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Barbara

(ROBINSON)

12-8-87 - 11 A.M.

ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR VAN CLIBURN

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

THE AMERICAN POET, LONGFELLOW,
ONCE WROTE: "MUSIC IS THE UNIVERSAL
LANGUAGE OF MANKIND." WE'VE CERTAINLY SEEN
THAT CONFIRMED HERE TONIGHT. FOR THERE WAS
NO NEED TO TRANSLATE THAT MAGNIFICENT
PERFORMANCE BY VAN CLIBURN.

VAN CLIBURN IS A MUSICIAN KNOWN ALMOST
AS WELL, PERHAPS, IN THE SOVIET UNION AS
HERE IN THE UNITED STATES. FOR YOUNG
VAN CLIBURN WON THE HEARTS OF THE SOVIET
PEOPLES AND CRITICS DURING THE TCHAIKOVSKY
COMPETITION OF 1958. TICKETS FOR
VAN CLIBURN'S AUDITIONS IN MOSCOW WERE
IN SUCH DEMAND THAT PEOPLE LINED UP 3 AND
4 DAYS IN ADVANCE.

- 2 -

AND WHEN THE COMPETITION ENDED, MR. CLIBURN PERFORMED FOR PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV AND AT A NUMBER OF SOLD-OUT CONCERTS IN THE SOVIET UNION.

BACK HOME IN THE UNITED STATES, MR. CLIBURN BEGAN A CAREER THAT HAS ESTABLISHED HIM AS ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICIANS. HE CONTINUES TO TAKE A ROLE IN THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION NAMED IN HIS HONOR.

YET SINCE GOING ON SABBATICAL IN 1978, MR. CLIBURN HAS NOT PERFORMED IN PUBLIC. AND SO, FOR THIS, YOUR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN SOME 9 YEARS -- FOR ONCE AGAIN SPEAKING SO BEAUTIFULLY THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF MUSIC -- VAN CLIBURN, I THANK YOU.

#

341.15
(ROBINSON)

12-7-87 - 11 A.M.

ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR VAN CLIBURN
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

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BACK HOME IN THE UNITED STATES, MR. CLIBURN BEGAN A CAREER THAT HAS ESTABLISHED HIM AS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST RESPECTED MUSICIANS. HE CONTINUES TO TAKE A ROLE IN THE INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION NAMED IN HIS HONOR.

YET IT HAS BECOME UNUSUAL IN RECENT YEARS FOR VAN CLIBURN TO PERFORM IN PUBLIC. AND SO, FOR THIS RARE AND SPLENDID PERFORMANCE -- FOR SPEAKING SO BEAUTIFULLY THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF MUSIC -- VAN CLIBURN, I THANK YOU.

#

(Robinson/RR)
December 7, 1987
12:00 Noon

Barb

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR
VAN CLIBURN
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

The American poet, Longfellow, once wrote: "Music is the universal language of mankind." We've certainly seen that confirmed here tonight. There was no need to translate that magnificent performance by Van Cliburn.

Van Cliburn is a musician known almost as well, perhaps, in the Soviet Union as here in the United States. For young Van Cliburn won the hearts of the Soviet peoples and critics during the Tchaikovsky Competition of 1958. Tickets for Van Cliburn's auditions in Moscow were in such demand that people lined up 3 and 4 days in advance. And when the competition ended, Mr. Cliburn performed for Premier Khrushchev and at a number of sold-out concerts in the Soviet Union.

Back home in the United States, Mr. Cliburn began a career that has established him as one of America's most respected musicians. He continues to take a role in the international competition named in his honor.

Yet it has become unusual in recent years for Van Cliburn to perform in public. And so, for this rare and splendid performance -- for speaking so beautifully the universal language of music -- Van Cliburn, I thank you.

(Robinson)
December 4, 1987
6:00 p.m.

RR

Barb

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR
VAN CLIBURN
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

The American poet, Longfellow, once wrote: "Music is the universal language of mankind." We've certainly seen that confirmed here tonight. ^{For} There was no need to translate that magnificent performance by Van Cliburn.

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^{since going on sabbatical in 1978, Mr. Cliburn has}
Yet it has ~~become unusual in recent years for Van Cliburn to~~
^{not} perform in public. And so, for this ^{your first public appearance in} rare and splendid performance -- ^{some 9 years --} for speaking so beautifully the universal language of music -- ^{once again} Van Cliburn, I thank you.

