

asterisk



The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently.

> Fredrich Nietzsche The Dawn

We, the youth of today, feel it is necessary to question the values of our society, not necessarily to overthrow them but to understand their worth for ourselves. It is inevitable, however, that in the process of reinforcing the worthwhile ones we must necessarily reject the others. We believe that the worth of the society of tomorrow is in direct proportion to the degree of our individuality today. We have not lost sight of the most important fact, however, that our individuality is worth nothing without integrity.

In ASTERISK '66 we members of the student body of Dearborn's Lowrey High School have attempted to demonstrate our individuality by exploring honestly the world of Ideas, Nature, Music, Death, and Escapism. Each one of our writers is unique in his own form of questioning, but is at the same time a part of the ever-moving, ever-advancing society of today's youth.

Dedication

The ASTERISK represents the combined effort of students and teachers to promote literary creativity. Art, poetry, short-story writing, brief essays and other literary froms lend freedom to the individual thought and endeavor. Any publication which promotes the creativity of the individual must be recognized as the ultimate in a learning activity. The total process of obtaining the final form of the Asterisk resulted from the cooperative efforts of the group and respect for individual achievement.

The ASTERISK must be recognized as a prime example of excellence as it relates to the total educative process.

To those of you who made this publication possible, my highest compliment.

RICHARD C. SEAVITT, Ph. D. Principal

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Words To THINK About ☆

*Utter darkness is then his light.

HERMAN MELVILLE
Pierre

Diary of a Martyr

by Ed Gaybrys

Jan 1 — My name is Dr. Clinton Revnolds. Earlier this morning I was awakened from a state of suspended animation. In 1970, I underwent a series of government sponsored experiments which placed me in this "Sixty Year Sleep."

Jan 2 — Today, I went to see Dr. Rouf who said that my physical examination showed that I was in excellent condition. He also said that a job had been arranged for me to teach Early American History

at Xisenine University.

Jan 20 — I arrived at Xisenine University today and located my living quarters at a dormitory for single male professors. The faculty here seems rather unfriendly toward me, but maybe the ice will melt once they know me better. After all, I haven't been around for sixty years.

Feb 1 — Well, classes started today, and my day was uneventful, save one thing. The students all seem to dress in the same manner. Boys and girls both wear dark pants and white shirts with several red stripes on their left arm. Queer as it seems, it may prove to be a blessing in disguise. Maybe they have found that uniforms aid in studying. Anyway, it sure is a change from the assortment of 'costumes' the twentieth century students wore. Feb 2 — During today's lecture, I noticed that I received odd glances from several students who were listening intently.

Feb 4 — The 'odd glances' seem to be increasing, and I notice students huddling together before and after class, apparently discussing something. Ah, it's probably

just my imagination.

Feb. 7 — Well today the bomb dropped! While I was lecturing on Constitutional guarantees, the room went quiet. Not even breathing was audible; the only sound was that of my heart which seemed to stop -then beat wildly. As if rehearsed, a tall. slender blond arose. She was garbed in the standard attire. like her classmates. with the exception that she had seven red strips on her left sleeve. As she arose, I fumbled through the standarized seating chart given to me by the University Neves Ah yes, Net.

"Miss Net, you have a question?"

"Professor Reynolds, you stated that under the First Amendment, the State shall not abridge the right of freedom of speech and assembly of any citizen, am I not right?"

"Yes, that's correct."

"What if he speaks out against the State?"

"The First Amendment would protect him."

"Even if a citizen has been convicted for subversive action against the State. does he still enjoy these rights?"

"Yes he does."

"Well, no wonder the state changed that amendment," she said, turning to the rest of the class.

Just then the bell rang, and the students were filing out. I wasn't quite sure if I had heard right, so I made a note to myself to look it up.

Feb. 8 — After my last entry, I decided to look at the present Constitution. To my astonishment I read that the twenty-fourth Amendment nullified the first, the twentyfifth the second and so on.

Feb. 9 — During the course of today's lecture, I asked Miss Net why, in her opinion, the First Amendment was nullified; being careful not to show my ignorance."

She answered matter-of-factly, "Why to keep the government from being overthrown by Communist agitators."

"What if the person speaking were not a Communist?"

"Why, only a Communist would speak against the State."

You're saying that the State knows the will of the American People?"

"I am saying, Professor, that the State is never wrong." A few started to clap, but stopped when a student in the back stood up.

