



Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky - Age 40 (1975)

Another promotional photo in the series taken by Sophie Baker, required when André grew a beard in the summer of 1975. This was the last series of promotional photos taken of André. Sophie Baker was the photographer for other musicians at Harrison/Parrott, including Stephen Kovacevitch.

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

The first historical reference to Cumnor is in the Domesday Book, compiled by William the Conqueror in the year 1085, to get in writing for the first time a record of the revenues due the Crown from the barons and churches of England. The name "Cumnor" is Anglo-Saxon, meaning, "Cumma's hill slope," Cumma being an eighth century Abbot at the nearby Abingdon Abbey. Cumnor is probably best known as the village where Amy Robsart died. Robsart was married to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Dudley was the "favorite" of Queen Elizabeth I. Dudley fell from favor on September 8, 1560, when Amy Robsart was found at the bottom of a staircase with her neck broken.

Cumnor is a charming rural village free of the tourist hoards that invade nearby Oxford. Knowledgeable Oxfordites wanting a pub lunch will avoid the crowded Oxford pubs and slip down a back road to Cumnor, perhaps to the Bear and Ragged Staff. The public rooms are snugly concealed in an ancient building with low doorways, some of which are marked "Duck or Grouse." You won't see many tourists. André Tchaikowsky loved the place.

Hampstead had represented a refuge from the concert circuit, a quiet place to recover from touring, to be among friends and pleasant surroundings, and a place conducive to composition. Cumnor was an almost monastic retreat from all interruptions and social obligations, a place where he could practice endlessly without disturbing anyone, where he could compose and start on his autobiography. Eve Harrison encouraged André's move from Hampstead to Cumnor. Eve Harrison:

"When I told André that he didn't have to live in Hampstead, that he could live anywhere he wanted, he became very excited about the possibilities. When we started our search, there was one feature the house had to have: a place to practice where it wouldn't bother anyone. During André's last year at Hampstead, a writer had moved in and was home all day. He was directly above André and piano music at all hours bothered the hell out of him. This made André uncomfortable every time he played the piano. There was also this problem of too many acquaintances stopping by and interrupting his practice or composing time. So this place was just perfect for André.

"André loved an aura of Academia, with libraries, lectures, and culture, so he picked Oxford. Cumnor was perfect because he had the countryside. When he first saw the house at 30, The Park, he stood on the second floor looking out the master bedroom window. There was a view of the woods and grass and the nearby cricket field, and the sun was setting; it was quite peaceful and just what André wanted. When an inspection of the house showed that a wall could be removed to make room for his piano, André waited no longer; he purchased the house.

"André left for a tour of Australia and New Zealand before moving in. In his absence, we got a few friends together and redecorated the place. Then we moved his personal things in, except for the piano, which was moved professionally by Steinway. André had so little. One load in a small truck was sufficient to take care of everything.

"Cumnor relieved André's problem of people stopping in. At Hampstead, he used to tell visitors they had called at a good time, when often they hadn't. Even when they called while he was practicing or composing, he would take the time to talk to them. Only later would he resent the fact that he was being taken away from what he wanted to do. Now fewer people stopped by. André gave his telephone number only to his closest friends and a telephone answering machine handled his calls."

Artist-in-Residence (1976)

André planned to devote many hours of diligent practice to his preparations for the 23 Mozart piano concertos in Australia. But 1975 proved to be eventful and exciting, and practice time slipped by. The premiere of his piano concerto, and the temporary moves between the time he left his Hampstead apartment and his preparations for his relocation in Cumnor, distracted from learning some of the concertos. January of 1976 brought on a frantic effort. Ready or not, by early March, 1976, André was on his way to Australia.

Of the 27 Mozart Piano Concertos, the first four are based on themes of other composers, so the concerto series of 23 would begin with concerto No.5. André planned three concertos per concert for each of eight concerts. To have things come out even, Rondo in A was added to program number 6. Everything was played from memory. The seven-week schedule was:

Concert 1.	March 22, 1976	No.5 (K175), No.6 (K238), No.7 (K242, for 3 pianos)
Concert 2.	March 29, 1976	No.8 (K246), No.9 (K271), No. 10 (K365, for 2 pianos)
Concert 3.	April 1, 1976	No. 11 (K413), No. 12 (K414), No. 13 (K415)
Concert 4.	April 5, , 1976	No. 14 (K449), No. 15 (K450), No. 16 (K451)
Concert 5.	April 26, 1976	No. 17 (K453), No. 18 (K456), No. 19 (K459)
Concert 6.	April 29, 1976	No. 20 (K466), No. 21 (K467), Rondo in A (K386)
Concert 7.	May 3, 1976	No. 22 (K482), No. 23 (K488), No. 24 (K491)
Concert 8.	May 10, 1976	No. 25 (K503), No. 26 (K537), No. 27 (K595)

A summary of the reviews include:

Concert 1.

No.5 (K175) *The West Australian* (Peter Hellstrom) - In the first work played -- catalogued by Kochel as 175 -- Mr. Tchaikowsky brought out the essence of a singing tone, which helped make Mozart's glory. This was particularly noticeable in the second movement, an andante, which has a beautiful theme. The flowing arpeggios and other passage work in the outer movements emerged like a sparkling river, excellent control.

No.6 (K238) *The West Australian* (Peter Hellstrom) - The performance of the B-flat concerto, K.238, again showed the insight of conductor, soloist and orchestra into Mozart. Its lyricism was matched effectively by the soloist's playing of the exhilarating virtuoso work.

No.7 (K242) *The West Australian* (Peter Hellstrom) - In the concerto for three pianos, K.242, Mme Carrard and Mr. Hind were worthy soloists with Mr. Tchaikowsky. Mme Carrard, whose tradition dates back to Liszt and Beethoven through her early teaching professor, showed the hallmarks of a true artist. Her fluency, exquisite phrasing and feeling for integration compared with Mr. Tchaikowsky's control of touch and clear exposition of the melodies and ornamentation. Mr. Hind was excellent in his lesser role, making it count for more than mere occasional accompaniment.

Concert 2.

No.8 (K246) *The West Australian* (Margaret Seares) - The opening concerto of the evening's programme, the concerto in C major, proved in retrospect to be more of a settling-in period

for both soloist and orchestra. Tchaikowsky gave a somewhat low-key rendition of this often spirited concerto and seemed most at home in the lyrical andante.

No.9 (K271) *The West Australian* (Margaret Seares) - This concert will surely be remembered for a long time, in particular for the performance of Mozart's Concerto in E-flat major, which, in the capable hands of André Tchaikowsky and [conductor] John Exton, was revealed as one of the masterpieces of the concerto literature. The opening movement of this concerto presents to the listener a new challenge in the boldness of its musical ideas, and this point was clearly underlined by Mr. Tchaikowsky's masterly reading of the solo part. The slow movement of the work presents one of Mozart's most passionate and deeply felt utterances and this quality was sensitively portrayed by Tchaikowsky's eloquent and moving reading.

No. 10 (365) *The West Australian* (Margaret Seares) - The final concerto on the programme was the Double Concerto in which André Tchaikowsky and David Bollard revealed themselves to be two very compatible and temperamentally suited musicians in this somewhat perfunctory but enjoyable work.

Concert 3.

No. 11 (K413) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The third concert consisted of the three 1782 concertos, only one of which is much played in concert. Although they are often grouped together in discussions of Mozart's work, they differ considerably. The F major (K413) was almost chamber music and could be played as a piano quintet at a pinch.

No. 12 (K414) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The more familiar A major (K414, not the famous K488, also in A) was an attractive, outlooking work which did much to enhance Mozart's reputation. It received a delightful performance.

No. 13 (K415) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - I had never heard the C major (K415) before and it came as a great surprise to find that this neglected work is quite different from all its predecessors and, with a larger orchestra, it was a kind of a launching pad for the 1784 masterpiece.

Concert 4.

No. 14 (K449) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The fourth concert brought the first of those great 1784 works and the first disappointment in performance and interpretation (K449). The opening allegro should be almost electric in its tension, rather reminiscent of the nervous intelligence of C. P. Bach. In performance, it was rather slow and much too relaxed.

No. 15 (K450) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - K450 (another B-flat major) has a soloistic dominance unique in the concertos. André Tchaikowsky was superb in the many bravura passages.

No. 16 (K451) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The rarely heard D major (K451) was a complete contrast with a well developed symphonic first movement. Its massive architecture calls for a larger orchestra, with flute, bassoons, trumpets and timpani joining the usual oboes and horns. This concerto had a glorious performance and it was fitting that Pamela Bryce, the leader, was called to take a bow with the soloist and conductor. This time there was no light-hearted encore. André Tchaikowsky shut the keyboard very firmly as well he might. Much as he loves these works, to perform them all in such a short time must be a grueling task.

Concert 5.

No. 17 (K453) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The G major (K453), one of the most familiar in performance and played by the Menuhins last year in Perth, received a glorious performance in the last movement, which is based on a theme whistled by Mozart's pet starling. The rising

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repetition of two notes can be very dull but some subtle accenting by the strings, led by Pamela Bryce, made it very vivid and set the pattern for all the variations.

No. 18 (K456) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The concerto K456 perhaps didn't receive its just attention. It is quite different from all the other mature concertos, being of a more intimate nature. Although more of a chamber work, it is not slighter than the others and to regard it as a throwback to earlier works is a mistake.

No. 19 (K459) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The same Mozartian genius in exploiting every possibility of a single theme which is even greater in the first movement of K459 unhappily did not get like attention.

Concert 6.

No. 20 (K466) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The 0 minor was the grandmother of the Romantic concerto. Although the orchestra imported another cellist, the menacing triplets in the bass of the opening bars of the 0 minor were too bland. There should be the subterranean rumblings which build up to the volcanic eruption of the first forte. This force and passionate fury is rare in Mozart and, in the days when automatic progress was the vogue, was admired as a forerunner of Beethoven.

No. 21 (K467) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - The C major (K467) entered the popular music field through films [Elvira Madigan]. The opening of K467, bright and lively, was considered a relapse from K466 by the Romantics but modern opinion ranks it as one of Mozart's greatest pieces of orchestral writing. It was handled beautifully by soloist and orchestra and they rose to even greater heights in the famous slow movement. Perhaps they might have played it a trifle slower because the slower the tempo (within reason), the more haunting its beauty; however, the wind playing, so vital here, was admirable and the soloist perfect. I'm sure that the performers would agree with this because they played it all through again as an encore; as far as the audience were concerned, they could have played it twenty times over.

Rondo (K386) *The Record* (H.T.G.) - On Monday, the concert began with a Rondo (K386) written as a substitute last movement for K414. It is almost never played in public and proved rather tame, more akin to a piano sonata than an integrated concerto movement.

Concert 7.

[Could not locate any reviews for concert 7, which included No. 22 (K482), No. 23 (K488) and No. 24 (K491).]

Concert 8.

No. 25 (K503) *The West Australian* (Derek Moore Morgan) - André Tchaikowsky approached this piece with confidence and with great clarity of touch, with a subtle combination of power and delicacy, and he was competently backed by the University Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Associate Professor John Exton. With the partly amateur orchestra, Mr. Tchaikowsky showed a strong yet courteous lead at all times. His reading was far from purist, with a freedom of interpretation which showed itself particularly in the cadenza passage -- most noticeably in a fleeting reference to Bizet's "Carmen," an unlikely bedfellow for the 18th century.

No. 26 (K537) *The West Australian* (Derek Moore Morgan) - In the D major concerto a brief memory lapse made one reflect again on the huge demands made on solo performers who are required to carry in their heads a complete repertoire, often of great size and complexity, thus having to prove themselves not only outstanding musicians and interpreters, but also

memory banks. The orchestra could learn something from the soloist's elegance of phrasing and control of nuance.

No. 27 (K595) *The West Australian* (Derek Moore Morgan) - If progress is to be the guide, Mozart ended with the chamber concerto, K595, the most personal of documents. However, passion and fury were certainly wanting from the performance but that was redeemed by the moving beauty of the Romance in which the contrasting middle section of passion in the piano, with consoling comments from the winds, was totally admirable.

The Mozart piano concerto series was enormously successful. The music critic for *The Record* (H.T.G) wrote, "An enthusiastic audience packed the Octagon Theatre for most concerts with people sitting in the aisles, all enthralled by one of the greatest musical experiences in the history of Perth." *The West Australian* music critic, Derek Moore Morgan, reported, "The opportunity afforded to audiences of hearing the entire range of Mozart's concerti is rarely offered, and the promoters are to be congratulated on their imagination. For younger musicians to have the opportunity of working closely with an artist of André Tchaikowsky's calibre must be rewarding and can only lead to raised standards of performance."

The Polish violinist Wanda Wilkomirska made an effort to get to André's last Mozart concerto program. Wanda Wilkomirska:

"I hadn't seen André for years, really years. Then suddenly I came to Australia for my third or fourth time, and I read that André is playing all the Mozart Concerti in less than two months. I thought this was a fantastic achievement! I checked my itinerary and saw that I could catch the last concert, because I was playing in Perth. In Australia, they give you three days or so between concerts to give the artist a break. They wanted me in Sydney, but I asked if they could change it and send me sooner to Perth, because I wanted to see André Tchaikowsky. It was no problem.

"I wrote a letter to André that I was dying to see him. I asked him to please get me a ticket for the concert because I won't be there in time to get one myself. Then after the concert, we could see each other. Well, I never got an answer, but I went to Perth anyway. At the hotel, at reception, there was a note: How wonderful to meet in Australia, but please don't come to my concert as it would be an additional pressure and I cannot play this music at all.

Love, André

"Of course I didn't go. It's a normal thing with us. If I ask sometimes, or if friends ask me, not to come, it's serious. It's an additional pressure. After the concert, André came and just knocked on the door where I was staying. He was thin and had a beard and a funny Florida shirt over slacks. He looked much more bent over than ever. Of course he was always making jokes and kept up a running kind of flirtation, always touching you or holding you to him. You know that he doesn't mean anything. He was very charming. We had a nice evening together.

"The next day, we spent the whole day together. Then I went to the university and he showed me his room. I don't know how he managed to always have a disaster in his room, even with the maids there. We tried to play Brahms together. André was so full of ideas that he somehow lost Brahms, at least in my eyes and ears. So we quarreled a bit about the parts in the piece and we disagreed on the interpretation. We dropped it and went for a walk and more talking.

"He came to my recital and gave me the most wonderful criticism I ever had. André spoke almost as long as the recital, and he talked with so much knowledge. The next day, we talked

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for hours, and I'm a big talker, but with André I was listening. He didn't really care that he was 40 years old and didn't play with the major orchestras."

With the end of the Mozart series, André had a few days of relaxation before leaving for concerts in South Africa. André continued to be a hit with the students at Currie Hall. Another student remembering André during his visits was Iain Massey. Iain recalls:

"I shall always retain the fondest memories of that kind, witty, careful, tolerant, humble, and brilliant man. My interest in music was purely amateur and André was to me a friend first and musician second. I was a first-year undergraduate studying classics and philosophy, living at Currie Hall, and habitually going barefooted. Kids here, as in the United States, are commonly expected to study something 'useful,' and those who study 'The Yarts' are often thought to be wasting time and money. I shall always be grateful for André's implicit understanding of why I chose to spend my undergraduate years as I did.

"There was an occasion when, having been up all night, I was turned out of my room by the cleaners at the unholy hour of 8:30 am. I went round to visit André, and when I nodded off he left me to sleep in his flat all morning, returning at lunchtime with bread, cheese, sausage, salads, fruit juices, etc. His courtesy and consideration were boundless. André was often included in our endless round of earnest conversations. No doubt we were callow and repetitive, but he took an interest in us none the less.

"Subsequently, being a hopeless correspondent, I lost touch with him entirely until, having gone in 1979 to Oxford for graduate work in ancient Greek philosophy, I saw a poster advertising a benefit concert for the transcendental meditation movement to be given at the Holywell Music Rooms by André Tchaikowsky. I went backstage afterwards to introduce myself and after a moment's blankness I was greeted with an embrace and, 'Oh, the barefoot philosopher!'"

André had already advised Sir Frank Callaway, the head of the music department at the University of Western Australia, that he was afraid of becoming a "mascot" and didn't want to return as Artist-in-Residence for 1977, or even for the next few years. He left at the end of May and headed for South Africa for some concerts and to see his good friend and opera collaborator, John O'Brien.

It was written into André's contract for the South African concerts that if blacks were not allowed to buy tickets and to attend the concerts, then he could refuse to play. This led to concerts in Capetown, where blacks could attend, and no concerts in Johannesburg. In Capetown, he gave two concerto concerts (Mozart K466, Prokofiev 3rd) and a recital. Afterwards, he flew 1,000 miles to Johannesburg and then travelled by car to nearby Gaborone, Botswana to see John O'Brien. John was (and is, at this writing) a teacher and administrator at the Maru a Pula School. Maru a Pula (Promise of Rain) was founded as a non-racial school to prove to the South Africans, just 15 miles away, that such a school could be run successfully.

On his return to England in early June, André's house in Cumnor was not only ready, but his friends had moved all his belongings, furnishings, piano -- everything -- into the new home. André was now a country gentleman. He became known by the Cumnor townspeople as "the village pianist." André wrote to John O'Brien on June 16, 1976:

Just a line to thank you for a wonderful weekend at Maru a Pula! I greatly like the place and the people I met. You're a marvelous host. I like my new place too. Spacious, rural (though only 3-1/2 miles from Oxford), with lovely views and walks and an ideal working environment. The neighbours actually like the noise I make! (This might prove ominous, but this time I'm aware of the danger and shall keep to myself from the start.) "The Merchant"

may well pick up speed in such conditions -- I hope to start on it on Friday. I'll keep you au courant of its progress, of course.

Isn't it fitting that I should have lost my diary on the 'plane from Johannesburg? For I don't want any past to cling to me at Cumnor. It's a providential chance to shed obsolete skins -- sleeping pills, pseudo-friends, outgrown superstitions -- and I intend to make the most of it.

Incidentally, Cumnor is in Oxfordshire, not Berkshire: the boundary has been moved. So the address runs: 30, The Park, Cumnor, OX. (I still don't know the postal code.) But if you've already sent Act I, don't worry: it will get to me all the same. You did a great job on it.

Lots of love, and affectionate greetings to David, Sue, and the other teacher-aides (or is it teacherettes?).

Yours,
André

On June 22, 1976, André wrote a letter to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska:

I am ashamedly happy. Ever since I got back to England, I've been living in the country in a quiet, spacious house. After my London apartment, this looks like a palace. The neighbors are nice and really don't bother me, and I can play when and how much I want to because nobody can hear it and be bothered by it. After work, I go for walks because the country is very beautiful. I practice three hours a day, I compose a bit, and I sleep much better than I used to, and most importantly, without drugs.

You wouldn't recognize me. I've put on weight, grown a beard, and gone completely bald. They say I look like Lenin. The beard is gray, but it doesn't bother me. After all, I can't see myself and I don't care at all about being attractive to anyone. Mentally, I've also changed: I'm much more calm.

Yours,
André

André was concerned about his neighbors in Cumnor. He feared not being accepted, or, worse yet, complaints that might render his new home and all his plans useless. He wanted to be friendly, but he also wanted to be left alone. André's house was situated at the end of a cul-de-sac. To his left was a village lane for pedestrians; to his right was a house owned by Pat and Neville Allison. The Allisons remember André:

"We knew that our new neighbor, André Tchaikowsky, was a world-famous pianist, but from the first we were determined that he would be treated in a neighborly manner, as a person on equal footing with us, and we would not be deferential because he was famous. I found out later that he was afraid that we might see him as a foreigner and as an intellectual, that we might not accept him. Neville was outside in the front garden and André came over, gave a sharp bow, and said, 'Hi.' He did the same with some of the other neighbors.

"Before long, we realized that André was absolutely impractical. He was totally unable to cope with the smallest practical problem. If a light bulb burned out or a fuse or something, he would run over here and ask for help. He had no idea about such things. When he first started to practice, he closed all the windows in his house. Everyone on the path was straining to hear what he was playing. We told him to open the windows, that we wanted to hear. After a while, he invited us in to hear him run through some of the pieces before a concert.

"Often we would see him at his upstairs window gazing out at the sunset. He thought Cumnor was paradise. He loved the countryside and the sense of freedom. And I think he

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was surprised just how well the village accepted him. We were the first, but eventually everyone knew who he was, and we all treated him like an Englishman. He always loved it when we referred to 'us Englishmen.' He spoke excellent English with an extensive vocabulary. He was fascinated by languages.

"He had a gardener, Bert, who took care of things. André loved his garden, but was far too impractical to garden himself and was worried about hurting his hands. Yellow roses and sweet peas were his favorite flowers. Although he couldn't grow flowers, he considered picking them a great achievement. We understood his need for isolation, but eventually Pat helped keep his house clean and helped manage the laundry and such. What happened is, André would wash some clothes, put them in a bag, and then forget about them. He would bring them to us, this great bag of moldy clothes, and ask for help. So after a while we took care of his laundry, and then his dishes, and then his house cleaning.

"We went to one of his recitals in Oxford. Backstage he was so nervous! Then he had also put on the cap and gown of a Doctor of Music and was going to play that way! Fortunately, someone talked him out of it. However, he did walk around the village once in this regalia. He was awfully charming with his sharp, instant laugh. He was not at all materialistic. He would often join us for Christmas dinner, but we would hide his presents and he had to figure out a crossword, or decode a lengthy verse of 'Shakespeare' written with old-fashioned handwriting on parchment. He found such delight in playing games and practical jokes.

"He was a great cook, especially French food, and I think it was André's influence which led our son David Allison to become a chef. He was very generous with presents and took great trouble choosing gifts for his closest friends. He was impulsive, sometimes unreliable, and even downright infuriating. But we knew this was never through malice. We didn't let his eccentricities bother us. We knew that the most important thing in André's life was composition."

Terry Harrison was worried about André's financial condition. The three stints as Artist-in-Residence in Australia had been a personal and artistic success for André, but they weren't particularly remunerative. They occupied the peak concert season and forced André to turn down many more profitable concert dates. Terry was anxious to let promoters know that André was now available for the full concert season. André was very popular in Germany and had been invited frequently for performances. But in 1973, André had a disagreement with a German manager, and the invitations decreased. Terry began patching up this situation with a letter to Hans Ulrich Schmid of Konzertdirektion Schmid in Hannover, West Germany:

Dear Hans Ulrich,

When we started our Agency about six years ago, one of the first five artists who came to us was André Tchaikowsky. One of the points we immediately discussed at that time was the fact that he wanted to work less and to spend several months a year composing. As I am sure you know, he has done this very successfully and recently the world premiere of his first orchestral work took place. This was his piano concerto, played by Radu Lupu. The success of this performance was very big and there are going to be two repeat performances, including a London performance in the 1977 Proms. [Unfortunately, this did not come to pass.] There is also interest abroad -- I think it may be done in Stuttgart -- Previn is interested in doing it with Radu in Pittsburgh and Foster is interested in doing it in Houston. [Neither of these performances took place.] At the moment, André is embarked upon a full-length opera -- "The Merchant of Venice."

However, it is not as a composer that I am writing to you about him. At the time I took him over, he was with Mrs. Gail in Berlin and as I am sure you know, she had many personal

troubles. In the end, André could not stand this any longer so he left her and he told me that I should not bother to find him another German agent, as he thought he had been playing too many concerts throughout the world (it used to be one hundred concerts a year in the 60's and in the late 60's it started to come down to seventy a year -- he still found this too much to allow for his composing, so from 1971 we cut it down to fifty per year).

Now, after several years, André has a routine as far as his composing is concerned and he plays concerts for seven months a year. It has taken him several years to get into such a routine, composing in periods that he sets aside for this several years in advance.

Now, having got a regular system, he would like to start playing in Germany again and I thought you might be interested, because he does not demand or expect things. He is very easy to work with and in fact he does not want much work. As you may know, Murray Perahia and Radu Lupu both consider him to be one of the most outstanding musicians of today and he is a very close friend of both.

I am enclosing a list of his concerts during the last three years he played regularly in Germany, which was from 1969 to 1972.

Yours sincerely,
Terence Harrison

Terry's letter was successful. By April 1977, André was once again performing in Germany, where he continued to perform every season until the end of his life.

André loved to visit Oxford and revel in the university atmosphere. On one such visit, he saw a poster advertising a meeting and decided to attend. His experience is related in a letter to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on November 16, 1976:

Oh, my littler kisser,

Every two or three days I go by bus to Oxford, which charms and amuses me. I'll give you an example: I was standing in a pub reading posters. One was called "LOVE AND HATE with the Dionysiacs" at 8:15 tonight, Harper room, Jesus College. I look at my watch: 8:10. Jesus College is almost across the road from the pub. What can it be? The word Dionysiacs is associated with wine and orgies, so I'll go and if it's no good, I'll leave on the 8:35 bus for Cumnor. They wouldn't be able to throw me out because if it were only for students, then they wouldn't hang out these big posters.

Calm and brave, I went straight to Jesus College, found the Harper Room and took a front row seat. I looked around. Nice young faces, no electric guitars, no microphones, so it's not a rock group. Most guests and members had books on the arm, so I'm unmistakably in the right place. Fifteen minutes pass. At last a fellow with a beard came out. He apologizes first for being late, and apologizes for speaking English. I glance at him -- is he a madman? He looks quite normal.

Then it starts and turns out to be a discussion about love and hate in ancient Greece, and it's in Greek! The poster didn't give that detail. What am I going to do? I can't go out because my chair is across the room from the door, so I would have to push my way through a crowd of students who, after I'd come in, have settled down on the floor.

All of a sudden I desperately want to pee. It's nerves. The worst thing is that it's an open discussion, which means that at any moment someone can ask me, obviously in Greek, what I think about love and hate in ancient Greece. In my answer I would have to gesticulate a lot to prove that in spite of lingual difficulties I would feel great in the company of Plato. From time

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to time, someone evidently cracked a joke because everybody laughs. I laugh as well. It's more difficult not to laugh when everybody's so serious.

Somehow I sat out through to the end of the discussion and then I was enrolled as a member. For £1 a year I'll be getting essays in Greek. It's quite cheap. How much would Socrates pay for English press?

I kiss you without the least inhibitions.

