

Post-Celebration Invitation

Please join us in the Assembly Hall immediately following the program.

William Appling Singers & Orchestra Board

Debra Lew Harder

Glenna Hazeltine

Cecily P. Maguire

Diane Marazzi

William McClelland

D. Eric Pogue

Tobias Tumarkin

Janet L. Wolfe

A New Recording Featuring William Appling

Fascinated by the musical complexity and level of sophistication of Scott Joplin's music, William Appling spent his last several years investigating the music and life of this composer. In 2004, Bill recorded a Joplin/Bach CD, an outgrowth of his investigation. Intending to present the complete piano works he recorded everything but the marches, which he was saving for last. William McClelland and George Faddoul will be working to complete this project in the release of a 5-CD set.

The announcement of the completed project will be made at www.muzen.com/waso.html. If you are interested in being notified about the release, please send Bill McClelland an email note to waso@muzen.com.

Appreciation

Appreciation is extended to World Music Library Publications for providing the choir with complimentary copies of "We Shall Walk Through the Valley in Peace."

Program illustrations are courtesy of Warehouse Agency NYC.

A Memoir

In my first memory I have of my brother William, my mother was holding him in her arms in our living room. The day was cold and unusually bright for a winter morning in Cleveland. William had been in the hospital, and after having been under care by so many unknown people, he was extremely possessive of his mother. Apparently I had heard so much from my parents about going to get William from Lakeside Hospital that I had wanted to be a part of the welcoming too. As I looked up at him in my mother's arms, I decided to greet him. By standing on my toes, with one hand on my mother for support, I used the other hand to greet him by poking him with my finger. He recoiled from my touch with disdain and seemed to say, "Don't come near me and my mother!" Having been so thoroughly rejected I retreated to another room and went about my business with toys and comics, never to think of him again. I remember no other interaction with William from that wintry date until a certain summer Friday afternoon. I know it was summer because the windows were open, and I also know it was a Friday because my mother was cooking fish in the kitchen. We were not Catholic, but the fish peddlers came around on Fridays to sell fish to the Hungarians in the neighborhood and my parents often bought their fish. And, it was on that particular day my mother reintroduced William to me. I was either playing with a toy or doing some other idle thing that children often do to amuse themselves. My mother silently tiptoed into

the room and put her finger to her lips indicating I should be very quiet, and then beckoned me to follow her. We tiptoed to the doorway of the living room and stood perfectly still. What I had not seen and heard previously, and was totally unaware, was flooding my eyes and ears: my three-year-old brother William was standing at the piano playing popular tunes of the day. He used no single playing finger. He used both hands and any finger the music seemed to require. He played the piano until he noticed that we were watching him. Only then did he stop and go out on the front porch. I immediately went over to the piano to try my luck while the piano was in a playing mood, but nothing happened. Only William had been granted the special gift of unraveling the code for playing music on the piano that had stood idle in our living room.

When I used to visit William in Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, we used to reminisce about those kinds of things in our childhood and the lack of sibling rivalry between us, and he said, "We never had fights like some brothers. And you were always there for me. You came to my concerts. And you gave me your honest opinions." And, I told him, "I always thought I had a private musician who was teaching me the piano repertoire without my touching the piano."

He is much beloved and I am missing him.

Harold Appling
August 29, 2008