

# Music and Health

By

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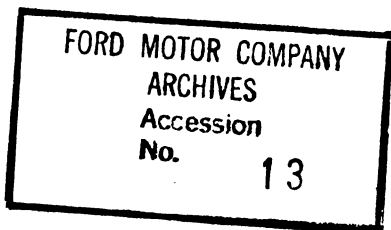
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## CHAPTER I

**A**CCORDING to a Chinese legend, 2,000 B.C., under the reign of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, the Art of Music was discovered by a high dignitary named Ling-Lun, who heard the Sacred Bird (in Chinese Mythology) Foang-Hoang, singing to his mate in the trees on the banks of the Sacred River, Hoang-Ho. The tone in his voice struck the keynote of those waters and the masculine chromatic scale was then and there adopted. We have Chinese music as the result. The common chord of music does not yet exist between the East and West.

The Hindu considers music as a sacred art, and says, "At Brahm's command the goddess Sarisvarti brought music to man

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and gave him the beautiful seven-stringed instrument, the 'Veena.'” Then, he tunes his lute and derives his music direct from the Gods; in fact, his system of religion and philosophy is based upon the science of musical vibrations called by them “The Sound of God.” To the East Indian the entire mystery of creation lies in sound, and the Science of Music leads one to the higher world of Sound, which is veiled in mystery. They also believe that certain melodies have power to charm men, animals and reptiles, while others act upon nature's elements and cause rain or fire to descend, all according to their mathematically developed vibrations.

Bible History has been perpetuated through the Jewish settings of the Psalms of David. The Jews as religionists rank the highest in their contributions to the world of music. Only a few years ago the young “Jewish Commonwealth of Palestine” sang the oldest hymn: “Then did Miriam sing.” It has been sung for centuries by the Jew who believes it to be the identical melody

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sung by Miriam and her Maidens while crossing the Red Sea, fleeing from Pharaoh's Host. Thus we have been led along the road of time until we meet the Hebrew minstrels; those poets who sang praises to the Might of God; to a nation intoxicated with Deity. Even the Hebrew prophets when called upon to prophesy were dumb until a minstrel came in with his harp and sang to them. The prophetic ecstasy was doubtless necessary to the attainment of prophecy. In Elisha, The President of one of the prophetic schools, we have a practical illustration, for he was unable to predict the result of the war with the King of Moab until a minstrel was brought in: "And it came to pass as the minstrel played, the Hand of the Lord came upon Elisha," and he uttered the desired prediction. The ancients attributed to demons the sorrows and maladies of the human family which they could not understand. Yet they prescribed music for the afflicted. David brought the harp to dis-course sweet music to Saul and exorcise the

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demon which bound him. The name, Saul, suggests one of the great human characters in history. Although his hatred and jealousy of David assisted in driving him to madness, it was the ineffable sound of the harp played by the Shepherd's hand which eventually cured Saul of his delusions.

Moving forward 500 years B.C. we find the seer, Pythagoras, inquiring into the mysteries of music. He was known as "the handsome youth with the golden hair," having inherited his beauty from his mother, who was called "Pythias of Samos." Her charms were sung by the poets of her day. Pythagoras' constant cry was, "Give me knowledge." So we find him as a young man wending his way to Egypt where the Mystics of Thebes recognized his genius and initiated him into the Priesthood. After remaining there twenty-two years, he returned to Crotona, Italy, and built a Temple to the Muses. Hundreds of pilgrims came hither for the first time and heard him declare that, "Music is the symbol of the

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entire Universe.” Then, while comparing the seven tones of the scale to the seven planets, he gave the world what is now known as Modern Astronomy. The Greek Poets had chanted their odes to an intellectual art, but Pythagoras blended the lilt of the poem into the chant. Thus Rhythm and Melody, twin sisters of the Gods, were born to this planet. As he walked with his group of pupils, the lute enabled him to give the world his highest inspirations. The day began at sunrise in the Temple, with music to the Immortal Gods. The men chanted the Master’s verses, or a hymn to Apollo, which was followed by a dignified Dorian dance; while the women worshipped Juno, and sang praises to the Goddess of Health and Beauty. These were changed at night to rhythmical chants suggesting repose. The brightest side of the Greek mind was reflected in the worship of Apollo and Aesculapias, “the blameless physician and grandfather of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health.”

As we are aware that there is nothing new



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under the sun, so we realize that we are but re-discovering and applying the secrets of Pythagoras in what he named, "The Music Cure." It was long considered by his enemies as mere incantation, but there is a suspicion now extant that it was actual science, and that Pythagoras gave us the first knowledge of the pathological virtues of music. His students made use of melodies and rhythmic chants to correct perturbations of mind, or any lurking tendency to jealousy, pride or excess or emotion. Their's was a broad conception of the harmony of the spheres, for they believed that human-beings were organized vibrations, and that numbers were the guides and preservers of the harmony of the human family. So we may say that we gain our first glimpse of the mathematical value of music as a therapeutic agent, from the Pythagorian Philosophy. However, his teachings so roused the jealousy of the townspeople of Crotona that they finally burned the school and homes of his students. Longevity has long been recog-

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nized as the inheritance of musicians, and we learn that Pythagoras died at the age of one hundred and two years. His influence in Greece endured for six centuries and is still felt in the world, for we are using the Pythagorean Diatonic Scale today to express ourselves through music.

The epoch of modern music brings us to the Reformation. Martin Luther's compositions left their imprint on his day and generation. His famous Battle Hymn, "A strong tower is our God," written in the Castle of Colburgh, 1529, was called by Frederick the Great, "God Almighty's Grenadier March," and assured the soldiers of ultimate success when sung on the battle-field. Little did Roger de Lisle, composer of "Le Marsellaise," think when he wrote the song under inspiration in half an hour, that it would be the cause of more bloodshed and carnage than any other force in France. Mob singing is a power to be reckoned with.

## CHAPTER II

**B**EETHOVEN and Mozart knew that rhythm is the fundamental in music and Melody is "its handmaiden." Therefore if we can discover the secrets of those Musical Prophets alone, we may begin to work from a basic principle in using music as an agent in healing this "sick and poisoned world."

Beethoven knew the value of rhythm on the circulation of the blood; he also knew the value of repetition and pause, for, out of thirty-one sonatas composed by him, nineteen were written, metronomically, in the normal pulse beat. When the seven tones in music multiplied themselves to seventy times seven (and their octaves) and registered inaudibly on those thousands of vibrating strings in the inner ear of Beethoven, he wove them into a "celestial

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language," full of joy, hope and courage of a lifetime, though the outer ear was deaf! He heard the seven tones and re-created them into "Songs of the Soul" that will never die. At the first chord struck of Beethoven's immortal creations, we anticipate the oncoming rush of sweeping passages which knit together the disturbed life impulses. When the law of rhythm is used as a cosmic force in moving the mass mind into grooves for recuperation, the results are beyond all belief to the uninitiated. Beethoven knew this law. We read in Beethoven's Note Book: "I haven't a single friend. I must live alone. But well I know that God is nearer to me than others of my art. I associate with Him without fear. I have always recognized and understood Him, and I have no fear for my music—it can meet no evil fate. Those who understand it must become free from all the miseries that others drag around with them." Victor Hugo said of the Master Musician: "Beethoven is the divine proof

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of the soul. If ever the soul and body of a man could be separated during a lifetime, it was thus with Beethoven. His body was crippled but his soul had wings. Oh doubt-est thou that man has a soul? Then reflect on Beethoven." We realize that the Great Masters were keyed to planes of radio-activity through the one sense of *feeling*. They also had prophetic inspiration when composing the music of the future, as the Mozart spinnet, standing in the museum at Salzburgh, so mutely testifies. It is but a tiny spinnet of yesterday, but it links up through time with the seven-octave grand piano of today, which thunders forth the Master's music in tones of wonder.

As we turn to Mendelssohn's compositions, we find in them a soothing quality all their own. His love of harmony stirs the intellectual mind. The exquisite charm in his music lies in his love of repetition of certain phrases. He is ever returning to the Dominant. In that beautiful song, "Oh for the wings of a dove," it is very notice-

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able. In it he takes occasional flights from his theme, only to return to the Dominant over and over again. "In the wilderness build me a nest, and remain there forever at rest" suggests peace and arrests the attention. Relaxation follows, accompanied by deep breathing, until the mind truly finds rest.

### CHAPTER III

**A** REASONABLE solution for the healing power ascribed to the music of the ancients is that they lived in close harmony with nature, unrestrained by conventional rule. Their lives were full of taste and simplicity. They expressed themselves spontaneously and with artlessness. They studied the human mind and its effect upon the body; and although their music was simple in form and melody, it had the value of being true and inspired, speaking directly to the heart. The early Greek physicians devoted much time to the study of the insane, but we hear of no "lunatic asylums" in those days. They did not appear in Christian Europe until the fifteenth century. Today the annual expense for the care of the insane in the United States runs up into millions of

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dollars. Thirty percent of the inmates in the asylums are foreign born. However, specialists are awakening to the fact that many can be helped and even cured of their obsessions. "They are sick people"; so said Doctor Emmet Dent, for many years, Superintendent of Manhattan State Hospital. Dr. Dent became deeply interested in the doings of "The National Society of Musical Therapeutics" and the possibilities of "The Music Cure." After segregating a number of his patients for a season and recording the effect of specially selected music upon them, he appeared before the Society and enthusiastically endorsed the idea of using music as a therapeutic agent in healing the insane. "Music is responsible for cures among the insane and improvement in the condition of patients, seemingly in a hopeless condition, that is little short of marvelous." His statements were supplemented by pictures of patients taken when they were arranged in classes, according to the form of mental trouble with which they



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were afflicted. They were given regular musical treatments, the music being both classical and of the "jazz" variety. Practical experience with classes showed a record in three months that, of forty-two cases, fifteen recovered and ten were improved. The remainder were not benefited. The musicians for these classes—a singer, a harpist and a violinist—were provided, the performers being some of the best artists of the city. Owing chiefly to the expense entailed by this method of giving treatment, another and equally unique innovation was introduced. An orchestra made up of the women nurses, was organized. It comprised eight violins, with the leader and instructor of the nurses, two cellos, two horns, one trombone, two clarinets, a flageolet and two drums. The nurses came from their patients in the wards, wearing their uniforms, and played at the three weekly concerts held for the insane. The Saturday concert, held in the afternoons, was followed by a dance for the five or six hundred

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patients. Both men and women participated in the dance; this too, being a marked departure from the methods in many asylums, it being held by experts on insanity that it is impossible to permit insane men and women to mingle in the dance. "We have no trouble with the patients; the music acts as a restraint on the majority, causing them to yield to its influence. Music finds its way unerringly to diseased nerves and sends the blood circulating to every part of the body, and perfect circulation is perfect health. Music is the door leading to the hall of ten thousand delights! It is the veritable 'darling of the gods!'"

