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NEWS [March 1982]:

M.R. Seventy-Fifth:

The Society salutes Dr. Rózsa on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday (April 18th). This June in London we will be presenting him with a tangible token of our appreciation. For now, we content ourselves with a reminder of how productive the maestro continues to be.

A newly completed film, *DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID*, awaits release in May. Two major concert works, the Viola Concerto and the Second String Quartet, are likewise ready to be set before the public (dates still unknown). Publication of the long-awaited memoirs is imminent, as is the release of his most important record album in two decades. Many composers and writers, even great ones, have retired or faded away in later years, but Miklós Rózsa shows no sign of doing so. His consistency is a lesson to us all: honestly pursued, the great musical traditions and idioms of the past are not exhausted. As long as Miklós Rózsa is with us, they never will be.

Dr. Rózsa will be making several public appearances in the coming months:

April 29: At the Santa Fe, New Mexico, Film Festival, where there will be a screening of *THE RED HOUSE* and he will conduct his suite from that score.

June 23: At the National Film Theatre, London, where the British Film Institute and the Performing Right Society will give a joint luncheon honoring the publication of *A Double Life*.

June 24: Again at the NFT, a "Guardian Lecture" in connection with a program of Rózsa film screenings.

June: The city of Venice will be sponsoring a program of Rózsa films. Dr. Rózsa may make an appearance, pending determination of the exact dates. For information, write to: Roberto Pugliese, Piazza Caduti 23, 31021 Mogliano Veneto, Treviso, Italy.

September: Dr. Rózsa may make an appearance in New York in connection with the American publication of *A Double Life*. We will automatically notify Society members in the New York metropolitan area.

The Memoirs:

A Double Life will be published in England in June by Midas Books, Ltd., of Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Price will be £12.50, but with a 25-percent discount for MRS members, to be coordinated through Alan Hamer.

U.S. publication will be in September by Hippocrene Books, 171 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016. Price will be about \$25, and the book will be 350 pages, with as many as 120 illustrations.

Members outside the U.K. may order an autographed copy for \$20 postpaid. Send check or international money order to the MRS in New York. Books will be shipped in September.

Performances:

Eric Parkin gave a spectacular performance of the Piano Sonata at Wigmore Hall, London, last October. His encore piece later that evening

was his own arrangement of a theme from THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS. Parkin will be playing the Piano Concerto over the BBC on either July 1 or November 1.

The Dance Theater of Harlem, New York, performed Alex North's ballet score for *A Streetcar Named Desire* in January. They have also recently performed Jerome Moross's *Frankie and Johnny*.

Recordings:

A first recording of a major Rózsa orchestral work is something we have not had since the *Notturmo ungherese* appeared on RCA in 1965. In June Pantheon will release the long-awaited disc of the Piano Concerto, with Leonard Pennario, and the Cello Concerto, with Janos Starker. Needless to say, this is an offering that should receive maximum support from every MRS member. Buy several. Donate a copy to your library. Orchestral recordings are frightfully expensive to produce. We will not see many more of them unless we lend our full support to this one.

It seems only yesterday that we were trumpeting the stunning new development of RCA's Classic Film Score series. How amazing to note that these records have actually passed out of print in recent years. Now, how-ever, they are reappearing on RCA's mid-price label. Many of our members expect PMS to keep them abreast of such developments as this, and are dis-appointed when we do not mention every new release or reissue. So perhaps this is a good time to make our position clear with regard to (1) selling, (2) announcing, and (3) reviewing records.

1. The Miklós Rózsa Society does not produce or sell phonograph records. (We do have a tape service, for which you have to be on our special tape mailing list.) New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and London have several stores which specialize in rare and offbeat film music recordings. If you do not live near one of these cities, your best bet is to buy from a mail order specialty dealer. Two of these are listed below. You can often find other such retailers advertising in *High Fidelity*, *Soundtrack!*, or other journals.

Sound Track Album Retailers
P.O. Box 7
Quarryville, PA 17566

A-1 Record Finders
P.O. Box 75071
Los Angeles, CA 90075

2. When *Pro Musica Sana* began publication in 1972, any serious film music release was news. We have long since given up any attempt at comprehensive coverage (though we do, of course, mention any new Rózsa album). One reason is that full international coverage of film music releases is available elsewhere, notably in *Soundtrack! The Collector's Quarterly* (formerly SCN), every issue of which lists all new releases in Spain, Italy, Japan, Holland, France, Belgium, the U.K., the U.S.A., and West Germany. Thus if you want to know about the latest Spanish Polydor reissue of EL CID or the French catalog number of Rózsa's L'ARME A L'OEIL or the new British disc of Williams's *Thomas and the King*, then SCQ is the place to look. SCQ is published in Belgium by Luc Van de Ven, Astridlaan 165, 2800 Mechelen, Belgium. In America it is available, for \$7 a year, from P.O. Box 3895, Springfield, MA 01101. We recommend it. There is certainly no point in our doing badly

(continued on page 21)

DEAD MEN'S DIARY by Preston Neal Jones:

Monday, January 4

"Hello, Mrs. Blengsted? My name is Preston Jones; I'm from the Miklós Rózsa Society, and "

"Society! I didn't know he had a society. You mean, I've been treating a legend just like an ordinary person?"

"I'm sure that's just the way he'd want to be treated. In fact, when the Society was first formed, he said that we must be certain to honor other composers as well, 'Or else,' he said, 'I'll feel like a musical Zsa Zsa Gabor.'"

[Laughs] "Oh, that's funny. But then, he's a funny fellow."

Dr. Rózsa had phoned earlier today to permit me to attend and report on the three-day scoring sessions of his 96th film, Carl Reiner's DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID, starring Steve Martin and Rachel Ward, Although his gracious manner made him sound perfectly at ease, the composer warned me that while I could be at the sessions he would not: a painful back condition, the result of a fall a few years ago, would prevent him from attending, much less conducting his score. "I'm going to a doctor this afternoon," he explained, "and I'm told he's going to do something miraculous. We shall see."

It was for this reason that I was to contact Mrs. Else Blengsted, the music editor, for entry onto Scoring Stage One at the Burbank Studios.

