REVIEWS OF BOOKS

RUMANIAN FOLK MUSIC. By *Béla Bartók*. Ed. by *Benjamin Suchoff*, with a foreword by *Victor Bator*. Vol. I, Instrumental melodies, pp. 704; Vol. II, Vocal melodies, pp. 756; Vol. III, Texts, pp. 660. (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1967.)

Ethnomusicology is a relatively new academic discipline, and in this country it hit its stride only after the second World War. Our scholars, increasingly active, seem to be preoccupied with African and Asian music, unquestionably very important fields, yet the vast body of European folk music, directly connected with our Western heritage, is currently allowed to languish. It is therefore with particular interest that we greet this impressive three-volume edition of the results of Béla Bartók's life-long study of Rumanian folk music.

To form an idea of the extreme complexity of this research, one must bear in mind the complexity of the demographic situation itself. Transylvania, although largely Rumanian, nevertheless contains sizeable Hungarian and German minorities; besides these there are some remnants of the centuries-old Turkish occupation of these lands. The linguistic spread alone, comprising as it does Latin, Germanic, Finno-Ugric, Serbo-Croatian, and Turkic languages, and their several dialectal variants, is staggering. Furthermore, the age of this musical material shows the extreme tenacity of oral tradition; according to Bartók, some of this music "can be traced back for at least fifteen hundred years."

Rumanian folk music differs from the more westerly kind in that it represents a pre-urban civilization, and it is possible that Bartók rescued it, at the last minute, from extinction or hopeless contamination. The first World War ended all isolation and idyllic life in the villages; radio and political propaganda did the rest. "Rural arts in most parts of Western Europe and America are already extinct or nearing extinction. Remnants of old rural art may be truncated, distorted; that is, may be far from perfection in such parts." Thus Bartók warns us of the dire results of the intrusion of "civilization" into the ancient peaceful world of the countryside. He is gravely candid about this inevitable clash of the past with the present. Mentioning the advantages for research offered by the illiterate

regions he visited before 1914, where he could find "unspoiled peasant performers not yet influenced by advancing civilization," he appends a footnote:

The reader is asked not to take this statement as being directed against civilization. As a human being, I understand the importance of, and completely agree with, the expansion of schools and other tokens of urban civilization in "backward" villages, even if it may lead to the entire destruction of folk art. As a folk music student, however — *quasi* extra-humanly — I cannot help having enjoyed perhaps the last possibilities of studying folk music, at least in some restricted areas as yet unspoilt by the "blessings" of urban civilization.

Bartók, though an exacting scholar, was neither a doctrinaire nor a pedant-purist. He included in his collection the "spoiled" melodies, the ones touched by urban sophistication, because he wanted to give a complete picture of the music sung and played in the areas investigated. Unlike many researchers who grimly hew to the scientific line and procedure, this superbly equipped and extraordinarily qualified musician-scholar does not attach the same importance to all material and does not hesitate to call some specimens "dull," "awkward," even "senseless." At other times he simply drops the subject: "In view of their minor importance, we shall refrain from their detailed description." But he can also be the altogether disciplined scholar, presenting statistical data, philological derivations, summarizing the outputs of counties and villages, and so forth. His introductory essays and notes are invariably enlightening and reflect his engaging personality. He is meticulous and scientific, but never distant or stuffy. Little remarks expressing regret at an omission, or a mistake caused by inexperience in the early stages of the work, enliven the earnest researcher's recitation. Neither vain nor pompous, he is ready to admit errors and is good-natured about the mistakes of others. Often he expresses very personal judgments — for instance, when mentioning Italian rural folk melodies.

Alas! Italian folk music is *terra incognita:* not a single even half-scientific collection exists. Italians "missed the bus"; the last opportunity to study their rural folk music existed between 1920 and 1940. Instead they prepared for war and destruction!

Other scholars may wince at the "liberties" Bartók takes with his material, but the artist in him often comes closer to the truth than does the scholar. Though he uses the entire arsenal of linguistics — he studied all these languages and some of his notes explaining the melodies are written in Rumanian! — he comes to the conclusion that "discrimination is guided more by intuitive feeling than by impersonal, empirical knowl-

edge." And he does not hesitate to deal with social and moral questions, venturing judgments that contradict — even offend — long-held views.

