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Henri Temianka Correspondence; (epaepcke)

Elizabeth Paepcke

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Henri Temianka, Elizabeth Paepcke, March 16, 1971, culture, virtuosity in musical performance, violinist, chamber music, camaraderie, husband, wife, Emmy Temianka, Walter P. Paepcke, recreation and entertainment, housing, literature, Caroline Pring

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March 16, 71

Dear OsEmmy and Tami:

Is my picture turned to the wall,
the memory of me wiped out like the blood
on Lady Macbeth's hands, and is my name never
more 'like mentioned between your sacred
walks'? Has this happened? If so, I would
not blame you; I have owed you a Doleen
for at least two years. During that time I
often have greeted the new day with the
words: 'Today I want to write to the Tamiankas
and tell them how very much I love them!'

I never sit through a summer's concert
at Aspen that I do not wish that you were
there. I never go into the Jerome Hotel that
I do not think of those good old days with
the Blue-Lounge deckees and Tami's brilliantly
impassioned speeches, of chess games and
long conversations into the night. So much has
changed, so many faces vanished that I find
myself quite out of step while listening to another drum.

As is in so many places, mediocrity sits crowned. Too bad that this should happen to Aspen.

Do you ever come to Chicago? As you can see I am back in the old building where Walter and I lived for many years so happily, but I have now an apartment half the size of our old one. My telephone here is unlisted but I give it to you just in case: 312-944-5058.

Morlino and Caroline live around the corner and I see them constantly which is very uplifting to my spirit. His most recent book, "The Common Sense of Politics" should be a great success. It is excellent.

With love to you both

Pussy
March – 16 – 71

Dearest Emmy and Temi:

Is my picture turned to the wall, the memory of me wiped out like the blood on Lady Macbeth’s hands, and is my name never more to be mentioned between your sacred walls? Has this happened? If so, I would not blame you; I have owed you a letter for at least two years. During that time I often have greeted the new day with the words: “Today I want to write to the Temiankas and tell them how very much I love them!”

I never sit through a summer’s concert at Aspen that I do not wish that you were back. I never go into the Jerome Hotel that I do not think of those good old days with the Blue-Lounge lectures and Temi’s brilliantly impassioned speeches, of chess games and long conversations into the night. So much has changed, so many faces vanished that I find
myself quite out of step while listening to another drum.

As is in so many places, mediocrity sits crowned. Too bad that this should happen to Aspen.

Do you ever come to Chicago?

As you can see I am back in the old building where Walter and I lived for many years so happily; but I have now an apartment half the size of our old one. My telephone here is unlisted but I give it to you just in case: 312-944-5058. Mortimer and Caroline live around the corner and I see them constantly which is very uplifting to my spirit. His most recent book: “The Common Sense of Politics” should be a great success. It is excellent.

With love to you both

Pussy