

portrait. We see some of Jacqueline's own collection of vigorous Picassos, largely of herself, not to be viewed elsewhere, and, near the end, a striking shot of an oversize photograph of the artist looking intensely alive, with two tulips stuck in a glass on the floor in front of him.

**SEGOVIA: An
Autobiography of
the Years 1893-1920**
by Andrés Segovia
Macmillan, 1976, 207 pp.
\$10.95
L of C 76-42291
ISBN 0-02-609080-5

The great guitarist's witty, well-turned memoir of his early years, translated by W. F. O'Brien, is not simply a variant of the oft-told gifted young man's struggle. It is also the story of a knight errant's private crusade to raise the status of an instrument that was long considered beneath notice by serious music lovers. Segovia told a well-wisher who tried, for the sake of his career, to woo him away from his guitar: "I would never turn my back on the guitar. It needs me; the violin doesn't." Among the difficulties he faced was a lack of music written for the guitar. When he landed his first contract for a series of concert hall appearances, he exclaimed, "My kingdom for a repertoire!" Segovia's genius prevailed. Soon many composers were adapting old favorites or writing original music for his "Cinderella among all concert instruments." Insouciant drawings by Vladimir Bobri illustrate an appealing story.

THE TALE OF GENJI
by Murasaki Shikibu
Knopf, 1976, 1,090 pp. 2 vol.
\$25
L of C 76-13680
ISBN 0-394-48328-6

The "shining Genji," hero of the most famous story in Japanese literature—and of the world's first historical novel—comes to us in new dress, courtesy of translator Edward G. Seidensticker, who introduced 1968 Nobel prizewinner Kawabata Yasunari to the West. Seidensticker provides a version of Genji's 10th-century adventures and affairs of the heart that is shorter and pithier than the beautiful but embroidered translation by Arthur Waley of a half century ago. *The Tale* as Waley shaped it, has been read and reread both by Orientalists and by countless lovers of romantic novels. It was written by Lady Murasaki, a sharp-eyed baroness of 11th-century Japan. In both translations, Genji's story begins with his birth as a son of the Emperor and a lady of the court. But it does not end

with his death at 52. The complexities of plot involve 47 major characters (one courtesan is named "Lady of the Evening Faces") and endless intrigue. Genji's father abdicates in chapter 9, to be succeeded by Genji's brother, who abdicates in chapter 14 in favor of a lad also believed to be Genji's brother, but who is in fact Genji's son. Seidensticker's literal rendering of this classic work offers more than good entertainment. From its puns, poems, and offhand bits ("It was the mark of her want of culture that her delight should be so unconditional, and take no account of such matters as the proper color of a fan"), discerning American readers can gain a new understanding of many values in Japanese life that survive to modern times.

MEMOIRS

by Pablo Neruda
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
1977, 370 pp. \$11.95
L of C 76-27329
ISBN 0-374-20660-0

This luminous, informative, moving, and very funny book, posthumously published in English, collects the random memories of the railwayman's child born in the primeval forests of southern Chile who, even as a diplomat and Nobel-prizewinning poet, never lost his sense of wonder. There is not an ounce of padding. Neruda (1904-73) distills his life's landscapes—Santiago, Paris, Rangoon, Colombo, Singapore, Madrid, Mexico City—into vivid sketches, well translated by Hardie St. Martin. A huge cast of characters springs to instant life: public figures, eminent and obscure artists, nitrate workers, revolutionaries, intensely private eccentrics. In 1945 Neruda was elected to the Chilean Senate; in 1948 his arrest was ordered. In 1949 he fled Chile, crossing the Andes to the South, but was welcomed back in 1952. A Communist Party member for much of his adult life, he seems able to probe everything in the tumult of his days except evidence of what he calls the Party's "weaknesses." Telling stories about his "volcanic" artist friends in Mexico during the period shortly before Stalin's exiled foe Leon Trotsky was assassinated there, he writes in passing that "someone" sent the painter David Alfaro Siqueiros "on an armed raid" on Trotsky's home. Someone?