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## Henri Temianka Correspondence; (wprimrose)

William Primrose

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### **Keywords**

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WILLIAM PRIMROSE C.B.E.

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KEIRAVILLE 2500  
N.S.W. AUSTRALIA

October 3 1977

My dear Henri,

October 3rd is rather uncons<sup>er</sup>tionably late to be replying to your further wonderful letter of 20 August, and hand written at that, and as usual. I wouldn't dare visit my atrocious 'hand-scrift' on anyone.

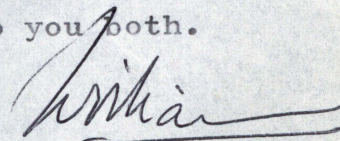
How typically kind of you to tell me about Dr Weinstein, and I thank him, in turn, for his generous offer to be at my disposal. To bring you up to date: after the surgery (and, by the way, a further touch of the hilarious was added to this when I received my surgeon's bill for 'orchidectomy'. Can you imagine that the medicos. refer to that manly and cherished portion of our anatomy in such flowery terms!) and further bone scans and what have you, two osteoblastic lesions were located in the lumbar region, and the right humerus. My precious bow arm! Oh fie! oh fie, for shame. That I do resent. However, no sign yet of anything of discomfort, and I am working hard for my regular December visit to Japan. My favorite country. I am now on monthly hormone injections, and fortnightly consultations with Dr Andrei Mihailovitch Lavrin. There's a name to inspire confidence, and no mistake. Russian, raised in China and located here these many years. If, however, you ever get a chance to mention what the course my treatment is to Dr Weinstein I'd appreciate that. Lavrin, and Dr Freedman, the Sydney cancer specialist, turned thumbs down on the European trip, alas. However, I believe they were wise. To have left here for a period of three months just after the initiation of treatment and consultations would have been imprudent. But I am vastly disappointed just the same. Japan will only be a matter of some three weeks absence, and Hiroko will be with me throughout the trip. I still feel fine and give but scant regard to the word 'cancer'. Don't you believe that it is the very word itself that inspires dread? It sounds so sinister, and implacable. But then, I am disposed to believe that whatever lays us by the heels is, in the end, sinister and implacable.

I was vastly sorry to miss Banff, but consoled by having news about the goings on from you. I had a nice note from Dick Colburn and it was kind of you to mention me to him. I wish I had been part of that engaging kammer musikabend. Mortimer Crescent! God bless my soul. So long ago. Did you know it was razed to the ground by a 'V' bomb? But the family uninjured.

I'll keep you advised as to how things go, and I look forward to your friendly and welcome missives from time to time.

Our affectionate greetings to to you both.

As ever,



My scatological references to my surgery are now in the public domain!



I hear all sorts of rumors about Jascha. He hasn't spoken to me in ten years, and heaven only knows why; I don't. But 'rumors? In our profession 'that's the mostest thing us'n have got of.' Try that syntax over on your bazooka! I'd like to have any news of the old bastard. I still like him, despite evrything