OK
Linda
Faulkner
Social
Office
x7064

(Robinson)
December 4, 1987
6:00 p.m. *RR*

Barbara

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR
VAN CLIBURN
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

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Back home in the United States, Mr. Cliburn began a career that has established him as one of America's most respected musicians. He continues to take a role in the international competition named in his honor.

Yet it has become unusual in recent years for Van Cliburn to perform in public. And so, for this rare and splendid performance -- for speaking so beautifully the universal language of music -- Van Cliburn, I thank you.

(Robinson)
December 4, 1987
3:00 p.m.

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ENTERTAINMENT THANK YOU FOR
VAN CLIBURN
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1987

The American poet, Longfellow, once wrote: "Music is the universal language of mankind." We've certainly seen that confirmed here tonight. ~~For while these remarks are being translated even as I make them,~~ there was no need to translate that magnificent performance by Van Cliburn.

Van Cliburn is a musician known almost as well, perhaps, in the Soviet Union as here in the United States. For young Van Cliburn won the hearts of the Soviet peoples and critics during the Tchaikovsky Competition of 1958. Tickets for Van Cliburn's auditions in Moscow were in such demand that people lined up 3 and 4 days in advance. And when the competition ended, Mr. Cliburn performed for Premier Khrushchev and at a number of sold-out concerts in the Soviet Union.

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Home
Book of
Quotations
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Kathy
Fenton
X7064

Van
Cliburn
Bio
Socied
Office
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NYT
"Van
Cliburn
Reflects
on the
Past &
a Possible
Future"
6-9-85

Barb

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

December 1, 1987

TO: SPEECHWRITERS
ELAINE CRISPEN, FIRST LADY'S PRESS OFFICE
FM: CATHY FENTON, *Cathy Fenton* SOCIAL OFFICE, x7064
RE: REMARKS FOR ENTERTAINER FOR SOVIET
DINNER/VAN CLIBURN

Attached is biographic information on Van Cliburn,
our entertainer for the Soviet Dinner on December 8.

The President will need brief thank you remarks
for Mr. Cliburn's performance. Please copy us
with your draft remarks so we may review them.

Thank you.

VAN CLIBURN - Biography

Van Cliburn was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lavan Cliburn. Taught piano by his mother from age three, Van first played in public at the age of four. By the time he was six, it was obvious that he was destined for a concert career. At age twelve, as winner of a statewide young pianists' competition, he made his orchestral debut with the Houston Symphony. The following year he made his Carnegie Hall debut as winner of the National Music Festival Award.

Van won several prestigious awards and honors while attending The Juilliard School. In 1954 he won the Edgar M. Leventritt Foundation Award - a competition that gives the winner the privilege of playing with the New York Philharmonic in concert, as well as with four other major American orchestras. Although the Leventritt Competition was held annually, no prize was awarded unless the judges felt that there was a worthy recipient. When Van Cliburn received the award in 1954, he was the first winner since 1949.

His debut with the New York Philharmonic that same year was a huge success; cheers broke out at the conclusion of the first movement, and at the end he was recalled to the stage seven times.

The story of Van Cliburn's invasion of Moscow is well known. At the first Tchaikovsky Competition in 1958, he immediately won the hearts of the Russian people, as well as the acclaim of critics, and tickets to the Cliburn auditions were in such demand that people queued up for three to four days in advance. Word seeped back to America, which up until then had been fairly oblivious to the Moscow competition. By the time Van was proclaimed the winner, he was front-page news all around the world and the idol of millions.

After the competition was over, Premier Khrushchev asked to hear Van perform, and invited him to play several concerts in the Soviet Union, each one to sold-out houses and tumultuous acclaim. The international cables and telephones buzzed with offers, each one greater than the last. His concert schedule was miraculously filled overnight.

He returned home from Moscow to face the hardest task of his career. Now a national hero, President Eisenhower asked to meet him, and New York City welcomed him with the first ticker-tape parade it had ever given to a classical musician. Van had to prove that his Moscow success was genuinely deserved. How well he succeeded can be summed up by a review in The New York Times following his first concert on his return home: "The pianist had lived up to expectations, something that hardly seemed possible after so great a build up."

