

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PERSONNEL

VIOLIN I

Marshall Johnson,
Concertmaster
James Skidmore
Suzanne Kelly
Lynn Doepek
Norma Campbell
Dianne Fitzpatrick
John Lindsey
Richard Fuchs
Carla Lehmann
Helen Schadd
Jane Smaardyk
Paula Eatman
Jean Kordick
Mary Nicksarlian

VIOLIN II

Sue Chinnell
Kristin North
Karla Gustie
Steven Sterba
Barbara Lange
Sr. Marion Etzel
Marthea Ray
Eugenia Frith
Grace Beckett
Jo Ann Redman
Jane Franklyn
Linda Cheng
Ellen Jacobs
Charles Kay

VIOLAS

Arthur Klima
Carol Deak
Karrell Johnson
Linda Vana
Sharon Brace
Paul Chouinard
Jody Van Dresser
Patricia Shanks

CELLOS

Robert Gordon

CELLOS (Cont'd)

Dale Newton
Jon Kozuch
Cheryl Fippin
Alan Robertson
Jane Reterstoff
Hubert Ort
Jill Hartman

BASSES

Jon Deak
Pamela Andrews
Christopher Byrne
Jane Tomisek
James Pacholki
Bonnie Rosenbaum
Dale Day
Mary Benard

FLUTES

Ann Kozuch
Cynthia Love
Ruth Mayland

PICCOLO

Ellen Rosen

OBOES

John Dimond
Louis Hall
Cleve Fenley

ENGLISH HORN

Benjamin Woodruff

CLARINETS

Mac Cantrell
William Schontz
Robert Quade

BASS CLARINET

William Black

ALTO SAXOPHONE

Roger Hallmark

BASSOONS

John Patton
John Deppe

CONTRA BASSOON

Eugene Scholtens

FRENCH HORNS

John Glover
James Keys
Michael Brickey
Marsha Matteoni
David Parks
George Sullivan

TRUMPETS

James Darling
John Bauser
David Tasa

TROMBONES

Robert Weiss
John Sexton
John Hecker

TUBA

James Plondke

HARP

Joyce Rosenfield*

PIANO AND HARPSICHORD

Karol Sue Gagstetter

TIMPANI

Richard Kvistad

PERCUSSION

Michael Udow
Robert Rosen
Dennis Melhouse
James Nelmes
James Theobald

*Faculty

COMING EVENTS

Thursday, March 6, 8:00 p.m. — Graduate Recital, Sarah Young
Spears, Contralto, Smith Music Hall

Saturday, March 8, 8:00 p.m. — Graduate Recital, Kenneth Powell,
Organ, Smith Music Hall

Sunday, March 9, 4:00 p.m. — Graduate Recital, Marilyn Winter,
Soprano, Smith Music Hall

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The Krannert Center for the Performing Arts

Great Hall

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Saturday, May 17, 1969

8:00 p.m.

The School of Music

presents

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bernard Goodman, Conductor

with Guest Soloists

Jon Crain, Tenor

and

Beverly Wolff, Contralto

PROGRAM

Adagio for Orchestra (1961)

Mr. Binkerd has degrees from South Dakota Wesleyan, the University of Rochester, and Harvard University. Bernard Rogers and Walter Piston have been his teachers in composition. He has received commissions from the Fromm Foundation, the Ford Foundation, and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. His first two symphonies have been recorded, as well as his "Sonata for Piano" and his choral work "Aspects of Jesus." The "Adagio for Orchestra" was written while he was a member of the Center for Advanced Study at the University of Illinois, and received its first performance by the University of Illinois Symphony Orchestra on November 17, 1961. He has been a Guggenheim Fellow, and received an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has been a member of the faculty of the School of Music of the University of Illinois since 1949.

As Quiet As (1966)**A Leaf Turning Colors****An Uninhabited Creek****An Ant Walking****Children Sleeping****Time Passing****A Soft Rainfall****The First Star Coming Out****Gordon Binkerd****Michael Colgrass**

Michael Colgrass was a percussion major at the School of Music of the University of Illinois and received his Bachelor of Music degree in 1954. After military service in the Seventh Army Symphony Orchestra, he took up the serious study of composition. He currently resides in New York City, where he is active both as a performer and a composer. He has been the recipient of various grants including a Guggenheim Fellowship. *As Quiet As* was commissioned by the Fromm Music Foundation for the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra at Tanglewood. It premiered in August 1966, with Gunther Schuller conducting. The work has since been performed and recorded by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf. This is the first performance of *As Quiet As* in Champaign-Urbana. Mr. Colgrass has contributed the following comments:

As Quiet As was inspired by the answers of fourth-grade children asked by their teacher to complete the sentence beginning, "Let's be as quiet as . . ." From the twenty-one answers compiled by Constance Fauci and printed in *The New York Times* in December 1961, I chose seven that seemed to make a nature study as might be perceived by a child. My purpose was to depict the very nature of each metaphor, as if I were demonstrating to a blind person the *essence* of a leaf as it changes color, of a creek abandoned even by birds, and of an ant — or many ants — skittering about.

