

4) Remember not to attract unnecessary attention to yourself. When possible look and act as a Russian would. Do not talk loudly. Do not gesticulate beyond reason. And most importantly:

(7)

Do not smile.”

(8)

The pamphlet went on to say that although life in the capital was changing, Moscow’s streets, compared to those of any American city, were clean and safe.

I gasped. *Clean and safe?!*

On the last page was a list of items that were in short supply thereby making good gifts for Russian friends. Highly recommended were nylon pantyhose for women, Marlboro cigarettes for men and women. Lubricated condoms could also be given as gifts, especially to female friends, and if no such friends were available they could always be set aside for personal use. The logic was sound. But then it is not for logic that one moves to Moscow; and besides, as I learned later, Russian men rarely use condoms and Russian women tend to prefer solar calculators.

(9)

On the flight over I sat next to a mysterious German man. He was blond but short; his forearms were thick and hard. The man spoke excellent English and to each of my questions he gave cryptic answers which I later wrote down on yellow legal paper.

Asked where he was from, he answered: a country undivided.

Asked where he was going, he said: to the place where *here* meets *there*.

Asked if he had any use for a German-English dictionary he said that he had written it.

I complimented the man on his English. To which he simply shrugged his shoulders and paused without speaking. It was a significant pause, the kind that tremble with meaning. The man looked somewhere in the distance; his eyes became moister than I had ever seen them. And then slowly, word by word, he gave me eleven reasons to read attentively to the end of every story.