

effective way to develop this sensitivity is through *doing* music, making and recreating it, and therein also experiencing both the personal and communal expression of another culture. While George approaches each chapter with a cogent summary of the relation of the music to its particular culture and makes good use of films to correlate the two, her primary focus, and rightfully so, is on musical content. This is not to say that the school curriculum could not be greatly enriched by more detailed input from cultural anthropology as an interdisciplinary endeavor. But it is the author's succinct description of salient characteristics of each type of music that is especially valuable here to the uninitiated teacher. Wisely limiting the number of characteristics of each style for study by the students, she goes on to enumerate activities which often employ a "discovery" approach, although some are clearly more "teacher-directed," e.g., her Guided Listening Lessons. The chapters conclude with extensive bibliographies and lists of films and authentic recordings, annotated from her informed experience.

George's suggestions for involving students in the music are varied and imaginative and are obviously the work of an experienced and successful teacher. That the author understands adolescent students is apparent from the design of activities that invite them to "think about" music as well as to enjoy particularly the rhythmic interest of the musics represented. The wide range of technical knowledge required among the activities makes it possible for teachers of varied backgrounds to approach selected ones on their own.

Throughout the book Luvenia George shows a sensitivity to the diversity within each culture, to the danger of stereotyping musical styles, and to the dynamic quality of music that is always changing as it encounters other influences. Furthermore, this book is not a prescription in any sense. Rather it gives specific and clear suggestions while allowing every teacher to make choices, adapt, respond, explore, and learn about the rich musical life of our nation of nations.

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**Beryl Gilroy. *Frangipani House*. Caribbean Writers Series 37. (Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann, 1986) 109 pp., \$7.00 paper.**

*Frangipani House* is basically a portrait of Mama King, a patient in a Caribbean nursing home. She reveals much of her past in her reveries as she watches out her window from her hospital room. "Matron think I do nothing . . . but thinking is hard work . . . And everybody think my mind empty, my head empty, and my heart empty. I see people, dead and gone,

walking and talking and young. And out of my old worn out body, a young woman walk out and life is like roll of new cloth waiting to roll out." She interacts intermittently with the Matron and the other patients in Frangipani House. She talks with her old friend Ginchi and an old admirer who comes to visit. Her worst problem is inactivity. Always active and effective before, she misses her work.

She had always had a special relationship with work. Her body needed it as it needed food and clothes. And now, time and life, her daughters and the matron had all conspired to deprive her of her faithful friends, work and hardship . . . If work come now and stan' up before me, I give her a big-big cuffing. Lord, how wonderful are thy works! All works belong to God.

Gilroy creates reader interest and sympathy without extremes or stereotypes. Mama King is not indigent, and her family abroad pay well for her care. Matron is harsh but not unfeeling, running a business, pampering her dog, and suffering remorse because of her own past resentment toward her own dependent mother. She is human enough to question the giving of tranquilizers to the old women. Is the dosage balanced to give them peace of mind without dehumanizing them to make them tractable for the overworked nurses? The other inmates are crusty, histrionic, often cunning. They may comfort Mama King, or steal her banana. They are not pathetic. When Miss Tilley dies, some mourn, some envy her her release, and some are glad it was she, not they, who is laid out.

Most poignant are the scenes when Mama King, hitherto active and vital, escapes to a gypsy camp. There she finds group solidarity, respect, and something to do. A street mugging, however, sends her to the city hospital. Her relatives are called home.

In the concluding scenes, the family members, familiar to the reader through Mama King's reminiscences, return to consult the Matron about her future care. There is not enough time given to develop these new personalities or to explore their inter-relationships. The interest flags as the novel trails off to an indeterminate conclusion, and then the story loses its first-person narrative appeal.

Nonetheless, *Frangipani House* has real power. Without sentimentality, Gilroy handles some very real problems of aging common to many societies. How much can nurses compensate for the lack of personal concern and contact by absent relatives? How can organized group activities offset loneliness? How can personal caring and respect become part of a business organization?

The slight plot is enriched by pungent characterizations of Mama King's old loves, present friends and visitors at Frangipani House. The eccentricities of speech, dress, and behavior, thoroughly credible, provide liveliness and humor. Gilroy's message, nevertheless, is clear in Mama King's admission to her loving granddaughter at the end of the novel: "My heart brittle—like eggshell. It easy to break."

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