memory of quick thunder in the sky, heat intense and enervating, flaming sunsets and flambéuant trees. Then there will be wiry, brown-skinned Indians in thatched huts, with pigs, and mud, and flies. There will always be the startling contrast of the poverty of man against the abundance of nature; the sight of bread fruit and papaya growing wild, and children dying of diseases of filth and malnutrition. This much I shall never forget. It lives no longer as a reality even in my memory, but it remains indelibly as a glimpse of life at once novel, exotic, and disturbing.

OF WANTING

ROBERT PACE

... of wanting, of wanting, of searching, seeking, desiring, utter nakedness of desire, utter shining whiteness of naked want

... of forever seeking, forever the alone, the torn, the beaten, the ravaged of thought

... of always walking in shaded streets, of stopping in darkness and staring into lightness, all gay, happy, golden light of easy fulfilment

... of standing and staring and of wanting, and of turning at last back into the shadow and walking on

... of crying aloud into the unheard ear, of waving frantically at the unseen eye, of pounding and clutching desperately the unfelt hand

... of no escape, not even the solace of the martyred, not even the clean-sheeted bed of the invalided, not even the padded cell of the labyrinthed

... of only a dusty room on a darkened street, only a padded couch, only the stupid frantic ticking, ticking, ticking of the kitchen clock, only the stupid staring antimacassars

... of not even a cat to rub, nor a dog to kick, nor a book to read

... of at last going to bed and lying, turning, twisting, and of at last going to sleep

... of at last going to sleep and of not even dreaming, never, never, never ever dreaming.