Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Riccardo Muti Zell Music Director
Yo-Yo Ma Judson and Joyce Green Creative Consultant

Thursday, September 29, 2016, at 8:00
Friday, September 30, 2016, at 1:30
Saturday, October 1, 2016, at 8:00

Riccardo Muti Conductor
Joyce DiDonato Mezzo-soprano

Catalani
Contemplazione

First Chicago Symphony Orchestra performances

Martucci
La canzone dei ricordi
No . . . svaniti non sono i sogni
Cantava il ruscello la gaia canzone
Fior di ginestra
Su’l mar la navicella
Un vago mormorio mi giunge
Al folto bosco, placida ombria
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JOYCE DIDONATO

First Chicago Symphony Orchestra performances

INTERMISSION

Beethoven
Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Op. 92
Poco sostenuto—Vivace
Allegretto
Presto
Allegro con brio

These concerts are generously sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich M. Gross.
This program is partially supported by grants from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency, and the National Endowment for the Arts.
Alfredo Catalani
Born June 19, 1854; Lucca, Italy
Died August 7, 1893; Milan, Italy

Contemplazione

Composers who are known primarily for a single work are not uncommon—Dukas and *The Sorcerer’s Apprentice* is a good example—but Alfredo Catalani is an extreme case. Even La Wally, his greatest operatic success and the one work that used to keep his name before the public, has all but disappeared from the stage today, and his fame for many is now reduced to a single aria from that opera. “Ebben? Ne Andrò lontana” was central to the 1981 French cult film *Diva*; the Hollywood hit, *Philadelphia*, in 1993; and more recently, Tom Ford’s *A Single Man*.

Catalani emerged as an opera composer of unusual ambition and promise in the long interval between Verdi’s *Aida*, which was premiered in 1871, and Otello, which marked his return to opera in 1887. Catalani’s first opera, La falce (The scythe), written for his graduation from the Milan Conservatory in 1875, had a libretto by Arrigo Boito, who would soon provide the brilliant poetry for Verdi’s *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Gustav Mahler was an early advocate of Dejanice, Catalani’s third opera, composed in 1883. (Mahler regularly campaigned for its performance in Germany, preferring it to Ponchielli’s recent hit, *La Gioconda.*) After the twenty-year-old Arturo Toscanini conducted Edmea in Turin, a few months after its premiere in Milan in 1886, he became Catalani’s close friend and an important champion of his music. Although Catalani’s reputation rests on his operatic output, he wrote in many other forms—chamber music, three symphonies, a symphonic poem (*Ero e Leandro*), a mass, choral works and songs, and a number of piano pieces. *Contemplazione*, which exists both in a version for piano and for orchestra, is an early work—it was composed in 1878, while Catalani was working on his second opera, Elda—that perfectly captures Catalani’s potent lyrical gift. The impressively long, arching melody betrays Catalani’s infatuation with Wagner’s music,

It was Catalani’s final opera, La Wally, premiered at La Scala in January 1892, that was immediately viewed as his masterpiece. But Catalani’s moment in the sun was short lived. The triumphs the following year of Puccini’s first important opera, Manon Lescaut, and of Verdi’s final one, Falstaff, quickly overshadowed the success of La Wally. Late in the summer of 1893, Catalani died suddenly at the age of thirty-nine (he had suffered from tuberculosis for years), before his fame had begun to spread. News of his death reached the American press more than a month later: “It is unfortunate,” the New York Times reported, “that musical composers are for some strange reason not deemed as worthy of the attentions of the Atlantic cable as small-fry politicians . . .” Over the following years, Toscanini became La Wally’s greatest champion, conducting the U.S. premiere in 1909 and even naming his second daughter after the title character, Wally. After Mahler conducted La Wally in Hamburg, he said it was the finest Italian opera in his repertoire.

Although Catalani’s reputation rests on his operatic output, he wrote in many other forms—chamber music, three symphonies, a symphonic poem (*Ero e Leandro*), a mass, choral works and songs, and a number of piano pieces. *Contemplazione*, which exists both in a version for piano and for orchestra, is an early work—it was composed in 1878, while Catalani was working on his second opera, Elda—that perfectly captures Catalani’s potent lyrical gift. The impressively long, arching melody betrays Catalani’s infatuation with Wagner’s music,
but its voice is pure Italian—cantabile, songlike, deeply expressive. With the simplest of means—a seamless melody over gently rocking off-beat chords—Catalani conveys a world of introspection; the pace is deliberate yet leisurely, Catalani’s gaze steady, unblinking. The score’s haunting undercurrent of sadness recalls Toscanini’s comment after Catalani’s death: “The place he left will never be filled for me. And yet he who so yearned for joy was doomed never to know it.”

