

## LARA'S SONG IN TULSA

*Yevtushenko recites:*

On Utica Square in Tulsa  
I am stunned like the Nutcracker,  
who escaped from the ballet stage,  
in the middle of Oklahoma's shimmering plains,  
in the middle of a white-hot summer.

I, a domesticated Nutcracker,  
no longer amaze anybody here.  
My red, golden-buttoned uniform  
is good, because the blood is invisible on the red,  
But underneath are so many wounds.  
Everyone is nursing, stitching my wounds,  
but my main wound - Russia- is still bleeding.

In Brussels or in Geneva  
they squeamishly and haughtily patronize Russia,  
as a disobedient little schoolgirl.  
We were ashamed when the world was afraid of us.  
Now we are ashamed that the world pities us.

But if Russia falls, she will be lifted up on the wings  
of Tchaikovsky's white swans,  
whom he fed from his hand crumbs of black bread,  
warmed by his fingers.  
And one female white swan was Tchaikovsky's God daughter-  
Lara's song.

A red-haired vendor of smoked turkey legs  
said to me at the Tulsa Fair:

"Sorry, buddy. I was lazy in geography at the school...  
Where is Russia? Wait... Wait..

Isn't it somewhere between Germany and..and.. China?"

And, you know, generally he was right  
And fully deserved the first "A" in his life.  
Russia's destiny really is in this "between".

Once I was startled at Utica Square in Tulsa,  
because I found myself face to face with my lost Mother Russia.  
The chimes of the square's clock  
together with ticking seconds  
were playing crystal clear Lara's Song. *(Yevtushenko stops!)*

*Female Singer: singing just wordless vocaliz:*

After first half of a song Yevtushenko enters and the singer sings  
wordlessly, following him:

*Yevtushenko: singer continues wordless song!*

It's a pity that Pasternak didn't hear this melody,  
sparkling as the crispy Christmas snow.  
He would like -if not the film-  
I'll bet- Julie Christi.

That forbidden novel was able to fly  
down to Russia

over the rusty Iron Curtain home to Russia  
not as a book- because in could be confiscated,  
but only as a melody...

When somewhere in the world a pair of skaters  
was dancing on the ice to music from "Doctor Zhivago",  
on Moscow TV screens the sound was immediately silenced,  
according to "technical difficulties".

\ The Singer stunned \

And everywhere in Russia-

in the pompous Stalin's style restaurants  
with the effigies of snarling Siberian bears  
at the oak banquet tables with legs, bent by caviar and  
champagne,

where carpetbaggers were enjoying their personal communism,  
or

in the cheapest taverns,  
stuffed with the smoke of the hand rolled cigarettes,

where war medals were clinking

on the breasts of the legless invalids,

and the tearful sentimental whores were confessing their child  
secrets, -

the cunning musicians, drunk unto smithereens,  
pretending innocents,

were playing the banned Lara's Song..

### *Singer is singing in Russian*

Если крича,  
плачу почти навзрыд,  
словно свеча,  
Лара в душе стоит.  
Словно свеча,  
в этот проклятый век,  
воском шепча,  
светит она сквозь снег.

И ты плачешь, Россия, плачешь  
по всем, кто где-то замерз в тиши.  
Жгут, горячи,  
слезы, как воск свечи.  
Русь, ты свети, Лара, свети, свети.

*Yevtushenko sings solo:*

Даже кресты  
плачут живой смолой.  
Родина, ты  
будь ради нас живой.  
Мир пустоват  
без огонька в ночи,  
и Пастернак  
с Ларой, как две свечи.

*Yevtushenko and Singer are singing together:*

И ты плачешь, Россия, плачешь,  
по всем, кто где-то замерз в пути.  
Жгут, горячи,  
слезы, как воск свечи.  
Русь, ты свети, Лара, свети, свети!

*Yevtushenko:*

For me the quiet murmur of the forbidden books  
is the murmur of our national flag  
The good doctor Zhivago cured something in all of us.  
And like a Nutcracker, no longer wooden,  
I swirl in the endless waltz

With Lara on the Utica Square in Tulsa.

\ *Yevtushenko and Singer are singing again the second half of a song, du  
together* \

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