



Remembering Bob Judd



American Musicological Society  
2019

## *From the President*

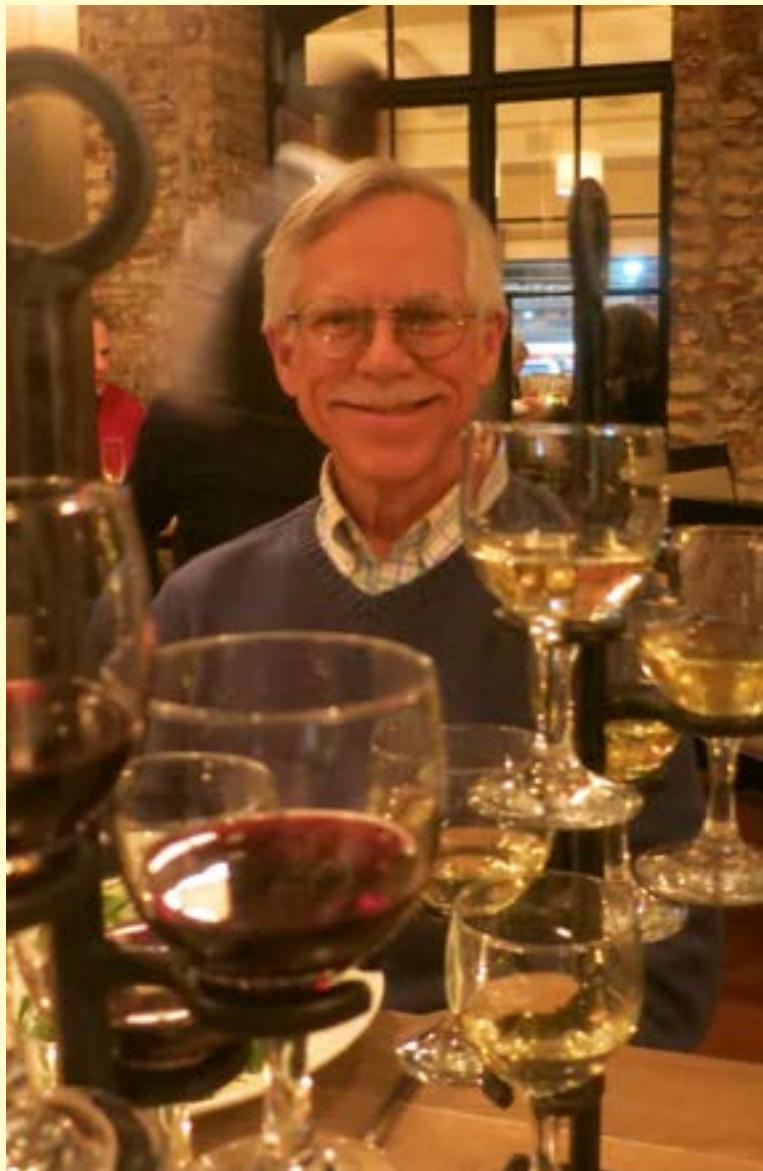
“P.S. For a laugh....”

The last email Bob wrote to me began thus.

We had been “talking” on email (as we did almost every work day, sometimes a dozen times a day) about how it would soon be unconscionable to fly to national meetings of societies like ours, for environmental reasons. To lighten our shared dismay about climate change, he shared this tidbit of history: “It is true that the doomsday-sayers in the 1890s predicted travel calamities in the 1920s would arise due to the forecast problem of horse manure overwhelming city streets. Predicting the future isn’t always easy....”

That’s the Bob Judd I remember. Funny, his mind full of weird and hilarious bits of history he would cite, dryly, to bring us both down to earth after we’d gone all meta in the course of trying to solve some problem. A man easily tickled by the absurdities that lay just past the logical conclusion of some line of argument, whose eyes twinkled to egg me on to speak that logical conclusion, which he would greet with that amazingly broad smile. A man of great seriousness and integrity who could surprise you with a giggle if you hit his funny bone just right.

I remember, too, the way he was in Board meetings. Quiet, listening intently, a look of dispassionate, analytical intelligence on his face. Thinking, his neck stretched out away from his collar, his head down—you could almost hear him calculate and recalculate as he ran different scenarios in his mind to imagine where each possibility would lead, and what each would cost in dollars and human effort. Then his head would pop up, and he’d raise his hand, always with a pencil in it, to offer what was always the smartest, most sensible solution—a solution that was also often the most radically different from “the way we’ve always done things.”



## *From the President*

In spite of the last words of that email, Bob as Executive Director was always all about the future. Board minutes from twenty years ago show that even then Bob was raising concerns about graduate education that didn't prepare young scholars for a range of non-academic careers; about the need to articulate consequences for violations of our then-new Guidelines for Ethical Conduct; about whether the Society should take stands on issues of public concern; about the classism behind the Society's perceived hierarchies of prestige. Even then, he wanted the newsletter to go online, and advocated for the newest technologies. He saw himself as building a future for musicology and musicologists.

Personally frugal, he was immensely generous in his determination to fund travel grants, fellowships, publication subventions, and generous in his commitment to respond personally, with all his intelligence, to every single question or complaint a member raised. Bob presided over an astonishing explosion of programmatic growth for the AMS and made it seem easy, fun, and personal. A superb leader of academics, and a visionary, he was a great Executive Director.

Mostly, though, I remember him as a quietly great human being. To sit puzzling over a problem with Bob was to be overwhelmed by his sheer goodness, which was the radiant core of the rock-solid integrity we all admired. Beyond the intelligence, the capacity for joy, the erudition, the gleeful embrace of new technology, the tremendous love with which he spoke about his daughters Katie, Hannah and Sarah, and his beloved Cristle, there was this indescribable goodness about him, from which his fabled patience, caring and judiciousness sprang. It was as though he had committed himself to live an example of how it would be to just be good, to just live your life through the principle of love. To have known Bob Judd was, for me, a close encounter with grace. Lord! how I miss him!

Suzanne G. Cusick September 30, 2019



AMS Office 2015  
Christian Botta, Katie VanDerMeer, and Bob

# *AMS Tributes*

*From Ellen T. Harris, President, 2015–2016*

Bob Judd became Executive Director of the Society in 1996 after a difficult hiatus following the retirement of Alvin Johnson. At first the position was officially half-time; it only changed to three-quarters in 2007 and to full-time in 2009. I suspect the work was full-time or more from the beginning. In short order, Bob became the heart and soul of the AMS. He oversaw the Society's administrative organization and financial management, in the process forging personal relationships and connecting with what I imagine was a majority of the membership. Among his many activities, Bob attended every board meeting and every Publications Committee meeting, took a special interest in the AMS Chapters, and dealt personally with every award and fellowship winner (and most applicants), as well as with any group or person who scheduled time at the annual meetings. Primary among these interactions were his special relationships with the presidents of the Society. Over his twenty-three years of service, Bob worked with (or perhaps more aptly, learned how to work with) fourteen presidents, from Philip Gossett (1995–96) to Suzanne Cusick (2019–20). Despite what must have been necessary and obvious similarities to these partnerships, each relationship had to be built from scratch at two-year intervals. Bob made the adjustments.

In my own case (2015–16), given my background in academic administration, I imagined our roles as co-equal in terms of operational and executive oversight—in other words, provost and president. Nevertheless, Bob was my mentor as he generously (as well as gently and kindly) shared with me his depth of experience.

