramas I've seen). I'm a staunch believer in free expression. As far as possible, I don't believe art should be limited, and I think those who link it to and blame it for societal ills are barking up the wrong tree. However, listening to the final tracks of *obZen*, I began to wonder about the role of the unremitting negativity it expressed. Where did it come from? Was it an interior or exterior voice? Was it articulating feelings with which listeners could identify or dictating a world view? Was there a purgative element to expressing so much darkness or was it simply advocating nihilism? And how did this fit with the fact that the majority of metalheads I'd encountered in my life were sensitive, thoughtful individuals very unlikely to engage in the sort of violence and destruction referenced here?

Then as 'Dancers to a Discordant System' struck up, together with a repeating gif of clouds and fire, I found a new reflection drifting in. The complexity of the work was

mesmerising, drawing my attention to the instruments once more. The effort and skill of the musicians in producing this intricate and weirdly beautiful creation surely couldn't help but be a challenge to darkness and chaos. And, with the music influencing me once more, it occurred to me that the vocals, too, had layers I was only now beginning to appreciate: in a funny way, they undid themselves. For if we truly were nothing but 'asinine drones kept in the dark, kept in lies,' as the lyrics claimed, there would be no space for anyone to say so and no opportunity for anyone to listen to such sentiments.

The fact this album exists, that this message can be conveyed, that it can be listened to by a technologically inept 40-year-old on an afternoon train, is a statement of freedom. It is, oddly, profoundly hopeful. An affirmation of the right to question, criticise, and dream – even if nightmares are the result.

Keith Kahn-Harris's reaction to Ann Morgan's choral music playlist^{iv}



Ann Morgan's choral music playlist.

Well, I think I failed. Not that we set each other a clear, 'pass/fail' test; but, well, bear with me and I'll explain....

As an experiment in incomprehension, the playlist Ann created for me posed an interesting challenge. This is not music that

was previously unknown to me, generically speaking, although the particular pieces of music that made up the playlist were not familiar. But while I have been exposed to pre-modern European choral music before, I have rarely stopped to pay attention; to really listen. So the challenge was that, for this experiment to be fruitful, I had to actively make this music incomprehensible to me, at least initially.

In his classic work *The Tuning of the World*, the Canadian music educator R. Murray Shafer advocated a process of 'ear cleaning' that would allow us to pay proper attention to the 'soundscape' that envelops us all. This seemed a fitting way to think about choral music of this kind. For it is often used, not exactly as 'background' music, but something close to it. On film and TV, unaccompanied choral music of this kind signifies the churched, the ecclesiastical, the monastic, the pious, the refined. And this signifying chain seeps into our sonic vocabulary.

As Ann understands it, incomprehension is not a reproach, not something to replace with comprehension, at least not immediately. Sitting with incomprehension was harder than I thought. It only took one or two listens to the playlist before something became comprehensible: why Ann, as a singer, is drawn to it. It didn't take much deep listening before I could recognise the exquisite artistry of these pieces; the extraordinary precision and control it requires of singers; the subtle enmeshing and unmeshing of vocal lines.

It's easy to see the attraction of this music to the singer. I can imagine how the delicate interlocking of vocal lines must be hard to achieve and hugely satisfying when it works. There is nowhere for a singer to hide in unaccompanied choral works. I would feel a bit naked if it was me doing it!

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Such comprehension only took me so far. I recognise this music as beautiful, I recognise it as aesthetically interesting, but I don't *feel* it. I have a slightly crude analogy for this. I remember watching the wedding of Prince William and Kate Middleton a few years ago. I remember being struck by how, while they were a handsome-looking couple, they were not a sexy couple. They had a kind of Apollonian beauty, rather than the alluring, Dionysian sort. And this is what I feel about the beauty of the music on the playlist; it is both self-evident and entirely elusive; a beauty that does not stir the loins. At least for me.

I was struck by the last track on the playlist; William Byrd's 'Sing joyfully'. It didn't feel very joyful to me (although it didn't feel doleful either). It felt like a mannered form of praise. What I don't know is how far that reaction can be explained by the gap between the ways in which joyfulness is musically signified today and the way it was signified in Tudor England. I suspect that it's more the latter than the former. That suspicion is rooted in all sorts of prejudices I doubtless have about the English church as a power-full entity seeking to repress the subversive capacity of music to transgress boundaries. Even if I'm correct though, that doesn't mean that the joyful, bawdy music of the Tudor tavern (as I imagine it) would be able to communicate that joy across the centuries either.

