

27, Melville Road,
London, S.W. 13,
October 11, 1972.

Dearest Laura,

No, I haven't dropped off the face of the earth! - although you may well have wondered, not having heard anything from me all these weeks. Since my return to London I've been like a squirrel in a cage, but finally, the wheel has stopped spinning for a little while and I have a moment to put pen to paper and say hello to you!

First of all, I can never, never express to you just how thrilled I was to receive your beautiful, beautiful book! Oh, Laura, it is a double pleasure for me, everytime I look through your book. The photographs are so sensitive, so lovely in themselves and secondly, everytime I see the book, I see and remember you!

I can honestly say with absolute sincerity that meeting you this past summer was the highlight of all those weeks! So many happy memories flood my mind - that marvellous trip we took the first day I met you. Thank goodness the jockeys were on

strike! And how can anyone forget that fantastic day with the Rosens! - From the bottom of my heart, I thank you, Laura, for everything you did, and maybe, most of all, for just being you!!!

I've been back and forth to Wales since my return, singing in a new (for me) opera which I learned after my return here. Now I am busy trying to memorize "The Consul" by Menotti which I am singing in Brussels in December. There is a point in November when I am "commuting" from Brussels, where I am rehearsing "Consul", to England where I am performing "Nabucco" - the opera I just spoke about. Should be fun!

Anyway, I shall keep you posted. I will close now hoping that my belated letter finds you "fitter than ever". I have long since read "The Enduring Navaho", but writing this note to you prompts me to go and look at the book right now and remember that which I have seen and imagine, so clearly, that which I have not yet. Thankyou, dearest Laura!

With much, much love,
Milla