

The Other Tchaikowsky



A biographical sketch of André Tchaikowsky

David A. Ferré

Cover painting: *André Tchaikowsky* courtesy of Milein Cosman

(Photograph by Ken Grundy)

About the cover

The portrait of André Tchaikowsky at the keyboard was painted by Milein Cosman (Mrs. Hans Keller) in 1975. André had come to her home for a visit for the first time after growing a beard. She immediately suggested a portrait be made. It was completed in two hours, in a single sitting. When viewing the finished picture, André said "I'd love to look like that, but can it possibly be me?"

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Preface

As I maneuvered my automobile through the dense Chelsea traffic, I noticed that my passenger had become strangely silent. When I sneaked a glance I saw that his eyes had narrowed and he held his mouth slightly open, as if ready to speak but unable to bring out the words. Finally, he managed a weak, "Would you say that again?"

It was April 1985, and I had just arrived in London to enjoy six months of vacation and to fulfill an overdue promise to myself. My specific goal was to attend concerts coincident with the proclaimed Musical Year celebrating the birth tercentenaries of Bach, Handel, and Scarlatti. I've never been able to have a vacation without suffering a guilt of inactivity, so I promised myself I would also write a long-postponed magazine article or two about concert pianist and composer André Tchaikowsky. At that time I knew nothing about André other than information contained in a short biographical sketch from one of his 1978 concert programs that I attended in Rochester, New York, and a 1982 newspaper account of his strange Last Will. But before I could start my research activities, I needed a place to live.

It is well known that short-term housing in London can be found around Earl's Court so I drove to Hogarth Road, across from the Earl's Court tube station. A number of real estate agents in this area advertised "Holiday Flats." I picked an agent at random and inquired. Yes, they did have something that had just come into the office, and someone would come and show me the flat. A gentleman arrived, we got into my car and, following his directions, drove towards Chelsea.

Like any prospective landlord, mine wanted to know a bit about me: how long had I been in London, what did I do for a living, and so forth. I told him I was an American free-lance writer and wanted to make London my home base for six months while relaxing, absorbing the events of the Musical Year, and researching a magazine article. I asked, "Did you ever hear of a concert pianist named André Tchaikowsky?" When he replied, "Would you say that again?" I repeated, "Have you ever heard of André Tchaikowsky?" Now pale, he stuttered, "André Tchaikowsky lived in my house for three years!" And so I met Michael Arnold.

I didn't rent Michael Arnold's flat in Chelsea - there was too much traffic noise -- but in short order I did meet his wife, Judy. Indeed, in the years 1963 to 1966, André Tchaikowsky lived in the Arnold household, along with another visiting pianist, Alfred Brendel. For the years 1963 to 1969, Mrs. Arnold acted as André's personal secretary, taking care of his business affairs and correspondence. After our initial conversation, the entire framework for two magazine articles was established, and Mrs. Arnold gave me names and locations of key persons who could provide details.

Two magazine articles were completed during my stay in London; one was published in *Music and Musicians* in November 1985, and the other in the *Musical Times* in December 1985. However, behind the facts recited in these articles lay hundreds of unanswered questions, and the mystery of how personality and talent had merged into this enigmatic artistic persona. There was also an accumulated trove of highly amusing anecdotes (highly disturbing to some of those involved) of shatteringly iconoclastic behavior. Always serious about the integrity of music when it was threatened by egos, hypocrisies or pretensions, André Tchaikowsky was also very sensitive to the vulnerabilities of others, and often devilishly humorous in exploiting them. Paramount is the question of personality and its effects on his career, but there is also the question of the motive and intellectual content of his compositions, and what part the unique circumstances and events of his childhood played in these.

Clearly, there was much more that should be recorded about his life and his music, so I decided to continue my research to a point where at least the draft of a biography could be written. By 1987, after five research trips to Europe (two to Poland), interviews of 75 people, and extensive correspondence, I felt that the research was complete enough to begin the biography.

It wasn't until the summer of 1989 that I was able to set aside a block of time to write my draft biography, followed by another block of time in the Spring of 1990 to complete the manuscript. Given my time constraints, I decided to do a biographical sketch rather than a full portrait. In its present state, my sketch is little more than an accumulation of the accounts provided me by André's friends, relatives, and colleagues, and a compilation of related documents and correspondence. The result is a factual account of André Tchaikowsky's life, but without any analysis of the evidence, for which considerably more technical research would be required in the areas of both music and the human psyche. It is hoped that a later, fuller realization of the account will be undertaken using my research materials, all of which shall be turned over to André's music publisher, Josef Weinberger, Limited, 12 Mortimer Street, London, WIN 7RD, England.

All who helped with the research, correspondence, and photographs used in making this book are identified in the Acknowledgments section at the back of this book. I thank them all, but I cannot possibly express the gratitude I feel for their personal help, support, and interest in my project.

André Tchaikowsky devoted his life to music as composer and pianist. He went about this in a way that made him exceedingly interesting to everyone who met him or who heard him perform. I have tried herein to record this dedicated and extraordinary life.

David A. Ferré

June 26, 1991 Seattle, Washington
[Updated - February 1, 2008, Chewelah, Washington]

The Other Tchaikowsky

A Biographical Sketch of André Tchaikowsky

On doit des égards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité.

[We owe respect to the living; we owe to the dead only truth.]

Voltaire

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Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky (1935 - 1982) (c. 1975)

This promotional photograph was taken in early October 1975 to show André with his new beard. The location was the London home of conductor Uri Segal, where André was working on corrections for his piano concerto score. This was André's last promotional photograph.

Chapter 1 - The Legacy (1935-1982)

As André Tchaikowsky had wished, his memorial service was small, non-religious, and musical. It was Friday, July 2, 1982, 11 a.m., at the Oxford Crematorium where sixty people joined to fill nearly every seat in the "Chapel of Remembrance." Except for his skull, André was now dust within a picturesque urn on the nonsectarian altar. Those who attended his memorial service carried with them one thing in common; each had pieces of a fascinating puzzle which they collectively or individually had tried but failed to fit together. All knew an André to whom they had been attached in some very compelling way but none could explain him, or where he belonged in the world of human activity or in the world of music as a pianist and composer.

Like many of André's concerts, his memorial service had mixed reviews. Some were offended by the over-dressed, over-scented ladies who brought to the sedate Oxford chapel an eastern European atmosphere that bespoke André's family origins in the Jewish cultures of Poland and Germany. Some had a shocked reaction to the comments by minister Chad Varah, or perhaps thought it tasteless, when he said:

"During one of his well-periods, André and I went for a walk in Oxford. I would comment on all the pretty girls, and André on all the pretty boys."

The primary musical selection at the service was received with both expectation and sadness: it was the first performance of André Tchaikowsky's composition, "Trio Nottumo." The composition was written for, and performed by, Peter Frankl, piano, György Pauk, violin, and Ralph Kirshbaum, 'cello. No disparagement here; it was a touching and wonderful performance. The official world premiere was two days later (July 4) at the Cheltenham Festival. Of this performance, William Mann, music critic for *The Times*, wrote:

The two abruptly contrasted movements challenge instrumental virtuosity at every turn; they might have sounded simply hard going, but were revealed, with formidable cogency, as invigorating to play and listen to, especially in the rapid middle section of the second movement, an alarmingly brilliant feat of imagination.

Years earlier, pianist Arthur Rubinstein gave André Tchaikowsky a "quote" to use in his programs and promotional material:

I think André Tchaikowsky is one of the finest pianists of our generation -- he is even better than that -- he is a wonderful musician.

It was common for Polish musicians to get a "quote" from Rubinstein, but there was a difference in André's case because Rubinstein went far beyond a gratuitous remark. Rubinstein opened doors for André Tchaikowsky: huge tours of America under the auspices of the great impresario Sol Hurok, a recording contract with RCA records, personal recommendations to conductor friends, in particular, Fritz Reiner of the Chicago Symphony. Rubinstein selected André Tchaikowsky as a fitting successor to the Rubinstein position in the music world.

Rubinstein also saw the appeal of the story of a young and prodigiously talented Jew who had survived in the midst of the worst horrors of the Nazi occupation of Poland, and who had developed his talent in spite of his impossible situation. It didn't hurt either to have the name Tchaikowsky, although André was unrelated to the great Russian composer. Yet, doors opened by Rubinstein were shut by Tchaikowsky, or more accurately, slammed shut.

As a composer, André Tchaikowsky was virtually unknown to the concert-going public. His Trio Nottumo, for example, was just Opus 6. A continuous performance of his published compositions Opus 1 to Opus 6 would total just 2 hours, although his opera, Opus 7, would add another 2-1/2 hours. This isn't much to show for a lifetime of composing. His published compositions are:

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- Opus 1 - Sonata for Clarinet and Piano (1959)
- Opus 2 - The "Inventions" for Piano (1961-1962)
- Opus 3 - String Quartet No.1 (1969-1970)
- Opus 4 - Piano Concerto (1966-1971)
- Opus 5 - String Quartet No.2 (1973-75)
- Opus 6 - Trio Nottumo (1978)
- Opus 7 - Opera "The Merchant of Venice" (1968-1982)

There are many other excellent compositions, but they were neglected by André himself. Among these are song cycles, a violin concerto, a solo work for clarinet, a Sonata for Piano, and an earlier Piano Concerto (1956-1957).

The performance of André's Trio Nottumo pointed to an ultimate irony of André's career: he performed at the piano only to win time to compose, but his unique music is of such difficulty to learn, often requiring unusual instrumentation, as to almost assure that it would not be performed publicly. Subject to this perversity, most of his music has come to rest in places where it gathers dust and with each year has less chance of being heard. Adding to the difficulty of the music was the difficulty of a composer who rarely performed his own music and did nothing to promote performances of his compositions by others.

As a pianist, André was always a musician's musician. He was never a forceful, demonstrative showman like Vladimir Horowitz, nor did he convey the effusive bonhomie that made Arthur Rubinstein such a popular favorite. André was an inward pianist who brought a composer's view to each piece; every detail was crucial. It was the piano cognoscenti who really understood and respected his playing. In the crowded Warsaw Ghetto, his very early piano training was restricted to playing a closed keyboard cover, allowing him only to hear the notes in his mind. As a teenager, he was a prize winning product of the Paris and Warsaw Conservatories, and a top level performer in the international Chopin and Queen Elizabeth Competitions. André at twenty years old evoked the highest praise from music critics around the world. He had few doubts about his talent, and neither did the arbiters of the concert performance world.

The dark side of this seemingly glorious start of a career included migraine headaches, loneliness, insomnia, drugs, and sudden panicky rushes on stage to plunge into the music in fear that any other approach might result in disaster. Then there were insults to the society matrons on whom the music world relies so much for its existence. All this made for a growing collection of outrageously humorous tales of André's performances on stage and off stage. He was serious about music, but his personality drove him into wildly bizarre situations, from which he found wildly bizarre ruses for escape.

As a person, André Tchaikowsky assumed a variety of guises. Some knew him only as an incredibly funny, charming man with a remarkable personality and phenomenal memory. To others, he was harsh and opinionated. If you were truly a close friend, you eventually received something called the "treatment," a savage verbal attack designed to dispose of you permanently. The friend's offense was often trivial, but André had delicately balanced sensibilities and something very slight could trigger an outburst.

André Tchaikowsky had a passionate life of the mind -- he was a voracious reader in four languages (Polish, French, English, German), and a world-class expert on the works of William Shakespeare and French literature. He had a penchant for practical jokes and a biting wit, which led to interesting encounters. The day after a concert in Germany, the local newspaper featured a photograph of André with the caption, "Man goes berserk and kills wife." Nearby was another photograph with the caption, "Superb music from a superb musician." Somehow André's photo became mixed up with that of a suspected killer. A representative from the newspaper came to André's hotel to offer profuse apologies, but André cut him off saying, "I couldn't have killed that man's wife -- last night I was killing Mozart."

Chapter 1 - The Legacy (1935 - 1982)

Composer Andrzej Panufnik relates this André Tchaikowsky ("famous pianist") story in his autobiography *Composing Myself*.

I remember telling [pianist] Fou Ts'ong the experience of a conductor friend of mine working with a famous pianist, who, rehearsing on the day of their concert, indulged in frequent and unpredictable changes of tempo. The poor conductor became quite frantic trying to keep the orchestra within the same bar as the soloist to prevent the whole performance from falling apart. After the rehearsal, seeing my unlucky friend tearing his hair and making quick marks in his score to remind himself of the details of this erratic interpretation, the soloist practically gave my friend a heart attack by saying, "Please don't worry. Tonight will be completely different!"

On one occasion, André felt he had played an excellent recital but the applause was rather meager. His reaction was a single encore -- the entire "Goldberg Variations," a work lasting nearly an hour. By the end, the recital hall had completely emptied. On another occasion, at a Mozart concerto concert, André improvised a twenty-minute cadenza using themes from Bartók's Miraculous Mandarin. The furious conductor finally brought in the orchestra after shouting at André: "That's enough!"

André's physical and mental health posed something of an enigma throughout most of his life. He was a hypochondriac with an enormous pill suitcase that went everywhere with him. There were pills to put him to sleep, pills to wake him up, pills for stage fright, pills for headaches, and so on. There was at least one suicide attempt and André spent many years in psychoanalysis. The effect of his illnesses, real and imagined, was a crippling of his prodigious abilities.

André worked with indefatigable passion for nearly half a century but left little evidence of what he had devoted his efforts to. The evidence that does exist is largely in the memories of those who knew him and those who heard him play. There are only a few recordings of his piano performances, now long out of production and difficult to locate; there are a number of compositions, but they are largely ignored and there has never been a commercial recording of a single work he composed. The life of André Tchaikowsky is a story of a certain type of musical integrity, of an artist with a viewpoint and the courage to take chances. His unconventional behavior was excused primarily by the often repeated: "I had a difficult childhood!" The sum total is great talent, even genius, plagued with insecurity, and uneven in performance. To those who knew him and heard him perform, something more was there, inextricably and inexplicably binding together personality and musicianship.

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MJD/EJG.

22nd July 1982.

Dear Mr. Harrison,

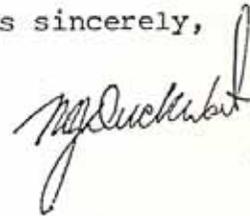
Thank you for your very nice letter of the 5th July, your comments being very much appreciated.

Thank you also for your very kind gesture which will be treated as a gift.

Andre's skull was delivered to the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford-on-Avon on Tuesday, 20th July.

It has been suggested that because the bequest to the Royal Shakespeare Company was so unusual that we write up the details and circumstances for our Professional Magazine and would appreciate your views as closest friend and literary executor, on this suggestion.

Yours sincerely,



M.J. Duckworth, Dip. F.D.,
B.I.F.D.,
for Reeves & Pain.

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Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Skull confirmation letter from Reeves and Pain (1982)

André Tchaikowsky specified in his Will that his skull be donated to the Royal Shakespeare Company for use in theatrical productions. The skull was used as a prop for the 1984 RSC production of Hamlet, specifically, for a Hamlet poster posed with actor Roger Rees.

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, Mon., Apr. 20, 1959 SECTION TWO 15

Tchaikowsky Proves His Box Office Appeal

By Robert C. Marsh

Pianist Andre Tchaikowsky made his fourth local appearance of the season Sunday afternoon in an Orchestra Hall recital. It proved that since his debut here in November 1957, this 23-year-old Polish war orphan has radiated enough box-office appeal that he is now able to fill a hall even in bad weather that normally kills "impulse attendance."

Young American pianists, few of whom could do as well, may speculate on the grounds for Tchaikowsky's success. That the patronage of Artur Schnabel and management of Sol Hurok have done marvels for him no one can question. There are few young artists who can fail to envy that sort of support for launching a career.

Does Tchaikowsky deserve this kind of backing? As a musician he is uneven in about the same ways that Schnabel himself was uneven for many years. And like Schnabel he can be exciting even when he is not being very profoundly musical. From this comes the managerial attitude. Tchaikowsky is a good draw now and

seems likely to become even better. If talent is what you sell, you sign artists that people demonstrate they want to hear.

For most of the listeners Sunday the high points in the program were Chopin's "Ballade No. 3" and the "Mephisto Waltz" of Liszt, brilliant pianistic showpieces that allowed the intensity and virtuosity of the artist to shine forth.

Unfortunately they also showed how that intensity has a way of getting out of control, as well as how young Tchaikowsky has to pound for a big tone and often spoils the texture of the music with excessive pedal.

The most promising thing I found during the afternoon was his fine statement of the final movement of the Beethoven Op. 109 sonata, in which the contrasting elements of the music were treated with individuality and sensitivity.

The world premiere of the eclectic "Sonata" (1958) of Uyu Dal came early in the afternoon, and the recital opened and closed with Bach pieces played in the manner of conservatory exercises.

Review of an André Tchaikowsky Piano Recital (1959)

Courtesy of David Poile

In this review, Robert C. Marsh identifies André Tchaikowsky's strengths and weaknesses as a piano recitalist. A few months later, André rejected his patrons Schnabel and Hurok and effectively ended his career. The "Sonata" (1958) by Uyu Dal (pronounced "Oooo You Doll") was André's own composition.

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Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

André's Grandmother, Celina Janina Sandler-Czajkowska (c. 1910)

In 1910 Celina was 21-years old and married to Dr. Ivor Rappaport, a Russian Army doctor. In this winter outfit, she is wearing a seal skin coat with full length stole, a fur and satin hat with plume, and a large muff. Celina would buy the latest fashions in Paris and then return to Warsaw to dazzle her friends.

Chapter 2 - The Beginning (1935-1939)

André Tchaikowsky was born Robert Andrzej Krauthammer on November 1, 1935 in Warsaw, Poland. He was born to a Polish mother, Felicja Alexandria Rappaport-Krauthammer, and a German father, Karl Ignacy Krauthammer. Normally, the birth of a healthy first child to a young marriage is the happiest of events for the parents, binding them into a family nucleus. But at his birth, André's parents were already estranged, separated by a thousand miles in distance, and by a million miles in temperament and disposition.

Grandmother Celina

How the Rappaport-Krauthammer union came about in the first place and how it deteriorated so rapidly had a lot to do with Felicja's mother, Celina. She, instead of her daughter, was also the dominant influence on Robert Andrzej in his formative years. Celina Janina Swieca was born in 1889 to the family of Isaac Swieca and was the fourth of eleven children. Her father was married three times, the last two times to sisters of the renowned Zionist Nachum Sokolow (1860-1936), a founder, with Theodor Herzl, of the State of Israel. In Jerusalem today, the graves of Nachum Sokolow and Theodor Herzl are side by side. Celina was the daughter of his third wife. The Swieca family in Warsaw, Russia (Poland didn't exist at the time), was affluent and Grandmother Celina grew up with a taste for the finer things in life. She played the harp, spoke four languages fluently (Polish, Russian, German, and French), and was known for her strong will and her ability to drink liquor and play poker as well as most men. Always beautifully dressed and well coiffured, she was an intelligent, attractive woman who fully embraced the pleasures of the post-Victorian era.

Celina was married in 1910 to Ivor Rappaport, a medical doctor in the Russian Army. They had two children, a son Ignacy, born September 6, 1911, and a daughter Felicja, born December 19, 1913. Dr. Rappaport was called into service during the First World War and returned in 1918. Unfortunately, he returned with syphilis, and Celina promptly divorced him. Alone with two children, Celina accepted an offer of marriage from a former friend and lover, a wealthy Warsaw lawyer named Nicholas Sandler. Sandler was an old fashioned, well-behaved man, who neither smoked nor drank. He had been in love with Celina since they were in their twenties. The marriage between Celina and Nicholas was a formality; it was understood Celina could pursue her own lifestyle, and pursue it she did. She had lovers, she travelled, and the children ran wild.

Poland reappeared on the map in 1919 as a result of the Treaty of Versailles, and now included a portion of Upper Silesia, Eastern Galicia, Lithuania and Russia, as well as custodial rights in Danzig. The new Polish government faced the immense task of integrating the peoples, institutions and traditions of the country's many disparate elements. Contending political forces kept the country in a continual state of unrest. The May Coup of 1926 transformed the government into a dictatorship and suppressed the economic and political rights of Jews and other minorities. Celina's son Ignacy, then 15 years old, joined the Polish communist movement (KPP) and became an active party member. In school he excelled in science, languages, and music (piano). After completing his secondary schooling in 1929, he was sent abroad to the University of Liege, Belgium, to study chemical engineering.

During the economic boom of the roaring 1920s, Celina became rich. She had long been accustomed to travel to Paris to obtain the latest cosmetics, items unavailable in Warsaw. In fact, very few things related to the beauty industry were available in Poland. She had an entrepreneurial idea -- start a world-class cosmetics business in Warsaw in conjunction with a school of cosmetology. When the students became practitioners, they would become customers of the cosmetics factory. She would thus manufacture not only the products but also the customers for the products, in increasing numbers. In 1927, Celina and Felicja moved to Paris so that Celina could attend a Parisian school of cosmetics. Felicja, then 14 years old, began her studies at the Lycee while Celina enrolled in a two-year cosmetology course at the Institut de Beauté Cedib. In 1929, Celina completed her course and applied for a franchise to manufacture the Beauté Cedib line of cosmetics in

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Warsaw and to operate a cosmetology school of the same name. The franchise was granted and Celina and Felicja returned to Warsaw with a Cedib chemist who brought materials and formulas to begin the operation.

The family knew very well that Celina was an extraordinary woman, wonderfully persuasive, energetic, and bright, but they also were wary of her financial ability. No one doubted her ability to earn, but could she limit the spending so as not to exceed the income? Celina convinced her younger brother, Michael Swieca, to invest in setting up and operating the Institut de Beaute Cedib factory in Warsaw. He agreed, but Celina was to have no part in the business except for the purchasing of Cedib cosmetics at wholesale prices. A small factory was set up and a chemist was trained by the Cedib representative. Celina borrowed money from friends, some of whom received jobs, and established her Institut de Beaute School of Cosmetology in Warsaw at the fashionable Three-Crosses Square.

Celina quickly became a successful and wealthy businesswoman. Her School of Cosmetology graduated hundreds of students, who started their own beauty businesses, paying Celina for franchise rights and buying the Institut de Beaute Cedib cosmetics. Celina's vision almost single-handedly introduced modern cosmetics to Poland. The demand for Cedib cosmetics spread to other major cities in Poland and Celina rose to the top echelons of the social and economic strata. She knew everyone and everyone knew her. Full of promotional ideas, she managed to alienate her four sisters when she added ten years to their actual ages, then claimed they looked ten years younger due to the Institut de Beaute Cedib facial cream. She was as adept at the "show biz" aspects of the cosmetics business as at the entrepreneurial aspects.

1930 was a great year for Celina. Ignacy was doing well at Liege University with his studies in chemistry. Felicja, slim and attractive, was an excellent pianist, although rather lazy with her practice and studies. In contrast to her firebrand brother, Felicja was passive, quiet, and avoided anything too strenuous in the way of work or study. She was mostly interested in fashion, friends, and fun.

Then came the worldwide economic Depression of the early 1930's and like many countries, Poland was plunged into financial chaos. Unemployment reached 40 percent. Celina, accustomed to the lavish lifestyle of a wealthy entrepreneur, was unable to adjust abruptly to the harsh changes brought by the Depression. Business dropped off drastically at her School of Cosmetology, but her spending continued. Michael Swieca adapted production at the cosmetics factory to the reduced demand, and his economic life, if not prosperous, was at least stable. In a desperate gamble to save her school, Celina borrowed what money she could and risked it in high-stakes gambling. She lost everything. Facing bankruptcy, she started to sell suits from her husband's closet for a fraction of their worth, and then in final desperation, she sold Cedib cosmetics at the factory back door, and at below wholesale prices. Discovering Celina's betrayal, Michael Swieca demanded payment for the cosmetics. Unable to pay, Celina was forced to sell her School of Cosmetology. She and Felicja fled to Paris in 1933, hoping somehow to get a fresh start.

In Paris, Celina moved into a tiny apartment with Felicja. Nicholas Sandler provided her with an adequate allowance, permitting a comfortable life but not the ostentatious lifestyle Celina loved. If Celina wanted more money, she would have to earn it herself. A year went by. Celina was restless for something to happen, something interesting and remunerative. She disliked living in "poverty."

Twenty years old in the summer of 1934, Felicja was studying cosmetology but interested mostly in having a good time. Her talent seemed to be for discovering the best nightclubs around the Champs Elysees. On one warm summer evening, Felicja Rappaport and her best friend, Zofia Neuman, decided to visit one of these nightclubs for an evening of drinking, dancing, and conversation. The man she met there had a background as unsettled as her own.

Karl Krauthammer

Karl Krauthammer was born in Chernovtsy, Austria (later Rumania, currently Byelo Russia) on April 12, 1909. In 1915 the Krauthammer family had to flee Chernovtsy to escape Russian-instigated pogroms against the Jews. They emigrated to Leipzig, Germany. Karl's father had been a lawyer, but in Leipzig he turned to commerce and started a fur-trade business. Slowly, through years of hard work and sacrifice, the business became a success. Instead of entering the family business, Karl chose to become a lawyer and in 1928 he entered a law school in Berlin. He was an excellent and serious student, even writing a law book that was published while he was still at school. He graduated in 1932 and returned to Leipzig where he joined a small law firm of Jewish lawyers.

In January 1933, the Nazi party gained control of the German government, and on April 7, 1933, a law was enacted prohibiting admission to the bar of lawyers of "non-Aryan" descent and denying permission to practice law to those already admitted to the bar. Karl's law firm was forced to dissolve, leaving Karl unemployed and without prospects. Most Jews in Germany waited to see what was going to happen next, but the Krauthammers decided that things would only get worse, and made immediate plans to leave. The family fur business was liquidated and a phony Polish passport was obtained for each family member in the name "Glasburg." In the summer of 1933, the Glasburg family -- father, mother, sons Karl and Herman, and daughter Gisele -- left Leipzig for Paris.

Officially, the Glasburg family was allowed to live in France, but could not seek employment. Nevertheless, the family started a fur business in the center of the fur-trade area of the 9th Arrondissement. It is understandable that Karl, trained as a lawyer and hating the fur business, should be unhappy in his situation, but the family needed his help to survive. Still, he refused to commit himself to the fur business. He learned that if he wanted to be a lawyer in France, he would have to repeat his education, studying French law and taking new entrance examinations. He viewed that as a hopeless possibility, since funds were not available for that purpose.

To prevent confusion of past and current identities, the family hyphenated their last name as Krauthammer-Glasburg, except for Karl who used only his birth name of Krauthammer. Years later, when obtaining French citizenship, all the other family members officially became Glasburgs, while Karl remained Krauthammer.

By early 1934, Karl saw no alternative and reluctantly joined the family business. He used his income primarily to purchase an impressive wardrobe. If he couldn't be the person he wanted to be, at least he could look the part. Karl especially liked to put on his best clothes and visit the nightclubs around the Champs Elysees. On one warm summer evening in 1934, Karl Krauthammer decided to visit one of these nightclubs for an evening of drinking, dancing, and conversation. The woman he met there shared his designs for the evening.

Romance and Marriage (1934)

The romance that started that summer evening and led to marriage had its setting in the frivolous and pleasure-seeking atmosphere of the Parisian boulevards of the 1920s and 1930s. Karl Krauthammer at the age of 23 was a good looking man with a domineering attitude that passed for commanding presence and self confidence. The evening he entered the Champs Elysees nightclub he was hoping to have a pleasant time, an interlude that would distract him from the recent reversals in his life. He tended to present himself as an intellectual, a member of the intelligentsia, and thought of his present occupation -- salesman in the family fur store -- as a temporary derailment of his legal career caused by being forced out of Germany by the New Order.

Felicja Rappaport knew how to have a good time, having practiced during many a carefree evening at this and other nightclubs. She was attractive in the style of the day, beautifully dressed, and she carried herself

with style and grace. She exuded wealth and privilege, and had obvious intelligence coupled with a sharp wit and ready laughter. She was completely at ease in her surroundings, radiating a confidence and warmth that naturally drew people towards her and kept her at the center of attention. Her own life was unsettled by the decline of her mother's cosmetology business, but when she was enjoying the evening's pleasures she didn't care to think about that or any other matter related to the mundane workaday world. She was 20 years old; she would like to get married to an agreeable, rich, and handsome man, have children and settle into a comfortable life.

Karl, scanning the nightclub crowd, noticed Felicja and introduced himself. She found him quite agreeable; he was fascinated with her and her ability to speak fluent German as well as French. They conversed freely and enjoyably, and then the posturing started. Felicja explained how her family had homes in Warsaw and Paris, and was supported by the family business, the largest cosmetics business in Poland. In fact, she was practically an owner of the company. Also, her father had a law practice with so much work that he always needed more legal assistants. Karl's interest began to grow keener. He related his own situation: his parents, having recently come into a large sum of money from selling the fur business in Leipzig, were now investing in a similar business in Paris. But he made it clear that he was not a permanent member of the family business; he was making plans to return to the legal profession.

Karl was definitely interested in Felicia. Besides being from a wealthy family, she was beautiful, fun, and easy-going; she spoke perfect German; she was Jewish. Felicia was also impressed. This was a real man, handsome, charming, and from a wealthy family. He was strong and took charge of things. The attraction was immediate and they soon began an intense love affair. Karl sized up the situation and knew he also had to charm Felicja's mother, Celina. Many years later, André Tchaikowsky described the meeting of his parents in his unfinished and unpublished autobiography:

Felicja had fallen incredibly for Karl's whole pathetic bag of shop-worn tricks. The cheap panache, the ostentatiously bulging wallet, the threadbare old device of seeming at first to court Celina rather than her daughter. Felicja gazed, listened, smiled, wondered, daydreamed, and saw further encouragement for it all in Celina's face. Felicja at 20 was a most accomplished and charming young lady, dressed like a dream and fluent in four languages, but worldly wisdom had not been part of her expensive Lycee curriculum; she relied on her mother for that. Facing that handsome, dapper, confident young man who combined the distinction of a German law doctorate with the touching predicament of having to flee his adopted country (Karl had made them a present of his entire biography within that first meeting), Felicia hoped, felt, and knew that her mother could only approve. How brave he was. How cheerfully he bore his wrongs.

"All I have is my youth and good health," he said, and his smile revealed brilliant teeth, unquenchable courage and a hint of underlying sadness. He could have been an exiled Romanoff. And where the girl saw good looks, optimism, pathos, and romance, Celina had found what she had sought, a brilliant match. She took in the smart clothes, the fashionable restaurant he had chosen, his long fastidious consultation with the sommelier, and the lavish tip. She decided that there were other grounds for Karl's optimism besides health and youth. This was the son-in-law she needed -- energetic, adaptable, resourceful, obviously capable of putting the ailing cosmetics business back on its feet. Less than a year in Paris and he had already managed to find lucrative employment, due no doubt to his command of French and his worldly manner. Or did he perhaps have private means? Either way he would be an asset.

Celina followed such speculation with a clear conscience. She wanted nothing for herself. It was merely her duty as a mother to see her child happily settled. And of the child's happiness there could soon be no doubt. Day after day Celina watched her rapt, dreamy face and

realized that she could no longer hold Felicia back even if she wanted to. Was it really so wrong of Celina to keep a few facts out of sight? Whose business was it that her ravishing child's latest outfit was not yet paid for, or that her impeccable education, which had produced such admirable results, had long been subsidized by a distant relative? What decent man in love with an adorable girl would want to hear dreary details of mortgages and loans? Surely it was an insult to her well-to-do prospective son-in-law even to suppose him capable of worrying about such matters. Felicia herself was a treasure. No further dowry was needed. No man of perception could fail to see that.

Indeed Karl's awareness of his own good fortune was now almost embarrassingly evident. The barrage of flowers, invitations, compliments, and gifts very nearly made Celina jealous. Neither of her two husbands had put themselves out for her to anything like this degree. Karl treated her with painstaking, almost old-fashioned respect. But this was no substitute for the ambitious gallantry of the first few days. He kissed her hand as he might tip a porter.

Celina soon became impatient of the lengthy courtship. All right, it's just the means to an end, but why wasn't the end yet in view? Was he perhaps afraid of marrying beneath him? Wasn't her daughter grand enough for him? And while she was too shrewd a business woman to show her eagerness for clinching the deal, she began to hint the imminence of their return to Poland to supervise the family's fortune and estates. And of course there were Felicia's brilliant prospects in the high society of Warsaw now that her French upbringing had proved such a success.

The marriage of Karl and Felicia was proposed. Although Karl had moved very quickly in the romantic relationship, he now hesitated about marriage. Yes, it was true the family fur business was able to support him comfortably but he wanted his own "situation" if married. Felicia pressed for marriage; if the only problem was Karl's "situation," then it was no problem at all because they could live in Warsaw where Karl could choose between an important position in the family cosmetics business and the practice of law in the Nicholas Sandler law office. There was no reason to postpone marriage.

Although Felicia in fact knew of no genuine opportunities in Warsaw, she rationalized that he was from a wealthy family so why worry about it. Celina began to see through the self assurance to the domineering male underneath. She developed a dislike for Karl's attempts to dominate her as well as Felicia. If there was dominating to be done, she would be the one to do it. After first being polite, she became increasingly confrontational. Felicia was caught in the middle, finding herself a battle ground for their contest of wills. Despite this development, Felicia and Karl grew more intent on marriage. Perhaps Celina's opposition intensified their resolve to marry.

The civil marriage took place on December 11, 1934, and shortly afterwards a full Jewish Orthodox service was performed at Beth Hakeneseth Temple in the 9th Arrondissement. Ominously, the happy couple had insufficient resources for a honeymoon, or even a place of their own. They moved in with Celina as an interim measure, with plans to remain in Paris until everything had been arranged in Warsaw. Among the information missing from Karl's initial assessment of a life with Felicia was a more complete knowledge of her formidable mother, Celina. He also misread Felicia's vagrant temperament. But Karl's background and underlying attitudes were equally unknown to Felicia. This is perhaps not so uncommon a situation at the beginning of a marriage, but love, of course, is expected to conquer all. In this case, the revelations made a mincemeat of love.

Problems immediately arose between Felicia and Karl. Felicia refused to do housewifely chores like cooking, ironing, and keeping the living space tidy. She insisted on sleeping late into the morning, and began to side with Celina in various matters. Karl insisted that, as his wife, she would do exactly as she was told.

The Other Tchaikowsky

Felicja quietly ignored Karl, or answered him in a meek noncommittal tone. Celina took it upon herself to straighten out Karl about how to behave, and the trouble increased.

In March 1935, Felicja returned from the doctor's office with the news that she was pregnant. Plans were made for a return to Warsaw, for two reasons. First, Karl was unable to support the family in Paris and second, both Celina and Felicja wanted the baby to be born in Warsaw. Within a few months, Karl, Felicja, and Celina were at the doorstep of the Sandler apartment at 1 Przejazd Street, near the center of Warsaw.

Karl was disagreeable at every turn and complained about everything. Michael Swieca laughed at the idea of Karl working at the Cedib cosmetics factory. Celina still owed Michael money, business was slow, and besides whatever work they could find would be unacceptable to Karl. Celina asked her husband to find Karl a job in the legal office. Nicholas Sandler already had an assistant, Celina's nephew Anatol Swieca, and he didn't need another, but what else could be done? Karl unofficially joined the Sandler firm.

Karl soon found that he didn't fit into Celina's and Felicja's social and political circles. He could not understand this volatile family of dilettantish communist activists and their dedication to constant socializing and idle pursuits. The family didn't practice their Jewish faith; they ate everything, Kosher or not, and ignored the Sabbath. Felicja was always off with her girl friends. Karl's blustering and tirades became a joke.

Despite the obvious need for it, Karl didn't seem to learn Polish very quickly. When asked about it, he belligerently told Nicholas Sandler that he had no intention of learning Polish. Three months after Felicja and Karl had arrived in Warsaw, Nicholas told Celina, "Karl is fired -- he's out. I don't know what you're going to do with him, but I can't use him." Celina was furious that Karl refused to make any effort to modify his behavior; she told him to pack his bag and leave. Felicja, now five months pregnant, didn't argue. Karl was tiresome and boring, and no fun at all.

Karl borrowed money for a rail ticket to Paris from Anatol Swieca and left Warsaw. He began corresponding with Felicja and insisted that after the birth of their child, the three of them, without Celina, should live in Paris. He explained that he now was working in the family fur business and could provide comfortable housing and a good life if she would come back. But Grandmother Celina must stay in Warsaw. She was the source of their discontent, and if Felicja would please come to Paris with the baby, everything would be fine.

Life at 1 Przejazd Street (1935)

Polish newspapers do not publish birth announcements and thus André Tchaikowsky arrived in the world on November 1, 1935 unheralded. The entire family was thrilled with the birth of a baby boy, and no one more than Grandmother Celina. Her first grandchild was a handsome little fellow with thick black hair. He was named Robert Andrzej Krauthammer. Felicja specifically wanted his first name to be "International," something neutral in the disturbing political scene around them. A name like Isaac or Mordecai was out of the question. Karl was advised of the birth. Felicja also advised him that she wasn't returning to Paris, then or ever.

Three families lived at 1 Przejazd Street -- Celina and Nicholas, Felicja and baby Robert Andrzej, and Felicja's brother Ignacy and his wife Irena -- and there were plenty of activities to keep things lively. Little Robert Andrzej was everyone's favorite. Ignacy became his surrogate father. Ignacy had been booted out of Liege University for leftist political activities. He returned to Warsaw and enrolled in the Warsaw Polytechnic Institute, from which he graduated in 1936 with a degree in chemistry. He found a job in the cosmetics business, but not with Michael Swieca at the Cedib factory. While Ignacy held leftist-communist political views, the horror of Stalin's Moscow Trials starting in 1936 caused him consternation. He had looked to Russia as a model society, but the execution of thousands of Bolshevik leaders and peasants was clearly unacceptable. Nevertheless, he remained active in communist politics, and he was not the only political

Chapter 2 - The Beginning (1935 - 1939)

activist in the family. Celina's sister, Dorka Swieca, had fallen in love with Edward Lanota, a prominent member of the Communist Party of Poland. André's cousin, Halina Swieca-Malewiak remembers Dorka:

"Her milieu included young artists and revolutionaries. She was living in our house with a girlfriend as well. She then invited into the house some of her young boyfriends looking for shelter for the night as they were afraid of arrest. This was not so amusing for my parents and I think it was perhaps why Dorka and her girlfriend left us, although she visited very often. It was in the late 1920s that she telephoned us to announce that she was going to visit with 'her dearest one, Edward.' Edward turned out to be a strongly-built, blond young man who made a very good impression with all of us. He was born Jewish but had converted to Catholicism when he was a teenager. Nevertheless, he considered himself an atheist and party member. I don't remember when, but Dorka and Edward were married. They moved to Przemysl and Dorka gave birth to a son. Shortly after this event, Edward was arrested for his political activities and judged in the famous 'Brest Trial.' Edward went to jail and Dorka and her baby went to live in Warsaw."

After a heroic effort by Dorka, Edward Lanota was released from the Brest Fortress. To some members of the family -- Ignacy, for example -- Edward was a hero. To most, he was a family scandal. Edward and Dorka moved to Gdynia, a Polish port on the Baltic next to Gdansk, but returned to Warsaw in 1937 so their son could be educated at a progressive non-religious school.

By 1937, Grandmother Celina had repaired her relationship with Michael Swieca. Felicja and Michael's wife, Renata, spent hours together, rolling their baby carriages along the sidewalks of Warsaw. Felicja's Robert Andrzej (Andrzej to everyone in the family) was now two years old and Renata's Andrzej was one year old. Robert Andrzej's rapid intellectual growth was a source of joy and growing amazement. At the age of two, he couldn't stop talking and his vocabulary was impressive. By the summer of 1939, Robert Andrzej, at the age of 3-1/2, was reading Polish newspapers, magazines, and books. Grandfather Sandler had explained to young Andrzej the phonetic sounds of the Polish alphabet. Robert Andrzej grasped immediately that words spoken were also written. Certain letter combinations had certain sounds; so simple, to just pronounce the sounds. Effortlessly, he began reading. Grandfather Sandler then taught Robert Andrzej the phonetic sounds of written German, and then Russian, and Andrzej almost immediately began reading German and Russian, although he didn't understand what he was saying.

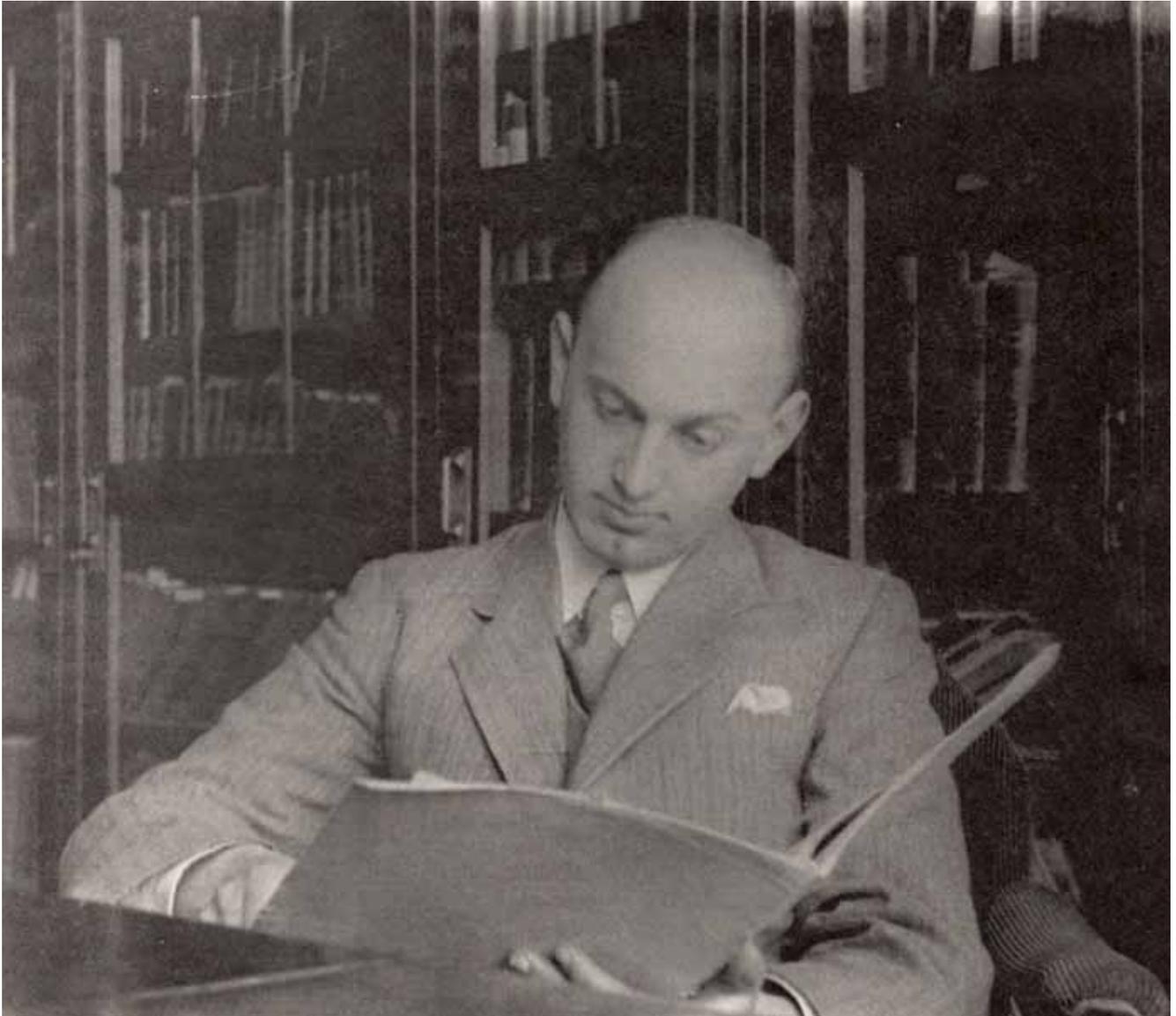
Andrzej was a capricious, very outgoing child, who could join in any conversation, and did. He was interested in everything, and his desire to learn was boundless. Grandmother Celina was delighted with her gifted grandson. She began projecting his future. He would have the best schooling in the world; he would rise to the top of his profession, whatever it was. This was no ordinary child. But on September 1, 1939, plans ended for people all over Poland, dreams ended, and as the first German bombs fell on Warsaw, lives ended. For the next five years, the family of Robert Andrzej, and those of more than three million other Jews in Poland, concentrated on one goal: to stay alive.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

André Tchaikowsky's Mother and Friends (c. 1929)

André's mother, Felicja Rappaport, at age 15 (second from left), also her brother Ignacy Rappaport (second from right) and Ignacy's best friend, violinist Roman Totenberg (far right). The gentleman in the uniform is Grandmother Celina's brother, Marian Swieca, and just behind him, a nephew, Fredrick Zeiden.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Karl Ignacy Krauthammer (c. 1932)

André Tchaikowsky's father, age 23, at a Berlin law school where he graduated in 1932. In 1933, Hitler prevented Jewish lawyers from practicing law in Germany. Karl and the rest of his family left Germany and relocated in France, where they started a fur-trade business.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Felicja Rappaport (c. 1934)

Felicja Rappaport, André Tchaikowsky's mother, at age 22. The photo was taken at about the time of her wedding to Karl Krauthammer in December 1934. She often change her hair color and was remembered by different people as blond, brunette, or redhead. All remembered that she dressed in the latest fashions.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Grandmother Celina (c. 1930)

Celina at age 41. She was then living at the family apartment in Warsaw with her husband and both of her children. Business was excellent at her School of Cosmetology, and equally successful at her husband's law practice and her brother's cosmetics factory.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Grandmother Celina and son Ignacy Rappaport (c. 1937)

Ignacy at age 26 and Celina at age 48. Ignacy was working at a cosmetics factory, having graduated from the Warsaw Polytechnic Institute in 1936 with a degree in chemistry. His earlier studies in Belgium were terminated because of political activities in the Communist Party.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1937)

André at age 2-1/2. He was already talking like an adult, with an excellent vocabulary. André's grandfather taught him how to pronounce Polish, German, and Russian text. With little effort André was able to read in all three languages, although not always knowing what he was saying.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1938)

André at age 3, about one year before the invasion by the German army. Uncle Ignacy had become André's surrogate father, which was only natural since everyone was living in the same house. André's mother seemed disinterested in being a parent and was pleased to share the responsibility with other family members.

Chapter 3 - Survival (1939-1945)

By September 14, 1939, the German Army had surrounded Warsaw and delivered a demand for unconditional surrender. Instead of giving up, the people of Warsaw began to fortify the city. The German response was a seven day around-the-clock air raid, which destroyed one fourth of Warsaw and killed 20,000 people. The Russians invaded Poland from the East on September 17, advancing to borders established by a secret protocol contained in the Pact of Non-Aggression between Germany and the Soviet Union. By September 28, the Polish state had ceased to exist and had been partitioned into German and Russian zones.

Miraculously, no one in André Tchaikowsky's family died in the Warsaw invasion, and their homes survived intact, but agonizing decisions had to be made, and quickly. Hitler's attacks against the Jews in Germany would surely be repeated in Poland. Where would the family find relative safety? How long would the war last? Where would they find an income to provide the necessities of life? Ignacy and Irena Rappaport crossed into the Russian zone. Celina and Nicholas Sandler, with Felicja and Robert Andrzej, continued to live at 1 Przejazd Street, uncertain what to do next. Dorka and Edward Lanota also remained in Warsaw.

Renata and Michael Swieca closed down the Cedib cosmetics business and fled Warsaw for the village of Sarny, which was part of the Russian zone. After one month, they moved deeper into the Russian zone to Lvov, and then to Vilna, Lithuania. Anatol Swieca also escaped to Vilna, but left his wife and child in Warsaw. Anatol had believed the statement in Hitler's declaration of war on September 1 that he would "not war against women and children." He never saw his family again.

Almost immediately, the Germans started to confiscate Jewish businesses and industries and to close Jewish retail stores. All over Poland synagogues went up in flames. But André Tchaikowsky's family were not quintessential Jews. They wore no Jewish garb, no beards or sidelocks, and few people knew them to be or thought of them as Jews. The only real clue was that the Sandler home at 1 Przejazd Street was in the center of the Warsaw Jewish district.

In October 1939, barbed wire fences were set up enclosing the main streets of the Jewish district. Signs were posted at street corners saying, "Danger: Epidemic Zone." The Germans ordered the institution of the Judenrat, a council of prominent Jews who acted as intermediaries between the German authorities and the Jewish population. Although movement was restricted, the Jewish district remained open to other parts of the city.

Nicholas Sandler was no longer able to work at his profession and his law office was closed. Grandmother Celina spent most of her time visiting friends around Warsaw, gathering bits of information about the war and their situation. All radios and printing presses were banned; anyone caught with either was executed. Felicja and Robert Andrzej spent most of their time at home. No longer would they be able to take their long walks in the parks. Felicja seemed confused and weak, as if not quite understanding what was happening around her. Robert Andrzej couldn't stop talking about all the wonderful noise and excitement caused by the airplanes.

To pass the time, Felicja showed four-year-old Robert Andrzej the correlation between the ink specks on the pieces of paper she kept on the piano and the different sounds that came from pressing the white and black piano keys. Robert Andrzej found the piano game to be fun. He had heard his mother play the piano many times and now he knew the trick. Within a few days, he was making his own ink specks and playing the little tunes he had written. Everyone was impressed with how quickly Andrzej learned this. Even though the tunes were simple, could it really be that he had learned to read and play so quickly? However, time at the piano had to be limited. The household was tense and there were limits to how long Andrzej could "practice." Besides, Nicholas was not feeling well and he preferred quiet.

The Other Tchaikowsky

In contrast to the relative quiet inside the Sandler home was the horror of the war outside. Mass indiscriminate killing swept across the land. In early November 1939, a Jew shot and killed a Polish policeman at 9 Nalewki Street, in the center of the Warsaw Jewish district. Although the killer was identified, all 53 male inhabitants of 9 Nalewki Street were executed. It was the first Jewish district mass arrest and murder and it threw the Jewish population into panic. Jews expelled from western Poland streamed into Warsaw and the Jewish district swelled to 250,000. Another 150,000 lived in other parts of the city. On January 5, 1940, Jews were forbidden to be in the streets between nine at night and five in the morning, or to do any trading outside the predominantly Jewish section.

By the summer of 1940, with Warsaw in the grip of the Nazi terror, Robert Andrzej, not yet five years old, was reading everything he could get his hands on, novels, poetry, books of any kind. He was writing in Polish and sending letters to his relatives around the city. Grandmother Celina was amazed by young Andrzej's piano playing. He was practically teaching himself and his little hands seemed to fly over the keys. Perhaps this was his calling: Robert Andrzej Krauthammer, concert pianist. At about this time, Andrzej announced what he wanted to do with his life -- he wanted to be a poet. Celina was overjoyed with the multiplying prospects for her grandson's talents, but how were they to escape this present danger?

Before the war, only a few died each day in the Jewish district of Warsaw, virtually all from natural causes. Now, nearly 100 died each day from starvation and disease. Sadness entered the home at 1 Przejazd Street in the summer of 1940. Nicholas Sandler, the grand old man who quietly went about his business, who supported Grandmother Celina for more than 20 years and added stability to the lives of his step-children, died of heart failure. There was so much death in the Jewish district that Sandler's death went practically unnoticed, but it was from a natural cause and he received a proper burial in the Warsaw Jewish cemetery.

On October 3, 1940, the German Governor of Warsaw announced that all Jews living outside the Jewish district would have to leave their homes and move to the Jewish district. Whatever belongings could be moved by hand or on carts could go with them. The rest had to be abandoned. Warsaw was to be divided into three "quarters": one for Germans, one for Poles, and one for Jews. The Jews, who constituted one third of Warsaw's population, were to move into an area that constituted less than two and a half per cent of the total area of the city. More than 100,000 Poles living in the area designated for the Jews were ordered to move to the "Polish quarter," thus losing their houses and their livelihoods as well.

The activity was frantic and panicky. An eye-witness, Toshia Bialer, remembers the scene in the Jewish quarter:

Try to picture one-third of a large city's population moving through the streets in an endless stream, pushing, wheeling, dragging all their belongings from every part of the city to one small section, crowding one another more and more as they converged. No cars, no horses, no help of any sort was available to us by order of the occupying authorities.

In the "Ghetto," as some of us had begun to call it, half ironically and in jest, there was appalling chaos. Thousands of people were rushing around at the last minute trying to find a place to stay. Everything was already filled up, but still they kept coming and somehow more room was found.

The narrow, crooked streets of the most dilapidated section of Warsaw were crowded with pushcarts, their owners going from house to house asking the inevitable question: Have you room? The sidewalks were covered with their belongings. Children wandered, lost and crying, parents ran hither and yon seeking them, their cries drowned in the tremendous hubbub of half a million uprooted people.

In retrospect, Grandmother Celina consistently made the right decisions in her maneuvers to survive the war. She constantly analyzed her situation, kept flexible to change, and maintained her network of friends and

contacts. When the announcement was made establishing the three "quarters" in Warsaw, Celina courageously took advantage of the confusion and moved from the "Jewish quarter" to the "Polish quarter." It was a great risk since Jews found outside the "Jewish quarter" were to be shot at sight. Further, anyone hiding a Jew was to be executed, along with everyone else in the building where the hiding took place, and everyone in the buildings on either side and in the building across the street.

Felicja elected to stay in the Jewish district at 1 Przejazd Street. The primary reason was Albert Seidenkamm, a dentist and an official in the Judenrat with whom she had fallen in love. There were few good situations in the Jewish district, but his situation was better than most. Unlike Felicja, Albert had a very Jewish look and there was really no possibility for him outside of the Jewish district. It was believed that the forming of the "Jewish quarter" was going to be the final move by the Germans, and that those inside must now sit tight and wait for the end of the war. It wouldn't be easy, but they would survive.

On November 15, 1940, the "Jewish quarter" was officially named the Warsaw Ghetto. The Ghetto was walled in and Jews were not allowed to leave. Jewish masons, supervised by Nazi soldiers, built walls 3 meters (10 feet) high that encircled the entire Ghetto area, enclosing the 400,000 Jews of Warsaw. An official German document gives an idea of the crowding:

The Jewish district covers an area of 403 hectares [995 acres]. The Jewish Council, which claims to have conducted a census, estimates the population of this area at 410,000 Jews while our own observations and calculations point to 470,000 to 590,000 Jews. Adopting the statistical figures of the Jewish Council and subtracting empty lots and cemeteries, the population density equals 1108 persons per hectare of built-up territory, or 110,800 per square kilometer [247 acres]. The corresponding figures for the city of Warsaw as a whole are 14,000 persons per square kilometer of the total metropolitan district and 38,000 persons per square kilometer of built-up and inhabitable space. The Jewish quarter comprises 27,000 apartments with an average number of 2-1/2 rooms each. Consequently, the average occupancy can be put at 15 persons per apartment and 6 to 7 persons per room.

Most of Robert Andrzej's family had lived in the Jewish district before it became the Ghetto. Conditions were a bit easier for them than for the average family living there. At 1 Przejazd Street, which had gained more family members and friends, Robert Andrzej had been prevented from any piano practice and the keyboard cover was kept closed. It was just too crowded for any kind of commotion. Young Andrzej, increasingly rambunctious, wasn't fond of restrictions. His response to the closed keyboard cover was to play the cover. He set music on the piano, and sat for hours rapping his fingers on the "keyboard" in pantomime playing.

Jews in the Ghetto realized that they had no choice but to come to terms with the days ahead in their prison. They began to transform their environment. Schools were opened, musical and theater groups were formed, and gave regular performances, goods were manufactured and sold within the Ghetto, and thousands of Jews made a living from smuggling. But for the smugglers, the occupants of the Ghetto would have starved to death. Wealth was determined by negotiable portable property -- furniture, household goods, cash and jewelry. The more personal property one had, the greater opportunities for sale or barter. The well-to-do habituated the used-merchandise street markets near the entrances to the Ghetto, selling their belongings. Thousands of non-Jews came to buy at bargain prices in the street markets of the Ghetto. Although the Jews were forbidden to leave the Ghetto, non-Jews from the other quarters could freely enter by showing their identity cards. Money raised from such sales provided the means to purchase food from the smugglers, and life could continue.

Grandmother Celina, unlike the majority of the Jews who risked death to live in the "Polish quarter," was a frequent visitor to the Ghetto, and always brought a food package. Although it was prohibited to bring any type of food into the Ghetto, making the intended fate of the occupants obvious, Grandmother Celina risked

all to bring food to family and friends. She used two techniques to get the food past the entrance policemen. One was simple bluff. If an inquiry was made about her package, she would forcefully say something like, "Just get out of my way. This is something for a friend and has nothing to do with you." The second technique was bribery. She would offer the policeman some money to look the other way for moment while she passed through the gate. She learned that the Jewish police could be bluffed, but the German police demanded a bribe. If she had met with a guard who was neither bribable nor bluffable, the penalty would have been a heavy fine or possible assignment to a forced-labor brigade. The greater risk was discovery that she herself was a Jew, for which the penalty was death. But she was never discovered, and managed dozens of trips in and out of the Ghetto without incident.

Robert Andrzej, a callus on every finger from his piano "practice," was occasionally allowed to play the keys. He also continued to write his own music, begging for opportunities to play the piano so he could hear what he had written. By the spring of 1941, Robert Andrzej, now five years old, was attending a kindergarten established in the Ghetto by his cousin Halina Swieca. Halina was a beautiful woman of twenty-three, rather serious and quiet. She was delighted to have Robert Andrzej in her class. Halina remembers the kindergarten:

"He was in my kindergarten, and it really was a kindergarten, which was almost impossible in the Ghetto except that I had the use of a private garden. It was a small one, very near my flat, so my students could play in the garden. In winter, it was all right. The children of the owners of this garden were in my kindergarten, my nursery, for a very small fee. But during the summer, they wanted to make more profit out of the garden, and I can understand it. One of the owners was a friend of Dorka. And by pure accident, she met me in the Ghetto, and realized that I had to be Dorka's sister, or some relative, because I was so much like her. She wanted me to work with her little daughter. The daughter survived, and her brother survived too. Their mother was a wonderful lady; she didn't survive. But I had priority because their children were in my kindergarten, so if I could pay them such and such a sum, then they would give me the use of a big part of the garden. The other part was cultivated with legumes and so on."

Young Robert Andrzej didn't fit into the kindergarten very well. Although usually well-behaved, his intellectual abilities were beyond those of the other children and he was bored. The garden school expanded with the addition of a class for older children. This new class was taught by Halina Swieca's younger brother, Tigo. Robert Andrzej was transferred to the new class of older children, but then something happened. Halina Swieca-Malewiak remembers:

"One day my brother came to me and said he was having a little problem with Robert Andrzej. So what happened? Andrzej has thrown a stone at a classmate's head. Well, he was the youngest one in this group, and a bit strange, and the others wanted him transferred. It was impossible to have him in my kindergarten group. So I asked the headmaster, 'What should I do?', and he said he wanted to speak with Andrzej's mother. Andrzej started crying and begged that I shouldn't tell his mother, that he preferred anything else, but not a word to his mother. I said, 'Why?' Andrzej said she would give him an awful beating, and he couldn't stand it."

Felicja did not beat young Andrzej then or at any other time. It was just Andrzej's attempt to manipulate the situation and to prevent disclosure of his stone throwing. There never was any doubt that Felicja loved Robert Andrzej, but something was missing in her nature to be a real mother. She seemed bored and uninterested in raising a child. Of course, there was no father to provide part of the discipline and part of the rationale for some pattern of child rearing. Albert was too busy with his other responsibilities to be a father to Andrzej.

The priority given to the garden for use as a school, instead of for growing vegetables, has significance. There was always a serious lack of food in the Ghetto and every possible patch of ground that could grow anything was used for that purpose. The school existed only because Halina Swieca was related to Dorka and Edward Lanota. The Brest Trials had made Edward Lanota a hero of Polish communists and Polish communists were mostly Jewish. After Poland's defeat in September 1939, a communist resistance movement, the Communist People's Army (AL), was eventually formed. Edward Lanota was a ranking officer in the AL.

On June 22, 1941, Germany invaded the Russian zone and drove the Soviets from eastern Poland in two weeks. Germany now commanded all of Poland and all of Eastern Europe. Ignacy and Irena Rappaport, who were hiding in the Russian zone, returned to Warsaw to find a place to live in the "Polish quarter." Ignacy met Edward Lanota and subsequently joined the AL, using the name Ignacy "Romanowitz." In the AL, Ignacy used his knowledge of chemistry, setting up laboratories to produce bombs. He also wrote a manual on how to make explosive devices from ordinary things available at drug stores.

The winter of 1941-1942 was harsh. The Germans did not allow fuel to be delivered to the Ghetto and the deaths from starvation were added to by deaths from freezing or hypothermia. After the first snow had fallen, some 70 children were found frozen to death on the steps of ruined houses. Eight Jews, six women and two men, left the Ghetto in search of food, but were caught and executed. Since the most active Ghetto smugglers were children, as a punitive measure and as a warning, German policeman gathered and executed a group of 30 Jewish children. In January 1942, more than five thousand died of starvation in the Ghetto. Grandmother Celina continued her visits to the Ghetto and made a significant contribution toward supporting the entire family. She brought food and money, and left with jewelry and belongings to sell at the "Polish quarter" markets.

Felicja and Albert Seidenkamm were married. Felicja and Robert Andrzej then left 1 Przejazd Street and moved into Albert's flat. Robert Andrzej was jealous - he didn't like the idea of sharing his mother. But Albert was gone so much of the time that it didn't really matter. What did matter is that Andrzej no longer had access to a piano at the new flat. Andrzej practiced by putting the music in his lap and playing the table.

On July 18, 1942, a train of several dozen wagons was moved to a railway siding adjoining the Ghetto at its northern limit. Nothing was said, nothing was done. The train just sat there for everyone to see and to wonder at.

Escape from the Ghetto (1942)

Halina Swieca, Robert Andrzej's kindergarten teacher, remembers a moment that followed soon after the arrival of the train:

"It was a Saturday, a free day of work for me in the Ghetto. I met with the other teachers at our little garden, to be free for a moment. It was sun shining and raining. We went into the little garden tool hut to protect us from the rain. It was so still. The sun was shining through the rain. My brother Tigo came towards us; he was so beautiful, and so pale, like a sheet. He looked like the angel of death. He said, 'The Germans are planning to finish us.' We couldn't believe it. Three days later it started."

Beginning July 22, 1942, the Judenrat was to deliver to the Ghetto railroad siding, at 4 pm each day, 6,000 Jews for "resettlement in the East." Their actual destination was nearby Treblinka and its three gas chambers. The deportations from the Ghetto continued, almost without pause, until September 12, 1942. In those seven weeks, a total of 265,000 Jews disappeared forever.

The news of the Ghetto liquidation spread quickly. Family members planned their escape. Among the first to leave were Halina Swieca and her mother. Halina Swieca:

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"I remember I told the way to Celina and it was very simple. There was a transit road. German soldiers checked every car and truck that passed through this road. There were a lot of people who came to the Ghetto in those days to buy everything; everything was very, very cheap. We knew that we had to leave the Ghetto because you didn't know if they would come for you this day or the next. If you had an Aryan look, and could pay the soldiers, and make believe you were a Pole, then it was easy. We were in a truck and went through this gate, and then by foot to Zoliborz, in northern Warsaw, where we had friends waiting for us."

Grandmother Celina arranged for the escape of both Felicja and Andrzej, but Felicja refused to leave Albert, and Albert could not, they felt, escape detection because of his Jewish appearance. Reluctantly, Celina agreed that the difficulties of hiding both Felicja and Andrzej would be great, and chances of survival for Andrzej would be better if he were by himself. Celina dyed Andrzej's hair blond with peroxide, dressed him as a little girl, then simply walked out of the Ghetto past the policeman. Celina never saw Felicja again. Sometime between July and September 1942, Felicja and Albert became part of the history of Treblinka.

Andrzej was put into hiding at the home of a Warsaw Catholic family to whom Celina paid an ever increasing "rent." He was restricted to the house, and in time of danger, hidden in a bedroom armoire. At night, the bedroom belonged to Monica, an unmarried (and pregnant) daughter. Andrzej slept inside the wardrobe. Grandmother Celina knew there would be problems trying to keep an extremely active child out of sight, but there was little choice.

In his unpublished autobiography, André Tchaikowsky described his life in hiding in chapter "1942":

How long had I been in this wardrobe? Seven weeks? Two years? I had meant to count the days, but I had forgotten. Anyway, there weren't any days in the wardrobe or any hours. That dark was always equally complete. The chamberpot was in one of its corners to be located by touch. I had now learned to do that as I had learned to use it silently. This had been very difficult at first. Once I upset the pot, and some of the mess seeped out into the room. This made Saint Monica very angry. "Never mind the filth," she said, "though that's bad enough" (she had to clean up after me with her own hands). But what if a neighbor or some stranger had been in the room? Do I want the Gestapo to make an end of them all at one go? That's what they get for saving my shitty life at the risk of theirs. Would I rather be moved down to the cellar where the rats will eat me? No? Then I'd better watch out and keep quiet. For God sakes, it's not as if a lot had been asked of me. Just don't move, and make no noise, that's all. And shit where you have been told to. Why any animal could have been trained to do that in much less time. But it's beyond our own dear "wonderboy."

I was very contrite after that, and I did keep quiet, at least my body did and hopefully, after a time, my mind would grow numb as well. The pot apart, there was nothing in the wardrobe but darkness and me. Kola had been told that Eskimos see no daylight at all for half the year. Had I been here half a year, and would it turn me into an Eskimo? Did Eskimos also bite their fingernails? No. They had other occupations, building igloos, training seals for circuses. Sometimes they saw the Northern Lights high in the sky. That only happened once or twice a year when the Eskimos had been particularly good and God saw fit to grant them a reward. The lights went off again at the first sin.

This, of course, was also the reason why I could not see the halo around Saint Monica's head. It was visible only to the worthy. Even without the halo, the evidence of Monica's holiness was quite strong enough. A positive miracle had taken place in that humble abode. In a few months' time Monica was going to be blessed with a baby, and she wasn't married. The mystery of the immaculate conception had only recently been explained to me, and it took me some time to realize that the hitherto unique privilege had been bestowed again, and on my

hostess's daughter. Awed by the revelation I knelt down inside the wardrobe and prayed, silently, of course, to the new holy virgin. I also thanked the Lord for making a witness of his second coming, for this was indisputably at hand. All the signs were there. The word was to become flesh again. Monica's flesh.

By the time she had locked the wardrobe door that evening, my greeting had been thoroughly rehearsed. "Blessed be the fruit of thy womb," I chanted, adding whatever other bits of scripture seemed relevant to the special majesty of the occasion. My eyes were lifted heavenward so the sudden blows on my cheek took me by surprise, but I managed to keep up the litany through the slaps and kicks that now followed Monica's own litany, louder than mine and, if anything, even more fervent, and addressed directly to myself. "You shit. You filthy stinker. You crass Jewish louse. They should have cut your big tongue out, not your foreskin. I'll teach you to stick your hooked nose into matters that do not concern you. I'll teach you to spy and eavesdrop on people whose one toenail is worth more than your stupid head. Though, no, your head is worth something in ready cash, and in fact it might come in handy," she added with a sudden smile.

At that time, to my confusion, she began to cry. "Oh what have I done? What have I done to deserve all this? Even this little rat now laughs at me. Rat! Rat!" At last I understood. Monica was feeling unworthy, full of Christian humility, as only a saint could be. She found herself overwhelmed at being not just the object but the actual vessel of grace. It was vital that she be reassured. "Dry your tears, Star of the Sea," I intoned. "If you had not deserved it, it wouldn't have happened. You know this as well as I ... Ouch!." I had to yell for Monica had grabbed my hair and was now spitting in my face again and again with what I realized must be righteous wrath. She then let go of me, rushed into the next room, and came back carrying a sodawater siphon. The jet went straight into my face, and I fell sideways into a corner of the wardrobe, happily missing the full chamberpot. Saint Monica then slammed and locked the door.

By that time, of course, I was thoroughly used to spending my nights in the wardrobe. At first Monica usually took me out about eleven at night, when no neighbor was likely to drop in, and put me into bed right in the front room on a sofa that might not have been quite adequate for an adult, but was ample for me.

Monica and her invalid mother always said it was asking for trouble, and one night a lady from the next flat did drop in on them. There was just enough time to throw a bedcover and couple of cushions over me. Covered by these I could not judge whether Monica had succeeded in making the sofa look unoccupied, but the lady must have been taken in for she refused the proffered chair and sat heavily down on the sofa an inch or two from my foot. Unable to move or breathe I concentrated on the conversation in which the two terrified women did their best to sound casual. "Are you sure you wouldn't be more comfortable in the rocking chair?" "Oh no, thanks. You know I love your sofa."

At some point I must have passed out. After that my keepers decided it was too risky to let me out into the room except on Gram's weekly visits, during which Monica would stand guard at the window while her mother listened for footsteps outside the front door. At a whisper from her, I would be rushed back into the wardrobe and all traces of my presence obliterated. While drying their shoes on the outside doormat, the visitors could hear Monica's strident voice reciting French irregular verbs which Grams corrected whenever it seemed plausible. The neighbors came to be quite impressed by the calm fluency of Monica's French teacher. Grams was due to visit me the day after the revelation. It never occurred to me to ask where she lived, how often she was forced to change her hiding place, or about finding me a

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new one, or where she found the money to pay for my keep and for herself. I took it for granted she would appear on the appointed day, and she always did. My hosts looked forward to her visits, far more than myself. She brought them money, and me, love.

She also invariably brought some cotton wool and a vial of oxygenated water. This was used to dye my hair blond in order to make me look less Semitic, just in case I was found (the implausibility of a Gentile child living in a wardrobe never seemed to occur to her). It also enabled Grams to keep in practice for a beauty parlor she would undoubtedly open as soon as the war was over. At present she was clearly off form. Sometimes she used too much dye and made me an Albino. Once she burned right through the hair and left me with a round bald patch on the top of my head, making me look as Monica observed, "just like the saint I thought myself to be." But what I hated most was the dyeing of my eyebrows and eyelashes. I kept my eyes tightly shut lest the stinging acid find its way through my lids and burn my sight out. Then the world would become a wardrobe.

While this took place, Grams would submit me to an examination. She asked me to recite The Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria, and posed random questions on the tenets of the Roman Catholic religion. This was easier for me than for her; she obviously didn't know them herself and seldom could have spotted a mistake. Then she would make me recite all the details of my latest identity. Name, birthplace, my parents' names, and where I had been brought up. There was a far harder task, as Grams only thought it safe if she obtained fresh identity papers every week or two, and I constantly had to memorize, digest, and identify myself with a new set of data. Usually I managed all right, but I still knew far more about Jesus' life than about my own. Altogether, he felt to me more real.

Sometimes both catechisms were combined in an attempt to catch me off my guard, somewhat like this. -- Where was Jesus Christ born? -- In Bethlehem. And you? -- In Pinsk. -- Idiot! That was the last time! Can't you read anymore? -- Bialystok. -- That's better. -- What's your father's name? -- Adam Yanowski. -- And the Holy Virgin's husband? -- Saint Joseph. -- Who massacred the innocents? -- Herod. -- And who does it today? -- The Jews. They crucify Christian children and then drink their blood. This last answer always made my hosts smile.

The night before this particular visit I found it harder than usual to run over the required answers in my mind. The imminence of the next incarceration made all my knowledge of the first seem dull and old hat, and my own identity too contemptibly small an affair to deserve attention. Besides, I was hungry. Monica had forgotten my dinner. Or perhaps in preparation for the second

advent I was meant to fast. Saints had lived on locusts in the desert. There were no locusts in the wardrobe, only crowds of lice. Grams' bleach kept them out of my hair, but not out of my clothes. Still I wasn't tempted to eat lice, not yet.

In the morning a silent, stern Monica opened the door and pointed outward into the room. The smell of food was far more important to me than Grams' presence. While I ate, Monica's mother gave the usual exhaustive account of the risks and emotions my presence in the house continually exposed them to. Grams heard it with composure and a show of contrite sympathy, waiting for the other woman to come to the point. She knew that, among other vicissitudes, the cost of living would inevitably have to be mentioned, and this was her cue for offering to raise the terms on which I was kept. This time the transition from lament to negotiation seemed particularly long in coming, and Grams finally found it necessary to take the initiative.

"Would they," she asked, "find a twenty percent rise adequate?" The mother was about to answer, but Monica silenced her with an abrupt gesture. "Look here!" she said impulsively. "We have just about had it with your brat. Take him away will you? He stinks." This was true. I did. "Why? What has he done?" exclaimed Grams. She turned to me with a frown and asked me the same question in her most disciplinary voice. I was opening my mouth to explain when Monica hastily cut in. "Oh never mind what he's done. He's been true to his own filthy self. There's no point in going into it. Just take him and go, hear me? Go." "Now? In broad daylight? Where can I take him?" "What do I care? We've had our share of him. Take him to the gestapo and claim a reward." "Now, Miss Monica!" "To the gestapo! That's where he belongs! We should have done it long ago, and we may if you don't hurry up." "Monica!" said the mother. "Are you crazy? The whole house can hear you." "Let them!" yelled Monica. "Let them all come! Let them see the little vermin for themselves. I'll call them."

She took a step towards the door. But Grams was already standing there, her arms crossed, feet apart, and a set look on her face that made it very hard to believe she had no teeth of her own. I saw Monica's mother reach out for the sodawater siphon and realized where the trick came from. She directed it at Monica, who did not see it. There was a very short silence. "Very well, Miss Monica," said Grams quietly. "The gestapo are two streets away. Won't they ask us a few questions though? Won't they be curious to know where the boy has been? Who has hidden him and fed him and looked after him? It's only fair, after all, that so much kindness should not go unrecognized."

"Are you blackmailing us?" Monica now sounded amazed rather than angry, and her mother softly put down the siphon on the table. They both stared at Grams. "That would be a change, wouldn't it. Think for yourself. You may yet prefer 'the little vermin' as you call him not to be discovered. The penalty for hiding a Jew is the same as for being one. And you know what that is, don't you. You can see them hanging from the lampposts all over town. Sometimes they are hanging upside down. Which takes much longer. You wouldn't look your best that way."

Grams voice was calm and patient, just as if this was another French conjugation. She stared straight at Monica, who by now was quite silent, and allowed herself more and more time between the phrases. "Whatever happens to the boy shall happen to you Miss Monica. I will see to it that it does. He

won't abuse your generous and disinterested hospitality for a minute longer than necessary. I also want him out of here for his sake. There is only a question of finding him another place. This may take an hour or a month. I cannot tell which. Until then I am afraid you will have to go on putting up with him, especially as you seem to be making a speciality of unwanted children."

Strangely enough, this last puzzling remark upset Monica more than anything else. She hurled herself at Grams, who seized her arms. "You Jewish scum! How dare you!" "Shhh", from the mother. "If I didn't dare, Miss Monica," said Grams, still gripping her opponent's arms "neither my boy nor myself would be here. All I do is dare, every minute of every day. It takes far more than you to frighten me. Remember, the boy knows your value. The boy knows your name, your address, he's been here for two months, and he even knows that you've repeatedly accepted payments for defying the authorities. If he doesn't tell the gestapo when he's caught, I will. See to it that he's safe."

She let go of Monica and went over to the mother's wheelchair. There was no haggling this time. Grams simply took some money out of her bag and put it into the woman's hands. I

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don't know if the amount had been increased. "And that's the gratitude we get," said the mother. "We should have known." I couldn't help thinking that she was taking a leaf out of Grams' own book. "You get all the gratitude you deserved," replied Grams. "And anyway, you don't want gratitude, you want cash. Stop giving yourselves airs you can't afford."

She kissed me on the forehead and went out, without even dyeing my hair. The silence seemed to go on forever. I was afraid of making the least movement which might attract the two women's attention. Somehow I felt that I could only be punished atrociously and irredeemably for Grams' sins and for all my forefathers. Monica had sat down and was now crying. I was longing to comfort her, but I didn't dare. What apology could possibly make up for Grams' blasphemies? What atonement for the inexplicable fact that despite Monica's holiness Grams had managed to cut more of a figure? It was a wonder God had allowed that.

After a while they began to talk of small things without any reference to Grams or myself. They sounded tired. The mother presently took up a book; Monica got up and moved a few things about the room. There was nothing to tidy up, but Monica acted as if there was. And this was how she came across me. She pulled me to my feet and gave me a long, silent look which terrified me. I wholeheartedly endorsed her evaluation of myself as vermin. Do lice know they are vermin? And if they do, they must be miserable. There was nothing in me but shame, dirt, and fear. Monica took her time reading these from my cringing face.

Still silent, she pointed out the wardrobe with her chin. I went in and sat down in my usual corner. The lock clicked. I slept. It was a great relief when the next day she reprimanded me in the usual vehement way. I'd been afraid that she would never speak to me again. Why should someone who had conversed with the archangel Gabriel talk to the likes of me?

Such was André's later recollection of his life in hiding in Warsaw, perhaps embellished to convey the strength of the impression this situation made on his young mind.

In early October 1942, Ignacy "Romanowitz" was at the wrong place at the wrong time. The Germans rounded up 50 known leftists and members of the AL, Ignacy among them. Irena came to Grandmother Celina for help, as the Germans were watching Irena's home for other AL suspects. Celina gave her money to buy new identity papers and Irena went into hiding. It was hopeless to try to save Ignacy. On October 16, 1942, Ignacy and 49 other leftists were hung at a gallows on Leszno Street. In the space of a few months, Celina saw the destruction of both her children. All she had left now was her grandson Andrzej.

The "resettlement" of the Warsaw Ghetto ceased in September 1942, since the remaining 63,000 Jews refused to leave their homes. On April 19, 1943, after initial attempts to drive the Jews from their homes failed, the Germans began the systematic destruction of every single building in the Ghetto. The Jews fought for their lives, but the struggle was brief; it was over by mid-May, with 7,000 Jews dead and 56,000 sent to death camps. The Ghetto was completely leveled and ceased to exist. In theory, there were no Jews left in Warsaw.

At the end of May 1943, Celina moved Andrzej from the home of the Catholic family to the home where Irena was living. Andrzej, now seven years old, had as playmates two other Jewish children who were also hiding at that same location. In July 1943, Grandmother Celina and Andrzej left Warsaw for the country home of a wealthy Warsaw family. Prior to leaving Warsaw, Celina obtained extremely good forgeries of identification papers for herself and Andrzej. Celina Janina Sandler became "Celina Janina Czajkowska," and Robert Andrzej Krauthammer became "Robert Andrzej Czajkowski." The name "Czajkowski" was a transliteration of the Russian name Tchaikovsky. Intentional or not, Andrzej's new surname was one of the most famous in the world of music.

Chapter 3 - Survival (1939 - 1945)

Andrzej must have been glad to be out of Warsaw. Not only did he no longer have to sleep in a wardrobe, or deal with his former wardens, but the country family had a dog he could play with. He spent a good deal of his time writing short stories, poems and letters to relatives. Often he would include one of his stories with a letter. To his Aunt Irena, he wrote on August 7, 1943:

Dear Aunt,

I sympathize with you. I'm very sorry to learn about your sickness. I hope you get well as soon as possible. Why don't you come and visit us? Here is my address in Miedzylesie - ul. Malinowa 3. We have a dog called Bum. I beg you to write back to me. Perhaps your condition is better by now? How is it, how are you getting on? I will send you a 2nd fairy tale as soon as I get a new notebook. How is Dan getting on? Perhaps well. And his sister?

Isn't this a clever letter! Write back and tell me how clever it was.

Kisses, Andrzej

Irena was ill at the time with typhus. She was working at the Polish Hygienic Institute where her job was to feed lice. The lice were used to make anti-typhus vaccine, but somehow she caught the disease. "Dan" and "his sister" mentioned in the letter were two Jewish children being hidden by Irena.

Return to Warsaw (1944)

There are clues that something dreadful happened at the country home. Andrzej's cousin Charles Fortier (previously, Kazik Zeidenstrumph) believes Andrzej was with other children and told them his name was really Krauthammer and he was actually Jewish. This was reported to the Germans. The country home was burned to the ground and its occupants executed, although Celina and Andrzej managed to escape. Some years later Andrzej told an American woman in Fontainebleau, France, that during the war the Germans burned down his house and his parents were killed. Andrzej himself fabricated a story that during this time he wasn't in the countryside at all, but was smuggled to Paris for a while and then smuggled back to Poland. Although not true, this smuggling story is often repeated in biographical descriptions and reference books. What is known is that Celina and Andrzej left the countryside and returned to Warsaw in the Spring of 1944.

On August 1, 1944, an uprising broke out in Warsaw. The two resistance movements, the communist AL with 500 soldiers, and the AK with 36,500 soldiers, along with other organizations, took part in an attempt to drive the Germans out of Warsaw. When the fighting reached their neighborhood, Celina and Andrzej, along with other women and children, ran to the basement of their building. Shortly afterward, German soldiers smashed down the basement door and confronted the frightened group shouting, "Where are the men?" Celina, knowing they were about to die, took Andrzej's hand and reassured him that there would be no pain, and it would all be over in just a few seconds. Someone in the group answered that there were no men in the basement. To everyone's disbelief, the soldiers left without harming anyone.

An agreement between the German command and the Polish Red Cross permitted women and children to leave Warsaw on September 7 and 8, 1944. Like thousands of other civilians trapped during the Warsaw uprising, Celina and Andrzej were rounded up and sent to the Pruszkow concentration camp. Immediately, there was a crisis. Andrzej suffered an attack of appendicitis requiring an emergency operation. Celina realized the risk of taking him to the camp hospital, but there was little choice. Andrzej, with his blonde hair, was checked into the hospital. The appendectomy was successfully performed and Andrzej was placed in a children's ward to recover. However, it wasn't an ordinary children's ward, but a ward for disturbed children, since they had the only available beds. Andrzej, after two years of being hidden, enjoyed this freedom and the social possibilities. He started telling non-stop stories, making everyone around him laugh. He read his poems to anyone who would listen. Celina visited Andrzej as much as possible and tried to keep him quiet.

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The German doctor who performed the operation noticed the dark hair roots on his patient's head, and, since Andrzej was circumcised, he must have realized that this was a Jewish child. By then the commandant of the hospital, indeed the entire hospital, had heard of this amazing little boy. He was told that Andrzej could discuss a variety of topics at an adult level and composed poetry. At the end of the week, just prior to Andrzej's release from the hospital, the commandant moved him into a large ward area so he could read his poems to the adult patients. Given that some of the poems were anti-German, the commandant must have viewed the situation as amusing or therapeutic rather than threatening. The doctor didn't expose Andrzej; perhaps he thought it would embarrass the commandant, or perhaps the doctor had seen enough death, or perhaps he saw something unique in the bright young boy. Certainly, Celina must have been going crazy trying to keep Andrzej under control. The poems were read and Andrzej loved the attention and the stir he had created. When the time came, Celina got him out of the hospital fast.

The poems Andrzej wrote in the hospital were saved, as were other poems written during the war. Celina eventually gave them to Halina Swieca-Malewiak. An example, translated to English:

Scarlet Rose

Oh scarlet rose, fed on our blood,
Watered with the tears of our suffering,
Torn like our souls,
Weeping over the fate of our land.

Our nation, seeing blood, seeing tears,
At first sinfully hoped to save itself by itself,
Now we beg the Son of God, begging and crying,
Save us, oh Lord.

But the Lord punished our pride,
And sent a war of annihilation.
On the third day of May 1940, everything changed.
Thrice cursed Germany robbed Poland of independence.

Too late for the white eagle to rise,
And shout: "Fight for Freedom".
"Wake up", shouts the eagle, trying to raise our spirits,
To call us to fight.

The importance of the date in Andrzej's poem -- May 3, 1940 -- is not known. It may have been a date of personal significance as it doesn't coincide with any recorded historical event.

The uprising in Warsaw continued until October 2, 1944, when the resistance was crushed by superior German equipment. Edward Lanota died in the Old City with five other members of the AL. Warsaw was evacuated. The resistance armies were sent to prison camps, the civilians to concentration camps. German artillery then razed Warsaw -- nearly every building was destroyed.

In early 1945, Russian soldiers liberated the Pruszkow concentration camp. The war was over for the inmates. Grandmother Celina and Andrzej Czajkowski had survived. Celina had lost both her children, and of her ten brothers and sisters, only three were alive at the end of the war. Of the sixteen children of the Swieca brothers and sisters, nine were alive in 1945 to represent the family in the second generation. In the third generation, of the five children before the war, only two survived, and Andrzej was one of them. The 3,300,000 Polish Jews at the start of the war had been reduced to 50,000 at war's end.

Survival of Karl Krauthammer

Karl Krauthammer had left Warsaw in humiliation and anger and returned to Paris in 1935, just a few months before Andrzej was born. He immediately joined the family fur business with his parents, brother Herman, and sister Gisele. Survival depended on some manner of employment, so they did what was necessary. In 1937, Karl's brother Herman was identified and sought by the police for working without proper papers. He left the family home and hid at the apartment of Celina's sister, Mala Swieca-Zeidenstrumph, who, by this time, had shortened her name to Mala Zeiden. The crisis passed and Herman returned to the business. In 1938, Karl wrote a letter to Felicja saying that he had prepared all the papers necessary for her and Andrzej to move to France. Felicja refused to return to him. In this decision, she sealed her fate.

Strangely enough, when Germany invaded France, the Glasburg-Krauthammer family was able to conduct business legally for the first time. Initially, business was quite good. However, in April 1941, Germany introduced the same restrictions for the French Jews as applied to the German Jews. After this date, no Jew was allowed to engage in any wholesale or retail trade. The Glasburg-Krauthammer family didn't wait around to see what would happen next; instead, the fur business was closed and the family escaped to Nice in southern France.

Germany occupied all of France after November 11, 1942, except for eight departments in southeastern France, including Nice. These departments were under Italian jurisdiction. The Jews in these departments were relatively safe until September 1943, when 5,000 Jews in Nice were hunted down and deported to Auschwitz. The Glasburg-Krauthammer family fled to Toulouse in "free" France. It was easy to find a family willing to hide Jews in Vichy France and the Glasburg/Krauthammer family found refuge in a chateau near Toulouse. They remained in hiding in Toulouse until the German surrender. Karl was especially affected by the tensions of hiding; unlike other family members, he did not leave his room for more than a year.

