The question has been posed, what will we do with music in the twenty-first century?

When I was invited to respond with my thoughts about the future of music, therapy, and education, I was in the midst of preparing three lectures: one, concentrating on the use of music for stress reduction; another, focusing on the effects of the ear on rhythms of eye movement for children with reading difficulties; and a third, on using a Bach fugue as a model for refined order in social communication. The opportunity to observe the emerging re-definition of music in local and global therapy caught me off balance. It was as if my momentary attentions to the lectures were small pebbles of a larger mountain of music and healing. The swift re-focus brought my whole life as a musician and healer in front of me.

In considering the future of music in therapy, health, and education, I do not wish to add fragment upon fragment to the speculative jigsaw puzzle of research and theory. One of the great tragedies in contemporary research is the tendency to be so overwhelmed by the meticulous parts of each fragment of study that the whole picture cannot be clearly seen. There is also a personal danger of going deeper and deeper into a field of study without going high enough to see how the total landscape of the field is changing.

But music is personal. Persona: a mask. Per sona: through sound. What comes through the mask to make sound? What is the sound? It is the co-ordination of the rhythms of breath and heartbeat. It is vibration, the primal cause of the emergence of life. The effects and implications are endless, but the source is breath, tone, voice, movement, language, emotion, and being. Personal transformation with music is a journey where depth perception and inclusive awareness are observed simultaneously.

So I challenge myself to bring my natural and uninhibited intuitions about music into resonance and harmony with my knowledge and awareness. As I call up memories of my life that have been central to my intelligence and awareness, I realize that these same events have contributed to my forgetfulness of pure, innocent reactions to music,
and to the loss of my innate ability to hear sounds in nature, in my body, and in animals.

I. First Vibration: Child Dances, Religious Ears

I can still hear the rhythm of the scratches on my 78 r.p.m. of Daffy Duck singing silly words to Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody." I can still feel the movements of my body as I gestured to "I'm a Little Tea Pot" in my three-year-old Sunday School class. I can still hear the organ music when I first realized that someone served teeny tiny refreshments in itsy bitsy glasses with blah-blah crackers at church. I can still feel the hard gym floor and the brown piece of paper that my little body rested on after lunch in kindergarten while Sister Mary Somebody played "The Laughing Phonograph." I remember pretending to lie still, pretending to be asleep as I really danced all over the ceiling making faces at the teacher and other students.

I remember singing, singing, singing to doodlebugs, trees, and to Hector Hamhock, who was my very best imaginary friend. I can still smell the furniture polish on our dining room table as I played "Dites Moi" from South Pacific while I found real meaning from the words I did not have to think about. I can still hear the sounds of saws and hammers in my father's workshop, far too loud to get near, but ideal for making one long, long, long sound with the sharp, bright tones.

Everything was sight, sound, stimulation, and wiggling down information with sound. Every breath was a new dictionary of perception. Music was the pleasure, the purpose, the power that moved everything. Dad walked and whistled, Mom cooked, my grandmother "Mimi" rocked in her chair, our cat Perfume purred. It was all music. Everything was alive with a rhythm that I knew nothing about, but knew intimately and thoroughly.

... until Sister Mary Claude told me to SIT DOWN, BE QUIET, and LEARN! I wondered what she thought I had been doing. She told me to focus my eyes on a book at an awkward distance, sit in this hard awful chair, and be nice because I would be rewarded in heaven. If I did not work hard and read well, I would be punished with blue dots all over my papers and books.

I thought I was a Methodist something because that was where I heard God and music, but I was in a Catholic school with a uniform, a maroon tie, and a cap that I could lose at any moment. For thirty minutes each day we got to hear beautiful long, long tones and music. We had to stand on our knees so we could hear better and sing songs in God's language.

