

Survivor of the Music Business

ANNE PHILLIPS

I was a kid the night that I woke and cried
 “Take me to New York City, please let’s ride
 To New York,”

That was my nirvana.

*A lyric by Anne Phillips to a tune
 by Dextor Gordon*

Yes, my mother heard me sobbing and ran up the stairs. “All my friends have been to New York but you only take me to Philadelphia!” I bawled. New York was not that far from my home in Pennsylvania. It took a few more years but I finally got there. I started as a singer and went on to become a composer, an arranger, a lyricist, a producer, an educator, in short: a Survivor of the Music Business! I have covered a lot of territory and I’m not done yet. Here’s what’s coming up:

November: *That “Certain Age,”* an evening of my short operas about aging with grace, courage, and humor. **December:** *Bending Towards the Light – A Jazz Nativity,* a jazz opera. **2018 events:** JAZZCAB Festival in Ketchikan, Alaska, a two-week residence teaching, coaching, and performing in January. *What Are We Doing To Our World?* a co-production of the Duke University Nicholas School of Environment and the University Chapel. Visiting Artist at North Carolina State University.

Growing up in suburban Wyomissing, Pennsylvania, the only jazz I had been exposed to was my aunt’s ’40s big band record collection. That was until my senior year in high school when I serendipitously fell into a very “hip” vocal group with grown-up jazz musicians! My direction was set.

I went to Oberlin College, where I had my own radio show singing and playing the piano; I sang with the big band and was the “other act” on the famous “Brubeck at Oberlin” concert. After a year at New England Conservatory in what they then called “the Popular Department,” I finally headed to New York. The Studio Club was a safe YWCA residence for young ladies on the East Side, where I was told I should be. It was the fall of 1954, and there was jazz...lots of jazz. There was the Hickory House, where jazz pianists Billy Taylor and Marian McPartland played, the Village Vanguard, and Café Bohemia in the village, and of course, Birdland. I wrote

a new lyric to “Lullaby of Birdland” recently that tells it all:

I remember Birdland in its day
 Where the cats came to play
 Down the steps to Birdland

Into a cavern of jazz, evermore unsurpassed.
*(See www.annephillips.com for the full lyrics
 and recording with Marian McPartland.)*

I hadn’t been in New York long before I met a woman who booked music into clubs and, because I played piano and sang, I could work...no waiting tables for me. Almost every restaurant had a piano and mike set up...we didn’t have to lug sound systems (or pianos!) to a job. Six hours a night, from 9 to 3 or 10 to 4 (yes, 4 AM) for \$20 a night, less 10% for the agent. I played dives and I played chic night clubs like Number One Fifth Avenue. For three weeks, I played the Beverly Hotel opposite a young man named Bobby Short who was to become a famous cabaret performer. I spent every break madly scribbling down lyrics of songs I’d never heard. I played at the bar in the ByLine Room when the great Mabel Mercer held court in the back room. What a lesson in lyric interpretation! She could sing the oldest standard and make you feel like you’d never heard it before! Even Frank Sinatra said he learned about interpretation from her.

Writing this article has given me the opportunity to think about and pinpoint the actions that led to my having such a long career. The first important element, **Survival Element #1:** *Recognize and be proud of your talent.* I cannot take credit for having what jazz musicians call “ears.” As a child, I could play almost any new song I heard on the radio. My parents were not in the music business, but they let me go to New York to “get it out of my system.” **Survival Element #2:** *Be as valuable a singer/musician as you can be!* For me that meant sight-reading music! If I hadn’t been able to read music well, I would never have gotten further than performing in clubs. I had taken piano lessons so of course I could read music, but when I got to NY and began to work with singers who could sight-read just about anything, I strived to improve my skills. Later, when I taught in the Jazz Department at NYU, I started a class, “Sight-

reading for Singers.” Developing your talent is more important than aiming for fame!