Yours,
André

As Christmas 1976 approached, André invited Michael Menaugh to spend the holidays in Cumnor. Their friendship had endured for nearly 13 years, primarily held together by Michael's refusal to be bothered by André's verbal attacks. Nevertheless, their relationship had become strained because of Menaugh's reaction to André's autobiography. Also, Menaugh was experiencing medical problems with blackouts and seizures. Michael Menaugh:

"Our relationship was fine up to when André left Waterlow Court. When he was in London, we spent days together, weekends together, but I was wondering when I would get the 'treatment.' When André started to write his autobiography, Eve Harrison and I expected a biography rather like the David Niven biography, full of stories, people, and all those crazy incidences that happened to André. But no, it was going to be a serious autobiography and the form had been decided: he was going to choose a day in each year to write about, to condense in dramatic form. This was the beginning of our difficulties.

"It was very important for André to go back over what happened to him in the ghetto and his early years and to put it into some kind of shape to get outside it and judge it and ultimately be rid of it. I was hoping it would be therapy, a kind of scream on paper. It didn't matter about the form, or the clever ideas and everything else. It didn't seem to me to be therapy. I found it extremely difficult to know how to react to it. I decided to treat it as I treated his piano playing, to try and accept his idea about the one day, and to point out things about characters and balance and some few grammatical problems. I would say that this character wasn't sufficiently developed and so on.

"That upset André deeply because other people he showed it to, who perhaps didn't have that experience that I had had with him, were deeply shocked by these things, at the sadness of his life. Stephen Kovacevitch cried, Eve cried, and I didn't. André was terribly upset that I didn't cry. He wanted to provoke a reaction and I said to him that that would be a cheap reaction. I wasn't interested in that. He got very upset if I didn't comment on the subject material and only commented on the way he was presenting it.

"I couldn't have been otherwise, because it didn't strike me. It didn't make me want to cry. If I had faked a reaction, he would have been gratified at the time, but I'm sure he would have seen through it, and I just had to be true to myself. I'm not saying that Stephen and Eve were not being true to themselves, they were being true to themselves, but theirs was a different truth.

"He had just moved to Cumnor and I went down to stay with him and, again, it was fine. Lots of laughs, lots of piano, his compositions and so on. I think I spent a week with him and at the end of the week, things were tense. Eve came down for the weekend and it was on a Saturday night the explosion happened. Everything came to a head and there was a huge row. I was shocked because André was attacking me, screaming and shouting. He was full of hatred for me. I was crying. He kicked me out of the house and Eve took me to the station. It

was 1:00 am and there were no trains. I finished up at a roadside cafe drinking coffee all night until the first train back to London in the morning.

"I thought that was the end of André. But I hoped, I really hoped deep down, that one day we would get back together again. I missed him very much. In November [1976] I received a telegram asking me to call him. We had a chat and he invited me to Cumnor for Christmas. I was going through a very bad time in London at the time because I'd started to have a series of fits. The doctors never found the answer and my psychoanalyst never put his finger on it. I would seem to be quite all right and then suddenly I would scream and go into a fit and stay almost sort of unconscious for five or six minutes and then, when I woke up, I was terribly aggressive. I didn't want anybody near me. If anybody came anywhere near me I would scream or throw something at them. Then I would go into a deep sleep and three hours later I would be fine. I felt purged and calm.

"So I arrived for Christmas, but was semi-doped by tablets. André was working very hard on his opera, 'The Merchant of Venice,' and he was also practicing very hard on the Schumann Toccata. Our relationship was fine. Then two days before Christmas, I had an attack. André called his doctor and explained the situation. Then everything was all right again. Then I had another one on Christmas Eve at about 8:00 at night. André was composing downstairs and went into a panic. He called his doctor and called the police. André got it into his head that I was going to destroy the manuscript of 'The Merchant.' Where his idea came from, I'll never know. Nothing was further from my thoughts. André had this paranoia that he had built up that I was envious or jealous of him, which all originated in the autobiography. The police came upon me with this doctor following at their heels. I hit the doctor, or something, but the police went away and weren't interested. The doctor gave me a shot and the next morning my father took me back to London for medical tests, which didn't reveal anything."

After a few months of being in a zombie sort of state, Michael Menaugh moved to Brazil, but that didn't end his friendship with André. Eventually the two established a lively correspondence, and they met in South America in 1979. Michael never returned to England and, at this writing, still lives in Rio de Janeiro.

Back on Tour (1977)

In January 1977, André left Cumnor for an extended tour of Sri Lanka, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, New Zealand, and, for reasons geographically incomprehensible, Venezuela. The Sri Lanka concert was the benefit recital in support of Chad Varah's group, The Samaritans. By the mid-1970's, Chad was one of André's best friends and he played a number of benefit recitals to help the Samaritans' cause.

André was back in Cumnor on April 7, 1977. During a portion of his tour in New Zealand, he became involved in a relationship. To Halina Wahlmann-Janowska, he wrote on April 8, 1977:

I've neglected the autobiography a bit, partially because I began writing five chapters simultaneously and obviously didn't finish a single chapter, and mainly because I was so heavenly happy recently that I wanted to live and enjoy every day and not to dabble in the murky past. Something happened that I dreamt about for many years and eventually gave up, even in my dreams. At this moment, I'm embarrassed to be writing about it to you for this happiness has stayed with me and I'll always be able to share it with you. If you are interested, I'll make a photocopy of the four pages from my diary, which I have kept for years, and you'll learn everything. All of a sudden, everything's become easier -- living, working, relationships with people, even falling asleep.

André was in love. Previously, André had written to Terry from New Zealand on February 8, 1977:

Dear Terry,

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You really have a flair for what to lose! The letter you mislaid was a long, boring and self-conscious dirge about the poverty of my sex-life; the only sign of common sense I showed was in not sending it to the office. Some of it was, I think, rather well-written, but I can't see you enjoying it on stylistic grounds! Anyway, since then I've made up for lost time with interest and this is my happiest time in eight years. This, of course, is the last and strongest reason for staying in this blessed land as long as I can.

Yours,
André

André in love was one of Terry's greatest fears. It always seemed to end in anguish that dropped André into the deepest of emotional pits; also, it was expensive. André was always generous, but when in love, his giving reached stupendous proportions. In a February 13, 1977 letter, André wrote from New Zealand, not to Terry, but to Terry's assistant, Angela Kokoszka:

Dear Angela,

Can you hold Ebersberg [Venezuelan manager] down to the Caracas date? Without it, I'll be broke: I am arranging to buy someone a piano here, to be delivered unannounced the day of my departure (not sensible, I know, but an elegant way of saying good-bye). As I owe Terry at least £2000 by now, Caracas can't be dispensed with. Beach-time! Two pm and fabulous weather. I've already done 3 hours' practice and the daily orchestrating session can wait until evening. Much love to you and Adam, Terry, Kaarina, and the whole Eternal Rush-Hour Club.

Yours,
André

In a letter to John O'Brien on March 1, 1977, also written from New Zealand:

My dear John,

Bless you! Your letter and the photostat arrived exactly on my first free day. However, it now seems uncertain whether I'll be able to do any actual composition. As for the rest of this week I shall not come within sight of a piano: tomorrow morning I'm setting off on a brief flying-driving holiday (rather like ours in Corsica, remember?) [André and John had vacationed on Corsica during the summer of 1970], to explore this glorious country and, with luck, one of its most adorable inhabitants.

The travelling companion in question is a young Kiwi teacher, who has already taught me more than anyone since George Lyward. He is one of the most relaxed, and relaxing, people I've come across: since meeting him, I've found myself relieved of all ancient grudges. I enjoy the evening just as much whether we make love or not (usually it tends to be "not") and feel at peace with the world as at no other time I can remember. It's not exactly like being in love, since I want to draw no magic circle round the pair of us to keep out intruders; on the contrary, it makes me want to make friends again with all the people I have at various times fallen out with. I've been so thoroughly accepted myself as to become incapable of rejection.

As you know, I had wished for a girl to release me from that old stale confinement of mine, but might my guide not be the young man I'm describing now? He took me as he found me, where he found me, and is leading me out into the open air, where there are no labels or divisions, no "straights" or "queers," merely people, who take to one another freely, spontaneously, without asking why.

Drop another line, if you're in time, to the Travelodge in Papeete, Tahiti, where I shall be from the 18th to the 23rd; it would greatly help the inevitable loneliness that must follow my present experience.

All love meanwhile,
André

As usual, André showed confusion about whether his "guide" should be a girl, as he said he wished for, or the young man he found.

By the end of April 1977, after André's big Spring tour, he was broke and had no money to pay his taxes and some urgent debts. The gift piano to his New Zealand boyfriend ate up most of the tour profits and he didn't have the courage to ask Terry for yet another loan. So André turned to a friend, an American pianist living in London, Stephen Kovacevitch, for a loan of £1,000 (about US \$2,500 at the time). The money was needed in particular for the relocation of Halina Wahlmann-Janowska's daughter, Basia. Basia was going to leave Poland and live in England and André was to make all the arrangements. Basia was then 18 years old and very beautiful. On May 6, 1977, André wrote to Halina:

My dear kisser,

Forgive me for not being able to reply right now. The last week has been very hectic, and for three days, I haven't even sat at the piano, and tomorrow I go to Amsterdam for two days. In the meantime, I only want to assure you that you can send Basia to me without any qualms at all. The only thing I'm not sure about is where to put Basia? Does she speak English? Would she rather be in Oxford or London? Here I could find her a room with a kitchen. Write me about her. I have a feeling that her kind of intelligence, just like yours or mine, is useless in practical matters.

Another thing, frankly, I won't have the time to take care of her. Once or twice I'll invite her to lunch or dinner, and show her around Oxford, and introduce her to a few persons I like, but then I'll get down to composition and she'll be bored to death. What do you advise? I can't send her to a hotel, and, unfortunately, abandon her I must, and will only be able to see her from time to time.

Yours,
André

André's visit to Amsterdam was not for a concert, but for a surprise birthday party for Radu Lupu, who was living in Holland. Stephen Kovacevitch was there, as well as a few more close friends. It was a wild time. André went into the red light district and asked around for a pornographic chess set. The startled clerks said they had most everything else, but not such a chess set. He ended up buying sexually explicit playing cards so they could all play pornographic bridge instead of pornographic chess.

Radu Lupu was pleased that two of his closest friends came all the way to Amsterdam just for his birthday party. Someone suggested that they should all visit one of the raunchiest live-sex clubs in Amsterdam. Membership was required, but you could join at the door. Arriving at the club, each became a member and signed the membership log to enter the club. Radu whispered to André, "Don't use your real name." André gave a wink and wrote down very neatly, RADU LUPU.

The hour was late when everyone returned home, but not too late for a few hands of bridge. The game started, but the explicitness of the cards began to make André ill. "I feel like I'm in a butcher shop," he said, and soon after had to leave the game. A day later, he returned to Cumnor.

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Economic conditions notwithstanding, André took all of June, July and August of 1977 off for composing and for working on his autobiography. André's past and his relationship with Grandmother Celina were much on his mind when he wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska:

Grandmother's whole attitude consisted in not consciously accepting the dangers, even though through this period she lost her only children. She really did not accept it. Just like I didn't miss my mother throughout the war. I didn't even think of her. Now I'm writing from my grandmother's point of view, basing it on things she did not say because she was always hysterical about trivia. About her true tragedy, she spoke in such a banal way as if she had read it in some romance novel for the servants. You can't imagine how I pity her today, that her children were killed -- that wasn't even the worst and the crux of the matter that she herself lived. But for what? Nobody wanted her, me least of all. And so she lived, unwanted, sick, chronically tired, without hope or a moment's respite.

André was coming to grips with some important issues in his life, and, for once, seemed to be getting things in the correct perspective. It was also at about this time that his Great Aunt Dorka Swieca-Lanota died. She was 74 years old.

In June, André received another letter from Halina Wahlmann-Janowska saying that he shouldn't worry about Basia. However, he had already found a place for Basia to live, next door with his neighbors, the Allisons. André's refuge in Cumnor was about to be invaded. Halina wrote:

Dear André,

You prefer to think like the tiger from Winnie the Pooh: "Tigers can fly, only they don't want to." And being loved by a woman makes you even more sure of that. You don't even know how much you need their adoration, which you are so brilliant at provoking. I don't know if all women are as grateful to you as I am for this mental seduction; I think that the thing between us is the best thing that's ever happened in my life.

If Basia gets inconvenient for you, she'll take off for London and live with her cousin. This cousin got married at 18, divorced at 19, and at 20 won a state prize on a book about an unsuccessful marriage.

Yours,
Halinka

On July 19, 1977, Basia arrived in Cumnor and moved in with the Allisons. On July 26, André sent Basia away to her cousin's house in London. André and Basia were on entirely different wavelengths, at opposite sides of a giant generation gap. They didn't dislike each other; rather, neither had any understanding of the other. Their whole relationship was based on mutual misunderstanding, with Basia a genuine free-spirit and André quite the opposite. In any case, André agreed to see Basia on occasion, but he wanted no part of her life.

September 1977 saw André's return to Germany for some successful concerts. In a letter to Terry Harrison, André says, "I don't know whether you need these reviews, but they're very good! And very German, too: at one point I am praised for my 'Spiritual Superiority' -- I'd like to know how I managed to demonstrate that." On his return, André checked on Basia in London and found she was working as a waitress in an American restaurant, and was dating around, including Stephen Kovacevitch (André had made the introduction), and a black man from Jamaica named Jeffrey (a student of Hindu philosophy, a vegetarian, and a believer in the purity of the body). André concluded that Basia was fine and there was nothing to worry about. He had other concerns.

On October 7, the first performance of André's "Ariel" took place and a few weeks later, on November 1, there was a party celebrating André's 42nd birthday. There were only a few more concert dates for the rest of 1977 and, by the end of the year, funds were again short. Halina had written André (on December 13, 1977) that she hadn't received a letter from Basia in five weeks, asking André to check on her. On the telephone, André asked Basia, "Are you happy?" The answer was, "I don't really know."

Difficulties Continue (1978)

The year 1978 started auspiciously with the premiere performance of André's String Quartet No.2. A few weeks later, he left for a tour of Venezuela and Mexico, with a couple of quick stops along the way for a recital in Hamilton, Ontario (Canada) and concerto concerts with David Zinman and the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, in Rochester, New York.

The McMaster University recital in Hamilton took place at 8 pm on February 5, 1978, a bitterly cold Sunday. It was poorly attended for a combination of reasons: the bad weather and the fact that no one had ever heard of André Tchaikowsky. André played Beethoven, Sonata in C minor, Opus 10, Number 1; Brahms, Klavierstücke, Opus 76; and Chopin's Four Ballades. The following week he spent in Rochester. On Thursday night, February 9, he played the Bartok 3rd piano concerto, repeated the concert on Saturday, and then played two Mozart concertos on Sunday. The Rochester concerts prompted a letter to Terry Harrison on February 15 from Caracas:

Hallo Dear Terry,

It's only fair to give you my good news as well! No, relax -- I'm NOT in love, the good news is all about music. Indeed, a quick look round since my arrival has already shown me the total safety of my U.S. earnings.

To call the Rochester concerts the high point of my season would be saying little, for you know what a patchy job I have made of this season so far. But it seems they were among the highlights of David's. As he's my favorite conductor, nothing could give me more of a boost, and you can now team us up as a Mutual Admiration Duo.

David talked about me as if he were my publicity agent. He called my Mozart sensational (actually there were two Mozarts, of which more later), raved about my Bartok and summed it all up by calling me one of the greatest pianists he knows. You can imagine how it affected me at a time when I've been wondering if I am a pianist at all! He said my technical problems are sheer inferiority complex (it's true they were not much in evidence in Rochester, but you and I both know them to be real and due to neglect), and cited many pianists whose technique is "really" inadequate and who yet don't go on about it as I do. Finally, he forgot himself so far as to call my second quartet a masterpiece. So, since he both wants me back with "something unusual" (but also more Mozart) and now believes in my compositions, shall we send him the score of my concerto for consideration when the time comes? I play nothing more unusual than that.

Now about the two Mozarts. David discovered on Wednesday that the Sunday all-Mozart program was only 55 minutes long, so he asked me for an encore and I suggested another concerto. We played through K.414, but David said it was too similar to K.453, so after some more discussion he decided on K.467. This was put to a vote by the orchestra, and all the players agreed to do one more concerto for, as far as I know, no extra money! You'd never get this in England.

Now Terry, you know how I love this kind of thing: a sudden challenge. We played both concertos twice on Sunday, having had three rehearsals of them in between the Bartok's and, since I went all out to get them right, they went particularly well both times. So you can see it's

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not a question of how much I practice, but how keen I am at the time. I actually play better at short notice, when I am not sure of the piece, or when it's a new work! Think of the Bishopsgate Bach series -- it all went well except the Goldberg, which was the one piece I had thought I could rely on. And exactly the same happened with Chopin I and II last autumn.

At any rate, I feel game for anything now! Tomorrow I'll start preparing the duo programme with Monique (in fact I'll ring her tonight, just to make sure it's still on); I hardly know it, so it will no doubt go all right. Terry, you've been wonderful - you know me better than I know myself.

All love to you, Lily and the Hillgate Olympic Team,
André

P.S. The Rochester reviews were good too, but stupid (American journalese) and praising me for all the wrong things, so I didn't keep them.

After concerts in Venezuela and Mexico (in Venezuela, the bed André was sleeping on had ants, so André threw it into the swimming pool!), André returned to England in April, 1978. There would be a few concert dates in April and May, but then June, July and August were reserved for composition. September was reserved for getting his fingers in shape for performances of his own concerto in early October. André called his own concerto "hell to learn" and as strenuous as "Prokofiev 2nd and Brahms 2nd." André played his own concerto from memory -- the only pianist to ever do so.

Once again, André was short of funds and turned to Stefan Askenase for another loan. André needed his time to compose. He was making excellent progress on the opera, with two acts completed, another act started, and much of the epilogue in his head and ready to put to paper. The Trio Notturmo promised to Peter Frankl was supposed to be well down the road towards completion at this point, but, in reality, hadn't even been started.

On March 21, 1978, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska:

Dear kisser,

I have to confess something dreadful. I read the letter you wrote to Basia, not by mistake, but on purpose. While I was in Mexico, I got my mail from home and included was your letter to Basia. At that moment, the temptation was irresistible; it's almost a theft. Try to understand. I have never stolen anything before and I seldom do things which are disgraceful. For a quarter of a century, I've admired Dostoyevsky, and I would gladly rape a girl under age if I knew beforehand that she would in fact hang herself afterwards. The worst thing is that I don't even feel remorse. Were there secrets? No. The whole letter was about telling the future from cards. Half the night I laughed loudly, and just thinking about it makes me laugh again. I never suspected that disgraceful crimes could be so amusing.

Lately, I've played decently, and I'm in a good mood. After the success of my second string quartet, I was convinced that I should compose a piano trio. As you know, I only compose in the summer so I would have to put my opera aside. On the other hand, a trio would get performed immediately and an opera is difficult to stage and frightfully expensive. But the opera is in my bloodstream and if I felt like writing anything else at all, it would be a double concerto for clarinet and violin. I haven't been asked to do that by anyone.

Yours,
André

Halina wrote back that André was forgiven for reading the letter. She reported that her second husband, the boxer, had become ill and asked to be moved back to his mother's house to be more comfortable. Halina was still concerned about Basia and wrote to André on April 19, 1978:

Dear André,

There was a jazz concert at the London Congressional Hall, given by a group of Louis Armstrong's pupils and associates. People were paying tremendous sums of money, bribing ticket collectors, sneaking in between the police cordons, doing anything to get in. In that situation, Basia, without ticket or money, is getting ready to go to the concert with her best friend. On the street, she found a yellow-red autumn leaf so she comes up to the ticket collector, smiles radiantly, and hands him the leaf. The ticket collector can't believe his eyes, but he smiles and lets her through. Then he stops Basia's friend. Basia tells the ticket collector in a gracious voice, "This lady is with me," and the ticket collector lets her in too! Her sense of reality is shocking.

Love, Halinka

Letters flew back and forth between Halina and André, Halina begging for more information about Basia as it seemed she was going to marry a young man of 25 who owned a goat farm (49 goats and 1 turkey) in the South of France. The wedding date was set for July 14, Bastille Day. André told Halina not to worry because the fellow also knits: "He'll be plying her with the goats' milk; the turkey they'll probably eat during the wedding reception; and he'll knit her some nice sweaters." Due to the illness of Halina's husband, and the expense, she would not be able to attend the wedding. July 14th passed and André wrote to Halina:

My dear kisser,

Put aside this letter, unbutton your blouse, sit back, take a few deep breaths (did you do it?), and read on. The wedding didn't take place. Basia broke off the engagement. I sent white lilies, symbolizing Basia's somewhat imperfect virginity, but they were received by an abandoned fiancé. It made me laugh so much that for a half a day I wasn't able to do anything. I know, I'm a heartless monster. I went to London to visit Basia, but she wasn't in. Then I received a letter from her that said in part:

My new future husband is David, the most charming person one can envisage. You'll fall in love with him the way I have. What's more, he's an artist. He dances and sings on the stage dressed as a woman. You should see his dresses, hats with feathers and sequins, it's quite incredible.

As you can see, in spite of everything, life goes on.

Yours,
André

Reality played into the hand of Basia's surreal existence. After a two-week engagement, she was married on August 3, 1978. André was there and reported, "Her innocence manifests itself in that she's grateful to people who exploit her or even steal from her. She may feel needed because of that, and that's always nice." Neither André nor Basia knew at the time that Halina's husband had died in Warsaw on July 31.

During Basia's honeymoon, she discovered that her new husband was homosexual. Again, reality intruded. She immediately met someone new. Basia's marriage was over before André was able to send a picture of the wedding to Halina at the end of August, writing, "That gentleman with the rose in his teeth is your son-in-law. You have my sympathy. That bold old man dressed in black, that's me. So you have proof that I was really at the wedding." By mid-September, Basia was engaged again, this time to Sam, "who demolishes houses," including the one he was living in.

Status of the Opera (1978)

By the summer of 1978, André had put to paper about two-thirds of the opera. The rest was swimming around in his head. André's technique was to write first an abbreviated orchestral version and then a full orchestral version. John O'Brien had sent the final libretto to André on July 10, 1978. He now had no excuse not to proceed with the opera, but estimated it would take about another three years. To John O'Brien, André wrote on July 11, 1978:

Dear John,

Thank you so much for the libretto! And how thoughtful of you to have made a photocopy at the same time -- both arrived safely this morning. I'm going to London tomorrow, so I'll drop it at my publishers.

Do you know Christopher Hampton's play, "Total Eclipse?" It's about Rimbaud's affair with Verlaine and the spiritual crisis that made Rimbaud give up writing at 19. It was played at the Royal Court in London ten years ago, but I only know it from a radio production, which left a lasting impression. Well, very recently I got it out of the library (it's out of print) and was utterly overwhelmed. Weeping over it seemed a poor response, and anyway I wanted to live with the play; so I wrote the author and asked his permission to base an opera on it! Yesterday I received his reply: "By all means." So now you know who your successor will be.

But don't worry: of course I won't start on it till I've finished "The Merchant" as best I can. At any rate, you'll admit that I am in no danger of repeating myself! Surely the challenge of portraying Rimbaud should alone prove enough to prevent my settling down into a competent middle-aged complacency.

I'll let you know the English National Opera's reaction to the libretto! This is all they can see at the moment: if they knew the work is nearly two-thirds finished, they wouldn't bother to commission it! I wonder how long it will take them to make up their minds.

Your old
André

It must have been at least a little surprising to O'Brien that André was ready to begin another opera with "The Merchant" still well short of completion, and it was characteristic of André to present this idea in the least welcome way to its recipient. Later, André sent a copy of "Total Eclipse" to O'Brien and suggested he write the libretto, but John refused.

Contact with an Old Friend (1978)

Michael Menaugh, the friend André had turned away more than a year earlier, was again corresponding with André. After an exchange of letters to establish the bounds of their reinstated friendship, André sent Michael a page from his diary which showed the struggle he was having with his homosexuality. André then wrote in September 1978:

I want to say one more thing about my diary extract and that is my ambivalent attitude towards homosexuality. I haven't been ashamed of it since my early teens. Indeed, over a long period, I was absurdly proud of it, as if it had been a result of some special effort on my part. I have never lied about it, at least not since my 21st birthday, when I made a conscious decision never to evade a direct question. But, of course, I'd avoid giving away genders, etc., so as to give the option of not knowing to the ostriches that form nine-tenths of the population. And I never corrected their wishfully false conclusions.

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

I have, occasionally, bitterly regretted being gay, the more so as George Lyward and both my shrinks kept insisting I wasn't really homosexual (whatever that means) and I gradually came to regard myself as a sexual misfit. But this was because I hadn't faced the fact of my being a misfit altogether, at home in no milieu I knew. I could relate to individuals, but the moment they formed a group I felt outside it.

All I could think of was my loneliness and shame in gay baths. Even in my young days when I had looks enough to be picked up and my one overwhelming wish was to belong, not just to a specific group, but with everyone.

Their correspondence continued and a visit was projected for March 1979, when André would be in South America.

After André returned from Ireland where he performed his own piano concerto twice in early October 1978, Halina Wahlmann-Janowska came to London to see André and Basia. As at their last meeting, André was full of joy and anticipation of Halina's visit, and she would, of course, stay with him in Cumnor. By mid-November 1978, Halina was back in Warsaw and wrote to André on November 18:

Darling,

I'm wracking my brains what to write to you after our strangely tragic meeting. Actually, everything's very simple. You've always been the most important person in my life. In the movie, "This Love Should be Killed," people realize their values by prostituting themselves. I also said to myself, "This love should be killed."

For a long time now it seemed to me we were good friends, and this is the important thing. But the last meeting, and also the previous one in 1969, was such that I stopped understanding. Why is it so that at the beginning we always behave like a couple of good chums? And when the time of our parting comes, like quarreling lovers? In friendship people are generally honest and they don't humiliate each other.

