

7-18-1935

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (putlitz)

Lois Zu Putlitz

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence

Recommended Citation

Putlitz, Lois Zu, "Henri Temianka Correspondence; (putlitz)" (1935). *Henri Temianka Correspondence*. 1662.
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence/1662

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Henri Temianka Archives at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Henri Temianka Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

Henri Temianka Correspondence; (putlitz)

Keywords

Henri Temianka, Lois Zu Putlitz, July 3, 1935, culture, virtuosity in musical performance, camaraderie, violinist, chamber music, postal service, SS Normandie, humor, discontent, Jean-Antoine Watteau, literature, musical recordings, hot weather, Richard Hartzler



Mr. Henri Temianka,
29 Abercorn Place,
London, N. W. 8,
England

Box 103
Peru, Ind.,
U. S. A.

My dearest Hewie:

I shall be eternally grateful to the S.S. Normandie for bringing me so many happy moments, so many blushes at such undeserved praise, so many amusing moments and good hearty laughs, all done up in one little packet.

This last letter is especially precious to me because of those very extravagant words of praise. To repeat that

I do not deserve these borders
 on the platitudinous, but that
 you understand so readily and
 sympathetically what I am
 groping after, be it ever so clumsily,
 gives me a feeling of elation and
 satisfaction which is occasioned
 only, I believe, by such a
 manifestation of genuine friendship
 as this last letter contained. So
 thank you for the words of good
 cheer which will buoy me up
 in this thrashing, whirling, dark

3.

sea of striving when I feel those pangs of mental indigestion coming on. I am not likening you to a dose of bicarbonate of soda, but you must admit that the beneficial effects of both have a certain resemblance.

I am tempted to "improvise" further on this little parallel but I find that the more I improvise the more I get involved in rather embarrassing realities. Perhaps I had best

let it rest as a generality.

Generalities are so safe, they are so all embracing and unrevealing.

Whenever in doubt resort to generalities. That sounds like an American advertising slogan.

Or maybe it is a truism: that still-borne effort of a sterile wind. How do you manage to exist without that noble monument to bad taste - American advertising? All problems are solved for us. Just think how much leisure that leaves

us for thinking, only to find that there is nothing left to think about. There is not any subject which is too delicate or too personal. I am not such a prude that I cannot be "broad-minded" occasionally for the sake of capitalism; after all, a woman has to live, but after perusing a few of our most reputable magazines one feels that modesty conceals about as much as a puppy-dog's tail and that one may as well confess all.

I have the honor of announcing that I am now a full fledged member of the Local No. 77, that is,

the Musicians Protective Association,
 and can be legally classed as a
 "working girl!" Just another member
 of the long list of unemployed. So
 now I shall buy a very provocative
 (I hope), revealing, shiny satin dress,
 a vivid lipstick which will promise
 more than is to be had, put my hat
 over one eye, my dear little fiddle
 under my arm and proceed to the streets
 to look for a job. Life begins at twenty-
 six, and without dear mama to stand
 between me and the morass of iniquity.

Mozart! Dear friend, let not
 Mozart come between us. I am not
 immune to the charm and fascination

of Mozart but he is not, by any means, the alpha and omega of music for me. I must admit, of course, that I have heard but one performance of a Mozart opera, that given by "the Institute", I am only familiar with the others from the piano scores. I have gone through all of the Mozart piano sonatas rather carefully and I cannot but admit that not one but grows dull in comparison with even the early Beethoven piano sonatas. The violin sonatas of either of the aforementioned composers do not bring the traditional Oh's and Ah's to my blasphemous lips. In fact, Beethoven's clumsy transference of piano figures

to violin writing causes me a mild irritation. I bow my unshapely knee in deepest reverence to his magnificent quartets and piano sonatas, but the hallowed fiddle concerto is just about as bad fiddle music as I could imagine; and as for the great musical content, if that were Beethoven's best I am quite sure we would not know his name to-day. I agree whole-heartedly with Harry Haeflman who said that had Grieg written it we should never have heard of it. I cannot bring to mind at this moment anything that can equal the last movement of that concerto in being commonplace German beer garden music. I cannot understand

