

knock-out by neglecting the work. The proportions are like those of the *Piano Quintet*. The three movements are interwoven thematically. When the material is completely exhausted the work quiets down to a typical Bloch close.

Three works new to this city were presented by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra; Berezowsky's *Concerto for Harp and Orchestra*, Martinu's *Second Symphony* and Paul Creston's *Pastorale and Tarantella*. Berezowsky has approached the difficult task of solo harp writing through musical ideas rather than the devious technical possibilities of that instrument. Thus the absence of annoyingly pointless arpeggios and glissandos helped give the necessarily delicate concerto real musical worth. Traditional modal melodies form the basis of the music and a steady rhythm so appropriate in certain modal atmospheres is used with excellent taste. The continuous quarter-note pulse of the first movement would have been even more effective had there been less rhythmic sequence in the supposedly free cadenza over a long organ point in the lower instruments. In the lyric slow movement the single-note harp melodies held their shape against a balancing violin line. The scoring of the entire concerto is daring as it pits its strength against the solo harp. Shrill woodwinds against muted trombones and generous percussion are typical in the finale which contains some of Berezowsky's best writing. The recent *Second Symphony* of Bohuslav Martinu was given a thorough and sympathetic reading and proved once more the composer's unusual skill with the orchestra. However one feels that an efficient and professional hand is hurrying the work over holes here and there. The rhythmic excitement of the six-eight opening got so syncopated that it began to sound like straight three-four and the bustle went flat. Truly inspired music can be found in the slow movement's development. In the last half of the symphony we find the usual Martinu - vivid themes that keep running in massive blocks and continuous patterns past the finish line. The Creston piece has strong, arresting themes with isolated sections that would make better cue music for some other occasion.

Vincent Persichetti

WESTERN EVENINGS WITH IVES

CONTINUING its season-long tribute to Charles Ives, Evenings on the Roof presented his *Third Sonata* for violin and piano, painstakingly deciphered and marvelously played by Sol Babitz and Ingolf

Dahl. It is a monumental work, grandly conceived in the full ripeness of the composer's spirit, less imposing than the *Concord*, perhaps, but much more satisfying and complete as a human document. By the intensity of its expression it actually attains what the *Concord* strives for through size and weight.

All the three movements germinate from the hymn-tune, *I Need Thee Every Hour*; but this is not readily apparent since many of the derivations are quite obscure and might even have been unconsciously maneuvered. The first is divided into four sections which Ives calls verses, Adagio, Andante con Moto, Allegretto, Adagio. In a sense, they are variations, each beginning with the same characteristic chord, immediately stating the tune, and ending with a refrain. But the term is much too academic — *meditation* describes the procedure more closely, and indicates as well the improvisatory nature of the excursions. The second movement is fast and difficult. It has a syncopated dance tune, which is the composer's cue for introducing elements of ragtime, tricky rhythmic devices and a generally extravagant style of piano-playing. It is a real tussle for the performers, but joyous and exhilarating. One short phrase of this movement achieves thematic importance in the final adagio where it is joined to the hymn-tune. This last movement is very beautiful, a lyric drama whose dénouement in the last eighteen bars is one of the most deeply moving pages in all American music: *I Need Thee Every Hour* is sung twice by the violin, once loud and once soft, against a moving accompaniment in the piano. Here, at the end of the whole sonata, is the only statement of the tune in its original form. It is a perfect cadence, a home-coming.

Walter Piston's *Trio* was also heard at the Roof concerts. It is crisp and contrapuntal, and deals with the finer textures, the cooler colors, and the socially correct intellectual and emotional attitudes. Everyone thought it charming. Repeat performances, in many ways more gratifying and more significant than premieres, were given to some *Bulgarian Dances* from Bartok's *Mikrokosmos*, some songs, piano pieces and the *Sonatina* for violin and piano by Chavez, songs by Ives, and Ingolf Dahl's *Music for Brass Instruments* which has made a very deep impression here.

Otto Klemperer took over the concert which included the anniversary salute to Schönberg. He played the *Second Chamber Symphony*, which ought to replace *Verklärte Nacht* in public affection. It has the full-bodied flavor of romanticism without the after-taste of decadence.

Klemperer played it marvelously, in a nobly tragic vein; but one can only imagine what it cost him to descend from these heights to the razzle-dazzle of a *Fantasy Number 1* for piano and orchestra by Mignone.

Alfred Wallenstein was at his best in the *Second Symphony* of Kabalevsky. According to the program notes, this work is shot through with philosophy and social significance. My ears heard none of this, however, and I found the music to be just what I expected: a product of the conservatory style which derives from Tchaikovsky, Glazounov and earlier Miaskovsky. It has a ready appeal, however, and it is of course well orchestrated. And happily it struck no attitudes of grandeur like those of Shostakovitch when he wants to look like Manfred on an Alpine peak, defying the thunder.

We were no doubt supposed to be honored by receiving a gift from Deems Taylor in the form of an *Elegie for Orchestra* – world premiere, no less. With the piece came one of the composer's charming little essays, telling the story of the Egyptian princess for whom it was written. She died of love – at the age of twelve, and her untimely end moved Mr. Taylor to compose her funeral song. It was very sad.

Miklos Rozsa also gave us a world premiere, but a more significant one, a *Concerto for Strings*. In the classical manner, it is contrapuntal with most of the themes imitated canonically. It is a work full of skill, in the academic sense; but it has few surprises since the technic of composition becomes a mannerism, and you are always pretty sure of what is coming next. The character of Hungarian folk music is there, but in an attenuated form, diluted by a rather labored contrapuntal scholarship, and cramped by the limitations of a string orchestra.

Chavez made a hit with his colorful suite from *H. P.* To hear someone else release in sound all the brilliant commotion of a tropical ballet is next best to dancing in it yourself; and the audience reaction is similar to that at a ballet performance – "I wish I could be *in it!*" The *Sarabande* for strings, on the other hand, is in the composer's classical vein, and its tempered measures brought forth a comparably tempered response, which is just about what the composer put into it.

Lawrence Morton

BOSTON HEARS VILLA-LOBOS; ATTENDS THEATRE

VILLA-LOBOS' recent visit was accompanied by a considerable fanfare of publicity; there were receptions in Boston and Cambridge and the composer obliged everyone by ringing the now familiar changes