Over a very short time our relationship changes dramatically. Alternating kindness and animosity, humiliation, tears, sympathy, aversion, dramatic talks -- seemingly honest, and in fact leaving one unsatisfied. I sometimes think "Perhaps I'm not honest with him. Perhaps not honest with myself. Perhaps at the bottom of my relationship with him there is this crazy desire. Perhaps I wanted to free myself of it, striking nonsensical marriages, begging for his child, or a marriage with him." But you, darling, know best that it's not the difficulties, or the sexual impossibilities, but the sexual rejection that hurts the most. So why do you keep provoking me? Is it out of vanity? Or to have the satisfaction of humiliating me?

The last night at Cumnor you were shaking me psychically, as if you wanted me to tell you all that I'm writing now. You shouted at me. You blamed me for being a coward, cold, dishonest, not spontaneous. What was it that you wanted? What did you try to provoke? A confession? Declaration? Tears? I'm angry with myself for writing this letter, but I'm going to send it anyway. I kiss you.

Yours,
H.

André responded on November 23, 1978:

Dear Halinka,

Your letter has aroused my admiration and respect. I'm finding it very difficult to reply. I got it this morning, and initially I was going to wait at least three days to think it over. But this

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whole thing torments me so much, that I'm going to reply the best I can. Now please understand that although I don't love you, never loved you, and never will, I like you so much that it's very difficult for me to give you up. But our mutual relationships are somehow at cross-purposes. You experience love and I friendship, with the result that we have neither one nor the other. Friendship, after all, is not love minus sex. The difference is that lovers can't do without each other.

In our correspondence this difference comes to the surface. Because every correspondence is a partial relationship. You don't see the eyes, mouth, can't hear the voice. So, by its very nature, it's ambiguous. But when we're together, I feel awkward. In the beginning I only noticed that I was finding it very difficult to get down to anything and I don't know why, because you do encourage me to write, to practice, etc. But I sense a longing in you because you miss me in my own very presence. You seem very sad or helpless to me, and I feel I have to neglect you or myself. With a growing reluctance I socialize with you for a time. But very quickly I lose patience and immediately I show it to you. But you sense it almost earlier than I myself do. And you say quickly, "Well, I won't be bothering you," and go out of the room, or "Don't pay any attention to me." This gives me a guilty conscience, and I become even less nice, because I blame you for shaming me in this way. The more guilty I feel, the more impolite I become, because I'm ashamed at my own inhospitality. To put it in a nutshell, a vicious circle.

Your love for me arouses in me a sense of pity, embarrassment, and guilt. I know that you don't require anything, but it concerns needs, not requirements -- needs which I cannot fulfill, which I don't know how to fulfill, and which I don't want to fulfill. It's the only obstacle between us, because otherwise, you would almost be a perfect friend to me. To begin with, we've got so much in common --our common past and common interests. And on the top of it, you have all the characteristics I value the most: intelligence, goodness, sensitivity, originality, humor. And most of all an amazing imagination. And you know me so very well. That's why I appeal to you -- can't you cure yourself of me? I know that you couldn't manage it before, but perhaps now? Try to understand that it's very difficult to be at peace with someone whom you're denying something all the time. After all, we're both losing something because of it. Let's forget about pride, but try to gain independence. Then I'll begin to feel free, and I won't be afraid to call you "Kisser" or invite you here again. In any case, I beg you to be honest. Just like you were in your last letter, which made the greatest impression on me.

Don't pretend pride, independence, or even friendship. Write what you feel, irrespective of how I'm going to take it. What's the value of a relationship in which one has to lie? You've shown a great courage in your letter. It'll become easier. Not so long ago, in Cumnor, I would say I looked down on you. And you've already forced me to respect you, with no humiliation, in your letter. It's as if you've revealed to me that you had diabetes. I myself have suffered in this way more than once, and perhaps will suffer again. It's something that still divides us and pulls us together. Brave Halinka, keep on writing. Does this letter make sense?

Yours,
André

A flurry of calm and angry letters was quickly exchanged and by December 16, 1978, André ended his letter, "I say good-bye to you." Halina responded, "I'm not expecting a letter from you because my expectations have more than been confirmed." André responded to Halina's good-bye letter with "It's sad saying good-bye to you, but I can see that this breakup is just what you need." Halina: "I have grown, but the

fun is over." Then a telegram from André, "The fun is over, but life is only just beginning. Have courage." Suffice it to say the correspondence continued, each letter pronouncing the ending of the relationship.

A Slow Season (1979)

André again placed many restrictions on the time he was available for concerts in 1979. Terry Harrison was trying to find as many concert dates as he could, but without André's cooperation there was little he could do. For all of 1979, André played only 36 times for the entire year. What made it difficult was that the 36 concerts were all over the place: South America, Sweden, Germany, Finland, and a few in England. Once again, André was in debt and this time borrowed money from Uri Segal. The bright spot for the year was an in-person reconciliation with his friend Michael Menaugh while touring South America in March. Although André was robbed on the beach at Copacabana, it did not detract from the most important event of the year for him, the purging of his very soul to Michael Menaugh. André and Michael had had a similar intense conversation at Finchden Manor when both went to see George Lyward, but this time it was particularly acute. Michael Menaugh:

"André arrived and I had this feeling that he wanted to say something. We had a wonderful chat and walks and dinners and laughs. But it seemed to me that he needed to get something off his chest. It was there -- he seemed to avoid it until almost the penultimate evening. We'd had dinner and had been drinking a lot. We came back and we started talking. I asked him again about his childhood in the ghetto and he gave an account of some of the very horrible things that had happened to him, a couple of things in particular -- I don't even want to remember them they were so horrible.

"I knew he had to tell me. At one point he was crying, saying, 'don't ask me, don't ask me.' I said, 'André, you've got to tell me, you came here to tell me.' It was like pulling a bad tooth. It was worse than the night at Finchden. It was unbearable pain. It was terrible to see, but he wanted to and he did tell me, and I think we stayed up until about five in the morning. It was almost dawn when he went back home, and I was exhausted. The next day he sent me a letter in the evening by messenger:

You've done it. You've got through to the very center of me. Not since that day in New Zealand have I felt so entirely open or so overwhelmed. Not happy or unhappy, for at that temperature all emotions fuse. I think that it's that center that you like in me, not my qualities. They are far nearer the surface, which is why I have always equated myself with them. I thought I was what I did or what I thought or felt or what had happened to me. You've got through all that. All I can do is weep, so I can't even leave my room.

You've enabled me to forgive myself, can you doubt that I've forgiven you? All my venom has turned into tears.

Fair love,
André

"Then when he returned to England, he wrote to say, 'My stay in Rio was a time of strange magic. And therapy too. Do you know I've lost both the hang-ups you made me confess? Bless you. You give out more happiness than you have yourself.' It was then I think our relationship really reached its deepest level. From then on through the next two and a half years we had a most wonderful correspondence."

André was back in England in mid-March. Halina announced she was going to visit London again in June 1979, primarily because Basia seemed confused and needed help -- she had decided to become a nun -- but also because she wanted a chance to see André and make everything work this time. Halina wisely stayed in

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London, making a brief trip to Cumnor, only to find André in one of his deep depressions. She returned to Warsaw within a few days. André wrote on July 20, 1979:

Dear Halinka,

You saw me depressed. On the average, it happens to me about every six months. During such periods everybody gets on my nerves. But my friends have learned to ignore it because they know it's not directed at them. You found it more difficult because you were away from home, work, language, and friends. And you had to rely completely on me, which I found a burden. Ever more so, because, although you came here to write, you couldn't manage it in my depressing presence. I assure you that not for a moment did I want to torment you. Generally I only torment myself. Indeed, you did get on my nerves, in spite of the fact that you were obviously trying to spend as much time as possible in your own room. I was irritated by your sadness, your apathy, your lack of initiative. Your expressionless face was a constant indictment. You didn't really blame me for anything, but I knew that you were not happy, and I knew that it was my fault.

Yours,
Old André

André worked on the opera through most of July, August and September of 1979. By the end of this period, he had completely finished his initial sketches of the epilogue and only the trial scene remained. He wrote John O'Brien the good news on September 13, 1979:

My dear John,

I've now completed the epilogue and I am very pleased with it! Now there is only the trial scene left, but that of course is the hardest, so I am trying to find some grant or long-term loan to enable me to take at least six months off concert work next year. (At present my overdraft is higher than the mortgage on my house!) The English National Opera has promised to let my publisher know within a month whether or not they can find a sponsor for it -- they haven't for some time been able to afford any commissions themselves.

André's economic condition was also becoming a greater concern than usual to Terry. The idea of André not playing for six months was a problem for a number of reasons. First, André wouldn't be in front of the public. When that happens, both the public and the promoters tend to forget an artist exists. Promoters seek the more "visible" artists. Second, Terry would have to turn down requests for André, and when that happens, the requests tend not to be repeated. To have even a minimal career requires cooperation with those who want to hire you; then, you must deliver the goods to the satisfaction of the audience and the management; and then you must continue to do this year after year. Some pianists like Shura Cherkassky have perfected this routine. Others, like André, get the left-over crumbs, the concerts that don't pay as well. The hit-or-miss approach forced by André's restrictions and conditions ended chances of generating a regular income.

Confession to a Friend (1979)

Knowing that he would be back in New Zealand for concerts in March of 1980, André wrote to the Christchurch music critic, Ian Dando, initiating an interesting exchange of letters. Ian suggested that André stay at his apartment to save money. André replied on September 20, 1979:

Dear Ian,

Thank you so much for your infinitely heart-warming, lively and amusing letter. I was particularly touched by your offer of hospitality. Indeed, I'd greatly enjoy staying with you, so it wouldn't be just an economy measure! But there might be snags.

The first is that I am almost pathologically untidy. Any room containing me turns into a disaster area within half an hour! Of course, I'd try to confine the mess to my spare bedroom, and I can certainly promise not to weave while being your guest (or at any other time for that matter) but I have an absent-minded way of leaving books, letters, and jackets about, which is unnoticed by me but painfully obvious to everyone else (except Stephen Kovacevitch who is even worse, and has often put me up).

The second snag is more serious and quite confidential. Last time I was in Christchurch I fell very happily in love! Now, while after three years almost entirely void of correspondence, it would be unwisely optimistic to expect a sequel, the possibility is too attractive to be ruled out -- I am certainly more than game myself. And if something did happen again, had it not better take place at the Avon Motor Lodge? They are used to my ways and have learnt to turn a blind eye, whereas you might get embarrassed by the goings-on and oppressed by the resultant intensity of atmosphere. How do you feel about it?

Suppose I shacked up with you for a day or two just to see what happens? If nothing does, and if I manage not to turn your flat into a tachiste exhibition, I could stay on, or you might perhaps take a few days off and arrange an outing to Milford or some such place, where you could spend the day climbing mountains while I'd go on more horizontal walks. Then we'd meet for dinner and compare impressions.

If, on the other hand, I am treated to an encore, you'll understand if I vanish, won't you? There is no way of planning those things in advance -- love is essentially aleatoric. Let me know how you feel about all this.

Yours,
André

Ian wrote to André that his offer of hospitality was without conditions and he was still most welcome to stay at his apartment. André wrote on November 27, 1979:

Dear Ian,

I am extremely touched by your offer of unconditional hospitality, and should absolutely love to stay with you. But, Ian, you still don't know what you are taking on, so I'd better tell you.

Before going on, get yourself a stiff drink. Sit down comfortably, preferably in an armchair, grasping one arm of it for added support. Take the letter in the remaining hand (you'll have to finish the drink first or you'll run out of hands) and brace yourself up. Ready? Here goes: the object of my affections is not a girl but a young man. This is not news at the Avon Motor Lodge, where the entire staff cooperate by making up an additional bed, sending a meal for two late at night, etc., while simultaneously pretending, each and every single one of them, not to notice anything unusual. I have often wondered what it would take to shock an hotelier.

So, should the Da Capo sign go up (an unlikely event, I'm afraid) I'd better carry on as usual at the Avon Motor Lodge. If not, it depends on your views: some people feel very strongly about the whole subject, and you might even prefer not to see me at all, let alone put me up? If that should happen, I shall of course be very sad, but I'd rather risk that than play hide-and-seek with you. It would be a poor return for your confidence.

On two counts you may be reassured. Firstly, there is no danger of our ever falling out over a girl: have them all and good luck to you! Secondly, even if I do stay with you, you need not fear any designs on your own person. For one thing, our sense of humor would take care of that, as any such attempt would be irresistibly comic! For another, Ian, you're not my type and

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I like you in every way except this one. My ideal is a male Melisande: a frail, dreamy, forlorn-looking lad, whose pathos, mystery and helplessness liberate all my chivalrous and protective instincts (though the only protection he really needs may be from me) and at whose sight a hitherto dormant piece of armoury springs up spontaneously in his defence. A six-foot plus golfing mountaineer is hardly likely to arouse such feelings.

I write this in the hope that you will be relieved rather than offended! No criticism of your person is implied: I just want you to know that at all times you will remain sacrosanct.

Now it's over to you. Do you want me to come and stay with you if, as I expect, there is no Da Capo?

Ever yours,
André

It didn't take long for Ian to answer, as André replied on December 30, 1979:

Dear Ian,

I was touched and thrilled by your letter. Not surprised, though. Anybody broadminded enough to enjoy Bach on the piano is hardly likely to prove intolerant in other fields, especially as it's once more a question of playing the same piece on a different instrument (a boy instead of a girl). Admittedly, most of the ornaments are in different places, but the basic experience is likely to be fairly similar -- Eros, after all, is Venus' own son, so there must be a family resemblance.

But what touched me so much was the sheer warmth and wholeheartedness of your response, the concern that made you answer me immediately, the generosity of your unqualified welcome. Of course I'd love to stay with you! I've always felt happy in your company, and in the last year or so we have become really close friends, so it will be a joy to stay in your flat and talk to hearts' content, comparing notes on music and respective life-and-love-styles. It's, of course, a great comfort to me to know that we can talk freely of anything without you feeling repelled or embarrassed.

Most of all I look forward to staying with you. If the "Da Capo" occurs, and my friend says: "Yes, but where can we go?", I'll rent the Avon Motor Lodge for the odd night or two, so there will never be any need to rotate the beds.

With all my affectionate wishes,
André

One of the last things André completed at the end of 1979 was a composition, not of music, but of words. It was a short story titled "The Fortune Teller." It was entered in a writing competition, but was rejected. André's letters of explanation of the story to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska were longer than the story itself. While it showed style and ingenuity of plot, it was amateurish and far removed from the passion, immediacy and reality of the autobiography.

Visit to Israel (1980)

Writing his autobiography had raised many questions in André's mind. In Israel he encountered a woman who had some of the answers. She was Halina Swieca-Malewiak, André's cousin, the woman who ran the little kindergarten for André and other children in the Warsaw ghetto. There had been earlier opportunities for André to vacation and perform in Israel, but he had not before felt ready to face some of the facts of his early life and of his Jewish background. When Terry asked him if he would replace pianist Lili Kraus in

Jerusalem for some masterclasses and concerts, André was tempted to go. He asked Eve Harrison what she thought and Eve told him to go. She would go with him.

André arrived in Israel on New Years Day 1980, and was housed at an artists' complex, Mishkenon Shananim. He sent a postcard of Mishkenon Shananim to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on January 12, 1980:

Dear kisser,

I live here in this colony of artists and thinkers. It's heaven. Forgive my neglecting you, but besides concerts I'm also giving master-classes, substituting for Lili Kraus. I'll send another postcard soon.

Yours,
André

The next postcard was mailed two days later on January 14, 1980:

Dear kisser,

If you could combine in one person Shakespeare, Copernicus, Christ, Napoleon, and the Marquis de Sade, the Israelis would ask, "So why doesn't he play the violin?" Here you can't astound anyone by anything. Yesterday, for example, an Arab offered 500 camels for Eve, and I was offered 10 postcards free by a card seller who said, "Bach should be played only on a harpsichord."

Yours,
André

The comment of the card seller was related to a review of André's concert a few days earlier, on January 8, 1980, which read:

Undeserved Applause

Our audiences are becoming less and less sophisticated. Recently a most inept violinist was soloist with the Israeli Philharmonic and reaped such applause that he even had to give encores.

On this occasion, the guest pianist rendered the Bach F minor concerto in the style of Chopin, in collaboration with a conductor who was, at best, less than satisfactory. But the audience, not knowing that in the following Rachmaninoff/Paganini piece they would have the pianist again, demanded its obligatory encore and clapped until it grew into that now-customary, unbearable rhythmic din. Tchaikowsky played the Bach concerto in such an unusual and unstylish manner that one wonders how Bach would have played the Tchaikovsky concerto.

In the Rachmaninoff Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Tchaikowsky proved to be an artist of imagination, and a pianist of impressive technique, with a wide range of touch and graded dynamics, making his interpretation lively and highly acceptable. Conductor Uri Segal employed the simple technique of swaying his hands up and down in movements too large to achieve any precision from the orchestra. He must be blamed for inaccuracies in the Bach and Rachmaninoff, not the orchestra.

Although at this point he had already been in Israel for two weeks, André was having trouble with the decision to see his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak face to face. She didn't attend the concert because it seemed an inappropriate place for a meeting after not seeing each other for so many years. However, they would have to meet because she was a critical link to the past. Halina Swieca-Malewiak:

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"I wasn't at the concert. He wanted us to come, but it was a difficult situation because I couldn't leave my mother alone. My husband wasn't feeling so well either. I was frightened to see André just like this, in public, after all these years. I thought he should come to me first.

"I was depressed. I was listening on the radio [the concert was broadcast], but I don't remember what happened. I couldn't get it very well on this small radio, but I was very glad to hear it. Later I asked him, 'Did you read the Jerusalem Post?' He said, 'No, I don't read any critics, and it's of no interest to me.' But later on, he read it and said, 'My playing is much better and I'm improving.' If we can play Bach on a modern piano, certainly Tchaikowsky should be allowed to play it like Chopin. André always played Bach beautifully, even as a little child.

"Well, it was just that period [his childhood] that he came to me to be reminded about. But it was a bit confusing because he met a woman in Jerusalem who also wanted to talk with him about Poland and the 1930s. She told me, 'André talked with me only briefly. He excused himself and said he doesn't want to be reminded of things that he's trying to forget.' Perhaps it was all right for me, as family, to talk about the past, but no one else. He didn't want to get in touch with Ignacy's widow [Irena Paszkowska].

"For a few minutes, for a few hours, or a few days, he could be so charming, so really charming that it is impossible to imagine, and was impossible to resist.

"André got a telephone call from Irena Paszkowska's brother, the very well-known senior surgeon in Israel, whom André didn't know at all. The doctor presented himself:

Doctor - 'Hello. Professor Mozes speaking.'

André - 'It is not enough that you're Moses, but also a professor?'

Doctor - 'I'm not only Mozes and a professor, but what you don't realize is that I'm also your Uncle.'

"André appreciated the riposte and made an appointment with the professor.

"André's autobiography was to be published, or so he thought. Perhaps it was just to express himself fully, and he couldn't do it any other way. What I don't understand is this story that André told me that his mother was wandering with him in the ghetto with a mattress. He wanted to know if they were wandering, how did Grandmother Celina meet them? André related this story with such excellence of truth, that I couldn't even doubt it, so I asked my cousin. He said that up until the end, André's mother Felicja was in her flat. This is what I think too, so what is this wandering story? A fantasy? You can never tell with André. What I think, really, he was a born actor and he acted his whole life. This scene about the wandering was acted so wonderfully that you had to accept it as truth. He couldn't play all the time, and when there was a breakdown, it was because he was tired, and really too tired at the time to continue it."

If André was really exploring his past, then why reject someone who might have helped his search? Ostensibly, André was examining his early life with the ultimate goal of becoming, simply, a normal person. The Israel trip was important to this life-long pursuit for a number of reasons. First, his cousin Halina gave him new information about his past, or information that he had not understood. Second, he found that he wasn't so unique after all. It seemed everyone he met in Israel had a past similar to his own, often worse than his own. Here was an entire country of survivors and André's past was quite "ordinary" in this context.

Having received from his cousin Halina a clearer idea of what his past was like, André felt that he needed to understand his father's viewpoint as well. After 32 years of separation, he decided he would try to visit his father in Paris. There was a break in his schedule in March 1980, after his return from New Zealand and

Hong Kong, and he determined that he would go to Paris to see if his father was still alive. Even if he were alive, would he see André after these many years?

André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on February 1, 1980:

Dear kisser,

As to my Israel trip, I'll only tell you that it went far beyond my expectations in every respect, with the exception of the concerts. The personal side of the trip was a great experience for me. Can you imagine that I've decided to find and visit my father in Paris? Obviously, I'm not letting him know beforehand because he could prepare a two-hour long indictment speech, or even refuse to see me. But at last I want to learn who I am, where I come from, and where I belong. One doesn't choose one's parents, and it doesn't matter who one wants to be, but who one actually is. My cousin Halinka [Swieca-Malewiak] is very happy with the autobiography project and she offered her cooperation. I'll try to visit her again, perhaps in November. I can't earlier because I still don't have the whole third act of "The Merchant" completed.

It's possible that after meeting my father I'll start the whole autobiography over again, but, for the time being, I've no time for anything but playing.

Yours,
André

P.S. What do you think about Basia's divorce?

After leaving Israel, André wrote to his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak, "I can't tell you how deeply I was moved by our meeting. Now at last I'm beginning to feel who I am and where I belong. Up to now, it was as far from me as Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo." André would be back in Israel in November as the artists' colony of Mishkenon Shananim had accepted his application for an extended stay.

Eve didn't find André particularly good company in Israel. André was distraught as only he could be, and distracted by both the search for information on his childhood and by the upcoming New Zealand tour. As cheerful as André's letters might have been, he was desperately hoping to resume his relationship with his New Zealand lover. The lover failed to respond to André's correspondence and he simply had no way of knowing exactly what was going to happen. By the middle of February 1980, André was in New Zealand.

New Zealand (1980)

The New Zealand tour included seven concerts in two weeks, and was preceded by two weeks of vacation and practice. One of André's concerto concerts was reviewed by Ian Dando for *The Star*:

Tchaikowsky at Town Hall Auditorium

Welcome back to André Tchaikowsky. With his sensitive finespun playing and his many friendly visits here, perhaps it is about time we naturalised him as an honorary Cantabrian. His former teacher -- the pianist Stefan Askenase was an editor and champion of Chopin concertos, which possibly accounts for the thoroughbred insight of Tchaikowsky's account of the No.2 in F minor. His neatly clipped staccatos and rests got right inside the mazurka character of the finale. But this movement is trivial elegance compared with the tender nocturne of the slow movement which is the very core of the work.

Tchaikowsky's rhythmically supple feeling for line shaped it into delicate improvisatory poetry. This was pianistic intensity at its most poignant and his contrast of touch in the central section was keenly judged. [Conductor] Priestman's canny down-beat stretched every bar like elastic to accommodate Tchaikowsky's sensitive rubatos neatly. Only in the first

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movement did the background Musak of the perfunctorily written orchestral accompaniment obtrude and smudge the piano line of the second subject too heavily.

A recital in Christchurch was also reviewed by Ian Dando for *The Star*:

Tchaikowsky Shows Second Aspect of Beethoven

Works of genius are many-sided because of their depth. Part of the fascination and lasting power in late Beethoven sonatas is this very factor, which allows so many different interpretive angles from different pianists.

Charles Rosen's Beethoven last year and André Tchaikowsky's Beethoven sonatas programme were poles apart yet equally valid in their viewpoints. As expected from the author of "The Classical Style," Rosen's Beethoven showed distanced, classical poise and tremendous structural insight from one of the keenest analysts since Tovey.

Tchaikowsky's more soulful approach comes from the mind of a composer-pianist who can get right behind a composer's ears and recreate each phrase as though composing the work afresh. Structural subtlety is revealed more by intensity of expression than mere objective analysis and it is this that enables Tchaikowsky to draw his audience into the vortex of the creative process so raptly.

This was especially so with the Opus 90 and 109 sonatas, works which Tchaikowsky has obviously lived with very deeply.

QUALITY - His account of the little two-movement opus 90 was no mere tossed-off appetiser. The intensity with which he moulded each phrase and tapered it off to a melting pianissimo revealed the first movement's sharp duality of mood and its structural compactness like a map. Likewise, in the coda of the songful second movement, he revealed fresh detail, showing that the artful little ending of this so-called Schubertian movement could never have been written by Schubert.

His Opus 109 sonata dug even deeper and was his most searching performance. If this work's compression of musical argument "does not suffer day-dreamers gladly" -- to crib my own programme notes -- Tchaikowsky's revealing performance did not commit an instant of mental free-wheeling. In the second movement the relationship of the left-hand accompanying theme to the development section was cleverly established while still maintaining the movement's outer facade of robust energy.

Each section of the finale was very sharply characterised, the prize gem being the final variation where Tchaikowsky linked its kinship to the parent theme with a clarity I have not heard before.

IMPETUS LOST - Only in one sonata movement did Tchaikowsky's concern over poetic detail get the upper hand of overall flow, notably the opening movement of the Sonata "Les Adieux" where lingering pauses and over-poignant rubatos on dissonant chords cost the movement its impetus. The opus 110 performance had some superb details -- sensitive weighting of every note in the recitative, a poignant feeling for nuance in the arioso and intelligently clear voice-leading in the fugue. The brusque scherzo was crisply articulated if lacking the last degree of vehemence and impetuous pacing.

This Sunday evening recital was given in aid of the Transcendental Meditation Society, a group obviously blessed with great powers of concentration as Tchaikowsky's generous encore brought the evening's tally to five Beethoven sonatas.

During his New Zealand tour, André's letters to his former lover were unanswered until the very last day, when André finished his tour in Auckland. The lover agreed to show up at the airport, where André would be leaving for Hong Kong, and explain everything. André related the story to Ian Dando in a letter dated March 16, 1980:

His plane couldn't land yesterday and went back to Wellington, and all the later flights to Auckland were full. So what do you think the lad did? He hired a car and drove from Wellington to Auckland, right through the night, merely to say good-bye and see me off! He arrived towards 6 am, exhausted but smiling. With such friends I don't need any lovers!

The two had a few hours to talk. His friend explained what happened between them: during the last visit, when their relationship was so intense, André was quite open about his affections and they were noticed coming and going together at the Christchurch Avon Motor Lodge. The lover, who was a teacher, was questioned about his homosexual conduct. He assured his colleagues that he was not gay, and to prove that there was nothing going on with André, he didn't write, call, or in any way encourage André to see him again. Only at the last minute did he decide to see André at the airport, and then only to explain and to say good-bye forever.

