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Feb. 9. 1952

Dearest P.

I was very glad to get your P.C. & hear of your safe arrival. I hope your weather has been fairly reasonable. There is still a nasty, bitter wind here, but I have been lucky in not having to go out at the slipperiest times. Anyhow, my legs seem to have taken a turn for the better.

We have, as you will have seen, a tremendous commotion here. I found out about it by mere chance. I was over at St. playing chess & so one said a word about it. On the way out I saw lying on the table a newspaper with large headline **THE KING IS DEAD**. At first I thought it was part of a romance - the King of Ruritania, perhaps, but on enquiry Dick & Simonette knew all about it. Simonette had been at Waterloo, & bought a paper. A man came up to her & said "Excuse me, may I look at your paper? I've been told to announce that the king ~~off~~ is dead, & I don't believe it!" My Greek pupil has a television set, & I went to her at the time of the Proclamation, so instead of having a lesson we sat & watched the proceedings. By good luck I

I shall be with her on the day of the funeral, & I hope we shall watch that. It is very curious all the expressions of childhood coming back - Q.C. & etc.

I am sorry I did not see you after Wozzeck. I thought it was a wonderful performance.

Kleiber's conducting was magnificent, making the rather incompetent Covent Garden orchestra sound grand. The whole thing was really a revelation after the BBC renderings by Adrian Boult. One really paralysing effect is a double crescendo on B with the whole orchestra in unison - gradually joining in & ending in a tremendous fortissimo - overwhelming. Rothmüller was marvellous. His make up & acting startlingly good, his diction excellent - you could hear every word, better than any of the English singers. I was so transported that I wrote to say so. He in his answer he said he was going to do Macbeth at Glyndebourne this year. "That will be another nice job for me. But how shall we miss our Busch!" I am going to see it again on Monday week - so are James & Alix.

James' tape instrument is installed (but he has not yet got the tapes) I went over to hear it doing records & radio. & there seems to be something wrong with it - some sort of vibration

that produces an effect of cymbals. He thinks he can get this corrected.

I am going next Friday to Quentin's wedding party. I was startled out of my wits at the news, as I had quite written him off as a martyr. Everyone seems delighted ^{at} about it - most unusual.

I have a new method with my meat ration. Dick & Sim. come to tea on Saturday. Dick stays to play chess, & Sim. puts my meat in a very slow oven, so that it is ready for supper. She did this last Saturday, & put in garlic & herbs, making a most delicious dish - & really not much trouble.

I can't think of any more news.

Oh, could you send Oliver's address? I don't like being completely cut off from him. Also, where does 'But me no buts' come from? There is a similar thing in Romeo & Juliet - 'Thank me no Thankings nor proud me no proude', but I can't find the but - is it Hamlet?

Love to all
MCS.

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