Some years ago the Superintendent of the Middletown, Connecticut, asylum organized an orchestra in that institution which provided music for the patients during mealtime. He said:

"The effect of the orchestral music on the thirteen hundred patients assembled in the congregate dining-room, afflicted with every

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grade of mental derangement, is satisfactory in the highest degree. Under its influence these patients are quiet, self-controlled and observe as complete decorum as could be found in the dining-room of any large hotel, and I believe the influence to be not only pleasing, but of lasting benefit. While the scheme is to a degree experimental, the results thus far are so gratifying that we should be extremely loth to discontinue it."

After ten years the Superintendent thus reaffirmed his opinion as to the therapeutic influence of music on the insane:

"We have continued to maintain an orchestra in our dining-room, where fourteen hundred insane patients take their meals, ever since its organization ten years ago, and have never seen the time when we deemed it possible to dispense with it. Of course, it is very difficult to estimate the precise amount of value music has for the insane; nevertheless, we have no doubt whatever that it has a distinct and exalted therapeutical influence. Time and experience

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have only served to confirm the attitude I assumed in the matter ten years ago. We are able to bring fourteen hundred insane people, of both sexes, together for their meals and keep them quiet, amiable, cheerful and orderly during the meal hour with the aid of high-class orchestral music. I am, therefore, ready to reaffirm the opinion expressed ten years ago as to the salutary influence of music on the insane."

If not selected with care, music unduly excites the mentally unbalanced—perhaps the class most susceptible to its influence—while on the other hand there is nothing that exercises a more beneficial influence upon some forms of insanity than music intelligently selected and employed to suit the temperament and taste of the patient.

In most of the hospitals for the insane, music is used for recreation and amusement, but the music-room, equipped with various musical instruments, will some day be set apart for daily specific musical treatment of classified patients.

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Henry Phipps' munificent gift of \$500,000 for the most advanced scientific treatment of insanity and mental disorders has made possible the equipment of a musical department in the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. "Music is being tested as a cure for insanity in its various phases with encouraging results. It is found that it lessens the fury of the most violent and in many ways is proving one of the most valuable methods in use at the clinic."

## CHAPTER IV

**M**USIC has a great advantage over anodynes, as it generally produces a natural sleep from which the patient awakens refreshed. At a hospital where the twilight musicale was tested for three months, the result proved very satisfactory. The record showed a great falling off of opiates administered during those months compared with the same period of time before and after, when there was no music. Nocturnes, lullabies and spiritual songs made up the program. The music was rendered outside of the wards.

Two or three personal experiences might be of interest.

A friend, who had been a sufferer for five months with chills and fever, called one Sunday afternoon in a high state of fever. After making her comfortable on the couch

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and remaining with her a few minutes, I went into the music-room, where there were several musicians. All became interested in the case and in sympathy with the proposed treatment. The first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was played, followed by the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser." After the last number, I found our friend in a deep sleep that lasted several hours. When she awoke, she was free from fever. At the end of a week, I again saw her. She was perfectly well. I was astonished, for I hardly expected a complete cure. After three months, I met her and learned that she had never had a recurrence of her malady. She was very fond of music and had been completely harmonized by the treatment.

About the same time another friend came to visit us. Almost a mental wreck from worry over financial losses, he slept but little and his dreams were so distressing that he feared for his sanity. He professed a dislike for music. When we ventured to try

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it, we found that simple, rhythmical melody and harmony produced beneficial results. We played and sang music of such character every evening, continuing half an hour after he had fallen asleep. At the end of a few weeks he was enjoying good health.

Another friend, recovering from a severe illness, was, when in normal health, a lover of the best music. During his illness, when delirious, we could generally arrest his attention and quiet him with music. When his health was restored, we asked him what had made the deepest musical impression upon him. He mentioned a negro lullaby and not a Schubert serenade, as we had expected he would, showing that the rhythmical, crooning little song, suggestive of "Mammy and Her Baby," had appealed to him in his helplessness.

One day, a dear friend, mentally and physically at the lowest ebb, lay in a half-fainting condition on a couch, as I sat at the piano singing. Through a sudden impulse, I broke into the old gem, "She



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Touched the Hem of His Garment," knowing it to be a favorite of the invalid's. When I had finished, she was standing by my side with bright eyes and flushed cheeks. "I am revived; I am well," she said, and it was true that from that hour she improved rapidly and recovered her health.

An executive officer of the Massachusetts State Board of Insanity is a firm believer in music as a treatment for the insane. He says: "I have noticed in institutions where classical music is played, all the patients were quiet and contented. 'Jazz' set them all marking time and swaying their bodies in excitement. Yet they like this type of music best of all and it does not excite them if they dance to it." I think that is an important point—"if they dance to it." No one under the influence of the rhythm can sit unmoved, if it is accented well; when fully under its sway, one must yield to the impulse and dance when possible. This form of music is elemental in its appeal and often proves a tonic. Few can concentrate

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on any serious problem when the band is playing a popular melody or someone in the next room is crooning a negro lullaby. The motor faculties respond unconsciously to the rhythm, feet and hands keep time, relaxation takes the place of mental tension, the blood circulates more freely, and a normal balance is regained.

“Jazz” as we know it today is a development of what was formerly called “ragtime,” but the ragtime of a quieter age would seem very rustic and out of place in a modern “jazz palace” where saxophone “artists” have their own sweet will and queer noises are dignified by the name of “music.” Fortunately jazz is undergoing a change in form, and who knows what the “ugly duckling” may eventually turn into?

We are organized vibrations. The object of all cures is to change discordant vibrations to harmonious ones. Disease is unrhythmical: health is rhythmical, for rhythm is a fundamental law of the universe. The exciting waltz rhythm often

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hinders the mind from finding its poise, while slow majestic chords have the opposite effect. On one occasion we quieted an insane friend by playing Grieg's "Norwegian Hymn." Its noble chords call for a soft, legato touch, which grows more positive in the finale, suggesting the triumph of the "Spirit of the North." After repeating it three times, with increasing emphasis each time, the restlessness of our friend ceased. It was the repetition of the slow positive chords which gradually produced mental relaxation and she slept. For ten years Farinelli, the greatest of all singers, was engaged at the Spanish court to sing to mad King Philip V. After observing the effect of music on the king, he selected the three numbers that were most beneficial in their influence, and these he sang every evening during those ten years. They were: "Pallido il Sole," "Per Questo Dolce Amplesso," by Hasse, and a minuet on which he improvised variations.

## CHAPTER V

**A**LL songs come under four heads: Home, Country, Nature and Religion. Comforting hymns are aids to thoughts of peace, casting out all fear,—the bugbear of humanity at large.

Now *why* does music heal? It is a matter of vibration. What is vibration and what does it produce? Professor Robertson gives one of the simplest, clearest answers to this question. He says:

“Suppose by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, then faster and faster till it will revolve any number of times in a second. Let the whirling go on in a dark room and suppose a man there, knowing nothing of the rod. How will he be affected by it? So long as it turns but a few

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times a second, he will not be affected by it at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear; and as the rate grows swifter the tone will go on becoming less and less grave and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the stillness will pass into silence, silence will again reign as at first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man, but let it come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin, which will again grow more and more intense as now from tens and hundreds of thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much greater. But lo! about the

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stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom, and now, while the rate mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and last of all violet, and to the violet, the revolutions being now eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness as in the beginning; this darkness, too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.

“Thus we perceive that sound, heat and color are produced by different rates of vibration, as are also matter and form. Matter is neither more nor less than modality of motion, a resultant of rhythmic vibrations whose rate of velocity is both invisible and incomputable. Thus vibration determines the condition in which matter becomes perceptible to sight or touch, whether it shall be solid, fluid, aeriform, whether granite or gold, water or wine, gas or gossamer.”

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The power of vibration is vividly brought home to our imagination by Paganini's saying that he could fiddle a bridge down. He could hit upon the rate of vibration of that bridge and increase it till it tore the bridge to pieces. In the same way a glass tumbler can be shattered by a tone or rate of vibration corresponding to its keynote or rate of vibration. Every animate and inanimate object has its keynote. A violin at rest will respond to one that is being played, when the right note is struck.

When one remembers that man's body is "a harp of a thousand strings," nay, ten thousand and more, with its brain-cells and nerves, one can readily see how variously it will respond to musical vibrations and how powerfully they may act upon it: and by means of the sympathetic nervous system the stimulation of brain-cells and sensory nerves affects bodily functions.

