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High Point College
High Point, North Carolina

apogee '74



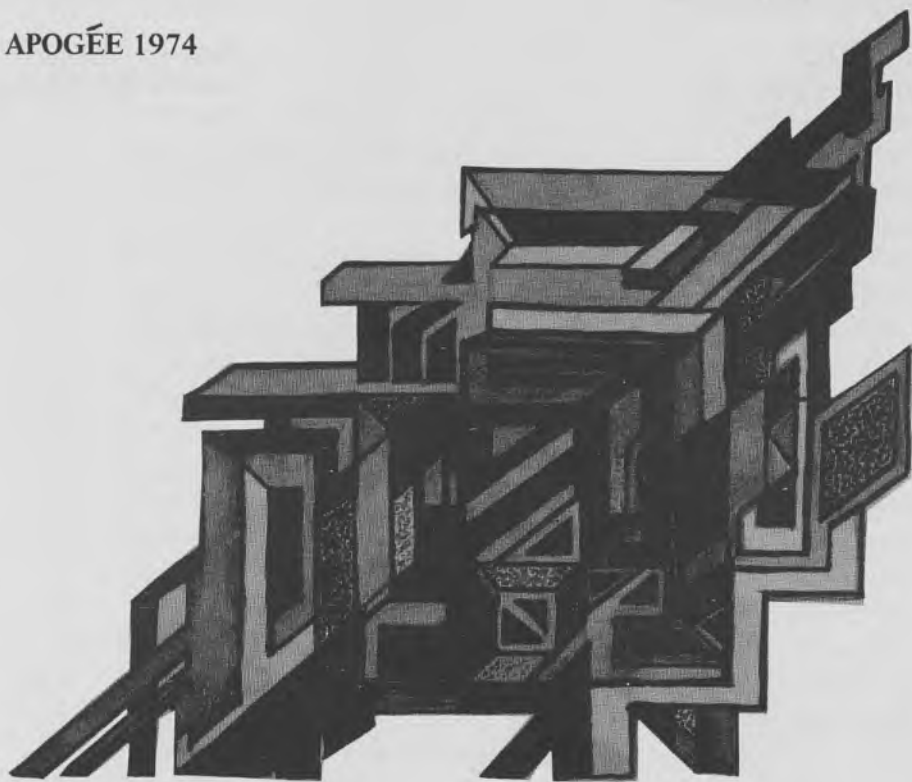
The typewriter is quiet now. The pencils, worn to stubs, lie silent. The presses have stopped rolling. The ordeal of sitting in judgement on two hundred and eleven pieces of literature is but a memory. The thirty-two page dream that lived in the minds of a dedicated staff for eight long months is no longer just a dream. *Apogée* 1974 is a reality.

Our hands tremble as we present this gift to you. It contains not only our words but our lives. There are those who say authors are the most presumptuous people in the world – to believe that they have something to say worth writing down. I say rather that they are the most courageous people in the world – to take a piece of their soul, reduce it to black letters on a white page, and place it in the hands of strangers.

We do not ask that you agree with everything in these pages or even that you like everything. We simply ask that you receive them and respect them for what they are – the wanderings of souls that have ceased to be at peace with themselves.

