

RACHMANINOFF AT SYMPHONY HALL

Wins Great Ovation by His Playing of Chopin Sonata

Sergei Rachmaninoff's recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was attended by an audience less numerous than many that have heard the great pianist here, yet large enough for a warm afternoon late in the season, and surpassingly cordial.

His hearers applauded with particular enthusiasm his highly dramatic and individual performance of Chopin's B flat minor sonata—the "Funeral March" sonata. Shunning easy sentimentality as usual, scorning even to seek invariable beauty of tone, dispensing with that excessive fluidity of rhythm which custom prescribes in the playing of Chopin, he gave to this almost hackneyed work an unfamiliar tragic strength and a rare beauty and dignity of interpretative conception. Neither in the lyrical episode of the inexorably onward-moving funeral march nor in the charming trio of the Scherzo did he yield to the invitation to become meltingly sentimental which so many players find there. He gave the sonata an impressive, symphonic unity.

With equal intelligence, though with slightly less even excellence of execu-

tion, he had played Beethoven's E major sonata, opus 109, with which the ample program had opened. In the Prestissimo of this sonata, as in the Scherzo of Chopin's and in Ravel's Toccata (from "Le Tombeau de Couperin"), speed tended to obscure the details of the music. Yet, here too, unifying intelligence compensated for such defects as these; an unaffected charm of lyricism, an admirable sense of phrase and movement, emphasized the beauty of this work.

With piquant humor and delicate responsiveness to their changing moods he played Schumann's "Papillons," with tone searchingly but lightly incisive or more warmly expressive, as the music demanded the one or the other.

A final group contained pieces chosen to display both Mr Rachmaninoff's technical brilliance and his pictorial imagination. Rubinstein's Barcarolle No. 5, Medtner's characteristically Russian "Fairy Tales," op. 51 (still in manuscript), the pianist's own pleasing "Etude-Tableau," Ravel's Toccata, were of this category. Debussy's delicately sentimental "Fille aux cheveux de lin" and three early pieces by Scriabin were played with charm, romantic warmth and elegance. Many encores were, of course, granted in response to a most unusually, but deservedly, persistent and energetic ovation at the close of the program.

Why, of Course

Mrs Meeks—While driving her car this morning Mrs O'Bawler's car collided with another woman's car.

Mrs Milds—Anybody hurt?

Mrs Meeks—Well—er—Mrs O'Bawler strained her voice.—New Bedford Standard.