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RACHMANINOFF PLAYS A TEMPEST PROGRAM

Great Slav-Oriental Composer
—Pianist Conducts Music
Travelogue

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Incomparable, glacial Rachmaninoff played last night the most glittering recital of his life. Not a romantic thing in it—except two en-

cores and an unfamiliar Beethoven sonata, intended to express farewell to, longing for and meeting again, some lady.

Latecomers broke in between the first two pictures, and the pianist gave them a savage look. He never embraces an audience. Let them know him by his music, most of it so much unlike his gaunt, grim personality with now and then the glimmer of a Mongolian smile. They say he has a terrific temperament. That also must be found in his colossal, creative technique.

Which was never quite so terrible in its craft as in this program. He romped prestissimo over the gleaming harmonic octaves of Weber's Moments Capriccioso with the fury of

Kaye Don. He wound up the Gluck Gavotte and sent it spinning clean out of its old stately measures into the speed of a spinning dervish doing a clog.

All as prelude to the mightiest performance of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques ever heard here. Other men—at least one or two of our own pianists—have given this great sequence of tone pictures as much color and splendor. None has made it gleam so gorgeously like a parade of regiments, singing pilgrims, dancers and poets. He took an Oriental delight in this magnificent procession, all hurrying somewhere in such splendid order.

The new thing was his own Variations on a theme of Corelli—not Marie, though here and there in this gigantically ingenious fantasia on a nice sad old theme of 17th century were touches of the Sorrows of Satan.

I. N. C. D. I. I.