

**THE BIRTH OF "VICTORY":** At Geneva, in 1955, when Nikita S. Khrushchev, farmer, miner, politician, soldier, statesman, and writer, began to woo the West with smiles, tourists, and delegations, Elliott B. Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton & Co., had an intriguing idea. Churchill had penned his memoirs: so had Eisenhower; and both had become best-sellers. Why not Khrushchev?

A few days ago, during an interview in his book-lined office on New York's Park Avenue South, Macrae, energetic, intelligent, and grey-haired, told a story of excitement and frustration: how Dutton became the first American firm to publish Nikita S. Khrushchev in the United States. In the salad days of the Geneva Spirit, Macrae began, he dropped Khrushchev a note suggesting that if he, Khrushchev, would write his autobiography, he, Macrae, would be delighted to publish it. Khrushchev, who must have been busy preparing his historic attack against Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress in February, 1956, did not answer. Undaunted, Macrae asked the Soviet Embassy in Washington for a tourist visa to Russia. He received his visa in May, 1956, and within a week he was in Moscow.

From his hotel, overlooking Red Square, Macrae called Khrushchev. No answer. He called again. Still no answer. Finally, Khrushchev's secretary returned his call. No, Mr. Khrushchev would not see Mr. Macrae—contract or no contract. Despondent, Macrae went to see United States Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen. "Chip told me that Khrushchev was probably too involved to see anyone. Perhaps, he said, the Soviet Foreign Ministry could help."

Macrae tried, but he could not find a Soviet official who was bold enough to commit Khrushchev to writing his autobiography. Soon Macrae's visa expired, and he was forced to return to New York, contract unsigned.

In 1957 Macrae did get a Soviet author, but it was not Khrushchev. It was Vladimir Dudintsev, author of "Not by Bread Alone," an unorthodox novel that excited Russian intellectuals during the hectic time of the Hungarian revolution. In the fall Dutton published Dudintsev. A few months later Dutton published Marek Hlasko, a young Polish rebel who described the frustration of life in Warsaw in "The Eighth Day of the Week."

Macrae's interest in "curtain" literature boomed in 1958. He discovered that the Russians had just published an English-language edition of Stalin's, Roosevelt's, and Churchill's wartime correspondence. After an involved exchange between Macrae and Moscow, Dutton obtained exclusive rights to publish this Soviet version of the correspondence in the United States. The Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow had only one proviso: no tampering! Through a process called photo-offset, Dutton finally published the correspondence in the fall of 1958.

Six months later, as the Soviet Union celebrated Khrushchev's sixty-fifth birthday, Moscow published a mammoth, though carefully edited collection of his major speeches, pronouncements, and interviews of 1958. This bulky book was translated into many foreign languages, including English, and it was titled "For Victory in Peaceful Competition with Capitalism."

Macrae asked the Am-Rus Literary and Music Agency, official representative of the Foreign Languages Publishing House in New York, for permission to publish "Victory." In October, 1959, after Khrushchev's triumphant tour of the United States, Moscow said "yes."

The Dutton contract was signed by the Soviet commercial attaché in Washington on behalf of the FLPH. It stipulated that royalties would be paid to the FLPH in Moscow—not to Khrushchev himself. It further stipulated that Dutton had to publish "Victory" exactly as it had appeared in Moscow. No introductions. No editing. No refinement. "Victory" is 784 pages of virgin Khrushchev—thanks once again to photo-offset.

"There was a clear understanding," Macrae said, "that there would be no changes, and there haven't been any in this book whatsoever."

Did Khrushchev get an advance? Well, the contract says he can ask for one, but we don't think he will."

Did Macrae think Khrushchev would sell? "Absolutely. Our first printing is 15,000, and we have already had to distribute about 40,000 circulars on this book."

What about the Chairman's next book? "Oh, we have an option on Khrushchev's next book; presumably, it will be his autobiography."

So, Nikita S. Khrushchov (that is how Khrushchev is spelled in "Victory"), who leads a government that is not signatory to the international copyright convention, has an American publisher.

—MARVIN L. KALB.

## 2. State of the Unions

By Victor Riesel, *nationally syndicated newspaper columnist*

**HIS ENEMIES** called him "Bobby," as though being young were as heinous a crime as those with which they etched their terror on the people of the land. Soon his enemies called him other names, as lewd as their philosophy that the public be damned and that every dues-payer is a sucker to be looted in turn. This "Bobby," Robert F. Kennedy, chief counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field, couldn't be reached, couldn't be tempted, couldn't be stopped in his drive to rip open at the seams an ugly "Thing."

That "Thing," it seems to me, was and is the American prototype of old-fashioned Fascism—the mélange of muscle, terror, and fire by night; the breakdown and corruption of law and order; the smirking disdain for civil liberties and due process; the merging of crooked elements that seized some unions, and then tying them to those who were corrupt inside management.

