



Courtesy of Clive Barda

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1966)

This promotional photograph was taken in October 1970, but never used. At the time, André had just finished a composition for voice and chamber group, "Ariel," and was hard at work on a new piano concerto. Although this was his second piano concerto, most were unaware that he had written an earlier concerto.

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

One of André's first possessions for his new home at 29 Waterlow Court, Hampstead, was a 6-foot Steinway grand piano, purchased on an extended time-payment plan. With his home thus established, André started to practice, and the complaints began. His neighbor next door worked nights and wanted quiet during the day. His neighbor upstairs went to bed early and was a light sleeper; she wanted quiet during the evening. Nobody wanted to hear piano playing into the early hours. There was talk of a petition to have André evicted. John M. Thomson, a New Zealander who was then Music Books editor for Faber & Faber, was André's neighbor. John remembers André and the Waterlow Court scene:

"I first met André Tchaikowsky when I moved into a small flat on the upper floor of Waterlow Court in Hampstead in the 1960s. André lived in a ground-floor flat, very small indeed for his requirements, for it housed his grand piano, books and scores. It consisted of one main room looking out onto the courtyard and gardens at the side, a separate small bedroom, and a bathroom. This was the basic pattern of all the flats in the Court.

"The Court itself was a distinguished piece of Edwardian architecture, designed by the eminent architect Baillie Scott. It was modeled on a north Italian monastery, with its cloisters running around three sides, its bell tower and its overall atmosphere. This was the only example of Baillie Scott's work in the Hampstead Garden Suburb, which had been founded by Dame Henrietta Barnett around 1906. Her vision was to provide a wide variety of types of housing in a superb setting abutting the Hampstead Heath Extension, only a minute or two away from the Court and connecting into the Heath proper.

"I suspect that one reason André decided to live there was its proximity to the Heath, with refreshing walks at a moment's notice. He loved the Heath and I often walked with him while he commented on its beauties.

"The Residents' Association was very powerful, especially one of the members, a Miss Cubison, who lived two floors above André and therefore tended to hear him practicing. She was a formidable lady and bowled over almost everybody, including myself. André told me how she appeared at his door one day, after he had practiced far into the night, and almost roared at him, 'Have you no human feelings, Mr. Tchaikowsky?' André invited her in and so charmed her that she set aside the petition she was circulating to have André evicted. It was an insuperable problem, for André practiced regularly and when he was working on big works such as the Hammerclavier Sonata by Beethoven, he would toil away almost as if he were about to ascend Everest. He also worked very late when he was composing.

"We would walk outside the Court into Hampstead Village on innumerable occasions. An instance of his spontaneous generosity was once when he went into a record shop in Hampstead, and knowing my love of Haydn, bought me the set of 'London' symphonies conducted by Eugene Jochum, which I still have and treasure.

"I knew of his love affairs, exclusively male, their dramas and occasional successes.

"He once asked me what the 'M' in my name stood for. 'Marmaduke' I replied. He often called me by this name. When I visited him backstage unexpectedly after a recital in 1980 in the old Town Hall in Wellington, New Zealand, he shouted it out to the astonishment of my friends!

"André used to bring his autobiography and read it to me. He had such a tragic past that anything therapeutic, like writing the autobiography, one simply had to seize on. I once went

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to a concert he gave at one of the London satellite towns and met his mentor, the famous psychologist George Lyward, who ran a school. André always considered Lyward to have saved his life and restored his perspective and sanity.

"There was a tremendous fund of stories about artists and conductors. He once had to play a piano concerto with Karl Böhm conducting and there was a contretemps. André stuck to his guns until Böhm said, 'I have conducted this concerto 154 times.' André replied, 'That's 153 times too many,' whereupon Böhm strode angrily offstage and André didn't know whether or not he would appear for the performance. [He did.]"

The uneasy alliance between André and his neighbors at Waterlow Court continued for the entire ten years he lived in Hampstead.

Judy Arnold remained an important influence in André's life, as friend, as personal secretary, and as part-time manager. When André didn't want to be disturbed, he would unplug his telephone and Judy wouldn't be able to reach him for days. Often she would send him a telegram asking that he telephone her immediately. Judy was also a stabilizing influence on his life. When they were living in the same house, she was able to be supportive, but when they were separated because of André's new home, then André had problems. Judy Arnold:

"André was highly neurotic to a degree that I've rarely come across. He was always worrying about everything. Most of his energy went into worrying about totally nonsensical things. He would 'phone me up about ten times a day. Example: He said, 'Do you think I should start to practice at 10 o'clock or half-past 10?' Or something like that. Then he would 'phone up four more times and say, 'Well, now it is half-past 10, do you think I ought to do two hours practice before lunch, or do you think I ought to wait and not start until after lunch?' Then he could spend the two hours worrying about whether he should practice, rather than actually practicing.

"You couldn't say, 'Yes, André, start to practice now.' No, you couldn't speak to him like that. You wouldn't say anything as sharp as that. You would say, 'Well, yes, I think it's a good idea that you start to practice.' Then he would 'phone up and say, 'Well, I don't think' He got himself fantastically tired all the time. He was very, very tired from worrying about how tired he was going to be.

"In all the time that I knew him, I could see what it could have been like if only his own problems hadn't pulled him back. He would sort of go and do this and do that and practice and travel, and see this person and that person. You could see that he'd had a good and full day, and that he was finished for a week. He was absolutely out. It was all he could do. A day like that would just finish him off. It was altogether too much. For another week he wouldn't do a thing.

"The playing part of it, that again was a pity. It could have been much more. He had more chances than anybody, which he systematically hacked down with a chopper, went in there mightily and sort of chucked away every chance he had been given. André was too intelligent to be merely a pianist. He would say if you're really very intelligent, then to be just a pianist is nothing more than being a kind of glorified donkey. But nevertheless he needed to do that to earn a living because it was the only thing he could really do. That was the problem."

On February 10, 1966, André played at the Camden School. A concert series at the school had been arranged and financed by Charles Napper, to whom André owed many favors. When the scheduled pianist couldn't play, André was asked to step in at the last moment. This is not the kind of thing André enjoyed

doing, but when Napper asked, what could he say? André's performance earned the following review by Peter Brown in *Music and Musicians*:

Tchaikowsky at Camden

Owing to the indisposition of Wilhelm Kempff, the recital on February 10 in the Camden Celebrity Concert series at the Camden School for Girls was given by André Tchaikowsky. He was not at ease with Bach's Partita in B minor and the 'Echo' particularly was hammered into the ground in a way that can only be described as vicious. One couldn't but reflect how monstrous it is for this music to be played on the modern piano. It can hardly help appearing lumpy and ungainly as it tries to negotiate delicate passages designed for the more nimble-sounding harpsichord.

Tchaikowsky was much more in his element in Prokofiev's monumental Sixth Sonata. Its percussive nature, its biting and dramatic harmonic and rhythmic ideas are easily encompassed by his ample technique and its nervous tension suits him temperamentally. Though the sonata's moments of relaxation are few, this artist coped with the torrents of notes like the virtuoso pianist he is.

By contrast, Schubert's sonata in B-flat, Opus Posthumous, was essentially lyrical -- from the sublime simplicity of the opening Molto Moderato to the final Allegro. Here the gentle caressing side of Tchaikowsky's playing came into its own, and allowed one to appreciate another aspect of his considerable skill.

A concerto concert given a few weeks later, on March 24, 1966, has special significance. This was one of the events in André's life that gave evidence of his phenomenal memory. André was to play Rachmaninoff's, Variations on a Theme of Paganini and Mozart's Piano Concerto in C major, K.503, with the London New Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati. The performance was at 8:00 pm, preceded by an afternoon rehearsal. Judy Arnold and Michael Menaugh went to the rehearsal with André. Judy Arnold:

"Antal Dorati and André had practiced the Mozart C major concerto, K.S03, with two pianos a few days before. Then it was time to do the rehearsal with the orchestra. They did the Rachmaninoff; then the orchestra started with the Mozart C major concerto, not K.503 but K.467, the wrong concerto. André leaped off his seat; there was only a half-hour of rehearsal time left. What had happened is there was a mixup about which C major concerto it should be. The librarian had brought the music for the K.467, which was not the one André was prepared to play. So there were two possibilities: either they played the concerto that had been announced without a rehearsal, because there wasn't time to go back and get the music for the other concerto, or they play the concerto for which André was not prepared.

André: What am I going to do?

Judy: You're going to play this concerto perfectly well by memory.

André: I haven't played it for two years

Judy: It doesn't make any difference.

André: Well, I can't do it.

Judy: It's all there right in your head. Just sit down and play it.

André: All right, I'll do it, but nobody can expect anything of me.

"So he just sat down and, totally from memory, played that concerto, and that is what he played that evening as well, and never did look at the music."

Michael Menaugh remembers the same rehearsal:

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"I asked André if he was going to race home and study the music. André answered, 'Oh no, no, no, that would make me too nervous.' He said he felt particularly relaxed because nobody would expect wonders from him. Actually, that was very typical of André, living up to other people's expectations. If nobody could expect marvels from him, he usually produced them. He was paralyzed by what he felt other people expected of him."

Music Critic, Colin Mason, wrote for *The Daily Telegraph* of André's performance:

Arriving at the rehearsal for the New Philharmonia Orchestra's concert at the Festival Hall last night all prepared to play Mozart's C major Piano Concerto K.503, the soloist André Tchaikowsky found the orchestra with the parts of the C major Concerto K.467 on their stands. Mr. Tchaikowsky saved the day by undertaking the change to the "wrong" concerto, and played it at the concert not only from memory but with plenty of confidence and spirit, and an engaging freshness that perhaps owed something to his not having had time to ponder his interpretation too much. His adaptability and aplomb were further demonstrated in Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" after the interval. He met all its technical demands with absolutely commanding virtuosity, and a power and control that never gave the impression of being anywhere near his limit.

André could have used a few more concert dates. The year 1966 was going to be tough financially. From April through June, there were just ten concerts.

Recordings for EMI Pathé/Columbia Records

There are no documents showing when André starting recording again, but for EMI Pathé/Columbia Records, André made five recordings that were released in France between 1966 and 1969. These were:

1. Goldberg Variations - Bach
2. Valses Nobles, Valses 5entimentales, Ländler - Schubert
3. Sonatas No. 23 and No. 49, Andante and Variations in F minor - Haydn
4. Sonata in F Major K,533/474, Miniatures - Mozart
5. Mazurkas No. 30 to 51 - Chopin

Columbia Records asked André to describe himself for the record covers. André wrote back:

Where to begin? Of the "four temperaments" only the phlegmatic is missing. I have all the qualities of my failings. I am egocentric, impulsive, garrulous, capricious, untidy, lazy, depressive, but also honest, spontaneous, enthusiastic, unselfish, and affectionate. It is obvious that I have too much imagination and my sense of reality has degenerated little by little due to its lack of exercise. I tell lies as easily as I breathe (did I say that I was honest?) but only when this is of no use to me.

Apart from my music I am especially interested in literature. Since my first stay in France, I have spent a lot of time studying the French classics of the 17th Century and, back in Poland, French novels and the great Russian classics. Now that I live in England, I have discovered a real passion for Shakespeare. My dream would be one day to direct "Anthony and Cleopatra" but who in the world would let me? Apart from Shakespeare, my preferences are for Racine, Dostoyevsky, and Proust.

What I love most of all is people. And if I am sometimes taken for a misanthrope, that is because I have a horror of receptions, snobs, and society gossip. These festivals of boredom are sometimes compulsory and I have only made friends by saying what I think of them! Everything which hinders the unpredictable, adventure, and discovery repels me. When on

tour what I love is to arrive in a town, leave my suitcases, and go out for a long walk without knowing where it will take me.

Sometimes I play bridge, where my tendency to exaggerate causes me to make bids which are completely mad, and chess, where my lack of organization becomes immediate and painfully obvious. I practice only one sport, swimming. I can also get by in cooking.

André's biographical description of himself was not quite what Columbia Records had in mind. They had to add the customary biographical materials after André's description the best they could. By 1971, apparently due to lack of demand, all five recordings had been erased from the Columbia Records catalog.

A visitor to the Arnold home was conductor David Zinman. André and David did a few concerts together and became friends. André felt that Zinman was someone he could really work with and their concerts were mutually enjoyable. Zinman would show up at the Arnolds with his viola and he and André would sight-read scores for hours. Zinman became a great supporter of André. He has a few recollections:

"I met André in Holland in 1966. I lived in Holland and was the conductor of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, and André was recommended to me. On our first subscription concert he played a Mozart concerto. He was such a bright and funny guy, somewhat odd and eccentric, and he always loved to shock people. He was famous for improvising Mozart cadenzas, although on that occasion, he was fairly straight.

"André would improvise cadenzas, really improvise them. Nothing was written down. There was an occasion in Rotterdam where we played Mozart:

André: You know, I'd like to improvise my own cadenza. What do you think?"

David: Why don't you do it?

André: I'll go my own way, but the ending will be as the Mozart cadenza.

David: That's terrific André.

André: I don't know what it will be, but it'll be something fun.

"Of course we couldn't rehearse it because there was no rehearsal on Sundays with the orchestra. Then we were on stage and the first movement goes well. He goes to the cadenza and he starts to play. It's one of his usual fantastic sort of 'Fantasies on themes of Mozart.' The orchestra was really up for this because they knew André and what a joker he was. They're sitting there sort of giggling as he goes into foreign keys and sort of fools around and comes back. Finally, he gets into the end of the cadenza, which is the Mozart ending, but, to my amazement, he's an octave low.

"Well, I didn't know what he was going to do. He made a run up to the trill, and he starts trilling, and then, I course, I knew I had to come in. So we did, but just then he realized he was an octave low, and he went on playing. We had to stop, while André went on, and went on another three minutes or so, got back, ended this time in the right octave, and we came in again. I was absolutely furious, completely and utterly furious. I wouldn't look at him the rest of the concerto. He was like a sort of beaten dog. You could see it. He was trying to make me smile as it to say, 'It's all right, I didn't mean it.' So we finished the concerto and left the stage. I went directly to my dressing room.

"André comes in sort of whimpering and apologizing. He said, 'I was an octave too low, I thought you knew that.' I told him, 'But André, how could you play the trill with the turn, and expect me not to come in?' He said I was right. André went to all the music critics and assured them it wasn't my fault and it was his own stupidity. That was typical of André.

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"Then there was his famous Mozart cadenza for the C major concerto K.467, which I'll never forget as long as I live. What he decided to do was to combine all the themes together. So he had something going in this hand, then with arpeggios with the other hand, and all this going on at the same time with sort of Saint-Saens modulations into very foreign keys. It was the weirdest cadenza."

Zinman's account is typical of what could go wrong at a concerto concert where André was soloist. The difference with Zinman is he didn't reject André and refuse future performances with him as so many other conductors did. Zinman was understanding of André's creative struggle and supported him.

"Hamlet" Music (1966)

A bright spot in André's life was his deepening friendship with Michael Menaugh. Michael was an intelligent and interesting person -- studying chemistry, yet deeply interested in and knowledgeable of theater and music. He was good for André, the kind of friend that André needed. Michael Menaugh remembers events from this period:

"Our friendship grew. It was always full of fascinating conversation. André was full of ideas. We exchanged ideas about music and theater. By the summer of 1966, my 21st birthday year, André and I were sufficiently close for me to ask if he would compose the music for my Oxford production of 'Hamlet' in which I also played Hamlet. He agreed and he was fascinated by Hamlet. It was one of those plays that he knew particularly well, and it obsessed him just as it obsessed me. We had a big correspondence about the play. He came three days before the performance and supervised the recording of the music. He was a great help to me during a very tense time because it's no easy matter to both direct and play Hamlet at the same time. Judy Arnold, Zamira and Fou Ts'ong came down for the production and we talked and talked afterwards.

"I went to London to see André. I remember sleeping on a camp bed under the piano. It was bitterly cold. André, of course, never kept early hours. I can remember waking up about 7:00 am with the light coming in and waiting for André to appear at about half past eleven. Then we went for one of what were to be many hundreds of long, long walks together, right across the Hampstead Heath.

"André disliked it when people became too involved with him. When people became too interested in him, it was as if they were going to somehow devour him. He had to, at the same time, attract people. He needed a reaction. He would attract people, use all his brilliance to attract people, and then get very upset when they wouldn't go away. Then he would try and shock people. It was extraordinary how suddenly then he'd be more outrageous and try to shock people, which usually attracted them all the more.

"He got tired of adulation. He got tired of people who just admired him. The people that he really liked had their own lives, their own opinions. They didn't feed off him. He liked people to feed off him to a certain extent. He needed that for his own insecurity, but then it became too much. He felt that people expected things of him. He either had to be brilliant and witty or he had to give a wonderful performance, or he had to produce the greatest composition. This became a terrible pressure, which very often sort of paralyzed him. The most important thing was to just let him be himself. If you did not expect something from him, very often then he would give, he would be brilliant."

The "Hamlet" production was a success. Michael gave a brilliant performance, André's music reinforced the drama, and it was a very satisfying artistic accomplishment. The music André composed for "Hamlet" is in the Josef Weinberger archives.

Copenhagen (1966)

André made the first of his many trips to Copenhagen on August 22, 1966. For this concert, he played the Rachmaninoff Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, and Mozart Piano Concerto K.491. The Tivoli "Summer Orchestra" was conducted by Uri Segal. The Tivoli concert hall director, Lars Grunth, remembers André:

"André played at Tivoli many times. I can remember the first time André played the Rachmaninoff Paganini variations and a Mozart concerto. André was wonderful at the keyboard. Such sound, wonderful sounds. He got more out of the piano than I thought was possible. He had an interesting and original approach, taking risks, but they worked, and beautiful music was made. He was very alive as a person. But he needed a sympathetic conductor for a concerto concert to go well. He was a good friend and, whether you liked him or not, you couldn't help but respect what he tried to do with music.

"There was another time when André played a Mozart concerto with Uri. It was a 'Winter' concert in a sports hall and the surroundings were kind of bleak. And André wasn't playing well -- I think he was depressed. Of course the hall was cold. André started to play fast, then slow, and Uri was trying to keep up. Then in the cadenza, which André wrote himself, André would seem to be ending and Uri would raise his baton, only to have André dive back into the cadenza, and Uri would lower his baton. André did this three or four times as a kind of joke, and after that, everything seemed to go better.

"André ruined his career because he was too unstable as a pianist. André sometimes refused to play. Peter Frankl would have to fly in at the last moment and play the concert. This made a big career really impossible. There were also some really messy performances by André and some really absolutely perfect, brilliant performances.

"I remember my wife was attracted to André and was friendly towards him. She played in the orchestra on the double bass. She was kind of hanging around him and André said to her, 'Go away! You're spoiling my reputation!'"

Letter from an Old Friend (1966)

In October 1966, André received a surprise letter from Halina Wahlmann-Janowska. They hadn't corresponded for nearly four years and he thought the relationship was over. André responded to her letter on October 16, 1966:

Dear Never-Forgotten Halinka,

You're the way I remember you: inventive, disarming, amusing, charming. In spite of it and perhaps because of it, I still think that it's better to give up our correspondence. After so many years we don't even know whether we still know each other, or even know life.

I've changed a lot. I've become an egotist and a recluse. I live by myself and I cook for myself so I don't have to go out. I've limited my social life to the bare minimum, and the erotic one to almost zero. It's not as sad as it might seem. I've got books and records, and I'm never bored. I don't even feel lonely. I now live for myself, not for others. My friends have become convinced that I can't be counted on and seldom write or even call nowadays.

The real reason why I would rather not write to you is my present conviction that one should live in reality and not in imagination. Now you see how old I've grown and it's not only because we can't run away from reality. If we are doomed to it, it's a pessimistic reason and right now I'm learning to be optimistic because reality is so much more interesting than imagination, changeable, unexpected, full of surprises. In your life, I've always been the

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imagination and, in this way, I've done you a lot of harm. Who knows, Janusz might have turned out to be different for you if it wasn't for our infidelity by correspondence.

If we had a chance to meet, I would possibly agree to that in spite of the feeling that the meeting would lead to a mutual disappointment. Not in the sense of me being disappointed with you or you with me, but in the sense that possibly we wouldn't be on the same wavelength.

Halinka, I know that I'm going to hurt you with this letter, but I will send it. One should write truth. I wish you all the best.

Yours,
Old André

During the years Halina and André didn't correspond, Halina and Janusz were divorced. However, due to an acute housing shortage in Warsaw, they continued living in the same two-room apartment for another seven years before Halina finally found another place to live.

Is it possible Halina still had some thought of reestablishing a relationship with André, and still had hopes of having his child? She replied on November 5, 1966:

My love,

I must reply, if only to assure you that I shall not be writing to you; otherwise you would be living in constant anxiety that one day, after years, gray and old, I would once again send a passionate letter. What about our child -- are we not going to have it? My love, I no longer think about it. Our child would have been very unhappy. It would certainly suffer from neurotic importunity: you are neurotic and I, importune.

I don't know why you agree to see me. You'll try to come to the meeting fat, bald, and arrogant. It won't help. For me, you'll always remain with a big crop of hair, slim, and charming. I kiss you, or I'd better not.

Yours,
Halinka

Halina and André seemed to agree that they wouldn't resume their correspondence. However, they found it necessary to write in order to confirm that they would not write. André wrote on November 14, 1966:

My dear Halinka,

To begin with, I wrote that I wouldn't be writing to you anymore, as if I had been writing a lot before, and then knew that you wouldn't be writing to me either. It's difficult to find a better stop for a correspondence. It's even funnier considering that I almost don't write any letters at all, which means I'm only corresponding with the woman that I've decided not to write to.

If you're coming to London, let me know where and when. In the meantime, write or not, as you wish. But don't be offended if I don't write back.

Yours,
Old André; Fat, Balding, and Arrogant.

With this exchange of letters in which each agreed not to write to the other, the correspondence between André Tchaikowsky and Halina Wahlmann-Janowska was reestablished, and continued to the end of André's life.

Although the year 1966 provided few concerts in England and Europe, there was a large South American tour that went very well. The year ended with only 12 concerts from October through December, and 1967

started much the same. André was now enormously busy composing a piano concerto, a string quartet, and a song cycle. There was one important concert date on March 3, 1967, marking the opening of the brand new Queen Elizabeth Hall in London. André had been selected to be the very first pianist to play in the new hall. He played a single work, Piano Sonata in B-flat (D.960) by Schubert. Minutes before he was to appear on stage, he inadvertently locked himself in the bathroom. No amount of fiddling could open the door from either side. Expert help was required. Workmen were called and the entire door, hinges and all, had to be removed so André could take the stage. Of André's performance, the music critic Max Loppert of the *Financial Times* wrote:

If future concerts in the new Queen Elizabeth Hall are able to provide the same degree of freshness, both in choices of works and in the manner of their performances, as did last night's, it will be an incalculable addition to London's musical life. Of course the outstanding soloist, André Tchaikowsky, was largely responsible for this impression.

One wonders how many excellent performances on stage conceal near disasters that transpire out of sight of audiences.

André and Eve Harrison (1967)

André was getting along well with Terry Harrison, his manager at Ibbs and Tillett. Terry worked with André as best he could. André would give him blocks of time and asked for concerts only during these blocks, not the easiest arrangement for a manager. Terry felt close enough to André to ask a favor. He had separated from his wife Eve and asked André if he would occasionally give her a ring on the telephone. Terry Harrison:

"In 1967 my wife Eve and I separated, but André only knew her a little bit. As he had become my close friend by 1967, I asked him if he would occasionally give her a ring. He said, 'Yes, although she is not particularly my type of person.' Eve was rather English, rather quiet, and at that time not so interested in music. André rang her and took her out to dinner. About the 2nd or 3rd time he saw her, he thought she was rather nice. They slowly became very good friends. André had no romantic interest in it, but it was a friendship that gradually grew. At that time, André lived in London and Eve saw André maybe two or three times a month. André used to like to go to the theater, for instance, so he'd invite Eve. Eve was also quite interested in theater and drama."

As the summer of 1967 approached, André decided once again to attend Dartington Summer School. As in past summers, he met interesting musicians. On this occasion, he met the members of the very fine Lindsay String Quartet and promised to write something for them. Members Peter Cropper and Bernard Gregor-Smith recall their meeting:

"As a young quartet, we were playing at Dartington Summer School in Devon. It was our last year of being students, which would have been 1967. The Amadeus Quartet was supposed to be playing, but one of them was ill, so we were asked to provide some music. We played the Bartók String Quartet No.3. André was going to play just before us. As he was due to go on stage, André couldn't be found. No one could find him. The audience was waiting. They found him in the 100 [bathroom] and he shot straight out of the 100, onto the stage and started playing before they even had time to applaud his appearance. That was our first meeting. André did not show the greatest respect for his audiences in some ways.

"We played with André quite a few times. We did a broadcast on the BBC of the Faure G minor piano quintet at St. John Smith Square in London. We all think that somehow it is different playing with a composer. We've never experienced anything quite like it since. It was

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almost like he was making it up, searching for a fresh approach to playing, almost delighting in every single nuance. It was like he was composing it himself, as if extemporizing.

"He had a tremendous intellect. Genius. Reading Russian literature in Russian. In my house once [Bernard Gregor-Smith speaking at this point], he immediately sat down with the biography of Bertrand Russell and started to read it and sat there for two days, reading non-stop.

"He had this great bag of pills. He took strong sleeping pills to put him asleep, then pills in the morning to wake him up. He was rattling around and a definite hypochondriac, a classic case.

"In Portsmouth we were rehearsing a Brahms piano quintet. André said he was sorry that he had little time to practice it, but to run through it anyway. The performance was the next day. We played through the first movement and at the end, I realized that he hadn't turned a page. We then took a break and he asked what was on the rest of the program? We said the Beethoven Opus 95 quartet. André then sat down at the piano and played the first movement of the string quartet, playing all four string parts from memory. His memory was fantastic. When we played bridge, he was as incredible as a master bridge player, remembering all the cards, giving you the impression that he knew what was in your hand."

André eventually wrote two string quartets that were given world premieres by the Lindsay Quartet, with the second dedicated to the Quartet.

At about this time, André had total breaks with two friends of long duration. First, André ended the André Tchaikowsky/Sylvia Rosenberg duo. André gave her the "treatment," which consisted of a verbal assault that was designed to end any friendship. Sylvia remembers:

"I had a falling out with André. Well, it wasn't a falling out, exactly, let's just say a few little dramas together. Well, I guess you could call it a falling out. Yes, we had a very dramatic end to our relationship of many years. Naturally, I think it was André's fault. He could be a very sadistic sort of person. If he knew your weaknesses, he could really hurt you. He had a very unfortunate side."

It would be 15 years before they would have a reconciliation.

The second friendship André terminated was with Charles Napper, a loss he could scarcely afford. Napper's daughter, Susie Napper, has some idea of what happened:

"André had become my father's closest friend. I believe they met several times a week towards the end of their friendship. My father became more and more involved with writing, inspired by the 1964 elections in England. His soul-searching as to where to cast his vote led him to a study of ethics, which culminated in two books, *The Art of Political Deception* and *In Search of Hope*. I believe that his meetings with André were devoted to discussions of politics, religion, and philosophy, and my father's radical conservatism and emphasis on Mosaic law and morality led to bitter arguments and the eventual termination of their relationship."

Considering all that Charles Napper had done for André, it would seem that somehow they could have worked around their problems, but that was not André's way. If a relationship was faulty, it was terminated. There was no sense in pouring time and effort into the maintenance of something below par.

André was invited to the 1967 Edinburgh Festival where he gave a recital, on September 4, of Bach's Goldberg Variations and Beethoven's Sonata in E, Opus 109. This was followed by a concerto concert on September 7, 1967 of Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano. These were his only concert dates for the entire month. Total income: £200, or about US \$500. In October 1967, André left for his first tour of New

Zealand, which was followed by a tour of Japan. While in New Zealand, André had a panic attack and was unable to play. A telephone call to George Lyward at Finchden Manor calmed him down, and he was able to resume his appearances. After coming back to London in December 1967, he gave a series of four concerts with the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, with David Zinman conducting. It was during this mini-tour of Holland The Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam -- that André played some of his most outrageous Mozart cadenzas, referred to earlier in Zinman's account of his experiences with André.

Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare (1967)

At the Dartington Summer School in 1965, André had met singer Margaret Cable, whose abilities impressed him greatly and he promised to write a song cycle for her. The result was the "Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare," completed in October 1967 and dedicated to Margaret Cable. Margaret Cable recalls André and the Sonnets:

"I first met André in 1965 at Dartington. We were both there in the days when William Glock was running Dartington Summer School. Mr. Glock was a very enterprising man and had lots of unusual artists doing all sorts of unusual things. I remember one occasion when André was playing Pictures at an Exhibition at Dartington, in the original piano version. Fantastic.

"We became really good friends. He hadn't been in England that long, and had nobody, really, and he valued his friends enormously and took his friendships very seriously. André also met John [Margaret's husband-to-be, tuba virtuoso John Fletcher]. John and I weren't married then -- we didn't marry until 1967. So John was around and knew André and we all got along very well. Judy Arnold knew him best back then. Judy was marvelous, in a way. She's a great organizer, but she is also very dominant, to the point of being slightly overpowering. I think André felt a little constricted by her sometimes, but she did a lot for André.

"André was terribly well-read and made me feel totally ignorant. He knew English literature, French literature, Russian literature, all in the original languages. He put seven Shakespeare sonnets to music and I did them. We also broadcast them, he and I."

The Sonnets were first heard on a BBC broadcast on June 18, 1968. The first public performance was June 22, 1968, at the Purcell Room. Music critic, Robert Henderson, wrote in the *Musical Times*:

Chamber Music

Although composers must obviously be free to set whatever texts they like, it is doubtful whether music could ever add anything of much significance to the Shakespeare sonnets which André Tchaikovsky chose for his song-cycle "Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare," performed for the first time by Margaret Cable with the composer (PR, June 22). The concentrated imagery of the poems, the balanced rhythms and already intensely musical character of the language, for instance, made the not particularly distinctive vocal lines sound rather perfunctory, and it was the beautifully written, often strikingly inventive piano accompaniments which seemed to distill much more accurately the passion and intensity implicit in the words.