As I suspect was the case with every president, I learned to depend on and seek out his advice. Dealing with the relatively continuous and quotidian aspects of management is the commonplace of administration, but in addition there is always, as in the game of Monopoly, the Chance or Community Chest card that tells you what you must do in the moment. All AMS presidents will be able to say what card or cards turned up during their term. Probably the most important during my presidency was the necessity of finding a new home for the AMS office once our contract with Bowdoin College expired at the end of June 2016. As I took on the negotiations for finding a new space in the New York City area, Bob bore the brunt of the relocation. He was short-staffed from the beginning, commuted between Maine and New York for months, and set up the office at NYU with no staff at the outset. Nevertheless, I am certain that the membership felt no difference in operational support during that period.

Bob was humble about his accomplishments, never in my hearing describing the extent of what he did—or sacrificed—for the AMS. Many members likely had no idea of his extraordinary credentials as a musicologist, including a PhD from Oxford, tenured professorship at California State University, Fresno, and a corpus of publications about and editions of early modern keyboard music (see the tribute by Roger Freitas to Bob's scholarship for the Society for Seventeenth-Century Music). He was an accomplished organist, trumpeter, and choral singer; he may have been the first American boy treble to sing a solo in Westminster Abbey. He was also an avid concertgoer of music from all periods, as his musical interests expanded far beyond his own specialty. When he and Cristle first moved to New York, he acted like a child in a candy store in terms of what music was now available to him, effectively on his doorstep.

## *AMS Tributes*



AMS 2015

L-R: Bruce Brown, Martha Feldman, Laurenz Lütteken, Ellen Harris, Stephen Banfield, and Bob

*From Ellen T. Harris, President, 2015–2016*

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## *AMS Tributes*

*From Al Hipkins, AMS Office Manager, Bowdoin College, Maine*

I knew Bob before I began working for the AMS. Bob came to my church and joined the choir as a member of our bass section. His big voice was a significant contribution to our small choir. Soon after joining the choir, he changed roles, becoming the choir accompanist, director, and church organist. In this role, he oversaw the installation of a new organ, and was a leader in the remodeling of the church to help make the altar more accommodating and welcoming.

I had been trying to get a job at Bowdoin College for several years, and when the AMS moved their office to Bowdoin and the AMS administrative assistant position became available, I asked Bob to see if he could get me an interview. (Positions at Bowdoin are very competitive, and several prior openings for which I was qualified and experienced did not yield an interview.) I got my interview and the job.

Having Bob as a boss was very good for me and my family. He was always gracious and generous with my requests for time off for my family and my square dancing (a serious hobby of mine). This generosity—especially when deadlines were looming—was greatly appreciated by me, my family, and those who shared my passion for dancing.

I was always amazed at Bob's dedication to detail. In preparation for the printing of the Annual Meeting Program, Bob read every submission and made sure that they were all grammatically correct and all words were spelled correctly. For Bob, the publication needed to be as good as it could be. This attention to detail extended to all elements of AMS work, including newsletters, directories, and the website (for which we spent a great deal of time re-building several times).

I will always remember Bob's culinary interests and experiments. One of the plants in the office was a habanero pepper plant, which produced more than enough habaneros to spice any dish. Bob and I both made pepper jellies—his always had more heat! For one of our staff outings, Bob invited Melissa Kapocious (the AMS bookkeeper for many years) and me to his home for a presentation on Indian cooking by one of the Bowdoin professors who offered this class annually to all staff during a staff enrichment week. Bob wanted us to have a more in-depth experience, and so we had a grand lunch at his house.

When the AMS moved to New York City, Bob offered for me to move with the office. I asked if a few zeros would be added to my salary to make the move worthwhile! Ultimately, however, I would not have moved to NYC for three additional zeros! Again, Bob demonstrated great generosity by ensuring that Melissa and I were informed well in advance of the move and given ample time and opportunity to make arrangements for life and work after AMS.

My favorite part of the job with AMS was preparing for and managing the Annual Meetings. Bob allowed me to take charge of many elements of planning and implementation so I would be comfortable in my role. Travelling to these cites (starting with Nashville in 2008) and working with Bob to make these meetings the success that they were provide me with great memories of the person and leader who was Bob Judd.

Bob and his family were missed when they left Brunswick. We kept in touch occasionally with brags on our hot peppers and quality of jellies. This and more will be missed now that he is gone.

## *AMS Tributes*

From Hannah Judd, Ethnomusicology Student



Cristle's 1959 MGA (Philadelphia, 1999)

It was nearly impossible to buy gifts for my father. When you asked him what he wanted, he would say: “Get rid of all this junk!” His favorite cookbook was called *More With Less*—it featured some recipes that became family standbys as well as a TVP loaf (texturized vegetable protein) smothered in homemade ketchup that everyone but him refused to eat—and “more with less” was also a phrase he repeated often, to try and think about the problems of excessive waste and consumption and how to push against them in everyday life. He liked tiny houses and minimalism; he insisted his sneakers were fine and put duct tape over the holes; he insisted his shirts were also fine and put on sweaters to hide the coffee and ink stains. If you pushed back on his wish to have less and his insistence that he owned too many things and didn’t need anything new, the only gift advice you were left with was that he wanted to be surprised and delighted.

“Surprise and delight” is something that my dad did for everyone in my family, often. The last gift he sent me was for my half-birthday: a tiny green frying pan that you can use to cook a single egg. He emailed “items of interest,” both funny and serious, to the whole family and/or to the individuals for whom it was relevant; he texted joyous Bitmoji responses to any news in the group chat. He built wood footstools and a sled and an entire playhouse and swing set for my sisters and me in our backyard; he cooked dinner and made pickles from the vegetables that my mother grew in the garden. He played the organ at every church I attended during my childhood, and in all of the ones where he was music director, he, my mother, my sisters, and I would fill in when the rest of the choir decamped for Christmas Day and the summer.

## *AMS Tributes*

He taught me how to do too many things to name; more than that, he taught me—and modeled—how to approach anything that I wanted to do: he was patient, slow and exacting and methodical, unwilling to cut corners and willing to take the time and care needed to make something that was good.

The best “surprise and delight” gift I was able to give my father was when we walked through Manhattan together and over the Brooklyn Bridge. From there I took him to a (now-closed) pickle shop that was supposed to have the best pickles in New York. We went to an un-air-conditioned single room where an old woman presided silently over white plastic vats of every kind of pickle imaginable. We rode the subway home with three jars he’d selected, sweaty and pleased, and at his suggestion we listened to Leonard Nimoy reciting Hart Crane’s “The Bridge” at home.

After he died, I bought the ingredients to make miso in my apartment. I was thinking about the act of pickling. I want to have faith that letting something ferment for a year or two isn’t leaving it to rot; it’s allowing magic to happen, growth and flavor to emerge in the secret dark. More than that, I am doing what he taught me: making more with less, making things with my own hands, taking things one step at a time, waiting for something to be ready without hurrying it, learning patience that I don’t have, making something to share with others that—hopefully—will be nourishing and tasty and filled with love, attempting to surprise, hoping to delight.

## *Condolences from Other Societies*

### *Society for Seventeenth-Century Music*

With deep sadness, the Society for Seventeenth-Century Music mourns the sudden loss of Bob Judd. While Bob is perhaps best known for his long and brilliant tenure as the executive director of the American Musicological Society, he was also a member of our own Society and contributed vitally to its goals.

