Sandcastle
2318 Ocean Front
Del Mar, California 92014

July 6, 1975

Well, darling, your news about your "complicated" husband does not surprise me.....and, moreover, just between the two of us, he's right. When he's rehearsing and playing, there is something comfortable about being close at hand. We are 25 miles from San Diego, and while the half hour journey doesn't mean a thing to me, it could be a source of nervousness to Arthur.

I did, however, want you to have the opportunity to turn me down. We would have been very happy had the idea had any merit -- but we are very understanding and will settle for whatever sight of you we can get.

Does it interest you to know that I cannot even buy a ticket to the concert? For October 31st!!! ** Perhaps I can sit in the back of the hall at the rehearsal. Or else I'll sit home with one of his recordings and just rejoice in the fact that you're only a few miles away!.

The cook book must get finished up. We are no longer satisfied with our Chinese and American menus, since the success of the bigos. And we still remember your Chicken Pojarsky. So I can guarantee one sale in the San Diego area. I hope Fela is well soon from what must have been a most painful experience.

Mildred called today, just to check in since our youngest son was married yesterday. Her Chris is in Tahiti on his honeymoon, but you'll never guess where our son is -- right here, in Del Mar, with us. I insist it has nothing whatever to do with their desire to share their happiness with us -- it's merely that the price is right! There is a county fair going on and divine weather, great food, considerate in-laws who are staying out of their way...so what more could they want? P.S. The girl is lovely - pretty, sweet, interesting, and enormously in love....all of which means we are happy, too.

I also learned from Mildred that Eddie's cataract will be removed on Aug. 16th. He will be much less of a burden to her if he has some sight restored -- at least enough that he can see television properly and read a little. She, herself, is exhausted with the emotional strains to which she has been subjected. Just recently

** We are not season ticket subscribers to the S.D. Symphony as we were in L.A. Opera, yes. But the symphony leaves much to be desired. And the tickets go to season ticket holders who have first dibs on them.

I beg you, Nela, not to feel obligated to answer this letter. You are much too busy for an added correspondent! But let me know what, if anything, you want me to do for you when you are in San Diego. A party? A dinner? Anyone you'd like me to gather together? Just issue the orders, my darling.

she had another blow in the death of Mattie Fox, Sarah Mankiewicz' sister. A sudden brain hemorrhage and gone in two days. This within the same year as Johanna's tragic death is almost more than she can bear. But an amazing fortitude is in us, Nela - to bear the utmost of misery and tragedy and survive. The will to live is indeed strong....and survival is the primary force in life. Mildred, though, is as vulnerable as you and I are to the suffering of others; so she has grieved for them even while she is anguished over Eddie and worn out with tending him and his erratic moods. When he is finished with his surgery in August, they'll come here for a few days of fresh, unsmogged air - and the quiet and calm which only the roar of the unending waves can bring. I'm convinced that it is quieter than at Kleine Scheiddeg.

I know how busy you are in Paris. The social scene with your boulevardier husband must be gay, even as it must also be tiring.

Oh, by the way, we saw the film....and it is absolutely wonderful! You looked so beautiful. And the parts showing the mural which was in the Beverly Hills house, the return to your honeymoon retreat and spotting "your" tree; the wandering through Montmartre's enchanting streets; the scenes of the children, especially Eva dancing -- we just loved every second of it. Unfortunately, your beautiful A. had her back to the camera most of the time - either going up the steps to the airplane or walking away from the camera. But you, thank heavens, were a number of times in full view. Arthur was, needless to say, superb. And there wasn't a dry eye in the house following his "speech" in Israel. How magnificently he expresses himself, and how poignant was the un-bathotic manner in which he spoke of Poland and his family.

We continue well. Marc is busily medical-consulting for the government on its project in this area. I am writing away, having just sold three interviews, one of which will be an October cover story. I am researching my novel about a great and fascinating Victorial virtuoso. The ocean is here. My children are close. The house is lovely. And life is very, very good to me.

I adore you and loved your letter, Nela, and hope that in October it will be possible for us to be together once more.

Devotedly,

Marcella