

VIOLINS

Alex Ayers
Katharine Ayers
Co-Concertmasters
Ashley Barret
Corinn Bonkalski
Mary Harrmann
Shannon O'Leary
Lynn Pietsch

Mary Kao
Principal
Joey Kahl
Victor Pan
Sandra Zalewski
Dave Rasmussen

VIOLAS

Beth Getman
Principal
Teri Ablor
Harriet Briski
Jeffrey Madry

CELLOS

Adam Ayers
Principal
Shep Crumrine
Carroll Gottschlich
Suzanne Janke
Joshua B. Parman
Katie Simpson

DOUBLE BASSES

Michael Britz
Principal
Aliscia Benetti
Nicolas Buendia
James Galasinski

FLUTES

Heather Hall
Alison O'Leary
Kelly Francis

PICCOLO

Alison O'Leary

OBOES

Karon Bouwma
Kaylyn Ruemler

ENGLISH HORN

Rita Mitchell

CLARINETS

Lauren Bantz
Jill Casper

BASS CLARINET

Nancy Marzec

BASSOONS

Libby Garrett
Keith MacGaffey

CONTRABASSOON

Veronica Chairez

HORNS

Jamin Hoffman
Allison Berndt
Isaac Roang
Jeanne Gurda
Katie Seybold
Brian Volkman

TRUMPETS

Eric Sperry
Kevin Peterson

TROMBONES

Rick Seybold
Julie Bernier
Motoaki Kashino

TUBA

Rafael Pietri Davila

TIMPANI/PERCUSSION

Dan Lawitts
Steven Ayers

KEYBOARD

Steven Ayers

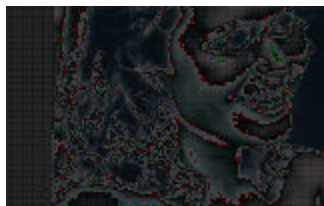
HARP



Cynthia Raatz

Böcklin, *The Isle of the Dead*

Milwaukee Summer Philharmonia



Joanna Jamroziak



Sergey Rachmaninoff

The Isle of the Dead, Opus 29

Symphonic Poem for Large Orchestra

Gustav Mahler

Kindertotenlieder (Songs on the Death of Children)

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Wenn dein Mütterlein

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

In diesem Wetter

Joanna Jamroziak, Mezzo-Soprano

Intermission

Sergey Prokofiev

Violin Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, Opus 63

Allegro moderato

Andante assai

Allegro, ben marcato

Alex Ayers, Violin

Richard Wagner

Prelude and Liebestod from *Tristan und Isolde*

Melanie Cain, Soprano

Admission is free. Those who may wish to contribute to the support of the orchestra may place their gifts in the baskets at the doors upon leaving.

Milwaukee Summer Philharmonia 6427 Charles Street Racine WI 53402 Ph 262-752-0212

Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873-1943), recognized early in his native Russia as a pianist, conductor, and composer, lived mostly at Dresden in 1906-09 and in its splendid museum came upon Böcklin's painting, *The Isle of the Dead*. (See back cover). Rachmaninoff's tone poem, inspired by this painting, is evocative of an imagined story-line suggested by the painting and, for its musical material, is based on the theme of the Gregorian chant *Dies irae*, from the mass on the day of the death or on the day of burial. This aural stimulus would surely trigger in the minds of his Western European listeners of 1909 the chant's riveting text, "Day of wrath, that day when the earth shall dissolve in ashes...". Although having the painting and the chant text as external sources of meaning, this tone poem adheres to the sonata allegro form, like the first movement of any symphony or concerto. That form is the standard musical structure of "absolute" music, in which the "meaning" derives from the relationship of the musical parts to each other, not their relationship to external sources.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911), was known in his day as a conductor who also composed, as a composer of symphonies who also wrote songs, and as a writer of songs to his own texts who also sometimes used the texts of standard poets, especially those of the professor and linguist, Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866). Mahler was fascinated with Rückert's more than 200 poems on the death of children (an event not uncommon in Rückert's day), and chose five for this composition – a few years before his own favorite daughter died of scarlet fever and diphtheria.