There were long periods when the only music I heard was the songs in my head and feet. I learned the "clocking speel" part of the Toy Symphony. I learned the piano. I joined the church choir. I took clarinet. I knew Dad would buy me an electric organ if I would learn "Claire de Lune"... so I learned "Liebestraum" by mistake and got a Wurlitzer.
I sang solo. I became assistant to the assistant drum major and at last learned all the harmonic minor scales. I developed the habit of practicing music. I studied all the Italian words.

Music became a full-time job. I felt really good only when I got everything right, and then it was more of a release. I sometimes remembered how to listen, and I could still dance inside, knowing few limits to time and space. But I was hooked on knowing, naming, performing, and controlling music.

II. Conservatory Rigour: Nadia Boulanger

One evening at the end of my year in eighth grade in San Antonio, Texas, my father came home and said we would soon be moving to France. He had accepted a new job with the government. How exciting to be leaving the good Methodist church choir, the marching band, my piano teacher, and my friends.

Paris was overwhelming and awesome! I had never been away from my own time, my own place, and my own way of being in the world. Suddenly I was in a Catholic country where I knew how to sit up straight and learn. There were rivers, grand towers, and a new form of intrigue—the Gothic cathedral. I was stunned to find something equal to music. And I was completely overwhelmed to find that the music within was long, long, long sounds that made me feel like crying. Contrast was apparent for the first time in my life. I was totally exalted with the music of the organ, the beauty of the choir. I missed the band, I missed my friends, I missed the familiar, but I loved this new air. I began to remember how to dance.

I cannot forget any of the details of our fourth day in France. We were staying on the third floor of a small hotel in Fontainebleau with a perfect view of the chateau. Such a magnificent palace with gardens, cobblestone walkways, and horseshoe-shaped staircases! My father took me to the Fontainebleau palace for an audition that would change my life. I was thirteen years old.

I walked into a mirrored room with an ornamental ceiling, crafted fireplaces, and wooden floors to play a piano that seemed longer than our car. Seated behind a table were people who were finely dressed and seemed very old. They had beautiful sounding names: Nadia Boulanger, Jean Casadesus, and Annette Dieudonne. I played some Grieg, Beethoven, and Bach pieces "by heart." The following day my father received a letter inviting me to attend the Conservatory of music for the next six weeks.

Solfeggio, harmony, quintets, Debussy, Stravinsky, well-tempered inventions, and pedagogy soon became familiar words, although I am sure it took years to understand exactly what they meant. Hindemith’s Elementary Training for Musicians soon made me realize that I knew little about music. The rigor of reading half a dozen clefs in three lines of music and taking four-part dictation soon began to create a pressure...
and tension in me like none I had ever known before. I began to feel the weight of becoming a musician, even though I was the youngest in the Conservatory.

I loved the weekly concerts and the colors of Debussy. There was a rush of joy in practicing impressionist music. But I soon realized that music was hard, hard work. My fingers could not move cleanly enough. I was sad because my intuitive dance had to slow down and sometimes stop so my fingers could learn technique and my brain could learn theory. I felt I could never be good enough, no matter how hard I tried. But music also made me feel wonderful. It was fresh, honest. Nothing else—except the beauty of art and architecture which I had just discovered—called me to life. It was then I first realized that music was the closest friend I had ever had... and, now for the first time, I was not good enough to be its friend. And without this friend, I had nothing.

III. Music Education: How To Do It Rather than Doing It

By the time I entered college, I was a fairly normal obsessed young musician. I loved the history, the theory, the ear-training, and the study of Bach fugues on the organ. I enjoyed singing in massive choirs of hundreds. Hearing Mahler, Berg, and Buxtehude brought new music to my mind and heart. I was tempted by the power of jazz I heard at North Texas State, and I secretly admired the inner dancing that was happening in a nearby building. But I could not be distracted from the formal music education that would free me to be myself, to be a music teacher, to pass the glories of sound on to others, to introduce children to Faure, Bach, and string quartets.

What an important mission! Yes, if only children had the right teachers, the world would change and artistic intelligence could dominate culture. My enthusiasm was swelling by the third year when I entered education classes that taught me how to pass out octavo music, label choir robes, and conduct beat patterns of five with my left hand while I signed my name with my right. I could write counterpoint. I could play Buxtehude and Alain.