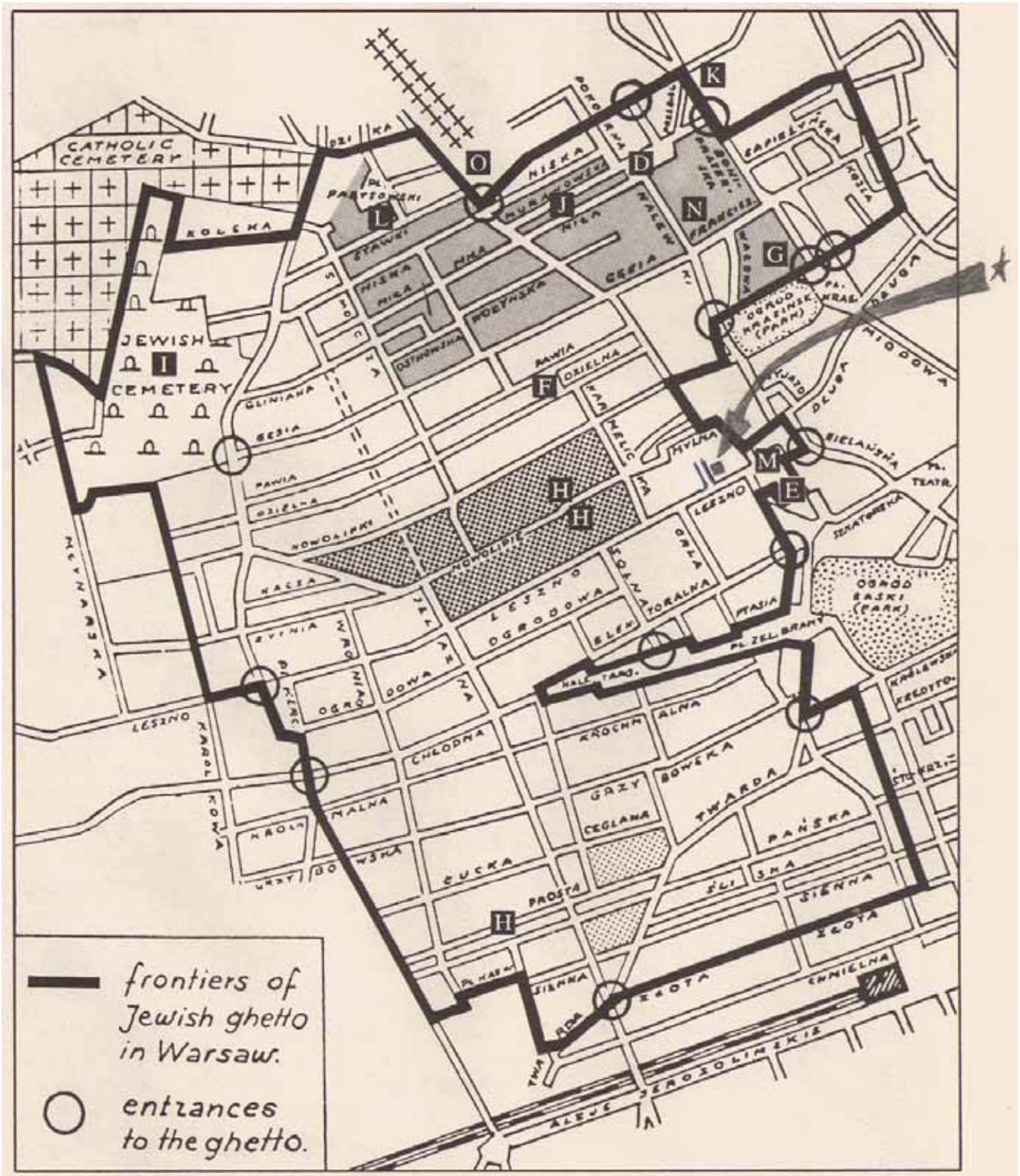
The course of the war changed; the allies invaded France. By late summer 1944, the Germans had been driven from France and the Glasburg-Krauthammer family returned to Paris. The fur business was restarted and the entire family was granted French citizenship. For Karl, however, the effects of the war lingered. He had suffered a deep depression while hiding in Toulouse and was practically unable to function upon the return to Paris. A doctor prescribed electroshock therapy. The pattern of depression and electroshock treatment continued for the rest of his life.



Courtesy of Ulrich Keller

Warsaw Jewish District (c. 1940)

The Warsaw Jewish district was the precursor of the Warsaw ghetto. The walls were three meters high with another meter of barbed wire. After November 15, 1940, the Jewish district became the Warsaw ghetto and any Jew discovered outside of its boundaries was subject to execution.



Courtesy of Hermann Verlag

Map of Warsaw Ghetto (c. 1940)

The original ghetto boundaries of October 15, 1940. The Sandler home at 1 Przejazd Street was at the corner of Leszno Street (see arrow). Most of André Tchaikowsky's family lived in the ghetto, but some risked death by living in the Warsaw "Polish quarter."



Courtesy of Ulrich Keller

Warsaw Ghetto Dead (c. 1941)

Most of the deaths in the Warsaw ghetto were from starvation. Due to the heroic efforts of Grandmother Celina, the family of André Tchaikowsky always had sufficient food. The worst month in the ghetto for starvation was January, 1942, when 5,123 died. The bodies shown here would be stripped and burned.



Courtesy of Halina Swieca-Malewiak

Dorka Swieca-Lanota (c. 1939)

Dorka Swieca-Lanota, Celina's sister and André's great-Aunt, was married to a well-known communist leader, Edward Lanota. Dorka had been a fervent communist, but during the war abandoned communism and became a Roman Catholic. It was not uncommon for Jews to become Roman Catholic during the war.



Courtesy of David Rubinger

Typical Eastern European Ghetto Entrance (c. 1942)

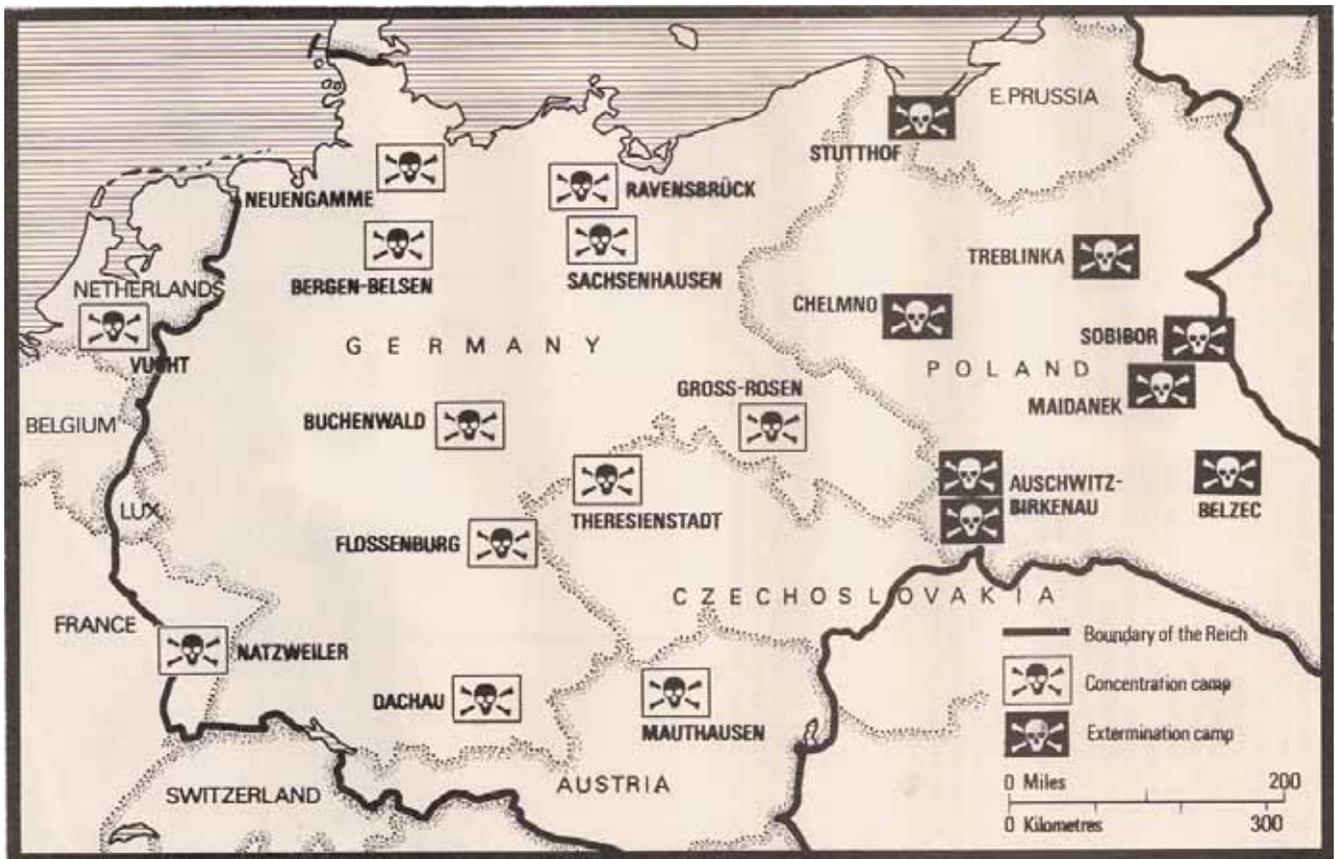
Grandmother Celina traveled frequently to the Warsaw ghetto to bring food and money to members of her family. André Tchaikowsky, hair dyed blonde and dressed as a girl, escaped the Warsaw Ghetto through the courage and ingenuity of his Grandmother.



Courtesy of Yivo Institute

Ghetto Residents Boarding a Death Train (c. 1942)

Starting July 22, 1942, 6,000 Jews were transported each day from the Warsaw Ghetto to Treblinka and to death. After seven weeks, 265,000 Jews had been murdered. André Tchaikowsky's mother probably died in this manner. She could have fled the Ghetto, but chose to stay with her new husband, Albert.



Courtesy of Richard Natkiel

German Concentration and Death Camps (c. 1943)

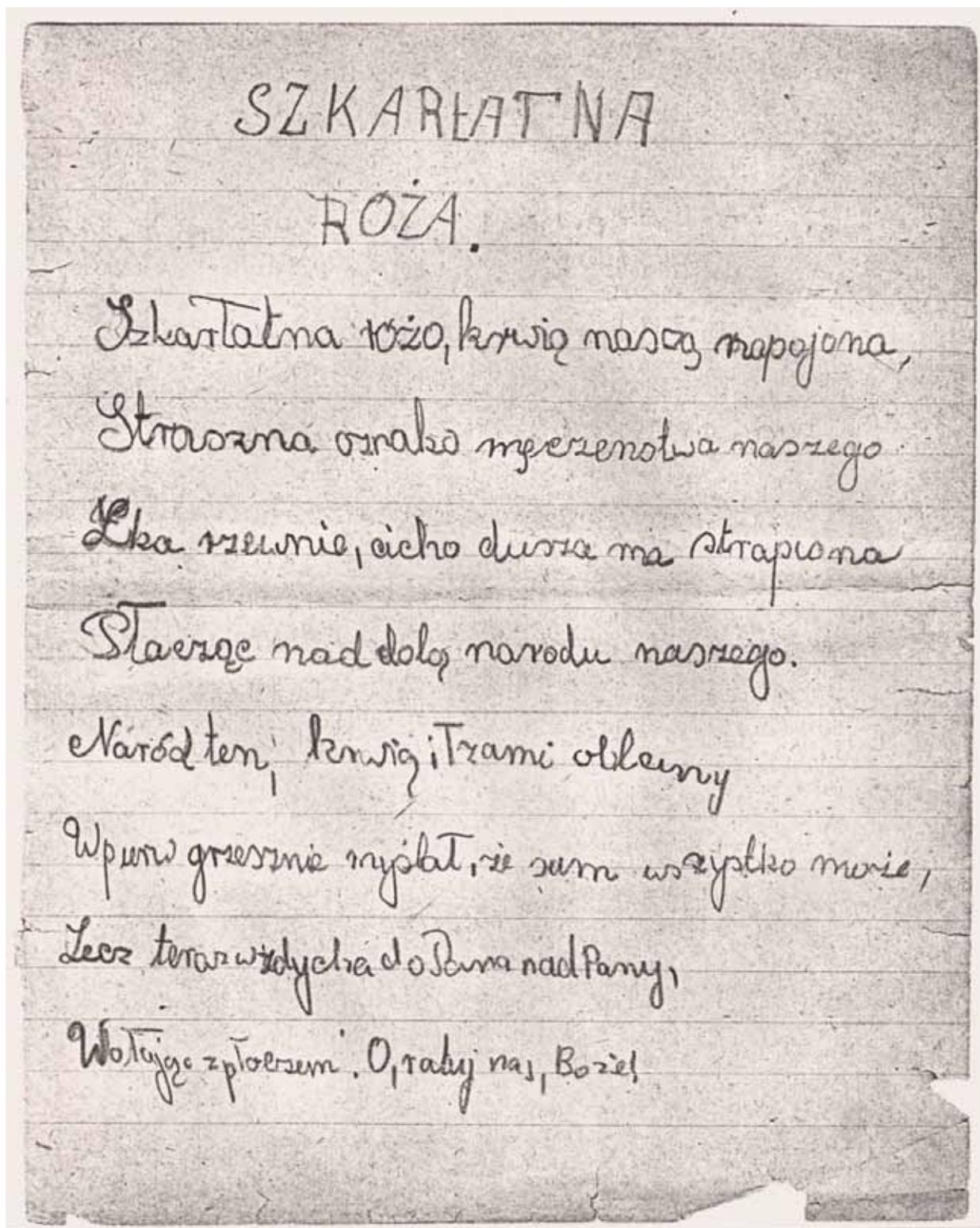
At the Nuremberg trials in 1945, it was estimated that the German Death Camps consumed 5,700,000 Jews. Poland suffered the most with a loss of 3,000,000. All Death Camps were located in Poland, and Jews from all the conquered lands were transported there, without food or water, for trips lasting up to 10 days.



Courtesy of Irena Paszkowska

Ignacy and Irene "Romanowitz" (c. 1939)

Ignacy Rappaport was known in the AL resistance movement as Ignacy "Romanowitz." After his execution as a leftist on October 16, 1942, Irena assumed a new identity and went into hiding. Within a few months, Celina saw the destruction of both of her children. She devoted the rest of her life to her grandson Andrzej.



Courtesy of Halina Swieca-Malewiak

First page of "Scarlet Rose" - A poem by Andrzej (c. 1944)

Andrzej wrote a series of poems during the Warsaw Uprising (Aug. to Oct. 1944). During a period of hospitalization at the Pruszkow concentration camp, Andrzej read his poems to other patients. Celina was terrified that such activity would result in discovery that they were Jews. (See text for translation.)



Courtesy of Gisele Juttès

Karl Krauthammer (c. 1941)

The brothers Karl Krauthammer (right) and Herman Glasburg, sister Gisele Glasburg-Juttès, and their father. The children belonged to Gisele. This photo was taken in Nice just after the family had fled Paris. Later they went into hiding in the Toulouse area.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1947)

In this 1947 passport photo, Andrzej is age 12. During the Second World War, many Polish citizens changed their names and used false papers. Most retained their new identities after the war and this was true for Andrzej Czajkowski and Celina Czajkowska.

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

Robert Andrzej Czajkowski was nine years old when Germany capitulated on May 9th, 1945. The loss of over six million Polish citizens from a total population in 1939 of thirty-five million represented a casualty rate of 18 per cent. In proportion to its size, Poland incurred far more damage and casualties in the war than any other country. Although his grandmother's adroit maneuvering had kept Andrzej out of the death camps, he did not escape the psychological effect of this nightmare period in which life had descended to the level of barbarism, as it had in much of eastern Europe, and especially for Jews. His mother, sent to the Treblinka death camp, became one of the unnamed millions who in some particular but unwritten scene of inhumanity added her count of one to the estimated six million Jews whose final disposition had been effected by the Nazis. Perhaps even worse for Andrzej, she had rejected him, and seemed to have chosen this fate in preference to trying to stay with him and struggle for their mutual survival.

Perhaps his confusion and survivor's guilt, if treated with immediate understanding and consolation, might have been ameliorated to some extent, but such treatment was not possible in the grim struggle to survive in the aftermath of the Polish catastrophe. Instead, his psychological impairment may have been aggravated by the machinations of the very person who had struggled so hard each day to ensure his survival -- grandmother Celina.

The most common psychological manifestation of the survivors of the Holocaust was a chronic depressive state, including feelings of fatigue, nervousness, and emptiness. Disorders of sleep were common and included the fear of falling asleep as well as of early morning awakening. There were also numerous physical symptoms, mainly headaches and disorders of the gastrointestinal tract. In years to come, Andrzej would exhibit these symptoms in the extreme.

Grandmother Celina perhaps aggravated Andrzej's mental and emotional state by transmitting to him the message that he must justify their existence by becoming a living monument to the triumph of their survival and to the world's triumph over the Nazis' nearly successful annihilation of the Jews. Andrzej had to "pay for" having survived where so many others had not. Since he had already demonstrated phenomenal intelligence and intellectual abilities, great deeds were expected.

Celina was not a subtle person and as long as she was alive Andrzej would have little choice over the direction of his life. Not an easy child under any circumstances, Andrzej resisted and hated Celina for her efforts "on his behalf." Their relationship, indeed the entire question of Andrzej's exact psychological state, is beyond the limits of this biographical sketch; nevertheless, there is no doubt that Andrzej suffered severe effects from the whole horrible situation, as well as the effects of being, from the age of seven, without mother or father and in the hands of his domineering, over-ambitious and sometimes heartless grandmother.

Move to Lodz (1945)

By the end of the war, Grandmother Celina had decided Andrzej was going to study music and become one of the greatest pianists in the world. Andrzej had demonstrated he could learn piano music without playing a note, and in Celina's view, with proper training, he would undoubtedly rise to the top. Before the war, the best piano teacher in Poland, by most accounts, had been Stanislaw Szpinalski. In 1945, Szpinalski was teaching at the Poznan Conservatory, but was only accepting advanced students. There was no possibility of Andrzej studying with him at that time. Celina moved to Poznan to convince Szpinalski otherwise, but he refused to take on a nine year old student who had never studied the piano before. Celina deferred study with Szpinalski and selected the only remaining option -- study at the Lodz Academy of Music. Lodz, within 100 miles of Warsaw, had a strong musical presence before the war. Before 1940, it had both a philharmonic orchestra and an opera company, and after the war it was one of the first cities to reorganize a music school.

The Other Tchaikowsky

The Lodz Academy of Music was modest, but on the faculty were two well-known piano teachers: Wladyslaw Kedra and Emma Altberg. Kedra (1918-1968) had studied with Antoni Dobkiewicz at the Lodz Conservatory (1935-1937) and Magda Tagliaferro (1937-1939) at the Paris Conservatory. Known for his excellent memory and great technical facility, he won fifth prize in the 1949 Chopin Competition. But in 1945, Kedra was just 27 years old, and he agreed to teach Andrzej at the Lodz school.

Celina was now completely out of money, but still managed to find a small apartment in Lodz and moved in with Andrzej and with her widowed sister, Dorka Swieca-Lanota. Dorka was employed at the Lodz library as a typist, and it is believed that Celina worked as a hatmaker as well as whatever jobs she could find in the beauty and fashion business. The apartment was too small for a piano so Andrzej had to practice on school pianos or on pianos belonging to acquaintances who lived nearby.

To Celina's gratification, Andrzej's abilities were awesome and immediately obvious to everyone: he could simply play the piano as if there were nothing to it. Kedra would assign a lesson and Andrzej would sight read it on the spot. Lessons Andrzej did take home were often ignored; instead, he would learn something by Szymanowski, or Chopin, and play them in place of the assigned work. Kedra did nothing to discourage such an obvious talent, but he was a bit overwhelmed. At the end of the first year, there was a jury competition to see which piano students would advance to the class of Emma Altberg. The violinist Wanda Wilkomirska was a new student at Lodz and remembers the jury recital. Wanda Wilkomirska:

"I was sitting with other students; because the school was so small, we were eager to get new students, to meet new people. This boy was playing his own composition, Theme and Variations, and couldn't manage one of these variations; it was too difficult for him, and he started crying. I will never forget that. I tried to console him. This boy, with his ten years, was a real gentleman. I told him something like, 'You shouldn't cry, you will have red eyes.' He told me, 'The ladies always like me. I never cry because I don't want to have red eyes and I want to look nice.' He said I would always look nice."

In spite of this difficulty with the variations, the jury recital was a success for Andrzej and he advanced to the class of Emma Altberg. How could they hold back a 10 year old who played the standard composers so excellently and only faltered on the variations he had written to his own composition? Altberg, a student of Wanda Landowska, was popular at the Lodz Conservatory, and Andrzej liked her very much, both as a teacher and as a person. Another student at Lodz during this time was Andrzej's distant cousin, Tadeusz Kerner. Kerner was ten years older than Andrzej, which precluded a close friendship at that time, but a few years later they became close friends.

Like Kedra, Altberg saw an enormous talent growing in Andrzej. She did her best to guide and discipline his skills. It wasn't easy as Andrzej needed constant challenge and would often learn too quickly: he never seemed really to master something because he could simply do it on the first try. For her other students, mastering a composition meant long hours of practice and study until, slowly, the technique as well as the composition was imbedded in the mind and fingers. To be able to do something immediately somehow fell short. But what could be done? Altberg had never seen a student like this and wasn't sure what to do.

As Andrzej started the 1946-1947 school year with Altberg, he decided to enter a Mother's Day poetry contest sponsored by the school. In Andrzej's unpublished autobiography, for the year 1946, he wrote the following:

Homework that afternoon was a rushed, perfunctory affair because the poem for Mothers' Day was far more important and would no doubt take a lot of time. I tried to think of it at various times during the classes, but all it did was to make me inattentive, and now I could neither remember anything the teacher had said, nor produce a single line of verse. Grams was sitting across the table trying to knit. She was really hopeless at it and only kept it up because her doctor had recommended physical exercise. In keeping untypically silent to help

me concentrate, she glanced at me occasionally, but didn't tell me to straighten up, take my elbows off the table, or keep my tongue in. At length, seeing the page still blank, she asked, "No divine fire today?"

From Aunt Dorka, the remark would have been sarcastic, but Grams' tone showed nothing but solicitude. "Divine fire" was the least she felt entitled to expect of me. She could always kindle it herself. "I really can't get started," I said. "Shall I give you the first line?" "I wish you would." I could always trust Grams to provide one line. A single line was no rhyme. So it takes no real poetic gift to summon it up. Grams got up, put down her knitting, and took her glasses off. She walked over to where I was sitting and put her hands on my shoulders. I did not look around.

After a silence, in a soft, solemn, theatrical voice I heard her say, "Mummy, where are you? Why aren't you here?" She paused, partly for effect, partly because her share of the task had been completed. Indeed, I had been right to rely on her. A tearjerker. Of course! My mistake had been to think of Mothers' Day as an occasion for which only a festive, cheerful poem would be suitable. I could always produce a tearjerker. I looked 'round and smiled gratefully. She kissed me, watched me write her line down, and then went back to her chair and her knitting. The next time she looked up, the page was three quarters full, and she rewarded me with a happy smile. Two artists went on working in comradely silence.

It was a double performance. Grams had unwittingly started me off on two activities at once, the sugary poem, which took little concentration and no effort and an imaginary dialogue, which took me by surprise. It could neither be stopped nor controlled. It started as soon as I wrote down "Why aren't you here?" and it went like this:

"Yes, why?
Shall I tell you why?
I know it all.
You preferred Albert, didn't you?
You called him a swine, I remember.
But you preferred death with him to living with me.
That's a fine compliment to a son."

Mother didn't raise her voice to reply. It was sweet and quiet:

"Darling, try to remember.
What chance would two people have had of escaping?
Three, including Grams.
A small child is easier to hide than a grown woman.
I just wanted you to have the best chance."

"I didn't want a chance.
I wanted you.
I had every bit as much right to die as you had.
You defrauded yourself of life and me of my place by your side.
Wherever you went.
And you lied to me like a slut, remember that?
Remember saying, 'Mummy will be with you in a few days:
I knew you were lying at the time.
I saw right through you."

The Other Tchaikowsky

You know I did. So don't look so bloody angelic.
You're probably a cake of soap by now."

"Darling, please stop.
You really mustn't miss me so much.
It does you harm and me no good."

"Miss you! I haven't thought of you since that day,
the day you didn't even have the guts to say good-bye.
Miss you?
You fucking sentimental cunt.
You certainly took great pains to prevent the swine, Albert,
from missing you too much.
He was allowed Treblinka, but not I.
Did you have a nice honeymoon?
You must have looked a picture, dying in each others' arms."

"Just how much do you know about Treblinka?"

Her voice was still quiet, but from its sternness I could tell her anger.
I did not interrupt her this time.

"You don't seem to know much. I am glad.
Men and women died in different chambers.
Are you feeling a bit better now?"

"Mother,"
I said, all anger gone,
"Mother, is it true that sometimes the gas supply ran low,
and it took people several days to die?
You weren't part of such a batch, were you mother?
Answer me this.
I am sorry for all I've said, but just answer this."

"Have you finished?" asked Grams. I started and blinked. The poem had been ready for some minutes now, and I had forgotten all about it. I handed it over to her and was silent while she read. I tried very hard to continue that interrupted dialogue, but could no longer visualize mother. "The humble tribute of an orphan's tears," said Grams repeating the last line aloud. "Why that's wonderful, Ducky. And all that in this one little head." The poem won first prize in the competition and was printed in the school magazine.

This portion of the autobiography was written in the mid-1970's and, like the rest of the autobiography, was a therapeutic exercise that expressed powerful feelings long sequestered in his subconscious. That such a poem or contest really existed seems improbable. However, the important fact is the terrible distress that turned into the outer vilification of his mother, the bitterness Andrzej felt towards his mother for most of his adult life. The scatology arose from the emotional content of this distress, and emerged in his autobiography and whenever his personal relationships came under stress. In the late-1970's, after Andrzej visited Israel, he learned many others had similar experiences and similar problems. The perceived uniqueness of his situation

turned out to be not so unique after all. Only then did Andrzej forgive his mother for her actions nearly 40 years before. In the meantime, bitterness and self-torment often filled his mind and eroded his spirit.

When Andrzej asked questions about his mother, Celina's standard response was that Karl was responsible for what happened because he didn't try hard enough to get them out of Poland before the war came. This was extraordinarily unfair to Karl, who had made every effort to get them out before the war. Once hostilities started, there were no longer any possibilities, and no one could have helped them escape Poland. One must suppose Andrzej believed what he was told; he always harbored an undercurrent of hatred towards his father. Andrzej's mother was dead and had not cared for him anyway, and his father was a monster.

In the spring of 1947, at the age of 58, Celina had a heart attack. She had had a mild attack in 1938 (and was told she should live a quiet life!), but this one was much more serious. For several days, Celina was in critical condition. Dorka, sure Celina would die, wrote to their sister Mala Zeiden in Paris advising her of the situation. She wrote that if Celina should die, she would place Andrzej in a Polish orphanage. Mala wrote back that she had contacted Karl Krauthammer and Karl said Andrzej should be sent to Paris if anything happened to Celina.

Dorka looked after Andrzej while Celina was in the hospital. Although Andrzej and Celina didn't get along and engaged in almost constant shouting matches, they nevertheless understood each other. Dorka was another story. Dorka was a devout communist, until the death of her husband; then she became a religious fanatic. She went to church many times a day, starting with 5 a.m. Mass, and was constantly preaching to anyone who would listen about the "true faith." Intellectually, Andrzej was able to run circles around Dorka, and, while Celina was in the hospital, he did this as much as possible to escape her religionism. However, he still ended up at a lot of Catholic Masses praying for Celina's recovery.

Celina surprised the doctors with her recovery, perhaps thinking of what would happen to Andrzej if she were to die. She was angered by Dorka's plan for Andrzej in the event of her death. Sending Andrzej to an orphanage was unthinkable; however, sending Andrzej to his father was also unthinkable. She was further angered when Karl sent a letter directly to Andrzej, inviting him to Paris. Celina forbade Dorka to visit the hospital, but welcomed visits by Andrzej. In a portion of Andrzej's autobiography for 1947, he relates one of his hospital visits:

She still saw the boy once a week and took him away after the mandatory half hour (or sooner, as Celina sometimes lost her temper and ordered him out). Everyone agreed in deploring Celina's heartlessness towards her sister, who now showed her unaltered devotion by sitting in mute patience on an uncomfortable bench just outside the ward. The nurse gave heart-rending descriptions of Dorka whispering over her rosary. While she was thus engaged, Celina struggled to control the boy and her own nerves. She was determined that this time there should be no scene. She had rehearsed her remarks as one might prepare an examination, discarding anything that led to trouble in the past, and she had taken her behavior through an almost military drill. Her studied pose seldom survived the boy's first remark.

"And how is your father?" she asked at the start of Andrzej's fourth or fifth unaccompanied visit. It was one of the questions she had vowed (to herself) not to ask. "Certainly better than you," laughed the boy. "Though you are trying to outdo Rasputin. Most people decay after death, but you have managed to reverse the process." Celina gasped. She knew he would never before have dared to insult her so openly, but she could not recall the sister on whose absence she had just insisted or even use her name to frighten and restrain the boy. Both of them would have sneered at so abject an admission of incompetence.

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"I am sorry to keep you waiting," she said, managing a somewhat labored irony. "I am quite as impatient as you, I assure you, more, if possible. Anyway you needn't wait, need you? Who's keeping you? Are you afraid I might survive without your tender care? Or must it take your hand to close my eyes?" This was already getting near to a scene, the one disgrace she had hoped to avoid. The realization only accelerated her loss of control. She heard her voice gaining speed and volume. Her breath came in short and rancorous gusts. She sounded like somebody about to be sick. The boy knew all those symptoms. He also knew how to bring them on. He had not long been able to enjoy his particular game with impunity, and still found it fun.

"Waiting?" he repeated. "Why, I am only waiting for my passport. No doubt you'll look your best being laid out. But I can take your performance on trust. Anyway, it's not such an event, being grandorphaned. You have survived that in your time yourself." "Then why have you come here," cried Celina, "to jeer at me too?" "You tried to make me an orphan!" shouted Andrzej into her face. "And a bastard! Like all those shitty beggars at the orphanage. They only know they have a father because somebody beats them. You would have killed my father if you could. That would have been another of your sacrifices. You'd have made lovely tirades, wouldn't you, about the poor kid who had no one but you in the world, even if you had done the orphaning yourself."

The boy's outburst stunned Celina into a short silence. It was now he who quivered. All other conversation in the ward had stopped. "I'll never forgive Felicja for giving you life," she said, softly but heavily, "I'll curse her memory for that. I'll, I'll" "On the contrary, you should appreciate her tact in leaving me to your sole care with such good grace. You didn't try very hard to save her did you. It's too bad that a forgotten father should now have risen up from the ash heap to claim his own son. The 5.5. should have helped you there too. Anyway, it's now your turn to make a graceful exit, and you've been taking your time about that."

"Look at him," called Celina to the ward. "This is the kind of creature that survives. My Ignacy had to hang, but this survived to pollute the world. This was my crime, giving my life to let this reptile loose." But the only reply she received was the familiar tinkle of a patient's bell. Someone a few beds down had decided to summon the nurse. In a minute the boy would be gone. "Don't you dare come to my funeral," she thundered at him. "I shall curse you with my dying breath." "Do it now!" screamed the boy. "Let's see your dying breath!" But the nurse grabbed Andrzej and led him out. Two days later Celina was informed that any future interviews would have to include Dorka, who had sent the authorities a most cogent account. Of course, Celina was free to see neither if she so preferred. Celina did refuse with firmness and pride and let 2 weeks and 1 whole visiting day go by without asking to see them.

Celina recovered from her heart attack and came home after six weeks in the hospital. The relationship between her and Dorka was irreparably damaged, and Dorka decided to move to Sopot, a resort town on the Baltic Sea. But the whole illness episode gave Celina ideas. Why live in Poland? Why not Paris? Poland was in chaos from the war, the Stalinist communists were taking over the government and clamping down on travel outside of Poland, and money was hard to come by. They couldn't even afford a piano. Why not let Karl take over for awhile? Maybe he could control Andrzej and get him to behave. Celina was thinking a lot about money. Karl was "wealthy" by their standards; she could retire and have a few years of peace.

Celina met with Emma Altberg and was given the name of a Madame Breton, a woman who could continue Andrzej's piano lessons in Paris. Emma agreed that Andrzej should have the best piano teacher in Paris and that would be Lazare Lévy at the Paris Conservatory. The problem was that Andrzej was too young.

Lévy's studio had but a few openings each year and he accepted only senior students; a 12-year-old wouldn't have a chance. Celina decided that if Lévy was the best, then Andrzej would study with Lévy.

Karl responded to Celina's letter that if Andrzej wanted to receive his education in Paris, then Andrzej was most welcome to stay with him. Karl would pay all the expenses. Celina agreed. On the basis of Karl's support, Andrzej and Celina were granted passports to leave Poland. True to his word, Karl sent expense money and two train tickets to Celina and Andrzej, Warsaw to Paris, one way.

Move to Paris (1948)

Celina and Andrzej left for Paris in January, 1948. Andrzej was fairly fluent in French from his studies in Lodz, and Celina helped him as well. Their arrival in Paris, with the Glasburg/Krauthammer family waiting at the train station, is best described by Andrzej himself. From his autobiography for 1948, Andrzej relates the first time he met his father:

The one certain thing about father, according to Grams, who had spent most of our long journey preparing me for the horrors ahead, was that he was unspeakably, monstrously evil, and that I showed every disposition to grow up like him (even the train at that point fairly shook with righteous indignation). Everything else was vague. Grams enlarged on his moral depravity at the expense of any physical characteristics which, however appalling, would at least have enabled me to recognize him, and none of his letters had enclosed a photograph. That might have been wise: what if the sight of his face put me off the trip? For all I knew he was equally likely to look like Quasimodo, Boris Karloff, or the Loch Ness monster.

Perhaps though (at this point I got really excited), perhaps he had brought this refined duplicity to the supreme pitch of looking like everyone else. After all, I didn't look so unusual myself. Only Grams and Aunt Dorka knew the ghastly blackness of my heart. Perhaps I alone would sense the full depth of father's covert villainy: like would call to like. He was cleverer than I knew, for, after all these speculations, he still managed to present a surprise.

One possibility I had not envisioned was the sight of two identical middle-aged gentlemen waving their four arms above the throng of the Gare de l'Est and yelling in an almost flawless unison, "Looking for the little Tchaikowsky." I merely gaped. Trust Grams not to warn me that father was double. Twin children were, of course, a routine affair, but twin fathers could only belong to some obscure and weird mythology. At the moment, they were both plainly eager to belong to me.

"Is it you, Papa?" I quavered, attempting a squint that would take both of them in. This failed. So I smiled diplomatically at the air between them. They refused to make do with that. "Are you speaking to me?" Their voices were perfectly blended. The second question forced me to consider each of them in turn. Both were bald. Both were paunchy. Both showed a similar number of gold teeth in their grinning mouths. I thought with a vague distaste that I might have to memorize the distribution of the gold teeth to tell them apart. "Don't you feel even who your father is? Doesn't your little heart cry that out to you?"

They were having a great time. They laughed. At that moment Grams (who could always be relied upon to cry out louder than my little heart) pointed out one of them and nudged me on. I wondered how she knew, but I was ready to grab at any clue. After all, there was at least a fifty-fifty chance. Besides, if I chose wrong, there would be incidental satisfaction of proving Grams a fool, a satisfaction to the unrecognized father as well as myself. So I flung myself, in what I hoped would look like a spontaneous movement of the heart, at the indicated gentleman. As I hugged him, a far more troubling thought occurred to me. Suppose neither

of the two was father. For if blood really does speak in such cases, mine had told me nothing, but it was too late to stop the movement, and the choice proved right.

"Well then! I knew you'd recognize your old Dad by instinct. If you hadn't, I should have had the gravest of suspicions of your mother's conduct." This was a joke, so we both laughed. At the same time I noticed father's double gave him a sharp warning tug on his sleeve. Father, misunderstanding it, said "Ah, of course, this is your Uncle Herman. He has two little boys of his own. You will meet them at lunch, it's all arranged."

The other members of father's family were also introduced at this point. There were his unimpressive parents (my grandparents, I thought with a shock) who seemed to speak no language but Yiddish. They were dismayed when I turned out not to understand it. His red-haired sister, Gisele ("She used to steal your mother's stockings," whispered Grams to put me in the picture), who proved by contrast alarmingly voluble in French. And Uncle Herman's wife, a tall, calm lady, Ida, who won me over at once by confining her welcome to a single, silent kiss on the forehead.

I was still being passed from mouth to mouth like an Indian peace pipe when an outburst of excited Polish made me turn my head. Grams had also achieved her hour of popularity. She was being hugged, kissed, laughed with and wept over by what seemed at first a large group of enthusiasts. I tried to catch what they were saying, but they insisted on talking and kissing Grams at the same time, and what emerged was more heartwarming than articulate. It says a lot for her that in such circumstances she still managed to remember my presence.

"Andrzej!" she cried, snatching me out of Aunt Gisele's arms. "Andrzej, look! This woman here is an angel. Never forget that today you have met an angel!" "Oh Celina, you are just the same!" said the angel, combining improbably a sigh with a laugh. "It takes more than a world war to change you, and thank God. Are you an angel, Andrzej? I'm glad to say you don't look like it! Has she told you? I'm your Aunt Mala."

She didn't look it either. She was small, wrinkled, ugly, and fun, like a monkey. And no angel could have been as welcome. Her quick look of sly complicity, not quite a wink, accomplished more than all my other relatives' exertions. "Crazy, aren't they!" she seemed to say. "But let's humor them as best we can." This came over in one fleeting smile and it was all she had needed to establish herself as my ally. "And this is your cousin, Kazik," pointing to a youngish, heavy-shouldered man that made me think of the Minotaur. "I take full responsibility for him. All right then, half. You will like him. He improves on acquaintance." Kazik gave me a wrestler's embrace, and I was panting when he set me down.

"Do you want to kill our Robert?" cried father in protective anguish. "Robert?" I repeated the name. "Of course, you're Robert. Didn't she tell you? No? I bet not. 'Andrzej' was your mother's idea. Still, you're Robert now." Grams opened her mouth to protest, remembered she was not on speaking terms with father, and shut it again. "Hush Celina!" said Aunt Mala in Polish. "What does it cost you. He's been called enough different names not to mind one more."

"What is your name my son?" asked father in his stern voice. "Robert," I whispered, looking quickly around at Grams. "Are you ashamed of your own name? Can't you say it out loud?" I suddenly realized that it was not I who was being bullied. Grams was. All my discomfort disappeared. "Robert!" I shouted and had the pleasure of catching father's quick, cold smile at Grams. She pretended not to hear, which Mala's continuous easy chatter made almost plausible. But her own regal look gave her away. She only ever assumed such facial dignity to conceal defeat. Father knew this as well as myself. "That's my son!" he said.

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

After the grand reunion at the train station, Andrzej went with his father for a quick tour of Paris, including the Eiffel Tower. Noticing that Andrzej was wearing a rather worn and out-of-date suit, Karl decided that "Robert" needed something better to wear. In his autobiography, Andrzej remembers the experience:

The suit in question was distinguished by a red tag marked "SALE." It was an impressively formal three-piece affair, dark blue with white vertical stripes. Father followed me into the cubicle to supervise the procedure of trying it on. "No, it won't do," he said to the attendant. "For one thing, the sleeves are too long. And with the waistcoat on, the jacket looks ridiculously tight. How quickly can you make the alterations?" "I'm sorry monsieur we're not allowed to alter 'sale' goods." Father frowned. The attendant stood still in an attitude of professional off-the-peg respect. Just at that moment a black boy dressed in a dazzling, complete tennis outfit came out of the next cubicle. He seemed quite unaccompanied, although he was only about my own age.

"All right," said father at last. "I know someone who will be only too glad to alter for me free of charge. How much will it be without the waistcoat?" The attendant apologized again; the waistcoat was part of the suit and could not be sold separately. So the price couldn't be further reduced. "But my dear friend ... " "I'm not your dear friend, monsieur." The phrase was uttered as calmly as the rest, but all pretense of respect had vanished. Father glowered, and the boy turned round. He looked ravishing and seemed totally unaware of it. Luckily he was also unaware of me. I stood there gauche and blushing in a tight, heavily ceremonious suit with a ridiculous red bargain tag still dangling from one of the sleeves and besought God to let me stay unnoticed.

"Call the manager!" demanded father. "He's out." "This won't do," stamped father. "Come on Robert. Get out of those unaltered rags." The boy's glance turned to me. I lowered my eyes. The harm was done. He had not merely seen me, he had connected me with Father and the argument. I knew then that it was not the suit, but Father that had caused my shame. I could take off the suit, but Father would stay to shame me each day of my life. I could never again forget whose son I was, and that shame would always degrade me more than he could. I quickly ran into the cubicle.

Andrzej was to stay at Aunt Mala's at night and at Karl's during the day. Celina was going to find a place of her own and settle into retirement. Karl returned Andrzej to Mala's apartment at 38, rue des Martyrs, in the 9th Arrondissement. Andrzej remembers his initial impressions:

Mala's flat was a modest affair, three small adjacent rooms overlooking a courtyard and linked at the back by a narrow and dark corridor. Its windows faced a blank wall, which somehow made me think of executions. Catching my eye, Mala said, "Would you rather have nosy neighbors watching all your movements? Why these windows are our greatest blessing. They face south, we get all the sun there is. Some days I only have to close my eyes and I'm back on the Riviera."

Within a few days, Karl had an upright piano delivered to Mala's apartment and the entire family gathered to hear Andrzej play. Apparently Karl was not impressed as he decided Andrzej should consider some other field besides music. Karl would pay for Andrzej's education if it were anything else. This created an immediate crisis as all of Celina's plans were predicated upon Karl paying for Andrzej's piano lessons and paying for tuition so Andrzej could study with Lazare Lévy at the Paris Conservatory. The crisis heightened when Karl personally cancelled Andrzej's piano lessons at Madame Breton's studio.

Before Celina could negotiate an understanding with Karl, there was an event that ended the tense situation. There are different versions of what exactly happened, but what is certain is that Karl and Andrzej

were walking in public, there was an argument, and Andrzej called his father a "cunt." After the name-calling, Andrzej remembers in his autobiography:

He hit me so hard that I reeled. Another blow followed, but this time I did not try to regain my balance and had the luck to fall both plausibly and not too painfully. I'd had no time to form a plan, but instinct told me that I could win this battle only from the ground. Merely by lying still with my eyes closed I was bound to collect a crowd and turn it against him.

"Get up!" ordered Father. I did not move. "I said up," he repeated. This time I already heard some fear in his voice, and by now there were other voices, allies' voices: "You should not strike this little one." "That was sadistic." "That was the worst thing I've ever seen." Father's silence gave the measure of his fear. I hoped that my own face would not betray my sudden, overwhelming joy. I had won. He had maltreated me in public, proved himself unfit to bring me up; strangers would testify against him if he should try to press his rights in court. The incident would find its way into an official file.

As I lay there, seemingly helpless but alert and triumphant, I realized that this complete, irrevocable break had been my goal all along and that I had deliberately worked for it since I first saw him, just as Mala had patiently pursued the opposite aim. My work had been unconscious, but no less determined. It was my own life that was at stake. "Let me through, I'm a Doctor." My care had already gone out of my father's hands. I now saw him stand mutely by while an elderly gentleman bent over me.

"How are you, little one?" I nodded. There was a general murmur of relief. The doctor put his arms under me and gently lifted my head. "No concussions," he said. "This is lucky for you, monsieur. Well, my lad, shall we try to get up?" The crowd watched me do that as if it was an act of levitation. I was careful not to look at Father. No one could know for certain that I was his son. Perhaps they might assume that I had been assaulted by a total stranger. Apparently some men did molest small boys.

"Well done," said the old doctor. "Now let us see you walk." He held my elbow while I gingerly took a few steps. "Where do you live?" I quickly gave him Mala's address. Father still said nothing. His Jewish accent would not have helped him on such an occasion. Perhaps he hoped to slink away unnoticed. "Come on. I'll take you there," volunteered the doctor. "It's nearly on my way. Taxi!"

Could it all be as simple as that? While being guided to the car, I passed Father, still motionless among the dispersing crowd. He neither looked at me nor tried to stop me. His face was blank. It was his posture that expressed defeat. He merely looked like any other aging Jew, exhausted, humiliated, and lost among strangers.

"Robert" was once more Andrzej. Celina knew that Karl was now out of the picture and wouldn't provide the financial support for Andrzej's education unless he studied something other than music. The question was, how to manage? Mala was in no position to help other than by providing shelter for Andrzej and Celina. Mala's husband, Isidor, wasn't in good health, and was, in fact, confined to a wheelchair. Mala and Isidor are remembered by Halina Swieca-Malewiak:

"Mala lived a long time in her apartment and it wasn't comfortable at all. There were some hard times in Paris. Mala's husband was a brilliant man and had connections. He became a Mason in Paris, so he had many, many connections. He was a chemist with a University degree, who did everything, but had no money. There is a type of Jew who couldn't make money, not many of them, but unfortunately for his family, he was one of them."

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In the spring of 1948, Andrzej continued his private lessons with Madame Breton and lived at Aunt Mala's. Celina, faced with a money crisis for Andrzej's education, visited the Polish Embassy and asked for assistance. She assured them that Andrzej was going to be one of the most important pianists in the world; he would be an everlasting credit to Poland and his accomplishments in the future would reward the benevolence of state sponsorship. She told them that Andrzej was already playing an impressive repertoire, even writing his own compositions, and he was only 12 years old. Celina suggested that Andrzej should play a recital at the embassy to demonstrate his extraordinary abilities. The embassy personnel were impressed by this woman who made such an effort for her little grandson. A recital date was set for May 1, 1948.

The recital at the Polish Embassy was Andrzej's first public recital. He played Chopin, of course, the Scherzo in B minor, a Nocturne in F minor, and then a suite of compositions of his own, including a Nocturne, which Andrzej called his Opus 1, Number 1. Embassy personnel were impressed and pledged a nominal monthly stipend to Celina to help pay for Andrzej's education.

Some years later, when asked about his first public performance, Andrzej stated it was in 1948 at the Polish Embassy. This fact is often repeated in reference books. For example, the International Who's Who in Music (9th edition), *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music* (3rd edition), among others, correctly list: "Debut -- Paris, 1948."

Encouraged, Celina was now ready to present Andrzej to the Paris Conservatory and to Professor Lévy. Lazare Lévy (1882-1964) had entered the Paris Conservatory in 1894 as a 12-year-old student, to study with Diemer, and had found a permanent home. In 1898, at the age of 16, he graduated with first prize for piano performance, awarded unanimously. He also composed numerous studies, sonatinas, and preludes for the piano. His later compositions included two string quartets, organ pieces, and a sonata for cello and piano. Lévy toured Europe, playing with the principal orchestras, and giving numerous recitals. In 1920, at the age of 38, he succeeded Alfred Cortot as professor at the Paris Conservatory. He retired in 1953 at the age of 71. When Andrzej appeared for his audition, Lévy was 66 years old.

Mala's son, Charles Fortier, remembers Andrzej's audition for Lévy:

"Lévy had more students than he could handle and was ready to turn Andrzej away. However, the 12-year-old Andrzej sat down and played and made such an impression that Lévy couldn't believe Andrzej had studied only two years. Lévy said it was impossible, that no one could play that well in such a short period of time as this. So Lévy put Andrzej to the test, thinking that this might be a trick. He gave Andrzej two initial trial lessons to see for himself."

The first trial lesson was on July 5, 1948 and a week later, Andrzej wrote the following letter to Emma Altberg in Lodz:

July 12, 1948
Dear Professor,

I miss you very much. Although I understand that you are very busy, I would like to ask for even a few words about yourself, for which I'm waiting impatiently. Each time we're visited by our postman, I think it's from you -- in vain. So I'm writing to you myself -- perhaps I'll receive an answer?

What I'm most interested in are exams in the conservatory. I would like to ask for a few hints in that regard; although in France, in my thoughts I'm with you dear Professor, and with my nice colleagues.

Exactly a week ago I had a lesson with Professor Lazare Lévy. I played the Fantasia in C minor by Mozart, Scherzo in B-flat minor by Chopin, Etude in E major (27th) by Clementi, and one exercise by Czerny. At present, I have a new program, which I'm preparing for the

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next lesson: Etudes F-sharp minor (20th), and C major (24th) by Clementi, Etude in G-sharp minor by Chopin, Prelude and Fugue in E minor by Bach from volume 1, and Konzertstück in F minor by Weber.

The lesson with Professor Lazare Lévy went amazingly well, I'd like the next one to be the same -- but Konzertstück is very difficult; one has to work hard. After that lesson, I'll write to you about it.

You're going for holidays, I'd like to know when and where? How are you? You should have a good rest after the whole year of work and difficulties.

As for my holidays, I'll write about that in my next letter. Now I'm going to practice.

I finish this letter with great esteem and affection, which can't be changed by our parting.

Your devoted pupil,
Andrzej

Karl was kept informed of Andrzej's progress and his antagonism towards Celina diminished. The piano Karl had moved into Aunt Mala's apartment stayed and he made no attempt to further disrupt Andrzej's studies. Charles Fortier was able to give some money to Celina to help pay for Andrzej's lessons with Lévy, but Celina didn't know that Charles was pleading directly to Karl on Andrzej's behalf. Karl secretly provided a small amount of money to Celina via Charles and, through bits and pieces, Andrzej and Celina were able to survive.

Andrzej passed Lévy's two-lesson trial and was accepted as a student, although not to the highest class. Andrzej's repertoire was somewhat lacking and he needed a bit more "maturity" in his playing to attain to the highest class. Still only 12 years old, Andrzej began working with an assistant of Lévy's and, in August 1948, wrote the following letter to Emma Altberg:

Dear Professor,

I am very sorry that I haven't answered your letter, or my colleagues' letters, which were a great pleasure to me. It's not because I have forgotten about you or my colleagues, for that would be entirely impossible; not because Poland is of no interest to me any more (words of Jurek in the previous letter); not because of a moral obligation, but because of lack of time (this time no quibbling). I go to the French school here mornings and afternoons, then I do my homework, and after that I practice and then go to sleep. In addition, I now have a lot of music to learn.

Professor Lévy's assistant is giving me very difficult pieces to make me work because she has already learned what an idler I can be. And she changes the program every second week, so that I won't be bored and discouraged from work.

After the "Pathétique" there was Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu in C-sharp minor, and later the "Moonlight." Encouraged, I asked for Chopin's Etude in F minor, Opus 25, Number 2, and I received two: this one and F major Opus 25, Number 3. Then, my greatest effort so far, Scherzo in B minor by Chopin, which I played on May 1st at the Polish Embassy. I'm enclosing a bit of a review, where they exaggerated my age. The other piece I played at the Embassy was a Nocturne in F minor, the one you instructed me in.

At a school recital, I played the "Moonlight," one of my own compositions, the Nocturne (the same), and two pieces of professor Lazare Lévy. Now I'm playing Beethoven's Variations in C minor, Chopin's Polonaise in E-flat minor, Chopin's Etude in A-flat major, Opus 25, Number

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1, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor from volume I, and two Etudes of Clementi, the C major (3rd), and the B major (25th).

From Saturday, my new program is Bach's Italian concerto, a theme with variations by Fauré, and also Clementi's Etude in A-flat major (29th). I'll be playing on Mother's Day, "Le Coucou" of Daquin, Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu, and my own composition.

On my examinations (Oct. 20, 1948), I'll be playing one piece, the same as everyone else, for comparison, and then three individual pieces (probably Beethoven's C minor Variations, Faure's Variations, and Chopin's B minor Scherzo, which I haven't started yet). Maybe some changes will happen. Clementi's etudes, written for the right hand, I also play with the left hand.

Oh, I have almost forgotten the most important thing -- I have broken relations with my father because he didn't want me to learn music and wanted to take me away from my grandma. He should be grateful, but he hates her. As for our finances, it's harder now, but my brave and loving grandma got a job and somehow, without father and quarrels, we manage. I work a lot to be able to help grandma as soon as possible.

I miss you and my colleagues very much. I catch myself remembering the times when I was your most naughty pupil. I trust we will meet and perhaps it won't be long for that joyous moment. Maybe the next holidays I'll be coming to Poland. Maybe you'd like to come to Paris? We would be so happy to have you here.

As it's late, I have to finish this letter. I send sincere regards to you, my dear professor, from myself and my grandma. To all my colleagues, many thanks for your notes and warm regards.

Yours,
Andrzej

Although the break with his father was complete, Andrzej did accept the invitation to visit Herman Glasberg, Karl's brother, for Sunday brunch. The only stipulation was that Karl wouldn't be there. This meeting had Celina's blessing, and, after all, it was a free meal. Of the Krauthammer/Glasberg family, Andrzej liked only his Uncle Herman, having no use for Aunt Gisele who "never stopped talking." Soon Karl was no longer a problem for this relationship, as he broke away from the family business and started a competing fur business of his own. For this, he was ostracized from the family. Karl considered Herman a simple-minded tailor instead of a hard-nosed businessman. He didn't speak to his brother again for 22 years.

The examinations on October 20, 1948, mentioned in Andrzej's last letter, were to determine which students could advance. There were also competitions to see which students could advance to Lazare Lévy's higher class. The results of the examination and competitions were posted in early November, 1948, prompting the following letter from 13-year-old Andrzej to Emma Altberg on November 15:

Dear Professor,

Forgive the long silence. The reason was my preparing for competitions for the conservatory higher course, in particular, for the class of professor Lazare Lévy. Of 340 candidates, 30 were admitted to the higher course, and only 4 to the class of professor Lazare Lévy, myself included.

As "morceau impose" we were given "Grande Polonaise Brillante" by Chopin, Opus 22 for piano and orchestra. As "morceau choisi" I selected the great Fantasia in C minor by Mozart. After that, the "morceau de dechiffage" I composed especially for this event, lest anyone should know it.

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The "jury" consisted of twelve professors, each time different and they were awfully strict. I was just lucky! Here in the conservatory, it's different than in Poland: after playing, a student can't walk out of the class; you have to be there from 9 to 12 and listen to the others play.

I'm now repeating the "Moonlight," and working on the Prelude and Fugue in A-flat major from Bach's volume I, exercises by Czerny and Philipp, and on "Mephistovalse" of Liszt, which for the time being I've put aside until after Christmas, so one has to wait until January [1949].

I've been writing a lot of compositions for the piano, and even for orchestra (symphony in B major). Professor Lazare Lévy and his assistant, Mlle Fossier-Brillot, are working on two piano sonatas I wrote and dedicated to them. Here's the plan for the sonatas:

Piano Sonata in F minor (for Mlle Fossier-Brillot)

- I - Allegro. Very widely developed with the dynamics of constant crescendo and polyphonic transformation. It's great.
- II - Theme and Variations. 35 variations based on a theme of a friend of mine from Lodz.

Piano Sonata in C-sharp Minor (for Professor Lazare Lévy)

- I - Introduction and Allegro
- II - Aria and 27 Variations. It's in the form of a fugue, waltz, nocturne, recitative, march, funeral march, etc.
- III - Grande Fugue. For four voices, cadenza, recitative, finale, and coda.

The sonatas are treated in a symphonical way, which is hard to achieve for an average pianist, but for my professor, it's nothing. Unfortunately, I myself can't play these sonatas yet.

I'd like to ask you also for a few lines about yourself, most of all about our old conservatory and my colleagues. Even during my efforts in competitions, I was remembering and following your instructions. I'm sending my hearty regards to you as well as to all my colleagues and Miss Sabinka.

Your devoted pupil,
Andrzej

The relationship that developed between Aunt Mala and Andrzej was quite different from the relationship between Celina and Andrzej. Mala was wonderfully kind to Andrzej. Halina Swieca-Malewiak remembers:

"Andrzej had a real home with Mala. He didn't want to get up early, even relatively early. It was always difficult for him. Celina was not very patient, but Mala was a wonderful lady, kind, patient, and understanding. She would see Andrzej lying on the bed trying to get up, and she would say, 'Andrzej, give me your leg and I'll put on one sock, now the other sock. Now, please, sit on the bed, make an effort.' Slowly, she would get him up. I remember Mala told me, 'When Andrzej finally did arise, I prepared him chicken, fried in eggs.' Andrzej was interested in cooking and liked to do a bit of cooking himself."

Sigmund Rukalski, a friend of the family who was studying at the Sorbonne, made a social call to Mala's home at 38, rue des Martyrs, and met Andrzej. His impressions:

"Aunt Mala's apartment was small, modestly furnished, consisting of two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen. Aunt Mala installed a piano in one of the bedrooms, but with André at the keyboard, even that old-fashioned bedroom seemed transfigured into a magnificent concert hall. What is left in my memory is the qualitative impression of having met a truly

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outstanding musician. I remember that I was astounded by the depth of his intelligence and his already budding musical genius. Physically, he was then a very young boy, but his mental stature was simply overwhelming for his age. I still vaguely remember his grandmother. She was a very courageous, generous person, totally dedicated to the well-being of her only grandson; so was in fact her sister Mala. Both always did their level-best, under difficult circumstances, to foster Andrzej's musical capacities. Andrzej already knew French quite well. He had a prodigious memory, particularly for music."

Andrzej continued studying with Lazare Lévy into 1949, and there was the usual round of student recitals and music classes. Andrzej wrote a composition, *Sonatina* in G major, which he liked very much. He made copies for his friends and teacher. For the most part, Andrzej did little to promote any of his compositions. Many of them were juvenile, and he simply outgrew them and advanced to more complex and more interesting works. At the end of the school year, on June 16, 1949, he entered the conservatory competitions for *solfeggio* (sight-reading and singing the names of the notes) and piano performance. The results were announced on July 12, 1949: 2nd honorable mention in *solfeggio* and a 2nd prize (silver medal) in performance for Andrzej.

Towards the end of the school year, on May 25, 1949, Andrzej gave his first public performance with an admission charge, 100 francs for adults and 50 francs for students. The program included two Bach Preludes and Fugues from the Well Tempered Clavier, Volume I, Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, and four impromptus by Chopin. The second portion of the program was dedicated to Andrzej's own compositions, the Introduction and Scherzo from a Sonata in E minor, Variations on a Chopin Prelude in C minor, and Six Fantaisies. The occasion of this recital is not known. Perhaps it was simply to raise money for Andrzej's expenses.

It is not known how Andrzej spent the summer of 1949, but it is clear that he didn't visit Poland. When Celina entered France in 1948, she had not obtained the proper French visas for an extended stay, and thus there were difficulties in leaving and returning to France. From Celina's point of view, this was not a problem, as she had no intention of ever leaving France again. However, it meant that she could not readily accompany Andrzej to Poland when he wished, as he frequently did, to visit former teachers and classmates.

Andrzej began his last year of study at the Paris Conservatory in the fall of 1949. He had many friends, one of whom was Jean-Leon Cohen. Little is known about Cohen, but Andrzej did write a piece of piano music for him called "Variations on a Theme of Cohen." Years later, this piece was incorrectly referred to as "Variations on a Theme of Harriet Cohen" (Harriet Cohen was an English pianist) and was duly listed that way in reference works such as the Riemann Musik Lexikon (1975). As with many pieces of music Andrzej wrote during these years, this one was destroyed. Aunt Mala had kept every program, every review, and anything at all related to Andrzej's life, including the compositions. However, years later, when Mala was widowed and ill, Andrzej found out about this collection and ordered it destroyed. Mala followed his instructions.

Andrzej continued to live at Aunt Mala's for the 1949-1950 school year. He was offered and happily accepted a two-year scholarship from the Polish government. As a result, he was expected to return to Poland in the summer of 1950. In the Spring of 1950, Andrzej was invited by the Minister of Culture to attend the summer music camp at Lagow, Poland. He quickly accepted. Celina was devastated by his decision. She had no desire to return to Poland. In fact, because of her passport problems, she felt she wouldn't be able to return. Andrzej persisted in wanting to go and, in the end, Celina agreed.

At end of the term, on June 14, 1950, Andrzej once again entered the conservatory competitions in *solfeggio* and piano performance. His competitors were older and more experienced students. It didn't seem likely that this 14-year-old would give them much trouble. The results were announced on July 12, 1950:

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winner of the first prizes (gold medals) in both solfeggio and piano performance -- Andrzej Czajkowski. At the age of 14, Andrzej graduated from the Paris Conservatory with its highest honors.

Elevated to this new height of accomplishment, he eagerly prepared for his return to Poland. Initially, he would study at the Lagow music camp. Following his summer at the camp, he was promised the best possible facilities for advanced study at the Warsaw Conservatory. He would be given an apartment for himself and his grandmother, he would have the best teachers, he would be given free use of a grand piano, which would be moved into his apartment, and, as a composer, he would be offered membership in the Polish Composers' Union. Celina demurred. She felt no obligation to anyone in Poland. Paris suited her needs and Andrzej could still be a credit to Poland even if he didn't return. Although she had dedicated her life to seeing Andrzej become the best pianist in the world, it wasn't necessary to return to Poland to reach this goal.

Return to Poland (1950)

Celina could not long stand in the way of the opportunities that unfolded for Andrzej in Poland. On July 17, 1950, a few days after Andrzej received his prizes at the Paris Conservatory, he and Aunt Mala left Paris for Warsaw. Celina stayed behind and one can imagine her distaste for the development, especially galling because it was due to her own neglect of her passport. Andrzej and Mala's final destination was Aunt Dorka's home in Sopot. To receive the largesse promised by the Polish Embassy of an apartment in Warsaw and study at the Warsaw Conservatory, Andrzej first would have to complete a certification course for his secondary schooling. Andrzej could then enter the Warsaw Conservatory starting with the 1951-1952 class. Until that time, it was agreed, Andrzej would live with Aunt Dorka and attend the Sopot High School of Music.

A letter sent to Andrzej in Paris by Emma Altberg was answered by Celina on August 7th:

Today I received your letter to Andrzej. Since July 17th, Andrzej has been in Poland. He went with my sister Mala (a French citizen) to stay with my sister Dorka, who lives in Poland. Her address is: 7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3, Sopot. Because of Andrzej's sudden decision to leave for Poland, he was not able to let you know about his trip and promised to write to you from Warsaw or Sopot. I am astonished he hasn't written to you.

On August 7th, he was to be in Lagow, near Poznan, where he was invited by the President. Andrzej was slightly disappointed because in the Polish Embassy in Paris he was told that Lagow, a summer camp for musicians and Polish composers, is situated near the mountains. Since he never before had been in the mountains, and also because the company of musicians attracted him a lot, he accepted the invitation with tremendous joy. In Warsaw, he learned the Lagow summer camp has a compulsory course in music, that they're playing only Bach, and he has to prepare a big holiday program. So the tone of his letter to me was more than doleful.

On July 30th, my two sisters saw him off to Lagow. Since then I've been rather worried and I haven't had any news -- either from my sisters or Andrzej. If he hasn't written to you, dear one, he must have forgotten the address -- I can't explain his silence otherwise. He was so overjoyed with the thought of meeting you.

I'm enclosing a photo-copy of this year's certificates in the Conservatory. About the lectures, he'll tell you personally.

I'm sending my warm regards.

Yours sincerely,
Celina Czajkowska

At the Lagow music camp, for the first time, Andrzej was completely on his own. No Celina or Dorka or Mala to watch over him and make his life "miserable." The Lagow music camp was attended by many well-

known musicians, and Andrzej also found old friends from the Lodz conservatory, including violinist Wanda Wilkomirska and his cousin Tadeusz Kerner; Kerner was about 25 years old and Andrzej not quite 15. In spite of the age difference, the two cousins got along very well. Andrzej, with his constant joking and ability at the piano, was a sensation. Tadeusz Kerner remembers:

"Andrzej was an excellent pianist, so talented. His talent came from his body in simply the most natural way. We made an experiment with Andrzej. Andrzej would learn by heart the most complicated fugue by Bach in a few hours. The same fugue took me several weeks to learn and memorize, for some other pianists, several days. But I never saw in my life someone who could memorize a four-page fugue in a few hours. We gave him in the morning a Bach fugue that was totally unknown to him and that evening, he played it for us by heart. It was like a photographic memory, it was unbelievable. It made such an impression on us and made us feel terrible, like he was from another planet.

"He also had a fantastic ability to play polyphonically, where each of his fingers played a different timbre, like he could read an orchestral score and make each finger a different instrument. It was fantastic.

"As a person, he was very charming. Very warm, very charming, but he didn't know it's complicated in life, or how to be a diplomat. So he made enemies, unconsciously, probably. He behaved in an original way because he was not normal, not 100 per cent normal like most people. In my opinion, he was a genius and genius cannot be normal. So his abnormality showed up in his personal life. "

Andrzej was already aware that his intellect was beyond that of most adults. This plus his stunning musical talents allowed him to play just about any role he wanted to assume, and to be thoroughly convincing. He could be shocking, he could be charming, he could be loving. The dark side, which he would only begin to understand many years later, was growing inside him as he denied the normal growth of his own self, substituting a self he imagined, one which perhaps was suggested to him by external influences. While this use of his gifts was amazing and exhilarating to him, it diverted him from the very essential role that other 15-year-olds were busily pursuing: themselves. And, in retrospect, it contributed to later catastrophes.

The summer camp had its boring moments. Andrzej felt an obligation to liven things up. One day he asked to borrow some clothing from Wanda Wilkomirska. Later that evening, there appeared at the camp a new "girl." But this wasn't an ordinary girl. This was a, shall we say, a self-employed girl. It was Andrzej, of course. Emboldened by the enthusiasm for this venture of a few of his friends, he set off with them for the village tavern. One of his friends remembers:

"Andrzej changed his attire for that of a woman, and not just a woman, but a prostitute. 'She' had big lips, short skirt, nice legs and was handsome. So we went to the bar and some young boy made advances. Andrzej made a date with him to meet in the forest. Of course, we were afraid of what would be a big surprise. So we went with him and hid in the trees. The boy was waiting there and immediately started to make advances and Andrzej screamed. Then we ran up and scared the boy off. He was frightened to death with seven or eight of us coming. 'She' never returned."

Dressing as a woman had a great attraction for Andrzej as a joke -- it combined his delight in shocking people with his taste for bizarre humor. He tried it once again that summer, this time just walking around the camp. Wanda was in on the trick and remembered, "He had these big eyes, and one of the professors almost fell in love with this new girl."

The Lagow summer camp ended and Andrzej moved into the apartment of Aunt Dorka in Sopot. He attended the High School of Music for the school year of September 1950 to June 1951, where his piano

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teacher was Olga Ilwicka. Also in Sopot was his cousin, Tadeusz Kerner. Together they studied music and attended concerts. Tadeusz remembers several incidents from these times:

"Once we went to a concert in Sopot and a pianist was playing and he made a mistake. Andrzej screamed out, "F sharp!" All the people and the pianist didn't know what happened.

"Another time my neighbor came home at 4 am, after playing cards very late, and found Andrzej sitting on the steps at my home, with a score on his knees, conducting. My neighbor asked, 'What are you doing here at 4 am?' Andrzej answered that I had told him to come by at 4 so he came at 4 am. So my neighbor asked, 'Why don't you go upstairs and see Mr. Kerner?' Andrzej answered, 'I can't. He's sleeping and I don't want to wake him up.' It was a joke."

The relationship between Aunt Dorka and Andrzej was strained. Aunt Dorka, still the religious fanatic, forced Andrzej to attend services and to become a Catholic. Many years later, he wrote to a friend who was having family problems:

"Your younger brother's attitude is typical of a Roman Catholic. They'd only like to burn live people. I am unlucky enough to have an Aunt like this in the family, and one hour with her makes me need a week's thorough rest. To them, conscience is not a sense of direction, but a passion for looking back rather than forward, and they are always ready to deplore other people's past faults. This type of conscience, like cancer, eats one up from inside."

Andrzej's cousin, Halina Swieca-Malewiak, would sometimes visit in Sopot. She recalls a time when 15-year-old Andrzej had a girl friend named Youla:

"One day I came to Dorka. I saw Andrzej on his knees and next to him this Youla on her knees. They were praying because Dorka had caught them kissing. Yes. She was really out of her mind. Not her intelligence, which was practically quite all right, but her emotional side was deeply troubled. On the other side, the literary discussions she had with Andrzej were certainly helpful to his development because she was a very, very gifted person. The first idea for an opera was from this period, during the talks with Dorka. I don't know if Dorka was suggesting this, but they were discussing libretto, this and that. And she was ready to do for Andrzej everything, and Andrzej was in her life like a son."

Andrzej's piano studies were not particularly demanding. Olga Ilwicka fell into the same trap that Andrzej's other teachers had fallen into: they were overly impressed with Andrzej. They couldn't stop praising his abilities or remarking on his talent. They would shake their heads and say, "Andrzej, you are just amazing." And Andrzej allowed himself to be amazing -- without understanding or appreciating any of it.

During his year in Sopot, Andrzej concentrated on composition. Since he was going to be in Warsaw soon, Andrzej made application for membership in the Warsaw-based Polish Composers' Union, which had been part of the deal offered by the Polish government to induce him to return. While he was still in Paris, Andrzej had already written to the Polish Composers' Union on June 13, 1950, as follows:

To: Polish Composers' Union Warsaw

Fm: Andrzej Czajkowski

7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3
Sopot (Temporary Address)

I was born in Warsaw on November 1, 1935. My father, Karol Ignacy, was a doctor of law. My mother, Felicja Alexandria, was without occupation. They were both murdered during the German occupation and I was left under the care of my grandmother, Celina Czajkowska.

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Shortly after the war, I began my musical studies. In 1948, because of the bad state of health of my grandmother, I went with her to Paris, where I continued my studies up to the year 1950 and graduated with high accord, with first medals in piano and reading music *prima vista*.

On the invitation of the ministers' council, I came back to Poland for the course at Lagow. Accepting the proposition of the Minister of Culture, I decided to settle permanently in Poland to continue my studies. Beginning with the school year 1948, I've had a scholarship with the Polish Government.

Yours,
Andrzej Czajkowski

With this brief biography, which eventually evolved into his official program biography, Andrzej made his father a Pole and then "killed" him. The tone of the letter certainly leads one to believe his father was Polish, using the Polish "Karol" instead of the German "Karl." To this day, reference books incorrectly report that Andrzej lost both his parents during the Nazi occupation.

In response to Andrzej's letter, the Polish Composers' Union sent him a membership application. He was asked to return the application with a list of his compositions and samples of his work. Andrzej responded on November 6, 1950:

To: Polish Composers' Union Warsaw

Fm: Andrzej Czajkowski

7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3
Sopot (Temporary Address)

Please accept the enclosed application for membership into the Polish Composers' Union, Youth Section. Below is a list of my compositions:

(10) Dances (manuscript is lost)

(10) Etudes (manuscript in preparation) Sonatina in G Major

Suite for piano

Piano Sonata in F minor (lost)

Piano Sonata in A major (lost)

Variations on a theme of Handel (lost) Variations on a theme of Cohen (in preparation)

Variations on an original theme (lost)

Concerto for piano and orchestra (lost)

Concerto for violin and orchestra (in preparation) Sonata for violin and piano (lost)

Concerto for flute and orchestra (in preparation)

Yours,
Andrzej Czajkowski

Only the Sonatina in G major and the Suite for piano were not lost or in a preparatory state. Andrzej enclosed only one composition with his application: his Suite for Piano, which was probably composed expressly for his application. There is a conflict with his Piano Sonata in A major, listed as lost. This was probably the sonata he wrote for Lazare Lévy, which he reported to Emma Altberg as written in C-sharp minor. It's possible none of the sonatas were written.

The Other Tchaikowsky

The membership committee must have been amused by all the "lost" manuscripts and manuscripts "in preparation," but they seriously considered Andrzej's application and his Suite for piano. The eminent Polish composer, Zygmunt Mycielski, was given the task to write his opinion about Andrzej's application and Suite for piano, which he did on November 8, 1950:

To: Membership Committee

From: Zygmunt Mycielski

Subj: Assessment of compositions submitted by Andrzej Czajkowski, age 15

Re: List of compositions submitted: Suite for Piano

I wish to draw the attention of the Polish Composers' Union to the fact that Andrzej Czajkowski shows considerable composing talent through his musical inventiveness, which is remarkable for such a young boy. On the basis of his piano Suite that I have read, I can state that Czajkowski undoubtedly possesses a great talent, musicality, and originality. The Suite has four pieces:

1. Preludium - It is Scriabin-like, but I prefer it to many compositions that are built on the piano arpeggiare. It is still a youthful search, but it is not a copy of any style.
2. Variations - He couldn't introduce a great variety, he struggles, but still his inventiveness shows through the descending chromaticism.
3. Waltz - Not enough variety in the right hand, but it has an inborn sense of style and form.
4. Lullaby - Shows an outstanding musicality, although it contains a lot of wrong notes. It is not precisely put down, but I prefer these childish mistakes to school routine and correctness.

In my opinion, Andrzej Czajkowski should be trained by the best teachers, who will be able to develop his talent and at the same time respect his musical individuality, which is shown by his first piano pieces.

Zygmunt Mycielski

This endorsement by Mycielski reinforced everyone's high opinion of Andrzej Czajkowski. The music community was fairly compact in 1950, and an outstanding talent was immediately identified and discussed. Although composition was an important aspect of his abilities, he was already keeping this part of his life to himself. Once proud enough to include his own compositions on his recital programs, even those composed before the age of 16, he stopped this self promotion and composed in private. His friends knew he was a composer, but no one had recollections from this period of hearing his compositions, either in public or private.

Shortly after Mycielski's report to the Polish Composers' Union, Andrzej Czajkowski was accepted for membership. Andrzej wrote two letters to the Union on January 5, 1951:

To: Polish Composers' Union
Warsaw

Fm: Andrzej Czajkowski

7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3
Sopot (Temporary Address)

I wish to inform you about my composition projects:

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a. Piano Etudes - A series of 12 piano etudes to be used at the higher music schools, in which I touch upon new piano techniques and rhythm problems. I think I can complete this work by the beginning of April 1951, but not later than the end of April 1951.

b. Piano Concerto - A piano concerto will be written in F-minor, accompanied by an orchestra, enlarged. The tempo is still something I have to determine. The concerto movements shall be allegro, moderato, andante spianato, and scherzo.

c. Flute Concerto - A flute concerto will be written to use in a natural way, that is, in the original scale.

The piano and flute concertos will be finished by the end of the next academic year, or at least one of them will be done. I wish the Union to commission these works and grant me a subsidy, which will allow me to finish both or one of the above mentioned compositions.

Yours,
Andrzej Czajkowski

In the same envelope was another letter:

To: Polish Composers' Union
Warsaw

Fm: Andrzej Czajkowski

7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3
Sopot (Temporary Address)

I hereby apply for music paper to be given to me free: paper #2 and #12, 75-sheets of each, in order to make it possible for me to write 12 piano etudes, a concerto for piano with orchestra, and a concerto for flute with orchestra. Grave financial difficulties I am going through make it impossible for me to buy the above mentioned paper, the lack of which causes a disruptive break in my creative activities. This application is made in connection with my other application for a commission for the above mentioned works to be made.

Yours,
Andrzej Czajkowski

The mention of "grave financial difficulties" could have described any time in his life; Andrzej was always dogged by financial woes. Andrzej received his music paper, as requested, and some piano etudes were written. There is no record of any piano and flute concertos from this time; however, they were reported in the Riemann Musik Lexikon (1975 edition).

By the end of May 1951, Andrzej had graduated from the Sopot High School of Music. Once again, he spent part of the summer at the Lagow music camp, and then moved on to Warsaw for his first year of study at the Warsaw Conservatory. The Ministry of Culture and Art was an important organization in the wide-ranging state patronage system. Housing was scarce in Warsaw in 1951, and to provide a valuable apartment to a 16-year-old pianist was confirmation of their commitment to the arts. It also says a lot about this powerful organization's view of Andrzej's abilities.

On June 29, 1951, Andrzej replied to an inquiry from the composers' union about his relocation to Warsaw:

To: Polish Composers' Union
Warsaw

Fm: Andrzej Czajkowski

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7 Dabrowskiego Street, Apartment 3
Sopot (Temporary Address)

In reply to your letter, I wish to inform you that I intend, beginning with the next school year, to settle in Warsaw. I ask you to keep the piano which was intended for my use. (I would prefer that it be a grand piano.) After my vacation I will ask you to transport the piano to my new address. I also wish to express my gratitude for all your kindness, and I ask you to forgive the delay in this reply, which was caused by my trip to Lagow for auditions organized by the Polish Minister of Culture.

Yours,
Andrzej Czajkowski

The leverage afforded by the sponsorship of the Polish Minister of Culture was not lost on him, nor did he hesitate to wield this big stick to manipulate the matter of the piano. By the end of the Summer, 1951, the Ministry of Culture had kept its promise. Andrzej was to have a new apartment in Warsaw, which he was to share with his grandmother. Also, a Bleekner grand piano was delivered to the apartment. By this time Celina had obtained a proper passport and, with "death in her soul" (according to Halina Swieca-Malewiak), Celina returned to Poland and met Andrzej in Warsaw at their new apartment at 36 Nowolipki Street, apartment 12.

Warsaw Conservatory (1951)

The apartment on the fourth floor at 36 Nowolipki Street was of modest size, even small at 500 square feet (45 square meters). However, it was sufficient for the needs of Celina and Andrzej, although Celina did not fare as well as Andrzej. Andrzej had a large, comfortable room for his grand piano, desk, and bed, while Celina was stuck into a small area off the kitchen. The most difficult problem for Celina was the arduous hike up four stories several times each day. She was rather large, her heart was not in good condition, and now she had diabetes as well. Her existence still centered on Andrzej, and she did everything possible to help him with his developing career. However, there was little harmony between Andrzej and Celina, and they engaged in frequent and vicious verbal assaults on each other.

Everyone at the Warsaw Conservatory had either already met Andrzej or had heard about him. When Andrzej appeared for classes in 1951, he was nearly 16 years old and at once considered one of the most important students in the school. The young ladies were particularly impressed by his good looks; to receive any attention at all from this outstanding young man was a considerable event in their lives. Andrzej already had friends in school from the Polish Composers' Union and from acquaintanceships made at the Lagow summer music camp. His professors were, for piano, Stanislaw Szpinalski (who, six years earlier, Celina could not persuade to take Andrzej as a student) and for composition, Kazimierz Sikorski.

Stanislaw Szpinalski (1901-1957) studied piano in Moscow and at the Warsaw Conservatory, which he left with distinction in 1924. During the first Chopin International Competition for pianists held in 1927 in Warsaw, he was awarded the second prize. Szpinalski continued his studies with Paderewski at Morges, Switzerland (1928-1932) and then toured Europe. In 1934, he was appointed teacher, and shortly afterwards director of the Wilno Conservatory (1934-1940). After the war Szpinalski taught at Poznan Conservatory and then, in 1951, was appointed director of the Warsaw Conservatory.

Kazimierz Sikorski (1895-1975) studied composition at the Chopin School in Warsaw, graduating in 1919. He then studied philosophy at Warsaw University and musicology at Lwow University. He continued his studies in France, and in 1926 he was appointed professor at the Poznan Conservatory. In 1927 he became a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory. After the war he was appointed principal and teacher of composition at the Lodz Conservatory. Like Szpinalski, Sikorski was appointed professor at the Warsaw Conservatory in 1951. He published three textbooks, and his compositions include three symphonies, suites, choral works, and three string quartets.

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

Jozef Kanski, conductor, music critic, and journalist, was a piano student at the Warsaw Conservatory when Andrzej arrived:

"Andrzej studied piano and also composition. He was one class behind me because he was younger, but he was rising very quickly. His studies should have taken five years, but he did it in only three years. He could learn very quickly. He could see a score and then play it with no difficulty. He had no technical difficulties, but professional difficulties, yes. He asked me, 'How do you make such a beautiful tone?' I had to laugh because he was much more talented than I. He was wonderful."

The Warsaw Conservatory was not large at the time; it had about 200 students. Andrzej was one of the best known and most talented. Andrzej and piano professor Szpinalski got along very well. Besides music, they shared a taste for jokes and both could be very charming. Szpinalski found Andrzej's abilities beyond those of his other students and a challenge to his role as teacher. His composition teacher Sikorski viewed Andrzej differently. There were many disagreements about harmony, and Andrzej did not hesitate to suggest he knew more than his teacher. For Andrzej, to be right was paramount, above any obligation to show respect for the role of teacher or for age or experience, and, of course, Andrzej was always right. What seemed like the arrogance of youth to the older man was, to Andrzej, an insistence on honesty and candor.

The Polish composer Augustyn Bloch was a student of composition and member of the Polish Composers' Union when Andrzej first attended the Warsaw Conservatory. Bloch recalls Andrzej as a composer and pianist:

"Andrzej came to us, the Composers' Union, from abroad. It was after my first association with the Union, which began in 1950. Andrzej came the next year, 1951, and we became friends. Most all of us were friends to Andrzej. He was an experience, especially because of his sight reading of notes. We didn't believe that anybody could read at such a tempo. So, we wrote music that he had never seen before and we put a page of this music on the piano. Andrzej played all the notes that were written there. It was impossible.

"We didn't call him André; we called him Andrzej. It's Polish. His family were -- I don't know how to tell it -- they were killed in the war. So his only family was his grandmother, and they both lived here in Warsaw. They had a very beautiful flat. At that time it was unusual because Warsaw was completely destroyed in the war, and there were no flats. It happens that when they were away for vacation or something, I took care of the flat. He gave me the keys, and sometimes I lived there.

"I remember we both prepared ourselves for an examination called 'Marxism,' a test of our knowledge of the philosophy of Marx. We had practically no time to prepare for it, because, first, we were musicians, and second, we didn't like it. So Andrzej, in one night, prepared all the material for one year, and gave me only some sentences. I came for the examination and I remember until now the question was, 'Could you say something about Marxism?' and I put down just one sentence. The professor said it was wonderful, and I received a very good mark.

"Andrzej really had a special memory, a special kind of brain, to reduce from lots of material just a few very important sentences, which were not written in the book. But Andrzej could do this. He was completely conscious of what was important.

"With playing and composing, he had some troubles with us, I think. We were such normal students, needing normal time for learning. Andrzej needed not so much time. He could read a piece for piano immediately. To learn it by heart took a few minutes. But the professors had problems with Andrzej because he was different. We were all there, but Andrzej was the star.

The Other Tchaikowsky

"Andrzej was a joking fellow and we loved him. There are many in Warsaw, not only his fellow students, that remember him very deeply. He was really a genius, in my opinion. He was. Maybe, the only bad thing was he had no difficulties. Where another person practiced five hours, Andrzej was ready in five minutes. It was unbelievable how few technical problems he had, and how quickly he learned the notes by heart.

"We had one composer, Andrzej Markovsky, a composer and conductor who couldn't believe that Andrzej could sight read at such a tempo. So he wrote something, made sure no one had stolen his notes, and gave the pages to Andrzej just before a concert. Andrzej played it immediately, every note as written -- it seemed impossible that a man could play like he did.

"Andrzej was known as a pianist more than a composer. It helped the Composers' Union to have someone like him, because we needed someone who could play. During the time Andrzej was a member, there were a lot of piano pieces written especially for him. He was known especially as a pianist, but, then he did study with Sikorski, who was the best composition teacher at the time in Warsaw, in our country. Andrzej was fortunate to study piano with Szpinalski and composition with Sikorski.

"I remember my professor -- I liked him very much, but he wasn't as deep thinking as Sikorski -- wrote an overture called 'Popular Overture.' After the first performance of the work my teacher asked Andrzej, 'What do you think of my piece?' At the time, there was a special kind of meal in our restaurants called 'Lunch Popular,' so Andrzej said, 'Your piece is like Lunch Popular -- it's cheap and hard to digest.' Andrzej was sharp in giving his impressions about some things, so he had enemies. Still, I think the number of friends was greater."

Although Andrzej had the mental capacity to learn music with seemingly impossible speed, there was still the physical requirement to develop a pianistic technique. Tadeusz Kerner remembers Andrzej's technical problems:

"If Andrzej had a technical problem, he wrote an etude, just like Chopin. You know, each of the 24 etudes Chopin wrote was written to solve a different technical problem. So he took the idea from Chopin and Andrzej wrote an etude for any technical problem he was having. He composed it immediately, instantly. I remember a day he had problems with trills, so he wrote an etude that was all trills, for all fingers. Then he used his etude until he gained the facility he was looking for and it was easy. He composed for himself, never wrote it down, just improvised and wrote from his head."

Andrzej the composer is also recalled by Kerner:

"Andrzej was a modest man about his compositions. He never wanted to play them for anybody. I don't know why. He always was composing something and I think was more interested in composing than playing the piano. His real aim was composition and he played the piano only to survive. Even back then, he was working on an opera. He told me he wanted to write an opera and this was in the early 1950s. Chopin never wanted to write an opera."

The violinist Wanda Wilkomirska was also a student at the Warsaw Conservatory in 1952. Although five years apart in age, Wanda and Andrzej were good friends. She recalls preparing to play in a violin competition and needing a pianist to accompany her in the Szymanowski violin concerto:

"I wanted to play the Szymanowski concerto, which I just heard for the first time and had never played. I just adored it. But I had a very short time to change my program and the Szymanowski was not easy. The date was already set by the teacher. I decided to play the

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

Szymanowski, but I could find no pianist in the whole school who would accompany me, because of the difficulty of the piece. Andrzej said give it to him, it's no problem. He could sight read anything."

The performance was a success. Wanda won a prize in the competition and Andrzej's reputation was further enhanced.

On January 13, 1953, Andrzej, now 17 years old, returned to Sopot to give a Chopin recital. His program included:

- Polonaise Fantaisie in A-flat (Opus 61)
- Nocturne in E-flat major (Opus 55, Number 2)
- Sonata in B minor (Opus 58)
- Impromptu in G-flat major (Opus 51)
- Etude in A-flat major (Opus 10, Number 10)
- Etude in A minor (Opus 25, Number 4)
- Etude in F major (Opus 10, Number 8)
- Mazurka in C minor (Opus 56, Number 3)
- Mazurka in F-sharp minor (Opus 59, Number 3)
- Ballade in F minor (Opus 52)

The 1953 school year ended as the previous year had ended: Andrzej had a high academic standing and was the number one student at the conservatory.

There is no school record of Andrzej Czajkowski studying English, yet, in 1954 he was fairly fluent. Since English is the international language of musicians, it is not improbable that he would have picked up some by this exposure. Andrzej showed a great facility for languages and seemed to learn them as he learned music, almost instantly. At the end of his life he had an excellent command of Polish, French, English, German, and Spanish, and could manage in Russian, Italian, and Portuguese.

Soon after the start of the 1953-1954 school year, the students organized a dance to allow the old and new students to get acquainted. It was at this dance that Andrzej formed what would prove to be the longest friendship of his life. He met a beautiful young woman named Halina Wahlmann. She remembered him from the school at Lodz when they were both students in 1947. She recalled a short, chubby, 12-year-old who played the piano in front of the whole school. Although they were the same age, she had no interest in him at that time. In the spring of 1953, Halina completed her studies in piano at Lodz and passed the examinations to enter the Warsaw Conservatory. At the conservatory, her teacher was the sister of Wanda Wilkomirska, pianist Maria Wilkomirska.

Andrzej was used to being with people of ordinary intelligence, but was always on the lookout for someone who had something extra, someone who could knowledgeably discuss his interests in literature, piano performance, and composition. Halina Wahlmann fit the role. Already an excellent pianist in 1953, she continued at the Warsaw Conservatory and graduated in 1959. After a stint as a concert pianist, piano teacher and accompanist, she launched into other fields, earning a Ph.D. in Criminology in 1974, and writing numerous articles and two books on psychology and criminology. Halina won five literary awards for magazine articles and worked at various positions in academia. Her friends describe her as a brilliant woman with an amazing variety of abilities.