This is the children's world—it is to them that we must look to carry on and make practical our ideals. Let us who are moving

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on to other planes give place to these coming men and women who are to shape the destinies of nations. Let us give them every opportunity for development. Call out their latent powers. Study their temperaments and tendencies without wasting too much time filling their minds with useless knowledge to be cast aside and forgotten with the years.

Do we not like to see children trained at an early age to speak gently and walk rhythmically and gracefully? A high-pitched loud voice is a torture and a nerve destroyer to those who have sensitive ears and are obliged to hear it continually. Arnold Bennett does not seem to have exaggerated the importance of noise when he says that ninety percent of the friction of the world is caused by tone (of voice?). There never can be an awkward age for the child who has been taught to dance. Rhythm and again rhythm is what child's nature basks in—the great corrector of nervous diseases and irregular emotions.



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Mathematics is popularly and universally believed to be the fundamental factor in the training of the mind. "Mathematics is a spiritual science; music is its rhythmic expression." Teach a child music and mathematics will cease to have any terrors, for the science of music is based upon numbers. The study of music teaches a child that two and two make four just as accurately and far more enjoyably than if it were having the fact impressed upon its mind in a less attractive way. By learning the folk-songs and folk-dances, children are storing in memory for later years a never-failing solace and pleasure.

In *Materia Medica* remedies are classified under four heads: Tonic, Stimulant, Sedative, Narcotic. From our magnificent musical pharmacy we can select with ease our tonic, stimulant, sedative, spiritual remedies. To illustrate: Consider the tonic effect upon the nervous and hysterical of the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser," or Chopin's Prelude, op. 28, No. 1. What

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more stimulating than one of Sousa's military marches? How joyous "Hark, hark, the lark," Liszt's "Rhapsodie No. 2," or a Strauss waltz! For a sedative try Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh," the Berceuse from "Jocelyn" ('cello solo), "The Swan" by Saint-Saens and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. For the spiritual, "On Wings of Song" by Mendelssohn, Schubert's "Ave Maria," some of the lovely hymns, reassuring and comforting—"I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," "Come unto Me and I Will Give You Rest," "Give to the Winds Thy Fears" and some of the negro "spirituals."

The key in which a selection is written affects its pharmaceutical properties, yet there are conflicting opinions regarding the characteristics of the keys. Helmholtz says no difference in the character of the keys can be observed on the organ, for example, and Hauptmann asserts the same thing for singing voices unaccompanied by the organ. On the other hand, John Cummin says there is a decidedly different character in different

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keys on the pianoforte and string instruments.

“Composers certainly seem to have had predilections for particular keys and to have cast movements in particular styles in special keys. There is a very common opinion that the tone and effect of different keys is characteristic.”

Beethoven gave some affirmation to it when he said, “B minor is a black key, D major is always *maestoso*”; and, when asked to arrange two national songs written in four flats, he said, “that key seemed to him unnatural.” He set the songs in a suitable key. C major and the adjacent D flat major have different effects not caused by difference in absolute pitch, for the D flat on one instrument may be as high as the C on the other and yet the C retains its brighter and stronger character and the D flat its soft and harmonious effect.

The Pythagorians considered that A flat and B flat possessed greater healing potency

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and that F was the keynote of nature. The great bells of China and Japan sound the F, also "Big Ben" sounds F of one hundred and seventy vibrations per second.

Silliman in his "Principles of Physics" says:

"The aggregate sounds of Nature as heard in the rustling of trees in a great forest; the roar of a distant city or the dashing of the waves of the sea is a tone of appreciable pitch, the F."

Is it merely a coincidence that Wagner's "Forest Music" and the "Pastoral" music of Beethoven are written in the key of F major? Schumann said the major is active and masculine, the minor the passive and feminine in music. He maintained that A major suggested to him green fields and lambs playing; E major was suggestive of green foliage and gurgling rivulets, while F minor was to him one of the saddest of keys. He always associated it with death.

To me Haydn's music, for instance, gives these mental impressions of different keys:

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- F major—This key is rich, sober, mild, contemplative.
- D minor, its relative—Possesses the same qualities but of heavier and darker cast. More doleful, more solemn and grand.
- C major—Bold, vigorous and commanding, suited to the expression of war and enterprise.
- A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble.
- G major—Gay and sprightly. Being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.
- E minor—Persuasive, soft and tender.
- D major—Ample, grand and noble, having more fire than C. In choral music it is the highest key, the treble having its cadence note on the fourth line.
- B major—Bewailing, but in too high a tone to excite commiseration.
- A major—Golden, warm, sunny.
- F sharp minor—Mournful, grand.
- E major—Bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects. In this key Haydn has written his most elegant thoughts. Though higher than D, it is less loud and it

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stretches the voice beyond its natural powers.

**B flat major**—The least interesting of all. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand and it is too dull for song.

**G minor**—Weak and pensive, replete with melancholy.

**E flat major**—Full and mellow, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight; though less decided in its character than some others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

**C minor**—Complaining, having something of the whining cant of B minor.

**A flat major**—The most lovely of the tribe—unassuming, gentle and soft, delicate and tender; having none of the pertness of A in sharps. Every composer has been sensible of the charm of this key and has reserved it for expression of his most refined sentiments.

**F minor**—Religious, penitential and gloomy.

**D flat**—Awfully dark. In this key Haydn and Beethoven have written their sublimest

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thoughts. They never enter into it but for tragic purposes.

To account for such effects on different individuals is difficult, but every musician is sensible of their existence.

“If each key has a special character, the same may be said of every instrument,” says Chomet. “For example, the bassoon is mournful and should be employed in expressing sorrow and pathos. The clarinet is suitable for the expression of grief. The oboe suggests reverie by its rural tones. The flute is sweet and tender, and is adapted to express sweet and tender love. The trombone is deep and harrowing. The trumpet excites to frenzy and martial ardor. The violin seems suited to express all the sentiments common to humanity. But the viola ought to be reserved for songs of a tender melancholy.”

## CHAPTER VI

**D**ISCRIMINATION in the choice of music is essential; in ill-health one does not enjoy a musical banquet but a musical specific. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the devoted friend of Richard Wagner, expressed a preference when in a melancholy mood for the "Dream Song" from Massaniello and Stradella's "Prayer."

Rhythm, harmony, repetition and pause are the important factors in musical treatment. Select the music for its harmonizing value alone.

Select for your tonic a beautiful rhythmic composition. Do not play it all, if there are several movements demanding change of key and tempo. Quiet fear and apprehension by changing the thought and arresting the attention, and leave a pleasing musical impression to be sung silently in the



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heart over and over again, long after the music has ceased.

For fever, high pulse, hysteria, arrest the attention. Play softly and rhythmically to bring the pulse and respiration to normal. Tests with instruments prove that music will do this. Do not change too abruptly from one key to another; modulate and pause and let the musical impression be absorbed. Select songs that depict the cool running brook, the flight of birds, the blue sky, the sea.

Deafness is helped by long, free, open tones. Syncopation and jerky music should be used sparingly.

Fear is dissipated, a high nervous tension is relieved and nerves are relaxed under the spell of a composition that swings the body into normal rhythmic movement. Sluggish conditions of body and mind are eliminated by the rhythmic waltz, polka or mazurka—music affecting the motor system. Insomnia is cured by the slumber-song, nocturne, or the spiritual song that assures one

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of Divine protection. A baby listens to a lullaby for the first time with wide open eyes. As the song grows familiar, he yields to the rhythm repeated over and over again.

Adults when ill are like children. An editor of one of the leading newspapers of Chicago was troubled with insomina; many a night his wife would go to the piano in the wee sma' hours and play and sing "All is still in quiet West," with the invariable result that he would fall asleep to awake refreshed and rested. One who is not especially fond of music is often benefited by it during sleep. The musical sound-waves are felt subconsciously as a "bath and medicine," affecting the entire system.

Again, music is a tonic for the will. The music rhythm and action rhythm have gone together since the beginning of labor. First come forms like the "zo-ho" of the Siamese, the "hu-hu" of the Chinese, the "ona ao" of the Japanese, the "hai na e" of the Maori. They grow more definite in the "heave ho" of the British boatmen. Gradually there

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come versified songs adapted to all phases of industry. There is no collective activity anywhere that has not been deemed worthy of melodic accompaniment, and all forms of toil have been set to music. The Maoris have a song for every form of labor.

Burton, in his description of the East Africas, tells us that the fishermen over his paddles, the porter carrying his load, the housewife grinding—all accompany their work with song. Even today the Arabs draw water for their cattle to the tune of a song which is heard at all the wells in the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia.

The selection of hymns is a vital one. The list is a long one—what not to sing! When visiting a tuberculosis patient in a hospital, I arrived at the close of the Sunday services and excused myself for being late. My friend looked at me with a glitter in his eye as he said: "You did not miss anything. We sang five dirge-like hymns all about death and the grave. We are going there fast enough without having it set to music."

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To oblige musicians, who are invited to visit hospitals only on Sunday, to confine themselves to hymns, when music of a different character would prove more beneficial, is a thing to be regretted. All good music based upon the beautiful and true is sacred. In fact, there is no sacred music; what is called so is sacred by association. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" is sung in India as an invocation of Allah, beginning with "God Almighty, hear our prayer," and one of the world's most famous songs, "We won't go home till Morning," was a favorite of the Crusaders.

