

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

Mr. Rachmaninoff Plays in Brooklyn—Two Recitals in Manhattan Halls

MR. RACHMANINOFF gave his annual Brooklyn recital last evening, playing at the Academy of Music a program that he had, earlier in the season, offered to an audience at Carnegie Hall—a program opening with Beethoven's F-sharp Sonata, Op. 78, continuing through the Schumann Novelette in F-sharp minor, Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata, and concluding with the pianist's own Etudes Tableaux and Tausig's transcription of the Strauss waltz, "One Lives But Once." In his performance of these works Mr. Rachmaninoff once again demonstrated his unexceptionable authority as both technician and interpreter, as the master of his instrument, as the metaphrast of genius.

Superficially, Mr. Rachmaninoff's program appeared conventional in its arrangement. In reality, its content was unusual and of great interest, since apart from the Chopin Sonata, it included little music that we hear with any frequency. Beethoven's F-sharp Sonata is seldom played. Overshadowed by the greatness of the F-minor Sonata, the "Appassionata," and the romantic appeal of the E-flat Sonata, which precede and follow it among the thirty-two, it escapes the attention of pianists, who play it rarely, and perhaps regard it as a work relatively ineffective and unattractive. Mr. Rachmaninoff is, however, not of this opinion, and last evening reminded us that the F-sharp Sonata contains music of singular grace and charm, music whose sentiment and sly humor his reading of its pages perfectly captured and conveyed.

Among Schumann's works, the F-sharp minor Novelette is scarcely better known, though it is one of the richest of the pieces which Schumann thus titled—richly imagined and endowed with a wealth of musical imagery. Mr. Rachmaninoff played it superbly, with flawless technique and a profound understanding of Schumann's style.

But it was the pianist's performance of the familiar Chopin Sonata that brought the recital to its climax, a performance which renewed, recreated, a familiar masterpiece, a performance to which one listened with a sense of revelation, since it projected so overwhelmingly the experience of which the music stands as the imperishable record. It would be useless to describe the means by which Mr. Rachmaninoff achieved this miracle, since their magic would fail any who sought to employ them in imitation of the great Russian. The wealth of felicitous detail in Mr. Rachmaninoff's treatment of the first movement was astonishing, and the finale—an insoluble riddle to the mediocre pianist—received from him an inspired reading. If the Scherzo and the Funeral March seemed less impressive, the fault was Chopin's, not Mr. Rachmaninoff's.

The Etudes Tableaux are expertly written to display the capacities of the piano and the abilities of the pianist—and small wonder, since they are the work of one of the outstanding virtuosos of our times. Upon them Mr. Rachmaninoff wreaked his amazing technique, which throughout Beethoven and Schumann and Chopin he had held in leash and under-emphasized. But the musical content of these studies suffers no violation when they are played for the sake of the playing—for it was to be so played that Mr. Rachmaninoff designed them. The Strauss-Tausig waltz was followed by encores, four in number, before

the audience would release Mr. Rachmaninoff from the stage.

OTHER MUSIC

Albert Spalding presented his second recital of the season in Carnegie Hall last night. His program listed the Corelli "La Folia," an Allegro by Martini, Schubert's Fantasy C major, Opus 159; the Bruch G-minor Concerto and compositions by Chopin-Spalding, Schumann and Sarasate. It was an inauspicious night for violin playing, and the dampness played some pranks with the pitch of Mr. Spalding's instrument in the Corelli piece. His execution otherwise had nobility, deep feeling and fullness of tone. The Schubert Fantasy, which holds some of the composer's loveliest melodies, was most felicitously published. The purity and vibrance of tone were matched by a poetic, sensitive, unaffected warmth. Andre Benoit's reading of the piano part was notably fine. The audience was large and appreciative.

The Musical Art Quartet presented its fourth and last concert of the season in Town Hall last night. The program comprised Beethoven's C-minor Quartet, Op. 18, No. 4; Glazounow's two Novelettes, Op. 13, and the Posthumous D-minor Quartet of Schubert. The suave, nicely adjusted balance of the organization was again in evidence throughout. In the loftier portions of the Schubert "Death and the Maiden" Variations, and in certain other passages, one missed the soaring, imaginative character which the Roth Quartet had lent this work earlier in the season. B. M.

That Takes Courage

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

Believe it or not, many a young fellow who got a medal for bravery shown in the war is afraid to use the guest towel in the bathroom of his own home.

Hospitality

(Life)

It's easy to entertain guests in the city because you can get plenty of food just by opening a can, and plenty of music just by opening a window.

Naming a New Planet

By John Alden

As speculations grow and grow,
This hint I'm waiting for:
"Just call it Gandhi, since so slow
Its revolutions are."

Yet Ireland's lovers are astir,
'Tis "Erin," so they say,
Found by a green astronomer
So near St. Patrick's Day.

Our politicians love intrigues,
For "Hoover" they would beg,
Because the planet is so big,
And yet so wondrous vague.

While friends who once were
Coolidge's
Think "Calvin" well would do,
They note the glorious silences
Of any planet new.

A "Eryan" boon for entrance
knocks,
With logic not amiss—
That name would soothe the
orthodox
Who cling to Genesis.

But keener sense has one who backs
A title quick to say—
I think 'twere well to call it "Pax"
For 'tis so far away.