

At this point came a controversial scene that was cut from the film after its initial screenings. (Since I have never seen it, I am grateful to John Fitzpatrick for the description and commentary in this paragraph.) Hoover was seen returning to his office and listening at some length to a tape recording. He did not speak, and we did not hear the recording. But context, Hoover's anguished expression, and the music all made it clear that he was listening to surreptitious FBI recordings of sexual misbehavior (perhaps of the Kennedys or Martin Luther King, the most famous subjects of the FBI's surveillance program). Hoover grew increasingly agitated in the scene, and his state of mind was further expressed by the camerawork, which (if I recall correctly) engaged in some mild zooming in and out. The general effect, I thought at the time, was to convey conflict and self-hatred rather than the sexual satisfaction that some have read into the episode. Of course, acting and camerawork have only a limited vocabulary in such a situation. Much of the burden fell on the music.

Rózsa's contribution to this scene ("Temptation") is the longest uninterrupted cue in the score, and the cut portion (approximately two and one-half minutes) is a powerful, agonized development of two themes: C and J. It must be noted that, although J has already appeared in the film (see "Innuendos" above), "Temptation" should be J's first appearance in the score (since "Innuendos" was actually composed for a later scene). Rózsa's wish to associate this theme with Hoover's ambiguous sexuality will be more apparent when it reappears in the scene for which "Innuendos" was originally composed (see below). The changes made by the editors have completely undermined the composer's intentions. Such, as we know, is Hollywood. Asked about the cut, Larry Cohen said that while he admired Crawford's playing of the difficult scene and Rózsa's musical contribution to it, he had to face the fact that the episode was not playing well with audiences. In fact, they were laughing at it. So he reluctantly decided to take the scene out entirely.

The most effective and beautiful music in the whole film begins when Hoover informs Bobby Kennedy of his brother's assassination. Bobby's grief is underlined by a painful development of L, which then segues to a poignantly beautiful funeral march (Ex. N) accompanying film clips of the actual Kennedy funeral procession. The f-sharp



minor tonality, the muffled drums, the Phrygian coloration of the harmony, the timbre of the violins playing on their lowest string, the rise and fall of the melodic line, the triplets, the solid bass ostinato (many of which characteristics this cue shares with "The Way of the Cross" from KING OF KINGS)—these are the musical elements that speak eloquently of this great, sad moment in history. Note the special effect when, as Robert Kennedy approaches the Lincoln Memorial, the bass ostinato and rhythmic impetus stop, clarinets and violas break free of the

melodic formula and rise in outline of a G major seventh chord, only to fall back, resuming the rhythm and returning to the f-sharp minor tonic. This brief, two-measure high point in a eulogy that lasts less than two minutes testifies to the care and sensitivity Rózsa invests in his scoring.

The music continues on a high plane with the sequence involving Martin Luther King and his death. King visits Hoover and the two parry words, Hoover clearly keeping the upper hand. With thinly disguised blackmail, he tells King that reporters await him when he leaves Hoover's office, and "I'm sure you'll find something very nice to say about your FBI." As King exits, Hoover's theme (B) emphasizes the director's "victory." A simple tune in a refreshingly clear-cut e minor accompanies King's speech to the media. The sadness of the music (Ex. O) mirrors King's words as he unwillingly capitulates to his political enemy. The film segues to a speech by Robert Kennedy about King's assassination. A second funeral march, sharing rhythmic and timbral characteristics with the first, but lacking its melodic pungency and development, culminates in a firm resolve ("Let us dedicate...") reminiscent of the "Dresden Amen" and surprisingly cadencing in A major instead of the expected C major.



The assassination of Robert Kennedy is given short shrift, both cinematically and musically. A scene showing Hoover speculating on his future should RFK be elected ends with a reference to B on violas, cellos, and basses. (One wonders if the film is suggesting he has "plans" for the younger Kennedy.) Then the music segues to a rather conventional marchlike theme which underscores the vigor and resolve of Kennedy's campaign (Ex. P). It is all too short (six measures), and soon the confident bass line disappears, dissonance is introduced into the harmony, and the dotted rhythm (♩. ♩) takes on a more ominous tone. Shots of the acclaiming crowds are replaced by a long shot of a cemetery, then RFK's grave. An English horn plays a variant of the first measure of P, only now in minor and resolving (downward instead of upward) to a quiet g minor. The confident ♩. ♩ rhythm with which the cue had begun is now a muffled funereal drum beat. In these thirty seconds, Rózsa has depicted menace, hope, terror, and sorrow with simple yet effective means—a technique of which he is a supreme master.