If the musicians are requested to render hymns exclusively, let them be carefully selected; let the words express hope and cheer and thanksgiving. If music is remedial, why not prescribe the right kind and not deepen a melancholy mood by a dose of doleful music? No ward appeals to my sympathies more than the so-called "incurable" ward—what hopelessness is expressed in the very name! I have vivid

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recollections of a visit to such a ward. The curtains were drawn around one of the beds and we were told its occupant was dying. On other beds patients were lying, too ill to do more than smile a welcome. Here they must lie month after month, tenderly cared for by the nurses, waiting while one by one their fellow-sufferers drop away. With me were three fine musicians. We began with a violoncello solo very softly played—the Berceuse from “Jocelyn”; Schubert’s “Ave Maria” and “Consider the Lilies” followed. A look of real interest and pleasure came over the faces of the patients. The doorway filled with nurses and convalescents as we continued to give of our best. Never did we have a more grateful or appreciative audience. The mental and physical atmosphere of the room was charged with harmony, in which fear and apprehension were non-existent. Such a visit as ours was a rare thing, we were told. Think of it! How easy to have one every day!

## CHAPTER VII

**T**HE late Dr. Egbert Guernsey said, in an editorial in the "Medical Times":

"If every hospital or asylum included in its medical staff a musical director, and if every physician and trained nurse understood the nature of the action of music, there is no telling the good that might be accomplished, the lives brightened and the tangled brains restored to harmony."

Dwight L. Moody made a greater appeal to the souls of men by having as his assistant Mr. Sankey to clinch his arguments with song. And to quote Napoleon:

"Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence on the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encour-

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agement. The city, making a generous appropriation for its department of music and appreciating the importance of music in its public parks and recreation centers, is lessening the expense of maintaining its jails, for music can be used as a remedy against vice and much that is inimical to good order."

Within the jails, where repression and suppression are the rule, hearing good music, studying it and taking part in it would relieve nervous tension, stimulate attention, awaken dormant mental activities and arouse the moral nature. In 1912 the Superintendent of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta wrote me.

"We have been using music during the services and entertainments in this penitentiary for several years. Until a few months ago our orchestra consisted of only a few pieces and it lacked thorough organization and efficient practice. About six months ago, the Attorney General authorized the employment of a musical director as an officer of the penitentiary, and

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since that time our orchestra has grown to a membership of twenty-seven, is thoroughly organized, and has been given efficient and effective instruction and practice, until it is now considered a very good musical organization. Our orchestra now not only furnishes the music for all of our services and entertainments, but we have instituted concerts which have become very popular not only with the prisoners but with the people of Atlanta. There can be no question but that its influence is tremendous and always for good. So convinced am I of this, that I have had a portion of our orchestra furnish music to the prisoners in the dining-room during the dinner hour, and they seem to appreciate this very much. I believe that I am not saying too much when I say that it is perhaps one of the best methods of obtaining good conduct on the part of the prisoners that has been established in this institution."

I would beg for a twilight music hour in prisons. After the activities of the day, when the inmates return to their cells for the night, then come the hours most



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dreaded. Then it is that music would prove a cure for these souls in torment, by withdrawing their thoughts from unwholesome introspection and self-analysis.

Enrico Caruso once sang in the penitentiary at Atlanta, responding to a petition signed by the inmates. In their monthly paper, *Good Words*, the following tribute, written by Linton K. Starr, was paid to Caruso.

We sit in our rows of sodden gray  
Up there in the great blank hall;  
Through the window-bars the great blue day  
And the golden sunshine call,  
Call us, as Christ called Lazarus, dead,  
To rise and come forth from his grave.  
But Christ cares not to free us, we said,  
To give back the life God gave.  
Better the dead than the living dead,  
Whom the world shuts out and the bars shut in,  
Man-made scapegoats of all men's sin!

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Then, in the hush of the great blank hall,  
God wrought a wondrous miracle,  
For a voice, like a glorious trumpet-call,  
Arose as a soul from the deeps of hell,  
And our souls rose with it on wondrous wings,  
Rose from their prison of iron and clay,  
Forgot the grime and the shame of things!  
We were men once again in a sunlit day.  
Sin and grief and punishment—all  
Were lost in that human trumpet-call.

Not bars or banishment can abate  
The strong swift wings of the deathless soul  
Soaring aloft over grief and fate  
As the tones of the master of music roll  
Through the gloom and doom of the prison-pen,  
Distilling the fragrance of flowering song  
Into hearts that remember youth again  
And innocent loves that know no wrong.  
How then, if such be music's spell,  
Shall we doubt that Christ still conquers hell?

## CHAPTER VIII

**G**OD heals, but the physician gets the thanks. The science of surgery, as revealed in the fifteenth century by the anatomist, Dr. George Andreas Vesalius, has kept pace with the other sciences, but the science of *Materia Medica* has not increased in favor and power in the same ratio.

The science of Music has been relegated to the realms of Art and Pleasure, while its healing power has gradually been revealed. It is interesting to note that it is now being welcomed as a progressive agent for social as well as industrial reform. When "The National Society of Musical Therapeutics" was founded in 1903, in New York City, it attracted international attention. As was to be expected, the idea of using music as a curative agent for the ills of humanity met

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with opposition from a few prejudiced minds. A progressive thinker said: "Express yourself through a new idea and the world will immediately kick it and make a football of it." We were soon joined by others who assisted in pushing the "idea" forward and upward, until the community-mind was educated in a measure, and ready to receive it as "the big idea."

When war burst suddenly upon us, music as the world's greatest asset came into its own. In fact, the generals of the Allied Armies depended upon music as an adjunct in giving their men fighting strength on the field and powers of resistance in the hospital. "The singing soldier is the fighting soldier," they said. The mere mention of the "Marseillaise" brings to mind the picture of the open-throated Frenchman raising his hand in the attitude of attack upon his enemy. "Tipperary" made the soldiers' step livelier to meet the foe. When someone asked, "Where are the men who sang 'Tipperary'?" "They are all dead," was the

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answer. The man who queried, "Why the bagpipe?" could never have visited Edinburgh Castle at the "ten o'clock green twilight hour" and listened to the old piper sitting within the gates of the castle!

Music enters deeply into the training and life of the Russian, German and Scotch soldier. Facing the enemy with a song full of love for the fatherland on his lips, he loses all sense of fatigue and fear. During the Battle of Waterloo, we are told, the forty-second Highlanders wavered—Wellington ordered the pipers to play, and the men rallied. In the late World War, in the Julian Alps, where music is quoted as having had its share with superior generalship in winning the battle, the Italian Army was fighting against seemingly unsurmountable difficulties when the inspiring strains of the military band led by Toscanini were suddenly heard. The Italians with renewed courage pressed forward and routed their Austrian enemy.

At the sound of the drum beat the circu-

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lation of our blood changes. It will awaken even a drunken man from his stupor.

When we employ colors and rhythmic music for the restoration of mental and physical harmony, we are working with a great cosmic force. The musician keyed to discord and hate, puts it into his music. "Lust is dumb, love sings." The music heard in the United States today has a lilt of optimism in it such as one hears only among free nations. As we have many races tuning in with us to find the keynote of our country, let's listen together! "God Save the People."

A good illustration of the need for the cooperation of musicians, for the development of a nation-wide love and appreciation of music in America, is given in the following allegory by Rev. Herbert Bigelow:

"In a curious kingdom, far away, the king had no palace—an earthquake had destroyed what had been a most beautiful palace. But,

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legend said, this palace had been built by the power of music and by the power of music it could be restored. And so it became the great ambition of the musicians of the kingdom to learn how to play well enough to conjure the palace back.

But the trouble was that each musician wanted for himself the credit of restoring the palace to the kingdom. They would steal out early in the morning, each one thinking to get out ahead of the others to the place where the palace had been, to play on his lyre or fife and try to bring the palace back.

Many tried, but every one failed, until at last two boys, not thinking themselves great musicians, made a remarkable discovery. They found that, while they were indifferent players themselves, it was possible for each of them to play the same tune and not strike the same notes, but by so doing make more beautiful music than either could by playing alone.

They went to the master musician of the kingdom and told him about it. He paid no attention to them, but they were not to be discouraged. A holiday came and they were

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determined to go out in the early morning before any other musician arrived and try what they could do.

On the road that morning they met an old man with a sad face. He had come from a distance. What was the trouble? He had been out there trying to play the palace back, but had failed. The boys told him of their discovery and besought him to turn around and go back. The three went back and found that all the musicians in the kingdom had likewise thought that they would steal out ahead of the rest.

They were all there. Every one of them was standing around waiting for the others to go home, so that he could play the palace back and get the credit from the king.

The boys waited for a time. Finally, since the musicians in their jealousy were unwilling to play, the boys said to themselves and to the old man, 'Let us try to play together,' and they began to play, and the three of them together made music more wonderful than any of the musicians in that country had heard. The musicians forgot their suspicions of one another



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and began to join in, until they were all taking part in the most wonderful music that had ever been heard.

Then the people came rushing from all quarters with the cry, 'Look! Look! The palace! The palace!' The palace was rising out of the ground."

## CHAPTER IX

**T**HE lilt of words in a poem or in a song, with a persistent flow of melody, will quicken the dormant faculties. At the inspired touch of long, sustained chords, a silence falls over an audience until those sound waves reach the ear of the individuals who are out of rhythm and they are, literally, tuned to pitch. The tones of certain instruments carry the tired heart out to wide spaces of rest. The violin can do this, as all know. The flute has healed the fever-stricken. Galen, the father of medical science, recommended the playing of the flute upon the suffering parts of the body, on the principle of a medical bath. Gallius prescribed to the flute players a soft and gentle strain for the cure of epilepsy and sciatic gout, claiming that relief was brought about by causing vibrations in the

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fibres of the afflicted part. The ancients used the flute when flogging their slaves, as a sort of apology for administering pain. The flute was also played to the slaves who bent their backs to the oar—each stroke of the oars marked time to the cadence and melody of the flute being played by the overseer. The flute has been considered the one instrument above all others for expressing the emotional love nature. Among savage tribes, it is used for this purpose alone—the love call. The Winnebago, Formosa and the Peruvian courting flute are three instances. It was originally used at weddings and called the “Love Filter.”

