'ARTISTRY UNDER OATH':

Biography and the life story of Hephzibah Menuhin

By

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ABSTRACT

This DCA consists of a creative work, a biography entitled *An Exacting Heart: The Story of Hephzibah Menuhin*, and an exegesis outlining some of the issues involved in writing the biography.

The aim of the project was to tell the story of a fascinating and gifted woman who was not only a talented pianist but whose humanitarian work, with her second husband Richard Hauser, was in many respects ahead of its time. The story of Hephzibah Menuhin also touches and illuminates other issues: the role of the family; the Russian Jewish immigrant experience; the emotional toll of the Holocaust; musical celebrity and its consequences; the peace and feminist movements of the 1960s.

Writing the biography of Hephzibah Menuhin was challenging for several reasons. Though there appeared to be no lack of source material, much was contradictory. Hephzibah's copious letters often give conflicting views of certain events, according to the expectations of her correspondents. Her diaries, usually written as notes to herself, probably give a more truthful account of her life. However, there are several points in her story where the documentary record has been inadequate, where other sources are unsatisfactory, and where conjecture and supposition have been necessary.

The exegesis and the biography are intended to be read together, for the former is intended to be a commentary on the latter.

The exegesis is in five chapters. Chapter 1 outlines and discusses the various sources consulted in writing Hephzibah Menuhin's story. Chapter 2 concerns questions of narrative voice and writing style, and critically examines other models of biographical writing as influences on this biography, as well as discussing the importance and role of conjecture. Chapter 3 examines some of the issues in writing about music and celebrity. Chapters 4 and 5 look at some of the specific problems of this biography, particularly the author's own attitudes and prejudices and their bearing on the finished work, and the sensitivities of Hephzibah's own family members.

'ARTISTRY UNDER OATH': Biography and the life story of Hephzibah Menuhin

Introduction

The English writer and literary critic Desmond MacCarthy (1877-1952) is alleged to have observed that 'a biographer is an artist under oath'. Whether he used these words or not – and this aphorism is not quoted in his essays or other work – the idea of 'artistry under oath' is a very useful one, bringing together the biographer's responsibilities: to tell an interesting and convincing story, in this case a life story, by drawing on whatever documentary sources are available. These sources may be extraordinarily varied: history, political belief, sociology, literary criticism, psychoanalysis, journalism, ethical studies, philosophy.

The phrase neatly delineates the major preoccupations of biography in the twentieth century: the relationship between art and fact, imagination and truth, fiction and non-fiction. In the words of Virginia Woolf: 'The biographer's imagination is always being stimulated to use the novelist's art of arrangement, suggestion, dramatic effect to expound the private life. Yet if he carries the use of fiction too far, so that he disregards the truth, or can only introduce it with incongruity, he loses both worlds.'[1] Biography's role in conveying the feel of an individual experience, showing the world as a single person saw is, to some extent, what fiction does: bringing a person alive on the page. And, as Virginia Woolf recognised, it is much more difficult for a biographer to truly 'know' a person, to give a truthful portrait of a life, than to discharge the responsibility to documentary accuracy.

The biography of Hephzibah Menuhin (1920-1981) presents a fascinating example of some issues raised in the relationship between documentary accuracy and the drama of a life story. Hers was a life largely lived in the public eye, partly because she was the sister of the greatest musical child prodigy of the twentieth century and probably its first authentic classical music celebrity, and partly because of her own musical career, as well as her humanitarian work in later life. Stages in her public life have been extensively documented in the media: newspapers, films, television. And she herself documented her life as well, in letters (she was an indefatigable letter writer) and diaries. However, there are inaccuracies in media sources, and Hephzibah frequently gave slightly differing accounts of various events, tailoring what she wrote to her correspondents. At the same time, she seldom wrote in any

[1] Virginia Woolf, 'The New Biography'quoted in Catherine N Parke, *Biography, Writing Lives*, Routledge, London, 2002, page 28

depth about her feelings, anxieties, emotional difficulties. (Much of my information about these has been discovered by accident.)

Tracing the events of her life has not been especially difficult: however, evaluating them has been. As a result, giving due weight to the events that shaped Hephzibah Menuhin's external life while trying to understand, explain and describe the emotional contours of her inner life has been extremely challenging. The following chapters of this exegesis delineate some of the difficulties and tensions involved in writing this particular biography.

Chapter 1

Sources

The chief sources for the biography of Hephzibah Menuhin were publications about her and her family, her own writings and the memories and opinions of those who knew her.

Publications about the Menuhin family

Very little has been published about Hephzibah Menuhin, apart from newspaper profiles, interviews and of course reviews of her concerts. In books about the Menuhin family, Yehudi is the focus. His biographies leave Hephzibah very much in the background, as they do her younger sister Yaltah. She is given more prominence in Yehudi Menuhin's autobiography *Unfinished Journey*[1], though almost always in relation to him, as his loyal lieutenant and unfailing supporter. Moshe Menuhin's story of his family *The Menuhin Saga*[2] sketches her story lightly; his focus is Yehudi's life and career, and Moshe's view was that 'Hephzibah and Yaltah were [their mother's] department. '[3]*Yehudi Menuhin* by Robert Magidoff[4], the first full-length biography of the violinist, has some fascinating material about the Menuhin family when Yehudi and his sisters were children, evidently gathered from people who knew them at the time. However, Hephzibah is almost always mentioned as a member of the famous family or in relation to Yehudi. (In this book, as in some other Menuhin biographies, a strongly recurring theme is the dominating and pernicious influence of Marutha Menuhin.) *Menuhin: A Family Portrait* by Tony Palmer[5] is more or less a psychological biography of the family, and highly critical of Yehudi's upbringing and that of his sisters. Hephzibah as an adult is mentioned briefly, though only in the context of her family. The most thoroughly researched recent Menuhin biography, *Menuhin* by Humphrey Burton[6], mentions Hephzibah only occasionally, and again only as Yehudi's sister.

Yaltah's elder son Lionel Rolfe wrote the story of his mother's family in *The Menuhin Odyssey.*[7] This contains some fanciful speculation about the Menuhins' background

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[1] Yehudi Menuhin, *Unfinished Journey*, Pimlico, London, 2000
[2] Moshe Menuhin, *The Menuhin Saga*, Sidgwick and Jackson, London, 1987
[3] Ibid, page 43
[4] Robert Magidoff, *Yehudi Menuhin*, Robert Hale, London, 1955
[5] Tony Palmer, *Menuhin: A Family Portrait*, Faber and Faber, London, 1991
[6] Humphrey Burton, *Menuhin*, Faber and Faber, London, 2000
[7] Lionel Menuhin Rolfe, *The Menuhin Odyssey*, Panjandrum Press, San Francisco, 1978

and origins, and unlike most other work on the Menuhin family, it offers some glimpses into Hephzibah as an adult. Rolfe asserts that she was intensely interested in helping people, liked to be surrounded by people and was critical of her parents (as indeed was Yaltah): all information useful to a biographer. According to Rolfe, Hephzibah had no time for conventional birth families, believing that people should be able to choose those to whom they wished to be close, and that accidents of biology and genetics were hardly suitable bases for closeness of any kind. Rolfe is not always reliable, with a tendency to give documentary authority to speculation, but this insight into Hephzibah was corroborated by other sources of information about her. Of all the published Menuhin books, this is the one that gives the clearest picture of Hephzibah.

With the exception of Rolfe's family history, then, books published about the Menuhins portray Hephzibah as the golden-haired little girl, second member of the brilliant childhood trio of Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah. Menuhin biographers mention her only briefly after her marriage and departure for Australia at the age of eighteen, and hardly discuss the work she did in London, which occupied more than one-third of her life, and which often involved Yehudi. Her work as a pianist in her own right is also given little attention: there is almost nothing about her continuing appearances as featured soloist and chamber musician at concerts and music festivals throughout Europe, the United States and Australasia until the end of her life. It is even hinted that she did not fulfil her earlier promise. An impression also given is that the adult Hephzibah was never a particularly important part of her brother's life, and this is not so.

Another account of Hephzibah Menuhin's life needs to be mentioned, though it was not strictly speaking a source for my biography. The Melbourne feminist fiction writer and musician Glen Tomasetti spent twenty years working on Hephzibah Menuhin's life story, beginning shortly after Hephzibah's death in 1981. She interviewed members of Hephzibah's family, both in Australia and in England, including Yehudi, to whom she spoke extensively. After several years she completed a manuscript – apparently not a 'straight' biographical study but a fictionalised, novelised account, written in the first person from Hephzibah's viewpoint – but found difficulty in having it published. On 10 March 1987 she wrote to 'the family friends and associates of Hephzibah Menuhin' withdrawing from the project on the grounds that 'I cannot find a way to publish anything like the reality behind the public image of Hephzibah Menuhin's life without consciously

harming at least twelve living people either in their public self-esteem or their personal feelings.'[8]

I heard about the Tomasetti manuscript in 2003[9] when I was just beginning my own research. It was a blow to find that somebody was already working on Hephzibah Menuhin, but not, as it happened, a serious one. After checking that Tomasetti had published nothing about Hephzibah since 1981 I decided that if she had been working on the manuscript for twenty years without completing it, she probably would not. Even though Kron Nicholas had showed me the letter in which Tomasetti abandoned her project, I knew she was still proprietorial about Hephzibah – she had been very critical of Curtis Levy and his documentary, for instance. She had not used her research material, it would clearly be useful to me, for she had accessed sources I could not (e.g., interviews with Yehudi and Yaltah Menuhin, both of whom had died before I began work). However, I decided against contacting her. I believed that the book I wanted to write about Hephzibah Menuhin would be very different from Tomasetti's.

Glen Tomasetti died, her manuscript still unpublished, on 25 June 2003[10]. In 2005 I asked her daughter Sarah to grant me access to her mother's research notes (I did not want to see her manuscript). Sarah Tomasetti was not especially co-operative and I later learned that the material had been sent to Victoria's La Trobe Library. Upon applying to consult it there, I was told I needed Sarah Tomasetti's permission. Sarah Tomasetti told me that nothing had been catalogued and that as far as she knew there were no interview tapes or transcripts. I was already well advanced with my own research and writing and decided that I did not need to see Glen Tomasetti's material.

Hephzibah's writing

From the time she was a teenager, Hephzibah Menuhin was a writer. Little of what she wrote was published, except for letters to the editors of various newspapers and short newspaper articles about her work with Richard Hauser. However, she was an indefatigable correspondent, keeping a large range of family members, friends and associates up to date with what was happening in her life and her views on many things. She wrote letters on whatever paper came to hand: old letterhead, the backs of programs, scrap paper. Until she

[8] Glen Tomasetti, 10 March 1987. Copy of letter shown to author by recipient Kron Nicholas.
[9] Email Kron Nicholas to author 12 April 2003
[10] Melbourne *Age* 1 July 2003

became terminally ill, she probably wrote at least one letter, postcard or note every day. She also kept diaries from time to time, combining matter-of-fact accounts of her activities and more personal comments. Her correspondents treasured her letters and kept them: almost all her letters are in private hands, very few indeed in libraries or archives.

It was naturally pleasing to discover that so much of Hephzibah's original material existed. However, its sheer quantity very soon presented problems.

The most significant of these has been described by the American writer and critic Louis Menand. In a *New Yorker* article he wrote: 'What has been written about [if one is researching history and by extension biography] takes on an importance that may be spurious. A few lines in a memoir, a snatch of recorded conversation, a letter fortuitously preserved, an event noted in a diary: all become luminous with significance – even though they are merely the bits that have floated to the surface. The historian clings to them while somewhere below the huge submerged wreck of the past sinks silently out of sight.'[11]

The problem with Hephzibah was not that her letters had been 'fortuitously preserved' but that she wrote so many to so many different people. When she described the same events several times, she often changed small details in each account. Some of these alterations were minor, but others were more serious. Hephzibah evidently had an acute awareness of audience and tailored her letters to their recipients.

To give an example of Menand's observation above, if one did not happen to know by other means that Hephzibah's marriage to Lindsay Nicholas was a difficult one, and had read only Hephzibah's letters to her parents between 1951 and 1954, one would not know that Lindsay and Hephzibah hardly communicated, nor that Richard Hauser existed. (This is, of course, why Moshe Menuhin was so outraged when he discovered who Hauser was and what he meant to Hephzibah.) To Australian friends at the same time, she wrote of 'most beloved Richard'; to her brother, who had met Hauser, she explained that she was learning about social work with a very good tutor.

Fortunately I was able to speak to Hephzibah's family and to friends of the family. All had particular views about Richard Hauser (discussed to some extent below) but by means of these other sources it became possible to plot events.

Hephzibah's letters were often dashed off, immediate snapshots of her life at the time of writing. Her letters were litanies of activity: meetings with various community groups, phone calls from peace organisations, speeches that needed writing, conference

[11] Louis Menand, *New Yorker* magazine 24 March 2005.

papers she was helping Richard Hauser put together, dinners to be cooked, practice for a concert to be done. While interesting and often useful material, these letters give little indication of how she and Richard Hauser worked, what they actually did, what efforts were needed. The seriousness of what they attempted was obscured in a mass of day-to-day detail. Compounding the problem was Richard Hauser's reluctance to document aims, objectives and progress in the work they did. I needed to consult a variety of other sources – recollections of colleagues, newspaper articles, papers and books written by Hephzibah and Richard Hauser – to gain some sort of overview of their work.

Perhaps most significantly, Hephzibah rarely wrote about her own sadness, anger or other 'negative' feelings to her correspondents. There is, for instance, nothing in her letters about a miscarriage she suffered a few years after her second son Marston was born and her consequent feelings of sadness and depression: I learned about this in interviews with family and friends. She wrote very little about the constant disagreements and rows she and Lindsay had; almost nothing about the agonising pain and depression she suffered during her last illness.

I believe there are several reasons for this. Hephzibah was a woman with a strong natural sense of her own privacy. As a child she had been brought up by a mother who considered displays of emotion to be weaknesses: one should not burden others with one's feelings. [12] Consequently she usually presented a bright and resolute face to the world. After several years of research I felt that Hephzibah's performances did not take place solely on the concert platform.

However, there were times when she seemed compelled to express her private thoughts with frankness and clarity. She wrote a letter to Lindsay expressing strong feelings of regret and desolation about their marriage. She stated her belief that he did not love her, she was 'most sore and sad' and that she longed for greater intimacy and oneness of spirit with him. It was a letter she never gave him, so was evidently written to express her own feelings. Some years later, when Ruth Llewellyn, the wife of her Australian musical partner Ernest Llewellyn, expressed the view that Hephzibah should be a pianist and concert artist above all, Hephzibah wrote what amounted to her manifesto: a chilly letter to the effect that she and Yehudi were not 'performing seals', that they had great gifts, yes, but also great responsibilities, and that music was not at the centre of her work. Both these letters were

[12] Whe Marutha Menuhin's mother died, for instance, Marutha cried and her husband thought her tears significant enough to record in his memoirs. See Moshe Menuhin, *The Menuhin Saga*, page 51

discovered in a large quantity of unrelated correspondence: a good example of the serendipity of which Menand writes. They were certainly 'luminous with significance' for my biography.

Hephzibah also wrote a cache of letters to Paul Morawetz during their affair in Melbourne at the end of the 1940s. They form the only sustained emotional diary she ever wrote; the almost two hundred letters to Morawetz over a period of two years express feelings she did not release to anybody else in her life. She was in love with him, and – as often happens with love letters – there is a definite element of display. Hephzibah knew that this relationship was a diversion, though an important one: she had no intention of leaving Lindsay, and Morawetz (who had had other affairs) did not wish to break up his own family. And so Hephzibah could apparently enjoy being 'in love with love' as well as expressing her feelings about Paul. Her scrawled words often tumble over each other, as if she is finally able to talk to someone who understands; it is not difficult to sense former loneliness. She is by turns funny, thoughtful and informative: the Morawetz letters are also a useful source of information about Hephzibah's daily life and political and social preoccupations. However, they are not erotically charged, and neither are his. Perhaps this is because of the reticence of an earlier generation – Hephzibah was not brought up to consider herself a particularly sexual being. However, the letters do demonstrate another kind of intimacy: shared jokes and catchphrases, snatches of other languages that obviously had particular contextual meanings for them both.

Hephzibah took advantage of the licence she evidently felt the relationship gave her. Her lack of restraint, of ordinary tact, is sometimes obvious. Several times she reported to Paul the unflattering things Lindsay had said about him. She also told Paul about Yehudi's less than charitable view of him and of the affair, and even described Lindsay's anguish at the disintegration of his marriage. Hephzibah's apparent relief in finding someone she considered a soulmate appears to have overcome any reticence, residual marital loyalty or even protection of another's dignity. It also shows a failure of empathy, an inability to enter into Paul's probable feelings upon receiving intimate information to which he was not really entitled.

It is unknown whether Hephzibah returned all Paul's letters to her at the end of their affair: certainly he kept all her letters to him. He outlived Hephzibah by about twenty years, and according to relatives and friends always maintained that Hephzibah had been the love of his life. (There is no record of his wife Dita's reaction on hearing this.) His

biography, which is described in several Web sites as 'the story of 80-year-old Melbourne entrepreneur Paul Morawetz and his love affair with the pianist Hephzibah Menuhin', quotes extensively from the letters. [13] Upon his death in 2005 Hephzibah's letters to him, carefully preserved, as were his to her, came into the possession of his executor, the Melbourne lawyer Ralph Renard, who allowed me access to them. They were quoted by Curtis Levy for his documentary *Hephzibah*, and Glen Tomasetti was also allowed to see them. The frankness of these letters provided insights into aspects of Hephzibah's character – not always positive aspects either – unexpressed in her more guarded correspondence.

Interviews with those who had known Hephzibah

Research for this biography led me to interview Hephzibah's family and friends in Australia, London, Europe and the USA. Many family members and friends were happy to share their memories of Hephzibah, and almost all were positive towards her.

However, some of Hephzibah's friends, including those who asserted they knew her very well, gave comments that were surprisingly lacking in insight. Several repeated the same stories about her upbringing and the influence of Yehudi, and almost everybody appeared to believe that Hephzibah was thoroughly dominated by the malign Richard Hauser. Few expressed willingness to speculate about Hephzibah's feelings or reasons for taking certain courses of action. Obviously some people are more used to thinking speculatively about human personality and actions than others, but for the sake of at least being told something I had not heard before, I occasionally resorted to leading questions. ('Do you think Richard Hauser was a very anxious person?' for instance.) This technique had limited usefulness.

Perhaps people were protecting Hephzibah by giving me information that was already on the record, but I also suspected that some were telling me what they thought I wanted to hear. I had to make sure that my questions were as open as possible. I also noticed that several women described themselves as 'dear friends' of Hephzibah's, yet a little probing revealed that they were surprisingly ill-informed about some aspects of her life (how long she had lived in Australia, even in one case how she died). While this probably says something about celebrity, i.e., people being eager to claim a well known and glamorous person as a friend, I came to believe that Hephzibah, as with letters, was often

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[13] Gloria Frydman, *What a Life: The biography of Paul Morawetz*, Wakefield Press, Adelaide, 1995

selective in what she said to whom; I came to believe that her warmth of manner and apparent guilelessness sometimes seduced people into thinking they were closer to her than they really were.

A case in point was an interview in October 2003 with the Swiss French writer Madeleine Santschi who, I had been told, was a long-standing friend of Hephzibah's. Mme Santschi, who lives outside Geneva, said she had known Hephzibah since the 1960s; she met her with a psychologist friend of Richard Hauser's and visited her in London and Gstaad. She and Hephzibah had an easy, undemanding relationship, seeing each other at long intervals, she said. My impression was that they were not the intimate friends I had been led to believe they were.

Mme Santschi spoke of Hephzibah not as a friend, but as a character who needed to be understood. She also insisted on recounting the major events in Hephzibah's life, all of which were on the public record. When I attempted to encourage her to discuss Hephzibah according to her own observations, she declined. Perhaps her reluctance stemmed from discretion, but she appeared to know relatively little about Hephzibah's life. Mme Santschi showed me some of the letters she had received from Hephzibah, and I found nothing in this correspondence – descriptions of the work she and Richard were doing in London, updates on Clara, a little about concerts, all written of course in French – to encourage a perception that the two women had been intimate friends.

Finally Mme Santschi declared: 'Hephzibah was my close friend for many years. I don't know whether she had the same feeling about me.' Hephzibah gave the impression of candour, but on a deeper level she was quite reserved. Her bright personality evidently gave people the impression that she was more truly engaged with them and their lives than she was; people were proud to have her as a friend.

The most insightful comments I heard about Hephzibah came from fellow musicians (these are discussed in more detail below). This suggests at least two hypotheses. Firstly that Hephzibah, trained to the piano from an early age and surrounded by musicians all her early life, was more open in talking to them than to other people. Secondly, that she displayed qualities in her preparation for performance and in performance itself that were not so readily apparent in her dealings with non-musicians.

The second of these hypotheses is, I believe, the more interesting and it is supported by photographs taken of Hepzhibah at all stages of her life. When she is shown as a little sister of Yehudi, a wife, mother, celebrity, even a social worker, she is smiling,

friendly, warm: it is not difficult to speculate that she worked out a persona for herself at an early age, or had it decided for her, and maintained it. However, when Hephzibah is photographed at the keyboard she looks like a totally different person. She is quiet, reserved, utterly concentrated. This stillness, responsiveness, even modesty is not apparent elsewhere.

Generally speaking my interviews were informal. Several times I tried to put things on a more formal basis, i.e., to record every word spoken, but many participants became uncomfortable with this, saying that they were not accustomed to the interview process and would prefer me to take notes. As many of my interview subjects were in their seventies and eighties and wary of technology, I felt that this was a reasonable request. I soon adopted the habit of taking notes and typing up interviews immediately afterwards, and upon checking back with my interviewees I had no problems.

I was not entirely surprised to find that this method of conducting interviews was as useful for my purposes as doing them by tape recorder. This is probably because my interviewees were usually stating opinions and telling anecdotes, and stories are not difficult to remember and record.

Several interviews with Hephzibah and Richard's London colleagues were conducted by email. Here I had a specific set of questions: How did you come to hear of their work; what did you hear; why did you decide to work for them; what was your experience; how would you evaluate the work that was being done. This yielded very good results, with access to a level of detail I had not previously had. Email is perfect for this sort of work of course: if questions are handled properly, and the interviewee is a practised writer, a good rapport, even a kind of friendship, can result. And there is always scope for later addition or correction of material, not always possible with a face-to-face interview.

Chapter 2

Voice, style, structure and treatment

Voice and style

My usual writing voice, no doubt influenced by early training as a journalist and radio scriptwriter is, I think, clear and relatively plain: rhetorical and descriptive flourishes do not come readily. This kind of clarity and transparency worked in my previous biography *A Certain Style: Beatrice Davis, A Literary Life*, serving as background and contrast to the occasionally florid writing of the authors with whom Davis worked. Such a style also enabled me to mirror Davis's own voice: wry, ironic as shown in her letters to authors, occasional speeches about publishing and conversations with friends.

However, Hephzibah Menuhin was a different kind of subject entirely, with a very different voice. As a child and young woman she had studied French, German and Russian before becoming familiar with English literature. Her first writing in English was often stilted, sometimes reading as if translated from another language. And, as most of her reading when young had consisted of nineteenth-century fiction and poetry, a certain amount of high-flown sentiment was apt to creep into her adolescent letters and diaries. When she announced her intention of marrying Lindsay Nicholas, for instance, she wrote of 'animating the monotonous plateaux of his property with winged vision'[1].

After a great deal of trial and error, I concluded that attempting to adopt a more elaborate writing style might dilute the sometimes compelling nature of the biographical material I was working with, including Hephzibah's letters. Moreover, Hephzibah's natural intensity did not lend itself to ironic commentary or levity. The biography certainly has its light moments, but Hephzibah herself was so passionate and committed to her causes that the slight detachment of authorial voice implicit in humour, and particularly in ironic treatment, seemed inappropriate in her case.

There was also the question of the market. Hephzibah Menuhin's story had never been told before in book form, and stylistic flourish can be irritating to a reader who wishes to follow a story not previously known. I felt that clarity of expression was the engine that would drive the story itself: presenting and controlling the material as logically as possible seemed to me most effective in telling Hephzibah's story.

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[1] Quoted in Robert Magidoff, *Yehudi Menuhin*, Robert Hale, London, 1955, pages 194-5

Structure and treatment: biographical perspectives

Most biographies about interpreters of classical music tend on the whole to fall into three main categories.

The first are the gossipy, journalistic accounts. These can be mean-spirited, often salacious : for instance, Joan Peyser on Leonard Bernstein, Hilary and Piers du Pré on their sister Jacqueline.[2] For these to be successful, the subject needs to be familiar to a large section of the reading public. The 'hook' for the general reader is the promise that the biography will explain what the subject is 'really like', and implicitly that the subject's great musical talent (the reason for the biography in the first place) may be offset, or perhaps explained, by a tortured private life, a thoroughly unpleasant personality, or possibly both. These books have less to do with biography than with popular journalism; if not almost solely the product of undiluted personal experience the research usually depends on secondary sources, the insights are scant and obvious.

An overtly journalistic treatment of Hephzibah Menuhin's story would, I felt, not only trivialise her life, but fail to find a wide readership. The Victorian biographer Mrs Elizabeth Gaskell, an early practitioner of journalism-as-biography (though scarcely a salacious one) noted as she began her life of Charlotte Brontë: 'If you love your reader and want to be read, get anecdotes!'[3] However, such anecdotes need to concern a subject whose life story will probably be known to the readership, at least in outline. This certainly applied when Mrs Gaskell wrote *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* in 1857: it does not apply to Hephzibah Menuhin now.

The second category is what could be called the jaunty memoir, which is not really under discussion here. There remains the third and most weighty category, the comprehensive biographies of musicians: for example, Elizabeth Wilson on Jacqueline du Pré, Humphrey Burton on Yehudi Menuhin, Winifred Ferrier on her sister Kathleen.[4] These generally seek to describe their subjects' work at least as fully as their lives, with a view to explaining why these musicians are considered great. The biography of Jacqueline du Pré by Elizabeth Wilson is a good example. It is a thorough examination of du Pré's

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[2] Joan Peyser, *Bernstein: A Biography*, Random House, London, 1988; Hilary and Piers du Pre, *A Genius in the Family*, Chatto & Windus, London, 1997.

[3] Jenny Uglow, *Mrs Gaskell: A Habit of Stories*, Faber and Faber, London, 1993, page 406

[4] Elizabeth Wilson, *Jacqueline du Pre, Her Life, Her Music, Her Legend*, Arcxade Books, New York, 1999; Humphrey Burton, *Menuhin*, Faber and Faber, London, 2000; Winfired Ferrier, *The Life of Kathleen Ferrier*, Hamish Hamilton, Lolndon, 1955.

musicianship and an analysis of the qualities that made her one of the premier cellists of the twentieth century. Wilson, a cellist herself, has some valuable comments to make about du Pré's technique and repertoire. However, Wilson is uncritical both of du Pré's talent and of her life.

Humphrey Burton's biography of Yehudi Menuhin is written by a BBC music and arts commentator – not a musician himself – who knew Menuhin for many years. The author has basically restricted himself to a description of what Menuhin did, who he met, what music he played, and when. It is an account of Menuhin's life, and useful for checking names, dates and repertoire, but it is almost entirely non-analytical – either about Menuhin's music or his life.

Though their emphases are different, the Burton and Wilson biographies are both, I believe, heirs of a nineteenth-century biographical tradition: that written lives should be edifying for readers, that the great deeds of great people should serve as exemplars for future generations.

The reaction to this tradition of biographical writing, which came at the end of World War I, was most notably Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* (1918). Strachey's essays on Victorian worthies have heavily influenced the development of biography ever since; their detached and sometimes ironic examination of motive, iconoclastic at the time Strachey wrote, is now one of the tools of modern life writing. This approach forms a logical counterpoint to Freud's ideas about the human personality, which were gaining popular currency at about the same time. Strachey's willingness to examine other aspects of personality in a critical light, as well as Freud's insights have been well summarised by Virginia Woolf's comment in her novel *Orlando* that a person is built up of many selves 'one on top of another, as plates are piled on a waiter's hand'.[5]

The insight that human beings are by nature contradictory and difficult, never all of a piece -- and that biography can deal with only a few of these 'selves' -- has been useful for modern biography. So has the view, expressed by Hermione Lee, that: 'Alternatives, missed changes, roads not taken, accidents and hesitations, the whole "swarm of possibilities" that hums around our every experience'[6] are equally important. Accidents and

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[5] Quoted in Marion Shaw, 'Invisible Presences': Vera Brittain's *Testament of Friendship*', in Trev Lynn Broughton and Linda Anderson, eds., *Women's Lives, Women's Times*, State University of New York Press, New York, 1997

[6] Hermione Lee, *Body Parts,: Writing About Lives*, Chatton & Windus, London, 2005, pages 2-3

bad decisions arising out of particular circumstances are fruitful fields for a biographer's investigation.

The roles of contradiction and unforeseen circumstance were, I believe, crucial in my own approach to Hephzibah Menuhin, a woman whose personality and actions were seldom characterised by consistency. Reading other biographers' handling of these issues proved very interesting. Also valuable was evaluating various approaches to the blank spaces that turn up in any biography: the things the biographer wants or needs to know but cannot find out. (In the garbled-though-intelligible phrase of former US Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, these are the 'known unknowns'.)

The Dark Lady of DNA, Brenda Maddox's biography of chemist Rosalind Franklin, seemed to offer some useful insights[7]. Rosalind Franklin was instrumental in discovering the double helix structure of DNA, but all credit for the discovery was taken by James Watson and Francis Crick. Maddox's aim in writing about her had been similar to mine in telling Hephzibah's story: to reinstate and make more widely known the story of a strikingly individual woman who, well known in certain circles during her own life, had been more or less ignored since her death..

There are obvious similarities between the two women. Both came from a Jewish background; both believed passionately that 'the improvement of the lot of mankind, past present and future is worth attaining' (as Franklin wrote to her father when she was twenty)[8], both died young. Both were, in the popular mind, overshadowed by the men around them and, though professing feminist views, had been taught to be deferential to men.

There are important differences. Franklin was cheated of recognition by more ambitious and assertive men; she turned her back on marriage and children and, though she had friendships with men, she was too uncompromising for romantic involvements. In this she differs markedly from Hephzibah, who had the chance of following a particular career but who deliberately walked away, and who left her husband and family for another man. Rosalind Franklin's family were very strictly Jewish while Hephzibah's was non-observant, almost secular: unlike Franklin, Hephzibah was not subjected to religious strictures. Hephzibah had three children, Franklin none. Their way of dealing with the

[7] Brenda Maddox, *Rosalind Franklin: The Dark Lady of DNA*, HarperCollins, London, 2002
[8] op cit, page 45

world seemed quite different. Franklin, whose life experience had taught her to be wary, kept people at a distance; Hephzibah was naïve, trusting and sociable.

In writing *The Dark Lady of DNA*, Brenda Maddox had one important challenge that did not apply to what I was doing: the necessity to describe scientific concepts and procedures to a general audience. Explaining what Rosalind Franklin did and its importance, as well as the reasons why she was overlooked, took precedence over any consistent analysis of Franklin herself. Maddox presents Franklin as a driven, under-appreciated woman, without much self-awareness or humour, whose working life seemed to proceed in orderly steps.

It is a frustrating biography in some ways. Maddox does not analyse or speculate about Franklin's relationships with her family, either as child or adult. I happened to learn from Franklin's brother, whom I met in London in 2003, that there had been a schism in the Franklin family and that Brenda Maddox had never been told the whole family story. However, in the text Maddox does not allude to this, or explain to the reader the difficulties it presented to her as a biographer. I believe the book would have been more interesting and complex if she had done so.

Though *The Dark Lady of DNA* was ultimately of limited value, the matter-of-fact clarity of its writing and its chronological form worked well as a model for telling a little-known life story.

Hermione Lee, too, uses chronology as the spine of her work, especially in her biographies of Virginia Woolf and Edith Wharton. Like Maddox, she has a no-nonsense style of writing (the fact that these books are entitled *Virginia Woolf* and *Edith Wharton* signals this from the start).[9] Lee, who has thought and written extensively about biography during her thirty-year career, uses the formidable armoury of detailed research to great effect.

On certain issues (Wharton's or Woolf's early sexual experiences, for example) she may have no more information about her subject's emotional life than does Maddox about some aspects of Franklin's private life or family matters. However, she does not gloss over these topics, nor does she speculate at length about them. Instead, what Lee does is to give a great deal of detailed information about her subjects' milieu and society. For example, the second chapter of *Virginia Woolf* contains a detailed description of two houses – Talland House and 22 Hyde Park Gate – that were keystones of Woolf's childhood. This approach

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[9] Hermione Lee, *Virginia Woolf*, Vintage, London, 1997; *Edith Wharton*, Chatton & Windus, London, 2007

gives the reader quite a different 'feel' for Woolf's background than a description of her family background (though Lee does that too). In the same way, Lee gives a great deal of detail about Edith Wharton's friends, clothes, houses, and other details of her social life. This seems appropriate for a prolific writer whose novels deal so comprehensively with the New York milieu in which she grew up.

Of course, Lee chose two subjects who not only wrote a great deal about themselves but whose lives have been extensively documented already. She gives a very full sense of these two women moving through their lives, and she has a novelist's eye for the telling anecdote, as well as sharp almost epigrammatic astuteness. For example, she questions Leonard Woolf's anxious management of his wife's health. 'There is a narrow line between this careful watchfulness and a desire for control,' observes Lee[10]. She includes a long, very interesting though finally inconclusive discussion about the possible causes of Woolf's bouts of 'madness'. However, she often lets such insights remain without further comment, perhaps because this might introduce the kind of speculation about motive and intention that she, as an historian, is unwilling to undertake. The result is that while the reader learns a great deal about Woolf and Wharton, the subject is sometimes overwhelmed by the lavishness of fact and detail provided.

It is of course possible to discuss the life of Hephzibah Menuhin by including an enormous amount of information about her background: the role of the piano, musicianship in the 1920s and 1930s, her choice of repertoire, the effects on American society of the Russian Jewish diaspora in the early years of the twentieth century. There are elements of all these things in the finished biography. However, I kept coming back to the fact that Hephzibah's life story is not well known, and telling it as clearly as possible, I felt, was a priority. More importantly, Hephzibah's life had at least two startling changes of direction, and I wanted to understand, and to write, more about them: this involved more emphasis on psychological factors than social ones. In doing this, speculation about motive must play a significant role.

One biographer who finds this approach comfortable and appropriate is Miranda Seymour, especially in *Ottoline: Life on a Grand Scale* [11], her biography of patron of the arts and society hostess Lady Ottoline Morrell. Unlike Woolf or Wharton, Morrell, friend or lover of many writers including D.H. Lawrence, Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley, is

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[10] Hermione Lee, *Virginia Woolf*, page 337
[11] Miranda Seymour, *Ottoline: Life on a Grand Scale*, Farrar Straus Giroux, New York, 1993

difficult to find through her own work, as she was not a writer. Consequently there are places in her story where her motives can only be guessed at – and Seymour makes a virtue of doing exactly that. She peppers her biography with variations on, 'What could Ottoline have been thinking of?' It is an effective technique, not attempting to disguise lack of knowledge and at the same time inviting speculation, drawing the reader into a kind of intimacy or complicity.

Like the other biographies discussed, *Ottoline* follows the traditional chronological form. This approach can be nothing short of dangerous if one does not even know enough about the subject or her milieu to speculate about motive. The dangers are well summarised in this review by Daniel Johnson of *The Lost Life of Eva Braun* by Angela Lambert[12]

> Angela Lambert's lively and readable biography tries hard to make Eva's 'lost life' more than a footnote in history. But her relationship with Hitler was kept too private even for family, friends and servants to do more than guess what made them tick. As she admits, we know more about her days in the Berlin bunker than all the rest of her life, and that last phase is all too familiar.
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> To make Eva more three-dimensional, Lambert has resorted to various questionable devices. First, she writes a parallel narrative about her own German relations, especially her mother, whose background bore some resemblance to Braun's. This is harmless but distracting. Then she speculates about what X might have said to Y – what Hitler and Eva might have said as they committed suicide. This is positively irritating. Finally, she tries to place Eva's life in the context of the historical drama around her. This is fine but she is out of her depth. She admits that until she embarked on her research she knew little about the period, and I am afraid that it occasionally shows …
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> Lambert identifies so far with her subject that she tries to show that Eva was not an anti-semite and knew nothing about what was happening to the Jews. It is impossible to prove a negative, but no reputable historian is likely to be persuaded … The fact that Eva was a nice Catholic girl who had never joined the Nazi party does not exonerate her. The only thing that gave her life meaning was Hitler, and she knew better than most what gave his life its meaning.

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[12] London *Sunday Times*, 26 March 2006

(Clare Tomalin's biography of Jane Austen[13] has a not dissimilar problem: the facts of Austen's life are meagre and have been well covered in previous biographies, so, saying she is giving a fuller picture of Regency social history Tomalin describes the lives of Austen's brothers. In the terms of the extract above, this is sometimes harmless, but often positively irritating.)

Of course there is no reason why a biography or autobiography should follow chronological order. Arthur Miller's *Timebends*[14] is an autobiography in which he tells his story by, in effect, mimicking the way the mind works, by association. One thought suggests another, which brings him to a third, and he tells his story without strict regard for chronology, or even many dates. In the hands of a lesser writer this could be absolutely maddening but Miller is a good enough craftsman, and his material sufficiently interesting, for the reader to be left feeling that he or she has not only read the account of a fascinating life, but been privy to the workings of a remarkable mind.

This apparently meandering approach is very effectively extended by Richard Holmes, who uses it most particularly in *Footsteps* and *Sidetracks*[15]. Holmes, who had written well received traditional biographies of Coleridge and Shelley, turned his attention to the nature of biography itself. 'For me biography has always been a personal adventure of exploration and pursuit, a tracking', he writes in the prologue to *Sidetracks*. 'It is tantalising in its final destination, when a completed biography invariably leaves so much else to be discovered ... It is often surprising in retrospect, where previously hidden perspectives and retrospectives emerge. I conclude that no biography is ever definitive, because that is not the nature of such journeys, nor of the human heart which is their territory.'[16]

Holmes made his own investigations the subject of the essays in these books, which are therefore part travelogues, part descriptions of research, part personal memoir. Involving the reader in the process of forming biography, with all its uncertainties, chances and missed opportunities, gives a new flexibility to the form. The voice he uses is of the intelligent wanderer, picking up what information he can, sifting it, perhaps discarding it or fitting it into a larger picture, even drawing emotional landscapes for his subjects (e.g. William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft). The whole enterprise depends very much on

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[13] Claire Tomalin, *Jane Austen: A Life*, Penguin Books, London, 1998
[14] Arthur Miller, *Timebends*, Jonathan Cape, London, 1987
[15] Richard Holmes, *Footsteps*, Vintage, New York, 1996; *Sidetracks*, HarperCollins, London, 2000
[16] Holmes, *Sidetracks*, page ix.

his control of tone: in lesser hands this kind of writing could be twee or banal. And Holmes is very clever. Not only does he draw the reader into the enterprise, but he needs to describe only those aspects of lives or careers that interest him.

Relating the life of a subject directly to one's own experience and thereby illuminating both is also what Janet Malcolm does. Her method, which involves critical evaluation of sources, investigative journalism, biography, travel writing and memoir is effectively shown in *Reading Chekhov: A Critical Journey*[17]. Malcolm describes her travels through Russia, visiting places of significance to Chekhov: hers is a journey, literally and figuratively, through the landscape that forged Chekhov's life and work. This way of telling Chekhov's story gives Malcolm great scope for flexibility. Like Miller, she often works by analogy and association: a meal in an inn leads her to recall a meal served in Chekhov's story 'The Wife' which in turn brings her to assess the part that religion and redemption play in Chekhov's work, to speculate on the personal influences that might have been involved, to present some academic critique about redemption in literature. In the words of the reviewer of the *San Francisco Chronicle*: 'The discourçe effortlessly ascends from chatter to contemplation to genuinely brilliant critique'[18]

Malcolm, like Hermione Lee, is up against the fact that there are already several well known biographies of Chekhov. But she sees no need to reiterate the details of Chekhov's life in greater detail: her approach is entirely different. She uses his life story in several ways, deftly melding different threads of her story together without losing focus on the aspects of Chekhov's life she has chosen to highlight. She casts a critical eye on biography generally, especially in her analysis of no fewer than nine different accounts of Chekhov's death. (This technique I borrowed to some extent in discussing the vexed episode of the Menuhin children's forced haircuts in 1933.) The reader is left none the wiser about when, and in what order, Chekhov had a glass of water, coughed and died quickly of a pulmonary haemorrhage, and what his last words actually were. However, this is not the object of Malcolm's investigation. The point she is most effectively making is about the unreliable nature of biographical narration and the role of accepted wisdom: in short, how impossible it is for any biographer to record and to know 'the facts', however authoritatively they may write.

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[17] Janet Malcolm, *Reading Chekhov: A Critical Journey*, Random House, New York, 2001
[18] *San Francisco Chronicle*, 16 December 2001

Reading Chekhov is more about Malcolm's reactions to Russia and to the life of Chekhov than it is about Chekhov himself, and the reader learns more about her than about him. In the review already quoted the *San Francisco Chronicle* commented equivocally that 'Malcolm emerges clarified from Chekhov's presence'. *Reading Chekhov* is not really a biography, but an enquiry into some of the features of the genre and its wit, erudition and expansive learning make it a fascinating addition to the literature.

The recent tendency to focus on biographical investigation can mean that the subject of the biography yields first place to the biographer. And while the work of Richard Holmes and Janet Malcolm yields new insights into the practice of life writing, I believe the purpose of biography is to illuminate the life of one individual and – insofar as this is possible – to portray that person's mental, physical and spiritual world. This, of course, is also what fiction does; besides, the creation of character often gives greater scope for examining the different 'selves'. The template for the 'crossover' between fiction and non fiction, or biography, is *In Cold Blood* by Truman Capote[19]. Capote always asserted that his account of a Kansas mass murder and its aftermath was the first 'non-fiction novel', combining elements of both in the interest of telling a real story.

His comment about it is as accurate for biography as for any other kind of non-fiction. 'Journalism,' he said, 'always moves along on a horizontal plane, telling a story, while fiction – good fiction – moves vertically, taking you deeper and deeper into characters and events. By treating a real event with fictional techniques … it's possible to make this kind of synthesis.' [20]

It seems to me quite legitimate to use some of the techniques of fiction in biography; employing whatever means are available to illuminate character and the world one's subject lived in. But the dividing line between fiction and non-fiction is blurring further all the time. For example, to be effective and interesting to the reader, both depend upon compression of material, felicity of language, control of tone and sometimes even a sense of drama. Capote's summary of the difference is insightful, and useful to some extent, but as a reminder of an approach to take rather than a method.

Because I intended to write about a woman whose life had not been documented as a biography, I felt I needed to tell the story of that life as clearly as possible. And the

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[19] Truman Capote, *In Cold Blood*, Vintage, New York, 1965

[20] Quoted in George Plimpton, 'The Story Behind a Non-Fiction Novel', *New York Times Book Review*, 16 January 1966

clearest way to do this was to write her story in sequence; in other words, to use the traditional biographical form. There were enough threads, themes and rich personalities in that story, I believed, enough questions to tackle as it progressed, to make a chronological account not only legitimate but the best approach to take.

At first I toyed with the idea of making some of the story's themes – a fuller history of the Jewish flight from Russian pogroms in the early twentieth century, a discussion of famous pianists in the 1930s – as separate 'breakouts', sections of the text presented separately from the main story. Norman Davies does this in *Europe: A History*[21] as a way of adding extra detail to his main narrative. I decided against this on the grounds that it would be much too distracting for the reader. Hephzibah herself needed to remain the focus of the story and there would be enough scope, I thought, within that story to give further information about themes as they arose, relating them directly to her. That is why *An Exacting Heart* (my final title for the biography, embodying the ideas of both discipline and retribution) is very traditional in outline, a chronological progression from Hephzibah's birth to her death.

The shadow of Yehudi loomed over the first chapters, of course: his story is still well known to many people, almost invariably those aged over forty; to younger readers, unless they are musicians, the name of Yehudi Menuhin is hardly known. So my problem was to write a biography whose early chapters would not be overfamiliar to some readers and utterly unfamiliar to others. I opted to tell the Menuhin story as if it were new, and to make a point of stating the impact of Yehudi Menuhin's name and fame on twentieth century classical music performance and on the life and development of his sister.

Within that traditional framework, I have taken advantage of approaches of other biographers to suit my project. Hephzibah was – as we all are – an unreliable narrator; at several important points in her story she dissembled, gave a view of her actions that did not take into account the interests of other people, or simply got things wrong. Throughout the biography I have pointed out where these episodes occurred, and where necessary I have speculated, admitted freely when I did not know something, given as much detail as possible without compromising the story or shifting focus from it. There remains the question of 'novelistic' elements: when one spends several years thinking about one person, her actions and their consequences, a mental picture of that person develops, not unlike the way in which a novelist engages with a character. There is, however, one enormous

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[21] Norman Davies, *Europe: A History*, Oxford University Press, London, 2003

difference between novelist and biographer: the biographer, though free to speculate, does not have the freedom to invent.

Chapter 3
Writing about a musical celebrity

Hephzibah the musician

In writing about any musician, a biographer has to confront the fact that writing about music is intrinsically illogical, like dancing to architecture or painting a novel. How does one describe one art form in terms of another? And especially when the art form is classical music, in which abstract language must necessarily be used to describe something that may evoke powerful emotional responses in the listener? (Equally problematic is music's status as an ephemeral art: a performer may play the same piece utterly differently on two occasions for a wide variety of reasons.)

However, as Hephzibah was not a composer but a performer and interpreter, it was not necessary in her biography to address abstract questions concerned with primary creativity. At the same time, the reader had to be aware of the qualities that made Hephzibah the outstanding musician that critics and colleagues asserted her to be, and and the reasons for making those assertions.

Hephzibah's story has a specific trajectory: it is not the usual musician's account of fairly humble beginnings, discovery of talent, struggle, success, fame, glory, decline. Her particular problems, as well as her time and place, had to be considered. On that subject, the historian Inga Clendinnen has written: 'What we can do is become increasingly knowledgeable about the contexts in which particular actions … took place. We do this … by reconstructing as delicately, as comprehensively and subtly as we are able, not only the material but also the cultural settings in which other people, once living, now dead, lived out their lives.' [1]

In Hephzibah's case, this can be modified to ask the question: were there any other women musical prodigies who had to face the same conflicts and pressures, and what can be learned from them?

There are two intriguing nineteenth-century parallels to Hephzibah Menuhin's career. Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847) was the elder sister of Felix (1809-1847). Like the Menuhins, the Mendelssohns were well off and Jewish. Fanny enjoyed a privileged childhood and a broad education with private tutors in Berlin. Her own musical gifts – she

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[1] Inga Clendinnen, *The History Question: Who Owns the Past?* Black Books Quarterly Essay QE 23, Melbourne, 2006

was a composer and pianist – were as great as her brother's, and until Fanny and Felix were adolescents they studied piano and composition together. But, as in the Menuhin family, a career in music was planned for the son while the daughter was always conditioned to expect marriage and children. Indeed, the words Fanny's father wrote to her when she was fifteen could almost have been said by Moshe or Marutha Menuhin: 'Music will perhaps become [your brother's] profession, whilst for you it can and must be an ornament, never the root of your being and doing.'[2] Felix Mendelssohn comprehensively overshadowed his sister, as Yehudi did Hephzibah, but at least Hephzibah did not have to endure having her musical compositions published under her brother's name, as Fanny Mendelssohn did.

When Fanny Mendelssohn married the painter William Hensel she lived her musical life at one remove, devoting her life to music at home, organising Sunday musicales at the Mendelssohn family estate outside Berlin. She continued to play the piano and conducted a choral group, as well as writing music. She wrote rather sadly to a friend in 1836: 'My own delight in music and Hensel's sympathy keep me awake still, and I cannot help considering it a sign of talent that I do not give it up, though I can get nobody to take an interest in my efforts. But enough of this uninteresting topic.'[3]

The stories of Hephzibah Menuhin and Fanny Mendelssohn diverge here, of course: there was never any suggestion that Hephzibah was thwarted musically, as she continued to give concerts to the highest professional standards. As an adult she decided not to devote her life to music, but to humanitarian work. However, like Fanny Mendelssohn, she was given conflicting messages about her musical talent from a very early age. Hephzibah's parents encouraged her to excel, they gave her musical tuition equal to her brother's, while telling her firmly that she was not to have a career as a concert performer. I have puzzled over this – why spend money on a girl's education if she is not intended to capitalise on it? – and think that the Menuhins (and probably the Mendelssohns) wanted to make a statement about the brilliance of their children. Both families were Jewish and, as outsiders in the society by which they wished to be accepted, they wanted to show that society that they, through their children, were capable of achievement at the highest possible level.

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[2] Carol Neuls-Gates (ed) *Women in Music: An Anthology of Source Readings from the Middle Ages to the Present,* Harper & Row, New York, 1982, page 143

[3] ibid, page 148

The case of Clara Weick, later Clara Schumann (1809-1896) is somewhat different. Taught by her father from an early age, she was considered the foremost woman pianist of her time, a peer of Anton Rubinstein and Franz Liszt, and her career lasted for fifty years. She introduced much new music by her husband Robert Schumann, as well as by Chopin and Brahms, and played some of Beethoven's sonatas for the first time. But Clara Schumann had to earn a living: her husband Robert was institutionalised for long periods, and she had children to support.

There is a parallel with Hephzibah Menuhin here: for years during her marriage to Richard Hauser she played concerts because her fees helped maintain the household and enabled her and her husband to carry out their joint work. However, it was by no means their only source of income: their work was sometimes supported by philanthropical organisations and contributions from Yehudi. And unlike Clara Schumann, Hephzibah was never really faced with the knowledge that if she did not perform concerts, her family would suffer.[4]

For Fanny Mendelssohn, the practice of her art became an optional extra: for Clara Schumann it was an economic necessity. Hephzibah Menuhin, though she was undoubtedly influenced by the pressures that so greatly affected her predecessors, was luckier: able to regard musicmaking as a skill, a craft, she enjoyed practising, without considering it the centre of her creative life or absolutely central to her family's well being.

In that sense, she was more fortunate in her time than her predecessors. Yet when she began her performing career – before World War II – the classical music scene was still as vibrant as it had been in the days of Fanny Mendelssohn and Clara Schumann. Playing and listening to classical music was still part of everyday life; every town of any size in Britain, the US and Europe had its choirs, bands, sometimes orchestras, as well as music teachers.

Classical musicians in Hephzibah's time – and Yehudi's – had several great advantages. The invention and popularity of gramophone records and radio made classical music ubiquitous, as composer and broadcaster Andrew Ford has pointed out: 'In the heyday of radio … broadcast concerts of classical music were as common as comedy shows and sports reports. Before television, the whole family tended to listen to the radio as a group. Most homes had just the one radio set and very often the only alternative to

[4] For a full account of Clara Schumann's life told in novel form see Janice Galloway, *Clara*, Vintage, London, 2003

listening to it would have been to leave the house. Exposure to classical music, then, was nearly unavoidable. ... In the next room to the radio there was probably a piano, and the chances were there would be someone in the family who could play it reasonably well.' [5]

Ford also points out that in the 1930s Donald Tovey was writing highly analytical essays about classical music for the general public, and that his books remained in print for forty years. Such books would be published only by a specialist academic publisher today, illustrating the fact that classical music literacy is no longer considered part of the core curriculum.

So in Hephzibah's time the general musical public had a higher awareness of musical benchmarks, greater opportunity to hear the repertoire and therefore almost certainly wider and more discriminating knowledge of the classical repertoire than they did in the nineteenth century. Music schools had not yet begun to turn out large numbers of highly skilled and talented musicians, so the pool of talent was undoubtedly smaller as well. (It is ironic and rather sad that now, with so many excellent musicians being trained, opportunities for classical performance are shrinking to such an extent.)

So modern technology has enabled Hephzibah's talent and the quality of her performances to be more readily evaluated than in the nineteenth century: we are no longer dependent on the observations of a relatively small number of people who constituted nineteenth-century European audiences.

But technology was not perfect in Hepzhibah's time either. She died in 1981, just before the CD came into popular use; her recordings were made first on 78 rpm discs – four minutes a side – and then on long-playing vinyl. Inevitably these lack the precision and clarity associated with the equipment now used for digital recording. Especially during her early career, one or two of her recordings with Yehudi are a little thin; perhaps only one central microphone was used, with the result that the violin's high notes rather shrilly override the darker, heavier sound of the piano.

However, the expressiveness and bravura technique that Hephzibah could call upon are obvious in their recording of Enesco's violin and piano sonata No 3[6]. It is tumultuous and passionate music, and both players need to listen to each other very closely and to respond: Hephzibah and Yehudi almost sound as if they are egging each other on. And Hephzibah's monaural recording of Schubert's 'Trout' Quintet with the Amadeus

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[5] Andrew Ford, *In Defence of Classical Music*, ABC Books, Sydney, 2005, pages 14, 16

[6] Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, George Enesco Sonata No 3 on Menuhin and Shankar, *West Meets East*, CD, 1999 (remastered)

Quartet (1958), though it lacks the rather cool incisiveness of digital technology, is both warm-toned and responsive to the other members of the group and the demands of the music. These qualities exist in most of Hephzibah's recordings that survive, and they are independent of technology.

Another great difference that separated Hephzibah's career and Clara Schumann's (and other classical music virtuosi of the nineteenth century), and directly related to the spread of classical music knowledge, was the rise of the professional music critic.. There are several histories of music criticism, and its growth and dissemination need not detain us here, except to say that it has always been an extraordinarily varied discipline. Hephzibah herself took very little notice of reviews: her own assessment of the way she played was always more prominent in her (fairly rare) discussions of performance with her brother or father. This was a habit from her earliest years, encouraged by her parents, who did not show early reviews to her (or to Yehudi).

The qualities that critics in the USA, Australia, England and Europe singled out in her work are remarkably consistent. When she was judged to have played well, reviewers emphasised her control of tone, as well as thoughtful attention to stylistic detail and dynamics. When she played with other musicians, including of course her brother, she was usually praised for sensitivity to the demands of other instruments and rapport with other musicians. Bad reviews for Hephzibah included descriptions of her playing as 'matter-of-fact' or 'mechanical' or 'accurate but without feeling'.

In evaluating a performing musician, quality of teaching, playing style and choice of repertoire need to be considered.

Hephzibah's principal teacher Marcel Ciampi was, according to his biography [7]a strict and solid technician: Jeremy Menuhin, who had lessons from him, considered him rather dry[8]. Bracey's biography gives very few clues about Ciampi's teaching methods, which would probably be of greater interest to a specialist than to the general reader. The book is more concerned with Ciampi's illustrious friends and his place in French pianism during the first half of the twentieth century, and Hephzibah is mentioned only as one of his many students.

But Professor Gerard Willems, Head of the Department of Keyboard Studies at the Conservatorium of Music, Sydney, points out that teaching can only bring out in a student

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[7] John Paul Bracey, *Music to Last a Lifetime: A Biography of Marcel Ciampi*, Edward Mellen Press, New York, 1996

[8] Conversation Jeremy Menuhin with author, 24 October 2003

what is already there. A very distinguished pianist himself, both as a soloist and in chamber music, he believes that a musical personality begins to be formed very early. 'Teachers obviously have particular aspects of technique they pass on,' he said, 'and the good ones are very attentive to weaknesses in the student's playing. But if you get someone exceptional like Hephzibah, who evidently had a strong and flexible technique from a very early age – and real pianist's hands, strong-fingered, large and supple – your job as teacher is a bit like a doctor's, first do no harm. Let the student's musicality and instinct develop, don't be prescriptive.' [9] A mature musician must develop his or her own individual voice, and a teacher should guide, not prescribe.

Professor Willems considers Hephzibah to have been an exceptional pianist, and not simply as a technician. 'It was her approach,' he said. 'Very difficult to pin down in words, but one would have to say that she was an intuitive musician. Quite instinctive. More so than Yehudi.'

Hephzibah's reviews often emphasise her brilliant technique, something not usually associated with musical intuition. But musical instinct, or intuition, is a quality that, in the popular mind, is often confused with something that can be its opposite: physical expressiveness. An enduring perception of 'great' classical musicians, especially pianists, stemming from the Romantic period and given wider currency by Liszt and Chopin in the 1840s, is the artist as highly expressive solo performer. It has become a lasting trope, and one not applied only to players: one need only consider photographs showing Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Hephzibah Menuhin was not a physically expressive pianist. In every film and photograph of her at the keyboard she is still and calm, straight-backed, expressionless, very concentrated. She could almost be sewing or knitting. Her playing is also devoid of histrionics, rejecting exaggerated rubati, pianissimi followed by fortissimi for the sake of contrast regardless of musical architecture, artificially fast or slow tempi, long and florid cadenzas. (Consequently her playing does not sound old-fashioned today, in contrast to, say, the ardent romanticism of Artur Rubinstein.)

Yehudi's performing style, on the other hand, followed the Romantic tradition, which was most often the purlieu of male performers. He moved a great deal as he played, and sometimes his facial expressions mirrored the 'intensity' of the music. Audiences love this sort of thing, and are apt to label this kind of expressiveness as soulful or indeed

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[9] Conversation Professor Gerard Willems with author, 30 June 2007

intuitive. Over Yehudi's career, however, the quality of his performances varied considerably, his sound sometimes lyrical, sometimes downright harsh, and his vibrati alarmingly wide.

Musicians who played with both Menuhins have a different perception of their playing, implicit in the distinction between watching and listening. Professor Willems commented: 'Yehudi was an audience's musician. He pleased the crowds. But once you took away all the physical stuff, and listened to what he was actually doing, the result could be uneven. He could be wonderful, of course, but there were times when his playing was a little mechanical, and he, you know, charged ahead regardless.

'Hephzibah was a musician's musician. That is what I mean by intuitive. She always thought of the music and what it needed, and played it with the expressiveness the composer demanded. And she was mindful of the piano's role in other musical textures, and judged her playing according to that.' [10]

Violinist Harry Curby, an original member of the Sydney String Quartet, said something very similar: 'Hephzibah played as though she were really a violinist who was accompanying herself on the piano,'[11] a comment about a musician who thoroughly understood her role within an ensemble. All the musicians I met who had played with Hephzibah made similar observations: she was thoroughly professional, she was a joy to work with, she understood instinctively what was required of her, and used her formidable technique to express it.

Hephzibah did not specialise in playing the works of particular composers (cf Rosalyn Tureck playing Bach, Mitsuko Uchida playing Mozart); she was familiar with many different styles of music. According to program notes, newspaper interviews and concert critiques, she played comparatively little twentieth-century music. She and Yehudi played Bloch, Enesco and Vaughan Williams and she also introduced some Bartok to Melbourne. However, she tended to stick to the classics of the piano repertoire: Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, some Mozart.

During her second marriage she was a part-time concert artist, and she did not devote a great deal of time to learning new repertoire. Several interviewees have testified to her speed and accuracy of recall for pieces she had learned a long time before. In the last

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[10] Ibid.

[11] Conversation Harry Curby with author, 23 February 2003

decade of her life, when she was extraordinarily busy and then very ill, her concert reviews became increasingly negative, sometimes describing her playing as 'mechanical'.

Professor Willems believes that Hephzibah's lack of singlemindedness as a concert performer has robbed her of the right to be numbered among the greatest pianists. 'She was distracted by other things, and I'm not saying she shouldn't have followed what was most important to her,' he says. 'But she had the qualities of the greatest. I have heard her play Mozart concerti that moved me to tears.'[12]

The role and importance of celebrity in Hephzibah's story

Writing about celebrated people presents problems of its own, well summarised by Ian Jack: 'Celebrities are often seen as fictions, the argument being that they are media inventions, with various amplified, distorted or invented parts of their lives assembled for our benefit and made familiar to us through the media ... their particular humanity is ... elusive' [13] This certainly applies to Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin: indeed, celebrity is almost a character within their story.

Yehudi Menuhin, whose career drove the fortunes of the entire family and had such a great influence upon his sister's life, was the classical music world's first multimedia celebrity. The discovery of his outstanding talent as a violinist coincided with the growth and development of twentieth-century mass media: radio, newsreels, newspapers, magazines, television and film. Because he was a *wunderkind*, and attractive, as were his parents and his two young sisters ('adorable' was a word far too often used to describe Hephzibah and Yaltah Menuhin as children), the media were avid for stories about the Menuhins. Moshe Menuhin, who was in charge of the family's public relations, quickly and smoothly developed a 'line' for journalists, capitalising on the popular idea that such precocious and dazzling talent was not only freakish but mysterious.

Hephzibah's marriage and flight to Australia in 1938 could well have been a wish to escape from the burden of being a 'celebrity' and a Menuhin (as well as an escape from her mother's dominating influence). By doing so, she was of course escaping the glare of publicity consequent upon her debut at Carnegie Hall, planned for the following year. Her ability was not in question, but she appears always to have been happiest when working

[12] Conversation Professor Gerard Willems with author, 30 June 2007
[13] Ian Jack, *Celebrity*, Granta 79, Granta, London, Autumn 2002, page 6

with other people, not in being required to seek the limelight. Many stories and anecdotes testify to her modesty and self-effacement. At a time when women musicians were encouraged to be elegant divas -- when, for example, the pianist Eileen Joyce was famous for wearing at least two eye-catching and elegant gowns per concert -- Hephzibah would come to the concert hall in trousers and a sweater, with her music and gown bundled together in a plastic bag.

Of course Hephzibah's studious avoidance of this kind of glamour is itself an evaluation of it. She was effectively making the statement that she was an artist in her own right, with no need for the trappings of fame. However, there is some evidence – admittedly anecdotal -- that as a performer she insisted on due recognition of her worth. Her son Kron has commented: 'She got very frosty if people didn't realise who she was.'[14]

But the real effects of early and continuing celebrity on Hephzibah Menuhin were, I believe, more subtle, and they may go some way towards explaining some of the more difficult parts of her story.

Having been photographed and interviewed since she was a small child, Hephzibah had learned how to present herself before a generally admiring public. She seems to have taken for granted that whatever she did would find favour in the eyes of the world. Her upbringing, isolated from many of the normal childhood influences, had given her comparatively little understanding of the needs of people outside the family or musical circles. She therefore had little chance to develop empathy with other people if their lives and views differed from her own. She was always respected as a musician. The Nicholas money also cushioned her against many features of 'ordinary' life. She realised this, and to her credit she did what she could to become involved with society as widely as possible. But the barriers were always there.

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[14] Conversation Kron Nicholas with author, 22 March 2003

Chapter 4
Writing Hephzibah 1: The role of personal judgments

Preparing and writing a biography involves evaluating the subject's life as well as delineating its events. Like every other writer, a biographer invariably brings his or her attitudes, prejudices and beliefs to the task; how they are woven into the finished book – or not – is one of the more fascinating aspects of biographical study. Granted there can be no such thing as 'objectivity' and that 'facts' are subject to myriad interpretation, it is possible to write many different life stories of the same person. Also to be considered here are the implications of Virginia Woolf's comment, quoted in an earlier chapter, that we are all complex creatures, with various selves piled up like plates upon a waiter's hand. It is not possible for the biographer to present all these contradictions or 'selves' to the reader; not only is it impossible for these to be known, but the biography itself would be difficult of access.

In my previous biography, that of the Sydney book editor Beatrice Davis[1], complexity of character was less important than other issues. The book was basically a portrait of a woman's working life and, as I had worked in the same profession for a number of years, it was relatively easy to explain to the reader the parameters of the job, to draw a portrait of an industry and the people who worked within it. This is not to deny that Beatrice Davis was a complex character: she certainly was, but her complexities were not the primary focus of the biography.

To show some of the complexities in the story of Hephzibah Menuhin, one need only compare her working life with that of Davis. Beatrice Davis's avowed aim was to help a writer produce the best book of which he or she was capable; Hephzibah Menuhin's was to tackle the ills of society on as many fronts as possible, using tools that she and Richard Hauser had fashioned themselves. Beatrice Davis had developed working methods that proceeded in a logical fashion towards a final measurable result – publication of a book: Hephzibah Menuhin and Richard Hauser followed no then-recognised models in doing their work. Because their work involved the exploration of psycho-social issues, evaluating its success is difficult, if not impossible.

However, one of the most complex aspects of writing about Hephzibah Menuhin was deciding how to deal with episodes in her life about which it was impossible not to feel

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[1] Jacqueline Kent, *A Certain Style: Beatrice Davis, A Literary Life*, Viking, Melbourne, 2001

strongly. This raised the question of my own personal judgments and attitudes and how they would, or would not, affect the biography.

The first of these concerns Hephzibah's actions during 1954, the year she walked out on her husband and children to marry Richard Hauser.

Clearly the marriage was not working well for either party, though it is not difficult to believe that, had Hephzibah been able to dissemble and hide her unhappiness, Lindsay would not have moved to change the situation. Both did what they could to keep the marriage alive, but it was obviously a doomed effort. Little more than adolescents when they met and married, they were two different people with different views of life, who could not, finally, talk to or understand each other very well. Though the divorce caused a local scandal – Australians in the 1950s did not expect celebrity musicians to behave with the same alleged 'moral looseness' as Hollywood film stars – nobody who knew Hephzibah or Lindsay well was especially surprised that the marriage did not last.

It is not difficult to understand why Hephzibah fell in love with Richard Hauser, as I hope the biography makes clear. Hauser, too, came from a European Jewish background, he was passionately committed to his humanitarian work, he was highly intelligent and Hephzibah found him sexually attractive. He also provided a focus and rationale for her community work, something she had wanted for a long time. Hephzibah's decision to leave her two sons Kron and Marston has blackened her posthumous reputation, but it was a decision she did not make lightly, she wanted to be with Hauser and there was no possibility that she could take her boys with her when she left their father. (Unsaid, but probably relevant in this context, is that Richard would probably have opposed her attempts to take the boys in any case.)

But I found that, with the best will in the world, it was impossible to avoid being judgmental about Hephzibah's actions. One photograph that will appear in the biography haunts me. It is a posed 'society' picture, taken in London in 1951, and it shows the family together while Hephzibah reads to the boys. Lindsay, in an obviously expensive suit, lounges benignly against a mantelpiece while Hephzibah sits on the sofa with an open book on her knee; Kron, aged about eleven and in his best school clothes, is looking over her right shoulder, and seven-year-old Marston is seated on her left. It is clear from the general staginess of the photograph that three out of the four in it are aware that this is a photo opportunity. The exception is Marston. He is avidly listening to every word his mother is saying, and his expression says: Yes? And then what happened? It is impossible to look at

this picture of a guileless, excited little boy without recalling what his mother would do to him three years later.

It is easy enough to sympathise with and understand Hephzibah's reasons for leaving her marriage, for falling in love with Hauser, even for leaving the boys. Yet that photograph makes it impossible not to think: *How could she?*

The real problem for me in writing about the events of 1954 was understanding Hephzibah's way of rationalising her actions. From Sydney, where she was living with Richard Hauser, she tried to explain to her parents and friends what she had done and why. She knew she was the 'guilty' party, and was naturally on the defensive. However, I felt that this did not quite explain the language she used, or her reaction to her friends' views on the matter.

Hephzibah wrote that she had at last found her soulmate, and had finally achieved a loving relationship with a beloved man. She evidently expected her family and friends to rejoice with her – even those who, like her parents, had thought her happily married to Lindsay Nicholas for many years. When they not surprisingly protested and asked why she had been less than truthful about her marriage (as her father did, for example) she became affronted, accusing them of failing to offer her the support she had expected from them.

Even more problematically, she seemed truly to believe that she had left Kron and Marston for their own good and that her departure, and her relationship with Richard, would give them an example not only of a loving partnership but of what two determined people could do to save the world. 'Who's to say that by helping people one isn't thereby helping to make the world safer for one's children when they grow up?' she wrote to Kron some years later[2], adding that the Jewish women who went to the gas chambers with their children would have been better off fighting Nazism than caring for their sons and daughters. I found the rhetoric difficult to accommodate, defensive or not.

If one can judge by her letters, at no stage did Hephzibah admit responsibility, let alone culpability, for the emotional effect of her departure upon her children, nor did she express regret. This is not of course to say that she felt nothing: rarely, as I have said, did she express her deepest feelings in letters to her friends. It is quite possible that she shed many tears in private and that she confided her feelings to Richard Hauser alone. Letters she wrote to him during the breakdown of her marriage to Lindsay Nicholas – now in the possession of her daughter Clara Menuhin Hauser who did not show them to me – might

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[2] Hephzibah Menuhin to Kron Nicholas, 25 May 1962

well have expressed her anguish in leaving Kron and Marston and her worries about them. All the same, it is hard entirely to disagree with a comment made by her nephew, Michael Nicholas, in an email: 'Hephzibah didn't really understand empathy with anyone else's point of view.'[3] (This is probably a view shared by other members of the Nicholas family and it must surely stem from the circumstances of her departure in 1954.)

Any writer who is willing to undertake biography must, I believe, find some rapport with the subject on some level. For some time I was reluctant to credit fairly compelling evidence that Hephzibah Menuhin lacked empathy, that she did not apparently feel any responsibility for the expectations she legitimately aroused in other people.However, the story of Dany Sachs had to be considered. She was the young French Jewish refugee girl whom Lindsay and Hephzibah quasi-adopted just after World War II. When Hephzibah left Australia to live with Richard Hauser in London Dany, who had left school and was working in a library, wrote to her. Hephzibah's reply was that Richard Hauser had seen Dany's letter, had analysed her handwriting and believed that Dany was not the sort of person they should continue to be in contact with. I have not seen this letter: Dany Sachs told me she had burned it as soon as she read it, but it seems unlikely that she would have invented this story.

Her own explanation for what seems an extraordinarily dismissive, even cruel, action on Hephzibah's part was that Hephzibah seemed really to be 'under Richard Hauser's thumb' [4] Kron Nicholas, who knew about the incident, agreed, and added that it was 'a good example of Mum's mean streak. It's a hell of a way to handle a kid and I bet Richard had a good deal of influence. For that he gets no brownie points from me. She as well is low on points in simply going along with it ... This was always my problem with Mum. ... She could turn on or off in the most basic or brutal way, depending on the bloke she was involved with. And yet she was such fun and so intelligent and stimulating and so different and so good to be with most of the time. Until she let those who really liked her, down.'[5]

It is not difficult to conjecture why Hephzibah's son might corroborate Dany's view that Hephzibah was being totally manipulated by Richard Hauser. But Hephzibah's motive is probably more complicated. Her reaction suggests that she wished at least partly to reject her Australian past now that she had a new life with a new husband. Perhaps she

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[3] Email Michael Nicholas to author, 22 April 2007
[4] Conversation Dany Gross nee Sachs with author, 22 September 2002
[5] Email Kron Nicholas to author, 17 May 2007

convinced herself that Dany, like her boys, needed to be emancipated from her. Most interesting, however, was that friends of Hephzibah to whom I told the story of Dany were not entirely surprised. Their reaction signalled that Hephzibah's 'mean streak' was not unfamiliar to them, though they chose not to elaborate. Their silence on the subject – stemming partly I believed from their generation's reluctance to 'speak ill of the dead' – was as telling as any anecdote.

As well as evidence suggesting that through most of Hephzibah's second marriage 'Richard says' was a driving emotional and intellectual force of her life, there is enough to support the conjecture that Richard was jealous of those aspects of Hepzhibah's life that did not directly concern him, or that took her away from him.

During research for this biography, several people commented on the apparent paradox that someone like Hephzibah, who worked so tirelessly for the peace movement and other progressive causes, seemed to have limited ability to enter into or understand the feelings of those close to her. However, it is not really paradoxical: many writers and others have found that it is demonstrably easier to care about large numbers of people in the abstract than to concern themselves with those closest to them. This appears to have been true of Yehudi Menuhin, at least in the perception of his wife and family.[6] It is irresistible to conjecture that this lack of personal empathy in Yehudi and his sister can be at least partly traced back to childhood experience.

Yehudi and Hephzibah (not Yaltah) were the centre of their parents' universe: they were brought up with the conviction that everything their parents did was for their benefit. The Menuhin family was a very close-knit unit controlled by Moshe and Marutha Menuhin; their children learned that only by excelling would they please their parents. In Hephzibah's case, this I believe had two main effects, which seem to be contradictory: she needed always to find a centre of authority for herself (and Richard Hauser had the kind of dominating personality to fill that role) and she lacked a wider sense of other people's perceptions and needs.

These issues of empathy and emotional responsibility have been difficult to deal with in the biography. In presenting as comprehensive a picture as possible they cannot be ignored, but any explanation can be only partial: surely we are more than the product of, for instance, our childhood and early experiences. It is easy to say that passing judgment on

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[6] Norman Lebrecht, 'Yehudi Menuhin: So much love for man, so little for us', *La Scena Musicale*, Vol 5 No 7, April 2000

the subject is hardly the biographer's job, but it is all but impossible to present evidence to the reader without it being influenced by the writer's views in some way. In the case of Hephzibah, and particularly concerning the episodes outlined above, I have attempted to be unsparing but not unkind; to place the evidence before the reader and to draw such conclusions as seem appropriate. However, I have not dealt with Hephzibah's complexities altogether to my satisfaction.

Chapter 5

Writing Hephzibah 2: The role of Menuhin family members

The relationship between Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin

It is impossible to research and write the life story of Hephzibah Menuhin without taking into account the important and at times overshadowing influence of her brother.

Hephzibah always gave Yehudi great credit for early lessons in performance. She said he taught her to show emotion in her playing, and that his criticisms about her approach to repertoire were very useful. Just how much of her style and approach are heavily influenced by Yehudi is difficult to quantify: he repeatedly said that he and Hephzibah were 'Siamese souls' which suggests they had exactly the same approach to the music. It may be that this was, in some sense, innate.

In their early recordings together, the violin dominates, but that may easily be the result of comparatively primitive recording techniques (as well as the choice of repertoire). As time passed, the qualities of their partnership – responsiveness to tempi, dynamic sensitiveness, smoothness, technical brilliance – became more obvious. By the 1950s and 1960s Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin played together without even making eye contact, so sure was their sense of the music and the understanding of what each was doing. At the end of their joint playing career, in the late 1970s, some critics complained that their work together was mechanical, possibly because their various other commitments prevented their learning new repertoire.

Hephzibah's emotional closeness to Yehudi can be seen in her intriguing decision to marry the brother of Yehudi's fiance. It is a complex decision and one that, by all evidence available, she did not confide to anyone. One view, influenced by Freudian psychology, is that she felt this was the only way she could stay close to her brother. In *Menuhin: A Family Story* Tony Palmer observes: 'While it would be an exaggeration to say that she had married Nola [Nicholas]'s brother on the rebound from being abandoned (as she came to think of it) by her real brother, it is a familiar enough pattern for siblings whose emotional relationship is strong to marry a relative of the partner of their brother/sister in order to preserve what they can of an earlier and more cherished love.'[1] (It is an interesting way of discussing this view: introducing it only to deny it.) Palmer also observes that 'it is strange that as soon as Yehudi's marriage with Nola broke down,

[1] Tony Palmer, *Menuhin: A Family Portrait*, Faber and Faber, London, 1991, pages 190-191

Hephzibah reappeared on the scene as a musical partner'.[2] It is hardly strange, in fact, and not even accurate. Yehudi came to Australia to play with Hephzibah, as arranged before their marriages, in 1940, with Nola expecting their first child. War prevented Yehudi and Hephzibah from playing together, but they resumed as soon as they could. True, the marriage to Nola Nicholas was over, but Yehudi had already found somebody else.

The broadly Freudian interpretation of their relationship could be supported by the fact that as teenagers they jokingly referred to themselves as 'the incestuous sonata players' and also, perhaps, by the fact that each thoroughly disliked the other's second choice of marriage partner. Yehudi's feeling was probably exacerbated by Hephzibah's increasing devotion to Hauser and their work as social planners; he always considered his sister's real work to be playing the piano, and preferably with him. He was apparently very possessive of his sister.

There is plenty of evidence that Yehudi and Hephzibah were often at odds with each other, especially on matters of behaviour. During the breakdown of Yehudi's marriage to Nola Nicholas, Hephzibah complained (in letters to Joan Levy) about his inability to be decisive about commiting himself to wife or mistress. During Hephzibah's affair with Paul Morawetz, Yehudi deeply offended her by pointing out that she was setting herself up as an object of self-congratulation. Each knew the other well enough to pinpoint weaknesses, and each was a practised enough writer to express their views with accuracy and force.

There are grounds for believing that Hephzibah's relationship with her brother heavily affected her dealings with other men. (More so than did her relationship with her father – the other dominant male figure in her early life.) She appears to have had a brotherly kind of relationship with Lindsay Nicholas: there is a great deal of warmth and affection in her letters about him, a kind of comradeship without much hint of sexual passion. (The marriage seems to have been sexually unsatisfactory almost from the beginning, probably because of both parties' inexperience.) Yehudi wrote in his memoir that his sister 'needed an object of veneration, preferably her brother'[3] and by all accounts she found such an object in Richard Hauser. He was a man of very strong convictions with enormous faith in his own ability to change the world: many people observed that she appeared to adore him and subordinated herself to him, even though she had a strong personality of her own.

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[2] Ibid page 191

[3] Yehudi Menuhin, *Unfinished Journey*, Pimlico, London, 2000, page 336

In earlier drafts of this biography, I was so conscious of Yehudi's influence in Hephzibah's life, so concerned not to have him take over her story, that I omitted mention of him almost completely. The publishers pointed out the impossibility of telling Hephzibah's story without major reference to her brother. Now, while Yehudi now has an important part in the book, and his influence may serve to explain certain aspects of Hephzibah's psychology, he does not overwhelm her story.

Moshe and Marutha Menuhin

The stronger parental influence on Hephzibah and her siblings was that of her mother Marutha Menuhin. The rules she made dominated the family. In Tony Palmer's television documentary 'Menuhin: A Family Portrait' (released in 1991 to coincide with his book of the same title published by Faber and Faber) Hephzibah says: 'From the first we were imbued with a sense of purpose in all things, a seriousness which precluded, for instance, the existence of toys.'

During research it became apparent that, while Hephzibah was often highly critical of her mother, Yaltah Menuhin was even tougher. In the documentary 'Menuhin: A Family Portrait' she says: 'My mother used to say to me, "I picked a very good father for you." I remember thinking, even at the time, that it took away the respect she had for his masculinity, for his part in our family life, for his responsibility.'

Yaltah's version of one event in the Menuhins' childhood has come to be generally accepted. This concerns events in the summer of 1933. Yaltah wrote that, when she cut her long golden hair at the age of eleven and made a botch of it, her mother, in a fit of temper, cut her hair very short. (Some accounts say she shaved Yaltah's head.) Hephzibah and Yehudi, in an act of solidarity and defiance against their mother, cut their own hair. It is probably not an entirely reliable account of this episode for at least two reasons: almost all the stories published anywhere about Marutha's cruelty to her children can be sourced to Yaltah, and her brother and sister considered her a rather tiresome child whom they would probably not have supported against their mother.

Menuhin biographers have variously interpreted this episode as a pleasant example of Marutha's joking with her children, or one more example of Marutha Menuhin's cruelty and need for control. The image of very short cropped hair is an equivocal one: it signifies the helplessness and humiliation of women being prepared for Nazi gas chambers, as well as an aggressive punk fashion statement. However in the 1930s very short hair held neither

of these connotations. However, one's interpretation of the episode greatly influences perception of Marutha Menuhin

The difference in the Menuhin parents' way of dealing with their children becomes obvious when considering Hephzibah's decision, at the age of thirty-three, to leave Lindsay Nicholas and her boys and to live with Richard Hauser. Moshe Menuhin sent her letter after letter in which he alternated between storming at her, asking why she had to change her life, accusing her of lying about her marriage and upbraiding Hauser. He also lectured Lindsay Nicholas for being weak. Moshe Menuhin was prepared to blame other factors for what his daughter had done: Marutha Menuhin, on the other hand, withdrew all direct contact from her daughter, refusing even to speak to her on the telephone for a long time. (Marutha evidently left the letter writing to her husband, communicating by telephone: I have never seen her handwriting.) This withdrawal of affection was a weapon she used repeatedly on her daughters when they were small (though never on Yehudi).

Hephzibah sought approval from her parents all her life. Once married to Richard Hauser and living in London, she constantly wrote to them, explaining how important her work was, describing her happiness. Both softened a little after a while, though neither wished to hear about Richard Hauser. Marutha described him as 'Clara's begetter' and Moshe declined to comment when Hephzibah mentioned her husband.

Hephzibah was often scathing about her parents during her adult life. Tony Palmer's book *Menuhin: A Family Portrait* quotes a letter from Hephzibah to Yaltah about their mother and, though Palmer gives no reference for it, it is not dissimilar to other comments she made over the years. 'You are right in saying that [Marutha] never knew happiness and that is why she lived through us. Proxy was as near as she came to romance, and because it was unattainable she longed for it all the more, through our letters, our love experiments. She hungers for it so much that, like starved humans, she would feed on it at the cost of destroying it. It is pathetic and bloodcurdling and [Moshe's] role in their matriarchal scheme is even more repulsive than anything else. He is a martyr and being a Jew he has a depth of capacity for enduring pain which wrings one's heart. He has been so repressed, so beaten, so thwarted, so humiliated that perhaps he has no one opinion of his own at all. [Marutha's] cruel handling of us all – and of you in particular, Yaltah, because

you had the most elusive spirit and are also the least well defended – is the spiritual counterpart of cannibalism.'[4]

Marutha Menuhin, unlike her husband Moshe, has been a difficult biographical problem. Evaluating the evidence about her dispassionately is almost impossible, simply because so much of it is negative. All her children alluded to her fierce identification with the Tartars, a warrior people from whom she claimed descent (though this is open to doubt) and her refusal to show great emotion or to allow it in her children. Other people – notably Daniel Fleg and Rosalie Leventritt – commented upon her controlling maternal behaviour. It would be easy to portray Marutha Menuhin as a dominating monster, a malign version of the archetypal Jewish mother who lives only for and through her children.