Bob received an undergraduate degree in organ performance from Kent State University; a master's degree in musicology from Rice University; and a doctorate in musicology from the University of Oxford. He taught at Oxford, the University of Melbourne, California State University, Fresno, and the University of Pennsylvania.

Bob's principal research interest was in early keyboard music, its notation and its practice. In his Oxford dissertation he examined the contents of several hundred Italian and Spanish treatises from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He determined that the nature of the instruction these scores offered players changed gradually over time, from an early emphasis on composition and improvisation to a later one on reading and playing from fully notated scores. Because of this detailed analysis, his dissertation has also served many scholars as a valuable compendium of early writings on Italian and Spanish keyboard practice. His other publications in this area include keyboard works of Claudio Merulo (American Institute of Musicology, 1991) and the chapter on Italy in *Keyboard Music Before 1700* (Routledge, 2003).



Bob's "snow mobile" (Maine)

## *Condolences from Other Societies*

Bob also played a central role in the launching of the Journal of Seventeenth-Century Music. When the Society began considering publications, he was one of three members (along with John Howard and Kerala Snyder) to step forward with a proposal to produce a prototype for an electronic journal. In particular, Bob contributed his skills with HTML markup, honed at the recently established Music Theory Online. At that time, such work involved manually inserting code for every aspect of formatting. He went on to serve as Technical Editor of JSCM from 1995 to 1997 and then as Technical Consultant for two more years. It is hard to imagine the later success of our beloved and innovative Journal without Bob's foresight and dedication at the start. Even in his recent reimaging of the AMS Newsletter as electronic-only, one can see a link to his early ideas for JSCM.

Bob Judd was enormously committed to our discipline and to scholarship in general. He produced brilliant work, and he supported and mentored the work of countless others. His combination of leadership, patience, and affability are rare enough in this world and will be sorely missed. I know I speak for all members of the SSCM when I express our deepest condolences to his family. In lieu of flowers, they request contributions to the American Musicological Society ("Robert Judd Fund") or the charity of your choice.

Roger Freitas, president of the Society for Seventeenth-Century Music (with thanks to Bruce Gustafson, Lex Silbiger, Kerala Snyder, and Jeffrey Kurtzman for recollections and information)

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### *Society for American Music*

For those of us who make our lives in academia, scholarly societies play a large role in our personal and professional lives. Their meetings start as testing grounds for us as students, as places where we begin to find our scholarly voices, and gradually, they become places where we see friends, network with publishers, gain support for our work, and struggle together over what our work means. But at the heart of it, these societies are about human connection and affinity.

For the AMS, this human connection and affinity—love of music—were held together by Bob Judd, its indefatigable, generous, and patient Executive Director. He deeply understood the human, voluntary nature of the society, not least in his support for its members, from students, to committee members, to presidents. And in this he was a model for collegiality, professionalism, and leadership in other music societies, like SAM.

It is no surprise that we say Bob Judd was the AMS, but it might be more accurate to say that he embodied its care and humanity. This gives us comfort as we try to carry on those values, and with them Bob's memory.

Tammy Kernodle  
President, SAM

## *Condolences from Other Societies*

### *Society for Music Theory*

On Saturday, August 24, 2019, beloved AMS Executive Director Bob Judd unexpectedly passed away. The SMT Executive Board offers our deepest condolences to his widow, Cristle Collins Judd (distinguished music theorist and President of Sarah Lawrence College) and to the entire membership of AMS. Bob was the guiding hand in organizing our joint meetings, working with utmost kindness and respect to create a wonderful sense of community among our two Societies. As our Executive Director, Jennifer Diaz, has so eloquently written: "Bob was a wonderful colleague, mentor, friend, and business partner. He will be sincerely missed personally and professionally."

As AMS President Suzanne Cusick has so touchingly memorialized: "A distinguished scholar of early modern keyboard music, Bob had served the AMS as Executive Director since 1996; indeed, he served as our heart and soul as well. The breadth of knowledge, optimism and keen analytical mind with which he approached every challenge over those twenty-three years will be sorely missed. Even more, however, we will miss his kindness, his generosity of spirit, and what one member called his 'seemingly infinite patience and grace'."

Bob Judd was a remarkable leader and friend to us all. The Executive Board stands with AMS during this time of grieving.

In sorrow,  
Robert Hatten,  
SMT President

### *Society for Ethnomusicology*

It was with deep sadness that we learned of the death of Bob Judd, executive director of the AMS. We realize that this is a significant loss; Bob was a terrific administrator, counselor, and friend to many of us. Our two societies benefited from Bob's close relationships with many of us, most especially with our own executive director, Stephen Stuempfle. We too feel the loss of a very special colleague. Our hope is that his passion and consummate professionalism will continue to have its effects on the AMS for years to come.

Gregory Melchor-Barz, president; Timothy Cooley, incoming president; Michael Bakan, secretary; Noriko Manabe, treasurer; Judith Gray, first vice president; Lei Ouyang Brant, 2nd vice president; Sarah Morelli, member-at-large, prizes; Brenda Romero, member-at-large, groups;

Stephen Stuempfle,  
executive director.

# *Condolences from Other Societies*

## *Society for Christian Music Scholarship*

Bob Judd was present at the inception of the Society for Christian Scholarship in Music nearly twenty years ago, and he was integral to its development. A crucial event in the Society's prehistory as the Forum on Music and Christian Scholarship was a book discussion around a seminar table in the spring of 2002. Bob participated in that colloquy and, in fact, made arrangements for the meeting space. When it became clear, after the joint meeting of the American Musicological Society and the Society for Music Theory in the fall, that many individuals beyond the initial discussion group were interested in exploring connections between Christian faith and the academic study of music, Bob took charge of the local arrangements for the group's first annual meeting at the University of Pennsylvania in 2003. Thereafter, he continued in leadership for many years, first as a member of the Steering Committee and later as Treasurer. After the group changed its name from FMCS to SCSM in 2012, Bob secured the domain name [scsmusic.org](http://scsmusic.org), which continues in use to this day. Beyond his countless individual acts of service, Bob's steady hand and wise counsel have left a precious and indelible mark on the SCSM. His presence was a gift and his memory is deeply cherished.

Stephen A. Crist (Emory University),  
President, 2013-2015

Like so many people, my encounters with Bob were always special. He offered sage advice and a friendly smile whenever we met, and I was always impressed with his genuine care and compassion for so many people. I am so grateful for his support of the Society for Christian Scholarship in Music, a much younger organization than AMS, but one he cared about a great deal and one to which he lent his time and considerable expertise. The ongoing success of SCSM is due in no small part to the devotion Bob gave it in its early years, nurturing it from an idea to an established group with his usual warmth and flair. The Society will always be in his debt. So at this time I mourn his loss, but I also rejoice in his life and his gifts and am grateful for his personal and professional kindness.

Andrew Shenton (Boston University),  
President, 2015-17

## *Condolences from Other Societies*

Bob was unstinting in helping SCSM leadership deal with myriad practical matters; his wisdom, grace, and humor were always apparent, no matter how large or small the issue. During the four years I spent in SCSM leadership roles, his guidance was instrumental in obtaining tax-exempt status and in updating our membership communications, to name just two of many examples. Most precious and inspiring for me, however, was his vision of the society's unique focus on the intersection of faith, music, and music scholarship as a potential force for good in these contentious times. Bob treasured SCSM's ecumenical nature, and saw the society as a powerful model of inclusivity and respectful dialogue in an increasingly tribal academic world. Every interaction with Bob, whether in person or on email, was a pleasure. SCSM has lost a foundation stone with Bob's passing; he will be acutely missed.