The press has begun to speculate on a possible homosexual relationship between Hoover and his right-hand man, Clyde Tolson (a relationship that is neither confirmed nor

denied by the film). Music is heard underneath a conversation between Hoover and Tolson as they discuss the rumors. This is the scene for which Rozsa composed "Innuendos." Interestingly enough, the first six measures (B) are not used this time and the cue begins with the development of C that we have previously noted. As before, the cue continues with J, this time underscoring an uncomfortable moment as Hoover and Tolson appear together for lunch at the Mayflower Hotel, refusing to acknowledge in any way the insinuations of the press. Mention has already been made of the association between J and Hoover's sexuality, an association unfortunately lost on the film's viewers because of the prior use of "Innuendos" out of sequence and the deletion of the "Temptation" scene.

Narrator Webb is set up by being asked to place an illegal wiretap on the phone of an unidentified mobster. In fact, the mobster is tipped off and is able to catch Webb in the act ("Suicide Tap"). Two clarinets echo variants of K back and forth against chords in muted brass and *sul ponticello* violin tremolos as Webb enters the house. As he turns on a desk light near the phone he is about to tap, the music intensifies and the strings (still playing tremolos on their bridges) play a slow-moving variant of A punctuated by characteristic tritones. Webb is discovered, and as he jumps up to fend off his attackers an *allegro agitato* with strong rhythmic impetus and a melodic character derived from A and K begins. Syncopations against a firm repeated bass line pattern, changing meters, and pounding percussive accents recall some of the kinetic excitement of the third movement of the composer's Piano Concerto, albeit on a less inspired level. There is even a bit of quite literal mickey-mousing as Webb and his attackers tumble down stairs—three measures of descending minor thirds in the bass followed a half-beat later by the same notes two octaves higher in the treble. The cue ends with a descending chromatic scale in the bass and three terse statements of K on violins and violas.


Webb tries to talk to Hoover at the racetrack but Hoover rejects his complaints and fires him. Later, at the abandoned track ("Dejected"), Webb's despair is underscored by a brief development of K on violas and clarinet (later cellos and bass clarinet) against muted horns, cadencing on an f minor chord (with an added raised fourth—the tritone again!), just as Tolson shows the first signs of his impending heart attack.

President Nixon and his cronies are worried about Hoover and his effect on their illegal activities. They speculate that Hoover will not live much longer. Their half-lit meeting (which was not originally spotted to be underscored) is brought to a close by the last eight measures of the Prelude. Ironically, it was at this point in the Prelude that Hoover's death was announced at the beginning of the film, but it is doubtful many viewers would ever notice the musical connection.

Some of Hoover's evidence against Nixon has disappeared. His reaction upon discovering this fact is underscored ("Problems") by one of the longer developments of his theme (B) against a nervous rhythmic ostinato (♩ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪). . with typical canonic development. The theme even takes on a brief warmth in its second statement by virtue of its underpinning A-flat seventh harmony and the tone quality of violins and cellos doubling each other in octaves. (But is it enough to make the listener begin to sympathize with the character?) The first bridge passage of the Prelude, not heard since the beginning of the film, receives extended treatment here (starting when Assistant

Director McCoy appears), leading into a variant of G as Hoover realizes that even his own man has betrayed him. When McCoy suggests that Hoover should retire, a relaxation of the tempo and an *espressivo* statement of B in the cellos (against string tremolos) elicits still further sympathy for Hoover.

An awkward cut segues directly to the next sequence ("Breakdown"). Development of a melodic-rhythmic idea first heard back in "Message for Hoover" (Ex. I), now on clarinets and later on strings playing *sul taste* (on the finger board), underscores Hoover's near-breakdown as he attempts to sort out the role he should play amid the Nixon administration's problems. This depiction of Hoover nearly in tears moved Rózsa to write some of his most sympathetic phrases, expressive in melody and warm in harmony (A-flat seventh again!). Hoover's own theme, however, does not appear until the end of the cue when, over a repeated g in timpani and low strings, the first five notes of B are repeated three times to show Hoover's resolve to "hold on!"