Giuseppe Martucci
Born January 6, 1856; Capua, Italy
Died June 1, 1909; Naples, Italy

La canzone dei ricordi

Although he grew up during the great age of Verdi—he was born two years after the premiere of La traviata—and died when Giacomo Puccini was at the peak of his success, Giuseppe Martucci is the rare Italian composer of his generation who never wrote an opera. During the 1890s, when Martucci put the final touches on his song cycle, La canzone dei ricordi (The song of memories)—the only significant vocal work in his output—his Italian colleagues turned out a string of operatic landmarks: Falstaff, Cavalleria rusticana, Manon Lescaut, La bohème, Andrea Chenier, and Tosca. But unlike Verdi, Mascagni, Puccini, Giordano, or Puccini, Martucci wrote almost nothing for voice. In fact, La canzone dei ricordi is the only substantial vocal work of his maturity.

After studying piano with his father, a trumpeter player and bandmaster in the Neapolitan army, Martucci publicly played a piece that he had composed for the first time in 1867. Soon afterwards, he began to work in Naples with Beniamino Cesi, who had studied with the great piano virtuoso and sometime Liszt rival Sigismond Thalberg. (Thalberg toured the United States in 1856 and 1857, appearing in more than eighty cities; the final concert of his American tour was in Peoria, Illinois. He eventually settled in Naples, Italy.) At the same time, the young Martucci began to study composition seriously at the Naples conservatory. At his father’s insistence, Martucci did not abandon his career as a piano virtuoso, and in 1874 he gave a concert in Rome that was highly praised by Liszt. Once he settled in Naples in 1881, where he was named conductor of the Orchestra Napoletana, Martucci established himself in that most elite circle of musicians—the triple threat of being an accomplished pianist, conductor, and composer.

In 1886, he moved to Bologna as conductor and director of the conservatory there. It was in Bologna two years later that he met Johannes Brahms, one of his idols—an unexpected role model for an Italian musician. The two did not take long to become friends, particularly once Martucci told Brahms that he had recently conducted Brahms’s Second Symphony in Naples and then began to quote the principal themes of Brahms’s major works of chamber music. Since neither knew the other’s native tongue, they ended up communicating largely in the only language

COMPOSED
1887, for voice and piano; orchestrated 1898

INSTRUMENTATION
solo voice, two flutes, two oboes and english horn, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, harp, strings

APPROXIMATE PERFORMANCE TIME
33 minutes

These are the Chicago Symphony Orchestra’s first performances.
they both knew—music—singing and humming phrases back and forth to each other. Later that same year, Martucci made headlines leading the Italian premiere of Wagner’s *Tristan and Isolde*. It was, astonishingly, the first time he had ever conducted an opera.

Martucci’s earliest works are mainly short piano pieces—of the first fifty opus numbers in his catalog, all but three are for solo piano (there also is a piano duet arrangement of themes from Verdi’s *Un ballo in maschera*). In 1886, Martucci gave the premiere of his B-flat minor piano concerto, a large score that solidified his reputation for infusing the Austrian-German tradition with an Italian sensibility, and established him as the composer responsible for the “rebirth of non-operatic Italian music,” as the composer Gian Francesco Malipiero later claimed. (Riccardo Muti and the CSO played the concerto in 2011 with Gerhard Oppitz as pianist.) But the very next year, he turned away from instrumental music and set seven poems by Rocco Emanuele Pagliara—librarian at the Naples Conservatory and a poet also favored by Tosti and Mascagni—in an ambitious song cycle called *La canzone dei ricordi* (The song of memories).