Tuesday, January 5

This morning, I drive through the first of what promises to be a week of record California rainfall. An omen? A few days ago somebody's finger traced the word "JERK" on my dirty car's windshield. DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID reunites the producer, director, and star of the highly success-ful comedy THE JERK. An Aspen Film to be released by Universal, DEAD MEN is produced by David V. Picker, whose previous pictures include LENNY and SMILE. Written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe, DEAD MEN, I've been informed, is a spoof of 1940s films noir, shot in black-and-white not only so it can duplicate the look of the old films but also actually to incorporate into the action clips from the old films themselves, à la THE PROJECTIONIST or THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE.

I arrive at the Burbank complex which houses Warner Brothers and Columbia a few minutes after nine o'clock, the hour slotted for the first track. The large, scrawled sign on the Stage One door reads, "Bugs Bunny," but the sounds emanating from within could never be mistaken for Carl Stalling or Milt Franklyn, or anyone else but Rózsa.

Inside, the good Doctor's replacement on the podium, a curly haired, dark-moustachioed conductor in a pullover, turns out to be Lee Holdridge, composer of RUN WILD, RUN FREE and TV's EAST OF EDEN. Standing to one side, and offering quiet counsel between takes, is a tall man in a blue shirt with white collar, his blond hair parted in the middle, and who wears sunglasses in the twilight of the recording stage; this is none other than the well-known Christopher Palmer, orchestrator of the score and the absent Rózsa's representative. Lee Holdridge introduces Palmer to polite

bows-on-the-music-stands applause from the orchestra.

The last and only time I was under this roof was for the recording of John Barry's score to the second ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN TV drama. From the vantage point of the control booth, where I was the guest of kind director Daniel Petrie, I could see only enough of the stage to perceive that the sections of the orchestra were separated by flats for the purposes of recording and mixing. Those flats are customary, of course, but they're not in use this morning. Another detail visible from this floor is an oddity: High on the wall in the far corner of the stage is a basketball hoop, whose presence in an arena of the arts and sciences no one here can explain. To the right of the hoop is the cinema screen. No film is being projected at the moment, however, because the typically romantic and full-bodied Rózsa theme being rehearsed is the End Title music.

Palmer fixes the brass parts and gives them to Joel Franklin, the copyist, while Holdridge asks his string section for "a little more legato quality make it one sung phrase. Save the rough stuff for when we need more drama, but this should be lyrical." The strings thus advised, the orchestra goes for another take. The piece begins not unlike Sinbad's golden voyage, with a five-note motif heavy with menace which is immediately repeated, then repeated again by way of a build-up into a statement of the complete theme. While the orchestra is playing, Palmer walks to the matronly lady at a glorious-looking harp and checks her part. I recognize among the violinists a dark, petite young woman who is Constance Meyer, sister of Nicholas (TIME AFTER TIME) Meyer. Not surprisingly, she played on the sound track of that film, too. Near where I'm sitting behind the music cutters stands a viola case on which a cryptic sticker reads, "Ignore Alien Orders." The orders of the conductor have been obeyed, however, and everyone seems more pleased with this take of the End Title.

Holdridge confers with the monitor voice of Palmer, now ensconced in the control booth, who advises, "The important thing is downbeat on Forty-Nine; after that's established, they can take it easy somewhat." Palmer also tells the brass section that the trombones could be more cantabile. Holdridge asks them for more legato.

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After the second hourly break of the day, the first actual scene of the movie to have its cue recorded finds Steve Martin as detective Rigby Reardon entering a small, dimly lit hotel room to find a man, his face hidden in shadow, sleeping on the bed in his slacks and undershirt. Martin/ Reardon jostles the man awake with the barrel of his revolver in his ribs, and when the sleeper in shadow turns his face up to the light it is instantly recognizable as Burt Lancaster's "Swede" in THE KILLERS. A glance at the music editor's desk reveals that this cue is in fact entitled "The Swede."

As Martin prepares an unusual breakfast in the adjoining kitchen, the film cuts to Charles McGraw and William Conrad in stealthy stride up the stairs. Rózsa's music appropriately switches to a menacing motif, though not the classic Dum-da-dom-dum he initially gave the killers in 1946. Back in the kitchen, Martin gracefully tosses an egg over his shoulder and catches it with a back-handed frying pan, a movement subtly caught by Rózsa's scoring. The killers burst in, blasting away at Lancaster and wounding Martin, who looks at his shoulder and says something distressfully. (There is no dialogue track for this take, but according to the cutters' script his line is, "That'll never heal!")

The music maintains its crescendo as the film cuts to Rachel Ward extracting the bullet from Martin's wound--with her teeth. Many of us sitting here suppress our laughter lest we ruin the take. "Don't look at the screen, I told them," says Holdridge to someone in reference to the players, "When they ran it for me yesterday, I was cracking up."

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Having been to only one other film-scoring session before, I have no experience to back up my guess that the size of this orchestra is larger than average. When I mention this to a flutist, Diane Chasswick, she says, "Well, I can tell you the brass and percussion are heavier than when I was on another movie, THE GREAT MUPPET CAPER." She adds, "It's wonderful when we get to play music like this," referring to the symphonic texture and overall quality of the score. In this, she appears to echo the sentiments of the rest of the orchestra. We talk a bit about the outstanding reputation of L.A. studio musicians to sight-read perfectly even the most difficult scores for films (and LP's). "The first take is the best," she explains, "Then always little things start going wrong. I've had things to play that were really difficult, and you look at them and you don't see how you can do it; but the pressure is there, you do it because you have to do it. And then I say, 'Now, how did I do that?!'"

*

The atmosphere on the stage seems to be one of caring for the composer as much as for the composition. Joel Franklin, who describes his duties as "copyist, librarian, supervisor of all this schtick," had had the same back problem as Dr. Rózsa a few years back, and he is one of several people who have recommended physicians or remedies to Rózsa.

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Palmer has been keeping busy, and I've been keeping out of his way. Walking up to him now on his way from the podium back to the control booth, I introduce myself as the representative from the Rózsa Society and explain my mission. "I know how busy you are," I tell him, "But will there be any time during the three days when you can take a few minutes for some questions? I just need to get some background information, about things like how Rózsa came to write the score, and so on." "Yes, but it will probably have to be on Thursday, after we start winding down a bit." "That'll be just fine. Thanks."

I soon learn from others that Palmer flew in yesterday, after having done the orchestrating in London.

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Carl Reiner visits the stage after lunch, wearing a sweater and plaid slacks, and smoking a substantial cigar. His treatment of the old private-eye flicks seems to be irreverent but affectionate, and his sense of caring for the filmic past is hardly surprising when one remembers his neglected tribute to the silent era in THE COMIC.

