of the case. Nearby stood a boy, a handsome lad, rosy-cheeked, with long black eyelashes; in his hand he held a glass of tea with lemon in it and he was staring at me over the top of the glass with the greatest curiosity. "Danilych"'s wife, a tall nervous revolutionary of the Russian type, was pouring some brandy into the tea. "In an uncommonly short space of time," Gorshakov was saying, and these were the first words that registered on my reviving consciousness, "in an uncommonly short space of time this young man has abandoned his pure science in obedience to the call of practical life."

"I don't know what there is to be surprised at," answered "Danilych", "practise is the corrective for all our ideas."

They talked on and on in this fashion.

We were not destined to be together long enough to inject the corrective of practical life into pure science. Assistant prosecutor Trusovitch, who was then beginning his career as a hunter after revolutionaries (he later became well known as the director of a Department of Police), got us into his bay. We were in prison for six months in Riga, and later in Miasnoe, after which we lost trace of one another.

In trying to analyze the development of my own personal feelings for my country, I cannot leave unrelated this period of my life. This flight of the youth from "pure science" into the land of the future is as typical of Russians attracted by the romance of revolution, "poets at heart", as was my boyhood escape from Latin grammar into the romance of my "Asia", the land where blue beavers dwell.

This, most probably, springs from the fact that love of country is not only a fixed love for the place where one was born, but also a sort of movement towards one's star, in the same way as birth itself is a movement out of the darkness of the womb into the tremendous sunlight world.

Translated by John Maxwell

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Samuil Marshak

Mister TWISTER

"When in Rome
Do as the Romans do..."

Tourists
Abroad
Do their touring
Through Cook.

Whenever
The wanderlust
Moves you
To book
A trip
Round the world
All its wonders to see—
The tower of Pisa,
The Kremlin, Paris—
Cook
In a flash—
Should you relish
The nautical—
Will charter a ship
For a sail
On the ocean,
Or furnish a plane

For your personal use,
Or send you
A camel,
Or maybe
A moose;

Reserve you
A room
In the finest hotel,
With breakfast in bed
At the touch
Of a bell.

To highlands
And lowlands,
To East
And to West—
To all lands—
Cook
Takes you,
Each dressed
In its best.

---

Mister,
Twister,
Quandam,
Minister,
Mister,
Twister,
Millionaire,
Backer and broker,
Owner of stocks,

Newspapers, steamers,
And real-estate blocks,
Opined that he needed
A rest from his labors,
A trip round the wide world
Without all his neighbours.

And so
He decided
To trek with his wife
And Susie,
His daughter,
The light of his life,
His Susie
Was willing,
And likewise his wife.

"Let's go!"
Whooped Susie,
"Call famesel
Where's the car?
Let's all go and visit
The U.S.S.R."

"But dearest daughter,"
Her fond parent said,
"Who planted
Such nonsense
In your pretty head?

Anon
Rings the phone
At Cook's:
"M'lud!
Reserve
Four staterooms:
New York—
Leningrad,
With bath
And a pool,
And a garden,
Bagad
And listen,
Be sure
The crowd
Isn't lowbrow,
No Negroes

In exactly
Two minutes
The boat was to sail,
When along came
The Twisters
And climbed through the rail.

He came
With his spouse
In her travelling clothes,
Her tortoise-shell glasses
Perched high on her nose;

She came
With her Susie,
Bewitchingly dressed,

"There's Spain we could visit,
There's bullfights to see..."

Said dearest Susie:
"Then go
Without me!
I want something different:
Fresh caviar
And shoth,
And lol
In the shade
Of a cranberry tree.
Old Twister,
He pleaded
And fumed,
Cried "Pahaw!"
But Susie
Was firm,
And her word
Was law.

Or Hindoos,
Or riffsaff
From 'Ho-chow'!
Old Twister,
He's touchy
Concerning
Dark faces.
He can't stand the sight
Of those colored races."

Answers Cook
At the telephone:
"Oh yes, Sir!
Okay, Sir!
We're glad to oblige you!
We'll do as you say, Sir!"

The steamer is sailing,
A-sailing
The sea,
To the U.S., a-sailing—
The U.S. also.