We believe that music will eventually furnish the motor power of the world. A discovery will be made in the near future of a force in nature which will run machinery and furnish light and heat for our homes—and it will belong to the realm of music! Many a man is now standing on the brink of death through his ignorance of the use of musical vibrations. If the walls of Jericho

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were thrown down through the concerted blowing and vibration of the rams' horns, the human system can be as easily shattered through the misuse of sound waves and their limitless vibrations.

Every individual is tuned to a certain musical instrument which will carry a message to him that no other instrument will. We know that certain songs become immortal while others sink into obscurity. "The Star Spangled Banner" has the official seal and is declared to be the national anthem of the United States. When sung by fine soloists and accompanied by a military band, it is truly inspiring. Such was the case when Patrick Gilmore led his great orchestra and chorus of seven thousand voices at the Centennial Celebration in Boston. The firing of cannon was used to accent the words of chorus and soloists as they sang:

" 'Tis the Star Spangled Banner  
Oh long may it wave

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O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave."

Has it ever occurred to you that the anthem "America" is international? Audiences in England, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark and China rise and sing it to their own words and it is even sung in the vineyards of France, where it is supposed to have originated. William Cullen Bryant said: "'America' will outlive any similar composition yet written in this country"; and Oliver Wendell Holmes added: "The name of the composer, S. F. Smith, will be honored in the land when mine has been forgotten one hundred years." "My Country 'tis of Thee!"—if it had been "*Our* Country," the hymn would not have been immortal, but that "My" was a master stroke. Everyone who sings the hymn feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country.

We think, however, that Rudyard Kipling's description, in "From Sea to Sea," of

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an American singing this hymn is unexcelled: "Pick an American of the second generation anywhere you please and that man will make you understand in five minutes that he understands what manner of thing his Republic is. He might laugh at a law that didn't suit his convenience, draw your eye teeth in a bargain, and applaud 'cuteness' on the verge of swindling, but you should hear him stand up and sing 'My Country 'tis of Thee.' I have heard a few thousand of them engaged in that employment. There is too much Romeo and too little balcony about our National Anthem. With the American article, it is all balcony!"

## CHAPTER X

**T**HE influence of music upon all animal life has been noticed by even casual observers as far back as history extends. Some of the accounts were so wonderful that the Curator of the Academy of Sciences in Chicago was induced to verify some of them by trying the effect of musical sounds on the birds and animals confined in Lincoln Park by having a variety of selections on the violin played before the different cages. He found they were moved to nervousness by discords or rollicking airs, and became quite contented and happy when softer, sweeter music was played. The effect produced on different animals was determined by the character of the music—Classical music moved the jaguar to anger, causing him to lash his tail and growl as he sprang

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from one end of the cage to the other. A change in the music brought a change of temper, the animal remaining perfectly motionless and absorbed, and when the musician moved slowly away, the jaguar rose hastily to his feet and thrust one of his paws through the bars as though he would beg the musician to remain. All the animals expressed their likes and dislikes in a manner peculiar to themselves.

A celebrated naturalist of Paris, on repeating similar experiments, found that with the exception of the spider and a few large serpents, everything that had life seemed to be affected by music—particularly the scorpions and lizards which beat the measure with their tongues and balanced their heads to the movement of the music. The cobra raised itself on its tail, balancing its body to the rhythm of the melody. There was not a change of tone or of timbre that did not produce a corresponding change of attitude. At a tremolo, the cobra's belly enlarged, at a pianissimo, his



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head, and when there was a dissonance, the cobra twisted as though in pain.

My knowledge of reptiles is limited, but I can sympathize with the author of that little verse:

“There is a tune, said the sly Bengalese  
That soothes any snake that you please.  
Take a long heavy stick, hit the snake with  
it quick,  
Then proceed with the tune at your ease.”

From my own experience with those who profess a distaste for music, and yet are benefited by certain kinds, I am led to the conclusion that even if the objective mind has no appreciation, the soul-consciousness is ever sensitive to it. But the voice of the singer must be true to pitch, and give no uncertain tone; and the instrumentalist must be a master of his instrument. A friend of mine who possesses a baritone voice of great purity and brilliance, has learned from a costly experience to take delicate

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glass vases and tumblers out of the music room when he practices.

All created things have their own notes of vibration and individuals are more responsive to some one key and chords in that key than to any others. The musician should learn to sing in the key in which he feels most at home. He should play or sing in this key, changing to other keys that are pleasing, and then returning to the key note and chords of his own key. In that way the discordant human instrument may be tuned up until it is harmonized.

Would you test the influence of music upon the circulation? Try Geetry's experiment: "Place the three fingers of your right hand on the artery of your left arm, or any artery in the body. Sing an air, the tempo of which is in accordance with the action of the pulse. Change the song and watch the action of the pulse quicken or slacken to accommodate itself by degrees to the tempo of the new air. The choice of key is most important. There are certain

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keys that soothe and quiet, while others exhilarate and excite.”

The major keys express affirmation, the minor keys, negation. Voices and instruments should be studied with their individual characteristics in mind. The soprano and tenor with their more rapid vibrations, exhilarate. Contralto and bass are relaxing and soothing. The harp, violin, piano, and particularly the organ, are effective for this work of healing through the power of music.

## CHAPTER XI

**W**HEN we turn to our prisons we find the average age of men in them to be thirty years. Nearly forty nationalities are represented in Sing Sing School, one-half of whom are foreign born. They may be roughly classified: first, the product of city and village street-corner gangs; second, incorrigibles from Houses of Correction and Reform schools; third, foreign illiterates, nearly all of whom are products of neglected childhood. One of the problems in prison reform can be solved through music. It can change fear and resentment into courage and thanksgiving. When we regard the criminal classes from the view point that their sympathetic nerve centers are out of rhythm with their immediate surroundings, we will be on the right track. We find many of them half-

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paralyzed through fear and lack of lingual efficiency, and their bodies refuse to function. A rhythmic strain of old-home-town, familiar music floating on the air has been known to change all this.

Dr. Carrie W. Smith, Superintendent of the Texas Girls' Training School, in Gainesville, Texas, says that ninety-eight percent of those girls are physically defective and that Musico-therapy is of far more value in training delinquents than punishment. Money, wisely directed, can do so much. Dr. William H. Allen in his book on "Modern Philanthropy" states that three hundred million dollars were given away in the United States in a year, before the war, and that men are giving away millions, and making wills leaving millions behind them, who really do not know what to do with their money. We would like to tell of a philanthropy which could do more for the world's happiness than any other one thing.

We received a collection of electrical vibrators, wristlets and belts from a friend

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who was curious to know our opinion of their value as musical, mechanical instruments. Each one carried a little battery tuned to a certain key. The one tuned to the key D hummed musically but irritated me to such a degree that I changed it to the belt tuned to the key of C, the "nature-tone." It seemed to have a harmonizing effect upon me and acted like a tonic in every way. This led me to give a talk before the Society of Musical Therapeutics on the subject: "The Place and Influence in the World of the Mechanical Musical Instrument." I realized all too clearly that we would meet with opposition from a few of the musicians among the members. On the evening of my talk, when a talented musician heard me say, "The music of the future has yet to be written," he gasped aloud in amazement, "God bless my soul!" evidently believing that all inspiration in the music world had ceased. "The music of the future will be simple in form; possibly the Grand Chorales and Chants will be

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heard again," I continued; then turning to the mechanical musical instruments standing there I said: "These all have their place in the world of music," and stated my reasons for saying so. At the close of the evening's program, our friend approached and gave vent to his pent-up wrath: "You surely do not place any musical value on those mechanical instruments?" "I certainly do, and you will live to see the day when they will be employed as active agents in giving joy and comfort to thousands living in isolated places on this planet!" was my reply.

As time proves all things, it was but a little while before those despised instruments were perfected and called "the war-camp saviors." Their commercial value increased by leaps and bounds until it mounted into millions of dollars. They have their tone value also in the institutions and hospitals throughout the land.

A settlement worker met an Irish woman in the slums of New York City, who took

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in washing to support her family. "Arrah," she said to her visitor, "I want to tell yez that I bought meself a pianolay on the instahlment plan. I pays a little down on ut every week. When I begins me washin', I turn on the pianolay and it sings, 'Pack up yer thrubbles in yer old Kit Bag, and shmile, shmile, shmile!' Then I do be done and don't know when I did ut! The time do fly so when the pianolay plays on." It is better to introduce into the home the mechanically tuned music box, than to keep the ancient, unmusical, wood box that was grandma's wedding present, called the piano! For the latter is only fit for the lumber yard.

The suggestions conveyed to the subconscious mind through music are far more potent than those conveyed through the spoken word. The fear of death is usually present in illness; why strengthen this fear by a song or a musical selection of the kind often heard in our hospital wards, which nearly sends the sick one across the border-



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land? The more beautifully rendered, the deeper the impression. Do not sing "Darby and Joan" or the "Land of the Leal," for example, to one ill and depressed, introspective and fearful, full of thoughts of "The Friends over There." Such a song sung in the presence of a woman about to be operated upon, depressed and doubtful as to the outcome, might have a fatal effect. In other words, do not play his funeral march until your patient is out of hearing for all time, and not then, as by its suggestive influence he may be hindered in his flight to brighter realms. The funeral march has no place in the progressive thought of today, which is "from life through life to life."