My career took a step forward when I heard about singing demonstration records for songwriters. The writers would write a song and then take it to a publisher who, if he liked it, would pay for a “demo.” The publisher would then submit it to an artist, hoping the performer would record it. In an hour, with piano, bass, drums, guitar, lead singer and back-up, we’d make a beautiful recording. I made a little demo of my own performance and took it to the studio where most of them were done. A few days later I got a call from the studio asking if I could sing obligatos. I wasn’t a soprano but there were some high notes on my demo. I said “yes.” That is **Survival Element #3:** *Daring to do something you are scared to try.*

The experience of making demos taught me more than I could have ever learned in school. In an hour I’d sing the song, write out the back-up part and then put on ear phones and harmonize with myself (being aware of every breath so my entrances would be perfectly together). And the pay was a little better than six hours a night in a club. Some of the songwriters I did demos for were a major part of pop music history. A memorable moment: Burt Bacharach coming into the studio and excitedly sliding onto the piano bench saying, “Hey, Annie, I just got a movie song, listen: *Hey, little girl...*”

It was a demo heard by Roulette Records that gave me the opportunity to record my first album: *Born to Be Blue*. That was 1959 and the beginning of the rock era but *Born to Be Blue* got great reviews; for example, *Billboard* Special Merit Spotlight, April 1960: “Miss Phillips has a willowy, wistful sound...Her phrasing is good...and her approach doesn’t invite comparison. A talent to watch.” Because rock had begun there was no second album. Curiously, when I re-released *Born to Be Blue* a few years ago it received great reviews all over again, even in *People Magazine* (February 2001). I love what reviewer Steve Dougherty wrote: “Imagine: Britney and the Backstreet Boys wake up tomorrow to find that a brand-new genre of music has swept them from the pop charts, rendering them over-night has-beens. Im-

possible or wishful thinking? Well, that's precisely what happened to a generation of breathy balladeers whose dominance of the 1950's hit parade ended abruptly with the coming of rock and roll. This reissue is a lovely reminder of how dreamy pop once was. Bottom Line: Sublime." It is now called a "classic" and sells on my own label, on CDBaby.

"Albums" were done in three three-hour sessions, four tunes on each session. We sang with the world's greatest musicians, all of us in the studio together. No separate tracks, no "pitch correction"—just live.

When I was planning my second album, *Noel Noel*, my arrangements of Christmas Carols for twenty-five a cappella singers, **Survival Element #4: *Be open to good suggestions***, came into play. My friend from demo days, Malcolm Dodds, who did all the Johnny Mathis demos and was conducting for me, told me about some good singers and asked if we could use them. That opened a whole new world of outstanding New York singers to me, singers who weren't doing the TV shows and record dates: African-American singers who were extraordinary musicians as well as excellent singers. They all continued to be a major part of my musical life in the years ahead.

Noel Noel was released on the Stereo-Craft label, a part of Bell Records. It received marvelous reviews; for example, in *Cashbox* (November 1960): "of the highest artistic order." But Bell closed its classical Stereo-Craft Label the next year, and the recording's distribution ended. **Survival Element #5: *Don't give up!*** I had a copy of the tape release they had made. Forty years later it is a CD on my label available on CDBaby, and the arrangements are for sale on my website!

Survival element #6: *Almost never say no.* I was eight months pregnant and a session with Carole King and her husband, Gerry Goffin, went over-time until the wee hours. This was the first commercial recording Carole made as a singer; her previous singing was only on demos. You can hear me singing ALL the back-up voices on *It Might as Well Rain Until September*. I went directly from the studio to Valley Hospital in Ridgewood, NJ in what fortunately turned out to be false labor! My son Alec starts his bio with, "It was a dark and rainy night on a Carole King session."

During this time, I also auditioned for Ray Charles—"the other Ray Charles" as

he later billed himself in TV show credits. This was the Ray Charles of The Ray Charles Singers. Television also was LIVE. And what energy that had! Besides singing with the Ray Charles Singers on the *Perry Como Show*, "Dream along with me..." I did many "Specials" directed by the new young blood like Joe Papp. Rehearsals for those shows were crazy! Sometimes we never made it through the whole hour show even by dress rehearsal time! A typical schedule:

Day 1. Singer's call (typically four women and four men), three-hour run through of the music.

Day 2. Rehearsal with orchestra plus costume call.

Day 3. Blocking on stage in the theater, usually with eight dancers.

Day 4. Start early: make-up, hair, costumes, run-through, dress, show.

When rock and roll came in and the music on the record dates began to change, I was lucky I had done so many demos! **Survival element #7: *Take advantage of your experience.*** I sought out the session singers who were familiar with the sound and feel of the music, and soon I was contracting and singing on the record dates for most of the arrangers who were making the rock-influenced recordings. I cannot begin to describe the vitality and the musical and personal camaraderie on a record date when everyone on the recording was present AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE SAME PLACE to make music TOGETHER! There was magic in the room when all the people were aware that they had just made an extraordinary recording, when the combined musicianship and enthusiasm had produced an unforgettable performance. The result is not the same with a digitally produced track and each group is recorded separately.

