

MOB FIGHTS TO SEE SLAV COMPOSER

Rachmaninoff Plays Piano In Gentle, Professorial Manner

By R. W. BOROUGH

Several hundred men and women pleaded and fought for admission into Trinity auditorium Friday night after the law had said "Enough." They wanted to squeeze into the packed hall to hear Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist and world-famous composer.

And it's too bad they missed him. Rachmaninoff told them things in a pensive, gentle, dignified, rhythmic way that no other artist will essay.

We get the "professor's" keynote when he moves quietly upon the stage, tall, slightly bent, hair cropped close to his head, a haze of dreams between himself and his audience. He seats himself, riveting his gaze upon the ivory runway, and there it stays throughout his program save when applause forces grave, perfunctory bows.

Alright, Professor!

Soft chords to quiet the late-comers, Professor! That will do the business. The young fellows prance gaily all over the piano, do they? Well, we'll show them we're not out of the running. And so there follow those finger-wiggling Medtner "Improvisations" and the nice, ornate filigree work of Weber's "Rondo Brilliant."

But, Professor, we don't care how fast YOUR fingers can move. Can this clap-trap—give us music!

Chopin, ah! Now you're talking.

We all know the "Nocturne" but that doesn't matter—the glory of Chopin is that his beauty in inexhaustible, and so we take those tender melodies, Professor, those half-hesitant phrases, the sheer loveliness of those rhythms as your reverent heart discloses them and we thank you, Professor, we thank you. And for the lilt and the rippling whimsies of the "Valse," we thank you.

Play That Sonata

Play us the B flat minor sonata, Professor. You know how that first movement ought to go. It rises tumultuously under your fingers. There's a poignant sweetness in the pianissimo and an irresistible eloquence in the swelling climaxes. On through the nimble scherzo, the dark reverential march funebre, and the intoxicating rush of rhythms in the finale! We like your Chopin, Professor. Give us an etude.

They say you don't know how to play your own stuff, Professor. The smart critics of the east like more thunder in the "Prelude" but, as for us, we'll let you rescue the piece from the realm of the hackneyed, thrusting aside of the bombast and disclosing a pensive beauty that the tyro passes by. And your "Serenade" is beautiful. Yes, applause for you, composer as well as pianist, applause from the heart, Professor!

Nearing the End

Tickle us with the rippling-Mozzkowski "La Jongleuse," wrap us around in the rhapsody of the Liszt "Sonetto del Petrarca" (we had a sweetheart once we loved that way), set us dancing inside with the capriciously swinging rhythms of "The Beautiful Danube"—be careful, Professor, or you'll have our beaming Rothwell waving his baton at us. (You ought to see the way he's endorsing you down here in the audience.)

A Viennese waltz, a Liszt Hungarian rhapsody, and it's all over. Well, the young fellows are all right, but it pays to live, doesn't it, Professor? For your slow, grave bows we thank you.