Although Mahler is often given credit for reviving the song cycle in the late nineteenth century, Martucci’s *Canzone dei ricordi* and Mahler’s first cycle, *Songs of a Wayfarer*, were composed during the same period, each man unaware of the other’s work. Both Martucci and Mahler originally wrote their songs for voice and piano in the 1880s and orchestrated them in the 1890s. Orchestral song cycles were all but unknown in Italy at the time (although Martucci may well have known Berlioz’s *Les nuits d’été*). When the famous critic Eduard Hanslick commented that Mahler’s *Wayfarer* songs were neither lieder, nor arias, nor dramatic scenes, but something of all three, he might as well have been discussing Martucci’s cycle. (The link between Mahler and Martucci deepened when Mahler programmed Martucci’s grand Second Piano Concerto for what turned out to be the last concert he ever conducted, in New York City in February 1911—the program Riccardo Muti replicated here during the centenary of Mahler’s death in 2011.)

Martucci intended his seven songs as a group—a unified set like Beethoven’s *An die ferne Geliebte*, or Schubert’s *Winterreise*, or Schumann’s *Dichterliebe*, with a narrative thread and a strong musical continuity. But he is also indebted to Berlioz’s decision to orchestrate his set of songs, *Les nuits d’été*, which created a new form, the orchestral song cycle, which went unnoticed until Martucci and Mahler picked it up half a century later. *La canzone dei ricordi* is arguably the finest realization of Martucci’s natural Italian lyricism.
combined with the harmonic complexity and instrumental finesse he had found in his championing of music by Brahms and Wagner. The orchestral writing is not only rich and descriptive, suggesting the shimmering natural world of the second song, the guitar strumming of the third, or the sparkling sea in the fourth, but captivating throughout in both its subtlety and in its occasional power. The instrumental postludes include some of the cycle’s most beautiful music. (When Arturo Toscanini, a great champion of Martucci’s music, gave the U.S. premiere in March 1941, with Bruna Castagna and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, the New York Times critic Olin Downes found the orchestration—“beautiful, often eloquent of mood”—more striking than anything else.) In the climactic sixth song, voice and orchestra together create a scene as dramatic and explosive as anything in opera.

La canzone dei ricordi is not just, as its title suggests, a song of memories, but also an exploration of the emotional complexity of trying to recapture the past—these are songs of longing, regret, and nostalgia, but also of the fleeting rapture of recovered happiness. The seven songs are not linked literally, but connected in more subtle ways—the postlude of one song, for example, setting the tone or establishing the key of the song that follows. The last song, a kind of epilogue, carries us back to the music, the words, and the key of the first, bringing us full circle, the past and the present irrevocably merged.

**LA CANZONE DEI RICORDI**

No . . . svaniti non sono i sogni

No . . . the dreams have not vanished

No . . . svaniti non sono i sogni, e cedo, e m’abbandono alle carezze loro: chiudo gli occhi pensosi, e ti rivedo come in un nimbo di faville d’oro! Tu mi sorridi amabilmente, e chiedo de’ lunghi affanni miei gentil ristoro! Alle dolci lusinghe ancora io credo al ricantar de le speranze in coro.

Ecco . . . io tendo le mani! ecco al rapito pensier già tutto esulta, e un vivo foco di sospiro, di desio corre le vene! Ma tu passi ne l’aere, a’l par di lene nuvola dileguante a poco a poco, per lontano orizzonte indefinito!

Cantava il ruscello la gaia canzone

The brook sang its cheerful tune

Cantava il ruscello la gaia canzone, cantavano i rami la festa d’aprile.

O primavera, o fulgida stagione, o bel tempo gentile!

Vagavan pe’l cielo falene lucenti, vagavan su prati, libando ogni fiore.

O primavera, o giorni sorridenti, o bel tempo d’amore!

Avea carezze d’aliti ogni sentiero; s’intrecciavano i cespi innamorati.

Oh . . . la pace fedel della foresta!

Oh . . . il soave mistero!

O primavera, o giorni sorridenti, o bel tempo d’amore!

Vagavan pe’l cielo falene lucenti, vagavan su prati, libando ogni fiore.

O primavera, o fulgida stagione, o bel tempo gentile!

Wandering butterflies brightened the sky, crossing the meadows, drinking from each flower.

O springtime, oh smiling days, oh beautiful time of love!

Every path was caressed by breezes, the hedges entwined as if in love.

Oh . . . the constant peace of the forest!

