

# MUSIC

## Artur Rubinstein

Artur Rubinstein, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon as an event in Aaron Richmond's Celebrity Series. The program:

Sonata in B minor, Op. 58.....Chopin  
Fantasiestuecke, Op. 12.....Schumann  
El Albaicin, Triana.....Albeniz  
Four Mazurkas, Op. 50.....Szymanowski  
Valse Oubliee, Rhapsody No. 12.....Liszt

By RUDOLPH ELIE

The trouble with listening to our top echelon virtuosi like Rubinstein, Horowitz and Heifetz, at least from my point of view, is that I can't listen to the music for trying to figure out during the recital what on earth I can say about them that hasn't been said a thousand times.

So it was with Artur Rubinstein yesterday afternoon in a Symphony Hall so crowded with his admirers that a couple hundred had to be seated on the stage back and front of the pianist. He played, as always, with a magnificent virtuosity all the more magnificent for its seeming effortlessness and its transparency. No one seems to make every note sound as Mr. Rubinstein does; no matter how fleeting the tempo each note is heard in all voices.

Take the Twelfth Rhapsody of Liszt, for example, which brought the printed program to a close. A basically trivial piece, he endowed it with the soul of Hungary (insofar as I am capable of determining what the soul of Hungary may be) just as he infused the Albeniz pieces with the flavor of Spain, caught the deep color of the Schumann and the radiant lyricism of Chopin. And in it, also, he demonstrated every aspect of his technical command. Who ever achieved such perfectly articulated trills? Who can play its descending scales with such uniformity in a pianissimo—forte—pianissimo curve of such quality? Who can attack the chords with such force and accuracy? Who can encompass its every difficulty so surely? And who can, in doing all this, make each note sound? Well, as I say, I can't think of anything to say about Rubinstein.

I might add, however, that I was perfectly delighted to notice that our paragon actually got mixed up in Schumann's "Soaring," but he got himself back into the right key without the slightest sign of disturbance and without, indeed, affecting the outcome in the least. It was a delight to hear Schumann's Fantasiestuecke in any case, though they would have been better contrasted with something other than Chopin, and it was also a delight to see so many people having such a good time. They would, I fancy, still be there if they had their way.