## CHAPTER XII

**B**EFORE I became interested in the broader uses for music, my sisters and myself, when on concert-tour as singers, were frequently invited to visit state institutions and sing for the inmates. Our songs were generally in keeping with our sympathies and selected without much consideration as to their appropriateness. They were of the sorrowing, parting kind, such as singers generally think would be sung in a hospital ward. When our audience was reduced to tears, we felt that we had made an impression, and we no doubt had, but let us hope not a lasting one.

Contact with inexperienced musicians has impressed it upon my mind that one must specialize in Musico-Therapy, or be guided by one who has made it a study and can supervise the repertoire, if one is to be

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successful in the musical treatment of disease. The musician without a knowledge of the psycho-physiological action of music might not select his music to fit the needs of his patient. With the best of intentions, he might select music full of pathos and beauty that would unduly excite the emotions, awaken sad memories and strengthen the fear of death. "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight," sung in a military hospital, had such a depressing effect on the sick and wounded soldiers that the work of the nurses was made more difficult instead of being lightened. Such music under such circumstances is pernicious, but continues to be allowed because, at present, music is not considered a potent factor for good or evil, but merely a means of entertainment.

Not only the choice of selections, but their execution often leaves much to be desired. Some years ago, when I became interested in the study of music in its relation to health, wishing to observe musical conditions in institutions, I joined a group

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of singers who made weekly visits on Sundays to the New York Hospitals. We met in the reception room a few minutes before visiting the wards. Hymns that were familiar to the majority present were hastily selected, without any consideration as to their appropriateness. No time was taken for practice. Never shall I forget my impressions of that first visit. There were twelve in the company as we entered the first ward; we stationed ourselves near a bed (too near) where lay an old gentleman who received us with a welcoming smile. He evidently was anticipating a musical treat. I stood next to a gentleman who persisted in singing on one tone. The discords increased with the hymns sung, until at the close of "Over the River They are Beckoning to Me," the old gentleman, unable to endure more, threw up his hands and wept, while the patients in adjacent beds covered their heads. As we left the ward and walked through the corridor to the next one, to perpetrate the same crime against

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music and health, I asked the gentleman of the monotone voice what he sang. He proudly admitted that his voice was a baritone. He added that he thoroughly enjoyed these Sunday afternoon visits, as he felt he was "doing good."

Alas! Is it surprising that physicians and attendants are not much in favor of such services, yet are helpless to prevent them, owing to lack of supervision of music in the hospitals?

Poorly chosen music may have a bad effect upon those who are not ill. A concert with a program of miscellaneous selections, appealing to a wide range of emotions, may become a musical debauch from which the sympathetic listener recovers after an unnecessary expenditure of emotion. I have in mind a gentleman who suffered from a weak heart. He lived in New York and for years attended the finest concerts. He would be exhilarated by one number, depressed by another and emotionally submerged by a third, leaving the concert-room

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more fatigued than refreshed. He needed a musical specific rather than a banquet. A young lady of my acquaintance, on the verge of nervous prostration, attended the opera, "Tristan and Isolde." The following day she was in a state of collapse, and not until after months of rest did she regain her health.

The tired man or woman is a harp out of tune, with some of the strings too relaxed and others too taut. For such an one to "go and hear some music," a concert or the opera, often adds to his discomfort. "Any music" is not always best for those who are ill—better a few chords, a charming song, a Bach fugue or a Beethoven sonata than to sit for three hours exhausting oneself emotionally, sympathizing with an unfortunate Marguerite. In such a case the law of *similia similibus curantur* obtains, for our troubles are over-shadowed by a greater. "No two impressions of unequal power can be felt at the same time, but the lesser must yield to the action of the greater."

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The new school of music will, let us hope, include in its curriculum the study of rhythm, tone and color, and their influence on the human organization. Programs will be selected with more care as to harmonious proportions. Legato and Largo will not be too abruptly followed by Scherzo and Allegro, or syncopated music be allowed so frequently to disturb the equilibrium with its jerky, unrhythmical movement.

Music can poison the moral constitution as well as the physical. It has power not only to soothe the savage breast but to awaken the savage in the breast. After his defeat in Russia, Napoleon declared it was caused by the Russian winter and the Russian army music. He said that the wierd and barbaric tunes of these "beastly Cossack regiments" simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites and they wiped out the best regiments of the French army.

When the compositions of a Futurist musician were first heard in Berlin, the whole audience was enraged. A well-known

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critic after attending this concert, wrote: "I was miserable all the afternoon; my nerves fretted and on edge; there was no antidote for the poison but sleep. If such music-making is to become accepted, then I long for death, the Releaser." At Vienna, when the same music was played, the audience broke loose. Blows were exchanged and fighting became general; the police were summoned and the performers packed up their instruments and left the hall. It reminds me of an old Scotch woman who, when told that a certain anthem she disliked was written by King David, said "Noo I ken why it was that Saul threw his spear at the lad who was playin' till him."



## CHAPTER XIII

**A**S the question is frequently asked, "What led you to become interested in Musical Therapeutics," and as a chapter from one's personal experience is often more helpful than generalizations, let me state briefly how my desire grew to give my best thought to the advancement of this cause.

Brought up in a musical atmosphere, I became at an early age familiar with good music. One sister possessed a soprano, another a mezzo-soprano, while nature had endowed me with a contralto voice. It seemed but natural that music should be our vocation. We studied with the best masters we could find in America and Europe and then, as concert singers, nearly encircled the globe. Ten years were spent in this manner.

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One day there came to me a deep, fundamental change. I found it impossible to feel my former interest in my profession. Music for a time ceased to interest me. I turned my attention to other studies. The unfoldment was gradual, but there came the awakening when the God from within spoke and vitalized my gift to his service.

Several years were spent in experimental work. I found that music will sometimes relieve pain, quiet the mind, and induce sleep without the knowledge of the musicians who have been instrumental in producing such a result. The musician who works intelligently and skilfully, however, has a dual power, and with tact and judgment, selecting the key, rhythm and kind of music best adapted to the case, can create a new atmosphere, spiritual and physical, change discordant vibrations to harmonious one, liberate the soul, and transport it from narrow personal environment into a purer realm where it is revitalized and nourished through rhythm, melody and harmony.

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The employment of music for healing the sick is a natural use of one of the finer forces of nature. Music creates states of mind. If the musician can produce a condition where fear, resentment, revenge, etc., are replaced by an influx of Divine Love, the result will be harmony, and every atom of the physical organism will respond to the call. I have seen musical treatment prove beneficial in a variety of diseases. I learned from experience that the musical selections for insomnia should be those that produce a soothing, quieting effect. A nocturne, or a song descriptive of green fields were often magical in their effect upon the tired and worried mind.

## CHAPTER XIV

**A**T the Metaphysical Convention, held at Madison Square Garden, October 1900, I gave my first public address on "Music as a Healing Power." So unusual was the subject that the program committee hesitated to allow it a hearing, but like the woman of old, by much importuning, the President of the Convention was prevailed upon to grant me twelve minutes. Thinking that few would be interested in the subject, I was pleased rather than otherwise at the time limit, as I had no desire to weary my audience. However, the presentation of the subject proved timely and I was given a sympathetic and appreciative hearing.

In February 1903, "The National Society of Musical Therapeutics" was founded at the close of a course of lectures in Musico-

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Therapy in my studio in New York City. The aim of this society was to encourage the study of music in its relation to life, and to promote its use as a curative agent in homes, hospitals, asylums and prisons. From its inception, the Society received the endorsement of distinguished physicians and the enthusiastic support of scientists and musicians.

By its influence a gradual change has been wrought in the trend of thought regarding the broader uses of music. During the winter seasons, monthly meetings were held in New York City, where many interesting and convincing tests of the influence of musical vibrations upon mind and body were demonstrated. Speakers and musicians, alike, gave of their best to advance a cause which they believed would prove a power for good, especially when it was better understood and appreciated. We cooperated with institutions and provided musicians in response to invitations for such services. However, believing that only by

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regular and frequent visits from professional musicians who gave carefully arranged programs, could satisfactory results be obtained, we discontinued our visits. This was due to the fact that the Society had no fund for such a purpose, few institutions had an endowment to cover this expense and fine musicians must be paid for their services.

We regretted our inability to continue this philanthropic work. It was no longer a theory but a demonstrable fact that musical vibrations exercise a distinct psychological influence upon the imagination and through the emotions set up, the nerve centers and circulatory system are affected. By the intelligent employment of music, many ills to which flesh is heir may be relieved and often healed. The patients showed their appreciation by offering some little gift, and the applause from feeble hands, or the wan smile, testified to the music hunger of their souls. Their lives had been brightened by the half hour musicale and they

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lived it over in memory, counting the days until they would again be cheered by the inspiration of music. The seed sown during those first enthusiastic busy years of the Society has borne abundant fruit and the soul of the movement goes marching on.

In some of our cities, municipal concerts have become a reality; better musical instruments are to be found in some of our institutions for the sick; more care is being taken in the choice of words of songs to be sung in the sick room; more music is heard in our asylums, and of better quality, but there still remains room for improvement.

We believe the time has come to adopt other methods for spreading the gospel of music for health and we hope that this book will become far-reaching in its influence as a means of communication for those interested in the study and advancement of Musico-Therapy. We hope to see the time when the equipment of a hospital, asylum, or prison will not be complete without a department for music, under the direction

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of a competent musical supervisor, and appropriations for music will be considered as necessary in the municipal budget as they are for any other purpose. We will then hear no more worn-out, untuned instruments in our institutions. They will be as carefully cared for as are the instruments of the surgical department. Buildings will be erected with the organ placed in the main building, instead of in a chapel where few can hear it, and the soft, soothing, impersonal influence of melody and harmony will ascend like incense, pervading the atmosphere, harmonizing and tranquilizing patients and attendants alike.

