



**GRANT PARK
MUSIC FESTIVAL**
IN MILLENNIUM PARK

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus
Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*
Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Bolcom and Mozart

Wednesday, August 13, 2014 at 6:30 p.m.

Jay Pritzker Pavilion

GRANT PARK ORCHESTRA

Carlos Kalmar, *Conductor*

ARTISTS FROM THE PATRICK G. AND SHIRLEY W. RYAN OPERA CENTER

J'nai Bridges, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Anthony Clark Evans, *Baritone*

Julie Anne Miller, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Will Liverman, *Baritone*

MOZART Symphony No. 25 in G Minor

Allegro con brio

Andante

Menuetto

Allegro

INTERMISSION

BOLCOM Selections from *Cabaret Songs*

Surprise — The Actor — Song of Black Max — Amor —

Toothbrush Time — The Total Stranger in the Garden —

George — At the Last Lousy Moments of Love — Lime Jello

Marshmallow Cottage Cheese Surprise — Fur — Places to Live

ARTISTS FROM THE PATRICK G. AND SHIRLEY W. RYAN OPERA CENTER

PISTON Suite from *The Incredible Flutist*

Introduction: Siesta in the Market Place —

Entrance of the Vendors — Entrance of the Customers —

Tango of the Merchant's Daughters — Arrival of the Circus —

Circus March — The Flutist — Minuet — Spanish Waltz —

Eight O'Clock Strikes — Siciliana — Polka Finale

William Bolcom's residency is supported in part by
The Elizabeth F. Cheney Foundation New Music USA

The appearance of the artists from
The Patrick G. and Shirley W. Ryan Opera Center is sponsored by
Rose Ann Grundman

Tonight's concert is being broadcast live on 98.7WFMT



CARLOS KALMAR's biography can be found on page 16.



Grant Park Music Festival 2014 Composer-in-Residence **WILLIAM BOLCOM** in many ways exemplifies the American composer at the start 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 many noted performers and ensembles, a Pulitzer Prize, recognition as the 2007 "Composer of the Year" by *Musical America*, multiple Grammy Awards for his settings of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, National Medal of Arts 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 2008), and served as a critic, composer-in-residence and adjudicator. He is known as an excellent pianist. It is his background outside these factual entries, however, that makes him an intriguing representative of the modern American composer.

Bolcom's earliest memorable musical experience came not from his grandfather, a lumber tycoon who raised money for the Seattle Philharmonic so that he could annually conduct a program of marches — though he could not read a note of music. Nor did it come from his mother, who continuously played classical selections on the phonograph while she was pregnant with William in the hope that he would become musical by prenatal osmosis. Rather, Bolcom admits that his first musical memory came when he was eight, during a visit to a music shop where he heard a recording of *The Rite of Spring*. So intrigued was he by the music that he pleaded to take the album home. It was duly purchased, and he spent hours in front of the phonograph imbibing Stravinsky's epochal masterpiece. It is significant, and typical of many of today's composers, that it was a recording — that dynamic marriage of music and technology — that opened the world of music to William Bolcom.

After Stravinsky, Bolcom added the pioneering American iconoclast Charles Ives to his musical pantheon. Other items were soon deposited in his increasingly eclectic musical grab-bag — Berg, Weill, serialism, microtones, as well as a thorough grounding in the great European classics. To all of these, Bolcom, like Ives, added a wide range of American popular music: jazz, folk, blues, rock, pop, ragtime. He gathered what he wished from this torrent of musical streams, and hammered it with a real flamboyance into his own characteristic style. In 1965, for example, he received second prize in composition at the Paris Conservatory for his String Quartet No. 8 (1965) — he was denied first prize because the theme of the finale was in the style of rock-'n'-roll. His *Session IV* (1967) contains quotations from Beethoven and Schubert cheek-by-jowl with some snippets from Scott Joplin's rags. His first two operas (*Dynamite Tonite* and *Greatshot*) are rooted in the popular idioms of the satiric cabaret; *McTeague*, premiered by Lyric Opera of Chicago in 1992, is set in 19th-century San Francisco; *A View from the Bridge*, commissioned by Lyric Opera of Chicago for its 1999 season, is based on Arthur Miller's play; his most recent commission for Lyric Opera, premiered in December 2004, took Robert Altman's movie *A Wedding* as its subject.

