

## RACHMANINOFF IN GLORIOUS RECITAL

What is the change of attitude among concertgoers, when Rachmaninoff steps upon the stage? Yesterday, when the world renowned pianist-composer sat before the instrument of his genius at Poli's Theater, a hush, a complacency, that spoke of myriad reactions fell upon the audience that filled the theater to capacity.

Certainly it is not strange for the people of Washington to bask in the light of genius or of greatness. In this mecca of international diplomacy, the humblest are no longer awed at the presence of a monumental personality. But they are still sensitive to the enchanting powers of a great man, whose simplicity and sincerity is almost as remarkable as his talent.

Someone in the audience commented on the program, which was composed entirely of concert favorites by Chopin and Liszt. Perhaps there were some, who were disappointed that the eminent Rachmaninoff did not give us of the modernists, whose works we might better understand if these gifted fingers told the tale. But it was not difficult to see that Rachmaninoff gained a double point in re-establishing the amateur-worn gems, that are heard at every conservatory recital \* \* \* for Rachmaninoff is a master equal to the classical masters and his playing enfuses the immortal works with the spirit of their originality.

Light as rain drops the notes fell, yet each as clearly cut as crystal. Great torrents of scales and chords filled the theater with their sterling sonority. Indescribably beautiful music came from the stage and enriched the minds and souls of his listeners with new treasures.

Chopin's "Fantasie" and Liszt's "Valse" impromptu and "Sonnetto del Petrarca" were received with exclamations of ecstasy just a little more pronounced than which followed the Liszt "Polonaise" in E-major and Chopin's E Flat major "Rondo."

The entire program was one that gave the listeners opportunity to witness the famous Rachmaninoff in all pianistic moods. As he played the most vivacious passages or swept into the most tumultuous outpourings of chromatics and combined profundities, he never lost that calm that is so very much a part of him.

From the depths of his heart straight to his finger-tips his emotions fly, wasting nothing of their strength in passing. His technique, perfect and deliberate, is never obviously the result of untiring experiment at the piano.

As he sits before crowds of enraptured admirers, one is led to fancy that in music is his life, in music is his Eden, he will share it gladly with those who care to hear, but take it never away from him, for without it, he could not live.

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