

2008
2009
S E A S O N

DAYTON
PHILHARMONIC



Neal Gittleman Music Director

colours

PROGRAM BOOK 4

JAN 16/17 "Color and Contrast"

FEB 6/7 "Master of Mayhem"

FEB 27/28 "Masterful Mahler"

MAR 1 "Bach to the Future"

MAR 4/5 "Flute Center Stage"

MAR 6 "Portrait: Franz Joseph Haydn"



Rachel Returns



Platypus Theatre

Brandon George
Plays Mozart



Music and Movies of Alfred Hitchcock



DAYTON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

1ST VIOLINS

Jessica Hung,
Concertmaster
J. Ralph Corbett Chair
Aurelian Oprea,
Associate
Concertmaster
Huffy Foundation
Chair
Dona Nouné-Wiedmann,
Acting Assistant
Concertmaster
Sherman Standard
Register Foundation
Chair
Elizabeth Hofeldt
Karlton Taylor
Mikhail Baranovsky
Louis Proske
Nancy Mullins
Barry Berndt
Philip Enzweiler
Xiao Fu*
Janet George
Calvin Lewis

2ND VIOLINS

Kirstin Greenlaw,
Principal
Jesse Phillips Chair
Christine Hauptly Annin,
Assistant Principal
Ann Lin
Gloria Fiore
Kara Lardinois
Tom Fetherston
William Manley
Lynn Rohr
Yoshiko Kunimitsu
William Slusser
Yen-Ting Wu

VIOLAS

Sheridan Currie,
Principal
F. Dean Schnacke
Chair
Colleen Braid,
Assistant Principal
Karen Johnson
Grace Counts Finch
Chair
Chien-Ju Liao
Belinda Burge
Lori LaMattina
Mark Reis
Scott Schilling
Kimberly Trout
Dale Kim*
Davis Perez

CELLOS

Andra Lunde
Padricelli,
Principal
Edward L. Kohnle
Chair
Christina Coletta,
Assistant Principal
Jane Katsuyama
Nan Watson
Mark Hofeldt
Nadine Monchecourt
Mary Davis Fetherston*
Linda Katz,
Principal Emeritus
Tom Guth

BASSES

Deborah Taylor,
Principal
Dayton Philharmonic
Volunteer Assn/
C. David Horine
Memorial Chair
Jon Pascolini,
Assistant Principal

Donald Compton
Stephen Ullery
Christopher Roberts
James Faulkner
Bleda Eibal
Nick Greenberg

FLUTES

Rebecca Tryon Andres,
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Dayton Philharmonic
Volunteer Assn.
Chair
Jennifer Northcut
Janet van Graas*

PICCOLO

Janet van Graas*

OBOES

Eileen Whalen, *Principal*
Catharine French
Bieser Chair
Roger Miller
Robyn Dixon Costa

ENGLISH HORN

Robyn Dixon Costa
J. Colby and Nancy
Hastings King Chair

CLARINETS

John Kurokawa,
Principal
Rhea Beerman Peal
Chair
Robert Gray
Anthony Costa*

BASS CLARINET

Anthony Costa*

BASSOONS

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Principal
Robert and Elaine
Stein Chair

Kristen Canova
Bonnie Sherman

CONTRABASSOON

Bonnie Sherman

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Todd Fitter
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Nancy Cahall*
Sean Vore

TRUMPETS

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John W. Berry
Family Chair
Alan Siebert
Ashley Hall

TROMBONES

Timothy Anderson,
Principal
John Reger
Memorial Chair
Richard Begel

BASS TROMBONE

Chad Arnow

TUBA

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Principal
Zachary, Rachel
and Natalie Denka
Chair

TIMPANI

Donald Donnett,
Principal
Rosenthal Family
Chair in Memory of
Miriam Rosenthal

PERCUSSION

Michael LaMattina,
Principal
Miriam Rosenthal
Chair
Jeffrey Luft
Richard A. and
Mary T. Whitney
Chair
Gerald Noble

