

Rachmaninoff Recital.

The wonderful Russian pianist, Rachmaninoff, was heard in recital at the President Theater yesterday afternoon. The event had originally been scheduled for Poli's Theater, but recent structural changes in that house made necessary its transfer to the President, and, with it, an immense audience that taxed the capacity of the smaller house, and, no doubt, caused some disappointment to those who were unable to gain admission.

Washington students and music lovers should know the master pianist by this time, but it is doubtful if any or all of them combined could convey in a brief newspaper review anything like a fair conception of what yesterday's recital really was for the benefit of those who unfortunately could not hear it. It is easy to announce Rachmaninoff's program, and those familiar with its splendid numbers might imagine much as to how they were played, but who can describe the poetic wizardry of Rachmaninoff's moods, his inspirations, his marvelous technique in exhibiting the possibilities of sound and of producing with a poet's mood of light and shade the beauties of tones caught in dreams of inspiration by the great masters of music. Words can never do it, even the words of him who may have won the heights attained by the performer himself.

Opening with an entrancing number, "Improvisation, Opus 31," by N. Medtner, the performance passed to a brilliant rendition of the famous Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata." Then came the wondrous beauties of the Chopin "Sonata, Opus 35," with its captivating scherzo, and the "Marche Funebre," played with consummate artistry that seemed to command every resource of the great pianist, and left an impression that even a dainty Rachmaninoff cocktail, containing a dash of "The Chocolate Soldier," could not shake from the memory. This was followed with two delightful Rachmaninoff compositions, "Melodie" and "Serenade," the Moszkowski "La Jongleuse," with its pretty, intricate message of cheerfulness, and the Strauss-Schulz-Evler arrangement of "Beautiful Blue Danube," with an introduced effect that seemed to suggest war and the jangle of sweet bells out of tune.

The continued applause of a great audience, whose emotions had been aroused, apparently, to a high pitch, recalled the pianist twice after the regular program, but it is doubtful if those who did not know even cared what the two light and pretty numbers given as encores were.