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Reciprocal Dinner, Spaso House (Peter/John)

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IMMEDIATE

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RELEASER

ROUTINE

RECORD #

FROM/LOCATION

1. Nancy Roberts - Speechwriting

TO/LOCATION/TIME OF RECEIPT

#381. Rick Ahearn - Moscow

#392. Cathy Fenton - Wash DC

3. (East Wing - Social Off)

4. John Dannerbeck - Speechwriting (+6286)

TOR: 261323Z

INFORMATION ADDRESSEES/LOCATION/TIME OF RECEIPT

1.

2.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS/REMARKS:

This is final reciprocal dinner toast for printing - with changes incorporated.

UNCLAS

CLASSIFICATION

Final text for printed
version only.

(Robinson/ARD)
May 26, 1988
3:00 p.m. (Helsinki)

PRESIDENTIAL TOAST: RECIPROCAL DINNER
SPASO HOUSE
MOSCOW, USSR
TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1988

Mr. General Secretary, Mrs. Gorbachev, distinguished guests
and friends:

It's a pleasure to host all of you tonight -- and to reciprocate, in a small way, the hospitality you lavished upon us yesterday evening. While the General Secretary and I had already held three meetings before this one began here in Moscow, each of those earlier encounters took place in the autumn. The days were growing short, the weather ever grayer and colder. It makes for a bracing, delightful change to have this meeting take place at the high point of spring, a time of long, light-filled days.

I know that Nancy was looking forward to her springtime visit to Leningrad where the play of light upon the rivers and canals can add the special splendor of the season to a city splendid in any season. And everywhere there is a sense of history -- especially of Leningrad's immense courage and sacrifice during the Second World War, surely one of the most stirring epics in the whole human story.

Here in Moscow, I've been reminded a number of times during this springtime visit of a passage in a book about your country by Laurens Van der Post. Especially struck by the city's churches, Van der Post wrote that when he caught his first sight of the Moscow skyline, he saw, "...the light of an unusually pure evening upon it. That light was alchemical and it transformed

- 2 -

Moscow into a city of gold, the tops of the spires and pinnacles drawing the rigid forms of the... skyscrapers after them into arrows of gold aimed at the arched and timeless blue."

So we, too, have found Moscow -- a city of beauties. A city, especially, whose pinnacles and spires remind one at virtually every turn of man's ancient capacity for aspiration, for reaching out toward the light.

It's a particular pleasure to be able to welcome you to Spaso House -- a house of considerable beauty in its own right -- the residence of our Ambassadors to the Soviet Union. During the 55 years of diplomatic relations between our two nations, Spaso House has served as one of the principal settings for exchanges between us -- exchanges formal and informal alike.

There have been some splendid moments within these walls. Prokofiev once conducted his marvelous "The Love for Three Oranges" in this very room. As wartime allies, our representatives met often under this roof. And Ambassador and Mrs. Matlock have continued the tradition of making Spaso House a centerpiece of American culture, a place to receive and talk with Soviet officials -- and with people from all walks of life, and from all parts of the Soviet Union.

But there have also been quiet times in this house -- unnaturally quiet times. Times when difficult relations between us meant that this house -- this huge, magnificent house -- stood virtually empty of visitors. I'm told that it was even possible to hear the Moscow Metro rumbling past, ever so faintly, deep in the earth below.

- 3 -

Mr. General Secretary, we know that, on many matters of great importance, we will continue to differ profoundly. And yet, you and I have met four times now, more often than any previous President and General Secretary. While our discussions have sometimes been pointed or contentious, we possess an enlarged understanding of each other, and of each other's country. On specific matters of policy, we have made progress, often historic progress. And -- perhaps most important -- we have committed our nations to continuing to work together -- agreeing that silence must never again be permitted to fall between us.

We have agreed always to continue the interchanges between our nations because, I believe, we both hear the same voice, the same overwhelming imperative. What that voice says can be expressed in many ways. But I have found it in vivid form in Pasternak's poem, "The Garden of Gethsemans." Listen, if you will, to Pasternak's account of that famous arrest:

"...there appeared -- no one knew from where -- a crowd of slaves and a rabble of knaves, with lights and swords and, leading them, Judas with a traitor's kiss on his lips.

"Peter repulsed the ruffians with his sword, and cut off the ear of one of them. But he heard: 'You cannot decide a dispute with weapons; put your sword in its place, O man.'"

That is the voice. 'Put your sword in its place, O man.' That is the imperative, the command. And so we will work, together, that we might forever keep our swords at our sides.

