JOEL KROSNICK

Dear Bobby:

You are one of the true miracles of my life. After having admired and shared vicariously your passion for great string quartet music from afar for many years, I think that a sine qua non part of my life began the night before I was asked to join the Juilliard Quartet, during a reading with you, Sam, and Earl of Beethoven opus 135. I thought then, and have thought many times since, that making music with this Mann was why I came on this ride. The memories, way too many to count: sharing your mad ride down the homestretch of Opus 59, no. 3, with you wildly bobbing up and down with the wind in your hair; our all being overwhelmed by the emotions of Dido's Lament of Purcell, having to stop playing because we were all in tears as we rehearsed it with Benita Valente at the Library of Congress; the *beklemmt* section of the Cavatina from opus 130, played as though you were struggling to speak to God, followed by the Grosse Fuge played by you with the frightening intensity that described perfectly the conflict between madness and the overwhelming triumph of humanity over the chaos of life; and at the end of a very long season, your sharing tears at the thought that we had just given our "last" performance of the Schubert G Major. . . . even the arguments we had, which, with you, very often left us both hugging and crying in each other's arms. Bobby, through all the great, intense, funny, and enthralling moments during all our years together: I love you.

Joel