

IN MEMORIAM

Ingrid Brainard

November 10, 1925–February 18, 2000

The following tributes were part of A Celebration of Ingrid G. Brainard, Ph.D. held on Saturday, April 22, 2000, at the Boston Conservatory of Music and organized by dance history faculty member Mary Wolff. Gathered for future publication are additional heartfelt tributes from Cindy Arcate, Angene Feves, Charles Garth, Moira Goff, Sandra Noll Hammond, Ken Pierce, Patri Pugliese, Barbara Sparti, and Alan Stark. The International Early Dance Conference held in Ghent in April 2000 dedicated both their conference proceedings and historical ball to Ingrid Brainard, and sessions in her memory are planned for the thirty-sixth International Congress on Medieval Studies in Kalamazoo, Michigan, May 2001.

–Patricia Rader

The New York Public Library

This program is a beautiful tribute to Ingrid Brainard, whom I had the opportunity to bring aboard our dance faculty. When Ingrid joined us she brought a rich, researched history of dance and music, which continued through her life. She filled an important part in the dance curriculum required by Jan Veen, the founder of our Dance Division. He wanted the students to be stimulated and inspired by the seeds of all dance styles, such as folk dance of the people and social dance of the aristocrats, so they might grow as dancers, choreographers, and teachers. Ingrid's talents and devotion to exploring this history has given researchers, teachers, and dancers a lighted path to the future.

She was sincere and giving to students. Her dance group of musicians and dancers had the opportunity to be a live part of this area of history and make a clearer path for the course of dance history.

There will be many accolades for Ingrid, and I want to thank her for her gracious giving of her talent to all of us. Her mission is fulfilled. Dance with the angels and go with God, Ingrid. My own and our sincerest love is with you.

–Ruth Ambrose

Emeritus Artistic Director of the Dance Division
Boston Conservatory of Music

Ingrid Brainard had been a friend and mentor since 1983. I called her many times and importuned her and implored her for information about aspects of Renaissance and Baroque dance. She came to Albuquerque in June 1999 for the Society of Dance History Scholars conference and we had splendid conversations about Noverre's ballet *Medea* that I put on in March 2000 at the University of New Mexico. She was so helpful.

Ingrid took great pleasure from the beauty that surrounded her, especially appreciating the dramatic setting of New Mexico while she was here. I wanted so much to talk to her after the show, and discovered through Linda Tomko that she was no longer alive. It was an unbelievable shock.

More than anything, Ingrid stood practically alone in her mastery over the historical treatises that she interpreted so well. Her knowledge of languages enhanced her prodigious understanding, not just as a scholar, but as an artist and dancer. I know how many people loved Ingrid, and that is a marvelous thing as we all feel her deep sense of sharing and commitment now, just as we did then.

Thank you, Mary Wolff, for creating a memorial celebration.

–Gigi [Judith] Chazin Bennahum

Ingrid Brainard was a very special friend—and a very special friend of our medieval Congress—over the years. We always looked forward to seeing her each May, until the last few years when Audrey’s health became such a problem that she was not able to attend every year, and then there were always the messages and greetings passed back and forth between Ingrid and Audrey. She was the source of energy behind the musicology sessions at the Congress, but more than that she always seemed to be a kind of center around which everything turned. Often she would drop in on the drama sessions, since her interest in dance also led her to be excited about other kinds of entertainment—and, indeed, as she reminded us, dance was more integral to the drama than most of us had ever imagined.

In earlier years she had brought her troupe, the Cambridge Court Dancers, to Kalamazoo for surely the most academically informed and yet exciting dancing presented at our conferences. Her workshops on early dance taught a whole generation of performers in theater and music the basics, but she also communicated a genuine enthusiasm for the dances that they will never forget, even if rather than participants they were but fascinated bystanders, as we were. And when advice was needed on some aspect of dance for the Early Drama, Art, and Music project, she gave it cheerfully. In 1984 she contributed a wonderful article, “The Dance Manuals of the Late Middle Ages and Renaissance,” to the *EDAM Newsletter*, which we feel is the best survey of the subject condensed into seven pages to date.

As a scholar, as a vibrant person, as a presence Ingrid will be missed, but oh, how fortunate we are to have had that presence among us.

