

## MUSIC

## Rachmaninoff

By THOMAS B. SHERMAN.

**F**OR those who believe that Chopin and Liszt are the beginning and end of music the recital given by Sergei Rachmaninoff in the Gold Room of Hotel Jefferson last night was an event without flaw or taint. Certainly no modern exponent of these two masters could have delivered their music with more authority and more poetic depth—and, if one is a Chopinophile, poetic depth is undoubtedly what one wants, the deeper the better.

But for those who feel that Liszt immediately turns into the Grand Old Bore of music as soon as one hears more than two of his compositions and that the perfume of the Polish tuberose is a little heavy to be borne alone, the occasion was provocative of something less than complete rapture. Even if the great Russian pianist could abide no modern composers except those whose names begin with R, he could still have fallen back on Bach, Beethoven and Schumann.

As the reader may have guessed by now, Rachmaninoff's program was a Chopin-Liszt affair. Even his encores—with the exception of a certain prelude in C sharp minor—were Chopin-Liszt. And a crowded auditorium not only forgave him for thus making it easy for himself but gave every evidence of rapturous approval.

Rachmaninoff's Chopin was as romantic as the law allows. In making it so he not only employed the full value of his opulent tone but a frequent rubato and strong contrasts in accent. But the nobility of proportion that he consistently maintained, together with the depth of his feeling prevented his playing from ever being mannered.

The Chopin Ballade in F minor struck this reviewer as being a definitive Chopin—that is to say it was as charged with feeling as it could possibly be, but the dignity and grace that it also had made its quiet ecstasy deeply affecting.

Besides his own prelude, Rachmaninoff played the Chopin-Liszt "Maiden's Wish" and Chopin's E minor waltz.