Oh . . . its gentle mystery!
Sovra'l mio volto pallido,
sovra la bruna testa,
candidi e profumati,
come nembo divino,
pioveano i petali del bianco spino!
Cantava il ruscello la gaia canzone, cantavan fra’ rami melodiche voci. O primavera, o rapida stagione, o rei giorni veloci!

**Fior di ginestra**
—Fior di ginestra,
io sono lo scolar, voi la maestra:
Guardandovi ne’l volto tutto imparo:
voi la maestra siete, io lo scolaro!

Così dicea la dolce serenata, cosi dicea la serenata mesta . . .
Dunque, su’l volto mio, imparasti l’obliò?

—Fior di viola,
sconsolata fra tutte è un’alma sola:
su’l suo sentier non brilla amor nè speme.
—Vogliamo, o bella, far la strada insieme?

Così dicea la dolce serenata, cosi dicea la serenata mesta . . .

—Vogliamo, o bella, far la strada insieme?

Ed ora ove sei tu? Vedi, son sola!
e piango, e piango, e piango! . . .

**Su’l mar la navicella**
Su’l mar la navicella,
vaga conchiglia nera,
fuggía, leggera e snella,
per la tranquilla sera.

Parea, come sospinta
dall’ala del disio,
e l’anima era vinta
da un infinito obliò . . .

Su’l nostro cap’il volo degli alcioni
e l’aleggiar de le brezze serene,
e mormoravan languide canzoni,
a’ flutti in sen, fantastiche sirene.

Più vivo, in ogni stella,
c’era un folgore arcano:
fuggia la navicella,
su’l mar, lontan, lontano . . .

**Broom flower**
—Broom flower,
I am the pupil, you the teacher.
Gazing into your face I learn everything:
you are the teacher, I the pupil!

That is how the sweet serenade went, that is how the sad serenade went . . .
Did you learn, then, gazing upon my face, how to forget?

—Violet flower,
Unhappiest of all is the lonely spirit:
on its path shines neither love nor hope.
—My fair one, shall we take this walk together?

That is how the sweet serenade went, that is how the sad serenade went . . .

—My beauty, shall we take this walk together?

And where are you now? Look, I am all alone!
And I weep, and weep, and weep! . . .

**Over the sea the little boat**
Over the sea the little boat,
like a pretty black seashell,
sailed off, swift and light,
in the quiet evening.

It seemed to be moved
by the wings of desire,
and my soul was overwhelmed
by an infinite oblivion . . .

Above our heads the kingfishers soared
and gentle breezes stirred the air,
and fantastical sirens murmured languorous songs
among the waves.

In the glimmer of every star
there shone an arcane brightness:
as the boat sailed off,
on the sea, far, far away . . .
**Un vago mormorio mi giunge**

Un vago mormorio mi giunge: muta, rimango ad origliare, e il cor tremante una dolce speranza risaluta:

Ahi, mi par di vederlo a me d’innante! . . .

Ma ’l mormorio che m’ha portato ’l vento è sussurro di rami e non d’amor!

L’inganno è già svanito d’un momento: torna a piangere ancor!

Lambisce ’l capo mio gentil carezza, e mi riscote e turba i sensi miei: de la sua man la tepida dolcezza parmi sentir, come ne’ giorni bei.

Ma l’alessiar che’l crine m’ha sfiorato è carezza d’auretta e non d’amor!

L’inganno d’un istante è dileguato: torna a piangere ancor!

**A quiet murmuring reaches me**

A quiet murmuring reaches me: speechless, I stop and listen, and my trembling heart feels hope once more.

Alas, I think I see him before me! . . .

But the murmuring sound brought by the wind is the whisper of branches and not of love!

The illusion has faded in a moment: I return to weep once more!

A soft caress brushes my head, startling me and troubling my senses:

I seem to feel his hand’s sweet warmth as in happier days.

But the gentle touch upon my hair is the caress of a soft breeze, and not of love!

The illusion of a moment has faded: I return to weep once more!

**Al folto bosco, placida ombria**

Al folto bosco, placida ombria, ove sciogliemmo l’inno d’amore, sempre ritorna l’anima mia, triste, languente, nel suo dolore!

Ahi, più fedeli, forse, le fronde serbano l’eco de’ miei sospiri: ancor, fra’ rami, forse, s’asconde, la nota estrema de’ miei deliri!

