IBERIAN AND LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP ON THE ASCENT: REFLECTIONS FROM THE UNITED STATES

ESTUDIO DE LA MUSICA IBÉRICA Y LATINOAMERICANA EN ASCENSO: REFLEXIONES DESDE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS DE AMÉRICA

Carol A. Hess
University of California, Davis
cahess@ucdavis.edu
ORCID ID: 0000-0001-5350-8711

Resumen
Durante la primera mitad del siglo xx, la musicología se estableció como una disciplina académica en los Estados Unidos. Sin embargo, y aparte de los repertorios medievales y renacentistas ibéricos, los estudiosos estadounidenses hacían caso omiso de la música del mundo de habla hispana y portuguesa. ¿Por qué ha sido así, especialmente a la luz de la fuerte presencia histórica de España en los Estados Unidos? El presente ensayo autobiográfico examina esta cuestión, trazando la trayectoria de la musicóloga hispanista Carol A. Hess. Se evalúan los cambios disciplinarios en la musicología estadounidense —metodológicos, filosóficos e ideológicos— a lo largo de los últimos treinta años, transformaciones éstas que han contribuido a hacer de este repertorio un víbante campo de estudio vigente hoy día que permite que los musicólogos estadounidenses puedan ejercer su profesión, especializándose en la música ibérica y latinoamericana, además de la música de la diáspora hispana. La temática investigada pueda extenderse desde el compositor vanguardista Llorenç Barber al rapero Nach Scratch o al director de orquesta Xavier Cugat y su público estadounidense de los años 40, mientras que otros persiguen las especializaciones establecidas de la música medieval y renacentista. La música ibérica y latinoamericana se enseña regularmente en las instituciones postsecundarias y docentes tienen a su disposición una variedad de libros de texto y otros recursos pedagógicos. Todo eso nos ha llevado a una libertad disciplinaria que hubiera sido impensable hace sólo unas décadas.

Palabras clave
Musicología en los noventa, musicología estadounidense, difusión de repertorios ibéricos y latinoamericanos, guerra fría, historiografía.

Abstract
In the early twentieth century, musicology was established as an academic discipline in the United States. Nonetheless, with the exception of Iberian medieval and Renaissance repertories, U.S. scholars largely overlooked the music of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking world. Why should this have been the case, especially in light of Spain’s strong historical presence in the United States? This autobiographical essay examines this question by tracing the career of an individual musicologist, the Hispanist musicologist Carol A. Hess. Evaluated here are disciplinary shifts in U.S. musicology —methodological, philosophical, and ideological— over the past thirty years. These transformations have combined to make this repertory a viable field of study today. Musicologists in the United States can now make their careers by specializing in Iberian and Latin American music, as well as the music of the Hispanic diaspora. They research topics ranging from the avant-garde composer Llorenç Barber to the rapper Nach Scratch or the popular bandleader Xavier Cugat and his U.S. audiences of the 1940s, while others also pursue the time-tested areas of medieval and Renaissance music. Iberian and Latin American music is regularly offered in postsecondary institutions while instructors now have a variety of textbooks and other pedagogical resources from which to choose. All add up to a disciplinary freedom that would have been unthinkable only a few decades ago.

Key words
1990s musicology, U.S. musicology, diffusion of Spanish and Latin American music, Cold War, historiography.

In August 2019, I taught a masters-level seminar, «Música y la Diplomacia Cultural», at the Universidad Alberto Hurtado en Santiago, Chile. Over the term, I learned about the topics the students were pursuing: the historiography of blackface minstrelsy in South America, Chilean jazz in the 1930s, or religious expression in 1960s Chilean music. I also enjoyed social gatherings with the students, along with their friendly and attentive faculty mentors. In our penultimate class, we focused on Frederic Rzewski’s solo piano work 36 Variations on «The People
United Will Never Be Defeated!», a searing critique of U.S. involvement in the 1973 coup that brought Augusto Pinochet to power. I chose it because I wanted students to know that many in the United States became disillusioned with their government’s actions in Latin America, some expressing these sentiments musically. As a result, not all works by U.S. composers inspired by Latin America are cheery tourist impressions à la Aaron Copland’s El salón México or Morton Gould’s Latin American Symphonette.

To be sure, I was a bit nervous. Might our discussion dredge up tragic associations for the students, especially if their family members or friends were among Pinochet’s victims? Might my presence, as a musicologist from the United States, inhibit them from saying what they really thought? I introduced Rzewski, his biography, and his musico-political stance. Then I glanced around the room for reactions to this powerful piece, of which no student had prior knowledge, and played a portion of Rzewski’s own recording, followed by an introduction to the work’s extraordinary form, which I believe represents the processes of memory. The students gazed blankly at my PowerPoint diagram. Finally, I broke the silence: «Oigan, ¿esta obra les ofende?»

A burst of conversation ensued. One young woman declared that despite Rzewski’s good intentions, she couldn’t accept the idea of a U.S. composer writing music rooted in a tragedy his own government perpetrated. Another held that Rzewski’s vehicle for protest—a set of virtuosic piano variations—was insufficiently «revolutionary», given its roots in romanticism. Another asserted that anyone can interpret historical events according to whatever aesthetic they wish. Having shelved my prepared remarks on musical form, I instead listened, asking the occasional question and inwardly noting that the animated conversation helped shaped some of the observations here.