- 4 -

Mr. General Secretary, ladies and gentlemen: Spaso House has, as I said, seen quiet times -- yet the animated conversation of this evening has already done much to make up for them. And so, I would like to raise a glass to the continued interchange between our two nations -- and, if I may, to Spaso House itself, as a symbol of our relations. May this lovely home never lack for visitors, and shared meals, and the sounds of spirited conversation -- and even the peal of hearty laughter.

Thank you and God bless you.

** TOTAL PAGE.05 **

John
Toasts

(Robinson/ARD)

May 18, 1988

6:00 p.m. 35

+

PRESIDENTIAL ~~REMARKS~~ RECIPROCAL DINNER
SPASO HOUSE
TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1988

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Gorbachev's Official Dinner held on May 30. Previous Meetings Dec. 1987 Oct. 1986 Nov. 1985

OK Joanne Hildebrand Advance Office x7565

Indeed, I've been reminded a number of times during this springtime visit of a passage in a book about your country by Laurens Van der Post. When he caught his first sight of the Moscow skyline, Van der Post writes, he saw, "... the light of an unusually pure evening upon it. That light was alchemical and it transformed Moscow into a city of gold, the tops of the spires and pinnacles drawing the rigid forms of the... skyscrapers after them into arrows of gold aimed at the arched and timeless blue."

Journey into Russia Laurens Van Der Post 1964 (Logarth. P-29)

OK The Kremlin

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1988
1933
1955
Diplomatic Relations began in 1933

There have been some splendid moments within these walls. Prokofiev once ^{conducted} performed his marvelous "Love for Three Oranges" in this very room. As wartime allies, our representatives met often under this roof. And in recent months, Ambassador and Mrs.

OK
This is from the background supplied by American Embassy Moscow

Interwritten meetings during the war.

Matlock have made Spaso House a centerpiece of American culture, a place to receive and talk with Soviet officials -- and with people from all walks of life, and from all parts of the Soviet Union.

OK
Background from U.S. Embassy Moscow

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OK
This was in the draft applied by the State Dept

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OK
Bill? State Dept. Historical Off. 163-1126

I.N.F. Treaty? Agreement

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Thank you and God bless you.

OK
The Penguin Book of Russian Verse. 1962
Penguin Books
Pgs. 341-342

+

State Dept

663-1126

John

(Robinson/ARD)
May 23, 1988
7:00 p.m. PR

PRESIDENTIAL TOAST: RECIPROCAL DINNER
SPASO HOUSE
MOSCOW, USSR
TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1988

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OK.
First Lady's
Press Office
7136
Mrs. Reagan
return us to Moscow
5:30p Tuesday

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(Robinson/ARD)
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2:30 p.m. RR

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Thank you and God bless you.

*Thou hast spread Thy arms to embrace far too
many,
Flinging Thy hands out till they reach the ends of
the crossbeam.*

*For whom in this world is all this breadth,
So much agony and such power?
Are there so many souls and lives in this universe—
So many settlements, and rivers and groves?*

*Yet three days such as this shall pass
And they shall thrust me into such a void
That during this brief interval of time
I shall, even before the Resurrection, attain my full
stature.*

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

*The turn in the road was illumined
By the indifferent glimmer of the remote stars.
The road led around the Mount of Olives;
Below, in its valley, the Brook Kedron ran.*

*Halfway, the small meadow dipped in a sharp break;
Beyond it began the great Milky Way,
While the silver-gray olives still strained forward
As if to stride onward upon empty air.*

*Furthest away was someone's garden plot.
He left His disciples outside the stone fence
Saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto
death;
Tarry ye here, and watch with me."*

*He had rejected without resistance
Dominion over all things and the power to work
miracles,
As though these had been His only on loan
And now was as all mortals are, even as we.*

Night's distance seemed the very brink
Of annihilation, of nonexistence.
The universe's span was void of any life;
The garden only was a coign of being.

And peering into these black abysses—
Void, without end and without beginning—
His brow sweating blood, He pleaded with His
Father
That this cup of death might pass from Him.

Having eased His mortal anguish through prayer,
He left the garden. Beyond its wall His disciples,
Overcome with sleep, sprawled on the ground
In the wayside feathergrass.

He awakened them: "God hath granted you to live
During my days on earth, and yet you lie there
sprawling.

Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man
Shall betray Himself into the hands of sinners."

He had scarcely spoken when, coming from none
knew where,

A throng of slaves sprang up, a host of vagrant men
With swords and torches, and at their head stood

Judas
With the perfidious kiss writhing on his lips.

Peter drew sword and thrust the cutthroats back
And struck a man and smote off his ear.
Whereon he heard, "No metal can resolve dissension.
Put up thy sword again into his place.