It must be remembered, however, how difficult Marutha Menuhin's early life was. Her father deserted the family home when she was small and, when aged about fifteen, she was forced to flee Russia. She was a highly intelligent and beautiful young woman schooled by circumstance to develop a fierce sense of independence. When she discovered that all her children were extraordinarily talented, her instinct was to control their upbringing. She determined that her children would be brought up as special people, artists, exposed above all to what was great in art and life. They would not be permitted to be hurt or contaminated by the world: all influences upon them, received through their parents, would be benign and educational. This hermetic inclination was reinforced by the willingness of several influential philanthropists to support Yehudi's musical education to the point of allowing the family to remain together. Marutha's experience had evidently taught her that parental love was not unconditional. Implicit in the upbringing she gave her own children was the expectation that they would repay their parents' total investment of time, and that there would be consequences if they did not.

Her upbringing prompted Hephzibah to observe: 'We are not at all extraordinary, not any of us, not even Yehudi, except in our queerness and maladjustments.'[5] She also stated that 'Our upbringing had made awful fools of us when we faced our first life situations.'[6]

These 'maladjustments' merit further explanation. Yehudi, who never sufferd the withdrawal of his mother's love, believed that his talent, while it gave him authority, also

[4] Tony Palmer, op cit, page 154
[5] Tony Palmer, op cit, page 13
[6] Ibid page 154

permitted licence to do as he wished without reference to the feelings of others. Many people, including his wife Diana and his chief of staff Philip Bailey[7] have borne witness to his capacity for assuming that, once he began a project, others would continue it, even picking up the pieces. When thwarted, his temper tantrums could last for days.[8] Yehudi's youngest son Jeremy, a concert pianist, has observed that his father's love was always conditional, that he himself felt Yehudi loved him only when he played well.[9]

Yaltah, always the chief target of her mother's wrath, evidently reacted to Marutha's parenting by adopting the role of victim. Of all three Menuhin children she was most diligent in blackening her mother's name and representing herself as a hapless and passive recipient of her mother's cruel domination. She told her son Lionel Rolfe that the American writer Willa Cather was 'the mother I never had'[10] and Tony Palmer that because of Marutha it was 'no wonder all of us have failed so often in our attempts to reach out and touch other people'[11]

Hephzibah's response to her mother was perhaps the most complex of all. She was apparently the most successful of the three in circumventing Marutha's influence; she escaped it by marrying Lindsay Nicholas and going to live in Australia. At the same time, she was fulfilling her mother's ambition for her by marrying, having children and giving up music as her career. She was determined that none of her three children should suffer from the same degree of control as she had done. She was an attentive and responsive mother to them when they were young, encouraging them to develop independence. Sometimes she allowed them to make decisions that parents normally make for their children (e.g. allowing Clara to interview different schools' teaching staff in deciding what school she would attend).

At the same time, Hephzibah was accustomed to being told what to do from an early age, first by her parents then by her teachers of music and her tutors. She did not rebel against this control, as did Yaltah: indeed, she maintained the mindset of a student that she had learned as a young girl. She never taught piano and continued to study languages in later life. Her affair with Paul Morawetz had definite pupil/teacher elements, though less than her marriage to Richard Hauser. Interviewees have observed the extent to

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[7] Diana Menuhin, *Fiddler's Moll: Life With Yehudi*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, 1984; conversation Philip Bailey with author, 12 September 2004

[8] Krov Menuhin in Palmer, op cit, page 153

[9] London *Daily Telegraph*, 21 December 2005

[10] Lionel Rolfe, *The Menuhin Odyssey*, Panjandrum Press, San Francisco, 1978, page 63

[11] Palmer, op cit, page 154

which she adopted his ideas, agreed with what he said, and often cast herself as his secretary and research assistant. Her submissiveness to his mind and teachings struck observers so forcefully because she seemed in other respects to be so vital, energetic, and in control of her life.

Yehudi's children

Yehudi had a daughter, Zamira, and a son, Krov, by his marriage to Nola Nicholas, and two sons, Gerard and Jeremy, with Diana Menuhin. All four are now heavily involved in managing Yehudi's estate (he died in 1999) from which they derive the greater part of their incomes. Except for Jeremy, a concert pianist and the only professional musician in the family, none has undertaken sustained vocational training.

Zamira and Jeremy were most forthcoming about their aunt Hephzibah. However, during the interviews I conducted with them in London in 2003, both were concerned to impress upon me how badly they have been treated by their father. This was particularly true of Jeremy, who has since given interviews on the same theme.[12]

Their generosity with information and eagerness to talk puzzled me not a little. While I would like to attribute it to my own interviewing skill, I think the reality is that they were quite happy to talk to an Australian outside their circle who was not aware of the minutiae of being a member of the Menuhin family. Some of the information they gave me was highly personal, with candour bordering on recklessness.[13] This material was not included in the biography, partly because hurt would have unnecessarily caused to several people, and also because I felt it would unbalance the story and change its focus. However, I could not pretend not having heard these stories, and I cannot say they have failed to influence some of my views.

I am particularly grateful to Zamira Menuhin Benthall. At our first meeting, we had been talking for only a few minutes when she excused herself and returned a few minutes later carrying a pile of papers about fifteen centimetres thick. They were more than a hundred letters between Hephzibah and her parents, dating from Hephzibah's time in Australia and later; with newspaper clippings about concerts, letters to and from Lindsay Nicholas and much else. Zamira told me she had been given them by her grandfather Moshe Menuhin, had never looked through them and thought they might be useful. I was

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[12] London *Daily Telegraph*, 21 December 2003

[13] Jeremy Menuhin told me his pregnant girlfriend had been persuaded to have an abortion by Richard Hauser; Zamira that he had tried to seduce her when she was a schoolgirl.

permitted to take them away and photocopy them if I wished. This material enabled me to write the story of Hephzibah's divorce fully, from several points of view. To say these letters were important in Hephzibah's story is an understatement.

Hephzibah's children

Hephzibah and Lindsay Nicholas had two sons: Kronrod George Nicholas, born in 1940 and Marston Menuhin Nicholas, born in 1944. Hephzibah and Richard Hauser had a daughter, Clara, born in 1953 and Richard already had a daughter, Eva, born in 1938. All were naturally significant sources for the biography. Just as importantly, as they were Hephzibah's heirs I needed their permission to use her letters. I undertook to show them the final draft of the biography at the same time as I submitted it to the publisher: though under no obligation to do so, and mindful of possible problems (see below) it seemed appropriate.

Hephzibah's children had varying attitudes to the telling of her story. Kron, the eldest and apparently the most straightforward, provided me with a large number of letters to and from his mother, all of which were valuable. He also suggested other subjects for interview and where necessary prepared the way: several times I found that interviewees already knew about the biography through Kron.

At first I did wonder whether Kron was being so helpful because he wished me to adopt his own ideas to the exclusion of other people's: to control material and access to it. However, I came to the conclusion that this was not the case.

Marston Nicholas was more reserved and less forthcoming as an interview subject, though he later proved eloquent and thoughtful in emails. Both brothers were diligent in correcting small errors in the final manuscript, and were encouraging at all stages of the process.

I had to ask both Kron and Marston difficult questions concerning the section of Curtis Levy's documentary *Hephzibah* (1998) in which both described the day their mother left. Kron said he did not see her for three years afterwards; Marston said that she left the day he started school. Both are very powerful statements, and both have naturally led those who have seen the film to believe that Hephzibah was a cold-hearted, callous mother.

But according to Hephzibah's letters she returned to Melbourne to visit her sons about six months after leaving, and constantly kept in touch with them by telephone. In

letters to her parents she provided many details about what both boys were doing, obviously at pains to show that there was no ill-feeling between her and her sons.

I asked both Kron and Marston, now men in their sixties, about the differences in their recollections and the evidence I had discovered. Kron's response was that his mother's absence from his life had seemed to last three years, but evidently memory plays tricks. This seemed a little equivocal, but understandable given the trauma of Hephzibah's departure. Kron later told me he had been very angry with his mother, that the divorce had been 'bloody awful, as they always are'.[14] When Hephzibah moved to England with Richard Hauser, he made little effort to maintain contact.for several years. Then, when he was in his early twenties he wrote his mother long, furious letters in which he accused her of thinking of herself and her work more than about her children. These letters apparently shocked and hurt Hephzibah, who replied that the kind of mothering he wanted was only appropriate to 'very young children, the very sick and the very old' and that once people became independent 'grownups need partners and friends to help them develop'.[15] Over time Kron apparently accepted his mother's words and they became friends.

Marston's response was more complex. In the film he gave the impression that he had been a little boy about to start primary school when his mother walked out: simple arithmetic reveals that he was nine years old, though admittedly about to start at a new school. Leaving a nine-year-old under those circumstances is problematic, but less so than abandoning a five-year-old about to attend school for the first time.

Marston acknowledged that his statement had been wrong, but shrugged it off by saying that people could believe what they liked and that it was all 'ancient history' anyway. It was possible to conclude that on some level, Marston was still angry with his mother. I was later told by Curtis Levy and his mother Joan that Marston had been a withdrawn and distant child for a long time after his mother's departure. However, though never as close to Hephzibah as Kron later became, Marston reconciled with his mother.[16] A talented amateur cellist, he played with Hephzibah at a Musica Viva concert in Melbourne in the late 1970s; a happy experience for both of them. But he has never contradicted the statement he made in the documentary.

Richard Hauser's daughter Eva, now the distinguished feminist commentator, broadcaster and writer Eva Cox, was always very fond of Hephzibah. She has been publicly

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[14] Email communication Kron Nicholas to author, 12 April 2007
[15] Hephzibah Menuhin to Kron Nicholas 25 May 1962
[16] He even forgave her for calling him 'Marston'; his preferred name is 'Nick'.

critical of her father – 'my father was not a mentor, he only wanted acolyes, and he had to be adored' is a typical comment. In interview I found her calm, forthcoming, helpful and, considering her reputation for forcefulness, surprisingly non-directive.

Her view was that Hephzibah had never learned a way of forging an independent identity. 'Hephzibah did not have the confidence to make decisions for herself, on her own behalf,' she said. 'She had been trained to be subordinate from a very early age, and despite all that intelligence and brilliance she had never learned how to break away.'[17]

When I sent Eva a copy of my biography for her to check details, and when she saw others' comments about Hephzibah and Richard and read the conclusions I had drawn about their relationship, she was very critical, springing to her father's defence. (I had evidently forgotten a basic fact about families: criticism is permitted only in the inner circle. Eva could lambast her father with impunity but an outsider was not to be permitted the same latitude.) She corrected some small errors in the manuscript and she also spent some time explaining in more detail her father's methods and beliefs. I assured her I would revisit her comments in the final draft. Being sure that Richard's other daughter Clara would have similar concerns, I took care to tell her about Eva's and my discussion.

Two weeks later, having read the manuscript, Clara replied: her response was abusive and almost hysterical. Though disconcerting, this was not entirely unexpected. Clara had always been ambivalent about the book; when interviewed in Beaufort, South Carolina, in 2003 her manner had been prickly, even brittle. She insisted that her childhood had been idyllic and her parents wonderful. At the same time she described a childhood where her parents neglected her in favour of their own projects, were careless about her education and later allowed her to be promiscuous.

The evidence suggested that Clara liked the idea that a book was being written about her parents, but was reluctant to give much real help, partly because she was busy, but also because of her own unresolved feelings about her parents and upbringing. This latter hypothesis was supported by the strength of her reaction. Clearly Clara disliked all the people who had clamoured successfully for Hephzibah's time, insisted on her help, taken her away from her family and who 'tore her apart' without giving anything back.[18] (A comment of Yaltah's is apposite here: she told her son Lionel Rolfe that, 'If Clara thinks

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[17] Conversation Eva Cox with the author 25 November 2006

[18] I have joined this group, it seems.

she has problems because her parents love the world before their family, she should be glad she did not have parents who loved only their family.'[19])

Such strongly held and diverse opinions given by Hephzibah's children would seem to support the saying that 'every child in a family has different parents', i.e., that different characteristics bring forth different reactions. In Hephzibah's biography, these different reactions have all, I believe, been taken into account. And although Kron and Marston Nicholas, Eva Cox and Clara Menuhin Hauser have all had difficulties with some aspects of the finished book, not always agreeing about the interpretation of various events or discussion of personalities, they have never at any stage sought to censor what I have written or to prevent publication.

[19] Lionel Rolfe, op cit, page 146

Summary and Conclusion

Hephzibah Menuhin was a woman of many contradictions, and the process of researching and writing her biography has been challenging in several ways. The contradictions often apply to the sources consulted in the biography. Though there was a very large quantity of primary source material, much of it was difficult to use because of Hephzibah's habitual reluctance to describe her emotional life in words, and her habit of changing her descriptions of events to suit her audience. Interviewees' and previous biographers' accounts of various episodes also differed in important details.

This exegesis has outlined major themes of Hephzibah Menuhin's life story : celebrity, music, the roles she played during her life and her relationships with members of her family, all of which were important in making her the person she was.

An Exacting Heart, the biography that follows this exegesis, is traditional in structure, giving a chronological account of Hephzibah Menuhin's life. Inevitably, certain aspects of the biography have been influenced by the work of other biographers, especially concerning attitude to material. Where evidence is lacking I have unhesitatingly speculated about motive or reaction, while making clear that conjecture is simply that.

The title *An Exacting Heart* has been carefully chosen to highlight two key aspects of Hephzibah Menuhin's life. The first is the precision she demonstrated in her knowledge of languages, in her piano playing and in her writing. The second depends on the other connotation of the word 'exacting' – demanding retribution. Hephzibah Menuhin paid a high price for fulfilling her emotional needs. In the words of her sister Yaltah after Hephzibah's death in 1981: 'She was too proud to ask for the unconditional love she so needed. She felt she had to pay for everything in full by sacrifice.'

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The story of Hephzibah Menuhin

By

Jacqueline Kent

Doctorate of Creative Arts

2007

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INTRODUCTION

Hephzibah Menuhin was seventeen, already famous for her musical partnership with her brother Yehudi, and shortly to play her first solo concert at Carnegie Hall when she made the quixotic decision to marry and move to Australia. She intended to abandon her music career entirely and leave everything she had known in order to live on the other side of the world with a young man she hardly knew. Beautiful, talented and intelligent, Hephzibah was on top of the musical world. Critics, journalists and audiences asked then, and thereafter, what on earth she thought she was doing.

It was a question I frequently heard from my father, a great admirer of the Menuhin family from his teenage years. As a university student in 1935, he saved enough from his allowance for a balcony-seat ticket to one of Yehudi's concerts at the Sydney Town Hall. He described hearing Yehudi Menuhin as one of the great musical experiences of his life. He was also a fan of Yehudi's sister Hephzibah, who some claimed to be as brilliant a pianist as her brother was a violinist. 'Why someone with a talent like that would bury herself down in Victoria I'm blessed if I know,' my father would say.

My father also told me that Hephzibah, Yehudi and their little sister Yaltah had shown dazzling musical gifts from a young age. This was especially interesting to him, and to me, because my father's family greatly admired precocious talent, largely for its own sake. The history of my own family had made me aware that, in the words of the English critic Cyril Connolly, 'Those whom the gods would destroy they first call promising.' The fate of people who show dazzling early talent has always fascinated me.

In 1981 I happened upon a radio documentary commemorating Hephzibah, who had died earlier that year, on ABC Radio's *The Coming Out Show*. Produced and narrated by the influential feminist commentator and academic Eva Cox – who was, I learned for the first time, Hephzibah's stepdaughter – it featured interviews with Hephzibah herself and with those who had known her. I heard her light, precise voice with its slightly Germanic vowels

and hint of American drawl as she spoke about things that were important to her, and I found her warmth, thoughtfulness and humour very attractive.

I thought little more about her until 1999, when SBS television screened *Hephzibah*, a feature-length documentary by Sydney filmmaker Curtis Levy. This was a fuller portrait still, drawing on many of Hephzibah's letters, and I discovered with pleasure what a clear and expressive writer she was. I also learned more about the second extraordinary choice she made in her life: to flee from her wealthy husband and family in Australia to live and work with an impecunious Viennese sociologist in London. And I began to wonder how a woman like Hephzibah had made sense of the world, how her extraordinary childhood might have affected her career, relationships, her own family, and the choices she made. I wondered too about the scope and nature of her talent; wanted to understand, given the apparently low value she placed on her career, what her musical gift meant to her.

A woman as talented as Hephzibah Menuhin, and one who subverts expectations as determinedly as she did, is worth the attention of any biographer. Yet surprisingly little has been written about her. Yehudi naturally dominates biographies with 'Menuhin' in the title, in most of which Hephzibah, along with her younger sister Yaltah, is little more than a spear-carrier, a member of the supporting cast. She comes to life briefly in Yehudi's graceful autobiography *Unfinished Journey* (2001), although mostly as his loyal lieutenant and 'wonderful follower'. Her father Moshe Menuhin's *The Menuhin Saga* (1987), which purports to be the family's history, is really the story of Yehudi and his career: Hephzibah and Yaltah are only lightly sketched. Robert Magidoff's biography of Yehudi (1955) has some fascinating material about the three Menuhins as children, evidently taken from people who knew them at the time. However, like *Menuhin: A Family Portrait* by Tony Palmer (1991), the main character after Yehudi himself is Marutha, his mother. The most thoroughly researched Menuhin biography, by Humphrey Burton, is a detailed account of Yehudi's life, with comparatively little about Hephzibah.

In all these books, Hephzibah is most fully described as a child – the golden-haired little girl, the second member of the trio of Yehudi-and-Hephzibah-and-Yaltah. Menuhin biographers spend little time on her after her marriage; the rest of her story is barely mentioned, although its extraordinary twists and turns are so deeply embedded in what Hephzibah's second husband described as 'that shared dark childhood'.

In the early 1980s feminist biographers were reclaiming and retelling the stories of women – writers, artists, aviators, doctors, many others – who, while well known in their time, had never been given their due by posterity, largely because men had written the history books. And here was Hephzibah Menuhin, a brilliant woman overshadowed as a musician by her brother but who had found new and unexpected directions for herself. Why her story has not been written before now is difficult to understand.

Like all life stories, Hephzibah's feeds into wider narratives, themes of twentieth-century history. Her parents were born in Russia in the 1890s and were part of the great Jewish diaspora. Fleeing Czarist pogroms, they went first to Palestine, where the campaign for a Jewish homeland was just beginning, and then to the United States, where, with thousands of other immigrants, they made new lives. Hephzibah's decision to live in Australia brought her face to face with isolation in a country she found culturally backward at first but which, as it changed rapidly, finally revealed unforeseen riches. Her post-war visit to the Theresienstadt concentration camp compelled her to confront the meaning of her own Jewish heritage, prompting a realisation that had enormous consequences for the rest of her life. Leaving Australia, she went to live in London at a time when certainties were being questioned, when establishment complacency was giving way to protest, when England's class-based structures were beginning to weaken. It was a period of racial conflict, the rise of feminism and the peace movement, of change and renewal of many kinds.

Born into the aristocracy of musical talent, knowing that after her hard work she needed only to reach out and grasp dazzling success, Hephzibah Menuhin wanted something different, something more, from life. She drove herself to make certain choices that were sometimes hard, both for herself and for those who loved her, and sometimes her decisions seem nothing short of perverse. And while she was not destroyed by the gods, she nevertheless paid a high price for finding and taking what she needed.

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In order to avoid excess notation in the text, sources for quoted material are identified in 'References' by the first few words of the quote. Superscript numbers in the text refer to the 'Notes' section, which expands on subjects mentioned in the text.

PART 1 1920-1938

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

A dutiful daughter

In the summer of 1931 the Villa les Fauvettes – in Ville d'Avray, about twelve kilometres from the centre of Paris – was let to the most famous family in the musical world. The house, a three-storeyed stone pile flanked by lawn and trees, its front steps approached by a sweeping gravel drive, was more a residence than a home, its chilly formality better suited to prosperous merchants in a Balzac novel than a Jewish family from San Francisco. But the Menuhins had become accustomed to a certain grandeur, thanks to the fifteen-year-old son of the house..

One morning, this boy and his eleven-year-old sister were crouched at the side gate, peering through the hedge into the property next door. They watched enviously as the neighbours' children careered around the yard on their on two-wheeler bikes. This was an activity forbidden to the watchers: what if the boy were to break his bowing arm?

Yehudi Menuhin, whose short trousers and carefully ironed shirts always made him look much younger than his years, wanted more than anything to ride a bicycle. Hephzibah, always attentive to her brother's wishes, suddenly knew how she could help him. At the gate separating the two properties, she instructed him to bend over, climbed on his back and, reaching up, muffled the bell suspended above. Yehudi slipped silently through. This tableau was repeated several times in the days that followed, and a couple of weeks later Yehudi bicycled proudly up the gravel drive of Villa les Fauvettes to join the rest of the family picnicking on the lawn.

He and Hephzibah both knew he would not be punished for his disobedience; he never was, although it was different for his two sisters. The Menuhin parents grumbled but capitulated, and from then Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah were allowed bicycles of their own, on which they happily explored the whole of nearby Parc de St Cloud and the surrounding woods.

This story, retold in Yehudi's memoirs, would in any other family be an ordinary example of childhood naughtiness. But Yehudi Menuhin was by any standard a special child. Widely

considered the greatest musical child prodigy of the twentieth century, he had been acclaimed as a master violinist from the age of nine and was now one of the most highly paid musicians in the world. He was the focus of the family, its breadwinner, the centre of its universe.

Hephzibah, a cheerful, practical child with gappy teeth and curly hair, adored her brother. She was his partner in crime, his acolyte, his chief confidante; she comforted him when his anxiety made him sleepless. Yehudi, for his part, had taught her to read music; he was also her ally in her disputes with their mother..

Much of the Menuhin family dynamic was known to the general public; the avid interest in the young Yehudi and his family is perhaps not so easy to understand today. After all, there had been other acclaimed musical prodigies. Mozart, Mendelssohn and Saint-Saëns all started composing substantial works before their tenth birthdays. Paderewski started playing the piano at three; Jan Kubelik, Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz were all prodigiously talented boy violinists. Fritz Kreisler won first prize at the Vienna Conservatoire at the age of ten, the Prix de Rome at twelve. Yehudi, though, was more than a brilliant musician. His spectacular career was, more than most, a product of his age and time.

Yehudi Menuhin grew up at a time when many people in the Western world played and understood classical music on an amateur level. It was part of family life. Every town of any size in Britain, the US and Europe had its music teachers, choirs, bands and sometimes orchestras. The mid-1920s, when Yehudi Menuhin came to prominence as an artist, was the time when this understanding of classical music fused with the rise of mass media. Gramophone records allowed a large and musically knowledgeable audience to become aware of performance benchmarks and to compare performances. Radio broadcasts had the same effect, and later so did film. Classical musicians became celebrities, for people who had heard Heifetz, Rachmaninov and Toscanini could now see what their idols looked like, as well as hear how they played.

Relentlessly photographed, interviewed, filmed, broadcast and recorded, Yehudi Menuhin was probably the world's first multimedia classical-music star. Not only were his youth and seriousness appealing, but his audiences understood what they were hearing. They could

not get enough of him; they could not hear enough about his life, about his parents, about his pretty and accomplished little sisters. Given the amount of public attention lavished on almost everything the Menuhins did, it was clearly ridiculous for his parents to insist that Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah led a normal family life. Yet insist they did, repeatedly.

The Menuhin family – the name was originally Mnuchin -- came from Russia, members of the Hasidic Jewish group who in the eighteenth century broke away from established Judaism and made their headquarters in the town of Lubavitch. Mnuchin ancestors included the Schneersohns who, according to Lubavitcher tradition, are direct descendants of King David. Traditionally some of the early Schneersohns were child prodigies, precocious not only in music but in science and writing, oratory and religion. Schneur Zalman, who founded the Lubavitcher dynasty, was the last of the *tzaddiks*, or wise men, and probably the last great composer of Jewish liturgical music. In his memoir Hephzibah's father Moshe observed that when he was a child his family 'followed the precepts of Hasidism – romantic, jolly, humane, scholastic, with a lot of dancing, fesating and singing involved, not as secular relief from the requirements of our faith but integrated with it to enhance its fervour'.

Running through the Menuhin ancestry is a strong strain not just of precocity but idealism, and a sense of the numinous, as well as a strong sense of the world as it should be. The adult Yehudi once commented: 'Devotion to principles is the hallmark of the Hasidim. It's the difference between the kinds of Jews who become philosophers and those who become merchants and bankers.'

Moshe Mnuchin, father of Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah, was born in 1893 in Gomel, a town in today's Belarus, then in the eastern half of the Russian Pale of Settlement. This part of Russia, stretching about eight hundred kilometres from the Baltic to the Black Sea, was the area where Jews were permitted to live in most cities and towns. He was the youngest of four in a Hasidic family; his father died when he was only four years old and his mother remarried. But relations with his stepfather were strained, and when Moshe was about ten his mother took him to Jerusalem to live with his grandparents, who had moved to Palestine some years before. His brother and one of his sisters were already there; his other sister remained in Russia..

In his autobiography, *The Menuhin Saga*, Moshe does not say why his grandparents left Russia, nor why his brother and sister went to Palestine ahead of him. He probably assumed he did not need to explain that between 1900 and 1917 more than half a million Russian Jews were killed in Czarist pogroms.

Moshe arrived in Palestine in 1904, a scholarly boy whose traditional education continued under the tutelage of his grandfather. It was a time of intellectual ferment, when the ideas of the Austrian journalist Theodor Herzl, the first forceful advocate for establishing a Jewish state in the Holy Land, were causing great debate. Moshe's grandfather was scathing about Herzl's implicit claim to speak for all Jews, and hated the idea of land being taken away from the Palestinian Arabs. Young Moshe, who idolised his grandfather and learned to speak Arabic fluently, as well as Hebrew, agreed wholeheartedly. He never changed his mind: all his life Moshe was outspoken against Zionism, which made him thoroughly unpopular after his son became world-famous.

When Moshe's grandfather died he left his grandson some money; the boy, aged fourteen, decided to emigrate to the United States, where his elder brother now lived. He quickly learned English and bookkeeping – his facility with languages was inherited by Hephzibah, though his financial acumen was not – and set out, only to be stopped in Jaffa because he was too young to travel by himself. While he waited he enrolled in the Herzlia Gymnasium, a new Jewish secondary school, and found a room to rent. Living in the house next door with her mother was a beautiful young girl named Marutha Sher.

Few hard facts are known about Hephzibah's mother; not even her date of birth, though she was probably born in 1896. In their memoirs both Moshe and Yehudi described her ancestry as Tartar, originating from the Turkic or Mongolian people who arrived in Russia with Genghis Khan during the thirteenth century and settled there. According to Moshe, Marutha's great-grandfather had converted to Judaism. Marutha always played down her Jewishness, saying that her father was a native Tartar who was a freedman of the town of Yalta, the town on the Black Sea where Marutha grew up (and whose name she was to give her second daughter). Marutha certainly thought of herself as a warrior woman. 'Even when my father met her,' wrote Yehudi, 'she held herself aloof, not one Jewess among many but a lone descendant of the Tartar khans.'

However, Yaltah's son Lionel Rolfe has queried Marutha's claims of Tartar descent. In his family history *The Menuhin Odyssey*, he wrote that she was the child of a Jewish father and Russian mother and was probably born in Rostov-on-Don. This was a Gentile town outside the Pale of Settlement where the Czar allowed a few Jews to live; those who lived in such towns felt superior to the Jews who lived inside the Pale and were often inclined to deny their own Jewishness.

Rolfe reports Jewish community gossip that Marutha's father, who left his wife and children when Marutha was very small and went to the States, was in fact a poor *shocket*, a slaughterer of kosher chickens. (When Marutha read this in her nephew's book she and Moshe disinherited him.) In his memoir Yehudi said rather vaguely that his grandfather became a minor official in a Midwestern synagogue. But, as Rolfe pointed out, once Yehudi became famous it didn't much matter what Marutha's background had been. She rarely spoke of her father: as far as her children were concerned, their grandfather had hardly existed. She told Moshe only one thing about him: 'At whatever price he bought, he sold.' Moshe comments that in practical matters Marutha and their children took after her father.

At the age of fifteen, Marutha and her mother left Russia for Palestine. More than likely this bald statement covers an interesting story but Marutha never spoke of this time in her life. They arrived in Jaffa and she enrolled in the Herzlia Gymnnasium, where she met her neighbour Moshe Mnuchin. They became friends, but during their time in Jaffa were no more than that: Marutha was a very beautiful girl, with many suitors. After graduating, Moshe applied for a scholarship to study science at New York University. He left Palestine in 1913 and contact with Marutha was broken off.

A few months later, he learned at a Hebrew club (Moshe taught Hebrew while studying) that Marutha was also in America, paying a duty visit to her father in Illinois. Moshe wrote to her, she replied, and according to Moshe they wrote to each other every day for seven months. They met and married in New York on 7 August 1914.

As one looks at the wedding photograph they sent to Marutha's mother in Palestine, it is a shock to realise how young they were: Moshe twenty, Marutha seventeen or eighteen. As people do in early-twentieth-century photographs, they appear much older. With his stiff high collar, dark coat, silk tie, slicked-back hair and anxious face, Moshe looks like a bank

clerk who wants to make a good impression. Marutha, whose cloud of light hair is pulled back behind a headband, belongs to another photograph entirely. She has wide, watchful eyes and a pretty, kittenish face that gives little away.
It does not seem the photograph of a well matched couple.

What were they like, these two who were little more than children, cast adrift in a foreign country? As an adult, Hephzibah considered her parents to be such an unlikely couple as to be almost bizarre. Yehudi believed that their opposing natures attracted them to each other: 'they met at the extremes to which their natures transported them', he observed.

Moshe is easier to discover. From all accounts, including his own, he was small and intense, quick to perceive and to remember slights, vehement in his personal and political beliefs, anxious and vociferous – qualities that sometimes led people to consider him pushy and aggressive. He had a high regard for detail and was proud of his attention to financial detail. He could also veer between being exuberant and despondent. Like many people who are volatile, tend to brood and are obsessive about detail, Moshe tended to judge people harshly, though his judgments could be inconsistent. As he grew older, his tendency to pigeonhole people became increasingly arbitrary. Hephzibah and Yaltah sometimes suffered from these swings in and out of favour; Yehudi never did.

Marutha, for her part, was fearless where Moshe was cautious, indifferent to money while he worried about it, reserved where he was demonstratively affectionate, proud where he was eager to please. Her claim to Tartar ancestry expressed itself in a love of lushly coloured fabrics, low divans, silk cushions in deep blues, reds and greens, Oriental rugs in patterned and glowing jewel colours on walls and floors. But this sensual taste masked an uncompromising austerity and iron self-control. On the day in 1926 that Marutha discovered her beloved mother had died in Palestine, she restrained her tears until the children had gone to bed. This was the first time Moshe ever saw her weep, and he thought the incident worth recording in his memoirs.

Marutha was fierce in her need to conceal her feelings, and she controlled her family by withholding affection. She could be as emotionally rigid as the unnecessary corsets she wore all her life. 'Duty, purpose and self-discipline stiffened everything she did,' wrote

Yehudi. 'Whenever I embraced her in childhood it was that unyielding corset that my arms enclosed.'

Marutha gave birth to Yehudi on 22 April 1916 at Mount Lebanon hospital, in the Bronx. His name means simply 'the Jew'. According to Menuhin legend, Marutha decided on this name in the late stages of her pregnancy when she and Moshe were told by a New York landlord that he didn't take Jews but would make an exception for them. She declared that she would call her son Yehudi: let him stand or fall by the name.

Like many such stories, this one becomes more complicated if one digs at it a little. Neither Moshe nor Marutha embraced Judaism or Jewish tradition. Not only did Marutha not identify herself as Jewish, but the Tartar people with whom she asserted kinship were historically actively hostile to Jews. And, though Moshe had been brought up in an observant household, he had come to dislike what he saw as the bigotry of strict Judaism. But they were young immigrants in a new country, and perhaps needed to assert something about their identity, to reinforce what was familiar. This is possibly also the reason why the first language Yehudi learned was Hebrew.

When Moshe graduated in 1917 he became principal of a newly formed Hebrew school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where Marutha also taught. Before long, however, the local Orthodox rabbi declared their school too progressive. Furious at the kind of timid, rigid educational thinking he thought he had left behind, Moshe decided to go somewhere more progressive, and early in 1918 he and Marutha and their small son crossed the continent and arrived in San Francisco.

The largest city west of the Mississippi, San Francisco was a thrusting, optimistic place with wide, steep streets, cable cars, substantial office buildings and solid wooden houses with bay windows. There was no Golden Gate Bridge – not until 1936 – and the flat-hilled island of Alcatraz was still an army depot. It was no accident that the city flag featured a phoenix rising from the ashes, for in its eighty years of existence it had gone through a gold rush and a catastrophic earthquake. With its history of prosperity, devastation, resilience and renewal, San Francisco was an ideal place for Jewish immigrants who had escaped the pogroms of Eastern Europe for a new life, and northwest of downtown was already a substantial Jewish quarter, including shops, businesses and an Orthodox synagogue. But

the young Mnuchins could not afford to settle there, so they rented an apartment across the bay. Moshe set about making his way in the city's liberal educational hierarchy, eventually becoming superintendent of all San Francisco's Hebrew schools.

San Francisco also had a well-developed musical culture. Concerts mainly took place in the large Civic Auditorium, which was always full. The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under Alfred Hertz, gave regular performances, and in the decade after World War I, its visiting musicians included pianists Ignace Jan Paderewski, Joseph Hoffman and Vladimir de Pachman; and singers Alma Gluck and John McCormack. Anna Pavlova also danced in ballets there with her own company.

Though Moshe and Marutha would later deny having any particular musical knowledge – perhaps because they wanted to give the impression that Yehudi's extraordinary talent came from nowhere – they clearly did. Moshe had learned the violin as a young boy, but did not persist with it after his beloved grandfather declared the instrument fit only for *klezmer*, or dance music. Moshe also had a good singing voice, and sang in synagogue when small. Marutha learned the piano at an early age and brought sheet music with her from Russia. (Already they were setting up a family pattern, with the violin being the man's instrument, the piano the woman's.) After settling in San Francisco, Marutha took up the cello and had lessons from a member of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Both Mnuchins attended musical performances whenever they could, taking Yehudi with them, not just because they couldn't afford a babysitter but because they wanted him to absorb the music. If Marutha's youngest child Yaltah is to be believed – and she was never her mother's greatest supporter – Marutha was sure her son was a genius. This hardly makes her unique in the annals of motherhood, but from the beginning of Yehudi's life she was alert for any hint of exceptional ability. She quickly observed that while he loved the sound of all the orchestral instruments, he was particularly entranced by the violin almost from the time he could hear. He was watching and listening to the masters: some of the greatest virtuosi of the period came to play in San Francisco, including Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman and Eugene Ysaye.

With Moshe a successful administrator, Marutha could give up work, and she devoted herself to Yehudi. She noticed that as a two-year-old he could instantly repeat any tune

sung to him, and when he grew a little older she decided to test him by drawing five lines and a treble clef on a piece of paper, then placing notes on the lines and singing them. At the age of about three he was easily able to identify and sing the sounds; as time passed Marutha made the game and her notation more complicated, and both enjoyed it.

In 1919 Marutha's mother sent the family money from Palestine, with which Moshe and Marutha put a down payment on a car and bought Yehudi a tin violin and bow. He picked it up and had a tantrum almost immediately. 'It doesn't sing!' he cried. Marutha bought him a half-size violin, and when Yehudi was five he started lessons with Sigmund Anker, a well-respected teacher. Marutha supervised his education, sitting in on his violin lessons: a practice she or Moshe continued until Yehudi was well into his teens.

Late in 1919 Moshe and Marutha became US citizens and Moshe changed his family name from Mnuchin to Menuhin. It was Moshe's strongest declaration yet that he had left Russia behind and henceforth he declared himself to be a proud American. He and Marutha began to speak English at home exclusively, though they still read Hebrew and Yiddish. Shortly afterwards Marutha discovered she was pregnant again.

Hephzibah Menuhin was born on 20 May 1920. Her first name in Hebrew means 'she is my delight'. It is a name with strong Biblical associations. In the Old Testament, Hephzibah was the consort of King Hezekiah and the mother of King Manasseh, who reigned in Jerusalem for more than fifty years, Moshe always loved his elder daughter dearly. He wrote to her on one birthday: 'What a wonderful day it was when you came into the world! God bless you! You give us infinite joy and we owe you so much!'

Hephzibah was just over four years younger than Yehudi, exactly the right age gap for him to dote on her and for her to look up to him. Yehudi always said that her very existence was to some extent his responsibility: he had told his mother he wanted a sister, and Hephzibah duly appeared. In his memoir he wrote: 'Common sense concludes that Hephzibah must have been two or three, I six or seven before extended communication was possible between us, but in my memory there is no gap between my delight and wonder at the newborn infant and her being my constant playmate, my other self, so close to me her hand did not feel foreign to my touch.'

It was a feeling that was reciprocated. Hephzibah always had a deeper, closer, more intuitive connection to Yehudi than to any other member of her family. Her relationship with her brother coloured her whole life.

The third Menuhin child and second daughter, Yaltah, was born on 21 October 1921, and the family was complete. Inevitably the two girls were bracketed together: only eighteen months apart in age, they were often dressed alike when young, with their hair in the same fair ringlets. But Hephzibah and Yehudi were already a unit, and as often happens with a third child, Yaltah always felt that she was the tagger-on. She also adopted the role of family rebel: 'The only unruly one of the three of us, the most spontaneous, she was repeatedly jerked back into a restraining reality from her dreams,' wrote Yehudi. Her position within the family was made even worse because she knew her birth had disappointed her mother. : Marutha never concealed that she had hoped for another boy.

With three small children, the Menuhin family needed more space. When Hephzibah was two they moved into 1043 Steiner Street, in the Jewish quarter. It was a spacious, two-storey house with a generous rear garden. Though the family was becoming more comfortably off, Moshe was still financially cautious, and he let the bedrooms on the upper floor to help pay the mortgage. Hephzibah later remembered two old Russian women who gave her sugary cakes, and a succession of rabbinical students moved in and out. Moshe converted the basement into a three-car garage and rented out parking spaces. He and Marutha and the three children slept in separate quarters in the back garden. This was a low-walled wooden cabin covered with canvas where they slept all year round: there was one room for Moshe and Marutha, one for Yehudi and a third for Hephzibah and Yaltah.

When the family had guests for dinner, as they often did – Moshe was becoming well known in the liberal Jewish educational establishment and both he and Marutha enjoyed selected company – Marutha liked to dress in romantic Tartar style, with loose Turkish trousers drawn at the ankle, flowing blouses under embroidered jerkins and ornate belts around her tightly corseted waist. She probably made these clothes herself: such exotic garments would have been in short supply in San Francisco. They not only proclaimed her supposed ancestry, but were practical and easy to wear during the warm summer months, and Marutha looked beautiful in them. She liked to dress both her daughters in the same

way: photographs of Hephzibah and Yaltah, aged about four and five, show them looking like extras in Mozart's opera *Il Seraglio.*

Hephzibah could never remember how or when she began to realise what music was, much as many writers do not remember learning to read. The first instruments she ever heard were her brother's violin and her mother's piano. She later said that she was drawn to music mainly because she wanted to do as her brother did. When Hephzibah was three Yehudi began studying with Louis Persinger, concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and his first serious teacher. Hephzibah would have seen and heard him practising every day in a small room off the kitchen, with Marutha, always within earshot, ready with a comment: 'You play like a shoemaker! Try for a bigger tone!'

From her mother, the moral and disciplinary centre of the family, no less than by her brother's example, Hephzibah learned that playing well was simply not enough: one must bring to bear all possible resources of talent and concentration in order to excel. She also learned, as did her brother and sister, that living up to her mother's exacting standards was almost impossible.

Hephzibah began learning the piano just after her fourth birthday, in June 1924. Her first teacher was Judith Blockley, who specialised in teaching small children, and it was very soon apparent that Hephzibah's brilliance was of the same order as her brother's. Even though Yehudi was clearly cast as the family's musician, it is worth emphasising that Hephzibah was never given less encouragement by her parents than her brother. Music was serious, work was work, and her gender was never considered an excuse for lesser effort.

For Hephzibah, like Yehudi, learning her instrument was pure joy. She adored her lessons, and often managed to extend them by an hour to two. Judith Blockley once claimed to have lived in fear of being reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for keeping a four-year-old at the piano so long. Within seven months, said her teacher, Hephzibah had learned as much as a student of five years.

So Moshe and Marutha Menuhin were a bright, attractive middle-class Jewish couple with two children who clearly had outstanding musical gifts. And they could all have gone on leading a pleasant life within the Jewish community of San Francisco had it not been for an

event that took place on the evening of 30 March 1925. It is a date famous in Menuhin lore, for that was when nine-year-old Yehudi gave his first full-length solo recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The reviews for Yehudi were superlative: knowledgeable critics and musicians alike clamoured to praise this pudgy boy. Musical prodigies were not unknown in San Francisco, but Yehudi's combination of technical mastery and maturity of interpretation was, right from the beginning, extraordinary. From his first performance it was clear that he had the potential for a magnificent career. One musician summed up the feelings of many when he told the *San Francisco Examiner*: 'This is not talent; this is genius.'

Shortly after the concert a wealthy Jewish lawyer and patron of the arts named Sidney Ehrman came to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin with a generous scheme. He was prepared to give Yehudi five hundred dollars to study abroad. This amount, far greater than Moshe could have afforded on his salary, was a glorious windfall, and it totally disconcerted Moshe and Marutha. They were delighted and grateful, but at the same time they were reluctant to force or exploit their son's talent. They did not necessarily want him to take these first steps towards a concert career but, they wondered, did they have the right to hold him back?

Marutha knew that Sidney Ehrman's generous gift was vitally important if Yehudi was to develop his talent, but she was cautious about the potential effects on the family. According to Ehrman, she said: 'I am afraid of the disorganization of our family life, the separations, the problems connected with the schooling of the boy and his sisters.' Ehrman assured her that there was no question of separating Yehudi from the rest of the family; his gift was intended to benefit them all. So convinced was he of Yehudi's genius that he was willing to bankroll the whole family for as long as necessary. With this understood, Marutha and Moshe gratefully accepted. The consequences of their decision were profound.

Late in 1925, with Moshe unable to take leave from his job, Marutha and the three children went to New York, where Yehudi's teacher Louis Persinger was working for the winter. As well as his violin tuition, Yehudi was to study singing, ear training and harmony, while Marutha taught both her daughters piano. This trip was the first of many that eventually

turned the family into musical gypsies. Marutha, determined that the children's routines should be interrupted as little as possible, ensured that Yehudi, Hephzibah and Yaltah ran up and down the corridors of the train for exercise. Yehudi practised over the clickety-clack of the wheels while his sisters studied their piano music.

'My mother always sought to communicate with her children the best way she could, through lessons,' wrote Yehudi. And from the beginning of the Menuhin family travels, he and Hephzibah began to develop the very useful professional skills of studying scores almost anytime, anywhere.

Yehudi made his debut with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra early the following year, to rapturous acclaim. He was clearly ready for more concentrated study, and it was generally agreed that the best teachers were in Europe. Yehudi had a particular wish to learn from George Enesco in Paris. Moshe negotiated a year's leave of absence from his job, and with financial help from Sidney Ehrman, the Menuhin family set sail for France in November 1926.

For the six-year-old Hephzibah this was a magical year, while for the family the sojourn in Europe set patterns that persisted for many years to come. In Paris the family settled into an apartment in the Rue de Sèvres, on the Left Bank, and Yehudi began work with the Rumanian violinist, pianist, conductor, and composer George Enesco. (1) At the time he became Yehudi's teacher, Enesco was in his mid-forties, a dark-haired, rather fierce-looking man whose passionate love of music awoke a kindred intensity in Yehudi, who observed: 'My development was … an inspired way, shown me by inspired teachers, not mastery of scales and arpeggios; it was recognition of greatness and response to it.'

The family spent the summer of 1927 at Enesco's country house in Rumania, travelling by the Orient Express. They never forgot the bazaars, the black-hatted, black-bearded monks in the monastery near the house or the ethereal royal castle of Peles where Yehudi was invited to play for Queen Marie. A special highlight for Hephzibah was the evening a band of gypsies came to play with Yehudi. Their poignant, uninhibited music was a revelation, and the spirit of Enesco's own music, at once wild and controlled, Oriental and Western, chimed with something in Hephzibah: all her life she loved playing the music of her brother's mentor.

In Paris, family life was strictly controlled and regulated. Its focus was Yehudi and his lessons with Enesco, usually attended by Moshe. Marutha was determined that her daughters would have piano tuition of equal value. Shortly after , arriving in Paris, she took Hephzibah and Yaltah to Marcel Ciampi's studio in the rue de la Boétie, near the Tuileries.

Marcel Ciampi was widely regarded as one of the most brilliant piano teachers in Paris. A small man with a crooked smile and a quiff of dark hair, he looked like a diffident, quizzical clerk. He had studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Gabriel Faure, and began his career as a solo pianist shortly before World War I. A great friend of Claude Debussy, he became one of the composer's favourite interpreters, and was the first to play Debussy's complete Preludes. His teaching emphasised both precision and tone colour, and he was famous for his ability to inspire young students to enjoy technical exercises as part of music-making.

When Marutha said she wanted him to teach her daughters, explaining that Hephzibah had been learning piano for three years and Yaltah for two, he listened politely and refused. Undeterred, Marutha suggested the two girls play, and with some reluctance Ciampi consented. Expecting a showy, cute-little-girl performance, he was amazed by Hephzibah's technique, maturity, assurance and sense of style. 'Those firm confident sounds, the amazing precision and the grand style of the Hephzibah to come were already apparent, and there was nothing … to do but capitulate,' he later wrote. Yes, he agreed when she had finished playing, he would teach her.

Ciampi was no less impressed when it was Yaltah's turn to play; he thought she too was phenomenal and agreed to take her as a pupil. Being a friend of Enesco's, Ciampi already knew about Yehudi and he exclaimed: *'Mais le ventre de Madame Menuhin est un véritable conservatoire!* 'Madame Menuhin's womb is truly an academy of music.'

Whatever else may be said about Moshe and Marutha Menuhin and the way in which they brought up their son and daughters, they cannot be accused of failing to give due attention to the talents of their children. The price Hephzibah, Yehudi and Yaltah paid for that attention is another matter altogether.

Once all three were settled with their teachers, Marutha developed a routine for their days in Paris. This generally consisted of music practice and an outing in the morning; rest, school lessons and more music practice or a music lesson in the afternoon; bed at seven for Hephzibah and Yaltah, half an hour later for Yehudi. Each child was instructed to take study seriously; very few allowances, it seems, were made for their ages. Their afternoon schoolwork focused heavily on French language and literature. One young French girl who applied for the position of tutor took one look at the three children working silently away at their books and felt so intimidated by the force of their concentration that she bolted.

From the start, Hephzibah responded instinctively to the sound and precision of the French language, and quickly learned its grammar and syntax. Of the three Menuhin children, it was she who proved to have the greatest proficiency in languages, and French was the language in which she felt freest to express her emotions as a young girl, in diaries to herself and in letters to others.

Life in Paris was not all practice and study. Together the Menuhin family explored the city, usually on foot. The children would run through the streets bowling wooden hoops, laughing as they dodged pedestrians, Hephzibah determined to keep up with the expert Yehudi, Yaltah trailing behind. The family regularly attended concerts in the Salle Gaveau and the Conservatoire, as well as performances at the Paris Opera and the Opera Comique. Outside the city they played tourist, with visits to Fontainebleau and Versailles. Determined not to spend any more of Sidney Ehrman's money than necessary, however, Moshe and Marutha did almost no entertaining during that year. Though their social life had broadened, largely because of the entrée to musical circles made possible by Yehudi's dazzling talent, the family drew together, in a unity that was expressed by the acronym MoMaYeHeYa, the joint signature they adopted. Combining the first two letters of each of their given names, it neatly allowed telegrams to be attributed to all of them for the price of one signature. It also showed that the Menuhins were one unit, indivisible.

Yehudi and Hephzibah retained the habit of combining two names to show togetherness. Yehudi's marriage to Nola Nicholas and later Diana Gould produced letters and cards signed Yehnol and Yehudiana; Hephzibah's to Lindsay Nicholas the rather clinical-sounding Linhep.

As their time in Paris drew to a close, Moshe and Marutha had important decisions to make. The year of study had been a success: all three children were developing as musicians, with Yehudi making particular progress under Enesco. It was the son's brilliance as a musician that posed a life-changing problem for his parents, as well as for Yehudi himself. Should Moshe abandon his own career and devote himself to nurturing that of his son? Moshe and Marutha were only in their early thirties; Moshe was a talented teacher and educationalist, a well-respected member of San Francisco's liberal Jewish community, with every expectation of a solid, prosperous career. It was already clear that the violin was the most important thing in Yehudi's life: he hated being confined to only four hours' practice a day and was on fire to play all the great works of the repertoire. He could, it seemed, do anything.

But, wondered Moshe and Marutha, did they have the right to make their eleven-year-old son, in effect, the breadwinner for the whole family? On the other hand, would they be denying Yehudi the expression of his talent if they did not allow him a career as a concert musician?

Moshe and Marutha were aware of the pitfalls awaiting prodigiously talented young musicians – the failure to deliver on youthful promise in the face of constant pressure, the tendency to become monsters of conceit. They did not want their child to suffer burnout. And yet they were extremely ambitious for him.

The decision became more difficult when Yehudi was invited to play a concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Fritz Busch at Carnegie Hall in November 1927. Moshe and Marutha accepted, and the family returned to the United States. They could hardly have been prepared for what awaited them. As soon as the ship docked in New York harbour, the family was mobbed – by journalists, by entrepreneurs, by press agents. Yehudi had suddenly become a celebrity: the fact that an eleven-year-old boy was about to play at Carnegie Hall was big news.

From this point on, the Menuhins' life moved into a higher gear. The press was awash with stories about this exceptional boy and his extraordinary family – his beautiful mother, proud and studious father, and his two pretty, curly-haired little sisters who not only adored their brother but were musicians themselves. Yehudi's performance itself, where he

played the Beethoven violin concerto, was a triumph. New York critics, who had been expecting to see a clever, shallow schoolboy performance fell over themselves to pay homage to Yehudi's brilliant but finely tempered technique, his sensitivity and taste.

Journalists followed him with breathless interest, noting his fondness for icecream, motor cars and gadgets, recording his utterances with something close to awe. Many of those newspaper articles seem silly now, almost ludicrous in their naiveté, especially the occasional suggestion that there was something otherworldly about Yehudi's talent. How could this blocky, earnest eleven-year-old, whose parents would not even let him wear long trousers, possibly play the violin as he did? Although nobody declared that, like Paganini, Yehudi was in league with the devil, there was a strong implication that his musical talent was not only superhuman but somehow unearthly. (2)

The effect of Yehudi's sudden fame on the lives of his parents and sisters can hardly be overestimated. For the rest of their lives, Hephzibah and Yaltah would be known as Yehudi Menuhin's sisters. Moshe was apparently torn between the wish not to exploit his son's talent (he insisted to journalists that he and Marutha intended to limit concert appearances to ten or twelve a year, keeping family life as normal as possible) and his growing certainty that Yehudi's talent was the key to a great deal of money. He liked boasting about the offers he turned down from concert promoters, but he did not attempt to put the brakes on his son's career, and circumstances eventually made the decision about his own job for him. Moshe gradually extended his role of overseeing his son's career. . He travelled with Yehudi, signed contracts, and was his official spokesman and press agent.

All the members of the Menuhin family had to learn to handle unwanted attention. In New York, and when they returned home to San Francisco, they were frequently accosted. Effusive music-lovers would rush up to them, eager to insist how much they admired Yehudi. On one occasion a stagestruck woman insisted on kissing the father of this phenomenal child, causing Yehudi and the girls great amusement. Curious sightseers would walk past the family home on Steiner Street hoping to catch a glimpse of them. One morning Marutha answered the door to a society matron who had brought her daughter in a chauffeur-driven limousine to play with the girls. Marutha coldly informed her that Hephzibah and Yaltah were busy practising the piano.

Being a steely, private person, Marutha's instinct was to pull up the drawbridge, to reinforce the family's united front against the world and also, to some extent, its isolation. She wanted to protect her children from the inquisitive and irritating public, and, in Moshe's words, 'to surround Yehudi with such a sane, helpful atmosphere that his capacities will unfold as plants unfold in a healthy environment'. But she also believed in keeping control.

If Moshe and Marutha had ever intended to send their children to school, the development of Yehudi's career now made this difficult, if not impossible. They had tried in San Francisco with Yehudi, but he felt uncomfortable in a large room with many other children, having grown accustomed from an early age to a great deal of attention, and he lasted only a week. Hephzibah spent her first day at the same school staring vacantly out of the window, probably from sheer boredom, and the teacher told her parents she thought the little girl had mental problems. Hephzibah never returned, and Moshe and Marutha did not even try with Yaltah. All three children were educated privately, at first by their parents and later by tutors, who were hired wherever the family happened to be.

Most children have several reference points in their lives – teachers, friends, peer group, home, possibly a church. But Hephzibah, Yehudi and Yaltah had no experience of measuring themselves against children their own age, of having to fit in with and accommodate others. Whereas children's social and emotional worlds generally increase in range and complexity, that of the three Menuhins grew narrower, with only one centre of authority, their parents.

It is not difficult to consider Marutha a domestic tyrant, intent on driving her children to excellence and dominating them emotionally, and indeed this is a line that some Menuhin biographers appear to have followed with enthusiasm. There's no denying she was controlling and utterly uncompromising, but her own fractured family history and difficult early life had not surprisingly convinced her that family unity and success were the most effective bulwarks against life's hardships, an attitude common to many immigrants. Marutha brought up her children to believe they were the offspring of a warrior race, and that expression of emotion was a weakness, sentimental, a useless indulgence. Meanwhile the love she undoubtedly felt for her children expressed itself in a fierce determination that

they would have only the best, and do only their best. They had to be tough; they had a world to battle, to make their way in.

Marutha might have been a fiercely protective mother, but she was not an emotionally nurturing one, and she was extraordinarily hard to please. 'She certainly had a special technique of making you doubt whether you had really achieved anything when the teacher was satisfied with your progress,' observed Yaltah years later. And Yehudi said: 'If [my] performance brought happiness to my mother, the entire family basked in it.'

For Hephzibah, the battleground for childhood disputes with her mother was usually the piano. Being a quick learner, Hephzibah disliked the painstaking routines of piano practice: once she had learned how to play something, she wanted to move on. When bored she occasionally played scales and exercises with a book she was reading next to her music. But Marutha was always listening, and any slackening in pace or concentration would bring her scolding into the living room. The implacable rule of the house was that disciplined work always came before pleasure. Once, Hephzibah was practising a piece by Liszt she wanted to learn when her mother appeared, angrily brandishing some homework. It was disgraceful, she said, all over blotches and mistakes, and Hephzibah was not to play for pleasure until she had corrected it. She tore up the homework in Hephzibah's face, then seized the sheet music and ripped that to pieces as well. 'I never felt the same way about Liszt after that,' said Hephzibah.

As a small girl Hephzibah suffered from severe backaches, the result of scoliosis, then known as curvature of the spine. Sitting for long periods at the piano, much though she enjoyed playing, was often very uncomfortable for her. She had to do special exercises to strengthen her spine, which she loathed, but she was never allowed to escape them. For years, Marutha would get her out of bed every morning at six o'clock and do the exercises with her, following diagrams in a book. Marutha also insisted her daughter follow doctor's orders and wear a back brace, and later a heavy surgical corset.

When Marutha was displeased the whole household was affected. Sometimes she would not speak to her out-of-favour daughter for days. But she never used this weapon against Yehudi; the son of the house could do no wrong. She maintained this withdrawal of affection long after her children were adults – in her thirties Hephzibah suggested to Yaltah

they form a Society for Rejected Menuhins. Marutha's way of handling conflict had a lasting effect: as an adult Hephzibah shied away from confrontation or argument with those close to her, for fear their love might be withdrawn.

In some respects Marutha was as unlike the stereotype of the indulgent Jewish mother as anyone could be. But in another way she was typical. For the classic 'Jewish mother', her children are everything, and this was certainly true of Marutha. From the time Yehudi became famous, almost everything Moshe and Marutha did was focused on their children. Yehudi took this for granted; the girls were less sure about it.

Around the same time, Moshe and Marutha evidently turned away from each other and began living vicariously through the children. This suggests that **their relationship** was less than happy, and Hephzibah certainly thought her parents' marriage was a troubled one. She believed they were disappointed in each other and unable to communicate. In a letter to Yehudi years later she wrote: 'Marutha never knew happiness and that is why she lived through us … Proxy was as near as she came to romance, and because it was unattainable she longed for it all the more, through our letters, our love experiments.' According to Yaltah, Marutha's only comment to her children about Moshe was: 'I gave you children a good father.'

Whatever their feelings about each other, Moshe and Marutha effectively made themselves into the wall between Hephzibah, Yehudi, Yaltah and the rest of the world. 'We lived in a completely circumscribed world, totally unaware of anything outside ourselves,' said Hephzibah years later. 'It was like another womb.'

'Yehudi had better look out'

On the family's return from that first trip to Europe, Hephzibah resumed piano lessons, but with a different teacher. Marutha having decided that her daughter had outgrown Judith Blockley, she was sent to Lev Shorr, San Francisco's leading piano pedagogue. In the sunny, rather raffish town that was San Francisco in the late 1920s, Lev Shorr was a slightly forbidding reminder of Old Europe. A short, balding man who always wore formal suits, a monocle and spats, he carried a cane and spoke English with a heavy Russian accent. His teacher in Moscow had studied with the legendary Theodor Leschitiszky, a pupil of Beethoven's student Carl Czerny. Hephzibah therefore had a link with Beethoven himself. (3)

It was Lev Shorr who laid the basis for one of Hephzibah's chief qualities as a pianist: her physical strength, the power she could command when she needed to. Shorr was, naturally enough, an exponent of the so-called Russian school of pianism, which involved using the fingers as if they were hammers. At its worst, this was described by Yehudi as a tendency to 'steamroller individual expressiveness into anonymous brilliance'. Shorr gave Hephzibah exercises to increase her finger strength and flexibility, something that came easily to her because her hands, though not particularly large, were already strong. A later student of Shorr's, Leon Fleischer, who studied with him a decade after Hephzibah, rather alarmingly claimed that Shorr 'acted as though it was never a good lesson unless I cried'. But there is no record that Shorr indulged in any fireworks with Hephzibah. In fact, she remembered him as being rather austere, though gentle.

Now aged seven, Hephzibah had been learning the piano for four years and was anxious to play in public, as her brother did. A piano recital by the sister of Yehudi Menuhin would undoubtedly further increase the public's interest in the Menuhin family, hardly what Marutha wanted, but Lev Shorr argued that it was the logical next step for Hephzibah. And she was ready, so Moshe and Marutha agreed.

When it was announced that Hephzibah would give her first solo piano recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, the place of Yehudi's debut, the press sat up and took notice. Would Yehudi's sister be equally dazzling? Nobody in the Menuhin camp seemed at all

nervous about the concert, least of all the pianist herself. Photographed beforehand by the *San Francisco Bulletin,* she is hugging Yehudi tightly around the neck and looking mischievous, while he has the unmistakable expression of an elder brother who wishes his little sister would just go away. Their clothes worn by both children are interesting: Hephzibah, in a dress, jacket and beret, looks as if she is wearing hand-me-downs. Yehudi is wearing short trousers, socks and lace-up shoes, with a butcher-boy cap on his head – clothes that seem intended for a boy much younger than twelve. Moshe had decided that, as a child prodigy, the younger his son looked, the better. (For a while, he took a year off his son's age for the benefit of journalists.)

The program Hephzibah and Lev Shorr had chosen for the recital was an adult one, though the recital was shorter than a conventional adult concert: Beethoven's *Sonata Opus 26*, the *Bach Italian Concerto*, Weber's *Rondo Brillante* and *Perpetual Motion*, and Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu.* Clearly Shorr believed that his young student was ready to give a display of virtuoso pianism, as well as demonstrate her technique in the legato passages. It was a daring program, including as it did several well-known pieces in which Hephzibah's performance would inevitably be compared with those of mature artists.

In the press announcements before the concert , however, there was no mention of the pieces she was to play. Instead the emphasis was on Yehudi and the Menuhins. Hephzibah was described as 'the Yehudi of the piano', and journalists took pains to say, as they had of Yehudi, that though precociously talented she was still a sweet and natural child, in whom 'a knowledge of music, literature and other cultural subjects, such as possessed by few three times her years, has not spoiled her nor given her an air of sophistication which too often goes with accomplished children'. There was much rather wearisome comment, too, on her golden-haired prettiness and charm, with Shirley Temple-like variations on 'this adorable little being, half imp and half angel, who plays … in a way that makes grownups marvel'.

The concert took place on the evening of 25 October 1928 before a packed house. Yehudi's fame ensured that many of San Francisco's leading musicians, teachers and musical patrons were there. Moshe Yehudi and Yaltah were in the front row, with Marutha presumably backstage..

Looking neither right nor left as she walked onto the stage, Hephzibah acknowledged the applause with a shy little curtsey before sitting down at the grand piano. Her legs were too short to touch the floor, and a lever had been fitted to the sustaining pedal to enable her to reach it. Like her brother, she showed no sign of conventional performance nerves but appeared remarkably self-possessed, confident and calm, her concentration complete. (Lev Shorr had warned her against getting flustered or excited on stage and she asked him what the word 'excited' meant.) There was something unnervingly adult, even businesslike, about her straight back and steady gaze, her total focus on the music she was about to play.

Hephzibah placed the first thoughtful chords of the Beethoven sonata with quiet deliberation. She played the sonorous funeral march with feeling but without a trace of sentimentality, and handled the intricate and rapid passages of the final movement with assurance; though her hands were already strong occasionally the notes were beyond her reach and power. The sense of rhythm she showed in the slow movement of the *Bach Italian Concerto* brought applause from her audience. She played the Weber with elegance, and handled with ease and surprising force the complicated rhythms and difficult runs of Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu.*

She was brought back for two encores, Chopin's *Minute Waltz* and *Gnomenreigen* by Liszt: her light touch in the latter provoked sustained applause. After repeated curtseys she – apparently spontaneously – walked to the wings and drew Lev Shorr onto the stage to share the applause. It was a gesture that was to prove typical of Hephzibah: all her life she was happiest when she was not the sole star.

Her performance was such that some critics, pens no doubt poised to gush all over again about this dear little girl who loved the keyboard as other little girls loved their dolls, had to think again. From the very beginning of Hephzibah's musical life, her reviews were considered and perceptive. Alexander Fried of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, one of the city's most influential music critics, commented that her debut was even greater than her brother's:

[1-line #]

> The piano is a difficult musical problem for a child, no matter how gifted. Its mechanism, more impersonal than that of the friendly violin, stands between the

> player and a sound far off. So much of the expressive effect, besides, must come from great physical strength manipulating tonal volume and colour.
>
> Therefore it was not surprising that Hephzibah's best triumph was in the marvellous digital skill with which she played the bright, rhythmic passages of Bach's Italian concerto, and in the dexterity of her treatment of Weber's Perpetual Motion and Rondo Brillante and Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu. Deeper musical feeling she exhibited convincingly in the Andante of the Bach and in parts of the Beethoven sonata ... Although she was hasty at times, with the facility of eager youth, she never fell into grave errors of taste or away from solid rectitudes of rhythm and phrasing.

[1-line #]

Redfern Mason of the *San Francisco Examiner* added:

[1-line #]

> Hephzibah's technique is notable but not extraordinary; what is extraordinary in her playing is its utter sincerity. ... She played the slow movement of the [Bach] concerto with a rhythmic inevitability that many a mature musician would envy. The cross rhythms of the Fantaisie Impromptu, the sparkling elegance of the Rondo Brillante, the elfin lightness of the opening theme of Gnomenreigen were successive revelations of the art of this youngest of San Francisco's gifted pianists.

[1-line #]

The music critic of the *San Francisco News* summed up the audience's general feeling when he wrote: 'Yehudi had better look out or his little sister will someday be a greater pianist than he will be a fiddler. And that means among the world's greatest.'

Marutha made sure her daughter knew little about this praise -- she had also made a point of not showing Yehudi his early reviews -- and Hephzibah was simply happy that the concert had gone so well. When asked how she had enjoyed performing, she said simply: 'I don't like to practise in front of so many people.' She accepted her mother's view that giving a public performance was an achievement, a legitimate reward for all the practice Hephzibah had done, but concerts would not be allowed to dominate her life.

When journalists eagerly questioned Hephzibah's parents about her future as 'the Yehudi of the piano', Moshe and Marutha smilingly refused to countenance the thought of a professional musical career for their daughter. She was only eight, they said, she had plenty

of time to grow up, and she should just be allowed to enjoy playing the piano. Though Moshe and Marutha had taken pains to give Hephzibah the best possible musical education, they seem to have devoted little thought to the consequences of her debut, nor did they consider it particularly important. Hephzibah's parents spoke about first public appearance as a pianist as little more than an exercise in parental even-handedness: Yehudi had appeared in public, Hephzibah should have her turn.

Moshe Menuhin's memoir deals with his daughter's debut in precisely five paragraphs, almost all of which consist of approving comments from musical critics. He then switches his attention back to his primary focus: Yehudi's career. And this mirrored the family pattern: Yehudi's career would always take precedence. This fact, coupled with the illogicality of giving Hephzibah a performer's education without encouraging her towards a concert career, created an ambivalence about the piano that deeply affected Hephzibah.
[2-line #]

In 1929 the Menuhin family returned to Europe, living mostly in Basel, where Yehudi studied with Adolf Busch. A richly cultured and cosmopolitan city of about 200 000 people, Basel was at that time a centre of learning and music. Busch's friends included the writer Thomas Mann, the composer Arthur Honegger, the conductor Arturo Toscanini, as well as Albert Schweitzer, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Vladimir Horowitz. Several of these musicians became members of the Menuhin circle.

Here, as elsewhere, Hephzibah's days were taken up with music practice, study and exercise. In the service of her children, Marutha imposed a routine that controlled most of their waking hours. There was precious little time for sitting around or dreaming, and Hephzibah soon acquired the habit of making every minute count, something that was to prove indispensable in later years. Marutha resumed her practice of employing local tutors for the children and ensuring that they learned to speak the languages they heard around them. Hephzibah mastered the rudiments of German as quickly as she had French, soon becoming familiar with the sonorous cadences of Goethe, Schiller, and others. It was when the three of them were learning Italian that they began calling their mother 'Mammina', a habit they maintained throughout their lives. Marutha had previously been 'Imma', the Hebrew word for 'Mummy'. For Hephzibah and Yaltah, Marutha always remained Mammina. (Moshe was always 'Aba' or 'father'.)

Strictly regimented though their lives were, Hephzibah and her brother and sister did have contact with other children. The two girls spent time with daughters of Yehudi's benefactor, Sidney Ehrman, and all three Menuhins knew the children of the musicians who were now part of their family circle. However, like other aspects of Hephzibah's childhood, these friendships were apt to be conditional. Yehudi gave concerts in the USA during the winter, and when in New York the Menuhins stayed with the Garbat family, whom Moshe and Marutha had met when they first went to New York. The Garbats had two daughters, the same age as Hephzibah and Yaltah. One of them, encouraged by her mother, gave two of her dolls to Hephzibah and Yaltah as presents, perhaps because they had none of their own. According to Yaltah, Marutha returned them abruptly, thanking her but saying she considered dolls a waste of time for her girls, who had no need of such fripperies. Mrs Garbat took offence, and came to believe that, where the Menuhin children were concerned, there was such a thing as too much discipline.

By now, Moshe and Marutha had assumed separate spheres of influence over their children. Broadly speaking, Moshe looked after Yehudi, Marutha the girls. Moshe was in charge of Yehudi's concert schedule, as well as being his son's financial manager and publicity agent. Marutha took care of all domestic matters, and while Yehudi might have been the focus of the family, Marutha was its centre.

There was occasional friction between Moshe and Marutha about the management of Yehudi's career. Marutha disagreed with Moshe's practice of claiming their son was younger than he was in order to make him seem an even greater prodigy, considering it undignified and boastful. Moshe was also happy for Yehudi to play in public as much as he wished; several times, when well-meaning people wanted Yehudi to perform at private gatherings for large fees, it was Marutha who coolly refused on the grounds that her son was not a performing seal.

Another important change in the Menuhin household at about this time was that sometimes Yehudi toured with his father while Marutha and the girls stayed at home. This was hard on Hephzibah, who longed to be with her brother. 'What the men did on their frequent journeys away from home was a mystery to me,' she wrote years later, 'because we had always been inseparable and always in support of each other, in terror of losing that

link which represented full happiness and security. It was beastly sad and lonesome for us when Yehudi and Aba were away.' Stuck at home with a severe mother and an increasingly rebellious younger sister, it is not surprising that Hephzibah sometimes chafed at her lot. Once, she spontaneously described her mother to Yaltah as 'impossible'. Marutha overheard and did not speak to her elder daughter for days.

Hephzibah was studying with Rudolf Serkin, a protégé of Adolf Busch and probably one of the most popular musicians in German-speaking Europe. Then in his late twenties, Serkin was renowned for the intensity and vitality of his performances. He and Busch, who had been playing together since Serkin was seventeen, were Germany's most celebrated musical duo, working as equal partners in a wide and varied repertoire.

Serkin, the son of a Jewish mother and German father, was a slight, unassuming man with receding hair and rimless glasses that gave him a myopic, scholarly appearance. There was nothing mild-mannered about his teaching, however; he was a demanding tutor, equally insistent on technical excellence and expressiveness: 'there is a vast difference between sure, strong fingers that can also relax and fingers that have acquired nothing but relaxation', he wrote. He himself had surprisingly large hands and thick fingers for a pianist. The finger strength and speed that Hephzibah had acquired under Lev Shorr were greatly enhanced by her two years of Serkin's tutelage, as was her disciplined approach to her instrument. Serkin advised his students to 'practise until you feel you are going to drop, then practise one hour more', recommending for mature students at least four hours a day to maintain technique, six hours for any progress to be made, plus two hours of sight reading.

Perhaps he did not insist on such a strict regimen for the ten-year-old Hephzibah, but it was here in Basel that she really developed the formidable concentration and discipline that drove her playing. And Serkin was not as alarming as he might have sounded . Other students of his have testified to the deep insight he brought to the German and Austrian composers he held dear: this, he felt, was more important than virtuoso pianism. Yaltah also had lessons from Rudolf Serkin, though he was not her main teacher. Later Serkin commented that she was probably the more instinctive musician of the two, but that Hephzibah was more disciplined.

Serkin's other career as a chamber musician also influenced Hephzibah. Instinctively inclusive by nature, she began to understand the techniques of playing music with others by listening to Serkin and Busch perform together. She developed her knowledge at home, too. The Menuhins' Basel house had three pianos, one each for Hephzibah and Yaltah, the third for Hubert Giesen, a young pianist from Stuttgart who was Yehudi's accompanist and who lived with the family for a while. (He later became the accompanist of the German tenor Fritz Wunderlich.) When not on tour, Yehudi practised with Giesen – whom the family instantly nicknamed Hupsie – for about two hours a day. Giesen was succeeded by the young Artur Balsam, who was also a protégé of Adolf Busch. By listening to her brother playing with Hupsie and Balsam, Hephzibah gradually became familiar with much of the piano and violin repertoire.

Hephzibah's education, with its emphasis on music and languages, her carefully regulated friendships and social life, and Marutha's insistence on her daughter's talent being nourished and expressed, were all pushing in one direction. The lives of all three Menuhin children in fact were ruled by the demands of art. They were being brought up to be artists. The measure of their maturity was their progress as musicians and linguists.

In Yehudi's case, the reason for this was clear-cut: he was being groomed for a career as a professional musician. But Hephzibah and Yaltah, despite receiving the same tuition, were not. As already noted, Moshe and Marutha's ambivalence about the education of their daughters, especially Hephzibah, makes an interesting study. On the one hand, both parents were ambitious for their children; they wanted them to develop intellectually and musically to the highest possible level. There was an element of pride in this: their children had to be the best. (Without wishing to make too much of this, it is worth remembering that the names of all three Menuhin children – Yehudi, 'the Jew'; Hephzibah, 'she is my delight'; and Yaltah after her mother's supposed birthplace – all refer indirectly to their parents.) And Moshe and Marutha were competitive. As an adult, Hephzibah laughingly said to Ruth Slenczynska, another San Francisco piano prodigy: 'How you troubled me years ago! My father would read about your successes, then turn on me and shout, "And look, she is four years younger than you! Get busy, practise!"'

It is also interesting that Moshe had publicised Hephzibah's debut concert as an educational and cultural experience for her, yet had charged full prices for the tickets; in

financial terms, at least, she was being presented as a professional. But in their views about girls and women, both parents were culturally Jewish, products of their place and time. Marutha's life experience had taught her how unsafe a woman on her own can be. A woman, she believed, needed a man to look after her, to make her secure. Safety lay in marriage, not in a career, and a woman's job was to find a good breadwinner and father for her children.

More than once Marutha declared to the press that Hephzibah's domestic abilities were more important than her musical talent: 'I always praised Hephzibah far more for a well balanced and executed dinner cooked by her than for any concert she might ever play,' she declared in a rare newspaper interview. 'I tell her that the only immortality to which a woman should aspire is that of a home and children. Career women lose the most important things of life and do not realise it until it is too late.' But once Yehudi became famous and the family increasingly prosperous, the Menuhins employed household staff, including cooks and housekeepers. Hephzibah never received sustained training in domestic skills (with the surprising exception of sewing and knitting, which she enjoyed all her life), and the evidence suggests that had she clamoured to help her mother bake a cake, she would have been sent straight back to the piano to finish her practice.

These double messages naturally affected Hephzibah's attitude to what she did best. An amenable child, she learned that the best way to please her mother was to excel at the piano. But though she received approval for this, praise was hard to come by. Not surprisingly, she found difficulty in enjoying and taking credit for her achievements.

[2-line #]

When the Menuhin family settled in the Villa les Fauvettes in 1931, Hephzibah, at eleven, was still very much a child, short and plump with curly blond hair and a beaming smile. But like Yehudi and Yaltah, she could be eerily unchildlike. The Russian-American cellist Gregor Piatigorsky met Hephzibah for the first time when she was ten and recalled: 'I didn't know how to strike up a conversation, and when I was just ready to make a cute remark in the best baby-talk manner, Hephzibah … [quoting from Dostoyevsky, Goethe and Pascal] taught me, along with other admirable things, never to make an attempt to treat

a baby like a baby.' Hephzibah at this age was fluent in French, Italian and German, but Piatigorsky was probably exaggerating about the Russian.

Perhaps Hephzibah was simply showing off, but other anecdotes of the same kind – about Yehudi's understanding of Schopenhauer, for instance, or Yaltah's grasp of European history – lead to the conclusion that the Menuhin children were unnervingly, even alarmingly, precocious. By all accounts the three were not really striving to impress. Having spent most of their lives with their parents and tutors, they were more likely to assume that discussion of language, philosophy or history was common currency among adults. They were merely being polite.

One of their tutors made some astute comments about the three Menuhin children at this stage of their lives. The distinguished American novelist and short-story writer, Willa Cather, met Yehudi during his 1929 concert appearances in New York, and became acquainted with the rest of the family. (4) They all met again in Paris, where Cather was staying with friends, and she rapidly became a surrogate aunt for all three children. Disconcerted by the rapidity and ease with which Hephzibah, Yehudi and Yaltah acquired knowledge of language after language without very much depth, Willa Cather thought they needed better grounding in English literature. She obtained Marutha's permission to organise a Shakespeare Club, consisting of herself and her companion Edith Lewis, Hephzibah and Yaltah, and Yehudi when he was available, in which they read Shakespeare plays aloud, with Cather providing the necessary explanations.

She became very fond of all three Menuhin children, and Edith Lewis, in her biography of Cather, wrote that the writer considered them 'not only the most gifted children [Willa] had ever known, with that wonderful aura of charm, presence, inspiration, that even the most gifted lose after they grow up; they were also extremely lovable, affectionate and unspoiled; in some ways funnily naïve, in others sensitive and discerning far beyond their years. They had an immense capacity for hero-worship and Willa Cather became … their greatest hero.'

Cather was supremely important to Yaltah, the odd child out, and the one whose relationship with Marutha was most difficult. In later years Yaltah was apt to describe Cather as the mother she never had. When as an adult Hephzibah read Shakespeare to herself, she always heard certain passages in the deep, careful voice of 'Aunt Willa'.

More surprisingly, perhaps, Marutha and Willa Cather became fast friends. Both had a strong pragmatic streak and were impatient with pretension and superficiality. Cather, a very private person, found that her fame as an author sometimes interfered with her need for solitude, and so sympathised with Marutha's fierce determination to keep her family's life secure from the eyes of outsiders. The two women met whenever their schedules permitted and corresponded for years.

The children's tutors in French and German at the Villa les Fauvettes were Professor Felix Bertaux and his son Pierre, who lived not far away in the township of Sèvres and came to the villa to give lessons. *père et fils.* Both father and son were commanding and forceful personalities. Pierre was the youngest university professor in France, strikingly Romantic in appearance, with flashing dark eyes, dark hair and swarthy skin. He set Hephzibah to translate some poems by the German lyric poet Friedrich Hölderlin into French, and much admired her work. Hephzibah had the kind of mind that enabled her to see patterns, make connections and remember rules –partly why she was such a fast and accurate sight reader of music. Quicker and more practical than her brother and sister, she was nicknamed by Yehudi and Yaltah 'Madame Larousse Lablonde', a pun on the fact that the name of the French dictionary *Larousse* also means 'the redhead' It's also an example of the rather laboured and bookish jokes the young Menuhin children liked.

For her part, Hephzibah admired Pierre Bertaux not only for his brooding good looks, but because of his wit and breadth of knowledge. Bertaux had an impressively wide range of interests, from mountain climbing to left-wing politics. Not surprisingly, twelve-year-old Hephzibah developed an intense and painful crush on him. When he told the family he was engaged to be married she was devastated. She confided her feelings to her sixteen-year-old brother, who decided to intercede on her behalf. He took Pierre for a long walk and tried to convince him to wait until Hephzibah was old enough to marry him, a ploy that was naturally unsuccessful. But Hephzibah never forgot the delicate anguish of first love, and the ideal of a dark, good-looking, highly intelligent man who passionately engaged with the world remained with her.

Hephzibah resumed piano studies in Paris with Marcel Ciampi, who was delighted to find that the promise he had seen in her several years before had been more than fulfilled. Teacher and student now worked seriously together. Hephzibah became familiar with his

famous *bout de crayon*, his way of marking scores to allow for different approaches, writing alternative fingerings in as many as five or six colours. So well scribbled-over were his scores, not just with fingerings but with accents, shadings and dynamic markings that one of his later students compared them to graffiti on the New York subway system. By this stage, Hephzibah was doubtless discussing and trying out her own ideas: her musical personality was developing fast.

Marcel Ciampi, his wife Yvonne and son Yves often came to the Villa les Fauvettes for the day. There was even joking speculation that Yves might marry Yaltah when both were a little older. And Ciampi's connection with the Menuhin family endured beyond their stay in Paris. His student Marcel Gazelle became Yehudi's regular accompanist and the first musical director of the Menuhin School, founded by Yehudi to nurture talented young string players and pianists. Ciampi himself taught at the Menuhin School some years later.

In Paris, as elsewhere, the family's social circle consisted mainly of people they had met through Yehudi: professional and amateur musicians, philanthropists, other artists, wealthy American Jewish expatriates with an interest in music. Among the Menuhins' cultivated friends were the French Jewish Fleg family: the writer and poet Edmond, his wife Madeleine and their two sons Maurice and Daniel, who were a few years older than Hephzibah and Yehudi. They lived in a beautiful apartment in Quai des Fleurs, on the Ile de la Cité where the Menuhins became frequent visitors. Their expatriate friends included Cora Koshland, a Jewish patron of the arts from San Francisco. A rich widow, she rarely bothered to return to her homeland, spending her time touring Europe. Once, when the Menuhins were visiting George Enesco at his summer villa in Rumania, she appeared like a fairy godmother at the head of a convoy of three huge black Chryslers and invited the family to tour the countryside with her. They climbed into the chauffeur-driven cars and set off along the rutted mountain roads and through the forests.

George Enesco, when in Paris, was the centre of a fascinating group of musicians and musical enthusiasts, just as Adolf Busch had been in Basel. It was thanks to Enesco's friend Etienne Gaveau, a wealthy piano manufacturer, that Hephzibah and Yaltah were given beautiful instruments to practise on. The word 'dapper' could have been invented for Gaveau: his elegant clothes and tailored white beard particularly impressed Yehudi and his sisters. Also part of Enesco's group was the composer Ernest Bloch, known to the

Menuhin children as Uncle Ernest. Having no contact with their parents' siblings, who were in the USA, Russia or Israel, the children tended to adopt family friends as aunts and uncles. On their first visit to Paris, Hephzibah and Yaltah were always pleading with Bloch to play bears with them, and as Hephzibah grew older, and perhaps because of her Jewish heritage, she developed a particular affinity for his music, with its sharp blend of Western and Oriental harmonies.

