THE UTILIZATION
OF MUSIC IN PRISONS AND
MENTAL HOSPITALS
THE UTILIZATION OF MUSIC IN PRISONS AND MENTAL HOSPITALS
Its Application in the Treatment and Care of the Morally and Mentally Afflicted

By
WILLEM VAN DE WALL
Director of the Committee for the Study of Music in Institutions; Field Representative for Institutional Musical and Associated Activities of the Bureau of Mental Health, Department of Welfare, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

Published for the
COMMITTEE FOR THE STUDY OF MUSIC IN INSTITUTIONS
by the
NATIONAL BUREAU FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF MUSIC
45 West 45th Street, New York
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FOREWORD

THE therapeutic value of music is attracting greater attention each year. This book deals with its influence on the morally delinquent and mentally deficient and deranged—its influence in normalizing the abnormal. Music is essentially a harmonizer; it tends to harmonize conflicting forces within these inmates of our mental hospitals and custodial institutions and, as Mr. van de Wall so conclusively shows, even helps to harmonize, or adjust, them with the outside world—with the rules and accepted customs of society.

Considered from a humanitarian viewpoint, all agencies which can be used to relieve and ameliorate the unhappy plight of these unfortunates should be utilized, for the appeal to our sympathies is supported by an equally strong appeal to state administrative economy. The inmates of these institutions are the wards of society, which must, for its own protection, provide for them in some way, whether it desires to do so or not. The cost is in direct proportion to the number cared for. Every one released to be a useful member of society eliminates the state’s expense of his support and adds to the number among whom the expense of supporting the others is divided.

Three years ago the Committee for the Study of Music in Institutions, with Willem van de Wall as field director, was formed in New York for the pur-
pose expressed by its title. The results accomplished by Mr. van de Wall were so remarkable that the work was extended to Pennsylvania, and Mr. van de Wall has become a staff member of the Bureau of Mental Health, Department of Welfare, for the state and a field worker among the state prisons. This book gives some sidelights on his experiences. It presents a number of actual cases which are typical of conditions. It cannot fail to arouse the sympathies of everyone who admits any responsibility for the welfare of his fellow-man and to interest the state authorities directly charged with the care of those adjudged to be mentally and morally unfit to be at liberty. The book is also of interest to the taxpayer.

It has a message, too, of no small importance, for every parent and educator of normal children; for Mr. van de Wall frequently points out how the lives of the cases he cites might have been given a different trend by the proper application of music and other helpful influences in their early years. After all, the population of institutions is recruited mostly from those considered normal in their childhood.

It has been printed by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music because of its belief in the efficacy of the work done, and the need of a wider appreciation of the value of music in this particular field. The profits from the sale of the book will go to the Committee for the Study of Music in Institutions, to support its work.

C. M. Tremaine, Director,
National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.
THE UTILIZATION
OF MUSIC IN PRISONS AND
MENTAL HOSPITALS

*Its Application in the Treatment and Care of the
Morally and Mentally Afflicted*

The pros and cons of the practical application of music in the treatment of the morally and mentally afflicted form a subject of wide discussion at the present day. It is a theme which stimulates the public fancy. The general reaction to the attempts to utilize music as a means of improving the moral and mental status of those afflicted ones so often pessimistically misnamed the criminal and the insane is much more emotional than rational—as is so often the case with political, religious and family problems. One will hear a man or woman retort, after being told that a concert or show, for instance, has been given in one of the prisons or mental hospitals: "Oh, is that not wonderful! How much good it must do those people, they need it so badly. A splendid work!" Or quite in contrast to this: "I don't see the use or justice of bringing amusement to culprits and crooks. Did they
amuse us so very much? And as for the insane, it is foolish to imagine that such a diversional pastime as music could have any relation to the scientific and medical treatment of such complicated diseases as mental ailments."

What constitutes a therapy?—The amusing side of such statements is that they represent a priori decisions, instead of being the result of experimentation and the fruit of rational contemplation. They indeed reflect simply the popular emotional reactions to the ideas conveyed by the terms Music, Criminal, Insane, Discipline, Medicine, Punishment, and Therapy. It comes finally to this: If one takes the stand that the title Therapy may be given only to those methods which each in themselves are powerful enough to transform a sick man into a healthy one, independently of any other means of treatment, or natural tendency toward cure, where would most of the therapies be? Are we not to regard as therapy every detail of treatment which stimulates the natural tendencies toward cure and intensifies and modifies the physiological and psychological functions of the individual to such an extent that his feeling tone improves and concentration and a more wholesome display of energy take the place of listlessness—this regardless of whether the treatment takes the form of surgery, internal medicine, a bathing technique, a diet, a class in basket-making, the singing of songs, the listening to a band, the tossing of a ball, standing on one’s head, or telling or laughing at a joke? Each of these in its own way may constitute a therapy,
because all help in varying degrees to turn a morbid man into a happy one, a sufferer into a pleasantly affected man, a bore into a social asset, a strongly pathological into a less pathological type. All these details are therapies, provided they are not regarded as self-sufficient, but as assistants to the innate tendency toward cure, the natural curative factors, without which all man-invented therapies are helpless.

Music as a therapeutic agent.—If one discounts music as a therapy, labeling it as merely a diversional amusement, with no relationship to medicine, he proves only his own lack of medical, philosophical and artistic insight. He dismisses himself from the board of competent judges, because he lacks that scientific development which would allow him to comprehend the first term in the physician's alphabet—which starts with an M, standing for Medicines, and means the science and the practical art relating to the prevention, treatment and cure of disease. The activating of reconstructive energies within man is one of its great goals; and if there is any external stimulant which arouses the emotions and thereby the desire and potency to live, function, get busy and be happy, it is music, as everybody not stone-deaf knows.

I have stated that the attitude taken in regard to music as a therapy is largely an emotional and not a rational one. In journeying through the country visiting many institutions I have found this curious fact—that the pro or con was chiefly decided by the specific authorities' personal attitude toward music,
whether these authorities were scientists, administrators, or both. If they cared for music, knowing what it meant to them, they recognized its values for others accordingly. If they did not care for it, it was sometimes hard to convince them, but performance counted, where the opportunity was given, when dealing with straightforward individuals. Here we strike the root of the problem in so far as society's reaction is concerned. The intense inborn desire for experiencing the beautiful in the form of music, or the lack of this impelling motive, is one of the deciding factors in the "pro" or the "con" attitude. All this debating and polemics on the possibilities of music for the mentally afflicted impress one whose daily task it is to apply Music the Medicine as rather petty and wasteful of time, when he considers the actual work done and the good accomplished by it in the practice of the mental hospital daily routine.
MUSIC IN CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Music as a disciplinarian agent.—The same may be said of the application of music as a means of discipline in so-called penal institutions. That term—"penal institution"—is really as antiquated and mediæval as "insane asylum" sometimes called "crazy" or "bug house". In all these cases the older colloquialisms well set forth the cruder, and more cruel, the less humane, scientific and restorative communal interpretation of the purpose of these institutions. These terms also imply another less civilized purpose for which our forefathers utilized these places. In olden days both prisons and insane asylums were custodial places and were very much alike. People were cast into these dungeons like living refuse, and kept there at a minimum expense in the most degrading conditions, until time or death released them either as living or as dead corpses. The mental cases for the most part succumbed on account of conditions which would make the most sensible man violently insane; and the convicts, when not hanged, shot, roasted or quartered, returned to the society, which for its own safety had cast them out, more demoral-
ized, weak and miserable than before, and full of revenge for the greater crime with which society had retaliated, in committing them to exhausting and demoralizing incarceration and baleful influences, physical, mental and moral.

