

# 1 **The Boy on the Train, or Bad Symphonies and Good Movies**

The Revealing Error of the “Symphonic Score”

PETER FRANKLIN

The goal of this chapter will be an examination of the opening title and credits sequence of *Gone with the Wind* (1939), but my subject takes in three larger, interrelated topics, namely, nineteenth-century European symphonic music, its fate in the era of modernism, and film as a site where that fate was to some extent worked out. My angle is an unusual one in that I shall be deliberately turning around the assumption on which Claudia Gorbman’s valuable “unheard melodies” critical formula is based.<sup>1</sup> I shall not only be listening to cinematic melodies, but, flying in the face of all that we know about Hollywood scoring practices, I shall be interested in reading Hollywood movies as if they were musical in essence, on some level perhaps even *about* music and musical experience. The result may be an unstable intellectual compound that exists only impermanently within the confines of these pages, but the experiment will have succeeded if something is illuminated by the following proposals. First, that film historians might have overlooked a major historical source of cinematic narrative techniques in the practice and reception of nineteenth-century symphonic music. Second, that this could help us understand the peculiarly musical quality of early film—particularly of the sound era—in its more “art”-aspiring mode. Finally, that what have come to be regarded as “good” movies, tendentious and manipulative as they often are, tell us quite a lot about what is interesting about bad symphonies—and, by extension, what may be meaningfully suspect about good or “real” symphonies.

Let me begin with the boy on the train. Not long ago I found myself traveling from the southern suburbs of London into the city on a Saturday morning. On the other side of the carriage sat a boy of about seven with his mother. She had bought him a new toy, which could be effectively grasped even though it was still encased in its package. Looking like a carbuncular

plastic version of Siegfried's Nothung (it was plainly labeled "Crystal Sword"), it produced a grim taped sound effect of synthesized clanging when the handle was pressed, as tiny bulbs briefly flashed like sparks along its cutting edge. It was nevertheless plain that the boy was thinking about light sabers. I knew this because he was singing softly to himself the *Star Wars* march as he gazed abstractedly in the direction of the serried gardens that were passing outside the window. Now and again he would look down at the sword as his barely audible singing took in other motifs from John Williams's score and finally the heavy-footed march first eerily adumbrated at the very end of *The Phantom Menace*. Not even the eventual replacement of the drab terraced houses and gardens by broader vistas and the great wheel of the London Eye distracted him from his contemplation. His gaze moved back and forth from the sword to the window, some version of a *Star Wars* movie evidently running in his mind's eye—probably *Episode II—The Attack of the Clones*, then relatively recently released.<sup>2</sup>

What interested me about this seven-year-old's reverie would no doubt have startled his mother. I noted that he was using music to accompany or even structure something seen in his mind's eye, a sort of virtual movie; that he was effortlessly exercising a culturally complex ability that might have enabled him to understand nineteenth-century operatic and symphonic narrative; that he had picked it all up from some popular Hollywood sci-fi movies. My insistence that his skill could have been applied to both opera *and* the symphony needs justification and clarification—and leads to rather more of my topic, which is historically broad and transnational in its wider ramifications. The operatic ancestry of popular Hollywood films has often been the subject of comment; the connection is implicit in the widespread tendency to hear in John Williams's scoring techniques an appropriation of the Wagnerian leitmotif and other characteristics of opera. My traveling companion's crystal sword standing in for a light saber is another reminder of more than accidental Wagnerism in the *Star Wars* films. But, perhaps more importantly, Williams is also associated with the revival of the so-called "symphonic score"—and this is where symphonies and symphonic experience of a particular kind are legitimately invoked. This is why I am able to suggest that the boy on the train, deprived of the actual movies that had inspired his daydream, was visualizing a musical narrative in a way that could have been equally appropriate to a symphony in the nineteenth century, if we attend to historical evidence of the popular reception of such music.

