

possible to adhere to the literal—or literary—form of the original, and it thereby lost some of its force. The siren episode where an agitated Bloom indulges in a little pudenda peeking at the beach has faint but unfortunate comic overtones. There are curiously dated references to the Jews taking over England that had better been cut or altered. (The advance of time from Joyce's 1904, observable in modern cars and rapid transit, is otherwise not at all bothersome.) To pick on such lapses, however, is less important than to praise the film's rare virtues.

The invidious comparison of Strick's fantasy scenes with Fellini's is not meant to imply that the camera work that distinguished Strick's *The Savage Eye*, *Muscle Beach*, and *The Balcony* is any less impressive here. Dublin, its streets and bridges, its pubs and back alleys, is beautifully filmed. Especially good are the opening tower sequence, Stephen's interior soliloquy on the beach shot against a background of gull-flecked sky and shining, empty strand, and the Cyclops scene in a pub, where a collection of barflies bait Bloom about his cuckoldry and being a Jew, the camera moving from face to face to register the winks and sneers and Bloom's growing awareness of his alienation. Finally, Molly Bloom's reverie again demonstrates how apt the medium is for Joyce.

MILO O'SHEA's Bloom is gently, sweetly played. The cast, mostly drawn from the Abbey Theatre, meets his high standard. Maurice Reeves is appropriately brooding as Stephen, Barbara Jefford is as blowsy and avid a Molly as could be imagined, T. P. McKenna's Mulligan is a triumph of swagger.

The producers, the Walter Reade Organization, pulled off a neat coup of finance and publicity in releasing the film first in a three-day blitz at high prices, allegedly to beat the censors to the draw, then in returning a few weeks later with a second run at the same prices and with an arsenal of critical acclaim to mow down the censors, who turned out to be men of taste—or of straw. Be that as it may, the producers are forgiven anything for having brought us this superlative film.



A Disappearing Art

ROLAND GELATT

THAT once-thriving institution, the Lieder Abend, may be headed for extinction. Certainly the ranks of song recitalists have thinned alarmingly since the time, twenty-odd years ago, when sellout audiences would come week after week to hear the likes of Lotte Lehmann, Povla Frijsh, Maggie Teyte, Elisabeth Schumann, and Roland Hayes. Today, singers who will risk a concert devoted entirely to French or German song can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But these remaining custodians of the art are at least kept busy in the recording studios, and from them a few outstanding song albums have recently been coming our way.

At the top of the list goes a two-record set containing Schubert's *Winterreise* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* cycles performed by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten (London OSA 1261, stereo; A 4261, mono). In my opinion the Pears-Britten team outdistances all present competition (yes, I am aware of the Messrs. Fischer-Dieskau and Moore), and to have their interpretations of these great song cycles on records is cause for immense satisfaction. Pears never possessed a conventionally mellifluous voice, and now, after more than a quarter century before the public, his singing sometimes sounds dry and strained. But these blemishes appear insignificant when set against the marvelous nuances of vocal communication he can still command. He shapes the line of a song with what can best be described as controlled freedom, permitting himself a kaleidoscopic range of inflections within a rigorous rhythmic framework. You can put down the needle

almost anywhere on these records and hear this vibrant elasticity of phrase giving point and life to the music. Two examples that linger in my memory: the subtle darkening and distention of the line "Ich bin zu Ende" from Schubert's "Im Dorfe," and the tiny ritardando and hint of a sob at the end of Schumann's "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen."

But to speak of Pears without reference to his collaborator at the keyboard is to tell less than half the story, for this is even more the pianist's show than the tenor's. Britten has an unfailingly creative approach to these songs, almost as if he had composed them himself. Never is there the slightest hint of routine in his playing. The jabbing accents, the sudden shifts from staccato to legato, the carefully weighted chords, the keen sense of coloration (note the bright horn calls and galloping hooves in "Die Post"), the imaginative highlighting of inner voices—all this is fascinating, poetic, and utterly convincing. There are other estimable interpretations of both cycles on records, but none to equal the originality and fresh beauty of Pears and Britten. Lovers of Lieder will count this one of the great recordings of the century.

THE MOST RECENT Elisabeth Schwarzkopf recital is a catchall selection of "favorite songs," ranging from Schubert to "Danny Boy" by way of Schumann, Wolf, Debussy, and Rachmaninoff (Angel 36345, stereo and mono). Like all such collections, it has its ups and downs; but since a whole recital today costs little more than a couple of songs

in the era of 78s, it hardly matters if every band isn't a winner. I would feel I had my money's worth if only for Schubert's "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," sung (and played, by Gerald Moore) with a limpid repose that haunts the ear. The record includes seven songs from Wolf-Ferrari's *Italian Songbook*—luscious, robust settings of traditional Tuscan poems that must be great fun to sing.

