March 1962 50 cents

FM Listener's GUIDE

Artur Rubinstein's Grand Tour

Jazz And Third Stream Music

America's Musical Renaissance

Listener's GUIDE

Incorporating PLAYBACK

editor & publisher
Robert J. Wattoff

managing editor
David A. Himmelstein

art director
Jerold Relkoms

program editor
Rachael Price

equipment editor
Larry Zide

assistant editor
Sondra Weiss

contributing editors
Eliot Tiegel
Florence Stevenson
Marcia Hillman
Linda Charlton

advertising sales:
New York/Stanley Karr,
Midwest/Frank O'Connell
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Tel. 346-6748

DAVE GARROWAY, Chairman of the Board;
ROBERT J. WATTOFF, President;
MANUEL L. KATZ, Vice-President;
THEODORE T. STEINBERG, Treasurer;
GERALD DICKLER, Secretary.

FM LISTENER'S GUIDE is published monthly by Music Industry Promotions, Inc., 8 East 52nd St., New York 22, New York, Plaza 5-1825. Subscription Rates: One year $5.00. Entire contents, copyright 1962 by Music Industry Promotions, Inc. Application to mail at Second Class Postal rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and other stations. No part of this periodical may be reproduced in any form without permission from the publishers.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: Please allow at least four weeks for change of address or new subscriptions. For change of address include your old address as well as the new and enclose an address label from a recent issue if possible.

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: Sabine Weiss, Courtesy RCA Victor

ARTICLES

HIS MAJESTY, KING ARTUR
Worldly wise but not world weary, septuagenarian virtuoso Artur Rubinstein has just completed a tour-to-end-all-tours 5

JAZZ IS JAZZ
A sideswipe at the Third Stream status seekers and an affirmation of our native musical heritage 10

THE UNQUIET GRAVE
A sudden storm forever sealed the anonymity of this great composer's tomb 19

AMERICA'S MUSICAL RENAISSANCE—I
The first in a series of long hard looks at both the art and industry of music in the United States 20

PROGRAM SECTION A-1

DEPARTMENTS

EQUIPMENT SHOWCASE
A quick look at some of the new products for listeners 16

INSIDE TRACK
Some useful information on readying your tuner for stereo FM reception 26

MUSIC QUIZ
Can you identify these composers and match them with the instrument each played? 27

RECORDINGS
Views and reviews of the latest records including the classical and jazz Albums of the Month 28

Imperiously raising his head on our cover this month, Artur Rubinstein, the last of the keyboard virtuosos in the Grand Manner, has crowned his whirlwind career with a brilliant series of ten completely different Carnegie Hall concerts in just forty days, a feat which would wither most of his younger contemporaries. Listener's Guide took this opportunity to ask Florence Stevenson to explore the rocky, royal road to fame of . . .

HIS MAJESTY, KING ARTUR

"I think my father will play the piano until he is dead," said the blond, blue-eyed young man named Paul, who is the eldest son of Artur Rubinstein, universally acknowledged king of pianists. "He draws his energy from public response. He really communicates with his audiences. He loves them and he is a born showman."

That Artur Rubinstein is involved in a passionate love-affair with his audiences is no secret; the dynamic pianist is obviously as irresistably drawn to the concert platform as an iron filing to a magnet. In spite of his age—variously reported as seventy-three, five, or seven—Baker's **Dictionary of Musicians** lists his birthdate as January 28, 1886 — Rubinstein continues to perform such Herculean labors as his latest tour—a series of ten Carnegie Hall concerts, each consisting of an entirely different program, all done in forty days' time. This stint is ostensibly in honor of his twenty-five year alliance with Sol Hurok with the proceeds donated to charity, but knowing the Rubinstein reputation, one cannot help but feel that the pianist would use nearly any excuse to bask in the beloved limelight. Like Franz Liszt, Ignace Jan Paderewski and Anton Rubinstein, Artur is a authentic virtuoso and, in this age of growing conformity and understatement, he is also an anachronism—the last of the great 19th century piano personalities.

Certainly, there is no other living pianist with quite Rubinstein's combination of power, passion, elegance and wit. No one is more aware of this than Rubinstein himself, who confided to Abram Chasens in 1956, "What troubles me about so many younger musicians I hear is that they think small and act small. They are afraid to feel, afraid to make a mistake. Who cares about that; if you say something, say it with passion and pleasure. Piano playing is a dangerous life. It must be lived dangerously."

Rubinstein has lived dangerously. He has been perilously close to failure several times in a career that began at a charity concert in Warsaw when he was five. A wonder child, this petted son of a Lodz factory owner was far too prone to relax on his laurels, to rely on his natural skills and avoid the rigors of tedious practice. While such feats as his memorizing Franck's **Symphonic Variations** in thirty-six hours while traveling on a train to a concert in Madrid, where he played the work for the first time, were amazing and a tribute to his phenomonal memory, they did not improve his technique. In 1906, after a series of continental triumphs which included a Berlin debut, at eleven years of age, when he played the Mozart **Concerto in A minor** under the baton of his enthusiastic admirer and sponsor, Joseph Joachim, the virtuoso violinist and friend of Brahms and had concertized throughout Germany and in Poland where he succeeded in enchanting the venerable Paderewski, he gave his first performance in the United States, facing Boston without a qualm, sure of his immediate success. He was sadly mistaken. The Boston critics, unmoved by advance notices detailing the youth's European exploits, stated crisply that Rubinstein was "half-baked, not a prodigy and not an adult."