William Bolcom has confronted head-on the challenge facing composers in the first years of the new century: how to respect the great traditions — European, American, ethnic, popular — on which our culture is founded while creating music that is new and vital. But every problem also offers an opportunity, and Bolcom, like many of his colleagues, has created an exciting musical vocabulary that draws together the vast sweep of music old and new into a synthesis for our time. It is a job requiring talent, dedication, erudition, judgment, taste and even humor. With Bolcom's distinctive genius, it makes stimulating music that both reflects and illuminates our complex era.



THE PATRICK G. AND SHIRLEY W. RYAN OPERA CENTER was established in 1974 as the professional artist-development program for Lyric Opera of Chicago. Since its inception, the Ryan Opera Center has been recognized as one of the premier programs of its kind in the world. That standing is maintained by providing the finest up-and-coming singers and pianists with unparalleled training and experience.



Mezzo-soprano **J'NAI BRIDGES**, from Lakewood, Washington, a third-year Ryan Opera Center member, made her professional debut in 2008 with Opera North and has since appeared with Knoxville Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opera Philadelphia, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Illinois Philharmonic, Ravinia Festival, New Jersey Symphony and Opera Orchestra of New York. Among Ms. Bridges' honors are the 2012 Marian Anderson Award, First Prize in the Leontyne Price Foundation Competition, an award from the American Opera Society of Chicago Competition, and the Women's Voice Fellowship from

the Luminarts Cultural Foundation. During the upcoming season at Lyric she will appear in *Il Trovatore* and *The Passenger*.



Mezzo-soprano **JULIE ANNE MILLER** is a second-year member of the Ryan Opera Center. A native of Sacramento, California, she has appeared as a soloist at Carnegie Hall and with the Ravinia Festival, Cincinnati Symphony, Sacramento Choral Society, Townsend Opera and Sacramento Opera. She is winner of the American Opera Society Competition and Pasadena Opera Guild Scholarship Competition. Ms. Miller completed her graduate studies in the inaugural class of Dawn Upshaw's program at the Bard College Conservatory of Music and previously studied at California State University, Sacramento.

She made her debut last season at Lyric Opera in *Otello* and later appeared in *La Traviata* and *Die Fledermaus*. For the 2014-2015 Lyric season, Julie Anne Miller performs in *The Passenger*.



Baritone **ANTHONY CLARK EVANS**, a native of Owensboro, Kentucky, a second-year Ryan Opera Center member and a graduate of Murray State University, was a Grand Finals winner of the 2012 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. In 2014 he received an award from the American Opera Society Competition, a Sara Tucker Study Grant, and the Men's Voice Fellowship from the Luminarts Cultural Foundation. During the 2013-2014 Lyric Opera season, Mr. Evans performed in *Otello*, *Madama Butterfly*, *La Traviata* and *Rusalka*. He returns to Lyric next season in *Capriccio* and *Tosca*.



Baritone **WILL LIVERMAN**, born in Virginia Beach, Virginia, is a third-year Ryan Opera Center member. An alumnus of Juilliard and Wheaton College, he has appeared at Utah Opera, Opera Philadelphia, Glimmerglass Festival and Brevard Music Festival. Mr. Liverman recently made his Alice Tully Hall debut at the New York Festival of Song. Among his accolades are a 2013 Sullivan Foundation Award, 2013 Sara Tucker Study Grant, Grand Finalist in the 2012 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, and an award from the American Opera Society of Chicago Competition. At Lyric he has been featured in *Werther*,

La Bohème, *Madama Butterfly*, *La Traviata*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *The Family Barber*, and performs in *Capriccio* and *Porgy and Bess* in the 2014-2015 Lyric season.



SYMPHONY NO. 25 IN G MINOR, K. 183 (1773)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Mozart's Symphony No. 25 is scored for two oboes, two bassoons, four horns and strings. The performance time is 24 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra first performed this work on July 2, 1939, with Henry Weber conducting.

Vienna was the home to many of the most outstanding musicians of the late 18th century. Hasse, Gluck, Gassmann, Wagenseil, Salieri, Haydn, Dittersdorf, Vanhal and many others made Vienna the greatest music city of the day. Several of those composers, most notably Joseph Haydn, were experimenting in the 1770s with a style that brought a new, passionately romantic sensibility to their music — the so-called *Sturm und Drang* (“*Storm and Stress*”) — that was characterized by minor keys, expressive harmonies and rhythmic agitation. By 1773, Haydn had composed some fifty symphonies of which at least six were in minor keys, including the “Lamentation” (No. 26 in D minor), the “Mourning” (No. 44 in E minor), the renowned “Farewell” (No. 45 in F-sharp minor) and the “Passione” (No. 49 in F minor). During his visit to Vienna that summer, the seventeen-year-old Mozart heard another of Haydn’s minor-key symphonies, No. 39 in G minor, and it stirred his interest in exploring the expressive possibilities of this revolutionary musical language. On his return to Salzburg in September, Mozart wrote his own *Sturm und Drang* symphony — No. 25, K. 183. He cast it in G minor, his first orchestral piece in that somber key except for the overture to the early oratorio *La Betulia liberata*, K. 118 (1771). He was to write only one other minor-key symphony: the sublime No. 40, K. 550 of 1788, also in G minor.