I freely admit that, when it comes to ecclesiastical music, I am impossible to please. In my own life as a practicing Jew within the Reform tradition, I find both the churchified cantorial music of the nineteenth century German Reform movement, and the guitar-led happy clappy music of the 1960s – both strong traditions in the synagogues I attend – equally difficult. Sometimes I love them, sometimes I am profoundly irritated. The same goes for worship more generally: I

get creeped out by people smiling, dancing and expressing joy in the synagogue; I get furious when worship is simply the dull recitation of tired formulae.

My reaction to the playlist was never stable. Flashes of appreciation of the refined perfection of the sound intermingled with moments of profound alienation at the sheer *coldness* of it all. 'Sonic cathedral' is a well-known cliché of the 1980s rock press, but it applies perfectly to pre-modern choral music. And I usually experience cathedrals as simultaneously cold – literally cold – and sublime. Sometimes I 'get' this kind of Christianity and sometimes I feel repelled.

So why do I say that I 'failed' at this task? Well, when Ann sent me the playlist she told me that there was an 'odd one out'. I had no idea what that was and a glance at the titles of the tracks didn't make me any the wiser. On my first listen to the playlist I didn't even look at the titles. Then, about twenty-five minutes in, on the penultimate track, I suddenly realise something was...different. The sonic raw materials were the same, the music no less chilly. Yet the austerity seemed to have a different quality, more minimal, less resolved, more uncomfortable. I started hearing puzzling echoes of modernist twentieth century composers and, in particular, a whiff of the sparseness of Webern. The track ended with a barely resolved cadence, a solo voice drifting to stillness.

I looked at the track details. Lo and behold it was by a contemporary composer, James MacMillan. The one track on the playlist that really spoke to me was recently-composed! While I wouldn't exactly call this my comfort zone, I am far more drawn to modern(ist) composers, to forbidding sonic difficulty, than I am to the 'classical' tradition. While the MacMillan track isn't atonal or dissonant, it does seem to recall

this kind of sonic edginess, maybe as a kind of spectre. That was just enough for me to be drawn to it.

On subsequent listens to the playlist, I realised that I was just marking time till the James MacMillan piece came up. That to me is a sort of failure on my part; sitting with the incomprehension gave way to waiting it out. Without knowing it, Ann had provided me with a sonic life raft!

All is not lost, though. This experience has helped me to think through my relationship to music I find 'cold'. It seems that, for me, there is a 'good' cold and a 'bad' cold: The good cold is usually unresolved and ranges outside the perfection of harmony. The bad cold is controlled, systematic, leaving no gaps into which earworms can burrow.

In the end, it's all about me, isn't it? I learned a lot from this exercise but most of what I learned about was my own aesthetics. Maybe there is no other outcome possible. We cannot listen to music with entirely clean ears. Our solipsistic hearing cannot cope with complete incomprehension for long before seizing on that which is comprehensible. It's in those precious unsettling moments before we assimilate the unknown into the known, that we can confront our aesthetic nakedness. In this exercise, those moments were fleeting, but they were valuable nonetheless.

Keith Kahn-Harris's response to Ann Morgan's reaction to Meshuggah's *obZen*

It's rare to find serious writing on metal by people who aren't temperamentally drawn to it. So, I actually found your reaction quite thrilling to read. Although you aren't a complete stranger to metal, this seems to have been the first time you listened so

deeply and intensely. Most of the discourse on metal that I read and add to can draw on a set of shared reference points and shorthands that are hard to 'see'. As much as anything, this experiment has made me wonder what we could gain if music – or other – criticism could include the reactions of those listening with fresh ears.

I am a big fan of Meshuggah but this isn't the main reason why I chose *Ob-Zen*; I am not looking to have my taste validated! Knowing that you are not a metalhead, what I was looking for was metal that would be challenging to listen to, but not to the extent that it would be entirely alienating. The vast world of metal includes highly confrontational artists with dodgy opinions as well as wilfully impenetrable acts and sub-genres that are designed to be obscure. Ironically, such versions of the incomprehensible can be very 'obvious'.