In 1988 Halina published a book of correspondence between herself and Andrzej Czajkowski that covered the period from 1956 to 1982 (with a few breaks when their friendship faltered). The title of the book gives a clue to the haunting friendship between them: *Moj Diabel Stroz* (My Guardian Devil). Andrzej was an ever-present figure in her life from the moment they met until his death in 1982. Their relationship was a remarkably self-defeating and self-sustaining tangle of love, friendship, destructiveness -- toward self

and toward each other -- and rejection, and surely one of the most complex psycho-sexual puzzles ever recorded. What she wanted most of all from Andrzej, she never got, which was to have his baby. What he wanted and received from her is a puzzle, but need her he did, to the end of his life. We have many pieces of the puzzle by way of their almost continuous correspondence. To construct a coherent picture of the relationship, however, is no easy matter.

Halina remembers her first meeting with Andrzej at the Warsaw Conservatory in the fall of 1953:

"It was an unforgettable experience. And very funny too. It was during my first year at the Warsaw Conservatory. I had just passed my exam and been admitted to the piano class of professor Maria Wilkomirska. The students organized a fancy-dress ball. Not everybody was in disguise. I had no idea what to put on either. At the ball someone pointed at Andrzej and told me: 'This is the famous Andrzej Czajkowski -- a real genius!' I saw a pretty, brisk, young boy. A friend of mine who knew him from Lagow introduced us to each other: 'This is Andrzej, and this is Halinka -- our new student,' she said. Andrzej looked at me attentively, unsmiling, then took my hand and led me away.

"We entered one of the classrooms in which there was a grand piano. I was scared for a while because I thought that Andrzej would make me play the piano, but instead, he said imperatively: 'Take off your clothes.' I was stupefied. He repeated with impatience: 'Take off your clothes. Don't you understand? This is a fancy-dress ball, we must swap our clothes.' And so we did.

"I rouged Andrzej with my lipstick and I tied a colorful scarf around his head. In my long, black velvet dress he looked beautiful and exotic, like a singer in the part of Carmen. His beauty attracted everyone at the ball. A Party Secretary who hadn't recognized Andrzej asked him to dance and ceremoniously kissed his hand. Our colleagues were delighted. And so was I, although I didn't dance at all because in Andrzej's clothes I looked awful.

"After the ball, we wandered back to our 'changing room.' Andrzej thanked me and said courteously: 'You must be an able pianist. They've accepted so few people for the piano class this year.' I said, 'You know, I am surprised myself because during the exam I omitted half of the second part of Beethoven's sonata in D minor. Andrzej replied, 'That might well have been the reason why they accepted you. It was a fine idea! That part is definitely too long!'"

Also at the conservatory in 1953 was an oboist, Stefan Sutkowski. Stefan was working on two oboe sonatas as part of a school music series. Stefan Sutkowski:

"We worked together in a series started in this time and sometimes Andrzej and I had free time to play together. I remember especially one very interesting time when we played two oboe sonatas together. Two weeks later, it was the same situation for free time and Andrzej said, 'If you have time and your oboe, we can play the sonatas together.' Unfortunately, or fortunately, I had only my oboe part, not the piano part. Andrzej said, 'No problem.' He then played the whole accompaniment of the two sonatas, after one rehearsal, from memory! It seemed impossible. He was not even looking at my part. No! He said it was not necessary. For me it seemed absolutely impossible. I remember he played this piano part very well, as it was written. He had a photographic memory."

Later in the school year, Halina Wahlmann had another encounter with Andrzej:

"I was enchanted with Andrzej and I dreamt about another meeting. It took place a month later. We were riding on the same bus to the Conservatory. The bus was overcrowded and we were standing far from each other. Andrzej saw me and cried: 'What's the matter with you? I haven't seen you for ages! Tell me, do you want to have many children?' The people in the bus

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burst forth into laughter. We got off together. He repeated the question: 'Well, do tell me if you want to have many children?' Blushing, I said: 'Yes, I think I do.' 'What a pity,' Andrzej heaved a sigh, 'I won't be able to marry you. I am an artist and children would disturb me. See you!' Later, we met occasionally at the Conservatory."

At the start of the 1953-1954 school year, the highest ranked piano students were selected for special training for the upcoming 1955 International Chopin Competition. These special students were excused from their conservatory classes to develop their Chopin repertoire and to perform numerous recitals and concerts at concert halls around Poland. Andrzej Czajkowski was, of course, part of this select group, as was his cousin Tadeusz Kerner.

The first concerto concerts Andrzej played were in Lublin on October 9 and II, 1953. The orchestra was the National Philharmonic of Lublin, conducted by Eugeniusz Dziewulski. The concerto was Beethoven's piano concerto number 4 in G major. Perhaps Andrzej had something to do with the selection of the program since the Beethoven G major was one of his all-time favorite concertos.

The next concerto concert was in Poznan on February 10, 1954. This was a special "double" concert in which both Andrzej Czajkowski and Tadeusz Kerner played. They were billed as "Polish candidates for the 5th International Fredrick Chopin Competition." The first part of the concert was a recital, with Kerner appearing first. The second part consisted of the two Chopin piano concertos, with Kerner playing the E minor and Andrzej the F minor. The orchestra was the Philharmonic Orchestra of Poznan conducted by Stanislaw Wislocki. Szpinalski was backstage. Kerner remembers that when it was time for Andrzej to play, he froze:

"Some pianists get nervous. Szpinalski and I pushed him on the stage, by force, because he was having problems."

This was a harbinger of difficulties to come; pre-concert nervousness plagued Andrzej for most of his life. Colleagues of his concert-playing days cited nervousness on stage often prevented Andrzej from performing at his best.

During all these preparations, Andrzej still had time to play little jokes. He entered a student-organized competition to see who could play the worst Chopin Mazurka. Halina Wahlmann remembers:

"Someone, it may have been Andrzej, conceived the idea of organizing a competition for the worst performance of a Chopin mazurka. All this happened during a ball at the conservatory. Many people took part in the competition. Finally, Andrzej entered the stage. In a masterly way he blurred the notes of a mazurka at a crazy tempo. This gallopade was densely filled with convulsive accents in the rhythm of a mazurka. He scarcely finished playing when the audience burst out with roaring laughter and stormy applause. He got the first prize for the worst performance of a Chopin mazurka. 'Where did you get this idea from?' they asked him. 'It wasn't my idea,' Andrzej replied modestly, 'I simply imitated professor X.' And he mentioned the name of one of the most famous professors in those days."

On another occasion, he played a Chopin concerto with the Gdansk Philharmonic. First on the program was Ravel's orchestral, "The Serenade of the Clown," which was followed by Andrzej playing the concerto. Halina Wahlmann remembers what happened:

"The audience demanded an encore after Andrzej's performance of a concerto with the orchestra. Since the orchestra was to play a symphony next, the grand piano was already lowered underground. But the applause did not cease. So Andrzej went underground, sat down at the grand piano and asked the stage manager to hoist the platform with the piano up to the stage again. Then he started to play, 'The Serenade of the Clown.' And thus the grand piano began to emerge from below stage with Andrzej playing Ravel. The audience was

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having a good time and a reviewer wrote the following day that Andrzej 'played The Serenade almost autobiographically!'"

Not everything went well in the Chopin Competition preparations. Andrzej was consistently late for orchestral rehearsals. During one Chopin recital, he ended a piece, not softly as called for by the music, but with a crashingly loud chord. This petulant act seemed designed to destroy his creation, and it confused the audience and his friends. Everyone thought him a genius, and many things were forgiven in concession to the belief that genius makes its own rules.

At a preparatory concert of the Warsaw Philharmonic, with Andrzej as soloist, partisans were in the audience. Andrzej began to feel the pressure. He was considered to be one of Poland's best hopes to win the 1955 Chopin Competition; many had told him so, and now they filled a concert hall to witness and acclaim the proof. These were serious expectations, and for Andrzej, the word "expectation" contained dread. He could play in Lublin, Sopot, or Gdansk because they didn't know him, there were no great expectations of him. But a concert hall in Warsaw filled by his peers caused him acute physical discomfort and stage fright. The oboist Stefan Sutkowski was in the Warsaw Philharmonic and remembers the concert:

"Before the Chopin Competition, there was a special preparation here in Warsaw. I was at this time in the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra playing oboe. I remember that Andrzej was playing a Chopin piano concerto, but I don't remember which one. During this concert, he lost his memory of his part, but he played in Chopin's style. It was not very long, but it wasn't very short either. It was so good that afterwards in speaking with a friend, I remarked that it was only possible to know it was not precisely right because I was looking at the music, the improvising was so perfect. Of course, it was a problem for the orchestra. I thought he should be given a special prize, the improvisation prize. He was so talented that it was difficult to predict how big his career was going to be."

While Andrzej's lapses during performances were attributed to memory slips, the real cause was nerves. He was extraordinarily hyperactive before a performance and often physically ill. When his performance was affected by this problem, the physical effects grew worse. This threat to his career needed immediate attention but it got none. Of course Andrzej's attitude of denial was one of the reasons no resolution was sought. Unresolved, it surfaced from time to time, and became more acute in years to come.

The school year ended for 1954, and all the Chopin Competition candidates headed for a special summer music camp at Lagow. Andrzej and the others were given a school vacation for the academic year 1954-1955 to allow them to prepare for the competition. Celina was also in Lagow, always dominating Andrzej while trying to do the best for him that she could. As usual, they argued continually.

For Andrzej, the summer camp at Lagow presented the same familiar faces. Tadeusz Kerner was there, as were other good friends, including Adam Harasiewicz and Włodzimierz Obidowicz. The trio of friends Czajkowski-Harasiewicz-Obidowicz -- were famous at the Warsaw Conservatory as being inseparable, and the three were known for high spirits and high jinxes. There was one surprise student at Lagow, a slightly-built, shy, 20-year-old young man from China named Fou Ts'ong. Andrzej approached Ts'ong and asked him in English, "Do you play bridge?" Ts'ong, speaking no Polish and very little English, replied that he did. With this exchange, a friendship was formed which lasted until Andrzej's death 28 years later, although, as in all of Andrzej's friendships, there were difficulties and periods of deterioration.

The arrival of Fou Ts'ong at the Lagow summer music camp was by special invitation of the Polish government. The year before, in 1953, Ts'ong had entered a Youth Festival Competition in Bucharest, Rumania, and was a sensation, winning third prize in piano. Afterwards, Ts'ong travelled to Poland as piano soloist with the Chinese Ensemble of Song and Dance. When asked what he would play in Poland, Fou Ts'ong answered, "Why, Chopin, of course." This led to some concern and Ts'ong remembers the story:

"I think the head of the Chinese Embassy was a little bit apprehensive for me to play Chopin in Poland. So they thought it best to get an opinion. I played privately for Andrzej Panufnik [a leading Polish composer] at the Conservatory of Music in Warsaw before I had any public concerts. Panufnik was full of superlatives. He was telling everybody that the Chinese had somebody who played as well as our first prize winner and that he really must come to the Chopin Competition. In fact, Andrzej said, the story goes, that other Polish candidates at the time were watching. Andrzej had said to them that he heard me the year before. He had told them that there was no more sense in the Chopin Competition because we already knew who the first prize winner would be. It seems that the report about me went right up to the leaders of the country. The Polish president actually invited the Chinese government to send me to the Chopin Competition."

Within a few weeks, Ts'ong could communicate with his fellow students at the Lagow summer camp in a combination of Polish, English, and sign-language. He became a student of Zbigniew Drzewiecki. Ts'ong remembers his first impressions of Andrzej:

"He was the youngest of the Polish group. He was studying with Szpinalski, who was also at the camp. We were always joking, always laughing, pulling legs, and also demonstrative in a physical way, which the Chinese are not used to. You do know Andrzej was a homosexual? But at that time, it was difficult to tell because he had a girl there. She was very young, about 14 or 15 I think. She was very beautiful. He was always excessively demonstrative in a physical way. Always kissing and hugging. I remember I was very jealous. Not very, just slightly jealous. Envious, rather than jealous. But already at that time everybody in that place was talking about Andrzej as the most brilliant, extraordinary boy.

"Of course, they were joking all the time in Polish, and he always made remarks to which everybody else reacted with either shock or by laughing their heads off, or something of the sort. Some of them explained to me what he said. The real point often escaped me because of my poor command of English, or because my understanding of Polish or of European psychology in general was not great enough.

"I remember Andrzej practicing the Chopin F minor concerto, the finale, the very last place where it goes into F major. Tremendous tempo all the time, terribly fast. The most senior professor in Poland was criticizing him for playing so fast. Andrzej answered, 'It's only because you can't, and you're jealous.' I remember that!"

After the summer camp at Lagow ended, the musicians selected to represent Poland at the 1955 Chopin Competition were announced:

Andrzej Czajkowski	18 years
Danuta Dworakowska	26 years
Lidia Grychtolowna	26 years
Adam Harasiewicz	22 years
Tadeusz Kerner	28 years
Edwin Kowalik	26 years
Milosz Magin	25 years
Wlodzimierz Obidowicz	24 years

Andrzej received a letter from the Polish Composers' Union on October 28, 1954 informing him that his composition "Prelude and Fugue" had won an award of 200 Zlotys and he was invited to play the work in a November 28, 1954 concert. As usual, he didn't discuss his composing activities with anyone. The concert was played, and Andrzej pocketed the money.

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Andrzej started to avoid home at 36 Nowolipki Street, staying with friends overnight; what practicing he did was done elsewhere. He apparently did this to upset Celina as much as to avoid her. Andrzej did introduce Fou Ts'ong to Celina and Ts'ong remembers:

"His grandmother was a character. She saved his life, smuggled Andrzej to places of hiding during the war. She was incredible. I just remember she used to yell at him all the time, and he was always making very cutting remarks."

A favorite place for Andrzej to practice was at the home of his Aunt Irena. Aunt Irena, the widow of Andrzej's Uncle Ignacy, had survived the war, married Zbigniew Paszkowski, and had two children. She had a wonderful grand piano on which Andrzej was allowed to practice at any time. Celina had concerns, as related by Irena Paszkowska:

"I remember the time leading to the Chopin Competition, grandma going to extraordinary lengths to make him practice; again, her whole life seemed to center on his career, to the extent that she became negligent of herself. Celina was already suffering from diabetes but did not take as much care of herself as she should have, being so concerned about Andrzej. It was also the time when Andrzej was beginning to display his unusual sexual interests. Apparently, grandma, on noticing this, made every effort possible to make sure he was always surrounded by nice-looking girls, in the perhaps naive and vain hope that he could take interest in one of them. I think it was ironic and tragic that the person he disliked the most was, at the same time, the person that devoted her whole life to him."

In early February 1955, Celina was frantic. It was just three weeks to the start of the Chopin competition and she hadn't heard from or seen Andrzej for several days. Was he all right? Was he practicing? She suspected (correctly) that Andrzej was spending his days and nights with a certain tall young man. On Thursday, February 3, Celina paid a visit to Irena's house. Perhaps Andrzej would be there practicing. It was to be her last effort in behalf of Andrzej's career. Irena's son, Piotr Paszkowski, remembers Celina's final moments:

"I can remember when she died. This is one of my earliest memories and she died in our house. We led a peaceful life; then one day there were hundreds of people in the house, all running around, screaming and shouting. Grandmother had collapsed. Some of the people put her legs up, some put her legs down. Someone saw me and ordered me upstairs, but I only went half way. I was interested because I never saw anyone die before. They couldn't save her. It was a heart attack. She went into a coma and died on the way to the hospital. "

Andrzej didn't learn of Celina's death until he appeared the next day on February 4. He felt enormously guilty about the circumstances of her death. Perhaps they hadn't gotten along, perhaps he had suffered as a consequence of her character defects, but he understood the debt he owed this remarkable woman who had fought for his life, who had risked so much for him, and who hoped so much for his success. It also afforded the perfect excuse to drop out of the Chopin Competition, which was causing him increased anxiety. How could he play at all with Celina's death? She was the last of his direct relatives, except for his father who, of course, didn't count. Professor Szpinalski didn't accept the argument. Instead, he urged Andrzej to redouble his efforts so that he might win the competition in memory of his grandmother.

Aunt Dorka came from Sopot to attend Celina's funeral. Andrzej made a scene by inappropriately laughing during the funeral service. Following the service, Aunt Dorka moved into Andrzej's apartment, but Andrzej didn't return there. Instead, he moved in with his Aunt Irena who remembers:

"It was at that time that Andrzej was practicing all the time at my house. Andrzej also had a piano at his apartment, but, when the grandmother died, he didn't go home. He stayed at my house and practiced for the last few weeks before the contest. When the grandmother died,

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Andrzej first decided that he could drop out of the competition. This sounded to me like an excuse, because Andrzej was terrified of the competition and hated practicing so much."

Aunt Mala in Paris was informed of Celina's death. Mala couldn't afford to come to Warsaw, but offered to help Andrzej in any way she could. Mala wrote a letter to Karl Krauthammer informing him that Celina had died. Karl believed that soon Andrzej would be living with him, expecting Andrzej to show up on his door step at any moment.

Chopin Competition (1955)

Much could be written questioning the value of music competitions, but it cannot be denied that they can be extremely important to the making of a career. Much depends not only on receiving an award but on the placement among the others receiving awards. The differences among the judges' opinions are seldom clear cut or consistent. A few things are certain: members of the competition jury rarely reward individuality; instead, they tend to compromise in favor of conformity. The wisdom of their choices usually remains to be seen for many years. Frequently, decisions are mixed, and end by taking into account a variety of factors, including past performances, and a surprising variety of biases. Fou Ts'ong, who did very well in competitions and who, many years later, was active as a juror in various competitions, has strong feelings about their benefits:

"I just think competitions are ridiculous. There is no point in talking about a prize because there are so many ridiculous things. There is the element of luck, and politics play such a big role that it doesn't really matter who is one, two, or three. What's really important is the years you have to go on proving yourself as a musician. There are so many first prize winners. It really means nothing."

The 1955 Chopin Competition was divided into three stages. In the first stage, the performers selected works from predetermined categories and played them in any order they desired. For the first stage, Andrzej had selected pieces he had played at Sopot in January 1953 (except for the D-flat major Etude):

Polonaise-Fantaisie in A-flat, Opus 61
Nocturne in E-flat major, Opus 55, Number 2
Impromptu in G-flat major, Opus 51
Etude in A minor, Opus 25, Number 4
Etude in D-flat major, Opus 25, Number 8

The members of the jury were:

Austria: Joseph Marx, Bruno Seidlhoffer
Belgium: Stefan Askenase, Emile Bosquet
Brazil: Magda Tagliaferro
Bulgaria: Lubomir Pipkov
Chile: Flora Guerra
China: Ma Su-Cun
Czechoslovakia: Frantisek Maxian
France: Facquest Févier, Lazare Lévy; Marguerite Long
German Democratic Republic: Hugo Steurer
German Federal Republic: Erik Then-Bergh
Great Britain: Harold Craxton, Louis Kentner
Hungary: Imre Ungar
Italy: Guido Agosti, Arturo Benedetti-Michelangeli, Carlo Zecchi
Poland: Zbigniew Drzewiecki, Jan Hoffman, Witold Lutoslawski, Stanislaw Szpinalski,
Henryk Sztompka, Margerita Trombini-Kazuro, Jerzy Zurawlew

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Russia: Lew Oborin, Jakov Zak

Yugoslavia: Emil Hajek

After the first stage, the 77 participants from 25 countries were reduced by about one-half. Andrzej Czajkowski was, as expected, one of those promoted to the second stage.

The sensation of the first stage of the competition was a 17-year-old Russian named Vladimir Ashkenazy, who placed first at that point in the contest. No one had ever heard of him. Of the initial 300 candidates in the USSR who tried to qualify, he was one of six who made it to Warsaw. Even more amazing was the fact that Ashkenazy had little of Chopin in his repertoire and, once selected, had to prepare his Chopin repertoire just for the competition. It was obvious he was enjoying the competition very much, being the subject of few expectations and just enjoying the chance to be abroad. As the pianists advanced into the second stage, the repertoire requirements were more severe and represented a greater test of their abilities.

For the second stage, Andrzej selected five works; again some of them had appeared in his Sopot concert of January 1953:

Prelude in C-sharp minor, Opus 45

Barcarolle in F-sharp, Opus 60

Etude in A-flat major, Opus 10, Number 10

Etude in D-flat major, Opus 10, Number 8

Mazurka in C minor, Opus 56, Number 3

At the end of the second stage, the top 20 contestants graduated to the third and final stage. Andrzej Czajkowski was included among the survivors, and the winner of the second stage was once again Vladimir Ashkenazy. In fact, all six of the Russian pianists advanced to the final stage of the competition. Of the Polish contingent, five of the eight were still in the competition. Tadeusz Kerner was eliminated as was Andrzej's other friend, Włodzimierz Obidowicz. Kerner did win a prize for the best interpretation of a Polonaise (F-sharp minor, Opus 44).

The third and final stage was a required performance of either the Chopin E minor concerto (Opus 11) or F minor concerto (Opus 21). In a way, the competition started over again at this juncture, since no points accumulated in the earlier stages were carried over, and the winner of the competition was to be selected solely from the concerto performance. Andrzej selected the F minor concerto. He had played this work in many public concerts, but not in an international competition. This was his debut concerto performance at this level of critical judgment. This was also true, of course, for others.

Additional pressure was placed on the third stage finalists. A special guest of honor had arrived: Her Majesty, Queen Elisabeth of Belgium. Perhaps she was looking over the contestants, knowing that the next year, 1956, would be the Queen Elisabeth Piano Competition in Brussels. Up to this point in the competition, Vladimir Ashkenazy had been the clear-cut winner. Seemingly, all he had to do was play his selected Chopin concerto in his now "usual" manner and take home the first prize.

It was a nervous time and disagreements arose. The finalists performed. The jury deliberated. Feelings and prejudices surfaced. Juror Lazare Lévy threw off the average scores by giving 20 points (the maximum) to pianists he liked and 1 point (the minimum) to pianists he didn't like. Michelangeli disagreed so strongly with the selection of Harasiewicz as the winner over Ashkenazy that he refused to sign any of the prize diplomas. Finally, the winners were announced:

1st - Adam Harasiewicz (Poland)

2nd - Vladimir Ashkenazy (USSR)

3rd - Fou Ts'ong (China)

4th - Bernard Ringelssen (France)

5th - Naum Shtarkman (USSR)

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- 6th - Dimitri Papierno (USSR)
- 7th - Lidia Grychtolowna (Poland)
- 8th - Andrzej Czajkowski (Poland)
- 9th - Dimitri Sacharov (USSR)
- 10th - Kiyoko Tanaka (Japan)

- Honorable Mention - Emi Behar (Bulgaria)
- Honorable Mention - Monique Duphil (France)
- Honorable Mention - Peter Frankl (Hungary)
- Honorable Mention - Stanislav Knor (Czech.)
- Honorable Mention - Edwin Kowalik (Poland)
- Honorable Mention - Nina Leltchuk (USSR)
- Honorable Mention - Milosz Magin (Poland)
- Honorable Mention - Annerose Schmidt (GDR)
- Honorable Mention - Irina Siyalova (USSR)
- Honorable Mention - Tamas Vasary (Hungary)

One can now evaluate these rankings with the advantage of knowing the progress of the careers that were launched by this competition. Of the names in the ranking, the strongest showing by any country was Russia. Four of their six pianists sent to the competition won prizes and the two others won honorable mentions. The real winner, based on the overall competition, was Ashkenazy. Of his "defeat" he graciously wrote his feelings in his 1984 book, *Beyond Frontiers*:

I had to play first at the final stage which was rather unsettling, and the Queen of the Belgians was there, so it was even more of an event than usual. As a result, I felt terribly exposed and didn't do well. I ended up with the second prize because the distribution of the prizes was based on the finals. I was told that points from the earlier rounds were not carried over, although naturally the members of the jury make their own notes for the final placing based in part on their impression of each participant throughout the competition.

If true, this is rather an odd system, considering that the bulk of the repertoire is performed in the preliminary rounds, whereas the final involves only one or other of the two concertos - not, after all, perhaps the most representative

works of Chopin. The jury must have remembered that I was good in the earlier rounds, so at least I got the second prize; it could easily have been worse, I suppose.

I remember that Michelangeli, who was a member of the jury, refused to sign our prize diplomas because he thought it was unfair that I got only the second prize. When I heard about this, silly boy that I was and not realizing that one doesn't do such things, I took my diploma to him in his hotel room and asked him to sign just mine. He replied, "No, I can't sign yours because you shouldn't have had this prize in any case, and if I sign one I might just as well sign all the others."

Andrzej professed to be satisfied with his eighth prize, although his ups and downs were well illustrated during the competition. He never considered himself a Chopinist, and he was so nervous throughout the competition that winning any kind of prize was a triumph. His playing was rather more personal and introspective than the others, when he was playing well. When he was playing badly, it came out more self-indulgent and hard-driving, which robbed the performance of excitement.

Something far more important than eighth prize resulted for Andrzej Czajkowski from the 1955 Chopin Competition. In the audience was another celebrated figure, the most famous, and best, Chopin pianist in the world, Arthur Schnabel. Schnabel always promoted Polish musicians, and he may at that time have been

looking for a replacement for himself, someone special who would take over as the leading Chopin pianist in the world when he was done with the title. He certainly would have wanted this person to be a Pole. Rubinstein heard something special in Andrzej's playing, something more deeply felt and more probing than he sensed in the playing of the other Polish contestants. Rubinstein wanted to hear more of Andrzej Czajkowski and his piano playing.

A gala reception for the participants and guests of the competition was held at the Council of Ministers' palace. Rubinstein spoke with Andrzej at the party, urging him to enter the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition in Belgium. Rubinstein was going to be on the jury of that competition and might be in a position to help. Andrzej would be able to play a more wide-ranging list of works, and his strengths, which perhaps were not completely exploited in works by Chopin, might be more evident.

Andrzej was also approached at the gala by a jury member from Belgium, Stefan Askenase. Askenase, who was considered the best teacher of Chopin in the world and was a well-known concert pianist as well, specializing in Chopin, also saw something special in Andrzej's playing. Stefan invited Andrzej to visit him in 1956 in Brussels where they could discuss some possibilities; perhaps Andrzej would like to study with him. Stefan remembers the first time he heard Andrzej play in the Chopin competition:

"Andrzej's was a wonderful gift. When I heard him the first time, I wanted to stop playing. I first heard him in the Chopin Competition in Warsaw in 1955. I was a member of the jury. I was not so much interested in his Chopin. It was a competition where the candidates and the jury lived in the same hotel in Warsaw. I met him and was struck by his personality."

Pianist Peter Frankl also recalls his first impression of Andrzej Czajkowski from the 1955 Chopin Competition:

"I first met Andrzej in February 1955, at the Chopin Competition, where we both participated. He was still a teenager. He was recognized in Poland at that time as quite an exceptional talent, already a kind of famous person. People were always looking forward to his appearances and he was a great favorite. But already his playing was controversial. To the surprise of many Poles, he didn't win, but came in 8th. I was one of the finalists as well, but didn't win a prize.

"It was a very interesting competition and another competitor, Fou Ts'ong, was a great friend of Andrzej at the time. But in time, this friendship deteriorated. Friendships with Andrzej changed very often. Eventually they were all alienated for some reason. We were always friends, but we were never that close, so I'm not sure why his close friendships would break up. I think part of it came from Andrzej's being so emotional, just the opposite of the others, who were superficial. Andrzej took everything so to heart, so deep. He just could not tolerate even a little remark with such deep feelings, so he would have a falling out."

Andrzej attended the competition gala with Halina Wahlmann. Andrzej was in high spirits, and Halina remembers one interesting point in the evening:

"Andrzej's presence in a company promised unexpected situations and great fun. It happened in 1955 at a solemn banquet during which prizes were to be handed to the winners in the Chopin Piano Competition. Queen Elisabeth of Belgium was an honorary guest. The orchestra played a polonaise, then lively sounds of a Polish folk-dance, a mazurka. Andrzej jumped to his feet, bowed low to the old queen and invited her to dance. The queen replied with dignity, 'I've had to dance often enough in my life, so allow me to have some rest now.' The then Minister of Culture, Sokorski, ran up to Andrzej and said with horror in his voice, 'What are you up to, you milksop? You have offended the queen. You may have started a third world war.' Andrzej smiled innocently, 'But why, Minister? I am dressed so beautifully!'"

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

Andrzej was given special awards as the youngest Polish pianist (19 years old) in the Chopin Competition, a "Calisia" piano, 10,000 Zlotys in cash, and a concert tour in Poland and Bulgaria. He could have considered his career as launched by the results of this competition. He could have settled into a comfortable existence in Poland as a pianist and composer, receiving recognition in both fields, and perhaps a position at one of the better music schools. But he realized that Poland gave little freedom to state musicians. His discussions with Arthur Rubinstein and Stefan Askenase promised much, and pointed towards the West. The Queen Elisabeth Piano Competition of 1956 would afford an opportunity to play more of the repertoire that exhibited his talent to the greatest advantage. If he could win a top prize, Rubinstein held out the lure of an "instant" and large career.

Preparation for the Queen Elisabeth Competition (1955 - 1956)

With the great excitement surrounding the 1955 Chopin Competition subsiding, Andrzej returned to living in his apartment on Nowolipki Street, initially with his Aunt Dorka. Within a few months, the living arrangement with Dorka wasn't working. Dorka's religious fanaticism was oppressive, and they just didn't get along. Unceremoniously, Aunt Dorka was sent back to Sopot. Halina Wahlmann moved in as Andrzej's new roommate. Halina recalls the move:

"After the death of his granny, our meetings became more frequent -- Andrzej felt very lonely. He liked to have a listener when he practiced. Before, it was his granny, and after her death he asked me to listen to his playing. In the Fall of 1955, we settled down together in his modest flat on Nowolipki. At that time he was preparing for the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium Competition."

Andrzej had two main tasks during 1955 and early 1956. First, he had to build up his repertoire in preparation for the Queen Elisabeth Competition, and second, he had to perform concerts in Poland and Bulgaria. His first concerts in Poland were just a few months after the competition, on May 19 and 20, 1955, and then June 10 and 11. In both concerto concerts, he played the Beethoven G major concerto. The May concerts were with the Wroclawska Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jozef K. Lasocki, and the June concerts were with the National Philharmonic of Poznan, conducted by Jozef Wilkomirski. Later on, Andrzej would play a different concerto with the Poznan Philharmonic, the Prokofiev third. Jozef Wilkomirski, the brother of the violinist Wanda Wilkomirska, had some recollections of his concerts with Andrzej:

"At that time, Andrzej was already a magnificent pianist, excellent musician, extraordinary person, and attractive conversationalist. He had a lively way of reacting, but I never found him offensive. He knew French because he read and translated for me fragments from 'In Search of Lost Time' by Proust. It should be stressed that he was then just a young man. I, personally, 'matured' to that book much later.

"Even then his mastery of the piano was already excellent. As much as his rendition of Beethoven's G major concerto may be considered as good, his rendition of Prokofiev's third concerto was a revelation. I recall he asked for the orchestra to play as quietly as possible especially during the most difficult variation in the second movement because he actually played each and every note. I remember the ovations from the public.

"Andrzej had immaculate technique, beautiful and differentiated tone, and real temperament. At the keyboard, he was spontaneous and at times, unrestrained. I feel that, for his young age, Andrzej demonstrated in his music extraordinary maturity, cleverness of logical structuring, deep sensitivity, and much forethought in his interpretations. His apparent conflict between lust for life and his intellect produced overwhelming results.

"I remember one incident which proves Andrzej's phenomenal memory. He made a bet with two other pianists (I shall not mention their names) as to who could learn a Bach Invention

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the fastest. In one hour, he telephoned both contestants and informed them that he had already memorized the whole thing. Once, for an encore after the completion of a concerto, he played the entire 'Carnaval' by Schumann; another time, the entire Sonata No. 7 by Prokofiev.

"Just before one concert he asked me, 'May I play for you today?' Somewhat surprised, I consented. Then he explained that he always needed to play for one particular person and that on the repeat of this concert on the following day he would play for his ex-professor who was going to attend."

The concerts continued into the fall. On October 21, 1955, in Lublin, he played the Chopin F minor concerto with the National Philharmonic of Lublin, conducted by Karol Strzempa. This must have been at their request, since Andrzej was trying to concentrate on repertoire other than Chopin. An example of the varied repertoire he was developing is the program for a piano recital in Lublin on October 27, 1955:

Bach-Busoni - Prelude and Fugue in D major
Schumann - Fantasy in C major, Opus 17
Albeniz - Triana
De Falla - Cubana and Aldaluza
Ravel - Gaspard de la Nuit

In December 1955, he left Poland for the concert tour in Bulgaria. He asked Aunt Dorka to travel with him, as he disliked being alone and genuinely needed someone to help him with matters unrelated to music. On his first program on December 3, 1955, in the capital city of Sofia, he played in a double-recital with a violinist. His part of the program was:

Bach-Busoni - Prelude and Fugue in D major
Beethoven - Piano sonata in E major, Opus 109
Chopin - Barcarolle in F-sharp, Opus 60
Szymanowski - "Masks," Opus 34

Andrzej's next recital in Bulgaria, on December 8, included Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Ravel, Szymanowski, and Prokofiev. In a concert on December 6, with the State Philharmonic of Sofia, Andrzej played the Schumann concerto. At the beginning of 1956, Andrzej returned to Poland for additional concerts. On January 13 and 14, he played the Prokofiev third concerto, with Jozef Wilkomirski conducting the Kracow Philharmonic Orchestra. In a February 2 recital, he added the Bach-Liszt, Fantasy and Fugue in G minor and three Mazurkas by Szymanowski to his repertoire.

Back in Warsaw, at his apartment on Nowolipki Street, Halina Wahlmann continued to be his roommate and helpmate. She observed that Andrzej was attracted to the 20th Century repertoire:

"It is true that he felt more at ease in the repertoire of the 20th Century composers and discovered that music in his own way. In the years 1955-1956, alongside his Chopin repertoire, he played superbly Prokofiev's Sonata No.7 and his Third Concerto. The same is true of his Gaspard de la Nuit by Ravel, and Stravinsky's Petrushka. On the other hand, one cannot say that he was a pianist who played exclusively modern music. He performed music by almost all major composers, except for Peter Tchaikovsky, whom he couldn't stand. Andrzej loved to play Bach. Music critic Jan Weber described his execution of the Goldberg Variations at the Poznan Philharmonic as an unusual, unrepeatable concert."

Weber had travelled to the Poznan concert with Andrzej and had an interesting recollection:

"We were travelling to Poznan by automobile. Andrzej and I had a good laugh because we said, 'Here we are, the famous composers Tchaikowsky and Weber on the way to the concert.'"

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Just then, the driver turned around and said, 'You won't believe this, but my name is Schubert!'"

Andrzej was on fairly good behavior during this period of time, but there was one untoward incident that Halina Wahlmann remembers:

"We were living together at that time. Before each of Andrzej's concerts it was my task to have ready for him a snow-white shirt and a clean dress coat and, finally, to tie his bow-tie for him. That last thing was the most difficult as the bow-tie had a crooked clasp and it would maliciously turn in all possible directions before it finally rested in its proper position. That night, Andrzej was to give a recital at the Warsaw Philharmonic and he was to begin with a Bach Toccata. The hour of the recital's beginning was approaching. It was getting really late and I was still busy trying to tame the bow tie. My hands were trembling, I was terribly nervous -- I was afraid we might not make it. Andrzej tried to calm me down, 'Don't worry, the worst that can happen is that we won't hear the toccata.' We left home at five before 7:00 and at 7:00 Andrzej was supposed to be sitting at the piano. There were no taxis in the taxi rank. Andrzej waved a lorry [truck] to halt, and thus he arrived at the Philharmonic in a lorry, wearing his dress coat and bow tie. We heard the toccata!"

Although it wasn't easy to get a passport to leave Poland in April of 1956, Andrzej had no difficulties in obtaining his. He was a famous Polish State musician and was supported in his efforts to win a prize at the Queen Elisabeth Competition. His destination was the Polish Embassy in Brussels, where he would stay for the early stages of the contest. He would be travelling alone.

Queen Elisabeth Competition (1956)

The International Queen Elisabeth Competition for pianists started on Friday, May 4, 1956. A total of 59 pianists from 20 countries turned up to compete for world renown. In four weeks, they would be reduced to just 12 finalists. The jury consisted of 13 members:

United States: Alexander Brailowsky, Arthur Rubinstein
Hungary: Annie Fisher
Italy: Renato Borgatti, Guido Agosti
France: Robert Casadesus, Marcel Ciampi
South Africa: Cor de Groot
Venezuela: Eduardo del Pueyo
Russia: Emile Guilels, Nikita Magaloff
Belgium: Emile Bosquet, Marcel Gazelle

The "eliminations of the first degree" found Andrzej playing the very first day of the competition during the evening session. For his program, he selected:

Handel - Suite in F-sharp minor
Chopin - Etude in A-flat minor
Liszt - Etude in F minor
Stravinsky - Etude in F-sharp major
Prokofiev - Sonata No.7

Music critic Jo Grinnaert wrote of Andrzej's performance under a headline "Some Transcendental Elements are Revealed":

Andrzej Czajkowski asserted himself immediately with a beautiful sonority in Handel's Suite in F-sharp minor, despite a second movement played a bit too slowly. The Chopin Etude in A-flat minor "fit him like a glove." His interpretation was transcendental and it is impossible

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to criticize it. In Liszt's and Stravinsky's etudes, the young Polish pianist showed a remarkable mastery of the piano. He achieved his best performance in the wonderfully executed second and third movements of the terribly difficult Prokofiev Sonata No.7. No doubt, he is one of the stars of the competition.

Of Andrzej's performance, music critic Jacques Stehman reported:

Andrzej Czajkowski is a young and impetuous Polish pianist with a considerable technique, mixed charm and poetry, abruptness and confusion, scuffles, inopportune accents, unexplainable brusqueness, and sometimes amazing control among the confusion. His interpretation of Prokofiev's Sonata No.7 was remarkable in its authority and comprehension, and stood out against his other executions. He is nervous and temperamental, but interesting.

After the first elimination, 26 pianists advanced to the second elimination, Andrzej included. Andrzej's part in the second elimination occurred on Wednesday, May 16. His program was:

Bach - Two Preludes and Fugues (From the Well-Tempered Clavier)
Rodrigo - "Campeador"
Beethoven - Sonata in C minor, Opus 111
Ravel - Gaspard de la Nuit

Music critic Jacques Stehman reported his impressions of Andrzej's playing on May 16, 1956:

Andrzej Czajkowski, Polish, 20 years old, owns a considerable talent for his age, as a pianist and as a musician. As in the first elimination, his playing can be, at the wrong time, abrupt and brutish, but he is still a gifted performer understanding with deep awareness the pieces he plays, and making a glowing, natural, and suggestive interpretation. He remains a convincing performer. His Bach was simple and pure; the "Campeador," except for a few awkward moments, was distinguished; Beethoven's Opus 111 was both eloquent and controlled; Ravel's Scarbo, despite some confused and awkward passages, showed he knew how to interpret the heat, the colors, and the sarcastic spirit wanted by Ravel. One cannot be perfect and Mr. Czajkowski doesn't entirely have his playing under control, but he has eloquence, vitality, and sure musical instinct.

Andrzej advanced to the final stage. The finals required one short solo piece, one undesignated concerto, and a modern, unpublished concerto by Brussels composer Rene Defossez. At this point in the contest, Andrzej had become one of the audience's favorites. Knowledgeable listeners knew that here was a pianist willing to take chances and they loved this quality so rare in a competition. Where other pianists relied on flash and technique, Andrzej had analyzed each piece of music and determined what he believed was the best way to reveal the composer's intentions. As a composer himself, Andrzej had perhaps more insight into structure and the inner workings of each composition; in effect he presented his "ideas" concerning these elements in the form of a performance. It was risky because it was so personal and contained so much of his intellectual analysis, and also because it didn't always reflect the accepted interpretation. It was the insightful listener who caught what Andrzej was trying to achieve.

Quite the opposite of the 1955 Chopin Competition, where pianist Stefan Askenase was on the jury and Arthur Rubinstein in the audience, the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition found Askenase in the audience and Rubinstein on the jury. Both of these legendary musicians understood what Andrzej was about, and both wanted to aid his career. But first there was the hurdle of the final stage of the competition.

The 12 finalists were moved into the comfortable Chapelle Musicale, a kind of musical "castle" where each contestant received a private room and a practice piano. The finalists were (alphabetically):

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Vladimir Ashkenazy (Russia)
Gyorgy Banhalmy (Hungary)
Lazare Berman (Russia)
John Browning (United States)
Claude A. Coppens (Belgium)
Andrzej Czajkowski (Poland) Peter Frankl (Hungary)
Hans Graf (Austria)
Hiroko Kashu (Japan)
Stanislav Knor (Czechoslovakia)
Cecile Ousset (France)
Tamas Vasary (Hungary)

It was reported that Lazare Berman, then 26 years old, practiced 15 hours a day, taking time only for meals, and went to bed each night with bleeding fingers. Ashkenazy, just 18 years old, "stupefied" a critic with his technique and profound insight. It was piano playing of the highest order and the competition was very close. Andrzej was known as the pianist who took long walks rather than long practices.

When Andrzej moved from the Polish Embassy into the Chapelle Musicale, he was able to renew acquaintances from the 1955 Chopin Competition. Of the 12 finalists, five had been in Warsaw the previous year: Ashkenazy, Banhalmy, Frankl, Knor and Vasary. Peter Frankl remembers Andrzej when they were all ensconced in the Chapelle Musicale:

"We were in Brussels for the final and we 12 finalists were all enclosed in a castle. We were there for a week or 10 days to learn a new concerto written for the competition. I remember Andrzej learned the concerto in two days, memorized. He had such an incredible memory, fantastic memory, musical memory, and every other kind of memory. Ashkenazy learned the piece as well in two days. But they decided that it wouldn't look well to play it by memory at the performance, so they didn't. We were all supposed to agree. However, Tamas Vasary did play it from memory and was the only one to do so.

"At the castle, at the dinner table, I remember once and suddenly, the composer's name Tchaikovsky came up. Somebody off-handedly said that he was a homosexual. Andrzej, as he was a homosexual, had a violent reaction he threw a glass of wine into somebody's face. It was so sudden and incredible, that we all froze -- it was an incredible feeling. Then there was total silence. It was so difficult to get back to normal after that. That was a clue to how emotional he was."

Andrzej, wanting to practice his English, struck up a friendship with the American pianist John Browning. Andrzej promised Browning that he would write a piano concerto for him. The competition continued, with the finalists finishing up at the rate of two a night. Each night, haggard but happy, the contestants went through a ritual, solemnly crossing the silverware at the places of the two absent finalists who were performing that night, sticking a knife into an erect piece of bread at each place, and turning the chairs upside down.

The final stage of the competition commenced on Thursday, May 31. The first two contestants to play were Andrzej Czajkowski and Peter Frankl. Andrzej, who played first, had selected the program:

Bach-Liszt - Prelude and Fugue in G minor
Prokofiev - Piano Concerto No.3
Defossez - Piano Concerto (required)

The music critic for the newspaper *Le Peuple* reported Andrzej's performance:

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The first competitor was obviously the public's favorite. In fact, there are many reasons to appreciate the young Polish pianist, Andrzej Czajkowski. He has what we call "character," and the public likes that even if one doesn't know how it can be used. Actually, Mr. Czajkowski has adapted his talent, which is huge, to the fantasies of his character when, perhaps, it would have been better if he had dedicated his talent to the music. He doesn't betray it, but for extracting the picturesqueness, he sometimes exploits the music at the expense of its structure.

In Bach-Liszt's Prelude and Fugue, which he chose to play for his solo piece, there was -- in the prelude -- a modulating richness reducing the piece to its real meaning, and in the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No.3, which was "his" concerto, he insisted on the sarcastic view, which certainly did not represent the whole concerto.

The liberties Mr. Czajkowski took made the accompaniment difficult for conductor Mr. Franz André and the National Orchestra, especially as they were both in pretty bad shape.

As for Mr. Czajkowski, he is a great virtuoso and a mature artist. He did wonderful things with the cadenza in the Defossez concerto.

The contest continued until all 12 finalist had performed. In an article "Trial by Music," *Time* magazine summarized the results of the competition:

On the advice of Manhattan's Leon Fleischer, who won the last piano Concours, Browning chose Brahms' Concerto No.2 for his big selection, playing it stunningly, and he was the first finalist to bring order out of the Defossez chaos. Czajkowski reminded observers of Chopin (he is attractive to women and prefers composing to playing) and amused them with his jokes. But his playing was no joke to his intense competitors.

The finalists finished up at the rate of two a night. At week's end, at last they filed onto the stage, where they heard the verdict of the 13-member panel of judges (including Pianists Arthur Rubinstein, Robert Casadesus, and Emil Gilels). The winners: first Ashkenazy, second Browning, third Czajkowski.

Ashkenazy won the first prize unanimously this time, and time has proven the wisdom of the selection. The complete listing of the prize winners was:

- 1st - Vladimir Ashkenazy (Russia)
- 2nd - John Browning (United States)
- 3rd - Andrzej Czajkowski (Poland)
- 4th - Cecile Ousset (France)
- 5th - Lazare Berman (Russia)
- 6th - Tamas Vasary (Hungary)
- 7th - Stanislav Knor (Czechoslovakia)
- 8th - Claude A. Coppens (Belgium)
- 9th - Gyorgy Banhalmy (Hungary)
- 10th - Hiroko Kashu (Japan)
- 11th - Hans Graf (Austria)
- 12th - Peter Frankl (Hungary)

Following the competition, there was a reception for the prize winners. The friendship between Andrzej and John Browning was already faltering; Browning found Andrzej just too crazy. Browning remembers what happened at the reception:

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"He was extremely intelligent from what I remember. He tried to be shocking and say something startling. I remember what he said to the ex-Queen of Italy, who is a member of the Belgian Royal Family. Andrzej met her at the reception and we were all there. He said in French that he'd like to have sex with her and then push her off a fast-moving train. It was just to be amusing, just to be a little monkey. He tried very hard to be shocking and unconventional. It was very difficult to tell how much of the eccentricities were real and how much were fake. But he was a very sweet boy; he was really very kind and very decent."

Receiving a top prize in this prestigious and highly competitive contest was a great success for Andrzej. The difference between first and third in a competition of this stature was hardly worth discussing. A future of almost limitless possibilities was opening before him. He accepted Stefan Askenase's offer for advanced study. But it was Rubinstein who cornered Andrzej and convinced him that his career could now be launched to the highest levels. The really astute listeners thought that Andrzej played like a young Rubinstein; Rubinstein thought so too. With the enormous Rubinstein prestige and influence behind it, Andrzej's career was quickly under way.

Launching of a Career (1956 - 1957)

From the start, it takes about a year to arrange concerts and set up a tour. Andrzej allowed the enthusiastic Rubinstein to take over and make the arrangements for a grand beginning. First, Rubinstein persuaded the world's leading impresario, Sol Hurok, to arrange a concert tour in the United States for Andrzej, starting with the 1957-1958 season. Hurok was given little choice in the matter, as Rubinstein told him, "If you want Rubinstein, then you also have Czajkowski." Rubinstein lent further impetus by limiting his own concert schedule for the 1957-1958 season in the USA. If they wanted a Polish pianist, then it would have to be Czajkowski.

Hurok wasn't pleased with the pressure put upon him by Rubinstein, but he could not give it anything but his best effort. The first thing he decided was that Andrzej Czajkowski would have to westernize his name. Thus Andrzej Czajkowski became André Tchaikowsky. As André, he was soon getting a first-hand view of what it meant to have a top musical career, with all the behind-the-scene activities and manipulations. To him the word "career" started to have negative connotations. However, with Rubinstein guiding the way, André went along with everything.

Wanda Wilkomirska was a Sol Hurok musician when she toured the US in the 1950's. She remembers Hurok telling her about his early experiences with André:

"This story was told to me by Sol Hurok. I was his artist until he died in 1974 and even saw him two days before his death in New York. He was fantastic. Hurok got a letter from Rubinstein who wrote him, 'Dear Sol, If you want someone who plays like a young Rubinstein, then remember this name: André Tchaikowsky. If you can, grab him.' Well, Hurok had a European representative and sent him to catch the boy. If he was as talented as Rubinstein said, and his name is Tchaikowsky, then he must have him.

"So this representative gets back to Hurok and told him that since he has met this boy, his life has been a disaster. He was supposed to go to a tailor with him to get a suit with tails, but he never comes. He forgets. If he made an issue of it André would say, 'I had a very difficult childhood.' That was his favorite. The representative asked Hurok to write a fatherly letter to André because he really doesn't know what to do with the boy. He comes late to rehearsals, or he doesn't come at all. So Hurok wrote to André:

Dear André,
I have heard wonderful things about your playing from Mr. Rubinstein, who thinks a great deal of you. Believe me, my boy, with your talent and your

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name, put your career in my hands. Please don't make it difficult. Be an adult, be disciplined, be reliable.
Sol Hurok

What happened next is characteristic of everything André did for the rest of his life and career. It may be viewed as a reaction against what he viewed as hypocrisy or dishonesty -- in this case, the exploitation of his adopted name -- or it may be viewed as a compulsive tendency for self-destruction. Wanda Wilkomirska continues:

"So André thinks this is a big joke and writes back to Hurok:

Dear Sol,
I was deeply touched and moved by your letter. Yes, you are right, and I will change. Really. If you say that my career is assured, I am definitely going to change. The first thing I am going to change is my name, back to Czajkowski.
André

"Then Hurok sent a telegram to André that said, 'Stick to Tchaikowsky -- or we part.' It's a wonderful story. You know how they were, they dig up a young artist, they overload him with concerts. Maybe André didn't want to play so many concerts. He was too interested in music as such. He wanted to compose. He was too big a talent to be just a pianist, if you know what I mean. André was never so eager to have a career, absolutely not. Never."

Rubinstein went to his record producers at RCA and gave them the same ultimatum: "If you want Rubinstein, then you also have Tchaikowsky." At the age of 69, Rubinstein was one of the best and most sought after pianists in the world and his recommendations carried an indisputable cachet in the music world. For Hurok and RCA promotional enterprises, Rubinstein devised a quote that André used for the rest of his life:

I think André Tchaikowsky is one of the finest pianists of our generation -- he is even better than that -- he is a wonderful musician.

After the Queen Elisabeth competition, André played a number of concerts that had been arranged for the winners; he spent a few months in Western Europe before returning to Poland. André received \$1,000 US as a contest winner, and everything seemed to be going his way. However, as events unfolded, he soon seemed out of control. The money was gone in no time, including a portion given to his cousin Charles Fortier in Paris. André was unkind to Aunt Mala who had come from Paris to be with him in Brussels. This was inexcusable, given her gentle nature.

His unevenness in the concerts following the competition was reported by the newspaper *Les Beaux-Arts* on June 22, 1956:

Andrzej Czajkowski was in bad shape. After Prokofiev's Concerto No.3, he decided to show another side of his talent with Beethoven's Concerto No.4. But his interpretation was neglectful and dull. A few days later, he gave us the reason for this failure: "What was exhausting wasn't the competition itself, but all the banquets which followed it. Really, I was asleep during the concerto and I swear that I never play Beethoven like that."

We must believe him because the Polish pianist recovered his talent during the final gala concert, which was organized by the Brussels Tourist Bureau. He played another concerto, Schumann's concerto, which he realized perfectly without a romantic grand eloquence. As encores, he played a Bach prelude and fugue and then two Prokofiev works in which all could view his richly talented nature.

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We spoke a lot about the lack of discipline of Czajkowski, but discipline is not always the most important consideration; fighting against romantic excesses, we may arrive at another excess: the virtuoso performance, without inaccuracies, but with a lifeless, icy perfection. Czajkowski isn't faultless, but, for him, at least art is not bureaucracy.

Regarding this concert, André wrote to Halina Wahlmann in Poland:

For a few days I've been so unhappy as never before in my life. I played Beethoven's G major Concerto so badly that a newspaper wondered what I had received the third prize for. I began in A minor, and every three bars I stumbled. In the second part, I forgot to come in altogether.

André also had a boyfriend. He wrote to Halina on June 7, 1956, "My little kisser, keep your fingers crossed for me. Yes, you've guessed, I fell in love." And later, "Yesterday I was made so very happy that it was worth living for 20 years to live up to it. Never before has my happiness been on such a firm base. I'm very happy at the very thought of telling you all about it." The love affair, however, had no "firm base," and was soon over.

By July 1956, it had been arranged that, after spending the late summer in Poland, André would return to Brussels to study with Stefan Askenase in the Fall and to play some concerts that Stefan would arrange for him. With some time to himself, he started composing the piano concerto he had promised John Browning. To say that they were friends was stretching the point. Friendship was almost impossible from the start. Both men had ambitions for a career on the concert stage, but their approaches were completely different. Browning was more likely to play the political games and was quite willing to socialize in the interest of encouraging patronage, as is often required of performing musicians. An even more distasteful characteristic, from André's point of view, was Browning's liking for the adulation of the audience and the recognition afforded him. After a concert, Browning would be eager to discuss the reaction of the audience rather than how the music was performed. For André, the music was everything. The crowd was a necessary annoyance. The two fell into arguments, always instigated by André, and the result was the termination of their friendship.

Return to Poland (1956)

In early August, André returned in triumph to Warsaw. He brought with him a major purchase made with his contest winnings, a magnificent radio/phonograph. His music programs now announced: "Andrzej Czajkowski -- prize winner in the Chopin and Queen Elisabeth contests." Concert and recital dates suddenly appeared in growing numbers for the emerging international artist. Since all concerts and recitals in socialist Poland were arranged by the Minister of Culture, André had little to say about when, where, or what he would play. He knew perfectly well that a career in Poland or anywhere in the Eastern Bloc wouldn't be in his own hands, but would be arranged and controlled by the government. He was a full member of the Polish Composers' Union and would have adequate time to compose, although there were restrictions on what was considered acceptable for performance.

During one of the trips to Brussels for study with Stefan Askenase, Rubinstein urged André to leave Poland and make his home in the West. Despite some guilt about leaving family and friends, there was really very little conflict for André. He answered that he would leave Poland for good, and it would be soon. André discussed his plans at that time with Halina Wahlmann who remembers:

"I was there from 1955 to 1956 when André left for the West. Before I moved in, we met at the dormitory. It was a relationship of friends, more than of romance. It would have been a strange romance. André at one moment wanted to have a family with children and to marry me, but the next moment he wanted to be an artist without family responsibilities."

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André's sexuality is a complicated puzzle, of which this is one of the early pieces. Although he was even then thought to be homosexual, his feelings for Halina were very strong over his lifetime and arguably ambivalent with regard to romantic context. Many other pieces of the puzzle are provided by those who knew

him, but instead of fitting together to form a single picture, they seem to oppose each other and to offer nothing conclusive about the real nature of his sexual orientation.

In October 1956, André made passport arrangements to leave Poland to continue piano study in Brussels. At this time, Poland was in the political upheaval of becoming a Russian client state, as distinguished from a Russian puppet state. There was a change of government during the "Polish October" and the new government made things easier in just about all aspects of life. For composers, it meant the freedom to write and perform music that was more avant garde. Still, Andrzej was determined to leave Poland and to begin his promised career in the West.

The day before his departure, he travelled around Warsaw saying good-bye to his family and friends, then returned to his apartment on Nowolipki Street. He would let Halina stay in the apartment as long as possible. Eventually, everything would be confiscated, but for a few months at least, she was to stay there and give the appearance that everything was normal. They talked of their friendship and affection for each other, and Halina boldly asked for a favor: could André make love to her so she could have his child? After some deliberation, André agreed and in Halina's words, "functioned like a man."

Escape to the West (1956)

André returned to Brussels in early October 1956, and once again stayed at the Polish Embassy. The charade of remaining a Polish citizen could continue for a while longer and was necessary if he were to receive a stipend for study with Askenase. On October 12, 1956, André wrote to Halina in Warsaw:

Dear Halina,

Write to me. Every time I get a card from Poland, I think it is from you, and that you send your love to me. You have not forgotten me so quickly, I hope. Please write to me. I love you as I have never loved anyone. I cry like a new-born baby. I not only think about you, I feel you are a part of me. I am not afraid to think about our common needs. I would like to have you here, or I will come back to you. Halina, it's very sad, and you are very good.

Andrzej

André thought about the possibility of Halina having their child. Could she be pregnant? He telegraphed Halina Wahlmann a brief message on October 21, 1956:

WE WILL CALL OUR SON GASPARD. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT? WRITE IMMEDIATELY. KISSES, ANDRZEJ

Halina telegraphed back to André:

I WANT HIM TO BE CALLED DANIEL. I KISS YOU. HALINA

In a few weeks, however, it became clear that there would be no child. Halina wrote back to André:

It's difficult to hope that Daniel will jump out of your head the way Athene jumped out of Zeus's head. You must come back, my love. One swallow doesn't make a summer.

There was an exchange of letters in which André said Halina must leave Poland and move to Paris and become his wife. She remembers her reaction:

"André went to the West in 1956, to Brussels and Paris. He told me to come to Paris, to be together. I was nervous, and was afraid that I would be like a fifth foot on a cat, so I turned him down."

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

André studied with Stefan Askenase in Brussels and grew closer to both Stefan and his wife, Annie. The men played the piano for each other and had long discussions on performances. André found Annie Askenase to be an interesting person and liked her very much. True to his word, Stefan had arranged concerts for André. Stefan remembers this period:

"In the Fall of 1956, André returned to study with me, and never went back to Poland. He wanted to get away from Poland and to be free. He received from the Polish government a scholarship to study with me. Then he played often for me and we discussed his playing -- he was then very critical. He was not a pupil who accepted everything. No, we discussed things. But mostly, he adopted my advice, or my opinion. He would listen, but make up his own mind. Then he became my friend, more than my pupil. He studied, not regularly, but when he gave concerts in Brussels, he came to see me. He lived then between Brussels and Paris, where he had an Aunt [Mala]. I recommended him to my agent in Germany, and he went there and had a great success. Then he went on tours and took his Paris Aunt with him.

"I brought André to Germany, Switzerland, and Holland. I helped André in Europe. I brought him to Oslo too. It was good luck that this Norwegian conductor from Oslo was visiting in Brussels. I asked him and André to dinner and it was very nice. André had some wine and was very charming, and they were charmed by him. So André was invited for an Oslo concert."

But the future of André's life and career were about to come under the direction of Rubinstein and Sol Hurok, in America. Hurok was assembling the US concert tour for André to start in the Fall of 1957. This gave André one year to perform in and around Europe and to prepare for his first RCA recording, which was scheduled for June 1957.

André left the Polish Embassy in Brussels and moved into his Aunt Mala's apartment in Paris. He officially defected from Poland. Aunt Mala wrote to Halina Wahlmann on December 11, 1956:

My Dear, Beloved Halinka:

André, as usual, is practicing two or three hours a day when others are working eight to ten hours a day. In spite of that, after his last recital, where he played Goldberg's Variations by Bach, the reviews were fantastic. He's considered to be the best contemporary artist. Right now, he's given up practicing altogether and begun composing. For the past few days, André has worked all night and slept during the day. Right now, it's noon and he is still asleep. Yesterday, he got up at seven in the evening, we went out and came back at ten. André is tired, often irritated, but I do hope that it will soon go away.

The composition André was working on was the piano concerto for John Browning. Any friendship with André was difficult, and it seems André was having a greater success than Browning, which didn't help matters. Mala's letter continues:

We're going to spend the holidays in Paris. On January 11th, André will be playing at the greatest concert hall in Paris. Browning is undoubtedly jealous that André had made such a career already. Browning puts music and career above everything else, but I have my doubts about this career of his. At this time, André gets a lot of invitations, is in great demand, whereas Browning is constantly turned down. This was the case in Paris, in Italy and in America. My dear Halinka, this jealousy in artistic circles has always been, is, and will be. Only André is not jealous because he's self-confident. He doesn't speak about it, but I know it very well. Browning plays very well, but given that André works only two or three hours a day, André will play definitely better.

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Anyway, you, Halinka, are a very talented pianist, as André tells me, so you understand it all very well.

I kiss you,
Aunt Mala.

One must wonder if Aunt Mala's assessment was true. If André practiced as much as his contemporaries, would his career have been different? Or was he primarily a composer who would never have been able to spend eight hours a day practicing? Would he never have had bad reviews if he had spent the time other performers spent in practice?

In February, 1957, André moved from Mala's apartment and into the apartment of his boyfriend, prompting this letter from André to Halina:

Dear Halina,

You're smiling because I mention this significant name. This is true. But do I really have to be such a buffoon and clown as him? Right now, I'm drunk, and of late, I've made an acquaintance with hashish and cocaine. I'm very sad, although I'm beginning to recover.

Objectively speaking, this is more sad than the wild sorrow and confusion I felt before. It's obviously practical that one forget. Write to me at my new address.

Yours,
André

André's recording debut with RCA Records was set for Sunday, June 2, 1957. On one side of the record would be Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*, on the other side, Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives*, Opus 22. The recording was to take place in Paris at a hall rented by RCA for the occasion. André did not seem to be practicing. On May 28 he was vacationing in Nice with Aunt Mala. On that date, he wrote a letter to Halina about personal items left behind in Poland. The apartment at Nowolipki Street was being confiscated and there were questions about who owned what. André had to file legal papers to get things straightened out.

On the day André was to have his recording session in Paris, he wasn't even in town. In fact, he was still in Nice. It seems the weather in Nice was very pleasant. The beaches were warm, the swimming was great, so why ruin everything with a return to Paris? RCA wanted to make the recording no later than early June so that it would be in the record shops in America at the time of the American debut in October. There was barely time to accomplish all of this. Charles Fortier, André's cousin, remembers the recording session:

"André made a recording for RCA in Paris during 1957. This was a piano recital recording. RCA rented the Salle Wagram for a recording on a Sunday. The piano was tuned, the technicians were ready, and everything was set for the recording. Sunday came, and no André. He skipped the recording session and went swimming. He called them that he was sick. Monday, the same thing happened and André didn't show up. On Tuesday morning, RCA sent a doctor to Mala's apartment to see how sick André was. [André had probably returned to Paris on Monday, June 3.] With this development, André felt much better and made the recording that afternoon.

"There were problems during the recording session as André would start to play, but then they would have to stop him and adjust the microphones. They kept asking him to start over. This annoyed André greatly because they made it seem like he was supposed to be able to be creative under such conditions. The recording didn't go well, and it bothered André that they were going to edit all the tapes to make a single good recording. But the RCA producer [Peter Dellheim] was patient with André and should be given a lot of credit that the recording was even made."

The recording was released in October 1957, and reviewed by a number of publications, including the American magazine, the *Saturday Review*.

As the citation of the repertory will suggest, there is more to be learned from this disc about the fingers than the heart of the young pianist whose American debut occurs concurrently with the release of his first recording. Particularly, insofar as "Gaspard de la Nuit" is concerned, the fingers have to be capable of delicacy as well as incisiveness, finesse as well as force. It is the revelation of this excellent recording from France that a pianist of major power has come to join the ranks of those who really count.

I wouldn't say that Tchaikowsky gets as much out of "Le Gibet" as this mystical, moody piece contains, but if he did, now, what would be the challenge for the future? He does demonstrate, however, every latent capacity for matching that challenge in the future. As for the "Visions Fugitives," they are articulated within a whisper of their sharp-edged contours, and with a certain driving intensity of style not unlike that of Horowitz himself. Certainly this "Scarbo" shows that he is no cautious precisionist, but a really daring young man on the pianistic trapeze.

This was another major success for the start of his career. In spite of the ill portents of some other matters, it looked at this point to all who mattered that a great career was about to spring into the concert world arena. To all except, perhaps, André. In his heart, composing was the important thing. And there were his devils: performance jitters, active and irregular social life, and uneven temperament.

André had plans for July and August 1957. Through a letter of introduction from André's longtime composer friend in Poland, Zygmunt Mycielski, he was going to study for two months with Nadia Boulanger at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau, near Paris. Boulanger was known as an outstanding and influential teacher of composition. She had studied at the Paris Conservatory, winning first prizes in harmony, counterpoint, fugue, orchestration, and accompaniment. She had also studied with Faure. Her list of pupils was long and included many distinguished composers, especially Americans. Copland, Harris, Thomson, Carter, and Piston were all on the list. But before this delightful summer could start, André had to get through the month of June and more recording sessions with RCA.

These sessions apparently did not go well. Recordings of the Goldberg Variations, Bach's Preludes and Fugues, and Scarlatti Sonatas made during the session were never released by RCA. André tried again to record Scarlatti for RCA in the US, but this recording, too, was never released. Some years later, he recorded the Goldberg Variations for Pathe Marconi, which was released, but the recording never received much attention. Part of this might be due to the magnificent recording of the Goldberg Variations by Glenn Gould released in 1956. It was a tough act to follow, although André had plenty to offer to this Bach masterpiece.

Study with Nadia Boulanger (1957)

The first thing André liked about Boulanger, who was then 70 years old, was that she was totally unimpressed with him. He was just another brilliant student wanting some instruction in composition. Some years later, Zygmunt Mycielski asked Nadia what André was like and he recalled her reactions:

"I introduced André to Nadia because I also had studied with her. Stravinsky wrote the 'Symphony of Psalms' at Fontainebleau, working and showing Nadia what he was doing. Stravinsky trusted only Nadia and no one else. André was very happy at Fontainebleau and happy with all the possibilities. André said he learned more with Nadia in two months than he had learned with anyone else totally. He was impressed. André said he did very well with Nadia, but she tells a different story. She says he never did so well, and there were quarrels.

"At the end, André left Nadia because of a quarrel. It wasn't about music. He was supposed to stay for two months and then leave because they needed his room. He couldn't extend his

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stay. But he wanted to stay a few more weeks and she said, 'No, you must leave your room.' So there was a big quarrel and André left. She tried to help him and make suggestions."

Also at Fontainebleau that summer was Wendy Brennan, a 17-year-old cellist from the US. She found André to be the most handsome, most interesting, most wonderful man she had ever met. Wendy has some recollections from Fontainebleau:

"I went to Fontainebleau in the summer of 1957. On the airplane I met this fellow, John, who was 18 years old. We sat together and became friendly. We spent three days in Paris before going to Fontainebleau. I could see that he kind of liked me, but I decided to wait. We got to Fontainebleau and were living in the same hotel as André Tchaikowsky. I didn't know this André and I was still going around with John.

"Somehow, I was running around outside and I skinned my knee. Then this André showed up. He had shorts on and he was so bubbly, and had so much energy. John was better looking, but André was the one who was so sensitive. He was so worried about my knee. André was kind of short. He said to John, 'Don't worry, I'll take care of your friend.' He lifted me up and carried me up the stairs and went in the back way because I don't think girls were allowed in his hotel. I found myself in his room, and John was looking at my knee, and André was looking at my knee. He went to the bathroom and got some disinfectant and put it on. That's how I met André and, frankly, I fell for him.

"Of course I was fascinated by André, and of course John didn't know it. André was fascinated by me, I guess, because I came from California, and he was interested in Americans. He said he was going to play in Los Angeles, with the LA Philharmonic. The three of us hung around together, went to movies or something. I remember André loved to play Bridge. I remember seeing him play bridge with these people from Harvard. I was so jealous. This was one thing he loved to do. He was a marvelous player. Then he used to stay up all night composing and talking about his life. I really didn't know much about his life in Poland, but I was so fascinated by André that I found out from friends all that they would tell me.

"What happened is he knew that I had a kind of crush on him, so he asked, 'What are we going to do?' He knew John liked me. So he said, as only André could, 'Don't worry, I will explain this to John.' So he went to John and said, 'I'm sorry to inform you this, but Wendy likes me now instead of you.' Unfortunately, about a week later, John died unexpectedly of a brain tumor. Nobody knew he had a brain tumor. He was supposed to be taking some medicine, but neglected to take it because he was having such a great time.

"In Fontainebleau, they have this cafeteria with a piano. André was playing and, of course, I was crying my eyes out. Everyone else was practicing 15 hours a day, but André went out into the fields with his composition, and he was studying the score. He had a photographic memory. I remember when he was sight reading a Brahms cello sonata. He went straight through it. That was the first time he had played it. It went marvelously.

"André would go to the master classes. Rubinstein was there that year. In fact, Rubinstein knew him quite well. He took on André as a protege. I had one cello lesson with Gregor Piatigorsky and I mentioned André. He said it was a shame that André had this temper, that he would somehow ruin it, that Rubinstein was trying to help him. Rubinstein kept André there for hours playing Chopin pieces, over and over. Apparently Rubinstein liked André so much that he gave him a key to his house in Paris. I think André gave some piano lessons to the Rubinstein children.

Chapter 4 - Years of Training (1945-1957)

"When André was in Paris, I went to visit him at his Aunt's house. He practiced on an upright piano. His Aunt was a nice Jewish lady. She was very pleasant. I saw his cousin at a concert. He had a big fight with André over something and said he had disappointed the family. I talked to all his friends, and they were telling all these stories. Apparently his parents were burned in their farmhouse by the Nazis and he watched it. Also, he had an illegitimate son by a Polish girl. He was telling a story to everybody at Fontainebleau that he had offered to marry her, but she would have nothing to do with him.

"He said with six million Jews being killed by the Nazis that he doesn't believe there was any God. That's why he was an atheist. I thought he was very pro-Jewish. That concerned him at his age of 21. Apparently, he was dependent on taking showers, on cleanliness. He was really mixed up, but with a heart of gold. I remember using California slang, something like, 'This stuff here.' He asked, 'What is stuff?' That was a new word to him. He learned it for John Browning, that's what he said. My parents went to his concert in Los Angeles. They said he practically ran out onto the stage when he came to play."

Piano Concerto (1956 - 1957)

The piano concerto promised to John Browning was completed at Fontainebleau in July, 1957, and first performed in April, 1958, with the Belgium National Orchestra conducted by André Vandernoot. André Tchaikowsky was the piano soloist. The score is dated, "Juillet 1956 -- Juillet 1957 (Bruxelles -- Varsovie [Warsaw] -- Sofia -- Paris -- Fontainebleau)." André had hoped that Browning might have considered giving the first performance, but he wasn't interested in the concerto. André describes his composition in a letter to Halina Wahlmann (now Halina Wahlmann-Janowska) on June 18, 1957:

Dear Pussycat,

My little kisser, I'm very worried about you, and I myself am going through a difficult time. I have to do everything at once -- finish my concerto by the first of August, record three long playing records: Gaspard de la Nuit, Visions Fugitive, Goldberg Variations, Bach's three preludes and fugues, plus six Scarlatti sonatas.

I visit the Rubinstein's every day, which is far less fun than it would seem. Mr. Rubinstein is very much interested in my piano concerto, and he says that it will be Bartok's fourth concerto (he doesn't like Bartok). He gave me the following advice: "Open up! Let your soul sing! You're very talented, child, a golden talent. You should write as to make everybody in the audience cry." But I doubt if I'm going to listen to him. I could end up with the fifth concerto by Rachmaninoff. My conductor, the handsome André Vandernoot, gives me the opposite advice: "Oh, such a beautiful theme! Isn't it a waste to use it for the piano? Turn it into a symphony. What do you need this typewriter for? It was fashionable during its era. In ten years' time, almost nobody will be playing it. Listen mate, the orchestra plays much better when no twiddle, twiddle interrupts her."

Under Rubinstein's influence I wrote a theme, which all my friends consider to be terribly sweet and weepy. Under Vandernoot's influence, I added accompaniment on the post twelve-tone series with "concrete" whispers on percussion, pianissimo kettle drums, glides and trills in the quarter tones. God only knows how it's going to turn out, but I'm looking forward to the first performance, and I feel we are all going to have a lot of fun.

I can just imagine the look on the faces of the orchestra during the first rehearsals. (By the way I'd like to have you there.) It will be nothing less than a zoological symphony: Drums growling, clarinets meowing, brass roaring, and flutes barking. But the real menagerie will be the audience.

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My love, it's already past four, and at five I begin recording. Let me be blessed by God, because I don't know what I shall be doing. Hopefully, I'm not the only one. A few days ago I went to a concert given by C. P., who plays and looks like an old, used-up French letter. Men of learning find in him a certain resemblance to Rameses II, but it must be said that the Egyptian civilization has so far fared better. It didn't cross anybody's mind to mummify C. P. when there was still time for it. As of now, I'm seriously afraid it's too late, both for him, as well as for Mrs. M.L. [Marguerite Long?], who, for a change, in terms of her face, resembles Moby Dick. The only one that holds his age quite well is King Arthur [Rubenstein?].

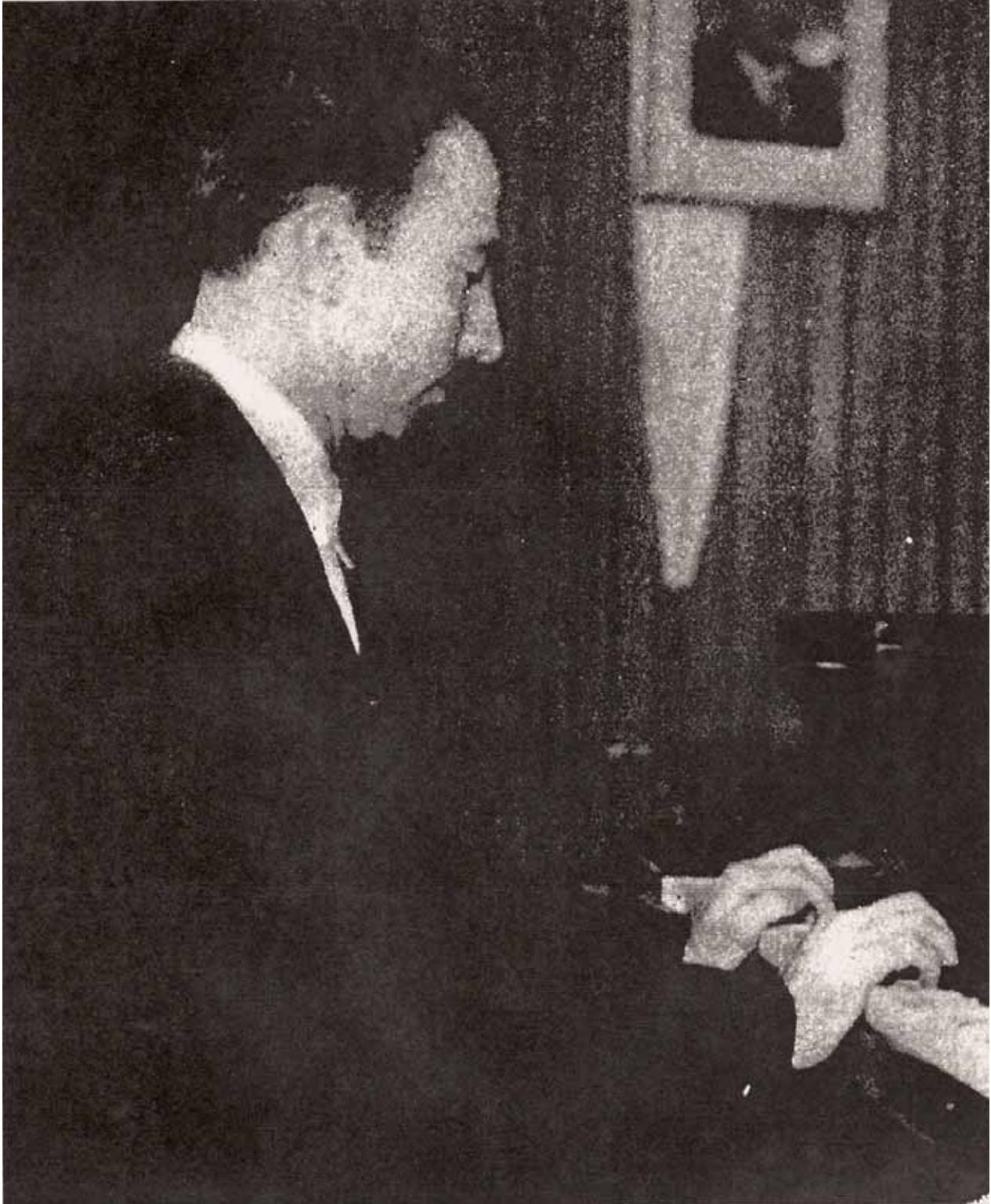
Well, be well, be well. Aunt Mala keeps hurrying me up, bangs me on the back, pulls my hair so as to make me hurry up, because you should know, I'm still in my pajamas. I kiss you a thousand times.

Yours,
André

After the premiere performance, the work was never played again. The complete score is in the Josef Weinberger André Tchaikowsky archives.

Enter the Artist (1957)

With the completion of André's study with Nadia Boulanger in the summer of 1957, his formal training as a piano virtuoso and composer was finished. His official full-scale career was about to begin with an arduous tour in the United States.



Courtesy of Frederic Chopin Society

Wladyslaw Kedra (c. 1949)

Kedra was Andrzej Czajkowski's first piano teacher for the years 1945-1946. Kedra received his piano training at the Lodz Conservatory and the Paris Conservatory in the 1930's. He later won fifth prize in the 1949 Chopin Competition.

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Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Celina Czajkowska (c. 1947)

In this 1947 passport photo, Celina was age 58. At this time; she was not especially healthy, suffering from heart trouble and diabetes. She was told before the war, after a mild heart attack in 1938, to live a calm life as her heart was weak!



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej and vacation friend (c. 1947)

Andrzej has a hug for the lifeguard while visiting a Baltic seaside resort. By 1947, after only two years of piano instruction, Andrzej was already an incredible pianist and had composed a number of piano studies. In a 1946 recital at school, he was unable to play one of his variations and started to cry.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1948)

Andrzej Czajkowski at age 13 in Paris. Andrzej moved from Lodz to Paris at the urging of his father, who had done very well in Paris in the family fur-trade business and was interested in providing an education for his son. However, he did not support Andrzej's decision to study music.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Celina Czajkowska and Charles Fortier (c. 1948)

Celina in Paris in 1948 with Charles Fortier, Mala Zeiden's son. Fortier's original name was Kazimierz Zeidenstrumph. He changed it when he joined the French Foreign Legion in 1939. Mala's other son was Fredrick Zeiden, a medical student who died in a 1932 influenza epidemic.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Charles Fortier and his American wife, Vivi (c. 1947)

Charles was Aunt Mala's son. He had an adventurous life, leaving home at the age of 17 to fight in Spain (against Franco), and joining the French Foreign Legion during the second world war. After the war he married and became a dentist. Andrzej was close to the family and would often vacation with them.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Music given to Andrzej by his father (c. 1948)

Andrzej's father provided a piano and purchased some music for Andrzej. Karl did not directly pay for Andrzej's education but did provide financial help via Charles Fortier. Karl wrote on this music: "First notebook of notes from your father. Paris, the 22nd January 1948."



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej at his “World-debut Recital” (c. 1948)

Celina arranged a recital at the Polish Embassy to convince the Polish government to financially support Andrzej. The May 1, 1948 recital included Andrzej's own compositions as well as a Chopin Scherzo and Nocturne. Following this convincing demonstration, embassy officials provided a small monthly stipend.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

An early composition by Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1948)

This Nocturne by Andrzej, marked opus 1, number 1, was dedicated to his grandmother. In this same note book were other compositions with some creative opus numbers: Valse, opus 51; Preludio, opus 1, no. 12; Impromptu, opus 60, no. 22; and Valse, opus 80, no. 1. Only the Nocturne was given a dedication.



Courtesy of Halina Swieca-Malewiak

Halina Swieca-Malewiak and Mala Zeiden (c. 1962)

Halina (left) was Andrzej's cousin and his kindergarten teacher in the Warsaw Ghetto. Mala was especially kind and understanding with Andrzej all of her life. Although Celina and Mala were sisters, they were very different as individuals.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Class of Lazare Lévy at the Paris Conservatory (c. 1948)

Lazare Lévy, at age 66, with his Higher Class. Andrzej (far left), obviously the youngest student, had just turned 13. Of 340 candidates, only four were admitted to Lévy's higher course. Perhaps in gratitude, Andrzej wrote a piano sonata for Lévy that included a movement with 27 variations.

PROGRAMME					
1.	TROIS ETUDES <i>M^{me} HUREL STEINMANN</i>	CHOPIN	13.	ETUDES SYMPHONIQUES. <i>M^{me} BOURBOULDI</i>	SCHUMANN
2.	3 ^e BALLADE <i>M^{me} GRANIER</i>	CHOPIN	14.	ETUDES SYMPHONIQUES (Posthumes) <i>M^{me} SAGLIER</i>	SCHUMANN
3.	TROIS ETUDES <i>M^{me} TCHENKO</i>	CHOPIN	15.	TOCCATA <i>M^r GALLI</i>	SCHUMANN
4.	SONATE op. 58 (Final) <i>M^r MILLECAH</i>	CHOPIN	16.	RHAPSODIE EN SOL MINEUR <i>M^{me} DE NOLHAC</i>	BRAHMS
5.	TROIS ETUDES <i>M^{me} CLAUSADE</i>	CHOPIN	17.	CHACONE VARIÉE <i>M^{me} ZERAH</i>	HENDEL
6.	2 ^e IMPROMPTU <i>M^r CZAIKOWSKI</i>	CHOPIN	18.	FEUX D'ARTIFICE <i>M^r GILBOND</i>	DEBUSSY
7.	11 ^e RHAPSODIE HONGROISE <i>M^{me} TERRAL</i>	LISZT	19.	POISSONS D'OR <i>M^{me} DEMIERRE</i>	DEBUSSY
8.	LA LEGGIEREZZA <i>M^{me} DECHESNE</i>	LISZT	20.	ONDINE <i>M^{me} CHANTEAU</i>	RAVEL
9.	LA CHASSE. (Étude d'après PAGANINI) <i>M^{me} PELLERIN</i>	LISZT	21.	TARENTELLE <i>M^{me} SAPOUNOFF</i>	CHOPIN
10.	FEUX FOLLETS <i>M^{me} DE SECCHI</i>	LISZT	22.	TRIANA. <i>M^r LASRY</i>	ALBENIZ
11.	CHASSE SAUVAGE. <i>M^r GARDEL</i>	LISZT	23.	DEUX DANSES BOHEMIENNES <i>M^r MOUSNY</i>	SMETANA
12.	ETUDE (Variations sur un thème de PAGANINI) <i>M^{me} CLIDAT</i>	LISZT	24.	TOCCATA (après le 5 ^e concerto) <i>M^r N'KAOVA</i>	SAINT-SAËNS

PIANO ERARD

Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Lazare Lévy's Higher Class recital program (c. 1949)

This "Audition de la Classe de Monsieur Lazare Lévy" recital was given on Saturday, April 30th, 1949, at the Paris Conservatory "Salle Berlioz." A total of 24 students played, with Andrzej appearing as number six. At about this same time, Andrzej was preparing for prize competitions at the Conservatory.

