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Chapter 1

September 20, 2011

Security in the Kimmel Center had announced that everyone backstage should go onstage for an important announcement. Alice Landersol, the orchestra manager, was almost there, and about to speak to the orchestra and stagehands. She imagined what her 'daily action list' from the morning might have had on it. *Find Richard dead. Call police. Speak to orchestra. Call attorney. Call press.... How can this be happening to me?* Would this finally be her breaking point? She had held herself together for so long, seemed so strong, yet she often visualized herself walking along a narrow ledge, struggling not to topple over into a deep pit.

Alice was annoyed that Richard Warren had been strangled. She had not liked Richard, who was the most outspoken of the seven-member Players Association, elected by the entire orchestra. Contract negotiations were going on, and the Players Association was a thorn in the administration's side. Alice had argued with Richard a couple of days earlier, and had wished he would just disappear. Now her wish had come true. *But did it have to be this way?* she thought.

The conductor, Sir Gregory Langhorne, had remained onstage after the concert, as instructed. He knew this meant trouble. He felt reassured when he saw Alice, who inspired confidence. He took her hand firmly and held it while she stepped onto the podium. Alice saw that Jonathan Langhorne, Gregory's son and the soloist in the Mendelssohn Concerto that evening, was just arriving onstage, carrying his violin in its case. A Stradivarius, made in 1725, so not a chance he would think of leaving it in his dressing room.

Sir Gregory had been appointed conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra a year earlier, and this had been a highly-

charged and important concert for him. It was the first time he and his son had performed together since their estrangement six years earlier. The recent reconciliation of these two international celebrities (tagged “the rock stars of classical music” by National Celebrity magazine) was an event in itself. Sir Gregory startled himself with the passing thought that the gala opening of a new concert season was the worst possible evening for a murder in his orchestra.

Alice stood on the podium, looking at the orchestra. Gregory was standing to the right of the podium, and the principal cellist offered his chair, which Gregory accepted. He was 64 and looked younger, though distinguished. Alice appeared very serious, and began speaking, “I have shocking news. Richard Warren has been murdered.” She used his surname because there were two Richards in the orchestra. The other was a flutist who was seated onstage, but she didn’t want to leave even a momentary question about which Richard it was. “He was found in the rehearsal room downstairs. The police are on their way.” She expected to hear an immediate loud response, but there was stunned silence from the orchestra, then some words of disbelief, followed by a roar of voices, until the principal violist, a woman in her mid-forties, stood up and asked, “What happened? What do you know about this?” She was shaken and could barely speak. Two others got out of their seats and went over to her.

“He was strangled. That’s really all I can say at this point, until the police arrive. I’m so sorry to give you this dreadful news. Please remain onstage until the police tell us what to do. Thank you,” she said, stepping off the podium quickly and walking through the violin section and offstage.

By the time she arrived in the wings, stage right, two policemen in uniform, along with two detectives, not in uniform, had arrived. Two other officers had already gone downstairs.

"I'm Alice Landersol, manager of the orchestra," she said, holding her right hand out in the direction of one of the officers.

"Cynthia Masters," replied a young woman previously invisible to Alice, who had only noticed the men in uniforms. "Detective Masters. I'll be in charge of this case," she stated in a brisk, professional manner that contrasted strongly with her appearance. Alice observed that Detective Masters was about 35 years of age, and beautiful. She had shoulder length dark brown hair, neatly tied back, and was wearing a tight black skirt that was shorter than any detective ought to be wearing, Alice thought, and a sweater more revealing than Alice's image of a detective.

This being Alice's first experience with the Philadelphia Police Department's homicide division, she had no idea that Cynthia Masters was already a legend in the police force. Although she had been with the department for only eight years, she had risen quickly through the ranks, and was the city's top crime solver. Of all the cases she had handled, only one remained unsolved. And that was because it had been badly botched before she took over the case.

Cynthia had been told a bass player was murdered, and his body was in a rehearsal room on the lower level of the building. By an unfortunate quirk of timing, the audience had filed out of the hall. Most had left by the time the police arrived, and Cynthia felt there was no point in sealing off the doors and holding the remaining audience members, although it was remotely possible that the murderer was still in the hall. Unlikely, though, she knew from experience. Whoever committed the murder would probably have left immediately afterwards.

