

# Soviet Poem Lauds America and Detente

8-10-74  
NYT

Special to The New York Times

MOSCOW, Aug. 9 — As President Nixon left office, the Soviet Union tossed up an artistic bouquet today in honor of continued Soviet-American détente.

It was in the form of a new poem by Yevgeni Yevtushenko called "International Détente" that was published in the day's issue of Izvestia, the Government newspaper, side by side with its news reports.

In a telephone call to The New York Times bureau here from his hospital bed outside Moscow, Mr. Yevtushenko said he wrote the poem two days ago when it had become clear that Mr. Nixon was about to leave office.

The poet has been hospitalized for two months with an inflamed pericardium.

The poem, as translated by The Times, follows:

Near the Pushkin monument  
I see an American student in  
velvet jeans  
With a worn, suede shoulder bag  
That does not smell of winter—  
The winter we have overcome.

And the windows are open wide,  
The casements turned out.  
Cold war, you are rat-dead,  
Although still, now and again,  
Your hand emerges  
From the rusty coffin,  
Lifting up its lid  
To seize hold of us.

Preparing for a flight to the stars  
We have settled accounts, thank  
God,

With the cold war crone  
And, I believe, no one has power  
To drench America and Russia  
With icy water ever again.  
In shady Yellowstone  
There are still few tourists  
From our Mother Russia

But time will not turn back.  
The men of Aeroflot will rush us  
To New York, as in a taxi.

Let friendship be a wise school,  
Not an unprincipled mixture of  
kvas and cola  
But a blessing for every country  
in the world.

I do not accept spiritual con-  
cessionism.  
I believe in the conscience and  
wisdom of my fellow humans.

Distances diminish,  
and Russians and foreigners,  
Observing the secret silence,  
Stand at the holy flame  
To the unknown soldier,  
Which will burn forever.

And a lady artist from San  
Francisco—  
Not a spy and not a racist—  
Makes her drawings in her album.  
Her copper-colored pigtail looks  
young...  
International détente  
Is strolling the streets of Moscow.

A young American woman  
Who expects something out of  
life,  
So pretty and happy,  
She read to Yevtushenko,  
And today in GUM she tore  
A hole in the knee of her stocking.

Over the spring waters  
We stroll along with young  
America  
Without wrinkling our brows.  
We argue. In the argument, we  
squabble,  
Then we make a sort of com-  
promise with each other.  
But here there is no contradiction  
With the law of the class  
struggle.

Kvas, mentioned in the  
fifth stanza, is a popular  
Russian drink made of fer-  
mented bread. GUM, in the  
eighth stanza, is the acronym  
for the name of Moscow's  
biggest department store.