

## REVIEW

### LA VOZ DE ASTURIAS 1935-04-11 (orig: Spanish)

Yesterday, the world's greatest composer, Sergei Vasilievich Rachmaninoff, honored our Philharmonie with a recital whose memory will remain etched in the minds of those fortunate enough to hear it, and which no other musical experience will be able to surpass.

Yesterday's celebration was magnificent; an immortal genius crowned it with Olympian grandeur, and it will forever be inscribed in the annals of our Society by the sweetness of the sounds heard.

Rachmaninoff is a great poet, free and virtuosic, endowed with such a personality that his virtuosity is not a pentagrammic rebellion, but rather seems to be a creation of the works he interprets, rendering them neither new nor old: simply sublimating them into an ideal and sublime conception.

Mozart and Chopin also benefited from superb interpretations yesterday; everything that can be expressed in terms of sentimental and emotional value, we hear thanks to the genius of Rachmaninoff, neither old nor new: unique.

From Chopin's "Sonata in B flat minor," our souls still suffer and our hearts still rejoice, deeply moved by the "Funeral March." We saw the funeral procession dance, at first solemn; struggling not to succumb to grief, to move from gravity to strength; dominated by suffering; overwhelmed by bitterness; still uttering lamentations without despair; and, slowly, the return to calm to overcome it. The solemn procession marched on, then was once again overcome by grief; and soft, silent moans, and sobs... Then, silence and solitude until the mournful rumble from beyond the grave closed the sorrowful poem of death. The audience, moved, applauded frenetically after the final march, a short epilogue to Chopin's beautiful piece.

Then, the third part, joyful, lively, and playful; among sweet and beautiful poems, those of Scriabin, magnificent; a marvelous scherzo by Borodin, and "The Love Song," which Rachmaninoff adapted from Kreisler, and the prelude composed by Serge himself, which powerfully reveals his facets as a great composer, on a short theme, three persistent notes, around which a situation is woven, submerged by the supple but tenacious theme. He had to play several encores due to the endless applause; and as he had to leave to catch his train, Rachmaninoff had to take out his watch and display it to the audience with undeniable eloquence. Moreover, Sergei V. Rachmaninoff is the complete antithesis of the man in the photograph circulating in Oviedo for the past few days. He has a most distinguished air and supreme majesty.

[Translation: © J. Falley]