

# THEM

*by George Noory*

I wondered how it started:  
I wondered would it end:  
But they kept coming closer.

Ten by ten by ten.  
They crept along the roads.  
Came flying from the trees.  
But they were coming closer  
As far as I could see.

I jumped, I ran, I hollered;  
But they still came about.

I ran down to the cellar  
But no one heard me shout.

That dark and creepy cellar  
Was warm and very dry,

My emotions were in shambles,  
And I began to cry.

But they kept coming closer,  
I can't describe my fear.

It was then I realized

My end was very near.  
I could see them on the walls  
And on the cellar floor.

Some were all around me,  
Others coming through the door.  
Some were in my hair.

Others on my pants,  
But they kept coming closer,  
Those huge man-eating ants.



# WHAT!

*by George Noory*

Alla Walla Mocka,  
It's a Boom A Locka Wee  
Coming back to get us,  
Or maybe just plain me.

I leap across the window  
To fly among the trees,  
But there it is again.  
That Boom A Lock A Wee.

I run among the bushes  
To venture high, to flee,  
But there they are a coming  
Two Boom A Lock A Wees.

A marching I will go:  
A coming home to see.  
I'm gonna get'em one by one.  
Those Boom A Lock A Wees.





REFLECTIONS ON SOCIETY



## There Are No Mountains

*by Barbara Bodell*

Walk along "streets of glimmering gold,"  
Mount the "stairs to a palace of glass,"  
Live on "earth's highest mountain,"  
They said.

But my streets are littered with garbage;  
I live in a rat-filled alley.  
There are no mountains.

Raise your eyes to "mist-filled skies,"  
Reach your arms to a "rising sun,"  
Lift your voice to "echoing mountains,"  
They said.

But my skies are dark with smoke;  
Ugly tenements hide the rising sun.  
There are no mountains.

I never see skies or a rising sun,  
Don't tread on gold or have a palace.  
There are mountains though,  
God said.





# MY END IS NEAR

*by Kathy Fauer*

I used to be strong and capable of slowly destroying with my huge hand of desolation anyone I wished. The American begged me to go, to leave his "home of the free and the brave." But I refused to leave. I worked hard in the slums of Alabama, the ghettos of New York and Skid Row in Chicago. My power and determination caused them all.

Down south I helped to break the spirits of the Negro and poor white alike. They live in shacks or crowded tenements. Filth is everywhere. Children

RWIGGLE



are dirty, under-educated. Woman as well as men labor at back-breaking work, in attempts to defeat me. All cry out to me, men angrily in the heat of the day: "I'll get you licked. My wife and kids won't have to live in this filth if I have to kill myself to make it so!" The women cry out to me softly in the still of the night: "Oh please won't you let us out of your clutches? My children are cold and hungry. They need food and clothing and a warm house. Oh please let us free." Then there's the kids. They cry: "Momma I'm cold!" Momma I'm hungry!" My determination is killing their love of life. I am shutting the happiness out of their eyes and I'll keep it from coming back.

In the reeking New York ghettos, I helped put the "Dago" on the corner with his fruit cart. I'm responsible for the "nigger" kid in the bar with his shoes-shine kit. And I alone deposited the defeatist attitude in the minds of the poor.

The stupider ones even buy me a couple of bottles a day and I've got them too. Old newspapers serve as pillows for their burly heads. They heave out their guts in trash cans and in corners. Families? The bottle is their only family. And I love them. I love the way they neglect health and happi-

ness helping me to thrive.

And why shouldn't I thrive and grow more powerful with each breath of stench-filled air I take in? I've a right to survive, to be happy destroying the spirit of millions, helping them lose their self-respect, helping myself to their happiness.

I did gain strength and might. I did. But now the trash is being cleaned up, taken away. The ghettos and slums all are slowly being destroyed. I am slowly losing my power. A fellow named Johnson has reached out with his two freedom-loving hands and is slowly choking me to death. He's declared war against me. One lone being and I am expected to make a stand. It's as if I were in quick-sand. I keep sinking lower and lower.

I know now— my end is near. I can't survive. Divided, I caused them to fall but united, the people of America are sweeping me to damnation. I've got to move, get out of this land, with these people that yearn for freedom and are gaining it! The jungle villages in Africa and South America beckon to me. I've got relations in the crowded streets of India, in the rice-patties of China, the dust bowls of Mexico. They're chasing me out of America. They're chasing out POVERTY!

## HELL

*by Laura Dunaitis*

My skin is dark—

Like charred, black embers.

My life is smoky death—

Like the singeing flames

Of a red-orange hell.



