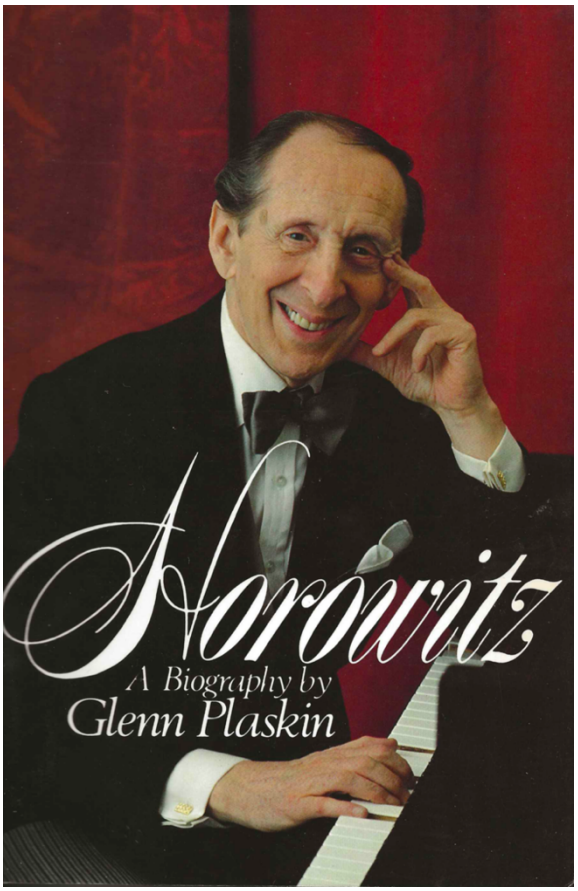
Serialized on the front pages of the

New York Times and the *Times* of London . . .

. . . banned by the Metropolitan Opera store . . . and reviewed in hundreds of newspapers and magazines worldwide, ***Horowitz***, an unauthorized biography of the legendary pianist Vladimir Horowitz, caused a furor in the classical music world, revealing the intense personal struggles of a musical giant who had never before been the subject of a book.

Available for reissue



MARK GOTTLIEB, TRIDENT MEDIA GROUP

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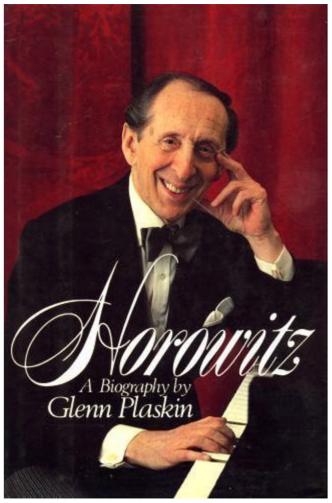
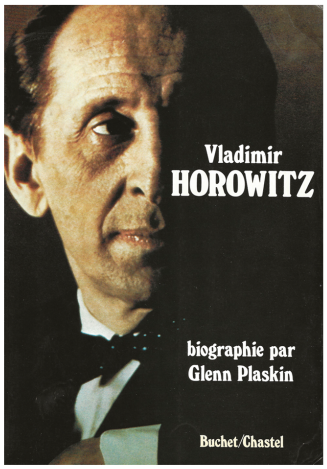


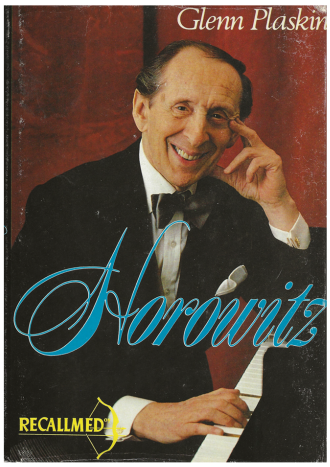
Horowitz

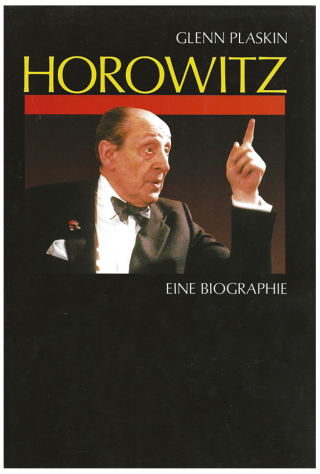
"A well-researched biography that will throw much light on the man and the artist."

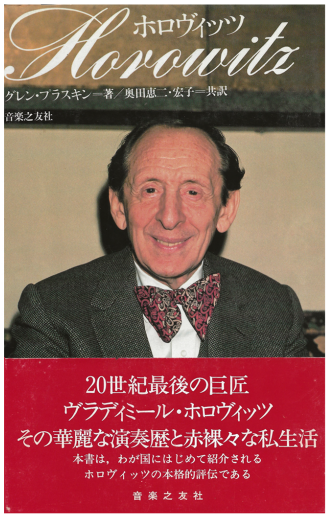
– New York Times

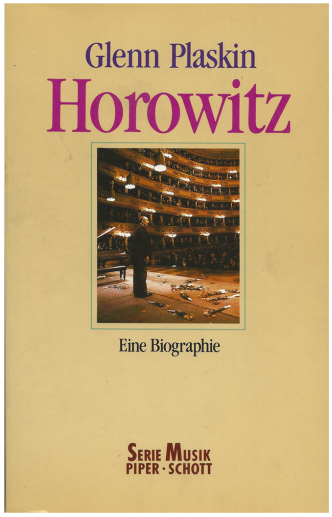
Foreign Editions

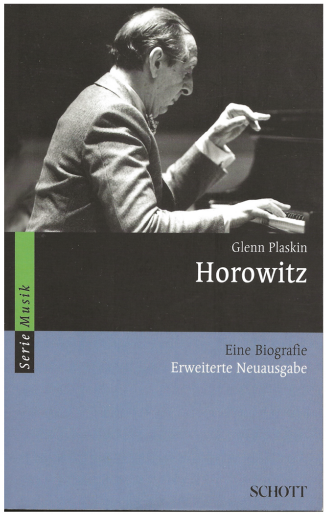








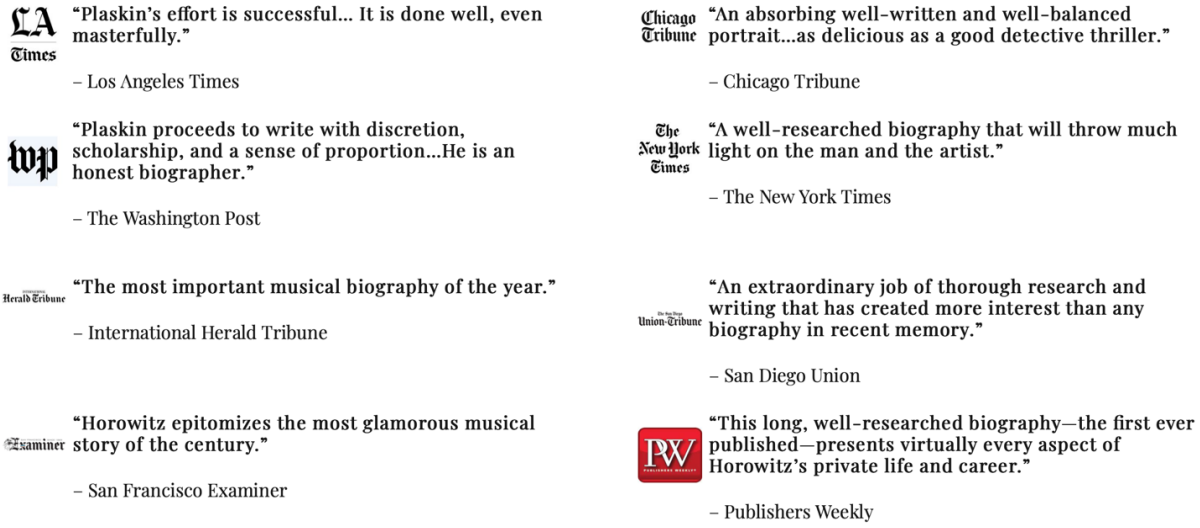




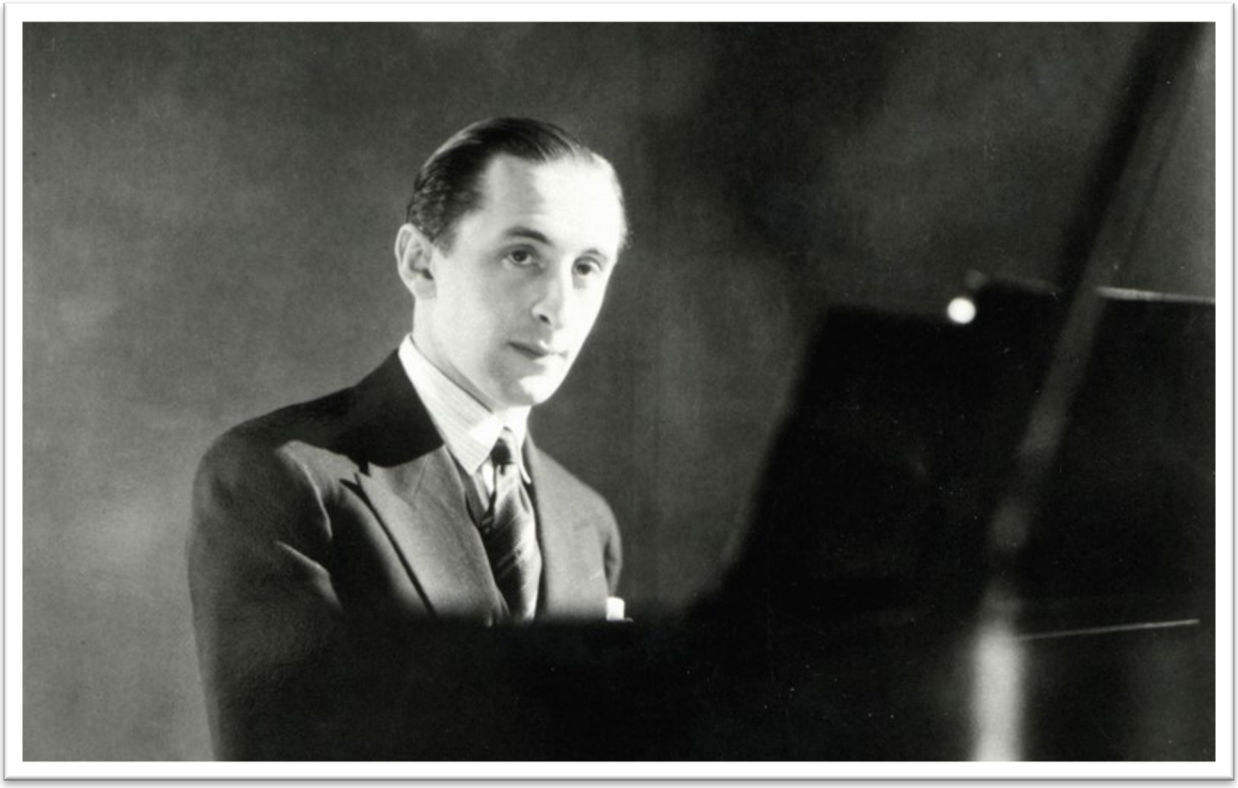
Proposal Contents

Synopsis

HOROWITZ, the definitive biography of legendary pianist Vladimir Horowitz (William Morrow) first made headlines forty years ago when it was hailed by the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *International Herald Tribune* as the most controversial biography of its time.



Initially released in hardcover and paperback in the U.S. and subsequently published in Japan, England France, Germany, Finland and Russia, this 600-page biography illuminates the life of one of history's most electrifying musical virtuosos, including the harrowing effects of the Russian Revolution on Horowitz's family and his escape from his homeland; his three nervous breakdowns and protracted "retirements" from the stage, one that lasted twelve years; his secret recording sessions and headline-grabbing comebacks; his tempestuous marriage to Arturo



Toscanini's daughter Wanda and their shared agony over their only child's suicide; his struggles with his homosexuality in a society that forced him into the closet; his famed eccentricities; his bouts with severe depression and anxiety, which were treated with long-term psychotherapy and electroshock; the complex dynamics of his relationships with six former male piano students (this chapter was serialized in the *New York Times Magazine*); and his friendships and rivalries with such luminaries as Sergei Rachmaninoff and Arthur Rubinstein. In riveting detail, the narrative transports the reader from Czarist Russia to European café society; from performing at the White House for eight U.S. Presidents to enchanting audiences at Carnegie Hall; from the glitter of Studio 54 to a national audience on "60 Minutes."

Like Luciano Pavarotti, Horowitz—the winner of twenty-five Grammy Awards and a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom—was one of the first crossover classical music superstars. He was the highest-paid artist of his era: returning to perform in Vienna after an absence of fifty-two years, he received the biggest fee ever paid to a pianist. For eighty-five

minutes of Mozart, Liszt, Schubert, Chopin, and Schumann, he collected the equivalent of $427,000—or more than $5,000 per minute.

The meticulously-researched *Horowitz* is based on 650 recorded interviews with Horowitz's friends and associates and fifty recorded journalists' interviews with Horowitz himself. It also includes more than two thousand endnotes, historic photographs, and a complete discography, along with correspondence, concert and record reviews, and other material from archives and private collections.

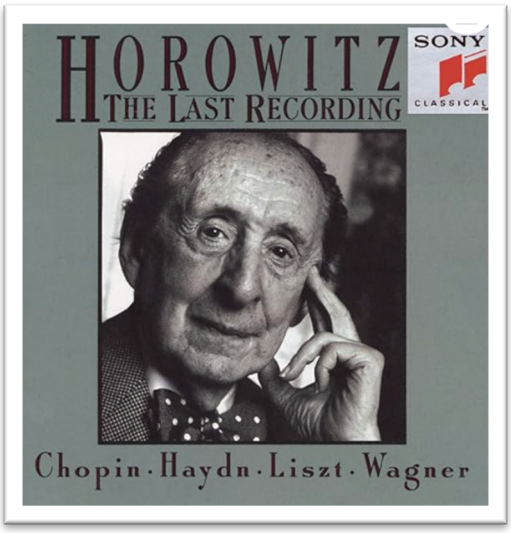
This landmark book marked the literary debut of bestselling author and classically trained pianist **Glenn Plaskin**, a celebrity interviewer and columnist who went on to write multiple books and conduct hundreds of exclusive interviews with such luminaries as Katharine Hepburn, Nancy Reagan, Elizabeth Taylor, Calvin Klein, Jacqueline Onassis, Audrey Hepburn, Diana Ross, and Meryl Streep. Yet his first book, *Horowitz*, has stood the test of time, and still resonates with classical music fans globally.

ABOVE: Glenn Plaskin Interviewing First Lady Nancy Reagan

Now, as we commemorate the 35th anniversary of Horowitz's death, a freshly-released edition[1] will be available for a new generation of readers—in hardcover, e-book and audio formats. The historic narrative serves as a time-capsule, immersing readers back into the golden era of the "electric-lightning pianist," immortalizing the illustrious life of towering musical virtuoso.

Up until his last breath at the age of eighty-six, Vladimir Horowitz was recording a new album for Sony. And to this day, the Horowitz magic lives on in newly-released recordings from the vaults of Sony Classical, RCA and Columbia, offering a listening legacy to the millions who cherish the brilliance of *The Last Romantic* (the title of a 1985 documentary filmed in Horowitz's Manhattan town house.) And now, with the reissue of this unforgettable biography, a new wave of global readers will undoubtedly be captivated by the life and artistry of a towering musical legend.

[1] The new edition of the book will include a Forward written by an internationally-renowned musician or critic and a new Afterword by the Author. It will also include an updated discography.



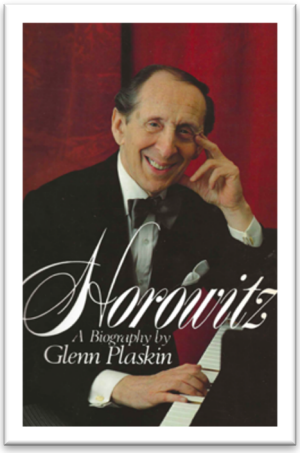
ARTIST

Vladimir Horowitz

WINS*	NOMINATIONS*
25	45

35th Annual GRAMMY Awards

Praise for *Horowitz*



The New York Times

"A well-researched biography that will throw much light on the man and the artist."

LA Times

"Plaskin's effort is successful . . . it is done well, even masterfully."

wp

"Plaskin proceeds to write with discretion, scholarship, and a sense of proportion…He is an honest biographer."

Chicago Tribune

"An absorbing, well written, and well-balanced portrait . . . as delicious as a good detective thriller."

International Herald Tribune

"The most important musical biography of the year.'