How did a White musicologist from the United States trained in the European canon like me get to this place? That’s the question Emilio Ros-Fábregas has kindly invited me to address in this essay. I hope this account of my own trajectory, along with the survey of disciplinary shifts that enabled U.S. scholars nowadays to specialize in music of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking world, will offer perspective. Here, I especially have in mind younger scholars confronting an uncertain but hope-filled future.¹

1. MEMORIES OF A COLD WAR GIRLHOOD

As one whose birth coincided with the «Soviet threat» but also the greatest economic boom in U.S. history, I find it tempting to riff on the title of Mary McCarthy’s account of a bygone era vis-à-vis her own «girlhood».² Apart from the occasional duck-and-cover exercise—or were they fire drills?—vague cognizance of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, and the sight of my ordinarily upbeat mother weeping over President Kennedy’s assassination that late-November day in 1963, we felt secure in our New York City suburb. A single-income family could live in a spacious house and swim at a well-appointed municipal pool without ever having to join a country club. Seen in retrospect, it was rather like one of those 1950s television situation-comedies in which children indulge in sweetly mischievous behavior and problems are solved with calm appeals to adult authority, all in a safe environment. The fact that such communities, including my own, were overwhelmingly White was due to red-lining, a system dating from home-ownership programs of the 1930s that staved off some of the effects of the Great Depression while denying government-insured mortgages to Blacks and other racial minorities.³ It was the environment many U.S. academics of that era inhabited, ignorant of its origins and described by one author as «waking up White».⁴

I experienced no shortage of music. My father played several instruments—poorly, as he enjoyed explaining—and upon arriving home on the commuter train

¹ My thanks to the many friends and colleagues who have commented on drafts of this essay, especially Georgia Cowart, President of the American Musicological Society, who in informal conversation helped shaped some of the observations here and who kindly read a draft of this essay. I also thank Walter Aaron Clark, John Koegel, Beth E. Levy, Juan Diego Díaz, Milton M. Azevedo for their fine suggestions.


³ Neighborhoods were classified on color-coded maps, with red signifying the riskiest areas. Redlining was outlawed only in 1968 with the Fair Housing Act, which was enforced unevenly; see James W. Loewen, «Sundown Towns», Poverty & Race, 14/6 (2005), pp. 1-5.

from Pleasantville, would mix a cocktail and whack away at the upright piano in the living room. My mother, who gave up the piano when she married and ultimately enslaved herself to her four daughters, would fix the family meal during these musical interludes. «You know, girls», she’d confide to us over the din, «your father could gamble, drink like a fish, or run around with women. Instead, he bangs on the piano. Maybe I don’t have it so bad». Instead, she shrugged, as she tested the gravy or gave the boiled potatoes a nudge.

What was the music that surrounded us so insistently? At home, we enjoyed Broadway showtunes, classical and light classical works, folk melodies, Gilbert and Sullivan, and parlor songs. We sang in the junior choir at the First Congregational Church and took piano lessons. Because our public school boasted a fine music program — glee club, orchestra, band, theory, chamber music, classes in various instruments — we could sing in parts. In those days, foreign language study started in the third grade, which meant that at Christmastime we could essay «Il est né le divin Enfant» and «Ihr Kinderlein, kommet».

Did we ever sing «De tierra lejana venimos» or «En el portal de Belén»? Not likely: if you were college bound in the 1960 and 70s, you studied French, Latin, or sometimes German. Spanish was considered the easy language, one you took simply to fulfill graduation requirements. This misguided thinking — that Spanish was simple — led to simplistic conclusions about things Spanish and Latin American. Thanks to the legacy of the Black Legend, crafted centuries earlier by Spain’s colonial competitors, Cold War-era schoolchildren learned that whereas the Pilgrims and Puritans had come to the Americas in pursuit of religious freedom, the dastardly Spanish sought only gold. That’s right: despite the overall greed and violence of the colonial enterprise, the commonly accepted narrative had it, English nationbuilders and colonizers brought their wives and families to help forge the future whereas Spanish plunderers were uniquely responsible for rapaciousness and brutality. My classmates and I barely heard of the Spanish Civil War, whether because of its lingering communist taint or because, according to Cold War geopolitical metrics, Spain was simply one more ally in the anticommunist crusade. As for Latin America, it was supposedly filled with impulsive peoples incapable of either self-governance or sound business decisions. Although none of our teachers came out and said so, many in that era believed that such failures were due to miscegenation among Negro slave elements, indigenous groups, and Europeans, as the U.S. diplomat George F. Kennan once told the U.S. State Department.

And what was «Latin music» to a girl growing up in a White suburb in the 1960s and 70s? In Girl Scouts, we sang «San Sereni» in mangled Spanish. In fifth-grade Glee Club, we performed a number by one George Lovering (our music teacher probably ordered it from a teaching-supply company) about a Mexican reindeer named Pablo, a helpful creature who guided Santa’s sleigh below the equator. Its B section was enhanced with «ay ay ays». Later on, we sang informally, and with exaggerated accents, «America» from West Side Story, improvising flamboyant dance steps. In the early 70s, our family began eating dinner in front of the television — none of my sisters or I knew that our mother had cancer — where our dining companions were Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz in reruns of I Love Lucy. Never did I dream that «Babalú», Arnaz’s big number, would one day figure in my own future.