To be a good teacher, I had to know hundreds of songs, be able to plan programs for Flag Day, Halloween, and grand PTA occasions. I had to know a variety of scopes and sequences so that rhythmic and melodic literacy would be properly audiated in the minds of children. And, of course, I had to be a pro in making bulletin boards and conducting Palestrina for all-state choir.

I finally knew so much about music that I had forgotten how to dance, smell, and create tones. I had arrived. This was the world of music. I was an adult and had to be pleased and rewarded through fine performances and good programs. I had to be content with just knowing I had done the best I could. I felt tension in my shoulders
and inhibitions in my music, but there were no models of transformation around me.

IV. Music, An International Language: The Questions Go East

In graduate school I was fortunate to have a musicology professor ask me what it was that really interested me about music. I gave him my educated answers, and he kept prodding me to think about new ways to define music.

It was the sixties, and the Beatles had awakened the world to the use of symbolic words, a variety of Eastern instruments, and the questions of fundamental philosophy. I was not a pop musician, but I did listen to some of the new sounds with curiosity. Finally, I wrote a paper on Indian music and its spiritual origins. At last, here was a new direction in both sound and thought. Every reference in Indian music was full of philosophy. Each of the hundreds of scales had a different purpose, was used at a different time of day, and reflected a different attitude. Each rhythmic sequence had a specific effect on the body of the listener. The combination of the rhythmic and melodic patterns created a potent and practical vessel for changing attitude and health.

I remembered Boethius and Plato speaking to these questions, but there was little music to hear from their time. But in Indian music there was a vital force within the art, a force well-defined and intelligent. And I remembered the long, long, long tones of my childhood as I started to listen to the sitar, tamboura, tabla, and veena. Here was music with space. Here was music that gave me time to listen with my body and my mind. I did not understand the language, even though I could guess at it intellectually, but I could feel it dancing inside of me. I knew I could be with this music in the way I had been with music in childhood. If only... if only I could let go of what I knew and let the music take me.

By the time I was twenty-three, I was polysaturated with musical knowledge. I felt inhibited about the many things I could not do well, and I wondered if I really wanted to do the things I did do well. But I did not voice these feelings very much. It was clear that I needed time to teach, time to just be musical.

I began improvising on piano and composing for some modern dance companies who continually suggested that I forget what I knew about music and simply watch their movements. They encouraged me to trust my deeper musicality, to let my sounds emerge naturally from their movements.

Improvisation was not unfamiliar to me. During my years of playing for services, I had become comfortable with organ improvisation. I began to trust the potential of my fingers and intuition for musical ideas. I disciplined myself to improvise for weeks at a time on each Gregorian mode, and I began to hear beyond the chordal structure I had learned in eighteenth-century counterpoint. As I spent those hours in lydian
and phrygian modes, I also began to sense different body postures and moods. What at first seemed to be a monotonous exercise turned into a state of mind where many new musical ideas could emerge. When I began playing the modes on the flute, I found that I could create another sound quality that seemed even more powerful than the keyboard. I wondered if it was my imagination or if there was some truth about the transformative power in the great Pythagorian modes and Greek temperaments. My ear had previously been able to identify the modes, but I had never before spent enough time with them to hear the power of which the ancients spoke.

I was ready to move out of the classroom and studio. The church where I was organist had organized a group of people to go to Haiti to work in a children's hospital, and I was invited to go along for ten days. It was the first free time in my life, the first time away from a music school. What a quickened world I found, a world full of sounds, movement, and intuitive music. The vocal sounds of the Haitian people were loud and richly textured, and they sang spontaneously to any melody worthy of attention. They danced with graceful and rhythmic body movements virtually all the time. The congregational singing and genuine delight in music was transformational. But there was hardly a place for me musically in this musical country.

