

Slav Is Frank DISLIKES PRELUDE



VIVID, DOUR—Serge Rachmaninoff, Russian master of the piano, who says his own C Sharp Minor Prelude is his greatest "annoyance" and the Philadelphia Orchestra his greatest joy.

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RACHMANINOFF DECLARES OWN WORK 'ANNOYS'

Of all the satisfactions of his long musical career, one, says Serge Rachmaninoff, is supreme.

Of all the dissatisfactions, added the famous pianist-composer here yesterday, one among three stands out.

"The big annoyance of my concert life," asserted the sallow, lank Russian master, "is my C sharp minor 'Prelude.'"

"I'm not sorry I wrote it. It has helped me. But people ALWAYS make me play it. By now I play it without feeling—like a machine."

Rapturously, Rachmaninoff mentioned his supreme joy.

"That, very simply, is to hear or perform my music with the Philadelphia Orchestra. I have never heard such another orchestra anywhere."

Rachmaninoff is a vivid, dour

Slavic personality. His shoulders are broad, stooped. His head is long. His hair is cropped close.

"For annoyance No. 2," he said, "take the press interview before breakfast." And since he had had his breakfast, his sleepy, Oriental eyes became magically friendly in a smile.

But instantly a slow anguish seized his expression. Some one had asked him whether modern composers are writing great works for piano.

"About modern music," was his grave reply, "I feel as about interviews without breakfast. I am very pessimistic about modern music."

Rachmaninoff, himself, who played at the Memorial Opera House last night and will do so again tomorrow afternoon, has just given the world his Third Symphony.

A. F.