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# Rachmaninoff

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Mr. Rachmaninoff, at the Academy of Music last night, playing in recital under Institute auspices, was received in the manner that Brooklyn audiences accord to those only who achieve the highest artistic stature. It was a Rachmaninoff "house," with over two thousand listeners present, contentment enthroning itself on every countenance. And when the first octave of the famous prelude smote the air, a gasp of joy

<https://www.newspapers.com/image/544714424/>

was ejaculated by two thousand throats or more.

The same nobility that characterizes Rachmaninoff's music is also felt in his pianism. At the outset of last night's programme came Bach's D major Partita (No. 4), in which the player, following in the steps of his illustrious preceptor, Siloti, made alive and vital these enduringly true pages of pianoforte music. Variety of touch and freedom of interpretation entered into Rachmaninoff's exposition, but never at the expense of fidelity to the classic ideal. How sparkling the vivacity of the closing Gigue, with its rhythmically tricky subject, and how beautiful the bringing out of melody in the preceding Overture and Sarabande. Such interpretation should revolutionize the chronic conception which commonly disregards the melodic in Bach's piano music.

Schubert followed — the seldom heard Impromptu in A flat and the player's own intrinsically musical transcription of "The Brooklet." Sympathetic warmth infused the reading of each piece. Rachmaninoff is one of three or four living pianists whose interpretative sentiment allies itself spontaneously with the music of Schubert. Chopin's E minor sonata was the programme's central number. A positive personality reared in the symmetrical strength of the outline of the work as a whole, its design and development clearly revealed, each movement yielding its exclusive content to the master's fine discernment.

A Liszt group of three, "Consolation," "Dance of the Gnomes" and "Heroic," brought into prominence the superb cantabile of the player — yet it was another voice, distinct from the cantabile of the Chopin sonata. Further varieties of style and poetry came in a Fairy Tale (E minor) by Medtner, the player's own Etude Tableau and Kreisler's "Liebesfreud." And then came several encores (a remarkably tangible interpretation of Chopin's enigmatic A minor mazurka had preceded earlier by way of extra number), with Rachmaninoff's deft treatment of accent and dynamics making ordinary pieces sound interesting. Every technical secret is his, and the mastery thereof. But never does he make of technique an outward show. At times during last night's recital the player's abstemious pedalling cut the resonance of his tone, this fact falling to mar, however, a performance that was glorious.