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ANDREEJ CZAJKOWSKI
Elève au Conservatoire National de Paris, âgé de 13 ans

•

PROGRAMME

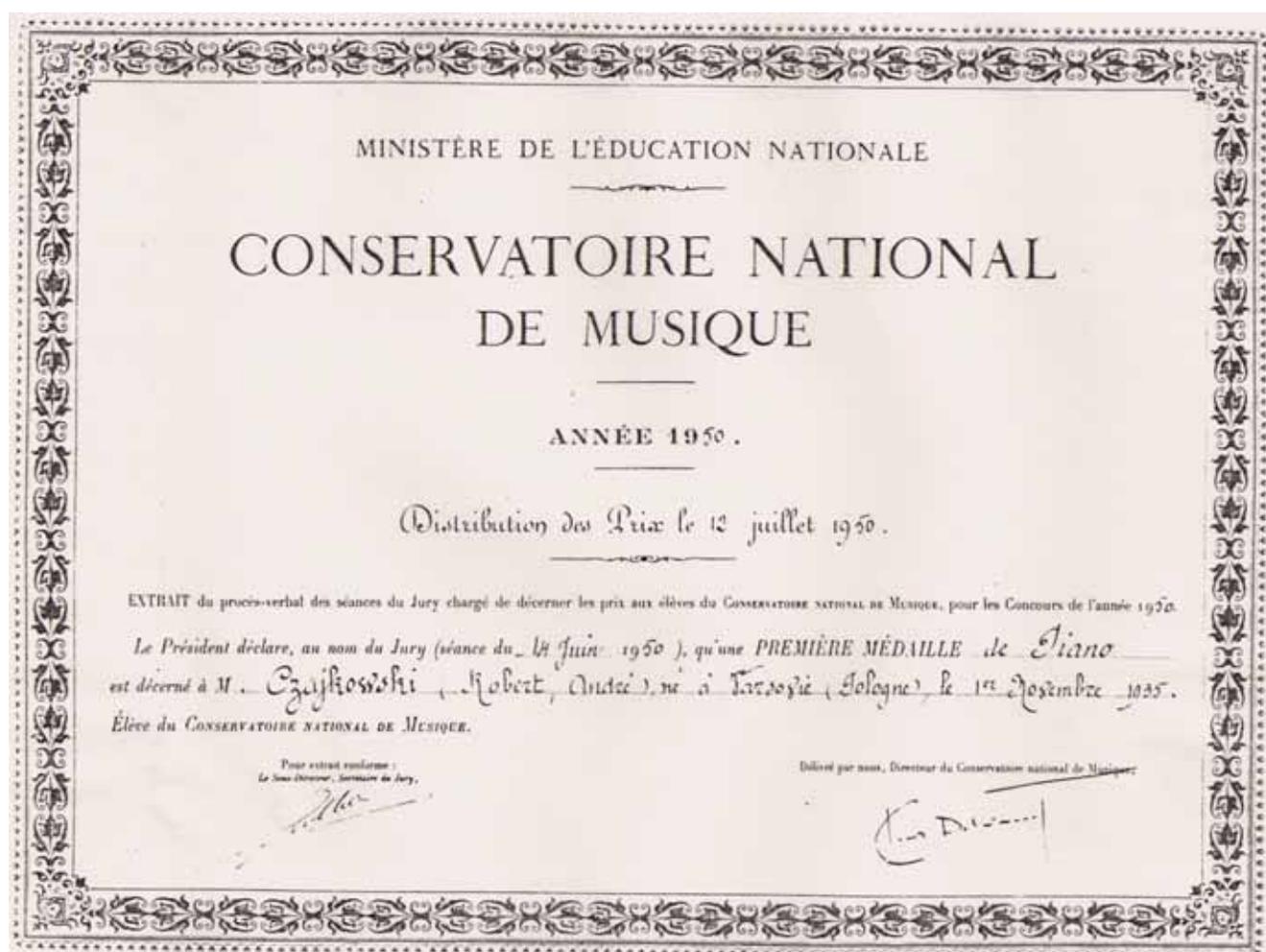
<u>Première Partie :</u>		<u>Deuxième Partie :</u>	
BACH	- Deux Préludes et Fugues, extraits du premier livre du Clavecin bien tempéré	ANDREEJ CZAJKOWSKI	- Introduction et scherzo de la sonate en mi mineur
MENDELSSOHN	- Rondo Capriccioso	-	Varlations sur le Prélude de Chopin en do mineur
CHOPIN	- Quatre Impromptus	-	Six Fantaisies

Participation aux frais : 100 francs (50 francs pour les étudiants)

Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej recital program (c. 1949)

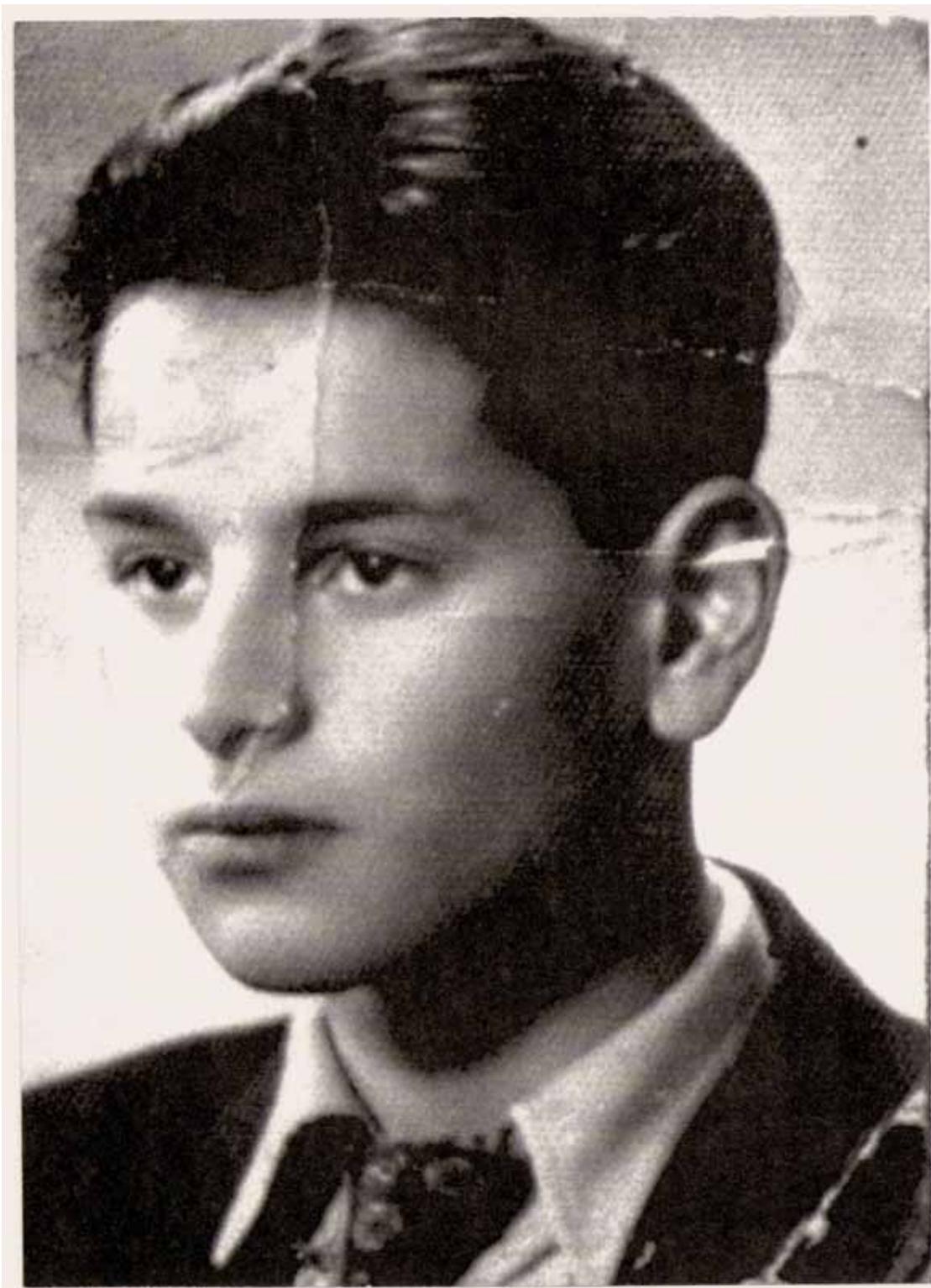
In this May 25, 1949 recital, Andrzej played his own compositions in the 2nd part of the program. Andrzej's teacher, Lazare Lévy, was also a composer and understood perfectly Andrzej's need and desire to write his own music. This was Andrzej's first recital for which an admission was charged.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

First Medal in Piano awarded to Andrzej from the Paris Conservatory (c. 1950)

Andrzej attended the Paris Conservatory on a Polish Government scholarship. In 1949, he was awarded the Paris Conservatory's second medal in piano and 2nd mention in solfeggio. In 1950, he won first medals in both piano (above) and *solfeggio*. (*Solfeggio* is sight-reading with vocalization of notes.)



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1950)

Andrzej, pianist and composer, at age 15. He was accepted for membership in the Polish Composers' Union, Youth Section, in 1950. Andrzej then requested commissions for piano etudes and concertos for piano and flute. He also asked for music paper to carry out the commissions.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski at the keyboard (c. 1951)

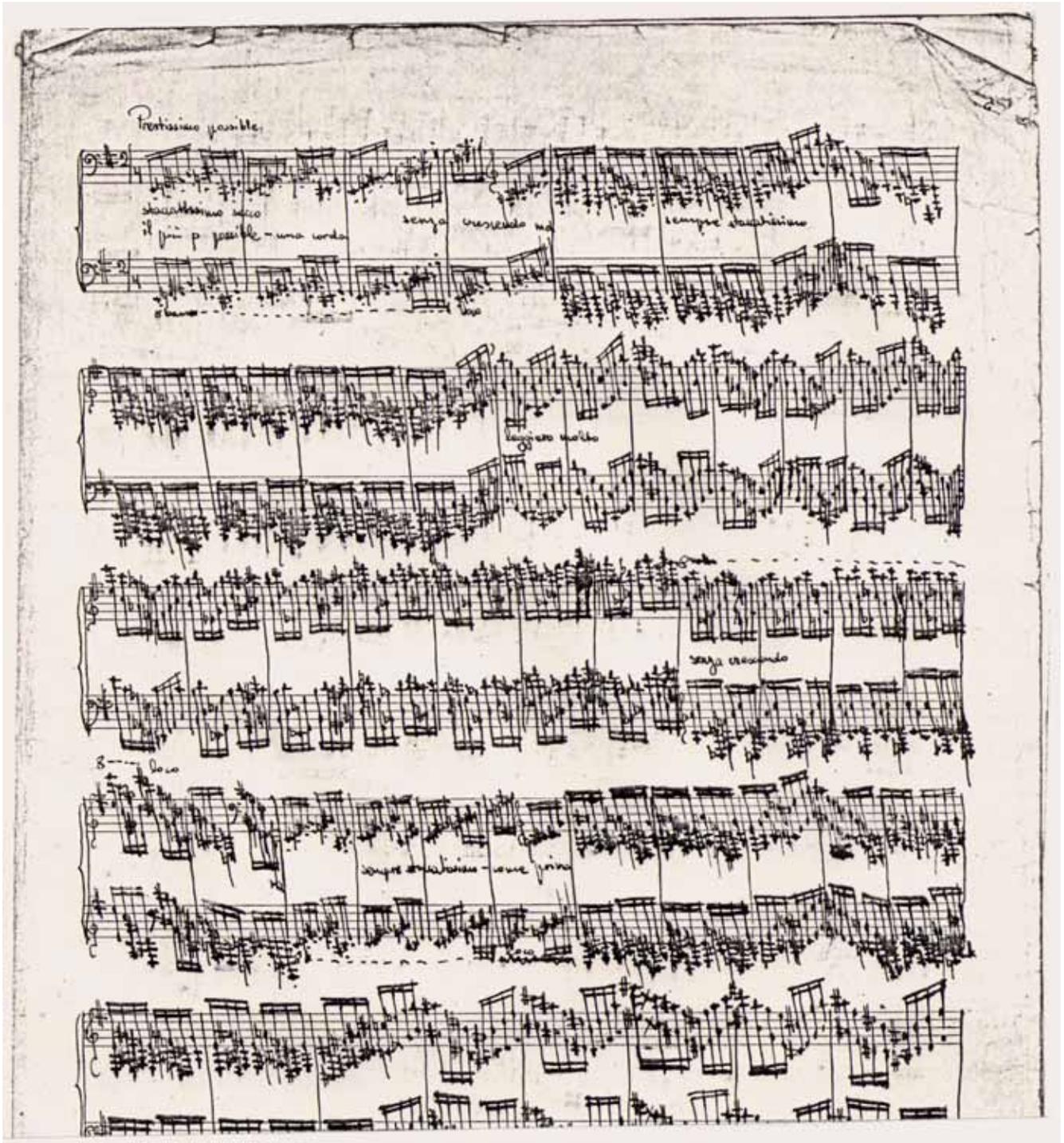
Although active as a composer, he rarely played his own compositions for others. His friends knew he was composing, but all remember him as a pianist and no one recalled ever hearing anything that he wrote. This grand piano was located at the house of his Aunt Irena Paszkowska.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Tadeusz Kerner (c. 1951)

Andrzej's distant cousin Tadeusz Kerner was also a fine pianist. Although there was an age difference, Kerner being ten years older, the two were great friends. Kerner has many recollections of Andrzej's amazing abilities at the piano, particularly of Andrzej's ability to sight-read and memorize music.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Piano Etude by Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1951)

Andrzej wrote his own piano studies to develop certain aspects of his piano technique. His eventual goal was to write 12 etudes to be published and used at the higher schools of music. He never completed the project but some imitating Chopin were written and sketches exist of others.




PAŃSTWOWA KOMISJA EGZAMINÓW
Z ZAKRESU PROGRAMU NAUCZANIA SZKOŁY Powszechnej
DLA DOROSŁYCH

w Gdańsk powiat Gdańsk

ŚWIADECTWO EGZAMINU
Z ZAKRESU PROGRAMU NAUCZANIA SZKOŁY Powszechnej
DLA DOROSŁYCH

urodzony dnia 1 listopada 1935 r. w Warszawie
 powiat: _____
 uczęszczał w ostatnim roku szkolnym 1946/47
 po ukończeniu poprzednio w latach 1945/46 - 1946/47
 nauki w zakresie klasy śródstaj
 i poddał się egzaminowi na podstawie zarządzenia Ministra Oświaty z dnia
 4 sierpnia 1949 r. Nr V KD-628/49 oraz pisma Inspektora Szkolnego
 z dnia 17 maja 1951 r. nr 1027/51 uzyskując następujące oceny:

język polski	<u>bardzo dobry</u>
historia z nauką o Polsce i świecie współczesnym	<u>dobry</u>
geografia	<u>dobry</u>
przyroda	<u>dobry</u>
matematyka	<u>bardzo dobry</u>

Świadectwo niniejsze jest równoznaczne ze świadectwem ukończenia
 szkoły powszechnej dla dorosłych.

Gdańsk dnia 4 czerwca 1951 r.

Nr 10

CZŁONKOWIE KOMISJI:  PRZEWODNICZĄCY KOMISJI: M. Jasiński
K. Kieczyński W. Jasiński
F. Kiliński M. Jasiński
J. Kłacz M. Jasiński
S. Szwedkowski

Skala ocen: bardzo dobry, dobry, dostateczny

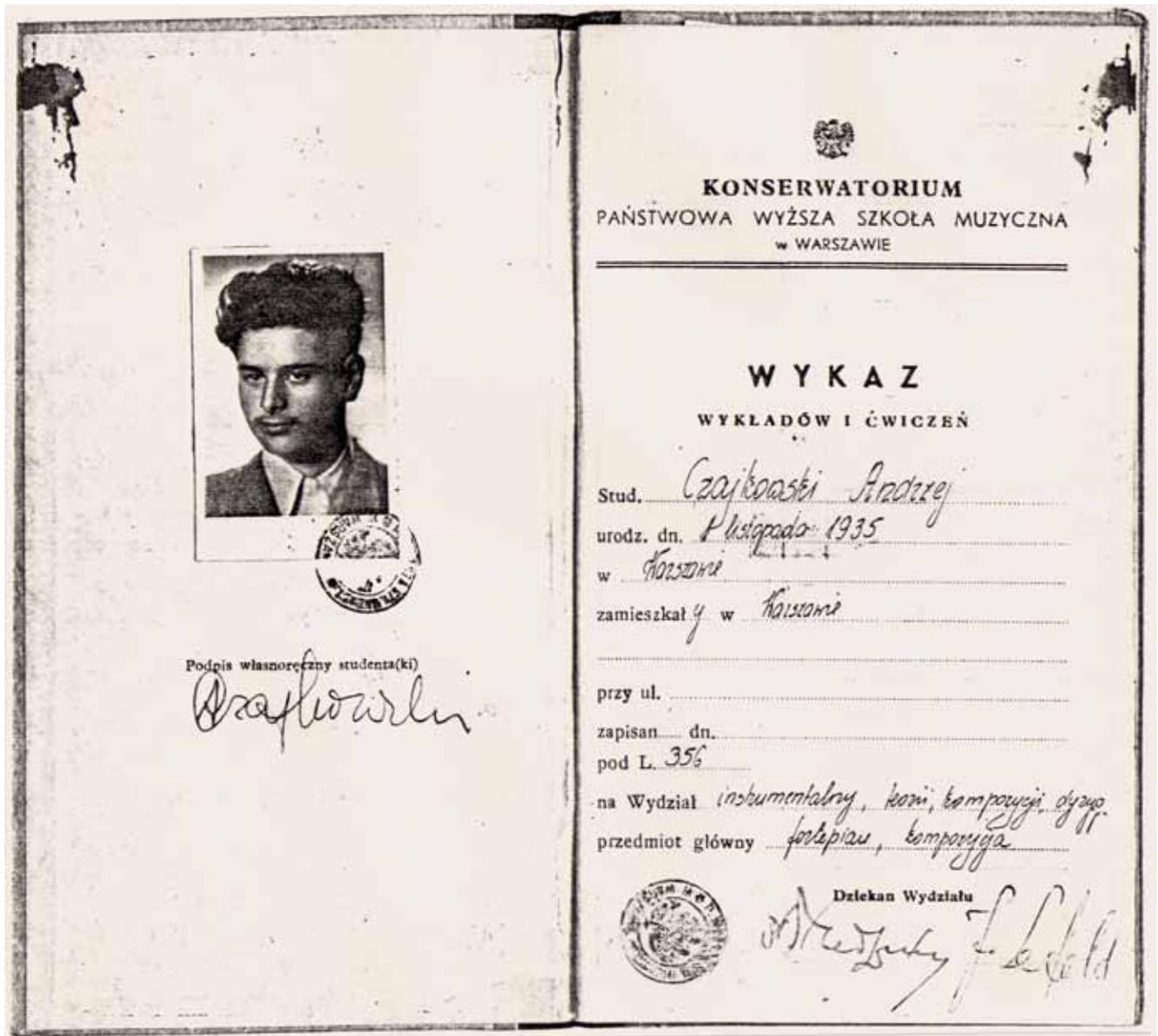
Poznań, E.

FZWi Bydgoszcz — Nr zam. C 148 — Nakł. 20 000
 Data uk. druku 29. 12. 1949 — 8-12294

Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej's Certificate of Examination (c. 1951)

To enter the Warsaw Conservatory, a certificate of secondary schooling was required. Andrzej's certificate shows a good academic record: Polish, very good; History, good; Geography, good; Biology, good; Mathematics, very good. He took the tests on May 17, 1951 in Gdansk.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Andrzej's Warsaw Conservatory Grade Book (c. 1951)

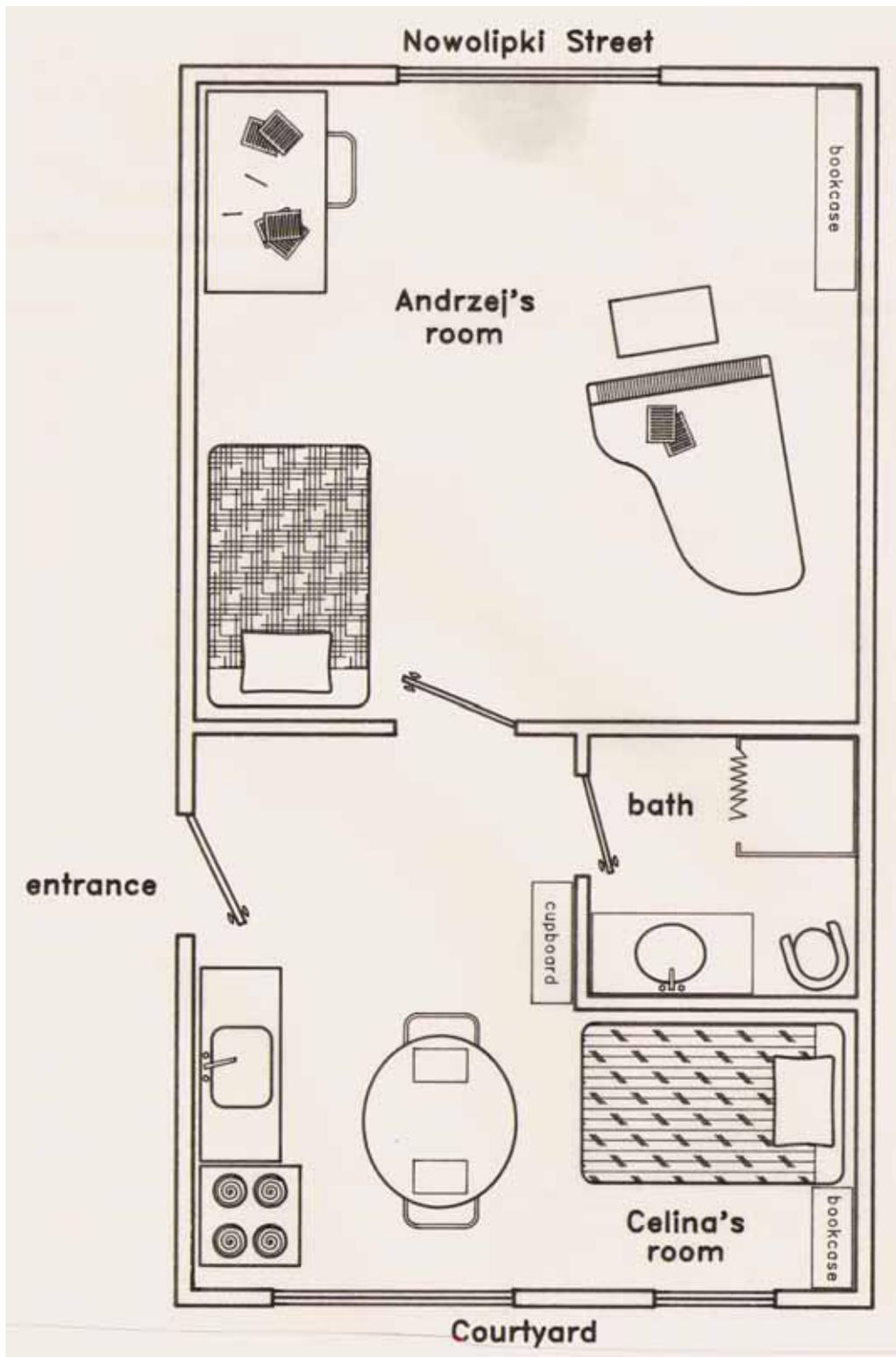
Each student at the Warsaw Conservatory is given a grade book and identification number to be used throughout the period of study. Andrzej's grade book shows his student number of 356 and his course of study: piano and composition. Few students tried to study both during the same school year.



Courtesy of Irena Paszkowska

Andrzej's apartment building in Warsaw (c. 1986)

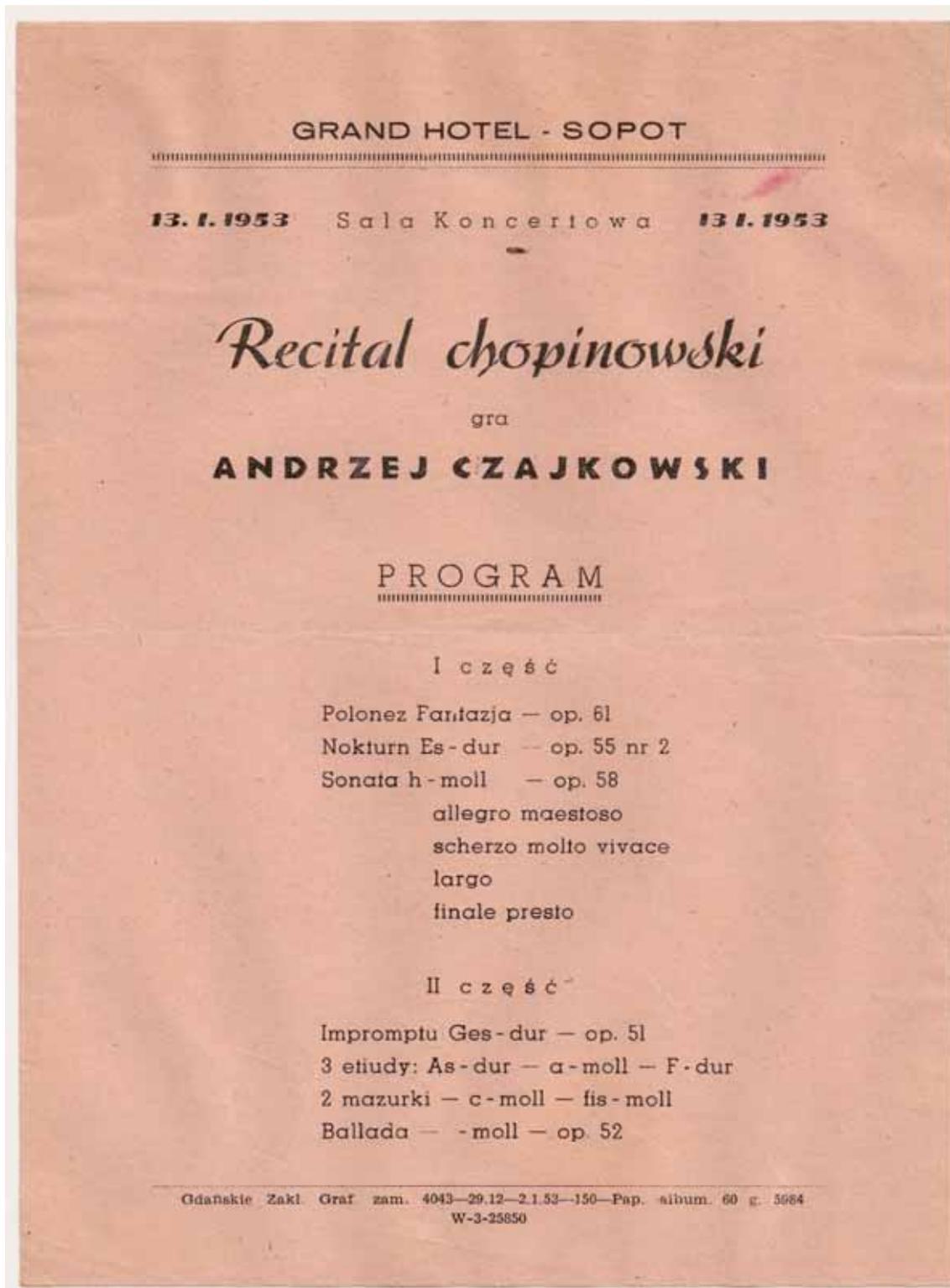
Andrzej and Celina's apartment was located on the fourth floor of this building (courtyard window at top-right). The address was 36 Nowolipki Street, apartment 12. Unfortunately for Grandmother Celina, with her heart problems, and now with diabetes, it was a difficult climb.



Courtesy of Pamela A. Houghtaling

Andrzej's apartment floor plan (c. 1951)

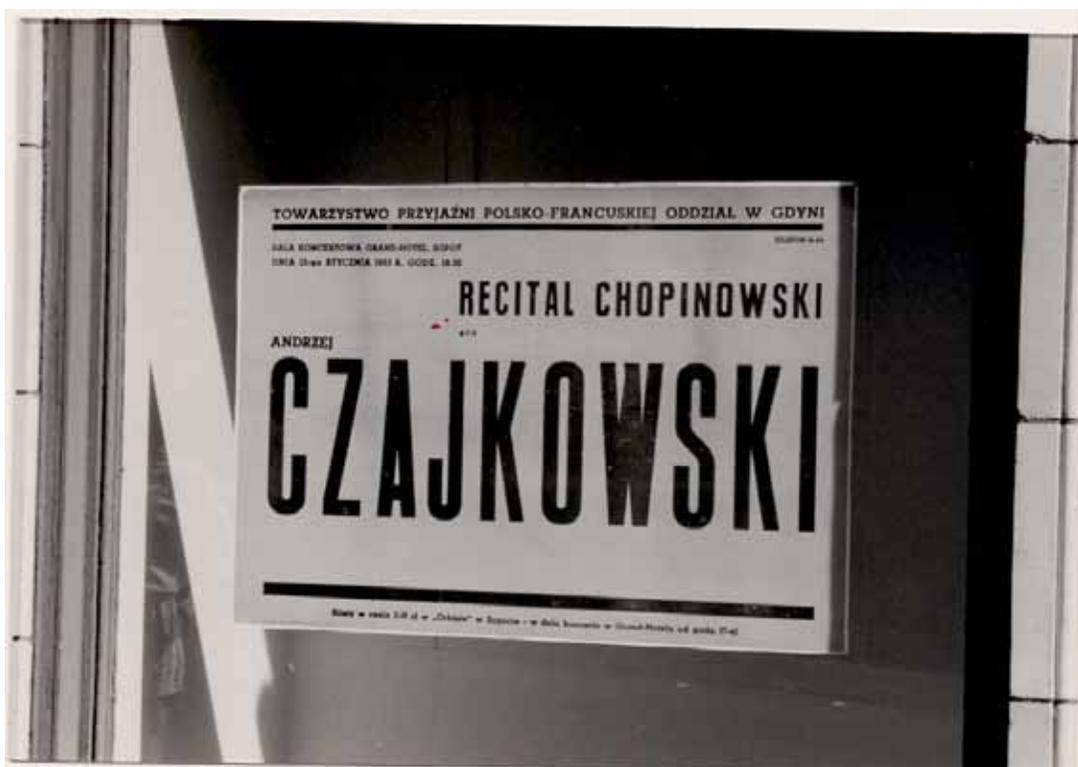
The two-room apartment Andrzej and Celina shared was rather small (500 square feet or 45 square meters). Andrzej had the larger room for his grand piano, bed, and desk. His window looked out on Nowolipki Street. Celina was left with a kitchen pantry area for her bed, with windows that looked out on the courtyard.



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

All Chopin recital program (c. 1953)

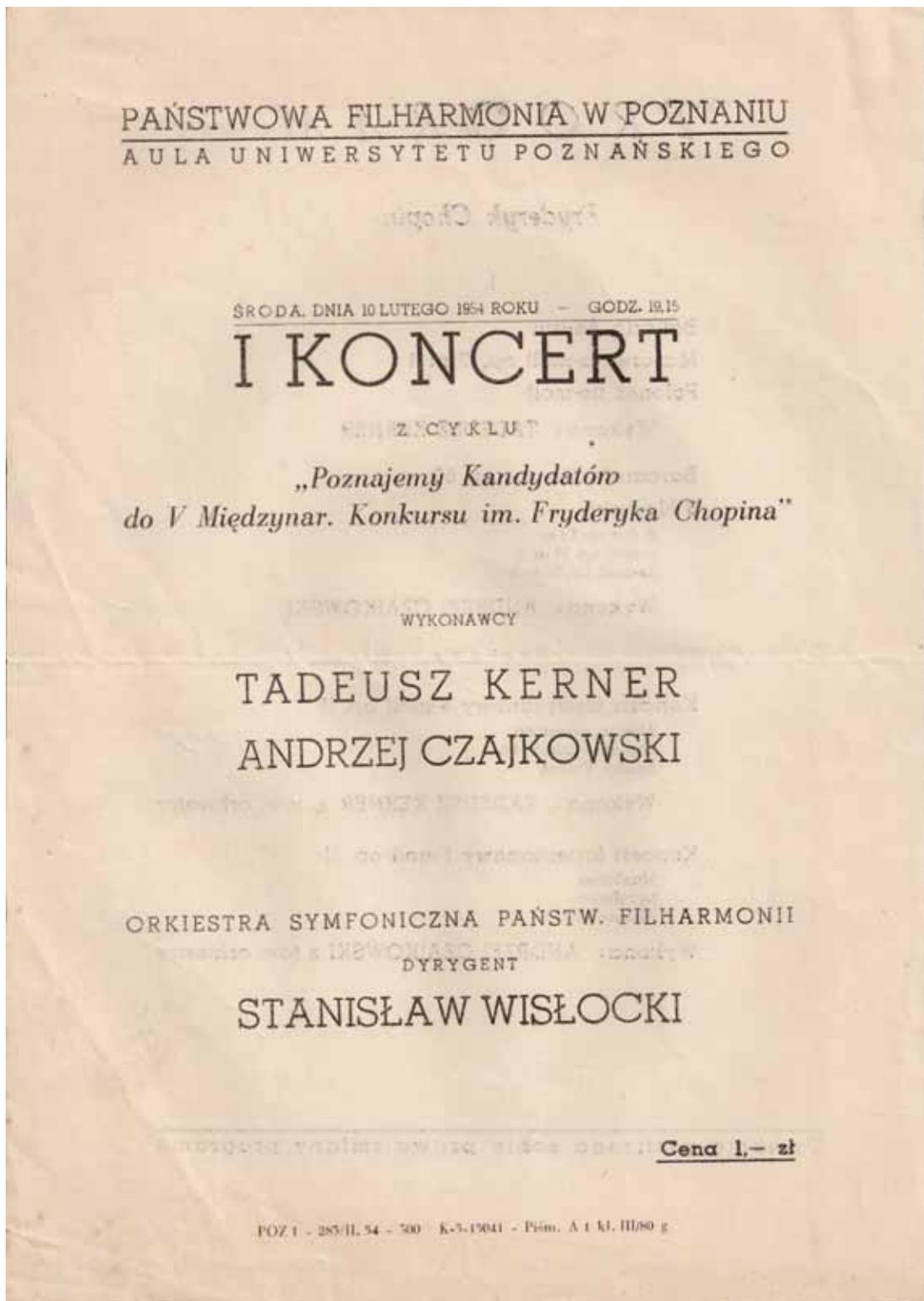
At the age of 17, Andrzej returned to Sopot to give an all-Chopin recital at the Sopot Grand Hotel Concert Hall on January 13, 1953. Grandmother Celina travelled with Andrzej to all of his concerts, so she was certainly there. Aunt Dorka, living in Sopot, also attended.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Posters announcing Andrzej Czajkowski concerts (c. 1953)

The piano recital poster announces a Chopin recital in Sopot on January I, 1953, when Andrzej was 17 years old. The concerto concert was given with the National Philharmonic of Lublin on October 9 and II, 1953. Andrzej played his favorite Beethoven concerto, the G major.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Concerto Program (c. 1954)

In this marathon concert, shared with Andrzej's cousin Tadeusz Kerner, each gave a piano recital in the first part of the concert. In the second part, each played a Chopin piano concerto with the National Philharmonic of Poznań. They are identified as candidates for the 5th Chopin Competition.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Halina Wahlmann (c. 1955)

The friendship between Halina Wahlmann and Andrzej Czajkowski lasted nearly 30 years. They met while attending the Warsaw Conservatory. In 1988, Halina published a book of letters they had exchanged over the period of their friendship called "My Guardian Devil." Halina is a concert pianist, psychologist, and writer.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Celina Janina Sandler-Czajkowska (c. 1954)

Grandmother Celina died from a heart attack on February 3, 1955, at the age of 66. She never lived to see Andrzej become a famous concert pianist, which she had sacrificed and risked her life for. At the end of her life, she and Andrzej were greatly at odds.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski at the 1955 Chopin Competition

Andrzej is shown at the piano with another contestant, Naum Shtarkman from the USSR. Andrzej was one of eight Polish pianists to enter the Chopin Competition and Shtarkman was one of six Russian pianists. Andrzej and Naum became friends and spent many hours together playing chess.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej's 8th prize diploma from the 1955 Chopin Competition

The jury consisted of 30 members from 16 countries. They all signed the prize winners' diplomas except Arturo Benedetti-Michelangeli, who believed that Vladimir Ashkenazy had won the competition and refused to sign anything to the contrary. In addition to 10,000 Zloty, Andrzej won a piano.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Winners in the 1955 Chopin Competition

First Place, Adam Harasiewicz (top left); second place, Vladimir Ashkenazy (top right); third place, Fou Ts'ong (bottom left); eighth place, Andrzej Czajkowski (bottom right). To just about everyone, Ashkenazy won the competition, but judges' politics and competition rules put him in second place.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej's promotional photograph for 1955

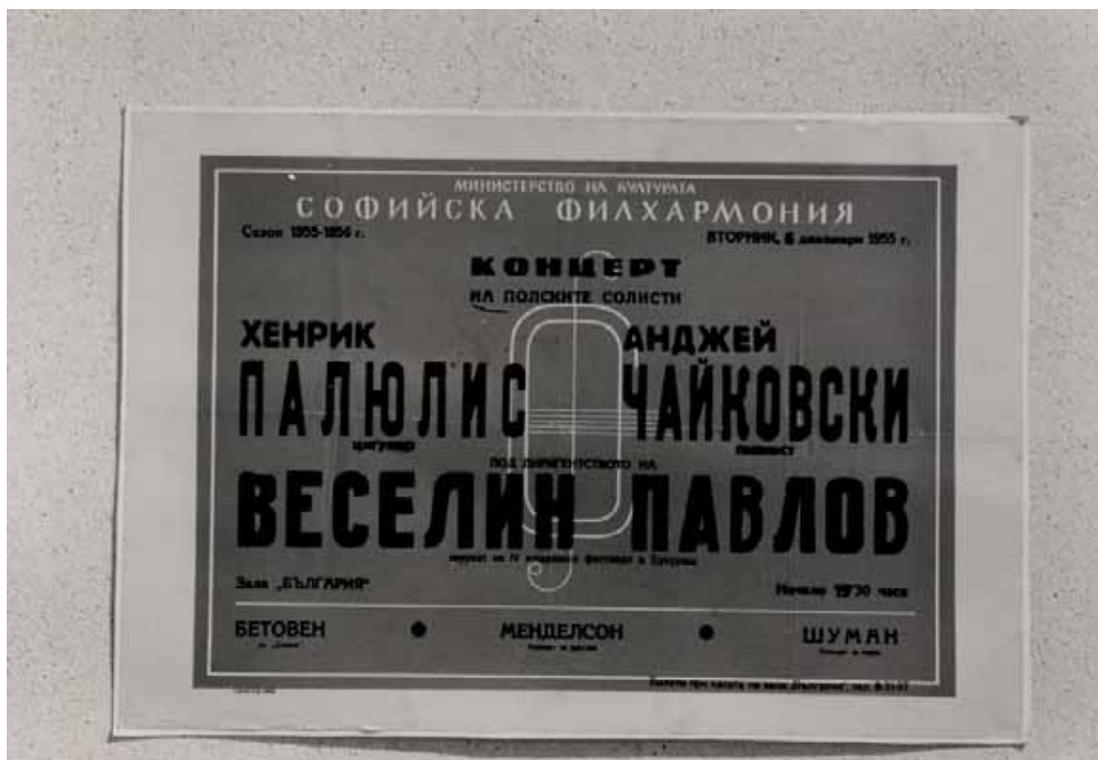
After Andrzej's success in the Chopin Competition, promotional photographs were taken. This is one of them. His 8th prize in the competition resulted in concerts in Poland and Bulgaria. At this time, Andrzej was not quite 20 years old.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Poster announcing a Czajkowski concerto concert (c. 1955)

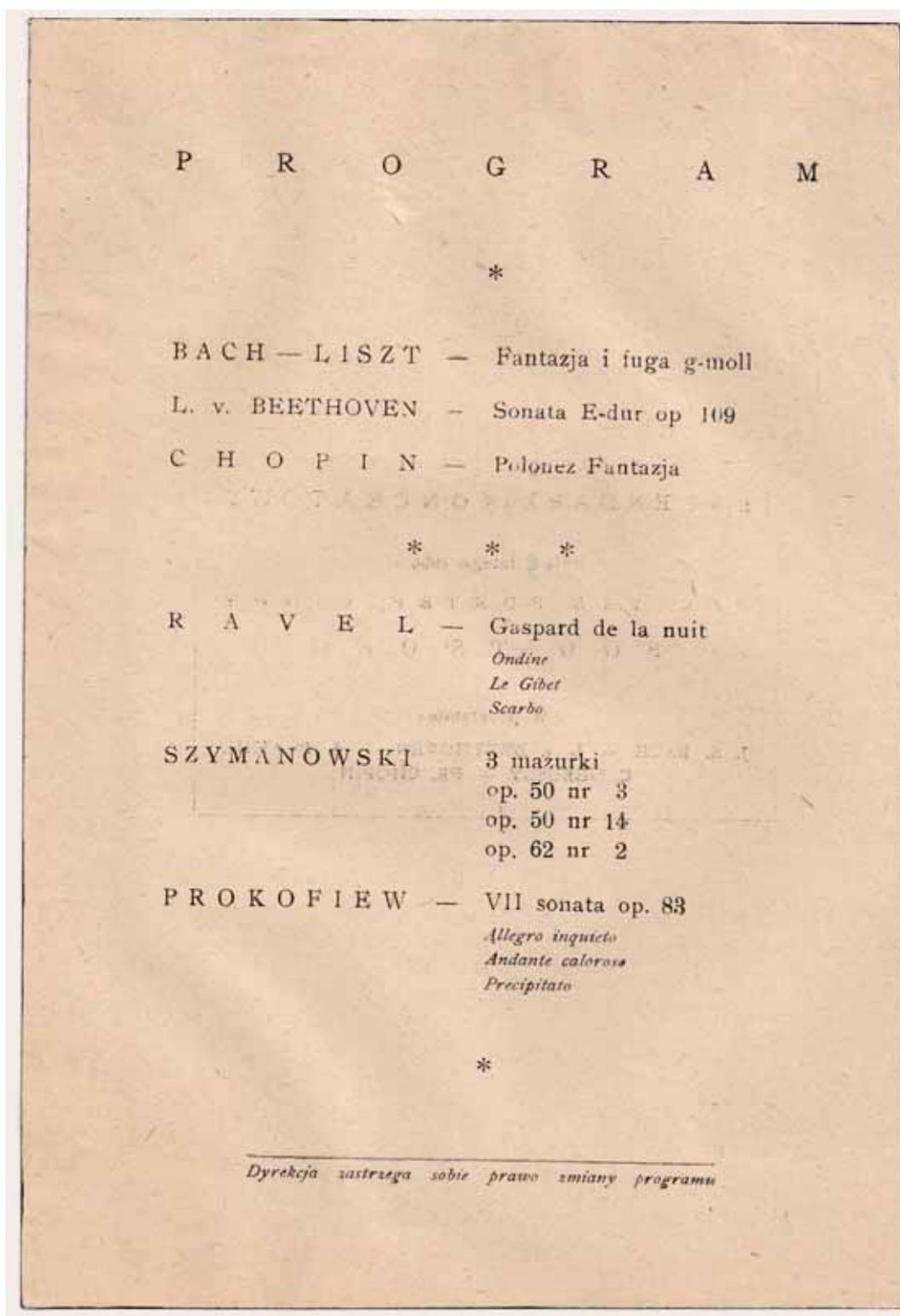
For these Poznań concerts, Andrzej played the Beethoven G major concerto. After one concert, Andrzej played as an encore the entire "Carnaval" by Schumann. The conductor, Jozef Wilkomirski, remembers Andrzej as " ... a magnificent pianist, excellent musician, extraordinary person, and conversationalist."



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Posters announcing Czajkowski concerts in Sofia, Bulgaria (c. 1955)

For his December 8, 1955 recital (lower photo), Andrzej played works by Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Ravel, Szymanowski, and Prokofiev. The recital was at the Technical Institute Hall. For the concerto concert (upper photo), which included himself and a violinist, Henrik Paulese, Andrzej played the Schumann concerto.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Recital program, February 2, 1956

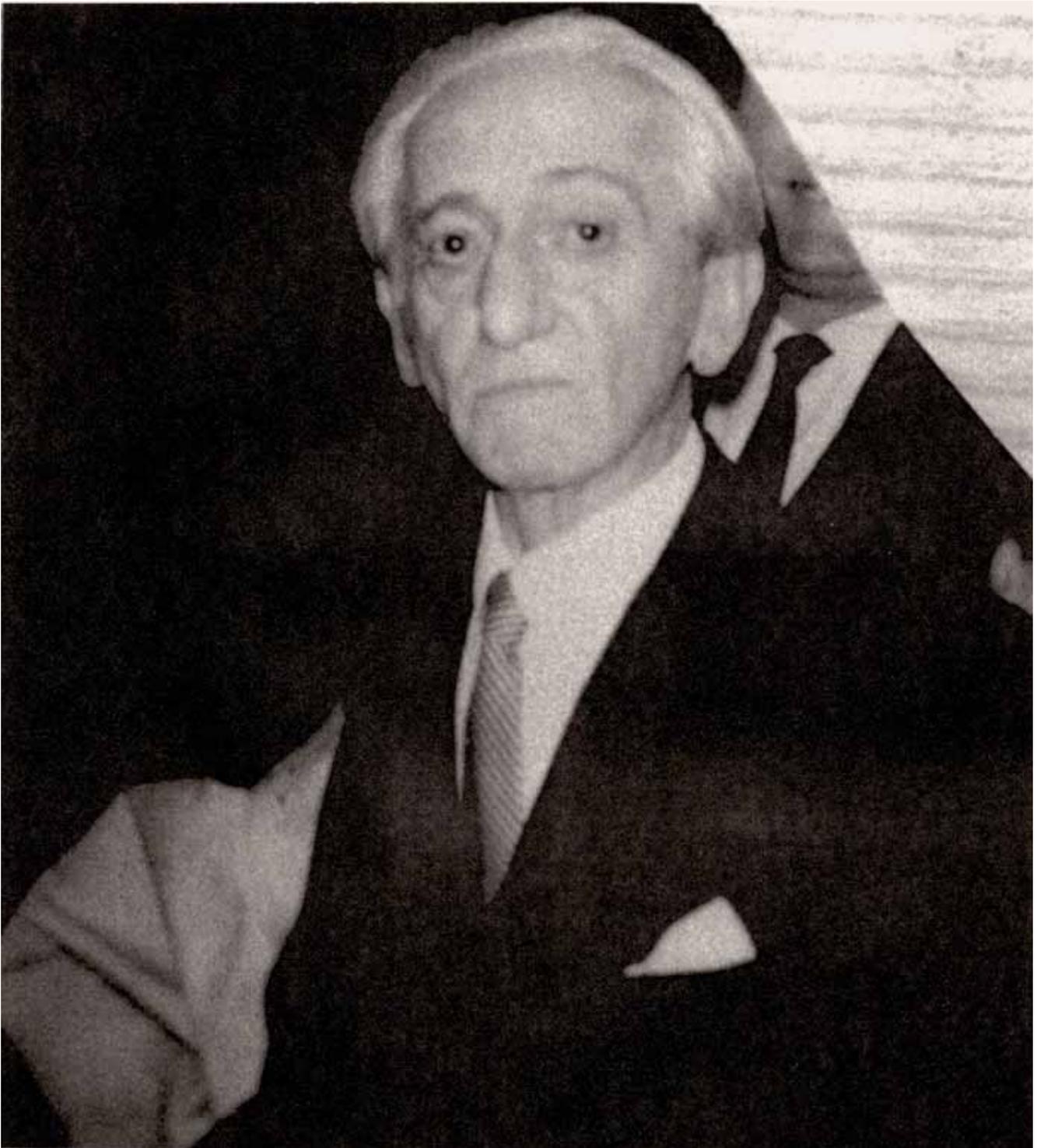
Andrzej continued to expand his repertoire in preparation for the Queen Elisabeth Competition for May 1956. All these works, from a Cracow recital, were performed during the Queen Elisabeth competition except the Szymanowski. Especially impressive was Andrzej's performance of Gaspard de la Nuit.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1956)

A promotional photograph used for the Queen Elisabeth Competition. Andrzej was remembered by the other contestants as the pianist who took long walks instead of practicing long hours. Andrzej proved to be the audiences' favorite.



Courtesy of Culver Pictures

Stefan Askenase (c. 1960)

During the 1955 Chopin Competition, Stefan Askenase was on the jury and Rubinstein in the audience. For the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition, Askenase was in the audience and Rubinstein on the jury. Both of these influential musicians wanted to help and be involved in Andrzej's career.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej's diploma for his third prize at the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition

This time, all jury members signed the prize certificates. The awards were made at a reception on June 2, 1956 and were handed out by Queen Elisabeth of Belgium. This was the last competition Andrzej entered. With this major prize, Rubinstein, Hurok, and others were able to launch Andrzej's career.



Courtesy of Renata Swieca-Rosenberg

Andrzej and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium (c. 1956)

Andrzej in conversation with Queen Elisabeth, after the piano competition. A year earlier, at the 1955 Chopin Competition gala, Andrzej had asked her to dance when the orchestra played a mazurka. Partly visible behind Andrzej is Stefan Askenase, pianist and teacher, who became a great friend and mentor.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Arthur Rubinstein (c. 1945)

After Andrzej's third prize in the Queen Elisabeth Competition, Rubinstein took charge of his career and saw to it that he had huge tours in America and a recording contract with RCA records. Rubinstein was sure Andrzej was the pianist to take over when he retired from the concert stage.

~~MR. HOWARD OGDON, M.A., M.E.D.~~
~~TELEPHONE WHITEFIELD~~

~~PLANE TREE FARM,
OF HIGHER LANE,
WHITEFIELD,
NEAR MANCHESTER~~

77 Bury New Road
Whitefield
LANCS.
England.

Dear Mr. Czajkowski,

I should just like to send this belated note to congratulate you on your success in the Brussels Competition, and to say — what you must already know — how deeply moved I was by your performance of the Beethoven Op. 109 Sonata in the second test.

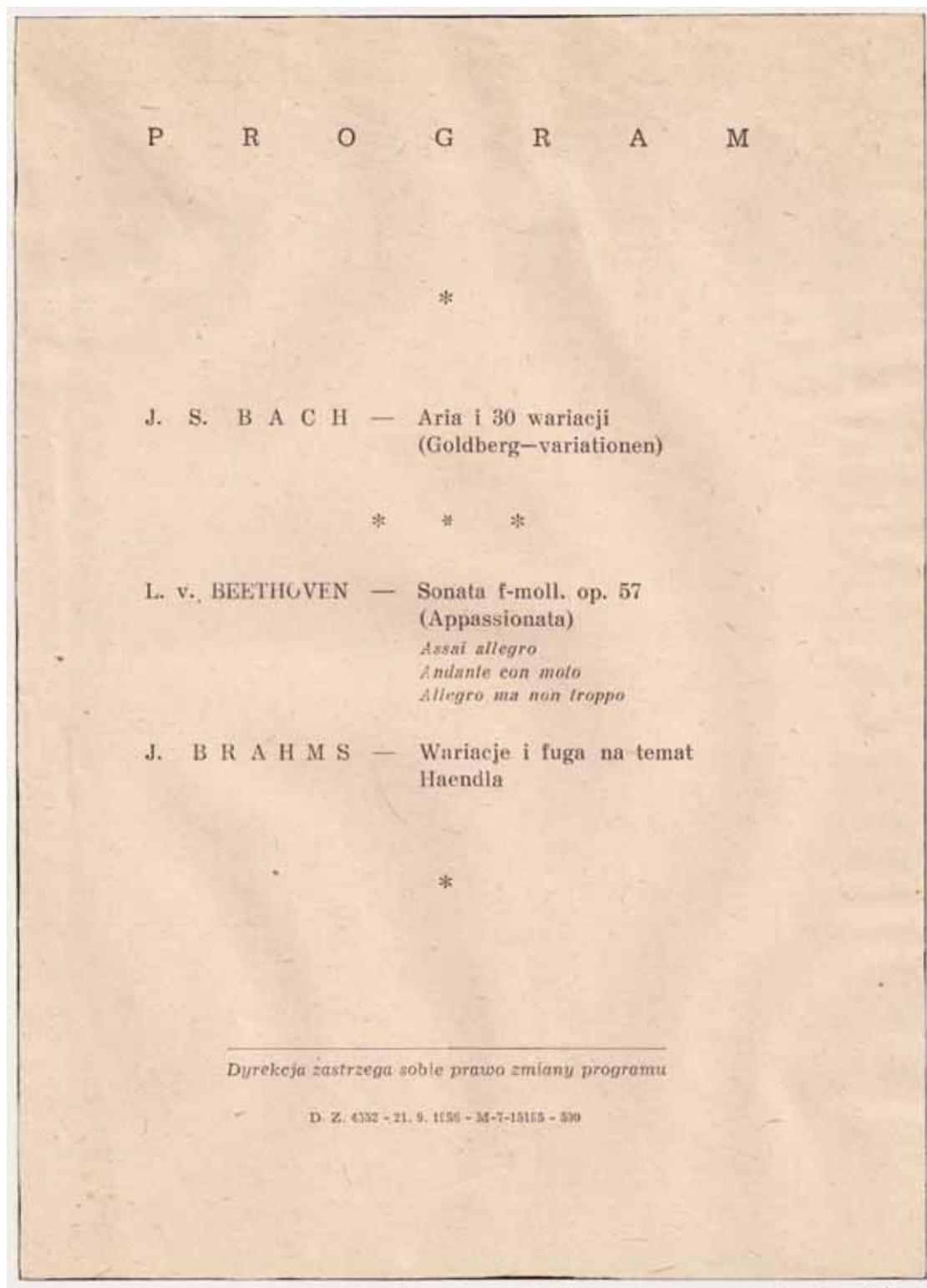
I am enclosing one or two modern works that might interest you: Busoni's 'Sonatine Seconda', and Alexander Goehr's Piano Sonata. Goehr (son of the conductor Walter Goehr) has here written I think a most promising work: it has structural affinities with the Liszt Sonata. I thought you might like to see it.

I am beginning work at the Beethoven Op. 109: your performance certainly opened my eyes to much in it that I had not seen before.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Letter of congratulations to Andrzej from pianist John Ogdon (c. 1956)

John Ogdon (1937-1989) was 19 years old at the time of the Queen Elisabeth Competition and a member of the audience. Andrzej received a number of highly complimentary letters after the contest. Ogdon later went on to a big career and was influential in the publication of a piano suite composed by Andrzej.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Program from Andrzej's last concert in Poland (c. 1956)

On Andrzej's September 27, 1956, concert program, he is identified as a winner of the Queen Elisabeth Competition. This was his last public performance in Poland; a week later he was in Brussels. The Goldberg Variations continued to be a favorite work.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski (c. 1956)

This passport photo was used for Andrzej's last Polish passport. He was given permission to travel out of Poland to the West for piano lessons with Stefan Askenase in Brussels. Initially, he stayed at the Polish Embassy in Brussels, but soon left to live with his Aunt Mala in Paris.



LE PIANISTE
ANDRZEJ
CZAJKOWSKI

Le troisième lauréat du Concours musical international
Reine Elisabeth de Belgique — Session 1956 de piano
que vous applaudissez ce soir

DONNERA UN UNIQUE RECITAL
DANS LA SALLE DE MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE

LE VENDREDI 16 NOVEMBRE 1956, A 20 H 15

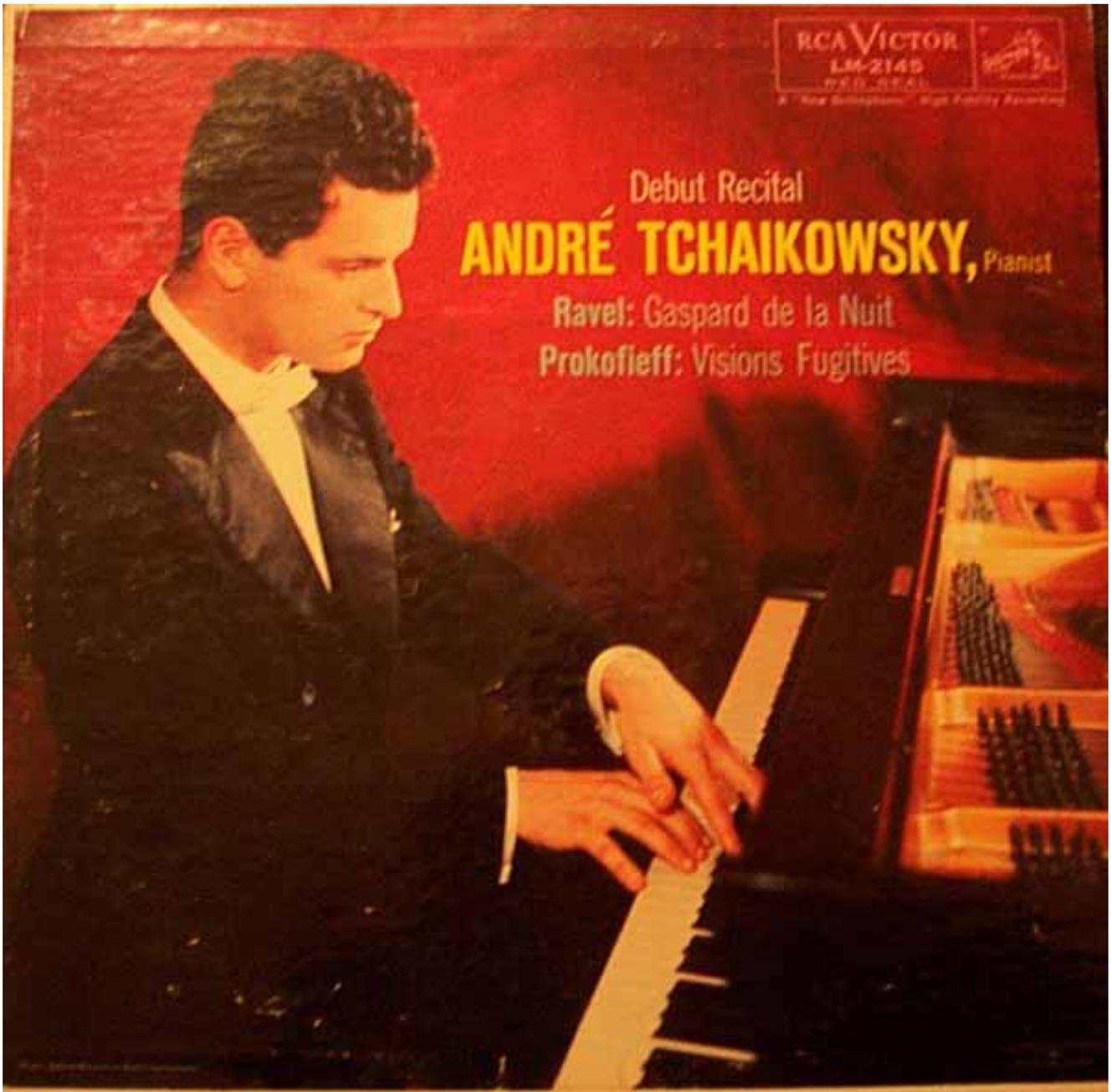
AU PROGRAMME :

<i>Les Variations Goldberg</i>	Jean-Sébastien BACH
La Sonate <i>Appassionata</i>	Ludwig van BEETHOVEN
Variations sur un thème de Haendel	Johannes BRAHMS

Courtesy of Halina Swieca-Malewiak

Program from Paris, November 16, 1956

Andrzej was a success everywhere he played in Europe, although some concerts were uneven. In this Paris recital, he played Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. His early career was arranged through connections made by Stefan Askenase and Arthur Rubinstein.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

Record cover from André's debut recording for RCA (c. 1957)

This RCA album was recorded in June 1957 and released in October 1957, just in time for his USA debut. André showed up for the recording session two days late and did not react well to studio conditions. However, the record reviews were very complimentary.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej Czajkowski becomes André Tchaikowsky (c. 1956)

Adopting the Western spelling of his name, Andrzej Czajkowski became André Tchaikowsky. The name change was enforced by Sol Hurok, who had begun to promote André in the USA in preparation for his 1957-1958 tour. This signed photograph is the official 1956 Hurok photo for promotional materials.



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Andrzej promotional photograph (c. 1956)

This promotional photograph was taken in Europe and used in the early stages of André's career. His good looks were sometimes exploited in the promotional efforts that he grew to dislike intensely. At the time of this photograph, André had just turned 21 years old.

NEXT SEASON 1957-58 S. HUROK

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INTRODUCES TO AMERICA
THE EXTRAORDINARY POLISH PIANIST

André Tchaikowsky

"I think André Tchaikowsky is one of the finest pianists of his generation—he is even better than that—he is a wonderful musician." —ARTUR RUBINSTEIN



.....

AND BRINGS BACK TO THE U.S.

**the english singers
of london**



ONE OF THE FINEST
VOCAL ENSEMBLES
OF THE SECOND
ELIZABETHAN AGE.

"BEYOND ALL PRAISE"
— The Times, London



Courtesy of Musical America Magazine

Advertisement promoting André Tchaikowsky (c. 1956)

During the year before André's debut in the US, Sol Hurok was promoting him for the next season. Arthur Rubinstein cut back drastically on his North America performances that season to give André a better chance. Hurok would say, "Rubinstein is not available, but we do have André Tchaikowsky."

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Sabine Weiss

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1957)

André, shown here at 21 years, rather liked this photograph. It was eventually used on an RCA record cover. Women were attracted to him, not only for his good looks, but for his personality and sensitivity. André wrote to a man in Poland about relationships with women, "You love women, but I know them."

Chapter 5 - A Career of Sorts (1957-1960)

As André flew towards New York City in September 1957 to begin the tour arranged by Sol Hurok, he wrote a letter to Halina Wahlmann that ended: "I have to finish now because the plane is getting near New York, and me to throwing up. It's landing! It's landing! Oh, Christ!" His excitement and anxiety about this new phase of his life seemed to be transferred to the transoceanic flight, which perhaps to him was symbolic of departure from the past and of embarking on an adventure full of unknowns.

Meeting André's flight in New York were representatives from Hurok and RCA. Michael Sweeley, then with RCA, remembers his initial impression of André:

"I remember André arrived at the New York Airport, and I was one of those who went to meet his airplane. André got off the 'plane and wanted to immediately go to the RCA studios and record the complete 'Goldberg Variations.' Well, we didn't do anything like that.

"Usually I got to know my artists, what they liked, didn't like, and so on. But with André, he was always on the road, travelling and we only talked by telephone. He was an outrageous person, but, as I remember, his playing was quite good and I don't know what happened. I remember getting him up at the Great Northern Hotel in the morning, and he was very groggy. I heard him play once and, as an encore, he played the 'Goldberg Variations,' the whole thing. Outrageous, you know, but the effect of his concerts was quite good."

Almost immediately, there was tension between André and the famous impresario who had brought him to America. In André's words, Hurok was promoting him as a "sort of Anne Frank of the keyboard." He hated commercialization that depended on sympathy generated by his survival of the catastrophe of Nazi Europe. He was also outraged by misrepresentations concerning his parents, in spite of his own use of the same distortions. The biographical sketch Hurok had prepared for André started with this characterization:

André Tchaikowsky, the 23-year-old pianist, was born in Warsaw on November 1, 1935. His father was a business man; his mother had intended to be a concert pianist but had given up her musical studies for marriage.

André doesn't remember his parents very well. World War II began before the lad was five and in the invasion of Poland both his parents were killed as well as most of the cousins, uncles, and aunts that made up a large family group. All that was left to André was his maternal grandmother, and it was with her that he lived, beginning shortly after the Nazi occupation of Warsaw.

As a small boy André had determined to be a poet. Now he was the only man of the family, and it seemed to him that what he must do in life was to play the piano. His grandmother had no piano, nor money for lessons, but somehow André managed. It was a confused period. Life was difficult and frightening and for years he lived with relatives or friends, or friends of friends, hidden, continually on the move even though he was a mere child. But all the time he managed to find pianos, to study and to work.

Hurok promoted André, in part, as a curiosity. Patrons of Hurok promotions soon learned that these portrayals were loathsome to André. At one of André's first concerts, a mothering American hostess said, "Won't you call me Mummy?" André replied, "You are about the right age, but you are not well-preserved enough. Shall I call you Rameses?" André's delight in shocking people with his particular combination of wit and insult also figured in such encounters. American matrons were a far cry from his peers who were amused by this type of behavior at the Conservatory, or his grandmother, with whom he had traded the most

outrageous insults. Nevertheless, there was great excitement and anticipation for this young and spectacularly talented pianist whose thorny personality and scathing tongue were perhaps a confirmation of his genius.

Through all this, André Tchaikowsky can be seen slowly accumulating the elements of his concert career behavior -- his distaste for practicing, his acute stage fright to the point of physical illness (conductor David Zinman remembers André saying, "I am apocalyptically nervous"), his intolerance of social functions, his thwarted desires to compose, his individualistic interpretations of the piano repertoire. As a pianist, composer, and musician, André was at the start raw, concentrated talent. He had extraordinary abilities, but abilities don't ensure success. In his situation the "smart" thing would have been to play "safe" performances of his repertoire, and then carefully apply his extraordinary personality, with circumspection, to the rest of the requirements of dealing with people. What if it required a little distasteful hypocrisy? But André was not a compromising person. Furthermore, his performances were directed to the piano cognoscenti, not to the general public. An alert music critic knew exactly what André was doing, as did other pianists and musicians. The general classical music public wasn't always served, since they wanted to hear traditional interpretations of the piano repertory rather than sit through a learning experience in which interpretive possibilities were searchingly probed.

United State Debut (1957)

André Tchaikowsky was scheduled to make his debut at the first concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's 1957-1958 season, on October 10, 1957. A musicians' strike caused a postponement of the concert to October 13. On that date, he played the Prokofiev 3rd Concerto, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting. In a letter on October 17 to Halina Wahlmann, he described the debut and his agitation.

Dear Halinka,

Help me. I'm going through a bad patch. Perhaps these are not the right times altogether for old mythomaniacs, but on the other hand, there's no denying that you're bloody far, far away. And it was during the last ten days that I needed you so much. There are many situations in which nobody can help me the way you can. Therefore, nobody helped me, or rather, it was even worse, because everybody was helping me the best they could.

It started off like that. To begin with, there was no concert. The orchestra went on strike. And I got an Asian flu, in contrast to an ordinary flu, because, besides the name, there's no difference at all. I was to play Prokofiev on Thursday and Friday, and Schumann on Sunday, only to be told on Tuesday that the concerts are cancelled and that I can let myself go down with the flu. On Thursday, I got a call that the strike is over, and that the now better-paid orchestra is willing to play with me on Sunday. For three days I took penicillin injections and six aspirins a day. At the same time I swallowed vitamins and ate steak tartare to strengthen myself and get into shape. In the meantime, my relatives and acquaintances phoned me 30 times a day to encourage me.

Weakened by the aspirin, strengthened by the steaks, frightened by the words of comfort and the message I got at the last moment, which was meant to keep up my spirits, that Mr. Horowitz would be listening to my playing on the radio, I went out and I played fairly decently. Yes, that's it, decently. It was neither good enough nor bad enough to be remembered at all. Nobody knew me there and nobody was particularly disappointed. Later the papers wrote about it, and everybody casually accepted me for a good pianist.

But I'm not a good pianist. I'm much more or much less than that. But to show it to them I must have someone to play to. I must be wanting to convince someone in the audience. For a long time now, a year or more, I haven't found anybody that I would be wanting to play to, or write to, or live for, and I've become hopelessly banal. Nowadays, I play faultlessly and every

time exactly the same. The critics like it and they prize me for mature artistic restraint so astonishing at such a tender age.

Halinka, I'll tell you everything. I've got Eeyore's complex [from Winnie the Pooh -- a constant dissatisfaction and a feeling of being unloved]. I called John Browning in Los Angeles. I said, "I finished your concerto. I'd like to know what you think about it." And I heard, "Oh it's so nice, so really very nice of you. And what? Are you dedicating it to me? Great. Just now I don't have any time to spare, but I'd like to see it sometime. Besides that, what's going on with you, anything new? No? Well, keep well, old man."

Halinka, I want to have you with me this Spring. When you come, we'll buy a small flat and we'll live together in Paris. First of all, we've got to have children. I want so much to have someone that will be mine forever. Then the playing will make sense and everything. Write quickly what needs to be done so that you can come. Let Kazik [Charles Fortier] send you an invitation. Write quickly.

There is yet another thing that worries me. Lately, I'm losing a lot of hair. More and more clearings in that forest. My father was completely bald at my age. The same goes for all men in my father's family. Now it's my turn. One can't be an exception in everything. Even our son, Daniel, is bound to go bald in time.

I know nothing of what's going on with you, and how are things with your diploma? What was it you wanted to write about? Is your life also as senseless as mine? Do you still want to see me? Will you come? I'll show you marvelous finger work in the most difficult places of the F major ballad. But it's certain that you play it much better than me anyway. [An oblique sexual reference.]

Write me about everything that you are interested in. Let me be in your atmosphere for a while. We'll be together soon. I'm giving you a long, warm, and matrimonial kiss.

Yours,
André

André's assessment of the critics' views of his first concert was about right. The reviewer for *The New York Times*, Howard Taubman, wrote:

Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No.3, which served to introduce André Tchaikowsky, Polish-born pianist, to New York, has its share of the harshness and steeliness of our age. The 23-year-old Mr. Tchaikowsky, whose personal history of wartime suffering is filled with the horrors of Nazi brutality, has carved out a name for himself abroad. He has been a winner of prizes in the big international competitions, and his arrival here has been preceded by glowing reports.

The Prokofiev Concerto, unfortunately, provides no measure of a pianist's taste, range, and perception. There is no doubt that this personable young musician has a gift for the piano. His fingers are agile and secure, and he controls tone and dynamics resourcefully. He can play with deftness and with the force of a whirlwind. He gave a lively account of the Prokofiev concerto. One can be sure that he is at home in this music. For the rest we must wait and see.

For André's New York City concerts and recording sessions, André was requested to visit Steinway and Sons, where he could select a piano. The Steinway official in charge of artists and repertory, Winston Fitzgerald, remembers André:

"I was with André when he selected his piano. He would then practice at Steinway before the piano was moved. André didn't practice that much, at least not that much that I was aware of.

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He had the most natural piano technique that I have ever come across. I remember he would show up at Steinway with the dirtiest towel I'd ever seen and wonder why I wouldn't go swimming with him.

"He was just another emigre pianist. I can't even remember what kind of critical reception he got, but I certainly realized immediately that he was not just your average talent. My overall impression is that he didn't need much of his time to practice, and he just wanted to have a good time."

André also met Mr. Steinway himself, as he reported to Halina Wahlmann:

Old Mr. Steinway appeared on the scene. He is perhaps New York's oldest monument. The famous piano maker is now as old as a harpsichord and from profile, he looks like a flat sign. For years he has been trying to invent the third lip, I suppose the only justification for having the third pedal. He keeps the public regularly informed about the progress of his work.

Vladimir Horowitz apparently did listen to the radio broadcast of André's October 13 debut performance. Shortly afterward, André was summoned to play for the master, then in his fourth year of "retirement." He went at the appointed time to the Horowitz apartment, only to be kept waiting for more than an hour. Finally, he was ushered into a practically dark room where Horowitz was resting. The great man motioned for André to play. Any interest in playing for Horowitz that André had arrived with was apparently dissipated during the wait. André sat at the piano and played a single crashing C major chord. Then he rose from the piano and said, "It's the only thing I can play from memory." With that, he was escorted from the apartment, leaving behind puzzlement and distaste. André reported to Halina Wahlmann, "I've been to Horowitz's. He is old, ill, and sad. His wife looks at him with love in her eyes. For the past four years, they haven't spoken a word to each other. I hope I die young."

A few weeks later, New York audiences had a chance to hear André play the Chopin Piano Concerto No.2 in F minor. This time the New York Philharmonic was conducted by André Cluytens. Of André's performance, the reviewer in *Musical America* stated:

Because of his origin and musical orientation, I had anticipated that Mr. Tchaikowsky should be an ideal interpreter of the Chopin Second Piano Concerto. However, he played with a small tone and little of the fire and passion this concerto needs. The audience gave the modest and unassuming soloist a prolonged ovation.

On Tour (1957)

Another emigre pianist touring the US as a Hurok artist at about the same time was the star of the 1955 Chopin Competition and 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition, Vladimir Ashkenazy. His impressions of America and the problems of performing there are discussed in his book, *Beyond Frontiers*.

If I try to put my finger on the problem, I would say that many things in the musical world in America are dominated by hyperbole, sensationalism, and the desire for effect; there is the feeling that it is essential to attract attention by any means possible. Maybe it originates from the fact that America started as a huge, open country and the people who settled it went there to make good. To get on, you had to make it very publicly and as a result the most important element in American society became fame, in other words, being attractive and well-known to the general public. And let's not forget -- it is a very big country! As long as the impact of something was sufficiently impressive, it had to be good. As a result materialism became so overwhelmingly important that most other values were excluded.

In music this often means that pre-conditioning is all-pervasive, with the public, the critics, even musicians themselves being almost programmed in their responses and expectations.

Artists, performances, emotions tend to be assessed according to easily identifiable categories. All of this, in my view, leads to a dangerously sterile type of uniformity, even though it may on first sight appear to be quite the reverse. It would be foolish to pretend that some of these tendencies are not found in Europe as well, but my impression and conviction is that there remains in the Old World a far more secure basis for individual value judgements than is the case in America.

André would have agreed with Ashkenazy's analysis. American audiences and critics were sometimes puzzled by André's performances, performances that might have been better appreciated in Europe. But André's reaction to this was immediate and openly disturbing.

André's US tour continued at the end of October 1957 with a trip to the South and to Cuba. An incident occurred in a southern state when André learned that his concert was for whites only -- blacks were not admitted and could not purchase tickets. André hated discrimination of any kind. When he was interviewed for the newspaper and asked how he liked the South, he said:

"I'm a musician and Chopin wrote some music for the white keys only and some music for the black keys only. But Chopin's greatest compositions are when you play all the keys, the white and black keys."

This comment was not well taken, and was reported to Hurok. André received a note at his hotel warning him it would be best if he left town.

Also reported to Hurok was a skipped concert in Cuba. André's excuse was that he didn't like the piano.

André told his friends of an incident in Florida when he went swimming in one of the lakes. It seems there was a sign saying, "Keep Out -- Alligators" and André hadn't noticed it. As he was swimming, he noticed all the people waving to him. Friendly people, he thought, and waved back. André emerged from the water unscathed and only then became aware of the danger.

The next destination was Chicago, for a recital on November 25, 1957, in which André would play:

Goldberg Variations - I.S. Bach
Ballade in F minor, Opus 52 - Chopin
Nocturne in C minor, Opus 48 - Chopin
Three Etudes - Chopin

The *Chicago Sun-Times* music critic, Glenna Syse, reported:

André Tchaikowsky, a shy young Polish pianist of unusual promise, made his Chicago debut Sunday at Orchestra Hall as the second event in this year's Allied Arts piano series. Although only 22, Tchaikowsky -- whose name has been simplified from Andrzej Czajkowski for purposes of Western articulation, proved himself no fledgling as a musician.

This program had its disturbing aspects during the first half, which was devoted entirely to Bach's Goldberg Variations. But with that complex and demanding work out of the way, promises were kept and it became increasingly evident that this is a young man who need have no qualms about calling himself a musician, a title that is too easily applied these days to everyone who can distinguish between the bass and treble clef.

Billed as a virtuoso, it is actually Tchaikowsky's musicality that is his most significant gift. His interpretations Sunday were almost invariably warm and alive. He thinks and plays in wholes rather than in bars or phrases. His melodic line has a sweet, singing persuasion and his tone is voluptuous, but well controlled. The result was music both sensitive and confident and quite appealing to the mind and ear.

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As one of the prize winners in the 1955 Chopin Competition in Warsaw, it was quite natural to expect that Chopin would be his forte -- and it surely was. The pianist's interpretation of the Nocturne in C minor, Opus 48, brought an ovation and deservedly so. The Ballade in F minor, Opus 52, and two of three Etudes he offered were both fluid and powerful, and beautifully executed.

His interpretation of Prokofiev's hazardous but compelling Sonata No.7, Opus 83, which he played with distinctive verve and style, provided a smashing climax and it quite belied his beginning -- that of the Goldberg Variations. Perhaps it is too early to expect a mature reading of this work from such a young artist. Bach needs a warm heart, but a cool head. But Tchaikowsky tried the reverse and the effect was far from satisfying.

In his eagerness to win friends quickly, his tone became belligerent, his tempos undisciplined and his phrasing insecure. But, in time, it seems entirely possible that this stalwart newcomer to the American concert scene will develop the calm reserve and spine of steel that come with experience. He has now the virtuosity and musicality to get to the top. Perhaps all he needs to add is patience.

After the Chicago appearance in November, it was back to New York for a session with RCA records where André was to record a single work: The Goldberg Variations. He recorded the variations three times: December 13, 17, and 23, 1957. RCA producer John Pfeiffer remembers those sessions:

"The Goldberg recordings were made at the 24th Street Studio, that's 155 24th Street. My job was to start the whole ball rolling by discussing with all the principals and merchandising people the repertoire for specific artists that we have on contract, then set up the recording sessions, supervise them musically and technically, work with the artist to choose the master tapes, edit the tapes, do the mix-down process, liner notes, and everything through to final production.

"In André's case, he wasn't happy with the work that he did. Usually if the artist is not happy with his recordings, then they're not issued. I'm pretty sure that was the case. The Goldberg recording was never released.

"André didn't make any money for RCA because he didn't return to the US often enough. When someone is not in evidence, their record sales are not good. The quality of the recording really has nothing to do with it. Particularly a classical record. It's really up to the artist himself."

The holiday season provided no rest for André. He left New York for concerts in Europe, starting at La Scala in Milan and ending in England. On January 22, 1958, he wrote to Halina Wahlmann:

This train shakes so much I barely can write at all. I'm on a train between Venice and Trieste. I play every day at a different place, so the days I spend on the train and the evenings on the stage.

Far from contemplating living with André in Paris, as his October 1957 letter had suggested, Halina was troubled by a new relationship with a man named Janusz. Marriage was in view and Halina had to explain to Janusz that she loved him, but she also loved André. André said he could explain things better and wrote directly to Janusz:

My Dear Red-Haired Janusz,

I've decided to write to you because I like myself very much and everything that resembles myself. We happen to be very much like each other. We are both ugly, although very nice. We

are both going bald. And we are both head over heels in love with Halinka. I can see only one difference: You love women, but I know them. We could do with an exchange of experiences.

Listen, I'll tell you a story about a girl named Lisa. Lisa had a handsome husband. I used to visit them quite often. But that husband had ulcers on the stomach, which made him over-sensitive, and grotesquely jealous. One day, just as he was finishing a salad with mayonnaise, he was feeling worse than usual, and made a wild scene in front of Lisa concerning me. The result was immediate: Lisa, who had never before even dreamt that someone might be jealous of attention paid to me, began to pay me attention. In half an hour, she was madly in love with me.

Both the husband and I were simply stupefied, but the worst was still to come. I've no idea what Lisa's father told his wife about me, but the fact is that Lisa's mother, a few days later, began to show ambiguous signs of pathological, inquisitive feelings. It came to pass that three weeks later, on greeting me, she

kissed me on the mouth, and treated me to a double portion of salmon. That was too much. I ran away from Poland, and ever since I've been living abroad.

Well, you see for yourself what women are like. Forbid Halinka to do something, and you will give your rival the greatest power, the power of myth. I warn you that if you say "no" to marriage with Halinka, it would be as if you were giving her to me. All of a sudden, I'll become someone distant, forbidden, inaccessible and it will end up that she will be closing her eyes, thinking of me, at the moment of giving herself to you. Say "yes" to her, and you will take away all this mystique.

In the hope that you shall appreciate the honesty of my intentions, I hug you and I wish you everything you want.

Keep well,
André

Janusz felt compelled to respond to André's letter"

My Dear André,

I thank you with all my heart for the funny letter, and most of all for the charming compliments. Writing that I am as ugly as you are, you are comparing me almost with Valentino. And calling me red-haired, you let me forget about my baldness. I thank you my dear. Anyway, let us not have any complexes about our baldness. Supposedly it's a proof of one's manliness. Even though it happens to be difficult to prove. But let's go back to the subject.

I like the funny story about Lisa a lot, and I will try to draw my conclusions from it. As to your intentions, I obviously have full trust in you, and I do believe that the feelings which Halinka has for you frighten you as much as they do me. Listen in turn to my story.

One day I was visiting Tworki [Polish mental hospital] and I was shown around by a colleague of mine, a psychiatrist. I was particularly interested to see the cases of melancholies and choleric as the most spectacular patients. My friend opened the door leading to one of the solitary confinement rooms and pointed to a man sitting on a bed. He was pale, sad, and in his hands he held a pink pillow to which he was tenderly speaking.

"What's that?" I asked, surprised. "It's a romantic story," said my friend sadly. "He was in love with a girl who married another man. Now he thinks he's got a child with her and spends his

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days holding and cuddling the little pillow." He shut the door. Next door some madman was jumping like crazy, pulling his hair out and crying in an inhuman voice, "I'm so stupid, such an idiot." "What's that?" I asked, astounded. "That?" answered my friend, pointedly and nodding his head, "He's the one who married her."

Yours,
Janusz

Halina and Janusz were married. Within a year, a daughter was born to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska; she was named Basia.

On January 29, 1958, André made his London debut, playing the Prokofiev Second Piano Concerto with the Pro Arte Orchestra, conducted by Anthony English. This concert was arranged by André's manager in England, Wilfrid van Wyck. While Hurok was arranging concerts all over America, Van Wyck was arranging them all over Europe. Van Wyck was either a brilliant manager or an artistic despot, depending on the source of the information. What is known is that Van Wyck was unmoved by André's tirades regarding the number of concerts he was to play, or by any other aspect of their relationship. Van Wyck charged ahead, arranging as many concerts as he could for André, regardless of André's wishes for time off.

Two weeks after his London debut, André was back in Chicago for concerto concerts with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rubinstein's good friend and artistic collaborator, Fritz Reiner. André substituted for Clara Haskil, who had become ill. He stepped in and played what was planned as her music: Concerto No.5 by J. S. Bach, and Concerto No. 25 (K.503) by Mozart. The Mozart also featured cadenzas by André Tchaikowsky. The *Chicago Daily Tribune* music critic, Claudia Cassidy (famous for her critical assassinations) wrote on February 12, 1958:

André Tchaikowsky, the young Polish pianist whose recital and record debuts stirred such hope for the future, underscored the validity of that reaction when he played Mozart and Bach yesterday with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony orchestra in Orchestra Hall. That he is in his early twenties means little except that if the gods are willing he has a long, rich time to go. More important is that he is a pianist of quality, of reassuring attainments, and of extraordinary potential.

As sometimes happens in such cases, the piano is his refuge, the door to himself. Crossing the stage, he is a modest boy with a shy, sweet smile, a slight youngster with an undisciplined mop of dark hair. Bowing, he ducks his head with the gesture of a not yet harnessed colt. Playing, he is serenely sure of himself. He looks ten years older once he touches the keys.

There was an unofficial story that he had added the music he played to his repertoire after Mr. Reiner engaged him in the wake of last November's recital. If this is true, it is unusual, even astonishing. For his Mozart was the great C major concerto, K. 503, his Bach a kind of concerto grosso with ariosos core. The Bach was crisply fresh in the high realm of chamber music collaboration, with a good left hand to fill in for double bass. In the all but incomparable flowering of the Mozart, which is mutual enrichment for piano and orchestra, he understood and almost always communicated the felicity and the fire. In fact, it was his high spirit that lifted the rondo from the orchestra's rather limp start -- a limpness probably due to a hard week and a formidable recording bout.

If the unofficial story, that André had added the Mozart and Bach to his repertoire between November 1957 and February 1958, seemed remarkable to Claudia Cassidy, the true story was even more remarkable. What had actually happened was that André purchased the music for these concerto concerts when he returned to Chicago, and then sight read the music for the first time at the rehearsals. Reiner, upon hearing André play, said, "My boy, you really do play very well. That was the best performance I've ever heard from a

young pianist." André answered bluntly, "I'm sight reading." Reiner was not amused. The two concertos were rehearsed, memorized, and performed in concert in a period of three days. As for the cadenzas, they were improvised at the performance.

Other reviewers of this performance were not so kind. The headline for the review by Chicago American newspaper music critic, Roger Dettmer, read "Tchaikowsky Plays Mozart Like Typist." His review included, "Yesterday's problem was not how he played the piano (expertly) but where he learned his Mozart and Bach." (In a previous review, pianist Eugene Istomin had been accused of playing Beethoven like an insurance salesman.) Under the headline, "Pianist's Efforts Not Up To Reiner's," music critic Robert C. Marsh of the Chicago Sun-Times wrote, "The Mozart was given a magnificent Reiner accompaniment, but the piano part was weak. The Bach drew better playing from the soloist but lacked the precision and polish of a thoroughly rehearsed performance."

Of the February 13 and 14, 1958 concerts, in which André played the Schumann concerto, Cassidy (the only female reviewer) reported:

There was brilliance to spare in Tchaikowsky's impetuosity -- the musician's kind that matches the orchestra's -- but when it came to dreaming, you will go a long, long way to hear anything more Schumannesque than the way that piano sang in the first movement. This was one of the nights when it could be ridiculous to speak of an orchestral accompaniment. This was collaboration on a high symphonic level, with a seasoned orchestra and conductor giving a gifted newcomer not just a background but an undercurrent, an undertow, and a surging tide to ride to the crest. He rode right with them, with Reiner sagely at the helm.

Dettmer's comments on these concerts included: "Schumann was all temperament and intuition, yet puppy-dog frisky when the score said fast, puppy-dog tired when slow was indicated. Add to this a disposition never to watch the conductor, or to anticipate downbeats, and Mr. Tchaikowsky becomes a difficult young man to keep pace with." Marsh wrote: "André Tchaikowsky, piano soloist in the Schumann concerto, offered the best performance of his three with the symphony, but it was still too pallid and saccharine to impress."

A few days later, on February 15, 1958, André and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra recorded the Mozart and Bach concertos. Eventually, the Mozart was released by RCA records in 1959; almost unbelievably, the Bach wasn't released until 1980, on a special RCA recording. On February 21, 1958, André returned to New York to record for RCA Prokofiev's Piano Sonata No.7 and Szymanowski Mazurka No.3. André was paid union scale, \$165. He rejected the results and neither recording ever saw the light of day.

André continued to tour the US. In St. Louis, Missouri, Hurok contacted André directly regarding an after-concert party to be given by a famous and influential St. Louis grand dame. Hurok told André, "Miss the concert if you have to, but don't miss the party. It's very important this time." Conductor David Zinman remembers the account André gave him of the party:

"André had been invited to a party after the concert by one of the rich ladies. The concert had gone very well. He was euphoric after the concert. Someone came back stage to his dressing room and said, 'Hey, are you coming to the party?' André said, 'Sure.' This other person said André should ride with them. So he got into the car, went to the party -- a great party with all these young people there smoking pot, having a great time. The next day, André was wakened by the telephone. It was Hurok: 'I have just heard from this lady that you were not at her party, and you had promised to go.' André had gone to the wrong party. He said, 'It was worth it. Probably the other party would have been awful.'"

André became known for trying to duck the after-concert parties. He was fatigued from the concert whirl and needed rest, but there was always this obligation to perform after the concert as well. In Dallas, André acted very badly. Pianist Peter Frankl told of a new episode in the familiar story:

"André ruined his American career. He used to say, 'I showed those Americans that you can't get away with this!' André was against the kind of 'rich ladies' who were sort of leading the musical life in the US, especially in Texas. Well, in Dallas there was a lady called Mildred Foster who all the time made her appearance, contacted the artists, and made them kind of obey whatever she said. She used to be a very good friend of Rubinstein's and other pianists. I'm a rather polite person, so it wasn't so dangerous for me. She just invited me and I went, and sort of had lunch. But André made up his mind that he wasn't going to go to see her. She insisted that she is Rubinstein's friend, and so on. He finally went to her party. When André was asked to speak, he said:

'I'm not a polite speaker at dinner parties. In fact, I'm not very good at dinner parties; in fact, I hate dinner parties. I didn't want to come to this party and I'm not suitable to this party because when I get excited, I get nose bleeds in public and I feel one coming on and will have to leave soon. You really don't want me at your party. I am a communist, I eat with my fingers, I never take a bath, I'm Jewish, I pick my nose, I believe in equal rights of whites and blacks, and, finally, I'm a homosexual.'

These people objected strongly to Hurok and Rubinstein.

In April 1958, André was back in Brussels for the world premiere of his early Piano Concerto. At the end of the month, on April 25, at the Royal Festival Hall, André played the Schumann concerto with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Crossley Clitheroe and broadcast by the BBC. That was the first of many such broadcasts. André hadn't made a big impression in London yet, but this was about to change with his London debut recital on May 4.

London Recital Debut and Beyond (1958)

At the time, London was the center of the universe for devotees of classical music. It was home to six symphony orchestras, hundreds of soloists, composers, teachers, and all manner of persons dedicated in one way and another to music. There was a group of young people devoted to piano performances. They attended every concert and made comments and comparisons among themselves. Each new pianist that came to town was heard and analyzed. Although André had performed twice in London in concerto concerts, both of which went quite well, it was his first piano recital that was so highly anticipated.

The program for the May 4, 1958, recital at the Royal Festival Hall was announced:

The "Goldberg" Variations - Bach
Barcarolle - Chopin
Nocturne in C minor, Opus 48, No.1 - Chopin
Ballade No.4 in F minor - Chopin
Seventh Sonata - Prokofiev

The young enthusiasts had been advised by letters from friends, including John Browning and Arthur Rubinstein, to be sure and attend this recital. The recital went well. For encores, André played a movement from Scarlatti's Sonata in D minor, and Chopin's Ballade No.3. The *Musical Times* reviewer, Harold Rutland, had this to say about the recital:

However well Bach's Goldberg Variations are played on a piano, one cannot but be aware, most of the time, that here is music specifically designed for a harpsichord with two

keyboards. At this recital at the Festival Hall on 4 May, André Tchaikowsky, the 22-year-old Polish pianist, presented the work clearly and musically, though with sometimes too robust a tone. In a Chopin group he revealed a fine command of the keyboard as well as a good sense of tone gradations and of rubato; there were, however, one or two moments in the Barcarolle when the gondola seemed to be mechanically propelled. The recital ended with an energetic performance of Prokofiev's Seventh Sonata: a dry husk of a thing, at any rate in its opening movement.

In *Musical Survey*, music critic Ernest Chapman wrote:

Amid the unceasing flow of new young musicians of talent from abroad, two -- a pianist and a conductor [André Vandernoot -- have made a more than ordinary impression during recent weeks. A 22-year-old pianist from Poland, André Tchaikowsky, commanded respect not only for his technical accomplishments but also for an unusual and intelligently planned programme that began with Bach's Goldberg Variations, ended with a Prokofiev sonata, and placed a Chopin group in the middle.