Music critic, Stephen Walsh, wrote in *Music and Musicians*:

Unfortunately, Tchaikovsky's own work was rather a disappointment. In a way this might have been expected, since the work was a cycle of Shakespeare sonnets, the sort of poetic ground which even the most inspired composers are apt to find pretty daunting. Tchaikovsky's settings, for contralto and piano, showed clearly enough why this is true. Shakespeare's poems are so intense, so imbued with a musical quality of their own, that there is really nothing that music can add, and in this case the vocal line was of noticeable poverty,

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much too dependent on devices like unaccompanied recitative, and hardly beginning to match the poems in linguistic or psychological subtlety. The accompaniment was less shackled, but it was nevertheless seldom prepossessing and seldom memorable. The total impression was one of dryness, of music hopelessly circumscribed by its subject matter. I am sure Tchaikowsky is capable of better things.

Margaret Cable gave what seemed a useful performance, not always completely accurate, but rich in tone and sensitive in inflection. She was accompanied by the composer, so clearly the performance could not be blamed for the impression left by the music.

Margaret Cable remembers another aspect of the BBC and Purcell Room performances:

"I remember in the Purcell Room André made terrible noises when he played. He would groan and make such noise. He would moan and make problems for the recording studios at the BBC and we had to do things over and over."

There was another performance of the Sonnets some months later in Amsterdam, in the small Concertgebouw concert hall. Margaret Cable describes this performance:

"After this concert in Amsterdam, we had an American friend with us, Donald Blakesley, who was the tuba player in the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Donald and his wife came to the concert and sent me a very nice bunch of red roses backstage. After the concert they took us out for a meal, and then said, since we were only in Amsterdam for one night, they will drive us around and show us everything. Inevitably, part of the tour was through the beautiful red-light district. It all looks so exquisite with all the windows and the girls and so on.

"André sat back in the car with me and got terribly quiet. He was obviously terribly upset. We were going along, when outside one of the houses was a very young girl. She looked about 12 years old, probably older, but she looked about 12. She was standing on the pavement. André insisted that the car be stopped. He threw open the door, grabbed my bunch of roses, and gave them to this little girl."

André reported the Sonnets concert in a letter to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska, written on June 29, 1968:

A week ago there was the first performance of my song cycle, Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare. There were quite a few musicians there: Andrzej Panufnik and his wife [Camilla Jessel], Daniel Barenboim and his wife [Jacqueline du Pré], Gervase dePeyer, and Fou Ts'ong's wife. Fou Ts'ong was playing somewhere that evening. It turned out the cycle is first class, undoubtedly better than anything I've written so far. As a result, Andrzej Panufnik's wife gave birth to a child two weeks prematurely, but the baby seems to be normal. The cycle went like a bomb. The audience was delighted, the reviews were terrible, so everything was as it should be, and I'm happy with one and the other.

At Dartington Summer School in 1968, André was to meet composer David Lord who had also finished a song cycle, "The Wife of Winter." David's and André's song cycles were similar in that each had a beautiful piano accompaniment. André suggested David write a piano concerto, which André would play. He agreed, and André boldly added the work to his repertoire list. They met again at a party in London at the home of Judy Arnold (at which Alfred Brendel appeared wearing only a bath towel) and discussed the project further. André and David were friends for several years, playing piano duets, discussing composition, but David started writing more and more slowly, and the friendship faded away. The concerto was never written.

André dismissed the Sonnets after a few years. They were never published and at this writing, received only the BBC, Purcell Room, and Amsterdam performances.

André selected the following seven sonnets for this cycle:

Sonnet 104

To me fair friend you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still: three winters cold,
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Sonnet 75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure,
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Save what is had, or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Sonnet 49

Against that time (if ever that time come)
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Called to that audit by advised respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye,
When love converted from the thing it was
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand, against my self uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part,
To leave poor me, thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love, I can allege no cause.

Sonnet 61

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Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?
O no, thy love though much, is not so great,
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

Sonnet 89

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence,
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt:
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll my self disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange:
Be absent from thy walks and in my tongue,
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong:
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against my self I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Sonnet 90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might.
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Sonnet 146

Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth,

My sinful earth these rebel powers array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms inheritors of this excess
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shall thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

A Visit Postponed (1967)

André's correspondence with Halina Wahlmann-Janowska had been renewed for a year. There was still the "threat" that Halina would visit London. Halina wrote to André on November 16, 1967:

Me dear André,

You may be surprised, but I'm not at all apprehensive about meeting you. One way or another, we'll come to terms, unless you make me speak English. And what are you afraid of? That I'm going to come up with those hysterics of mine of the old days? It won't happen ever again.

Yes, I did want to have your child. I fought and I lost. I had to lose, because I lacked a sense of reality. You were right, it was too late. Bringing up a child alone, without Janusz, or you, was an idea that could have only been conceived by a sick imagination. But I wanted it very much. Now I don't want anything. I'm writing so honestly because I don't want you to be afraid and to run away.

Halinka

André replied immediately on November 18, 1967. He also mentioned his Sonata for Clarinet and Piano and sent a recording to Halinka, inviting her comments:

Dear Halinka,

It's not really a question of me being fat and bald. Arrogant I've always been, or that I don't really care about anyone except myself. It used to be like that before. You do know that I'm selfish, don't you? What really matters is that my inner life, which means so much to you, is now really inner. I don't share it with anyone. Nowadays it only finds an expression in music, especially in my compositions.

And that's why I'm angry with you, yes angry, when you tried to write a matter-of-fact critique of my clarinet sonata. It's as if I gave you my memoirs to read. Would you also try to write a report? In life, sometimes I talk, but more often I keep quiet. Most of all, I like to be by myself. My friends have learned that they shouldn't be inviting or even calling me.

What will you do with yourself if you come? You don't have anybody here besides myself, and I'm afraid of you, Halina. Be well.

Yours,
André

Halinka decided not to visit André in 1967.

A Friend in Need (1968)

André valued his friends. If they came to him in need, he would drop everything and help them in any way possible. At the start of 1968, Michael Menaugh, who so many times had coaxed André out of a depression or bad mood, needed help himself. Michael Menaugh:

"It was the first time I was in love and it didn't work out. I was going through a very bad time and I didn't know who to turn to. I had nobody I could talk to at Oxford and the only person I could think of was André. I had reached that kind of feeling of trust and affection for André and I telephoned him on a Saturday afternoon and said, 'André, I'm in a terrible state.' I was crying on the telephone. André said, 'Come up at once.' So I caught the train up. Actually, André was doing a rehearsal of the sonnets with Margaret Cable. He said, 'You can come, you can turn pages, and then we'll talk.'

"Afterwards, we went for a walk. In five minutes, I was roaring with laughter. His tonic was always, 'get working, get working.' I began to tell him about an idea I had for a play. It was a farce. I began telling him and we began to develop the idea as we walked along until our walk must have taken a good four hours on the Hampstead Heath. We were standing around like drunkards, crying with laughter. I did eventually write this farce. It was a very silly idea. It was about a theater, the dressing rooms of the theater in which a farce is taking place on the stage. As a matter of fact, somebody did actually take the idea and turn it into a play called, 'Noises Off.' The idea was originally mine and, in fact, the director of 'Noises Off' read my play long before Michael Frayn had the idea.

"There were some funny moments in my play. One was André's idea about this very pompous theater director named Lionel Banupman, who was a kind of typical actor/manager -- 'Now's the winter of our discontent' sort of actor whose secret passion was to be a little baby who sort of sat on potties and wet his bed and played with rattles. It was hysterical. It was very André, very crazy humor.

"André used to mention that afternoon often. I don't think I've ever laughed so much in all my life. In fact, there was a lot of laughter in my relationship with André. André used to become convulsed, doubled up with tears, crying with the pain of laughter. I did too. We managed to make each other laugh."

Start of Something Big (1968)

Once again André was faced with financial troubles because of his refusal to play enough concerts. The plan of playing during certain blocks of time just wasn't working out. If André wanted more income, he would have to be more flexible and accept dates during all periods, even those when he would rather be composing. However, André remained inflexible and concert dates were refused.

In January 1968, there were six concerts. From February through April, no concerts. Not even an unpaid concert. In May and June, there were four concerts. André's total income for the first six months of the year was £1,750, or about US \$4,400. The second six months of the year was better. However, it started off with no concerts at all in July, and, in August, it was back to Dartington Summer School. Then came a big tour of Australia where he would play 38 concerts and receive £4,750 or US \$12,000. The Australian tour generated a much needed shot of cash and allowed André to pay back loans to Stefan Askenase and Terry Harrison.

During this time, theatrical producer John O'Brien occasionally visited André in London. Although he was always busy at Finchden Manor creating theatrical events, he did like to come into town for special events, particularly to attend the theater and opera. On one occasion, John O'Brien and Judy Arnold went to

an opera together. John's experience with Judy at the opera may indicate what André must have also experienced over the years. John O'Brien:

"Judy and I had some interesting times together. She invited me to accompany her to performances of the first Wagner season by the ENO at the Coliseum. We attended 'The Ring' and 'Meistersingers.' On the afternoon of one of these performances, Judy had taken her dog -- a tiny thing -- for a walk. The weather was very cold and the dog fell through the ice on a pond. Judy got into a terrible state about it. She could not leave it at home, in spite of the central heating and all that. She had to bring this bloody dog to the Opera. Judy arrived at the Coliseum with a great paper carrier bag, thrust it into my hand, and told me to take it into the auditorium. You know, in London at least, if you go to a Wagner performance you are likely to be with pretty ardent opera enthusiasts. It is bad enough if someone coughs. The mildest distraction raises more than eyebrows. But there I was, cultivating bronchitis to cover the scratching noises coming from the paper bag. At the second interval I could take it no longer. I told her, 'I don't care if this dog dies of pneumonia, we must get it out of here.' It was marring the opera for us as much as our neighbors. Reluctantly, she agreed. Embarrassing, absurd, but in its funny way so typical of her."

When John O'Brien was presenting a theatrical production at Finchden Manor, André would always attend. In the Spring of 1968, John produced Shakespeare's "The Tempest." André and John had long talks about Shakespeare, and then André had an idea. John O'Brien:

"In 1968 I produced Shakespeare's 'The Tempest' at Finchden. It was out of that starting point that André and I got going on opera. He had wanted to write an ode to music and to use the beautiful dialog in Act V of the Merchant of Venice. After all the horrors of the trial scene and Shylock, it all reverts back to Belmont, and Shylock's daughter is left in charge of the house with her young lover. They're out in the moonlight, there's a house band playing off stage and they're expecting Portia to return after the trials. Lorenzo silences her to listen to the music and to talk about his fears, about what music can actually do, how it can charm animals and even tame the human spirit in a man who has no music in him.

"That obviously appealed to André. He liked that as something to set to music and asked me if perhaps I'd help him with it. I think in part he had got the idea because he had heard Benjamin Britten's 'Midsummer Nights Dream.'

"We talked a long time on the great lawn at Finchden in front of the house, an old Elizabethan, Jacobian house, with huge cedar trees. We discussed the 'Tempest' and my interpretation of it. Then came the suggestion. It was all very light-hearted at first. Quite soon after that, he said, 'Why don't we try an entire opera, the entire 'Merchant of Venice?' I think it must have occurred to him that it would, as an opera, give him an opportunity to look at a whole lot of fairly crucial things in his life. At first it seemed odd, that he, a Jew, would want to take Shylock on, particularly at a time when there was a feeling that Shakespeare was anti-Semitic, which is a nonsensical thing anyway. There was the portrayal of some anti-Jewish feeling, yes, but that's not the same as anti-semitism. This was really the starting point of the opera."

André was probably aware that Ralph Vaughan Williams wrote his "Serenade to Music" (1938) based on text from Act V of the "Merchant of Venice."

John O'Brien began writing the libretto for the "Merchant of Venice" immediately after his conversation with André, but following André's instructions that there was an "infinity of time," he initially made little progress. Soon, André left for Australia for his extended tour. Letters flew back and forth between John and André as the libretto started to take form. John enclosed a few pages from the play with markings to indicate

which passages would be included in the opera and which would be deleted. One letter included a sketch of the stage for the Venice portion. After working for several months, John wrote to André on November 17, 1968, when John was vacationing on the Greek island of Paxos:

Dear André,

I began last evening to read through "The Merchant" again. I read and re-read and crossed out here and abbreviated there until I felt I had come up against the real questions: What is an opera? What is a libretto?

John had plenty of ideas for the opera, as did André. When André returned from his tour of Australia and Japan, they had long discussions about the libretto. The breakthrough came in the summer of 1970 when John and André were vacationing on Corsica:

"Once we established the dramatic shift to make all the Venice scenes into one single act, to drive that section hard and fast, there was little need for serious disagreement. Ultimately the composer tells you what he can put to music. André was himself very sensitive to literature. I felt no need to fight with Shakespeare's words for goodness sakes. Shakespeare's play was there. What counted was finding just enough words to convey a drama structurally. What was difficult for me early on was to abandon the drama of language and the music of the language, and say, 'That's got to go,' because that's what the music is going to do. Shakespeare's verse is marvelous to speak, but almost impossible to sing interestingly."

André approved of the approach of having the heroine enter 45 minutes after Act 1 started, of having a bridge with the Jews on one side and Gentiles on the other, with all action taking place on the bridge itself, and of having each act start and end with a single person on stage. The libretto was completed in just three weeks. But much time would elapse before the music was forthcoming.

Citizen Tchaikowsky (1968)

An event took place while he was on tour in Australia that, for André, assumed major significance. For years, André had travelled with special documents issued by each country he visited, because he didn't have a passport and was stateless. Judy researched what was required for André to become a British citizen and acquired all the necessary forms and paperwork. Judy remembers trying to help André become a British citizen:

"André was totally obsessed by this thing of not being British, of not having a passport. He didn't have a passport until 1968, when he got it in Australia. That was when he was allowed to get it because he had fulfilled the residential things. He was so paranoid that he couldn't fill in the forms because of his name. He practically broke down in front of me when he actually wrote the name for the first time. It was just a block. There were two terrible things. First of all, what his name was, and then the name that he had been given. He felt it was a curse on him. Once the name was out, once he wrote 'Krauthammer' down, he was relieved. He wondered why he had worried all that time, because he could have had a passport before."

When citizenship was granted, the British Embassy in Australia located André and presented him with a passport. André became a British citizen after living in England for eight years. He was elated.

On September 29, 1968, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska from Sydney, Australia:

Tomorrow I'm playing the Brahms's D-minor Piano Concerto. Supposedly my present and future position in Australia hinges on this one concert, or rather on the opinion of one of the critics. That's the way it is in our profession. I'm a bit apprehensive, even more so as yesterday, during the first rehearsal, I played quite abominably because I was very tired, and for two days had the shits. I'm sorry, my illnesses are less serious than yours, and at the same time less

decent. I was weakened, and in Brahms, weakness is just not allowed. I did play quite loudly, unfortunately on the wrong keys. Thank God I've got a free day today so I can practice and rest. Tomorrow I have yet another rehearsal before the concert.

The thing that's most difficult for me is to begin the finale in the right tempo. At home I play it *allegro ma non troppo*, and it sounds like Brahms. But during a concert I get excited and it comes out decidedly *troppo*, and it seems like something from an Hungarian Operetta. Anyway, the more tired I get, the more difficult I find it to constrain myself, and the quicker and louder I play. Consequently, in my usual state of almost absolute exhaustion, I create a wild impression with hysterical energy. When I really do have the energy, then I play it much more calmly.

Yours,
André

One can see in this letter how much Halina meant to André's state of mind. By writing to this one person who had entered his inner life, he could analyze himself, and could then talk himself into the calmness he needed to perform. He had sensed this need for Halina's influence over him all the way back at the time of his first performances in America. However irrational marriage to Halina might otherwise have seemed, could it not have altered the course of his career, and could it have made a real career possible?

In a letter dated October 27, 1968, André reports to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on the Australian concerts:

You know, that, after all, the Brahms came out quite well. The second movement was very good, and I hit the right tempo in the finale. The worst movement I played was the first. It's very difficult to concentrate and work in Sydney. There is too much traffic, noise, and nerves. It's a very beautiful town, but for sightseeing, not for living. It's a strange thing with towns anyway, as everything depends on people, and on the general atmosphere, not on the beauty. I, for instance, like London the best, although there are towns much more beautiful -- Rome, Hong Kong, Mexico City, Rio -- but in those cities, I would never feel at home. In America I would go crazy in a week. It's a country for fascists and gangsters. In Paris, if you fainted on a street, you'd more likely be trampled than helped. In London, although nobody bothers about you, it's enough to get sick to see what neighbors you've got. The English are calm, discreet, and don't show their feelings. There's much beauty in Australia, but it lacks the atmosphere and the poetry. People over here are also very edgy and so healthy and straight that for the life of me I can't understand them.

Yours,
André

"Ariel" (1969)

By early 1969, André began to compose, but the composition wasn't inspired by "The Merchant," rather, by "The Tempest." The result was "Ariel." It is written for mezzo-soprano, flute, oboe, clarinet in A, horn in F, bassoon, piano/celesta, and harp. The words for the three songs of Ariel are taken directly from Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest." The exact reason why André composed "Ariel" isn't known, but it is believed that he had in mind writing something for singer Margaret Cable. However, it had poor prospects for being performed, given the number of musicians involved and the short duration of the work. The vocal part was very difficult as well.

However, in the early 1970s André met Chad Varah, rector of St. Stephen Walbrook in London, and founder of the Samaritans, an organization to befriend the suicidal. It perhaps took a champion of lost causes

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of this dimension to bring about a performance of "Ariel." Chad Varah believed all of André's compositions should be heard in concert, and arranged for a performance of "Ariel." Chad Varah:

"André told me that the only work of pure genius amongst his compositions to date was 'Ariel.' He said it will never be performed because it is for nine instruments, including a mezzo soprano, and who can afford to gather nine soloists for a piece that lasts five minutes? I told André that I was determined he should have a performance. I said that he should not go to his grave without hearing his work of genius. What I did was arrange a concert at St. John's Smith Square in aid of the restoration of the church, St. Stephen Walbrook, and worked out a program that would use the players in other compositions.

"We assembled the requisite players and André played the piano himself and also played the celesta. He said jokingly afterwards it had been rather expensive to hire the celesta, which was largely a visual aid because the sound from it was so slight. You could see him playing, but you could hardly hear him.

"This was the only time I was ever annoyed by André. We had arranged for a professional recording van to be parked outside St. John's Smith Square and made a recording of the whole concert, but particularly to make a separate little tape of 'Ariel.' Margaret Cable missed a bar in the performance. It didn't ruin the whole thing, but it left a little bit out, and André was so disappointed with the tape, because it wasn't 100 percent perfect that he had it destroyed. I took the view that, since I had paid for this concert, for his pleasure, even if he didn't like the tape, he ought to have given it to me, or at least mentioned it to me before having it destroyed."

The performance described by Chad Varah took place on October 7, 1977. Other works on the program included Mozart and Debussy. It cost £89 to produce the tape which André destroyed. The concert was reviewed by Max Harrison of *The Times*.

Melos Ensemble/André Tchaikowsky

André Tchaikowsky's "Ariel" seemed a great deal more conventional than either of the preceding works [Mozart and Debussy]. Written in 1969 but receiving its first performance, this is a setting of Ariel's three songs in "The Tempest" with accompaniment by a septet, including piano and celesta played by the composer. The sensitive melodic lines, expressively sung by Margaret Cable, indicate a style that is astringently romantic rather than in any way modern. The most interesting sections of the instrumental part were the interludes, which are quite densely contrapuntal. However, Mr. Tchaikowsky's ensemble scoring was effective throughout, each detail pulling its weight. "Ariel" was, in fact, an agreeable piece, well crafted, although not at all memorable.

The mention of the interludes being "densely contrapuntal" was a common complaint from musicians that knew André's music. Margaret Cable's husband, John Fletcher, was at the "Ariel" concert and gave a general impression of André's compositions. John Fletcher:

"André's music was crowded with ideas, which used to go off almost like a Roman Candle. To me, he hadn't mastered the art of pruning and where to put the 'punch.' I found his compositions like André himself when he was most diffusive, sort of saying three things at once and leading on terribly fast. This was like his mind during conversation, very fast moving and his music was similar. At the end of his music, I was tired out because there was so much happening; it finally left a diffusive impact because of it. If André had lived a proper life span, I think he would have slowly crystallized what he wanted to say musically. Towards the end of his life, I know he was working on this."

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"Ariel" was performed in Denmark in 1985, arranged by André's good friend Lars Grunth. The music has never been published and, after these two performances, "Ariel" has never been heard again publicly. The work is dedicated to Robert Erwin, a New Zealand friend. The original manuscript is in the Josef Weinberger archives.

1st Song: Come unto these yellow sands

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen. dispersedly, within
The watch-dogs bark!
Burthen Bow-wow
Hark, hark! I hear
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

2nd Song: Full fathom five thy father lies

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: [Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them-Ding-dong bell.

3rd Song: Where the bee sucks

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Harrison/Parrott (1969)

Terry Harrison had managed André for England, and for the Commonwealth countries like Australia and New Zealand since 1965. André had several managers in Europe as well. Coordination of these separate managements was the job of Judy Arnold. In late 1969, Terry Harrison and Jasper Parrott decided to leave the employ of Mrs. Emmie Tillett, the doyenne of European agents, and start their own company, Harrison/Parrott. Terry Harrison:

"We started in late 1969. Parrott and I left Ibbs and Tillett after four years. We left because we had disagreements about how the company was being run. It was a very traditional company, at that time the oldest company in England. It was powerful. And we thought it was going to run into huge problems. We couldn't change anything and saw that we would have to capitulate or get out. So we thought if we had to get out, it would be to our advantage to get

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pushed out. It was to our advantage because there was a likelihood that some artists would come with us. And five did: pianists André Tchaikowsky, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Malcolm Frager, and conductors Lawrence Foster and Christopher Seaman. Since then, Ibbs and Tillett did go down."

"André asked if we could do everything for him. He said that Judy was going to do some private things for him, but that he wanted a full-time manager to handle all his work. Judy gradually drifted out. Not for bad reasons; there just wasn't much purpose in her continuing."

Soon after taking charge of André's career worldwide, Terry received a letter from André's German manager, who wasn't getting very good cooperation from André. The German manager wanted André's solo repertoire list and a separate list suitable for playing on radio stations. For years, André refused to send any such list, and the German manager had no alternatives. With Terry now in charge, Berliner Konzertdirektion's Hermann Gail wrote:

I am aware that I am asking you to do this for Mr. Tchaikowsky. I hope this meets with your understanding that we do need this material. As long as I have been in this office I must tell you frankly that I've never succeeded in receiving his solo repertoire list and a list for radio stations. I, however, very much hope to be successful with your assistance this time. Please do not disappoint me, will you?

André was antagonistic towards his German manager. Dr. Leon Feiler, a friend of Stefan Askenase and later of André, remembers a day when André played in Hanover, Germany:

"I met André Tchaikowsky through his teacher, Stefan Askenase, who was also a good friend of mine, and through André's concert appearances in Hanover. In spite of our diverse backgrounds, we became friends. He was a very intelligent and friendly person. He played in Hanover three times and was a sensation. The third concert was held in the Jewish Community Center and André donated the proceeds of the concert to the Jewish community.

"His manager seems to be a thorn in his side. I invited André to dinner after a concert and his manager, Mr. Weinschenk, wanted to join us. André told him, 'Mr. Weinschenk, you engaged me to perform, which I did, and to pay me, which you did. I do not wish to discuss any further business with you tonight. I would like to discuss music with Dr. Feiler, and you don't know anything about the subject.' André got his point across, but he said it so politely that Mr. Weinschenk was not offended."

Dr. Feiler also arranged for André to stay at the Jewish Retirement Home in Hanover, to save money.

Terry Harrison continued to be André's worldwide manager for the rest of André's career, taking care of an endless succession of career problems.

Visit of an Old Friend (1969)

André returned from his 1968 Australian tour at the end of November 1968, and, totally exhausted, took the next three months off without a single concert. His first concert of 1969 was on March 3, in Germany. There were no major tours in 1969. Most of André's concerts were in Europe, mainly in Germany.

On André's mind was the impending visit of Halina Wahlmann-Janowska. After 13 years of letter writing, postponements and delays, a date was set for their reunion -- June 21, 1969. André wrote to Halina on April 14, 1969:

My little kisser,

Judy's looking for an apartment for you not far from mine, and you can enroll in an English course when you arrive. You can teach me German, O.K.? Otherwise, I'll never bring myself

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to do it. You won't be able to listen to my practicing, unfortunately, because I shall not be practicing, only composing, and I do that in secret.

What's the fashion in London? I've no idea. Nothing worn under a raincoat can be seen anyway. I generally wear trousers. Darling, I kiss you because I must get on with my practicing. Schumann, Chopin, and Schubert. Also Beethoven's Piano Concerto No.3. There is a recital tomorrow and a concert next Tuesday. Be well, really.

Yours,
André

Halina Wahlmann-Janowska arrived right on time at London's Paddington train station. Did Halina still want to have his child? She remembers her visit and seeing André for the first time in 13 years:

"When I first visited André in 1969, he said he wanted to be a 'normal' man, but he didn't have the courage and neither did I. At the time, I was divorced so something could have happened. But he was full of fear of women. I told him, 'You are not a real homosexual because your problem is great ambition.' He said I was right and he did like beautiful women.

"André had rented a flat for me with a huge garden. But he couldn't afford the flat so he moved me into a hotel closer to where he lived. We had problems. If I was warm towards him, then he became afraid of being too close. If I kept my distance, then he said I was a very cold person. He was so nervous when I visited him that he couldn't sleep at night. We would argue. He was rather despotic and at the same time he despised those who succumbed to him. And he could have contradictory expectations at the same time. I didn't stay long. Our relationship didn't work."

After she left London, André didn't write to Halina for six months, until December 15, 1969, when he responded to a kindly letter from Halina:

Dear Halinka,

I'm sad that you haven't decided to forget about me, or at least to break up with me. It does you harm, and it can't help me. If you hadn't known me perhaps for a long time, you would have been happy with someone else. After you left, I wrote an incredibly brutal letter in which I demanded that you immediately break up our relationship, but I couldn't make up my mind to send it. Perhaps I should have. Forgive this idiotic letter. I could try writing something more interesting, cheerful, give you some news - in other words, like I used to.

But that wouldn't make any sense at all. I want to wake you up, not rock you to sleep. Don't you understand how much you've lost and keep on losing in such a fruitless relationship? For once, get angry, get offended, and shake me off. In a few years you will realize that all your youth is gone. And what is it worth? You still have a chance for a real life, perhaps a love, perhaps with someone who will love you, but not with an indifferent, distant apparition that lives abroad. No, don't forgive this letter. I say good-bye to you, and I thank you.

Yours,
André

Halina responded on January 6, 1970:

My dear André,

It would have been natural for me to pass over your letter in silence, but that would have meant that I agree with what you wrote, that I blame you for the fact that I can neither live nor love like a normal woman. I really am not able to, but you can be neither praised nor

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blamed for it. I knew that everything between us was lost. Then I understood why, in some sense, I was always faithful to you, and why you were always the closest to me.

My life, in reality, is particularly gloomy. Childhood under the occupation, no school, and constant fear. After the war, the tuberculosis, the years at the sanitarium, a few unlucky love affairs, an absurd situation at home, living with a divorced husband for seven years, the kidney disease, the spinal cord disease -- so reality has been nasty to me. That's why I learned to live outside the reality. Now I know that what always attracted me most to you was neither good looks, nor talent, nor the hope that one day you'd fall in love with me, but the fact that of all the people I used to know, you're the best at creating conflict. I think that whenever it crossed your mind that in fact we are very much alike, what you really had in mind was that we are both mythomaniacs who secretly long for something real and ordinary, and are at the same time afraid and convinced that something real and ordinary is impossible for us.

Yours,
Halinka

This exchange seemed to clear the air somewhat. Halina had concluded, as André had earlier, that they were both my tho maniacs, i.e., they shared the tendency to lie or exaggerate obsessively. This insight, however true it might have been, did not advance the resolution of their relationship.

André dedicated his composing time to his second piano concerto. He started the concerto in 1966 but had never really given it his full attention. With all of January and February of 1970 set aside for composition, he decided to concentrate on the piano concerto. On February 27, 1970, he wrote to Halina:

Throughout January I kept on writing the concerto, spending much more time on it than in December, but accomplished nothing. At the start of my February vacation, I did nothing but think about the concerto all day long and ended up more tired than after my autumn marathon. Now I must practice. I will be able to write only towards the very end of June, so I can only hope the concerto will be done by autumn. Or will it ever be ready?

I did a silly thing. I refused two excellent concerts which I could have inherited from Viktoria Postnikova [Russian pianist, b. 1944]. She became pregnant and had to cancel her whole tour of England. One was in Festival Hall and one was in Birmingham. Terry, who is my manager (do you remember him? He's the one who likes to watch the critics so much), insisted and insisted that I should accept, because one concert at Festival Hall could bring in 20 concerts from the provinces. But I was stubborn and I said that I was a composer, not a pianist, and that I had to finish the concerto right then. Now Terry's laughing.

Halinka, I must be finishing because I'm playing on the radio tomorrow and it's already very late. Time for the pills.

Yours,
André

Terry wasn't laughing. Terry wrote a rather pointed letter to André, which he then decided not to send. André had refused concerts that anyone with any sense of survival, not to mention career, would have accepted. André in retrospect called his refusal "silly" but a better word would have been "unfortunate." Harrison/Parrott also needed concerts, as their income, of course, depended on their artists' fees. If the artists couldn't be depended on to perform, it threatened the managers as well as the artists. So Terry was hardly laughing.