–Clifford Davidson and Audrey Ekdahl Davidson

It is not necessary to tell anyone who knew her that Ingrid Brainard was a warm, funny, loving, demanding woman whose high standards for herself and for others will long serve as a necessary reminder that we must never willingly settle for second-best.

In our more than twenty years of friendship we met too seldom across the gulf that separates Boston from New York, but whenever we found ourselves in the same place, we always set a little time apart for a few quiet moments together, often at a busy conference, such as in Mexico City for the World Dance Alliance or most recently in Albuquerque for the Society of Dance History Scholars, of which she was a founder and a member of its first board. Indeed, both organizations will be the poorer without her enthusiasm and pithy wisdom, which went far beyond her special area of so-called Early Dance.

But the relationship I wish to recall here was that of editor, primarily in my capacities as editor of *Dance Chronicle* and as the editor for the *International Encyclopedia of Dance* of entries between 1400 and 1800, and writer. I laugh recalling when she first saw

a copy of *Dance Chronicle*, its cover design based on Feuillet notation of a Magni choreography that she danced across my living room. And I can't imagine how I could have developed the initial list of titles for the encyclopedia without her quiet wisdom and then her advice on the choice of authors. She balanced her high standards with her typically generous desire to encourage younger scholars, such as the much missed Margaret Daniels, Patri Pugliese, and Rebecca Harris-Warrick, by giving them a chance to grow and be seen. Her own sterling contributions include not only her beloved Domenico da Piacenza, Antonio Cornazano, Guglielmo, and music for dance, but fascinating articles on the Dance of Death, Dancing Masters in general, technique, and the origins of the Révérence. Her bibliographies are also gems in themselves. With such support from Ingrid, and also from Julia Sutton, this is one of the strongest areas of our encyclopedia.

Too many things kept Ingrid from preparing her major opus on Domenico, while for *Dance Chronicle* she wrote only reviews, but these, too, were special. Praising where she could, finding fault where she must, Ingrid struggled to be scrupulously fair—a struggle that did sometimes run to great length and some sentences of Teutonic complexity! With all else she did, meeting our deadlines wasn't always easy, but the best of these reviews became essays in their own right, like the one on eighteenth-century gesture. In our next issue we will be publishing her latest review, on the Sarabande, which after a long delay arrived in late January. It is typically detailed (including comments on the author's obscurities in German) and carefully, if densely, typed—no computers for Ingrid. Knowing her horror of avoidable errors, we will now have to proofread it with special diligence. We are, by the way, dedicating that issue to her: Ingrid Brainard, dancer, musician, scholar, friend.

Ingrid was, as you all know, a very complicated woman, which is what made her irrepressible optimism so lifegiving. I will miss her support, the phone calls full of affection, even if we had something to differ over, and just the knowledge that she was *there*. Now that she has taken her dance elsewhere, we still have much to be grateful for, thinking of Ingrid basking in the sun and knowing that her flowers will soon bloom again.

—George Dorris

When the obituary of Ingrid first appeared, I was struck with such clear memories of her—yet I was only a student of hers, at age sixteen, thirty years ago! What an engaging teacher, important scholar to her field, and kind human being. After that introduction to Medieval/Renaissance dance with Ingrid, I went on to write various papers on the subject while at Sarah Lawrence College. I became a dancer, teacher, and choreographer in New York City, and eventually wrote my thesis on Chinese minority dance for New York University in the 1980s. I remain indebted to Ingrid for modeling true dance scholarship with such enthusiasm and delight. She showed me how it could be done. I remain, today, grateful to have learned from her, and honored to have known her.

—Holly Fairbank

I was deeply saddened to hear of Ingrid's death. I had looked forward, as always, to seeing her at the International Congress on Medieval Studies in Kalamazoo in May. Her absence will be sorely felt by many.

When I first attended the Congress several years ago, I was working on the role of Malinche in Mesoamerican folk dance, not a subject about which many medievalists could be expected to know a great deal. But one name kept coming up in my inquiries. “You should ask Ingrid Brainard,” people would tell me. “She knows everything about dance.” I later found myself sitting behind Ingrid in a session. I leaned forward, introduced myself, and asked if she knew anything about Malinche in the *danzas*. Her eyes lit up. She was thrilled to be asked and delighted to tell me all that she knew about the topic. By the next year, she had me talking on one of five panels that she had organized!