Another adopted aunt and uncle were Jan and Isabelle Hambourg. Isabelle, née McClung, was from a wealthy Pittsburgh family and had been a close friend of Willa Cather's since college days. Jan Hambourg belonged to a remarkable Russian Jewish musical family: his father Mikhail, a distinguished pianist and teacher, emigrated to Canada where he established Toronto's Hambourg Conservatory of Music. All Mikhail's four sons were talented musicians. Mark, the eldest, was an international piano virtuoso, one of the world's first recording artists and a friend of Brahms, Thibaud, Busoni and Ravel. Boris was a well-known cellist, and Clement, another pianist, made his mark as the proprietor of one of Toronto's first jazz clubs. Jan had studied the violin though he never played professionally.

Jan Hambourg was in his early fifties when he met the Menuhins. Having married into money, he had no need to earn a living, but he was a man of ferocious enthusiasms. The owner of two priceless violins, he spent years studying and editing Bach's sonatas and partitas for solo violin. When the Menuhins visited the Hambourgs they often saw Jan carrying out a ritual he performed every weekday for years. Putting on a burgundy-coloured velvet smoking-jacket, he would pick up his Amati or Guarnerius and reverently play one of the Bach solo works, beginning the cycle on Monday and finishing on Saturday. Sunday was his day of rest.

Without children of their own, the Hambourgs took a great interest in Hephzibah, Yaltah and Yehudi. Jan, a member of the Salle Gastronomique, was passionate and knowledgeable about good food, and he and Isabelle sometimes took the three children to famous restaurants for dinner. This was a huge treat, to be looked forward to for days. Although Bigina, the cook at the Villa les Fauvettes, prepared good basic Italian food, family meals in the Menuhin household scarcely ran to caviar and champagne. From the time she was about twelve, Hephzibah developed a particular fondness for foie gras and Krug, rather smugly noting in her fourteen-year-old diary, '*je suis née d'être aristocrate!*'

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Yehudi's earning capacity was now such that it allowed the family to take holidays on a rather grand scale. In the summer of 1933, when Hephzibah was thirteen, Moshe bought a new Delage and the family drove south, first to the Riviera and then to Ospedaletti in Italy. After a month of sun, swimming, walking, reading and eating figs, they set off for the Engadine in the Swiss Alps. Here they rented a 300-year-old cottage and summoned Bigina the cook and their Russian teacher, always formally known as Mr Lozinsky. (Russian was evidently the language the children were learning that year.) Two pianos were shipped from Zurich so that Hephzibah and Yaltah could continue their practice.

They soon had visitors. Vladimir Horowitz, driving a Rolls-Royce convertible, arrived with his fiancée Wanda Toscanini. Gregor Piatigorsky, also holidaying in Switzerland, brought his cello, and Bruno Walter came too. People would stand outside the Menuhins' holiday cottage for hours, day or night, to hear the children practise and to listen to the music they made with their friends. Moshe, ever the adroit publicist, informed his favourite newspaper the London *Daily Telegraph*, who sent a special correspondent:

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> The moon was full and the wind was gently sighing through the pine-clad Alps, and a silvery waterfall was dropping thousands of feet into the running stream below ... Here were no Paris gowns, no glittering jewels, starched shirts or evening dress, no great concert hall with the hum and excitement of gathering expectant crowds – but just a little country house party of fifteen who were admitted 'free' and took what seats they could ... within the unpainted, pine-panelled room which served the purpose of a music salon.

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Though carefully rustic in its description, here was yet another example of the glamorous life of the Menuhins that the public loved to read about. Evidently the *Daily Telegraph* forgot to send a photographer; this is one of the few Menuhin stories unaccompanied by a smiling family picture. However, at least two photographs taken during this period give some revealing information about family dynamics.

During his 1933 winter tour of the USA, Yehudi performed at Carnegie Hall, with the rest of the family present. A press photographer was admitted to the artists' room, and his or her photograph says more about the relative status of the children than any newspaper story. Marutha is in the centre of the picture, in a long black dress and carrying a glamorous white muff. She looks like a sweet-faced, elegant cat as she gazes admiringly at a dinner-jacketed Yehudi on her right. On the other side of Yehudi stands a rather distracted-looking Hephzibah, and close to Marutha stands Moshe, his expression suggesting that all is going well.. Squeezed between Moshe and Marutha, not fully visible and with nobody looking at her, stands a droop-shouldered Yaltah, braids coiled around her head, looking diffident and sad. It is a poignant photograph, eloquently expressing not only what Yaltah felt about herself, but her place in the family. Hephzibah was always aware of this. 'You must know,' she wrote to a correspondent years later, 'that Yaltah was always the least favoured of all of us.'

In another picture, reproduced in several newspapers later in the same year Hephzibah and Yehudi, aged thirteen and seventeen, are standing on the steps of the Villa les Fauvettes shaking hands and beaming at each other. Yehudi is dressed in knickerbockers, a long-sleeved shirt, woollen socks and laceup shoes; Hephzibah wears a skirt and jumper, short socks and brogues. What makes this picture striking is their hair, which is so short that both children look as if they are growing out crew cuts. It was the legacy of an interesting episode.

One day a few weeks before, the eleven-year-old Yaltah had picked up a pair of scissors or hair clippers and started chopping at her long blond hair, perhaps to see what it would look like in a fashionable bob. Like every other little girl who has ever tried this, she made an unholy mess of it. Marutha then proceeded to cut most of her daughter's hair off, leaving her head shaved almost to the scalp. When Yaltah went down to breakfast the following morning, however, she discovered that her brother and sister had cut their own hair as short as hers.

The slant given this story depends on its teller. Yehudi's first biographer Robert Magidoff has Yehudi and Hephzibah loyally supporting their sister and insisting on the same treatment: 'Out of solidarity with their frantically unhappy sister, and Marutha providing the example herself, the whole family, excepting Moshe, submitted to the new style.

Laughing along with the children at this orgy of haircutting, Marutha said her mother had always believed in shaving the head every once in a wall to help the hair acquire a new lustre.'

But when Hephzibah and Yaltah spoke of this episode in later life, neither mentioned a fun-loving, scissors-wielding mother, and such a reaction sounds entirely untypical of Marutha. In both sisters' accounts Marutha loses her temper and shaves Yaltah's head, and the two elder children decide to support their sister by doing the same thing themselves. According to Hephzibah, it was Yehudi's idea that they cut their own hair, with Hephzibah in agreement with her brother as usual. Yaltah, who probably told Magidoff the story in the first place – most of Magidoff's stories about Marutha apparently came from her younger daughter – probably did not add the jolly interpretation Magidoff gave to it, as she was seldom concerned to present her mother in a flattering light.

It is a disturbing story, not least because images of children with their heads shaved in Nazi death camps now have a resonance they lacked in 1933. If the story is accurate, it is the only recorded example of Yehudi and Hephzibah uniting against their mother in favour of their sister. Yehudi notes in his memoir that Yaltah once irritated him and Hephzibah so much that they locked her in a cupboard for several hours and in her diary Hephzibah usually referred to her sister in a lordly fashion as '*l'enfant*'. Perhaps, after all, Yaltah had wrought such havoc on her hair that Marutha had no option but to cut it so short and, with a press photographer in the offing, she decreed that all three children should have similarly short hair.

It is clear that for the Menuhin family photographs were more than just private records of passing time or particular events. From an early age, Hephzibah, her brother and sister were veterans of photo calls. The children often gave posed studio photographs to their parents or to friends as presents. There are no amateur 'happy snaps' in the Menuhin collection, no wavering, out-of-focus photographs taken just for fun.

'The angel, the egotist, the wild girl, the woman, the child in love with life'

Sometime in 1932, Hephzibah and Yehudi began regularly playing piano and violin sonatas together at home in the evenings, just for fun. According to Yehudi, they fell into a partnership, an inevitable result of their closeness as brother and sister. :
'The understanding, closeness, trust and ease of relationship which we had had since we had known each other matured into music, and revealed that we had a Siamese soul,' wrote Yehudi. Apparently that Siamese soul was in his keeping: 'With Yehudi I always felt safe,' said Hephzibah. 'Of course he was the leader and I followed him.'

During the previous year, Hephzibah had been playing with Yehudi in a group of musicians who met at the Villa les Fauvettes. Beginning in the summer of 1931 George Enesco organised chamber music sessions at his house, once a week from June to October. These sessions, which were really impromptu concerts, started at eight in the evening and frequently ran until three the following morning, with short breaks for coffee or a tisane. The core group comprised some of the greatest musicians Paris had to offer. Yehudi and Jacqueline Salomons (who later married Marcel Gazelle) played violin; Enesco played viola, unless Pierre Monteux was there; Maurice Eisenberg played cello. Alfred Cortot, Jacques Thibaud and Pablo Casals also came. Occasionally the group met at the Villa les Fauvettes, where Hephzibah and Yaltah joined in, and over the course of the year, Hephzibah began to play with them more and more regularly, Yaltah less often.

Once Hephzibah and Yehudi had become regular partners, they soon established a routine. Having decided on the repertoire – usually Beethoven, Brahms or Schumann – they would go over the scores together, discussing questions of tempo and interpretation. They worked on their parts separately during the day, with Hephzibah singing the violin part to herself as she practised piano (an extraordinarily difficult thing to do) and played together in the evenings. For many months their only audience was their fellow musicians, and then, one summer evening in 1933, when Hephzibah was thirteen and Yehudi seventeen, Georges Enesco and Marcel Ciampi declared to Moshe and Marutha, 'They must play together in public.'

Thibault and others quickly supported this idea. Surely, they argued, performance was the logical result of Hephzibah's training as a musician. She was ready, why not allow her to play?

This cut right to the heart of Moshe and Marutha's plans for their daughter: Hephzibah's musical talent was to be used for her own enrichment and that of her eventual family, not for audiences. And so at first they refused to countenance the idea, despite Yehudi's enthusiastic support. Hephzibah remained silent, knowing better than to add her pleas to those of the family friends.

The arguments continued back and forth for weeks, and in the end, predictably, it was Moshe who softened first. He was probably thinking about the box office. Yehudi, at seventeen, was now too old to be considered a child prodigy, and other young violinists such as Isaac Stern were beginning to make their mark: Moshe could see that joint concert appearances by his two attractive teenagers might well have an appeal to audiences that Yehudi's competitors could not match. He talked to Marutha along these lines. One or two joint concerts would not hurt, he said, and Yehudi would look after his sister.

On the grounds that Hephzibah would not be seeking public acclaim as a soloist, but rather supporting her brother, Marutha reluctantly agreed to a few concerts. Hephzibah could partner Yehudi in sonata recitals in Paris, London and New York, but that was it.

Moshe lost little time in announcing their decision to the press, giving the impression that Hephzibah had pleaded so eloquently to play with her brother that her parents had had no option but to yield. A headline in one American newspaper ran 'Menuhins lose their war', and the article commented: 'It looks as though Mr and Mrs Moshe Menuhin have about lost their battle to keep their children from being made musical prodigies …' Moshe's apparent reluctance might have been a ploy to whet audience appetites for the first duo appearance of Yehudi and Hephzibah, but once again it emphasised the Menuhins' ambivalence about their daughter and music: their pride in her ability versus the fact that they were, as one newspaper expressed it, 'conservative in matters pertaining to feminine careers and happiness in life'.

But Hephzibah's first professional appearance with her brother took place not in a concert hall, but in a recording studio. It is not clear why this was so: perhaps Yehudi or his parents thought she needed what amounted to a practice run. It was a small, chilly room in the Paris studios of HMV with dark panelled walls, one large microphone on a stand and a grand piano. Hephzibah and Yehudi played Mozart's violin and piano sonata in A. They had often performed this before, but Hephzibah found there was a world of difference between playing in a large room among friends and this small, non-resonant wooden box, watched only by two impassive technicians. Yehudi was already used to the recording studio, having the previous year recorded Elgar's *Violin Concerto* under the composer's direction, and so was able to guide his sister through the most disconcerting part of the experience: the fact that they were recording onto 78rpm vinyl discs. These held only about four minutes of music per side, and so the two of them had to work out convenient places to stop and start without damaging Mozart's musical architecture or compromising his tempi too much. If this recording is typical of other early Menuhin recordings, Hephzibah's playing sounded nervous, almost timid, while Yehudi played with robust sweetness.

However, when the record was released early in December 1933 it won the Candide Prize, awarded to the best new chamber-music recording of the year. There was great anticipation, then, for their first public concert, which took place almost a year later, on 13 October 1934 at the Salle Pleyel in Paris. Hephzibah was fourteen, her brother eighteen. They presented an all-sonata program, including the Mozart they had already recorded, along with Schumann's D minor and Beethoven's *Kreutzer*, all pieces they knew well.

Walking onstage together, Yehudi paused briefly to acknowledge the applause while Hephzibah went straight to the piano, sitting with her hands in her lap, calmly waiting until her brother was ready. From the beginning, then, she gave the impression that the applause was only for him. But there was nothing subordinate in her performance. She and Yehudi had an intuitive understanding of each other, and when they played together they were able to act on their knowledge of each other's feelings and intentions. This was something their audiences recognised right from the start, and was all the more remarkable because they rarely made eye contact. When asked by the press to account for this their father declared that they often rehearsed in the dark. This seems highly unlikely but it does explain what Yehudi called their 'needing to make no effort to bend and blend our personalities [and playing] with a natural union of conception and approach'.

At the end of this first public duet, Hephzibah moved to centre stage to stand beside her brother, taking his hand while he bowed but not moving herself. As a joke Yehudi put his hand on the back of her neck so that she had to incline her head, a gesture the audience loved. People who saw their early concerts together always remembered that brotherly push, and the hand-in-hand bow became the signature of all their joint concert appearances.

Of this first concert with her brother Hephzibah later wrote:
[1-line #]

> Yehudi was very kind to me musically … I [now] realise how carefully he guarded my balance, to ensure that no doubts crept into my mind prematurely … As for emotional freedom, he often commented on my cold efficiency and asked me if I was in fact as unfeeling as I seemed. I was not of course but I was very ashamed of expressing emotions, and would have sooner died than rehearse them for the purpose of exteriorising … Whatever came naturally, when all else had been planned and practised, I never held back at the time of the performance, and I always relied on him to take the lead. I would have followed him anywhere. Don't I remember how carefully he told me that one must have an inspiration at one's fingertips and in one's head so well perfected that, in case inspiration fails, one might still give a fine performance, true to style and to meaning in every detail. *[1-line #]*

They repeated their Salle Pleyel program at Queen's Hall, London, on 2 November, and at Carnegie Hall on 19 December, to excellent reviews. While predictably Yehudi was given the lion's share of the praise, some discerning critics could see that Hephzibah was at least as gifted as her brother. In a review in the *New York Times*, Samuel Chotzinoff urged Moshe and Marutha to reconsider their decision about their daughter's career. Hephzibah's talent was so great, he said, that it should be given its place, regardless of her gender. But Moshe and Marutha, sensitive to any suggestion that they might be exploiting their children for material gain, preferred to heed the words of another *Times* music critic, Olin Downes: 'It is good to know that in spite of [Hephzibah's] obvious talent and success the Menuhin parents do not intend that their daughter shall follow a professional career … Almost can one believe that there is intelligence in the world capable of withstanding the temptations of money and fame. These children are fortunate in their parents.'

Moshe and Marutha did allow Hephzibah to make several more records with Yehudi in the next year or so, as well as several carefully selected recitals, though not very many.
[2-line #]

In the autumn of 1934 the family gave up the lease on the Villa les Fauvettes after almost four years and left Paris to go travelling. Their trips naturally coincided with Yehudi's concerts, and after these commitments had been fulfilled in Europe and the United States, the family embarked on what Moshe always referred to as Yehudi's 'world tour'.

This description owed something to hyperbole: the Menuhins were to visit Australia, New Zealand and South Africa before returning to Europe. They would be away for almost twelve months, not a surprising length of time considering the distances involved. It was not uncommon for European artists visiting the Antipodes to remain there for months, travelling around as much as possible to ensure the largest possible audiences. Australians and New Zealanders, being very conscious in those days of their distance from the centres of European civilisation, were enthusiastic concert-goers, discerning listeners to classical music on radio, and purchasers of gramophone records.

Hephzibah would not be Yehudi's musical partner on this tour: that role was reserved for the amiable Marcel Gazelle. (His good humour even survived seasickness in the Tasman Sea, treated by the three giggling children by a lunch of herrings and chocolate pudding.) What Hephzibah thought of being replaced by Gazelle has not been recorded. Since she had so much enjoyed playing with her brother, she might well have been put out. In photographs taken on this tour, she looks either sulky or vague, although all she revealed in interviews was that she missed her friends in Paris.

This is hardly surprising. When the *Mariposa* glided into dock in Sydney, Herphzibah would have seen a waterfront of shabby warehouses fringing a city that looked a little like Manchester with a harbour. Not being of an age to appreciate either Sydney sandstone or Victorian architecture, Hephzibah found the city gloomy, provincial and dull. Australia was then in the grip of the Great Depression, and both inside and outside its cities, the poverty was very obvious. There were no glamorous buildings or people, and to a European-educated eye, used to soaring Swiss mountains and dense forests, there was very little

beauty in Australia's brown paddocks and dusty eucalypts. Nor did the ardour with which Yehudi and the family were greeted impress her greatly: Hephzibah was used to this kind of acclaim.

But for musically educated Australians, as well as for the country's musicians, Yehudi Menuhin's tour was nothing short of wonderful. According to one source, his ten concerts in the Sydney Town Hall were attended by a total of thirty thousand: some people saved for months to buy tickets. It is not uncommon to hear older Australians, even now, say that the first time they heard a great artist live in concert was during Yehudi Menuhin's 1934 tour. It seems, however, that the Menuhin entourage underestimated the musical knowledge and taste of Australian audiences, some of whom found the repertoire a little patronising. Critics pointed out that a violin concerto in D major, the *'Adelaide'* attributed to Mozart and to be played by Yehudi with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, had been heard in concert only a few months previously. Similarly, a concerto by Lalo was in the repertoire of local violinists, and Kreisler's *Praeludium and Allegro* had been recital staples before this. One or two critics complained that the program had been dictated by assumptions of unsophisticated musical taste rather than artistic considerations, and they suspected that Yehudi's manager believed that anything would do for provincial audiences. Some of the offending pieces were removed and Yehudi and Marcel Gazelle played a newly learned work, Enesco's *Third Sonata*, which was well received. Hephzibah and Yehudi often played it together later.

Moshe, as usual, was Yehudi's press agent on that tour. When Australian journalists wanted to hear about Hephzibah and Yaltah, rather than Yehudi, their father was happy to oblige, saying that Hephzibah would be 'tall, like Yehudi' (Moshe and Marutha were little more than five foot; Yehudi was about five foot eight). 'And like Yehudi she has a soft, calm and composed nature … She is truly a beautiful girl, if I may say so, blonde with blue eyes and lovely white teeth – a happy, healthy girl, radiant with joy, but if anyone else is unhappy she is unhappy too.' Moshe went on to make it cruelly obvious who was the preferred daughter. 'Yaltah is only twelve and as yet is very short … like Hephzibah she is a blonde with blue eyes, but unlike Hephzibah she is talkative, direct, aggressive, she is the devil of the family. She, too, is a great pianist but music is not enough for her to express her thoughts …'

Whereas Marutha, who disliked being interviewed, usually pushed the line that neither of her daughters was about to have a concert career, Moshe was still torn between boasting about his elder daughter's great talent and declaring that careers were not for women. The other theme constantly reiterated in interviews was the closeness of the Menuhin family, particularly in musical terms. In Adelaide, Hephzibah was ill and stayed in the hotel with Marutha and Yaltah instead of going to Yehudi's concert at the Town Hall. She told a journalist that she and Marutha followed the concert mentally, and Yehudi added that his mother 'had been two bars behind all evening'. How they calculated this was not explained, but the press duly marvelled at their expertise.

When the family made the long train trip west across the Nullarbor Plain to Perth, Moshe arranged for them to travel in the carriage built specially for the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1920. All wood panels, plush seats and gold embroidery, the carriage had its own fully equipped kitchen, as well as a butler and cook. But, though the Menuhin children were used to luxury, they were well aware that others were less fortunate than they. The train stopped to take on water at a railway siding and very soon a group of Aborigines came to beg for food. Hephzibah, Yehudi and Yaltah all rushed to the kitchen and raided the supplies, which they threw out to the waiting mob along with items the family had brought along. They continued until the cook protested, saying there would be no food left for the rest of the trip. This was the children's idea, strongly supported by Moshe and Marutha.

This incident had an echo later during that tour, when the family were taken down a South African diamond mine to admire the diamonds and see where they came from. But what the children remembered were the gaunt faces of the black miners, and for Hephzibah the experience reinforced what she had learned on the Nullarbor Plain: that oppression wasn't confined to refugees. It was a lesson she took to heart, one that fuelled the developing sense of social justice that was Moshe's gift to his children, as well as her instinctive distaste for ostentation.

From South Africa the family went to London, where Yehudi and Hephzibah gave one sonata recital, playing Brahms, Franck and Enesco. Even though they had given comparatively few concerts, their several recordings had firmly established them as the premier young violin-and-piano duo

Yehudi was to play further concerts with several European orchestras, and the family prepared to set off once more. . But Europe was becoming an ominous place. In Spain and elsewhere, fascism was rising: the sight of soldiers on the streets of Madrid made a great impression on Hephzibah. Yehudi's concerts in Italy were cancelled after other touring musicians had been attacked by fascist thugs. Going to Germany was out of the question: the Menuhins knew what had been happening to Jewish musicians there. Their friend the conductor Bruno Walter had been locked out of the Leipzig Gewandhaus and his concert cancelled – he left Germany immediately. Arturo Toscanini had cancelled all his appearances at the Bayreuth Festival as a protest against the Nazis' treatment of Jewish musicians.

The Menuhins spent the first months of 1936 at the Hotel Majestic in Paris, to allow Yehudi to make further recordings. Hephzibah joined him to record Enesco's *Sonata No 3* and the finale of Beethoven's *G Major Sonata.* Brother and sister appeared together for a recital at Carnegie Hall in March 1936. This was to be their last concert together for some time; indeed, it was Yehudi's last public appearance for at least a year. He was almost twenty, and having been performing for some ten years by now, he needed some time to relax and study, to broaden and deepen his musical understanding. No longer a child and yet not quite an adult, he was discovering, as have other prodigies, that what he loved doing most in the world, hitherto driven by intuition and instinct, was no longer as effortless as it had been. He needed now to analyse his playing in order to maintain it.

Even though Yehudi lived to play the violin, he had been under such pressure to perform for so long that it is difficult to believe his parents' denials that he was being exploited. **His** decision to take time out was a wise one, made, it seems, by himself; his parents do not appear to have been consulted.

Word had spread about Yehudi's temporary retirement, and his final concert with Hephzibah sold out months beforehand. They played familiar repertoire – sonatas by Brahms, Enesco and Franck, with some Mozart that had been specially requested by Toscanini, who was in the audience. The critics were unanimous in their praise, with several commenting on the rapport between brother and sister. The critic for the *New York American and Brooklyn Daily Eagle* wrote: 'One would expect Yehudi (now grown into a sturdy youth) to dominate his younger partner (white-gowned in a girlish frock) but not for

a moment was there any undue emphasis on his part in the matter of authority or individuality. He and his sister were an indivisible unit in spirit and interpretation.'

The newspaper reported that 'despite the beautiful adjustment to the violin, it was the piano that set the style, the character of the performance. For again one had to wonder not only at the physical beauty and technical assurance of Hephzibah's playing, but at its musical maturity – its qualities of style, in which it surpassed the playing of her older brother. It was she again who played with almost masculine decision and the utmost distinction and purity of style, at the same time as with the most beautiful musical sensitiveness.' This praise is even more noteworthy in view of the fact that Hephzibah had not been playing or practising consistently for the previous twelve months.

Hephzibah, now almost sixteen and growing out of her blonde blue-eyed prettiness to become a strikingly attractive young woman, kept a personal diary for some months that year. The lack of self-consciousness in its entries suggests that she had kept diaries before, though none still exist. This *Agenda pour 1936,* a notebook bound in Moroccan leather, is written in French, in handwriting that is fully formed and confident, with long strokes and the odd flourish, .surprisingly similar to her adult hand. Here was no adolescent girl trying out different personas in various styles and inks. The entries are brief, mostly descriptions of her life, either for herself alone or perhaps as notes for letters she intended to write to friends.

She noted an impressive amount of activity and work in Paris: lessons with Ciampi, piano trios with her brother and Maurice Eisenberg, visits from friends, talks with Enesco, with whom she was on easy terms, a trip to London with Yehudi (although she did not play there). There are walks in the park, dinners in restaurants, laughter with friends (all her life Hephzibah had an endearing tendency to 'get the giggles') trips to well-known tourist spots. She went clothes shopping with Marutha and argued about some of her mother's choices, which she considered girlish, dowdy and old-fashioned. Much of this she described with adolescent self-dramatisation and grumpiness, and the diary bristles with things that are *triste* or *affreux, exquise* or *sublime.* Underlying it all, however, is a sense of anxiety: Hephzibah worried about not working hard enough to please her mother, and she castigated herself for being idle.

At the same time, though, she had her share of beaux. Marutha, who had married at eighteen, evidently encouraged her daughters to flirt, and Hephzibah's diary is full of heartburnings and crushes, longings and palpitating hearts, which she clearly enjoyed describing. She was becoming fond of the American pianist Beveridge Webster, twelve years her senior, who was playing and studying in Paris: 'Thursday 13 February, I await Beveridge's arrival with impatience, curiosity, fever …' She was less impressed by Keith Pulvermacher, son of a senior journalist on London's *Daily Telegraph*, whom she considered an *espèce d'imbécile.* (Possibly picking up on this, Pulvermacher transferred his affections to Yaltah.) But the young men with whom she spent most time, apart from Yehudi, were the Fleg brothers Maurice and Daniel.

The two Fleg boys, whom Hephzibah knew from her earlier years in Paris, were both slightly built with dark hair and expressive brown eyes; both were cultivated, quick and clever. Maurice, the elder of the two, was the better-looking, with full lips and a thoughtful face; Daniel's nose was too large for him to be called handsome. But where they really differed was in character – . Maurice was practical, deown-to-earth and friendly, Daniel sensitive and dreamy. In his mid-twenties, Maurice treated Hephzibah with a careless, elder-brotherly fondness, and she developed a painful crush on him. 'Sunday 23 February: How many times have I asked myself how I shall see him again … he was responsive and charming'. She had an 'adorable and capricious' dinner with him the following day. (There is such an air of adoration in much of this that one is surprised to find that *lui* – him – does not have a capital L.) Hephzibah was already attracted to somewhat older men who possessed an air of authority: it is not necessary to look very hard to see a reflection of Yehudi in this. When Hephzibah was not sighing over Maurice, she went on long walks with the fragile and melancholy Daniel.

Early in March, with the family's departure for the United States imminent, Hephzibah was a prey to a 'horrible sadness'. She felt particularly gloomy knowing that she would not be in Paris for the premiere of Enesco's opera *Oedipe*, for which Maurice's father had written the libretto. When she saw Maurice for the last time on 10 March she confided to her diary that her heart was 'beating in profound grief *[en moi, mon coeur bat avec une douleur profonde*].'

Moshe knew that it was becoming increasingly dangerous for a Jewish family to remain in Europe, and that, like the Menuhins' friend Bruno Walter and other musicians, they would be safer on the other side of the Atlantic. He had found a house near San Jose in California that he hoped would be the family's first permanent home for some years, but although it had glorious views it was too small and isolated for Marutha, who declined to live there.

Moshe, who had loved the place, had no further heart for house-hunting and left it to Marutha and Yehudi. They eventually settled on a sprawling, unpretentious clapboard house not far from Los Gatos, on a hill overlooking the Santa Clara Valley. A huge oak tree dominated the garden and, with an acre of land surrounding the house, there was room for additions to the property. These included a swimming pool and badminton court, as well a separate cottage with guest bedrooms and a large room for impromptu concerts. Further up the hill was the Sacred Heart Novitiate, and the family was invited to wander around its orchards, vineyards and walking trails.

Marutha's rugs, divans and furniture arrived, pianos were shipped over from Paris for Hephzibah and Yaltah, and gradually the family came to consider the house their home. 'The call of the mountain trails, the brilliant climate, the recreation room, which also served as a little theatre and ballroom, the shady lawns with the badminton court and ping-pong tables, Yehudi's open Cadillac in which he and his friends explored old wagon paths on which no motor cars had ever been driven – all these things kept our children busy, physically and spiritually,' wrote Moshe in his memoir. 'There were hours for walking, hours for resting, reading, swimming and sunbathing.'

And for visitors. One of their first here was Daniel Fleg, who arrived in the summer of 1936. The invitation came from Marutha, who had a soft spot for him. Concerned about his tendency to melancholy, she decided that sunshine, good food and physical activity would cheer him up. Perhaps she also hoped that his friendship with Hephzibah or Yaltah would develop into something more romantic.

The first part of Daniel's cure in fact involved hard labour. He was put to work building the swimming pool, spending three or four hours a day wheeling barrowloads of cement, for which he was paid twenty-five cents an hour. In his diary he noted with some pride and amusement that he added about six kilos to his frame, was 'cooked by the sun, an absorber

of milk, eggs and a great deal of fruit juice, and temporarily transformed into a manual worker'. It was a far cry from the way he spent his days in Paris, reading and discussing literature and politics with friends.

Daniel Fleg's diary details daily life at Los Gatos from July to November 1936, and is interesting for the light it sheds on Menuhin family relationships He was dazzled by Marutha's beauty and kindness, and flattered by her apparent interest in him, but when he wrote in his diary about Hephzibah, Yaltah and Yehudi, his tone became that of the indulgent, worldly-wise older relative. Every morning Daniel and Hephzibah studied English together, embarking on Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and Scott's *Ivanhoe.* (When one considers the books Hephzibah read, in English as well as in German and French, it is not surprising that her prose style had more than a hint of nineteenth-century floweriness about it.) Marutha conducted daily lessons in Spanish. Most evenings the Menuhin children went for walks in the grounds of the novitiate, and they also took tango lessons. There were theatrical events, including a performance of Act III of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* (the playwright's wife was a friend of the family). This took place in the large music room, with costumes got up for the occasion. A fancy-dress dinner also took place, with Moshe dressed in Chinese attire, Hephzibah's friend Beveridge Webster as a Red Indian, Yehudi as an Arab, and Daniel as a Rumanian gypsy.

Daniel Fleg was also struck by the Menuhins' passion for animals. Moshe treated the family dog, Alupka, almost as a fourth child, and two kittens that had been abandoned by the roadside became part of the household during Daniel's time there. One day Yehudi, Hephzibah, Beveridge Webster and another friend disappeared in a delivery van, and when they returned hours later Daniel heard smothered giggles. He discovered that they had smuggled a goat, christened Feodosya, into the laundry.

With summer guests constantly coming to Los Gatos, there was endless talk of love, marriage and matchmaking. According to Daniel, Marutha was always sizing up the guests as potential husbands for Hephzibah or Yaltah, or wives for Yehudi. Rivalries and jealousies surfaced: when the swimming pool was finished Hephzibah taught herself to dive and swim, in order to outdo one of Yehudi's girlfriends, Rosalie Leventritt. It was a standing joke that Yaltah fell in love with every young man who came to visit – nobody, not even Daniel, seemed to see that she demanded attention as a sign of emotional

neediness/Daniel himself spent a lot of time with Hephzibah, walking and talking for hours about Paris, and particularly about Maurice. Hephzibah was hurt because he so seldom replied to her letters.

As the summer drew on, Daniel became increasingly sharp-eyed, noticing the control that Marutha, serenely beautiful with her blue eyes and dusty blond hair under her summer hats, exercised over the whole family. He was not the only one: Rosalie Leventritt observed that Marutha 'rules the household with an iron hand but pretends not to … you are always aware of the steel claws you cannot see. Anything she says she needs to say only once.' Daniel felt that Yehudi, in particular, was being infantilised by his parents. 'I find something excessive, almost insulting, in the way that this adolescent artist [Yehudi was twenty] is so cosseted and so little master of his activities,' he wrote. 'Certainly nothing, small or large, happens without his tacit approval, but the decision does not come from him … His sweet passivity, admirable insofar as it concerns others, I find noble, but it also irritates me slightly.'

By the time Daniel Fleg wrote this, halfway through his stay, he was chafing at being in California at all. He believed the civil war in Spain was the prelude to a greater European war, and here he was, sitting in the sun or playing like an irresponsible child. Daniel saw the impending war in Europe as a chance to prove himself, to overcome the feelings of unworthiness and failure that plagued him. He was an introspective and troubled young man who considered himself the least successful member of his brilliant family. He could not express his feelings about the war to any of the Menuhins, not even Moshe, who as a strong supporter of the US Democratic Party was confident that President Roosevelt would intervene and save the day. Daniel noted sardonically: 'I notice again and again … how easily Americans resolve the problems of Europe from 110,000 kilometres away.'

Unable to bear his restless misery any longer, Daniel announced to Marutha his intention to return to France to enlist in the army or to support the republican cause in Spain. A horrified Marutha told him it was his duty, as a member of the French cultural élite, to stay out of combat altogether; not to become cannon fodder but to save *la classe intellectuelle* from the barbarians. Daniel allowed himself to be talked round, but he had not really changed his mind. On 24 September he confessed in a letter to his mother. 'The Menuhins … so brilliant, seen from the outside so productive and serious, seen from the inside can offer

me nothing but a holiday. This existence, so organised for and around Yehudi … is … closed, self-centred, despite the magnificent riches of the spirit that [the Menuhins] represent for humanity. Perhaps this is the other side of the coin, the price to be paid for a brilliant career.'

Shortly afterwards Daniel left this 'artificial paradise' and returned to France.

'Inside all three of us, things were ready to erupt'

The move to Los Gatos marked a watershed in the lives of the Menuhin family, after which things were never quite the same again. In Yehudi's words: 'The outer shell was still intact, but inside all three of us things were fermenting, ready to erupt.' To Daniel Fleg it might have seemed that the three siblings were preserved in the amber of perpetual childhood, but his view was coloured by his own restlessness and frustration. Moshe and Marutha saw that their children were growing up, and from the beginning of 1937 repeatedly said in interviews that they should be married as soon as possible. Moshe hoped Yehudi would marry young and that there would be 'a little colony of Menuhins on the Los Gatos hills.'

A US newspaper interview in January 1937 carried a photograph of Hephzibah and Yaltah in the kitchen, being given a most unspontaneous cooking lesson by their mother. Marutha was quoted as saying: 'My first wish for my daughters is a happy home life. I have enjoyed motherhood and I'd hate for my girls to miss it.' Hephzibah followed the line a few weeks later, saying she was proud of her ability to bake bread and cook dinner for the family when the cook had a night off. But behind the scenes she was evidently less acquiescent than she sounded. 'I can be happy anywhere,' she told another journalist, 'but what I miss is Europe.' To which her mother tartly retorted: 'She yearns for Paris and solo recitals and a career of her own. I say it is better that she should be happy than famous.'

Now that Hephzibah was at marriageable age, the question of her future was evidently becoming acute. As far as Marutha was concerned, her daughter faced a simple choice: either she married and had children or she embarked on a musical career. She could not do both. For the moment, she was fulfilling a few concert commitments with her brother; she gave one or two recitals in New York and played on CBS radio's *Ford Sunday Evening Hour.* But it was clear that soon Hephzibah would have to make up her mind.

The year 1938 was a momentous one for Hephzibah in terms of resolving the tension between career and marriage. Much of her working through of this problem took place in her diary, which reveals another side of Hephzibah – not the calm, self-possessed girl

whom journalists and critics admired, but one full of self-doubt and anxiety to please. 'Tomorrow awaits me and duty calls,' she wrote in early January. She was playing two concerts with Yehudi at Carnegie Hall and needed to practise. 'If I do not prepare myself to respond to it, how will I make myself worthy of being loved – with reason – by those I love?' Clearly she was thinking of Marutha, whose love for her daughters, though not for Yehudi, was always conditional. But Hephzibah did admire her mother, if from afar: 'I am so proud of her, so strong in spirit and so tender in her body, so fragile and yet full of energy … May I be like Maman!'

She also depended on Yehudi's approval and support, and worried about not being worthy of playing with him (a fear no doubt reinforced by Marutha, who had declared in an interview the previous December that Yehudi was by far the most remarkable member of the family). 'I am very proud of my handsome brother when we go on stage together,' she wrote on 2 February, the day after they appeared at Carnegie Hall. 'Each taking the other's hand, each of us feeling part of the other … And the harmony, the harmony of souls as much as the harmony of work, comes through the music.' Even though she was regarded by audiences as Yehudi's partner in music making, she apparently did not consider herself in the same league. 'I who am not an artist, I … make music through an instinctive need, through the joy of living, just as I dance, as I think, as I accept flattering compliments …'

However, she was enough of an artist to be intelligently self-critical. Of her Carnegie Hall recital on 8 February Hephzibah wrote: 'The concert was fine … at the end of the Mozart sonata I was carried away by the charm and grace of our music and had forgotten to be me, responsible for the piano part … That lasted only a moment, but a moment that taught me some serious things, that above all, one cannot keep one's mind too alert, that one must actively distrust the abandon that is ready to dominate all the time.'

Public reaction to the concert meant very little to her. 'We were soon surrounded with an insistent, curious crowd, admiring and somewhat tedious. After all, the only admiration that counts is that of those who equally inspire it in us; the other is to be accepted with a grain of salt, as they say here. One should not take it for more than it is worth: that would be stupid.'

She did have days typical of a seventeen-year-old, though. Her diary is peppered with the names of young men with whom she flirted, starting with a tall, blond, very good-looking Italian-Swedish sea captain named Helmar, whom she met at a party on the *Roma* in New York harbour. They danced together and strolled down the ship's corridors; he later sent her boxes of gardenias, photographs of himself, and romantic notes. In return Hephzibah gave him a medallion 'with a small image of me' and was scolded by her mother for her boldness. Marutha might have encouraged her daughters to flirt, but evidently they were not to take any initiatives.

Was this true love? Hephzibah considered the question in somewhat overheated language, reminiscent of her beloved nineteenth-century French and German poets. 'Perhaps love is like the blue vision which lights and interrupts the heavy monotony of a cloudy sky ... perhaps it is like a flower that one gathers while walking ... All that joy, all that melancholy, those tears and those smiles are in my feeling for him, for my handsome Helmar.' Alas, the idyll ended with the month of January, when handsome Helmar sailed out of her life.

There were other young men, whose flowers she accepted, with whom she laughed and joked, some whose full names she did not bother to record. When Ferguson Webster, Yehudi's occasional accompanist and the brother of Beveridge, reproached her for having a hard heart, she described him as showing 'the vast, unflappable, unheard of piggishness of which a male wounded in his male vanity is capable'. In February the object of her affections was her osteopath Dr Peppard. Hephzibah was still having back problems and occasional numbness in her hip and legs, and she did the exercises he recommended with special attention.

In all this activity, she had not forgotten Maurice Fleg. Despite his continued lack of romantic interest in her, she had decided by the end of February that he was the love of her life, a discovery that heralded a gush of hectic prose. 'Oh Maurice ... all that thrills in me ... is yours forever, forever because no other has the power to make my hands tremble, my heart to race, my soul to love ...' But a week later she was able to discuss him with a certain amused detachment. 'What's new? Perhaps the conviction that I am still quite whole, myself; having formerly named "Maurice" the love of loves, I have become capable of loving love in the abstract.'

Hephzibah's affections did not seem to be held by any one man for very long, but she felt that true love was waiting for her, 'peaceful and confident, at the bottom of my unawakened heart'. Her emotional life had been nourished by music, poetry, literature and philosophy, and she dreamed of finding her spiritual and intellectual mate, with whom she would share a communion of mind and soul. She began to do what so many women have done before and since: to weave her vision of love into a beautiful cloak made of her own dreams and the qualities she imagined in her soulmate. Hephzibah was ready to bestow this cloak upon the man she chose, whether it fitted him or not. It is a staple of romantic adolescence, and indeed of romance in fiction. But Hephzibah's search for a moral dimension to love made her less Elizabeth Bennet than George Eliot's Dorothea Brooke.

In March, it seemed that Hephzibah had decided that her concert career was the most important thing in her life. She agreed to play a Beethoven concerto with the New York Philharmonic, to be conducted by George Enesco, the following January: her first solo concert appearance since her debut at the age of eight. Nowhere did she record her parents' reaction to this: it seems incredible that Marutha, for one, would have failed to express an opinion. Perhaps the absence of a serious suitor for Hephzibah's hand made her mother less hostile to the idea, or perhaps she had shrugged and said, more or less: Well, if that's the way you want it, I cannot stop you, but just remember what you are giving up. Certainly there is an element of defensiveness in Hephzibah's diary entry about this. She wrote that her decision had been made 'Firstly to enrage the people who don't have faith in me', a comment suggesting that she wanted to step forth in her own right, perhaps without being compared to Yehudi all the time and secondly because 'I liked to have disciplined work to do, and finally for the joy of doing it, since it's Enesco and Beethoven'. Marutha might have shrugged, but Hephzibah was clearly pleased to be asked.

Meanwhile she and the family were in London for Yehudi's concerts and Hephzibah was flirting with a young American named Robert. She noted with some amusement in her diary that 'the child', fifteen-year-old Yaltah, was convinced she had found the man of her own dreams: Keith Pulvermacher, whom Hephzibah had brushed off two years before. 'Yaltah makes me laugh with her first love,' she wrote. 'It is charming because it is so new and candid on both sides ... This evening they were calm, touchingly tender, our two little lovers'.

Yaltah wanted to marry Keith, but Moshe put his foot down, and the lovers decided to elope to Gretna Green. Hephzibah was most amused by this, though she undoubtedly also respected her younger sister for her willingness to defy their parents. But Pulvermacher's father, a senior journalist on the *Daily Telegraph*, stepped in and the affair was quietly put to rest.

Yehudi was scheduled to give an afternoon recital on 29 March at the Albert Hall. About an hour before the concert was due to begin a distraught Ferguson Webster arrived at the family's hotel: he had left all the sheet music on the number 73 bus. Such was Yehudi's fame that detectives, along with employees of Albert Hall and London Transport, all joined in the hunt for the missing music, without success. Ten minutes after the scheduled starting time, the impresario faced the restless capacity audience and offered five pounds to anyone who could supply the scores for the performance. This being London, several people had the shorter works, and at interval the violinist Albert Sammons rushed home to get his copy of the Lalo violin concerto. The concert went well.

Afterwards a slightly shaken Yehudi and his family received friends and well-wishers in the green room as usual. (In his memoir Moshe, no stranger to hyperbole, maintained that the line slowly moving forward to shake hands and say a few words was the longest it had ever been for one of Yehudi's concerts.) In the queue was Bernard Heinze, conductor of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, with which Yehudi had played three years before. Heinze was in London on a visit. He and Yehudi greeted each other cordially, exchanged a few words about Yehudi's next tour of Australia, planned for 1940, and then Heinze introduced two young friends from Melbourne: 21-year-old Lindsay Nicholas and his nineteen-year-old sister Nola.

Lindsay and Nola were two of the richest young people in Australia. Unlike other antipodean millionaires, their wealth came not from the land, but from pharmaceuticals. During World War I their father, chemist George Nicholas, had taken advantage of the fact that the German-made Bayer aspirin was banned in Australia and produced his own. In 1915 he successfully applied for the right to take over the Bayer trade name 'aspirin' (for some reason Bayer had not renewed the patent for Australia) and was granted a licence to produce Australian aspirin. Two years later George and his brother Alfred registered the trade name Aspro, and partly because of the worldwide influenza pandemic that struck

Australia at the end of the war, they became very wealthy. During the 1920s and 1930s Nicholas Pharmaceuticals became one of the most successful companies in the country.

Lindsay, the second of the four Nicholas children and the elder son, had no interest in taking over the pharmaceutical business; that role was earmarked for his younger brother Hilton, who was still at school. Instead Lindsay ran the family's sheep and cattle property, Terinallum, about two hundred kilometres from Melbourne in Victoria's rich Western District. A tall, quietly spoken, good-looking man with dark red hair and brown eyes, he was conscientious rather than brilliant, and had become a good farmer even though agriculture was not his chief interest in life. Lindsay was passionate about classical music: his mother, who had died when he was eight, had been a violinist in the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. He played the organ and studied scores minutely; one of his hobbies was conducting symphonies in the living room at Terinallum, the music chosen from his enormous collection of gramophone records.

Though not the enthusiast her brother was, Nola had a reasonable knowledge of classical music. She had played violin in her school orchestra and studied the piano. She was bubbly and attractive, with curly brown hair, creamy skin and dimples, and had been voted Melbourne's prettiest debutante of the year. A warm-hearted, impulsive young woman, she had many close friends and a full and happy social life. She was not ambitious for a career, hoping only to marry happily and to have children. Until she did, her life consisted mostly of playing tennis, golf and bridge, taking part in charity functions, and occasionally visiting the theatre.

In many ways Lindsay and Nola Nicholas were typical of their class of moneyed Melburnians of the time. They had travelled in Europe, but for them England was always the 'mother country', the home of all that was good and great in literature, music and the other arts. Neither was scholarly or spoke other languages, but they were both intelligent, well-educated and responsive. They also had the quiet assurance and ease of manner that comes from knowing that money will never be in short supply.

In the green room, Yehudi and Hephzibah chatted to them – Nola had been presented at court, Lindsay was going to as many concerts as possible –and responded immediately to their openness and warmth. .Lindsay and Nola were on a visit to their elder sister Betty

Alcock, whose husband was studying medicine in London. Also in London was their father George and his young second wife Shirley. The young Nicholases were staying at Grosvenor House, the same hotel as the Menuhins, and Yehudi, instantly attracted to Nola, invited them both to tea. By all accounts this was the first time Yehudi, aged twenty-two, had ever invited anyone to join the family circle without consulting his parents. Lindsay and Nola, in turn, invited the Menuhun family to their suite later that evening to look at home movies of Terinallum.

Hephzibah's diary mentions Lindsay and Nola for the first time the following Wednesday, 23 March, and with some condescension: 'What freshness in the soul of these … young Australians … Easily amused children, without pretension and yet with such inner elegance!' At the time she was still enjoying the flattery of Robert the American. The next entry, the following Sunday, describes attending a concert at the Albert Hall where Fritz Kreisler ('a great benevolent lion … besides whom the leader of the orchestra Malcolm Sargent seemed a nice little black rabbit') gave her half a dozen pink carnations and treated her with the charm of old Vienna. Robert, who also went to the concert, was beginning to bore her; he apparently lacked hidden depths. She contrasted him unfavourably with 'the Australians' whom she called 'characteristically English, sentimental, naïve and gay, all in a frame of charming reserve, without imagination but full of goodwill'.

Between this diary entry and the next on 8 May, events moved very fast. Robert disappeared from the scene and Hephzibah, along with Yehudi, began spending almost all her leisure time with the young Nicholases. The four drove around the countryside in Nola's white Jaguar sportscar. Lindsay and Nola were in the audience when Hephzibah and Yehudi gave a recital at Queens Hall, and Lindsay turned pages for Hephzibah at a recording session. Yehudi, besotted with Nola, begged her to marry him almost from the week they met: while in Holland to give concerts he spent a great deal of money on long-distance phone calls to London, for which he had to account to his parents. A startled Nola refused his proposals, saying that she could not possibly become engaged without her father's consent before her twenty-first birthday. .

Seeing what was happening with Yehudi and Nola, Hephzibah encouraged Lindsay's interest in her. She liked him, and he was an excellent catch: good-looking, wealthy, sufficiently knowledgeable about music to have some understanding of her world, and with

a calm confidence she found very attractive. She was willing to interpret the lack of imagination that she had noted in her diary as warmth and steady cheerfulness, and it must have presented a refreshing contrast to the intensity of Menuhin family life and the introspection of the Fleg brothers. Lindsay greatly admired her musical talent and achievements, and as they were always taken so much for granted by Yehudi and her family, this too must have been delightful.

But above all, the life Lindsay led in Australia was completely new to her, and from where she stood it appeared free and open, full of unknown possibilities. As the home of the charming, friendly Lindsay Nicholas it obviously offered more than the rather dull landscape and provincial people who had bored her only three years before. Her Carnegie Hall debut was keenly anticipated, but she knew that afterwards, until her marriage, she would still be, more or less, under her parents' control. In that sense, her musical debut would resolve nothing. But here, possibly, was someone who could help her circumvent family duties. Hephzibah knew that she was thinking about taking the greatest step of her life. She recorded none of this in the diaries, but in the light of what happened next some of these thoughts must have gone through her mind.

In the end, her decision was made not by her or by Lindsay Nicholas, but by Yehudi and Nola. After a few intense weeks, Hephzibah's brother had his wish: Nola agreed to marry him. The wedding was to take place as soon as possible. Moshe and Marutha professed to be delighted, especially as Yehudi and Nola intended to live at Alma, not far from Los Gatos. Nola, to whom family was very important – she hardly remembered her own mother and felt the lack of a nurturing figure in her own life -- rejoiced at the thought of becoming part of Yehudi's family, another daughter for Marutha.

With Yehudi's marriage, the unity of the Menuhin family would be irretrievably fractured. Hephzibah had to face the fact that her chief ally, in music and in life, was about to desert her. She was not jealous of Nola: indeed, she liked and admired the vivacious, loving Australian girl very much, and the two young women were becoming warm friends. All these factors influenced what Hephzibah now did, making a decision she apparently discussed with nobody.

A dazzled Lindsay said to his stepmother Shirley: 'What do you think? Hephzibah Menuhin has asked me to marry her!' Shirley Nicholas, who had met the family, was startled, and naturally wondered whether Hephzibah, who had not yet turned eighteen, had any idea what she was letting herself in for. Life on a sheep farm in Australia would be unlike anything else she had experienced. For his part, Lindsay had no way of knowing how this bewitching Jewish gypsy would fit into his solid, steady rural world, but he accepted her proposal. They were engaged.

Hephzibah never really discussed her reasons for deciding to marry Lindsay Nicholas: it was evidently a spur of the moment decision, and her friends were mystified. A Freudian explanation would be that she wanted to preserve what she could of her closeness to Yehudi by marrying the brother of his chosen bride: put bluntly, this was as close as she could get to marrying Yehudi himself. There may be something in this – though it is hardly unknown for brother and sister to marry another sister and brother -- but another factor must have been the distance she would be putting between herself and her family. Hephzibah evidently considered that living in Australia would be worth the sacrifice of a concert career she had been pleased to consider but had never actively sought. By marrying a personable, rich young man she was certainly fulfilling her mother's ambitions for her: and she might well have been pleased at the thought of being a long way from Marutha.

The impending demise of MoMaYeHeYa made sixteen-year-old Yaltah act on her own account. A young American lawyer named William Stix harboured romantic feelings for both Hephzibah and Yaltah, but on hearing the news of Hephzibah's engagement he called Yaltah long-distance and proposed to her. She immediately accepted.

Hephzibah's first diary reference to all these changes six weeks after her previous entry, reads rather calmly, considering: 'Yehudi is engaged to Nola, whose brother is my fiancé, and Yaltah envisages with radiant confidence a future that she will share with her beloved William.' But there is a new sense of purpose in her writing: gone is the feverish questioning about music and duty. 'I love him, his background, his life, his mind; for me he represents the ideal down to the slightest gestures, and we will be happy, happy …' Hephzibah's beautifully woven cloak was now to be bestowed upon Lindsay, its glowing colours throwing into shadow her former plans and ambitions.

On the morning of 9 May, the day after her engagement, Hephzibah and Yehudi met Lindsay and Nola in central London. 'For the first time,' she wrote,

[1-line #]

> he kissed me tenderly, composedly, on both cheeks. Then the two brothers-in-law hugged each other laughing: "We are the luckiest boys in London!" Then he drove me to the Grosvenor where he officially asked Papa and Mama, who were surprised, happy, moved, both of them. ... In the evening there was a concert in Queens Hall [with Yehudi]. How shall I describe the happiness of being admired by an adoring public in the presence of beloved ones? ... The end of the concert came, a moment filled with emotion. There in the foyer where the crowd trapped us, I pretended not to recognise him for fear of betraying [our new secret]. God forgive me if my eyes were shining with tenderness, if our hands furtively sought each other, avid to make contact ... At the hotel we had a joyous dinner, the whole family arranged at a long narrow table, blind to everything that was outside ... immense happiness.

[1-line #]

Moshe and Marutha maintained an enigmatic silence about all this marital activity on their children's part and no biography of Yehudi gives a convincing explanation for his parents' willingness to marry off him and his sisters. It is quite possible that with the worsening situation in Europe, Moshe and Marutha were happy to have their children settled safely out of harm's way, one in Australia, two in the United States. Their daughters' fiancés were good matches too, on the face of it: a wealthy landowner from a good family and a young lawyer with prospects. Marutha was apparently unworried about the physical distance that would separate her from her daughters, perhaps because Yehudi would still be close by. Moshe had wanted a kind of family compound in California; presumably this would be initiated by Nola and Yehudi..

In his memoir Moshe admitted to having had doubts about this rash of early marriages. He had nothing against early marriage per se, but he distrusted whirlwind courtships, and he wondered about Nola's ability to fit into Yehudi's way of life, which he described as 'stable but invigorating'. If these observations were not nourished by hindsight, he seems to have kept his misgivings to himself.

He goes into much greater detail about being criticised within the Jewish community for allowing his three children to marry outside the Jewish faith. Certain sections of the Jewish

press had long resented the Menuhins' lack of adherence to the practices of Judaism. Moshe quotes one journalist: 'The Menuhins have for some time past held their origin in disdain. With every ascent of the ladder of Yehudi's fame, Moshe Menuhin left behind a trail of discarded friends. The more the virtuoso came into contact with rich and influential people, the more determinedly did he turn his back on his early associates.'

Moshe indignantly made a point of emphasising his background, and added: 'In following the dictates of their hearts, Yehudi and Hephzibah [no mention of Yaltah] have never, for one moment, forsaken their own people or faith, never embraced the faith of their mates, and never committed their future to anything but sympathy, support and loyalty to their own Jewish people, wherever they are.'

None of which, of course, really addresses the question – any more than Moshe says why it was so important to him and to Marutha that their children, the focus of their lives for so many years, should all be married so young and so hastily.
[2-line #]

Now Hephzibah embarked on an entirely new experience: becoming part of a ready-made family. She visited Lindsay's married elder sister, Betty Alcock, who was living in London, and met her son David, 'one year old, a pretty round thing, all new, all healthy – the little nephew of Auntie Hephzibah!' as she wrote in her diary. One of Lindsay's attractions was undoubtedly the fact that he had aunts and cousins and nephews to whom he was close, a novelty for a young woman whose parents had kept their own relatives at arm's length.

Everything was happening in a hurry. The Menuhin family, including the various fiancés, were about to leave for a holiday in Switzerland and Italy, and Hephzibah had to pack, have lunch at Claridges, and answer telephone calls from the countless journalists who now knew of the Menuhin engagements, before boarding the train for Zurich. During dinner on the train 'everybody took me for the fiancée of the celebrated violinist', as she wrote wryly in her diary.. In Zurich she and Yehudi gave a concert: 'really good, disciplined and inspired … During the interval he came to see us in the foyer – a chaste kiss, a squeezing of hands that showed he approved of what we had done …' Afterwards Lindsay gave her his first engagement gift, a Swiss bracelet watch, and she arranged to have her new initials, HMN, engraved on the back.

Hephzibah's revelling in new love among the glorious Swiss mountains was checked on the morning of 12 May, when Marutha woke her early to take an urgent telephone call from Paris. On the line was a frantic Maurice Fleg, who had read of her engagement in the press. Were the rumours true? he wanted to know. Why hadn't she told him? Surely he was owed that, as a friend? If she'd only told him what she was planning , he would have gone straight to Marseilles, broken off with his girlfriend there, and begged Hephzibah to marry him. Was her engagement irrevocable? Was it too late for her to change her mind?

Considering she had been in love with Maurice Fleg for two years with almost no encouragement from him, Hephzibah thought this was a bit much. Her end of the conversation was abrupt, furious, but she also felt a certain amount of satisfaction: she had never succeeded in making him care before. (A concerned Lindsay heard Hephzibah's end of the conversation though, knowing no French, he did not understand exactly what was happening.) Hephzibah told Maurice Fleg that her choice had been made. As she later wrote in her diary: 'Who would have hesitated between the wholesome love of an upright, vigorous man and the melancholy love of this feeble and morbidly sensitive one?'

To calm down, she went for a walk by Lake Zurich with Lindsay, and they discussed wedding plans. Hephzibah was adamant in not wanting a religious ceremony of any kind. This might have been a blow to Lindsay, whose family were supporters of Wesley College, Melbourne, and who might have thought they would have a Methodist ceremony in his old school chapel. But Moshe and Marutha wanted a wedding in the garden of their house in Los Gatos, and this was agreed.

That evening Hephzibah had another phone call from Paris, this time from Daniel Fleg, pleading in vain on his brother's behalf. She described this crossly as 'sad and tedious'.

The following day, the party travelled through the mountains to Italy, staying in Milan overnight. Hephzibah and Lindsay maintained a chaste distance, with separate rooms, but that evening they had 'a short conversation in his small room. There stretched out side by side on his bed he guessed because of my anguished and concerned expression my perfect ignorance.' The fact that Hephzibah knew very little about the physical side of love is hardly surprising, given her rarefied childhood and adolescence, with a mother who often

censored what she was permitted to read. In her world, romantic love and poetical sentiment came a long way ahead of practical knowledge about sex and appropriate sexual behaviour. (The same applied to Yehudi. When Nola hugged him in public during their engagement he said, disconcerted: 'Not now … after we get married.')

Both Hephzibah and Yaltah believed that their mother disliked sex. She certainly discouraged any talk of it, although she was probably no more straitlaced than most other women of her age and background. No doubt Hephzibah had always thought, as did many young women in those days, that when the time came for sex, instinct would prevail and all would be well.

Two days after that bedroom conversation, Hephzibah recorded 'the most beautiful day of my life'. As they drove to San Martino from Naples by car, Lindsay had explained 'with sweetness and goodness that were almost paternal, the secrets of life, of which I was a little afraid, really, at the beginning. To have done it as he did made me love him twice as much.' Considering that Lindsay had recently turned twenty-two and was without sexual experience himself, he probably spoke with more confidence than he felt. But his words obviously made Hephzibah feel loved and protected.

Their holiday over, the party returned to Paris, where the Menuhins were staying for a few days. Lindsay and Nola were going straight on to London so that Nola could begin preparing for her wedding. Hephzibah normally loved Paris, but on this occasion her feelings were very different.

The trouble began as soon as they arrived. Daniel Fleg was at the station to meet them, something he had never bothered to do before. Hephzibah was sure he had come solely to satisfy his curiosity about Lindsay and to report back to his brother, but the Flegs were old family friends and there was no question of not saying goodbye. Hephzibah felt trapped. She farewelled Lindsay at the station – she does not say whether he knew what was going on – and the Menuhins went to their hotel. After lunch, Daniel, Maurice and their parents came to visit.

The meeting must have been difficult for everybody. Hephzibah's diary, however, betrays only impatience. She thought all the Flegs 'dismal, worried, tragic'. She and Maurice later

had a painful tête-à-tête, and he used all the eloquence at his command to persuade her to marry him. His words, she wrote, left her cold, although she also felt grimly pleased, with 'a vague feeling of satisfaction, feminine vengeance'.

On 23 May, Hephzibah's last day in Paris, the Flegs held an early dinner for her at their beautiful apartment on the Ile de la Cité before she took the overnight train to London. All four members of the Fleg family were there, as well as Felix and Pierre Bertaux, and Jacqueline Salomons and her parents. It was not a happy occasion, in fact Hephzibah described it bluntly as 'horrible'. She tried to chat brightly about her new life, her plans, Australia, Yehudi, but made little headway against the glumness of everybody else. Felix and Pierre Bertaux said very little, and the Flegs, she wrote, looked 'like four birds of prey'.

After dinner, the whole party walked with her to the Gare du Nord. It was, thought Hephzibah, like a funeral procession. Jacqueline Salomons was in tears and Maurice Fleg looked like a sleepwalker. Felix Bertaux said: 'We shall never see you again.'

Hephzibah boarded the train, and the others stood in an awkward, grim little knot on the platform. She seethed with impatience – 'oh if the train would only go …' – and then suddenly she saw the beaming face of Mr Lozinsky, her old Russian tutor, with his wife and their little girl, running to see her off. She could not have been happier to see them. 'At last someone healthy, who isn't wearing black and smiles upon the future …' She hugged the Lozinskys, waved happily to everybody, and 'there we were, gone!'

We shall never see you again … In her feverish haste to shake the dust of Paris from her feet, Hephzibah could not have known how prophetic were the words of Felix Bertaux. Perhaps he did not yet know it, but those words represented an elegy to the cultivated, elegant life they all had known, to be crushed by German jackboots before many months had passed. Both the sad Fleg boys would be killed in the war, Maurice in the French army during the early months of the fighting, Daniel by his own hand, depressed after his rejection by the French air force. Their parents, distraught, left Paris as soon as they could. They did not survive the war.

Felix and Pierre Bertaux were luckier. Felix continued his work as a writer and translator, and died in 1948. Pierre, an early member of the French Resistance, was decorated at the

end of the war. He resumed his academic career and became a celebrated university teacher, with a particular interest in German literature. He died in 1986.

On that evening in May 1938 Hephzibah was delighted to be speeding away from Paris and her former life. 'The next morning when I woke, there was the sea – blue as the sky! Dover, the beautiful green English countryside, the sheep, the trees, grass and then suddenly there was London and at Victoria there they were, my people, happy, fresh, open – heavens, what joy!'

[2-line #]

A few days later, on Saturday 26 May, Yehudi and Nola were married at the Caxton Hall registry office. They had known each other barely two months. Their wedding was a rushed affair in the middle of the concert season: Yehudi had to go and play almost immediately afterwards. Nola, described in the press as 'an Australian heiress', wore a pale blue coat and skirt with a matching straw hat, while Yehudi wore striped trousers, a black coat and a heavy black overcoat. Nola, looking pretty and blissfully happy, beams out of the photographs; Yehudi squints upwards, looking as if he fears it might rain.

Hephzibah's diary entry gives none of these details: 'Wedding of Yehudi and Nola. Solemnity at the registry office, then a great party for everybody at Betty [Alcock]'s house, where the reception was held.' This minimal description occurs out of chronological order and the handwriting is uncharacteristically turbulent and scrambled, suggesting a dutiful noting of the event. The only written clue to her own state is the comment that 'there is sadness in this event above all, the rough breaking of old habits'.

But now she had her own new family to consider. She liked George Nicholas, usually known as 'Pa', and was already fast friends with Shirley, Lindsay's stepmother and her new mother-in-law. Only about ten years older than Hephzibah, Shirley was shrewd, amusing and highly intelligent. It would be Shirley's job to help Hephzibah through the first few months of her new life in Australia. Dinner with George and Shirley, Hephzibah thought, was easy, relaxed and fun: perhaps she was eager to contrast it with the recent, sad, awkward dinner *chez* Fleg.

Early in June she parted with Lindsay who, with the rest of the Nicholas family, would join the Menuhins at Los Gatos for the wedding about six weeks later. With , Nola, Moshe and Marutha and Yaltah, she boarded the liner *Ile de France* en route for New York, where Yaltah and William Stix were to be married. After the wedding on 9 June Hephzibah wrote: 'Where such a short time ago I played at being a frivolous young girl, unmindful of my future, today in love with one, tomorrow another, enchanted by everything, I find myself now tall, serious, an engagement ring on my finger' (a rectangular diamond set in a gold band) 'and a witness to the marriage of my little sister.' Yaltah was sixteen. Her wedding, performed by special licence in the chambers of a Supreme Court judge, received almost no publicity. As soon as it was over, the young couple left for their new home in Washington DC, where Stix had a government job. Their marriage lasted less than a year.

Two days later Hephzibah, Moshe, Marutha, Yehudi and Nola boarded the train for California, where Hephzibah was to give her last recital with her brother. In Salt Lake City she confided to her diary that she had 'crushing thoughts, horrible doubts'. Perhaps the enormity of what she was about to do – give up the life she had known and a solo career to live in a foreign country with a man she hardly knew – was coming home to her.

But her jitters seem to have been shortlived, for when she arrived in San Francisco, to be met by a phalanx of reporters and photographers, she wrote that she was 'pleased to have the luck of getting out of this nest of reptiles … and more than ever, after my doubts and the anguish of past days, in love with [Lindsay].'

Yehudi and Hephzibah gave what they both believed was to be their last concert together on 21 June 1938. 'A beautiful evening, well played, heartfelt and profound,' she wrote. They performed at San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House, and played the entire concert from memory: 'the Bach E major, the Beethoven G major and the Lekeu [sonata in G] which we played in Liege, in Brussels, in Paris, studied until it became ours, symbol of profound understanding. As encores we did the Beethoven Rondo and the Szymanowski Pan and Dryads.'

Several critics noticed that they barely exchanged glances and that Yehudi sounded more constrained than usual, less free. When they took their bows they held hands more tightly than ever. Whatever Hephzibah's feelings were that evening, she did not confide any

regrets to her diary. What she wrote was: 'Henceforth my little career is finished, and well finished, on a high note from all points of view ... From now on music will be a repose for the soul, no longer work, no longer duty. But I will do what I can when one follows a purpose attentively and when one is not absolutely without talent.'

It only remained for Hephzibah to cancel her engagement as a soloist for the following season in New York. The letter she wrote to Bruno Zirato, Assistant Manager of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, was widely publicised:

[1-line #]

> I am sure you have heard, my dear Zirato, that my fiancé is an Australian shepherd, supreme owner of several thousand sheep, innocent little animals which 'baa-baa' in chorus, impatient to know their future little mistress. I will be married soon and, as a good wife, I will sacrifice everything I have loved up to now, to go with my husband where he has his own house, to cheer his solitude, to play the piano for him, to teach him the Italian language and animate the monotonous plateaux of his immense property with winged vision, with thoughts gathered from other countries, other people, other times.
>
> This is the career I have chosen. To follow it I am compelled to leave behind my brother whom I adore, as well as my dear little sister, my mother and my father. The concert I was to play with the Philharmonic Society under Maestro Enesco in February is a part of my sacrifice which I offer to the man I love. He appreciates it so much that you must not scold him or scold me either.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah and Lindsay were married at four in the afternoon of Saturday 16 July 1938, under the large oak tree in the garden of her parents' house in Los Gatos. The civil ceremony was conducted in front of an improvised altar banked with white gladioli and blue delphiniums, in front of some sixty guests. According to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Hephzibah had designed her dress herself, 'in the style of a shepherdess from a Watteau painting'. This long white organdie dress trimmed with velvet ribbon, with a tightly cut bodice and a deep square neckline and small puffed sleeves certainly had the rather surprising addition of an off-the-face poke bonnet with a black ribboned trim. This Little-Bo-Peep-like reference to her new life as the wife of a pastoralist was echoed in the many-

tiered wedding cake, which featured tiny white marzipan sheep on fields of green icing. Hephzibah clearly had something to learn about sheep farming in western Victoria.

The bridal party consisted of Moshe and Marutha, Yehudi and Nola, George and Shirley Nicholas, Betty and Edmund Alcock, and Lindsay's young brother Hilton, aged thirteen. Yaltah and her husband were not there, and no reason was given. Yaltah later said that her mother would not allow her to come.

Moshe almost forgot to give his daughter away and had to be twice prompted by the officiating judge. Marutha apparently shed an uncharacteristic tear or two. There was no music, and nor had there been at Yehudi's or Yaltah's wedding. .

For someone who had impulsively decided to let go of her family, Hephzibah showed little desire to leave them. For the next six weeks she and Lindsay honeymooned at Yehudi's new house at Alma, about six miles from Los Gatos. It might have been rather lonely for Lindsay and Nola, as Hephzibah and Yehudi spent hours playing sonatas together. They also had many discussions about Yehudi's forthcoming tour of Australia in 1940, when they would be reunited.

On 12 September Hephzibah and Lindsay boarded the liner *Mariposa* to Sydney. The whole Menuhin family, this time including Yaltah and her husband, saw them off. But before the ship moved out of the harbour Hephzibah broke away from Lindsay at the railing and ran down to their cabin. She returned carrying the heavily boned corsets she had endured for so many years and hurled them over the side into the water. Yehudi's biographer Robert Magidoff found this gesture significant, symbolising Hephzibah's farewell to the restrictions, the discipline, the duties she had known for the whole of her eighteen years.

But Hephzibah thought this interpretation mildly irritating, writing to Yehudi just before the biography was published: 'What the Charles Dickens will I do about Robert Magidoff now? I refuse to discuss my foundation garments with him. The whole episode is out of all proportion … In actual fact I don't clearly remember the whole thing apart from the fact that I was deeply humiliated by all my clothes, because they were so long in the hem and

old-fashioned. The corsets meant slavery and subservience. When I threw them away I felt free, until I discovered that I didn't know enough to use freedom to any advantage.'

Part II 1938–1954

Australia

'I grafted myself onto the tree I belong to now'

Hephzibah and Lindsay Nicholas docked at Sydney's Circular Quay in October 1938. As Hephzibah looked down from the deck of the *Mariposa* at the clamouring knot of journalists below, she no doubt felt a shiver of déjà vu. But she had come a long way in only four years: this time the press were here to see her, not Yehudi, and this time she had an ally of her own.

Once disembarked, Hephzibah patiently answered their questions. Yes, she had given up her career as a pianist; yes, she wanted only to be a loving wife and in due course a loving mother. No, she had very little idea of the life that awaited her as a grazier's wife: she was depending on Lindsay to guide her through (adoring smile up at her new husband). On her previous visit she had been attracted to Australia's freedom and open spaces, and the landscape reminded her of the United States. (This wasn't necessarily a compliment in 1938's Australia, which was still much closer to the British Empire than to America.)

Lindsay attracted almost as much press attention as his new bride, and the unspoken thought in everybody's minds seemed to be the question Shirley Nicholas had posed in London: 'How on earth will she handle life on the land after what she's been used to?'. If Europeans and Americans knew anything about the country at all it was for only three things: wool, wheat and cattle. European settlement was only a hundred and fifty years old; 1938 was white Australia's sesquicentenary year, celebrated throughout the country by people who, though Australian citizens, had only British passports.

After spending a few days in Sydney Hephzibah and Lindsay travelled south by rail. At Albury, on the New South Wales–Victorian border, they left the train and drove the 300-odd kilometres to Melbourne. To Hephzibah, used to wide European and American roads, the Hume Highway must have been a revelation; it was at that time a dual carriageway little wider than a cart track. The small towns on their way had shops and businesses boarded up; Australia was still suffering from the worst economic depression in its history. Some farms' owners and lessees, heavily in debt, had walked off their properties to seek work in the cities.

Melbourne looked less down-at-heel; it took pride in looking like a solidly nineteenth-century English city. And Toorak, the wealthy eastern suburb where the Nicholas family maintained their city base, had pretensions to grandeur. It was an enclave of stone and white stucco, of gardened mansions behind high walls and elaborate gates. Its wide streets were lined with oak, beech and elm trees, not eucalypts. Toorak's citizens might have made their money in Australia, but they were doing whatever they could to keep the country at bay.

Homeden, the Nicholas city residence, was in Lansdell Road, one of the best streets in the suburb. (1) George and Shirley Nicholas and Lindsay's younger brother Hilton welcomed the newlyweds with enthusiasm. Hephzibah was delighted to see them; Shirley she already considered a soulmate, and she was fond of tall and magisterial 'Pa', with a quiet sense of humour and so different from her own anxious, intense father.

She had been hoping for a few days alone with the Nicholas family before she and Lindsay travelled down to his property for the spring shearing, but it was not to be. Hephzibah was to be guest of honour at a cocktail party that same evening. The intellectual and musical elite of Melbourne, the city that considered itself the cultural capital of the country, were agog to meet the famous Hephzibah Menuhin. Hephzibah was used to such occasions, of course, but this was the first time that two hundred people were clamouring to meet her instead of her brother. She briefly considered bolting.

In the end, the party was not so bad. Hephzibah wrote to Nola that some of it was most amusing. 'Lady Lynton is supposed to have told Pa after meeting me: "Oh isn't she *souweet!*" 'The worst part was enduring the inspection by Lindsay's former girlfriends, of whom there seemed to be many, and she acidly noted that they fell all over him even though she was standing nearby. She had been particularly wary of the slender, blonde Joan Ramsay, to whom Lindsay had been as good as engaged before his fateful trip to London.

A couple of days later the young couple drove to Terinallum, Lindsay's property in western Victoria. In his memoir *Unfinished Journey*, Yehudi referred to Hephzibah's new home as being in the Australian outback, and Menuhin biographers have generally followed suit. But far from being in the desert thousands of miles from anywhere, the homestead of

Terinallum was, and is, about 200 kilometres west of Melbourne in one of Australia's premier rural areas. The overlanders who drove sheep and cattle into the area in the 1830s realised that its rich volcanic soil could support almost anything, and large pastoral leases were quickly taken up. A century later, the Western District was home to a number of families who had made fortunes out of breeding sheep for fine wool, and producing dairy and other cattle. During the depression of the 1930s, the district's proudest boast was that all its able-bodied men had been fully employed.

These wealthy grazier families were the elite of the district, and considered themselves among the finest in Australia. They set the social tone for the area, and their views on everything – from politics, manners, morals, and the schools to which they sent their children – were conservative, unquestioned and unquestionable. When George Nicholas bought land in the mid-1930s and established a sheep and cattle farm for his son to manage, there were a few raised eyebrows. Most of Lindsay's well-heeled neighbours had lived in the Western District for several generations and knew their business: how could the newly moneyed son of a Melbourne chemist possibly know what he was doing?

It is to Lindsay's great credit that after a few years of hard work he established Terinallum, as a prosperous going concern. By the time Hephzibah arrived, the property ran twenty thousand sheep and five hundred cattle, including stud Aberdeen Angus that Lindsay, an enthusiastic breeder of fine cattle, had imported from Scotland. There were also about forty horses.

Terinallum had been named after the nearby hamlet of Derinallum, but the closest sizeable town was Mortlake, whose *Mortlake Dispatch* gives a vivid picture of life in the district in 1938. Rumours of war in Europe had scarcely reached this part of Victoria: the *Dispatch* worried about its distance from the Mother Country and made strenuous efforts to keep in touch with life in England. Scattered among sale prices for cattle; announcements of births, deaths and marriages; results of local sporting events and advertisements, are articles on English literature. 'A tribute to the Master' (Charles Dickens), was featured in September's edition, along with, bizarrely, a tally of road accidents in Britain during the previous year. The town also had a flourishing musical culture, with the arrival of a London-trained piano teacher considered worthy of a large advertisement.

Hephzibah first saw her new home from a narrow dirt road that led to the railway siding of Pura Pura. The yellow-green paddocks were flat and dry, with occasional grass-covered mounds of volcanic scoria, like rough bubbles. Grazing placidly everywhere were greyish sheep, a far cry from Hephzibah's wedding-cake fantasy. The homestead, which came into view after topping a gentle rise, was a long, low, very new bungalow. With its wide, overhanging roof, French windows and verandah columns, it was a pleasant example of traditional country architecture, surrounded by a sea of raw, barren earth. The large trees that would eventually surround it had only just been planted; the garden did not yet exist. The house itself was also a work in progress. Most of its rooms lacked doors, the furniture was still being made, and the floors were without rugs or carpets. Hephzibah and Lindsay began their life at Terinallum eating meals in front of the fire and sleeping in the only bed.

Before long the furniture arrived, floor coverings were put down, the grand piano – a Steinway – was installed in the living room, and the chatelaine of Terinallum was able to survey her first home. Hephzibah had obviously no experience in running a house, and she knew she desperately needed household help. Possibly because of her fond memories of Bigina and Ferrucio, the cook and handyman from the Villa les Fauvettes, she telephoned the Italian consul and asked whether a newly arrived couple would like to come and work for her and Lindsay. Not long afterwards Luigia and Cisberto Boschetti arrived with their two children. Luigia was an excellent cook, Cisberto the kind of handyman who could do anything from killing chickens to fixing a leaky tap; in the early morning he often wandered down to the creek that ran through the property, singing operatic arias, to catch an eel he cooked for breakfast. . Hephzibah took to them immediately, and enjoyed keeping up her Italian.

Once the house was ready, Shirley told Hephzibah gently that she would be expected to invite the wives of the most prominent local families to tea. Hephzibah, expecting a rural repetition of the Homeden reception, asked what she would be expected to serve. Shirley explained that the accepted menu was China tea and scones, with finely cut crustless sandwiches or bread and butter.

Hephzibah was incredulous. 'What? White bread? All that poison?' she asked. 'No, I won't do it. They can have tea as I do, in a tisane, lime flower tea, camomile tea or verbena.'

On the day about a dozen women –all older than Hephzibah – arrived wearing smart skirts with twinsets and pearls, high-heeled shoes and stockings, and carrying glossy leather handbags. Their nails, hair and makeup were immaculate. Hephzibah met them in long white Russian satin trousers caught at the ankle, and a red silk blouse with billowing sleeves – festive day wear as sanctioned by Marutha – with her hair flowing loosely around her shoulders. She looked about fourteen years old: nobody's idea of a grazier's wife. Having greeted her guests with friendly enthusiasm, she announced that, as she did not believe in refined sugar, there would be nuts and raisins instead of cake, and because she disapproved of tannin, the beverage of choice was herb tea.

Not surprisingly, the occasion was rather strained. The women cautiously helped themselves and quite enjoyed the tisane, although they disgusted their hostess by adding raw sugar to it. The district pronounced Hepzhibah 'unusual' and 'different', though 'a nice little thing'. She correctly interpreted these comments to mean that the Western District considered her bohemian and peculiar. Hephzibah was a member of a different aristocracy, the aristocracy of musical talent. Try as she might, she could never understand why so many of her new neighbours considered themselves superior. Inclusive by nature, she found their unwillingness to associate with people outside their own circles unfathomable, and she also thought some of them vulgar, describing the house of one as being:

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> like a ghost of a Hollywood set freakishly in the midst of arid plains … a bar offers a choice of any drink, all equally headturning with any variety of glass, one special kind worth mentioning where the exterior shows the shoulders and back of a female beauty and the inside, visible to the drinker's eyes only, the undraped frontispiece of above female … Lunch is charmingly provided on a colossal sideboard, each guest helping himself – my dear! Southern fried chicken, sweet potato, corn bread, icecream and hot chocolate sauce, lemon fluff, coffee and cream.

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There might have been an element of retaliation in this description: Hephzibah was well aware that some of the graziers looked down their noses at the Nicholases as representatives of 'new' commercial money.

As time passed, Hephzibah and Lindsay spent less and less time with their Western District neighbours. Neither of them cared much for 'society', both were impatient with social

pretension. When they were invited to fashionable district events, to the races, to cocktail parties or dances, they generally said they were too busy. But they often went to Melbourne for concerts or recitals or to visit Shirley and George at Homeden.

During one of these visits Shirley introduced her to Joan Levy, née Hughes, who had been a member of Lindsay's social circle since they were teenagers. Joan and her husband Walter lived in an old house at Brighton Beach. The two women liked each other immediately, and shortly afterwards Hephzibah invited Joan and Wal to a Wesley College old boys' play. The play was very amateurish but Hephzibah, eager to be pleased, enjoyed it. Joan and Hephzibah became fast friends, possibly because they were such opposites: Joan calm and judicious, Hephzibah impulsive, volatile. They became fast and enduring friends.

Hephzibah's way of connecting with people was always highly verbal: she loved discussing life, politics, ideas, and was disconcerted to find that Australians seemed uncomfortable in a milieu that was not purely physical. 'I have the distinct impression that when young Australia gets together and isn't keeping serve on a tennis court, there is little to entertain them in the way of the spirit,' she wrote to Nola shortly after her arrival, adding hastily – for after all, her sister-in-law had grown up in this culture and was beginning to miss her Australian life – 'This is sure to come in time, though.'

While Hephzibah had never thought of herself as overly demonstrative (her mother's upbringing had taught her that any spontaneous display of emotion was bold or rude) she found that in Australia her impulsive speech and quick vivacity were considered dramatic, foreign and rather odd, sometimes even by Lindsay. He was a man who did not spill words, but chose and used them carefully. Hephzibah liked his calm, practical way of summing up the world; his farmer's habit of gazing at the sky, calculating the weather.

It wasn't long before Hephzibah learned some of the rules for living in a country whose defensiveness about its isolation could be expressed in aggressive parochialism. 'I never compare American cherries to Australian cherries, Schnabel to Backhaus, Melbourne to Paris, nor did anyone ever hear me say I would rather be American than Australian,' she wrote to her father. She observed the rivalry between Australia's two biggest cities in the treatment given to the opera singer Marjorie Lawrence, who toured nationally in 1939. Lavishly fêted in her home town of Melbourne, she was almost ignored in Sydney. 'Sydney,

more even than Melbourne, prefers to give the palm to foreigners and discourage native artists.' (Marjorie Lawrence was not a favourite of Hephzibah's: she considered the opera singer snobbish and petty because she had turned down a small role in *Oedipe,* the opera by the Menuhin family's adored George Enesco.)

But for all her readjustments, and despite the gleaming new rings on her finger, Hephzibah did not yet feel she was fully adult. She still had a little girl's need for reassurance, confessing to Nola that she would have liked to 'nestle into a soft cosy bosom, whereas my housewifely dignity forbids it'. In her heart she was still the Hephzibah who had smuggled animals into her parents' house and given her brother's accompanist horrible meals when he was seasick. She and Lindsay occasionally had pillow fights and tickling matches, rolling all over the new sheepskin rug in their bedroom. An endearing home movie dating from about this time shows Hephzibah, clad in a pretty flowery dress and high-heeled shoes, picking her way through a sheep pen while Lindsay leans over the rail, evidently calling encouragement. She grabs a smallish and rather startled sheep low on the front legs and pulls it backwards against herself, demonstrating that she knows the correct position for shearing. She is giggling all the while and Lindsay is laughing with her.

