

IVOR DARREG

1280 Exposition boulevard,
Los Angeles 7, California.

REpublic 22165.

31 August 1950.

Dear Carlos:

Я был очень рад получить Вам хорошее письмо тринадцатого августа после такого долгого молчания---excuse me, I mean *c'était un grand plaisir de lire votre lettre du treizième août*. I have often wondered what had happened during the time---more than a year---since you last were here, and was reassured to find that you still were where I could reach you.

During the last two weeks things have been rather hectic. First, my mother answered correctly a question about a song on one of those radio telephone quiz programs from a local station, and won the down payment on a television set. So now we have a lovely automatic distraction machine, which shows a wide variety of pictures, good, bad, and indifferent.

Then, one of my friends, Peter van de Linde, who has a room about two blocks away from here, started up a woodworking shop---furniture repair and cabinetmaking---at his place, but could not keep it up because that was not a business zone. I offered to rent him half of my workshop, which he did. Since I had to move out into the back yard half of my equipment, it was quite a job to move him in---all the difficulties of moving without actually going to another place. It makes me dread our coming moving day---whenever we sell this house---more than ever. He is, of course, from Holland, but spent some time in Argentina and Brazil, and can speak Spanish, French, and German as well as Dutch. He has been in this country about a year and a half, but I think he is emerging victorious in his battle with the English language. He plays the cello.

About ten days ago, Wesley Kuhnle, a well-known pianist and interpreter of the music of the time of Bach, came here with his son to see my clavichord and was quite impressed. He has built himself two clavichords (not electric, of course, and no louder than a mandolin, but in very beautiful mahogany cases), and is at present building a large harpsichord.

Also, the other day I was visited by Jack Holmes, a dance-band leader, who very likely may use some of my instruments for popular music.

We are glad to find out that you were not the one who had *The Quest Of The Ananons*, as now that leaves us but one other person to ask. ... No, the book is not a collection of verse; it is an account of biblical times--the one of the points made in it is that the "lilies of the field" referred to in the New Testament were not lilies but anemones.

My latest information on Dr. Bénédict is that not he, but his wife is now in poor health. Do you have his address? 29, Rue des Terreaux, Lausanne, Switzerland.

We have progressed very little in our plans for traveling--my mother still hopes to go to Paris, but not only her illness but ~~that~~ a sort of dread of taking steps and making grave decisions have prevented her from making inquiries of the French consul and the travel agencies etc. etc. She talks to me all the time about going to Paris, and paints it in very glowing pictures indeed. I still continue to struggle with *la belle langue française*, and make slow but sure progress. I guess I told you that she bought, about a year ago, an album of three records of French quotations.

I cannot say, however, that I am now making much progress with Spanish. I seem to have reached a "learning plateau" of some two years' standing. Something prevents me from going on further.

About a year ago I was introduced to George Jankolov, who, despite his Yugoslavian name (his father was from Yugoslavia and his mother from Hungary), was brought up in Argentina and is most at home with Spanish. I have not learned much Spanish from him, but maybe I can later. He has made quite a number of violins and violas, and has been for two years taking instruction in tuning and repairing pianos. (the class is held in that old school building on the corner of Jefferson and Hoover-University, on the ground floor. 2)

By the way, I have done some piano tuning (but no repairing) for the past eleven years, but my mother hates to see me do it, because of possible loss of social prestige.

So far as I am concerned, moving to Paris would depend on having a position arranged for in advance, and a guarantee of sufficient floor space to live and work in. I hear that quite a number of Varitypers have been sold in Paris; one can get for this machine a variety of French type. *** My mother and I agree with you that Hollywood is a bit cheap, but no part of Hollywood could be so bad as this part of town, where we have been harassed and beset by neighbors for four years. I cannot succeed in business at this location; all the electronic and musical places, and the sound-equipment places,

seem to be located in the Hollywood vicinity—of course a lot of them aren't exactly in Hollywood, being strung along Melrose west of La Brea, and on La Brea itself. (A real-estate man said to me some months ago that I should have a place in the same district as the other places doing the kind of business I was doing).

Even a typographical error can be cynical: more than once in the past few years a newspaper has published an item about a meeting of the United Nations.

My mother says to be sure before I close to tell you that you were one of the most delightful gentlemen she has ever met, and that she looks forward to another visit from you before long.

Best wishes,

Ivor.