"Mr. Eno. do you wish to state an o-

pinion?"

"Yes sir. I would like to remind my 'comrades' that the government is made up of humans, with human failing."

Again I was saved by the bell. This time as the class was leaving, I noticed something strange. Unlike the rest of the stu-

dents. Eno had no stripes.

Feb. 19 — My classes continued as usual, with me getting into hotter water every day. As I looked over the seating chart, I noticed Eno had been absent for the last five classes, ever since he spoke up. My wildest fears seem to be coming true. Tomorrow I will test the strength of the twenty-fourth Amendment.

Transcript: State v. Reynolds Counsel for the State: "With this evidence taken from Dr. Reynolds' personal diary, the state rests its case."

The Judge: "Arise, Dr. Reynolds. The state finds you guilty of subversion and sentences you to death. Do you have a statement to make at this time?"

Defendent: "Yes, your honor. I have. I feel I've been convicted of an unjust law, one which should never have been allowed to be on the books"

Judge: ". . . . Your, execution will not be carried out immediately. First, you will enter Camp 'C' and will be fully indoctrinated in Americanism. Upon your release, you will be brought back here and confess your crimes. Further you will profess your love for Americanism, before your execution. You will not die a martyr, Dr. Reynolds, as you have undoubtedly intended. You will, however, die despised by the American people for your subversion."



Whisper Softly

by Lynn Campbell

Whisper softly, my love,

for then I'll never hear
your words, the fruits of falseness
from lying heart and mind.

Turn low the lights, my love,

then I'll not have to see

the look the night brings to your eyes

when gentle it may be.

Kiss me not, my love,

for then I'll never feel
the sweetness that your lips hold
when telling loving lies.

What Now

by Lynn Campbell

Shall we each sit and think
of what has happened?
Should we burden ourselves
with a sense of guilt

What now for us?

Each feeling the other was innocent but that we ourselves are the ones who lie in filth?

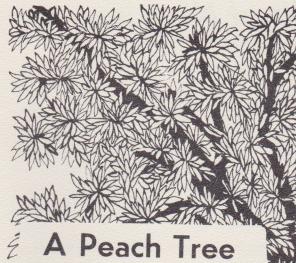
Or is it better that we should part,
both walk our own direction

Forgetting what has passed
between us.

Forgetting the heat, and pain, and joy that was ours alone.

Pretending it never was, never existed.

What now for us?



 $\begin{tabular}{ll} by Lynn & Campbell \\ A & peach & tree— \end{tabular}$

young and still growing.

Its limbs

many times forked

and tightly bound with twine
grow

as those around it think

it should.

Even now its leaves in August

start to fade from green to the yellow of age

in October they'll fall and be gone.



This Life of Mine

by Lynn Cambell

This life of mine a misty, rocky way.

I travel

Never knowing

but

Never really caring where it leads I only watch and search—

anxiously
for the next turn or
landmark which will,
show me the way as
I stumble on toward
my destination.

Often I lose heart.

As I sink by the wayside,

my tears flow

and my body moves slowly

into the blackness

beyond the boulders.

Always, always it happens
that I glimpse
a godly ray of sunlight
glowing on the faltering footsteps
of one passing before.

I hurry on,
eager to help—
Lest he fall as I have.

REALMS OF MENTAL AFFLICTION

by Arlene Harrell

I walk from bed to bed and ward to ward, and I witness every miserable face. The faces I behold have a strange, vague look. Some are masks of ineffable suffering, and yet in other faces I find the appearance of a strange peace and a soothing tranquility. They peer at me with eyes endeavoring to convey a message, calling out their inner agonies. At times I cannot bear to hear their calls, to understand their turbulent eyes, to read their muted minds, and to hear their cries and silent pleas. I dare to speculate that they are human!

Alas, how foolish I am! They are indeed human. For humanity has many phases and this, I remorsefully concede, is one neglected phase. The souls are burdened with sufferings, sufferings that are immedicable, scars that are too deep to heal.

Have I no afflictions, no burdens? Is it true that I am graded as insensitive and indolent to this facet of humanity? Yes, I have a burden; and others would have this burden also if they saw this cruel ill-fated side of humanity.

Men belong to men. Their sufferings claim our hearts. It is the black hand of death that reaches out to their afflicted hearts and alleviates their writhing mental miseries. Yes, it is death that terminates the vitality of existence for these tormented souls. They may take their last breath and perish, but their sufferings shall be imperishable in my heart, mind, and soul.



