

John Cheever

Discursos Apreciados afortunados

Impulsiva los Signos de la

avanzada afortunada

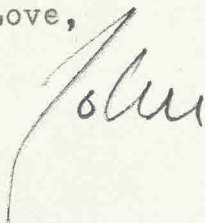
MR. JOHN CHEEVER • CEDAR LANE • OSSINING, NEW YORK 10562

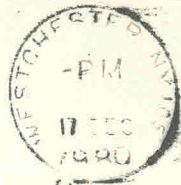
December 15th, 1980

Dear Ellie,

I can't tell you how pleased I always am to hear from you and to have my memory of you refreshed; and my affectionate best wishes for the coming year. If you don't receive the book I'll send on another.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John", written in dark ink. The signature is positioned below the typed word "Love," and has a long, sweeping tail that extends downwards and to the left.



Christmas USA 15c

Ellie Peonides,
P.O.Box 544,
14 M. Parides Street,
Limassol
CYPRUS

AIR MAIL



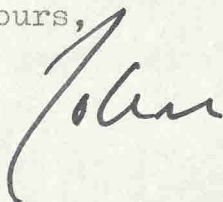
JOHN CHEEVER
CEDAR LANE
OSSINING, NEW YORK 10562

December 13th, 1979

Dear Ellie,

My son Benjamin--who has just left his
wife--joins me in saying, light-heartedly,
that you are one of the most beautiful spirits
in the world.

Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John", written in dark ink.



Ellie Peonides,
P.O.Box 544
14 M. Parides Street,
Limassol,
CYPRUS

AIR MAIL

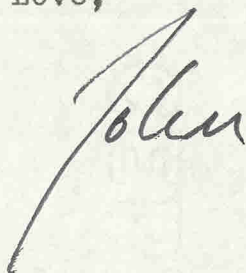
JOHN CHEEVER
CEDAR LANE
OSSINING, NEW YORK 10562

July 15th, 1979

Dear Elli,

Thank you very much for the photographs. I feel that we know one another very well and very happily. I'm sure that we'll meet again quite soon.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Love,".

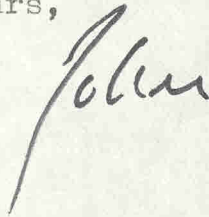
JOHN CHEEVER
CEDAR LANE
OSSINING, NEW YORK 10562

September 19th, 1980

Dearest Ellie,

It is always lovely to hear from you and I'm so glad that you and your husband liked the novel. I don't know what is involved in sending books to Limassol but I will try. You might be interested in knowing that my son Benjamin has left his wife for someone who is much more appreciative of his gifts. We both remember you as a beautiful, loving and intelligent woman.,

Yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John", written in dark ink.

Cedar Lane,
Ossining, New York 10562
October 26th, 1978

Dear Ellie,

I still remember your departure for the airport in Plovdiv. Every intelligent male in that part of Bulgaria watched you get your legs into the car and drive away. You are beautiful and intelligent and you know damned well that while you can get a Love of Peace across the Carpathian Mountains a joke will never make that journey. A joke in New York is not a joke in Sofia. "Funny" doesn't travel those routes.

So what I might say is:

The intellectual community--that blessed company of men and women who are concerned with communicating their most intense and intimate aspirations through the means of literature--is scattered these days, even in one's own country. The adventurousness of The Bulgarian Writers Union in inviting one hundred strangers from every sort of free or opinionated background to gather in Sofia and express their hopes was unprecedented. Of the gathering I remember--at random--that we were not confined by any bureaucratic agenda, that the hall was filled with roses, that the atmosphere of intellectual homogeneity was thrilling and--of lesser importance--that I heard a splendid Tosca in Sofia and that the Bulgarians play better backgammon than we do in the west.

Love,