Whether or not the general public will appreciate its intricacies, DEAD MEN looks like it will be a treat for movie buffs who can amuse themselves by identifying the films which find themselves woven into the fabric of the narrative. I haven't yet seen the noted Tourneur picture, OUT OF THE PAST, but I think that's where the DEAD men have gotten their clip of Kirk Douglas, his henchmen dragging Martin into his office and then out to the alley where they rough him up. Ward finds him unconscious, but he manages to cop a quick feel before they converse over cigarettes. Cut to Martin shaving his legs. Laughs Lee Holdridge to his orchestra, "Crazy movie. I'm not even going to begin to explain it. You'll have to all go see it."

In the earlier part of the scene, Martin flicks his fingers in the face of one of the goons, an action quietly caught by Rózsa in one of what seems to be very few moments of overt humor in the score. They rehearse the scene, after which Holdridge concludes, "I like it. That sounds romantic and lush and delicious. Don't forget the first two bars are repeats."

The theme itself strikes me as being perhaps a bit similar in parts to the main theme from THE V.I.P.'s, but, withal, romantic, lush, and delicious. They get a good take, and Holdridge decides it would be a good idea if they did a few more scenes while they're "on the roll," so they continue.

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I believe this is the beginning of the picture: A car crashes in a storm in the country: segue to a newspaper headline about the incident, then to detective Martin's office, where femme fatale Ward knocks on the door, faints; he helps her to his couch, copping another feel in the process. The orchestra laughs after the take, and Holdridge says "Save it."

Christopher Palmer interrupts to say that the attack on bar thus-and-such wasn't all together. Holdridge insists, "That was fine, we were right with it," but of course, Palmer is speaking not only from the vantage point of the booth, where the orchestral balance is more accurately preceivable than on the stage itself, thanks to the miracle of modern electronics, but with the authority of one whose specific responsibility is to look after the best interests of the absent composer, so Holdridge and company have to give him the additional take he asks for. Before they do so, Holdridge requests, "Save that little bit," then adds, "Excellent playing, people."

*

This time, a chase sequence involving Alan Ladd from THIS GUN FOR HIRE, I believe. Holdridge to Blengsted: "I'd sure love to pull one bar out, or else it'll sound like scrambled eggs." They do a take, and Palmer's voice intones, "Lee that was excellent, but there was a slight not-togetherness on bars ..." thus-and-such.

Holdridge to Blengsted again: "Very easy to cut on that nice big downbeat, huh? Splicing heaven." Blengsted to Holdridge: "Splicing heaven."

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The next scene planned is not recorded at this time because a part is not at hand. "The problem is the solo violin," explains Palmer to all concerned, "We must have it, so let's go on to something else now and come back to this one later."

*

Remember Cagney's gray-haired old mother in WHITE HEAT? You guessed it--Martin in drag. And the footage is intercut so that it's he and not Paul Guilfoyle who's shoved into the car trunk this time. They run through the music, and Holdridge worries, "That last part's gonna really cut down on that dialogue, isn't it? It's very funny dialogue, we really can't afford to step on it." So they try bringing down the volume of their performance. Holdridge: "I'm just taking liberties, moving things around to make them fit." One section that fits perfectly: Rózsa's music catching Cagney's inimitably purposeful stride.

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During the next break, one of the musicians uses the phone at the console, and at one point says to the party at the other end, "Beautiful music. Gorgeous. By a master."

*

After the break, while some players rehearse the love scene--with violin solo--Reiner wanders around the orchestra and chats with other instrumentalists. Holdridge to cellos and violas: "Less [hums] Bumpumbum. Ease in and go up."

The scene takes place just outside the prison where Martin, in his old-age drag, prepares to visit inmate Cagney. But before he goes in, a tender scene transpires between him and Ward. The player who used the stage phone turns out to be Endre Granat, who has recorded three albums of Rózsa chamber works, and he stands up for his violin solo.

Holdridge asks his orchestra to stress lyrical playing, then adds, "Very funny scene." It is, indeed, especially with Rózsa's romanticism as counterpoint. Unwittingly, Holdridge has summarized the primary reason for the score's success. Even without hearing the dialogue, one can see and appreciate how the music works with the scene, and vice versa: The lovers looking deeply into each other's eyes as they talk, and at that moment, when the look in their eyes signals that their passion can be held in check no longer and they must kiss, Martin reaches up tenderly and lifts his own veil from his face

It's a killer moment, and all the funnier because the music is playing it straight. From what's been screened and played so far, I'd say that in this film Rózsa has become the movies' greatest musical straight man since Verdi in A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. The beauty of the score is that it plays virtually every scene deadpan, as if DEAD MEN were as serious as BRUTE FORCE or NAKED CITY. The comedy is therefore made all the more hilarious, and for music lovers there is the serendipitous miracle of suddenly having a brand new film noir Rózsa score as fine as anything he penned in the forties.

*

"We are in readiness," announces the high-spirited Mrs. Blengsted, "avec projection." What's projected is a scene in which Martin, in young, blonde drag this time, discovers the dead body of a young blonde, also portrayed by Martin in drag. (For once, Martin doesn't cop a feel.) Cut to Bogart [IN A LONELY PLACE?] approaching up the outside steps.

The next cue is a continuation of the preceding scene. Part of this music is a brief fugue. Bogart discovers the blonde Martin and starts strangling him on the bed. Martin rips off his wig; Bogie reacts, realizes his mistake, and relents. Intercut: shots of Martin on the bed with clips of Bogart, backing away and out the door, his look of revulsion very funny in this new context.

Holdridge wants to go for another take, but Reiner steps down from the booth and says, "It's out of the picture." When Holdridge explains that there was an imperfection he'd like to correct, Reiner counters with, "Why? Why fix something you're not gonna use?"

With so much music to be recorded during these three days, every minute is at a premium.

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They go for a pickup on a previous scene. Somewhere in the dark, a laughter becomes a cougher. Holdridge: "There were lots of noises on that cutoff, folks. Please watch that; it's murder to get them off the track."

*

Martin onscreen breaks in on a conclave of Nazis, precipitating a scuffle. After the first take, they hold the last chord on the second take to protect Mrs. Blengsted, so there can be more than silence on the action after Martin hits the ground.

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The famous Jimmy McHugh fanfare for Universal's old glass-globe logo is recorded as a wild track. Are they using the orchestration and parts prepared by Palmer for Gerhardt and RCA's Classic Film Score series? Must remember to ask Palmer.

