

John Fraser has lived in Rome since 1980. Previously, he worked in England and Canada.

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**What is victory? What would victory actually be in our present world?
What would revolution be – and what would happen after?**

In John Fraser's latest tour de force, Mack meets an old combatant, a revolutionary, his revolution accomplished: satisfied. He leaves his girlfriend Sophie, but never shakes her off. He tries revealed religion, mysticism, sex. Through his showy friend, Paco, he meets Aurora – a flaky performer, a woman every man would die for her. He tries to define what's on the inside from the outside – specifically, a poor, resource-rich country, between revolt and foreign intervention.

He joins a committee deciding between a project for reform: justice: complicity ... or colluding with a persecuted opposition. Complexity gradually comes to prevail... He takes refuge in isolation, a leisure centre-cum retreat, where political plotting carries on, a kind of Mongol wave may be in preparation. He recoils: neither reform nor revolutionary onslaught – both certainty, predictability, that is, and destruction – are to his taste.

As his latest girl is seduced by his new best friend, he returns to the beginning: for tomorrow is the victory...

Fraser's work is conceived on a heroic scale in terms both of its ideas and its situational metaphors. If he were to be filmed, it would need the combined talents of a Bunuel, a Gilliam, a Cameron. Like Thomas Pynchon, whom in some ways he resembles, Fraser is a deep and serious fantasist, wildly inventive. The reader rides as on a switchback or luge of impetuous attention, with effects flashing by at virtuoso speeds. The characters seem to be unwitting agents of chaos, however much wise reflection the author bestows upon them. They move with shrugging self-assurance through circumstances as richly detailed and as without reliable compass-points as a Chinese scroll.

John Fuller, Whitbread Award winner and Booker Prize nominee

Front cover illustration:
Viktor Koretsky,
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World, 1965, Poster.



TOMORROW THE VICTORY JOHN FRASER

TOMORROW THE VICTORY



JOHN FRASER

'the most original novelist of our time'

John Fuller

AESOP Modern Fiction

'I don't fear flying,' says Mack. 'My fear's of falling.'

'How many times do I hear that!' says Paco. 'Fear's fear. What do you want, Mack? I showed you everything there is to see. Maybe not the drunks in doorways – you can imagine those. But you know – half the world is women: they're called that. Every shape, and every wish. You wanted one, just one? Staked it all on just one of them, one could be not here or there, and not with you? That was a bold bet, Mack, no one would counsel it. You could have wanted other things, and gone for them: addiction. A mantra. A hamster in a wheel. If it was a slave you wanted – there's all kinds – some you inherit, some you capture, then you manumit or screw. Some you shackle, some you contract, write an indenture. Revolution – that's big, in the history of slavery, and sometimes you end with goats – you have to cut their throats. Hang them up, by their feet, make their ending really sweet...'

'You're right, Paco,' says Mack. 'You can't take it serious. No one takes risk or vanity serious – except an idiot.'

from Tomorrow's the Victory

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