

comes for the film; even the informed and musically erudite film fan is interested in a cinematic ensemble of elements, and not just the music.

Music critics of a certain period vigorously criticize film music, and for many good reasons. Hans Keller bemoans alienated listening states, their institutional proliferation and codification, and the distraction and “unbeauty” they imply. He fiercely criticizes the bad and just as fiercely defends the worthy individual film composer, stating finally that the music must be defended, and that mere functional use is offensive.<sup>10</sup>

Adorno decried fashion, thieving, rootless eclecticism, and found in these things emblems of twentieth-century alienation, insincerity, and artlessness. Here he was describing Stravinsky’s “Magpie” period, condemning an acknowledged genius whose genius made his transgressions all the more egregious.<sup>11</sup> But Stravinsky’s pastiches were at least confined to musical territory. Elsewhere popular music (for example, the Brill Building sound), and film music too were so hopelessly entangled in the deplorable conditions, and so without the talents and traditions that might have pulled them out, that they were pretty well beyond hope.

Edward Said reaffirms these regressions in modern contexts. Few amateur musicians remain, noise pollution dominates, mechanical reproduction creates a paradoxically obliterating musical ubiquity.<sup>12</sup> Said discusses the spectacle of the concert hall, and a transformation that has obtained in relation to it. “What competes with [concerts] is not the amateur’s experience but other public displays of specialized skill (sports, circus, dance contests) that, at its worst and most vulgar, the concert may attempt to match.”<sup>13</sup>

This shift in binaries is precisely what Wilfred Mellers so mourns. The professional-amateur axis becomes one of the professional and the professional transposed, while the humble, the human, is shut out. For Mellers, for all, modern music has cut out the amateur, and to pursue the implications etymologically, has eliminated love from the equation.<sup>14</sup>

Here is the oxymoron of industrial art making, the “regression to that pre-industrial stage of composition which, in Hollywood, is regarded as the basis of expertise.”<sup>15</sup>