André and Halina were exchanging letters every few weeks. On March 20, 1970, from Nottingham, André wrote:

My dear Halinka,

You're laughing and I'm crying. Can't you be serious? I don't have a court so I don't need a clown. I'm terribly depressed. The composing of my piano concerto is postponed and once again I'm a pianist, and I play terribly. Now I realize how much I lost during the last three months that I've been composing the concerto. I practice as before, but the results are delayed. It's so difficult to believe in myself again.

You write that you missed your calling, that you should have been a psychoanalyst. Just the opposite is true -- you should have been a patient. Don't be offended because the difference between them is small. A psychoanalyst is a loony who gets paid, and the patient is simply the loony who pays. There is yet another difference -- the patient is sometimes cured; the psychoanalyst is never cured.

In any case, do write for the time being. It is perhaps the only positive side of mythomania. Soon I shall write to you about mythomania and why, after all, it's worthy and necessary to be cured. Good-bye for now my faithful friend.

Yours,
André

At the end of June 1970, André was able to return to composition. On June 30 he wrote to Halina:

My Dear Little Kisser,

Don't worry about me at all. I'm in good shape again and in a good mood. The depression was very serious and very necessary. I've learned a lot from it but it's difficult to talk about. What it really boils down to is that one simply should be one's self, not trying to be better, not making grandiose plans, and most of all not being critical of one's self.

Almost from birth, everyone conspired to make a child prodigy out of me, telling me all the time that I am someone quite exceptional. Now I am neither a child nor a prodigy, and when I came to realize it, I felt like an absolute zero. "What's left for me?" I thought, "To go on the stage and pretend that I know something?" I've reconciled myself that I'm capable of nothing, that everybody was mistaken, and that I'm nothing but a mediocrity. I now feel better and play better. With the season over, I can return to composing. We'll see how it goes. The thought that nobody can expect masterpieces from a mediocrity also makes me feel better.

Yours,
André

By downgrading his ability, he attempted to lighten the burden of responsibility for attaining excellence as his early years had demanded, and which for a time he had delivered, and of which he was indeed capable, when his anxiety was not too great. But the anxiety sprang from a deeper well, and this attempt to relieve it was false, only leading to rationalizations and greater anxiety.

End of the Arnold Era (1970)

In April, 1970, Terry Harrison asked Judy Arnold for her promotional photographs of André. With the surrender of these last vestiges of her involvement in André's career, Judy was now officially out of the "André business." Terry now handled all aspects of André's career and Judy was relegated to the role of personal secretary. The relationship between André and Judy was never easy for either of them. André didn't cooperate, and Judy was always pushing for results. In the previous few years, André slowly had developed a close friendship with Eve Harrison, Terry Harrison's estranged wife.

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Since André didn't "need" Judy anymore, she was discarded and Eve Harrison became his personal secretary. As Judy already knew, André's seemingly firm friendships regularly ended in brief, vicious and conclusive quarrels. To be his friend was to court dismissal; Judy managed to avoid it successfully for more than half a dozen years, but it had to come. Was the supplanting of Judy Arnold a big deal to André? It should have been. Judy had provided an indispensable function for André Tchaikowsky, one that was necessary for his life as well as his career. To have his career rooted in a personal relationship with a strong and domineering woman seemed a necessity for him, the function that Grandmother Celina had originally performed. While deeply depressed, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on May 1, 1970:

It seems to me that I am already dead, and everything is finished in me. I've decided to give up composition, or at least postpone it for quite some time. Besides that, I've just broken up with Judy. So you can see for yourself that there is really nothing to write about, is there?

Close friends of Judy Arnold saw how badly she was hurt by André's departure and the manner of the departure. Judy Arnold recalls:

"So many of us got the 'treatment.' By this, I mean there was this huge falling out and all relations were severed. Just like that. The extraordinary thing is André would treat you so very badly. He couldn't help himself, particularly to those people who gave the most. Those were the people that got the worst treatment. That was absolutely consistent throughout his life, starting with his grandmother. She gave the most, and André loathed her. Starting off with his grandmother and continuing with a long succession of women, lots of women that had helped him in one way or another. It wasn't only women; it was Arthur Rubinstein as well. Just about everybody.

"I would say, from my point of view, that André didn't really enjoy his life. I think that he had some wildly happy moments that weren't based on a real kind of steady something. He was never quietly happy, he was either frantically depressed or wildly happy. The wildly happy times were few and far between. He never managed to find anything that I considered to be an equilibrium, that sort of a normal boring life that goes on and sometimes you feel worse and sometimes you feel a bit better. Of course many artists are like that, but nobody was like that to the degree that André was. He was always seeking some kind of a solution to his personal life, which he never found, and some kind of a solution to his professional life, which he never found, some kind of a solution to his composing life, and he never found this either."

Dartington Summer School (1970)

There was no major tour during the year 1970. André played mostly in England, with a few trips to Germany. He was back at Dartington Summer School in July and August for master classes, recitals, and concerto concerts. John O'Brien and George Lyward drove from Finchden Manor to visit Dartington. John O'Brien:

"Lyward invited me to drive him down to Dartington, which I did with pleasure. Suddenly out of the blue there was an ex-Finchden boy who announced that he was working with a touring circus that was playing just down the road from Dartington. Their pianist had been injured by one of the lions and the boy asked, with all these musicians at Dartington, wouldn't there be someone who would be willing to come and play for the evening performance?

"What they had was an electric organ, and what they wanted was circus music. André said, 'Oh, I'll do it.' Lyward, Glock, and I sneaked off to the circus, actually a whole bunch of us went, and there was André fitted with a ridiculous cummerbund and a top hat. Such

nonsense! Of course André had no idea of how to play the kind of music that was required. He started with Bach and then was playing all kinds of things.

"It wasn't long before the members of the circus felt that this was going to ruin the act entirely. No one was accustomed to the rhythms he was playing so he was politely asked to leave. We didn't stay after that, but it was a delightful thought that André would have done such sheer nonsense."

William Glock recalled the same event in his autobiography, *Notes In Advance*.

I arrived at the circus just in time to hear the ring master introduce the new organist as the GREAT André TCHAIKOVSKY from RUSSIA, and then the music began. Glorious things reached me at the far end of the circus tent, circus music from heaven. The lions and the horses seemed perfectly content, and I did not notice any signs of rebellion in the audience. André, I could see and hear, was supremely happy. Then, after forty or fifty minutes, a young member of the troupe came up to the organ seat, told André that he "hadn't played a tune all evening," and pushed him away. It was a prosaic and brutal ending, and André was disconsolate. I felt utterly miserable, too. On returning to the Summer School, I heard part of Handel's Alexander's Feast, but could think only of André and the lions and the Goldberg Variations.

According to André, the circus people asked him if he knew, "La Paloma?" André replied, "No, but I know La Appassionata." So he started to play Beethoven, then Bach, but the elephants wouldn't dance. They only knew "La Paloma." André said, "I was utterly and hopelessly useless for the circus."

Eve Harrison was now fully enmeshed in André's world and noted many of the same things that Judy Arnold had discovered. She was taking care of his non-personal correspondence and helping him out in a great variety of ways. Eve Harrison recalls those early days:

"I tried to take care of some of his financial affairs. He thought I was a wizard with finances, but actually all I did was keep everything together and then dump it all on André's accountant, Alan Golding. He always had money problems because money meant nothing to him. When he went on tour and was travelling, he often returned with a different set of luggage, or else he added more suitcases to his expanding collection. Then he would give them all away and buy new suitcases. André was very intelligent, cultured, with an amazing knowledge of French, English, Russian, and Polish literature, yet he wasn't a highbrow or patronizing. He realized he would have to cope with ordinary people and did so warmly and lovingly, although he could be destructive, and afterwards felt guilty.

"André's personality was either very high or very low, in either case presenting an exhausting side to those around him trying to deal with his present state. With me, he could slow down probably better than with anyone else. I'm a calm person, and he knew he could be himself with me. André didn't know how to change into a more even temperament. André wasted lots of energy on trivial things. For example, he had to pick a necktie, a gray one or a red one. Which one should he wear? Which was better? All that energy trying to decide on something that just didn't matter; besides, he dressed rather poorly. And then, travel. Should he take the 4 pm flight or the 6 pm flight? More energy wasted. Since he felt that there was only one solution to every problem, he couldn't decide in these cases where it didn't matter. It was the 'didn't matter' or gray areas that André couldn't deal with.

"During his life, he carried pills around. Pills to go to sleep, pills to wake up, pills to go to the bathroom, pills not to go to the bathroom, pills for headaches, pills for this and for that. When he travelled, he always had this large case of medications, most of which were harmless.

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The sleeping pills were a part of his life since childhood. He had horrific nightmares all of his life. Only the drugs could get him to sleep and still he was restless. The barbiturates were used for sleep at first, then, later, the hypnotics. He had terrible, severe, headaches.

"There was a time when André stayed at Terry's house. Since André took all these pills, he was groggy when he got up to go to the bathroom one night. Next to the pull cord for the toilet was a hanging plant. André in his confusion, pulled down the plant instead of flushing the toilet. It made a huge mess. When André finally got up, he cleaned up the mess and went out and bought a new plant. He brought the new plant back and set it on the window sill. But the plant fell out of the window and was smashed. It was an expensive plant too. So André had to clean up another mess, and then go and buy another plant. It was quite an ordeal.

"I remember one time that André kept inviting people to come to dinner after one of his concerts. Eventually, there were so many coming that André was afraid to come -- he hated big dinners. So I was at the restaurant with the others and was called to the telephone. It was André. He said he couldn't make it, so all of us had dinner alone. Typical André."

After only a few months as André's personal secretary, Eve was suspicious when André asked her, "Will you marry me?" Eve knew André was full of tricks, but nevertheless she answered, "André, I won't marry you until you're 60 as it will take you 25 years to acquire any common sense." That was good enough for André and he placed a marriage announcement in *The Times* on October 27, 1970, that read:

Mr. André Tchaikowsky wishes to announce his forthcoming marriage to Mrs. Eve Harrison. The wedding will take place at St. Richard's Church, Hove, Sussex on the 1st November, 1995, on the occasion of the bridegroom's sixtieth birthday.

Other newspapers picked up the story of a wedding announcement made 25 years in advance. Eve's telephone was ringing all day long from various sources wanting an explanation. *The Evening Standard* published:

Long Range Romance

Pianist André Tchaikowsky, who is 34, put a curious but apparently perfectly serious announcement in *The Times* today. He declared his intention of marrying Mrs. Eve Harrison, his secretary, on his 60th birthday -- November 1, 1995.

"I asked her to marry me while we were away for the weekend last month," he told me. "She replied that she would, but not until I was 60 as it would take me 25 years to acquire any common sense." However, when I spoke to Mrs. Harrison, she had slightly changed her mind: "The marriage is definitely taking place, but I think it will be earlier," she said.

Mr. Tchaikowsky was overjoyed when I reported this back to him. "How delightful for the *Evening Standard* to tell me she has relented," he said.

Mrs. Harrison has been separated for three years from her husband, Mr. Terence Harrison, who is Mr. Tchaikowsky's agent.

There actually is a St. Richard's Church, Hove, Sussex, whose pastor had no idea why they were picked for the marriage announcement, but commented:

"Under English law, one of the couple to be married in church must be resident or worship in the parish concerned: furthermore, if Eve Harrison is a divorced woman, I, like a majority of English priests, would not permit her to be married in church! I fear this is a joke ... "

André wasn't quite done with the joke as Eve recalls:

"André claimed he couldn't marry me sooner than 1995 because he needed 25 years of preparation, but after this advertisement, he always called me his fiancée. On the day of the announcement, I received a package by special delivery. There was a note from André that said, 'Don't try to wear it, but here is your ring.' So I opened the package and inside was a complete recording of Wagner's, 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.'"

String Quartet No. 1 in A (1969-1970) - Opus 3

André's String Quartet No.1 in A (1969-1970) - Opus 3, was dedicated to Stefan Askenase. It was, in fact, a birthday present, in celebration of Stefan Askenase's 75th birthday. The first performance was at Bad Godesberg, Germany, on July 10, 1971, with the Lindsay Quartet. The Lindsay played it again, on November 18, 1971, for the BBC in London, and then a live performance was given in March 1972, in London. Stefan had moved to Bad Godesberg from Brussels because of his finances. He was practically ruined by his wife's illness and found a situation in Bad Godesberg that would allow her to receive care and for him to save money. Anny Askenase died not long after their move to Germany. Stefan remained in Bad Godesberg after her death.

The String Quartet No. 1 has four movements: Pastorale, Notturmo, Scherzo, and Variazione. Untypically, there is little mention by André in his letters to friends of the String Quartet No. 1. One review from the premiere performance included:

World Premiere of a Quartet by André Tchaikowsky

The nicest moment of the concert was in the playing of André Tchaikowsky's "Quartet in A." Here, in the Rolandseck train station, was another production dedicated to the "Arts and Music" -- the world premiere of this wonderful composition.

String Quartet No. 1 was published by Josef Weinberger, Ltd. in 1974.

The Lindsay Quartet enjoyed playing the string quartet and immediately asked André to write another. Eventually, he did: the String Quartet No.2 (1973-1975) - Opus 5. If Quartet No.1 was good, then Quartet No.2 was superior. The Lindsay have included Quartet No.2 on programs more often than Quartet No.1.

New Zealand (1971)

The year 1971 started with a tour of New Zealand, including recitals and concerto concerts conducted by another Harrison/Parrott artist, Christopher Seaman. The danger for any concerto concert featuring André was the communication between him and the conductor. André and Christopher had met briefly at the Harrison/Parrott grand opening party in 1969, but their friendship was established on this 1971 New Zealand tour. Christopher Seaman:

"André and I were doing a concert tour with the New Zealand Symphony orchestra. Originally, some other conductor was supposed to be conducting this tour, but he cancelled and they were looking for someone else. My name came up and they said they would have to check with André. We had met at a Harrison/Parrott party, but didn't know each other. So they asked André if he would be happy to work with Christopher Seaman? André's reply was, 'Well, I don't know what his conducting is like, but he was great fun at that party.' So the answer was 'yes.'

"I remember we did the Rachmaninoff Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, but had been slightly short of rehearsal time and I was embarrassed by that. I told him we only had time to play it through in the morning. So we played it through and it was fine. I asked André if he wanted to meet and do more? He said, 'Oh, yes, please.' I told him we would have a really powerful session in the afternoon. He turned up in the afternoon and we worked for about an hour. Finally he stopped and said, 'Look, look, I cannot, I cannot take it any longer. I am so

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nervous. I thought you did not like my playing this morning because you said we would have a powerful session, and I thought you meant by that, that you were going to tell me how to do everything because you did not like it.' I said, 'For goodness sake.' That's how we started, with a misunderstanding. I was just trying to please him. It was very funny.

"André was probably the most literate person I ever met. He had read practically all the greatest literature in the original languages, and had practically total recall. His love of Shakespeare was fanatical. He would quote at great length and has a really phenomenal memory. He had an enormously concentrated way of working. He could achieve more in a quarter of an hour than most people could in three hours. He did everything very fast.

"He was one of the most supportive, positive colleagues you could ever wish to have. I think what made him different from the vast majority of performing musicians was that he genuinely raved about other pianists, and would travel miles to hear them play. He was practically devoid of professional jealousy. If he didn't like your playing, then God help you. He wouldn't do you any harm, but if I mentioned a certain pianist, he would say, 'Oh, I cannot bear W' He hated the music of Peter Tchaikovsky. I remember doing Francesca da Rimini and Tchaik was in the audience. He said, 'It was like a visit to the dentist. I distinctly heard the drill four times.'

"André and Rubinstein didn't get along because André quickly found out that the name of the game was you had to adore everything Rubinstein did. André adored nearly everything, but not completely. When asked, he would comment quite honestly. He discovered that, that wasn't what one did. You played the game, and that André wouldn't do. Again, this was a part of him I liked, his refusal to play that particular game.

"In the Mozart concertos we did, he really wanted to know how I wanted the solo parts done. That is very unusual. It's a collaboration, but the conductor must accompany. He was so funny. We played the opening tutti on a concerto and I hoped it would be how he would like it as an introduction to his coming to the solo part. After the concert, I wasn't quite sure. I asked him if the opening tutti was all right. He responded, 'Oh, Chris, it was so wonderful I could hardly come in!' Typical.

"André wasn't the easiest pianist to accompany. It wasn't enough for you just to follow, you had to actually be part of what he was doing. A conductor who didn't give him that upset André a lot. I think that did happen with different conductors who would just sort of follow, or not discuss it, or not wish to identify what he was doing. I learned so much from André. He was always interested in color, orchestral color, and balance. If you could color a chord right by bringing out a certain part or the 'purple note' in a chord, the note that gave the chord its poignancy, then André was overwhelmed. He absolutely loved that.

"He hated the word 'career.' He thought that it was the most appalling thing for a musician to think that he should do something because it was 'good for his career.' I used to joke with him about it, telling him that he shouldn't do something because it wouldn't be good for his career. He would laugh and laugh and think that was the funniest thing and the most ridiculous attitude for a musician to have. André told me once that he had talked to Terry Harrison about all the trouble he was giving him, and if he should find another agent. Terry replied that he liked to work for some artists more than others, and that André was the one he liked to work for most. This says a lot for Terry.

"André's playing made you think. It was playing that if you were very 'hide bound' or were very prejudiced, then his playing was a threat to you because it called your own prejudices into

question. Another thing that he and I agreed on was composers. We loved many, many composers, but with a pistol at our heads, it had to be Bach and Mozart, in that order.

"We did one very amazing thing in New Zealand on that tour. On the last night, we did an encore because the Rachmaninoff/Paganini was the end of the concert. What we had done in other towns was to play a slow movement from a Mozart concerto. At the last concert, he said 'Look, you play the piano. Why don't you play, and I'll conduct.' I told him that I had always wanted to play with an orchestra. I asked him if he had ever conducted? He said 'no.' So I gave him a sort of very rudimentary conducting lesson. We didn't tell the orchestra; we didn't tell anybody. I just told the leader and the principal 'cello because there are some pizzicatos in the very beginning. It was the famous Elvira Madigan thing, you know, K.467. For the encore, we switched places. I sat down at the piano and he stood there and started to conduct. Afterwards I asked him how he found conducting? He said, 'It was extraordinary! I brought my hands down and to my amazement, I heard music!'

"Another time -- I was furious -- the second half of the concert was the Siegfried Idyll by Wagner, and then André with the Rachmaninoff/Paganini. André said to me, 'I would love to hear the Wagner.' I told him, 'Well, you're always back stage warming up. Why don't you take a gamble tonight. Don't warm up if you want to hear it. Come and listen.' The Siegfried Idyll is one of my favorite pieces. It has a wonderful atmosphere at the end, very serene and tranquil. Suddenly at the end; we've just finished the piece, and I suddenly heard, 'Bravo! Bravo!' I turned around and there was some lunatic in a dirty raincoat walking down the aisle. I focused my eyes -- it was Tchaik. He'd been sitting right at the back. He made a real 'Is-there-a-doctor-in-the-house?' entrance through the audience in his raincoat and jumped up on the stage, knocking over some potted plants from the edge of the platform. I thought maybe he had been drinking, but he hadn't. The audience didn't know who it was until I removed this dirty, beige-colored raincoat. They saw the man standing in his tails and they realized that it was the soloist. Then they all clapped and he sat down at the piano. I was furious, absolutely furious.

"We then started the Rachmaninoff/Paganini and after about five minutes, he started to play staccato where it was normally legato. I thought, 'This is a bit odd.' I looked around and he's sitting there: 'Chris! the pedal has fallen off the piano!' I thought, 'Serves you right, serves you right.' I said, 'Do you want me to stop?' He said, 'Yes, yes!' So I stopped and André stood up and said, 'Ladies and gentleman, I'm afraid the pedal's fallen off the piano.' I said, 'Well, we'd better put it back, hadn't we?' So I got under his piano on all fours and put the pedal back on. It only took a minute or two. Then we got on with the piece. The following morning, the newspapers phoned him at 8:00 am and they put the call through to his room. The one unforgivable sin with Tchaik was phoning him at 8:00 in the morning. I didn't hear the end of that.

"A very distinguished British conductor, who is now a 'Sir,' was doing a concerto with André and André was playing with rather a lot of vibrato. This conductor turned around and said to André, 'If you play it like that, my dear, I can't follow you. You'll have to get another conductor.' André said, 'We tried to, my dear, but nobody else was free.' This guy sort of froze for a minute and then completely melted and they got on famously after that."

The tour of New Zealand was a great success. André was becoming a well-known and much welcomed figure in both Australia and New Zealand, and very shortly he was to start a long association with Australia as an Artist-in-Residence.

The Other Tchaikowsky

When André returned from New Zealand, he found that someone had played a trick on him. A movie review on "The Ken Russell Story," supposedly written by André Tchaikowsky, had been published in the March 12, 1971 edition of *Private Eye* magazine. André assured Terry Harrison that he had not written this "masterpiece." The trickster, whoever he was, made a clean escape.

During such long tours away from his London home, André allowed his friend Michael Menaugh to live at his apartment. Menaugh would clean up the place, make sure everything was all right, and would maintain the apartment at a proper temperature for the piano. He had completed his studies in chemistry in Oxford and, ignoring all this training, headed for London for a career in the theater, starting with the play, "Hadrian the Seventh." Michael Menaugh:

"André was terribly messy. I'm not saying he was disorganized, but he was messy. He would receive a letter and the envelope would drop to the floor and there it would remain. There were letters all over the place with rings of stains where he put glasses down or coffee cups on them. There were coins in ashtrays, old socks under piles of scores, envelopes under the mattress -- it was a general mess. When André returned from tour, he would then find his place in order. Whenever he went away, he used to ask me to stay in the apartment and to look after the piano, make sure that it was kept at the right temperature. I spent many, many months living in that small apartment, which is terribly associated, deeply associated in my mind with André.

"In 1971 I gave a professional 'Hamlet' at the Marlow Theater in Canterbury. The director, who was a bit crazier than I was, managed to decide that the only way that I could be a great Hamlet was if he completely broke me first and then built me up again. So he managed to destroy my self-confidence and I was a gibbering nervous wreck, which was ridiculous because I'd played Hamlet on two previous occasions and I could be a fine Hamlet. The production was awful and I think on the third night I had an almost complete breakdown. I began to cry and didn't want to do the play. I telephoned André and told him, 'André you've got to help me.' André came straight down to Canterbury on the train. I was in the dressing room in a kind of stupefied state. André kicked everybody out and said, 'Michael, I want you to do the Hamlet that you want to do. Do it for me. I'm going around to the front.' And I did. I played Hamlet entirely for André, and it was probably my best performance.

"That's the kind of friend André was, to come down to Canterbury at that moment's notice, and to do it he had cancelled a play-through. He was a very special friend like that, always ready to help me. Whenever he could, he would come and see me in the theater. Whenever I was allowed, I would go to hear him play. Like a lot of his close friends, I had been barred from attending his concerts. That was because I made him nervous, because he told me what he wanted to do, and then he felt he had to live up to what he had announced he wanted to do. That's a recurrent theme throughout André's relationships with people that he would be witty and brilliant and say fascinating things, and people would begin to expect it of him, and then he'd find it exhausting to live up always to their expectations. Eve and I managed to maintain long friendships with André because we didn't expect things. He could be just what he wanted. If he didn't want to be brilliant, he didn't have to be.

"Eve provided that atmosphere for him very much. He could relax with Eve, he didn't have to try and impress her the whole time. He had the same kind of reaction with me. I didn't demand anything of him. I was prepared to accept him in his black moods, his brilliant moods, or his just sitting-around-and-doing-nothing moods. I had my own life and my own opinions. They sometimes, very often, didn't agree with his opinions and that gave me my identity as well. Much of what I believe in was molded by André in the sense that I think

André had incredible taste. André was not interested in the second best at all. He didn't have time for second best. I learned a whole sense of values from André."

Yet, in an earlier letter (30 June 1970, to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska), André had written that he was satisfied with mediocrity. As Michael Menaugh accurately saw, this could never have been true, but was an attempt to relieve anxiety that, in André's rationalization, stemmed from striving for a perfection he could not achieve. But it was an anxiety from deeper and, by now, more distant sources that prevented higher attainment. It was not mediocrity, but a lack of concentration, consistency, and emotional power to control and overcome.

On August 24, 1971, André was scheduled to play the Goldberg Variations at Albert Hall Promenade concert. The music critic for the *Arts Guardian*, Gerald Lamer, asked André for an interview. André thought Lamer one of the better music critics and granted the interview. On the day of the concert, the interview was published:

Tchaikowsky Mark Two

I came across André Tchaikowsky in the street, humming to himself, his head bobbing in time not with his feet but with the imagined music, his fingers drumming on the imagined keyboard. So I asked him what he was playing. "Oh, I'm writing a piano concerto. One movement is not finished yet." When it is ready he will play it, of course, but he would rather not give the first performance: "I would get so nervous."

He gets very nervous, anyway, about playing in public. "Sometimes I wish I could drop dead before a concert." But he would never give it up. If composition is, as he said, "what makes me tick," playing the piano is what makes him tock. Even if he could earn a living as a full-time composer, he would still play the piano: "I couldn't live without it." Not that he does make money out of writing music. "I have not made a penny out of it, and I don't think I ever will."

"Who plays it?" I asked. "Practically nobody", he said. But Gervase de Peyer has played his Clarinet Sonata (published by Weinberger), the Lindsay Quartet will perform his String Quartet, and Margaret Cable has sung his cycle of Shakespeare sonnets. He has also written a violin concerto and Novello is about to publish some piano pieces called "Inventions."

Most young soloists could not find time for composition even if they had the inclination. "Writing is a pretty obsessive occupation. I don't do it when I am on tour. It is too demanding." So, in order to tick, he takes a few months off every year, usually June and July. A couple of years ago it was three winter months in the mid-season, which is professionally unheard of. In order to make sure that he is tocking properly, he also takes time off to visit "an old lady in the Lake District" who apparently has a "fantastic ear." She listens to his playing and, without concerning herself with interpretation, picks holes in his technique. "She treats me as if I was six. She's very bad for my self-confidence."

Obviously, André Tchaikowsky is no ordinary career pianist. His reputation of being "difficult" still lingers on. This has only partly to do with his musical principles -- that he won't play works he is not "crazy about," like Grieg, Tchaikovsky, and Rachmaninoff concertos, which are "corny." He has doubts even about the "Emperor" and Bartók's Third, though Bartók has been one of the major influences on his own music. Bartók's Second is "just too difficult. My arms would drop off." But he plays the Schumann and Beethoven's Third and Fourth, which are his favourites outside of Mozart. "Mozart comes first every time. Most people would agree that humanity and perfection are mutually exclusive, but the exception is Mozart."

The Other Tchaikowsky

Nor is his reputation for being difficult due to the occasional awkward encounter with conductors. "I don't get on with grand old people," he admits, and prefers to work with young ones. "Old conductors are much bossier and less flexible," particularly some senior German ones who apparently like to maintain a military discipline and expect him to salute and "Jawohl" rather than discuss the interpretation. His fingers drummed on the keyboard again, and the baldish head bobbed in time.

Eventually, before he came to settle in this country, "everyone was sick to the teeth with me. They thought I played the piano rather well but they found me insufferable." But he finds that it is only a "false situation" which brings out the worst in him. Even in England, which he regards as a "supremely civilised country -- the first in which a central-European refugee like me could feel really safe," he had a difficult time at first. He had so little work between 1960 and 1962 (having got on the wrong side of his manager) that he had to borrow money from his teacher, Stefan Askenase.

Now, however, he seems quite happy. Certainly, I found him very polite and unusually modest, with a cheerful sense of humour. The more he feels at home, the better the sense of humour works. New Zealand, for example, he regards as "Arcadia, so innocent, so unspoilt, no snobs, no rat race." And it was in New Zealand, on a recent tour with Christopher Seaman, that, for an encore, Tchaikowsky conducted the orchestra and Seaman played the piano. The orchestra was as surprised as the audience: "For heaven's sake", André told the orchestra, "don't pay any attention to me."

Another place where he is happy, and popular as a teacher, is the summer school at Dartington. "Where else can you play to an audience two-thirds of which you are sexually attracted to?" I said I didn't know. He said that once when he could not be at Dartington he sent a postcard saying simply, "I love you. Will you marry me?" They pinned it to the notice board. He was there again this summer.

Most of June, July, September, October, and December of 1971 was kept free of concerts. André was bearing down on completing a composition started in 1966.

Piano Concerto (1966-1971) - Opus 4

After many starts and stops, writings and rewritings, the Piano Concerto (1966-1971) was completed in December 1971. There were occasional references to the concerto in correspondence during the years, but things really didn't start to sound conclusive until 1970. In a letter to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on November 4, 1970, André wrote:

Dear Halinka,

The famous piano concerto is not ready yet. I should call it, "The Eternal Song," but I think it's turning out quite well. So far, four people have seen it: Stefan Askenase, Stephen Kovacevitch, Hans Keller, and George Lyward (the psychologist that I've told you so much about). Everyone was very impressed. I was most happy with Lyward's reactions because he's not a professional musician and he reacts instinctively. It appears that my music can influence someone who doesn't go into the particulars of musicological analysis, that normal human sensitivity is quite enough.

Yours,
André

On occasion, André would visit the Harrison/Parrott office in London. One reason for his visits was to use their photocopy machine to make copies of his compositions. On one visit in 1970, with a great pile of

papers tucked under his arm, André ran into another Harrison/Parrott artist, pianist Radu Lupu. Lupu, a man of few words, remembers his brief conversation with André:

Lupu: What are these papers?

André: My piano concerto.

Lupu: Oh, I will play it.

André: You do not know it.

Lupu: Tell me then.

André: It has a slow introduction ...

