

fertile, and a supple manipulator of material. His sonata is not quite to my own taste, with its general submission to French habits. The harmonies are over-ripe, and there are echoes of the choir loft. Another Chicagoan, Eric Delamarter, contributed a quartet designed for young players, a facile, clear score reminiscent of Dvorak. A light quartet by Richard Bales was succeeded by a brilliant, diverting score, *Three Conversations*, by Herbert Inch. This has beautiful texture and a subtle, kindly wit.

Commissions from Rochester's station WHAM for brief radio scores were an innovation this year. They were tendered to Hanson, whose work is in preparation, Paul White and myself. White's *Idyl* was introduced at his own concert with the Eastman Little Symphony. It is a compact work of charm and color, presenting few problems. My own *Characters from Hans Christian Andersen* was given a broadcast performance by Hanson and the symphony, on a program including David Diamond's *Rounds for String Orchestra*, which is vivacious and penetrating in its technic. Robert Sanders' *Violin Concerto* was brilliantly played by Gordon under Hanson's baton, and Roy Harris conducted his own *Chorale for Orchestra*.

Hanson has reason for pride in the growth of this cherished project. Three post-festival broadcasts of works drawn from these programs will be given during May over the N.B.C. network.

Bernard Rogers

## GOULD PREMIERE IN CLEVELAND

THE only new score of substantial proportions during the latter part of the season in Cleveland was the *Concerto for Orchestra* by Morton Gould, commissioned for the Cleveland Orchestra by the Fynette Kulas American Composers Fund. Vladimir Golschmann conducted energetically, but the work shows little beyond a facile craftsman's effort to fill the broad form of the modern orchestral concerto, of the Piston or Bartok type. The conventional three movements are there, and the very large orchestra, with saxophones, is handled with skill but little subtlety. Undistinguished themes duly evolve from the germinating motives. There are fine moments of the sort that occur in Gould's more expert *Spirituals*, in whose smaller dimensions he is far better equipped to work. The flat landscape of the concerto is only occasionally relieved by a glacial knob of no particular distinction.

Copland's *El Salón México*, new to most of the members of the Cleveland public, sounded particularly fresh and engaging in a brilliant performance by Erich Leinsdorf. Fritz Reiner introduced William Schuman's *Side Show* to a public that was slow to realize its rowdy good humor.

*George Henry Lovett Smith*

## MODERN CLASSICS REACH THE COAST

OLD works by well-known contemporaries dominated the picture so far as the bulk of the San Francisco Symphony season was concerned. However, with the exception of the Bloch *Violin Concerto*, which had been given before with piano in several recitals, all these pieces were new to audiences here.

The second suite from the music to *Protée* was one of Milhaud's first big works to be introduced to this country. Frederick Stock gave it in Chicago in 1921, at the height of the furor over the Six. He handled it rather gingerly, playing only three of the five movements. They were received by the audience with blank silence broken by occasional titters and guffaws. Twenty-three years later, in San Francisco, it was one of the major hits of the season. Milhaud's music has changed in significant ways since *Protée*, though he is still delighted with cool, shapely, pastoral tunes, with big, sonorous orchestral devices, and with polytonal textures. He is no longer so much concerned with the esthetic of sheer pleasure, of which *Protée* is one of this century's most delectable expressions. The work is also one of the most perfect examples of Milhaud's command of "style," a highly inadequate term, used here to suggest qualities of cohesion and congruity.

Carlos Chavez' *Concerto for Four Horns* is a rather amazing example of emotional and atmospheric effect in a form — a kind of *sinfonia concertante* — whose style is usually entirely devoid of such associations. The music somehow evokes ancient ceremonials, the curious, almost totally static slow movement suggesting a "pagan night" of a kind Stravinsky knew nothing about. Afterward Chavez told me he had composed the piece under the spell of one of those hysterical mass religious observances during which thousands of Mexicans make long pilgrimages to Christian shrines set up where Aztec shrines once stood.

Virgil Thomson's suite from *The Plow That Broke the Plains*, which