Its course
Lies due eastward
As your cruel ever flies;
Its wake
Coursed and gurgles
As onward
It plies.

Mister
Twister,
Quiddian
Minister,
Mister
Twister,
Millionaire,
Banker and broker
And newspaper king,
Who liked playing poky—
Which wasn't the thing—

While on the briny
Deepest he'd try
To learn
To play tennis
To keep himself spry.

On deck
In a garden
Fenced in by a net,
He leaps for

Her marmoset monkey
Pressed close to her breast;

He came
With a mountain
Of trunks all in tags,
He came
With four guns
With forty-four bags.

A ball
In a wild piqueuse;

All shaded
By palms
From the sun's blazing rays,
He chases
A ball
Like a bull in a maze.

Then loved
In a battle
And pleased as Punch
He jumps
In the pool,
Where he has his lunch.

Refreshed,
He makes
For the hilliard ball,
Where he "takes his cue"
From a stand
By the wall.

And the ship
Sails on
As a ship should sail—
Like a palace fair
From a fairy tale.

And all
Of his playmates
Are folk of his nation—
No Negroes
Or Chinese
But gents of his station.
The Negro
And Chinese
In making the trip
Were packed
All aboard
In a far different ship.

The Negro
And Chinese
Were packed in a freighter;
The sea waves
Or fumes
Blow them sooner
Or later.

Mister Twister,
Travelling far,
In a tourist boat
For the
U.S.S.

The hustle,
The bustle
Of Leningrad nears.
Off to the starboard
The skyline appears.
On steady gray water
Ride boats
By the score,
And workshops unending
Extend from the shore.

Clutching
Their hats
As they strut down the plank,
The Twisters
Are soon
Strolling over the bank.

Ten,
With a glance
At a golden-tipped spire,
They turn.

Mister Twister,
Quaintly

To their auto
And test every tyre.
The ladies
Are seated,
The luggage
Is stowed,
The car with a rush
Rears off down the road—
The driver
In front,
Where a driver should be,
Old Twister
In back,
With a bag on his knee;

His spouse
At his left,
Her umbrella clutched tight,
The monkey
And Suzie
Squeezed in at his right.

Minister,
Mister Twister,

Millionaire,
Banker and broker,
Who liked playing poker,
Drives up
And enters
Hotel Angleterre.

Chewing
Away at his gold band
Cigar,
He cries
(Speaking English),
"Well, folks,
Here we are!
Put on!
My bags!-
Hi, click!

How're tricks!
Get all the cables
I sent you!—
All six!
My suite—
Are they ready?
We're all feeling blown.
I'm dying for vistas.
I'd welcome
A bone!"

"Your rooms, Sir,
Are ready—
The second floor, right.
It's cool there
And quiet,
With plenty of light."

Then
Straight
Through
The
Foyer
In
Sun-
Glasses
File
Trooped
Twisters
And
Daughter
Ter
And
Mon.
Key
(In
Stylish)
Followed by Mrs.,
Her eye on the tags—
Beside her the porter
(With four of the bags.)

They
Entered the lift.
It
Rose to their floor.
They
All then continued

The March to their door.

Past mirrors,
Round corners,
With
Slow
Measured
Face,
They
Marched
On
And onward—
Like sharks
In a race,
In front
Strode
The porter
In gold-braided gear,
Behind him came Twist.
"A flea in his ear,"
Behind him his spouse
Looking quite comme il faut,
Behind her the maiden,
The monkey in tow.

All
Of a sudden
The Twisters stopped dead.
They gaped
And they goggled,
"Lord, help us!"
They said.

They stood there
As though
Just roused from sleep,
They stood there
(The Twisters)
Stuck all of a heap:

Along
The hall
From a suite near theirs
Came a Negro
Calmly
Bound for the stairs.
In each of the mirrors:
A dark-skinned man
Who was big
And strong
And spick and span;

Each puffed
His pipe
As he strolled along.
And he smiled
To himself
As he hummed
A song.

His pipe
As he strolled along,
And he smiled
To himself
As he hummed
A song.

And the numerous Mirrors
That covered the walls
Reflected
A picture
Of numerous Halls,
And along each hall
From a suite near theirs
Came a Negro
Calmly
Bound for the stairs;
In each of the mirrors:
A dark-skinned man
Who was big
And strong
And spick and span;

Mister Twist, and his wife settled.
East:
The porter alone walked.

