RUSSIA'S NEXT PRESIDENT

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Category: Opinions

Prof.Hovhannes I. Pilikian, London UK, Gibrahayer, June 2010

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On a Friday in May (the 28th to be precise, 2010), I popped in to buy a CD of Chaliapin I adore, that great 19th century Russian baritonal *Basso* singing arias – my own Three Tenors are Caruso, Pavarotti, and … Chaliapin! They have produced not a *tremolo* between them in their long careers of singing, evidenced even by the primitive technology that would easily have picked up on such in the time of Caruso and Chaliapin. Any singer with any *vibrato* in their voice will sound like a broken record. Broken records (like the voice) used to get stuck in a groove and sound exactly like the modern *vibrato*-riddled singers …
The very gallant Director of the Pushkin Centre, an orchestra Conductor who has grown into his majestic surname, Mr. Julian Gallant kindly invited me to attend the book launch that day advertised as a Russian language event – he re-assured me that there will be a translator into English. And there was – an excellent one, Miss Yelena Cook – I only stayed because of her verbatim translation. And thank God I did stay … It was a Revelation on a biblical scale.

The Russian Ambassador, a giant of a man, a cleanly shaven Viking … in an English solicitorial striped suit was presiding – there was a whole delegation (as if in Soviet times) of distinguished personalities, from Moscow, with the book's writer, the translator (into English), the Muscovite Russian publisher of the same, the Muscovite Russian publisher of the original in Russian, and the impressive seemingly non-mafia looking handsome Businessman subsidizing the lot … it must cost him a fortune, as the original edition (in Russian) of the book is already a huge bestseller in Russia, the German translation (we were told) is a runaway success, and the American edition will soon be out!

But what is this amazing book about? It is a non-sensational, mild biography, clean and wholesome of a … Sergey Mironov.

Sergey, who?

I am of those who believe that Russia is still a superpower … it will re-emerge to restrain the dangerous madness of American hyper-imperialism that is destroying the world – witness the latest BP oil spill. Therefore, the affairs of Russia have indeed great global significance.

Sergey Mironov, a silver haired St. Petersburgian (some would say 'pure') Russian, pensively staring out of the cover of the book with an avuncular smile, is the Speaker of the Russian Senate, who even has already a political party to his credit called ***Just Russia***.

And no one has heard of him in our country – Oh how effectively the British news media Barons keep us the rabble in Britain, in intellectual ignorance and blindness … I have never come across yet an interview with (say) the President of China, or Venezuela, let alone a Sergey Mironov and his Just Russia. Only when the Hollywood film-director Oliver Stone released a documentary on President Hugo Chavez of Venezuela, did the world-famous BBC just send a TV journalist to do an obnoxious interview with him in typical condescending BBC imperialist semi-racist house-style.

Last but not least, in fact first and foremost Mironov's personal Assistant (and the Party's Secretary) was also present, and made a speech at the book launch.

The author of the book is a very handsome journalist with classical Russian looks – Miloslav Naryshkin – he could have walked out of Pushkin's tales …

The title of his book meriting such a bizarre launch – with an Ambassador of a superpower and a distinguished delegation in a … tiny room and no guests to speak of, is perhaps the most exciting bit of a book that may be totally boring for corrupted Western tastes; Red is Where I'm Coming From .