Sunday, however, they had the opportunity to hear him play a full hour of music, unaccompanied, and it was a fine hour indeed. Before the afternoon was over, the enthusiastic audience had called him back for three encores.

A very young man, Prof. Rosen displayed in full his fine, delicate tone, and his amazingly perfected technique, which prompted the New York Tribune's critic, Virgil Thompson, to refer to him as "a Harold Renoir turned Horowitz." Prof. Rosen, a pupil of the noted concert pianist Robert Casadesus, showed himself just as able to handle Schoenberg as he could Ravel and Handel. The Pianissimo in F minor sounded in all its intricate fullness as fine as the Ravel sounded in its rapidly flowing impressionism. The Schoenberg, a very difficult piece to understand, let alone interpret, was done quite well, as was the beautiful Chopin études.

There was only one drawback to the concert, and this perhaps in the recent history of U. S. foreign policy. On the surface, his playing is flawless and full of beauty, but deep down it lacks the emotion, the wisdom held the reverence, it needs to be mechanized. He is unable to get the thought and feeling of the composition across to the listener.

It was very gratifying indeed to observe that certain previous complaints against the mechanical operation of the concert and of the "concert hall" were eliminated.

D.R.R.