6-4-1944

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.

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June 4- or 5-25
3251 De Witt Drive
Hollywood, 28.

Dear Mama -

Just a short note.

Today I made great strides toward that day when I can say "Now I've seen everything" - I met Torcha 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 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 longshoreman, from behind - talking in an uncountenance voice; shouting everybody in a Russian-Jewish accent. Imagine, finally a little monkey-on-a-stick kind of man, who is really a child, who considers himself the greatest living
musician; a name as big as Beethoven. Mrs. Sadel was left over from the last war — and from a 6th grade class. She is big, very fat — and the only word is "blowy". With a big mass of untamable hair and necklace — no makeup — and a dress she grew up in — she is the perfect school teacher. And Tosha is her little boy. She is sweet, and patient, strong and self-complacent to a maddening degree.

Neither one asked or spoke a word about Muri. Both were tremendously impressed. I feel as though we had met the Ludwigs 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

P.S.
There the Escoffier cookbook — Next time side copy out a receipe of two.

The heat has started today — gorgeous, unbelievable weather. Recent report via telephone — Tosha played hooky last night. And I just thought of a good comparison — you know how the movies show a husband/husband's dream: a little scrappy woman telling back to his big motherhen or a mean wife — well this is the side.
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 [strikethrough] is [strikethrough] 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 receipe 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.