

REFUSED TO GO HOME TILL PRELUDE PLAYED

Audience Storms Massey Hall
to Hear Famous C
Sharp Minor

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

All but ten of the audience at Massey Hall last night waited to hear Rachmaninoff play as a final encore the Prelude in C sharp minor. At least a thousand admired the polished, sunlit sonatas of Bach and Beethoven, the exhilarating Rondo by Schubert and the delightfully tangled suite by Debussy. The top-gallery adventurers in romance were delighted with the delicate Scherzos by Borodine and Mendelssohn, the always heart-throbbing Invitation to the Dance by Weber arr. Tausig and the fragrant old Chopin Nocturne encore. Only the more musical got the complete value of his own Variations on a Theme by Corelli, one of the most skilful things ever performed by any composer here.

But the moment this towering, sad-faced star headed the third time toward the piano, everybody of any age, race, sect or opinions about how to be happy though "broke," felt sure that this time he would do the Prelude. And when the first three great Kremlin-like chords clanged out, they were almost lost in applause.

Of course nobody ever can play this Prelude as he does; one of the most definitely, deliciously sad things ever done on a piano; so splendidly sombre and reminiscent—of a grand old gone-forever day. And no artist ever plays one of his own works here to such profound adoration. Kreisler with his Caprice Viennois, partly composed in Toronto; Grainger with his Country Gardens; Mascagni years ago conducting his own Intermezzo; Paderewski playing his own Minuet—none of these ever created quite the furore of this Prelude, played by the greatest composer-pianist alive.