



The

Walter E. Heller Foundation

is a proud supporter of these distinguished guest conductors in the following concerts:

Dennis Russell Davies

Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5

July 6 and 7

Vinay Parameswaran

Music of the Silver Screen: An American in Paris and More

July 11

Roderick Cox

Beethoven Symphony No. 2

July 18

Markus Stenz

Barber Violin Concerto

July 20 and 21

Gemma New

Liszt Piano Concerto No. 2

July 25

David Danzmayr

Mendelssohn Scottish Symphony

July 27 and 28

Funding from the Walter E. Heller Foundation is given in memory of Alyce DeCosta.

GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS

Carlos Kalmar Artistic Director and Principal Conductor

Christopher Bell Chorus Director



Friday, July 6, 2018 at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, July 7, 2018 at 7:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

TCHAIKOVSKY SYMPHONY NO. 5

Grant Park Orchestra

Dennis Russell Davies Guest Conductor

Kelley O'Connor Mezzo-Soprano

Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 64

Andante—Allegro con anima

Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza

Valse: Allegro moderato

Finale: Andante maestoso—Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

William Bolcom

Symphony No. 4, “The Rose”

Soundscape

“The Rose” (poem by Theodore Roethke)

KELLEY O'CONNOR

William Bolcom

“Machine” from Symphony No. 5

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with a grant given in memory of Alyce DeCosta



DENNIS RUSSELL DAVIES, born in Toledo, Ohio, studied piano and conducting at Juilliard and early in his career was Chief Conductor of the Norwalk (Connecticut) Symphony Orchestra (1969–1973), St. Paul Chamber Orchestra (1972–1980) and American Composers Orchestra in New York (1977–2002), of which he was a founder. In 1980, Mr. Davies emigrated to Europe, where he served as General Music Director of the Staatstheater Stuttgart (1980–1987) and General Music Director of the

City of Bonn (1987–1995, which encompassed the Beethovenhalle Orchester Bonn, Bonn Opera and Internationales Beethovenfest). He returned to Stuttgart in 1995 as the Conductor of the Stuttgarter Kammerorchester, a position he held until 2006. From 2009 to 2016, he was Chief Conductor of the Sinfonieorchester Basel. He leads several new opera and ballet productions at the Landestheater Linz each season. Other operatic performances have taken him to such legendary venues as the festivals in Bayreuth and Salzburg, Lincoln Center Festival, Houston Grand Opera, Staatstheater Hamburg and Nationaltheater München. He has collaborated with distinguished opera directors including Harry Kupfer, Götz Friedrich, Achim Freyer, Peter Zadek, Robert Altmann, Juri Ljubimov, Olivier Tambosi, Robert Wilson and Ken Russell. His most recent operatic appearances have been at Lyric Opera of Chicago, Teatro Real (Madrid), Metropolitan Opera and Opéra National de Paris. In 2017, Dennis Russell Davies was appointed Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of the Brno Philharmonic Orchestra in Czech Republic.



Grammy Award-winning mezzo-soprano **KELLEY O'CONNOR** appears in concert during the 2017–2018 season in Bernstein's "Jeremiah" Symphony with the New York Philharmonic and San Diego Symphony, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the Saint Louis Symphony, Mahler's Eighth Symphony with the Tonkünstler-Orchester Niederösterreich, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Milwaukee Symphony, and Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. She also returns to the stage of the

Kennedy Center for performances of John Adams' *The Gospel According to the Other Mary*, and gives the world premieres of a song cycle by Bryce Dessner (at Carnegie Hall with Robert Spano leading the Orchestra of St. Luke's) and a new work written for her by Michael Kurth (with the Atlanta Symphony, again with Mr. Spano). Her operatic highlights include Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* at Lyric Opera of Chicago, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Lyric Opera of Chicago and the Canadian Opera Company, *Madama Butterfly* in a new production by Lillian Groag at Boston Lyric Opera and Cincinnati Opera, Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédicte* at Opera Boston, and *Falstaff* at Santa Fe Opera.



Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN E MINOR, OP. 64 (1888)

Scored for: pairs of woodwinds plus piccolo, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba and strings

Performance time: 44 minutes

First Grant Park Orchestra performance: August 4, 1935;
 Eric De Lararter, conductor

