



Sergei Rachmaninoff

It is always a pleasure to see the slender, distinguished Russian on the podium: a personal and artistic pleasure. A cavalier figure, even today, when he is certainly no longer among the youngest, with an infinitely superior, even in his nonchalance somehow taut and somewhat haughty expression.

And like the image of this interesting figure, so too is Rachmaninoff's playing. From the heights of the most superior skill, he traces the contours of his pianistic tone paintings into the hall, and one always seems to feel how the once so fierce, but now in its afterglow somewhat weary, almost ghostly, slur of centuries rises up with it.

Rachmaninoff plays Beethoven, the young Beethoven, and for all the sensuality of the modern piano tone, the chaste grace of Nanges's thinner spinet also resonates very stylistically. He played Chopin, and a procession of beautiful aristocratic women flashes past the listener. Only here with Chopin, then with his own works, does the artist truly come alive; not only his fingers, but also his heart and nerves participate. Though what he proclaims may be the past, while he plays it, it is the most current present. A true knight of the pianoforte, he carries us away to the old romantic land. Willingly, we follow him; a stormy Dantesian greeting swirls around him, because on such a journey, no one is a more qualified guide than he.

Réti

[Translation: Google]