I’m getting ahead of myself. We felt reasonably secure until 1968, the year Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy were assassinated. Our teachers fluttered around racism, as W.E.B. DuBois once described what is now called White fragility. Many of my White classmates and I had internalized the idea that, yes, racism existed, and yes, it was something that very bad people did. And guess what? They all lived far away: in remote bastions of prejudice collectively known as the South. But by the mid-sixties we were absorbing scenes of racial  

violence from Detroit and Watts (a neighborhood of Los Angeles) on our black-and-white televisions, the twisted shapes and anguished expressions of which I can dimly see in my memory. Other social changes entered our adolescent minds: women’s liberation, recreational drug use, and anti-war protests. In class, we digested the Kent State killings of 1970 with our softspoken teacher Miss Wilhelm, who was as discomfited as we were angry.

One outlet was music, to which I was increasingly drawn. Although I reveled in the sounds we made at home and at school, an equally compelling point of entry for me was composer biographies. I devoured Marcia Davenport’s perfervid Mozart and a translation of Pierre Larmure’s Clair de lune, a juicy narrative about Debussy.10 Once, when my piano teacher opened the latter at random, she encountered the phrase «With welded mouths they pitched down on the bed».11 «Really, Carol!» she exclaimed, closing the book primly. But it was the stories that hooked me.

2. «PASSIONATE INTENSITY» AND «SOBBING EJACULATIONS»: SPAIN AND COLLEGE MUSIC HISTORY

In 1973, I enrolled at the Hartt College (now School) of Music in Hartford, Connecticut, as a piano major. Blissfully unaware that musicology even existed, I took two years of music history, then the standard requirement in postsecondary music programs in the United States. I confronted the second edition of Donald J. Grout’s A History of Western Music as infrequently as possible. Grout 2, like the first edition of that enduring textbook, evaluated Spanish music in terms that probably surprised me even then. Apropos Morales’s motet Ememdemus in Melius, for example, I read that «Spanish sacred music was marked by a particular sobriety of melody and moderation... a passionate intensity in the expression of religious emotion».12 Further, Morales tended to «cluster the suspensions around words that are most strongly colored with emotion»—peccavimus, mortis, miserere.13 Such characterizations reminded me of a passage in an early edition of Arthur Frommer’s celebrated travel guide, Europe on Five Dollars a Day, which described Spain as a country where everyone wore black. All this good cheer prepared us for Victoria, second only to Palestrina in importance and evidently noteworthy for «sobbing ejaculations» in O vos omnes and for «passionate religious fervor» more generally.14 To be sure, in the single paragraph Grout devoted to nineteenth- and twentieth-century Spanish music, we read brief but glowing words for Falla, especially his Retablo de Maese Pedro, not surprising in an era when high modernism commanded respect.15 Both Grout 1 and Grout 2 crammed Latin American music into the same four-sentence, three-composer paragraph: Villa-Lobos (whose works «make use of Brazilian rhythms and sonorities»), Chávez («particularly notable» in the Sinfonia India), and Ginastera.16

Occasionally, my classmates would program Ginastera’s first piano sonata or Pampeanas no. 2 for cello and piano on their junior and senior recitals. But our main focus was the so-called standard repertory, especially we piano majors who every year tackled a portion of the literature in a special seminar. (It’s thanks to this grounding that I can sing the main themes from all the Mozart keyboard concertos and the fugue subjects of the Well-Tempered Clavier.) For electives, we took Philosophy, History of Western art, and German, all of which I pursued avidly. I also became besotted with writing, desiring nothing more than a life that would enable me to roll out of bed, sip coffee over the typewriter, and string together beautiful words. Some words, by Alfred Einstein (once an instructor at Hartt), especially captivated me: he called Mozart’s G Minor Symphony, K. 550 a «fatalistic piece

10 Marcia Davenport, Mozart (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1932).
13 Grout, A History of Western Music, p. 218.
of chamber music». Could I do that? I asked my music history professor, Immanuel Willheim. By then it was the late 70s and the academic hiring frenzy of the 1950s and 60s was fast evaporating. Mindful of these bleak prospects, Dr. Willheim discouraged me from applying to graduate programs in musicology. «You won’t get a job, Carol», he said firmly. I am certain that he had my best interests at heart.

3. «CRANKING IT OUT»: SCHOLARSHIP ON THE SIDE

In 1981, I moved to the San Francisco Bay Area where I earned a precarious living as a self-employed pianist and piano teacher. Still addicted to schooling, I completed two masters degrees, one in piano and another in piano pedagogy. Having met several Spaniards, I decided to learn the language of my new friends. In fact, I became intrigued with Spanish history, especially the Civil War and the passionate response of artists and intellectuals worldwide to that event. In 1984, when Franco had been dead less than a decade and Spaniards were testing the limits of democracy, I made the first of many trips to Spain. I also learned basic Catalan. It proved advantageous to order «café amb llet, sisplau», in Barcelona’s historic Café Moka, for example. (Not that I was always understood, given the disconnect between my Germanic appearance and the sounds coming out of my mouth.) Sometimes a conversation would ensue: «Hi ha molta gent a Califòrnia que parla català?» a waiter might hopefully inquire, after I explained my origins. I would have to confess that no, not many citizens of California actually did speak the language.