"What's this?"
"Roared Twist.
"Does he live here?"
"I'll rather live
With a racketeer"
"Gangway!"
Roared Twist.
And turned in his tracks—
"We'll find a place
Where there ain't no blacks"
then back
Through the stairway.

They tore down the neck speed.
They tore through the door.
In a mad stampede!
They rushed to their auto,
Piled in with a crash!
And in fru'mous silence
Drove off like a flash.

"Hotel Astoria!
Is that you,
Joel!
"This is Peter
The Porter...
"Uh-huh, that's me.
Now listen, old boy,
It's like this:
You see—
A party
Of tourists
Are headed for you;
A man.
wife.
and
daughter
And monkey—
Some gave
"They're the kind
As talk big—
With their dough
And white faces.
They won't stand the sight
Of the coloured races.
"They'll ask
For a room, Joe,
Just shoo them away!
You said it!
So long, Joe,
Be sure they don't stay!"

He dialed.
Again:
Four 4's
And a 6—

"Hotel Sotlie!
Steve,
Is that you?

"This is Peter
The Porter... Uh-huh, that's me.
Now listen, old boy,
It's like this:
A party
Of tourists
May come your way:

Up
Every avenue—
Quiet and clean—
Down
Every avenue
Whizzed a machine,

The driver
In front
Where a driver should be,
Old Twister
In back,
With a bag on his knee:

A man,
wife
and
daughter.

And monkey—
Today!

"They're the kind
As talk big—
With their dough
And white faces.
They won't stand the sight
Of the coloured races.
"They'll ask
For a room, Steve,
Just send them away!
You said it!
So long, Steve,
Be sure they don't stay!"

This time
He dialed
Three 8's
And a 9—

"Hotel Europa!
Is that you,
Bail!

"This is Peter
The Porter... Uh-huh, right you are.
Now listen, old boy,
It's like this..."

The wind came up—
"Twas a wind
From the sea;
The sun went down—
"Twas the hour
For tea:

The ladies sighed—
"Twas a sigh
From the heart;
The monkey mewed
For his truffles
And tart..."

Hotel Astoria,
Coney Island;
"No."

Said the porter,
"Acts a suite!
We're full up,
And booked
Till I don't know when.
The cotton-field farmers
Are meeting
Again."

Hotel Sotlie,
Pepsi-Cola;
"No."

Said the porter,
"You're just too late,
We're full up,
And booked
For a month
In advance—
It's a congress,

Mister
Twister,
Quack
Minister,
Mister
Twister,
Millionaire,
Backer and broker
(He thought far from being a broker),
Arrives
Again
At hotel Angtewere.

With him
His spouse
In her travelling clothes,
Her tortoise-shell glasses
Now low
On her nose;
With him

Of Knickers
Of mulberry
Plants.

Hotel Empire,
Pushkin Place—
"No."

Said the porter,
"Sorry, no space!
We're full up
And booked
For a week
Or so.
A fakir's troops here now—
To put on
A show."

Up
Every avenue
Whizzed the machine,
"Jumping"
The red lights,
"Racing" the green.

All of a sudden
A fire blew out...

Little
By little
The fuel gave out...

Mister
Twister,
All rumpled and mumpish,
Her marmoset monkey
Decisively dumpy.

He entered
The lobby
Demanding his suite;
He wanted
A shower
And something
To eat.

The clock
Struck 12—
High time for bed.

From his post
Came the porter
With leisurely tread.
"You're late!
Said the porter.
"Your rooms, Sir,
Are taken!"

"The devil!"
Cried Twister,
Now thoroughly shaken.

"You see,"
Said the porter,
"We're packed
To the ceiling..."

"Again,"
Whispered Susie,
"Go antemeshilling!
I won't!"
She wailed.

"It's a wild-goose chase.
If we can't
Get a suite here
Then buy out the place!"

"With pleasure,"
Said Twister,
And dolefully sighed,
"Or a house on the Navar
With pleasure!"
He cried.