First, however, we must be prepared to apply critical pressure to the notion of the symphonic score, associated with composers such as Max Steiner

and Erich Wolfgang Korngold from the classic film era. Were their scores ever truly symphonic? The inevitable cutting and pasting involved, and the music's reliance on atmosphere and thematic association, means that such scores could at best be allied only with what used to be considered "bad" symphonies, such as those in the Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninov-Gershwin vein that were scornfully dismissed by Adorno: "The sole remaining organizing factor is the schema, not work from within. The structures approximate the medley form. Song hits have become the heirs of nationally tinged thematics; the legitimate successor of Rachmaninov was Gershwin."<sup>3</sup> If film scores were symphonic, then we must accept that they were not so in the tightly organized, structurally unified sense of the Beethovenian model. They were Romantically, "decadently" symphonic, drawing on later constructions of the symphonic experience that were always edging into the popular arena. These film scores were consumer products, and accordingly vilified by idealistic critics. But we know what Adorno was up to in his passionately tendentious disapproval of the popular sphere and the culture industry that supposedly manipulated it. At least he clearly marks out the territory where what he thought of as "bad" symphonies lined up alongside the popular movies whose pseudo-symphonic underscoring he was no less exasperated by. Film was a cultural form that he deliberately and scornfully linked with Wagner, with withering critical intent.<sup>4</sup>

As always, though, Adorno offers a glimpse of a way out of the critical box he has constructed for us when he writes of the "reverse side" of Wagner's "apologetic, backward-looking relationship to the bourgeoisie":

He is no longer able to accept the cosmos of bourgeois forms wholeheartedly. Nothing already existing is tolerated, no "standard forms." . . . Nowadays, compared to the Wagnerian *décadence*, the ground is being prepared for a new decay inasmuch as musicians have lost their sensitivity in this respect and actually thirst for the conventions which Wagner strove to discard. Few things illuminate his attitude better than his remark that, when listening to Mozart, he sometimes imagined he could hear the clatter of the dishes accompanying the music.<sup>5</sup>

Perhaps those lax, post-Wagnerian symphonic "medleys" themselves possessed some vestigial critical energy after all. That perception of a critical moment in the Wagnerian decadence might have prompted a question about modes of listening. Might Adorno's idealistically "musical" attitude to the "work from within" in Mozart's symphonies even deliberately *suppress* that ghostly historical sound of dishes? Concerns about the supposedly art-insensitive class, members of which were using those dishes, prompted the nineteenth-century's quest, Wagnerian or otherwise, not

only for idealized autonomy, but also for a kind of musical experience that was more directly available to the expanding audience. This experience was ever more complex and engaging of subjective involvement rather than merely proclaiming its status as “culture” to all but the most “musical” of listeners (who could always conveniently tune out the clattering crockery).

We are forced to rely on literary evidence, on literary mediations of evanescent subjective experience, but when we view the subject from the perspective of film studies, it is striking how often nineteenth-century descriptions of musical experience involve the inner eye, from Wackenroder’s Joseph Berglinger (1797) through Wagner’s early elucidations of Beethoven, as far as (and probably beyond) Helen Schlegel’s experience of Beethoven’s Fifth in *Howard’s End*.<sup>6</sup> Musical experience, and specifically symphonic experience, was frequently recorded and described in proto-cinematic visualized narratives of startling boldness. These arguably constitute a literary subgenre. Adorno himself was steeped in that tradition and can be at his most engaging when he indulges in untheorized visualization of symphonic music (think of the dancing oxen and forest-devoured cities Adorno sees at the end of Mahler’s Third Symphony’s Scherzo, or the dream village he glimpses in the first movement of Mahler’s Fourth).<sup>7</sup>

Wagner’s 1846 essay on Beethoven’s Ninth is a locus classicus for its complex proficiency in filmic narrative, long before such a thing existed. Wagner cited extensive passages from Goethe’s poetry to clarify his reading, which was in all other respects visual from the outset, as when Wagner describes the “great chief theme, which steps before us at one stride as if disrobing from a spectral shroud.”<sup>8</sup>

Wagner’s account of the first movement does not aim to correlate events and music in any detailed way (as he had promised he would not, in his introduction, with its standard formulas about “higher instrumental music” and things “unspeakable in words”),<sup>9</sup> but rather characterizes the kind of narrative that the music seemed to him incontrovertibly to perform. This is not a miming of events so much as a strategically constructed *narrative* of events, figured as stages in a spiritual “struggle for joy” whose generalized association with the individual subject Wagner takes for granted. Only in the cinematic era are we able to be more articulate about the strongly visual narrative rhetoric that we are dealing with—one marked, for example, by a rapidly cut montage in the central section: “we think we see two giant wrestlers. . . . In passing gleams of light we recognize the sad sweet smile of a happiness that seems to seek for us . . . force, revolt, defiance, new quest, repeated struggle make out the elements of a ceaseless motion in this wondrous piece.”<sup>10</sup> Wagner presents the movement’s close as a startling “dolly-

back” shot to a panoramic view of the symbolic battlefield, dominated by the personified mood of joylessness, again *seen*: “expanding to colossal form, [it] appears to span the all, in awful majesty.”<sup>11</sup>