Tchaikovsky believed that the *Manfred Symphony* of 1885 was among “the best I have ever written,” but the work’s failure at its premiere left him with the gnawing worry that he might be “written out,” and the three years after *Manfred* were devoid of creative work. It was not until May 1888 that Tchaikovsky again started collecting “little by little, material for a symphony,” he wrote to his brother Modeste. When the Fifth Symphony was completed, in August, he said, “I have not blundered; it has turned out well.” The Fifth Symphony progresses from minor to major, from darkness to light, from melancholy to joy—or at least to acceptance and stoic resignation. Its four movements are linked by a recurring “Fate” motto theme, given at the beginning by clarinets as the brooding introduction to the first movement. The sonata form starts with a melancholy melody intoned by bassoon and clarinet. A romantic tune for the strings, an aggressive strain given in dialogue between winds and strings, and a languorous string melody round out the thematic material. The *Andante* recalls an operatic love scene. Twice, the imperious Fate motto intrudes upon the starlit mood of this *romanza*. A flowing waltz melody dominates much of the third movement; the central trio exhibits a scurrying figure in the strings. The Fate motto returns briefly in the movement’s closing pages. The finale begins with a long introduction based on the Fate theme cast in a heroic mood. A vigorous exposition, a concentrated development and an intense recapitulation follow. The coda uses the motto theme in its major-key, victory-won setting.



William Bolcom (born in 1938)
SYMPHONY NO. 4, “THE ROSE” (1986)

Scored for: solo mezzo-soprano, piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, E-flat clarinet, clarinet, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, four trumpets, four trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, harp, piano, celesta and strings

Performance time: 35 minutes

Grant Park Music Festival premiere

William Bolcom, in many ways, exemplifies the American composer at the turn of the new millennium. Bolcom has taken his proper share of native and European training with distinguished (mostly French) teachers, including Milhaud, Messiaen and Boulez. His work has been recognized with commissions from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Guggenheim and Rockefeller foundations, and many noted performers and ensembles, as well as by a Pulitzer Prize in 1988 for his *Twelve New Etudes for Piano*,

selection as the 2007 “Composer of the Year” by *Musical America*, multiple Grammy Awards for his settings of Blake’s *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, National Medal of Arts, Letter of Distinction from the American Music Center, and induction into the American Classical Music Hall of Fame. He has taught at leading conservatories (he was on the faculty of the University of Michigan from 1973 until his retirement in spring 2008, the last 15 years as Ross Lee Finney Distinguished University Professor of Composition), and served as a critic, composer-in-residence and adjudicator. He has, like many of his contemporaries, absorbed the entire gamut of traditional and modern concert styles as well as many species of world music and the full range of American jazz, folk, blues, rock, pop and ragtime. He has drawn upon these varied musical streams to create compositions that are rooted in tradition but speak with a distinctively modern voice.

The precocious, Seattle-born Bolcom started taking classes at the University of Washington at age 11. When he formally enrolled at the school at 17 (he graduated in three years), he was thinking about majoring in literature. He settled on music instead, but one of the classes he took during that time was with Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Theodore Roethke. He began setting Roethke’s poems even before he graduated (he published two of them in 1958) and made them the basis of his orchestral song cycle of 1975, *Open House*. One Roethke poem that especially appealed to him was “The Rose,” published in the collected edition of his poems in 1964, a year after his death on Bainbridge Island, across the Puget Sound from Seattle. Roethke had lived among the mountains, islands and rugged coastline of the Northwest since joining the University of Washington faculty in 1947, and it had provided much inspiration for the natural imagery in his work, not least in “The Rose.” Bolcom, who grew up in Seattle and shared his teacher’s love for the region, wanted to set “The Rose” but felt that a composition long enough to encompass all of its stanzas “would need a counterbalancing movement, structured in its own way as much as Roethke’s long, quadrapartite poem is.” That opportunity came when the Saint Louis Symphony commissioned a new work from him in 1986. Bolcom made “The Rose,” conceived for his wife and longtime recital partner, mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, the second of the two movements of his Symphony No. 4, and prefaced it with a movement titled *Soundscape* that is only half the length of the song setting and intended to sound “like an immense upbeat.”

Bolcom said he considered the overall shape of the Symphony No. 4 to be “like a reverse wedge, in that it starts with high energy and progresses in stages toward a deep calm.” *New York Times* critic John Rockwell wrote, “The first of the score’s two movements is a stormy instrumental prelude, reflecting the wildness of the Northwest. It is followed by the 26-minute “Rose” setting, with its modest vocal range, hushed accompaniment, churchy chords and simple communicative strengths.” Bolcom said the Symphony’s expressive progression from an unsettled state to one of resolution was rooted in Romantic convention: “I’m definitely recalling the symphonic tradition here, in the same way Roethke could write in ancient poetic forms, villanelles and so

forth. I'm not reviving anything. I'm evoking, or invoking, the tension between tonic [the home chord] and dominant [the chord that resolves to it], home and away, that kind of basic duality."

There are those to whom place is unimportant,
But this place, where sea and fresh water meet,
Is important—

Where the hawks sway out into the wind,
Without a single wingbeat,
And the eagles sail low over the fir trees,
And the gulls cry against the crows
In the curved harbors,
And the tide rises up against the grass
Nibbled by sheep and rabbits.