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B. Van Assche



# CAIN AND ABEL

by Linda Kaips

In the deluxe suburbs of Chicago the continuous number of Negroes moving in were frightening the already threatened whites- except for Evanston, that is. The Kelseys were moving to San Diego but their neighbors had no fears about integration. The Kelseys had been well-respected members of the community and everyone knew that they wouldn't sell their home to a black family, even if they were offered "top dollar."

The day the "For Sale" sign came down from in front of the Kelsev's modern tri-level home, the ladies of the neighborhood began to organize their usual welcoming committee for the new neighbors. Their plans were quickly changed, however, for when moving day came to the Kelsey place, a Negro couple with two small children accompanied the moving van! The neighborhood was shocked. It was said that he was a lawyer, but that couldn't be—after all, wasn't he colored?

"What right have they here?"

"What are those 'black' people doing here, Mommy?"

"We're moving to a decent place; no 'black' people are ruining my life!" came the varying responses from the older generation, the youth, and the average family man. The people went to bed late that night, after a long

and violent emergency community meeting. At two o'clock the meeting had been adjourned because most of them had to get up early to go to church the next day.

The next morning they walked faithfully into church, said their pre-service prayers, and took their seats among the rest of the congregation. The pastor in his eloquent voice began then to tell the story of Cain and Abel while the congregation soothed by his honey tones sat in rapt and smiling attention, nodding their approving heads in time to the rise and fall of his voice.

At the end of the sermon the exhilarated crowds surged out of the church under the power of their newly-renewed faith in the modern world.

"My, what a handsome man our young pastor is, and what an exciting voice he has; he should be in the theater!"

"I'm certainly glad I was born in the twentieth century and not in the time of Cain and Abel! They certainly were primitive people. Imagine, killing your own flesh and blood, your own brother . . .!"

The women scurrying in front of their intensely talking husbands rushed ahead to the community hall to finish preparing the tables for the church breakfast. The decision had been made the night before to continue their meeting at this weekly church social. As the men walked into the hall they were saying, "A petition to the city council first; then a few anonymous phone calls and letters will do."

"If that doesn't work then John can close his grocery store to them, and Pete . . ."



# FREE AS A BUTTERFLY

*by Laura Dunaitis*

I've always wished to be as free,  
To share in everyone else's glee,  
As the pretty little butterfly  
Who floats along in the soft wind's sigh.  
However, that's an impossible thought;  
Even for those who fought and fought.  
For I am Negro and you are white;  
Locked against us your doors are tight.  
I cannot move and spread my wings  
And do all of those things  
Which are forbidden to me and mine,  
And go to places where I'm not declined.  
It's a jar I'm in—and I want out.  
Whitey can see in and I can see out.  
We stare at each other, I'm here and he's there.  
He has the chlorophyl; the fight isn't fair!  
I'm in a jar, a butterfly  
Who'll never float along wind's sigh.

S. KELEMAN



ASTERISK GALLEY EIGHT

## THE OTHER MAN

by Kathy Fauer

The latest science fiction thriller was just released. Oh, don't waste your time going to see it; the same basic plot is involved: Flying saucer lands on earth; "Green-Thing" emerges instantly killed by U. S. forces. Why? The "Green-Thing" was different. Frankly, why shouldn't this plot appear, re-appear, and re-appear again? Isn't this what the American continually surrounds himself with, refusal to accept the strange or peculiar? Merely because this target is an individual human rather than a "Green-Thing" does *not* change the attitude of discrimination. And because his ammunition is profane language and snide remarks rather than bullets or bombs does not change the result—DEATH! Death of life? No! Death of Love? Yes!

This weakens our nation! Each time the words "Nigger," "Jew-Boy," or "Dago" are spoken, a man, equal to you or I, is shamed. The "Hillbillies," "Hicks," "Sodbusters," "Cowpokes," "Damn Yankees" are laughed at, resented and said to be fools! We laugh at each other! We resent our fellow man! We call *each other* fools! It's a vicious circle with each American taking turns stabbing his neighbor in the back! In this cycle, if all of us are bad and wrong, who is left to be good or right?

People say "Live and let live." But do they? No, for most it's "Live and let's embarrass!" "Live and let's resent!" "Live and let's torment!" All in all, it's "live and let's be prejudiced!"

It doesn't have to be this way. Something *can* be done. All it takes is a handful of people possessing the character and the courage to break from the mold of contempt and learn the meaning of brotherly love. The man of courage thinks for himself; he makes up his own mind.

The coward is narrow-minded, he thinks not for himself, but judges others on the basis of what some even narrower than he had said before him whose opinions were based on stereotyped impressions.

