

## Week-End Concerts

### Rachmaninoff

Last evening's celebrity concert at the Paramount brought Rachmaninoff, and Rachmaninoff brought to the theatre the sort of audience which is so often attracted by a player of his great repute. It had the makings of a splendid concert, and if this had not been February in Liverpool one would doubtless have enjoyed it enormously.

Rachmaninoff, besides being one of the world's master pianists, must be a man of iron self-control, for the bronchial obbligato from the audience was simply terrible. It is high time Artur Schnabel came to Liverpool again and administered another dose of his "cough balsam" to concert audiences. It was noticeable that after Schnabel's little outburst at a master piano recital in Central Hall last season concert manners in the city improved greatly.

Last evening's programme was admirably chosen. It had as its core the Beethoven E flat major sonata ("Les Adieux" and so forth), and twelve of the Chopin preludes from opus 28. There were also Rameau's variations for harpsichord, the E minor toccata of Bach, Schubert's A flat minor impromptu, and D major rondo (and because the audience, knowing its "Lilac Time," knew the tunes, the coughing ceased as by a miracle), the pianist's own G major prelude and to finish, some Liszt.

The pianist's complete lack of plat-form mannerisms, his iron concentration, and the cold reserve of his tall, spare form are apt to create a visual impression that is not borne out by his playing, for he is, in every way, a most enchanting performer, his work being most notable, I think, for the fine architecture of his phrasing

B. M.