

# A 90th Birthday Celebration

**2018–2019 Season**  
**324th Concert**

Saturday 23 February 2019  
Dalton Center Recital Hall  
4:00 p.m.

## **HONORING PHYLLIS RAPPEPORT** **Professor Emerita, 1966–96**

**Joseph Turrin**  
b. 1947

### ***Caprice (1972)***

Scott Thornburg, Trumpet  
Silvia Roederer, Piano

**Aaron Copland**  
1900–1990

### ***Billy the Kid***

Excerpts from the ballet  
II. In a Frontier Town  
VI. The Open Prairie Again

Tracy Cowden, Piano  
Carl Witt, Piano

**Enrique Granados**  
1867–1916

### **“Maiden and the Nightingale” from *Goyescas***

Mac McClure, Piano

**Francis Poulenc**  
1899–1963

### ***Sonata for Two Pianos***

III. Andante lyrico  
Susan Osborn, Piano  
Janlee Richter, Piano

**Ingolf Dahl**  
1912–1970

***Quodlibet on American Folk Tunes:  
“The Fancy Blue Devil’s Breakdown”***  
(for 2 pianos and 8 hands)

Tina Gorter, Piano  
Steve Hesla, Piano  
Lori Sims, Piano  
Catherine Walker, Piano

**Leonard Bernstein**  
1918–1990

***Sonata for Clarinet and Piano***  
II. Andantino – Vivace e leggiero

Bradley Wong, Clarinet  
Helen Lukan, Piano

**Robert Schumann**  
1810–1856  
**Richard Rodgers**  
1902–1979

***Widmung***  
***An die Musik***  
***You’ll Never Walk Alone***

Carl Ratner, Baritone  
JoAnn Kulesza, Piano

Building emergencies will be indicated by flashing lights and spoken announcement within the seating area. If the notification is for fire, please exit the building immediately. The tornado safe area in Dalton Center is along the lockers in the brick hallway to your left as you exit to the lobby behind you. In any emergency, walk—do not run—to the nearest exit. Please turn off all cell phones and other electronic devices during the performance. Because of legal issues, any video or audio recording of this performance is forbidden without prior consent from the School of Music. Thank you for your cooperation.

**PHYLLIS RAPPEPORT** is Professor Emerita of Music at Western Michigan University, where she taught piano and accompanying during a distinguished 30-year career. She holds degrees from the University of Illinois and Queens College in New York City, and studied in Hamburg as a Fulbright Scholar. She also studied chamber music at Tanglewood and the Mannes College of Music in New York, and served as a staff accompanist at Aspen Music Festival.

Before pursuing graduate studies, Rappeport served as assistant director of the Turnau Opera Players of New York. While there, she met future colleague William “Bill” Appel. In 1978, she collaborated with colleague and fellow pianist C. Curtis-Smith to perform a two piano version of Igor Stravinsky’s *Rite of Spring*.

When the Fontana Music Festival was founded in 1980, Rappeport was counted among the original members, where she performed both as a soloist and within ensembles. She also organized an anti-nuclear arms benefit concert during a period of high tension between the U.S. and Soviet Union during the 80s.

In 1987, she was honored with the Community Medal of Arts Award. Western awarded her the Alumni Award for Teaching Excellence, and in 1995 she received the Distinguished Service Award from the College of Fine Arts.

For many years, Rappeport was involved with Colleagues International, formerly the Council of International Programs (CIP), which brings international professionals to the Kalamazoo area. She served as a host for many years and, for a time, oversaw finding and assigning host families for the incoming professionals.

She was a visiting Professor of Piano at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, and at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Though she enjoyed the experiences, she was always glad to return to Kalamazoo and Western Michigan University.

Phyllis would like to thank all her former students and colleagues for making the effort to come to this occasion, and, above all, to Sheryl Freudenburg, Kevin West and Brad Wong, and Lori Sims, the person who conceived of this program and saw it through.

## **PIANO LESSONS**

by Billy Collins

*My teacher lies on the floor with a bad back  
off to the side of the piano.  
I sit up straight on the stool.  
He begins by telling me that every key  
is like a different room  
and I am a blind man who must learn  
to walk through all twelve of them  
without hitting the furniture.  
I feel myself reach for the first doorknob.*

*He tells me that every scale has a shape  
and I have to learn how to hold  
each one in my hands.  
At home I practice with my eyes closed.  
C is an open book.  
D is a vase with two handles.  
G flat is a black boot.  
E has the legs of a bird.*

*He says the scale is the mother of the chords.  
I can see her pacing the bedroom floor  
waiting for her children to come home.  
They are out at nightclubs shading and lighting  
all the songs while couples dance slowly  
or stare at one another across tables.  
This is the way it must be. After all,  
just the right chord can bring you to tears  
but no one listens to the scales,  
no one listens to their mother.*

*I am doing my scales,  
the familiar anthems of childhood.  
My fingers climb the ladder of notes  
and come back down without turning around.  
Anyone walking under this open window  
would picture a girl of about ten  
sitting at the keyboard with perfect posture,  
not me slumped over in my bathrobe, disheveled,  
like a white Horace Silver.*

*I am learning to play  
“It Might As Well Be Spring”  
but my left hand would rather be jingling  
the change in the darkness of my pocket  
or taking a nap on an armrest.  
I have to drag him in to the music  
like a difficult and neglected child.  
This is the revenge of the one who never gets  
to hold the pen or wave good-bye,  
and now, who never gets to play the melody.*

*Even when I am not playing, I think about the piano.  
It is the largest, heaviest,  
and most beautiful object in this house.  
I pause in the doorway just to take it all in.  
And late at night I picture it downstairs,  
this hallucination standing on three legs,  
this curious beast with its enormous moonlit smile.*