

# Rachmaninoff, Russian Pianist, Does Not Reveal Himself in Concert

By HELENE FELLER

Silent and mysterious, the sphinx-like Rachmaninoff went through the motions of his concert at the Rutgers University gymnasium Monday evening. Expressionless he entered and thoroughly unknown he left. At no time during the evening



**RACHMANINOFF**

did the Russian pianist give any indication of his reaction to the audience. His tall figure and Oriental features and close cropped hair gave him an almost forbidding appearance. However, what he may lack in audience appeal Rachmaninoff made up for in the technical perfection of his performance.

After the concert, seated in the little room in the rear of the gymnasium, the musical genius was silent and morose. He puffed nervously on a cigarette and worried about catching his train for New York City.

A peculiar combination—this great pianist and man. He seems to move in a sphere all his own and remains unaffected by his surroundings.

A Russian exile, he does not appear to belong to any country of people. He arrives, plays the piano and leaves, all before the public has a chance to grasp at him and tear away some of the glamour which mysteriously enshrouds him.

To him life is one long concert tour after another.

"Do you intend to take time off to spend composing at the summer home which you recently built in Lucerne, Switzerland?" I asked him.

"I have no time," he answered. "My tours are too long. I start now and I will not be finished until May. I have no time to think of my summer home now."

Then, as others would ask him questions, his reply would invariably be "I have no time." It made no difference whether the invitation was to play in Japan or talk awhile.

One explanation for the silent Russian who is identified most often by his austere and dignified and aloof bearing on the concert platform is his absolute disregard for the audience.

He says, "Music must reveal the emotions of the heart." To listen to his music is to believe his statement. His feeling is delicate and his playing very interpretive. However, the illusion is lost when one watches him. It is hard to believe that he is feeling the music with an expressionless mask upon his face.

He will not talk of his music or his interests of any kind. He no doubt thinks a great deal but what he thinks is never known even among his intimates.

Rachmaninoff lives in New York and is fond of walking along Riverside Drive and driving along the Westchester roads at night. These are his only hobbies and diversions.