

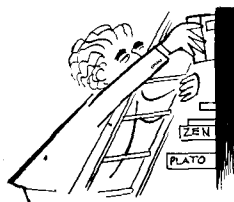
# TRADE Winds

**AT APPROXIMATELY** two o'clock on the afternoon of March 15 the prime minister was climbing up the ladder to the topmost shelf of the Stechert-Hafner bookstore on East Tenth Street, New York. There he reached out for a distant, obscure volume that he had his eye on, I don't know its title, but it was one of about forty books that David Ben-Gurion picked up that day in a remarkable tour of New York's bookstores, made during his nine-day visit to this country.

The sight of a prime minister browsing through the shelves is enough to gladden the heart of any bookseller. Having him purchase more than \$150 worth of books is enough to set back browsing a couple of centuries. (According to the definition, browsers leaf through, never buy.) He ordered these at the place mentioned above and at Brentano's Fifth Avenue store. He had them delivered to his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria and the bill sent to the Israeli Consulate. (It's okay; the tab

will be deducted from his salary when he returns home.)

Since there are more bookstores in Israel, per capita, than in almost any other country, especially ours, why does the P. M. buy them in New York? Well, he has rather specialized tastes. He wanted "Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History," by Munshin Mahdi, for example, and Dodd's "Plato's Gorgias"



and Tolman's "Purposive Behavior in Man and Animals." And Mr. Ben-Gurion was after orientalism, Greek philosophy, existentialism, and Zen Buddhism. Furthermore, he reads ancient Greek, as well as English and French.

That's why he climbs ladders in New

York, I guess, rather than poking around the drugstores and bookstores of Tel Aviv.

**JULIET LOWELL** is at it again, collecting those hilarious letters. Her new book, "Dear Folks" (Putnam's), consists of correspondence from small fry to teachers, parents, Santa, and so on. Kids writing home from camp, for example, are priceless. Here's one that a youngster named Kent Bernard penned: "Dear Mom. I got your phone call. Love, Kent."

**A FELLOW NAMED** John Aldridge has let himself in for a peck of trouble by writing a novel. It's called "The Party at Cranton," and McKay will bring it out in a couple of weeks.

The reason the professor is in for trouble at the age of thirty-seven is that he has spent a lot of his time in the last few years in books, articles, and reviews riding the heck out of the novels and novelists of our day, and in essays and lectures telling everybody how to write. He has made them mad, too.

Now he's gone and written one himself, his first novel, and an unusual one it is. For example, it's the first novel I've read in which there is no dialogue. Apparently the whole thing takes place within one guy's head at a cocktail party.

Aldridge is sitting it out as writer-in-residence at a fancy Virginia college called Hollins. The literary world, having heard plenty from Aldridge over the years, now has a chance to talk back. I wonder what kind of party it's going to be.

**AT THE** University of Pittsburgh they have just opened a Book Center that's probably the finest thing of its kind in the country. It's a two-story, air-conditioned building in the middle of the dormitory area, and it offers students the most amazing array of services you're likely to find on any campus.

The central area of the main floor is devoted to newly published books of general interest, both hardcover and paperback. More than 3,000 paperbacks are displayed full face, arranged by publishing house. There is a Fine Book Room with a brick fireplace, leather-upholstered chairs, and walnut paneling where rare books are kept, and where there is also the largest display of university press books found in any store in the nation.

On the same floor there is a section that carries books on the fine arts, reproductions of paintings and other prints, sculpture, and other art objects. The Book Center's special services department will search for out-of-print books and take orders for foreign

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language books, back issues of periodicals, and books not in inventory.

The Book Center provides a record section with private listening booths, engineering and art supplies, and a photographic department where visual aid equipment, slides, film strips, and related items can be obtained.

The textbook and reference department on the lower floor has a capacity of 50,000 volumes. The books are in stacks, arranged according to the school and departmental divisions of the university. That is, a student will find together the books required or recommended in each of his courses. All items in the Book Center have the price marked. It's self-service, and you pay at a check-out counter at the main entrance.

**IDDZIES AND ODDZIES:** "Inside Marriage" (Evergreen) is the best thing yet done by Tomi Ungerer, that talented Alsatian-American artist-writer.

► Overheard: "If he were alive he'd be a mighty sick man."

► The Society of American Historians has awarded the \$500 Francis Parkman Prize for 1959 to Matthew Josephson for his book "Edison: A Biography" (McGraw-Hill).

► Two people, Mrs. M. H. Winton and Digby Butler Whitman, have separately informed me about a sign in the Township of Greenburgh, New York. It reads: NO LITTERING PUNISHABLE BY FINE. Mr. Whitman says there's another good one in Amesbury, Massachusetts: NO DUMPING SELECTMEN.