Narrative accounts of the middle movements of symphonic suites, from Tchaikovsky to Mahler, would typically locate them in another time frame from that of the primary drama enacted in the outer movements, and would usually locate them in the past. Wagner’s account of the Ninth’s Scherzo is interesting for its internal cinematic “cuts” and suggestion of a kind of “flashback” to earlier events. He characterizes the movement’s opening as the entry into a “new world” of breathlessly onward-rushing celebration. Particularly interesting is his description of the main structural articulation of the movement, for which no validating formal explanation is given (although it might have been): “With the abrupt entry of the middle-section there suddenly opens out to us a scene of earthly jollity.”<sup>12</sup> Again Wagner cites lines from Goethe about feasting “folk” (often the nineteenth-century symphonic scherzo was located in an idyllic past or a bucolic realm). The account closes with a “cross-fade” and the flashback already referred to—here effected without the cumbersome stage machinery that would clutter Wagner’s attempts to realize similar cross-fading or “dissolve” scene changes in the first *Ring* cycle at Bayreuth:

We are not disposed to view this banal gaiety as the goal of our restless quest . . . our gaze clouds over, and we turn from the scene to trust ourselves anew to that untiring force which spurs us on to light upon that bliss which, ah! we never thus shall light on; for once again, at the movement’s close, we are driven to that earlier scene of jollity, and now we thrust it with impatience from us so soon as recognized.<sup>13</sup>

Such descriptions open a valuable window onto mid- and later-nineteenth-century symphonic reception, and not least on the reception of the popular symphonies that catered to a growing audience of those seeking passionate, inward experiences in public places. The popular character of that experience was typically discursively feminized for reasons that might have seemed wonderfully and provocatively confirmed by Tchaikovsky’s patron Madame von Meck, who wrote of his Fourth Symphony:

These divine sounds embrace my whole being, excite my nerves, drive my brain to such an exalted state that I have spent these last two nights without sleep, in a sort of delirium . . . musicians can only appreciate it with their intellect, but I listen and feel and empathize with all my being. If I must die for listening to it, I shall die, but still I shall listen.<sup>14</sup>

What I am calling the “symphonic experience” seemed indeed to have given concert-goers license to think and feel the unthinkable, the transgressive, even to self-destructive ends. That experience was systematically scorned in official intellectual discourse on music, a discourse in which “merely subjective” or “extra-musical” associations were ever more influentially trashed in favor of “purely musical” responses that would create their own repertoires of both conservative and high modernist varieties. It was in the era of film, in the early decades of the twentieth century, that Madame von Meck’s kind of music had its heyday in the movie houses.

I do not propose to solve here the question of whether entertainment film accompanied by what we broadly call Romantic or late Romantic tonal music in the nineteenth-century symphonic manner should be considered as a repressively “managed” version of musicalized narrative experience, or rather as an empowering permission to access such efficiently engaged modes of internal experience (what we readily write off as escapism). The surprising similarity of the forms of film and symphony, historically and socioculturally, can nevertheless be confirmed by the similarity of the discursive and critical operations that converge on them. This almost brings me to *Gone with the Wind*, a cinematic “great work” that exemplifies the complex issues involved in assessing whether films of that era were accompanied by music or rather *driven* by it. I am also interested in it as an exemplar of the way in which Hollywood in the 1930s and ’40s mediated a whole constellation of issues, which might be imagined as arranged around a loose Adornian dividing line between high-culture-oriented modernism on one side and mass culture on the other. These issues inevitably included European immigration and cultural appropriation, the politics of American identity formation, and, yes, matters linking symphonic reception with the American Civil War and the impact of Margaret Mitchell’s famously popular novel.