When musicians will prepare themselves spiritually and musically for this department of musical science, the days of the haphazard misuse of this healing power will have passed and Musico-Therapy will no longer beg for recognition, but will take its place as an acknowledged and important factor in the healing art. Our highest mission will be to minister to the diseased mind,



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to brighten the lives of those who toil early and late for a mere existence, while their souls and bodies are famished for a touch of the beautiful and harmonious.

THE PILGRIM BIRD

God opened the windows of heaven,  
And sent out a beautiful bird.  
A sigh and a gleam like the joy in a dream  
It leaped into life at His word.  
God fashioned its pinions and plumage,  
He painted its beautiful wing,  
He placed in its throat a glorious note  
And said "Go forth and sing."

Not "for the ears that listen,"  
Not "for the shouts that ring";  
Not "for men's praise of thy glorious lays,"  
But merely, oh bird, "go sing."  
Did it doubt? Did it pine and falter?  
Did it furl its beautiful wing?  
Because nobody heard, did that wonderful bird  
Lose heart and refuse to sing?

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Nay, over the wide world speeding  
Far over the mountain's crest,  
Away and away to the ends of the day  
To sing in God's wilderness.  
And over the lone world watching,  
Where never a step is stirred,  
In the midnight's flow, God's ear bends low,  
For the song of His pilgrim bird.

—MISS DROMGOOL

# Drum Talk

*By*

LOUISE VESCELIUS-SHELDON



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## CHAPTER I

“**W**HAT is only Drum Talk,” said our English landlord of the Wayside Inn where we were putting up for the night. Standing by my side, he continued: “The white man cannot hide from the native here in Africa. Drum Talk passes the word along that he is coming. We knew where you were two days ago when the Kafir boy said: ‘Soon be here, come tomorrow.’ The first of all instruments, the drum, was a tree beaten by a rod. It antedates the telegraph by thousands of years, and now the telegraphic news of the world flies from hill to hill through Drum Talk. When the first roll of the drum is heard, the men listen intently and understand its meaning. Women and children are not taught it. The Zulus and Basutos, born for war, use it in their tribal

disputes. See that big Zulu boy over there? That is Unsla, who lifts those huge cases of merchandise from the ox wagon with such ease. He despises the native Kafir, or Coolie, who does the chores about the house. Unsla understands Drum Talk and will probably tell us tonight of world news, which could not have come by any other route."

"Was that a tree I heard falling?" I asked.

"There is not a tree within a day's ride from here. You will get used to the queer sounds, uncanny influences and strange silences in Africa, which impress the traveler in spite of himself."

As he turned away to tell the Hottentot driver to outspan our six horses and Cape-cart, I stood in the ghostly African moonlight, listening to the Drum Talk—talking in the blackman's language. The monotonous throbbing on one note, now soft, now loud, came across the veldt from the distant sugar-loaf hill on the horizon; then again it rumbled toward us with a menacing crescendo from a point close by, to die away

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with a mutter toward the table-topped mountain still farther along. I was chilled to the bone, not because of the cold winds, which sweep over the land at sunset, but due to something undefinable in the air that must have roused some half-forgotten memory, whose rhythmic meaning I caught as it crossed the gulf of time. The goose-flesh creeping up my spine emphasized the fact more than anything else that white was white, and black black, in Black Africa: It seemed to say:

"Drum Talk told us ages before America was discovered, many things we are talking today from hilltop to hilltop and from far distant forests peopled by monkey tribes and herds of wild animals. Drum Talk is something you white people would like to understand? Ha! Ha r-r-r, we've got you there!"

The distant staccato taps suddenly ceased and their echoes were swallowed up in a vast silence. Dizzy from the fatigue of travel, we blew out the light and dropped into an



unbroken sleep. Toward dawn, the organ-like tones of men's voices, rolling out on the night air, wakened us. Looking out of our window we saw in the near distance a group of half-naked warriors sitting in a circle on the veldt with their vicious-looking knobkerries in their hands ready for combat. They were chanting their grievances in a minor key, and as we listened to those stentorian tones, the energies of the ages lying dormant within us were thrilled. The only music we had ever heard to compare with it were a few wild strains from Verdi's "Aida," which after all were inspired during the composer's sojourn in Egypt, Africa.

As I turned and looked at my two sisters, Frank and Eva, standing near me breathlessly listening to those chanting warriors, they resembled two white marble statues, more than anything earthly. They stood immovable but eagerly listening to the chanting which was followed by a pulsating silence. After a pause, a warrior stepped out and, kicking up the dust, related a

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rhythmic tale of tribal hatred in an intensely dramatic voice, whose tone quality differed from the white man's. They chanted and danced and wailed their grievances through the night air for more than an hour and finally appeared to reach some conclusion in settling their disputes, for in the moment before sunrise they vanished to their separate kraals.

We realized that the Spirit of Darkest Africa had been revealed to us in those haunting rhythms, sung by wonderful voices from throats in seemingly perfect bodies.

The events which followed during our long journey through Africa are remembered but vaguely. The whirlwind sand storm from the Kalahari Desert, rushing upon us with but a moment's warning and taking its departure as quickly, leaving us dripping with sand; the torrential rains filling the streams which rose with such appalling swiftness while we were fording them, and forced the horses to scramble,

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panting, up the steep, slippery banks to safety; the great Kimberley Diamond Mines, with their fascinating camp life, drawing men from all over the world; the sudden earth tremors, shuffling the miners' claims, one into the other; interesting Boer farmers with their large families:—all these, with many other experiences, fade into the background before that night when, under the Southern Cross, we saw that black warrior silhouetted against the African moonlight, and heard those deep nature-tones, keyed to low C, coming from his lips.

However, we are being told that time and space are non-existent; that from the building of the Egyptian pyramids to the building of the Brooklyn bridge is but a moment in time. But man moves forward, and while the hands of the clock turn for him to strut his little hour and play his part, we glimpse through the camera the African Cave Man competing in the New America with other races of men and through the power of the latent rhythmic music within

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his soul, being transformed into a resemblance of the Man, whom we are told, hung for him on the Cross.

## CHAPTER II

**S**HIPS that pass in the night carry history with them. The good ship "Mayflower" that landed at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, carried passengers whose moral stamina gave the country of their adoption the ideals necessary for the establishment of Christian homes. They laid the foundations of character that have made heroic history from the hour of landing down through the lives of their children's children to the present day.

Another ship sailed later into a southern port and landed its cargo of shackled African slaves, who were sold in the southland at the auction block. Human flesh was for sale on American soil! Stalwart African warriors were knocked down to the highest bidder—to the southern cotton-planter who

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put them to work on his plantation, picking cotton. They worked tirelessly for their masters under the blistering hot sun. As time went on, a woman from Massachusetts visited friends in the southland and saw the African negro with his family performing their hopeless tasks in slavery, and her heart cried out to God, asking to be shown the way to help free them. In answer to this prayer we have the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote this epoch-making work during odd moments. While waiting for the tea kettle to boil, she used the lid of the kettle, turned upside down to hold her ink bottle. Although the book has been translated into many languages, it is stated that its author received the munificent sum of forty dollars from her publishers. We are told that she proceeded to buy herself a black taffeta dress—something she had wanted all her life. Eventually the book accomplished its mission, for it found its way into homes throughout the land and created a smolder-

ing fire, which later burst unexpectedly into a conflagration.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's brother, Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, was the most famous pulpit orator of his day. His church, Plymouth, Brooklyn, was renowned for the eloquence of its pastor and for his zeal in furthering his country's welfare. In fact, a witty critic of the day said that the world was divided into three classes: "men, women, and the Beechers."

In 1862 the Southern States south of the Mason Dixon line declared that they intended to govern themselves, to extend slavery and to separate from the Northern States. "The United States" as a Union was originally formed from separate states and colonies and was finally established as a nation—the forty-second nation in history. Each state had individual sovereignty and independence of its own under a national government. Therefore the separation of the South meant secession from the *Union*. The South held the key to the country as

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they had long anticipated this move and were prepared for the conflict. Though the South held every advantage, the North declared war on the ground that the Union must be preserved at all costs. "Drum Talk" was heard throughout the land. England was favorable to the southern cause and it looked as though the powers of the world were against the Union of the United States of America. Many great Americans whose brave deeds left their mark on history at that time have passed beyond the horizon, but their names are recorded among those who saved the Union intact.

It was at this crucial moment in the history of the Union that the great Beecher voice was heard in America and England pleading for his country's cause. In 1863 Henry Ward Beecher went to England for a much needed rest. He arrived there when English sympathies were all for the South, and saw that it was useless to try to reach the hearts of the English public, so con-



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tinued on his way to the continent, where he traveled extensively. But the fire of patriotism within him became a consuming one and he suddenly turned to fight single-handed for what seemed to be a lost cause. On his first appearance in Liverpool before a vast audience, he was hooted, jeered and hissed for an hour and a half. Suddenly stooping, he shook his finger at a man on a front seat and asked him a question, then another, until the curiosity of his audience was whetted to hear the answers. Gradually Mr. Beecher's voice was heard above the din and he caught and swayed the audience as he knew so well how to do with his matchless oratory. Through his fearlessness and lightning-like speed in choosing the right word in repartee, he won them. Again, he interested them in Manchester, when he said: "Slavery is the natural enemy of free labor the world over. Shall we allow that hell-hound of slavery, mad as it is, to go biting millions in the future?"

On his return to London, he found its

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walls placarded with red posters printed in tropical language and threatening his life. But that incident made friends for him in the long run as the Englishman likes fair play. So Mr. Beecher spoke again before larger audiences in London where he was carried over the heads of the howling mob by the hands of strong Englishmen, to the stage door of the hall, amidst the wildest excitement. His speeches had their effect and the building of blockade runners on the Mersey and Clyde was stopped by the English Government.

