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Emmy Temianka Correspondence

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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.

June 4-02 5-72
3251 De Witt Drive
Hollywood, 28.

Dear Mama -

Just a short note.

Today I made great strides toward that day when I can say "Wow I've seen everything" - I met Tocha Sidel. And Oh My God. I just 'phoned friends (good friends) of ours) - and they told me to take a hot bath. a long one, with plenty of soap! He ~~is~~, and his wife too (although in a much lesser degree) - are classic examples of a type - a rarity, that is practically extinct. The sought-after, pampered musical celebrity. - An egocentric - monomaniac type that recognizes no rules of behavior. He is, in other plainer words, - impossible. He is 5 ft. 2 - she - 5 ft. 7 at least. Imagine an outrageously spoiled brat in a sailor suit - looking amazingly young in the face; like a grey-haired, aging long shoreman from behind - talking in an unceasing raucous voice; shouting every other word in a Russian-Jewish accent - Imagine, finally a little monkey-on-a-stick kind of man - who is completely a child; who considers himself the greatest living

musician; a name as big as Beethoven. Mrs. Sidel -
was left over from the last war - and from a 6th grade
class - She is big, very fat - and the only word is
"bloway" - With a big mess of ^{heavy} ~~un~~ damp hair - and
need fuss - no make up - and a dress she grew up in -
she is the perfect school teacher - And Toscha is her
little boy. She is sweet, and patient - smug and self-
complacent to a maddening degree.

Neither one asked or spoke a word about Henri.
Both were tremendously impressed & jealous that we
had met the Ludwig's, which came out inadvertently
in the conversation. They are impressed with
names and places and themselves as patriots; they were
impressed with my setup - and To Hell with
people like that!

Love -

Emily -

P.S.

I have the Escoffier cook book -
Next time I'll copy out a
recipe or two.

The heat has started today - so severe, unbelievable weather.

Latest report via telephone - Tocha played lounge last night.
And I just thought of a good comparison - You know how
the movies show a henpecked husband's dream: a little scrappy
rent telling back to his big mother-hen of a meek wife - well this
is the Sidels.

[[Wendy Gonaver 12/10/19]]

[[Henri Temianka papers, Correspondence, Emmy Temianka, Box 12, folder 10, letter 03]]

June 4 or 5th

3251 De Witt Drive

Hollywood, 28

Dear Mama—

Just a short note.

Today I made great strides toward that day when I can say “Wow I’ve seen everything”—I met Toscha Sidel. And Oh My God. I just ‘phoned friends (good friends) of ours)—and they told me to take a hot bath—a long one, with plenty of soap! He ~~is~~ and his wife too (although in a much lesser degree)—are classic examples of a type—a rarity that is practically extinct. The sought-after, pampered musical celebrity. —An egocentric—monomaniac type that recognizes no rules of behavior—He is, in other plainer words, --impossible. He is 5 ft. 2—she—5 ft. 7 at least. Imagine an outrageously spoiled brat in a sailor suit—looking annoyingly young in the face; like a grey-haired, aging long shoreman from behind—talking in an uncouth raucous voice; shouting every other word in a Russian-Jewish accent—Imagine finally a little monkey-on-a-stick kind of man—who is completely a child; who considers himself the greatest living musician; a name as big as Beethoven. Mrs. Sidel—was left over from the last war—and from a 6th grade class—She is big, very fat—and the only word is “blowsy”—With a big mess of ~~black~~ unkempt hair—and neck fuss—no make up—and a dress she grew up in—she is the perfect school teacher—And Toscha is her little boy. She is sweet – and patient—smug and self-complacent to a maddening degree.

Neither one asked or spoke a word about Henri. Both were tremendously impressed & jealous that we had met the Ludwig’s, which came out inadvertently in the conversation. They are impressed with names and placed and themselves as patriots; they were impressed with my get up—and to Hell with people like that!

Love—

Emmy

P.S.

I have the Escoffier cookbook—Next time I’ll copy out a recipe or two.

The heat has started today—gorgeous, unbelievable weather.

Latest report via telephone—Toscha played lousy last night. And I just thought of a good comparison—You know how the movies show a henpecked husband’s dream: a little scrappy runt talking back to his big mother-hen of a meek wife—well this is the Sidels.