Jim Coble
Editor-in-Chief

APOGÉE 1974



Linda Weeks

HIGH POINT COLLEGE
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CONTENTS

2	Dedication	Jim Coble
3	Art	Lorraine Simpson
4	The C.E. Mounts Award for Literary Excellence	The Staff
5	Clown	Cindy Chapman
6	Art	Lorraine Simpson
7	"I want to take a poem"	Leonard Selvaggio
8	Life	Ray Harris
9	Surprise	Gail Collins
10	"Blossoms cherry into"	Cindy Chapman
10	Recollections – After You Died	D.H. Potter
11	To Whom It May Concern	Bucky Hooker
11	Art	Lorraine Simpson
12	In Memoriam – Eugene Crane Munger	The Staff
13	Ocean	Gene Munger
14	"How much longer until you"	Cindy Chapman
14	Untitled	Deborah Tyler
14	"Time separates us"	Carolyn Rudd
15	Art	W.C. Smith
16	Cancer	D. H. Potter
16	Deep Purple	Gail Collins
17	In Reflection	Cindy Chapman
17	The Deadman's Story	Jim Shover
18	"The mute supplication of blank paper"	Ray Harris
19	"But all things change with time"	Cindy Chapman
19	"You stand tall and glow with life"	Cindy Chapman
20	Elegy	Deborah Tyler
20	"A once upon a time dream of"	Cindy Chapman
21	"We send our hands out"	H. Alan Hunt
22	To Camelot	Bucky Hooker
22	"A tender smile in a woman's eyes"	Duane Feldman
23	Art	Lorraine Simpson
24	"Leaves of teardrops"	Cindy Chapman
24	"Dedicated to all my friends"	Rebecca Butler
25	The Inevitable	Gazelia Payne
25	"I am restless"	Rebecca Butler
26	Patricia	Carolyn Rudd

The 1974 Edition of *Apogée* is dedicated . . .

To Pat, Who Taught Me to Touch

pat

thanks for skipping the road with me

on a summer day an eternity or two ago, like two wild
mountain streams cascading into a single torrent, we
splashed together

we each put a pebble in our shoe and called the small
white pebbles dare (remember *godspell*?)

“and when we both have had enough
i will take him from my shoe, singing:
‘meet your new road . . .’”

now is the time for meeting new roads
i shall always treasure the time i spent skipping the
road with you
nothing will ever take those hours from me
i will not let the pain of the present destroy our past
. . . or our future

my arms are empty now
where once there was a warm body there is now only an
aching emptiness
one day someone will again walk into these arms - perhaps
it will be you - perhaps another
until then i will sit in silence and occasionally cry
i thank you for your love - i thank you for you
i do not regret that you walked into my life
i'm glad you came my way
i treasure each laugh - each tear - each drop that we
squeezed from life
your love has taught - is teaching - me much
and now we must part - not because i want to - not because
you want to - but because our love will not permit us
to destroy each other
our love will not die - it will only grow and mature
and when we love each other enough, we shall meet again to
skip the road together - maybe as lovers, probably as
friends, certainly as the children of a king
our love is not coming to an end - it's just coming to a
start

if you look around tomorrow morning and find that you
cannot see me, do not be alarmed. simply go to the
nearest mirror and look deeply into your own eyes - and
there i shall be. for i have become a part of you and
you have become a part of me and it shall be that way -
forever.

thanks, pat, and goodbye from a fellow child of the king

jim

take care of yourself - somebody loves you



Lorraine Simpson

Introducing . . .

The Charles Eugene Mounts Award For Literary Excellence

The Charles Eugene Mounts Award for Literary Excellence will be awarded each school year to the author of that piece of literature judged by the staff of *Apogée* to be of the best literary quality among those submitted to the staff. The winning author must be a student at High Point College.

The exact way in which the winning author is recognized may vary from year to year. This year's winner, Miss Cindy Chapman, will receive a cash award of \$25 from the North Carolina Arts Council and a small commemorative pin. Her name will be engraved on a plaque that will hang in the *Apogee* office.

The Award was named in honor of Dr. C. E. Mounts who has served as advisor to *Apogée* since its inception twelve years ago. Dr. Mounts is a Professor of English at High Point College. He came to HPC in 1962 after serving as a professor at the University of Florida. A member of Kappa Delta Pi, Phi Kappa Phi, and Phi Beta Kappa, Dr. Mounts received his Ph.D. from Duke University. He is a member of the North Carolina Poetry Society and has been published in the *Florida Magazine of Verse*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Florida Naturalist*, *High Point Enterprise*, and *Apogée*.

Recipient of the 1974 Charles Eugene Mounts Award
for Literary Excellence

Clown

that lonely man.
that jester of the courts.
that is the clown.
mocked at. made fun of.
laughed at. made joke of.
making fun for you.
misery for himself.
making life for you,
death for himself.
cheering you. making *you* laugh.
always the joke.
never the joker.
always the laughs.
never the tears.
that is the clown.
giving his life to make *you* smile.
killing himself to give *you* joy.
acting the defeated to make you the victor.
acting the weak to make you the strong.
fake with laughter.
real with tears.
fantasy only to the world.
reality only to himself.
living for your contained laughter.
dying because of his overwhelming tears.
that is the clown, and this clown is dead.