Today we live in the beginning of a new era, which is to witness the change of these custodial infernos of horror, of endless punishment for temporal misdeeds and misbehavior, into places of remedial treatment. Society is waking up—not, however, because of a sentimental mood, since the immense herd forming society has no such feeling; but because it begins to realize that it inflicts additional pain, misery and untold expense upon itself by turning, through custodial methods, curable patients into raving maniacs and living dead men, and reformable prisoners into a crop of dyed-in-the-wool criminals. The old-time legal retributionists and their parasites still, however, cry for revenge. “Punish him, give it to him! I want the blood of my daughter revenged! Music to that felon, that execrable cur? Lock him up, and let him feel for the next ten or twenty years what a miserable hound he is. Let him suffer pain, endless pain, every second, every minute. Impregnate his brain with the realization of his badness!”

All the prisons built so far are based on the principle of this type of social retaliation, or punishment, or discipline. And they succeed extremely well in their purpose of convincing the prisoner thoroughly, during his incarceration, of his own yellow streak, his vile and damnable nature. They cow him down so
thoroughly by lack of opportunity to develop, and by impressing his own impotence, ignorance and criminality upon him, that when he is turned loose again on society he is a hundred times worse than when he entered their doors. In fact, 65 per cent of those released, under the evil spell of their own past and the long years of morbid suggestion in the penal institutions, commit worse crimes than they ever attempted before, and find themselves back in no time with heavier sentences than they had before. Psychologically speaking, this is the natural and inevitable result of the penal punishment or social retaliation system.

It is true that there are in prison individuals so bad, considered from the point of view of ethics or civil laws, that they ought never to be set free unless changed in their very nature. Keep them imprisoned for life—or improve them. There are thousands of cases possible of improvement. The so-called insane asylums are at the present time changing rapidly into mental hospitals, where treatment is the watchword. They cost more money than formerly, but they return more patients to society as actual earning citizens, and the state thus gains despite its higher expenditures. The penal institutions are, with certain exceptions, far behind in this new movement, notwithstanding the fact that their cases are often more hopeful. The public funds spent on the prisons represent a real investment only when they eliminate the damaging criminal from the community. This can be done in two ways. The most expensive way is
that of keeping the prisoner for life. In that case the taxpayer must continue to keep and feed the prisoner, detained so often in idleness, housed, clothed and sheltered by money which the good man cannot spend on his own family. Moreover, he must in many a case help support the family of the incarcerated man. On the other hand, the taxpayer may spend his money to improve the prisoner, so that some day this non-productive citizen will change into a productive one, who will not do damage to the good citizen, but will help to make the community in which they both live a more prosperous and better one.

As it was with the Medical alphabet, so it seems to be in many a case with the Correctional A B C. The first letter of this is D, standing for Discipline; and this term signifies moral or mental training, the development of obedience and efficiency, the changing of bad habits into good habits. How many of the so-called professional disciplinarians really are what they profess to be? How many jails and prisons are disciplinarian institutions? They are veritable hotbeds for breeding an evil spirit in men, sending them forth trained and fully prepared to perpetuate and intensify criminality and suffering in society. It is high time that the "disciplinarians" of such institutions got the psychiatric point of view.

How many of the millions of dollars spent on these "disciplinarian" institutions are devoted to the purpose for which they were ostensibly appropriated and spent, namely, the transformation of bad habits into
good ones, the development of moral and mental control, of civic obedience, and efficiency? Is it not exactly the reverse in many cases? Does the man who shouts, “No music in the jails, only discipline,” really know what he talks about? Does he not show the same confusion of thought and lack of intelligent ideas as the man who declares, “Music is no therapy; it is merely diversion or amusement?” Can these men not realize that music is indeed the most efficient general disciplinarian and moral agent in prison management, effecting at once that for which modern, humane and sensible imprisonment is intended, namely, the change of bad feelings into good ones, the transfer of streams of thought from negative and detrimental into positive and beneficial ones, the doing of friendly deeds rather than evil ones, the substitution of constructive habits for destructive ones?

Music arouses and satisfies the finer sensibilities.

—Music, although the crowd as a rule does not consciously realize it, is an equivalent and substitute for an expression and impression of spiritual love, and a physical caress. The exalted pleasure derived from music approaches the nearest of all the sense experiences to the rapture of love’s ecstasy. It is used to express that state of emotion and to arouse it, as is done in the simple folk-song, such as “Annie Laurie”, in lyrics, like Schumann’s Love Songs, in the symphonic and dramatic masterpieces, like Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony and Wagner’s “Tristan and Isolde”. “Love is a sentiment formed around a certain object,
chiefly composed of the parental instinct with its tender emotion and its conation of closing together or physical nearness” (McDougal).

Society used to cast out those who could only be saved by that which the herd in the atavistic state could not and would not give them—that is, love, parental solicitude, genuine interest. There was One who recognized the wrongfulness of that two thousand years ago. He testified to and practised a different method, until the mob cast Him out and executed Him on Golgotha. The New Testament tells about His mental and moral therapy. It would be well for many healers, reformers and habit-changers to study His precepts before calling themselves active Christians and effective soul-savers. Now, music brings in an impersonal form that expression of love and invitation to voluntary discipline—and there is no real discipline except a voluntary one.

Into the prison, where discipline in its right sense is a prime requisite, a feeling of social well-being and communal unity must be introduced before any correction can take place. Where steel bars and concrete cells and guards armed to the teeth repress the prisoner's individuality and suggest to him that he is indeed a dangerous, hideous monster of evil passions and hellish powers, there music floats in as a stream of divine energy and love, and embraces and caresses with the same impartial tenderness and fullness and glow all these encaged convicts, barred by steel, stone and the penal system from human tenderness and loving human self-expression. And at once
the evil cage-beast dissolves and the repressed better man wakes up, touched by the divine kiss, Music. He listens to the tunes, chimes in with them; the beautiful strains awaken corresponding harmonious feelings and thoughts, and a craving to express his better self drives him to participate. After the music he is desirous of talking about the people he loves most in the world—he unburdens his soul. He is willing to do and to obey any kind of order for the sake of being allowed to enjoy the music-making or listening once more. That which is the best in him seeks for nourishment outside, and even in his free time he will sit through long sessions of drilling and rehearsing that he may express again the beautiful in the form of sound.

Society’s debt to the outcast: How to be met?—We do not claim that music is a cure-all, or that a single cure or reformation can be credited to it as being all its own. It is simply a detail of the new work—that of salvage—now being undertaken in the old custodial human stockades. As such it plays a unique part efficiently. The obsolete attitude of society toward the mental patient was one of fear. It harvested what it sowed—dread, danger, evil, horror, incurable disease, and miserable death. Society’s attitude toward the criminal was one of hate. And here also it reaped what it sowed—bitter aversion, continued hostility, detestation, abhorrence, more crime, more misery, more losses, and an endless chain of ignominious offences. This kind of social
justice, based on an eye for an eye, was indeed the gravest social injustice, because it never took into consideration what society itself had contributed to the breaking down of the morals of its anti-social members and the mental collapse of its so-called insane.