Thinkest thou my Father would not send
Sky-darkening hosts of winged legions to my succor?
And without harming even a hair of mine
My enemies would scatter, leaving no trace behind.

But now the book of life has reached a page
Which is more precious than are all the holies.

*That which was written now must be fulfilled.
Fulfilled be it, then. Amen.*

*Seest thou, the passing of the ages is like a parable
And in its passing it may burst to flame.
In the name, then, of its awesome majesty
I shall, in voluntary torments, descend into my grave.*

*I shall descend into my grave. And on the third day
rise again.*

*And, even as rafts float down a river,
So shall the centuries drift, trailing like a caravan,
Coming for judgment, out of the dark, to me."*

BORIS PASTERNAK

DOCTOR
ZHIVAGO

BALLANTINE BOOKS • NEW YORK

JD

(Dolan)
May 18, 1988
1:00 p.m.

35

PRESIDENTIAL TOAST: OFFICIAL DINNER WITH THE GORBACHEVS
HALL OF FACETS, THE KREMLIN
MOSCOW, USSR
MONDAY, MAY 30, 1988

Mr. General Secretary, I want to thank you again for the hospitality we have encountered this evening and at every turn since our arrival in Moscow. We appreciate deeply the personal effort you, Mrs. Gorbachev and all of your associates have expended on our behalf.

Today has been a busy day. I want to thank you for the opportunity to meet with so many divergent members of Soviet society. As you know, I traveled to Danilov and met there with the monks of that ancient monastery and later in the day had most interesting exchanges with other members of Soviet society at Spaso House.

These meetings only confirmed, Mr. General Secretary, the feelings of admiration and warmth Americans harbor towards the peoples of the Soviet Union. As wartime allies, we came to know you in a special way, but in a broader sense the American people, like the rest of the world, admire the saga of the Russian people: the clearing of the forest, the liberation from the tartar, the evolution into a modern state and the struggle against Hitler's armies.

There are other ways too that we know you.

"Happy or sad, my beloved, you are beautiful" says one of your folk songs, "as beautiful as a Russian song, as beautiful as a Russian soul."

As expressed in the great music, architecture, art -- we need only look about us this evening -- and literature that over many centuries you have given the world, we have beheld the beauty and majesty of the Russian experience. And without belittling the serious business before us or the fundamental issues that separate our governments, I hope you will permit me tonight to say that in the eyes of the American people the Russian people truly are, as the folk song suggests, a people of heart and mind, a people -- to use our vernacular -- "with soul."

And that is why we believe there is common ground between our two peoples and why it is our duty to find common ground for our two governments. Over the next 3 days, General Secretary Gorbachev and I will review what has been accomplished over the past 3 years, and what our two nations might accomplish together in the months to come. We have a great deal to discuss on both accounts.

What we have achieved is a good beginning. We have taken the first steps toward deep reductions of nuclear arsenals. We have taken the first step towards dealing with the reality that much of the tension and mistrust between our two countries arises from very different concepts of the fundamental rights and role of the individual in society. We have taken the first steps to build that network of personal relationships and understanding between societies -- between people -- that are crucial to dispelling dangerous misconceptions and stereotypes.

These are good first steps, Mr. General Secretary. We both can take pride in them. But, as I said, they are just a start.

Nuclear arsenals remain too large. The fighting continues needlessly, tragically, in too many regions of the globe. The vision of freedom and cooperation enshrined in the Helsinki Final Act remains unrealized. The American and Soviet people are getting to know each other better, but not well enough.

Mr. General Secretary, you and I are meeting now for the fourth time in 3 years -- a good deal more often than our predecessors. This has allowed our relationship to differ from theirs in more than a quantitative sense. We have established the kind of working relationship I think we both had in mind when we first met in Geneva. We have been candid about our differences, but sincere in sharing a common objective and working hard together to draw closer to it. It is easy to disagree and much harder to find areas where we can agree. We and our two governments have both gotten into the habit of looking for those areas. We have found more than many expected.

I intend to pursue the search for common ground during the months left to me as President. When I pass the job on to my successor, I intend to tell him it is a search that must be continued. Based on the achievements of the last few years, I will also tell him it is a search that can succeed.

Once again, Mr. General Secretary, I want to extend my thanks for your hospitality. I also hope you will permit me to mention that, as you have been a gracious host, we have tried to be gracious guests by bringing along some small expressions of our gratitude. There is one gift, in particular, that I wanted to mention not only in view of my own former profession but

because it has, I think, something important to say to us about what is underway this week in Moscow.