In the mid-sixties, nearly every day of the week, we had the wonderful experience of walking into a studio, being handed the music, and recording with the world's greatest instrumentalists and singers. We rarely knew who the artist was going to be; we performed with Mahalia Jackson, Jerome Hines, Sammy Davis Jr., Bobby Vinton, Aretha Franklin, Leslie Gore, and so many others. And there were unforgettable times such as when we were doing a session for Bob Crewe and arranger Charlie Calello (who wrote all the Four Seasons' hits). There was a fire in the hotel upstairs. Just before a take, and it was going to be THE

take, the door burst open and six New York firemen came charging in. "You've got to wait!" shouted Bob, "You've got to wait for this take!" The electric guitarist glanced up fearfully at the water dripping down on him from the ceiling above...and the take began! And finished! While the firemen waited!

And all that background (also Survival Element #7) enabled me to be ready for the change in the music for commercials—actually, be ready to help make that change. The advertising agencies, for many years, had their own music writers on staff. Then they began to go to outside "music suppliers." Most of the people who had those music houses came from the swing era and that's what advertising "jingles" sounded like. The singers who did jingles were not a part of the record date crowd—they were too busy singing jingles and, with residuals, making a lot of money! I approached a couple of the jingle houses with the idea of writing and producing spots with a rock feel, the rationale being that the people they were trying to reach, often those in their twenties and thirties, had grown up with that music. I was told "maybe" for a few teen-age products but not across the board.

Then I met Scott Muni, a top disc jockey who arranged a meeting with the advertising agency for Pepsi. And that brings me to **Survival Element #8: *Jump on an opportunity.*** The swing-style Pepsi commercial in the early 60s was "Come Alive, You're in the Pepsi Generation." I wrote and recorded three rock versions of "Come Alive." The agency asked us to re-record them with star performers. I arranged and produced the ads for what they called their "Youth Market." That was the start of my writing and producing commercials. (See Figure 1.)



Fig. 1. Anne Phillips listening to the playback of a commercial.

At this point, Survival Element #3 (dare to do something you are scared to try) also becomes significant. I would never have stepped out and said I could orchestrate! But my two partners in the jingle business, my husband and a sales rep, told the agency I could. I was terrified! Thanks to Henry Mancini's book on orchestration, when the next Pepsi campaign, "Taste That Beats The Others Cold, Pepsi Pours It On," began, I wrote the song and the arrangements for all the stars who sang it: Linda Ronstadt, Wilson Pickett, the Tops, etc. The TV commercials were produced by a young lad at the agency, Jerry Bruckheimer, now famous for his many films and TV series.

Writing commercials may seem like the bottom of the composing barrel but it was a great training ground. As my album arranger once said: "There are melodies and there are bunches of notes." And, as Jim Jordan, creative head, then president of BBDO Advertising, said: "A memorable tune is like free air time!" Coming up with that memorable tune overnight and presenting it with five agency people standing behind you eagerly waiting to hear the music that is going to "save the campaign" is very scary training.

But the era of record dates was coming to an end and shortly thereafter, music for advertising, too. Melody had become "old fashioned." Now what? In the late '70s I had a house in the Pennsylvania Chataqua, Mount Gretna, where there was a wonderful summer chamber music series. I was invited to add jazz. (Survival Elements #3, #4, #8.) The first concert I produced was with Dave Brubeck. And after that came Gerry Mulligan, Marian McPartland, and another jazz great—singer Helen Merrill—with a chamber orchestra and arrangements written by Tori Zito (Tony Bennett's arranger).

That was fun but where was my place in the music world in New York now? A drink with a friend at Broadway Joe's led to my being hired to play there two nights a week—back to where I started? I received a call from the Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church to be the music director of the 9 am service with a non-professional choir, and I also had a call from the head of the NYU Jazz Department asking me to teach: a teacher with no degree and only real life musical experience! Those belong under Element #8 (jump on an opportunity). And all turned out to be marvelous experiences.