After that first taste of Haiti, I returned for six months of volunteer work at the hospital. My French was sufficient for me to be of use, and I was glad to be out of music for a while. But soon an organist was needed at the Episcopal Cathedral, so I began to help with the choir and to play special services on a wonderful Austrian pipe organ.

But the magic of the country did not open up for me until, a couple of months later, a friend took me to a full evening of drumming, dancing, and singing. I was caught completely off guard for a powerful nine hours while people danced with their eyes closed and later claimed to be healed. Everything pulsed, everyone danced just by hearing this primitive yet complicated music. I experienced power, transformation, and the beginning of my awareness of the roots of elemental music. Even though I only experienced those long nights a few times in Haiti, I will never forget my fear, delight, and fascination with a sound that seemed to go back in my memory further than childhood. The sound felt rooted to my soul. The long, long, long sounds of the powerful drum beats were familiar, but I knew I had never heard those pulsing heartlike, throbbing sounds before.

The months of tropical air, no study, and invigoration brought the idea of going to Asia to the top of my mind. I returned home to begin saving enough money to go to Japan and India for a year. Within a relatively few months, I was in Tokyo rubbing shoulders with millions of people. However, I quickly realized that the Japan I wanted to experience was more than my pocketbook could afford, so I looked for a job as a part-time musician and English teacher.
My fate found me even in Japan. A large French Canadian Catholic school needed a part-time elementary music teacher. It was the last thing I expected I would be doing in Asia, but my education in music and “sitting up straight” had prepared me for this position. One year grew to seven; a few music classes grew to a Humanities program, a boys’ choir, a handbell choir, and a course on the Great Books of the Western World.

The school consisted of students from sixty countries and parents from every country of the globe. At one time I might have counted on the “universality” of music to communicate with the more-than-one-half of the students who did not speak English. But all my fine repertory of Bartók children’s songs, Mary Helen Richards’ resources, and my own imagination were hardly enough to get through the week, much less a whole year.

I began to observe the children on the playground, learning their rhythms and games, and I watched the way they taught each other without a common language. Long talks with their teachers gave me important clues as to how these five- and six-year-olds were listening and learning. One teacher said if it were not for music, she could not teach these students with such a variety of languages. She was not a musician per se, but she had mastered the art of tonality in her speaking voice and the essential power of rhythmic speech. It all began to come back to me slowly...how I had learned music...the rhyme, the rhythm, the gesture, the movement.

I spent seven years in Japan teaching all twelve grades. Actually, I think I spent more time learning how to restructure my own ability to listen than I did preparing fine vocal ensembles. During those years, I began to understand the scope and sequence of music with the added value of many ethnic, religious, and musical backgrounds. Some parts of music were understood by all students, some kinds of music were foreign to everyone. The school was a valuable laboratory. I knew I was learning something more important than I was able to teach, but I had no words, methods, or techniques to name it.

During the day, I taught. In the evenings I had the honored position of being a music critic for a weekly English newspaper. Tokyo was a feast of the finest performers from around the world. The longer I wrote for the paper, the more my critical ear was becoming intuitive. I had always been disturbed by music critics who could only find one in ten concerts up to par...no wonder the general public did not go to concerts! So I decided to try a method of positive discrimination: I always tried to point out the most refreshing, relaxing, and beautiful segments of a performance. Half of each article was devoted to whetting the public’s appetite to attend performances. The urge to create new patrons of the arts became critical to my work. There needed to be a way to educate the public and myself in more creative listening. How very interesting it was to discover ten years later that the critic’s brain listens to music in a very different way from the brain of the average listener!
My life in Japan was Western in most respects, but I did visit "Asia" on weekends and vacations. My curiosity about music and art was slowly being satisfied. Instrumental music with seemingly "other world" tuning caused my flesh to ripple for minutes at a time. I well remember the first time I was invited to the Imperial Palace to hear the Court Musicians play gagaku music of the second century. The sounds were so strong and powerful, I felt as if my ears and soul had been resurrected. Nothing at all seemed familiar to me. It was the long, long, long tones again...yearning to be awakened. It was staggering to have no way to comment on such music. The critic in me was put to sleep: He had no survival techniques in this ocean of sound.

