Chapman University Chapman University Digital Commons

Henri Temianka Correspondence

Henri Temianka Archives

8-25-1936

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)" (1936). *Henri Temianka Correspondence*. 1665. https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/temianka_correspondence/1665

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, August 25, 1936, culture, virtuosity in musical performance, camaraderie, violinist, chamber music, humor, discontent, musical recordings, gramophone, money, funds, employment, literature, Iso Briselli

Derwyu tenusylvania August 25 19 36. Oh, wort doorest, wort inienitable Due: As I lie ou my virginal? couch and have reached that buch coveted and overrated state of spiritual ouvered, I am last in contemplation having just been navished by a succession of hierophystics that only through the medium of my uper con be transformed into the very touch, into oward little mance of the voice of my Heuri. Du other, wore direct world ? have just read your letter for the third Time. And here let we thank you for your record which has caused he week eletement and afony. Our

2.

gramophous is broken at present, and I have not been able to wake connections will acquire who has one so I just out and look at the record in the worst abject vicsory. I am terribly audious to hear it. It tile au atmosphere of peace, quet love, and whatrot (!) still prevails, allow me to inform you that you are decidedly a flatterer, and that though you may water ene of "approaching thunder storms and proceed to thunder I remain still, in a worlike state entirely and holely unvanquished. Furtherword, I am not the type to return to "Rall-pack of trumps" In this country we reall them "shorts" anyway. "If the previous

rentence is too complicated for your conspoiled wind just affir it. I shall in taken no affonce if you don't tall us. In aux war to your guestion: I am looking for the Job that will give une the malinum rememberation for the winimum labor. Du fact, 3 an not in squepatty with labor. 9 afree with cold Coward who (as you Rabe probably Roard until you could rever to the person - get ready! in answer to the pertinent guestion "That do you think I birth-control?" auswered ""I am in favor of any labor saint device. What do you think of the idea of elevel at we trement no be female help wanted column reading something

like this: found wowar, an ateur Louding, willing to work on the side, can plant in Turbus positions.

Speaking of Briselli, did you Ruow that he is one of the Rolaists this Cowing reason with the Philadelphia Onchestra? I heard recently (gorsip) that he has bou learning the secrets of fiddle playing Prou Maiel whom you we doubt remember at fil teen dollars the secret.
I also heard in the same breath that his other papels pay very very week less per sevet.

Now, prepare for the atact?. When you say that the Explish keeple hour us knowledge of the greater things of life and their process to admit

that they have the in meuse outures of tolerance and common rens, I ray To you what, is theorems warms, are the "greater Himps" of life? Tolerance is, of have found one of the rarest gifts any person can possess, it can only be concerned and born out of the enrice of a Ruscoledge of the greater things of les and intellipence, and when you can wou le tempted to the estravajance of attributing this virtue to a whole reached a high point of civilization. An to your barcastic comment on their great learning in the fields of cricket and football, 3 do not see that that is a derogatory comment on the ceptak. Do you, for instance, thunk Hat

6.

a highly civilized people like the aucient greeks on Romans had not their equipolent of cricket and football? The great circus maximus, it recius to us, had just that the place in the lives of the Romans as Prave such things as football, etc., to-day. And the Greek Olympics? It is, of course, vory easy to fall into the assumption that only Tacitus, Juvenal, and Catullus walked the streets of Nous. Dou't wis understand this poor, very unlearned effort of une to be a comparison of Nowan and English Cultures, I am just pointing out that Ruman nature aint a lot different

une moushipper of emalination and

temperament. If you cannot be charded by Taloworthy for the reason as you stated, that you are too well acquainted with the short counts of the English people, then, my dear, it follows by your reasoning that you appreciate the literature of any given people only in natio to your knowledge of roud people. Therefore, river you ad wire Balgac and Dostowski, I assume that you are not acquainted with either the French on Ruspian people, pince I coment assemble and still reford emprell as sauce (doubtful, 9'0 admit) that they are wellout stortcomings. clow, let me see you wright out of that one! An fon the Pathity versus

8.