André, in one of those extravagant gestures that he could ill afford, went to the ticket counter and purchased a round trip ticket: Auckland - London - Auckland, so his friend could visit Cumnor in June, 1980. The cost was £1000 (about US \$1,500 at that time) and was practically all the money that André had earned on his New Zealand tour. André flew away to Hong Kong for a single recital and was back in England on March 19, 1980.

André badly needed the money from the New Zealand concerts to pay urgent bills, but it was gone. When André explained to Terry that most of the tour money went for an airline ticket for his friend, Terry was furious. Terry and André had a serious talk about finances, in which Terry was able to get André's agreement that he would work steadily for two concert seasons to payoff all his loans. André had tapped all his friends and it was time to pay them back. Since concerts are arranged a year or more in advance, Terry insisted that André accept every possible concert date for the next two seasons, through 1982. Reluctantly, André agreed.

André meets his Father (1980)

Back in Europe, André's strategy for seeing his father was based on surprise and he had enlisted the help of his Paris cousin, Charles Fortier, to make the arrangements. Charles was a dentist. His receptionist was to contact Karl Krauthammer, explain that she was a friend of Felicja's (which was true as she was the same Zofia Neuman who went to the Paris nightclubs with Felicja during the mid-1930s), and she would like to visit with him. Once that date was set, André would show up instead and thus surprise his father.

The plan went into operation. The Paris area telephone directories listed only a few Krauthammers. It didn't take long to locate Karl in the Paris suburb of Courbevoie. The receptionist telephoned and the call was answered by Mrs. Krauthammer who explained that Karl was in the hospital as the result of a fall, and would be home in about a week. Two weeks later, the receptionist called again. Karl was now at home and, yes, if she wanted to visit that afternoon at 2 o'clock, that would be fine.

The first surprise for André was in learning the his father had remarried. In October of 1952 Karl met Eugénie Bernstein, a Russian Jew born in Kiev in 1917. She was attractive, kind, and considerate. Eugénie's parents had moved from Russia to London in 1921, then to Berlin, and finally in 1929 to Paris. She attended school in Paris, married in 1938, then divorced in 1944. When Eugénie and Karl met, she was working for TWA airlines, using her fluency in Russian, German, Italian, French, and English in customer service. Everything happened rather quickly. Eugénie and Karl were married on January 4, 1953, within three months

of meeting, and shortly after the marriage she was pregnant. On January 13, 1954, she gave birth to a daughter, Katherine, their only child. This would be André's second surprise; he had a sister.

At 2 pm, the doorbell rang at the home of Karl and Eugénie Krauthammer. Eugénie Krauthammer:

"My husband had been ill for a long time. His shaky condition was related to advanced Parkinson's disease, which he had had for nearly 20 years. On one occasion, he fell down and cracked his head, just above his left eyebrow. Due to the fall, he was in the hospital for 10 days and it was during this time I got a call at home from a woman who asked for Mr. Krauthammer. I asked who she was and she answered that she was friend of Felicja's. So I told her to call back in one week.

"After the woman called a second time and we said it was O.K. to visit that afternoon at 2 pm, Karl and I talked it over. We had a feeling that André was involved in this. That was the feeling. It struck us that André might be trying to get back in touch.

"Right at 2 pm the doorbell rang, and I went downstairs to answer. At the door was a man holding a large bunch of flowers. He was alone and said, 'Good afternoon madame, I'm André Tchaikowsky.' We went upstairs to the apartment and Karl asked, 'Who is it?' I answered, 'It's your son.' We all sat down together and talked. It was a long conversation. We asked André to return the next night for dinner so he could meet his half-sister. André accepted and came back the next night.

"During the next day, we had a visit from Charles Fortier who explained that he was André's cousin and that the mystery woman was his office assistant. He also explained that André wanted it known, that Karl should understand, that André was homosexual. André wanted us to know this from the start and was concerned about rejection. This upset Karl and I didn't like that, but I urged Karl to remember that what the person had done with his life was more important than his sexual preference. André came to dinner that evening and the second meeting went well. Karl seemed untroubled by this revelation of André's homosexuality."

André expected his father to have intellectual abilities comparable to his own. In this he was disappointed. Instead of a bright, interesting man, André found a sickly, dull, and uninteresting man who seemed obsessed with money. André explained that by not coming sooner, he had saved them a lot of grief as he had a terrible character, and he had no regrets that things happened the way they did. During the interview, Karl was wondering why André had come at this time; did he want to borrow money, was there some reason other than reestablishing his relationship?

André learned at this time that his father broke with the family fur business in the 1940s and started his own competing fur business. This led to a falling-out with his brother, Herman, and the two didn't speak to each other for 22 years. A tough businessman, Karl's enterprise flourished, and he invested the profits in real estate, particularly apartment buildings. In 1964, at the age of 55, Karl retired and was able to live comfortably with the income from his investments.

André's half-sister, Katherine, was married to Michel Vogt, a dentist. Their marriage constituted a small family scandal since Michel was Catholic, not Jewish. Other members of the Krauthammer-Glasberg family rejected that whole side of the family for allowing this to happen. Karl and Herman had reconciled at the funeral of their father, but after Katherine's marriage, they once again broke relations.

Upon his return to London, André wrote to his father in April 1980:

Dear father,

I can't tell you of my joy in meeting you again. I deeply appreciated the manner in which I was received. I expected an icy welcome, even a refusal, but just a few words later it was as if we

had never left one another. The warm welcome by your wife played an important part. She put me at ease and has a wonderful warmth that made me love her right away. You have a true talent for picking spouses! You proved it twice.

I felt like part of the family with Katherine and Michel. This may seem obvious, since we are family, but the circumstances of our meeting were not ordinary. Your state of health concerns me, but if you can read and not get tired, you can have a very intense intellectual life.

You may wonder why I wanted to see you. It's not out of love, or duty, or remorse, but due to a need to know where I came from so I can settle into an understanding. All my life I've been seeking to be settled. In a visit to Israel, I started to feel this way. I want to find and to know myself. I knew I would never be asked to visit and thought if I did ask, I would be turned away. But I knew I had to track you down to know my family.

I had no knowledge that I had a half-sister or that you were ill. I needed courage to see you. The reason for the long grudge towards you was due to my grandmother, who accused you of great wrongs towards my mother, including a refusal to get her out of Poland during the war. I was 12 when I was told these things, and I never heard them from another point of view. I loved my mother and never recovered from her death. I never loved my grandmother at all, but I tried for a long time. I had a difficult childhood with two years in the ghetto and another two years in the armoire.

You explained very well the marriage to my mother. Only you could have revealed all of this. We had this obstacle of my grandmother since before my birth, and we never really had a chance to remain in contact.

Please respond in all friendship.

Your prodigal son,
André

A report of meeting his father appears in a letter from André to his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak in April 1980:

My dear Halinka,

With my father, everything has passed in a smooth but superficial way. My first impression was the relaxation, plus astonishment, that there was no scene, no accusation, and almost no reproaches. My father's Parkinson's disease forces him to take 14 tranquilizers daily. It helps not only himself, but all his family as well. It seems to me he should have taken them a long time even before his illness. Now he speaks mezzo forte and not fortissimo and, asking a question, he really listens to the answer.

My second feeling was some disappointment. This visit, contrary to my staying in Israel, gave me nothing, and taught me nothing. Since my return home, my father began to think it over and even to suspect me. It seems to him that I may want money from him. He keeps asking, what was the reason for the sudden reconciliation, how did I find his address, etc. Perhaps he is sorry that he pardoned me so easily and now reproaches me for my refusal to meet him after my concert in Paris in 1958. When I mailed him a record as a birthday present, he immediately sent me back two luxury fountain pens, because -- as he put it he doesn't want to owe me anything.

My half-sister is 26 years old, her name is Katherine and her husband's name is Michel. But my father's brother broke off relations with them because Michel is not a Jew! I'm ashamed when I think about it. It is my step-mother I like most in the family. (As usual for me, it's just

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the opposite from what it should be: it's the step-mother that's generally hated.) Her name is Eugénie, is of Russian origin, and has a heart of gold.

I'll tell you what I learned from my father. I've understood that under the level of feelings there is a basic level on which a father is a father, and a son is a son, quite apart from mutual attitudes and circumstances. Karl was somehow robbed, because every father has a right to know the whereabouts of his son! I wouldn't have agreed with anyone who told me this, but had to discover it myself. I understood it when my father showed me a German music encyclopedia and there, under my name, was "He lost his parents during the war." You can imagine how ashamed I felt (even though I didn't even know such a book existed). Nothing he could have done deserved such a humiliation. It was then I begged his pardon, and this was perhaps our most unique and sincere moment.

Yours,
André

There would be other meetings with his father. André intended to pay regular visits to Paris.

The Opera (1980)

André's main work concern in 1980 was the completion of *The Merchant*. He estimated that six months were needed to complete the opera, but he only had three months free before Terry would book him solid for the entire season. He could work right up until the last minute before returning to the concert stage, but what about repertoire and piano practice? It was going to be a challenge.

On May 11, 1980, André performed in Queen Elizabeth Hall for the 1979-1980 Piano Recital Series. Music critic Joan Chissell wrote for *The Times*:

André Tchaikowsky

Able technician as he is, André Tchaikowsky nevertheless remains the kind of pianist better categorized as a musician than a Klaviertiger. Certainly the piano recital yesterday afternoon in the South Bank Sunday series was primarily memorable for the personal feeling behind it, his desire to make the instrument communicate more than sound.

It was to his compatriot, Chopin, after the interval, that his romantic heart seemed most closely attuned. There was true improvisational poetry in the C-sharp Minor Prelude, Opus 45, and expansive warmth of tone and phrasing in the Barcarolle, even if now and again the texture lacked the ideal Chopinesque clarity and luminosity. In the B Minor sonata, right-hand quavers were insufficiently scintillating in the Scherzo, while in the Finale, prestidigitation in the right hand was sometimes swamped by the bass. But the mellow majesty of the first movement and the heroic challenge of the last were honoured to the hilt.

Whether Haydn's F Minor Variations at the start of the programme needed such intimate searching for romantic expression is a moot point. True, the work represents the composer in full maturity, keenly aware of all that could be entrusted to the fast evolving forte piano after the comparatively limited harpsichord. But loving as it all was, Mr. Tchaikowsky's yielding rhythm, right from the outset of the theme, did not sound stylish.

In Schubert's A Minor Sonata, D.784, he again left no note unturned in his search for deeper layers of meaning. Pursuit of detail in leisurely tempo slightly undermined the urgency of the first movement, so that the ensuing Andante (again taken slowly for an *alla breve*) brought less than its full contrast. But both found him wholly committed. The Finale, while carefully controlled, had all its rightful disturbing brilliance.

The same recital reviewed in *The Daily Telegraph* (by D.A.W.M.):

André Tchaikowsky

The rare occasions when the great Polish-born pianist André Tchaikowsky gives a recital in his adopted country are not to be missed by connoisseurs of playing of integrity. The composers chosen at the Queen Elizabeth Hall yesterday afternoon were Haydn, Schubert, and Chopin and to each Mr. Tchaikowsky lent interpretative power possessed by the few, with a technique which is as complete as is possible.

Mr. Tchaikowsky revealed in Haydn's Variations in F Minor seldom explored dynamics and undercurrents which gave this work freshness and spontaneity, none of the many repeats being alike. The wide canvas of Schubert's Sonata in A minor (D.784) seemed this time to embody the composer's emotional life, containing his moods of despair and his gaiety.

A Chopin group was crowned by a performance of the Sonata in B Minor, memorable not only for its sumptuous sound but for the perceptive presentation of its wonderfully varied conception.

June 1980 was approaching and André was looking forward to his by now traditional three-month holiday, as well as the visit from his New Zealand friend. A telephone call from New Zealand ended the latter expectation: the friend would not be coming, and, further, it was completely over between them. Terry Harrison told André to get a refund for the unused airline ticket. André enlisted the help of his friend Ian Dando:

"André wanted to bring his friend over to Oxford, but the friend had called the whole thing off. André had paid for the airfare and there was no sign that André's friend was going to refund the money. I told André that I would get it back for him. André said, 'You won't get it back,' and made this crazy bet: 'If you fail to get that money back for me, Ian, you're going to pay a penalty. But if you win the bet, then you can impose a penalty on me.' I said, 'Well, what penalty are you going to impose André?' He said, 'If you fail, you have got to play a piano piece in front of a group of my friends. We'll have a little party: Vladimir Ashkenazy, Peter Frankl, Stephen Kovacevitch...'

"I said, 'Oh my God, I'm only an amateur, André, I'll get a dose of the nose playing in front of you and Stephen Kovacevitch and...'. André said, 'You go and make it just as hard a bet if I lose.' 'O.K.', I said, 'if you lose André, at your next recital at Festival Hall, you will have to give an encore. For this encore, you are going to have to play a piece by the Beatles or Rolling Stones.' It so happens that I did get back the money. I don't know whether he carried the bet through or not. [He didn't.]"

Terry tested his new power. André had agreed to play any concert date Terry could find for the next two years. A sudden opportunity opened in South Africa in June 1980, for eight concerts of three different concertos and a recital program, all to be completed in three weeks. André would have to play the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No.3, The Liszt Piano Concerto No.2, and the Ravel Piano Concerto for Left Hand. André agreed, and had just two weeks to get everything back into his fingers. He left on June 9 for Cape Town. On June 14, shortly after the first concert in Cape Town on June 12, André wrote to Michael Menaugh:

My dearest Michael,

I didn't, after all, write to you on my way out here. But this is just as well as all you would've got would be something like the book of Job, and you'd have to read "End Game" for light relief. Since then, I've pulled myself together by dint of hard work and a kind of grim

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determination. I have managed quite a decent Prokofiev No.3, which resulted in a lousy review. Better than the opposite.

I'm also keeping up the orchestration at the rate of a page a day, and generally tried to turn myself from a man of feeling into a man of action. I've always paid too much attention to my moods and feelings.

Next time I come to South Africa, I'll definitely follow it up by a visit to Rio. There are two non-stop flights a week. But I can't do it this time as this is the summer I must finish "The Merchant." There is still the whole trial scene to do. Originally, I'd set aside six months for it, but I'm so deeply in debt that I was forced to accept concerts from late October onwards. And next year I'll play right through the summer so as to take in Dartington, and perhaps a couple of festivals, just in order to payoff those debts. So if I don't finish "The Merchant" by early October, it would hang over my head for two more years.

Yours,
André

While in South Africa, André received a letter from Terry's assistant, Angela Kokoszka, saying that André had an opportunity for another concerto concert, this time with Uri Segal conducting. André's reply on June 21, 1980:

Dear Angela,

Many thanks for your letter. Of course I'll be thrilled to play with Uri, whatever it is -- even Beethoven 4. The only problem is the difficulty of persuading Frank Shipway, or anyone for that matter, to let me try it out within the single week between my recital at St. André's and the German concerts. Remember that Terry agreed to St. André's as my first engagement, on October 28th, as an exchange for the present tour.

Please don't groan and throw up your hands. Three months is really not excessive for the trial scene of "The Merchant" -- it was going to be six, remember? -- indeed it's the bare minimum, and I'll be lucky to get it done on time. And that brings us from the 7th of July to the 7th of October. Now, is three weeks too much for practising myself back into form? [Angela notes in the margin, "Terry says you can't afford it"] So we shall probably just have to take the plunge without a try-out. But who knows? I'll let you work on it just in case.

Yes, I agree about keeping my holiday plans flexible! You are very wise. Anyway, Dartington goes on till late August, so I'm bound to get my six weeks off, aren't I? I'm very happy to leave this in your care.

This town [Pretoria] is proving very pleasant, despite today's rugby match which has flooded my hotel with yahoos!

All love to you, Adam, Terry, and the Flying Circus,

André

André's last concert in South Africa was on July 3, 1980. He also was able to meet with John O'Brien. John found André tense, but then he relaxed while speaking of a woman he had met in Pretoria. This unknown woman made an enormous impression on André and she suggested that he write a brief summary of his life. André proceeded to write:

On Friday, the 4th, I became a conscious member of the human race. I had always been an outcast or a prisoner. At first, the confinement was quite literal, whether in the Warsaw ghetto or in a wardrobe. Released from that, I actually sought confinement, which I then probably

regarded as security, either in claustrophobic relationships or in the larger ghetto of the homosexual community, if that is the right word for a group whose members have so little else in common. The trouble was, my mind was still in prison. I had been trained to forge my own handcuffs.

As for being an outcast, that also started in its most literal and drastic form. Who could be more cast out than one whose very right to live has been denied. Even after the war I had been physically bullied for being a Jew. Then in my teens came the discovery of my sexual inclinations, which I supposed to be extremely rare. I regarded myself as a monster. Gram's comment when I told her was, "They'll be pointing their fingers at you." And I had heard enough lewd jokes on the subject to share that grim view.

Unable to merge, I undertook to stand out. And succeeded. Even I didn't at first suspect that the solitary position of a star performer was not of my own choice. I performed on stage and in conversation as an artist or as a clown. I might get no one's laugh, but I knew how to force their applause. I even performed when alone. Was that because I couldn't love myself?

I often courted dislike as much as admiration. And that proved even easier to get. What did it matter which reaction of the two it was, as long as I was noticed? I was making up for years of hiding. It took me a long time to notice the strain of that perpetual display. I didn't connect it with my intolerable headaches, with my fits of exhaustion, with the seemingly unaccountable rebellions of my nervous system. Nor did I see myself as a simple ham. My act took myself in, whomever else.

But what I was conscious of was an overwhelming need for love. And though this was in fact repeatedly granted me, I would never accept and believe it. To see one's self as an outcast is quite as dramatic as to be one. Perhaps more so since a real one may yet eventually find acceptance, whereas I kept rejecting whatever was offered. Forever expecting a door to slam in my face, I was slamming it myself to get in first.

To my suspicious and black-and-white mind, it always seemed based on spurious grounds. I was accepted as a fellow Jew, a fellow queer, above all as a pianist. That made me interchangeable with any other specimen of the same group. It never felt enough just to be me. How could I break out of that? Reach out to the other? I couldn't. They would have to reach out to me. To be complete, the acceptance would have to include sex. That controversial aspect of my makeup was the greatest barrier. How could I believe others could accept it, when I had never quite managed to do so myself? And yet, if it had to come from the other side, a heterosexual would have to love me enough actually to want and eagerly volunteer to make love to me. This was a ludicrous event to expect. And I had never consciously expected it or even wished for it. It was outside the laws of nature as I knew it. And nothing else could rescue me. I was learning to accept defeat.

It has happened now. [My New Zealand lover] did precisely that: met me in my own cell, fed me, let me out. Nothing could take it back, and now I belonged. That realization, however, was but a prelude to the overwhelming realization that now followed, with the suddenness and irrevocability of a gunshot: everyone belonged and always had. I just didn't know it. I burst into tears. How could anyone be outside when they were in the world? How could one be confined when the world was open and free? One cannot be alive and not belong, but one may not know it. Webster's summer bird cage was the product of Blake's mind-forged manacles.

Finishing the Opera (1980)

When André returned to Cumnor in early July, he had a few more concerts at the end of the month. Then he would be free to see if he could complete "The Merchant" by the end of October. He contacted various friends that he had invited to visit during the summer and told them to stay away. The only visit still scheduled was that of André's New Zealand friend, Ian Dando.

André was composing to a deadline. Although the deadline was self-imposed, the effect was the same: he composed quickly and spontaneously. He just didn't have time to develop his typical, paralyzing critical sense. By mid-September, he wrote to Ian Dando (who was at the Berlin Festival with Penny, a friend whom he met a few weeks prior at the Edinburgh Festival and wanted to bring to Cumnor as well):

My dear Ian,

I was utterly thrilled by your letter, especially the news about Penny! Of course I want to have you both here, whenever it suits Penny to come down to Oxford! But, equally of course, I won't hear of taking a penny (no pun intended) and shall feel very hurt if I find anything left in 'fridge or larder on my return: you must get through it all "on the house." What do you think this is, the Cumnor Hilton?

And please stop telling Penny I am the Dalai Lama -- she'll be so disappointed when she finds out at our first meeting that I'm only Jesus. If you must praise me, do so to her son. One must always take a thought for the future.

Alas, I doubt whether this will reach you before your trip to Poland! I could, of course, write to you c/o Halinka but my experience of the Polish post makes Parsifal look like the Flight of the Bumble Bee by comparison! No doubt you'll find it on your return to Berlin.

The opera is nearly complete! I'll let you know what Hans [Keller] says when I show it to him on the 22nd [of September]. I hope to have it all by then, but of course I daren't count my chickens.

Your guru and sage,
André

Then on October 1, 1980, he wrote to Michael Menaugh:

Dear Michael,

Rejoice with me -- I have finished "The Merchant of Venice!" It took Hans to convince me that I really had. I kept fussing and fiddling with it, changing tiny details that I would then change back to their previous version, merely because I couldn't adjust to the new situation. Hans then offered to write to Lord Harewood, who is chairman of the ENO [English National Opera], on my behalf. I doubt whether his recommendation can override the English economic crisis, but it is good to see him so impressed.

Yours,
André

André didn't waste any time starting his next opera. The playwright Christopher Hampton (who also lived in Oxford) had met André a few years before when André had the initial idea of putting his play "Total Eclipse" to music. André met with Hampton again on October 14, 1980, and related the experience to Michael Menaugh on October 16:

My dearest twin,

So far there's been no sign of post natal depression. Will that come after the orchestration of the last two scenes? Or after the first night? I hope the former. On the contrary, I have fresh grounds for euphoria. On Tuesday I spent several hours with Christopher Hampton, who's the most accommodating man I could ever hope for. He gave me carte blanche to treat "Total Eclipse" as I choose, encouraged savage cuts, and even took the trouble of translating the Rimbaud poems he thought I might need, which must have meant countless evenings of unpaid work. Unhappily, I don't like the translations, and didn't have the nerve to say so. So, I suggested doing the whole thing in French, merely in order to keep the poems in the original language.

It makes sense, doesn't it? They are known and loved by people who hardly know French all over the world, for the sound is their essential magic. Again, he agreed, provided I translate his text myself. There is a French version, but he says it's barely adequate. He has some instinctive, irrational faith in me, as Radu did when he asked to play my concerto without knowing one note I'd written. So, here is my new past-time: translating a great play from a language I had learned at 20 into one I had learned at 12. The crazy presumption and challenge of that excites me almost as much as "The Merchant" once did. So, you needn't worry about any post parturient symptoms.

But what does worry me a bit, and you no doubt, is that persistent feeling of being wonderful, invincible, etc. I know this to be a mirage, but can't help experiencing and enjoying it. Please stand by me when I crash land. I also think writing short stories would make a good hobby, if I really do give up the bio. But there's still a chance of my finding a more balanced motivation for my writing the latter afresh and I cannot dismiss it until after my visit to Israel next month.

Your big twin,
André

P.S. Don't be cross with me for bragging so much. I'll soon have another down phase.

The orchestration of the last act and the epilogue remained to be completed on "The Merchant," but André felt great relief that he had actually completed the composition of the opera. Orchestration could be done while touring; composing could not.

Return to Israel (1980)

André had planned to spend all of November 1980 in Israel. However, Terry had arranged a concert tour in Norway for the first part of the month and André was forced to change his plans. André wrote to his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak on October 16, 1980 (on a postcard with a hideous face):

My dear Halinka,

I have a number of concerts in Norway, so I won't appear in Israel until November 20. I'll let you know as soon as I arrive. I've got for you Florian's book about his father [Nachum Sokolow]. This postcard has a perfect likeness of Grandmother Celina! Somehow, I've finished the opera except instrumentation, which will take me at least a year of work (during my concerts). I'll stay in Israel up to December 10, and, for once, I'll have free time.

Yours,
André

André arrived in Israel on November 19, 1980, just a few weeks after his 45th birthday. During his stay, he had long and detailed discussions with his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak. He also visited the Holocaust museum where he saw models of all the major Polish ghettos. André was able to pick out his own house at 1

Przejazd Street. By the end of his visit, he had decided to scrap his autobiography. In December 1980, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska:

My dear kisser,

I've recently returned from Israel. I've got a lot to tell you, but I'm tired and it would take 50 pages, and I don't feel up to it. I gave up the autobiography, and I'll briefly give you the reasons:

1. Fear. After two weeks of reading Emanuel Ringelblum's history of the Warsaw Ghetto, I dreamt that I was playing with radioactive clay, and that as a result the skin began to peel off my hands. I showed my hands to a woman standing nearby, and she said, "That's just the beginning." I was so frightened by it that I woke up and understood that this dream was a warning that I'm not really strong enough for any further work.
2. Shame. You can't imagine how ashamed I am of the few chapters I've written so far, which I've been so proud of up to now. My story is just a drop in the sea. I've come to realize how effectively my grandmother defended me against this knowledge, and thanks to that I'm not in a loony bin. What matters is that in the context of the Warsaw Ghetto, one cannot abuse a nasty aunt, or make fun of a neurotic grandmother. It's simply indecent, like a quarrel at a funeral. And one more thing that's indecent at a funeral is showing off. The whole autobiography is full of conscious virtuosity. I clearly use common tragedy to show off.

Yours,
André

Waiting for André upon his return from Israel was a letter from Hans Keller. Hans had written to Lord Harewood at the English National Opera and suggested that the ENO might be interested in André's new opera. The ENO requested that André write to them directly concerning a play through of the opera. If the opera were accepted, there would be a performance at the London Coliseum. This was exceptional news, but André didn't have a piano version of the opera for the play through. Hans suggested that a talented pianist and musician, Susan Bradshaw, be hired to reduce the opera into a piano version. André checked with Susan and she was available to do the job. The fee would be £10 per page and, with a nominal down payment, she would begin work immediately.

André's finances were in impossible shape. Nevertheless, he arranged a second mortgage on his home at 30, The Park, Cumnor, and gave Susan Bradshaw a down payment so she could get started on the piano reduction.

The year ended quietly for André at his home in Cumnor. His favorite Christmas present was from Chad Varah: a two volume set of male movie star photographs. Chad was a little miffed because André told him he had written a Septet dedicated to him but had then destroyed the work. It doesn't seem likely that anything was ever put to paper: there was no other mention of the work to anyone in correspondence or conversation. Perhaps André wrote it in his head and then erased it from his memory.