There are those of us who took seriously, therefore, the statement of a shocked committee chairman, Senator John McClellan, that this nation was threatened by a gangster economy. This is the sordid story Robert Kennedy tells swiftly, in journalese style in his book, "The Enemy Within" (Harper, \$3.95).

The book—a skilful weaving of the more dramatic moments of the thirty-month saga of his committee, its probes, and the dangers of seeking out the enemy within—if you'll permit me the phrase—is mainly about James Riddle Hoffa. Kennedy did what came naturally. Jimmy Hoffa is most of the challenge.

Still Kennedy's "bio-pic"—as *Variety* would put it—is far more than the story or just another full-length piece about Hoffa. It is to the Sixties in fast, anecdotal style what the profundities of the Strachays and their roads-to-power, their democracy-at-the-crossroads volumes were to the prewar decades. For this is the story of the coming to power of a man many consider second only to those who can command vast government forces, such as the President of the U.S. or J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI.

The story is told by a man who at thirty-two started a unique quest. He wanted to seek out underworld forces mulcting the Government purchasing divisions and looting unions. A pleasant

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# There Will Always Be an English Novel

*From "Gulliver's Travels" to "Lucky Jim" England's Fiction Is a Timeless Thing.  
SR Selects for Review Five New Novels Which Continue this Literary Sequence.*

By HUBERT SAAL

**T**HE ENGLISH novel has never faltered. It's a broad river fed endlessly by myriad sources, from commonplace streams of polished storytelling to frequent enough tributaries of major contributions. Since the war there have been Kingsley Amis and John Braine and now the strong current of Keith Waterhouse, author of "**Billy Liar**" (Norton, \$3.95).

This is a brilliant novel, in language fresh and sweet, with characters vivid and singular in an inventive and dynamic story. It teems, it bursts with originality. Thanks to the protagonist, Billy Fisher, who makes the ordinary exotic, the familiar new. What *we* miss, Billy, marvelously selective, sees. He can't help himself; he's a creature of Zen or a magical instrument through which the world must appear truthfully. Billy's heart rebels against life's clichés, all the stock actions, emotions, and language. "Everyone I knew spoke in clichés," Billy says. "But Rita spoke as though she got her words out of a slot machine . . ."

The story occupies one decisive day in the labyrinth of Billy's life, the day he tries to escape from Stradhoughton, a mill town in Yorkshire, and go to London to be a writer. Stradhoughton is no place for Billy. He is a bright

butterfly newly emerged from the chrysalis and lost in a world of dull moths unused to sunshine. His liveliness is smothered, his curiosity throttled, his wit mocked, and his clear sight called madness. His parents are unloving and unreceptive. When the word Billy needs most, love, pops up unexpectedly in his mother's speech Billy thinks, "I had never heard her say it before and it sounded strange on her lips . . . as if the word had just been invented like Terylene."

Manly though he is, childishness still clings to Billy like bits of lint which he is forever trying to brush off. He daydreams; not ordinary dreams but hilarious and ingenious fantasies like that of his country Ambrosia, where his subjects salute left-handed. He calls this voluntary fantasy "number one thinking." Number two thinking is involuntary and concerned with desperate measures for desperate situations—like what he would do if he found a lighted firecracker in his ear.

As in his two worlds of daydreams, Billy is torn between hopes and fears. He needs and wants help from someone in the mysterious world of adulthood. But there is no one to comfort him, or to tell him that he is true and Stradhoughton false.

By the dawn of Billy's big day he is entangled in a net of his intriguing

deceit. His fantasies have got out of hand. He has spiced his life with whopping imaginative lies, some minor mischief, and even a little embezzlement. He is very hard on the postage stamps of the funeral parlor where he works. He has also got himself engaged to two girls at once, neither of whom he cares a fig about.

Rita is one, the other, Barbara, whom Billy calls "The Witch." She is, rather. He hates her. But she repels him so much she attracts him. Even the aphrodisiacs he slips her succumb to her icy charms. There is a third girl, Liz, bright, dear, and just right for Billy. But she is real and Billy is afraid of that.

By the end of his eventful day, all the stray ends of Billy's deceits curl up around him. But even when he breaks away his own fears subdue him. He might fail in London, he might starve. The dreams and lies which were a barrier between him and Stradhoughton have become a barrier between him and life. Late at night, awaiting the London train without hope, he begins to daydream. "I tried hard to shut it down and find myself, myself, but not knowing what to do for characteristics." Poor wonderful Billy has been too long at the fair to distinguish now between real life and the midway.

A different corner of England—Kent—



Keith Waterhouse—A strong current.



John Goldthorpe—Kindly and wise.



Raymond Postgate—The grand scale.