

Typical Notice
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TYPICAL NOTICE
BOSTON RECITAL OCTOBER 22, 1928
Boston Transcript
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Horowitz, from Bach to Brahms

To the Older Masters, the
Ultra-Modern Pianist Turns
for a Climactic Program

Vladimir Horowitz. A new experience in listening to piano music, he brings to those who have not heard him before. He is different. One can not say that he resembles this or that pianist of the present or past generations. Just as the other greatest ones of the latest generation of piano players present strong individualities—a Gieseking, or a Myra Hess—so does he. And last evening—though it was the hour of another concert and a fashionable one, though there had been a concert in the afternoon at Symphony Hall—Vladimir Horowitz filled that great hall including many chairs on the stage. After at least two of the groups, the one of works by Chopin, the other the final Liszt transcription, enthusiasm ran to a high pitch. Applause had been generous before; at these two points it exceeded itself.

Horowitz is different. What does one mean by the statement? Not merely that he possesses a prodigious technique before which the accomplishments of many a lion of a past generation seem insignificant. One thinks also of the various qualities of tone which he draws from the piano. One does not recall a pianissimo of such eerie, ghostly quality. One thinks of his melodies, played often with tone full and singing to be sure, but seldom with tone lush and over-ripe, after the fashion of many a pianist of yesterday. And one thinks of the tremendous, over-powering blocks of tone which he hurled at his audience in his climaxes. That such could be carved out of the resources of the modern piano-forte without the slightest hardness of tone or the slightest twanging of strings, and with the feeling that the pianist was never with his back to the wall but had always an ample supply of more in reserve, that such things could be, was hardly written in the book of the previous generation. Further, one notes the marvelous, almost uncanny clarity with which Mr. Horowitz plays even the most complicated music. All is etched sharply into definite and distinct lines, be they large or small. Background is and remains background and does not once intrude. And the lines themselves never blur even for the slightest fraction of a moment.

But after all, these are only technical high lights. A pianist could conceivably do all these things and still not be a musician. But Mr. Horowitz, at his best moments last evening, achieved feats of musicianship fully equal to his material equipment. Witness first that wondrous climactic ascent in program making, already mentioned, from Bach to Saint-Saens-Liszt. Witness next the growth and organic development of the melodic lines which he so clearly exposes. Witness the manner in which he orders the whole, subordinating each detail, yes, each major theme, to that marvellous unity which is the complete piece. Speed he summons over and over again, not for its own sake, but for the sake of covering ground with the ultimate purpose of making fundamental outlines all the more clear. And still more deeply he delves—with his Chopin and his Liszt at least—into the very heart, the innermost emotional content of the music. The fantasy with Mr. Horowitz has its wealth of grace and charm as well as of tumult and strife. Not the least of its qualities is a somewhat rare delicacy. The balades sing their story from beginning to end with telling point. The Mazurkas are the most exquisite of rhythmical patterning. The Etude brings resources of mood as of tone which one would scarcely have believed possible.

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★★★ SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1928

CHICAGO HERALD AND EXAMINER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1928

Horowitz, at 24, Destined to Wear Mantle of Paderewski, Says Gunn

TYPICAL NOTICE
NEW YORK RECITAL DECEMBER 7, 1928
New York Times
(Facsimile Reprint)

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Vladimir Horowitz Triumphs.

The climactic point of the concert given by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was the noble and stirring performance of the Brahms B flat piano concerto, conducted by Mr. Mengelberg, with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist. When Mr. Horowitz, playing the Tchaikovsky piano concerto in B flat minor, made his American debut with the same orchestra last season, he triumphed by the sheer fire and virtuosity of his playing. It remained to be seen whether he was as great a musician as he was a dazzling virtuoso. If doubts of this sort were entertained, yesterday they were in a fair way to being set at rest by the time he finished the concerto. Few, indeed, are the performances of this work in late seasons which have displayed such necessary technical power and such a superb grasp of the composer's intention. It was to be expected that the technical equipment of Mr. Horowitz would enable him to meet the special problems offered by Brahms's very difficult and un facile treatment of the piano. The technique, however, was the musician's ship, the sincerity and dramatic feeling with which this equipment was placed at the service of the composer. The performance had a superb vitality of spirit and the grandeur of dimension, when these qualities were called for, and the poetic color, the wayward fantasy that characterizes Brahms in his more intimate and lyrical moments. When Brahms waxed heroic the chords of the piano rang as steel on steel. It was good to hear them played in this way, at climaxes, for instance, of the first movement, or in the passionate stress of the opening of the scherzo. The piano style of Brahms in such a vein is not polite or for the small-minded. Mr. Horowitz was neither small-minded nor polite in interpretation. He played in dead earnest, with a bearish grip and breadth, or he turned the piano into the vehicle of the loveliest poetic reverie, as in the slow movement, or the play of fairy that makes the finale of the concerto so charming, so just and appropriate a conclusion to a composition that is all of peaks and forests and winding valleys. To discuss technical details of this performance would be superfluous. To attempt a description of the concerto would be today beside the mark. Mr. Horowitz, who surprised a number, even, of his admirers, loves this concerto, gladly abandons for it the stock pieces of the virtuoso's repertory and gives all his youth, his talent and convictions to its interpretation. The audience, deeply impressed, repeatedly recalled the soloist.

