

To Alexander Cores from Gregor Piatigorsky
Translated from Russian by Irina Osetinskaya

Berlin

November 7th (1923)

Dear Sashenka!

Thank you for the postcard and for suggestion to come to America. Why, you rascal, why don't you write anything about yourself? I am terribly interested to know about you and about American life in all the details. Where do you perform?

Hye, my darling pupochka, we perhaps will meet very soon in New York, the only thing stopping me now is money for the travel, but even though it's difficult, I think soon I will get it done. In any case I long for America with all my soul. If everything goes as I think it will, I will start for America in the beginning of December.

I live terribly, the concerts that were supposed to happen in Poland were postponed indefinitely, as now there are absolutely no concerts in Poland whatsoever, and besides, there is a countrywide strike going on right now. So I am completely out of work, and thus, of course, out of money; and the lack of money now over here is worse than ever, as life is horribly expensive and in general there is a horror of panic, riots, hunger, pogroms, placards and such things in Berlin. The only way out, of course, is immediate departure for America. Even if I knew that I would be condemned to play in pubs for years I wouldn't hesitate for a minute. I am sitting right now in my favorite place, the café, listening to music, the brothers Mittman and Feldblum. As you know, it is always very loud in here, so it's not very fitting for writing letters. I hope to get a note from you before I leave for America, and maybe, we can but see, even a contract for 100 concerts at \$1000 each. Put in some effort for a friend!!

If you couldn't send me such a contract, I want you to know that just for you I would play with pleasure even for \$100 in cinemas.

Please write!

Kisses

Your Grisha