Another Year of Financial Concern (1981)

Although Terry could now schedule as many concerts for André as he could find, it turned out not to be that easy. Just because Tchaikowsky needed somebody didn't automatically mean somebody wanted him. André's greatest successes had been in Germany, so Terry concentrated on getting something going there. He had a major stroke of good fortune: André was selected to tour Germany with the Utrecht (Holland) Orchestra for a total of 16 concerts. Unfortunately, the tour wasn't until 1982, so it was of no immediate help to André's finances. Terry tried to open up a tour of South America for February and March 1981 but came up with only one concerto concert and one recital. André would have to travel all the way to Caracas,

Venezuela, just for these two programs. It appeared that 1981 would be a financially disastrous year. Terry was only able to find 33 concert dates for the entire year, and four of those were non-paying charity recitals. One bright spot was a return to Dartington School.

André was cheered by the news that he would play his own piano concerto in Hagen, West Germany, on November 17, 1981. The orchestra conductor and André's friend, Yoram David, responded to Terry's suggestion that the work be programmed.

On January 19, 1981, André received an answer from the ENO about the practicalities of a play through of the opera, and suggested that André might play the piano for such an event. In another letter from the ENO on March 25, a play through date was tentatively set for October 1981. They made no promises, but it was a highly positive step in the long journey toward presenting a new opera. André answered on April 9 saying that if the ENO refused the opera, he would blame it on the British economic crisis. André's own financial condition worsened and he borrowed £2,000 from his music publisher, Josef Weinberger. He agreed to pay it back with monthly payments in 1982 and 1983.

At the end of March 1981, André once again went to visit his father in Paris. Karl was not in very good shape. André now became convinced that Karl couldn't possibly be his father. The difference in their mental equipment was too great. But who could it be? It was about this time that Roman Totenberg, the violinist, was to give a London recital. Roman and André had met a few times in London as Roman had been a very close friend to André's mother, Felicja, and her brother, Ignacy. André decided that Roman must be his father. And why not? Roman was very fond of Felicja, and perhaps After Totenberg's recital André approached him and asked the question: "Could you possibly be my father?" The answer was an emphatic "no." For a start, Roman was in Berlin when André was conceived. Karl was indeed André's father, and he must accept it.

There may not have been many concerts for André, but he was still very busy with the orchestration of the opera, the translation of "Total Eclipse" into French, and work on a piano suite of "Dances" for Stephen Kovacevitch. Terry had also suggested a violin/piano duo be formed with the Korean violinist Kyung Wha Chung, as another way to obtain concerts for André. Kyung Wha Chung found André more than acceptable as an artistic partner, and André agreed. Terry began to search for concert dates for this new duo. André also began to compose something for her: a suite of five miniatures for violin and piano.

André was asked to compose something honoring Bartok, for the Crommelynck Duo. He decided on a theme and variations format. The theme would come from the Bartok Viola Concerto, but before he could proceed, permission would have to come from the publisher and copyright holder of the Bartok, Boosey & Hawkes. Josef Weinberger was enlisted to take care of this detail. Other things André had in his head were ideas for a symphony, which would be dedicated to Eve Harrison, and a viola concerto, which would be dedicated to the Israeli violist, Atar Arad. Arad and André had met in 1977, when Arad was defending the composer Hindemith, whom André disliked. Arad asked André how he was doing, and André gave him the impression that progress was good. However, nothing was ever written for Arad.

In a letter to Ian Dando on April 12, 1981, André mentions his favorite "complex:"

Re - Mann: do you know that much of my life, since the age of 17 or so, I have identified myself with Tonio Kroger? [From the Thomas Mann short story of the same name.] That constant feeling of being "out of it," of eliciting with one's work emotions that one's not allowed to share, the mixture of envy, longing, vicarious happiness and a tinge of contempt with which I viewed the people who knew what it was like, say, to see the first smile of their child (the contempt was a form of self-defense, as I was sure they would all despise me for being what I was). I spoke no word of it to anyone, ever. Then one day Halinka, perceptive as ever, started a letter with: "And how's your Tonio Kroger complex?"

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In André's next letter to Ian Dando, on May 15, 1981, he discusses the end of the autobiography, and tells Ian that he is no longer Tonio Kroger:

Dear Ian,

As for my experiences last year, the decision to give up my book was only a small part of it. If I ever took it up again, it would have to be a very different book -- fair, loving, compassionate instead of a sarcastic personal vendetta I was engaged on, with my nerves raw and my heart unawakened. I was unable to face what really disturbed me: the mass graves. I blamed my unhappiness on my father, my grandmother, my aunt, and made cruel fun of them in a vindictive and sardonic way. And they weren't above criticism; but the real evil was something that I kept safely up in the head: my heart would not take it until last year when the long repressed grief and bereavement finally found its rightful place at the center of my consciousness.

Incidentally, I'm no longer Tonio Kroger -- since Israel, I've come to see that I do have roots. It just so happens that my kin and society where I belonged were destroyed -- hard luck -- but I no longer feel an exile from any and every society.

Yours,
André

On June 27, 1981, André wrote to Michael Menaugh:

Dear Michael,

This is just a short letter as I'm in mid-practice with the Chopin Preludes, which I will play at Dartington after a tryout in Oxford on the 25th of July -- a charity recital and dress rehearsal at a small Italian Festival. I used to play them in my twenties before meeting you, but never got them right and finally gave up in despair. So it would be really encouraging if I managed to do a decent job of them this time and I'm determined to do all I can to get them right. Temperamentally, no piece suits me better, so it really is just a matter of patience. My chances are all the better as I'm doing almost no writing this year, just a series of Dances for Stephen [Kovacevitch] with an alternative version for piano duet [for the Crommelynck Duo]. Two of the five Dances are ready, a Tango and a Mazurka. Stephen insists on choosing the dances himself. I should never have chosen a Tango. The Trial Scene for "The Merchant" is still waiting to be orchestrated, but I can't even start it this year.

Yours,
André

Dartington (1981)

André's visit to Dartington, his first since 1973, brought together many old friends. Hans Keller was there as was violinist Sylvia Rosenberg, for whom, years earlier, André had written a violin concerto. A great disappointment for André was the new director of the summer school, Peter Maxwell Davis, who took over the school after William Glock retired in 1979. In André's opinion, Maxwell Davis was not the right person for the job, and they really didn't get along. Dartington just wasn't the same. Hans Keller was showing more and more symptoms of the disease he had been living with for 15 years, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. (In England, Motor Neuron disease; in the US, Lou Gehrig's disease.)

André wrote to Ian Dano on August 23, 1981 (written in German, which Ian was studying):

Dear Ian,

I've already come back from Dartington, where I played and taught. I began with a piano recital, the Bach C Minor Toccata, Schubert G Major Sonata, and the Chopin 24 Preludes. You are right to say that the preludes suited me very well. You know already how moody I am. But it's easy for me in 40 minutes to reflect two dozen moods, not only in life but also on the stage. In the last prelude I made a lot of wrong notes, not in the runs, which I managed all right, but in the parts in between. Otherwise, the concert was quite good and also a great help for the students. But Dartington wasn't as lively or stimulating as before. Sir William Glock is no longer there, and Peter Maxwell Davis, up to now, hasn't succeeded in impressing his own personality on the festival and course, and to create a new public. The old public is strongly resisting Peter Maxwell Davis. Hans Keller and his wife were both there. Hans gave a superb lecture under the title "The Deadly Danger of Music Education."

I'll play the 24 Preludes of Chopin again in Rotterdam, Brussels and London. At the moment, also, I'm having a rest, but there's so much yet to do with my opera. I'm trying at the same time to learn the piano reduction of the first two acts, to make corrections, and then orchestrate the third act. I'll have to play the whole piece in front of the English National Opera at an audition. That means quite a bit of practice because piano reductions are invariably un pianistic and my polyphonic style makes it especially difficult.

All greetings,
André

Sylvia Rosenberg remembers meeting André again in Dartington, after many years of separation:

"When I saw André in Dartington in the summer of 1981, he played a piano recital and told me, 'I played that whole concert for you, Sylvia, because I knew you would understand what I was playing.' And I think I did. When I was listening, I had the feeling that André was saying, 'Now listen, I hope you know what I'm doing, Sylvia.' Afterwards, backstage, he was so excited and grabbed me and picked me up into the air, and I'm not a slender person, then he lifted up a huge man who was one of the workers there, and then some students. Afterwards, he complained he had strained his back!"

Although William Glock was no longer running the Summer School at Dartington, he was a neighbor, living near Cumnor. Glock recalls, in his autobiography *Notes In Advance*, the André that he knew:

One of the most frequent visitors to Dartington, and one of my best friends, was the Polish pianist André Tchaikowsky. His charm and eccentricity made every moment spent with him a delight. For many years we lived quite near one another in Oxfordshire, where he had gone to escape the distractions of life in London. When my wife and I went to dinner at his house, he once welcomed us in the stunningly smart rig-out of a professional chef. The food was professional, too, well up to the standard of Chez Maxim or The Tour D'Argent. His music room was as crowded as that of a second-hand book dealer, the piano strewn with the latest pages of a score he was busy composing, while the surrounding library included, amongst a host of other things, the complete works of Balzac, which he used to read from beginning to end every two years or so.

One of my greatest pleasures was to play piano duets with him; and this happened quite often, at my home, at the BBC, at the Summer School. He never failed to observe the golden principle in duets that the secondo's right hand must play with the utmost discretion. And, when he took the top part, he sometimes produced magical sounds that transformed my own carefully prepared secondo, as, for example, in Ravel's Mother Goose suite. In Mozart he improvised impish variations when rondo themes returned for the second or third time;

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daring cadenzas, too. After these exploits, it was all the stranger to me that now and then in a Mozart piano concerto André would abandon his boldness and stifle the music, as it were, in an affectionate embrace. It was the only serious misconception -- as I think -- in all the performances of his that I heard.

André played a benefit concert in support of The Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children, on August 30, 1981. The conductor was André's friend, Gervase de Peyer, one of the world's leading clarinetists and a fine conductor. The concert was played with the Wren Orchestra; the piano concerto was the Mozart No. 24 (K.491). During the months of September and October 1981, André played only one concert. The play through of the opera for the ENO, scheduled for October 1981, was rescheduled for December, because the piano reduction wasn't ready. Susan Bradshaw was working diligently, but the score was complex and she had other obligations besides the opera.

November started out with a free recital in Brussels to aid the Food for Poland fund. Poland was in economic and political turmoil at the time. Martial law had been established, and things were very difficult for the Poles. André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska about the Brussels concert and his own concerto on November 24:

My dear kisser,

I've just returned from Germany where I gave a good performance of my piano concerto. I'm worried about my concerts because I haven't been able to prepare. For the last weeks, I've had to work like mad in between concerts, plus correcting the second act of the opera, so between writing and practicing, there wasn't time for even a short walk. Our newspapers have more and more worrying news about Poland. I played one recital for Poland in Brussels, in a big and beautiful church which couldn't have been more full if the Pope himself had been delivering a sermon.

The church was surrounded by police in case of a terrorist attack, or perhaps for simple hysteria. Inside, eight girls dressed in Polish folk dresses were continually getting in my way. This church, with all its majesty, didn't have a toilet. Well, I was forced to commit a sacrilege. In the vestibule I noticed a large vase with beautiful flowers, so I took the flowers out and gave them to the first of the Polish girls. I asked her to give them to me on stage after the performance. Then I disappeared with the empty vase into a dark corner of the church, and well With a Polish Pope, I can count on an indulgence.

Yours,
André

André made two appearances for the Poland Fund, the first in Brussels on November 5, 1981 and the second in London, on December 6. In between these dates, André played his own Piano Concerto in Hagen, West Germany, a Mozart concerto in Manchester, and a recital in Oslo, Norway. In Oslo, he gave an interview to the *Aftenposten*.

My Work is my Life

"I am a double person," says André Tchaikowsky, master pianist who will play Bach, Schubert, and Chopin this evening at the Oslo University concert hall, "... as from June to October I am a composer, and the rest of the year, a pianist."

Question: Do you play any of your own compositions?

I find it difficult to play anything that I have written. When playing other composers, I don't know what corrections they have made to their music, but for me, it is difficult to remember what I started with because I make so many corrections. Besides, I have not yet written

anything for just piano that I really like. I do like my piano concerto, but for that one I also need an orchestra.

It was Henrik Ibsen that inspired me to write my piano concerto. I loved his description in Rosmersholm, of an uncompromising hero, an individual against society. When I saw Peggy Ashcroft in Rosmersholm, I became fascinated at how she captured every awareness but remained low-keyed, and without overelaborate effects. I thought about a concerto that I could write in the same way, undivided and against the establishment. It could be seen as the lone piano against the enormous forces of the violent and complex orchestra.

When I was nine or ten years old, I wanted to be a writer, not a composer. But to write music is just another method of telling a story. As a pianist, I would say I am more related to an actor than a composer.

Question - How have you "composed" this evening's program?

Actually, I thought of opening with the "Out of Doors" suite by Bela Bartok -- I think he was one of the finest of all the composers in our century -- but since I wanted the piano to last for the entire concert, and didn't want to take a shower after the first piece, I decided to open with Bach's Toccata in C Minor. Next will be the well-known Sonata in G Major by Schubert, which fits well. Finally, I'll play Chopin's 24 little preludes. I fell for these many years ago, but only recently have I really come to know them.

Question - What about your European tour?

I'll be back in Norway on January 25 for some concerts in the Eastern part of the country. There will be nine concerts in nine days, many in small towns. I love to play in these small towns as I'm not so nervous! The concerts seem more informal, and eye-contact with the public charms me. Large cities are always the same. It is in the small towns that you learn to know the country, make new friends, and experience how people live. For that matter, Oslo isn't that large a city.

Where I'm frightened to play is in London. I'm always nervous before a concert and feel myself not nervous when I'm extra nervous! You have to be prepared for the possibility of errors or you'll panic with the first mistake. I think a slightly unsure starting point gives the best concerts. Actually, it's the musicians in the audience that I play for. They hear what goes wrong, and they hear what goes right. If the musicians like how I'm playing, I figure the rest of the audience likes it as well.

As a pianist, I'm open and friendly to an audience and to friends. As a composer, I turn a deaf ear to everyone and enter my special world. All the music for my opera, "The Merchant of Venice," after Shakespeare, is completed. All that's left is a bit of orchestration, which I plan to write between concerts. For me, to play the piano and to write music is life itself. I simply wouldn't know what else to do.

André's recital on December 6, 1981, at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, was the subject of some controversy. Peter Frankl found it to be exciting, while Stephen Kovacevitch found it to be terrible. The recital was reviewed by Ian Peski:

Recital for Food Fund

André Tchaikowsky performed a benefit concert for the Polish Food Fund on Sunday, December 6, to a capacity audience in the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Half of the audience was Polish, including President Edward Raczynski and representatives of Polish social

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organizations, clergy, and music lovers. The enthusiastic crowd welcomed the performer, who was in top form.

The recital began with Bach's Toccata in C minor, which was executed with intricate precision and example-setting pedaling. The entire mystique of the composition was flawlessly related to the listeners. The first part of the program closed with Schubert's Sonata in G major, D684. The apparent simplicity of the Schubert Sonata is deceiving. There are only a few notes, and melodies are seemingly naive in their directness. Their real depth, however, is difficult to recreate. One must literally wring them out of the piano, and Tchaikowsky accomplished this most beautifully.

The second half of the recital was made up of 24 preludes by Chopin. Here, I must admit, I became emotionally engaged to the point that I am unable to write about it objectively. The artist played them the way I feel them inside my inner-self. The Chopin officially ended the program and the pianist was handed a bouquet of flowers by a Polish folk dancer, but the applause continued endlessly in a standing ovation. The artist yielded to the enthusiastic cries of "encore" and played Chopin's Nocturne in C minor. It was probably the best rendering of this composition I have ever been privileged to hear.

André had two weeks off to prepared for the playthrough of his opera for the English National Opera (ENO) on December 21, 1981.

Opera Playthrough

In attendance for the December 21 play through was the director of the English National Opera, Lord Harewood, orchestra director Mark Elder, chorus-master Hazel Vivienne, pianist Susan Bradshaw and André (André was the "orchestra" and Susan the "voices"). The ENO was very pleased that André himself would play the piano parts instead of having a staff pianist struggle through the score. Elder remembers:

"André's opera play through was unusual because usually when we play an opera through like this, we use our own staff of pianists and singers, and try to figure things out. But in this case, the composer was there to play the piano and explain the opera. It helped a great deal. I can tell you, it was like a concerto -- such playing! Wonderful. I thought the words and music fit together very well. It was beautiful. I'm not sure if he wrote other operas, but we get so many operas, there are many, many to choose from in England. We are booked for years in advance."

After the ENO play through, André didn't know what to think. Was the ENO interested? Was there a chance his opera might actually be performed? André was upbeat when he wrote on December 26 to John O'Brien, who had visited André earlier in the year in Cumnor:

Dear John,

You're CRAZY! I don't know what telephone calls to Gaborone may have cost, but wouldn't come to anything like £100. I am accepting your cheque as a loan, to be repaid when you come back to see "The Merchant."

Don't conclude from the latter part of this last sentence that the audition has produced tangible immediate results: they were extremely friendly and obviously interested, but careful not to say anything that could be used in evidence against them! They didn't even say anything like "we'll be in touch" or "we'll let you know": that had to be inferred from the mere fact of its being, after all, an audition. The interest showed in their insistence on hearing everything that could be played, even the easier fragments of the last two scenes that had not been part of the agreed schedule; in their extremely specific and practical questions, to which

my answers were taken down in writing; in their timing Act II while I played (exactly 45 minutes). They were behaving as if the opera had already been accepted and they were planning the programme.

But that, of course, may be their usual way of conducting auditions. For three hours, they gave me their entire attention; then Lord Harewood suddenly said: "Well, this was very interesting, thank you very much," and within a minute or so the room was empty. It was like falling into an air pocket! But the chorus-master, a marvellous woman named Hazel Vivienne, who had asked some very shrewd questions and at one point made me correct the prosody, joined me a moment later in the canteen to say: "I'd get cracking on the rest and finish it as soon as possible and then we'd have another play through. It might be as well to play the first two acts again, people forget." So here was one member of the jury who indicated that she, at any rate, would like to see the piece get through.

I told Hans what I've just told you and he offered to ask Lord Harewood how the audition went! As you know, it was Hans who had originated the whole thing with the ENO, so his interest is very natural and Lord Harewood may be willing to tell him something; with me, all he did was ask questions. Meanwhile, I'll follow Hazel's advice -- I've already done three more pages since the audition, even though the strain of the preparation and the emotional disorientation that followed the experience resulted in an illness that I'm just beginning to recover from. That sudden dismissal, without the least hint of any further contact, after three hours of close collaboration that had made me feel "part of the family," was the closest equivalent of prick-teasing I've ever experienced, and in a field that matters somewhat more to me than my prick.

Fortunately, I was too stunned to produce anything except stale clichés (Merry Christmas, Nicetohavemetyou) which, I am sure, was exactly what the situation demanded of me. I still think they could have said something like, "Don't expect to hear anything for at least two months" without it committing them to anything like a favourable answer; but no, they acted as if they had all got together and concentrated so hard on my music out of sheer idle curiosity. Don't you sometimes marvel at the English?

Still, all the people familiar with the procedure (Terry, Chris Seaman) assure me that this is how such things are done, and Hans said it sounds very auspicious! For my part, I have liked them so much that if a cable arrived from the Met offering a premiere and a fortune, I'd still wait for the ENO decision first. We lovers are prone to such crushes.

Ever your old,
André

André wrote a similar letter to Ian Dando, saying, "Susan's piano reduction makes that of Wozzeck look like chopsticks, and I worked like a maniac trying to get my fingers round as many notes as I could." He added that he had had to play a recital on short notice: "I had to rush out and replace Cristina Ortiz, who had cancelled a recital in order to breast-feed her new baby! I had no such excuse, and I owe Terry too much money to be able to refuse any opportunity he puts my way for repaying him."

With the Christmas of 1981 upon him, André conveyed to Ian Dando his real opinion of the holiday season in a letter of December 12:

Then there was the pressure of Christmas. Ian, dare I confess to you that I detest Christmas? It means nothing to me: I have no religious associations, no family bonds, no childhood memories, nothing that would give it any meaning, and my reluctant annual attempt to go through the motions is sheer hypocrisy. I do try to play the game, and every year I dutifully go

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through my address book and send cards in alphabetical order, to all the people who are likely to embarrass me by sending me one if I've forgotten them (the best line of attack is defense); but I do it with increasing resentment, and by the time I've reached R or S, I find myself wishing for the sudden death of each successive recipient (it is lucky you are under D). And every year the list gets longer, the pressure heavier, the fatigue more intense.

Ian, can we please call the Xmas game off? I hate insulting my real friends by putting them on the same list as my doctor and bank manager, and I only sent you a present because you forced my hand by sending me one. This is why it is late, and I'm afraid I lied to you when I said I couldn't get it earlier. If you want me to have a present, send me one for my birthday and let me know the date of your own. Sorry to sound ungrateful -- I'm writing this with your warm comfortable slippers on my feet -- but surely you'd be more touched if I remembered your own birthday rather than Jesus'?

Thus 1981 ended and André prepared for a busy schedule in 1982.

Year for Financial Recovery (1982)

Terry Harrison, with André's permission, worked hard to schedule more concerts. In 1981, André had played 33 engagements, which isn't too great a load for a full-time pianist, but for André, it was too many, given his other activities. He needed time to complete the opera orchestration, translate the play "Total Eclipse" into French, complete compositions promised to Stephen Kovacevitch, Atar Arad, the Crommelynck Duo, and Kyung Wha Chung, and to entertain what seemed to be a now steady flow of visitors to Cumnor. To this must be added the time for corresponding with his many friends, time to read, to attend plays and recitals, and to visit friends. Altogether, André was very busy.

The 1982 schedule included 45 concert dates, and more could be expected to appear during the year as Terry explored various opportunities. To start the season off, André was to give masterclasses in Mainz, West Germany from January 3 to January 6. The other musicians at the masterclass series included Konrad Ragossnig (Guitar) and Yfrah Neaman (Violin). This was fine with André. Mainz was close to the home of Stefan Askenase and he could visit. Ludwig Rothschild, a friend of André's and Stefan's for many years, attended André's masterclasses in Mainz:

"The so-called 'master pupils' were always at a disadvantage with André. He closely scrutinized every note and clearly brought to life his interpretation of the particular composition being examined. André's bluntness was clearly exhibited. For example, one student's performance of a Schumann piece was more appropriate for a piano lesson rather than a 'master class.' André demonstrated his opinion of the unfeeling performance by the young pupil by mimicking the performance in an exact way. As a result of this demonstration, it was perfectly clear what André was trying to communicate and the audience was convinced without further explanation. He performed his job in a most capable manner, but he was noticeably afflicted with an illness."

On January 7, 1982, the day after the last masterclass, André took the train to Bad Godesberg to visit Stefan Askenase. Stefan Askenase:

"André gave a little course in Mainz for five days. He spent the next day with me and took the last train back to Mainz. He told me he had such a pain that he couldn't understand how he got from the train to the hotel, but he got to the hotel and called a doctor in the night, who sent him to the hospital."

André's doctor in Mainz was Prof. Dr. Fritz Kiimmerle, Direktor der Chirurgischen, Universitate-Klinik. He ordered an emergency operation early Friday morning, January 8. The diagnosis was peritonitis (inflammation of the membrane lining the cavity of the abdomen) due to a rupture of the colon, which in

turn was caused by a cancerous tumor. The tumor was removed (about the size of an egg, having taken an estimated 18 months to form), a section of the colon was removed, and a temporary colostomy was performed. There was no sign that the cancer had spread. The doctor told André the good news that he was lucky and would most certainly have a full recovery.

Illness (1982)

Eve Harrison recalls what, in retrospect, were the beginning signs of André's illness:

"All during 1981, André had many problems with indigestion and stomach aches. He went to his doctor in Oxford again and again, but André was always treated for an upset stomach. I think the doctor was thinking that many artists, high-strung people, have physical ailments like this, or headaches, or something that is related to the stress of their work. The last time André saw his doctor was at Christmas time in Oxford -- just three weeks before his operation -- and the doctor again gave him a simple medication."

Others, in retrospect, remembered warning signs:

Sylvia Rosenberg - On seeing André at Dartington in August 1981:

"André complained about a pain in his stomach, but he was so used to everybody thinking that he was such a hypochondriac that nobody took him seriously, unfortunately."

Hans Keller - Also at Dartington in August 1981:

"We met with André on the front lawn and asked him to join us for dinner. He declined the invitation saying that he was feeling poorly; his stomach was giving him problems. He said he couldn't eat and hoped he could even play the recital that evening. He went to a doctor, who told André it was 'strain,' nothing more. He did play the recital and afterwards was acting very high, and every person that entered the Green Room he would grab and hold high into the air, be they light or heavy. He had a pasty color, always white, and never looked all that healthy."

Norma Fisher - Recalling a recital in the Fall of 1981:

"André gave a recital in the Lake District, at the Theatre in the Forest, in late 1981. I think André knew at the time that the pains he had been having in his stomach were serious. In his program, he played Chopin's Funeral March Sonata, and played it with such intensity! Somehow I think he was aware of his illness. André did not take his usual long walks and spent almost the entire time working on his opera."

André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on November 24, 1981:

For five days now I've had a stomach flu which returned with me from Germany. For the first three days, I couldn't practice at all, and for the next two, I practiced too much. As a result, all the symptoms returned. Well, no more about my health as it's obviously nothing serious.

André wrote to Ian Dando on December 27, 1981:

This is my first day out of bed. The combination of overwork, nervous tension and attempts to fight fatigue with obviously exaggerated doses of vitamins and phosphorus tablets has made me come down with a whole array of illnesses, the chief being severe stomach cramps which occurred at each sudden movement and ruled out all walking.

André did his part; he went to see a doctor. Had the doctor ordered a simple X-ray, perhaps the problem could have been located and corrected many months before it was life-threatening. But assumptions were made based on his record of nervous stomach disorders and hypochondria.

