



SIEBENQUELL

What a Mozart Concert can teach us



FOTO: MARTIN WALZ ON WWW.BERLINER-PHILHARMONIKER.DE

The day is drawing to a close and I am guided to an evening the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. It begins with Mozart's concert for piano and orchestra Es-Dur KV 482. During the first movement I am not yet fully present. Many things are coursing through my mind, the music gradually permeates me. The second slow movement draws me closer. I have the two main performers before my eyes: 43 years separate the pianist Ove Andsnes and the over 90 year old conductor Herbert Blomstedt – I feel the connection between them and grow ever more attentive and quiet. The music reaches my heart, touches it, and caresses it. I am fully present.

Then the third movement begins. It is entitled »Allegro - Andantino cantabile - Primo tempo«. But what does that mean? Listening in the fullest sense of the word is now called for. The pianist begins lightly and swiftly, sprightly, almost bouncing, he plays with virtuosity and elegance.

Increasingly the music becomes tenderer, almost cautiously tentative, searching, also with a touch of melancholy. Sometimes the flute sets the melody and the piano answers, then the clarinets take over, the horns – repeatedly the string players, in between the piano with them or alone and in interplay. And after moving, song like (Cantabile) minutes, they all return to the lightness and joy of the beginning, played with an incredible and very precise earnestness.

A conductor is at work who is over 90 years old. With a certain grandeur of old age he holds all the strings together, with both hands, mostly closed. The pianist carries the music within himself in such a way that flows out of him into his fingers. Yet, I hear much more:

The flute sounds, gives an opening, the piano reacts, the bassoons take over, then clarinets, then again the piano... then the full power of the horns, in between again all the strings, the entire orchestra, again he piano on its own.

I am gripped by the entirety of the music. It lives from this interplay. Each plays his or her instrument masterfully, listens and reacts to the others. Each cue, each pause is coordinated, they are dependent upon and oriented toward one another, each is on his or her own and all are woven with one another. No one is more important the other, no one is insignificant. Each does his or her part and serves the whole. Each is totally present to himself or herself and totally present to the others. If it were not so, this glorious and unique music would not exist.

Neither braggarts nor grey mice sound out in this circle. There is no envy of the voices that happen to be in the foreground at the moment and no bashful hiding of tones that are suppose dot ring out and live. They all have their place here.

I hearken the diversity of voices and yet only one magnificent music.

All at once, the experience of this piano concert becomes an image for life:

I do my part and everyone else does their part and all of it together sounds as if it came from heaven and lives here on earth. And it is very good.

And when I look back at this hour, it dawns on me: I need the space as well as the time in order to live through the entire story of the concert right from the start and to gradually experience this fullness and be richly gifted by it.

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

Vallendar, February 13th, 2020