



## Democracy and Music

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sure if Mr. Granville Humphreys could become a little child again, even in imagination, he would not be so much worried about 'notational consistency,' but he would be mightily swayed by the psychological implications which adult logic is apt to brush aside. May I compliment him on the clear exposition of his premises, and ask him to 'tak' a thocht and mend' his conclusion.—Yours, &c., ARTHUR J. IRVINE.

5, Southwood Drive,  
Glasgow, S.4.

## Democracy and Music

SIR,—Remembering the Sadistic ferocity with which I myself was assailed years ago because I was among the first to blow the gaff upon democracy-mongering in music, and having myself been saying for quite ten years the very same things as I have observed for some time that your excellent contributor Mr. W. R. Anderson is also saying, I cannot help feeling a grim and cynical satisfaction. Bourdaloue's tart epigram that appeared, marvellous to relate, just recently in the 'Personal' column of one of our leading London dailies (a very stronghold of democratic 'right-thinking'—that is to say, muddle-headedness), 'L'ami de tout le monde n'est l'ami de personne,' has a peculiar and bitter applicability to the matters upon which Mr. Anderson animadverts so ably and well. But how can he, with the living results of that democratic principle before his very eyes—the principle *in excelsis*, as it were—still continue to protest a faith in the thing, vide p. 908, l. 6? How can Mr. Anderson fail to see that the sort of thing he deplores, namely the vulgarisation of music and all related matters, springs of necessity out of that very democratic ideology, in which, it would appear, he as he himself admits still believes, in spite of all the evidence against it?

Is Mr. Anderson not aware of the work of the Cambridge geneticists and of Dr. C. C. Hurst, who have definitely and scientifically established the fact (sufficiently obvious all the time to most observant people—particularly those acquainted with the working of our alleged 'educational' system) that ninety per cent. of the population are utterly incapable of acquiring with any profit to themselves or anyone else, anything more than the barest elementary education? Passing from this relatively tiny minority (which, put into plain figures means that out of a forty million population only four million are fit for anything beyond an elementary education) to the infinitesimally small subdivision thereof that possess any sort of musicality, as distinct from those whom Nietzsche so well calls 'the swarming vermin of the cultured,' to those with specific musicality, we reach an ultramicroscopic minority of music-lovers, quite insufficient to keep themselves (let alone an art) alive by their patronage and support. And so it comes about that we have the familiar spectacle in such circumstances of the debasing of the currency, so to speak—that is to say, with the application of the democratic nostrum, 'the greatest good of the greatest number': a nostrum that as I have often said, is applied without any preliminary inquiry as to whether the greatest number is any good.

Equally destructive of the pretensions of democratic ideology was the evidence collected by the United States Health Department (I believe during recruiting for the Great War), when it was found that average adult males (even in a community as highly and 'democratically' mass-educated as the United States) were found to be in maturity virtually at that stage of mental development they reached at the age of ten years. Finally, to complete the utter explosion of democratic theory, and the politico-sociological delusions that spring therefrom, there is Dr. Alderton Pink's searching book, 'A Realist looks at Democracy.'

Dr. Alderton Pink is himself an educationist of distinction, and knows the futility of the whole business from the inside.

The moral, Sir, that I am trying to drive home with all this is, that if *this* is the state of affairs revealed by scientific investigation in the realm of ordinary education, that *prima facie* requires no special aptitudes, what must be the true state of affairs with regard to musical education and educability that emphatically *does* require a very special aptitude, and by how much the 'greater must be the utter futility of all that sort of thing against which Mr. Anderson girds, and all the bag of tricks of 'musical appreciation' and all the rest of it?

To those who will without doubt gibber at the 'pessimism' of Mr. Anderson, and whose inability to be realistic prompts them to take refuge in pleasant sentimentalities like that which declares that all that is necessary to prevent the next Great War to end war is a 'change of heart'; and like those of our politicians whose only advice to food-producers going bankrupt because they cannot sell their abundant produce to millions of their own fellow-countrymen who are slowly starving to death for lack of food is that these same producers shall produce less (advice which in any sane community with any guts and character left would lead to those same politicians being led firmly but not particularly gently to the nearest lamp-post) I would reply that I find it difficult to believe that even in a community besotted and bemused by mass-education and democracy, a sane and rational economico-financial system will not sooner or later come to pass, in which case those who make everything that is meant by a civilisation—that is to say the minds, the artists, the creative intelligences—will be saved and safe to carry on their work. As one of them, I unblushingly declare that that is all I personally care about: but then, you see, I have never pretended either to believe or care about 'the greatest good of the greatest number.'—Yours, &c.,  
KAIKHOSRU SHAPURJI SORABJI.

## Holst's First (?) Published Composition

SIR,—There is an interesting entry in the *Boys' Own Annual* (vol. 12, p. 800), published in 1890, with reference to the late Gustav Holst.

Prizes were offered for an original musical composition for organ or pianoforte set to verses or a poem to be found in a previous issue of the *Boys' Own Paper*.

One Guinea Prize was awarded to Gustav von Holst (age fifteen), 1, Vittoria Walk, Cheltenham.

His composition was fourth in order of merit amongst seventy-three entries in the combined Junior (ages up to eighteen) and Senior (ages eighteen to twenty-four) Divisions.—Yours, &c.,

Langenhoe,  
Nr. Colchester.

HENRY W. BURNETT.

## Have you a Copy?

SIR,—I have been requested to use C. Reinecke's *Missa*, Op. 95, for a forthcoming special event, and find that the vocal scores with accompaniment are out of print. Fortunately I have been able to secure sufficient single-part copies for my choir, but cannot apparently obtain the organ part.

In the circumstances I should be pleased if you would allow me to appeal through your columns for the assistance of any readers who may have the required copies, viz., vocal score with organ.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID JENKINSON.

41, Ryde Street,  
Hull.