The concert opened with a new work, "Hebrew Suite," in five movements, by Nicolai Berezowsky. Mr. Berezowsky, who at the conclusion of this performance, rose and bowed modestly from his place as leader of the second violins of the orchestra, was born in Len-



I am happy that the Steinway has been my inseparable and faithful friend in all countries since the very inception of my concert career.

(Signed) Vladimir Horowitz.

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Stock's Support of Pianist a Real Tribute to Genius

BY GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

Vladimir Horowitz seems destined to wear the mantle of Paderewski—in other words, to be the most popular pianist of his generation. He has the personality, the magnetism and, beyond all doubt, the hand of fate has moved in his behalf. For the public believes in him even before it has heard him. Horowitz, however, will be handicapped to some extent by his musicianship. Not only is he a great personality exhibiting his reactions to great music in interesting fashion, as was his famous predecessor; he is a great musician as well, a great technician, an artist commanding all the resources of the greatest solo instrument and using them with a taste that is informed of beauty.

His account of the Tchaikovsky B-flat minor concerto yesterday, with the collaboration of Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony, was nothing less than a recreation of a worn-out display piece. He restored it to the nobility of its original impulse. He recharged its formidable battery of pianistic effects. He made the percussive tone of the piano the successful competitor of the orchestra's concourse of singing instruments. He called upon the damper pedal for every possible variety of color. Power and splendor of volume answered his command. But the piano whispered for him, too, and sang with an inflection utterly lovely and alluring.

Passages glittered under his fingers. Octaves thundered. There was uncanny facility that made the greatest velocity seem ordinary by reason of impeccable clarity and dazzling interplay of light and shade. But all these pianistic glories are only the splendid means to the achievement of a great artistic intention. Poised, serene, vital, entirely sure of himself and his powers, Horowitz never loses sight of his musical message. It is the most important one that the rising generation—he is only 24—has yet voiced. Wherefore this department urges upon every lover of great piano music to order seats now for his recital in Orchestra Hall, December 16. He is to play, among other masterpieces, the B-minor sonata of Liszt, the greatest single

work in the whole range of musical literature, little known because only the masters have played it, and they but rarely.

Stock and Symphony supported Horowitz with a sympathy and a respect that they accord but rarely. In fact, I almost expected them to address the audience with the famous phrase that summed up Schumann's praise of Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!" If they did not say it in words, their attention and response were equally eloquent.

HOROWITZ, IN RECITAL, THRILLS HIS AUDIENCE MORE THAN BEFORE

BY EDWARD MOORE.

Take a pair of hands a little more efficient and alert than the most skilled mechanism ever attached to a piano, add to it an expert knowledge of everything that can be done to a piano tone with or without the assistance of the pedals, mix them thoroughly with a transfiguring personality—then you may have something faintly approaching Vladimir Horowitz when he gives a piano recital.

He gave his first in Chicago yesterday afternoon at Orchestra Hall. To speak with entire accuracy, it was more than a recital. It was a full sized program plus the Liszt Sonata in B minor. But after three appearances with the Chicago Symphony orchestra it was his first engagement without it, and twenty minutes after he had played his last number people still were cheering and applauding and refusing to go home.

They would have stayed longer if an attendant had not come out and closed the lid of the piano as a gentle hint that the hall was to be in use during the evening and it was necessary to reset the stage.

It has been a fine thing to have him here with the orchestra, it was perhaps finer to have him without it. Many a pianist has been a hit as an orchestral soloist and something of a disappointment in a later recital, but Mr. Horowitz has now proved that he is the great, the only great, musical sensation of the last ten years in either capacity. When he got into his Chopin, the pair of mazurkas and the trio of études, he laid aside for the time being the grand manner of concerto and sonata and showed that dance and song are as close to his soul as the most stupendous sonorities, the most complex thoughts ever wrought for the keyboard.

In these pieces of lesser length, where charm and not uplift is the intention of the composer, Mr. Horowitz translates himself with perhaps even more accuracy than elsewhere. For him music is a fascinating adventure. It is furthest from his thoughts to say to his audience, "Here am I; admire me for my manifest abilities." It is rather, "Let us go adventuring and admire these lovely things together." And it is with a delight nothing short of boyish that he begins to show them. If that state of mind is boyish, I hope he never grows up, for it, quite as much as his stupendous technique, makes up the fascination of his playing.

So his personality is sometimes transfiguring and sometimes merciful. It had an enormous effect on the Liszt Sonata yesterday. Not in many years has it sounded less bombastic. But the Chopin was better hearing; Debussy's "Serenade à la Poupee" and Ravel's "Jeux d'Eau" were better hearing. Being less pompously pretentious, they accomplished more. And the superb, supreme insolence of Horowitz's own "Carmen" variations was a mark for all other pianists to shoot at. Not that it will be hit for some time to come.

ALEXANDER MEROVITCH
Representative