

Public's Ideas of Music Are Not Rachmaninoff's

Pianist Tells Writer His Musical Likes and Dislikes

BY MILDRED MASTERSON

I knocked on the door of a suite at the Olympic hotel this morning. It was the suite occupied by Sergei Rachmaninoff, famed pianist-composer, who will appear at the Metropolitan theater in concert tonight.

A young-old man, tall and lanky, opened the door. He smiled pleasantly.

"I want to see Rachmaninoff," I said.

He immediately held out his hand. It was a long, slim hand, strong, warm and friendly.

"I am Rachmaninoff," he said. He motioned me to come in. He crossed the room and closed the windows, thru which a strong breeze was blowing. He was alone. There were no managers, no valets, no secretaries.

I asked him about his compositions—his favorites. "Not the prelude," he said. "The public does
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Rachmaninoff

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not agree with me in their choice of music," he added, whimsically.

I asked him about his two daughters. They inherit, he said, his love of music—and, yes—his understanding, but they are not professional musicians.

His daughters, he explained proudly, are 25 and 29 years old, and he has a granddaughter 7 years old.

"I have no time to play," he said, speaking softly, with a charming Russian accent. "I eat, I sleep, I practice. And I have books. I prefer books in Russian, my native tongue.

"I never compose during the concert season. I cannot. But at my home in New York—or in Switzerland, then I shall compose. I seldom visit Russia."

He is only 58 years old. But there are fine little lines, such as come from deep study, over his face. He is long, and strong, and lanky, and he wears perfectly tailored dark clothes.

He appears here under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical club.

"I'll probably play my Prelude in C Sharp Minor tonight," he said.