How anyone with any discrimination
 who professes an admiration for
 Beethoven can give the violin concerto
 any rating at all. It seems rather
 an insult, to me, to his truly
 monumental quartets and late piano
 sonatas. I never speak of these things
 to anyone, it is quite futile. People
 would either think I was utterly
 uninformed, or just making a desperate
 bid to be thought "original." I can
 write these things to you because
 while you may disagree violently
 with my opinions, you would,
 I am sure, die gallantly fighting
 for the right of man to speak his
 mind. Shades of Voltaire, or somebody,

But it is now the less True because
 I choose to paraphrase it so badly.
 But, to resume — the amount of
 Mozart I know and have heard really
 has nothing to do with my only
 mild appreciation. It is something
 more deep-seated and organically
 different, so to speak. One can put it
 in the light that it is my shortcomings
 which make it impossible for my blood
 to reach the boiling point on hearing
 Mozart but the fact remains the same
 viewed in any light — I remain calm,
 sometimes charmed, occasionally enthusiastic,
 occasionally bored. I am quite sure this
 will not surprise you so much if you

just remember us a little. I do not
 think people change very much
 fundamentally. As I recall my period
 of enthusiasm about paintings and
 painters — I think I was about sixteen
 and certainly virgin territory — my
 enthusiasms were never for the Mozart
 in painting either, the Watteaus — or
 Raphael even, which is the quintessence
 of Mozart to me. I say "Raphael even"
 because he is certainly a famous name
 which a fair maid would look on as
 one approaches a deity — but no —
 while I knew nothing then nor do I
 now about painting as an art, but
 as a purely emotional experience, I
 found no sympathetic chords in me

vibrating in unison with Raphael. It was pleasant, it was pretty, after a little more, but I could not respond and I have not changed in that respect. I do believe that some of the impressions we get when we are adolescent, so receptive, so susceptible to fresh impressions, are more often than we think, our final decisions because they are right for us, the real key to our inner selves, and we don't change in what is such an integral part of us. The painters to whom I did respond were a varied hodge-podge of unrelated gentlemen - Rembrandt was the Brakel of painters for us and still is, and there was Rubens, Franz Hals, and even

Delacroix - just fancy - Delacroix
and Mozart! I fear I am quite
hopeless. We will not discuss Leonardo
because his fame rests not upon his
painting but upon the wide range of
his curiosity.

But perhaps this is not such
a bad thing as you may think. You
stand firm in your beliefs and I in
mine so we shall always have
something to argue about. And
just think what excitement would
know if I were ever to change my
opinions and hastened to tell you
of my ardent devotion to no one but
Mozart - many an unbeliever carries
the seed of a religious fanatic.
When I get my job and become

very rich I shall come to London to see you and hear Mozart opera at the place you wrote about.

My great enthusiasm just now is Havelock Ellis. We, meaning Mr. Gable and I, after reading Ellis's "From Rousseau to Freud" followed that with his "Affirmations" and "The Dance of Life" all with growing enthusiasm. What a rare man! His kind of sanity is one of the rarest things one can achieve. I should like to make a pilgrimage to leave a flower on his door-step in mute thanks for all he has given me.

You wrote of wishing to hear more about Mr. Gable. I am happy

to report that he has survived as well as could be expected five years of my companionship. He admits, when pressed to it, that I have scarcely been what one would call restful, what with my great aptitude for falling down stairs and therefore appearing suddenly when one least expects me, and usually insisting on giving a Plantagenet a queen who wasn't born until about two centuries later, after he was at such pains to try delicately to force a little knowledge of history into my head as painlessly as possible. I suppose one does not speak of ones debts even if they are debts of gratitude but I know now that I shall die in the debtor prison. Ah, but it's many

the fine argument that we've had and it's the Irish spirit, to be sure, that sustained me in the greatest need when the words was a fallin' from him one over the other, and so independent like, but 'twas never said of me that it was for lack of words that me enemies foot was a restin' so 'asy on me neck, and many's the time too, that the sweet taste of victory has softened the flesh of the eye. (That comes from reading Beardon O'Connor - too much about the Sinn Féin.)