I had other reasons for learning Catalan than to impress Spain’s hospitality industry. I was coming to realize that I lacked the «hustle» gene, essential for a free-lance, and that I should perhaps follow my initial desire to become a musicologist. I continued to give recitals, however, now including the Spanish repertory (Iberia, Soler sonatas) to which I had become addicted thanks to recordings by Alicia de Larrocha and Fernando Valenti, with their fiery, almost devastating precision. I also performed selections from Goyescas, inspired by «La maja y el ruiseñor» in the ethereal 1958 recording by Dame Myra Hess, whose artistry I had admired since college as much as her service during World War II. Still eager to write, I dabbled in musical reportage for local newspapers and published an article on Scarlatti in Clavier magazine, a chatty rag then a fixture on the coffee tables of piano teachers throughout the United States. I observed that few scholars had addressed post-Renaissance composers of the Spanish-speaking world in any serious way and tried to come up with research projects I could tackle while juggling coursework, piano playing, teaching, and gigging. Will Meredith of San José State University suggested I choose a Spanish composer for the bio-bibliography series published by Greenwood and Garland. When I whined to him that I could never couple such a project with the distractions of earning a living, he uttered words now burned into my memory and which I repeat today, mantra-like, to students: «Just crank it out». My contribution to this once-popular series eventually appeared, with the scintillating title Enrique Granados: A Bio-Bibliography. I believe it was the first to cover in detail the Spanish-, Catalan-, and English-language press on Granados and am told that it is still consulted. I sent a copy to Dr. Willheim, who had discouraged me from pursuing musicology, writing on the title page, «I didn’t follow your advice after all». We had a good laugh about that.

4. MUSIKWISSENSCHAFT AND DISCIPLINARY GUARDRAILS

In the late 1980s, weary from the perils of self-employment, I decided that being a cog in a machine (preferably an academic one) was worth a try. But if I was


18 During the blitz, Hess lifted the spirits of war-weary Londoners by organizing and presenting free lunch-hour recitals in London’s National Gallery.


21 Josep Maria Rebés, Granados: crónica y desenlace (Granada: Editorial Libargo, 2019).
going to be hired as a musicologist before the fateful age of forty, I would have to begin a doctorate right away. Equally risky was the notion that I could make a career writing about the music and history of Spain.

In 1989, I entered the Ph.D. program at the University of California at Santa Barbara, which emphasized period-oriented seminars and analysis, as was the norm in those days. I had wonderful classes on the _L’homme armé_ masses, the Baroque cantata before Bach, the isorhythmic motet, Stravinsky and set-theory analysis, and sacred music of early eighteenth-century Vienna. In the bibliography-research methods class, we were expected to ponder the question —all the time, it seemed— «What is musicology?». We pored over Heyer, Palisca and Holoman, thematic catalogues, with Duckles ready at hand. We marveled over the sheer heft of the 754-volume _National Union Catalogue_, its pastel-green spines occupying yards of library shelves. We perused the _Journal of the American Musicological Society_, which we learned, rather clubbily, to call «JAMS», and thumbed through journals that had mushroomed in the 1970s and 80s, such as the _Journal of Musicology_ and _Early Music History_. Along with Joseph Kerman and Edward Lowinsky, we addressed the pitfalls of positivism. The sheer acrimony of their debates titillated us: did Lowinsky (like Einstein, addressed the pitfalls of positivism. The sheer acrimony of those professors whose office hours you haunt.28

Elsewhere, Kerman referred to the «tone-deaf conclaves and enclaves of anthropology» and confessed that although uninterested in non-Western musics, he did pay attention to ethnomusicological critiques of historical musicology.27 That made me curious, especially since Spanish and Latin American music (except Spanish medieval and Renaissance repertory) was largely the province of ethnomusicologists. At Santa Barbara I enrolled in an ethnomusicology seminar with Lester Monts, a specialist in Liberian musical culture and one of those professors whose office hours you haunt.28 We both loved to argue: he held that aspiring -ologists should take an equal number of courses in ethnomusicology and historical musicology, a scheme derived from the Adlerian model of _Musikwissenschaft_ and that had guided many a scholar since the 1890s.29 (Richard Taruskin had not yet broached the topic of «unprefixed musicology»).30 I pointed out that this plan would work out a lot better if ethnomusicologists could lay off condemning historical musicologists as elitists, especially since many of us had opted for unstable careers in music


24 When Kerman urged U.S. scholars to turn «away from an older alien tradition» (i.e. one dependent on German models), Lowinsky noted that «one generation ago, the Germans talked a lot about “alien” elements in German society», adding «they also did something about it». Edward Lowinsky, «Character and Purposes of American Musicology: A Response to Joseph Kerman», _Journal of the American Musicological Society_, 18/2 (1965), p. 231.


to avoid worshiping the graven images upheld by corporate America. Years later, I thought of Lester and our animated discussions, when a colleague praised me for breaking away from the canon. «Breaking away» was never my intent: I love the music of the canon but believe we err when we restrict ourselves to it. Happily, the «sister disciplines» embrace one another nowadays more hospitably than in the 1990s.

After two years at Santa Barbara, I transferred to the University of California at Davis, then launching its Ph.D. program in music. Historical musicology was changing, although not necessarily in the direction Lester envisioned. I discovered, for example, that publishing on Tchaikovsky or Mendelssohn, once considered lowbrow, had become respectable. Indeed, an entire journal dedicated to music of the nineteenth century, based at UC Davis, first saw the light in 1977 and thrives today.

5. IBERO-AMERICAN MUSIC, MUSICOLOGY, AND MENTORS C. 1992

Like any graduate student, I joined academic societies and met other scholars. I always found the American Musicological Society (AMS) friendly. Minutes before presenting my first paper at one of its national meetings, I was sitting outside the conference room, silently rehearsing my paper and moving my lips as if in prayer. An older gentleman approached and asked if I was presenting. When I nodded, he confessed, «you know, to this day I get nervous!». Surrupitiously I glanced at his nametag and discovered that I was exchanging pleasantries with Ken Levy. I am especially grateful to the two Richards, Taruskin and Crawford. They were never my professors, but both helped me immeasurably in ways subtle and direct.

