

THE RECORD REVIEW

SCHUMANN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MINOR. Yehudi Menuhin & the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, conducted by John Barbirolli (Victor M, AM 451; 4 records, \$7.50).

PROKOFIEFF: VIOLIN CONCERTO No. 2 IN G MINOR. Jascha Heifetz & the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky (Victor M, AM 452; 3 records, \$6.50).

MOUSSORGSKY: FOURTEEN SONGS. Vladimir Rosing, tenor (Decca Album 2; 6 records, \$6.75).

BRAHMS: SONATA IN D MINOR FOR VIOLIN & PIANO. Joseph Szigeti & Egon Petri (Columbia 324; 3 records, \$5.00).

WHEN Mr. Menuhin played the resurrected Schumann Concerto in Boston last winter, I rashly remarked that he ought to have observed the custom of the orthodox Jews which forbids the exhuming of an interred corpse. My remark was entirely unfair. The more I listen to the recording of the Concerto, the more impressive the music becomes.

While the Concerto obviously cannot stand comparison with the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, it still does not deserve the harsh criticism which was launched against it on its first presentations in this country. The first movement is weak; the finale is badly padded; and much of the sentimental touch is in the music. But the Concerto also has lofty, romantic passages where Schumann, the true poet, comes to the fore.

Soloist and associates play the music with earnest devotion, revealing its strength and concealing its infirmities behind vigorous performance. I can see no other course than to have added this Concerto to the recorded literature. And Victor's records are splendid.

IF the Schumann Concerto cannot rank with the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, Prokofieff's Concerto can; at least so believe many persons, including Mr. Heifetz. Count me among them.

The music has simplicity, warmth, passion, breadth, and beauty. Of the three movements, the first opens with poignant theme, Russian to its core, played by the solo violin, and builds up to a climax of wild intensity. The slow movement is constructed on a motif that might serve as a melody for a child's song; and the finale is a dynamo of nervous musical energy, characteristically Prokofieff. It is only in the finale that "identifications" of the composer really appear.

The Concerto adheres to strict form, although the quality is contemporary. Written in 1935, it is lyrical throughout, without traces of forced writing. Plain,

honest music it is. So plain that it suggests glibness. At any rate it is easy to enjoy.

Mr. Heifetz' performance is brilliant, though no more so than the orchestra's or Victor's. In fact, much of the simplicity may be deception in the presence of playing so facile. Time and repeated hearings make it difficult to sustain this contention, however. You should put this set on your *must* list.

MOUSSORGSKY was as vitally interested in drama as in music. Music to him was a medium for capturing more completely the dramatic content of the word. His songs, then, augment the drama of the text, and any device which furthers that end finds its way into them.

To interpret his songs, an artist rather than a singer is required. Mr. Rosing is not the world's greatest tenor. Nor is Mr. Rosing a Chaliapin. But Mr. Rosing has a palatable voice and a keen perception of dramatic values. In a word, Mr. Rosing is well endowed for the task he here undertakes.

The songs seem to me too preoccupied with the dramatic aspects to be musically exciting. On the whole they lack variety in the long run, unless sung with exceptional care. An ordinary singer makes them as dull as a Dostoevski novel.

Mr. Rosing, to be sure, makes the songs colorful. Decca's recording is remarkably articulate, and clearly and sensitively projects the subtleties in Mr. Rosing's interpretations. Like the Beethoven Sonatas (reviewed last month), the discs have too much residue. But the using of a sapphire-pointed needle (about which I shall have more to say in the near future) minimizes the noise. With the sapphire needle, you may enjoy sharp recording and the beauty of some of Moussorgsky's songs, notably his cycle, "Four Songs of Death."