The San Diego Union-Tribune

"An extraordinary job of thorough research and writing that has created more interest than any biography in recent memory."

Daily News

"A unique cause célèbre in the musical and literary worlds . . . *Horowitz* makes *Mommie Dearest* read like *Little Women*."

"This biography is seductive as it reveals the personal life of a recluse referred to as the Greta Garbo of the piano."

"This long, well-researched biography—the first ever published, presents virtually every aspect of Horowitz's private life and career."

"Horowitz epitomizes the most glamorous musical story of the century."

"Goes a long way in filling the void in our concept of the person behind those astounding fingers."

"A book of intimate, almost endlessly absorbing detail."

"*Mommie Dearest* is tame stuff compared to some of this."

"Plaskin's book, detailed and based on mountains of interviews and research, elicits understanding of a man vulnerable to the demands of the legend he worked to create. For that alone, the book is valuable."

"Glenn Plaskin has dreams about Vladimir Horowitz—dreams that have not been exorcised by his controversial, 600-page biography."

"Vladimir Horowitz's fingers on piano keys have the potential disturbance value of so many sticks of dynamite. Yet so does Glenn Plaskin's biography—the first ever written about Horowitz."

"This book will always be useful as a reference….the story of one of the last survivors of an era when the best classical musicians were as famous as film stars are now, taking 80% of the gross each time he performs."

The Washington Post
Book World
SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1983 VOLUME XIII, NUMBER 11

Vladimir Horowitz: The Romantic Virtuoso

Vladimir Horowitz — the unauthorized story

Biography Tries to Solve Puzzling Life of Pianist

ARTS & PEOPLE.

Discordant notes on Vladimir Horowitz

NEW YORK — The first time Glenn Plaskin phoned Vladimir Horowitz seeking approval to write his biography, Horowitz was charming. "What kind of book will you write about me?" asked the pianist. "It will be a kiss," Plaskin told him, wondering, "Why in the world did I say that?"

Plaskin's unauthorized "Horowitz: A Biography" (Morrow, $19.95), due in stores next month, is hardly a kiss.

Musicians have whispered for decades about the legendary virtuoso, his phobias, crafty business deals and reputed nervous breakdowns. But an adoring public, captivated by his unsurpassed digital dexterity and astounding range of tone colors, has remained largely ignorant of Horowitz the man. His conflicts over his own sexuality, his troubled relationship with his wife, Wanda, and father-in-law, Arturo Toscanini, and the Strange, often shabby, treatment of his half-dozen students, including Byron Janis, legions of canceled concerts, which bankrupted at least one manager, and a cumulative 22-year absence from the concert hall, interspersed with "historic" returns, are also chronicled.

"It's a complicated psyche," said Plaskin of the man born Vladimir Samoliovich Gorovitch in Russia in 1903. "His biography is long overdue. I just had the chutzpah to do it."

Chutzpah indeed. When he got the idea for the book four years ago, Plaskin "had never written a thing, not even a term paper." He was 26, had been studying the piano seriously since the age of six, and suddenly, at the end of a doctoral program at Peabody, realized his talent wasn't good enough for a solo career.

"Devastated, I became more and more depressed and neurotic," Plaskin related. "I began to hate I will write my own."

But the more he researched — 650 people were interviewed, extant reviews examined — Plaskin said he realized that the only way to write it was without Horowitz: "He is too difficult."

This was, after all, the man who invited Arthur Rubinstein to dinner, only to cancel at the last minute to go to the races. This was the Horowitz whose dictatorial whims at recording sessions, elucidated as he lay on a required cot, exasperated producers. This was also the man, Plaskin discovered, who was absent at his daughter's funeral.

Nor were Plaskin's other sources easy to convince. "I had tremendous difficulty getting these people to talk to me," he said of the to get married, he was going to marry someone celebrated."

Asked what effect the biography might have on the supersensitive Horowitz, the slim, well-tailored Plaskin shook his head. "I have heard he canceled two concerts recently. I've also heard he has gotten hold of the galleys and is very unhappy. But I don't know if the two are connected in any way," Plaskin said.

At Columbia Artists, Peter Gelb, Horowitz's manager, denied any allegations of recent cancelations and said the pianist has not even read Plaskin's book.

Despite the "unavoidable alienation" the book has caused between the two thus far, Plaskin is adament that he wants to be

Photo by FRED PLAUT

Horowitz reclines on customary cot during a recording session

"His biography is long overdue. I just had the chutzpah to do it."

—Glenn Plaskin

Photo by TONY PALMER

rumors that his daughter committed suicide have also — until this first music. The only thing that really interested me was Horowitz."

To Understand Horowitz, Understand His Homosexuality

by Carl Post

Vladimir Horowitz is one of the greatest musicians of this or any age, a pianist who recalls, through his fabulous technique, unrivalled interpretive fantasy and demonic personality, the legendary virtuosos of the 19th century, Liszt and Paganini.

Horowitz is also a homosexual who, for most of his career, has struggled to hide his sexual orientation through marriage and overcome it through psychoanalysis. Guilt and tension have, at crucial points in the pianist's career, compelled him to withdraw from performing in public for as long as 12 years.

For the first time, the details of Horowitz's secret life have been brought into the open by Glenn Plaskin in *Horowitz*, a book recently published by William Morrow & Co. The book, needless to say, was written without the cooperation of Horowitz or his wife, Wanda.

"I didn't want to sensationalize his homosexuality," explains the slim, dark-haired author during a recent trip to Philadelphia to publicize his book. "If it wasn't an important part of his life, I would never have included it in the book. But the fact that Vladimir Horowitz is gay is an important part of his personality. To understand his playing, to understand his retirements, you have to understand his homosexuality.

"I do not want to sensationalize the issue is any way so that people can use it negatively against Horowitz. I don't write about his lovers and I don't write about what he does in bed. But his homosexuality is one of several conflicts that caused him such anguish he could no longer perform."

Like Horowitz, Plaskin is a pianist. Also like Horowitz, he is gay. Unlike the famous pianist, Plaskin is completely open about his gayness.

The official publicity picture of the 25-year-old Vladimir Horowitz, taken at the time of his 1928 American debut

witz book without my years as a piano student and without my experience in the gay alliance. I told my parents I was gay in 1978. At first, they treated me as if I had terminal cancer. There was denial and anger, but now my whole family accepts it. Even my 83-year-old grandmother.

"I wish parents could treat their gay children with greater understanding. Between the third and fifth grades, I was beaten up almost every

abin's Ninth Sonata, a piece that I also played. I was astounded. It was as if I had learned another piece. That was in 1978, Horowitz's jubilee year, and he was everywhere — at the White House, on *Sixty Minutes*. I thought it would be a wonderful thing to write my dissertation on Horowitz. Unfortunately, the academic committee didn't think the subject was academic enough."

Depressed by the committee's

When Horowitz plays, no one reads

Horowitz doesn't want to know about his biography

Unveiling the private Horowitz

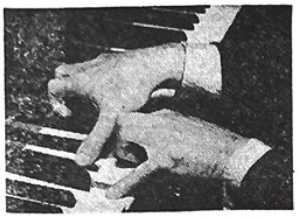
HOROWITZ
Glenn Plaskin
William Morrow and Co.
607 pp. $19.95

Reviewed by
Daniel Webster

Almost anyone asked to name the greatest living pianist would answer unhesitatingly, "Vladimir Horowitz!" The Russian-born performer has managed to hold the image of supremacy through a 60-year career filled with eccentricity and neurotic

Philadelphia Inquirer / NICK KELSH
Vladimir Horowitz

A warts-and-all look at our at our pre-eminent pianist



In 1953, Horowitz celebrated 25 years on the concert stage. But, as **Glenn Plaskin** reveals in the second extract from his biography of the pianist, physical and mental strain was to take it toll

Horowitz: An Unauthorized Portrait

Author of Biography Denies That It's a 'Discreet Hatchet Job'

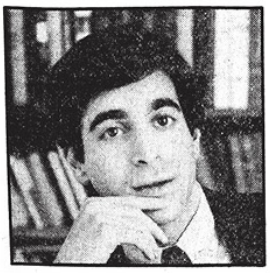
Vladimir Horowitz, 78, says he hasn't read critical biography written without his blessing by an ex-pianist

"I don't want to hear about it.": Vladimir Horowitz has no intention of reading Glenn Plaskin's controversial biography that introduces readers to the less admirable human side of the superstar of classical pianists. It is no gilded portrait, designed for fawning fans.

Horo(r)witz biography pains Mr. Piano's fans

Horowitz biographer dreams of meeting legendary pianist

Biography of Horowitz paints artist with warts



Horowitz biographer hit low notes, too

Books of The Times

By Harold C. Schonberg

HOROWITZ: A Biography of Vladimir Horowitz. By Glenn Plaskin. 607 pages. Morrow. Illustrated. $19.95.

NOBODY is going to argue against the proposition that Vladimir Horowitz is one of today's two super-superstars of music. The other is Luciano Pavarotti. Both have extraordinary charisma, they get higher fees than any other living musicians, and both are known all over the world even to those who know nothing about music. To the general public, Mr. Horowitz is the world's greatest pianist, just as Mr. Pavarotti is the world's greatest tenor. Mr. Pavarotti was recently represented by an autobiography, of sorts. Now comes Glenn Plaskin with

have been secrets in his private life that have been the subject of much gossip in musical circles but never in the newspapers. Mr. Plaskin has had to do a great deal of digging, over the opposition of the Horowitz family.

He has succeeded in writing a well-researched biography that will throw much light on Horowitz the man and artist, and that will undoubtedly infuriate him and his wife. Mr. Plaskin's credentials are impressive. He is a trained pianist and musician who, fortunately, can write clear, coherent English, and thus there are none of the gaffes that so often happen when laymen try to write about music. Nor is he in awe of his subject — far from it — and thus his book is not hagiography, as the Pavarotti was. Appended

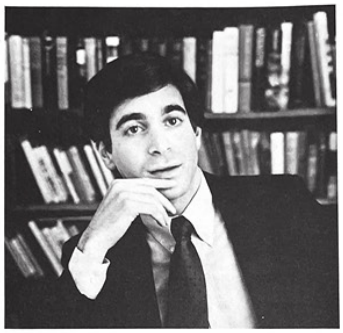
Vladimir Horowitz

Point of collapse

The two sides of Horowitz

Not Always Harmonious

Meet the Author



Glenn Plaskin

Newark Public Library presents
an Author's Party for GLENN PLASKIN, author of

Horowitz, a Biography

published by William Morrow and Company, Inc.

The selfish wizard

A sad portrait of Vladimir Horowitz, 'a great artist, but not a great man'

Secrets in black and white

Horowitz at the time of his 1928 American debut (above) and two

By BILL ZAKARIASEN

EVEN IN THIS age of let-it-all-hang-out biographies, Glenn Plaskin's **HOROWITZ** (Morrow. $19.95) has become a unique *cause celebre* in the musical and literary worlds.

A biography of Vladimir Horowitz, who at 78 is considered by many to be the greatest living pianist, had long been overdue, and when it became known that Plaskin had devoted 600 pages to this legendary artist, joy in musical circles seemed unconfined.

Nevertheless, to hear the way some people now speak of it, "Horowitz" makes "Mommie Dearest" read like "Little Women."

One can hardly attend any intellectual gathering in New York these days without the subject of Horowitz vis-a-vis Plaskin being brought up.

Did . . . you . . . read . . . about: Horowitz' long string of homosexual lovers; his rocky marriage to Arturo Toscanini's daughter Wanda; the probable suicide of their daughter Sonia; his three nervous breakdowns; his shabby treatment

Two different books on two different pianists: Arrau and Horowitz

SUZY

Discord on unauthorized Horowitz bio

I've written a compassionate portrait," says Glenn Plaskin. TOM MIDDLEMISS PHOTO

Horowitz book defended

Newsweek
March 28, 1983 / $1.50

Biography Tries to Solve Puzzling Life of Pianist

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY

By DANIEL CARIAGA

Horowitz later admitted that programming the Schubert Sonata (in B-flat) was a sign of his own impatience with his reputation as an acrobat. Although Howard Taubman wrote poetically in a 1953 New York Times Sunday Magazine article about Horowitz's transformation from "a fire-eating virtuoso into a self-critical, searching artist," the truth is that Horowitz was still addicted to giving audiences what they wanted. By the winter of 1953, he was mentally and physically overwrought to an unusual degree. He had put all his energy into the strenuous anniversary programs, and had little to give beyond that. In thirteen years of concert touring, he had changed very

more than 600 interviews conducted by Plaskin since 1979, at which time he contacted Horowitz and was politely refused help (the pianist said he would one day write his autobiography).

These interviews with friends, relatives and musical colleagues were the basis for the narrative, from Horowitz's middle-class beginnings in Kiev through his conservatory training; the Russian Revolution (which concluded that training); his emigration (first to Berlin, then to Paris); his early European triumphs; his American debut, and the public career, which has been marked by three, long, self-imposed retirements.

Author defends controversial new Horowitz book

Vladimir Horowitz

By Richard Dyer
Globe Staff

"We are not like Lennie Bernstein," said Wanda Toscanini Horowitz to the New York Times. "We do not want to be in People Magazine."

But People Magazine is exactly where Vladimir Horowitz and his wife, Wanda, are going to be, thanks to a new biography of the world's most famous pianist by Glenn Plaskin. Unlike many celebrity musicians, Horowitz is still chiefly famous for his music-making; he has always seen to it that mystery shrouds his private life. Although he is nearly 80, no one has written his biography until now.

Classics

'Horowitz': It was a high price for genius

Horowitz's life of controversy is put in print

"He's a great artist and he's gay . . . what is unhappy and sad is that he had to hide it all his life."

Shooting the Piano Player

It's dangerous these days being a "living legend," as Vladimir Horowitz once described himself. Such figures make tempting targets for contemporary biographers, who tell all in the name of candor. "Horowitz," the first biography of the 78-year-old pianist *(607 pages. Morrow. $19.95)*, is a devastating case in point. The man who is revealed here is not simply less than legendary; he is portrayed as weak, vain, arrogant, emotionally and sexually confused and often downright destructive.

Not that this unauthorized biography is merely a cheap shot, in the manner of gos-

with the Royal Philharmonic Society in London: "Really, Mr. Horowitz, you can't play like that. It shows the orchestra up!"

Most of the anecdotes and insights, however, are far from funny—or flattering. The youngest child of a well-to-do Jewish family, Horowitz was hopelessly spoiled as a child. He grew up moody and self-centered, very much a loner and almost pathologically childish. One minute he would play the celebrity, with monocle and dandyish clothes; the next he was completely passive, forcing his manager to oversee every detail of his life. As the years passed, his need for coddling increased exponentially.

Book not what maestro ordered

By ROBERT BAXTER
Of the Courier-Post

Vladimir Horowitz will open an American tour this evening with a recital in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Two days ago, William Morrow and Company published Glenn Plaskin's unauthorized biography of the legendary pianist.

The book will probably stir up as much controversy as any of Horowitz' concert appearances this spring.

Plaskin is an unlikely looking incendiary. Slender and youthful, his dark

Vladimir Horowitz withdrew permission, but Glenn Plaskin wrote a biography of the famed pianist anyway. The result promises to ruffle a lot of feathers in the world of music.

Associated P

The Unchallenged Titan

The 'Tornado From the Steppes'

BY MARILYN TUCKER

When Vladimir Horowitz first came to San Francisco in 1929, he was already hailed as the "Vulcan of the piano."

In the more than half century that has followed, Horowitz has never relaxed his hold on the public's imagination, despite three celebrated "retirements" that removed him from the stage for nearly 20 years. Now this living legend is the subject of an enthralling new book, "HOROWITZ, A BIOGRAPHY" (William Morrow; $19.95), by Glenn Plaskin, a New York pianist and writer, who reveals that even living legends have warts.

Based on 650 interviews, including 50 with the talky pianist himself (Horowitz was always sensi-

Horowitz Biography
Probing the Personal?

New book reveals the legendary pianist's problematic

18, an "unfinished product," to begin a career that would bring food and necessities to his family, impoverished by the Russian Revolution. As a student he had aspired to become a composer-pianist, in the manner of Liszt and Rachmaninoff, the latter his lifelong idol. Now his "acrobatic abilities" would soon make him well-known on the concert stage.

Horowitz Puzzle Is Partly Solved

Sunday, April 24, 1983

Horowitz: A Tale Of Trials And Triumphs

Only the party was authorized

By KATHY LARKIN

IT WAS a jam session—of classical proportions. Music and gossip lovers filled the apartment of Daniel Dror on Park Ave., spilled through the rooms and packed the place tighter than a one-note repertoire. There was a good reason: the publication party for "Horowitz," Glenn Plaskin's unauthorized biography of the man music critics have called the "greatest living pianist" and "the grand eccentric of the concert hall."