By now I had begun to consider myself a Hispanist. To my delight, the AMS included several of my kind, mostly graduate students and early-career professors. Only rarely did one hear papers on Iberian or Latin American music at the AMS, however. This fact hit home in 1992, the five-hundredth anniversary of Columbus’s arrival in the Americas. Our little gaggle of scholars realized that not a single paper on music related to the conquest had been accepted for that year's national meeting. Accordingly, in 1993 at the Montreal meeting, we launched our Study Group for Ibero-American music, largely the initiative of William Summers. Thanks to his vision, I had the privilege of collaborating in this endeavor with him, Walter Clark, Alfred Lemmon, John Koegel, Grayson Wagstaff, Craig Russell, Deborah Schwartz-Kates, and others. Thirty years later, the AMS Study Group is still flourishing.31

We also recognized that since its inaugural issue of 1948, JAMS had featured only five full-fledged articles on Spanish or Latin American topics.32 Two were by Robert M. Stevenson of the University of California, Los Angeles. This eminent musicologist, pianist, and composer published thirty-odd books and hundreds of articles ranging from Morales and Victoria to Latin America to PadreBernski.33 In 1978, he founded the journal Inter-American Music Review, often a vehicle for his own restless fact-finding. Later, he established the AMS’s Robert M. Stevenson Award for outstanding scholarship in Iberian and Latin American music. All stimulated our activities, over which Professor Stevenson’s colorful personality solicitously loomed. Other mentors stepped up as well. In 1980, Gerard Béhague founded the Latin American Music Review at the University of Texas, Austin, which published scholarship on this repertory in three languages; likewise, Robert Snow, also from the University of Texas (Austin), tackled the music of Rodrigo de Ceballos and, in his magnum opus, sacred music in Guatemala.34

31 Subsequent organizations, such as the Foundation for Iberian Music founded in 2001 at the City University of New York, have played a similarly important role, along with study groups with diverse geographical perspectives, such as Música y Estudios Americanos (MUSAM, of the Sociedad Española de Musicología) and the Asociación Regional para América Latina y el Caribe (ARLAC, of the International Musicological Society).


34 Among Gerard Béhague’s contributions is Heitor Villa-Lobos: The Search for Brazil’s Musical Soul (Austin, TX: Institute of Latin American Studies, University of Texas at Austin, 1984).
Things were looking up. Still, when I tell my current students how difficult it was to make a career as a specialist in Iberian or Latin American music back then, they can hardly believe it. I’m not sure that I quite believe it, nor that I’ve explained fully to myself the «why» in all this. Did one really have to be a towering eccentric like Stevenson? How significant was it that in the broader musical community, Latin American classical music is often relegated to pops concerts or marketed under recording labels such as ¡Fiesta!, reinforcing the stereotype that Latin American classical music is merely frothy and fun? We did our best to probe such questions while keeping track of shifting priorities in the discipline. Several of the latter proved fundamental to establishing our specialization.

6. DISCIPLINARY TRANSFORMATIONS

Indeed, musicology continued to change. Just as nineteenth-century music was no longer the stuff of Reader’s Digest LP anthologies, by the mid-1990s popular music, previously the terrain of ethnomusicology, had been deemed worthy of musicological scrutiny, opening the way for the study of cumbia, salsa, or bakalao. The still-young Society for American Music (SAM) was beginning to grapple with the very term «American». Twenty years earlier, Chase had observed that it was «more properly applicable to the Western Hemisphere as a whole», a «symbolic name that binds us all to common ideals of peace, friendship, and cooperation».35 SAM members now debated its utility as a substitute for «of the United States».36 The complexities of transmission also figured in these conversations, given that «American» popular music had pretty much infiltrated the entire globe. Was hip hop as practiced in Uganda therefore «American?».

Also in the 1990s, literary concepts and postmodernism were entering musicology, even if weighty terms such as «cathexis» or «prolepsis» grace our work less frequently nowadays. Film music became a suitable topic as well.37 Also, although late in arriving to musicology, Edward Said’s Orientalism (1978) proved a rich framework for analyzing works such as Bizet’s Carmen or «Spanish» music by French and Russian composers.38 Feminist musicology and its various manifestations made their mark: as mainstream scholars slung epithets at one another, Stevenson quietly investigated Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz.39 Likewise, politics insinuated itself into the pristine realm of music scholarship. No longer was a musical work simply a «work»; rather, in determining aesthetic meaning we could now take into account all manner of...
nonmusical factors. As a graduate student, I read Jann Pasler’s article on the reception of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, in which she connected the reactions of newspaper critics to their readerships. Even if I did not then grasp all the dimensions of «reader response» or Rezeptionsgeschichte (another latecomer to musicology), these perspectives opened a window for me.

My Study Group colleagues and I were less conscious of race, even as many of us were taking stock of our Whiteness. All the while, the academy embraced well-meaning slogans such as «there is no excellence without diversity». Largely on that premise, while still a graduate student I designed and taught an undergraduate class on Latin American music at UC Davis, still a relatively rare offering in the academy. I wrote my dissertation on Falla’s *El sombrero de tres picos* under the guidance of D. Kern Holoman, in which I proposed that whereas audiences in France, Britain, and the United States were quick to label Falla’s ballet «quintessentially Spanish», critics in Spain were sharply divided over the work, opinions that broke down along political lines on the eve of the Spanish Civil War. Here, I followed the work of Pamela Potter, who had ventured into the study of musicology during the Third Reich, something no German scholar had attempted. Might musicological outsiders in Spain enjoy similar advantages?

