

Rachmaninoff Pleases Crowd

By N. L. V.

A concert was given Tuesday evening by Sergei Rachmaninoff at the Pinney theatre.

For many members of his audience, it was more than a concert. It was an experience, an enchanted interlude in an unknown realm. Few there had heard such playing before, and the strange quality of the pianist himself left many with the feeling that the evening was unique in another way—that never again would they have within reach that particular type of perfection.

Plays Simply

The famed pianist, unostentatious and reserved in manner, played as simply as he walked on the stage; there was no florid bombast. Clear and exquisite color; lovely lyricism; infinite tenderness; power.

The artist made no overt gesture to ensnare his audience. Although his program was made up of light classical numbers, with the exception of the first two Bach and Chopin selections, he chose no familiar, recital-worn numbers. Most people had to forego the smug titillation that comes whenever a melody is recognized.

The applause was all the more stormy then, when Rachmaninoff played two well known numbers for the encores his audience stubbornly demanded: His own C Sharp Minor prelude, and Flight of the Bumble Bee, by Rimsky-Korsakov.

No Indulgence

Boise audiences are used to being kindly indulged by their artists. It got no indulgence Tuesday night from the Russian pianist, and deserved none. The entire first number was played through a rain of coughs that continued in a spattered and irritating patter throughout the concert.

If Rachmaninoff's walk and his bows are not agile, his eyebrows are, and more than once he eyed deliberately, quizzically, the noisy house that was sluggish in hushing its program rattling; and stonily ignored the vociferous applause that once gushed out in the wrong place.