She instructed two of her officers to remain onstage, asking for anything the players might have seen that would provide clues. Cynthia and the second detective accompanied Alice back downstairs to the rehearsal room, where Daniel Matthews, the stage manager, was being held by two members of his crew. Alice

ignored the incongruous situation and introduced Daniel to Cynthia Masters. Like Alice, he was struck by the fact that Cynthia seemed out of place at a crime scene. She appeared more likely to run a modeling agency, he thought.

So much for first impressions. Cynthia's male colleagues on the police force knew better than to comment on her appearance. They all knew her credentials, as a magna cum laude graduate of Princeton University, and summa cum laude at Harvard Law School. They respected her. They knew she had joined the police force for all the right reasons, because she wanted to use her brains and talent to make a difference.

"Excuse me," she asked after opening the door all the way. "Have you moved anything? Touched anything here?" she asked. "Yes," Daniel replied, "I attempted to remove the bow hair from his neck. My two stagehands obviously misinterpreted what they saw. I hope you will help me to clear this up – and find the killer."

"Right," she said. "so you only touched his neck. Is that correct?" Speaking to both stagehands, she said, "You can let go of him now."

"Yes," Daniel said. "And the pliers of course. I tried to remove them but they were in place very tightly."

"And nothing else at all?"

"No, just what was around his neck." The two uniformed officers stood in front of the door. Daniel took a seat at a table a few feet away.

Cynthia moved further into the room and took a position four feet from Richard's body. She began looking at everything, her gaze moving slowly across the body, then above it, then to the right, until she finally had to turn. She pulled surgical gloves out of a black fabric tote bag that had been swung over her shoulder. Carefully, gently, she examined the way the horsehair had been twisted and secured with vise grip pliers, not saying anything. At first she was surprised to see the pliers, but she could see that the horsehair

would not have been long enough to wrap around Richard's large neck with enough left to tie a knot. *The killer could have used rope, Cynthia thought. The horsehair must have been symbolic.*

Turning to Alex, one of the men previously holding Daniel, she asked, "What did you see when you entered the room?"

Looking directly at Cynthia, he said, "We both saw Daniel over the body, his hands on Richard's neck, and he was tightening the pliers into position. Well that's what it looked like."

"Is that what you saw?" she asked the other stagehand.

"Yes, the same thing."

"What time did you come in?" she asked Alex.

"I know it was at 9:37. I had just looked at my watch," he replied.

"Daniel, what time was it when you came in?" Cynthia was taking notes on her pad.

"I don't know exactly, but I came downstairs at around 9:30, so a few minutes after that, I guess."

"And you're saying that Richard was already dead when you came into the room?"

"I wasn't sure at first. That's why I was trying to loosen the hair, remove the pliers. I realized it quickly, though."

"Thank you." Cynthia moved quickly to the door, speaking softly, almost in a whisper, to the two officers. "We need Johnson to speak with him. He should probably be in custody." One of the officers left the room.

"When were you planning to call for help?" Cynthia asked Daniel.

"I don't know. As soon as it was clear I couldn't do anything to help him, I would have called. Nothing like this has ever happened before. It was hard to know what to do."

"At first you thought he was alive? The phone is on the wall. Wouldn't you have thought to call for help right away?"

“I...it didn’t occur to me. I thought I could save him. I was shouting for help but nobody heard me.”

The officer returned, accompanied by the second detective. Once again, speaking very quietly, Cynthia addressed Det. Johnson and the officer. “Please ask the manager to find an empty room. Ask him a few more questions. See if you can get an idea of what happened. Maybe an argument?”

“Daniel...what’s your surname?”

“Matthews. Daniel Matthews.”

“Mr. Matthews, Detective Johnson will ask you a few more questions about what happened. Please cooperate with him...tell him everything you can remember. No detail is too small.”

She motioned the detective and officer out of the room.

It wasn’t a large room, and Cynthia immediately moved the stagehands outside the door so the crime scene could be secured. The more people in and out, the more chance of contaminating the evidence. There were no windows, but one wall of large lockers, a couple of large tables and a few chairs and a sofa. Another officer began dusting for prints. Cynthia wanted to look at the security tape. She asked the one officer still in the room to go immediately to the security desk by the 15th Street stage door entrance and find out what activity showed up on the corridor outside the room where Richard had been found.

It took a few minutes for the officer to return with the information that the camera for that corridor had malfunctioned. Cynthia walked out into the hall and looked up, spotting the camera in a corner of the ceiling. She could see that a piece of black tape had been placed across the lens. *How could somebody have done that without first being seen on the videotape?* Somebody must have had a long pole, maybe even a folding cane with a piece of tape attached, and known the angle of the camera well enough to approach it from behind. If Daniel Matthews was the murderer, he would have had easy access.