Sergey Prokofiev (1891-1953) could be regarded as the "bad boy" of music in the first half of the twentieth century. His brilliant compositions (mostly "absolute" music) are regarded by some as the experience of – well, of an "experience, rather than the experience of beauty. And yet, in this concerto, which is perhaps the most difficult and brilliant in the major

repertoire, his quieter themes are sheer delight. After the Revolution, he left Russia but (unlike Rachmaninoff, who never returned) he did return in 1933 and, alas, was the target of Stalin's sharp criticism for "decadent" practices. His death on March 5, 1953, should have been widely noted but, in fact, was overshadowed by news of the death of Joseph Stalin.

Richard Wagner (1813-1883), completed his music drama, *Tristan and Isolde*, in 1859, developing a musical technique of prolonging unresolved tension, to suit the needs of portraying this particular story. Other composers adopted the technique even when not required by their texts, and Western music has never been the same in these past 150 years. The best way to hear Wagner is to realize that you are in for a roller-coaster ride and to trust that Wagner will get you through it safely after a very wild and exhilarating harmonic ride. It was all too much for Clara Schumann and her friends, as was Wagner's gruff, sneering personality. But subsequent generations have included many music lovers who, despite his takings of others' ideas, money and wives adore his astounding music.

Isoldens Liebestod

Mild und leise wie er lächelt, sie das Auge hold er öffnet – seht ihr's, Freunde? seht ihr's nicht? Immer lichter wie er leuchtet, Sternumstrahlet hoch sich hebt? Seht ihr's nicht? Voll und hehr im Busen ihm quillt? Wie den Lippen, wonnig mild, süßer Atem sanft entweht: Freunde! Seht! Fühlt und seht ihr's nicht? Höre ich nur diese Weise, die so wundervoll und leise Wonne klagend, alles sagend, mild versöhnend aus ihm tönend, mich dringet, auf sich schwinget, hold erhallend um mich klinget? Heller schallend, mich umwallend, sind es Wellen sanfter Lüfte? Sind es Wogen wonniger Düfte? Wie sie schwellen, mich umrauschen, soll ich atmen, soll ich lauschen? Soll ich schlürfen, untertauchen? Süß in Düften mich verhauchen? In dem wogenden Schwall, in dem tönenden Schall in des Welt-Atems wehendem All, ertrinken, versinken, unbewußt, höchste Lust!

Kindertotenlieder

NUN WILL DIE SONN' SO HELL AUFGEHN

Nun will die Sonn', so hell aufgehen,
Als sei kein Unglück die Nacht geschehn.
Das Unglück geschah nur mir allein,
Die Sonne, sie scheine allgemein.

Du mußt nicht die Nacht in dir verschränken,
Mußt sie ins ew'ge Licht versenken.
Ein Lämplein verlosch in meinem Zelt,
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht der Welt!

NUN SEH ICH WOHL, WARUM SO DUNKLE FLAMMEN

Nun seh ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühtet mich in manchem Augenblicke,
O Augen!

Isolde's Love Death

How softly and gently he smiles, how sweetly his eyes open – can you see, my friends? Do you not see it? How he glows ever brighter, raising himself high amidst the stars? Do you not see it? How his heart swells with courage, gushing full and majestic in his breast? How in tender bliss sweet breath gently wafs from his lips – Friends! Look! Do you not feel and see it? Do I alone hear this melody so wondrously and gently sounding from within him, in bliss lamenting, all-expressing gently reconciling, piercing me, soaring aloft, is sweet echoes resounding about me? Are they gentle aerial waves ringing out clearly, surging around me? Are they billows of blissful fragrance? As they seethe and roar about me, shall I breathe, shall I give ear? Shall I drink of them, plunge beneath them? Breathe my life away in sweet scents? In the heaving swell, in the resounding echoes, in the universal scream of the world-breath – to down, to founder – unconscious – utmost rapture!