7. REAL LIFE

In the United States, none of this was exactly a meal ticket. Despite publishing a bio-bibliography and graduating in 1994 as the first Ph.D. in musicology from UC Davis, I remained unemployed for over a year, grateful for my piano studio, the occasional lectureship, and for other gigs that need not be detailed here. I wondered if perhaps Dr. Willheim had been right about the futility of finding steady work in musicology.

During this period, I was thrilled to attend an interdisciplinary summer seminar at the Aston Magna Music Festival, whose theme in 1995 was Spain in the Americas.

At this sleep-away camp for Hispanists, we reveled in the heady feeling of digging into topics mainstream scholars had never heard of: Tomás de Torrejón y Velasco’s opera *La púrpura de la rosa*, Claudio Coello’s canvases, the dynamic range of castanets demonstrated by the virtuoso Matteo, or the coordination required to master the basic jota step. It was a prime opportunity to laugh at in-jokes. In a film we watched on Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, we digested the scene in which representatives of the Church hierarchy, skeptical of Sor Juana’s intelligence, ask her to give an example of a palindrome. «Able was I ere I saw Elba», the subtitle read, deftly transforming the seventeenth-century Mexican nun into a confidante of Napoleon on the verge of exile. We roared with knowing laughter.

Shortly thereafter, I began working as an assistant professor at Bowling Green State University in Ohio. Its College of Musical Arts is noted for its music education program, including band, a staple of musical life in the United States. Professors teach three classes a semester (sometimes more) and support their colleagues by attending concerts in the evening. Gratefully I accepted the position. But I wondered: would a musicologist at Bowling Green State be a work-horse, expected to pound dates, style labels, and repertory into the heads of young people who’d much rather don the plummed helmets and white trousers of the marching band? I was delighted to learn that my new colleagues cared about scholarship. In 1998 they cheered when I received a Fulbright lectureship to teach «La música de los Estados Unidos» (a repertory not too well known in Spain at that time) at the Universidad Autónoma de Barcelona. I also presented a six-lecture seminar, «La música de Manuel de Falla de los años veinte en el contexto del neoclasicismo europeo», at the palatial Reial Acadèmia de Belles Arts de Sant Jordi.

When teaching music history at Bowling Green, I used the fourth edition of *A History of Western Music*, which now bore the name of the deceased Donald J. Grout and of Claude V. Palisca. Works by Juan del Encina, *La púrpura de la rosa*, (another latecomer to musicology), these perspectives opened a window for me.


Araujo, and Revueltas now began gradually to enter the accompanying score anthology. Still, I often departed from the textbook to incorporate additional Spanish and Latin American music while still giving Beethoven and Brahms their due. I also published an expanded version of my dissertation, interpreting Falla’s œuvre through contemporary political currents.44 Around 2000, I was encouraged by Oxford University Press to write Falla’s biography. That was the year the Asociación para la Recuperación de la Memoria Histórica was founded in Spain: after decades of struggle, Spaniards had begun to exhume common graves and learn the fate of those who «disappeared» under Franco. It seemed an apt moment to confront Falla’s reaction to the Civil War, long politicized. Whereas one scholar insisted that the composer died a virgin (a medically unverifiable claim that nonetheless linked Falla’s sainthood nature to Franco’s Church-supported regime) others made him a socialist who took as a model Jesus’s advocacy for the poor and disenfranchised.45 Others insisted that because he died in Argentina he was a political exile. I grappled with these questions and others.46

8. MUSICOLOGY AND LATIN AMERICA

In 2005, another Fulbright took me to Argentina. When I gave a talk at Falla’s house in Alta Gracia, I was surprised both at the size of the audience and the tenderness with which some people recalled their parents’ reaction to his death there in 1946. At the Universidad de Buenos Aires (UBA), I taught a doctoral seminar, «El modernismo musical en las Américas». The classroom contained a small, battered blackboard, and several windows were covered with faded construction paper to block the sharp rays of afternoon sun. There was no piano, no overhead projector, no CD player, no PowerPoint. Thanks to an office assistant, a CD player materialized for Mondays and on Wednesdays a student would bring her speakers to class so that we could listen to mp3 files from my computer. No one in the seminar —five women of varying ages— found this arrangement unusual. Of the three with children, one was a single mom and another was undergoing chemotherapy. All had jobs, either as adjuncts at small conservatories, other universities, or at the UBA itself. Intellectually curious, they gave detailed presentations on the readings and often emailed one another their notes.