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André had lots of visitors in his hospital room in Mainz. Eve and Terry Harrison, Radu Lupu, Stephen Kovacevitch, and others made the trip. Within a few days of the operation, André was feeling better and able to work on the orchestration of the opera. To Susan Bradshaw, he wrote on January 29, 1982:

Dear Susan,

Thank you so much for your most charming letter! Yes, I'm the Wunderkind of the place (2nd childhood, that is) and the doctors are so pleased with me that they can't resist opening me up again on Monday, just as an encore. Normally, one has to wait 3 months between the two operations, but the X-rays showed I'm completely healed already! I feel as if I'd won the Olympics.

Good luck with the Epilogue; I hope you'll like it, I must admit I do. My next address will be c/o FORTIER, 13 rue Cassette, 75006, Paris.

All love,
André

The other operation André was referring to was the elimination of the colostomy to put everything back into full, normal function. On February 10, 1982, André wrote to John O'Brien:

Dear John,

Thanks a lot for your lovely letter. Yes, I've been recovering at a positively Olympic speed, and the doctors regard me as a Wunderkind (yes, the second childhood also has its prodigies). Indeed, I hope to be out of here within a week or so, and you can then find me c/o FORTIER, 13 rue Cassette, 75006, Paris. These are my cousins, who have a spare room with an upright piano, and who are very happy to pamper me back into full health! I expect to be there till mid-April, then on tour till late May (if I'm fit) and only then back home.

Love,
André

To his cousin Halina Swieca-Malewiak in Israel, André wrote:

The operation was successful and my doctors are very optimistic. Of course, I have to pass a test every six months -- to be on the safe side -- but the surgeon is sure he has "caught" the cancer and I have an excellent chance for a complete recovery.

I had, of course, to resign my concerts for a few weeks. Unfortunately, with the cost of the clinic, I will have to sell my house; otherwise, I would never get out of debt. As you know, I've been collecting debts for the last five years because I dedicated as much time as possible to the opera, even refusing concerts. I still owe £2,000 on my piano. I was arranging to payoff everything this year, as I had exceptionally well-paid and numerous concerts. In January, I was already scheduled to play nine recitals in Norway. But what to do? Force Majeure!

I'm only sorry that I didn't take the medical insurance this time. In England, of course, all medical expenses would have been covered, but my English doctor didn't take seriously my first cramps that I complained about, and here I got so ill I couldn't move.

First -- I've become conscious of many things I haven't noticed for a long time. I've never enjoyed anything as much as my first gulp of cold tea after the operation! The same happiness is with everything, everything rediscovered: the snow becomes whiter; the bare trees more beautiful; the air fresher; the meals more tasty. My first bath, for which I had to wait two

weeks until the bandages were taken off, was a luxury no Roman Emperor would have dreamed of.

Second - I've never felt such a kindness, friendship, and magnanimity as recently. Eve came immediately and stayed five days even though she couldn't afford it; Terry Harrison came (my impresario); Uri Segal, Steven Kovacevitch, Radu Lupu, and others. Everyday I get telegrams, flowers, books, cassettes (one of the doctors lent me his player), people have been 'phoning from all over Europe to ask how I feel. Uri and Terry covered all my expenses, not even telling me about it.

For goodness sake, did I deserve all this? Not at all, but I've seen that I'm not alone. No average man with a wife and children could have got much more love than was given to me. It was worth being ill to have had this experience. My father 'phoned, but only complained of his own health.

Yours,
André

André checked out of the Mainz hospital on February 15, 1982, and flew to Paris. He divided his recovery time between his cousin's house (Charles and Vivi Fortier) and the Paris home of Patrick and Taeko Crommelynck. He especially enjoyed his days of quiet at the Crommelynck home when Patrick and Taeko were gone for concerts. For the first month, until the middle of March 1982, André took it easy. He also took the opportunity to visit his father again. Then, feeling very well and healthy, he took a vacation in France and Italy, eating everything he wanted.

Not everything was bright. At the end of February 1982, André receive a short note from Lord Harewood, director of the English National Opera. They appreciated the time André took to play and audition the opera for them, but for the time being, there was no chance of performance. The Crommelyncks, who were there when André got the letter, remember him as being bitterly disappointed. Still, André was pleased with his rapid recovery. The Crommelyncks remember:

"André was often with us in Paris when he left Germany after his operation. Some days he was with his cousin, and other days in our apartment. He liked the Fortiers, but there were too many people there and it was sometimes difficult for him to practice the piano. In our place, it was very easy to practice as we weren't there much of the time. He was feeling very well and in an excellent mood. We spent a lot of evenings together. We had a car and went to visit many places like Saint Michelle and others. We found very good restaurants and there were no problems."

André back on Tour (1982)

On April 16, 1982, André was in rehearsal for the upcoming tour with the Utrecht orchestra. The schedule was for 16 concerts.

April 18	Utrecht, Holland	May 10	Diüsseldorf
April 25	Utrecht, Holland	May 11	Oberhausen
April 28	Bonn	May 13	Wilhelmshaven
May 3	Salzburg	May 14	Giitersloh
May 4	Villach	May 15	Viersen
MayS	Linz	May 16	Leverkusen
May 7	Kiel	May 17	Frankfurt

The Other Tchaikowsky

May 9 Mainz

May 18 Bad Homburg

For each concert, André would play either the Mozart K.595 or the Chopin No.1 E minor piano concerto. Just before rehearsals, André had a checkup in Germany to be sure he was ready to resume touring. In a postcard to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on April 16, 1982, André wrote:

My dear kisser,

Everything is all right! I spent three days at a clinic in Mainz undergoing an examination, and the doctors haven't found anything suspicious. So there is no reason to cancel the tour.

Today I had the first rehearsal of 1982, Chopin's E minor concerto. The rondo portion still isn't too good and the concert is in two days. Until the middle of May, write to me at the following address:

Herr H. Hermes, Wielandstrasse, 29, 6200, Wiesbaden, West Germany

Yours,
André

The tour commenced. The earnings would have to be applied to the £5,000 hospital bill. This was supposed to be the year of economic recovery, but that would have to come later.

After the Bonn concert of April 28, 1982, André wrote to Ian Dando:

My dear Ianno,

Thank you for your lovely letter, which caught up with me on my first tour this year! So far the concerts have gone well, but I've had to commute between hospital and concert hall (they even threatened another operation, but luckily it proved a false alarm). If I do manage to play all 16 concerts, it will only just pay for the hospital costs -- I was treated as a private patient.

All love as ever,
André

When the tour reached Mainz, André's doctor, Prof. Dr. Fritz Kummerle, attended the concert to observe his recovered patient, but didn't like what he saw: André was definitely jaundiced. Dr. Kummerle suggested that André end his tour immediately and return to the hospital for additional tests. André refused, saying he felt strong enough to continue the tour, and would have a checkup soon after May 18, the last tour date.

The next day, May 10, 1982, André was in Dusseldorf for a performance of the Chopin concerto. His conductor friend, Yoram David, was there to see André and to attend the concert. Yoram David remembers what happened:

"André had collapsed at his hotel and a doctor was called. The doctor was very concerned and pessimistic, but he told only me, not André. He thought André was seriously ill and didn't want to tell him. The doctor then came to the concert out of bad conscience because he had told André he could play that night. André's playing was really quite incredible that evening, even more so in light of his condition.

"After the concert, I helped André check out of the Dusseldorf hotel and into the clinic. My wife and I were in daily contact with André during his short stay there. Once he took a walk with us along the park outside the hospital, but he looked weak and was in pain. In spite of his discomfort, he seemed optimistic. We laughed and talked together as normal -- about friends, music. He was extremely tender to our 3-year-old daughter.

"He was upset that his operation in Mainz had not been completely successful. He was 'devastated' -- his exact word -- because he had been told that his cancer had been completely cured by the operation. Maybe his doctors just didn't want him to know his real condition. They decided André needed another operation, but in the end sent him back to England for further treatment."

Home to England

Immediately upon his return to England, André was admitted to the John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford. Eve Harrison was with him every minute. Eve Harrison:

"André stopped the tour in Germany, under doctors' orders, and returned to Oxford for treatment. They realized his liver was not functioning and decided to do an exploratory operation. They found cancer in all his vital organs, liver, kidneys, stomach, lungs... With the discovery of more cancer that couldn't be operated upon, André was scheduled to receive chemotherapy.

"After the first chemotherapy session, André rested, slept for a few hours, and woke up feeling much better, and even went for a nice walk. He had no side effects, no vomiting, no illness from the chemo. He was scheduled to have another session in 10 days where they would try to balance the various drugs for maximum results."

On May 25, 1982, Terry sent out an urgent financial appeal to André's friends. The response was overwhelmingly generous. Within a few days, the fund reached £6250 and went into a special account to help pay for André's expenses during his illness. Terry did this in secret, telling André only that he wasn't to worry about any financial problems. A few days later, André had his second chemo treatment.

Eve Harrison:

"After the first chemo treatment, André felt better for only about seven days, and the second treatment was three days after that. Again, he felt much improved. It was the chemo that was giving him hope. It was his only possibility of cheating death. Seven days after the second chemo treatment, André was again very poor, and looked forward to the next session.

"Because André was quite weak, they decided to cancel the third chemo session. This put André in a frantic mood as he knew the chemo was his only hope. They kept him drugged for two days to be sure he got the rest he needed before giving him the third chemo session. This drugged condition worried André greatly."

After two chemotherapy sessions, the doctors realized that the cancer could not be stopped. It was a particularly virulent form of cancer that was running wild all through his body and all they could do was make him as comfortable as possible. He was given a maximum of three months to live. On June 21, André was moved into Churchill Hospital's Sir Michael Sobell Hospice in Oxford, a facility for the terminally ill. The Sobell Hospice brochure given to the arriving patients lays it on the line:

"Hospice" and "Hospital" originally meant the same: a hostel for travellers. To-day "Hospice" has come to mean a home or hospital mainly for those with an incurable disease and a relatively short life expectancy.

Eve Harrison:

"They administered André a third chemo session, or perhaps it was only a placebo. There was no improvement this time. He was in horrific pain with the cancer now virtually eating him alive. He continued to work on his opera when he wasn't drugged too heavily. It was clear that he was dying and only had a short time to live. There was no treatment, just pain killers.

The Other Tchaikowsky

"On Friday, June 25th, André was frantic with pain and the knowledge of his death. Earlier that day, he tried to sit up and work on the opera as only 25 bars remained to be orchestrated. The drugs he was on prevented his work, and the knowledge that he wouldn't be able to work again caused him to give up. At André's request, the doctors administered powerful pain killing drugs, and this put him into a semi-conscious state. It was during this state that a rehearsal recording of his Trio Notturmo was played for him. Previously, he had never heard the work performed. In his semi-conscious state, he was aware of this music being played and gave a number of signs of recognition, including some humming noises. Soon after the trio recording was played, he lapsed into total unconsciousness."


Eve stayed by André's bedside through the night, watching his faint breathing. At 6:45 am, about two hours after sunrise, André's body was seized by a spasm. He sat bolt upright, turned towards Eve, and opened his eyes. Startled, Eve managed a cheery, "Good morning, André," but the figure slumped back onto the pillow. Eve realized his spirit had departed; she knew instantly that André Tchaikowsky was dead.




Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

30, The Park, Cumnor, Oxfordshire - André's new house (1980)

André's home in Cumnor (about 4 miles outside of Oxford) was a detached house at the end of a cul-de-sac. To the left was a pedestrian path, and to the right, another detached house owned by Pat and Neville Allison, who became his friends. At the rear was a cricket field.



The University of Western Australia
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE
RECITAL SERIES 1
1976



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart 1756-1791

THE COMPLETE PIANO CONCERTOS OF MOZART
André Tchaikowsky

Alice Carrard David Bollard John Hind
with
THE UNIVERSITY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Conductor: Associate Professor John Exton

Eight Recitals commencing at 8.15 p.m.
OCTAGON THEATRE
March 22, 29, April 1, 5, 23, 26, 30, May 10

Courtesy of Sir Frank Callaway

Program for complete Mozart Concerto Cycle (1976)

The complete Mozart piano concerto cycle (concertos 5 to 27) included concertos for two and three pianos. For the two-piano concerto, André was assisted by David Bollard; for the three-piano concerto, the other pianists were Alice Carrard and John Hind.

The Complete Piano Concertos of Mozart

Soloist: André Tchaikowsky

THE PROGRAMMES

Monday, March 22: Concertos K.175 (D major) and K.238 (B flat major);
Concerto for three pianos K.242 (F major) with **Alice Carrard** and
John Hind.

NOTE: This recital forms part of the University Music Society's programme for 1976 and
is not included in the special Artist in Residence Subscription Series.

SUBSCRIPTION SERIES

1. **Monday, March 29**

Concertos K.246 (C major) and K.271 (E flat major);
Concerto for two pianos, K.365 (E flat major)
with **David Bollard**

2. **Thursday, April 1**

Concertos K.413 (F major), K.414 (A major) and
K.415 (C major)

3. **Monday, April 5**

Concertos K.449 (E flat major), K.450 (B flat major)
and K.451 (D major)

4. **Friday, April 23**

Concertos K.453 (G major), K.456 (B flat major)
and K.459 (F major)

5. **Monday, April 26**

Concertos K.466 (D minor), K.467 (C major)
and Concert-Rondo K.3486 (A major)

6. **Friday, April 30**

Concertos K.482 (E flat major), K.488 (A major)
and K.491 (C minor)

7. **Monday, May 10**

Concertos K.503 (C major), K.537 (D major)
and K.595 (B flat major)

Courtesy of Sir Frank Callaway

Schedule for complete Mozart Concerto Cycle (1976)

The concertos were played in order starting with No.5 and ending with No. 27. To have the programs consist of three concertos each, the program on April 26 had the addition of Rondo K.386 in A major. André played everything from memory and consistently received excellent reviews.

Schumann : Davidsbündlertänze, op. 6.

Every artist creates some works to impress the world, others merely to express himself. The best of the former do more than impress, they actually conquer the world; they will always fill the hall, enrich the manager and flatter the performer with easy applause; they require no real co-operation on the listeners' part, merely passive, sensuous surrender. The other works need to be met half-way.

But how well they are worth the effort! A work like the Chopin Barcarolle, Brahms' Variations on an original theme or Pavel's Valse nobles et sentimentales reveal the composer in a way no "official" masterpiece could do. They take the listener into the master's confidence, treat him as an equal, a friend. The "Emperor" concerto triumphantly addresses the crowd; the same composer's last violin sonata quietly speaks to each listener individually. Few realize the implied privilege...

Now Davidsbündlertänze belongs entirely to the latter group. Even Schumann's own beloved Clara didn't do the ~~work~~^{work} justice at first. She preferred the brilliant Carnaval, in which she could show off her recently acquired virtuosity (after all, she was still in her teens). But Schumann knew that he had never expressed himself more intimately. The work reads like a diary of the composer's dual personality: some pieces are signed by Florestan, the impetuous, passionate, tormented, sometimes boldly humorous aspect of himself; some by Eusebius, the dreamer within him; and a few by both.

This is no random collection: the 18 pieces fall into two symmetrical groups. This is shown by inscriptions, ~~placed~~ placed above the ninth and last pieces, and describing Florestan and Eusebius respectively. The cycle is further unified by the unexpected return of the meltingly tender second piece, which becomes the object of Florestan's stormy comment just before the dreamy epilogue. In such a work it was of course inevitable that the last word be spoken by Eusebius!

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program note for Schumann's Davidsbündlertänze, Op. 6 (1975)

Although few took advantage of the opportunity, André was always willing to write his own program notes for compositions he included on recital programs. Program notes would, of course, reflect his own particular bias towards a composition.

Beethoven : Sonata in e-minor op. 90.

Two-movement sonatas were frequent in the Viennese classical period. The most usual kind was that in which a sonata allegro was followed by a rondo, and the latter was quite often slow. There are many well-known examples, notably among the Mozart violin sonatas, and Beethoven had explored that particular field himself.

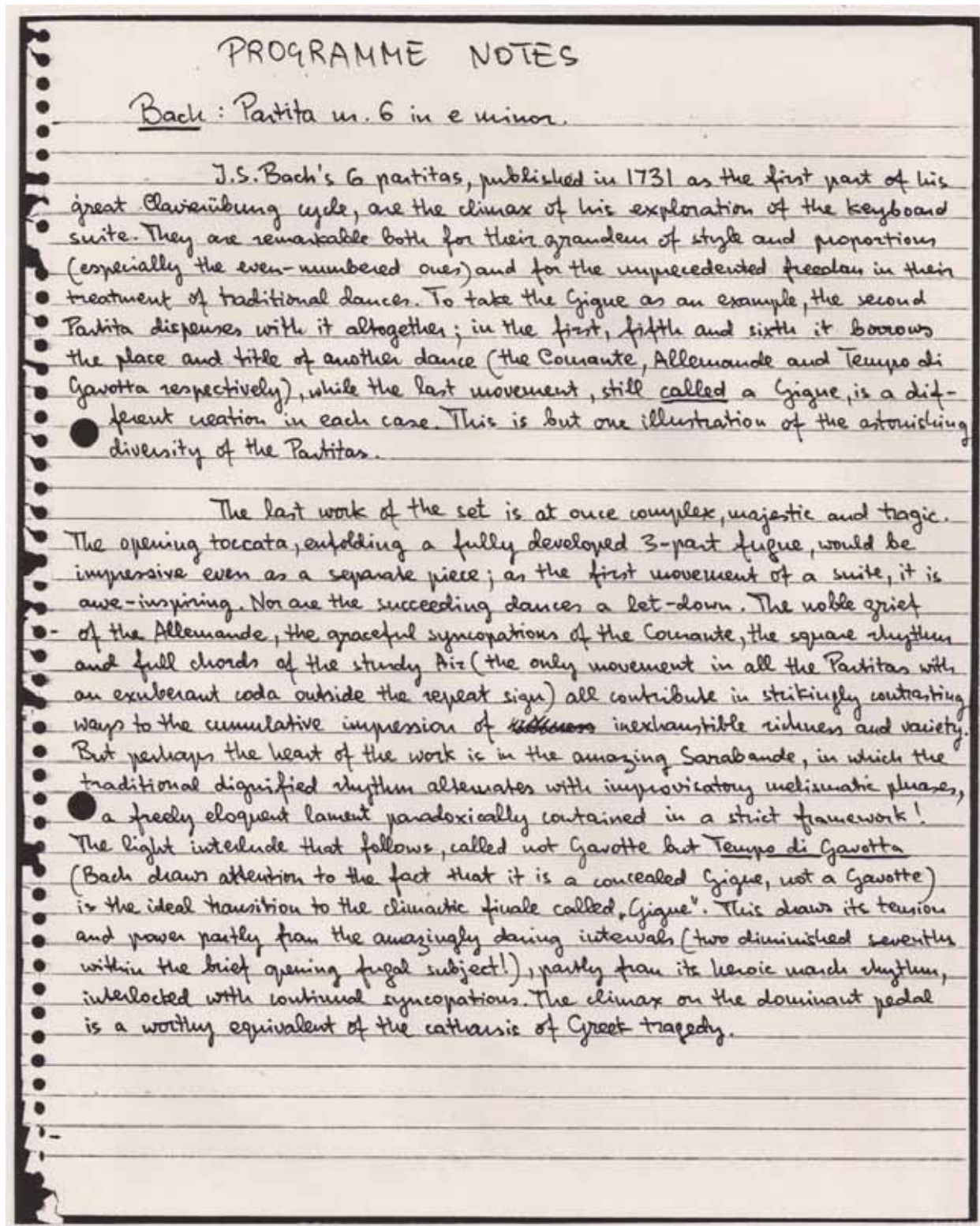
What, then, makes his e-minor sonata so unusual? It is the first sonata based on a complete, indeed drastic, contrast between the two movements. (Beethoven was to go even further in the same direction in his last, and possibly greatest, piano sonata). The allegro of op. 90 is compressed, abrupt and dramatic, crowding an amazing amount of contrasted themes into the shortest possible space and punctuating them by enigmatic pauses; the rondo, in its long flowing lines and leisurely recapitulations, uncannily anticipates Schubert. The main theme has all the characteristics of a strophic Lied, and all the other themes blend harmoniously and affectionately into the general mood. But with Beethoven the one thing to expect is the unexpected: Schubert would never have ~~followed~~^{explored} so spacious a movement in so fleeting and elusive a way.

"Fled is that music - do I wake or sleep?"

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program note for Beethoven's Sonata in E-minor, Op. 90 (1975)

André's program notes were not only beautifully written, but were based on a very wide knowledge of the subject material. He did not play all the Beethoven sonatas: some he didn't like, and André avoided playing anything he didn't like.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program note for Bach's Partita No. 6 in E-minor (1975)

As mentioned in the program note, Bach's Partita No.6 formed part of the Klavierübung cycle. André played this cycle (all from memory) on a number of occasions, most often in a lunchtime recital series. The cycle ends with one of André's favorite Bach compositions, the Goldberg Variations.



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

Sketch of André Tchaikowsky by Milein Cosman (1975)

Milein Cosman, wife of Hans Keller, would often sketch André when he stopped by to visit Hans. She worked very quickly and would produce a drawing in a few minutes. Drawings of Hans and other musicians appeared in books in collaboration with Hans as well as in other publications.



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

Sketch of André Tchaikowsky by Milein Cosman

A preliminary sketch by Milein Cosman for the cover portrait, this time with André at the keyboard. André took no notice when Milein was working as he and Han's were normally in deep conversation about André's latest composition.

1
PLAYING BACH ON THE PIANO

All my friends were aghast when they saw this programme.

"You'll never get away with this, Tchaik" they insisted. "Bach on the piano!" Don't you know Oxford's gone authentic?"

And they advised me to start the programme with some Haydn or Mozart. For my part I was merely puzzled. For one thing, an eighteenth-century piano was no nearer to a modern Steinway ~~than~~ than a harpsichord. Why was a modern-dress production allowed in Sheridan but not in Shakespeare?

For another, the whole quest for authenticity strikes me as something of a phoenix-hunt. Granted, we can restrict ourselves to playing baroque music on instruments it had been written for. Granted, we can limit our performances to halls in which such instruments can be expected to carry (say the Holywell Music Room, not the Oxford Town Hall). This, of course, will rule out most concert halls built after 1800, so that an American music-lover will only hear Bach live at the price of a ticket to Europe; but that surely would not deter any truly dedicated spirit. They will include the experience among visits to other notable museums.

So far, so good. But where shall we find Bach's audience? Instruments can be reproduced, attitudes cannot.

2

An embalmed cat was a deity to the Egyptians; it is an object of curiosity to us. Bach's original listeners no doubt tapped their feet to dances like a bourrée or a gavotte; we are in danger of treating them as an exercise in style. Indeed, there can be no such thing as an "authentic" experience of Bach: the public has died.

Fortunately, the music has not. We can enjoy it today in all its immediacy and spontaneity, on whatever instrument we prefer, as long as we don't stifle it in rules and regulations, most of which were quite unknown to Bach.

The chief obstacle to enjoyment is the often heard argument that "Bach would not have approved". Apart from the sad fact that we are in no position to please Bach whatever we do, it is a strange assumption to make about the composer who, more than any other, kept transposing and re-arranging his own and other people's works for any instrument that lay to hand, and often omitted to indicate the scoring altogether. What was the Art of Fugue written for? Or most of the Musical Offering? Nobody knows, but it sounds beautiful however we score it, and it's fun to watch purists enjoy Webern's pointillistic orchestration of the Ricerare à 6.

I hope I haven't given the impression of having anything against the harpsichord. Apart from the ~~few~~ many cases where it does, to my ear, sound better - say in Scarlatti's typical guitar effects, or those full low-pitched chords in Haendel - the revival of the harpsichord has done more for Bach piano-playing than anything else. It proved.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

3

immediately and conclusively, that Bach can look after himself without Busoni's plastic surgery; it freed us from those musical transvestites who had taught us to imitate the harpsichord sound on the piano, thus making sure of our missing the distinct virtues of both instruments. It's to the harpsichord that we pianists owe the development of our own Bach-playing, so that while admiring and enjoying the art of Wanda Landowska, Ralph Kirkpatrick, George Malcolm and Lina Lalandi, we can now produce an equally distinguished opposing team of Edwin Fischer, Rosalyn Tureck, Glenn Gould and, to bring us right up to date, Andras Schiff.

But why must it be an "opposing" team?
Don't we enjoy Shakespeare's "Othello" one day and Verdi's the next? Or admit the fact if we enjoyed it?

André Tchaikovsky meets the computer: a concert pianist's impromptu encounter with a musicianship teaching aid

MARTIN R. LAMB

*Department of Electrical Engineering,
University of Canterbury,
Christchurch, New Zealand*

(Received 12 May 1978)

A brief account is given of the reaction of a professional musician to an experimental computer system designed to transcribe music played at a keyboard into a notation immediately comprehensible to a musician.

Introduction

In March 1977, the international concert pianist André Tchaikovsky gave a recital in Christchurch, New Zealand, in between concerts in Singapore and Venezuela. During a free afternoon he visited the Hybrid Computer Laboratory in the Electrical Engineering Department of the University of Canterbury, where he was introduced to our musicianship teaching aid. This aid is part of a system of interactive, computerized aids for musicians developed by Tucker *et al.* (1977). The focal point of the aid is an electronic organ which has been connected to a digital computer in a way that permits music performed on the organ keyboard to be processed by the computer. Alternatively, the computer programs may "play" notes on the organ. The layout of the system is shown schematically in Fig. 1.

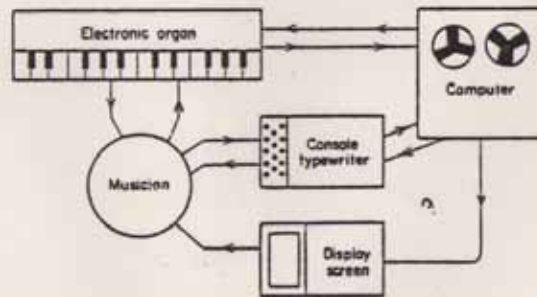


FIG. 1. Layout of computerized musicianship aids system.