Advancing methods of research prove more and more the guilty part society itself plays, by crimes of commission and omission, in producing both types of degenerates. However bad they may be, they are simply chips of the big block. They are in many respects society’s own products. Society has no less its debt to pay to them than they have their debt to pay to society, before the bill can be settled. And that debt owed by society to the morally and mentally afflicted is the making up with a wise parental care for the lack of such attention and human interest on its part during all the years leading to the breakdown. There is so much involved in a square deal. But reactions of hate and fear never give this. The only square deal is that of love, in the highest meaning of that word. Parental care—nothing less than this will meet the need, as this is the fundamental and only constructive principle in human relationships. Only he who sows love reaps it. The prisoner and the mental patient, fruits of the lack of love, need it most. Music brings it to them and arouses it in them, in an impersonal and—what counts in institutional work—in an inexpensive way. Its moral and mental therapeutic power lies in its gift for turning them from the unfriendly, sullen and resistive mental
attitude toward the friendly, willing and assistive frame of mind, which is a prerequisite for the morally and mentally efficient and cooperative citizen.

Let us now consider what music therapeutically, socially and practically does for the incarcerated state wards. To understand that rightly we shall have for the moment to put ourselves, as far as we are able, in the position of some of our imprisoned fellow-men, creep, so to say, into their skins and look around upon the world with their point of view.

_A bad boys' band._—Let us imagine, then, that we are a boy inmate of some kind of immensely big, gray House for Bad Boys, where we live throughout the days and nights with a couple of hundred other boys. We don't know much of anything, but of this we are sure—that we are all there because people think that we are bad. And maybe we are, but of this we are not so sure. Our ideas are very indefinite on most subjects. Many of us had fighting parents and stealing uncles and aunts. We did the same things as they—and here we are. Numbers of us could not succeed with the teachers, because we could not see very well, or got dizzy looking in books, and fell asleep, and preferred to play in the street. Big fellows kicked us into the corner. We wanted many things and got nothing, so we took what we wanted like the big fellows. The cops caught us, our fathers did not want us any longer, we were sent up, and now we are here...
in the gray house, in a gray suit, where, when it rains, everything is gray, even our hands and the soup.*

But we have a band here of fifty pieces, and if it were not for that some of us would beat it. Big brass horns—we have to keep them shining, but you ought to hear the noise we make! We practise every night for an hour. We have four fellows at the drums, six trombones, ten saxophones, and just a bunch of clarinets and cornets, not to speak of other instruments. It makes quite a change since we got a band here. Every morning we have set-up drills. Nobody used to like them, but now since the band plays while we go through them, gee! the exercises go as if oiled. When we go out we sure will join a real band!

**Incorrigible girls' singing club.**—From bad boy we change into a so-called incorrigible girl, and we find ourselves locked up in a barricaded place which they call "Friendly Home for Wayward Girls". We should like to know where the "friendly" comes in. The house itself is a decaying mansion of rich people long dead. They took their belongings with them and left only naked stairways and empty halls. Then the Friends of the Wayward Girls came in and put iron bars before the windows, before the doors, and every little hole in the wall, cellar and roof. They caught a lot of us girls, and here we are, my sister and I. Mother ran off with a strange man and father kicked us out of the door. We could only come home if we brought money. At school they did not like us, we

*These statements and those in the following four paragraphs reflect Mr. van de Wall's actual experiences with the psychology of the typical inmate.*

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Group from Wayside Home for Delinquent Girls, Valley Stream, N. Y. Jazz addicts transformed into refined classic dancers, inspired by the music of the great masters. (Picture published by courtesy and special permission of Miss Eloise A. Hafford, Superintendent.)
were too fresh, so we decided to stay out. No use going home even with money, because father did not show up any more. So we slept in a freight-yard, nabbed the stuff we wanted in the groceries of the streets around, then after a while a fellow got us, and here we are. Some Home!

In the court we were told to behave. We should like to know how they would do that in our circumstances. Now the Friends of the Wayward have got us—plenty of us to make up a good chorus. And my, how we sing, since that song leader has come! Don’t you think it is a shame to lock a young girl up in a cage, and make her squeeze her face between the bars before the window and try to figure out the sky through the milky glass panes, and make her envy the birds flying over the roof? Oh, how those birds sing, and how we would like to be one! But one thing we do better than they—yes, we sing better. You ought to hear us! That is one thing in which these Friends showed themselves real friends. They gave us a piano and a music teacher and a phonograph and song-books and records. We get two lessons a week—sight-reading, and songs—folksongs the teacher calls them—of all kinds of people, even Chinese. The teacher told us a lot about the Chinese, and now in the evenings we play we are Chinamen and then we sing that song and dance to it, and we are going to make costumes. And our teacher has said that when we work that out well among ourselves she will help us and teach us how to give a real show, and we will sing American and English and
Italian songs and dance the steps, and on Labor Day have an International Tea Party. My, I don't care about running away now—I want to be in that party!

A heavenly voice in a hades of female convicts.— Our next transformation turns us into a female convict of the older, so-called hardened type, and we happen to be of the Hungarian race—not that Hungarians supply more female offenders, but some of us happen to be Hungarians, and here we are. We can't help it. You are up against it when you get old and the fellows don't want you any more. We should like to know what many of these madams in town would do, if their men should kick them out. What kind of a place is this—not even a blanket heavy enough to keep you warm. You know what cold limbs mean in a sleepless night of old age on a prison cot? And what can you do when you come out again, too stiff and old to work, with the police after you because you have a record? Before you know it, you are in again. At least we have a roof over our heads, although it leaks. We sleep two in a cell, because there are too many of us. My cell-mate is a mere kid, about forty-five years' difference between us, but she is a Godsend in this hell. She is seventeen years old, and a murderess, in for life. Her lover left her, her parents threatened her, her schoolmates derided her, she gave birth to a child, and strangled it. How many do much the same, and get away with it! But she has the voice of an angel and sings so softly and full of tenderness that the noise on all the cell-tiers stops
and everyone listens eagerly. Everybody wants her to sing; even the officers make her sing in church services. While she sings we forget where we are and just listen. And now we are singing with her and have a real chorus, and we sing "My Old Kentucky Home" and other songs that we all love. We taught her a Hungarian song of the old days. Oh, how that warms the feet and throws them in the air! Then our cell vanishes and we are again at home, and young and happy.

Male convicts in every type of musical self-expression.—The following account is taken from an official report made by the writer on the initial organization of musical activities in one of our big correctional institutions for male convicts. In this prison is now functioning a full-fledged musical department, which has as its sub-divisions a band, an orchestra, mandolin, guitar and banjo clubs, a Protestant and a Catholic choir, a glee club, and a community chorus. The extract refers to the first experimental combination orchestral and vocal free-for-all concert:

"After some talking and persuasive recruiting the nucleus of an embryonic orchestra gathered, composed of one violin, two cornets, two banjos, one saxophone, one baritone, and one drum. The remains of what had long since died and decayed as a square piano were disinterred and placed between the rows of cots of the hundreds of men. Before this I took my place, but could produce only some very paintive, thin, wailing and nerve-racking sounds."
"This was enough to make scores of men lying idly and dreamily on their cots jump up, some with mounting color and sparkling eyes, looking around gloriously surprised, as if heaven itself had opened. Eight men emerged from the crowd, more or less timidly, and reminding one of dirty, ugly slum urchins. Some of them were pushed forward, and out of odd bundles and from the very bosoms of their prison blouses emerged musical instruments and sheets of music. An institutional drum made quite a royal appearance amid its shabby fellow-instruments. With this outfit and its enthusiastic players we started our first orchestral program, which opened and closed with a mighty crash-bang. However, we had also slow waltzes, quite languishingly played, considering the circumstances; and there was even an operatic selection. Lack of duplicate copies of the music, music stands, and other supplies, as well as improperly functioning instrumental valves, etc., limited the expressional possibilities, but the will was there, and we pulled through.