Most guests, including Skitch Henderson, Renata Scotto, Grace Bumbry, Avery Fisher and Arianne Stassinopoulos, would agree with the assessments.

Vladimir Horowitz himself, the 79-year-old Russian-born maestro who has been packing in audiences since his 1922 debut, might also agree that view. Rated a genius by

two of them."

"And," he continued, "when Rubinstein wrote in his own autobiography that Horowitz didn't contribute anything to the world of music, I think Rubinstein was either senile or unrealistic."

While not taking sides on the one, other partygoers did acclaim Horowitz and the book.

Said Grace Brumbry, who will Leonara for the first time this son at the Met, a fitting move, says, for a mezzo-turned-dram soprano: "How that man plays is one of the greats."

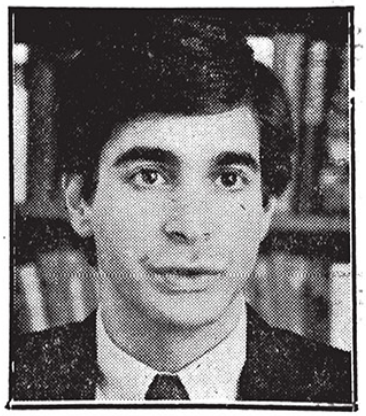
Nearby, Skitch Henderson chatting about another musical ture: the New York Pops Orch which he discussed first with door country neighbor V Horowitz.

Arts/Entertainment St. Paul Pioneer Press
Monday, March 28, 1983

'Horowitz' is unflattering, but fair portrait of pianist

HOROWITZ
BIOGRAPHY OF A CULTURAL SHOCK
BY RICH GRZESIAK

'Horowitz epitomizes the most glamorous musical story of the century'



Glen Plaskin
Horowitz, this new author's biography of Vladimir Horowitz reveals the pianist's vanity, selfishness, greed, caprice and insatiable need for publicity. Plaskin is music feature writer for the New York Times.

'Horowitz' biography scores a hit for Buffalo author

'National Treasure' Shows Signs Of Tarnish


Horowitz: Living proof that being a performing genius does not preclude moral bankruptcy.

Probing an enigma: A balanced biography of Vladimir Horowitz

Unauthorized biography

Complexities of a virtuoso revealed

By LELA DAVIS
Entertainment editor

Almost as fascinating as the man in the book is the man who wrote "Horowitz."

Glenn Plaskin, a pianist himself, wanted the biography to be an authorized one, put together with the help and blessing of the man about whom he wrote.

As it turned out, Plaskin spent two years gathering interviews Horowitz gave to other people, reading every full of problems including three breakdowns, a stormy marriage to the daughter of legendary conductor Arturo Toscanini, the suicide of his only daughter and repeated retirements from the stage.

'Tells the truth'

"This is the first book about a leading musician that tells the truth," Plaskin says. "But it is a balanced portrait. You don't understand a person's career if you don't understand

Plaskin has decided not to write another book for a while. "I love to do interviews," he explained, "and cable television has hired me for 13 half-hour interviews with great classical musicians and 13 with pop musicians. They will be almost historical, all great living artists. We will feature 10 minutes of performance and 20 minutes of interview."

"The thought of writing another book nauseates me, it is such a mammoth undertaking," the once dedicat-

himself is the main enigma. "We sent him the book with a lovely letter," Plaskin said. "I'm told he hasn't read it and won't discuss it. Other than that, he's livid.

"The book will be serialized in six magazines, and sometime the man will rerspond to it. I make a joke to my mother that I have new court shoes — black."

But Plaskin defends his work. "It's a sober book, with footnotes, fully substantiated. But it's a lively book, too,

INTERVIEW

The unauthorized biographer

A First Bio on Horowitz, Larger-Than-Life Pianist

HOROWITZ
By Glenn Plaskin. Morrow, $19.95, 607pages.

By F. Warren O'Reilly
WASHINGTON TIMES STAFF

Glenn Plaskin, who started out to become a concert pianist, has switched to letters and chose as the subject of his first book the most celebrated pianist of the century, Vladimir Horowitz. It is a remarkable first effort: an indiscreet, extensively researched study that was controversial even before publication.

It was written without the cooperation of the subject. As Plaskin told me, "At first Horowitz was quite interested; he liked the idea of his biography being written by a musician rather than a professional writer. But after I began asking questions he didn't want to answer, he said he would write his own biography and stopped seeing me."

viously mentioned the subject in print Plaskin insists that Horowitz's sexual ambivalence must have figured to some extent in the various ailments and nervous conditions that have caused three prolonged absences from public performing

The main story is of the amazing career of a pianist whose sonorities and dynamism at the keyboard have been legendary for half a century and have earned him the highest fees ever paid to a classical musician.

A Musical Legend

Glenn Plaskin's Biography Of Pianist Vladimir Horowitz Just Might Be Most Important Musical Biography This Year

Horowitz biography pulls *no punches* in directness

In this extract from the first biography of Vladimir Horowitz, Glenn Plaskin describes the pianist's initiation into the Toscanini family

A musical marriage

Plaskin, Kaufman, Peck address author luncheon

The bizarre life of Vladimir Horowitz

New biography of world's most famous pianist fills in the missing links

Vladimir Horowitz: A tempestuous life at (and away from) the piano

Controversial 'Horowitz' Entertaining

A tormented life

Horowitz Biography Candid, Fascinating

Vladimir Horowitz performing in recital at the Music Ce

THE KEYS TO HOROWITZ:

An Interview with Glenn Plaskin

Few would disagree that Vladimir Horowitz is the most exciting pianist of the century. Fortunately, the evidence is mostly on record: a career that has spanned over six decades is thoroughly preserved. The facts about his private life, however, have been obscured, and many questions about his "retirements," his marriage, and his rumored homosexuality have gone unanswered. Until now.

I met Glenn Plaskin at a party a year ago; he was introduced to me as "the kid who's writing a biography of Vladimir Horowitz." I asked him whether the book would talk about Horowitz's homosexuality, fully expecting the answer to be no. To my astonishment, Glenn told me, "If they try to take out any of the gay stuff, I'll withdraw the book. So we'll see."

The publishers, William Morrow, decided to publish, for the first time anywhere, the facts about Horowitz's sexuality, his tempestuous marriage to Arturo Toscanini's daughter, Wanda, Horowitz's relative indifference to his own daughter Sonia, and countless tales of the difficulties of being—or being around—Vladimir. The book also captures, as very few musical biographies have, what his performances *felt* like and how his technique was developed. It is a continually exciting read, and it tells the truth.

Thomas Steele: Horowitz *is an extraordinarily thorough book about a very difficult subject—an enormous task. How long did it take you to write the book?*

Glenn Plaskin: Well, I started in May of 1979, so it's been almost four years in the making—three years in the writing and one year in post-production. Four years is a long time; it's long enough to get a degree!

What emerges from your book a painstaking, continually provocative portrait of an impossible man, a genius.

He's difficult, but he's also a fascinating person to write about. It was because his story is so interesting that I was able to keep up my enthusiasm. And even though a few people have approached me to do other biographies, the subjects just seem like boring people to me. The only story that interested me was Lena Horne. She has a fascinating story, but when we approached her she said she wanted a black woman to write her story. And I can understand her militance. It doesn't necessarily mean she'll get the best book for her money, but she should have what she wants.

And George Cukor asked me if I would write his autobiography. I was out in Hollywood and I spent about two weeks with him. He had read *Horowitz* and he really liked it, so he gave me lots of letters from Greta Garbo, Marilyn Monroe, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, and Laurette Taylor—he had hundreds of letters which I still have. Then two days before he died, he called me and he was in *very* good spirits—he said something to me like, "Oh, you sound very sexy today. I'll talk to you when you're in town to promote the Horowitz book." And two days later I was shaving and I heard on the radio that he'd dropped dead.

He was very closeted about his gayness, and he said that he didn't wa to discuss it in the book. That was o of the reasons I'd decided tentativ not to do it.

But Cukor's homosexuality wo would think—more widely kn about than Horowitz's. Surely i fected his life and career to the e that he would have wanted to about it.

A friend of mine who had with Cukor and me one night him, "Well, didn't being gay your career in any way?" And "NO, no, no," but then it bec vious that it *did*, and then he the true story of why he'd got from *Gone With The Wind* turns out that Clark Gable u his body to men when he w

Spotlight

Horowitz' biography rich in obscure facts about the eccentric maestro

Marketing, Publicity, and Demographics

The audience for *Horowitz* comprises

- classical music fans worldwide;
- professional musicians, including instrumentalists, vocalists, and conductors;
- arts administrators;
- music business professionals;
- music educators and music students;
- readers of serious historical biographies; and
- readers who have a nostalgic or professional interest in classical music's golden age.

Demographics

- The international market for classical music recordings is worth $384 million annually[2]
- Classical music streaming is up 46% since 2018[3]; the streaming market is worth $146 million annually and constitutes 37% of the classical music market as a whole[4]
- 11 million Americans listen to classical music on public radio each week, and an average of more than 200,000 listeners are tuned in at any given moment [5]
- The majority of classical music fans worldwide are age 49 or above[6], a strong and affluent book-buying demographic

[2] https://www.ludwig-van.com/toronto/2019/06/24/report-new-research-shows-classical-music-streaming-soaring-in-popularity/
[3] https://www.theguardian.com/music/2019/jan/15/classical-music-streaming-up-comment-steve-long-signum-records
[4] https://bitly.ws/XBgP
[5] https://www.musicalamerica.com/features/?fid=213&fyear=2016
[6] https://blog.gitnux.com/classical-music-audience-statistics/

- According to surveys conducted by the American Music Conference, 28% of US families own a keyboard instrument, and more than 18 million Americans play the piano[7]
- There are 1,994 symphony orchestras in the United States; together, they employ 44,691 people, earn more than $3 billion in revenue each year, and own assets worth $8 billion
- In 2020, 17% of American adults reported that classical music was their favorite type of music[8]
- 30% of US classical music audiences hold a graduate degree[9]
- Approximately 60% of classical music audiences believe that listening to classical music increases happiness
- The Cult of Vladimir Horowitz Fan Club has 10,000 active members and satellite clubs spread throughout the world
- Memoirs and biographies is the best-selling nonfiction book category on Amazon

[7] https://tabsnation.com/how-many-people-play-piano/
[8] https://blog.gitnux.com/classical-music-audience-statistics/
[9] https://blog.gitnux.com/classical-music-audience-statistics/

Veteran journalist **Glenn Plaskin** brings his deep media and celebrity connections to the promotion of *Horowitz*, securing celebrity and media testimonials. In addition, with millions of Horowitz records sold and his name engraved into history books, the re-issue of *Horowitz* could maximize on his enduring fame with a potential nine-month publicity and marketing campaign that would include building the book's website, creating a video trailer, planning book readings and launch events, generating speaking engagements, submitting galleys to book review editors, pitching traditional media—both print and broadcast—and creating full-length online and social media campaigns. The efforts could include the initiatives outlined below.

- **A launch event at the Steinway showroom** on Sixth Avenue in New York City, featuring celebrity musicians, music industry leaders, artist management and recording executives, performances by Steinway artists, and a screening of *Vladimir Horowitz: The Last Romantic*.
- **A reading and signing at the Tribeca Barnes & Noble**, the same venue where an event for the author's previous book (*Katie Up and Down the Hall*) attracted a standing-room-only audience.
- **Solicitation of endorsements** from leading mainstream celebrities, music critics, and classical musicians, including the following.
    - Renee Fleming
    - Yo-Yo Ma
    - Yuja Wang
    - Itzhak Perlman
    - Michael Tilson Thomas
    - Lang Lang
    - Murray Perahia
    - Martha Argerich
    - Vladimir Ashkenazy
    - Emanuel Ax

- Jaap van Zweden
- Zachary Woolfe
- Riccardo Muti
- Yannick Nézet-Séguin
- Andrea Bocelli
- Max Richter
- Daniel Barenboim

- **An advance reading copy and press release** mailing to all major media outlets, including classical music critics and features reporters.
- **A full-page ad** in *Publishers Weekly.*
- **A dedicated book website,** featuring a book trailer, a video author interview, print interviews, memorabilia, audio clips, chapter excerpts, photographs, author appearance information, resources, and links to purchase copies.
- **A sixty-second book trailer** that will circulate on social media.
- **A pay-per-click ad campaign** on Facebook, LinkedIn, Instagram, and TikTok targeted to classical music fans, music teachers, and classical music critics.
- **Pitches to major media outlets:**

> **Radio** interviews including WQXR (New York), KUSC (Los Angeles), WFMT (Chicago), WRR FM (Dallas), WCRB (Boston) WLRN (Miami) WGUC (Cincinnati), KSJN (Minneapolis), KDFC (San Francisco) KUHA (Houston) WETA (Washington D.C.)

>**Podcast** interviews on C-SPAN *About Books*, *Currently Reading Podcast*, *Stuff You Should Know* on Amazon Music, *This American Life*, *We Can Do Hard Things* with Glennon Doyle, *The New Yorker Radio Hour*, *Moms Don't Have Time to Read Books* with Zibby Owens.

>**Television** interviews **i**ncluding *CBS Sunday Morning*, *CBS Mornings*, *Today*, *Good Day New York*, *Good Morning America*, *The Interview Show (PBS)*, *Good Day LA*, *Good*

Day Chicago, *Tell Me More* with Kelly Corrigan, *The School of Greatness* with Lewis Howes.

>**Print**: Interview coverage from classical music critics and feature writers in all major U.S. newspapers and online publications, the same media that generated sales with the first edition.

>**Magazine** serialization and interviews, piano[10] and general classical music magazines.[11]

>**Classical Music Blogs and Websites**,[12] including Classical-Music.com, Slipped Disc, Classical Connect, Classical Archies, Classics Today, NPR Classical, Classic FM/Music News

> **Horowitz fan clubs and on-line forums**, including *Talk Classical*, *Piano World Forum*, *Maestronet*, *Piano Street*, *The Classical Music Guide Forums*, *Sound on SoundHead-Fi.org*, *Swap a CD, Google Groups, Musicphilia*

>**Autographed book giveaways** on Goodreads, and in major cities in partnership with philharmonic orchestras and music conservatories.

- **An email and postcard mailing** to music critics, music writers, and music professors.
- **Promoting the book for course adoption** in institutions of higher learning.
- **Outreach to** the League of American Orchestras and the Music Critics Association of North America.
- **A satellite television tour** of 20–25 cities to coincide with publication.
- **A satellite radio tour** of 20–25 cities to coincide with publication.
- **A syndicated radio feature** to coincide with publication.

[10] https://magazines.feedspot.com/piano_magazines/
[11] https://magazines.feedspot.com/classical_music_magazines/
[12] https://music.feedspot.com/classical_music_blogs/

- **Promotion of the author** as a speaker at academic institutions, including the following.

- Berklee College of Music
- Julliard School
- Cleveland Institute of Music
- Curtis Institute of Music
- Interlochen Arts Academy
- Manhattan School of Music
- New England Conservatory
- San Francisco Conservatory of Music
- VanderCook College of Music
- La Jolla Conservatory of Music
- Musicians Institute
- Bard College Conservatory of Music
- Ithaca College School of Music
- Lawrence University Conservatory of Music
- Longy School of Music
- Oberlin Conservatory of Music
- Baldwin Wallace Conservatory of Music
- Birmingham–Southern Conservatory of Fine and Performing Arts
- Concordia College Conservatory
- Saint Mary-of-the-Woods Conservatory of Music
- Sunderman Conservatory of Music
- Wheaton College Conservatory of Music
- Boston Conservatory at Berklee
- Colburn School
- Cornish College of the Arts
- University of the Arts
- Boston University College of Fine Arts
- Carnegie Mellon School of Music
- Eastman School of Music
- Frost School of Music
- The Hartt School
- Lamont School of Music
- Lynn University Conservatory of Music
- Mannes School of Music
- The Music Conservatory of Chicago College of Performing Arts
- The New School for Jazz and Contemporary Music
- Northwestern University, Bienen School of Music
- Peabody Institute
- Point Park Conservatory of Performing Arts
- Shepherd School of Music
- University of the Pacific, Conservatory of Music
- USC Thornton School of Music

- Vanderbilt University, Blair School of Music
- Westminster Choir College
- Wilkes University Conservatory of Music
- Syracuse University, Setnor School of Music
- Yale School of Music, New Haven, Connecticut
- Biola University Conservatory of Music
- Brigham Young University, School of Music
- Capital University Conservatory of Music
- Chapman University Conservatory of Music
- Duquesne University, Mary Pappert School of Music
- Shenandoah University Conservatory
- University of Mary Hardin–Baylor Conservatory of Music
- Oakland Public Conservatory of Music
- Brooklyn College Conservatory of Music
- State University of New York at Purchase Conservatory of Music
- State University of New York at Fredonia Fredonia School of Music
- State University of New York at Potsdam Crane School of Music
- Bob Cole Conservatory of Music
- Cadek Conservatory
- FSU College of Music
- Indiana University Bloomington Jacobs School of Music
- Kean University Conservatory of Music
- Lionel Hampton School of Music
- LSU School of Music
- UCLA Herb Alpert School of Music
- University of Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music
- University of Colorado Boulder College of Music
- University of Maryland School of Music
- University of Michigan School of Music, Theater, and Dance
- University of Missouri Kansas City Conservatory
- University of North Texas College of Music
- University of Oregon School of Music and Dance
- University of Texas at Austin Butler School of Music
- University of North Carolina School of the Arts

COMPARABLE BOOKS

Horowitz: His Life and Music (Simon & Schuster, November 1, 1992, ISBN-10: 0671725688) by Harold C. Schonberg, a biography that encompasses music analysis and autobiographical details. *Horowitz* is far more comprehensive providing a complete record of Horowitz's life with personal details that are not present in this book.

