Edmonton airport
April 10th, 1983

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Dear Mrs Rubinstein,

It's five o'clock in the morning and I'm sitting in the airport waiting for my plane which may never come because it is snowing hard outside. I always do my best thinking in airports and this morning, like so many other times, the subject of my thoughts is you. Actually you may not like this but I think of you and the Maestro so constantly, it's as though you practically live with me!

I hope that you are very well and that your life is serene again. I devoutly wish that you are happy again because you have had so many sad things happen to you recently. I was speaking to Walter Prude

who is very ill, on the telephone the other day, and he said that he had heard that you now have an apartment in New York? I wonder if this is true? I saw Johnny and Lili last November at the Tribute for the Maestro at the Waldorf. They are such nice people, you must be very proud of them

Life has been going pretty smoothly for me the past two years - still no husband but never say die! - my career is sort of 'taking off' in a subtle and gentle way. I think that people sense that I couldn't bear an 'eighty to hundred a year concert' career so I'm not being pushed too hard. I do have some marvellous dates coming up though - Schumann concerto with Tennstedt in Minnesota and also with the Royal Phil in London and supposedly a London recital and engagement with Sir Georg Solti in Chicago (apparently he likes me a lot) You may remember that Solti

was my hero so this means a lot to me.

I also went to Argentina for the first time this year and (I think, but one never knows for sure) will be going to Peru and Venezuela and other strange countries this summer and fall. I loved Argentina.

Last week I was in California for a semi-holiday. I was actually teaching my cousin the actor Christopher Plummer, part of the Brahms d minor for a show he is doing but most of the time I played tennis at the Beverly Hills hotel, lay in the swimming pool and Jacuzzi, and ended up by boring everyone with my incessant chatter about - 'When I was here with the Rubensteins we went to Chasins or, - Mrs Rubenstein took me to Farmers market - etc etc'

My house in Connecticut is coming along nicely except my cellar (and all the machinery in it) drowned

in the heavy spring rains much to my dismay and that of my pocket-book.

I'm still assisting Mr Corodetzki at Juilliard. He has aged quite a lot since you last saw him and had massive heart surgery a few years ago but still manages to carry a full load of students and is still the finest teacher in the school. One of his students (a little Red Chinese boy) just won a gold medal at the Rubinstein competition much to Mr C's delight.

My parents are fine - they were just on a tour of Egypt and Jordan and the Red Sea.

Nothing much else to report. I was at Zimmerman; ~~the~~ Carnegie Hall debut last week ~~at~~ and it was a sensation! I actually saw Mrs Rostrinska there.

Lots of love Mme