

THE impression made by Sergei Rachmaninoff in his recital Friday was that of a man sincere with himself. It is a rare sincerity—that which makes a man honest, not only with the world, but with himself—particularly among concert artists, who are constantly tempted to exaggerate their personal importance as compared with that of the music they interpret.

It was this sincerity that brought the audience face to face occasionally with the emotional material out of which Rachmaninoff's music is made. His sense of proportion is so fine that he is able to look upon the self-torture and struggle of the Russian people without, as it were, getting in his own light. The lightest of the four etudes was tinged with sorrow and shot through with barbarism thinly or not at all veneered. The simplicity of the man's methods suggests those of a painter who scorns the blended palette and uses instead, pure and vigorous primary colors.