M. Jennifer Bloxam (Williams College),  
President, 2017–2019

With deep sadness, the Society for Christian Scholarship in Music joins the many others mourning the death of Bob Judd. We are thankful for his long and faithful service as executive director of the American Musicological Society and also for his role as one of the founding members of the SCSM. Bob was instrumental in working with others to found the society (initially known as the Forum on Music and Christian Scholarship), and he hosted its first annual meeting at the University of Pennsylvania in 2003. In addition to his participation in annual meetings, Bob served many years as the society's first treasurer, a position he held with his characteristic posture of humble service and deep joy.

Past-president Johnn Buis (Wheaton College) writes: "Every past president (and the board members) of the SCSM can vouch for the significance of Bob's contribution to the society. He was the '(in)visible hand' behind the vision, the logistics, and the inspiration that we all depended on as the SCSM leadership."

I particularly appreciate Bob's role in shaping the SCSM as a place of hospitality and deep welcome. In a cultural and societal climate in which so many seek to create divisions and guard boundaries, Bob and the other SCSM founders created the society as a place in which all persons are welcomed and each voice is heard: graduate students, independent scholars, and faculty members; from any academic discipline; from any Christian tradition or none at all; from any religious commitment or none at all. As a society, we seek to live out Bob's commitment to scholarly excellence in his characteristic spirit of welcome, humility, and joy.

Mark Peters (Trinity Christian College),  
President, 2019–2021

## *Condolences from Other Societies*

### *College Music Society*

I was saddened to learn of Bob Judd's death and wanted to send a personal remembrance.

Although I never met him, I will always be grateful for the amount of time Bob spent with me on the phone, talking me down from crazyland, as I would plan alumni receptions for the musicology and music theory areas at UNT years ago. As I write this, I am struck by the fact that if my interaction with him is an indication, he often went above and beyond when it came to working with members of the Society. There were many years during which I did not know the president of AMS, but I always knew how to find the executive director. I find this remarkable, especially because he intervened many times on behalf of our department. The executive directors of our professional music societies are outstanding. They provide threads of continuity in leadership; they encourage and challenge our presidents and boards of directors. I am grateful to have known Bob ever so briefly and can attest that he is missed.

Eileen M. Hayes President,  
College Music Society



With Morley scholars at "Camp Morley" 2009

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

Bob Judd did a wonderful job as Executive Director for 23 years. He was unfailingly helpful to the officers and committees, helping us figure out how to do our work on behalf of the AMS. I relied on him when I became President, turning to him often for advice and information. During that time and since, I witnessed many of his interactions with others, and I became aware of how much he had done to improve the workings of the Society. He was kind and welcoming to members new and old, encouraging several generations of musicologists. He was always vibrant, positive, and forward-looking, bringing new ideas and the wisdom of many years' experience to every discussion. He made everything run better, from our annual conferences to daily communications, and oversaw countless new initiatives throughout the Society. Most of all, he was always friendly, warm, and engaging, with a puckish smile that delighted me every time I saw him. As a colleague said when I phoned her to break the devastating news that he was gone, he was the heartbeat of the AMS. He will live on in the Society and in all of us, in all he has done for us over the years. He helped to make this community of scholars and teachers a genuine community.

J. Peter Burkholder

### **A Tribute to Bob Judd**

As one who first attended an AMS meeting in long-ago 1953, when I was a graduate student at Princeton, I can reflect on its leadership over many decades. And with all respect to those who preceded him at the helm of the society over all those years, Bob Judd stands out as an exemplary model of what it means to be the wise and trusted director of a scholarly society. His quiet demeanor, his sense of larger purpose, his ability to bring together colleagues with very different viewpoints and personalities—all this combined to make his tenure as Executive Director a vital and significant chapter in the history of the American Musicological Society. I admired him deeply.

Lewis Lockwood

I knew Bob mostly through AMS correspondence, yet somehow he always managed to communicate a remarkable level of humanity in every message. Reading his obituary, I understand better how this was possible: he was an exceptional human being in so many ways. My sincere condolences to Bob's family who must bear this terrible loss.

Kristi Brown-Montesano

Reprinted from <http://www.mcgrathandson.com/obituary/judd-robert/> with permission from the author.

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

The warm recollection I have of Bob is hard to put into words. While I was on the Board, we considered lots of substantial changes to the Annual Meeting and other aspects of the Society's work. Bob's response to the most radical proposals (which would mean the most work for him) was a quiet smile, a twinkling eye, and a complete readiness to consider the proposal from all angles. In that knowing twinkle was the knowledge that what was asked for would likely be more complicated than we knew, as well as a deep enjoyment of the process of serving the Society—a sense of shared, loving purpose. His faith in the Society and in its members was boundless; as was his care for every one of us. We miss him.

Danielle Fosler-Lussier

Bob has been at the helm of the AMS for most of my academic career. I was a grad student when Alvin died, during Ellen Rosand's presidency as I recall, and ever since then he has been a constant force of goodness, wisdom, and calm. I love the way Bob was always able to deal with some of the more prickly personalities in our field, gently bringing a committee meeting back into focus, diplomatically reminding us about a past practice, while at the same time encouraging us all to think out of the box and try on new ideas. His vision for the society was palpable in countless ways. There was always that moment at the national meeting when I would catch site of Bob and feel as if everything was under control! I know we are all thinking about the kinds of contributions that musicologists can make outside of the traditional tenure-track position, and Bob is the stellar example of how powerful that contribution can be—and of a truly wonderful life. We will miss you, Bob!

Wendy B. Heller

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It's impossible to exaggerate the relief we felt when Bob Judd took over the helm of the AMS. His calm and competent demeanor was immediately evident and spread healing oil over the turbulent water after our loss of long-term director Alvin Johnson and the subsequent . . . well, not quite panic . . . the board and officers faced in figuring out how to move on. Bob was an exquisite human-relations master, an executive director of utter common sense, and a knowledgeable and talented scholar of music who understood what we are about and gave his utmost to helping us do our work. He will be sorely missed.

Ruth Solie

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I didn't know Bob well for very long, but we recently were working closely together over the past year to try and make the AMS more welcoming for contingent workers. Bob never ceased to amaze me with his depth of knowledge of all things AMS and beyond and his warmth, grace, and charisma. He handled difficult situations with humor and a smile on his face and aimed to make things better for as many people as he could. Never one to drop all of the balls he had in the air, he is someone I aspire to emulate. One of my last interactions with him was earlier this year when we met to talk about a meeting the AMS was sending me to on contingent faculty. I arrived at the local coffee shop early to write and he was very disappointed that he couldn't buy me a cup of coffee because I already had one. That was Bob: generous and caring. He will be deeply missed.

Reba Wissner

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

Thinking a lot about Bob Judd. He and Cristle were some of the first people I met at my first conference as a naïve little undergrad trumpet player. Later, they welcomed me into the Penn family, where the AMS offices where housed back then. In addition to inviting me to lovely dinners at their home with the girls, Bob also taught keyboard musicianship at Penn, making him my first and ONLY piano teacher. He was amazingly helpful (and patient) as I plodded my way through Forte exercises and score reading (gulp). Eventually I got to work with him extensively through AMS committee work, and he always made a point to seek me out at the conferences and ask how things were going. None of this was that special; that's just how Bob was, to everyone who encountered him. It is a tremendous loss to all of us, one that I personally will feel every time I sit down at the keyboard. Thanks for all you did for us, Bob.