Ingrid quickly became a very good friend, whom I looked forward to seeing every year in Kalamazoo and with whom I often corresponded by mail or by phone whenever I had a question about morescas, matachines, or other dances that appeared both in the Americas and in late medieval or Renaissance Europe. On one occasion she identified the music that accompanied an elaborate Catalan hobby-horse dance that I had videotaped as a melody from Arbeau’s *Orchesography*!

Ingrid was not only a perceptive and generous scholar of extraordinary breadth and depth; she was a person of quick wit, sparkling joie de vivre, and deep friendship. I will miss her.

—Max Harris

I first met Ingrid in 1978, when I moved to Boston with a freshly minted doctorate in early music from Stanford. I had done some early dance, mostly Baroque, and I contacted her with some trepidation, given her eminence. But without any formalities I suddenly found myself a member of the Cambridge Court Dancers, welcomed into a community that she had created and nurtured. From her I learned much about dancing and much about mentoring. When I began to take my own little steps into dance research, she held out her hand and helped me up. As I gained more confidence, she cheered my every step. She acted as a guide and companion, and I know that I am not alone in acknowledging her crucial support and loyalty over many, many years.

The week before the memorial celebration I attended a conference on early dance in Ghent, Belgium, in which Ingrid had also been scheduled to participate. Wonderful as the conference was—and she would have loved it, even if she wouldn’t have minced words about some of the presentations—no one could fill the void that her absence created. The proceedings of the conference bear on the cover a dedication to her, and her name was invoked many times during the week that the conference lasted. Her influence was universally present, even for those who may not realize how much they owe to her for making dance history a legitimate area of scholarly inquiry.

But the event that for me crystallized her loss was not a paper session, but the ball, also dedicated to Ingrid, when everyone at the conference got up to dance branles, country dances, Italian *balli*, and polkas. As an enthusiastic English woman talked us through an English measure from the Inns of Court, I found myself dancing with Patri Pugliese, a long-time member of the Cambridge Court Dancers with whom I briefly overlapped during my two-year membership in the group. Side by side we moved through the steps we had performed under Ingrid’s watchful eye so many years ago, moving to music both familiar and now made strange by the passage of time. But at that moment she was dancing with us—swaying in time to the music and still leading the dance. The moment

brought me peace, and an understanding that what she set in motion will continue to set people dancing, thinking, and writing for a long time to come.

Since it would never have been possible for me to return to her all that she offered to me, the only thing I can do is try to follow her example and to pass along the encouragement originating in her to the next generation.

I wish I were able to be at the memorial celebration with all of you. My heart is with you.

–*Rebecca Harris-Warrick*

When a good friend dies there is a terrible sense of loss, and often deep regret that one had not seen that friend more often. I usually met Ingrid once, perhaps twice, a year at a workshop where we were both on the faculty. I valued her very highly as a colleague, for the excellent and illuminating teaching and for her ongoing research. I cherished the private discussions we had about moot points in Domenico, whose work we both loved so much.

We also shared many laughs. I remember when we met in 1970 at a workshop in Ely, Vermont. Trying to find our cabins in pitch-dark woods after a party (where I admit we had really enjoyed the wine) proved hilarious as we stumbled over the rough grass. Ingrid had a pencil-slim flashlight which she shone onto the ground but to see it at all we had to walk bent double, holding each other up so as not to fall or get separated. Eventually, and probably after many circles, we saw the cabins. I admit to having had a feeling of relief, but we had laughed all the way. I think it was a journey which cemented our friendship.

And so I have a lot for which to thank Ingrid. My life has been richer because of her; a lot richer.

–*Wendy Hilton*

I will always be touched by Ingrid's recognition of me from the moment we met. I was a young, enthusiastic dance historian who had come to Hawaii for the international CORD conference and was introduced to Ingrid who chaired the entire, enormous, and inspiring affair. It seemed like hundreds of dancers and dance historians and enthusiasts had come from all over the world. Yet Ingrid was gracious to each and every one of us. Somehow that first impression of her steering the world never left me, yet she had attention for all of us. And she never forgot my name or my interest, and as we would meet again at conferences throughout the United States she maintained that same enthusiasm.

Once, after attending one of my presentations about dance in Israel, she asked if she could get a copy of a slide I used and I took that as the highest of compliments, for her scholastic rigor and attention to sources have always been models to us all. I have tried to give my students and other young writers the respect, interest, and love this noble, enthusiastic, and important figure showed to me.

