

RACHMANINOFF FILLS THEATER

Playing Thrills Large Audi-
ence At Spreckels
Theater Recital

By LENA FRAZEE

The playing of Sergei Rachmaninoff, whose concert filled the Spreckels theater last night, is the same dynamic, virile, tremendous, almost unconceivable setting forth of what a genius can do.

Technically there is no limit to his ability and he is aided by nature with a tremendous physique and hands capable of anything. He played nearly two hours last night, stopping but once during the immense program for a bit of rest.

A Beethoven Sonata, Schumann's Papillons and the Sonata 35 of Chopin, followed one on the heels of the other. The Funeral March in the latter was given such depth of feeling that it held its hearers breathless and in sorrowful mood, while the Finale, the wind through the trees of the churchyard, made opportunity further for vivid albeit depressing feelings. These movements were great masterpieces.

The last half of the program was music of moderns and ultra moderns: a hugely difficult Toccata of Ravel, some Debussy numbers, and two Scriabine Etudes, one of the delicacy of butterfly wings, the other of tremendous dramatic content and whizzing speed.

All the encores were given at the end of the program. The enthusiasm of the audience was not appeased until four were given, including his famous Prelude, the joy of every piano student. And when he plays it, there is nothing to be said. It is the zenith of human ability in that regard.