

Crowd Pays Homage to Russians

BY ISABEL MORSE JONES

The life of Russia mirrored in music was the subject of the program at Hollywood Bowl last night. The orchestra was conducted by Vladimir Bakaleinikoff and the soloist, Serge Rachmaninoff. It was an occasion. The large audience was aware of its significance and offered the conductor and the revered pianist, who now makes his home here, homage and appreciation.

The Introduction to "Tsar Saltan" proved a rollicking preface played with precision and marked rhythms. The famous symphonic poem on the "Song of the Volga," "Stenka Razine," was a series of brilliant variations as Bakaleinikoff played it. Each orchestral soloist brought something new to the collection. One notable contribution was the "Song" played on variously tuned tympani by Virtuoso Charles L. White.

VICTORY PRAYER

Festival Overture "1812" has not been heard in the Bowl for several years. There was a time when it was supplemented by cannon. This time it was a deeply felt prayer for Victory. It was done with reverence and fine effect and the Russian hymn, "God Preserve Thy People," was answered with many a silent "Amen." Bakaleinikoff chose and conducted well. Those who had scoffed at the "1812" found much to admire. The orchestra tone was good last night and the wind section blew well-favored notes.

Rachmaninoff is a great pianist and a popular one. There was a crowd in the Bowl to hear him last night and there will be another tonight. Had there not been a limitation, there would have been many more. Why 14,000 can be permitted to gather and shout for baseball and only 5000 permitted to listen quietly to music is one of those mysteries that doesn't seem to have a reasonable explanation.

SUPERB MOOD

The second concerto by this pianist-composer is as well known as the Tchaikowsky. The audience expected a thrill last night and received it. Rachmaninoff was in a superb playing mood. The orchestra greeted him by rising when he came in and paid him tribute with a sensitive, resilient accompaniment.

The result was one of those rare performances when the soloist can indulge in emotional enjoyment of lingering phrases or quicken the tempo and speed joyously up and away with freedom and confidence that the conductor feels the work and will not fail to communicate it to the players under him. It was resplendent music. Rachmaninoff made last night with romance and serious, thoughtful poetry as well as the gay, characteristic dance rhythms which Russian art has given to a comparatively dull world.