The occasion for which the “Little” G minor Symphony was composed is unknown, as is the date of its premiere. Some commentators assert that Mozart composed it to vent his anger and frustration over his “Salzburg captivity,” as he rather injudiciously dubbed his position at the archiepiscopal court in his hometown. It is unlikely, however, that he would have voiced his rage in just this one isolated piece. Not only are the works surrounding it of consistently sunny countenance, but Mozart also deliberately kept the emotions of his daily life separate from those of his music. It is more probable that, in this daring work, he was simply trying the limits of the newly discovered *Sturm und Drang* style. Such a notion aligns with the development of his music at that time toward enriching his earlier sweet, *galant* style based on Italian music with the harmonic and textural weight of the German composers.

The Symphony No. 25 opens with a pulsing motive, more rhythmic than melodic, as the first movement’s main theme. After a simple, poignant phrase in the oboe and a pregnant silence, the stormy transition from G minor to the contrasting key begins. Another, briefer pause precedes the second theme, a step-wise motive presented by the violins in B-flat major. (Mozart time and again used such silences to clarify a movement’s structure. Silence in music is, most definitely, *not* nothing.) A compact development section leads to a recapitulation of the earlier themes, with the second theme heard in the dark coloring of the principal tonality. A short coda returns the opening pulsing motive to close the movement. The *Andante* is filled with the marvelous synthesis of Italian charm and Germanic emotion that characterizes Mozart’s best works. Its touching lyrical style and languorous orchestral sound are wedded to a melody that comprises almost exclusively falling steps — the “musical teardrop” that was inextricably linked with the expression of wistful sadness in 18th-century German music. The *Minuet*, with its bare octaves, returns the Symphony to the stark mood of the opening movement; the contrasting central trio for wind choir without strings provides the only emotionally untroubled portion of the work. The finale, another sonata structure, maintains the mood of restless agitation to the end.



SELECTED CABARET SONGS

William Bolcom (born in 1938)

Bolcom's Cabaret Songs are scored for single winds and brass, timpani, percussion, harp, piano and strings. This is the first performances of these songs by the Grant Park Orchestra.

Playwright, poet and Columbia faculty member Arnold Weinstein collaborated with William Bolcom on *Cabaret Songs*, as well as the "actor's opera" *Dynamite Tonight!*, the music theater piece *Casino Paradise*, two full-scale works for Lyric Opera of Chicago (*McTeague* [1992] and *View from the Bridge* [1999]) and four sets of *Cabaret Songs*. In a preface to the *Cabaret Songs*, Weinstein wrote, "Norse-American William Bolcom the composer studied with Roethke the poet, and before that, his feet barely hitting the pedals, Bill had played for the vaudeville shows passing through Seattle with such songs in the repertory as *Best Damn Thing Am Lamb Lamb Lamb*. Milhaud found Bill and brought him back alive to highbrow music, though he never lost his lowbrow soul (neither did Milhaud). Operas later, we wrote these songs as a cabaret in themselves, no production 'values' to worry about. The scene is the piano, the cast is the singer."

Surprise

Surprise! Her twenty-fifth year at the office!
They threw her a surprise party!
Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

And were they surprised
when she tried to drink iodine
from the paper cup at the water cooler
of cool spring water.

The Actor

A man I know to keep alive,
dies for a living.
To survive to keep alive,
dies for a living.

to keep the show alive,
dies for a living.

Stands upon a stage each night —
matinees from two to five —

I've taken the position — do or die —
not to survive for
nor keep alive for
not to die for a living.

Song of Black Max (As Told by the de Kooning Boys)

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin as rubber tape: Black Max.

When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them? Black
Max!

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
never knew they were bowing to Black Max.
I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of Black Max.

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile —
(only certain people walked that mystery
mile;
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics, and civil-
ians).

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.

There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! though he walked like a



woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days
you went crazy and died and he did.
And at the coffin before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid? Black Max.

I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me: Black Max, Black Max,
Black Max.

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault, in all the traffic roar,
Instead of shouting, "Halt!" when he saw me, he shouted
"Amor! Amor! Amor!"

