MAX FRANKEL

The first thought always is of the strings that soothed the Rocky peaks all around us, the strings that stilled the waters of the Roaring Fork, that welcomed weary hikers and cooled the quarrelsome debaters of the Great Books. We were business barons, nuclear physicists, righteous rebels and newspaper scribblers, splayed on a lawn in Aspen, learning to revere music by Mann. And, in due course, to love the man.

A vibrant performer and caring teacher, he enhanced even that saintly mountain scene, enriching our many summer weeks together. And soon enough, we non-musicians discovered that though Bobby speaks powerfully with his fiddle he relates meaningfully as well when disarmed. He invests the same warmth and enthusiasm in discussions of ideas, in laments of the news and in the delights of gossip. Rarer still, he reciprocates with genuine curiosity about the moods and pursuits of his grateful audiences and friends.

Small wonder that we religiously mark the seasons with word of the Naumburg triumphs of young artists that Robert and Lucy have spawned and with the privileged summons to celebrate another year of fellowship in their home.

Joyce and I are grateful to be among their debtors.