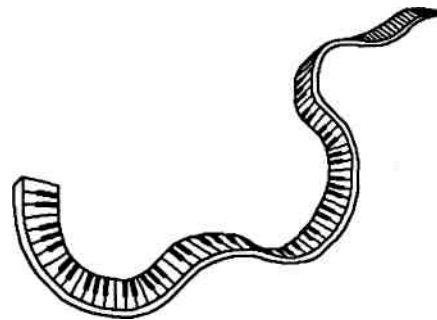
At the end of this scene, Hoover experiences the beginning of an apparent heart attack. A stabbing dissonance (actually a D major seventh—A-flat major polychord; note the tritonal relationship between the two chords!) leads the orchestra off on still another variant of G, this time against this typical ostinato:  (also see "Problems"). The first three-measure phrase is repeated sequentially a minor third lower as the scene dissolves to Hoover in his bed. The motive begins a long development as Hoover experiences another attack. The ostinato continues, but the melody, which here betrays very clearly its origins in A (beginning with a minor second, then a minor third!), is extended to ten bars, first climbing and then descending as Hoover falls to the floor in agony. A more clear-cut g minor (albeit with a difficult-to-hear e-flat pedal in the bass) in warm string tone sounds a sweeter note (marked *dolce*) as Tolson receives the news by telephone. Melodically this eight-bar period continues to develop along the same lines as before, with two prominent major sevenths adding an even greater touch of poignancy. The cut ends quietly on the same D seventh—A-flat polychord with which it began. It may be interesting to note that one repeated measure was deleted and that two measures (in the last period) were repeated when the score was recorded. Had a few seconds of film been rearranged?

The Finale begins with a strong statement of B on horns and trombones against a bouncing rhythmic ostinato (remember that the beginning of this cue was also used at the beginning of the film!). John Fitzpatrick has called this section a "fantasy for trumpets, paper shredders, and orchestra" (PMS 21), since the visuals show most of Hoover's private papers being summarily destroyed in the time-honored Washington fashion. B is repeated sequentially, exactly as in the Prelude, and even followed by the same bridge passage as at the opening of the film. Suddenly, the ostinato ceases, the tempo slows down, and we watch a seemingly frail Tolson leaving the building with a briefcase in which he is spiriting away the papers he has saved from the shredder. A warm G-flat major seventh harmony heralds a more emotional development of B, begun by violins playing *sul g* and doubled by the plangent-sounding English horn (and eventually by the oboe). As Tolson and Webb speak about Hoover, the music remains gentle but still harmonically restless until a moment of great surprise occurs as B settles quietly and unobtrusively into an unequivocal E-flat major ("Edgar took over...").

This unexpectedly beautiful treatment of Hoover's theme is altogether appropriate as Tolson looks back at Hoover's accomplishments, but the moment is short-lived since a jarring E-flat major—D major polychord renews the initial harmonic and melodic turbulence as we see newspaper headlines proclaiming the gradual demise of the Nixon administration. Eight bars before the end, with Hoover's bust showing on screen, the harmony grounds itself momentarily in a sympathetic C major, only to give way against a rising, syncopated line in the violins (against a line of contrasting motion in straight quarter notes in horns and violas) to an exultant E major chord. This chord, with no added tones, no seconds, sevenths, or tritones to cloud its harmonic waters, makes an emphatic (although somewhat cursory) release and conclusion to the score proper.

For the end credit treatment of B, Rózsa resumes the triumphant rhythm of the paper shredders. Again, the sequential repetition of the motive is followed by a bridge passage. (Two of the measures of the bridge passage were repeated when the score was recorded, presumably to gain four seconds of needed music!) After the bridge, B proclaims itself forcefully into D major (with an added seventh!) (*fffmarcatissimo*), then cadences unexpectedly first in F-sharp minor and finally in F-sharp major.

What can one say in conclusion about this score and this film? I struggled with that question until a few days ago, when I had the opportunity to watch one of Rózsa's earliest efforts at filmscoring, THUNDER IN THE CITY (1937). I realized at once that the whole question was one of perspective. The music for THUNDER was clearly the effort of a novice film composer: tuneful, colorful, sometimes witty, occasionally superfluous, and rarely interesting. But HOOVER was written with a sure and confident hand—one skilled in the most subtle, sophisticated techniques of the film music medium. The thematic material may not be the most memorable Rózsa ever created and its development may fall into predictable patterns, but there isn't an unnecessary measure in the score: every single note serves a dramatic purpose. Film composers are rarely given credit for such economical writing, and I think it is significant to find it even in one of the lesser efforts of one of our greater composers. Every reader of this journal knows what Miklós Rózsa does with a great film to inspire him; it has been a pleasure for this writer to see, on an intimate level, how well Rózsa meets the challenge of lesser material.



