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10-24-1945

Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)

Emmy Temianka

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Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Cowden)



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 24-1945 Dear / Slom as it looks now - I will arrive Monday evening on the Daylight and will proceed directly to Broderich Street. to leave my basquege - and then will Come to the old family manse - To beel bread and see youre all We have sub-letted the house to an exceptionally nice -good looking young Couple. who are going to get mixed ment Henris' concert was a glorious success Monday nite! We were just leaving the house at 7 o'clock - for the Philhermonic - where The Stolen a terrible thing - as they were original 5 cores belonging to Clemperer- and had blen paintaringly mother. in the three proceeding rehearsely There was trantic excitement at the hall when get scores from the public library very small unreadable only that necessateles a

page turner for each player! However the musicians stirted to feveribly mark them backstice. Klemperer suore loud beam Oaths - The Philhermone anderce Themed in - and I was busy pulling nicres into a pay telephone and gitting the busy signal on the line of the only musician in town Henry knew had the Gores-This was 8.25 and Henri broke his A string. It was a note more - I tore out front . to arrange suts for some friends and was amonged to see crowds of people. This is a new prenture. and of course - all-Back programs appeal to a very limited audience. Then I rushed but. Styl again and my news peopled Henri and svery body up. and then it was 8:35. and people started to clap. By this time I had made my way into my box - siting with Mrs. Blemperer - Wow! what a terrific feeling- Seing people train oper glasses on you - and I sat there as big as life in my fleck evening dress and min's cost-and loosed down on the whole audience the cream of the musical life here- musical life here musical frame musical life here musical many. Trivingly- Stokowski etc-and hour very many. Then a man came out - and annouced the whole

Orany thing. The scores had been left in an open - Car in a parking lot! - But, he ansounced the music was being rushed to the hell by Henris musician friend whom I had finally reached. and by the police who had recovered the original music - The program was re-arrangel-Henri had the music for his solo- and that come first - a thing that took terrifice nerve on Henris port - To play his solo on a cold "violin (But it was a colossally worm & inthrmastic audience. The incident Set every body in high humor - and it was an unforgettable occasion. This music is exquistite - The players are the best in the city - Klemperer is a tradly great conductor and Henri really placed like an argel. People stood and shouted - There were a hundred bravos for Henri. I was terribly throlled and proud. The write-ups were wonderful yesterday afterwards we went to a reserved room in a grown restaurant and there was ker and gnose and tuxedor and important people with me and Cleare 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 piccalo players and princists and stututs in In endless stream of rehearsals and lessons - I went to a swand club tes today at the Cimbassador - I was guest of honor all the women were 30 ish with kids who have tonoil and babies named after grandfather Very manicured pelicured and advianed. They are the Fine arts group of the assisting League - Somthing like The In League . There were about 35 of them all swarming over me- Quite an experience. Tomorrow is the concert again - peris practicing very head today. Fine people for lunch unexpectelly yesterday 1 Two people Coming after denmes traite and theres no mill for the Offer and notes in the house! thank God I thought - and just on a hunch bought a rum cake at the a bassalor tiday and so it soes -Love luckey.

[[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 preceeding 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 necessatated 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. Bythis time I had made my way into my box—sitting with Mrs. Klemperer—WOW! What a terrific feeling—seeing people train opera glasses on [[underline]] you [[/underline]]--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—[[strikethrough]] mostly [[/strikethrough]] 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!

Now Henri is exhausted and there are piccalo players and pianists and students in an endless stream of rehearsals and lessons—I went to a swank club [[strikethrough]] tea [[/strikethrough]] [[^]] luncheon [[/^]] 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 tonite and theres no mill 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-

EmmaMay