"To spare the men I interjected vocal solos, and community singing. One man tore from out his blouse a copy of 'The Holy City', and from underneath pillows and wooden boxes more or less furtively were produced copies of various popular and sentimental numbers.

"It took about half an hour to draw out the full expressional power of these men, to convince them that they should play without mutes, and to do away with the scars of prison repression as manifested in
their institutional soft-pedalled behavior. A wall of men surrounded our performing group, absolutely taken out of their sordid situation and lifted to a sphere of hitherto unknown free enjoyment and ravishing satisfaction. The most fantastic part of it all was a number of instrument-playing men, sprinkled through the hall, keeping themselves in the background, sitting on their cots and trying to satisfy their musical (which is to say esthetic) cravings on crudely self-constructed music-boxes—products of the creative instinct groping for an outlet, of the better emotional self crying for expression and release.

“A prison poet was in the meanwhile sitting propped against his pillow, his cap drawn down over his nose, laboring with pencil and paper, deadly serious, over a paraphrase of the once-so-popular song, ‘I’m Forever Blowing Bubbles’. At the request and insistence of the men the product of his toil was sung over and learned by the whole group around the piano, and finally rendered by all of them with throbbing emotion and deep conviction:

“’I have always been in trouble,
Trouble, once more trouble I have seen.
Don’t see the how, the reason why,
And thus my days will soon pass by.
Trouble is my morning, trouble is my night—
I will always be in trouble,
Trouble is my only bride!’

“The concert lasted for two hours, when it was interrupted and terminated by the howling prison siren, jerking the men up and away for the night

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count. One man in passing by said, 'Hey, mister, don't you think we are musical fellows? You know, we have just a few 'bad eggs' among us, but most of us are just darned fools, romantic chaps, who pay a heavy price for the nonsense stuff we pulled. But you know we have feelings too. The people on the outside forget that, and we forget it too. But this music brought it out and back, at least to me. And that was all right. But otherwise, life here is a lot of bunk!"

**Music for the condemned.**—The presence of condemned men casts gloom over the entire population of a prison where such men are confined. These men, being segregated very strictly, can be reached only by the sound of instrumental playing or chorus singing. It is only by means of these two types of music-making that the part of humanity which is going to continue to live can express its human compassion for and to the condemned. Many of the “time doers” have barely escaped execution themselves. The great majority of them feel a deep sympathy for the less successful fellow, who must go to the doom which at one time threatened them. There is among the prison population a great desire to do some good for those who must pay the supreme penalty.

The willingness to do a brotherly deed, a good impulse in any man, is utilized in regular choir singing and orchestral music for the deathhouse occupants. The strains of the voices and instruments may penetrate to those whose last moments are filled with
Group from the extra-recalcitrant, psychopaths and borderline criminal insane listening to a phonograph demonstration of correct singing methods—Bedford Hills (N. Y.) Reformatory for Women.

Inmates of this type ordinarily need special guards, bolts on doors and bars before windows to prevent assaults, escapes, etc. (Picture published by courtesy and with special permission of Dr. Amos T. Baker, Superintendent.)
the abhorrence of the terrible unknown, without any breaking of the rules of solitude.

The mood which overtakes the doomed varies between bravado, indifference, and abject despair. These souls are inwardly scorched by a relentless delirium of horror, a pain of consciousness which causes veritable mental cramps of terror. Nature, more merciful than Man, sometimes produces a screen between the agonizing reality and the intensely suffering individual, in the form of psychotic elation, or a hallucinated state of bliss.

The doomed men in their frantic agony seek invariably, when a psychosis has not developed, mental and spiritual relief by singing and praying. Their selection of numbers is rather uniform and consists of the following sacred songs: "Jesus Is Calling," "Lord, I'm Coming Home," "God Will Take Care of You," "There Is not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus," "Where You Lead Me, I Will Follow," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide".

The other types of music which the condemned crave to hear are the folksongs they used to sing in their youth, conjuring for the last time the scenes, the faces, the love, charms, innocence, goodness and beauty of childhood and youth. Before the cap, pulled over their heads just before execution, plunges them and everything for them in the obscure abyss of extinction, before the throttling shock of the met-
ing out of capital punishment immerses all light, sound, and love for ever and ever in the endless, gloomy night of death's annihilation, music for the last time brings with it the reminiscences of youth, its happiness and splendor!

Music, then, has been proved in several cases the one thing of earth which soothes the mental frenzy and unending suffering of those who are locked up in small, naked cells to spend their last hours, sometimes weeks, months, even years, in idle solitude, before they are sacrificed on the altar of legal justice and communal retribution.

They listen and listen to the music with the intensity of the grip of the drowning. They chime in with the passion of life bursting out from high tension like a volcano of fire. They continue the singing themselves in their loneliness for hours and hours, till they are so hoarse that their throats refuse to yield sound any longer. They pray for music. When the last evening sinks before sunrise the next morning spells their Doomsday, and the last sound has crept into their ears, then are their hearts full of gratitude, and sometimes there is peace. Music has in some cases done what no other agency has power to effect, not even the spoken word of consolation. It consoles and kisses good night those who are beyond human salvation, like a heavenly messenger, penetrating walls, floating through steel bars, the very voice of God giving succor in dire agony of death, manifesting itself in perfect sounds: Music!
The influence on the prisoners of this singing and playing for the dying men is decidedly beneficial. They cooperate in a way which they seldom display at other times. Even the most self-centered convicts change their egotistic misbehavior at such moments and give serious, altruistic service.

As for the writer of these lines, he has played music of the most elevating types on very impressive occasions. Of all the symphonic, operatic, religious and social festivals at which he has had the privilege to officiate he never felt more deeply the sacred function of music than when utilizing it to give some support and relief in the agony of those outcasts appointed by Man himself to die.

If this support had been given to them and accepted by them before they started their career of crime, it might have moulded their moods and characters along lines of beauty. It would have helped to save them from their fate of despair, which should never be the end of any human being.
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Music and the "Queer".—We now leave the correctional field and have other locks turned open and other heavy doors closed behind us. We find ourselves in an institution where society shelves the mentally unbalanced. "Why should it not do so?" a philosophic psychiatrist once remarked to the writer. "Are these queer people not in the way of the folks trying to be efficient in making a living and trying to survive?" Here we have the whole matter in a nut-shell. Mental disease or lack of balance demonstrates itself primarily by an extraordinary conduct, which makes it impossible to depend upon such an individual's feelings, thoughts and actions, and on his reliability in the discharge of daily duties. These people can no longer meet the practical expectations of their associates, thus causing many forms of trouble, both for others and for themselves. To play safe, society locks them up.

Music in the hospital reception, or acute, service.—The present-day mental hospital has a special division for the entering case, which is called the Reception or Acute Service. Here everyone is brought on entering the hospital as a patient. They are here grouped, according to their social conduct, as either manageable or non-cooperative cases. In the recep-
tion service one very often finds people who are only peculiar on account of exhaustion and over-wrought nerves, simply needing a rest; while others are more set in odd ways and habits. A considerable number, when brought a little out of themselves, or to themselves, will shortly be discharged. It can be easily understood how simple concerts, arranged for and by these people, may prove most helpful. A musical group entertainment held once, twice or thrice a week in the social room, adorned with plants and pictures and attractive furniture, makes quite a stir and attracts the attention of the greater number of these patients.