She did not try to conceal how much she missed her parents, brother and sister. 'I do not need anything being [Lindsay's wife] except to be sometimes with you,' she wrote to Moshe and Marutha, and instructed Nola to 'hug Aba until he shrieks with laughter'. (It is difficult to imagine Nola doing any such thing.) She kept family photographs in her bedroom, including one of her mother with the two Los Gatos cats, and she and Lindsay often speculated about what her parents would think of her tomboyish new life. 'Every time I climb up the too straight ladders that lead out to the lookouts over the new bullpens, Lindsay says: "If Aba saw you doing this he'd faint!"'

Correspondence between Terinallum and Los Gatos and Alma was voluminous. The chief letter writers were Hephzibah, Nola and Moshe, as Yehudi was never a great correspondent and Marutha left most of the letter writing to her voluble husband, preferring to communiczte with her daughter by telephone. 'You cannot know how restful and reassuring it is to me to think of you in their midst during the times I feel most homesick,' Hephzibah wrote to Nola. 'More than ever before I adore that marvellous

exchange which has you looking after Yehudi and me caring for Lindsay, you being Aba and Mammina's daughter, I being Dad's ...'

Hephzibah's cheerfully sentimental view that Nola had taken her place as a perfect daughter to Moshe and Marutha received a jolt early in 1939, when a troubled Lindsay showed her a letter from his sister. Nola, it seemed, was miserable. She was doing her very best to be a good wife to Yehudi, but Moshe and Marutha were making it impossible. She knew something about music and the violin, and she was trying to learn German at Marutha's behest, but was being given no credit for her knowledge or for her efforts. She felt shut out of Yehudi's world, with its managers, promoters, hangers-on and clamouring audiences, all of whom wanted something from him, all of whom he felt obliged to accommodate. She wanted to share his life but could not seem to find a role for herself. Time hung heavily on her hands: though well educated she was not studious, and she had never been trained to study in the Menuhin manner. Her mother-in-law had therefore concluded that Nola was stupid.

All this would have been bad enough, but Nola found it impossible to understand Yehudi's reliance on Moshe and Marutha. Motherless from an early age, she had been used to a measure of independence and found it alarming that Yehudi accepted whatever his parents told him. Then too, Nola was a warm and affectionate young woman, and she considered Yehudi remote and undemonstrative, and his eagerness to discuss abstract topics rather chilling.

Hephzibah hurried to reassure her sister-in-law: 'The confidence and relaxation he shows in discussing with you things of the mind is as true a sign of devotion and love, and truer still, than the most passionate love declarations,' she wrote. Nola, who would far rather have been hugged than talked at, undoubtedly found this less than reassuring.

In the first year or so of her own marriage, Hephzibah kept strictly to the contract she had outlined in her letter to Bruno Zirato of the New York Philharmonic. She hardly played the piano at all, not even for pleasure. If anybody asked, she would say she had drawn a line under her musical career and had no plans to go back to it. Lindsay, though, was unwilling for her to let it drop. A talent like hers, he said, should not be allowed to lie fallow. A keen amateur musician himself, he would have loved to be similarly gifted. 'You know,

Hephzibah, you really should do some practice every day,' he said gently. But freedom from the tyranny of practice was one of the attractive features of Hephzibah's new life, and though she promised to think about it, she continued to walk resolutely past the gleaming grand piano in Terinallum's living room.

At the same time, she fiercely defended her own professionalism. When the English conductor Malcolm Sargent toured Australia in 1939 Lindsay and Hephzibah were his guests at Government House in Melbourne. The conversation turned to piano music and Hephzibah said that one of her favourite recordings was Wilhelm Backhaus playing Brahms' *D minor piano concerto*. Sargent agreed, adding pompously that it was really a man's concerto, since only someone with Backhaus's large hands could play it.

'I can,' said Hephzibah.

Sargent expressed polite disbelief. 'But you're only a little thing,' he said.

Hephzibah asked where the nearest piano was, and after being directed to the Bechstein in a nearby room, she sat down and struck out the concerto's massive opening chords. She had been playing for only a minute when Sargent interrupted. 'All right, all right, I take it back!' he said.

But there were gaps in her musical knowledge, which Lindsay was astonished to discover. She had never heard all of Beethoven's symphonies, for one thing. 'I never got a chance to listen to music,' she explained to him. 'I was too busy making it.' Lindsay set out to 'educate' his wife in the basic orchestral repertoire by playing her selected works from his huge gramophone collection. 'Can you imagine,' she wrote to Nola, 'a windy, rainy, boisterous late autumn night with a bright, live fire in a brick fireplace … trees raging outside, and while Toscanini conducts the seventh symphony of Beethoven we sit huddled together, following the score?'

Vocal music, including Schubert *lieder*, was another blind spot. Hephzibah and Lindsay would tackle the songs together, Hephzibah singing to Lindsay's piano accompaniment. 'He looks for the songs that expect you to have a beat as long as from here to Fiji, and I'm afraid that in my passionate efforts to hold a note as high and as long as it should be

sounded, I shall develop a frontispiece like Kirsten Flagstad's … I don't think it would suit me, do you?' she wrote to Nola.

Hephzibah was beginning to develop a love for Terinallum: its space, the wide skies, the feeling of sheer gleeful freedom it gave her. She also enjoyed country habits. For the first time in her life she had time to read the newspaper morning and evening, to discover authors as diverse as Marcus Aurelius and P.G. Wodehouse, to try and fathom what Lindsay found so spellbinding in listening to cricket matches, to enjoy jazz or classical music on the radio. She liked visiting the shearing shed and talking to the shearers, meeting the other itinerant workers on the property. And to her great satisfaction and delight, she learned how to ride. As she wrote to her new friend Joan Levy, 'I went riding with Lindsay, a long wonderful ride on a perfect vibrating afternoon, when the colours of sky and earth and water seemed to speak in audible overtones against the sounds of living things. It was simply wonderful – every time I've gone out with Lin, I've brought back a new spring of happiness.'

In all of this she felt a certain exasperated amusement at the efforts of Northern Hemisphere journalists to understand her new life. Newspapers and magazines ran variations on 'From Carnegie Hall to the Great Australian Outback'. A typical example was a piece in the English edition of *Vogue* magazine when Hephzibah had been married for about three years, in which no cliché of Australian bush life was left undisturbed. The journalist wrote that, while Lindsay rode constantly around the property, Hephzibah stayed inside speaking Italian to the 'Florentine butler', trying to keep the flag of European civilisation flying. The concluding note of rural gloom was almost worthy of Emily Brontë:
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> Every evening when the Nicholases are alone they play Beethoven symphonies four handed, or Mr Nicholas plays the organ, a Hammond brought specially from Chicago. Most of the evenings at Terinallum – and on all sheep stations – are like this; a station man and his wife, his household and his lonely house, and all around the immense emptiness of the Australian plains, silent but for the wind.

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In mid-1939 Hephzibah became pregnant, the baby due in February 1940. 'We are hugging ourselves and each other in utter delight,' she wrote Nola. Shirley was also pregnant for the first time, and Yehudi and Nola's first child, a daughter named Zamira (meaning 'songbird')

Ruby (after Nola's mother), was born in September 1939. In Melbourne, Joan Levy was expecting her first baby too. 'What a great time for Nicholas and Menuhin babies!' wrote Hephzibah.

In the absence of Marutha, who was not the most maternal parent anyway, Hephzibah gratefully turned to her new Australian friends for support during her pregnancy. Early in 1940 she and Lindsay moved to Homeden to await the birth. In the ferocious heat of a Melbourne January, Hephzibah rested, ate very little, drank large quantities of fruit juice, and read books, including the autobiography of Nijinsky – an appropriate choice, she felt, considering her baby's restless athleticism. She and Lindsay hoped for a boy and were delighted when on 29 February, a few months before her twentieth birthday, they had their wish. They named their son Kronrod George, a salute to his combined Russian and British (actually Cornish) heritage.

If being a new mother was overwhelming, Hephzibah gave no details in her letters. For such a practised and engaging writer, she seldom described deeply emotional experiences, and it was never her style to write at length about matters physical. And in 1940s Australia, as elsewhere in the Western world, giving birth was a matter-of-fact business and young mothers were hardly encouraged to go into raptures about it. If Hephzibah did at all, it was probably to Shirley Nicholas and Joan Levy, who soon became the mothers of baby sons themselves: the three women drew closer in discussing the joys and inevitable anxieties of new parenthood. One of the early Nicholas home movies shows the three beaming young women wielding prams.

Hephzibah had never had anything to do with babies, and as soon as possible she hired a full-time nanny, who seems to have been a godsend – calm, resourceful, and apparently skilled in soothing new maternal fears. Hephzibah, freed from the more mundane and stressful aspects of dealing with a young baby, was able to take delight in hanging over the crib, gazing at her son:

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> Gestures, grimaces, disdainful curling of the nose … loud shrieks of joy and the crisp, curly hair, with an occasional faint gleam of red at the edges, and the same inquisitive and daring attitude to things, tempered by a male sense of calm philosophy. He really has an acute sense of humour! This afternoon, for instance, when I put him in his

> cot, I started blowing away at some tiny black insects, about as big as particles of dust, that were stationed on his pillowslip and when he burst out, sleepy as he was, into loud and merry peals, I suddenly realized how really ridiculous it must have seemed to anyone watching to see big, lusty me, blowing with all my might at something invisible for no apparent reason!

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The other great event of 1940 for Hephzibah was Yehudi's tour of Australia. He and Nola would be staying for several months, a twenty-first birthday present for Nola, who was desperate to see her family. She wanted to introduce Zamira to her Australian relatives and, pregnant again, and keen for her second child to be born in Melbourne. Yehudi was giving recitals in Sydney and Melbourne, and recording Brahms and Beethoven piano and violin sonatas for HMV; for these he had expressed a desire to be partnered, once more, by his sister.

Playing with Yehudi once more was probably the only thing that could have driven Hephzibah back to the piano, and it did. To Lindsay's undisguised satisfaction, she began practising regularly, picking up the habits in which she had been schooled all her life. She wrote to her father: 'I practise every day and keep in touch with the old cycle, have even started on a plan of working out all the Beethoven sonatas.'

Yehudi and Nola, with Zamira, her nanny, and accompanist Hendrik Endt, along with thirty pieces of luggage including a large pram, arrived in Melbourne on the *Mariposa* on Yehudi's twenty-fourth birthday, 22 April. Also in the party was Yaltah. Her impulsive marriage to William Stix had had its predictable result; they had separated after only a few months and she was now lonely, sad and rather at a loose end. To her great chagrin, she had had no alternative but to move back to Los Gatos with her parents. Her relationship with her mother was no easier than it had ever been and, missing the presence of her sister, she had become quite close to Yehudi and his wife. Nola, knowing how unhappy Yaltah was, prevailed upon Yehudi to persuade his parents to allow her to visit Hephzibah in Australia. Apparently they consented only because she would be with Yehudi and Nola.

The Melbourne reunion of the three Menuhins was joyful, though sibling scratchiness soon became apparent. Hephzibah found Yaltah exasperatingly childish; Yaltah thought her sister unsympathetic. The relationship between Yaltah and Yehudi was also less than

harmonious, largely because of Yaltah's habit of criticising Moshe and Marutha at every possible opportunity, in public and in private. (2) Yehudi himself was gloomy and abstracted. The situation in Europe was desperate, and he announced his intention, after fulfilling his concert commitments in Australia, of returning to the United States then going to Europe to use his name to raise money and perhaps to play concerts for the troops. He was persuaded to stay, not because Nola was pregnant, but because shipping from Australia to Europe was becoming increasingly perilous.

Once Hephzibah and Yehudi started rehearsing together, it was as if they had never been separated. What Yehudi had called their '*liaison spirituelle*' was as strong as ever. It says something for Hephzibah's talent that, after almost two years of hardly touching the piano, she was able to resume so quickly. She and Yehudi gave a recital in Melbourne on 7 August in honour of their parents' twenty-sixth wedding anniversary. 'The concert was great fun,' Hephzibah wrote to her parents. 'As Nola was expecting the little newcomer any moment she stayed backstage with Lin, and Yehudi and I would come offstage to them, sitting at the bottom of the stairs, and hug each other madly. Nobody saw us – the people in the hall hardly mattered, except for the first two rows, in which sat our family and friends, and the evening passed very rapidly, almost like a dream.'

After concerts in Melbourne, Yehudi, Nola and Zamira went down to Terinallum for a holiday. Yaltah did not join them: she said she preferred to spend time with friends of the Nicholas family in Melbourne, and was doing a great deal of piano practice (her ambition was to play sonatas with Yehudi also, and she eventually did). It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that difficulties in her relationship with Hephzibah really caused her to stayed away.

In the home movies Lindsay took of this visit Yehudi, Nola and Hephzibah are patting sheep and smiling at horses, their hair blowing in a fierce wind. Hephzibah is dressed for the part of a grazier's wife in jodhpurs, long boots and a jacket with a nipped-in waist. Yehudi, in tweed plus fours and jacket, shiny shoes and long socks, looks as if he belongs to a shooting party on an English country estate. Nola is swathed in a coat with a fur collar, and shies away from the camera, perhaps self-consciously aware of her pregnant belly. Her second child and son, Krov, was born in Melbourne on 17 August.

Yehudi and Hephzibah's joint recording of Brahms and Beethoven in Sydney was almost cancelled when all the children in the combined Nicholas and Menuhin household came down with a virus. They were staying at Homeden, where an exhausted Hephzibah felt she was drowning in nappies, cough medicine and howling babies. But life calmed down by the studio date of 18 September, and she and Yehudi went ahead with the recording. She was not entirely happy with the results, thinking Yehudi's tone in the Beethoven too harsh and her own playing of Brahms rather pompous.

Two days afterwards the American branch of the Menuhins returned to the United States. Hephzibah saw them off with regret and apprehension: the war meant that she did not know when she would see them again. 'To see Nola and Yehudi go is like being separated from what we are closest to in the world,' she wrote sadly to Moshe and Marutha. Did she regret her own absence from the world she had known before her marriage? 'I will tell you now, there is nothing I envy them for, not a thing,' she told her parents. 'Apart from you two … nothing calls me back, for my heart is entirely devoted to this country, these people and this life.'

'I want desperately to do a useful thing'

With the bombing of Pearl Harbor in December 1941 and the fall of Singapore two months later, the war was coming perilously close to Australia. Early in 1942 the Japanese repeatedly bombed Darwin, and on 30 May three midget submarines slipped into Sydney Harbour while the mother submarines fired shells into the city's eastern harbour suburbs. No civilians were killed, but the incident shocked the Australian population to the core. Every coastal city and town in the country was put on alert. Warrnambool, the closest coastal town to Terinallum, was less than 100 kilometres away, and there was a brief flurry of panic at the rumour, which proved to be false, that Japanese torpedo boats had been found in the harbour.

Hephzibah threw herself into the war effort with enthusiasm. She began by helping to establish small Red Cross units in the district, teaching women first aid, and setting up groups to knit for the soldiers. She organised a toy fund for sailors' children and invested her own money in War Savings Bonds, giving them as presents to all the children and adults on Terinallum. It was the first time in her life that her duties had encompassed more than studying, travelling and performing, and she revelled in the discovery that she was an efficient organiser of other people, as well as herself.

The Australian Air Force was establishing lookout posts for Japanese raiding planes, and Hephzibah and Lindsay set up and ran their own on Terinallum. Hephzibah took to planespotting with gusto:

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> Our job, if one may so honour such playful imitation of work … consists of keeping a continuous 24 hour vigil, with eyes and ears nicely poised, in order to report every plane within perceivable distance of this post … We have become so proficient as to recognise quite easily the common aircraft usually seen about: Oxfords, Avros, Wackett training fighters, Beauforts – also if we've ever had the good luck of seeing some of those splendiferous birds depicted in the aircraft magazines we read from cover to cover, we'd promptly recognise such types as American Lockheeds, Wellingtons, Spitfires, Consolidateds and so on. However we only name a plane

> when we are certain of its type, otherwise we describe it in given symbols, relating its shape of wing, rudder, undercarriage, number of engines, type of nose and markings. Also we give the direction of flight, approximate height, position relative to the post, time it was first seen or heard, and end by saying, 'Mrs Nicholas speaking!' … The time is now 6.34 EDS and howling darkness surrounds the tower, with only a grey gash indicating the East, from which all glory. Getting up at 5.30 is no joke, although you get used to it …

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Hephzibah often visited George and Shirley at Alton, their country house at Mount Macedon about sixty kilometres northwest of Melbourne: Homeden had now been given over to the Australian Women's Army Service for the duration of the war. Her visits involved helping to feed Michael, Shirley's young son, who was seven months older than Kron. Shirley had little milk and Hephzibah had enough for two. She quite enjoyed being a wet nurse.

Lindsay visited Alton less often; he was tied up with Terinallum. As a primary producer, he was in a reserved occupation, so there was no question of him enlisting. His job aside, there was also some concern about his health. In October 1939 he had developed idiopathic thrombocytopenic purpura, an autoimmune blood disease, in which fewer blood platelets than normal are produced. Apart from constant fatigue, his symptoms included purple bruises and bleeding that formed tiny red and purple dots on his skin. It looked terrifying, and the illness debilitated him. Most of the symptoms disappeared after a couple of months but he took some time to be restored to full health.

Hephzibah was relieved that Lindsay's job prevented his joining the armed forces. Her view was that nobody in their right mind would volunteer to go to the Middle East, Europe or the islands north of Australia to be killed. She enthusiastically participated in defence activities at home, but she was mystified at the enthusiasm with which so many women apparently greeted the prospect of their men joining up. On her trips to Melbourne for the Red Cross she would buttonhole women in the street and in shops, dismayed to find that almost all of them were hugely in favour of Australian troops fighting overseas, on the grounds that the Mother Country needed defending and that the Japanese were coming closer. Hephzibah questioned these women closely about their lives, their interests, what they considered really important. Her artlessness, her naïve wish to find out about the

people with whom she had cast her lot, embarrassed Shirley and other Nicholas relatives. Asking personal questions was such a departure from normal Australian emotional reticence.

Hephzibah was burning to do something bigger than working for the Red Cross, so when she heard that the AIF Women's Association was seeking temporary foster parents for children whose fathers were away at the war, she decided to help, with Lindsay's full support. The children were from the poorer parts of Melbourne, with overworked, overstressed mothers; they were all, as Hephzibah observed to Joan Levy, casualties of the war.

It may seem surprising that somebody with Hephzibah's rarefied and hermetic background was so ready to take on the care of other people's unknown children, but Hephzibah had no qualms about the idea. She was innately drawn towards being helpful in a practical way: sharing her food with Aboriginal people as a fourteen-year-old visitor crossing the Nullarbor Plain came from the same impulse as sharing the advantages of Terinallum with others less fortunate. She might also have thought it would be good for Kron to know children from different backgrounds – to give her son the kind of broad social contact that had been so lacking in her own early life. Nowhere, however, did she analyse her reasons: to her correspondents she announced her decision as a fait accompli, leaving it to them to be surprised, or not.

Her first foster children, a preschool boy and his slightly younger sister, came to Terinallum at the end of 1942 for a stay of several weeks, and Hephzibah's idealism received something of a check. She wrote to Joan Levy: 'Shorn now of the layer of earthly misery which at first wrought havoc with one's motherly heart [the little boy] is boastful, selfish, crawling, untruthful in small ways, in fact ordinary to the smallest atom. His sister's brain is not in the category of the brilliant, and I live in dread of Kronny learning what is not good for him.'

This was the first time in her life Hephzibah had been confronted with rampant, if not feral, children, and the experience clearly shocked her. She also had to revise some of her ideas about nurture versus nature. 'I will never again believe that one can give a child from anywhere ideal conditions and expect to see it thrive,' she added. 'I will not say it's heredity,

I insist it is mostly environment and what they absorb during the first five years of their earthly sojourn is never lost, whether for the good or the bad.'

Despite this bumpy start, Hephzibah continued as an occasional foster carer throughout the war, often taking on three or four children at a time. She found it a not altogether positive experience, largely because the mothers, taking advantage of her good nature, sometimes left their children at Terinallum for indefinite periods. In another letter to Joan Levy she wrote:

[1-line #]

> In my merrier moods I look upon myself as some modern caricature of that well known allegory of Charity, so overstressed by eighteenth-century painters, which feature a bosomy and normally undraped female horror, suckling far more greedy and overgrown infants than is likely. At one point everything began to fail me – my sense of humour, my will power, my capacity to enjoy life, my muscular prowess – everything indeed except my determination to carry on. That's when haemolytic streptococci settled down upon me and then even my leucocytes began to fail. Then Lindsay dosed me up with … sulphapyridine tablets, after which I regathered vitality, and began once more to fight "them children", "blanketchewing", "don't want me dinner", wet pants, disobedience, and so on …

[1-line #]

She says nothing about Lindsay's reaction to having his home life disorganised by up to four strange children at a time, except that he supported what she was doing. Kron, a sociable baby, was quite amenable to these new arrivals. Lindsay was busy on the farm most of the time, and Hephzibah had household help in coping with the children. She became so adept as a foster parent that she thought of setting up a respite home where small children could be looked after if their mothers were ill. She got as far as visiting the sister in charge of a large Melbourne nursery to find out about costs and equipment, but eventually saw that her plan was impractical and regretfully shelved it.

She then conceived the plan of adopting a Jewish war refugee child, bringing him or her up at Terinallum. Lindsay, who wanted more children of his own, was opposed to this plan. However, Hephzibah had come to believe that 'grabbing out of the teeth of fate a child infinitely more needful of intelligent supervision and abundant love [than any she and

Lindsay might have]' would be a good and noble thing to do. For the moment, she capitulated to Lindsay on this question of adopting a refugee, and there the matter rested.

Hephzibah's work for the Red Cross also took her back to the piano, giving concerts for wartime charities. She could hardly refuse, although at first she was reluctant, and her reasons were mixed. As she explained to Yehudi: 'I really felt like doing a bit for the war, and so much like proving to my own self that the years spent on the piano were not to be buried fruitlessly, and so much like pointing out that there is no excuse for pianists to get away with blue murder just because people have forgotten what good music sounds like.' As a result, she said she 'dug in and practised like mad, with a vengeance, till I had things polished and chiselled.'

And so Hephzibah gave her first solo performance in six years. It took place at the Melbourne Town Hall on 15 September 1943, in aid of the Red Cross, and was broadcast live on radio by the Australian Broadcasting Commission. She played works she knew well, and it was a varied program: sonatas by Mozart, Beethoven and Weber; the *17 Variations Serieuses* by Mendelssohn (which became a favourite in her repertoire for years to come); *Sonatine* by Ravel, and the *Allegro appassionato* by Saint-Saëns. The concert was a great success and she enjoyed playing immensely. True to her character, though, she told her brother she was sure she hadn't deserved half the praise she received.

This recital not only brought Hephzibah back to the concert platform, but forced her, for the first time in a long while, to analyse her feelings about the craft she had spent so much of her life mastering. She wrote to Yehudi that while playing she had 'felt as happy as anybody could possibly feel', something which surprised her, because 'I have always believed that I am the furthest away of us all from the inner spring of music'. She knew, of course, that she possessed extraordinary musical talent and instinct, but unlike Yehudi, she never felt that playing music was what she was born for, the primary purpose of her existence. Nor did she feel that playing the piano was necessarily her principal means of self-expression, as it was for Yaltah. Music, for Hephzibah, was tied up with duty, with pleasing her mother, with being a helpmate to her brother. In her new life in Australia she had discovered new skills and interests with delight. Playing the piano had now become one skill among several, something she enjoyed and could use to good effect. As she explained to Yehudi: 'I'm either practising or doing something totally different. I can get

along splendidly on others' music provided it satisfies me … someday I shall make up my mind and either practise consistently or give it up.'

At the time Hephzibah played that comeback concert, she already knew she was pregnant again, with the baby expected in April 1944. 'Be it boy or girl, or twins, we are looking forward to it with the deepest joy,' she told Joan Levy. 'I find a second child is ever so much more fun than the first one (I mean the actual having of it) perhaps because you already have one to remind you of the joy in store, minus the uncertainty and worry of a first experience.'

Hephzibah stayed with Joan and Wal Levy in Melbourne to await the birth, while Lindsay remained at Terinallum on call. After one false alarm and a rush to the Mercy Hospital, Hephzibah's second son was born on 6 May, two weeks before her twenty-fourth birthday. He was named Marston Menuhin Nicholas, and Hephzibah was just as delighted as she had been when Kron was born. A few months after her return to Terinallum she wrote to Joan: 'He is so beautiful and sweet that neither Lin nor I are in the least immune to him … I presume you get sillier about babies as your own babyhood recedes further and further.' She was also pleased that Kron had a brother. Now four, Kron was a sturdily independent child with 'great depths of initiative and a very sensible distaste for scenes of any description … I like him enormously, he's a little man quite capable of fending for himself.'

Like almost all Hephzibah's letters to friends, this one to Joan Levy is crisp, engaged and positive. But what she does not say, in this or other correspondence, is that in the weeks after she came home to Terinallum with the new baby, she suffered from dragging sadness and lassitude. When she emerged from this and felt prepared to tell correspondents about it, she dismissed it as a mild form of postnatal depression. It persisted, however, through the winter and beyond, possibly exacerbated by her health. Hephzibah's vitality often gave the impression that she was more robust than in fact she was, and that year she suffered from incessant colds and bronchitis, as well as chronic sore throats. But she assured her correspondents that all was well, that life at Terinallum was busy and happy and good, that she was enjoying her family.

There had already been hints that things at Terinallum were less serene, more complex, than they appeared. In September 1942 Nola had written to Joan Levy:

[1-line #]

> It is months since I had any letters from Australia, but in the last one we had from Bah [Hephzibah] she sounded very fatigued and wearisome, with a longing to get away from her life at 'Terinallum' – it startled us when we read it and has continued to disturb us ever since … I do think Bah has been away too long – for one who travelled so much, had discourse with many great persons, her life at Terinallum is rather barren for such a length of time. I do hope as soon as she can she will come over to get herself righted again … I also think the change would do Lin good as well.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah did not write directly of her feelings at this time, or for some years to come. But in a letter she wrote to Yaltah after the war, she perhaps revealed more than she intended. In 1941 Yaltah had eloped with Benjamin 'Bud' Rolfe, a young draftee lawyer who was doing his military training at an army camp near Los Gatos. They had married in Reno, Nevada, after which Yaltah returned to Los Gatos without saying a word. A few days later Yaltah, whose job it was to read the main newspaper stories of the day to her mother, had the immensely enjoyable experience of relating her own escapade. Hephzibah, in imagining Yaltah's feelings about her second marriage, she may well be saying something about her own.

[1-line #]

> You often seem a little lonely and sad. But that's the lot of anybody who does anything entailing human relationship … You can't help wishing you hadn't chosen to settle for what seems the duration; you wish you hadn't to consider your child first [Yaltah now had a son, Lionel] you wish you didn't have to pay the deuce for the never very frequent enough joys of married love, you think, Why do I hide my life under a bushel? … And then Bud comes home and if he smiles and says, How glad I am of you! Life seems again to be of the right sort and tiredness is forgotten in a flash. But if he says nothing, and looks tired and uneasy, you want to take revenge on the whole world for not allowing you to build your way, unhampered, in leisure …

[2-line #]

By the end of the war Hephzibah, now in her mid-twenties, was no longer quite the romantic girl she had been. Motherhood, learning to live with the uncompromising practicalities of life on the land, dealing with people who were very different from any she had previously encountered, discovering her own unsuspected reserves of patience and resilience in looking after other people's children – all these things had deepened and sobered her.

She had continued to give concerts: playing the piano was clearly an impossible habit to break, and she was now enjoying it more than she had ever done. Early in 1946 Bernard Heinze, chief conductor of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and the man who – as he constantly reminded people – had introduced Lindsay and Hephzibah, made her a tempting offer: to perform solo Brahms's *D minor concerto* at a concert in April. Hephzibah had learned the work but had never played it in public, and she had long nourished a secret ambition to do so. (1)

When Hephzibah began to work with 'the Prof', as she always called Heinze, he was at the height of his power and influence, a sleek seal of a man with a mellifluous voice and a store of anecdotes that he deployed to great effect. Hephzibah found him 'a creature of great charm, and one must give him credit for the generosity with which he displays it for anyone's greater contentment' Bernard Heinze encouraged all facets of music performance except conducting – he would brook no rivals, domestic or imported. He was renowned for treating orchestral musicians with the aristocratic condescension of a British army officer and gentleman directing ordinary soldiers who were none too bright, and all his orchestras loathed him.

But he was charm itself when it came to the famous Hephzibah Menuhin, and she was delighted to perform the Brahms. She set to practising with great energy and concentration, her two little boys often sitting under the Steinway as she worked. She told her father she felt privileged to have the opportunity of playing such a magnificent piece, though she doubted her ability to do it justice. The more she came to know the work, however, the more she saw the irrelevancy of her doubts when set against the grandeur and spiritual power of Brahms's music. She felt 'sudden humiliating contrition at the performer's non-importance … as opposed to the immortal life of a work which exists on its own terms,

heedless of generations of musicians, all drawing life one moment from its luminous, unrivalled greatness and all passing hence into oblivion.'

Despite glowing reviews for her performance, Hephzibah still fretted that she had not played the work as well as it deserved. She had made at least one mistake, coming in a bar too early. (Fortunately the first flute player and leader of the woodwinds realised what was happening and came in a bar early as well, signalling the other woodwinds to do likewise so that the playing was still unified. Lindsay, following the score as the concert was being broadcast live over the ABC, thought the woodwinds had been responsible for the error.) When she heard a recording of her performance, Hephzibah felt a little better; there was less discrepancy between her intention and her playing than she had feared.

Some six months later Yehudi sent her a clipping from the *New York Sun*:

[1-line #]

> WHAT OF HEPHZIBAH?
>
> *An inquiry about a talented pianist who has been absent too long*
>
> One by one, the familiar names of prewar music making are coming back to us … All of them are more than welcome, but one looks in vain for word about one of the greatest talents of the prewar years, Yehudi Menuhin's sister Hephzibah … Presumably content with raising sheep and discussing the cantos of Dante, Miss Menuhin, now Mrs Lindsay Nicholas, has made no further appearances here in what has now stretched out to eight years. But the memory of her talent will not be banished so easily. If there was only the fading recollections of those two or three miraculous performances, one might have concluded … that Hephzibah's talent could not have been as enchanting as time and distance suggest.
>
> However, the evidence is not all circumstantial. She had the lack of prescience to make a series of phonography recordings … which provide the veritable proof of the talent denied to us by her unconscionable domesticity. It is this strong reminder of her ability, an eagle unforgotten, which still inspires someone or other, every so often, to tax her with the same complaint as mine.
>
> Perhaps it is an intrusion on her private life to bring up this point, but talent of this order is not so frequently encountered that it can be relinquished unprotestingly … it

> is something of an irony that an artist of her abilities should make the decision she did and make it so exclusively. Perhaps in 1938 the choice between a sheep ranch near Melbourne and the concert halls of the world seemed to her unequivocally a matter of either/or. But the ends of the earth are now not separated by months or days, but merely by hours. This alone calls for some revaluation of her drastic decision.
>
> It is not unknown for a woman to be both artist and wife, career woman and mother too. The theatre has been full of them, and in musical lore Schumann-Heink, Alma Gluck and Flagstad, to mention a few, have managed to combine distinguished public performance with estimable motherhood. (2) Given the facilities of modern transportation, it would seem reasonable that Hephzibah could be spared from agrarian and domestic pursuits for at least a month or two a winter, if only to reassure us that our fond recollections of her talent are as accurate as they are fond.

[1-line #]

This tribute to Hephzibah's talent and plea for her to resume her European performing career, could scarcely have been better timed. Playing the Brahms concerto had given her an exhilarating sense of what she could still achieve as a pianist, and even though circumstances had restricted her revived career to Australia, she naturally disliked the idea that she might be forgotten. Her romantic decision at eighteen to give up all for love had been tempered by almost nine years of reality. Domesticity and Terinallum, even with a loving husband and two children, were not sufficient to fulfil her, as Nola had observed. Nola's sense that her sister-in-law had 'been away too long' was echoed by Hephzibah's own feelings. Despite what she had said on marrying, she evidently did not by any means consider her career 'finished and well finished'.

So it was that when Hephzibah learned of Yehudi's plans for a major tour of the United States and Europe in the first half of 1947, she jumped at his invitation to play with him. She was even more delighted to be offered the other Brahms piano concerto, the *B flat major* with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra.

The thought of six months away from Lindsay and the boys was probably all that could have made her turn down this tour. But Lindsay solved the problem with ease: he, Kron and Marston would come with her. Aged seven and three, the boys were old enough to

enjoy the adventure of travel, Terinallum would be well looked after in their absence, and a break from routine would do everybody good. The family would be able to spend time with Moshe and Marutha at Los Gatos, where the boys could meet their grandparents for the first time. It would be the first Menuhin family reunion for more than eight years.

International travel was certainly easier than it had been before and during the war, but travelling by plane was still an adventure and therefore newsworthy. The Nicholas family's departure for the other side of the world in December 1946 was approvingly noted in the Melbourne papers. (A short profile of Hephzibah that appeared three months later in the *Sun*, under the heading 'Mother Makes Music for the World', made great much of the fact that, although she was an international concert artist, she was 'absolutely natural' ... 'She enjoys meeting people and talking,' gushed the journalist. 'But she doesn't enjoy "small talk". One cannot say to her vaguely, "I think so and so ..." or she will instantly say, "You do?" and top this with, "Why?"')

At Los Gatos Hephzibah was delighted to see her parents. Moshe was full of voluble nervous energy, while Marutha seemed smaller than Hephzibah remembered, but just as straight-spined, appraising her daughter and family with her sharp blue eyes. But very soon after the hugs, smiles and bestowal of presents, tensions in the household became impossible to ignore.

Yaltah was visiting Los Gatos with her small son Lionel but without her husband, for Martha had decreed that Bud Rolfe was never to enter the house, probably because he and Yaltah had eloped. To Hephzibah's dismay, her sister, formerly so defiant, was defeated and white-faced, suffering from frequent attacks of asthma. Why Yaltah submitted to being punished for her hasty marriage was a mystery to Hephzibah, who reported to Joan Levy: 'Every dress, every meal, every dollar given her is made to be paid for by the most ghastly humiliation. Her husband is insulted in deliciously delicate innuendos: "Some people are not intellectual giants ..." Yaltah looks terribly sick sometimes.'

Yaltah's distress was hard enough to witness, but even worse for Lindsay and Hephzibah was observing the relationship of Nola and Yehudi. Yehudi, who had toured extensively during the war, showed no signs of slowing down and spending more time with his family now that peace had come. Though he and Nola were still occasionally photographed

together, usually with their children Zamira and Krov, they rarely spent time on the same continent, let alone in the same house. Nola's relationship with Moshe and Marutha, especially the latter, had gone from bad to worse. A miscarriage in August 1943 had left her feeling increasingly desperate and alone, and by the end of the war her misery had turned to anger and rebellion. She had had enough of being patronised by her parents-in-law and ignored by Yehudi, and actively began to look for the glamorous, carefree life she had enjoyed as a socialite in Melbourne.

Young, pretty, well off, and obviously alone, she had no trouble attracting men. Word of her flirtations had reached Terinallum, to the great disapproval of Lindsay and Hephzibah, who wrote: 'Nola is fundamentally too simple to lead a life of such obvious artificiality and superficiality without coming to grief in the long run'. Both Nicholases still hoped for a reconciliation between Nola and Yehudi, and Hephzibah believed that if the pair could only sit down and discuss their differences, the marriage might yet be saved.

Five minutes at Los Gatos must have shown Hephzibah how unlikely this was. Nola and her children were not there: they were spending Christmas in New York with Nola's lover, a young American named Tony Williams. And Yehudi was not alone. He was very much accompanied by a slim, dark, good-looking young ballet dancer named Diana Gould, whom he had met in London in September 1945.

Hephzibah disliked Diana on sight. She could see that this elegant and witty woman, four years older than Yehudi and with a highly developed musical intelligence – her mother had been a concert pianist – who took pride in saying she had danced with Nijinska, Massine and Balanchine, was more than a match for Nola. After a few days of seeing her and Yehudi together at Alma and Los Gatos, Hephzibah summed Diana up as 'a frighteningly domineering human being, who speaks most intelligently, in great versatility, about anything and everything, but drives back every experience into personal grounds, forever retouching a personal portrait which glows with courage and wisdom, self sacrifice, indeed every human virtue.'

Perhaps not surprisingly, Hephzibah could not or would not see the situation from Diana's point of view: with so many forceful Menuhin personalities present at once, Diana was undoubtedly doing whatever she could to assert herself. Moreover Diana, who was in love

with Yehudi and whose intuitions were correspondingly astute, undoubtedly felt the closeness between Yehudi and his sister. Yehudi was already beginning to depend on Diana to run the household at Alma, with the evident approval of Marutha, and Hephzibah was loyally angry on Nola's behalf. Small wonder that the relationship between Hephzibah and Diana was full of spiky resentment and mutual jealousy.

Yehudi was caught unhappily in the middle. He genuinely loved Diana, but he also loved his children and could not bring himself to divorce their mother. Subsiding into miserable passivity, he told himself that any move to negate his marriage must come from Nola. He was still supporting his wife, even paying her lover's drink bills. Hephzibah found all this bizarre. 'Diana runs [Yehudi's house] from a management point of view and shares Yehudi's bedroom, he rings Nola every few days and sends her crates of oranges and apricots. Madness!' Most of Yehudi's income came from maintaining a full concert schedule, and in Hephzibah's opinion he was in no position to pay for a divorce. Diana wanted nothing less than marriage, and her determination alarmed Hephzibah: 'She frightens me when she says, If he ever marries me I'll make him pay for this!' In fairness to Diana, it must be said that Yehudi had repeatedly promised to marry her: she had already endured eighteen months of his vacillation.

Watching her beloved brother imprisoned in the first real emotional crisis of his life, Hephzibah grew increasingly distressed. She felt he was simply drifting, a man without a wife, children or a real home. Unable to face responsibility, he had retreated into coolly polite implacability – she called it 'Yehudi's saintly stupidity' -- refusing to discuss his feelings with her or anyone.. Hephzibah, blamed his lack of emotional articulateness squarely on 'cruel, frustrated mother domination', and she also held Marutha responsible for Yaltah's problems.

Moshe and Marutha would not discuss Yehudi's situation either. Hephzibah thought that, as usual, their adored son could do no wrong in their eyes. More galling for Hephzibah and Lindsay was to see how well Diana handled the senior Menuhins. (In her memoir Diana observed that Marutha reminded her of the old-style strict and rigorous Russian ballet teachers she had known in her childhood.) She had evidently used her considerable reserves of tact and perception in getting to know Moshe and Marutha, and she had the

advantage of being well read, well connected, very musical and witty. Hephzibah's parents evidently considered Diana a much better consort for their son than Nola could ever be.

It was in this atmosphere of unarticulated anguish, strained loyalties, jealousy, resentment and anger that the newly reunited Menuhin family and guests sat down to their festive meal on Christmas Eve. Marutha looked around the assembled company – which excluded Yaltah's husband, Nola and her children – and announced serenely: 'And now we are complete.' It is probably fair to say that the only straightforwardly happy people in the room that evening were Kron, Marston, and Yaltah's son Lionel, who eagerly opened presents given them by a family friend dressed as Santa Claus.

When Christmas was over Yaltah and Lionel returned home and Hephzibah began preparing for her forthcoming tour with Yehudi. Seldom can piano practice have seemed so attractive to her. In a few days the habits of eight years of marriage, and of motherhood, had slipped from her and she and Yehudi resumed their role of musical 'Siamese souls'.

This visit was Lindsay's first lengthy exposure to his parents-in-law, and after a few weeks he found he could stand the suppressed hysteria of Los Gatos no longer. Hephzibah was immersed in her work with Yehudi, the boys were being doted on by their grandparents, Diana was busying herself around the house – there was nothing for him to do in California. As soon as he could, he volunteered to fly to New York and explain to Nola that divorce from Yehudi was inevitable.

It was a visit that gave comfort to both brother and sister, who were delighted to see each other, to commiserate, to console, to discuss the extraordinary family they had married into. Nola was grateful that 'someone sane' now understood what she had had to put up with for almost a decade, and Lindsay declared that six weeks at Los Gatos had aged him twenty years.

In February Yehudi rented a house in St Petersburg, Florida, which he declared suitable for him and Hephzibah to rehearse in. He invited Hephzibah's family, Yaltah, Lionel and Diana to stay there with him for a few weeks. The house was close to a doctor whose ideas about diet Yehudi was adopting with enthusiasm, and which Hephzibah also agreed with. She tried to eat very little meat – not easy for the wife of a sheep and cattle farmer -- and

she gave her children as little sugar as possible. (According to the Melbourne *Herald*, Kron and Marston had been brought up to believe that daily tablets of kelp were better than chocolate bars. Hephzibah was evidently unaware that Terinallum's station hands kept a supply of chocolate and boiled sweets on hand for them.)

Diana, who was rapidly making herself indispensable to Yehudi, put herself in charge of the cooking and gamely produced meals entirely free of flour, meat, sugar, milk and salt.

Hephzibah had not changed her mind about Diana, and she loathed Florida. Nola was now reconciled to a divorce, but her lawyer was making difficulties over the settlement. Nola's mood was 'icy and wild' and Yehudi was still unhappily trying to placate both her and Diana. Hephzibah observed:

[1-line #]

> He treats Diana like an old wife, minus the privileges of such, and treats Nola, by telephone, like a young and ardently devoted lover … and mentions the oncoming divorce proceedings with utmost loathing, as if such irreparable damage could still be averted. He passionately loves the children, and I believe he has their welfare at heart. But he also feels stranded between the strata of his being: the art level and the physical level, utterly undirected and confused.

[1-line #]

After St Petersburg the Nicholases travelled to Dallas, where Hephzibah was to play the Brahms piano concerto with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Antal Dorati. (3) The concert, early in March 1947, was brilliantly received. The critic of the *Dallas Morning Post* wrote:

[1-line #]

> Her command of the music is thorough and scholarly, she knows it inside out for its structure, rhythmic pulse and dynamic range. Her playing … was quite without gender, unless you call vigor and incisiveness masculine. More accurately it was youthful playing, crisp, percussive, strong toned and soundly musical. If there was a fault it was overpedalling that blurred some fast passages … With Antal Dorati's partnership on the podium, Miss Menuhin accomplished a thrilling projection of the magnificent work … [She] is a fascinating and commanding virtuoso personality and an exciting technician. It was a privilege to have heard her.

[1-line #]

In her letters Hephzibah said little about this concert. But it was the first time she had played outside Australia for eight years; she had tackled one of the giant works in the piano repertoire and had garnered magnificent reviews. She was back, and this must have given her enormous satisfaction.

Hephzibah was fond of 'Tony' Dorati and his beautiful, glamorous wife Klari. She had met them in Australia in 1940, when Dorati had been a guest conductor for the ABC; their daughter Tonina had been born in Melbourne. The Doratis had travelled back to the United States on the *Monterey* with Yehudi and his family, and Klari and Nola had become very good friends. In her few days in Dallas, Hephzibah spoke with Klari at length about Yehudi and Nola. Both women had the same opinion of Diana – that she was an 'adventuress' – and Klari condemned her even more forcefully than Hephzibah had done. Hephzibah observed that there might have been a personal reason for this, for the Dorati marriage, which was not happy, reminded Hephzibah uncomfortably of her brother's. 'Tony no longer shares any of his realest life with [Klari], any more than he has time and energy left over from his manically intensive work to share her loneliness and frustration.'

The next stop for the Nicholases was New York, where Yehudi and Hephzibah were booked for sonata recitals together. Hephzibah was delighted at the return welcome she was given, and to be playing with her brother again, but the trip was tinged with sadness because of Nola. Hephzibah visited her in the untidy, sunny apartment she shared with Tony Williams and her two children. It was an awkward encounter: Hephzibah had no great opinion of Williams and thought that Nola had lost her way in life. Though the old affection remained, the two women had little to say to each other. Hephzibah had another reunion, this time with Willa Cather and Edith Lewis. It should have been a joyful occasion, but Yehudi's unhappiness and strain cast a pall over their meeting.

All this Hephzibah faithfully reported to Melbourne and Terinallum. There were times when, despite her satisfaction in resuming her career, she missed the certainty and quiet of life in Australia, as well as her friends there.

From New York the Nicholases sailed to London on the *Queen Elizabeth* with Yehudi and Diana. Leaving Kron and Marston with friends, Lindsay and Hephzibah crossed the Channel to Paris for a holiday where, despite their happy memories, they could see the

scars left by the war. But the good food available there was immensely satisfying after the dreary postwar austerity of London, as was what Hephzibah called the 'really exhilarating honesty of selfishness' of the French people, and their insistence on having the good things of life. Within a day or two her French was fluent again. (Lindsay, who did not speak the language, found her conversations with friends like a very fast tennis match.)

But there were so many changes. Pierre Bertaux was about to become *chef de cabinet* in the Ministry of Public Transport. The war, middle age and success had turned him into a rather heavy man, slower than the dashing, quicksilver tutor Hephzibah remembered. She discovered that the parents of a Jewish friend, Antoine Bernheim, had been deported to Germany and died in a concentration camp. And of course she could not pass Quai des Fleurs on the Ile de la Cité without seeing the ghosts of the Fleg family, remembering that Maurice and Daniel were dead and their devastated parents had fled Paris.

Soon Yehudi joined her, and they had the pleasant experience of reliving their first joint success in a series of concerts. Hephzibah wrote happily that the audiences were just as large and enthusiastic as those in the United States; at one concert Lindsay found it impossible to close the door of the artists' room against the huge press of well-wishers. Yehudi, who hated being trapped like this, grabbed Hephzibah's hand and forced a way out through the crowd, repeating *'Bonsoir et merci'* as they went. Hephzibah wrote to Joan Levy that 'they parted and made way, saying the most devoted and loving things to us and applauding – it was really a touching moment, and I have been realising everywhere I go what a great war service Yehudi rendered to these needy, mortified, war worn people, by the love they pour out when they see him.' It was typical of Hephzibah's admiration for her brother that she did not claim any of this applause for herself.

There followed concert appearances in Belgium, Strasbourg and Switzerland, all of them successful. Belgium was the only country that looked prosperous, Hephzibah thought: Holland, which they also visited, was bleak and austere. She found the postwar food situation bizarre. It was possible to buy Dutch eggs in Belgium but not in Holland; Czech beet sugar could be bought in Switzerland but not in its country of origin; there were French cheeses on sale in Czechoslovakia but not in France; British tweeds could be bought in France but not in England. After Australia, which had been spared the worst effects of war, Hephzibah found much of Europe's bedraggled poverty a shock.

When Lindsay returned to London and the boys, Hephzibah and Yehudi went on to Prague for the second Spring Festival, which ran from May 8–28. She and Yehudi were to play violin sonatas by Mozart, Brahms and Beethoven on the penultimate day, at Smetana Hall. Flags of all the countries of the participants were being featured at the festival, and as Hephzibah felt she was representing Australia abroad for the first time, she tried to have the Australian flag flown. Permission was denied because she was technically an American citizen with a US passport.

Musical festivals are commonplace now, but the Prague Spring Festival, held for the first time the previous year, carried great symbolic weight. The inaugural Spring Festival marked the first time for almost a decade that Jewish artists had been permitted to play in public. The 1947 festival, like its predecessor, was not simply a meeting of international musicians: it was a reaffirmation of the vitality and defiant spirit of music itself, a triumphant declaration of survival and hope for better times. Everybody knew what it meant to hear Bedrich Smetana's 'Má Vlast' ('My Country'), banned by the Nazis in 1938 for its nationalism, now played openly by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under a Czech conductor, Rafael Kubelik. Everybody knew what it meant to listen to the music of Jewish composers – of Mendelssohn, Mahler and Schoenberg.

In Prague Hephzibah, who since her marriage had been able to play the piano or not as she chose, met musicians whose need for music had driven them to meet in each other's houses to play, knowing that discovery meant certain death. Some had been forced to play under assumed names for their German conquerors, knowing that if they refused or quibbled, they would die. She spoke to many in whose eyes she saw what could easily have been her own fate, if not for her own lightly taken decisions and the accidents of history.

A day or two after fulfilling her concert engagements, she visited the former concentration camp of Theresienstadt. (4)

About sixty kilometres north of Prague at the confluence of two small rivers, Theresienstadt, originally an eighteenth-century fortification, had become a concentration camp in 1942. It consists of two main parts: an austere and dull barrack town with a central square and wide, right-angled streets – this became the ghetto -- and on the other side of

the river the so-called Small Fortress, where Jewish and other prisoners were kept and often tortured.

Perhaps more than other concentration camps, Theresienstadt was based on monstrous lies. The first Jews sent there in 1942, deported from Germany, had been elderly, prosperous people who used their financial assets to buy accommodation in what was touted as a model community. Once arrived, they were stripped of everything they owned and sent to the overcrowded barracks, where they died of disease, committed suicide or were sent to the death camps across the border in Poland.

A little later Hitler decreed that the arts of Europe's Jews, those people he intended to eliminate, should be preserved; Theresienstadt was set up as a kind of living museum, a dreadful theme park. The artists, musicians and scientists who were sent there were exempted from manual work and instead encouraged to paint, draw, play chess, put on plays and cabarets and organise concerts. Musical instruments, sheet music and books were brought in, many taken from the houses of Czech Jews who had been sent to the gas chambers, or from the former synagogues of Prague. Among the audience for concerts and performances at Theresienstadt were German soldiers who were guarding the camp. Shortly afterwards these young men would herd into Auschwitz-bound lorries at gunpoint the same people whose playing, singing and acting they had so much enjoyed.

In 1944, with the war going badly for the Third Reich, the Nazis invited the International Red Cross to visit Theresienstadt, in an attempt to show the world that Hitler was 'kind to the Jews'. Buildings were cleaned, shops stocked, rooms were cleared, a children's playground set up. The road to the mortuary was lined with flowers, and there was even a monument to honour the Jewish dead. A film made in preparation for that visit shows young men playing soccer, a group listening attentively to a string quartet, people gardening and digging the soil – all with bright, obedient smiles pinned to their faces, all knowing what would happen to them when the transports came. Had the Red Cross inspectors who came in June touched any walls they would probably have found that the paint was still wet. They were allowed no contact with the prisoners.

Statistics vary, but according to one source of the 140,000 Jews from Austria, Holland, Poland, Hungary and Denmark sent to Theresienstadt more than 30,000 died inside the

camp. Sixty-three transports took almost 87,000 people to the Polish death camps, and fewer than 5 per cent of those survived the war.

When Hephzibah went to Theresienstadt in May 1947, the town was about to be reopened as a Holocaust memorial; she would have been one of its first post-war visitors. The forbidding ramparts mocked the fresh green of the Czech spring countryside. Hephzibah was taken under the courtyard arch that bears the words '*Arbeit macht frei*', the mocking Nazi slogan declaring that work brings freedom. She saw the tiny windowless cells used for solitary confinement and walked around the bleak garrison town. She saw the dormitories where terrified women and children lay sleepless night after night, waiting to be herded and driven into trucks, the plots by the river where men tended vegetables they would never eat, the rooms where musicians and actors rehearsed and put on plays. She must have reflected that, had she married Maurice Fleg and elected to stay in Paris, she, too, might have played Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms quartets for her captors in Theresienstadt before being shipped east with her fellow Jews.

Like anyone who has been to Theresienstadt as a visitor, Hephzibah must have been moved by the spirit that made the Jewish inmates able to recapture a tiny part of their former lives in music, theatre or art; she must also have flinched away from the perversion of the human spirit that allowed Theresienstadt to exist. And as she moved around the ghetto, as she looked at the blank walls of Theresienstadt, she felt overwhelmingly that her work in Australia for the war effort had been meaningless in the face of this horror.

[1-line #]

> I have to push away from me the vision of naked men and women being whipped and driven like cattle into death houses,' she wrote. 'I often gaze on old faces, those of old and faithful Jews, and I imagine those faces wearing a look of terrible agony … and it is to me as if it were still happening, as if I can remember too cruelly what I have never seen … how can I comfort myself, since they died uncomforted to the bitter end, and their fear and torment passed unresolved into our world?'

[1-line #]

It is not too much to say that Hephzibah's visit to Theresienstadt affected the rest of her life. For the first time she had to look squarely at herself, as a musician, as a wife and mother, as a resident of Australia; to question what it meant it to be Jewish. She had always

been secure in who she was and what she did: now she was forced to think again about her place in the world.

And she confided her new insights not to her husband or brother or any of her women friends in Australia, but to the man who had suggested she visit Theresienstadt in the first place, the man she was coming to consider her soulmate.

The imagination of the heart

Hephzibah and Lindsay had met Paul Morawetz on the plane from Melbourne at the end of 1946, when he was taking his wife Dita and two small children to the United States for a holiday. Kron was responsible for their meeting: he and the Morawetz children had become friends almost immediately. The two families met again in New York; Hephzibah and Paul went for a hansom cab ride in Central Park together, and quickly discovered an easy rapport. Paul, an Austrian Jew six years older than Hephzibah, had been brought up in Czechoslovakia, which he had left as a young man to become a journalist in South Africa. He then talked his way into management jobs with the car company Skoda in India, Burma and Thailand, and arrived in Melbourne in 1940, where he found work as a journalist. Though classified as an enemy alien during the war, his fluency in four languages enabled him to monitor enemy broadcasts for the Commonwealth Department of Information. He then started and ran his own successful company, Tip Top Paints. Paul Morawetz was ebullient and intense, with the practical turn of mind of a man who has always had to make his own way in life. Hephzibah had never met anybody quite like him..

To most people she knew, Hephzibah's life was close to ideal. She was apparently contented, the stability of her home life widely admired and even envied, her career a cause for great satisfaction. Yet some of those who saw her often still wondered, as Shirley Nicholas had done nine years before, just how well and completely she had adapted to her life in Australia. Nola had observed Hephzibah's wish to get away from Terinallum, at least for a while. And Hephzibah had signed at least one letter to Joan Levy 'your stagnating little Hephzi'. Clearly Hephzibah missed the intellectual stimulation she had been surrounded by from birth, and had always enjoyed. In short for Hephzibah, as for Flaubert's Emma Bovary, 'boredom, quiet as the spider, was spinning its web in the shadowy places of her heart'.

Fond though she was of Lindsay, Hephzibah knew there was a vital disjunction of understanding and feeling between them. The kind of love she needed and tried to demand from her husband was utterly different in kind and degree from his for her. 'I do believe you could keep two husbands going with all the love you need!' Lindsay had once told her, laughing. She had taken this as a compliment, but she wanted total, exclusive love,

concentrated on her alone. 'It is extraordinary to me to realise how surpassing of all other considerations is the devotion I feel towards him and how hungry I am for his love, who would so often prefer the developing room or the musical score to my companionship,' she wrote sadly. 'I love him so much – so much too much for his sober needs that it sometimes chokes me with an appalling sense of waste.'

Lindsay Nicholas was a loyal, practical and loving man, but an inexpressive one. Hephzibah's insistent needs often puzzled him. He found her quixotic, abrupt, prey to incomprehensible storms of emotion. Her swift changes of mood caught him off balance. He wished she could be more stable, that she would *settle down.*
Hephzibah knew this. 'You must know that all my faculties, good and bad, come in spurts, like bore water,' she wrote to Paul. 'Sense and nonsense, energy and fatigue ... Lin's main grievance on my account is that I don't go "steady" Too fast, too slow. Too gay, too gloomy.'

It is not surprising that Hephzibah was attracted to Paul Morawetz. What made him particularly appealing to Hephzibah was that he came from her world. He loved discussing ideas (where Lindsay was more likely to ask what she was driving at), he was worldly, vital, voluble and intelligent. Pleasant-looking rather than handsome – he was of average height, had floppy fair hair, glasses, and a wide, expressive mouth – he was an accomplished flirt, and had already ventured outside the bounds of his marriage several times.

Shortly after her return to Australia in June 1947, Hephzibah took the train to Melbourne, a trip she had often made alone to attend orchestral rehearsals and Red Cross meetings, to visit Joan and Wal Levy, or simply to sit in the main street of Carlton, Melbourne's Italian quarter sipping espresso and watching passers-by, free from constraint and responsibility. This visit was different. She had arranged to meet Paul for the first time, as his lover.

Already they had laid down rules. Their liaison would not be allowed to break up their families. Paul's affairs, he said, had never compromised his marriage, and Hephzibah did not even entertain the idea of abandoning Lindsay and the boys. Since both agreed there would be no hurtful consequences for loved ones, Hephzibah felt safe, carefree. She rather liked the thought of being a young married woman with a lover; it was what people did in Europe, and nobody suffered. 'What a lot our society could learn from the seventeenth-

century Italian or French pattern!' she observed. But she was not feeling worldly and insouciant on this particular day: nagging at her was the knowledge of the Rubicon she was about to cross.

She and Paul met, rather prosaically, at the Spencer Street railway station in central Melbourne. They had arranged to lunch at a local bistro, but as soon as they saw each other all thought of food was abandoned. Instead they went to Paul and Dita's apartment in Punt Road, Malvern, and stayed together for a couple of hours. From then on, their code word for sex was 'noon till two'. An exultant Hephzibah caught the train home, and late that night she wrote to Paul: 'How delightedly I crept upstairs, through the dark and silent house, took off my clothes and brushed my hair and danced in joyous madness. I love you and you love me!'

Over the following eight months, Hephzibah wrote to Paul almost every day, whether they had just seen each other or not. He was a great traveller, either on business or for pleasure, and Hephzibah wrote to him wherever he was: in Melbourne, London or New York. She wrote to tell him what was happening, to analyse their relationship, to describe her feelings, to discuss a book she had just read – in short, to have a one-sided conversation with him. Her need to do this reveals the depth of her desire for a partner of like mind, for someone who would understand and love only her. Although these were love letters, they were seldom erotically charged: to Hephzibah, sex was a proclamation of oneness as much as a voluptuous pleasure, although that was important too.

She told Paul: 'When I am in bed, or walking, I play music to myself in my mind only; it can be done, though the effort is very great and every note has its place visually, digitally, logically – but you crave for the reality of it which is its feel, the sound. Thus do I repeat our times together from memory ... as I crave to have the keyboard under my hands in order to give body to my dream sounds, so I crave to give my body to yours.'

Paul welcomed her intensity, but his letters show that he was surprised by it too. He wrote about half as often as Hephzibah did, and in a loving and affectionate way rather than passionately. He described her tenderly as *meshuggeneh*, Yiddish for 'nuts' or 'crazy', a word she had never encountered before, judging by the different spellings she gave it.

Hephzibah had little difficulty in finding reasons to go to town. She had confided her affair to Joan Levy; she stayed with Joan and Wal and their small son Curtis in Melbourne while she was seeing Paul. This caused agonising problems for Joan, who was loyal and discreet but who loathed duplicity. More than once she was forced to lie to Lindsay when he telephoned to speak to his wife. Hephzibah could be ruthless when it suited, a quality several people were just beginning to discover.

Joan was not the only one in Melbourne who knew about the affair. Paul's neighbour Clarice Kerr, who lived with her husband and daughter in the apartment above the Morawetzes, was often required to intercept or deliver letters or messages.

During the time of her liaison with Paul, Melbourne took on a new appeal for Hephzibah. She had never been especially fond of the place – it was a staid city compared with Paris and London and New York – – but now it was taking on new meaning, as she explained to Paul:

[1-line #]

> To the hundreds of people entering and leaving Hilliers [café], was there one to whom Hilliers meant iced coffee flavoured with unforgettable emotion? Walking past the Wentworth [hotel] could anyone guess how longingly I had stood there on two occasions, once longing for you to turn up, and once with you? And then Elizabeth Street with the Y[MCA] at the far end and the corner of Elizabeth and Collins where you have so often called for me … and Norman's corner and the jetty at Port Melbourne where we have walked in sunshine and wind … and Chung Wah's Chinese café … and the St Kilda Palais where we see films together and Bay Street where I invisibly sit beside you where you work sometimes …

[1-line #]

Paul responded to an innocent quality in Hephzibah that she retained all her life; she had the freshness and candour of the perpetual student. He took great delight in introducing her to new books, ideas and people. He was considered a communist – a cause for suspicion in conservative Melbourne – but he was probably too restlessly inquiring, too idiosyncratic to subscribe wholeheartedly to any ideology. He even stood for federal parliament at different times as a member of both the Labor and conservative political parties.

The intellectual basis of communism greatly interested him, and under his influence Hephzibah began to read books with titles such as *What is Marxism?* and *Socialism, What, Why and How.* She also took out subscriptions to the Left Book Club and to *Rationalist* magazine, and told Paul that the piles of reading material on her desk could be summarised as: 'Socialist, Labor, Liberal, Political/Rational, philosophical, religious, historical/Zionist, Jewish'.

Having spent the past eight years among people who, if they discussed politics at all, considered any vaguely leftish ideas to be dangerously radical, Hephzibah found Paul's interest in political and social theory fascinating and stimulating. But she had a strongly developed habit of applying abstract thought to the personal, and she found that Marxism, with its emphasis on historical inevitability and class struggle, did not give her the kind of world view she sought. Her instinctive drive was always towards harmony and reconciliation; she was looking for a way of thinking that would reconcile the different aspects of herself, bringing together her everyday, creative and spiritual selves.

She found a good deal of what she was seeking in the work of the Russian philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev. (1) She did not discover him through Paul, but through her reading of Aldous Huxley, whose *Brave New World* has as its epigraph a quotation from Berdyaev: 'Perhaps a new century is beginning, a century where intellectuals and the cultured classes dream about ways of avoiding utopias and to return to a society that is not utopian, less "perfect" and freer.'

What appealed to Hephzibah was Berdyaev's passionate engagement with questions that had occupied her since her visit to Theresienstadt: how to live a good life, how to reconcile the demands of the individual with those of society, the nature of freedom, the primacy of creative thought, and, above all, how to create a good and just world. She found Berdyaev's emphasis on the vital importance of discovering one's own truth to be more congenial to her way of thinking than Marxism could ever be. She tried to interest Paul in some of Berdyaev's ideas but Paul, who called himself a rationalist, said he did not believe that people were capable of changing themselves to any great extent. Hephzibah argued: 'It is unpleasant to turn back and say, limit your hope, by doing so one limits one's vision, one's power, one's love.' This belief in the power of people to change themselves hardened into

a solid conviction as she read and thought further. After all, had she not done something similar for herself?

Fuelled by her new interests, fired by her exploration of fresh ideas, Hephzibah began to question her friends' and neighbours' ways of looking at the world. 'She went a little mad, I think,' commented Shirley Nicholas. It was a view shared by many in her circle, who declined to discuss matters spiritual and creative. 'To live fully, warmly, compassionately, they would need to revise their whole tenor of existence,' she wrote despairingly to Paul. As for politics, she was warned more than once that she was in danger of being seen as a communist –one of the worst things, according to George Nicholas, that could happen to anyone. And her idealism was greeted by tolerant smiles. Joan Levy's husband Wal observed that anyone who knew the first thing about human nature could see that the highest principles would always be brought down and made unworkable. Hephzibah refused to countenance any such notion.

The unwillingness of those in her circle to take her seriously in this regard left her frustrated. 'I feel like one playing hide and seek: when I hide someone chases, when I chase everyone hides,' she wrote. At the same time, although she relished having contrary opinions, she did not really know how to express them forcefully and with confidence. Having grown up with a mother who would not tolerate argument or disagreement of any kind, she had never learned how to defend a controversial intellectual position in the face of disapproval. She told Paul how much she hated disagreeing with family or friends, even on political matters.

[1-line #]

> I feel that it is a cowardly fear of trusting my natural judgment because of the places it might lead me to … I am afraid for the superficial smoothness of family relationships. I am afraid to be the upsetting cause, and when Dad [George Nicholas] begged me not to associate myself with any subversive parties or activities, I knew I was too weak ever to let myself be called a viper in anyone's bosom.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah was partly driven by what she had seen and been told at Theresienstadt, and whenever she went to Cheshire's bookshop in central Melbourne she looked for titles about the treatment of European Jewry during the war. (One book she found particularly shocking was the recently published *Five Chimneys* by Olga Lengyel, a survivor's account of

life in Auschwitz, which gave an account of Jewish women who were about to give birth having their legs bound together to ensure that both mother and baby would die.) Paul had many friends in Melbourne Jewish circles, and introduced her to immigrants from all parts of Europe. Hephzibah met them at the Kadimah Café, and she also became an active member of the International Aid Committee for Intellectual Refugees, a Swiss-based organisation formed just after the war to help Jewish academics get out of Europe.

The casual anti-Semitism that was part of ordinary Australian discourse, something Hephzibah had previously shrugged off with ease, now frustrated and infuriated her. She 'bounced in livid fury' when she heard Lindsay agree with a friend that Jews knew how to ingratiate themselves in society. 'They spoke of how quickly [Jews] do well and make money, it can only be by circumventing regulations … And so on till suppertime by which time I had been told that, whether I liked it or not, I was an exception to the rule!'

This same friend apparently noticed that she had changed. 'He said, "You at twenty-one at Terinallum, matchless, a creature to be put on a pedestal, a privilege to know … why have you changed?" And I said as patiently as I knew how … but dramatically enough to shock his imagination: "Because I saw Theresienstadt!"'

Hephzibah was now ready to claim and take pride in her Jewishness. She began to date her letters according to the Hebrew calendar – it was a habit that did not last very long -- and was drawn further into Melbourne's Jewish community. Chief among her new friends were the Wynn family, well known in business and the arts. In their home she found a kind of culture she had never known while growing up, an affirmation of Jewishness that gave her a deep sense of belonging.

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> I found comfort and material splendour, brought to life by the usage made of it by reflective, active, expressive family life. I found the sufficiency of pomp and circumstance which gladdens the solemn disposition of welcoming hosts and grateful guests. I found untiring, full flowing, civilised conversation. I found dignity and humour. Common interests, mutual understanding, respectful earnestness. Everything I treasure in people. The old boy showed me his Talmudic scriptures, explained effectively the background, social and spiritual, of that Judaism I felt stirring strongly in my hopeful heart. There was no preaching … [but] a feeling of

> mystical dedication, of broadminded questing, plus a stable application of vast moral truths ...

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She attended synagogue in Melbourne, responding above all to the music, which moved her to tears.

[1-line #]

> The rabbi, a musician from Mannheim, produced a magnificent voice like some great organ and sang the sad wailing songs of Jewish sorrow down the ages, and in singing he moved in long smooth lines, or short quick steps, bending his old knees to the requirements of rhythm and unfolding the invisible objects of his singing in broad sweeps of arm, never still a moment, with on his beautiful old face a look of one whom angels smile on, fading out when the young voices took over the lead, and suddenly re-entering the song with richest warmth when they seemed to be getting weak or off the pitch. He spoke nobly of a good will to order, order in sound which is music, order in behaviour which is goodwill.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah tacitly supported the creation of the state of Israel, which took place on 14 May 1948, even though her father had always railed against it. She saw Israel not simply as a physical place, but as a symbol of 'the faith we were born with, which society takes from us day by day'. The use of 'we' in this letter is interesting: clearly she now identified as Jewish. This did not mean she was uncritical of Jewish organisations, some of which she felt stressed too much the horror of the Holocaust, rather than furthering Jewish ideals, and traditions of courage and justice. On one occasion this irritated her so much that she refused to give a public donation to the Women of Zion (although she did send a cheque privately).

Gradually Hephzibah gained more courage in expressing her views, not least because she was learning how to use the authority of her celebrity. Late in 1948 she took issue with the Dean of Melbourne when he stated that every woman should stay at home and that training women for professional careers was a waste of time. Hephzibah had come a long way from Marutha's views by now and she sent the Dean a scorching letter, accusing the Church of stupidity and cowardice.

She began to accept invitations to express her views, and for the first time discovered that she enjoyed public speaking – it was another kind of performance, after all. She addressed local community and women's organisations, mainly on the need for society to educate its citizens as fully as possible for the sake of the greater good. These were hardly revolutionary sentiments, but in Victoria's Western District in the late 1940s they were sufficiently radical to be noteworthy. Her talk to a local branch of the Country Women's Association brought forth a vote of thanks which she described as: 'We all thank Mrs Nicholas for coming today, her views are refreshing, indeed quite revolutionary, and of course many of us didn't agree with them, but she has given us much food for thought.'

As Hephzibah grew bolder, she challenged the comfortable views of the social circles she moved in. Shirley Nicholas was hosting a supper party at Homeden after one of Hephzibah's Melbourne concerts when there was a knock at the door. Shortly afterwards the guests heard a minor altercation in the hall, with the maid saying firmly: 'I'm sorry, you can't come in, this is a private party.'

Hephzibah and Shirley rushed into the hallway, where they saw the maid standing with two Aboriginal women.

'Oh,' said Hephzibah quickly, 'I invited them, they're my guests.'

The women were Mrs Briggs and her daughter, who did a great deal of work around Melbourne for Aboriginal charities. Worthy they might have been, smart Melbourne they certainly were not. Undaunted, Hephzibah ushered them into the salon and introduced them to everybody. Shirley was mortified; the other guests did not know where to look. The only person who felt less than acutely uncomfortable about the episode was probably Hephzibah herself.

[2-line #]

Judging by Hephzibah's letters, Lindsay learned of her affair with Paul Morawetz within six months, and undoubtedly he was told by Hephzibah herself. With no apparent understanding of jealousy, she tried to explain to him that her first 'genuine affection for another man isn't going to be infidelity, but is going – with his own welcoming willingness

– to benefit all concerned, and increase the amount of warmth all round.' But Lindsay, not being a complaisant eighteenth-century Italian or French husband, was finding the situation difficult to accept.

Hephzibah wanted him to think less conservatively, to read more, to become more politically aware. 'Like his fellow Australians, he considers that all virtues are within a confined reality, bound strictly for all time by the five senses,' she told Paul, not altogether fairly. She knew that Lindsay resented 'my timid ventures into this exciting jungle of political and social problems', but apparently failed to see why. The more she tried to get him interested in her new concerns and ideas, the more decisively he withdrew. There were times when he found forbearance impossible. At one point during an argument about Judaism, Lindsay declared: 'What you say is a lot of tommyrot, as well as all you have said till now.'

Hephzibah was devastated. 'To have my sincere and driving desire to understand and my loving offer of assistance wherever needed so fully dismissed is as much hurt as I can take,' she told Paul. She saw only Lindsay's intransigeance, utterly failing to be aware of its cause. She was now twenty-seven, but considering the narrowness of her lived experience, her naivete and lack of emotional understanding are perhaps not so surprising. But striking self-centredness is also allied to her blithe inability to consider Lindsay's feelings.

By September 1947 Lindsay had had enough of Hephzibah's sudden visits to Melbourne; enough of the letters, discussions and phone calls. He declared that Paul Morawetz, having messed up his own marriage, wanted nothing more than to wreck other people's. Hephzibah countered that their marriage could be 'wrecked' only by Linday or herself, but Lindsay was adamant: he did not intend to allow this to happen to him. Hephzibah was to make no more phone calls to Paul, nor receive any from him; she was not to write, or visit his apartment alone. Hephzibah reluctantly agreed.

The result was entirely predictable: she and Paul kept in contact but she did not tell Lindsay. She continued to see him in Melbourne and to write to him, although she did ask him not to call Terinallum for a chat, saying that their telephone conversations made Lindsay angriest of all. 'You may grow as enthusiastic as you like over politics,' she told him, 'but don't give "us" away.'

Lindsay was not the only person in turmoil about the affair. Hephzibah enjoyed talking Paul over with her friends, even showing off slightly. This lapse of taste, even more than her infidelity, caused dismay among her circle. It says something for Joan Levy's unruffled sense of tact that she managed to remain friendly with both Hephzibah and Lindsay, but as the situation had been particularly difficult for her during the period of Lindsay's ignorance, she took Hephzibah to task. Why lose everything, she asked, for the sake of a fleeting affair?

Shirley Nicholas admitted that Paul was as attractive a man as any, but agreed with Joan that he wasn't worth Hephzibah jeopardising her marriage and family for. She accused Hephzibah of wallowing, of enjoying her own complicated emotions, and taking great pleasure in the physicality of the relationship without giving any thought to the possible consequences. She was so blunt that Hephzibah rather regretted confiding in her at all.

After some months, Hephzibah had written to Yehudi about her liaison with some hubris, declaring that she had dared to embark on a relationship a coward would scarcely have contemplated. Yehudi's divorce from Nola was now final and he was about to marry Diana (which he did in London on 19 October). He replied that he did not condemn her for having an affair – the pot could not call the kettle black, and 'in the long run it will merely have been a stage in your awakening'. But, he wrote, her declaration had been that of an adolescent fantasist.

[1-line #]

> Your letter bespeaks confusion, lack of style and an artistically quite unawakened nature, quite natural in a mind well read and trained in learning Berlitz and other methods, commanding such wonderful style in the French language and able to play the piano so faultlessly. If you had lived a little more as a young girl, and later had really shared your husband's deep and genuine physical, spiritual and artistic inner life ... you could never be guilty of such extraordinary adolescent and arbitrary constructions of the mind. If you could trim your thoughts to reality you would present a more authentic front.

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It is not difficult to imagine Hephzibah's feelings on reading this. letter. Quite apart from the condescending references to her gifts for languages and music (and she probably

remembered that Yehudi had been known to refer to the piano as 'a soulless box'), what right did he have to lecture her like this? Just how much effort had he made, for instance, to understand and share Nola's physical, spiritual and artistic inner life? What kind of 'reality' had he been embracing in his miserable vacillation, trying to please both wife and mistress? And as for chiding Hephzibah for the narrowness of her youth – as if this had been her choice anyway -- why not look at the cushioned and blinkered existence he himself had enjoyed for so many years?

But tough as Yehudi's comments were, they were not the crux of his letter.

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> What I condemn is the reasoning, that custom-built mirror constructed by yourself for yourself so that you might at all times of night and day look in and see this more enlightened human being. Until you tear this mask from your eyes you will learn nothing, and you will remain the easy prey of anyone clever and unprincipled enough to reflect you in the manner of that mirror.

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Hephzibah had never read a more withering summary of her conduct in her whole life. Hurt and furious, she quoted her brother's words to Paul, in a bid for support and sympathy. 'Such an apology for monogamous loyalties, where his own have been but a travesty I would not have expected from anyone. Not even from Yehudi.' Paul wisely refrained from direct comment, but Hephzibah never forgot her brother's words, although she purported to ignore them. Perhaps deep down she even recognised their sting of truth.

With the passing of time, Hephzibah's joy in her affair grew less. The disapproval of her friends was beginning to make her think again, and in any case Paul was becoming increasingly preoccupied with his business and his travels. She suspected that there were other women in his life as well, but most of all she was at last beginning to realise what her affair was doing to Lindsay.

His steadfast loyalty overwhelmed her. Joan Levy had advised him to forbid his wife to see Paul at all, and Lindsay, instead of telling Joan that he had tried and been unsuccessful, simply said that if he was prepared to tolerate the situation, nobody else had any business expressing an opinion about it. He defended Hephzibah against his brother, Hilton, who

told him to make sure that Paul Morawetz never came to Homeden. 'I think that anyone who has Lins for a friend is a lucky person,' Hephzibah observed.

In September 1948 the Nicholases were in Sydney for a series of concerts Hephzibah was giving for the ABC. After going to bed one night in their apartment north of the harbour, Hephzibah, keyed up and restless, dressed and went out for a long solitary walk. When she returned a couple of hours later she found Lindsay in the living room, drinking whisky and in tears. Having woken and found her gone, he was convinced she had left him for Paul and was never coming back.

At last aware of the vulnerability that underlay Lindsay's often unemotional manner, Hephzibah began to feel guilty for having hurt him. From guilt she moved back to fondness and love, then to admiration and an insistence on the nobility of Lindsay's soul. 'I see that his [protection of me] reached the limits of human kindness, in farewelling me and in receiving me, and at all times unruffled, unstintingly generous, and many a time with a cruel, sharp pain in his innermost heart.' But then she would be jolted by some evidence of their incompatibility and veer back into her longing for Paul. 'When [something Lindsay says] threatens to arouse my old feeling of inner hurt and loneliness, I merely stop it from entering and switch my though to you,' she told Paul. 'It is very easy, like playing a difficult old passage with new fingering.'

At times Hephzibah grew almost weary of the situation. 'You do not love me if you cannot see how desperately I want to be cleanhearted again,' she wrote to Paul. 'We are buying our heaven, our rainbow, at the price of deceit, opportunism, even treachery.' She was not thinking only of Lindsay, but of Paul's wife Dita.

It is not clear when Dita Morawetz learned of the affair, but she could scarcely have been surprised. She might well have been disconcerted, however, when in October 1948 Hephzibah made contact with her and suggested lunch together. Predictably, Paul was not especially happy about this. But Hephzibah, who had no wish to break up Dita's marriage or her own, considered it the civilised thing to do, and she had liked Dita when she first met her. At lunch Dita was understandably wary, even suspicious, but Hephzibah succeeded in reassuring her that she had no designs on Paul. Gradually they became friends – became much too friendly, in fact, for Paul's taste. Dita, a veteran of her husband's

philandering, even offered to go out on some evenings so that Paul and Hephzibah could spend more time together. (Hephzibah refused the offer.)

Dita and her two children visited Hephzibah at Terinallum, and the two women had long talks, mostly about Paul. As a result, Hephzibah began to scold her lover about his treatment of his wife. In April 1949, when Dita was expecting her third child, Hephzibah moved into full lecturing mode. She told Paul that Dita:

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> requires what only you are in a position to give … 1. patience and attention. 2. deliberate putting aside of your interests, no matter how important, because she is going through the physical agony of the damned and you are both the cause and cure. 3. putting your belief in home life into practice because she needs to be persuaded that you mean what you say. You have already spoken too much … You have expected extraordinary fortitude and diligence from her; I now feel they are expected of you.

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Yehudi was clearly not the only member of the Menuhin family whose level of self-awareness could have been higher.

By mid 1949 the affair was over, and in Hephzibah's terms no great harm had been done. Her early adoration and excitement had given way to irritation: she told Paul she was no longer sure what her letters meant to him, and that he cared more about himself than about her. But the affair with Paul had been an important element in her own journey of self-discovery, which he realised: he once commented that he had mixed feelings about his role in helping Hephzibah to grow up. Nevertheless, she found after a while that his Pygmalion tendencies were beginning to grate. 'I feel in some secret ways I am a little stronger than you,' she wrote to him in September 1949, 'and you need not always look to me as someone who needs help only.'

Did the affair come to a definite end? According to Paul's biography, Hephzibah called it off. He said he cried bitterly and was later consoled by Dita. Perhaps not only by Dita: once or twice in her later letters to Paul, Hephzibah hinted that there was another woman in the picture. But Paul and Hephzibah maintained a warm friendship once their physical relationship came to an end. Hephzibah wrote to him: 'If ever we cease to communicate

entirely, I shall have lost perhaps the most precious thing in my life, for your love is the one gift I have enjoyed to the depths of my being, without ever wishing to possess.'

As time passed, Hephzibah drew closer to Dita than to Paul. The two women saw each other frequently in Melbourne, and in 1950 they travelled to Israel together. But until his death in 2001, at the age of eighty-eight, Paul Morawetz declared that Hephzibah had been the love of her life.

There were sighs of relief from Hephzibah's friends when the affair was finally over, but her dissatisfaction, her unrest, went deeper than anyone knew. She claimed she had gained and grown through her relationship with Paul, that he had given her the emotional and intellectual stimulation she craved, and yet she also knew he was not her answer. Hephzibah was a woman with a mind of her own who had been taught to defer to other people's: her search for intimacy and deep connection was by no means over.

'An effort to make my imprint on the world I live in'

Terinallum was still the geographical centre of Hephzibah's life. The property had not come through the war unscathed by any means: the mid 1940s had seen bad seasons and bushfires, and there were postwar taxes to pay. Nevertheless, in 1946 it was fairly typical of a small Western District property. Terinallum had permanent employees as well as a shifting population of seasonal workers, a total of thirty in all. The permanent workers typically included two rabbiters, a butcher, a cook-cum- gardener/handyman, and station hands who mustered the sheep, prepared cattle for showing, and did other chores. Three other families besides the Nicholases lived in houses scattered around the property and there was also a governess, Marge Kelly, for Kron and Marston.

It was generally agreed that Lindsay, 'the Boss', was a good manager, and he was very well respected. 'Hephzi', however, was loved: never, the Terinallum families agreed, had there been a celebrity with less 'side'. One of the regular weekend activities at Terinallum was the showing of movies, which were ordered by Lindsay from Melbourne and screened in the living room to an audience of neighbours, station hands and their families.

One weekend in May 1948 Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, on a tour of Australia with the Old Vic theatre, came to stay at Terinallum. (Olivier, in suit and tie, was photographed patting a sheep; both look equally terrified.) They were invited to the customary movie screening, and one of the Terinallum women, thinking that Hephzibah and her glamorous guests would not want the usual audience, begged off. Hephzibah said, 'Mrs Corbett, whenever will I get it into your head that we all come into the world the same way and we all go out the same? No one is any better than anyone else. We will see you tonight.'

Because of her own boys' ages – at the end of the war Kron was six, Marston two – Hephzibah took a great interest in the primary school at Pura Pura, eight kilometres away. Servicing the families of the gangers who worked on the main railway line from Melbourne to Adelaide, the school had fewer than twenty students. When its sole teacher left early in 1949, Hephzibah was involved in the search for a replacement. She insisted on interviewing all the applicants and finally a young woman **was chosen** who, she told Paul Morawetz

rather waspishly, was interested in the children themselves, not in meeting the sons of local landowners or improving her tennis game.