The last entry on the security camera was at 9:01p.m., after the orchestra was onstage, and before the second half of the concert began. Why did the security desk not notice the problem? Were they not paying attention, or were the wires crossed to double the feed from another camera? The murderer seemed to know not only the bass player's habits, but the intricate workings of the backstage security system. It was looking more and more like the work of someone who spent a lot of time in the hall. Unfortunately there was no security camera inside the locker rooms, dressing rooms, or rehearsal rooms.

Cynthia had seen strangulations in the past, but nothing like this one. This scene told her that the murderer would have planned in advance, and had easy access to a pole for covering the camera, as well as heavy pliers. But it could also have been a setup, made to look like the work of someone with close connections to the building. It was clearly a premeditated act, requiring specific knowledge of the length of a bass bow. Perhaps a musician, she thought, or someone who repairs instruments and bows, and had equipment on hand. More and more, Daniel seemed to fit the bill, although she wasn't ready to pin this crime on him just because it seemed obvious.

She pulled a small digital camera out of her bag and took a few shots of Richard, and a few of the room. Cynthia took a close-up of the pliers, and then noticed that the wooden part of the bow was lying on the floor a few feet from Richard's head, as if it had been carelessly tossed aside. She saw a large bump on Richard's head, and suspected the heavy pliers had probably served two functions – to knock him out and to secure the horsehair when Richard was presumably unconscious.

One of her colleagues was quietly taking scene notes on a legal pad, more photos, marking down the positions of instrument cases left in the room, the temperature inside and outside, time of day, and all the elements that had any bearing on the setting, if not in

an obvious way on the case itself. The same colleague had placed a sign-in sheet on the table closest to the door. It was policy to have a record of every person in and out of the room from now on.

Cynthia could see that the horsehair had been removed with clean cuts top and bottom. She assumed that even if the murderer had knowledge of bows, and how the hair was attached, he or she (most likely he) would have cut it quickly from the 'tip' and the 'frog,' the two ends, leaving the wooden part of the bow, which string players simply called 'the stick,' for lack of a better term. Each end of the hair had been secured with a piece of tape before being cut, and the hair had been twisted to strengthen its effect before being secured with the pliers.

Richard's bass was not in its case, but was lying on the floor, near his body. There were lockers built into the walls of the large room, where the musicians kept their coats and valuables during the performances. Cynthia quickly determined that the lockers in the rehearsal room were extras, mostly unused, although large enough for someone to have hidden inside and waited to attack Warren. The contents of Warren's regular locker would have to be emptied, examined, and fingerprinted, although Cynthia believed it would probably yield nothing helpful.

Cynthia would also check if all of the musicians were onstage, or if there were any whose services were not required during the second half of the program who might have remained backstage. She assumed that players not needed during the second half could have gone home, unless they had carpooled with other musicians.

Dialing a number on her phone. Cynthia asked, "Is the M.E. on the way?" "I have more to do here, but we need him to get started. Yes, I'll ask about his family. Thanks, Don," she said, hanging up without saying goodbye.

Cynthia took one more look at Richard, walking around his body and finally kneeling and putting her gloved hand under him to check if he was lying on top of anything. She moved the bass

gently, checking under both sides, as if examining another body. She had almost completed her examination of the bass when she noticed something dangling off one of the tuning pegs at the top of the instrument's long neck. It was a small round paper disc with a tiny hole, through which a thin silver thread had been laced and knotted, then placed loosely around the peg, dangling from the peg's wooden post.

Handwritten on the paper disc were the numbers 1/10. Cynthia didn't immediately try to guess what it meant, but assumed that 1/10 was a date. Perhaps it was the date on which the murderer made the decision to kill Richard, although it would have been eight months earlier. She would also check if it was Richard's birthday, or held any other significance. Could the tag have had anything to do with a repair to the instrument? A final possibility is that it might have meant nothing at all – just a fake clue to throw an investigator off track.

Nevertheless, she removed the tag from the tuning peg and placed it in one of the small ziplock bags she had brought along. On the outside of the bag, she used a marker to note where the tag was found. Of course it would be dusted for prints, as would the items in Richard's locker, the remaining parts of the bow, his bass, and other items. It was a room used by many musicians, a nightmare for identifying prints, but the items used primarily by Richard -both in the rehearsal room and the main locker room for bass and cello players--would be tested.