Months later I tried to find a way to talk about this experience. It was not a religious one, it was physical. I finally was able to realize that the music had given me space, great open space where the power of the sounds could be heard. It was breathing space where phrases seemed to last for minutes. I could not make any appraisal on what this meant to me. It had something to do with the long dances of Haiti, but I could not consciously see any association.

The Japan years opened me to multi-sensory ideas. I began to incorporate Orff-Schulwerk into my daily teaching. The musical language of pentatonic improvisation became more than an easy step to the diatonic world: It was a way to hold a fundamental grip on rhythm and language itself. It wasn't until years later that I heard of Howard Gardner and Leonard Bernstein's "UR SONG" which implies that children of many lands commonly use the tonal descending minor third in their early language development. The use of percussion instruments spoke to the children's bodies as much as to their ears and minds. When we used improvisation on specific modes, I could sense that we were evoking patterns of perception and emotional feeling that went far beyond anything I had read about in contemporary literature on learning and music. These experiences felt like answers, but I did not know what I was trying to ask.

Meanwhile, I traveled to Taiwan, Bali, India, Nepal, Singapore, and even to Borneo where I spent a week with a tribe in a Long House. These areas, where folk music is millenniums old, had something in common with what I sensed in Haiti, gagaku, and Orff-Schulwerk. Their music is music from the earth, of the earth, and with the earth. I finally could name this music and place it alongside Bach with no excuses. The East had come to the West in my mind. Both my body and my mind were engaged in the sound.

This was elemental music for healing, celebration, ritual, and storytelling. This was music from the full tradition of cultures, not just an old form of music that had been outgrown. This sound was central to life, not just music for entertainment or performance. Music and its elements were the rite of passage in the community, and I recognized that the place of the musician was sacred and paramount. There was
hardly a need for music education in the schools because mother, grandmother, and the society were the integrated arts teachers. Music never started and stopped; it was always there.

V. The System: America's Process, Procedures, and Musical Recipes

It was time to go home, back to my roots, with this array of realization I had experienced in the East. It was time to bring my integration back to family, friends, and professionals. I took the scenic way home—through northern Asia, down to Armenia, Turkey, and Greece—and another delicious world of music opened up, a world that was new, but familiar. I spent a week walking the monasteries of Athos where monks had been making elongated ‘Kyrie’s’ for thousands of years. Then I journeyed to France where I once again fell under Nadia Boulanger's spell, fifteen years after my student audition.

By the time I returned to America, a decade had passed since I had last lived in Texas. I faced a number of options: to teach, to return to a full-time church music position, or to return to graduate studies. But I found that choral conducting, organ, and education did not seem to spur my curiosity. Psychology, therapy, theology, and musicology were all of interest. I also realized I needed some time in America to get a sense of what was happening, what I had missed in ten years.

As I searched for curricula that would integrate my life experiences, I was offered a position as coordinator of workshops and director of education for a large organization devoted to sacred music for children. It was both an opportunity to continue working with the world of children and to deepen my studies of sacred music. I was able to travel, to observe what was coming to fruition from my generation of music teachers, and, once again, to listen.

The first few years were exciting, but they were generally social, mainstream, and seldom inspiring or profound. I found everything from grass roots people wanting music that would engage children in singing and in the enjoyment of arts in the church, to professional people who wanted to upgrade every children's choir. But the great questions were not musical ones. I conducted workshops on good vocal techniques for directors who hardly realized they were part of the latch-keyed world of middle class children. Here were children with three and four sets of grandparents; here were children who were being fed white sugared snacks and could hardly sit still for rehearsal; here were children whose world of TV, musicals, and tours had become their liturgical clock. I felt sad that music was fading from education in America.