Van continued to pursue active international concert and recording schedules. Honor after honor was bestowed on him; his performances drew record crowds and his recordings were all best-sellers. After going on sabbatical in 1978, Van recently moved to Fort Worth, where he takes an active role in the international competition named in his honor.

3/30/87

5TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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August 17, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

NAME: Van Cliburn

CATEGORY: Music

SECTION: Section 2; Page 21, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

LENGTH: 1252 words

HEADLINE: MUSIC VIEW;
WHAT MAKES A GIFTED ARTIST DROP OUT IN MID-CAREER?

BYLINE: By Donal Henahan

BODY:

I hope you were as cheered as I was to read recently that Van Cliburn paid frequent visits to the Manhattan town house of his old friends Imelda and Ferdinand Marcos, who kept three Steinway grands at the ready for just such occasions. I had not thought of the enigmatic Mr. Cliburn for a long time and perhaps you had not, either. In fact, there must be many young music listeners to whom Van Cliburn is merely a name in American history, like John Philip Sousa.

Whether Mr. Cliburn actually sat down at the Marcos Steinways and played, and if so, what, the news report failed to say. But I think he would not resist running off a few scales, at least, and maybe a bit of Chopin. What heartens me is the realization that an audience of sorts would have attended to these impromptu performances. Somebody may know, then, if Van Cliburn still can play. To anyone who followed Mr. Cliburn's perplexing career the news that he still might be persuaded to sit down at a piano occasionally, for whatever audience, can only be a comfort. It is better than imagining him holed up somewhere like Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard," thumbing through his clippings. It is less depressing than remembering him only as the most famous dropout in American concert history. I say American history to allow room for argument over the defection of Glenn Gould, a Canadian pianist who also tired of concert life. Mr. Gould, however, continued to record prolifically after abandoning live performance and kept the public aware of his activities by writing inimitably fey polemical prose and by cultivating a network of critics and journalists to promote his legend of inaccessibility. Mr. Cliburn, by contrast, though apparently visible enough socially, has been a recluse artistically for nearly a decade.

In the beginning, Mr. Cliburn's playing certainly deserved much of the praise heaped upon it. He had a contest-winner's technique, of course, but it was his ardent style and unabashed display of temperament that made such a startling impression on listeners in a postwar time when most young pianists were concentrating on perfecting a fashionable kind of brilliant but heartless accuracy. His storybook triumph in 1958 at the Tchaikovsky International Piano Competition in Moscow, which made him an American culture hero, also made him a rich man.

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Within a couple of years, however, Mr. Cliburn's playing began to go into a decline. He appeared to be lucky in that the music he played best happened to be the music the public loved most. He wore out the Tchaikovsky First and the Rachmaninoff Third, his Moscow contest pieces, partly because they were what the audience demanded. In fact, his own interests were similarly constricted. His occasional dips into Classical repertory sounded perfunctory and strangely slack, as if the pre-Romantic sensibility were foreign to him. The suspicion grew even among warm admirers that Mr. Cliburn's might be a musically narrow talent. And possibly Mr. Cliburn, not an insensitive man, began to share that suspicion.

From the mid-1960's on, his appearances in New York became so infrequent that some critics began to suspect his manager, the canny Sol Hurok, of trying to conserve the young pianist's reputation. Despite Mr. Cliburn's renown, to date he probably has given fewer recitals in Manhattan than any celebrated pianist in recent history. Now and then, he did turn up as a concerto soloist, generally earning tepid reviews or worse.

It was hard to see how he could go on that way, and he did not. After a Toledo concert in 1978, Mr. Cliburn retired from the stage and since then most of his public appearances have been ceremonial, social or in furtherance of the Fort Worth piano competition that bears his still-famous name. Even in his years of musical decline, however, the public continued to be fascinated by him. His fee, which soared in the wake of his Moscow success and the New York ticker-tape parade that followed, remained as high as any in the music business. To this day, in fact, the Cliburn name has not lost its brand-name recognition - if he announced his return to public performance tomorrow, he probably could name his fee. America sometimes forgets its artists, but not its celebrities. Van Cliburn, thanks to some alchemical mixture of talent and public-relations, is sure of a niche in our celebrity pantheon, along with such departed immortals as Stokowski, Toscanini and Jose Iturbi.

