

RACHMANINOFF CHARMS HIS AUDIENCE

Program of Distinct Merit
Presented by Great Russ
Pianist.

By WILLIAM MOORE.

"I've often read of the melancholia that is apparently part and parcel of the Russian nature, but it never was brought home to me in such forcible fashion as at the Rachmaninoff concert this afternoon," said Mrs. M. as we sloshed our way across Pennsylvania avenue last evening after attending the delightful piano recital at Poli's Theater.

"Personally, Rachmaninoff does not seem to be of a melancholic turn of mind, despite his saturnine expression," I replied, dodging a sea-going taxicab. "If you look closely you will find a humorous twitch to his mouth and a genial expression about the eyes that belie the old bromide."

"Ah, but back of it all, I can see the years and years of oppression cropping out of his own compositions. Take that C sharp minor prelude, for example. All the emotions are depicted with skillful artistry. There is the deep plaint of the down-trodden Russ, the pilgrimage to the Siberian mines, the crack of the Cossack's whip—melancholia? It is Drama!"

"I see, my dear, the concert has made a profound impression upon you," I said, slyly. "Where do we eat?"

Ignoring my query, Mrs. M. continued:

"Rachmaninoff is a great exponent of Chopin and Liszt. These two composers appear to be his favorites, when one compares the various programs he gives. His interpretation of Chopin, particularly the group he played today—fantasy, nocturne and scherzo—is uncannily accurate. The Liszt "Liebestraum" and "Spanish Rhapsody" left me awe-stricken. As you critics say, it was music of poignant beauty.

"Rachmaninoff's volcanic energy is marvelous. It appeals to me like some vast tidal energy that rocks mountains. And yet he can be as tender as a loving parent, sometimes coaxing and sometimes admonishing his refractory themes."

"I was particularly interested in his Chaikovsky numbers—the Variations and the 'Invitation to the Trepak,'" I said. "The technical brilliance of the former, and the impressionistic rowdiness of the latter were a delightful contrast, showing two sides of the great Russ' nature."

"Uh—huh," agreed Mrs. M., with a faraway look. Suddenly she pinched my arm.

"But the prelude! Did you ever hear it interpreted like he did it? It was worth the \$3.85 admission to hear it. Hereafter I never expect to hear anyone play the C sharp minor prelude correctly. Its proper interpretation must be left with its composer."

By this time we had arrived at our restaurant and the conversation turned to a discussion of the menu.