KEYBOARD

Joshua Nemith,
Principal
Demirjian Family
Chair

HARP

Leslie Stratton Norris,
Principal
Daisy Talbott
Greene Chair

*Leave of Absence

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Music Director

Jane Varella,
Personnel Manager

William Slusser,
Orchestra Librarian

Hank Dahlman,
Chorus Director

Patrick Reynolds,
Assistant Conductor
and *Conductor, DPYO*

Elizabeth Hofeldt,
Junior String
Orchestra Director

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Laurie Cothran..... Executive Assistant
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M. Patricia Berry..... Administrative Volunteer
Theodore Huter..... Administrative Volunteer
Manfred Orlow..... Administrative Volunteer
Shirley Williams..... Administrative Volunteer

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Jane Varella..... Orchestra Personnel Manager
William Slusser..... Librarian

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Lloyd Bryant—Recording Engineer/Broadcast Host

IATSE Local #66 Schuster Center Stage Crew

Kim Keough—Head Carpenter
Clarence Rice—Assistant Carpenter
Steve Williams—Master Electrician
Keith Thomas—Audio Engineer



NEAL'S NOTES

"Very Superstitious"

Never mind that my title comes from Stevie Wonder. As I write this, I'm listening to the sound collage "Revolution 9" from *The Beatles* (aka *The White Album*).

"Number nine, number nine, number nine, number nine..."

That's what my mind has been like the last few months. Well, not exactly like "Revolution 9." That would be scary! But the obsession with number nine? You bet!

That's because I'm gearing up to conduct Gustav Mahler's Ninth Symphony for the first time.

My Mahler repertoire is fairly complete. I've conducted performances of all the symphonies through the Sixth and rehearsed the Seventh. But I've been in no hurry to program the Ninth.

Why? Superstition?

Maybe.

I *am* superstitious when it comes to conducting. I have a long list of concert-related superstitions—superstitions that probably need to stay secret. I'll just say that it starts with being nervous any time someone wishes me "good luck" before a concert. (My conducting teacher taught me that good luck wishes are very bad luck unless you ignore them. A nod of acknowledgement is OK, but saying anything—especially "thank you"—is a real jinx!) Beyond that, there are various good luck (whoops!) tokens, choice of socks, disposal of my during-intermission apple, and on and on.

And there's enough superstition surrounding Mahler Nine that I could easily be forgiven for indulging in a little myself. It starts with Mahler himself.

Actually it starts with Beethoven.

Beethoven wrote only nine symphonies. Same with Schubert. Bruckner, too. Mahler knew that, and after he finished his Eighth in 1907 he was spooked. Already suffering with the heart condition that would kill him four years later, Mahler was nervous about starting work on a Symphony No. 9. So he

came up with an imaginative dodge: in 1908 and 1909 he did write a ninth symphony, but instead of a conventional symphony, it was *Das Lied von der Erde* (*The Song of the Earth*), a song cycle for alto, tenor, and orchestra (setting texts that revolved around death and farewell). Then, having finished a ninth symphony that wasn't a symphony, Mahler—whose superstition level makes mine look nanoscopic—figured he was safe, and went about composing Symphony No. 9, one of the most beautiful, most passionate works of all time, which is often described as a series of farewells.

But you can't out-jinx a jinx. Like Beethoven (and Schubert), Mahler died midway through work on his Tenth!

But there's no connection between superstitions—neither Mahler's nor mine—and my waiting until now to conduct Mahler Nine.

I went through the same thing earlier in my life with Beethoven's Ninth. I decided early in my career that I wouldn't be in a hurry to conduct that symphony, figuring it was a work whose "Neal premiere" would benefit from seasoning and maturity. I decided to wait until the time seemed right—in any case not before age 40.

That plan was kiboshed in 1992 when the Chattanooga Symphony invited me to guest conduct, and asked if I'd do Beethoven Nine. I wasn't gonna say "no", even at age 37. So I dove in and did my first "B-Nine".

Two years later the Milwaukee Symphony—where I was Associate Conductor—did Mahler's Ninth. As cover conductor for those concerts I learned the piece thoroughly, and was ready to step in at a moment's notice in case Music Director Zdenek Macal took ill. (Fat chance!) But I resolved back then not to rush into programming this symphony.

Mahler Nine is such a deep work, filled with the powerful emotions of a man who loves life passionately but who knows that it is slowly slipping through his grasp. Nobody needs to hear a 20-year-old's interpretation of this symphony. Conductors who approach it should have a sense that they're in the second half of life's journey—enough to have given some thought to the subject of death,

Neal's Notes continued

but vigorous enough to still have a zest for life.