O dolce notte, o pallide stelle misteriose, o profumi de l’aria, O malia delle rose!

Voi mi turbaste l’anima, col vostro influsso arcano di novi desiderii in un tumulto strano!

Voi, ne’ silenzi estatici di mite alba lunar, voi mi faceste piangere, voi mi faceste amar!

Occhi profondi e mistici che vincer mi sapeste, che vi compose’l fascino delle pupille meste?

Ne’l petto ancor mi tremano le vostre fiamme ardenti; v’ascolto ancora, o languidi sospiri, o caldi accenti!

Ah! voi, nell’incantesimo di bianca alba lunar,

**To the thick woods and peaceful shade**

To the thick woods and peaceful shade where we sang our hymn of love my soul always returns, sad and tormented in its sorrow!

Ah, perhaps the branches, more faithful, conserve the echo of my sighs: perhaps, among the entangled boughs, my cries of ecstasy still hide!

Oh, sweet night, oh pale, mysterious stars!

Oh, fragrances lingering in the air, oh, magic spell of roses!

It was you who moved my soul with your mysterious powers, awakening new desires, in a strange confusion!

You, in the rapturous silences of the soft moonrise, it was you who made me weep, you who made me love!

Eyes, deep and pure, that first won my love, who cast the enchanting spell of your melancholy gaze?

Your ardent flames tremble still within my heart; I hear you still, oh languorous sighs, oh passionate words!

Ah, it was you, in the magic of the soft moonrise . . .
voi mi faceste piangere, 
voi mi faceste amar. 
Occhi profondi e mistici, 
voi mi faceste amar!

No . . . svaniti non sono i sogni
No . . . svaniti non sono i sogni, e cedo, 
e m’abbandono a le tristezze loro: 
chiudo gli occhi pensosi, e ti rivedo 
come in un nimbo di faville d’oro . . .
Ma . . . tu passi nell’aere, 
dileguante . . . per lontano orizzonte . . .
indefinito!

Eyes, so deep and pure, 
it was you who made me love!

No . . . the dreams have not vanished
No . . . the dreams have not vanished, and I yield, 
and abandon myself to their melancholy:
pensively I close my eyes, and see you once again 
as in a cloud of shimmering golden rays!
But . . . you fade into the air, 
vanishing . . . into the far away, 
indefinite . . . horizon!

Text: Rocco Emanuele Pagliara

Edited and translated by Alessandra Visconti
Alessandra Visconti is the Italian language coach for the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

Ludwig van Beethoven
Born December 16, 1770; Bonn, Germany
Died March 26, 1827; Vienna, Austria

Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Op. 92

Here is what Goethe wrote after he first met Beethoven during the summer of 1812:

His talent amazed me; unfortunately, he is an utterly untamed personality, who is not altogether in the wrong in holding the world to be detestable, but surely does not make it any the more enjoyable either for himself or for others by his attitude.

We’re told that the two men walked together through the streets of Teplitz, where Beethoven had gone for the summer, and exchanged cordial words. When royalty approached, Goethe stepped aside, tipping his hat and bowing deeply; Beethoven, indifferent to mere nobility, walked on. This was a characteristic Beethoven gesture: defiant, individual, strongly humanitarian, intolerant of hypocrisy—and many listeners find its essence reflected in his music. But before confusing the myth with the man, consider that, throughout his life, Beethoven clung to the “van” in his name because it was so easily confused with “von” and its suggestion of lofty bloodlines.

Without question, Beethoven’s contemporaries thought him a complicated man, perhaps even the utterly untamed personality Goethe found him. He was a true eccentric, who adored the elevated term Tondichter (poet in sound) and refused to correct a rumor that he was the illegitimate son of the king of Prussia, but looked like a homeless person (his outfit once caused his arrest.

Above: Life mask of Ludwig van Beethoven (bronze, ca. 1812) from the Theodore Thomas collection in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra’s Rosenthal Archives
PHOTO BY FINN ROSS
for vagrancy). There were other curious contradictions: he was disciplined and methodical—like many a modern-day concertgoer, he would rise early and make coffee by grinding a precise number of coffee beans—but lived in a squalor he alone could tolerate. Certainly modern scholarship, as it chips away at the myth, finds him ever more complex.