By typing a command on the console typewriter, music which is performed on the keyboard is immediately displayed on the screen. Both conventional notation and a modern notation (called MOD, for short) can be displayed. The latter notation is especially useful

593

0020-7373/78/050593+10 \$02.00/0

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Courtesy of Martin R. Lamb

André Tchaikowsky meets the computer (1977)

André participated in trials of a computer system that displayed keyboard notes on a television screen as they were played on an electronic keyboard. For this demonstration, André played many pieces from memory, some of which he hadn't even thought about for many years, including *Gaspard de la Nuit* by Ravel.

22 Hillgate Street London W8 7SR
cables Birdsong London
telephone 01-229 9166 (5 lines)
telex 21384 Birds G

Harrison | Parrott

Friday 7th October 1977
St. John's, Smith Square

THE MELOS ENSEMBLE
MARGARET CABLE mezzo-soprano

MOZART Clarinet Trio in E flat K498

DEBUSSY Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY "Ariel" - Song Cycle for mezzo-soprano,
flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn,
piano doubling celesta and harp

interval

MOZART Piano and Wind Quintet in E flat K452

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Harrison/Parrott announcement of first performance of "Ariel" (1977)

In cooperation with Chad Varah, André was able to have a world premiere performance of his composition based on the Song of Ariel, from Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Many of André's compositions were performed at St. John's, Smith Square, since the BBC was able to record there without difficulty.

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For the season 1977-78

Presented by the Department of Music, Faculty of Humanities
Telephone 525-9140, extension 4260

Admission — \$1.50
(students free)

The Department of Music is pleased to present

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
(piano)

Convocation Hall 8:00 p.m. Sunday, February 5, 1978

PROGRAMME

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) Sonata in C minor, op. 10, no. 1
Allegro molto e con brio
Adagio molto
Finale: Prestissimo

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) Klavierstücke, op. 76

- INTERMISSION -

Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849) Four Ballades
No. 1 in G minor, op. 23
No. 2 in F major, op. 38
No. 3 in A flat major, op. 47
No. 4 in F minor, op. 52

NEXT LUNCHTIME CONCERT: Tuesday, February 7, 1978
Convocation Hall, 12:30 p.m.
Recital Three - Rose Bandi (soprano),
Thomas Elliott (bassoon),
Arlene Wright (piano)


NEXT FRANK THOROLFFSON MEMORIAL CONCERT: Tuesday, February 21, 1978
Convocation Hall, 8:00 p.m.
"BAROQUE TO FOLK" - A benefit concert
organized and performed by McMaster
Music Department students.

NEXT CELEBRITY CONCERT: Sunday, March 12, 1978
Convocation Hall at 8:00 p.m.
Denis Brott (cello), Samuel Sanders (piano)

Courtesy of Alan Walker

Program from Hamilton, Ontario, Recital (1978)

André was on his way to Rochester, New York, for some concerto concerts with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra (David Zinman, conductor) when he stopped at Hamilton for a recital. It was given on a cold Sunday evening. Attendance was poor and it wasn't reviewed.



Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
David Zinman, Music Director

55th Season
1977-78

Thursday evening, February 9, 1978 at 8:00
Saturday evening, February 11, 1978 at 8:30
Eastman Theatre

DAVID ZINMAN, conductor
ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY, piano

Debussy	Nuages and Fêtes, from <i>Nocturnes</i>
Bartók	Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra
	Allegretto Adagio religioso Allegro vivace
	<i>André Tchaikowsky</i>

Intermission

Koechlin	Les Bandar-Log
Ravel	Daphnis and Chloe, Suite No. 2
	Daybreak Pantomime General Dance

Courtesy of David Zinman

Program from Rochester, NY, concerto concert (1978)

André played extremely well in Rochester and conductor David Zinman heaped praise upon him. Reviews were good, but André disagreed with their rationale if not their conclusions. In Rochester, André played a concerto at a "Mostly Mozart" concert and for an encore, played another Mozart concerto.



David Zinman, who became music director of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra in the fall of 1974, has brought the RPO to new heights of performing excellence. A native of Brooklyn, Mr. Zinman is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory, where he studied violin. He also did graduate work in composition at the University of Minnesota and attended conducting classes at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. He received additional musical training in Europe where he served as assistant to the illustrious French conductor Pierre Monteux.

Mr. Zinman first came to the attention of the international music world in June, 1963, at the Holland Festival, when he conducted two concerts with the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra in place of the ailing Paul Sacher. The reviews of these performances hailed Mr. Zinman as a major conducting discovery and the following

year, he was appointed music director of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, a post he held through the 1976-77 season.

Since making his American orchestral debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1967, he has conducted most of the major orchestras in the United States and Europe. Some of these include the Boston Symphony, the New York and Los Angeles Philharmonics, the Chicago and Toronto Symphonies, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, the London and BBC Symphony Orchestras, the Royal Philharmonic and New York's Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra. Mr. Zinman is currently principal guest conductor of the Rotterdam Philharmonic.

In May 1977, Mr. Zinman stepped in to conduct three performances of the Pittsburgh Symphony for William Steinberg, who had become ill, and the Pittsburgh reviewers showered him with praises. Carl Apone of the *Pittsburgh Press* had this to say: "If Zinman gives audiences a regular fare of this kind of music-making, they are among the most fortunate audiences in the nation." He also received excellent reviews from the critics in Chicago when he conducted the Grant Park Symphony this past summer. The summer of 1977 also found him touring Australia and conducting 12 concerts with the Israel Philharmonic in Israel.

In addition to his conducting activities, Mr. Zinman has made a number of recordings. His work with the London Symphony and pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy (Chopin's *F minor Piano Concerto* and Bach's *D minor Piano Concerto*) received the Edison Prize at the Grand Gala du Disque in Amsterdam and the Grand Prix du Disque. A series of recordings by Mr. Zinman and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, on the Philips label, is now being released in the United States and included in this series are such selections as Tchaikovsky's *Serenade for Strings*, and Verdi's *String Quartet in E minor*.

Recently, Mr. Zinman and the RPO signed a recording contract with Vox Records. The first of the Vox recordings - Gene Gutche's *Icarus* - is being released in fall 1977. Mr. Zinman and the orchestra are recording Beethoven's *Creatures of Prometheus* and Mozart's *Coronation Mass* during the 1977-78 season.

Mr. Zinman is an adjunct professor at the Eastman School of Music, the first RPO music director to serve on that institution's faculty. He is married to violist Mary Ingham and has homes in Rochester and the Netherlands.

Courtesy of David Zinman

Biographical sketch of David Zinman (1978)

André and David played a number of concerts together when David was Music Director of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. Zinman was a great supporter of André, who felt Zinman was one of the great conductors. Some years later, Zinman became Conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

Greater London Council
Queen Elizabeth Hall
Director George Mann OBE

Sunday 21 May 1978 at 3pm

**André
Tchaikowsky**

represented exclusively by Harrison/Parrott Ltd

Programme

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Sonata in C major, D840 (Unfinished)
Moderato
Andante

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Eight Pieces, Op 76
Capriccio in F sharp minor
Capriccio in B minor
Intermezzo in A flat major
Intermezzo in B flat major
Capriccio in C sharp minor
Intermezzo in A major
Intermezzo in A minor
Capriccio in C major

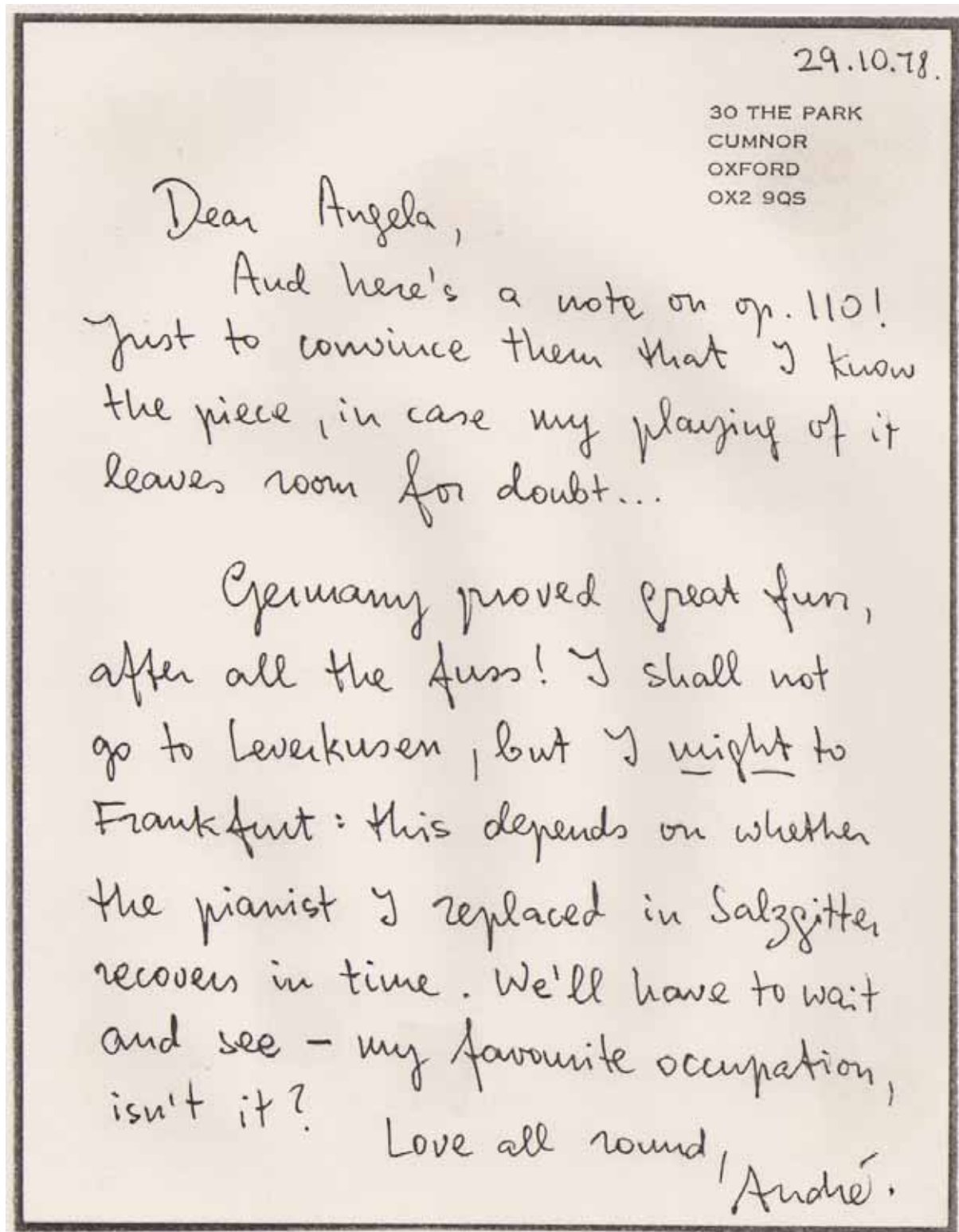
INTERVAL

Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849)
Ballade No 1 in G minor, Op 23
Ballade No 2 in F major, Op 38
Trois Nouvelles Etudes
No 1 in F minor
No 2 in A flat major
No 3 in D flat major
Ballade No 3 in A flat major, Op 47
Ballade No 4 in F minor, Op 52

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from London recital of May 21, 1978 (1978)

André was always one of the pianists selected to play in the South Bank Piano Recital series. By the 1977-1978 season, the recital series had grown to 14 pianists. The series was arranged by two of the leading London artist management companies, Harrison/Parrott and Ingpen and Williams.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André memo to Angela Kokoszka at Harrison/Parrott (1978)

André could never resist making fun of himself as a pianist. In this example, André had been asked to prepare program notes on the Beethoven Sonata in A-flat major, opus 110, and couldn't resist a comment. When André replaced an ailing pianist, he usually played the scheduled program.

<p>SAVE ENVELOPE TYPING REFOLD AND USE A4 WINDOW ENVELOPE</p>	<p>ENGLAND LONDON W8 22 HILLGATE STREET TO: HARRISON/PARROTT LTD.</p>
<p>MESSAGE: to Andre Tchaikowsky Date 2nd May 1978</p>	
<p>Nicola Costa from Genova rang. Some organisation in Italy (connected with his society's subsidy or something) needs the following information about you:</p> <p>name of your father: KAROL</p> <p>date and place of your birth: 1.11.1935 - WARSAW POLAND</p> <p>your home telephone number: ———</p> <p>details of your degree or qualification as a musician, with date: NONE!</p> <p>Signed <i>André</i></p> <p>Please can you help? Aren't the Italians incredible when they get round to being beaucroatic?</p>	
<p>REPLY TO: Date</p> <p>Signed</p>	

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André's response to request for personal information

André was never very cooperative in responding to requests for personal information. In this example where an Italian organization desired details about André's life, he provided true answers for the name of his father (Polish spelling) and his own date of birth, but had no interest in giving his qualifications as a pianist.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Michel Vogt

André Tchaikowsky - Age 44 (1980)

This photograph was taken during a visit to Paris in 1980. André combed his hair to hide his baldness. He complained to a friend that he had become what he had previously ridiculed, an aging homosexual trying to remain appealing to younger and more attractive men.

reviews. Aren't I getting businesslike at last?

Lars has also suggested a recital for some chamber music society, but I can't remember whether it's Aalborg or Aarhus. This, however, is not his field, he merely happens to know about it... Hälsingborg is probably booked up by now, but Lars suggested trying it just in case.

Eve's birthday is on Sunday week, so I shall try to time my return accordingly. Any chance of you coming down over Easter?

Love to you and the charmers,

Yours

André

P.S. - They've compared me to Brendel! Let's hush it up.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André "Business" letter to Terry Harrison (1978)

When travelling on a concert tour, André would often write long interesting letters to his manager, Terry Harrison. In this letter, André's makes fun of Brendel, who, for some reason, was not one of his favorite pianists.

Katie
HHH Ltd
5 Draycott Place
London SW 3

22nd November 1979

Dear Katie

Andre Tchaikovsky has decided that he must take the whole six months from June to December 1980 off to complete his opera The Merchant of Venice. He wants to complete the big trial scene (the only act not yet tackled) without interruption. Could you therefore work on 1981 for recitals for him. I am writing to the professional organisations saying something like the following:-

I hope you will be able to offer him a booking in the calendar year 1980 as he has now taken on as many commitments as he can handle in 1980. At the moment he is fairly generally available in 1981.

We don't want people to think he is not a serious pianist because his income depends on his piano playing.

Best wishes
Yours sincerely

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Memo from Harrison/Parrott to Harold H. Holt (1979)

André was planning to take a large break from performing as a pianist in 1980 in order to complete the opera. Terry Harrison wanted to give the impression that André was so popular that he was fully booked, a more forgivable reason for unavailability. This memo is to a rival management company, Harold Holt.



Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 45 (1980)

André at his Steinway piano at his home in Cumnor. André never had the lid up on the piano, instead he muffled the sound with a blanket and then used the space for cards, letters, and so on. Unlike his home in Hampstead, his music was welcomed in Cumnor and there was not a single problem with the neighbors.



Uri Segal.

Uri Segal was born in Jerusalem and studied violin from the age of seven until he was 18, when he took up conducting. In 1966, he entered the Guildhall School of Music and in January 1969 won first prize at the Mitropoulos International Conducting Competition in New York. Soon after, he was appointed assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for the 1969-70 season, working with Georg Szell and Leonard Bernstein. He has also conducted the symphonies of Chicago, Cincinnati and Denver.

Mr. Segal made London his base in 1970 and since then has conducted the London Symphony, London Philharmonic, Royal Philharmonic and New Philharmonia Orchestras. Other European orchestras he has conducted include the Berlin Philharmonic, Stockholm Philharmonic, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Israel Philharmonic and the Belgian National and Spanish National Orchestras. He has also made appearances with the Vienna Symphony, the Concertgebouw and the Amsterdam Philharmonic, and during the 1975-76 season, he did tours of New Zealand, Japan, Israel and the United States. In 1975, he was appointed principal conductor of the South German Radio Symphony Orchestra in Stuttgart.

Uri Segal resumed conducting in America in 1972 when he led the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and, the following year, made his operatic debut conducting *The Flying Dutchman* at the Santa Fe Opera.

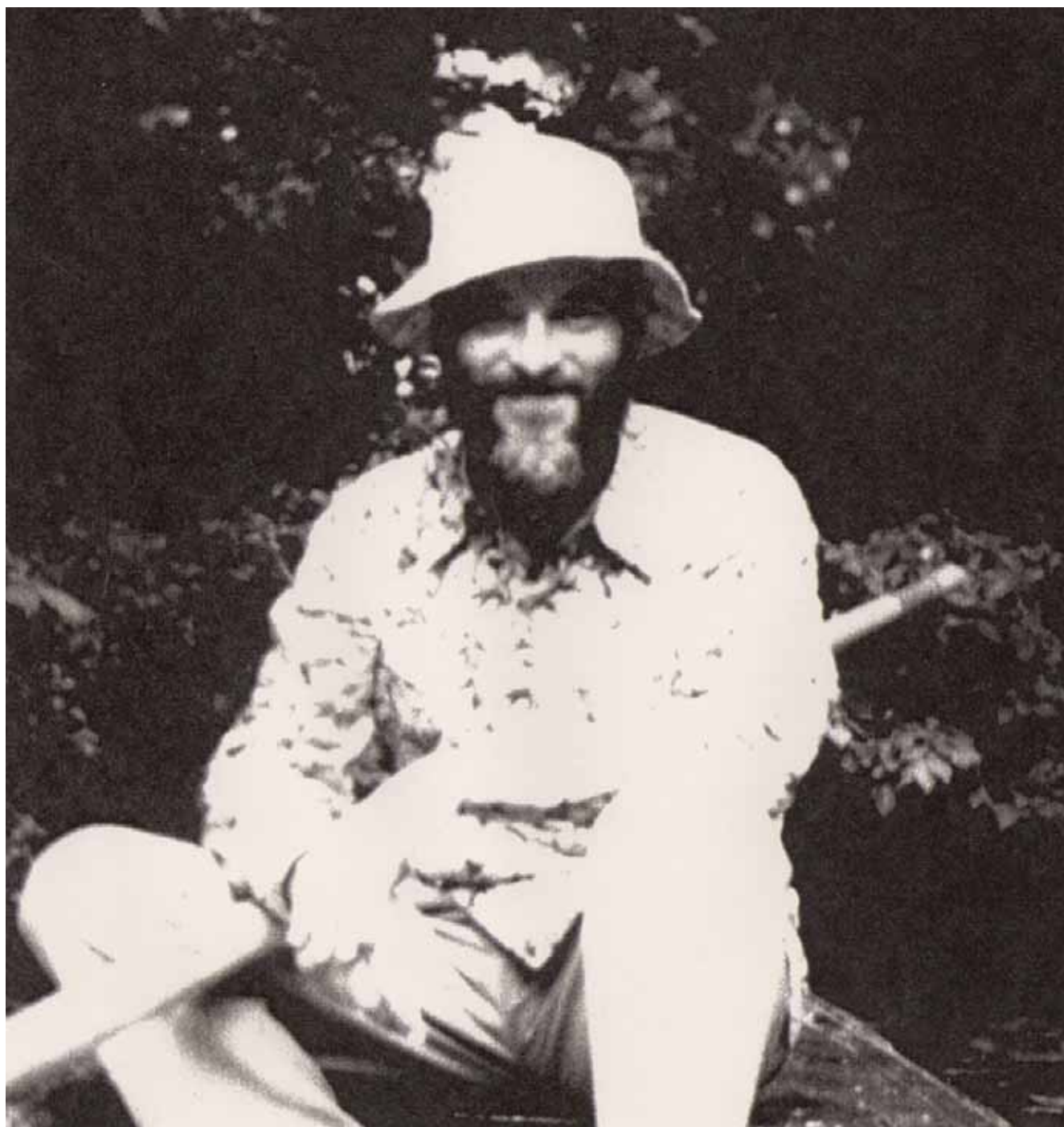
His recording debut was an all-orchestral recording made with the Suisse Romande Orchestra for Decca in 1973. He has subsequently recorded several more discs for Decca.

Mr. Segal last conducted the RPO at the subscription concerts of December 8 and 10, 1977.

Courtesy of The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra

Biographical sketch of Uri Segal (1978)

Uri Segal, one of André's favorite conductors, conducted André's first concerto concerts in Israel. Uri, also conducted when Radu Lupu played the premiere of André's Piano Concerto (Opus 4) in 1975, and then again in Copenhagen when Norma Fisher played André's Concerto in 1986.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

André Tchaikowsky - Age 43 (1978)

This photograph was taken during the 1978 visit of Halina Wahlmann-Janowska to Cumnor. As in previous visits, André and Halina had a perfect relationship for a day or two, but then it rapidly went down hill. After Halina returned to Warsaw, things were patched up again.

The Other Tchaikowsky




Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 45 (1980)

When Ian Dando visited André at Cumnor in 1980, he received the same treatment as Halina: everything was fine for a day or two, and then André became tense and eventually Ian had to leave for London. It was an exception when anyone visited for more than a few days and still felt welcome.

WIGMORE HALL
Manager: William Lyne
Lessees: The Arts Council of Great Britain
36 Wigmore Street, London W1H 9DF

Tuesday 16 September at 7.30 pm



PIANO RECITAL BY

**COLIN
STONE**

BACH · BEETHOVEN · CHOPIN · PROKOFIEV

Programme and ticket details overleaf

— DAVID BEZEM & PARTNERS —

Courtesy of Colin Stone

André's student, Colin Stone (1986)

At his Wigmore Hall debut, on September 16, 1986, Colin Stone credited André with being one of his teachers. André had few students and theirs wasn't the usual relationship between pupil and teacher. Colin remembers lessons started with dinner; he would play and André would cook and shout comments.

**The International Who's Who
in Music and Musicians' Directory**
(Established 1935)

Ninth Edition Publication scheduled for Summer 1980

Airmail biographical questionnaire
Where space is insufficient, additional information should be given on a separate sheet.
TO ENSURE ACCURACY, PLEASE TYPE OR WRITE CLEARLY

SURNAME **TCHAIKOWSKY** FORENAME(S) **ANDRE**

Place of Birth: **WARSAW** (Town) **POLAND** (Country)

Date of Birth: **1.11.1935** day month year

Profession (with instrument(s) where applicable): **CONCERT PIANIST
AND COMPOSER**

Married to: **—**

Children: **—**

Education — General Education (with degrees, etc.): **SECONDARY EDUCATION
(GRADUATED IN 1954)**

— Musical Education (with diplomas, professional qualifications, etc.):
**PARIS CONSERVATOIRE, 1948-50; WARSAW
CONSERVATOIRE, 1951-56; PRIVATE TUITION BY STEFAN
ASKENASE (PIANO) AND HANS KELLER (COMPOSITION)**

Debut (where applicable): **PARIS, 1948**

Career (including major stage, film, TV and radio appearances): **CONCERT TOURS
ON ALL CONTINENTS SINCE 1956-7**

Compositions (published and/or recorded): **SONATA FOR CLARINET AND
PIANO, INVENTIONS FOR PIANO, 2 STRING QUARTETS,
PIANO CONCERTO, TRIO NOTTURNO FOR VIOLIN, CELLO
AND PIANO, 2 SONG-CYCLES TO TEXTS BY SHAKESPEARE.**

Recordings: **BACH GOLDBERG VARIATIONS, HAYDN F MINOR VA-
RIATIONS & 2 SONATAS, MOZART SONATAS, MOZART KLAVIERSTÜCKE,
MOZART CONCERTO K. 503, SCHUBERT LÄNDLER & WALTZES.**

Current Management (where applicable):
HARRISON/PARROTT LTD.

Membership of professional societies, clubs, etc. (with any offices held) in order of importance:
PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY.

Honours and musical prizes (with dates): **NOT WORTH MENTIONING**

Who's Whos in which you are listed: **I DON'T REMEMBER, BUT
I THINK I'M ALSO IN THE GENERAL WHO'S WHO.**

Hobbies and recreations: **READING, PROSE WRITING, SOLITARY
WALKS, CHESS.**

Address: **1/0 HARRISON/PARROTT LTD. 22 HILLGATE ST. LONDON W.8.**

Tel. No. **01-229 9166** Signature **Tchaikowsky**

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André responds to registration in Who's Who (1979)

It is clear from this response to registration in a Who's Who publication how uncomfortable André felt about making his accomplishments public. Under "Honours and musical prizes (with dates):", André alleged that his competition prizes were insignificant. They, of course, were very significant.



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

André Tchaikowsky with his half-sister and father (1980)

In late March 1980, André paid a "surprise" visit to his father near Paris. They hadn't seen each other for 32 years. After hours of conversation, André was invited back the next evening to meet his half-sister, Katherine Krauthammer-Vogt. Until this visit, André didn't know he had a sister.



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Karl and Eugénie Krauthammer (1973)

This is one of Mrs. Krauthammer's favorite pictures as Karl is smiling. Usually he was somber. This photo was taken in Italy where the Krauthammers spent each August for nearly 25 years. Eugénie and Karl were married on January 4, 1953; their daughter was born on January 13, 1954.



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Karl Krauthammer - Age 71 (1980)


Karl suffered from Parkinson's disease, which is characterized by tremors, weakness of muscles, progressive slowing of voluntary movements, and paralysis. Mrs. Krauthammer attributed Karl's illness to shock treatments he received for his severe bouts of depression.



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Katherine and André - sister and brother (1980)

André was impressed by his reception after not seeing his father for so many years. He felt accepted by everyone, even after they were told of his homosexuality. After this initial visit, he wrote letters and made telephone calls to his father and family, and visited about every six months



Photograph: Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky

represented exclusively by Harrison/Parrott Ltd

Haydn	Variations in F minor
Schubert	Sonata in A minor, D784
Chopin	Prelude in C sharp minor, Op 45
	Barcarolle in F sharp, Op 60
	Sonata in B minor, Op 58

Sunday 11 May at 3pm

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program from Piano Recital (1980)

This was André's program for the 1979-1980 South Bank Piano Recital Series. At the time, he was working on the Chopin Opus 28 Preludes, but didn't include them in this program. André loved to play Schubert; some believed this affinity stemmed from similarities in their lives.



Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

André Tchaikowsky and a Polish visitor (1980)

In 1980, Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk, a friend from earlier times, visited André in Cumnor. Kolodziejczyk had been on the staff of the Polish Composers' Union when André applied for membership in 1950; the two remained in touch through the years. He said André was, "The most intelligent person I've ever met."



Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

André Tchaikowsky and Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk (1980)

André and Stanislaw stand near one of the college gates in Oxford. Although André was urged by all of his Polish friends to return to Poland for a visit, he never went back. Kolodziejczyk was on the staff of the Polish Composers' Union when André made application for membership in 1950.

The Other Tchaikowsky

English
National
Opera

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Registered in England No 428792

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London Coliseum
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London WC2N 4ES

Telegrams
NATOPERA London WC2

Telephone
Offices 01-836 0111
Box Office 01-836 3161

25 November 1980

Mr Hans Keller
3 Frognaal Gardens
London NW3 3UY

My dear Hans

Thank you for your letter of October 13 on the subject of Andre Tchaikowsky's 'just-finished opera'. We haven't been sent a score but would, of course, be delighted to see one.

What happened about eighteen months ago was this: Richard Toeman of Weinberger's brought a libretto for a proposed operatic treatment of "The Merchant of Venice" to show Edmund Tracey. Edmund was impressed by this piece of work - and also by some chamber music tapes that Mr Toeman lent him - and promised to try and interest the ENO Board in getting a commission for Mr Tchaikowsky. At a slightly later date Edmund saw a sketch score of part of Act One - which he also thought was shaping very nicely.

However, the Board then decided that, as there were five or six commissions in the pipeline, it would be wise to put a stop on commissioning any more until a vocal score of at least one of them had been completed. Edmund therefore sent the material back to Weinberger's with regrets, and there the matter rested.

I am delighted to hear that the opera has now been completed and, as I say, if Mr Tchaikowsky would send us a copy, we would be happy to look at it.

Yours ever



Lord Harewood
Managing Director

Courtesy of English National Opera

Letter to Hans Keller from ENO (1980)

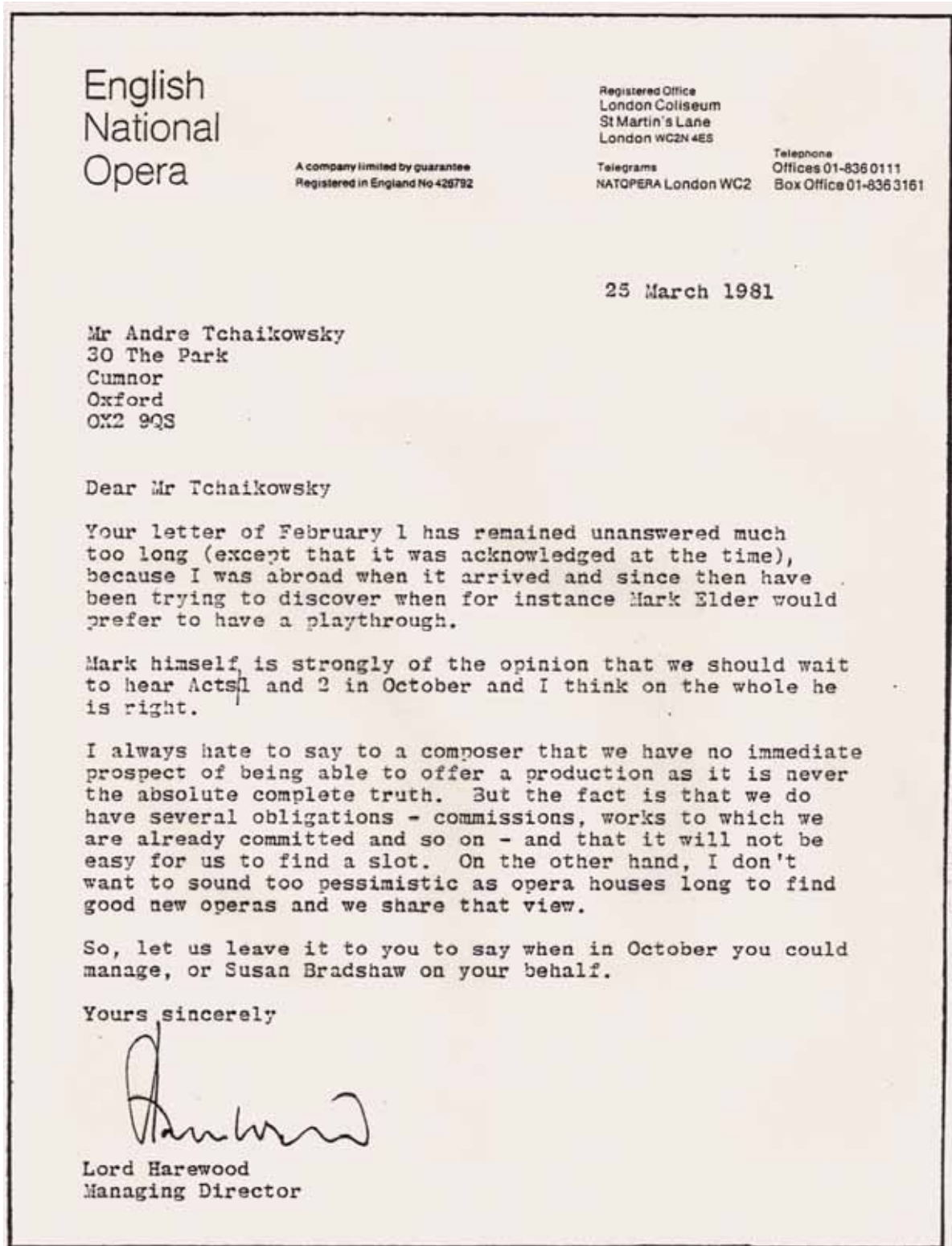
Hans wrote to Lord Harewood at the ENO regarding André's opera, The Merchant of Venice. Previously, a libretto had been submitted and a commission requested, but the ENO refused. Shorted after, the opera was "finished" and the ENO was contacted again by Hans. A play through took place in December 1981.



Courtesy of Thomas Photos

André recollection of his grandmother's face (c. 1540)

André sent a postal card showing a carving on an Oxford bell tower and claimed it resembled his grandmother Celina. André was always troubled by the knowledge of what his grandmother had done for him, and that he had neglected her. By disparaging her, he perhaps attempted to relieve his guilt.



Courtesy of English National Opera

The ENO responds to André's letter regarding the opera (1981)

Once it was clear that the ENO wanted an opera play through, André had to arrange for a piano reduction of the opera. This task was given to Susan Bradshaw, who was a friend of Hans Keller and a talented pianist and musician. To pay for the piano reduction, André borrowed money on his home in Cumnor.

9.4.81.

30 THE PARK
CUMNOR
OXFORD
OX2 9QS

Dear Lord Harewood,

Thank you so much for your kind letter of the 25th of March, which I am sorry not to have answered sooner! The reason for the delay was the need to look in on Susan Bradshaw to see how the score is shaping up, and the concert engagements that prevented me from paying that visit until yesterday.

I am delighted to say that she is doing a wonderful job at a positively phenomenal speed! At her present rate of progress, the first two acts will easily be ready by

Courtesy of English National Opera

André's Response to Lord Harewood (1981) (sheet 1 of 2)

October, and I shall let you know as soon as I receive them; we can then find a date for the playthrough that would suit everyone concerned.

It's very kind of you to warn me of the dangers of premature optimism, and I do realize that your interest in the piece does not mean that you will like it and accept it. If you do, of course, I shall be thrilled into temporary insanity! But if you don't, I'll comfort myself by putting it down to the economic crisis (an ever handy face-saving device) and simply start work on another piece.

With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

André Tchaikowsky.

Courtesy of English National Opera

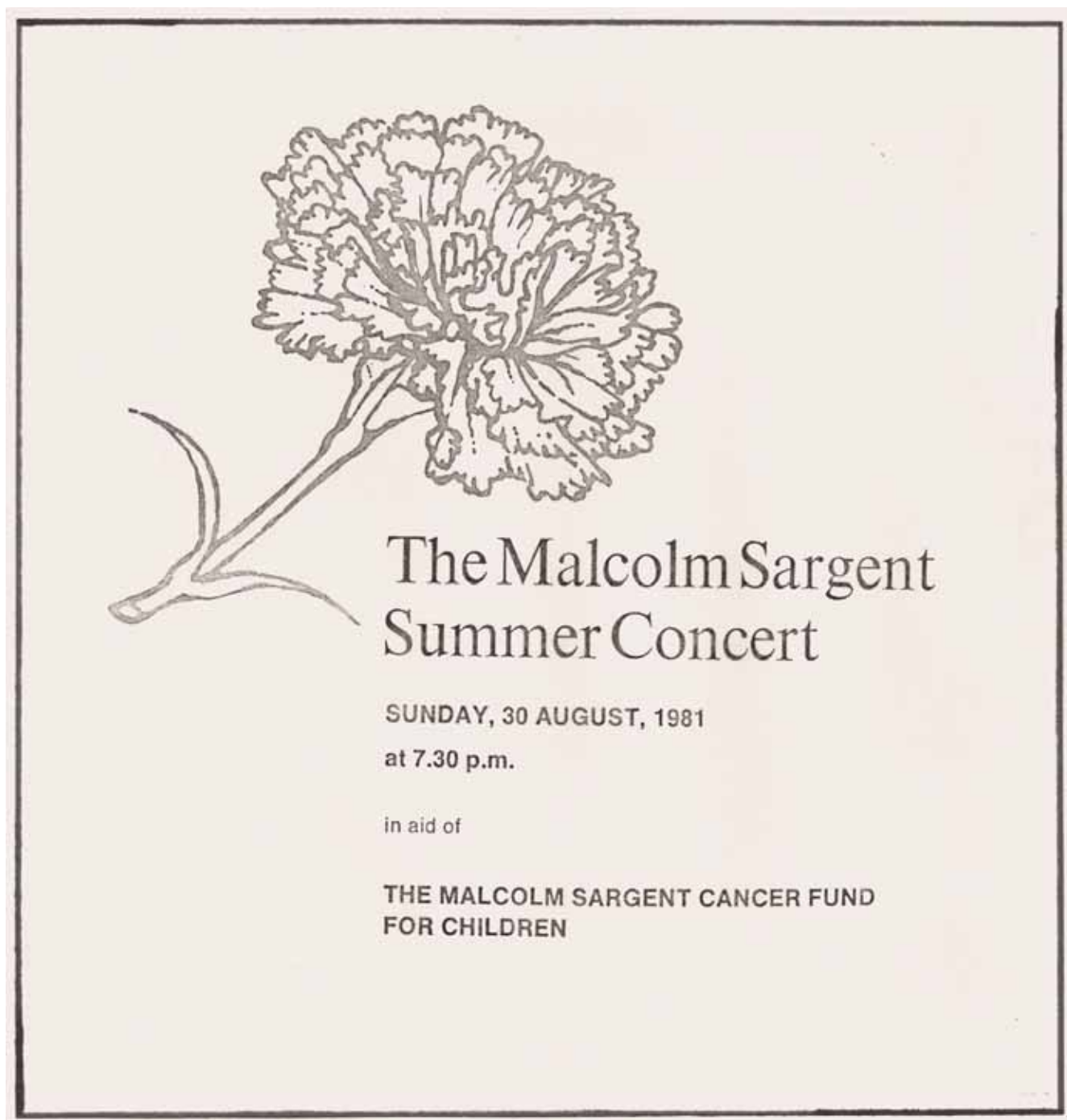
André's Response to Lord Harewood (1981) (sheet 2 of 2)



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

André at Dartington Summer School (1981)

After an absence of many years, André returned to Dartington Summer School in 1981 to conduct masterclasses and give a recital. After the recital, André was particularly exuberant and insisted on lifting everyone he saw high into the air. Hans Keller is sitting in the front row.



Courtesy of Royal Albert Hall

Program for cancer fund benefit concert (1981)

André played a Mozart piano concerto (K.491) with the Wren Orchestra, Gervase de Peyer conducting. Gervase was another supporter of André's compositions and was a key figure in getting works published as well as performed. Katia de Peyer found André sensitive, warm, and funny.



Courtesy of Dag Grundseth


André Tchaikowsky - Age 46 (1981)

This promotional photograph was taken by an Oslo newspaper to accompany an interview when André was in Oslo for a recital on December 1, 1981. In previous years, André avoided interviews, photo sessions and any kind of hoopla. But, by his mid-40's, he was more relaxed and cooperative.

**In aid of the
Food for Poland Fund**

Greater London Council

Queen Elizabeth Hall
General Administrator: Michael Kaye



André Tchaikowsky

Bach	Tocatta in C minor, BWV 911
Schubert	Sonata in G, D894
Chopin	Twenty-four Preludes, Op 28

Sunday 6 December at 3pm

South Bank Piano Recital Series

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program for Food for Poland benefit recital (1981)

Ticket sales and donations for this concert raised 1,200 pounds for the Food for Poland fund, and a similar amount was raised when André played in Brussels for the same cause. This recital was recorded by the BBC and later broadcast.

18. 11. 81

Nr. 276/WESTFALENPOST

Gestern abend: Deutsche Erst-Aufführung Tchaikowsky

VON HUBERTUS HEISER

Ein für die Hagener Musikszene denkwürdiges Ereignis prägte gestern abend die Sinfoniekonzert-Reihe in der Stadthalle: Unter dem Dirigat des GMD-Stellvertreters Yoram David erlebte das 1970 entstandene „Konzert für Klavier und Orchester“ von André Tchaikowsky mit dem Komponisten am Flügel seine deutsche Erstaufführung. Gewidmet dem berühmten Pianisten Radu Lupu, der das Werk 1975 in der Londoner Royal-Festival-Hall zum ersten Mal spielte, wurde das Klavierkonzert 1978 in Irland aufgeführt. Nach dem deutschen Debute gestern in Hagen wird im März 1982 die BBC-London das Tchaikowsky-Opus aufzeichnen. Yoram David: „Ein phänomenal gutes Werk.“ Und die Times schrieb: „Das beste Konzert nach Brahms.“ Neu für Hagen war das Werk, nicht aber der Komponist: André Tchaikowsky gastierte 1964 im Stadttheater mit dem f-Moll-Klavierkonzert von Chopin, wie er zweimal Solist der Wesselmann-Konzertreihe war.



Letzte Partitur-Abstimmung gestern nachmittag in der Stadthalle: Der Komponist André Tchaikowsky am neuen Bösendorfer und Dirigent Yoram David.
Foto: Horst Stamm

Courtesy of Horst Stamm

André Tchaikowsky and Yoram David (1981)

André performed his own Piano Concerto in Hagen, West Germany, in November, 1981. Yoram David conducted the Hagen Orchestra. It was a rare performance of André's concerto. Unfortunately, no recording was made. Reviews of the playing and the composition were both excellent.

**5. INTERNATIONALE
MEISTERKURSE**
3. – 6. Januar 1982 **MAINZ**

für

Klavier
André Tschaikowsky

Gitarre
Konrad Ragossnig

Violine
Yfrah Neaman

**Peter-Cornelius-Konservatorium der
Stadt Mainz**

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Masterclass program for Mainz (1982)

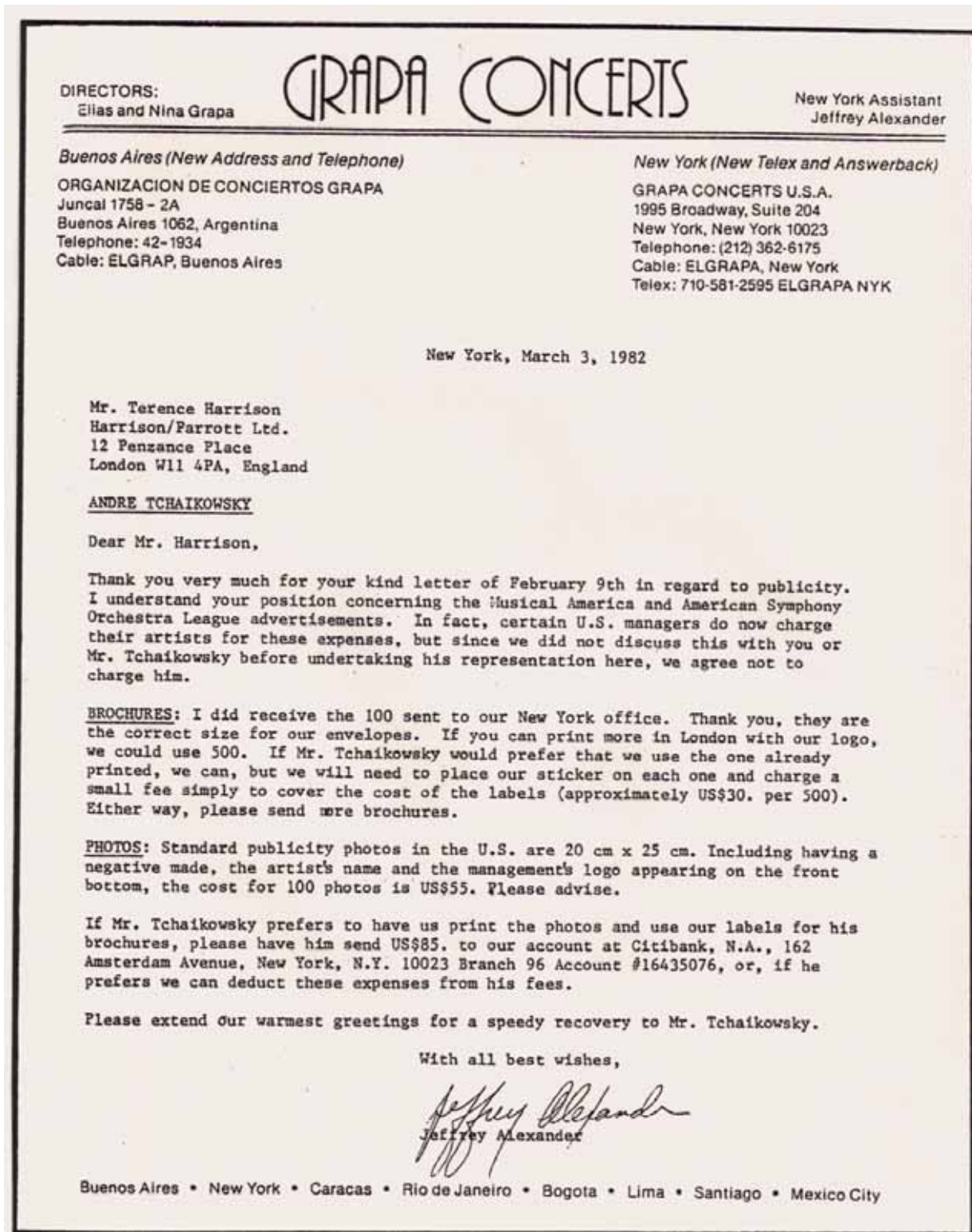
André was one of three musicians giving masterclasses at Mainz in January 1982. André's masterclasses were always well-attended at Dartington, Israel, Germany, and elsewhere. Students not properly prepared were liable to feel the sting of his acerbic wit.



Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 44 (1980)

Another photo in the series taken by Ian Dando while visiting André in 1980. Ian and André corresponded in German for a time because Ian was considering a move to Germany. It wasn't generally known that André spoke fluent German.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Letter to Terry Harrison from Grapa Concerts in the USA (1982)

André once said he would never play in the USA again after his tours of 1957-1958, and 1958-1959. However, Terry Harrison was trying to find as many concerts dates as possible for André, including the USA, and André approved.

PROF. DR. FRITZ KÜMMERLE
Direktor der Chirurgischen Universitäts-Klinik

6500 Mainz, 18. 3. 1982/boe.

Herrn
Heiko Hermes
Wielandstr. 29
6200 Wiesbaden

Hiermit erlaube ich mir, meine Liquidation für ärztliche
Bemühungen
- stat. Behandlung von Herrn André Tschaikowsky,
Oxford, vom 8.1. - 15.2.1982 -

im Betrage von

DM 7.600,--

zu übersenden.

Prof. Dr. Fritz Kümmelerle

Diagnose: Freier Durchbruch eines Dickdarmtumors
in die Bauchhöhle.

GOÄ (6-fach): 25, 26, 17a, 29x29, 34x30, 19x45, 74, 718, 2x78,
397, 2x13a, 3x129, 167, 34x5, 5x11, 15.

(4-fach): 8x809, 8x810, 8x812, 7x834a, 35x835, 3x836, 811,
2x823, 813, 791, 832.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Bill for André's surgery (1982)

Because André was admitted to the Mainz hospital as a private citizen, that is, without any medical insurance, the doctors' and hospital bills were sent directly to his German manager, Heiko Hermes. In this bill, Prof. Dr. Fritz Kümmelerle's fee for performing André's operation was DM 7,600, or about US \$2,500.

**Konzertdirektion Drissen/Fehr
Internationale Orchesterkonzerte
Rheingoldhalle Mainz**

**5. Abonnementskonzert
1981/82
Sonntag, 9. Mai 1982
20 Uhr**



**Utrechts
Symfonisch
Orkest**

**Dirigent: Lamberto Gardelli
Solist: Andre Tchaikowsky**

G. Rossini Ouvertüre
„Die Belagerung von Korinth“
F. Chopin Konzert für Klavier und Orchester Nr. 1,
a-moll
R. Schumann Sinfonie Nr. 4, d-moll

**Vorverkauf
Mainz**
Verkehrsverein (Tel. 2 83 71)
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Große Bleiche (Tel. 3 70 12)
Kartenhaus, Schillerstraße 11 (Tel. 2 87 29)
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Eintrittspreise von 12,- bis 44,- DM
Studenten und Schüler
mit Ausweis 50% Ermäßigung - auch im Vorverkauf

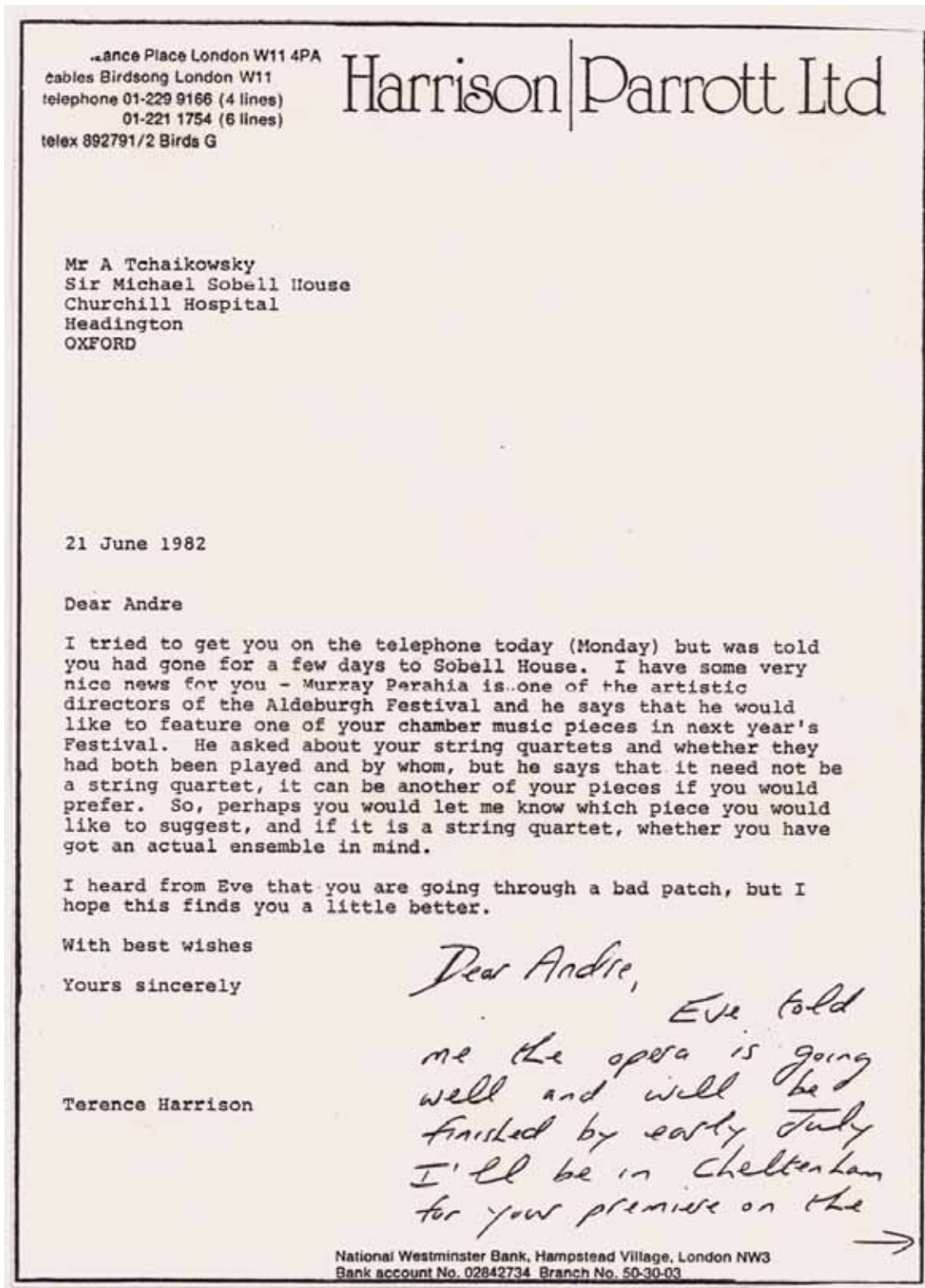
**Konzertdirektion Drissen/Fehr
Boppstraße 25, 6500 Mainz
Telefon (0 61 31) 67 70 70**

Print: Universaldruckerei und Verlag Dr. Hans Stark, Wiesbaden, Germany

Courtesy of Heiko Hermes

Poster for André's concert in Mainz (1982)

When André started touring again in late April 1982, this poster was used to announce the May 9, 1982, concert in Mainz. Of the 16 concerts on this tour, 14 were Chopin concertos and 2 were Mozart concertos. The Chopin concerto was the same work André performed in 1955 at the Chopin Competition.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Letter from Terry to André (1982)

The hand-written note continues " ... 4th. I'll come up to Oxford this week to see you - maybe by myself to give Eve a break. I'm so sorry that the pain keeps returning but it's a small consolation to know that you can work and that Sobell House is comfortable. My love to you, dear friend. Terry."