

otherwise banned and painfully missed.

A characteristic incident at the Vienna State Opera at this time can be explained as the outcome of this pervasive and deep-rooted opposition. After the director Strohmer became ill the Opera was without a head for many months. The staff seized this opportunity to stage a new opera, *Johanna Balk*, with text by Caspar Neher, scene designer and former close collaborator of Bert Brecht and Kurt Weill, and music by Rudolf Wagner-Regeny. Musically and scenically the style is closely related to that of *Dreigroschenoper*, "Entartete Kunst" in the strict Third Reich meaning of that term, a category pursued by the Nazis with fire and sword. Nevertheless the premiere did take place and it was followed by a series of repeat performances. Finally Berlin woke up and Goebbels himself issued a ban on performances of *Johanna Balk* for any German stage. The angry word "sabotage" was heard in official circles but as there was no desire to broadcast the scandal it was allowed to die down. Questions of directorship were thereafter handled more energetically and Karl Böhm was rushed from Dresden to the Vienna State Opera.

Whether open or underground such attempts to preserve the true cultural aspirations of the Austrians were, in effect, an expression of political resistance. Burning opposition to fascism manifests itself just as clearly in the copying of a Schönberg score as in the "direct action" of a purely political group. Surely the genius and energy of Austria, once again liberated, can be depended upon to give us a renewed musical activity in the line of its great tradition.

Sebastian

PARIS RESURGENT

Paris, April 1945

FROM the very beginning of the war many of our finest musicians were mobilized. With the signing of the armistice, we realized that some would not come back; we knew them well enough to appreciate our country's loss. But what of those who fell by their side: young students torn from their classes at the Conservatoire, forever unknown to the great public which they never had a chance to approach. We can only think bitterly of the precious things they might have accomplished.

The high hopes we had for Jehan Alain, Jean Vuillermoz and Maurice Jaubert, known for the film scores of *Carnet de Bal*, *Quai des*

Brumes and *Quatorze Juillet*, were of course based on demonstrated merit. Jaubert was killed, by the irony of fate, at the moment the armistice was to be settled. I had been his friend for a long time and will always see him, on the eve of his final departure for the front, more serious and yet more ardent than ever. He had come from Nice, a few years before, to begin his conquest of our little Parisian world with his likeable enthusiasm. A series of diverse, uneven attempts revealed, each piece more clearly, something truly special in his art. He had not yet attained perfection, since he died at forty. His work touches us precisely for its unfinished quality, for its restless and exacting search for an absolute, which he knew only too well to be elusive. In another age, with a little chance, he might have become a great dramatic composer. He did not find the framework of the concert sufficient; his film scores were more successful. From them Julien Duvivier, Marcel Carné and René Clair surely learned how music's support can give the cinema continuity. Jaubert deserves just homage without delay. Some effort to render it is promised by our Radio-diffusion orchestra as part of its renascent activity.

Thanks to the authority, talent, and faith of the conductor, Manuel Rosenthal, this orchestra has gained a large, faithful audience which applauds many works missing from our programs since 1940. Prokofiev, Hindemith, Stravinsky, Martinu, Milhaud, Satie, are some of the names restored to our radio.

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Parisian musical life elsewhere has continued active. This will surprise no one who knows how it flourished and what comfort it gave during the hardest part of the German occupation. Especially the triumphs of Charles Münch every Sunday! Münch's vogue today is as great as ever. But now the crowd not only goes to the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées where he conducts, but also to the Châtelet where Paul Paray, back from the Midi after a four-year voluntary exile, presides brilliantly over the Concerts Colonne.

We only hope these men will know how to use well the great trust they have inspired in their audience and interpreters. We know them to be devoted to the cause whose main defenders they are. Sometimes they give us unpublished or little-known pages by our young composers. Let them also search in our immense classical treasury for the masterpieces which still remain in the shadow. These can certainly replace some of

DESIGNS FOR TWO NEW AMERICAN BALLETS

BILLY SUNDAY

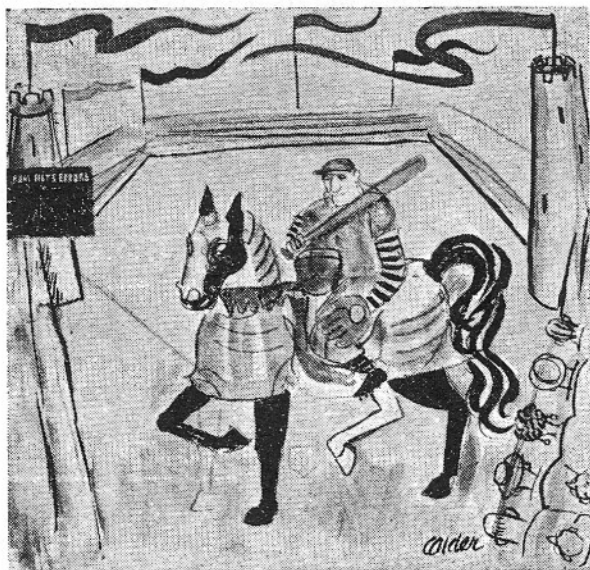
Preliminary sketch by
ALEXANDER CALDER

for the opening curtain of
a new ballet scheduled for
next Fall in Chicago

Choreography by RUTH PAGE

Score by REMI GASSMAN

Narration by J. RAY HUNT



UNDERTOW—Ballet by ANTHONY TUDOR

Design by RAYMOND BREININ Music by WILLIAM SCHUMAN

Introduced to New York this May by Ballet Theatre

the too frequently performed symphonies.

It was good to find, on the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire handbills, the announcements of the Sérénade, an organization as youthful and alert now as in its first days under Milhaud. After being forbidden for four years to listen to Milhaud's music, we greet its reappearance with understandable pleasure. At the Opéra-Comique, Roger Désormière, who, with Rosenthal, is now in the front rank of our conductors, gave a perfect performance of Milhaud's moving lament, *Le Pauvre Matelot*, along with Chabrier's *L'Éducation Manquée* and Jacques Ibert's *Angélique*, thus presenting three equally significant aspects of French art. Chabrier's influence has been too great for us now to debate the importance of his personality. As for *Angélique*, its skill and elegance in writing, its orchestral fantasy and keen sense of dramatic movement make it one of the rare successes of the French stage since *L'Heure Espagnole*. Incidentally Désormière's presence is a stroke of good fortune for the opera whose direction is due for an overhauling.

We also heard unpublished works by newcomers, Henri Dutilleux, for example, whose future appears secure. The technic, like that of most of his comrades, is already impressive. His danger lies in facile writing, which is a threat to the more important expression of feeling. But Dutilleux, in his latest melodies, is beginning to break away from the influences that stamped his first attempts. Inspired tone and thoughtful seriousness are to be found in this uncomplacent art.

At the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, *Forains* by Boris Kochno, with Sauguet's music, décors and costumes by Christian Bérard, and choreography by Roland Petit, was received with acclaim. Sauguet's exquisite piece is in every note a "ballet" score. There is no useless turgidity. Its facility is of a kind that few possess right now; it should not be minimized. The work is orchestrated with ease and clarity; it is well-paced and cleanly balanced.

III

This is a rapid sketch of what our musical life has been during the past six months. I should also speak of the disciples who have gathered around Olivier Messiaen at the Paris Conservatoire where he is professor of harmony. They have a youthful enthusiasm with which one is naturally sympathetic. But if we wait a little before judging them, we shall be better informed.

Georges Auric