

## NEW MALIPIERO, NEW HARRIS AND WEIL

I DO not agree with Mr. Walter Legge, the London critic, that Malipiero's new *Symphony* ("in four tempi, as the four seasons") introduced here recently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is really a *sinfonietta*. Shortness or even underdevelopment can no more make a *sinfonietta* than full thematic articulation alone can blow a work into a symphony. The piece is definitely a *sinfonia brevis*. Its formal skeleton has symphonic import, and it is clearly enunciated even if the themes and episodes are at times too aphoristic.

It is this adventure with form that is the delight of Malipiero's new work. The material itself is, however, surprisingly secondary and surprisingly non-Malipiero. One is so accustomed to his sober clarity, his emotional and verbal restraint! It is strange and novel to follow the abrupt and incontinent discourse of the second movement or the hovering, distant pageant of the *finale*, despite the sincerity of the former and the contagion of the latter. But in the opening *quasi andante sereno* one again finds the

best Malipiero and can delight in the transparency of exposition and orchestral raiment, in its laconic haughtiness and humane finesse.

A breath of significance is always present in any work of Roy Harris. His gift of great scope and vitality never fails to captivate. In his recent choral poem (commissioned by the League of Composers and given its New York premiere by the Westminster Choir) Harris' characteristic soaring adds to the strength of Walt Whitman's vigorously masculine ode to the worker. The novel element in this *Song for Occupations* is its engaging human and social element. The tonal substance presents, however, a blend not unknown to us: much that is attractive and unpredictable, at the same time something gauche, underdone and homespun (the learned "canon cancrizans," for instance, or the obvious imitations, the unwarranted and fictitious choral divisi, noticeable to the eye only, etc.) But though there are taints of technical limitations and crudity in this work, Harris is never inarticulate spiritually. Virility of impetus and a tense racial note make his diction clear and winning.

Kurt Weill, like the Rock of Ages, never changes. His orchestral *Night Scenes* (Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra) proved to be a protracted and tearful midinette elegy, reeking of shrewd obviousness. *A Ridi, Pagliaccio*, an empty and plodding one, it is spiced with infantile polyharmony, well mounted and equipped with everything helpful to a commercial career.

*Lazare Saminsky*