EXPLORING WITH GOLDSMITH

by David Gideon

Among the serious composers still active in film scoring, Jerry Goldsmith strikes me as the "best." The howls of protest are already audible, so for purposes of clarity let it be said that there is no intention here to denigrate the work of the many other composers who have done so much to raise film scoring to an art form. John Williams is an outstanding musician, whose relatively infrequent scores show a consistency of craftsmanship that Goldsmith's somewhat uneven output lacks. And then there's Elmer Bernstein, who continues to do beautiful work. But I would suggest that Goldsmith hits the heights a little more often and at times a little higher than his colleagues do. Compare the scores for two roughly equivalent genre films: *STAR WARS* (Williams) and *STAR TREK* (Goldsmith). Williams's blood-and-thunder symphonic sweep is undeniably exciting, and its popularity made Goldsmith's score possible. But is there anything in *STAR WARS* to match the bittersweet, tension-filled love theme of *STAR TREK*; and does Williams's main theme have the harmonic variety and imagination of Goldsmith's?

All this is meant to point out the particular frame of reference from which I will approach a prime example of one of Goldsmith's most significant talents: the ability to sense and dramatize qualities in motion pictures that would otherwise go unnoticed. One thinks back to *THE BLUE MAX*, a war film in which Goldsmith saw the majesty and sweep of flight, with magical results. He caught the sense of wonder so well in *STAR TREK* that the director extended the scene in which Capt. Kirk first sees the refurbished Enterprise to allow the music to carry the day, which it did.

All this leads us to a 1985 Goldsmith score that has been somewhat overlooked, perhaps on account of the unfortunate troubles its film has experienced. Director Joe Dante, fresh from a smash hit (*GREMLINS*—another Goldsmith score, although a lesser one), filmed a story about three teenagers who use a fantastic discovery to build their own spaceship. Though the film had been intended for Christmas release, Paramount ordered production speeded up to make it a summer issue. Dante had to scrap several scenes (most significantly one near the film's end in which the heroes give a group of school bullies their comeuppance), but the deadline was made: it came out the weekend of the Live-Aid concert and promptly died. It has fared better on home video, and in France it is becoming a cult favorite. But by US standards, *EXPLORERS* was not a success.

It is unclear whether Jerry Goldsmith's score was a rush job, but it bears no evidence of that possibility. Indeed, the score stands as another example of the composer's uncanny ability to see into a film's gentler, more subtle qualities. Although *EXPLORERS* is an adventure tale with comedic elements, Goldsmith's score finds the intangibles: a sense of wonder at the universe, the longing dreams to explore the unknown, and the impetuosity of youth. There are some rather abstract sentiments involved here, and it is a measure of Goldsmith's accomplishment that he succeeds in both dramatizing and differentiating them.

There is no opening music as such (apart from a hint of Ben's theme, the first sequence is accompanied by electronic effects), and the score consequently is one of the very few that does not reveal the main theme in its full panoply until the end credits! The theme takes many different guises throughout *EXPLORERS*, but at heart it is an assertive adventure theme, with rhythmic twists and syncopations that give it a tumbling forward feel representative of impetuous youth (Ex. A). It is frequently heard over an insistent ostinato-like bass line, a strongly rhythmic figure that suffuses many sequences in this film, although often in a radically altered form. (At one point, the bass ostinato is heard in woodwinds as a playful melody.) The adventure motif is first heard in a grossly distorted form early on in the film, as Wolfgang is swallowed up in a sphere of energy and is taken on a harrowing ride. With the insistent ostinato underneath, the first-time listener will not realize that he is hearing the main theme. Each time it returns the theme is slightly different, but it never emerges in its full, assertive glory until the final scene (another dream), where its rhythms are visually punctuated with Ben's enthusiastic thrusting forward of his arm (it's better seen than described, but this coincidence of visuals and music could not have been accidental).

Ex. A



In a score rich with invention, there are more delights. One of these is the music associated with the film's main protagonist, Ben Crandall, a young boy who dreams of what may be "out there" in the universe; it also doubles as a love theme for Ben and his girlfriend-to-be, Lori Swenson. (Ben's bespectacled friend Wolfgang, a sort of teenage Einstein, has a theme of his own, a sort of off-center tune evocative of the prodigy's quirky nature and bizarre family.) Ben's theme appears in myriad shapes and sizes: it's heard on a harmonica over strings as Ben sits on his roof to look at the stars; it is played on a solo flute when Ben sees Lori Swenson; it is played pizzicato by basses underneath an innocently gentle melody depicting the "boys at play." Most significantly, Ben's theme becomes a motif for flight, soaring majestically as the homemade spaceship takes its first voyage. And there are few more beautiful moments in Goldsmith's work than the scenes for the sinking of the boys' homemade spacecraft, in which Ben's theme is a counter-melody in winds and cellos for a motive of desolation and disappointment in high strings. When Ben's theme returns for its final presentations, in the sweeping closing credits, it modulates to a new, never-before heard development rich in the kind of harmonic originality that is a specialty of this composer.