And yet, Mr. Cliburn is still very much with us. At age 52, he hardly can be reconciled to premature enshrinement. Virtuoso pianists, especially, often seem to be just finding themselves as artists at an age when other people are filing for Social Security. Judging by the durable careers of such pianists as Arthur Schnitker, Rudolf Serkin, Mieczyslaw Horowitz, Vladimir Horowitz, Wilhelm Kempff and Claudio Arrau, Mr. Cliburn should now be in midpassage, his art and his craft ready to ripen. So what made Mr. Cliburn, the most celebrated American-born pianist who ever lived, give it all up so early? The comfort of a large bank account? Musical boredom? A sudden loss of appetite for applause? Personal problems? Disenchantment with the tiresome life of a touring virtuoso?

Perhaps some combination of these factors, and a few others. My guess would be that a lack of intellectual curiosity contributed most importantly to Mr. Cliburn's inability to sustain a public career. His repertory, though it made occasional excursions into Classical and modern areas (Beethoven, Mozart, Prokofiev, Samuel Barber) never really challenged him to go beyond the sort of post-adolescent ardor that first made his playing famous. What we cannot know, of course, is what changes if any have taken place in Van Cliburn's playing since his retirement - supposing, of course, that he still plays seriously and not merely to charm uncritical friends. In an interview last year, Mr. Cliburn said he occasionally reads through new works that publishers send him and keeps his hand in with the older composers. He even left dangling the possibility that one day he might return to public performance, though he did not sound very

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optimistic about that.

What mysterious bundle of drives is it that keeps one extraordinarily talented artist active into venerable old age while another loses interest in comparative youth? Whatever those impulses may be, they probably are out of the control of the artist. Money cannot have everything to do with it: Stokowski, Rubinstein and Toscanini all were in comfortable circumstances, but were nonetheless driven to keep on performing almost until they dropped. Perhaps they had egos that no amount of artistic success and/or applause could ever satisfy. Perhaps they were simply limited men, absorbed all their lives in admiring their own talent and insatiably hungry for applause. If there were no more than that to it, the decision of a Cliburn or a Gould could seem perfectly sane and admirable, rather than a sign of temperamental weakness or failure of nerve. Somehow, I doubt it.

For all I know, Van Cliburn is practicing eight hours a day right now, preparing for a return to action that will refurbish his legend and put him in the boomerang class of Vladimir Horowitz. More likely, he will not risk losing his celebrity status by putting the question of his artistic maturity to the test. After all, he already has a secure place in American cultural history and, to a lesser extent, in musical history as well.

GRAPHIC: Photo of Van Cliburn (NYT/Henry Grossman)

8TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright (c) 1985 The New York Times Company;
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June 9, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

NAME: Van Cliburn

CATEGORY: Music

SECTION: Section 2; Page 24, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

LENGTH: 1682 words

HEADLINE: VAN CLIBURN REFLECTS ON THE PAST AND A POSSIBLE FUTURE

BYLINE: By Michael Fleming; Michael Fleming writes regularly about music and musicians.

DATELINE: FORTWORTH

BODY:

After nearly 30 years, the memory has not faded: the curly-haired young pianist who seemed to be all elbows, wrists and neck and who dazzled Russian audiences at the 1958 Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow returned home to a ticker-tape parade. Van Cliburn's victory was a political event as much as a musical one, and over the next two decades, millions would turn out to gape at the boy wonder who had beat the Russians on their own ground and proved that cultural exchange was not a one-way street.

He became the victim of that adoring public as well as its hero, forced again and again to relive his Moscow triumph by playing the two works with which he had won the competition: Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto and Rachmaninoff's Third. On the one side, he was beset by his fans, who demanded these works again and again; on the other, by critics who complained of the narrowness of his repertory.

Finally, after a concert in Toledo, Ohio, in 1978, he simply stopped. "I had planned to stop playing for a long time," Mr. Cliburn said here recently in an unprecedented interview. He was in Fort Worth for the 1985 installment of the international piano competition that is named for him and is held every year in this Texas city. "It was my time," he continued, "and I wanted to have it while I was young enough to enjoy it."

