

# AUDIENCE THRILLS TO RACHMANINOFF

Russian Pianist is in Ad-  
mirable Form in Cleve-  
land Concert.

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BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

Sergei Rachmaninoff played as wonderfully as ever before a great throng of his admirers that last night filled Masonic auditorium to within a small fraction of capacity.

The Russian pianist was in admirable form. His runs and cadenzas were coruscations of flashing brilliancy; his tone, with its manifold exquisite gradations, was a delight to the ear; at will, he summoned rich, imposing sonorities.

There is a full equipment for you. Add to it an individuality of conception that pervades and illumines everything he plays, and you have before you an artist of consummate and compelling powers. And such, beyond dispute is Mr. Rachmaninoff.

He can make a pianistic rose blossom in a composer's desert. Often has he done so in our hearing. A precious gift, yet in a way a perilous one. There is no living pianist, I verily believe, who can make music that is, at any rate, relatively uninteresting, so absorbing.

## Plays Beethoven.

Last night's program was a good example of this. There was the A flat sonata of Beethoven, the one that begins with a theme and variations. A favorite in the class room—though never was it ever played in any class room as Mr. Rachmaninoff plays it—but pretty nearly the least effective for public performance of all the master's sonatas; and following it the diffuse and unduly lengthy Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" fantasy.

Yet after both pieces the applause was generous and prolonged. Which showed conclusively enough that, no matter what he plays, to listen to Mr. Rachmaninoff is one of the choicest pleasures the concert platform accords us today.

Then Brahms and Chopin took the stage and the atmosphere cleared and brightened; and Mr. Rachmaninoff's scintillating playing stirred his auditors to storms of applause. There were two novelties called "Fairy Tales," by the Russian composer, Medtner. They turned out to be uncommonly attractive.

They are not written in the latest modern idiom; and are probably none the worse for that.

Also, Mr. Rachmaninoff played some of his own music, but as always, not nearly enough to satisfy his hearers.