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Emmy Temianka Correspondence

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10-24-1945

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.

October 24-1948

Dear Mom -

As it looks now - I will arrive Monday evening on the Daylight - and will proceed directly to Broderick Street - ~~to~~ leave my baggage - and then will come to the old family manse - to bread and see you all.

We have sub-letted the house to an exceptionally nice - good-looking young couple. who are going to get married next week -

Henri's concert was a glorious success Monday nite! We were just leaving the house at 7 o'clock - for the Philharmonic - when the manager called up to say all the music had been stolen! a terrible thing - as they were original scores belonging to Demperer - and had been painstakingly marked. in the three preceding rehearsals. There was frantic excitement at the hall when we arrived - The manager had managed to get scores from the public library. very small - unreadable ones. that necessitated a

page-turner for each player! However -
the musicians started to feverishly mark
them backstage. Klemperer swore loud German
oaths - The Philharmonic audience streamed
in - and I was busy putting nickels into a
pay telephone and getting the busy signal
on the line of the only musician in town Henri
knew had the scores - This was 8:25!

And Henri broke his A string. It was a
nightmare - I tore out front - to arrange
seats for some friends and was amazed
to see crowds of people. This is a new venture
and of course - all Back programs appeal to a
very limited audience - Then I rushed back-
stage again and my news pepped Henri
and everybody up. And then it was 8:35.
and people started to clap. By this time I had
made my way into my box - sitting with Mrs.
Klemperer - Wow! what a terrific feeling - seeing
people train opera glasses on you - and I sat
there as big as life in my fluff evening dress and
mink coat - and looked down on the whole audience
the cream of the musical life here - ~~many~~ ^{many} musicians
Stravinsky - Stokowski - etc - and I knew very many.
Then a man came out - and announced the whole

2/ Crazy thing. The scores had been left in an open car in a parking lot! - But, he announced the music was being rushed to the hall by Henri's musician friend, whom I had finally reached - and by the police who had recovered the original music - The program was re-arranged - Henri had the music for his solo - and that came first - a thing that took terrific nerve on Henri's part - To play his solo on a "cold" violin! But it was a colossal warm & enthusiastic audience. The incident set everybody in high humor - and it was an unforgettable occasion. This music is exquisite - The players are the best in the city - Klemperer is a truly great conductor - and Henri really played like an angel. People stood and shouted - There were a hundred bravos for Henri. I was terribly thrilled and proud. The write-ups were wonderful yesterday. Afterwards, we went to a reserved room in a swank restaurant and there was Ker and some and tuxedos, and important people - with me and Henri the center. They all rose and clapped when we came in - Ah! what

price glory! And how fleeting. But how nice!

Now Henri is exhausted and there are special players and pianists and students in an endless stream of rehearsals and lessons - I went to a sword club ^{lunch} today at the Ambassador - I was guest of honor! all the women were 30 ish with kids who have tonsils - and babies named after grandfathers. Very manicured & pedicured and Adrianed. They are the Fine Arts group of the Assistance League - something like the Jr. League. There were about 35 of them all swarming over me - Quite an experience.

Tomorrow is the concert again - Henri is practicing very hard today. Five people for lunch unexpectedly yesterday! Two people coming after dinner tonight and there's no milk for the coffee - and no tea in the house! Thank God I thought - and just on a hunch bought a rum cake at the Ambassador today! And so it goes -

Love - 

[[Wendy Gonaver 12/10/19]]

[[Henri Temianka papers, Correspondence, Emmy Temianka, Box 12, folder 10, letter 08]]

October 24—1945

Dear Mom—

As it looks now—I will arrive Monday evening on The Daylight—and will proceed directly to Broderick Street—to leave my baggage—and then will come to the old family manse—to break bread and see you all.

We have sub-letted the house to an exceptionally nice—good-looking young couple—who are going to get married next week—

Henri's concert was a glorious success Monday nite! We were just leaving the house at 7 o'clock—for the Philharmonic—when the manager called up to say all the music had been stolen! A terrible thing—as they were original scores belonging to Klemperer—and had been painstakingly marked in the three preceding rehearsals! There was frantic excitement at the hall when we arrived—The manager had managed to get scores from the public library—very small—unreadable ones—that necessitated a page-turner for each player! However—the musicians started to feverishly mark them back stage. Klemperer swore loud German oaths—The Philharmonic audience streamed in—and I was busy putting nickels into a pay telephone and getting the busy signal on the line of the only musician in town Henri knew had the scores—This was 8:25! And Henri broke his A string. It was a nite mare—I tore out front—to arrange seats for some friends and was amazed to see crowds of people. This is a new venture—and of course—all Bach programs appeal to a very limited audience—Then I rushed back stage again—and my news pepped Henri and every body up. And then it was 8:35. And people started to clap. By this time I had made my way into my box—sitting with Mrs. Klemperer—WOW! What a terrific feeling—seeing people train opera glasses on you--And I sat there as big as life in my black evening dress and mink coat—and looked down on the whole audience—the cream of the musical life here—~~mostly~~ many musicians Stravinsky—Stokowski—etc—and I knew very many. Then a man came out—and announced the whole crazy thing. The scores had been left in an open car in a parking lot!—But, he announced the music was being rushed to the hall by Henri's musician friend whom I had finally reached—and by the police who had recovered the original music—The program was re-arranged—Henri had the music for his solo—and that came first—A thing that took terrific nerve on Henri's part—To play his solo on a “cold” violin! But it was a colossally warm & enthusiastic audience. The incident set every body in high humor—And it was an unforgettable occasion. This music is exquisite—The players are the best in the city—Klemperer is a trully great conductor—and Henri really played like an angel. People stood and shouted! —There were a hundred bravos for Henri—I was terribly thrilled and proud. The write-ups were wonderful yesterday. Afterwards—we went to a reserved room in a swank restaurant and there was ker ~~[[kir?]]~~ and smoke and tuxedos—and important people—with me and Henri the center. They all rose and clapped when we came in—Ah! what price glory! And how fleeting. But how nice!

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Love—

EmmaMay