

# Rachmaninoff Thrills Crowd At Carnegie

By DANTON WALKER.

That Sergei Rachmaninoff can still pack Carnegie Hall and stir a modern generation to tempestuous



Sergei  
Rachmaninoff

enthusiasm is in itself a stirring fact. For the Russian pianist is an artist pure and simple — not young, nor handsome, nor a press agent's personality — and it is his great art that holds the crowd.

This fact was strikingly evident at his first recital of the season Saturday afternoon before a swarm of music fans, most of whom weren't born when he made his sensational American debut a quarter of a century ago.

If the passage of time is marked in the aging pianist's appearance, there is no indication of it in the quick turn of his hawklike head as he stills a restless audience by a glance from his strangely Oriental eyes. Nor in the prodigious strength and dazzling agility of his finger work.

In fact, one sometimes loses sight of the composer's intent in a tour de force by Rachmaninoff. Scarlatti's delicate trceries become richly gilded scrolls. Chopin's turbulent B-minor Sonata is positively frenetic. Even Beethoven's dry variations in C-minor (thirty-two of 'em, and plenty take on a symphonic quality.

That Rachmaninoff was not concerned with showing off, however, was evidenced in the delicacy and sentiment of a Medtner Fairy Tale, a Rubenstein barcarolle, in Scriabin's "Poeme," in the exquisite Mendelsohn scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream," played as an encore. Two of the pianist's own compositions received the greatest applause of the program, which brought a friendly, unexpected smile to his face.