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Henri Temianka Correspondence; (eloesser)

Leo Eloesser

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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, Leo Eloesser, December 9, 1973, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, husband, wife, medical procedure, tobacco, opera, orchestra, clothing, holiday, Christmas, instruments, money, funds, food

A quiet Sunday afternoon, Dec/9/73.

Dr. L. Eloesser

Dear Henri & Emmy:

Apto. Postal 39

Cacámbaro, Michoacán
México

Late last night I finished facing your music. I thought it witty, well-written and and picturing well late 20th. century music, musicians and the music biz. If by 2100 A.D. this globe isn't entirely bereft of human inhabitants and given over to cockroaches & the like, future musicologists will dig it out of libraries to learn what ancient music was like.

A few notes for some future new edition:

p.82. Marais: He wrote, not to accompany gall-bladder operations, which weren't done until some 200 years after his time, but to illustrate what was known as "cutting for the stone", i.e. opening the urinary bladder through an incision in the crotch, and picking out the urinary, not the gall, stone

p.85. L.E. Audition, not for Heidelberg Symphony, but for Opera in nearby Mannheim. One fine morning I picked up my fiddle, took the train, went to the opera house and asked the doorman whether the Herr Direktor was in. I forget his name; he was a devotee of Mozart; played all his operas, Titus, Idomeneo, Schauspieldirektor & other less-known ones. He was way up in the opera-house tower. I climbed up; the Direktor was at his desk; on a couch lay the contralto, smoking a cigarette; yes, a cigarette, in 1902. "Could I play in the orchestra, as a volunteer?" "Weel, let's hear you play. Play something". "Excuse me, Herr Direktor, I haven't prepared anything; I thought perhaps you'd give me something to read at sight". The Herr Direktor turned around from his desk and opened one eye. Oh, Ho, Oh, Ho; he must have thought. That kid must be pretty good. He sent for one of the Leonore overtures. It went not too badly until I got to the triplets. The Direktor stopped me & sent for the concert-master. "Play it again", he said. I played. The concert-master stopped me. He won't do", he said. "Oh, let him try, said the Direktor; "it won't hurt". "No", said the concert-master, "He's got a stiff wrist". "Where did you study?" he asked me. "In San Francisco", I said. "Humph", said the concert-master. So I packed my fiddle in its magenta-coloured Chinese silk scarf, put it in its case and wound my crestfallen way down stairs. So lost the world a great musician and composer.

p. 121. In your 2d. paragr. you have the tactical essence of communism, the essence that underlies the new People's Republic of China.

Pp. 171-2-3. When Montaux was in S. Fco, the symphony ladies got out a money-raising cook-book of favourite recipes of favourite musicians; Montaux's was: My delight: Take one pint of cold milk; pour into large bowl carefully; break unsalted but crisp crackers and add to milk in bowl. Let soak 2 minutes and eat. Serves how many? Me. Pierre Monteux.

He used to come to Leavenworth St. and play viola in Mozart quintets He had the most perceptive ear. ~~Once~~ Once I heard him stop a piano virtuoso at a symphony rehearsal playing a Beethoven concerto. "F; F." said Monteux, in the middle of a little tiddly-wink bravura grace-note passage. "By God", said the pianist, "You're right, and I've been playing it F # all my life!" A kind, gentle man he was, never offensive or rude to anyone.

Tid-bits for the Xmas pudding.

All best wishes,

L. Eloesser