EXPLORERS has a strong vein of broad humor, and Goldsmith plays right along in constructing his theme for the aliens (Ex. B). It appears early in the film, but the first-time listener doesn't realize it. As the boys experiment with an energy sphere created by assembling a circuit first seen in one of Ben's dreams, the alien theme is a subtle undercurrent to the rushing woodwinds and strings. It shows up a gain when Wolfgang has a dream and draws a diagram from it, and it makes its fullest effect when

the boys meet the aliens, particularly the "space pirates." The wild and wooly electronic version heard in the closing credits is the punch line of Goldsmith's joke—the alien theme proves to be nothing more or less than the highly clichéd rhythmic accompaniment to almost any rock and roll song from the 1950s. This is probably the first time most listeners will catch its rock and roll roots.



left them implicit and suggestive. *EXPLORERS* *does* entertain, and Goldsmith's score is a major component of its success.

The film was reedited slightly by the director for its home video incarnation. It is available in all formats; of these, the LaserVision video disc rates first (Paramount LV 1676), followed by the Beta and the VHS tapes. The film uses encoded surround sound tracks, with considerable effectiveness.

An MCA recording has been released (6148), which includes many of the scores highlights ("Construction," an excitingly built rendition of the main theme; "Sticks and Stones," some boys at play music not heard in the film; "No Air;" "She Loves Me;" and several others). The recording also wastes some time on three rock songs, only one of which is heard with any prominence in the film. Unfortunately, several key sequences are missing, and there is no appearance at all of the "dreams" music. But the stirring finale is present, and for what *is* included, *EXPLORERS* is a must-own release. Those who are suspicious of MCA's surfaces should note that the cassette release (Dolby B and HX Pro) sounds spectacularly fine and demonstrates little if any loss compared with the disc.



Two Tributes...continued from page 4

whirl of familiar faces courtesy of something called *Entertainment Tonight*. Things were back to normal in the entertainment business. But for a few moments the previous evening, art had its moment.

LONDON: reported by Alan Hamer

The concert tribute to Miklós Rózsa took place on 19 May at the Royal Festival Hall in the presence of HRH, the Princess Anne. Dr. Rózsa was to have been present and planned to come until almost the last moment, when his doctors advised against the journey. However, daughter Juliet Rózsa Battaglini and her husband, Albert, were on hand to represent him, lending a touch of family presence to this formal public event.

There had been many conflicting reports of the lineup of conductors to be appointed for the affair: John Williams? Jerry Goldsmith? Henry Mancini? Elmer Bernstein? It all sounded too promising to become a reality, but as the weeks of negotiations rolled on the star billing turned out just as fine as it could ever have been: Goldsmith, Bernstein, and the excellent British composer John Scott, who had distinguished himself at Filmharmonic '85 and revealed himself to be a neat, businesslike conductor, well-equipped to take on a meaty first-portion of the all-Rózsa programme.

The first rehearsal was on 18 May at the charming Henry Wood Hall. Scott was on first and he began with the three-movement *EL CID* suite, consisting of the Overture, Love Theme, and March. Rózsa had conducted the same work with the Hamilton Philharmonic in September '77; with an orchestra far less equipped to

produce the superb results achieved in Scott's run-through: a vigorous tempo in the Overture, followed by a mesmerizing violin lead by Peter Thomas in the romance, which drew spontaneous applause from everyone assembled, not least the conductor. The Festival Hall audience the following evening was equally enthusiastic over this piece. Scott's other, more substantial contribution was the complete suite from *THE THIEF OF BAGDAD* (with the "Flying Horse" sequence placed second). It was uncanny how immediate was the orchestra's ability to get most everything right from the first. On the night it came over well, with much applause after each of the movements.

After having used up less than his allotted two hours of rehearsal time, Scott made way for Goldsmith, who had been attentively listening to the overall sound of the Philharmonia. He had the enviable task of rounding-off the concert with a selection including the *LADY HAMILTON* love theme sandwiched between music from Roman epics—the March "Ave Caesar" from *Quo Vadis* and a four-movement *BEN-HUR* suite. It proved to be an apt choice of fare; Goldsmith soon warmed to the martial music, perhaps having so recently completed his own stirring *LIONHEART* score, and also displayed a delicacy of purpose in the lyrical movements not always entirely evident in his own *scenes d'amour*. A minor crisis at this first rehearsal revealed the absence of any percussion parts for the *BEN-HUR* Prelude, a matter for no little consternation for the orchestra players—and cool bemusement from the conductor.

