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8-7-1944

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.

HENRI TEMIANKA

August 7 - 1944

Mama, Mamma, Mama -

We've just given the party of our careers - a party fit to be marked in red capitals in the Book. More fun than a rag-pickers convention - moments - whole hours - when time stood still - indelible impressions of things that few people are lucky enough to know. I know some of the parties I have written about sound like the last degree - but yesterday really was the most wonderful yet.

It started at 5 in the afternoon - a gorgeous golden Sunday - with sun streaming into the living room - The stage was set - little tables laid on the lawn - the house full of flowers - a tremendous pot of ~~Vinodol~~^{Vinodol} goulash on the stove. (This was my defeat in the goulash department.) From the first moment things started to roll - there were cold drinks - people sitting in the garden - and music - music fit for the Gods - music to get drunk on - then the sun went down - the lanterns were lit on the porch - the sour cream was added to the goulash gravy at the proper instant - and 14 people sat down to dinner. How can I describe what happened from then on - how Laughton rolled up his sleeves

and served ice cream - an attorney washed plates - Everybody forgot who or what he was - from then on there was music that you never will hear in any concert and a ^{just} performance of Tannhauser's quartet - a beautiful work - ~~and~~ then the climax - Laughton - the Charles Laughton - standing in a circle of lamplight in the center the the living room - holding us all breathless in the palm of his hand while he recited from the Tempest, Henry the 5th - Measure for Measure - a superb artist at his best - At the last moment - Laughton had brought along a Madame P. Toiff - she is to the French stage what Katherine Cornell is to Broadway - Now, since the war, she is having a bad time of it in this country. At everybody's insistent race - especially those who knew her in France - she too got up - and told some little Fables in a low, husky French - She was, not so long ago, the toast of Paris, and it was a sad thing to see what fate does sometimes - This morning, to make sure I didn't dream it all - I looked in the guest book - Laughton has written - "It seems to come to thank you both for one of the most wonderful evenings of my life."

News item no. 2 - We or rather Henry's father are the proud possessors of a beautiful - dark blue & silver La Salle car - We can use it until Henry's mother learns to drive.

P.S - Love to everybody -

I have learned to smoke - I definitely like it.

The weather is very warm.

Your Hollywood reporter -

Em. M.

[[Wendy Gonaver 12/10/19]]

[[Henri Temianka papers, Correspondence, Emmy Temianka, Box 12, folder 10, letter 06]]

[[Henri Temianka letterhead]]

August 7—1944

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It started at 5 in the afternoon—A gorgeous golden Sunday—with sun streaming into the living room—The stage was set—little tables laid on the lawn—the house full of flowers—a tremendous pot of Viennese ~~[[^]]~~ Viennese ~~[[^]]~~ goulash on the stove. (This was my defeat in the goulash department.) From the first moment things started to roll—There were cold drinks—people sitting in the garden—and music—music fit for the Gods—music to get drunk on—then the sun went down—the lanterns were lit on the porch—the sour cream was added to the goulash gravy at the proper instant—and 14 people sat down to dinner. How can I describe what happened from then on—how Laughton rolled up his sleeves and served ice cream—an attorney washed plates—Everybody forgot who or what he was—from then on there was music that you never will hear in any concert and a ~~[[^]]~~ first ~~[[^]]~~ performance of Tansman's quartet—a beautiful work—~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ and ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ then the climax—Laughton—the Charles Laughton—standing in a circle of lamp light in the center of the ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ the ~~[[/strikethrough]]~~ living room—holding us all breathless in the palm of his hand while he recited from *The Tempest*, Henry the 5th—Measure for Measure—a superb artist at his best—At the last moment- Laughlin had brought along a Madame Pitoëff—she is to the French stage what Katharine Cornell is to Broadway —Now, since the war, she is having a bad time of it in this country. At everybody's insistence—especially those who knew her in France—she too got up—and told some little Fables in a low, husky French—She was, not so long ago, the toast of Paris, and it was a sad thing to see what Fate does sometimes--This morning, to make sure I didn't dream it all—I looked in the guest book—Laughton has written—“It seems so tame to thank you both for one of the most wonderful evenings of my life.”

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