Temicante case of Gaboorthy versus Dostowoli, my side of the case is just shot I should nother read a chronicle of Euglist life than Mussian life, seeing that I have only one life to live and I should rather spend it in the company of Alone whom I find wont sympathetic. Though people who are really supposed to Ruow say Dostowskis characterizations are Tremendous Dean only say that I am not interested in the people he characterizer. If I ide le wrote lie "It is ask stora of he is a superb lie grapher of Dostowski. They both degret, is print, that they Rad only one cheek left to Turn to the crucifojus blows of cruel fate. And I,

who swing no less a weapon than a made on a battle-ase in fruit, can't own fight off sleep in bed, so I shall resume the offensives to—worken if you don't wind, Taking your permusion for granted.

Juies you wrote of the Hadyu Trios I have betaken in to Hus weekty volume and proceeded to book therein and elamine. I read through the plane part of each and every trio, attenuately sugue and whistling the violin part and the poor title collo part, and cause to the conclusion after I had done a half dogen on so that you went have Cen in love with the pranist with whom you to the

oppinion that they contained some of the most devine and willy music ever exiller. eNot that 9 do not like them, I do, a great wany of them ore very beautiful, but you wust ad wit that the piano part overbalances bus trad elbig ettil , slad, rood ent the occasional base of the collo to a Course gratif goup degree - for the prawist. Coursequeutly, I concluded that you wust have had a passor for the praise since you was the violinist. Now too you been the pranist and written her that I should have sieled as so many pianists have caused us to suite for just that reason. But u you a great, self-socrificing, self-effacing,

Conevolent roul. Du fact, as I read then, I played the fiddle (and calle) parts ou the piano, fitting them in where over possible and in most cases quite easily, so that I feet I had quite a complete. ficture of them musically. Musically many of them are beautiful, as I sand before, but as true writing they are -I should say, in as Euglish a fashion as possible - putrid.

Dearest, you need not
commed me further to bemore lest?

airyle in the Devil's lat because of
what I said about old Blothoven (ouch
what I said about old Blothoven (ouch
dis respect!) in my last letter. I have been
punished, I have suffered — he, (Bestonen)
has had his revente: I had to listee
to his &i juth Squephony last week.

12

Du hat au in aux atterly as in eue collection of notes. 900! Duhat infermity! Two votes, au octave apart repeated after a great "mystic, cosmic, silence Twice as fast, and then of our he usually repeats them doubleup the lieu ouce more. But do not put me down as a Beekroven Rater, I am certainly not, but please let es ad out that he has wrill en trupe wer as any other wan and let us Try to forget the "tather, Beethover, and the Holy I hast "attitude. dightly dis justing therefore slightly andusing.

At THAY for you in one act. Etilte Paine: tao? Mr. Temiaulta

(continued on nest page)

Place: Anyplace. Time: Present. Scene: Dreadful.

Curtain

Miss I atetz: (with a profound feeling) He needer't all be Russians, I hope. These revolting Dostowalegs. Sufat of glory in is the civil red, widdle way totween stink and alet sis. Tive us a little must, a little intoticating human shalation, the bouquet rebueval a, leitret usar to bus suis bla fo warrod year moghet been sopm tog in the corners of the drawing twom. Rodalle books, amusing conversation, quiet life and reasonable confort— Heat's all I ask for." Mr. Tenianta: (Letting out his impatience in a violent blast). But what about

Tolaton? Her come in under your acheme of things?"

Miss Putale: (Shruffing her shoulders). "They stay in the hall, I don't let them into the bondown."

Mr. Temianka: (With rising indignation) " fou disjust us - you and your odious little show eighteenth century civilization; your piddling little poetry; your art for art's sale instead of for God's sake, your nauseating little copulations without love on passion; your toggest materialism ; your l'estral indifférence to all that's unhappy and your yelping hatred of all that's great."

Niss Puttilg: (dighting a cigarette). So what!"

(See Aldous Huelley)

I have always thought it just hos frightfully charming the way you address my letters. The Lever-Title, a Ryphenaled name wade me feel so important, so indisposite since I am no longer listed in the Almanac de Totha, am, alar poor Tutliz! we longer a Ganz Edle Herrin von und zu etc. having polluted my undoubtedly purs Ary an blood by doing the unruentionable with an unmentionable, 5 au just plain Mrs. Sylvan Teven. I count the days entel your

neet letter.

Always your affectionate, Lois

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence Lois zu Putlitz Letter #2]]

[[Page 1 – Letter]]

Berwyn, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1938.

