

RACHMANINOFF IN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH

Russian Composer Heard in Fine Pianistic Program at Poli's Theater.

Rachmaninoff did not sound the tragic note yesterday afternoon, but he gave an entrancingly lovely program of rare pianistic art and absorbing interpretations at his recital at Poli's Theater, the fifth concert in the Philharmonic Course presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene. For Sergei Rachmaninoff, the great Russian pianist-composer, is that unusual thing in an artist—the interpreter as creator.

He played Chopin, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, several of his own compositions, and a Liszt rhapsodie. Foremost in the creative vein were his re-created Chopin numbers, in which a fund of imagination, of ideas, of hidden beauties discovered in the music were surpassingly exquisite and filled with that vital rhythm that is a part of his native heritage.

Rachmaninoff plays inside the music, as it were, revealing the inner voices until the harmonic texture takes on new hues, giving a wealth to the background of his playing that surges in an everflowing undercurrent like a potent and luminous tide.

A CHOPIN "BALLADE."

Then over this there rises purest melody in tone of many meanings, in runs as startlingly capricious as the water in the two Barcarolles, one of Chopin and his own, the opus 10. His Chopin, the G-minor "Ballade," the A-flat "Valse" and the "Ballade" revealed the intellectual giant with that fund of delicacy that animates a Pavlova. That waltz, how gay and simple and illusive it was, as though

NAPOLEON ON MUSIC

Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.—At St. Helena.

filled with human motion, and Polish mood. His Chopin could not be more subtle, and yet it was so wholesome, with no touch of the peurotic. The "voice" of Chopin was there in arias of lovely tone, while this master's command of dynamics vitalized every random phrase with their double trills, warm covered tones, and typical beauty.

MENDELSSOHN SONGS.

Then the Mendelssohn, five of the songs without words. The "Hunting Song" was fresh with the spirit of the chase, full of joy and rarely executed. Romance, caprice, pure melody, and the final seventeenth, an agitato as dramatic as the Erlking, made the pianist's gifts peculiarly fanciful, while the opening Beethoven, the sonata in E minor, was utter simplicity and purity in music, as defined as the many voices of a chorale.

His own "Polichinelle," all a flutter with the festal spirit, held a gem of an aria that was a rarely covered romanza, while the pianist's "Barcarolle" whetted the appetite for the ultra modern, but proved with its rich modulations and modern tonalities a work sane and clear amid its intricacies.

To the pianist Liszt is—pianistic. The Rhapsodie Espagnole was picture, illusion, in which the piano held its full variety of display. But more interesting in the music lover's mind were the four encores, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," the Chopin C sharp minor waltz, the final gracious G major waltz, and Rachmaninoff's own rich "Prelude." JESSIE MacBRIDE.

Read the "Want Ads" daily; you will find them interesting and profitable. Many worth-while offers in today's issue of The Washington Times.