

suspicion. As for Ivan-in-the-street, by nature an affable soul, he prudently restrains himself from getting too acquainted with foreigners, often even with his own relatives who show up from abroad. Theoretical explanations exist about intrigue and conspiracy being chronic afflictions in Russia's past, and it is true that mistrust of foreigners was scarcely lessened by the gang of invading armies, ranging from Serbs to Japanese, who tried to crush the Bolshevik Revolution. The Revolution, now middle-aged and still haunted by the traumatic experiences of its bloody childhood, suffers from a paranoid fear of strangers, a full-blown Xenophobic Complex.

And how does this affect an ordinary rubberneck like Sylvester Snodgrass who comes as a guest to the Soviet Union on an organized tour? Sylvester takes a shine to Priscilla Pennyfeather, the prettiest young thing in the group, and the two decide to desert the shepherded fold and scamper about Moscow on their own. Thousands of travelers tour Russia individually, but under supervision. Because Sylvester and Priscilla have detached themselves from the group, or for some other inexplicable reason, they have aroused the curiosity of Those Who Want To Know.

The two black sheep are under surveillance as they browse among the sales counters in the G.U.M. Department Store, stroll hand-in-hand up Kirova Street, or play chess at an outdoor table in Gorki Park. When they change money with a black mar-

keteer who accosts them in Pushkin Square, the *Sputniki*, as the Peep Boys are called (because they follow you around and around), watch from afar and duly make note. When Sylvester and Priscilla chat with people in restaurants, churches, or in the Metro, the report on them grows longer. Back in their hotel the two strays pick up their keys from the Keeper, a buxom matriarchal type who maintains a look-out between elevator and stairs on their floor. Aside from her normal duties, the Key lady collects such exciting data as who goes into whose room, who carries what package in or out, and who keeps late hours. A squad of infiltrating chambermaids stands by to assist her prying efforts.

Inside the room, electronic gadgets take over the vigil. A tiny microphone tucked into the underside of the telephone, or a sharp-eared "bug" nesting in an airshaft, picks up Sylvester's romantic whispers. These eavesdropping devices are easily augmented to include cameras and closed-circuit television to film even the most private of experiences which might prove useful for blackmail.

And so it can happen to our two innocents abroad — innocents who, to the end of their stay in the Soviet Union, remain blissfully unaware that they are the objects of a sinister suspicion by the Argus-eyed apparatus of the K.G.B. Naturally, it is better for tourism if the K.G.B.niks remain out of sight and avoid frightening or antagonizing foreign visitors. But it doesn't always work out that way.