Monday—"He plays the piano as if it were a violin," said my companion at Artur Rubinstein's recital at Carnegie Hall. I thought it a striking way of expressing the intimacy existing between this great artist and his instrument. Even when he strikes a few wrong notes, as he did in the wind-whistling-over-the-graves movement of Chopin's B-flat Sonata, he has something mature and important to say about the music, something that can be said only by a compassionate man of the world. He has few if any equals in Chopin and in the Spanish music that closed this program. There also was a Debussy group, in which the colors of *L'Isle Joyeuse* and the humor of *General Lavine* made you forget it was a piano he was playing. Here it was a whole orchestra with woodwinds and percussion instrument as well as fiddles.

The vast audience wouldn't let him go. He played encores—a Brahms Intermezzo, a Chopin Waltz, the Shostakovich Polka from the *Golden Age* ballet—and came out between them to thank the audience and wave them good-by. Only when the workmen arrived to remove the piano did the house empty. The tribute was given to great pianism.