Cindy Chapman



Lorraine Simpson

I want to take a poem
by the teeth
tear it down
 to the bone
 off the flesh
 the meat a quick bite
the tearing apart
we rejoice the ritual

I want to take a poem
 throw it out into a barrell
 of slugs of maggots
then fish it out of the slime
 and smash it against the skull

Leonard Selvaggio

Life

Life is a game of pinball;
One bounces about
 and bumps
 and bumps;
Makes the lights spin
 And racks up his score,
 And the ball goes down.
Maybe there are some
 Who hit the Big Bonus Button;
 Roll down the glorious collect tunnel;
Win an extra game; make the bells ring loud;
 But eventually they go down.
There are some few who have the knack;
 play the flippers flippantly,
 Stay off the bumpers,
Bingo! - hit that for which they aim,
 and high are their scores,
 But soon they all go down
There are some who don't have a dime, so they go in together,
Each use a nickel and
 Each take a flipper-
 carefully, capably they work
 Together.
There are even those who use a little hip action in there,
 "Give that machine a little bang, man, it
 won't hurt, rack up a score!" But don't worry about
a cheater, for watching always, carefully, sit a whole row of
Sheep - only too ready with the ever
 present cry - "Tilt, tilt!"
 There's all those people.
 Then there's I.
 Or you.
And don't we play that little silver ball for all it's worth!
 Don't we make those lights spin and those
 Little bells ring and those points just climb
 On that board!

But don't celebrate that beautiful bonus ball too
Long or too loudly.

Like the others, they always go down.
And soon, perhaps too soon,
When that last coin has gone down the slot,
And that last ball
Has rolled down the hole,
Even you, my friend,
Will flash and blink and
Spin and ring
And ding-a-ling--
No more.

Ray Harris

Surprise

Early morning--alone.
I write by the light of a street lamp.
I'm a little jumpy;
It's so dark
Except for an occasional flash of lightning.
The thunder roars like an angry lion.
The wind is swaying the trees -- and my car.
Wish I were home in bed;
Rain is nice for sleeping.
So many here before me,
Many will follow.
It may be hours before we move an inch.
I think for a moment about the situation.
Futility!
Thoughts are no good now--
I'm waiting in line for gas.

Gail Collins

blossoms cherry into
 evening moons, and you
 like flowers waving
 in the breeze
dance across a glistening sea of stars.
 and i sit, watching from
a frog bent
 lily pad
amidst a nowhere pond of somewhere tears.

Cindy Chapman

Recollections - After You Died

Time ticks by on the old grandfather clock,
As I sit here on the couch waiting to hear from you,
But the phone just hangs there,
And only the neighbors got mail today,
You told me when you left that you would call,
Seems like months have passed by since I left the yard,
Yet only three days have elapsed, as I wind the grandfather clock.

So handsome in your uniform with ribbons you had won.
I picture you now though, before you left to fight,
Remembering that we were never close, seldom if ever talking.
You wrote me once on my birthday, the one and only time,
Seems that it was then I realized how much you meant to me,
Yet the wounds of our past will never heal, my soldier son.

If I had only realized then how much I had hurt you,
Never would I have yelled so loud, or said, "Hell no, you can't go!",
But those days are of long ago, as I sit remembering you.
You have meant more to me than any of your brothers or sisters,
Seems you did what you wanted, always trying to be free,
Yet now I sit here my son, praying you are resting in peace.

D. H. Potter

To Whom It May Concern

Bubonic plagues
Swelling music
JC Superstar
waving goldenrod stirred by the breeze
globular honeydew drops
California bull crap

Look at my eyes
And tell me you see.
Look at my ears
And tell me you hear.
Look at my mouth
And tell me you speak.
Look at my fingers
And tell me you feel
Look at my heart
And tell me you...

bubonic plagues, swelling music, JC Superstar,
waving goldenrod, globular honeydew drops,
California bull crap...

love.

Bucky Hooker



Lorraine Simpson

In Memoriam

Eugene Crane Munger

May 13, 1951

October 8, 1973

"Life is too short to be little."