Mr. Tchaikowsky's technique is already of the first order, although his playing, on this occasion at any rate, was cool rather than ardent in quality. His command of the pedal enabled him to produce a beautifully transparent texture throughout the programme, and his phrasing and timing were judged to a hair's breadth. These qualities produced excellent results in the Goldberg Variations, apart from a few slips of articulation in some of the fast variations and an over-heavy staccato in the fourth and eighth numbers and the final Quodlibet.

In the slow variations, particularly in No. 13, and the sublime, Tristansque No. 25, his delineation of melody was superb and the realization of the part-writing beautifully clear. But both here and in the Chopin group the young artist seemed not fully aware of the emotional overtones, or of the full richness of feeling involved. In Chopin's F minor Ballade, in particular, the gusts of grief and passion that surge through page after wonderful page were not fully realized.

The most convincing performance of the recital was that of Prokofiev's seventh Sonata, in which the player's detached style suited the strong, steely, but not distinguished music. Why do pianists always overlook Prokofiev's fifth sonata? It is a work more worthy of attention than the immature No.3, the dry No.4, or the somewhat empty later ones.

After the recital, André was approached by one of the piano enthusiasts, Peter Feuchtwanger, who introduced himself as a friend of John Browning's. André was invited to Peter's home to meet a group of pianists and other young musicians. André agreed. Peter remembers:

"André lived in Paris. He come over to London to play the Goldberg Variations in 1958. André had two introductions - a letter to me from Rubinstein and a call from John Browning -- asking if I could look after André, that he was a very great talent. So André came to my home. I had a spare room and he stayed there for quite a few months. I remember we got on because we shared our love of Scarlatti and Clara Haskil. We played piano four-hands a lot, and sight read music.

"He often played for me while he learned new pieces. He learned terribly quickly. He could hear any piece once and play it. I played for him a record of a Mozart Rondo for piano and orchestra in A-major, played by Clara Haskil. He had never heard it before, but loved it. He then sat down at my piano and played the whole work, including the orchestral tutti, just after one hearing! He had an amazing memory. André was one of those most talented people, but he never practiced because he learned so quickly, so he practiced very little. But even so it

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could be marvelous. Always full of character, full of fantasy, not always 100 percent accurate because he just didn't practice enough. He wanted to compose. He wanted to read. He didn't need to sit down and practice a lot. That's why it wasn't always as good as it could be. But at his best, he was marvelous. Occasionally before concerts he would practice, but to really practice like other people do, he just didn't. Still, André was one of the most prodigious musical talents I ever came across."

Another person André met at Peter Feuchtwanger's home was a doctor-cum-musician named Michael Riddall. Michael remembers his first impressions of André:

"I didn't really want to go to André's recital. I was very tired. You know, I was a houseman at the hospital and had been on call for six months without a break night and day. But Peter said, 'You've got to come. This is going to be something quite out of this world.' So I went, sat down, and sort of half fell asleep. André started to play, and I didn't fall asleep anymore. I had my views in those days about musical performance, I often felt that it was rather dead. But here was a sort of life, something that I was always interested in producing myself, particularly with my conducting. André had it all, and more. It made a tremendous impression on me.

"Fairly soon after that, I met André at Peter's house and Peter said, 'Bring your clarinet,' so I did. André and I played, I think, a Brahms sonata. He must have thought that I was reasonably good, although in those circumstances I don't think people like that realize how much they lift other people when they play with them. Then André said that we must play some more and then we talked about it. Peter's was a musical meeting place in those days. One was always popping in.

"Obviously, you know, we clicked personally as well. We found that we had very much the same sense of humor. I think, being as I was so deeply impressed by André's playing, everything André told me about his life generally immediately awoke my therapeutic instincts, and I suppose I was thinking that somebody ought to do something about it because he was already at the point of destroying his career. I could see that as I got to know him. I first knew it because people told me what sorts of things he did or didn't do."

André's personal life was growing more complicated. He now had two places to live: his Aunt Mala's apartment in Paris and at the home of Peter Feuchtwanger in London. Feuchtwanger, a nephew of writer Lion Feuchtwanger, was born in Munich, but lived in London. He was a pianist, composer, and teacher. Peter had a number of teachers, the most influential being the pianist he never studied with, Clara Haskil (1895-1960). In the 1960's, Feuchtwanger concentrated on teaching piano, and with tremendous success.

On May 28, 1958, the BBC broadcast a recording of André's May 4, 1958 recital. André, however, was in Madrid performing some recitals and having a small vacation, which he spent with his cousin Charles Fortier.

In early June 1958, André was not feeling well and returned to London. A visit to the hospital revealed seriously infected tonsils and danger of a blood infection. Before the tonsils could be removed, the infection would have to be cured. If the letter André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska on July 16, 1958 is correct, he was hospitalized for seven weeks:

At the moment, I'm up in the air, somewhere in between London and Brussels. Yesterday, I was discharged from a hospital in London, where for seven long weeks they were cutting out my tonsils and injecting me with streptomycin. Well, the problem is gone now, and so with it the family money, which means mine, Aunt Mala's, and Charles'. The hospitals in the West are tremendously expensive, and I'm not yet insured. So, in a word, I've ruined the family.

While hospitalized, André furthered his acquaintance with Michael Riddall who visited often. Although Michael was a practicing medical doctor, he was also developing his abilities as a clarinetist, pianist, and

conductor, and was struggling with the decision between a career in medicine or in music, feeling considerable agony in the struggle. Impressed with Michael's abilities, as well as his intellectual capacity, André decided that he could help with the career decision. From that time forward, he devoted some of his time in London to working with Michael. One positive thing about André's hospitalization was that it gave him time to finish composing his Sonata for Piano.

At Home with the Rubinsteins (1958)

André went to Brussels to see Stefan Askenase, but only for a few days because the Askenase household was filled with Stefan's relatives. André then pushed on to Paris to stay at Aunt Mala's apartment. He began visiting the Rubinsteins practically on a daily basis. As Arthur's number one protege, André was expected to "perform" in a kind of court where Rubinstein was "King" and all those around him were worshipful. André complained to a friend that, "I played the Prokofiev 7th sonata for Rubinstein six times yesterday."

A frequent visitor to Rubinstein's Paris home was the Canadian pianist Janina Fialkowska (her status was "upgraded" to Polish pianist in one of Rubinstein's books). Janina remembers the little house at 22 Square de l'Avenue Foch:

"The house that the Rubinsteins lived in is a lovely little house. Arthur bought it in 1933 for \$8,000. An English Lord had been keeping his French mistress there. After the Lord died, members of his family discovered this little house and were very embarrassed. Upon having lunch with some influential people, Rubinstein discovered that this particular family had this house that they wanted to unload in a hurry, so he went and bought it. Today [1987] it is worth well over \$1 million.

"When you come in you see a beautiful large room with a fireplace, with a big piano next to big windows overlooking the courtyard. There were photographs all over the piano of Arthur with other famous people. There were a lot of books, and a beautiful Chagall painting over the fireplace. There were couches all around the fireplace and he would sit in the chair and listen to people play. The piano was given to Rubinstein by the Israel Philharmonic. Arthur never accepted a penny when he played in Israel, so as a gift they gave him this beautiful piano. It was a Steinway that he had been allowed to choose himself.

"Rubinstein wouldn't have understood André Tchaikowsky. Rubinstein had a hard time understanding any sort of nervous, impulsive behavior. Rubinstein was a man of the last century. Things like behavioral aberrations, you didn't discuss those things, and you certainly didn't flaunt them. In his day it was kept sort of hush, hush. He didn't understand depression or anything like that, and yet, Rubinstein himself suffered from ulcers, which should have made him more understanding."

Mrs. Rubinstein didn't like André Tchaikowsky around. He seemed like a wild little animal who wasn't properly deferential to Arthur. Rubinstein had plenty of feedback from Hurok that André had misbehaved during his first tour of America. He was beginning to understand that André simply didn't care about a big career.

At one of these gatherings at the Rubinstein house in the summer of 1958, Arthur played his latest RCA recording of the Chopin Ballades. The attendant group gave generous praise to Arthur for yet another brilliant recording, except for André who stated, "I play the Ballades much better than you, Arthur." André then explained his position in detail. Arthur just laughed, but Mrs. Rubinstein had had enough. The next time André showed up at the door, he was turned away. André was no longer welcome at the Rubinstein home. Arthur, who had opened so many doors for André, gave up and left him on his own. His career was now in his own hands.

The Other Tchaikowsky

In early September of 1958, André played a recital in Paris at the Palais de Chaillot. Afterwards, a familiar face showed up in his dressing room -- his Aunt Gisele, Karl Krauthammer's sister. "André," Gisele said, "your father was in the audience and would like to see you. May I bring him here to you?" André reacted strongly. He sent her away, accusing her and Karl of not helping him when he really needed help, and now, when he'd become famous, of trying to sneak back into his favor. No, André would not see his father now or at any other time.

Soon André would have to return to the US for the 1958-1959 season and his second US tour, but first there was a tour in Scandinavia. From a letter dated September 25, 1958 André wrote to Halina Wahlmann-Janowska:

I'm in Trondheim on the Western coast of Norway, where I'll play Brahms' Piano Concerto in B major. It's real fun. You wouldn't believe how many wrong notes a man can make in one concerto, but as Stefan Askenase once said, "From time to time one has to bungle up something to let the audience know how difficult it is."

In old age, I've become something of a diplomat and it's becoming very useful. In Oslo, to a question asked by one of the journalists, "Who is your favorite composer?" I answered Bach and Grieg. Then I played an awfully botched up Beethoven's G major, which they called a success. I haven't played in Stockholm yet, but it has already been announced in Swedish newspapers that I'm very young, very talented, and that my favorite writer is Strindberg. I'm going to admire Sibelius in Finland, Wladigerowa in Bulgaria, and Josef Kanski in Poland. That's the way to make a career.

Oh, Michael! You don't know anything about Michael yet. He's a young, charming, incredibly musical musician. God knows why doctors are so musical. Michael plays the clarinet, the piano, the violin, and a little bit of French horn, but his real calling is conducting. Back in the days when he was a student at the medical academy, he organized an orchestra consisting only of doctors and students of medicine. This orchestra won the first prize in the competition for amateur music groups in England. Right now, a little bit under my influence, he's going to give up medicine and work on music exclusively. I've persuaded him to do so out of concern for the fate of the British. Ever since Michael's been working in the hospital, the death rate in England has doubled, and the average life-span has dropped by ten years. Let's hope that his playing will do less harm to humanity.

Return to the US (1958-1959)

His 1957-1958 tour in America had raised controversies and questions. Was André Tchaikowsky a genius or a madman? Was he as good as his Hurok billing and his endorsement from Rubinstein proclaimed? In terms strictly of performance on the piano, he had demonstrated with good consistency that his was a major technical talent, one to be reckoned with, and one that, assuming the developments that might be expected of a person of his age, in both interpretive insight and personal expressiveness, could become large and dominant. The uncertain and explosive temperament might change in ways to add to or detract from that development.

There were plenty of reinventions from André's first tour of America from the 1957-1958 season, plus a few new ones, and Hurok assembled another tour for the 1958-1959 season. RCA wanted more recordings as well. However, Hurok had suffered greatly from André's tricks -- late rehearsals, missed concerts, and generally insulting and erratic behavior. Hurok's "dream" concert of Tchaikowsky plays Tchaikovsky was a complete impossibility. André hated his name and any exploitation of it would be unthinkable. Also, André wouldn't play any of the Rachmaninoff concertos, or the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto, or the Grieg concerto, or any Saint-Saens concertos, or dozens of others. These were too many exclusions for an artist trying to make a career. Now, also, there seemed to be a problem of depressions and severe headaches that

were a daily part of his life, making any scheduling uncertain. To add to all the other behind-the-scenes woes, André professed an intense dislike of America. Certainly Hurok had misgivings, and was issuing warnings. Terry Harrison, André's manager later in life, can imagine what it was like for Hurok:

"André just couldn't stand the way America worked, with society ladies, the rich, and the newly rich. He was expected to be more than a pianist. He was supposed to play and have a public profile while in a town, and felt that Hurok had sold them on the fact that he had this unfortunate background. André felt he was being booked on his curiosity value rather than his music value. This coupled with the parties and socializing absolutely turned André off. This was because he felt his personal and musical integrity were being compromised. When André felt he was being compromised, he started to look for trouble.

"Hurok went to André and said, 'What in the hell are you doing?' It was at that point that André decided that he didn't care about blowing it, and continued to blow it for the rest of his American tour. That was the end and he didn't want to go back."

RCA released André's Mozart Concerto No. 25 recording, made with Fritz Reiner in the previous season. There were some delays in the release as it was intended that both the Mozart No. 25 and Bach No.5 concertos would appear on the same disc. André didn't approve of the Bach No.5, so in the end the record contained only the Mozart. Peter Frankl found "strokes of genius" in the cadenzas that André composed for the recording.

On January 26 to 28, 1959, André was in New York to record some Mozart sonatas for RCA. For the three days of recordings, he was paid \$388. André approved the recordings and the RCA disc was later released. André then had to dash to Denver, where, on February 2, he played three piano concertos in a single concert. Reviewer Emmy Brady Rogers wrote:

The February 2 program was given over to André Tchaikowsky and piano concertos by the three B's. The young artist, whose virtuosity had created a sensation last season, had set himself a herculean task. Crystalline purity characterized his crisp, brisk playing of Bach's Concerto No.5 in F major, a treatment that he likewise applied to the allegro passages of Beethoven's G major concerto. His playing also could sing poetically when not marred by rhythmic inconsistencies. This lack of discipline also produced some nervous moments in the Brahms B-flat major Concerto, although [conductor] Mr. Caston never failed to hold the performances together skillfully.

André returned to New York for more RCA recordings on March 10 to 12, 1959. This time, it was a Chopin group, and he was paid \$236 for the recording sessions. Again, André approved the recording and a record was released.

In March 1959, André was in Chicago for a concerto concert with the Chicago Symphony orchestra. On March 19, 20, and 24, he played the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No.2. A summary of the reviews:

Chicago Daily Tribune (Claudia Cassidy) - André Tchaikowsky, the young Polish pianist whose debut with the Chicago Symphony orchestra last season lit a fuse of highly inflammable virtuosity, returned Thursday night to play a stunning performance of Prokofiev's Second Concerto under Fritz Reiner's clairvoyant direction. Mr. Tchaikowsky, who has grown taller and stronger, came charging out on stage as if he could hardly wait to get started. Once at the piano he was instantly fully at ease, as born pianists are, knowing they have come home. This 24-year-old, whose age means nothing but plenty of time, the gods willing, is altogether extraordinary. He has technique to burn, a big, commanding style. He has imagination, the inner ear to listen, the outgoing nature to share. His tone is full, rich, and sensitive, his way with a phrase intuitive, because such things are not learned in schools. In this entire concerto,

The Other Tchaikowsky

which is full of booby traps for the dullard, he made no sound that was not the right sound, the sound the ear instinctively expected. It was, as played and saluted, a superb performance.

Chicago American (Roger Dettmer) - The young Polish pianist, André Tchaikowsky, was back at the piano for Prokofiev's G minor concerto, Opus 16, and gave, if nothing more, because nothing more can be given the piece, a superlative digital performance. The writing is almost viciously difficult, but the boy knocked it off with assurance, stylistic dash and physical power. He got a hand-in-glove accompaniment which further impressed, but the piece is so empty of ingrained conviction that one expected sawdust to pour from the piano at the end.

Chicago Sun-Times (Robert C. Marsh) - If Horowitz had been the soloist Thursday, the results might have been spectacular, but instead it was André Tchaikowsky, a 24-year-old who has the technique but not the personal force and bravura to get the most out of such music. However, this was the best of his Chicago performances to date, and what he lacks today he may have tomorrow. He is still a growing artist.

After touring the West, André returned to Chicago for a final piano recital in which he included his own Sonata for Piano.

Sonata for Piano (1958)

In 1958, while vacationing in Madrid with his cousin Charles Fortier, André began to compose a piano sonata. Charles remembers the event:

"We were in a Madrid hotel, where I was having a vacation with my family and André. I decided that we should all go to a bull fight together, but André hated that idea. So everyone else went to the bull fight and André stayed behind at the hotel. Well, he was composing a piano sonata and had finished the first movement, or something. He decided that Rubinstein should hear it. The hotel had a piano, so André could play it over the telephone for him. André telephoned Australia, and tracked down Rubinstein who was there on tour. Then André played the piano over the telephone so Rubinstein could make comments. The cost was enormous, which André put on my hotel bill!"

André told friends that while he was practicing on the hotel piano, located in the ballroom, people started to come in and listen. Then he switched from Bach to his newly composed Sonata for Piano, and everyone filed out until the ballroom was once again empty.

André was reluctant to play his own works in concert, yet wanted to test the reactions to his compositions on an audience and the music critics. His ingenious solution was to include the sonata on a recital program, but attribute it to an unknown composer, Uyu Dal. The recital was in Chicago on April 19, 1959, and the program included:

Prelude and fugue in C sharp minor, No.1 - Bach
Sonata (1958) World Premiere - Uyu Dal
Sonata, Opus 109 - Beethoven
Ballade, No.3, Opus 47 - Chopin
Mephisto Waltz - Liszt
Prelude and fugue in F sharp major - Bach

The reviewers had this to say about the Dal:

Chicago American (Roger Dettmer) - [André Tchaikowsky gave] the world premiere of a sonata (1958) by Uyu Dal. The latter carpenter would seem to be a countryman of Mr. Tchaikowsky whose name, for want of a glossary or further program identification, could be pronounced "Oooooh-you-doll." Or it could not. No matter, since it's altogether likely -- on the basis of

Sunday's musical evidence -- that Mr. Dal will never again be heard in Chicago. That's the kind of piece Sonata (1958) is.

The first movement (Non troppo presto) opens in a diatonic-dissonant vocabulary, like any of 200 other contemporary piano works you've heard in this idiom. There is a glint of lyricism in the second movement (Largo) but Mr. Dal has overdecorated his basic materials to such a degree that expressivity died aborning. The finale (piano e veloce, which was, as played Sunday, veloce but not piano) is a latter-day relative of Chopin's finale to the B-flat minor Sonata.

There are semi- (or should I say pseudo-) atonal passages of needless difficulty, and pages of busy, busy writing that are not, however, very actionful musically and only at moments moving.

Musical Courier (R.L.) - A new Sonata by Uyu Dal was performed with enthusiasm and understanding: it deserves another hearing by Chicago audiences.

Chicago Daily News (Don Henahan) - An intriguing oddity of the program was a Sonata (1958) by Uyu Dal, identified only as a contemporary Polish composer. Rumor has it that Uyu Dal and Tchaikowsky are the same, and since the pianist will say only that he "found the score" somewhere, rumor may be right. The sonata, in support of this, was youthful in sound, with occasional "shocking" explosions but hardly a fully developed idea throughout.

Chicago Daily Tribune (Seymore Raven) - A modern work on the program was a just completed Sonata (world premiere) by Uyu Dal. The feeling persisted that Dal is Mr. Tchaikowsky's pseudonym. A companion feeling was that in composing this music, Dal was very much inspired by Prokofiev but much more gentle in temperament despite the very brilliant pianistic idiom that darted in and out of the terse, quicksilver scoring.

André never played the Sonata again, and there have been no additional public performances. The Polish/American pianist John Zielinski gave a sight-reading performance of the Sonata in May, 1989, for the monthly meeting of the Northwest Composers' Alliance, in Seattle, Washington. The score is dated, "May/June 1958. Madrid - London." The original manuscript is in the Josef Weinberger Archives.

Farewell to the US

Following André's recital in Chicago, he returned to New York to record Scarlatti for RCA records on April 21, 1959. André rejected the session for which he had been paid \$97. The Chicago recital was his last of the season. With the 1958-1959 concert season over, Hurok had had enough. He dropped André as an artist. And André refused to accept any further concert dates in the US with any other promoter.

RCA gave up on making any future recordings since they felt that their recording artists would only be successful if they toured the US. Rubinstein, who would be your friend if you were the best at something, was no longer saying good things about André Tchaikowsky. The word was out: André Tchaikowsky was an excellent musician, but impossible to work with. With many other pianists available, André was no longer a hot property. Except for two concerto concerts in the 1970s, for conductor friends Lawrence Foster (Houston, Texas, 1975) and David Zinman (Rochester, New York, 1978), André never performed again in America.

Worldwide Touring (1959)

It is one thing to dash around the US and quite another to dash all over the globe. For the remainder of André's life, he made his living by travelling the world. At this time, he still considered Paris his home base; however, he was increasingly drawn to England. He loved the English, and he now had friends in London, including his old pal from Poland, Fou Ts'ong. Also in London were familiar faces from his competition days:

Tamas Vasary and Peter Frankl. André was always looking for a place where he could belong, where he could really and truly have a home. He was stateless and travelled without a passport. Everywhere he went, he had to obtain and fill out forms. This situation aggravated his sense of homelessness and of not belonging.

Returning to London in the Fall of 1959, André again stayed at the home of Peter Feuchtwanger. He called Michael Riddall, who was still struggling with his decision between a career in medicine or music. André told him to choose music. Michael Riddall:

"To put it at its simplest level, André said to me, 'You study music and I'll back you up.' First of all I felt, 'Well, O.K., if he really thinks I'm that good, perhaps I am, and I can find out.' Perhaps it was also an excuse to get out of this dreadful 10-year tenure that I saw ahead of me to become a surgeon; also, I would have an interesting life and meet interesting people. I felt that I could at least be a stabilizing influence and help André to be a bit more sensible. He listened to me and we got on well.

"As I said, I can't remember at what point, but as I got to know him, and as I began to see what was happening, I saw that what was necessary, very simply, was somebody who was willing to sit down and answer letters on his behalf because he never answered letters. I felt that that alone could make all the difference. To write back and say that he would come and play, or that he couldn't, it's as simple as that. He had his agents, but not somebody who would know when a letter had been actually written to him personally and what the arrangements were."

Michael Riddall became André's first personal secretary, something André badly needed as his personal correspondence and financial affairs were in chaos.

Sonata for Clarinet and Piano (1959) - Opus 1

André wrote the Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, Opus I, for Michael Riddall. In this composition the clarinet portion gives the appearance of being more difficult than it really is. The first performance of the clarinet sonata was given by Gervase de Peyer, clarinet, and André Tchaikowsky, piano, on July 4, 1966, for a BBC broadcast. Both the publishing of the Sonata and the BBC performance were at the urging of de Peyer. Judy Arnold remembers:

"Gervase pushed André to submit his Sonata for Clarinet and Piano to the BBC for broadcast. In the end, it was Gervase who submitted it, and when it was accepted, André ran away and said he didn't want to do it, that he couldn't play the piano part. Gervase insisted, and it was all right in the end, but only after a terrible hoo-ha."

A tape was made of the broadcast and de Peyer sent it to music publishers, Josef Weinberger, Limited, urging them to publish the work. They agreed and, in late 1969, it became André's first published composition. Weinberger remained André's publisher for all of his works, except for the "Inventions," Opus 2, which was published by Novello, but later assigned to Weinberger.

Niall O'Loughlin, the *Musical Times* music critic for newly published woodwind scores, described the work in March, 1970:

A Sonata for Clarinet and Piano by the pianist André Tchaikowsky will come as a surprise to many people. It is an unassuming, but well written work of only moderate difficulty. Most of the musical interest is melodic, with some debt to Bartok. There is no piano bravura, but carefully imagined and sustained contrapuntal thinking.

Another review for newly published scores in *Musical Opinion* in March, 1970:

André Tchaikowsky's Opus 1 is now ten years old, but it carries its age very well. It is in one movement, dominated by a single theme which, at first, looks serially-based, but is not. It is presented in changing patterns, both rhythmic and melodic, and is thoroughly developed in both instruments. Performers should find it mutually rewarding.

Subsequent performances of the Sonata for Clarinet and Piano include a second BBC performance with Janet Hilton, clarinet, and Peter Frankl, piano, on June 17, 1973. The first live public performance didn't occur until October 27, 1985 when it was presented at Wigmore Hall as part of the Josef Weinberger Centenary Concert Series, with pianist Julian Jacobson and clarinetist Anthony Lamb. Gervase de Peyer played it on January 14, 1987, at Merkin Hall in New York City, with pianist Carol Archer, and in London, on February 12, 1987, with pianist Gwenneth Pryor.

A musical description of the work is provided by Josef Weinberger:

A quiet, meditative opening explores the upper and lower reaches of both instruments' range: this is the first subject. The second subject is a brisk and rhythmical theme announced first by the clarinet, then taken up by the piano. A subsidiary theme follows a short cadenza and proceeds to develop the phraseology of the second theme, with anacrusic semi-quavers and wide intervallic movement. With the return of the broad and expansive first subject the development section commences; however, the accompaniment now highlights the melody by shifting from lively static octave embellishment to flurries of movement. The clarinet eventually joins the piano in a frenetic exchange over pedal points on A flat, and C sharp (the enharmonic tonic, though the work is not in any particular key). The recapitulation is fairly free in construction and includes a short solo section for the piano which ruminates on the first subject. The sonata closes with the clarinet becoming less apparent amidst the piano's singing melodies and ringing chords.

Worldwide Touring Continues (1960)

André's world touring for what could be considered the last year of his formal concert career included England and South America. Concerts were now arranged by his London manager, Wilfrid Van Wyck. The concert dates were few and there was a lot of travelling for the relatively few concerts. But André, who placed so little importance on income (although he was a willing spender when it came to gifts) and on fame, welcomed the prospect of more time for composing.

The London concerts included a recital on February 22, 1960, at Wigmore Hall, where André played all Chopin. The recital was reviewed by *Music and Musicians*:

Impeccable but Personal

The 150th anniversary of the birth of Chopin was celebrated at the Wigmore Hall on February 22 with a recital by the composer's compatriot, 24-year-old Polish pianist, André Tchaikovsky. [In England, André's surname was frequently spelled in this manner.] He devoted the first half to major works, the Polonaise-Fantaisie in A Flat and the Four Ballades, while the second half was made up of shorter items: the Nocturne in E Flat, Opus 55, No.2, three Mazurkas, and ten Preludes from Opus 28.

As a technician, Tchaikovsky is richly endowed, and his performances were well-nigh impeccable in every instance. As an interpreter, however, he gives less cause for satisfaction. He does not give the impression of feeling the music very deeply, and appears to be striving after individual effect rather than to convey the composer's meaning.

Of the same recital, a reviewer for *Musical Opinion* wrote:

The Other Tchaikovsky

The young Polish pianist André Tchaikovsky gave a Chopin recital at Wigmore Hall in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth. He is a technician of the first order and an artist of some stature, though nothing in the course of the evening justified the superlatives lavished on him by Arthur Rubinstein, as quoted on the handbill. To give the four Ballades consecutively is a stunt beloved of Chopin specialists, but it is ill-advised, for they are substantially similar in style and structure and the effect of one tends to nullify that of another.

In Tchaikovsky's favour, it can be said that he never indulged in back-breaking rubata; on the contrary, he inclined towards rhythmic rigidity, but he has a strong sense of shape and each work was presented with scrupulous phrasing and an exemplary clarity arising from sensible, unforced tempi. The Nocturne in E flat, Opus 55, No.2, was marked by well-controlled cantilena and poetic insight, and three Mazurkas were given with apposite delicacy and rhythmic lilt, yet here and in the Polonaise-Fantaisie -- indeed, throughout the programme -- there was a certain lack of personal conviction, and, because of this Tchaikovsky's thoughtful, conscientious readings, failed to make any vivid impression. Ten preludes gave further evidence of superior pianism so there is good reason to hope that when this gifted player matures he will become an authoritative exponent of his compatriot.

On March 3, 1960, André was to play a concerto concert in Bergen, Norway, arranged by his London manager, Wilfrid van Wyck. André allowed van Wyck to include concertos on his repertoire list that he hadn't yet learned. If someone asked for one of these concertos, André would then learn it. This was the case for the Norway concert. Van Wyck had scheduled the Ravel G major Concerto and André didn't even own the music. What happened is told best by conductor David Zinman:

"Someone from Van Wyck called André in a panic and said, 'André, you know that in two weeks you're going to Bergen, Norway, to play the Ravel G major piano concerto.' André said, 'This was one of the concertos in my repertoire that I haven't got around to learning, but I've got two weeks. I'll learn it.' He had heard it and liked it. So he went to town and bought the score. The next morning, he came down after having his breakfast, went to the piano, and opened the score. Just then, the telephone rang. It was some friend of his coming to town, so immediately they went out and had lunch together and partied for a couple of days.

"Somehow, without his knowing it, about a week had gone by, but he still had a week left, naturally. So he opened the score again, and the telephone rang again. It was his manager, or somebody, and André had to go and replace somebody up in the provinces, so he went and did a concert there. He came back and now he had about two days left.

"Then some other friend of his arrived. So it was now the day before the concert and he still hasn't learned it at all. So he had a problem. André figured that instead of flying, he'd leave that day by train, and since he's fantastic at learning by study, and has a fantastic mind, he would learn the score just by looking at it, and then play it from memory. Of course, when he got to Bergen, he would practice it, but he would learn it on the train just by looking at it.

"So he took the train and they went across the English Channel and got on another train. André opened his brief case to get the score out and realized he left it at home on the piano. So there he was, arriving in Bergen, Norway, to play music he didn't have, and for which, in fact, he had never even seen the score.

"André was met at the train station by the conductor and secretary of the Bergen orchestra. They're going to drive him to the hotel. So he gets in the car, absolutely not knowing what to do. The conductor of the orchestra says to him, 'Mr. Tchaikovsky, there's a small problem. You are playing the Ravel concerto, and as you know there's a very important harp part. Our

harp player is sick from food poisoning. Would you consent to doing the concerto without the harp player?'

"André says, 'Under no circumstances would I permit myself to do such a thing.' So the conductor says, 'What are we going to do?' André replies, 'We'll have to play another concerto, that's all.' 'It's the last second. Which concerto can we do?' says the conductor. André says, and this is clever of André, 'I think we should play a Mozart concerto.'

"This was at the beginning of André's career. He didn't have that many Mozart concertos in his repertoire. The conductor asked which one he would like to play? André answers, 'I don't know, because I play all of them.' The conductor said that they would go to their library and get out all the Mozart piano concertos they had there. So they go immediately to the library and get out all the scores.

"André goes to the piano in the artists' room and plays each one a bit: No, this is too early.' 'This is a lovely one, but I don't think it's right.' Finally he comes to No. 25, K.503, the only concerto he knows, and says, 'Let's play this one.' Then, of course, he plays it completely from memory the next day, no problem, without practicing. The orchestra is in ecstasy and the critics who found out about this, just think it's the greatest thing.

"After the concert, they decided to throw a wonderful party for André with wine and beer. André was a very bad drinker, couldn't hold his liquor at all, and would get topsy-turvy. Everyone was making toasts to the great André Tchaikowsky and this fantastic feat that he had done. So, finally, André stood up and said, 'I have a toast, and a confession. The toast is to all of you for being such wonderful hosts and hostesses, and to this marvelous orchestra, and your talented conductor. The confession: I don't know and have never played a note of the Ravel G major concerto; the only Mozart concerto I know is No. 25; and I was the one who poisoned the harpist.' Then he sat down, and there was this unbelievable silence."

On April 25, 1960, André played the Rachmaninoff "Rhapsody on a theme by Paganini" at the Royal Festival Hall with the London Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.

Two Songs after Poems by William Blake (1960)

The composition, Two Songs after Poems By William Blake, was composed between March and May, 1960. The scoring was for soprano and five other instruments: oboe, flute, violin, cello, and harpsichord. The poems selected were The Lamb (from William Blake's Songs of Innocence) and The Tyger (from William Blake's Songs of Experience). It is not known who André had in mind for this composition and there was no dedicatee. It was André's first writing for voice, preceding his other song cycles, the Seven Sonnets of Shakespeare (1967) and the songs of Ariel (1969). The work has never been performed and the original manuscript is in the Josef Weinberger archives.

Scholars pretty much agree that the poems "The Lamb" and "The Tyger" represent two contrary states of the human soul, with respect to creation. It appears that Blake believed that a person had to pass through an innocent state of being, like that of the lamb, and also absorb the contrasting conditions of experience, like those of the tiger, in order to reach a higher level of consciousness.

The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,

The Other Tchaikowsky

Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

South America (1960)

The summer of 1960 was spent in South America where André played in Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, and Argentina. While in Brazil, he was able to see his Great-Aunt, Renata Swieca. Renata had married Michael Swieca, who owned and operated the family cosmetics business in Warsaw before the second world war.

Chapter 5 - A Career of Sorts (1957-1960)

André also met his cousin, Jorge André Swieca (or Andrzej, as he was known to the family). Jorge was a brilliant professor of theoretical physics at the University of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and an author. (In 1981, Andrzej Swieca died an untimely death at the age of 45.) The South American tour was a success, and resulted in many reinventions from cities in Venezuela, Brazil, Chile and Argentina for the rest of André's life.

When André returned to Paris, he found there had been a drastic drop in concert engagements; in fact, the number was too few to make a living. His career -- which had started with such promise only three years before -- was in ruins. Rubinstein was now against him. He had made problems for conductors and the word had gotten around to others. He hadn't become sufficiently well-known to be in any kind of demand, and his RCA record sales stopped after only a few releases. It was a career that had taken off with a roar, but had primarily due to André's bad behavior -- crash-landed.

Andre
TCHAIKOWSKY
RCA VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDING ARTIST



LM 2145 — Debut Recital, Andre Tchaikowsky, Pianist
Gaspard De La Nuit — Ravel
Visions Fugitives, Opus 22 — Prokofieff

May be purchased at your favorite RCA VICTOR RECORD dealer

RCA VICTOR DISTRIBUTING CORP.
5050 S. KEDZIE AVENUE, CHICAGO 32, ILLINOIS



Courtesy of David Poile

An RCA (USA) promotion for André's recording debut (c. 1957)

André's first recording for RCA was released to coincide with his tour of the USA. This advertisement appeared in most music programs where André was soloist or recitalist. An RCA executive pointed out that records sell only when the artist is in front of the public.

HEAR

André

TCHAIKOVSKY

011



DEBUT RECITAL

Ravel
GASPARD DE LA NUIT
Ondine; Le gibet; Scarbo

Prokofiev
VISIONS FUGITIVES, OP.22

RB-16046

This is the first record by André Tchaikovsky to be released in this country by RCA. Details of his future recordings will be published in the RCA supplements as soon as they are available



RCA RECORDS 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD LONDON SW9

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

The RCA (UK) promotion for André's recording debut (v. 1957)

André's recording for RCA was released in the United Kingdom with a different album number. Although the album used the correct spelling of André's name, this advertisement, for some unexplained reason, chose to use the incorrect "Tchaikovsky." This album release coincided with André's London debut.

One Hundred Sixteenth Season

New York Philharmonic

THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, INC.

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS }
LEONARD BERNSTEIN } *Principal Conductors*

5695th Concert

Sunday Afternoon, October 13, 1957, at 3:00 *Carnegie Hall*

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, Conductor

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY, *Pianist*

VIVALDI *Concerto in G minor*
 Allegro
 Largo non molto
 Allegro

*VAUGHAN WILLIAMS *Symphony No. 4, F minor*
 Performed in honor of the composer's 85th birthday.
 Allegro
 Andante moderato
 Allegro molto
 Allegro molto

INTERMISSION

PROKOFIEFF *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 3,*
 C major, Opus 26
 Andante—Allegro
 Theme—Andantino
 Allegro ma non troppo

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY

TCHAIKOVSKY *Marche Slav, Opus 31*

* Recorded by the Philharmonic-Symphony *Mr. Tchaikowsky plays the Steinway Piano*

Managing Director, Bruno Zirato Assistant, George E. Judd, Jr.
The Steinway is the official piano of the Society Columbia Records

Courtesy of Anna Baumritter

Program for André's USA concerto debut (c. 1957)

Originally, André was to play another work at the first concert of the 1957-1958 New York Philharmonic orchestra season, but a musician's strike cancelled the concert. The strike was quickly settled and the music started a few days later, this being one of the first concerts of the season.

One Hundred Sixteenth Season

New York Philharmonic

THE PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, INC.

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS }
LEONARD BERNSTEIN } *Principal Conductors*

5716th and 5717th Concerts

Thursday Evening, November 21, 1957, at 8:45
Friday Afternoon, November 22, 1957, at 2:30 *Carnegie Hall*

ANDRE CLUYTENS, Conductor

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY, *Pianist*

DUTILLEUX *Symphony*
Passacaglia
Scherzo molto vivace
Intermezzo: Lento
Finale, con variazioni

DURUFLÉ *Andante and Scherzo, Opus 8*
(First Performances in New York)

INTERMISSION

CHOPIN *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2, F minor*
Allegro
Larghetto
Rondo

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY

***STRAUSS** *Tone Poem, "Don Juan," Opus 20*

Mr. Tchaikowsky plays the Steinway Piano

* Recorded by the New York Philharmonic

Managing Director, Bruno Zirato Assistant, George E. Judd, Jr.
The Steinway is the official piano of the Society Columbia Records

Courtesy of Anna Baumritter

André's second program with the New York Philharmonic (c. 1957)

Between his first appearance with the New York Philharmonic orchestra in October 1957 and the second in November 1957, André had toured the southern United States. At one concert, which didn't allow blacks into the hall, André apologized for the necessity of using both the white and black keys on the piano.

The brilliant
Polish pianist
**André
Tchaikowsky**

Some few artists in a generation stir the imagination not only of their audiences but of the entire musical world. Such an artist is Andre Tchaikowsky, the 21-year-old Polish Pianist, whose first performances in Western Europe have brought a tumult of praise and excitement from the critics and from eminent musicians like Artur Rubinstein.



Program

- Aria and 30 Variations
(Goldberg Variations).....J. S. Bach
- Ballade in F Minor, Op. 52 }
Nocturne in C Minor, Op. 48 }Chopin
- Three Etudes }
A Flat Major, Op. 10 }
A Minor, Op. 25 }
C Major, Op.10 }
- Sonata No. 7, Op. 83.....Prokofieff

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

*"I think ANDRE
TCHAIKOWSKY is one
of the finest pianists
of his generation —
he is even better than
that — he is a
wonderful musician!"*

Artur Rubinstein

ORCHESTRA HALL
SUNDAY AFT., NOVEMBER 24

Tickets:
\$1.75 - \$2.50 - \$3.30 - \$4.40
at Box Office

Courtesy of David Poile

Announcement for André's Chicago debut recital (c. 1957)

The Allied Arts Corporation selected André as their second soloist of the season. André boldly opened his recital with the Goldberg Variations. Sarah Zelzer, wife of Allied Arts Corporation director, Harry Zelzer, invited André to dinner and found him to be "a fine pianist and a nice young man."



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André on tour finds world's largest keyboard (c. 1957)

André's main form of exercise and relaxation was swimming. At this unidentified swimming pool, he seems to have discovered a rather large keyboard. Probably some pool guest took the photo and then sent it on to André. In Florida, André went swimming in a pond that had alligators in it.

NEW ERA CONCERT SOCIETY Ltd.

President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF VERULAM, M.A., J.P.

Music Director: RICHARD AUSTIN

PRO ARTE ORCHESTRA

Leader: ANTHONY ENGLISH

Conductor:

LUIS HERRERA DE LA FUENTE

Soloist:

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY

Programme

Symphony No. 2 in D major	-	-	-	<i>Beethoven</i>
Piano Concerto No. 2 in G minor	-	-	-	<i>Prokofiev</i>
<hr/>				
Symphony No. 1 in F minor	-	-		<i>Shostakovitch</i>

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program for André's first concert in London (c. 1958)

This January 29, 1958 London concert was André's first appearance in England. The reviews were excellent and André began to be noticed by the London audiences. The Prokofiev Piano Concerto No.2 was seldom played at the time. Within a few months, André would return to London for his debut recital.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
FRITZ REINER, *Conductor*

SEVENTH PROGRAM

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 11, 1958, AT 2:00

ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY, *Soloist*

OVERTURE TO "BEATRICE AND BENEDICT" BERLIOZ
CONCERTO FOR PIANO, C Major (K. 503) MOZART
ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.
ANDANTE.
FINALE: ALLEGRETTO.

INTERMISSION

CONCERTO No. 5, F Minor (S. 1056) BACH
ALLEGRO MODERATO.
LARGO.
PRESTO.
(First performance at these concerts)

SYMPHONY No. 3, F Major, Opus 93 BEETHOVEN
ALLEGRO VIVACE E CON BRIO.
ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO.
TEMPO DI MINUETTO.
ALLEGRO VIVACE.

The Piano is a STEINWAY

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra uses the BALDWIN Piano

Patrons are not admitted during the playing of a composition. Considerate persons will not leave while the orchestra is playing. Ladies will please remove large hats. The performance of the last movement of the final composition on this program will require about eight minutes.

Courtesy of David Poile

André's first concerto concert with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (c. 1958)

This and two other concerto concerts were scheduled for performances by pianist Clara Haskil. When Haskil became ill, André agreed to play the same concertos. André bought the music and showed up at rehearsal to sight read both the Mozart and Bach. He memorized both in a few days.

à John Browning

CONCERTO

POUR PIANO ET ORCHESTRE

A. CZAJKOWSKI

(Fl.) FLAUTO I
(Fl. pic.) FLAUTO II (piccolo)
(Ob.) OBOI I - II
(Cl.) CLARINETTO I in B
(Cl. b.) CLARINETTO II in B (CLAR. BASSO)
(Fg.) FAGOTTO I
(Cf.) FAGOTTO II (CONTRAFAGOTTO)
(Tr.) 2 TRAMBE in C
(Cl.) 4 CORNI in F
(Tb.) 1 Tuba

BATTERIA :

- (Xl) Xylophone
- (Tp) TIMPANI
- (Nl.) WORD-BLASH
- (Tg) TRIANGOLO
- (Tm) TAMBURINO
- (Tmb I) TAMBURO I (con corde)
- (Tmb II) " II (senza corde)
- (Pl.) PIATTI
- (Tnt) TANTAM
- (G.C.) GRAN CAISSA

ARCHI : Vn I
 Vn II
 Vc
 Cb.

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SOCIÉTÉ PHILHARMONIQUE DE BRUXELLES A.S.B.L.
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BRUXELLES, BELGIQUE

TOUTS DROITS D'ÉCÉUTION
ET DE RÉPRODUCTION
RÉSERVÉS POUR TOUTS PAYS

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto (1956-1957)

André promised to write Browning a piano concerto. The first performance was given in April 1958 with the Belgium National Orchestra, conducted by André Vandernoot. André was the piano soloist. Browning showed little interest in the concerto.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL PRESENTS

André Tchaikowsky

in a piano recital

The 'Goldberg' Variations	<i>Bach</i>
Barcarolle	<i>Chopin</i>
Nocturne in C minor, Op. 48, No. 1	<i>Chopin</i>
Ballade No. 4 in F minor	<i>Chopin</i>
Seventh Sonata	<i>Prokofieff</i>

SUNDAY, 4 MAY 1958, at 3 p.m.

The right is reserved to make alterations in the programme if necessary

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

- (i) The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit doors and such doors must at that time be open.
- (ii) All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction, whether permanent or temporary.
- (iii) 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.

SMOKING IS NOT PERMITTED IN THE AUDITORIUM

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
General Manager : T. E. Bean, C.B.E.

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from André's debut recital in London (c. 1958)

This recital, given May 4, 1958 in London, turned out to be a pivotal event in André's life. The recital went well, but more importantly, André met a group of piano enthusiasts after the concert who convinced him to move from Paris to London.



Courtesy of Renata Swieca-Rosenberg

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1958)

André was starting to lose his hair at 23 years of age. He sent this photograph to his Aunt Renata in Brazil. The inscription is: "To exotic and dear Renata and Andrzej [her son] - Can't wait, Andrzej II." Renata was married to Michael Swieca, who had operated the family cosmetics business in Warsaw before the war.

S. HUROK presents for **1958-59**

MARIAN ANDERSON
JAN PEERCE
VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
PATRICE MUNSEL
ISAAC STERN
WILLIAM STEINBERG
ANDRES SÉGOVIA
MATTIWILDA DOBBS
CESARE VALLETTI
ALFRED WALLENSTEIN

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
FRITZ REINER
LEONARD WARREN
ROBERTA PETERS
NATHAN MILSTEIN
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY
BLANCHE THEBOM
BORIS CHRISTOFF
JEROME HINES
CARLO MARIA GIULINI

PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ and GENIA NEMENOFF

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
HENRYK SZERYNG

MARIA TIPO
DANIEL BARENBOIM

PILAR LORENGAR

FIRST TIME IN THE UNITED STATES

THE BOLSHOI BALLET
from Moscow

ARAM KHACHATURIAN
World Famous Soviet Composer-Conductor

MOISEYEV FOLK BALLET
from Moscow - Company of 106

ERIC HEIDSIECK
The Brilliant French Pianist

IGOR BESRODNI
The Distinguished Soviet Violinist

SOLOISTS OF THE WARSAW BALLET
From Poland - Company of 20

VLADIMIR ASHKNAZI
The Extraordinary Soviet Pianist

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

MADELEINE RENAUD-JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT COMPANY
from Paris

THE OLD VIC COMPANY
from London

MELACHRINO and His 50-Piece Orchestra
Featuring The Melachrino Strings

THE CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
FRITZ REINER, Conducting

EMLYN WILLIAMS as "A BOY GROWING UP"
An Entertainment from the Stories of Dylan Thomas

THE VIENNA CHOIR BOYS
The World's Most Beloved Choir

ROBERTO IGLESIAS SPANISH BALLET
from Madrid - Company of 40

The current Hurok season has seen the introduction to the U.S. of the Polish pianist ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY and the record-breaking tour of THE BLACK WATCH. Forthcoming events of this season include the American debut of the Soviet violinist LEONID KOGAN, the return of the Soviet pianist EMIL GILELS and the first performances in North America of the MOISEYEV FOLK BALLET OF THE U. S. S. R. and of INBAL, THE NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE OF ISRAEL.

These great artists are available to all series and all organized associations

• WATCH FOR IMPORTANT FUTURE ANNOUNCEMENTS •

Courtesy of David Poile

Hurok artist announcement for 1958-1959 season

For the 1958-1959 roster of Hurok artists, André was listed with some good company. To be a Hurok artist was recognition of having reached an artistic pinnacle. Since André had no sense of career, he didn't play the games expected of him and this became his last season with Hurok.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
* FRITZ REINER, CONDUCTOR
WALTER HENDL, ASSOCIATE CONDUCTOR

TWENTY-SECOND PROGRAM

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1959, AT 8:15
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, 1959, AT 2:00

ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY, *Soloist*

oVERTURE, "THE ROMAN CARNIVAL," Opus 9 BERLIOZ
"PRELUDE TO THE AFTERNOON OF A FAUN" DEBUSSY
CONCERTO FOR PIANO, No. 2, G Minor, Opus 16 PROKOFIEFF
ANDANTINO.
SCHERZO: VIVACE.
INTERMEZZO: ALLEGRO MODERATO.
FINALE: ALLEGRO TEMPESTOSO.

INTERMISSION

SYMPHONY No. 6, Opus 53 SHOSTAKOVICH
LARGO.
ALLEGRO.
PRESTO.

The Piano is a STEINWAY

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra uses the BALDWIN Piano

Patrons are not admitted during the playing of a composition. Considerate persons will not leave while the orchestra is playing. Ladies will please remove large hats. The performance of the last movement of the final composition on this program will require about seven minutes.

Courtesy of David Poile

Program from concerto concert in Chicago (c. 1959)

André played the Prokofiev Concerto No.2 three times within four days. The previous time the concerto had been played in Chicago was with Prokofiev himself at the keyboard in 1929. Most reviewers liked André's performance, but didn't think much of the music.

Sunday Aft., April 19 at 3:30 ORCHESTRA HALL

Andre
TCHAIKOWSKY
Celebrated Polish Pianist



PROGRAM

Prelude and fugue in C sharp minor, No. 1	Bach
Sonata (1958) World Premiere	Uyu Dal
Sonata, Opus 109	Beethoven
Ballade, No. 3, Opus 47	Chopin
Mephisto Waltz	Liszt
Prelude and fugue in F sharp major, No. 1	Bach

Tickets: \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 at Box Office

Courtesy of David Poile

André's last Chicago recital (c. 1959)

This April 1959 recital was one of the last he played in the USA. Included was his own piano sonata, attributed to Uyu Dal. The reception of the sonata had mixed reviews from the critics. Most critics liked the programs as being interesting and different.

Andrzej Czajkowski:
Sonata
pour Piano à 2 mains

I
Non troppo presto.

Paxton No. 148 (Wide Ruling) 12 Staves

Courtesy of Josef Weinberger

First page of the Sonata (1958) by André Tchaikowsky

André wrote his Sonata (1958) in May/June 1958 in Madrid and London. After finishing the first movement in Madrid, he called Rubinstein to play it for him, who was in Australia at the time. The first performance was given in Chicago in April, 1959 but the composer was identified as Uyu Dal (Ooooo-you-doll).

2

to Michael Riddall

Sonata

Lento, ma non troppo for Clarinet and Piano Op. 1 ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY

Clarinet in A

Piano

poco

10

sempre legato

© Copyright 1969 by JOSEF WEINBERGER LTD.

Courtesy of Josef Weinberger

Sonata for Clarinet and Piano - André's Opus 1 (c. 1959)

André badly needed a personal secretary to handle his correspondence and business affairs. When Michael Riddall stepped forward to assume this task, André wrote and dedicated to him this Sonata for Clarinet and Piano. Michael was both a medical doctor and a competent clarinetist.

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
GENERAL MANAGER: T. E. BEAN, C.B.E.

PHILHARMONIA CONCERT SOCIETY LTD

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR:
WALTER LEGGE

PHILHARMONIA
ORCHESTRA

LEADER: HUGH BEAN

CARLO MARIA GIULINI
ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY

VERDI: Overture, I Vespri Siciliani
DVOŘÁK: Symphony No. 4 in G

Interval

RACHMANINOV: Rhapsody on a theme by Paganini
FALLA: Suite, The Three-Cornered Hat

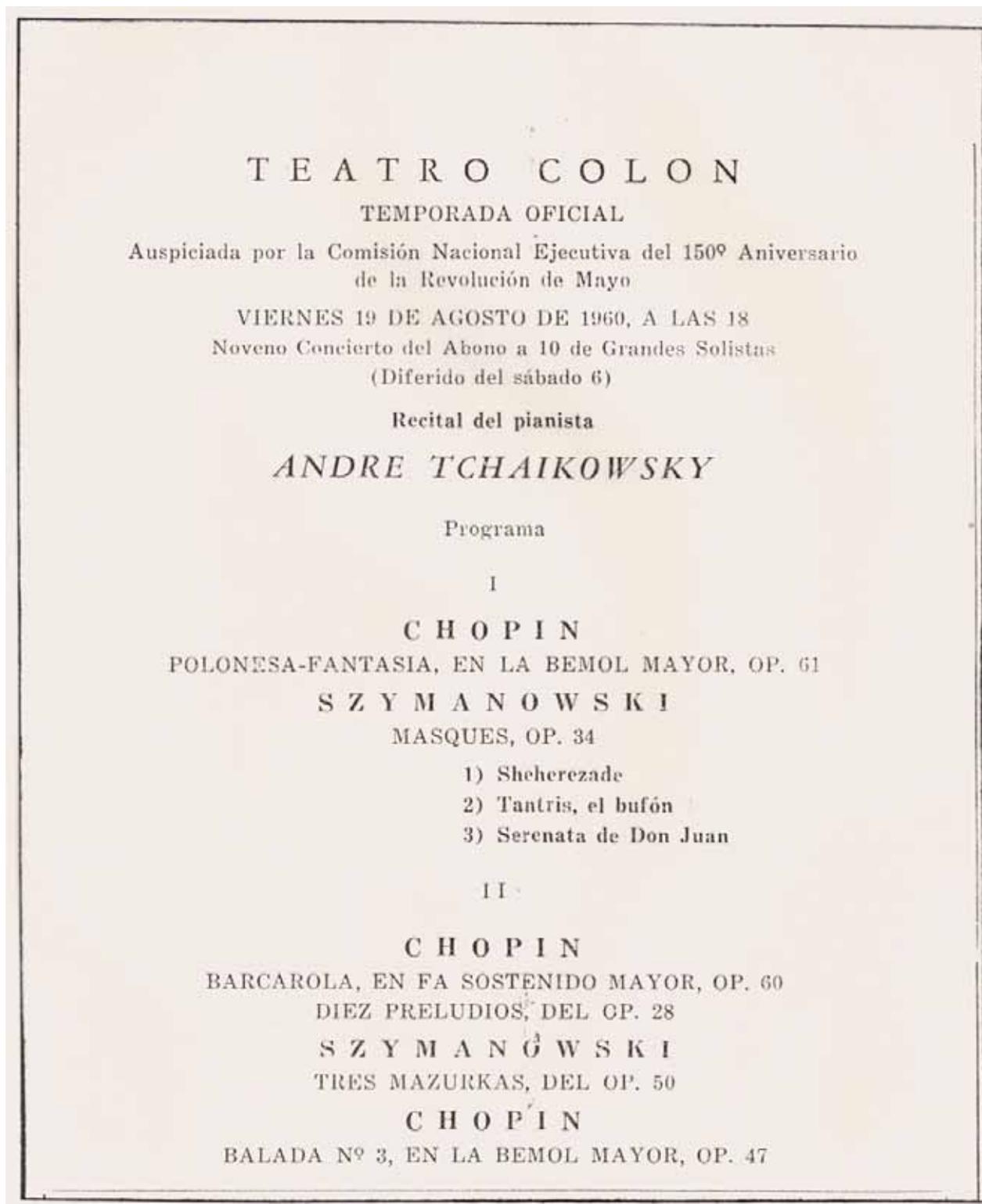
Monday, 25th April, at 8 p.m.

Programme One Shilling

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from April 25, 1960, concerto concert in London

This was one of the first times André played the Rhapsody on a theme by Paganini, by Rachmaninoff. André liked working with Giulini and agreed with many of his comments. Later at the Prom concerts, André played this work a number of times. He was especially attracted to it because he liked the variations format.



Courtesy of Dr. Christopher J. Boreyko, M.D.

Program from South American Tour (c. 1960)

André made many successful tours of South America. On his 1960 tour, he visited Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, and Argentina. On this August 19, 1960 program, he played all Polish composers, in recognition of the Poles in Argentina who had fled Poland during the war. André's playing was remembered as "extraordinary."

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Beatrice Harthan

André Tchaikowsky (c. 1960)

Promotional photograph used in the 1960s. The inscription reads, "To dear Wendy, with affection and fatherly feelings, André T." Wendy -- Beatrice Harthan -- was an older woman who knew many musicians. Through her contacts, André was able to expand his circle of friends.

Chapter 6 - Homeless in London (1960-1966)

By the summer of 1960, the career launched with such great auspiciousness had changed drastically. It was fragmented and uncertain. Future possibilities in America had ended. Just about everyone whose backing and cooperation were essential had been alienated by André's off-stage behavior. Also, André had formed a dislike approaching mania for the grueling schedules and the social aspects of performing that went along with a big career. During the short span in which André can be considered as having a genuine career as a pianist, the three concert seasons from 1957 to 1960, he played over 500 performances. A simple calculation shows that, on the average, he played a concerto concert or gave a recital every other day for three seasons. This is an almost impossible work load for any musician, one that is bound to take its toll in quality of performance, attitude, and state of health. The machine-like demand for performing every second day absolutely precluded serious thoughts of composing, leaving him frustrated and dissatisfied. He retreated, needing the rest and the healing of a more casual life and the company of friends. A reduced career would provide more time for composing, and more and more he felt that composing was the real imperative in his career and in his life.

In October 1960, André moved semi-permanently to London, a city which he had become very attached to and which he found more congenial to a career divided between performing and composing. To understand André in London, why he found it restorative to his growing need to integrate composing with performance, it is necessary to know something of the people and the atmosphere that made up the music world at the time. The English people whom he counted as friends seemed to accept him more readily than did acquaintances in Paris and made no professional demands on him, though their other demands on his time soon became a problem. London seemed quieter and more relaxed than Paris. He took a small bed-sitting room at 5, Fulham Park Garden, London, 5W6. Other occupants of the house included musicians Michael Riddall and Robert Cornford. The kitchen area and bathroom were shared by the residents. Fulham Park Garden was near the Parsons Green underground stop, a few blocks from Putney Bridge. Nearby was Hurlingham Park where André could take long leisurely walks.

André certainly had more time to compose, but his income was seriously depleted. His London agent, Wilfrid van Wyck had ceased to promote concerts for André, and what concerts he played dropped into his lap by chance, rather than as a result of active promotion. Van Wyck didn't understand that it was impossible to have a business relationship with André. In André's world, you were his friend or you were nothing. He did business through his friends. Van Wyck didn't want to be friends; he wanted a professional relationship. André and Van Wyck never resolved this conflict and to the end of their association, neither one had any idea of what the other was about.

With André now in the same house, Michael Riddall, acting as his personal secretary, started the task of unraveling the mess of André's unanswered correspondence and straightening out some unhappy situations in which André had acted less than professionally. André invited Michael to travel with him to concerts to get an idea of the situations that always seemed to lie waiting to turn André's ineptitude with people into disaster. Michael Riddall remembers these times:

"I travelled around with André for a while. I thought that I could at least start off by seeing what happened and how he behaved and perhaps stop him from being rude to people. He had problems with people, with managers, and with society ladies that you have to be nice to after a concert. It's the old Armenian proverb, 'He who speaks the truth should have his horse at the door and his foot in the stirrup.' That was André. He saw peoples' weaknesses and he was too impatient not to use them for his immediate advantage, even to his long term great disadvantage, just to establish some point or another. I used to try and temper it. I used

to try and point out to him that if he behaved like this, he wasn't going to get more concerts. Even though he didn't care about concerts, in order to compose he had to have money, and that meant concerts. I used to tell him this over and over and over again. It had some effect, but never a permanent one."

Also, it was becoming apparent that there was more to André's problem than self control; the deeper problems evident but left unresolved in the past could no longer be ignored. In this regard, Michael Riddall was responsible for introducing André to two people who became of paramount importance to his well being. In addition to being André's personal secretary, Michael was also the personal secretary for a remarkable man who operated a home for troubled youth: Finchden Manor. The man was George A. Lyward and he described Finchden Manor as follows:

"Finchden Manor is not a school but a community of between 40 to 50 boys and young men whose ages range from 15 to about 23. They are of good or above average intelligence and have been sent by hospitals and local authorities or by parents acting on psychiatric advice. They are introduced to a special kind of group life which weans them from emotional infantilism."

Michael Burn had written an influential book titled "Mr. Lyward's Answer." The book was a guide to an unorthodox treatment for violent and troubled young men. Although the approach was not generally accepted, results were impressive. Michael Riddall knew of Lyward's book and when his parents, by chance, moved practically next door to Finchden Manor in Tenterden, Kent, Michael decided to visit Finchden and to meet Mr. Lyward. Michael Riddall:

"I was impressed with Mr. Lyward and wanted to do something that would give me some experience of the place. I even toyed with the idea of joining the staff. It just so happened Lyward had lost his secretary, so I went down three or four days a week and basically just slugged away at the typewriter and followed Mr. Lyward around, and did whatever he wanted, just to help out."

On one of Michael's visits to Finchden Manor, André went with him. It was a turning point in André's life. He soon felt that he had met someone who could actually help him with what he knew were psychological problems that thwarted his career and kept him in constant agony over personal relationships. André also met the Finchden staff, including a man involved in theatrical events at the Manor, John O'Brien. John O'Brien remembers his initial introduction to George Lyward and to Finchden:

"Lyward appeared in a dressing gown (he had been unwell for several weeks, suffering from a back injury), walked straight up to me, put both his hands around mine and looked at me, or rather looked into me. It was the most extraordinary experience. I felt as if I was being seen through, known. There were no defenses. It was not frightening, it was enormously reassuring. I am sure he would have done very much the same with André. He had an extraordinary way of making initial contact -- so direct, so straight in the face: a challenge of a sort but not a threat.

"After that 'entranced' handshake, conversation was extraordinarily easy because he gave his absolute attention. He made you feel you were the most important person in his world at that time. He had an extraordinary ability to concentrate his attention. Whatever intuition really means -- it is a suspect term at the best of times, though one Lyward frequently used -- he was reading all manner of signs very, very fast indeed. Later I saw him tell people a great deal about themselves before they had had a chance to open their mouths. He conveyed an overwhelming sense that you counted, not as you ought to be nor as you would be but just as you were."

André started to visit Finchden often where he talked with Lyward for hours. Lyward would guide him toward solutions to his problems, and André invariably felt better after a visit. Many thought André was just supporting Finchden Manor because he sympathized with the treatment of troubled boys. Actually André was a kind of Finchden Manor outpatient; he was just as troubled as the regular residents.

The second person Michael introduced André to was a psychologist named Graham Howe. Dr. Howe taught a course for other psychoanalysts called "The Open Way," and had written a book of the same name. At Michael's urging, Dr. Howe became André's psychoanalyst. Michael Riddall recognized, through his medical training, that André needed professional help, and was able to convince him that such help would really work. After André met Lyward, he began to believe Michael was right. Another reason he believed in this advice was that Michael himself was under analysis with Dr. Howe.

What would have happened at this point if André had not received some professional help with his problems? Michael Riddall:

"I don't think André would have lived much after the early 1960s, quite honestly. He was so wild. I think he would have become a drug addict; he would have killed himself that way. He was tremendously dependent on pills, in spite of not wishing to be, and in spite of the fact that he never drank at all.

"Howe once said to me that when he had been in a session with André -- he used to give him double sessions because he couldn't cope with him in an hour, so he'd give him two hours -- that when he came out, he felt as if he had been to the bottom of the sea. My brother, who is a lawyer, when he heard that André was getting psychoanalyzed said, 'My God, it must be like trying to unscramble eggs!'"

John O'Brien concurred about the impending outcome if André had not been able to spend time with George Lyward during that period. John O'Brien:

"Whatever 'nervous breakdown' may mean, André in the early 1960s was responding or reacting to the demands of his professional and private life in ways that were less than satisfactory. If André had not met Lyward, or someone like him at that time, his life would, I believe, have fallen apart. There were times, I suspect, when he felt drawn to suicide. His moods changed dramatically and quickly, and I suspect he cultivated some moods as a kind of performance. I can still picture him surrounded by those bottles of pills. One must not forget the loneliness of his life. In those early years, he could not reconcile the conflicting demands made on a public performer anymore than he could reconcile such a way of life with the kind of life he dreamed for himself. His adolescence was long drawn out. For all his wonderful friends in various parts of the world, a very large part of his life was alone. Add up the hours spent, anonymous, in airplanes and hotel rooms, preparing for concerts, facing audiences he dreaded -- that is a kind of loneliness."

Although it seemed more and more to be a hopeless dream, André sometimes still imagined the possibility of marriage with Halina Wahlmann-Janowska. He was greatly concerned when Halina became ill with kidney disease, and suggested that she come to England for medical treatment. However, the illness passed and there was no meeting.

André's career went on at its greatly reduced pace. On February 9, 1961, he played a Mozart concerto at the Royal Festival Hall in London, with the London Mozart Players conducted by Harry Blech. The review in *Music and Musicians* read:

André Tchaikovsky provided outstanding playing in the Haydn-Mozart Society's concert at the Festival Hall on February 9. In Mozart's Piano Concerto in C, K.467, his playing was radiant and pure, and his understanding of the role as well as the notes of the piano part

allowed him to place the piano perfectly in relation to the orchestral collaboration. This was a feature of his performance from his first entry, unobtrusive but perfectly in keeping with the more retiring character of the part Mozart gives the piano to play in this movement. It is in the slow movement that the spotlight narrows down on to the piano, and here Tchaikovsky's lyrical phrasing and intense musicality were outstanding.

In March 1961, André moved from 5, Fulham Park Garden, London SW6, to 25 Clarendon Gardens, London W9, close to Paddington railway station. Leaving Fulham Park Garden may have been beneficial because there were suspicions that André was resorting to illegal drugs that he obtained from someone living in the house.

Octet

The move to Clarendon Gardens gave André better surroundings in which to compose. For the period March to August 1961, he composed a single work, an Octet. It was dedicated to Anny Askenase, Stefan Askenase's wife. The eight instruments are clarinet, french horn, bassoon, two violins, viola, 'cello, and bass. André did nothing to promote a performance of his Octet. He wrote the work, presented a copy to Anny Askenase, and that was the end of it. A few years later when André and clarinetist Gervase de Peyer became friends, André suggested that the Melos Ensemble might be interested in the Octet, and André gave Gervase a copy. Gervase was a founding member of the Melos group and it seemed there might be the possibility of a performance. Gervase de Peyer:

"I remember another significant work by André. This is an Octet, written for the Melos Ensemble in the middle sixties, I think, and never played. André wrote this following a suggestion from myself and it never proved possible to interest the rest of the Ensemble in the piece or to find an opportunity to perform it. This is just another example of the waste that pervades the world of music. Everyone is always under enormous pressure, either to find work or to get through it, and the pages of musical history are full of examples such as this, where composers' pieces have laid unperformed and frequently have been lost. This may be the case with the Octet, since I certainly do not have it here with me in New York. It must therefore be amongst piles of music currently stored in a furniture repository, with many of my things, in Southern England. Obviously, it is important to try and find this piece, as I remember being extremely interested in it, since I was already acquainted with André's Clarinet Sonata. The problem of finding the time and opportunity for eight musicians to actually sit down together and read a new piece was unfortunately insurmountable, and now we are faced with the distinct possibility of the work being lost."

Gervase incorrectly believed the Octet was written for the Melos. The work was completed before André and Gervase ever met; however, it was something the Melos could have played had the situation been more favorable. In any case, the original score is in the Weinberger Tchaikowsky archives in London, and has never been performed.

London Circle of Friends (1961-1962)

By the middle of 1961, André was becoming more established in London and enjoyed the company of many young musicians. He began to settle into a "family" of friends, all of whom were involved with music and all of whom affected André's personal life as well as his career. In many respects, at least among the pianists, André was the star of the group, having already toured the US twice, and having played concerts in many other places as well. André's most important tour of 1961 took him to the Far East, starting in the Fall. This tour had an important consequence for André: he met the Arnolds in Hong Kong.

Judy and Michael Arnold owned a dress factory in Hong Kong and divided their time between Hong Kong and London. In December 1961, they attended a recital in Hong Kong at which André Tchaikowsky was the soloist. Judy Arnold:

"In 1961, André went on a tour of the Far East. At that time my husband and I were living in Hong Kong and we met André at the house of a wealthy patron of the arts, a Chinese gentleman named Dr. P. P. Chu. He gave luncheon parties for artists after their concerts, and we were invited and André was invited. We met and became friendly.

"André was in a terrible mess. One always hoped that the mess would somehow improve through the years. To a certain extent, it did. But André didn't know whether he lived in England or in France. He didn't know anything. He was obsessed by not being British, of not having a passport."

The review of André's Hong Kong performance, published by the Morning Post included: "He gave a performance which was quite overwhelming -- a brilliant display which is likely to stand unchallenged in Hong Kong for some time." In attendance at the same Hong Kong concert in December 1961 was violinist Sylvia Rosenberg. Sylvia Rosenberg remembers:

"I met André for the first time in 1961. I was with a pianist friend, Seymore Bernstein, on a seven-month tour of the Far East and Southeast Asia for the State Department. We were in Hong Kong for about three weeks and went to two concerts, one of which was given by André Tchaikowsky. I went to hear André play -- I had heard of his name -- and he played on a dreadful upright piano because something was wrong with the regular piano. He played fabulously. It was really outstanding playing. My friend Seymore and I went backstage to talk to him. A few days later there was a lunch party and André was at that lunch. Judy Arnold at that time was living in Hong Kong. She and André went off sightseeing.

Judy Arnold suggested that André stop in and see them in their London home upon their return to England. Not much more was said. André continued his tour, returning to London in early 1962.

André's closest friend in London after Michael Riddall was pianist Fou Ts'ong. Ts'ong had married Zamira Menuhin, the daughter of Yehudi Menuhin. André found Zamira to be delightful and the three of them attended concerts and plays, and enjoyed each other's company. Fou Ts'ong remembers this time:

"Our friendship lasted until he died. We knew each other for so many years, but I found that a little dose of André was O.K., but too much of it was exhausting. He was depressive when we were both living in London. I spent quite a lot of time with him, going on long walks or having tea or long talks at home. He used to have terrible migraines and I would try to calm him down.

"It was exhausting to be with André. I am usually very enthusiastic and full of convictions. But the truth is, he found my enthusiasm and convictions annoying. He admired them, but at the same time couldn't stand them. He usually had to make some killing remark. Once I remember I told him I had discovered some Scarlatti and wanted to play it for him. So I played and praised it and André said, 'It sounds to me like piano tuning.'"

About this time, André met a wealthy patron of the arts who had purchased a large home, divided it into a dozen bed-sitting rooms, moved a Steinway grand piano into each room, and allowed pianists to stay there at little or no cost. This pianists' hostel, located in the Finchley area of North London, was the creation of an amateur pianist and wealthy lawyer, Charles Napper. Charles and his wife Lydia were both great supporters of the arts and of artists. However, André did not qualify to live at the Finchley hostel for two reasons. The hostel was dedicated to the support of unknown pianists so they might develop a career on the concert stage, and secondly, the pianists at the hostel had to be associated with the pianist and teacher, Ilona Kabos.

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Someone who did qualify to live at Charles Napper's artists' hostel was pianist Norma Fisher. Norma remembers the scene:

"Charles Napper was a very wealthy solicitor who was also very interested in music. The Finchley house came about through his friendship with Ilona Kabos whose pupils were constantly struggling to find places to live and pianos to practice on. It was located at 25 Dollis Avenue. It was later bought by Emanuel Hurwitz, the violinist. So the house is still full of music.

"Each room became a bed-sitting room, beautifully furnished, carpeted, just the lap of luxury. Each room had a magnificent Steinway grand piano. There was a housekeeper who called us to meals. It was like living in a five-star hotel with all the facilities for practicing and for making music, alone and together. It was absolutely fantastic."

The entire house was dedicated to musicians. Two rooms that were too small for pianos were given to a flutist, and the very top attic room was occupied by a Hungarian violinist, Gyorgy Pauk.

Although André was not allowed to live at the Finchley hostel, he did become good friends with Charles and Lydia Napper and their two children, Thomas and Susie. Soon André was visiting the Napper estate Hill House, on Millfield Lane, Highgate. Millfield Lane is in one of the most exclusive residential areas in London overlooking the Highgate Ponds section of the Hampstead Heath park, and facing directly towards Parliament Hill, one of the highest points in London. André loved to walk through the park with its oak and chestnut trees and ungrazed meadows.

André was very good with the Napper children. Susie Napper remembers André's visits:

"My parents' house was the venue for many soirees, with food in abundance prepared by my mother, and music provided by many young recitalists. One of my warmest memories of André was at one of these events. I was probably eleven or twelve and had just discovered Freud. André found me reading in the corner and we spent a good part of the evening together discussing the ego and id. He spent a lot of time at our house and was the only musician who treated me, a child, as a normal human being. We often talked about changing modes in musical interpretation and composition, and he seemed delighted to hear what I had to say, and I was delighted to find an adult who had retained the open spirit of a child. He was also the only musician who took a genuine interest in my mother. He, my mother and I once devoured a chocolate cake in the early hours of the morning like naughty children, a characteristic André event!"

Also living in London, and a member of the circle of young musicians was pianist Tamas Vasary. Tamas was one of three Hungarian musicians, the others being pianist Peter Frankl and violinist Gyorgy Pauk, who became friends with André.

Peter Feuchtwanger introduced André to Beatrice Harthan, an older woman who was active in the arts as a part-time manager of the Amadeus String Quartet, and, who, for many years, turned pages for the pianist, Hephzibah Menuhin. Hephzibah was a sister of violinist Yehudi Menuhin (and Fou Ts'ong's wife's aunt). Beatrice, or Wendy as she was known to her friends, was a beautiful, intense, bright, and strong-willed woman. She reminded André of his grandmother Celina. Beatrice shared an apartment with Angela Marris, who is mentioned in the Menuhin family memoirs as Yehudi's most dedicated listener. Reportedly, Angela attended nearly 1,000 Yehudi Menuhin concerts and recitals.

On February 22, 1962, André played a recital in aid of Finchden Manor Trust. George Lyward was always in financial need and André was happy to donate his time so Finchden could receive a bit of income. Unhappily, André was almost constantly in financial need himself, but asked nothing for concerts given to help friends and causes. The recital, given at Wigmore Hall in London, included:

Fantasy in C minor, K.475 - Mozart
Sonata in C minor, K.457 - Mozart
Adagio in B minor, K.540 - Mozart
Minuet in D major, K.355 - Mozart
Gigue in G major, K.574 - Mozart
Twenty-four Preludes, Opus 28 - Chopin

The Daily Telegraph (D.A.W.M.) reported of André's performance:

André Tchaikovsky, the virtuoso Polish-born pianist, gave a recital at Wigmore Hall last night in aid of the Finchden Manor Trust. Two large-scale works practically filled his programme. The Mozart Fantasy in C minor, K.475, played in conjunction with the sonata in the same key (K.457), as the composer intended they should be played, form one of the greatest and most heart searching of creations in music. Mr. Tchaikovsky played with vision and sincerity, using a rich palette of tonal colour and penetrating the mature genius's depth of feeling. Often Chopin's 24 Preludes are hurried through with too little thought given to the mood of each piece. This player was careful to group these lovely tone poems and give each an emotional life of its own.

In late March 1962, André left London for concerts in Sweden. Since Sweden is close to Poland, he asked Halina Wahlmann-Janowska to come to Stockholm to see him. They had not seen each other for nearly six years. André had first suggested meeting in Stockholm in an October 1961 letter. Halina agreed that it was possible and, although lacking money, she would try to get to Sweden. On December 4, 1961, André wrote to Halina:

I've got so much to tell you and so little time that I shall confine myself to what is most important. Bravo, encore, and hooray for your magnificent project of getting together in Stockholm. It can be done, but we'll have to think it over and organize the meeting to maximize the enjoyment of seeing each other. There are still difficulties. It is not a question of money, which I'll steal if necessary. I'm thousands in debt. It's my psychoanalysis that costs so much. Since getting your letter, I have been economizing and shall continue through the Winter. In any case, you'll come and Stockholm is a place where you can really enjoy yourself, even if it comes to eating bread and milk alone. So let's not worry about that.

Most troublesome is finding the time. To be honest with you, I'm a little bit afraid of seeing you during my Swedish tour. We'll be talking and walking all night long, playing bridge, and playing the piano, quarrelling and apologizing tenderly, going mad with happiness, and in the meantime, I'll be playing like an asshole.

Don't tell me that we are older, wiser, and more mature. Perhaps you are, but I'm not. I know that when I see you, I will lose my head. Is there a way around it? For these reasons it would be best if you came at the beginning of April, towards the end of my tour, hear the last few concerts and stay with me to the end of the month and through Easter.

I'm sorry my little kisser, for such a boring and down-to-earth letter. Believe me, I'm really looking forward to this meeting. When you come we'll be able to talk about Galczynski [Polish poet] again. It's rubbish when you say I don't love you. I love you very much. And you're only sulking because of that "very." But let's leave that to Stockholm.

The more André thought about the meeting in Stockholm, the more upset he became. There would be expectations from him; he would have to be a cordial host even when he didn't feel like it. He began to resent what he came to think of as Halina intruding into his life. It was fine to write letters, but a visit would

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interfere, take his time, sap his energy. In March 1962, André wrote to Halina, but the rationale of his letter was calculated to mask his real reason for avoiding the meeting:

This is my saddest and last letter. Even though you asked me to write back immediately, I couldn't bring myself to do it for a whole week. And even now I'm only writing with the greatest of efforts. My Love, we can't meet in Stockholm in spring. At no time and at no place can we ever meet again. The pain I'm inflicting on you is nothing compared with the terrible injustice I've been inflicting on you for the past seven years. I've only become aware now after your last letter. The most experienced sadist couldn't have harmed you more. For years I've been undermining your sense of reality for no other reason perhaps but to destroy your life, not giving you anything in return. I've been taking away or poisoning everything you've got.

Before I got your letter, and in spite of your silence, I have been in fact getting everything ready for your coming, especially on the financial side. I thought that the thing between us was settled and there was no good reason to write, upsetting Janusz. After the letter I found it so difficult to give it up, that in spite of everything I still wanted to get you to come around, but I don't want it any more because I've come to understand a lot of things. I've come to understand the unreality of our whole situation.

Janusz, for all that he is, is real. Basia is real. And me? One shouldn't play with one's imagination because when it hurts it really hurts. Only the pain is real between us. And the profound friendship. You say that Janusz is lifeless and cold. But just wait to see what he's like when it turns out we don't write to each other anymore. What man could be tender to his wife in a situation like this? Temporary lapses can be forgiven, but not something that's been dragging on for years. You say that he's not interested in women. I know of a woman that he was so interested in that he wanted to give her one of his own kidneys.

Be well Halinka. The friendship between us has always been real and so warm and mutual that it was almost, but not quite, able to take the place of love. Such a friend like I have in you is very difficult to find in this world, and as a friend I shall always remember you. But you should forget about me as soon as possible.

André did not write to Halina again for four years.

While in Stockholm in April 1962, André again met violinist Sylvia Rosenberg. André and Sylvia hit it off immediately and agreed to get together at the home of Judy and Michael Arnold, as the Arnolds were about to return from Hong Kong.

On April 3, 1962, André wrote to Beatrice Harthan:

I have just had nine concerts in two weeks and feel rather tired, particularly after having sat up all night over E. M. Forster's, "The Longest Journey," unable to put it down. Oh, read it by all means if you haven't yet. It's far from perfect, but overwhelmingly moving.

Expanding Repertoire (1962)

Upon his return to London, André performed a benefit recital for the Polio Research Fund on May 12, 1962, which included:

Group of Sonatas - Scarlatti
Alborado del Grazioso - Ravel
Three Visions Fugitives - Prokofiev
Sonata No.3 - Prokofiev

About five per cent of all the concerts André ever played were unpaid. He was very generous with his time and talents when he sympathized with a cause. On the other hand, he turned down paid performances that he thought were unworthy. He was particularly averse to playing at the homes of the wealthy, whatever pay was offered.

A few days later, on May 20, 1962, André played his favorite concerto, Beethoven's G major, in London with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bernard Herrmann.

In July 1962 he was in Buenos Aires, where he played an all-Chopin program at the Teatro Colon. During this visit, he wrote a letter to Beatrice Harthan:

Of all the good and kind things you have done for me, the best has been Rilke. The letters are magnificent, pure, inspired, and inspiring, and they have proved of immense help. Altogether, it has been a personal revelation, not just a literary one. He has a lot in common with Mr. Lyward, the one man who has helped me most. Most people will reduce every issue to a size with which they can deal quickly, smugly, and efficiently; Rilke enlarges it until the whole world can flow in. Of all the living people I've known only Mr. Lyward has a similar gift. With him you can experience life as one great thing, not as a cut-up mosaic of aspects and problems. I am now impatient to learn German and discover his poetry. He will be one of the few poets who have acted on me personally; one of these, for instance, is Whitman. I cannot thank you enough for having made me discover him, and I will read these letters many times more.

Be well and happy, André

In the early Fall of 1962, André returned to London and to financial woes. A good deal of his South American tour money, which he collected personally, was spent buying a grand piano for someone he had met along the way. Van Wyck hadn't found much work for André for the remainder of 1962. There was a recital on September 27, 1962 for the Colchester Music Club, where André played what is considered to be a very difficult program:

Sonata in E-flat Major, No. 49 - Haydn
Etudes Symphoniques, Opus 13 - Schumann
Twelve Ländler, Opus 171 - Schubert
Three Movements from Petrouchka (1911) - Stravinsky

The program was repeated for the Wanstead, Woodford and District Music Society, on October 7, 1962.

With insufficient funds to pay his rent for his London apartment, André said he packed up and moved back to Aunt Mala's apartment at 38, rue des Martyrs, Paris. But in truth, he moved in with a London friend to be undisturbed as he worked on a new composition.

"Inventions" for Piano (1961-1962) - Opus 2

André was in the throes of composition in late December, 1962. A clue to all his activities surfaced in a letter to Beatrice Harthan, on December 19, 1962:

It seems to me that our relationship has reached an almost awesomely spiritual level! This is not all a bad thing in itself, provided you know that I do not forget you and think of you with the same old affection. It's not just to wish you Happy Christmas that I send you this note. It's first and foremost to invite you to a very private hearing of my recently completed "Inventions" to be played by myself at Charles Napper's on January 22 [1963]. It's absolutely top secret, as only my most intimate friends are invited, so please don't breathe a word to anyone and don't bring anyone along when you come. If my friends are pleased with the music, then they and I can show them to anyone we like. There will only be ten people there

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in all. It is quite a problem to get these ten to come, and an almost worse one to keep others out! Please make quite sure you can come.

The surprise André had for Beatrice Harthan and nine other friends on January 22, 1963 was a performance of his piano suite "The Inventions." The ten Inventions were musical cameos, one for each of ten friends. Between the time of the original manuscript (1961-1962) and the published manuscript (1975), there were some changes in the dedications:

<u>Invention</u>	<u>Original Dedication</u>	<u>Published Dedication</u>
Invention 1	To Peter Feuchtwanger	To Peter Feuchtwanger
Invention 2	To Fou Ts'ong and Zamira Fou	To Fou Ts'ong
Invention 3	To Ilona Kabos	To Ilona Kabos
Invention 4	To Robert Cornford	To Robert Cornford
Invention 5A	To Charles and Lydia Napper	[deleted in published version]
Invention 5B	[not part of original score]	To Patrick Crommelynck
Invention 6	To Stefan and Anny Askenase	To Stefan Askenase
Invention 7	To Tamas Vasary	To Tamas Vasary
Invention 8	To Sheldon and Alicia Rich	To Sheldon and Alicia Rich
Invention 9	To Wendy - or Beatrice? - Harthan	To Wendy - or Beatrice? - Harthan
Invention 10	To Michael Riddall	To Michael Riddall

Invention 1 - To Peter Feuchtwanger

Peter Feuchtwanger was born in Munich, but his first musical and artistic education was in Israel. In 1951, Peter came to England and studied composition with Douglas Mews at Trinity College, where he also studied piano, percussion, and conducting. In 1954, he enrolled at the Zurich Conservatorium where he studied piano with Max Egger and composition with Paul Mueller. Peter returned to London in 1956 to study composition with Lennox Berkeley. In 1959, Peter composed "Study No.1 in the Eastern Idiom," Opus 3, which was dedicated to André Tchaikowsky. Subsequently, André performed the work during a South American tour. Although Feuchtwanger started on a career as a concert pianist, he decided quite early to concentrate on composition and teaching. In the latter category, he is particularly well-known. Martha Argerich: "Peter Feuchtwanger has great experience as a teacher and to play for him has always been a great experience, his advice being extremely helpful, never arbitrary and of an incredibly high standard."

Peter was André's first friend in England and was instrumental in convincing André to move his home base from Paris to London. This Invention is written in a dreamy style.

Invention 2 - To Fou Ts'ong

Fou Ts'ong was born in Shanghai in 1934. From an early age, he showed a great love for music. His talent was very much encouraged by his father, a highly cultured man who studied literature in Europe for many years. As a child, Fou Ts'ong studied with the Italian pianist and conductor, Mario Pad, a pupil of Sgambatti, who in turn was a pupil of Franz Liszt. Fou Ts'ong's first concert was in Shanghai in 1953, where he played Beethoven's first piano concerto. At a Bucharest piano competition in 1953, he won third prize. In 1954, he

studied at the Warsaw Conservatory in Poland under Zbigniew Drzewicki, and in 1955, won third prize at the Chopin Competition. In 1958, Fou Ts'ong settled in England and became a British citizen. His repertoire covers a wide-range of composers from Scarlatti to the classical, romantic, impressionistic, and modern music.

André Tchaikowsky was a friend of Fou Ts'ong and his wife Zamira. Ts'ong's marriage ended in divorce, and Zamira was dropped as a dedicatee when the Inventions were published. The right hand in this invention represents Zamira -- quiet and thoughtful -- while the left hand represents Ts'ong -- loud and abrupt.

Invention 3 - To Ilona Kabos

British pianist Ilona Kabos was born in Budapest in 1893 and died in London in 1973. At the Liszt Academy in Budapest, she studied with Arpad Szendy (one of Liszt's last pupils), with Leo Weiner and with Kodaly. She won the Liszt Prize in 1915. She made her debut in Budapest in 1916, toured Holland, Germany and Austria in 1918, and from 1924 travelled extensively, giving first performances of works by Bartok, Kodaly, Weiner, Dallapiccola, Roy Harris, Chavez, and Seiber. For a time she was married to the Hungarian pianist Louis Kentner, and made a home in London. Her sense of style, refinement of taste and liveliness of mind in a wide artistic sphere made her one of the most esteemed teachers in the postwar decades -- among her pupils were Peter Frankl, John Ogdon, Norma Fisher, and Joseph Kalichstein. She gave master classes in the USA and in Europe, and made regular visits to Dartington Summer School.

André Tchaikowsky knew Ilona Kabos from his association with Charles Napper (Invention No. 5A). Napper, an amateur pianist, was instructed by Ilona Kabos. He established a musicians' hostel in Finchley (North London) for Ilona's students. Her student Norma Fisher became a champion of André's music.

Invention 4 - To Robert Cornford

Robert Cornford was born in Brazil of English parents in 1940. He spent his early childhood years there, but went to England to complete his normal education. He was admitted to the Royal College of Music where he studied composition with Bernard Stevens and Peter Racine Fricker, conducting with Richard Austin, and organ with George Thalben-Ball and Harold Darke. In 1960, he began his first professional work with engagements at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art as musical director. In 1964, he assisted Benjamin Britten in the English Opera Group production of *Curlew River*. Cornford's compositions included television incidental music, film scores, and classical music, including "Variations for Piano" (1974), a composition commissioned by André Tchaikowsky and first performed in Australia by André in 1975. For many years, Cornford lived in Europe, particularly Denmark, where he was active in music arranging and conducting. Cornford died on July 17, 1983, at the age of 43.

Cornford and André lived in the same house for a time. Sadly, Robert was a heavy drinker and destroyed himself through overwork and worry about financial and artistic concerns. It was one of the few situations where a friend of André's was in worse shape than André himself. This Invention is a high-speed Toccata.

Invention 5A - To Charles and Lydia Napper

Charles Napper was born in London in 1910. His childhood ambition was to be a pianist, but his father dissuaded him and he apprenticed as a lawyer. He opened his own solicitor's office and in the postwar boom profited with the property market. His passion for music as an amateur pianist gradually faded in favor of his studies of politics, philosophy, and religion. By 1965, he was devoting all his time to writing. He published two books on politics. He died in 1972.