Now that I'm 53 (two years older than Mahler was when he died), I think I'm ready.

I don't approach this symphony as some do—as a morbid farewell to a sorrow-filled life. I've heard some performances that are positively funereal from the jump—with a first movement that sounds more *Adagio* (slowly) than Mahler's more moderate *Andante comodo* (at a comfortable walking tempo). The symphony is a series of

farewells—to love, to nature, to the hustle-bustle of daily life, and, finally, to faith. But I don't think Mahler really bids “goodbye” until the very last page, where his markings say it all: “very, very slowly”, “with deepest feeling”, “hesitating”, “extremely slowly”, and, finally, “dying away”, as the violas and cellos fade to silence.

So please don't approach this extraordinary symphony with any trepidation. Think of it as a celebration of life, one that appreciates life all the more because we know that it won't last forever.

Friday

Miami Valley and Good Samaritan Hospitals
CLASSICAL SERIES
 Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra
 Neal Gittleman, Music Director

Feb. 27
 2009

8:00 PM
 Schuster Center

Masterful Mahler

Friday night is the Education Underwriters Recognition Concert
 Saturday Sponsor: Dayton Philharmonic Volunteer Association

Saturday

Feb. 28
 2009

8:00 PM
 Schuster Center



Gustav Mahler
 (1860-1911)

Symphony No. 9

- I. Andante comodo
- II. Im Tempo eines gemächlichen Ländlers.
 Etwas täppisch und sehr derb
- III. Rondo-Burleske: Allegro assai. Sehr trotzzig
- IV. Molto adagio

*This program will be performed without an intermission
 and will last approximately 85 minutes.*

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Concert Broadcast on Saturday,
 June 13, 2009 at 10am





GUSTAV MAHLER

Biography

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911) was a complex person. His music reflects a lifetime of philosophical, spiritual, and personal wrangling with the very nature of existence. For over a century, we have been wrestling with the overpowering emotions in his monumental symphonies. Each one runs the gamut of human emotion, from ecstatic highs to tragic lows. His music may have caused bewilderment at first, but he quickly gained a cult-like following that is stronger than ever today.

Mahler's life was full of contradictions and tensions. He was raised in a German speaking Jewish family in a predominantly Czech speaking Christian region. His conversion to Christianity later in life is still the subject of debate, as many commentators suggest it was a matter of professional convenience instead of an act of faith. Even as he rose to the top of the music world, many powerful people still treated him as an outsider, and his detractors often attacked him using anti-Semitic language. As the Romantic Era gave way to the Modern, the next generation of intellectuals and artists, including his wife Alma, treated him with disdain as they thought he represented the contrived, old-fashioned, and overwrought world of the Romantic. This was shortsighted and reactionary. Mahler had a foot firmly planted in each world. He synthesized the Romantic with new ideas that predicted the innovations of the coming decades. Mahler tested concepts in his late symphonies that Schoenberg, Webern, and Stravinsky would later claim as original.

Mahler's father was a somewhat prosperous tavern keeper and distiller. Young Gustav showed a keen interest in the music that was an everyday part of tavern life, so much, in fact, that his parents gave him a small accordion when he was only three, and paid for piano lessons just a few years later. He entered the Vienna Conservatory at age fifteen, where he studied piano and composition.

When Mahler was twenty, he took a summer job conducting a provincial resort orchestra. These rag-tag groups were common features at European resorts, and they played everything from dance music to arrangements of Beethoven symphonies. The performance quality was quite low, especially in the cheaper establishments. Radical composers of later decades even called for a ban on resort orchestras. Despite the dubious musicianship and misery of the position, Mahler's first conducting job launched his career. He learned to be a tyrannical conductor in order to achieve better results. Over the next decade, he quickly rose from a spa conductor to positions in Leipzig, Prague, Budapest, and Hamburg. In 1897, with the help of Brahms, he attained the highest appointment in the music world of the time - director of the Vienna Court Opera and Vienna Philharmonic. He ruled with an iron will and overturned many long-standing traditions. He banned the rowdy fan clubs of star singers, stopped performances when audience members talked, and closed and locked the doors to the hall once a performance began, leaving latecomers stranded in the lobby. Mahler was equally demanding on the musicians, and the quality of his opera productions and orchestral programs soared to new heights.