► The Eberhard Faber Toy and Game Company will soon put out a Junior Executive desk set for kids which contains a desk blotter, calendar, pens, pencils, petty cash vouchers, checkbook, and one "Eater's Club" credit card. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

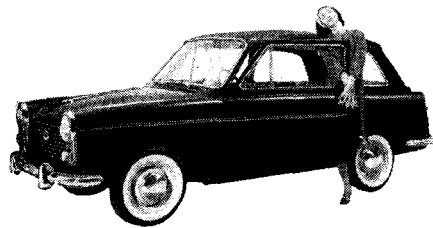
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S  
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1357)

ELAINE B. SUSS:  
BEST FACE FORWARD

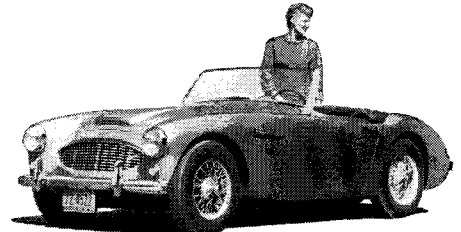
From the gnomes of generations  
Told in various translations—  
Beware of pastures that seem greener  
than your own. . . .

It is no wonder that we find  
A less enchanting face behind—  
The moon was clever to have kept  
that side unknown.

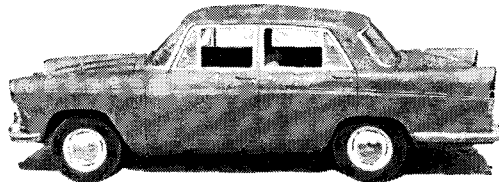
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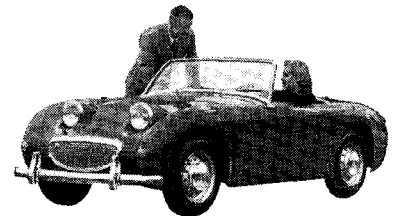
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# RUSSIAN WRITING:

## *A Soviet Editor's Report*

By ALEXANDER CHAKOVSKY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last summer, the editor of *Saturday Review* was in the Soviet Union under the cultural exchange agreement between the United States and the USSR. While in Moscow, he was a guest at a staff meeting of *Foreign Literature*, one of the leading literary publications in the Soviet Union. During the course of the discussion, SR's editor proposed that both the *Saturday Review* and *Foreign Literature* debate outstanding questions—cultural, political, ideological—between the two countries. A list of topics would be agreed upon; each magazine would then provide space for the simultaneous publication of the opposing articles.

Mr. Alexander Chakovsky, the editor of *Foreign Literature*, called for a more modest approach. The ensuing discussion established the fact that SR's editor was not entirely happy about the knowledge of American writing in the Soviet Union, and that Mr. Chakovsky was even unhappier about the knowledge of Soviet writing in America. This led to the following arrangement: *Foreign Literature* would supply SR with an article on Soviet literature which we would publish without editing. In return, SR would have equal space in *Foreign Literature* for an article it would prepare on American writing.

The accompanying article is the first step in that agreement. Mr. Harrison Smith, associate editor of SR, is writing the article on American literature for the Soviet journal.

—N.C.

IN THE SOVIET UNION, foreign literature is printed in editions running into hundreds of thousands and millions of copies. Even in the "deep freeze" years of the cold war our magazines and publishing houses did not, or virtually did not, reduce the printings of translations of Western belles-lettres.

We cannot approach the publication of foreign literature from a purely utilitarian, political angle as is done in certain Western countries. We regard this as something constant: translations of foreign literature are a great factor linking nations and helping them to enrich one another spiritually and promoting reciprocal spiritual enrichment. I do not mean to say by this that we are indifferent to the contents of the books we translate. Our reader is fond of and often prefers books that are close to him in ideological and spiritual content. Our sentiments and way of thinking best accept books describing the life of the people, books dealing with social conflicts and the peoples' efforts to create a better future. Naturally, therefore, such books are more readily printed by our publishing houses. But preference does not imply discrimination. Therefore, here we have been publishing and still do publish foreign writers who stand on the sidelines so far as social struggle is concerned or adhere to political views opposite to ours. Nevertheless, their subjective honesty and talent enable

them to write books that truthfully describe certain phases of the life of their country and people.

That is why we have been printing and reprinting such American authors as Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell, Saroyan, and Arthur Miller and such writers as Mauriac, Moravia, Greene, Böll, and Remarque, in addition to the recently published representatives of Britain's Angry Young Men, and many, many others. In 1958-59 alone 54,000,000 copies of books by foreign authors were published in the Soviet Union. But this is not all. Such magazines as *Inostrannaya Literatura*, with a circulation of 70,000, and other literary magazines and papers whose combined circulation runs to about a million copies, systematically carry articles and literary works, résumés and reviews of modern books published abroad, and the works themselves. Moreover, in the big Literary News section of *Inostrannaya Literatura* we reprint the reviews contained in publications abroad of the latest books which we ourselves have not yet managed to read.

This is the general pattern of things here. However, it would be sheer immodesty to deny possible shortcomings and blunders made by us in presenting translations of foreign literature to the public.

Can it be said that contemporary Soviet literature is printed in a like manner in the West, and in the