12-25-1964

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (eloesser)

Leo Eloesser

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Henri Temianka Correspondence; (eloesser)

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 25, 1964, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, family, father son, husband, wife, Christmas, holiday

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25 Dec 64

Xmas Day.

Dear Emmer [illegible],

The boy arrived. Carlo called for him, brought him to the pasture where we had put a short swim, for it was hot on 22nd Dec.

And I say you have loved with the passion, love from all the neighbourhood and all that goes with it.

Danny is a good boy; December now.

It's so long ago since I was this age that I forget what it's like to be a baby rabbit with ears still uncrowned or a little chicken reacting to what it's all about in the whipping world.

Had he gone to sea a century ago he would have found out in a fortnight when the wind was blowing from...
I seem to be still and out.

If he was blind, I'd

throw him into the company of

boys of his age, but even so,

I may be able to scrape in

a few better companions for

him. With a sparse-fingered

cogger like me.

Joyce will put him in touch

when the returns. Mean while, the

5 1/2 Sym Johnny practically finishes

After

Len

Hope Henry is sending his letter.
25 Dec 64  
Xmas day

Dear Emmy & Henri –

The boy arrived. Carlos called for him, brought him to Zinapecuaro, when we had but a short swim. For it was late & came to the ranch on Dec 22.

And today was Xmas eve – with piñatas; kids from all the neighborhood & all that goes with it.

Danny is a good boy, decent & good [[bases?]] – It’s so long ago since I was his age that I forgot what it’s like to be a baby rabbit with eyes still unopened & a little cerebrum i.e. actionless to what it’s all about in the whopping world.

Had he gone to sea a century ago he would have found out in a fortnight where the wind was blowing from.
I guess he’ll still find out.

If he spoke Spanish I’d throw him into the company of boys of his age. But even so, I may be able to scrape up a few better companions for him than a sparse-tongued old [[coozer?]] like me.

Joyce will get her lip stick when she returns, meanwhile the 5\textsuperscript{th} Symphony gratefully [[illegible]]

Affec

Leo

Hope Henri’s situation is better.

Yours

Leo.