Despite his artistic achievements in Vienna, Mahler ran into a wall of resistance from some of his musicians, patrons, and audiences. The relationship soon wore thin. He shocked the Viennese public when he announced his resignation in 1907. His departure was not as sudden and calamitous as he wanted his fans to believe: he had secretly negotiated a contract to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, one that would pay him around \$300,000 (in today's terms) for three months of work. What he also did not admit to his adoring public was that he knew he had developed heart problems, and sadly, his tenure in New York was cut short by his early death.

-Christopher Chaffee, Assistant Professor of Music, Wright State University

SYMPHONY NO. 9

Instrumentation: 4 flutes, piccolo, 4 oboes (one doubling on English horn), 3 clarinets, bass clarinet, E-flat clarinet, 4 bassoons (one doubling on contrabassoon), 4 French horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, timpani, percussion, 2 harps, strings

This is the first time the DPO has performed this piece.

Mahler's conducting schedule left him little time for composing but he was still quite prolific. He invested incredible energy in both the creation and performance of his music. After the dress rehearsal of his sixth symphony, he sat in his dressing room and wept. Reception of his symphonies, however, was mixed: some people immediately grasped the magnitude of Mahler's creativity, while others were perplexed by the scope of his works and his idiosyncratic musical voice. Viennese audiences were especially tough. They considered Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms the true masters of the symphony, and judged all newcomers by that standard. Mahler used his stature to champion both his own music and the works of his contemporaries. His new music, heavy programs coupled with his interpretations of canonical masterworks, drew constant attacks from the mostly conservative critics and audiences of Vienna.

Mahler thought his move to New York would be a fresh start that would erase all the animosity that had marked his time in Vienna. In a letter to a friend, he wrote, "I hope I shall here find fertile ground for my works and thus a spiritual home." At first, Mahler embraced his new life. He gleefully rode the new subways, gawked at the rising skyscrapers, and fed on what he called the "pulsating activity" of the city. He even tried to befriend his new orchestra. After good concerts, he would take all seventy or so musicians out to dinner. This new energy and attitude did not last. It probably masked his deep sense of foreboding about his own death.

By his third and final season, everything turned against Mahler. A rival faction at the Met brought in Toscanini to conduct, and his less adventurous programming

proved more popular. The New York Philharmonic had been in a state of disarray before Mahler arrived, but a group of wealthy New Yorkers raised thousands of dollars to restore the Philharmonic to professional status. They installed Mahler as conductor, but insisted on meddling with every aspect of the orchestra, including programming and the interpretation of music. Tempers finally boiled over after some of the ladies of the program committee approached Mahler after a Beethoven rehearsal and argued with him about interpretation. Mahler, widely considered the foremost Beethoven conductor of his time, was harshly scolded about tempo choices (which were in line with what Beethoven asked for in the score!), "No, Mr. Mahler, that will never do!" Despite the fact that their financial generosity paid his salary, Mahler snapped and unleashed his temper on the nattering nabobs. Alma Mahler later claimed that pressure from these "money obsessed but empty headed" Americans killed her husband, and the legend persists that "New York killed Mahler."

All of this tension certainly wore on Mahler, who was already in poor health. From 1908-1910, knowing his death was imminent, he poured his emotions into his Ninth and final completed symphony. He finished it in April 1910, but did not live to hear a performance. His disciple Bruno Walter gave the premier in Vienna in June 1912.

This symphony is a majestic farewell from a broken, sick man. The first movement is quintessential Mahler, full of manic energy and moments of quiet reflection. Bruno Walter called this movement "tragically moving," and you can hear Mahler arguing with death itself. The next two movements are full of nostalgia, especially for the simple folk music of Mahler's youth, yet the themes are twisted and turned into sardonic paraphrases, another Mahler hallmark. The final Adagio is a long, quiet sigh, Mahler's final acceptance of his own fate.