Cynthia's first hunches were always good, and she sensed there would be no fingerprints at all on any of the evidence, other than Richard's. A clever killer would have avoided touching the pliers without gloves at any point, since even residual DNA could be revealing. Cynthia would have to figure it all out without the luxury of prints. Unfortunately, Daniel's prints would be all over the pliers, complicating her job if he was not the killer.

“Does he have any family?” she asked Alice, who had returned and was hovering at the door of the rehearsal room. She told Cynthia that Richard had a wife and two grown children. “Let one of my officers speak to his wife. Do you have her address? We’ll send someone right away.”

In all the time that had passed since learning the news, Alice hadn’t once thought of Richard’s family. This surprised her, and made her momentarily question her own humanity. She felt sad, and wondered how long it would have been before it occurred to her.

“Of course. I’ll get it for you. Someone from my staff should go along,” Alice said.

“We’ll take care of the initial notification,” Cynthia replied. “Give us the first hour. Then you can handle it any way you like.”

Alice did not agree, but for once she wasn’t in control of the situation. She would go to Richard’s home in the morning, and send one of her staff members this evening. Only after that thought did Alice realize the orchestra would need to hire another bass player. The orchestra kept a long list of substitute players, any one of whom would have ...she almost thought to herself, ‘killed’ for the position. Yet, as competitive a business it was, murder was an extreme they generally avoided. There was a smirk on her face.

Chapter 2

Philadelphia, September 20, 2011

It was 11 p.m. – an hour and a quarter after the concert had ended. Alice Landersol would normally have been on her way home by now, ready for the glass of red wine that had become her post-concert tradition. Her ritual involved opening the door of her condominium in the Academy House on Locust Street, switching on the lights in the kitchen and living room, opening the bottle of wine, and pouring a glass to let it ‘breathe.’ The orchestra played Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and the final program of each set was on Sunday afternoon.

Alice opened a bottle on Thursday night, and re-corked it with a vacuum sealer each night after her glass, finishing the last drop on Sunday evening with her dinner. Even if she didn’t love the wine, her ritual did not change. Always the last drop on Sunday.

Alice never touched any other liquor. She felt it might compromise her sense of control. If she dined out on another evening of the week, there would be no alcohol of any sort. Sometimes she thought of a time in her life years earlier, before she had learned to be disciplined, before there were limits to every element of her life, and when she wasn’t afraid of involvement, of closeness. It seemed so long ago that she wondered if it was really her own life she was remembering.

She knew loneliness well but was matter-of-fact about what it took to be at the top of her profession. Occasionally she spoke to each of her three nieces about the importance of education and discipline, although she was convinced they weren’t really listening to what she was saying. Her favorite niece Jenny, who was 18, had recently spent a long evening with Alice, complaining about Alice’s sister, Jenny’s mother, who was in the middle of a messy divorce

after her husband of 30 years had walked out on her, right into the arms of a woman just two years older than his eldest daughter.

She had agreed with Jenny in blaming her mother for the state of their marriage. Alice said her only sister was flighty and irresponsible, with no sense of discipline. Evelyn was always in the middle of starting up a new business she could supposedly run from home. Four of them had failed but that didn't stop her from trying again, and again. "I hope you will take a good look at her life," Alice had said to the distraught teenager, "and not duplicate your mother's mistakes. No wonder your father left her. This is your chance to get an education and find a solid profession of your own."

Jenny had come to her for help, but left feeling worse. Alice knew it, but felt she had said what needed to be said. When Jenny had come through the door, tears streaming down her face, she had fallen into Aunt Alice's arms, sobbing. Alice held her, and was sad to realize she hadn't held anyone in a close way for years. Even when her nieces were younger, her embraces were quick, almost obligatory. She tried to remember the last time she had held a man, and wondered why it had stopped, how she had turned so cold, and whether it could ever change.

Alice was 21 years old when she met the only man she ever truly loved. He was the young assistant conductor of the London Symphonic Orchestra. She had been selected from a talented international group of young orchestral management interns for a one-year position with the LSO.

Her outstanding work came immediately to the attention of the top administration, and she was selected to work directly with the conductor in planning and implementing a new series of concerts in the hall to be opened later that year. Alice was thrilled with these developments, and could not believe her good fortune. She enjoyed learning to live in another country, although she missed her family in Connecticut.