Even the ice-cream man (free ice creams by the score)
Instead of shouting "Butter Pecan!" one look at me he shouted
"Amor! Amor! Amor!"

All over town it went that way, Everybody took off the day.
Even philosophers understood how good was the good,
'Cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less, the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting "No!" and "Yes!" both looking at me shouted
"Amor!"

My stay in town was cut short, I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace and the jury
Gave him what for!!

The judge raised his hand and instead of "Desist and cease!"
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand and whispered
"Amor! Amor! Amor! Amor!"

Night was turning into day, I walked alone away;
Never see that town again, but as I passed the church house door,
Instead of singing "Amen!" the choir was singing
"Amor! Amor! Amor! Amor!"

Toothbrush Time

It's toothbrush time,
Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
Last night at half past nine it seemed O.K.
But in the light of day not so fine at toothbrush time.
Now he's crashing round my bathroom,
Now he's reading my degree,
Perusing all my pills,
Reviewing all my ills,
And he comes out smelling like me.
Now he advances on my kitchen,
Now he raids every shelf
Till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris
Emerges three eggs all for himself.
Oh, how I'd be ahead if I'd stood out of bed;
I wouldn't sit here grieving
Waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving.
At toothbrush time, toothbrush time,



Ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.
I know it's sad to be alone,
It's so bad to be alone,
Still I should've known
That I'd be glad to be alone.
I should've known, I should've known!
Never should have picked up the phone and called him.
"Hey, uh, listen, uhm ...
Uh, I've got to, uh ...
Oh, you gotta go too?
So glad you understand.
And ..."
By the way, did you say
Nine tonight again?
See you then.
Toothbrush time!

The Total Stranger in the Garden

Sitting across the table
In the garden of our garden apartment
I stared at the paper my husband was read-
ing
And I said to him:
"You're a stranger
A total stranger
Always have been
Always will be
Sitting there

Hiding there
Behind that printed mask.
Stop reading, stop reading me out of house
and home
Must I ask 'till my mouth fills up with foam?
You total stranger
You stranger, you!"
Then he lowered the paper
And I saw it was not my husband
But a total stranger
A total stranger who said to me:
"I am a kind of hobo of space
Trying to find a mask to erase
The mask behind the face."

George

My friend George used to say
"Oh call me Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink,"
and sang the best soprano
in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins,
he sang if you happened in
through the door he never locked
and said, "Get yourself a drink,"
and sang out loud
till tears fell in the cognac
and the choc'late milk and gin
and on the beads, brocade and pins.

When strangers happened through
his open door,
George said, "Stay,
but you gotta keep quiet
while I sing
and then a minute after.
And call me Georgia."

One fine day a stranger in a suit
of navy blue
took George's life with a knife
George had placed
beside an apple pie he'd baked
and stabbed him in the middle
of *Un bel di vedremo*
as he sang
for this particular stranger
who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour.
We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins
in the coffin which was white
because George was a virgin.

Oh call him Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink.
"You can call me Georgia, hon,
get yourself a drink!"



At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

At the last lousy moments of love,
He wanted to tell me the truth.
At the last writhing rotten moments of love,
He wanted to tell me the truth about me, of course.
Thanks, I'll need this.
At the last lousy moments of love,
He wanted to tell me that I wasn't doing too well.
I was eating and drinking and talking too much.
He wanted to tell me as a friend,
At the end of those last lousy moments of love.
He wanted to tell me he was leaving,
He'd waited too long to tell me
That I was self-righteous even when I wasn't wrong,
And I spoke about friendship,
'Till our friends gave me up as a friend for the season,
For which reason he wanted to tell me this truth.
He wanted to tell me these things, as a friend.
He wanted to tell me, but he didn't in the end,
At those last lousy moments of love.
He said it all, with his body to my best friend.

