



A Grim Fairy Tale

By THE MISSION SINGERS

Once upon a time, there lived a little insect named John. John and his friends lived in a pretty rough part of town, and often barely avoided being

squashed by inattentive or malicious humans.

They started making some pretty good music by rubbing their legs together. Since some other group was already using

the name, Crickets, they had to invent another one—and they did.

For the longest time, the new group played in places that were nothing but holes in the wall. Being insects, they felt right at home. John was the natural leader of the group and slowly he began flying in higher circles.

Then the whole insect world began to take note of them.

They sang so many good songs and brought so much honey into their area that the queen bee herself gave them an audience and the title of honorary drone.

John later gave up the title, saying something to the effect that a leopard can't change its stripes. Many observers thought the analogy was mixed and somewhat crude, but John replied that for him such criticism was like water off a duck's back. Perhaps you can see why he bugged some folk.

If the entire story must be told though John had a unique talent for spinning an uncomfortable web of mischief and honesty. He annoyed many of his fellow insects but perhaps that's because they never knew what he was doing. In his songs and his sayings he wasn't telling the truth he was seeking it.

Like the time he said his group was more popular than the Great Exterminator himself. He sure got a lot of praying mantises mad at him for that. But he wasn't trying to build himself out of proportion — making a mountain out of a molehill. He was simply reporting the facts as he saw them.

Or the time he and his friends tried to time high on some insect repellants. It was stupid, but at least they admitted it was stupid.

After a while, though, being kings of the anthill began to be a drag. John met a ladybug and she really set his house on fire.

Some people... anese been... important... life, and... thought...

Almost... broke up... beginning... the end... insects... Pass"

But even... of bugs... enough... bum. It's... shows that... insect... don't have... ings

And we... John We... his self-pl... there's no... appreciate... through

The most... pathize... Catha...

Great Things Ahead At Eastman Theater

By FRANK CROCIATA

After a visit here in 1967, Irving Kolodin, music critic of the Saturday Review, wrote an assessment of the Eastman School. Kolodin noted that the history of the school is tied to the accomplishments of its founder and director until 1964, Howard Hanson.

Since Dr. Hanson's successor, Walter Hendl, had held his post for only three years, Kolodin was reluctant to review his accomplishments, though he found no fault with Mr. Hendl or his faculty and students. Kolodin was quite clear as to the physical condition of the Eastman, however: "The spacious Eastman Theater is shabby and rundown... (the buildings) suffer from usage without provisions for upkeep."

When M. Kolodin returns in December he will find the structures restored, courtesy of a \$1.7 million Kodak grant, and the academic spirit renewed by a major musical-academic celebration of the Eastman School's 50th anniversary. The festival, announced last week by Walter Hendl, promises the most exciting music year in Rochester's history.

Heading the celebration is an expanded Great Performers Series, including Rudolph Serkin, Vladimir Ashkanazy, Henryk Szeng, Isaac Stern, Janet Baker, and many others.

The scholarly function of the festival will be four symposiums on musicology, education, criticism, and support for the arts. The prospective list of educators includes Pablo Casals, Carl Orff, Nadia Boulanger, Susuki, etc. Nancy Hanks, Gov. Rockefeller, Sen. Javits, and representatives of foreign governments have been invited to discuss support for the arts.

The most interesting symposium will be, for me, on music criticism. The participants will include men I have long read and admired including Kolodin, Schonberg of the New York Times, Hume of the Washington Post, Frankenstein of San Francisco, and one I have read but

Volunteers Needed

Volunteers at St Ann's Home for the Aged need relatively few talents — mostly it's an ability to give some time.

Anyone interested may telephone Mrs. Bosseler, activities director, St Ann's Home, 342 1700, extension 55.

Courier-Journal

not admired, Michael Steinberg of the Boston Globe.

Steinberg was, for a while, banned from Boston's Symphony Hall for his abusive and irresponsible reviews. I am most anxious to question him on responsibility in our most maligned profession.

The most vital activity in music is new composition. This is where the festival is most predictable, and most disappointing. Works have been commissioned from more than 20 composers including Dr. Hanson and Juilliard president Peter Menin. Others, William Schuman, Krzysztof Penderecki, and Dmitri Kabalevsky hold some promise. But beyond these the list is pretty bleak. Names like Diamond, Adler, Barlow, Benzen, Reynolds, Shchedrin and Schuller conjure the most uninspiring prospects.