Music's effect on a case of circular manic depression.—Let us cite one or two of these reception cases. In comes an attractive looking young girl, in manners somewhat overbearing, in talking somewhat too hasty and loud. She sobs a great deal of the time, seemingly without provocation. She would stay at home from work, would give no explanation, and become quite angry when asked, then would suddenly laugh hysterically. Her relatives committed her to the hospital. She hates and distrusts everybody around her. And why should she not, looking at the matter from her point of view? Did they not lock her up without consulting her?

On Friday afternoon music is introduced in the form of sociable community singing and some instrument-playing.—“The first sensible thing they’ve done here since I came,” she sighs; “this is human!” She
likes the music, and sings and dances a little to the tunes. She likes the music leader, who seems to be convinced that she is skilled. This is pleasant and stimulating. The leader, a former actress, seems to know what life is. These melodies arouse old memories. The actress encourages talk about them. The little girl makes up her mind to tell her what is back of all her trouble. She unburdens herself. She wanted to marry a boy whom she loved, while her family insisted that she marry a man, much her senior, whom she did not like. She rejected the old man, but the boy ran away with another girl. Heine says it is an old tale, but it breaks the heart of each new victim, none the less.

The actress convinces the little girl that she should throw some of her pent-up emotions into the singing and dancing, and makes her a part of the daily singing and dancing class. The doctors think that much better than gnashing the teeth of her emotions over the old man and wailing about a boy who will never return. The craving for emotional self-expression, of which the boy was the goal, is released along vocal and choreographic lines. The production of a splendid Hospital Music Box performance by and for the patients, on a real stage with a real orchestra, costumes, light effects and everything, brings our little girl before the footlights as solo danseuse and vocatricce. Coming to the hospital as a failure, she is in a few weeks after the show ready to leave, convinced that she can accomplish something. She has found her way back. And music was one of the guides
helping her a little along the road leading to victory over a dead point.

**Caruso's voice opens the shell of a dementia precox paranoid case.**—My next story is of a Caruso record and a queer man. An Italian? Surely, otherwise the Caruso record would not have been selected. You see, to arouse certain racial emotional responses one must give racial emotional stimuli. And Caruso cannot be surpassed—as far as Italians are concerned. A hospital social party was being held and the guests were a number of rather morose men, patients of the reception service. Many of them had just arrived and had not been studied as yet. It is strange how long many people keep their “queer” members before they really give them a chance for recovery in the hospital—a chance that often comes too late. Now here among these dreary, sleepy fellows was one who was so sad and self-centered that he did not even sip the ice cream served to him. Asking him a question was like squeezing a mourner’s handkerchief—it only netted a basinful of tears. No use to talk to this man, nor to give him anything. He would fight you if you dared to take his hands from his face. This eccentricity had brought him to the hospital. Even during the singing of the songs his hands covered his features. Then a Caruso record was tried—“O sole mio”. The living voice of the dead singer burst forth in the silent room of the silent party like the full sun suddenly emerging from behind a black cloud, inundating everything with blinding light. And the
music wrought a miracle—what force and persuasion had not been able to achieve. Our Italian jumped up as if stung by a tarantula, raised his hands in the air, crying in exasperation, “Oh, Caruso! Oh, Caruso!” and rushed howling into the corridor.

Here we found him, in a corner, ready, anxious and empowered to express, to unload himself. He did it, with the emphasis of his race. Caruso had spoken to him about his home, he said. He had bought this record for his wife. It recalled to him how happy he was at home. He had always been a good husband, till that other woman came along. He did not want her by day, but could never get rid of her in his dreams. Finally he could not close his eyes without seeing her standing before him in her most alluring beauty. He did not dare to go to sleep any more. He told this all to a “spiritual” adviser. This man branded him as a bad fellow. By saying so he sealed in his ignorance and arrogance this poor fool’s doom. From henceforth the “bad fellow” covered his face for shame. But now he wanted to go back home—Caruso called him—back to his wife and children! That is all of my story about this man. Music did not cure him, neither did Caruso’s voice make his life a bit easier. Nevertheless, it was just the thing needed to arouse the man’s fighting-power to throw off his unsound tendencies and fancies. Caruso’s voice introduced for him very vividly and convincingly the sound tendencies and healthy fancies connected with his home and drove him to fly up and express himself. That was all that for the
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time being could be done. But it was sufficient to show that music could accomplish, in the time of a second, a desired end which nothing else had been able to effect, namely, what is technically called a mental catharsis, a relieving and unburdening of the soul, in itself an important detail of mental therapy.

Music's rhythm makes a praecox concentrate.—Another case, also in the reception service, was that of a very nice and quiet woman of middle age. She was married, had no children, and led a lonely life, her husband, a sales-manager, being usually on the road. She had a rich store of affection and maternal energies which could not be put forth into expression. When all hopes of being blessed with the crown of female existence, motherhood, had faded, she could not forgive this disappointment to life in general. She could not submit. Something was at fault. Her husband, being nearest, became the scapegoat of her unfulfilled wishes. It did not take her long to brood out in her loneliness that he was at the root of all her ills, that she was brought to misery by him, that he persecuted her, that he tried to poison her. Poison was found everywhere, until she found herself in the mental hospital.

This woman needed an avenue of emotional discharge, which would eliminate the poison and other fancies. It was noticed that she swung her feet during the musical exercises. Before her marriage she had been in a girls' ballet. A few old tunes revived the former response-habits in the shape of graceful dance
movements. Six weeks after this musical work was started she was teaching a group of flapper patients a regular old-style ballet. The walls of that old hospital must have shaken for delight. Here was a group of patients formerly doomed to sit and sleep on forever in their chairs like wax museum dolls, drilling with piano first and orchestra later for a regular jazz baby chorus. Although the name “ballet” sounds frivolous, it is the mere fancy of the public which imagines such work to be of a licentious nature. In reality it is just the reverse. There is no harder physical and consequently mental training than that of a ballet group. Our ballet-mother had no time to discover poisons any more, with so many youngsters now to take care of. They were the hit of the performance. Repetition of the show was not possible, for eight of the star cast left, including our ballet-dame, all going home!

Music in the chronic, prolonged or extended service.—The other sub-division of the hospital service used to be called the chronic, but is now baptized more hopefully the prolonged or extended service. When after a considerable stay in the reception division a case does not improve, such a patient is transferred to the second service, intended to take more extended care of the case. This does not imply that all hope is given up, but that recovery is not expected to take place very rapidly. Recently a patient suddenly cleared up after twelve years’ unabated confusion. Who would have held out hope for
General population of Allentown (Pa.) State Hospital in a Fourth of July grand march, headed by patients' band. Formerly isolated in cells and often strapped into straight-jackets, the mental patient, through modern humane methods, becomes a participant in social activities. (Picture published by courtesy and special permission of Dr. Henry I. Klopp, Superintendent.)
the recovery of such a case? One never knows what the chances are. Many, however, will pass the remainder of their days in the prolonged service—not always, it must be said, quite justly. It is sad to think of the number of a little more or less "queer" people who are consigned to the state hospitals just because their ungrateful, impatient and harsh relatives and friends do not care to put up with them any more. Thus we find outside of the practically impossible personalities a fair number of nice characters who, while having the odds against them, could nevertheless be very well cared for in a private home, with many more of the niceties of life left for them. They are far from depraved and just about as "nice" as we ourselves may be in our best moods.