Lime Jello Marshmallow Cottage Cheese Surprise

Ladies, the minutes will soon be read today.
The Garden Club and the Weaving Class I'm sure have much to say ...
But next week is our Culture Night, our biggest, best event,
And I've just made a dish for it you'll all find heaven-sent:
It's my LIME JELLO MARSHMALLOW COTTAGE CHEESE SURPRISE
With slices of pimiento (you won't believe your eyes)
All topped with a pineapple ring and a dash of mayonnaise;
My vanilla wafers round the edge will win your highest praise.
And Mrs. Jones is making scones that are filled with peanut mousse;
To be followed by a chicken mould that's made in the shape of a goose.
For ladies who must watch those pounds we've found a special dish:
Strawberry ice enshrined in rice with bits of tuna fish.
And my LIME JELLO MARSHMALLOW COTTAGE CHEESE SURPRISE
(Truly a creation that description defies)
Will go so well with Mrs. Bell's creation of the week:
Shrimp salad topped with chocolate sauce and garnished with a leek.
Ah! And Mrs. Perkins' walnut loaf that's crowned with melted cheese
Was such a hit last Culture Night, we ask: no seconds, please!
Now you must try her hot-dog pie with candied mushroom slices ...
Those ladies who resigned last year, they just don't know what NICE is!
But my LIME JELLO MARSHMALLOW COTTAGE CHEESE SURPRISE —
I did not steal that recipe — it's lies, I tell you, lies!
Our grand award: a picture hat and a salmon-sequined gown
To any girl who tries each dish and keeps her whole lunch down.
I'm sure you all are waiting for the biggest news: dessert!
We've thought of things in moulds and rings your diet to subvert.
You must try our chocolate layer cake with a peanut brittle base
And slices of bananas that make a funny face;
Around the edges peppermints just swimming in peach custard,
With lovely little curlicues of lovely yellow mustard!
If all this is too much for you, permit me to advise
More LIME JELLO MARSHMALLOW COTTAGE CHEESE SURPRISE!
I've made heaps!



Fur

My Uncle Murray the furrier was a big worrier
But he's no hurrier now not today
He's good and retired now, didn't get fired now
Fulfills his desires on half of his pay.
He eats in the best of dives
Although he dines alone
He buried two wonderful wives
And he still has the princess phone.
It's the best of all possible lives
Owning all that he owns on his own.
You see, he never took off a lot,
And used to cough a lot
Fur in his craw from hot days in the store.
Worked his way to the top
Was the steward of the shop.
Has a son who is a cop and he is free!
My Uncle Murray the retiree loves this democracy
And says it very emphatically.
He lives where he wishes, when he wants does the dishes
Eats greasy knishes, yes sirree! He is free!
No guilt, no ghost, no gift for the host,
He goes coast to coast, coughing coughing
My Uncle Murray the furrier no, no worrier he.

Places to Live

Places to live! Give me places to love!
Wonders to wander to places to live!
My feet are dreaming of new dust, new dirt;
My hips want to swing in a cellophane skirt.
Give me my change in a celluloid note
While I buy wooden hats from the factory boat
Places to live! Give me places to live!
Wonders to wander to places to live!
My tonsils are longing to hum a new tune;
I'm dying to dance by the dark of the moon
With mustachioed mounties in deep purple kilts
And me in blue velvet on flaming red stilts
Places to live! Give me places to live!
Give me wonders to wander to places to live!
My soul is keening for new forms of faith!
I need a new God more than Henry the Eighth
To take off my feathers and give me release
And I'll kneel in the sand and I'll drown my valise.
Places to live! Give me places to live.



Wednesday, August 13, 2014



SUITE FROM THE INCREDIBLE FLUTIST (1938) Walter Piston (1894-1976)

The Suite from The Incredible Flutist is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, English horn, two clarinets, bass clarinet, two bassoons, contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, piano and strings. The performance time is 17 minutes. The Grant Park Orchestra first performed this work on August 4, 1956, Milton Katims conducting.

The following précis of American composer Walter Piston's ballet appeared in the August 1938 issue of *Dance* magazine: "The siesta is over and the village shakes off its drowsiness. First to wake up is the Apprentice who opens the shop, and life begins its eventful flow. The Merchant's Daughters demonstrate their father's wares. The Busybody and the Crank have their argument. But what is this? ... A march is heard! The Circus Band, marches in, followed by the people of the circus: Barker, Jugglers, Snake Dancer, Monkey Trainer with her Monkeys, Crystal Gazer, and, of course, the main attraction, the Flutist. The Flutist is an incredible fellow. He not only charms snakes; he also charms the Snake Dancer. He is so romantic and perhaps just a bit promiscuous, for he also charms the Merchant's Daughter, and they meet that very evening. Young couples are all over the place, and love is in the air. Even the prudish, rich Widow cannot resist the charged atmosphere, and she grants the Merchant the kiss he's been begging for well nigh two years. But they don't fare so well. Their sustained embrace is discovered, and the Widow faints right into the arms of her bewhiskered boyfriend. But the Incredible Flutist hies to her rescue. A little dancing, a little fluting, and the Widow comes out of her swoon, none the worse for wear. And then ... the Band strikes up, the spell is broken; the Circus, Incredible Flutist and all, leave the village."

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