Alice was in awe of the young conductor, who was only seven years older than she and newly married with a young son. When they began working together on the new series, he listened to her opinions and advice. At first, she was almost afraid to speak to him, and felt self-conscious about her American accent. He made her feel important and comfortable, and often complimented her on her creative ideas.

Gregory Langhorne was a rising young star. After a few weeks of their formal weekly meetings, he asked Alice to dinner. Alice assumed it was a professional dinner, and was surprised to discover that Gregory had selected a very romantic Italian restaurant for the occasion. She did not express her surprise, and willingly went along with the evening. He casually mentioned that he did not have to be home at any particular time, as his wife and son were away with her parents for a few days on a skiing holiday.

As the evening progressed, and after a few glasses of wine, Gregory placed his hand on hers. "I can't believe my luck in having such a beautiful and talented associate," he said, looking into her eyes. She was flushed and not sure how to respond. Her initial reaction was to run – to thank him for dinner, make her excuses, and go back to her flat.

After dinner, Gregory suggested going to his home for espresso and dessert, and Alice agreed. He promised to drive her home afterwards. Alice knew his home was on Priory Road in West Hampstead, far across town from her modest flat in Earls Court.

As promised, Gregory led her into the kitchen and made them espressos from a large Italian coffee maker. They sat opposite each other at the kitchen table.

"I look forward to seeing you every week," he said. "I think about you the rest of the time. I count the minutes until you come into my office."

“Oh Gregory, I had no idea you felt that way--none at all. But you know this cannot go anywhere – you’re married, with a child. What about your wife? I should go. This isn’t fair.”

She got up to leave. “Alice, please don’t go. I need you,” he said. She could tell that he meant it. She had been brought up to believe that little could be worse, or more disgraceful, than getting involved with a married man. She had already crossed the line by going to dinner with him, and going to his flat. She moved toward the door. “I can’t, Gregory. This isn’t right.”

“I’m not happy with my wife,” he said. “I’ve been thinking of leaving.”

He stood up and faced her, looking desperately sad. “Please, don’t leave.” He put both hands on her shoulders and pulled her close to him. “Alice, you are the only good thing in my life, all that keeps me going right now.”

She felt herself becoming weak, her resolve evaporating. Gregory held her tightly and kissed her. She could feel that he loved her--that he had meant every word of what he had said. And she felt so sorry for him, for his situation. There was no way that Alice could resist this amazing man, a man who was everything she had ever dreamed of in a lover. In Alice’s view, he was the most handsome man she had ever met. More importantly, he was brilliant, talented, and headed for prominence. There was no doubt in her mind that he would become one of the world’s most renowned conductors.

As they moved toward Gregory’s bedroom, Alice told herself that she wasn’t really violating her principles. *This is love*, she thought, *and Gregory’s life is so unhappy. I can make him happy, and he will definitely leave his wife and marry me.* She was sure of it.

They barely got out of bed for two days, and by the second morning, Gregory and Alice had declared their love for each other. At the end of three days together, Gregory told her that his wife and son were returning the next afternoon and he would talk to her and begin the process of separating. Alice believed him and

returned to her flat on an emotional high that she could never have imagined.

She waited to hear from Gregory, but he did not phone her. The next time they met was at their scheduled weekly meeting, which was always in the presence of other employees. Gregory was polite but cool, as though nothing had happened between them. Alice consoled herself with the fact that Gregory could not let anyone else know about their relationship – not until his separation from his wife was under way.

At the end of the meeting, she spoke with him quietly outside the conference room. “How are you? What is happening?” she asked.

“Not so good. Let me come to your flat this evening, and I’ll explain.”

Alice agreed. “I’ll be there at 7,” he said.

He arrived looking distressed and unhappy.

“I’ve been concerned,” Alice said. “What’s going on? What’s happening with us?”

They embraced. He stepped back. “I can’t leave my wife right now,” he said. “Her father is very ill. He has cancer and they’ve given him less than a year.”

“That’s terrible,” Alice said. “No, you must stay with her.”

“But I still want to see you,” Gregory said. “I *must* see you. There’s no way I can live without you.” He kissed her and they held each other for a long time. The passion they had felt was still there, but stronger now. Alice tried to stop herself, but could not resist him, and before she knew what was happening, they were in her bedroom making love. When they were finished, he glanced at his watch, jumped up and said he had to go home. “I love you,” Gregory said.

He didn’t call her for another two weeks. After the next project meeting, Alice tried to speak with him, and he quietly brushed her aside. “Not now. I’ll phone you later.” But Gregory did not call.