"But, darling,
Remember,
You're not in Chicago
Or even."
He added,

In old Santiago,
In Leningrad
People
Just simply don't sell—
You can't buy a house,
Let alone
A hotel!

"Look!"
Gruffled the beaker
And owner of stock
To the Leningrad porter,
Who looked
At the clock,

"Wangle
A place
For the ladies and me,
And hang the p'rice!"
Quoth the porter.

"You see,
Money
Can't get you
A place here tonight!
Our rooms
Are all taken
By black folk and white folk!"

"My darling.
Grumbled Twister,
"It looks pretty bad.
Let's go find
A park bench.
We'll sleep there, begad!"

His Susie
And spouse
Stood aghast
At the notion... The Leningrad porter
Soon stifled the commotion.

He offered
Them out—
"Provision fare!"
And for Twister
He bough:
A "luxurious" chair!

The ladies
Turned in
And were soon counting sheep.
"Ho-hum!"
You used Twister,
"Me for some sleep!"

And so off to dreamland—
Lodged in

A chair
That stood near

the door
of
Hotel Angletters—

Dropped Mister Twister,
Quondam Minister,
Mister Twister,
Millionaire...

He slept...
While sleeping
He smiled and he swooned.
He dreamed
A dream.
And he laughed
And he howled.

He dreamed
He was homeless,
Alone in a town,
Trampling the avenues
Up and down,
When all of a sudden
Who should appear
But Cook
In a place—
With a case of beer!

Twister
Was tickled,
As tickled
Could be.

"You're just
The guy
I wanted to see!"

The airplanes landed
And Twister
Stepped in.

Bright and early
The bootblack
Appeared,

"Let's go!
He cried
To Cook
With a grin.

The plane
Climbed high.
And it flew and it flew
Till it reached his mansion
In Kalamasco.

Then out
He jumped
And he rushed
To the gates.
"No phalats."
Laped the butt...

"For you in the Thit-tat-thi!"
And slammed the door
With a snore.
And a glace.
And Twister awoke
In Hotel Angletters—
Awoke in a sweat.
In an angular chair—
Mister Twister,
Quondam Minister,
Mister Twister,
Millionaire.

Collected
The footware
And mightly smooched.
He smeared on the polish
And varnished.
A lay.
He smeared on the polish
And polished away—

At black shoes
And brown ones,
Narrow and wide,
At Swedish
And Polish;
That tied
On the side;

At others
Marked Soviet,
German and French,
British, Bulgarian,
Made at the bench,
Czechoslovakian,
Danish
And Dutch.

He polished
And smeared
With a masterly touch.

He finished the lot
With a flick
And a snap!
He whistled a tune
As he pulled on his cap;

When lo
And behold!
From a wall-screened chair
Rose a foreigner
Yawning
And smoothing
His hair,

And out of the office
Headed for him
Came Peter
The Porter,
Neat and trim.

"We have,"
Said the porter,
"A three-room suite,
With bath
And a sun parlor,
All complete.

"I'll show you
The place,
If you like.
Although—
Perhaps
There's something
You ought to know:

"In the room to the left
There's a Bengalese,
In the room to the right,
A Singalese;
In the room above
There's a Japanese,
In the room below
A Japanese;

"Across the hall
An Armenian
Together with
Some Italians.

"Up the hall
There's a girl from Malay.
Down the hall
A girl from Tokay;

"Not to forget
The folk from Tibet,
The Abyssinians
And Palestinians,
The Indonesians
And Polynesians.

"Along the hall
There's a Hindu
And Zulu.

There's a guest
From the Nile,
And a guest—
A Kabyle,
A Negro,
An Eskimo,
A Dyak,
A Slovak,
Folks from Para
And Timbuctu,
From Foochow
And Soochow,
Hankow
And Kwangchow,
Tungchow

And Wenzhou....
And many more
On every floor."

Old Twister,
He chuckled
And slapped his thigh.
"Okay! my boy!"
He roared in reply,

"Give us the keys
And make it
Snappy!"
He whistled a tune—
He was thoroughly
Happy.

Then grabbing
His Susie
And monkey
And all,
And followed by Mrs.,
He danced down the hall.

With a skip
And a hop,
Like a grinning bear,

Minister
Quondam
Mister
Twister.
Millionaire.