Baby Sitting For Moderns

by Jan Wissmuller

The other day, I sat in my Civics class and listened as my classmates discussed various social and political problems. The concerned topics ran a broad range, from racism to marriage, from corrupt unions to corrupt business practices. What struck me immediately was that these students wanted to meet this wide range ills with a single magic cure-all. So united was this front that it was invariably worded in the same way: "I think the Federal Government should step in!" Each time the magic words were chanted, every alert head in the class bobbed its approval. Considering that these would soon be the voters that decided our Federal Government's powers and duties, it was a frightening exeperience.

Why should I find it frightening? I'm not radical-left or right. I'm all for the "American way of life" and I like Uncle Sam as well as any one as close as I am to the draft age. For the most part I find the actions and opinions of the Federal Government quite satisfactory. But there are at least two major weaknesses in our rising dependence on Big Brother: first, it stretches our system of government as provided in the Constitution, and second, it is inimical to the private initiative and freedoms that are a basic part of our

heritage.

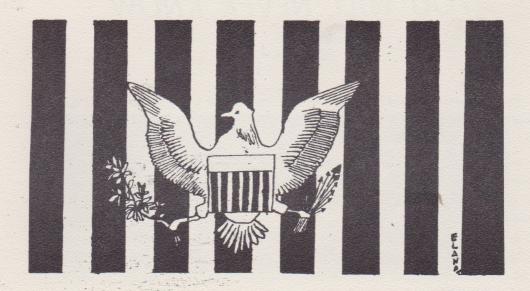
Consider an example of the first of these. An apparent one would be the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The intent behind this law, that of granting full citizenship to all Americans, is fully justifiable. But Federal regulation of who a shopowner may or may not accept as a customer is a gross overextension of the legislature's constitutional powers. Furthermore, it detracts from the shopowners right to use his private property as he pleases. In trying to secure rights for one minority group, the rights of another minority were discarded.

The second point is more abstract than the first. The heritage of the early Americans is something we are rightfully proud of today, as are the ideals that spurred the founding of this nation. Furthermore, the system of private ownership and initiative has proven itself to be successful. None of these things required or benefited by Federal pampering. Yet the increasing trend is to look on our central government as a glorified babysitting service. The recent Medicare Bill is an obvious example of this. There are dozens of private insurance, savings, and investment plans providing for care of the aged. This renders Medicare unnecessary. There are those who contend that because these plans are not used, Medicare is necessary for the good of those people who don't subscribe to private plans. But it is not, or should not, be the job of the government to lead people in secure paths because they have not the initiative to plan for themselves. This is a case where the government runs an unnecessary babysitting service.

With the two stated points in mind, perhaps we should define legitimate Federal actions. In order to be justified, such action should be; 1) within the bounds

set for our Federal Government by the Constitution and 2) necessary but unattainable through private, state, or local means.

If the Federal Government is to be a Big Brother Babysitting Service, then the bills discussed in this paper are completely justified. But if we are to remain within our founding theory of government, with its inherent initiative and rights, then it is obvious that the current trend must be brought to an abrupt halt.



ODE TO A PSYCHOANALYST

by Ron Aitken

All around the mulberry bush
The monkey chased the weasel.
Does this mean that the monkey was a psychopath?
No, just that he doesn't like mulberries.

Living creatures of today We must all arise For we have psychic tendencies In psychoanylists' eyes.

We're either good or very bad But never in between. They twist you up and down until Your nose looks like your spleen.

So let's judge them like they judge us And cut them down to size, For they are getting rich off us; We can not compromise.

YOU WILL NEVER KNOW

by Bob Bonser

Do you believe in God? This question may sound slightly corny to many, but I am sure everyone can give some sort of reasonable answer to it. And I am likewise sure that approximately nine out of ten of the answers to this question will be a positive "YES."

Another question, but to which the answer does not come quite so easily, is "Whw do you believe in God?" As yet,

no one of whom I have asked this question has had a truly solid reason, either scientific, theoretical, or otherwise, for why they believe. The most common answer is something like: "Then how do you explain the universe and all of the complexities of nature?" I answer by asking that if they cannot explain the universe's existence without a creator, then how can they explain an even more complex all-

powerful God that could have created such a universe in the first place?