Lupu: I adore slow introductions.

André couldn't believe his good fortune. He admired Lupu's piano playing and his willingness to play the concerto would practically guarantee a performance. However, it wasn't quite that easy. After more than a year of trying, Terry Harrison found no orchestra interested in this new work, partly because it was very difficult and would require extra rehearsals. In July 1973, Terry Harrison wrote to Hans Keller at the BBC asking if they might arrange a first performance. Hans sent Terry to the planner at Royal Festival Hall, and, by November 1974, a date had been set. The concerto would be played by Royal Festival Hall by the Royal Philharmonic, conducted by Uri Segal, and the pianist, of course, would be Radu Lupu. The date was October 28, 1975.

What Radu Lupu didn't know was that the concerto was terribly difficult and would take him nearly six months to learn. Radu Lupu:

"André came to my house about two weeks before the performance. He practically moved in with me and we played day in and day out. It was wonderful help. He was the orchestra on one piano, and I was soloist on the other piano. André was so patient with me, so incredibly patient and nice to me. The concerto was his child, and he was like a father to the child. I'm not sorry now, but it was a lot of work and I swore more than a few times. Uri came by to listen and to 'conduct.' André and Uri knew each other and were already good acquaintances, but it took a while for them to warm up to each other. I was very nervous before the performance. I was green with nervousness. The concerto is very difficult, so hard to play. I used the music at the concert, but I had it memorized and only looked at it maybe a few times. I never argued with André. I knew there were some people you didn't want to be on the wrong side of, and André was one of them."

To Halina Wahlmann-Janowska, André wrote on October 14, 1975, less than two weeks before the premiere performance:

My darling, crazy, and luckily incurable genius,

On the 28th of October the first performance of my piano concerto is taking place in London. Radu Lupu is playing and Uri Segal is conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The trouble is that they only have time for one rehearsal, the day before the concert, and the music is incredibly complex. On the day of the concert, they're going to have a run-through and that's it. To make things easier for Uri, I've spent about 100 hours correcting orchestral parts, which were full of mistakes. But the concerto is so difficult that it may simply turn out to be unplayable. What am I going to do if the day before the concert the orchestra announces that it simply cannot be played? Everybody is nervous: Radu, who plays the piano part brilliantly, Uri, the orchestra, my agent, my publisher of the music score, and me.

Yours,

André

The Other Tchaikowsky

The concerto was dedicated to George A. Lyward in the original manuscript, but to pianist Radu Lupu in the published version. The change of dedication may have something to do with the enormous amount of work required of Radu to learn the concerto.

The concert itself was a spectacular event in the world of pianism. Here was one of their own, who had written a concerto, and it was to receive a first performance by someone they regarded as one of the world's leading pianists. Virtually every pianist in Europe who could make the concert was there. Someone said that if Royal Festival Hall had collapsed that night, half of the world's greatest pianists would have perished.

All the London newspapers reviewed the concert. The reviewers were unaware of André's earlier piano concerto (1956-1957), hence, they called this his concerto No.1, or his first concerto. Joan Chissell of The Times reported:

RPO/Segal

In the nineteenth century, and even the early twentieth too, there would have been nothing unusual about going to hear a new piano concerto composed by a well-known concert pianist. In fact, it would have been far more strange to encounter a performer of note not given to spare-time composing. In our highly specialised world of today, things are different. So last night's premiere of the piano concerto No.1, written by the eminent Polish-born pianist André Tchaikowsky, was an event. Perhaps because he was anxious to stress the growing ascendancy of the composer in himself over the pianist, Mr. Tchaikowsky did not play it. The soloist with the RPO under Uri Segal was Radu Lupu.

The work is in three continuous, interlinked movements lasting for about 27 minutes. No one but a virtuoso of the first order could tackle the solo part. Yet not a note is there for mere display. Piano and orchestra are as closely integrated in a disciplined, purposeful argument as in the concertos of Brahms. Although, in his introductory note, the composer let us into formal secrets (a passacaglia to begin with, followed by a scherzo-like Capriccio and a Finale combining fugue and sonata), there was little about underlying 'programme.' Yet the work is dramatic and intense enough, in an often strangely ominous, disquieting way, to suggest very strong extra-musical motivation. There are

moments of melancholy just as deep and tortured as in Berg opus 1 [piano sonata]. Not for nothing is the glinting central Capriccio headed "vivace con malizia": it is a 'danse macabre' ending in catastrophic climax. Even the Finale, at first suggesting emotional order won by mental discipline, eventually explodes in vehemence before the sad, retrospective cadenza (picking up threads from the opening Passacaglia) and the hammered homecoming.

If nearer in spirit to composers of the Berg-Bartok era than the avant-garde, Tchaikowsky still speaks urgently enough in this work to make his idiom sound personal. Much of it is also strikingly conceived as sound, with telling contrasts of splintered glass and glassy calm in the keyboard part. The Capriccio is a spine-chilling tour de force for the orchestra too. In view of fantastic difficulties, the performance held together remarkable well, with Radu Lupu surpassing himself in virtuosity and commitment.

Max Loppert wrote for the *Financial Times*:

André Tchaikowsky Concerto

The long and glorious tradition of piano concertos written by renowned virtuosos was continued last night -- honourably, if not remarkably -- in the first performance of André Tchaikowsky's first essay in the form. Mr. Tchaikowsky, who might have been expected to produce for his own use one of those whizz-bang thunderers guaranteed to win a certain kind

of immediate success, has instead composed for Radu Lupu a concerto that honestly attempts to set out a disciplined and rigorously conceived musical argument, in which all extraneous piano fireworks have been sternly abjured.

It was, from the outset, rather impressive to encounter music of this kind concerned with "strict construction" (the composer's phrase), made with clean-cut neo-classical materials purposeful and determined (the possibly unhelpful contrast with the bombast of David Morgan's new piece on Sunday was encouraged by the presence of the same orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic). At best, in the central Capriccio movement, something of an individual personality, quicksilver, angular and hard-edged, can be detected through the Stravinskyian cut-and-thrust, the late-Prokofiev flourishes and *moto perpetuo* passagework.

Elsewhere, in the Introduction and Passacaglia, but more so in the Finale, brandishing its fugue, sonata, and toccata, a slight greyness threatens to seep out from the basic material, a want of burning organic energy to be revealed behind the formal gestures. It will be interesting to hear the work again, with an orchestra and conductor more firmly in possession of the shifting rhythmic patterning than were the RPO and Uri Segal. An important novelty that cannot be undervalued in the concerto is the provision of a new performance personality for Radu Lupu, one much spikier and less self-possessed than he has so far disclosed in London, and rewarding to meet. On this form, forward-thrusting as well as dreamy-toned, a whole range of greater 20th-century piano concertos awaits his attention.

Edward Greenfield wrote for the *Arts Guardian*:

RPO/Segal

There were some, I imagine, who came to this Festival Hall concert puzzled that the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra were offering the world premiere of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto. It was of course quite different music from the celebrated B-flat minor of Peter Ilych, for the pianist André Tchaikovsky is also a composer and has delivered himself of a piano concerto. For this first performance he had the rare restraint to sit in the audience and get a distinguished colleague, Radu Lupu, to play the solo part instead of himself.

"I made a determined effort not to write a 'prima donna's favourite,'" Mr. Tchaikovsky explained in his programme note, and, for the first five minutes, that seemed the understatement of the year. Like the B-flat minor concerto, the new Tchaikovsky first starts with an introduction, but in the composer's own words, 'it is slow and austere,' and the piano for three whole minutes never gets a look-in, while the thematic material for the whole work is grittily outlined. After that, flamboyance still rejected utterly, the pianist enters with a long and ruminative solo, which sets the pattern of wrong-note romanticism in gently flowing lines.

As a virtuoso, Mr. Tchaikovsky is an unashamedly flamboyant musician, but, whether to compensate or in genuine revelation of his inner self, much of this work takes quite the opposite course. Even when the first movement Passacaglia really gets going, there is little display. But then, with the Capriccio second movement (Goya's grotesque Capriccios implied as an inspiration), and even more in the sonata-fugue Finale, the composer begins to enjoy himself. The energetic last movement may be the most obviously derivative of the three, but it is also the most memorable.

Radu Lupu, dedicatee as well as soloist, was the most persuasive of advocates, but the orchestral accompaniment (including much solo string work but with only 16 violins generally working in unison and no second violin section) was difficult enough to present the RPO and

The Other Tchaikowsky

Uri Segal as conductor with serious problems. At least such passages as the desolate end of the Passacaglia and the toccata-like coda of the Finale suggested that with more time for preparation, the whole structure would hang together better.

The piano concerto was one of the few exceptions to André's rule of not playing his own compositions in public. André never played his "Inventions" in public, or his clarinet sonata, but his concerto was different. If Radu Lupu had been indisposed on the October 28, 1975, for the piano concerto, André had already memorized the work and could have stepped in at the last minute.

Terry Harrison had hopes for future performances of the piano concerto after the world premiere. In a December 1975 letter, Terry wrote to André's German manager:

Dears Hans Ulrich,

Recently the world premiere of his first orchestral work took place. This was a piano concerto, played by Radu Lupu. Incidentally, the success was very big and there are going to be two repeat performances, including a London performance in the 1977 Proms. There is also interest abroad -- I think it may be done in Stuttgart -- Previn is interested in doing it with Radu in Pittsburg, and Foster is interested in doing it in Houston.

In a January 1976 letter, Terry tried to interest Christopher Seaman and his Glasgow Orchestra, but Christopher had to refuse due to inability to give the concerto proper rehearsal time. Terry wrote letters literally for years to BBC facilities, orchestras, and conductors, trying to find a second performance. By 1977, Radu withdrew his selection as a soloist as the concerto had now slipped from his fingers. Radu, and others, thought it a shame that a second performance was not forthcoming. Terry continued his efforts, this time promoting André as the soloist.

Finally, the Irish National Orchestra, conducted by Albert Rosen, scheduled two performances, one in Dublin, on October 1, 1978, and the second in Cork, on October 2, 1978. The recordings from these performances are the only official recordings ever made of the concerto. The performance was reviewed by Robert Johnson of the *Irish Press*:

André Tchaikowsky was soloist in his own piano concerto (first performed in 1975). It is in three movements and very modern in style if a trifle episodic, and the inner movement is full of delicate and exciting ideas, particularly the percussion effects. Like many modern works it needs to be heard again, exciting as it was.

Terry continued to push for additional performances. Copenhagen had agreed to schedule the work, and finally, the BBC agreed to make a recording for a radio broadcast. The orchestra in Hagen, Germany scheduled the concerto for November 17, 1981, and again André was the soloist, with conductor Yoram David. The critical review in the *Westfalenpost*:

First Performance at City Hall

A very memorable event occurred last night in Hagen with a concerto performance at the City Hall. The conductor, Yoram David, presented a 1971 composition for piano and orchestra written by André Tchaikowsky, with the composer personally at the piano. This was the first German performance.

The concerto is dedicated to the famous pianist, Radu Lupu, who played the world premiere in 1975 at the London Royal Festival Hall. The concerto was presented again in Ireland, in 1978. Yoram David was excellent and the concerto is surely the best since Brahms.

A critical review in the *Westfälische Rundschau* (No. 270) reported:

The fourth Hagen symphony concert introduced, as a German first performance, the André Tchaikowsky piano concerto. The first performance was given at the Royal Festival Hall in London in 1975. It is a masterpiece of composition.

André Tchaikowsky (age 46), especially appreciated as a Mozart virtuoso all over the world, played the piano part at the Hagen City Hall concert himself. Is the concerto calculated such that the piano part is dominant? André Tchaikowsky: "This is what I've tried to avoid. The instruments are introduced in groups and separately. The work is so polyphonic as to make great demands on every member of the orchestra."

André Tchaikowsky, who appeared very successfully as a soloist with the Hagen Symphony orchestra in 1964, played his unique concerto only twice before, both times in Ireland. Yoram David, the conductor of this event, says: "This concerto for piano and orchestra is a phenomenally good work, tremendously crafted and is without a superfluous note."

Another reviewer in the *Westfälische Rundschau* (No. 271) wrote:

The audience at the fourth symphony concert heard the German premiere of the concerto for piano and orchestra by André Tchaikowsky, which was received with great applause. World experts of the piano raved about the first performance of this famous composition at the world premiere at the Royal Festival Hall in 1975.

Yoram David and the orchestra rehearsed the concerto in a short time. It is in three movements of various themes which were worked in a logical and consequential manner. After the performance, Yoram David and André Tchaikowsky offered an opportunity to discuss the work at an interview session. [André's fluent German amazed Yoram David.]

The Hagen orchestra gave the concert an excellent interpretation, including many instruments not usually heard. The theme was worked out intelligently and well considered, as Yoram David obviously enjoys the composition, giving it precise tempi and excellent sound levels.

The concerto was scheduled to be recorded by the BBC Northern Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Rosen, with André as soloist, on March 2 and 3, 1982. Unfortunately, André was ill at the time, and the session had to be cancelled. The Copenhagen performance promised by André's good friend Lars Grunth took place but not with André as soloist. The soloist was British pianist Norma Fisher. Norma had also given the first complete public performance of André's "Inventions." The Copenhagen performance was on September 12, 1986, with the Tivoli Summer Orchestra, conducted by Uri Segal. Music critic, Jan Jacoby, wrote of the Copenhagen performance in the *Politiker*:

Norma Fisher with Tivoli Symphony Orchestra under Uri Segal

If it was the horror of having Bruckner's last symphony spoiled by a modernistic thriller before the intermission that made people come too sparsely to Tivoli's last symphony concert this season, then it was due to a misunderstanding. For André Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto is only modern from a chronological point of view.

Most noticeable was the stylistic reference, which has very little to do with the 1970s. Tchaikowsky had his ears well tuned to Central Europe around the first World War, a place between Mahler and Berg, with the rhythmic twentieth century modernism in view. Norma Fisher gave a technically impressive and strongly committed performance.

Critic Hans Voigy wrote of the Copenhagen performance in the *Berlingske Tidende*:

Individual Against Society

The Other Tchaikowsky

"Writing music is just another way of telling a story," pianist André Tchaikowsky, the pianist and composer, once said during a visit to Norway. He also revealed that it was Peggy Ashcroft's acting in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" that had given him the inspiration for his piano concerto. Ibsen's description of an uncompromising hero, an individual against society, could also be seen as the lone piano against the enormous forces of the violent and complex orchestra.

But what comes through even without this background knowledge is an impressive work with much artistic and constructive strength. The concerto is a virtuoso work, without being overwhelmingly so, the whole musical development being taken from the opening slow orchestral introduction and culminating in the exceptional final closing theme.

The excellent Norma Fisher played the concerto with remarkable skill, where soloistic bravura, radiance, gentle strength and the authority of personality were united effectively.

At this date (June 1991) there have been no further performances of the concerto. It seems a terrible waste that Radu Lupu, André Tchaikowsky, and Norma Fisher should all pour so much effort into the concerto performances and that a definitive recording has never been made. Attempts to have performances scheduled in Poland have failed, even though interest in Andrzej Czajkowski is high. [update, two performances scheduled for Feb. 2008 in Poland]

The Piano Concerto (1966-1971) Opus 4, was published by Josef Weinberger, Ltd. in 1975; a two-piano reduction by the composer was also published.

A Year of Financial Success (1972)

Except for a brief trip to New Zealand in February, and a four-concert series in Mexico City in October, André remained in England and Europe for all of 1972. It was a good year of 65 concerts, and allowed most of June and July for a holiday. André didn't visit Dartington in 1972; instead, he went to the Lake District where he spent most of his time working on "The Merchant." Thanks to the special efforts of Terry Harrison and increased cooperation by André, the plan of seven months of playing, three months of composing, and two months of playing with friends and giving master classes, was succeeding. Financially, he had a good year.

The first concert of 1972 was a dual program of Mozart concertos played with Stefan Askenase on January 9. First André would play the Mozart Concerto in D Minor, K.466, then Stefan would play the B-flat Major, K.595, and then together they would play the Two Pianoforte Concerto in E-flat Major, K.365. The English Chamber Orchestra was represented by Wilfrid Van Wyck, who received credit as the concert manager. The program was reviewed by *Music and Musicians*.

Now -- economics aside -- what is the point of performing Mozart concertos without a conductor? We all know that Mozart himself directed from the keyboard, but when a soloist does this today I cannot help feeling that the orchestra is waiting on him too much, and I miss the more equally balanced participation, the greater security, that can be achieved when a conductor and soloist co-operate.

In the English Chamber Orchestra's Elizabeth Hall concert on January 9, it was the leader that directed, and in this all-concerto programme they had the temerity to start with the D minor, K.466, a work whose dramatic urgency needs authoritative propulsion to do it justice. This performance, with André Tchaikowsky as soloist, reminded me of the 'after you' joke. The first movement was timid <and I was hearing the leader supported by a discreet haze from the rest of the violins}, the timpani were consistently behind the beat, although the flautist, Richard Adeney, throughout the concert was outstandingly quick witted and cooperative. Tchaikowsky sometimes indulged in rubato that was a shade too broadly explicit, but my main grouse is about the lack of clarity in his runs and ornaments.

It is true that this hall dissolves half of what a pianist does in a glacially hostile mist of reverberation. So I was interested to hear how Stefan Askenase would make out in the B-flat Concerto, K.595, that was to follow. This is an easier concerto in which to hold piano and orchestra together, but the leader had a fresh problem: how to stop the work grinding to a halt (the middle movement of the D Minor had already flagged dangerously). In the first movement, Askenase sounded (and looked) as if he were content to drop off to sleep by the end of each entry.

Nevertheless his phrasing had a confidence and shape that Tchaikowsky's had lacked. Here was experience, love and a sureness of the sound he wanted the instrument to give, that had been lacking in Tchaikowsky's performance of the D Minor. Yet the ponderous deliberation of the beat all but threatened the forward motion of the music, and the Rondo could hardly be humorous at such a slow tempo. The orchestra was admirably tactful, miraculously saving Askenase's tempi from their fatalistic tendency to wind down, without seeming to correct them too impertinently. The concert was really starting to be fun. How would the two soloists get on in the Double Concerto, K.365, after the interval?

Their first entry, with its concerted trills, was delightfully out of synchronization. Then Tchaikowsky played his first few solo bars, followed by the gently reproving solo of the older man, the tempo duly adjusted. After that they agreed to a respectable modicum of togetherness, although there was not that degree of unanimity which can produce a really satisfying performance.

One word about cadenzas. How can Brendel have written that awful thing that Tchaikowsky played in the first movement of the D Minor? [Actually written by André, but attributed to Brendel as a joke.] Give up the idea that a cadenza should enlarge the scope of, or even sum up a Mozart movement. Keep it short and decorative.

The 1971-1972 season introduced to London, "Piano Recitals at the South Bank." This new piano recital series was jointly promoted by Harrison/Parrott and Ingpen and Williams. The pianists were:

Joseph Kalichstein	Radu Lupu
Alois Kontarsky	John Browning
Peter Frankl	Eugene Istomin
Malcolm Frager	Philippe Entremont
Tamas Vasary	Rafael Orozco
André Tchaikowsky	Vladimier Ashkenazy
Alfred Brendel	Christoph Eschenbach

André Tchaikowsky was to play on April 23, 1972, and had selected, Out of Doors Suite (1926) - Bartok; Sonata No. 15 in D (Opus 28) - Beethoven; Fantasia in C (Opus 17) - Schumann. André turned to Michael Menaugh for advice as he began preparing the recital program. Michael Menaugh was trying to earn a living in London as an actor, but was still a piano fanatic and a capable keyboard artist. (In 1971, Michael played the first movement of the Ravel G major concerto in a contest, with André as the orchestra on a second piano. Michael won first prize.) Menaugh remembers listening to André rehearse and offering advice:

"It began just before André was going to play the complete Klavierübung [six partitas, Italian concerto, Partita in B minor, Goldberg Variations by Bach] at five lunchtime recitals at Bishop's Gate, to be recorded by the BBC [November 15-19, 1971]. He was working and he wanted to play through these pieces. I was out of work and had nothing to do. Well, I'd never criticized his piano playing before. I'd made appreciative comments and I loved his piano playing, but I had very little to say about it in critical terms. I think I was a good audience,

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provided the right atmosphere, and was not critical. André played for me and then asked me what I thought.

"I haven't got perfect pitch, but I have a very sensitive ear. For example, I was with some friends and we turned on the radio and there was some piano music being played. Everyone remarked about how I knew all about piano music, and asked me what it was? I told them I honestly didn't know what it was, but it was being played on the CBS piano in New York, the piano that Glenn Gould plays on, because it has a slight 'tick' in the G above middle C. It turned out to be Bizet's 'Variations Chromatiques de Concert' played by Glenn Gould.

"We worked through the Bartok/Beethoven/Schumann recital and had a disagreement because he believed that after the Bartok, after those jagged chords and that kind of fistful of notes at the very end, that suddenly to hear the Beethoven would be such an extraordinarily beautiful effect. I said to him, 'André don't be silly. You've got to go off the platform; the piano will have to be tuned. It's being broadcast by the BBC so there will be an announcement -- by that time, they will have forgotten the Bartok.' 'No, No', he says, 'I'm going to do it.' And he did.

"His problem in playing was platform nerves. That was entirely because he believed that certain things were expected of him. He'd play, for example, the same concerto twice on two consecutive days. If on the first day it was wonderful, you could be sure that on the second day it would be terrible because he had got himself into a state where he felt that he had to better what he had done the day before. That was very typical of him and his playing was often below level when he was playing in public. He never managed to control his nerves on stage."

In August 1972, having made progress with the opera, André wrote to John O'Brien:

Dear John,

I've just shown "The Merchant" to Hans [Keller], and he expressed astonishment at both the quantity and quality of what has come along since he last saw the sketch six weeks ago! I'm so excited I certainly couldn't have resisted ringing you up immediately if I had known where you are. [John was visiting his mother in South Africa.] However, I've come across my first dramatic problem (I won't bother you with the musical ones, which are numerous but soluble) and I hope you'll agree to help me with it.

He then continued into questions of the dramatic structure of the libretto.

The October 1972 concerts in Mexico City, where André played the Rachmaninoff/Paganini for five evenings in a row, were marked by civil unrest (unrelated to André's performance, he was to point out). André wrote to Terry Harrison on October 27, 1972:

Dear Terry,

I know you would prefer me to enclose reviews. Apparently they appeared and were very good, but due to the students' rebellion and the army's exaggerated reaction (tanks in the street, etc.), all newspapers had been snatched up before I even staggered out of bed. The same rebellion led to the second concert being cancelled at an hour's notice: the students had by then broken the hall doors, the piano lid, and several jaws, and were using the remaining jaws to great effect among the debris. They were quite willing to let us give the concert on the condition that we play The International, which didn't strike me as unreasonable (why should it be worse than starting with God Save the Queen?), but no one seemed able to guarantee

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our personal security, so we decided to give the crumbling capitalist system a shot in the arm by dining at the swankiest restaurant in town.

The evening was completed at an expensive nightclub of mortuary gloom, where three undertakers, spotlit against pitch-darkness, floundered lugubriously on the piano, electric guitar and a medley of percussion instruments, while a hired mourner, amplified to the limits of his own endurance and way beyond ours, howled out a sickly dirge that seemed compounded of indigestion and dental decay. I called the waiter: "Three aspirins and the bill, please." The orchestra manager was shocked by my remark and the waiter supremely indifferent -- just the right way round.

After this break, the remaining two concerts proved easy. The third one was televised live and led to my being recognized in the street! This would have bothered me at home, but in Mexico it was somehow fun. The first concert hadn't been good -- I was very nervous -- but, all in all, they seemed to lap it all up and the assistant conductor, an American named Gerald Thatcher, told me I was the best pianist they'd had. Either they say it to everyone, or it's a very undeveloped country.

Lots of love to you and the whole team (Jasper, Jenny, Laura, Pat, Heather, and assorted Sarahs -- whom have I forgotten?).

Until Wednesday,
André

Soon after André's return from Mexico, he played in the 1972-1973 "Piano Recitals at the South Bank." The ten artists were again from Harrison/Parrott, and Ingpen and Williams.

Tamas Vasary	André Tchaikowsky
Peter Frankl	Alfred Brendel
Bruno Leonardo Gelber	Malcolm Frager
Christoph Eschenbach	Vladimir Ashkenazy
Gary Graffman	Radu Lupu

André's program was: Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli - Beethoven, (Opus 120); Barcarolle (Opus 60), Three Mazurkas, Fantaisie (Opus 49) - Chopin. For an encore, André played Schumann's "Des Abends."

The year 1972 finished with some performances with the Lindsay Quartet, and then a memorial concert for Charles Napper.

Charles Napper died in the Fall of 1972. Because he had been so active in the arts, it was decided that a Wigmore Hall concert would be a most appropriate memorial by which his friends and colleagues might honor him. Lydia Napper had no idea how to organize such an event, so she turned to her good friend Judy Arnold. Judy did an excellent job and everything was arranged. André Tchaikowsky, of course, was to be a principal player in the concert, but when he heard of Judy Arnold's involvement, he at first refused to play. Then he decided he would play, but Judy Arnold could not attend. This put Judy in a most uncomfortable position. Lydia Napper didn't know what to say. Judy, a close friend of Charles Napper, stayed home that evening and was deprived of a wonderful concert and an opportunity to express her own affection for Charles Napper. To his discredit, André punished Judy for imagined crimes that, at any rate, should have had no place in this situation.

A Troubled Year (1973)

André began 1973 with a tour that started in Singapore in January, continued to Australia in February, to New Zealand in March and early April, and finally ended in Iceland at the end of April. Concert dates

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continued through to the end of the year. It was a busy year for André. He wrote a series of letters to Terry Harrison from cities on the tour. On January 31, he wrote:

Hallo Terry,

The stay in Singapore was pleasant and uneventful. The recital was a fair success, not more; the public seemed to reach a level of passive resistance only Asians would ever attempt, and most of such applause as there was came between the movements. It is the programme C for Australia which has taken me by surprise and was good for me, but the first half, 6th Partita and Out of Doors, was a bit too austere for such latitudes. I played Bach very well indeed, but was so taken aback by their evident boredom that the Bartok was limp and slapdash; after that I recovered and played for my own pleasure. If I can find the reviews, I'll put them in -- they can't help much, but you might like some light reading at night.

The only other thing I did was a recording session for the radio -- two half-hour programmes done at one sitting and with minimum fuss. I turned down the TV because the maximum fee was only \$400 (Singapore dollars) but accepted the radio because I could see no difference between two half-hour programmes at \$300 and a one-hour program session for \$600 -- just over US \$200.

The radio session was rather fun. The producer, a harmless lunatic, arrived with the Boulez 1st Sonata and a Dallapiccola cycle, put it on the piano and said: "You play this. It's good. Every pianist should play contemporary music." There followed an exchange of insults we both relished, a row in fact, but without any ill-will, and I emerged from it playing just what I wanted, except for substituting Out of Doors for Les Adieux. I played very well as a result.

Yours,
Tchaik

Another letter from Perth, Australia, on February 5, 1973:

Dear Terry,

This is a very unexpected review of a pretty spotty concert! There were wrong notes in nearly every fast variation. But the public gave me the kind of ovation only pop groups might expect -- I think their new hall made them determined to enjoy whatever was going on! But will I ever learn to play the piano?

Love
André

P.S. One day you might like to explain what you mean by "projection." I played much better in Singapore and the response was nil. Here it was a mess half of the time, and everybody thought it quite exceptional. Did I, unknowingly, "project" here, and had I failed to do so in Singapore? And why am I unaware of it? What is this strange profession I'm in about?

P.S.S. I love Perth -- I think I could live here.

Things were going especially well in Australia. An opportunity came up that André mentions in his next letter written on February 9, 1973:

This was one of my happiest and most successful visits anywhere! It has left me with a kind of glow. The second recital was way better than the first, but as you see the review is good all the same. In fact it was a fine recital, almost spot-on except for The Chase and one completely bum run in the Barcarolle, and the Schubert B-flat was the best I have ever played. The audience was unbelievable, and John B. showed his appreciation in a characteristically warm-

hearted, vulgar, very Jewish way -- he gave me a 50-dollar bonus! Would you believe it? I was very embarrassed, but had to accept or risk offending him. I was also amused, especially as he made a great secret of it ("Don't tell your agent") and was disarmingly naive altogether.

In my last letter I told you I could live in Perth. Well, it now seems that I might do just that, as Artist-in-Residence at the University of Western Australia. The period might be March and April, 1974, or the same time in 1975; September and October may also be possible, but I thought you'd prefer me to play in Europe at the start of the season. The money side is not fantastic: I'd be given the salary of an Assistant Professor and should have to pay my fare and living expenses out of that.

By the way, Terry, there is no longer any reason to depend on the ABC for a tour of Australia. If they invited me, I would turn them down -- I have no time and energy to waste in various Wangarattas, Broken Hills, and the like, consorting with obtuse civil servants and inevitably developing the deadly feeling that life is routine. They are the Emmie Tilletts of the antipodes -- boredom, like halitosis, radiates from their activities and drives people numb, or even out. But they can help by recording performances organized by somebody else. One of the things I suggested to Professor Callaway (the man in charge of the Music Department at Western Australia University) is the complete series of Mozart concerti, three a week, alternating with the Bach 48 or some chamber music, especially if he also brings the Lindsay over.

Your old,
Tchaik

P.S. - Since it's to be a business letter, you'll have to guess what made me so happy in Perth! But it was different -- no fun and games, nor indeed any chance of that, but what the hell does it matter when I'm so clearly accepted AS A PERSON?

The mention of a possibility of an Artist-in-Residence position for André caused Terry to write immediately to Professor Frank Callaway. After an exchange of letters, it was agreed that André Tchaikowsky would be Artist-in-Residence at the University of Western Australia for 1974.

