

LATE ARRIVALS DAMAGE CONCERT

Rachmaninoff Obligated to
Halt Program—Showed
Annoyance

GREAT POWER SEEN

Everything Enlarged and
Magnified by Pianist's
Master Mind

RACHMANINOFF: Piano recital in Windsor Hall; local management, Louis F. Bourdon. Program—Turkish March Sonata, Mozart; Songs Without Words, Nos. 22, 2, 47, 17; Mendelssohn; Song, Spinning Song, Mendelssohn; Two Novelties, Op. 17, G major; G minor; Moltzer; Children's Corner, Debussy; Ballade, G Minor; Waltz, B flat; Chopin; encore—Waltz, G flat; Chopin; Two Etudes; Tableaux, Rachmaninoff; Spanish Rhapsody, Liszt.

Why should music lovers who go to a concert at the advertised hour be penalized to suit the convenience of persons who do not take the trouble to arrive on time? Why should a great musician like Mr. Rachmaninoff suffer such an affront as was offered to him last night, when he was compelled to halt his program to please the unmannerly? These are questions which have been asked repeatedly, and which no local manager has answered. The stereotyped announcement that a recital will begin at half-past eight o'clock has become a joke; no one expects that a program will be started until ten or fifteen minutes after that time, and so the nuisance grows worse, and will not be abated until managers have the courage to do their duty to conscientious ticket buyers, and shut the doors promptly at the specified hour, keeping them closed until a suitable pause in the program. We admit people between the movements of a Mozart sonata, as was done last night, is seriously to damage the delicate music, and Mr. Rachmaninoff's annoyance was plainly expressed in the brusqueness with which he snapped into the second movement.

HOMAGE TO MOZART.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's reading of the Sonata was in the manner of a tribute to Mozart, — even of homage. It was as if he had said: "See, the best that I can do is none too good to show how I revere him; I will take the greatest pains that not one note shall be altered, not a fact of this jewel dimmed by the slightest slip in my handling of it." And the Variations had the links in the ornamental parts, and the dryness in the left-hand accents which were probably in Mozart's mind when he wrote the Sonata. (What a field for discussion is opened up by the question as to whether the pianist, in a case of this kind, should try to imitate the instrument for which such sonatas were written, or take advantage of the resources of the modern instrument?) The beginning of the second movement reflected Mr. Rachmaninoff's irritation at being interrupted, but the grandeur of the music soon wrenched him back into the mood which had been his at the opening of the Theme, and the Turkish March was all brightness.

A NEW MENDELSSOHN.

It was then a new Mendelssohn to whom Mr. Rachmaninoff introduced us. We looked to see the dryness of touch and tone which had been so effective in the Sonata replaced by more of a sentimental expression; but Mr. Rachmaninoff chose to treat Mendelssohn as an intellectual. That was in fact, his stand throughout the greater part of the evening. He seemed to see everything through magnifying glasses, and everything that he touched took on a rye, and sometimes a strange size and no-sense.

Pianists very likely wished for less restraint in Mr. Rachmaninoff's use of the pedal, and for that instinctive feeling for beauty of tone that makes the playing of men like Cortot and Hofmann the last word in the understanding of their instrument; but Mr. Rachmaninoff, who writes for the orchestra and for voice and piano on a vast scale to which Mr. Cortot or Mr. Hofmann have never aspired, takes the piano as incidental to the music. There are velvet gloves on the governing hands of Cortot and Hofmann; Mr. Rachmaninoff wears such concessions. Cortot and Hofmann are considerate of their piano; Mr. Rachmaninoff orders his about, and if it retaliates with a dry tone, — well, the blame will not be his, but the piano's. It will be especially interesting and instructive now to hear Mr. Cortot, who is next on the list of famous visiting pianists.

GIANT CHILDREN.

In the music of Medtner, the mental energy of Mr. Rachmaninoff was fittingly employed, but the children he drew out of the Debussy pieces were young giants, totally unlike the children we have been accustomed to. There was tenderness in the way he regarded them, but it was felt that he would bring them up as steel; and while the Petit Berger's piping was sheer poetry, it had a tinge of sophistry in it.

It was logical, after this, that the Chopin Ballade should be dramatic, with virile and vigorous declamation; and that the waltzes should be taken out of the pretty drawing-room, where some pianists love to keep them, and flashed through the spaces of a large and brilliant salon.

Power, power, always power—that is the keynote of a Rachmaninoff recital; and when this strength is modified to suit his need it remains power,—the force that emanates from a master intelligence.—P. K.