She also took responsibility for the school's music education, donating an upright piano and valiantly conducting the choir. 'Alas for Madamingella Musica!' she wrote ruefully to Paul Morawetz. 'The tone deaf kids seem to have been compensated for this lack by being granted the most powerful voices, and they bellow off pitch with magnificent enthusiasm, while the tremulous tiny ones pipe a pitiful, inaudible line above the horrid fracas.' She overwhelmed the school with gifts, including gallons of Akta-Vite (a chocolate-flavoured milk drink made by the Nicholas company), a kerosene stove for warming winter lunches, and a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* But it was what she did about the school desks that really became part of district folklore.

Australian primary-school children at that time generally sat two to a wooden desk, on a shared, backless bench. Remembering her own childhood back problems, Hephzibah decided something better was needed. After making inquiries she decided to import individual chairs and desks from the United States, which were adjustable. Lindsay declined to help, telling her she couldn't change the system. If she wanted to buy new school furniture, he said, she would have to use her own money. Hephzibah went ahead.

In due course, some state-of-the-art school chairs and tables arrived, painted a bright aqua colour. The children loved them and the Pura school became the envy of all others in the district. Shortly afterwards, Lindsay noticed that Hephzibah was no longer wearing her engagement ring, and discovered she had pawned it to buy the furniture. Incensed, he went to Melbourne and retrieved it. Given that Hephzibah had her own source of income from recording fees and concert appearances, it is not clear why she might have done this. Perhaps she was making a point about women, marriage and independence. Or perhaps she just wanted to jolt Lindsay into greater awareness of the school's problems. Her action probably did not improve her relationship with Lindsay, but the other women on the property rather admired her for it.

As her wider reading increased her understanding of social problems, and as she became more aware of those on her own doorstep, Hephzibah became very aware of what life on the land could do to women who had no support, income of their own, or power. In a

letter to Yehudi and Diana she told the story of a local woman who, driven mad by loneliness, set out in the dead of night with a large suitcase and a Bible to 'preach the word of God'.

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> There is no bridge between her house and where she was found, yet she had crossed the creek and in the morning was walking steadfastly on high heels, fashionably hatted, among bulls in the sunlit empty paddocks, not a hair out of place, no trace of wear and tear about the feet, amiably propounding God to those who sought to lead her home ... What a soul must suffer to pass from the highly conventional routine of country existence – cows, breakfast, school, dishes, housework, lunch, dishes, gardening, cows, dinner, dishes, mending – to a state made free of all material responsibility ... and what it must suffer to be dragged back again from this childlike heaven into the bitter monotony of home and husband, to be taken out to watch the damn football on Saturday afternoon by way of diversion, with everyone saying: So nice to see Mrs X taking a little interest in community life ...

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It's a passage all the more striking because the writer's experience was so completely different from this description. But although Hephzibah had no direct experience of such a slow slide into psychosis, she knew something about isolation and its effects. The kind of 'community life' that put mass cheering at a football match above helping a neighbour in need maddened Hephzibah. Why, she wondered, did Australians seem to consider the idea of community the antithesis of their precious individuality? And if they valued the latter so highly, why were they such conformists? Why did they apparently despise people for being different, or for expressing their differences?

In a letter to the Australian critic and writer Nettie Palmer, a fellow member of the International Aid Committee for Intellectual Refugees, Hephzibah wrote: 'We have been so used to thinking in terms of "family" that "community" seems a bold and terrible step towards disintegration of the basic unit. Yet people who say they love their kids will cheerfully send them away to be brought up by others they don't know, in a boarding school – in other words, they send them away to be part of another community.'

Hephzibah was well aware of the sharp divide between the educational opportunities available to the children of the rich Western District graziers and those whose parents were

rural workers, station hands and fettlers. She and Lindsay planned to send their boys to Wesley College, Lindsay's old school in Melbourne; Hephzibah knew that most of the local children went to impoverished local schools with few facilities and almost no money to buy books. She gave a great deal of thought to the students at those resource-starved and isolated Victorian country schools, and hit on a brilliant idea. She would set up a travelling library for them.

The drive to establish libraries in schools and local municipalities was still several years away: federal government spending on education and community resources remained insubstantial until the early 1950s. Hephzibah's library would begin operating, she decided, at the beginning of the 1948 school year.

As usual when she had a project, Hephzibah became both energised and resourceful. She went to Melbourne and bought the first five hundred books for the library at her own expense. It was challenging, since she was buying books for children aged between four and eleven, and she had very little knowledge of general reading skills or standards for that age group; she had encouraged her own boys to be good readers. And having had such a concentrated if erratic education herself, she was conscious of the need for variety and practicality in the selection she made, so she asked friends, including teachers, to suggest books they considered not only attractive and interesting, but useful. She followed her own tastes to some extent and bought fairy tales and non-fiction books with an emphasis on natural history. And she took care to include some popular books as well, although she drew the line at comics and cowboys.

With Marge Kelly and a neighbour, Flo Calvert, Hephzibah organised a ball in the huge Terinallum woolshed to raise funds for her library. The ball was a huge affair and hugely successful. Next she chivvied the Nicholas family's contacts in Melbourne society to donate their clothes for a bazaar – hats from the previous year's Melbourne Cup, ball gowns, and slightly unfashionable dresses and clothes went up for sale. The bazaar raised two hundred pounds, a great deal of money. Some of the funds raised were spent on a new Holden utility for the library's deliveries, the rest went on books.

When she had about eight hundred or so, Hephzibah set Flo and Marge, with the help of Kron, Marston and the other children on Terinallum, to binding, lacquering and

numbering. The books were then sorted according to subject and packed into long wooden boxes. There were too many for the ute, and Lindsay and Flo Calvert's husband Keith donated a lorry, which they fitted out with shelves and a table. Petrol was supplied by the Fuel Board. Marge Kelly designed blue and gold badges with the motto *nutrimentum spiritus* – food for the spirit – which were knitted into caps by Flo Calvert.

For two days every fortnight, beginning in February 1948, Hephzibah, Marge and Flo visited six or seven primary schools in the Western District. They covered a circuit of about a hundred miles – not a great distance by Australian standards, but considering the often dire, potholed condition of the roads, it was not a journey to be undertaken lightly with two book-laden vehicles, especially in the heat of late summer. (There was also the problem that Hephzibah, by all accounts, was an appalling driver.)

The three women would drive to a school, unload a selection of books and let the children pick out those that interested them: the borrowing fee was one penny per book. In the beginning the children hung back, and when prompted tended to borrow the first thing they picked up, being too shy to put it down and consider another. But after a few weeks they became bolder and chose freely. They also began to request books they wanted to read, and Hephzibah made sure they were supplied.

By the end of that school year, the Western District Children's Library had grown to a thousand books, the new ones having been largely paid for with the borrowing fees. Hephzibah proudly told Paul Morawetz that on their best day they made seven shillings and elevenpence, representing the borrowing of ninety-one books.

The library was naturally the focus of a great deal of community interest, not all of it positive. Hephzibah's reputation as 'that Red Mrs Nicholas' led some people to wonder whether she was peddling communist propaganda on the side. One man asked Flo Calvert whether it was true that the travelling library had been set up to give talks on communism to a captive audience of schoolchildren – a comment that Hephzibah, less sensitive to such comments than she had been in the past, found very funny.

Others in the district took up the good work, and just two years after it started, the library was servicing thirty-one schools. Hephzibah did all the buying herself, as well as the

secretarial and organisational work. She also planned to start a bookbinding studio on Terinallum for the benefit of the station workers. Hephzibah enjoyed all this thoroughly, telling her parents that 'when I hand it over in blessed time to the regional library authority to be, I shall have the extreme satisfaction of knowing that my push at the beginning started it off'.

Hephzibah's travelling library, as it came to be known, gained quite a lot of publicity, both locally and in Melbourne, with press photos of a smiling Hephzibah handing books to clusters of schoolchildren. The interest in the library caused some resentment on the part of Marge Kelly and Flo Calvert, who believed that had been successful only because Hephzibah was so well known. Their attitude, with its echo of 'nobody cares about us, we're just here to make up the numbers', irritated Hephzibah. As she told Paul Morawetz:
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> I insisted that sheer personal work made the library a success and as a venture in library service it would have found its level in any other as competent hands. … they both sit back whenever a new step is taken and leave off thinking, as if perfection has been reached. Then when I think up a new move the opposition is often very acute and this forces me into putting the move into practice in a dictatorial fashion, whereupon if it is a success it is put into practice and if a failure it is naturally dropped … I pointed out that fame was not the aim of the library, as it seemed to be to [Marge] and Flo, but the library itself. … They don't realise that even though the library is one of the biggest things in their lives, as a library it is one of thousands all over the world and though unique in Victoria, its counterpart exists in New South Wales and others like it will spring up in its wake. Any library, well run, would have evoked wide interest, and though it has undeniably added to my renown, and Marge's, and Flo's, it has given us fame, not the other way around.
>
> I so hate anyone to think that because of circumstances beyond my control success comes easily to me. I want them to know the way I do that success comes, if you will it to, by working for it. … To which Flo answers, "Yes, but we haven't your brains to work with." And then I think, "If she's right, then why don't they do as my superior brainpower decrees and cease arguing?"

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Running a library, on top of concert engagements and the practice they demanded, looking after two boys and dealing with an ever-growing schedule of public-speaking engagements would have been enough for most women. But Hephzibah had formidable energy and powers of concentration and was always pushing herself to do more. If her marriage to Lindsay had been more intellectually satisfying she might have been less active, but she had a restless, questing mind and was used to studying. In April 1949 she listed for Paul Morawetz the letters she wrote on a typical evening: to Rawsons bookshop paying for the latest title from the Left Book Club; accepting an invitation to attend a New Education Fellowship conference later in the year; consenting to give a lecture at the Marriage Guidance Clinic, called 'making marriage work' (she added a deprecating exclamation point after this item); agreeing to play two concerts; declining to play at a benefit for the Aboriginal singer Harold Blair; acknowledging the receipt of 'The Atomic Age and You', a pamphlet written by the Secretary of the Crusade for World Government, Victorian division.

Hephzibah saw even further opportunities for enlarging her own life and the lives of others. She wanted Terinallum to be a haven, not only for friends, but for those whose lives had been dislocated by the war. In the late 1940s she and Lindsay adopted a policy of employing European refugees, offering them the chance to find their feet and become established. One of Hephzibah's early successes was German-born Nikkola and her Yugoslav husband Histadruth – she did not give their family names in correspondence -- who looked after the house and did odd jobs around the property. Hephzibah wrote Yehudi and Diana that Histadruth had 'such a goodly will to clean that even the piano keys, the black ones, get polished once a month, so that I slide off them for a week after, and the white ones have an Ipana gleam of unconquerable joy … [Nikkola is] Nazi trained and a polisher of uncommon vigour who has organised the kitchen into a sterility clinic – germs take one look and die on the spot!'

Late in 1948 a Melbourne friend told Hephzibah about a Polish Jewish violinist named Natan Gutman, who with his wife had taught at the Moscow Conservatoire. On the outbreak of war they had been imprisoned, forced to dig the defences of Stalingrad and later to work on communal farms. In 1946 they managed to emigrate to Australia, and now lived in inner Melbourne with strictly observant Jewish relatives who spoke no English. Hephzibah was asked whether she could help Natan find work as a musician.

It was a question that exasperated her. In Hephzibah's opinion, a man with this degree of talent, intellect and experience should have immediately been given an honoured place in any society with pretensions to culture. She wrote to Paul Morawetz: 'I have to help some of the richest people in the world to be accepted by some of the poorest. A man and woman rich in knowledge, in mental strength, in moral resiliency … I, a mere bridge, have to span the infinite distance between their sphere of consciousness and that of those who lost a bet Saturday last because Red Fury came first past the winning post. But I will try …'

Hephzibah met Natan Gutman and his wife at Chung Wah Chinese restaurant in the city, and they spoke Russian and German together for hours, to their mutual delight. Hephzibah invited them down to Terinallum for a weekend, where they discussed communism and music late into the night. After some months and a great deal of persuasion, she finally succeeded in getting Natan Gutman onto the staff of the Melbourne Conservatorium.

Hephzibah had never lost her desire to be an active foster mother to a Jewish refugee child. In September 1947 she had read an article in the Melbourne *Sun* about the arrival in Geelong of an eleven-year-old Jewish girl named Dany Sachs and her adoptive parents. Dany was one of the first refugees to come to Geelong, and her story brought the horrors of the Holocaust to the inhabitants of country Victoria.

Dany had been born in rural France. One morning when she was four her parents sent her down to the local bakery to buy bread for breakfast. While she was there the baker saw Gestapo agents drive up to her house, and he quickly hid the girl. Her parents and sister were taken to the synagogue, which was set alight; those who fled to avoid being burned to death were shot down. Dany herself did not learn these details for many years. Bewildered and alone, she spent her childhood being shunted between various families who had set up an informal network to look after Jewish orphans. Because she had to be hidden, she could not go to school, and spent her time either hiding or doing menial work in the fields and around the house. Like other homeless Jewish children, Dany was often exploited by her foster families, treated like a stray animal, beaten and abused.

At the end of the war, an organisation for Jewish orphans put Dany in touch with Joanna and Erich Sachs, a childless couple who had come to France in order to adopt. The Sachses

had run a convalescent home for deportees in Switzerland, and then a private hotel near Lyon for the rehabilitation of concentration-camp survivors. They adopted Dany, who lived with them in Lyon for eighteen months before the family emigrated to Australia.

With Lindsay's cooperation (perhaps because he believed he and Hephzibah were unlikely to have more children), Dany was offered the opportunity of living at Terinallum and being brought up with Kron and Marston. Dany adored Hephzibah on sight, and really wanted this to happen – her adoptive parents could be dour and strict – but naturally enough the Sachses refused. Hephzibah and Lindsay then offered to pay for Dany to attend Melbourne Girls' Grammar School as a day student, living with her parents during term and spending holidays at Terinallum. The Sachses agreed, and this pattern continued through Dany's years at high school.

Dany remembers Hephzibah as being 'so kind and loving and friendly', someone who 'treated me as a friend; she treated all her children as friends. As far as Kron and Marston were concerned, I was an older sister.' Once Bernard Heinze invited Hephzibah, Lindsay and the boys to his beach property; Danny was not included, possibly because Heinze did not know about her. Kron, who had wanted to go very much, immediately offered to stay behind at Terinallum and look after Dany. 'I've never forgotten Kron's kindness,' said Dany. 'And at Terinallum I learned to laugh for the first time in my life.'

Hephzibah and Lindsay helped Erich Sachs start his own leathergoods business, and even bought a car for the family. Johanna Sachs, a very good cook, helped out at Terinallum during the holidays: her signature dish was dim sum, very exotic at the time.

Not surprisingly, having had a patchy education, Dany found school in Australia to be difficult, though she always topped the class in French. 'The other girls were all right, treated me with respect, but for years I thought I was really stupid,' she said. Hephzibah always spoke French to her at Terinallum, but after a while Dany asked her to speak only English, because she needed to learn it.

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> When I was fifteen, there was a compulsory school dance. I really wanted to go, but my parents had no money to buy me a dress. Very embarrassed and ashamed, I told

> Hephzibah about it. 'Oh,' she said, 'wear one of mine.' One of her beautiful concert dresses! I chose a lace one, which looked lovely, and I had a wonderful time in it. Hephzibah never let on that it was her newest and most favourite concert gown, just quietly had it altered for me, and never wore it again.

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In January 1948 Hephzibah also fostered a small boy named Dale, the son of a local telephone mechanic. Hephzibah called him, Dany and her own two boys her Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and told Yehudi and Diana that she loved them very much when they were all asleep. 'Often I go from bed to bed and check whether their slippers are under their beds or their books put away, or their ears clean scrubbed … I have really overwhelming tenderness for them. But I must admit it is very pleasant sometimes to escape from: "Can we go milking at 5am tomorrow?" "Can we go fishing in the creek?" "Can we have a ride after tea tonight?" "Can we go to Pura with the men on the big truck?"'

She wrote about her two sons always with warmth, understanding and love. Kron, she said, was straightforward, independent, a child of many enthusiasms, from Morse code to the piano accordion. Hephzibah admired his resourcefulness, especially the day they went for a ride together. They dismounted and led the horses across the shallow local river to a boggy rise in the middle. The horses panicked, plunged into the water and were gone, leaving Hephzibah and ten-year-old Kron to wade back. She related the incident to Yehudi and Diana.

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> I hate marshlands and was scared out of my wits. Old Kronny, however, the very spirit of daring, said, This is a real adventure, Mummy, and we have to cross the water, otherwise we'll never get home … When I suggested taking off my jodhpurs, after we'd taken off our boots and socks he looked horror stricken and said hurriedly, Oh no, just roll them up, you'll be all right! So we waded in, squelch here and sink there, murky torpid shallows with sudden horrible holes … and me, shaking literally with visions of slow death at hand, while Kronny strode along, holding my hand and looking just too thrilled with it all. Well, we made land and we caught the horses, miles away, along the fence, and rode a mile and a half home.

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Marston was very different from his brother. At the age of four he had, according to , Hephzibah been the sort of child who 'told us everything he had ever known, imagined, believed or expected'. At eight, however, he was a very private child, as his mother told Moshe and Marutha:

[1-line #]

> Among us all he leads a serious inner life of his own, developing his personality, carrying his private life with him, without being a bother to anyone and without inquiring into other people's lives. Within his domain he stands up for his rights most jealously and is highly considerate of other people's comfort and happiness ... He talks to himself a great deal, and reads for hours and draws rather nice pictures ... He is becoming a ridiculously fastidious gentleman, works very hard during the holidays around the place, and looks after his wardrobe. He asks,What do I wear for dipping sheep? He is up at 6.45, makes his bed, breakfasts and is off to work. He comes back in at lunch, reeking of lanolin and manure, yet somehow spick and span, polished and brushed. Nobody knows how he does it.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah always kept her parents up to date with news of their grandchildren, though in other respects her letters about her life were selective. She did not tell them, for instance, about the role Paul Morawetz had assumed in her life.

Moshe could be just as selective in what he chose to impart to his daughter. At the end of 1948 he wrote to her that he had had an 'attack', about which Lindsay and Hephzibah were not to worry. When Hephzibah called Los Gatos, Marutha told her that her father was suffering from angina. He had been instructed not to stress himself, difficult for someone with his excitable temperament, as Hephzibah noted. She commented to Joan Levy: 'Poor old Yaltah is in a shocking state because she had had a row with Aba just prior to his last attack and was blaming herself for it. Oh, the delights of family life!'

In October 1949 Moshe, insisting he was quite well, came to Australia with Marutha for a six-week stay at Terinallum. It was a visit that was anything but relaxed. Moshe was quite prepared to enter into life at Terinallum and enjoy himself, Marutha was not. Hephzibah thought she was determined to resist being pleased because she was outside her familiar territory and could not exert her customary control. Hephzibah found her mother hard to take during this visit, describing her as 'a fierce and horrid freak, as full of unspeakable

horrors as is a snake of poison and no less venomous'. But as usual she never confronted her directly, contenting herself with seething in letters to friends. 'Her social habits are revolting,' she told Joan Levy. 'Such as saying, And what of it? And will you kindly disarrange the party, as I did not ask for it to be arranged? And will you go home, as today I am not receiving, etc? … Mammina's character is no doubt a thing of immense strength, but so is a hangman's noose, and a little weakness is a charming attribute …'

Distance from her parents, both in time and space, had made Hephzibah extremely critical of them and their marriage, which she bluntly described as 'bizarre'. If Marutha had had the sense to take a lover in her early married life, things would have been a great deal better, Hephzibah declared. She thought her father was 'a victim of abject subservience – impatient, impotent, tired all beyond endurance and yet revoltingly attached to his tyrant'. In a welter of mixed metaphors, she added, 'I see with eyes now opened by much experience, and knowledge of love, that these are creatures broken by the walls they have created about themselves and starved by their own damming of the waters of love.'

She summed up her views of her parents in a jocular poem for Yehudi:

[1-line #]

Aba and Mammina were a lawful awful copple
Of whom sprang in full measure both Yehudi and Hephopple
Di and Lin
For some dark sin
With these must bar and even spar and gropple.

[2-line #]

Moshe and Marutha were pleased that Hephzibah continued to give concerts and to practise – especially as the boys did not appear to be suffering through lack of maternal attention. And in the years immediately following World War II, Hephzibah was unquestionably Australia's premier musical celebrity – as soloist, chamber musician, recording artist, and regular performer of concerts, most of which were broadcast by the ABC.

Hephzibah resolutely refused to play the role of glamorous musician, and was rather scornful of those concert artists who wore eye-catching gowns on stage and dressed modishly off it. Hephzibah wanted audiences to listen to her music, not admire her. Her own concert attire, though it followed the taste of the day and depended on full skirts, straight necklines and fitted bodices, was comparatively understated.

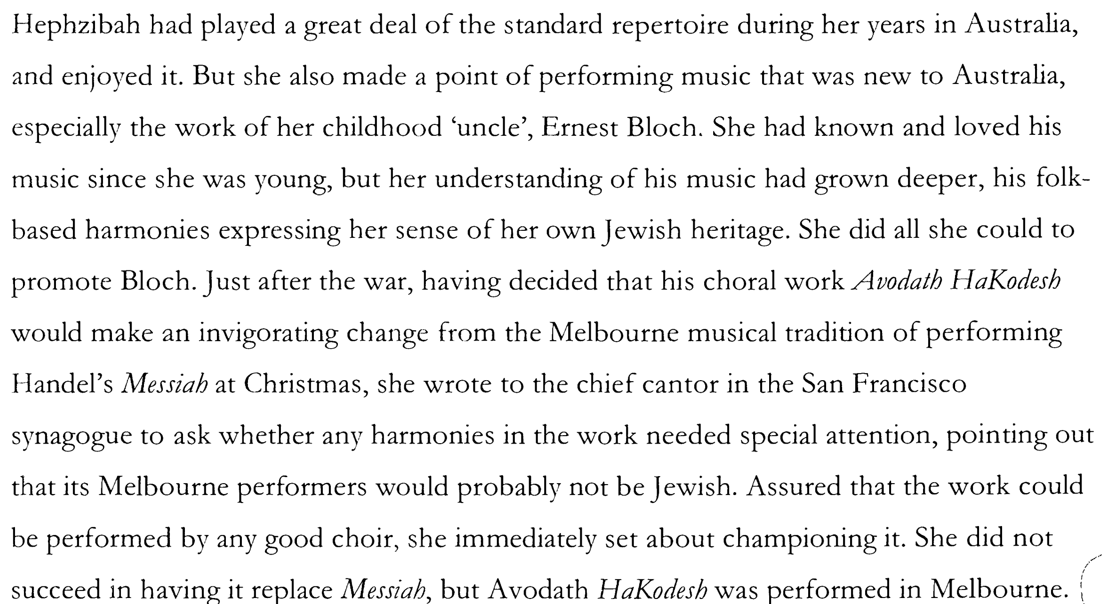
This does not mean she was entirely without interest in her appearance – she just didn't think it was particularly important. (So casual was she about her concert dresses that the little girls on Terinallum were often allowed to use them for their dress -up games.) The flowing muslin trousers and waistcoats that had so disconcerted her neighbours when she first came to Terinallum had long been replaced by conservative skirts and twinsets, simple trousers and shirts, or jodhpurs and jumpers. Hephzibah seems to have been one of the very few well-to-do women in Australia during World War II who did not complain about clothing rations, or the skimpy skirts and blouses of the mandatory 'austerity' wardrobe. She favoured flat-heeled shoes and neutral tones, once telling a journalist that her favourite colours were black and white. Like all women at the time she wore hats in public, but she refused to wear gloves, considered indispensable for the well-dressed Melbourne woman. She did not like shopping for clothes, fretting that the money could be better spent on refugees, but she did have a streak of vanity: when she saw photographs of the slim and glamorous Diana wearing short skirts, Hephzibah had her own taken up.

Although Hephzibah dressed simply all her life, she bought only clothes of good quality: cashmere sweaters, skirts and trousers of fine wool, Italian leather shoes, silk or linen shirts. She knew what suited her and stuck to it; whenever she found something she liked she bought it in several colours, and often designed her own concert dresses. She had a sharp eye for other people's clothes, always noticing Diana's stylish outfits, for instance, but spent little on personal adornment: one Chanel lipstick, Chanel No 5 perfume or 4711 cologne and face powder was all she used in the way of cosmetics.

On 16 June 1948 Hephzibah performed a remarkable musical feat. Australian-born pianist Eileen Joyce, on a ten-week tour of Australia, was booked to play with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra under Bernard Heinze, when she fell ill. Hephzibah agreed to take her place, and elected to play two of the great piano concerti – Beethoven's *'Emperor'* in the first half of the program, Brahms's *D minor* in the second. Because of the sheer virtuosity,

stamina and concentration these works demanded, performing them both on the one program is something that few pianists, then or now, would consider. And never with less than a week's rehearsal, which was all Hephzibah had.

According to Melbourne's music critics, who seldom hesitated to point out when they thought Hephzibah Menuhin had performed below standard, both concerti were magnificently played. The day after the concert the *Argus* described her rendition of '*Emperor*' as 'the greatest playing of the work heard here for many years' and said the Brahms had 'great expressive beauty'. Bernard Heinze, in a letter to the *Argus* a day or two later, praised her 'superb artistry', also thanking her for standing in for Eileen Joyce. Though Hephzibah was not overtly competitive, she had a very clear sense of her own worth as an artist, and no doubt she felt felt great satisfaction in achieving a performance that the more famous Miss Joyce had not even considered.



Hephzibah had played a great deal of the standard repertoire during her years in Australia, and enjoyed it. But she also made a point of performing music that was new to Australia, especially the work of her childhood 'uncle', Ernest Bloch. She had known and loved his music since she was young, but her understanding of his music had grown deeper, his folk-based harmonies expressing her sense of her own Jewish heritage. She did all she could to promote Bloch. Just after the war, having decided that his choral work *Avodath HaKodesh* would make an invigorating change from the Melbourne musical tradition of performing Handel's *Messiah* at Christmas, she wrote to the chief cantor in the San Francisco synagogue to ask whether any harmonies in the work needed special attention, pointing out that its Melbourne performers would probably not be Jewish. Assured that the work could be performed by any good choir, she immediately set about championing it. She did not succeed in having it replace *Messiah*, but Avodath *HaKodesh* was performed in Melbourne.

In June 1948 – the same month as she performed the concertos together -- Hephzibah played a sonata that Bloch had composed in the 1920s but that had never been performed in Australia. The concert, organised by Paul Morawetz, was in aid of several Jewish charities, and the *Argus* published a brief and sympathetic biography of the composer, stressing his use of 'Jewish harmonies'. Hephzibah's performance was highly praised.

Through Paul, Hephzibah had also became involved in the newly established Musica Viva Society. This chamber music group had been set up by the remarkable Richard Goldner, a Viennese-trained violinist and viola player who had emigrated to Sydney in 1939. During the war he recruited seventeen members – four string quartets and a pianist – which were trained individually and named Richard Goldner's Sydney Musica Viva. His stated aim was to create an ensemble to perform well-rehearsed music, mostly from the standard repertoire, to the highest possible standards.

Their first public concert took place at the New South Wales Conservatorium on 8 December 1945. Because of problems with the electricity supply, the only light came from the headlights of cars parked in the doorway of the auditorium and from hurricane lamps in the foyers. But they were so well received that Goldner and his associates decided the society should have a permanent presence. He set up the Musica Viva Quartet with Robert Pikler, Edward Cockman and Theo Salzman, the first in a core group of musicians engaged on a freelance basis to give chamber music concerts in major Australian centres. It was very a successful move: by 1950 Musica Viva were giving almost two hundred concerts a year. Richard Goldner subsidised Musica Viva mostly out of his own pocket. A brilliant inventor, he patented a rustproof zip fastener during the war; it was used by the Australian troops in the Pacific and earned him a fortune.

Hephzibah performed regularly for the Musica Viva Society from 1948. With the Quartet she gave the first Australian performance, in 1949, of the Shostakovich piano quintet she had heard at the Prague Spring Festival two years before. Later that year Hephzibah, with Lindsay, made plans to extend the work of the fledgling society by financing a string quartet, which would play throughout Victoria, with Bernard Heinze as patron. They asked Ernest Llewellyn, a distinguished violinist and teacher who had become Hephzibah's regular sonata partner in Australia, to be the administrator.

Llewellyn had just been offered the job of leader of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra by its chief conductor, Eugene Goossens. But Llewellyn preferred playing chamber music to orchestral repertoire, and so in order partially to compensate him for the loss of some five thousand pounds in salary Hephzibah intended to give him her share of the fee from a Beethoven sonata cycle she and Llewellyn were playing throughout Australia and New

Zealand. In the end, the plan came to nothing: Lindsay had hoped to subsidise Llewellyn if box office takings proved insufficient, but his capital was needed for Terinallum.

Hephzibah was never happier than combining her various skills. In Sydney late in 1948 for a concert, she was practising one evening in her hotel suite when the phone rang. A male voice asked to speak to the pianist, and Hephzibah waited for a request to stop playing. But the man wanted to know whether he could come and listen. She was so surprised she agreed.

Her caller was a Brisbane barrister, who brought his sister. Hephzibah later told Paul Morawetz that her visitors were 'a lover of Housman poetry, a hater of T. S. Eliot, a student of French literature, employer of a Bali housekeeper, lover of music, arguer par excellence … she smart, attractive, addicted to the service of music … and both, darling, as tiddly as the deuce!'

Next morning Hephzibah received a huge box of flowers and an original sonnet entitled 'For a Lady Playing', which she liked so much that she copied it into her letter to Paul. She kept in touch with her admirer, and a year or two later enlisted his help in getting a visa for a young Jewish refugee she wanted to bring to Australia.

In April 1950 Hephzibah undertook a concert tour that was almost as dangerous as it was significant for her. With Dita Morawetz for company, she joined Yehudi for a tour of Israel.

It was perilous because of Yehudi's support for William Furtwängler, who was chief conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra during World War II. Many Jews believed that Furtwängler had collaborated with Hitler and the Nazis to save his own skin, and were outraged when Yehudi, who greatly admired Furtwängler as a musician, spoke up in his defence. Yehudi's concert manager received cables from prominent Israelis, including Menachem Begin, later Israel's prime minister, warning that if the 'traitor Menuhin' set foot on Israeli soil he would be killed.

Yehudi refused to take any notice of these threats. His view was always that if people wanted to hear him, he would play for them, no matter where they were. This

imperviousness, coupled with a serene conviction that nothing bad would happen to him, Hephzibah found irritating. It was further proof of her brother's 'saintly stupidity', but also admirable in its way. She noted Yehudi's evident belief that 'art ... bestows a kind of safe permit on its devotees'. Though she did not believe she and Yehudi would be safe just because they were musicians, she expressed few qualms about the trip. She wanted to go, and she admired Yehudi's willingness to play for audiences no matter where they were.

When Yehudi and Diana landed at Tel Aviv's Lod airport, to be met by Hephzibah and Dita, they were all greeted by angry demonstrators and journalists. Yehudi, remaining tranquil, promised to hold a press conference later. His calm, Diana's tact and Hephzibah's smiling friendliness went some way to defusing the hostility of the crowd.

The tour had its tense moments. Israel felt to Hephzibah like a country under siege, always ready to defend itself against the Palestinian enemy. Armed guards kept watch outside their hotel rooms at night, and at the opening recital, on 12 April at the Ohel Shem concert hall, all cars were banned from the area for fear of bombs. The audience of fifteen hundred was searched for guns and grenades, and soldiers patrolled the perimeter of the hall as Yehudi and Hephzibah played.

For their first concert they performed Bach, Brahms and Beethoven. The crowd went wild, and for the rest of the tour Yehudi and Hephzibah had no more problems with difficult questions or press criticism. Apparently art had won through: Yehudi was right. Scheduled to give twelve concerts, Hephzibah and Yehudi eventually played twenty-four, some in hospitals and on collective farms. Their biggest audience, at Ein Gev kibbutz on the eastern shore of Lake Tiberias, numbered ten thousand.

Despite all this, Hephzibah thought the tour less than successful. Yehudi had handled the concert arrangements himself, since Moshe, who normally dealt with these things, did not support the idea of a trip to Israel. Hephzibah thought the entrepreneur who invited them had charged far too much for concert tickets and paid the orchestras too little. Yehudi, who was playing concerti as well as chamber music, was conscious of this and therefore reluctant to ask orchestras to repeat particular passages during rehearsals. Hephzibah thought Yehudi should have been less diffident.

But on another level, the visit to Israel was extremely satisfactory: Hephzibah and Yehudi were at last able to meet their relatives. They had grown up on family legends of their mother's 'semi-mystical forebears', as Yehudi called them, but had never known Marutha's mother, who had died when Hephzibah was six and Yehudi ten. They knew little about their father's family. Consequently they were delighted to make contact with cousins, second cousins, childhood friends of Moshe and Marutha. Foremost among them was Moshe's elder sister, Mussia.

In his autobiography, written at the end of his life, Moshe was very hard on Mussia. He said she had ruined the life of their sister Shandel by breaking up her romance with a young man Mussia considered unsuitable. Under pressure from Mussia, Shandel subsequently agreed to marry a man she did not love. Just after the wedding ceremony Shandel committed suicide. Moshe wrote: 'I made a solemn vow that … my wife and children would never meet [Mussia] or my mother who, by abandoning her own children [i.e. not going with them to Palestine and taking better care of Shandel] had contributed to Shandel's tragedy,' he wrote. 'It was a vow I kept.'

Whether Hephzibah knew this story or not at the time she went to Israel, she certainly did not feel bound to follow Moshe's example, and nor did Yehudi. Both were delighted to meet their aunt and cousins and, after Yehudi and Diana had returned to London, she and Dita spent three days with Mussia and her family in Jerusalem. Aunt and niece became firm friends, and Mussia showed Hephzibah a city that thrilled her: 'I saw and walked and felt and learned, till my soul was very nearly agonised with beauty and delight,' she wrote to Yehudi. 'We climbed beyond the cobbled lanes, above the whitewashed cottages of the nuns, amongst walnut trees and thick, scented grasses. Finally we reached a rocky ledge from which one viewed the valley and all the lovely hills, and heard the church bells ringing … I shall not be able to forget thee, O Jerusalem!' Hephzibah kept in touch with Mussia and her family, and with other relatives she met that trip, for the rest of her life.

[2-line #]

The following year, Hephzibah and Yehudi were invited to give the inaugural recital in London's brand new Festival Hall, built for the Festival of Britain. Hephzibah was also engaged to play concerts in Rome and Paris, some with Yehudi, others solo. Her pleasure

in being asked was not quite as keen as it had been several years before: then she had been happy that her worth as an artist was still recognised, but now her attitude was more workmanlike. She agreed to all the concerts she was invited to play, but was concerned about the amount of time she would be away from home. She said she missed Lindsay and the boys too much when touring alone, and wanted them to come with her. After some initial reluctance Lindsay agreed, and they arranged to leave in April.

But 1951 began badly. Hephzibah was pregnant for the third time, and in February she suffered a miscarriage. She and Lindsay had been hoping for a girl, and this disappointment, as well as physical symptoms, left her sad, lethargic and tired for some weeks. Joan Levy came to stay at Terinallum to help with the house and the boys. Hephzibah did not mention the miscarriage in letters to her brother or her parents.

She was well enough to leave early in April as planned, and being back in Europe gave her a jolt of happy energy. In Rome she, Lindsay and the boys played tourists, eating icecream, sightseeing, pulling faces for Lindsay's ever-present home-movie camera. In Rome she met old friends, people whom she had known before her marriage, and was happy to see that new people and surroundings had had an energising effect on Lindsay. 'Were you to ask me now whether I am excited, I would say every second of every minute,' she wrote to Joan. She also gained new perspective on her adopted country: 'Australia … is a golden age of the future, a kind of pedestal still empty.'

In Rome she played a solo concert – a Weber sonata and Mendelssohn's *Variations sérieuses,* which she enjoyed, although she told Joan Levy she preferred playing with Yehudi or in a chamber group: 'If I am a little frigid as a soloist I am really hot stuff in chamber music … a woman's natural instinct to radiate *à deux*!' She was reunited with Yehudi in Paris, where they gave several sonata recitals, and a special concert for music students. Hephzibah was delighted to see Marcel Ciampi again, looking older and greyer but just as calm and precise as ever.

The highlight of the sojourn in Paris, for Yehudi as well as Hephzibah, was their Salle Pleyel performance of George Enesco's piano and violin sonata before the seventy-year-old composer himself, who was with his wife in the audience. Hephzibah and Yehudi were thrilled to pay homage to a man who meant so much to them both. 'I felt that we both

played better than we usually do, even under favourable conditions, because there was a fantastic solemnity in the atmosphere, and almost a general sense of worship,' she told Joan.

But her reverence did not extend to the composer's wife. 'When [Enesco] got up to acknowledge the wild cheering at the end of the sonata, his wife got up with him. She is a mad princess who had some violet-shaded pancake makeup splashed all over her face and ears, bright blue hair waved and glued to her cheeks under a blue net and an air of deposed royalty. She is about seventy and I am sure that looking at her has made him as crosseyed as he is.'

Her Paris engagements over, Hephzibah stayed on for a few days with Marston, now nearly six, while Lindsay and ten-year-old Kron travelled to Scotland to look at Aberdeen Angus studs. All four Nicholases had a wonderful time. 'Marsty missed Lins so much that he hardly ever left my side, but even for the young Paris is lovely,' Hephzibah wrote to Joan. 'He walked up and down the Champs Elysees, drank champagne, sipped orange pressée on a sidewalk café and insisted on paying for everything we purchased out of his little pigskin purse.'

After this interlude, it was on to London for a dose of British pomp and circumstance. Hephzibah and Lindsay attended the opening ceremony of the Festival of Britain, and the concert afterwards. Hephzibah found the occasion rather less than stirring: 'It was all so blatantly patriotic that it stretched my emotional resilience beyond elasticity,' she reported. 'So that, after rising nobly to the strains of Soap and Borax (Hope and Glory) and swallowing wads of agitated Britannism, I suddenly felt limp, unresponsive and stupid.'

She and Yehudi played at Festival Hall on 6 May, to a packed house. Lindsay's rather wavery home movie shot from the wings shows people sitting on the stage not far from the performers. Neither musician liked the hall very much, Yehudi describing the acoustics as mean and dry. Logistically it was inconvenient : performers were required to walk onstage from the wings, instead of from the back, and the stage was a mere thirty-odd centimetres higher than the adjoining public exit. This meant that when he and Hephzibah came back onstage to take their bows they were screened from half the audience by the other half streaming out to catch the last bus home.

The Nicholases spent time with Yehudi and Diana in London. While in Israel Hephzibah had been impressed by her sister-in-law's poise, tact and good humour, but she still felt ambivalent about her. 'We know and like her so well for the wonderful help she gave Yehudi and her superb handling of a frightfully delicate and ticklish situation that we forget her manner and rather enjoy it at times,' she reported to Joan. 'But she is so deliberately, terrifyingly, outstandingly the main exhibit that a special class has to be made to contain her.'

Diana's stepfather was the former Second Sea Lord ('as Diana incessantly reminds us', commented Hephzibah), and Hephzibah and Lindsay went to lunch with him at Admiralty House, Chatham, where he was now commander-in-chief. 'He is a fanatical Christian Scientist who jingles coins in his pockets incessantly and who, suffering from a hernia, goes surreptitiously into corners to stuff back bits of gut,' reported Hephzibah. 'Five minutes of him suffice though those five minutes are rather entertaining.' The occasion, complete with obsequious naval officers serving steamed fish and rhubarb pudding, could have been a scene in a novel by Evelyn Waugh.

On that trip, Hephzibah cheerfully renewed her acquaintance with Diana's sister Griselda, whom she described appreciatively as 'solid vinegar' with 'an absolutely killing tongue'. They had met only occasionally before, probably through Griselda's husband, the pianist Louis Kentner, who had played with Yehudi. Hephzibah knew that there was a certain amount of rivalry between the sisters and sometimes indulged vinegar-like tendencies of her own in letters to Griselda. When the Nicholases were back in Australia in August, she wrote to her:

[1-line #]

> It must be so fascinating to be married to a musician, I've often envied you so much, such interesting people you must meet, and travelling all over the world, oh dear I do *love* scenery! And that wonderful music, so much lovely passion in his expression, and those loose limbed figures, I mean fingers, of famous musicians, o I am so thrilled to be so thrilled! And Mrs Kentner, tell me, are you also very international, like your famous sister, the violinist's wife?

[1-line #]

Yehudi followed his sister back to Australia for a series of symphony concerts and duo recitals in June of that year. Diana was five months pregnant with her second child. When Yehudi and Hephzibah, with Clarice Kerr for company, travelled on to New Zealand to perform there, Diana and her son Gerard, almost three, stayed at Terinallum. Hephzibah's subsequent letter to Griselda included a perceptive and merciless account of the visit of 'the royal couple':

[1-line #]

> Y made divine music, though I feel dutibound (rhymes with moribund) to report that he made his finest and most heart-tearing noises in New Zealand, where it might have mattered a good deal less, but where he was alone but for my special friend Clarice and me, who counted for nothing either emotionally or intellectually, and where he rose out of his extraordinarily daily dumbness to such heights of Pure Nonsense, Deliberate Affability (we soon put a stop to the dreamy 'how sweet of you!') and Manly Decisiveness that it stood out clearly how badly [Yehudi and Diana] consume each other's personalities when together.
>
> Mrs Y made history by spreading herself all over the daily press, on the unnecessary and we felt rather irrelevant question of the anyhow world famous Australian Accent ... She made much of a manner of speech most of us hardly notice any more, especially as we are more concerned with what people have to say than how they say it. She made the most exhilarating and brilliant fun at the expense of everyone's self respect, and frightened most people out of whatever wits they possessed ...
>
> She no sooner put her foot in Terinallum, one cold and gusty night, when the house looked as lovely, warm and inviting as I have ever seen it, with flowers and heaters and fires and very little dust anywhere, and a lovely table set for a stupendous dinner, than she remarked to me: "My dear, why didn't you say this was such a fine house? Why, you could do wonders with it!" ...
>
> She has become so repetitious, so overpowering, so intense about nothing, that one can hardly bear to be with her for any time ... The lot of an artist's wife probably suits no one anyhow, but D less still because she longs for and regrets her own public, and to such an extent that she is not ashamed to state her anger at being

> omitted from the ballet publications' lists of celebrities ... She needs a private life of her own, and gives herself away at every turn. She can't bear Y's success, now that playing well has become a bad habit! His boyishness: she does not get frightened when he looks like an exhausted child but revolted, irritated, beyond human control. She is in short frightfully neurotic and needs as much as [Marutha] the assistance of a psychiatrist ... She ought to stay put, sometimes, instead of following Y about all the time, but I believe she is also very jealous and afraid to let him out of her reach.
>
> If only she knew how little she has to fear! Never was a woman so wholeheartedly admired and loved to the exclusion of all others! He has this singleheartedness as a complement to his singlemindedness, and it may be that in this very indivisibility lies the basic trouble. One loves, apart from the characteristics of an individual, that which is most trustworthily man or women about them. Insofar as this is true, one loves the whole of womankind in the one woman, mankind in a manly man. Y, however, loves Diana – if he didn't love her, as Diana, the chances are he wouldn't love her at all because to men I noticed, she appears impressive, admirable, beautiful, but lovable, never ... But Y knows nothing of women. Mammina, Nola, Diana, me – a sad gallery of bitches to make any man fall out of love forever.

[1-line #]

Nowhere else, and to nobody else, did Hephzibah express her feelings about Diana and Yehudi quite so freely. Judging by the tone of this letter, she and Griselda had a fairly similar way of looking at the world and at Diana, and Hephzibah must have felt a great sense of relief in being able to write what she truly thought to someone who understood. The sense of a gleefully shared sense of humour – that Hephzibah and Griselda were, in effect, giggling companions – is usually absent from Hephzibah's other letters to friends: few of her other correspondents matched Hephzibah's quickness of wit. Hephzibah could also be a very shrewd and pithy judge of character, and she took pleasure in writing for such an appreciative audience.

In October 1951 Hephzibah, accompanied by Flo Calvert, returned to New Zealand, this time to be with Yaltah, who was playing some concerts there. Yaltah's second marriage to Benjamin Rolfe was not a happy one, though she now had two sons, Lionel and Robert, whom she loved dearly. She was continuing to give recitals in the USA and elsewhere when she could, though she was mainly occupied by domestic matters. Her husband seldom

came with her when she toured and now, travelling by herself, she was sad and rather lonely. To Moshe and Marutha, Hephzibah gave a sunny account of their time together, reporting that the concerts had been successful and that the sisters talked incessantly, enjoying each other's company. 'Yaltah reminds me of the essentially romantic in music and literature,' she wrote, 'sometimes sad, sometimes gay, always intense, deeply subjective, a creature of light and darkness whom life and feeling fill to overflowing. We have understood each other so well on this trip, perhaps through meeting in a country foreign to us both, among people we both liked, for the sake of music, which is in some ways our mother tongue.'

But to Yehudi and Diana, now back in London, Hephzibah told a very different story. Her meeting with Yaltah, she said, had been a near tragedy. Though Yaltah had played very well and the concerts had indeed been successful, she was ill and wretched, prey to stomach upsets. Above all, she was consumed with bitterness and anger about her life, feeling that her musical talent had not been properly expressed, for which she blamed her mother more than ever.

Lindsay met the cost of a fare to Australia, and Yaltah came home with Hephzibah to Terinallum, where she was much more relaxed and a great deal happier. To Yehudi and Diana Hephzibah commented: 'Her life in the USA does not allow her to be happy, because it is so fraught with major and minor irritations, frustrations, insecurities and pretences that the real Yaltah is lost, and will not be finally found, I'm sure, unless someone goes to the trouble of looking for her and imbuing her with a sense of genuine worth.'

Hephzibah could see why Yaltah's marriage was so unhappy: she mentioned a cable Benjamin Rolfe had sent his wife in New Zealand which said: 'Do not expect to hear from me, have seriously dislocated my shoulder saving Robbie [their younger son] from drowning.' This, as Hephzibah pointed out, was hard to beat for producing maternal guilt, but Yaltah felt obliged to defend her husband, despite her own feelings – partly because Marutha was still implacably opposed to him.

Hephzibah and Lindsay did all they could to help. Lindsay even promised to pay for Yaltah and her boys to come to Australia if they wanted to live there. The offer was a tempting one, and Yaltah considered moving to New Zealand with her boys and taking up an

independent career as a concert artist there, but nothing came of it, and she remained in the United States with her family.

Yaltah was not the only unhappy family member who visited Terinallum that year. Shortly afterwards Nola came with Krov and Zamira. Nola's marriage to Tony Williams had broken up and she too was angry and miserable. She was also finding parenthood difficult. Zamira, now an understandably remote and emotionally careful teenager, irritated her intensely. Yet when Lindsay and Hephzibah suggested she come and live at Terinallum for a while, Nola accused them of trying to take her daughter from her. To Hephzibah, it seemed that Lindsay's way of dealing with his sister alternated between a barrage of reasonable suggestions and bouts of righteous criticism, neither of which was useful.

Not that Hephzibah herself held back from righteous criticism of her sister-in-law, although probably not to her face. Her judgement of Nola in a letter to Joan Levy, strong though it might be, reveals yet again Hephzibah's astute reading of character.

[1-line #]

> I feel that the wretchedness of Nola is inherent in her careless, materialistic background, where too much earthly power went with too little spiritual awareness. Life has been an inevitable disappointment to one whose intellect was not able to grasp the basic rules of living. She lost her mother too soon, which means she was punished for nothing. Then she gained too much ease and admiration too soon, which means she was rewarded for nothing. Unable to understand the balance between a man's efforts and his satisfaction, she sees no sense in life, and nothing to live for. She knows pleasure, but not happiness. Were she to gain admission into a sane, active, well balanced house … where people work, and play and live intensely … she might be tempted to see whether she mightn't do as well for herself. Unfortunately she is quite man crazy, which is a serious drawback.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah's letters usually reveal that – like most people -- she found it easier to discuss others than to write about herself. But tides were moving in her own life, although she did not yet feel their pull. Indeed, nobody could possibly have known the overwhelming effect that a man she had recently met – 'a Viennese of extraordinary competence' – was about to have on Hephzibah.

'What has happened to our Hephzibah?'

Hephzibah was now in her thirties.To her correspondents, she presented a sunny face, writing of her enjoyment of home and family, her pride in her boys, her pleasure in playing music, her satisfaction with the public work she was doing. Friends who had known of the marital turmoil caused by her affair with Paul were relieved to see Lindsay and Hephzibah fall back into the patterns of their shared life, apparently fully reconciled.

But under the surface things were otherwise. The end of the affair with Paul had resolved nothing. Far from acceding to Lindsay's wish that she 'settle down', Hephzibah was feverish and restless, rushing from concert to meeting in Melbourne and back to Terinallum. Lindsay spent more and more time on business in Melbourne or in his darkroom at Terinallum, and his fondness for whisky was increasing. And because he and Hephzibah both hated confrontation and would do almost anything to avoid an argument, they had never developed the skills of talking out their differences..

At one particularly low point Hephzibah sat down and penned a letter to Lindsay, putting in writing what she could not say to him. Whenever she felt compelled to express painful truths or feelings, her handwriting was always tiny, as if she could not bear to frame the words, even to herself.

[1-line #]

> I am lonely in spirit. My brain is without the comradeship of a kindred mate, and my body is cooling … To speak to you often breaks my heart. You would not hold another's hand or risk another's mouth as you do mine: why would you speak to me with that tone of voice you would speak to Ernie [Terinallum's manager] in, or your horse or your dog? … You have never tried to fathom my feeling for you – it is something you just know you have among other more or less valuable possessions. You do not know why I love you, nor why I feel we have [the capacity] to fill our marriage with the most priceless beauties and riches … You are always rushing, rushing in the mind, and never since we have been married have you stopped on your way in or out to caress me with your eyes … I want to be happy again, to make you happy. But I am becoming bitter and sad. I want you to love all I have that is you, so that once more I shall be a help, not a hindrance, to you and to myself, able at night

to rest my body in the shelter of yours with a light and singing heart, because throughout the day I will have known that you have not ceased loving me for one minute.

[1-line #]

There is no evidence that Lindsay ever received this letter, which was undated. It would have undoubtedly baffled and confused him. Sensitive to music and natural beauty though he was, Lindsay Nicholas was above all a practical man. He knew that he and Hephzibah were in trouble. He had heard rumours of other affairs – with a local man at Mortlake, with other musicians, even with Bernard Heinze – but while Hephzibah was still at Terinallum, carrying out her domestic duties and continuing to play concerts, he believed marital problems would probably blow over.

Besides, he had more pressing worries to contend with. Since the end of the war, with life on the land becoming more difficult, Lindsay had also been giving thought to his rural and financial future. He thought he could see a way through. At the end of the 1940s, in an attempt to deal with the large number of servicemen returning from war and needing employment, the Victorian Soldier Settlement Commission had begun to acquire land from large country properties as smallholdings for soldiers, sailors, airmen and their families. (1) Lindsay decided to take advantage of this scheme to make Terinallum a specialist and more manageable property. From 1949 he sold three parcels of land totalling 52 000 acres, intending to use the rest for breeding sheep and – his great interest – Aberdeen Angus cattle.

Lindsay believed that Hephzibah would be happier, and life more harmonious all round, if the family moved closer to Melbourne, closer to Hephzibah's musical contacts, her public work, her new friends. He still had family business responsibilities in the city and could divide his time between these and his work on Terinallum. There was also the advantage that he and Hephzibah would not have to face something they both dreaded: the boys' departure for boarding school. Kron and Marston could either live at home and commute daily to Wesley College in Melbourne or stay with friends in the city during the week and spend the weekends at home.

Hephzibah supported this plan in principle. She did not want to lose touch with Terinallum, yet her musical, speaking and committee work in Melbourne was increasing.

Easier access to the airport for touring in Australia would also be an advantage. And so she expressed enthusiasm when in 1950, after much investigation, Lindsay bought Cooring Yering, a property at Lilydale, about an hour east of Melbourne. The house, built by a retired Indian Army officer, dated from the late 1870s and was a rather grand, two-storeyed affair, set on a hundred and ten acres of garden and bushland. . Poised between city and country, Cooring Yering seemed to combine the best of both.

Hephzibah wrote to her parents about the new house with every appearance of pleasure. 'We're studying interior decorating,' she announced to Moshe and Marutha, 'and plan to furnish with all we've learned about comfort in thirteen years of living in Terinallum.' She would have a study of her own, she said, 'where I can think my foolish thoughts and get on with my plans to "save the world" as Lindsay says with so little faith in my dreams!'

This cosy image of Hephzibah as happy homemaker was almost pure fiction. She spent very little, if any, time on the niceties of paint colours, curtains or drapes, and she and Lindsay made few changes to their new house. Lindsay's biggest contribution was to catalogue and arrange his enormous collection of gramophone records, for which he had special storage racks built in the living room.

Cooring Yering was huge, with nine bedrooms and five bathrooms – much too big for the family, but, thought Lindsay, ample for guests. Hephzibah had other ideas. She invited Clarice Kerr, her husband Angus and their young daughter Liz to share the house with them. Eyebrows were raised about this, but Hephzibah justified it on the grounds that she and Lindsay would often be away and the place should not be empty. Moreover the Kerrs could help maintain the house and garden. With Kron in his first year at secondary school and a weekly boarder at Wesley, Hephzibah thought that in her absence Clarice and Angus could help look after Marston, enrolled in a local primary school. Lindsay agreed to all this, though reluctantly: he was willing to accede to Hephzibah's wishes for the sake of domestic harmony. One can only conclude that Hephzibah did not really want to be alone with Lindsay.

She was involved at this time in a very big project, a worldwide survey conducted by Dutch educationalist Kees Boeke. Hephzibah's role was to evaluate the standard of primary education in rural Victoria, with the assistance of teachers, parents and children in schools

throughout the state. She enjoyed the work – almost as much as she enjoyed discussing it with the man she now referred to in her letters as 'our dear Richard'.

How Hephzibah first met Richard Hauser is not entirely clear. She told Griselda Kentner that he had given Yehudi and Diana marriage counselling in Sydney during their tour in 1951, and said he was someone 'they both liked and trusted sufficiently to see a great deal of, as a friend, during their stay in Sydney'. Yehudi, whose view of Richard can be gauged by the fact that he barely mentions him in his memoir, had a different story. Interviewed for Curtis Levy's feature-length documentary *Hephzibah*, he said he met Hauser at a party in London and then again in Sydney during his 1951 tour. Of the second occasion, he said in the film: 'I gave the usual thing, I really didn't want to encourage him. But he was so persistent; he said he knew I was going out to lunch and said, Could I see you for a few minutes before you go? The result was that I went out alone and Diana and Hephzibah remained with Richard.'

Richard Hauser was around six feet tall, with a long face and dark receding hair. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and was fond of bow ties. His white shirts, sports jackets and flannel trousers were transformed by his slim body from the workmanlike to the elegant. Having been born in Vienna to Jewish parents, he spoke English with a slight, and attractive, Austrian accent.

Richard undoubtedly presumed on his brief acquaintance with Yehudi in London in order to meet him again in Sydney. He might have met Hephzibah under the circumstances Yehudi outlined, though another story is that Yehudi introduced Richard and Hephzibah after a concert. But why had Richard so badly wanted to see Yehudi? Possibly because he just enjoyed meeting celebrities, but more likely because he'd been hoping to obtain Yehudi's support for his work as a social researcher. Yehudi was becoming known for his interest in causes regarded as slightly offbeat, and Richard's work was certainly that.

At the time, Richard was employed by the New South Wales Tramways Board as a psychological researcher, surveying the lives and conditions of public transport workers. His method was almost unheard of in Australia then. Instead of arming himself with a fistful of statistics and a clipboard and asking a list of questions, Richard observed and worked with his subjects. In this way he was able to see first-hand how a particular

program, such as a new roster, was working at the same time as he evaluated it. Richard Hauser was, in other words, one of the early exponents of the social action survey, now a familiar tool in sociological research.

Before long he was carrying out similar projects for other state government departments. He developed his own style as an interviewer, preferring to ask open-ended questions which, he said, provided the most useful insight to his subjects' way of thinking, and enabled him to be more flexible in his own approach. He also liked tackling several projects at once, not just because this suited his temperament but because he often ran out of money.

Hephzibah was attracted to Richard from the moment they met. Her interest grew as she found out more about his work. Here at last was someone who not only understood her fascination with large social questions, but knew how to give this a practical focus. They had much in common otherwise too: an implicit understanding from a shared Jewish heritage, an interest in languages and music. Yehudi put it succinctly in *Hephzibah*: 'Richard belonged to Europe and she belonged to Europe too.'

Richard's life story was indeed a quintessentially European one. He was born on 1 April 1911 in Vienna, the younger son of an Austrian Jewish father and a Jewish mother from Prague. Richard's father was a prosperous coffee wholesaler; when he died in 1934 Richard's brother Paul took over the business, and Richard went to the University of Vienna. There he studied psychology and met and married Ruth Kantor, a medical student. Always restless, he left university before completing his degree and worked in the family business for a while.

Ruth and Richard Hauser had a daughter, Eva, born in 1938, the year Hitler annexed Austria as part of the Third Reich. Not long afterwards, Richard was sitting in the back seat of the family Daimler when the chauffeur abruptly stopped the car, said 'Heil Hitler', pulled Richard out and threw him into the Danube, hurling a brick after him. It hit him on the head, as a result of which he had a metal plate inserted into his skull. He was deaf in one ear for the rest of his life, and his tongue, he said, sometimes became very thick. He became a member of the Jewish resistance movement.

At the end of 1938 Richard escaped Austria with the help of Jewish contacts and went to Palestine, where he joined a Jewish unit in the British Army. Ruth and Eva managed to reach England as refugees and remained there for the duration of the war. When Richard's brother Paul fled Vienna shortly thereafter, their mother remained there alone. Why she did not escape herself is a mystery: perhaps, like other Jews, she was in denial about the Nazis, perhaps she was set in her ways, or simply stubborn. In any case, in November 1941 she was sent to Terezin and then to Litzmannstadt (Lodz) concentration camp, where presumably she died: Richard's daughter Eva, who followed the camp records as far as she could, discovered only that her grandmother was not alive in May 1945 when the Russians came through.

Richard, not knowing the fate of his mother, brother, wife or child, remained in the British Army throughout the war. He used his knowledge of psychology to talk his way into a job as a handwriting analyst for the army. At one point he visited South Africa. His own experience as a Jew in Vienna, as well as what he saw happening to the blacks under apartheid, hardened his resolution to do what he could for suffering and persecuted people. When he was demobilised at the end of the war, he joined the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Rome, helping refugees and displaced persons to find jobs in Europe. Ruth and Eva went to live with him there and they stayed for a couple of years, regaining their Austrian citizenship. By this stage, some members of Ruth's family had emigrated to Australia and she was desperate to join them, but Richard did not want to leave Europe. In June 1948, Ruth and Eva left for Sydney alone. Richard followed them at the end of that year.

However, only two years later the marriage was over, and Ruth and Richard separated. He kept in touch with his daughter, but when Hephzibah met him he was living alone with few possessions.

Hephzibah responded to Richard's story with deep interest. Having worked with refugees at Terinallum, she knew that most people who had survived wanted only to forget what they had endured, to live in safe, placid countries like Australia free from the shadow of the past. But Richard could not do this. Not only did he refuse to forget, but he was passionately determined to see that the Holocaust did not happen again. He believed that it could be prevented only if people were shown how to think less selfishly, to take

responsibility for their actions, by evolving into mature human beings. His projects were all geared to addressing conflict, to improving the lot of disaffected members of society, so that society would gradually heal itself. His belief in his work, and in himself, was unquestionable, absolute.

Hephzibah had lived for years among people whose lives, by and large, had been safe and pleasant. She had tried to challenge them by doing what she could to improve her community, and though those she knew admired her energy and respected what she had done, she was still widely regarded as a celebrated musician whose need to 'save the world' was treated with indulgence by friends and family. Her work for refugees and others, though satisfying, she now saw as piecemeal: she wanted to be part of a wider whole. Now, for the first time, she had met someone who was driven by a total view of the world, something she had never had. From the first, Richard's passion and power were intoxicating.

By early 1952, Richard Hauser and Hephzibah were warm friends and colleague; just when their relationship became more than that is difficult to say. But Hephzibah's admiration for Richard and his work continued to grow. Two years after they met, Hephzibah wrote to Yehudi and Diana:

[1-line #]

> I am helping Richard write his book which contains a great truth, all wrapped up in dense, labrynthian [sic] German undergrowth. I have already straightened up the English of a survey he was commissioned to do by the New South Wales department of education on unskilled youth in that state. It is teaching me to be a little plain (a painful exercise for one of my kind – Richard calls it 'antisemantics') and I feel very important to have a place in his life, as his life seems to me to be wonderfully important, and unlike most lives, perfectly integrated in the fulfilment of a mission with the dedication it inspires.

[1-line #]

The book she refers to was never published, but clearly Hephzibah, a student for most of her life, had found yet another teacher – although the way she felt about Richard was very different from her attitude to her earlier 'teacher', Paul Morawetz. Here was someone, she was convinced, who would liberate her from a life she was beginning to feel trapped in.

The move to the new house at Lilydale had not changed or improved her relationship with Lindsay. The boys were growing up, developing their own lives and interests. Hephzibah's mothering had always been companionable and custodial rather than intensely maternal in a directly nurturing sense, and she was coming to believe that soon Kron and Marston would no longer need her. Richard was assuming the role of saviour, the man who was introducing her to a wider world, giving her life a new purpose.

'I am staggered by the realities of whole worlds within worlds, the very existence of which I never suspected,' she wrote to Yehudi and Diana. 'I still feel at times like someone slowly emerging from a deeply anaesthetised slumber, who rubs her eyes and finds out the greatest of miracles! That she LIVES!' (It is worth noting, in view of the strong dislike of Richard that Yehudi later professed, that in the beginning Hephzibah wrote to her brother as if Richard were a mutual friend.)

Hephzibah also admired and respected Richard's fearlessness in confronting public opinion, his willingness to be rude when he felt this was justified – characteristics she would never have been able to claim for herself. At a dinner party given by a Melbourne colleague of Richard's, the conversation turned to the Australian government's treatment of indigenous people, then to South Africa. One of the other guests made a pro-apartheid comment which made several people uncomfortable, including Hephzibah, and Richard, who knew the situation in South Africa because he had been there, turned on him. The host's polite and increasingly desperate attempts to change the conversation only made Richard more determined to say what he thought needed to be said. Hephzibah intervened without making serious efforts to try to stop Richard, and the other guests concluded that she was completely dominated by him.

Hephzibah's friends viewed this new development in her life with foreboding. Most thought she was naïvely projecting her own nebulous desire to change the world onto Richard, weaving yet another coat of good intentions to bestow on him. To many his work sounded like pie in the sky: vague in its methods, uncertain in its results. Observing the influence Richard had over Hephzibah, her friends could see rocks ahead. They were fond of her, and they were fond of Lindsay. Clarice Kerr for one could see that Richard and Hephzibah were not just having a casual affair.

Like many men with powerful personalities and convictions, Richard was highly sexual. Melbourne-based artist Mirka Mora observed Richard and Hephzibah together at her Café Mirka, the centre of 1950s Melbourne's bohemian and avant-garde world. She thought they were like young lovers: 'She would throw herself on Richard like a butterfly and kiss him. She wanted to touch him all the time ... She was open, transparent, charming. You could see that he had awakened her sexually. And there is nothing more beautiful than a woman in love. If you are given a full sense of yourself as a sexual being, you have to follow that.'

Before long, it was known in Melbourne social circles that the Nicholas marriage was in trouble. 'How I begged Hephzibah to stop her headlong rush to what I felt sure would be heartbreak for her and for Lindsay,' wrote Ernest Llewellyn's wife Ruth years later. 'How I watched in horror as she wooed and charmed the snake that did gain control of her.' She spoke for many of Hephzibah's friends, though perhaps others expressed themselves less forcefully. And now Lindsay, finally aware that his marriage was in actual danger, did not know what to do.

This was the situation in November 1953 when Moshe and Marutha returned to Australia to see 'our LinHepKronrodMarsty' and to celebrate Moshe's sixtieth birthday. Hephzibah insisted to Yehudi that the visit, lasting only a few weeks, went off 'smoother than honey. Aba talks too much but he's a darling and not unsound I think. Mammina is a poor thing and growing, I think, progressively less dangerous.' Perhaps realising that a description of such bland goodwill was unlikely to convince her brother, she added that she and Marutha had had a brief and mildly irritating argument in Sydney Town Hall during her recital with Ernest Llewellyn.

She did not tell Yehudi that she had introduced Richard to her parents before the concert. There was nothing wrong with Marutha's antennae: Lindsay and the boys were home at Lilydale and she saw immediately what was going on. As the audience were filing into the hall to take their seats, she told her daughter in no uncertain terms that her behaviour was appalling and that she must stop seeing Richard Hauser. For once Hephzibah snapped back, and the argument grew so heated so quickly that Moshe had to beg Marutha to control herself.

As Moshe, who knew that Richard was in the audience, watched Hephzibah and Ernest Llewellyn walk onstage and take their bows, he referred in a penetrating whisper to 'that snake who is defiling my beautiful Hephzibah', leaving poor Ruth Llewellyn to cringe in fear that those within earshot thought he meant Ernest.

A celebratory supper had been planned for after the concert at the home of the Greek consul. Knowing that Hephzibah intended to go with Richard, Moshe and Marutha refused to attend; Ruth Llewellyn had to drive them back to their hotel before returning to the party herself. When Richard telephoned Hephzibah's parents a few days later in an attempt at rapprochement, Moshe slammed the phone down in his ear.

The existence of Richard Hauser and his place in Hephzibah's life came as a considerable shock to the senior Menuhins. As far as they knew, Hephzibah was happily married without a care in the world. Although they had always been a little patronising about Lindsay, considering him pleasant but dull and his family uncultured, they knew him to be a kind, amenable and steady man. He allowed Hephzibah to do whatever she wanted, including bringing refugees into their home, going on tour whenever she wished, expressing ideas he could not possibly agree with. He was an excellent provider and they had never seen him and Hephzibah exchange a cross word. All in all, he had done very well as a husband for their daughter. And now she was prepared to throw everything away for the sake of a penniless refugee whom nobody had ever heard of.

While Moshe and Marutha had been through similar situations with their other offspring, they had come to terms with them. They had rationalised Yehudi's relationship with Diana on the grounds that she was a much more suitable consort than Nola had been, and they knew Yaltah had suffered (not least at the hands of Marutha) for her poor marital choices. They believed that at least one of their children had made a happy marriage. But now Hephzibah seemed ready to forfeit her role as good daughter, and in the most public way possible.

Moshe and Marutha were angry, and most of their anger was directed at Richard himself. Although Moshe had often declared that he was a proud Jew, his position on Israel and refusal to practise his religion led to scepticism among colleagues. It is possible that Moshe and Marutha's antagonism towards Richard was fuelled by his Jewish background, but in

any case they must have known that a highly intelligent, autocratic and experienced European would be a much more formidable proposition for them, would represent a far greater challenge to their authority, than a rich young man from Australia. Their loathing of Richard Hauser never abated.

Among the worries Hephzibah's friends had about her new relationship was that Richard would so completely control her life that she would give up music altogether. But 1953 was a busy musical year for Hephzibah. It began with a visit to the National Music Camp at Geelong, west of Melbourne. She was not required to teach at this annual gathering of young musicians, just to play, and this suited her very well as she had never much liked teaching and had done very little. Hephzibah was always struck by the casual nature of Australian music making, and enjoyed being among 'young people who have spent their summer holidays shaking the Mallee dust and Corio Bay sand out of their various celli, cellini and celloni, following outdoor practice in shady spots'. She occasionally wondered how Australia managed to produce musicians at all: given the glorious summer weather, wouldn't they rather go to the beach or ride than spend hours practising?

Hephzibah and Lindsay had become friendly with the Argentinian composer and conductor Juan Jose Castro, guest conductor of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra in 1952 and 1953. (2) Hephzibah loved working with Castro: his quickness, energy and vitality made the concerts she played with him unforgettable, as she told Yehudi. 'When in good form I can play in a state of complete fearless enjoyment,' she wrote, 'and the result is quite astonishingly exciting.' Early in 1953 she and Lindsay invited Castro and his wife Raka to Terinallum for a weekend, and Joan and Wal Levy hosted a gathering for them in Melbourne. (Also present at the latter was the celebrated pianist Walter Gieseking, then touring Australia, about whom Hephzibah noted that he munched his way gloomily through the fish soup, chicken and almonds, open sandwiches, dill pickles and salami without uttering a word to anybody.)

Hephzibah also played concerts for the ABC in 1953, in Sydney and Melbourne, both as soloist and with her regular violin partner Ernest Llewellyn, with whom she carefully avoided discussing Richard. A highlight of the year was her tour of New Zealand in August with the Griller Quartet, one of the great chamber ensembles of the decade, led by Englishman Sidney Griller. 'I find it immensely impressive that four individual lives should

have allowed themselves to be moulded into one by the requirements of four lines of music,' she wrote to Yehudi and Diana. 'They play as one, and I have never known the Bloch Quintet to sound so well.'

She asked her father to send her pocket scores of various works which were unobtainable in Australia, as well as clarification about some of her recording contracts. Moshe was always happy to comply with any of his daughter's requests concerning music, and perhaps too he was pleased that she did not intend to abandon the piano. But Hephzibah must have known, if she was planning a new life with a man who was anything but rich, that she would be unwise to give up her only reliable source of income.

By early 1954, the situation with Lindsay and Richard had become intolerable. Lindsay's unhappy resentment and Hephzibah's defiance were obvious to all their friends. Dany Sachs, who was now in her late teens and continued to spend occasional weekends with the Nicholas family, found the tension between husband and wife so great, and their mutual misery so intense, that she kept out of their way as much as she could. Kron and Marston, who knew more or less what was going on, stoically refused to talk about it. Already friends were suffering the agonies of divided loyalties, especially Joan Levy once again. She did not care for Richard at all, and Hephzibah, knowing this, ceased to confide in her altogether. Joan felt this defection keenly.

In February Hephzibah and Lindsay decided on a six-month trial separation. Hephzibah would be based in Sydney, where she would help Richard with his work, returning to Cooring Yering in the school holidays and for the boys' birthdays and other special occasions. Lindsay would continue to support her financially, provided she did not live with Richard but stayed in a hotel. Lindsay wanted his marriage back, and clearly he hoped that if Hephzibah worked with Richard solely as a colleague, she would get both him and his work out of her system and return to her family, purged. This was an outstandingly generous arrangement, and one has to wonder whether he truly believed it would work.

The thought of being away from the boys for six months caused Hephzibah some qualms. Some weeks before, Kron had asked her: 'Is it because you do not love us that you go away so much?' But she announced to correspondents that everybody was behaving with great consideration and Lindsay's idea was much the best plan for everybody. (She did not

mention his stipulation that she should live apart from Richard, let alone say that she would adhere to it.) Her relationship with Lindsay, she said, was now distinguished by pleasantness, friendly concern and a new vitality. Having been given more or less what she wanted, she apparently looked at her husband with a new love and gratitude.

She rather oversold the plan to Yehudi, to whom she announced that this was a period of growing, which would be recalled as a time of extraordinary benevolence and mutual aid. She insisted that the family routine would not be disrupted and the boys would not suffer. Did she really believe that she would be able to maintain things as they now were? Did she really want to?

Apparently she did. She told Flo Calvert that adjustments always had to be made to allow for growth, adding: 'I do not love Lindsay one single bit less for feeling that it is my joy and my mission, at this stage, to look after Richard.' She said she would continue to be close to Lindsay, but 'the love I have for Richard is of a timeless kind, it is a love not of this lifetime only, but a love I have known before. You know, Flo, how I searched and searched for him …' Had Lindsay read that letter, he would have seen very clearly his plan's chance of success.

It was left to Moshe to express the anger that many of Hephzibah's friends and acquaintances were feeling. He began with a Lear-like *cri du coeur*: 'What is it in our children that makes them so soft, mushy, doughy, that any wilful charlatan or fake can lay their dirty hands on our children's clean hearts and souls?' he asked his daughter. This letter of Moshe's, like many that followed it, was liberally sprinkled with the capital letters he employed in terms of high emotion. Some were choice epithets for Richard, including 'REPELLING, SMELLING, SLIMY, AMBITIOUS, IRRESPONSIBLE, ASPIRING BUT UNWORTHY'. If Hephzibah had not been stuck in Australia, with its limited opportunities and narrow range of people, declared Moshe, she would never have been taken in by a fake like Richard Hauser.

For sixteen years, Moshe wrote, Hephzibah had been writing to her parents about her happy and fulfilling life with Lindsay and the boys at Terinallum. 'We believed you, were you lying?'

Her response was swift and spirited. 'You have called me a liar for telling you the truth as it was about the wonderful years I spent because you want to make a tragedy and a blood feud where there simply is nothing but growth and mutual respect. … I can fully understand your worry that in passing from a life of very great physical wealth I should perhaps miss some purely 'luxury' features.'

What exactly, Moshe asked, was the attraction of this 'social work' Hauser did? He told her 'your unique talents, your education, your bringing up, did not raise you to do this sort of stupid, elementary work which to a person who has no higher education, no skill or profession nor original personality, such as this Hauser, is God sent …' Besides, if Hephzibah was bent on helping society, surely she didn't have to go to Sydney: didn't Melbourne have sufficient poor and oppressed? Charity begins at home, declared Moshe, and Hephzibah should devote herself to her primary responsibilities and thereby 'regain your own soul, stand on your own feet'. Lindsay, Kron and Marston were entitled to a great deal more from her than this fly-by-night refugee.

Fuelling Moshe's anger was Hephzibah's reneging on a proposed three-month tour of India with Yehudi, a decision her father regarded as unprofessional. Her stated reason for changing her mind was that she could not possibly leave Australia with her personal life in such turmoil, but when telling Yehudi of her decision she gave a different explanation. She had been ready to go, she said, but Richard talked her out of it, saying he had a bad feeling about the trip, and she had cancelled her ticket. Very soon afterwards, they heard that the plane that would have taken her from Singapore to Delhi had crashed. From then on, Hephzibah was convinced that Richard's intuition had avoided catastrophe, and in letters she referred to the incident several times as proof of Richard's psychic powers.

Hephzibah kept trying to convince her father of the importance of Richard's work. 'The directions in which he moves and I move alongside him … comprise the entire field of human social and antisocial endeavour … Someday we will crystallise these findings and show that there is a new hope in life, despite the A bomb and the communists, that mankind has reached a turning for the better if it will but wake up … the time has come to cast off our age-old prejudices and respectabilities …'

These appeals to Moshe's idealistic streak were unsuccessful. 'Sorry, but … I told you what I think of this chap, and my convictions have not and will not ever change,' he replied. He scorned her delight in her new work, condemning her for thinking that learning so-called 'new things' in Sydney was more important than 'being a natural human endowed with a philosophy, with discipline, with duties, with privileges, and to expand, grow, accomplish, do REAL THINGS VIA THE HOME, the home that is being destroyed by your own hands …'

Hephzibah did not reply to this broadside, and a frustrated and angry Moshe turned to Ruth and Ernest Llewellyn. 'GOD ALMIGHTY! WHAT IS GOING ON, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR HEPHZIBAH?' he demanded. He bombarded the Llewellyns with questions. Had Hephzibah completely cut herself off from Lindsay and the children? How was she supporting herself? Should Moshe come out to Australia and attempt to talk his daughter round?

Ruth Llewellyn replied immediately, telling Moshe that she and Ernest, like most of the people they knew, were very unhappy about 'the tragic circumstances that have overtaken the lives of Hephzibah and Lindsay'. The Llewellyns had seen little of Hephzibah socially, Ruth wrote, mainly because Hephzibah knew how much they disliked and disapproved of Richard. And Moshe should definitely not come to Australia. 'She is so certain in her own mind, which I need hardly tell her parents is a strong one! That her present course of action is the right and true one and that those who believe otherwise are blind and foolish – I believe no one could influence her at present. Last November I spent a week at Lilydale and then I begged her not to devalue the wonderful and secure life about her, but even then her mind was made up.'

Moshe wrote to thank Ruth, admitted he was desperate for further news, and asked Ruth and Ernest to destroy his letters. (3) Moshe then wrote to Lindsay to ask what was going on. In reply he received a letter whose anger, hurt and misery blaze off the pages.

Lindsay had had enough. He had invited Hephzibah to come on holiday to Perth with him and the boys but she had refused. Her Sydney address and telephone number were the same as Richard's: she was not even bothering to try to hide the fact that she was flouting the terms of their arrangement. Lindsay wrote to Moshe:

[1-line #]

> She has stated she will never return to the kind of living we indulge in at Cooring Yering. What is so frantically wrong with it is hard for me to understand. We live very simply and I feel sure I do my best to carry on my work and live a sound life. To her it may be uninteresting, but I am willing to have her spend as much time in Melbourne addressing the various meetings as you know she does, and what is more, share them with her, but I am not whilst Hauser is in the picture. You may be assured I will do everything in my power to make her see reason. But also you can be sure Hauser is doing his utmost to capture a person he knows would benefit his line of business greatly, and if Hephzibah wishes to choose this instead of what I can offer her, then the inevitable must happen.

[1-line #]

Moshe's response a few days later was hardly calculated to soothe Lindsay's feelings or to make him feel he had an ally. Moshe reiterated his opinion that his daughter and Richard would never have been attracted to each other if Australia had been a more interesting place to live. There was something about the country that led to 'radical issues between husbands and wives' – he might have been thinking here of the marriage of Nola and Yehudi as well – and something stifling and wrong in the life of Terinallum for 'a young vigorous woman like Hephzibah'.

And, he added, what could have possessed Lindsay to allow the Kerrs to live with he and Hephzibah at Cooring Yering? Lindsay must ask them to leave immediately. Then he should travel to Sydney and bring his wife back. He must show himself to be a 'he-man husband', and 'with a big heart and open arms take her out of her internally wretched depressed state … and bring your wife home, the mother of your children home!!'

Moshe, it seemed, was prepared to blame Richard, Lindsay, Australia, the Kerrs – anyone, in fact, but Hephzibah herself – for what had happened. Perhaps it was this, along with Moshe's ideas of how a husband should behave, that elicited the note of weariness, as well as massive irritation, in Lindsay's response.

[1-line #]

> It is and will be forever very difficult, well nigh impossible, for me to point out to you both that this life Hephzibah has chosen has been done by her and not, as you so stupidly suggest, that she has been driven into it by the horrible years at Terinallum

> … Please let me explain that I have endeavoured to warn Hephzibah of the outcome of this type of living and behaviour for some months and at every effort the same reply was received, stating 'that this was the type of living I want to do' … Your absurd plan of going to Sydney to do the he-man act would do as much good as your outbursts in your letters against Hauser do.
>
> Aba, please believe me, I did everything that was humanly possible to do and it has been very hard. … I know perfectly well how you are feeling, and what strain you are going through, but nevertheless you must understand that you are talking about your daughter who is thirty-four and not a child any longer and who is very determined.
>
> I am not going to shift over the face of Victoria to satisfy Hephzibah's sudden interests. This spot at Lilydale is perfect not only from my point of view, but also from Hephzibah's because this work or any other work she wishes to do has always had my backing and encouragement and it can be done from here. But when her work entails living with another man, that is a breach of fidelity that no reasonable husband should stand.
>
> I gave her a choice, not a threat, of remaining with us and forgetting Hauser, or I am left with no alternative but to go ahead with my proceedings. She replied, 'I have made up my mind what I am going to do and nobody is going to stop me.' You must both believe me. I cannot do more.

[1-line #]

When Hephzibah boldly told Lindsay that she would do as she wished and nobody would stop her, she had thought Lindsay would allow her to take the boys with her, or at least let them be with her and Richard part-time in Sydney. But Lindsay flatly refused to consider such a plan. The boys were settled in Melbourne, he said, and there they would stay. Hephzibah was appalled. 'She used to huddle up and cry: "What shall I do? What shall I do? What can you advise?"' said Shirley Nicholas. Hephzibah's naiveté and optimism now seem extraordinary. Her friends' sentiments were echoed by her father: 'Darling, my darling, poor Hephzibah! There never was a more innocent, believing, tragic Greek Drama heroine than you in not seeing at the very edge of your Great Divide, that you cannot have your pudding and eat it …'

And so Hephzibah had to make a choice. The boys or Richard Hauser. For many in her circle, her duty was clear. Asked for advice, Clarice Kerr responded: 'It's no good asking me. I don't understand this situation. I can't advise you. It wouldn't happen to me because I couldn't leave my children.'

This was the position taken by most of the women Hephzibah knew; they were echoing the views of their time and social position. Hephzibah had everything, they thought: why break her life apart like this? Lindsay did not drink more than most men, or beat her, or pursue other women. He was not cruel to the children. If he was less than the perfect husband, well, that was how men were. You couldn't expect total happiness from marriage: you were doing well if you were financially supported and had healthy kids to look after. It was not uncommon for women of that generation to say, proudly, that they had put up with loveless relationships for years for the sake of their children, suffering in silence, their children never learning what they had endured.

And who was Richard Hauser, anyway? people asked. How could someone of Hephzibah's musical brilliance possibly want to bind herself to an itinerant refugee without a shilling to his name? Was she so blinded by love she would give up everything she had? Did infatuation reign supreme over duty? Many thought it did, and condemned her for it. As one acquaintance commented: 'Whoever squeezed the love juice into Hephzibah Menuhin's eyes has a lot to answer for.'

While this whispering was going on about her, Hephzibah was trying to decide what to do. She felt her marriage with Lindsay had run its course and she could not give Richard up. There remained her sons, aged fourteen and nine. How important was she to them? Hephzibah had already observed that when she asked Kron and Marston to do something and Lindsay countermanded her, the boys obeyed their father. In time, she assumed, they would grow closer to Lindsay than to her, especially as she had been away on tour so often. Kron and Marston were busy boys, occupied with school and their own doings at home, and they were at the age where they said very little. As long as their lives continued to be stable, Hephzibah wondered, would they suffer too greatly from her absence?

