

## GIFT

Somewhere, there is a lonely one  
whose heart is twisted  
in an obscene shape  
cruel and ugly:  
    Be not afraid.

His flesh cries out  
for the touch of any hand  
and sweat like tears  
drips from the bitter skin:  
    Be generous.

From your warmth a flame  
shall brighten his despair,  
kindling courage  
to kick your hand away:  
    Grudge not the giving.

Sheila Blanchard

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Alan Treharne

## Self & Metasociety-Take Three Aricans

*The Metasociety is a society where Unity exists amongst the people that compose it. In the Metasociety we speak of Unity for the simple reason that everyone in that society would know the instrument that is the psyche very well, so they could read each other completely. Now this is not strange. It already exists inside Arica. Oscar Ichazo.*

Here are three voices from inside Arica.

*Alan:*

'Make money if you want to be someone. Marry a virgin if you want to trust your wife. Don't drink or you'll end up just like your father. Blacks don't know how to keep themselves clean'. That was my mother speaking twenty years ago in South Africa. At 13 I took a school vacation job and hated it. 'Don't worry son you'll get used to it', my mother said. So I became a travelling salesman, cheating on my personal account, fucking the secretaries and playing snooker in company time. But the question kept on popping, 'Are you happy?'