The Great Pianists: From Mozart to the Present (Simon & Schuster, June 15, 1987, ISBN-10: 9780671633750, $15.99) by Harold C. Schonberg, featuring one chapter on the piano style and repertory of Horowitz, a piece of the puzzle, all parts of which are assembled in *Horowitz*.

Evenings with Horowitz*: *A Personal Portrait (Birch Lane Press, January 1, 1991, ISBN-10:1559720948) by David Dubal, anecdotal stories focused on a limited period of association, most during the l960's and 70's, not a complete portrait as *Horowitz*.

Maria Callas: The Woman behind the Legend (Cooper Square Press, October 14, 2002, ISBN 10: 0815412282), by Arianna Huffington, a humanistic portrait of a great diva, comparable in tone and content to *Horowitz*.

Pavarotti: My World (Crown, October 10, 1995, ISBN-10: 0517700271), by Luciano Pavarotti, an autobiography of the musician most compared to Horowitz in the 1980's, a bestselling book.

Beverly, An Autobiography (Bantam Books, May 1, 1987, ISBN-10: 0553051733), by Beverly Sills, the story of the greatest American opera singer, comparable to the life of Horowitz in its dramatic detail.

Journey of a Thousand Miles: My Story (Random House, September 8, 2009, ISBN-0385524579) Lang Lang, the modern-day successor to the virtuosity of Horowitz.

Fiddler to the World: The Inspiring Life of Itzhak Perlman (Shoe Tree Press, January 1, 1992, ISBN-1558702385), by Carol H. Behrman, the story of the violin equivalent to Horowitz.

The Joy of Music (Amadeus, December 1, 2004, ISBN-10: 1574671049) by Leonard Bernstein, the superstar conductor a fan and colleague of Horowitz, capturing a similar audience

Notes of a Pianist (Princeton University Press, June 11, 2006, ISBN-10: 0691127166) by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, chronicles the life of one of the most remarkable musical minds of the American experience, the great nineteenth-century New Orleans-born composer and pianist Louis Moreau Gottschalk

My Young Years (Renaissance Literary & Talent, April 16, 2020, ISBN-10: 1950369157), by Arthur Rubinstein, another greatest pianist of the 20th century, a rival of Horowitz.

The Inner Voice: The Making of a Singer (Penguin Books, September 27, 2005, ISBN-10: 0143035940) by Reneé Fleming, the modern-day equivalent to Horowitz as an American opera superstar.

Sondheim: His Life, His Shows, His Legacy (Black Dog & Leventhal, September 19, 2023) by Stephen M. Silverman, an expansive biography of a great musician, Broadway counterpart to Horowitz.

Yo-Yo Ma: A Biography (Greenwood, August 30, 2008, ISBN-10: 0313344868) by Jim Whiting, the story of the greatest cellist of his generation, inspired by the virtuosity of Horowitz.

Riccardo Muti: An Autobiography: First the Music, Then the Words (Rizzoli Ex Libris, September 6, 2011, ISBN-10: 0847837246), by Riccardo Muti, the story of one of the world's greatest symphonic and operatic conductors, in the same pantheon as Horowitz.

Daniel Barenboim: A Life in Music (Arcade, August 1, 2013, ISBN-10: 1611457319), by Daniel Barenboim, the unique story of one of the most prominent musicians of the late 20th and early 21st centuries, as both a pianist and conductor

Absolutely on Music: Conservations with Seiji Ozawa (Vintage, October 3,2017, ISBN-10: 0804173728), by Haruki Murakami, a fascinating dialogue with the revered conductor of the Boston Symphony.

Glenn Gould: The Ecstasy and Tragedy of Genius (W.W. Norton & Company, September 17, 1998, ISBN-10: 0393318478), by Peter Ostwald, a superb psychological study of a Horowitz contemporary who studied Horowitz's style, a book with depth of human psychology.

Beethoven: A Memoir (Read & Co. Books, August 14, 2020 ISBN-10: 1528717805), by Elliott Graeme, a new biographical sketch of one of the greatest musicians in western history.

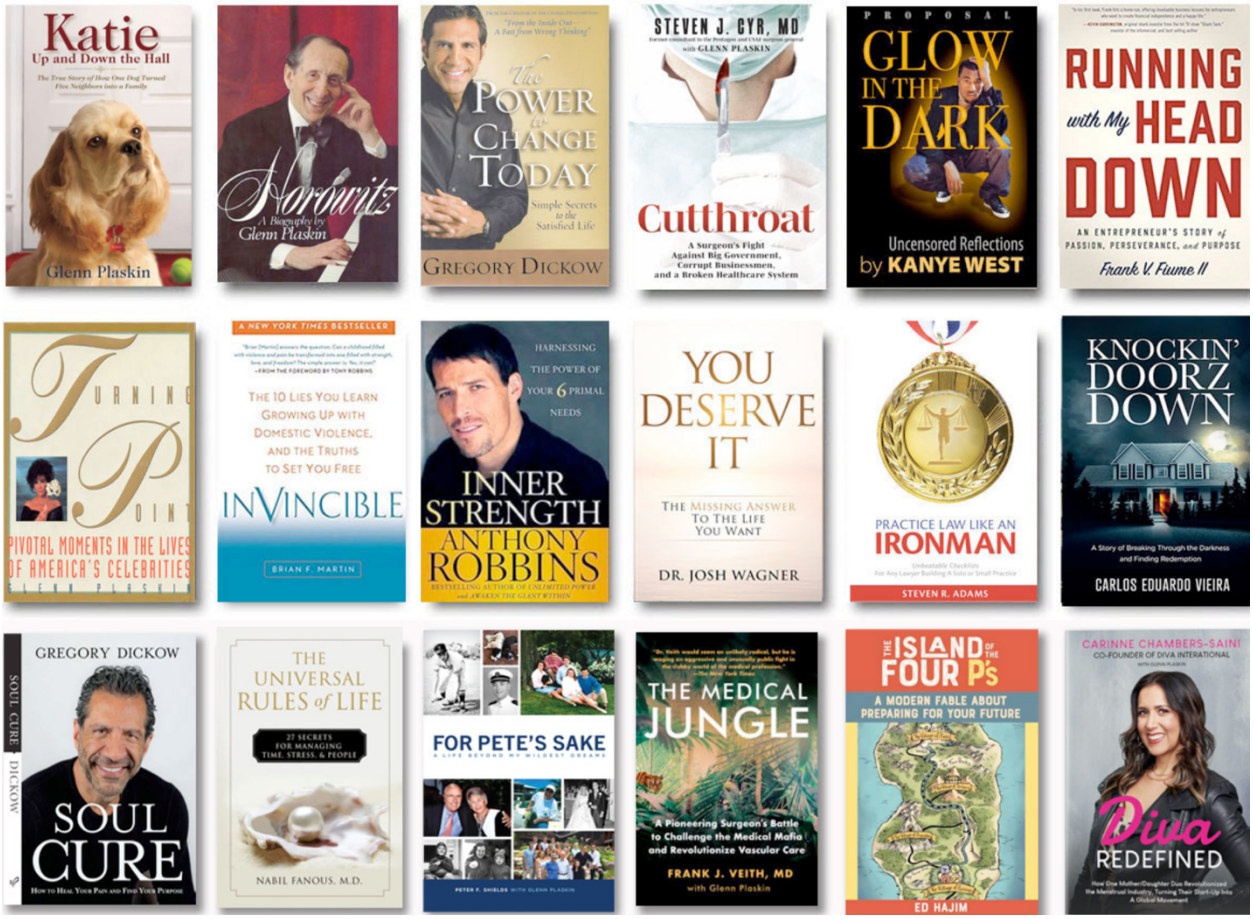
Duke: A Life of Duke Ellington (Avery, October 17, 2013, ISBN-10: 1592407498), by Terry Teachout, a comprehensive and well-researched life of America's greatest jazz and popular-music composer and orchestra leader, similar in scope and depth to the Horowitz book.

About Glenn Plaskin

GlennPlaskin.com

Glenn Plaskin is the *New York Times* bestselling author of thirty books, including *Turning Point: Pivotal Moments in the Lives of America's Celebrities* (Birch Lane Press, 1992; featured on *Oprah*, *Larry King Live*, *The Joan Rivers Show*, *Sally*, *Geraldo*, and *Good Day New York*), *Katie Up and Down the Hall: The True Story of How One Dog Turned Five Neighbors into a Family* (Center Street, 2010; featured in *People* and on *Good Day New York* and currently in development as a Hallmark TV movie), and, with Ed Hajim, *On The Road Less Traveled: An Unlikely Journey from the Orphanage to the Boardroom* (Skyhorse, 2021). He is also a recognized collaborator and ghostwriter who has worked with CEOs, entertainment personalities, high achievers, newsmakers, and performing artists; he is ranked in the 2022 *Publishers Weekly Book Publishing Almanac* as one of the leading ghostwriters in the nation. An online search of his name yields 105,000 Google citations.

GHOSTWRITTEN BOOKS AND COLLABORATIONS BY GLENN INCLUDE



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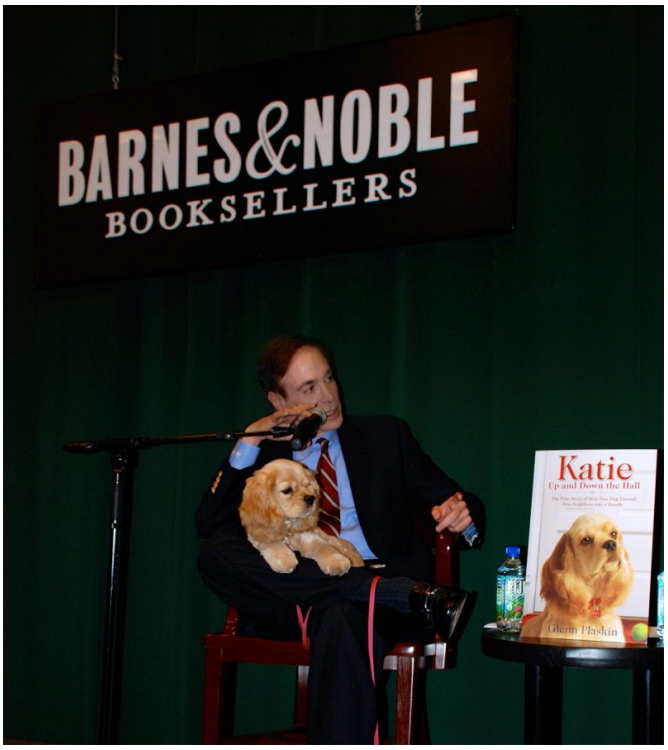

ABOVE: Glenn Plaskin Interviewed for Netflix documentary about Katharine Hepburn

Plaskin is also known for his in-depth interviews with film stars, politicians, TV personalities, business executives, and media figures. His celebrity profiles and syndicated columns have appeared in the *New York Times*, the New York *Daily News*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Times* of London, *Family Circle*, *Us Weekly*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Cosmopolitan*, *W*, and *Playboy*. His interview subjects have included such figures as Meryl Streep, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Katharine Hepburn, Nancy Reagan, Bill Gates, Calvin Klein, Edward Kennedy, Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Jackson, Paul Newman, Dolly Parton, Leona Helmsley, Barbara Walters, Diane Sawyer, Peter Jennings, Yoko Ono, Sylvester Stallone, Cher, Diana Ross, Bette Midler, Harrison Ford, Lionel Richie, Carol Burnett, Shirley MacLaine, Judge Judy, Betty White, and hundreds of others.

His television appearances include those on *Today*, *Oprah*, *Larry King Live*, *The Joan Rivers Show, Sally*, *Geraldo*, and *Good Day New York*. Plaskin has also appeared in such film

documentaries as: *Call Me Kate* (Netflix); *Audrey: More Than an Icon* (Netflix); *Empires of New York* (CNBC). He will be appearing in three upcoming documentary films, one about Leona Helmsley (HBO), and two about Elizabeth Taylor (HBO and BBC). He recently appeared in *Masterpiece Journey*, a Japanese documentary about Vladimir Horowitz's art collection, broadcast on NHK Japan Broadcasting.

A native of Buffalo, New York, Plaskin was trained as a classical pianist, studying under the renowned Kennedy Center honoree Leon Fleisher as a candidate for his doctoral of music arts degree from the Peabody Institute of the Johns Hopkins University.

In his mid-twenties, he pivoted to a career in journalism and began writing culture profiles for the *New York Times*. He secured his first book contract, for *Horowitz*, at age twenty-six. In this, he was encouraged by then Doubleday editor Jacqueline Onassis, who would later write, "I've known Glenn for some years and am his great admirer. He's witty, articulate, and has this uncanny ability to draw people out and gain their confidence."

Thereafter, Plaskin established himself as one of the nation's leading celebrity interviewers. As Celebrity Service International wrote, "When it comes to the brutally competitive world of celebrity journalism, no one is more successful at nailing down the big names than entertainment reporter Glenn Plaskin." In recent years, Plaskin has focused his writing on the topics of service, self-help, and inspiration. He lives in New York City.

Praise for Glenn Plaskin

"In his heart-tugging memoir, [*Katie Up and Down the Hall*,] Glenn Plaskin credits a gregarious cocker spaniel for uniting the multigenerational residents of his apartment building."

—***O* magazine**

"This is a powerfully compelling story that will capture your heart, about the true meaning of family and the eternal nature of love. Glenn's use of language reveals the soul of a poet."

—**Anthony Robbins**

"*Katie Up and Down the Hall* is an absolute delight, a lovely book, and, of course, I fell in love with that beautiful little blond girl. She is a keeper."

—**Betty White**

"Katie the cocker spaniel and her human family teach that loving isn't about the bonds of biology; loving is about embracing and caring for each other. Glenn Plaskin's book will touch the heart of anyone who has ever loved a dog."

—**Judge Judy Sheindlin**

"Glenn's book is a perfect reflection of the man who wrote it—engaging, open-hearted, and very warm. His story proves that the true and small pleasures in life—friendship, loyalty, and trust—are the ones that matter most. "

—**Calvin Klein**

"Katie types, she models, she uses a remote, she changes the lives of everyone around her—and she's got a great wardrobe! What dog (other than my own, of course) can do all that? Well, Katie can—and it's a fabulous, heartfelt book."

—**Joan Rivers**

"Katie is a dream come true to the various families living on her floor in a New York apartment building. Her heart is so big that she adopts them all, making you wish you were one of them."

—**Mary Tyler Moore**

"God can appear in many disguises—even as a dog—bringing people together in a spirit of love. All I can say is that I felt really good after reading Glenn's superb book—there can be no higher endorsement."

—**Wayne Dyer**

"As a passionate dog lover, I adore my three Jack Russell terriers—JJ, Cha Cha, and Dolomite—but I have to say Katie touched so many people . . . I wish my dogs could have known her!"

—**Mariah Carey**

"I hate to brag on Glenn Plaskin because he is a famous fan of yours truly. But I have no choice! His book on Katie just zeroes in to touch your heart. I am a dog lover myself and something of a

dachshund specialist, but now I'm thinking if I had a cocker spaniel, maybe I'd get one like Katie. Don't miss this book!"

—Liz Smith

"Katie is an absolutely delightful story, so much more than a memoir. It is a wise and moving story of love found—and shared on life's journey—and then the inevitable separation. Reading it, you will smile, even as your eyes sparkle with tears."

—Mary Higgins Clark

"I'm no stranger to a suspenseful plot line—and I can tell you that Katie is an emotion-packed story that will keep you reading to the very end. This is no ordinary dog."

