



The Rachmaninoff concert.

Sergei Rachmaninoff's spring offensive against the Malmö audience was a resounding success, despite the atrocities he had to contend with: a lack of atmosphere, an acoustically unfavourable venue and a small audience. Yesterday's push in the Knutssalen, on the other hand, had all the makings of a breakthrough.

A crowded salon and an interest that manifested itself both in time and in bad time were the external signs of it. Apropos the applause, it would be incomprehensible, if goulash were not just now making its triumphal march through the world, that there are people with such a total lack of tact, as the one who was forced to observe at the concert yesterday. The concert giver was losing his composure in the face of the phenomenon. He had just played the first movement of Beethoven's D major sonata, opus 10, no. 3, when a couple of individuals - of course on one of the front rows of benches - began to clap their hands before even the last chord had had time to sound, as if it were a question of rewarding better clownish wit. It is not surprising that the mood was volatile and that the second movement, the wonderful largo, slipped by without a trace, partly because of the senselessly hurried tempo. The evening was ruined after this, at least for the undersigned, and it would therefore be unfair to judge the performances in the latter half of the program by the impression they made under such circumstances. Unclouded joy, on the other hand, prepared the opening song, Bach-Busoni's Chaconne in D minor and the first movement from Mozart's A major sonata. There no goulash had yet had the opportunity to make itself felt and one could sink undisturbed into the contemplation of the impressive lines of Bach's architecture and the graceful play of Mozart's graces and rejoice that there are still artists who can empathize with and reproduce such masterpieces in the spirit in which they were once created. Bgn.

[Translation: Google]