



Piano Recitals.

Rachmaninoff, Serkin, and others

It's a pity that Rachmaninoff played at the Philharmonie again. In that enormous hall—which, by the way, was far from sold out—so much of the piano tone, even the very best, is lost! It takes a considerable amount of time to adjust to piano solos there, and time is precious when we want to hear Rachmaninoff! The artist played Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, himself—no, he played himself in everything. Of all pianists today, he perhaps has the greatest re-creative imagination; and the most idiosyncratic, too. He melts away in this imagination. For example, he rearranged and rebuilt Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata, the first movement very rhapsodically, the Scherzo placed in extreme contrast between the main section and the trio, and now the "marche funèbre," thankfully freed from all sentimentality: in proper Andante tempo, swelling magnificently, the wondrous middle section prayerfully without any expressive emphasis, the reprise of the march in fortissimo thus occurring precisely where the funeral procession had halted! Receiving and letting it fade away until, yes: right into the uncanny, demonic vision of the finale, truly conjured up with chilling awe by Rachmaninoff. Rarely has one heard the much-abused sonata performed with such superior originality, so shaped from the grand scale, as here. Of course: quod licet Jovi. The artist also played Chopin's Ballade in G minor, again quite rhapsodically, but unfortunately often unclear and not cleanly. Enough; the A-flat major waltz—*primula veris* in the vast hall. Finally: Liszt's raspberry pudding, drenched in his own piano vanilla sauce—Rachmaninoff really doesn't need that! After all, everyone knows he's also a technically brilliant fire-thrower. And the audience he has here, not least his compatriots, much prefers him in his grand style. We have no objection to this high regard.

[Translation: Google]