

Conductor and Soloist Win Acclaim

BY ISABEL MORSE JONES

Hollywood claimed the Philharmonic Orchestra last night, Leopold Stokowski presented it to a highly stimulated audience in Pantages Hollywood Theater. The keen anticipation was not entirely due to the conductor and the luxurious and conveniently located theater, but in large measure to the eminent soloist, Sergei Rachmaninoff.

The concert had been sold out for days. There were people listening in rows back-stage. Klieg lights directed the sidewalk spectators to the location at an early hour. Traffic policemen and crowds and all the rest of the accompaniments to a Hollywood "first night" were in evidence and the glamour cast an unaccustomed but flattering light over the orchestra.

BRILLIANT MUSIC

The men played up to Stokowski in his specially made acoustical reflector of wood and in his new seating arrangement, making the music brilliant and penetrating and sparkling like champagne.

Although the concertgoers were probably later than usual because of new distances and difficulties of new seating, Stokowski came to the podium with alacrity at exactly the appointed hour. In an unusually dark house, the first notes of the Bach Fugue in G Minor sounded far off and mysterious. The tone gained volume with each section coming in proudly until the whole orchestra, 100 men and Stokowski, rose to a mighty crescendo and the short and important prelude to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was over. A typical Stokowski ovation followed.

There are very few conductors who would care to brook comparison with Otto Klemperer's Beethoven readings. Stokowski's interpretation of the "Fifth," even when playing it with Klemperer's orchestra, bore no resemblance. His performance last night had heightened brilliance because of the pace, the place of the brass instruments in front on either side and the indistinguishable mixture of all strings. Again the orchestra had the effect of a great band, effective, skillfully highlighting the phrases that were gay and passing lightly over the shadows. There were happiness and entertainment and romance but the grief and depth terror of Beethoven, the great, were not there.

RATHBONE SPEAKS

Thomas Freebairn Smith presented Basil Rathbone after the intermission. Mr. Rathbone made a graceful plea for approval of "the new music center" and spoke of the aims of Stokowski to further music as part of Hollywood life.

The splendid moments came with the playing of Rachmaninoff. His second concerto has so much of nostalgia, of longing for and realization of beauty that hearing him play it created a wave of emotional warmth and appreciation in the listeners such as we seldom enjoy in a concert. The audience stood to applaud his grand and ageless master. He was returned to the stage many times.

Although the work is 40 years old and the pianist has announced his retirement, there was no limit to the ardor and spontaneity which is characteristic of the concerto and of Rachmaninoff. The orchestral accompaniment was superb.

Stravinsky's "Firebird" concluded the program. Here Stokowski came into his own. It is victorial music in which orches-



BEHIND-LINES FIGHT—Jin have several set-tos in "The famous regiment, which of Hollywood and Downtown th

Geronimo Rides on Paramour

BY JOHN

Redskins bite the dust again on the screen—this time at the Paramount Theater, which continues the current "great outdoor" cycle of pictures with "Geronimo," action-filled melodrama featuring Preston Foster, Andy Devine, Ralph Morgan, Ellen Drew and Chief Thunder Cloud.

There is no denying the appeal of this type of production. The Indian vs. White Man formula was good enough for moviegoers of 20 years ago and, apparently, fills the bill just as well now.

Geronimo, if your American history needs brushing up, proved himself quite a terror around Arizona and New Mexico in the 1880's, and piled up a great many white scalps before the government took special measures to subdue him.

CHIEF CAPTURED

The film play is concerned with his capture and manages quite a bit of excitement, what with fiction vying with fact to create screen melodrama. The Indian chief has sworn vengeance (in the film) against all whites because his family has been wiped out by the westward-bound pioneers. He ambushes a party of scouts and soldiers, but true to the best movie tradition, the cavalry comes over the hill in the nick of time.

Chief Thunder Cloud takes the

tral sound glows and scintillates. The orchestra responded to the conductor's wizardry and Stokowski personified the Firebird. The imagination of all was intrigued and the rejoicing at the end was loud and joyous.

The program will be repeated this afternoon.

WATCH SKIES SAT.

Ends Today ▶ 'BROTHER RAT and a

WE'RE PR

The whole town for "The Fighting we're waiting for the