Lydia Napper was born in New York in 1916. She studied at Vassar, Stanford, and the London School of Economics, during which time she met Charles. She worked for the US State Department during the war, returning to England in 1947. She was an active and admired hostess in their fashionable London home and

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was an excellent cook. She also played the piano, was a passionate concert-goer, travelled widely, and later in life studied archeology at the University of London. She died in 1980.

Charles and Lydia financed a concert series for André, lent money to André to buy a home, and supported him during his early years in England. When Charles became active in politics, André rejected the friendship and Invention 5A was replaced with 5B. However, Invention 5A reappeared in the Epilogue section of André's opera.

Invention 5B - To Patrick Crommelynck

The pianist Patrick Crommelynck was born in 1942 in Brussels, Belgium. As a youth, he studied with Stefan Askenase at the Brussels Conservatory. He then went to the Tchaikovsky Conservatory in Moscow for advanced study with Victor Maerjanov, and finally, in Vienna, with Dieter Weber. While in Vienna, Patrick met a Japanese student, Taeko Kuwata, who was also in the Dieter Weber class. After graduating in 1974, Patrick and Taeko married and formed a piano team, Duo Crommelynck. Their piano duo version of Brahms' 4th Symphony was mentioned in the American Fanfare magazine as: "Amazing!" A compact disc recording of Debussy received rave notices in CD magazine. Inexplicably, Patrick and Taeko took their own lives in 1994.

Patrick Crommelynck and André met at the home of Stefan Askenase in 1957 when Patrick was 15 years old. Over the years, primarily through their common friendship with Stefan, Patrick and André became friends. When it became time to publish the Inventions, André wrote number 5B for Patrick to replace number 5A.

Invention 6 - To Stefan Askenase

Stefan Askenase was born in Lwow, Poland, in 1896, and died in Bonn, Germany in 1985 at the age of 89. He studied in Lwow under Theodor Pollak and at the Vienna Academy of Music under Emil van Sauer. After serving in the Austrian army during the first world war, he resumed his studies with Sauer and also studied composition with Joseph Marx. He made his debut in Vienna in 1919 and his first appearance with the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra in 1920. He taught at a private conservatory in Cairo, 1922-25, and at the Rotterdam Conservatory, 1937-40. In 1950 he became a Belgian citizen and from 1954 to 1961 was a professor at the Brussels Conservatory. He gave master classes in Germany, Israel, and elsewhere in Europe. He was generally regarded as a Chopin specialist, in a style more expressive than brilliant, and his repertory also included the classics. He continued to concertize until his death, in 1985, after a concert at Cologne.

Stefan Askenase was probably a father-figure for André. André did play for Stefan, but André was already a top-flight musician and the meetings were more between friends than teacher-pupil. André stopped visiting Stefan when Stefan's wife, Anny, became ill and difficult. She died in 1971 and André deleted her as a dedicatee.

Invention 7 - To Tamas Vasary

Vasary was born in 1933 in Debrecen, Hungary. He was naturalized as a Swiss citizen in 1971. Gifted with a remarkable ear, Vasary gave his first recital at the age of eight. At the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest, he studied mainly with Josef Gat, but he was also much influenced by Kodaly, who gave him a Steinway grand piano and invited him to take over half his solfège class as soon as Vasary's studentship was ended. Having won the Franz Liszt competition in 1948, Vasary began his career as an accompanist but quickly graduated to a soloist's status. During the 1956 uprising he left for Brussels, and soon afterwards settled near Geneva, Switzerland. Much-praised recordings of Liszt made in Brussels led to debuts in Vienna, Berlin, New York, Milan, and London in 1960-1961. In London, where he made his home, he was particularly warmly received. His virtuosity is delicate, his phrasing is seductive, and always at the service of a sensitive poetic imagination.

Tamas Vasary and André first met at the 1955 Chopin Competition and the next year at the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition. When André moved to London in 1960, Tamas was also living in London and they became friends. This Invention was inspired by Vasary's performance of Beethoven's Hammerklavier sonata.

Invention 8 - To Sheldon and Alicia Rich

Alicia Schachter-Rich was born in Argentina, trained as a concert pianist, and toured Europe, South America, and the United States. Sheldon Rich was from a wealthy American family and was occupied primarily as a film maker and author. As a recitalist and soloist Alicia has performed on three continents and at festivals at Marlboro, Cracow, and Aspen. She was acclaimed in Europe as "a piano phenomenon rarely found among women" by Vienna's Die Presse, and for her "breathtaking energy and dash" by The Times. The Rich's made a major contribution to American culture when they established the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival in 1973. The Festival plays for about one month each summer in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and then moves to other locations such as Seattle, Washington. Alicia acts as the Artistic Director and Sheldon as the Festival Director. At most festivals, Alicia is one of the performing artists. At the 1983 Festival, they programmed André Tchaikowsky's Trio Notturmo (Opus 6), which was the United States premiere performance.

André and the Rich's became friends, but not the closest of friends, which might be the reason this husband/wife dedication was the only one that survived the original manuscript. André always called Sheldon "Eeyore" after the Winnie the Pooh character. André was the godfather of their daughter, Andréa (born 1968).

Invention 9 - To Wendy - or Beatrice? - Harthan

Beatrice Harthan was born in 1902 in England. She was trained as a musician and played the organ at her parish church. In 1925, she married a minister/missionary and moved to China. Her husband, observing her hard work with children, called her "quite a Wendy-girl." The nickname stuck and she is known as both Wendy and Beatrice. After returning from China to England, she became involved in musical groups and was a close personal friend of composer Edmund Rubbra. In the Second World War, Beatrice was a WAF Officer. She met various musicians at concerts given at the military compound, including William Pleeth. For the years 1950 to 1954, she was manager of the Amadeus Quartet, and, for 17 years, was a page turner for concerts given by pianist Hephzibah Menuhin (sister of Yehudi). In her later years, she was Secretary and Almoner of the Sheriff's and Recorder's Fund at the Central Criminal Court. She was dubbed "The Angel of Golden Lane" by Woman's Own Magazine in 1962, due to her sympathetic handling of the problems of prison wives and families.

Beatrice was introduced to André by Peter Feuchtwanger. If Stefan Askenase was André's father-figure, then Beatrice was André's mother-figure. She had a drill-sergeant personality but was supportive to struggling musicians. André secretly harbored ambivalent feelings about her and the Invention is marked "Brusco" and "Grottesco." Harthan's friendship with André ended when one day André announced, "I don't want to see you any more, Wendy." When Harthan asked why, André said, "Because that is what I want, and if you go to my concerts, you must not go 'round to see me afterwards."

Invention 10 - To Michael Riddall

Michael Riddall was born in England in 1938. After his normal schooling, he attended a medical college in Cambridge where he was active in amateur musical groups. Moving to London for additional medical training, Riddall formed a choir and orchestra consisting of amateur musicians who were also in the medical field. Riddall was the conductor of the ensemble. Passionately interested in music, he left the medical field and enrolled in the Royal College of Music, where he studied the clarinet. When Riddall met André Tchaikowsky in 1958, he was trying to decide whether to make his career in medicine or music. André helped Michael decide on a career in music. For the next five years, until 1963, Riddall was a clarinetist. André wrote

for him a Sonata for Piano and Clarinet (1959). In 1963, Riddall decided to return to the medical profession. After his final years of medical training, he established a successful medical practice in South London.

Michael Riddall acted as André's personal secretary from 1958 to 1963. Riddall recognized André's psychological problems and arranged for psychoanalysis with Dr. Graham Howe. Riddall also introduced André to George Lyward, who operated Finchden Manor, a home for troubled youth.

"Inventions" World Premiere

All the dedicatees of the "Inventions" were present at the Napper's home on January 22, 1963, except Stefan and Anny Askenase. Stefan was giving a concert and was unable to change his plans. Susie Napper gives a young girl's account of the scene:

"Food preparation and cleaning, etc., started in the morning -- the cleaning lady hard at work bashing into the 18th century furniture legs with the vacuum cleaner (followed by polite scoldings from my parents). The gardener was polishing the silverware in the dining room, the piano tuner working at the Stein ways -- one in the long central living room, the other in my father's studio at the lower end of the house. Food deliveries were frequent and my mother was driven by the chauffeur to the hairdresser.

"In the afternoon she started cooking with the help of the gardener's wife. I believe the menu was as follows:

Hot mushroom and cream pie	Cooled roast stuffed turkey
Cranberry sauce	Potato salad
Rice salad	Stuffed eggs
Tomato salad	Cucumber salad
Fruit salad	Lemon souffle
Cream	Coffee

"The butler arrived around five, by which time my mother was getting a little hysterical. My father arrived from his office and started cleaning up the kitchen or straightening the magazines in the library (a hexagonal room at the end of the living room). By seven my mother was wild and rushed upstairs to 'get dressed' before the guests arrived. She then returned to the kitchen and threw off her apron only when the doorbell rang. Then she put on her 'hostess hat' and became the perfect lady.

"Sherry and cheese straws were served in the living room and library by Dario, the butler, and Jackson, the gardener/waiter, dressed in black tuxedos. Then came the stand-up buffet dinner served in the dining room (also a hexagonal room, at the opposite end of the living room), becoming a movable feast throughout the three rooms. My mother circulated, attempting to move people around so nobody got 'stuck.' I ate lots and escaped and reappeared as the mood struck me. Often my escapes were times when André would find me, probably to escape too.

"After the dessert and during the coffee came the performance, which was in the living room with people lounging on the damask couches and easy chairs, or sitting in the large 18th-century dining chairs. Some of us chose the floor. The paintings -- 17th-century Dutch masters -- oversaw the event: a beautiful 'Saskia' of Rembrandt in the library smiling wryly and the Rubens 'Satyr' laughing cynically at those on the couch. Over the piano hung a classic traverso, skull, and broken glass, 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi,' by Oudry.

"The piano was wonderful, the acoustics a little dry, but the audience well enough lubricated not to notice. After the performance and applause came the coffee and cognac, after which

Chapter 6 - Homeless in London (1960-1966)

the crowd dispersed, leaving a core of people interested in discussing the performance and nibbling the leftovers -- and naturally this was when the people were most relaxed.

"My mother was always happy when an event was over. My father would finish any cleaning left undone. Then off to bed."

The Inventions were a supreme success, but like so many of André's compositions, this one, too, was put aside and almost forgotten. On June 7, 1968, André performed the Inventions on BBC, radio 3 (classical music station); it was repeated on July 22, 1971. Pianist John Ogdon, a great supporter of André, heard both the 1968 and 1971 BBC broadcasts. At the time, Ogdon was associated with the music publisher, Novello, and was selecting contemporary piano compositions for publication. Ogdon contacted André regarding the Inventions, and by 1975 they had been published by Novello as André's Opus 2.

The music publisher Josef Weinberger had published André's Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, Opus I, in 1969. Weinberger may have been interested in publishing the Inventions, but André never pushed for publication of his music, never promoted performances, and warned Weinberger that neither of them would ever make a penny on his compositions. Gerald Kingsley, executive director at Josef Weinberger, remembers André:

"André never tried to be in vogue. He had no such pretenses. He was a true musician for other musicians. He was not a public musician. He never wanted to be a big composer, or famous; he just wanted to compose and hoped that someone would be interested in playing his compositions. André didn't push his music, wasn't the slightest bit commercial and never played the courting game.

"André could change his demeanor to suit the occasion. He could appear as one wanted him to appear by using his frightening intellect. He was intense about everything, and nothing was done lightly or slapdash. When he had an opinion, it was backed up with facts and justifications where everything got fantastic consideration and careful thought.

"His piano playing was not always highly technical, but rather emotional where the music had to speak. In any case, he played to make a living, which maybe he would have rather done through composition. He lived to compose, not to play the piano."

When André was touring Sweden in March, April, 1962, he spent much of his time composing Invention No.3 instead of practicing. He wrote back to Zamira Fou:

"Last night I played a perfectly shocking Chopin recital and got a bunch of furious notices. They now expect such a lot from me and they are sorely disappointed. Well, it's a consolation to see that, in this country at least, the critics keep their ears open. It adds value to their good reviews."

The "Inventions" deserve a place in the piano solo repertory and would benefit from a top-notch recording. [update - Colin Stone has recorded the Inventions for Merlin Records, MRFD 20033].

Change of Managers (1963)

André returned to London from Paris in January 1963 not only to play his Inventions for his group of friends, but also to perform Mozart's Concerto in C minor, K.491, with the London Mozart Players, conducted by Harry Blech. Reviewer George Montagu wrote for Music and Musicians:

The soloist, the young Polish player, André Tchaikovsky, is endowed with an excellent technique and his finger work was always beyond reproach. It was on the interpretative side that he was found sadly wanting. He quite failed to appreciate the dramatic significance of the

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work, particularly in the first movement, and while his playing was technically impeccable, the concerto, as a whole, failed to make its true impact.

This was one of the few concerts André was to play during 1963. His calendar was almost empty and there was little income. André's housing situation was unsettled. Living in Paris with Aunt Mala was cheaper but he preferred London and the company of his London friends. Once again he rented a London bed-sitting room, this time near Hampstead Heath on Frognal Lane. The long walks through the park brought some pleasure to his life.

His manager, Wilfrid van Wyck, became at this time openly hostile towards André where before he had been indifferent. Michael Riddall was also getting fed up. André had promised to help him with his career as a musician but had no time and no energy to help anybody. André couldn't even help himself. André and Michael had shouting matches and their relationship deteriorated. Charles Napper, seeing the destruction of André's career, decided to step in and help. Michael Riddall remembers these troubled times:

"Napper helped enormously to get André established in London after he mucked up his relations with the big London orchestras. I didn't know exactly how that happened but André had vented his spleen on somebody high up who vowed never to engage him again because they didn't like the effect that he had on their blood pressure. André was an absolute devil when he wanted to be.

"Wilfrid van Wyck was a rather unsympathetic figure, on whom André's venom was like water off a duck's back. Eventually André got to him, but he was such a jovial figure, he just shrugged it off most of the time. On the other hand I think he got a bit disillusioned because André was so difficult. André did work quite hard for him for a while, but when André started to put a spell on the works, van Wyck rather lost heart."

Beatrice Harthan had an idea that André should play one of the live broadcast BBC recitals. André had been heard on the BBC a few times already by the Spring of 1963, but only by way of recorded performances. Michael Riddall:

"I remember writing a letter to the BBC to get André some concerts for the radio, at the instruction of Wendy Harthan. She told me that I had to get André on the radio and that I had to write this sort of letter to them about it, which I did. It's normal BBC policy to audition people. Wendy said, 'No way are they going to audition André. He's not going to submit to it anyway. They're not jolly well going to expect it of him either.' She told me, with her experience, how to phrase the letter, and it worked. I never understood how it worked, but it did. He established his link with the BBC."

The tangible result of the BBC connection was a live recital broadcast April 25, 1963. The program was:

Variations for Piano - Copland
Goldberg Variations - Bach
Piano Sonata in A minor (D784) - Schubert
Ländler (D790) - Schubert

This was one of hundreds of BBC broadcasts that included André as pianist and/or composer. One reason for André's success at the BBC was his acceptance by the head of BBC music, Sir William Glock. Glock acted in this capacity for 13 years, and, for better or for worse, changed the face of the musical scene in England. Another figure at the BBC was Hans Keller, who was active in programming music, particularly contemporary music. This combination of Glock and Keller was fine if you were on the right side of them, but to be on the wrong side was something else again. Polish-born composer, Andrzej Panufnik, who also lived in London, did not enjoy the favor of the BBC duo. He recalls in his book, *Composing Myself*:

More than seven years had passed since any work of mine had been broadcast. I was, of course, not at all alone in experiencing difficulties with Glock and with Keller, who had special responsibility for contemporary music broadcasts. The Composers' Guild of Great Britain was up in arms against their regime, and I have to confess that I smiled to see them depicted in the satirical *Private Eye* [magazine] as 'Block and Killer,' because this was such a strikingly accurate description of the effect they were having on my career.

André Tchaikowsky became close friends with both William Glock and Hans Keller. This came about primarily because André began to attend Dartington Summer School, where he gave master classes and recitals for young musicians. Glock was head of the school and Keller went to Dartington every summer as well.

André's live BBC recital on April 25, 1963 marked another personal event. After the recital, Michael and André had their last argument and Michael was fired as André's personal secretary. There were witnesses to the scene who attest to the viciousness of André's verbal attack on Michael, who did nothing but try to help André. With this separation, Michael decided a career in music wasn't for him. In November 1963, he was offered a position in Libya as a doctor and accepted. He didn't return to England until 1966. Michael and Judy Arnold had returned from Hong Kong in 1962, and Judy Arnold, who was now friendly with André, volunteered to take on the task of being André's manager.

Charles Napper arranged and funded a concert series at the Camden School where his daughter, Susie, received part of her education. This was also an excuse to provide André much needed concert dates. A chamber music recital by the Allegri Quartet was held on May 30, 1963 with André Tchaikowsky as pianist. Anthony Payne reviewed the concert for *Music and Musicians*:

"I think André Tchaikovsky is one of the finest pianists of his generation - he is even better than that - he is a wonderful musician." That is the opinion of Artur Schnabel. Having heard Tchaikovsky's performance in the Brahms Piano Quintet and Mozart's K493 Piano Quartet at Camden School on May 30, I must agree with him. The pianists who can tackle these widely different styles with equal authority are not so numerous as one might think. Tchaikovsky, unlike some "Romantic" pianists, did not sound as if he was trying to be Mozartian. He played warmly and naturally and with an unaffected rubato. In fact he played K493 romantically, as it should be played, and this is not the same thing as treating Mozart as a stepping stone to 19th-century Romanticism. This is an historical fact which has little to do with Mozart's world of feeling.

In addition to his stylistic sense, he has the temperament which makes a fine chamber player - - always willing to give and take in matters of texture and rubato -- and he achieved a fine understanding with the members of the Allegri Quartet in both works.

Charles Napper didn't stop with the Camden series, but also hired the Wigmore Hall for a series of three André Tchaikowsky piano recitals for November 14, 21, and 28, 1963. Someone had to take charge of André's career and Charles assumed this task.

From June to September of 1963, André had no concert dates in England, except for a Proms concert on 10 September 1963 (Mozart Concerto #24).and was two months behind in his rent on Frogal Lane. He lost his lease and was kicked out. Since 1960, Stefan Askenase had been lending money to André, but the amount grew so large that André didn't have the courage to ask for more. Then, on June 15, 1963, the *Evening Standard* newspaper headline told the story (with a few inaccuracies), complete with photograph:

Tchaikowsky Loses his Hampstead Home

What happens when the flat lease runs out? It's a problem a lot of people have to face but it's worse when you're a pianist and have to look for a flat spacious enough to take a concert

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piano -- and remote enough for hard daily practising. Young Polish pianist André Tchaikowsky has found an answer. He's gone off to Paris to live.

Tchaikowsky has lived in Hampstead for a couple of years. He was upset at having to leave his flat but as he has a number of engagements in France and Germany he decided it would be more practical to live in Paris. He's coming back to play at the Proms in September and give a series of concerts at the Wigmore Hall.

Tchaikowsky, 27, is a gifted pianist. Artur Rubinstein, who thinks highly of him, did a great deal to launch him in America. He also composes. I'm told his latest work is called "Inventions" and the short pieces are all dedicated to his friends.

Regardless of what the article said, André didn't go to Paris. Judy Arnold was already André's manager and this connection led to many musical get-togethers at the Arnold home. Violinist Sylvia Rosenberg was living at the Arnold home for a time, as was pianist Alfred Brendel. There was room for André too, if he wanted to stay temporarily. For André it was a chance to stay in London at low cost, with access to a grand piano. André agreed and moved in with Judy and Michael Arnold in June 1963. André didn't own a piano at this time and brought only a few suitcases and personal belongings to the Arnolds.

At Home with the Arnolds (1963)

The home of Judy and Michael Arnold was located at 64 Wood Vale, London N.10. Although Hampstead Heath was nearby, a closer park was Queen's Wood, which, in fact, was just across the street. The Highgate underground stop was a few blocks away.

As in the beginning of all of André's new relationships, he and Judy got along famously. She was intelligent, had an excellent memory, was fluent in a number of languages, and was a kind of classical music "groupie" who loved to be surrounded by musicians. Her most apparent characteristics were her strong will, powerful personality, and take-charge demeanor. Once again, André gravitated toward a domineering woman. The Arnolds were also strictly Jewish. John O'Brien, André's friend from Finchden Manor, had some impressions of André living with the Arnolds:

"I did not know Judy well, but we met on several occasions. I was apprehensive. André needed powerful people to take charge of parts of his life, but quickly found them overwhelming. His need for them was balanced by his need to kick them off. I think this is what happened with Judy. Her idea of what André the concert pianist ought to be clashed with André's idea of the life he wanted. I was on one occasion an overnight guest at her home, and I think I understand how André felt in spite of her great generosity and the remarkable musical life she fostered. She was in a way overwhelming and the strict Jewish orthodoxy of her home had a curious effect. The separate knives, forks and spoons, the separate plates, the different food for a gentile, reminded me of my years in South Africa where a black man could share your food, but he ate in the kitchen off a tin plate. 'Generosity' acquired inverted commas. I think André felt those inverted commas, especially at a time when he was in turmoil about his own affiliation to Judaism."

In the summer of 1963, André discovered the Dartington Summer School. Dartington is located in a beautiful area of Devon with handsome trees and fine gardens. The school lasted for the month of August and each week was self contained. Artists and students joined into a kind of large family, giving concerts, taking master classes, composing, arranging -- it was a setting that André found much to his liking. There was music and musicians for music and musicians.

After Dartington and a few concerts dates in France and Germany, André was back in London in September 1963. He had a Prom concert (a popular concert series in London) on September 10, 1963. With the urging of Charles Napper, André left the management of Wilfrid Van Wyck for Ibbs and Tillett. Napper

had arranged three recitals for André through Van Wyck, to be performed in November 1963, and in the course of the arrangements concluded that Van Wyck had lost all enthusiasm for André's career. Napper arranged for Ibbs and Tillett to take charge of all of André's concerts in the United Kingdom.

The formidable Judy Arnold had become André's international manager for concerts not arranged by Ibbs and Tillett. One thing Judy had going for her that neither Van Wyck nor Ibbs and Tillett offered was her personal touch. A strictly business relationship was not possible with André; the personal side was a necessity. A good example of this was André's accountant, Alan Golding. When Michael Riddall had acted as André's personal secretary, all financial matters were turned over to Golding. Alan Golding quickly learned that, with André, you must be his friend in order to be his accountant. Because of their friendship, Alan was André's accountant from 1960, when André moved to London, to the last accounting of André's finances after his death. Alan Golding recalls:

"André had very little time, so I did his accounts every year, studied his earnings, played with all his expenses. The information always came from André's personal secretary, not from André. He didn't give a damn. There was always something. We had a meeting and André explained that he liked to compose, but it interfered with his career as a pianist and he didn't earn money with any consistency. André came to me wanting to know how to control money. He sat here most of the day. I told him that I would do it for him if he'd like. I would run his bank account and decide what he needed.

"I started playing the piano at an advanced age. I told André that I didn't mind playing the classics, but it had to be all white notes and no black notes. He found that funny. When he played a concerto in London, he gave me tickets. The first time I heard him play live was on a BBC lunchtime concert at St. John's Smith Square. He played Schubert better than anyone I've ever heard. I'd go to his concerts. We'd go out for a meal afterwards. He would invite me and my family to his home, and he would cook. He was a great cook. He was lovely."

This was the only way to do business with André. Be his friend, show an interest in him as a person, not just as a client. Judy Arnold continues with her recollections:

"He was totally uncooperative. Basically, André considered his professional life an intrusion on his personal and social life. That was his attitude. His agent at that time was Mrs. Tillett but she didn't have the agency for all over the world. I mean, all the people from all over the world had to deal with me during all of that period. If there was anything from Germany or Austria or Australia or America (which never happened) or France or wherever it was, they all had to deal with me. Ibbs and Tillett didn't have a general agency.

"I got this cable from the German agent saying that the Berlin Philharmonic wanted to engage André on June 19th. I said to André, 'The Berlin Philharmonic wants to invite you June 19th of next year.' This was 18 months away. André says, 'I cannot. I'm starting my holiday on June 18th.' That's what I mean, exactly what I mean. Even though it was 18 months before, he had decided that he was going to have a holiday, from this day to that day. Even though it was the 18th, instead of starting his vacation on the 20th, no, he decided he wasn't going to do the date with the Berlin Philharmonic.

"Everything was about like that. Whatever you wanted, it was difficult. You know that sort of thing you can do when you're very well established. There are maybe a dozen people in the world who can afford to take that kind of attitude. Otherwise, if you're asked by anybody, especially by the Berlin Philharmonic, you try to fit it in.

"That gives you the kind of idea, coupled with the fact that when André went places, he tended to have rows with people about whatever it was that he tended to have rows about. So

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they didn't invite him back. It could be accommodations, rehearsals, pianos, anything. There were many things that could go wrong and André went to a lot of places but he was very rarely invited back because they didn't want to have him, because he made difficulties.

"It's not enough in this world just to have a talent, and actually to be wanted back. You've got to deliver the goods and people have got to want to have you back. That depends on, well, you've got to go to a town and got to, in a way, ingratiate yourself with particular people. I mean, you can't afford to be a difficult person who doesn't fit in. It's a dangerous game to play."

Wigmore Hall Recitals (1963)

The three recitals that Charles Napper had arranged and paid for were scheduled for three consecutive Thursday evenings, November 14, 21, and 28. He hoped, by the recitals, to give André a wider exposure to London audiences. This, coupled with the efforts of André's new manager, Emmie Tillet, might break down barriers -- both the barriers that are natural to the artistic process and others constructed by André himself. It was a very ambitious plan; the repertoire André had selected for the three concerts was stunning:

Program 1

Partita No.6 in E minor - Bach
Three Studies, Opus 18 - Bartok
Sonata in E major, Opus 109 - Beethoven
Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Opus 24 - Brahms

Program 2

Sonata in E flat major, No. 49 - Haydn
Sonata in F major, K.533/494 - Mozart
Sonata in A minor, Opus 143 - Schubert
Minuet in D major - Haydn
Minuet in D major, K.355 - Mozart
Minuet in C minor, Opus 78 (from 'Fantaisie') - Schubert
Minute in G major (from 'Tombeau de Couperin') - Ravel
Gaspard de la nuit - Ravel

Program 3

Suite No.2 in G minor - Purcell
Five Sonatas - Scarlatti
Etudes Symphoniques, Opus 13 - Schumann
Mazurka, Opus 62, No.1 - Szymanowski
Mazurka, Opus 50, No.3 - Szymanowski
Mazurka, Opus 50, No.4 - Szymanowski
Three Movements from 'Petrushka' - Stravinsky

If the recitals were a success, they might revive André's career. Even though he had just turned 28 years old, he was in danger of dropping out of sight. Those who knew his abilities felt compelled to keep him before the public.

Program 1, November 14, 1963, as reviewed by *The Times*:

Master of Bone and Sinew

Harmony and counterpoint are dusty words, yet they are the bones and sinews of music. Mr. André Tchaikowsky's recital at the Wigmore Hall last night (the first of three) proved that he not only knows this to be true but feels it as well.

Much was apparent straight away in his account of Bach's superb E minor Partita. For many pianists an opening Bach item is no more than a perfunctory nod towards an irrelevant past, but not for Mr. Tchaikowsky. The vitality and independence of his part-playing sprang from real understanding, and the liveliness of his rhythm was a delight -- though both the allemande and the sarabande might with advantage have been a shade freer.

Articulate playing demands articulate thinking, no less in Bartók than in Bach. If we rarely hear the three studies (1918) this is due as much to their post-Debussyian harmonic and rhythmic structure as to their hyper-Lisztian technical demands. Mr. Tchaikowsky may not quite command the power and glitter they ideally call for, but his mastery of both their aspects was immensely impressive.

It was Beethoven's E major sonata, Opus 109, that was the least successful item in the richly rewarding programme. Characteristically, it was marred not by any lack of understanding but by an excess of temperament. In the first two movements, rubato and tonal contrasts became over-emphatic: the andante started too loud, and although the beautifully managed transitions into the fourth and final variations showed that everything was under control, it did not always sound so. Brahms' Handel variations could also have done with a little more temperamental ballast at times, but in the final fugue Mr. Tchaikowsky transcended himself, to end his recital on a note of overwhelming authority. On this showing, his two remaining recitals, next Thursday and the one after, should be immensely worth hearing.

Another review of the first program by D.A.W.M. of *The Daily Telegraph*:

André Tchaikowsky gave the first of three weekly recitals at Wigmore Hall last night in a fine programme which augured well for the series. A musician to his fingertips, he infused each work with a life of its own. His playing of a rare Partita of Bach, the No.6 in E minor, let in new light on the composer, emphasizing unusually strong dance rhythms and the unconventional structure of its opening Toccata.

Three Studies of Bartók (Opus 18), another rarity, were as formidable tests of piano playing as one could find. Mr. Tchaikowsky's penetrating mind and tremendous technique made them almost intelligible.

The biggest contribution was the Brahms-Handel Variations and Fugue, played in the grand manner with no punches pulled. The Fugue was perfectly in focus and he held his audience riveted by the tautness and sensibility of his line in the quiet passages as much as by the thunder of the end.

Beethoven's Opus 109, played with great vitality, was treated to some unauthorized dynamic effects.

Program 2, November 21, 1963, as reviewed by Joan Chissel of *The Times*:

Mr. André Tchaikowsky devoted the second of his three recitals at Wigmore Hall last night to Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Ravel, choosing a full-scale work from each as the main substance of his programme, but artfully included a group of four small minuets by these same composers as realization after the interval.

Neither Haydn's E-flat sonata, No. 49, nor Mozart's composite sonata in F major, K.533/494, are frequently heard, so gratitude must go to Mr. Tchaikowsky in the first place for his

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discriminating choices. It was in these works, too, that his mind, heart, and fingers all worked together in perfect accord: no subtlety of invention escaped him (and particularly in Mozart's cunning argument), every mood was keenly characterized, and his disciplined fingers produced beautifully refined and clear-cut tone.

His way with Schubert's A minor sonata, Opus 143, was arresting, for he seemed to be mentally orchestrating it as he played it so as to bring up all its contrasts of texture and dynamics at their most vivid. The result was not quite the effortlessly liquid-flowing, lyrical Schubert that we usually expect to meet, but it had an undeniable authority of its own.

Since Mr. Tchaikowsky lavished untold finesse on the minuets instead of dismissing them as mere trifles, he was a little tired when he at last reached Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*. This showed itself in a less than perfectly molded left-hand melody in "Ondine" and in a tempo slightly too fast to permit expansive climaxes in "Scarbo." But it was still a performance of extraordinary deftness, with many a supernatural shudder to preclude all dangers of glibness.

Another review of the second program by D.A.W.M. of *The Daily Telegraph*:

Vivid Pianist - Freshness of a Young Mind

André Tchaikowsky devoted the second of his three Wigmore Hall piano recitals last night to the great Austrian classical composers and Ravel. He brought the same spiritual values into his interpretations of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert as he had in Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. Intellectual penetration coupled with the freshness of a young mind led to extraordinarily vivid performances.

The changes of colour in the first two movements of Mozart's sonata in F major, K.533, were illuminating while he was even able to bring light and shade to the last somewhat stately movement, hailing from an earlier time of composition K.494. In this work too the clarity of his embellishments was outstanding.

Schubert's sonata in A minor, Opus 143, was built stone on stone into a lofty edifice. Sometimes, however, the contrast of full dynamics with pianissimo was almost too startling for the listener.

Mr. Tchaikowsky's virtuoso technique made light of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit" pieces, but led him to taking the third, "Scarbo," at such breakneck speed as almost to lose the story in the excitement.

Program 3, November 28, 1963, as reviewed by Donald Mitchell of *The Daily Telegraph*:

"Petrushka" for Piano - Brio of André Tchaikowsky

It is not often that the Wigmore Hall resounds with piano playing of a very high order, but such was certainly the case last night when André Tchaikowsky gave the last of three recitals. He rounded off his programme with a spectacular account of Stravinsky's "Petrushka" suite, which must be one of the most difficult works in the piano repertory. Mr. Tchaikowsky tackled it with immense brio and brilliant technical accomplishment, converting the piano into a veritable orchestra and proving that the suite has an independent life of its own.

He showed elegance and poise in three Mazurkas by Szymanowski and revealed the richness and scale of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," Opus 13. But even in the Schumann, which took not unkindly to his powerful, elaborate sense of characterisation, there were moments of patent exaggeration. A Purcell suite and group of Scarlatti sonatas were among

the least successful performances. Mr. Tchaikowsky's over-emphatic manner was here most strikingly out of place. Nonetheless, he is an artist of quite unusual gifts.

Another review of the third program by Joan Chissel of *The Times*:

Pianist's Sense of Character

It is tempting to review Mr. André Tchaikowsky's piano recital last night, the last in a series of three at Wigmore Hall, entirely in terms of the stunning performance that he gave of the three "Petruška" scenes in Stravinsky's piano version.

This is true partly because Mr. Tchaikowsky played them so much more impressively than anything else in the programme, partly because the virtues of his account were precisely those that distinguish his playing, at his less than best as well as his best, and also because they are such marvellous piano music -- no mere transcription, for the first two, at least, embody the pianoforte original of the orchestral score ("Petruška" was to have been a piano concerto).

Nevertheless there are other facets of Mr. Tchaikowsky's piano-playing, not less important, since this has been a series of what Bulow would have called historical recitals, designed to show the pianist's view of keyboard music from Purcell to not quite the present day. And it is not too presumptuous a series because Mr. Tchaikowsky is plainly absorbed all the time in the character of each piece that he plays, and the piano's ability to realize it.

His vigorous appreciation of rhythm and of the sensual meaning of harmonic progression sustained interest in a Purcell suite and a group of Scarlatti sonatas that, in the event, emphasized morbidezza more than esprit which so distinguishes these modestly named Essecizi. There was some beautiful piano-playing as such -- colour, articulation, rhetoric, touch -- in his reading of Schumann's Symphonic Studies, but each one of the variations was a little louder than life, and the pianist's subtleties were swamped by the assertive generalities.

In three of Szymanowski's Mazurkas he was on weaker ground musically, for these do not enhance the vitality of their first ideas, nor suggest the wizardry of the composer's bigger piano pieces. But Mr. Tchaikowsky's strength and precision and sense of character and ear for detail all came into their own when he sprang into Stravinsky's Russian Dance, and even more in the Shrove tide Fair from which he extracted an astonishing quantity of detail, almost all of it bursting with lifelike portraiture. But of course Mr. Tchaikowsky could not realize these simultaneous, thronging ideas (the essence of the "Petruška" fair-scenes) if he were not also a thoughtful devotee of 18th-century polyphony. It is a pity that he grunts so noisily while he plays.

The Wigmore Hall recitals confirmed that André was a top-notch recitalist, but the desired flood of offers from the London orchestras and from the recital halls of England didn't materialize. Where André continued to build his reputation and to enjoy success was on the continent, particularly in Germany and Austria.

Between Composing and Performing (1964)

With the start of 1964, André believed he could establish a balance between playing concerts and composing. This might have worked had he shown financial restraint. But he also wanted to spend the month of August at the Dartington Summer School and to play chamber music concerts where little profit was realized. André was earning about £60 per concert, or, at the exchange rate of the time, about US \$150. He had reduced his concert schedule to about 50 engagements a year, so his income was a nominal £3000 a year, or US \$7,500. In the mid-1960's, one could certainly live on that amount with a bit of care, but André's downfall was his ill-affordable generosity. He made loans that were not paid back and he gave expensive gifts.

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While he always owed money to someone as well, he scrupulously paid it back. Stefan Askenase, who made many loans to André was always amused:

"I lent André money and he paid me back! That was unusual. I called André middle-class for paying me back, but I accepted."

In February 1964, after concerts in Austria, Germany, and France, André returned to London for a Royal Festival Hall concerto concert on February 18 with the Haydn Orchestra conducted by Harry Newstone. André added the Beethoven Piano Concerto No.1 in C to his repertoire. A review by Martin Cooper of *The Daily Telegraph*:

Beethoven's Sonorous Values

André Tchaikowsky gave an unusually stylish and vigorous performance of Beethoven's first piano concerto with the Haydn Orchestra under Harry Newstone at Festival Hall last night. Making sparing use of the sustaining pedal and keeping his strong rhythmic patterns and accents free of any hint of exaggeration, he succeeded in recreating on a modern instrument very much the sonorous values and relationships that the young Beethoven must have envisaged. Details were lively yet carefully subordinate to the general picture and the finale's humour was presented with a commendable straight face. Mr. Tchaikowsky's own cadenzas, though marked with a touch of Lisztian virtuosity in occasional double-octave passages, revealed the same intelligence and sense of style.

André's new managers, Ibbs and Tillett, were frustrated in their efforts for him by the blocks of time André set aside in which he insisted that no concert dates could be scheduled. These blocks of time were generally dedicated to composition. For example, André played only nine concerts during the period of May through August 1964. On the composition side, André had finished his violin concerto, *Concerto Classico*, for Sylvia Rosenberg.

Concerto Classico (1962-1964)

The composing effort for the violin concerto started immediately after André met Sylvia Rosenberg in Stockholm, in March 1962. By the time of its completion in July 1964, André and Sylvia were the best of friends and had even formed a piano-violin duo, giving concerts and broadcasting on the BBC. André completed the full orchestration of the concerto and also wrote a piano reduction. André and Sylvia played through the work a number of times, making comments and a few changes. Sylvia Rosenberg:

"We did quite a bit together. We played in London, at least once or twice, and did a lot with the BBC. We saw each other in Paris and I met André's Aunt Mala. André was very busy with the violin concerto at the time, and I was learning the Berg violin concerto. He was very interested in the Berg harmonics, so I think some of these harmonics are in the *Concerto Classico*!"

When the friendship between André and Sylvia later became strained, the concerto was put aside. Many years later, there was a complete reconciliation and thoughts turned back to the concerto, but it was too late: André died before any kind of performance could be scheduled. The *Concerto Classico* has never been performed. The original manuscript is in the Josef Weinberger archives, which was found after André's death at the bottom of a laundry basket at the home of Eve Harrison.

Dartington Summer School (1964)

Once again, André spent the month of August at the Dartington Summer School. André gave master classes and played a recital that included Copland's *Variations for Piano*; Schubert's *Ländler*; and Stravinsky's *"Petrushka"*. The recital was the sensation of the season. Everyone was talking about the great André

Tchaikowsky. With his career practically at a standstill, the 29-year-old could dazzle those who knew and performed music, but could barely eke out a living by performance.

Hans Keller met André for the first time at the 1964 Dartington session, although he had heard of him from the BBC performances and London recitals. Keller, born in Austria in 1919, was a violinist, violist, music critic, and author. In 1948, he became a British citizen. His contributions to music are many, but he became best known for his radio series, *Functional Analysis*, in which musical compositions are analyzed using extracts to show structural features and thematic developments. Hans believed that writing or talking about music distorted the music. This did not prevent him from being a prolific and clever author of articles on music. Most of his writings appeared in the *Music Review* and *Music Survey* magazines. At the BBC, he was the second-ranking person in the music department, next to Sir William Glock. Hans was bright, extremely knowledgeable about music, and saw something special in André Tchaikowsky, both as a composer and as a pianist.

From this point forward, anything André composed was reviewed and discussed with Keller. Hans Keller:

"I first met André Tchaikowsky at the Dartington Summer School, although I knew him by reputation long before we met. When André played the piano, I heard something wonderful, original, and creative. André's piano playing was just that, creative. When he first told me that he also composed, I wasn't surprised. André met with me on almost a weekly basis, when he was in town, and we would discuss composition. We would sit across from each other for at least three hours, never less than three hours, and typically four hours at a time. We weren't at the piano, we just looked at the score. We could 'hear' the notes.

"André made up his own mind about everything. All I did was offer André some shy and humble suggestions about his compositions, but he accepted everything. André felt his piano concerts were interventions to his composing career, but realized his need to make a living. I saw just about everything he wrote except for his early pieces, the clarinet sonata, and the 'Inventions.' It's sad, but at the end of André's life, I felt he was beginning to find his true voice, writing faster and writing the best music of his life. He was an outstanding musician with potential to be really great.

"He was wildly generous and gave many, many gifts to everyone. Just think of all the effort to select, wrap, and prepare all these gifts. We knew he couldn't afford it. He gave the impression of being generous, gentle, but also unhappy and melancholy. I think André was deeply troubled regardless of the happy face he often put on."

Arioso e Fuga per Clarinetto Solo (1964)

A neighbor of André Tchaikowsky, when he was living at the Arnold's home at 60 Wood Vale, was clarinetist Gervase de Peyer, then first chair in the London Symphony Orchestra. Gervase showed an interest in André's compositions and André promised to write Gervase a solo work for clarinet. The result was the *Arioso e Fuga per Clarinetto Solo*. It also has never been performed. The original manuscript is in the Josef Weinberger archives.

Concert Season (1964-1965)

André's travelling during the 1964-1965 season was mostly in Germany. When he returned to London, to the Arnold home, Judy Arnold began to see more closely who the real André Tchaikowsky was:

"André seemed a very flamboyant character although he wasn't really. He had to work hard to keep up this flamboyance. He always thought that it was expected of him to come and make jokes and be the life of the party, and he resented that he had created that role for himself.

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Wherever he appeared, everyone was expecting him to be a joke-maker. Actually, he was quite depressive and was by no means a clown, but he was very, very funny and did make people laugh.

"He found it unfortunate his name was Tchaikowsky. He hated having the name. It was a great disadvantage to him [but would have been a great advantage if he were more ambitious for a performance career] and he had a tremendous hang-up about it. The reason why he was hung up was his own problem. It seemed very straightforward to all of us. But after some years, I managed to persuade him to think of Michael Haydn, for instance, another Haydn that wasn't Joseph Haydn, or any number of Strauss' or Bachs, or whatever. He hadn't thought of that; he thought it was just impossible having a name like Tchaikowsky.

"From the professional point of view, I would say in my years I found it more and more difficult to work for André because the opportunities were drying up, the horizons did not open, they closed, and that he was becoming more and more difficult, and this continued all the time."

Typical of André's pranks is one described by Judy Arnold in connection with a concert given in Haarlem, Holland, on January 18, 1965. Judy was travelling with André and recalls:

"André and I were having lunch and discussing the team Flanders and Swan. Flanders used to sing, and Swan played the piano. There was this song called Gnu. I remember Flanders said he had gotten the idea for this word because it was on the back of a license plate, G-N-U. So, I thought, that's very nice, the back of a number plate, GNU. André said, 'Oh yes, that's an animal.' I said, 'Don't be silly -- it's not an animal at all, it's just something that these people have dreamed up, to write the song about, and he got the idea for the name from the back of a car, GNU.' André said, "Don't be ridiculous, of course it's an animal."

"When we got back to the hotel, André wanted to look it up. The hotel happened to have a dictionary, and we checked under GNU and there, sure enough, was this African antelope. André said, 'See? It's an animal!' I said, 'Well, I didn't realize that. I never heard of a gnu.' André said, 'Once more, I will never allow you to forget it. I'm going to shout GNU in the concert tonight. Choose your passage.' I said, 'You wouldn't really?' André said, 'Yes I will.' So I said, 'In the brilliant last movement. . .' 'Yes!' said André, 'There's a bar's rest. I can do it.'

"That evening I sat there absolutely paralyzed with fear that he would actually do it. Then I saw André as he walked out on the stage to play the Prokofiev Piano Concerto No.3, and could see that he was thrilled to pieces with himself. I thought, 'Oh my God!' The first movement went by, and the second movement went by, and sure enough, during the third movement, he rose up off his seat and shouted across the whole hall, 'GNU!' Nobody knew what to make of it. They might have thought he was sneezing, or something like that. And, of course, I just died with laughter. I don't think I stopped laughing for a week."

Enter the Hero (1965)

André's concert manager at Ibbs and Tillett was getting a bit fed up with the typical André antics, turning down concert dates, or insulting someone at the concert dates that he did accept. He became one of their problem artists. For two years, Mrs. Emmie Tillett had been refusing employment to a young bank employee, Terence (Terry) Harrison, who wanted to join her artist management company. In 1965, Terry got his chance. Ibbs and Tillett hired him and gave Terry the "opportunity" to manage a few of their "problem" artists. One of them was André Tchaikowsky.

Terry Harrison was a hero in the life of André Tchaikowsky, as he became in the lives of a number of "difficult" artists. From 1965 to the end of his life, André's career was managed by Terry Harrison, without

whom, in all probability, his career would have ended, with grave personal consequences. Terry had a quality that all André's previous artistic managers had considered unprofessional: he was able on a sustained basis to be André's friend. Considering André's personal behavior, this was no small thing. You had to be sensitive to André's moods, which could change within hours; you had to be comfortable with the fact that André would not always act in his own best interests; and you had to accept André's failure to keep appointments unless constantly cajoled. You also had to explain André's often strange behavior to others, and smooth over hurt feelings. Terry had the almost hopeless task of forging a career for someone who badly needed, but didn't want, a career. On the other hand, Terry had a brilliant artist to market if he could find a way to do it.

Terry Harrison and another young man at Ibbs and Tillet, Jasper Parrott, eventually went on to form one of the greatest artistic management companies in the world, Harrison/Parrott of London, and the reason for their success was that they could combine good management with caring and affection for their artists. Where some managers were quite willing to squeeze musicians dry by overloading them with too many concerts, Harrison/Parrott listened to what their artists wanted, and sought ways to achieve a satisfactory path that was humane and rewarding, both artistically and financially.

As his manager, Terry set about to understand André. Where some saw André as a tragic figure who could have had a large career like Rubinstein's, Terry didn't see that at all. What Terry saw was a great artist who was trying to fashion a career of his own imagination, trying to be both a pianist and composer. He did not blame André for being disturbed by a musical marketplace that judged success more on what happened after a concert than what happened on stage. He read the reviews of André's concerts and saw that they revealed the seriousness of his intent, how he tried to "get inside" each composition and tried to achieve a thoughtful elucidation instead of just pleasing the crowd. He further saw that André regarded the role of star-status musician -- for whom concerts were media events, jetting from one guest appearance to another -- as anti-musical, and couldn't cope with it.

Terry Harrison remembers his early days at Ibbs and Tillet:

"André was difficult to manage in two or three ways. He was difficult in that he was often a little bit complicated in his arrangements. It could be simple: go, get on the train, do the concert, and come back again. But André wasn't sure how he was going to go, then he was going to meet this friend, or stop somewhere along the way so he could eat a good meal, or that kind of thing.

"If he had been a character that had not been so well liked, that would have been a hassle. But one never really thought of it as a hassle because André had a great ability to communicate with people he liked and was full of charm. He was certainly one of the best-liked artists in our agency. André was very simpatico, although at times obsessed with his own problems. Usually when he met people, he was not into his own problems and he gave you the feeling he was interested in you and your problems, you know, 'How's your life?'

"There were times when it was difficult to manage André in another way. That was when he became obsessed by something like a person he didn't like, a person connected with the concerts, or a conductor he didn't like. It was very difficult sometimes, or he became obsessed that he was falling behind with his composing, and would turn down things. Sometimes I had to persuade him that he shouldn't turn down these things, either because he needed the money, or because it was an engagement that he should do because it was important. It often took a long time to persuade him but usually I was successful. It used to take two and three discussions over two or three days to get through. I felt he went into a shell and cooled, but that didn't last.

"He actually should have been busier and playing more concerts, but he became more and more interested in his composing, so the time that he would give us became more and more

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restricted for concerts. He liked to do things for pleasure rather than prestige. He wasn't prestige orientated and turned his back on the whole star system in the early 1960s when he could have probably done very well. He turned his back on it because he felt it was, to some extent, anti-musical. He also felt that you had to put on an act and a face and not be yourself. He felt you couldn't be your own man in the star system. You had to be someone who would perform in a certain fashion. He felt he was first a musician and very, very secondarily, a performer. He thought the star system had it the other way.

"He was my closest friend, and since he died I certainly haven't found a friendship like André's. He was really very, very special."

Dartington Summer School (1965)

André headed for the Dartington Summer School again in 1965. One of the students André met was a self-confessed piano maniac, Michael Menaugh. Menaugh was an engineering student studying chemistry at Oxford. His first love, however, was music, particularly the piano. Michael Menaugh:

"I was crazy about the piano when I was four years old. I had asked for a piano for my birthday, and my parents wouldn't give me one. I persisted in wanting to learn the piano, and it was only when I was sent to boarding school when I was 13 that I actually was able to have lessons and there were pianos available to practice on. By the age of sixteen I was already playing movements of piano concertos with our school orchestra. The first one I did was the first movement of Beethoven's first piano concerto.

"At the holidays I would look at the radio programs and mark all the piano recitals that were being broadcast and listen to them all. By the time I was 16, I was often able to turn the radio on and recognize the pianist without being told.

"I was a piano fanatic. One program I marked, I must have been about 17, I remember there used to be a program on the BBC called 'Interpretations on Record' in which they would discuss the interpretations of a particular work and new releases. On this particular occasion, the work was Gaspard de la Nuit. I listened to this program and they compared various performances on record. I remember them saying that the next extract was played by a young Polish pianist, André Tchaikowsky, and they put on the first two pages of Ondine. I was knocked out. It was an extraordinary experience. André's playing has always, always given me sort of goose pimples. It was something about the phrasing. Something very special. I remembered it, and I can remember it to this day."

During the first week of Dartington, André played a violin-piano duet with Sylvia Rosenberg. The following week André played a solo recital. Michael Menaugh was there:

"André played on a Thursday night. Saturday was the change-over day and people left on Saturday morning and the people arrived for next week on the Saturday night. I was staying over, so Saturday, lunchtime, I wandered to the school. People were having coffee on the lawn. I saw André sitting on the grass with a few people around him drinking coffee. I did want to meet André very much. His piano playing to me had become something remarkable.

"The conversation was about 'Petrushka,' which he was going to play. He told us how Rubinstein had played his own version of 'Petrushka' and Stravinsky was furious because he wasn't making any money out of it. So Stravinsky wrote his own piano version, then Rubinstein would have to pay, and with delightful irony, Stravinsky dedicated his transcription to Rubinstein. Anyway, we were talking about it and André said that he had added a number of notes and he also inserted the Bear Dance in the last movement. André said he was going to make an announcement about the fact before he played it and he didn't quite know what to

say. I said, why don't you say 'This performance is entirely authentic, only the notes have been changed to protect the innocent.' He loved that! "

After leaving Dartington, André had a few more concert dates in 1965, but not many. For the months September through December, he had a total of only eight concerts. He was averaging about £75 a concert now, or US \$190. His income was far below any kind of living standard. Of the eight concerts, one of them was a Chopin recital on October 31 at the Royal Festival Hall in support of the Finchden Manor Trust. Michael Menaugh was at the recital. André had been so impressed with Menaugh's "protect the innocent" comment that he had taken the trouble to search out Menaugh and then invite him to London for the Finchden Manor Trust recital. Michael Menaugh:

"About a week after I had returned home from Dartington, a letter arrived and it was from André:

Dear Michael,

Forgive me if I'm wrong, but I've been doing a lot of detective work and people say that the young man I spoke to on the grass on Saturday is you. I'm writing to say that I have dined out for the last two weeks on your introduction, the introduction you gave me to Petrushka. Since it appears to have been the best thing about my performance, I feel I owe you some of my fee! Thank you very much, and if you're ever in London, please give me a ring or write to me at 64 Wood Vale, London, N.10. I would very much like to see you.

Yours,

André Tchaikowsky

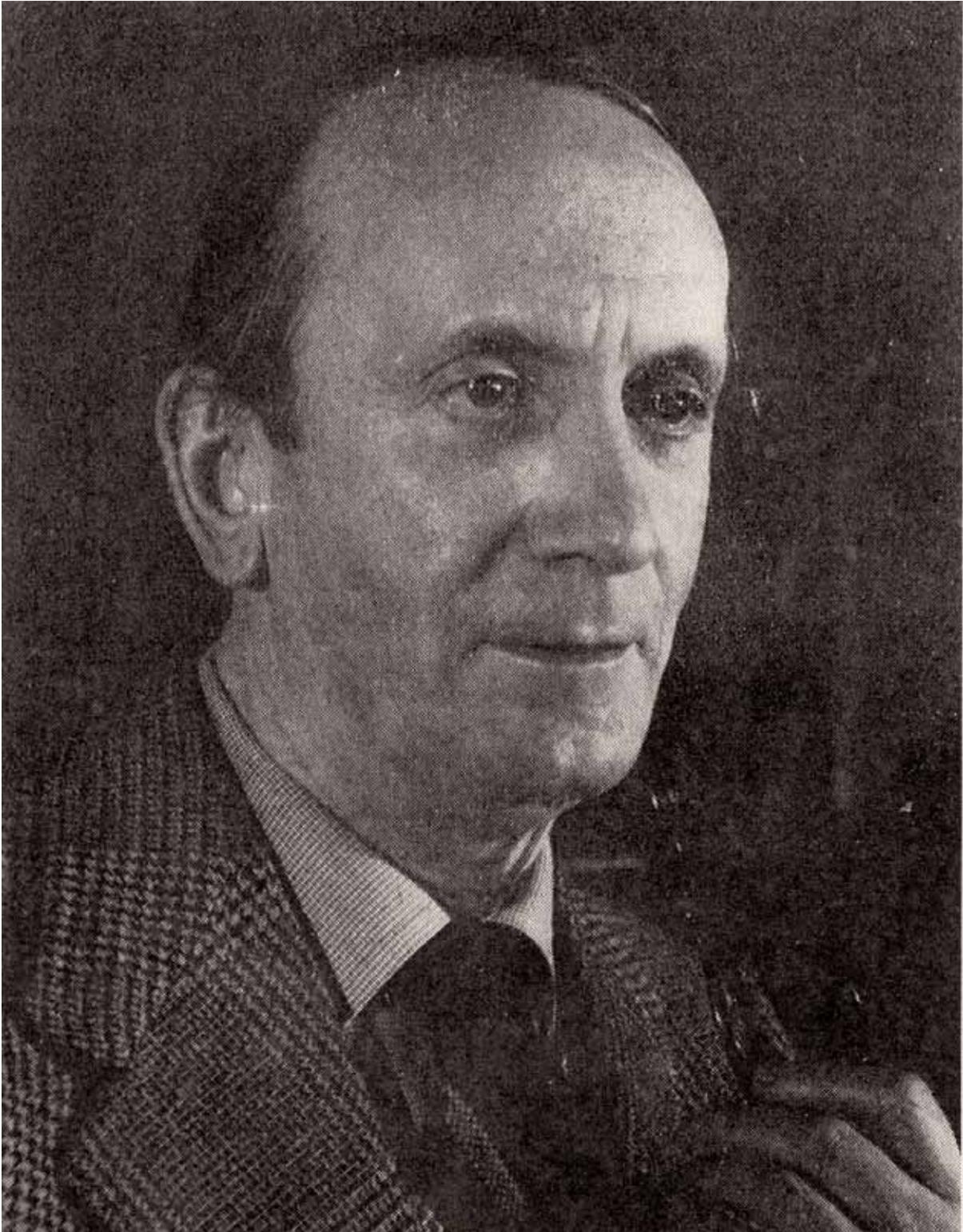
"I was knocked out by this and wrote back immediately. I said I was a student in Oxford and if he were anywhere near Oxford, I'd be happy to show him around, and if he was going to play in London, I would go to his concert. He then wrote to me that he was going to play a Chopin Recital for Finchden Manor and would like to see me afterwards as he was giving a tea for some of the Finchden boys and friends. That was the beginning of our friendship."

After the Finchden benefit, André's next recital was at the Law Society's Hall, on November 17, 1965. The featured work was Ravel's Valse Nobles et Sentimentales. Anthony Payne wrote for *Music and Musicians*:

André Tchaikowsky displayed -- beyond any doubt -- the great wells of feeling which force an artist of Ravel's temperament to conceal his vision beneath a sophisticated and brilliant exterior. This was an interpretation of grandeur in a work that thoroughly deserves it, and the reminiscent coda produced some of the most moving playing I've heard for some time.

The year 1966 started out with a concert date in January, a BBC broadcast with Sylvia Rosenberg. They played Brahms and Bartók sonatas. André took home £63, or about US \$95 for his effort. In February, there were just four concerts, one of them a benefit for Camden School.

André's "temporary" stay at the Arnolds was at the three-year mark and perhaps his hosts thought that was long enough. With his bleak financial situation, one can imagine André's reaction to the suggestion that he should buy his own home. However, André's friends made this a reality. Charles Napper offered André a 100 percent mortgage. Judy Arnold's father, attorney Janus Cohen, offered free legal services, and pianist Fou Ts'ong offered free furniture. André wanted to live near Hampstead Heath and a search of the available flats turned up a small but cozy unit facing a park-like setting of trees and flowers. The purchase, for the price of £5,000, was consummated. For the first time in his life, André owned his own home. The address was 29 Waterlow Court, Heath Close, London, N.W.II.



Courtesy of Joanne Reece

George A. Lyward (c. 1955)

George Lyward ran a home for troubled youth, Finchden Manor. Every year or so, André Tchaikowsky played a piano recital to benefit the Finchden Manor Trust. Lyward saw André as troubled and treated him as a Finchden Manor out-patient. André visited Finchden Manor every few months, sometimes staying a week.



Courtesy of John Lyward

John O'Brien (c. 1968)

John O'Brien, a staff member at Finchden Manor, was responsible for reading, creating, directing, and producing theatrical events. He could have had a more comfortable life at another institution, but chose Finchden Manor instead. Later, John O'Brien wrote the libretto for André's opera, *The Merchant of Venice*.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Judy Arnold (C. 1962)

André and Judy met for the first time in Hong Kong in 1961. When Judy returned from Hong Kong to her London home, André was invited to visit, and later lived there. Judy acted as André's agent for concerts in Europe and other locations outside of England.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Andrzej Panufnik (c. 1963)

André reestablished his friendship with Andrzej Panufnik, who lived in London. His wife, Camilla Jessel, was a professional photographer who took many of André's promotional photos. André and Panufnik knew each other from Poland where Panufnik was a leading composer.

Wigmore Hall **Thursday, February 22nd 1962 at 7.30 p.m.**

IN AID OF FINCHDEN MANOR TRUST
Pro Musica Ltd. present a Pianoforte Recital by



ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY

ANDRÉ TCHAIKOWSKY was born in Warsaw in 1935. At the age of nine he entered the State Music School in Lodz. In 1948 he was sent to the Paris Conservatoire, where, after two years' study with Lazare Levy, he won the coveted First Medal. He then returned to Poland to continue his studies, and finally, he worked with Stefan Askenase in Brussels.

His real public début took place at the Chopin Competition in Warsaw in 1955, when he was awarded a Prize. Concerts followed in Poland and Bulgaria. In 1956 he won Third Prize in the Queen Elisabeth Competition in Brussels. Artur Rubinstein was on the distinguished panel of judges and later said: "I think André Tchaikowsky is one of the finest pianists of his generation—he is even better than that—he is a wonderful musician."

Tchaikowsky first came to England in 1958 and appeared three times at the Royal Festival Hall, both with orchestra and in recital.

Concert Management:
Wilfrid Van Wyck Ltd

Programme and Notes
1/-

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

Program from André's first Finchden Manor benefit recital (c. 1962)

Finchden Manor was always having financial problems. To help George Lyward raise money for Finchden, André played a recital and gave all the proceeds of the concert to the Finchden Manor Trust fund. About five percent of all the concerts André played were unpaid, in support of some cause or organization.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Martha Argerich (c. 1963)

Martha Argerich studied with Stefan Askenase who convinced her during a period of self-doubt that she had talent. André was a great supporter of nearly all the major pianists and would frequently attend their recitals. Martha found André refreshing and amusing.

Polio Research Fund

★

Celebrity Concert

The Capitol Theatre, Horsham

Manager : HAROLD SCOTT

Saturday, 12th May, 1962

★

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
BARBARA HOLT
GERALD ENGLISH
BARBARA HOWITT
RONALD LEWIS

Barbara Holt and Ronald Lewis appear by kind permission of the
General Administrator, Covent Garden Opera Trust, Ltd.

Accompanist : JULIAN HANNELL

★

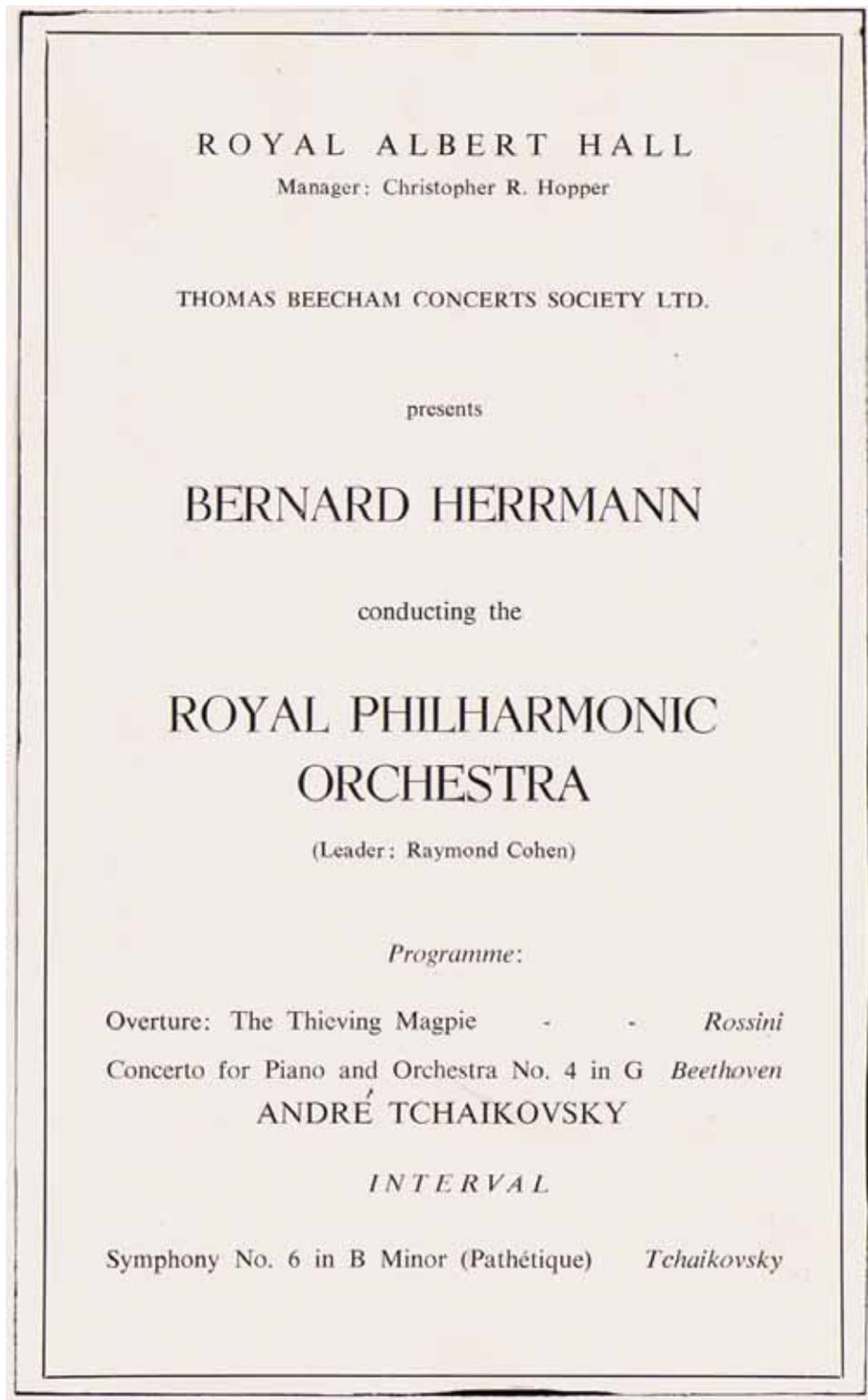
The Committee desire to place on record their sincere gratitude
to the ARTISTES who are most generously giving their services,
ALSO TO—

Wilfrid Van Wyck, Ltd., Concert Agents.
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Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André plays another benefit recital (c. 1962)

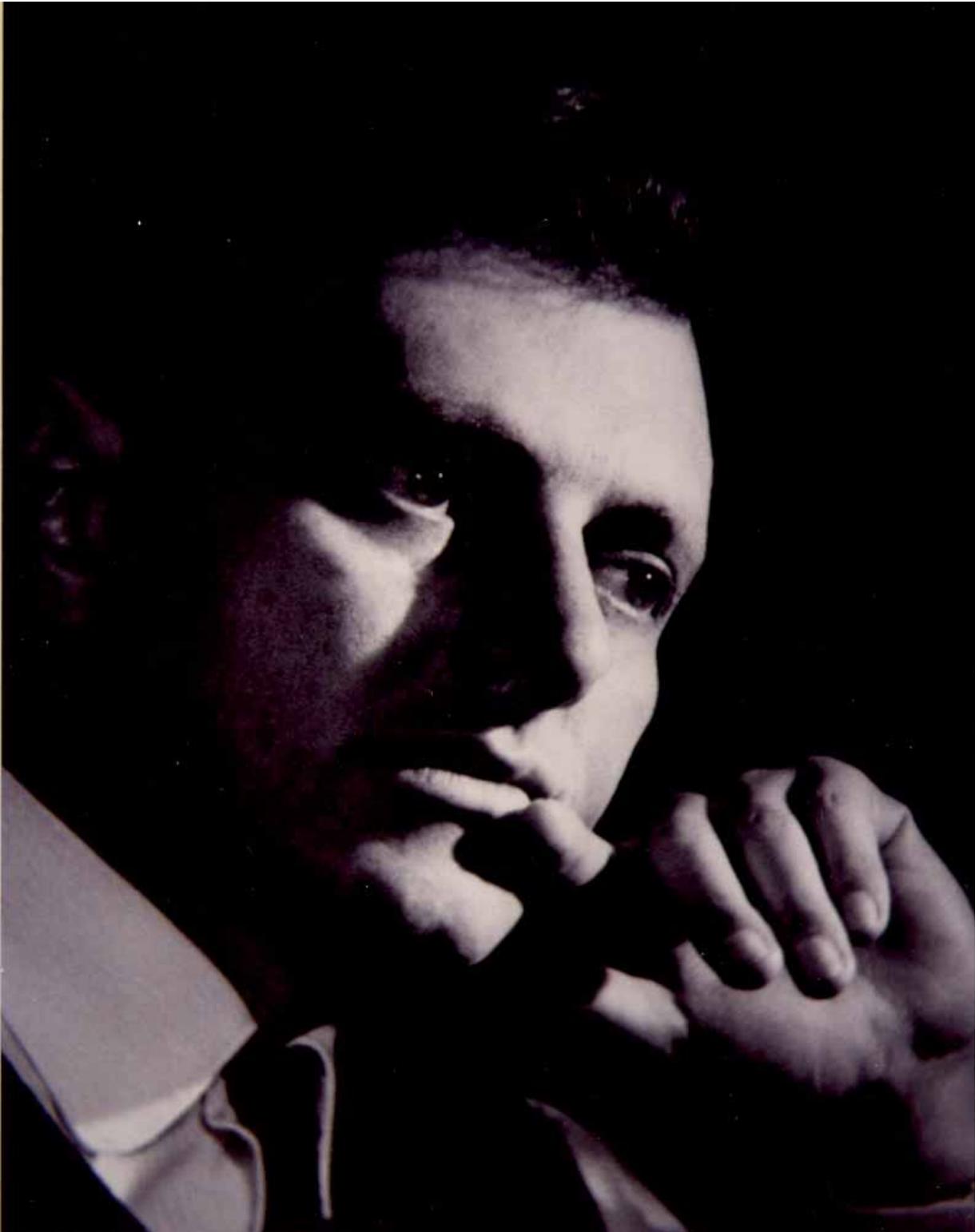
André was one of a number of artists that donated their time to a Polio Research Fund. Most of the artists were singers, but André played Scarlatti, Ravel, and Prokofiev. André's management company, Wilfrid Van Wyck, wasn't making much money with André as an artist. A year later, André switched to another agency.



Courtesy of Anna Syska

Program from Royal Albert Hall - May 20, 1962

This was one of the few concerts where André played with a major London orchestra. André managed to insult the principles of all the of large London orchestras and the result was few concerts with these important groups. The exception was the Prom concerts, a concert series where André was invited often.



Courtesy of Peter Feuchtwanger

Peter Feuchtwanger - Invention No. 1 (c. 1965)

In 1959, Peter composed "Study No.1 in the Eastern Idiom," Opus 3, which was dedicated to André Tchaikowsky. Subsequently, André performed the work during a South American tour. Although he started on a career as a concert pianist, he decided to concentrate on composition and teaching.

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Piotr Paszkowski

Fou Ts'ong - Invention No. 2 (c. 1954)

André Tchaikowsky was a friend of Fou Ts'ong and his wife Zamira. Ts'ong's marriage ended in divorce, and Zamira was dropped as a dedicatee when the Inventions were published. The right hand in this invention represents Zamira -- quiet and thoughtful -- while the left hand represents Ts'ong -- loud and abrupt.



Courtesy of Norma Fisher

Ilona Kabos - Invention No. 3 (c. 1948)

André Tchaikowsky knew Ilona Kabos from his association with Charles Napper (Invention No. 5A). Napper, an amateur pianist, was instructed by Ilona Kabos. He established a musicians' hostel in Finchley (North London) for Ilona's students. Her student Norma Fisher became a champion of André's music.



Courtesy of Valerie Calver

Robert Cornford - Invention No. 4 (c. 1979)

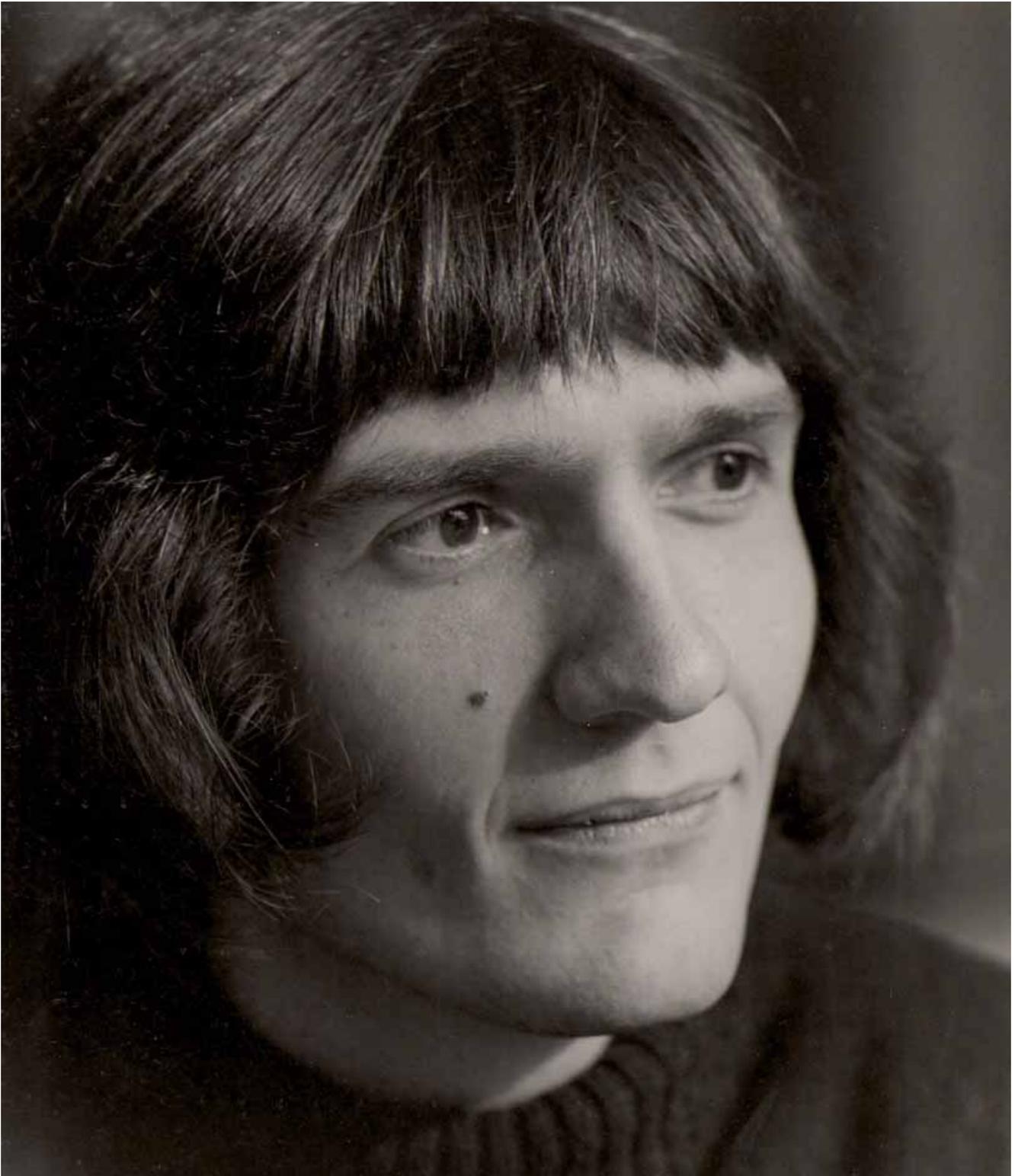
Cornford and André lived in the same house for a time. Sadly, Robert was a heavy drinker and destroyed himself through overwork and worry about financial and artistic concerns. It was one of the few situations where a friend of André's was in worse shape than André himself. This Invention is a high-speed Toccata.



Courtesy of Susie Napper

Charles and Lydia Napper (Susie and Thomas) - Invention No. 5A (c. 1956)

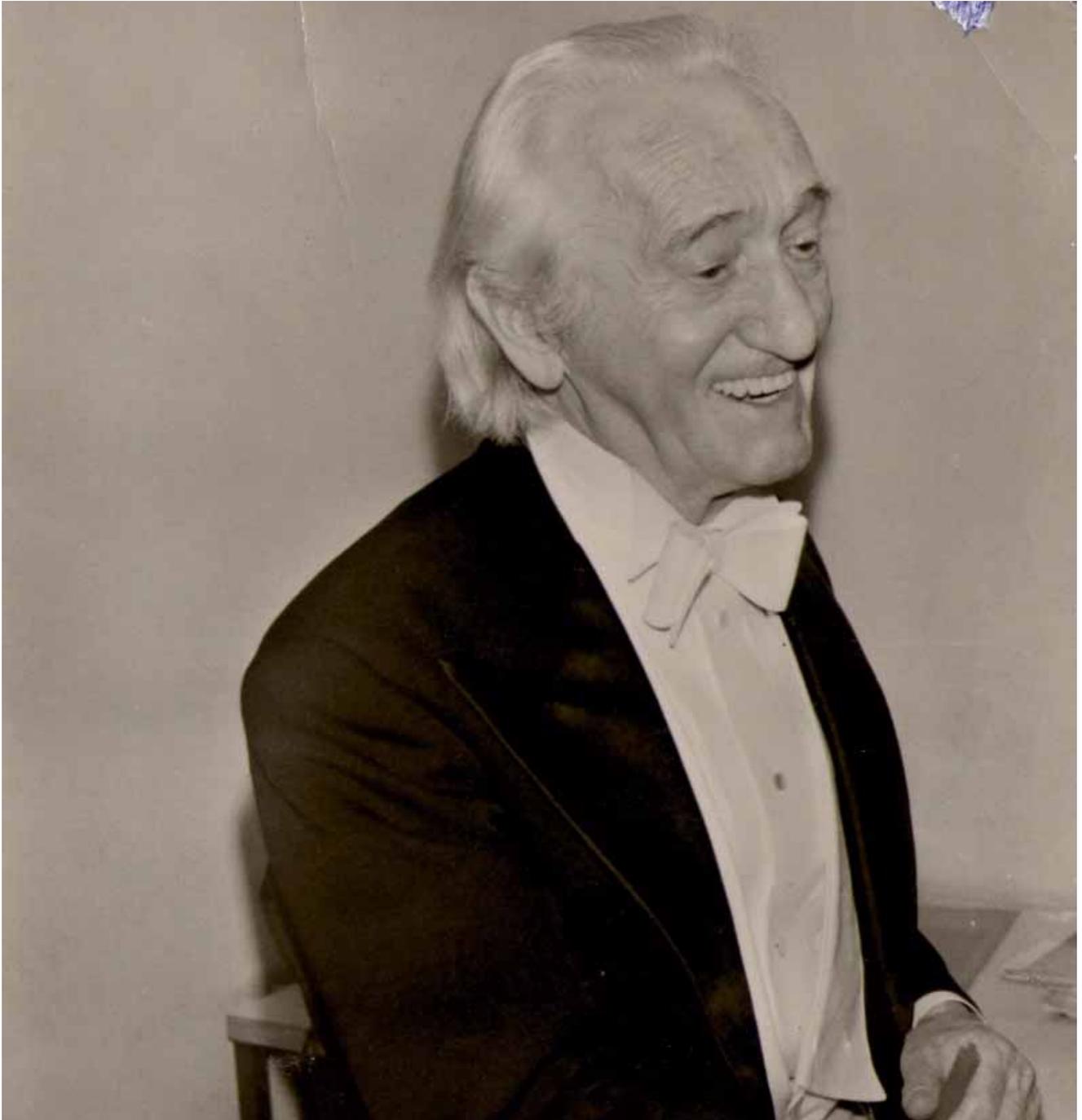
Charles and Lydia financed a concert series for André, lent money to André to buy a home, and supported him during his early years in England. When Charles became active in politics, André rejected the friendship and Invention 5A was replaced with 5B. Invention 5A reappeared in the Epilogue section of André's opera.



Courtesy of Patrick Crommelynck

Patrick Crommelynck - Invention No. 5B (c. 1980)

Patrick Crommelynck and André met at the home of Stefan Askenase in 1957 when Patrick was 15 years old. Over the years, primarily through their common friendship with Stefan, Patrick and André became friends. When it became time to publish the Inventions, André wrote number 5B for Patrick to replace number 5A.



Courtesy of Fritz Dietrich

Stefan Askenase - Invention No. 6 (c. 1980)

Stefan Askenase was probably a father-figure for André. André did play for Stefan, but André was already a top-flight musician and the meetings were more between friends than teacher-pupil. André stopped visiting Stefan when Stefan's wife became ill and difficult. She died in 1971 and André deleted her as a dedicatee.



Courtesy of Tamas Vasary

Tamas Vasary - Invention No. 7 (c. 1960)

Tamas Vasary and André first met at the 1955 Chopin Competition and the next year at the 1956 Queen Elisabeth Competition. When André moved to London in 1960, Tamas was also living in London and they became friends. This Invention was inspired by Vasary's performance of Beethoven's Hammerklavier sonata.



Courtesy of Jim Klukkurt

Sheldon and Alicia Rich - Invention No. 8 (c. 1988)

André and the Rich's became friends, but not the closest of friends, which might be the reason this husband/wife dedication survived the original manuscript. André always called Sheldon "Eeyore" after the Winnie the Pooh character. André was the godfather of their daughter, Andréa (born 1968).



Courtesy of Beatrice Harthan

Wendy - or Beatrice? - Harthan - Invention No. 9 (c.1980)

Beatrice was introduced to André by Peter Feuchtwanger. If Stefan Askenase was André's father-figure, then Beatrice was André's mother-figure. She had a drill-sergeant personality but was supportive to musicians. André harbored ambivalent feelings about her and the Invention is marked "Brusco" and "Grottesco."



Courtesy of Michael Riddall

Michael Riddall - Invention No. 10 (c. 1963)

Michael Riddall acted as André's personal secretary from 1958 to 1963. Riddall recognized André's psychological problems and arranged for psychoanalysis with Dr. Graham Howe. Riddall also introduced André to George Lyward, who operated Finchden Manor, a home for troubled youth.

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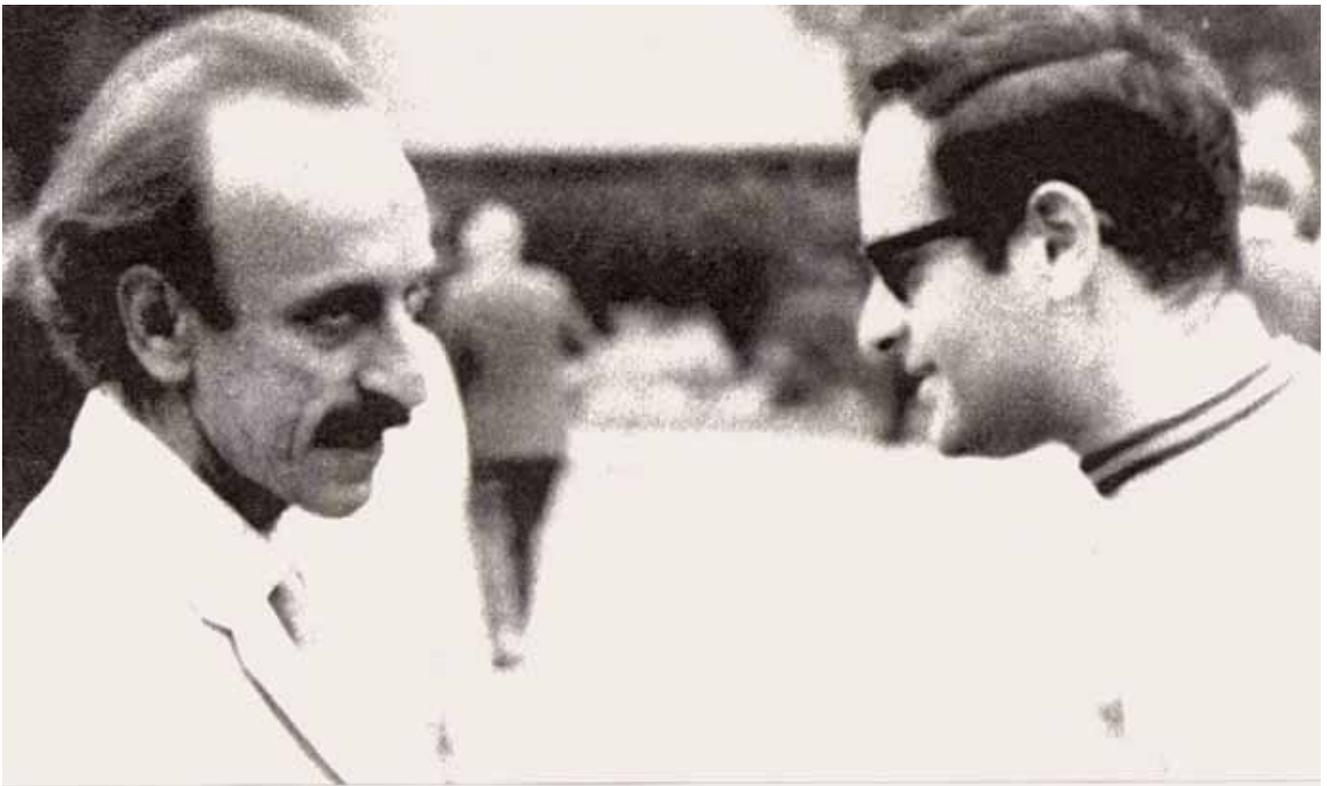
May be obtained from Wigmore Hall Box Office (Weekdays 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.30, WELbeck_2141); Chappell's Box Office, 50 New Bond Street, W.1 (MAYfair 7600) and usual Agents

Programmes inside

Courtesy of Tarry Harrison

Wigmore Hall recital series program (c. 1963)

The cost of the recital hall and André's fee were paid by Charles Napper. Napper had faith in André's playing and believed a recital series would introduce André positively to London audiences and thereby give André the boost his career so badly needed. André played beautifully, but his career was still stalled.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Hans Keller (c. 1965)

André and Hans are shown here at the Dartington Summer School. When Hans heard André play for the first time, he wasn't surprised to discover André also composed. Soon, Hans was André's composition advisor. Everything André wrote was shown to Hans for comments.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

André Tchaikowsky and Alfred Brendel (c. 1963)

André Tchaikowsky wasn't the only pianist to live with the Arnolds: Alfred Brendel was also a house guest. André and Alfred had long and interesting arguments. André was always playing tricks on Brendel and once played an outrageous Mozart cadenza at a concerto concert that he attributed to Brendel.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

Hans Keller and wife, Milein Cosman (c. 1964)

Hans Keller, the number two man at the BBC music department (after Sir William Glock), was a brilliant musician and author. André Tchaikowsky and Hans Keller operated on the same high intellectual plane. After their first meeting in 1964 at Dartington, everything André composed was shown to Hans.



Courtesy of Judy Arnold

A musical evening at the Arnolds (c. 1965)

The home of Judy and Michael Arnold was the scene for many musical evenings. They had a wonderful grand piano and their home was a popular meeting place. Shown here (left to right) are André Tchaikowsky, Fou Ts'ong, Alicia Schachter-Rich, and Alfred Brendel. André and Alfred lived in the Arnold home.



Courtesy of Zamira Benthall

André Tchaikowsky and Zamira Fou (c. 1965)

Zamira was married to Fou Ts'ong. They had a child in 1964. Just a day or so before the birth, André and Zamira went to a production of "Hamlet" and André told the story that the great ghost in the play scared the child right out of Zamira.



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."

"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 feately 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

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

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.

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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."

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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

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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

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"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

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

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.

The Other Tchaikowsky

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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?

The Other Tchaikowsky

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.

Chapter 7 - The Hampstead Years (1966-1976)

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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.