There had been considerable problems in the weeks prior to rehearsals in locating all the orchestral parts for some of the works, which had proved both worrying and seemingly unnecessary. Nobody seemed to be able to help, and the composer himself had to be contacted as a last resort. It was generally agreed afterwards that there must be a tightening-up of such a disastrous situation to avoid repetition in future. Incidentally, the *BEN-HUR* missing parts were copied-out overnight by the orchestra's copyists to ensure smooth running at the second rehearsal, at the Festival Hall.

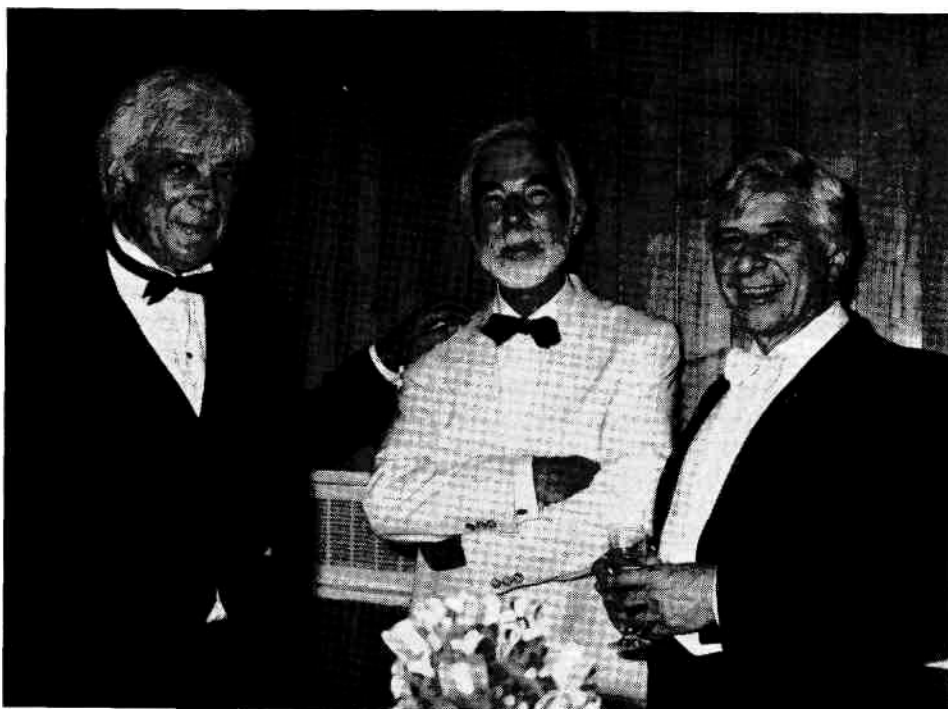
Elmer Bernstein arrived as Goldsmith rehearsed *LADY HAMILTON*, along with the two pianists, Juliet Rózsa and her husband, Marvel Jensen, and Christopher Palmer. Bernstein embraced Goldsmith as the latter descended the podium, a Hollywood moment most pleasing to witness in London. Bernstein's portion of the programme, apart from the *SPELLBOUND* Double Concerto, included the Intermezzo from *KING OF KINGS* and the *NAKED CITY* Pursuit and Epilogue, which concluded the first half of the concert. Bernstein initially seemed a curiously stilted conductor as he quite effectively began with Palmer's lengthy arrangement of the *KING OF KINGS* piece, as recorded on the recent Nuremberg album. The effect of this interpretation was somehow plaintive and bleak rather than epic, although there was nothing perfunctory in the deep intensity of the playing.

The *SPELLBOUND* Concerto, which began the second half, came off very successfully at the concert performance with keen phrasing by pianists Joshua Pierce and Dorothy Jonas, strict observance of note values, and shading of dynamics—surely what Rózsa intended within this elaborately laid out concerto adaptation. Both pianists told me of their great respect for the work at rehearsals, and worried if it would be well received. Well, it was! Despite the soloists' inclining to push ahead of the beat, which lingered at

times when compared to the recent Varese disc with the same conductor and the Utah Symphony, the overall effect was stunning. One was left with a sense of having virtually rediscovered a remote masterwork, dismissing all such problems of ensemble, remembering only the arrestingly fresh finale which carried real conviction. The applause was loud and lasting, and the performers—including the Ondes Martenot player—had to take many deserved bows.

