The latest performance of the Beaux Arts Trio was a splendid achievement. The concert given in Sanders Theatre on March 16 and 17 was the exception that proves the rule. I found myself sitting back and experiencing the total pleasure at the combined virtuosity and humanity shown in the performance. Indeed, it was the unison of these two concepts that made the performance so inspired. Displays of virtuosity without warmth leave the listener cold. And though technically inaccurate performances which are played with heart can be enjoyable, they are clearly less than complete.

The lightness and charm of the first work, Haydn's Trio in C, was phenomenal. Writing in the allegro, the Andante was played with a gentle wisdom that created a wealth of remarkable beauty.

Bransham's Quartet is a minor study in intense concentration rooted in a deep understanding of the music; the last work, Schubert's Trout Quintet, was a delight. Menahem Pressler's playful, easy, piano playing complemented the phrasing of perfection, the gracious joy of the strings. The pleasure of the performers came through in an irresistible manner with which the Andante — the variations based on the song Die Forelle (the Trout) — came out. The natural flowing and jumping of the fortunate fish entertained the ears; we were all sent home very happy.

The crowd loved him. Absent wars the inanity shown in the performance. Indeed, it was the unison of these two concepts that made the performance so inspired. Displays of virtuosity without warmth leave the listener cold. And though technically inaccurate performances which are played with heart can be enjoyable, they are clearly less than complete.

Fulfillment

The Paradise goons kept the foot-stomping crowd to the belted down chairs and tables. And the music kept coming. (No punks pogoing off the stage here.)

What a hump out of New Wave! Forbert's was basic rock, yet, the fresh country flavor made it different. The intensity of his gravelly voice gave early Dylan overtones to his songs, which he accentuated with his whining harmonica... Although he's been around for a while, playing the same kind of music, his time had come. The steel guitar that accompanied him tinged the music with the sound of Hawaii, a warm wind from Hawaii drilling through the country town.

The crowd loved him. Absent was the intensity of the weekend before. The Teacup Explodes had had punks flying off the ceiling in Brownian motion. Nor were all of the J. Geils Band and the Cars in the audience, again. The audience here was more sedate. They had come to hear Steve Forbert, to hear fresh, rock 'n roll.

Steve Forbert and his group gave it to...