

Larry Glick hypnotizes Teri, originally in Chapter 8

One night, when Larry Glick was visiting the Williamses, the conversation turned to music. Teri still played, of course. When inspired, she'd suddenly sit at the cream-colored Mason & Hamlin piano Jerry bought for her and slip into a Mozart sonata or a Chopin prelude. She said that there were a lot of pieces she played when she was younger. It was too bad how many of them she'd forgotten now. She couldn't even remember the composers' names. There was one in particular, one she had memorized cold, but now it was just had a vague echo in her head. It used to be so special to her for some reason.

Glick opined that if she knew it so well, it was probably stuck in her memory somewhere. Did she want to try to bring it back? He could hypnotize her and see what happened.

Jerry was skeptical. He knew that Glick had a whole second career going with his nightclub hypnosis shows, but wasn't this stuff just a parlor trick, really? Teri doubted that it would work. But Glick said they'd be surprised at what the mind could retain. If Teri wanted to try . . .

Glick took Teri into a quiet room. He relaxed her, told her to concentrate. "Now you're going to go back and remember that piece of music, and you'll play it better than you ever have. And when you're done, if you want to remember what it is, you'll remember. If not, you can just put it away again."

After about a half-hour of work with Glick, Teri was in a deep trance. He came out of the room, and she emerged behind him, as if she were walking on stage, moving slowly, gracefully, elegantly over to the piano. She took off its cover, opened the keyboard lid, and sat down with great concentration, as if she were playing a concert, without any acknowledgment of the others in the room.

She touched the keys. It was a piece none of them had heard before. Jerry was relaxing on a chaise longue, a bit amused by the spectacle. Minutes went by, with Teri growing more involved in the music, giving it the full dynamics of a performance in a large hall. Jerry sat up, captured by the performance. They watched her play, watched her face. There were tears running down her cheeks.

Then the last notes sounded. She sat quietly for a moment, then rose and walked away, as if into the wings. Glick followed her and brought her out of the trance.

When she returned to the room, she said to Jerry, "You see? I told you I couldn't remember that piece." Then she looked at the piano, surprised to see it uncovered, with the lid open. "Who opened the piano?"

"You did. You played it. It was great. Can you remember what it was?"

"I can't remember it at all."

That night stayed with Jerry for the rest of his life. What was that sadness she had so deeply buried? He never found out.

*This story was told to us by Larry Glick himself in an interview on 4/3/06. Jerry recounted it several times, notably in the 2/22/02 Jordan Rich interview, where he noted:*

*"We all were crying. And so was she. It was a most amazing thing. She plucked it out of the air. Even Glick was crying. He never cries, unless he can't hypnotize somebody."*