It is a film. Not as well-known as some. But an American classic. The film is fun; it has humor; it has pathos. There is a renegade goose, a mischievous young boy, a noisy neighbor, a lovestruck teenager in love with a gallant soldier, an adolescent struggling for manhood, a loving, highly-principled wife and a gentle but strong father. It is about the good and sometimes difficult things that happen between man and wife and parent and child. But the film also has sweep and majesty and power. It is a powerfully acted and directed story of family and romantic love, of devotion to the land and dedication to higher principle.

For, you see, it takes place against the backdrop of our American epic -- the Civil War. And because the family is of the Quaker religion and renounces violence, each of its characters must, in his or her own way, face this war and the moral dilemma it poses.

I promise not to spoil its outcome for you but I hope you will permit me to describe one scene. Just as the invading armies come into Pennsylvania, the Quaker farmer is approached by two of his neighbors. One is also a Quaker who, earlier in the story when times are peaceful, denounces violence and vows never to lift his hand in anger. But now that the enemy has burned his barn he is on his way to battle and criticizes his fellow Quaker for not joining him in renouncing his religious beliefs. The other visitor, also on his way to battle, is the intruding but friendly neighbor; yet it is this neighbor, although a

non-believer, who says he is proud of the Quaker farmer's decision not to fight; in the face of the tragedy of war he's says he's glad "somebody's holding out for a better way of settling things."

It seems to me, Mr. General Secretary, that in pursuing these summit meetings, we too have been "holding out for a better way of settling things." And, by the way, the film's title is more than a little appropriate. It's called, "Friendly Persuasion."

So, Mr. General Secretary, allow me to raise a glass to the work that has been done, the work that remains to be done; and let me also raise a glass to the art of friendly persuasion and the hope of "holding out for a better way of settling things."

Thank you and God bless you.

SUGGESTED REMARKS FOR
RECIPROCAL DINNER

Mr. General Secretary, Mrs. Gorbachev, distinguished guests and friends.

It is truly a pleasure to host all of you here tonight. Nancy and I have been looking forward to this trip for quite some time. While the General Secretary and I have had the opportunity to meet three times up to now, all of those earlier meetings were in the fall, with the days getting shorter, and the weather ever grayer and colder. It is a wonderful change to be with you here at Spaso House at the high point of the Moscow spring, with the days ever longer and the city in full bloom.

And it is especially gratifying to be able to have you all here at Spaso House, the residence of our Ambassadors to the Soviet Union. Those of you who have been involved in the conduct of US-Soviet affairs over the years know better than I that through all the ups and downs in the relationship over the past fifty-five years, Spaso House has been the venue of many of the diplomatic, and social contacts, we have had with the people of the Soviet Union. Through thick and thin, good times and bad.

And there have been some wonderful times in this house. I understand that Prokof'yev once performed his "Love for Three Oranges" in this very room, and that our first Ambassador used

to have some of the top leaders of the Soviet leadership here for gala parties, staying up with them until the early morning debating the differences between our two societies. As wartime allies we met regularly and frequently under this roof. And in recent times Ambassador Hartman and Ambassador Matlock and their wives have made this house a centerpiece for American culture, a place to receive and talk not only with Soviet officials, but also with people from all walks of life in the Soviet Union.

But there have also been quiet times in this house, unnaturally quiet times, when our contacts with Soviet society were minimal, where official dialogue was all but non-existent. This is a majestic house, laid out as it is in the center of a bustling, busy city. But despite all the activity around it, I understand that when the house is empty of guests, when there's no movement afoot, the silence is overwhelming, so much so that you can hear ever so faintly the Moscow Metro, deep down, far below the house.

We have different societies, different histories, different systems. And I am sure, on many issues, we will continue to have serious differences of opinion. But the General Secretary and I have met now four times, more times than any previous President and General Secretary. We have had long discussions, some of them contentious, some of them friendly. But I can say for myself, and I hope it's true for Mr. Gorbachev, that I understand you, Mr. Gorbachev, and your country better as a result of our dialogue. We still often disagree, but the dialogue has been crucial. Silence, as has sometimes existed between our two countries, is simply not acceptable between great societies.

be, by Soviets and Americans, breaking bread together, talking to one another and learning more about each other, about our homes, our families, our work. Not only about our differences, but how in many ways we are alike. This is how it should be. It is also an experience which more and more of our people must have if we are to build true mutual understanding between our societies.

With that in mind, let me raise a toast to the growth in contacts and dialogue between our peoples, such that the silence that has at times weighed heavily on our relationship in the past will be no more.