Strange: For all the aforementioned supremacy of L.A. studio players, and despite Holdridge's excellence as a conductor, for my money, they're blowing the fanfare. I'm no musician, but trust me, if there's one thing I know after a misspent youth of Shock Theater late shows, it's the sound of the Universal forties fanfare, and these fellows just aren't getting it. Judging from the evidence of the RCA series, the logos of such orchestral masters as Steiner, Waxman, and Newman possess a magic that can be recaptured, but there's something in the contrapuntal rhythms and textures penned by songwriter McHugh that just seems to elude contemporary orchestras. Ah, well, it should still make a wonderfully appropriate opening for this picture. And perhaps, if I were in the booth hearing the correct sound mix, I'd realize that they'd gotten it right after all. Let's hope I was wrong.

*

Mrs. Blengsted has been very friendly and very helpful with some of the questions that have been cropping up. I ask her about the funny scene with Bogart strangling Martin in drag. Why, for instance, won't it be in the picture? "The picture has been previewed a few times, and the feeling was that the scene was slowing down the story at that point and we really didn't need it." Since they already know they won't be using the scene, why

was the music for it recorded? "You always record everything, because you never can tell what you might suddenly need for another part of the picture." In that case, why not just record it as a wild track? "Because there is always the possibility that Mr. Reiner or Mr. Picker will be driving home this evening and start thinking to himself, 'Hmmm . . . You know, when it had the music, that scene really worked very well . . .'"

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That's it for one day, and on my way through the parking lot I'm stopped by one of the players, Buehl Niedlinger, who is curious about why I've been taking all these notes. When I explain about PMS, and the Rózsa Society, his immediate response is, "How nice, to have a society while you're still alive. He's a nice man, too. Most great artists aren't, but he has that something extra. How do I join?"

Wednesday, January 6

Someone has shown Christopher Palmer a copy of the lyrics to DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID's title song. Yes, the title song. Says Palmer to a colleague, "Who wrote this masterpiece? It doesn't fit. . . . Who's going to sing it? Steve Martin?"

*

Three cues featuring Dr. Rózsa's old creepy comrade, the theremin, will have to be recorded this morning because instrumentalist Paul Shore has to leave at noon to catch a plane.

The first theremin cue sets up a "Slowly-I-turned" sort of running gag in which Martin is affected by the words "cleaning woman," much as Gregory Peck was by the visual motif of lines-on-whiteness in SPELLBOUND, and goes violently berserk. After the recording of a take, the scene is played back "mit sound," unlike most of yesterday's playbacks, and it works just fine.

Reiner phones Rózsa from the stage: "What a sensational cue! I wish you could be here. How are you feeling?" Rózsa's reply prompts Reiner to share with him the saga of [producer-director] Bud Yorkin's back problems, in the hope that his experience might prove helpful. Getting back to matters musical, Reiner enthuses, "It's so exciting. The musicians seem to be having a good time. David wants to speak with you. . ."

Picker picks up the phone, "Because you had me in tears yesterday . . ." When Reiner gets back on the line, Holdridge leads the orchestra in "a hello chord for Dr. Rózsa." At the end of the two-syllable chord, the theremin hangs on just long enough to be heard, getting a laugh from all present. Reiner reports Rózsa's reaction: "He says, 'They're out of cue,'" which gets a bigger laugh.

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The second "Cleaning Woman" cue is rehearsed. It's easy to hear the four-note motif which echoes those two fateful words, but impossible to hear the theremin from our vantage point on the stage.

Up in the control room, I'm told, the carefully miked electronic instrument is coming in loud and clear. After the rehearsal, Palmer gets on the monitor to Holdridge in his diffident, soft-spoken way, "Lee that sounded very, very good, the only thing is that the cymbal sounded much too loud, it should be very subtle at the beginning." Palmer's citing of this detail is typical of what is required of him, in cue after cue, as the substitute ears of the composer.

They go for a take, and Martin throttles a 1940s Bette Davis. Palmer to Holdridge: "Lee, what we could do is have a definite accent, because that's the climax of the piece."

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During the playing of the third "Cleaning Woman" cue, Reiner emerges from the control booth's confines and stands near the theremin. On screen, Reiner is made up a la Otto Preminger in his various Nazi roles. When he uses the words "cleaning woman," Martin breaks the chains that hold him and overpowers Reiner. At Palmer's suggestion, they run through the piece again. On the monitor, he offers, "That's much better. Can I tell you what would make it even better? Everyone go one on piccolo." Later on, he suggests, "Horns, add trills, with the brass, it should sound frightening."

Holdridge: "With this crew, it will."

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For the aftermath of Martin's "Cleaning Woman" attack on Rachel Ward, Rózsa starts with soft woodwinds and later brings in strings, incorporating that four-note motif. It's a lovely cue, one of my favorites so far, though I fear its gentleness and brevity will not make it a likely candidate for inclusion on an LP, judging from many soundtrack albums in the past. Here's where I really hope I'm wrong.

Holdridge asks not for a musical adjustment this time but for a technical one. "They can put a man on the moon, but they can't make a chair that doesn't squeak. If I had a nickel for every time a chair squeaked in one of my sessions ...'."

*

Concertmaster Granat gets another chance to shine in the final scene, the lovers embracing for a happy ending (in which, this time, she cops a quick one off him). There's a lovely bit of Mickey-Mousing in the score when Martin tosses his hat and lands it atop a Nazi flagpole: a harp glissando for the toss, a stroke of the triangle for the happy landing. I don't know how the music will be mixed, or whether the film will be released in stereo, but here on the stage the effect is especially charming because the harpist is on the same (left) side of the screen as Martin, the triangle is on the right, so the music seems to follow the hat in its flight. The accuracy with which the harp and triangle match the action is absolutely perfect on one take, slightly less so on the others, but of course there's no reason why any one of them, if need be, can't end up matching perfectly in the hands of the music editor.

The kiss itself is a lo-o-o-o-ng one. To allow for a slow fade-out, perhaps? Or, more likely, for Martin's voice-over?

Holdridge is concerned about the orchestra's volume at the payoff, because

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After a short cue in which Martin discovers an important list in a brooch [which immediately precedes the "Swede" scene in the picture], they record a cue in which Martin is shaving his tongue while Ingrid Bergman [NOTORIOUS?] awaits. Palmer requests sudden pianissimo under Granat's violin solo. He also takes issue with some parts for horns, flutes, and bassoons on a certain bar. "I don't think we really need them. Let's cut them out."