Dr. Hanson has made the Eastman a center of new American music for nearly all of its 50 years. A second hearing of the better compositions from past American music festivals should be arranged. These festivals have included Henry Cowell, Deems Taylor, Ernest Bloch, prix de Rome winners Kennens, Inch and Woolturn. And one whose music is outstanding, the first recipient of the American prix de Rome, Leo Sowerby. Sowerby was a friend of Dr. Hanson, dedicated a major orchestral work to him, and received an honorary degree from the Eastman.

Webster Applauded

On Feb. 9, Beveridge Webster appeared in the "Great Performers Series" of the Eastman School. He played a Debussy-Ravel program in the not quite filled Kibbourn Hall but he should have filled Eastman Theatre. You could take most of pianists active today and not find his equal.

A Juilliard professor, Webster, 63, is the most brilliant and unmannered of American pianists. He has made many excellent recordings and recently concluded a five-record series of the complete piano music of Debussy.

His program included Twelve Preludes from Book II and Ravel. He concluded his printed list with a scintillating and perfectly conceived performance of Ravel's herculean "Gaspard de la Nuit," and followed immediately with an exquisite performance of Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse."

Berrigan Play Reviews Mixed

New York — (RNS) — Father Daniel Berrigan's play, "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," has opened in New York to mixed reviews.

While Clive Barnes, New York Times theater critic, calls the play a "wonderfully moving testament to nine consciences," Richard Watts of the New York Post detected an "embarrassing smugness" in the production. The New York Daily News carried no review.

Father Berrigan constructed the play from the transcript of the trial in which nine persons were convicted of setting fire to draft records in Catonsville, Md. in May of 1968.

Watts, while stating that he "found a little uncomfortable the sight of the idealistic Berrigan brothers, Daniel and Philip, telling us so confidently of their superior nobility," said the play was a "thoughtful statement, without theatrical excesses, of a firmly-held intellectual position."

The New York Times critic added, "Like so many courtroom dramas, it makes a positively riveting play, even though the verdict is a matter of history."

"The eloquence of the defendants, the cold duty of the prosecution, the dry, puzzled compassion of the far from un-sympathetic judge, are woven together by Father Berrigan into a political account of this political act," wrote Barnes.



'Slow Dance' at Brockport

Award winning actor James McGill demands a verdict from juror Rosie, played by Allyce... ing the mock trial of the German... played by Alan Cohen, in the play Slow Dance on the Killing Ground, at the Fine Arts Theater on Brockport Campus, tonight through Feb. 20, at 8:00 p.m.

Balancing the Books

Justice Here and There

By Father John S. Kennedy

What is it like to serve on a jury in a murder case? One man's answer is supplied in "The Ninth Juror" by Giraud Chester (Random House \$5.95).

The murder in question occurred in New York City one July morning in 1966. In the course of a robbery, a 71-year-old dentist was shot to death in his office. There were no witnesses, no fingerprints, and no weapon was ever found. But two young blacks were arrested and indicted on the basis of circumstantial evidence. They did not come to trial until December 1967.

Chester, 48, was chosen for the jury. He was for ten years associated with the ABC and NBC television networks. He now is executive vice president of Goodson-Todman Productions.

Other members of the all-male jury were four blacks (two sanitation workers, a sub-

way motorman, an accountant) and seven whites (three salesmen, a bus driver, an office worker, an engineer, and a luncheonette owner).

The chief witness against the accused were four blacks, all of them junkies. Evidence was presented by the police, principally a confession and a radio from the dentist's office which could be tied to one of the defendants by a pawn ticket.

The testimony, the cross-examination, the lawyer's maneuvers are all detailed, as are Chester's reactions. Finally, after two months, there came the moment when the jury retired to deliberate and reach a verdict.

It is the description of what went on in the jury room that is the most unusual part of the book. Until then, no one on the jury knew much about his fellow members or anything about what conclusions the others

may have reached. The deliberations went on from 1:40 p.m. on one day until well after 11 p.m. on the following day, with time out for meals and sleep.

Altogether, ten votes were taken. That first, immediately after they entered the jury room, the jury voted 10-0 in favor of conviction. On the first ballot all voted the defendants guilty. Four votes were changed on the second ballot, and the jury reached a 6-4 verdict.

But... reached... it admirably... do justice...

The... of acquittal... certainly... stance...