The Last Twenty” music from the last twenty years was the theme of the program presented by the MIT Concert Band on Saturday evening, November 11, at Kresge Auditorium. Under the capable baton of John Corley, the band performed six works written since 1941 and turned in a performance of generally high caliber. Working with players whose primary fields of interest are quite far-removed from music, the band played through much of the concert in a manner that would have done much a conservatory band proud.

The program opened with the “Grammar for Band” by William J. Malcom. Although perhaps a trip across the ocean at the start, the band launched itself into the vigorous allegro section with verve, displaying its vastly improved clarinet section and an impressively high ensemble. “Grammar for Band” by Johnson was read capably in its premiere performance but seemed to lack enthusiasm. The saxophone section was outstanding throughout this work, and the trumpet and clarinet sections equally distinguished themselves.

The “Rhapsody for Band” by Johnson was read capably in its premiere performance but seemed to lack enthusiasm. The composer, who is a senior at the University of Washington, provided a composition of more than passing interest, using occasional jazz-like motives and rhythmical intricacies. The final selection was the “Invention on Two American Folk Tunes” by MIT graduate student Andrew Rabin. The band turned this number as an old fiddler, as well it might, and the performance went extremely well. This year’s band has you have to hear to believe; not only is it larger than those of previous years, but the level of proficiency is astonishingly high. With more new music being written for the concert band, interest in those concerts should increase markedly.

After Homeless Year

The Poet’s Theater, after a homeless year, is getting underway its way to its 13th consecutive season in new quarters at 1006 Massachusetts Ave., Harvard Square. In the past, The Poet’s Theater has sponsored promotions of such important authors as Archibald MacLeish, Cooney, and Brecht, but its principal contribution to theatre as an art has been its program of giving young writers and directors a chance to come face to face with an audience. Major productions this year will include Aeschylus, by Marguerite Durand, “Mon Amour!” a new treatment of the Philectides legend by Oscar Mandel entitled The Island; and a rewrite of a workshop project of last year, The Yellow Lovers, by Howard Saxer. In contrast to major productions, there will be workshop performances in the new 49-seat theater, using only token scenery and costumes. These productions, which have been called “scripts on the way to becoming plays,” include The Calm by Ted Hughes on Nov. 24 and 25 and The Sea by Don Fischel, Dec. 8 and 9. After each workshop, there will be coffee and discussion.

Please note the following:

The Community Church of Boston Conservatory Auditorium 21 Homewray Street
Dr. Abraham J. Klausner Leader, Compassion in Action, FEL, Yerushalayim, N.Y. Former leader, Temple Israeli.
“The Decline of Western Civilization” Sunday, Nov. 25 at 10:30 a.m.
Dec. 3 — Merry Mantle of Europe, Dec. 10 — William L. Olmstead
Brigitte Bardot today’s most talked about star in the role she has been rehearsing all her life!!

“The Truth” KENMORE NOW PLAYING

(Author of “Barfproof Boy With Check”, “The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis”, etc.)

IT’S LATER THAN YOU THINK!
All year long you’ve been promising yourself to go there. Now the semester is nearly over and you still haven’t set foot in the place. Shame on you!
But it’s not too late. Right now, this very minute, before you weaken, lift up your head and forward march to the place you have been avoiding ever since school began. I refer, of course, to the library.
Now here you are at the library. That wasn’t so bad, was it? Of course not so why not? Go inside. Witness that says “NO SMOKING.” Go outside. Light a Marlboro. Smoke. Go back inside.
Because now you are ready. Now your trembling resolution is rigid. Now your pulsing psyche is serene. You have been caressed by said Marlboro. You have been soothed by that fine selecator filter, by that fine full flavor that dots pumper and pumper and pumper, that lifts the fallen, repairs the shattered, straightens the bent, unseals the knotted, rights the askew, and fastens the unbuttoned.
In the center of the library you see the main circulation desk. Look in the calendar... But it’s only the back of the book you want, write the number on a slip, and hand it to the efficient young lady at the desk. The efficient and obliging young lady then gives the slip to an efficient and obliging page boy who trots briskly back into the stacks, ears up on a limp leather encyclopedia, and sleeps for an hour or two. Then, puffy but refreshed, he returns your slip to the efficient and obliging young lady at the desk, who tells you one of three things: “Your book is out.” “Your book is on reserve.” Having learned that the circulation desk hasn’t the least intention of ever parting with a book, let us now go into the periodical room. Here we spend hours sifting through an imposing array of magazines—magazines from all the far corners of the earth, magazines of every nature and description—but though we search diligently and well, we cannot find Mad or Playboy.

“**YOU PICKED OR ANYTHING?**
Next let us venture into the reference room. Here in this brushed, reded chamber, we find the true scholars of the university—earnest, dedicated young men and women who care for only one thing in the world: the pursuit of knowledge.

Let us submit for a moment on the crystal plate piling over heavy tome at the corner table. Hush! She speaks:

Sh: Whatcha readin’, hey?
He: The Origin of Species. You ever read it?
Sh: No, but I seen the movie.
He: Oh.
Sh: You like readin’?
He: No.
Sh: What do you like?
He: Hockey, bowling, girls, stuff like that.
Sh: Me too, hey.
He: You planed or anything?
Sh: Well, sort of. I’m wearin’ a follower’s motorcycle emblem... But it’s only temporary.
He: Wanna go out for a smoke?
Sh: Marlboro?
He: What else?

And as our learned friends take their leave, let us too wed our way homeward—a tribe weary, perhaps, but enlightened and renewed and better citizens for having spent those happy hours in the library, Aloha, library, aloha!