Charles Carson

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Like everyone else, I so much appreciated Bob's dedication, generosity, unflappability, groundedness, gentleness, and open-mindedness. Other than remembering his complete absorption in riding as he pedaled his bike around Brunswick, the memory that stands out for me is the time at the annual meeting when he likened the AMS to Brigadoon: an idyllic place that magically comes into being for one day every century. Bob would be the first to say that there was no magic involved in putting on the annual conference, and he would readily admit that the AMS is not without its challenges, but for me the Brigadoon metaphor represented not only a kind of idealism about what we all do as music teachers and scholars, but also a relentless optimism about what can happen when smart people of good will work together. We should continue to try to justify that optimism.

Mary Hunter

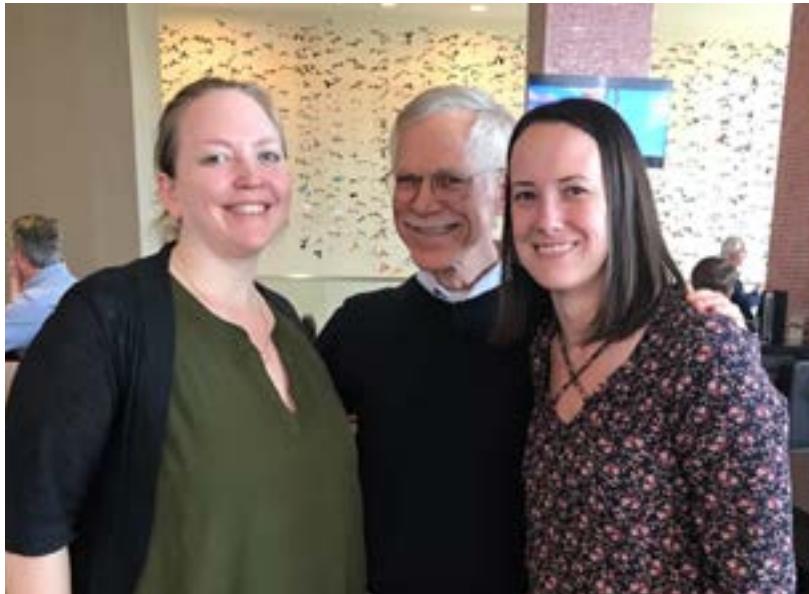
I would like to add my expression of heartfelt sympathy to Cristle and the whole family on Bob Judd's untimely passing. The news jolted me deeply. In posting this note of condolence, I would like to remind many (most?) of Bob's vital role in the early days of Music Theory Online. At first anonymously, as a friend, in the earliest days of the pilot issues (1993–94) and then, starting with volume 1.2 through volume 3.5 (1995–97), Bob served actively and creatively as MTO Manager. He was a rich combination of imaginative suggestions, technical know-how, and energy to get the job done. We were each other's right-hand man, so to speak, in producing the first Web-enabled, hypertext issues of MTO. Here is what I wrote in my Editor's Message for the last issue for which he was Manager (3.5, September 1997):

Judd (University of Pennsylvania) has been involved with SMT Networking from the very beginning, particularly in the early days when MTO was initiated as a pilot project. He published commentaries in its first issues (0.2, 0.3), as well as an article (0.8). Among other valuable contributions, he designed the layout of the MTO home page, created the template that gives the HTML version of our articles their uniform look, and wrote our guide for new Web users. Bob was recently appointed Executive Director of the American Musicological Society. His obligations in that capacity, along with increased family commitments, prevent him from continuing as MTO Manager and as (year-long!) "interim" mto-talk Manager. Many thanks to Bob for helping literally to shape and to establish MTO as a respected scholarly journal. Bob made impactful, lasting contributions in so many ways. I will miss him terribly. May his spirit be bound up in the bonds of eternal life.

Lee Rothfarb

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## *Remembrances from Colleagues*



AMS San Antonio, 2018. With Katie VanDerMeer and Jennifer Diaz (SMT)

I consider myself blessed to have known Bob Judd. I was fortunate to work closely with him through my role at the Society for Music Theory for the last year and a half of his life. In that time, he was exceedingly generous with his time and energy, mentoring me in my new role every step of the way. I emailed him with questions at least once a week, if not once a day, and he always responded thoughtfully and patiently. We bonded over our love of sweets and enjoyed many good laughs together thanks to Bob's witty sense of humor. In New Orleans, he had Lisa (Experient Consultant) and I convinced he had won hundreds of dollars at the casino the night before. I was struck by how adventurous Bob was while in San Antonio...he was so eager to ride scooters everywhere! Bob seemed to embrace life in the moment; a quality I strive for. I am grateful for the time we spent together and for the chance to learn from him—not only professionally, but on how to better myself. He is dearly loved and missed.

Jennifer Diaz

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

One of my acquaintances, a professor of classical philology at an elite university, began his career as a librarian, cataloguing Greek and Latin manuscripts in one of the major libraries in Germany. He brought to this task an impressive array of skills: an absolute command of several ancient and modern languages, a deep knowledge of European history, extensive experience in paleography and codicology, and much more. The catalogue he prepared is an invaluable aid to those of us conducting research on medieval topics, yet to those outside the field he would be virtually unknown, the skills it took to do this work hidden beneath the surface of each beautifully crafted description.

In Bob Judd, the American Musicological Society has been fortunate to have as its Executive Director a man who likewise brought an impressive array of skills to the position, skills that may have been hidden beneath the surface of a well-run Society, but were constantly in evidence to those of us who had the privilege of working with him on a day-to-day basis. Bob had an absolute command of the inner workings of the Society, a remarkable ability to coordinate its activities, ranging from individual committees to the Annual Meeting, an inspiring competence in managing its ongoing financial affairs, and much more. Perhaps even more important, Bob had a personality that was as winning as it was unassuming. Anyone who came into contact with him was taken seriously, and made to feel that he or she was important, the sole focus of his attention. In his position as Executive Director, Bob not only supported the Society with his many administrative skills, but gave it a wonderfully human face as well. He will be profoundly missed.

Charles M. Atkinson

What a pleasure it was to work with Bob as AMS VP and Chair of the Committee on the Annual Meeting, 2016–18. I’m sure that many, many AMS members will speak of his infinite graciousness, patience, diplomacy, and administrative effectiveness, so I will limit myself to the memory of a warm New York afternoon when I came down to NYU to discuss an issue with Bob that was best handled in person. Bob suggested we meet in a Chinese restaurant close to the office before going there to look at some computer files together. He spoke fondly of his family and how his daughter had gotten tickets to Shakespeare in the Park, and about Cristle’s new job and the beautiful mansion where they were living. It was the first time I had spoken with Bob about his family, and I remember how his face lit up with love and pride. I remember thinking, what a beautiful, successful, loving family and what a wonderful husband and father he must be. We also spoke of Ohio, and Cedar Rapids! and his work in 17th-century music before his administrative life began. We hardly spoke at all about AMS over that lunch, and the weightiness of the issues surrounding the budget, the program, the administrative burdens seemed to lift as we spoke of the things and people we loved. Ever since I learned of Bob’s death the memory of that lunch keeps recurring: the sunlight falling across the table, the Chinese waitress, the fried rice, the ease of conversation, the feeling of being with an old friend. How lucky we have been to have this man not only as a colleague, but also as part of a close-knit AMS family. I will always treasure my memory of that day and the opportunity I have had to work with this extraordinary man.