> Whether under foreign or home rule, peasants in Eastern Europe are not patriotic. They cling to their village with an extended family solidarity; they cling perhaps to the narrow area surrounding the village with a kind of dimly-developed local loyalty and would probably defend their land against attacks. But that is all. To care for the welfare and fate of unknown millions, even fellow countrymen, is beyond their horizon. If a peasant were able to develop patriotism in the urban sense of the word, he would cease to be a peasant. . . . Conspicuous is the lack of any expression of hatred [in the song texts] toward other nationalities. . . . Hatred toward and persecution of other peoples just because of their nationality is an urban invention!

Bartók did balk, though, at certain "indecent words," deleting them as unprintable; the editor, quite properly, gives us the complete texts.

In speaking of the dual fields of scholarship and creative endeavor in Bartók, a combination unparalleled to this degree in musical history, the late Victor Bator uses a felicitous simile. Mr. Bator, founder and staunch supporter of the Bartók Archives, and the author of an excellent preface to these volumes, likens Bartók to a priest serving two cults, "preaching from both pulpits with equal fervor, relying on each creed to inspire the other." We all know Bartók as one of the towering composers of the first half of the 20th century, and we know of his substantial output, much of which has become part of the "standard" repertory the world over. The scholar is known only from hearsay, his preoccupation with his country's folk song being taken as a mild hobby that pleasantly colored his own music. Actually, the extent of Bartók's musicological work is equal to his creative work, and while it is true that the *spirit* of genuine Hungarian folk music became part of his bloodstream, he always distinguished between the scholarly and the creative aspects of his work. He did not give us arrangements but *Urtexte*. It is awe-inspiring to watch this frail man, struggling in a foreign country, in ill health, engaged in composing his last major works even when confined to a sanatorium, and never abandoning his dedicated work on folk music. This struggle was not new; difficulties clung to the enterprise from its inception.

At first these were of a scholarly nature. Bartók frankly relates that during the first two years he "did not heed all the requirements of folklore research," attacking the problems purely as a musician and paying little attention to extramusical features. Thus while collecting dance music, he considered the melodies only, ignoring the choreography. Nor did he examine folk music as "a living phenomenon, as a form of expression of life in a rural community." These shortcomings were gradually remedied, and

Bartók modestly considered his later work "adequate," yet as late as 1932 he showed the eternal drive for perfection of the true scholar. "When preparing these 2,555 folk melodies for publication, I discovered that my transcriptions of the [old cylinder] records were not sufficiently exact." This prompted him not only to revise all the old transcriptions but to make some entirely new ones. As he so disarmingly puts it: "My intention was to place this material before the public as carefully prepared and in as perfect a form as is called for by its unparalleled value."

At the beginning of his ethnomusicological career, Bartók followed the transcribing methods established by the pioneer Finnish scholar, Ilmari Krohn. When Bartók realized that Krohn's method would not enable him to attain the "perfect form" he envisaged, he went to work and devised an entirely new and original system of organization, one that was not restricted to the music but was extended to all components of rural art. He also found a new and workable system to deal with the texts. It is significant that he called himself a "musicologist-ethnographer," which is a more precise — and demanding — designation than "ethnomusicologist." An extensive system of graphic symbols had to be devised for his analyses, and I suspect that the unconscionably long period of gestation of his *Serbo-Croatian Folksong* (New York, 1951) was due to the bewilderment of conservative editors who had never seen anything quite like it.

This brings us to the disconcerting lack of response Bartók had to endure from publishers and governments. It is little known but characteristic of his devotion to the cause that he spent a substantial amount of his meager resources to have some of the present Rumanian collection engraved in Germany in the hope of attracting a publisher with such a half-gift proposition. Ironically, at the same time he had to seek publishers for his own compositions which required the expensive process of preparation and engraving. In 1931 when his English publishers, who were about to print the Rumanian Christmas song collection (*Colinde*) with English texts, sent him the translations, he objected to their quality as being "quite impossible." When the publishers remained adamant in the matter, he withdrew the project, saying that he would rather publish it at his own expense. Another disappointment followed when the Rumanian Society of Composers, very much interested in seeing this treasure of their land in print, found itself unable to procure the production costs from their government. Undaunted, Bartók turned to Universal Edition, but for distribution only — the printing costs were paid for out of his own pocket. Five hundred copies were printed in 1935, reports Mr. Bator, and in Bartók's lifetime only about three hundred copies were sold.