We don’t know what Goethe truly thought of his music, and perhaps that’s just as well, for Goethe’s musical taste was less advanced than we might hope (he later admitted he thought little of Schubert’s songs). The general perception of Beethoven’s music in 1812 was that it was every bit as difficult and unconventional as the man himself—even, perhaps, to most ears, utterly untamed.

This is our greatest loss today. For Beethoven’s widespread familiarity—of a dimension known to no other composer—has blinded us not only to his vision (so far ahead of his time that he was thought out of fashion in his last years), but also to the uncompromising and disturbing nature of the music itself.

His Seventh Symphony is so well known to us today that we can’t imagine a time that knew Beethoven, but not this glorious work. But that was the case when the poet and the composer walked together in Teplitz in July 1812. Beethoven had finished the A major symphony three months earlier—envisioning a premiere for that spring that did not materialize—but the first performance would not take place for another year and a half, on December 8, 1813.

That night in Vienna gave the rest of the nineteenth century plenty to talk about. No other symphony of Beethoven’s so openly invited interpretation—not even his Sixth, the self-proclaimed Pastoral Symphony, with its bird calls, thunderstorm, and frank evocation of something beyond mere eighth notes and bar lines. To Richard Wagner, Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony was “the apotheosis of the dance.” Berlioz heard a ronde des paysans in the first movement. (Choreographers in our own time have proven that this music is not, however, easily danceable.) And there were other readings as well, most of them finding peasant festivities and bacchic orgies where Beethoven wrote, simply, vivace.
The true significance of Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony is to be found in the notes on the page—in his distinctive use of rhythm and pioneering sense of key relationships. By the time it’s over, we can no longer hear the ordinary rhythm of a dotted eighth note followed by a sixteenth note in the same way again, and—even if we have no technical terms to explain it—we sense that our basic understanding of harmony has been turned upside down.

Take Beethoven’s magnificent introduction, of unprecedented size and ambitious intentions. He begins decisively in A major, but at the first opportunity moves away—not to the dominant (E major) as historical practice and textbooks recommended, but to the unlikely regions of C major and F major. Beethoven makes it clear that he won’t be limited to the seven degrees of the A major scale (which contains neither C- nor F-natural) in planning his harmonic itinerary. We will hear more from both keys, and by the time he’s done, Beethoven will have convinced us not only that C and F sound comfortably at home in an A major symphony, but that A major can be made to seem like the visitor! But that comes later in his scheme.

First we move from the spacious vistas of the introduction into the joyous song of the Vivace. Getting there is a challenge Beethoven relishes, and many a music lover has marveled at his passage of transition, in which stagnant, repeated E’s suddenly catch fire with the dancing dotted rhythm that will carry us through the entire movement. The development section brings new explorations of C and F, and the coda is launched by a spectacular, long-sustained crescendo that is said to have convinced Carl Maria von Weber that Beethoven was “ripe for the madhouse.”

The Allegretto is as famous as any music Beethoven wrote, and it was a success from the first performance, when a repeat was demanded. At the indicated tempo, it is hardly a slow movement, but it is sufficiently slower than the music that precedes it to provide a feeling of relaxation.

By designing the Allegretto in A minor, Beethoven has moved one step closer to F major; he now dares to write the next movement in that unauthorized, but by now familiar, key. And he can’t resist rubbing it in a bit, by treating A major, when it arrives on the scene, not as the main key of the symphony, but as a visitor in a new world. We don’t need a course in harmony to recognize that Beethoven has taken us through the looking glass, and that everything is turned on its head.

To get back where we belong, Beethoven simply shatters the glass with the two fortissimo chords that open the finale and usher us into a triumphant fury of music so adamantly in A major that we forget any past harmonic digressions. When C and F major return—as they were destined to do—in the development section, they sound every bit as remote as they did in the symphony’s introduction, and we sense that we have come full circle.

Phillip Huscher has been the program annotator for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra since 1987.

In Memoriam

EDGAR MUENZER (1927–2016)
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra family mourns the loss of Edgar Muenzer, who died on July 22, 2016, following a long illness. Appointed by Fritz Reiner in 1956, he was a member of the violin section for forty-seven years until his retirement in 2003. Muenzer was a longtime member of the CSO Alumni Association, serving for many years on its board of directors. These performances are dedicated to his memory.