

# AUDIENCE STIRRED BY RACHMANINOFF

**Piano Recital Fills Carnegie  
Hall—Hundreds Rush to  
Stand Near Platform.**

**SPELL IS CAST BY SONATA**

**Thunderous Applause for Master  
Follows Encores—Rush Made  
for Two Returned Seats.**

**By OLIN DOWNES.**

The piano recital given by Sergei Rachmaninoff yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was a brilliant occasion. The atmosphere was that of pre-depression enthusiasm and festivity. The audience was dotted with celebrities of music, and students were everywhere, come to listen to an acknowledged master. The hall, on an afternoon so unseasonably hot that the temperature and the throng made it necessary to keep open the doors leading into the lobbies, was packed to overflowing. Two of the highest priced seats unexpectedly returned, were competed for by a milling group at the box-office. And a very distinguished artist, simple as always, proceeded with his ritual, with the customary consequences.

The bell rings and a very tall, spare, grave gentleman, in afternoon garb of irreproachable correctness and sobriety, steps without smiling upon the stage. He seats himself at the piano and plays. He does not smile once through the whole occasion. In no way does he gesticulate or parade. All that he communicates he says with two wrists and ten fingers, without the raising of an eyebrow. The performance is one of mind sovereign over matter, spirit that transfigures digital gymnastics. So it has always been with Rachmaninoff, and so it will be for the years to come. It is his fine tribute to art.

Yesterday, in the early part of his program, he might not have been at his best. This, at least, would be said of much of the Chopin B minor sonata. Yet the sonata cast its spell. It was eloquent because of Chopin's incomparable genius and also because Mr. Rachmaninoff stamped the music with himself, the introspections and self-communings of Chopin were for the time his own. Yet there were no departures from the composer's essential ideas of form.

A final group of compositions of slight substance served, as it happened, for the full revelation of Rachmaninoff as a pianist. He is the musician-virtuoso, and not the virtuoso-musician, in all he undertakes. But what a virtuoso he is, when this side of him is revealed! The power, the color, the physical and technical resource, the ability to exhilarate a listener by the mere thunder of his chords and octaves or the sizzle of his scales—all these things go to his equipment. As an interpreter he is equally capable of the miniature or the grand line.

Miniatures most of the last group of works by Russian composers were—Scriabin, Medtner, Borodin, Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff and the Hungarian Dohnanyi. Their small pieces were made significant as well as entertaining.

Finally, with the great majority of the audience remaining in the hall, and hundreds who rushed to stand in ranks near the platform, the encores began—a transcription of the Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" music, a transcription of a Schubert song and another Listz transcription of the Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman." Then was Mr. Rachmaninoff, perhaps stirred and abetted by thunderous applause, in top form. Then it would have been magnificent if he could have recommenced his program!