But the most important thing that has kept me going for the last thirty, yes, thirty years, is *Bending Towards the Light – a Jazz Nativity*. That goes under Survivor Element #3 (when you are scared to try). The Rev. John Garcia Gensel, the "Jazz Minister" as he was named, called me and said he had suggested me as the writer of "A Jazz Nativity." I could only think, "Why me?" In the summer of 1985, I wrote and arranged it as a combination of standard carols: original music with the through-line of the biblical story shared by classical and jazz singers. Charles Kuralt (the famous journalist) became our host, and he wrote a beautiful introduction to the piece: "...The light is meant to serve—as light serves for so many religions and philosophies—as a symbol of truth and love...and hope. Hope that even in a dark season, we may begin to see the world...*bending towards the light*."

My husband, tenor saxophonist Bob Kindred, and I produced the show. Starting in the darkened house with Bob's haunting saxophone solo of "Silent Night," building to the entrance of the Three Kings who present the gift of their talent is both thrilling and moving. "By the end of 'The Jazz Nativity' you know you've been through something wonderful...a stirring celebration of Christmas!" commented Dr. Billy Taylor, on *CBS Sunday Morning*. Arthur Mills, from the New York City Office of the Mayor, called it an "Incredible show!" and remarked: "You deserve an award! Our children couldn't stop talking about it!" The show was recommended by Alison Steel in *City Guide New York*: "The memory of this extraordinary performance will keep Christmas in your heart forever!" It was also praised by distinguished performers; for example, Mauricio Trejo (Sony Classical Artist and winner of the International Caruso Competition) said: "A most extraordinary and powerful

blending of opera and jazz...absolutely truthful to both genres." (See Figure 2.)

We have performed it every December in New York, with the most incredible jazz artists (all of them playing for just union scale). We started with Dave Brubeck (of course), Lionel Hampton, Tito Puente, and now with the artists of today including "King" clarinetist Paquito DeRivera, a female King (our "Quing"), trumpeter Ingrid Jensen, and the finest opera and jazz singers. Audiences return to see it every year.

We have performed the show in other cities also; it has continued to receive rave reviews: "None of the classics is half so giddy, nor so utterly entertaining as 'The Jazz Nativity' that burst onto the stage of Orchestra Hall on Sunday afternoon!" (Howard Reich, *Chicago Tribune*). "Anne Phillips has created a compelling evening in which the secular and sacred swirl and soar!" (Chuck Berg, *Topeka News Journal*). Cities have produced the show themselves: "What an awesome experience—worthy of Broadway with fantastic choral, and orchestral music, dancing and spiritual messages. Kudos to West Market St. UMC for bringing this wonderful gift to our community!" (Barbara Geese, Greensboro, NC).

Three years ago, Leonarda Priore, co-founder of Chelsea Opera, suggested that we co-produce the work (see Survival Element #8: jump on an opportunity). Since my husband had become ill, I had had to



Fig. 2. Curtain call at *A Jazz Nativity* performance with Anne Phillips and the Three Kings: Clark Terry, tap-dancer Harold Nicholas, and Tito Puente.

shoulder the production of the show myself. That included fund-raising, advertising, casting, conducting! What a relief to have a wonderful new co-producer, and I met so many new opera singers. The 2017 New York production by my not-for-profit Kindred Spirits and Chelsea Opera will again take place at Christ & St. Stephen's Church this December. And there will be productions in other cities, too.

But even with all those jazz legends in the show and the marvelous reviews, we were never able to get corporate sponsorship or a record deal. We had to produce the CD ourselves. We had hoped it would be performed on television; we were very disappointed when an Emmy-winning producer presented it to PBS and they turned it down. It did get published by a major house, but it just sat in their catalog and received virtually no promotion. So I took it back and am promoting it and shipping the music myself.

Obviously, *A Jazz Nativity* also comes under Survival Element #5 (don't give up!) and an additional one, **Survival Element #9: Be prepared to take a risk.** Without major underwriting any production is always a risk. For example, for the December 2005 shows we had great stars and a beautiful venue. The two-day NYC transportation strike was called for exactly the days of the show! When we performed it in Newark, there was a double snow storm, and last year my two most supportive funders dropped out (one died and the other lost his business). But the show went on.

I had fused real jazz and real opera in the show, and that gave me the courage to say "yes" when Monica Harte asked me to write an opera for her *Opera Shorts* to be performed at Weill Hall at Carnegie Hall. *Tempo Fuori del Tempo* (Time Out of Time) was the first in 2009 with libretto by my friend Marilyn Scott Murphy. (See Survival Element #4: be open to good suggestions!) I have since written many more, and they have been performed in other cities. Chelsea Opera is producing my night of short operas *That "Certain Age"* (about aging with grace, courage, and humor) in November. My art songs have also been sung in concerts throughout the country; often the result of submission calls from the New York Women Composers.