—Michael Imperioli

"*Katie Up and Down the Hall* runs up and down your heart on four little darling, padded-golden feet. This story is for dog lovers, for New Yorkers, for those who have a family, and for those who wish to. A celebration of love—it's for everyone."

—Valerie Harper

"The healing energy of Katie the dog and pure love and friendship in this book will melt your heart."

—Bernadette Peters

"Glenn has done a masterful job in telling this love story. I raced through it when I was traveling and got teary-eyed. Katie is a great neighbor and the true definition of a New Yorker—intelligent, adventurous, assertive, protective, warm, loving, kind, generous—and a joy to know."

—Ivana Trump

"I picked up this book to glance through it and suddenly found myself unable to put it down. This warm, touching, tender, and loving memoir is probably the best book I've ever read about a dog. Glenn pulls you into this moving story instantly. Even people who are not crazy about dogs will love this tale."

—Barbara Taylor Bradford

"Wonderfully at ease in his writing—relaxed and revealing about those he interviews; in just a few sentences, we get a full impression. This is not easy."

—Barbara Walters

"Glenn Plaskin is a truly gifted, polished writer—an immortal master of words. Whatever he writes and then polishes contains his magic and automatically becomes best sellers."

—Dr. John F. Demartini

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Glenn Plaskin: TV Appearances

CNN
Glenn on Larry King Live Discussing His "Turning Point" Book

TORONTO NATIONAL
Vladamir Horowitz biographer Glenn Plaskin interviewed about his book (June 6, 1983)

JAPANESE TV
Glenn Interviewed for Japanese TV about HOROWITZ Biography

OPRAH WINFREY SHOW
Glenn on The Oprah Winfrey Show Discussing his "Turning Point" book with Angie Dickinson

JOAN RIVERS SHOW
Glenn on Joan Rivers Show Discussing his "Turning Point" book

TODAY SHOW
Exclusive Today Show Interview with Calvin Klein

TODAY SHOW
Glenn Interviews Calvin Klein on NBC Today Show

BARNES & NOBLE READING
Glenn Plaskin – Barnes & Noble Reading – Katie Up and Down the Hall Part 2

INTERVIEW WITH TED KENNEDY
Glenn Plaskin Interview with Senator Edward Kennedy

TV PILOT
Glenn Plaskin TV Pilot for "Turning Point" Syndicated Column

GOOD DAY NEW YORK
Glenn on Good Day New York Discussing his book KATIE

KATIE BOOK
Katie Up and Down the Hall by Glenn Plaskin

ABC
Glenn Performans Chopin
Sonata Live on ABC

WABC
Glenn Discusses Interview with Nancy
Reagan on WABC

AM PHILADELPHIA
Glenn Discussing Horowitz Biography
on AM Philadelphia

SALLY JESSY RAPHAEL SHOW
Glenn's "Turning Point" Column
Featured on Sally Jessy Raphael (1990)

Glenn Discusses Celebrity Interviews
and Plays Steinway Live

Glenn Talks about his
Turning Point Book

ABC VINTAGE AM BUFFALO
Glenn on ABC Vintage AM Buffalo
(August 1, 1986)

FNC AIDS
Glenn Discussing the War on AIDS

ABC VINTAGE AM
Buffalo Audition Reel

GOOD DAY NEW YORK
Glenn Plaskin on Good Day
New York (January 21, 1990)

GOOD DAY NEW YORK
Interview with Glenn and Lucy at
"Katie Up and Down the Hall" Reception

FOX GOOD DAY NEW YORK
Glenn on Fox Good Day New York
Discussing his book KATIE

Contents

Discography

Repertory Listing

Index

PREFACE

When Vladimir Horowitz walked onto the stage, he always appeared in a black cutaway jacket, gray striped pants, vest, and silk bow tie—a "uniform" (as he called it) reminiscent of the elaborate frock coat and cravat worn by performers in the nineteenth century. By his own admission, Horowitz felt closer to that age than to the present. He disdained the modern school of musicians who played with computer-like perfection and pedantic loyalty to the printed score. He termed himself the last pianist to play "in the grand manner," to search for the "spiritual values" behind the notes while daring to imprint his own personality on them, seducing and then "wrapping" his audience with the sort of near-infernal energy once ascribed to Niccolo Paganini and Franz Liszt.

Even before Horowitz touched the keyboard he felt, he said, "an electricity" that became transformed at the keyboard into "the demon," through a ferocious piling up of sonorities and a

perhaps unmatched command of dynamic and coloristic contrasts. In his heyday, Horowitz could hold an audience silent and spellbound, generating excitement that drove listeners to near-hysterical ovations. Having pushed virtuosity and romantic freedom of expression to its limits, Horowitz not only established himself as a modern Liszt but succeeded in creating an aura of mystery equaled by no other performing musician of his day.

Despite Horowitz's preeminence in the history of the twentieth-century piano performance, he has never before been the subject of a biography. His musicianship has been analyzed to some extent in separate chapters of books such as Harold Schonberg's *The Great Pianists*, Kurt Blaukopf's *Les Grands Virtuoses*, Joachim Kaiser's *Great Pianists of Our Time*, Ronald Gelatt's *Music Makers*, and most recently, in Harvey Sachs's *Virtuoso*; and entertaining vignettes of him have appeared in Abram Chasins's *Speaking of Pianists*, Samuel Chotzinoff's *A Little Night-music*, Schuyler Chapin's *Musical Chairs*, Elyse Mach's *Great Pianists Speak for Themselves*, and in a few autobiographies written by colleagues of Horowitz such as Arthur Rubinstein's *My Many Years* and Gregor Piatigorsky's *Cellist*. However, I find it astonishing that until now many of the essential facts of biography have been ignored: an accurate itinerary of Horowitz's activities; a detailed description of his personal character and relationships to his family and friends; a systematic discussion of his repertory, his musical style, and the impact of his playing on younger pianists. The absence of a biography was perhaps most surprising considering that Horowitz abandoned the stage during three separate periods of his career, totaling twenty-two years. Details of these retirements were unavailable to the press—in fact, having gone out of his way to cultivate a reputation as an enigmatic recluse, Horowitz once beamed with pride when a critic dubbed him the Greta Garbo of the piano. As one of his managers explained: "He had the best sense of self-promotion I'd ever come across in any artist.

He was very careful not to be overexposed. The whole image he projected was that you never knew whether his hands would fall off or not." Yet to those interested in understanding the man and his art, none of Horowitz's well-rehearsed anecdotes or carefully tailored autobiographical sketches seemed adequately to reveal the pianist or his "demon." By 1978, the year marking the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut, a comprehensive study of Horowitz seemed long overdue.

Because I wanted to incorporate Horowitz's personal recollections into any book I might produce, I tracked down thirty-five previously unpublished, unedited tape-recorded interviews granted by Horowitz to trusted friends and handpicked journalists. Many of these were recorded at important junctures in Horowitz's career: an extended conversation with his close friend Abram Chasins at the time of his dramatic return to the stage in 1965; hours of talk taped by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation when he was again rejuvenating his career in 1976; an interview with New York Philharmonic program editor Phillip Ramey just before his historic Golden Jubilee performances in 1978; and numerous others referred to in the source notes.

Comfortably ensconced in his own living room, Horowitz seems relaxed and spontaneous in these wide-ranging discussions—chuckling over favorite anecdotes, detailing his personal routine, reminiscing about his friendships with such luminaries as Arturo Toscanini and Sergei Rachmaninoff, often going to the piano to demonstrate favorite Scarlatti or Clementi sonatas or enthusing about a new work in his repertory. Those recorded interviews—in addition to unedited tapes of press conferences and radio interviews—have been immensely valuable to me, not only for their content, but because they are imbued with Horowitz's special humor and piquant sense of irony. Notwithstanding Horowitz's high spirits during such sessions, it is clear that he is never unaware of the microphone, and the tapes are remarkable for their relentless repetition of stock

information that rarely extends beyond a guarded recollection of an event or emotion. While Horowitz superficially discusses his childhood and training in Russia, the effect of the Russian Revolution on his family, and some of his views on music and musicians, he hardly broaches other, critical, subjects. There is little mention, for instance, of the prolonged illness in the 1930's that forced his first retirement, his ambivalent attitudes as father and husband, or the physical ailments that drastically affected his ability to perform in public. However, everything that Horowitz is apparently willing to say publicly about his life is said in those recorded interviews. Having had access to them, I was able, I hope, to shade this book with his presence. The aforementioned conversations have served as a basis for the reconstruction of some events in Horowitz's life, but they are by no means the primary—or, it should be said, the most reliable—source of information. With the help of my research and editorial assistant, Paul Genega, I assembled thousands of printed interviews and concert and record reviews from American, European, and Russian newspapers and periodicals published between 1921 and 1982. Moreover, concert programs, photographs, recording and managerial contracts and letters were collected from library archives, private collections, Steinway & Sons, RCA Victor, Columbia Masterworks, the New York Philharmonic, and many other sources. I have also, of course, been able to study carefully Horowitz's commercial and "pirate" recordings, his transcriptions, and videotapes of his playing (including a previously unknown slow-motion film of him performing Chopin etudes on the stage of the Paris Opera, in 1928). The final and most illuminating step of my research consisted of interviews with approximately 650 friends and associates privileged to have known the private Horowitz. These included childhood friends and fellow students at the Kiev Conservatory, colleagues who witnessed his first triumphs in Europe in the 1920's, intimates who supported him through periods of nervous collapse and physical illness, pianists

who associated with him, and people who took care of his day-to-day needs while he was on concert tour. Some of these sources were especially valuable and call for separate mention: extended interviews with both Arthur Rubinstein and the late Alexander Steinert, the last of whom kindly read from the diary he kept in Paris in the late 1920's and 1930's; conversations with Rudolf Serkin and Nathan Milstein; an extensive discussion of Horowitz's family history and childhood with his first cousin and only relative in the United States, Natasha Saitzoff; lengthy interviews with all six of Horowitz's former students: Gary Graffman, Byron Janis, lvan Davis, Ronald Turini, Coleman Blumfield, and Alexander Fiorillo; numerous talks with Lowell Benedict, Horowitz's traveling companion during the 1940's, who generously loaned me his diary and correspondence from the period; and invaluable interviews with a number of individuals closely associated with Horowitz who have requested anonymity. In addition, I conducted interviews with music critics, concert managers, record producers and engineers, and executives of Steinway & Sons, RCA Victor, and Columbia Masterworks.

All verbal statements and other forms of secondhand testimony have been verified to the greatest degree possible, and throughout the book any speculative remarks of mine are clearly identified. By cross-checking the previously mentioned interviews against written documentation and against Horowitz's own recollections, important themes came into focus: Horowitz's troubled associations with RCA Victor and Columbia Masterworks; his fluctuating allegiances to impresario Arthur Judson and to his other managers; his intense rivalry with Arthur Rubinstein; his adoration of Sergei Rachmaninoff; the volatile dynamics of the Toscanini-Horowitz family; Horowitz's complicated relationship with his wife and daughter; and, perhaps most striking, the contrasts between the flamboyant public Horowitz and his private persona, anguished and torn by conflict and insecurities. The portrait that finally emerged will, I hope, fulfill my original goal

of providing a credible outline of Horowitz's life and an accurate record of the development of his career.

At the time of this writing, Horowitz was continuing to perform with the physical enthusiasm of a younger man, determined to conquer new repertory and win larger audiences. As he approached his eightieth year, he remained vital in spirit, eager, as he says, to "make new challenges" for himself.

His life story is as rich-veined and provocative as his playing. In this first biography, my intention has been to capture some of this drama and to foster as thorough an understanding as possible of one of the great musical figures of our time.

Chapter Seventeen

Second Retirement: Collapse

"Traveling shattered me and I wanted to rest. Four concerts a week and traveling on the train were just too much. I stopped like a car must stop or burn its motor out. I thought I would never play in public again."

Horowitz loathed trains, feared airplanes, and dreaded the inhospitable anonymity of hotels. Room-service food often nauseated him and aggravated his colitis, while dining in restaurants and attending post-concert parties provoked anxiety attacks which also upset his delicate stomach.

The continual newspaper criticism and relentless curiosity of fans made him act more reclusively than ever, and he would often take shelter in his hotel room until the very hour of a concert. At unavoidable social gatherings, he was shy and impatient, unable to relax, distracted by the necessity of packing soon and moving on to the next tour city. Even more often than in the past, Horowitz found himself on display like an icon in dusty greenrooms, accepting homage from businessmen and society matrons who had no idea of what he considered the drab realities of his life.

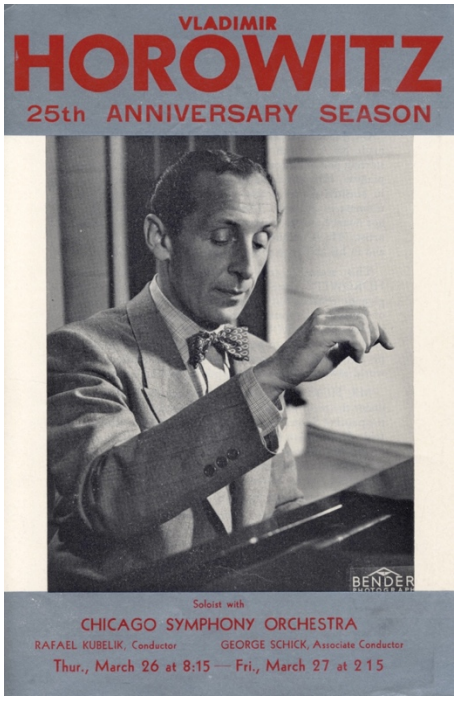
Indeed, since 1940, his life had been mostly a dull routine of traveling and performing in uninteresting places. “All those towns!” Horowitz often wailed. Suffering from constant displacement and emotional disorientation, he isolated himself for protection, with no time allowed for recreation. Diffident and nervous, he did not enjoy his fame, for he was chronically enervated and edgy, always on his guard—anything, in fact, but the extroverted stage personality familiar to the public. Horowitz, lonely and increasingly uncommunicative, was alienated from both his wife and daughter and had little free time for friends. Bitterly, he lamented that he had

no satisfying romantic relationship, and although Kenneth Leedom, his secretary and constant companion, was solicitous and tried to make Horowitz as comfortable as possible, he could hardly begin to fill the enormous vacuum in his employer's life.

The 1953 Silver Jubilee season had been less celebration than endurance contest, and for the first time since 1936, it became apparent that Horowitz was losing the battle with his nerves. Cramps and diarrhea intruded during performances, making it difficult for him to concentrate. His incontinence made concerts a continuous horror, and sometimes immediately after finishing a selection he would rush backstage to the toilet. His physical ailments were also aggravated by insomnia, which further weakened and dissipated him. Well aware of the public's superman image of Vladimir Horowitz, he became demoralized by his inadequacies. "He was not insecure about his piano playing," Wanda would explain years later. "He was insecure about wanting to be able to be up to the expectations of the public. And the greater the name is, the greater the responsibility."

Actually, Horowitz, driven for the most part by his own exacting standards, had grown contemptuous of his audiences as he was trying to please them. “They always listened to how fast I could play octaves, but they didn’t listen to music anymore. It was boring. I played for two hours but they only remembered the last three minutes of the concert. I felt dissatisfied with . . . what I was doing and what I felt I had to do to fulfill my own identity as a musician.”

The conflict seemed insurmountable. From the very beginning of his career, Horowitz had created and nurtured expectations of fire-and-brimstone pianism, and he would not now disappoint his audiences, no matter what the cost to himself. As his personal anxiety increased, the drama and intensity of his playing (in, for instance, the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2) became nearly unbearable. “One almost felt that there was a demon trying to gee loose,” wrote Harold Schonberg. “Surely that tensely controlled figure was wound up too tight.” Horowitz himself often referred to his temperament as “a little bit angel, little bit demon,” and the latter, encouraged by external pressures, sometimes seemed to be literally eating him alive, devouring his nervous system and innards.



At a concert in February 1953, Horowitz knew that he was hanging on to his equilibrium by a mere thread of nervous energy and was terrified of slipping out of control on stage. He later confided to friends that playing then was like appearing in the Roman Colosseum with the public out for blood. “My God, people were sitting all over the stage, and I was going out to play an encore, Chopin’s A-flat Polonaise. Big crescendo. I was exhausted and felt like my heart was going to burst. My stomach was tight and it felt like it was coming up into my mouth. The tension was unbelievable and I actually felt I might drop dead before I finished. When I played the last chord, there was the usual applause and stamping of feet and I heard a man say to his wife, ‘My God, did you ever hear anything like chat?’ And she answered, ‘That’s nothing; wait until you hear what he does next. He’s only beginning.’ I played my heart out and she says, ‘This is nothing, just wait. There’s much more, much more, much more.’ Well, there wasn’t.”