Songs of death of children

NOW THE SUN WILL RISE AS BRIGHTLY

Now the sun will rise as brightly
As if no misfortune had come this night. This misfortune came to me alone,
the sun shines for everyone.

You must not enfold night within you,
You just let it drown in everlasting light,
A small lamp has gone out in my tent,
Hail to the joyous light of the world!

NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY SUCH DARK FLAMES

Now I understand why

you flashed such dark flames at me,
O eyes!

Gleichsam um voll in einem Blicke
zu drängen eure ganze Macht zusammen,
Doch ahnt ich nicht, weil Nebel mich umschwammen, gewoben vom verblendenden Gesckicke, dass sich der Strahl bereits zur
Heimkehr schicke,
Dorthin, von wannen alle Strahlen stammen.

Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem Leuchten sagen:
Sir möchten hah dir bleiben gerne,
Doch ist uns das vom Schicksal abgeschlagen.
Sieh uns nur an, denn bald sind wir dir ferne!
Was dir nur Augen sind in diesen Tagen,
In künft'gen Nächten sind es dir nur Sterne.

WENN DEIN MÜTTERLEIN

Whenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein,
Und den Kopf ich drehe,
Ihr entgegensehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht
Erst der Blick mir nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle
Näher nach der Schwelle,
Dort wo würde dein
Lieb Gesichtchen sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle
Trätest mit herein,
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein
Mit der Kerze Schimmer,
Ist es mir, als immer
Kämst du mit herein,
Huschttest hinterdrein,
Als wie sonst in Zimmer!

O du, des Vaters Zelle,
Ach zu schnelle
Erloschne Freudenschein!

all your might into a single look.
But I did not suspect, for mists woven by deceiving destiny enveloped me,
That this beam was already turned homewards,
to the source of all beams.

You wanted to say to me with your light: We would love to stay with you,
But that is denied us by Fate.
Look at us, for soon we shall be far away from you! These which now are just eyes to you
In the future nights will be but stars to you.

WHEN YOUR MOTHER

When your mother
comes in at the door,
and I turn my head to look
towards her,
my gaze does not fall first upon her face,
but on the place
near the threshold
where your dear
little face used to be.
When you, bright with joy,
would enter, too,
as usual, my little daughter.

When your mother
comes in at the door
in the candle light,
it seems to me as if
you were entering, too,
flitting after her,
as you used to, into the room.

Oh you, mite of your father, alas, too soon, my light of joy, too soon extinguished!

OFT DENK ICH, SIE SIND NUR AUSGEGANGEN!

Oft denk ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!
Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!
Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!
Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang!

Jawohl, sie sind nur ausgegangen
Und werden jetzt nach Hause gelangen!
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist schön!
Sie machen nur den Gang zu jenen Höhn!

Sie sind uns nur vorausgegangen
Und werden nicht wieder nach Haus verlangen!
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen Höh'n im Sonnenschein!
Der Tag ist schön auf jenen Höhn!

IN DIESEM WETTER, IN DIESEM BRAUS

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus.
Man hat sie getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
Nie hätt ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;
Ich fürchtete, sie erkranken,
Das sind nun eitle Gedanken.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Hätt ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus;

Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen,
Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus,
Nie hätt ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie hinausgetragen,
Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus,
In diesem Braus,
Sie ruhn als wie in der Mutter Haus.
Von keinem Sturm erschreckt,
Von Gottes Hand bedeckt,
Sie ruhn wie in der Mutter Haus.
I OFTEN THINK THEY'VE ONLY GONE OUT!

I often think they've only gone out!!
Soon they will be back home again!
It's a lovely day! Oh, don't be anxious!
They're only taking a long walk.

Of course, they've only gone out and will come home now.
Oh, don't be anxious. It's a lovely day!
They've only gone out walking to yonder heights!
They've only gone on ahead of us, and won't want to come home again!