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Martin's narration identifies "One of the big fish in the conspiracy--Rice!" Fade into a close-up of none other than Vincent Price, his inimitable eyebrow choreography eliciting chuckles from the orchestra and assemblage. The clip is from THE BRIBE, yet another feature originally scored by Rózsa, in which Price tries to smother his victim under a pillow. Just outside the upstairs flat in which this action takes place, an offscreen festival is progressing, and the click track for this parade is being piped into Lee Holdridge's earphones while he conducts.

As the scene unfolds and the score is played and recorded, Craig and I wonder if Rózsa is using any of the actual music he originally supplied for the BRIBE sequence.

I've been wondering since yesterday about the whole problem that must arise when intercutting new film with old footage which already has its own, unerasable music track. Reiner, chatting with some visitors, explains the process by recalling a watch which presented a professional challenge to an engraver. The initials of the timepiece's previous owner were already engraved on it, and it was the craftsman's job to carve the new letters over the old ones in such a way that the original initials would remain undetected by the uninformed observer. The engraver proved that it could be done, and that is the same principle which has been employed by Rózsa. Where fragments of a previous score have been encountered, Rózsa had to write material which not only helped the movie and had its own musical worth, but also was crafted in such a way that it would blend in with, and thus conceal, the old score.

To do this, Rózsa meticulously laid over the old chords new ones whose key and instrumentation matched the originals. "Musicians could hear the old stuff underneath, maybe," says Reiner, "but not us. There's too much going on." This particular scene's intricacies were so complex that everyone is a touch apprehensive, but it all comes off so perfectly that, in Mrs. Blengsted's words, "We're jumping up and down with joy."

*

The main title is next on the schedule, but either the parts haven't been copied yet or they haven't been delivered, so a substitution is made with a scene in which Rachel Ward delivers a line that pokes gentle, if ribald, fun at Bacall's old "You know how to whistle" line to Bogart. This scene contains one of the very few anachronisms I've spotted so far. Martin washes his gun in the bathroom sink, and the lifted lid of the toilet seat is plainly visible in the background, something which never would have been permitted in a Hollywood product circa the forties.

*

The main title music is recorded to a blank leader, and built, like the previously recorded end title, on the five-note motif which initially menaces but soon blossoms into the romantic main theme. Up in the booth, Palmer holds a phone receiver aloft so that Dr. Rózsa can listen to the playback. Everyone is generally pleased, but it is decided to record some wild pickups from bar 32.

*

"Gentlemen," says Holdridge to the players of the fiesta source music, "the important thing is that we begin together and end together." Toward that end, the conductor and a few key musicians wear earphones through which they will hear the click track. This time, Palmer is right behind the podium.

The first time they run through the carnival piece, they finish ten seconds short, so they need more music. The second time around, the piece is still a second short. Holdridge: "How 'bout we double the instruments, and then we'll be in business?"

When the final version is played back, a cornetist comes into the control booth for a listen. Mrs. Blengsted, perhaps the most energetic participant on the project, dances into the booth in time to the festive strains of the band.

*

After another cue, and a pickup, the orchestra tackles a set piece for the montage that begins with Martin shaving his legs and climaxes with him in full drag. The music is great fun, a scherzo in Rózsa's best light-hearted mood, with an oompah beat propelling a playful clarinet, pizzicato strings, muted trumpet, percussive effects, etc. There's a little laughter on the first rehearsal when the percussionist with the woodblock adds an extra beat. "That's a nice little suite," comments a pleased Reiner. It is, indeed, and it is also, thus far, the only musical selection which is downright comical, making it an oddity in a score which usually enhances the filmed comedy by playing seriously against it. But Reiner apparently has no qualms about including one cue which openly acknowledges to the audience, "This is an intentionally amusing bit of business." "Save it," says Reiner on the monitor, and then adds, "Classy."

*

For a love scene with Ward, Martin, and a tube of toothpaste, Holdridge asks a cellist for one-bow technique on the attack. Says she: "I've been hoping you'd say that." Says he: "You've been waiting for two days." The watchword from the conductor is, "No rubato, nice and smooth."

The request from Palmer after the first play-through is, "Could we have a nice accent on the first bar of the viola phrase?"

Remember the fellow who plays the Black and Decker? Actually, it turns out to be a Stanley, which he demonstrates for an interested gathering on a break by playing "Over the Rainbow" with the blade between his legs. "For those who like to live dangerously," he comments, and also explains that anyone interested in playing such an instrument should "Get the cheapest saw, and it won't hurt the bow."

*

In the next cue, a harp provides the segue to another south-of-the-border specialty number, with maracas, horns, guitar, etc. "A little more Mexican, please," requests Palmer. When the band comes in a bit late on the streamer cue, Holdridge eliminates bars 50 and 52. On the playback, someone comments that they heard the dialogue but not the music. "An excellent sign," says Else Blengsted.

*

After a similar cue incorporating more BRIBE footage, this time with Charles Laughton, the next selection is a love scene featuring another brief violin solo. Holdridge wants a track to listen to while conducting, but they can't find it. Martin and Ward perform a finger ballet on the phone receiver while he converses with Bogart on the other end of the line.

*

The next cue involves three scenes: a balcony love scene, a car drive, and an arrival at a nightclub. It's five o'clock now, time for closing, and Else Blengsted says the scene will be rescored, because it's been recut. Her assistant, Tom Carlson, is "not long out of high school, but Mrs. Blengsted is a veteran who has worked with Reiner before. "We just lucked into this assignment," she explains. "Carl called me and said, 'I've got a job for you, if you promise not to holler at me.'¹ You see, we had a disagreement on our last picture together"

Thursday, January 7

On the third and final day, a third Rózsa Society member to visit is Brian Varaday, film editor from South Africa.

The first cue of the day is a repeat of the phone-fingers bit, but it's been cut shorter, and is no longer such a ballet. The reedited music is rehearsed, and Holdridge warns his players that it will require "just a little bit more flexible tempo than yesterday, but just be on your toes. Or your chairs, whichever is more convenient." The piece is repeated, Holdridge making sure he has the dialogue track in his earphones.

*

The cue: Martin calls on Bette Davis, kisses her cleaning woman by mistake. It's rehearsed once, then again. The second time, the tempo is much faster, the playing considerably sharper. Christopher Palmer: "We don't seem to get any timpani in bar eight. Also, the celli should always be one octave below the first violin."