–*Judith Brin Ingber*

With Ingrid's death, early dance and early music have lost a major figure. As a scholar, she had a grasp of historical fact and an understanding of dance that placed her in the top handful of those working on early dance; as a practitioner, she was not only a first-rate dancer but a teacher whose classes were pure joy, informed by her enthusiasm, sense of

fun and—how can one put it?—a fine-tuned social sense that drew everyone into the activity. All who knew her have lost a friend whose kindness and generosity were legendary. Ingrid had no sense of self-importance; she took us all on equal terms, as human beings worthy of affection and compassion.

Ingrid started out as a musicologist and for many years had organized the musicology sessions at the International Medieval Congress at Kalamazoo. But, curiously, she was much underestimated by musicologists, as those whose work is bi-, multi-, or interdisciplinary often are. Had she published in the mainstream musical periodicals and the university presses her stature as a musicologist would surely have been recognized. It seems extraordinary that a work like *The Art of Courtly Dancing in the Early Renaissance* (1981) should have been self-published; perhaps that was her choice, in order to make the work more easily available to dance enthusiasts, or perhaps there is another story behind the decision. In any case, she never received the general recognition that work of such range and intellectual depth merits.

Ingrid's legacy of published work is, sadly, relatively small; but the practical legacy, in terms of her teaching and the other ways in which her life touched ours, is one of the richest.

—Richard Rastall

I've always thought of Ingrid as something like my early music fairy-godmother. I came to Boston in 1972 in a somewhat confused and feckless state, on an indefinite leave of absence from school and without much of a clue about what I wanted out of life. Shortly thereafter, following a vague inclination toward what I imagined "music history" might be (having listened to several John Renbourn records), I had the unimagined, and certainly unsuspecting good fortune to find my way into a survey course Ingrid was offering at Northeastern University's night school. There I found a person of seemingly boundless energy, enthusiasm, and knowledge, and it wasn't long before I was hooked. She was so encouraging and helpful to me at a time when I needed precisely that, and I feel as if I got equal doses of scholarship and life lessons that helped to put me on a path that I knew I could follow a long way.

At the end of that year, she steered me, despite my inborn uncertainty, toward Brandeis University to study music, and encouraged me to persevere when they were less than enthusiastic about my trying to complete a music major in two years—which in fact I did. And while at Brandeis, after performing in incredibly nerve-wracking concerts, I could always count on licking my wounds afterward and sharing a forbidden cigarette or two with Ingrid while getting my feet back on the ground. Some years later, when the opportunity arose for our Boston Shawm & Sackbut Ensemble to work closely with Ingrid and her CCDs [Cambridge Court Dancers], I felt I had come full circle to have become at least somewhat a colleague to someone who had been such an important teacher and mentor to me.

In recent years, we often mused about making a video of some of the work we had collaborated on, in hopes of making what she felt could be a definitive representation of fifteenth-century dance and music—a legacy, perhaps. Mighty ambitious, but no failure just because it remained a somewhat idle notion. Ingrid certainly left an important and enduring body of work and an indelible mark on her field. But an equal part of her legacy

rests in the hearts of those of us lucky enough to have learned from her, worked with her, and just enjoyed the tremendously warm and giving person she was.

—*Dan Stillman*

I first met Ingrid about ten years ago at Kalamazoo when she came to one of my papers. Over lunch afterwards I told her about an Elizabethan list of dances that I had found in an English record office and naively asked her if they might be of some interest. “My dear boy,” she said, practically leaping out of her chair, “do you realize what you have there?” It was a rhetorical question because obviously I didn’t have a clue.

That was, as Bogie would say, the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Over the next year we talked about the document, I sent her a copy, and we decided to co-author an article. She would discuss the dance; I would do the history. And that’s what we did. So, in effect, she rescued both me and my document from our mutual condition of not knowing what to do with each other.

But what really happened was that the most rewarding friendship evolved, renewed each year at Kalamazoo. For me, Kalamazoo became Ingrid. My delight was to know that when I arrived in the lobby to check in, she would sweep across the floor, engulfing me in that epic embrace of greeting. Then lunch, then walks, then lots and lots of conversation.

I hadn’t been to Kalamazoo the last two years and was especially wanting, and foolishly expecting, to see her again. I am inconsolable, as must be everyone, over the loss of this wonderful, wonderful person.