Georgia Cowart

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

### *The Time Bob Asked Me for Help*

I got to know Bob when I served as Secretary of the Board for six years. Those twice-a-year meetings I remember as hard work, but also enjoyable times with colleagues. I grew to like Bob and to admire his soft-spoken authority, friendly ways, underlying seriousness leavened by his quiet sense of humor and merry eye and smile. When the Board arrived early for annual meetings, Bob and his staff and volunteers were busy with chores, such as collating conference materials and stuffing them into registrants' convention bags. I usually pitched in, enjoying the repartee around the table. I frequently asked if there was anything else I might do to help, but Bob usually thanked me and told me things were well in hand.

At one meeting we spotted each other in the hall on the opening morning of the meeting. He approached me with a needy look. "Could I ask a personal favor of you?" he said. Pleased to be asked to assist him at this busiest of times, I immediately consented, with some overboard remark like, "Name it; it's yours." His responding plea was simply, "Do you have a tie I could borrow? I forgot to pack one." Of course, I cheerfully complied. He wore it to the Business Meeting. I admit to wondering whether in the busy winding down of the meeting Bob would remember to return my tie. My concern was needless, for on Sunday morning he dutifully found me and handed me the tie with a broad smile and a thank you. From then on, I asked Bob at each meeting if he had remembered to bring a tie, because I had packed an extra one for him. The tie's ready when you need it, Bob.

Rufus Hallmark



*AMS Board Meeting, March 2006, Los Angeles*

L-R: Mark Evan Bonds, Cristle Collins Judd, Jeff Kallberg, Elaine Sisman, Carol Oja, Pam Starr, Honey Meconi, Rufus Hallmark, Tom Christensen, Andrew dell'Antonio, Bob, Jim Ladewig, and Charles Atkinson

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

My most intense interactions with Bob occurred in the aftermath of Board meetings when I, as secretary, had to produce a draft set of minutes and circulate them to the officers for comment and correction. Bob was usually not the first to offer feedback (understandably, given everything else that was on his plate), but he was consistently my most critical reader. Bob acknowledged that he was a “pathological tweaker” with respect to language and matters of fact, but he also wanted to make sure that everything in the minutes was worthy of recording for posterity.

Attend to detail, but don’t lose sight of the big picture: that was characteristic of Bob’s approach in all of his activities as Executive Director and one of the lessons that he continually tried to impart to the Board.

Michael Tusa

It’s hard to imagine the Society—and early music scholarship—without him, a person of dedication, devotion, and humility. Hearing of our tragic loss, I could only think of a recent live performance that I heard of Nathalie Stutzmann singing Bach’s Cantata #82. May all his family and friends have some of the consolation that JSB put into that piece. “Schlummert ein, ihr matten Augen...”

Robert L. Kendrick

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The American Musicological Society, dedicated to musical research, was founded around the time I was born, and I joined it the early 1960s. In 1975 I also became a founding member of the Sonneck Society for American Music, my scholarly terrain. By the time my stint as president of the AMS began (1982–84), sparked by the Bicentennial Celebration of the American Revolution in 1976, the society was well into plans, through its Publications Committee, for a series of scholarly editions of music. Under the banner of Music of the United States of America (MUSA), an AMS committee would choose, oversee the editing, and in collaboration with A-R Editions of Madison, Wisconsin, publish a series of American compositions deemed most worthy of a reliable edition. Since 1993, when Judith Tick and Wayne Schneider’s edition of two compositions for small orchestra by Ruth Crawford appeared in print, twenty-eight more volumes in the MUSA series have followed, most recently the score of the hit show *Shuffle Along* (1922) by Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, edited by Lyn Schenbeck and Lawrence Schenbeck.

The support of Alvin Johnson, the AMS’s Executive Director when the project was hatched and as it blossomed, was whole-hearted from the start and sustained over time. And the society’s elected officers have followed suit. My own contact over the years with Bob Judd remind me of the Johnson mold: that of a musicologist in a job to serve the work of other musicologists. Bob was the kind of human being who, at a meeting and out of the blue, could approach the likes of me and reveal that, while by no means “an Americanist,” he had come across a piece of American sacred music that he might investigate himself. Our conversation has lingered in my memory for years.

Richard Crawford

I have my fill of Bob Judd stories, but the one I'd like to share is one Bob would have strenuously objected to me sharing.

The proposal to involve the council in selecting papers for the annual meeting? This was Bob's idea. Now, I can imagine others may have had similar ideas at various times, but I vividly recall talking with Bob on Sunday morning at the San Antonio meeting and sharing my feelings of how the wealth represented in the council was, in my opinion, underutilized. So then Bob uncorks this crazy idea on me, and I'm asking myself: Has he lost it? I mean, executive directors generally aren't known for out-of-the-box thinking, and this was definitely a radical proposal. I asked Bob how serious he was about this, and he told me he had thought about this for years. Later that morning, I found Carol Hess, my predecessor as council secretary and recent head of the program committee. Carol, too, was initially in shock and disbelief from the audacity of Bob's idea, but she quickly warmed to it, with the proviso that all of the details could get worked out.

I share this story not to commandeer any discussion about the council and the program committee, and I heartily agree with Bob and others that the devil's in the details. I share this story to applaud the vision and the care with which Bob shepherded the AMS for so many years. Many of the positive aspects of the AMS are directly attributable not only to his careful execution but also to his brainstorming. Bob very much believed in the adage: You can get a lot done if you don't mind who gets the credit.

The AMS has a lot to do in the next few weeks and months, and Bob's wisdom and guidance at this time will be sorely, sorely missed. But his life has shown me ways to move forward: with tenacity and grit; with compassion and forbearance; and with a touch of impishness. In reading Bob's last messages to the council, I see all of these. We are all the richer from having Bob Judd in our lives. I will miss him terribly.

Steve Swayne

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We met Bob and Cristle for the first time in 1986 at the Medieval and Renaissance (MedRen) Music Conference at King's College, London. Not surprisingly, all four of us hit it off immediately—with Bob and Jim, two laid-back guys talking about 17th-century keyboard music, and Cristle and Jane energetically chatting about the 16th century. Little did we realize that for the next three decades our lives would become so intertwined.

For nineteen years, Bob and Jim, as Executive Director and Treasurer, collaborated almost daily on the AMS, and when Jane was President from 2008–2010, she too worked very closely with Bob. During his speech at Jane's retirement celebration at Tufts in 2015, Bob humorously estimated that there must have been 10,000 emails that flew through cyberspace back and forth between them during her two-year term. Just think of how many messages Jim and Bob must have sent to each other for nearly two decades!



Over the years, we visited Bob and Cristle wherever they lived—from their Philadelphia townhouse (where Bob proudly showed off Cristle’s classic 1959 red MGA sports car) and historic 18th-century Captain’s house in New Brunswick, to their brownstone apartment on the Upper West Side, and most recently the Tudor-inspired President’s House at Sarah Lawrence. Our stays always included a tour of the various AMS offices at U-Penn, Bowdoin, and NYU. And we mustn’t forget the Judd garden and Bob’s renowned, hand-crafted pickles. In turn, Bob and Cristle visited our Winchester home several times, starting with the time when Katie was a little girl up until this past May when the whole clan came to celebrate Sarah’s graduation from Harvard. It was a wonderful, grand occasion! Perhaps our most memorable times together were spent at our annual dinners at AMS meetings, a tradition that started back in 1990. During these meals, we would catch up on our lives, proudly relate what our girls were up to, and speak about the AMS, in that order. This year we are very pleased to continue our dinner tradition with Cristle, Hannah, and Sarah, and we hope to do so for many years to come. There is not a day that goes by that we do not think of Bob; we miss him so much.

