

# MUSIC

## Artur Rubinstein

Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, playing the following program:  
Sonata in E Flat Major, Op. 31, No. 3  
Beethoven  
Liszt  
Sonata in B Minor  
Polonaise in F Sharp Minor, Op. 44  
Three Posthumous Etudes  
Mazurka  
Fantaisie Impromptu  
Chopin  
Sonata in Three Movements from  
"Petrouchka"  
Stravinsky

By RUDOLPH ELIE

A piano recital by Artur Rubinstein may be aptly, if im-

pertinently, described as The Works.  
Mr. Rubinstein is first of all a personality known to everyone; his name and undoubtedly his vocation is known even to those in the farthest corner of life's bleachers. His attire on stage proclaims the personality too. No dark business suit for him but full and resplendent afternoon attire, stand-up collar, flowing ascot tie, lemon-colored double-breasted vest and all. Nor are they worn in the embarrassed conspicuity of a rented wedding ensemble; on the contrary, they are the familiar garments of thousands of distinguished encounters with pianos and audiences the world over.

The appearance sets the tone constantly, reinforced by his cockade of gray hair (cut shorter than usual), his manner of walking to the instrument, his acknowledgment of the audience and his approach to the keyboard itself. All in the audience know they are in for The Works before a note has sounded.

They are, too, and they certainly were yesterday as Mr. Rubinstein (it's almost irreverent to use the Mr.), at the top of his form, breathed life and vitality and romantic fervor into a work that verges so close to others that it has all but lost its reputation as being one of the peaks in keyboard music. This is Liszt's B minor Sonata, a work that verges to close to the pompous and comes so near to being a mammoth vanity that it needs the greatest sense of musical architecture and of taste perception to display its real worth. If Mr. Rubinstein did the charming Beethoven Sonata a little perfunctorily (as it seemed to me), he certainly plunged into the Liszt with everything at his disposal, traversing its technical and interpretative mysteries with enormous bravura and musicianship.

The little Chopin group, offering the lovely but seldom done posthumous etudes, demonstrated the pianist's same capacity to breathe new life into old works in an extraordinarily finished performance of the Fantaisie Impromptu, a work generally as badly played as the Liszt. After that Mr. Rubinstein turned to a piano sonata drawn by Stravinsky from his own "Petrouchka", and by the time he had come to the last chord he had the audience peeped and pop-eyed with an astounding demonstration of keyboard technique.

BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1955