—*Jim Stokes*

Thank you all for joining us as we celebrate the life of Dr. Ingrid Brainard. Dr. Brainard, or Ingrid as we lovingly called her, was an important and treasured member of the dance faculty here at the Boston Conservatory. For many years she taught Music Literature and Dance History to the dancers. Her company, the Cambridge Court Dancers rehearsed frequently in our dance studios in the evenings.

Ingrid was a woman of many talents. I always marveled at how she kept it all together—her research, her writings, her teaching, her company, her garden, and her house. I will always remember one conversation we had about painting her house. I thought, “What an overwhelming task.” But Ingrid had it worked out. She told me she painted one side of her house each year. So every four years the house would get repainted. What a brilliant idea! To this day, every time I see anyone painting a house, I think of Ingrid.

Ingrid touched so many people in so many ways. She was a brilliant scholar who was passionate about her teaching and compassionate toward her students. We will miss her terribly, but her spirit will live on forever through her work, her friends, her colleagues, and her students. Friday and Saturday, April 28–29, 2000, the Boston Conservatory Dance Division presented Spring Works, an evening of original choreography by the students dedicated in loving memory to Dr. Ingrid Brainard.

—*Yasuko Tokunaga*

I write on behalf of the Society of Dance History Scholars to express the deep sense of loss that the scholarly community feels at the recent passing of Dr. Ingrid G. Brainard.

Ingrid's scholarship set a model that was formative for establishment of dance in the academy in the 1970s in the United States. The rigor of her methods, the depth of her research, and the fluidity of the prose with which she communicated her findings were exemplary. So, too, was her commitment to bodily realization of her research through reconstruction and then stage performance. Her work energized interest in dance practices of Renaissance Europe, and a number of dance scholars count contact with her among the experiences that were fundamental in their training.

Dr. Brainard was a longstanding and steadfast member of the Society of Dance History Scholars. In 1982 she led the Program Committee planning for the annual conference held at Harvard University, and her troupe the Cambridge Court Dancers performed for the occasion as well. Her presence at SDHS conferences in subsequent years always animated the proceedings. And her generosity in meeting and talking with emerging scholars was noted and valued.

I am so glad that this memorial celebration has been convened to honor a woman who truly exerted leadership force in early dance. We are the poorer without her physical presence; we are the much enriched for the ongoing memory of her that we may cherish.

—Linda Tomko

I was greatly saddened to learn of Ingrid Brainard's recent passing, and I regret I was unable to attend the memorial celebration. I have considered Ingrid a friend and mentor since I first met her about twenty-five years ago at Castle Hill. Over the years I have taken classes with her at various summer sessions, and seen her at numerous dance conferences. Although I would hesitate to elevate myself to the status of colleague, she always treated me as an equal. She was interested in my research and always encouraged me. She made me feel like a long-lost friend whenever I would see her. I will regret not seeing her at meetings and being inspired to do more than I thought myself capable of doing.

—Cathy Velenchik

I know some of you as students and colleagues, and some as other friends of Ingrid. I was privileged to know Ingrid first through her work with CORD, when I was president of the American Dance Guild. Together we chaired the organizations who put together, in 1978, an extraordinary conference with other dance organizations in Hawaii, which people still talk about. From that time on, Ingrid and I connected in a variety of ways.

Not long after I moved to the Boston area from New York, I came down with something. Unable to get up to cook, I craved a poached egg, which no one I knew could make for me. Then I remembered Ingrid, who lived not far away. When I called her, she came over to my house and made the poached egg for me. And the friendship grew.

She was born in 1925 in Germany and received a Ph.D. in musicology from the University of Göttingen. Her father was a university professor—she inherited much from him intellectually, and also his collection of Baedeker guides. Her languages included not only the German and Latin she grew up with, but Italian, French, Spanish, and, of course, her legendary and totally impeccable English.

Besides her work on dance and music history, she was also recognized by the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Studies, where she received a fellowship for indepen-

dent study which allowed her to follow her research. She was an artist-in-residence at Northeastern University, and served on various boards of directors, helped to organize things, and more, in addition to all you've heard today.

Deep thanks to Mary Wolff of the Boston Conservatory for being the catalyst and organizer of this celebration. Thank you all for being here, for celebrating Ingrid, and for allowing us to share with you all the love, and light, and joy she shared with us.

–Kayla Kazahn Zalk