Jane Bernstein and Jim Ladewig author.

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

I will never forget having coffee with Bob at a garish hotel in Las Vegas where we were attending an MLA convention. I had just survived my first Board meeting as president. He looked right at me and said, “You know, you only have four meetings as president, four chances to get something done.” That was a much-needed wake-up call for me and it showed Bob’s adroitness as an executive director: he intuitively knew the strengths of each president and helped them address the needs of the Society. Bob and I worked together to hold a Board retreat—a first for the Society—to assess challenges and set priorities. One outcome was the OPUS campaign that led to a dramatic increase in the number of travel grants, awards, fellowships and publication subventions benefitting a broad cross-section of the membership.

Over the years following my time as president Bob and I remained friends and continued to talk about the issues facing the Society. I came to regret that the vast expansion in program had not been matched with a comparable growth in staff and other infrastructure needed to support the new activities. Bob was so devoted to the AMS that he just kept adding to his own responsibilities, well beyond what was reasonable. The day before he died we talked for nearly two hours about how to restructure the office to bring program and infrastructure into balance, and to make the Society financially sustainable. He had a clear vision of what needed to be done and seemed very optimistic.

I will always be grateful to Bob for that critical piece of advice in Las Vegas, and glad that I got the chance to thank him during our last conversation.

Jessie Ann Owens

Like many long-time members of the AMS, I worked and communicated with Bob Judd on many different matters, large and small. No single email or email exchange could capture his special combination of intelligence, learning, efficiency, warmth, humanity, modesty, and humor. But I can report that in my two different terms as Chair of the AMS Publications Committee, in 1998–2003 and then later in 2013–15, what I valued most from among all those qualities of Bob’s was how he wore his scholarship lightly but firmly in helping us determine the projects most worthy of funding. Always respectful of the committee’s members and their own expertise, he nonetheless managed to steer us time after time toward the soundest decisions. I am certain that such experiences were repeated in countless other contexts and activities throughout the AMS during Bob’s time with us.

Walter Frisch, Columbia University

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

Bob was as reliable in his rounds as the sun and the moon. With the difference that there were no lunar phases, no solar flares, no wavering whatsoever of the ample and healthy light of his presence. A man of faith, of family, of service, Bob treated us all with the same unconditional care.

I had the pleasure of working closely with Bob during a long winter weekend at the AMS headquarters in 1999, when I was chairing the program committee. I was mortified at one point during the course of the weekend, because I managed to lose a favorite pen of Bob's at a local copy shop (as I remember, the pen was some sort of heirloom or gift). He shrugged it off, surely in order not to make me feel bad. When we took meal breaks, we would chat on a personal level, and it was fun to discover that we were both from Cleveland, and that we were almost exactly the same age.

The news of Bob's passing came as a staggering shock. And if we in the AMS felt his loss so acutely, I could only imagine what it must have been like for his family. I hope the immutable facts of Bob's goodness, his faith, and his love will help them at this time, will help all of us. How lucky we are to have known such a one as Bob Judd.

Scott Burhnam

Only ten years ago we celebrated the AMS at 75 with birthday wishes, history booklets, and the hoopla of concluding the OPUS campaign. In this unremarked AMS 85 in Boston, we have to face the unimaginable shock of Bob's loss. At the annual meeting Bob could be seen everywhere, doing everything, and at the same time radiating calm energy, good humor, and both the desire and ability to help. To those of us who worked with him as President and who served with him on the Board, he was generous, optimistic, resourceful, smart, and self-effacing, with that characteristic twinkle. He worked hard to make the mechanisms of the Society benefit its younger members as much as possible, and to create as inclusive a program as could be designed. His deep connection to the ACLS and its network of executive directors left many of the wonderful people in that organization mourning him as well.

A personal note. In advance of the AMS moving its office to Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, from Philadelphia, its home since its founding, Bob and I flew up on a raw May day in 2006 to meet with Barry Mills, then Bowdoin's president. It was clear that President Mills considered the AMS an ornament to his campus and that Bob was quite satisfied with the office space he was to be given. Despite my prodding, he felt he didn't need a couch or more comfortable chairs. Then he spent the rest of our brief afternoon visit driving me around to point out the house the Judds with their young daughters would soon be moving into, and (because I admired him) the grave of Civil War hero (and later Maine governor) Joshua Chamberlain. That day has stayed with me in its revelation of so many of Bob's ways: a deeply devoted family man, a modest man, a kind and thoughtful man, and a bedrock figure of our beloved scholarly society I will miss always.

Elaine Sisman

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*



*AMS Board Retreat, April 2018*

*Back: Katharine Ellis, Georgia Cowart, Roger Freitas, Jim Ladewig, Daniel Goldmark, Mark Burford, and Suzanne Cusick*  
*Front: Michael Tusa, Bonnie Gordon, Bob, Danielle Lussier Fosler-Lussier, Steve Swayne, and Martha Feldman*

Virtually everyone knew Bob Judd as a friendly, welcoming face, omnipresent in communications and at meetings, and many will long remember his prodigious quickness, ingenuity, keen intelligence, boundless passion and dedication, indefatigable work ethic, compassion tempered with an infallible dispassion, unflagging helpfulness, unerring discretion... one could go on and on... Something less easy to capture in words, for me, at least, was his sheer good-heartedness. Legendary though it was and is, it was not just frank and accessible—embodied in that warm and beaming smile—but filled with nuance.

I like to think of Bob's goodness as a pillar that continually grew from a foundation of wisdom. Throughout the time I worked with Bob, day in and day out for two years, I saw how inseparable wisdom and goodness were in him and how gracefully intertwined. This was true for the most consequential of situations and the minutest of actions. It was true the many times he reminded the board, Council, and membership that the AMS was meant to be a gateway, not a gatekeeper. It was true of his egalitarian ideas about committee staffing. It was true of his treatment of students, adjuncts, and others who can all too easily be marginalized. It was true of his broad-ranging ideas for involving the Council in a capacious agenda. It was true of his opinions about measuring scholarship and bestowing awards. It was true about the way he greeted each member of the Society and showed up at so many welcoming events, many of which he himself devised. There was wisdom in all of this (building membership solidarities, arbitrating difficult decisions, weighing options, crafting friendly communications), but inseparably there was also grace—and good-heartedness.

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

Though I count myself much less good than Bob, I'm a pretty keen learner. One of the things that most attracted me to doing the job of the presidency was the possibility that by being around Bob, some of what I so admired and loved in him, some of what gave charm and integrity to the AMS, would rub off on me. Now in the face of his death, I think of what Suzanne wrote in her first email to the Society after that impossible event—in effect, that each us can honor Bob by internalizing parts of what we admired in him, and that by doing so, we can make the AMS an ever better place for more people.

Last month I wrote Hannah a note of condolence in which I said that Bob was the best man I ever knew. There are things in this “best” of men that I personally hope to internalize: his keen attention to bettering every situation for the common good (with numerous implications that were quietly radical); his thoughtful critiques of how we measure people and what we presume about talent; his will to discover the best in others.

What would our dear Bob say to us now if presented with the crisis caused the loss of him? “Oh, you’ll be fine,” he’d say. In some sense, that’s certainly true, not least because he so solidly built the wise and good foundation on which we stand. But we will not stop remembering and missing him, ever.