Understanding little about the emotional needs of children, having had no nurturing mother of her own, Hephzibah gradually convinced herself that it was more important that

her sons should stay with their father. She was sure that, in time, Kron and Marston would understand why she had had to leave them.

And so Hephzibah made her decision. Soon the word was out that, as the staff at Terinallum said, 'Hephzi's leaving the boss and going off with another bloke'. When Dany Sachs asked her what was happening, Hephzibah explained quite calmly that she had come to the end of her life in Australia, there was nothing more for her to do, she was bored and it was time for her to move on. She had met a wonderful man, she said, and they were planning to live in Sydney before moving to Europe.

At the time, Dany was too stunned to ask what would happen to the boys, or to her. But when she asked Lindsay, he assured her: 'You are as close to us as our daughter, and what has happened now makes no difference to that. You will always be part of the family, and welcome at Terinallum and Lilydale.'

If Kron and Marston had guessed what was about to happen, they were still shocked. Years later they described in the documentary *Hephzibah* the day their mother left, in June 1954.

Kron said: 'I remember specifically, the sentence didn't finish. She started to say, "I'm going away for a while." And I said, "Is it going to be a while?" And she said, "Well, no, it's a matter of years, and I'm shifting in with Richard. We're going to live in Sydney." And I remember my father going a bit tightlipped about the whole thing, I remember her starting to cry, I remember getting my father in a corner and asking, "What's going on?" and him explaining … She walked out and got into a car and we didn't see much of each other for a long period of time.'

Marston stated: 'She said, "One day you'll understand, one day you'll accept the fact that I'm leaving."' (4)

After Hephzibah had driven away, Kron said to his grandmother, Shirley Nicholas: 'She can't have loved us very much, to leave like that.' Shirley replied: 'Oh darling, of course she does. It's just that she couldn't think of a way to fit all the people she loves into her life.'

Shortly afterwards Hephzibah left for Sydney, where she wrote to Yehudi and Diana explaining what she had done. Yehudi was appalled, Hephzibah was naturally defensive. Everything would be all right, she insisted, and Lindsay might even find that her leaving was a relief: 'He knows far better than you do that now I am no longer on hand to plague him with my restlessness and deep discontent, life can become what it was always meant to be for him,' she wrote. 'It is as if we had tried for years of heartending effort on both sides to fit our jigsaw pieces into a perfect picture. Now we have found out that the pieces we had belonged to two different pictures and now, armed with this knowledge, we can proceed to build the solutions to our particular personal puzzles.' She added that she had been proud of Lindsay during the breakup for showing 'new strength, born of self-searching and of pain', and for hauling himself out of the 'dreadful emotional paralysis' that had afflicted him for so many years. Emotionally unexpressive Lindsay might have appeared, but it seems rather patronising, at least, to congratulate him for coming through pain that she herself had inflicted upon him.

Hephzibah told Yehudi that all had happened for the greater good and the boys would be all right. 'They know there's a job I have to do … they are all part of the picture, they served as steps in my long climb out of domestic darkness into the daylight of life's fulfilment. They served a most valuable function and each shed a light of its own on the panorama of which I want to become a living part.' Hephzibah's self-absorption could be impressive.

She was now showing a tendency, while on the defensive, to engage in sociological jargon: 'Families are useful insofar as they nurture the growth of their component members. Once these members are able to fend for themselves physically, the relationship becomes one of affinity. Marsty and Kronny are no longer dependent on me for physical survival. They may, however, be glad to have me for a chosen friend some day.' Given her own emotionally dislocated upbringing, it was probably too much for Hephzibah to understand the universe of motherhood that spans the last two sentences of this.

Eight years later, in 1962, the 22-year-old Kron wrote his mother a scorching letter about what she had done, claiming she had considered it much more important to try to 'save the world' than to look after her own children. His letter so hurt and shocked her that she replied honestly, with very little use of sociological squid ink.

[1-line #]

Your love is certainly of the bitter and painful kind, yet I take it gratefully for the gift it is, all the same, because I would rather have the sour kind from you than none at all. Do not think that I take lightly or shrug off your criticism without duly examining it – how could I? I have always had a sneaking fellow feeling for the children of gifted people (the nephew of Beethoven who probably grew up to hate musicians, the son of Weizmann the first president of Israel who was anti-Zionist, the children of famous doctors who grew up to be anti-social) because I have thought to myself, they probably feel that they counted less in their parents' lives than the large numbers of people to whom their parents felt responsible. Who is to say, however, that by helping people one isn't thereby helping to make the world safer for one's children when they grow up? What good did those Jewish parents do to their children, who looked after them wholeheartedly, day after day, and gave them their time, their love and their undivided attention during the years of their childhood, then saw them carted away to prison, or killed in gas chambers, and were themselves persecuted and tortured? Those people would have been better advised to devote at least a portion of their time and their brains to improving conditions of life around them so that when their children grew up they would find a world less depraved by hate and prejudice …

All along [your father and I] did deliberately and conscientiously what we believed to be the right thing at the time, and what more can you ask of anyone? I must add that, apart from a few odd traits, you have turned out rather well, and after giving due credit to your Dad's handling, your schools' handling and the influence of your friends, etc I take whatever credit is left for having done you no positive harm, in spite of my being a rather peculiar kind of mother. Would you agree so far?

I certainly cared for you both, and still do care for you, with all my conscious mind, and all my heart, and when I finally made the choice to throw in my lot with Richard, I figured on hard separation for a few years (during which I would naturally expect to be reviled, to be accused of being a bad and selfish mother, going after my own pleasure) followed by a time of stormy reconciliation and eventually reciprocal respect and understanding. We are now at the stormy part …

> Don't forget that only very young children, the very sick and the very old, need or benefit by [exclusive and nurturing] mothering. Once the age of independence has been reached, grownups need partners and friends to help them develop. Grownups need partners and friends, and real mates, to think with, to feel with, and to love.

[1-line #]

She had not found lasting love with Lindsay, she said: far from it. 'I might easily have broken down under the strain of having my dignity forever under attack. Perhaps I might have sought comfort in promiscuous relationships which would also have been a very undignified solution, when all I really longed for and have now achieved is a true partnership with a respected and beloved man.'

[2-line #]

The machinery for dissolving a marriage now swung into gear. On 20 August 1954 newspapers in Australia and the US carried the story that Lindsay Currell Nicholas was suing his wife Hephizbah Menuhin Nicholas for divorce on the grounds of adultery, citing Richard Hauser as co-respondent. In 1950s Australia, as in Britain and the US, divorce was almost always a thoroughly unpleasant and public process. Apart from insanity, adultery was about the only grounds for legally dissolving a marriage in Australia: the Family Law Act, which admitted the existence of 'irretrievable breakdown', was still twenty years away. And adultery was meat and drink for the tabloids, which were avid for sordid details of court cases, complete with flashbulb photos of guilty couples and their 'love nests', and reports from private detectives.

The Nicholas money was able to mute the worst of this, but Hephzibah and Richard still had to endure being followed by private detectives with questions about their relationship, and having their domestic arrangements, including their bed, photographed. By the standards of the time, the official process was discreet, since Hephzibah was admitting guilt, not suing for custody of the children or claiming maintenance. However, on the level of public discussion and gossip the Nicholas divorce created quite a scandal. People took sides, as they are wont to do whether they knew those involved or not.

Those who knew Hephzibah least well were probably the most appalled, as often happens. Her many Australian admirers, those who had followed her story in magazines and

newspapers, who had seen photographs of Terinallum, Lindsay and the boys growing up, as well as the the music lovers who had bought tickets to her concerts and heard her ABC broadcasts, were almost unanimous in condemnation. The general view was that Hephzibah was a classical musician, not a Hollywood star who might be expected to indulge in such loose behaviour. It is probably not too much to say that for many Australians who had admired Hephzibah for so long, what she had done was nothing short of betrayal.

The view among the leaders of Melbourne society was that Hephzibah was behaving like a spoiled, irresponsible child, and all the sympathy was for Lindsay. The mothers of Australia swelled in indignation that a woman could leave her children for another man. Not many Australians supported Hephzibah, then or afterwards. Someone who did was the up-and-coming Australian garden designer Edna Walling. 'Only one who knew these crashingly boring people as I did, who worked for them from time to time [during the 1920s and 1930s] could understand how she could not possibly survive going on living there with young [Lindsay] Nicholas,' she wrote to her sister, describing other members of the Nicholas family as 'pleasant enough but hopelessly dull' and living in a 'soul-crushing atmosphere'.

Hephzibah was able to shrug off most of popular opinion, observing to Yehudi and Diana that scandal existed only in people's minds.. She had Richard and their work, both of which were all absorbing. She told Yehudi and Diana: 'To see a plan take shape, to watch it if it is good, begin to act on the participants so that they come alive in a way they never knew they could live, this is the greatest of all satisfactions … There's enough trouble on earth to choose from! So the prospects are always good.'

Continuing to insist to her parents and brother that her departure from Lilydale had left no lasting scars, Hephzibah resumed contact with Lindsay and the boys shortly thereafter, mostly via telephone conversations. Domestic arrangements at Lilydale were in the hands of Clarice Kerr, 'a very excellent substitute for the original housewife who, as Lindsay said himself to me last week, was not cut out for everyday motherhood!' Kron and Marston, she said were growing up to be loving and curious. Kron planned eventually to go on the land: 'His future smiles at him through a haze of country dust.' She told Yehudi that Marston had asked: 'Will you still be my mother if you marry Richard?' and she had replied that, yes,

of course, she always would. If she understood the desolation behind her son's question, she did not say so.

There were other estrangements. Hephzibah's relationship with George and Shirley Nicholas was under strain for some time, as was her friendship with Joan and Wal Levy. Both these ruptures were eventually healed, although Hephzibah was never again quite as close to Shirley and Joan as she had been, mostly because of their evident dislike of Richard. More serious was Hephzibah's quarrel with Ruth and Ernest Llewellyn; she believed that her violin partner had helped Lindsay in employing private detectives, and relations cooled considerably.

Moshe and Marutha were still outraged by their daughter's behaviour and showed their disapproval in ways characteristic of them both. For a long time Marutha would not communicate with Hephzibah, either by letter or telephone: her silence, the weapon she had used since her children were small, was implacable. 'She has done the one thing she swore she never would to any of her children, and that is to cast them out,' Hephzibah observed to Yehudi.

Moshe did not deny himself the opportunity to lash out in all directions, except towards his daughter. He blamed Lindsay for letting Hephzibah, 'the mother of his children, the daughter of Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, and sister of YM', be branded as an adulterer. (His description of his daughter – in terms only of her family – is revealing.) If Lindsay had been a better husband, Hephzibah would not have had to find another man, nor would the boys have been turned against their mother. How he worked this out is not explained. What probably upset Moshe and Marutha as much as anything was the prospect of being cut off from Kron and Marston, just as surely as their eldest grandson Krov, they believed, had been estranged from them by Nola.

Hephzibah replied that their hostility really hurt her: 'It has pained me to realise that at the time of my life when I most needed the kind of support one longs for from one's oldest friends (one's family) you make it more difficult for me still,' she told them. Why she kept seeking the support of her parents is not easy to explain: Moshe and Marutha could scarcely have made their views more obvious to her. Evidently her lifelong habit of seeking their approval was proving difficult to break, even in the face of Moshe's often-expressed

opinion that she had deliberately smashed up her own life and that of her loved ones. He believed she was in love with her captor, almost possessed.

Hephzibah's divorce from Lindsay became final on 20 October 1954. (Richard's divorce from his wife Ruth, who had divorced him for desertion, had become final only a matter of weeks earlier.) In announcing the news to Yehudi, she said that she was 'truly, really happy for the first time in my thirty-four years, able to think clearly and to love unreservedly, and to fight and live with the whole of my being and that I have found the one I thought I never would find.'

Not long afterwards, Hephzibah wrote another letter. It was on paper headed 'Social Surveys', with a post office address at the Sydney GPO – Richard's letterhead – and she evidently wrote it while on tour. It bears no date.

[1-line #]

> My most beloved Richard
> The answer is yes and yes, for no other or better reason than that you ask the question. A foundation has been laid in me which will support a marriage structure. You are both foundation and structure. As long as, even forever, as you are my nearest, I will be your nearest. You may call me wife as long as everything stays as it is – so long as wifehood does not mean the end of the beginning – I do so love and value our relationship that I fear to have it totally accepted by even ourselves, let alone others. If it is going to be a husband and wife partnership, may it differ in name only from what it is now. Not only do I love now, my Dearest, but I love you.

[1-line #]

Richard and Hephzibah would have very little to live on: Richard earned little money, and what he had he tended to spend. However, in May 1953 Moshe had given Hephzibah ten thousand American dollars (a gift he might have regretted when he met Richard Hauser a few months later), which would keep them afloat for a while. And of course she would continue to give concerts to generate further income.

Hephzibah Menuhin, formerly Nicholas, married Richard Hauser at the Sydney registry office on Friday 22 March 1955. It was a quiet, matter-of-fact ceremony, very different from her previous, floridly romantic excursion into wedlock. Among the very few guests

was Richard's teenage daughter Eva. Hephzibah sent a telegram to her parents announcing her marriage, and hoping that Moshe and Marutha would share their happiness in the future. She signed it 'Love, Hepzhibah'. Their approval was still important.

'The unforgivable sin … is to close the door on life'

Hephzibah's first home with Richard was a large and spacious bedsitter overlooking the harbour in Sydney's eastern suburbs. At the back was a glorious expanse of sea and sky. Native eucalypts vied with deciduous European trees in the street outside, and the twitter of jewel-coloured parrots was a soothing exchange for the cacophony of scandal Hephzibah had left behind in Melbourne. Hephzibah loved the place, then and afterwards: on visits to Sydney in later years she always made a point of going back to see it, reliving a time of blissful happiness.

Echoes of scandal lingered, of course. Hephzibah was making tentative steps towards rapprochement with the boys and Lindsay. But she drew strength from the conviction that she had done what was necessary, and calm in the rightness of the work they w ere doing together.

Their family difficulties were not all one-sided. Richard had an awkward, often combative relationship with his daughter, then aged sixteen and a clever student at Sydney Girls' High School. Eva, who lived with her mother and stepfather, had liked Hephzibah from the first, and could not understand how such a glamorous, worldly person could possibly be interested in her father. Hephzibah appreciated Eva's intelligence and warmth, although she was taken aback to find that her stepdaughter could be rude and difficult; such behaviour from child to parent was quite outside her experience. She never blamed Richard, or the circumstances of his family's rupture, for any father–daughter fights, but concluded that Eva's occasional aggressiveness was the fault of Eva's mother, who, she believed, had brought up her daughter on 'very short moral and intellectual rations'.

She told Yehudi that she and Richard were fighting for Eva's right to emerge from middle-class Jewish merchant life into 'the adventurousness we feel she is entitled to experience at least before she turns it down … in favour of dull security'. Apparently Hephzibah was not aware that Eva's mother Ruth, a refugee and an immigrant, whose life had been a struggle, might welcome a life devoid of such adventure. She need not have worried about Eva pursuing any form of 'dull security', however. As Eva Cox, Richard's daughter went on to a distinguished career as a feminist and political activist.

After some months, Hephzibah was ready to take up playing again. Lindsay sent her piano up to Sydney and she resumed practice. Richard assured Yehudi that his sister was happy – he was apparently anxious not to give the impression that his baneful influence had caused Hephzibah to abandon the piano. And Hephzibah explained to her brother that music remained important to her, mainly because 'in music there is a great unexplored field of potential beauty, related to the relevant values it must have if it is to be practised with integrity, a field of creative application'. This statement, which reads as if it were written by a sociology student who had never touched a musical instrument in her life, must have made Yehudi raise his eyebrows: it was scarcely an assertion that music was at the forefront of Hephzibah's mind. And indeed this was true. When Hephzibah met the great Polish pianist Witold Malcuzynski, who was visiting Australia with his wife Colette in 1956, she spoke to him not about repertoire but about social work.

Nevertheless from time to time during those difficult years of 1954 and 1955, she had been playing both orchestral and chamber music, and enjoying both. Her repertoire at that time included Beethoven's piano quintet, Schubert's 'Trout' quintet, Beethoven piano concerti (especially number 3 and number 5) and the first Bartok piano concerto, which she particularly enjoyed. She played Brahms's *Quintet Op 34,* which was new to her, with the Pascal String Quartet in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. She found the members of the quartet pleasant and highly professional, although lacking the edge of the Griller Quartet, still her benchmark of quality for a string ensemble.

In 1956 she arranged to play with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra under the baton of conductor and composer Sir Eugene Goossens. She respected the international reputation of this pale, ponderous man, although she found his style rather cold. Like the rest of the community, she was dismayed when he became embroiled in scandal, forced to resign from the orchestra of which he had been chief conductor for nine years, and from his directorship of the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music. (1) His place as conductor was taken by Joseph Post.

During 1955 Hephzibah found a new musical partner, the English violinist Maurice Clare, whom she had met in New Zealand, his home for the past fifteen years. Clare had been leader of the versatile Boyd Neel Orchestra, which championed contemporary British

composers at the same time as it spearheaded the emerging Baroque revival. He and Hephzibah had an immediate bond in their shared admiration for George Enesco, who had also been Clare's teacher. Hephzibah and Clare played the Bartok violin and piano sonatas, then unknown in Australia – Hephzibah had to ask her father to send the parts from the US. While Hephzibah's favourite musical partner was and would always be Yehudi, the ease, elegance and fluency of her collaboration with Maurice Clare is evident on the recordings they made together over the next twenty years.

Hephzibah still performed some violin and piano duets with Ernest Llewellyn, mostly for the ABC, but their relationship was now strictly professional. She was not inclined to forgive him, or his wife Ruth, for taking Lindsay's side against her and Richard. Some of her feeling can be seen in her reply to a letter Ruth Llewellyn sent her in February 1956. Ruth wrote of her pleasure at learning that Yehudi and Hephzibah would be playing together the following year, when Richard and Hephzibah planned to return to England and Europe to live. Ruth added: 'Stay with him as long as you can … there is nothing more beautiful than the music that you play together; you may not realise all that it expresses ... I am sure you could help some of those you love best if you were to take your place on the concert platform.'

Hephzibah's reply, once more on Richard's letterhead, left little doubt about her priorities.
[1-line #]

> If as you say I am in any way an artist worth hearing, let me tell you that this is not due to what you must think it is: an equal dose of largesse from heaven and the continual prodding of friends who seem to care so much about one's glory and so little about one's soul … but that it is due to quite a different recipe: largesse from heaven to some extent, no doubt, but also excellent gardening.
>
> It is a strange and wonderful fate that owing to extraordinary luck, I have always had the care I needed at the very time I was about to feel exhausted and unable to go farther. That so many of my friends have wished me to remain static is perhaps the measure of their understanding of life …
>
> We have a bigger job in life than hitting keyboards and playing violins for the entertainment of our admirers. Perhaps you may have noticed that it is a higher

> calling that makes Yehudi what he is, over and above his music. Take away one man's instrument and you have a three-meals-a-day consumer of earthly goods … take away Yehudi's violin and you have Yehudi.
>
> Next year we will go abroad and do … whatever is required, wherever it needs to be done amongst people who are less fortunate than us. And then music making with Yehudi will be to us a source of gratitude and not of pride: our friends will say, no doubt, 'play more' but do please notice that we are not circus ponies to be flogged or bribed … but only human beings such as all others, and with this difference only, that we have greater responsibilities because we have greater and more valuable burdens to carry and others depend on our doing our task humanly and well. Challenge is not the word, the feast of life contains it.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah almost certainly did not send this letter: it was written by hand on an uncreased piece of paper, which suggests it was never placed in an envelope. Ruth Llewellyn's well meaning comments apparently acted as a spur, an opportunity for Hephzibah to clarify her own views for herself, to set down on paper exactly what she felt. This letter is in some respects her manifesto, her declaration about the course she intended her life to follow from now on.

It is Hephzibah's firmest statement yet that she refused to be defined by her talent, that she intended her life to encompass more than simply being a musician. She and Yehudi both clearly believed that people with great gifts had commensurate responsibility to benefit humanity however they could; Yehudi had already begun to use his name and fame in support of various humanitarian causes, and would continue to do so. Hephzibah, with the same impulse, was marking out her own path.

Her life with Richard was proving as rewarding as she had anticipated. It was, she said, full of 'the exhilarating sport of active intellectual exchange and the excitement of translating ideas into happenings … there is not a moment's sameness'. Their range of activity was indeed impressive. In just one month, August 1956, they were conducting surveys into the effects of drinking on delinquent boys just out of gaol (work with prisoners was a constant theme of Richard's work, and among his most successful); preparing a basic English course

for migrants; writing two lectures on industrial relations for Richard to give to state public servants; organising meetings on 'common ethical values' with representatives of Sydney's Catholic, Methodist, Anglican and Presbyterian churches; working with local Aboriginal people; having discussions with bureaucrats and politicians on the formation of a Ministry of Youth Affairs; investigating the role of music therapy for disadvantaged children. In most of these projects Richard was the prime mover, with Hephzibah his co-worker, chief helper and back-up.

Hearing of this dizzying array of activities, Hephzibah's correspondents sometimes wondered whether anything was ever finished, or if there were any results. But quantifiable results were, in some respects, not the point. Richard saw himself as part guru, part gadfly, prodding people into discovering new approaches, new ways of looking at things. Crucial to this was group work, discussion and acceptance of responsibility, as Hephzibah explained to Joan Levy: 'Eventually we hope that [those convinced by these approaches] will themselves teach other teachers, so that the system we use on pilot jobs may blossom into a broad awareness of communal responsibilities'.

In the absence of her parents' lack of encouragement to discuss her work, Hephzibah turned to Yehudi and Diana. She told them about the weekly group sessions she and Richard were running for the Maimed and Limbless Association, aimed at increasing members' confidence so that they were able to look for work. This had worked so well, she said, that one client 'tours the district every evening and weekend in search of other disabled, who finds through chance interviews with strangers clues which he follows up expertly and traces to their hiding place people whom their neighbours may not have seen for months, invites their friendship, their trust, enlists their membership [in the Association] and passes onto them the responsibility for doing the same for others in turn.'

Richard's method of working was to set up a pilot project and then, once he was confident it could be run by those for whom it was intended, quickly move on,. This partly explains why so many projects were on the go at any one time. It also explains why his work left such a meagre paper trail: Richard was always refining his methods; he never wanted anything written down until it satisfied him, and he was seldom satisfied. Unlike committee work, usually intended to lead to specific goals -- revised legislation, advances in health care, better conditions for workers or some other tangible improvement -- work such as

Richard's, with its objective of changing people's way of viewing life and its possibilities, is difficult to evaluate. This did not worry Hephzibah: to work towards improving society with the man she loved was her idea of bliss.

Richard's approaches did not meet with universal approval, partly because his methods depended on challenging people, making them question their own assumptions. Not everybody was ready for this or welcomed it. Some felt his cleverness, presence, intuition, intelligence and conviction were the qualities of an actor rather than a guide. He was certainly quicker than most people, with the ability to throw them off balance when necessary, an aspect of his character well illustrated by the following story. As a student he was captured by the Gestapo in Vienna and accused of running messages to the Jewish underground, as in fact he was. When the Gestapo officer demanded that he produce the information he was carrying, Richard drew himself up to his full height and said: 'How dare you!' flinging his hat on the desk for emphasis. Startled, the officer let him go. Richard gave him a freezing glare, retrieved his hat and swept out. The message the officer wanted was concealed in the lining of the hat.

Richard Hauser was a man of contradictions. His overriding passion was to help the human race, yet he was not especially concerned in dealing with the needs of those closest to him; he wrote constantly but published very little; he was a powerful and self-determined personality who needed followers, a shrewd and intuitive judge of human beings with a strongly sentimental streak.

Some people, then and later, thought Richard a charlatan, but many responded to his great gift: he knew how to give people a sense of possibility. He dealt in hope. It is a gift common to charismatic and successful leaders in all fields, from politicians to gurus – and also to confidence men.

The story of Richard and Hephzibah's involvement with Callan Park, Sydney's largest and most notorious mental hospital, is a good example of their work together. Built in the grimly flamboyant style beloved of architects of nineteenth-century asylums, Callan Park stood in spaciously beautiful grounds overlooking the Parramatta River in inner-western Sydney. It was a fearful place where patients were ignored, inappropriately disciplined or

abused. In September 1955 John Kingsmill, whose brother Neil had schizophrenia and was incarcerated in Callan Park, decided to do something about it.

For a long time Kingsmill had tried to convince the hospital bureaucracy that the patients' treatment needed attention, and that help was needed to prepare inmates for their return into the community. Casting around for others who might help him, he was told about a new social club for patients and relatives. (Hephzibah and Richard had approached Dr Donald Fraser, the head of Psychiatric Services in New South Wales, to let them run weekly group sessions for inmates who were facing discharge. Dr Fraser had initially refused Richard's request: it was Hephzibah who charmed him into agreeing.) The Psychiatric After Care Club (PACC) met on Wednesday evenings in the hospital chapel, and Kingsmill decided to investigate.

He arrived in the chapel the following Wednesday a few minutes late and saw about forty people already seated, deferentially listening to a speaker. The audience consisted of social workers, some inpatients, their relatives, and a few well-dressed men in business suits who he thought were probably psychiatrists. Kingsmill assumed that the latter had been drawn to this meeting out of curiosity, either about Hauser, whose unorthodox methods were already being noticed in Sydney psychiatric circles, or about Hephzibah, the international celebrity.

Richard, wearing a plain dark suit and tie, was speaking rapidly in heavily accented English, his voice high and precise with just a hint of testiness. Hephzibah was sitting directly in front of him, scribbling diligently. Whenever anyone in the audience asked Richard a question she stopped writing: the only words she recorded were his.

Richard's message was clear: nobody would help you unless you helped yourself. He used the word 'self-help' over and over again, and Kingsmill began to wonder what he meant. Did he seriously believe that mental patients could help themselves recover? Or was it that patients should help each other, in which case he should be talking not about self-help but about mutual aid? From long experience in dealing with his brother, Kingsmill knew that people with a mental illness rarely had the energy to help anyone; they were concentrating so hard on their own survival. Kingsmill felt that Richard did not understand this obvious

fact, and as he continued to harp on about self-help without explaining what he meant by it, Kingsmill began to find his demeanour annoying.

Almost as irritating was the fact that nobody in the audience challenged a word Richard was saying. Surely the medical staff and social workers must have known far more about their patients than Richard did? The deference of the patients themselves and their relatives was easier to explain. They were listening because they wanted to be given some hope – hope of change, of a way of breaking through the dreadful barrier that separated the mentally ill from the outside world. Richard Hauser appeared to encourage this belief. 'His demeanour was of a prophet come among us from afar,' commented Kingsmill. 'You had a need, he had the answer – there was more than a hint of the messiah in it.'

From Kingsmill's point of view, the lecture was a waste of time and he decided not to come to the next meeting. Yet something in Richard's message intrigued him. Why would such a man spend so much time and energy giving lectures to this group? What exactly did he think it was possible to achieve?

It was with these questions in mind that Kingsmill turned up the following Wednesday. The meeting was like the previous one: Richard talked, the audience listened, Hephzibah took notes. Kingsmill was as frustrated as he had been the week before, but at the back of his mind lurked the idea that if he could only disentangle what Richard was saying, he might yet help his brother and the other Callan Park patients. Certainly there seemed to be no other avenue of hope for them.

He went to one or two further meetings of the After Care Club. The audience was dwindling, but still passively accepting what Hauser had to say about self-help. Kingsmill finally grew impatient and asked an abrupt question. To his surprise Richard, appearing to notice him for the first time, answered simply and directly. At the end of the meeting he and Hephzibah offered him a lift. Flattered, Kingsmill accepted, and in the car Richard asked abruptly whether he would be interested in becoming secretary of the club. This was something Kingsmill had not even considered.

The offer attracted him. He belonged to a close family and was becoming more and more frustrated about his inability to help Neil: perhaps this was a way of doing something useful

for him. While Kingsmill's job as an accountant was well paid, he found it boring and unsatisfying and, though he was a well known amateur actor with strong connections in the theatrical and visual arts worlds, he knew they would not provide him with a living. He was looking for a new focus in his life, a new purpose. Besides, it was pleasant to be asked. Kingsmill later wrote

[1-line #]

> I felt flattered at having been noticed, considered and chosen, not only by this man of unknown credentials, but clearly also by Hephzibah, who throughout those seconds of intense silence and indecision, looked intently at me. I realised I was being "duchessed", no doubt about it. I felt that Hephzibah, without saying a word, wanted me to accept. How had I got myself into this situation? Was this one of those legendary moments when a door opens to offer a chance to escape from a humdrum life to one of challenge and achievement? There was only one way to find out. I said yes, and it was done.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah, Kingsmill thought, was the more truly charismatic figure of the two, despite her unassuming appearance. He felt she had a slightly other-worldly beauty and serenity, was 'almost saintly'.

A few days later Kingsmill visited Richard's Social Surveys office in York Street, Sydney, to discuss his new role. He entered a small dingy room with dusty furniture and a desk covered with papers. In one corner sat a middle-aged man who barely looked up as he directed Kingsmill into Richard's inner office. Kingsmill found their meeting disconcerting and unsatisfactory. If he had hoped for an explanation of the club's aims and the part he might play, he was disappointed. To his dismay, he also realised that Richard was preparing to move on. Kingsmill had declared his willingness to commit himself to the PACC; Richard and Hepzibah were leaving the group and Kingsmill was now to run the meetings. He was on his own.

He found himself the leader of a club whose resources were a gloomy if spacious meeting place, tea and biscuits supplied by the hospital staff, and about thirty people, all of whom looked to him for guidance. He determined to make something of the club, to turn it around if he could. What it needed, he decided, was a link to the wider community. Lectures and discussions were all very well, but if the club was to attract members it also

needed to offer something more appealing. After a little thought, he came up with a solution: Callan Park psychiatric institution would have a dance club.

From the start, the dance club was a huge success. Patients, relatives, carers, volunteer workers and visitors met over progressive barn dances, waltzes and foxtrots. Barriers were broken down, people came to know each other. Kingsmill was content to supply the gramophone and records and organise the dancing.

Richard and Hephzibah evidently kept an eye on what was happening at Callan Park, for after a couple of months Kingsmill was once more invited to Richard's office to discuss a new proposal. Richard explained that the managing director of a Sydney insurance company had been impressed by Richard's account of what Kingsmill was doing at the hospital and wanted to offer him a full-time job. The salary was minimal, but while on call to the insurance company he could devote the rest of his time to helping the inmates of Callan Park in whatever way he wished. He could work either at the insurance company or at the Social Surveys office, and his salary would be paid through the Social Surveys bank account.

Kingsmill recognised this offer as 'charity in a plain business envelope' – an unusual business arrangement in a good cause – and despite the drop in salary it entailed, he was interested in the opportunity. It would allow him 'to do something absolutely new, to conduct a community service experiment in a field not yet explored, and therefore there was a chance of worthwhile achievement … in which I could take pride … and accountancy was never going to offer me that.' He met and liked the director of the insurance company, who was very interested in Richard's projects, although Kingsmill thought that he too was 'caught between scepticism and fascination, a space where Hauser was a hunter and gatherer'.

Wishing to continue the work at Callan Park, Kingsmill agreed. As he spent time in the Social Surveys office, he learned how the organisation worked. Allan Hayes, the quiet man he had seen on his first visit, effectively ran Social Surveys. Hayes's job was to process the survey questionnaires, and he was Richard's personal and clerical assistant. He had been a clerk in the state Tramways Board, where he helped Richard run an 'attitude survey' of staff and customers. When Richard left the department Hayes went with him, an extraordinary

move, Kingsmill thought, for a married man with young children. But Hayes evidently admired Richard and his work immensely.

The core of Richard's operation was preparing and conducting market surveys, those for commercial clients bringing in what income there was. At that time market research was in its infancy and those who mastered its techniques were beginning to make a good living. John Kingsmill was intrigued to see that Richard made just enough to run his office and to operate his many community groups: obviously becoming rich was not what interested him.

Kingsmill realised that many of the groups Richard worked with, particularly those involving disadvantaged people, turned to him for help because no other path was open to them. There were no government or community organisations to direct people to specific assistance at that time, and in Kingsmill's experience with his brother, social workers and others whose job it was to help the disadvantaged tended to sit in their offices waiting for the needy to come to them. Social Surveys' practice of going into the community, setting up groups and working with them was highly unusual.

He was convinced that the key to Richard's success was Hephzibah. Her celebrity was obviously important to the work he did, and without it Kingsmill thought Richard would have remained 'an obscure community activist like thousands of others'. But seeing them working together, he realised that Hephzibah's role encompassed a great deal more: she was Richard's sounding board, collaborator and organiser, equally committed to their work.

Why this should be so continued to puzzle him, as it did so many others. Why, he wondered, had she given up her music career, as appeared to be the case? Why take on these subordinate roles of secretary, amanuensis, tea maker? Kingsmill found her self-effacement, her willingness to defer to Richard, extraordinary, hardly befitting an international celebrity.

A few months after taking up his new job, Kingsmill was invited to Saturday lunch with Richard and Hephzibah. They had moved from the eastern to the northern side of the harbour, to a relatively spartan apartment at Kurraba Point which, although it had a harbour view, was simply furnished. With the exception of Hephzibah's piano, there were

few concessions to middle-class comfort. (When Hephzibah practised, said a neighbour, 'everybody threw their windows open'.) As she went into the small kitchen to prepare lunch, Hephzibah told Kingsmill that she hoped he liked vegetarian cooking. As he was accustomed to the standard Australian meat and two vegetables, with the occasional salad, he had no idea what to expect.

Lunch, he found, consisted of raw vegetables and some kind of seaweed, plentiful but rather dismal. As he was pushing this around his plate Eva arrived, but evidently in the midst of a quarrel with her father, she said almost nothing and soon left. Their own conversation was sporadic and difficult, and Kingsmill left shortly after drinking his herb tea. He was not invited again.

Richard's assurance, he found, could hide unsuspected insecurity. One day when Hephzibah was ill Kingsmill bought her a bunch of yellow roses, took them into Richard's room and asked him to give them to her. His eyes blazing, Richard said: 'If anyone is going to give Hephzibah roses it will be me!' He made no attempt to take the flowers, and Kingsmill put them on the table. He heard no more about them, either from Richard or from Hephzibah. Considering how completely Hephzibah deferred to Richard, Kingsmill was surprised to see this evidence of jealousy and possessiveness.

The Callan Park club continued to flourish, with patients and volunteer workers coming to the Wednesday-night dances in increasing numbers. Kingsmill was also embarking on a secondary career as a public speaker, giving talks about the plight of psychiatric patients to Sydney service clubs and women's groups, as well as running a weekly spot on a Sydney commercial radio station for two years. The PACC gained many volunteer workers, who organised other activities for the inmates: reading groups, card games, mock trials and quizzes. Kingsmill's friends in the performing and visual arts worlds became involved: the painter Jeffrey Smart, for instance, gave art classes there.

Early in 1956 Richard announced he was calling a meeting of people connected with the PACC in order to formalise it as an association. Seeing no need for a formal structure, Kingsmill was perplexed and affronted: he felt that, at least, he should have been consulted. The meeting took place in the Social Surveys office. Kingsmill knew very few of those who

attended, and assumed they were friends or allies of Richard's. Those he did know were inpatient members of the Callan Park club, invited without his knowledge.

Kingsmill rapidly concluded that the meeting had been called to reassert Richard's command of the group, and that he himself was being sidelined. It was 'a blatant display of Hauser's dominance, his power play over this smallest of prizes'. The club was given a new name – the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association – and acquired a large new committee. Hephzibah became its chairman and Kingsmill its deputy. Allan Hayes was secretary, a retired accountant became treasurer, and several of the in-patients ordinary members.

Kingsmill was furious. As far as he could see, Richard had abandoned the club when it suited him and now that it was successful, he was walking back in and taking over.

Hephzibah, apparently unaware of Kingsmill's feelings, saw the situation very differently. She explained to Yehudi and Diana that she and Richard had set up the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association in order to build on what was already happening; to serve the needs of former patients and help them to find sheltered employment, advice and moral support, and to act as a resource for families. The new structure would facilitate communication with government departments.

But this was very different from the kind of club Kingsmill had been running, and perhaps this was why Richard and Hephzibah did not enlighten him about their plans. Whatever the reason, what he saw as their high-handed behaviour left Kingsmill feeling bruised.

Kingsmill's estimation of Richard Hauser and his work is a harsh one. He describes him as 'a user, a clever, calculating performer' who used Hephzibah, as he did everybody else, to draw in converts. He needed a constant supply of new followers to replace the disillusioned who abandoned him once they saw how flimsy was his 'Christ like message of hope and salvation'. He concluded: 'He was a mountebank, a very superior specimen of the class.' (3)

[2-line #]

In March 1956 Hephzibah became pregnant. She was delighted, but kept her happiness to herself, only announcing the news to her parents in August, after almost six months. Then

she told them matter-of-factly that their ninth grandchild was on the way, due in late November or early December. Knowing what her parents' reaction to a baby fathered by 'that fake Hauser' would be, she communicated little of her joy at being pregnant. If it was a boy, she wrote, his name would be Shmoile Mosele, and if a girl Schulamith Marutha Babette: the kind of joke that Marutha and Moshe were unlikely to find funny.

Richard badly wanted to be present at the birth of his child. But in Australia in 1956, as in other parts of the Western world, the whole process was kept well away from fathers. The first obstetrician they consulted was horrified at the very idea, and so were several others. Finally Professor Bruce Mayes of Sydney's King George V maternity hospital agreed that Richard could observe, provided the birth was not a complicated one.

It was not a decision to be taken lightly: Professor Mayes had to circumvent the hospital's strict policy that only medical and nursing staff could be present, and the other staff did not approve of his decision. Richard wrote that 'When I stayed the night before in Hephzibah's room the matron and the assistant matron considered that I was obviously Satan in his worst male form.' The women tried to make him leave, but when Hephzibah's labour began Richard, in a white doctor's coat, watched everything through the plate-glass window used by students. He was one of the very first fathers in Australia to be present at the birth of his child in hospital.

Hephzibah's labour lasted thirty-two hours. On 1 December she gave birth to 'a small bundle of dark-haired womanhood' who, according to her father, looked 'a mixture of the Venus de Milo and a young orang-outang, the latter the Hauserian part of her'. She was named Clara Hephzibah Menuhin Hauser, and Richard told Professor Mayes that seeing her born had been 'the most beautiful experience I have ever had in my life'. But almost immediately after Clara was born, Hephzibah suffered three swift attacks of what she described as coronary ischaemia, a failure of oxygen to the heart that was probably caused by sheer exhaustion. This condition can lead to a heart attack, but in her case it did not. Professor Mayes played down the seriousness of the attacks, saying only that the birth had been 'not an uncomplicated one'.

While Hephzibah also made light of the experience, assuring people that her heart had not been weakened, Richard went to the other extreme. In the days after Clara's birth

Hephzibah was worried not about herself or the baby, but about Richard, who she said was exhausted. It was an excessively noble attitude considering what she had endured herself, but it was typical of Hephzibah, as was her insistence on conducting a survey from her hospital bed on the reasons for a shortage of obstetric nursing recruits.

In her August letter announcing her pregnancy to her parents, Hephzibah wrote that the baby would follow its first Australian summer by a European spring, if all their plans worked out. They did. Late in March 1957 Hephzibah, Richard and three-month-old Clara boarded a liner at Circular Quay, en route for Naples and Rome.

PART III 1957–1981

LONDON AND BEYOND

'It is pure heaven to walk out of one's front door into London'

The 37-year-old Hephzibah who stood on the deck as the ship passed through the Heads and into the open sea was very different from the eager young girl who had arrived in Australia nearly twenty years before. Then Hephzibah had been fleeing into the unknown with a man she hardly knew, escaping into a new world that she was eager to find deeply satisfying. Her experiences in Australia had matured and sobered her. At eighteen she had felt that life held glorious possibilities: now she knew something about their cost. And now, with Richard beside her and Clara in her arms, she had what she truly wanted: a husband she loved deeply, a partner whose mind and work she greatly admired, their child, and work she believed to be far more important than anything she had ever done.

In going forward to her new life she would also, in a sense, be going back: to music, to Yehudi, to Europe. She welcomed this, as of course did Yehudi, but Hephzibah now felt she was not returning, but forging a new path. Music was, and would continue to be, important to her, but it was one part of her life's landscape, not its sole feature.

In the small Swiss mountain village of Gstaad, Hephzibah had her long-awaited reunion with Yehudi and his family after five turbulent years. Diana and Yehudi owned a chalet on the Wassengrat above the village, in country that Yehudi had loved since childhood. For Hephzibah, too, being back in Switzerland meant recalling happy days. If the presence of Richard caused a hint of non-alpine frost in the air, Hephzibah was far too exhilarated to notice. She wrote to her parents: 'Yehudi looks splendid. We went for a wonderful picnic a while ago and both he and I stood on our heads, feeling stupid and gay, whilst Richard and the children laughed at us.' Clara loved meeting her cousins Zamira, Krov, Gerard and Jeremy. 'She smiles divinely at numbers of faces, but none so warmly as she does at Jeremy [aged five] who is about the right size and age to impress her without making her feel too small.'

The reunion was not only a family holiday, there was also a concert appearance for Hephzibah and Yehudi. The previous year Gstaad had held its first summer music festival, with Yehudi as the main drawcard. This time he was to be partnered by Hephzibah, and

both were happy that her first concert in Europe – her celebration of her return – would be with him. The Gstaad Festival, with Yehudi as artist and musical director, became a fixture on the European summer music calendar. Hephzibah spent part of almost every summer in Gstaad with Yehudi and his family, either playing or just relaxing, and these holidays in Switzerland were to become some of Clara's happiest childhood memories.

Hephzibah naturally wanted Clara to know her grandparents too. News from Los Gatos was worrying: Moshe, now sixty-three, had just had a cancerous tumour removed from his bladder. The operation had been a success but Hephzibah was anxious, and badly wanted to mend fences with her parents, for Clara's sake as well as her own. She hated the estrangement between Richard and her parents and was determined to do whatever she could to end it. This is obviously the reason why in June 1957 Richard wrote to Moshe and Marutha seeking a rapprochement. He began by apologising for any hurt he had caused, saying he wanted to reassure his parents-in-law that Hephzibah's break with Lindsay had been for the best. It was a miracle, he wrote, that her life in Australia had not suffocated her. He went on to say that he could fully understand why Moshe and Marutha were against him, but Hephzibah was now combining motherhood, music and social work very happily. He then made a carefully judged appeal to family feeling. Marutha was Clara's only grandmother, and Richard hoped she would consider the ramifications for her granddaughter of Marutha's feelings towards him. He ended by saying that, whatever his parents-in-law's reaction to his letter might be, he would always be grateful to them (presumably for Hephzibah's existence).

It was a restrained, reasonable and dignified letter and it did no good whatsoever. Moshe and Marutha maintained their distance. If Marutha was ever forced to mention Richard at all, she referred to him as 'Clara's begetter'. Unsurprisingly, Richard was not inclined to persevere, and in future years he was heard to mutter that when Marutha died, someone would have to write her newspaper 'old bitchery'. The rift was never healed.

[2-line #]

After several weeks in Gstaad, the Hauser family spent a few days in Rome, a city that held memories for both Richard and Hephzibah. But while he remembered the postwar chaos of working with desperate refugees, she recalled her anxious and dutiful thirteen-year-old

self. Rome was their final stop before London, where they intended to settle, and they were already thinking about finding someone to look after Clara full-time, a necessity when they both began working again.

In her usual impulsive way, Hephzibah asked the hotel porter whether he knew of someone suitable. The porter introduced them to a cousin of his, an eighteen-year-old girl with a troubled family background who had been brought up in a convent. Hephzibah and Deda Taglieri took one look at each other and felt what Deda described as *un colpo di fulmine* – a flash of lightning, an instant rapport. And Clara immediately took to this dark-haired girl with a ready laugh and an air of sunny competence. They arranged for Deda to join them in London.

Early in September the Hausers moved into an apartment in central London, on the top floor of a Victorian building near Connaught Square, not far from Hyde Park Corner. In 1957 this was a quiet, rather village-like part of London, with very little traffic noise. The square had several regal-looking buildings and a general sense of space. But Hephzibah and Richard soon discovered that domestic comfort came a poor second to architectural distinction, as was frequently the case with apartments in London. While theirs had the advantage of being roomy enough for a piano and a study, it was cold; the heating was irregular and the hot-water supply was turned off during the day. Richard christened their rude and pretentious landlord 'Mr Pomp in reduced circumstances'.

The first few weeks in their new home were chaotic. Richard threw himself into work as soon as they arrived, busily replicating the pattern of projects he had developed in Australia. Hephzibah had agreed to make several recordings with Yehudi, and since Deda had not yet come and Hephzibah was unwilling to leave Clara with anyone else, she took her ten-month-old baby everywhere. She wrote to Moshe and Marutha that Clara had been 'to the EMI recording studios, Abbey Road, listening to recordings, she has been to the Festival Hall to hear Yehudi play Bach (backstage!), she has been to lunch and dinner, privately and publicly in Indian, Italian, Czech and Maltese restaurants, and has never yet misbehaved.'

When Deda arrived at the end of October 'Clara, who was separated from her for nearly two months, remembered her at once, and we were touched to tears by their reunion.'

Clara, who walked and talked early and whose precocity and independence gave her mother great pride, became attached to very few people, although she was an affectionate child. Hephzibah described her to Moshe as a *Streichelkatze*, a cat that purrs happily when stroked. Fortunately Deda was one of the people Clara bonded with, and so Hephzibah was free to return to the piano.

One of the most extraordinary features of Hephzibah the adult musician was her ability to play at a very high level with comparatively little formal practice. She often told journalists that she seldom worked at the piano for more than a couple of hours a day, and not every day. In the period since her last concert in Australia, she had had a child, suffered a potentially dangerous illness, moved continents and had an extended European holiday, while playing only a little music. She was able to play so well because her concentration was always so intense. Once, when in pain from the removal of an impacted wisdom tooth, she came home and practised newly learned cadenzas (written by Clara Schumann) to the D minor Mozart concerto. Able to remember large parts of the repertoire perfectly without referring to the score or using a piano, she often checked fingerings by playing on the edge of a table or, arms folded, flexed her fingers against her upper arms. The prospect of a return to the concert halls of England and Europe did not faze her at all.

But perhaps inevitably, her first solo concert in two years, playing Mozart's *D minor Piano Concerto* at the Royal Festival Hall in December, was not one of her best. She felt that the orchestra was unresponsive and withdrawn, and did not give her the support she wanted. The conductor, Jean Martinon, she said, agreed with her. She told her father that her reviews had been indifferent.

Apart from this initial hiccup, Hephzibah's career resumed calmly. In January 1958 she appeared at the Wigmore Hall to play in Benjamin Britten's *Third Canticle.* Peter Pears, who with Britten was a great friend of Yehudi and Diana, had been scheduled to perform with her, but the Wigmore Hall management considered his fee too high. Pears, who had been unaware that Hephzibah would be the pianist, told her he would have played for nothing had he known. Hephzibah was pleased.

Later that year she played Brahms clarinet sonatas with Gervaise de Peyer, and appeared witn Yehudi in London, Leeds and Germany. Nineteen fifty-eight was also the inaugural

year of the Bath Festival, (of which Yehudi was the artistic director from 1959 to 1968) and Hephzibah played several concerts with him during its two-week run. In October came a performance of the Bartok *Piano Concerto No 1* for the opening of the BBC concert season.

She even made her first appearance on live television, with Yehudi in New York. According to Diana Menuhin's memoir, this was 'the usual ghastly program in which for vast sums of money [they] would be incarcerated all day in some derelict theatre in order to play five minutes of the shadier classical snippets for easy money'. On this particular occasion a large can of film fell off the cameraman's platform and rolled all the way across the stage, to end up at Hephzibah's pedalling feet. 'Several listeners must have wondered at the strange percussion introduced so arbitrarily into a performance of Debussy's "Maid with the Flaxen Hair" … Hep and Y were quite undisturbed and rippled on regardless.'

Shortly afterwards, Hephzibah and Yehudi were scheduled to play Bartok's *Rumanian Dances* on *The Ed Sullivan Show.* The host, who had never heard the music until the dress rehearsal, was shocked at its dissonances and demanded a 'one of those lovely pieces' by Fritz Kreisler instead. Yehudi vaguely remembered the violin part, but Hephzibah had never seen any such music. Frantic calls were sent to musicians all over town, until finally the violin and piano parts were found in the Bronx, forty-five minutes before air time. Hephzibah took the music into her dressing room and practised by drumming her fingers on a shelf. The performance went perfectly.

For Hephzibah, one of the great joys of returning to the northern hemisphere from Australia, where everything musical stopped during summer (except for the music camps), was the summer festivals. For several years she and Yehudi played together at Pablo Casals' Festival of Prades in the Pyrenees, and their 1959 performance with Casals of Beethoven's *Trio in C minor* was recorded live. Hephzibah's performances on record during this period are so assured, so responsive, that it is difficult to believe she had not been playing concerts every week for years. The recording she and Yehudi made of Beethoven's *'Spring' Sonata* in 1958 is still regarded as one of the best, creating the impression that the piece had been written for a single instrument, a piano-violin combined.

Moshe Menuhin often said he wished his son and daughter would play together on a more regular basis, perhaps even full-time: Hephzibah probably saw the irony of this, considering

early parental resistance to their appearances. Yehudi was more than willing, but Hephzibah, of course, had other priorities.

She and Moshe still communicated easily as long as they both followed one rule: stay off Richard. Moshe said he was working on a book explaining his anti-Zionist views, hoping that eventually his children would be proud of his 'honest decent writing'. But growing older was making him grumpy. 'I enjoy sitting mostly at my typewriter where the brain does the work, the fingers do the typing, and the feet rest … funny, my bladder was cut up, but my feet claim attention most of all.' He was still upset about the Suez crisis of the previous year: Britain and France, he declared, should never have mounted 'the cowardly offensive secretive Israelish inspired attack on Egypt'. It was just as well they had withdrawn, although regrettable that the United States and the Soviet Union now maintained huge fleets in the Mediterranean. The British, Moshe thought, had behaved abominably. 'I have always been a Labor man,' he said. 'The conservative element in England … are decadent, a leftover from a barbaric imperialistic past which is as dead as King Dodo.' Moshe was always a great fulminator, and occasionally a shrewd one.

By the end of 1957, the pattern of Hephzibah's life was set. She told her father that 'already the diary for each day is full of interesting appointments with interesting people, and life opens up its endlessly varied horizon for hopeful inspection and loving study of the people who are life …' In terms of their work, Richard and Hephzibah had come to the UK at a good time. In the late 1950s the role and purpose of welfare was being much debated. Some commentators declared that Britain's modestly rising tide of affluence, coupled with the existence of the welfare state, was encouraging a certain passivity, a reliance on the 'nanny state'. At the same time the social sciences were a new and rapidly expanding discipline, with practitioners eagerly inquiring into family structures, the influence of migration on British society, voting patterns, languages and dialects, social class and spending habits.

Much of this work was being done in university sociology departments, most often in the newer red-brick universities that were such a feature of postwar Britain. Richard might well have been able to talk himself into some kind of academic post somewhere, but he scorned to try. A visiting US professor put his finger on Richard's attitude one day when Richard was lecturing to an audience of psychiatrists at Maudsley Hospital: 'Mr Hauser, will you

please enlarge on your implied statement that all academics are stoopid?' The only institution Richard had any time for at that stage was the Institute of Community Studies in Bethnal Green, founded in 1954 by the eminent British sociologist Richard Titmuss, and Michael Young. Richard respected them because their work depended on engaging directly with those whose lives they sought to influence.

One of Richard's great interests was the reform of the prison system, about which he had far-reaching ideas. He believed that a prison's purpose should be not punishment and brutalisation but rehabilitation, and that the present focus on administrative issues rather than the welfare of inmates was preventing the system working properly. Early in 1958 he approached Wandsworth Prison with a proposal for a two-year project that he and Hephzibah offered to carry out free of charge. Its objectives were ambitious: to train prisoners and prison officers to recognise and deal with the risks of recidivism, to raise the status of prison officers, and to offer proper work to prisoners when they had finished their sentences. (2) The plan was a classic illustration of the Hauserian belief in teaching people to take responsibility, to cooperate, to trust their own instincts and to try to change the system from within.

The prison authorities agreed to the trial and this was reported in the London *Star*, with the focus on Richard's statement to R.A. Butler, the Minister for the Interior, that 'given a free rein these methods could empty Britain's prisons by the end of the century'. The prisoners chosen to take part were all men serving sentences longer than eighteen months, and there were three groups: well behaved, badly behaved, and homosexuals. (This was a time when homosexuality was not only a criminal offence but regarded as a form of mental illness.) There was also a group of prison officers.

> The concept underlying the program was what Richard and Hephzibah called 'social age' – a measure of levels of maturity. This was evaluated on a scale ranging from a child's total self-involvement and egotism, through gradual stages of growth, culminating in ultimate maturity. The definition of maturity mean recognising, understanding and respecting the attitudes of others and therefore being more adult in decision-making, being completely responsible for one's own actions and knowing how to work with a group towards a common goal. Ultimate maturity was

a kind of enlightenment not unlike the goal of Buddhism. In evaluating the Wandsworth program later, Richard and Hephzibah wrote:

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> The prisoner groups arrived at the conclusion that a criminal in gaol or on the "job" had the social age of a four year old, which, if true, meant that punishments intended to act as a deterrent can have little effect because [people at this level of development find it] impossible to foresee the consequences of their actions to themselves or to others. Once they could evaluate their mentality in this way, they were forced to see much of their behaviour in its true light, and it took a lot of the glamour away from the "villains" whose behaviour in and out of prison they tended to admire.

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When prison officers were asked to evaluate their own behaviour according to these measures of social age, they said that theirs was 'eight years old at best … [they felt] they were working in a childish setup that robbed them of social and human dignity, which must have an effect on the prisoners' own sense of dignity.'

Richard and Hephzibah gave few details about the rationale of their social-age theory, and as a concept it appears arbitrary, but in the kind of guided discussion Richard favoured it could be a useful tool.

Although everybody taking part in the Wandsworth group discussions said they found them fruitful, after two years the prison's management began to grow impatient at the lack of tangible results. Richard argued that deep behaviour modification always took time. Wandsworth conceded that the scheme had produced a greater sense of cooperation between prisoners and prison offers, but was reluctant to give Richard any credit for this. The management resented Richard's abrasive manner and his lordliness in dealing with those in authority whom he considered less intelligent than himself (apparently everybody else). Richard's view was that the British authorities would rather keep building new prisons than deal with the prisonsers they already had.

After months of recrimination, the scheme was abandoned. There had been benefits, although these were difficult to quantify, but at least some prisoners and warders now had

greater insight into themselves and perhaps knew more about empathy and mutual understanding.

The Wandsworth project was, of course, only one among several, all listed by Hephzibah in letters to friends. She and Richard were also training Caribbean welfare officers in group work, and setting up and running youth groups for Jamaicans. In May 1958 Hephzibah wrote that they were able to 'look back on our first half year in London with some pride and much relief. We call it our heroic period!'

In the summer of 1958, a chance contact gave Richard and Hephzibah the opportunity to extend their work at Wandsworth to another kind of institution altogether. David Clark, Medical Superintendent at Fulbourn Mental Hospital in Cambridge, had met Richard at a conference in London. A seasoned health professional who later became a consultant psychiatrist, Clark found Richard's theories 'fascinating, his personality charming, his conversation stimulating and his approach exciting'. He squashed a few small doubts – nobody was exactly sure what Richard's qualifications were, or who had worked with him professionally, and where – but there was no doubt about Richard's authoritative experience in working with groups.

It was speedily agreed that Richard would come up to Cambridge on weekends and run a pilot project in which nursing staff, patients' relatives and former patients would find ways for the hospital to engage more fully and directly with the wider community. The hospital had never undertaken anything of the sort before, but as Richard was not charging for his services, Clark reasoned that even if the experiment failed, at least Fulbourn would not be out of pocket.

On their first weekend in Cambridge, Hephzibah and Richard stayed with Clark and his wife. Richard gained the support of the Fulbourn staff while Hephzibah charmed Clark's wife, a music lover, and even gave an impromptu piano concert at the hospital. Clark wrote of that initial visit: 'Hephzibah was devoted to Richard and told us many tales of the wonderful work he had done in Sydney, Australia, and how they had transformed the old Sydney Asylum, Callan Park. Richard propounded his sociological theories of leadership … My wife and I were both delighted with these talented and charming visitors and filled with

hope for what they could do with the hospital.' Everybody at Fulbourn was eager to have them back.

Then, wrote Clark, a strange summer began. Every other weekend Richard, with or without Hephzibah, would go to Cambridge and stay either in the hospital or with the Clarks. According to David Clark: 'Richard always had lots to say on any subject and welcomed a group of listeners. He was convinced of the value of his work … and that lessons of vital importance for mankind would emerge from his studies. Hephzibah shared his assessment of his greatness …' Clark noticed the way that Richard, in conversation with staff members, patients and visitors, would draw out their ideas, juggle them, rephrase them and feed them back again, encouraging and stimulating the most withdrawn to express their beliefs and views.

Hephzibah started and ran a patients' choir, a first for Fulbourn. She loved the experiment. 'Never have we worked harder, more intensively or more together,' she wrote to Joan Levy, 'and never have I been more moved by the realisation of what can be done to change the climate of social conditions, given the goodwill, the opportunity, and the time.'

For his part, Clark was now convinced that Hephzibah and Richard would 'uncover all the hidden talents in Fulbourn Hospital and would lead us through to more and more valuable methods of patient care. I longed to learn more about [Richard's] theories.'

After a couple of months the Clarks went on a short holiday, and in their absence Richard and Hephzibah stayed at their Cambridge house. When they returned, Richard took David Clark aside and explained that he had discovered what was wrong with the hospital: Clark himself. The staff, particularly the doctors, considered him too autocratic, Richard reported. They were critical of his management methods and felt that he and his wife did not fully engage in the life of the hospital. 'He gave me many details of what had been said and left us feeling very dismayed. We were deeply shocked by what he had revealed, repentant of our failings and then, gradually, incensed at the sadistic enthusiasm with which he had thrown this at us. He left next day for London to prepare his report on the hospital. I felt relieved to see him go.'

Furious and mortified, Clark asked the hospital staff for their opinions of Richard and his work. Their reactions varied. Some said they were fascinated because, no matter how long and hard they listened, they could find no substance in what Richard said: his talk was all 'repetition and woolliness'. Others were 'frankly hostile. They did not like him, and pointed contemptuously to his vague professional pretensions, to his name dropping, to his foreignness and his constant yearning for an audience'. Clark gained a strong impression that most of the staff wanted nothing more to do with Richard, but he felt strangely helpless, having initiated and promoted the initial contact, to terminate it. 'I felt I had mounted a tiger and could not see how to get off it,' he observed.

When Richard's report duly arrived Clark found it badly written, clumsy and ill-balanced – hardly a report from a professional, he decided. The analysis contained nothing he and his staff did not already know; the recommendations were 'vague and grandiose'. David Clark felt let-down and betrayed, a feeling that intensified when he and his wife travelled to London to hear Richard address the Royal Medico-Psychological Association, whom Clark had persuaded to give Richard a hearing. Richard's speech, supposedly a statement of his theories, was 'an embarrassing disaster', without cogent argument, theory or structure.

Richard and Hepzhibah returned to Fulbourn for the weekend shortly afterwards, to gauge the effects of their work. ('Several people found it convenient to be out of the hospital that weekend,' wrote Clark.) None of Richard's suggestions for modifying the culture of the hospital – such as changing the conduct of meetings, different systems of accountability – had been put into effect. He was at first annoyed, then very angry. When Clark, as tactfully as possible, suggested that Richard's methods might have been too dictatorial, he met with rebuff: 'There is a time to order people to be active,' said Richard, 'and that is now.' He would not listen any further: he and Hephzibah left Fulbourn, never to return. Clark later heard that Richard blamed him for everything, and had described him as a rigid autocrat who had turned the hospital against Richard.

Clark's summary of the episode was this:

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> I realise now that this man was the stuff of which both prophets and charlatans are made. He had great intuitive skill in assessing the feelings of a group, in telling them what they wanted to hear, and by a combination of charm and frankness prodding

> them into action. Like all prophets, he gathered a few disciples from whom he had no scruple in exacting devotion and service. If I had not been personally discouraged and seeking for help, I doubt whether I would have fallen under his spell and invited him to Fulbourn in the first place. As it turned out he disrupted the hospital thoroughly and made a bad summer far worse for me.

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And yet … As time passed and the memory of Richard's abrasiveness began to fade, Clark began to think that, although his visitor's theories had had little impact, some of his observations about the hospital and its management were interesting, perhaps even valuable. He also remembered a colleague tactfully telling him that 'perhaps it might be better to sit back and let other people make some contributions'. Clark'swish to be fair-minded, and his curiosity, made him think that perhaps Richard's comments held a grain of truth. Richard had said that the junior doctors were hostile to Clark, and perhaps that needed to be investigated. He called a meeting with them.

Clark discovered that Richard had been right. The junior doctors resented having to meet every day without being able to contribute, they did not like their training programs, they found their living quarters unsatisfactory. Clark asked other members of staff for their grievances, and without much prodding, many came to light. Disconcerted, Clark realised two things: the main target of their dissatisfaction had been himself, his failings as a manager, as a doctor, as a person. And he could see that 'suddenly under the pressure of their dissatisfactions they had become a group with aims, aspirations and grievances in common'. Not only had Richard been right in this respect, but he had found ways of helping members of different groups work with each other to voice their grievances, however uncomfortable these might be for the subject to hear.

Clark recognised that Richard knew how to empower people to express their commonly held opinions, and to work together in order to change a system from within. This ability was undercut by Richard's grandiosity, and by the high expectations he tended to set up, which were manifestly impossible to meet – for example, the assertion that his work at Wandsworth could abolish prisons in Britain within fifty years. His rhetoric was global, yet his way of working was not only local but gradual and incremental, and the two were irreconcilable. For change to occur to the degree Hephzibah and Richard wanted, they

would have had to become seriously involved with institutions and people in authority, to work with the sources of social power at a high level. Given Richard's impatience with such people, this was most unlikely to happen.

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In June 1958 the Hauser family left the apartment in salubrious, though slightly-down-at-heel, Connaught Square and moved to the other side of London. Hephzibah's parents were horrified when she announced they were now living in a walk-up apartment in Clapham Common. She explained that Richard wanted to do further work with the Institute of Community Studies, and to keep a closer watch on the project in Wandsworth. She herself considered this move an important part of her education. She interviewed housewives in the area, asking them about their lives, and was horrified to see a level of poverty that her time in Australia had never shown her: lack of adequate heating in winter, little understanding of nutrition, and almost no domestic comforts. It was normal for several families in a tenement to share one cold-water tap on a landing for all the cooking and washing.

This reminded Hephzibah of what some families endure when their economic conditions seem hopeless. At the same time, living in a poor part of London gave her and Richard an unrivalled opportunity to study the lives of West African and Indian immigrants who were now at the bottom of the social ladder and, she thought, possibly fomenting revolution. Life, she felt, had never been so full, exciting or intense. However, there were times when she could probably have done without some of the excitement: several times their apartment was robbed and vandalised and her piano was damaged.

However, racial problems exploded not there but in the West London districts of Ladbroke Grove and Shepherds Bush. On 24 August 1958 gangs of white youths attacked Caribbean-born men in both these suburbs, and the following weekend even bigger groups converged on nearby Notting Hill. They attacked West Indian houses with milk bottles, knives, iron bars and petrol bombs. Many of the attackers were young, working-class white men who had come to the area specifically to cause trouble, and who were cheered on by white residents. The fighting continued until police managed to quell it; the fracas was over by 5 September. Nobody was killed, and a hundred and forty were arrested.

This was the first time England had seen racial disturbance on such a scale, and in the press the so-called Notting Hill riots were blamed on juvenile delinquents, hooligans and Teddy boys. But Hephzibah and Richard, who had been working with London's Jamaican community for some time, including groups in the Notthing Hill area, were convinced that the real cause was poverty, and the circumstances of immigration. Unprecedented numbers of migrants had been flocking to Britain, the 'mother country', from the economically depressed Caribbean.

In the wake of the riots, two Jamaican MPs came to London for discussions with the British government. Hephzibah went to a meeting at St Pancras – 'one of very few white women in a sea of coloured people' – to hear the young Michael Manley, who later became Prime Minister of Jamaica, talk about the cycle of poverty and discontent, 'espousing ideas I have heard Richard expounding often'. The influence of Richard and Hephzibah's work in this area is, again, difficult to quantify; the Caribbean community soon organised their own support groups and political organisations. The Institute for Race Relations, an independent educational charity which was an important step in the fight against racism in Britain, also grew out of the so-called Notting Hill riots. Although Richard and Hephzibah had links with this body, they were not directly involved in setting it up.

The need to keep abreast of social problems, and the enormous amount of work involved in formulating responses, sometimes made Hephzibah weary. 'It is fantastic how many people agree with what we say, but how few people can be bothered to do the things that need to be done if this talk is to have any meaning at all,' she wrote disconsolately to her father. She was also feeling, almost literally, under the weather. After Australian sunshine, she was finding the freezing gloom of London rather hard to take, especially towards the end of that year. December was a particularly trying month for her, with relentless damp and thick fogs, and Hephzibah developed a heavy, persistent cold that led to a sore throat and laryngitis. This was the same time that their apartment was broken into, some furniture smashed and the piano vandalised.

When such things happened Hephzibah made light of them in letters to friends and family. 'I am missing Australia enormously,' she told Joan Levy, and so, she said was Clara, who had 'a queer patriotic obsession about a baby kangaroo in her tummy'. Kron and Marston

wrote to her: Kron, nearly nineteen, had just started at agricultural college and was 'very fond of the pretty girls', while Marston wanted to train to be a veterinary surgeon. 'They are all very interested in what we do,' Hephzibah wrote – but in fact Marston had told her he didn't especially want to hear about her work, although he thought the people sounded interesting. She added:

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> I feel I cannot do better than give them the example of a life eminently worth living in terms of service and deep experience. They remember that all along I tried to be helpful to a wider family than my immediate one – running the children's library, addressing meetings, looking after [other] children – and although it makes me a peculiar mother in their eyes, nevertheless I am happy to say it left its mark and they respect the principles behind the conduct and never question the love I have for them all …

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This was not altogether true. After Hephzibah had been in London for about eighteen months, Kron, who was the most outspoken member of the family, sent her a series of very critical letters. 'He gave me a stern lecture on what my duty should have been had I performed it instead of leaving home in what he obviously still thinks of as a disgraceful way,' she wrote to Joan Levy. 'At first I was somewhat shocked by the intensity of his emotions, but on rereading the letter with Richard I could see the enormous warmth of feeling, evidence of the bond that links us still after all these years.'

Late in 1961 Kron came to London for a couple of weeks, spending time with his mother (but very little with Richard) and getting to know his four-year-old stepsister Clara. It was a successful enough visit, although Kron was disconcerted and depressed by the squalor of the Clapham Common apartment and its ever-shifting population of people in need.

It was after this visit that Kron wrote to his mother, upbraiding her for leaving her Australian family and accusing her of caring less about her family than about her work. As she looked back at her life in Australia through Richard-coloured glasses, Hephzibah seemed not to understand that the children she left in 1954 were perhaps a little young to benefit from the life lessons she was teaching them.

She criticised Kron for some apparently dismissive remarks about women. Richard, she said, had been 'at exploding point' about this. By choosing these grounds on which to attack Kron, Richard was comparing himself to the men in Hephzibah's previous life, naturally to his advantage. It was a variation on the John Kingsmill episode with the yellow roses: nobody in Hephzibah's life was to be more important than he.

A painful little story confirms Richard's need for Hephzibah to reject her previous life in Australia. Dany Sachs, who was still close to Lindsay and the boys, had left school and was working in a library. She wrote to Hephzibah saying that she hoped their former closeness could be resumed, and that they could keep in touch. She received a thoroughly unexpected reply. Richard, it seemed, had read Dany's letter, had analysed her handwriting, and concluded that Dany was not the kind of person they should continue to be in contact with. Please, Hephzibah asked Dany, do not write again.

'All the things I dreamed of and hoped for have come to pass'

The decade of the 1960s was probably the happiest of Hephzibah's life. Her brother observed in his memoir that she 'had found utter fulfilment in her life, her husband, his social work and her own music'. (Yehudi always made the distinction between Richard's work and what he saw as his sister's.) He credited in part her 'self-discipline, not as a rein upon an explosive temperament, but with joyful equanimity as if it were the most natural garment in the world'.

Yehudi recognised his sister's ability to use time efficiently as a family trait: 'Like Mammina, she was so balanced, methodical and reliable that confronting a duty she would do it, unaffected by the pressures of immediate past or immediate future; in a house in turmoil, with a programme to prepare and only ten minutes every two hours to spare for it, she would use each one of those random minutes to advantage, just as she once effortlessly mastered all the French irregular verbs.'

She needed every bit of that self-discipline and focus to handle a household that most people considered nothing short of chaotic. 'At any hour of the day in the Hauser apartment in London you can hear the chatter of half a dozen voices speaking in English or Italian,' marvelled the Cleveland Ohio *Plain Dealer.* 'Far from locking herself away to concentrate on her practice [Hephzibah] leaves the door open. "I must hear what is going on," she expalined. "Noise doesn't bother me. The only time I start worrying is when there is silence in the apartment."'

The press often portrayed Hephzibah as a concert pianist who was interested in social work, but occasionally journalists looked deeper. Sylvia Haymon of the *Guardian* wrote:
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> As members of the public we find it perhaps a little disconcerting to have our celebrities develop in directions not covered by the labels we have tied to them for our own convenience … To say that Hephzibah Menuhin is not just a pianist is to imply no denigration of musicians, any more than to assert that music is not her

> whole life casts doubts upon her gifts as an instrumentalist … Since she married Richard Hauser her music has come second to the work she does with him.

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And Hephzibah was quoted: '"Let's face it, a waltz in A flat won't cure constipation of the soul any more than making little baskets will, or clay modelling. …People are what matter."' This article must have pleased Hephzibah: it was one of the few press cuttings about herself that she kept.

It is almost impossible to keep track of all the people who moved through the Hauser household; they crowd into Hephzibah's letters and as speedily disappear. In the summer of 1960, for instance, she returned from playing at Gstaad to find two Africans she had never seen before, who moved out of her bedroom to make way for her and Richard. Others are introduced just as casually, and correspondents must have had trouble keeping up, since her descriptions were always sketchy: 'We have a really delightful, hardworking and affectionate French au pair girl living in … Phyllis, almost twenty-one, has recently joined us; we can give her happiness and a more stable future … We now have a new member in our family – a sweet girl, half Russian, born to a Polish mother in a German concentration camp … Our American boy, Gary, is a treasure … Also living in is a brilliant Indian sociologist who is leaving USA consumerism as practised at the University of Illinois … sometimes the apartment is being looked after by Magda, an Egyptian who loves theatre and flowers …' Small wonder that she reported to Joan Levy: 'Ours is a household that amazes people by its variety, friendliness and ease, and nobody has ever really counted up the numbers who report for meals!'

All these people, however long they stayed and whatever their roles – domestic helpers, students of Richard's methods, waifs and strays, distinguished guests – were made part of the household. Sometimes, though, Hephzibah and Richard were unlucky in their choice of family members. In October 1963 they discovered that one young man who was working with them had, over a period of several months, been forging Richard's signature and withdrawing a hundred pounds a week from their bank account. He had embezzled a total of sixteen hundred pounds and was subsequently prosecuted, but there is no record of whether the money was ever returned. Hephzibah was insouciant about the whole episode: 'If there is no other way out we shall keep a job open for when he comes out … a bit shattering, but we are still stubbornly sure that our way is right and on looking back feel

that we acted as we should have acted.' Sixteen hundred pounds was a sizeable sum at a time when the minimum weekly wage in England was just under ten pounds, but evidently its loss was not about to break the bank.

There were of course permanent members of the family. There was Deda Taglieri, whose relationship with Clara was to remain vivid in Clara's adult life: 'I can still see her … Deda singing, Deda smoking, in her high heels and pedal pushers, her long dark hair hanging over my bed, teaching me to do the cha-cha-cha, playing Italian card games with me, cooking, burning the toast. She taught me a lot of Italian too.' Deda was also doing voluntary social work, and training as an assistant at a nursery playgroup – a perfect job, Hephzibah thought, for someone with 'a genius for handling small kids'.

In 1961 the household gained a new semi-permanent member. Myke Morgan, the ten-year-old abandoned son of a Nigerian father and Irish mother, had spent his early life in an orphanage. Hephzibah and Richard informally adopted him, paying for his education at boarding school and having him spend holidays with the family in London. With his huge brown eyes and dark curly hair, Myke was an appealing child, and his fostering drew much interest from the press, not least because Hephzibah and Richard were one of the first couples to adopt this practical approach to promoting interracial harmony. Myke and Clara soon became fast friends.

The decade of the 1960s had begun with yet another physical move for the Hausers. In November 1960 Hephzibah and Richard moved from Clapham Common back to central London: to 73 Clarence Gate Gardens, Glentworth Street, not far from Baker Street. It was a large, rambling apartment, with room for a grand piano. After Clapham Common a sense of greater space must have been welcome, but the move signalled something else as well. After their so-called 'heroic period' of hands-on community work, Hephzibah and Richard were now moving into another phase. While still focused on the community, it was developing in breadth and scope and involved more consultation, lecturing and writing. The Hausers' new apartment was not only larger and more comfortable, but also quieter..

Hephzibah's concert commitments were increasing; she and Yehudi were now appearing together regularly, in England and Europe. Brother and sister remained close, seeing each other and rehearsing often. Hephzibah's relationship with Diana was somewhere on a scale

between affectionate and wary: while the two women were friendly, they were never really friends. Yehudi's attitude towards Richard was implacably polite, and Richard was keenly aware that he and Hephzibah together were seldom invited to the Menuhins' house at Highgate. Nevertheless Richard and Diana, probably because they had both been brought into the Menuhin circle, formed a casual, bantering alliance. They had discovered a shared taste for thrillers which, when they did see each other, they discussed and swapped.

Hephzibah and Yehudi might have been musicians with a 'Siamese soul', but their approach to social and political issues was very different – apart from their mutual inability to refuse any organisation that asked for their help. Yehudi basically believed that social change was most effective when it came from the top down: those in power should be influenced, if not pressured, to improve the lot of their fellow citizens. He gently pointed out to Richard and Hephzibah that, for change to occur to the extent they wanted, they needed cooperation from the sources of power, and at a high level. While Hephzibah acknowledged that this could well be true, she thought her brother was too fond of hobnobbing with those in power simply for the sake of it. She insisted that true change could come only from within, and was possible only when people were brought to realise for themselves how they were being controlled and manipulated by society and decided to do something about it for themselves.

This contrast between Yehudi's view of reform and Hephzibah's shows their different life experiences and expectations. Yehudi was a patrician, isolated by his talent and protected by a large retinue from too much unpleasant contact with ordinary life. Hephzibah passionately wished to engage with life on as many levels as possible. (This difference between them was neatly summed up when they toured together: Yehudi had an entourage who looked after everything for him, Hephzibah ironed her own concert dresses.) But they did share a need to reconcile the physical, spiritual and intellectual spheres, something Yehudi described as 'a yearning to encompass the paradoxes of existence – matter and energy, life and death, pleasure and pain, [humanity] and all creation – in one harmonious whole'. This drew them both towards the culture of India.

Yehudi had visited the subcontinent in 1952 and as a result become interested in hatha yoga. At that time yoga, like vegetarianism, was regarded as the province of cranks and health fanatics, but Yehudi loved the physical ease it brought and introduced it to his sister.

And so, about twenty years before practising yoga became commonplace for classical musicians, Hephzibah and Yehudi were adepts. Hephzibah found yoga asanas to be of greater help in strengthening her back than her years of wearing corsets at Marutha's behest had been.

Some time in the early 1960s Yehudi introduced Hephzibah and Richard to Jayaprakash Narayan, the Indian socialist leader. (1) They took to each other immediately. Narayan, then in his sixties, had been engaged most of his life with Gandhi's ideas of non-violent resistance as a means of achieving change. His belief that social and political transformation must first be made in the hearts of the people dovetailed exactly with the way Richard and Hephzibah were thinking and working. Narayan had had a chequered political career, including several spells in prison, and was variously considered a martyr, an adored leader and a nuisance to the authorities: he was clearly a gadfly after Richard's own heart. At the time they met, Narayan was the leader of an country-wide, village-based movement to spread Gandhi's ideas across India, just the sort of project that attracted the Hausers.

There is little documentation to show what eventuated. The Narayan project was like so many others in that respect, and it might have faded because it fell into the growing category of jobs that were, as Hephzibah commented, 'far too big for us'. However, when prime minister Indira Gandhi declared a state of emergency in India in 1975, she invited Richard out to talk with her. Hephzibah maintained that these discussions made a great difference to Indian politics, though Richard did not stay in India for more than a couple of weeks, and the results of his visit are impossible to discover.

Hephzibah became fascinated by Hindu philosophy. Beginning in the 1960s, she made a twenty-year study of the teachings of scholar and philosopher Sri Aurobindo and his close collaborator, Mirra Richard, known as the Mother. (2) Sri Aurobindo developed a philosophy that he called integral yoga, a fusion of the concept of evolution with the idea of an all-pervading divine consciousness that supports existence. Followers would be enabled to discover the One Self in everything, and to evolve to a higher consciousness that would transform human nature and and make it divine. The writings of Aurobindo and the Mother nourished Hephzibah's innate conviction that mind, body and spirit are one; they affirmed her own quest for harmony. Hephzibah was also interested in psychic life and reincarnation, and although she read little fiction, she enjoyed the novels of Joan

Grant, whose subject was reincarnation and whose most popular novel, *Winged Pharaoh*, was a favourite of Hephzibah's. (3) Hephzibah was the sort of reader who had to read in snatches, a paragraph here and there, because there was so much else to do.

At the beginning of the 1960s she was determined that Richard would set down his own theories and teaching principles in book form. He agreed, and whenever he gave a speech, seminar or lecture, he insisted that notes be taken, preferably by Hephzibah, ostensibly for this proposed book. However, when it came to the point he resisted formal publication: things could always be changed or improved, he said.

Undeterred, Hephzibah decided to organise the material herself. She put the notes in order, formulated chapters and edited the material. The skills she had developed while transcribing Richard's speeches – they would go over them together afterwards and she would deal with repetitions, contradictions and obscurities – she now used to make a coherent book, distilling the most important features of Richard's teaching and social-action practice. The result was published by the Bodley Head in 1962 under the title *The Fraternal Society: Towards Freedom from Paternalism*, by Richard and Hephzibah Hauser. While the ideas presented were mostly his, almost all the work in interpreting them and bringing the project to completion was done by Hephzibah.

In several important ways *The Fraternal Society* was ahead of its time. Its central thesis was that Western society had always been dominated by paternalism – power wielded by a father figure – leading inevitably to greed, exploitation and war, an idea that pre-empted the mass-protest and feminist movements. The solution – the creation of a new moral sense, based on the will of the people to create a 'fraternal society' – expressed the convictions of the embryonic peace movement.

The first part of the book enumerates the social structures that have evolved to support and maintain the pillars of Western society: organised religion, the class structure, the importance of the individual above the interests of the group. The tone of the writing, while optimistic throughout, is assertive and often provocative; it depends heavily on opinion and prejudice, and the voice is clearly Richard's: 'Jehovah is the archetype of every egotistic little family father whose anxious children still cling to him for protection', for example Rigorous analysis is not one of the strengths of the book, which is often highly

speculative, but it does make many shrewd and perceptive observations, including this statement about an effective weapon for maintaining authoritarianism: 'Anxiety is the biggest upholder of the status quo, for it breeds the fear of what may happen if we have no paternal protection, and makes free thought impossible.' And this: 'people treated as evil and inadequate will respond by feeling evil and inadequate and often acting as if they were'.

The paternal society, the book argues, will continue to operate as long as people maintain timid and conventional views and want to keep buying material possessions. But material goods do not lead to real security, because greed is self-perpetuating. This selfish reliance on the primacy of the individual leads to the breakdown of social cohesion. The problems of paternalism will be solved only once a society has the collective will to help itself, by embracing fraternalism. In a truly fraternal society everybody will be allowed to develop their potential to the full, nobody will be suppressed or dominant, people must be guided not by fear and anxiety but by understanding and the rational exercise of kindness. Morality will not be based on punishment, and people must learn to think for themselves

So far, so Utopian: even the authors admit that there are 'many obstacles' in the way of this ideal state. The change from paternalism to fraternalism can only occur if everybody assumes and accepts responsibility for their actions, and for the effects of these on society – in other words, the whole population must move from a state of childish dependence to one in which adulthood and true maturity are embraced. And the first stage in this development is to jettison feelings of guilt.

Guilt, the authors argue, is a product of conscience, which is the word given to standards of behaviour implanted by early environment – home, school, community. This guides people's morality and behaviour, usually for the rest of their lives, and is a product of paternalism because it is only as strong as the parental authority that moulds it. The price for not living up to these paternal standards is guilt. This is a response set up to control behaviour in a paternalistic society, and most people are well behaved mainly because strong guilt feelings prevent them from disobeying society's laws. Guilt perpetuates a vertical pattern, with each son dependent on the father above him (women are not mentioned in this context) or approval and protection.

