

Rachmaninoff Given Fanfare by Orchestra

*Audience Rises to Greet
Famous Pianist.*

BY EDWARD MOORE.

THERE can be no exaggeration in calling Sergel Rachmaninoff the Chicago Symphony orchestra's guest of honor this week. Enthusiastically applauded by an audience risen to its feet when he appeared on the stage yesterday afternoon, equally enthusiastically fanfared by the orchestra when he left it, the program consisted entirely of his own compositions and he was the soloist in his second piano concerto.

And with one change, the same thing is due to happen to him tomorrow night and again Friday afternoon. The only difference is that on those occasions he will play his third instead of his second concerto.

That is the happy fate that awaits a man who happens to be a widely known virtuoso of the piano and a widely known composer at the same time. In the view of his past and present exploits, it would seem to be a well deserved tribute.

One hardly wonders that although Mr. Rachmaninoff has been a highly fertile composer, writing much music in all known forms, he is frequently the most effective when he has the piano in mind. It is not alone that all his brilliant virtuosity was employed to make his second concerto a great show yesterday afternoon. It is a great show in itself.

And there was another work, built on smaller dimensions, but also effective. It was the orchestral arrangement by Ottorino Respighi of five of the Picture Studies, which generally appear on piano recital programs under the name of Etudes-Tableaux. In their orchestral dress they had their first Chicago performance under Mr. Stock's potent baton. They are concise, colorful, and entirely to the point.

The program began with another first performance. "Aria [Vocalise]" it is called, an agreeable if not entirely overwhelming melody for a choir of violins with lightly scored accompaniment for the rest of the orchestra. Then came "The Island of the Dead," the piece with which Mr. Rachmaninoff introduced himself to Chicago back in 1909.

It would seem to have been written for those with a passion for graveyards. Like the Arnold Boecklin picture, which was its inspiration, it rejoices in pessimistic gloom. As such, it is a striking bit of tone painting, and Mr. Stock gave it a marvelous performance. But those who have a temperamental preference for the Smiley Glads over the Lugubrious Blues of music will probably prefer to pass on to the Picture Studies and the concerto.