It is moving to read in Bartók's notes of his anxiety and premonitions: "Since 1933 I saw that there was no time to lose, that it was uncertain as to how long this work could be pursued if at all in Europe." It could not be pursued in America either, not in Bartók's lifetime. That finally the great work is available is due to the indefatigable and skillful activity of Victor Bator who, besides being the founder of the Bartók Archives, was also executor of the composer's estate, and to the excellent and painstaking editorial labors of Benjamin Suchoff. Twenty-three years after Bartók's death this invaluable body of folk art is before us, printed in three massive and attractively produced volumes. We note with interest and gratification that the Bartók Archives is planning to issue not only the hitherto unpublished folk music collections and writings of Bartók, but also revised and corrected editions of his older publications now out of print.

Bartók's own system of organization and classification is ingenious, logical, and of course highly musical. He first considers the function of the melody, whether it is a dance tune, wedding music, alphorn music, and so forth. Then he examines the structure, to see if it is "determined," or if it is without an apparent system. Further divisions into subspecies and classes are more and more refined; the caesurae are examined, isometric and heterometric features determined, the finalis, the ambitus, and other features explored and noted. In the vocal pieces Bartók distinguishes between "parlando-rubato" and "tempo giusto" melodies of a determined or undetermined nature. Here too the genre — mourning song, rain-begging song, winter solstice song — has first call on classification.

There are interesting observations concerning rhythmic compensation, rhythmic "adaptiveness" to accommodate alterations required by the changed position of syllables in a new text. Bartók also stresses another very unusual phenomenon: that a proper upbeat occurs only exceptionally, although there is a sort of "pseudo-upbeat" having no structural importance. He found no polarity between major and minor in Eastern European folk music — that is, the major is not used to express merry or elated moods, while the minor does not necessarily portray grief and pain. "Such connections are purely Western European conceptions." Incidentally, folk singers always use a "full chest tone; occasional head tone or falsetto indicates urban influence." Perhaps the most important of the conclusions reached is that no general characteristics can be established for this vocal music because of the pronounced "dialectal" areas, but the latter do show traits characteristic for them, and each dialectal area shows some completely new melodies unknown to its neighbors. As to the texts, despite the uniformity of metrical structure in the lines, an amazing con-

structional variety is achieved by the use of various devices. Persian and Arabic influence is present in this music, though how it reached Rumania could not be established. There are also some Hungarian and Yugoslav elements perceptible in Rumanian music in Transylvania. These influences notwithstanding, Rumanian folk music, as a whole, does differ from that of any other people.

The various dance genres are classified and discussed in detail, a procedure both necessary and useful, because the same genre bears different designations in different areas, while different genres that have nothing in common with one another bear the same designation in different areas. The order and choreography of the dances are also presented in considerable detail, the choreography in a graphical notation. This is followed by a penetrating study of rhythm, tempo, and structure. In this connection we come upon a peculiar phenomenon: the verbal recitations added to the dance music, the "dance-words." These words are recited in the rhythm of the music, usually one syllable to an eighth-note.

A little more than half of the melodies are instrumental and differ greatly from the sung melodies even though there are some variants sung with texts. A particular category of instrumental music is the "imitation pieces," where one instrument attempts to render the sound and typical motifs of another. Bartók found that most imitations try to conjure up the sound of the bagpipe. Then there are pieces which, though obviously instrumental in nature, are sung to nonsense syllables; these are obviously a substitute for playing on an instrument. Bartók gives an exact description of the popular instruments, their construction and manner of playing, and derivation; all this with copious linguistic references concerning their names and technical details. It is interesting to note that percussion instruments were rarely encountered in the territory Bartók explored for this study.

Bartók gave careful attention to the singers' pronunciation, indicating deviations from the literary form. Though he belittled his competence in phonetics, he shows an impressive acquaintance with it, and the discussion in the preface to the second volume is entirely professional. But of course the musical analyses and conjectures are the most fascinating. To quote a few interesting examples: Bartók found a rather frequent "subconscious sense for modal octave-segments." Concerning the *tonus finalis*, which in folk song is as important as in Gregorian chant, at times it is on a structurally nonessential degree of the scale. "Deviations are mostly unequivocal and present no difficulties in distinguishing *structural* from *ap-*

parent final tones." Engagingly practical and amusing is Bartók's explanation for the use of wide minor seconds, which usually elicit involved commentaries from others of a psychological cast. He simply states that there is nothing more to it than the width of the village fiddler's fingers — he cannot place them close enough together.

