

Enthusiastic Ovation Greets Rachmaninoff at Symphony Concert

Russian Master's New Symphony Dominates Distinguished and Brilliant Program Under Baton of Vladimir Golschmann.

By HARRY R. BURKE.
Sergei Rachmaninoff's modest hope to escape a demonstration at the close of that St. Louis Symphony concert at the Municipal Auditorium, in the course of which he had appeared as soloist in his own C minor Concerto, and to conclude which Vladimir Golschmann presented that Russian master's new symphony in A minor, were utterly frustrated yesterday. Instead there was precipitated the most enthusiastic demonstration by a symphony audience in years when Golschmann, as the program ended, amidst a furor of applause, pointed out the composer in the rear of the auditorium, wrapped in his great-coat, swathed in his muffler and frankly pleased that his symphony had sounded so gloriously.

Rachmaninoff was ushered to the stage as the audience stood, and twice was most enthusiastically recalled, the second time bringing Golschmann back to share the honor with him and paying eloquent tribute in his gestures to the playing of the orchestra.

Premiere of Opus.
It was a happy close to a distinguished and brilliant program. If Rachmaninoff's personality, his pianism, and above all, his symphony dominated its interest he would have been himself the first to acclaim the other "first time" work with which the program opened. That was Rhene Baton's reduction of a Concerto da chiesa by Evariste dall'Abaco, an early eighteenth century Italian whose music lives, even though his name is undeservedly almost forgotten. That Concerto for strings, with piano continuo, proved a perfect gem and established a note of distinction which was never for a moment lost in all that followed.

Is there a program back of Rachmaninoff's new Symphony? There might well be, for all that it has a life of its own in musical texture and in symphonic construction. It is not the voice of the Rachmaninoff we have stupidly conventionalized into a gloomy figure.

For all that it is romantic in mood the A minor symphony is, one suspects, the fruit of a realistic mind which has pondered upon life and has not refused to see. It is innocent of chipper or chirping optimism. If, to this hearer, it is not a music eloquent of faith, it is a music which enjoys living and which appreciates and accepts unflinchingly, even if it does not understand completely, the riddle of a life that man can never solve.

Expresses Nature's Poetry.
It is a music that loves nature and expresses nature's poetry in a passionate fervor. It is music which perceives the mystery of life and love and sings of it in snatches of tender melody. It is music which has observed the mad revelry of Dionysian dancing, and if it does not share that mood of exultation does not scorn it. And it is music that looks upon the mechanistic age which is our time, a little puzzled, a little baffled, a little questioning, but with acceptance of its acrid energy, its antic rhythms, its piercing dissonance. And all of these are in its score.

Upon the whole, this A minor symphony, one ventures after a first hearing, is eloquent of hope if not of faith; of acceptance, if not of understanding. That Rachmaninoff has observed his days with clear eyes is evident. There is no bemoaning, so far as this hearer can discern, what another reviewer, at its first performance in Philadelphia this month called "the Imperial past." The observant eye is alert and unflinching. If its composer may be a trifle skeptical of this "rubbish-dub-dub" of the modern age, so are that age's major prophets.

Symphony of Song.
It is a symphony of song; drenched with singing melody, tender, joyous, vigorous, masculine, assertive melody. And these melodies have been molded by a master, shaped and phrased against dark and brooding passages which

often threaten to engulf the mood, and yet in the end emerge triumphant, even as the genius which conceived them has emerged in a revelation of vigorous beauty from the dark days which for long periods all but overwhelmed it.

Genius of Artist.
Never was the comparative significance of the virtuoso so manifest as in that program yesterday. The genius of the artist, the granitic and craggy simplicity of Rachmaninoff's purpose overblends the brilliance of his pianism.

One is conscious only of that greater voice speaking with a high authority in the simple eloquence of melody to the human heart. The power, the authority, the dazzling fingering, the beauty of the clang-tints the pianist evokes as his piano sings in glorious tone are forgotten in the intimacy of the art of the composer. It is enough to say that Rachmaninoff has never played better here. The orchestra became an extension of one mind into 90 minds, of one hand into 180 hands; in a superb presentation of that familiar Concerto which left the audience all but gasping in the overwhelming grip of its emotion.

M. Rhene Baton has rescued from oblivion—so far as our symphonic audiences go—a perfect gem in dall'Abaco's Church Concerto. Originally a string quartet, the work is presented by string choirs with a piano harmony, and to pianoforte are given subtle colorations of the tone-body. Devotional, yet joyous is its mood; forthright and concise is its statement. Pure music. And pure beauty.

VANDERBILT HEIRESS WED ABOARD YACHT

Leaves With Henry Gassaway Davis III on Honey-moon in Speedboat.

By Associated Press.
MIAMI BEACH, FLA., November 27.—The former Consuelo Vanderbilt Smith was married today to Henry Gassaway Davis III, aboard her father's \$2,500,000 yacht Alva without ostentation. It was the second marriage for both.

Only the setting distinguished the ceremony from those of less wealthy and prominent principals. The Alva's salon is like a library ashore and with oak paneling, a wood-burning fireplace—one of four on the 284-foot vessel—built-in bookcases and comfortable furniture.

Long french windows, with drapes to match the walls, conceal the portholes. The floor is dropped to provide a 15-foot ceiling. A few vases of yellow chrysanthemums were the only decoration.

The Alva was moored at Terminal Island, nine-acre estate of William K. Vanderbilt, the bride's father. The Vanderbilts are living aboard until their \$150,000 villa is completed. Meanwhile, Vanderbilt remarked, "we're practically camping out."

County Judge W. F. Blanton performed the ring ceremony in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Armsted Davis of Washington, mother of the bridegroom, and Col. and Mrs. Jacques Balsan of Paris. Mrs. Balsan, the bride's aunt, was another Consuelo Vanderbilt.

After the ceremony a luncheon was served in the dining salon, where the bride cut a big wedding cake. Then the couple left in a speedboat to start on their honeymoon.

STEEL COMPANY CLOSES PLANT DUE TO STRIKE

By Associated Press.
DETROIT, MICH., November 27.—The Midland Steel Products Company announced it was closing its plant today because of a "sit-down" strike of 1100 workers on the day shift. Some 800 workers were informed of the shutdown when they reported for work.

Gordon Stoner, general manager, said the local union of the United Automobile Workers of America called the strike. The plant fabricates and produces automobile parts and steel body frames.