What I did want to do is to find something that encapsulates the side of metal that I treasure most: the creation of 'difficult' music that is still connected by a thread, however slender, leading back to mainstream rock culture. And this is what Meshuggah excel at. For all of their polyrhythms, downtuned guitars, atonal riffs and harsh vocals, they are still a band that can sell out the Albert Hall (as they did last June). They are a band for whom you can step back and admire the riffage with a furrowed brow, and they are a band you can bang your head to.

In setting Meshuggah as your challenge, I was curious to know whether you would share my sense of the band as simultaneously avant-garde and populist. I wasn't sure, though, which album to set. They have released nine albums and any of the last six would allow you to grasp the essence of Meshuggah's sound (not that all these albums sound the same, but the differences between them are nuanced). I

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finally chose *obZen* in part because it marks roughly the halfway point in their musical development and partly because I had a very specific question that I wanted answering....

obZen's best-known track is 'Bleed', and deservedly so. It's a *tour de force* by Tomas Haake, the extraordinary drummer at the heart of the band's sound. It makes use of relentless and fiendishly difficult double bass drumming. Double bass drumming is one of the sounds that drew me in to death metal in the late 1980s. I loved – and still love – the clickiness, the drilling sounds that two bass drums and two pedals (or, sometimes, one bass drum and two pedals) can make. Double bass drumming is rare outside metal and I was curious to know whether you would identify this sound that means so much to me. By offering you the album that includes 'Bleed', I gifted you the finest example of Tomas Haake's double-bass work that I know.

...And I think you got it, albeit not identifying the technique by name. You noted that 'the stamina alone required to deliver the drum part was staggering' as well as the rhythmic complexity of Meshuggah's work more generally. I can't explain exactly why, but this recognition touched me. More than that, you also noticed aspects of Meshuggah's work that I had never really acknowledged. You are absolutely correct that *obZen* is actually a pretty varied album, despite its consistent unifying sound, and yes there is definitely something 'weirdly beautiful' about it. Yet when I think of Meshuggah, I think of something absolutely relentless, even monolithic. Despite the countless hours I have spent in their company, I always seem to come away with the sense of having been pummelled into submission. Maybe that's why I 'forget' the interplay of light and

shade that I experience in the moment of listening.

Finally, I was not surprised that you struggled with the lyrics. As someone who is deeply immersed in the world of literature as you are, this was probably inevitable. It's possible that I am the unusual one here: Even though I spend a lot of my time reading and writing (about metal and many other things), I mostly don't care about metal lyrics. I have almost no interest in listening to Meshuggah with Spotify's lyrics feature enabled. Of course, I have written extensively about metal lyrics – often the problematic kind – but maybe Meshuggah is so precious to me that I do not want to know what the lyrics are. Perhaps if I did, I would start asking the questions you ask. Or maybe I would just find the lyrics poorly-written doggerel. The vocals are an essential part of Meshuggah's sound, but I listen to them as just another instrument. I am reminded of the message I found on the lyric sheet of a metal-adjacent band with an awful name that I am too embarrassed to print here:^v

'None of these lyrics mean anything, so don't waste your time'

I am not quoting this in order to admonish you! In fact, I do have responses to the searching questions you ask in your reaction to *obZen*. Right now, though, what matters to me most is that you heard something of what I hear. That feels oddly validating. When fans and non-fans reach out across the incomprehension barrier together, we create a connection all the more powerful for its fleeting quality.

Ann Morgan responds to Keith Kahn-Harris's reaction to Ann Morgan's choral music playlist

Well, first of all a big thank you for engaging with this exercise so openly and

generously. It sounds like you did anything but fail from where I'm standing, but I'll get to that in a minute.

Beforehand, I just wanted to explain a bit about how I created the playlist. I have a confession to make: it wasn't entirely my own work. Although I have sung about half the pieces it features, many of the more obscure (and difficult) numbers were unknown to me prior to this. They were actually the suggestions of numerous professional musicians in my Facebook network (among them an opera conductor, the director of chapel music of a Cambridge college, and several leading choral singers, organists and singing teachers) who answered my appeal for suggestions of early choral music that would challenge and delight.

One of my aims was to try to overturn the sort of preconceptions about choral music you describe, so I deliberately chose several pieces that break a lot of the rules of classical harmony that were developed later. It's interesting to read that this didn't particularly speak to you BUT I was very struck by your comments about the Byrd – how it felt 'mannered' and somewhat constrained. This to me corroborated one of the key tenets of my incomprehension theory: that when something irritates or jars it often points to an opportunity for discovery. Byrd converted to Catholicism and was on the list of recusants in the late 16th century but continued to compose music for the Protestant church and wrote this piece during this period. As such, he very probably did feel constrained in his work and the somewhat stilted quality you identified may well be his anger and frustration coming through.

