

Rachmaninoff Thrills 3,000 Listeners; Receives Ovation at Performance Here

By GEORGE W. SEIDL

Sergei Rachmaninoff has appeared—and gone . . .

To many his piano concert here will be the ne plus ultra of their musical lives, for Rachmaninoff is Rachmaninoff, and next to immortality.

Others, rebuffed by the icicled personality, vaguely tried to name within themselves what it was that disturbed; nor perhaps will ever know the answer.

Still others, mentally over-keyed, expected the impossible; would perhaps have been displeased even with a joint performance by Beethoven, Bach and Liszt themselves . . .

Accorded Big Ovation—

Perhaps, too, it is just as well.

Known, yet unknown; unbending, yet not rude; tactiturn, yet lighted by an inner flame, Rachmaninoff, the man, will perhaps remain enigma.

Provo accorded him a mighty hand. As he rolled magnificently through the final brilliancies of Liszt's "Tarantella, Venezia e Napoli," one could feel the ovation near. Then more than two-and-one-half minutes of sustained clapping by 3,000 persons acclaimed.

Rachmaninoff (a symptom of a smile one fancied might appear) disappeared, acknowledged twice, and then, though perhaps it cost him effort, encored once with the multi-played "Prelude in C Sharp Minor," his own composition.

Charming Performer—

He disappeared, was almost instantly out of the building and gone . . .

Despite his singular indifference to showmanship such as Cherniavsky gave, to youthful brilliance as of Casadesus; Rachmaninoff charmed. Every note, precise and etched, blended in almost magical pianissimos, in resplendent cascades en forte. Shaded to an acuteness of tonal distinction, sustained passages breathed and left into life; sometimes a life nymphlike, sometimes majestic. Rippling with uncanny dexterity, Rachmaninoff wove musical glories into technically intricate passages of which only those who
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watched those groomed hands fly might best be aware.

Favorites among his selections varied. The wistful, yet joyous Beethoven "Sonata" was pure delight; Schubert's "Impromptu" will live in memory as "a joy forever;" his Chopin and Liszt selections warmed one's blood. This could be said: Each immortal composer lived as a distinctive personality in the incarnation by Rachmaninoff's skill.

Austere in Manner—

Little annoyances might be noted in the evening, but of these it would best be to forget; live only in the memorial of the evening's glories.

Rachmaninoff is no longer young; Provoans will perhaps never have opportunity to see him here again. But always he will live in memory—stern perhaps in person, but blood and fire and warm emotion at the keyboard.