The youngster reacted like a true artist. He dismissed his good European notices and clutching the negative American blurbs to his breast, retired from public life and began to work hard to rectify his mistakes. When he returned to Berlin in 1910 to play his first concert

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF RCA VICTOR

in four years, he was asked about his activities in the four preceding seasons and answered, "I have been dead for a few years."

It must have been a sort of death for a man who recently said, "I do love you, my public . . . I am incapable of giving anything out of my heart without loving my public" to desert that public for those years. But that absence proved profitable; for the resuscitated pianist—who had spent his "dead years" in Paris restudying his repertoire and as he succinctly put it, "shedding my immaturity" —had found a new freedom of expression. In the following seasons, he also proved that he was a discoverer. While he programmed the gems of classicism in his concerts he also spread the gospel of modern music. In 1916, he endeared himself to Spain and to all Spanish-speaking countries with his performances of the works of composers Albeniz and de Falla; he had been booked for four recitals and he played one hundred and twenty! To a Rubinstein still wincing from the sting of his "Plymouth adventure", this Spanish salve proved especially soothing.

However, in spite of this and other artistic triumphs, Rubinstein had not yet scaled the Matterhorn of music. He had climbed to the tops of some of the more accessible peaks and he was beginning to enjoy the sort of acclaim that Liszt and Chopin had reaped, for like his predecessors, Rubinstein is a man of the world—a witty, genial, cultured Bohemian who has captured the love of beautiful women, who can dismiss inferior champagne with a taste and banish a bad cigar with one sniff. Sought after by international hostesses, charming them in eight languages while compelling the serious attention of their husbands with his knowledge of world affairs—Rubinstein today does not have patience with "ivory-tower" artists: "What kind of people are they? What moral responsibility can they have to remain aloof from humanity's constant struggle against oppression. Bah! They simply have no capacity to think or to feel. Their world is their own size; and they sound like it."

Rubinstein could very well have remained a popular pianist, a second-rung success. In fact, when he returned to the U.S. in 1919, it seemed that his career was turning in that direction for while he aroused some felicitous critical comment, he still had not succeeded in conquering the New World. Nor had he done so by 1927 when he paid, what he must have dejectedly thought, his last visit to American shores. In the years that followed, the artist contented himself with European bouquets, enriched his repertoire and in 1932, married Aniela Mlynarski, daughter of Jan Mlynarski, conductor of the Warsaw Symphony. Rubinstein had performed under Mlynarski some thirty-one years before, at a time when his bride had not yet been born. The fable of marriage as a stabilizing influence proved true in the case of the effervescent pianist. Though his bubbles remained in the glass, his sensitive and sensible bride saw to it that they did not overflow. In fact, shortly after the wedding, he and Aniela withdrew to an Alpine village where for one summer he cloistered himself by day in a windowless shed where he again restudied his entire repertoire. When he re-emerged it was as an artist who would soon be called "the world's most legendary keyboard virtuoso" and be cited as having reached "a new plateau of greatness". He had cleansed himself of all impurities and attained at last

an attack that linked him with the past and at the same time projected him through the present, making him, in effect, a master.

However, though his subsequent performances articulated for all the world that the "playboy of the piano" had made his last bow, he still hesitated when, in 1937, S. Hurok approached him with an invitation to return to America. He even warned the impressario that such a trip might result in failure. Hurok insisted and Rubinstein finally acquiesced. That November, he played his initial three concerts with the New York Philharmonic. The third concert, scheduled on a Sunday afternoon, was broadcast across the country and with his playing of Tchaikowsky's **Concerto in B-flat minor,** Artur Rubinstein made musical history. **The New York Times** rhapsodized the following day that he was ". . . a brilliant pianist and musician who should have been heard oftener in late years on this side of the ocean." At last Rubinstein had achieved world conquest.

In the twenty-five years since Rubinstein played that concert, he has compounded his reputation to the extent that moments after box offices first open to sell tickets to his concerts, the **Sold-Out** sign is held in readiness. Television, radio and motion picture appearances have made him familiar to the general public and taxi drivers have been known to offer to carry him gratis just to say that he had graced their cabs. His great American popularity is, perhaps, his greatest garland because the United States is now officially his home—he became a citizen in 1946. However, his European acclaim has not lessened since he deserted foreign soil. Recently, the French government awarded him the **Medaille of Arts and Letters** and when, in the autumn of 1947, he returned to a Europe he had not seen since the outbreak of the war, he played to houses so packed that extra seats were placed on the stage and standees thronged the aisles. He has had a triumphal progress through Paris, Rome, Milan and other major cities. In fact, the Rubinstein of today has almost the stature of a "classic" — he is relatively free from anything but the highest critical praise. The **New Yorker** reviewer summed it up when writing about the November 10th Carnegie concert, "There is very little a critic can say about Rubinstein at this late date. He is more than a pianist, he is a great concert personality of a type that is now, except for him, virtually extinct and there is an atmosphere about his recitals that suggests a papal audience."—to which Rubinstein might reply, as he did in a recent interview, "It is a very wonderful stage that one reaches only after many years. Now I never think of what can please. I can play a slow movement. Thirty years ago, I would have worried it would be too slow and the audience wouldn't like it. Now, no. In a nutshell—one stops making concessions."

Thanks to the electronic advancements of this age, the art of Rubinstein—his feted interpretations of Chopin, his inspired handling of Beethoven, the drama he brings to Falla and the countless other brilliant renditions of the world's great piano literature are preserved on RCA Victor records; he is one of that company's best-sellers and has been awarded a golden record for passing the million mark in sales. With the boundless energy and enthusiasm of a teen-ager, the king shows no sign of abdicating; as his son Paul said, "he will probably play until he is dead." Long live the King.