In a radio interview, Bernstein had admitted he was very proud to conduct at this special concert, and paid tribute to Dr. Rózsa by emphasizing how great a symphonic integrity he had brought to film composition and added, "He set standards we have all tried to emulate."

The concert was introduced—conductor by conductor—by radio D.J. Desmond Carrington, the one concessionary resemblance to the Filmharmonic series, really only of benefit to those unprepared for what they were about to hear. Finally, as an encore, Goldsmith reprised the "Parade of the Charioteers," with even more strutting vigour,



Jerry Goldsmith, John Scott, Elmer Bernstein



Above: Jerry Goldsmith, John Scott, Juliet Rózsa Battaglino, Albert Battaglino, Elmer Bernstein. Below: Princess Anne, with Philharmonia Managing Director Christopher Bishop, greeting the Battaglinos. (All London photos by Doug McKenzie.)

which really brought the house down. The conductor seemed as gratified and captivated as he had at the conclusion of his own encore to a Philharmonia concert two months previously—also, as it happens, from a saga about ancient Romans (MASADA).

Prior to the concert, there was a gathering of MRS members and friends, numbering over thirty, in the bar of the National Film Theatre, and it was nice to meet again such old friends as Bill Turner, James MacMillan, Ralph Erkelenz (from Germany), and Mrs. Thaller (from Switzerland) alongside fresh converts Chris Elwell and Bret Johnson. All of us had lot to discuss and were in eager anticipation of the evening ahead.

It should be mentioned that this concert not only honoured Miklós Rózsa's eightieth birthday but was also in aid of the charity of which Princess Anne is President—the British Academy of Film and Television Arts—as well as the Philharmonia Benevolent Fund. It was sponsored by British Caledonian Airways, and all the artists and members of the orchestra donated their services. There was a formal reception afterwards at the Festival Hall—at which the various performers were presented to the Royal guest, who, incidentally, was reported to have enjoyed the evening immensely. And no wonder—it marked an important milestone in a vital and unforgettable fashion. All responsible deserve all-round acclaim. Special thanks are deserved by the organiser, Paul Talkington, who turned this event and the Jerry Goldsmith concert (and recording) of March into realities. The Philharmonia Orchestra has not been so closely associated with films as some of its London peers, and it was heartening to see such a fine ensemble take up the cause of fine film music on such a memorable occasion.



RECORDINGS (.continued from p. 2)

The Rózsa selection performed was the waltz from MADAME BOVARY. For a fuller account and an interview with David Newman see the Society for the Preservation of Film Music's Cue Sheet 5:2 (April 1988). Sundance's restoration and recording program is initiated with a version of Dimitri Tiomkin's IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE and other Christmas-related scores on Telarc. David Newman conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Also of Note: Worth looking up are two extensive articles about Rózsa in *Fanfare*; John Yoell's six-page career survey presented as a sort of birthday tribute in 11:2 (Nov./Dec. 1987); and Royal S. Brown's eight-page interview in 11:6 (July/Aug. 1988). The latter interview, conducted in March 1988 and featuring a current photograph, is the most recent to date.

The Society mourns the death of George Korngold on 25 November 1987. In addition to producing the famous Classic Film Scores series for RCA in the 1970s—an enterprise that did as much as anything to revive interest in serious film music—George Korngold also served as producer for a number of Rózsa albums on Varese and Colosseum and as music editor on several of Rózsa's late films. For a full appreciation see Tony Thomas' tribute in *The Cue Sheet* 5:1 (Jan. 1988).

The Viola Concerto has at last been published (by Breitkopf s Hartel, Wiesbaden) and is now available for study.

Video tape collectors should note at least two developments in this ever-changing field. *TIME AFTER TIME* has been reissued in splendid hi-fi stereo, and *BEN-HUR* has now appeared at a discount price, also in hi-fi stereo and with the original overture.

The Rózsa autobiography, *Double Life*, is scheduled for reissue in the United States, this time with a new preface by Andre Previn.

Connoisseurs of the complete Rózsa canon have always wondered about the rarest of all his films, *ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE* (1939; U.S. title: *THE FUGITIVE*). The film is an effective Dreiser-like melodrama about a barber (Ralph Richardson) who descends into theft and murder. Released on the eve of World War II, it proved unpalatable to audiences of the time and soon disappeared—for nearly forty years. Long thought lost, it was rediscovered by the British Film Institute only in 1985 and screened at the Museum of Modern Art in New York the next year. In its drama and its music, the film presages the Hollywood film noir tradition of the 1940s and it must now stand as one of the most effective Rózsa scores of the English period.

