Mrs. Beulah Fabris
126 Spuraway Drive
San Mateo, California 94403

March 15, 1976

Dear Mr. Rubenstein:

I was so distressed to see the enclosed. I wish I could be with you tonight. My prayers are with you for a great concert; I don't have to pray for the love and admiration of your public around the world--I know you have that.

I heard your concerts many times as I was growing up, at the Philharmonic in Los Angeles--usually from the top gallery where I was afraid to bend over in case I would land with a squish below. My Mother, Gail Mills Dimmitt, had an exquisite lyric soprano voice,and should have been known as well as Alma Gluck. We LIVED at the Philharmonic, and I was force-fed everyone the Beheymers booked.

I also was groomed to be a concert pianist--because my Mother was always sorry she hadn't studied the piano. Unfortunately, I liked accounting better--not to mention being a wife and mother, and my taste has changed from Chopin to Henry Mancini. But I do have an ancient Estey organ, the slot for the choirboy to pump replaced by a huge electric pump shoved into the fireplace, and I can raise the roof and wake the neighbors with its terrific bass. (Almost as good as when Warren Allen used to let me play the organ at Stanford after choir practice.) That's an interesting story--I went to Macy's to buy some towels on sale, and remembered they were selling out their musical instruments. I wanted a piano with a BASS because I had regrettably sold an old Chickering. Everything I tried went "tinkle, tinkle," until the salesman pointed to this monstrosity. I pulled out all the stops, blew off the roof, and said, "How much?" For $198 I took it home. In a terrible tizzy

You are the only pianist with whose Chopin interpretation I felt comfortable. Your piano and pianissimo are clearly discernable, which is more than I can say even for Rachmaninoff. And you gave it schmaltz when called for.

I have enjoyed your television interviews very much. You are a person I wish I could have known-- and my life is richer for the peripheral contacts between us. My love to you and your wife. May the rest of your life be rich with memory, full of the rising sun, Spring flowers, fluffy ducklings, the smiles of little children,a friendly glass of wine, and the knowledge that you have brought happiness to your fellow men.

Sincerely,

Beulah Fabris