By March 1973, André had started his tour of New Zealand. At one of the associated social functions, he met Ian Dando, the music critic for *The Star* newspaper. Ian Dando recalls their meeting:

"In 1973, it was my second year as a music critic, I was invited to some sort of Christchurch Arts Festival luncheon. We were all boozed up; the Prime Minister of New Zealand was making an opening speech and all that sort of razzmatazz. Suddenly, the Festival Director, an English woman, came up to me and said, 'Look, there's a gentleman over there not speaking to anyone and he seems very shy. He's Polish, and Ian, I'd like you to talk to him because he's quite incapable of making small talk, and he likes to speak with very musical and very interesting people.'

"So I went over to this chap and spoke a few little sweet nothings to him, but didn't seem to get anywhere until he said, 'What are you?' I said, 'I'm a music critic and a composer.' He heard the word composer and his ears pricked up and he said, 'Oh? What are you writing?' I said, 'I've just finished a string quartet.' André said, 'What a coincidence. I'm working on my second quartet. We'll have to compare scores.' This started the friendship.

"André was in New Zealand to play the Bach Klavierübung; the Partitas, Goldberg Variations, and so on. Nobody can do the Goldberg Variations like André can. I think it was an alliterative joke that really started our friendship off because André is a tremendous whip. Now, Michael Ponti was over here and he's an American pianist, big-hitting technician, but a very bland interpreter, and a somewhat vulgar pianist who sort of uses a bulldozer to squash

a fly when he plays Chopin etudes, and so on. I heard this chap's recital and I didn't like it at all. I panned it and some sub-editor with a trendy alliterative flair slapped a heading on top, 'Piano-pounding Ponti Plays Poorly.'

"The next day, I had lunch with André, who was playing his Bach lunch time series concerts, and he said, 'Oh, I heard you rubbished my colleague in style. I wonder what you're going to say about me? Terrible Tchaikowsky Tires People, or whatever?' I said to André, 'Don't worry, I'll think of something.' André's last recital was this brilliant Goldberg Variations and so I went into my office at The Star, the paper I write for, and asked the sub-editor to use for André's review, 'Glowing Genius Glorifies Giant Goldberg.' The sub-editor says we'll have to leave off the 'giant' because of the column length. So it got published. By that time, André had left Christchurch and was giving a recital in Auckland. When I got home there was a telegram, 'DASHING DANDO DESP ATCHES DIZZYING DITHYRAMBS -- GREETINGS, André.' So he sort of outwitted my alliterative flare.

"André was an extremely sensitive pianist with the insight of a composer. Really, playing the piano was just his bread and butter so he could sit on his burn for the other half of the year and compose. However, he wasn't a perfunctory pianist. Far from it. His strengths were Bach -- a tremendous sense of structural detail. In Beethoven he did very well. His Chopin was brilliant, of course. André's character was very much like Schubert's. He had no sense of money at all, and he gave gifts to people left, right, and center. He was a quiet, sensitive soul. Whenever I think of André at his best, I think of that late B-flat piano sonata, D960, of Schubert. I don't think anyone in the world got to the soul of that so perfectly as André.

"André played a Beethoven sonata, which I myself performed on an exam once for a diploma. I know that work note by note, yet I sat back and listened to André and he revealed insights about that work that I didn't know existed. However, he did that at a cost. If there is an Achilles tendon in André's playing it is this: he did tend to linger over little subtleties and details at the expense of the overall rhythmic flow. I look through the score with him and said exactly where he lingered. André said, 'Yes Ian, you're right. I do have a tendency to do that. You're one of the few that's found that out.'

"I'm one of the few people who have lived with André because I didn't have much money when I went to England in 1980. It was a pretty parsimonious visit. André said, 'Come and stay with me. You're most welcome. Use the place anytime.' Very generous chap. When I got to Heathrow Airport, there was this fellow waiting for me in a taxi and took me all the way from London to Oxford. I went to pay for the taxi, and the driver said, 'No, no, it's already been paid for.' That's typical of André's generosity. He didn't meet me there because he's a real night owl. He stays up until 3:00 am and never surfaces before ten or eleven in the morning.

"The first day, he was very friendly. The second day, he was a little quieter. The third day, he kept on making suggestions, 'Ian, why don't you go into London and see a concert. I'll find out the bus timetable.' The fourth day, he said, 'Look, uh, why don't you go to Dartington.' In other words, I sensed that I was not wanted, that I was being pushed off. The contradiction is he writes as though you are most welcome, he can't wait for you to come and the first day gives that impression. Then progressively, he gets more and more disturbed that you're staying there. He wants you out of the place. So I left and went to Europe."

By the end of March, the concert tour was over. There was one more recital offered at the last minute, which André could have been expected, typically, to refuse, but this time, as he wrote to Terry on March 20, 1973, he accepted:

Dear Terry,

An encore: I've agreed to play a lunch-time recital at the Dunedin University, and perhaps hear one or two of their best students. The date is the 27th of March, and they have offered me \$135 NZ, plus a ticket to and from Christchurch and one night's accommodation. This means all the NZBC money can go straight to pay for my debts in London! Aren't you pleased? I have actually accepted an extra engagement. You can find me at the Avon Motor Lodge in Christchurch till April Fool's Day, then c/o Auckland Sinfonia.

Love to us all,
André

Back in London in May 1973, André wrote a long letter to John O'Brien who had left Finchden Manor and moved to Pigg's Peak, Swaziland, not too far from South Africa where his mother lived. Most of the letter was about the opera, but one paragraph mentions the illness of George Lyward:

I haven't been able to see or speak to George Lyward since my return -- he hasn't been well, and is in a London hospital having tests (an ominous word). They obviously weren't prepared to tell me the name of the hospital, so I just ring Finchden once a week to see how he is. I've written him a 'get-well' letter, as light-heartedly as I could manage, and have taken to praying for him. (I wonder how many thousand people are doing just that? If prayers work, G.L., of all people, should be immortal.)

The next letter to John O'Brien was June 30, 1973:

You will no doubt know by now that the Chief has died. In fact, I am writing these lines at the Swan Hotel in Charing, a Kent village where he's being cremated at noon.

I did manage to see him after all. And as soon as I saw him, I realized John Lyward's wisdom in keeping visitors away from his father, and offering no information on his state of health. He was cadaverously thin, but his belly was grotesquely swollen and protruded, naked, from his pajamas, making him look like a victim of starvation. As I came in, he was wearing an oxygen mask; later he took it off, but breathing, or rather panting, was obviously his one overwhelming, permanent concern. He was conscious, but complained of feeling muddled (I am not sure what he meant by that), and at times he seemed indeed unaware of my presence. I only spoke when I was spoken to, but I kept looking at him and smiling, for now and then he would give me his old, all-seeing, lie-detector gaze, and at such moments I believed that he would yet recover.

At one point he asked: "Am I not dying, am I?"

"Daddy," I said, taking his hand, "it's what you want that counts. If you want to pull through, you will-- you've pulled all of us through. You have pulled me through."

"I hope so."

"I know it. I shall be all right now. And if you want to live, then you shall live. But don't do it for us, do it for yourself."

"The world is a horrible place."

"It's much better when you are in it."

This seemed to amuse him; he smiled, but laughter was out of the question with his breathing problem. I didn't stay long, of course, but I went to see him twice more.

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I was in Germany when he died, and found a note from Doris on my return, whereupon I rang Finchden, found John Lyward on the line and was told I might come here. It is in fact time to go -- I'll continue after the cremation.

If Finchden can go on, the next problem will be raising money, and my bit would be to put on benefit piano recitals in places where G.L. was particularly well known and would posthumously command an audience (London, Bristol, Brighton). John has said he will let me know if I can be of use.

Next time I write, we'll talk about work, our meeting in December, and give each other all the comfort we can. I have, in fact, done some more work on *liThe Merchant*," and plan to take it up again any day now. But now is not the time to talk, is it?

All my love and a brotherly hug,

Yours,
André

For all the bravery in this letter, André was not all right. Michael Menaugh, unaware of George Lyward's death, by chance visited André immediately after he had returned from Lyward's burial service. Michael Menaugh:

"When André was depressed you could always tell. You'd telephone and say, 'Hello André', well, you didn't even need to say, 'Hello André' because the telephone would be picked up and you'd hear, 'H-e-l-l-o-o-o,' a kind of terrible, sort of deep groan and you knew that André was in a depression. He would get into those depressions very quickly. Eve may have told you how he invited her to dinner once and between the telephone call and the time she got up to Hampstead he had developed a depression and gone out, and just left a note on the door saying, 'I'm depressed, go away.' Eve was very upset.

"I went 'round to see him and he was in a depression. It was the biggest depression I ever saw André in. You could tell at once -- André transmitted everything -- there was a kind of stillness about him, a terrible, deep, agonizing stillness. He said that there was nothing in his life and he was going to kill himself. He said that I wouldn't be able to cheer him up, he wouldn't want me to try and make him laugh, it was too deep for that.

"He said he didn't want to talk about anything. He had the tablets all ready in his bedroom, and he was going to kill himself. I said, 'Are you going to send me away?' He said, 'No.' I said, 'Well, I shall stay.' André said, 'If you're going to try and stop me from taking tablets by force, then I shall be violent.' I said, 'No, André, if you've decided that you're going to kill yourself, I'll go and get you a glass of water. That will help you swallow the tablets. But I'm going to sit here and if you want to speak, then speak. If you don't want to speak, don't speak.'

"I just sat from the morning through to the early evening when he took his normal dose of sleeping pills and went to sleep. I did this every day for four days. I was very frightened by it and it was very, very deep. I just sat with him and he sat there in silence just staring out the window."

Michael Menaugh's vigilance very possibly saved André's life.

John O'Brien, far away in Africa, was worried about André after the death of George Lyward. John O'Brien:

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

"Lyward's dying in a sense was a challenge to André. You know, 'You've now had all you can of me -- the next bid is yours.' I think André did very consciously think that way. It was a crucial turning point. André was on his own."

Within a year after George Lyward's death, local officials raised questions about Finchden Manor: was it a school? a hospital? a detention center? Which rules and regulations applied? How many boys were there? Did the wooden buildings have sprinkler systems in case of fire, and what about sanitary conditions, and a thousand other questions. George's son, John Lyward, took over the school as the officials swept down and condemned the buildings. John Lyward:

"My father's school was closed 15 months after his death in June 1973. We had 40 boys and were able to place 36 of them in other facilities, but it took me a year to do it. My father was charismatic, no doubt about that. The people who worked at the school only received £11 a week (about US \$25) but I think most of them would have worked for free. My father could have started his own religion based on the book by Michael Burn, 'Mr. Lyward's Answer -- a Successful Experiment in Education.'

"I remember André's visits. Sometimes he would come for a week, ten days, or even three weeks. He would talk to father, and, for conversation, André had a real partner, someone on his own level. From my view, André's visits were a nuisance and a disturbance. It upset schedules, and the Chief had to see him because André didn't like to wait. So all the schedules were rearranged to accommodate André. My father loved his visits and loved to name-drop that the 'famous André Tchaikowsky' was coming to visit.

"To be honest, I resented André, because my father didn't have any time to see me, but André could come at any time and see my father. André did send us concert tickets for a year after George died. At one concert, we went to see André backstage afterwards. Some man came up to him, and André launched right into this poor fellow, 'You great bore, what kind of ass are you to bother me when I am speaking with my friends? Go away, will you?' That was André.

"It's sad, really. Finchden Manor was established in 1934 and existed all those years. Then father dies and instead of the work continuing, everything is shut down. At the end, Finchden Manor had £20,000 in debts and it took me ten years to payoff everyone. It was my home too and my job, but after it closed down, I opened a fish and chips business."

The death of George Lyward changed and deepened André's natural tendency towards introspection. He started to analyze his life, to write everything down that he could think of, beginning with his first recollections and continuing to the present. André remembered Terry Harrison's suggestion that he should write an autobiography. Why not? If he was going to write everything down anyway, why not make it into an autobiography? It would be his first literary effort. Thus started André's review of his own life. His autobiography would slowly emerge in bits and pieces between the years 1973 and 1980. He wasn't shy about his writing efforts and made copies for all his closest friends. Supposedly, they were to look for problems with his English, but in reality, he was sharing portions of his life that most knew little about. Only Michael Menaugh read the autobiography with a critical eye, making non-emotional suggestions.

André played Bach at the Royal Albert Hall Prom's on July 24, 1973 and then there were a few concert dates in Europe. He was included in the 1973-1974 "Piano Recitals at the South Bank." The pianists for this subscription series included:

Alfred Brendel

André Tchaikowsky

Joseph Kalichstein

Maurizio Pollini

Rafael Orozco

Eugene Istomin

The Other Tchaikowsky

Peter Frankl
Christoph Eschenbach

Tamas Vasary
Balint Vazsonyi

André's program on November 25, 1973:

Beethoven - Sonata Op. 90
Schubert - Sonata Op. 42
Schumann - Des Abends and In der Nacht (from Fantasiestücke)
Debussy - Hommage a Rameau (from Images)
Stravinsky - Petrushka (3 movements)
Chopin - Mazurka (encore piece)

A few days later, André played a concerto concert with the Northern Sinfonia Orchestra conducted by Uri Segal. It was a favorite concerto: Mozart K.503.

A few weeks before his November engagements, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on October 10, 1973, including a response to her suggestion that they meet in Sweden:

Dearest Halinka,

Many thanks for the fascinating letter and the splendidly chosen books. Perhaps now, for a change, I could send you something. What would you like? I really did think you died and I even went to a seance to meet you. It's easier than going to Sweden because, from the end of February to the end of May, I'll be in Australia. I've been hired by the University of Western Australia for ten recitals. The first five are devoted to Bach's Klavierübung, and the rest are under the impressive title "The Historical Development of Variation Forms." It starts with Bach and Handel, and ends with variations which are currently non-existent! I've commissioned them for this occasion by a young, unknown, but talented if somewhat crazy English composer, Robert Cornford. Afterwards, as usual, I'm going to New Zealand and sometime in July, back to London.

To everyone's amazement, Fou Ts'ong got married recently to a beautiful Korean girl after knowing her for two weeks. I haven't got married yet and nobody's surprised. I kiss you.

Yours,
André

André was also busy with his second string quartet. Electing not to visit John O'Brien in Africa at Christmas, André stayed home and completed another movement of the quartet.

Artist-in-Residence (1974)

After a busy February, in which he played ten concerts in 22 days, André was on his way to Australia on February 24th. He would first play the Bach Klavierübung in a series of five recitals at the Adelaide Festival, and then continue on to Perth and the University of Western Australia. The Adelaide recitals were a resounding success with the headlines "Exhilarating" and "Genius Blazed in All Glory." Two days later after arriving in Perth, he gave his first of five recitals for another Klavierübung cycle. The headline read, "Tchaikowsky Series Opens Brilliantly."

In an interview given to Margaret Seares on April 25, 1974, in Australia, André provides some insight to his approach to performance:

M.S. - Your recent performances of Bach have inevitably raised the old question of whether it is historically and stylistically valid or authentic to play Bach's keyboard music on the piano. What are your reactions to this particular line of argument?

A.T. - I have three pet abominations, three words which I particularly dislike. They are "style" and then two adjectives "authentic" and "relevant." Relevant is usually applied to contemporary music that doesn't happen to follow the fashion of the latest Darmstadt Festival. People will say, not considering a work on its intrinsic merits, "Ah yes, but this is not relevant to what X may be doing" and therefore dismiss it out of court. (Well, it saves them all the trouble of looking at the score if there is a score, which may be the first irrelevance, because there isn't supposed to be one in those circles!). Now, my concern as a performer is more with the words authentic and style. I'm not sure that there is such a thing as an authentic style. I don't know if you approve of Shakespeare being acted in modern dress, but every time you play Mozart on a Stein way, much more Bach, you are acting Shakespeare in modern dress, so to speak; so you might as well draw the consequences. Of course, as regards Bach, I think that the people who say he should not be played on the piano have a very good case. What I can't understand is the attitude of the people who play Bach on the piano and try to make it sound as if it was on a harpsichord, losing all the virtues of the piano and not gaining any of the virtues of the harpsichord, and thus falling between two stools. They are the ones who are very fond of using the word "authentic." As for the word "style," I'm not denying that there is such a thing. But I would not speak of the style of a composer, I would speak of the style of that particular work. There isn't one Mozart, there are 626 Mozarts.

M.S. - What do people actually mean then when they refer to the "Mozartian style" in performance?

A.T. - They usually mean something bland and inoffensive. If Mozart had really conformed to what they consider to be his style, two things would have happened. He would have lived in great affluence, would have received a court position that was in fact given to Salieri, and nobody would remember him today. The reason why we are still playing these great composers, the reason why they are great composers is that they have burst out of the framework of the style prevalent at the time. In fact their work was irrelevant; and we do them small service by pushing them forcibly back into that frame. And I think it is very patronizing for us to decide that we know better than Mozart did what his style is supposed to be. When he writes something which we consider atypical-- say the C Minor Piano Concerto or the G Minor String Quintet -- we then try to iron it out to make it sound more like Mozart. In fact, I think, if anything, we'd be better advised to exaggerate, because we've got to try and, make the impact on today's audience that Mozart had on his audience when he first played the D minor concerto. It was unlike any music written before; from the opening bars the public was probably in a state of shock. Today we've got an audience jaded by all the excesses of Romanticism, and it is very difficult to make them aware of the subtle dramatic tension that is there, that is barely contained and yet is contained. We've got to take risks, we've got to dare to take liberties with the tempo, for instance, which is anathema.

M.S. - Is there a certain antipathy towards the musicologist, who, today, tends to have assumed the task of delineating the guidelines of interpretation for the performer?

A.T. - I believe in reading what the musicologists have to say. I don't necessarily believe in doing what they say. Before you depart from something, you have got to know what you are departing from. I don't very much admire the daring that is born of sheer ignorance. It is a small matter to have the courage not to read Tovey [Sir Donald Tovey, British pianist, composer, conductor, teacher, and writer]. If you have the courage to read Tovey and then depart from it, my hat's off to you.

M.S. - Does the problem of what we might call "preconceived style" apply only in the earlier eras of music history, or is it still significant in the interpretation of nineteenth-century music?

A.T. - Yes, I'm afraid it is. Because, just as eighteenth-century music is usually pushed into a very rigid framework in which it cannot breathe, Romantic music gets distorted almost beyond recognition. People start playing with their hands totally unsynchronized in order to show that they are aware of playing Chopin. This is what I meant when I said that I dislike that spurious sense of style which is based on the name of the composer rather than on the work in question. The Chopin Fantaisie in F minor, Opus 49, for instance is marked "tempo di marcia," and this does not apply just to the introduction. The fact that the music moves into "alIa breva" time and that the march proceeds at double time does not make a good deal of it less martial. It is an heroic piece, but usually one hears it as a kind of salon piece, because people are so hypnotized by the name of Chopin that they feel that certain things are expected of them.

M.S. - How do you account for the extraordinary popularity of Chopin's music with audiences today, as compared with the piano music of, say, Schumann, Brahms, and even Liszt?

A.T. - Well, there are two things that come to mind. One is that Chopin was one of the few Romantic composers who hated excess and had an extremely sophisticated and refined sense of form. He was the descendent of Mozart. I wouldn't count Mendelssohn, who of course had that sense of form but who wasn't a "romantic." Although I admire him very much, I admire Chopin even more because he managed to combine the most exquisite and polished form with the most intensely romantic content; the closest analogy I can find to him is Baudelaire in this respect.

A.T. - The second thing is that I think Chopin's popularity is itself based upon a misunderstanding. First of all, the people who flock to a Chopin recital -- and this is why I don't play Chopin recitals any more -- are usually, well, I'm sorry to say this, are sentimental, old or middle-aged ladies. And the way they react is as if they were being scratched in a delicate way with some fine brush. It gives them an exquisite sensual sensation. Also, like most listeners, they listen to the tune and they haven't got very much sense of the harmony, which is what makes Chopin so unique. They don't listen to his best works: they are not interested in the Mazurkas, for instance. Now I believe that every composer has given of his best in works that he has written for himself, not for any audience.

A.T. - The Chopin Mazurkas are a case in point, as are the Ravel Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, and a great deal of Schubert which never had any listeners beyond a very close circle of friends. Audiences will listen instead to the Chopin Waltzes, which show the slickest and shallowest side of Chopin. And they will listen to some of the more conventional Nocturnes: the Italianate D-flat Major Nocturne, for instance, which is turned out with immense charm but which by Chopin's own standards is rather facile. Now if you face this audience with his really great works, they will not neglect them, but they will neglect the things which make them really great. Say, the late C-sharp Minor Prelude, Opus 45, which has every modulation under the sun in four pages (the kind of thing that Faure was to do) has never won the approval of any audience that I know of. The tune isn't obvious enough, and it is not enough of a tear-jerker. I'm sorry, but I have no respect for the audience which goes only to Chopin recitals and no other concerts, as I know that they go for the wrong kind of reasons, and that I as a pianist will get the wrong kind of reaction out of them.

A.T. - The other great composer who has a hold on the audience for the wrong reason is Beethoven. Beethoven can fill the Albert Hall in London any day but not necessarily with his best music. It will be the "Emperor" concerto, which I don't think is his greatest piano concerto. It will be his more obvious side. It won't be the string quartets, or the "Pastoral" Sonata. Naturally, Beethoven has got something for everyone -- he's got the entire spectrum. But it seems that if you really want to play safe, even with Beethoven, you are bound to play something that is immediately popular and well known. Just the name Beethoven on a poster will not fill the hall automatically as the name of Chopin would for a Chopin recital.

A.T. - If I were to give some pragmatic and rather cynical advice to a young musician who is about to make a debut and who is trying to make a name for himself, I would say: play only typical works in which you can do what is expected of you. Don't play Beethoven's Fourth Concerto in which you cannot storm as is expected of you in Beethoven. Don't play the Mozart D minor Concerto in which, to do it justice, you have to exceed the limits which have been forced upon Mozart over his dead body, literally speaking. If you play Brahms, make sure it's a very "Brahmsian" Brahms. If it's Debussy, make sure that it is the kind of piece that you can absolutely drown in pedal: don't play the studies in which, most of the time, you have to be very clear and precise and which are, technically, very difficult. And if it's Prokofiev, don't play the Fifth Sonata -- hardly anybody ever does. It is legato and cantabile, and people will say that you don't understand Prokofiev, who is supposed to be dry and percussive.

M.S. - You also have some rather unorthodox ideas on the matter of interpretation and technique, I believe?

A.T. - Well, I don't believe that the two can be separated. I believe that the first ten years of your studies, the years during which you are at your most receptive, at which you assimilate most quickly all the impressions, is not the time to spend a decade doing exercises. It will put you off, at the very least, your instrument, but possibly music and life as well.

A.T. - I would say that technique is more in the ear than in the hand, certainly as regards the piano, which is the only instrument I know. If you listen very carefully, if you train your ear to detect inaccuracies, irregularities of touch, etc., instinctively your hand is going to follow your ear and your technique is going to improve. But at the same time you are making sure that the technique is at the service of the music. There is no such thing as technique in the abstract -- well, there is, but it is of no value. There are those people who can type 40,000 notes a minute and nobody really cares, and you wouldn't want to be one of them.

M.S. - But what about the young student, of fifteen or less, who is not playing demanding pieces as such. How is his technique to develop without the aid of exercises and the like?

A.T. - Well, look, I'm not speaking from experience, as I haven't taught any students except some very advanced ones. But what I did myself was to take up pieces which were too difficult for me and do whatever I could without becoming discouraged. I knew from the outset that I could not get it right -- but how near could I get, that was the question. If a student asked me specifically to develop a double-note technique, I wouldn't send him to Czerny. I'd ask him to practice the Schumann Toccata, Opus 7, which is a compelling piece of music, and I would make sure that whatever speed he takes it at, he gets out all the music that is contained in the piece -- which is staggering! You have a beautiful second theme, some enchanting harmonics, a precise and sophisticated formal structure, a syncopated figure in the bass derived from the introduction which supports the main theme. And all this is likely to captivate a student and keep him interested in music, which is his first concern, while at the same time he's learning to play double notes. You mentioned a fifteen year-old student. I

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wouldn't recommend a Schumann Toccata to an eight year-old, naturally. I wouldn't know how to deal with those. Thank God for Bartok! [Children's Studies.]

M.S. - Do you ever play works that don't appear to you personally?

A.T. - No. This is the one thing on which I never compromise: I compromise on everything else! I don't play what I don't like, but every now and then it happens and I find myself trapped into playing a piece that I didn't mean to play.

André elected to stay at a small room in the University dormitory, Currie Hall. There were other facilities nearby such as motels and hotels, but, as at Dartington, André loved the University environment. The head of Currie Hall, John Fall, remembers André:

"Currie Hall accommodates about 240 young men and women studying at the University and it also has provision to accommodate a small number of visitors to the University. Over the years we had built up contact with the music department and many of their visiting artists stayed with us, generally to the benefit of everyone in the Hall. But no visiting artist gave more to us than André.

"André established a real feeling for the students and their community and they established a deep friendship with him. When he arrived, we did not announce to everyone who he was because sometimes our visitors prefer some anonymity. André occupied a visitor's room, took most of his meals with the students and generally relaxed in our community. I don't think anyone knew of his background or that he had toured the world as a concert pianist. To everyone in the Hall, he was just André -- the man with the Polish accent who seemed to enjoy the company of young students and who had a good sense of humour in a quiet way. I think he enjoyed being in the environment simply because the students accepted him as a person without any regard for his musical attributes. He enjoyed our Western Australian climate with its warm and balmy days and very often he would don a pair of swimming trunks and sun-bake on the lawns near his room, joining in casual conversation with students as they went by.

"My wife and I at one of the concerts in the University Octagon Theatre waited with the rest of the audience for the programme to commence. The orchestra came out; the leader took his place; the orchestra tuned up and a hush fell as it neared 8 pm. We awaited the arrival of the conductor and André. Five minutes went by; nothing happened. Another five minutes went by; the audience began to talk. Even members of the orchestra began to talk. It wasn't until 8:15 pm that the conductor and André arrived. André sat at the piano, and, looking straight ahead, he happened to see my wife and I sitting near the front. He winked at us and then the concert commenced.

"Next morning I took breakfast in the Hall's dining room. André came in and sat down beside me: 'Do you know what happened last night,' he said, 'I had not had time to prepare properly for the night's programme and I felt nervous. I went to the toilet just before it was time to start and locked myself in and refused to come out. The conductor was standing outside pleading with me: "André, you've got to come out." Eventually I did and then I saw you in the audience.'

"André did not speak very much about himself or his work; we knew he was working on an opera; we knew he was in contact with his librettist [John O'Brien in South Africa] and although he talked about himself from time to time, it was in passing conversation."

There was no question that André was a hit as a personality and as an artist during his tenure as Artist-in-Residence. He was immediately invited to return in 1975 to act in the same capacity.

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

It was July 1974 before André returned to London and the start of his holiday. As usual, he used his time off to compose and spent all of August and September working on his String Quartet No.2. On July 16, 1974, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska. Once again, there was discussion of a meeting:

My little kisser,

On returning home and getting your letter, I immediately wrote to you again to induce you to come over here now. I even thought that I had sent the letter, but a moment ago I came across it and I realized that I must have misplaced it and it's a good thing I did. What you have written about my spiritual charity is a lot of rubbish. Where would you find a bigger egotist? There are, nevertheless, two important reasons why I can't have you here right now.

First, I'm composing like mad. I don't know how long it's going to last, but I'm taking advantage of it for as long as it does. Anyway, I don't have much choice because it's becoming an obsession with me and I'm not doing anything else.

Second, which worries me by the way, I'm in debt up to my neck. I did earn a lot of money in Australia, but I've given it away to a certain brilliant and starving person. She doesn't even know about it because she's proud and she would never have accepted it. But I opened a bank account in her name and did it through a third person so nobody can prove it was me.

I don't agree when you write, 'I would come if I could make myself useful to you.' Darling, you can never be useful to me, and neither can I ever be useful to you. That's what's nice about it. We like each other with no personal interest. It's rubbish that I could ever stop liking you.

Radu Lupu is going to play my concerto in London in 1975. Perhaps I'll invite you to the premiere. I also would like to get to know Basia [Halina's daughter, at that time 15 years old]. Darling, good-bye for now. It's a pity we can't manage to see each other this summer. Perhaps we can pull it off next spring.

Yours,
André

André's next letter, on October 15, 1974, answered the last three of Halina's letters in which she announced her upcoming marriage to a boxer (48 fights, only 3 losses), and that Basia had fallen in love with a schizophrenic: "He's a handsome and nice boy, but chronically sick. I just don't understand how on earth they understand each other so well. There is no end of talking about angels."

Darling Halinka,

I congratulate you, kiss you, and bless you. It's best to be on good terms with boxers. In the photograph with Basia you both look like a dream. Stephen Kovacevitch happened to be at my place today. He saw the picture and immediately fell in love with Basia.

I haven't written because for a few months now I've been in a state of pathological depression. Basia would have fallen in love with me immediately. I got out of it, more or less. I won't be writing about it now, but maybe someday, especially because you like losers. You may like me, even though your husband won 45 times.

It was suggested to me that I write a book, an autobiography, and I began to play with the idea. To give it some form, and not to bore the reader, I decided to choose and describe just one day of each year. Everything that's happened in between chapters could be guessed. The most difficult is early childhood, of which I remember very little. Did we have to wear badges in the ghetto?

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I'm giving up as a composer. I have a feeling there's nothing left in my head. For three years, I've been messing around with my opera based on 'The Merchant of Venice,' and with my second string quartet. The first quartet came out right, but that was seven years ago.

Darling, you deserve some happiness and I wish you that with all my heart. I kiss you and I fall, knocked out.

Yours,
André

For the rest of the year, André didn't leave England. He gave a few charity concerts, and took all of December 1974 as a holiday.