That translated would mean: we read quite a lot together, and argue at the slightest provocation. Not exactly argument in the accepted sense, rather

dialogues where both talk at once
 If I have progressed at all in the last
 few years in any way, it is entirely
 due to my association with him, our
 reading and our conversations. I do not
 know of any more delightful way to
 imbibe "learning" than through reading
 aloud to someone whose comments,
 marginal notes so to speak, make all of
 the difference in the digestion of the
 feast at hand.

I have just been sitting here
 gazing at the page before me wondering
 if I should add to your already
 growing conviction that I should be
 incarcerated behind bars or pay a visit
 to Vienna immediately, by adding

another paragraph of what I so
 vainly regard as my beliefs which
 by all the standards of the most
 intellectual "spirits" could only be
 summed up as heresy. But being pleased
 to remember you as intelligent rather
 than intellectual, I have again decided to
 tax your forbearance. I insist that you
 are also to blame because, after all, it
 was you who mentioned Dostoevsky,
 not I. The heresy is just this - Dostoevsky
 has lost his power of attraction for us.
 That again is something personal rather
 than a simple comment on the admitted
 genius of Dostoevsky. There is too much
 impotent yearning after the infinite,
 too much stale stalling morbidity,

too much of the inclination to make
 almost a fetish of violence and
 sordidness, and too many epileptic fits.
 I object especially to too many epileptic
 fits. I find nothing to counter balance
 these things in Dostoevsky, that is the
 weakness in my opinion. Perhaps the
 crux of the matter is that it is just too
 alien to my nature. This wholesale
 working of lines in the public square—
 that is too often mistaken for art among
 the breed known as "the intellectuals".
 Sometimes it is just a bit sickening.
 Of course, don't misunderstand me to be
 maintaining that Dostoevsky has merely
 been mistaken for art. I am not
 presuming to be commenting upon his

worth as a writer, this is a purely personal reaction. But, Oh dear! I am so fed up with Freud and the wide spread misconception that the loudness of ones wailings is a measure of the quality of ones feelings. I suppose that is why I prefer reading John Galsworthy to Dostoevsky. Yes, I do! And Mr. Faith Winter may make slighting remarks about Galsworthy in his latest book "Impassioned Poppies" if he chooses, but I do think that a good dose of Galsworthy might purge him of some of his smartness that is not as witty sometimes, as he seems to think.

We try to follow as nearly

as our pocket-books will permit,
 the recent gems and otherwise of
 the London publishers. We read a
 very thought provoking novel (what-
 ever that is) the other day from your
 stores called "High Summer" by
 Richard Church. And then, of course,
 we are always interested in that nasty
 Mr. Keith Winter, and a most
 annoying gentleman named H. J. Meyers,
 who wrote a very exciting book "The Root
 and the Flower", and when we reached
 the last page which left everyone
 suspended in most hair-raising
 situations we ~~we~~ find that it is to
 be continued when the author writes

the next book. Do write and tell me if you know Galsworthy's "Forsytes" - if you know Soames, Fleur, Michael, and "Aunt Ene", and Sir Lawrence Mort and - well, everybody. I do love them so. We are reading his trilogy about the Charwell family now - pronounced Cherrett, of course. I do hope I can visit England before I die. We are also reading a book about bugs and funny things that crawl and their evil ways of fornication' called, "The Natural Philosophy of Love", by René de Gourmont, and we just finished an awfully amusing book,

and incidentally, awfully American, called "Rats, Lies, and History", by Hans Zinsser. I think you would find it entertaining. I am sorry to be showing "we just read" at you all the time but that is just about all I have to write about.

I had such a nice moment of happy reminiscing to-day. In the Galworthy book the expression "Come along" is used so often and it reminded me so of you. I had to smile, rather wistfully too, when I remembered your "Come along" and "Let's have a look." Please do not publish this letter in your

memoirs. Those last two phrases put together could so compromise you.

