

Moscow's Selective

Moscow

President Nixon's first summit visit here in 1972 began like a restrained and tentative testing of the waters of detente. His second visit yesterday began like a jovial reunion.

Where two years ago, Leonid I. Brezhnev, the Soviet leader, had held himself in reserve at the Kremlin, he broke with official protocol yesterday and went to Vnukovo Airport himself, upstaging President Nikolai V. Podgorny and Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin, who were beside him for the official greeting.

It was Brezhnev, beaming broadly and his gray hair blowing in the snappy breeze, who strode across the tarmac to welcome Mr. Nixon like an old partner in detente. The two men plunged into smiling courtesies before the Soviet translator could catch up to them.

In the tangle of people at the foot of the stairway from Air Force One, Brezhnev was bubbling with welcomes, introductions, and handshakes for Mrs. Nixon. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and other members of the presidential entourage.

After reviewing the troops and taking the colors together — Mr. Nixon got a smart "hoo-rah" from the Russian honor guard — the two lead-



AP Wirephoto

Grinning broadly, Communist party leader Leonid Brezhnev and his wife extended a greeting to President Nixon when he came off Air Force One.

ers went over to greet a crowd of Russians bused in for the occasion. Their reaction to Mr. Nixon and Brezhnev was friendly but subdued. They vigorously flapped their little paper Soviet and American flags as the two men approached, but made no sound.

As the two men turned to walk away someone shouted at them and they turned back, apparently to pose for a brief moment for an amateur photographer.

At intersections along the

17-mile route from the airport to the Kremlin, where the President and Mrs. Nixon will stay, gray-uniformed police and internal security troops cordoned off sidewalks and pushed people back to the building lines or even 100 yards away from the route of the passing presidential motorcade.

Perhaps 20,000 people, most of them in four carefully organized, screened groups, were standing on the sidewalks along the route.

The heart of Moscow

seemed almost as deserted as on a holiday. Blocks around the Kremlin were shut off to traffic and concentric rings of police held ordinary people back.

"I wanted to see the President, but they wouldn't let me closer," complained a man stopped at the Lenin Library, 200 yards away and out of sight of the Borovitsky Gate entrance used by the presidential motorcade.

At October Square, along the route, three lines of brown-uniformed internal security troops held back the crowds. Police hounded a woman selling ice cream out of the area and moved the crowds 100 yards back down a side street.

"What's going on?" a young man asked his girlfriend.

"Nixon's coming," she replied.

"I don't understand why they won't let us see," he commented. And they walked away.

At about 2 p.m., the security forces swept clear the open square opposite the Kremlin's Borovitsky Gate, an area now nicknamed "Nixon Square" by Muscovites because two years ago in advance of Mr. Nixon's visit, it was razed of old dilapidated buildings and planted with a well-groomed lawn to provide a nice vista up to the old czarist mansion

Welcome for Nixon

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that forms the back section of the Lenin Library.

The security sweep cleared out not only normal pedestrians but a National Broadcasting Corporation television crew which had set up to photograph the President's dramatic entrance into the Kremlin.

They were told they needed press accreditation. They went and got it but were still turned back. "You need special passes," said a Moscow police lieutenant.

Then, shortly before 3 p.m., as a President's jet was landing at Vnukovo Airport, long columns of Rus-

sians were led through the security lines into the square. They were formed into ranks about five deep on both sides of the Great Stone Bridge crossing the Moscow river and in the "Nixon Square" on the final approach to the red-brick Kremlin walls.

It was all over in an instant. The only warning was the passing of two yellow police Mercedes and one big black Chaika. Then came the humming roar of two flying-wedges of motorcycle police protecting and flanking the long black Zil that carried Brezhnev and his American guest.

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