"Children Sleeping" and "Time Passing" are like a dream sequence. Following light breathing and heartbeats, a sonatina written by Beethoven as a child appears through a montage of "sleeping sounds," and then re-appears fragmentarily in musical styles from 1800 to the present — Haydn, Sibelius, Ravel, Stravinsky, Count Basie — as if one were taking a fleeting glance at music history moving through time. The jazz is interrupted by a distant "sound" which ends the dream, and the last setting (Webern) is in post-war style.

"A Soft Rainfall" and "The First Star Coming Out" are the spring and summer counterparts of the autumnal leaf and creek, and are related musically as well. The creek is now

a rainfall, and the leaf a soft blanket of night across which stars flicker like a million rain-drops turned to crystal.
As Quiet As is dedicated to children, with love and hope.

INTERMISSION

Das Lied von der Erde (1908)
(The Song of the Earth)

A Symphony for Tenor, Contralto, and Orchestra
Soloists: Jon Crain and Beverly Wolff

Gustav Mahler**Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde**
Der Einsame im Herbst
Von der Jugend**Von der Schonheit**
Der Trunkene im Frühling
Der Abschied

The *Song of the Earth*, based on Hans Bethge's *Chinese Flute*, was completed at Toblach in the Tyrol in 1908 after Mahler's return from America. On November 20, 1908, six months after Mahler's death, Bruno Walter conducted the first performance. Tonight's performance is the first in Champaign-Urbana. The following translations from the German are by Steuart Wilson.

The Drinking Song of Earth's Sorrow

See how it gleams, with golden enticement,
But drink not yet, I'll sing you my song!
I sing of sorrow, but laughter
Within your heart must give answer.
When such sorrow comes,
Dry is the soul, its gardens are withered,
Fading and dead the pleasure of our song.
Life is only twilight, so is death.

Host, I salute you,
Your cellar hides a treasure of gold in its veins,
But I have a treasure of my own.
To strike the lute and to drink the wine-cup,
These are the things that best consort together.
A brimming cup of wine, when hearts beat faint,
Is better than all the kingdoms of the earth.
Life is only twilight, so is death.

The blue of heaven is unchanging,
And unchanging the earth rolls onward
And blossoms in spring.
But thou, O man, how long livest thou?
Why not one hundred years canst thou take pleasure
In all the rotten fruit of life's long vanity.

See there! Over there!
In the moonlight, in the churchyard,
Gibbers a ghost with evil in its shape.
It is a monkey! Hear him,

How his howling sounds strident
In our life's sweet scented morning.
So raise your cups, the time has come, companions,
Empty your golden cups to the heel!
Life is only twilight, so is death.

Autumn Loneliness

Grey autumn mists are drifting off the sea
And, touched with frost, the grass stands stiff and brittle
As if some artist hand had scattered powder,
Dusting on every leaf the finest jade.
The scent of summer flowers is forgotten,
A chilly wind blows crackling stalks together.
Soon will the leaves of fading lotus-blossoms
Display upon the pond their golden span.
I, too, feel weary. See my flick'ring light
Burns low and lower, it is time to go to sleep.
I come to you, truest house of quiet,
O give me sleep, for I have need of rest.
My tears flow on in lonely desolation.
The autumn seems in my heart to be eternal.
O love's warm sunshine, have you gone forever
And will my burning tears be never dried?

Youth

In the water, on a little island
All of green and egg-shell china,
Stands a dainty summer-house.
Like the tiger's back a-curving
Springs the arch of jade to cross it,
To this summer-house of dreamland.
In the parlor friends are sitting,
Clad in silk, and drinking, chatting,
Writing endless little verses.
How their silken sleeves are slipping.
How their silken caps sit perching
On those jolly heads a-wagging!
In the tiny, tiny pattern's
Quiet, quiet pool of water
See the world reflected lies
In mirror marvelous.
All those friends are topsy-turvy
In that world of egg-shell china,
In that dainty summer-house.

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Like a sickle moon the bridge is,
Upside down its arches; while the friends
In silk and satin
Drink and chatter.

Beauty

See the maidens picking flowers,
Picking lotus flowers by the grassy river banks.
In the bushes and leaves they hide themselves,
Gathering flowers,
Gathering flowers in their laps
And calling one to the other in teasing fun.
See the sunshine weaves a web around them,
Mirrors all their laughing grace in water.
Sunshine mirrors all their slender beauty,
Mirrors their sweet eyes in water,
And the winds of spring with soft caresses
Waft on high their flowing silken sleeves,
Bear the magic of their pleasing odour through the air.