We all know what stereotype is. When I say the word Southerner, what do you think of? A big stupid lug, practically illiterate, living in a shack and always accompanied by an even stupider looking hound-dog? General Westmoreland, (1966 Man of the Year), comes from South Carolina. How about Westerner? Tall, bow-legged, always a piece of straw hanging from the corner of his mouth, and if it isn't a piece of straw, a hand-rolled cigarette? Will Rogers was born in Oklahoma. And the Easterner? A small, skinny, pale thing, a mountain of pills bigger than he is, never a kind word for anyone, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was from Massachusetts. Oh! Let's not leave ourselves out—the Northerners. Each man a blue-collar worker, and each man's blue collar a little greasier than the one before him, hot-rods lining the curbs, block after block, all roaring louder than an enraged elephant, a



frown pasted across the face of each man, woman and child illustrating disgust because a man asked for help. Carl Sandburg spent most of his entire life in Illinois.

All of this contempt for someone because he is not a carbon copy of "perfect you" can be summed up in one word — **PREJUDICE!!!** People have to realize that we must not only fight the enemy abroad; we must also fight it here, at home. If we are to realize man's full potentialities, we must

free ourselves from our prejudices. In order to make progress toward our democratic ideal, we must destroy discrimination!

Ignore the big difference existing between you and the "Other Man". What big difference is there? Only the distance between his house and yours. Reach your hand across those fences, and grasp his in a sign of friendship. We live in the United States of America. Don't — Don't falsify our name!

## MY FRIEND

*by Shelley Harvey*

I found a friend, or she found me.  
It's strange, but never could we see  
Why people always stared at us  
And soon walked by, and made a fuss.

It seemed at times that they all changed;  
The children laughed and called her names.  
They looked at me and put me down;  
And yet I'm from their part of town.

My mom and dad don't own me now.  
They say I'm bad, they ask me how,  
How could my friend disgrace their name;  
And how could we live out their shame.

I found a friend, or she found me.  
It's strange, but now we both can see  
Just why the people always stared;  
Her skin was black, and mine was fair.



# Man's Inhumanity To Man

by Irene Hounshell

In a speech given to the Anti-Defamation League shortly before his untimely death in 1963, the late President John F. Kennedy said:

"This is not a legal or moral issue. It is as old as the scriptures and clear as the American Constitution. The heart of the question is whether all Americans are to be affected equal rights and equal opportunities, whether we are going to treat our fellow Americans as we want to be treated . . . . This nation, for all its hopes and all its boasts will not be fully free until *all* its citizens are free . . . . We face therefore, a moral crisis as a country and a people."

In the South today, prejudice against the Negro is the rule, rather than the exception. In my own experiences this past August in a town in Mississippi, I witnessed a white man block an elderly colored lady's way, so that she had to go around and into the street to pass him.

This prejudice forces people to sacrifice their common sense and often their humanity. It makes them callous. In his book, *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes*, Harry Golden, a southerner, tells about a little Negro girl, eight years old, who was hit by a car. She

lay bleeding on a Montgomery, Alabama, street because some "good Samaritan" called a "white" ambulance, and not a "colored" one. A police officer and a "white" ambulance driver stood idly by, waiting for a "colored" ambulance to come, while the little girl's blood spilled into the street. Calling a "white" ambulance for a colored person is a game the white "good Samaritans" play. When it arrives they say, "I thought she (he) was white."

The Negro knows and feels this prejudice everyday of his life not only in the South where it is obvious, but in the North where it is much subtler. There is a joke we heard in the South that the Negroes tell, "In the South the white man says, 'Nigger come as close as you want just don't go up;' in the North the white man says, 'Nigger go as high as you can but don't get close'."

The manifest cruelty of Southern whites toward Negroes finds a parallel in the North where the segregation is "de facto." The smug, self-righteous North with its bitter criticism of the South still practices this inhumanity through job discrimination as well as community and neighborhood restriction. The general apathy of a poorly informed populace has created a real but intangible monster that gives us simply another instance of "man's inhumanity to man."





REFLECTIONS ON LOVE



# A Woman At Sixteen

*(To Be Sung To Guitar)  
Accompaniment Of  
"The House In New  
Orleans")*

*by Chris Attard*

A boy and girl met one fall day  
Their different years but three;  
Still, these few years made him a man  
More capable to see.

The times they shared together made  
The sun shine in their hearts;  
They did not see it could not be  
Their faiths held them apart.

She thought the gap need not be closed  
And they would share just fun;  
The fun brought closeness to the two  
Their obstacles just one.

