

Rachmaninoff Gets Great Reception at Symphony Concert

Scenes of Enthusiasm Mark
Rendition of His Piano
Performances.

By HARRY R. BURKE.
Scenes of unsurpassed enthusiasm marked the reception of Sergei Rachmaninoff's new Third Symphony, which brought to a close the program's first half. Rachmaninoff had received another magnificent tribute of applause. Now he was faced to come up from the audience and received not only its thunderous applause, but the tribute of a fanfare from the orchestra.

Upon his appearance as a soloist it is futile to comment. In accepted sense the concert had no soloist. There was Rachmaninoff at the piano. There were Mr. Goltschmann and 88 symphonists playing, con amore, as they wove, in melody, his will. The virtuoso was submerged in the living authority of the creator. That does not imply in Mr. Goltschmann an absolute command of his orchestral resources. Instead, it asserts a sensitive appreciation, a distinguished responsiveness, a sympathetic understanding of the spirit which presided at the piano. Here was presentation as differentiated from interpretation. No alien mind interpreted its concept to reveal—as through a glass darkly—the music's poetic content.

Thinks in Melody.
If the creative Rachmaninoff was altogether dominant, the virtuoso cannot be ignored. If Rachmaninoff is not at the very height of his pianistic art it can only be because there are unguessed Himalayan peaks his genius will yet scale. The composer thinks of the world in terms of melody and his instrument becomes the voice of song. His tone has that enormous quality—deep, full, free, challenging—which instinctively we associate with Russian choral song, with Russian love for chimes and clanging bells, with the music of Moussorgsky. It is instinctive and inherent and combines with the dominance of the artist's personality, to endow an amazing virtuosity with a living authority.

In his new A Minor Symphony these qualities flower in even greater beauty. The concerto is in point of time, of fact, of experience, prejudicial to this. Mr. Rachmaninoff has written the work in three movements, for he finds difficulty in expressing his thought in the conventional symphonic mould. As a matter of fact so did Beethoven. If the latter made the misstep into the scherzo, Mr. Rachmaninoff has related the scherzo more nearly to life by introducing it piecemeal, mostly in the adagio movement, as it were; by the episodic introduction of vivacious dancing figures which appeared to ting, to color, and some times to determine the momentary outcome of that eternal conflict which rages through his work—the conflict between his pressure and man's hope.

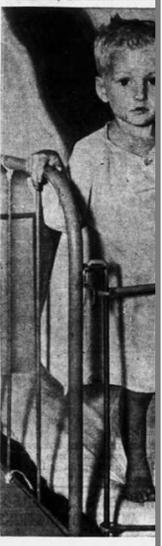
Criticism of Life.
It is inevitable that great music, whether it be of program character or in the abstract realm, like the literature of Matthew Arnold's dictum, should be a criticism of life. That is inevitable since music is emotion expressed, and emotion is reaction to experience. The conventional symphonic mould fits a formula of inevitable outcome as did Berlioz's outworn mould for the "well-made" play. That has been true from the days of the "Eroica." For all that the destiny of Bonaparte failed utterly to coincide with the dream of Beethoven. But Rachmaninoff has experienced the greatest of disasters. There were years when his fertile genius was barren. He has seen a civilization which he loved engulfed in a world war and annihilated by a revolution. Creative genius keeps him company again, "wherefore has he hope; but the life he has observed does not resolve itself by formulas. His music refuses to lie, to beguile others, to delude itself. It is true to itself at the cost of convention.

He has pondered the reflection of Gogol's Platon, in "Dead Souls," "What is so splendid about these melancholy songs? They do but increase one's depression of spirit." He is creating happier melodies which he sings with unflagging interest in a design which is achieved by pace.

Faithful and Scrupulous.
That the pattern is—as Browning saw it—"patchy and scrappy," but it is the pattern of life. Dark and melancholy moods surround and struggle with the happier; the virile melodies of hope. Fluttering figures in the woodwind, fantastic and faith, emerge in promise, and, as in life, they flatter and fall. They are little scherzo figures of the true Beethoven lineage. Sordidness, dissonance and esophobous turmoil threaten to overwhelm the song of hope. It is triumphant in the end, but only as a hope. By denying the absolute authority of conventional form Rachmaninoff has achieved what Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson attain in formalness—an authentic sense of that pattern of life which they perceive.

These are difficult days—for the artist, too. It is a happier time when faith can synthesize all things. Witness that other "first time" work which opened the program, the Dall'Abaco Church Concerto in Rhine Dietrich's version for string orchestra. A trumpet-like fanfare of string tone is colored by piano chords. A sombre adagio meditation has medieval coloring, and gives way, in an allegro a piano, to a melody suggestive of the gentler features which, etched by the strings, grows in dynamic power to close the brief first movement in a serene stinging of faith and glory. A broadly flowing melody, marked by warm transparency, one is punctuated by the piano as

BOY, 4, WHO C TALKING, G



By ASSOCIATED PRESS.
MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 28.—Emmie Wilson, who "talks" in his childish prattle today, gravely which baffled his doctors. His body wasted away to 20 pounds and his hair turned snow white. Emmie talked on and on just as he has since entering a hospital November 12 with what first was believed to be meningitis. Physicians said they were not sure of his ailment. They called in a nerve specialist today. The boy had a slight stroke two weeks ago which affected his face. One eye remains open; one side of his mouth is drawn. He sleeps four or five hours at

Rebel Fire Britis

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It was understood that Col. Arranda, insurgent commander in the Oviedo sector, had made an urgent appeal for reinforcements. (French reports said that the Asturias miners had dynamited the important bridgehead at Valdupo breaking communication between Oviedo and Col. Arranda's headquarters at Grado to the west. (These reports said that the Oviedo garrison was not strong enough to resist a determined government assault.)

Madrid Fighting.
The official war bulletin claimed that the insurgent attack on Madrid was being demoralized. The Fascist attackers on the Southern Madrid front, the bulletin said, were driven back, while at other points there were violent artillery duels. Aviation units, according to the official communique, were grounded by rain. The government announced the creation of six fortification battalions made up of men skilled in construction who will be available for quick movement to any desired point.

Fascists Bomb Santander.
By Associated Press.
SAINT JEAN DE LUZ, FRANCE, November 28.—Spanish Socialist Government troops renewed their campaign on the northern front today with attacks against Fascist Grado, Vizcaya and Tolosa. Reports that Fascist warplanes had bombed Santander, Bay of Biscay city, and caused heavy damage there were broadcast by the insurgent radio station at Bermeo. The Valdupo bridgehead was destroyed, French reports from Gijon said, and Socialist militia asserted they captured the town and inflicted heavy losses on the insurgents. New fighting was reported also at Oviedo and the Seville radio said Socialist militiamen were driven back there.

Fascist Blockade Notice.
By Associated Press.
SALAMANCA, SPAIN, November 27.—(Delayed in transmission)—The Spanish Fascist Government today informed European nations the insurgent blockade of the Port of Barcelona would be continued. Delay in answering requests for information on the blockade, it was declared officially, resulted from the second movement opens and gives way to a dancing figure, innocent and gay and blinding at jig and snare. It grows, itself, in power and glory to an apotheosis of string tone. So easily, so quickly does faith resolve all doubt and make things clear. But those were other days, when Dall'Abaco wrote his Church Concerto.