She watched him leave the building with a new orchestra violinist who had come to speak with him. She was young and beautiful, and looked longingly into Gregory's eyes. Alice had a bad feeling about this.

It was another three days before Gregory phoned her in her office, asking to see her that evening. Despite what she thought, she agreed. She made herself a quick dinner and waited, watching the hands of the clock turn at an agonizingly slow pace. He had promised to arrive by 7 and it was 8:30 when he finally rang the bell.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "It was difficult to get out. My wife is so upset about her father and she needed consoling." He moved toward her, putting his hand on her cheek. "I can understand if you're upset with me."

"I don't understand what's happening, why you haven't phoned me for more than two weeks."

"It's just...been impossible," he said. "I keep thinking about you, wanting to be with you." He looked into her eyes. "You must know how much I love you, despite everything that's happened." They made love, but something in his attitude made Alice believe their brief affair was ending. She imagined he was thinking of someone else, or was distracted by whatever was going on in his life. Whatever it was, the passion he had shown before was no longer there.

A few days later, Alice felt a little dizzy. She put it out of her mind, and was relieved when Gregory didn't show up for their weekly meeting. The following day, Alice woke up feeling ill, and stayed home. She thought she had caught a stomach flu, and spent the morning drinking tea until she felt a little better. It took Alice a few more days to suspect that she might be pregnant. When it was confirmed by her doctor, she began to panic. She had to tell Gregory, but had no idea what effect this would have on him, or how he would react.

She left a message at his office, saying it was extremely important. He came to see her in her office. Cautiously, she gave him the news. “No, that’s impossible,” he said. “I can’t deal with this.”

“I haven’t asked you to deal with it,” she countered. “But you need to know that you are the father of my child.”

“No,” he said firmly. “You must end it. I’ll get you the money. I’ll make the arrangements if you like. I can’t destroy my family like this.”

Alice was stunned. In a few weeks, she had gone from being the love of his life to being an annoyance. Now she knew he had never meant a word of it. She had been seduced and discarded. It was, in an instant, clear to Alice. Gregory was never going to leave his family, not for her.

The next afternoon he came to Alice’s office, pulling an envelope from his pocket, as though it were her paycheck. On the top right corner, he had written, in small letters, ‘£300.’ “You can use this for an abortion,” he said. “If you need help, I can arrange it for you. Good luck with all of this,” he said, turning and going out through the door without looking back.

Alice felt cheap, and wished she had thrown the envelope at him. She had no intention of getting an abortion. She had not yet decided whether to keep the baby or find an adoption agency. She struggled with the decision for a few weeks before deciding she couldn’t raise a child. She completed her internship and was relieved to head home to Connecticut, even though she knew that her straitlaced family would be horrified to learn of her pregnancy.

For several decades, and with a bizarre fascination, she had followed Gregory Langhorne’s blossoming career, and the personal scandals that seemed to surround him. She never attempted to contact him, and when she learned that the search committee had selected him as the Philadelphia Symphony’s new conductor, she assumed there would be a very awkward situation between them.

She had cast her one precious vote for one of the other candidates, but with the exception of hers, the vote for Langhorne had been unanimous. She knew that he deserved the position.

When they were introduced on his first day in Philadelphia, he seemed not to remember her, although meeting him face to face had immediately brought back all of Alice's emotions of that time many years earlier. She assumed he was being polite, and did not want her to feel uncomfortable, but as the days and weeks went by, it was clear that Gregory Langhorne had no memory whatsoever of their affair three decades earlier. He did not even remember her name. On one occasion, he said, "You seem a bit familiar to me. Have we met backstage at one of my concerts?" Alice desperately wanted him to remember, but she would not be the one to remind him of the circumstances. "Yes, possibly in England some years ago," she replied. He said no more. She was sure he was not searching the depths of his mind to find her in some dark corner from the past.

Working with him was not nearly as difficult as she had imagined. Now Alice was a strong and powerful leader and, with the exception of one brief lapse upon meeting Gregory again, had her emotions perfectly under control. Their new relationship was thoroughly professional. Alice carried a feeling of anger that the most turbulent and traumatic time of her entire life was hers to bear alone. Secretly, she hated Gregory Langhorne with as much passion as she had once loved him, while outwardly treating him with respect and charm, and raving to the public and the media about the thrill of having him as the Philadelphia Symphony's new conductor.