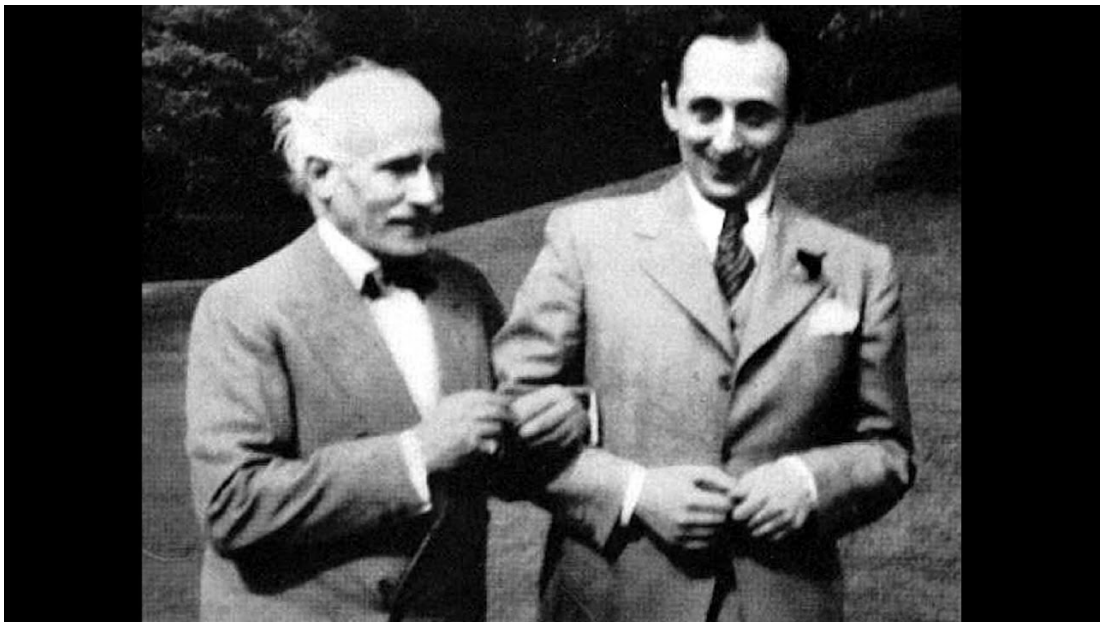
A complete collapse was precipitated by a concert in Minneapolis on March 11, 1953. After the February 25 anniversary program at Carnegie Hall, Horowitz had traveled west with Leedom to begin a winter tour. Wanda joined Horowitz in Minneapolis, and shortly after their arrival on March 10, Horowitz ate something which made him violently ill. Libidins announced the cancellation of his concert that same evening, explaining that Horowitz had suffered “an attack of intestinal flu.” Local managers and newspapers had long ago accustomed themselves to Horowitz’s cancellations due to colds, tonsillitis, influenza, and digestive problems, so there was no reason to believe the latest Horowitz illness might be anything out of the ordinary; besides, Libidins had rescheduled the concert for April 15. But Wanda realized that Horowitz’s condition now was more serious than before, so she refused the care of local doctors and hurried back to New York with Horowitz in a private airplane—the first time he ever flew. Two weeks later,

Libidins was forced to cancel all scheduled appearances through the spring, and, in fact, for an indefinite period.

Most accounts of Horowitz's condition after arriving in New York make it seem unlikely that he was more than marginally aware of the plane ride. However, his own version of that traumatic time was different: "I went to the hospital. They checked everything and said I was all right. But the doctor told me, 'You have to take a sabbatical because your nerves are on the verge of collapse.' So I took.''[6] Lowell Benedict, still a close friend, was one of the few people allowed into the house that winter, and he recalled Horowitz's condition as being horrifying and poignant: "When I went to visit him on Ninety-Fourth Street, Wanda greeted me, telling me he was upstairs in his bedroom. 'He's just a mess,' she said, with a note of contempt in her voice. I went upstairs into the room and what I saw was a vegetable. He was totally incoherent, just blubbering away, speaking nonsense. A legion of doctors were going through the house—recommending absurd treatments such as an all-potato diet. He was of course still suffering from colitis, but nobody understood what was really wrong."

Even thirty years after Horowitz's confinement, the details of his collapse are not fully known, and he has never explained the complex of factors which made him terminate his career at the height of his popularity. For it is unlikely that the strain of traveling, colitis, audience expectations, and press criticism alone could account for a retirement of twelve years. Fritz Steinway remembered that rumors and speculation began to circulate almost immediately, rumors that Horowitz had been institutionalized, that he was afraid of the piano, that he had gone mad. "Everyone wanted to know what happened to him," said Steinway. "'He's got cancer. He's off his rocker'—et cetera, et cetera. He never was crazy and he's dumb like a fox. But emotionally, he had some sort of immense insecurity. Maybe age creeping up on him was a

psychological blow—the realization that he didn't have the vim and vigor of a thirty-year-old anymore."[8] George Marek, director of RCA's classical division and a loyal Horowitz friend in the late 1940's and the 1950's, frequently accompanied him to New York's Columbia Presbyterian Hospital for treatment and tests. "The psychological reasons for his withdrawal and the sickness that followed are much too complicated to be adequately analyzed, even now," said Marek in 1979. "Frailties of health and growing older certainly played a part, and the conflict between homosexuality and heterosexuality bothered him—he didn't make peace with that until much later. The marriage had always been stormy and he had lived in hotels away from Wanda since 1949. There were also constant difficulties with Sonia." Discussing Horowitz's breakdown, Arthur Rubinstein focused on domestic problems. "Wanda was a very hard woman—hard as stone. They really never had a happy marriage, and the weight of this fact certainly contributed to Horowitz's nervous collapse."[10] Another intimate, not sympathetic to either Wanda or her family, asserted that "after his marriage, Horowitz forfeited a chance for personal happiness. Toscanini and Wanda slowly broke his back, and he simply did not have the resources to combat such pressure."



Many friends, however, have emphasized that Horowitz's lifestyle was the real problem, that it finally incapacitated him to the point where he could not leave his house or play the piano. As he said: "The traveling shattered me and I wanted to rest. I told myself I need two, three years of quiet. I was completely exhausted. I was nervous. From 1953 to 1954 I did not play at all. To 1955, even. It was just physically impossible. Nothing . . . I told myself I need rest and reflection."

So it was that in the early spring of 1953 Horowitz had finally moved back to Ninety-Fourth Street. There, Leedom continued to tend to his reduced business affairs and dwindling correspondence over the next few years, although what he did for most of that period was simply to spend time with the pianist and hope for the day he would feel like playing again. During the first months of early spring and summer 1953, Horowitz was profoundly unhappy. "He wasn't in bed all the time and he did get up and dress," said Leedom, "but he was very uncomfortable because of his colitis and had trouble eating. He was depressed to begin with but the depression built on itself and that made him feel even worse." By the middle of the summer, Horowitz was feeling better physically but still remained sequestered in the house, declining all social invitations. "In the twelve years I didn't play, I was in this room very happy," Horowitz declared in 1978 during a television interview filmed in his living room. "Not so happy," Wanda countered, continuing: "The doctor said he should stop for a while and then stopping became a bad habit. It was a difficult twelve years because, you see, from time to time, he would say 'I will never play again,' and I would say 'Fine, very fine,' and my heart was sinking to my feet."

Said Horowitz: "Rumors began that I am in the crazy house. But there was nothing wrong with me. Americans like bad news. That sells the paper. 'What is wrong with you? We want to know.' I didn't care. Mae West told me that everyone wrote that she was a prostitute. Everybody

thought her life was terrible. She said that she would only worry when they stopped talking about her."[15]

For nearly two years, Horowitz rarely left his house, and for the first six months of that period, Wanda seldom left his side. As Horowitz's state of mind began to improve, she occasionally tried to persuade him to join her on an excursion outdoors. Once she complained to Henry Steinway that they had not been out of the house in months, and that she was going to have a nervous breakdown if there was no change. An opportunity had arisen for use of a cottage in New Hampshire with complete privacy, but Horowitz still refused to venture from the house, insisting he wasn't strong enough for a long automobile trip. Steinway suggested they rent an ambulance and Horowitz refused on the grounds that if someone saw him getting into it, the already terrible rumors about his condition would get even worse. Steinway then advised them, half jokingly, to furnish a piano truck with Horowitz's own bed and furniture—and that is exactly what they did do. In this manner, the Horowitzes traveled to New Hampshire incognito and in comfort.

During the first stages of his recovery, Horowitz concentrated on regulating his physical system by changing his diet completely from haphazard eating patterns of the past. He now avoided foods high in fat and anything rich or spicy, and would drink nothing stronger than milk, eventually graduating to Postum. Unseasoned meat and baked potatoes were at the core of his new diet. His meals were separated by long naps, he slept a full twelve hours at night, and he continued to boycott the piano. Eventually a one-mile walk was added to the daily regimen.

Horowitz was not yet ready to resume socializing and his inner circle was a small one, consisting only of Wanda and Leedom, with occasional visits from Milstein and also from RCA producer John (''Jack") Pfeiffer, whose friendship became increasingly important. Pfeiffer was a

knowledgeable musician, an innovator in recording technology, and a compassionate and understanding friend who handled his two prize artists, Horowitz and Heifetz, with expert care. Tall, dark-haired, well-dressed, with a comfortable smile, he seemed to calm Horowitz during the first years of withdrawal. Pfeiffer radiated confidence, and his silky bass voice and placid demeanor were inevitably reassuring, striking exactly the tone Horowitz needed as he faced the challenge of the piano again. Partly due to Pfeiffer's encouragement and support, Horowitz returned to a limited recording schedule during the years of public inactivity.

In his gentle but professional manner, Pfeiffer discussed with Horowitz the most pressing matter at hand during that fall of 1953—release of the recording of Horowitz's twenty-fifth anniversary recital the previous February (the recital was scheduled to be broadcast by the NBC radio network on January 2, 1954). Horowitz suddenly felt an urge to work, and he carefully listened to the master tape, pointing out places that would benefit from improved tone color and dynamic contrasts. As he became involved in the editing process, his enthusiasm and curiosity about music were suddenly reactivated, causing him to savor his present state of retirement: "I'm free! I don't have to go anywhere. I don't have any commitments." Pfeiffer observed that "ideas which had lain dormant for years were rearing up to intrigue his interest."

"In the past," said Horowitz, "I couldn't absorb anything new because I was constantly playing. I had one, two programs that I went around and played. You cannot have in your head too many pieces because you have to rehearse them all. But when I was alone, I absorbed a lot. I had the time. I could read and be interested in many things." Now, in 1953, the focus of his interest was the eighteenth-century Italian composer and pianist Muzio Clementi, and for many years after Horowitz would bubble enthusiastically about the discovery. "I came to Clementi accidentally. Schirmer had only published two volumes of his piano music, about twenty sonatas,

and not the best of them. My wife went to Italy for a visit and found a complete first edition of all sixty-four sonatas in twelve volumes. And I started to play them and read books about Clementi and learned that his influence on Beethoven's piano music was enormous."

So after years of performing Beethoven's piano music only infrequently and with little enthusiasm or success, Horowitz, in a sense, came through Beethoven's back door by studying Clementi. He was fascinated to learn that Beethoven's scanty music library had contained a large number of Clementi's keyboard works, that bars written by Clementi foreshadowed passages in Beethoven's piano sonatas. Demonstrating a sequence of arpeggiated chords from Clementi's Sonata in F Minor, Op. 14, No. 3, Horowitz would exclaim to Pfeiffer, "Listen, Jack. Listen—this is Beethoven pure and simple!" The romantic and dramatic aspects of Clementi's inventiveness, the progressive musical language woven into his Classical style, surprised and delighted Horowitz, and he quickly came to understand Clementi's pivotal role as one of the first composers to write well for the pianoforte and to master Classical sonata form in terms of that

instrument. Clementi's career as a piano manufacturer, his pioneering expansion of piano technique in his Gradus ad Parnassum, his versatility as pianist, teacher, music publisher, and composer of concertos, symphonies, and operas—all of this astounded Horowitz. "I call Clementi the papa of the modern piano and of piano technique. Although he didn't have the genius of Mozart or Beethoven, he was as important as an innovator—in terms of finding the first idiomatic hammerklavier approach in his writing, in his development of sonata form. I think the last movement of the F-sharp Minor Sonata, composed in 1788 [Op. 26, No. 2], is one of the best movements written in the eighteenth century. The writing is very bold, even better than some early Mozart sonatas, yet you never hear anyone play them, nobody knows them. This is the greatest crime in music, that his compositions are not played, not assigned in conservatories."

Horowitz's enthusiasm for Clementi did not immediately provoke plans for a recording, but discussion with Pfeiffer of Clementi's transformation of the piano from a percussive into a singing instrument often led to another favorite topic—opera singers and what he perceived as the lost art of bel canto.

Horowitz had sometimes accompanied singers in Russia, first at the Kiev Conservatory and later during his early concert tours in the Ukraine, but after 1925 his frenetic life as a soloist precluded that activity. Nor did he have the time he would have liked for browsing in record shops after favorite opera albums or for regular attendance at opera performances. During the early years of his retirement, Horowitz's interest in the bel canto singers who had thrilled him as a child revived. After reading about how much Chopin had loved to listen to and learn from great singers, Horowitz began to study the art of the Italian baritone Mattia Battistini (1856–1928), whose records were generally unfamiliar to a new generation of listeners, and whom Horowitz

considered a “forgotten genius.” He memorized details of Battistini’s performances, fascinated by his plasticity of phrasing, breath control, tonal shading, and lyric expressiveness.

Beginning that October, Horowitz spent most evenings by his new phonograph, listening not only to Battistini but also to other bel canto masters, such as the Italian tenors Giuseppe Anselmi and Alessandro Bonci, and the Russian tenor Leonid Sobinov, whom Horowitz had once accompanied. By now, Horowitz was slightly better disposed to visitors, and he was pleased to discover a fellow bel canto aficionado in New York Times critic Howard Taubman. After reading a Taubman piece about Battistini, Horowitz invited his former program annotator to his home for an evening of records. He was eager to discuss bel canto style with Taubman, and to the critic, Horowitz seemed far more relaxed than he had the previous January when interviewed in conjunction with the twenty-fifth anniversary concert. Horowitz told Taubman that it did not bother him that Battistini had habitually taken what some might consider shocking liberties with an aria. “Even if we don’t agree with such exaggerated freedom, there is much we can learn,” he said. “It is better to control an abundance of spontaneous feeling than to hide that not enough is there.

Horowitz’s interest in Battistini became a near obsession and he proposed to Pfeiffer that the singer’s best performances be rereleased by RCA in long-playing format. As his first professional activity since his retirement, Horowitz offered to supervise the project himself, making selections, writing descriptive notes, and approving the final product. But after many trial transfers to microgroove, it was clear, said Pfeiffer, that “too many compromises were necessary, since many of the best performances were too technically deficient for transfer . . . and some of the point of Horowitz’s special objective was stolen away by the antique thinness of the sound.”[24] In addition, other matters began to distract Horowitz, particularly his tentative

decision to record several Clementi sonatas, which he continued to regard as undiscovered treasures.

After ten months of inertia, Horowitz had been prompted to consider making a new album, partly because the January release of his anniversary recital on disc was a resounding success—warmly received not only musically but also for its sound, which was for those days superb, despite applause, coughs, and rustling of programs. In addition, Horowitz wanted to make another record to quell speculation over his health and to prove that he was in good mental and physical condition. During the spring of 1954, he therefore began to weigh the commercial feasibility of an all-Clementi album and how well he would be able to bring it off. "You know, I can't play anymore," he insisted to pianist Gary Graffman. Yet he continued enthusiastically to run through Clementi's sonatas at home for any visitors, and became convinced that a record by himself would redress a historic wrong and establish a modern reputation for Clementi.

Horowitz's manner of making any decision was always a laborious process of studying, vacillating, collecting the opinions of others, asking friends to argue for or against a proposal, assessing financial, artistic, or personal gain, and then usually opting for the adventurous course of action. Finally, after months of this both before and during a summer spent in East Hampton,

Long Island, Horowitz decided to proceed with a Clementi record. “It took courage to play again and I didn’t know if I could do it. It was a surprise to the music world and a surprise to me too. I said to myself, ‘OK. I will do it so the public will know I am not dead or something is wrong with me.’ At least I would not have to be in the train—I would do the record and let the record travel.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

A Historic Return

It is difficult to have a legend surround you. To people I am a legend, but I am still alive. In a way, my future is in my past and my past in my present. I must now make the present my future.

