

## RACHMANINOFF IN SECOND RECITAL

### Pianist Stirs Crowd With Beethoven Sonata

Berge Rachmaninoff gave his second Boston recital of this season last evening in Symphony Hall. Once again the tremendous hold which this pianist has upon Boston audiences was evidenced in a striking manner. Sunday afternoon concerts may not always be a measure of popularity, for many artists fill the hall to capacity. Mid-week evenings, on the contrary, are accurate gauges, for it is unusual indeed to find the hall so full or so little lethargic as it was last night.

For the most part Mr. Rachmaninoff played with the precision and restrained eloquence that have come to be expected from him. Once again he played with a subdued beautiful softness that was none the less clear and cool. Once more he thundered his way from sonority to sonority with impeccable technique and frosty ardor. Again his program numbered music of abstraction, music of virtuosity and music of exciting though cold rhythm. All these his audience looks for and likes. Last night he added the unexpected and for once furnished music of exuberant glow. It was his lot to shed a golden radiance over a piece whose clothes are so worn by much handling as often to appear shabby.

The opening bars of the Sonata Appassionata gave the clue to what was to come. Quietly the movement started, not with the torrential gusts which some pianists will use to usher in the familiar theme. Higher and higher coursed the flood of tone, but always under, rather than over, stressed. Wisely Mr. Rachmaninoff refused to scale Parnassus too soon and leave us on the barren plateau of an early climax. Reverently he touched the hymn-like Andante, softly left it only to draw vibrantly, piercingly the ominous arpeggio that announces the last movement. Then only did he unleash the full powers of sonority that are his, then did he pile climax on climax till the sonata welled full voiced and free to its triumphant close. For 55 uninterrupted minutes including the preceding pieces the audience had listened to his playing without becoming in the least restive. At the intermission a torrent of merited applause swept the hall.

The rest of the program was in the pianist's more usual vein. There were Beethoven's Thirty-Two Variations in C minor on the theme by the otherwise forgotten Diabelli. There were a number of the pianist's own compositions. There were pieces of Liszt for a bombastic close. But the memory that remains is of a Rachmaninoff gone beyond himself and become the great pianist that he can be.

PLEASING SONO RECITAL