

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

Derry, Pennsylvania,
August 25, 1936.

Oh, most dearest, most inevitable 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
Auris. 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. Over

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 thunderstorms" and proceed to thunder, I remain still, in a warlike state entirely and "holely unvanquished. Furthermore, I am not the type to return to "half-packed trunks". In this country we call them "shorts" anyway. "Of the previous

sentence is too complicated for your
 unsuspected 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

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 pay 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

that they have the immense virtues of
 tolerance and common sense, I say
 to you, what, in Heaven's 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 born 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

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 ~~that~~ 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 isn't a lot different nowhere.

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

Temperament. If you cannot be
 charmed by Tolstoy for the reason,
 as you stated, that you are too well
 acquainted with the shortcomings of
 the English people, then, 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 Dostoyevski, 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 Pathetic versus

Twentieth case of Galsworthy versus
 Dostoevski, 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 Dostoevski's
 characterizations are "tremendous", I can
 only say that I am not interested
 in the people he characterizes. If Gide
 writes of Dostoevski in the same tone
 he wrote his "If It Die", I should say
 he is a superb biographer of Dostoevski.
 They both regret, in print, that they
 had only one cheek left to turn to the
 crucifying blows of cruel fate. And I,

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

Since you wrote of the Madry
 Trio 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 sniffing 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 these to bring you to the

opinion that they contained some of
 the most divine 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 bass 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,

Benevolent soul. In fact, as I read them, I played the fiddle (and cell) 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 English a fashion as possible — patric!

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.

What an immense, 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 Puttitz

Mr. Tewianka

(continued on next page)

Place: Anyplace. Time: Present.

Scene: Dreadful.

Curtain

Miss Tutitz: (with a profound feeling) "We needn't all be Russians, I hope. These revolting Dostoiwskys. What I glory in is the civilised, middle way between stink and asphyxia. Give me a little must, a little intoxicating human exhalation, the bouquet of old wine and strawberries, a lavender bag under every pillow and pots-pourri in the corners of the drawing-room.

Readable books, amusing conversation, civilised people, ^{and} graceful art, with a quiet life and reasonable comfort—
That's all I ask for."

Mr. Tewianka: (Letting out his impatience in a violent blast). "But what about Tolstoy? What about Tschakowsky?"
"When do they come in under your scheme of things?"

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

Mr. Teniauka: (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 Tuttle: (Lighting a cigarette). "So what!"

Curtain

(See Aldous Huxley)

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

I count the days until your
 next letter.

Always your affectionate,
 Lois

[[Nick Dante 5/30/18]]

[[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 ~~that~~ ~~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 to-
morrow 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.

opinion that they contained some of the most divine 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 bag under every pillow and potpourri 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 ~~indispensible~~ 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