

Great Artist Of Piano Is Heard Here

Rachmaninoff Gives Recital of Brilliance at Bushnell to Open 16th Kellogg Season

Serge Rachmaninoff, pianist, was presented in the first concert of the sixteenth season of the Kellogg Sunday afternoon series at the Bushnell Memorial auditorium yesterday. The program:

Variation Rameau
Toccata, 4 Minor J. Bach
Sonata, Opus 8 Beethoven
Impromptu Schubert
Rondo Schubert
Prelude, G Major Rachmaninoff
Twelve Preludes
C Major, A Minor, G Major, E Minor,
D Major, B Minor, F Major, C Sharp
Minor, E Flat Major, F Major, B Flat
Minor
Sonnetto del Petrarca Liszt
Toccata Liszt

Serge Rachmaninoff returned to Hartford yesterday and let us know once more what it is like to sit in the presence of genius sufficiently incredible to leave you feeling limp as a rag wrung out and hung up to dry.

The curtain went up promptly on Mr. Kellogg's sixteenth concert series, but for a good two minutes the audience had the double-strength pleasure of expectancy, of waiting for the new season and the splendor of genius to arrive simultaneously. Except for the piano the stage was (happily) bare as an empty cup. Mr. Rachmaninoff was to fill it with more music than memory can comfortably recall here. With deepening lines giving added austerity to his face, he sat slightly bent over the keyboard for nearly two hours and unleashed the brilliances and powers of classical writing as no one else does. There are some who go beyond Mr. Rachmaninoff in some one direction, in more "characteristic" delineation or more "authentic" expression of some composer's style or more complete surrender to a composer's dictates, but when music from Rameau to Liszt is being considered, no one creates it on Mr. Rachmaninoff's titanic scale.

This Romanticism—

The center of interest in the afternoon's program was of course the "Abschied" Sonata, for it presented at once the finest flights of the pianist's mind and style, as well as the widest opportunity for differing with both. Despite the personalized romanticism with which Mr. Rachmaninoff addressed the brief adagio opening, as soon as he had passed with overwhelming sweetness and delicacy into the allegro, he put the parting guest, now out of sight, also out of mind. He settled down to an almost fanatical expression of the rest of the sonata, in which he wrung you alternately with the exquisite and vivacity of what he said and how he said it. The landscapes of Beethoven, seen through Mr. Rachmaninoff's eyes, is absolutely remarkable for the aristocracy of its beauty and the purity of its taste and yesterday Mr. Rachmaninoff made Beethoven the direct inheritor of the Greek temper of Mozart.

Some, however, declared that the sonata missed the ruddy emotions they believe Beethoven prepared for it, something of the same complaint as voiced over Mr. Hofmann's "Waldstein" last year. They found it remote, aloof, and insufficiently romantic.

Chopin Without Tears.

The question then arises, where do these people stand on Mr. Rachmaninoff's Chopin or Liszt? Doubtless they agree with the wonderful firmness of spirit and playing with which the Rameau and Bach were marked. Yet when Mr. Rachmaninoff sat down to tell the sad stories of related minors in the Preludes or the "Sonnetto," he was able to give them the most moving tragedy or fury, without shedding a tear or snatching out even a hair. Chopin is a Romanticist to a degree Beethoven would have shrugged at, too. It seems to me that Mr. Rachmaninoff's detachment throws a cast of elegance over all his plays, and a vote for restraint would seem to be a vote for recovery of taste in a day of letting down the back hair. It would do to get the emotions of our day up with its collars.

What actually seems to happen is that when Mr. Rachmaninoff is deeply stirred by his music, he eschews the familiar outward signs of rubato, malingering tempo and the like and expends it instead in those wonderfully refined shadings, the timing and weighing of phrasing, the rhythmic verse and vitality over which he has such incredible control, and which he makes speak with the tongues of men and angels.

Upon The Heights.

But wherever one stands up the matters of Mr. Rachmaninoff's approaches to interpretation, his technical statement yesterday afternoon was some of the most thrilling he has ever given this city. There were passages after passages of such breath-taking fluency in the face of indescribable complexities that they had your correspondent besides himself and willing to pay for the extra seat, as it were. In view of the years in which Mr. Rachmaninoff has dwelt upon these heights, it is a bit trite to begin praising such brilliance, such tone, such powerful shaping and coloring. After hearing

Has Leading Role In 'Room Service'



MISS PHYLLIS NAEDELE.

Miss Phyllis Naedele will play the leading feminine part in "Room Service" which will be presented by the Acta Players early in November.

'Dybbuk' To Have Performance At Bushnell Tonight

New Film Rated As Finest Yiddish Movie Yet Produced

The most important Yiddish movie of the day will have a single performance in Hartford today when "The Dybbuk" is presented on the screen of the Bushnell Memorial tonight, starting at 8:30 o'clock. This picture is based on the famous dramatic classic of the same name, by S. Ansky. For its music alone it has won the acclaim of the critics. In plot, photography and characterization, it has won the critics' palm as the best Yiddish film yet made.

Because of its wide appeal, and the skillful use of English subtitles, "The Dybbuk" is expected to appeal not only to those familiar with the Yiddish tongue, but to many others unfamiliar with it. Of the picture, Time Magazine wrote:—

"In Yiddish folklore, a dybbuk (pronounced de-book) is a disembodied soul, denied peace in after life because of some earthly transgression, seeking refuge in the body of one it has loved. Twenty years ago, the late playwright Solomon Rapaport, writes, as S. Ansky wove the myth of the dybbuk into a Jewish folk play. The Dybbuk has since become the most famous item in Yiddish drama, even more widely known than The Golem (Time, March 29). Every major city in the world has seen it staged; it has been translated into 17 tongues, including Esperanto. Rapaport died before his play was produced, but he left the rights to it in trust for the poor of Warsaw's ghetto. Last week, for the benefit of Polish Jews, Manhattan cinema-goers paid as high as \$20 a seat to see The Dybbuk's U. S. premiere as a motion picture."

"What they saw was a reverent folk story of a people held in ritualistic bondage, governed in every phase of relationship by superstitions, superstition, fear. Produced in Poland with native players as passionately sincere as if their own souls were involved, The Dybbuk presents a painstaking picture of the weary search for eternal peace by a people for whom the earth holds little, affords an insight into the involvements that are the accretions of simple faith."

Dr. Sigerist to Give Yale's Terry Lectures

New Haven, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Yale University announced today the appointment of Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, director of the Institute of the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, as the Dwight H. Terry lecturer for this year. He will give three lectures this week on "Medicine and Human Welfare." Dr. Sigerist is a former professor of the history of medicine at the University of Leipzig.

him play the Chopin Etude with which he encored however, one almost wishes he had just burst upon our horizons, that we might begin to praise him all over again. It was an afternoon, and a program of simply unbelievable attainments.

Concerning the change from the final Valse to the Tarentella, Mr. Rachmaninoff explained afterward that he had not looked at the printed program, and in playing it from memory, substituted the latter which has been a favorite and very frequent terminus for him. He was considerably disturbed at the lapse.

—T. H. P.