

Szymon Goldberg,  
Keizersgracht 752,

Amsterdam,  
15 November 1964.

Roman Totenberg, Esq.,  
15 Fox Meadow Road,  
Scarsdale, New York.

Dear Roman,

I thought my attempts in New York and Boston to get in touch with you would 'unprick' my conscience for not having acknowledged your so friendly letter which you wrote to me last summer, but you cannot cheat conscience. Whenever we discuss friends, Maria gets pale with fury and I red with shame because of my neglected correspondence.

The summer was very interesting as it was the first time for me to conduct an orchestra with a full sized wind section. The yearly crisis did not turn up, but it apparently set in with double force this year. Happily, we were not there. I don't know why this otherwise so beautiful Aspen is so often under a bad spell. When I was appointed musical director for one season my first impulse was to re-invite all colleagues that have left Aspen in all these years because of mis-understanding, or were not re-invited because of mis-judgement. It was made clear to me that I had an exaggerated idea of what my task included, and committees continue to reign. As much as I was disappointed not to be able to correct some of the mistakes that have been made there in all the years, I was somehow, nevertheless, happy to have more time to concentrate on music only.

We heard from many people, Pussy included, how beautifully you played Daruis' concerto in Berlin. We hoped you would turn up in Holland this season, but up to now we have not seen your name on a poster. Will you both be in New York between January and April? I wish we could all come gemulich together. — ~~So~~ My sincere apologies, Roman, for writing only now.

Love to both of you from both of us,

yours  
Hyman