

Chapman University

## Chapman University Digital Commons

---

Emmy Temianka Correspondence

Henri Temianka Archives

---

8-29-1944

### Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)

Emmy Temianka

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/emmy\\_temianka\\_correspondence](https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/emmy_temianka_correspondence)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Temianka, Emmy, "Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)" (1944). *Emmy Temianka Correspondence*. 6.

[https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/emmy\\_temianka\\_correspondence/6](https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/emmy_temianka_correspondence/6)

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Henri Temianka Archives at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Emmy Temianka Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [laughtin@chapman.edu](mailto:laughtin@chapman.edu).

---

## 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 29, 1944 -

Dear Everybody -

It's 10:00 o'clock - and the thermometer in the kitchen says 84 already. Yesterday by 11 - it was 90 - the afternoon wavered between 92 and 97 - and last night we slept without benefit of bed covers. By this you will gather that it is Hot - Good and hot - no words can ever express how hot feels - personally I am affected - can't breathe properly - and all motions are slowed down - Seal pods are cracking off trees in the back yard - the hillside is listless - scorched grass - and not a breath stirs. We are in and out of showers all day long - and who ever goes in the vicinity of the ice box, brings back an extra Coca Cola.

Sunday we drove to Slaughter's for dinner - to Santa Monica - And the change of climate was uncanny. As we neared the beach - fog covered the sky - and damp - San Francisco wind blew by the car - The garden of the estate was dew covered - heavy roses hugg in the mist - it was Sutra Park - with out the foghorns -

Laughton's party was memorable because Henri played a Beethoven Sonata so wonderfully, and because Laughton, - enormously fat - indescribably shabby - sat curled up - with shaggy hair and horn-rimmed glasses - and read and read to all of us - He read Genesis - and it was a new soul-scrubbing sermon - he acted David and Goliath - and it was satirized burlesque - and then - with gestures, <sup>and voice changes</sup> some of the Christmas scenes from Dickens - and there was the taste of candle smoke & holly berries in the room - He sat for all the world like a fat old lady witch - and we were as dumfounded as kindergarten children.

The day before we went to a large garden party at a huge estate and conversed with people like Rubinstein, Nelson Eddy, Lady Mendel, Thomas Becham, and I forget who else - I'm getting ~~bladder~~ <sup>bladder</sup> now, I wasn't impressed.

This brings special greetings to Papa, Jim, Dick - and Seileni. I take it for granted that <sup>my</sup> meagre news and hellos - are passed around with each "dear Mama" letter - and let it go at that - but ~~these~~ those letters are usually intended for all - you are not neglected in my thoughts.

My sculpture is progressing satisfactorily. This Sophy really knows his business. Henri plays here on October first - end 19

HENRI TEMIANKA

of course, very busy practicing every spare moment.

Fary Menheim spent last weekend with us,  
as per schedule.

No news otherwise - don't worry about me,  
please. -

Thank you, Leilani, for the marvelous drawings!  
They are very beautiful - I can see the progress you  
have made - - your observation is extremely  
acute - and the subjects smack of the movies at  
the Met!

Love to all -

Emma May

P.S. -

Would it be nice - or expected, for me to  
send Horvey a wedding present, Mama?

[[Wendy Gonaver 12/10/19]]

[[Henri Temianka papers, Correspondence, Emmy Temianka, Box 12, folder 10, letter 07]]

[[Henri Temianka letterhead]]

August 29, 1944—

Dear Everybody—

It's 10:00 o'clock—and the thermometer in the kitchen says 84 already. Yesterday by 11—it was 90—the afternoon wavered between 92 and 97—and last night we slept without benefit of bed covers. By this you will gather that it is Hot—good and hot—no words can ever express how heat feels—personally I am affected—can't breathe properly—and all motions are slowed down—Seed pods are cracking off trees in the back yard—the hillside is listless—scorched grass—and not a breath stirs. We are in and out of showers all day long—and whoever goes in the vicinity of the ice box, brings back an extra Coca Cola.

Sunday we drove to Laughton's for dinner—to Santa Monica—and the change of climate was uncanny. As we neared the beach—fog covered the sky—and damp—San Francisco wind blew by the car—The garden of the estate was dew covered—heavy roses hung in the mist—it was Sutra Park—with out the foghorns—

Laughton's party was memorable because Henri played a Beethoven Sonata so wonderfully , and because Laughton, --enormously fat—indescribably shabby—sat curled up—with shaggy hair and horn-ribbed glasses—and read and read to all of us —He read Genesis—and it was a new, soul-scrouging sermon—he acted David and Goliath—and it was satirical burlesque—and then—with gestures, [[^]] and voice changes [[/^]] one of the Christmas scenes from Dickens—and there was the taste of candle smoke & holly berries in the room—He sat for all the world like a fat old lady witch—and we were as dumbfounded as kindergarten children.

The day before we went to a large garden party at a huge estate and consorted with people like Rubinstein, Nelson Eddy, Lady Mendel [[Lady Mendl]], Thomas Beecham, and I forget who else—I'm getting ~~blaze~~ ~~blasé~~ no, I wasn't impressed.

This brings special greetings to Papa, Jim, Dick, and Leilani. I take it for granted that [[^]] my [[/^]] meagre news and hellos are passed around with each “dear Mama” letter—and let it go at that—but ~~their~~ those letters are usually intended for all—you are not neglected in my thoughts.

My sculpture is progressing satisfactorily. This gopher really knows his business.

Henri plays here on October first—and is of course, very busy practicing every spare moment.

Henry Manheim spent last weekend with is asper schedule.

No news other wise—don't worry about me, please.—

Thank you, Leilani, for the marvelous drawings! They are very beautiful—I can see the progress you have made—your observation is extremely acute—and the subjects smack of the movies at the Met!

Love to all—

Emma May

P.S.—

Would it be nice—or expected, for me to send Harvey a wedding present, Mama?