There is no single fixed term of reference here; the relevant cultural contexts and creative practices were in an evolving and historically shifting and developing relationship. The proximity of symphony and film in this period, however, is certainly attested by stories of classically trained musicians who so deliberately valued cinema’s music that they adopted an “eyes wide shut” approach to film’s overspecific and restricted image world. Readers of Brendan Carroll’s biography of Erich Wolfgang Korngold will encounter the delightfully British composer and teacher Harold Truscott, who, at the age of twenty-eight, claimed to have written enthusiastically to Korngold about his 1941 score for *Kings Row*.<sup>15</sup> Carroll recalls the following: “He told me in 1975 that he saw *Kings Row* on more than thirty occasions just to

hear the score, once with his eyes completely closed, and was able to memorize and write down the major portions of it."<sup>16</sup> Mozart's supposed subversion in transcribing Allegri's papally protected *Miserere* has given way to the passionate reclamation of music too "common" to be accorded the dignity of being considered works of art. The implications of this are confirmed by a more recent development in film-music culture and marketing that directly involves *Gone with the Wind*.

The liner notes for Charles Gerhardt's 1974 recording of what the CD cover calls "Max Steiner's Classic Film Score *Gone With The Wind*" included Rudy Behlmer's account of how the recording project developed out of conversations with Max Steiner (who had, however, died in 1971).<sup>17</sup> The aim was to produce something longer than the thirty-minute suite that Steiner had originally prepared and recorded in 1954. The terms in which Steiner discussed the project, and in which Behlmer presents it, reveal a specific concern to release a "real" symphony derived from the more operatic and inevitably fragmented film score (Steiner might almost have been reading Adorno on medley-symphonies and "work from within"):

Recording the entire score Steiner felt would be totally impractical and unmusical because some of the melodies occur in incomplete or rearranged ways—sometimes as often as 20 times during the picture—and he saw no need for this repetition. . . . The objective was to offer a longer, more inclusive and permanent memento of the original film that would stand on its own and . . . present a substantial work in the form of a one-movement symphony or symphonic poem based on the music from "Gone with the Wind."<sup>18</sup>

The interesting ambivalence about whether the result is more a memento of the film or a self-sufficient "one-movement symphony" points forcefully to the congruence, or at least complementarity, of the two worlds of nineteenth-century symphonic music and twentieth-century film, where each reveals something important or otherwise hidden about the other. Current video and DVD versions of *Gone with the Wind* also valuably enable comparison of the experience of Max Steiner's functional overture—a genuine if rather downbeat medley of tunes from the main score, designed to accompany audience arrival (for seat banging if not dish clattering)—and the more operatic or, indeed, symphonically prelude title and opening credits music, which Gerhardt's recording enables us to hear "truly" symphonically. The boy on the train might have understood my ironic scare quotes. Musical purists would have to be warned to close their inner eye and concentrate on the voice-leading for fear of suffering a more authentic, if covert, symphonic experience that the movie itself (as we shall see) could be construed as "realizing," rather in the way that music students may be

asked to realize a figured bass. Whether listeners know the movie or not, this music seems almost unavoidably to evoke episodic glimpses of a grandly visualized narrative to come and to summon a world of imagined cinematic experience. For us, now, this may largely be a matter of acquired cultural knowledge. My suggestion, nevertheless, is that the film could equally well acquire the force of an historical commentary on how to read musical narrative in the late nineteenth-century symphony.

My ironic dig at “pure” musical listeners, who, unlike Harold Truscott at the movies, must presumably keep their eyes wide *open* in order to avoid those unmusical inner-eye pictures, might be a cue to turn to politics, and the specific politics of musical meaning. Or might we, in fact, talk in the same way about the politics of meaning in *film*? Note the following two extracts from early reviews of *Gone with the Wind*. Here is one from the *Hollywood Spectator* in 1939; its writer clearly believed in pure film, if not pure music: “There is no flag-waving in the picture. It takes no sides in the controversies it records, preaches no sermons, points no morals—just lets us see humanity in action and uses a little group of wholly unimportant people as the symbols of what it wishes to express.”<sup>19</sup> Compare this, by the black writer and dramatist Carlton Moss, from the *New York Daily Worker* (written in early 1940, it was titled “An Open Letter to Mr Selznick”):

Whereas *The Birth of a Nation* was a frontal attack on American history and the Negro people, *Gone with the Wind*, arriving twenty years later, is a rear attack on the same. Sugar-smearred and blurred by a boresome Hollywood love-story and under the guise of presenting the South as it is “in the eyes of the Southerners,” the message of *Gone with the Wind* emerges in its final entity as a nostalgic plea for sympathy for a still living cause of Southern reaction.