Oh, most dearest, most inimitable One: As I lie on my virginal (?) couch and have reached that much coveted and overrated state of spiritual oneness, I am lost in contemplation having just been ravished by a succession of hieroglyphics that only through the medium of my eyes can be transformed into the very touch, into every little nuance of the voice of my strangely devoted and duly worshipped Henri. In other, more direct, words, I have just read your letter for the third time. And here let me thank you for your record which has caused me much excitement and agony. Our

[[Page 2 – Letter]]

2.

gramophone is broken at present, and I have not been able to make connections with anyone who has one so I just sit and look at the record in the most abject misery. I am terribly anxious to hear it.

While an "atmosphere of peace, quiet, love, and whatnot (!) still prevails", allow me to inform you that you are decidedly a flatterer, and that though you may warn me of "approaching thunder storms" and proceed to thunder, I remain still, in a warlike state entirely and 'holey unvanquished. Furthermore, I am not the type to return to "half-packed trunks". In this country we call them "shorts" anyway. "If the previous

[[Page 3 – Letter]]

3.

sentence is too complicated for your unspoiled mind just skip it. I shall take no offence if you don't tell me."

In answer to your question: -- I am looking for the job that will give me the maximum remuneration for the minimum labor. In fact, I am not in sympathy with labor. I agree with Noel Coward who (as you have probably heard until you could scream – get ready!) in answer to the pertinent question, "What do you think of birth-control?" answered "I am in favor of any labor saving device". What do you think of the idea of inserting an advertisement in the "female help wanted column reading something

[[Page 4 – Letter]]

4.

like this: Young woman, amateur standing, willing to work on the side, can play in twelve positions.

Speaking of Briselli, did you know that he is one of the soloists this coming season with the Philadelphia Orchestra? I heard recently (gossip) that he has been learning the secrets of fiddle playing from [[Maief?]], whom you no doubt remember, at fifteen dollars the secret. I also heard in the same breath that his other pupils play very, very much less per secret.

Now, prepare for the attack.
When you say that the English
people have no knowledge of the greater
things of life and then proceed to admit

[[Page 5 – Letter]]

5.

that they have the immense virtues of tolerance and common sense, I say to you, what, in heavens name, are the "greater things" of life? Tolerance is, I have found, one of the rarest gifts any person can possess, it can only be conceived and bore out of the union of a knowledge of the greater things of life and intelligence, and when you can even be tempted to the extravagance of attributing this virtue to a whole people, surely these people must have reached a high point of civilization. As to your sarcastic comment on their great learning in the fields of cricket and football, I do not see that that is a derogatory comment on the English. Do you, for instance, think that

[[Page 6 – Letter]]

6.

a highly civilized people like the ancient Greeks or Romans had not their equivalent of cricket and football? The great circus maximus, it seems to me, had just [[strikethrough]] that [[/strikethrough]] the place in the lives of the Romans as have such things as football, etc., to-day. And the Greek Olympics? It is, of course, very easy to fall into the assumption that only Tacitus, Juvenal, and Catullus walked the streets of Rome. Don't misunderstand this poor, very unlearned effort of mine to be a comparison of Roman and English cultures, I am just pointing out that human nature aint a lot different nowhere.

Oh! What a sophist you are, my worshipper of imagination and

[[Page 7 – Letter]]

7.

temperament. If you cannot be charmed by Galsworthy, for the reason, as you stated, that you are too well acquainted with the shortcomings of the English people, there, my dear, it follows by your reasoning that you appreciate the literature of any given people only in ratio to your knowledge of said people. Therefore, since you admire Balzac and Dostoievsky, I assume that you are not acquainted with either the French or Russian people, since I cannot assume and still regard myself as sane (doubtful, I'll admit) that they are without shortcomings. Now, let me see you wriggle out of that one!

As for the Putlitz versus

[[Page 8 – Letter]]

8.

Temianka case of Galsworthy versus Dostoievski, my side of the case is just that I should rather read a chronicle of English life than Russian life, seeing that I have only one life to live and I should rather spend it in the company of those whom I find most sympathetic. Though people who are really supposed to know say Dostoievski s characterizations are "tremendous", I can only say that I am not interested in the people he characterizes. If Gide writes of Dostoievski in the same tone he wrote his "If it Die", I should say he is a superb biographer of Dostoievski. They both regret, in print, that they had only one cheek left to turn to the crucifying blows of cruel fate. And I,

[[Page 9 – Letter]]

9.

who swing no less a weapon than a mace or a battle-axe in print, can't even fight off sleep in bed, so I shall resume the offensives tomorrow if you don't mind, taking your permission for granted.

