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Emmy Temianka Correspondence

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7-17-1944

Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)

Emmy Temianka

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Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)

Description

This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.

July 17, 1944 —
3251 De Witt Drive
Hollywood, 28

Mama —

I must write this all down before it goes out of my head. From Saturday until this Monday we have lived a little fillet of crowded wonderful experience. And for me (and Henri too!) it has been another milestone on the way to that jaded day when I've "seen everything". We have been at 5 parties in these few days - we have been living at such amazing places & such amazingly different places - and met a collection of people - that my head swims with it all.

On Saturday evening we were picked up by the "wildly famous" writer James Cain. and were driven to the first party. I have never heard of Mr. Cain - but just listening to him was quite an experience. A huge, grey-haired, post-marked, raw-footed man - he gave us the saltiest monologue on John Charles Thomas

as we drove along - the like of which has never been heard before. He effected a kind of special mountaineer slang, and in a drawing, witty way spoke as if he were reading a New Yorker "Profile".

We arrived finally at the high-toned shack of one Kunitz & his wife - He is a screen writer pulling down a thousand a week - and were ushered into a beautiful home. There were thirty, well-dressed cultural intelligencia (?). all genteely imbibing - white-coated waiters, chintzy drapes - real art on the walls - burning candles - a quartet - and the family silver chafing dishes with a late supper - We were supplied with drinks by attentive waiters - I sat on a huge divan (keeping on my hat to be more conspicuous than the other swank dames!) and the quartet filled the room with music. Then my eyes nearly popped out of my head - Charles Laughton was sitting opposite me! Then followed one of the ^{most} wonderful ~~the~~ times. Clifford Odets came up to tally - Jose Sturbi, Rubens ^{the painter}, John Garfield, Michael Ulan, Richard Hale - ^{Dr. Gerstein} I got into a mad hatter's argument with Laughton & Odets about modern art. Odets made a bad impression aggressive, rude - but Laughton is believe it or not just exactly, like the part he played in "This Land is

2/ Mine. He is a shy - very touchingly shy man -
He sits huge and bulley - and smokes with soft,
womanly hands - it is a shock to see that well
~~known~~ familiar person in the flesh - to actually
talk to him! Suddenly he laughs - then all is
proceeding on well, ^{his reserve has melted.} and you listen to an ex-
ceptionally interesting, cultured man - a fascinating
person. I had a long talk with Sturbi. He seemed
particularly likeable - he is a grandfather! and wears
a thick wedding band. He is an old friend of Henri's -
we are seeing him soon. Then too there was the
ever present Peroxide Blonde - There is always "The
Blonde" - Some scantily dressed movie ensemble
they all look the same - they are always posing at
every party you go to, they always come with some
smug leering man who boasts to all the other
men of his sawzy blonde. Henri had brought
his fiddle. and of course was asked to play. They
played a Bohram's piano quartet. They played so
thrillingly - I can't tell it to you. It was
Henri's party from then on - he played as I have
never yet heard him play. Part of that music is wild
gypsy music. real love music, as Henri played it -
I think all his Slav ^{or Russian} concertos stood by his side.
Well, that was party no. 1, and, as you can imagine,

a thrill for me.

The next day we got up terribly late. Dressed our best - and taxied to Bel Air - swankiest section of L.A. - Hollywood - It was a warm, misty kind of day - as we drove on the winding ^{road} path to the estate I thought of the grounds of Sutter Park.

We were going to the home of A. Waters Kent. who in the A.K. of the A.K. radios. Mama, this place made the Taj Mahal look cheap - it made Mandeville estate look like a shack. it made the Mitchells in Santa Barbara look like hicks; it surpassed anything Henri has ever seen! It was the last word of luxury, It was a fairy castle. It was Aladdin's Palace - it was the castle of the Beauty and the Beast. An entire mountain was terraced garden; tall stiff manicured trees cascading and melting into the shimmering city far below; fountains - covered arches marching into the sky; flowers - flowers - flowers - a swimming pool, azure and sparkling - fringed by flowers. and surrounded by dramatic canyons on one side; the breath-taking views on the other - like a background of da Vinci's paintings - little houses. like a city of hundreds of years ago - eternal - poetic. The house itself was the size of the Fairmont - chauffeurs waited with a hundred limousines on the gravel driveway. Inside it was a fairy tale doll house come to

3/ life. Red-coated waiters served from a huge open air
bar - and also from an inside bar - There were society
page Maguin-outfitted women - and the musical
circle. Mostly middleaged - the controlling group of
this city. I wore that magenta feather hat - and
luckily made an impression. Ezio Pinza flirted
with me! He is a devastatingly charming man -
a real, ^{incredible} Don Juan. He would turn any woman's head.
I've mine! We ate dozens of canapes - and made
small talk with dozens of spinning people. It was a
magic setting. One only wished for perfect - richly garbed
handsome 20 years olds to pose like statues, instead of
the life-hardened greys! As we left the maids told
me Mr. Kent owns in addition - 5 houses in Florida.
and many more all over the country! This really is
shocking wealth. and really turned my stomach.

From there we drove through the twilight, and
went straight to another magical place - Hollywood
Bowl - ~~the~~ days seemed like some dream excursion of
a Rajah - The Bowl is like ~~some unreal~~ - really beautiful
place - We arrived just in time to hear the orchestra
tuning up - and sat under the stars for the performance
of Bartlett and Robinson with Metropoulos as conductor.
Then another supper party - this time a smothering
contrast to the afternoon. There was roast beef, bustling
little fat English women and an arty concert crowd.
mostly English.

And Bartlett & Robinson - plump & excited from their concert.

Then to bed - and Monday morning straight to the last moment of the Metropolitan Bowl rehearsal. From there we wound in and out of Hollywood Blvd. traffic in unobstructed open roadster - a glorious sunny day. We went to Muso & Friends - gathering place of musicians on the Blvd. It is the only restaurant in all of Hollywood that is like San Francisco. There are old bald-headed waiters, white table cloths, and greasy French cooking. We had a wonderful time with Metropolitan - we were the center of attraction. Got absolute homage from the waiters - greetings from half the customers and curious stares from the rest. Metropolitan is a fanatic genius - a Monk from the Middle Ages. He is a supremely nobly ugly man. He knows by heart all the scores, and the words to all the operas. He is a great conductor, and a vital brilliant man. An unusual man.

So these days have been memorable - and in many respects. eye-opening. Now tonight we will attend the Andersson concert for a while. We are very near the Bowl - so it is easy to go.

My work is going fairly well.

Heini sends his regards -
With love to all -
-Lumma.

[[Wendy Gonaver 12/10/19]]

[[Henri Temianka papers, Correspondence, Emmy Temianka, Box 12, folder 10, letter 05]]

July 17, 1944

3251 De Witt Drive

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music is wild gypsy music—real love music; as Henri played it—I think all his slav [^] or Russian [^] ancestors stood by his side.

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year~~s~~ olds to pose like statues, instead of the life-hardened guests! As we left [^] one of [^] the maids told me Mr. Kent owns in addition—5 houses in Florida and many more all over the country! This really is shocking wealth. And really turned my stomach—

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