Reiner, however, reacts to the music with dissatisfaction on a more basic level. The temp track for this sequence had been a Sarah Vaughan vocal, and now he misses that rhythm and mood. "The jazz cue was righter," he insists. Holdridge announces, "We're gonna have to compose here." Coffee break.

*

It's time to tackle another troublesome Bette Davis cue. Reiner, Holdridge, and Blengsted confer. For Reiner, the strings bring to the scene more of a romantic quality than it requires. A decision is reached, and Holdridge addresses keyboard artist Michael Lang, over by the doughnuts: "Mike, can I put you to work?" Holdridge gives Lang a part score; he goes to the piano and sits in on the next take, adding that jazzy touch with his *obbligato*. *Voila*: Rózsa becomes Rota.

In the scene, Martin makes a promise to Lana Turner, then crosses his fingers while he's kissing her. The reaction is hilarious when the scene is played back with music and dialogue.

*

Back to the troublesome scene with the cleaning woman: They need ten more seconds, so they add a tremolo chord at the beginning. To get that jazzy feel this time, the drums provide a sinuous beat and it's the clarinetist's turn to wail. Says he: "This is the first time anybody ever turned me loose." Reiner is pleased with the sound, but stresses his point: "As a matter of fact, if you can keep the symphony down and bring up the jazz, you'll be better off."

"I must listen!" exclaims the delighted Blengsted as she heads for the booth.

*

The scene immediately following the finger-crossing receives another short but musically arresting cue with deliberately slurred attacks on certain notes.

*

New today to the string section is Dorothy Wade, who acquitted herself excellently with the Rózsa Violin Concerto a few years ago with the Santa Monica Symphony.

Next on the agenda is a pickup on the fade-out music; this time, they add a pause just before the final chord.

*

A longish cello solo commences and enhances a cue with a Spanish flavor for a scene featuring a clip of Ava Gardner from *THE BRIBE*. Makeup artist Craig Reardon is present again today, and the image of Miss Gardner inspires him to express his professional admiration for her facial bone structure. Many laymen, of course, felt the same way in 1949.

The scene also involves a conversation over a nightclub table between Martin and Laughton. Craig and Brian Varaday spot a continuity discrepancy between

Laughton's hand position in one shot and that of his double in the next shot with Martin.

Eleanor Slatkin, the doyenne of studio cellists, has some trouble on her solo in a few takes, although she played wonderfully yesterday. Once a satisfactory take is achieved, the scene is played back with music and dialogue.

Holdridge, referring to the new music over the old footage: "You can hear just a ghost of the first violin."

DEAD MEN's film editor, Bud Molin: "There are a lot of ghosts in this picture."

*

There's some jazzy contrapuntal work for cello, sax, and clarinet for the next cue, in which Martin, in drag as Barbara Stanwyck, slips a Mickey to Fred MacMurray in DOUBLE INDEMNITY. There's some very slight Mickey-Mousing when "she" taps him; MacMurray rolls off the couch, which was the beginning of a scene scored yesterday. This has come to look like it might be practically a wall-to-wall score. There's also some blank leader in the middle of the scene, because, as editor Molin explains, there is more footage of MacMurray still to be inserted.

*

"Everybody else, come back at two," is the command, as a jazz quartet forms to record some source music. Mike Lang is at the keyboard, along with a bass, cello, and drums. Holdridge conducts the quartet with earphones: "I'm trying to give you a build here." They record a wild take, then do another just for good measure. Else is dancing in her chair.

Generally speaking, the musical ensemble has been thinning out since Tuesday morning, the standard practice in the economy-minded but expensive business of moviemaking. "Rózsa finished the score over Christmas," says Christopher Palmer to someone on the stage. "I just flew in from England Monday." Since first introducing myself, I have not said one word to Palmer, lest I disturb him in what must be a highly pressured work situation. He, in turn, has certainly not volunteered one word to me in all that time. I'm looking forward to those promised few minutes, though.

In the meantime, I have been given to understand that the temp track for the film in previews consisted almost entirely of excerpts from earlier Rózsa scores. Plus a little Gustav Mahler. And a little Sidney Bechet.

*

Comedy isn't pretty, and sometimes it means you've got to do a dirty job like singing the title song in postproduction. Steve Martin drops by in living color to go over the lyrics to the ditty with their author, Steve Goodman. The actor is slated to record the song separately next Tuesday night. Mike Lang runs through the tune, and in his hands it sounds especially rich, as if it was made for a solo piano. Mike and the lyricist then record a demo of the song with its deadpan, off-the-wall words, "Dead men don't wear plaid, nor blow their noses . . ." etc. Martin offers some advice on the lyrics: "Change the 'and' to a 'but,' and I'll get a writing credit." The actor also observes that "Tony Bennett would have the range for it." Later in the session, he adds, "I want Ferrante and Teicher." He also offers

these words we all can live by: "You'll never want to eat lunch after you've had breakfast with your wife." Lunch break.

*

Two o'clock, time for another demo, this time an orchestral, pop version of the love theme which Dr. Rózsa has requested of conductor-arranger Jack Smalley. Smalley raises his baton before the salon ensemble, Else announces, "Take One-Forty-Eight," and Smalley exclaims, "One-Forty-Eight! I just got here."

Smalley's pop rendition features trombone, strings, bass, guitar, flutes--all enclosed by flats, for the first time in the sessions--and drums in a separate booth.

*

The first on-screen use of this group is for a cocktail scene, appropriately enough, between Bergman and Martin, just prior to his tongue-shaving schtick. It's played back with dialogue.

*

Next is a dinner party scene with Veronica Lake and Brian Donleavy. Smalley, wearing earphones, has to ask for a correction of the clicks, which are coming in four beats too soon. "A bugger, this one." Reiner pipes in with, "We'll clank something right where you were." They rehearse a take, and Smalley says, "Sounds like we've got a little bit too much." Sounds like understatement.

*

And still the musicians keep thinning out. After a break, a wild track is recorded with three strings, guitar, piano, bass, three brass, three winds, and that's about it. Reiner's reaction? "Lovely. I want to go eat in that restaurant."

*

As Tom Carlson explains, "You always record more than you can use." This time it's some up-tempo dance stuff. Smalley to the control booth: "You wanna rehearse on tape? 'Cause, we might get lucky."

