

cratic choices and offbeat whims in sightseeing. He often spends hours waiting for you in a restaurant while you are waiting for a waiter in this land of infamously snail-paced service. Your Sputnik is a member of the plodding proletariat doing a thankless job. If you have come in the midst of Russian Winter, don't dawdle too long in your room in the mornings. Please remember he has to wait in the overheated lobby with all those layers of woolen clothing. Leaving a wake-up call at the Front Desk would be an obliging favor on your part. Knowing when you will arise, Comrade Gumshoe can probably get an extra hour or two of sleep.

One more gracious gesture you could make. If you are in a long ticket line at a movie, museum, or sporting event, when you reach the box office, be a sport. Buy another ticket for your Security Man further back in the line. Present it to him. He may be highly embarrassed, but he will be grudgingly grateful. It isn't every day that someone makes the task of the K.G.B. a little easier.

4. Watch 'n' Wear Apparel. If clothing in Russia can be concisely described, the word "drab" comes closest. The international sartorial revolution has not yet shaken up sombre Soviet fashions. Which makes the foreigner easier to identify, of course, in his orange and pink shirts, flared trousers, or gleaming white raincoat (known locally as the *K.G.B.-Man's Joy*). Soviet clothing, in general, could be called casual wear. In fact, so casual

as to be downright shapeless and homely.

If you want to blend in with the local scene, put on your dreariest duds. If you haven't had the foresight to bring along a seedy coat and a pair of baggy trousers, you can at least follow the example of a friend of ours. Each night before retiring in his Lenin-grad hotel room, he carefully crumpled his coat and trousers and placed them under the mattress so that they would be thoroughly unpressed by morning.

There are nonetheless a few signs that the K.G.B.'s contact with foreigners is having its sartorial effect. Some of the Sputniks have taken to wearing loud ties and gaudy scarves. Surprising ineptness for undercover men? Perhaps. But one school of thought holds that the K.G.B. wants you to know you are being followed. What you might call a detectable deterrent.

5. The Medium And The Telephone. The telephone in your hotel room is a handy instrument and can serve many purposes. It makes a fine paperweight, nutcracker, doorstop, or even support for your shaving mirror. As a communications medium, however, it is best limited to ordering breakfast. All hotel phones are potential "hot lines," easily activated into party lines with a difference — where the third party never talks, only listens. A foreign correspondent we know, who lives in a hotel, went down to the kitchen looking for a cold beer. When he opened the wrong refrigerator