Tickets went on sale on Monday, April 26, at ten in the morning. Horowitz worried that young people might not come to the recital because they had never heard of him, and although Julius Bloom and Schuyler Chapin assured him he was wrong and Wanda called him a Russian pessimist, he remained skeptical, insisting that just in case students were interested there should be plenty of three-dollar tickets available.

On Sunday, April 25, Horowitz was amazed to learn that many people, most of them young music students, had begun lining up at the Carnegie Hall box office at 11:30 that morning.

By midnight the line had grown to 278 and by 7:30 the next morning, there were 1,500 waiting four abreast in a queue that stretched east from 57th Street and Seventh Avenue to the Avenue of the Americas. For this crowd, the weather couldn't have been worse, and during the cold, rainy night, blankets, sleeping bags, umbrellas, slickers, camp chairs and even wooden boxes were employed as shelters. During heavy down- pours, people retreated into doorways and under canopies, numbers being issued so the line could reassemble without anyone's place being jeopardized. Said a thirty-two year-old accountant, "This is an opportunity many people never thought they would get. The price of a ticket—even if it includes waiting in the rain all night—is worth it."

Twenty policemen were sent to tend the veritable army, one of whom commented that he had never seen such enthusiasm and endurance in a crowd. Someone passing the huddled group

wanted to know, “Is this a Beatle thing?”—to which an exuberant gaggle of students shouted, “No, this is a Horowitz thing!” Later, Wanda would exclaim proudly, “Mr. Horowitz is like a fifth Beatle.” Many of those assembled had never heard Horowitz play, while others had heard him before 1953. “The last time I saw him was in Cleveland in 1950,” said Eugene Mancini, a pianist, adding, “I never thought of doing this for anyone else.” Anatole Morell, a chemist, exclaimed, “The only other time I ever stood on line was in Russia—for bread!

When Horowitz heard about the scene at Carnegie Hall, he felt flattered and touched, especially pleased that so many of the crowd were young people. Feeling responsibility, he asked Wanda to take a taxi to the hall and make sure that everything was all right. Taking one look at the sodden fans, she marched into the corner coffee shop to order 100 cups of coffee, with a second round for the entire crowd later in the evening. Early the next morning, at 4 A.M., Horowitz and Wanda received a telegram: DEAR MAESTRO AND MADAME: THE ONE HUNDRED OF US SPENDING THE NIGHT IN LINE WISH TO THANK YOU FOR THE HEARTWARMING COFFEE AND TO EXPRESS THE JOY AND ANTICIPATION FROM ALL OF US. UNSIGNED.

Inevitably, many of those waiting all night were to be disappointed. Tickets went on sale at 10:00 A.M., with a maximum of four to a person. By noon the management announced that the house was sold out. Of the 1,500 in line, only 300 had been served. But, everyone wanted to know, if 1,200 seats had been sold, where were the rest of the tickets for the 2,760-seat hall? The box office explained that there had been an unusually heavy demand by the press and from abroad, and that quite a few tickets had also to be set aside for the Horowitzes, RCA and Columbia Records and Steinway. More than a thousand people left 57th Street that morning disappointed and angry, resenting the fact that they had not been told that most of the house was

not up for sale. Even those who had managed to purchase tickets were annoyed, because tickets for the first tier and for most of the center and the left, or keyboard side were unavailable.

With Bloom still recuperating in the hospital, the brunt of the complaints landed on Wanda, forcing her to defend herself to the press. “I could let Mme. Koussevitzky and Rachmaninoff’s daughter stand in line!” she declared. “I got angry letters and so many telephone calls we had to put in an answering service, and I can’t even answer the phone when friends call. I am becoming a nervous wreck. All because of those tickets. Now they say the reason there are not tickets is because Mrs. Horowitz has them all. I tell you what Mrs. Horowitz has. Here it is. Mrs. Horowitz took out 296 seats. All except eight are paid for. The seats are for musicians, singers, artists, close friends of ours. Columbia Records got 108 tickets. Carnegie Hall Corporation got 175. Steinway got 36. RCA got 56. The press got 100. I am being 1,000 tickets I never had!”

During the two weeks before the recital, everyone seemed nervous except Horowitz. He felt quite ready, and was amused by the fawning concern of those around him, not only

professionals like Chapin and Bloom, but also his neighborhood policemen, postman, barber and cook. “I have real friends among them,” Horowitz later told Abram Chasins. “My barber came here to give me a haircut four days before the concert and said to me, ‘Mr. Horowitz, you are in a fine position. Don’t worry. You just go out there. They will see you, they will laugh, they will be delirious. Just you be quiet. I know you. You will not feel anything.’ He started to cut my hair in silence and then said, ‘You know, I have a very good idea. Tell Madame Horowitz to pack a little bottle of smelling salts for you.’ Then my news dealer said, ‘Mr. Horowitz, I know you’re giving a piano recital in a few days, and you have to realize that the public here is merciless, terrible! You have to give them the best plus the super-best or they will tear you to pieces like nobody’s business.’ After the concert, he said, ‘Mr. Horowitz, I have never read such things, such raves. Oh, I’m so happy for you’—at which point, he broke down and sobbed.”

Horowitz was genuinely amazed by his pre-recital popularity, for he had never received such publicity before a concert. There was the front-page story in *The New Times,* then the press conference at Steinway Hall, then detailed news reports in several different papers, with pictures,

describing the furor over tickets and the loyalty of Horowitz's fans. His high spirits notwithstanding, Horowitz was worried about the upcoming recital, knowing he was likely to make many more mistakes there than during a rehearsal or recording session. "Everyone told me it wouldn't matter," Horowitz recalled. "They said I would play with one finger and the audience would scream."

The program he had selected was difficult. For his audience's sake, Horowitz was anxious over having placed both the Schumann Fantasy and Scriabin Ninth Sonata on the same recital, as he feared they might prove too great a strain on the public's concentration. He was nonetheless happy overall with his carefully chosen and very personal program. "The Bach-Busoni [Organ Toccata and Fugue in C Major] is comfortable for me," Horowitz explained. "It was the first piece on my debut program after I left Russia forty years ago. As the first piece after twelve years, it presents the pianist quite well. The Schumann Fantasie is a fantastic work. It's very beautiful and is Schumann's most important composition for piano. The Scriabin [which had featured on Horowitz's 1953 Silver Jubilee recitals] . . . well, he died in 1915 and this is the fiftieth anniversary of his death. As a boy of ten or eleven I played for him. As for the Chopin, it is on the program, because it is Chopin." For one of the encores, Horowitz had selected the Debussy *Serenade for the Doll,* which represented his revitalized interest in that composer and was a work which had served him well in the past. His continuing predilection for Russian music was reflected in the next two encores: the Scriabin Etude, Opus 2, No. 1 and the Moszkowski Etude in A-flat Major, Opus 72, No. 11 while the final encore, Schumann's *Traumerei,* was one of Horowitz's longtime favorites. By ending his recital with this quiet, contemplative music, rather than with the *Stars and Stripes Forever* or *Carmen,* he was making a personal statement about his change as a musician.

Bloom was still confined to his home and would be unable to attend the concert, so it was up to Schuyler Chapin to fulfill his promise to be "the best concert-valet in the business." A few days before the recital, Horowitz phoned Chapin to check "just a few things." For instance, the hall's air conditioning. "Is it onstage? I don't want any onstage, but we must be sure the people out front are comfortable. It may be a hot day. And one more thing . . . I don't want anyone to talk to me before the concert." Chapin assured Horowitz that the temperature would be regulated to his specifications and that no one except Wanda would be allowed backstage. Horowitz was also worried that he might not remember how to bow correctly, and so he practiced bowing in his bedroom.

Even with his windows blackened and the telephone disconnected, Horowitz could not sleep soundly on the night of May 8. "Usually I sleep well . . . but on Saturday night I couldn't sleep much, maybe five hours." "Horowitz later told a reporter. "It was not panic or nervousness—it was anticipation, the anticipation of something very important in my life. I'm not temperamental. I'm high-strung, but not temperamental. I had only to lose—nothing to gain. I was a legend."

But for a few panicked moments that Saturday evening, it seemed as if the concert would have to be cancelled. Brushing his hair, Horowitz managed to get a bristle stuck in the ball of his right thumb. Gitta Gradova and her husband, Dr. Cottle, were houseguests that night, and Cottle carefully removed the bristle, cleansed the finger and pronounced Horowitz fit.

Horowitz's need for perfection and for being in absolute control of both himself and his environment had always been a considerable problem. An unpleasant dream, a passing mood, traffic noise outside—anything might jolt his system and upset the perfect balance he believed necessary for a performance. He noted: Busoni said the tragedy of the artist is that you have to be

inspired, wanting to play, and being in good form. It could be that at three-thirty I could have a stomachache. Maybe I will have a cramp. I am a human being. And I have to go onstage anyway."

Chapin was well aware of Horowitz's extreme sensitivity and worried that he might cancel the concert at the last minute. On the restless night before, however, Horowitz was determined to maintain his equilibrium so that he would be able to present his "message to the public." He had often thought of Klein's comment that his playing in person was very different from his recordings, and he was anxious to prove that point. Related to his need to play for a generation of listeners that had never heard him in recital was his concern for what he called *le niveau*, or the general level of contemporary pianism. Horowitz felt that present-day performance standards were not up to what they had been in the past, when the competition included figures like Cortot, Hess, Hofmann, Godowsky, Moiseiwich, Levitsky, Lhevinne and Rachmaninoff. "Most of the young pianists," said Horowitz, "sound the same to me. I can hear a few bars by an older pianist and tell immediately who is playing, but not with the youngsters. They listen to too

many recordings they are picked a little too early, like grapefruit. They are a little sour. They do not sing. They do not meditate on music."

On the morning of the concert, Horowitz demanded complete silence. "Not to be nervous. Not to rush. All the movements quiet. I don't talk. Nobody should interfere and if anyone interferes he gets such a scandal that he never heard!" Wanda recalled that "the others around him suffered in silence, trying to seem as calm as possible on the outside and saying absolutely nothing about anything except trivialities." Horowitz had awoken at 10:30 A.M. and had a breakfast of chicken, three slices of bread with honey, and Sanka. He then began to wash, shave and dress, slowly and systematically preparing himself for the afternoon like an actor making up for a role. "The public pays money and they want to hear and see something esthetic. I'm the boss of the situation. I have to look like that. I want my suit to fit, my hair to be combed. I want to have a completely clean body and hands, perfume, too. In pajamas, when I play at home, the music is the same but I behave differently. I'm loose. You can have genius ideas at the moment you get out of bed, but when you are explaining them before people you are more concentrated and your ideas are more focused."

Horowitz had chosen an ensemble for afternoon recitals that he would continue to favor in the future: black pants with faint white stripes, white shirt, gray vest, gray silk tie (the bowtie would come later), and a formal, afternoon cutaway jacket with handkerchief. "I think about small details," he said. "To put on the socks so that they don't press me. To see the shoes are closed. The fly is closed. Then, the moment I feel that cutaway—the moment I am in uniform—it is like a race-horse before the races. I start to perspire. I feel already some electricity. At this moment, I am already an artist. I feel a pressure to be on time. I like to be ten, fifteen minutes early to warm up the fingers. I am a general. My soldiers are the keys and I have to command

them."

The only people present in the Horowitz house on May 9 were Jack Pfeiffer and Gitta Gradova and her husband. At 2 P.M. a rented limousine arrived to pick up Horowitz, Wanda, Pfeiffer and the butler, James Hunter. As the quartet was leaving for Carnegie Hall, it was Hunter who couldn't face the tension of the afternoon. Pale and nervous, he told Wanda, "I'm just not up to it. I can't go." "If that's your decision," Wanda said coolly, "we must accept it." Of paramount importance to Horowitz was the weather, and, fortuitously, the day was warm and sunny. However, he worried that the temperature would become too warm, and that his refusal to have air conditioning onstage might cause discomfort to those sitting in the front of the orchestra. Schuyler Chapin had been at Carnegie Hall since noon, overseeing every detail—the onstage temperature, the piano placement, the preparation of the green room. At one point, Chapin walked through the hall and looked out the entrance. "There, as far as the eye could see, were thousands of people jamming the sidewalks and spilling onto the avenue. Traffic was choked; nothing was moving."

Some had come to the hall without tickets, trying to catch a glimpse of Horowitz arriving. Scalpers were selling $3 tickets for $30, $4 tickets for $40 and $7 tickets for $50. "I went around to the 56th Street entrance," recalled Chapin, "and saw the same thing. I went back into the hall to do a last-minute check on details. By then, it was 3:00 P.M."

Three P.M., and no sign of Horowitz. The traffic that day was horrendous, and the 37-block trip from 94th Street and Fifth Avenue to 57th Street and Seventh Avenue took nearly an hour. Near Carnegie Hall, traffic was at a standstill, blocked by throngs of people. Representatives of the three principal television networks and reporters and photographers from all over the world were crowded in front of the stage entrance on 56th Street. The chaos outside,

however, was in stark contrast to the serenity backstage, where Chapin and two of the hall's best ushers mounted guard. The only other persons in the area were Tom Frost, several engineers from Columbia Records, and Horowitz's tuner, Bill Hupfer.

The dressing room had been meticulously washed and vacuumed, with distilled ice-water set alongside the leather couch and the practice piano, in perfect tune, positioned where Horowitz wanted it. The room was cool and inviting, but it was still empty, at 3:10, and Chapin began to panic. He peeped into the hall and was startled to see the entire house already filled, including 100 standees who had been allowed to purchase tickets one hour before concert time. Chapin had never seen such a punctual audience, and he noted that the tension was tangible as people fanned themselves with their programs in the stuffy auditorium. "Nobody could play to a house like this," muttered a pianist in the audience, reacting to the galaxy of celebrities present: Leopold Stokowski, Igor Stravinsky, George Balanchine, Sir John Gielgud, Leonard Bernstein, Van Cliburn, Rudolf Nureyev, Jennie Tourel, Richard Tucker and Zero Mostel were only a few of them, and there were others from France, Italy, England and Germany. "My knees buckled with the sudden thought that if Horowitz did not appear, I would have to go on that stage and tell them," Chapin recalled. He went to check the Fifty-sixth Street entrance.

Earlier, the crowd had seen Cliburn and Bernstein enter the hall and had hardly paid them any notice. When Stokowski emerged from his car, however, he was enthusiastically applauded. Then impresario Sol Hurok marched through the stage door. "Is he here yet?" he snapped to Chapin. "No, but he'll arrive," said Chapin, with more conviction than he felt. Goddard Lieberson stood by Chapin's side and they looked at each other helplessly. "What are you going to do? Lieberson inquired. Chapin asked him if he had "any bright suggestions.

Fifteen minutes before concert time, Horowitz, Wanda and Pfeiffer were still trapped in

traffic, while in the hall tension rose. Three-twenty and still no Horowitz. Finally, at 3:25, the black limousine pulled up. Chapin, unsteady on his feet, buffeted by a horde of photographers, opened the car door and Horowitz stepped out, dressed in a topcoat, looking trim, energetic and calm, smiling and waving to his applauding fans.

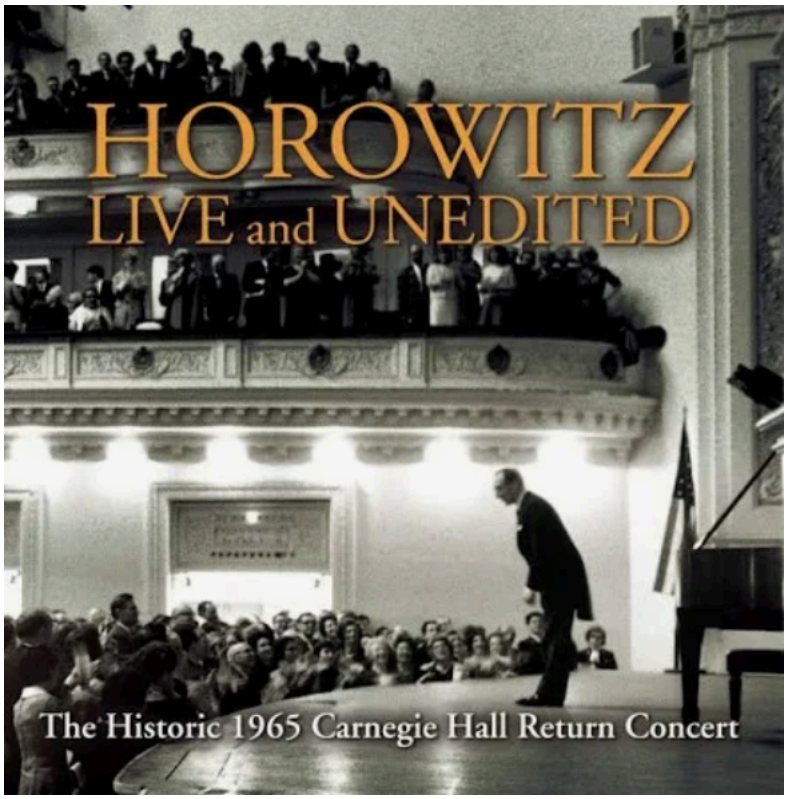
"It was traffic, the traffic," Horowitz said to Chapin. "We couldn't move. It took us over an hour. How does my suit look?" "Beautiful," replied the harried Chapin, "but I think we ought to move into the hall. There are a lot of people waiting." Horowitz turned and waved as the crowd continued to clap and cheer. Reporters began firing questions, but Chapin kept Horowitz, Wanda and Pfeiffer moving briskly toward the entrance.