The Civil War is by no means ended in the South, Mr Selznick. It lives on and will live on until the Negro people are completely free.<sup>20</sup>

The politics of meaning is here equivalent to a politics of reading, critical reading, in film as it is in music. This is true of the symphonic tradition above all, where, as I have already suggested, the passionate movies that ran before the mind’s eye of the concert-goer were zealously trashed as crutches for the musically lame, even by those who indulged in and provoked them. That Hollywood movies may thus reveal something about the very cultural tradition to which they were reckoned to represent a debased coda is further emphasized not by Steiner himself—like Korngold and most big-name Hollywood composers of the period, he always had a hankering for the Old World and coveted the status of “great composer”—but by that interesting

early critic of film music, Bruno David Ussher. In an extended essay on the *Gone with the Wind* score, published in 1940, Ussher celebrated Steiner's score as no mere accompaniment:

Max Steiner's music adds motion and emotion to the long narrative of Civil War days in Georgia. It sets the atmosphere melodically and motivates the action before the picture itself flashes on the screen. It serves as a frame for sections of the picture, giving individual scenes rhythm and combining unity to their total of varied impressions. The score tells of battle where the spectator is spared the implied horror even of make-believe death and vast destruction.<sup>21</sup>

This reading comes close to validating my otherwise apparently eccentric suggestion that Hollywood movies might, from one angle, be about music and modes of musical reception as much as anything else. Steiner's music gives *motion* as well as *emotion* to the visualized narrative. More than just providing atmosphere, the music narrates the story "before the picture itself flashes on the screen"; it structures and binds together the movie; and, above all, it "tells of battle," showing us something of the Civil War's horror more directly than the film ever could (Ussher might have been referring specifically to the entr'acte and the striking montage sequence that opens part two, with the superimposed text: "And the wind swept through Georgia . . . SHERMAN!").<sup>22</sup>

This, of course, is not to bypass the question of politics. Should we regard this music, in Adornian fashion, as part of the tendentious "sugar smearing" to which Carlton Moss reacted so violently? Thereby, as ever, hangs a tale that is just one episode in a whole anthology about modernism and mass culture and the fate of late Romantic symphonic music in America (and perhaps in Europe, too). It is a tale that concerns the transgressive or empowering moment of the otherwise manipulative subjectivity of these movies, of this music; it constantly raises the question whether it *is* transgressive or simply manipulative—under the "orders of the determining ideology," as Adorno had suggested. This, once again, is a matter of the politics of how we read ambivalent meaning that flips readily from one side to the other of the interpretative line, like the brief but grandiose musical composition that accompanies the *Gone with the Wind* titles.

This music features and is structured by ever more expansive iterations of the score's main theme, the so-called "Tara" theme. Its shamelessly manipulative, critically anesthetizing, and thus more or less "hysterical" character has led to its coming to stand for almost the whole genre of classic-era Hollywood film music, just as the film's complex "heroine," Scarlett O'Hara, would come to stand emblematically all the starring female roles

in classic-era movies. If we make the not-so-bold step of linking the two and suggesting that the leitmotif of place, of the land, is also a leitmotif of its owner, Scarlett herself, then we have a stronger purchase on how important our analysis of that theme might be. That association both invites and challenges the conventional critical tropes applied to such tendentiously and regressively persuasive music in the age of high modernism. The critical legacy of feminism might relevantly be invoked as we question what precisely the film *is* manipulating us to be persuaded of, just as we might now question the standard modernist or even Adornian line on the relevant symphonic models for the “Tara” theme. When we begin to consider such models, the relevance of such a comparison to the still little-charted territory of late-nineteenth-century symphonic meaning immediately becomes clear. The “Tara” theme speaks the language of engulfing late Romantic musical pleasure in its most grandiose and climactic mode. There are echoes in the theme, and in its orchestration, of the main “love” theme of Tchaikovsky’s Fantasy Overture *Romeo and Juliet*—a theme that performs the utopian, but of course ill-fated, linkage of erotic fulfillment with an envisaged overthrow of repressively divisive cultural and social norms. We might also compare the “Tara” theme with the heroic finale theme of a more overtly nationalistic symphony like Sibelius’s First, although the stoic insistence on the third degree of the scale in the Sibelius melody contrasts with the more jagged outline of the “Tara” theme, with its emphasis on the dominant (more energetic in its *preparation* for the tonic than in its arrival thereon). The similarly roller-coaster outline of the comparable theme in the finale of Rachmaninov’s Second Symphony, conclusively and repeatedly descending to the tonic, more directly celebrates achievement and arrival, in however disheveled and overwrought a state.