Another Schwarzkopf release collects seventeen Hugo Wolf songs under the rubric "Songs from the Romantic Poets" (Angel 36308, stereo and mono). It proves that even the formidable Wolf could write drab and uninspired music—surely we would not remember him if his reputation were based solely on such tiresome stuff as "Singt mein Schatz wie ein Fink." But there are three masterpieces on the record: that most lovely of all German lullabies, the "Wiegenlied im Sommer"; "Wie glänzt der helle Mond," an old woman's radiant vision of heaven; and "Der Schäfer," which tells of a lazy shepherd in the throes of love. Schwarzkopf and her pianist are at their considerable best in these songs—the soprano's soaring legato has never sounded more ravishing than in the poised "Gut Nachts" of the lullaby.

FRITZ WUNDERLICH's untimely death last fall cut off in mid-flight the career of Germany's most talented light tenor since the halcyon days of Richard Tauber. It was a gorgeous voice—bright, pure, ringing—and with it went an innate musicality that always kept Wunderlich within the bounds of good taste. These qualities are all present in his last recording—a Schubert set comprising the *Schöne Müllerin* cycle and seven additional songs (Deutsche Grammaphon 219-20, stereo and mono; two discs). Considered purely as vocalism, a more ingratiating performance of *Die Schöne Müllerin* would be hard to conceive. This miller boy is the last word in confident ardor and dulcet dolor. He is also rather boring. Too many of the strophic songs in the collection wear out their welcome before they are over, and Hubert Giesen's demure accompaniments are of no help.

Visions of Depravity

HENNIG COHEN

THE NAZI DRAWINGS of Mauricio Lasansky, the most searing artistic representation of this episode in the long history of man's inhumanity, are being shown at the Whitney Museum in New York through April 30 following an inaugural exhibit at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. They consist of thirty sketches made with pencil on ordinary wrapping paper, occasionally torn and pasted together again or pasted over with cutouts from the Bible or newspapers, and toned sparingly in thin red and brown washes. The drawings are large, some of them larger than life.

Without captions but constituting a sequence, they are a subjective, specific, and coldly furious response to the Nazi outrage in terms of the agony of the tortured and the self-destruction of the torturers. Civilians, rather lightly sketched in, shade off into politicians, the mili-



tary, and the church—all partners in a fiendish dance of death that has the curiously frozen quality of an obscene comic strip. Teeth, hair, skin, bones, uniforms, and clerical garb—documents transformed into pervasive images—raise the gorge of recollection. The main action is a hideous coupling that generates violated children. It seems hardly possible to me that anyone who was of age twenty years ago could view these drawings without the nausea of personal fear and shame. Yet I refer to their subject as an "episode" because the significance of the series depends upon its perception with detachment and within a tradition; and while Lasansky is deeply involved in the particular event, he is even more sensitive to the sweep of history.

Now that their topicality has pretty much worn away, the recent exhibition of drawings and prints by Goya at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Aubrey Beardsley show at the Gallery of Modern Art in New York, both likewise concerned with the depravity of man, supply a context in which the Nazi Drawings may be seen historically. We know the Peninsular War only vaguely. Hence Goya's French hussars and Spanish *guerrilleros*, for example, are archetypal barbarians and his pilloried prisoners in dunce caps evoke timely though chance associations with such matters of the moment as Red Guard rituals of debasement. The details of Beardsley's *Yellow Book* may have escaped us, but we know a lubricious woman when we see one. In time we shall lose our private responses to the specific references of Lasansky's drawings, whereupon their general, mythic nature and their potential for educing topical associations will come to the fore.

GOYA was an artist of immense vitality, capable of looking straight into the heart of mankind without being destroyed or even turning sour. He was as realistic about the way of the world in his years of good health and good fortune as when the Napoleonic savagery broke loose or when he turned deaf or as he moved about the degenerate Spanish court, and his skill increased with his age. He recorded the outer world of man realistically, in corrosive little genre scenes, and went on to sketch the nightmare world of the spirit. The real world included bullfighters, lovers, hunters, dancers, beggars, drunkards, prisoners, vain old women, lecherous priests, quack doctors, street brawlers, and hired killers, and it culminates in the charnel pits. He stopped at nothing, and the drawings and captions he gave them are explicit: "The death of the bailiff Lamiños. Because of his persecutions of students and streetwalkers, they gave