I was looking over some songs of Joseph Marx the other day and came across "Ein Drängen ist in meinem Herzen", poem by Stefan Zweig. When, Oh when, is it going to be discovered that Joseph Marx wrote something besides "a few songs". What is the cause of the criminal neglect of his tremendous and beautiful piano concertos? He has a violin and piano sonata that is certainly more worthwhile than most of the sonatas that are played. The first movement

of it is so beautiful that that eminent critic, Mr. Papper, of Vienna, would probably call it syrupy. He made me grind my teeth and suppress what is generally referred to as "a foul oath" when he wrote in last Sunday's New York "Times" of Schoenberg's "Verklarte Nacht" that it was "syrupy music".
 *Ho on 'him! May he be jilted by an unshaven blond. And as to Mart's soups, not many of those are known. What is the matter with people that they cannot recognize quality and beauty until it has been taken out of the attic

and the works shaken out and
 "somebody else" has discovered it.

And yet all of the modern junk
 that gets performed. Well, I suppose
 junk, too, is a relative term. In any
 case, I shall be there waving a flag
 when Mark is, at last, appreciated.
 He will be some day, it is just a matter
 of time, but that does seem a great
 pity.

We have been having the most
 beastly hot weather, hence the delayed
 answer to your letter. I cannot date
 this letter accurately - I started it
 on July third and to-day is July
 seventeenth.

It has just occurred to me to ask you if you ever hear a word from Hartger? Where is he and how is he? I have often thought of him.

Have a nice time at the seaside and don't drink too much - salt water isn't food for every one.

Write to me. I look forward to your letters so eagerly. And incidentally, where, oh where, are my records?!

Always your devoted,
Lois

[[Nick Dante 5/29/18]]

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence
Lois zu Putlitz
Letter #1]]

[[Page 1 – Envelope Front]]

[[image - postmark: BERWYN
JUL 18
6PM]]

[[image – three U.S. postage stamps]]

Mr. Henri Temianka,
29 Abercorn Place,
London, N.W. 8,
England

[[Nick Dante 5/29/18]]

[[Page 2 – Envelope Back]]

Box 103
Berwyn, Pa.,
U.S.A.

[[Page 3 – Letter]]

My dearest Henri:

I shall be eternally grateful to the S.S. Normandie for bringing us so many happy moments, so many blushes at such undeserved praise, so many amusing moments and good hearty laughs, all done up in one little packet.

This last letter is especially precious to me because of those very extravagant words of praise. To repeat that

[[Page 4 – Letter]]

2.

I do not deserve them borders
on the platitudinous, but that
you understand so readily and
sympathetically what I am
groping after, be it ever so clumsily,
gives me a feeling of elation and
satisfaction which is occasioned
only, I believe by such a
manifestation of genuine friendship
as this last letter contained. So
thank you for the words of good
cheer which will buoy me up
in this thrashing, whirling, dark

[[Page 5 – Letter]]

3.

sea of striving when I feel
those pangs of mental indigestion
coming on. I am not likening
you to a dose of bicarbonate
of soda, but you must admit
that the beneficial effects of
both have a certain resemblance.
I am tempted to “improvise”
further on this little parallel
but I find that the more I
improvise the more I get
involved in rather embarrassing
realities. Perhaps I had best

[[Page 6 – Letter]]

4.

let it rest as a generality.
Generalities are so safe, they are
so all embracing and unrevealing.
Whenever in doubt resort to
generalities. That sounds like an
American advertising slogan.
Or may haps it is a maxim: that
still-born effort of a sterile
mind. How do you manage
to exist without that noble
movement to bad taste –
American advertising? All problems
are solved for us. Just think
how much leisure that leaves

[[Page 7 – Letter]]

5.

us for thinking, only to find that there is nothing left to think about. There is not any subject which is too delicate or too personal. I am not such a prude that I cannot be “broad-minded” occasionally for the sake of capitalism; after all, a woman has to live, but after perusing a few of our most reputable magazines one feels that modesty conceals about as much as a puppy-dog’s tail and that one may as well confess all.

