

# Rachmaninoff Proves His Mastery of Music

**One of Three World's Greatest Pianists Gives Wonderful  
Exposition of His Consummate Skill Before Au-  
dience Filling Kalurah Temple**

One of the three greatest pianists in the world played at the Kalurah Temple last night to an audience that was a tribute to his greatness. It was an audience that knew him only through his music and his reputation as it filed in and filled nearly every seat in the great hall. It knew him for the consummate artist that he is before he was half through his recital.

The two other great pianists, Paderewsky and Hoffman, depend largely on their hair manes and mannerisms for their appeal to popular applause. Rachmaninoff wears his hair, now turning gray, cut short like a business man. And he has no mannerisms. He is six feet tall and ungainly. He shuffles in and he shuffles out and his bow is as ungraceful as his walk. Making music is a business with this business man who looks more like a financier than an artist. He takes his work seriously as befits one engaged in grave affairs.

No numbers were posted to guide those unfamiliar with the compositions played last night. So many of those who listened were unable to identify the pianist's own masterpieces. He began with Mozart's Sonata No. 9, which in the Tema with variations opens rather raggedly on the upper notes. The man who had heard the village elocutionist recite, "How Ruby Played" began to twist in his seat and wonder why he had braved the weather with a good coal fire burning at home. But the Tema is not all prelude and when the aria is done and the variations are encountered even a Rachmaninoff may be aroused to action. And the man with the coal stove and all his brothers and sisters in the

audience began to realize that they were in the presence of a master.

Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar, says the word. Also you find a great southpaw pianist if you scratch Rachmaninoff. He is fully equal to the runs and trills and the lighter touch of the right hand but he likes best of all the lower end of the keyboard. He gives you the impression of reserved power in the caressing touch of the stormiest passages. You see the struggles between civilization and barbarism in the man's nature as he plays. But he represses his soul's expression through the keys as he represses all other expression in his graven image face. That is, he does this in all save his own compositions. In them he tells a little of his inner self.

What with the various movements the offerings were fairly plentiful last night but not sufficient to satisfy as admiration grew. So after "Papillons" by Schumann, a prelude in C sharp minor was given as an encore and as finale Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words No. 3."

This was the program in detail:

- 1—Sonata No. 9 .....Mozart  
Tema con variations.  
Ménuet to  
Dondo alla Turca.
- 2—Papillons ..... Schumann
- 3—(a) Ballads.  
(b) Valse, E-flat major.  
(c) Barcarolle.  
(d) Valse, G-flat major ..... Chopin
- 4—(a) Polichinelle  
(b) Barcarolle ..... Rachmaninoff
- 5—Rhapsodie Espagnole .....Lizst

Thursday night Rachmaninoff will be heard with the New York Philharmonic in its principal Winter concert. After that New York as well as Binghamton will have forgiven the Bolsheviki for driving him out of Russia.