In Mr. Bator's words "folk music is a form of expression that lives in the interstices of the social fabric, where artistry has not yet been affected by organized self-consciousness and creative effort by commercial exploitation." Unfortunately, this pristine state of folk art was already frequently contaminated when knowledgeable modern researchers took to the field, and they had to be constantly on the lookout to detect the consequences. It is often said that Bartók and Kodály unveiled the Gypsies as masquerading in the guise of Hungarian folk musicians. It is perfectly true that the exported folk music of Hungary in the 19th century consisted largely of music fabricated under the influence of German light music; but the problem is not so simple and clear-cut. Bartók says that "Gypsies living in villages are completely assimilated musically according to the type of people among which they live; therefore there is no reason to exclude them." Apparently, the culprits involved in 19th-century pseudo-folk music were the city Gypsies, who were quite different from their village brethren. At any rate, considerable care had to be exercised in dealing with the urban influence, which, as Bartók remarks, could be "destructive." In the end even he had to come to the conclusion that "a far greater part than commonly presumed of texts — and melodies as well — derive in the long run from urban sources."

Bartók's English, always expressive and often delightfully quaint, was purposely left untouched in these volumes. Dr. Suchoff's work is most commendable. He neglected nothing, collated and pulled together the many preliminary drafts, bringing good order into a sprawling work that represents a lifetime of labor done with many interruptions and under the most trying circumstances. The editor gives us a comparative survey in tables of the various drafts, a concordance of revised and unrevised materials, record lists, variant lists, errata lists, and so forth, as well as an elaborate index. A particularly admirable feature of this model edition is the reproduction of Bartók's own neat and appealing calligraphy; not mere samples of it but hundreds of pages of carefully spaced columns of texts and music, showing his second thoughts and corrections.

P.H.L.

SOURCE, Issues Number One, Two, and Three. Edited by *Larry Austin*. (Davis, California: Composer/Performer Edition)

Source is a twice-yearly publication of music of the avant-garde. It is a 13½- by 10¾-inch, spiral-bound loose-leaf selection of new scores and articles about avant-garde ("the growing edge") music. By its nature, it is a contradiction, since the source of New Music is agreed to be sound itself, and much of it has no score and is, in fact, unscoreable.

In the first issue composer Robert Ashley says: "We have to change our language in order to use the paper." *Source* is, in a phrase, the new language of scoring. In one word, the new language seems to be the arrow: there are arrows all over the place, along with dots in strings, rings, and constellations, graphs, words (only), colored spatters ("The bass player must follow the turquoise-blue."), thickets of little numbers, and many instructions to the effect "either-or" and "all or none." *Source*'s definition of a score thus has to be wide: "To us it is transcribed information about the composer's music-making process," and it takes the form of photographic essays as well as tape-recorded discussions and diaries — and "scores."

"Process" is the key here: a score is a process, not an object; thought itself, not the results of thought. Much of the music published here is, in fact, the act of gesture — ritual theater, celebration, protest — in which the actions of the performers are suggested, not the sounds they are to make, much like a playscript consisting entirely of stage directions without dialogue. Often the sounds produced are incidental, sometimes nonexistent, as in John Cage's *4'33"* (the autograph score of which is reproduced in *Source* number two): six pages of silence, which in score form is a philosophical statement, and in performance becomes a purely theatrical gesture (not entirely nihilistic, since the performance usually *is* a sound-producing event: it leads to the audience's becoming aware of *itself as a sound* [cough] producing mechanism).

This kind of gesture-music, or sound theater, leads to some odd and agonized scoring. For instance, Larry Austin's *The Maze* (the first score in the first issue) contains the percussion notation: "Leave axe in stump and walk stiffly to Wd 4 as if in daze. Arrive by 0.9." There is a great deal of pedestrian activity in this piece, always carefully notated as "slowly, defiantly," or "briskly and stealthily," and, clearly, anyone who wants to walk briskly *and* stealthily has to work at it. Stanley Lunetta's piano score directs the pianist to "restrict the dynamic to triple-forte" at a point when no sound is issuing from the piano at all. "Turn this page in anger" is another direction, and, at the end, the pianist finds he is playing

one note with all ten fingers, "passionately." Playing one note with ten fingers is the general effect of much of this music — a great deal of it devoted to nothing more than burning bridges behind and, in general, baiting the bourgeois. One of the bridges most often set afire is time — linearity, sequence, the basic condition of previous music.