BRITISH ORT

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)

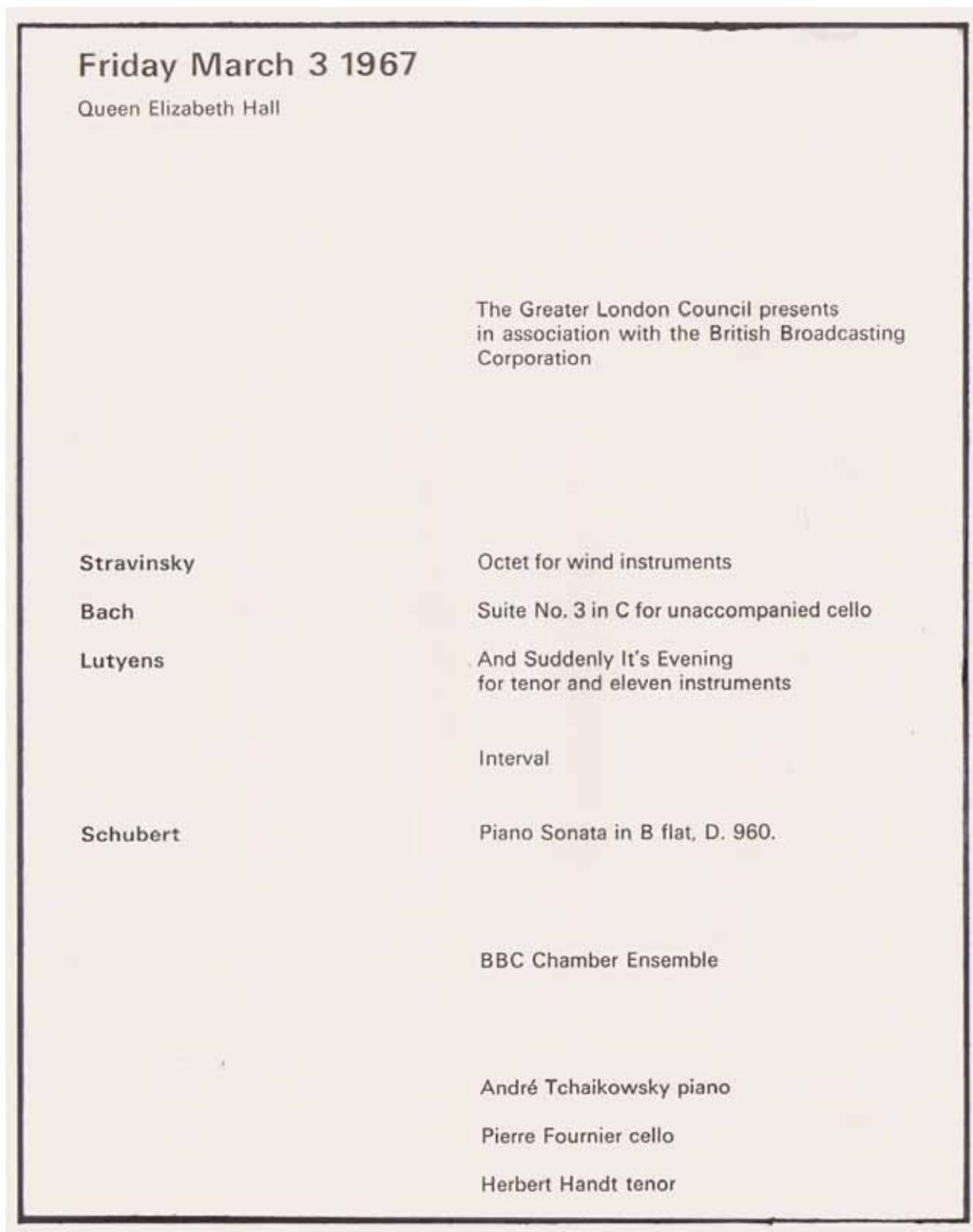
William Glock was number one man in charge of music at the BBC. Glock was also the head of the Dartington Summer School of music. Fortunately, Glock liked André and gave him considerable exposure on the BBC as well as full cooperation at Dartington.



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)

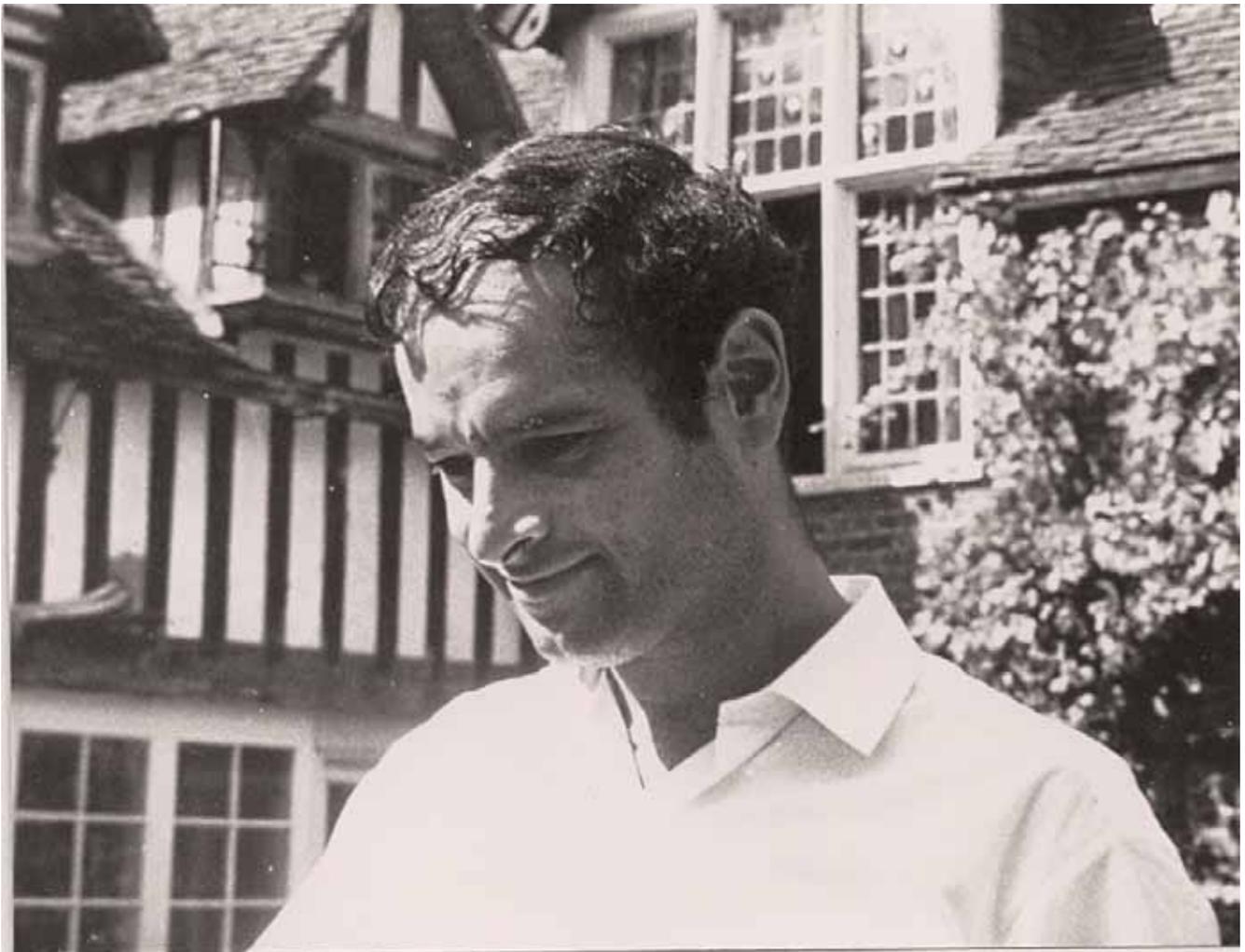
André was 32 years old when this passport photo was taken for use in travel documents he needed for his concert tours. When André finally received his British citizenship and passport, this photo was used. Receiving his British citizenship was a great event in his life and simplified his travels considerably.



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)

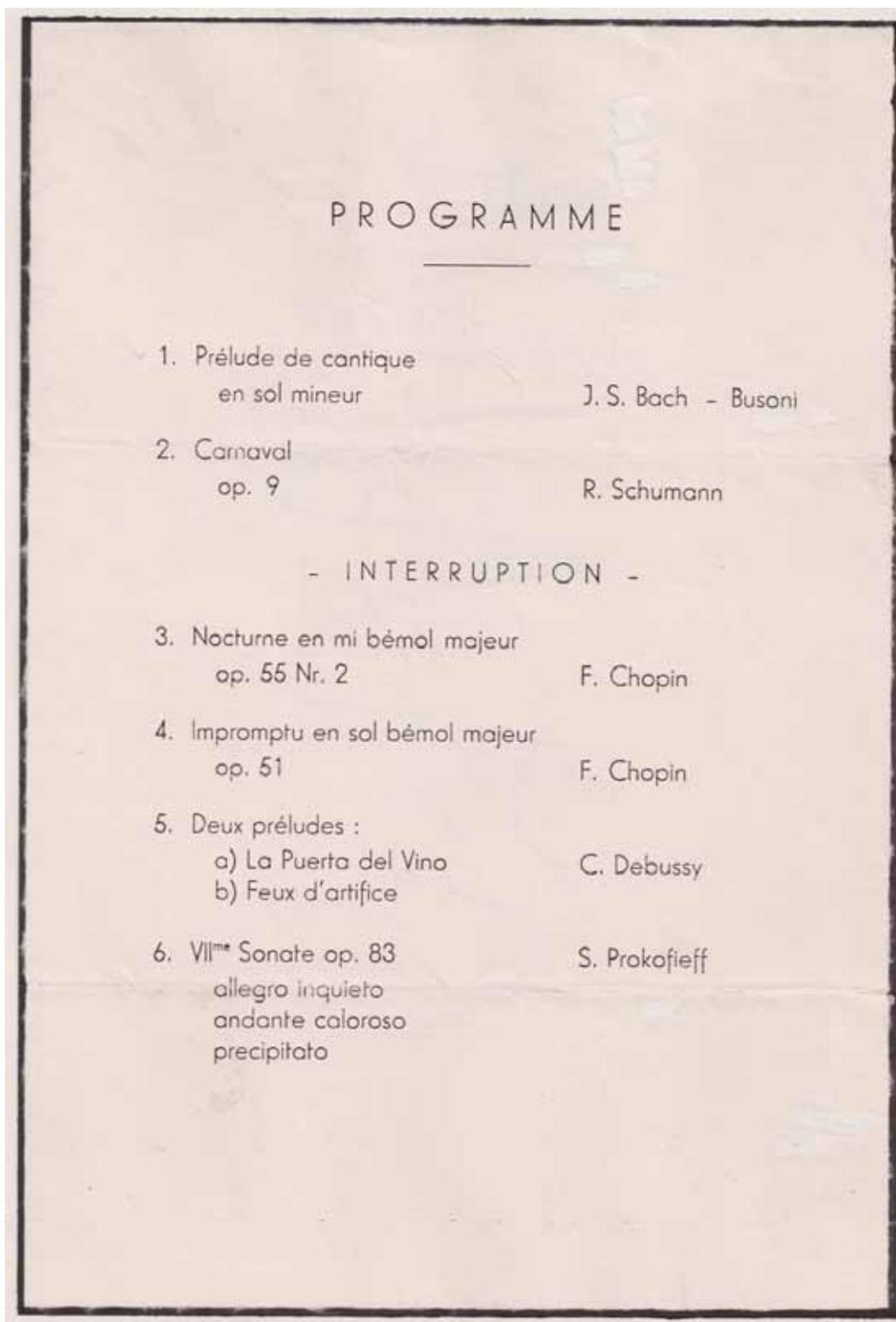
André visited George Lyward at Finchden Manor every few months. His visits were almost always unannounced and usually upset Lyward's schedule. They often were a nuisance but George Lyward didn't complain. André would stay for two or even three weeks at a time.



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.

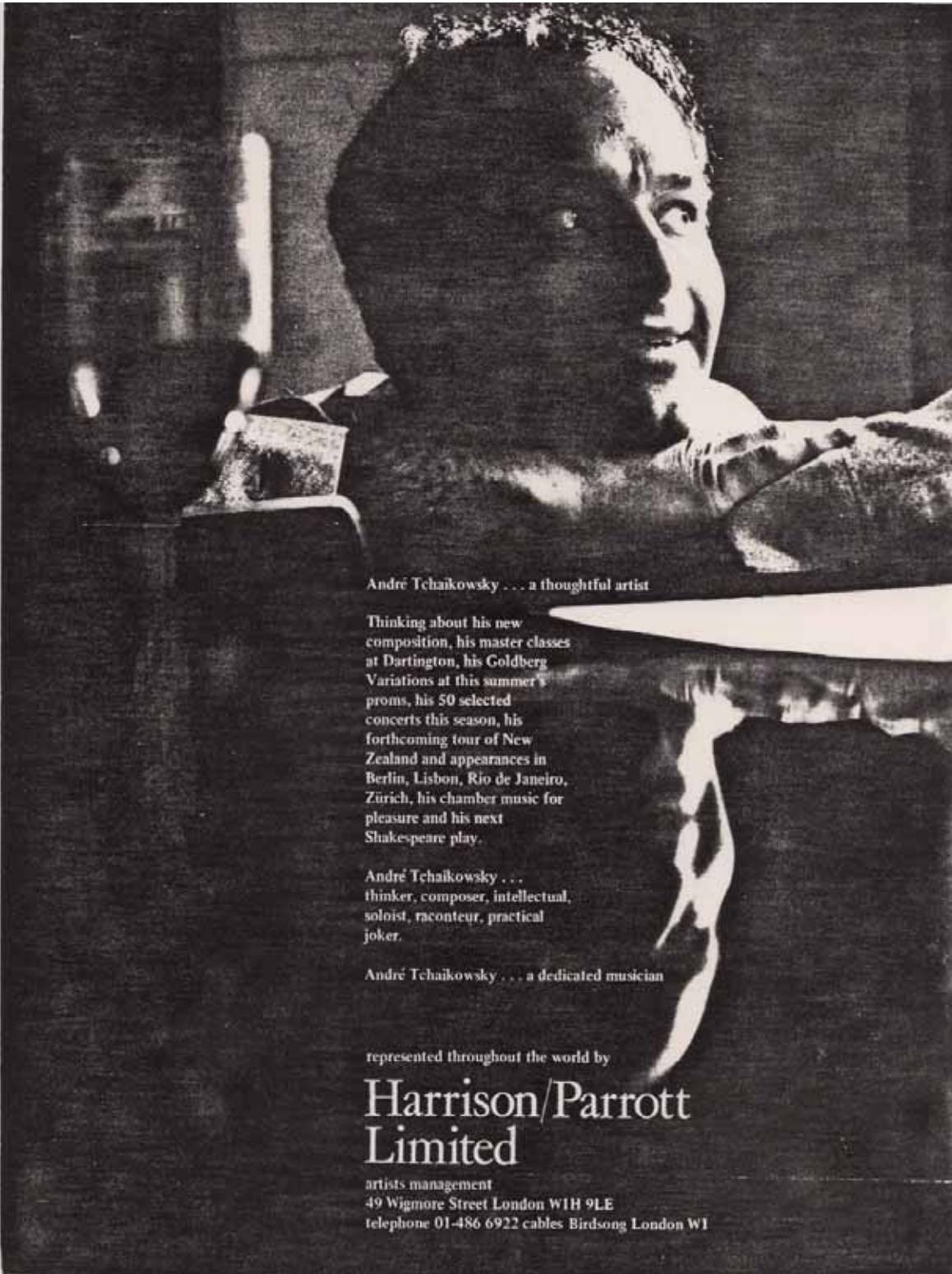


Courtesy of Judy Arnold

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.

OBOE
cannot choose

This sounds better than you might think

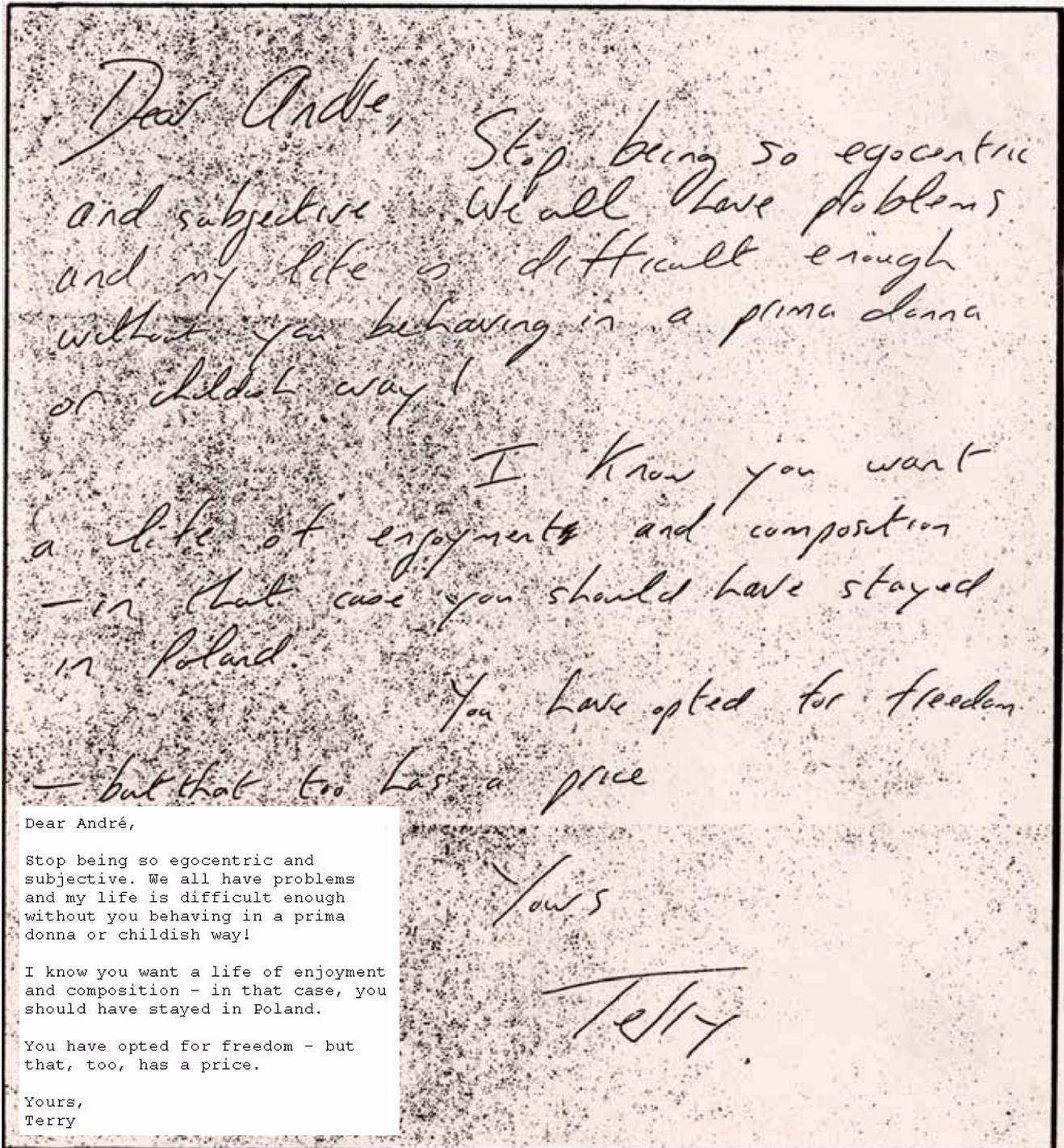
A DIVISION OF ANSETT TRANSPORT  INDUSTRIES (OPERATIONS) PTY. LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

Form 756 * Cf. The Countess in "Figaro".

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.

- 1 -

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
(1966 - 71)

To George A. Lyward

CONCERTO FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA
(Study arrangement for 2 pianos)

INTRODUZIONE

Grave. ($\text{♩} = 60$) 5

Piano

Flauti

Otoni

Flauti

Tr.

Trombe

5

10

Courtesy of Josef Weinberger

George Lyward was the original dedicatee of André's Piano Concerto - Opus 4 (c. 1971)

When André completed the manuscript for his Piano Concerto, he dedicated it to George Lyward. When the score was published, it was dedicated to Radu Lupu, but in memoriam to George Lyward. The complete piano reduction was also written by André Tchaikowsky.



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.

The Daily Telegraph, Wednesday, October 29, 1975

Delicacy from Lupu in muscular concerto

By MARTIN COOPER

THE majority of piano concertos in the past have been composed by practising pianists for their own use, but André Tchaikowsky chose his colleague Radu Lupu to introduce his concerto at the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's Festival Hall concert last night when Uri Segal conducted.

Although much of the solo part demands a virtuoso technique, this is by no means a showy work and there is no question of any romantic pitting of the orchestra against the solo instrument.

The fact that the three movements are, respectively, a Passacaglia, a sonata movement and a sonata-cum-fugue gives a faithful idea of the composer's seriousness of intention, and the close interdependence of material was often clear to the ear even at a first hearing.

★

Despite some passages of luxuriant figuration this is for the most part lean, muscular music, almost without exception nervously tense and relying for its dramatic effects on unexpected understatements.

Orchestral climaxes are on several occasions answered by a sudden pianissimo chord from the soloist, and in the Capriccio a passage of such chords, quoted from the first movement, provides in effect the trio section of the scherzo.

If the figuration of the solo part occasionally recalls that of Prokofiev, the combination of half-romantic melancholy in the Passacaglia, the sardonic humour of the Capriccio and the fugal finale suggest a parallel with Rawsthorne.

Lupu's delicate handling of the first movement's theme set the tone for a performance which erred, if at all, by excessive modesty and may well have left many listeners unaware of the feats that he was in fact accomplishing. This was particularly true of the Capriccio where the solo part demands a brilliance which only needed more displaying.

★

At a first hearing the least successful movement seemed to be the finale, with its congested counterpoints, but the strictly organic cadenza and coda made a dramatically as well as intellectually convincing conclusion.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

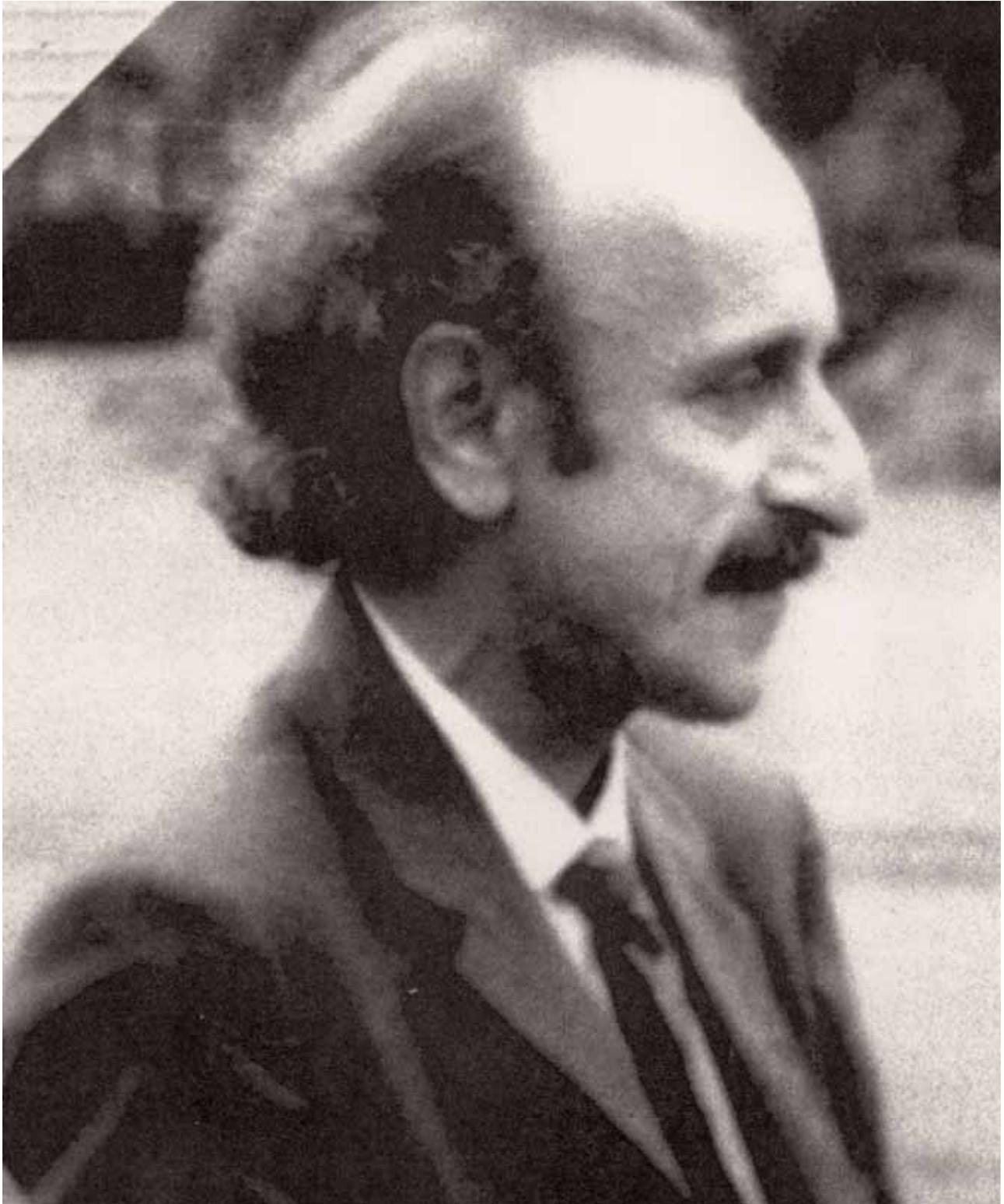
The review by senior music critic at *The Daily Telegraph*, Martin Cooper. The Piano Concerto performance was a major event in the world of pianists. However, it was a work of considerable difficulty and other pianists decided not to put it in their repertoire.



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.

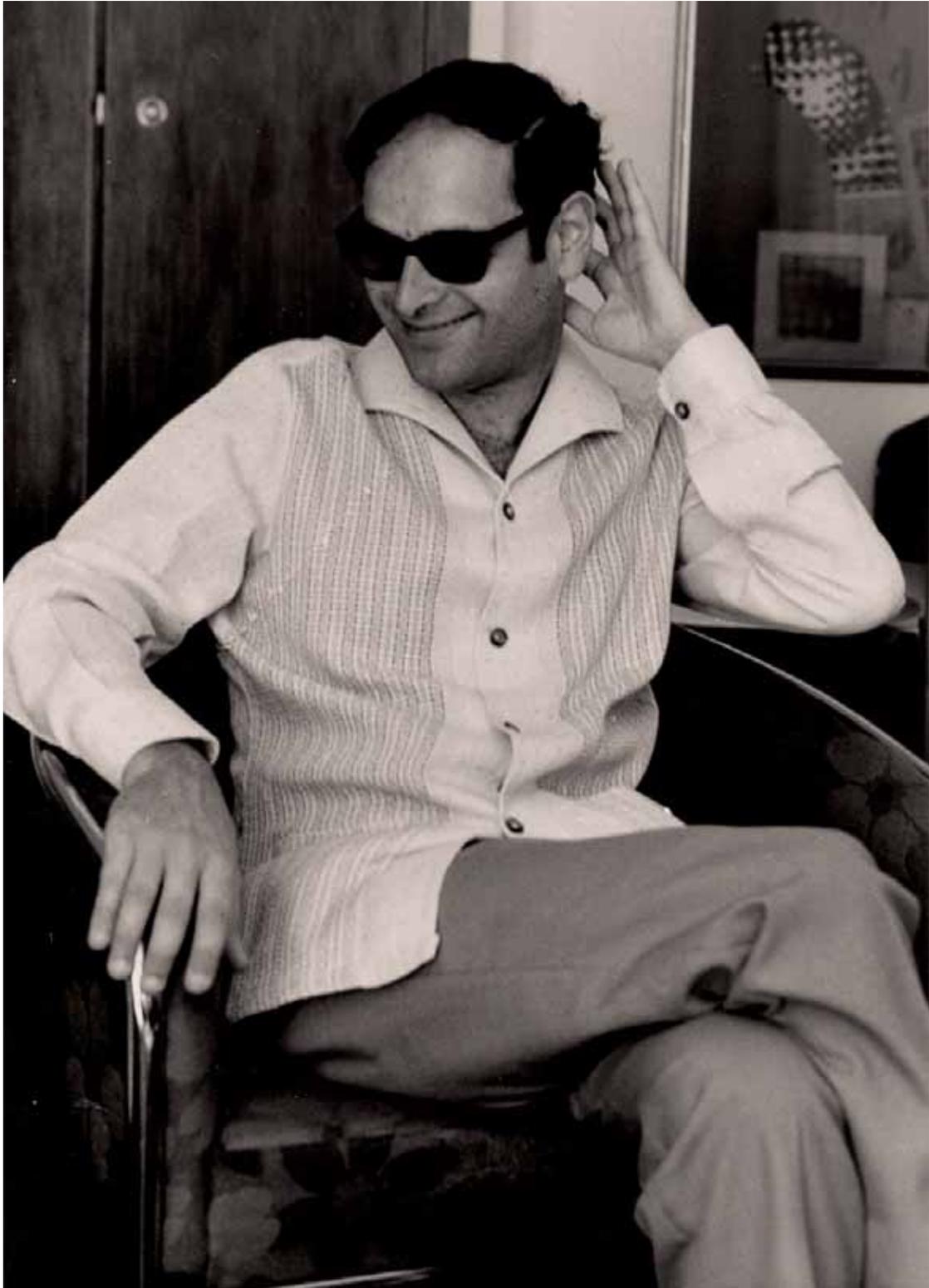
Several of his compositions are now being performed both in England and abroad (Germany and Holland recently) including song cycles, a clarinet sonata, a string quartet, a piano suite. He has just completed a piano concerto and is now working on a full length opera.

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. Slight roughness of detail and unsteadiness 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 the sake 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.

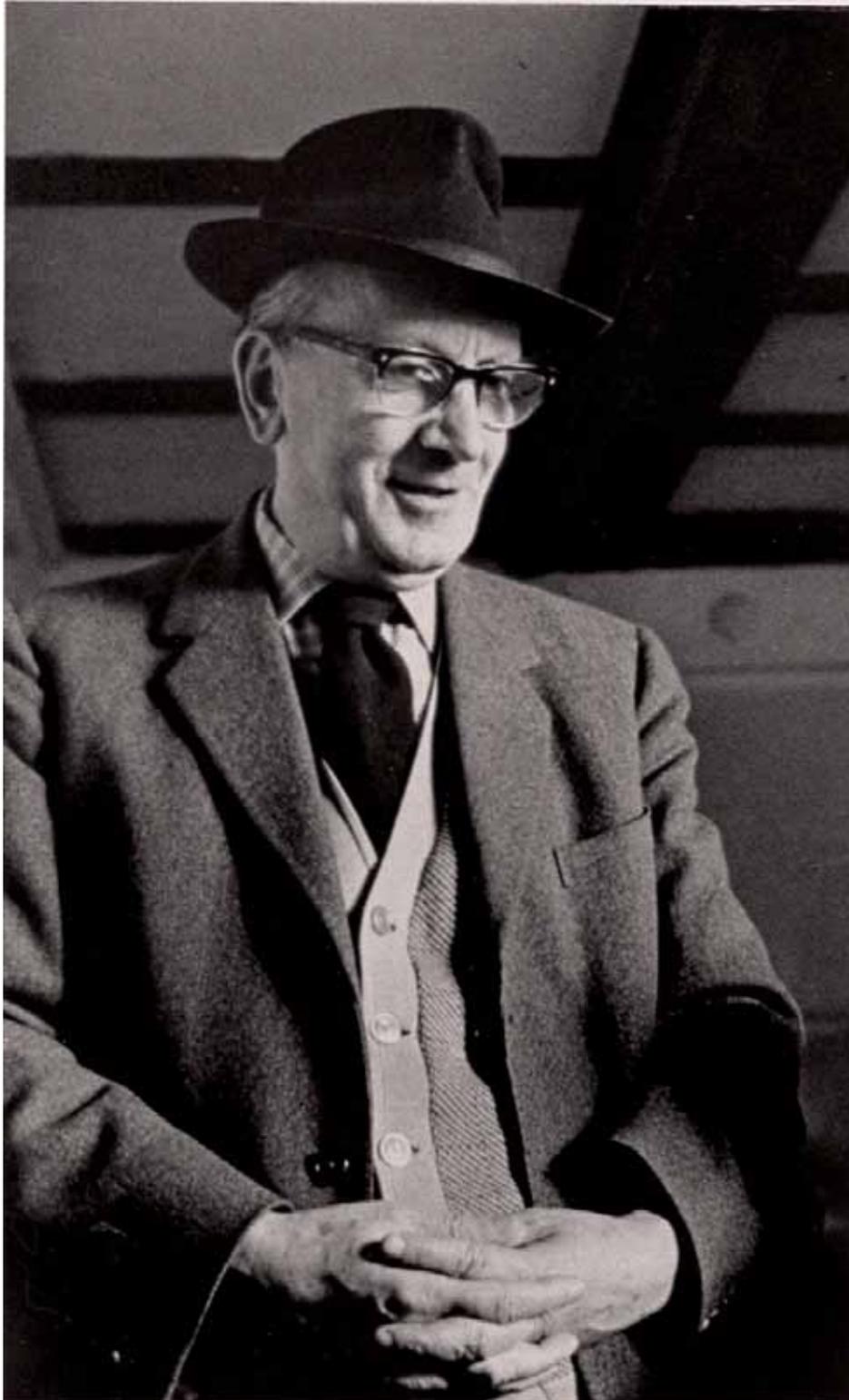
When the whole performance was so outstanding it seems almost perfunctory to write about it in the first place. Suffice it to say that those who could not attend this concert missed a musical experience of a lifetime.

—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 durcbaus 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

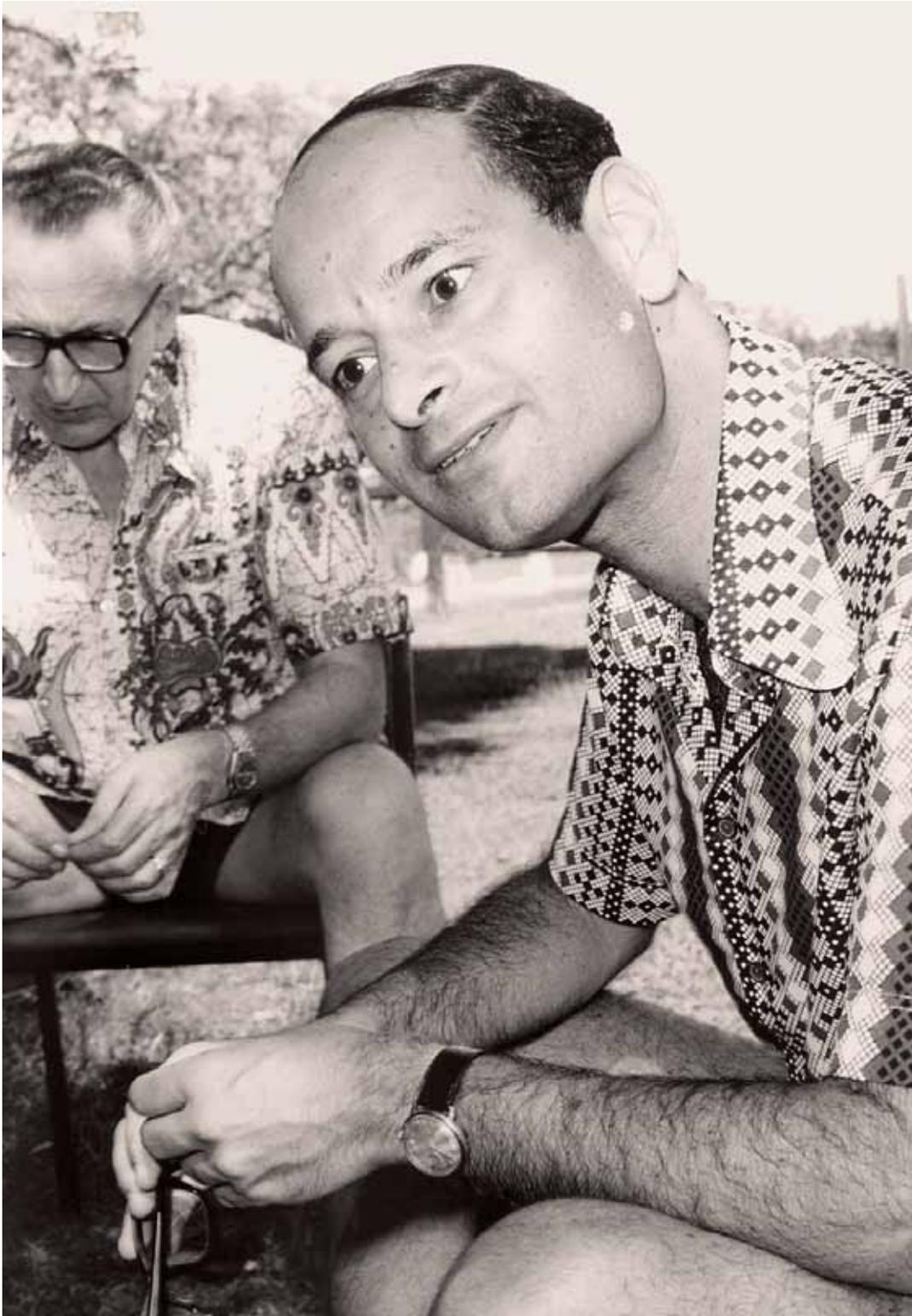
Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)
Three Movements from Petrushka
Russian Dance
In Petrusbka's Cell
Sbrove-Tide Fair

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."

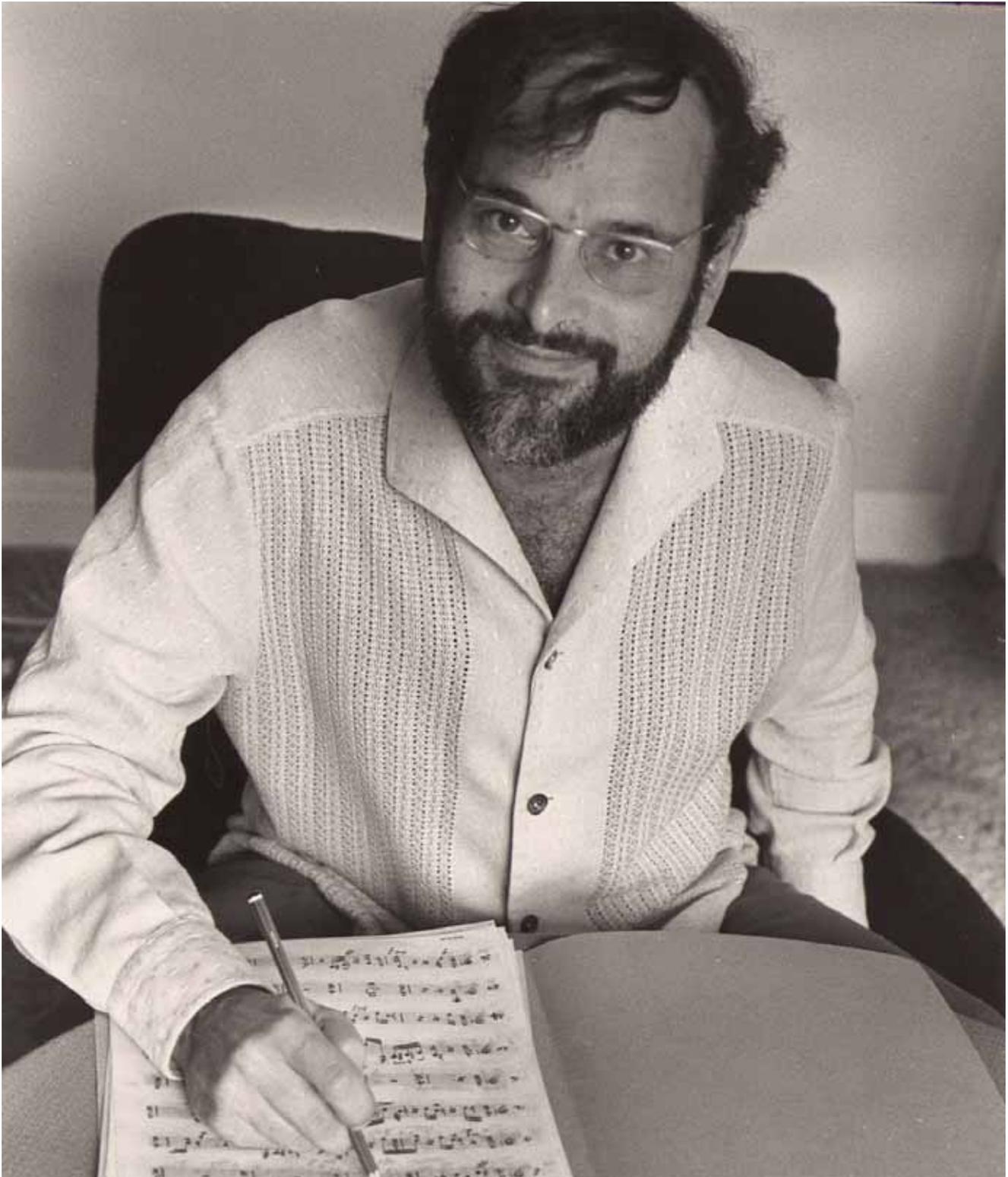
Andre will be back with us early in March 1976 for a term, and we will be ready to welcome him home.

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.

to the Lindsay String Quartet

STRING QUARTET No. 2 in C (Op. 5)

André Tchaikowsky

I Sonata

Allegro vivace

Musical score for Violin 1, Violin 2, Viola, and Violoncello. The score is in 3/4 time and features dynamic markings such as *pp*, *ppicc.*, *mf marc.*, *pp*, *ppicc.*, *pp*, *ppicc.*, *pp*, and *ppicc.*. The tempo is marked *Allegro vivace*.

Musical score for Violin 1, Violin 2, Viola, and Violoncello. The score is in 3/4 time and features dynamic markings such as *p*, *ppicc.*, *pp*, *p*, *ppicc.*, *p*, *ppicc.*, *p*, and *ppicc.*.

© 1980 Josef Weinberger Ltd.

Courtesy of Josef Weinberger

String Quartet No. 2 in C (c. 1980)

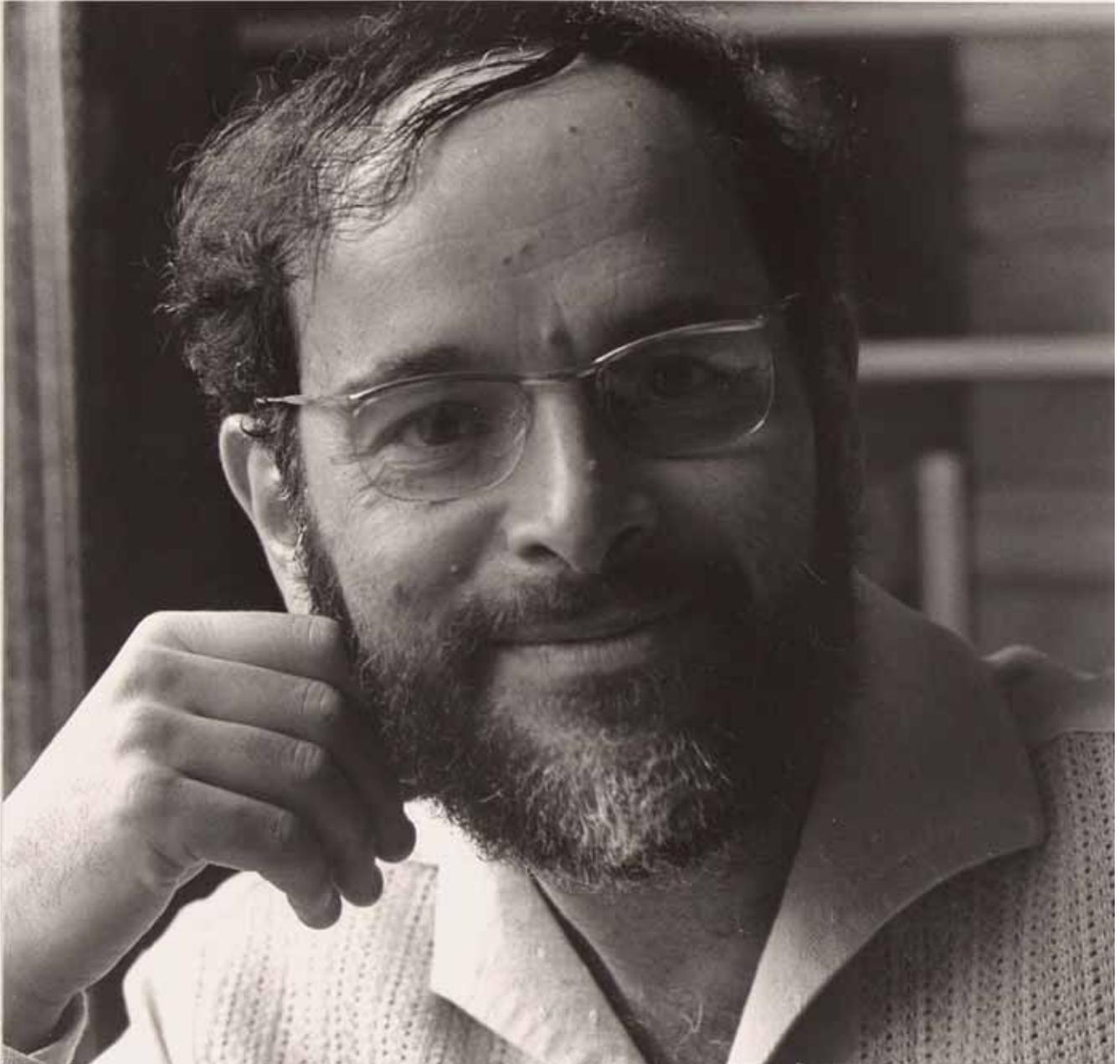
André's String Quartet No.2 was dedicated to the Lindsay String Quartet, the same ensemble who performed André's Quartet No. 1. Of the two quartets, the Lindsay find No.2 to be superior and even a masterpiece. The work was published in 1980, but only the Lindsay has ever performed it.



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.



Courtesy of Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky - Age 40 (1975)

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

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Artist-in-Residence (1976)

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

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

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

A summary of the reviews include:

Concert 1.

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

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

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

Concert 2.

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

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

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

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

Concert 3.

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

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

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

Concert 4.

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

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

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

Concert 5.

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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

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

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

Concert 6.

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

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

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

Concert 7.

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

Concert 8.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love, André

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

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

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Hans Ulrich,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours sincerely,
Terence Harrison

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

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

Oh, my littler kisser,

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

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

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

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

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

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

I kiss you without the least inhibitions.

Yours,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back on Tour (1977)

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

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

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

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

Dear Terry,

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear Angela,

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

Yours,
André

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

My dear John,

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

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

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

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

All love meanwhile,
André

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

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

My dear kisser,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear André,

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

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

Yours,
Halinka

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

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

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

Difficulties Continue (1978)

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

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

Hallo Dear Terry,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear kisser,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear André,

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

Love, Halinka

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

My dear kisser,

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

Status of the Opera (1978)

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

Dear John,

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

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

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

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

Your old
André

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

Contact with an Old Friend (1978)

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

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

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

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

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

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

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

Darling,

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

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

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

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

Yours,
H.

André responded on November 23, 1978:

Dear Halinka,

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

A Slow Season (1979)

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

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

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

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

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

Fair love,
André

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

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

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

Dear Halinka,

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

Yours,
Old André

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

My dear John,

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

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

Confession to a Friend (1979)

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

Dear Ian,

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear Ian,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ever yours,
André

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

Dear Ian,

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

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

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

With all my affectionate wishes,
André

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

Visit to Israel (1980)

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

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

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

Dear kisser,

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear kisser,

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

Yours,
André

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

Undeserved Applause

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Doctor - 'Hello. Professor Mozes speaking.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear kisser,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

New Zealand (1980)

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

Tchaikowsky at Town Hall Auditorium

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

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

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

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

Tchaikowsky Shows Second Aspect of Beethoven

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

André meets his Father (1980)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear father,

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

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

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

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

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

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

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

Please respond in all friendship.

Your prodigal son,
André

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

My dear Halinka,

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

The Opera (1980)

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

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

André Tchaikowsky

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

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

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

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

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

André Tchaikowsky

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My dearest Michael,

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear Angela,

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

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

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

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

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

André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finishing the Opera (1980)

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

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

My dear Ian,

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

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

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

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

Your guru and sage,
André

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

Dear Michael,

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

Yours,
André

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

My dearest twin,

Chapter 8 - The Cumnor Years (1976-1982)

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

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

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

Your big twin,
André

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

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

Return to Israel (1980)

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

My dear Halinka,

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

Yours,
André

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

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

My dear kisser,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

Another Year of Financial Concern (1981)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Ian,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

Dear Michael,

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

Yours,
André

Dartington (1981)

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

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

Dear Ian,

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

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

All greetings,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My dear kisser,

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

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

Yours,
André

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

My Work is my Life

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

Question: Do you play any of your own compositions?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Question - What about your European tour?

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

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

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

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

Recital for Food Fund

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

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

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

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

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

Opera Playthrough

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

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

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

Dear John,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ever your old,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

Year for Financial Recovery (1982)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Illness (1982)

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

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

Others, in retrospect, remembered warning signs:

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

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

Hans Keller - Also at Dartington in August 1981:

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

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

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

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

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

André wrote to Ian Dando on December 27, 1981:

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

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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

Dear Susan,

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

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

All love,
André

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

Dear John,

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

Love,
André

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

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

André back on Tour (1982)

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

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

May 9 Mainz

May 18 Bad Homburg

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

My dear kisser,

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

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

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

Yours,
André

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

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

My dear Ianno,

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

All love as ever,
André

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

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

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

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

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

Home to England

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

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

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

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

Eve Harrison:

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

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

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

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

Eve Harrison:

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

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

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



Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

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

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



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



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart 1756-1791

THE COMPLETE PIANO CONCERTOS OF MOZART
André Tchaikowsky

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

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

Courtesy of Sir Frank Callaway

Program for complete Mozart Concerto Cycle (1976)

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

The Complete Piano Concertos of Mozart

Soloist: André Tchaikowsky

THE PROGRAMMES

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION SERIES

1. **Monday, March 29**

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

2. **Thursday, April 1**

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

3. **Monday, April 5**

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

4. **Friday, April 23**

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

5. **Monday, April 26**

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

6. **Friday, April 30**

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

7. **Monday, May 10**

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

Courtesy of Sir Frank Callaway

Schedule for complete Mozart Concerto Cycle (1976)

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

Schumann : Davidsbündlertänze, op. 6.

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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

Beethoven : Sonata in e-minor op. 90.

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

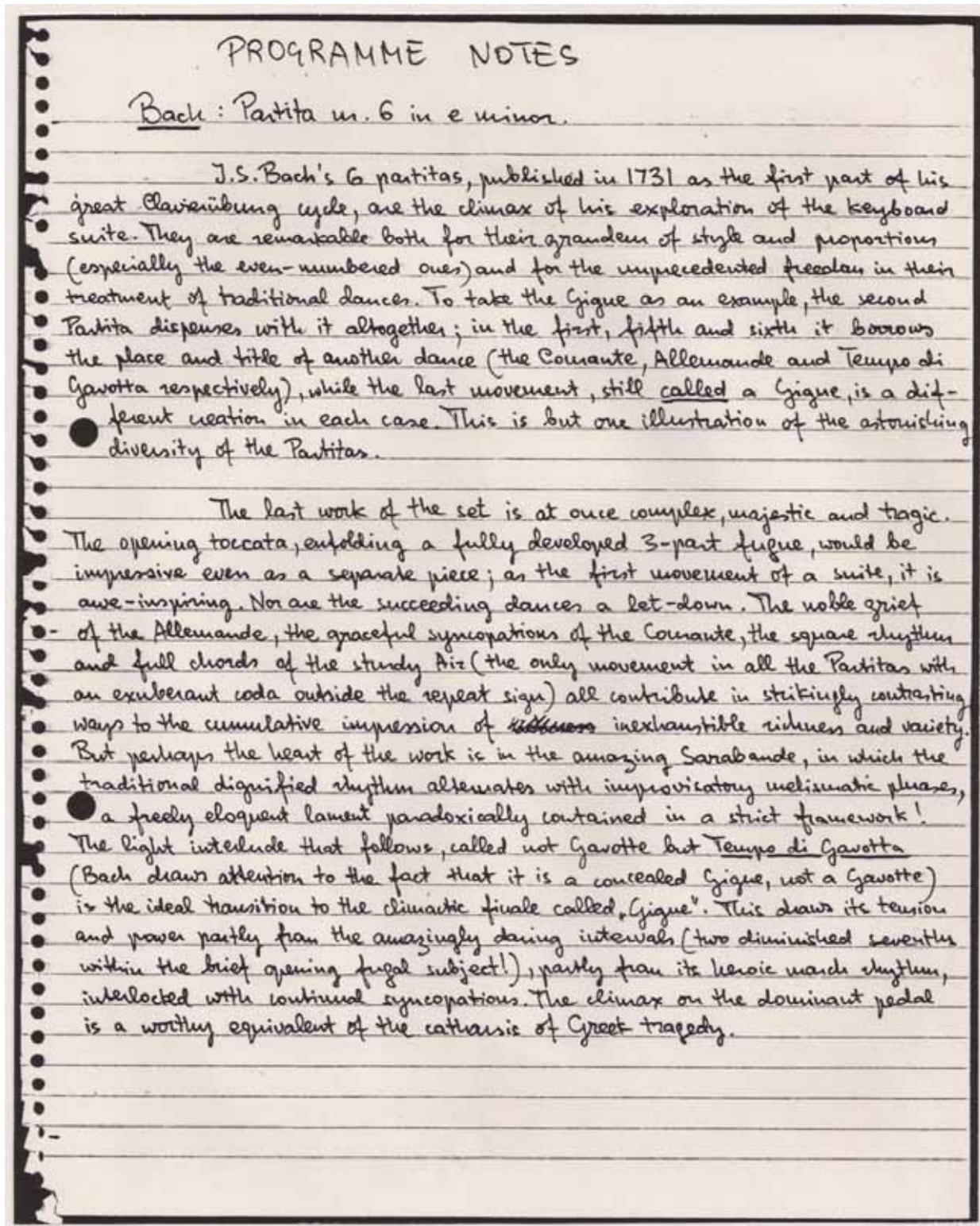
What, then, makes his e-minor sonata so unusual? It is the first sonata based on a complete, indeed drastic, contrast between the two movements. (Beethoven was to go even further in the same direction in his last, and possibly greatest, piano sonata). The allegro of op. 90 is compressed, abrupt and dramatic,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

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

Sketch of André Tchaikowsky by Milein Cosman (1975)

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



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

Sketch of André Tchaikowsky by Milein Cosman

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

1
PLAYING BACH ON THE PIANO

All my friends were aghast when they saw this programme.

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

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

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

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

2

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

3

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

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

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

MARTIN R. LAMB

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

(Received 12 May 1978)

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

Introduction

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

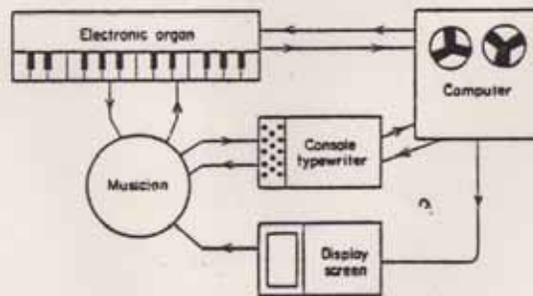


FIG. 1. Layout of computerized musicianship aids system.

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

593

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

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Courtesy of Martin R. Lamb

André Tchaikowsky meets the computer (1977)

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

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

Harrison | Parrott

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

THE MELOS ENSEMBLE
MARGARET CABLE mezzo-soprano

MOZART Clarinet Trio in E flat K498

DEBUSSY Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp

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

interval

MOZART Piano and Wind Quintet in E flat K452

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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

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Admission — \$1.50
(students free)

The Department of Music is pleased to present

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY
(piano)

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

PROGRAMME

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

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

- INTERMISSION -

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of Alan Walker

Program from Hamilton, Ontario, Recital (1978)

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



Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra
David Zinman, Music Director

55th Season
1977-78

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

DAVID ZINMAN, conductor
ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY, piano

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

Intermission

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

Courtesy of David Zinman

Program from Rochester, NY, concerto concert (1978)

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of David Zinman

Biographical sketch of David Zinman (1978)

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

Greater London Council
Queen Elizabeth Hall
Director George Mann OBE

Sunday 21 May 1978 at 3pm

**André
Tchaikowsky**

represented exclusively by Harrison/Parrott Ltd

Programme

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

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

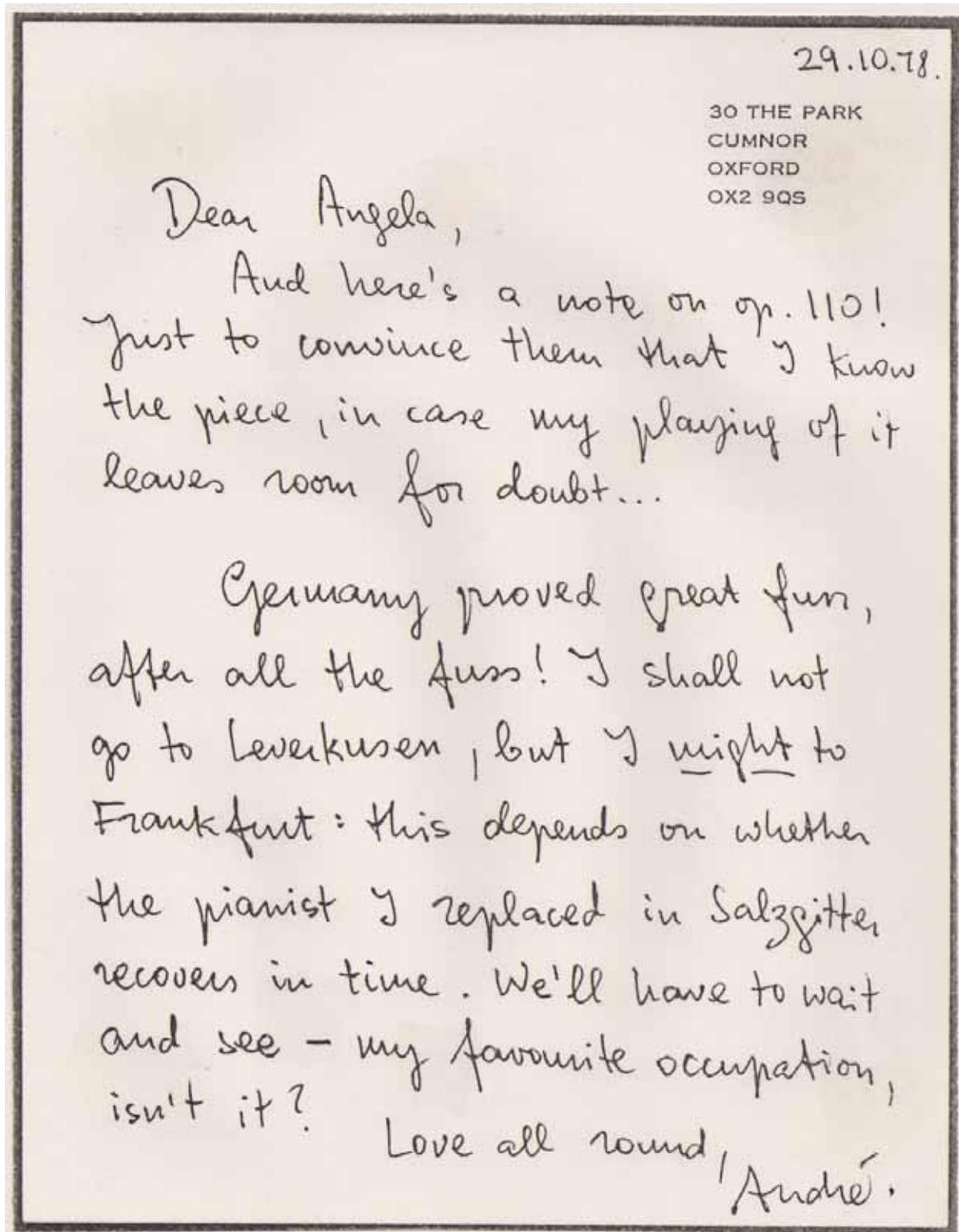
INTERVAL

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

Courtesy of Joanne Reece

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

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



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André's response to request for personal information

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

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Michel Vogt

André Tchaikowsky - Age 44 (1980)

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

reviews. Aren't I getting businesslike at last?

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

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

Love to you and the charmers,

Yours
André

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André "Business" letter to Terry Harrison (1978)

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

Katie
HHH Ltd
5 Draycott Place
London SW 3

22nd November 1979

Dear Katie

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

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

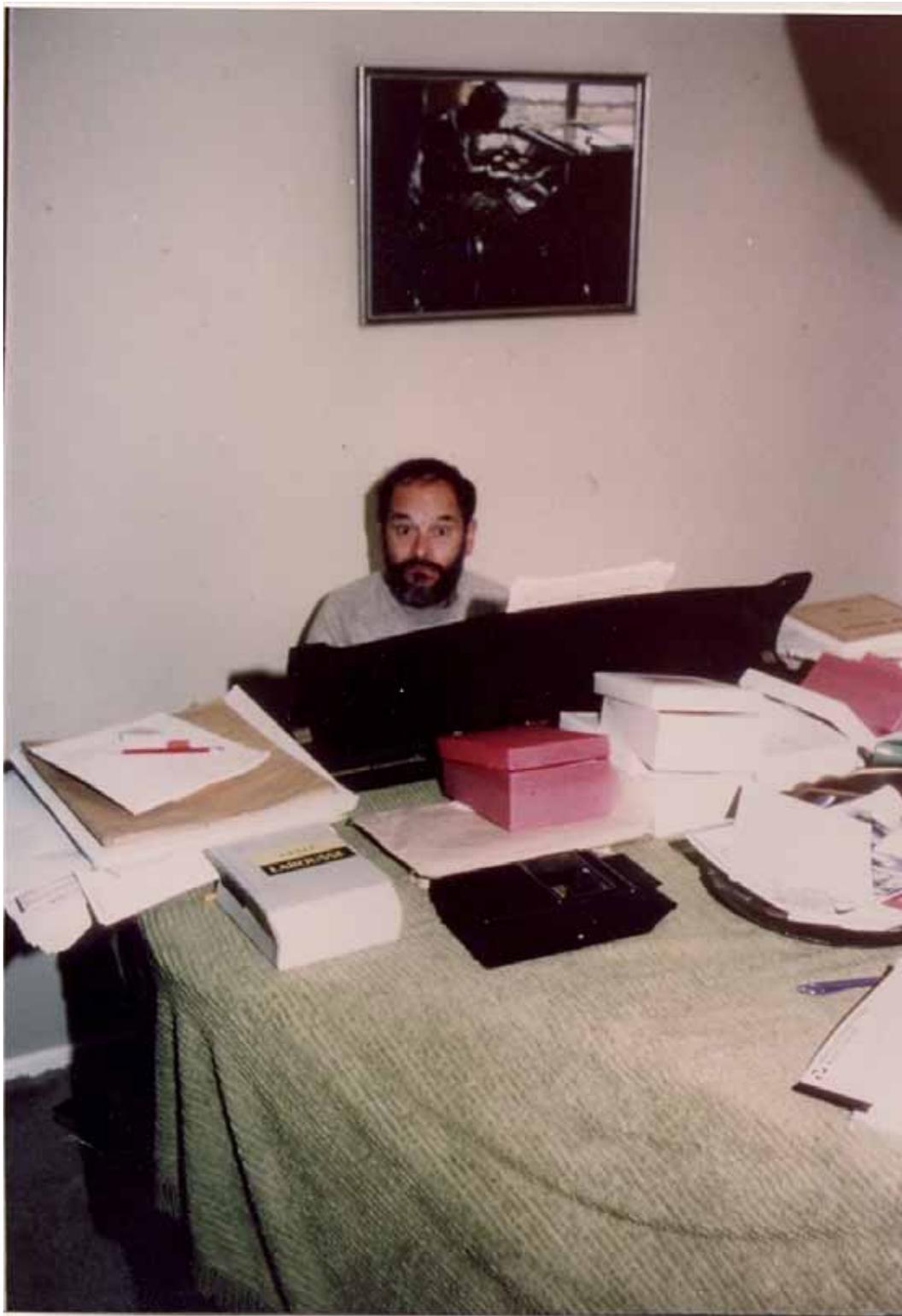
We don't want people to think he is not a serious pianist because his income depends on his piano playing.

Best wishes
Yours sincerely

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

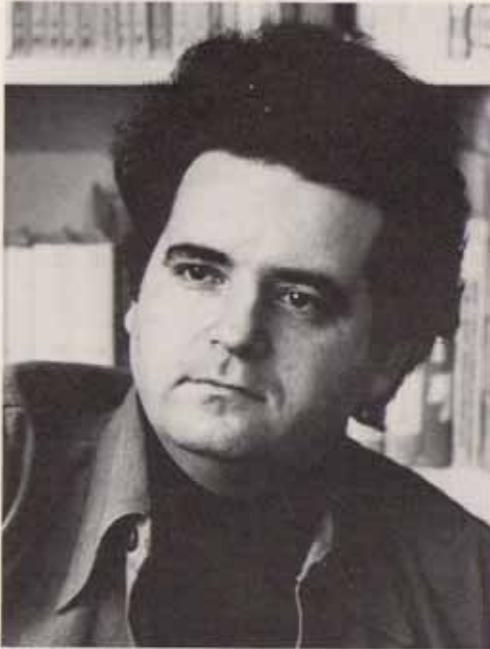
André was planning to take a large break from performing as a pianist in 1980 in order to complete the opera. Terry Harrison wanted to give the impression that André was so popular that he was fully booked, a more forgivable reason for unavailability. This memo is to a rival management company, Harold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



Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 45 (1980)

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



Uri Segal.

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

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra

Biographical sketch of Uri Segal (1978)

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



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

André Tchaikowsky - Age 43 (1978)

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

The Other Tchaikowsky



Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 45 (1980)

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

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

Tuesday 16 September at 7.30 pm



PIANO RECITAL BY

**COLIN
STONE**

BACH · BEETHOVEN · CHOPIN · PROKOFIEV

Programme and ticket details overleaf

— DAVID BEZEM & PARTNERS —

Courtesy of Colin Stone

André's student, Colin Stone (1986)

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

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

Ninth Edition Publication scheduled for Summer 1980

Airmail biographical questionnaire

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

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

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

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

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

Married to: **—**

Children: **—**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

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

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



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Karl and Eugénie Krauthammer (1973)

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



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Karl Krauthammer - Age 71 (1980)

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



Courtesy of Eugénie Krauthammer

Katherine and André - sister and brother (1980)

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



Photograph: Sophie Baker

André Tchaikowsky

represented exclusively by Harrison/Parrott Ltd

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

Sunday 11 May at 3pm

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program from Piano Recital (1980)

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



Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

André Tchaikowsky and a Polish visitor (1980)

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



Courtesy of Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk

André Tchaikowsky and Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk (1980)

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

The Other Tchaikowsky

English
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Opera

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25 November 1980

Mr Hans Keller
3 Frognaal Gardens
London NW3 3UY

My dear Hans

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

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

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

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

Yours ever

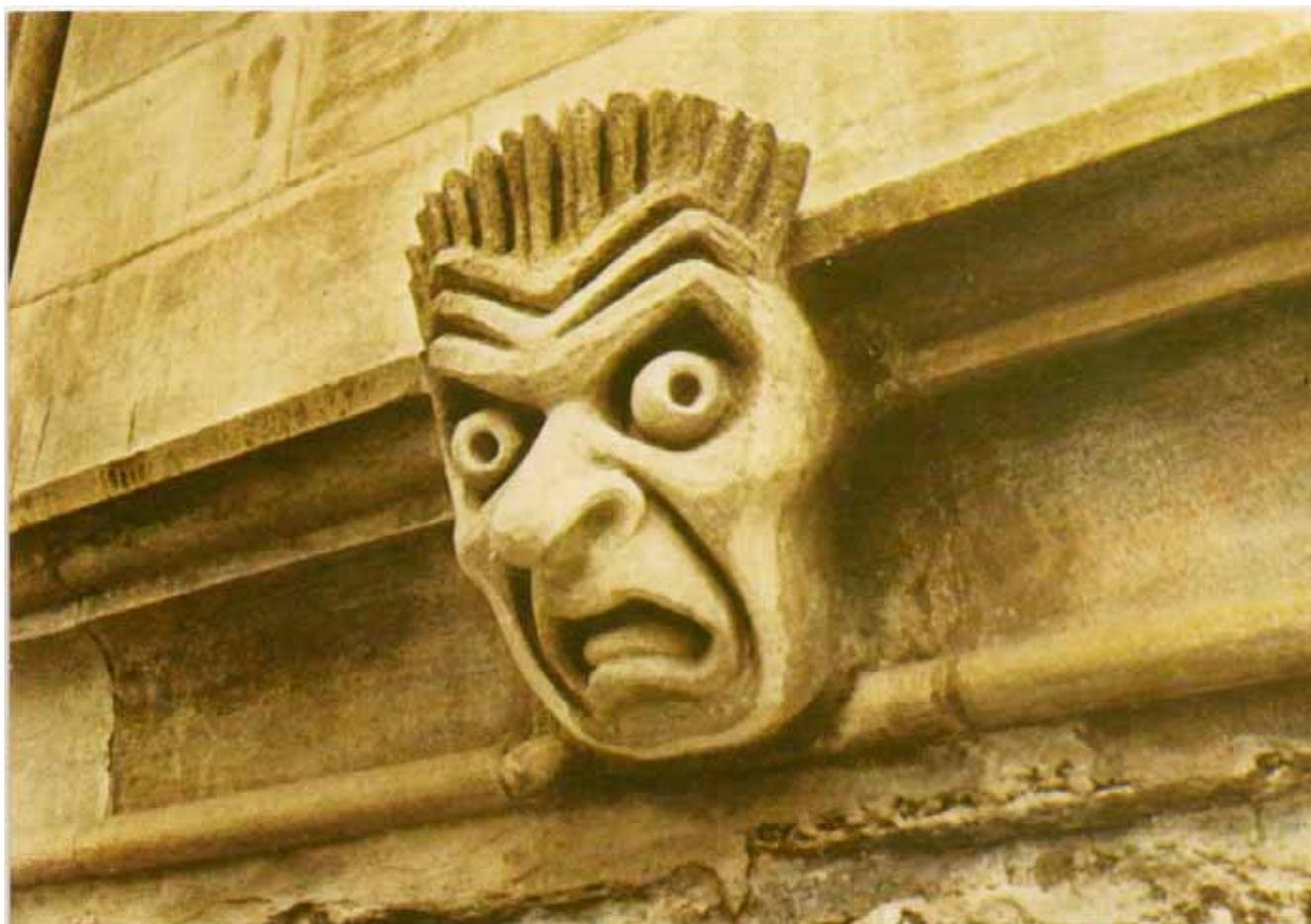


Lord Harewood
Managing Director

Courtesy of English National Opera

Letter to Hans Keller from ENO (1980)

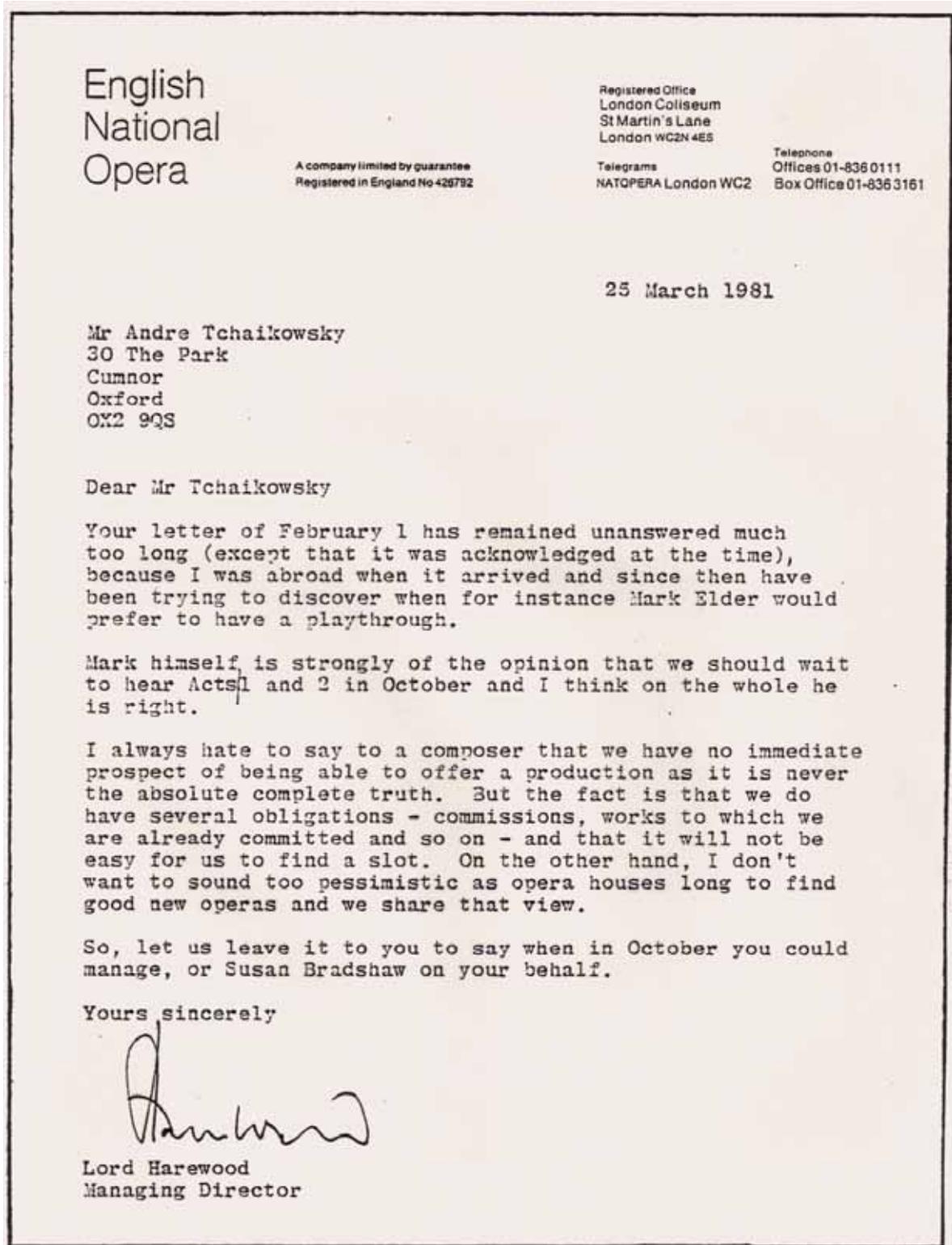
Hans wrote to Lord Harewood at the ENO regarding André's opera, The Merchant of Venice. Previously, a libretto had been submitted and a commission requested, but the ENO refused. Shorted after, the opera was "finished" and the ENO was contacted again by Hans. A play through took place in December 1981.



Courtesy of Thomas Photos

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

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



Courtesy of English National Opera

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

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

9.4.81.

30 THE PARK
CUMNOR
OXFORD
OX2 9QS

Dear Lord Harewood,

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

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

Courtesy of English National Opera

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

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

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

With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

André Tchaikowsky.

Courtesy of English National Opera

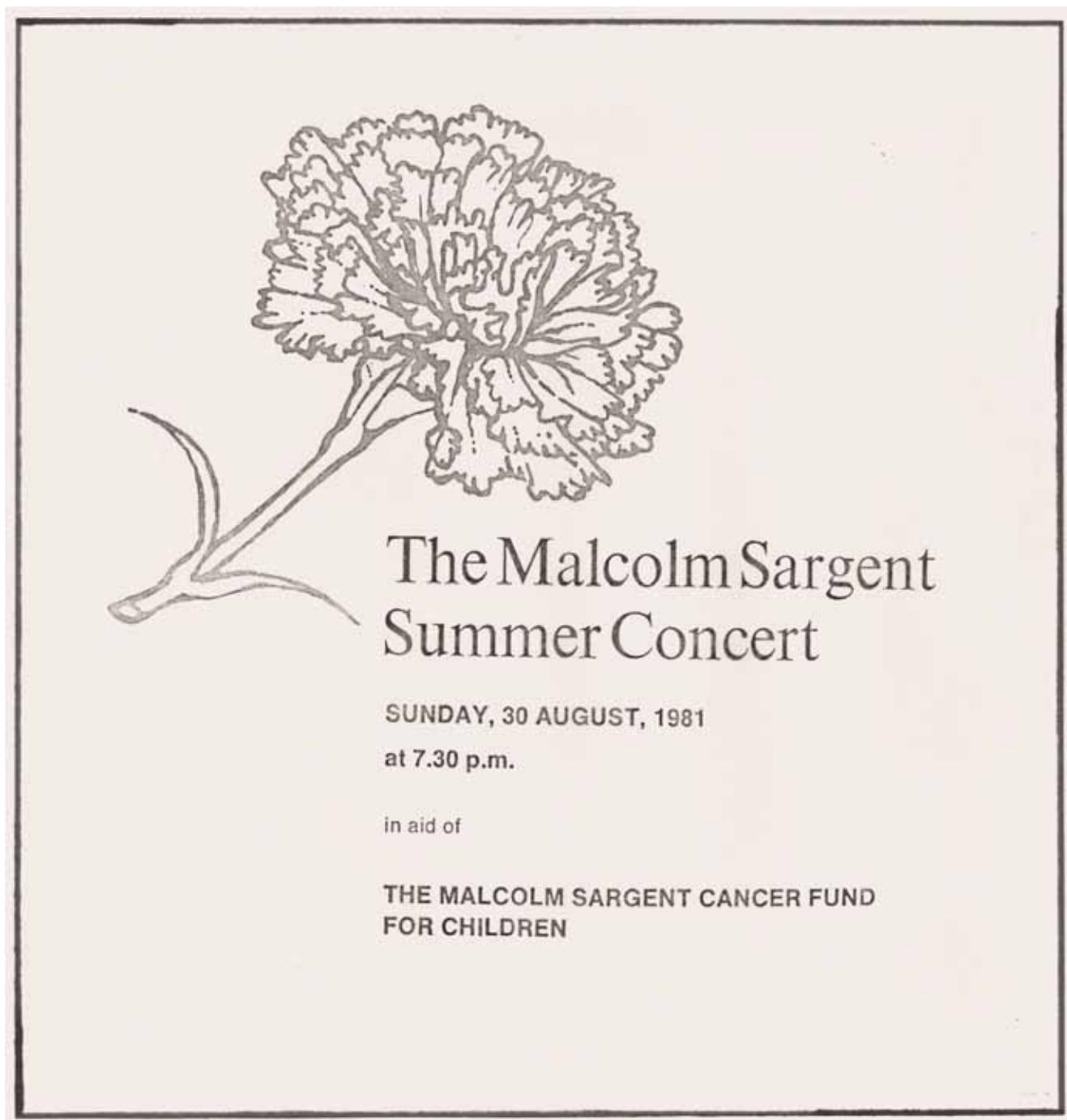
André's Response to Lord Harewood (1981) (sheet 2 of 2)



Courtesy of Milein Cosman

André at Dartington Summer School (1981)

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



Courtesy of Royal Albert Hall

Program for cancer fund benefit concert (1981)

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



Courtesy of Dag Grundseth

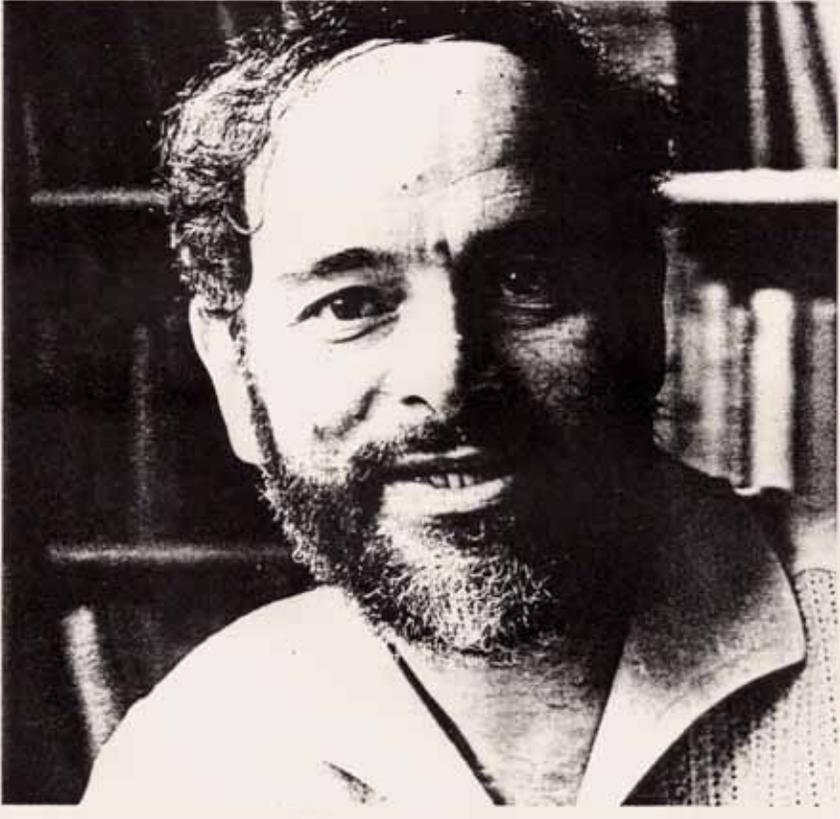
André Tchaikowsky - Age 46 (1981)

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

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

Greater London Council

Queen Elizabeth Hall
General Administrator: Michael Kaye



André Tchaikowsky

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

Sunday 6 December at 3pm

South Bank Piano Recital Series

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Program for Food for Poland benefit recital (1981)

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

18. 11. 81

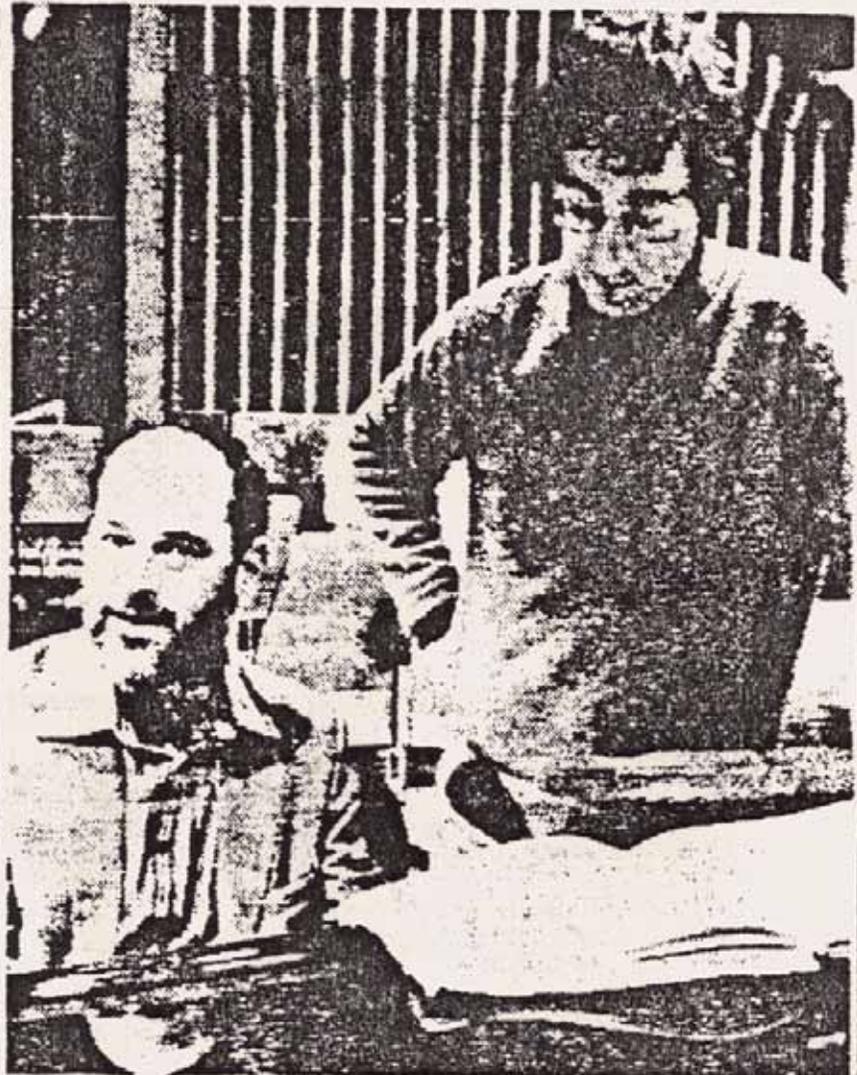
Nr. 276/WESTFALENPOST

Gestern abend: Deutsche Erst-Aufführung

Tchaikowsky

VON HUBERTUS HEISER

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



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

Courtesy of Horst Stamm

André Tchaikowsky and Yoram David (1981)

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

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

für

Klavier
André Tschaikowsky

Gitarre
Konrad Ragossnig

Violine
Yfrah Neaman

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

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Masterclass program for Mainz (1982)

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



Courtesy of Ian Dando

André Tchaikowsky - Age 44 (1980)

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

GRAPA CONCERTS

DIRECTORS:
Elias and Nina Grapa

New York Assistant
Jeffrey Alexander

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Telex: 710-581-2595 ELGRAPA NYK

New York, March 3, 1982

Mr. Terence Harrison
Harrison/Parrott Ltd.
12 Penzance Place
London W11 4PA, England

ANDRE TCHAIKOWSKY

Dear Mr. Harrison,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of February 9th in regard to publicity. I understand your position concerning the Musical America and American Symphony Orchestra League advertisements. In fact, certain U.S. managers do now charge their artists for these expenses, but since we did not discuss this with you or Mr. Tchaikowsky before undertaking his representation here, we agree not to charge him.

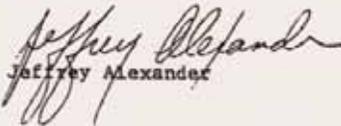
BROCHURES: I did receive the 100 sent to our New York office. Thank you, they are the correct size for our envelopes. If you can print more in London with our logo, we could use 500. If Mr. Tchaikowsky would prefer that we use the one already printed, we can, but we will need to place our sticker on each one and charge a small fee simply to cover the cost of the labels (approximately US\$30. per 500). Either way, please send more brochures.

PHOTOS: Standard publicity photos in the U.S. are 20 cm x 25 cm. Including having a negative made, the artist's name and the management's logo appearing on the front bottom, the cost for 100 photos is US\$55. Please advise.

If Mr. Tchaikowsky prefers to have us print the photos and use our labels for his brochures, please have him send US\$85. to our account at Citibank, N.A., 162 Amsterdam Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023 Branch 96 Account #16435076, or, if he prefers we can deduct these expenses from his fees.

Please extend our warmest greetings for a speedy recovery to Mr. Tchaikowsky.

With all best wishes,


Jeffrey Alexander

Buenos Aires • New York • Caracas • Rio de Janeiro • Bogota • Lima • Santiago • Mexico City

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

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

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

PROF. DR. FRITZ KÜMMERLE Direktor der Chirurgischen Universitäts-Klinik	6500 Mainz, 18. 3. 1982/boe.
Herrn Heiko Hermes Wielandstr. 29 6200 Wiesbaden	
Hiermit erlaube ich mir, meine Liquidation für ärztliche Bemühungen - stat. Behandlung von Herrn André Tschaikowsky, Oxford, vom 8.1. - 15.2.1982 -	
im Betrage von <u>DM 7.600,--</u>	
zu übersenden.	
Prof. Dr. Fritz Kümmeler	
Diagnose: Freier Durchbruch eines Dickdarmtumors in die Bauchhöhle.	
GOÄ (6-fach): 25, 26, 17a, 29x29, 34x30, 19x45, 74, 718, 2x78, 397, 2x13a, 3x129, 167, 34x5, 5x11, 15.	
(4-fach): 8x809, 8x810, 8x812, 7x834a, 35x835, 3x836, 811, 2x823, 813, 791, 832.	