Artist-in-Residence (1975)

January 1975 started out with a performance of the Ravel Left Hand concerto. Although André wouldn't play the Ravel G major concerto for two hands, he did love the Concerto for the Left Hand. On some occasions, not quite knowing what he should do with his right arm, he waggishly wore a sling as if the arm were sprained. On one occasion, there was double fun, as the conductor had injured his left arm and they appeared on stage with slings on opposite arms.

André's conductor friend at Harrison/Parrott, Lawrence Foster, had been the conductor at the Houston Symphony Orchestra since 1971. Foster suggested André stop in Houston on the way to Australia and play a concerto with his orchestra. André agreed and played the Liszt Piano Concerto No.2 on March 31 and April 1, 1975. It was André's first appearance in America in sixteen years. Apparently this experience didn't alter André's phobia about playing in the US; he didn't encourage Terry Harrison to find him any more concert dates in the States.

Before leaving for Australia in 1975, André put his flat at 29 Waterlow Court up for sale. He had asked Eve Harrison, "Why do I have to live at Waterlow Court?" Eve answered simply, "You don't." The flat was now worth about £12,000, and with this sum he could purchase something outside of London, maybe even outside of England. He longed for a place that would give him more privacy, more distant neighbors, and keep all but his most persistent friends from his doorstep. Even Australia was a possibility, as was New Zealand.

Arriving in Australia on April 5, André had a few weeks off before his first recital on April 21. As in 1974, André resided at Currie Hall and became friendly with a number of students. Anne Allsop was a student at this time:

"I met André at the University. He asked if I would be coming to his recital. I said, 'No, I really don't like the piano.' So André replied, 'Well, I'm sorry, but I don't play the guitar.' Maybe he found that refreshing, someone who didn't like the piano. We had fascinating conversations about French literature. He could spout it, just sit there and recite French poetry. His face really lit up. I found that much more impressive than piano playing.

"Once André played for us students at an old upright piano in the Hall. Previously, André had come to a performance of a thing called Jabberwocky, written by some Australian student, where he tried to set Lewis Carroll's poem to music. One of the characters in it, the Bandersnatch, wore a pink pantsuit. Well, when André came to play this old piano, he was wearing this pink pantsuit! It was so funny. We all loved André.

"I don't think I've ever met anybody before or since who was so alive so much of the time. You could sort of imagine him burning himself out. I didn't find him tiring, but I didn't spend every day with him either. If you were with him all the time I suppose it could have been hard.

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AU the women were attracted to him. He was so alive and so charming. He was interested in what I thought and what I was saying. You felt like you had his whole attention.

"We went to the beach once and André fell asleep. He had been working really hard and was so tired. When he woke up, he apologized profusely, but I think this was his way of getting rid of me. When we got back from the beach to change, we were talking and he just took his suit off and changed. I was shocked because I'd never seen a naked man before."

Once again, André was a great success as Artist-in-Residence. He was immediately invited to return in 1976, but this time there would be something quite special. André revealed the details in a letter to Terry Harrison on May 26, 1975:

Hi Terry,

Excitement! Frank [Callaway, head of the music department], after some persuasion by other members of his department, has asked me to do the complete series of Mozart concertos next year. Now this is something I've been dreaming of for a decade! Moreover -- can there be a greater compliment? he's going to create a chamber orchestra in Perth, where there is a dire need for one, just to enable me to do this. Since the man is prepared to move mountains, the least I can do is to learn the remaining 11 concertos before next March, and I can think of no more pleasant task.

Can you help? Take my repertoire list, add all the Mozart concertos that aren't there, and suggest those very concertos to relatively safe places (e.g., Hampstead, or any radio recording), so that some at least shall have been played. Once I've played them, I can go on playing the series elsewhere, if anyone should want it. Now won't that be a feather in our cap? Bigger than the Klavierübung, and more in my line than Beethoven sonata's (even a half-cycle) .

The first four recitals here went quite creditably, but only one of them got a review. Tonight I am playing the duo recital with David Bollard, who is a wizard -- something like Clara Haskil, Lipatti, or Murray Perahia. If he only were Hungarian, he'd be famous.

In between the concerts, I've finally completed the full score of Act II of 'The Merchant.' Has Radu made any comments about the concerto? I'll make a point of being back in London before Uri leaves for New Zealand, as he might like to discuss it. But I don't know where I'll stay -- the flat is likely to be sold by then. Perhaps Stephen [Kovacevitch] could put me up for a while -- I'll write and ask him.

Perth has certainly passed the test for a return visit! It's still paradise to me, and they like me even more than last year. I'm seriously thinking of settling down here by 1977, whether the University employs me or not. In any case, I'll have to spend four months or so per year in Europe -- the winter months, as the Australian summer is reputedly unbearable -- and this should prove enough to feed and clothe me. N'est-ce pas?

All my love to you and the flower maidens,
Tchaik

From New Zealand, on June 14, 1975, André wrote:

Dear Terry,

Professor Callaway certainly won't ask me for more than three consecutive years, and if he did, I'd refuse: after the Mozart concerto series, it would be impossible to avoid anti-climax, and I want every visit of mine to be an EVENT. Also, it's not fair to the students to be

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exposed to the same influence every year, in a place geographically so isolated that hardly any cross-currents are available: Like Coriolanus, "I shall be loved when I am lacked." If I went there four times, they'd simply take me for granted, and I want them to miss me. (Every lover knows this technique.)

Love,
Tchaik

Conducting business by mail, Angela Kokoszka, André's "keeper" at Harrison/Parrott, received a letter from André on June 28, 1975. It had been suggested that André perform with a conductor he didn't like, and André's reaction gave a clue to the importance of matching him to conductors:

Dear Angela,

You all send your love, and yet you'd gaily see me blown apart in Ulster? No thanks, my girl: I am a coward first, a pianist second. Cowards are born, not made -- unlike most pianists.

The Rachmaninoff/Paganini recording is just fine; pity it's P., whom I have never heard give a decent accompaniment to anyone! Perhaps Terry has contacts in the Mafia, so that P. could be discreetly disposed of (e.g., by putting gelignite into his K-Y tube). But if it can't be done, my Rach/Pag may yet give him a stroke.

It's time to go on stage! I've been writing this in my dressing room at Invercargill. It's my fifth concert within a week, but I'm still holding out (like summer's honey breath) against the wrackful siege of battering days. I even have the energy to send you all my love.

Yours,
André

André returned to London by mid-July via Mexico, where he played two concerto concerts. Immediately after these two dates, André stopped shaving. He sprouted a beard that he maintained for the rest of his life. When Michael Menaugh saw him bearded for the first time, he said, "Why André, you look like a Rabbi." André wasn't pleased.

From July until October, 1975, André was working on corrections to his piano concerto, which premiered on October 28, 1975. Following the performance, André wrote a letter to John O'Brien in which he discussed the opera libretto at length, followed by:

How long would you be willing to watch a Nazi stormtrooper dance a minuet? Disturbing and effective as your new version of Act 1 now is, reality is more disturbing still. It is no villain, but a nice ordinary person, that pushed my mother into the gas chamber! I should have been just that man, probably, if I'd grown up in his environment.

By the way, my own address has changed, as I have sold the flat at Waterlow Court and haven't yet got anywhere else to stay. The safest and quickest way to reach me is c/o Eve Harrison (remember Eve?), Flat 6, 60 Great Russell St., London, W.1. I'll give you my next address as soon as I've got one.

P.S. The piano concerto proved my greatest success to date.

By the end of 1975, André had replaced George Lyward with a new father figure, Chad Varah. André met Chad Varah just at the time when George Lyward was dying of liver cancer in the spring of 1973. Varah was rector at St. Stephen Walbrook Church in London, and founder of The Samaritans, an organization to befriend the suicidal. Chad Varah:

"On one of my visits to Perth, I was staying with Professor Callaway of the music department of Western Australia University because his wife was a Samaritan. At that time, André was

visiting the Department of Music, and it was at the Callaway's house that we met. We rather took to one another, and he told me much later that he had written in his diaries that he met me and that I was 'Ga-Ga.' André was to play at Adelaide, and we went together on the same plane and talked together all the way. I went to hear his recital at Adelaide. After that, our ways parted but we kept in touch.

"He decided that I wasn't 'Ga-Ga' and we actually had a great deal in common. I was privileged to be shown his autobiographical material. He showed me in order to correct his English, but he wrote like a very good English writer. His quality of writing was so good that I, who was engaged at the time in writing my own autobiography, became discouraged. I felt I would never write as well as this man, so why should I bother?"

"André said he admired my work, and he very much approved of the tolerance which I showed in the Samaritans of the different ways and customs of human beings, particularly, the complete tolerance of homosexuality. He made no secret that he himself was homosexual. Our relationship was very free and easy, a friendship where we could say anything we like to one another, and didn't have to censor what we said.

"André would do anything for his friends. I remember on one occasion that the Samaritans in Sri Lanka were trying to raise money for a new center at Hornton Place, which is their center in London. They decided to have a concert if I could persuade André to stop in Colombo, on the way to the antipodes [Australia and New Zealand]. André agreed. He stopped in Colombo, Sri Lanka, and gave the concert. He told me afterwards that he had seldom played on a worse piano, although it was the best piano in the whole country! I asked them afterwards if they made a good profit on the concert and they said no because they put André up at the best hotel in Colombo and the bill swallowed up all the profits, but the publicity was tremendous and had great value."

Going to Australia via Sri Lanka was a typical itinerary for André. Harrison/Parrott would arrange his entire route, with airline reservations and hotels, only to have André change everything so he could stop along the way to see someone or play a benefit concert. The Harrison/Parrott staff coined a word for his travel arrangements: "Tchaikotic." But André was dearly loved at Harrison/Parrott and there was never any real resentment towards him for the problems he created.

String Quartet No. 2 in C (1973-1975) - Opus 5

It took André more than two years to write his String Quartet No. 2, a work of about 20 minutes in performance. Eventually it was dedicated to the Lindsay String Quartet, the excellent musicians who premiered André's String Quartet No.1 (Opus 3); the initial dedication was again to Stefan Askenase, this time for his 80th birthday (the String Quartet No. 1 was dedicated to Stefan Askenase for his 75th birthday). André wrote his own program notes for the Quartet No. 2:

In July 1971, the Lindsay Quartet gave the first performance of my first quartet and immediately suggested I write another. I was flattered by the request and eager to show my gratitude. But I could think of nothing more to say in the medium and was afraid of repeating myself, so I merely promised to think about it.

Some months later, I heard the Lindsay Quartet play the Shostakovich sixth quartet. The slow movement of that work is a simple and beautiful passacaglia, a form I should never have dared to attempt in a string quartet for fear of boring the cellist. Bernard Gregor-Smith suggested a passacaglia with a varied bass, and this immediately helped to focus my ideas. Even then, the cellist was still restricted to going 'round in circles,' so I decided to compensate in the outer movements by giving him conspicuous and flamboyant solos.

The Other Tchaikowsky

The next logical step was to extend the concertante treatment to the other players. This at once allayed my fears of producing an identical twin of my first quartet, in which my chief aim had been a close knit truly chamber texture, and I now relished all the display I had denied myself before: high positions, single and double harmonics, quick alternations or *arcato* and *pizzicato*, and so on. It was quite a surprise that, with all of this, the new quartet is easier than the first.

Dynamically, the work is shaped like a 'V.' The first movement is a rapid, tense sonata, which calms down towards the end to set the mood for the somber *passacaglia*. The last movement is a continuous *accelerando*. As its speed increases, so does the resemblance to the first movement from which it is derived.

To help the Lindsay prepare for the performance, André went to their location in Sheffield and assisted with the rehearsals. Only a few changes to the Finale were required. Everything went well and André reported to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska, "I didn't need to give the Lindsay any advice, as they understood the piece perfectly well and only needed a bit more practice in a few small places. The most pleasant thing is they like this new quartet even more than the first one, although they liked that one too. I'm curious to know the general reaction, although I'm not going to break down if nobody goes along with the performers' opinion."

The Lindsay gave the first performance of String Quartet No.2 at St. John's, Smith Square, London, on January 23, 1978. The performance was broadcast by the BBC. A critical review by Paul Griffiths in *The Musical Times* included:

The Tchaikowsky quartet is a work of intense passions forced into a symmetrical argument around a *passacaglia* slow movement. Its style, situated somewhere between the middle Bartók quartets and Berg's Lyric Suite, sounds genuine; the writing for string quartet is certainly so, with none of the awkwardness or hesitancy one might expect of a pianist-composer. But I find it difficult to warm to second-hand histrionics.

Another review by Arthur Jacobs in *The Daily Telegraph*:

For those who, like myself, were as yet unacquainted with André Tchaikowsky as a composer, yesterday's premiere of his Second String Quartet made an agreeable impression. Here is a craftsmanlike composer able to turn old forms to individual advantage.

Born in Warsaw in 1935, Mr. Tchaikowsky has lived in this country since 1960, and has pursued an admired career as pianist. He is shortly to give a solo recital in this same BBC Monday lunch-time series which brought the Lindsay String Quartet to perform his new work. Their command of the music and their sympathy with it were evident, and Bernard Gregor-Smith's decisive 'cello solos were particularly eloquent.

The BBC presentation was not so happy. Presumably some producer writes or supervises the introductions before they are handed to an announcer for that plummy-voiced, holier-than-thou delivery which has rightly been ousted from almost all other radio and TV programmes. The only two things necessary for the listener to know about Mr. Tchaikowsky's quartet were its approximate length (20 minutes) and the fact that its three movements are played without a break. Neither was announced, and instead we had the inexactitude that the last movement was to be 'a continuous *accelerando*.'

The three movements follow a traditional sequence -- forthright, contemplative, agitated. The middle one is a *passacaglia* (owing inspiration to Shostakovich's Sixth Quartet, the composer says) which manages considerable intensity and never lets the repeated bass pattern become tedious. The first movement, thanks to strong internal contrasts, grips the ear immediately;

the finale speaks in a more wayward and recondite fashion, but entices to further acquaintance.

The Lindsay Quartet remembers:

"We love André's quartets. We love the music, especially the second quartet. It has some incredible textures and is very difficult music. We would like to keep it in our repertoire, but it's not an easy prospect as it takes a lot of work."

After only a few performances, the Lindsay had to put the work aside in favor other repertoire. Weinberger Ltd. published the quartet in 1980 but it has received no other performances that are known at this writing.

When the ASV CD of the String Quartet No. 2 came out in 1992, it was reviewed by the *BBC Music Magazine* and Annette Morreau:

To celebrate their 25th anniversary, in a typically imaginative gesture, the Lindsay String Quartet has brought out a CD of four 20th-century works, all 'live' performances. The works by André Tchaikowsky and Hugh Wood (both written for the Lindsays and here in world premiere recordings) are less of an easy listen. The Polish-born pianist and composer André Tchaikowsky left only seven compositions when he died tragically in 1982 at the age of 46. The elegiac Passacaglia of this quartet brings full-blooded, passionate playing, a Lindsay characteristic, while Hugh Wood's third quartet, a gritty, complex single movement brings out the Lindsays' remarkable range of instrumental colour, intensity of feeling and vigorous attack. A highly welcome anniversary disc.

Search for a New Home (1975)

His affection for a University environment as well as his desire to get away from London led André to look for a new place to live. His first choice was Oxford. His conductor friend Christopher Seaman lived in Oxford, and more and more musicians were taking up residences outside of London. Economic realities kept André from purchasing in the better Oxford neighborhoods, but he found what he needed just six miles outside of town, in the little village of Cumnor. This historical village of a few stores and a couple of pubs had a small residential community called The Park. At number 30, The Park, was a rarity -- a totally detached house. It needed some repair, but the price was right. It cost exactly what he had received for his little flat at Hampstead: £12,000. Eve Harrison initially tried to convince André to look for something bigger, since none of the rooms at 30, The Park, was big enough for his piano. André disagreed. If the wall were smashed out between the living and dining rooms, there would be space enough for the piano. The purchase was arranged, but André couldn't move in until the house was repaired and the wall removed. It wouldn't be ready before March 1976, when André would be in Australia for another visit as Artist-in-Residence.



Courtesy of John M. Thomson

André's home at 29 Waterlow Court (c. 1967)

André's flat was purchased for about £6,000 in 1966. It was a ground-level unit with an entrance at left-center of this photo. Neighbors above on the second and third floor flats, as well as neighbors left and right, made this a less-than-ideal location for a concert pianist who liked to practice into the night.



GALA CONCERT

Antal Dorati conducts the
New Philharmonia Orchestra
Pianist Andre Tchaikowsky
at the Royal Festival Hall
on Thursday
24th March 1966 at 8 p.m.

PROGRAMME

Symphony No. 2 *Beethoven*
Adagio molto, allegro con brio
Larghetto
Scherzo : Allegro
Allegro molto

Piano Concerto in C major, K. ~~503~~⁴⁶⁷ *Mozart*
Allegro maestoso
Andante
Allegretto

INTERVAL

Variations on a Theme of Paganini *Rachmaninoff*
Dance Suite *Bartok*
Moderato
Allegro molto
Allegro vivace
Molto tranquillo
Comodo
Finale : Allegro

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Concert program from March 24, 1966

For this concert, André had prepared the Mozart K.503 concerto while the orchestra had prepared K.467. A mistake had been made by the orchestra librarian. Although André claimed he hadn't played the wrong concerto for two years, he played the "wrong" concerto from memory at rehearsal and in performance.



Courtesy of David Zinman

André with David Zinman's son, Paul, in 1966 and 1977

André considered David Zinman one of the best conductors in the world. Zinman met André in about 1966 and they gave memorable performances of Mozart concertos. Zinman knew what André was trying to do with music and was a supportive colleague. Their last performance together was in Rochester, NY, in 1978.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André's "Hungarian Mafia" associates (c. 1967)

Here are Peter Frankl, Gyorgy Pauk, and Tamas Vasary at the home of Judy Arnold. Peter Frankl was especially supportive of André. Years later, the Frankl-Pauk-Kirshbaum trio commissioned a work from André. At some occasions, Peter played concerts that André refused to play.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

William Glock (c. 1967)

William Glock was number one man in charge of music at the BBC. Glock was also the head of the Dartington Summer School of music. Fortunately, Glock liked André and gave him considerable exposure on the BBC as well as full cooperation at Dartington.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

Terry and Eve Harrison (c. 1966)

When Terry and Eve Harrison broke up in 1967, Terry asked André to give Eve an occasional telephone call. André didn't find Eve his type of person, but they did attend concerts and plays together. Slowly, André grew to appreciate her intelligence and kindness. In 1970, she became his personal secretary.



Courtesy of Joanne Reece

André was the first pianist to play at the new Queen Elizabeth Hall (c. 1967)

Three evenings of concerts were given at the Queen Elizabeth Hall to celebrate its opening in March 1967. The first pianist to take the stage at the new Hall was André. Prior to coming on the platform, André either accidentally or on purpose locked himself in the bathroom. The door had to be removed to get him out.

The Parents Association of
HOLY FAMILY OF NAZARETH
CONVENT SCHOOL, PITSFORD
PRESENTS
PIANOFORTE RECITAL
by
ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY
QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
Sunday, 4th June, 1967
at 7.15 p.m.

Part I. Bach 4th Partita in D Major
Schumann Davidsbündlertänze Op. 6

INTERVAL

Part II. Szymanowski Don Juan Serenade from Masques
Szymanowski Mazurkas
Chopin Sonata in B Minor Op. 58.

*There will be two short speeches, before Parts I and II,
by the school headmistress the Rev. Sister Mary Bożena and Count Edward Raczyński.*

"In accordance with the requirements of the Greater London Council Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways".

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Concert Program from June 4, 1967

This piano recital was given in support of a Polish school formed by the government in exile during the second world war, and was one of many recitals André gave to support Polish functions. Although feeling guilty about leaving Poland, he had no intention of returning.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Margaret Cable (c. 1968)

André and Margaret gave the world premiere performance of André's "Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare." This photo was from the Purcell Room performance on June 22, 1968. The "Sonnets" were also broadcast by the BBC and performed in Amsterdam, Holland. The critics felt the "Sonnets" missed the mark.

PURCELL ROOM
General Manager: John Denison, C.B.E.

DELMÉ STRING QUARTET

Jürgen Hess, violin John Underwood, viola
Galina Solodchin, violin Joy Hall, cello

MARGARET CABLE
contralto

ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY
piano

Quartet in C, K465 (Dissonance) Mozart

Song Cycle : Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare André Tchaikowsky
(First Performance)

Piano Quintet in E flat, Op. 44 Schumann

Saturday 22nd June, 1968 at 7.30

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from the "Sonnets" World Premiere (c. 1968)

The world premiere performance of his Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare was part of a program given by the Delme String Quartet. André played the piano part for the "Sonnets" and for the Schumann Quintet, which was also on the program. Initially, André adored his composition, but in time decided it wasn't so good.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of David Lord

André at Dartington (c. 1968)

These photos were taken by composer David Lord who was working on "The Wife of Winter" song cycle for singer Janet Baker. Lord also agreed to write a piano concerto for André, which André promptly put on his repertoire list, but never wrote.

RECITAL REPERTOIRE includes:	ORCHESTRAL REPERTOIRE includes:
BACH Partita No. 4 Partita No. 6 The Goldberg Variations	BACH Concerto in F minor
BARTOK Studies	MOZART Concerto in E flat, K. 271 Concerto in B flat, K. 450 Concerto in G major, K. 453 Concerto in B flat, K. 456 Concerto in D minor, K. 466 Concerto in C major, K. 467 Concerto in E flat, K. 482 Concerto in C minor, K. 491 Concerto in C major, K. 503 Concerto in B flat major, K. 595
MOZART Fantasy and Sonata in C minor Sonatas K. 310, 330, 333, 494/533	BEETHOVEN Concerto No. 1 in C major, Opus 15 Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 19 Concerto No. 4 in G major, Opus 58
BEETHOVEN Sonatas: Opus 31, No. 3 Opus 109 Opus 106	SCHUMANN Concerto in A minor, Opus 54
SCHUBERT Sonatas: Opus 42 Opus 143 B flat, Opus Posthumus	CHOPIN Concerto in F minor, Opus 21
CHOPIN Four Ballades Twenty-Four Preludes Barcarolle Sonata, Opus 58	BRAHMS Concerto in D minor, Opus 15 Concerto in B flat, Opus 83
SCHUMANN Etudes Symphoniques	RACHMANINOFF Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini
BRAHMS Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel	PROKOFIEV Concerto No. 2 Concerto No. 3
RAVEL Gaspard de la Nuit	RAVEL Concerto for Left Hand
PROKOFIEV Visions Fugitives Sonatas, Nos. 3 and 7	STRAUSS Burlesque
HAYDN Sonata in E flat major	STRAVINSKY Capriccio
PURCELL Suite No. 2 in G minor	
STRAVINSKY Three Movements from "Petrouchka"	

All enquiries to: Ibbs & Tillett Ltd.,
124 Wigmore Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 2325

E. Jones & Woolverton Ltd., London, S.E.15

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André's repertoire list for Ibbs and Tillett (c. 1968)

Unlike some earlier repertoire lists, André actually played everything on this Ibbs and Tillett list. The next year, Terry Harrison and Jasper Parrott formed a new company, Harrison/Parrott Ltd., located at 49 Wigmore Street, just a few doors away from Ibbs and Tillett at 124 Wigmore Street.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André's Passport Photograph (c. 1968)

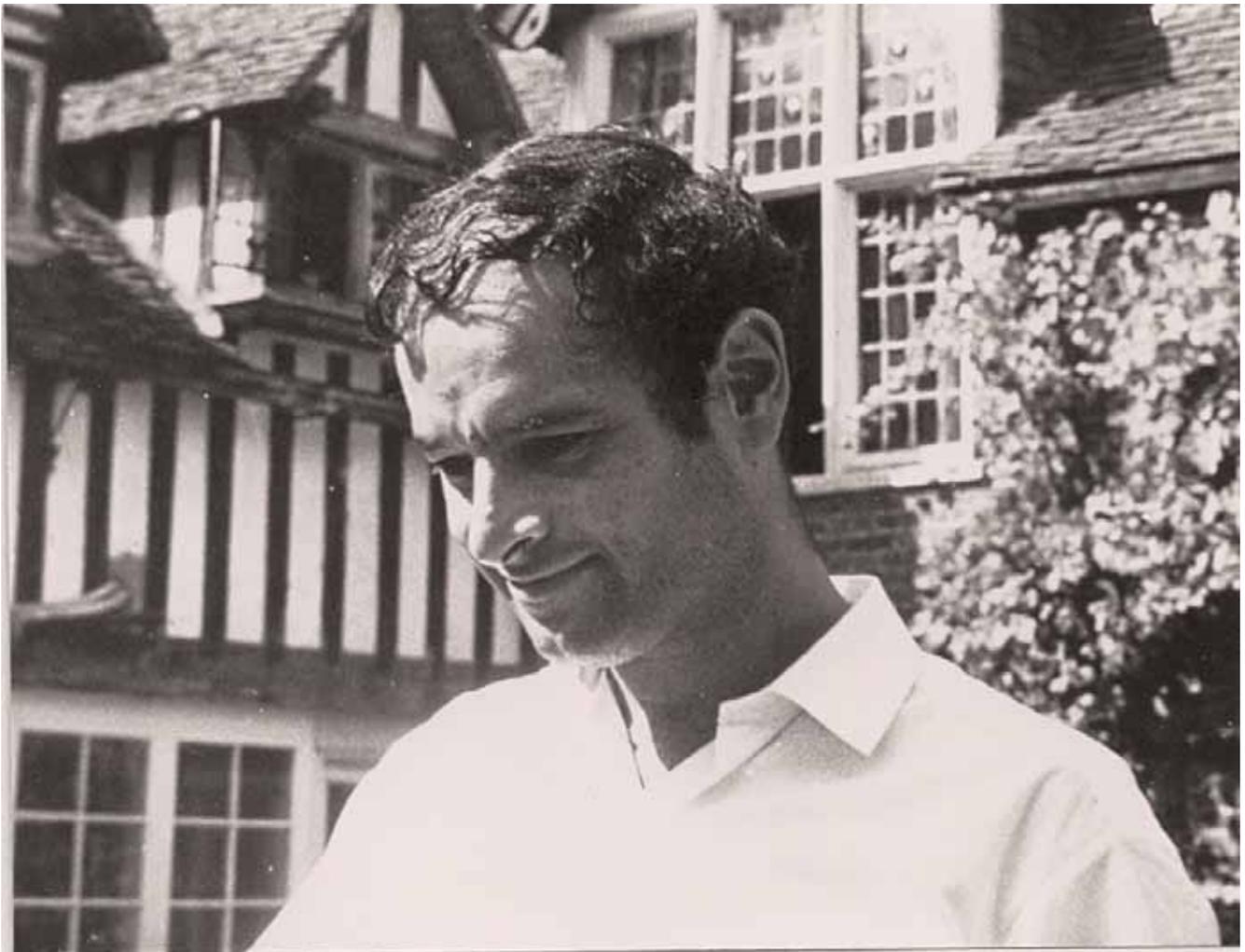
André was 32 years old when this passport photo was taken for use in travel documents he needed for his concert tours. When André finally received his British citizenship and passport, this photo was used. Receiving his British citizenship was a great event in his life and simplified his travels considerably.



Courtesy of John O'Brien

Sketch of setting for "The Merchant of Venice" Opera (c. 1968)

In the early exchange of letters regarding the libretto for André's opera, "The Merchant of Venice," John O'Brien came up with this sketch for a stage setting. On the back he wrote, "This doesn't look very Venetian, but it perhaps conveys the kind of layout I have in mind."



Courtesy of John Lyward

André Tchaikowsky at Finchden (c. 1968)

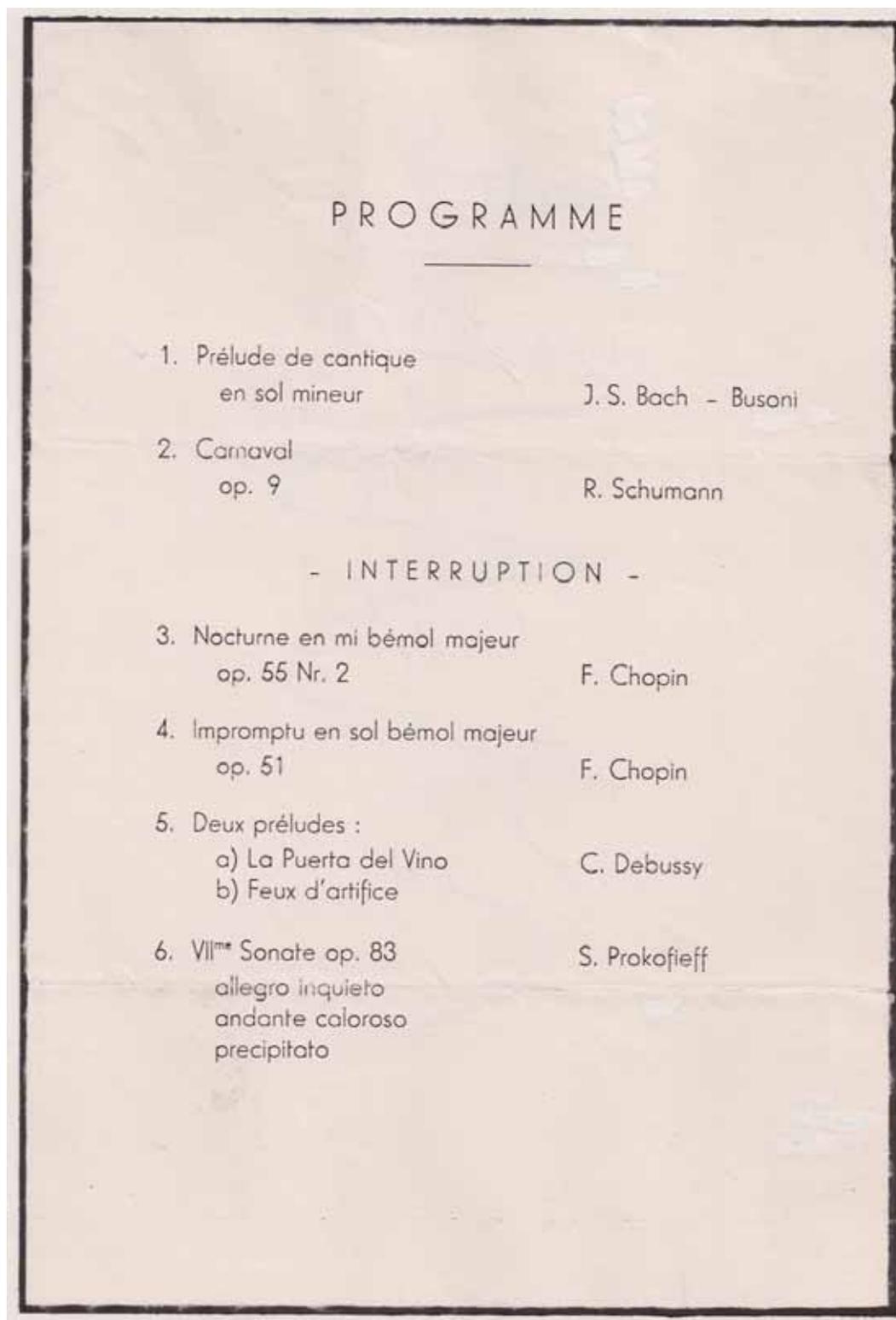
André visited George Lyward at Finchden Manor every few months. His visits were almost always unannounced and usually upset Lyward's schedule. They often were a nuisance but George Lyward didn't complain. André would stay for two or even three weeks at a time.