This source music will be used with a NOTORIOUS clip. Advises Else, "It'll be better if you can come to an end, because of the transition to the other cue." But, according to Reiner, "Better if it doesn't, because of the passage of time. This cue should go out with the dissolve and the other one come up with the other dissolve."

They go for a wild track. Smalley sums it up, "A real toe-tapper." The guitarist interjects, "The number in New York is Murray Hill Nine"

Reiner: "Magic time."

Smalley: "How do you suppose we do it?"

*

Steve Goodman sits in the background, singing to himself along with a Rózsa bolero performed by Granat's violin, guitar, bass, drum, and flute. Ava Gardner sings onscreen while Laughton wanders around. The performance clicks, even though it's the first time they've ever played it. Everybody is surprised they didn't tape it.

A visitor named Tony Marcus is a student in Walter Scharf's UCLA film-scoring class, and she spots two missing drumbeats. This problem is corrected.

Marcus has brought along a couple of antiques which so intrigue Reiner that he has her demonstrate them for others: a violin and viola (both ca. 1900) with metal horns designed to boost faint tones for the sake of early recording techniques.

*

Well, we're down to a solo piano for a scene in which someone plays while Ava sits nearby.

*

One more piano solo. After a false start, Lang tries again and gets it in one take.

*

Film editor Molin chats about the unique challenges he faced on this project, trying to create a homogenous whole out of diverse film stocks. He regrets the aforementioned continuity mismatch in the scene with Laughton and Martin, but it could not be avoided, given the new footage of Laughton's double. On the whole, though, he praises the work of the cinematographer, who labored mightily to match the special lighting in each of the old films. "The beautiful part," says Molin, "is that it all works together as a new story in its own right."

*

No film projection for the "Dead Men's Bolero," this is another demo by Steve Goodman. Else Blengsted: "I'm not gonna announce this." Goodman: "This is a song that needs no introduction." So he sings his lyrics, peppered--almost literally--with phrases like, "Don Diego . . . con carne . . . via Camino Real . . . lumbago . . . mariposas de amor . . ." "You can't just get racist lyrics like that anywhere," someone--perhaps Goodman--observes.

*

And that's it. The exhausting, all-consuming job has been completed. "It works beautifully," says Jack Smalley in parting. "Don't ever call me again."

*

Packing up her gear, Else Blengsted answers a question about how she came to be a music editor. "I started out in this business as a seamstress and

I used to eat over there in the commissary. I looked around, and when I saw that the ones who took the longest lunches were the editors, I said, 'That's for me. . . . '

*

Palmer emerges from the netherworld labyrinth beyond the control booth windows and confesses that he's too tired to talk just now, which is certainly understandable. But he's going to be in town a few days more, and it turns out that he's staying at the Holiday Inn just a few blocks from where I live, so he suggests I phone him there to arrange our brief meeting.

Friday, January 8

Palmer doesn't return my call, but when I reach him later this evening he asks if this is perhaps something we can take care of over the phone. I'm quick to agree, since I only have a few minutes' worth of questions, and he promises to call me sometime before he checks out on Sunday.

Sunday, January 10

There's been no word from Palmer yesterday or today, and since his knowledge of the score's creation is such an intimate one, I risk being a pest by phoning him again, at noon. He's not in his room, nor has he checked out yet. My final call is at 3:30. Sometime between my last message and now, Christopher Palmer has checked out.

One Week Later

It's "Hello, Mrs. Blengsted?" again. I apologize for bothering her with this phone call, explain the problem, and ask if I can ask her some of the background questions I had hoped to ask Mr. Palmer. She'd be happy to help, she says.

"How did Rózsa become involved in the project? His score seems such a necessary and appropriate facet of the whole that his participation might well have been planned from the beginning, along with the selection of the clips. But not so, according to Mrs. Blengsted:

"The temp track on the work print was all scored with selections from Rózsa's previous scores. As you know, Rózsa actually scored many of the old films we used in the clips. So, when Carl Reiner heard how well his music worked with the film, he decided to get him to write the whole score."

And the Universal logo and fanfare, was that Rózsa's idea?

"No, that was Carl Reiner's."

So, the score was written in November and December, and Rózsa would mail his sketches to Christopher Palmer in England for orchestration?

"Yes."

And just how large was the orchestra?

"Sixty-four pieces. That's not uncommon for a big score like this one."

And when did Lee Holdridge become involved?

"At the last minute. Miklós was still hoping he could make the session, but when it turned out that he just wouldn't be able to, Holdridge was brought on with only two days notice. He just did an incredible job, to study the score and the picture in that short a time. He didn't even get to see the picture in a screening room, he just ran it on a Movieola. But you heard how well he pulled it off."

Absolutely. How did Rózsa like what he heard played back on the phone?

"Oh, he was very pleased."

From what I could gather, this was practically a wall-to-wall score. How long is it?

"We recorded a hundred-and-twenty minutes of music, including all the source music. And only a couple of scenes will not be used in the final picture."

And when will that be released?

"They're planning on May or June, I believe."

*

Thanks again, Mrs. Blengsted.

And many thanks to you, Dr. Rózsa, for allowing us the privilege of hearing your newest score mated to movie. You've already left town, according to Mrs. Blengsted, so wherever you are I trust your back is feeling much better. Your music was a joy to hear on the sound stage. And I'm sure the film's creators are grateful for the opportunity to have worked with someone who embodies so many of the magical Hollywood qualities to which their film pays tribute.

NEWS (continued from page 3):

what SCQ already does so well.

3. As for record reviews, our policy is similar: we do not routinely duplicate the kind of reviews that can be found elsewhere. SCQ offers many record reviews, and *Fanfare*, the leading American record magazine, usually reviews soundtrack albums intelligently and without condescension. For the most part, however, these magazines do not deal with film music at all, but with albums derived from film scores, which is a very different matter. It is the editorial policy of *Pro Musica Sana* to concentrate on the art of film music itself, that is, music in connection with image and sound. Of course we are always receptive to a good record review also. And any policy is open to change in the future. The present editor has held the reins for ten years now, but there is no reason why fresh ideas and fresh blood should not enter the picture at some point. A subject for future discussion . . .

Society:

PMS 34 was the last issue typed by Ronald Bohn, who had been responsible for the increasingly professional look of every issue since PMS 17. We salute Ron for his efforts, and wish him all the best in his ongoing film and TV

music credits research. He will continue to be a West Coast contact person for the Society. The present issue was typed by Mary Peatman in New York.