I realize now that I haven't mentioned a very important survival element. Shall we call it **Survival Element #10: Network-**

ing? I don't think the word existed when I began, we just called it "keeping your face in the place." One of the most interesting instances occurred in 1973 when a singer friend moved to Los Angeles and suggested that I take her place on the board of the NYC Chapter of NARAS, the Recording Academy. (Survival Element #8: jump on an opportunity.) I later became a National Trustee and then the NY representative to the Grammy Show. I remember my anxiety when I walked into that first Trustees meeting! A room filled with the top people in the music business...some whose names I had heard from childhood! But, little by little, I realized that I was qualified to be there. I had been in more areas of the business than most people there! When the producer, Pierre Cossette, talked about his concerns for the live show, I understood. I had done live TV. Produced shows! Been a working singer! Composed, arranged, and produced records and commercials! I was the NY representative who had to come up with the best way to use the new young trumpet player who was nominated in both classical and jazz. His name was Wynton Marsalis. I presented Grammys to many famous performers, such as Itzhak Perlman and Richard Burton (see Figure 3).



Fig. 3. Anne Phillips presenting a Grammy for the Best Spoken Word to Richard Burton (1976).

And now we come to today. It's a world that has changed so much. It's now the world of numbers. How many people will you "draw"? How many "followers" do you have? Quality vs. Quantity. I saw it begin to happen when beautiful advertising campaigns began to die in "test," and the most creative people said, "I just can't put my heart into it anymore." When did you last read a review of a movie before you heard the opening weekend box office take that determined its fate? It wasn't always like this. If you are curious enough to know

how we got here, to this bottom line world of numbers, read *The Hunger for More... The Search for Values in an Age of Greed* by Laurence Shames, written in the '80s. (It is available on the web; the new edition on Kindle has a very recent preface. Shames says, "It is more important to read it now than when he wrote it.")

So how do you wade through this new world? (Follow Survival Element #5: don't give up.) My children's musical, *The Great Grey Ghost of Old Spook Lane*, which I wrote when my children were in grade school, has recently been published by Samuel French. *Damn Everything But the Circus*, a full musical (title song written in 1975) has finally found the right book-writer and has had two NY readings. Most excitingly, I took off the shelf *What Are We Doing to Our World?* (an hour piece about creation and the environment) and produced it in New York this past spring. It will be performed at Duke University next year, a co-production of the School of Environment and the University Chapel. Although I wrote it years ago, the timing is perfect now.

Some works are still gathering dust: *A Spark of Faith*, a one-hour show of twelve songs connected by New Testament scripture (performed and toured but now on the shelf), my Easter Mass, *Sing, for The Lord Has Risen* (recorded at St. Patrick's Cathedral with John Goodwin conducting), and innumerable songs. Rex Reed commented: "Her songs renew my faith in good taste... very much in the tradition of the classic songwriters." I never stop looking for opportunities for performance and recording. My advice to you in these changing times: be prepared to take a risk (Survival Element #9):

1. Singers or instrumentalists: could you produce and market your own CDs? Previously, you had to be signed by a label but now you can do it yourself. I've done it. I have put my CDs on CDBaby and have gotten a lot of airplay on Signify, Amazon, etc.; I have sales from all over the world. I am lucky. My first album, *Born to Be Blue*, sells steadily. The down side: are you independently wealthy? Can you raise the money through crowd funding? To be successful you must become a pro in many areas such as recording, design, promotion, and social media.

2. As a composer, do you produce your work yourself? Sometimes I do. Or do you seek out opportunities for performance through the web as I have through member-

ship in The New York Women Composers? Should you publish your work yourself? You don't have much choice. The head of a major company recently told me that they no longer publish individual pieces, they only sign writers with proven performance records. The bottom line rears its head. No quality decision: no risk for them. But self-publishing requires time to learn Finale or Sibelius software (I decided to pay a copyist instead) and to market your work. Can you still find the time to remain an artist?

3. As a jazz or cabaret singer, the upside of the music business today is YouTube. At least you can be heard and seen without praying that someone will come to your performance. The down-side of club work is that performers often must guarantee an audience of 40 or more people or they don't receive a percentage of the receipts.