Never had there been more musicians in America, more cultivated talent, more opportunity. Yet never had there been greater cutbacks and selectivism in music in education. I felt caught between the integrity and the dance. The tones were short, short, short. The music alternated
between cute and scholarly. Seldom was there agreement among professionals as to what was correct for children’s music. There were proven methods and pedagogies, but some of the most influential people in the field were immune to children. I, too, began to feel an immunity. My dance, my child, had become quiet and numb.

I was caught in the system, just as Jean Houston describes in the beginning of her song by the same name:

*The System*¹

System, system, system, system
This is the way the system goes.
How it works, Nobody knows.
Where does it end? Where does it start?
Everyone must play their part
To smooth the way of the system...........
This is the way we educate
Guidelines, deadlines, administrate.
Back to basics, that’s the fad.
You’re bored to death? Isn’t that sad?
But that’s the school of the system.......  

VI. The Musical Brain: Multi-sensory Integration

It was clear: I could not be devoted to only one system. I could not feel music in a totally Eastern or Western manner. I could not ignore the social problems that disturbed the children in our society and make music in isolation. I could not work without form and process, nor could I simply return to Asia.

As the old American traditional proverb says, “It’s time to face the Music!” Somewhere in the new paradigms were keys for music to regain its power to transform. I was not depressed, defeated, or fighting the system. But I was confused. I knew that there were ways to merge the varied experiences in my life without giving up the joy and delight each one brought.

As I began observing music therapists in their creative process, I found some clues. I knew I had to make way for new dances, new ways of thinking that were not recipes, formulas, or popular psychological gimmicks. I had to take time to make music again, to feel music in my heart, to be swept away by the power of Mahler, Bach, drumming, and Japanese folk music. I was dry, wounded; and I knew that this was the time to be with music and its power.

I had taken on the stress, self-criticism, and betrayals typical of twentieth-century life. One doctor found a questionable lump in the upper left part of my lungs. He said I was under too much stress and needed to slow down and relax. Another doctor said I had a

¹Excerpt from "The System" by Jean Houston, © 1980. Used by permission.
degenerative bone disease and would have to live with it. I became enraged at myself, music, and the whole quiet pain within my body.

Late one New Year’s Eve, I wrote a powerful letter to myself saying that I was tired of being asleep. I stood on the desk and began to pound my hands and feet on the ceiling and desk, making Yuletide thunder. Soon my eyes were closed, and I was dancing in rhythm, a loud extended rhythm coming from my voice. A long, long, long tone began to whisper through my pounding feet and hands. And for hours it continued, becoming louder and clearer with every movement. I danced for nearly the whole night, belting out emotions, fears, tensions, grief, and joy. It was a total, exhaustive cleansing. What came out was something beneath my persona. The East and the West wrestled. The system and the freedom tackled each other, and it was done without speech, thought, or analysis. The spirit lifted me up, and I danced with the complaints of a mild Job and the joy of a child. The power of sound and rhythm as a therapy, a wholing tool, took over. It was ritual, it was cleansing, it was healing.

I spent the next two days alone, sitting in quiet, listening to the St. Matthew Passion and Indian ragas. They were like ointments soothing a burnt skin. My inner world felt tender, vulnerable, and childlike. I wept, not from pain but from freedom from pain. I could take deep breaths. There was no pain in my chest, just the fatigue in my legs and mind from vigorous charge. I knew I was being born again as a musician. I knew I had not found the right notes or the right reasons, but I had found the right feeling.

I continued to rest. I returned to the doctor, and there was no sign of the lung or bone problem. “It was a fluke,” he said as he confessed embarrassment about his premature diagnosis.

I began to listen to myself—not my inner chatter and judgment (that is far too cognitive), but to my inner music. I spent hours in sound and silence. I began to realize that breath and sound were simple, powerful tools that altered blood flow, skin temperature, and stress. I found modes and rhythmic patterns that made my body feel relaxed after a few minutes of listening. I played Bach slowly and noticed that my breath patterns brought me an immense sense of well-being. I was getting back in touch with those long, long, long tones that had touched me in Haiti, France, and Japan. Something was transforming.