We find among the so-called chronic or prolonged cases most of the institutionalized, that is, those who have given up all hope of ever getting out again and vegetate in a more or less drowsy contentment. Some of them are really sleepy, others narrow their confines more and more, so that they become princes of pettiness. Others again so far lose grip on reality that, with food, shelter and clothing provided for them, they swim away on the ocean of fancies, imagining any fantasy which their peculiar desires may conjure. One can readily realize that to be housed for years among such people inevitably tends to a sliding down in thinking, feeling and doing. So it is not strange that certain patients, and especially the women, slide down to the bottom and finish with stocking- and hair-pulling, sleeping, aimless raving,
fighting, etc., all this aggravated by physical and mental morbidities. What to do with such a crowd is the daily sigh of many a nurse. So-called occupational therapy has already done wonders. Hundreds of "chair warmers", men and women, have been changed into rug-makers, toy carpenters, knitters, embroiderers, basket-makers, and whatever type of worker occupational therapy has seen fit to develop.

But now comes music with its emotional stirrings, appeals, and direct social joys and human outbursts of soul, and the deadly silence which so often characterizes the atmosphere of the hospital occupation workshop and the senseless din which so often fills the wards of the deteriorated women is banned by the happy, streaming melodies of voices and instruments, singing not merely of labor and work, but of the greatest human good—love and faith and hope. And by expressing it—this love and faith and hope—it is aroused. The human being is a noisy animal, needing humanized noise, which is music, to express himself fully.

A psychopath restrains himself. Here among the prolonged cases we have a very bad fellow, a South American. Entering the ward for the very bad men, of whom it is said that they stab one when they get a chance, we have in many a place to pass through heavy doors and steel gratings and screens before being among them. Some are considered so dangerous that they are put in gray coarse suits made of one piece, which fasten at the back. Then when they
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start to make a dash, they can be grabbed from the back. Now this man was one of the worst of these. He derived great pleasure from seeing people shrink back from him. One would say that to go among such men with a little folding organ and song-sheets would be mere folly. But it has proved otherwise. One will never find a group of better singers than among these fellows. Our friend had a baritone voice, which he liked to use explosively. We gave him every chance to do so. He promised to behave provided we would let him sing every week. We agreed, and both parties kept to the promise. He was proud later to show that the gray suit had been taken off. He became very attentive in folding the organ and collecting the song-sheets, and finally was allowed to carry the organ outside the grating to the auto which took us around the grounds. When one of the regular patient revues came off, we obtained parole of the grounds for him, and on his word of honor he attended all the rehearsals. With his overflow of energy, which was at the bottom of all his troubles, he sang and acted and danced all the parts, removed the piano and acted as stage-hand. At the performances his bow of recognition to the applause was just a trifle deeper than that of the other players, even as he did everything else in life a little more emphatically than others. A few weeks after the show he was discharged as fit to resume life in the outside world. As long as we cannot measure human behavior like a bushel of potatoes, as an eminent psychiatrist once said, it will be hard to figure out by inches, quarts or ounces and

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record in a card index just how much music contributed toward this man’s rehabilitation. That it played a part in it cannot be denied, and that is sufficient for the present purpose.

A general paretic as musical genius.—Another highly interesting patient, of the decidedly incurable type because of a deadly physical poison destroying his brain, helped to make our socials and entertainments a professional success by his original compositions in the popular song style, his spirited playing putting the “pep” into the meetings and into their participants. This man has still today the ability to make a short popular composition of a very pleasing, tender and harmonious type from any number of notes which may be given to him by any number of people; to write a clever lyric text to it; do all this in a quarter of an hour, rehearse it in another quarter of an hour with a group of patients, and have them singing it in full fling in another half hour. He is extremely modest, well-behaved, willing, and persevering, and is game in regard to working. He writes his lyrics and notes on any kind of paper—newspaper edge or fruit-bag—except on note-paper, which he does not possess. There are days when his particular disease dooms him to eccentricities, such as headaches “caused by the electric currents inserted in his head by managers opposing his success,” preventing him from playing the piano. But gentle personal persuasion is often sufficient to get him back to the keyboard, working like a slave. He then counteracts the
base managerial currents by putting a handkerchief around his neck. No full-sensed professional could surpass what this poor fellow with his declining power produces. The undying will is always there to work. So he will go on a while longer, till death ends his suffering, often intense, and robs us of an uncommonly pleasant, cooperative and efficient musician. Need we ask, what does music do for him? It is keeping him going till the last, giving him the satisfaction of still being busy and creative and useful where otherwise idleness, monotony and purposelessness would have reduced him long ago to a miserable maniac, biting his nails and tearing his clothes. And to others his music makes him a help and inspiration—and to those others belong not only patients, but many a hospital official, attendant and visitor. The writer as a professional never had a better assistant among his normal workers than he has in this so-called depraved man, not only in technical skill but in good will. His memory will be an inspiration for all hospital workers.

A paranoiac as chorus and group moralist.—Another very gentle patient, and although clothed in coarse garb a gentleman from head to toe, is an old philosopher, who spends his time writing in a beautiful script philosophic dissertations in Esperanto. He is a self-committed case, labeled dementia praecox paranoid. He is paroled on the grounds, and is as punctual in his engagements as a first-rate business man. Living amid a herd of low, degenerated men, he keeps and
intensifies his superior attitude of mind. His criticisms are correct. He has an eye for the strong and the weak points of everyone and everything on the grounds. His queerness is his obsession of superiority—but he tries to live up to his standards. If rich and surrounded by satellites he might have been a beneficent despot. As it is, he is the backbone of his institution's musical and dramatic organizations, learning his parts without a flaw, encouraging the younger and the less balanced patients to persevere in their tasks. He sings a nice basso, is the father in sentimental plays, and the exalted hero in the mystic music plays. He is a leader in a group of the older male and female inmates for life which constitutes a reliable musical and dramatic institutional club, one that can be counted upon. What does music do for him? The practice of music and participation in all the musical events keep him living on a social plane and give his assistance and work a social value of uplifting type, both as it reacts upon himself and the entire institution. He could just as easily be a selfish old grumbler, writing and writing in his corner; now he functions socially, although in a small niche, with success.

Epileptics sing and dance.—Epileptics, on the average, like music. As yet no remedy has been found for this disease, but it seems to be to some extent influenceable. And music helps certain epileptics to control themselves in a way, helps them to get busy, to forget to worry, and to do something worthwhile...
Musical gymnastics at Central Islip (N. Y.) State Hospital for the mentally afflicted. (Picture published by courtesy and special permission of Dr. G. A. Smith, Superintendent.)
instead of fretting, tearing things up, and aggravating their condition. Many epileptics have been geniuses. This shows that epilepsy does not imply imbecility. It is therefore a crime to allow epileptics to deteriorate. And they can learn music very readily, as also other fine arts. There seems to be a connection between certain epileptic and artistic trends.

I shall now introduce to you three epileptics of the worst kind. The first is a middle-aged woman, who since the introduction of our music work has been giving as her particular stunt the most clever Negro interpretations, singing minstrel songs of thirty years ago in inimitable style, as enjoyed beyond bounds by all real old-timers. The second is a young girl, stiff as a plank when first encountered, glued to her chair, never smiling, in appearance like a wooden doll. We soon found that she moved her lips faintly when others sang. Later on she sang in a loud voice, but never smiled. Still later, she was singing, and fencing and swaying clubs to martial music. What did music do for her? Cure her? Never. But it kept her from veritable ossification, it pushed her up one or two degrees on the endless barometer of human efficiency. The effect was sufficient to call musical work a therapy in her case.