-Christopher Chaffee, Assistant Professor of Music, Wright State University

Mahler: *Das Klagende Lied*
First Movement Text and Translation

Waldmärchen

Es war eine stolze Königin,
gar lieblich ohne Maßen;
kein Ritter stand noch ihrem Sinn,
sie wollt' sie alle hassen.
O weh, du wonnigliches Weib!
Wem blühet wohl dein süßer Leib!

Im Wald eine rote Blume stand,
ach, so schön wie die Königin,
Welch Rittersmann die Blume fand,
der konnt' die Frau gewinnen!
O weh, du stolze Königin!
Wann bricht er wohl, dein stolzer Sinn?

Zwei Brüder zogen zum Walde hin,
sie wollten die Blume suchen:
Der Eine hold und von mildem Sinn,
der Andre konnte nur fluchen!
O Ritter, schlimmer Ritter mein,
O liebest du das Fluchen sein!

Als sie nun zogen eine Weil',
da kamen sie zu scheiden:
das war ein Suchen nur in Eil',
im Wald und auf der Heiden.
Ihr Ritter mein, im schnellen Lauf,
wer findet wohl die Blume auf?

Der Junge zieht durch Wald und Heid',
er braucht nicht lang zu gehn:
Bald sieht er von ferne bei der Weid'
die rote Blume stehen.
Die hat er auf den Hut gesteckt,
und dann zur Ruh' sich hingestreckt.

Der Andre zieht im wilden Hang,
umsonst durchsucht er die Heide,
und als der Abend herniedersank,
da kommt er zur grünen Weide!
O weh, wen er dort schlafend fand,
die Blume am Hut, am grünen Band!

Du wonnigliche Nachtigall,
und Rotkehlchen hinter der Hecken,
[wollt ihr mit eurem süßen Schall]¹
den armen Ritter erwecken!
Du rote Blume hinterm Hut,
du blinkst und glänzt ja wie Blut!

Forest Legend

There once was a haughty queen,
Lovely beyond compare:
No knight was worthy of her,
She hated them all.
O you, oh beautiful woman.
For whom shall your sweet body bloom?

In the wood grew a red flower,
Oh so beautiful, that the queen decreed,
Whichever knight found the flower,
He would win her hand in marriage!
Oh, you haughty yet lovely queen!
When shall your proud soul break?

Two brothers came upon the woods,
Intent on seeking the flower:
One was a comely and gentle soul,
The other couldn't help but swear!
O knight, my horrible knight,
O hold back your awful curses!

After walking together for a little while,
They went their separate ways:
They searched in haste
Through woods and heaths.
My dear knights, rushing headlong,
Who will find the flower?

The younger trekked through woods and fields,
But did not have far to go:
Before long, he saw that in the distance by the
meadow, stood the red flower.
He tucked the flower inside his hat,
And then stretched himself out for a rest.

The other spied him, with wild urgency,
In vain had he sought the flower in the heath,
And when the evening had fallen at last,
He came to the green pasture!
O woe, when he found his sleeping brother,
The flower in his hat, behind the green ribbon!

You wonderful nightingale,
And little bluebird behind the hedges,
Won't you with your sweet song
Awaken the poor knight?
You red flower behind the hat,
You glimmer and glisten like blood!

Ein Auge blickt in wilder Freud',
des Schein hat nicht gelogen:
ein Schwert von Stahl glänzt ihm zur Seit',
das hat er nun gezogen.
Der Alte lacht unterm Weidenbaum,
der Junge lächelt wie im Traum.

Ihr Blumen, was seid ihr vom Tau so schwer?
Mir scheint, das sind gar Tränen!
Ihr Winde, was weht ihr so traurig daher,
was will euer Raunen und Wähnen?

"Im Wald, auf der grünen Heide,
da steht eine alte Weide."

Text by Gustav Mahler, after "The Singing Bone"
by Jacob & Wilhelm Grimm

An eye beholds, with savage joy.
Its gleam has never lied:
A shining steel sword hangs at his side,
Which now he draws!
The elder laughs under the willow tree,
The younger smiles, as if dreaming.

You flowers, why are you so heavy from the dew?
It seems to me that those are tears!
You winds, why do you blow so coldly?
What do your whispers mean?

"In the wood, in a green moor,
There stood an old willow tree."

Translation by Ahmed E. Ismail