We'll catch up with them on yonder heights in the sunshine!
It's a lovely day on yonder heights!

IN THIS WEATHER, IN THIS TUMULT

In this weather, in this tumult,
I'd never have sent the children out;
some one took them, took them out.
I hadn't any say in it.

In this weather, in this tumult,
I'd never have let the children go out,
I'd have been afraid they might fall ill – those are vain thoughts now.

In this weather, in this horror, had I let the children go out, I'd have been afraid they might die tomorrow
no need to worry about that now.

In this weather, in this horror
I'd never have sent the children out!
They were taken out.
I couldn't say a word against it.

In this weather, in this storm,
in this tumult,
they are resting, as if in mother's house
not frightened by any tempest,
by God's own hand protected,
they are resting, as if in mother's house.

Joanna Jamrosiak, mezzo-soprano, is a native of Hinsdale, Illinois, and resides in Chicago. Joanna has enjoyed extensive performing success throughout Chicago, making her professional operatic debut as Lucretia in Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia" with the Millennium Chamber Players, with whom she also sang the role of Popova in Walton's "The Bear". With The American Opera Group, Joanna recently performed the roles of "Carmen" in Peter Brooks' "La Tragedie de Carmen", based on Bizet's famous opera, and Rosina in Rossini's "Il Barbiere de Siviglia." An avid performer of contemporary and baroque vocal works, Joanna recently premiered three songs from the song cycle, "Songs of Destruction" by Chicago composer, George Flynn. With the Millennium Chamber Players, she has recorded, and was featured live on WFMT, in Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire", as well as various solo cantatas of J. S. Bach. Currently, Joanna is pursuing graduate studies at DePaul University's School of Music, where she sang the role of the Mother in

Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" in March. Last year she appeared with the Downers Grove Choral Society as alto soloist in Handel's "Messiah".

Alex Ayers, violinist, has appeared as soloist with the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, the Waukesha Symphony, and numerous other orchestras. Recognizing Alex's potential for a major career, the Milwaukee Summer Philharmonia has presented Alex almost every year since he was fourteen, in the concertos of Dvorak, Brahms, and Mendelssohn. When he first appeared with us as a soloist in 2006, Alex's interests beyond playing the violin were in video games, computer games, mazes, math, and card games, as well as rereading Harry Potter books. Now that he is a junior in the Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University under the guidance of his eminent teacher, Mimi Zweig, his list may have changed. In addition to his formal studies, Alex has played for master classes with Pinchas Zuckermann, Frank Almond, and Henryk Kowalski. Alex remarkable successes began at an early age. Indeed, he was concertmaster of the Middle Level Wisconsin State Honors orchestra as a 7th-grader. He will be entering a prestigious international competition this year, and we all wish him well and await the outcome with keen interest.

Melanie Cain, soprano, resides in Madison and is well known to Madison audiences for her many leading roles in local productions. Highlights include the Witch in Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," Rosalinde in "Die Fledermaus", Vanessa in "Vanessa, Miss Jessel in "Turn of the Screw," Alice Ford in "Falstaff," Mdm. Lidoine in "Dialogues des Carlmélites," and the Mother in "Hansel and Gretel". Melanie is well known to concert audiences in Madison, having sung Ruskai pogibnu in "Eugene Onegin" with the UW Symphony and the soprano solos in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" with the UW Choral Union. Her numerous awards include national semi-finalist in the 2009 Jensen Foundation Vocal Competition, finalist in the 2009 Shreveport Opera Singer of the Year Competition, national semi-finalist in the 2009 Orpheus National Vocal Competition, and concerto competition winner at UW-Madison in 2005. Her master classes have been with the illustrious Wagnerian tenor, Ben Heppner, as well as with Julia Faulkner and Rachel Joselson. Melanie holds the degrees Bachelor of Arts in Music and Art from Luther College and Master of Music in Performance as well as Doctor of Musical Arts in Performance from the University of Wisconsin-Madison.