All five were planning their dissertations, a thrashing, uncertain process under the best of circumstances. The topics they floated during our meetings —Jewish refugee musicians in Argentina during the 1930s, the concert series for workers at the Teatro Colón hosted by Evita Perón— had great potential. Yet what would it mean to finish a dissertation in musicology in Argentina? Finding a tenure-track position would take a miracle. The biggest scandal in Argentine academia is that many professors at the UBA work for nothing. It’s not even a well-kept secret: you can read about it in the press and exploited professors discuss it openly; their sacrifice is taken for granted. Despite such obstacles, several of those students have published books and articles of international import.47

Over several more visits to Latin America, I began thinking about the musical dimension of the tortuous relationship between the region and the United States. By 2006, when I began teaching at Michigan State University, I was well into a new project on that subject. Part of my interest was personal. On the sheet music shelf in my childhood home were some numbers with compelling cover art: Consuelo Velázquez’s hit of 1940 «Bésame Mucho» (clumsily translated as «Kiss Me Much») featured a slender White woman in a pillbox hat with a half-veil; on the cover of Antonio Carlos Jobim’s «Garota de Ipanema» (Girl from Ipanema) of 1963 one encountered what appears to be Andean and Caribbean drums. My late father had purchased these scores. What had been their appeal? How had this music been marketed by the popular music industry and had any of those marketing strategies «leaked» into classical music? The backdrop to these phenomena, musical and otherwise, was World War II and its aftermath. During the former, Latin American classical music actually mattered in the United States, thanks to President Franklin Roosevelt.

---

Roosevelt’s Good Neighbor policy. During the Cold War, it mattered far less. I decided to analyze these trends, their political moorings, and their legacy today.48

9. TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY MUSIC HISTORY PEDAGOGY AND LATIN AMERICA

I never asked my parents «what were you doing on December 7, 1941?», the day Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and prompted the United States to enter World War II. I have the excuse that both died relatively young and that I did not become a historian until years later. This lapse has never dissuaded me from nagging my students to avoid this mistake. «Talk to the older people in your family!». At every opportunity I harangue them, pointing out that history is remembered through such engagement.

I design assignments to ensure that students will initiate such conversations. Let me explain the broader context of this approach: around 2000, the schema for music history we had taken for granted in the 1970s, was melting away. Many people were responsible for this reconfiguration, although Mary Natvig, my colleague from Bowling Green, did more than most to stimulate interest in pedagogy, a long-dormant topic in our field.49 She and Stephen Cornelius, another Bowling Green colleague, published a textbook that invited students to consider all kinds of music —classical, popular, traditional—in terms of human experience, such as gender, ethnicity, spirituality, politics, or the body.50

Given that the canon was being questioned —too precipitously for some— it was the moment to make Iberian and Latin American music part of this new vision. For this, we needed authoritative yet engaging materials.51 A single-authored textbook by Mark Brill appeared in 2011 and a multiple-authored textbook co-edited by Walter Clark and ethnomusicologist Robin Moore the following year, both filling this need.52 So did short studies in the Oxford University Press series «Experiencing Music, Expressing Culture», each focusing on certain genres or regions, not unlike the booklets the Pan American Union published during the Good Neighbor period to encourage inter-American relations.53 All are fine resources, with most emphasizing popular and traditional genres, arranged by country or region.

In 2012, I returned to UC Davis, now as a professor. I decided to try a different approach and began sketching out a textbook on Latin American music that would focus on music and human experience.54 I first tested these strategies in 2016, with a class mainly of Latino students (some undocumented) and members of other racial and ethnic groups, including students whose first language was Korean or Mandarin, and many who were the first in their families to attend college. The main premise of my still-nascent textbook—relating human experience to music—seemed stifled, however. This was an unpleasant revelation for a seasoned instructor. Was there some failure of engagement? Was my identity as a middle-aged White woman unpersuasive? I began revamping my materials. To connect the material to the students’ own lives, I assigned interviews with older family members.55 One young woman interviewed her grandmother, who spoke movingly of the music that sustained her while immigrating from El Salvador to Northern California. The student later told me, «It’s the best conversation I ever had with my abuelas».

49 Mary Natvig, ed., Teaching Music History (Aldershot, UK, and Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2002). A Pedagogy Study Group was founded under the auspices of the AMS and the Journal of Music History Pedagogy, an AMS publication, was established in 2010.
51 In 2000, the only textbook was Gerard Béhague’s Music in Latin America: An Introduction (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1979).
I also decided to devote an entire chapter to classical music. Although most students favor the popular repertory, their ears perk up when I tell them that Latin American classical music has long been shortchanged. I refer them to the 2013 book *Latino Americans* by the journalist and newscaster Ray Suarez, who recounts his conversation with Ricardo Jiménez, a Puerto Rican teenager advocating for a Puerto Rican studies course at his run-down and overcrowded high school in Chicago’s Humboldt Park neighborhood. As the young activist put it to Suarez, «I found out that we [Puerto Ricans] have authors, that we have painters, that we have poets; I mean, we have all these things that I didn’t know, that I never knew were in existence». To that list, Jiménez could have added any number of classical Puerto Rican composers. In other words, it’s perfectly possible to teach classical music without endorsing imperialism or White-male-European privilege.

### 10. Teaching, Scholarship, and Resistance C. 2020

In 2016, my students and I digested the election that brought Donald Trump to power. I especially felt for my undocumented students. Along with many others, I took Trump’s anti-immigrant rhetoric and campaign of White grievance as a goad to begin an intensive, self-directed study of race, performance, identity, and representation. I had long participated in workshops and committees on increasing diversity in the academy, occasionally addressing multi-campus meetings on predictors of success in the graduate admissions process. In 2018, I visited the Museum for Peace and Justice in Montgomery, Alabama, and in 2019, received a Certificate of Racial Reconciliation for training through the Commission for Intercultural Ministries. I introduced a class on classic Broadway musicals to my department, in part to explore the chasm between their glorious music and the deeply biased images often portrayed on stage. I approach these conflicts head-on: no one can grasp the music of *Show Boat* without some knowledge of Jim Crow and anti-miscegenation laws. Many students are unaware of these phenomena, an unfortunate trend that will likely continue in light of restrictive laws on education in parts of the United States.58

