

RECHENKUNDE
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Frankfurt, 8. November.

Die dem Kampfe in der Gegenwart... Die Rechenkunst ist eine der ältesten Wissenschaften...

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Radmannoff spielt Klavier.

Der Herrmann Radmannoff... Der Herrmann Radmannoff... Der Herrmann Radmannoff...

Einzelungspreise der Metallindustrie.

Die Einzelungspreise der Metallindustrie... Die Einzelungspreise der Metallindustrie...

Verfallener unter den Aktien.

Verfallener unter den Aktien... Verfallener unter den Aktien... Verfallener unter den Aktien...

Die Unternehmung des besten Geistes.

Die Unternehmung des besten Geistes... Die Unternehmung des besten Geistes... Die Unternehmung des besten Geistes...

Die Geier in Gansbrunn.

Die Geier in Gansbrunn... Die Geier in Gansbrunn... Die Geier in Gansbrunn...

Der Streit um die Puffenaktion.

Der Streit um die Puffenaktion... Der Streit um die Puffenaktion... Der Streit um die Puffenaktion...

Schiffahrt.

Schiffahrt... Schiffahrt... Schiffahrt... Schiffahrt...

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Rachmaninoff plays the piano.

The composer Rachmaninoff, particularly with his piano pieces, but also with his love songs, has penetrated the broader circles of the music public. The pianist, a pupil of Siloti, who was trained by Rubinstein and Liszt, a star in the 1890s, later also teaching in Moscow and Dresden, has long been forgotten by our music lovers. Now he reappears on the scene and achieves a great success in Frankfurt as well. The agent overestimated the popularity of the name and was unable to fill the large concert hall. But the thousand who came are worth more to the artist than the thousand who stayed away. Those who did come are enthusiastic, indeed delighted. They don't want to leave the hall until they have heard his two generous encores. And, what is most wonderful: they are right to be enthusiastic.

Rachmaninoff, the pianist, is truly first-rate. He embodies in his field the highest flowering of that technically truly sovereign, yet intellectually grounded and sustained artistic culture which undeniably existed in those happier times before the European crisis, but which was then restricted by the disintegration of society and genuine civilizational values. Such an appearance, as if illuminated by a spotlight, reveals what has been lost and how little has been gained so far. One becomes aware of how strongly material inflation was accompanied by artistic inflation. This is not recognized out of resentment against the change of things, the inevitability of which is easily demonstrated in this respect as well, but out of the need for confirmation of a standard that one considers indispensable for the present and future, but which is constantly relativized by the general decline in standards. Objectivity? It existed back then, too. It is also present in the 55-year-old's performance as an intellectual form. But, unlike so many talents and upstarts in our highly industrialized concert scene, it does not constitute the main value of the artistry. Rather, it is inextricably intertwined with purely technical superiority of the highest degree and with a richness of expression that springs solely from the outstanding personality.

Rachmaninoff begins with two chorale preludes by Bach and Busoni. Initially almost cool, purely intellectually sculptural, with a subdued pianistic element. But already in the second prelude ("Now rejoice, dear Christians"), a pianistic stature is announced in the leggiero of the continuous eighth-note figure, in this sparkling, wonderfully clear, yet nowhere mechanized formal playing, which is then brilliantly confirmed and developed in what follows. Liszt's Dante Sonata already demonstrates the master, the conqueror of the instrument, in all his greatness. And in Chopin, in the Fantasia in F minor and in numerous smaller studies, in addition to his manual and intellectual superiority, that flowing, buoyant temperament, that hazy, almost spiritual sensuality emerges, which characterizes the musician of the East, and which here marks the inner connection between work and player. One hears from this singing of the tones, from this swell of the piano sound to orchestral power and colour, that one creator expresses himself through the sonic medium of another. And one also appreciates the artist's own pieces offered at the end, which, despite their already strong impressionistic influence of Chopin's style (particularly to the frequently performed Prelude in C-sharp minor), one can see how much this Eastern sensuality of sound also requires inner attitude and formal execution in order to be understood as intended.

When the audience in the hall was extinguished after the third encore, only happy, grateful faces were visible. Rachmaninoff, given the circumstances of such a performance, has taught us again to believe in the possibility of the solo concert.

Karl Holl

[Translation: Google]