During this time, I was introduced to Bob Samples’ (1978) book The Metaphoric Mind. It offered a visual and artistic preview of what was to come in brain theories in education. I was infatuated with the concept of two conscious brains working together. The “system” was on the left, and the tone and beauty were on the right. Oh, so simple and so deep for that moment in my life. I was not alone in the dichotomy. But I was recovering from a battle of these lobes.

A new professional language and quest began to develop in me, and I was soon taking some introductory courses in neuroanatomy. I
understood little of it, but I continued to read and study the psychological implications of music on the mind and body. Some work was being done with the brain and music, but not enough to translate it into use for the teacher, student, performer, or listener.

There were too many loose ends. The left brain/right brain theories were already dated and being replaced by triune and holographic theories. Then came the great statements from neurologists that we know less about the brain than we do the moon; it is far too complicated to try to package into a system.

Suddenly, I was looking at both a whole puzzle and a few fragments at the same time. This was like music. Music cannot be frozen and live. If a small part is analyzed, the power of the whole leaves. If the fragments are not strong, the whole piece can collapse.

I began to develop a series of exercises to compose music. I began to use my whole body as an ear to hear itself. I created pieces that were full of tone, subtle rhythms and harmonics that I could hear inside myself. I began to feast on sound, to realize and name its power.

VII. The Cutting Edge: Personal Transformation with Music

During the past twenty years, my career as a musician has brought me from being an enthusiastic keyboard player and music educator to becoming a musician who has learned significant parts of the "language" of therapists, medical doctors, psychologists, and experimental educators. My curiosity about the musical elements of life has evolved through my observation of physical movements, listening habits, and states of psychological release during music-making. I now wrestle with the questions of music and transformation from a multi-leveled perspective.

Is there hope for music as a therapy for healing? I believe that music of the twenty-first century can broaden into the ancient attitudes that are the vehicles for healing, health maintenance, and medicine. Music needs to be seen more clearly by the public-at-large as an important tool for stress reduction, centering, and emotional release. We need to explore the uses of music as therapy for strengthening the immune system with psycho-immunological techniques and guided imagery. Musicians and biologists both need to research the effects of direct frequency upon the body, ear, and brain.

Is there hope for music as a catalyst in improving human relations? I believe that learning to listen is the primary force for bringing human understanding into the fore of global development. By using the artistic expressions of different cultures, ethnic groups, and individuals, we will be able to listen to more than the words define. To listen is to reach out, to bond, and to come into a greater understanding. But rather than being swept into the romanticism of a global reality, we will have to begin with the small groups in our communities that already exist, not by the imposition of musical experiences, but by the example of our
developing ability to listen without judgment to what is already being expressed.

Is there hope for music as a bridge to peace? I believe that music can bridge disharmony when we, the musicians, open our own hearts, emotions, and music-makings to the ears of those who listen. Music therapists listen, wait, experiment, and bend to the place of the patient or client. They do not wait for the client to catch up to them. This is not a sacrifice to musicality, but rather a great step in healing. Both the musician and the listener meet in a place of common language where they can begin to build trust, expression, and peace between themselves.

When I face the question, "What will we do with music in the twenty-first century?" I bring an honest but personal perspective from my life and work. I know, too, that my story is packed with parts of many other musicians' stories. As I look for future purposes in music, I sense a culmination of our ancient heritages and blend with brain technology, never for a moment forgetting the beauty and art of sound. Without leaving Mozart or Handel, I can hear the long, long, long tones of my breath and heart listening. It is at this edge that I am coming of age as an ageless musician.

REFERENCE


Don G. Campbell is the author of Introduction to the Musical Brain and Master Teacher: Nadia Boulanger; founder of the Institute for Music, Health and Education; and composer/artist of many recordings. He has taught in Japan, Africa, Holland, and Bali, as well as in the United States. Recently, he was appointed to a five year position on the Guggenheim Project in Chicago, a project combining music, accelerated learning, and innovative curriculum for inner city schools.