In taking such steps, many of us, including we Hispanics, were vaguely convinced that, as Spike Lee urged, we were doing «the right thing». Then came spring 2020. The torture and murder of George Floyd horriﬁed the academy and most of the U.S. public at large. Epistemological questions once again rocked our discipline. We confronted the gaps in our own education and those of our students: I learned, for example, that, as in my generation, none of my students had learned of the massacres of Blacks in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1921. Common ground and even common principles were suddenly elusive. Should we listen to *Messiah*, given that its creator Georg Frideric Handel invested in companies that financed the slave trade?59 Can a score by a Jewish bisexual (Leonard Bernstein’s *West Side Story*) properly represent Puerto Ricans in New York City? How do we respond when one student chides us for failing adequately to «call out» racism and another complains that we have inculcated a «beat up on White people» mindset?

Especially since spring 2020, we who teach the music of the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking world have confronted similar challenges. We must unpack for our students —and often for ourselves— decades of a history likely unfamiliar to students but whose side-effects they may have experienced. Do Latino students know what the Black Legend is? Do they know that Latinos as well as Blacks were lynched in the United States?60 How much distance is there between the screed posted by the alleged murderer in the 2019 anti-Latino shooting rampage in El Paso, Texas, on «getting rid of people» to sustain «our» way of life and the epithets branded by Trump, such as «rapists», «criminals», or «invasion?».61 More narrowly,

57 Puerto Rican composers might include: Manuel Gregorio Tavárez, Juan Morel Campos, Aristides Chavier Arévalo, Braulio Dueño Colón, Rafael Balserio Dávila, Felipe Gutiérrez Espinosa, Rafael Hernández Marin, Héctor Campos Parsi, Ignacio Morales Nieva, Rafael Aponte-Ledée, Luis M. Álvarez, Francis Schwartz, William Ortiz-Alvarado, Roberto Sierra, Ernesto Cordero, Raymond Torres Santos, and Johanny Navarro Huertas.
how do these premises infiltrate the perceptions of ordinary people and their understanding of music?

That final question remains an asignatura pendiente. In spring 2022, I taught a class for music majors called «Thinking About Racism and Classical Music». We compared music history and music appreciation textbooks from various eras, studied works by Black, Asian, Latino, Native American, and queer composers from different eras and regions, considered the history of institutions such as New York’s Metropolitan Opera with respect to race, and digested current controversies such as Philip Ewell’s critique of Schenkerian analysis, among other topics. Each class would begin with journal writing: students would respond in half a page to prompts that I crafted. I would write along with the students, several of whom later commented that this practice helped them focus on the difficult topics at hand.

In trying to relate Spanish and Latin American music to broader trends, I recently completed a book on the U.S. composer Aaron Copland and his cultural diplomacy in Latin America during the Good Neighbor period and the Cold War. Thanks to Danielle Fosler-Lussier, Emily Abrams Ansari, Jennifer L. Campbell, Mark Katz, and others, music’s role in government has become an important topic. As described at the beginning of this essay, we often take our research «on the road». Sometimes I think back to 1992 and our little group of Hispanists intent on broadening musicological perspectives beyond the canon. Although we were not fully cognizant of the bleaker moments in our own nation’s history, especially in relation to race, I believe we did do the right thing.

11. LOOKING AHEAD

Loose ends can unexpectedly connect. My forthcoming volume for Oxford’s Keynote series will explore Falla’s El amor brujo from various standpoints, including the presence of El amor brujo in films by Spike Lee. This odd coincidence—the music of Spain’s celebrated composer keeping company with Lee’s account of the Black experience in the United States—lends weight to the racial dimension of flamenco, including recent theorizing on flamenco and Blackness. I explored similar topics in a recent study of the African American singer Paul Robeson and his tour of Republican Spain during the Spanish Civil War.

Today, doctoral students in historical musicology can write dissertations on virtually any aspect of music from the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking world. To be sure, since the late 1970s, when I was discouraged from becoming a musicologist, prospects for academic employment have only become more sickly, sustaining blows from the Great Recession of 2008 and the Covid-19 pandemic. Many students persevere with a well-developed Plan B, and ultimately thrive in administration, philanthropy, public relations, or other fulfilling careers. In the broader musicological community, Elisabeth LeGuin’s study of the tonadilla received the prestigious Otto Kinkeldey Award, conferred by the AMS on «the most distinguished book in musicology» published during a given year. We seem to have arrived: Spanish and Latin American music scholarship is even solid enough to withstand sharp disagreement in its own ranks.


67 A recent review in JAMS has aroused much controversy. See Alejandro García Sudo and Elisabeth Le Guin, «De Nueva
What might the future hold? As we prepare students for an academic environment presumably liberated from arbitrary disciplinary conventions, we in parts of the United States confront restrictions on higher education, a muzzling of academic freedoms surely linked to the ongoing dismemberment of democracies worldwide. As we revel in the freedom to study whatever topics we like in whatever manner we deem suitable, we ponder the fate of our planet, ravaged by climate change. Yet for aspiring musicologists surveying this ominous scenario, those interested in Spanish and Latin American music can glimpse a ray of light that would have been imperceptible decades ago. Back in 1992, we could have hardly envisioned that in three decades the world would prove so threatening on the one hand yet so rich in possibility on the other.

WORKS CITED


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORKS CITED</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>


Recibido: 06.09.2022
Aceptado: 03.10.2022