Religion was the obstacle  
To love between these two;  
But to those eyes of happiness  
This did not come to view.

This man and girl had grown so close,  
Still God came in between;  
John loved her much, but with pain left  
A woman at sixteen.



# Without It

*by Jill Neuman*

Like the strong wind  
of a cold night,  
I can't forget it.

Like the narrow path  
through deep brush,  
It guides my steps.

Like the flickering light  
in the dark distance,  
It means a hope.

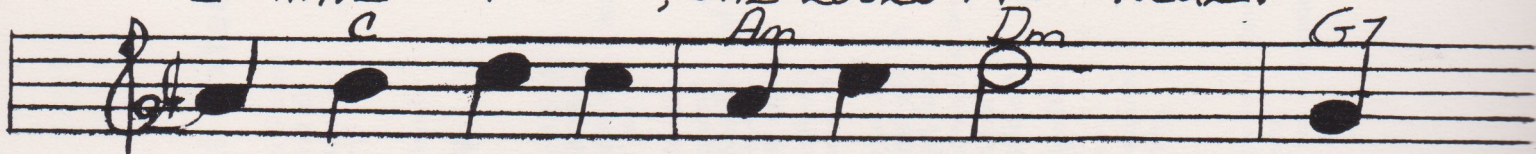
So why do I run in  
the windy night,  
On a path through  
deep brush,  
Watching a light in  
the distance. . .

without it?

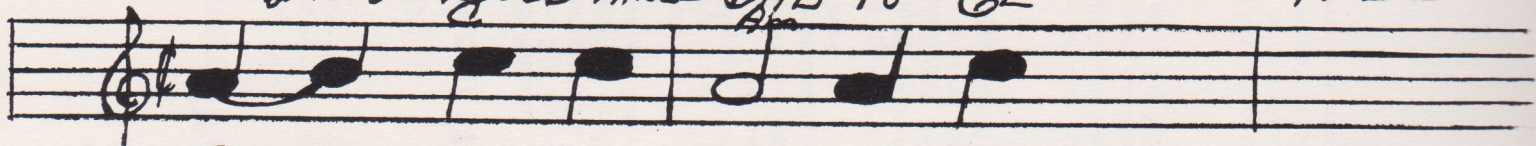




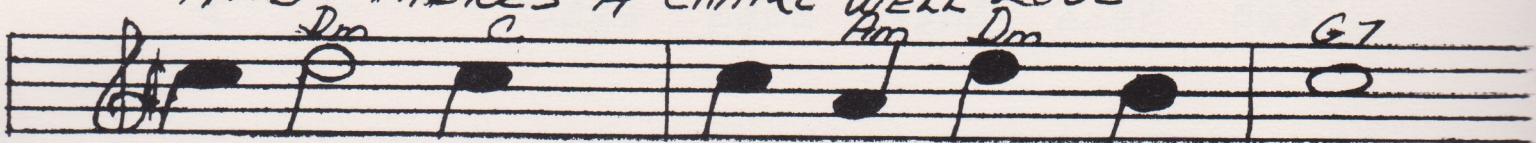
I HAVE A LOVE; SHE LOVES ME TRUE.



WE'VE LOVED THREE DAYS TO- GE - THER



AND THERE'S A CHANCE WE'LL LOVE



THREE MORE IF IT PROVES FAIR WEA- THER



# A Musical Adaptation Of John Sukling's "THE CONSTANT LOVER"

*by John Luchini*

Chorus:

You can search round the whole world and  
Never find another,  
Any man, anywhere, who was  
Such a Constant Lover.

2.

Although I'm constant in my love,  
My loves number many;  
So if one should leave me I won't  
Be left without any.

3.

My love might come to me and say,  
"I cannot be your lover;"  
I wouldn't care or worry for  
Soon I'd have another.



# Without You

*by Jill Neuman*

I can do without—  
money,  
sunlight,  
laughter,  
fame,  
I said—  
but not without you.

And so now left—  
poor,  
blind,  
crying,  
forgotten,  
I am—  
and doing without you.



# After The Sun Has Set

*by Barbara Bodell*

You wanted the sun to set. . .

shattering our glass-covered world,  
knocking down skyscrapers built  
reaching into misty skies.

You sank the sailboats launched into  
tranquil blue lakes,  
smothered the fire that lighted my way.

Now it is I who am left . . .

to sweep up the glass pieces,  
clear away broken bricks scattered  
around a skeleton of former majesty.

I will gaze at an empty lake  
and try to forget what once was,  
bury the cold ashes.

and wait for another sun to rise. . .