

# Music

## Review

By TUCKER KEISER

The big work on Artur Rubinstein's Symphony Hall recital yesterday was Franz Liszt's distended Sonata in B minor in one movement. Bristling with showy technical fireworks, abounding in themes of obvious sentimentality, and loaded with the composer's devices of musical transformation, the sonata is the crowning product of an aesthetic viewpoint as dated as an anti-macassar.

Unless it is performed with a theatrical flourish, the sonata can fall as flat as the proverbial pancake. The artist must surrender himself completely to the flossily romantic drama of the music. Fortunately, this is precisely what Mr. Rubinstein did.

No one took it seriously; the sighing, the passion, the mock tenderness and the swaggering bluster emerged as so much histrionics. Only a pianist of Mr. Rubinstein's temperament and flair could bring it off. Instead of Mr. Liszt's composition being a pompous bore, it turned out to be an entertaining extravaganza.

The novelty of the concert was Stravinsky's Sonata in Three Movements from "Petrouchka." The composer, at the request of the pianist, arranged excerpts from the ballet score for piano solo; the amazing thing is how successfully Stravinsky has captured the brilliant coloring of the original for the piano. The three movements, "Russian Fair," "In Petrouchka's Room," and "Russian Dance," are connected as they are in the ballet by the ominous drum roll in the bass. The soloist tossed off the incredible virtuostic feats with his characteristic aplomb.

The program opened with an expressive reading of Beethoven's Sonata in E-flat major, op. 31, No. 3, and included a group of Chopin which the pianist performed with rugged individuality.