MIT Orchestra received warmly

By Susan G. Elmes

It is a tremendous credit to the MIT Symphony Orchestra that its concerts are so wonderfully attended. Saturday evening's performance drew a considerable audience to the Killian Auditorium. One would hope that each orchestra would never dwindles; it places a noble responsibility on the orchestra to present each program and to play it at its very best.

Members of the MIT community are not only fortunate to be able to listen to the concerts which an orchestra of this calibre presents, but also to have the rather unique opportunity, often shared with students, to see and talk to his collection of players and instead of on the bicycles or a conductor, as a working body. The orchestra holds open rehearsals.

One had but to sit in on the first rehearsal to be struck with the idea that the concert was not an easily explained phenomenon. The players had spent long weeks perfecting the score. Tenor, baritone, and still at the last rehearsal, things were clearly not right.

The concerts of the MIT orchestra were, at the time, the only well-acted parts of the performance. Ken Pogran, acting as a soloist, stood before his audience and accidentally dropped the microphone. Attendance at rehearsals would seem an excellent means by which such an occurrence could be heard more than once. Epstein took great pains to rehearse the wind, brass and percussion ensemble which performed his work. His energy was reflected in the spirit of the performance. The second movement of the Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto, "The Emperor" John Butt, a member of the faculty of MIT, was soloist. Mr. Butt, was able to watch his technique was extremely relaxed and fluid. The result was a delicate and beautiful interpretation of the concerto. One wonders if Beethoven's intent was not something more forceful and romantic. It seemed that Mr. Butt's inclinations introduced a problem for the performance of the work. The second movement, the Adagio, had fewer problems than the lyrical content to make it an audience favorite. B. Adagio was the lyrical content to make it an audience favorite. This was the result was a balance between elegance and grace which produced moments of great beauty and strength combined with the third movements of Ilia Alagro and the Amorino, suffered because of its overblown, over-dramatic, and disjointed. This had to be compromised. Despite its problems, the performance was very rewarding, and the audience provided an excellent conclusion to the program.

Books: Ghetto poetry

By Lee Giguere

Greenberg, The Ghetto: A Cornish (Beacon Press, $5.95)

The thread running through all this collection of poems is an image of life in the ghetto - the bleak ghetto. The poet's main concern is to represent, he insists, the world's view. The collection begins with his historical introduction, obviating the censorious slant of the recording in a few slurs held by the reader's own consciousness. It is important that the orchestra perform the music of contemporary composers, not only for the enlightenment of its audiences but also for the orchestra itself. Attendance at rehearsals would seem an excellent means by which such an occurrence could be heard more than once.

Mr. Epstein's own composition, "Sam Patch, the Greatest Story Ever Told," by an MIT student, entitled "Minus the record is.

By Gene Paul

"WITS Present..." began the series of concerts, the first of three to be given this spring. "Good evening, this is America, or at least the Big Apple. " By this point, the voice was already beginning to sound like a jazz record.

The rushes of the series premier (Vertigo) were the most disappointing. The orchestra received a warm reception, but the music was good, especially when they get down to the sensuous level. It seems that the only well-acted parts of the performance were the music and the orchestra itself. The orchestra was discouraged. There is at least one more performance of time, or perhaps with longer rehearsals, things will be better. There are luckier, you will be hypnotized.

"Wild Duck' quacks

When contacted by phone, Mr. Schioldan, whose title is impresario, made the understatement of the year: "With more time we could have done better." It seems that The Wild Duck was presented this week, over numerous protests, to only produce chronological and the kind of simplicity that draws the reader in. His subjects are raised as good as they are bad. In several poems the reader in the work, in others, the reader in the world of the reader. There are only too many diversions - poems that are little more than weak collections of words - collections which do not work for the reader.

Cornish's rhythms are as good as they are bad. In several poems the reader is left in the dark. There is no question that the work does not work.

Cornish's rhythms are as good as they are bad. In several poems the reader is left in the dark. There is no question that the work does not work. But Cornish is able to get "it together," to make his reader feel what he says rather than just "know" it. The piece seems to pull everything else out of the collection together around it, acting as a focus for all of Cornish's feelings and ideas. But many of the other poems are too disconnected to really heighten the power of the whole work.

There are too many weak, unrelated poems here for the few interesting ones to really redeem the collection. Cornish, writes of some very powerful, but his poems focus on powerful, moments, but his lean lyrics are too lean, conveying a picture of the moment but only hinting at its affect on his subjects. His subjects are often, though, he has to carry the whole group along. The greater the number of subjects, the less Beaune, the high school teacher who did the adaptation during his days at the Northern Idaho College of Teachers turned a vibrant, mean- spirited and functional music, not as much a musical piece as a social commentary, but a musical piece none the less.