It was Henry Ward Beecher's voice alone in England that helped to unshackle the chains from the negro slave in America. On his return home he found that his sister's book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had educated the people to understand the horrors of slavery. The slogan "Down with Secession!" had changed to "Down with Slavery." The four years of bloody, civil war came to an end with the signing of the

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Emancipation Proclamation by the greatest American of them all—Abraham Lincoln.

When the Civil War closed, with the Union still intact, the country began to thrive industrially for the white man. But what were those millions of miserable, hungry, uneducated and homeless negroes to do? They existed as best they could, many of them, eventually, taking care of their former masters who were reduced to penury along with themselves. However, it was Henry Ward Beecher again, who came into the foreground to save the negro from utter effacement, economically. When the hand of fate led Mr. Beecher to a little white church down in Georgia to preach one Sunday, how little anyone dreamed that he was to be inspired to lead the negroes up and out of the Wilderness of despair into the Promised Land, and still less that this would be accomplished through music! But this is what happened. The negroes heard of his arrival and flocked to the church, asking permission to sing their "spirituals." The

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Southerner had little respect for negro "wailings" as music, and the negroes were asked to keep quiet as "Mr. Beecher knew what good singing was." Did he not have in his choir Madame Antoinette Sterling, the great contralto, who made Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" famous? "You-uns, go way back and set down," the negroes were told; but history was to be written on the scrolls of the little white church that night. During a lull in the service, an old black mammy's voice was heard in the gallery singing, "Nobody knows de trubbles I've seen." Other voices joined in with deep, rolling, organ-like tones, telling of "trubbles." Mr. Beecher sat spellbound, listening to what he afterward said was the only original American music. The singing continued and the Negro from that hour was emancipated. He had wanted education, but his color barred him from the white man's halls of learning, and he had no money to build schools for his people. The

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bell tolled that night for the last time on the despair which had been their lot since the time they had landed from the African slave ship until that hour. They were now moving forward, led by the hand of fate in the form of Henry Ward Beecher.

What pawns we all are on life's chess board! That night Mr. Beecher invited a double quartette of singing negroes to visit Plymouth Church, knowing full well the opposition he would meet with from members of his church, many of whom had been former slave owners. However, when those negro singers appeared in chains, crooning and humming and singing with a glorious volume of tone, the northern philanthropists hearing these "spirituals" sung for the first time, realized that these benighted souls were worth educating and money began to flow in for that purpose. When the negroes found that they possessed a talent which could be converted into money, they formed groups, under various names: "Fiske Jubilee

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Singers," "Hampton Students" or "Tuskegee Quartette," etc., and toured the country, giving concerts with such unprecedented success that colleges for the negro were soon being built from the proceeds. In this manner the negro gained financial independence and self respect; in fact, became emancipated, through his music. His message to the world was a tremendously spiritual one, breathing out undiscouraged faith in the All-Good. The white men who believed in and befriended the negro were astonished at the way he found himself and rose to his feet, and grasping opportunities, clinging even to trifles for advancement, forged ahead, ever singing as he went.

After many years,—during the World War, a discordant note was heard, a new and disturbing rhythm in the music of the negro race. There was a menace in it, as if the cave man, the African warrior had returned for a while with his "Drum Talk." It became known at once as "Southern jazz

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from New Orleans." At the first drum beat, for there was always a drum talking through the jazz, all other occupations seemed to lose interest. A southern American negro named "Europe" came north, bringing with him an accumulation of unclassified compositions gathered from sounds of all nations. The wildly syncopated numbers played on brass and wood instruments, with the blatant saxophone and occasional clamoring cowbell accompanied by the human cry, "Oh Boy," startled the ear. The hectic wave of the dancing craze rolled in with jazz and lifted the clicking heels of the terpsichorean up and down, while the serpentine play of the body muscles suggested the cobra poison racing through the veins. The crime wave came in also on the crest of the jazz wave; but it was according to the law of the snake stinging itself to death that "Europe," the "Jazz King" was assassinated by a member of his own orchestra. From a corner of the stage "Europe" called "Put

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more pep into that drum work!" It was a nerve-wracking syncopated number and when the drummer realized that he was not playing up to the standard of his leader, he lost his mental balance and springing forward stabbed "Europe."

It was through that jazz tragedy that the musicians of the white race awoke to the possibilities of jazz. They had many times attempted to catch the spirit of jazz but up to this time had seemingly failed to do so. However, an accomplished violinist and member of a symphony orchestra, Mr. Paul Whiteman, had been "listening-in" and had heard a living thing beating its wings rhythmically to escape from the heart of the primitive beast—Jazz. As Whiteman played his violin to this rhythm, it responded. Half forgotten melodies from the classics inspired the violinist to weave a web of syncopated melody that took the musical world by storm. A composite music, half jazz, half legitimate music, was born and was instantly recognized as a thing of



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beauty. Instrumental soloists of ability interpreted these Paul Whiteman compositions in orchestrated form, and "Old King Jazz from New Orleans" was dead.

### CHAPTER III

**I**T was my sister, Eva Augusta Vescelius, who first attracted my attention to the use of music as an agent for tapping energy. We had but recently returned from touring the beaten tracks of the music world, even to the far flung English Colonies, and it was during this period of adjustment that I realized how much of her attention was being given to the use of music from a new view point. Therefore it was with quickened interest that I heard her say:

“An insistent note has been ringing down the ages in the ear of an untuned world. We are at last listening-in to its message through the agency of music.”

“Are you trying to prove that music is something more than an art—a luxury?” I asked. Then she talked like one inspired:

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“Music is not only an art and a luxury, it is a necessity! The ‘Melodic Medecines’ were known to the ancient philosophers. When the heart is forcing the blood through the body at the rate of ten gallons an hour, it is the rhythm that counts. Rhythm dwelt in the consciousness of the cave man. Time and measure followed through melody and harmony in song and story. This idea will soon belt the world and start a movement for tapping energy.” Then, turning and looking earnestly at me, she said: “You are equipped for this work. Let us join forces while getting data. The medical profession and alienists will eventually recognize us, while the trained nurse will—”

“Trained nurse!” I gasped, “Never—”

“We shall see,” she interrupted with a knowing smile. Then, clasping her hands together she said slowly and emphatically, “**MUSIC IS THE WORLD HEALER.**”

As I listened to her amazing statements, I felt that she was right and a great cinema

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rolled before me. I saw the human family being freed from bondage through the agency of music, scientifically applied. From that moment of conversion, we joined forces in getting data for tapping energy. The subject is so vast that I can barely touch upon it, but the results obtained sometimes bordered on the marvelous. We realized as never before that music and color were co-related. We therefore dressed accordingly, selecting our colors with careful thought as to their appropriateness to the particular program to be given, whether it was to be in a hospital ward, or before the audiences of our National Society of Musical Therapeutics. The seven tones of the scale correspond to the seven prismatic colors of the rainbow, and there is "something" within us that responds to these octaves of tone—through magnetic waves, sound waves, and thought or mind waves so delicate and superphysical that they are called Spirit.

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Sir Oliver Lodge says that "Matter is a lower form of energy held together by ether," which in a way acts like cement in holding matter together, and as ether is heat and all alive, it creates *Light*, a form of *Spirit*. We find Music and Color blended together in a form of Spirit in the valuable paintings of Ralph Blakelock, now hanging on the walls of our art galleries. Blakelock was a musician first, and it was through his genius as a pianist and lover of the Great Masters that he received his best inspirations for painting. Aided by music, he lived in an ideal world and felt his way to the light through the mists of his imagination. Gifted with the ethereal art of improvisation, he would sit at the piano, quite oblivious of time, and improvise the music which inspired him. Then, rising and moving to his easel, he would blend into color on his canvas the music he felt through his finger tips, proving thereby that the dual arts, Music and Color, lived like twin spirits in

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his artistic soul. While his love of beauty brought him close to nature, he dreamed strange waking dreams and brushed them with a bit of "comet's hair" into matchless color schemes in which the influence of his musical genius could be seen. "The Pipe Dance," we are told, was painted in the following manner: Seated one day at the piano, the artist began improvising and weaving a jerky rhythm into dance form; then, quickly moving to his easel near by, he painted with evident irritation a few strokes on the canvas, only to return to the piano and continue playing louder and faster the syncopated measures, until the distinctive beating of a Tom-Tom could be heard. He kept this up, returning again and again to the canvas and brushing in a few more mad strokes with an ever-increasing show of determination. Finally the curiosity of a friend who was sitting in the room was roused and he asked the artist: "What do you think that you are trying to do?"

"I am trying to make my Indians dance! I do not seem to be getting the results I am aiming for. They will not dance to suit me!" Blakelock replied as he resumed his seat at the piano, and with an even firmer touch, played on and on, until finally, coming to an abrupt pause, he rose and finished the painting, later to be called "The Pipe Dance." The quality of mysticism lying in its depths grips one with a subtle fascination. We hear the pipes and the beating of the Tom-Tom, as we see the rhythmical movements and dancing feet of the Indians against the background of some wild haunt far removed from civilization. We can readily believe that the picture was inspired by music and that Blakelock heard the rhythmic dance and translated it into color. How little he thought when in his dire poverty he sold this painting for a mere pittance, that eventually it would hang on the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, valued at \$30,000! The feeling in his moonlight effects, and the brilliancy of his tones

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in color, put Blakelock's paintings in a class by themselves. He was a Genius. Napoleon said, "Genius is a flame which comes from heaven, but seldom finds a head ready to receive it."

**THE END**