

## Rachmaninoff Still Possesses at 69 His Qualities of Greatness

UNLIKE any other musician before the public today, Sergei Rachmaninoff, who appeared last night at the University, has attained such a degree of dominance in three fields, as pianist, composer and conductor, that he may be said categorically to be the greatest single figure in contemporary music.

Time calls him titanic and Robert Simon, writing in the New Yorker magazine about a year ago, reported that "it seems hardly necessary to re-affirm the mastery of Sergei Rachmaninoff here"—to which it should be added only that it seems even less necessary here to re-affirm this indirect re-affirmation. For Mr. Rachmaninoff showed last night that he still possesses, at 69, all the prodigious enthusiasm, the poetic sensibility and, what is more important, all the inherent sincerity and nobility that have made him one of the uncommonly great figures in all music.

Bringing all these tremendous resources to the piano, as he does, an evening with Rachmaninoff is invariably an evening not likely

to be forgotten, one which for pure musicianship likely will not be equaled soon again.

Among other things on his program, Mr. Rachmaninoff played an English Suite of Bach, two compositions by Liszt, a pair of slick Wagnerian transcriptions, his own remarkable transcription of a Moussorgsky Hopak, and music by Chopin and Robert Schumann.

Although the Chopin Sonata in B Flat Minor which Mr. Rachmaninoff played is done with some success by others, it remains incontestable that only a profound musician can bind Chopin's four mighty but mad children into a whole that really sticks together. Mr. Rachmaninoff, it scarcely needs to be noted, did just that last night.

And in addition to these, Mr. Rachmaninoff included two of his own piano pieces, a brilliant Etude Tableau and the nostalgic little Fifth Prelude from Opus 32, both of which are characteristic of the perfect form and taste with which he writes. As a matter of fact, the other complaint I have to make is that there weren't more.

—FRANK WILLIAMS.