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## RACHMANINOFF GIVES FIRST CONCERT OF SEASON

Sergei Rachmaninoff, eminent Russian composer-pianist, gave his first concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall before an audience that filled every available seat and occupied the standing area all around the walls. Mr Rachmaninoff received a flattering greeting on his appearance, and later in the afternoon gave two or three encores in response to vigorous and long-continued applause. There is no doubt about his popularity.

Mr Rachmaninoff is such a familiar figure to Boston concert-goers (this being his third appearance in the calendar year, one of them as a Symphony soloist) that comment upon his work is not necessary. Whatever may be said of him as an interpretive artist none can gainsay his remarkable technique and his brilliant rhythmic sense. Those things seem to be what audiences for the most part want.

It was clear enough yesterday that the pieces which seemed most to please were those which smacked of gymnastics and tinsel, rather than those deeply significant for their music-structure or sublime melodic conceptions. Liszt's sprightly but obvious Dance of the Gnomes provoked a more sympathetic reception than the noble B Minor Sonata of Chopin. One is led to suspect that even the generous applause which Mr Rachmaninoff won for himself in the Sonata was due fully as much to the spirited finale as to the beauties of the earlier melodic themes or the sombre grandeur of the third movement.

It is perhaps because of the perfection of technique which Mr Rachmaninoff possess that an audience may so easily place more emphasis of what it has seen—manual dexterity—rather than upon any emotional effect (or lack of it) that it has felt. For whereas Rachmaninoff's execution is manually brilliant his eloquence is notably restrained. There is a delicacy to his interpretive faculties, and often a warmth to his piano voices, more suited to the poesy of a Chopin than to the more showy rhetoric of a Liszt. In his Schubert "Impromptu" Mr Rachmaninoff attained a mellowness and depth of tone which played upon the emotions as did little else.

There were two novelties on the program, both Mr Rachmaninoff's own transcriptions—the one of Schubert's "The Brooklet" and the other of Kreisler's familiar "Liebesfreud." The Brooklet is a rippling, colorful movement, well suited to display Mr Rachmaninoff's brilliant rhythmic sense. In the second piece the composer has taken the familiar strain from the Kreisler piece and played upon it and with it, sometimes exalting it, sometimes burying it deep, and generally showing what can be done with it without demonstrating to at least one of his hearers the need for such heroic treatment.