Socially mature adults (the Hauserian social-age theory underpins this book) are affected by shame, not by guilt. They take responsibility for their own actions and decisions, basing these not on how they will be seen by those in authority but on how they affect other members of society, and they feel ashamed of any negative impact on their fellow human beings. This measure of maturity depends on one's engagement with society; on a willingness to take responsibility and a readiness to act with the wider good in mind, not individual gratification.

Having set out their theories, Richard and Hephzibah describe how they test them in practice: by finding a group of people and, by means of a survey, drawing attention to a problem, social evil or injustice whose effects they are all suffering. The teacher encourages those in the group to develop their own insights, while at the same time critically examining the teacher's own contributions. This approach is anti-authoritarian, not a way of making the group accept what they are told, but to make them think for themselves. The obvious danger is that the group may be carried away by strong freelings or convictions but, the Hausers argue, anything is preferable to apathy. The group is then encouraged to devise its own way of solving the problem, then to try out the solution on a small scale.

Part manifesto, part statement of working method, part comment on human nature, *The Fraternal Society* is a difficult book to classify. Its publishers decided to play it safe with a cover that proclaims 'textbook', but the jacket copy contradicts the authority this might to imply: '[The authors] are conscious that they have made mistakes and that their methods are still evolving … *The Fraternal Society* will arouse hostility in some quarters, but it will be widely welcomed for its fresh approach to social problems and for the breadth of its vision.' Richard is described as 'a successful, though unorthodox, practical sociologist', and Hephzibah as his wife and 'the distinguished pianist Hephzibah Menuhin'. In the text they refer to themselves rather defensively as 'two impertinent and irritating individuals who are handicapped by being foreigners, non-qualified non-experts in the fields they activate, and non-members of the establishments material, intellectual and spiritual, in which they argue and instigate social action.'

While *The Fraternal Society* has the appearance of a textbook, and gives a succinct summary of the authors' beliefs, approaches and methods, it is wilfully non-academic, with no list of references, bibliography or footnotes, and an entire absence of statistics to back up its

assertions. It is a pity that no other books are mentioned: it would be useful to know whether Richard and Hephzibah had read William Whyte's *The Organization Man* (1956), with its discussion of the 'paternalistic society' in the workplace. It is interesting, too, to consider their views in the light of work by the Jewish psychologist and humanist philosopher, Erich Fromm, who regarded social conformity as an abdication of personal responsibility in the search for individual freedom. Fromm's *The Sane Society* (1955) argued in favour of humanistic and democratic socialism, while his best-selling *The Art of Loving* (1956) brought together many of his ideas about freedom, choice and authority. And in some ways *The Fraternal Society* is a counterblast to the work of Ayn Rand, whose *Atlas Shrugged* (1957) had already described the dire consequences of subordinating individual rights to the good of 'society'. But Richard and Hephzibah, in their published work as in their practice, tended to see themselves as *sui generis*, not as part of existing social inquiry.

The Fraternal Society was reviewed by T. I. Iremonger early in 1963, in the recently established periodical *New Society*. The review was generally admiring, taking the book on its own non-academic terms. The reviewer did say it might have been better if Richard (whom he clearly considered the author) had made fewer statements and asked more questions. However, he said he was:
[1-line #]

> on the Hausers' side ... I like their belief that part of the cure for the nightmare ills of contemporary society is to awaken the sense of purpose which is dormant ... in the souls of the new, rich, lost, frightened, wayward young. I like their recognition of the importance of women and of the impoverishment of our society by our failure to accept it. I too believe that shame is better than guilt and self-respect better than fear as custodians of social behaviour ... This is a splendid and stimulating book.

[1-line #]
The Fraternal Society did not sell well, and the book had only one hardback printing. There is no evidence that Hephzibah or Richard particularly cared about this; the book existed and was out there, and that was enough.

The other book they published in 1962, also based on their work, was very different. In 1958 the British Home Office Research Unit had commissioned Richard to write a report on the sociological basis of homosexuality. This grew out of the work of the Wolfenden Committee, set up in 1954 to consider 'the law and practice relating to homosexual

offences and the treatment of persons convicted of such offences by the courts'. By the late 1950s and early 1960s, and because of the defection to the Soviety Union of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, homosexuality in Britain was considered not only a crime, a social problem and a mental illness but a security risk. The Wolfenden Committee, whose findings were published in 1957, sought to draw a distinction between community moral values and private sexual behaviour, and its chief recommendation was that homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private should be decriminalised, while ensuring that vulnerable young people were protected by law. Centuries of anti-homosexual prejudice ensured that the committee's report was a smash hit, and it quickly went through several printings.

The Bodley Head commissioned Richard to expand his Home Office report into a book. This was *The Homosexual Society: A New Approach to the Problem*, and Richard is credited as the sole author. (He thanks Hephzibah warmly in the preface and throughout refers to 'our' and 'we'.) The publishers evidently considered this a companion to *The Fraternal Society*, for they gave it a similar jacket and released it in the same year. It consists mostly of case histories of and statements by homosexual men, collected by Richard and Hephzibah, and the preface asserts: 'Although our approach is sociological, we are nowhere concerned with measurement. We have listened to the comments and views of about four hundred people of whom most had experience of living homosexually while others had either a personal or professional interest,' In a typically lofty touch, Richard adds: 'Out of deference to expert opinion' (the original survey had been commissioned by the Home Office) 'we made use of questionnaires but have no hesitation in saying that sole reliance on this means would have proved to be disastrous.'

The Homosexual Society makes depressing reading. Gay pride was some years away yet, and man after unnamed man testifies to feelings of misery, inadequacy and shame. And the solution to the 'problem'? Parents and educators should be 'informed about the conditions that may lead to stress' and therefore cause a young boy to adopt the homosexual lifestyle (it is assumed throughout the book that homosexuality is entirely a male 'problem'). Parents should love their children, giving them attention and mental stimulation and expressing friendly interest in their activities. If they have to face the unfortunate fact that their child is homosexual, 'we believe they should adopt the same attitude as they would if they discovered that their child was suffering from a severe [physical] handicap.' Society should

help by encouraging the spread of information, although state resources should be directed at preventing the spread of homosexuality, and 'efforts should be made to destroy the myth that represents the homosexual life as something noble, artistic, superior'.

Many stereotypes are presented in *The Homosexual Society* as observable facts, and seldom has Richard Hauser's love of generalisation been less subtly deployed: 'Homosexuals are obsessed with their bodies and are usually dapper and fastidious'; 'Homosexuals seek release in laughter and it may be wondered whether the term "gay people" may not have sprung from the infections giggling to which some are prone when they meet an unexpected situation.' A rather interesting appendix gives a sixty-word glossary of 'the private language of a minority', with some of the terms deriving from nineteenth-century 'flash' talk, the argot of petty criminals and others coming from slang from various sources, including Italian, English, Yiddish and gypsy languages. These include bona, meaning 'good', cart or cartso for 'penis' and 'dill doll' artificial penis (evidently a mishearing of 'dildo'). It would be interesting to know where and how Richard tracked some of these words down.

These days *The Homosexual Society* is something of a book-length time capsule. Events overtook it not long after publication: in 1967 the Sexual Offences Act decriminalised private sexual acts between men over the age of twenty-one in England and Wales. (The Act did not cover the Merchant Navy or the armed forces; homosexuality was not decriminalised in Scotland until 1980 and in Northern Ireland until 1982.) The book was not fully reviewed, although its publication was noted, and it was not reprinted. Gradually it disappeared from view, but it has not entirely sunk without trace: in 2003 a young gay cabaret artist in Delaware, USA, read extracts from it as part of his comedy act. And in the same year, a US Christian website quoted it as a serious, authoritative reference work on the treatment of homosexuals.

The heart of the house

One of the striking features of the Menuhin story – the careers of Yehudi and Hephzibah specifically – is the role played by philanthropists. Yehudi's dazzling talents might not have been brought to world notice without the wealthy San Francisco businessmen who supported him. They enabled him to have the best possible teaching, supplied him with wonderful instruments, and made it possible for the whole family to stay together while Yehudi studied. However sceptical Hephzibah might have been about Yehudi's interest in people of wealth and standing, she knew that her own musical career had indirectly benefited from them enormously. And now her work with Richard was about to benefit from the generosity of wealthy people whom she came to know through Yehudi.

Early in the 1960s – the exact date is not known – Hephzibah met Oscar van Leer, the director of a philanthropic foundation set up by his father. Bernard van Leer became wealthy in the late 1920s as a manufacturer of barrels and associated equipment, with factories in Europe, Africa, the Dutch East Indies and the Caribbean. He built the Netherlands' first rolling steel mill and by the 1930s was rich enough to fulfil a cherished ambition to own a circus, which performed in European capitals, the proceeds going to good causes.

When the Nazis invaded Holland in 1940 van Leer was forced to sell his businesses to the Third Reich, in return for being allowed to leave the country with his family and his beloved circus horses. He spent the rest of the war in the United States, and after 1945 survived an inquiry into his possible collaboration with the Germans. He managed to buy back his factories, then moved to Switzerland to avoid tax. His wife and elder son Wim settled in Israel while his younger son Oscar stayed in the United States. At the end of the 1940s Bernard van Leer deeded most of his huge estate to several charitable foundations and large aid operations. He died in 1958 at the age of seventy-four. Oscar van Leer continued his father's philanthropic practices as well as his businesses, and he set up and ran the foundation that still bears his father's name. (1)

Oscar van Leer and Yehudi were warm friends, and when Yehudi introduced him to Hephzibah she told him about the work she and Richard were doing. Intrigued, van Leer

agreed to bankroll some of their work, mainly by funding short-term research lectureships for Richard at English universities: for instance, a three-month fellowship at Nottingham University enabling Richard to investigate the treatment of the Romany people (gypsies) in England and to make recommendations to local government bodies. In view of Richard's often-expressed views of academe, this was ironic, but the terms of these fellowships were very flexible, and they generally suited Richard's way of working. Oscar van Leer continued to support some of Richard's projects for many years.

Financial support also came via another connection of Yehudi's, one that went back to his adolescence in Paris. Helen Airoff, who was his exact contemporary, was a Russian Jewish violin prodigy who, after studying in Moscow, had gone to Adolph Busch and George Enesco: Yehudi met her in Paris during the 1930s, when Hephzibah came to know her too. (Given Marutha Menuhin's interest in matchmaking when her children were teenagers, it is perhaps surprising that Helen Airoff was not encouraged to be Yehudi's wife. Perhaps Moshe and Marutha thought that one violin prodigy in the family was enough.) Like many musical child prodigies, Helen Airoff never quite fulfilled her promise: although she often played in public, she made only two recordings. She became a well-known and highly respected violin teacher in the United States, where she married a very wealthy American named Alan Dowling. They had no children, and Dowling used his money to support various cultural projects, including Broadway plays.

When the Dowlings moved to London early in the 1960s, Helen renewed her acquaintance with Hephzibah. The two women became friends and Helen, while she was not fond of Richard personally, became fascinated by the work Hephzibah was doing with him. She persuaded her husband to fund some of their studies and projects, Richard and Hephzibah were doing, and their money contributed to the Hauser household finances for some years.

It has been said that Richard took advantage of the connections his marriage gave him, that he had a 'free ride' on the Menuhin name. There is probably some truth in John Kingsmill's belief that without Hephzibah, Richard might well have remained a social worker like many others. But this is not entirely fair. Rich people are never short of ways of spending their money, nor do they lack people who tell them how best to do it. The fact that Alan Dowling and Oscar van Leer – both intelligent, shrewd people – chose to support Richard and Hephzibah financially must be considered a tribute not just to the

Menuhin name or Hephzibah's charm, but primarily to the value they saw in the work itself. At a time when social planning was in its infancy, Richard and Hephzibah were applying innovative, creative and intuitive solutions to social problems. These were recognised and supported not only by van Leer and the Dowlings, but by a wide range of others,. These helpers worked with Richard and Hephzibah for periods of time ranging from a few months to years.

Work *chez* Hauser had its confronting aspects. Anne Heggie, for instance, an Australian friend of Shirley and George Nicholas' son Michael, came to work with Richard and Hephzibah in 1963 and soon found herself sharing her bedroom with a drug addict who had come to the house in search of emergency accommodation. Hephzibah reported to Kron: 'For a while we had banana peels filled with ashes scattered all over the place, a dirty bathroom and everybody's bath towels used in turn and tales of sordidness such as one is rarely privileged to hear ... Anyhow, the girl ... for the first time in two years looks like having taken a grip on herself and wanting to live: all this is greatly to Anne's credit.'

Another helper was John Ibbett, whose varied experiences in the Hauser household may serve as a template for several others. In 1965 Ibbett had recently left the Dominican order and was looking for twelve months' work before going to university the following year. He heard of Richard's work from a Dominican with whom he studied in Germany, and telephoned Richard to ask if there was anything he could do. When he arrived in Glentworth Gardens he was asked to sign the visitors' book. This was no mere courtesy, as he discovered: an important criterion for Richard's acceptance of anyone was their handwriting. (Clara, Richard and Hephzibah often examined this book when visitors had gone, and Richard always gave his analysis.) Ibbett evidently passed this test and was offered work, for a nominal salary, in the office Richard had leased not far from the apartment.

Like others who worked for Richard, John Ibbett was disconcerted, then intrigued, by the sheer number of projects the Hausers had on the go at once. When he asked Hephzibah why there were so many he was told that Richard's driving aim was to create awareness among groups of people – the more the better – leading to reform in societal structures that would lessen the possibility of another Nazi Germany.

Ibbett was Richard's research assistant. The China of Mao Tse-tung was just becoming known in the West and Ibett was asked to produce a summary of Sun Tzu's 2000-year-old treatise *The Art of War* and to analyse how it had affected Mao's strategic thinking. He also took minutes of meetings, organised files, and edited some of the handbook Richard and Hephzibah were putting together on their aims and methods, to be used as a teaching tool. Sometimes he picked up Clara from school. He enjoyed not knowing what he would be doing next. At one point he was asked to work with Richard in his discussions with Lord Caradon, the UK's Permanent Representative to the United Nations, about opposing American conduct in Vietnam. And one day Ibbett answered the door to find three sinister-looking men in suits, who very politely asked to see Richard. One he recognised as one of the Kray twins, standover men and murderers who were notorious for their savage violence. .Ibbett noticed the bulging jacket pockets of this man's companions and deduced that these men were armed bodyguards. He later discovered that they had come to talk about establishing ways of protecting young offenders within prisons. Ibbett had no idea how Richard had made the Krays' acquaintance, but it was probably through contacts in Wandsworth prison. (2)

A typical day in the Hauser household while John Ibbett was there is described in an amusing letter from Hephzibah to Diana and Yehudi:
[1-line #]

> Clara is seen off to school at 8.20 and I stop over at Gertie's [the owner of the local corner shop] on the way back to report and hear the local gossip. At 9 I dash over to Wholefood, breathing in like a balloon and out like a pair of hydraulic brakes, and stagger home with a load of sea kale, celeriac roots and cabbages for lunch … At home I deposit my shopping bags in the kitchen – Manuela has made the beds, vacuumed, washed up the gypsy king's coffee [he stayed overnight] our muesli, Linda's egg dishes, and I am about to explain in what practical terms we will begin to apply the theories I outlined last night when Richard dashes up with a crisis announcement: the director of the V Leer Foundation has been summoned to a conference in New York on Monday and wants urgently an outline of R's ideas on how to deal with social inadequacy in the young, mainly by attacking the environment conditions … this is a rush job and must be done at once. We all gather in R's study: Linda still tottering and pale from her attack of flu, John the ex Dominican, equally groggy – and I, and Richard dictates the stuff straight into the typewriter, always

about 3 sentences ahead of Linda, urging his mind forward under formidable pressure – and without benefit of stimulants! till the draft is done at 1.15.

At this point I suggest a little break for the non-existent lunch but R looks mournful and pained and says the thing must be edited and retyped by the end of the day, in fact earlier, and however long it takes it must be done at once, specially as Joan, the other typist, who always brings her elegant small poodle along, is waiting for work. So I run into the kitchen and in 2 electrically loaded minutes explain to clever, dear, imperturbable Manuela what to do with the sea kale and the celeriac and the dressing, then rush into the office to get Joan started. Linda and John are sent off to start lunch as soon as it is ready (they are reeling with strain) and suddenly darling Richard realises he's done all he needs to do and whatever's the rush, and where's lunch and why's everyone not elated with relief and pride? So I am torn away 2 pages of foolscap ahead of Joan, to sit down to a glorious salad and cream cheese and wholemeal bread, and R and I eat calmly and make jokes about how awful it is to be at the receiving end of genius!

Off again, wildly typing and correcting, while R prepares for and goes off to a meeting in town – by 5.15 I've done my bit and gone over the top copy for mistakes, and the others will do the correcting of copies and posting (13 foolscap pages). Clara sensibly prefers to go to bed rather than go out with me to Hillingdon where I must make a speech and give prizes at a girls' secondary school. So by 6 I am dressed and ready to catch the Metropolitan line at Baker Street feeling virtuous, hungry and suddenly free of pressure …

By the time I am riding home at 10.30 in a train empty but for me and 3 teddy boys, Richard has had two meetings at home, put Clara to bed, coped with a really large chunk of problems – specially in connection with a marvellous Israeli community development girl who is starting with us on Monday … As I get off the train at Baker St darling Richard is there to meet me! We sit in his study for a half hour reporting to each other the funny incidents of the day … We are about to sneak into bed, it's 11, when the gypsy returns, he comes and goes quite independently, and has to relate his victories and disappointments over the Sotheby exhibition of the painting he's had

> donated to him for the sale which is to take place in London in November, to finance the proposed cultural centre for gypsies in Belgium.
>
> So endeth the day with [Myke] safely tucked up for the weekend and waiting, wide-eyed, to be made welcome and wanted, before sleep.

[1-line #]

Hephzibah told John Ibbett that she loved her life. He could see that she was the centre of the household, creating an atmosphere that he particularly appreciated after four years in a Dominican seminary. But it was Richard who drove the work. In Richard's eyes, Ibbett soon realised, very few people measured up. 'He defined his own role in such a way that he was never vulnerable to criticism,' notes Ibbett. 'Everybody else could be understood by the [way he] fitted them into his personal and social age categories.'

Richard's insistence on being in the right made for a tense working relationship. Ibbett once drew attention to a contradiction Richard had let through in the handbook: this was not appreciated, and it was the beginning of the end. Richard wished to work only with those who agreed with him; once criticism entered the equation, they had to go. After only seven months Ibbett decided to leave; he says now that he never disliked Richard, but his working methods were impossible.

[2-line #]

Hephzibah doted on Clara, and was delighted to see her growing fast. 'Richard is a bit nostalgic about the disappearing baby. I can only feel the blissful relief of having come so far so well and I enjoy having a female friend around!' she wrote to Yehudi and Diana when Clara was two. Hephzibah was always happiest when her children were no longer babies and showed signs of independence. When Clara was nearly five Hephzibah wrote to Joan Levy: 'She is awfully forceful, passionate and articulate, and with it all reasonable to a degree. She is wholly domesticated too, shops every day with Deda, gives us both breakfast in bed (some luxury!) though I must read her the *Manchester Guardian* news in return, and has friends to stay for the night ...'

Clara was included in everything that went on, as far as she could be. 'We went on Hep's tours together, we did a lot of travelling, and they would even take me dancing with them when I was a baby,' she recalls. 'Richard and Deda would sit next to each other in concerts

with pillows across so I could sleep. Richard always liked to say that I had slept with all the great musicians and conductors of the age.' Clara was encouraged by her parents to express her opinions from the time she was very small, Hephzibah no doubt determined that her own daughter would not be repressed, dominated or ground down by parental authority. She wanted Clara to have as wide a social and family life as possible, with parents, relatives, friends, the visitors and clients who flocked to Glentworth Gardens.

When Clara was four, Moshe and Marutha came to London to meet their granddaughter for the first time. Hephzibah visited them in their hotel room, bringing Clara but not Richard, whom they still refused to see. Richard sent Marutha a bunch of long-stemmed roses, without a card, to represent him. Years later he told Clara that even though Marutha would have known they were from him, she was far too vain to have thrown them out.

However authoritative Hephzibah might have been on the concert platform, however definite Richard was while lecturing, Clara remembers them as very gentle parents. When she was small Richard told her of his boyhood in Vienna, his parents and brother and other members of the family – a great-aunt who spoke only in rhyme, and another who was so strong she could pick up two fighting men and knock their heads together. He said nothing about his life after 1938, working for the Jewish underground, escaping Austria, the death of his mother in a concentration camp. Clara did not learn of these things until she was about ten. In this way her early life was protected, although she was growing up in a household where she often saw the catastrophic results of social problems.

Hephzibah taught Clara and Myke to make origami flying cranes, a skill she had perfected as a small child, locking herself in the bathroom so that Marutha would not scold her for wasting time. She would also read aloud to Clara: Jean de Brunhoff's stories about Babar the elephant, as well as myths, legends and fairy tales. Hephzibah's favourite story was the tale of King Midas.

Richard often took his daughter for walks, which both enjoyed enormously. He placed great importance on noticing things, asking his daughter such questions as: What do you think that man does for a living? Where do you think that woman comes from? Why? (This emphasis on observation was one of Richard's training methods. He would ask someone to walk through the room where he was conducting a focus group or lecture, then forty

minutes later he would stop and say: 'All right, what can you tell me about the man who walked through here earlier?') Once when Clara was walking in the park with her father he stopped abruptly not far from a woman on a park bench. 'Sweetie, there is something strange about that woman, don't you think? We had better have a look.' They came closer and found that the poor woman was dead.

When the time came for Clara to go to school, a decision needed to be made. Richard and Hephzibah were somewhat scornful of schools as institutions, believing that a social education was more important than acquiring useless academic knowledge. Most schools, in their opinion, tended to reinforce patterns of authority instead of teaching students to solve problems in creative and constructive ways. Their own knowledge of schools in London was of course limited: Hephzibah had never gone to school at all, Richard had undergone authoritarian primary teaching in Vienna. They apparently did not consider home schooling for their daughter: in any case, Hephzibah wanted Clara to have all possible contact with children her own age.

Hephzibah solved the school problem in the same way as she had found Deda: by impulsively seeking an opinion. She asked the local milkman where he sent his own child, and so Clara was enrolled in a local state school in Marylebone. For a five-year-old who was used to a relatively unregimented life and having her opinions taken seriously, school was something of a shock. Clara found the other children loud and standoffish, and never having been physically chastised in her life, she was shocked to find that caning was part of school discipline. And she was puzzled by the way the teachers shouted at the children. After a while, her bewilderment and misery made her teacher suggest sending her to another school.

At this point Diana stepped in. She was, as Hephzibah knew, an odd mixture of attention-seeking flightiness and intuitive acuity, and she could see that what Clara needed was regular routine and order, just as most children did. Diana suggested enrolling Clara in the Hampshire School, a small primary school behind Harrods department store in Knightsbridge, where students wore uniforms and the timetable was more predictable. Richard and Hephzibah, while dubious, assented, and Clara loved the school from the start. She was picked up by the school car in the morning and became very friendly with the driver, the first person she had ever met who said he followed the British Liberal Party. At

Hampshire Clara had 'excellent teachers, wonderful food, and spent the afternoons doing various kinds of dance. What an inspired place. All ages in one room!'

An amused Hephzibah noted that her daughter loved the uniform and looked 'absolutely absurd with a school tie and no teeth … she polishes her shoes every day whether they need it or not.' Clara stayed at the Hampshire School for about three years.

In August 1961 Hephzibah was brought back into the Nicholas world with a shock when Lindsay's father suddenly died of a ruptured aorta. Hephzibah had been fond of George Nicholas, grateful for his kindness in the early days of her marriage to his son, although she later became more critical of what she saw as his narrowness and scorn of women. Still, her affection for him remained. 'I have often thought about him that he should have had so much more out of life than he did, though he gave much and probably received much too,' she wrote some months later to Kron, who had become her chief Australian family correspondent: '[Pa should have had more] adventure in life, contacts on a work level with people who might have loved him and found him interesting for his own sake, and better health.' She wondered what Shirley intended to do in her widowhood. 'People can't live without a purpose and once they do they tend to shrink as personalities, or grow neurotic, or dependent, or lonely,' she observed.

In the same year as George's death, Hephzibah had a visit from Nola. This was the first time the former sisters-in-law had seen each other for many years. Their shared memories ensured that they were pleased to meet again, but Hephzibah felt rather constrained. Since Nola's divorce from her second husband Tony Williams, she had led a rather peripatetic life. Now she was married yet again, this time to a well-off stockbroker, and spent part of her time in Bermuda, part in Melbourne. Expensively dressed and rather brittle, Nola arrived at Glentworth Gardens with her son Krov, now a good-looking young man in his twenties with a great interest in flying and underwater filmmaking. Her children were growing up: Zamira, aged twenty-one, had married the Chinese pianist Fou Ts'ong the previous year. (Only one of Yehudi's four children – his youngest son, Jeremy – became a professional musician, a pianist.)

The following February Hephzibah made her first visit back to Australia since her departure five years before. She and Yehudi were booked to play concerts in Melbourne,

Brisbane, Sydney, and at the inaugural Adelaide Festival of Arts. This time she brought Richard and Clara, then aged four. Richard's daughter Eva met them all at the airport in Sydney: Yehudi and Diana with Zamira and Fou Ts'ong; Richard, Hephzibah and Clara with Deda. Eva, now twenty-four, had been a student at the University of Sydney, where she had discovered politics, sex and fellow rebels and dropped out in favour of travel. She had recently married an English photographer, John Cox, without telling her father and Hephzibah. Richard professed to be outraged: 'My bloody daughter's got married!' he kept saying. 'And she didn't bother to tell me!' This confused an ABC radio interviewer sent to cover the arrival of the Menuhins who thought Richard was referring to Zamira and the young Chinese pianist by her side. Eva found the whole episode hilarious.

Kron and Marston, aged twenty-two and seventeen, came to hear Yehudi and Hephzibah play in Melbourne. Hephzibah was delighted to see them both, but she spoiled an otherwise pleasant reunion by not returning to Melbourne to visit her sons once the tour was over. She had promised to do so but Richard, apparently, was unwell in Sydney, and Hephzibah felt she could not leave him. So the disappointed boys did not spend much time with their mother.

Kron, who would have been more sympathetic had he not suspected that Richard's illnesses were sometimes matters of convenience, took his mother to task for this. Hephzibah answered the charge rather defensively after her return to England in May.

[1-line #]

> I would not take a risk with [Richard] when I know how precarious his health is … that is one of the things I mean to continue to do, to look after him in every way I can. I am sending a copy of this letter to Marsty because you mention that Marsty has developed a "let's be wary" attitude to me as a result of my having changed my plans in Australia. I hope and trust that this is not so, because I feel that Marsty has a more benevolent and less resentful insight into the whole situation than you have … I was already under considerable strain as you can imagine, and I do want you to know that it is most unfair of you to blame me or Richard for something which we absolutely could not help.

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In 1963 Lindsay Nicholas married again. His bride was Diane Woodfield, some years younger than he, and when Hephzibah heard about the marriage from Kron she said she

was delighted, but added that she did not really want to hear many details, except that the newly married couple were getting on well.. (Lindsay and Diane went on to have three daughters and a son.)

At the end of that year Kron became engaged to a young nurse named Jenny Thomson. The letter Hephzibah wrote to her future daughter-in-law enclosed a photo-booth picture of herself kissing six-year-old Clara with the caption: 'This is how Clara and I felt when we heard the news!' A scribbled, upside-down comment at the bottom of her letter added: 'Richard says that anyone intending to marry anyone even distantly related to a Menuhin *ought to think twice or have his head examined!'*

Hephzibah's letter to Jenny was a curious one:
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> The boy adds the girl he loves to his already made life … months after the marriage, maybe years later, she may wake up to the fact that the life is after all not for her, that too much, or too little, or something she can't give, or does not want to give, is expected of her, and then she will have dangerous and painful decisions to make. Sometimes, and God knows that this is what I wish you, your man is the man for you. He makes you into a full person and you are able to do the same thing for him … You are friends, companions, partners and lovers.

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As a way of saying 'congratulations', this has its odd aspects. Perhaps Hephzibah was trying, in a roundabout way, to explain what had gone wrong between herself and Lindsay so that Jenny might not judge her too harshly. But it sounds like a somewhat impersonal observation for Hephzibah to make to the young woman who was about to marry her son.

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During the previous year's tour of Australia the Melbourne critic and writer Dorian le Gallienne had made some perceptive comments about the different musical temperaments of Hephzibah and Yehudi. 'Where the violinist was tender and rhapsodic, his pianist sister remained cool and precise, with a clarity and drive of rhythm that always carried the music forward … Mr Menuhin draws from the violin the most beautiful sounds imaginable while his siter, though she never makes an ugly or ill-matched sound, seems more concerned with classical shapeliness of phrase than with sheer tonal beauty.'

Hephzibah and Yehudi had led very different lives, had learned different lessons – in short, were very different people, and it would be strange if these differences had not been reflected in the way they played together. They were perhaps less 'Siamese souls' now than complementary artists. But most of Hephzibah's concert appearances were still with Yehudi, and late in 1962 they undertook a concert tour that meant a great deal to them both – to visit Russia, birthplace of Moshe and Marutha. Hephzibah had never been there; Yehudi had visited once before, in 1945; their parents had never returned. The tour was to take in Moscow and Leningrad, as well as Kiev, Lvov, Kishenev and Minsk. Yehudi and Hephzibah also wanted to visit Odessa and, if possible, Gomel and Yalta, the birthplaces of Moshe and Marutha. Travelling with them were Diana and Yehudi's manager Ian Hunter. (Diana's memoir, *Fiddler's Moll,* states that she, Ian Hunter and Yehudi went to Russia accompanied by Hephzibah.)

It is difficult to imagine three people with more divergent expectations of Russia than Yehudi, Hephzibah and Diana. Yehudi, of course, went primarily to play music and to renew friendships with illustrious colleagues such as Leonid Kogan and David Oistrakh. He was planning to set up his own school for string players and pianists in England, and wanted to visit the Central School for Young Musicians in Moscow with a view to using it as a model. Hephzibah was keen to visit a communist country at the zenith of its postwar power, to see what lessons could be learned from its social services, and to brush up on her Russian. Diana, who had trained as a ballet dancer in the Russian style and whose proudest boast was that she had worked with Diaghilev, wanted to find the country of fairytales, including 'churches with golden domes like the backdrop of the last act of *Firebird*'. With this combination of the romantic, the pragmatic and the idealistic, they went to Moscow.

Diana wrote an extensive account of this tour in her memoir. *Fiddler's Moll* is keen to present herself as the centre of sanity, forced to deal with a vague and splendidly creative child (Yehudi) and a bossy vegetarian ideologue (Hephzibah). Yehudi's memoir, which gives few details of the Russian trip, does not mention its problems, which ranged from appalling weather to chaotic travel arrangements. Air travel was often impossible and most journeys had to be made by train. Accommodation was basic. The party were always put in the 'royal suite', the only section of any Russian hotel that, in keeping with good communist principles, had not been modernised. Diana was appalled. She had the grace to

observe that Yehudi and Hephzibah handled ugly surroundings and discomfort with stoicism and good humour, but still managed to present her own fastidiousness as proof of a finer nature. ('But then [they] had, despite their origins, not known or loved "Russia and all things Russian" as I had.')

When it came to the concerts themselves, however, the magic of the Menuhin name ensured some memorable moments. Arriving at Moscow's Conservatoire Hall, Yehudi and Hephzibah were quickly recognised. The crowd lined up in two rows, making an informal guard of honour, clapping and calling out their names as the musicians entered the theatre. And after most of their concerts, the wellwishers who flocked backstage did so not only to congratulate Yehudi and Hephzibah, but to discuss the finer points of the repertoire, as well as such issues as bowings and fingerings. Seldom, Hephzibah thought, had she met such a musically literate and passionately engaged audience.

And seldom had she seen such bureaucracy involved in the making of music. She and Yehudi had supper with the great violinist Leonid Kogan, who lived in the Musician's Co-operative, a block of flats housing Moscow's leading musicians. He told them that the Soviet Concert Agency, Gozkonzert, decided where musicians would play and teach: as servants of the state, musicians had to do as they were told. All the money they earned, except for a small stipend, went to Gozkonzert. Even under communism Russia was hardly a worker's paradise, Hephzibah realised.

From a family point of view, the trip was a mixed success. As they had done in Israel, Hephzibah and Yehudi discovered Menuhin relatives they had never heard about, in this case some cousins of Marutha's who lived in Moscow. Hephzibah promptly put them on her correspondence list and kept in touch with them for years. She and Yehudi had no time to visit Yalta, and had mixed success with Gomel. They took the train from Kiev to Minsk, which stopped at a small siding in the freezing dark of early morning: Sleepless and shivering, Hephzibah and Yehudi peered out of the window to see, through wavering electric light, a sign saying Gomel, and a series of concrete bunkers flanked by telegraph poles. That was all.

This glimpse of Gomel in some ways summed up Hephzibah's reaction to Russia. She felt almost no sense of belonging, apart from her connection with musicians and her audiences.

She had not been brought up on family stories about the country: both her parents, for good reason, had escaped as soon as they could. Hephzibah did not feel Diana's dismay at their failure to discover some fairytale past. But with Yehudi, she was less than impressed with the way Soviet bureaucracy controlled its musical culture.

'It's a wonderful life, full of fun and pain and planning and neighbourliness'

The late 1960s and early 1970s saw an explosion of small, intense wars that seemed without beginning or end – in Israel and Palestine, Cyprus, Kurdistan, Northern Ireland. Perhaps in response the peace movement was gathering conviction and momentum, and for Richard and Hephzibah, with their unbounded energy and enthusiasm and large number of peace-related projects, the opportunities for their work had never been greater. They were expanding their initiatives – almost literally, as one of their helpers observed, taking on the whole world.

Just as their initiatives were expanding, so was their need for space. Richard had been working mostly from his office near Glentworth Gardens, but the apartment was becoming increasingly cramped. And so the Hausers decided to move again. In November 1970 they took out a four-year renewable lease on a terrace house at 16 Ponsonby Place, near the Thames at Millbank and not far from the Houses of Parliament. Hephzibah described it to her parents in idyllic terms:

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> The house is an exquisite Georgian one, one of a long terrace belonging to the Crown and therefore controlled rent … It is in perfect condition with two lovely bathrooms, central heating, carpeted right through, a modern kitchen with disposal unit, and we have a luxurious basement with one large room serving as office and one smaller one as filing space and dressing room and storage … It is right next door to the Tate Gallery, five minutes from the House of Commons, and Clara has a lovely large quiet room at the top next to Richard's study and spends all her free time in the gallery … we are all as if on holiday in a superb atmosphere of wellbeing and the locality is like a village with corner shops, the river at the end of the street, and nice neighbours, including several MPs.

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Not for the first time, Hephzibah was gilding the lily when it came to her accommodation. Ponsonby Place was undoubtedly an area of elegant, creamy-white porticoed villas, certainly very close to the Thames and not too far from the Tate, but two minutes' walk from the river revealed a jumble of miscellaneous shops, some boarded up and neglected, crowded on both sides of a bellowing arterial road. The great attraction of the new place for Richard was its proximity to his new office, which he had opened just around the corner on Millbank. This was the headquarters of the main organisations he had founded and headed: the Centre for Group Studies, the Institute for Social Research, and the Centre for Human Rights and Responsibilities. It was also the hub of his many projects, including the setting up of Social Planning Units in various areas.

Hephzibah was doing an increasing amount of work with and for women. She was an enthusiastic supporter of Erin Pizzey, who set up the first shelters for battered women in London, and she was a keen advocate of the emerging Women's Liberation movement. She wrote to Kron and Jenny that she had set up a survey on the various women's groups in the hope of starting one of her own. 'The object is not to run down or exclude men but on the contrary to give them a chance to grow up as well and to grow out of the crazy violence they have led mankind into by … learning to be adult in the sense of demanding equal rights but also fulfilling our responsibility to the full.' Hephzibah's feminist credentials have always been slightly problematic: her own need to defer to a man, her perceived quasi-worshipful support of Richard, would seem to contradict any claim to be considered a feminist in the 1970s sense of the term. However, she was always willing to use her name in support of women's causes and worked tirelessly for less fortunate women. Her expressed view was that men and women needed to learn how to work together for the sake of global harmony.

For some years Richard and Hephzibah had also worked extensively with Britain's Romany community, and this continued throughout the 1970s. The gypsies had been an irritation for local authorities for many years: they moved around, living mainly on the fringes of cities, dealing in scrap metal or doing other odd jobs; their children did not go to school and they were often in minor trouble with the police. Various laws had been passed to prevent them setting up camp on local farmland, until in 1968 the Caravan Sites Act put the onus on local authorities to provide sites. This decision met with strenuous resistance

from local councils, and the Act was ineffectual. Undeniably, there were no votes for councils in providing land for gypsies, and most local authorities hoped the problem would simply go away.

The fact that Britain's Romany population was comparatively small – probably at that time less than a hundred thousand – had suffered popular prejudice for centuries, and was in open conflict with authority made working with gypsies very attractive to Richard. He and Romany leader Donald Kenrick tried to devise ways of helping gypsies become part of the British community, accepted by local councils, without compromising their wandering way of life. Using the familiar tool of the social-action survey, consulting widely with gypsies and with local councils, Richard and Kenrick came up with several ideas: a Gypsy Welfare Commission should be set up to help people understand and exercise their rights; welfare workers should be gypsies themselves, liaising between the Romany community and the local authorities; gypsies should be encouraged to seek employment that would not change their way of life (for instance, running a commercial cooperative by removing abandoned cars from roads and disposing of them). Police and staff in the departments of welfare, education and transport should be encouraged to learn more about Romany culture, and even be gypsies' advocates where necessary.

As a an example of the way Richard liked to work, the gypsy experiment is interesting: the ideas were good, but in practice little was achieved. Local councils would not be moved, and efforts to introduce and improve legislation were ineffective. Nevertheless Richard and Kenrick's ideas were later taken up by Romany advocacy groups.

All through the 1970s Richard and Hephzibah were applying, refining and developing their ideas about society and social planning, but their central idea – that Western society was in crisis, socially, politically and ecologically – remained unchanged. They believed that this crisis showed itself in bad family relationships, community breakdowns, nationalism, world conflicts. Richard saw the main challenge as the creation of conditions in which people would focus on overcoming these crises – the social equivalent of the unified national focus seen in wartime. With his background it is not surprising that Richard thought in terms of war and danger – and after all World War II was still vividly alive in the memories of most mature adults, who had been formed in combative, difficult times. Richard's

rhetoric was often challenging, his mindset that of an aggressive survivor and he was a very strong and powerful personality.

He and Hephzibah rejected the newly developing language of sociology, along with its particular concerns, preferring their self-developed 'holistic' and interdisciplinary way of working. They referred to their own discipline as 'sociatry', which they defined as 'an attempt to equip us with tools to use technology and opportunities to enable us to become mature members of mature groups': certainly not specific enough to threaten any specialists. The Hausers needed particular kinds of people: 'generalists, people who do not worry about a special problem area, but who can see the entire context'. They were training people in the use of their own preferred tool, the social action survey, intending to set up a system of researchers who -- following the example of the barefoot doctors in Maoist China -- would be sent into the community to work with people in resolving issues that directly concerned them. The whole point was to gather information that would lead to action; the survey questions asked by researchers explored the social climate and aimed at promoting responsible community action. Once the steps for action had been agreed by all parties, they could proceed.

For any social or political activist living in London during the 1970s there was one huge problem close to home: Northern Ireland. (1) Richard and Hephzibah's involvement in the conflict was to have consequences they could not possibly have foreseen.

They had, of course, had been getting all the information they could, and late in 1972 were invited to a planning meeting of the National Council of Churches in New York to discuss the sectarian violence and see what could be done. Richard and Hephzibah accepted the invitation, although they felt that the National Council was interested only in gestures of sympathy to the Northern Irish, and had few ideas about bringing both sides together.

During the meeting, they met Ray Helmick, a Boston-born Jesuit priest. The previous summer he had been part of a group of Protestant and Catholic theology students who had worked all over Northern Ireland on community projects, such as rebuilding houses burned out during street violence. Helmick realised that a common problem uniting both sides was jobs: employers were afraid to expand their businesses and hire people, and the level of unemployment was high. The only strong and functioning organisations in each

community were the republican and loyalist paramilitary groups, and Helmick thought that they might be persuaded, in the interests of their supporters, to give assurances to local employers that their workplaces and their workforces, both Catholic and Protestant, would be safe from attack. As it was, workers on both sides risked being shot on the way to work if they had to cross the 'wrong' neighbourhoods.

After some negotiation, republicans and loyalists agreed. Ray Helmick then approached various foreign companies to persuade them to invest in Northern Ireland. On the basis of those assurances, several were cautiously interested, and eventually Helmick secured agreements from thirty American and three British companies. He had been dealing with the British government's Industrial Development Board, which, he discovered, 'had never even studied how industrial plants could be located so that people could safely get to them from both communities'.

Helmick realised that 'while the paramilitary movements had all agreed to these two assurances, they could back off easily if there was no community discipline over them. I was making an assumption that the people in the militant groups were not psychopaths, but genuinely had the interests of their communities at heart and would serve them But the communities were unorganised … I set out to organise community associations through which local people could hold the paramilitaries to their promises. It was a project that had very wide success.'

It was also exactly the kind of project that appealed to Richard and Hephzibah. They were impressed by this Jesuit priest who had marched with Martin Luther King, protested against the Vietnam War, and worked with the marginalised minority of Rastafarians in Jamaica: he had just the kind of credentials needed for their own work. And so, at the National Council of Churches conference, they offered Ray Helmick all the help they could give in Northern Ireland. Helmick wanted to live there, but had fallen foul of local Church politics and realised that his presence would be difficult. However it was agreed by his own Church organisation that, since he was unable to live in Belfast, he could live wherever he chose and spend as much time as possible in Northern Ireland. With the urging of Richard and Hephzibah, who offered him a place to stay, he chose London., living with the Hausers for a year before moving into a Jesuit community. He was made associate director of Richard's Institute for Social Research and Centre for Human Rights and Responsibilities.

And so they were off. Ray Helmick became involved with all the Hausers' projects, including disadvantaged students in schools, Hephzibah's advocacy of battered women, and Richard's prison work. But Helmick's primary interest was international projects, especially political conflict in other countries. In 1973, with the particular encouragement of Hephzibah, he became involved with a group of missionary priests in the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique and Angola. Many of the missionaries were Italian and were working with army officers to overthrow the Salazar regime in Portugal, in order to free the colonies. Helmick was also monitoring events in East Timor, and when Indira Gandhi declared a state of emergency in India in 1975 and imprisoned her opponents, the leader of the country's labour unions came to London and lived with the Hausers for a year or so.

Helmick was also put in charge of the Hausers' campaign for the release of the dissident Russian nuclear physicist and human rights activist Andrei Sakharov. The campaign was a *cause célèbre* involving many groups, all with very little result. Helmick says it was Richard who realised, well before most others, that in fact Sakharov did not want to be freed: his wish was to stay in the Soviet Union as a challenge to the authorities, and as a means of highlighting his own work. Being a martyr in the West was not unattractive either. Richard observed to Helmick: 'Ray, you have to realise that you cannot tell Jews to come down from that cross. He doesn't want to be told, "We'll get you to a good doctor and fix you up so you can be a decent carpenter again."'

About half of Helmick's time was taken up in looking after the circle of community associations he had helped establish in Belfast, making sure they were able to support themselves, after which his job would be done. At the same time he became involved in mediation work among various Northern Ireland groups – paramilitary, political, neighbourhood, church, school – and he also worked with the budding women's peace movement. He and Richard became friends as well as colleagues, although Helmick soon realised he had to be quick and aware in his dealings with Richard.

Once, Richard tried to insist that Helmick relinquish control of the network of community associations he had been building in Northern Ireland, and do things under Richard's direction from then on. Helmick, not surprisingly, resisted; he was not about to give up on this work. Besides

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> most of the associates whom we, by now, had on a payroll in Belfast were associates of mine. Richard was insistent, punctuating the harangue with his two favourite sayings: 'Is it not so?' and: 'Would you not agree?' I had already learned that, when he said either of these things, I must register any dissent instantly, or I would be quoted to the next person he spoke to: '... and Ray agrees.' There was always a furious row, and over the years I worked with Richard I would be fired regularly over these set-tos, though I never took real offence ... I'm sure this sounds as though Richard was a great problem to work with, and indeed he was. He could be enormously genial, but these storms were always in the offing. I stayed with this for many years because I had learned that, even in the midst of endlessly repetitive recitations of his ideas ... Richard was going to come up with brilliant original insights.

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Richard visited Northern Ireland only occasionally, but always with Hephzibah. They relished staying in Belfast's famous Europa Hotel, a huge, beautiful, nineteenth-century building that was periodically bombed by the IRA. Richard and Hephzibah presumably enjoyed the frisson of danger entailed in staying there, and did not particularly mind that once or twice it was badly damaged. But it was never attacked while they were there. Ray Helmick believes that their presence might have been a deterrent to this, since all militant groups. Knowing of their evenhandedness – and also perhaps knowing they were working with Ray Helmick -- had some affection for them.

Once or twice Richard, Hephzibah, Ray and other helpers *[what about Clara?]* went to the Europa for Christmas. On both occasions, says Ray Helmick all arrangements were based around Richard, when he would be able to leave, when he would wish to go. Once in Belfast, he had little idea of taking a holiday,.preferring to expound or develop his theories, and insisting that notes were taken. On the second occasion Helmick, Hephzibah and Richard were the only guests in the hotel. (Clara had evidently remained behind in London. The service and dining room staff were kept on to look after them, but Richard declared he felt ill and would not come down. Hephzibah decided to stay with Richard. Said Helmick: 'I went down to face the entire kitchen and dining staff who had stayed to serve me my Christmas dinner alone.'

With Ray Helmick's guidance Richard spoke to many paramilitary group members, both Catholic and Protestant. In March 1975 he and Hephzibah published a booklet titled 'A Social Option: Suggestions for an Overall Community Social Planning Approach to the Problems of Northern Ireland', which built on work Helmick had already done. It stressed the importance of establishing local human rights centres to counterbalance the patriarchal presence of the British Army, and to allow people on to feel they were not powerless.

Central to the Hausers' approach, as usual, was the social action survey, to help communities identify their needs and ways they could be met. The most important factors working against social change were apathy and violence. 'In Hauser terms, violence represented the fear of death and the will to overcome it at any cost; apathy the fear of living, that is, being unable to handle the problems of life and therefore withdrawing from it. But apathy being only frozen violence, according to the Hausers, capable of thawing out in the heat of the moment, it was a mistake to believe that an apathetic community was necessarily a passive one. With work and application, violence could be transmuted to indignation; apathy to curiosity, doubt and questioning. But unless channelled into positive outcomes, violence and apathy would reinforce destructive and self-destructive patterns.

Summarised like this, Richard and Hephzibah's ideas about Northern Ireland sound crude and simplistic, but their summaries distilled an enormous amount of sometimes conflicting information, and it must not be assumed that they were unaware of the complications and horrors of the situation. The work Ray Helmick and Richard were doing seemed to some beleaguered people a way through the dreadful maze. One of these was a pugnacious, baleful little Belfast man named Sammy Smith.

Sammy Smith was one of three founders of the Ulster Defence Association (UDA), a Protestant paramilitary organisation bringing together a number of defence and vigilante outfits that had grown up in the Protestant areas of Belfast during 1969 and 1970. Sammy Smith's job was to be a conciliator – and not only of the sometimes warring groups within the UDA. The UDA's main rival was the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF), which was smaller and more tightly organised and whose aim was to drive Catholics out of Belfast altogether. There were voices of conscience in both groups, although both remained worried about the Catholic republicans.

Some progress had been made. The UDA had proposed a Bill of Rights in a new constitution that would be recognised in Great Britain as a whole, not just in Northern Ireland. This had received support from academic groups in Britain and the United States.

At this point Sammy Smith came to Helmick and Richard to offer his services as a peace activist. He had been on the committee of the various groups formed around Ray Helmick's employment-creation ideas in the early 1970s and had many ideas about how the committee's work could be consolidated and extended. He could see that, though Catholics and Protestants had common interests, their ways of interacting with each other were often mutually destructive.

Smith had shown outstanding ability to negotiate his way through these potential minefields, and so in 1975 he decided to work with Richard and Helmick for six months, exploring new ways to peace. Smith had come from a violent background himself, and under the challenges set up by Richard and Helmick, he learned to question his own behaviour, and finally to reject the violence that had been so much part of his life. The young teacher and social activist Tony Webb, who was working with Richard at the time and who on first meeting Sammy Smith had described him as a 'five foot two-inch bigot', saw Smith 'becoming a totally different person, beginning to question his own assumptions. He really absorbed the methods Richard taught.'

Fired by Richard's sense of conviction and possibility, Smith decided the time had come to publicly promote direct consultation between the paramilitary groups on both sides, so they could plan for a common future. Ray Helmick and Richard warned him of the dangers he faced, not least from diehards on his own side, and advised him not to move too quickly. Helmick 'spent a long afternoon trying to dissuade him from publishing a newspaper op-ed piece in which he urged direct cooperation. Conversations with Sammy often went the same way. He would always insist that I give my opinion first. He would follow that with, "The reason that's *stupid* is ..." and I would follow by saying that my experience inclined me to a different perspective.' Ray Helmick lost that argument with Smith, and as he was going to Belfast the next morning, he delivered the piece to the newspaper himself.

A week later, Sammy Smith was staying in a safe house in the Catholic Ardoyne area when armed and masked men burst in. Sammy ran for the back door but was shot down.

Standing over him, the gunman finished him off with a shot in the eye, and the assassins left. Ray Helmick always believed they were dissatisfied UDA members – Sammy's own side.

Ray Helmick, Richard and Hephzibah were in shock, the Hausers most shaken of all: Sammy Smith had been killed because they had helped him outgrow his old life.

[2-line #]

In the early 1970s Hephzibah performed in Australia as often as she could, with or without Yehudi. When she came, she organised her schedule in order to spend time with her family, which now included three grandchildren. Kron and Jenny had two sons, Stafford and Peter, and Eva a daughter, Rebecca. 'It will be rather strange to be a grandmother all at once,' she had admitted in an interview with the Melbourne *Herald* in 1969. 'I haven't a clue about how to be one.' Having grandchildren made Hephzibah reassess her view of herself, and for the first time she described herself as 'tribal', in the sense of belonging to a blood family.

In September 1970 Marston married another Jenny – Jenny Davies – at Wesley College Chapel in Melbourne. Hephzibah and Yehudi were touring Australia and New Zealand at the time, and they all went to the wedding – Hephzibah, Yehudi, Diana and Clara. Hephzibah also caught up with Shirley Nicholas for the first time in years, as well as Lindsay and his new family. It was now sixteen years since the divorce and old hurts had been put aside; the atmosphere at the wedding was a happy one. Hephzibah, who had recently had her fiftieth birthday, was as slim and cheerful as ever; one newspaper described her as 'a snippet of a woman who looks about thirty-five'.

She was back in Australia in October 1974 as guest speaker at a luncheon in Sydney organised by the International Women's Year Committee. One of the committee members was Eva, who was now a force in feminist politics and academe. She was a tutor and research consultant at the University of New South Wales, and a founder of the highly influential women's pressure group the Women's Electoral Lobby. Hephzibah was very proud that her stepdaughter was now such a force to be reckoned with, and delighted to be working with her. Their relationship, which had had its moments of strain, mainly because

of Eva's relationship with her father, was blossoming into a friendship that both women came to value greatly.

A year later Hephzibah returned with Yehudi and the Menuhin Festival Orchestra, performing in all Australia's capital cities and in New Zealand. It was during this trip that she played for the first time in the Sydney Opera House, which had been open for two years. Like so many musicians before and since, she was lost in admiration of the building and less than enamoured of its acoustics. In Victoria she spent time with Kron and Jenny and their children – Stafford and Peter had been joined by Jodie, Travers, and Lara – and was a happy and loving mother and grandmother. And then Richard arrived. 'She changed completely,' according to Jenny Nicholas. 'She kept telling us how wonderful he was and she dropped everything to look after him.' Richard, who took this attention for granted after so many years, made little attempt to enter into Nicholas family life, and the visit became less enjoyable than it had been.

Back in London, Clara was finding her own way. Her education had been rather stop-start: after Hampshire School she attended a primary school in Paddington, which she recalls as 'nothing but playing rounders and taking tests', followed by four years at Camden School for Girls. Richard and Hephzibah decided to take her out of there shortly before she was due to sit her O level examinations, aged fifteen – and told her she had to find herself a new school. 'It had to be a state school and a day school and no more than thirty minutes away, and I had to meet and interview the headmaster/mistress and pick it myself,' she recalls. 'I somehow found Holland Park Comprehensive, at which I dutifully enrolled. I left school as soon as possible.'

Making a teenager choose her own school may seem a rather tough way of teaching self-reliance, but in other respects Richard and Hephzibah were overprotective parents. Once, a man exposed himself to Clara in a bus on the way to school. Richard had taught her that if such a thing happened she must on no account show any panic, so she kept him talking – a long conversation about fishing – and finally they parted in mutual boredom. When Richard and Hephzibah found out they employed a private detective to accompany Clara to school for a few weeks.

There were no taboo subjects between Hephzibah and Clara, since Hephzibah was keen not to follow in the steps of her own mother, who had actively discouraged any questioning on the subject of sex, even cutting out parts of books she considered potentially sexual (with the result, Hephzibah said, that some of the fairy stories Marutha read did not make sense). When Clara was being interviewed for Curtis Levy's 1998 documentary, she was asked: 'What is the single most useful piece of advice your mother ever gave you?' Not surprisingly, her mind went blank, but later she thought her reply should have been: 'Darling, you don't need to wait until it's night if you want to make love.' And yet when Clara, at sixteen, had a live-in boyfriend (largely, Ray Helmick thought, because Richard and Hephzibah thought it was time for her to have one), it was Marston's wife Jenny, on a visit to London, who arranged for Clara to be put on the contraceptive pill.

Clara left school at fifteen and started full-time work with Richard, which both found immensely enjoyable: when she was not helping her father carry out surveys, they planned to write a detective novel together. But after a couple of years Clara resumed her education. . She took A-level French and English at a college, as well as classes in creative writing, history, painting, music, movement and acting, still working with her parents on whatever project she felt drawn to.

Myke Morgan was still part of the Hauser household, though he came less frequently than before. There was always something shy and elusive about him. As he grew into adolescence, some observers felt that he was becoming slightly sidelined. He and Clara were staunch allies, with great affection for each other, but their lives became increasingly disparate. Clara also felt that Myke was given a slightly harder time than she had been. Myke learned to make his own way, becoming first a nurse's aide and then continuing in the healing profession. His relationship with Hephzibah was always good, with Richard much less so.

As Richard grew older he became increasingly dictatorial: things had to be done his way or not at all. Ray Helmick observed that would come into a room where people were watching television, stand for a moment, then abruptly change the channel and leave the room. Richard's definition of 'stupid' was anything he didn't agree with, and anything he didn't like was 'boring'.

Another side of Richard that became more prominent as he aged was his role as guru. He and Hephzibah had always welcomed idealistic young helpers at Ponsonby Place, although once they crossed Richard their days were numbered. His way of working was only successful when people agreed to follow him absolutely. Highly intuitive, he was good at picking potential followers, and he revelled in, and needed, their support and adoration. One of his former acolytes has described what this was like. 'It was very intense. Richard would spend long periods with me, as he would with many other colleagues. During these sessions I would take hours of notes. Increasingly he would argue with me about my loyalty to the Centre [for Human Rights and Responsibilities] and I came to dread these sessions … As I became increasingly questioning and less easy, he became more anxious to keep me beholden and my life became very difficult indeed.'

Richard's influence had several sources. First and foremost were his presence and personality, powered by his unshakable belief in himself and the work he was doing. He never forgot what had led him to it: in the entrance hall of Ponsonby Place was a well-known photograph of a young Jewish boy grimacing in terror, his hands raised, facing a Gestapo officer about to shoot him down. Richard was implacable; you were either with him all the way, or not at all. And his perceptiveness and intuition, his ability to convince people of their power and capacity to work for the greater good as interpreted by himself, led many wavering souls towards greater self-belief. Just how he worked on people is not easy to explain: the quality that makes a successful guru is as difficult to put onto the page as is charm, for instance, or humour. Suffice to say that those who fell under Richard's androgynous spell knew why: those who did not could not imagine.

Most difficult to accept for those in the latter group – who numbered most of the Menuhin family and many of Hephzibah's friends – was Richard's growing promiscuity. He was consistently and steadily unfaithful to Hephzibah over time, which outraged many people. Hephzibah, however, was apparently not one of them. Her view was that Richard was such a complex, driven and creative man that one person, man or woman, was not enough to satisfy him. Tony Webb, who worked with them both over several years, saw it this way: 'I never suspected that Hephzibah minded, and it's not that I'm unperceptive. I truly believe they had the kind of relationship that wasn't affected by what Richard was doing. I believed their relationship could cope with it: the tensions were not there.'

Almost from the time she was born, Hephzibah had been schooled not to show her emotions, to preserve a calm and cheerful exterior, and perhaps she drew upon these lessons now. She appears genuinely to have believed that Richard's promiscuity was a necessary corollary of his genius. Hephzibah also knew that Richard's work was the major preoccupation of his life, as it was of hers and she believed that, because it was closest to his heart, so was she. However, to think that Richard's behaviour did not trouble or wound Hephzibah defies human nature, and indeed in reality she was anything but unaffected.

'We have come to the conclusion that we are awfully lucky'

In April 1977 Hephzibah was chosen as British president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Founded in 1915 in protest against World War I, the league was the oldest women's peace group in the Western world, a non-profit organisation that aimed at bringing together women of different political views and social and religious backgrounds to work for universal disarmament. (1) Hephzibah was delighted to be named president: it was the culmination of the work she had been doing with and for women ever since she began questioning wives and mothers about their lives during World War II in Melbourne.

Her appointment created some media interest, particularly from left-of-centre newspapers such as the *Guardian*, which provided a forum for some of her ambitions for the WILPF. These included ensuring that the organisation became more effective at the local level, linking women's daily problems with international ones. She had no faith, she said, in committees sitting around tables in Swiss conference rooms, although she realised that the WILPF had to be represented on world bodies, especially the United Nations. But, true to the work she had been doing, she declared that women had to take individual responsibility: 'Now it's up to people themselves,' she told *The Guardian* in May 1977. 'Women have been against things for so long, but they haven't done anything about it. They've been against male domination, against violence, against frittering their time in looking after other people's physical needs, against losing their husbands and children in wars.'

Hephzibah was a speaker of great force and eloquence. *The Guardian* journalist observed that she was 'desperate to avoid appearing … as a stereotype – the pianist, the mother, the social worker, the sister of a famous brother': this article was in fact one of the few that didn't make a point of emphasising all these things about her. And for once there was no mention of the work she did with Richard, and how important it was. Instead, she declared that her social consciousness had been raised by the war and its legacy of guilt among Jews who had survived – her only, and oblique, reference to Richard. Being a pianist, she said again, even a fine one, was simply not enough for her.

For once, too, she was forthright about her feelings and her knowledge of herself: 'I don't like being made a fuss of. I'm very much a member of the herd. I don't like being on my own. I enjoy going out to play a concert, but that's me speaking to my herd saying: Hey, listen to this.' And then, significantly, describing her career as a pianist: 'It wasn't me people were being nice to, it was their image of what I was. To be admired, put on a pedestal, is unbearable deprivation for me; it's being overlooked.'

Given Hephzibah's previous public comments, in all those interviews describing her chaotic home life and the importance of her work with Richard, this is bracingly frank. It is the sort of remark that leads one to think she is at last saying what she really feels. Of course, she might have been selectively quoted in order to make her sound more independent than she was, but it is possible that Richard's behaviour had at last made her question her intellectual dependence on him, made her want to express herself without reference to him.

But while Hephzibah was extending her activities for women, she was not neglecting her music: far from it. She was also doing concerts in London and Europe, and in July and August 1977 she was in Australia as an adjudicator for the first Sydney International Piano Competition. She had never been a judge on such a panel and she asked Yehudi, who had considerable experience, what to do. It was, he said, easy: if one of the performers played like Vladimir Horowitz they should be given the prize. Armed with this unhelpful advice, Hephzibah duly took her place on the panel, and with her fellow judges awarded first prize to the Russian pianist Irina Plotnikova. Warren Thomson, the chief organiser of the competition, recalls that Hephzibah 'was very genuine. She never got involved in the politics of the competition … She was always very concerned with helping young people. I always remember that about her.'

During this visit to Australia, Hephzibah played in a Musica Viva concert with Marston. He recalls:

We played a Schumann quintet (2 pianos, French horn and 2 cellos) with Henry Wenig on the first cello, Aurora Green on the other piano and Alex Grieve on horn. I practised my part for months with Philip Green, the lead cello on the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra. Aurora was incredibly nervous, no doubt because she was worried the amateur cellist

would stuff up! … Hephzibah was incredibly generous in allowing me to play in public with her. After about two minutes the first time we played she stopped suddenly and said, 'Well, at least you can play in tune!' This was some praise considering she played with the likes of Pablo Casals, Rostropovich and Jacqueline du Pre …

For Hephzibah that concert was one of the highlights of her Australian tour: it is also one of Marston's happy memories. Mother and son had learned to say through music what they could not speak to each other.

During that visit to Australia, Hephzibah suffered from a heavy cold and sore throat, which she attributed to being generally run down. She returned to London late in August, and almost immediately went to Gstaad to play concerts. This was followed by a week in Munich for the Pugwash Scientists Conference on World Affairs, where Richard's 'brilliant' address was on German television, an event she reported to Joan Levy. At the very end of the letter she added: 'Then we came back to London where I was bunged into hospital and found to have had not only a nasty ulcerated tonsil but a cancer as well behind it, which were all duly removed in good time with no pain and afforded me a week's marvellous rest in one of the newest of our National Health hospitals.'

That was all she said about what must have been a devastating discovery. It wasn't until two years later that she revealed any franker feelings, telling a journalist: 'When your husband tells you they've just removed a cancerous tonsil and you have to face the possibility of death, well, that's quite an experience.'

But her doctors were encouraging, and just after the surgery she wrote to Kron and Jenny:
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> My only worry is not to upset the ancestors, to whom I have written to say I had a bad tonsil out and left it at that. … I won't tell the parents in case they start raving about causative agents such as Arabs and delinquents, which ought not to be encouraged in view of the excellent prognosis and my remarkably improved state of health. They are going to give me six weeks' radiation treatment to make sure any spillover cells are destroyed and I was much bucked to hear that Laurence Olivier continued to perform daily during radiation for a cancerous growth of the prostate – meaning that there is no need to take it very seriously. I did cancel a recital and will

> generally tone down my activities till mid October – the week I have spent in hospital has been … a lifesaver and I have enjoyed every moment of it.

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As she had with other crises in her life, Hephzibah kept her private feelings out of her letters: she was Marutha's daughter after all.

Meanwhile she had to be practical. By October 1977 she was undergoing cobalt treatment, and she also put herself on an even stricter organic diet than the one she had followed for many years: no meat, dairy products or alcohol, lots of vegetables and pure juices. All this made her feel well and healthy and able to live a full life; she continued with her concerts, recitals and other work. Her doctors in London had discovered that the cancer had metastasised to a lymph node in her shoulder, and told her that an operation would have a good chance of success. However, she was also told there was a slight risk of damage to nerves in her arm, which might have prevented her playing the piano. She told Clara, 'Life wouldn't ber worth living if I couldn't do that,' which surprised her daughter.

A week or so later, while Hephzibah and Yehudi were playing a concert at the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, Hephzibah told her brother what the doctors had said. To this point, Yehudi had been hoping that nothing was wrong; this confirmation of this threat to the person to whom he was closest in the world was a blow to the heart.

As usual, Hephzibah put a bright face on the situation, saying that life might be easier if she were unable to play the piano, because she could devote more time to her other work. .According to Yehudi's household manager Philip Bailey, Yehudi's mind was elsewhere. 'When Hephzibah had gone to bed **Y** took me aside,' wrote Philip Bailey. 'He said, "It's going to be a long night, I'm going to spend the night on the telephone."' Long experience had given Yehudi a mental clock that told him what time it was in various parts of the world. 'By late that Sunday he had rung I don't know how many people, but enough to clutch onto a glimmer of hope. He had tracked down a doctor in Germany who said: *Don't try the surgery, send her to me and I'll see what I can do.*'

This was Dr Hans Nieper in Hanover, who had made an extensive study of treating cancers with natural substances. He had worked for some years at the Memorial Sloan-

Kettering Cancer Centre in New York, and had come to believe that cancer could not be treated in isolation, but that the entire body must be strengthened to fight it. His treatment was twofold: a macrobiotic diet, with no alcohol of course, and periodic intravenous injections of benzaldehyde, a chemical derived from a plant compound called laetrile, which produces cyanide, believed to be the active cancer-killing ingredient. The idea was that the body would be strengthened while abnormal cells were killed. In the 1970s benzaldehyde was an alternative treatment for cancer , but the American Cancer Society – and Nieper's colleagues at Sloan-Kettering – had dismissed it as quackery. (2)

Yehudi persuaded his sister not to undergo surgery, but to try Nieper's treatment instead. This accorded with Hephzibah's natural inclination: like her brother, she was interested in natural healing therapies – and in any case she had adopted Richard's rather dismissive view of traditional Western medicine. Marston, who discussed his mother's condition with a physician friend, was told that if the cancer been removed at that stage, and with follow-up chemotherapy, the prognosis would have been excellent. Several doctors were mystified why Hephzibah chose to treat her cancer by non-surgical means; a clear case of mismanagement, they said.

In February 1978 Hephzibah and Yehudi, who were touring in the USA, came to San Jose for a concert and Hephzibah visited her parents at nearby Los Gatos. Whatever Hephzibah might have told Moshe and Marutha about her health, none of it reached the *Los Gatos Times Observer*, which ran a front-page interview with mother and daughter. It was a long, fulsome piece, complete with a dated photograph of Hephzibah and Yehudi – the old Menuhin publicity machine was in full swing. Even though Yehudi was not present for the interview, there was no doubt about its focus. Marutha told a story about the young Yehudi forgetting to take his violin on holiday, so that the family had to go back and get it, thus losing day of their vacaction. Leaving aside the unlikely nature of this tale, it demonstrates that Marutha had lost none of her ability to use anecdote as a double-edged sword. Hephzibah, laughing and sipping herbal tea, colluded in this. The concert review, in the same newspaper, hardly mentions her while being full of praise for Yehudi's playing.

Back in London, Hephzibah needed to take stock. Word of her illness had spread and she knew that friends and family, who knew about Richard's treatment of her, were wondering

about his reaction to this great crisis in their lives. For this reason Hephzibah was at pains to insist that all was more than well between them. To Kron and Jenny she wrote:

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> Richard and I have never been closer or more aware of each other's needs and we have used this crisis, the shock of this thoroughly unexpected sickness, to look at our lives, at our complexes, our childish ways when it comes to doing anything. We have come to the conclusion that we are awfully lucky. Lucky to have been warned in time, lucky to have one another for life companions, lucky to have total trust in each other's mutual goodwill, lucky to be able to laugh at our various stupidities, lucky to be able to tolerate them, lucky to have the freedom of mind to be able to admit them without guilt or shame ...

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Some scribbled diary notes Hephzibah kept towards the end of 1978 cast a very different light. Among lists of work she was doing – organising a Youth Planning Centre, working with women at a nearby refuge – is a note saying that one of their male workers claimed Richard made advances to him, and that Clara was 'desperately upset' about it. Richard confronted this worker, told him how vicious he had been to upset Clara, and unless he apologised he would have to leave. The man apparently did. What is interesting is Hephzibah's comment about the episode: 'R has unlimited potential and I'd put nothing past him.' It is the first time she has described Richard anywhere in even vaguely critical terms.

Making life even more difficult for Hephzibah was the progress of her illness. She had followed the 'natural' diet religiously, but by the end of 1978 she had a series of painful lumps in her neck and knew something was wrong. Early in December she went to Hans Nieper's private clinic in Zurich, the Privatklinik Bercher-Benner, for what she told correspondents was simply tests, but which included laetrile treatment. She fitted her visit in after a tour of France with Yehudi and a visit to Germany for a seminar on the improvement of disintegrating urban areas. After a couple of weeks, the treatment appeared successful, as she told Kron and Jenny:

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> Healthwise things are marvellous. No more lumps on my neck – they've all subsided completely. I keep strictly to a diet which is a cross between raw, vegetarian and

> macrobiotic and when I was travelling with Yehudi I felt like an old cave woman, rummaging about in every town we came to for nuts, roots, organic grains and Wichita [sic] grubs which are hard to come by in the French provincial towns. He and I lived totally on such foods plus carrot and beetroot juice for the whole ten days and felt marvellously fit. On Nov 30th we were invited to lunch at the Japanese embassy in Paris, where we broke all the rules and ate quail, red wine, strawberry fritters and champagne. Talk about having it both ways!

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Dr Nieper intrigued and diverted her. In her diary she described him as:

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> the oddest of geniuses: undoubtedly a Herrenvolk specimen, utterly vain, showoffish, brilliant, but also impassioned with the search for greater understanding of world principles … Partly bantering and partly inspired ("I don't think, I KNOW") he arrives on a wave of magnetic intensity, trailing a doctor or two and a sister, all of whom are having trouble keeping up with his tempo. His pockets are bulging with photocopies of articles and letters from USA congressmen, German ministers, physicists and physicians, referring mostly to his brilliant explorations in the field of alternative energy.

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She also noted that Nieper made very bad puns in English that amused him rather more than they did his listeners. It is not surprising that Hephzibah felt comfortable with Dr Nieper, given that she had been living for twenty years with someone whose personal style was similar.(3)

Hephzibah found that in some ways Dr Nieper's treatment was worse than the disease. Benzaldehyde, she noted, was:

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> aggressive stuff, hostile to the veins and unless carefully administered causes a vicious burning sensation. The process itself is not painful if the needle is well ensconced in the veins and the drip finely regulated: the trouble is the daily growing unwillingness of the veins to co-operate with the treatment. The gentleness and good humour [of the orderlies administering the injections] reduce discomfort to a minimum, but pain is always only a skin depth away. I found it a great help to concentrate on deep

> breathing … and I read a great deal of Isaac Bashevis Singer that transported me into a world so far removed from where I was … that I was able to lose all sense of time and never feel impatient.

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Hephzibah underwent many treatments at the Bircher-Benner clinic. While she was undergoing treatment, she was free to come and go; sometimes Richard came to Zurich and stayed with her. These were times that Hephzibah valued, feeling that their relationship, freed from the day-to-day stresses of work, became whole again. For the first time in a long while, they were able to talk together, and she felt she had Richard's total support. They came to various joint decisions, which Hephzibah summarised in her diary notes: 'From now on H is not to battle alone against her crisis as till now she has had to when attacked by wild pain – but R, aware of his anxiety which rises to meet hers, thus doubling the madness, will recognise it and we will have it together, as we have had "our cancer" together and are having "our cure" together.'

She needed whatever steadying she could find, and whenever she returned to London from these treatments, life surged around her. Her diary mentions '100 small things, up and down, to attend to. Cable to Marsty and Lin for birthday, collecting money and paying bill at Patel's to buy fish for dinner with Ray, visiting the new health shop in Warwick Way, visiting the Women's Aid Centre, Clara came, somehow a little estranged and careful, N's baby has been found murdered, did all cooking and making carrot juice and soaking porridge. Rang Mammina.' This list is not dissimilar to others she described in letters to friends and family, but the sense of joy, of happiness in service, is missing here. It is a chronicle of small burdens, as though she felt everybody wanted something from her. She was tired.

She also found that Richard's support was not always reliable, probably because of his own fear and anxiety – made the greater, perhaps, because he was a man who placed great store by being in control. Eva Cox went to Ponsonby Place on a day when Richard was bringing Hephzibah home from Hanover after one of her treatments. Clara was there, along with the staff, Eva recalls, but the family:

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> wanted to greet Hephzibah just by ourselves, as a surprise, just family, so we asked the staff to go round to the office at Millbank. The girl Richard was particularly interested in didn't want to go, but I got a bit stroppy with her. Eventually, very sulkily, she went to Millbank with the others. So there we were, waiting outside the front door of Ponsonby Place. The taxi came round the corner and pulled up, and Hephzibah got out. She was really happy to see us all – we hadn't seen each other for a few years. Then Richard got out. He took one look at us and all he said was: "Where's [the girl]?" I gulped a bit, and said she was with the rest of the staff in the office round the corner. Without another word to any of us, Richard walked off, leaving Hephzibah standing.

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Hephzibah mentioned nothing of this in any of her letters; her public news was always cheerful. Richard was well; they were working together harmoniously. Myke had a new job as a hospital orderly and was happy. She told Kron and Jenny that Clara was doing well, studying anthropology and linguistics at the School of Asian Studies, London University. She did not say that Clara had enrolled after Eva told her she needed to get some academic credentials, that there were other ways of looking at the world besides Richard's, and she owed it to herself to discover some of them. Richard was less than pleased when he found out about this, but Clara went ahead.

Hephzibah moved into the summer of 1979 in good spirits and reasonable health, telling Kron and Jenny: 'I seem to be pretty stable now and by watching out for overstress and having a real relax after lunch, things are good. I have periodic blood tests to make sure the white blood cells are not too low as a result of the sub-toxic chemicals I take in minute daily doses.' With her improved health came a renewed appetite for work: she was teeming with plans and projects. She and Richard were preparing two handbooks about social action surveys and training for leadership, and had had interest from two publishers; pilot copies were being sent to Canada, France, Germany and Switzerland. She was about to go to Paris for the international congress of the WILPF, hoping to set up a world campaign against torture. Her plans also included a holiday with Richard somewhere by the sea – she loved the sun but had been told it was bad for her cancer. She would be spending another week at the Bercher-Benner clinic while Richard gave a course in graphology in nearby Zurich. Then she would go to play at the summer festival in Gstaad as usual.

Hephzibah was seeing something of Yaltah, now living in London. Yaltah's marriage to Benjamin Rolfe had broken up in 1956, and she had continued her career as a pianist in the USA, performing a great deal of chamber music, mostly in California, making recordings and appearing on television. She appeared and recorded in duets with pianist Joel Ryce, and their partnership continued offstage: they married in 1962. Ryce retrained as a Jungian therapist, and set up a practice in London. At long last Yaltah was happy, both in her marriage and in her work. She continued to play concerts in London (as did Ryce occasionally) and became heavily involved in youth orchestras.

In 1978 Yaltah's elder son Lionel Rolfe had published *The Menuhin Odyssey,* an account of the Menuhin family, with particular emphasis on Yehudi. He asserted that Marutha's family were not Tartars, as she claimed, but that she probably came from a poor Jewish family in Russia. While Lionel's book caused a huge family fuss – Moshe and Marutha cut him out of their will and refused to speak to him – it seems the damage was local. Hephzibah told Kron and Jenny: 'It has not been reviewed to our knowledge here, though bookshops are full of copies. Perhaps the public is getting a little tired of the Menuhin rumpus? I'm sure it was a wholesome bit of therapy for the writer …'

Lionel's book made Hephzibah think again about her background and childhood, and particularly about her parents. She had very definite and understandably harsh views about them, which she expressed not to Yehudi but to Kron. (Hephzibah's correspondence with her elder son shows a warmth and ease of friendship all the more striking for having been so hard won.)

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> Of course we are all grateful for all Mammina did for us, but don't forget it has taken us a lifetime … to UNLEARN much of what she rammed into us that was fanatic, judgmental, self-centred and plain mad. If she could snap out of her own mind and corset, she'd have left old Aba years ago and been a great person instead of a great personality! Aba would have been happy in a traditional rabbinical career, laying down the law and writing and being the great wizard among the adoring followers. He's got a beautiful soul and I get glimpses of it but it's never grown out of its nappy stage – he's a self-indulgent, greedy baby craving for the love he's done his best not

> to deserve and has deserved (though he'll never have his fill) by sure endurance of the anguish it must be to have Mammina for a wife.

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Hephzibah was about to step into another part of her past again: she would be spending October in Australia, for three weeks of concerts with Yehudi and a little time with Kron and Marston and their families. She started reading *Intermission* by Anne Baxter, the American movie star's memoir of her own time in Australia. Baxter had married an American, Randolph Galt, in 1961, leaving her country and career to live with him on the property he had bought in Western Australia, which she called Giro (Baxter heavily disguised people and places in her book; she said only that Giro was 'in the Australian outback'.) Hephzibah's experience of Australia was separated from Anne Baxter's by more than twenty years and very different terrain – Baxter had lived in the hardscrabble bush – but a great deal of Baxter's story resonated with Hephzibah. She told Joan Levy:

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> It could only have been written for me, and only you, best of all, would know why. Stretched out on my luxurious bed under the feather down quilt, sipping my statutory carrot juice (3 cups a day at least, laced with cream for better absorption) I considered what had been, retailed in those witty, evocative terms, what familiar signposts I'd passed along the road … and what has since happened – all wonder, all intensity, all love of life, much pain and infinitely worthwhile.

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There is a great deal in the elegantly written *Intermission* that Hephzibah must have recognised. This description, for instance: 'Small bush towns move with surprisingly heavy feet … there are two parallel lines of conversation at Australian country gatherings – prescribed female and exclusively male … weather was far more than a safe topic in the bush. It was the crux of it …' Like Hephzibah, Baxter had children born in Australia (two daughters, Melissa and Maginel), and from time to time left the country to work. And like Hephzibah too, Baxter became gradually estranged from her husband, also a farmer, who did not understand her work or her needs and was thoroughly practical and absorbed in day-to-day matters. Hephzibah, who had once written about Lindsay Nicholas that she loved him 'so much too much for his sober needs that it sometimes chokes me with a sense of waste', must have felt a thrill of recognition and understanding upon reading these words of Anne Baxter's: 'My needs were so desperate and many they would have turned an enemy into an acquaintance. But we were not acquainted. We were lovers … I looked at

him, searching his face for the man I loved. I might as well have studied a safe whose combination I didn't know.'

Anne Baxter left Australia after only four or five years. While she evidently continued to feel some affection for the life she had led there and the people she had known, the prevailing tone of her book is disillusionment. She was however very perceptive: 'I'd begun to think that one lived in America, in Europe … but on Australia,' she wrote.

Hephzibah's own feelings for and about Australia were more complicated, a compound of both pain and joy. It was a place where she had caused and suffered pain, grown up a little, learned some of the hard lessons of adulthood. But reading *Intermission* made Hephzibah long for the huge skies of Australia, its light and space – she never entirely lost her nostalgia for them – and so it was with great anticipation that she prepared for her October tour with Yehudi.

Her illness had taught her to conserve her strength whenever possible, and she was less outgoing than usual on that visit. Harry Curby, first violinist with the Sydney String Quartet who had met her two years earlier, just before the diagnosis, noticed a difference. 'She was quite self-effacing,' he said. 'Quite withdrawn.' He also noticed how deferential she was to her brother. 'I couldn't help thinking she'd probably been trained to do that from childhood,' he said. 'The interest was always more on him than on her, even though in every way she was a supreme artist.'

The Sydney String Quartet played the Chausson *Sextet* with Yehudi and Hephzibah. Their first performance was in Sydney's Regent Theatre, after which they recorded it for the ABC in Melbourne and Canberra. This piece is extremely difficult for the piano, and Curby recalls:

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> When we sat down to rehearse a couple of days before that first concert, I sensed – I think we all did – that she wouldn't have played it many times in her career, unlike some of the better known works. She ran her fingers over the keys, looked at the music, and we sensed she hadn't played it for a long time. During the break she remained at the keyboard, doing a bit of practice, refreshing her memory on some of the enormously difficult passages. Within two or three hours she had it all down. She

had such a clear understanding of the piece and such a memory that it just flowed from her. She played magnificently.

She sat before the piano as if it was her domain. It didn't matter whether there was anyone in the audience, it made no difference to her, she was so unflustered, cool, calm and very relaxed. In listening to her play and playing with her – we would often have only a very short rehearsal with a performance the next day – and in her playing with Yehudi, she was so very aware of all the little inflections, tiny changes of rhythm. Hephzibah played as though she was playing the violin and accompanying herself on the piano. She was so in touch with it. She had a great gift. She had all the qualities of a really first-class chamber player, where you really have to listen, almost more than playing your own part. Hephzibah was authoritative, but she never dominated or imposed. It was just the way she played, the way she did everything. She had a presence.

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Hephzibah left other enduring impressions on that visit. The pianist Rachel Valler heard her and Yehudi playing at the Regent Theatre and recalls:

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I had always thought how unfair it was that all the praise went to Yehudi, not to her. I met her when she was just married to Richard Hauser and I was starting out as a pianist myself. I was terribly nervous because I admired her so much, but she was lovely to me. When I heard her and Yehudi at the Regent, I was right up close to her because I was writing a review for a local newspaper and had complimentary tickets. This was not one of Yehudi's best performances. I was watching Hephzibah and not once did she wince or show any dismay at the sounds he produced that night. I admired her so much, being the musician she was she must have been suffering such agony on his behalf, as well as being sick herself with cancer. He had moments of glory in his later years, but this recital was not one of them. People didn't appreciate Hephzibah to the full, can I say that?

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Hephzibah spoke about her illness readily with the media; it was not an off-limits subject. She kept interviewers at a distance, however, and slipped easily into lecturing mode, as she

often did when discussing her work. It was a good defence mechanism. She told a journalist for *Woman's Day*:

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> The immunologists believe that we all have natural resources that are used only when we have a crisis – a cold, a broken leg, or something of that sort. In the case of cancer patients, those resources have all been used up and they must be replaced, mostly by diet. Practically everything I eat is raw. No meat, no salt, hardly any eggs or milk. Plenty of porridge and lentils, which give energy without boosting the sugar level. Nuts and only cold pressed oil. And not too much of anything . I have plenty of energy. I feel tremendously alive, receptive, I've learned to give my body space and time. And right at the core of my being I feel quiet and safe. It's a wonderful feeling.