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Bill for André's surgery (1982)

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

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

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



**Utrechts
Symfonisch
Orkest**

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

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

**Vorverkauf
Mainz**
Verkehrsverein (Tel. 2 83 71)
Johannes Gutenberg-Buchhandlung,
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Schallplatten-Lerch, Fleichsmarkt (Tel. 2 48 06)
Rheingoldhalle (Tel. 2 09 43)

Eintrittspreise von 12,- bis 44,- DM
Studenten und Schüler
mit Ausweis 50% Ermäßigung – auch im Vorverkauf

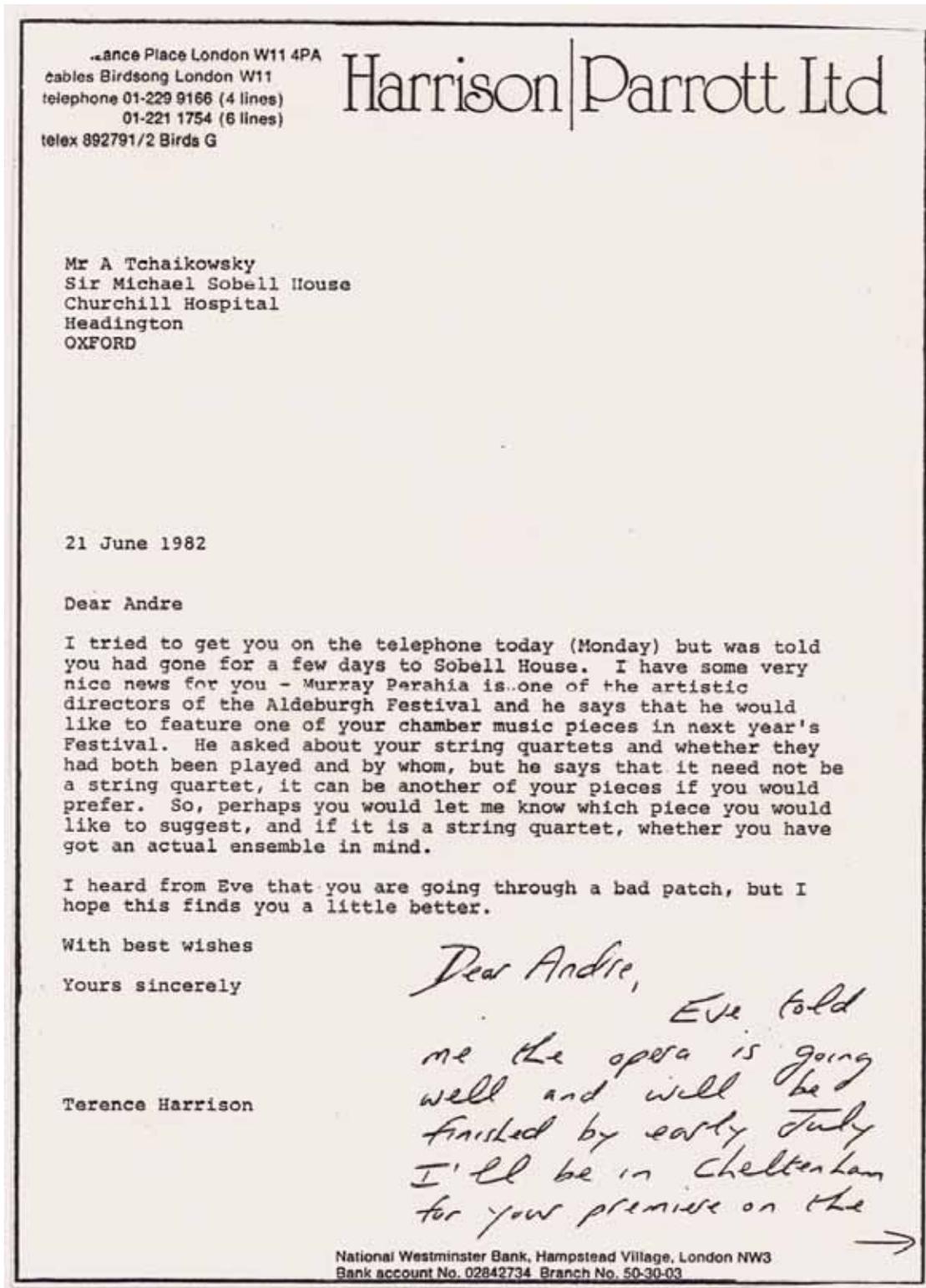
**Konzertdirektion Drissen/Fehr
Boppstraße 25, 6500 Mainz
Telefon (0 61 31) 67 70 70**

Print: Universaldruckerei und Verlag Dr. Hans Stark, Wiesbaden

Courtesy of Heiko Hermes

Poster for André's concert in Mainz (1982)

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



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

Letter from Terry to André (1982)

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



Courtesy of Eric Johns

Actor Ron Moody (First Gravedigger) with Yorick's Skull (1972)

André probably attended this August 1972 production of "Hamlet" at the Southwark Globe Playhouse in London. For years he had imagined his skull on stage for this gravedigger scene. This production was directed by Peter Coe, and Hamlet was played by Keith Michell.

Chapter 9 - Quodlibet

André Tchaikowsky's death surprised and stunned most of his friends and associates in the music world. It was less than seven weeks from André's last concert on May 10, 1982 to his death on June 26. Some had known of his illness, and that he had returned to England for tests, but only Eve and Terry Harrison knew the real medical assessment of his disease. Even André's closest friends -- Radu Lupu and Stephen Kovacevitch -- were kept away from the hospice by André, probably to spare them the shock of seeing his physical deterioration. André perhaps remembered his own shock upon seeing George Lyward on his deathbed and wanted to leave his friends with a better memory.

During the final phase of his illness, André telephoned dozens of friends, past and present. In retrospect, these were farewell calls, but for the recipients, not knowing the seriousness of André's condition, they were often a bit of a mystery; some hadn't heard from André in years. Conductor David Zinman remembers his call:

"I remember in the middle of the night getting a telephone call from André. I asked him, 'Why are you calling at two in the morning?' He said, 'Well, you had a concert tonight, right?' I told him, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'I just want to tell you that I think you and Mary [Zinman's wife] are two of the nicest people that I know. I just wanted to tell you that.' He seemed really down, and then we talked about this and that and then he hung up. I didn't hear anything again until Radu told me that André had cancer. I think he called me just to say good-bye."

Another call went to John Fletcher and Margaret Cable, "He talked to us both for a long time. I think he rang up because he knew it would be the last time we would say anything to each other."

In response to a get well card from his old Polish comrade, Zygmunt Mycielski, André wrote on June 11, 1982:

The reason I didn't write back sooner is so sad that is it difficult for me to write about it. I have had three operations since January of this year for cancer, the last one in May. It turns out that my cancer cannot be removed because it has spread to my liver and intestines. So I'm incurably ill and no one knows how long I'll live. After learning the state of my health, I immediately began the instrumentation of the last act of the opera. I only have a few pages to go. My next project is a cycle of piano miniatures, and then a concerto for viola.

Death doesn't frighten me. Old age is terrible and our whole civilization is dying anyway. But I would like to do something more, to feel that I haven't wasted my life. If you want, write, and I will be very happy to write back, if I can.

Yours,
Andrzej

Just days before his death, his letter to Zamira Menuhin-Benthall ended with, "Please don't think this short letter caused me the least effort, despite my shaky condition. It was done to an inner compulsion, and the effort would have been not to write it." He was, inwardly, still the André of whom the unexpected was expected, who must take responsibility for things not asked of others. Even in his last moments, André tried to calm and reassure his friends and relieve their anxieties. André's very last letter, to Eve Harrison, has never been opened.

The Bequest

After his death, Terry and Eve went to André's home to advise his neighbors of the unhappy news. They found a will, written on October 10, 1979. It seemed a standard document, except for the end of Clause 13:

The Other Tchaikowsky

13. I HEREBY REQUEST that my body or any part thereof may be used for therapeutic purposes including corneal grafting and organ transplantation or for the purposes of medical education or research in accordance with the provisions of the Human Tissue Act 1961 and in due course the institution receiving it shall have my body cremated with the exception of my skull, which shall be offered by the institution receiving my body to the Royal Shakespeare Company for use in theatrical performance.

The bequest of André's skull to the Royal Shakespeare Company was a surprise, but Terry and Eve were determined that André's last wishes be honored. Terry telephoned playwright Christopher Hampton ("Les Liaisons Dangereuses"). Hampton lived in Oxford and they had become friendly when André decided to undertake an opera based on Hampton's play, "Total Eclipse." Hampton called a friend at the RSC, joint artistic director Terry Hands. Terry Hands:

"I was informed of the bequest immediately after André's death and asked Christopher Hampton how seriously felt was the request. It did seem serious. André was passionate about Shakespeare and had attended many performances at the RSC. We were honoured and we accepted. It was agreed that when next we played Hamlet, it would be used."

The funeral directors at Reeves and Pain who were handling the cremation refused to remove André's head, and further, they believed such a bequest was illegal. Terry contacted his legal advisors who in turn contacted the British Home Office. The Home Office decided the bequest was not illegal and the RSC could accept the gift. Reeves and Pain asked that the head be removed by a medical staff member at the hospital before they picked up the body. This was done. At virtually the last minute, Reeves and Pain was able to obtain André's remains from the hospital, sans cranium, in time to prepare his ashes for the memorial service on July 2. The head was turned over to a museum for processing.

The memorial service for André Tchaikowsky was announced in a letter from Terry Harrison:

André Tchaikowsky will be cremated at the Oxford Crematorium, Bayswater Road, Oxford, at 11 a.m. on Friday, July 2. We are following André's wish that the service not be religious. The cremation will be conducted by Chad Varah, the founder of The Samaritans and a very close friend of André's. At the beginning of the ceremony we shall have a performance of André's Trio Notturmo which will receive its world premiere at the Cheltenham Festival on the evening of July 4. It was recorded for André by the trio he wrote it for Peter Frankl, György Pauk, and Ralph Kirshbaum -- three days before he died, and it was the last piece of music he heard. At the end of the ceremony we shall play a recording of the adagio from Schubert's Quintet in C major for Strings, Opus 163, which André particularly loved.

Typical of the obituary notices is one by Alan Blyth of The Daily Telegraph, which appeared on June 30. (All of the obituary notices contained errors, the most common of which were that both of his parents were killed during the war and that he was smuggled out of Poland to Paris.)

André Tchaikowsky, pianist and composer, died on the weekend in Oxford. He was 46, and although ill since the beginning of the year, he recovered sufficiently to resume playing in May. He also managed to complete an opera based on "The Merchant of Venice."

He was born in Warsaw on November 1, 1935. Both his parents were killed under the Nazi occupation, but he was smuggled out to Paris. After the War he studied there and also in his homeland before winning the coveted Chopin Prize in the Polish capital in 1955, completing his studies with the Polish pianist, Stefan Askenase. His British debut was in 1958. He decided to make his home in Britain while continuing to build an international career as a pianist with a wide-ranging repertory. His particular loves were Bach and Mozart.

Over the past 20 years, he devoted about half his time to composing. His list of works included the Piano Concerto written for Radu Lupu and given its first performance by him 10 years ago. Apart from his opera, Tchaikowsky had also completed a Trio Notturmo for piano trio. It will be given its premiere at the Cheltenham Festival on Monday.

His playing tended to be ebullient and full of an instinctive feeling for the style of the composer. He was an inveterate follower of his fellow pianists and until his last illness could be seen at practically every recital of note in London.

In Germany, a Frankfurt newspaper reported:

Composer and Pianist -- The Death of André Tchaikowsky

The well-known and highly regarded pianist André Tchaikowsky died from cancer on June 26 at the age of 46, near his home in Oxford. He was one of the most talented pianists of his generation, and a Mozart player of the first rank, with individual and subjective interpretations in comparison to the "classic" interpretations. Tchaikowsky gave to his performances a rare feeling of color and contour. His Chopin playing was witty, often with strong rubato and changes in tempi -- sometimes a bit over the top -- but always revealing the structure of the composition. To summarize, André Tchaikowsky thought musically first, and pianistically second.

In Poland, André's passing was memorialized with a series of seven radio programs of two hours each. he programs, organized by Jan Weber of Polish Radio, included André as pianist, and André as composer, interspersed with interviews of his friends, in particular, with Halina Wahlmann-Janowska, who read portions of the letters she had received over the many years of their correspondence. Although André never returned to Poland after 1956, he remained well-known there, and interest in both his piano playing and composing has remained high.

The museum entrusted with André's skull returned it, processed, to Reeves and Pain on July 18. Reeves and Pain then reported to Terry Harrison on July 22, "André's skull was delivered to the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford-on-Avon on Tuesday, 20th July." Up to this point, the bequest had remained private. Mr. Duckworth, funeral director at Reeves and Pain, was interested in publishing the story of André's skull in a funeral directors' professional magazine and asked Terry Harrison for his opinion. Terry responded on August 4:

Eve and I have no objections to your reporting the bequest of André's skull in your professional magazine. However, could you let me know whether you would particularly want to use his name, or were you thinking the deceased would be nameless? My present thought is that we would not mind his name being used, but I would just like to think about that point a little more.

Terry wasn't permitted the luxury of further thinking. Someone informed the press about the strange bequest and the story hit, first, the London papers, then the international news services, in particular the Associated Press. The news of André's skull quickly spread worldwide, from the US to Australia and beyond. Mr. Duckworth wrote an immediate letter to Terry Harrison assuring him that Reeves and Pain was not responsible for the news leak. Terry responded on August 24:

I was away for two weeks so missed the news escaping about André's skull. My secretary Claire heard the broadcast of this news item on Independent Radio and she told me she didn't think it was offensive. I would have preferred that the news had not come out, but quite honestly I don't think it is particularly bad that people know, as André was rather an extraordinary person and it would have touched his sense of whimsy to know that he caused

The Other Tchaikowsky

some consternation. So don't worry about the matter. I presume it must have been leaked by somebody connected with the hospital.

A sampling of the newspaper articles suggests the stir caused by André's final eccentricity.

From *The Times* in London on August 14:

Pianist's Skull Waits in Wings

Mr. André Tchaikowsky, the Polish-born concert pianist, asked in his will that his skull be given to the Royal Shakespeare Company for use in future productions of *Hamlet*. Mr. Michael Duckworth, a partner in Reeves and Pain, an Oxford firm of undertakers, said Mr. Tchaikowsky, who died at his home near Oxford in June, apparently had a lifelong ambition to be an actor. The RSC said the skull had been delivered and would be stored. The company does not have plans to stage "Hamlet" in the immediate future.

From *The Daily Telegraph* in London on August 14 by Anthony Hopkins:

Hamlet Gets a Skull in Bequest

"This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester." "Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest." -- Hamlet

A man who nursed a lifelong ambition to go on the stage has bequeathed his skull to the Royal Shakespeare Company for use in productions of "Hamlet." Mr. André Tchaikowsky, a concert pianist and composer, died at his home at Cumnor, near Oxford, in June, aged 46. Now his skull has been delivered in a box to the RSC. A spokesman for Mr. Terry Hands, the RSC's joint artistic director, said that Mr. Tchaikowsky had been an avid Shakespeare enthusiast with a love of the stage. "We were staggered when the executors of the Will asked if we wanted the skull."

Mr. Michael Duckworth, a partner in the undertaking firm of Reeves and Pain, said: "Mr. Tchaikowsky's friends and executors desperately wanted to fulfill his wishes and we are here to do what we can for our clients."

The RSC has no immediate plans for a production of "Hamlet." "But when we stage it again we hope to use Mr. Tchaikowsky's skull," said a spokesman. Meanwhile, the skull, still in its box, is in store at the RSC's headquarters in Stratford-on-Avon.

In 1984, the Royal Shakespeare Company did produce "Hamlet." Actor Roger Rees (Hamlet) remembers the situation:

"I'm afraid André's skull was not used directly on stage for the actual production of 'Hamlet.' We found long ago that a real head is too fragile to be used in the rather rough-handling gravedigger scene, so we use plastic skulls which hold up better. However, the RSC was delighted to have a real skull for their various needs. When they first got the skull, they put it outdoors for a few months, in the sunlight, to dry it out completely and to bleach it bone white.

"The skull was used as part of the 'Hamlet' poster for the 1984 production in Stratford and the 1985 production in London. I had to pose for this poster, two hours a day, for three days running. In my hands, I hold a skull, and that's André's skull. The artist was Phillip Core and he remarked that it must be a real skull because it still had bits of gristle around the ear ports, and various places. So indirectly, André's skull was used for Hamlet."

André, of course, had never wanted to be an actor on the stage. He was, instead, a great enthusiast of theater and loved the works of Shakespeare. But what was the real reason for the bequest? When his friends

heard about the skull, no one seemed surprised. "Typical André," was the comment most often heard. Michael Menaugh remembers:

"Unfortunately, the fact of the skull will not go away for any of us. It is something that ultimately we have all to come to terms with, to reconcile with the André we knew and loved. I don't think André realized the effect such a bequest would have, both on his friends and on his own reputation. André didn't always understand that the world of ideas and the world of real people, real reactions and real events just did not coincide.

"He had spoken to me of leaving his skull for the RSC to use in Hamlet back in 1966 when he wrote the music for my Oxford Hamlet. In my undergraduate way, I thought the idea wonderfully entertaining. When a great actor may hold the skull of a real man, a real man who 'set the table on a roar,' a wonderful man who had his 'gibes and gambols and songs,' when that great actor says, 'A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,' might not that electrifying flash of truth (transmitted by the actor) light up the play? André would have liked that idea, I think."

Trio Notturmo (1978) - Opus 6

André was not to hear the world premiere of his Trio Notturmo, which was given just nine days after his death. Peter Frankl, as the pianist in the Frankl-Pauk-Kirshbaum Trio, wanted something for his ensemble, and in 1976 asked André for a composition. The full name of the work came from an exchange of letters with Terry Harrison. André wrote on April 29, 1976:

This summer I shall at last try to combine both activities: get up late, breakfast at lunchtime, practise right through the afternoon, walk out in time to catch the sunset, then compose at night, till 1 or so. Do you approve of the scheme? Will it work?

Terry replied on May 10, 1976"

I think if your next piece is going to be called, "Notturmo," then your summer schedule sounds fine.

So the name "Trio Notturmo" was given to an as yet non-existent composition. André wasn't sure he wanted to compose the Trio, and worse, it had a deadline: 1978. In a letter to a close friend, André described the history of his trio:

I have promised to tell you the story of my piano trio, but the chaos of the AFH [André's acronym representing Christmas, to him the annual festival of hypocrisy] has prevented me from doing virtually anything I wanted while compelling me to do or to fake most of the things I detest. Now I realize why people really enjoy New Year's -- it's a direly needed relief from the preceding collective convulsion. Anyway, here goes.

For several years Peter Frankl had kept at me to write a trio for him, György, and Ralph. And having not a scrap of an idea for it and precious little inclination to write anything to order, I kept saying, "I'm trying!," which seemed vague enough to keep me safe. I had reckoned without the Hungarian spirit.

In summer of 1977 Peter and Annie came down to lunch, praised the food and took every joke seriously, and I felt the occasion was quite a success. That impression changed when Peter asked to see how I was doing with the trio:

"Surely after all this trying you must have something to show me?"

"Of course I have," I lied, "but no one but myself could possibly read my writing."

"Well, then, play it to us."

The Other Tchaikowsky

Seeing no way out, I played Jessica's aria from "The Merchant," which I had just written. Peter was very impressed: "It's just right for us. Marvelous." Indeed, I'd have given a lot to hear them sing it.

Then last January [1978] my second string quartet was premiered in Misha Donat's Smith Square series. Peter rang him at once: "Misha, if you liked André's quartet, I can assure you that his trio is even better. I heard it myself." Misha gave them a date for the first performance, February 19, 1979.

It was my turn to grab the phone: "Misha, my piano trio is quite wonderful. It has every virtue, except existence. Such perfection is too good for this world."

Misha was not amused: "Well, you better write it now. I've placed it and publicized it, and if it doesn't come off, I shall lose face."

"What about my face? I've been looking everywhere."

"Try manuscript paper."

So I tried, grumbling at having to shove the Merchant aside. By late August, the trio was ready. I told Peter. "Marvelous." But he confided in Radu that he was really extremely embarrassed: "You see, Gyorgy and Ralph don't know that I've asked André to write this trio, and it may be difficult to persuade them to learn it." Now, I'm not supposed to know this, or Radu would be on the spot. But I'm greatly interested to see how our Machiavelli gets himself out of this. Or the others in. At least Misha has postponed the date.

André guessed right: Peter was all for the trio, but Gyorgy and Ralph were hesitant. They wanted to wait for the right venue and it wouldn't be at St. John's, Smith Square, in February 1979. All André's speed to produce the composition had been needless; yet, it demonstrated that the absence of his usual agonizing punctilliousness and the presence of more spontaneity gave a certain luster to the trio that was lacking in his more carefully written compositions. The result was André's most often-played composition.

The inspiration for the form of the Trio came from Hans Keller, to whom the Trio was dedicated, as André relates in his own program notes:

Trio Notturmo - Opus 6

Some years ago Hans Keller gave a lecture at Dartington about the basic incompatibility of piano and strings. Classical harmony, he explained, used to bridge the gap. With the decline of tonality it became all but impossible to blend the disparate sounds. "All right, Hans," I said, "if ever I write anything for piano and strings it shall be dedicated to you."

And so it is. When Peter Frankl asked me to write for his trio, I naturally remembered Hans Keller's warning -- or challenge -- and my promise. I decided to tackle the problem head on by emphasising the disparity of the instruments. This in turn led me to conceive the whole work as a study in contrast, and I did all I could to increase the polarity of the two movements.

Thus the Allegro is a movement of extreme rhythmic irregularity, full of short abrupt phrases and swift changes of register, with a preference for the dark low notes of the piano, while the Andante is a calm lyrical movement without a single change of metre, full of flowing melodic lines and clear, crystalline harmonies. And, lest the contrast thus attained prove too "pat," I wrote an agitated central section, culminating in the climax of the entire work and followed by a sudden silence, a shortened recapitulation and a long, static, reminiscent coda. It is as if

Florestan had briefly invaded Eusebius' territory, before being finally subdued. [A reference to Robert Schumann's two opposing literary personalities.]

The first performance of the trio did not take place until July 4, 1982 at the Cheltenham Festival, under circumstances that none could have predicted. For *The Daily Telegraph*, Peter Stadlen wrote on July 6:

The audience stood in silence after the first public performance of "Trio Notturmo" at the Town Hall, Cheltenham, to honour the memory of the composer André Tchaikowsky, who died last week. In fact, Peter Frankl, piano, György Pauk, violin, and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello, had already played the work at the funeral of the 46-year-old pianist-composer, Polish-born and not related to his Russian namesake.

The Trio is dedicated to Hans Keller, who had insisted that it was impossible to blend the disparate sounds of piano and strings in atonal music. Certainly Tchaikowsky made his point with the delicately wrought textures of the Trio, an affecting piece and not only because it has turned out to be his own requiem, as did Mozart's.

William Mann wrote for *The Times*:

Alarminglly Brilliant Feat of the Imagination

The premiere was also, alas, a farewell in the case of the Trio Notturmo by André Tchaikowsky, who died just over a week before its first performance on Sunday night. The composer, no relation to his great Russian namesake, was Polish born, took British citizenship and was much admired here as a pianist. He wrote the work expressly for the admirable piano trio of Peter Frankl, György Pauk, and Ralph Kirshbaum, who dedicated their concert to his memory.

Tchaikowsky gave them a tough assignment. Having pledged himself to balance anew the unwieldy, sometimes inequitable, partnership of violin and cello with modern grand piano, he proposed a linear basic texture, its outlines ornate, almost baroque, rich in harmonic density, passionately argumentative in expression. The two abruptly contrasted movements challenge instrumental virtuosity at every turn; they might have sounded simply hard going, but were revealed, with formidable cogency, as invigorating to play, and listen to, especially in the rapid middle section of the second movement, an alarmingly brilliant feat of imagination.

André Tchaikowsky was one of the nicest musicians you could hope to meet, and not the least eccentric. [A minority opinion] A pianist by reputation, he was an increasingly ambitious composer and had all but completed a full-length "The Merchant Of Venice" opera when he died just over a week ago. Another recent composition was a Trio Notturmo, commissioned by György Pauk, Ralph Kirshbaum and Peter Frankl for a first performance at the Cheltenham Festival in a concert which, in the unhappy circumstances, became a memorial to the composer.

Textural considerations are paramount in the Trio Notturmo. It was inspired by an allegation (from the ever-provocative Hans Keller, to whom the work is dedicated) that piano and strings are basically incompatible. André Tchaikowsky approached the problem in much the same way as Bartok did in the two mature violin sonatas, emphasising the differences rather than attempting to effect a compromise.

The Trio Notturmo is thus not the most comfortable work written for violin, cello and piano. It is, however, despite its echoes of Bartok, one of the most original and personal of its kind. The silence observed by the audience at the end --although the composer himself might have

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preferred applause to reward an admirably dedicated first performance -- was an appropriate reaction to a work of such integrity.

When the Trio Nottumo was played in London in December 1982, Desmond Shawe-Taylor wrote for *The Sunday Times* on December 16:

The Frankl/Pauk/Kirshbaum Piano Trio gave the first London performance of the André Tchaikowsky "Trio Notturmo" which they had introduced at Cheltenham last July. A second hearing confirmed my impression that the notable pianist was also a composer of real promise, perhaps achievement, although the sharp contrast between the writing for strings and keyboard intended as a riposte to the assertion of Hans Keller (dedicatee of the work) that modern harmony had rendered them incompatible -- was less extreme than he must have intended.

The Trio Notturmo is firmly placed in the Frankl/Pauk/Kirshbaum repertoire and they have played the trio worldwide from Israel to Australia to America. Other trios have performed the work in concert including violinist Daniel Phillips, cellist Carter Brey and pianist Edward Auer at the Sante Fe Chamber Music Festival on August 9, 1983, and by the Capricorn Ensemble on November 10, 1985 at Wigmore Hall in London. The Frankl/Pauk/Kirshbaum US Library of Congress performance on December 13, 1985, was broadcast on National Public Radio. The Trio Notturmo was published by Josef Weinberger in 1982.

The "Inventions" Revisited

André was not to hear the first public performance of his Inventions. A partial performance was given on February 23, 1983 by pianist Janice Williams at the Cheltenham Town Hall. Williams was a student of Stefan Askenase and had consequently met André Tchaikowsky. They became friends, and Janice would often visit André at his home. The first public performance of the complete Inventions didn't occur until about a year after André died, and more than 20 years after they were composed. Pianist Norma Fisher programmed them for a Queen Elizabeth Hall recital on May 12, 1983. Norma played them again on July 10, 1985, in Copenhagen, and she has given subsequent performances in Ireland and elsewhere. For the May 12, 1983 recital, music critic Robert Henderson reported in *The Daily Telegraph*:

Tribute to André Tchaikowsky

As a personal tribute to the pianist and composer André Tchaikowsky, who died last year at the age of just 46, Norma Fisher included in her Queen Elizabeth Hall recital last night the cycle of Inventions, Opus 2, for piano, that he composed in the early sixties.

Each a kind of portrait in miniature of a friend or colleague, the sharply contrasted personalities of the 11 short pieces, whether witty or satirical, elegant or laconic, brilliant or pensive, were not only worked with a consummate pianistic skill, but have found an ideal interpreter in this, their first public performance.

Critic David Sonin wrote for *The Times*:

Tribute to Tchaikowsky

Polish-born André Tchaikowsky, who died last year aged 46, possessed considerable talent both as pianist and as composer, though his compositions are little known among the musical masses. It was thus pleasing that Norma Fisher, the pianist, should have given the first public performance of his "Inventions" at her recent recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

The Inventions, eleven biographical sketches of friends of the composer, are terse, pungent, sardonic, and texturally rich. [Norma includes the unpublished Invention SA in her recitals]

Miss Fisher's forceful approach faithfully captured the composer's view of his subjects and produced in each of them a very substantial characterisation.

Financial Settlement

André's Will reflected the same generosity that was often evident throughout his life, and with the same lack of attention to the fact that he did not have what he proposed to give away. He bequeathed thousands of pounds to various friends, and gave his piano to Stephen Kovacevitch. And like so many other of his admirable intentions, there was simply no possibility these could be realized. The bank selected to handle the estate asked everyone who had outstanding loans to André to make them known. Nearly a dozen revealed their financial involvement.

When all the assets were gathered, and the loans all paid off, there was nothing left for cash gifts to the friends named in André's Will. Only Eve Harrison received something that had realizable value, André's home in Cumnor. This was perhaps appropriate for the person who had given André so much support in his career and personal life, and had attended him devotedly and lovingly in his final weeks. For Eve, the loss was greater than for anyone else who knew André. The house was sold and Eve donated a sizable portion of the proceeds to a fund to promote André's music. Even the piano gift turned into a bit of a financial burden for Kovacevitch; he had to pay moving and storage fees -- not an insignificant amount -- and ended up loaning the piano to a friend, since he had no room in his apartment for two pianos.

One of the first telephone calls Terry received after André's death was from André's father, Karl Krauthammer. Karl, speaking in poor but understandable English, asked Terry's secretary, Miss Vogel, how much money André had left him. Miss Vogel told him that André was penniless, but Karl couldn't understand how that could be. Karl was saying to himself, "Can this be my son?" as André had once said, "Could this be my father?" Terry clarified André's finances with a letter on July 6:

Dear Mr. Krauthammer,

Following your telephone conversation with Miss Vogel at my office, I would like to give you some details: --

1. Regarding André's finances for the last few years, you should write to his accountant, who is Mr. A. Golding, at Blinkhorn Lyon Golding and Co., Chartered Accountants, 14/16 Great Portland Street, London WIN SAB.
2. André made the decision four or five years ago to play a smaller number of concerts (about forty or fifty) each year so that he could spend five or six months each year composing.
3. In 1981 he played very few concerts because of his composing and he had to borrow money. He was going to repay this money by June 1982 because he had forty concerts between January and June 1982. Because of his illness, he only played eight of these concerts.
4. André always spent his money -- he never saved anything. At the beginning of 1982 he owed about £7,000 to the bank.
5. In June 1982, this debt had increased and he owed the bank something in the region of £11,000. In addition he owed us about £2,400 and he owed Stefan Askenase DM 2,000.
6. When André had his operation, in Mainz in January, he registered himself as a private patient. We believe there is a debt of something in the region of DM 8,000. However we are fighting this claim and, if we win, then that money will not have to be paid.

Finally, I should tell you that when André's illness returned in May 1982, I knew he was in financial difficulties and I wrote to several of my artists and friends asking them to help. I enclose one of these letters which shows you the financial position of André in May 1982.

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Yours Sincerely,
Terence Harrison

Dear [],

I am writing to ask whether you can join some of André's friends in helping him financially; André does not know that I am trying to organize this help. As you know, he has, for the past few years, had half a year free for composition and in the other half of the year he has played sufficient concerts to enable him to exist, but not to save. This year his concerts were all between the months of January and June and he had only been able to play eight of the forty. This has left him in considerable debt because, although he had a health insurance policy, it only starts to pay compensation after he has been ill for six months, and is not retroactive. André already had some debts from last autumn and these have greatly increased during the past few months. I should add that part of the medical treatment which he received in Germany was private and it is unlikely that we shall be able to reclaim this from the British Government Health Service.

Yours Sincerely,
Terence Harrison

André's financial mess took nearly three years to sort out. Finally, on February 7, 1985, a trust officer for the National Westminster Bank advised Terry Harrison that a final assessment had been made and the estate was settled.

The André Tchaikowsky Assistance Fund collected by Terry Harrison became the André Tchaikowsky Memorial Fund. It amounted to £6,250. The contributors were:

Lawrence Foster	Stephen Kovacevitch
Michael and Judy Arnold	Kyung-Wha Chung
Alan Golding	Kaarina Meyer
Murray Perahia	Uri Segal
Peter Frankl	Radu Lupu
Katy Kennedy	Terry Harrison
György and Susy Pauk	Yo ram and Hiro David
Tamas and Ildiko Vasary	Martin Campbell-White
Christopher Seaman	Eve Harrison

After André's death, the contributors to this fund uniformly asked Terry to keep their money and use it in any manner that might promote André's compositions. This fund was used to pay Susan Bradshaw so she could complete her piano reduction of André's opera. To her credit, she continued work on the piano reduction for nearly two years after André's death knowing that her chances of receiving full compensation, or any compensation, for her work were limited. In a letter to Terry Harrison on May 3, 1984, she modestly mentioned that the piano reduction had been completed. As for being paid, she wrote only, "Whatever financial contribution you feel able to make towards this would be warmly welcomed." She was paid £500, or about 1/3 the original amount that André had promised.

The Fund was also used to finish the orchestration of the opera, only 24 measures of which remained to be completed. Josef Weinberger arranged for composer Alan Boustead to do the orchestration, and he was paid £1,500. In February 1987, the fund was also used to make a demonstration cassette tape of the Epilogue of the opera. This included payment for nine professional musicians -- eight singers and pianist Susan Bradshaw plus management and recording fees. The total cost was £2,500. This remains the only recorded portion of the opera. In short, most of the André Tchaikowsky Memorial Fund was used to complete, record,

and prepare André's opera "The Merchant of Venice" for performance. At this writing, it has not been performed.

Six Dances for Piano (1981)

André had undertaken in 1981 to write Six Dances for Piano for pianist Stephen Kovacevitch. An earlier commission for a composition, Pink Theme and Variations based on the movie music "The Pink Panther" had been declined by André. André had not accepted payment for the compositions, but when he fell on hard financial times, Stephen called the Six Dances for Piano a commission and paid André £500. Only the Mazurka and Tango were finished. André arranged the Mazurka for piano duet and presented it to the Crommelynck Duo while he was at the Crommelynck home in Paris recovering from his January 1982 cancer operation. The Mazurka and Tango were recorded by Colin Stone on the Merlin Records label (MRFD 20033). The original scores are held by Stephen Kovacevitch and the Crommelynck Duo. Since their death, the whereabouts of the original Crommelynck Duo score is unknown, but a copy is in the Weinberger archives.

Five Miniatures for Violin and Piano (1981)

André had agreed to form a piano/violin duo with Kyung-Wha Chung for an Italian tour in April-May-June, 1983, and was preparing a suite of Five Miniatures for Violin and Piano for performance in Trieste, Perugia, Florence, Genoa, and Torino. What is particularly interesting about this suite is that André proposed to do what he rarely did -- perform his own music. That he planned to do so indicated that things impossible for him in the past were now becoming more possible.

Three of the five miniatures are complete in sketch form and are in the Josef Weinberger archives. Kyung considered playing the reduced suite for her concert tour, but there was insufficient material, and the suite remains unperformed. The composition was to be dedicated to Kyung-Wha Chung.

"The Merchant of Venice" (1968 - 1982) - Opus 7

André labored for 14 years on his opera "The Merchant of Venice." Except for a few pages of orchestration, the work was complete at his death. It was completed and published, in both full score and piano reduction, using the memorial fund established by his friends and literary executors.

The opera is written in three acts and Epilogue, based on the Shakespeare play. The forces for the 2-1/2 hour opera are:

Cast:

Jessica - High Soprano
Portia - Mezzo- Dramatic Soprano
Nerissa - Mezzo-Soprano
Antonio - Counter-Tenor
Bassanio - Tenor
Lorenzo - Lyric Tenor
Shylock - Baritone
Salerio - Baritone
Solanio - Bass
Gratiano - Bass
Duke of Venice - Bass

Orchestra:

Augmented Full Orchestra

Stage Band:

Lute

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Two Recorders
Oboe d'Amore
Oboe da Cacce
Two Bassoons
Harpsichord

The two musicians most closely familiar with the opera, Susan Bradshaw and Hans Keller, praised this major composition of André's artistic maturity. Susan Bradshaw wrote to Eve Harrison on July 30, 1984:

Dear Eve,

Having just finished making the vocal score of André Tchaikowsky's opera, "The Merchant of Venice," I thought I must write and tell you what an outstanding work I feel it to be, particularly in the way it manages to communicate all the passionate involvement that went into its composition. There is a wealth of striking detail here, both musical and dramatic (in the glittering orchestration as well as on stage) and the vocal lines, though not always easy, are intensely singable throughout. I am confident that the work will one day be given the full stage production it undoubtedly deserves as a significant contribution to the modern operatic repertoire (and one with a good chance of appealing to the opera-going public); meanwhile, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could manage to arrange a concert performance, to whet the appetite, so to speak

With Best Wishes,
Susan Bradshaw

Hans Keller wrote his opinion of the opera, also in July 1984:

I am intimately acquainted with André Tchaikowsky's opera, "The Merchant of Venice," and have no hesitation in describing it as an outstanding work, both musically and theatrically. For those of us who knew André Tchaikowsky's previous compositions, the considerable musical substance and weight of the work did not come as a surprise; but that a composer, however inventive, should write his first opera as if he had developed his sense for the theatre over many years is surely a surprising fact which one could almost honour with the adjective "sensational."

There are many successful operas which aren't half as stage-worthy as is Tchaikowsky's opera; what is even more striking is that every crucial dramatic corner is supported by music which would retain its fascination if one had no idea of the dramatic situation to which it applied. Needless to add, I would be able and prepared to substantiate this considered opinion in detail, on the basis of the score. Meanwhile, let it be said that, although the composer's style is very eclectic, there isn't a phrase, not a harmony, in the entire score which doesn't disclose his clearly and well defined creative personality.

John O'Brien wrote the libretto for André's opera, *The Merchant of Venice*. 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 certainly 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.

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

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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.

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

Dear John,

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

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

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

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

Your old
André

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

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

Dear Michael,

Rejoice with me -- I have finished "The Merchant of Venice!" It took Hans to convince me that I really had. I kept fussing and fiddling with it, changing tiny details that I would then change back to their previous version, merely because I couldn't adjust to the new situation. Hans then offered to write to Lord Harewood, who is chairman of the ENO [English

National Opera], on my behalf. I doubt whether his recommendation can override the English economic crisis, but it is good to see him so impressed.

Yours,
André

An opera playthrough was scheduled for December 21, 1981. In attendance for the December 21 playthrough was the director of the English National Opera, Lord Harewood, orchestra director Mark Elder, chorus-master Hazel Vivienne, a staff pianist and André (André was the "orchestra" and the staff pianist the "voices"). The ENO was very pleased that André himself would play one of the piano parts. Elder remembers:

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

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

Dear John,

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

Don't conclude from the latter part of this last sentence that the audition has produced tangible immediate results: they were extremely friendly and obviously interested, but careful not to say anything that could be used in evidence against them! They didn't even say anything like "we'll be in touch" or "we'll let you know": that had to be inferred from the mere fact of its being, after all, an audition. The interest showed in their insistence on hearing everything that could be played, even the easier fragments of the last two scenes that had not been part of the agreed schedule; in their extremely specific and practical questions, to which my answers were taken down in writing; in their timing Act II while I played (exactly 45 minutes). They were behaving as if the opera had already been accepted and they were planning the programme.

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

I told Hans what I've just told you and he offered to ask Lord Harewood how the audition went! As you know, it was Hans who had originated the whole thing with the ENO, so his interest is very natural and Lord Harewood may be willing to tell him something; with me, all

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he did was ask questions. Meanwhile, I'll follow Hazel's advice -- I've already done three more pages since the audition, even though the strain of the preparation and the emotional disorientation that followed the experience resulted in an illness that I'm just beginning to recover from. That sudden dismissal, without the least hint of any further contact, after three hours of close collaboration that had made me feel "part of the family," was the closest equivalent of prick-teasing I've ever experienced, and in a field that matters somewhat more to me than my prick.

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

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

Ever your old,
André

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

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

Then there was the pressure of Christmas. Ian, dare I confess to you that I detest Christmas? It means nothing to me: I have no religious associations, no family bonds, no childhood memories, nothing that would give it any meaning, and my reluctant annual attempt to go through the motions is sheer hypocrisy. I do try to play the game, and every year I dutifully go through my address book and send cards in alphabetical order, to all the people who are likely to embarrass me by sending me one if I've forgotten them (the best line of attack is defense); but I do it with increasing resentment, and by the time I've reached R or S, I find myself wishing for the sudden death of each successive recipient (it is lucky you are under D). And every year the list gets longer, the pressure heavier, the fatigue more intense.

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

Ever
André

A letter from the English National Opera dated March 25, 1982, from the managing director, Lord Harewood, included the following, remembering that the December 1981 playthrough did not include acts 1 and 2:

Dear Mr. Tchaikowsky,

Your letter of February 1 has remained unanswered much too long (except that it was acknowledged at the time), because I was abroad when it arrived and since then have been trying to discover when for instance Mark Elder would prefer to have a playthrough.

Mark himself is strongly of the opinion that we should wait to hear Acts 1 and 2 in October [1982] and I think on the whole he is right.

I always hate to say to a composer that we have no immediate prospects of being able to offer a production as it is never the absolute complete truth. But the fact is that we do have several obligations - commissions, works to which we are already committed and so on - and that it will not be easy for us to find a slot. On the other hand, I don't want to sound too pessimistic as opera houses long to find good new operas and we share that view.

Yours sincerely,
Lord Harewood

André responded to Lord Harewood's letter with:

Dear Lord Harewood,

Thank you so much for your kind letter of the 25th of March [1982], which I am sorry not to have answered sooner! The reason for the delay was the need to look in on Susan Bradshaw to see how the score is shaping up, and the concert engagements that prevented me from paying that visit until yesterday.

I am delighted to say that she is doing a wonderful job at a positively phenomenal speed! At her present rate of progress, the first two acts will easily be ready by October [1982], and I shall let you know as soon as I receive them; we can then find a date for the playthrough that would suit everyone concerned.

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

With all best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
André Tchaikowsky

The playthrough in October, 1982, did not happen, of course, as André died in June. To the everlasting credit of Susan Bradshaw, even after André's death she continued to make the piano reduction of the opera knowing that payment would probably be unlikely, and completed the task to everyone's satisfaction. In the end, she did receive partial payment but considerably less than promised.

At this writing the opera remains unperformed and no prospects in sight.

Bits and Pieces

On September 15, 1982, André's father, Karl Krauthammer, attempted suicide. He was rushed to the hospital where an overdose of tranquilizer pills was pumped from his stomach. His Parkinson's disease had

advanced to the point where Karl could barely swallow. He was released in three days and returned home. A few days later, he again took an overdose of pills. Begging to die, he was returned to the hospital for another fifteen days. The last weeks of his life were spent at home where he died on December 6, 1982, at the age of 73. During André's last visit to see him in the Spring of 1982, André was told that his step-sister Katherine Krauthammer-Vogt was pregnant and would have a baby in December. André, not looking well or feeling well, said slowly, "That's a very long time." On December 24, 1982, Katherine gave birth to a daughter, Nathalie, who would never know neither her Grandfather Karl nor her Uncle André.

Karl Krauthammer's brother, Herman Glasberg, sold the family fur-trade business and bought an upscale Paris clothing store called Robinson Vetements, at a fashionable address: 240 rue du Faubourg St. Honore (corner of Avenue Hoche, one block from the Arc de Triomphe). After Herman retired, he turned the business over to his sons -- André's cousins -- Joseph and Albert Glasberg. The sons have proven to be astute businessmen and Robinson Vetements has thrived.

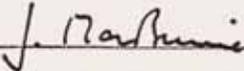
The 1985 Chopin Competition in Warsaw featured an extra cash contribution to the first prize winner: The Andrzej Czajkowski Award. This award was attributed to Mr. Terence Harrison of London, but the actual source was André's life-long soulmate and correspondent, Halina Wahlmann-Janowska. The cash for the award was the advance for the book of correspondence between herself and André titled *My Guardian Devil*. The award, equal in value to half of the first prize, went to Stanislav Bunin of the USSR.

André's composition advisor, Hans Keller, died on November 6, 1986. The last music that André had heard before his death was that of his Trio Notturmo, a work dedicated to Hans Keller. The last music Hans Keller heard before his death was a BBC radio broadcast of André's Sonata for Clarinet and Piano, Opus 1. Not feeling well before the broadcast, Hans kept reminding his wife, Milein Cosman, "We mustn't forget André. We mustn't forget André."

Road to Obscurity?

André's six published works, plus an opera, do not constitute a sufficient body of work to keep his music on the concert stage. A performance, therefore, tends to be an event, a curiosity, a dip into the obscure. This is the reality of the music world more than a reflection upon André Tchaikowsky. And it is regrettable but all too predictable that his beautifully crafted and exciting works are not recorded, not performed, and are relegated to the chance of "discovery," with a possible but uncertain future burst of activity. Of André the pianist, there remain a few recordings, long out of supply and difficult to find, and the isolated memories of a diminishing number of concert goers who recognized something extraordinary in the performances of André Tchaikowsky.

At the end of André's memorial service on July 2, 1982, there was nothing further to be done and the crowd began to disperse. The family, the closest friends, the most sincere admirers went to the Linton Lodge Hotel in Oxford to talk together, to console one another and to express in informal ways their affection and grief. The time had come for each to consider what dimensions of significance had been added to the world of music and to their own lives by André Tchaikowsky.

D. Cert. R.B.D.				CAUTION—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.	
CERTIFIED COPY Pursuant to the Births and			OF AN ENTRY Deaths Registration Act 1953		
DEATH				Entry No. 215	
Registration district		Oxford		Administrative area	
Sub-district		Oxford		County of Oxfordshire	
1. Date and place of death					
Twenty sixth June 1982 Sobell Unit, Churchill Hospital, Oxford.					
2. Name and surname				3. Sex	
Andre TCHAIKOWSKY				Male	
otherwise Andrzej CZAJKOWSKI				4. Maiden surname of woman who has married	
5. Date and place of birth					
1 November 1935 Poland					
6. Occupation and usual address					
Concert Pianist 30 The Park, Cumnor, Oxford.					
7. (a) Name and surname of informant			7. (b) Qualification		
Evelyn Edith HARRISON			Present at the death		
7. (c) Usual address					
Flat 3, 158 Lower Clapton Road, London E5.					
8. Cause of death					
1a. Carcinomatosis b. Carcinoma of Sigmoid Colon					
Certified by C. J. Cates BM					
9. I certify that the particulars given by me above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.					
Eve Harrison					Signature of informant
10. Date of registration			11. Signature of registrar		
Twenty sixth June 1982			J. MacBurnie Deputy Registrar		
Certified to be a true copy of an entry in a register in my custody.					
		DEPUTY Registrar		26 JUN 1982 Date IT 583811	

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

André Tchaikowsky's Death Certificate



Courtesy of Phillip Core

The "Hamlet" Poster with André's Skull (1984)

André's last wish, to have his skull used in a production of "Hamlet," was not strictly realized. Although the RSC accepted the skull, it was used as a prop for a "Hamlet" poster, instead of on stage, because real skulls are too fragile for the purpose.

Alas poor Andre, I knew him, Horatio

IN ONE of the most bizarre bequests ever known, London-based pianist Andre Tchaikowsky has left his head to the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Tchaikovsky, no relation of the great composer but a celebrated pianist in his own right, nursed a peculiar hankering to become an actor during his life. He died in June aged 46 with that ambition unfulfilled.

But his moment had come. He willed his head to the RSC to be used as a skull in the famous graveyard scene in "Hamlet."

And the company's artistic director TERRY HANDS surprised Oxford undertakers Reeves and Pain by accepting the bequest. With 24 hours to go before the funeral service and cremation the head was, well, still attached.

Without going into the details, for which you will thank me, I will merely add that an operation was completed which will now allow the RSC to use Mr Tchaikovsky's remains in their next production.

But this unique bequest may yet fail to be cast for the job—some actors are none too keen to spend half a performance stuck down a hole in the stage with human remains.

"Some actors prefer to use a plastic skull and anyway the real thing tends to break easily," I am told.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

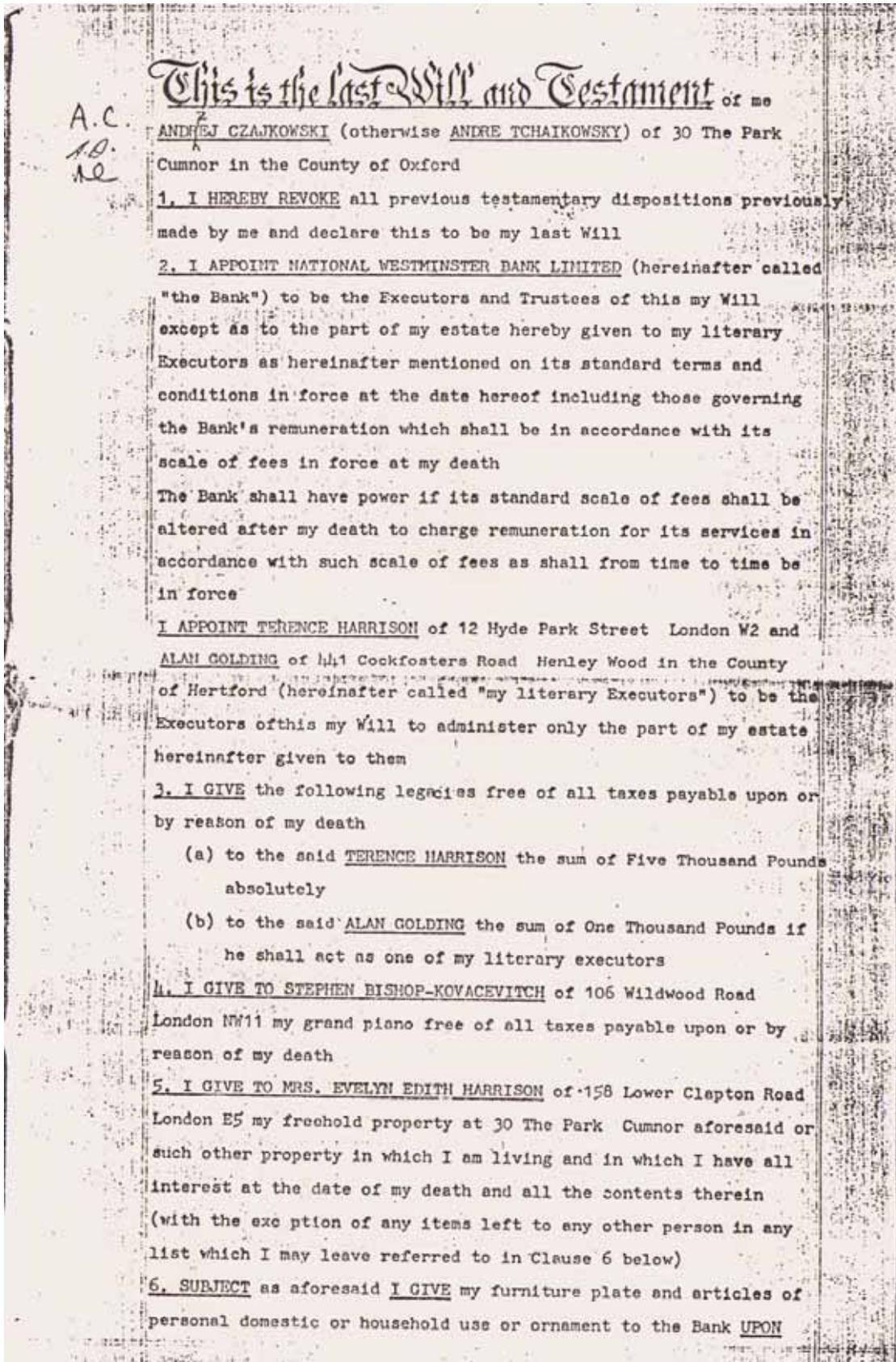
The Daily Express newspaper story of André's skull (1982)



Courtesy of Clive Barda

Frankl-Pauk-Kirshbaum Trio (1985)

From left to right: Gyorgy Pauk, violin; Peter Frankl, piano; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. André wrote his Trio Nottumo, Opus 6, for these musicians, at the particular request of Peter Frankl. The Trio is dedicated to Hans Keller. Without a doubt, the Trio is André's most popular work and has been performed worldwide.



Courtesy of Terry Harrison

TRUST to distribute the same to the persons if living and in the manner set out in any list which I may prepare and sign and which will be found with this my Will at my death

7. I GIVE TO MICHAEL HENRY MENEAGH of 91/1105 Djulma Ulrich Copacabana Rio de Janeiro Brazil absolutely the Policy of Insurance on my Life for the sum of Seven Thousand Two Hundred Pounds with the Legal and General Insurance Company Limited date the Nineteenth day of October One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seven Eight and numbered 003153056/4 and all bonuses and other sums payable in respect thereof free of all taxes payable upon or by reason of my death

8. I GIVE to my literary Executors all my published and unpublished works TOGETHER WITH all manuscripts and letters (except those of a purely personal nature and those necessary to the administration of my estate) and the copyright and all other rights and privileges therein with full right to publish any such unpublished works and to complete or have completed any unfinished work and to publish the same in such manner and subject to such terms and conditions as my literary Executors may in their uncontrolled discretion to determine

Any loss sustained in the exercise of such discretion shall be borne by the literary assets hereby given to my literary Executor or in case of deficiency of such assets by my general estate in exoneration of my literary Executors who shall not be accountable for any loss so incurred my literary Executors shall be entitled to receive all payments of every kind made in respect of my published or unpublished works and after defraying thereout all expenses incurred in the exercise of their powers shall transfer the net proceeds to the Bank to hold upon the trusts as are here declared in respect thereof

9. I GIVE all the residue of my estate (with the exception of my capital monies arising from the said copyrights and royalties and profits thereon) (out of which shall be paid my funeral and testamentary expenses my debts and legacies and all taxes payable in respect of my estate) to the Bank Upon Trust to sell it or (if it sees fit and without being liable for loss) to retain it or as part of it in the state in which it is at the time of my death

10. THE Bank shall hold such part of my residuary estate Upon Trust absolutely for the said EVELYN EDITH HARRISON

If the trusts hereinbefore declared shall fail or determine then the Bank shall hold the Trust Fund Upon Trust for the said MICHAEL HENRY MENEAUGH absolutely

11. I GIVE all the capital monies arising from the copyrights together with the royalties and profits thereon to the Bank upon the following trusts

(a) as to one tenth part for the said TERENCE HARRISON absolutely and as to one tenth part for the said ALAN GOLDING absolutely and as to the remaining eight tenths for the said ^{EDITH}EDITH HARRISON absolutely

(b) if the trusts declared by this Clause in respect of any share or shares shall lapse or fail then from the date of such lapse or failure such share or shares (and any share or shares accruing by virtue of this provision) shall accrue to the other share or shares the trusts of which shall not at the date of such accruer have lapsed or failed (and if more than one in the proportion which such shares bear to one another) and be held upon the trusts from time to time applicable to such other share or shares

(c) if all the trusts hereinbefore declared in the preceding part of this Clause shall fail or determine then from the date of such failure or determination the Bank shall hold that part of my estate for the said MICHAEL HENRY MENEAUGH absolutely

12. THE Bank shall have the following powers in addition to its powers under the general law:-

(a) to invest trust money and transpose investments with the same unrestricted freedom in their choice of investments as if it were absolute owner beneficially entitled

(b) To treat as income all the income from any part of my estate whatever the period in respect of which it shall accrue and to disregard the Apportionment Act 1870 and any Act replacing it and the rules of Equity relating to apportionments including those known as the rules in Howe -v- Dartmouth and Allhusen -v- Whittell in all their branches

13. I HEREBY REQUEST that my body or any part thereof may be used for therapeutic purposes including corneal grafting and organ transplantation or for the purposes of medical education or

A.C.
1/10
10.

Courtesy of Terry Harrison

research in accordance with the provisions of the Human Tissue Act
1961 and in due course the Institution receiving it shall have my
body cremated with the exception of my skull which shall be offered
by the Institution receiving my body to the Royal Shakespeare
Company for use in theatrical performances
I N W I T N E S S whereof I have hereunto set my hand to this my
Will this 10th day of OCTOBER One
Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventy Nine

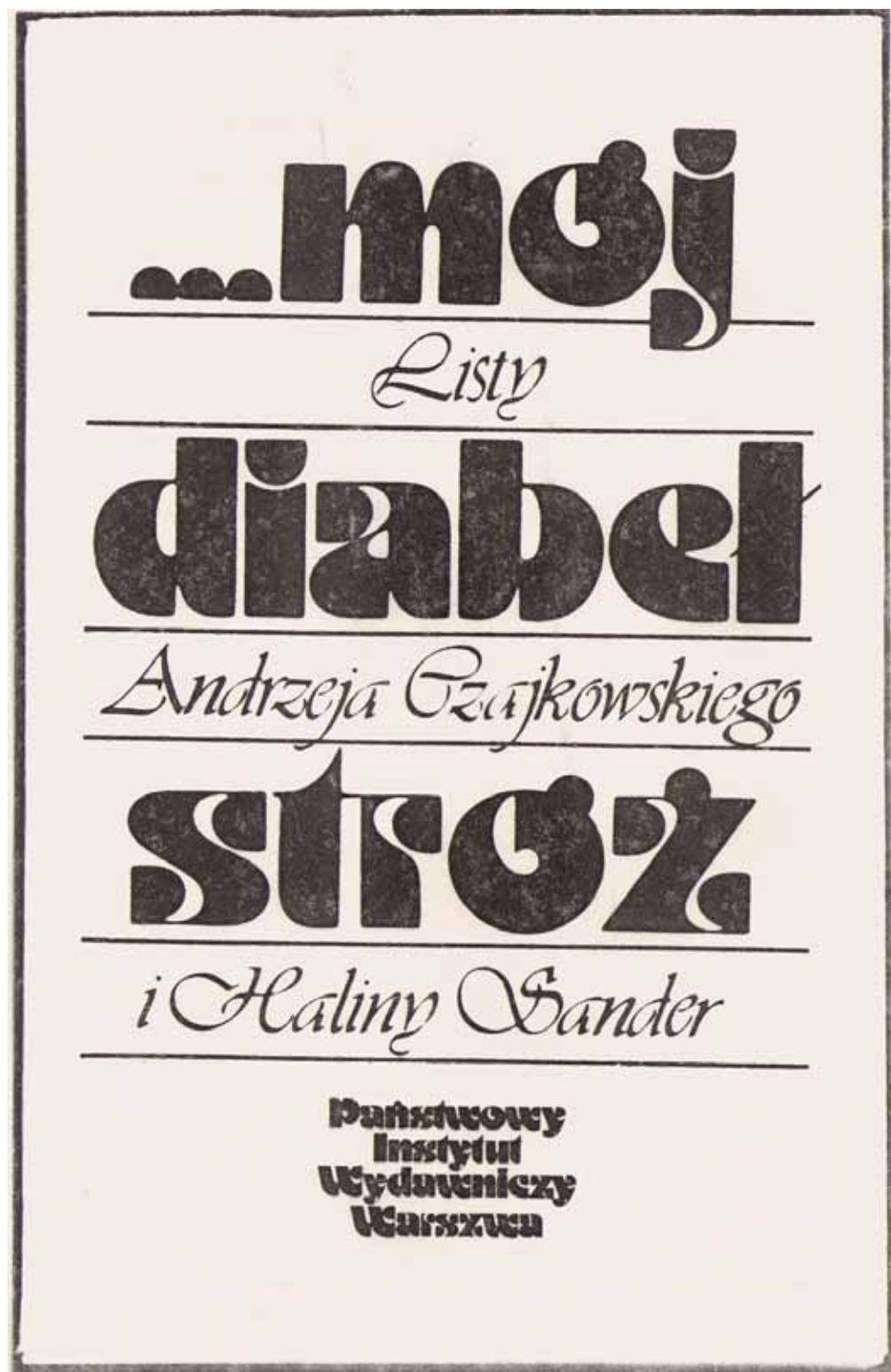
Byzanski

SIGNED by the TESTATOR in our presence and then by us in his

A. Davis
Secretary
Hunnell & Murphy
Oxford.

June M. Lewis
Suenter with
Hunnell & Murphy
CJP

Courtesy of Terry Harrison



Courtesy of Halina Janowska

Book cover of *My Guardian Devil* by Halina Wahlmann-Janowska (1987)

The book *My Guardian Devil* comprises letters exchanged by Halina Wahlmann-Janowska and Andrzej Czajkowski over a period of nearly 30 years. It was a best seller in Poland. Halina donated the profits to a memorial prize given at the 1985 Chopin Competition.

Acknowledgments

List of Compositions

List of Recordings

Interviews In Person

Pat and Neville Allison	Stefan Askenase	Stephen Kovacevitch
Wendy Brennan	Margaret Cable	Milein Cosman
Gervase de Peyer	Peter Feuchtwanger	John Fletcher
Vivi Fortier	Alan Golding	Terry Harrison
Heiko Hermes	Gisele Juttés	Tadeusz Kerner
Madm. E. Krauthammer	Halina Malewiak	John Ogdon
Sheldon and Alicia Rich	Christopher Seaman	Colin Stone
Fou Ts'ong	Anne Alsop	Sophie Baker
Glasberg Brothers	Valerie Calver	Patrick and Taeko Crommelynck
Misha Donat	Janina Fialkowska	Charles Fortier
Peter Frankl	Lars Grunth	Eve Harrison
Carol Humpheries	Jozef Kanski	Gerald Kingsley
Radu Lupu	Zygmunt Mycielski	Irena Paszkowska
Michael Riddall	Uri Segal	Stefan Sutkowski
Wanda Wilkomirska	Judy and Michael Arnold	Zamira Benthall
Susan Bradshaw	John Browning	Shura Cherkassky
Peter Cropper	Stu Farnborough	Norma Fisher
Michele Fortier	Bernard Gregor-Smith	Iza Grzenkiewicz
Beatrice Harthan	Halina Janowska	Hans Keller
Stanislaw Kolodziejczyk	John Lyward	John O'Brien
Roger Rees	John Schofield	Sebastian Shaw
Roman Totenberg	David Zinman	Augustyn Bloch

Interviews by Mail (Letter)

Christopher J. Boreyko, M.D.	John Fall	David Lord
Ludwig Rothschild	Renata Swieca-Rosenberg	Janice Williams
Sir Frank Callaway	Leon Feiler, M.D.	Iain Massey
Sigmund Rukalski	John M. Thomson	Liza Wilson
Yoram and Hiro David	Alan Kayes	Susie Napper
Anatol Swieca	Josef Wilkomirski	

Interviews by Mail (Audio Cassette)

Ian Dando	Michael Menaugh
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Interviews by Telephone

Atar Arad	Winston Fitzgerald	Sylvia Rosenberg
Gloria Coolidge	Edward Hall	Michael Sweeley
Katia de Peyer	John Pfeiffer	

Interviews Conducted by Others (Interviewer)

Chad Varah (Anna Syska)	Andrzej Panufnik (Camilla Jessell)	Mrs. Rubinstein (Halina Malewiak)
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Brief Conversations

Mark Elder	Richard Toeman	Krzysztof Penderecki
Jan Weber	Andras Schiff	Witold Lutoslawski

Acknowledgments

I can hardly specify all the kinds of help I received from the many, many people who deserve my thanks. Given that this book is nothing more than a record of what people remembered about André Tchaikowsky and his family, it is immediately obvious that without the help granted to me by so many, there would be no book. Although I have provided elsewhere a listing of everyone who helped, and genuinely thank all for their most valuable assistance, there were some who went far beyond expected boundaries. I must make special mention of these people.

Halina Janowska was a mainstay throughout the five years it required to produce this book. She offered encouragement (occasionally discouragement when my ideas didn't match her ideas), allowed me to quote generously from her book *My Guardian Devil* (but not without some fears), and during my visits to Poland was a most hospitable hostess. She acted as translator, tracked down people to interview, located long-missing documents and photographs, and kept me very busy during my two visits. I can recall telling her that I was going to take the next day off and see some of Warsaw. She said, "No you're not. You have appointments all day long." And so I did. She arranged for me to take over the apartment of a friend, a wonderful place on a quiet courtyard near the restored Warsaw Old City. What a pleasure.

Halina Malewiak, André's cousin, was one of the remarkable people I encountered. We first talked by long distance telephone (USA to Israel), then by long, long letters (her longest letter was nearly fifty pages), and, finally, in person in Paris. Her quiet intensity, her flawless memory (I checked some facts, but she was always right), and an intriguing countenance that would be hard to describe. We had three four-hour meetings. She would bring herself near to exhaustion at each session, but wanted to push on against my protestations, finally giving in to her husband's demand to quit. Much of André's early life was recalled by her, and verified by correspondence with Anatol Swieca (Australia) and Renata Swieca-Rosenberg (Brazil). Anatol wrote long interesting letters, and it surprised me, somehow, when in one letter he mentioned that his memory wasn't quite as good as it used to be now that he had reached 84 years of age. Renata patiently answered all my questions, and entrusted me with valuable photographs. This was a particularly difficult portion of André's life to document as I asked people to recall things that they had spent a lifetime trying to forget. My sincere thanks are owed them for really heroic efforts.

Irena Paszkowska, André's aunt, was another person to whom I owe a great deal. She provided photographs and many early recollections, particularly of Celina. Irena and I went to Celina's grave, and after cleaning up the area a bit, we sat on the stone and talked. It was odd to think of Celina being so close by. Then Irena jumped up and said that we must visit André's apartment on Nowolipki Street. Off we went by taxi. Arriving unannounced, we were greeted at the door by a man and woman wearing only underwear. I felt that perhaps this was an inopportune time for a visit. However, without offering explanation, they simply invited us in and allowed me to make a sketch of the premises while Irena described to me, "the piano was over there; this is where Celina had her room; this was" Irena always had a smile on her face and never failed to feed me great quantities of food. Bless you, and your fine son and daughter, for all your help.

Augustyn Bloch, André's student friend and well-known Polish composer, was about as busy as a person could be when I showed up unannounced at the Polish Composers' Union. He was the organizer of the Warsaw Autumn Festival, which was to start within a few days. Yet, he kindly escorted me into his office for a two hour interview. He asked an assistant to get the file for Andrzej Czajkowski, as if the file were inspected on a regular basis. Within a few minutes, he pressed it into my hands and allowed me to look it over for as long as I liked. At the first concert of the Autumn Festival, he made good a promise to give me an autographed composition that was written while he was house-sitting at André's apartment. Thanks to a man who placed so much importance on my project as to give up valuable time that rightfully belonged to his own projects.

Sir Frank Callaway in Australia was equally generous. When I contacted him about his recollections of André, he not only wrote many interesting letters, but went to his file cabinet and simply sent me André's file. Reviews, programs, correspondence, and the like, were all included, sent on faith that everything would be returned. (And they were, after making copies, the next day.) Many thanks.

Correspondents

Pat Allison	Atar Arad	Sarah Bonner-Morgan
Sir Frank Callaway	Alison Crossley	Gervase de Peyer
John Fall	Peter Feuchtwanger	Michele Fortier
Maxim Gershunoff	Alan Golding	Eve Harrison
Halina Janowska	Gerald Kingsley	Iain Massey
Michael Menaugh	Susie Napper	Camilla Panufnik
Andrzej Platek	Ludwig Rothschild	John Schofield
Alfreda Swieca-Chmielnicki	John M. Thomson	Tamas Vasary
Alan Walker	Janice Williams	Anne Allsop
Judy Arnold	Christopher J. Boreyko, M.D.	Milein Cosman
Ian Dando	Fritz Dietrich	Leon Feiler, M.D.
Norma Fisher	Vivi Fortier	Stefania and Pavel Glikman
Bernard Gregor-Smith	Terry Harrison	Gisele Juttes
Eugenie Krauthammer	Denis McCaldin	Kaarina Meyer
John O'Brien	Irena Paszkowska	Sheldon Rich
Sean T. Rourke	Michael Sweeley	Halina Swieca-Malewiak
Roman Totenberg	Katherine and Michel Vogt	Wanda Wilkomirska
Liza Wilson	Misha Donat	Martin Feinstein
Winston Fitzgerald	Peter Frankl	Tatjana Globokar
Lars Grunth	Beatrice Harthan	Tadeusz Kerner
David Lord	Graham Melville-Mason	Mark Mozes, MD.
John Ogdon	Peter Paszkowski	Michael Riddall, M.D.
Sigmund Rukalski	Anatol Swieca	Renata Swieca-Rosenberg
Chad Varah	Hans Voigt	Josef Wilkomirski
Rev'd John Joyce	John Amis	Sophie Baker
Susan Bradshaw	Patrick and Taeko Crommelynck	Yoram and Hiro David

Translators

Anna Baumritter (Polish)	Ian Dando (German)	Heiko Hermes (German)
Eugenie Krauthammer (French)	Basia Lautman (Polish)	Gregory Roszkowski (Polish)
Halina Malewiak (French, Polish)	C. J. Boreyko, M.D. (Spanish)	Robert Duane Ferre (French)
Halina Janowska (Polish)	Monika Kressner (German)	Wieslaw Mleczo (Polish)
Christian Schnulle (German)	Anna Syska (Polish)	Alison Crossley (French)
Lars Grunth (Danish)	Jadwiga Koralewicz (Polish)	Magda Kurecka (Polish)
Peter Paszkowski (Polish)	Boris Stasuk (Russian, Bulgarian)	

Institutions and Organizations

Bergen International Festival (Bente Riise)	Fredrick Chopin Society (Barbara Ert Eberdt)
Harrison/Parrott (Terry Harrison, K. Meyer)	Panstwowy Instytut Wydawniczy (Regina M. Greda)
RCA Records (John F. Pfeiffer)	Royal Festival Hall (Suzy Carless) (Joanne Reese)
Ruch Muzyczny (Josef Kanski)	BBC (Misha Donat, Graham Melville-Mason)
Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra (P. Kucinski)	John Hassell Recordings (Felicity Hassell)
New York Philharmonic (Winston Fitzgerald)	Polish Composers' Union (Augustyn Bloch)
Royal Albert Hall (Jacky Cowdrey)	Josef Weinberger Limited (G. Kingsley, J. Schofield)
Tivoli Concert Hall (Lars Grunth)	

Research Assistants

Anna Baumritter (New York)	Jan-Gabriel Lieberherr (Paris)	David Poile (Chicago)
Anna Syska (London, Warsaw)		

Acknowledgments (continued)

Judy Arnold was a key figure. She was the first person I interviewed, and provided such a wealth of names/addresses/contacts, that I really had little else to do than to follow the path she proposed. Of course this path had many twists and turns, but nevertheless, I wonder if there would be a book at all if I hadn't met Judy first. I found her a delight, extremely bright, and outrageous in her own way. I have to say I've never met such a busy, busy, high-energy person as she. Her remarkable memory for dates, times, places was consistently correct. Along with recollections of André, she provided many of the photographs in this book. Judy, thanks for the experience, and thanks to your husband, Michael.

Terry Harrison helped me more than he knew. I first met Terry at the Harrison/Parrott offices in London and we spoke for well over an hour. This was a long interruption from work for such a busy person. I stopped by to make an appointment, but his staff said I would have better luck if I simply interrupted him. So I did, and more than once. During my first visit, he suggested that I page through the André Tchaikowsky file that was gathering dust in the basement of the building. Maybe I could find something interesting. The file turned out to be next to the copying machine and I copied quite a bit of what seemed interesting. Good thing, as the file was discarded a short time later. Also in the basement was a box of André Tchaikowsky compositions, including some rare original scores which were turned over to the Josef Weinberger Archives. My thanks to Terry.

Eve Harrison found me rather "too American." She is probably right. Like many Americans I approach things somewhat head on, a full frontal effort, and that may be interpreted as a bit much for English sensibilities. Yet, she consented to a number of interviews, and we enjoyed several dinners and prowled through an old laundry basket that had belonged to André. She thought it was laundry, but it turned out to be the original score of André's violin concerto. What I thank her for most of all, as André's closest friend, was for not putting up barriers to my research process. Many of the people I talked to wanted to clear it first with Eve, and Eve never made objections, letting people decide on their own accords. Thanks so much, Eve, for tolerating my intrusions into André's world which you have so faithfully preserved.

John O'Brien wins the long-distance award, and made a practically superhuman effort to be sure I had his input for the book. Since he lives in Botswana, there was no real possibility of my going there for a single interview. John decided that it was a good time to visit the USA, and came to me instead! It was mid-winter in Syracuse, New York, not the nicest place to be. But for nearly a week, John and I met every day for long, long discussions. When the interview was typed up, it totalled eighty pages. John also set up my interview with John Lyward, which was very rewarding. I really appreciate the generous help.

Michael Menaugh and I had a lively correspondence, and then he consented to a lengthy interview by cassette tape. His taped reply to my interview questions lasted nearly five hours. We both would have preferred to meet in person, and if there had been any way to get to Brazil, I would have done so. But economics didn't allow such a visit so we did the next best thing. Michael's letters were of such brilliance that I decided that my whole book wouldn't equal one of his letters. I confessed this to him, and his return letter made the simple, but at the time important, observation that I would have to write my own book. All that mattered is that I do it my own way and in my own style. And so I did, thanks in great measure to Michael's encouragement.

Stefan Askenase was 89 at the time I met him and was the oldest person interviewed. Yet his interview set the record for the single longest session -- 7 non-stop hours. I telephoned him upon my arrival in Bad Godesberg and said I would be there on time at 11 am. "We'll have lunch!" he shouted on the telephone. We had lunch, and we talked, and we listened to recordings of André's music, and we talked, and he played the piano, and we talked, and then we talked some more. Once in a while he would forget a word in English, so he tried the German word on me, then the French word, and finally said, "Well, in Latin it's ..." I interrupted to tell him that I'd never studied Latin. I can still hear him saying, "N-e-v-e-r studied Latin?" He died three months later. He was a wonderful, warm, kindly and gentle person. I'll never forget him.

Photographers

Clive Barda
Dag Grundseth

Ken Grundy
J. Francis

Sophie Baker
Sabine Weiss

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Music and Musicians 20:80 Mar, 1972
Music and Musicians 8:25 May, 1960
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Musical Courier 155:4 Mar 1, 1957
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Music and Musicians 24:53+ Jan, 1976
Music and Musicians 9:29 Apr, 1964
Musical America 76:14 Jun, 1956
Musical America 78:5 Jan 1, 1958
Musical Courier 156:13 Nov 1, 1957
Musical Opinion 83:455 Apr, 1960
Musical Times 99:327 Jun, 1958
Time 67:72+ June 11, 1956
Music and Musicians 11:10+ Jul, 1963
Music and Musicians 14:55 Apr, 1966
Music and Musicians 25:44+ Nov, 1976
Music Journal 13:4 Sept, 1955
Musical America 77:16 May, 1957
Musical America 79:40 Mar, 1959
Musical Courier 156:15 Dec 15, 1957
Musical Times 109:740+ Aug, 1968
Musikhandel 33:255 N6, 1982
Zeitschrift Fur Musik 116:426+ July, 1955

Acknowledgments (continued)

Concert pianist Norma Fisher is another person whom I had the pleasure of meeting through this project. I arrived in London a few weeks before she was to play André's concerto in Copenhagen. I ended up turning pages for rehearsals and then on stage for the performance. I was probably more nervous than she was. I love her strong, extroverted playing. She really burned up André's concerto. It was wonderful. She practiced into most evenings and I attended each time to turn pages. On one occasion, she drifted off into other compositions, and I was given a private recital of Chopin, Schumann, Stravinsky, and Liszt. These were moments I'll never forget. Norma also warned me that when I went to interview Beatrice Harthan (Invention No. 9) that I should wear a suit and not bluejeans. It was good advice; Beatrice expressed approval that I appeared "as one should."

Josef Weinberger, André's music publisher, provided me extremely valuable access to the André Tchaikowsky archives, administered by Gerald Kingsley and John Schofield. Both of these fine gentlemen are enthusiastic supporters of André's compositions and faithfully answered my many questions in person and by mail. Joanne Reece at the Royal Festival Hall in London helped a great deal by making copies of programs from André's concerts. She was assisted by Suzy Carless. Graham Melville-Mason, Music Contracts Manager at the BBC, provided a detailed account of André's radio performances. This was sincerely appreciated.

Margaret Cable and her husband, tuba virtuoso John Fletcher (Philip Jones Brass Ensemble), were among the people whose kind reception made my research enormously enjoyable. Like many whom I called to request an interview, they invited me to dinner. Remembering that Judy Arnold had said that John Fletcher was the finest tuba player in England, I blurted out to John, "I understand you are the finest tuba player in all England!" Margaret practically shouted at me, "In the world! In the world!" I further embarrassed myself by asking if John played some historic 1750 tuba or something (the tuba is a relatively recent invention; also, unlike some other musical instruments, brass instruments wear out). With that, Margaret just moaned as she left the room saying, "I'll make the salad." John took me under his wing and the rest of the evening went very well.

Michael Riddall was helpful with his recollections of André and provided photographs. Peter Frankl provided yet another view of André, as did Wanda Wilkomirska and Christopher Seaman. Christopher was especially amusing as he mimicked André's voice in a most convincing way, and we had a wonderful pub lunch at André's favorite place in Cumnor. David Zinman and I met for lunch as well. David's wonderful recounting of André stories recreated the zany irony and humor of the original experiences.

My research assistants played an important role as it was difficult to find the time and money to travel after 1987. Anna Baumritter in New York absolutely refused payment of any kind, and made important research visits to RCA and the New York Library. David Poile in Chicago took care of my requests quickly, accurately, and to my complete satisfaction. Jean-Gabriel Lieberherr in Paris worked with me closely, but eventually his own work had to come first and I regret we couldn't have worked together a bit longer. Anna Syska, a charming and attractive Polish woman, acted as an assistant in both London and Warsaw. After she interviewed Chad Varah, letters from Chad always included, "And how is Miss Poland?"

The professional photographers whose work appears in this book have my gratitude. Clive Barda is one of the leading photographers of musicians in the world. He sent me dozens of prints of André and I appreciate them very much. Sophie Baker, writer (*Caste -- At Home in Hindu India*) and photographer, was fascinating. I met her at her country home. We discussed her recollections of André and she provided copies of every single photograph she had ever taken of André. After the afternoon interview, she invited me to stay for supper. I declined, and I have regretted it ever since. Ken Grundy took the cover color photograph of the portrait of André by Milein Cosman. Milein told me that many photos taken of her works were not acceptable to her. Therefore, I let her choose the photographer, and she personally approved the print that was used.

Laurie Slatin provided computer equipment used to prepare this manuscript, and Pamela Houghtaling gave invaluable assistance in transcribing interviews and organizing my research materials. Esther Vail read the manuscript and made valuable suggestions. My final thanks go to my editor and friend, Harold Pohl, who shared my enthusiasm for my project for over three years, and who contributed in a number of ways to the intelligibility of this book. We shared some happy afternoons on the golf course as well.

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List of Recordings

EMI Pathé SAXF-1036 (Stereo); FCX-1036 (Mono) [Reissue - Danté Records, HPC022 - Vol. 1]

Bach, J. S. - Goldberg Variations (BWV988)
[Recorded May 12 to 15 & November 30, 1964]

EMI Pathé SAXF-1057 (Stereo); FCX-1057 (Mono) [Reissue - Danté Records, HPC049 - Vol. 4]

Schubert - 12 Ländler, Opus 171
Schubert - Dances allemandes, Opus 33, No. 7
Schubert - "Ländler" en mib mineur, D. 366
Schubert - Deux danses allemandes, D. 769
Schubert - Valses, Opus 9, No. 19, 21, 22, 26, 29, 30, 32, 34, 35, 36
Schubert - Valses, Opus 18, No. 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 10
Schubert - "Letzte Walzer" Opus 127, No. 15, 18
Schubert - Valses nobles, Opus 77, No. 9, 10
Schubert - Valses sentimentales, Opus 50, No. 1, 3, 7, 12, 13, 15, 19, 27
[Danté only - Fauré Quatuor No. 1, Opus 15]
[Recorded April 14 to 16 & June 1, 1965] [Danté only - C. 1972]

EMI Pathé SAXF-1097 (Stereo); FCX-1097 (Mono) [Reissue - Danté Records, HPC029 - Vol. 2]

Haydn - Sonata No. 23 in fa majeur, Opus 13, No. 3
Haydn - Sonata No. 49 in mib majeur, Opus 66
Haydn - Andante et variations en fa mineur, Opus 83
[Recorded January 5 to 7, 1966]

EMI Pathé SAXF-1106 (Stereo); FCX-1106 (Mono) [Reissue - Danté Records, HPC035 - Vol. 3]

Mozart - Sonata en fa majeur (K533 and K494)
Mozart - Allegro de la sonata en sol mineur (K312)
Mozart - Rondo en la mineur (K511)
Mozart - Marche en ut majeur (K408)
Mozart - Minuet en re majeur (K355)
Mozart - Gigue en sol majeur (K574)
Mozart - Adagio en si mineur (K540)
[Recorded September 6 to 8, 1966 & January 17, 1967]

EMI Pathé 2YLA-1822/1823 (2 records) [Reissue - Danté Records, HPC060 - Vol 5]

Chopin Mazurkas Nos. 30 to 51
[Recorded January 18, May 18 & 22, 1967]

RCA Victor LSC-2145 (Stereo); LM-2145 (Mono) [US]; RB16046 [UK]

Ravel - Gaspard de la Nuit (1908)
Prokofieff - Visions Fugitives (Opus 22)
[Recorded 4 June 1957; Released October, 1957]

RCA Victor LSC-2287 (Stereo); LM-2287 (Mono) [US]; VICS.1167 [UK]

Mozart - Concerto No. 25 in C (K503) (Cadenza by André Tchaikowsky)
Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Fritz Reiner, Conductor
[Recorded 15 February 1958; Released March, 1959]

RCA Victor LSC-2354 (Stereo); LM-2354 (Mono) [US]

Mozart - Sonata No. 10 in C major (K330)
Mozart - Sonata No. 14 in C minor (K457)
Mozart - Fantasia in C minor (K475)
[Recorded 26, 27, 28 January 1959; Released August, 1959]

List of Recordings (continued)

RCA Victor LSC-2354 (Stereo): LM-2354 (Mono) [US]

Chopin, F. - Preludes, Opus 28, No. 18, 2, 14, 4, 5, 8, 19, 20, 23, 24 (one take)
Chopin, F. - Barcarolle in F-sharp, Opus 60 (six takes)
Chopin, F. - Etude in A-flat, Opus 10, No. 10 (three takes)
Chopin, F. - Etude in C, Opus 10, No. 7 (two takes)
Chopin, F. - Mazurka in A-minor, Op. 59, No. 1 (three takes)
Chopin, F. - Mazurka in A-flat, Opus 59, No. 2 (two takes)
Chopin, F. - Mazurka in B, Opus 56, No. 1 (five takes)
Chopin, F. - Ballade No.3 in A-flat, Opus 47 (nine takes)
[Recorded 10, 11, 12 March 1959; Released October, 1959]

RCA Victor DPMI-0444

Bach, JS. - Concerto No.5 in F minor (one take)
Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Fritz Reiner, Conductor
(Recorded 15 February 1958; Released June, 1980)
[Special release for CSO Marathon 5]

Unreleased recordings for RCA

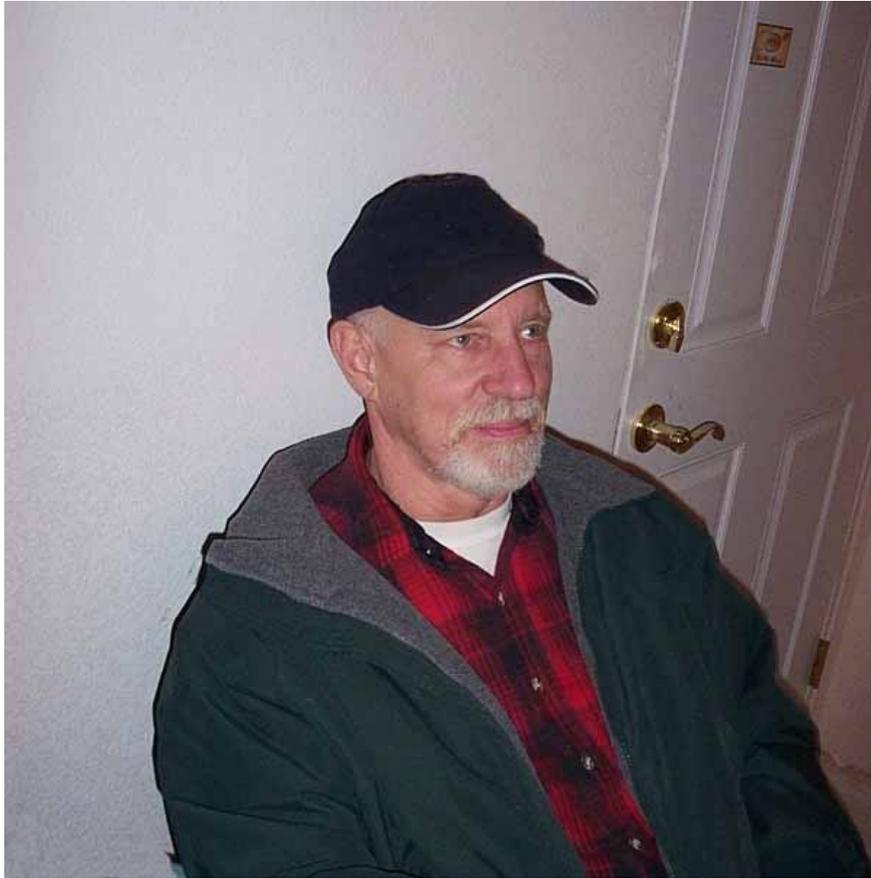
Bach, J.S. - "Goldberg" Variations (eighty-seven takes, total)
[Recorded 13, 17, 23 December 1957]

Prokofieff, S. - Sonata No.7, Opus 83
(1st Movement, five takes)
(2nd Movement, one take)
(3rd Movement, three takes)
Szymanowski, K. - Mazurka No.3 (two takes)
Szymanowski, K. - Mazurka No. 14 (two takes)
Szymanowski, K. - Mazurka No.5 (one take)
[Recorded February 21, 1958]

Mozart - Sonata No. 11 in A major (K331)
Mozart - Sonata No. 12 in F major (K332)
Mozart - Sonata No. 13 in B flat major (K333)
[Recorded 26, 27, 28 January 1959]

Chopin, F. - Preludes, Opus 28, No. 1, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22 (one take)
[Recorded 11, 12 March 1959]

Scarlatti, D. - Sonata in A minor, 1. 429 (ten takes)
Scarlatti, D. - Sonata in D minor, 1. 422 (six takes)
Scarlatti, D. - Sonata in F, L.432 (eleven takes)
Scarlatti, D. - Sonata in D minor, 1. 366 (two takes)
[Recorded 21 April 1959]



David A. Ferré was born in Boston, Massachusetts in 1942, and raised in Wisconsin and New York. He graduated from the Rochester Institute of Technology in 1965 with a Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering. He then spent five years in the US Navy as a Lieutenant (j.g.), where he wrote engineering reports for the Chief of Naval Operations. After returning to Rochester, N.Y. in 1970, he joined the engineering staff of Harris Corporation, a manufacturer of radio communications equipment. Mr. Ferré spent the next fifteen years at Harris, leaving his position as a supervisor of technical publications in 1985. From 1985 to 2004, he was a publications consultant for high-technology companies including General Motors, General Electric, and Boeing Space and Defense Group, to name a few. Mr. Ferré is an avid concert-goer, an amateur pianist, and a writer on musical and other subjects. Now in retirement, he currently resides on a small farm near the Canadian Border in Chewelah, Washington State, USA, where he is the webmaster for the André Tchaikowsky website: <http://andrettaikowsky.com>

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