

C Sharp Minor Prelude

Annual Recital of Rachmaninoff, Composer-Pianist,
Stirs Enthusiastic Audience at Carnegie Hall.

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL,
Press Music Critic.

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF, the lion of the keyboard! Really, though, you don't have to mention his first name, which is, perhaps, as little known, as is his last name well known. So.

Rachmaninoff gave his annual recital—an annual "event," here by the way—in Carnegie Music Hall last night, and he stirred his audience to measures of enthusiasm evoked by no other exponent of his instrument.

You wouldn't class Sergei with the technicians, although he has plenty of technic, so that all those seeming "difficulties" just melt under his agile fingers. You wouldn't class him as a slavish follower of any particular interpretative school, either, for he gives one the impression that he has taken the best from each, and combined them into a homogeneous whole, perfect, in itself, with his own strong personality.

He plays—well—like a man. There is only one of the big artists who can make his instrument groan and struggle as Rachmaninoff does; that individual is Paderewski. But their methods are entirely different, yet, so alike.

MR. RACHMANINOFF'S program was diversified enough. First came the Mozart sonata—No. 14—in which the allegro was taken at a furious pace, although each tone came over to us, clear as crystal. The lovely adagio, with its many figurations, was given with a tender expressiveness, and the allegretto flowed like a contented brooklet, serenely calm, in spite of the rippling character of the music.

Two sonatas by Scarlatti, the D minor and the C major—each of one movement, and each startlingly resembling the other, in that both are feverish and restless—followed. They were allegro movements, in tempo, and fitted in perfectly, with the general scheme of the well-balanced program, a program for musicians to enjoy.

Schumann's "Carnival," with its varied flights of fancy, was vibrantly effective, in its strangely contrasting moods, the many mosaics that go to make up this peculiarly fascinat-

ing composition, being revealed with a vivid realism that only a Rachmaninoff seems able to accomplish. That Russian leaves nothing to guesswork, and you don't have to puzzle as to just what his intentions are, nor, indeed, the intentions of the composer. . . .

THEN CAME the interval of 10 minutes—not the name of a composition, but the time out for buzzing conversationalists to tell their seat neighbors how they liked it all. Chopin was represented by a nocturne, a valse and a ballade. To look at that gaunt Russ you wouldn't believe it possible he could interpret Chopin, or, for that matter, Mozart. But he was just as much at home in the light and delicate fabrications as in the more vigorous numbers.

As to the ballade, the forte passages were attacked with a savage fury that produced results almost orchestral in effect. There is an aggravating deliberateness about Rachmaninoff, when he is planning a sortie, but once he has made up his mind, look out! And, Mr. Piano, look out, too!

Closing numbers (on the program) consisted of Rachmaninoff's "Moment Musical"—which must have been one of those stormy moments, more like a scherzo, with its brilliant scale passages, negotiated at a terrific pace—and the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff "Liebesfreud," a free transcription of the number that every violinist of note has played.

As encores we had the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff "Liebeslied," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Bumblebee" and then—yes, there it was, in person, the C sharp minor prelude by—guess whom!

Still, that insistent audience was so insistent that it would not let the tired-looking "lion of the keyboard" off without it, so he played it. And how!

666

is a Prescription for

Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue,
Bilious Fever and Malaria

It is the most speedy remedy known.