

Music

Rachmaninoff Recital, Carnegie Music Hall.

Sergei Rachmaninoff came and played for us last night in Carnegie Music Hall in another of his crazy, stimulating, ill-balanced and altogether compelling program. It was the same Sergei who last year, or the year before, had the temerity to cram Mendelssohn down the throats of the cognoscenti and make them clamor for more.

On he lumbered last night with a portfolio bulging full of queer keyboarders, and he hunched himself at the instrument, a shocking example of piano deportment, as any fifty cent teacher will tell you, and played like a god. There was the same saturnine quizzical look on his face that makes you wonder is he a Sphinx, satyr, or simple-bodied soul. He is probably the masculine Monna Lisa of the pianistic species. Some men go through life jauntily wearing a halo where their Bare-to-hair should glisten, but Rachmaninoff radiates personality, that indefinable "atmosphere," and whether you approve of his readings or not you approve of him. Next to Paderewski; he is the most irresistible individual stalking the keyboard today.

If we had Mendelssohn before, last night we had Nicholas Medtner, the Russian meteor of whom so much was expected by the alma mater of the Neorusse, and who flashed through the skys of Moscow and Petrograd and went out as a dull stick in Berlin and Paris. Coupled with that he gave us another interpretation of the Chopin B minor sonata, a work we had two nights before. If the "Lady from Philadelphia" will drop a line to the gentleman from Novgorod and New York, S. Vassilievich Rakhaminof, she will learn something greatly to her advantage as to what may and may not be done with a certain Pole answering to the name of Chopin. Olga Samaroff played the "Marche Funebre" in a respectable Episcopalian fashion, as if she were burying one of the Rittenhouse family or the Biddle boys, Rachmaninof played it as if it were a pageantry of Tzars in a panoply of splendor being carried to an eternal

resting place, and he stressed the whole sonata in the same magnificent key.

The program began with a Medtner "Improvisation" of which loose fantasy form the Germanic Russian wrote many. It was notable for it's rather piquant figurations. In the Weber "Rondo" with it's many reminiscences of Heller, Eullak and old doctor Clementi and the Gradus, he gave us speed plus the turned parase. The Chopin "Polonaise" was a bravura bit and the "Nocturne" was that number as we haven't heard it in years; lovely in legato and ravishing in inner-part. He took the rather trite "Waltz" and turned it into a joyous thing. As for the sonata it was the most intellectual reading of that work we have had. License he took and liberty, and if he wishes to add an addenda to the funeral march that is his privilege. He did the same thing in his own printed composition the "Serenade." He not only altered his rhythm, but he improvised a coda of flourishes and made that work more interesting.

Whenever the art of planism seems dead or only employed for commercial purposes, along comes Rachmaninoff to revivify it and restore our faith in it as one of the great, great arts. He doesn't play, he creates, and through his creative interpretation he holds thousands spell bound.

He is the one man who can defy the canons of program building and win ovation after ovation for it. His recital was more than a lesson for student; it was a master player preaching to the professors and they were the ones who applauded him longest and loudest.

If by any chance you should pass the music hall this morning you will still see the audience there asking for encores. It was the most stimulating recital of the season. Harvey B. Gaul.

Wounded Veteran's Death Brings Probe

Indiana County Soldier Driven Insane in