The idea of music as space, and not time — as mass, not linearity — permeates many of these scores and in performance results in an avalanche of noise, or an avalanche of tedium, or both. (In spite of Marshall McLuhan's Dictums [linearity is out, simultaneity is in] I have found that experienced audiences will produce newspapers, magazines, and books after about ten minutes of one of these spatial experiences and settle down in the din to quiet, linear reading.) The struggle, then, is to fill the space, not — as in Olde Musick — to spend the time, and this can result in quite an accumulation of stage properties, not all of which appear in the score. The score for *The Maze* represents but one-tenth of the work — the percussion part. This tenth involves: cymbals, chimes, celeste, toy pianos, triangles, goat bells, cowbells (seventeen tuned), vibraphone, bells, glockenspiel, saw, sleighbells, tambourine, wind chimes, washboard, brake drum, steel pipes and barrel, garbage can cover, coil, marimba, chair, tree stump with axe, temple blocks, xylophone, tam-tams, piano soundingboard, sticks, guiros, salad bowls, claves, castanets, wood blocks, large crate, bongos, tom-toms, conga drum, bass drum, timpanos, glass pane (with hammer), crystal glasses (tuned from fa to mi), electronic piano, bottles, music boxes, and player piano. Not notated are six channels of taped sound, projections (slides and films), a dancer and various pinball machines. Obviously, the medium here is inadequate to the message.

Other composers find that they can get it all into the medium of the score. Harry Partch's *Petaluma* pieces are completely notated in *Source* number two, and you can — if you have an agile ear — follow the score while listening to the CRI recording of this work (one of the few LPs available of any *Source* pieces). The problem here, however, is that the score is unperformable on any but Partch's own forty-three-tone-to-the-octave instruments; thus a completely realizable score would have to include several truckloads of Cloud-Chamber Bowls and Mazda Marimbas. This leads me to finish the quotation I began with: "We have to change our language in order to use the paper, or we have to change the medium and not use paper." An example of changing the medium is Alvin Lucier's score for his *Music for Solo Performer 1965,* a kit of parts: wires, electrodes, electrode paste, amplifier and filter — and an instruction manual. Although *Source* writes authoritatively *about* this piece,

it cannot — being paper — publish it. Briefly, the Solo Music calls for tapping the alpha-wave current of the soloists' brain and using it to power resonators around the hall. A degree of virtuosity is required in that alpha-waves are not easy to produce on cue; you must *not* think in order to produce them at all.

I happen to hold the curious belief that scores, like performances, are of only archeological interest, and these scores seem to me to be the last, agonized efforts to save a broken container for further use. The real value of *Source* is in revealing the thinking that goes into making new music — or, if you are still boggling at "music," sound events: Earl Brown (in *Source* number one) tells what the computer *really* has to do with composing music. Morton Feldman (in the second issue) says things like: "Much of Beethoven . . . is acoustically out of control." And, if you are irritated by Feldman's truculence, you can be taken in by Pauline Oliveros' charming sound-diary in the third issue. These people care about music in an original way — the way people cared about it enough to begin making it out of two rocks — and this ingenuousness and commitment come through, sometimes a bit self-consciously and aggressively, but mostly with honesty and charm. *Source* is itself a process: the process of thinking, programming and organizing sound as music. Sometimes it is hard to take seriously, and some of it is not meant to be, and sometimes it is hard to take, period. This is music climbing out of the pit and into the audience, and, if the musicians are armed with amplified axes, it can get uncomfortable. (I was almost impaled by a walkie-talkie antenna at the last Sonic Arts Group concert in New York.) Many of these scores are, in Karlheinz Stockhausen's words, "just little pictures" and not very good little pictures, either. This is not to say, however, that they have no value. The score for *4'33"* is a much more elegant solution to the puzzle of John Cage than pages of analysis could be.