O, see, a company of lovely lads
Comes riding along the bank on prancing horses,
Shining far off like the sun at noonday;
See, through the leafy lanes of silvery willows
Trots that gallant young company!

The horse of one of them delighted
Wheels and neighs, curveting round;
Over all the flowers trample heavy hoof-beats,
As they bruise in sudden storm
The tender hidden blossoms.
How their manes toss in tangled riot,
Breathing fire from steaming nostrils.

See the sunshine weaves a web around them,
Mirrors all their laughing grace in water.
And the fairest of those lovely maidens
Sends a parting glance of longing love
(For her proud demeanor is all pretending).
In the sparkle of her lustrous glances,
In the darkness of her flushing cheeks,
That stabbing pain of love's awakening vibrates still.

Wine in Spring

Since life is nothing but a dream
Why toil and sweat away?
I drink until my belly's full
And laugh the livelong day!
And when there's no more room inside,
I've drunk so hard and deep,

I roll along to home and bed
 And sleep a lovely sleep!
 What's that I hear that wakes me? Hark!
 A bird sings in the blue.
 I'll ask him if the spring has come.
 (My dream, has it come true?)
 The twitters answer "Yes, it's here!"
 The spring is here as fresh as anything!
 I look and look and listen hard,
 The birds all laugh and sing.
 I fill myself another glass
 And drink with deep content,
 And sing until the moon lights up
 The darkling firmament.
 When I'm too tired to sing my songs
 I'll sleep, forgetting pain,
 For what's the silly spring to me?
 Let me get drunk again!

The Farewell

The sun is setting out beyond the mountains
 And evening peace comes down in every valley
 And shadows lengthen, bringing cool relief.
 O see, like some tall ship of silver sails
 The moon upon her course, through heaven's blue sea.
 I feel the stirring of some soft south-wind
 Behind the darkling pine-wood.
 The stream sings as it wanders through the twilight,
 As evening waxes the flowers grow pale.
 The earth breathes gently, full of peace and sleep,
 All our longings sleep at last.
 Mankind, grown weary, turns homeward,
 That in sleep, forgotten joy and youth it may recapture.
 The birds with open eye roost in the branches.
 The world now sleeps.
 The air is cool within the pine-wood's shadow;
 Here will I stand and tarry for my friend.
 I wait for him to bid the last farewell.
 O how I long, my friend, once more to see thee,
 To share the heavenly beauty of this evening.
 Where art thou? I have been long alone.
 I wander up and down and make my music
 O'er pathways that are paved with tender grasses.
 O Beauty, O life of endless loving.
 Wild delirious world.
 He lighted down and proffered him the cup,
 The parting cup.
 He asked him whither he was faring
 And questioned why, why it must needs be so.

He spoke, and his voice was veiled:
 O my friend, while I was in this world
 My lot was hard.
 Where do I go? I go, I wander in the mountains,
 I seek but rest, rest for my lonely heart.
 I journey to my homeland, to my haven.
 I shall no longer seek the far horizon.
 My heart is still and waits for its deliverance.
 The lovely earth, all, everywhere,
 Revives in spring and blooms anew,
 All, everywhere and ever, ever,
 Shines the blue horizon,
 Ever . . . ever . . .

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BENJAMIN WOODRUFF,
Assistant Conductor

VIOLIN I

Norma Campbell
Lynn Doeple
Marshall Johnson
Rotating Concertmasters
Dianne Fitzpatrick
John Lindsey
Suzanne Kelly
Carla Lehmann
Richard Fuchs
Jane Smaardyk
Helen Shadd
Paula Eatman
Barbara Caron

VIOLIN II

Sue Chinnell
Kristin North
Stephen Sterba
*Rotating Principal
Second Violin*
Karla Gustie
Sr. Marion Etzel
Marthea Ray
Barbara Lange
Eugenia Frith
Jo Anne Redman
Grace Beckett
Ellen Jacobs
Jane Franklyn
John Terdich
Linda Cheng

VIOLA

Carol Deak
Karrell Johnson
Arthur Klima
Linda Vana
*Rotating Principal
Viola*
Sharon Brace
Jody Van Dresser
Patricia Shanks
Paul Luczak
Paul Chouinard

CELLO

Robert Gordon
Jon Kozuch
Dale Newton
*Rotating Principal
Cello*

Cheryl Fippin
Alan Robertson
Jane Reterstoff
Hubert Ort
David Jackson

BASS

Jon Deak
Pamela Andrews
Jane Tomisek
James Pacholki
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FLUTE

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ENGLISH HORN

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CLARINET

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William Shontz
Robert Quade
William Black

E♭ CLARINET

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CONTRA BASSOON
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CELESTA AND PIANO

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TIMPANI

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MANDOLIN

Virginia Farmer

PERCUSSION

Robert Rosen
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*Faculty

CHORAL CONCERTS