Once inside, Chapin led Horowitz to the dressing room, where Horowitz immediately removed his gray kid gloves and sat down at the piano to warm up. He played odds and ends of scales, not so much to practice as to steady his nerves. He never practiced on the day of a concert because he wanted his muscles to be relaxed and his responses to the music spontaneous and fresh. Unlike Paderewski, who always spent the last quarter-hour backstage in solitude, now Horowitz was comforted by the presence of Chapin, Wanda and Pfeiffer.

"My hands are cold," Horowitz said. He took Chapin's hands to warm his, but Chapin's hands were even colder. "You're like ice," Horowitz complained. Nervously, he reached out to an usher: "Listen, you're young and healthy. Give me your hands to warm my fingers." Horowitz later remembered: "When I felt the boy's hands, I drew mine back quickly. Mine were cold, but his were really icy. He was more nervous than I. Everything was nervous!"

And that included the audience. It was now 3:35 and the tension in the hall was unbearable. Chapin suggested that they start down to the stage. "What about latecomers?" asked Horowitz. Chapin told him that there had not been an empty place in the hall since 3:00.

“Really?” said Horowitz, obviously pleased. Walking toward the stage, Horowitz may well have felt a familiar pounding of his heart, tightening of the stomach muscles and shaking in his legs. Half-supported by Chapin, he moved like a condemned man, his face pale and gaunt, his brow furrowed. At the doorway leading to the stage area, Horowitz saw his piano tuner. “Hupfer, is everything all right?” “Everything’s okay, Mr. Horowitz,” was the reply.



Chapin and Horowitz were now standing in the wings. Chapin turned to the house electrician, noticed the clock over his head read 3:38 P.M. and said, “House lights down, please.” Out front, the audience murmured anxiously. “Stage lights up.” The lights were adjusted to exactly the intensity that Horowitz had settled on a few days earlier. There stood the new Steinway piano, looking austere and forbidding, gleaming in the light. Chapin could hear his own breathing as he turned to Horowitz and bowed him toward the stage. But Horowitz did not move. Instead, he stood watching Chapin with a quiet, remote smile. Finally, Chapin, gripping

Horowitz by one shoulder, turned him 180 degrees, put his hand on his back and gently propelled him out onto the stage.

Horowitz walked slowly, slightly stooped. As the lights caught him the entire audience rose to its feet and erupted into applause and cheers. To those who had seen Horowitz perform years earlier, it seemed that his physical appearance had changed but little. He remained slender and refined, if perhaps less erect than before. With a friendly, self-deprecating shrug with out-turned hands, as if to say, "I haven't even played yet—sorry to make you come here on this beautiful day," he acknowledged the huge ovation.

Unable to see more than the three front rows of the orchestra because of his nearsightedness, Horowitz stood center-stage, his eyes moist, overwhelmed. Fighting for control, he straightened his shoulders, moved downstage and bowed to each section of the house. "He

was elegant, measured, dignified, and welcoming," wrote Chapin. "The audience sensed his pleasure at being there and the roar increased. Finally. he gestured toward the piano and turned his head as if to ask if they would like to hear him play. He sat at the piano bench and the roar increased. There was a slight scuffle as people resumed their seats. Perhaps two seconds of this, a then the most deafening silence I've ever heard in my life."

Horowitz did not fiddle with the bench, or move back and forth on it as he used to. He simply began to play. Extremely nervous, he launched into the Bach-Busoni faster than he had intended and, on the last octaves of the first phrase, he hit a clinker. The audience froze, but Horowitz quickly re- covered and settled into the music. Although he played with rhythmic vitality, immaculate articulation, and his incomparable palette of colors, the performance was marred by continued wrong notes, the result of tension. "I was handicapped," Horowitz said the following day. "I am sure I could play it better under different circumstances. It was too emotional for me." Wanda, elegantly dressed in a magenta-and-white silk dress with matching coat, sat with her brother Walter and sister Wally. Midway through the first half of the Bach-Busoni, she left her box to go backstage, as her husband had requested.

In the wings, Chapin suddenly became aware of someone standing next to him. He turned to see Wanda staring out onto the stage with tears streaming down her face, repeating over and over, as if in a trance: "I never thought I'd live to see this day . . . I never thought I'd live to see this day."(Later she insisted that she did not remember saying any such thing.) Chapin reached out and put his arms around Wanda. Together they listened to the rest of the Bach-Busoni.

When it was finished, the audience let out a collective gasp and then began a thunderous applause. In *The New York Times* the next day, Harold C. Schonberg noted that "in the fugue, every voice was clearly outlined, every note weighted for maximum musical and coloristic

effect." When Horowitz walked off the stage and saw Wanda his face relaxed. They looked at each other for a long, awkward moment, and then embraced. Horowitz then straightened his coat and walked on- stage to acknowledge the applause. Then, before the next selection, he went back to the dressing room "to wait for latecomers to be seated," as he told Chapin, although there were few if any latecomers. As Chapin guided Horowitz to the wings once again, they talked about the next work on the program, the Schumann Fantasy in C Major. "What a beautiful piece it is!" Horowitz declared. "So beautiful. You must listen carefully. Now, you promise?" "Yes," Chapin agreed, brushing an imaginary spot of lint from Horowitz's jacket. "I'll listen with all my heart."

The three long movements of the Schumann are difficult to sustain and make coherent, but Horowitz, now considerably more relaxed, played the complex work with breadth and drama.

Schumann had once described the Fantasy as the most passionate music he had ever written, and Horowitz's performance was fittingly rhapsodic and driving. "It was a heroic performance," said Schonberg, "that never sounded punched, neurotic or spasmodic." As Horowitz would not allow his conception of the work to be compromised by stage nerves, he was willing to take chances, making no adjustment in tempi and unperturbed by a continued string of wrong notes. In the treacherous coda of the second movement, the string of octaves got out of control, just as he had feared. Still, he did not slow the tempo, as he had considered doing, and the mistakes must have been of some comfort to the pianists in the audience. "It proved, at least," wrote Schonberg, "that Mr. Horowitz was mortal."

Horowitz later blamed the problems in the Schumann on the uncomfortable hall temperature. "I perspire when I play," he explained, "and it was humid. You play a piece for thirty minutes and you don't take time to take out your handkerchief. The chords in the second movement are difficult, just like playing billiards . . . the perspiration was coming down my

forehead. I shook my head twice and it would not go away. I closed my eye because water was coming into it . . . and I took two, three wrong notes completely." But as Horowitz left the stage after the Schumann, he was nonetheless grinning broadly at the deafening applause. "Not too bad, I think," he told Chapin. "It will be better the next time."

During intermission, Horowitz stretched out on the green-room couch and joked with Wanda and the others. "You think they like it?" he asked mischievously. Everyone nodded. "But I've been away from concerts a long time. I should have much more control when I play again." Horowitz wondered whether the recording being made of the recital would have good enough sound to be released and both Chapin and Pfeiffer assured him that the sound would be excellent. In addition, the audience had helped matters by remaining almost completely silent during the first half of the recital. One elderly woman, red-faced from attempting to repress a coughing spasm, had left the hall, at the beginning of the Bach-Busoni. Otherwise, not a cough or a sneeze had been heard. "But all those wrong notes in the Busoni," Horowitz protested. "I was a little nervous, you know. But if the record is released, we must keep those notes. It would be unfair to fix them up. What touched my heart was that the audience understood the music. I felt that the message . . . had reached the hearts of the people."

Intermission almost over, Horowitz rose from the couch, put on a new shirt, combed his hair and carefully inspected the result in the mirror. "Now," he said, "the public will hear some familiar things." The second half was to begin with the Scriabin Ninth Sonata. Scriabin had told Horowitz's mother a half-century earlier that her son was destined for greatness as both a pianist and composer. Now, on the fiftieth anniversary of Scriabin's death, his *Black Mass* Sonata had special meaning for Horowitz. As Harold Schonberg commented: "Nobody plays Scriabin better than Mr. Horowitz . . . Not only does he have complete affinity with the strange, mysterious

world of Scriabin but he also has the technique to make the complicated writing sound as clear as the strands of a Bach invention." Unlike Horowitz's 1953 interpretation, which lasted about six minutes, his 1965 Scriabin Ninth was just short of nine minutes. Although no less exciting than in former years, his performance now had an expansive grandeur and, according to one critic, "an untroubled lyricism that gradually developed into animated breadth."

The program ended with the three Chopin works. As Horowitz finished the final selection, the G Minor Ballade, the enthusiasm of the crowd changed to near-hysteria, and the pandemonium increased as photographers were admitted into the hall and began to set up their cameras near the apron of the stage. Awaiting encores, some of the audience became infuriated by the clicks of cameras and one photographer was attacked. Another's tripod was thrown to the red-carpeted floor, while a third was threatened by a man who hissed, "Horowitz is more important than your pictures!" The crowd was not aware that the pianist had granted the press permission to take photographs during his encores.

Horowitz had selected the encores with care. Backstage, as he waited to return to the stage, he asked Chapin coyly, "What do you think I should play?" First was Debussy's *Serenade* for *the Doll,* which he played with a childlike wonder and calm simplicity that was in dramatic contrast to the clicking cameras and frenzied audience. Then came Scriabin's Etude in C-sharp Minor, to which he imparted a melancholy lyricism and containment that defied the audience's hunger for more virtuosity. Although there would be no *Stars and Stripes Forever* or *Carmen* this time, Horowitz did finally give the crowd something it wanted, the Moszkowski Etude in A-flat Major, a showcase for the amazing velocity of his fingers. After the final sweep of scales and the four cadential chords that end the piece, Horowitz bounded from his chair with his right hand moving as if still playing. The earlier applause seemed almost tame as compared to the leonine

roar that now shook the hall. Horowitz, returning backstage, declared to Chapin, “I had to show them some of the old Horowitz.” Wanda, Chapin, the ushers, Hupfer and even the electrician laughed, and Horowitz marched onstage a last time for his final encore, Schumann’s *Tri:iumerei.* (“The whole thing was a dream and that’s why I ended with *Traumerei,”* he said later.) The following day, Alan Rich wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune:* “The vision of simple beauty comes late to most men, and often latest of all to performing musicians. This is in- evitable, perhaps, in the neurotic world of the performer today. Horowitz knew, and demonstrated in full measure, what a precious thing he has now acquired. He was right to worry about its fragility under public scrutiny. One can only hope that now his worries are at an end.”

Harold C. Schonberg was another who perceived a new equanimity in Horowitz’s playing: “At this concert one did feel a grander, more spacious line in such works as the Schumann Fantasy and the G Minor Ballade by Chopin. And there were a few other changes. For one thing, Mr. Horowitz uses a little more pedal than he used to. For another, his playing is emotionally more poised, more of a piece, less driving and nervous.” Horowitz also proved that his staggering technique remained intact, that he was one of the last representatives of “the grand manner, one of the knights of the keyboard in the direct Liszt-Anton Rubinstein tradition.”

After *Traumerei,* the house lights were turned on. Horowitz took his last bow, but the audience refused to leave and continued its applause. The stage lights were then dimmed, and the piano lid was closed, eliciting loud groans from the audience. Meanwhile, the green room was swamped with flowers, photographers and musicians and friends who had formed a line and were waiting to congratulate Horowitz. Roving reporters were recording the spontaneous reactions to the concert of the celebrities. Zero Mostel bellowed, “I had a hard time getting in. If I could play piano like that, I’d get out of show business!” Sol Hurok quipped, “I’m not as good

a pianist as he is. But he had twelve years to practice." Van Cliburn, seeming overwhelmed, declared: "I am thrilled today as are all members of the music world. The sonority is so wonderful. The beauty and excitement are not only in the music but in the hall. It is all about us."

About 5:45, as the Horowitzes prepared to leave the hall, Jack Pfeiffer entered the dressing room through the crowd and queried Chapin, "How are we going to get him out of here? There is no room to move out there." Chapin broke through the assembled throng, walked out to the limousine and caught the chauffeur's eye. The milling fans made room for the car to pull up to the stage door. To cries of "Bravo Horowitz!" the pianist put on his gray gloves and overcoat and was escorted from the hall by Chapin. "We came out," recalled Wanda, "and there was a big line of people on both sides of us, and somebody said, 'Oh, Mr. Horowitz, we stood in line all night,' and I said, 'You know what? I stood in line for twelve years!'"

Horowitz and Wanda returned home with a group of close friends for a champagne and pastry reception. With Schuyler and Betty Chapin, Jack Pfeiffer, Tom Frost, Abram Chasins, Constance Keene, Ania Dorfman, David Rubin, Gitta and Maurice Cottle and Olga Strumillo, Horowitz was in a jocular mood. Lighting a cigarette, he laughed about his mistakes that afternoon: "It happens in the best of families. Pianistically not too bad, although there were far too many wrong notes. This was really too emotional an experience for me. I have to do more homework. And you know the demon inside me. I always have to do better, each time. I should have much more control when I play again."

Not long after, Horowitz retreated upstairs to watch the television news, in case his concert was mentioned. And, indeed, the first item on the CBS Evening News was Horowitz's return to the stage. A reporter was shown outside Carnegie Hall interviewing youngsters who were chattering with excitement. One teenaged girl was crying, vowing that her love affair with

the Beatles was over, because her "new god" was Horowitz. Chapin nudged Horowitz. "See, I told you there was a young audience for your art. Now you can believe it." "I play because of them," replied Horowitz.

On the day after the concert, Horowitz gave an interview to *The New York Times.* Dressed in a light-blue robe over blue pajamas, he showed the reporter the fourteen bouquets of flowers that decorated the living room. "Everyone sent me flowers," he boasted. "Sviatoslav Richter sent me flowers and a telegram from Detroit. I have a beautiful telegram from Artur Rubinstein in Venice: 'I am with you with all my heart. Bravo for your coming back. I wish you the greatest success which you deserve.'" Messages had also arrived from Isaac Stern, Erich Leinsdorf, Eugene Ormandy, Rise Stevens and fifty others. Horowitz reiterated that the occasion had been too emotional for him and apologized for his wrong notes. "If I play more, I will have complete control. All these false notes disappear."

The day's technical lapses continued to bother Horowitz, and he finally decided to correct some of them for the forthcoming Columbia recording of the recital. When the album was released on June 7, 1965, it was not generally known that the performances had been "doctored," though the patchwork could be determined easily enough thanks to the many tape pirates who had made illegal recordings of the recital. Columbia released the album as a live "document" and Horowitz himself told *Life* Magazine: "I wouldn't want to change anything at all. You know, this is a document." To Howard Klein at *The New York Times,* he said, "I want to be honest with the public. There were some mistakes but these add a human quality. And as it goes along, the program gets better." But, although Horowitz claimed he didn't mind the mistakes, he positively bristled when one critic wrote that there were more wrong notes in this recital than in all of Horowitz's past recitals combined.

Horowitz especially regretted the faults in the second movement of the Schumann Fantasy and felt justified in returning to Carnegie Hall to re-record a passage or two. He rationalized that the errors here had not been caused by nerves but rather by perspiration that had gotten into his eyes, and he decided to leave many other wrong notes from the recital intact on the album, including the first mistakes in the Bach-Busoni. But producer Tom Frost was bothered by the idea of releasing the album as a "live" performance when the master tapes had been edited. "I didn't think it was morally right for Columbia to release the album this way," he said later. "It was especially tempting because nearly the entire program had been recorded in a dress rehearsal, so we had both tapes to work with." When Howard Klein discovered he had been duped, he wrote a follow-up piece about the record. "It was since learned that some splicing had been done and that the second movement of the Schumann Fantasy used an ending recorded at another time." Klein went on to raise the ethical questions that had so bothered Frost.

The album nonetheless won three Grammy awards in March 1966 and eventually sold over 50,000 copies. The plain fact was that no other classical concert of that decade could match the dramatic impact of Horowitz's return to the stage in 1965. "I don't know what to call it. Is it a debut or a resurrection?" Horowitz asked one friend. "If you call it a debut, I'm offended. Resurrection, I think, is all right . . ."

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