— Disraeli

By some standards Gene's life may have been short.

By no standards was it little.

Ocean

Boats that leave before the winds come to their sails;
Virgin calling from the shore.
Parting's harder when you know she's waiting home:
And I do miss you.

Birds that seem to call your name at night;
Waves that echo how far I've gone.
You know I'm a fool for leaving you at home again:
And I do need you.

Night-time ocean . . . silence calling me back home;
Moon-lit faces . . . sad because they're all alone.

Friends are calling and my voice can't find their names;
Days forgotten go on forever and seem the same.
See your face appear in swells of ocean rain:
And I do miss you.

Hearts that want to cry anticipating pain;
Hoping soon they'll see each other once again.
Lovers knowing that they've made it through the rain:
And I do need you.

Gene Munger

how much longer until you
see inside the joke.
how much time before you
stop to see the tears.
oh, can't you feel the sadness
that lives behind these
crumbling walls.
won't you look, for a moment,
beyond your laughter
to the one who cries,
and just try to be a friend.

Cindy Chapman

Untitled

Soft, quiet words . . . mumbled,
yet deliberate.

I stop . . . poised in mid-air.
They catch my mind and
pull it back.

Thank you my love for those words.

Deborah Tyler

time separates us,
but you live in my heart.
our lives touched but briefly,
yet our spirits will soar forever.
you must live your life,
and i, mine,
each to separate ways,
with our paths touching briefly,
then diversing once more.

i to follow my drummer,
and you to follow yours.

Carolyn Rudd



W. C. Smith

Cancer

Water seeps into the poorly structured veins.
Slowly and cautiously each step is taken,
The rags hang loosely on the poor soul's bones.

He has fallen victim to the darkness long ago.
Each day eyes are cast upon him and tears are shed
For a man, once a strong durable farmer who lies here.
Weather and insects were for so long his biggest problems.
Though now he knows not of them nor of me.

D. H. Potter

Deep Purple

Sitting and staring into the cold, dark night
I think even there must be better than here
In my lonely room.

The light which shines above me is a mirage,
Not really there.
The soft purple walls
Are as the walls of some great prison;
Holding me against my will.
The deep purple of the windows
Serves only to shut out the world.

Purple – the color of the gods.
That is the answer!
The gods are angry that I have felt myself
Worthy of their color.

Next time I will try gray.
The color of the lonely.

Gail Collins

In Reflection

a lonely man toward the sunset walks.
along the way he can see, by a dim light, his reflection in
a small pond.
a face of anguish and despair, and in his eyes can
be seen all the weariness of a long, lonely
journey to a place in a world he will never find.
his thoughts are few.
his mind is still and thinks of nothing but all
his dreams and lost hopes so shattered by
a world he cannot understand and that cannot understand him.
in himself he sees his life.
but it is too late.
the light flickers out and so with it, the reflection.

Cindy Chapman

The Deadman's Story

I walked and walked til it seemed as if I had been walking for days. My clothes had become rags, my skin all red and hot. My body was thin and frail. The taste of dust and sand hung in my throat and mouth. Water was the only thought on my mind. Oh! how the sun blazed that day, so bright white that it blinded me. I fell, and tried to move but I could not. I lay there for hours and heard the sound of vultures hovering over me. I began to crawl, only in vain. And then it hit me - this was my destiny. I was to die in the middle of the desert. I was to be eaten alive by vultures, wolves, and coyotes. I had travelled all this way. I was so near the end. The small village near the oasis was only a short distance away - over the next hill and I wasn't going to make it. My perfect crime had failed completely. I had killed four men instead of one, and I even had to drop the gold along the way. I had nothing now! Nothing!

Jim Shover

The mute supplication of blank paper
 Begging to be filled.
Words--they speak to me in
 voices
no one can hear; they slither
 and scrapingly slide themselves
across my pages
 saying myself to me
 more
than my self has ever said to all
 the world--my home.