The third patient is a very low, degenerate boy in the twenties, entirely gone to pieces. He sits with his crooked back bent to the ground. Saliva flows continually from his mouth upon his clothes. His eyes are sore. He can hardly utter a sound. He simply lives, sitting there day after day, year after
year. His pleasures are few, if he has any, while of occupation he has none. Still, there is one thing he knows and he does—only one thing. When “Good Night, Ladies” is played, he thrills all over, his legs stretch, he jostles himself up with his cane, his lips move, with his arms he sways up and down, he even turns around on his crooked legs and with a touching attempt to freak-laugh he stammers with a very little, soft baby voice, “Go-o-o-d ni-i-i-ght, la-a-a-dies, Go-o-o-o-d ni-i-i-ght, la-a-a-a-dies!” Then he sits contentedly down and has a moment of intense satisfaction and happiness. Music helped him to reach his zenith of efficiency and happiness.

Music as a socializing agent.—Analyzing the hundreds of social outcasts flung into the refuse heaps of humanity called state institutions, I am ever impressed by the fact that I meet among them more friendly and pleasantly disposed people than ill-brooding brutes. These one meets more frequently on the highways of the free. Music certainly brings forth in all of them that which is agreeable and good. It fosters friendships on a high plane—so high that it does not need intelligence, nor soundness of mind, nor a legally clean record, to call an outcast one’s warm and close friend, brother or sister. Murderers and raving maniacs coming close to us by the mutual enjoyment of music, are sometimes revealed as splendid human souls, who despite the fact that they have committed frightful errors and expressed themselves in foolish ways, nevertheless, as I meet with them, prove
such pleasant people that I count not a few among my real friends. I would rather spend an evening among many of those who are locked up for life than among certain respectable people of my acquaintance. In fact, these very lines are written in the hospital section of a prison block at night, in an institution for long sentences. I have my door open. It gives entrance to a hall full of sleeping sick and ailing murderers and burglars. The guards are posted at the other end of the hall, outside the door, so that no one can come in or leave unobserved. But there is no direct protection here. My valuables lie beside me on the desk. My bed is prepared and pillow is shaken by a man who killed his wife; he comes in from time to time through the night to see that there is no draft.

Tomorrow will be a busy day. At sunrise two electrocutions will take place—two lives snuffed out to satisfy the law and the morbid criminal curiosity of the newspaper readers and those people who apply for the pleasure of witnessing another man's death. Tonight before going to bed, convicts and non-convicts, we stood around the phonograph and listened to the singing of a young girl. At sunset, when the sun throws its last rays through the steel bars, we often get lonesome and lovesick, especially when the chair is to claim a few occupants the next morning. It hurts and it soothes, the soft, mellow voice of a sweet girl, singing in the heavy dark of a convict block. We speak about our dearest ties and the months or the years from now when we may go home.
Sometimes we shake hands before going to sleep. The good ones keep the bad ones in control. The door remains open, and the valuables lie on the table. And there reigns peace and good will. Is it not obvious that music helped to lift us all to that plane of mutual emotional oneness and deeper understanding? Now the lights are out and the moon throws the shadows of the steel bars over the beds. Only the light above my typewriter burns. And I continue writing.

**Fighting further deterioration.**—I know in a mental hospital a woman who would be called in the colloquialism of the street a befogged lunatic. Her likewise I list among my friends—friends in a true and not a social-party sense. Yet she is an incurable dementia praecox, as far as labels can classify today. Let me tell you a little about her. Years ago she married, and her husband left her, frustrating at the one time both her nuptial and motherly cravings and hopes. This was more than her particular personality could bear. Being of a literary bent, she started to write books about the shameful history of her teeth. This and other queer doings brought about her commitment to the mental hospital. Left to herself, after a while she retrograded to the first stages of babyhood, forgetting even the beginnings of common decency, wrapping herself in newspapers and sleeping in that way on the floor.

When our music work started she at first took no notice of it. Later on she joined in, and developed a
lovely voice. She then began to behave in order to participate in the singing. She had constantly for years worn a hat, "to prevent the sun-rays from penetrating to her heart and killing her." She finally took the hat off to impersonate in our Christmas show one of Herod's flower-maidens. In the next show she played the part of Erin and sang beautifully "The Last Rose of Summer". After that she organized—mind you—a group of bedtime singers in her ward, who before everyone goes to sleep sing a few lyrical songs. When I saw her last she told me that she had given birth to one thousand Lilliputians. Her description of caring for these lovely chaps was the tenderest account of motherly care I ever heard. Indeed she has a strong motherly instinct, witnessed to by the delight she takes in ministering to everybody, even if it is only giving some water or wiping one's face. She is now once again a lady in all her ways, though it looks as if she would not regain her normal reasoning. Music cannot give to her the impossible. But music has given her once more several qualities which seemed to be asleep forever. Think only of the difference between sleeping like a hog on the soil and organizing and conducting bedtime carol hours! Back of it all lives the gentle soul, deadly hurt in its deepest aspirations, but still kindly and pleasing to meet. Once more I repeat, full wit is not essential for a lovely character. The magic strains of music, however, are sometimes needed to call awake the gentle soul.
Song and the senile.—There is a class of patients called “deteriorated senile”. These are the old folks, like drooping flowers, bending slowly to the grave, whom nature is depriving more and more of their wonted faculties. It is far from humane or wise to speak of these people in a disparaging way. One never knows but that he or she will belong one day to that class. We are all heading toward it, and only those dying young are certain to escape it. There is virtually no reason why these people should be left to themselves to go to pieces before their time.

One of these old inmates, a gray-haired and gray-faced, witch-shaped old soul, rocks the whole day back and forth in her chair nursing a rag-baby in her arms. Perhaps she is lullabying in her fancy the very child that put her in this hospital. One day we played and sang for her “The Only Girl”. She left her chair, came to us, and with finger pointing to the keys, sang, oh so softly, the whole chorus, nodding her witch’s face with the same delighted feeling she had enjoyed when it was whispered to her years and years ago by the enticing voice of a young man, “You are the only girl.” Institutions are now being built and planned which will house some of the “only girls” of today, when they have degenerated into witches, however smart they may perhaps feel now.

Another queen of days gone by, a hag in appearance now, scolding and raving, pulling off her stockings, reacts to one song by changing again into the nice choir girl she used to be when standing in her place on Sunday mornings. The hymn is “Jesus, Lover
A song session with aged and infirm female patients of the Allentown (Pa.) State Hospital.

Photograph shows the use of music in one of its most humane services to a type of mental patient formerly much neglected. (Picture published by courtesy and special permission of Dr. Henry I. Klopp, Superintendent.)
of My Soul". She even plays it on the organ carried around her ward. Then her sour, disgusted expression mellows into a lovely, soft smile, full of tenderness, and she sings with musical delicacy.

The grand number of these old ladies when they sit around the instrument in their chairs is "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean". This music does not change them into fair young girls, but it gives them momentary satisfaction on a civilized plane. It gives them that which they can hardly get any more, it matters not how much they gave of it themselves in their lives—tenderness—and they live up to it and stop pulling off stockings or pulling out hair, which is nothing else than a frantic expression of pent-up energy. The process of slipping down is stopped for a while. Even at that the music creates a miracle.

