

Dear Mr and Mrs Rubinstein,

Please let me woefully convey my
real remorse at seeming to be un-caring
about Mr. Rubinstein's illness. The first
day I heard about it I drafted a
cable sending wishes for a speedy recovery
from both Peter Murves and myself.

Through an error of my own, this cable,
unknown to me, was never sent.

As you might imagine I made
many inquiries to Walter Prude, talked
once to Eva and was delighted when
Danny Barenboim told me that Mr.
Rubinstein was on the road to recovery.

I need not tell you that I

love you both, and no other people have influenced my life as both of you have.

My lack of communication after the cable, which was sent in my mind only, was out of a mis-placed desire to not disturb your recuperation. I knew the world would be sending you their best wishes and I thought it best to leave you in peace. That was a stupid bit of reasoning.

When I was ill you sent me a box of pre-Castro Upman cigars! --- hardly a gesture designed to not disturb my sickly posture. In fact it got me through the whole recovery period. Three Upmans a day will cure anything!

Once again I am deeply

sorry to have appeared un-concerned.
Many a moment was spent at our dinner
asking me about the latest word concerning
your recovery. We all found it difficult to
believe that you were actually sick, since
your super-human energy always leaves
me gasping for breath bringing us
near!

Met well soon!!!

love,

May