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Despite her optimism, Hephzibah was well aware what was happening to her. She knew that the cancer in her throat had a poor prognosis and, practical woman that she was, she did not hope for a miracle. She told Harry Curby she'd been given two more years, saying she: 'had to live on squeezed and pureed fruit juices and vegetables, mainly. But she told us that about once a fortnight for breakfast she had black coffee and bacon. And I thought, here is a person who accepts what is happening and who is going to live until she can't any longer.'

Hephzibah remembered that Australian tour with delight, writing to Kron on her return to London: 'I want you to know that our time in Australia was, essentially because of what you helped to make it, a new experience in thorough joy and wellbeing.' She added with great excitement that on her way to a conference in Paris she had picked up an airport copy of *All the Rivers Run* by the Australian writer Nancy Cato, and asked Kron, who now lived with his family on a farm at Moama, near Echuca on the Murray River:

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> Who *is* she? You could scarcely credit it, but the book is all about the Murray River paddle steamers at the turn of the century and the first name that jumped out at me as I fingered through it to see if I was going to like it was *Moama.* Of all the tens of thousands of paperbacks, imagine being given the only one in Europe, I should think, that deals with that part of the world I have come to love so much!

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Hephzibah was hoping that the sun and warmth she had soaked up in Australia would see her through what was turning out to be a cold and wet English winter. She was still full of plans for the first part of 1980, with no time to be ill: a tour to the US in March; a trip to Costa Rica 'in connection with setting up their proposed Peace University', as she told Kron and Jenny; and concerts in France and England during May. But she was at odds with Yehudi over one of his favourite projects, the Menuhin School.

Set up in 1963 and permanently established at Stoke d'Abernoin in Surrey the following year, this school fulfilled one of Yehudi's great dreams: to provide focused tuition to exceptionally talented young musicians. (4) Yehudi was enormously proud of the school, although some of his staff suspected that he believed more in the idea of young people than in young people themselves, of whom he knew little. (It must be said that neither Yehudi nor Hephzibah was exactly immersed in the youth culture of their time. Hephzibah pronounced the name of the leader of the Rolling Stones as 'Mick Yager', and when Yehudi was told of the death of Elvis Presley in 1977 he asked: 'Who?') Hephzibah did not share her brother's enthusiasm for the school, declaring her disapproval for 'hothouse' education. This was partly influenced by Richard's dislike of any form of perceived elitism, but it stemmed mainly from her extraordinary childhood and her attempts as an adult to get away from the weight of musical expectation laid upon her.

The winter of 1979–80 was a hard one for Hephzibah. Although she conscientiously maintained her dietary regime, took Nieper's prescribed medication and continued her visits to the the Bercher-Benner clinic, she often felt tired and weak. She also suffered from agonising sore throats. Lack of sunshine was the problem, she told Kron and Jenny, and early in 1980 she and Richard went to Spain for a two-week holiday. She declared that she felt better as a result of sitting in the sun, but there was little improvement in her condition. A doctor she saw in London was uncompromising: as long as she kept working at such a pace, especially at Ponsonby Place, she would continue to deteriorate.

Yet Hephzibah was determined to keep working as long as possible, and her family and friends were horrified at the toll this took on her: she seemed to grow frailer, more tired, every day. Eva, on a visit from Australia, saw how the constant stream of visitors to Ponsonby Place was wearing her out.

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My father liked having visitors, because he could be the guru all the time, but it took an awful toll on Hephzibah. She felt she had to start cooking, talking to everybody, staying to help with whatever work was being generated, clearing up afterwards. So I suggested to Richard and Hephzibah that they should set rules. Nobody would be allowed to come to dinner with less than four hours' notice. If they wanted to drop in they must bring food, or else they could go out to eat with Richard.

Hephzibah thought this was sensible, and agreed with me. But Richard immediately started shouting at both of us. How *dare* we try and tell him how to behave in his own house? How *dare* we try and monitor the people who were coming to visit him? Hephzibah and I tried to ask him to be reasonable, but he wouldn't listen. Finally he slammed out of the house. Then the phone rang. Richard was at Pimlico station, and he wanted to continue the argument. I can still see Hephzibah standing frozen with the phone about twelve inches away from her ear while Richard screamed abuse.

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Richard calmed down eventually and returned, and Hephzibah and Eva went for a walk. It was a cold, grey day. As they passed the recreation area at the end of Ponsonby Place, Hephzibah suddenly said to her stepdaughter: 'You know, you're one of my closest friends.' Eva was shocked: 'I'd seen Hephzibah from time to time ever since I was a teenager, of course, and I used to fight with her because she'd take my part in an argument and then, when Richard entered the discussion, she'd side with him. It used to make me furious as a teenager, and even angrier as an adult. I had grown very fond of Hephzibah, I loved her dearly, but I would never have seen us as close friends. For her to say that struck me as being very sad.'

But Eva knew why Hephzibah had said it. Almost from the time she became ill Richard had controlled a great deal about her life: what she ate and when, her treatment, even whom she saw.

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So then I said to Hephzibah: 'Leave him. Decide for yourself. You must have the right to decide your own care.' Hephzibah shook her head. 'I couldn't do that,' she said. 'I've invested too much.' She meant that she couldn't go through another

divorce and all that again, but I've never thought that was the whole story. The truth was that Hephzibah did not have the confidence to make decisions for herself, on her own behalf. She'd been trained to be subordinate from a very early age, and despite all that intelligence and brilliance she'd never learned how to break away.

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Eva's is an uncompromising assessment and it should be remembered that Hephzibah did not have the physical or mental energy at this stage of her illness to contemplate any drastic action. Yet there is no doubt that she was lonely and feeling unhappy, and the focus for her misery was still the young woman to whom Richard continued to be attracted. Around the same time she wrote this in her diary:

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I've learned to be independent, but I still feel I've been cheated ... she has so much to say because she repeats all the good ideas of R and people think she's wonderful ... We share everything with her, she has to share nothing with us ... Who dominates who becomes the real question and not what can we do together ... The minute she puts foot in the house the red light goes on for everyone else. (Whenever she happens to be with R the door is automatically closed and we are all told 'come in if you want to' but also she is summoned because he wants to ...)

What is my feeling then? Shall I tell her to go, meaning 'you are going to ruin our marriage'? I haven't had a place for months. I could do anything if I had some support but I've had to do it all myself ... I respect R but at the same time I feel so sorry for him. The only times I don't feel my position are when he's being angry with me ... I'm even more sorry for him than when I was testing him to see if he can really throw me ... People need to test other people and as they're testing them they're defeating the purpose. The person one is testing snaps and then one has the satisfaction of knowing they really don't love you after all ...

I've thought of R for years as an ogre and her as the fairy princess but then I think ... she came to be pumped full and nothing ever changed because he needed more and more [adoration from her].

I had no one to confide in, neither has R. What have we done that we have no peer groups?

'Right at the core of my being I feel quiet and safe'

None of this was resolved in March 1980 when Hephzibah and Yehudi embarked on their tour of the US. For Yehudi, this tour was particularly important. He was not at the top of his form; he had garnered less than ecstatic reviews on several occasions and was determined to prove himself again. Hephzibah knew this and was happy to provide her usual loyal support.

The program for the tour consisted of works both had played in public for years: Brahms' *Sonata No 2 in A*, Beethoven's *Sonata No 7 in C minor and* Yehudi's solo of Bach's *Partita.* There were also Rumanian folk dances by Bartok, Debussy's 'Girl with the Flaxen Hair', and *Scherzo Tarantelle* by Wienawski, with one or two other items for encores. Both Yehudi and Hephzibah wanted to take a conservative approach: Yehudi did not want to embark on new work at this point, and Hephzibah's illness made her unable to give the same level of concentration to her playing that she had two years before in Australia.

She admitted as much by deciding to use the musical scores. Hephzibah certainly knew all these works well enough to play without them, but doing so now was just additional pressure she felt ill-equipped to handle. For this tour, too, she had decided not to use the services of local musicians to turn the pages: there were times when she could hardly speak, and having to give instructions to new people over the weeks ahead would be not only time-consuming but would strain her already raw throat. Philip Bailey, Yehudi's Australian-born driver and household manager, had turned pages for her during rehearsals and she wanted to continue with him.

Brother and sister met in late February in Miama, Florida. Diana, who usually came with Yehudi on tour, was temporarily in Phoenix, Arizona. According to Philip Bailey, this was for 'her annual round of massage and beauty therapies'. Hephzibah arrived from London looking ill and gaunt, and Yehudi was shocked at her appearance. He himself was suffering from the aftereffects of flu.

They were booked to play five recitals in the first seven days, hardly a schedule that made concessions to Hephzibah's state of health. In Washington they attended a reception at the

British embassy, and Hephzibah spent the next two days meeting people she thought could help with her work for women. When they flew to New York Richard was there to greet them, having flown from London for a surprise visit. Philip Bailey writes:

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> Richard saw how the recitals to date had taxed his wife's strength. When Hephzibah complained of a loss of hearing he went with her to seek medical advice. The diagnosis of a middle-ear infection was straightforward. Medically she was unfit to be undertaking the rigours of a concert tour. In spite of the doctor's concerns the option of cancelling the three remaining recitals of the tour was given scant consideration. Richard made no move to persuade Hephzibah to return home early. Yehudi was pragmatic: there was much at stake both financially and professionally. So long as Hephzibah was willing to play, the schedule would continue uninterrupted.

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It is hard not to see Richard and Yehudi as the villains here, urging Hephzibah to continue, not allowing her rest when she so badly needed it, because in their utter selfishness it suited them both to do so. But Hephzibah *wanted* to be on that tour with Yehudi. She wanted to play while she could, when she could, and Richard and Yehudi must have known that. And so during every recital, ignoring draughts and wearing a battered old parka for warmth, she would sit in the wings watching and listening to her brother perform his Bach solo. She refused all attempts to make her rest in the dressing room. 'My place is here,' she told Philip Bailey, 'willing Yehudi on.'

Philip Bailey thought that the real reason for her being there was that 'this would be her last tour with Yehudi. I think she had reached the point of resignation. … Yehudi played the same program for six nights, and she never missed a note.'

One of their last concerts together, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, had an element of black comedy, even of farce. Hephzibah and Yehudi arrived at rehearsal to discover they were expected to perform on a circular stage. Not only that, but the piano was bad, lit only by a standard lamp with a jaundiced shade. The hall reeked of stale air. During their run-through there was a heavy grinding sound as the stage started to revolve.

Yehudi insisted the stage must remain still during their performance; apart from anything else, the vibrations were simply too heavy for him to play properly. The management,

affronted, pointed out that patrons had paid good money to see the performers facing them at least once during the recital. Finally a compromise was reached. The stage would revolve only partially, and only between items on the program.

According to Philip Bailey, when the audience arrived a master of ceremonies introduced the visiting musicians: 'Hin--tro--dusin for the very first time at Valley Forge ... the sensational ... the world-famous duo we are proud to call Ham--erica's own ... put your hands together for...' And then he paused, frowning, consulted the paper in his hand and finished with: 'Yoohoo and Heffi Menhoon!'

Yehudi, not surprisingly, decided that enough was enough. He and Hephzibah would finish as soon as possible. Just before beginning the first item, the Beethoven sonata, he whispered a short instruction to Hephzibah, who nodded without taking her eyes from the score. She in turn said something softly to Philip Bailey, who did not hear her. They began to play. When the score indicated a section was to be repeated, Philip duly turned the page back so that Hephzibah could begin it again. He was disconcerted to see her left hand leave the keyboard and firmly turn the page forward, and thinking she had made a mistake he tried to flip it back. Hephzibah, still playing with her right hand, slapped her left hand flat on the page. Philip realised what Hephzibah had said: they would play straight through without repeats. They finished their pieces, gave no encores and ended the concert in record time.

The final duo recital of Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin took place on 29 March 1980 in the college hall on the campus of the University of Queen's, New York. According to Philip, it was the best of the nine they played. At the end, brother and sister took their bows hand in hand, together, as they had always done.

While in New York Hephzibah visited the Australian-born doctor John Diamond, whose classic 'alternative' text *Your Body Doesn't Lie* she greatly admired. He asked her many penetrating questions, which she described in an undated letter to friends as 'wonderfully indiscreet: Why aren't you worried about yourself? Why are you pretending you are not afraid? If someone you loved had cancer, wouldn't you be worried? If you die, how will Richard, your brother and your children be affected? If you don't look after yourself, will you be of any use to those you love and the many you want to help?' Dr Diamond also told

her: 'These tumours are not extraneous to yourself, but a part of you, of your whole being; you must face the fact that either they will kill you, or if you want to live, you must be prepared to put as much energy, self discipline and purpose into the effort as you have throughout the whole of your life into becoming a musician.'

Nobody else had spoken to Hephzibah so bluntly, and although she was shocked at having a doctor so shrewdly sum up the kind of denial she was practising – that her illness was somehow extraneous to herself, that she was not afraid – it was in some measure a relief. She promised to slow down, to take life a little more easily.

The decision was taken out of her hands. She returned to London with a heavy cold, which turned into vicious flu. The tumours in her neck grew and flourished; they had always swollen visibly a few days after any major stress. Hephzibah could no longer treat them as a detached health problem: she was constantly hoarse, had great trouble breathing and swallowing, and the pressure in her head was so great she could only turn a little sideways. She felt absolutely dreadful.

In early April she was in a Hanover hospital under Dr Nieper's care. Things went badly wrong. 'The cancer lumps, consisting of poisonous protein, were dissolving at a spectacular rate, flushed out by the kidneys, and had created a complete revolution within the body chemistry,' she wrote later. 'A raging *foudroyant* [overwhelming] infection had taken place in the mucous membranes of my mouth and my throat, causing horrible bleeding blisters and very painful lesions. The inside of my mouth felt like strips of raw meat. My blood count, in the meantime, went totally berserk, a sharp drop in platelets and not enough white cells to survive.'

For five days in the first week of May 1980 Hephzibah was close to death. Clara, who was in Hanover with Richard, called Kron to tell him to come as quickly as he could. His reply was: 'Well, do you think the old girl is going to die? Because there is no point in my coming out if she's going to live.'

'How I love these crude, blatant, reticent, tenderhearted Australians!' wrote Hephzibah in the photocopied letter she sent to many correspondents. 'One day I landed, not suddenly, just very gently. At that moment the door opened and Kron came in, much larger than life.

From then on, as I flitted in and out of consciousness and heard Richard and Kron talking to each other, the two I never believed would ever have anything deeply in common, the chestnut tree outside my window burst into bloom and a deeply buried anguish of nearly twenty-seven years ago was miraculously healed.'

She added: 'Richard kept me in touch with what was happening and with other people I love to whom I evidently spoke on the phone even after I had left this earth. He never slept during those five and a half days … the lovely red-headed nurse told me, "Death was in the room …. You fought well but you would not have made it if your husband had not sat by you."'

That is not quite how Kron remembers those desperate days. Richard 'was much more of a hindrance than a help,' he says. 'Hovering over Hephzibah, getting in the way of doctors and nurses. When she began to recover he was so anxious that she got restless, and the doctors had to order him to leave the room. He was killing her. And he would just sit by the bedside and say: "Why is this happening to me?"'

Clara recalls of that time: 'Richard and I were sitting by Hephzibah's bedside one day and Richard said to her, "What can I do to make it up to you? I'll do anything." She didn't say anything, but her eyes filled with tears. I knew what she meant. "It's *her*, isn't it?" I said. I meant the young woman who … "You want her to go, don't you?" Hephzibah nodded. "All right," said Richard. "She leaves tomorrow." And that was that.' The affair ended.

Hephzibah slowly recovered. Ten days after falling ill, when Kron had returned to Australia, she wrote to his five children:

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> I want to write to you all together and thank you for lending Kron to me when I needed his help. I never thought such a thing would happen to me as to be very sick, and when it did happen all my blood cells went peculiar … And then one day I woke up and I saw Kron come through the door and I was so happy that all my will to live came rushing back. After that we had a lot of fun and Kron and Richard helped the nurses keep me clean and fed because I couldn't do much for myself.

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Yehudi was on tour all through April and May, although he was told what was happening. According to Philip Bailey, 'Yehudi had set himself a more than usually frenetic schedule of commitments for the months ahead that did not allow him to make more than occasional and short visits to his sister. He gave the outward appearance of resigned himself to Hephzibah's fate.'

This sounds rather as if Yehudi was unfeeling, that he and Hephzibah had become estranged, a view held by at least one Menuhin biographer. But it is more likely that Yehudi simply did not know what to do. He was terrified of illness, had done what he could to find a doctor for his sister, and had no idea how to react now that the cure was not proceeding according to plan. He felt utterly helpless and it was easier to stay away and to send her a record player as a present, which she accepted gratefully. But whatever their motives, and however different these were from each other, the two people to whom Hephzibah had been closest – her brother and Richard – failed her when she needed them most desperately. It is not surprising that she felt so lonely.

By July, back in London, she felt well enough to write to Kron and Jenny that she was 'no longer one human chemical compound, made up of benzaldehyde, blood transfusions and astronaut food. I go to Dr Nieper in Hanover for another checkup … the main problem at present is that the sub-toxic doses of chemical I have been taking depress the bone marrow and cause anaemia, so I have had liver injections (sad to have to admit for a would-be vegetarian!) and am definitely much improved as a result.'

Her cancer had abruptly gone into remission. 'Dr Nieper is satisfied that the cancer is dormant, but it should be gone for him to be really happy,' she wrote. 'Maybe another eighteen months he hopes.'

Did she really believe this? It is impossible to say. Meanwhile she went for a checkup at Bircher-Benner. Here she spent her time, as she wrote to Kron, 'eating and reading and writing and growing hair', which was very thin because of cobalt treatment. She wrote a great deal, mainly letters to family and friends. Most notably, she put together an eight-page foolscap document which she had typed and copies of which were circulated to her dearest friends and correspondents. This letter, which has already been quoted from, answered Hephzibah's need to tell those closest to her about her illness, in detail, and how she felt

about it. She also wanted to 'confirm for my own failing self's sake, the fact of certain people's closeness to my spirit, no matter how many physical miles removed … who they are and how much I love them gradually became more important to my shaping of the future than any other consideration, including that of my own identity.'

This letter was both Hephzibah's testament and her farewell. In it she declared that her illness had liberated her from some lifelong habits and instincts, including the suppression of her feelings. She now knew what this had cost her. 'My inner being was letting go of its armour plating,' she wrote. 'Lifelong pretences dropped away: *I am not scared, I can do anything by will power* … I was being released from the stress caused by too tight an inner control.' She also asked herself the unanswerable question: why had she developed cancer? 'Clearly there was no malice in getting ill, yet I repeated to myself in idiotic-self defence, as if there had been, that no one yet knows exactly what imbalance of hereditary and environmental factors, what miscegenated aspirations and ambivalences combine to bring about a defection of one's life-preserving system. Yet how, I asked myself, did it happen? What did you [do] wrong, you other me?'

She did not attempt to set down any possible answers, letting the questions hang and moving to a description of her illness and its treatment. From there she wrote of life at the clinic and the treatment she was enduring, culminating in a description of the five days in May when she almost died.

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> What I can tell you is the story of those lost days during which I slipped out of consciousness and became, as Richard put it, a soul in space in no hurry to land. … How can anyone tell anyone who has not been called back what it is like to hear and to heed the summons of love from beyond this Earth? For I had already left for other shores and I came back in deeper peace than I have ever known, totally relieved of psychic stress and of driving "mustness" … From having turned into a very small infant on May 2nd I returned in good time to celebrate my sixtieth birthday on May 20th …

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In her recovery she was resolved to look towards the future. 'We intend to establish a new daily rhythm of life, together and separately, so that our life, our health and our work can

sail forward in perfect harmony, as the most divine chamber music does, each instrument listening joyously to the others and playing its own part as beautifully as it can be played.'

The Bircher-Benner Clinic, where Hephzibah wrote this, was only a quarter of a mile from the Dolder Hotel. It was at the Dolder, as she reminded Kron and Jenny, that in 1938 she had decided to marry Lindsay Nicholas, and where a frantic Maurice Fleg had telephoned her, begging her to change her mind. 'If I had married him I'd have finished up in a concentration camp, and where would that have left you and all those who thrive and live and love because of you?' she asked Kron.

That question had been an urgent one when Hephzibah went to Theresienstadt in 1947: now, while still important, it had dwindled to the status of 'what if'. She had other things to think about. 'We all agree that we've won a huge battle but not the war,' she told Kron, 'and as long as I live a near normal life, that is, normal for us, which means plenty of adventure and interesting people and travelling without stress and with plenty of fun – we can take even a spot of cancer in our stride! I've started playing the piano and that too is a reason for feeling great.'

It was now high summer and time for Yehudi's Gstaad festival. With thankfulness and a renewed sense of deep pleasure, Hephzibah settled to her familiar routine of preparing for concerts. Her new approach to living, born of her near-death experience, was giving new depth and spirituality to her playing. As Clara said: 'She tried to find harmony in all aspects of her life, and the music became more and more important to her.' Yehudi agreed: 'She became a deeper musician and a greater pianist,' he said. 'The last performances she gave in Gstaad were on the height [sic] of any pianist, especially a Bloch sonata she played, which was unforgettable.'

The last recording they made together, at about this time, included the Vaughan Williams *Sonata in A minor*. This is a difficult work for a pianist at any time: given Hephzibah's state of health – she was in pain when she made the recording and the cover shows her in a high-necked sweater to conceal the swelling in her neck -- the precision, intelligence and feeling in her playing are nothing short of astonishing.
For years Hephzibah had been denying what music meant to her. For years she had apparently dealt with Euterpe, the Muse of music, by dressing her in no-nonsense clothes

and sending her out to work. But at the end of her life she recognised that music was part of her core, and now she knew it would never leave her.

Richard had been with her in Gstaad, but returned to London after a week or two. Trusting in her health, Hephzibah decided to stay on. One Sunday, buoyed by a rush of high spirits and happiness, she decided to go for a solitary walk. It was a brilliantly sunny day and she revelled in the opportunity to head off into the mountains alone. In a lush meadow beyond the top of the funicular railway, she found a rough hut, occupied by an old herdsman. 'I dropped in, thinking he might give me a glass of fresh goat's milk,' she wrote to Kron and Jenny.

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> In fact he was busy making cheese (about 160 pounds a go) and he was only too happy to give me a drink and let me watch the procedure. So I sat on a bench in the low-roofed room at the side of the open fireplace in which he was stirring the rennetted milk in a huge cauldron. Some of his two-legged relatives came to join us: they don't talk much more than his cows. As they waited around for the milk to curdle and the time to pass, they drank plum brandy and ate shavings of dry cheese . . .

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The group was soon joined by another man, a hiker who said he was from Chile. Hephzibah decided to say as little as possible to him, in case he was a member of their secret police.

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> But it turned out that he is a self-exile, running the Italo-Chile Friendship Society from Rome, where he is a professor of literature and is busily gathering documented material on prisoners of conscience in Chile. I then spoke of our own efforts to combat torture and to lift the horrible mental blockage (combined anxiety, frustration, low self esteem) that allows a human being to torture another. He gathered me into his arms and shouted: '*Ma allora tu sei sorella*!' which means, 'you are a sister then' and much more plum brandy and goat's milk were drunk all round. Into the brilliant hot sun I went, out of the dark cabin, walking on air.

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In her embrace of natural things, her eagerness to make connections between people, this story is entirely typical of Hephzibah.

She returned to London and a visit from Marston and Jenny, who had left their two daughters, Angela and Anstee, behind in Australia. Marston played the cello for Helen Airoff Dowling, who reported that he was 'highly gifted and should continue taking it seriously and that any time he decides to be a veterinary cellist instead of a cello-playing veterinarian he has her full blessing', as Hephzibah proudly reported to Kron. Hephzibah never ceased to be delighted that her son showed real musical talent.

At the end of October she was still feeling good, although suffering from nausea. She was back on her very strict diet – only raw fruit, nuts, grains and vegetables – to give her immune system the best possible chance of destroying the cancer cells. 'The lump is going down steadily and the Doc is going to let me do the Nov 24th concert in London, one in Paris and recordings in both places and wants me back mid December for another of his chemotherapeutic magic courses … The treatment is effective and should act preventatively as well, hoorah!' … I believe I have really felt happy … because within myself I really wanted and felt free to give myself time to get well, which I really could not before.'

Encouraged by Hephzibah's improving health, Kron reiterated a plan he had mentioned before: that his mother should move back to Australia, closer to him and his family. This she firmly, but pleasantly, rejected:

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> I do not see myself or Richard living a life of diminishing intensity at any time. . Besides, you may yourself decide at some point not to live there for keeps, but as you once mentioned run a brothel in Karachi (don't you dare!) … We see our own future as doing more and better what we do now with longer intervals for thinking and for doing creative work … We are aiming at arriving in Australia early next year. Ever, with enormous hope for the years ahead, Hephzibah/Mum/Baasie as you wish!

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She also expressed her new feelings of wellbeing and optimism to Moshe. 'I feel wonderfully hopeful about the future – this entire episode has been such a discovery -- of life, of self, of the privilege of being surrounded by such loving friends and relatives.' She felt she could tackle anything, and wanted to pay tribute to her father. 'I always feel, Aba,

that there is a great fighter in you for the good, the true and the just, and we honour you for it. I believe there is that of you in me.'

November that year was cold, raw and bleak. Hephzibah's feeling of buoyant health, built up so carefully over the summer months, began to falter, then vanished altogether. Dr Nieper's drugs made her feel constantly nauseous and she suffered huge bouts of vomiting; she was growing ever weaker and more frail. She had told her father she was proud of being a fighter, proud of her capacity – her Jewish birthright – to endure and to prevail. Now her hope of better health, of possible recovery, had been wrenched away. She did not know whether it would ever return, whether any improvement would be followed by yet another descent into pain and racking misery. It was too cruel, too brutal. She did not want to go on. One day she turned to Trudy, one of the helpers at Ponsonby Place, took her hand and asked gently: 'Do you think it is all right for a person to make the decision to die if it is a fully conscious one?'

Early in December Hephzibah discontinued Dr Nieper's benzaldehyde treatment. She would not return to the clinic in Germany, she would remain at home. Characteristically she announced this decision as if it were a small matter of procedure. In a letter to several correspondents that she dictated, she said she had cancelled all her obligations for the rest of 1980 and was hoping to be fit to travel to Australia by March 1981. She even allowed herself a little grim humour: 'I am in a state of extreme good health plus thriving cancer,' she wrote.

The consequences of her decision were immediate. As Trudy later wrote to Yehudi:
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> Once having decided not to return to Germany, a great weight was lifted from Hephzibah and joy such as I've never experienced before rippled through the house. Laughter reigned as we gave ourselves over to craziness, faith and fun, indulgences, early delight. With great courage and the assurance that she was loved for herself, Hephzibah ushered in a profound level of honesty and tenderness which we all felt and tried to return.
>
> Clara was remarkable in her towering strength and inexhaustible wit, able to comprehend all the nuances of truth, bear them with remarkable maturity and turn

them (with love) into humour which made both Hephzibah and Richard roar with release and affection. What Clara gave Hephzibah throughout her life is, to me, beyond measure. And for all the complexities of their love, Richard and Hephzibah gave each other a deep level of tender support and affirmation, leading her to say honestly time and again that she had never been happier.

One glorious day Hephzibah and I never stopped laughing. She told me of her adventures and loves in Australia … and said with an impish smile, "These will NOT appear in my memoirs!" Another day we created a blue alphabet from A to Z, choosing only the wildest imaginable words. Even during the short period of being heavily medicated Hephzibah's wit and sense of humour, if anything, increased. I spilled a bit of muesli while feeding her and was instantly reprimanded: "Messy bitch!"

There were also, of course, times of deep sharing which my heart will always hold. We spoke of women, struggling to evolve as a group and as individuals. As Hephzibah told me of the pain, challenges and joys of the past, I loved her then completely. Her fierce courage, limitless capacity to love, to forgive, to create beauty and to imagine others regardless of recognition of her own needs was, and is, the most precious gift and legacy.

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Hephzibah's London doctor had the choice of letting her die an agonising death, with increased swelling in her arm and neck, or giving her hyperthermia treatment – artificially raising her body temperature to the point of heatstroke in the hope of killing off cancer cells, while giving her massive doses of painkillers. He decided on the latter, which did give her some relief. To the consternation of some, however, including Philip Bailey, she remained at home; he, like many others, thought she should be in hospital. But Hephzibah wanted to stay where she was.

Yehudi came to see his sister at Ponsonby Place just before Christmas and was very concerned that she looked so uncomfortable. He told Philip Bailey that what she needed was a proper hospital bed with a base that could tilt, raising her upper body and helping her breathe properly. On Christmas Eve he set out to find one. He went into a hospital-supplies shop not far from Oxford Street, completely focused on his quest and carefully

examining every bed on the floor, serenely unmindful of the restive staff who were all anxious to get away for Christmas. Having found what he wanted, he told the assistant he needed it delivered immediately, please. When told this was impossible – everything was closing for the Christmas holiday – he repeated his request, smiling implacably. He stood quietly by while the staff explained, more and more heatedly, why this could not be done, then calmly said again what he wanted. In the end they gave up. Yehudi had his way and the bed was delivered. Hephzibah would have been highly amused.

She slipped in and out of consciousness for the next few days, and three days after Christmas she developed pneumonia. The following Wednesday evening Yehudi, who was about to leave to play a concert in Zurich, came to see her with Philip Bailey. As they left he said to Bailey: 'I don't think I will see her again.'

Hephzibah died at about seven in the morning on New Year's Day, 1981. Yehudi decided not to come back from Zurich before the funeral: he felt there was little to be gained by cancelling his concert. On the evening of his sister's death he played Bach, unaccompanied, and after the applause had dimmed he stepped forward and quietly told the audience that Hephzibah had died that morning. They stood and joined him in a moment of silence for her.

'Such a waste,' he said sadly to Bailey later. 'Such a waste. There was so much we were going to do. We had only been playing together for forty years, we were on the threshold of doing some marvellous things together. So much I had planned … someone who lived as she did should never have got cancer … to have had life taken from her.' It was Yehudi's conviction that Hephzibah developed cancer in the throat because her voice had been stifled, and she had never learned how to speak out for herself, and there is no doubt that he held Richard Hauser responsible.

The funeral was held in the liberal Jewish cemetery in Willesden, North London, on Monday 5 January, a bitterly cold, bright day with no wind and a clear sky. Kron, Jenny and Marston had arrived from Australia the day before; Moshe and Marutha Menuhin did not come, being too stricken. Some two hundred people attended a matter-of-fact, liberal Jewish service conducted partly in Hebrew. This was followed by speakers representing the

Society of Friends, the Kurdish minority resident in Britain, the Islamic people of India, along with the Bishop of Winchester, a Roman Catholic nun and one of her co-workers.

A pale and shaky but composed Richard made a short speech praising Hephzibah's staunchness, inclusiveness, concern for fellow human beings, and loving nature. At the end Yehudi came forward. 'I should say something,' he said, 'because in many ways I'm responsible for Hephzibah. When I was very young I pleaded with my mother to have a girl because I wanted someone to play with. Little did I know that I would have someone whom I could play with not only in childhood but for many years afterwards. And we did play together, and we loved it, and now it is gone.'

Hephzibah's obituaries described her mainly as a musician and Yehudi's musical partner; her 'social work with her husband Richard Hauser' was usually mentioned in passing. They are matter-of-fact, respectful notices for the most part; apparently not written by anyone who knew her. But many, many men and women wrote to Yehudi remembering the woman they had known and loved. Letters came from England, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, India, France, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, Brussels, Holland, Rumania, Kenya, Italy, Spain and Papua New Guinea. Yehudi had thankyou cards printed in English, German and French.

There were letters from the Chairman of the Board of Steinway and Sons, and from Yves and Claude Ciampi, the son and daughter-in-law of Hephzibah's old teacher. The film director and writer Bruno Monsaingeon recalled the time two years previously in New York when Hephzibah had talked to him at length 'with great calm and without a trace of artificiality about the effect of illness on the way she envisaged life', and also of her love for Yehudi. He added: 'This surely is one of the most painful days of your life, when sixty years of a unique sharing have to be transformed into memories.' Many music lovers paid tribute to Yehudi and Hephzibah as a musical duo. One wrote of 'that very small and determined child playing ... in the Salle Pleyel so many years ago', another that 'her departure feels like a loss of light'. Flo Calvert, with whom Hephzibah had started the travelling library in Victoria, wrote simply that 'she was like a younger sister and I will always be grateful for having known her'. And Trudy, who had nursed Hephzibah at the last, spoke for many with: 'Hephzibah's inspiration gives me the courage to explore what lies within me.'

A few days after Hephzibah's death, Yaltah wrote to her brother.

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> Dearest Yehudi
>
> These days since Hephzibah's death are a totally new experience. I never have felt this kind of void and desolation before ever, and yet so many strangely comforting memories have been flitting in and out of my inner eye … visions of her keep floating by, delicious, amusing, sad, poignant, everything seems just filled with the meaning she gave to each thing in life. I know you are working and travelling and continuing life, I shall try to do the same. If one stops one wonders what one is going on for, which is I am sure a forbidden question.
>
> There is so much anguish connected with Hephzibah's death it's hard to sort out the many conflicting feelings that keep overwhelming one. I do know Richard had given his whole love last year, sitting by her bedside like a mother; he has shown courage and endurance more than at any other time in his life. I do feel terribly sorry for him, but also something in me rebels and shouts out to me, 'If he had eyes and ears why didn't he hear and see what was happening? She might have lived many more years.' She was too proud to ask for the unconditional love she so needed. She felt she had to pay for everything in full by sacrifice. This still torments me constantly. I am not blaming anyone, though I wish I could have helped her realise that we loved her, not only for her beautiful music and her concern for others but for her true self. She always had to give, she kept too little for herself.

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Moshe wrote in his memoir that his daughter's loss was 'almost unendurable'. Kron, Jenny and Marston visited Moshe and Marutha in Los Gatos on their way back to Australia: a strengthening of family links of which Hephzibah would have approved.

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On 8 February Yehudi played at a memorial concert for Hephzibah at the Royal Albert Hall, along with several of her former colleagues. The following year, the Hephzibah Menuhin Memorial Scholarship was established, with Shirley Nicholas and Joan Levy on the first national executive committee. The scholarship is jointly administered by the New South Wales Conservatorium and the University of Melbourne, and is awarded to an

Australian pianist for an outstanding performance in a competition held alternately in Sydney and Melbourne.

Late in 1981 Eva Cox, who was then head of the New South Wales Council of Social Services, wrote, narrated and produced 'Hephzibah', an hour-long radio documentary for the ABC's *The Coming Out Show*. It brought together the voices of people who had known Hephzibah, especially in Australia, with comments from Hephzibah herself (sounding very precise and clipped, rather English, with American-tinged vowels) and excerpts from her recordings. And in 1998 Curtis Levy, son of Joan, who had grown up with Kron and Marston at Terinallum and in Melbourne, released a feature-length film documentary, *Hephzibah*, featuring interviews with family members – Clara, Yehudi, Yaltah, Kron and Marston – as well as Shirley Nicholas, Paul Morawetz and others.

But for some who had known Hephzibah, and understood the nature of her rich and often difficult life, she slipped out of public view with too little recognition. In 1997 Paul Morawetz, who for several years had divided his time between Jerusalem and Melbourne, established the Hephzibah Menuhin Chair in Piano Studies at Jerusalem's Rubin Academy of Music and Dance. The chair fostered piano studies generally, including recitals from well-known pianists, competitions, concerts, seminars and master classes.

In keeping with her modesty and lack of interest in possessions, Hephzibah had left very little. Her diamond ring went to Kron and Marston, her music and personal effects to Clara. According to Kron, she had also had a Wells Fargo bank account containing more than sixty thousand pounds, which was meant to go to the family. Soon after her death, however, Kron found that the account had been cleared and closed, presumably by Richard.

Richard Hauser stayed on in Ponsonby Place, but much of his vitality had gone. He could not bear to get rid of Hephzibah's clothes and personal items. 'When she died the battleship sank,' says Gertie Furst, a woman Richard had almost married in Vienna so many years before and who now lived in London, where she had seen Hephzibah and Richard occasionally over the years.

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> He had four secretaries but nothing was finished, and nothing was published. What I can't understand is, he was so brilliant, he had a touch of genius, he knew so much about the world … why didn't he train somebody to carry on his work? He said he couldn't be bothered, he was old, he was tired. I don't know what he did for money; he was entitled to a British pension, I think, and I believe he lived mostly on that. He had lots of women friends, some of whom were much younger and worked with him. But nothing came of any of that, of course. It was just butterfly time, an old gentleman having a flirtation. Sometimes he would get very depressed and then he would tell me, 'Speak German.' Your language is the last thing to go, I think.

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At the age of eighty, Richard contracted stomach cancer. He would not go to a doctor and was eventually rushed to hospital during a concert at Royal Festival Hall. He underwent surgery but he did not recover, and died on 6 November 1990, almost ten years after Hephzibah. He is buried with her at the liberal Jewish cemetery in North London.

A year or two after her father's death, Eva Cox passed Yehudi in the corridor of the Channel 9 studios in Sydney. He was in Australia on tour, she was being interviewed about her work. As usual, he was surrounded by an entourage, and as the group came closer Eva said, 'Hello, Yehudi.'

He gave her a puzzled look, returned her greeting, and prepared to walk on.

'I'm Eva Cox,' she said. 'Eva Hauser.' Yehudi's face froze.

'It's okay, Yehudi,' she told him, 'I didn't like my father either. And I hated the way he treated Hephzibah.'

Without saying a word, Yehudi walked up to Eva and hugged her.

Moshe Menuhin never really recovered from Hephzibah's death. He went on doggedly working and writing for the anti-Zionist cause, and embarked on his memoir. He died on 4 February 1982, a year after his daughter, and *The Menuhin Saga* appeared two years later. Marutha lived on for another fourteen years, dying on 15 November 1996 aged more than a hundred (she had always been cagey about her exact age). Lindsay Nicholas died on 19

March 1997, survived by his three daughters and a son. Yaltah died in London on 9 June 2001.

Yehudi's death came unexpectedly, in Germany, on 12 March 1999. He was eighty-three. He is buried in the grounds of the Menuhin School in Surrey, under a cairn that bears a quote from the Talmud: 'He who makes music in this life will make it in the next.' It is a quote that applies equally well to Hephzibah.

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'Shorn now …' HM to Joan Levy, 13 November 1942

'I will never …' ibid

'In my merrier moods …' HM to Joan Levy, 13 June 1944

'grabbing out of the teeth …' ibid

'I really felt …' and 'dug in …' HM to Yehudi Menuhin, 7 October 1943

'felt as happy' … and 'I have always believed …' and 'I'm either …' ibid

'Be it boy or girl …' HM to Joan Levy, 2 September 1943

'He is so beautiful …' HM to Joan Levy, undated. Presumably Hephzibah was back at Terinallum when she wrote this letter

What she does not say … Conversation JK with Joan Levy, 3 March 2003. Hephzibah confessed this a long time later.

'It is months…' Nola Menuhin to Joan Levy, 10 September 1942

In October 1941 … Burton, *Menuhin*, page 219. Presumably this story came from Yaltah herself

'You often seem …' HM to Yaltah Menuhin Rolfe, 24 June 1946

'a creature of great charm …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 23 November 1947

'sudden humiliating contrition …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 29 April 1946. Her father annotated this letter with 'very interesting'.

'What of Hephzibah?' Irving Kolodin, *New York Sun*, 19 October 1946

' Mother Makes Music ...' Melbourne *Sun*, 26 March 1947

'Every dress …' HM to Joan Levy, 28 December 1946

'Nola is fundamentally …' HM to Joan Levy, 8 July 1945

'a frighteningly domineering …' HM to Joan Levy, 28 December 1946

'Diana runs …' and 'She frightens me …' ibid

In her memoir … Diana Menuhin, *Fiddler's Moll: Life with Yehudi*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, 1984, page 6

'cruel, frustrated mother domination' … HM to Joyce Biggins, 13 January 1947

Marutha looked around … Burton, op cit, page 274

Nola was grateful …' Burton, op cit, page 275

'icy and wild' and 'He treats Diana …' HM to Joan Levy, 18 February 1947

'Her command of the music …' John Rosenfeld, *Dallas Morning Post*, 13 March 1947

'Tony no longer shares …' HM to Joan Levy, 12 March 1947

'the really exhilarating …' HM to Joan Levy 12 April 1947

'they parted …' ibid

as Hephzibah felt she was representing Australia abroad … Melbourne *Herald*, 18 July 1947

'I have to push away …' HM to Paul Morawetz, quoted in *What a Life*, by Gloria Frydman, Wakefield Press, Adelaide, 1979

The imagination of the heart

'I do believe …' and 'It is extraordinary to me …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 29 July 1947

'You must know _…' HM to Paul Morawetz, 17 February 1949

'What a lot _…' HM to Paul Morawetz, 29 July 1947

'How delightedly …' HM to Paul Morawetz, undated. This account of the first Melbourne rendezvous is taken from Paul Morawetz's biography *What a Life*, op cit, page 151

'When I am in bed …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 11 April 1948

Over the next eight months … These letters are now in the possession of Paul Morawetz's executor, Ralph Renard

'To the hundreds …' 'HM to Paul Morawetz, 29 July 1949

'Socialist, Labor …' HM to Paul Morawetz 7 August 1948

'Perhaps a new century ...' Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*, Chatto and Windus, London, 1932

'It is unpleasant …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 2 September 1947

'She went a little mad … 'Shirley Nicholas in *Hephzibah,* 1998

'To live fully …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 11 October 1947

'I feel like one …' Ibid

'I feel that it is …' Ibid

'bounced in livid fury …' and 'They spoke of …' and 'He said …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 25 September 1947

'I found comfort …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 2 October 1947

'The rabbi _…' HM to Paul Morawetz, 14 October 1947

'the faith …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 18 October 1948

Hephzibah grew bolder …Conversation JK with Marjorie Tipping, 13 February 2003

'We all thank …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 11 October 1947

Shirley Nicholas was hosting … Conversation JK with Marjorie Tipping, 13 February 2003

'genuine affection …' HM to Paul Morawetz 9 October 1947

'Like his fellow Australians' … and 'my timid ventures …' ibid

'What you say …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 9 October 1947

'To have my …' ibid

'You may grow …' HM to Paul Morawetz 2 October 1947

Hephzibah had never made a secret … The opinions of those in Hephzibah's circle were reported to Paul Morawetz in letters, especially HM to Paul Morawetz, 23 November 1947

'Your letter bespeaks …' quoted by HM in letter to Paul Morawetz, 23 November 1947

'I think that anyone …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 2 July 1949

She was at last beginning … HM to Joan Levy, 4 September 1948

'I see that …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 23 March 1949

Then she would be … HM to Paul Morawetz 2 October 1947

'You do not love me …' HM to Paul Morawetz 23 March 1949

'requires only …' HM to Paul Morawetz 12 December 1948

He once commented … Paul Morawetz to HM, 12 February 1948

'I feel in some …' HM to Paul Morawetz 23 September 1949

'If ever we …' HM to Paul Morawetz 12 December 1948

'An effort to make my imprint on the world I live in'

'Mrs Corbett, …'Conversation JK with Anne Blacker (née Corbett), 7 October 2004. Anne Blacker's reminiscences, *Growing up at Terinallum*, were published by the Mortlake and District Historical Society in September 2004

she told Paul Morawetz rather waspishly … HM to Paul Morawetz, 27 January 1949

'Alas for Madamingella …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 6 July 1950

Not long afterwards … Conversation JK with Anne Blacker, 7 October 2004. Hephzibah told Anne's mother about the engagement ring

'There is no bridge …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 12 May 1949

'We have been …' HM to Nettie Palmer, 7 October 1948

'when I hand it over …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, April 1950 (no exact date)

'I insisted …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 11 July 1949

'such a goodly will …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 12 August 1949

'I have to help …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 17 October 1948

'treated like a stray animal' Conversation JK with Dany Gross, née Sachs, 30 September 2004

'Often I go …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 13 January 1948

'I hate marshlands …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 25 July 1950

'told us everything …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 12 August 1948

'Among us all …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 8 May 1952

'Poor old Yaltah …' HM to Joan Levy, 12 October 1948

'peasants', 'a fierce and horrid freak', and 'Her social habits …' HM to Joan Levy, 29 December 1949

'a victim of abject subservience …' HM to Joan Levy, undated, early 1950

'Aba and Mammina …'HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, undated, early 1950

once telling a journalist … Melbourne *Argus*, 15 May 1946

In June 1948 … Melbourne *Argus* 3 June 1948

'a lover of Housman poetry …' HM to Paul Morawetz, 2 October 1948

'traitor Menuhin', Burton, op cit, page 313

'art … bestows …' HM to Joan Levy, 29 December 1949

'I made a solemn vow …' Moshe Menuhin, *The Menuhin Saga*, op cit, pages 37 et seq. Moshe's memoir, an otherwise exhaustive chronicle of Yehudi's tours with and without Hephzibah, does not mention their visit to Israel at all
'I saw and walked ….' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, May 1950

'Were you to ask me now …' HM to Joan Levy 20 April 1951

'If I am a little frigid …' ibid

'I felt that we both …' and 'When [Enesco] got up …' HM to Joan Levy, undated 1951

'Marsty missed …' HM to Joan Levy , ibid.

'It was all so blatantly patriotic …' HM to Joan Levy, 10 May 1951

Neither musician … Yehudi Menuhin, *Unfinished Journey*, page 342

'We know and like …' HM to Joan Levy 21 April 1951

'He is a fanatical …' ibid

'solid vinegar …' ibid

'It must be so …' HM to Griselda Kentner, 17 August 1951

'Y made divine music …' ibid

'Yaltah reminds me …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 2 November 1951

'Her life in the USA …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 6 November 1951

'I feel that the wretchedness …' HM to Joan Levy, undated

'What has happened to our Hephzibah?'

'What has happened …' Moshe Menuhin to Ruth and Ernest Llewellyn, 3 May 1954

'I am lonely in spirit …' HM to Lindsay Nicholas, undated

He had heard rumours .. Conversation with Kron Nicholas, 19 December 2006

'We're studying interior decorating …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 23 January 1951

'they both liked…' HM to Griselda Kentner, 17 August 1951

another story is … Conversation JK with Eva Cox, 30 April 2007

'I am helping Richard …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 23 January 1953

'I am staggered …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, undated

Hephzibah admired … Conversation JK with Marjorie Tipping, 13 February 2003

Clarice Kerr for one … Clarice Kerr, *Hephzibah*, 1998

'She would throw …' Conversation JK with Mirka Mora, 11 February 2003

'How I begged …' Ruth Llewellyn to Kron Nicholas, 14 March 1999

'smoother than honey …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 12 December 1953

As the audience was filing … Ruth Llewellyn to Kron Nicholas, 14 March 1999

'young people who …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 5 February 1953

'When in good form …' Ibid

'I find it immensely impressive …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 4 September 1953

Dany Sachs … Conversation JK with Dany Gross, 30 September 2004

Joan felt this … Conversation with Joan Levy, 22 February 2003

'Is it because …' *Hephzibah*, 1998

'I do not love …' HM to Flo Calvert, 14 March 1954

'What is it …' Moshe Menuhin to HM, 12 March 1954

'We believed you …' Moshe Menuhin to HM, 14 August 1954

'You have called me a liar …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 22 August 1954

'your unique talents …' Moshe Menuhin to HM 14 August 1954

'The directions …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 20 March 1954

'Sorry, but …' Moshe Menuhin, to HM, 28 March 1954

'GOD ALMIGHTY …' Moshe Menuhin to Ruth and Ernest Llewellyn, 3 May 1954

'the tragic circumstances …' Ruth Llewellyn to Moshe Menuhin, undated May 1954

'She has stated …' Lindsay Nicholas to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 6 May 1954

'radical issues …' Moshe Menuhin to Lindsay Nicholas, 11 May 1954

'It is and will be … ' Lindsay Nicholas to Moshe Menuhin, 23 May 1954

'She used to huddle up …' Shirley Nicholas in *Hephzibah*, 1998

'Darling, my darling …' Moshe Menuhin to HM, 12 June 1954

'It's no good …' Clarice Kerr, *Hephzibah*, 1998

'Whoever squeezed …' attributed to psychiatrist Dr Alfred Conlon. Conversation with Telford Conlon, 14 September 2004

'Hephzi's leaving …' Conversation JK with Anne Blacker, 7 October 2004

'You are …' Lindsay's comments paraphrased by Dany Gross, conversation with JK, 30 September 2004

'She can't have loved …' Shirley Nicholas in *Hephzibah*, 1998

'He knows far better …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 22 July 1954

'They know there's …' and 'Families are useful …' ibid

'Your love is certainly …' HM to Kron Nicholas, 9 May 1962

'Only one who knew …' quoted in Sara Hardy, *The Unusual Life of Edna Walling*, Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 2005, page 214

'To see a plan …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 3 November 1954

'a very excellent substitute …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 6 March 1955

she believed … Conversation JK with Kron Nicholas, 12 May 2007

'She has done …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 16 July 1955

'the mother of his children …' Moshe Menuhin to HM, 25 October 1954

'It has pained …' HM to Moshe Menuhin 30 October 1954

'truly, really happy …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 30 October 1954

'The unforgivable sin … is to close the door on life'

'The unforgivable sin …' HM to Joan Levy, 16 September 1958

Eva had liked … Eva Cox in *Hephzibah*, 1998

'very short …' and 'the adventurousness …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 16 July 1956

Richard assured Yehudi … Richard Hauser to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 12 December 1956

'in music there is …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 16 July 1956

‘Stay with him …’ Ruth Llewellyn to HM, 19 February 1956

‘If as you say …’ HM to Ruth Llewellyn, 24 February 1956

‘the exhilarating sport …’ HM to Joan Levy, 29 October 1956

‘Eventually we hope …’ Ibid

‘tours the district …’ HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 31 October 1956

As a student … Conversation JK with Rabbi Harry Levy, 15 October 2003

It was an aspect of his character … Conversation JK with Tony Webb, 10 May 2005

Much of the material about the Callan Park experiment is taken from *Dancing With the Patients* by John Kingsmill, published by the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association, Sydney, 2004, pages 30 et seq and from *PRA: The Story 1955-2005* edited by John Chesterson, Sacher Maller and Bunty Turner and published by the Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association, 2005.

‘His demeanour …’ Kingsmill, page 42

‘I felt flattered …’ Ibid, pages 47–8

‘charity in a plain …’ Ibid, page 94

‘to do something …’ ibid

‘caught between …’ Ibid, page 95

‘an obscure …’Ibid, page 97

Hephzibah’s arrival … Conversation JK with Telford Conlon, 5 July 2007

'a blatant display …' Ibid, page 107

'a user, a clever …' Ibid, page 141

She did not announce … HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 10 August 1956

'When I stayed …' Richard Hauser to Bruce Mayes, quoted in Bruce Mayes, *Babies for Ladies*, John Ferguson, Sydney, 1987, pages 80–83

'a small bundle …' Richard Hauser to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 12 December 1956
'the most beautiful …' Richard Hauser to Bruce Mayes, quoted in Mayes, ibid.

'not an uncomplicated …' Mayes, op cit, page 82

PART 3
LONDON AND BEYOND
'It is pure heaven to walk out of one's front door into London'

'It is pure heaven …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 29 October 1957

'Yehudi looks splendid …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 12 April 1957

Richard wrote to … Richard Hauser to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 12 June 1957

'Clara's begetter' and 'old bitchery …' email Clara Menuhin Hauser to JK, 13 April 2005

'un colpo di fulmine' … Deda Taglieri to JK, 30 July 2005

'to the EMI recording studios …' and 'Clara, who was separated …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 12 November 1961

'the usual ghastly …' Diana Menuhin, *Fiddler's Moll*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London, 984, pages 26-7

The performance went the story was told by Thomas Thompson, Yehudi's representative at Columbia Artists Management, and quoted in the *New York Times* magazine on Sunday 1 March 1981.

'honest decent writing ...' and 'I enjoy ...' Moshe Menuhin to HM, 21 October 1957

'already the diary ...' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 29 October 1957

'Mr Hauser ...' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 29 October 1957

'given a free rein ...' London *Star,* 23 March 1960

'The prisoner groups ...' Richard and Hephzibah Hauser, *The Fraternal Society: Towards Freedom from Paternalism*, Bodley Head, London, 1962, page 204

'look back on ...' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 5 May 1958

'fascinating ...' the material relating to the work at Fulbourn Mental Hospital is taken from *The Story of a Mental Hospital: Fulbourne 1858-1958* by David Clark, Process Press, London, 1984, Chapter 5. The text is available on humannature.com/free-associations.clark

'Never have we ...' HM to Joan Levy, 10 September 1958

However, racial problems ... from Dominic Sandbrook, *Never Had It So Good 1956-63*, Little Brown, London, 2005, page 319 et seq

'one of very few ...' HM to Joan Levy, 16 September 1958

'It is fantastic ...' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 11 September 1958

'I am missing ...' HM to Joan Levy, 9 December 1958

'I feel I cannot do better ...' HM to Joan Levy 16 September 1958

'He gave me …' Ibid

Kron was disconcerted … Conversation JK with Kron Nicholas, 12 June 2003

A painful little story … Conversation JK with Dany Gross, 30 September 2004

'All the things I dreamed of and hoped for have come to pass'

'All the things …' HM to Joan Levy, 21 December 1960

'had found …' and 'Like Mammina …' Yehudi Menuhin, *Unfinished Journey,* Pimlico, London, 2000, page 336

'At any hour …' Cleveland Ohio *Plain Dealer*, 12 December 1961

'As members of the public …' *Guardian*, 14 March 1961

two Africans … HM to Joan Levy 21 December 1960

'We have a really …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 29 October 1961

'Ours is a household …' HM to Joan Levy 21 December 1960

'If there is …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin 29 October 1963

'I can still …' Email Clara Menuhin Hauser to JK, 13 April 2005

'a genius …' HM to Joan Levy 21 December 1960

'a yearning to encompass …' Yehudi Menuhin, *Unfinished Journey*, page 265

'far too big …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 29 October 1963

'Jehovah is …' Richard and Hephzibah Hauser, *The Fraternal Society*, Bodley Head, London, 1962, page 18

I am indebted to Tony Webb, who worked with Richard in the 1970s, for comments on shame and guilt. He is the author of 'Towards a Mature Shame Culture: Theoretical and Practical Tools for Personal and Social Growth', PhD thesis, University of Western Sydney School of Humanities, 2003

'on the Hausers' side …' *New Society* No. 18, 31 January 1963. (*New Society* was published for the first time late in 1962)

'efforts should be made'. Richard Hauser, *The Homosexual Society*, The Bodley Head, London, 1962, page 139

The heart of the house

'For a while … ' HM to Kron Nicholas, 7 June 1963

Another was John Ibbett … Email John Ibbett to JK, 24 November 2005

'Clara is seen …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 15 September 1963

'He defined …' ibid

'Richard is …' HM to Yehudi and Diana Menuhin, 14 April 1959

'She is …' HM to Joan Levy, 12 November 1962

'We went on …' Email Clara Menuhin Hauser to JK 13 April 2005

Years later … ibid

'excellent teachers …' ibid

'absolutely absurd …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin, 9 October 1963

'I have often thought …' HM to Kron Nicholas, 7 May 1962

Richard's daughter Eva … Conversation JK with Eva Cox, 27 November 2006

'I would not …' HM to Kron Nicholas 7 May 1962

'The boy adds …' HM to Jenny Nicholas 25 December 1962

'Where the violinist …' Dorian le Gallienne, *The Age*, 26 February 1962

'churches with golden domes …' Diana Menuhin, *Fiddler's Moll*, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London 1984, page 196

'But then _…' Ibid

'It's a wonderful life, full of fun and pain and planning and neighbourliness'

'It's a wonderful life … 'HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 11 March 1975

'The house is …' HM to Moshe and Marutha Menuhin 15 November 1970

'the object is …'HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 26 September 1973

'an attempt to equip …' from www.hauser.gsiv.at, a website set up by Sabine Steinbacher under the heading 'Main areas of concern and ideas'. Translation from the German by Mardi Kent.

Had never even studied …' Email Ray Helmick to JK, 17 October 2006

'Ray, you have …' ibid

'most of the …' ibid

'I went down … 'ibid

'our chief enemies …' HM to Joan Levy, 5 July 1979

Sammy Smith was … Email Ray Helmick to JK, 21 November 2006

'five foot-two-inch…' Conversation JK with Tony Webb, 20 April 2005

'It will be …' Melbourne *Herald*, 14 May 1969

'She changed completely …' Conversation JK with Jenny Nicholas, 28 December 2004

'nothing but …' Email Clara Menuhin Hauser JK 13 April 2005

'It had to be …' ibid
'What is …' Conversation JK with Clara Menuhin Hauser, 21 September 2003

'I never suspected …' Conversation JK_with Tony Webb, 20 April 2005

'We have come to the conclusion that we are awfully lucky …'

'We have come …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 13 October 1977

'Now it's up …' *The Guardian* 24 May 1977

'was very genuine …' Conversation JK with Warren Thomson, 26 November 2002

'We played … Email Marston Nicholas to JK 24 May 2007

'Then we came back …' HM to Joan Levy, 4 September 1977

'When your husband …' Australian *Woman's Day*, October 1979

'My only worry …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 11 September 1977

A week or so later … Information about Yehudi's reaction comes from diary entries by Philip Bailey in January 1981

Marston, who … Email Marston Nicholas to JK 23 May 2007

none of it … *Los Gatos Times Observer*, 9 February 1978

'Richard and I …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 13 October 1977

'Healthwise things …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 5 December 1977

'aggressive stuff, hostile …' Many of Hephzibah's comments about her treatment come from a long letter she wrote and copied to many correspondents in mid-1980

'wanted to greet …' Conversation JK with Eva Cox, 27 November 2006

She did not say … Ibid

'I seem to be …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 9 June 1979

A huge family fuss … Conversation JK with Lionel Rolfe, 23 August 2003

'It has not been …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 9 June 1979

'of course we are …'ibid

'It could only …' HM to Joan Levy, 12 July 1979

'Small bush towns …' *Intermission: A True Story,* Anne Baxter, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1976, page 47

'My needs were …'ibid, page 89

'I'd begun …' ibid, page 102

'She was quite …' Conversation JK with Harry Curby, 26 November 2002

'I had always thought …' Conversation JK with Rachel Valler, 28 October 2002

'The immunologists believe …' Interview HM with *Woman's Day*, October 1979

'I want you to know …' HM to Kron Nicholas, 1 January 1980

'Who is she?' ibid

'My father liked …' Conversation JK with Eva Cox, 27 November 2006

'I'd seen …' ibid

'her annual round …' Philip Bailey, unpublished diary

'Richard saw …' ibid

'wonderfully indiscreet …' HM, roneoed letter to correspondents, undated, mid-1980

'The cancer lumps …' ibid

'Well, do you think …' and 'How I love …' ibid

That is not quite … Conversation JK with Kron Nicholas, 29 December 2004

Clara recalls of that time … Conversation JK ~~and~~ with Clara Menuhin-Hauser, 22 September 2003

I want to …' HM to Peter, Stafford, Jody, Travers and Lara Nicholas, 14 May 1980

a view held by at least … Conversation JK with Humphrey Burton, 16 October 2003

'no longer …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 2 July 1980

'If I had married …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 12 June 1980

'She tried to find …' Clara Menuhin Hauser in *Hephzibah*, 1998

'She became …' Yehudi Menuhin, ibid

'I dropped in …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas, 21 August 1980

'highly gifted …' HM to Kron and Jenny Nicholas 31 October 1980

'The lump is going down …' ibid

'I do not see myself …' ibid

'I feel …' HM to Moshe Menuhin, 15 June 1980

'Do you think …' and 'Once having decided …' Letter of condolence written by Trudy (no surname) to Yehudi Menuhin after Hephzibah's death, undated.

All condolence letters to Yehudi Menuhin are from the Menuhin Archive, then housed in 65 Chester Square, London.

'When she died …' Conversation JK with Gertie Furst, 23 October 2003

A year or two … Conversation JK with Eva Cox, 26 November 2006

NOTES

PART I

1920-1938

The United States and Europe

A dutiful daughter

1. George Enesco or Enescu (1881–1955) was the pre-eminent Rumanian classical musician of the twentieth century. He studied composition in Paris with Jules Massenet and Gabriel Faure, and wrote five symphonies and an opera, *Oedipe*, as well as suites for orchestra, a symphonic poem and many chamber works. His work was heavily influenced by Rumanian folk music. Enesco lived mainly in Paris and Rumania before World War II, but after the communist occupation of his homeland he remained in Paris. Apart from Yehudi Menuhin, his notable students include Christian Ferras, Artur Grumiaux and Ida Haendel.

2. Niccolo Paganini (1782–1840), Italian violinist, violist, guitarist and composer, is considered one of the greatest violin virtuosos who ever lived, so dazzling that it was said no human being could possibly possess such diabolical skill. Yehudi Menuhin amassed an impressive collection of Paganiniana, including playbills, portraits and caricatures, which were framed and displayed on the walls of his practice room in Chester Square, London.

3. Theodor Leschitizky (1830–1915) was one of the greatest Russian piano teachers. The distinguished pianist Mark Hambourg, who studied with him, observed: 'A piano lesson with [him] was a life experience if one was capable of understanding what he wanted … he was not only marvellous at developing facility and brilliance of execution in his pupils, but also focused his teaching enormously on the quality of sound produced.' (www.arbiterrecords.com/notes/109notes.html)

4. Willa Cather (1873–1947) is strongly associated with Nebraska, where much of her work is set, and her writing has a very strong sense of place. Admired and respected as a writer during her lifetime, she was also popular during the second wave of feminism

in the 1970s as a creator of strong, determined women characters.-Her best known books are *O Pioneers!* (1913), *My Antonia* (1918) and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927). She won the Pulitzer Prize for her novel *One of Ours* (1922).

PART II

1938-1954

Australia

'I grafted myself onto the tree I belong to now'

1. Homeden no longer exists, having been replaced by a row of townhouses. The Nicholas family occasionally opened it to the public for charity, and so famous was it that people queued for several hours to see it. (Conversation JK with Marjorie Tipping, 13 February 2003.)

'I want desperately to do a useful thing'

1. Bernard (later Sir Bernard) Heinze (1894-1982) born in Shepparton, Victoria, had undoubtedly done more to foster classical music in Australia than any other single musician, though as an administrator rather than a conductor. He is considered largely responsible for creating careers for Australian musicians where only occasional jobs had existed before. After study in England and Germany and service in the British Army during World War I he returned to Australia in 1923 and set about transforming the national music scene. Heinze was knighted in 1949 and his last appointment of significance was as director of the New South Wales State Conservatorium of Music from 1956-1966. In 1974 he was named Australian of the Year and the following year made Companion of the Grand Division of the Order of Australia. He died in Sydney in 1982 aged eighty-seven.
He is credited with establishing orchestras in every Australian state under a single management, that of the Australian Broadcasting Commission; he had a great deal to do with the ABC's music programming and broadcasting and, a formidable networker, encouraged musicians from England and Europe to make all-states tours of Australia. His position as Professor of Music at the University of Melbourne enabled him to influence education policy and to introduce music to the state school curriculum, as well as to tertiary level and beyond, setting up a system of examinations, competitive

prizes, and recording performances. He also encouraged Australian composers and performers.

His biographer Therese Radic has written: 'His persistent aristocratic mishandling of the Australian psyche led, after his death, to a kind of amnesia in the very generation he worked to educate and whose musical lives he arranged and rearranged. Until his death those close to him spoke not a word against him for fear of losing their jobs, so pervasive was his influence. After his death few wanted to remember the contribution he had made. By then new kingdoms were being carved out of his old empire and, as is the custom, the new kings wanted to be seen as the founders of dynasties, not the heirs.'

See Therese Radic, *Bernard Heinze*, Macmillan, Melbourne, 1986; Therese Radic, 'Australian Musical Biography and the Skew of Cultural Context' delivered as the Percy Grainger Lecture, Faculty of Music, University of Melbourne, 5 October 1994.

2. Czech-born Ernestine Schumann Heink (1861–1936) was hailed as the world's greatest contralto at the end of the nineteenth century. After a career in opera and recital in Europe and the United Kingdom, she settled in the United States. She married three times and had one son. Alma Gluck (1882–1938) was born in Rumania but left as a young woman for the United States, where she married, had one daughter (the author Marcia Davenport), and discovered she had a beautiful soprano voice. She made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1909 and subsequently became a famous concert, opera and recording artist. She divorced, remarried and had two more children. Soprano Kirsten Flagstad (1895–1962), born in Norway, was best known for the purity of her tone in the Wagnerian roles she performed in the United States, United Kingdom and Europe, and on many recordings.

3. Hungarian-born Antal Dorati (1906–1988) studied in Budapest with Zoltan Kodaly and Bela Bartok and made his conducting debut in 1924 with the Budapest Royal Opera. He became a US citizen in 1947, and was a conductor of the symphony orchestras of Dallas and Minneapolis, the BBC Symphony Orchestra in Washington DC, and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the Royal Philharmonic.

In1943 Dorati was given three months to create the Dallas Symphony Orchestra from scratch, and with typical bravura he declared that if it was not a good orchestra he would hang himself. According to his own account, he speedily recruited eighty-five good

musicians by travelling all over the United States, writing, telephoning, and even waiting while troopships docked (quite a few of the young musicians he wanted were just about to be demobbed). The result was an orchestra that attracted appearances by some of the greatest soloists of the time: Claudio Arrau, Rudolf Serkin, Robert Casadesus, Gregor Piatigorsky, Jascha Heifetz and Nathan Milstein, among many others.

During his career, Dorati made more than six hundred recordings, notably of works by Bartok and Kodály, as well as the first complete recording of Haydn's symphonies. See his autobiography, *Notes of Seven Decades*, Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1979.

4. The Czech name is Terezin, but Hephzibah always referred to it by its German name, as most historians now do. Theresienstadt, or 'Theresa's Town', named after the Austro-Hungarian empress Maria Theresa, was built in 1780 as a garrison town on the confluence of the rivers Labe (named Elbe in German) and Ohre (Eger). Its uncompromising squareness and starkness made it ideal for its later role as a maximum-security prison. The Serbian nationalist Gavrilo Princip, whose assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo in August 1914 set off World War I, had been imprisoned and died there.
In 1940 the fortress became a jail housing mainly political prisoners – Czechs, Russians, Poles, Germans and gypsies – under the control of 'the Hangman' Reinhard Heydrich, an enthusiastic supporter of Hitler's Final Solution. When the Russians came through in May 1945 about 17 000 prisoners were in a place intended to hold only half that number.
See *Music in Terezin 1941–45* by Joza Karas, Pendragon Press, New York, 1990, and Paul Rea, *Voices From a Small Fortress*, ABC Books, Sydney, 2007.

The imagination of the heart

1. Nikolai Aleksandrovich Berdyaev (1874–1948) was born in Kiev and was expelled from university there for his revolutionary Marxist views. After the 1917 revolution he became Professor of Philosophy at the University of Moscow, but his political opinions independent of doctrinaire communism caused him to fall out of favour. He was expelled from Russia in 1922 and settled in Berlin, where he opened an academy of philosophy and religion. He later moved to Paris, lived through the German occupation unscathed, and ended his life at odds with Russian communism, which he considered

oppressive. He wrote books on subjects as diverse as the meaning of creativity, the Russian Revolution, and Dostoyevsky, but became best known for such works as *The Destiny of Man* (1931), *The Fate of Man in the Modern World* (1934), *Spirit and Reality* (1937) and *The Divine and the Human* (1947).

'An effort to make my imprint on the world I live in'

1. Richard Goldner retired from fulltime playing in 1952. In the early 1960s he was appointed lecturer in violin and viola at the New South Wales Conservatorium, and in 1966 he moved to the USA with his former student, the violinist Charmian Gadd, whom he later married. They returned to Australia in 1981, where Goldner continued playing the violin and being an inventor. He was workint on one of his most successful inventions, a shoulder rest for violin and viola players, on the day he died in 1991. Musica Viva is now the world's largest entrepreneur of chamber music.

'What has happened to our Hephzibah?'

1. The so-called 'soldier settler' scheme, originally set up at the end of World War I, had a chequered history. It contributed to agricultural prosperity in some country areas, but as many soldier settlers knew little or nothing about farming, it was also responsible for a great deal of land degradation. The post-World War II scheme was much more closely monitored than its predecessor, with soldier settlers given more help and guidance. Victoria's scheme, the largest in Australia, eventually involved more than a million acres, from 545 properties across the state, and the land was taken up for farming, growing vines, horticulture, cropping and grazing.

2. Joan José Castro (1895–1968) was well known as a conductor in England, America and Europe during the 1940s and 1950s, before returning to his native Argentina. His speciality was conducting Spanish-based music, of which he was also a noted composer.

3. Presumably Ruth and Ernest Llewellyn obediently destroyed Moshe's letters, though why he should ask them to do so is a mystery. In any case, Moshe made his own carbon copy of the typewritten letters he sent them, as he often did to other correspondents. He also copied out significant letters from other people

(including, in this case, Lindsay Nicholas). This is why the sequence of letters to and from him at this time is so complete.

4. In the documentary Kron added: 'That's the last I saw of her for three years.' And Marston said: 'The very first day I went to school was the day she left.' Both statements are inaccurate: Hephzibah telephoned soon after settling in Sydney and kept in touch regularly thereafter. And Marston, at nine years old, had been at school for several years. The unreliability of their memory is no doubt a reflection of the devastation both felt on their mother's leaving.

'The unforgivable sin … is to close the door on life'

1. Sir Eugene Goossens (1893–1962) was born in London into the third generation of a musical family. He studied the violin before becoming a conductor, and in 1921 gave the British concert premiere of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring*. He was conductor of the Rochester and Cincinnati orchestras in the United States before coming to Australia in 1947. After a visit to Europe in 1956 he was detained at Sydney airport and found to have in his luggage a quantity of material then considered pornographic, including photographs, prints, books, and rubber masks. It was revealed that he had had a passionate affair with Rosaleen Norton, widely known as the 'Witch of King's Cross' because of her interest in the occult and erotica, which Goossens shared. Goossens pleaded guilty to possessing pornography, was fined a hundred pounds and ruined. He returned to England in disgrace and died several years later.

Goossens' posthumous reputation as a composer of symphonies, string quartets, violin sonatas and other chamber works is growing. He is credited with lobbying the New South Wales government to build a venue for music performances, which eventually led to the construction of the Sydney Opera House, and is commemorated by the Eugene Goossens Hall, part of the Australian Broadcasting Corporation complex in Sydney.

PART III

LONDON AND BEYOND

'It is pure heaven to walk out of one's front door into London'

1. Further information about the work Richard and Hephzibah were doing in London from 1957 until the late 1960s can be found on www.hauser.gsiv.at, a website set up by Sabine Steinbacher, who has made an extensive study of Richard's methods and professional practices.

'All the things I dreamed of and hoped for have come to pass'

1. Jayaprakash Narayan (1902–1979) was born in Bihar, and gained degrees in politics and sociology in the United States, where he also adopted Marxism. After returning to India he joined the Indian National Congress on the invitation of Nehru in 1929, and adopted M.K. Gandhi as his mentor. During the Indian independence movement, he was arrested, jailed and tortured several times by the British for civil disobedience. In prison he met other dissident leaders, and after his release was part of a group who formed the Congress Socialist Party (CSP), a left-wing group within India's Congress Party. He was at the forefront of the anti-British Quit India movement, and was arrested several times during World War II. After independence and the death of Gandhi, Narayan and some colleagues led the CSP out of the Indian parliament and formed the opposition Socialist Party.

Formerly a believer in physical force as an instrument of political change, Narayan had been convinced by Gandhi's position on non-violence and supported his use of non-violent resistance in achieving democratic socialism. Becoming disillusioned with the Indian version of practical socialism, Narayan announced that he was dedicating his life to the Bhoodan campaign, which promoted distribution of land to the Harijan, or untouchables. This was the first step in his formal break with the Socialist Party in order to pursue the ideals of the 'polity of the people' (as opposed to polity of the state). He had become convinced that a non-partisan movement was necessary to build a consensus-based, classless, participatory democracy, based on Gandhi's principles, and he became an important figure in this.

Narayan returned to prominence in state politics during the late 1960s and devoted himself to the Indian peasants' struggle for civil rights and liberties. He was imprisoned for some months by Indira Gandhi in 1975 after he called for her resignation (she had been found guilty of violating electoral laws). She proclaimed a two-year state of emergency in India, and when this was revoked in 1977 and elections called, Narayan was instrumental in forming the socialist Janata Party. This was voted into power, becoming the first non-Congress party to form a central Indian government. It did not last long, and Narayan, who suffered from kidney failure, died in October 1979.

2. Aurobindo Akroyd Ghosh (1872–1950), known as Sri Aurobindo, was born in Calcutta and given a Western education, including study in London and Cambridge. He was active in the Indian nationalist movement for many years, and like other prominent Indian leaders was imprisoned by the British. After his release he went to Pondicherry, then part of French India, where he developed his philosophy of 'integral yoga' Sri Aurobindo's world view was essentially optimistic, giving each individual a meaningful place and encouraging the use of will and intelligence in a process of self-discovery and self-exploration. Sri Aurobindo's *Collected Works* are in thirty-five volumes.

His closest collaborator, Mirra Richard (1878–1973), known as the Mother, was from a Turkish and Egyptian background and set up an ashram in Pondicherry dedicated to Sri Aurobindo and his work, which still continues.

3. Joan Marshall Grant (1907–1989) wrote what she called 'far memory novels', which she said used her recollections of her previous lives. Four dealt with lifetimes in ancient Egypt; the others were set in Greece, Italy at the time of the Renaissance, and America before European settlement. She also co-wrote, with her husband, an autobiography, *Many Lifetimes*, which gave an account of her time as a clairvoyant travelling through France, and her experiences of hypnosis in recalling her own past lives and those of others. Her fifteen published ~~book~~ titles include *Winged Pharoah* (1937), *Lord of the Horizon* (1943), *Redskin Morning* (1944), *The Laird and the Lady* (1949), *Time Out of Mind* (1956), *A Lot to Remember* (1962) and *Many Lifetimes* (1968).

1 The Bernard van Leer Foundation has changed course in recent years, and now concentrates on funding low-cost community projects in early-childhood education, supporting culturally and socially disadvantaged families and children. (Details from www.bernardvanleer.org)

2. Hugh Mackintosh Foot, later Baron Caradon (1907–1990) had a long and distinguished career as a diplomat. The last colonial governor of Cyprus, from 1957 to 1960, he became British Ambassador to the United Nations Trusteeship Council. In 1964 he became Britain's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and British Ambassador to the United Nations, holding the latter position until 1970. He is probably best known for having drafted UN Security Council Resolution 242, the basis of Middle Eastern peace negotiations since its adoption in 1957.
The Kray twins, Ronald (1933–1995) and Reginald (1933–2000), were the foremost leaders of organised crime in North London and the East End during the 1960s, running protection rackets and mastermiding robbery, arson and murder. They were regarded as rather chic celebrities, counting well-known actors and photographers among their circle. They were finally arrested in 1968 when an associate confessed to helping them, and others came forward. Both were sentenced to life imprisonment. Ronald died in a mental institution; Reginald was freed on compassionate grounds – he had inoperable cancer – and died two months later. Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling has said that her characters' use of the phrase 'he who must not be named', as a substitute for the name of the evil Lord Voldemort was taken from the Krays, who were so notorious that some Londoners were reluctant to speak their names.

'It's a wonderful life, full of fun and pain and planning and neighbourliness'

1. Since 1922 when Catholic southern Ireland became independent of Great Britain, which retained the six overwhelmingly Protestant northern counties, there had been continuing and increasing trouble in Northern Ireland. The avowed ambition of the Catholic Irish Republican Army (IRA) was to make the six northern provinces ungovernable, forcing the expulsion of the British and uniting the north with the rest of the country. The Protestant majority, however, had no desire to be governed from Catholic Dublin, nor did they wish to give up their domination of the six counties. They controlled

local Catholics by gerrymandering constituencies, exerting sectarian pressure on employers, and monopolising jobs in crucial occupations, such as the civil service and judiciary, and especially the police.

Matters came to a head in July 1969 on the streets of Derry, close to the border with southern Ireland, during the provocative Apprentice Boys' March, which commemorated the defeat of the Catholic Jacobite cause nearly three hundred years before. Street violence broke out between Protestants and Catholics, and the British government eventually sent in the Army, which took over policing in the six counties. The power and influence of the Provisional IRA, a breakaway group of the original IRA, greatly increased as a result: the 'Provos' could now justify their core demand that the British leave Northern Ireland in order for the country to be reunited.

'We have come to the conclusion that we are awfully lucky'

1. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom grew out of an organisation founded at a congress in The Hague in April 1915 led by Dr Aletta Jacobs and attended by women from twelve countries, including a forty-member delegation from the United States. This organisation was called the International Committee of Women for Permanent Peace, and had as its president the American social reformer Jane Addams. Its program for a just and lasting peace was regarded highly by US President Woodrow Wilson. The ICWPP set up national committees in fifteen countries, including Australia, Canada, Denmark, Great Britain, Hungary, British India, Norway and the United States. There were also individual members in other countries, including China and Finland. The members of these committees did what they could to oppose the warlike policies of their governments. A second Congress, held in Zurich in May 1919, condemned the Versailles peace treaty and endorsed the idea of the League of Nations. It also changed the organisation's name to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

The WILPF set up an international office in Geneva and throughout the 1920s was active in most countries of the world. It helped defeat a French government proposal to mobilise women in wartime, supported the evacuation of US troops from Nicaragua and Haiti, and endorsed the US decision to grant independence to the Philippines. The League

also sent a number of 'peace missions' to various countries during the 1920s and 1930s, including China, the Baltic countries, Mexico, Cuba, Palestine, Egypt and Haiti. International congresses brought members together and served as a forum for policies and policymaking.

In 1931 Jane Addams was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, and the WILPF continued to work tirelessly throughout the decade, opposing fascism and totalitarianism in Europe. It survived World War II, although in ~~a~~ reduced form, and was strongly revived after it. In 1946 the then president Emily Balch was co-recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. The League was granted consultative status as a non-government organisation with the UN's Economic and Social Council. During the 1960s and 1970s the League opposed racism and colonialism, supported South African victims of apartheid, and maintained opposition to nuclear armaments and testing, The priority of the League continues to be universal disarmament.
(From Frank J. Gordon, 'A Brief History of WILPF' in *A Guide to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom Papers*, Norlin Library, University of Colorado, Boulder, USA)

'Right at the core of my being I feel quiet and safe'

1.-Laetrile, a purified form of the chemical amygdalin, is found in the pits of many fruits, in raw nuts, and in other plants such as lima beans, clover and sorghum. Its active cancer-killing ingredient is believed to be cyanide, though two other breakdown products of amygdalin, prunasin and benzaldehyde – the latter given to Hephzibah as injections – may also inhibit the production of cancer cells.

Amygdalin became popular in the 1970s as a single anticancer agent and as part of a therapy program consisting of a special diet, high doses of vitamin supplements, and a group of proteins aiding in the digestion of food. By 1978 more than 70,000 people in the USA had reportedly been treated with laetrile.

Laetrile treatment has not been approved by the USA Food and Drug Administration as a cancer treatment. Some supporters of the treatment maintain that because laetrile is cheap to make and easy to administer, it has been condemned by the

multimillion-dollar US pharmaceutical industry. However, as a treatment, especially at the time, its results were not markedly less successful than more conventional treatments..

Dr Hans Nieper (1928–1998) was born in Germany, and studied medicine in Mainz, Freiberg and Hamburg. He did a great deal of pioneering work in the use of mineral supplements as treatments for cancer, multiple sclerosis, diabetes and cardiovascular problems. His work is still controversial – he did not publish in scientific journals, but presented his results in talks, books, and informal papers –and was repudiated by the US government and various medical groups, such as the American Medical Association and the National Cancer Institute. However, it was widely regarded as effective by his patients, who, apart from Hephzibah, included Ronald Reagan, Anthony Quinn, John Wayne, Yul Brynner, William Holden, and Princess Caroline of Monaco.

2. The Menuhin School continues today and educates about sixty boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen, all of whom play a stringed instrument, or the piano, at an exceptionally high level. Academic subjects are also studied, but the emphasis is on developing performance skills in classical music. Former students at the school who have gone on to spectacular careers include the violinists Nigel Kennedy, Nicola Benedetti, Beverley Davison, Tamsin Little and Alina Ibragimova, and the pianist Richard Joo.

SOURCES

Unpublished papers of Hephzibah Menuhin

By far the most important and valuable source for this biography was the writing of Hephzibah herself. Little of this was published under her own name while she was alive, except for letters to the editors of various newspapers and short articles about her work with Richard Hauser, though she also wrote most of *The Fraternal Society* and *The Homosexual Society,* both of which listed Richard Hauser as primary author. Hephzibah was an indefatigable letter writer, and her correspondents cherished and kept her letters. She wrote on whatever came to hand: old letterhead, the backs of programs, scrap paper; until her last illness she probably wrote at least one letter, postcard or note every day. Her letters remain in private hands, as do the diaries and diary notes she wrote from time to time. A large cache of letters to and from Hephzibah's father, Moshe Menuhin, are in the possession of Hephzibah's niece, Zamira Menuhin Benthall; these were vital in tracing the events surrounding Hephzibah's divorce in 1954. Others who gave me access to large numbers of letters to and from Hephzibah are: Clara Menuhin Hauser, Kron Nicholas, Joan Levy, Susanne Baumgartner at the Menuhin Archive and Philip Bailey.

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