I was delighted with how perceptive you were about your responses. Your insight into the urge to plug gaps in knowing with personal experience and the way it

ultimately led you to pay attention to your own aesthetics and preferences was great. I don't think approaching something in the spirit of incomprehension means that we have to end up liking the artefact in question (although I am pleased you were drawn to the Macmillan: it's one of my all-time favourites).

In the end, as you note, approaching something in the spirit of incomprehension is 'all about me'. You say you would feel naked trying to perform this music and in many ways trying to apply not knowing exposes us in the same way as these vocal lines are exposed: without the usual analytical noise and mental chord progressions to hide in, our mechanisms, biases and thought processes become much more apparent. It's tiring and not easy to sustain for long before, in your words, we collapse into assimilating the unknown into the known. But when it is approached with the level of openness and curiosity you brought to this, it affords moments of respectful and potentially fruitful engagement, either with something outside our usual frame of reference or with something closer to home that may stand a second look. Thank you.

Conclusion

How to conclude a journey that was, by design, open-ended and uncertain in its final destination?

In the months since we submitted this article, as we waited for the process of peer review to be concluded, neither of us have radically transformed our listening practices. Keith Kahn-Harris is no more a fan of choral music than he was before, nor is Ann Morgan a Meshuggah fan. Of course, the point of the exercise was never turn each other into a fellow aficionado of our chosen music. Nevertheless, we note that it is difficult to escape the deep-rooted

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cultural logic that the music we are exposed to must be judged and then accepted or rejected. Listening with incomprehension can also feel like an uncomfortably provisional state, one that demands resolution.

We remain committed to this discomfort, and to incomprehension as an aesthetic practice, precisely because it forces us to engage with this lack of resolution. Musically it is a kind of imperfect cadence and, as Susan McClary noted in *Feminine Endings*, the way in which pieces of music end is consequential.^{vi} Perfect cadences – and perfect love or hate for one music or another – close things down, imperfect cadences open things up.

We therefore hope that the ‘results’ of our experiment will stimulate further experiments in opening up incomprehension. We certainly learned much about ourselves, our tastes and, of course, ‘the music itself’ in this process, and we encourage others to think seriously about how incomprehension might be developed as a revelatory aesthetic practice.

Dr Keith Kahn-Harris is a sociologist and writer, based in London. He is a senior lecturer at Leo Baeck College, an associate lecturer and honorary fellow at Birkbeck College, and he is the project director of the European Jewish Research Archive at the Institute for Jewish Policy Research. He has a broad range of interests, including particular expertise in researching metal music scenes and the UK Jewish community. The author or co-author of eight books, editor of several collections and many articles and reviews, his career bridges academia and multiple other worlds. His most recent books are *The Babel Message: A Love Letter to Language* (Icon) and *What Does A Jew Look Like?* (in collaboration with Rob Stothard).

Ann Morgan is an author and editor based in Folkestone, UK. In 2012, she set herself the challenge of reading a book from every country in a year, recording her quest on the blog ayearofreadingtheworld.com. The project led to a TED talk with more than 1.8 million views and the non-fiction book *Reading the World: How I Read a Book from Every Country*. Ten years after her original quest, Ann continues to blog, write and speak about international literature, as well as building a career as a novelist. Her debut novel, *Beside Myself*, has been translated into eight languages and optioned for TV. Her next novel, published in 2023, is *Crossing Over*. She is Literary Explorer in Residence of the Cheltenham Literature Festival.

Endnotes:

- I. Morgan, Ann. *Reading the World: How I Read a Book from Every Country*. Random House, 2015.
- II. For further details see: <https://ayearofreadingtheworld.com/2021/11/18/would-you-like-to-do-an-incomprehension-workshop/>
- III. Kahn-Harris, Keith. *The Babel Message: A Love Letter to Language*. Icon Books, 2021.
- IV. The playlist can be found at: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7h10mhXslr19BKqebrEUIO?si=9e764ef5c5e84cc5>
- V. Oh go on then – it’s on Fudgetunnel’s *Hate Songs in E Minor*
- VI. McClary, Susan. *Feminine Endings: Music, Gender and Sexuality*. Minnesota: University of Minnesota Press, 1991.