Lingering lightly, billowing brightly
 in that secret part of mind,
luring, telling tales;
 whispering in wistful
almost memories
 of stories I have been
Strange places times torn, unshown
sea roads,
 not highways
 skyhighways
my stars
 my life
unknown

Ray Harris

but all things change with time.
and it seems i've walked this road
for years.
tell me, how do you please anyone,
and which direction is up.
i think words make my thoughts
incomplete,
and yet always i try
to make them whole.
for without even my vainest words
how would the storm in me
even begin to subside.
and i could cry, but what would
my tears do but dry
in the sun or disappear in
moon glow.
then, nothing lost and nothing
gained, so no one is hurt
but the one with the restless
heart.
so the pain grows, and
the heart and mind begin to throb
with need.
i wonder who would listen
then, and, if someone would, if i
could give rise to anguish and
speak freely of my sorrow.

Cindy Chapman

you stand tall and glow with life.
you bring light to a darkened path.
you burn me with words.
you give heat that warms the aching heart,
no, you are no candle.
you're you. thank God.

Cindy Chapman

Elegy

As I stood and watched,
A dream floated away.
Longing to follow,
I stood frozen.

It was only a dream.

Deborah Tyler

a once upon a time dream of
 fairy tales and happily ever afters
 run wild through the enchanted minds of
 children's verse.
 a dream of every dragon to
 become the prince who always kisses
 the sleeping damsel in distress whom he
 just saved from the clutches of
 the witches castle.
and the dream of every frog
 to become the prince through some
 miraculous kiss of
 the beautiful princess.
and the
 dream of every people
 to become the master of the
 merry-go-earth ride, controlling
 the gos and stops
 the get ons the get offs,
and in one touch of the music
 button, the world explodes.

Cindy Chapman

We send our hands out.
Feelers searching for recognition
love.

As they are stung
By the pain of being ignored
Or ridiculed
We weave a chrysalis
Around our whole being.
Withdrawing ourselves
deeper and
deeper

In contemplation
We emerge stronger
More resistant to pain
And more aware of the pain
We inflict on others.
Thus we continue our search.

H. Alan Hunt

To Camelot

Excaliber perched in a tree
Arthur nobleman in tears
Might cracks as a table
Guenevere bleeds with its splinters.

Look out, Camelot.
Purging winds challenge your sturdy walls
Fevers of passion burn your Queen.
Armor splits and so does your glory -
Glory gone forever
Only to be carried by Sir Tom.

Will your life be saved
Like Hers?
Or will you allow yourselves to
Burn?

Bucky Hooker

A tender smile in a woman's eyes,
An answering laugh in a returning look.
A conversation of glances,
A dialogue of expressions.
A pain much desired, and a
Pleasure condemned.
An indigo evening with windows of the sky
Opening and closing,
And the windows of your soul opening and
Closing,
And the window of your heart
Standing ajar.

Duane Feldman



leaves of teardrops
on the tree of sorrow.
deadened roots
in worn out soil.
dried out skies
and wrinkled rainbows, —
the day after the hurt.

Cindy Chapman

Dedicated to all my friends but especially to one friend.

At times my friend
Is in need of words
That I cannot find.

I search and search,
But cannot seem to find them.

My heart knows what it wants to say,
But my brain cannot find the words.

How do I tell her
That I am behind her no matter what,
That I am always here if she needs me?

How do I say
That nothing she can
Say or do, could ever,
Change my friendship for her?

How do I find the words for those times?

Rebecca Butler

The Inevitable

The dismal sky her hat,
The hard earth her shoes,
The dense fog her clothes
But none of this mattered
For she walked with him . . .

He who knew her thoughts,
He who felt her anguish,
He who loved her so,
But none of this mattered
For he was dead . . .

The
 love
 they
 shared . . .

Gazelia Payne

I am restless.
It is not physical
And then again it is.

My very soul is restless.
I feel it being torn apart
And thrust together again.
I feel this over and over.

This will pass,
But until then . . .

Rebecca Butler

patricia

with all the problems of the modern world,
they add another.
they take a girl
(because her father's rich)
to use to get food.
cry, america, for humanity.

yet, today i heard that the poor
don't want the food.
it would choke them, they say.
and they'd rather take a dollar
from their own meager checks
to get the rich girl back.
hope, america, once again.
people still are human.

Carolyn Rudd



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