4. As an opera singer? Now that I am part of the opera world, I am thrilled to see how many wonderful singers there are who are hired by small opera companies, but saddened to see how little they usually get paid. No "cost of living" raise!

The music business has never been more difficult. There have been big dips for

me: the "I'll never work again," and "will anybody ever hear my music?" times. I once wrote a sad lyric about my piano bench being so full of what I called my "piano bench songs" that I couldn't get the lid down!

Survival Element #11: Hang on to the JOY!

Did anybody ever ask you, "Why did you choose music as a career?" Didn't you think, "That's a stupid question! I had no choice! Music chose me! Music gives me life! Music gives me joy." The joy of *Jazz Nativity* performances: the joy in the audience, the joy from the cast, the joy I feel standing in the midst of the most talented people in the world who come back to perform it year after year!

The joy of the Kindred Spirits Children's Jazz Choirs—an outgrowth of *A Jazz Nativity* for which we had a Children's Project that enabled inner-city children to experience the show. Hearing 100 inner-city children singing the great songs of Gershwin, Ellington and Berlin? Joy!

The joy of my family vocal group. I'm sure it was music that has led them to have such fulfilled lives.

The joy of the Ketchikan, Alaska Jazz/Cabaret Festival every January. That comes under Survival Element #3 too. This was a new experience for me, and I discovered the joy of hearing townspeople who have never had the confidence to sing outside the shower perform in a big concert for their supportive friends.

The joy of composing and just hopefully hearing the work performed.

The joy of having the respect and love of such dear friends in the music business and of living in New York, luckily in a rent-stabilized apartment, so close to places where I can hear breathtaking artists every night of the week!

And not the least, the joy of singing. I am still singing. I teach enough to keep warmed up, and I take pleasure in the growth of my students, especially one very disabled young woman who can now sing and play, with one finger, about 100 Great American Songs. Every lesson is a joy.

That is the reason music chose you. As the wonderful trumpet player Clark Terry, who played and taught until he was 93, said, "You gotta keep on keepin' on." Just HANG ON TO THE JOY!

Introduction, Appreciation, and Scholarly Pursuits: Part I

DENISE VON GLAHN

This article, the first of a pair, responds to the welcome junction of multiple IAWM-related realities: the tradition of new members introducing themselves in the journal; the opportunity to thank the association for awarding my book, *Music and the Skillful Listener: American Women Compose the Natural World* (Indiana University Press, 2013), the 2015 Pauline Alderman Award; and the invitation to write about my most recent work, a just-published biography: *Libby Larsen: Composing an American Life* (University of Illinois Press, 2017), and a new collaborative endeavor that considers Annea Lockwood's 1982 installation *A Sound Map of the Hudson River* in relation to the sounds of that same place in 2017. The Lockwood project will be the focus of the second article, although I will introduce it here and provide some background. It incorporates research being conducted jointly with a doctoral cultural geography student, Mark Sciuchetti, who is also completing a master's degree in musicology with me at Florida State University, my home institution.

I've taught in the College of Music at FSU since Fall 1998. Arriving with a dissertation and a couple of articles on different aspects of Charles Ives's music, as well as a book contract for what would become *The Sounds of Place: Music and the American Cultural Landscape* (Northeastern University Press, 2003), I had no idea that my scholarly focus would turn the way it did; I was an Ivesian through and through. Perhaps it was being the only woman musicologist in the department that heightened my sensitivity to issues surrounding women in music. Or maybe it was my role as the one-size-fits-all model for the dozens of women in our program that caused me to pay greater attention to the people who weren't in the historical narratives I taught. It's tempting to look back and create a neat story line for how or why I set out on the new path I did, but neither history nor an individual life yields to tidy plot lines, and I won't suggest one here. Whatever the confluence of serendipity, conscious intentions, and fortuitous opportunities I turned increasingly to place and identity as topics I needed to ex-

lore, and to historiography, the aggregate of the explanatory stories we tell and that get passed along—why we tell them, the purposes they serve, who is in, who gets left out—and I turned to women in music.

In *The Sounds of Place* I discussed twenty-four compositions by fourteen



Denise Von Glahn

composers, thirteen of whom were male. My focus on the monumental iconographic places used by the nation to shape its identity and tell its story, one traditionally rooted in the idea of rugged individualism and