Martha Feldman, Past President  
Chicago, September 25, 2019

Bob was known for his frugality when it came to AMS. Every budget item came under his scrutiny. At my first AMS Board meeting, I learned more about Bob’s effort to save money for the Society. I arrived early that day, even before Bob was there. I found it strange that we didn’t have any extension cords for all the computers that would be there at the Board meeting. I thought the hotel had goofed up. As I was asking the hotel staff about that, Bob came in with a suitcase. He said, “I got them” and proceeded to open the decades-old suitcase that he had lugged all the way to San Antonio; inside revealed tangles of extension cords. He explained that we didn’t have to pay the high price of hotel extension cords, one of the few things that the hotel allowed us to supply without penalty. I was very impressed by how Bob tried to save every penny for the AMS. So, I was surprised when Bob objected to us cutting the dessert reception as we were trying to find more savings. He was quiet for a minute and then thoughtfully gave us many reasons why we should keep it: It was very well attended, it gave people who don’t have a big university party to attend a place to gather, and that he wanted to make sure the young scholars are well taken care of. All very good reasons. We later found out that there was one more reason as he filled the snack food bowl full of bags of M&Ms: he had a sweet tooth!

I will miss Bob’s thoughtful guidance, sense of humor, and his welcoming smile!

Judy Tsou



With Chris Reynolds and Susan Weiss at Ft. McHenry May 2017, after the ACLS meeting

A year ago Bob sent me a copy of his paper on “Synecdoche in Music” (read at the annual meeting in 1994) and, admiring it, I had urged him to pursue it. After Bob died, Rufus Hallmark sent me a quotation reputedly from the paper that dealt with musical allusion. Not remembering it I went searching, eventually finding it in the abstract of the paper.

As one who has thought about allusion a great deal, now for 35 years, I wish I could argue with Bob about his statement, “allusion is a (painful) reminder of the absence of the whole.” I would counter that allusion is also sport, it is a game, it is wit. It can be deeply meaningful, at the center of what a piece expresses, or it can be entirely superficial. That Bob, then only 38, arrived at this particularly poignant formulation says something important about his own deeply felt approach to life. But now, in recent weeks, I find myself much closer to agreeing with him; however, I see it in reverse: the whole (the AMS) is going to be a painful reminder of the absence of the (precious) part.

Christopher Reynolds

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*



At the Great Wall, during the Global Music Education League meeting, September 2017

When Bob left us so suddenly, I literally stopped in my tracks. In addition to dealing with the shock and confusion of those first hours, my mind began trying to piece together what it was about Bob that made him so special. I kept coming back to his innate goodness—a goodness that he wore in his being and in his bearing at all times. This good man understood how to set expectations and make people want to meet them, how to make all AMS members feel important, how to treat his staff in ways that showed them the importance of their work, how to gently guide each board and president while encouraging them to leave their own imprint on the Society. These are the qualities not only of a good person but of a true leader, one who, as it turns out, was showing us through his superb qualities how to carry on without him.

Those first few days, a certain medieval acclamation heard all over Western Europe kept sounding in my head: “Le roi est mort; vive le roi!” As I’ve studied the music for royal burials and pondered these words over the years, I’ve realized the import of this saying not just in terms of monarchies but of institutions of all kinds: the end of one era should propel us seamlessly into the next. This will be especially true of the AMS precisely because of Bob’s goodness and his exemplary and imaginative leadership. “Our good Director Bob has left us; long will the AMS that he nurtured so well flourish!”

Anne Walters Robertson

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

It's difficult to add to what's already been said. That Bob Judd was a breath of fresh air after the interregnum between Alvin's and his tenure as Executive Directors of AMS is an understatement. Looking back at the booklets of the 1996 Baltimore meeting, I had a rush of memories beginning with a call from Phil Gossett asking us to host the 1996 meetings. Phil and I were old friends, so I felt I could be blunt, in as much as we had done LAC only 6 years earlier in 1988. I arrived at a department meeting the next morning, somewhat guilty knowing of the society's bind, but believing everyone—many who worked on LAC in '88—would be pleased with my reply. All of a sudden, I heard Piero Weiss say: "You said NO? You must call Phil right back and tell him 'YES.'" Naturally, I caved and happily so, because that's when I met the incomparable Bob Judd. His wry smile and mellow way of problem-solving allowed us to proceed with that meeting. Fast forward to April 2017 and an ACLS meeting here in Baltimore. When it ended, Bob, Chris Reynolds, and I decided to visit Fort McHenry and get our Lifetime National Parks and Federal Recreational Lands Pass at the Senior rate of \$10, days before the rate went up to \$80. We were three happy campers. Before parting, I gave Bob a ride to Columbia to watch his daughter Katie play softball. Always the proud husband and father, always the best colleague, and always there for us, I write this with a heavy heart, as I will miss him at the helm of our society, at our annual fall meetings and in more relaxed environments that required much less of his energy, experience, expertise, and wisdom.

Susan Forscher Weiss

My abiding memory of Bob will be of the beatific smile he bestowed on anyone and everyone at the Sunday lunchtime (and even, incipiently, the Sunday morning) of the Annual Meeting. It was an enveloping smile of relief and release that said 'job done', but it was never complacent. We all knew he would take just a single day off and then start the mop-up on Tuesday! He was a model of quiet dedication to his AMS colleagues and to musicology in general. Rest in peace, Bob.

Katharine Ellis

## *Remembrances from Colleagues*

I don't remember exactly when I met Bob Judd, but it must have been in 1993 when his wife, Cristle Collins Judd, came to the University of Pennsylvania as a music theorist. I suspect I met him babysitting his daughter, Katie, who was then very small. It was definitely before email or PDF's. I can't swear to the accuracies of my memories, except that they resonate so deeply with those of a couple of generations of graduate students. Grad school then, as now, came with angst and failure, and he was a space not of false hope but of comfort; if you were trying to remember the difference between obscure composers he jolted you out of the seeming gravity of it by an aside-mention of a play structure he built for his kids. Bob was the kind of musician you learned from just playing and singing with; he taught musicianship and painstakingly coached PhD students through a dreaded keyboard requirement. That means he knew how to listen and how to draw out the best in everyone around him. And he was hilarious in a kind of musicological-Dad-joke way. Bob and Cristle had famous end of semester parties with delicious lasagna and early music singing. Jennifer Salzstein remembered him covering a then eight or nine-year-old Katie's ears before singing *Il bianco il dolce cigno* with its classic Renaissance love/death. I was long out of grad school by then, but I too loved the way Bob loved his daughters.

And he was a killer softball player. Bob ran hard and fast to catch a ball, even the ones thrown aggressively by the Wharton business school team that beat us in scores that looked more like basketball than baseball. But he didn't miss a beat when those with other strengths ducked to get out of the way of the ball. That's not really the kind of thing I at the time associated with a guy who knew everything there was to know about notational practices in sixteenth and seventeenth century Spanish and Italian keyboard music. When Bob took over as executive director of the AMS, he welcomed us into the field and remained a quiet but powerful mentoring presence for many, in my case until literally the night he died. When I joined the AMS Board the almost daily emails with Bob were such a gift, and they remind me always of the gifts he gave me and so many of my grad school friends.

Bonnie Gordon



With Mary Natvig



With Karol Berger



Jane Bernstein drawing raffle tickets



Richard Taruskin drawing raffle tickets