For the past seven years, he has led a solitary life making an occasional public speaking appearance but avoiding interviews. Recently, he has begun to drop hints of an imminent return to performing, and in this interview he mentioned one project definitely in the works: a recital for a video disk, which he has promised to John R. Pfeiffer, a record producer at RCA. "I will try it once," he said. "When, we'll have to decide." He has other standing offers for concerts and recitals, but has been putting them off. Early in his "sabbatical," as he prefers to call it, friends urged him to announce his retirement from performance. "But what if you call a press conference and then have to call up your manager three months later to say, 'I'm starving'?"

(c) 1985 The New York Times, June 9, 1985

Mr. Cliburn is clearly not starving. His recordings of the Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff concertos that made him famous were always best sellers, and they have recently been re-released in remastered pressings. And even without concert dates, he has enough money at his disposal for him to be listed among the top contributors to the Van Cliburn Foundation, having given \$50,000 this year to the institution that presents the competition.

He takes a keen interest in the young pianists who come to Fort Worth to compete and, this year, he was visibly shaken when an audience favorite, the 25-year-old David Buechner, was not advanced to the semifinals. Mr. Cliburn put on a brave face and did not comment on the jury's decision. But there was an awkward moment as the semifinalists gathered for photographs with him after the announcement and were kept waiting a quarter of an hour on stage. When he finally appeared, he could hardly force a smile for the camera.

After the concluding awards ceremony last Sunday, he chatted amiably with the medalists but still looked weary. Asked for a reaction, he said, "I'm glad it's over." Jose Feghali, of Brazil, took the gold medal, Philippe Bianconi, of France, the silver, and Barry Douglas, of the United Kingdom, the bronze.

His solicitude for young pianists may rest on memories of his own days as a competitor. "How could I forget it?" he asked. "It was such a torture. What made it so bad was that it was full-fledged winter. There had just been a dramatically huge snow in Moscow. And the first and second rounds of the [Tchaikovsky] Competition started at 9 A.M."

Even as he returned home victorious, Mr. Cliburn was apprehensive about what lay ahead. "I'm really basically shy," he said. "And when I came back, I was thinking, 'Oh, my gracious, what in the world will my school friends think of me?' I was just hoping I could get on," he said. "Do you remember that little poem about Nancy Hanks?" Not the Nancy Hanks who was chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, he explained, but the Nancy Hanks in Stephen Vincent Benet's poem who comes back as a ghost to look after her son, Abe Lincoln.

Mr. Cliburn's own mother, Rildia Bee O'Bryan Cliburn, is a constant presence in his life. Where he travels, she travels with him, and when he makes one of his ceremonial appearances at the Van Cliburn Competition, she is always in the audience, as if to make sure that her boy is getting on.

Born in McGregor, Tex., she went to New York to study with the pianist Arthur Friedheim. When she settled in Shreveport with her husband, Harvey Lavan Cliburn Sr., she was a highly regarded teacher and a cultural force in the community. "My mother was my chief pianistic influence," Mr. Cliburn said. "It's a thrill when you have wonderful piano playing going on in the house, especially the correct kind of playing.

"Friedheim called her the most talented pupil he had, one with great strength at the piano, great facility," he continued. "Her hands were even better for the piano than mine, and there was nothing she wanted me to do that she couldn't demonstrate.

"I was a very attentive little child," he recalled. "I would come into the room for hours when she was practicing." Mrs. Cliburn first realized that Van was more than an eager listener when she left the room one day after giving a piano lesson to a neighbor boy, only to hear her 3-year old son picking out at

(c) 1985 The New York Times, June 9, 1985

the keyboard, by ear, the piece he had just heard.

"I loved to practice until I was 12," Mr. Cliburn said. "And after that, I could get inspired to practice when something sparked my imagination. Then it wasn't work." Mr. Cliburn has always dealt with music as he does with people, by instinct. And if some of his statements about music sound like platitudes, they are nonetheless deeply felt. "You will never hear anyone say, 'That music is too beautiful,'" he said. "If they say that, they have no soul."

After seven years' absence from the stage, he has mixed feelings about the artist's life. "As a musician, you are never playing for yourself," he said. "You are performing a service for people who can't do it for themselves, or who don't want to, or who want to hear what you have to say. The first little while during a recital, my psyche went all around the hall, to feel and sense the audience."