I have the honor of announcing that I am now a full fledged member of the Local No. 77, that is,

[[Page 8 – Letter]]

6.

the Musicians Protective Association,
and can be legally classed as a
“woiking goil”. Just another member
of the long list of unemployed. So
now I shall I buy a very provocative
(I hope), revealing, shiny satin dress,
a vivid lipstick, which will promise
more than is to be had, put my hat
over one eye, my dear little fiddle
under my arm and proceed to the streets
to look for a job. Life begins at twenty-
six, and without dear mama to stand
between me and the morass of iniquity.

Mozart! Dear friend let not
Mozart come between us. I am not
immune to the charm and fascination

[[Page 9 – Letter]]

7.

of Mozart but he is not, by any means, the alpha and omega of music for me. I must admit, of course that I have heard but one performance of a Mozart opera, that given by “the Institute”, I am only familiar with the others from the piano scores. I have gone through all of the Mozart piano sonates rather carefully and I cannot but admit that not one but grown dim in comparison with even the early Beethoven piano sonates. The violin sonates of either of the aforementioned composers do not bring the traditional Oh s and Ah s to my blasphemous lips. In fact, Beethoven s clumsy transference of piano figures

[[Page 10 – Letter]]

8.

to violin writing causes us a wild irritation. I bow my unshapely knee in deepest reverence to his magnificent quartets and piano sonates, but the hallowed fiddle concerto is just about as bad fiddle music as I could imagine; and as for the great musical content, if that were Beethovens best I am quite sure we would not know his name to-day. I agree whole-heartedly with Harry Kaufman who said that had Kreutzer written it we should never have heard of it. I cannot bring to mind, at this moment, anything that can equal the last movement of that concerto in being common-place, German beer garden music. I cannot understand

[[Page 11 – Letter]]

9.

how anyone with any discrimination
who professes an admiration for
Beethoven can give the violin concerto
any rating at all. It seems rather
an insult, to me, to his truly
monumental quartets and late piano
sonates. I never speak of these things
to anyone, it is quite futile. People
would either think I was utterly
uninformed, or just making a desperate
bid to be thought “original”. I can
write these things to you because
while you may disagree violently
with my oppinions, you would,
I am sure, die gallantly fighting
for the right of man to speak his
mind. Shades of Voltaire, or somebody,

[[Page 12 – Letter]]

10.

but it is none the less true because
I choose to paraphrase it so badly.
But, to resume – the amount of
Mozart I know and have heard really
has nothing to do with my only
mild appreciation. It is something
more deep-seated and organically
different, so to speak. One can put it
in the light that it is my shortcomings
which make it impossible for my blood
to reach the boiling point on hearing
Mozart but the fact remains the same
viewed in any light – I remain calm,
sometimes charmed, occasionally enthusiastic,
occasionally bored. I am quite sure this
will not surprise you so much if you

[[Page 13 – Letter]]

11.

just remember me a little. I do not think people change very much fundamentally. As I recall my period of enthusiasm about paintings and painters – I think I was about sixteen and certainly virgin territory – my enthusiasms were never for the Mozart in painting either, the Watteau, – or Raphael even, which is the quintessence of Mozart to me. I say “Raphael even” because he is certainly a famous name which a fair maid would look on as one approaches a deity – but no – while I knew nothing then nor do I now about painting as an art, but as a purely emotional experience, I found no sympathetic chords in me

[[Page 14 – Letter]]

12.

vibrating in unison with Raphael. It was pleasant, it was pretty, often a little more, but I could not respond and I have not changed in that respect. I do believe that some of the impressions we get when we are adolescent, so receptive, so susceptible to fresh impression, are more often than we think, our final decisions because they are right for us, the real key to our inner selves and we don't change in what is such an integral part of us. The painters to whom I did respond were a varied hodge-podge of unrelated gentlemen – Rembrandt was the Brahms of painters for me and still is, and there was Rubens, Franz Halz, and even

[[Page 15 – Letter]]

13.

