



IN MEMORY OF MAURO MARTINI

In *east*'s Dossier no. 4, we published a wonderful article by Mauro Martini on new Russian literature. Martini died suddenly of cancer at the beginning of August. The "Foglio", "L'Espresso" and "Il Manifesto", among others, paid their respects. Here we publish what seemed to be the most meaningful parts of the article by Adriano Sofri in the "Foglio" of 9 August. "He was born in 1956. I am writing about him without sufficient preparation to explain the force and originality of his thought. (...) He was aloof and sometime even surly, reserved and almost secretive. I met him 20 years ago, which is not much for my life and the way it has gone. He smoked a Tuscan cigar; he was quite laconic, except when consulted on Slav questions, about which he knew everything, and other subjects about which he knew a lot. He had a slight stammer, which he often used as a way to put some distance between himself and the person he was speaking to; also on television, you might have seen him a few times on *Otto e mezzo*, with his head totally shaved, like a Russian convict. (...) He was Venetian, and was so attached to Venice, though living there little; he felt in exile everywhere else, and used Venice for its cosmopolitanism and its natural and generous polyglottism. In love with Venice, he felt at home in St. Petersburg. He became a professor of Russian language and literature in Trento in 1997, quite late in life, as the so-called academic world kept him at bay because he came from journalism, actually militant journalism, though his support was expressed in the most solitary, independent and unbiased way. If they had known! Before journalism

welcomed him in the manner he deserved, he used to go back and forth to the USSR as an interpreter and a guide for Italturist. It was then that he acquired his intimacy not only with the language but also with the landscape, which already in 1987 lit up his book *Le Mura del Cremlino* [*The Kremlin Walls*]. Another good reason that aroused academic diffidence was his incomprehensibility as a scholar. One of his best friends, Attilio Scarpellini, said he had never known anyone who so confidently dealt with Pushkin's prose and the occurrences of the orange revolution in Ukraine. (...) I remember long discussions with Mauro, at the time of the supplement 'Fine secolo', on *Oblomov*, which was one of his favorite readings. Among his favorite authors were Dostoevsky, Turgenev, and the intuition of a superfluous man, a sentiment with which he might have joined his soul, and Majakovsky, to whom he dedicated a beautiful essay on the resurrection, for 'Nuovi Argomenti', and Pasternak and Bulgakov, and the Milosz of *My Europe*, and Solzhenitsyn himself".

WHEN THE UN WAS FOUNDED

Dear Editor, the UN was not founded in Bretton Woods on 24 October 1945, as I wrote in the article *The U.N. Reform? More Courage and Efficiency* in issue 5 of *east*, but was conceived in San Francisco at the conference started on 25 April 1945. It actually saw light on 24 October, after the treaty which established the Organization was ratified by the five members of the Security Council and the majority of the other 46 countries participating at that time.

From the 1st to the 22nd July

1944, Bretton Woods hosted the United Nations Monetary and Financial Conference, which then gave rise to the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, which then evolved into the World Bank. Bretton Woods preceded the UN, though founded as a tool of the "United Nations". As a matter of fact, in 1942 Franklin D. Roosevelt started using this expression to refer to the set of nations which would emerge from the Second World War.

Donato Speroni

My apologies to east and its readers; one can never check enough.

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