

sions years ago by the League of Composers. It's a flavorsome opus, as authentically Iberian as Bunk Johnson's jazz is New Orleansian. Definitely ought to be revived.

Chorus and orchestra: Ives's *Lincoln, the Great Commoner*. No performance has ever been given to my knowledge. I'm not sure how playable this work is, but it's short—about five minutes—and well worth a good struggle on the part of willing interpreters.

Orchestra: Varese's *Arcanes*. The Philadelphians under Stokowski gave the premiere of this score about twenty years ago. I remember it as an astonishing experience. The orchestration is copper-plated and the dissonances are excruciatingly wonderful. Anyhow that's how I remember it.

Solo with orchestra: Sessions' *Violin Concerto*. A violin and piano version of this complex score left an indelible impression. In a sense this may be musician's music, but America ought to have room for both it and Earl Robinson.

Voice and chamber ensemble: Satie's *Socrate*. One never hears this key work of the twenties.

Voice and piano: Stefan Wolpe's *Palestinian Songs*. In my opinion Wolpe is the most unjustly neglected composer in America today. These absolutely original songs have a fanatical intensity of emotion.

Piano solo: Chavez' *Piano Sonata*. Written around 1928 and published soon after, this *Sonata* seems to have been entirely forgotten. It typifies a kind of clean, hard piano writing that is both rugged and contemporary.

String quartet: Robert Palmer's *First Quartet*. Not a perfect work, but it represents young America in a way that appeals to me. I like the texture, the expressive content, the rhythmic drive. Someone should tell Ira Hirschman.

Ballet: Blitzstein's *Cain*. Unproduced dance score from Blitzstein's early period that warrants investigation by a ballet company.

. . . HAROLD SHAPERO

SINCE I have not been fortunate enough to discover any buried musical treasures, my choices for the most neglected works of the modern repertory are pieces which I feel I know intimately and that seem to have great inspirational content. These scores are well-known, and I do not consider them neglected because they are never played, but because they might be played more often.

Stravinsky's *Symphonies for Wind Instruments* is interesting as an experiment in musical abstraction, for its sonorities that anticipate discoveries in the *Symphony of Psalms*. Most remarkable in his *Violin Concerto*

is the revolutionary aspect of the violin writing. This abounds in new combinations of stopped tones and arrangements of harmonics. Aside from the obvious freshness of the material of *Jeu de Cartes* and the tightness of its detailed harmonic technique, the wonder here lies in the use of the subtlest formal devices: anticipated and overlapped phrases, carefully organized cyclical returns, and in the great variety of rhythmic pace.

Hindemith's *Konzertmusik* for strings and brass is his most inspired work before *Mathis*. Though imperfect in many technical respects, it moves from one beautiful, soaring theme to another, irresistibly sustained by the personal force of its melodic material. In the post-Mathis *Symphonic Dances* the technical smoothness attained somewhat dilutes the personal substance of his melos, but none of his characteristic robustness is lost.

The relaxed grace of Copland's more recent compositions has made the difficult, uncompromising pieces which followed the *Piano Variations* seem even more remote. The *Short Symphony*, if well played, however, would clearly reveal its great originality, extraordinary compression and salient motives. Though Piston's *Violin Concerto* does not contain his deepest expression, it is perhaps his most successfully integrated work. There is a mastery of classical formal procedure and the finely curving phrases speak easily a variety of sentiments. The compositional virtuosity of the last movement is unmatched by any American.

If I include in a list of neglected modern compositions a work by Mozart, it is because to my ear he is a most modern composer. The *Divertimento in B \flat* for two horns and strings is great especially for its incredible Adagio, a bel canto movement in sonata form, in which almost every note is compounded of inspirational stuff.

. . . PAUL ROSENFELD

THERE are few pieces in the "modern" repertory that are neglected. The current repertory as I see it (far from the madding crowd's ignoble strums) is composed almost entirely of pieces shamelessly being worked to death—as the *Miserere* in *Il Trovatore* was worked to death on the old street-organs—by the majority of managers of radio stations and concert rooms, assisted by the massy family of violinists. I am using the word in Wagner's sense. Of a certain instrumentalist he said, "He is more a musician than a violinist, more an artist than a musician." By this it can be seen that by "violinists" I might easily be meaning vast numbers of instrumentalists, including orchestra conductors. Should the community wish to save music, it will, I suspect, have to find other employment for all these individuals. This naturally will have to be as easy and secure against