It was these various shades and varieties of the state of being “overwhelmed” that attracted the gender-related tropes of elitist modernist criticism of such music and the kind of cinematic pleasure that it seemed to signify. And it is here that the complicating ambivalence of such pleasure, seen from an early twenty-first-century perspective, invites other observations, other kinds of critical assessment of films like *Gone with the Wind*. Beyond the specific historical context and political agenda of the movie and the novel, the character of the “Tara” theme, with its recurring and structuring significance (associated with key dolly-back shots to the celebrated silhouette of the house under a foregrounded tree), may be as difficult to assess in any conclusive way as is Scarlett O’Hara herself. The hysteric, the emblematic seducer who is never committed to her victims—perhaps committed only to the land and the outmoded, slavery-based class system that sup-

ported it—is also the strong, transgressive woman who overcomes her culturally constructed gender role to challenge and manipulate men, including Clark Gable; the threatened rape in part two demonstrates that she will also shoot them when necessary.<sup>23</sup>

In order to project that ambivalence out onto wider and more conventionally “political” issues, my concluding comments will focus on the close of the title sequence and the quotation of “Dixie.” In his 1940 pamphlet, the enthusiastic Bruno David Ussher presented a picture of emigré Max Steiner—whom he interviewed while he was tending the fruit trees, artichokes, and strawberry beds surrounding his “quietly furnished villa in Beverly Hills” (does Ussher hint at a miniature Tara?)—as a composer who personally sympathized with people who, like him, had “felt the withering blasts of war.” He also pointed out—in what is almost an aside in his essay, which stressed the extent of Steiner’s musico-historical research and his concern to avoid anachronisms—that Steiner had lacked

justification for the use of voices, the picture rarely depicting negro life or work in the field. Steiner employs a vocal background when “Dixie” is first heard in the opening title sequence, but he has wisely refrained from stressing the words. The human significance of the tune is brought home by the very presence of the voices.<sup>24</sup>

It is, of course, fascinating that this choral coda to the main titles is *not* included in Gerhardt’s “symphony,” as if in response to the implications of Ussher’s nervousness about a song that had come to be known as the Confederate anthem and would be banned in many U.S. schools in the late 1960s as racist in its associations. These associations had less to do with the song’s original folksy text about black cotton workers’ loves and dreams than with the new words added by General Albert Pike (“Southrons, hear your country call you”), and perhaps with the song’s probable origin in Dan Emmett’s black-face minstrel song.<sup>25</sup> The song therefore suggests the white *construction* of a slave mentality, whose meaning in the movie depends very much on whether you hear the wordless voices as representing those of the briefly glimpsed slave workers, or of a patronizing choir of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose sentiments (and sentimentality) might be those of the tendentious and sugar-smearing text on the screen that accompanies the music (text that seems to have no source in Margaret Mitchell):

There was a land of Cavaliers and Cotton Fields  
called the Old South.  
Here in this pretty world Gallantry took  
its last bow . . .

Here was the last ever to be seen of Knights and their  
 Ladies fair, of Master and of Slave . . .  
 Look for it only in books,  
 for it is no more than a dream remembered.  
 A civilization gone with the wind . . .

By omitting the choral coda from the “symphony” version, Gerhardt oddly draws attention to its presence in the film at the end of the dazzling title and credits sequence. There it contributes to the realization of the nineteenth-century symphonic experience in a remarkable way, provoking involvement, a realignment of the passion aroused by the “Tara” theme, and, perhaps, a troubling moment of empathy or unease. The sadly humming singers of “Dixie” look back with complicatedly inflected nostalgia to a world whose heroism was misplaced, a world whose victims they may have been and which has indeed now gone. The retrospectively cleaned-up symphony of the “classic score” recording bypasses those problems, for reasons that may have been purely economic. Alternatively, the cleaning up could have as much to do with an unhistorical and uncritical notion of so-called “classical music” that the film seems much better, and more subtly, to understand, would we but listen *and* look.

## NOTES

1. I am referring, of course, to the formula described in Claudia Gorbman’s path-breaking book, *Unheard Melodies: Narrative Film Music* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1987), and I am following in the wake of others who have responded to the challenge of Gorbman’s formula and its rooting in psychoanalytic theory. See, for example, Jeff Smith, “Unheard Melodies? A Critique of Psychoanalytic Theories of Film Music,” in *Post-Theory: Reconstructing Film Studies*, ed. David Bordwell and Noel Carroll (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1996), pp. 230–47.

