

**RACHMANINOFF
ENTERTAINMENT**

By EMILY WRIGHT HOOD

The Russian pianist, Rachmaninoff, played a wonderful program before a large audience at the Palace theater last night, an audience which hung upon his tone wizardry like children listening to fairy tales. Words seem weak to express the heights and depths of such rare artistry as he displayed—artistry in which the perfection of technique was hidden, and the execution was so marvelous that such dexterity might seem almost impossible for human hands if one did not see and hear it. You loved the themes he played, for he made them so easy to follow, and they stood out like clear-cut cameos, or anon rare old faces. It was like some one was telling you the most interesting tales in accents of universal harmony. All the depths of human experience were sounded by this tone master. He caresses the piano, and there were no grotesque effects, but definite tone pictures.

The audience was not quite ready for him when he first appeared, and so he played a few fairy bars in pianissimo as a signal that the concert was about to begin. It had the desired effect, for he was observed to be playing and there had to be utter silence in order to hear. The Beethoven Sonata Appassionata was his first number, and won his auditors completely, with its marvelous left-hand runs, its perfect legato, and its ending in a stormy fortissimo. It was greeted with an ovation. The second number was a Chopin group, the composer a piano specialist, and the interpreter coaxing the most delicate tones and shadings from the instrument in the Fantasy, in which the brief march movement sparkled like facets of a diamond, while another part was like a prayer; the Valse, like fairy footfalls resolving into all the charms of waltz tempo; the Nocturne, with its plaintive minor theme played with expressions; the Polonaise, with its stunning effects in attack. After this group Rachmaninoff played as an encore number Chopin's Minute Waltz, in E flat major, a perfect pastel in tone color.

His third group began with his own famous Prelude which no one can play quite like Rachmaninoff plays it, and those who had not heard him play it before last night were much interested to have his interpretation thereof, with its solemn first part, its rapid second movement, and reverential finale. His Serenade had a rugged waltz movement, with accelerando, filled with rays of light in its treble movements, ending in a blaze of illumination. The Etude Tableau, the last piece he has written for the repertoire, was on the program, and some were disappointed that he did not give this number, but for it he substituted Polichinelle, with its inclusive chords and pyrotechnical effects.

The fourth number was the Liszt Campanella, which he played exquisitely with its left-hand theme and dexterous right-hand chromaticism. The audience wanted more, and after continued applause the artist returned and played the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff Liebenslied, with variations. Still the audience refused to depart, but stayed and applauded, and Rachmaninoff re-appeared and gave as a final encore "The Juggler," a sparkling Moszkowski number. And as the music lovers of the city reluctantly filed out of the theater everybody was exclaiming to everybody else, "Wasn't it a treat?"

It was the third and last of the series offered this season by the Morning Musical society.