SZIGETI is with us again, this time with Egon Petri, playing Brahms. Victor's set by Kochanski and Rubinstein formerly held the throne in this realm. Fine as it is, it must yield to this new version. Petri outdoes himself to remain abreast of his distinguished partner. Szigeti plays with his customary eloquence. The tempos are judicious; the style has taste; the playing is vigorous or delicate as the moods demand; the recording is quiet and clear. All told, this is one of the outstanding recordings in the violin sonata literature, and even the clique that detests Brahms will have to admit that this is so.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

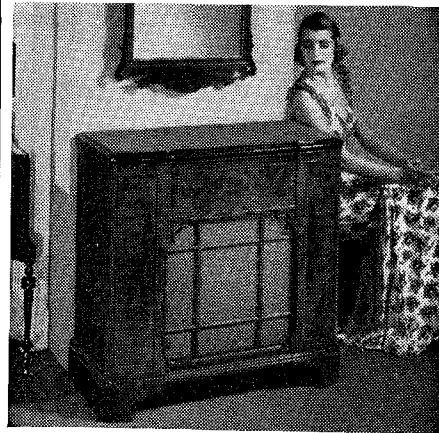
Yours FOR KEEPS on Victor Records DEBUSSY'S "IBERIA"



played by the
Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra
of New York
John Barbirolli, Conductor

First American recording of one of the most beautiful impressionistic works ever composed. It is a sensitive vignette of Old Spain . . . romantic, passionate, and primitively colorful. Heard on these new Victor Higher Fidelity Records, it glows with life. Victor Album M-460 (Victor Album AM-460 for automatic operation); 5 sides. \$5.50.

RCA VICTROLA U-130. Distinguished 18th Century Cabinet. Gentle-Action, automatic record changer . . . Feather-touch crystal pickup . . . Electric Tuning for 8 stations—Push a button, there's your station! Price \$230.00*, including RCA Victor Master Antenna, membership in Victor Record Society, \$9.00 worth of any Victor Records you choose. Other new RCA Victrolas from \$24.50* up.



For finer radio performance—RCA Victor Radio Tubes. Listen to the "Magic Key of RCA" every Sunday, 2 to 3 P.M., E.D.S.T. You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. easy payment plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna. *Price f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

RCA Victrola
Combines Record and Radio Entertainment
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



WHAT DO SAVAGES TALK ABOUT?

—The weather, perhaps, or the “big one that got away,” conversational prototypes of which you will find even in our own cultural hinterlands.

But pleasantries like these are not enough for FORUM readers. That’s why they read FORUM in the first place, why too, many of them are adding GLOBE to their reading schedules.

If you like FORUM, you are bound to like GLOBE. So don’t hesitate. Send for your free copy today. If you insist on subscribing however, the price is one dollar, for six issues.

Globe

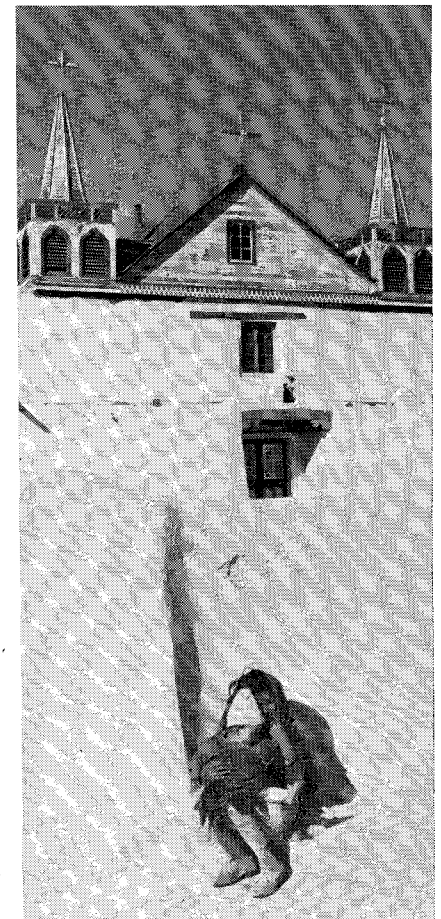
THE INTERNATIONAL
MAGAZINE

Saint Paul, Minnesota

A Pueblo Indian woman of Santa Fe, New Mexico (below) and (right) swimming and relaxing in the sun-bathed patio of the Hotel Playa de Cortes, Guaymas, Mexico



Brother in his element on Burro's time — chaps, sombrero, and a worthy steed!



Security and hope — in the shadow of the spires of Isleta Pueblo Mission Church