There is a thick red line running through all these scores, in all three issues: a new romanticism. I am sure *Source* would refuse my subscription for using this term, but I can think of no other. But do not confuse this romanticism with the "excesses of Wagner" that burnt down Vienna. The new work is romantic in the old, forgotten, basic way: the event, not the system, is the thing. These composers want music as "magic" again. Although many of them are engaged in the current anti-hero mystique (fostered by Hero John Cage) their work is full of personality: grand gestures, often made in person, on stage, since so many of them perform (or, more correctly, participate in realizing) their own works. Rock music appeals to them strongly because rock is today's ro-

mantic music: it is theatrical, ritual communion; unscored, improvised, popular. "It's beautiful because it's really aural magic . . . the music really happens . . . it happens with ecstasy" (from the first issue of *Source*). If you doubt this, witness Stockhausen's description (from the same issue) of his feelings about music that he likes: "It's just incredible. You get goose skin and everything. And you may cry. You fall in love. . . . This is the first thing." And this is the value of *Source*: showing us Stockhausen crying over a piece of music, falling in love with it. In this sense, *Source* is what is happening, and it is a pleasure to watch it happen in such a literate, lovely way.

The third issue of *Source* is the best: it contains the maximum of words and pictures and the widest variety of scores (from scores in four and six colors to a piece that is scored to go on for 382 years). This issue also makes clear the connection between popular and avant-garde music: it devotes itself to a study of groups, such as the ONCE group in Ann Arbor and the Sonic Arts group in New York, and the in-group discussions often read like the back-of-album statements of the more literate (or rather, wordy) rock groups — things like:

"SPACED IN
Our music EMBRACES all within us
SPACED IN"
and
"We no longer know who we are
or what we do; we are embraced
by all without us. 'WITHIN US
WITHOUT US.' WE ARE ALL ONE."

Being All One seems to be a strong need for many of these composers. "Groups are a necessity of life, an alternative to being in an institution." (Some of these pages suggest that being in one of these groups *is* like being in an institution.) The Being-In insularity that this leads to is evident in this statement: "It's rare to find a composer — at least one of our generation — writing really significant new music but not associated and interacting with a group of his peers." The Hero Group would seem to be the Beatles because they are (or were) Innocent, and innocence is necessary if you want to start all over again from the beginning. The trappings of rock — light-shows and loud feedback — and its instrumentation — contact microphones, kilowatt amplifiers, Voice-of-the-Theatre loudspeakers, and hum — are much in evidence when these groups perform. But this is *not* producing *Création du monde* music — indeed it

seems to be going the other way: the avant-garde is influencing rock in sound and form/lessness; rock is affecting the avant-garde only in the socializing force of its romanticism.

The third issue contains the only manifesto I could find — and it is relegated to the last page under "Editors' Comment." It is recommended as a starting point in reading *Source*. It is short and to the point: the New Music will be free sound-events, produced by groups, experienced rather than listened-to. The Olde Music belongs in museums (all the Lincoln Centers) and the old procedures that produced it are irrelevant and must be discarded. In summary, it sounds as bumptious as most manifestos (a polite manifesto is a contradiction), but it is really quite gentle and hopeful. Hopefulness, gentleness, and wonder are also the qualities of Pauline Oliveros' *Sound Observations* (the avant-garde is not yet beyond poor puns) essay. It is the most accessible and beautiful composition in all three issues. There is not a note in it (there *are* a few footnotes) but it reveals the curiosity and hard-won innocence that is or should be at the beginning of all new music, as well as the technical and political hurdles (the resistance of circuits and administrators) in the way of realizing it, and the good humor and pioneer sense of "family" that help you get through.

The language of this piece, as well as much of the language in *Source*, may be difficult only because you may have forgotten it; it is the primer language of listening. (Can you remember when CAT did not spell cat, but was a new moon, the roof of a house, and a man with outstretched arms?) When you go back to the source, you have to leave suitcase form behind, and you are burdened again with the *work* of art; you will have to work your way through these process-pieces. At the growing edge, the frontier, there are no finished houses, only trees. If *Source* composers sometimes have difficulty in finding the forest, their efforts will enable you to rediscover the trees.

TOD DOCKSTADER

THE MADRIGAL COLLECTION L'AMOROSA ERO (Brescia, 1588). Transcribed and edited with introduction by *Harry B. Lincoln*. (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1968. Pp. XVI, 134)

A collection of eighteen madrigals by as many composers, all on the same text and dating from the "golden age of the madrigal," surely deserves the attention of scholars and musicians with an interest in this field. Einstein unaccountably ignored it. Professor Harry B. Lincoln of the State University of New York at Binghamton has now made it available in a