

Some Jazz Is Beautiful, Declares Rachmaninoff, in City for Concert

Russia and Germany Great in Music, He Says, Because of Folk Songs; Will Give His Prelude

His nervous hands straying frequently to his face, his eyes betraying a disposition equally impulsive, Rachmaninoff regarded his questioner intently.

"Jazz," he said, "as characteristic American music? What do I think of it?" A pause. "Some of the orchestration is wonderful. I do not know how to tell you of it. I have nice ears (he touched them gingerly with both hands). They understand those things. The orchestration is so beautiful sometimes I cannot tell all the instruments they are playing."

"It is getting better, the orchestration. Paul Whiteman—I know many good things of him."

In so many words Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer-pianist, praised the music of his foster-land during an interview prior to his concert engagement Monday night at the Charleston high school auditorium.

He talked quietly. His hands were restless. His face, heavy of feature and flexible in expression to accompany the strange English of his deep voice, seemed a barrier to a pent-up force behind his changing eyes.

No one offered him praise, no one spoke of his impending concert, except inadvertently.

"Why," one of his group of interviewers asked "do so many of the great musicians come from Russia?"

Rachmaninoff meditated. "Perhaps it is because," he said, "they are a people of songs. Like the Germans are. I mean folk songs. Some of them are very beautiful. The people live in music."

Rachmaninoff reached for another cigarette, and he talked of audiences. His cigarettes, half the customary

length, he kept relighting in a thin stemmed holder as he spoke.

"When I came over here first in 1909 they told me Boston had the best audience. It had the best audience in 1918 but now it is New York. Where it is as fine as you can find. So much appreciation.

"This is my country," he shrugged. "I have been over here a long time. My two children, my daughters, have been educated here. They speak better English as I do, and when sometimes I correspond they help me," and he smiled. It was just a flash. Then his frowls sank into a somber and nervous expression.

Rachmaninoff's hands fascinated the five young persons who were his audience. Each wrist was thick, but not large. His fingers were tubular, about equally long, almost even in size and, somehow, so were correlated with each other that a person was conscious only of the movements of the whole hand.

"I think," Rachmaninoff said a little abruptly, "that is about enough for one day."

He arose and shook hands with his guests. Then, for the first time, his own work was mentioned.

"You will play your Prelude?" he was asked eagerly.

Rachmaninoff took the hand of the questioner and bowed with a gracious smile.

"That," he said, "is my duty."

Mrs. Rachmaninoff is accompanying him on his tour.

VET WHITTLES FOR LIVING

DETROIT (UP.)—A gassed World war veteran, Fred Pilichta, is whittling a living out of old telephone poles to provide for his wife and six