Having grown up in a small town, Kilgore, Tex., Mr. Cliburn said that he never resented the intrusion of the public into his life. Even today, when he is besieged at every public appearance with questions about his plans for the future, he diverts interrogators by exercising his formidable charm. A Southern boy to the bone, he has not lost his knack for "visiting" with strangers, or his ability to turn away a pressing inquiry with a soft answer.

His great passion these days is opera, and he made three tries at attending Franco Zeffirelli's new production of "Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera last season. On the third try, he was nearly ready to give up - his mother was waiting in the car, and he was unable to find a seat for her in a full house. The tenor Placido Domingo intervened, offering Mrs. Cliburn his wife's seat, and the pianist and his mother were at last able to attend the production.

"I was tired of hearing about it," Mr. Cliburn said, "and I wanted to judge for myself." He was ecstatic, even getting down on the floor at one point so that he could see the towering set from the best vantage point. "I'm a very good spectator," he added.

He practices the piano a little, he said, though not on the same schedule or with the same goals as when he was touring. "I read through pieces, and I get new ones from the publishers. But that's different from having to work to play a performance, and it's very enjoyable.

"Part of the reason I don't like to practice is that practice is a very solitary activity," he explained. "Practicing robs you of time to spend with others. You can do either this or that, and when I was concertizing, I had to forego social activities. It's lovely now to be able to accept a dinner invitation and know I can keep it."

Just what shape a renewed career might take, Mr. Cliburn is unsure. "When I was playing, the one-night concert stands were part of the modus operandi of the time. Now, we are coming into a period when there are more of other things. There is no substitute for a live performance, but there is a whole mixture of things to complement the routine of going from city to city."

One might expect that plans for his proposed video disk would evolve slowly, and that the recording would take some time. Even during the days when he was recording frequently, Mr. Cliburn said, he took the process more seriously

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• 'than some other artists. 'The companies would always say, 'Just go ahead and release it. It's good for five years. Then you can re-record it.' I never thought of recording that way. I held up many records because I wanted to be sure before I said yes. When something is published, it like's the written word, and you want to be able to say, 'I'll live with that until I'm dead.' ''

People frequently ask him if he would unveil a whole new repertory if he returned to playing, but he gave no hint that he would. 'Classical works of music are like paintings that you take into your inner home,' he said. 'They are always valid, and it's up to you to give life to them.'

Looking back on his career, Mr. Cliburn is reluctant to call himself a success. 'It's just as I told a reporter when I came back from Moscow,' he said. 'I'm not a success; I'm a sensation. Success is a very difficult term to use, especially about yourself.' And he refuses to make predictions about the future, or about his place in the annals of pianism.

'An artist can be truly evaluated only after he is dead,' Mr. Cliburn said. 'At the very eleventh hour, he might do something that will eclipse everything else.'

GRAPHIC: Photo of Van Cliburn congratulating Jose Feghali

TYPE: INTERVIEW

Then must the Love be great, 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
RICHARD BARNFIELD, *Sonnet: To His Friend Master R. L.*

¹ The only universal tongue.
SAMUEL ROGERS, *Italy: Bergamo.*

Music is the universal language.
JOHN WILSON, *Noctes Ambrosianæ. Ch. 27.*

Music is the universal language of mankind.
LONGFELLOW, *Outre-Mer: Spanish Ballads.*

² Music, moody food Of us that trade in love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5, 1.

³ Hell is full of musical amateurs. Music is the brandy of the damned.
BERNARD SHAW, *Man and Superman. Act iii.*

⁴ Music! soft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate?

EDMUND SMITH, *Ode in Praise of Music.*

⁵ Music is feeling, then, not sound.
WALLACE STEVENS, *Peter Quince at the Clavier.*

II—Music: Apothegms

⁶ The jackdaw knows nothing of music. (Nil cum fidibus graculost.)
AULUS GELLIUS, *Noctes Atticæ: Præfatio. Sec. 19.* Quoted as an old saying.

Like the ass, deaf to the lyre. (ὄνος λύρας.)
BOËTHIUS, *Philosophiæ Consolationis. Bk. i, ch. 4.* Quoting an old proverb.

Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.
GEORGE ELIOT, *The Spanish Gypsy. Bk. iii.*

Because I have no ear for music, at the Concert of the Quintette Club, it looked to me as if the performers were crazy, and all the audience were making-believe crazy, in order to soothe the lunatics and keep them amused.
R. W. EMERSON, *Journals*, 1861.

I perceive you delight not in music.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act iv, sc. 2, l. 66.*

Where there's music there can't be mischief.
(Donde hay Musica no puede haber cosa mala.)

CERVANTES, *Don Quixote. Pt. ii, ch. 34.*

⁸ And music pours on mortals
Her magnificent disdain.
EMERSON, *The Sphinx.*

⁹ You make as good music as a wheelbarrow.
THOMAS FULLER, *Gnomologia. No. 5938.*

¹⁰ Why should the devil have all the good tunes?
ROWLAND HILL, *Sermons. (Broome, Life, p. 93.)*

I said as I sat by the edge of the sea,
A music-hall show would look bully to me;
I thought as I walked by the edge of the dunes,
Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?
FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Familiar Quotations. (Atlantic Monthly, v. 146, p. 118.)*

Is it lave gaity All to the laity?
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, *Father O'Flynn.*

¹¹ This dance of death, which sounds so musically,
Was sure intended for the corpse de ballet.
UNKNOWN, *On the Danse Macabre of Saint-Saëns. (Quoted by Brander Matthews, Recreations of an Anthologist, p. 108, as by "an American rhymester.")*

¹² Musical innovation is full of danger to the State, for when modes of music change, the laws of the State always change with them.
PLATO, *The Republic. Bk. iv, sec. 424.*

¹³ The man who has music in his soul will be most in love with the loveliest.
PLATO, *The Republic. Bk. iii, sec. 402.*

Music and rhythm find their way into the secret places of the soul.
PLATO, *The Republic. Bk. iii, sec. 401.*

¹⁴ Music is essentially useless, as life is.
GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Little Essays, p. 130.*

What most people relish is hardly music; it is rather a drowsy reverie relieved by nervous thrills.
GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Life of Reason. iv, 51.*

¹⁵ Make battery to our ears with the loud music.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra. Act ii, sc. 7, l. 115.*

Wagner's music is better than it sounds.
BILL NYE.

¹⁶ Among all the arts, music alone can be purely religious.

MADAME DE STAËL, *Corinne. Bk. viii, ch. 3.*

As some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism. Pt. ii, l. 142.*

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
POPE, *Moral Essays. Epis. iv, l. 143.*

III—Music: Music Hath Charms

¹⁷ Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride. Act i, sc. 1, l. 1. (1697)* Some editions read "Music has charms."

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,"
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
JAMES BRAMSTON, *Man of Taste. (1729)*

Rugged the breast that music cannot tame.
JOHN CODRINGTON BAMPFYLDE, *Sonnet.*

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.

When art does sound's high power
To music's pipe the passions draw
Motions unwill'd its powers have
Tarantulated by a tune.

MATTHEW GREEN, *The Spleen*

Music has charms alone for poets
POPE, *Sappho to Phaoon, l. 14.*

¹ Orpheus cou'd lead the savage
And trees uprooted left their
Sequacious of the lyre:

But bright Cecilia rais'd the
When to her organ vocal breath
An angel heard, and straight

Mistaking earth for heaven
DRYDEN, *Song for St. Cecilia*

When Orpheus strikes the trem
The streams stand still, the st
The list'ning savages advanc

The wolf and lamb around him
The bears in awkward measur
And tigers mingle in the da

The moving woods attended as
And Rhodophe was left witho
ADDISON, *A Song for St. Ce*

² Music's force can tame the
Can make the wolf or foam
His rage; the lion drop his
Attentive to the song.

MATTHEW PRIOR, *Solomon.*

³ Orpheus with his lute made
And the mountain tops tha

Bow themselves when he
To his music plants and fl
Ever sprung; as sun and

There had made a lastin
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

Every thing that heard him
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and the

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of hea
Fall asleep, or hearing, die

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

⁴ Music oft hath
To make bad good, and

harm.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure. sc. 1, l. 14.*

⁵ The
Did feign that Orpheus dre
floods;

Since nought so stockish,
rage,

But music for the time
nature.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice. sc. 1, l. 79.*

For Orpheus' lute was strung

For Reassembled: This is from the Home Book of Quotations, on the whole, in my office.