I know of an old fiddler who sits in the institution shop on a barrel the whole day long, doing nothing else but fiddling old Irish tunes to the "robots" filling and sewing mattresses. These robots don't say much, but they miss him when he is not there. We organized a class of about eight of these senile men and women. People thought it would be a sin to bring them from the ward and make them perform. But each knew one stunt, and together they played an Irish home scene and "got away with it". And the applause they received turned their heads with pride. One of them was an old nurse, blinded by an accident caused by her foster-child, who threw open a door, striking her in the eye. She knitted her stockings on the stage and only made a few dance steps, but it made her so
happy that she demanded a repetition of the show the same evening, provided the orchestra would play for her dance again.

**Orchestras and bands of patients and employes.**—At Central Islip State Hospital Dr. G. A. Smith uses a full-fledged attendants’ orchestra for the entertainments and regular dances. In the Allentown State Hospital Dr. H. I. Klopp encouraged the organization of a patients’ band, drilled by a local band leader. These are lofty beginnings. They do not mean yet the installation of symphony concerts, but they are a big step nearer such a goal.

Good music certainly is the aim of the developers of musical therapeutics. The services of talented patients are constantly used. It must, however, be said that the number of very talented patients is rather small. This is not surprising when one reflects on the two facts that so many of the patients have become afflicted by lack of emotional or other self-expression, and that the practice of the finer arts leads to the most ideal sublimated self-expression possible. Musical recreation is an important means of prevention of mental disease and, like religion, is a great preserver of mental health.

**Psychopaths in performances.**—Still, there are talented people among the incarcerated, often psychopathic personalities, who prove of great service in the musical activities. The same whims which excluded them finally from society continue to handicap them in institutional life. One can count on them for the
time being, but there is no telling what they will say or do next week. They have, for the most part, many observations to make. To give in to them makes them worse. One, a talented singer, had agreed to sing the aria of "Samson and Dalila" at a hospital concert. She suddenly took a notion to sing "The Sheik" instead, this then being popular. She regarded herself as the indispensable star. When the moment came she was asked once more to sing the selected aria. With imperious airs she refused. Whereupon another patient was given her place. This was her lesson. Later on she begged to participate again. If she had been given like medicine when a child perhaps she would have learned to control herself.

Another patient of this type, a Russian, thought he had lost his voice. But he had not. As soon as music was played to him, bringing back to his memory the days when he was the regimental singer, he burst out in song and sang the Russian songs and classics with enticing gusto. He did not think then about trembling. But he likes institutional life better than the troublesome existence outside, so he will stay on his life long.

In this same type-group are a number of violinists and other instrumentalists who, being either manics or praecoxes, lost control over themselves and developed into hospital cases. They can be led to play any composition they were able to master in their better days, but it must all be done with the strong and patient hand of the master-leader. They lack the backbone of will for one and another reason to over-
come difficulties and handicaps themselves. They have a tendency to back out at any time. That was what finally made them patients. To keep them going along musical lines means keeping them from falling altogether to pieces; and, like our composer, they can constitute a splendid organization, or rather, federation, of institutional players, and give much satisfaction to themselves and the other patients, provided a strong normal will controls and leads them.

Musically gifted inmates.—In concluding, I would mention two cases of patients with unusual musical ability, who through many years of absolute insanity have preserved their artistic integrity—which proves that the human individual, however deficient or diseased he may be in one way, may remain perfectly intact in others, and that it is therefore a grave injustice—but alas, taking place every day—to condemn a human being to death, oblivion, disgrace or total isolation and degradation because he has failed in one or more decided ways. Daily contacts with the morally and mentally condemned have taught the writer that although their weak and bad points may be many, hundreds of them are worth the trouble and the expense of having their positive sides developed and strengthened; some to the point where they can resume their place in society, to the benefit of everyone involved, others to a point preventing further retrogression and even raising them a few steps in the institutional world. It is easier to con-
demn and put a man to death by electricity or by neglect than to get busy trying to improve him.

It can be safely stated that hundreds of the now deteriorated beyond hope could have been saved if right efforts had been made years ago. Here is this singer, a wonderful alto, eight years already in the asylum, who embellishes herself with the self-invented and fabricated adornments symbolizing her mental conflict. "There is method in her madness." At the beginning of our work, she never took part in the music session. Interrogated as to the reason, she at first hardly answered. Later she said, "Your music is too common." We replied, "We use only that music which is responded to. Won't you join us if we try a selection you prefer?" "Play Schubert's 'Ungeduld'," she said, "and I will sing." This she did, with remarkable artistic conviction and musical skill. Suddenly she left the piano during the singing and, like an actress playing a part, moved in all kinds of eccentric steps and gestures through the rows of patients, frightening some of them by her threatening or teasing antics. When the accompanist turned around and thought the performance over, she virtually slid over to the piano, never stopped singing until the song was completed, and closed in the same professionally perfect way that she had started. She even scolded the accompanist for not having observed the accentuation as indicated in the printed sheet, and her memory proved correct.

One special song, it would thus seem, was emotionally tied up to one of this patient's pathological
complexes; it caused the most violent reactions and served for a long time as an analytic can-opener, so to speak, for very securely hidden parts of her mental life. These songs revived her fighting power—gone was all resignation. But however vigorous her actions might be, she never lost sight, even in her wildest fancies, of correct and refined artistic interpretation. If she had been treated at the outset of her troubles, now a decade ago, the probabilities are that even in case her mental trouble could not have been entirely prevented, it could have been minimized, her esthetic power of self-expression being so intact and forceful. The social setting of her case was the other half of her problem, and that could not be changed or improved by all the music on God’s earth.

The last case I will mention is that of a woman who for twenty-four years has been entombed in an asylum—a hopeless paranoiac. She was non-cooperative to the utmost, could not be trained, invited or coerced to do anything. She had been quite a singer and pianist, but that was more than a quarter of a century ago. She derided the singing and playing of the patients as being beneath her. Yet she felt no inclination to assist in improving the standard of the institutional music. That is the trouble with these paranoiacs—they have such a clear insight as regards many things and possess the qualifications to improve conditions, but they simply won’t do it, that is all. This woman disliked the piano, and she was right—it was a mere “tin can”. She disliked the player’s touch, and she was right—it was devoid of feeling.
MUSIC IN THE MENTAL HOSPITAL

She disliked the compositions, and she was right—they were commonplace.

When it happened that a singer of world-wide fame came to town, we thought it would be quite a treat for the stubborn old lady if we should take her out of the hospital to the concert. She did not at first accept the invitation; then after a thorough investigation of the occasion, artists and program, she finally consented to go. The writer had the exciting pleasure of being her escort and beau for that evening. The lady thought this highly romantic and amusing. The nurses dressed her for the occasion with the clothes they could borrow—twenty-four years in a hospital does not improve one's wardrobe. The lady thoroughly enjoyed the concert and was most enthusiastic over the singing. She said, "You better take an example from this when conducting your own choruses and do not ask advice from the inexperienced." She listened very carefully to all the numbers. She found the pianist skilled, but too effeminate in manner for an artist of his standing. When we went home—that is to say, back to the place where these living-dead, of whom she is one, vegetate—she suddenly said, with great enthusiasm and conviction—and her words sum up the entire content and message of this article:

"You know, if there were as much beauty in everything pertaining to the state institutions as there was tonight in that music and its interpretation, some of these places would stop being the horrid infernos which they are now. And if there had been as much
beauty, harmony and proportion in the other sides of my life during my younger days as there was in my music, I would never have become the queer person they consider me now. The only thing left to me in this miserable existence here, which can bring me anything of peace and beauty and happiness, is Music—Music—Music!"
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effects of music and related subjects has
been compiled by Mr. van de Wall for the
convenience of the student interested in
this type of literature as a general survey of the field,
without any specific recommendation, classification
or evaluation.

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