

## RACHMANINOFF GETS SPLENDID RECEPTION

Russian Composer and Pianist  
Thrills Large Audience  
at Massey Hall.

No fire and fury, antic capriciousness, nor thunderous brazen climaxes are heard in the playing of Sergei Yassilievich Rachmaninoff, Russian composer and pianist, who was recalled again and again last night by a large and enthusiastic audience at Massey Hall. Although the chief living representative, perhaps, of the metropolitan and romantic school of his art, typified at times in the past by Rubenstein, Liszt, Tschalkowsky and Adensky, and particularly by the art of Chopin and Schumann, Rachmaninoff tends to be more reflective than dramatic, more melancholy than dramatic, more melancholy with close-cut hair, he looked more calm than a Buddhist priest and took his triumph correspondingly unmoved, with scarcely a smile. Bent noticeably low over the keys, he seemed pale and tired, older than his forty-seven years.

Gentle and wistful things, marked by their poetry and sensibility, predominated on his program last night. Debussy's "Children's Corner" suite gave him the picturesque and tender "Little Shepherd," the "Serenade of a Doll" and scope for a delightful and restrained touch of humor in "Golliwogg's Cakewalk." In Daquin's realistic "Cuckoo" the note of the bird is heard repeatedly from the fitting murmurs of the accompaniment. The warm and stately simplicity of the Tema and Menuetto of Mozart's sonata No. 9, the glimmer of the flitting Momento Capriccioso of Weber, and the melody that faintly returns with the ever-present ripple of the water in his own barcarolle, opus 10, all these leave an overwhelming impression of poetry and imagination, of the smooth and elegantly elegiac, broken occasionally by the opulent clangor and verve of Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole and his own Polichinelle.

But it was by his Chopin selections last night that Rachmaninoff will be principally remembered. With his touch of crystalline clearness he gave the haunting Ballade in G minor and Valse No. 2 so that they had to be followed by an encore, the popular Prelude in C minor, which drew renewed applause when the first opening bars were heard. A Chopin Mazurka was also the first of two final encores before he left hastily for his train. Rachmaninoff, in no place more noticeably than the rich and varied melody of the Chopin vales, commands, like de Pachmann did, the entire range of nuance, filling down his tones to a delicate whisper, so that his pianissimos begin where most pianists' end.

For the rest, Rachmaninoff is most of all a representative of the drawing rooms of Petrograd in the old days of the monarchy than of the wild uncontrolled energy, the constant ache of life, with its alternate rich and childish laughter of the Russian people of the Revolution.