Courtesy of Hiro David

André Tchaikowsky's first British Passport (c. 1968)

When his British citizenship was granted, André was on tour and was given his passport in Canberra, Australia. He could have had citizenship sooner, but a psychological block against putting his birth name on paper delayed the process by two years.



Courtesy of Alfreda Swieca-Chmielucki

Program from Australian tour of 1968

During André's first major tour of Australia, he came face-to-face with relatives who had escaped Poland during the Second World War. One of these relatives kept this program. Strangely, André didn't want much to do with his Polish relatives.

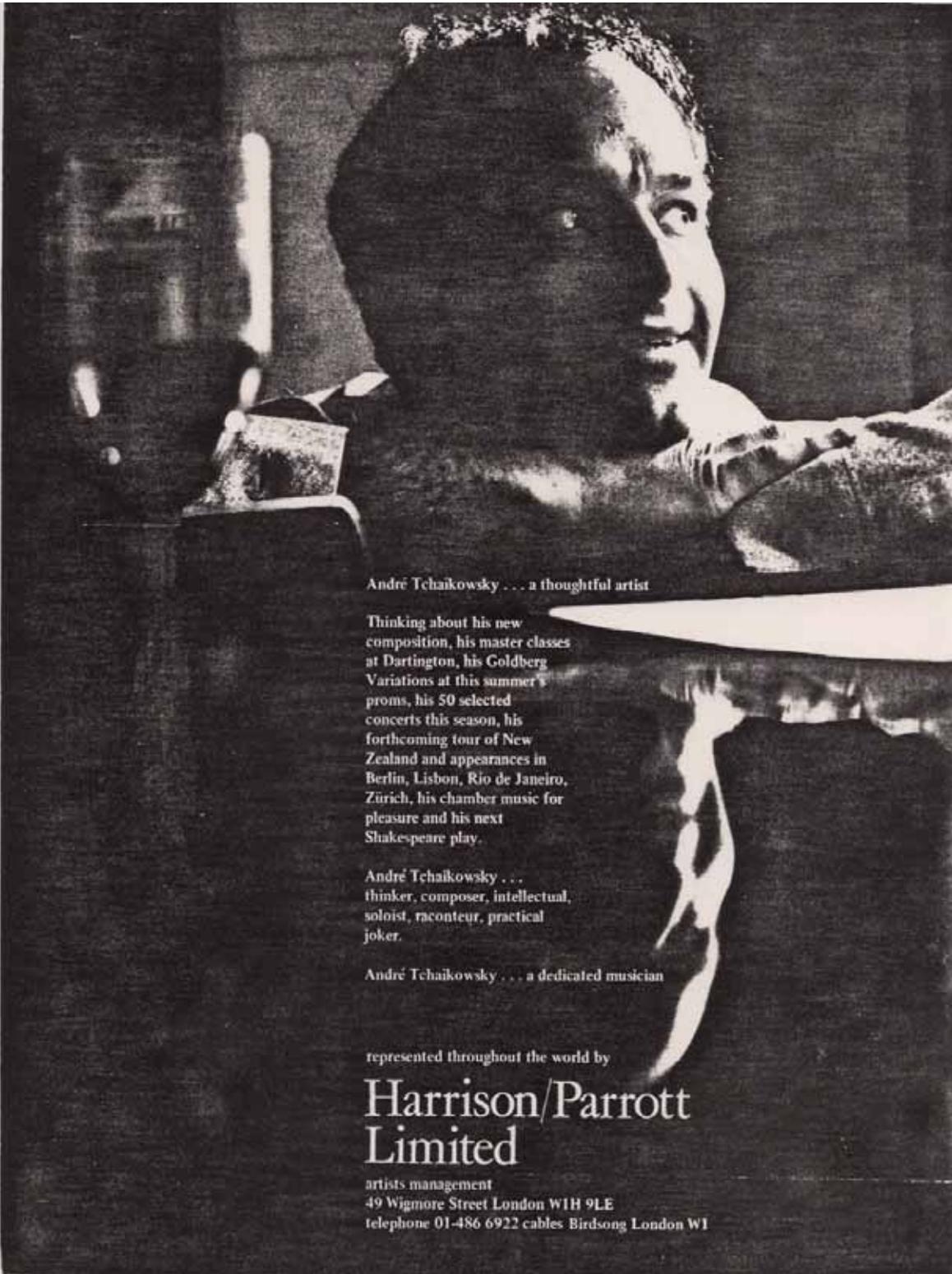


Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André at the piano (c. 1969)

Judy Arnold took literally hundreds of photographs of André Tchaikowsky during the years he lived at her home and then later as she continued to assist his career and to act as his Personal secretary. In this photo, André is 34 years old. The location is unknown.

The Other Tchaikowsky



André Tchaikowsky . . . a thoughtful artist

Thinking about his new composition, his master classes at Dartington, his Goldberg Variations at this summer's proms, his 50 selected concerts this season, his forthcoming tour of New Zealand and appearances in Berlin, Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Zürich, his chamber music for pleasure and his next Shakespeare play.

André Tchaikowsky . . . thinker, composer, intellectual, soloist, raconteur, practical joker.

André Tchaikowsky . . . a dedicated musician

represented throughout the world by

**Harrison/Parrott
Limited**

artists management
49 Wigmore Street London W1H 9LE
telephone 01-486 6922 cables Birdsong London W1

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André's first promotional material with Harrison/Parrott (c. 1969)

Harrison/Parrott started in 1969 with five artists including André. Their promotional brochure for André had the distinction of being accurate. Harrison/Parrott now represented André for the world, rather than just England and the commonwealth countries.

a new management for
these distinguished artists...

Sheila Armstrong
Vladimir Ashkenazy
Kyung Wha Chung
Gerald English
Lawrence Foster
Malcolm Frager
Peter Frankl
Joseph Kalichstein
Radu Lupu
Rafael Orozco
André Previn
Anna Reynolds
Christopher Seaman
André Tchaikowsky

Terence Harrison and Jasper Parrott
are proud to announce that they
now represent these artists

conductors

Lawrence Foster (world)
André Previn (UK and Europe)
Christopher Seaman (world)

pianists

Vladimir Ashkenazy (world)
Malcolm Frager (world except Americas)
Peter Frankl (world)
Joseph Kalichstein (UK and Europe)
Radu Lupu (UK and certain territories)
Rafael Orozco (world)
André Tchaikowsky (world)

violinist

Kyung Wha Chung (UK and Europe)

Soprano

Sheila Armstrong (world from 1 September 1970)

mezzo soprano

Anna Reynolds (world)

tenor

Gerald English (world)

duo

Itzhak Perlman*/Vladimir Ashkenazy (UK and Europe)

* by arrangement with Harold Holt Limited

we also act for the following in certain
overseas territories

Daniel Barenboim*

Jacqueline du Pré*

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf

Barenboim/du Pré/Zukerman trio*

Early Music Consort of London (including UK)

* exclusive management in UK: Harold Holt Limited

Harrison/Parrott

artists management

49 Wigmore Street London W1H 9LE

01-486 6922 cables Birdsong London W1

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Harrison/Parrott artists for 1970

After only one year in operation, Harrison/Parrott represented a growing list of artists. The first five were: Vladimir Ashkenazy, André Tchaikowsky, Malcolm Frager, Lawrence Foster, and Christopher Seaman. In less than three years, Harrison/Parrott moved to larger facilities at 22 Hillgate St.

THE SYSTEM OF THE GOLDEN JETS

to Bassanio. This, of course, is the moment for it! And it will be so much better without words - "Slubber not business" etc. is a very un-singable text.

Which brings me back to scene II. Nerissa's lines are also eminently un-singable. I can leave out the beginning, and in fact I'd like to - one has more sympathy for a heroine that starts with a tune straight away rather than a *zerritativo** and before hearing from you I had already started an opening aria:

Andante.

This sounds better than you might think

A DIVISION OF ANSETT TRANSPORT  INDUSTRIES (OPERATIONS) PTY. LTD.

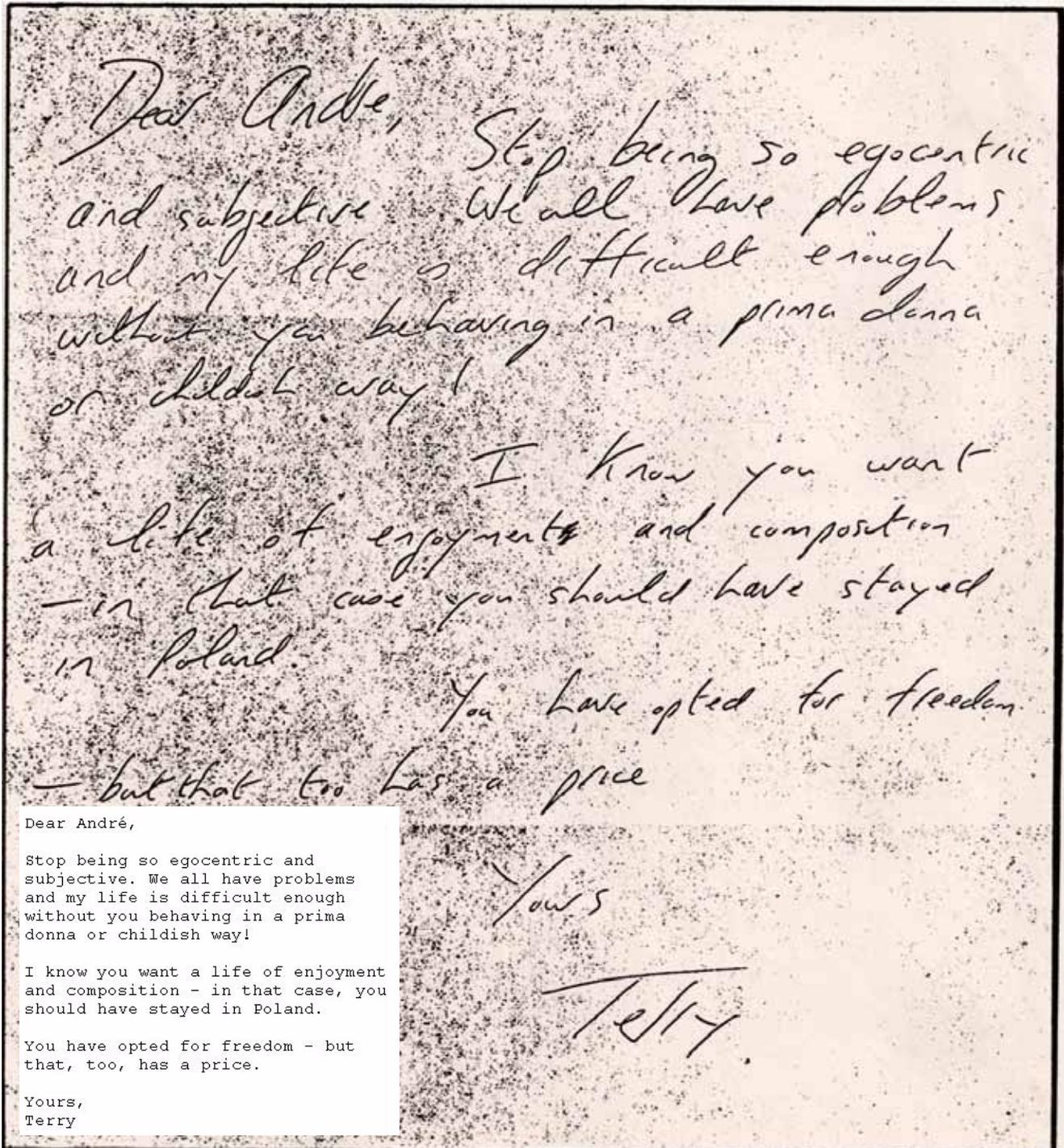
* Cf. The Countess in "Figaro".

Form 756

Courtesy of John O'Brien

Letter to John O'Brien from André (c. 1968)

André and John exchanged dozens of letters regarding the "The Merchant" libretto. John would write text that André found unsuitable and there would be many discussions. In some cases, André would write a bit of score to illustrate a point, as he did in this letter.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Pointed letter from Terry Harrison to André (c. 1970)

André's refusal to accept two excellent concert engagements caused Terry to write this letter. The letter was never sent and André never saw it. Terry enjoyed working for André because he found him so talented and unique, but it wasn't easy trying to make a career for someone who didn't want a career.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

Judy Arnold and André Tchaikowsky (c. 1969)

This is one of the last photographs of Judy and André together. By the middle of 1970, Judy had been given the "treatment" and was removed from André's life. Judy was known for her strong personality and most saw in their friendship the seeds of eventual conflict.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André joins the circus (c. 1970)

André was visiting Dartington Summer School when a nearby circus had an emergency need for a keyboard player. André playfully accepted and was given this outfit to wear. After some Bach and Beethoven, to which the elephants refused to dance (they only knew "La Paloma"), the circus realized they had the wrong person.

London Mozart Players

Conductor

Harry Blech

Wednesday, 28th October, at 8 p.m.

Symphony No. 52 in C minor - - - - - *Haydn*

Piano Concerto in B flat, K.450 - - - - - *Mozart*

INTERVAL

A warning gong will be sounded for five minutes before the end of the interval

Violin Concerto in C - - - - - *Haydn*

Symphony No. 31 in D (Paris) - - - - - *Mozart*

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY (*Piano*)

MANOUG PARIKIAN (*Violin*)

LIONEL SALTER (*Harpichord Continuo*)

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE GREATER LONDON COUNCIL

Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways.

No smoking in the auditorium.

The taking of photographs in the auditorium is not permitted.

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

General Manager John Denison CBE

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from October 28, 1970

André played Mozart K.405 with the London Mozart Players on October 28, 1970. Harry Blech founded the orchestra and was the conductor from 1949 to 1984. Blech, originally a violinist, was also the founder and leader of the Blech String Quartet from 1933 to 1950.



Courtesy of Anna Syska

André's marriage announcement (c. 1970)

As once of his practical jokes, André placed this marriage announcement in The Times. At first, they didn't want to accept the ad but André convinced them it was for real. Eve Harrison played along with the Joke but privately said she would never marry André Tchaikowsky in 1995 or any other year.



Courtesy of Christopher Seaman

André Tchaikowsky in New Zealand (c. 1971)

André Tchaikowsky and conductor Christopher Seaman went on a lengthy New Zealand tour. André and Chris got along very well. They respected each other as musicians and Chris was adventurous enough to try various types of performances visualized by André.

NEW FILMS

THE KEN RUSSELL STORY

by André TCHAIKOWSKY

A million nude nuns running across the Sahara Desert in slow motion. A trainload of lunatics singing the Hallelujah Chorus as they plunge to their deaths from the Tay Bridge. A 20-minute sequence showing a young spastic girl disembowelling her pet budgerigar.

It all seems a far cry from the life of Ken Russell, the brilliant young film-director who has already established his name as one of the major geniuses of the twentieth century cinema.

But all these scenes, and more, are just part of one of the most controversial films ever to hit Britain's screens.

If you know your Ken Russell, this squalid, often beautiful film biography is not for you. For the film plays fancy free with the few known facts of Russell's life.

FILTH

For instance - his early patron, bushy-eyebrowed Huw Wheldon is shown as a slobbering transvestite, with a taste for Finnish riding whips. Film censor John Trevelyan (brilliantly played by Glenda Jackson) is portrayed as Russell's homosexual lover, and in one scene the two of them romp naked through Epping Forest, in one of the most ravishing and tender love scenes in the history of the cinema.

Later, in a fantasy sequence, Russell dresses up in Nazi uniform and sprays Trevelyan with machine gun bullets when the latter threatens to cut one second out of Russell's earlier masterpiece "*Bliss!*" a film portrait of the Master of the Queen's Muzak.



Ken Russell, last rites.

But behind all the fantasy, Russell puts across a serious and at times deeply moving picture of a man slowly driven out of his mind by his growing obsession with nudity and sex. With each new film he is egged on by the blind adulation of the intelligentsia of his time to ever more absurd lengths. Finally we see him at the age of 42, sitting alone in an empty cinema. He is giggling inanely at a blue film. His friends have left him, there are no more composers left, his mind has gone.

It is a harrowing scene which will remain in my memory for several seconds.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

"André" article appears in *Private Eye* magazine (c. 1971)

When André returned from his New Zealand tour, Terry Harrison wanted to know why André wrote this movie review for *Private Eye* magazine. André said he didn't do it, that someone must have played a trick on him. Terry suggested that André officially write something for the *Private Eye*, but nothing came of it.



Courtesy of Christopher Seaman

André and Christopher Seaman in rehearsal (c. 1971)

This photo was taken during a rehearsal session in New Zealand. At most concerts, they played a Mozart piano concerto slow movement as an encore. Towards the end of their tour, they played a joke on the audience and orchestra by switching places, with André conducting and Christopher at the keyboard.



Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky making corrections to the Piano Concerto - Opus 4 Score (c. 1975)

It took André many weeks to correct errors in the orchestral parts of the Piano Concerto. In fact, there were hundreds of errors. The concerto was played at the premiere with only two real rehearsals, which was terribly insufficient for a work of this complexity. Radu Lupu did an outstanding job and played brilliantly.



Courtesy of Clive Barda

Radu Lupu (c. 1971)

When Radu Lupu agreed to play André's piano concerto, he was without a beard. At the time of the first performance in October, 1975, his beard was present. Radu and André became friends but Radu kept a bit of distance between them, knowing André could be difficult.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Review of André Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto - Opus 4 (1975)

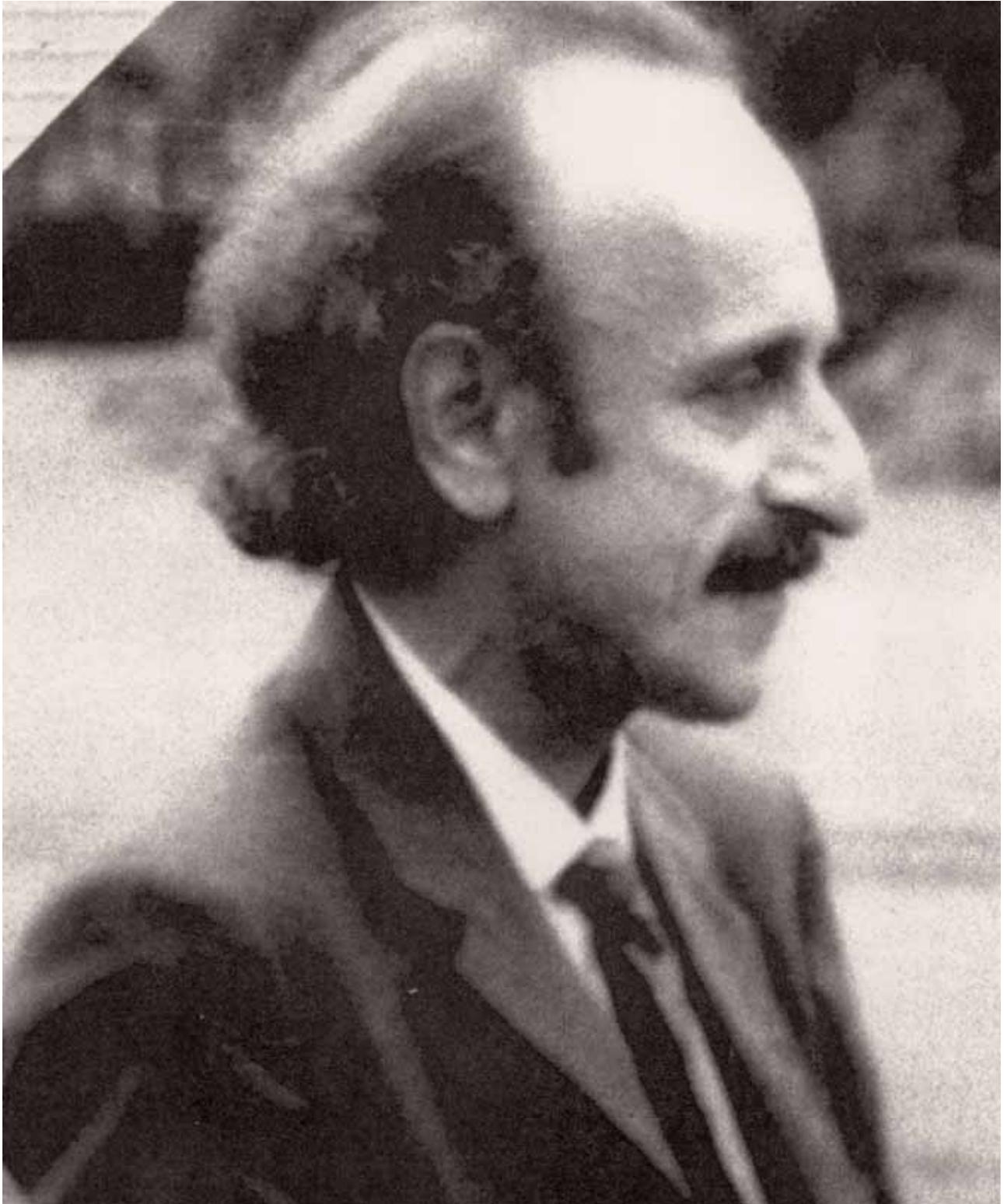
The review by senior music critic at *The Daily Telegraph*, Martin Cooper. The Piano Concerto performance was a major event in the world of pianists. However, it was a work of considerable difficulty and other pianists decided not to put it in their repertoire.



Courtesy of Norma Fisher

Norma Fisher (c. 1989)

Like Radu Lupu, Norma Fisher needed six months to learn André's concerto. She performed it in Copenhagen at a single concert and, like Lupu, hasn't had a chance to play it again. Norma was a great friend of André's and performed some of his other works, including the "Inventions."



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

Hans Keller (c. 1969)

Hans Keller, André's composition teacher, went over every note of André's piano concerto and made suggestions. When André was composing, he often visited Han's home in Frognaal Gardens, which was quite close to his own home. The two would sit for hours and discuss composing and André's works in particular.



Courtesy of Clive Barda

André Tchaikowsky promotional photograph (c. 1971)

When Harrison/Parrott took over the management of André Tchaikowsky, they ordered some new promotional photographs from two sources. Photographer Clive Barda took a series of photos and then Camilla Jessel (wife of Andrzej Panufnik) did the same. This Barda photo was never used.

Greater London Council
QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
SOUTH BANK, S.E.1
Director: John Denison, C.B.E.

Sunday 9th January 1972 at 7.15 pm

**English
Chamber Orchestra**
directed by KENNETH SILLITO

A PROGRAMME OF
MOZART PIANO CONCERTOS
WITH
Stefan Askenase
AND
Andre Tchaikowsky

Piano Concerto in D minor, K.466
ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
R.C.A. PATHE MARCONI RECORDS

Piano Concerto in B flat major, K.595
STEFAN ASKENASE
D.G.G. RECORDS

Two Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major
STEFAN ASKENASE and ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
STEINWAY PIANOFORTES

Concert Management: WILFRID VAN WYCK

Programme 10p

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Concert Program for Tchaikowsky/Askenase performance (c. 1972)

This was one of the few times that André and Stefan Askenase gave a concert together. By the time of this concert, Askenase was living in Germany, having moved there from Brussels for his wife's health. Stefan was always supportive in André's life, often loaning him money.



Courtesy of Clive Barda

André Tchaikowsky Promotional Photograph (c. 1971)

André was 36 years old when Clive Barda took this photograph. In another series of photos, with an unidentified photographer, André was asked to wear a dress tie and his concert dress coat. In reaction, André did this, but didn't wear a shirt.



Courtesy of Clive Barda

André Tchaikowsky at rehearsal (c. 1971)

Photographer Clive Barda attended a piano concerto rehearsal for one photo session. Here, André is shown in deep concentration. André once told Terry Harrison, "I'm essentially a rehearsal pianist." He referred to occasions when he played an excellent rehearsal and then gave a less-than-excellent public performance.



Courtesy of Clive Barda

André Tchaikowsky at rehearsal (c. 1971)

Another in the series of Clive Barda photographs of André in rehearsal. Barda was used by all of the concert management companies as a master photographer. André was cooperative but didn't want to go through this process more often than once in every five years.



Photo : Camilla Jessel

André Tchaikowsky

12 November 1972

Beethoven Diabelli Variations Op 120

Chopin 6 Mazurkas

Chopin Barcarolle in F sharp Op 60

*exclusively represented by
Harrison/Parrott Ltd.*

André Tchaikowsky is not only one of the most outstanding of the group of artists who studied in the immediate post war decade and emerged in the late 1950s, he is also probably the most individual in the path he has since chosen.

He started his career in the normal way, via competitions, but in the first three years of his career he had such an enormous success that he played almost 500 concerts. In his first season he was, for example, already playing with all the major orchestras such as New York and Chicago with Mitropoulos and Reiner. After his first concert in Germany he had to return to that country the following season for three months and 40 concerts.

However by 1960, in the fourth year of his career, he had decided to reduce his concert activities drastically. He turned his back on the jet age career and his activities have since then crystallised around a distribution of his time and talent in three directions – a concert career,

composing, and musical activities for pleasure.

In the concert career he restricts himself to 60 concerts in a six month period each year; he composes for three months a year. During the rest of the time, particularly in the summer, he plays a great deal of chamber music with friends (strictly for pleasure) and is involved in other diverse activities such as Master Classes.

André Tchaikowsky was born in Warsaw in 1935 and studied at the State Music School in Lodz and in the Paris Conservatoire under Lazare Levy. He later worked with Stefan Askenase. He made his public debut in the Chopin Competition in Warsaw in 1955 winning a prize and he also won a prize the following year in the Queen Elizabeth Competition in Brussels, after which Artur Schnabel said of him, "I think André Tchaikowsky is one of the finest pianists of his generation – he is even better than that – he is a wonderful musician". He has played in all five continents with most of the world's major orchestras, including the New

York Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Berlin Philharmonic, London Symphony, etc, under such conductors as Böhm, Giulini, Kletzki, Reiner, Mitropoulos, Schmidt-Isserstedt, Davis, Dorati, etc.

During this year André Tchaikowsky's concert career takes him as far afield as Mexico City and Auckland but also includes many major European centres such as Amsterdam, Berlin, etc. He is now British and makes his home in London, in fact he was chosen to be the first pianist to play in London's new Queen Elizabeth Hall as part of the opening celebrity concerts.

