

# Rachmaninoff Proves Real Master in Piano Recital

By MARIE HICKS DAVIDSON

The greatest Russian of them all, the incomparable Rachmaninoff, yesterday gave a piano recital at Dreamland Auditorium. To the cognoscenti, that almost tells the whole story. He doesn't give a program more than once in a season, and he doesn't come every year, but when he appears on a platform, tall, austere, aristocratic, and sits him down at the piano, there is no mistaking the authority of the master.



What a music loving city it is, this San Francisco, when, on a day as bonny as "e'er the sun shone on," two auditoria are filled almost to capacity for concerts of high musical standard. The other concert was at the Curran Theater, where the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra gave a fine program.

## TONAL SPLENDOR

Rachmaninoff began with the Bach-Tausig Organ Choral, G minor. The splendor of the tone, the majesty and power of the choral were truly organ-like.

The Beethoven Sonata, Opus 31, No. 2, was a more brilliant offering, so far as technical requirements were involved, but none the less interesting in interpretation, developed with irrefutable logic.

In the Chopin group the great Russian was inspired. The Polonaise, F sharp major, was not essentially different from other readings we have heard, but augmented in sonority and played with the real Chopin flavor, a solemn but romantic gravity pervading it.

## CHOPIN GROUP

A mazurka, valse and a scherzo (C sharp minor) completed the Chopin group. The mazurka was full of caprice and gayety, clothed in Polish sentiment and played with exquisite facility.

The special offering to Liszt lovers

was a trilogy comprising the Funerailles, Valse Oubilee and Voices of the Wood.

Came then an eerie, modern thing by Medtner, a contemporary of Rachmaninoff, entitled "Fairy Tale, B Minor," and Rachmaninoff's own "Etude Tableau, E Flat Minor."

An Oriental fantasia, "Islamei," by Balakireff, concluded the scheduled program, but the audience surged forward and stood by the hundreds at the edge of the stage. The tribute was so spontaneous and genuine that the virtuoso could not but comply to the mute appeal. After two encores he struck the opening chords of the familiar "Prelude," THE "Prelude," as it has come to be known. And that was the last. The arpeggios were like strings of pearls strewn over a fabric of harmonics.

The art of Rachmaninoff is something beyond analysis. It soars above his impeccable technique; it is more than the programmatic profundity or intellectual grasp which it undoubtedly evidences. It is the man himself, composer and interpreter, who projects the soul of music through the keyboard to his audience. When he had finished the "Prelude," his face lit with his slow, urban, somber smile, and he disappeared through the curtains, there to be greeted by Harold Bauer, Gunnar Johansen and other pianists of fame.

## Asks Divorce, Says Wife Had Temper

Because his wife allegedly said she "would like to see him lying on a railroad track," Lloyd E. Kemp today showed a preference for a divorce court siding rather than the marriage right of way, according to the Pacific Coast News Service.

In a divorce complaint against Mrs. Grace Kemp, whom he married in Salinas November 28, 1928, and from whom he separated December 16, 1930, he charges that his mate had a temper and that she called him bad names.