

RACHMANINOFF GIVES ALL-RUSSIAN PROGRAM

Mr Rachmaninoff, at his third recital of music for the piano yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, played an all-Russian program. Music all new to this city, it began with the pianist's Variations on a theme by Chopin, op 22, and ended with his six Etudes-Tableaux. Between came Scriabine's Sonata-Fantaisie, op 19; eight Preludes, op 11, and two Etudes, op 42 and a Tragedie-Fragment, op 7, and three Fairy Stories, op 20 and 26, by Nicolai Medtner, the pianist's contemporary, 40 years old, a man two little known here, judging by his music heard yesterday.

A remarkable concert, baffling to the hearer who hesitates in his admiration whether to be swept the more by the wealth of ideas, imagery, colors in this absorbing music from Russia or by the masterful recreation of the art which gave it sound and substance. Again Mr Rachmaninoff was the supreme interpreter. Again his playing held that incomparable quality of improvisational vividity, as though the first man at morn of the first day stood and beheld the beauty of the world.

The pianist was to be seen in a new light as composer. His variations upon Chopin's short and familiar prelude as a theme—with what matchless proportion and perspective he played it—are a series of pictures, of moods. Music that seems not to exist as music, but as the astral image of fantasies and dreams, his six pictorial studies which closed the program, wove a spell which made one ask "Is this but a piano upon which this man plays?"

Illusion of color, fugitive gradation of tints and formulas of atmosphere have been surprised by him of their secrets, but it is not as though the painter at the keyboard were imparting a glamor or a significance to measures which they did not inherently possess. The composer was a surpassing colorist in these miniatures. There was infinite variety and a wealth of character.

Asked after the concert in one of the few minutes left him to catch the 5 o'clock train for New York what program he had in mind for these charming studies, now peopled seemingly with elves, now gnomes, the composer smiled and said: "Ah, that is for me and not the public. I do not believe in the artist disclosing too much his images. Let them paint for themselves what it most suggests."

Scriabine's fantasie and preludes, comparatively early opus numbers, are far less extreme in content and form than the 7th sonata, op 64, first played here by Mr Bauer two years ago tomorrow. The preludes were finely chiseled and individual. The two studies, of great difficulty and of a later period, are marvelously contrived and made an impression. So, too, the music of Medtner, the intensely dramatic fragment and the deliciously fantastic humor of the fairy stories.

The annexed recital went steadily on, the great audience loath to let the pianist go, and he, most generous, including, among others, his popular prelude in C sharp minor.