

Brilliant Moiseiwitsch Recital

WARM RECEPTION AT CITY HALL

IT is true that the wonder and glory of great music only emerges to the full in the playing of a great executant. The music is there, imperishable, for all who come to the magic fount; but only he who can enter into the contrasting moods and emotions; the whirl of thought and feeling; the grace and tenderness that must possess the composer during those great moments when his soul is purged in composition—only he can do justice to his music. Indeed, the player must have more than the capacity to understand and feel the music; he must have at his command technique approaching perfection in order to control and bring out all the nuances of musical expression.

This was well demonstrated at the Moiseiwitsch recital at the Johannesburg City Hall on Wednesday evening last. There was a full house which received the performance of the great virtuoso with thunderous applause.

A QUIET man, confident at the piano, he takes no stock in the tricks of showmanship which lesser artists use to impress their audience. He seeks neither to dazzle by his wizardry nor to extort from the music such effects as would stress his own individuality as executant. He plays as a great artist should play. He gives himself to the music. He is like one who has strayed into the temple of an unknown God whose vastness, sinking into his soul, leads him to bow reverently before the altar, and seek to give what service he may.

The chief feature of Wednesday night's programme was one of the greatest of musical compositions, Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor, better known as the Appassionata.

There is so much in this immortal work, so many ideas and thoughts, that it would be ludicrous to attempt to indicate anything of its contents here. Romain Rolland in his work on Beethoven devotes about forty pages to it, showing that it was, besides one of the composer's greatest works, a key to his whole emotional and intellectual make-up. In Moiseiwitsch Beethoven has an interpreter such as his music demands. In his rendering of the Appassionata he tears the heart asunder with those tempestuous movements of passion, and makes it weep with those mournful yearning bars that have for all time immortalized the plaintive longings of the soul for love and tenderness. He played the Sonata as a piece, one movement flowing from the other, and all deriving from the simple phrases, stated in the opening, upon which the work is built. The performance received a great ovation and the artist responded lavishly with encores.

THE second half of the programme included five Chopin numbers, among which were the Ballade in F Major, the lovely Nocturne in G Major, and the B Flat Minor Scherzo. In these the perfect control of Moiseiwitsch was evidenced to the full. Not even in the stormy passages of the Ballade was there the slightest blurring, while in the softer passages every note and phrase emerged with liquid clarity.



At the Piano.

The Chopin items were enthusiastically received and Moiseiwitsch responded with several encores, among them "The Musical Box," a hackneyed composition which he transformed into a thing of charm and beauty.

The closing programme numbers were Liszt's piano arrangements of Wagner's Liebestod and the Overture to Tannhauser, in which the virtuoso technique of Moiseiwitsch was in evidence. The performance of the Overture especially was an exhausting task and one could see that the player was tired after it. Nevertheless, he appreciated his warm reception so much that, despite tiredness, he gave lavishly of his artistry, in several encores, among which was one of the Hungarian Rhapsodies.

In my enthusiasm for the magnificent rendering of the Appassionata, I forgot to mention that Moiseiwitsch opened his programme with Beethoven's Andante Favori, which he played with the depth and understanding that marked the whole of his performance. In this, as in the whole programme, he held the audience enchanted, their silence being broken only when the last lingering echoes had died away.

E.B.

THE NEW PATH.

(Concluded from page 28).

A year passes very quickly. This year, however, when Rosner's son was at the University of Jerusalem, swept like a hurricane over the Jews of Germany, uprooting them, gathering them from their nooks and crannies, thrusting them down from their heights and pinnacles, driving them out of mental ease and comfort. It was the year which more than any other year in the long annals of Jew-

ish history, converted indifferent Jews into loyal Jews. One of them even changed from M. Rosner back into Moritz Rosenbaum.

Moritz did not wait for the return of his son Joachim from Jerusalem. Joachim was where he belonged. Soon came the news that he had given up his art studies, for the time being at least, since Palestine was not in need of archaeologists. He was now studying plant and animal culture, though not at Mount Scopus, but at a kvut-

zah in the valley of Jezreel. And he dug the ground, not for monuments of ancient art, but for turnips and melons.

Now it was Moritz Rosenbaum who laughed. For his co-religionists whose sons were not in Palestine envied him. Now Moritz Rosenbaum ceased speaking of "striking out for new paths," but of the "new path." . . .

"Judische Rundschau," Berlin.
(Condensed).

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MOSMARK MATZOS—THE KOSHER MATZO