Since you wrote of the Hadyn
Trios I have betaken me to this
weighty volume and proceeded to look
therein and examine. I read through the
piano part of each and every Trio,
alternately singing and whistling the violin
part and the poor little cello part, and
came to the conclusion after I had done
a half dozen or so that you must have
been in love with the pianist with whom
you played them to bring you to the

[[Page 10 – Letter]]

10.

oppinion that they contained some of the most devine and witty music ever written. Not that I do not like them, I do; a great many of them are very beautiful, but you must admit that the piano part overbalances the poor, pale, little fiddle part and the occasional bars of the cello to a very gratifying degree – for the pianist. Consequently, I concluded that you must have had a passion for the pianist since you were the violinist. Now had you been the pianist and written me that, I should have smiled as so many pianists have caused me to smile for just that reason. But in you it can only be a manifestation of a great, self-sacrificing, self-effacing

[[Page 11 – Letter]]

11.

benevolent soul. In fact, as I read them, I played the fiddle (and the cello) parts on the piano, fitting them in where ever possible. And in most cases quite easily, so that I felt I had quite a complete picture of them musically. Musically many of them are beautiful, as I said before, but as Trio writing they are — I should say, in as in English a fashion as possible — putrid.

Dearest, you need not counsel me further to beware lest I sizzle in the Devil's lap because of what I said about old Beethoven (such disrespect!) in my last letter. I have been punished, I have suffered—he, (Beethoven) has had his revenge: I had to listen to his Eighth Symphony last week.

[[Page 12 – Letter]]

12.

What an inane, utterly asinine collection of notes. God! What ingenuity! Two notes, an octave apart, repeated after a great "mystic, cosmic, silence" Twice as fast, and then again he usually repeats them doubling the Time once more. But do not put me down as a Beethoven hater, I am certainly not, but please let us admit that he has written "tripe" even as any other man and let us try to forget the "Father, Beethoven, and the Holy Ghost" attitude.

You may find the following slightly disgusting therefore slightly amusing. A PLAY for you in one act.

Cast: Miss Putlitz Mr. Temianka

(continued on next page)

[[Page 13 – Letter]]

13.

Place: Any place. Time: Present

Scene: Dreadful

Curtain

Miss Putlitz: (with a profound feeling) "We needn't all be Russians, I hope. These revolting Dostoievskys. What I glory in is the civilized, middle way between stink, and asepsis. Give me a little musk, a little intoxicating human exhalation, the bouquet of old wine and strawberries, a lavender bad under every pillow and potspourri in the corners of the drawing-room. Readable books, amusing conversation, civilized people, and graceful art, with a quiet life and reasonable comfort — that's all I ask for."

Mr. Temianka: (Letting out his impatience in a violent blast). "But what about Tolstoy? What about Tschaikowsky?"

Where do they come in under your scheme of things?"

[[Page 14 – Letter]]

14.

Miss Putlitz: (Shrugging her shoulders). "They stay in the hall, I don't let them into the boudoir".

Mr. Temianka: (With rising indignation). "You disgust me – you and your odious little sham eighteenth century civilization; your piddling little poetry; your art for art's sake instead of for God's sake; your nauseating little copulations without love or passion; your hoggish materialism; your bestial indifference to all that's unhappy and your yelping hatred of all that's great."

Miss Putlitz: (Lighting a cigarette). "So what!"

Curtain

(See Aldous Huxley)

[[Page 15 – Letter]]

15.

I have always thought it just too frightfully charming the way you address my letters. The Levin-Putlitz, a hyphenated name made me feel so important, so [[strikethrough]] indispensible [[/strikethrough]] indispensable to something or other, but, I suppose, since I am no longer listed in the Almanac de Gotha, am, alas poor Putlitz! no longer a Ganz Edle Herrin von und zu etc. having polluted my undoubtedly Aryan blood by doing the unmentionable with an unmentionable, I am just plain Mrs. Sylvan Levin!

I count the days until your next letter.

Always your affectionate,

Lois