Delacroix – just fancy – Delacroix and Mozart! I fear I am quite hopeless. We will not discuss Leonardo because his fame rests not upon his painting but upon the wide range of his curiosity.

But perhaps this is not such a bad thing as you may think. You stand firm in your beliefs and I in mine so we shall always have something to argue about. And just think what excitement would ensue if I were ever to change my opinions and hastened to tell you of my ardent devotion to no one but Mozart – many an unbeliever carries the seed of a religious fanatic. When I get my job and become

[[Page 16 – Letter]]

14.

very rich I shall come to London
to see you and hear Mozart opera
you wrote about.

My great enthusiasm just now
is Havelock Ellis. We, meaning Mr.
Gable and I, after reading Ellis's
"From Rousseau to Proust" followed
that with his "Affirmations" and
"The Dance of Life", all with growing
enthusiasm. What a sane man!
His kind of sanity is one of the rarest
things one can achieve. I should
like to make a pilgrimage to leave
a flower on his door-step in mute
thanks for all he has given me.

You wrote of wishing to hear
more about Mr. Gable. I am happy

[[Page 17 – Letter]]

15.

to report that he has survived as well as could be expected five years of my companionship. He admits, when pressed to it, that I have scarcely been what one would call restful, what with my great aptitude for falling down stairs and therefore appearing suddenly when one least expects me, and usually insisting on giving a Plantagenet a queen who wasn't born until two centuries later, after he was at such pains to try delicately to force a little knowledge of history into my head as painlessly as possible. I suppose one does not speak of ones debts even if they are debts of gratitude, but I know now that I shall die in the debtors prison. Ah, but it's many

[[Page 18 – Letter]]

16.

the fine argument that we've had
and it's me Irish spirit, to be sure,
that sustained me in me greatest need
when the words was a fallin' from
him one over the other, and so impudent
like, but 'twas never said of me that
it was per lack of words that me
enemies foot was a restin' so 'asy on
me neck, and many's the time too,
that the sweet taste of victory has
softened the flask of the eye. (That
comes from reading Reardon O'Conner –
too much about the Sinn Faen.)
That translated would mean: we read
quite a lot together, and argue at the
slightest provocation. Not exactly
arguments in the accepted sense, rather

[[Page 19 – Letter]]

17.

dialogues where both talk at once
If I have progressed at all in the last
few years in any way, it is entirely
due to my association with him, our
reading and our conversations. I do not
know of any more delightful way to
imbibe “learning: than through reading
aloud to someone whose comments,
marginal notes so to speak, make all of
the difference in the digestion of the
feast at hand.

I have just been sitting here
gazing at the page before me wondering
if I should add to your already
growing conviction that I should be
incarcerated behind bars or pay a visit
to Vienna immediately, by adding

[[Page 20 – Letter]]

18.

another paragraph of what I so vainly regard as my beliefs which by all the standards of the most intellectual “spirits” could only be summed up as heresy. But being pleased to remember you as intelligent rather than intellectual, I have again decided to tax your forbearance. I insist that you are also to blame because, after all, it was you who mentioned Dostoevsky not I. The heresy is just this – Dostoevsky has lost his power of attraction for me. That again is something personal rather than a smug comment on the admitted genius of Dostoevsky. There is too much impotent yearning after the infinite, too much stale swelling morbidity,

[[Page 21 – Letter]]

19.

too much of the inclinations to make almost a fetish of violence and sordidness, and too many epileptic fits. I find nothing to counter balance these things in Dostoevsky, that is the weakness in my opinion. Perhaps the crux of the matter is that it is just too alien to my nature. This wholesale washing of linen in the public square—that is so often mistaken for art among the breed known as “the intellectuals”. Sometimes it is just a bit sickening. Of course, don’t misunderstand me to be maintaining that Dostoevsky has merely been mistaken for art. I am not presuming to be commenting upon his

[[Page 22 – Letter]]

20.

worth as a writer, this is a purely personal reaction. But, oh dear! I am so fed up with “trend and the wide spread misconception that the loudness of ones wailings is a measure of the quality of ones feelings. I suppose that is why I prefer reading John Galsworthy to Dostoevsky. Yes, I do! And Mr. Keith Winter may make slighting remarks about Galsworthy in his latest book “Impassioned Pygmies”, if he chooses, but I do think that a good dose of Galsworthy might purge him of some of his smartness that is not as witty sometimes, as he seems to think.