No, I have a feeling that 80 or 90% of these devout Catholics, Protestants, etc., would likewise have been devout Zen Buddhists, or whatever, if that is what they were brought up to be. In other words, most people blindly accept what they have been taught to believe.

All of one's knowledge of God is derived from a book, The Bible. The Bible says God died for you. Do you love him? You have never seen Him or spoken to Him, but do you love Him? Perhaps, but I believe those who can answer this question with an honest yes are few in number. I definitely think the main reason religion exists is fear, fear that if the punitive warnings of The Bible are true, it is too risky to be doubtful or admittingly unsure. Believing is far safer. Of course no one is fearless, but I don't think that at least being doubtful is wrong.

Assuming there is a God and Heaven and Hell and so on, and then taking two types of people: the rather selfish type who abides by *The Bible* word for word, goes to church every Sunday and is mainly concerned with being saved and getting to Heaven when he dies; and a second, less selfish type who does not take the safest path and admits aloud that he just does not know for sure one way or the other-assuming this, then would God prefer the first type of person to the latter? I think probably not. Not that there is anything wrong with wanting to be saved and going to Heaven—this is only natural. History has shown that humans seem to have an inborn need for a God, such as the Hebrews who worshipped idols long before Jesus Christ was on Earth. Perhaps it is the life after death idea that is so attractive, because without this belief, the thought of dying some day, ceasing to move, to think, to exist, is unbearable. Yet aside from this, I do not believe either that there is or is not a God; all I can do is search for the answer and try to be certain that I am not merely conveniently disbelieving.

So whether you are a partial believer or a fanatical believer, to believe is the most you can do—you can never KNOW.



To My Friend The Man Who Hates Me

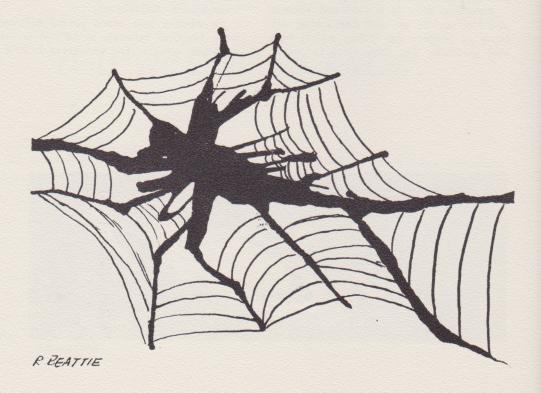
by John H. Angelos

Click clock, tick tock. The giant clocks of the machine age tick and tock with the sounds of a thousand dropping locks, which fall and break apart on the slabs of concrete which hold together the souls of a million hearts of steel which belong only to the many. Although put together with springs and rubber bands, not worth the money spent on them, the clocks tick eternally.

For aren't the springs strong, stronger than the minds put into their making? Though their minds are weaker, they are larger and more powerful, and is not strength the ruler? For is it not wrong for the winners to walk crooked as long as they are many and walk so as to force the others to walk the same?

They are not fools who are too intelligent to realize they are not machines, but men who should not walk all the same

But the clocks will tick on and on. The ticking clocks that tinkle to the ground in millions of scattered fragments tick on and on. For they know of the men who are followers, the men who made then tick!



Empty Things

by Doug Stamp

Soothing speaks one child's mirth, While bitter speaks the other. For from life's birth
Stems death's foundation,
Man's damnation,
God's creation,
While men in silence bowed
As wind upon a cloud.

Patrons of life, of death
Who never question why
Reasons for life
Reasons for death
Their simple breath
Their lost caress
While sleep dies in youth
As youth vanishes in truth.

Empty things pursue me;
Wild faces probe me
With silent laughs
Like mindless fiends
Their echo gleams
Upon my dreams.
While in my thoughts they seep
As tears from those who weep.

Through my thoughts I wander Alone but quite content;
Losing nothing,
Taking no one,
Leaving someone
To everyone.
While breaking eggs in half
For fools who stand and laugh.

This Is Poverty

by Cheryl Howe

A child in grimy rags, playing unnoticed Among broken beer bottles, old newspapers: An alley filled with despair.

A lonely old woman, climbing falteringly
Up long-ago broken stairs;
A home with no welcome.

Tired feet in worn shoes, tramping along A cracked sidewalk caked with mud; A street cold in dejectedness.

> Two eyes weary and uncaring, watch the sun s Behind a window cracked and dusty; A life with no meaning.