

Földes Andor, pianist

Born Pest - at 8 he played with Bp. Symphony  
Dohnanyi pupil

Port. + art. Etude feb 1942 - P. 100

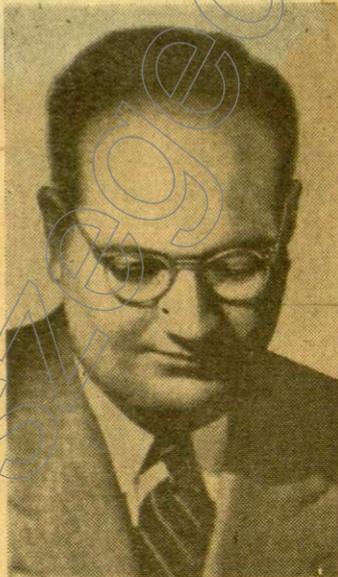
# MUSIC

By VIRGIL THOMSON

ANDOR FOLDES, pianist, recital Monday night at Carnegie Hall. The program: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue..... Bach Sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78, Beethoven Four Songs Without Words..... Mendelssohn Etudes Symphoniques..... Schumann Sonata No. 3..... de Menasse (First performance)

Two American Ballads..... Roy Harris El Indio; La Cuisa..... Paul Bowles Two Etudes..... Virgil Thomson Soiree de Vienne, No. 8..... Schubert-Liszt

## Andor Földes



Who gave a piano recital Monday night in Carnegie Hall

### A Musicians' Musician

ANDOR FOLDES, who played a recital of piano music, old and new, Monday night in Carnegie Hall, is what used to be called "a musicians' musician." The phrase means that one has knowledge, technique and taste but not much charm.

Mr. Földes can play anything, learn anything, give an efficient reading of anything. His fingers are agile and strong; his culture is monumental, his mind quick and prehensile. No difficulty can faze him, and the unaccustomed is his delight. The fact remains, however, that his playing lacks sensuous appeal. It is not ugly, but neither is it pretty in tone. It is competent but plain, a little monotonous in sound and mostly just a shade fast as to tempo.

Mr. Földes gave Monday night a noble, if somewhat severe, rendering of the Bach Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, a sound but unimpassioned reading of Beethoven's F sharp major Sonata, opus 78, and a clean, if matter of fact and rather speedy, version of the Schumann Symphonic Studies. Also a far more than merely graceful exposition of four "Songs Without Words," from Mendelssohn. But all that was for good will. After these he gave us the music of today, gave it to us straight and clean, without pomposity or affectation, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be playing, which, indeed, it is.

Jacques de Menasse's Sonatina, No. 3, sounded, I must say, when played in so business-like a fashion, very much like the conventional modern music of twenty years ago. It is a neo-classic piece based on ostinatos, pedal points and other insistent devices. It is respectable music but not very personal. I fancy it might profit from more of deliberate charm in the rendering; but the way Mr. Földes played it is, after all, the way that kind of piece was played in the decade when that kind of piece was more current as a form of contemporary expression than it is now.

Two of Roy Harris's excellent

American Ballads, two brightly figured Mexican pieces by Paul Bowles and two Etudes by myself were also exposed in full clarity. The only work of the evening that was not read with appropriate feeling for its content and style was Liszt's "Soiree de Vienne," No. 8. This concert transcription of waltzes by Schubert lacked grace and sweetness to set off its brilliance. It sounded fast, loud and relentless, like a player-piano version of Romantic Vienna.

Mr. Földes's piano playing has an agreeable way of doing the necessary, all the necessary, about a piece of music and then retiring. It is rarely fascinating to the ear, but it leaves no ugly after-sound. What remains after an evening of hearing it is a clear memory of all the music played. Few artists can project a work forcibly without themselves getting mixed up with the work projected. Andor Földes can do just that. And since musicians derive a deep satisfaction from this cool procedure, he who can do it is called a musician's musician. But few musicians' musicians, themselves not a numerous group, have this artist's intellectual powers; and almost none has his straight-from-the-shoulder, impersonal, modest-but-thoroughly-competent delivery.

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