

# Piano Recital By Russian Stirs Throng

## Rachmaninoff Has No Equal in Skill, Says Mitchell

By **RAYMOND E. MITCHELL**  
(Music Editor, Evening Post)

Not, indeed, since the halcyon days of Ignace Jan Paderewski have such expressions of wonder



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come from the lips of a concert-going public as those offered up in token of Sergel Rachmaninoff's performance at Philharmonic auditorium last night.

The recital, second and final of his Southland appearance this season, offered the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue, D minor; Beethoven's Opus 10, No. 3, Sonata; three Chopin works, two Preludes of his own making, and a final Liszt group containing a Ballade, Valse Impromptu and Rhapsodie No. 11.

It is difficult after a formal summary of Rachmaninoff's playing Saturday, to convey, without falling into the rut of naive enthusiasm, just what his great art has meant to the Los Angeles music-loving public.

This towering solemn-faced Russian, though he appears to be of the present generation, in reality belongs to the close of the great Liszt era. Rachmaninoff represents that school of gigantic skill and is, I dare say, without a living equal.

There are critics who dispute the propriety of Rachmaninoff's "over-emphasized leaning toward strict academic classicism." Let them not forget that even though his virtuosity harks back to the prodigious canons of the past, he preserves in every instance the richness of an incomparable individuality.

Rachmaninoff's interpretations of the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue and the various movements of the Beethoven Sonata brought out fully the distinct characteristics pointed out.

The final Liszt group was one of those breath-taking exhibitions that loosed the stormy and continuous insistence of the audience. Rachmaninoff responded in gracious measure.