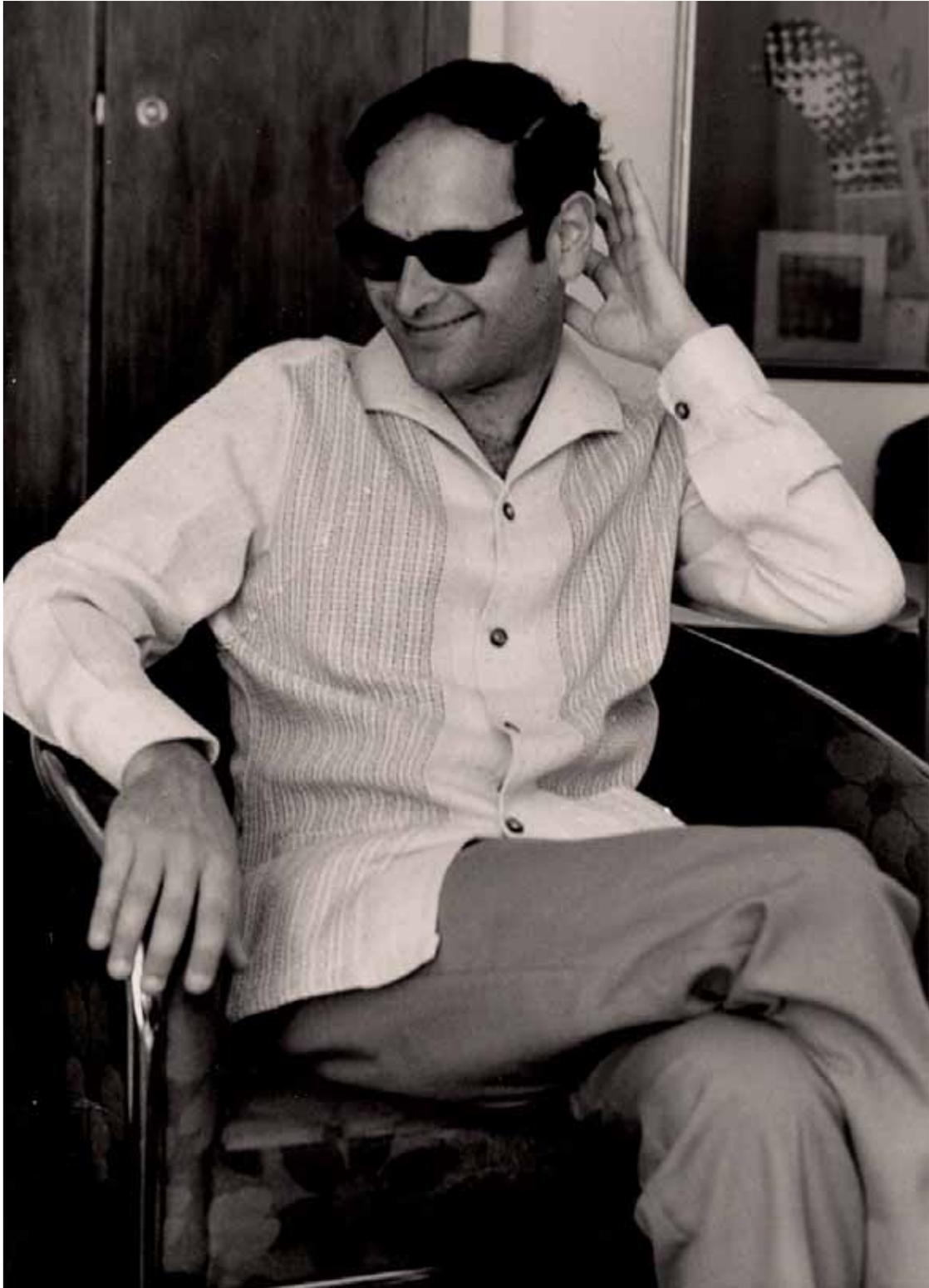
Several of his compositions are now being performed both in England and abroad (Germany and Holland recently) including song cycles, a clarinet sonata, a string quartet, a piano suite. He has just completed a piano concerto and is now working on a full length opera.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Recital series program, November, 1972

Resume for the 1972-1973 piano series given by Harrison/Parrott, and Ingpen and Williams, Other recitalists for this series included Tamas Vasary, Peter Frankl, Alfred Brendel, Bruno Leonardo Gelber, Malcolm Frager, Christoph Eschenbach, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Gary Graffman, and Radu Lupu.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Western Australian Newspapers Limited

André Tchaikowsky in Australia (c. 1973)

André at a Western Australian Hotel in February 1973. He had an excellent tour in Australia and was invited back the next two years as an Artist-in-Residence at the University of Western Australia. In this photo, André is 37 years old.



Courtesy of Ian Dando

Reviews from Bach recitals in Christchurch, New Zealand (c. 1973)

André played the Bach Klavierübung in a series of five lunchtime recitals as part of the Christchurch Arts Festival. André became a friend of music critic Ian Dando, who wrote the reviews. Later, Ian visited André in England.

Andre Tchaikovsky continues his winning ways

With the fourth of his five Bach lunchtime recitals completed yesterday at the James Hall Theatre, Andre Tchaikovsky shows that his interpretative acumen remains as sharp as ever.

The more one hears this pianist the more one realises that he subordinates everything to the music and never allows intrusive interpretation or his own personality to obstruct the flow of ideas in Bach's music.

His recital yesterday included the lesser-known "Overture in the French style" (sometimes called Partita in B minor) and the more popular "Concerto in the Italian style."

The former piece is less abstract and stylised than its sister works and seems to revert more to the grass roots of its original dance forms. Because of this it requires a spontaneously felt delineation of character and this was achieved well with the unpretentious dances, particularly the gavotte and echo.

GOOD CONTRAST

The dance pairs had excellent contrast of mood. The assertiveness of the first source provided an excellent foil for his fluid rendition of the second.

As a composer-pianist, Mr Tchaikovsky has that extra insight into unusual detail within the context of a style era. The way he shaped the opening of the first passepied

he was obviously aware of the importance of the pique elliptical interrupted cadence of the piece.

SHAPE APPARENT

Similarly he highlighted the clashes of false relations or acute dissonances with subtlety in the sarabande. His showing of its melodic line made one feel the immediate impact of its unusual interest and angular contours.

His account of the "Italian" concerto did not have the same sense of accord in penetrating concentration of the outer movements. Silent roughness of detail and steadfastness crept into the presto and the allegro was a little prosaic.

He justifiably widened his dynamic range to simulate the concerto effect of terraced dynamics but in doing so he made a few of the contrasts in the finale a little too sharp.

His middle movement had poetic continuity of melodic line, a gentle feeling for climax, an ethereal beginning and ending enhanced with subtle use of pedal.

His Schumann encore was a marvel of tender introspection. It was almost an intrusion to clap it.

—IAN DANDO

Glowing genius glorifies 'Goldberg'

Bach's "Goldberg" Variations is not a spectacular box-office crowd-pleaser. It is one of the longest and most abstruse works in the entire keyboard repertoire. Yet the pianist, Andre Tchaikovsky, received a sustained standing ovation for it from a packed house in the James Hay Theatre yesterday.

The savant intellectual clapped hard because the complexity of canonic detail was exposed with such impeccable clarity.

The layman applauded because the entire work, complexities and all, spoke to him directly in terms of a deeply felt performance.

All clapped and stood in respect for a musician who combined accuracy, scholarship, inspiration, and the memory of an elephant to give an intensely profound performance.

ONLY ONE SLIP

One cannot cover up errors and memory lapses in Bach.

One blunder and everyone knows. For those of us who score read the performance the only moment which reminded one that "to err is human" was three mildly smudged bars (Variation 1) in 45 minutes of complex contrapuntal music; an error pointed out not for suggestiveness but merely to emphasise that a feat of such accuracy and detail from memory comes close to the superhuman in sheer concentration.

The problems of realising a two-manual harpsichord work on one piano keyboard are considerable, notably in variations 5, 20 and 26, where both hands can easily become enmeshed. Yet the clarity and continuity of these parts was perfectly preserved.

CLEARLY DELINEATED

The character of each variation was carefully thought out and an iron grip was kept on the overall concept and interpretation.

The emotional climax of the whole work is Variation 25 with its astonishing chromatic dissonance. Mr Tchaikovsky put every ounce of expressive subtlety into its ultra-romantic melodic line.

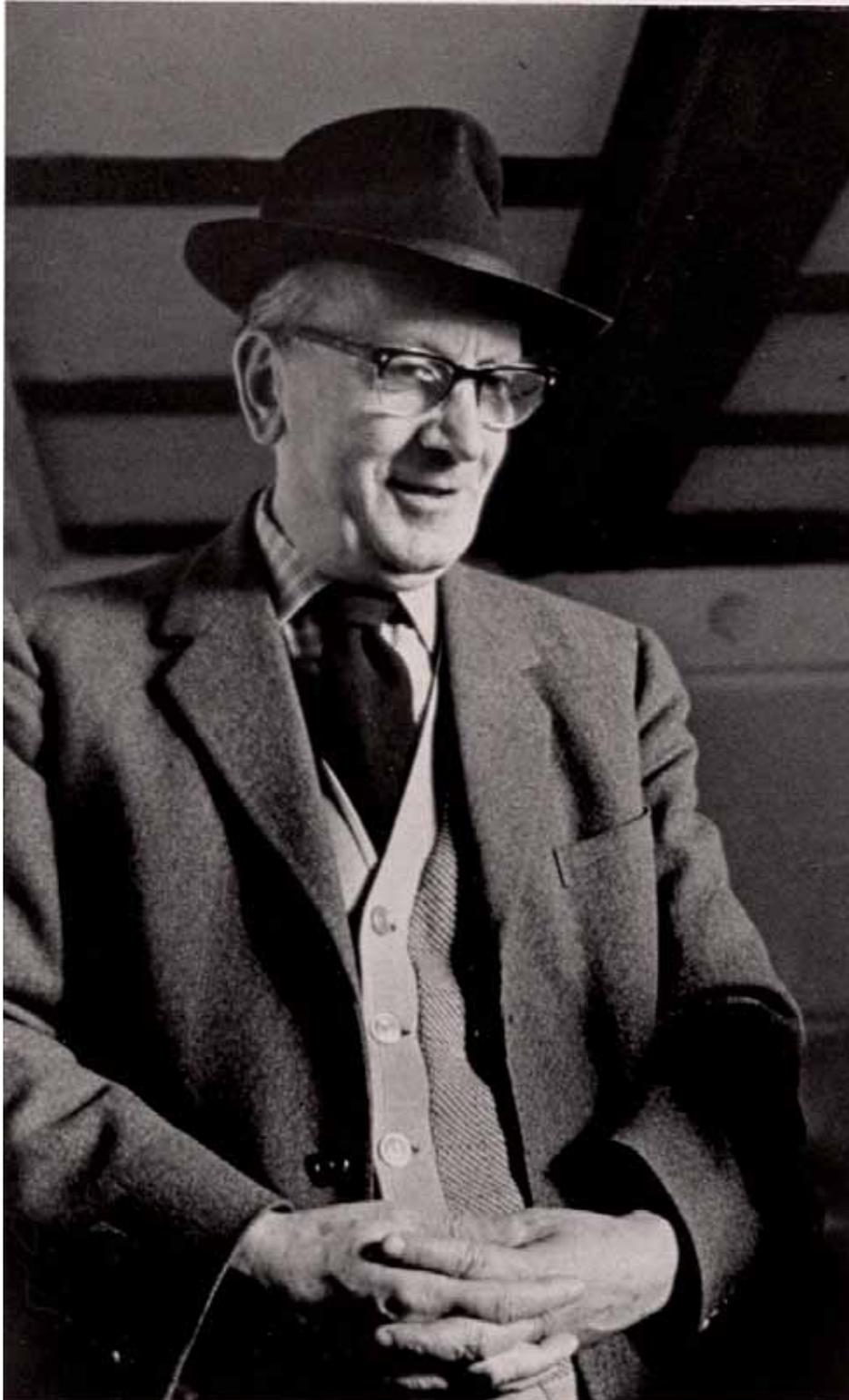
When the whole performance was so outstanding it seems almost perfunctory to write about it in the first place. Suffice it to say that those who could not attend this concert missed a musical experience of a lifetime.

—IAN DANDO

Courtesy of Ian Dando

More reviews from Bach recitals in Christchurch, New Zealand (c. 1973)

Reviews from recitals number four and five in the Christchurch Arts Festival. Dando couldn't resist an alliterative joke with the Goldberg performance review. Earlier, his review of Michael Ponti had a headline "Piano-pounding Ponti Plays Poorly."



Courtesy of John Lyward

George Lyward (c. 1970)

With the death of George Lyward in 1973, the future of Finchden Manor was in doubt. There were debts and officials wanted an excuse to have Finchden Manor closed down because of its dilapidated condition. A year later, Finchden Manor was no more. The boys were found other homes and the buildings were condemned.



Courtesy of John Lyward

John O'Brien (c. 1965)

John O'Brien and André Tchaikowsky decided to work together on an opera, "The Merchant of Venice." John wrote the libretto. In this photo, John is shown with some of the Finchden Manor boys who participated in many of the theatrical productions that O'Brien presented during his years at Finchden.

**André
Tchaikowsky**

Greater London Council
Queen Elizabeth Hall
Director John Denison CBE

**Sunday 25 November
at 3.00 pm**

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
Piano Sonata in E minor, Op 90
*Mit Lebhaftigkeit and durchaus mit Empfindung und Ausdruck
Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorgetragen*

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)
Piano Sonata in A minor, D 845 (Op 42)
Moderato
Andante poco moto
Scherzo: allegro vivace - Trio: un poco piu lento
Rondo: allegro vivace

INTERVAL

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
from Fantasiestücke, Op 12
Des Abends
In der Nacht

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
from Images (Book 1)
Hommage à Rameau

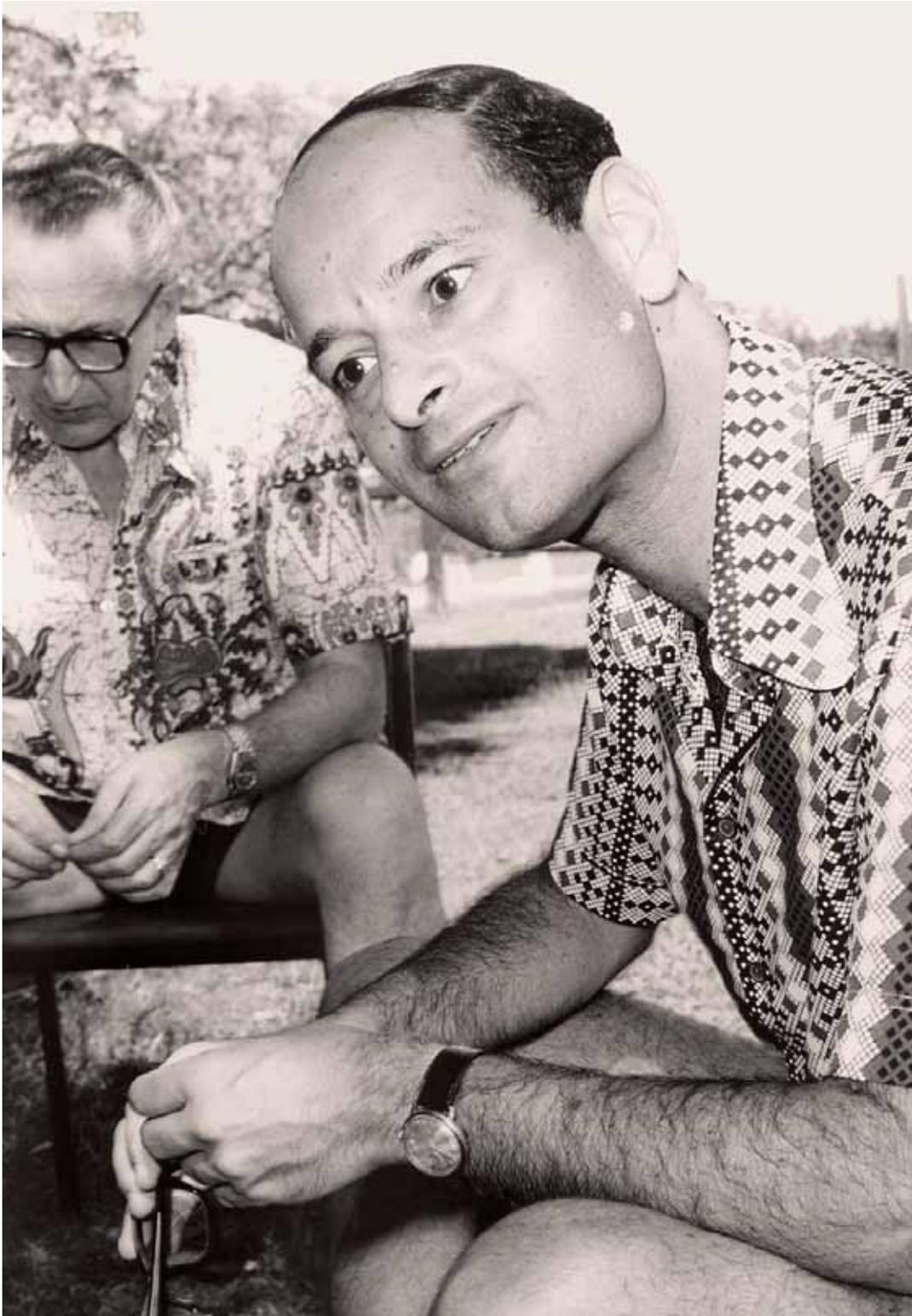
Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)
Three Movements from Petrushka
Russian Dance
In Petrusbka's Cell
Sbrove-Tide Fair

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Piano series program for 1973-1974 season

In preparation for this and other recital programs, André would play through the program for his friend Michael Menaugh. Michael had an excellent ear and made valuable observations about André's playing. Wisely, Michael was never critical, but simply made comments and let André decide upon their worth.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Western Australian Newspapers Limited

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1974)

Here André is shown at Currie Hall during his first visit to the University of Australia as Artist-in-Residence. In the background is the head of the University of Western Australia music department, Sir Frank Callaway. Callaway was very supportive of André and encouraged his return in 1975 and 1976.



Courtesy of Western Australian Newspapers Limited

André Tchaikowsky at the keyboard (c. 1974)

During André's visit to the University of Western Australia in 1974 as Artist-in-Residence, the school purchased a new Stein way grand piano. André gave the first performance on the new piano in March 1974. This photo was taken for promotion of the piano dedication recital.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Western Australian Newspapers Limited

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1975)

In 1975, André returned to the University of Western Australia once again as Artist-in-Residence. This photograph} taken in April 1975, is one of the last photos of André without his beard. A few months later, when André returned to London, the beard was in place and remained for the rest of his life.



The University of Western Australia
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

**ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE
RECITAL SERIES 2
1975**

Andre Tchaikowsky



Four Recitals of Piano Sonatas
April 21 April 28 May 5 May 12

**ARTISTS IN RESIDENCE
RECITAL SERIES 2
1975**

Four Recitals
of Piano Sonatas

Andre Tchaikowsky
(piano)

OCTAGON THEATRE 8.00 p.m.

1. April 21	Mozart	Fantasy and Sonata in C minor, K. 475/457
	Beethoven	Sonata in B-flat Major, Op.106 (Hammerklavier)
2. April 28	Beethoven	Sonata in D major, Op.28 (Pastoral)
	Prokofieff	Sonata No. 7 in B-flat major, Op.83 (1939-42)
	Schubert	Sonata in B-flat, D.960
3. May 5	Beethoven	Sonata in E minor, Op.90
	Mozart	Sonata in B-flat major, K.333
	Haydn	Sonata in F major, No.23
	Schumann	Sonata in G minor, Op.22
4. May 12	Schubert	Sonata in D, D.850
	Ravel	Sonatina (1905)
	Chopin	Sonata in B minor, Op.58

Courtesy of Sir Frank Callaway

Recital schedule for the Artist-in-Residence (c. 1975)

As shown in this subscription brochure, André presented four recitals within a three week period as Artist in Residence at the University of Western Australia. The recitals were a great success and André was invited to return again as Artist-in-Residence in 1976, when he would play all the Mozart piano concertos.

Andre



Have you ever thought what geography and architecture have done for us in Currie Hall? Our close proximity to the main campus and the existence of a number of visitor's suites within the Hall have provided us with an unceasing flow of interesting people from overseas who have often become part of our community. Not only have we had visitors to the academic departments but also a number of Artists in Residence at the University — from members of Alberi Quartet, to the Harpsichordist, Sam Valenti, and to Andre.

Only those of you who entered the Hall after June this year would not know Andre Tchaikowsky, the visiting concert pianist who first stayed with us for a term in 1974 and who returned again this year.

Andre comes from Poland and was educated in France and won many competitions. When he became a public performer he gave over 500 concerts in the first three years with the leading orchestras of the world . . . but this is not the Andre that we know. When he gave us a private concert just before leaving this year, we clapped him and he said: "Don't do that, you make me feel that I'm working."

To us, Andre has not been the public figure, but a likeable human being with a thirst for bridge (in 1974) and for chess (1975) and a continuous thirst for relaxed, human friendship. He became part of our community, joining in our activities and adding his own brand of good humour. When he left us in June for a concert tour of New Zealand and then of Mexico, Sam Leong had a bad cold, but was braving it out. From New Zealand came a telegram: "Go to Bed", and one week later, another one: "You can get up now."

Andre did much for the Hall and so the Council decided to acknowledge this by inviting him to become an "Honorary Fellow" of the Hall — a distinction which carries with it no

tangible advantages — no free meals and board — but simply the recognition of this community. In reply, Andre wrote these words:

"Can you remember or imagine me speechless? Well, I am. I am overwhelmed, touched, delighted and dizzy with pride. I had another look at my passport to make sure I was not Walter Mitty and read both your letters at least twice (In addition to showing them to Eve). And I am no longer envious of Napoleon.

Of course I realise that I've done nothing to deserve this honour. This, in fact, makes it even more gratifying, like a Christmas present in mid-year! But couldn't I try to deserve it now, in retrospect? What can I do to make myself useful and prove your choice right?

A refugee's sense of "home" is subject to strange vagaries. I never felt home in Poland, or through my student days in France, but I always do at Currie Hall! Now this is the work of the Hall, and I'd like to thank and shake hands with every single member of your affectionate and stimulating community — OUR community, as I can proudly say from now on!

What news from the home front? Are we playing other colleges at Chess? Has the annual exam panic affected us yet?

My warmest greetings to you, Kay and Peter, Mike and staff, all the students and tutors, in one word, everyone — AT HOME.

Your Friend and fellow Fellow,

Andre."

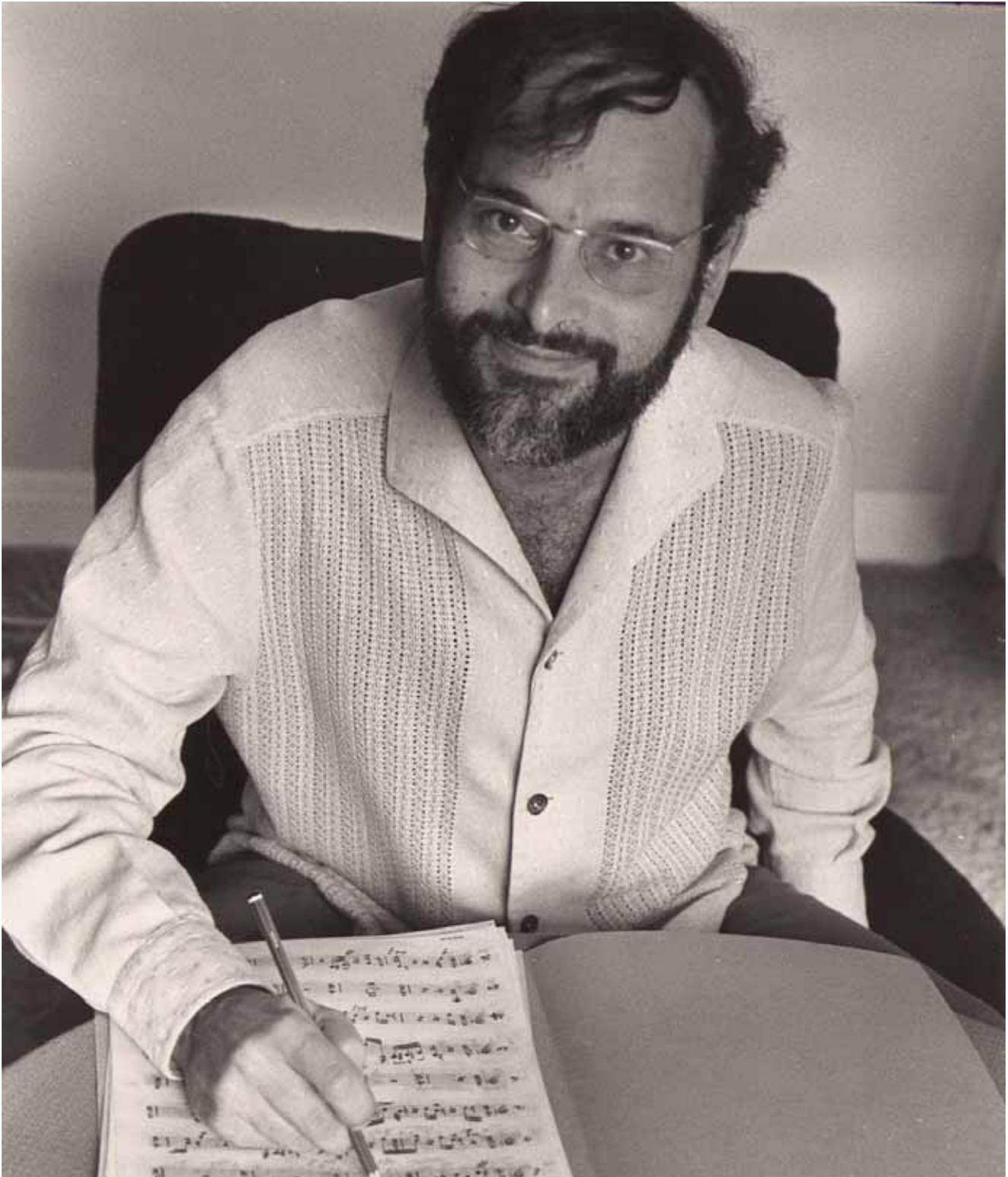
Andre will be back with us early in March 1976 for a term, and we will be ready to welcome him home.

J.V.F.

Courtesy of John V. Fall

André at University of Western Australia (c. 1975)

André chose to live on the University campus at Currie Hall during his visits as Artist-in-Residence. To most at the Hall, he was known simply as "André." On this occasion, he played a small recital on an old upright piano, which he disassembled to allow better sound. André was made a Currie Hall Fellow.



Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky with new beard (c. 1975)

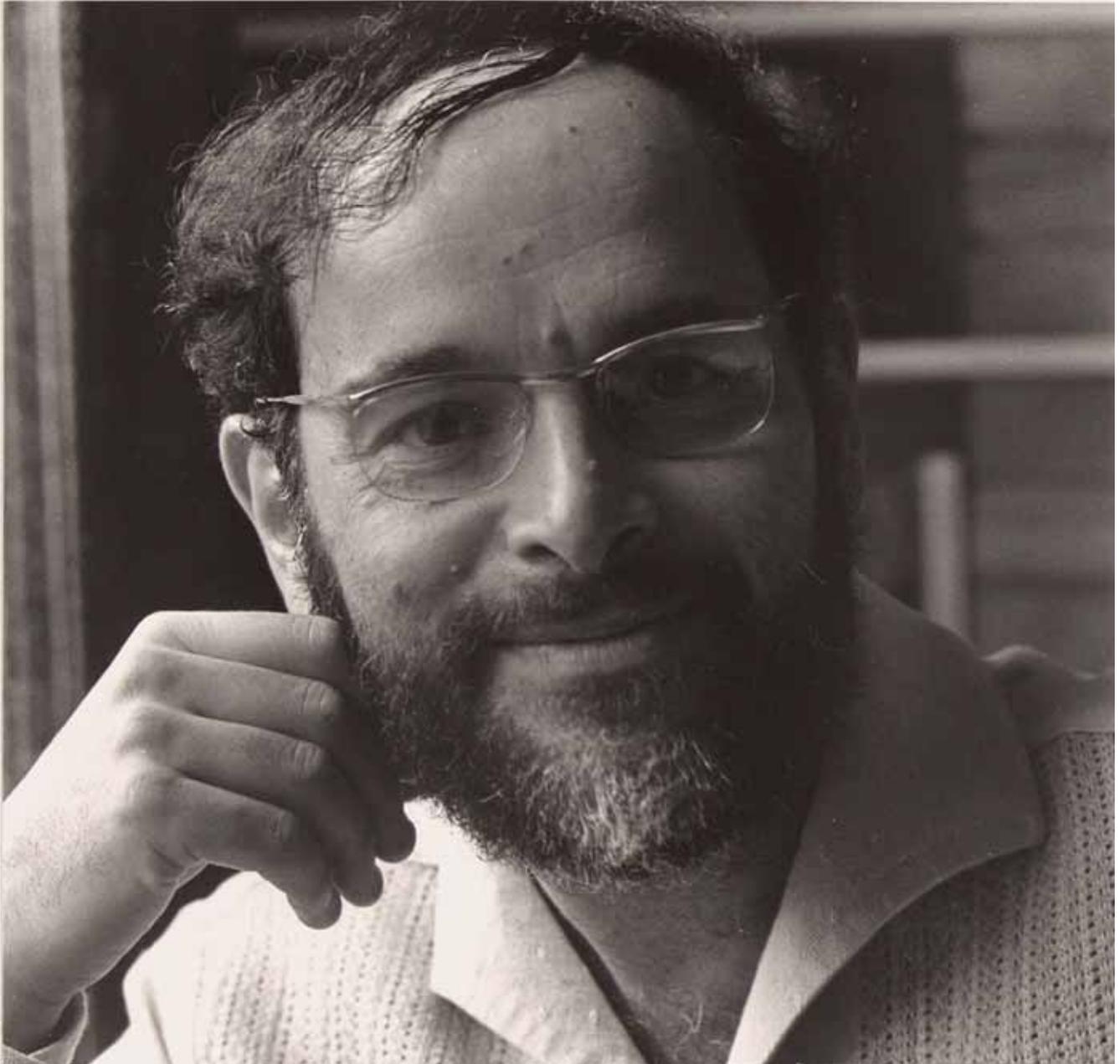
In October 1975, André's Piano Concerto (1966-1971) was performed at the Royal Festival Hall. Here André is shown making corrections to the score prior to the performance. The location of the photo was the home of Uri Segal, who was to conduct the premiere performance of the piano concerto.



Courtesy of Suzie E. Maeder

The Lindsay String Quartet

The Lindsay String Quartet consists of Peter Cropper, violin, Ronald Birks, violin, Robin Ireland, viola, and Bernard Gregor-Smith, cello. They play remarkable instruments: two Stradivarius violins, a Mori Costa viola, and a Ruggieri cello.



Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1975)

Another photograph of André Tchaikowsky in the series taken by Sophie Baker at the home of Uri Segal. Sophie remembered André as being kind and cooperative. Normally, André wore his glasses while composing and for reading, but didn't require them for playing the piano.

INVENTIONS
for Piano

Duration 20 minutes

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
Opus 2 (1961-2)

1
to Peter Feuchtwanger

Allegretto tranquillo
mp cantando

p legato

© Novello & Company Limited 1975
19011

Courtesy of Josef Weinberger

Publication of the "Inventions" for piano - Opus 2 (c. 1975)

In 1975, André's Opus 2, The Inventions, was published by Novello and Company Limited. This was a direct result of a publishing effort to promote contemporary piano music by pianist and composer John Ogdon. A few years later, Novello turned over the copyright to Weinberger, André's music publisher.