Our thanks also to the members whose donations have helped Mark Koldys continue the MRS tape service: Richard Anderson, Vince Dorval, Tim Dumont, William and Ann Finn, Dan Jones, David Orme, Leonard Soriano, Craig Spaulding, Paul Spencer, Allan Young, and others yet to be tabulated.

Regrettably, we still need to increase our annual dues to cover the ever-rising cost of printing and mailing PMS. This is only the second increase in ten years. The new North American rates will be \$6 for one year (four issues) or \$11 for two years (eight issues). Outside of North America: \$7 (UK £4) for one year or \$13 (UK £7) for two years.

Publications:

The Film Music Book, by Derek Elley, will be published this spring in England by Talisman Books. It will have filmographies and bio-critical essays on 200 composers.

We have recently received a copy of Wolfgang Thiel, *Filmmusik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* (Berlin: Henschelverlag, 1981). It is available in America from Alexander Broude, Inc., of New York. This 448-page book appears to be a major historical and esthetic study, and we would like to find someone to review it for us.

Goldsmith Gleanings:

It has been difficult to keep up with Jerry Goldsmith lately, because his last two films (RAGGEDY MAN and NIGHT CROSSING) have disappeared so quickly, at least from New York screens. (John Williams's HEARTBEEPS vanished even faster--in a matter of days--and the promised album never appeared.) Goldsmith, however, was the subject of a fine article by Betty Spence in the Sunday "Calendar" section of the *Los Angeles Times* for 7 February. Some gleanings follow.

"I think an audience should be aware of the music, like a beautiful piece of photography, a great costume or set. But if the music gets too complicated, too musical, it distracts from the drama."

He will soon score the animated THE SECRET OF NIMH for Disney.

He is excited about NIGHT CROSSING, especially the gradual harmonic evolution and minor-major shift as the balloon lifts off, and he hopes audiences get the same "lift" as he felt when writing the music.

Goldsmith works on a ten-week contract. He finds the first two weeks of sketching his initial ideas to be the most taxing part. The actual composing comes more easily--two minutes of music a day for seven full days a week. "The biggest challenge ... is to give it some kind of shape, with a beginning, a development section and recapitulation ."

"I know if I make it simple, it's going to work fine. But it's a fight because musically that annoys me. To be

true as a composer, I must make it more involved. I've written a thousand notes here (balloon sequence in NIGHT CROSSING) which nobody will hear because the sound effects will blast out. But my musical integrity won't let me play one note and sustain it--which could have the same dramatic effect. That's a cheat; it's not musically honest."

Flashes:

Mike Snell advises that parts of ALLIGATOR, credited to Craig Hundley, were scored with library music from some of Jerry Goldsmith's *Twilight Zone* episodes. . . . Miklós Rózsa turned down MOMMIE DEAREST and BODY HEAT because of disinterest in the films. The latter, which received a fairly effective (though repetitive) jazz-tinged score by John Barry, is a hyper-sexed reworking of DOUBLE INDEMNITY. . . . The Society salutes William Walton on his eightieth birthday, March 29. . . . The Pantheon cello-piano recording (FSM 53901) will appear in June, not April. It will be a German pressing, listing for \$10.98. There may be a special offer for MRS members in PMS 36.

LETTERS:

I finally received a copy of the Varese Sarabande KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. The music is fantastic! I played it through once and am now in the process of recording it on cassette. There's so much more to it than even in the short suite Rózsa did for the Polydor album. And the sound and stereo image are superb considering the age of the master tape. If there was one album to make a person a Rózsa disciple for life, this might be it. I hope the proposed "More Music from KNIGHTS" mentioned in a past issue of PMS will become a reality. The "To the Death" sequence in particular is so exciting and ultra-Rózsa that it makes me feel like jumping all over the room just listening to it!

Robert Ward, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Ed: Varese decided they did not have enough material for another album after all, though they may use some tracks as "filler" in some future release.

*

Working on ALTERED STATES (makeup), I remember how enthused I was when I learned from the mad Mr. Russell himself that he was thinking of asking John Corigliano to compose the score. I used to stroll past Ken's trailer outside the sound stage and I'd hear a whirling fury of symphonic sounds coming out of it, and that turned out to be a private recording of Corigliano's Clarinet Concerto, which Russell had heard with Mehta here in LA. I was subsequently a little disappointed with Corigliano's score, but I admired its individuality vs. that which an established film composer might have done. I'm pleased to read in your interview that C. would have preferred to keep certain sequences silent and only scored them under coercion. I felt that the scene in which the guard searches through the nightmarish basement for the primeval creature

should have been far more tense without the rattling, whooping musical accompaniment. I liked C's austere love music, however, and I also remember being moved by the music in which Hurt recalls his father's death after making love with the Blair Brown character. The balletic music for the primal man's frightened flight through the city was a standout. The changes were all bad; what a shame especially to lose the lovely trio in classical style of the love theme, preserved on the album.

I attended one of Goldsmith's POLTERGEIST sessions in February. The film is more thrilling than horrifying, and I'd say, having been involved from its inception and having seen the film progress in dailies and on the set, that Goldsmith's music enhances what was good about the film by fully 100%, and is so well conceived that it fits that remark of Cocteau's which Herrmann brought to our attention--is the film propelling the music, or is the music propelling the film? Goldsmith has succeeded in realizing the best which we hoped to achieve with our effects and also improving those areas where we inadvertently may have fallen somewhat short of what we wanted to achieve visually. Goldsmith's manner on the podium is very impressive, because he seems to know his job perfectly and is the model of a professional. Of course, the orchestra was superb, but I saw Goldsmith rehearse and conduct a cue which must have gone on for three or four minutes, and get it right in only two takes, with a perfect performance which also synchronized perfectly. Goldsmith was relaxed, exchanging barbs and quips with the orchestra, and always in complete command. He had to conduct a performance of the "Star Spangled Banner," which everyone dreaded since few musicians seem to adore our national anthem. It appears in the film as sign-off music on television before the nightly test pattern. Because of the visual complement, Goldsmith had to conduct carefully to a distracting cued film. Someone joked that Solti wouldn't have conducted the anthem so shakily, to which G. cheerfully shot back, "Yeah, but let him try to match it to this! Or Giulini, for that matter!" Which was an inside jibe that the LA musicians chuckled at. Earlier, he went to conduct one cue and instead of his music he got a fully orchestrated "Happy Birthday." It was fun to see him conduct the anthem next, because he confessed to still being happily distracted by the tribute.

Craig Reardon, Studio City, California

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