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Henri Temianka Correspondence; (catlin)

Dan Catlin

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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.

Keywords

Henri Temianka, Dan Catlin, December 13, 1983, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, holiday, Christmas, family, education, children, food, funds, money, opera, marriage, husband, wife, marriage, trains

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13 December 1983

Dear Henri-

If I wrote to you as often as I think about you, you would be buried under mounds of paper! Anyway, this is the letter I have been thinking about since last Christmas when we received your card. At least I am consistent about responding--if not with the promptness that was once my habit. Time moves so much faster than it used to!

The Catlin family is in good shape, though we are getting to be a bit far flung. My son Dan is now a freshman at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. He likes it and the West so much that Dundeen and I think we may have lost him forever! (only joking!). He worked last summer at the Timberline Lodge resort on Mt. Hood, and rented a cabin with a friend on a trout stream in a beautiful grove of pines. A great way for them to spend the summer!! Dan suddenly seems so old to me: He is thoughtful about me and my life, and I am glad that I don't feel that my children should not talk to their parents about their parents--which was sort of the unspoken message to me in my youth. It's nice to be now and again safely in the hands of the young. Blake, who is 18, is a senior at Andover. After a college tour with me throughout the mid-west and south in June, he spent the summer in Nantucket working seriously as a cook in one of the local \$4.95, checker-table-cloth hamburger places. His own paycheck, etc. He is going to apply to Yale, Stanford and Brown (which I do not think will admit him), and to Georgetown and Northwestern (which will). All one can do now is wait for the cookies to crumble and then in April pick up the best looking piece. Son Todd, now 15, has been looking at Boarding Schools all fall, generally in the Boston area since he wants some access to urban cultural activities. He likes art and drama, and has a tangential interest in Opera. My current choice for him is Middlesex, but it is a very hard school to get into because it has only 300 students. Dundeen is still teaching her pre-kindergarteners and spending as much of the summer in our house in Nantucket as she possibly can. She is pretty good at what she does, though sometimes she is overly conscientious--if that is possible.

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As you can see, next Fall Dundeen and I are going to be alone--ie without children in residence. But as the wag said, we are not going to be able to do what we did the last time we were alone twenty=three years ago!! Consequently, we are seriously thinking of moving ~~up~~ into the Boston area (This is unrelated to Todd's going to school there.) We do not want to return to New York. It's too expensive and too complicated. Boston has the attraction of being closer to Nantucket, which has come to mean a great deal to Dundeen, which always amuses me since you would not think a girl brought up on a farm would love the seaside so. But she does, and finds it her total relaxation. Boston is also accessible to our various remaining family obligations, and so it seems a logical place to investigate. Anyway, we began to look around Cambridge, but that process came to a complete halt just before thanksgiving when Dundeen's father, who has been widowed since January 1982 decided to get remarried. Everyone is pleased and last weekend they had a giant wedding (150-170 people) in Shelburne. Actually you probably know his new wife who is Tutty Burden, Douglas Burden's third wife. They will be very happy together "playing away", in the nicest sense, the rest of their days.

And now we are off to Europe for Christmas with our three boys. I was very anxious, particularly with Dan away so much, to gather Dundeen's and my family around us rather than be part of a group gathering around the older generation. And the ~~only~~ only way to accomplish that without giving offense was to get away. So we are flying on Saturday to Munich, spending two days, taking the train to Vienna, staying there 3 days (I don't know if I will be able to coax anyone into the opera house since the Grateful Dead are not playing!). Then we drive to Salzburg, where we are going to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas. Then by train to Paris ~~for~~ for a couple of days, and then home in time to get Dan back to Oregon for classes on January 3rd. Henri, I just can't tell you how much I am looking forward to this family trip and what it means to me to have the boys want to do it with us.

And what of me? I am in better shape than I ought to be. I have started on a new book, this time a history of my family's involvement in the sugar business. I am going to do it with the skills of a professional historian (thanks to my PhD), so that it will not be one of those gushy sentimentalizations which recounts all the apochryphal (sp?) family

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stories. Either it's documented, or it doesn't go in!! Dundeen says no one but the family will read it, which is right of course. But I answer by saying that that is more people than read my book about Yale! Actually my efforts to find something to do in college administration ended up barren and I have sort of given up-- at least until we get to Boston (or wherever) when I will start talking to people about where I could do something useful in the educational field. In the meantime, I am quite involved in this book, and that of course permits me to work at my own pace, leaving time to "reorganize" the life of the Catlin family, etc. So I have nothing really to complain of, though it was not all that much fun to be rejected so often right after I got my PhD.

Incidentally, you will note that my typing has not improved since my days at McKay. Consequently, I have bought a word processor (which is currently at home so the boys can use it over the holidays). I am going to write the new book on it. Obviously, it makes redrafting ever so much easier, and I am hoping that I can teach myself to write/create directly on the keyboard without having to set it down in long-hand first. My initial efforts (I've had the machine 3 weeks) lead me to think this may be possible. If so, I think I will have learned a skill which I should have learned many years ago and which will be of value.

Lastly, I have got to tell you that I bicycled 250 miles across Nova Scotia last summer!!! in 8 days. Todd was on an organized trip in Prince Edward Island. I met him there when it ended, and He and I went alone from Truro to Annapolis Royal to Yarmouth. It was a grand father-son experience, and I found I quite liked the cycling (we had good weather!). The country is so poor that it's like being on Long Island in 1940. There are no shopping centers, just local stores, and honest friendly people. It was a real treat. So cheap it cost more to fly home than to spend the preceeding week in Nova Scotia.

I have gone on too long. This comes to you with my ^{great} affection and best wishes for a happy 1984; it goes without saying that I would love to see you if you ever come to New York and have time for lunch or whatever and a long, thorough gossip.

Always,

Dean.