

## RACHMANINOFF IS HEARD IN RECITAL

Famous Pianist Generous  
With Encores and Leaves  
Memorable Impression  
On Big Audience.



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Famous Pianist Who Gave a Recital  
at the Palace Theatre Yesterday  
Afternoon.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, master Russian pianist, was here yesterday afternoon, and he left a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the Steinert audience that comfortably filled the spacious Poli Palace theatre.

It may truly be said that Rachmaninoff makes his piano an instrument that whispers like an Aeolian harp and thunders like the tempest. His supremacy of the piano cannot be challenged. His technique is undisputed and his mastery of tone goes without saying.

Lost in His Playing.  
With a sweep of his fingers his instrument was made to vibrate with tone. His hands would slowly lift from the keyboard while resonance became master. Then again, with agile movements, Rachmaninoff would take up his composition. His progression of the scale was nothing short of marvelous. Of all, the massive frame, slightly bent, of the great Russian made the deepest impression. His devoted yet idolatrous reverence for his piano made his attentive audience follow his every motion.

Never once during the period he was playing did he take his eye from the keyboard. They were as if glued. Another mark of Rachmaninoff was his lack of affectation. Never did he sway his body, nor twist his head in an attempt to assume a manner that was not his own. His love of music prevented this. His mode was calm; his was a deliberation to make music for love of it. Every nerve in his massive frame was keyed to the blending of beautiful tones.

His face was drawn, even to the point of haggardness. Frowns appeared now and then on his high forehead as his soul mingled with his composition. A vein, protruding somewhat, in his temple, showed that the master was giving his all, his very best. His closely cropped hair added affectiveness to the scene.

Tumultuous Applause.  
With the completion of a piece, Rachmaninoff would remain in a hesitating position, as if he were going to continue. His audience, carried high by the sonorous tune, would find themselves let down, then realizing, would greet Rachmaninoff with sincere tumultuous applause.

Pleased beyond expression, frowns from his forehead would disappear and the drawn haggard look about his jaws would be eliminated in jubilant smiles as he bowed in response to the greeting of his audience.

Throughout the concert there was not a mark of disturbance. Silence reigned supreme when Rachmaninoff played. The drop of a pin could be heard. Rachmaninoff, like a czar, demanded silence and he received it.

The program was composed of difficult selections. Some were of deep and heavy productions while others were of a lighter variety. A number of generous encores were given in response to the resounding applause, among them being his own famous "Prelude." Two of his own compositions, "Melodie" and "Serenade" were played. Here Rachmaninoff was at his best as he presented his own handiwork, his own creation in sound. Both were sweet and sharp, a contrast from the delicate preceding pieces on the program.

Some of the people who had almost