A time for watching the tide,
For the heron's hieratic fishing,
For the sleepy cries of the towhee,
The morning birds gone, the twittering finches,
But still the flash of the kingfisher, the wingbeat of the scoter.
The sun a ball of fire coming down over the water,
The last geese crossing against the reflected afterlight,
The moon retreating into a vague cloudshape
To the cries of the owl, the eerie whooper.
The old log subsides with the lessening waves,
And there is silence.

I sway outside myself
Into the darkening currents,
Into the small spillage of driftwood,
The waters swirling past the tiny headlands.
Was it here I wore a crown of birds for a moment
While on a far point of the rocks
The light heightened,
And below, in a mist out of nowhere,
The first rain gathered?

As when a ship sails with a light wind—
The waves less than the ripples made by rising fish,
The lacelike wrinkles of the wake widening, thinning out,
Sliding away from the traveler's eye,
The prow pitching easily up and down,
The whole ship rolling slightly sideways,
The stern high, dipping like a child's boat in a pond—
Our motion continues.

But this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
Stays,
Stays in its true place,

Flowering out of the dark,
Widening at high noon, face upward,
A single wild rose, struggling out of the white embrace of the morning-glory,
Out of the briary hedge, the tangle of matted underbrush,
Beyond the clover, the ragged hay,
Beyond the sea pine, the oak, the wind-tipped madrona,
Moving with the waves, the undulating driftwood,
Where the slow creek winds down to the black sand of the shore
With its thick grassy scum and crabs scuttling back into their glistening craters.

And I think of roses, roses,
White and red, in the wide six-hundred-foot greenhouses,
And my father standing astride the cement benches,
Lifting me high over the four-foot stems, the Mrs. Russells, and his own
elaborate hybrids,
And how those flowerheads seemed to flow toward me, to beckon me,
 only a child, out of myself.
What need for heaven, then,
With that man, and those roses?

What do they tell us, sound and silence?
I think of American sounds in this silence:
On the banks of the
Tombstone, the windharps having their say,
The thrush singing alone, that easy bird,
The killdeer whistling away from me,
The mimetic chortling of the catbird
Down in the corner of the garden, among the raggedy lilacs,
The bobolink skirring from a broken fencepost,
The bluebird, lover of holes in old wood, lifting its light song,
And that thin cry, like a needle piercing the ear, the insistent cicada,
And the ticking of snow around oil drums in the Dakotas,
The thin whine of telephone wires in the wind of a Michigan winter,
The shriek of nails as old shingles are ripped from the top of a roof,
The bulldozer backing away, the hiss of the sandblaster,
And the deep chorus of horns coming up from the streets in early morning.
I return to the twittering of swallows above water,
And that sound, that single sound,
When the mind remembers all,
And gently the light enters the sleeping soul,
A sound so thin it could not woo a bird,

Beautiful my desire, and the place of my desire.

I think of the rock singing, and light making its own silence,
At the edge of a ripening meadow, in early summer,
The moon lolling in the close elm, a shimmer of silver,
Or that lonely time before the breaking of morning
When the slow freight winds along the edge of the ravaged hillside,

And the wind tries the shape of a tree,
 While the moon lingers,
 And a drop of rain water hangs at the tip of a leaf
 Shifting in the wakening sunlight
 Like the eye of a new-caught fish.

I live with the rocks, their weeds,
 Their filmy fringes of green, their harsh
 Edges, their holes
 Cut by the sea-slime, far from the crash
 Of the long swell,
 The oily, tar-laden walls
 Of the toppling waves,
 Where the salmon ease their way into the kelp beds,
 And the sea rearranges itself among the small islands.

Near this rose, in this grove of sun-parched, wind-warped madronas,
 Among the half-dead trees, I came upon the true ease of myself,
 As if another that appeared out of the depths of my being,
 And I stood outside myself,
 Beyond becoming and perishing,
 A something wholly other,
 As if I swayed out on the wildest wave alive,
 And yet was still.

And I rejoiced in being what I was:
 In the lilac change, the white reptilian calm,
 In the bird beyond the bough, the single one
 With all the air to greet him as he flies,
 The dolphin rising from the darkening waves;

And in this rose, this rose in the sea-wind,
 Rooted in stone, keeping the whole of light,
 Gathering to itself sound and silence—
 Mine and the sea-wind's.

William Bolcom “MACHINE” FROM SYMPHONY NO. 5 (1990)

Scored for: piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, E-flat clarinet, clarinet, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, harp and strings

Performance time: 4 minutes

Grant Park Music Festival premiere

Bolcom composed his Symphony No. 5 for the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1989 at the request of Dennis Russell Davies, who conducted that ensemble in the premiere on January 10, 1990. The Symphony was to close the concert, so Bolcom wrote the riveting music of the onomatopoeitic *Machine*, the last of the its four movements, to satisfy Davies' wish that the evening end “with a bang!”