

# *Pianist Puts Sunday Music on High Plane*

## *Rachmaninoff Makes Hard Road for Rivals.*

BY EDWARD MOORE.

Whenever Sergel Rachmaninoff comes to town for a piano recital he is in the habit of doing what Frank Tinney used to describe as fixing a piece of music so no one else can play it. After his visit to the Auditorium yesterday afternoon the person who during the rest of this season attempts to play Chopin's A flat ballade or Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata will be taking a risk.

As the years go on Rachmaninoff's playing grows bigger and more human at the same time. Nowadays during a heavy bombardment of applause he once in a while allows a faint smile to break into his ordinarily saturnine expression, and the same smile occasionally creeps into his playing. The Chopin E major etude in his program was rather hard of tone; the ballade following it was positively joyous.

One has long ago stopped discussing him as a technician, because nothing in piano music seems to cause him hesitation or annoyance. His playing is as brilliant as a fireworks display and as certain as though it were done by a machine. Only a few of the same sort as himself will care to play his own music, of which he gave three specimens. He ended with a gigantic performance of what Leopold Godowsky has done in transcribing the Strauss "Artist's Life" waltz. It had been blue penciled a bit, but it was waltz music of high tension and thunderous tone. There was a post-recital list of encores, of which the first was another glittering and baffling transcription of Fritz Kreisler's "Liebesleid," sounding suspiciously as though Rachmaninoff himself had done it.