2. *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones* was released by Lucasfilm Ltd. in 2002. My train journey took place in May of that year.

3. Theodor W. Adorno, *Introduction to the Sociology of Music*, trans. E. B. Ashton, (New York: Seabury Press, 1976), pp. 166–67.

4. See, for example, Theodor W. Adorno, *In Search of Wagner*, trans. Rodney Livingstone (London: NLB, 1981), p. 46.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 48.

6. Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder’s “The Remarkable Musical Life of the Musician Joseph Berglinger” (1797) is translated in Strunk’s *Source Readings in Music History, Volume 6: The Nineteenth Century*, ed. Ruth A. Solie (New York: Norton, 1998); see, for example, p. 21. For a characteristic piece of Wagner’s writing on

Beethoven, see “The Ninth Symphony (with parallel passages from the poems of Goethe),” originally published as Wagner’s essay “Beethoven’s Choral Symphony in Dresden” (1846); the Ashton-Ellis translation is reprinted in *Wagner on Music and Drama: A Compendium of Richard Wagner’s Prose Works*, ed. Albert Goldman and Evert Sprinchorn (New York: Da Capo, 1988), pp. 167–76. The relevant section of E. M. Forster’s 1910 novel *Howard’s End* is in chapter 5.

7. See Theodor W. Adorno, *Mahler: A Musical Physiognomy*, trans. Edmund Jephcott (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1992), pp. 8–9, 44.

8. Wagner, “The Ninth Symphony,” p. 167.

9. *Ibid.*

10. *Ibid.*

11. *Ibid.*, p. 168.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 169.

13. *Ibid.*

14. Alexander Poznansky, *Tchaikovsky: The Quest for the Inner Man* (New York: Schirmer, 1991), p. 347.

15. For the 1942 form letter sent out by the Warner Bros. Music Department in response to the many inquiries about the music for *Kings Row* (explaining that it remains unpublished and unrecorded), see Rudy Behlmer, *Inside Warner Bros. (1935–1951)* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1986), p. 142. Harold Truscott (1914–92) was active as a composer and teacher in Britain until his retirement in 1979.

16. Brendan Carroll, *The Last Prodigy: A Biography of Erich Wolfgang Korngold* (Portland, OR: Amadeus Press, 1997), p. 306.

17. Charles Gerhardt, with the National Philharmonic Orchestra, *Max Steiner’s Classic Film Score “Gone With the Wind”* (RCA Victor GD80452, BMG Music, 1974; remastered 1989).

18. *Ibid.*, liner notes, p. 12.

19. Richard Harwell, ed., *Gone with the Wind, as Book and Film* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1983), p. 153.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 157.

21. *Ibid.*, pp. 161–62.

22. In its current DVD format (Turner Entertainment and Warner Home Video 2000), the entr’acte begins side B and was clearly intended as a curtain-raising overture to the second part of the movie, which opens with a black screen and a roll of drums before the montage (opening with slow-motion cannon smoke and flames) with superimposed text as described.

23. The issue of Scarlett’s “hysterical” character was instructively addressed in a curious 1976 article by Dr. Charles E. Wells, “The Hysterical Personality and the Feminine Character: A Study of Scarlett O’Hara,” reprinted in *Gone with the Wind, as Book and Film*, pp. 115–23.

24. Bruno David Ussher, in *Gone with the Wind, as Book and Film*, p. 165.

25. On the complex history of “Dixie,” see Howard L. Sacks and Judith Rose Sacks, *Way Up North in Dixie: A Black Family’s Claim to the Confederate Anthem* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2003). The following observations must be

judged in the light of Lawrence Kramer's important chapter "Powers of Blackness," in *Musical Meaning: Toward a Critical History* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 2002), p. 198, where he discusses citations of black music that do not identify with the "powers of blackness" but rather "enclose" them. According to Hilton Als in *The New Yorker* (26 September 2005, consulted online on [www.newyorker.com/critics/content/articles/050926crbo](http://www.newyorker.com/critics/content/articles/050926crbo)), Jill Watts's recent book *Hattie McDaniel: Black Ambition, White Hollywood* (New York: Amistad, 2005) includes a reference to Martin Luther King Jr., aged nine, having sung "in the all-black chorus that sang in the movie theatre before the lights went down" at the premiere of *Gone with the Wind* in Atlanta.