Miklós Rózsa received an honorary doctorate, his third, from the University of Southern California in May. (The others are from the New York College of Music and the College of Wooster.) The composer made one of his increasingly rare public appearances to accept the degree in an outdoor ceremony at the school where he taught from the 1940s to the 1960s.

STATE OF THE SOCIETY

by John Fitzpatrick

It has been over a year between issues of *Pro Musica Sana*, and our readers deserve a few words of explanation. First, I must accept a large share of responsibility myself. Personal obligations have impinged on my time more heavily of late, and the undeniable effects of "burnout" have begun to be felt. I've been doing this job for over seventeen years now, and appeals for a new director-editor have met with little success. I still have lots to say on the rich subject of Rózsa. But it comes more slowly these days.

Assembling material for publication was a practical problem in 1988. At least two promised articles failed to materialize. Even the simpler area of news gathering has been difficult. Few realize how Dr. Rózsa himself has always been our chief source of information about recordings and concerts. Despite many urgings, he never employed a secretary in the old days and always insisted on trying to answer his large volume of correspondence personally. Now illness keeps him from that task, and here (as elsewhere) no one has quite been able to fill his shoes. Despite various aids from Marvel Jensen and Tony Thomas, the assembly of our "news" pages was no easy task in 1988—and they are still not complete, particularly in the area of concert performances. Happily there are now other sources of information on the general film music scene, notably *The Cue Sheet* for Hollywood and *Soundtrack* for Europe. But PMS owes its readers a special insight into the still lively musical world of Miklós Rózsa, and we will have to do better next time.

Finally, although I continue to receive touching letters from around the world on how much PMS has meant to people—one of my chief frustrations has been that the very duty of preparing PMS has kept me from answering these letters in the detail they deserve—it is also a fact that there has been less of a "push" from readers and colleagues in recent years. I produce this journal to honor Dr. Rózsa, to express my own thoughts and feelings, and to meet a human need. There has been less expression of that need in recent years.

Nowhere was this more apparent than during my trip to California for the West Coast premiere of the Viola Concerto. Hearing this great music again,

meeting old friends, seeing Dr. Rózsa accept the congratulations of well-wishers in the auditorium, and visiting him at home the next day—all of these were moving experiences about which I could write many pages (and have done so privately). But it must be said that the Society as an organization simply was not there. Despite much advance notice, no one ever heard from the great majority of California members, for whom that weekend ought to have been the event of a lifetime. (Compare Alan Hamer's account of meeting some thirty of his European colleagues in London.) A number of explanations may be advanced for this odd failure: the decentralized culture of southern California, the initial uncertainty about Dr. Rózsa's attendance, the timidity about concert music still exhibited by a number of our members, and the genuine preference of others for the private experience of recorded music over the shared communal encounter with live performance. Nevertheless, the kind of stimulation that arises from such major events is important to me and to our organization. Remember Bloomington and Washington, Hamilton and Pittsburgh. Where shall we look to find it in the future if not in Hollywood itself?

But I don't want to exaggerate. There was still a lot of stimulation to be found in and around the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion that weekend. I remember sitting next to a woman, a total stranger, who turned out to have worked with Rózsa at M-G-M thirty years ago. Behind me, I later discovered Daniel Robbins, who had studied composition with him at USC. And in the lobby at intermission were the young Gregg Nestor, who had just commissioned and premiered the Guitar sonata, and the elderly Manuel Compinsky, who had been performing Rózsa's music and advising him about string instruments for many decades. The next day, there was even a surprise encounter with David Raksin in a university cafeteria, where his simple and spontaneous reaction to the concert—"Gee, what a terrific piece!" somehow made everything seem just a little bit more real and down-to-earth. I can even recall with fondness the disappointment of being unable to meet Fred Steiner that weekend—because he and some of his colleagues at the Society for the Preservation of Film Music had suddenly been called to rush off and rescue some old scores that a studio was about to dispose of. At moments like these the existence of a film music community in California seemed very real indeed.

In any event, the MRS will continue to do its best. In future issues we can look forward to Derek Elley's continuing examination of KING OF KINGS, Villu Viksten's copious commentary on the Rózsa discography, and a selection from the many tributes from around the world assembled for Dr. Rózsa's eightieth birthday.

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