We try to follow as nearly

[[Page 23 – Letter]]

21.

as our pocket-books will permit, the recent gems and otherwise of the London publishers. We read a very thought provoking novel (whatever that is) the other day from your shores called, “High Summer” by Richard Church. And then, of course, we are all interested in that nasty Mr. Keith Winter, and a most annoyin’ gentleman named H. L. Meyers, who wrote a very exciting book, “The Root and the Flower”, and when we reached the last page which left everyone suspended in most hair-raising situations we find that it is to be continued when the author writes

[[Page 24 – Letter]]

22.

the next book. Do write and tell me if you know Galsworthys “Forthsytes” – if you know Soames, Fleur, Michael, and “Aunt Eve”, and Sir Lawrence Mout and – well, everybody. I do love them so. We are reading his Trilogy about the Charwell family now – pronounced Cherrell, of course. I do hope I can visit England before I die. We are also reading a book, about bugs and funny things that crawl and their evil ways of fornicatin’ called, “The Natural Philosophy of Love,” by Remy de Gourmont, and we just finished an awfully amusing book,

[[Page 25 – Letter]]

23.

and incidentally, awfully American, called “Rats, Lice, and History”, by Hans Zinsser. I think you would find it entertaining. I am sorry to be shoving “we just read” at you all the time but that is just about all I have to write about.

I had such a nice moment of happy reminiscing to-day. In the Galsworthy book the expression “come along” is used so often and it reminded me so of you. I had to smile, rather wistfully too, when I remembered your “Come along” and “Let’s have a look.” Please do not publish this letter in your

[[Page 26 – Letter]]

24.

memoirs; those last two phrases
put together could so compromise
you.

I was looking over some songs
of Joseph Marx the other day and
came across “Ein Drängen ist in
meinem Herzen”, poem by Stefan
Zweig. When, OK where, is it going to
be discovered that Joseph Marx wrote
something besides “a few songs”. What
is the cause of the criminal neglect
of his tremendous and beautiful
piano concerto? He has a violin and
piano sonata that is certainly more
worthwhile than most of the sonatas
that are played. The first movement

[[Page 27 – Letter]]

25.

of it is so beautiful that that eminent critic, Mr. Peyser, of Vienna, would probably call it syrupy. He made me grind my teeth and suppress what is generally referred to as “a foul oath” when he wrote in last Sundays New York “Times” of Schoenbergs “Verklaerte Nacht”, that it was “syrupy music”. Fie on him! May he be jilted by an unshaven blond. And as to Marx’s songs, not many of those are known. What is the matter with people that they cannot recognize quality and beauty until it has been taken out of the attic

[[Page 28 – Letter]]

26.

and the moths shaken out and
“somebody else” has discovered it.
And yet all of the modern junk
that gets performed. Well, I suppose
junk, too, is a relative term. In any
case, I shall be there waving a flag
when Marx is, at last, appreciated.
He will be someday, it is just a matter
of time, but that does seem a great
pity.

We have been having the most
beastly hot weather, hence the delayed
answer to your letter. I cannot date
this letter accurately – I started it
on July third and to-day is July
seventeenth.

[[Page 29 – Letter]]

27.

It has just occurred to me to ask you if you ever hear a word from Hartzer? Where is he and how is he? I have often thought of him.

Have a nice time at the seaside and don't drink too much – salt water isn't good for every one.

Write to me. I look forward to your letters so eagerly. And incidentally, where, oh where, are my records?!

Always your devoted,
Lois