

REPORTAGE





wow! it's finished.

twenty-four pages of h.p.c. creativity.
plus lots of typing, glue, coffee, and
hard work.

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little did i know!

kathy wolfe

editor, 1978 apogee

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High Point College
Spring 1978

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Charles Mounts Award

Swept,
Submerged,
I am taken to a new land,
A new home.
I discard the old me like a worn-out sock,
And put on a new I,
A shiny, bright diadem.
And thus arrayed,
I am all-powerful,
All-knowing,
Alone in my pool of
Sun-light
And Self.
I am safe inside the glass bubble
Which surrounds me---
None can touch me,
None can harm.
Exultant !
Till the lights wink out
And all my jewels
Turn to glass.

Wendy Stewart



MARGONI E MILANO

LORIDA

FRATELLI MADON

MARGONI MILANO

Sad

Let us learn to be sad.

It is an art, you know.

To be sad...

and to be happy that you are sad.

To grow in depression,

but fail to master it.

As long as we can be sad,

we can be human.

Let us learn to be sad.

Brent Johnson

I don't feel

I don't feel like playing songs

or struggling with my sad guitar.

We've tried too hard this summer

to fail when autumn is approaching.

I don't feel like chasing girls

that my mother pushes toward me

Like extra servings of mashed potatoes.

I've lived and laughed too hard

this summer

to have my heart broken now when autumn

is approaching.

Chip Aldridge

Fragility

My heart is
as fragile as
the wine glass crushed
by your hands
the other day.
It tinkled
to the floor-
I thought you would
sweep it up and
put it back together.
Instead, you swept it
out the door...
Be careful
don't get cut.

Becky Peeler

dusk thought

It's the lonely time
between the day and dark
when the fire coals
out glow the sun
and supper's yet to come.

It's the lonely time
when the blazing turns to brown
the fire coals out glow the boughs
and first snow's yet to come.

It's the lonely time
between the family and the wife
when the friends we know
out glow the problems
and our first love's yet to come.

Chip Aldridge



Take, Eat

"And Jesus took the bread and broke it;
And gave it to his disciples saying, 'Take, eat...'"

Eat the bread
Mundane and common
Sustainer of existence
Gorge. Indulge in excess
Until you've had
Your fill.

Sit at my table
And eat my bread
Hear my heart
Feel my soul
Experience the real presence
Of me.

Becky Peeler



incognito

he picked the prettiest
rose in the garden,
taking it into his hands to
smell the sweet fragrance-
taking it into his soul
sharing its beauty.

he lost himself in thought
but pricked by the rose's
thorny reality,
he realized both the beauty

and the evil
hiding so very well disguised
in this unsuspecting
ornament of nature.

Lisa Mickey



note to spiderman
dear friend of comics,
you save lives,
capture criminals
and please children.
i just live.
you are mimicked by
thousands at playtime
and your daily attire
is found in dime stores
at halloween in small sizes.
mine just hangs in the closet.
at least
we both are registered.
you, with a copyright
me, with a certificate of birth.

Lisa Mickey

The Theatre

Moving in a picture frame
Are tiny dolls.
Look beyond the gilt,
Beyond the silks and satins;
The paint is cracked,
The gilt is peeling,
The cloth is threadbare.
The faces are painted
In garrish red and green and blue.
Their words are stilted,
Formalized.
But under the magic of arc-lights,
The scene captures
And holds
One's attention
With a display
Of beauty
And imagination,
Providing an escape,
Or a sanctuary,
For the entranced audience.

Wendy Stewart

savages in the boardinghouse mad

oh give them a few beers
to throw chairs out of windows
along with curses
and fists
smashing through naked glass.

adorned with temporary madness,
the carpet will untack itself
for a few hours, rolling back
into closets
for fear of the
pounding herds that stampede
in the halls and stairways.

slowly the refrigerator
door ceases its
opening squeak, yeilding to snores
and thudding, bumping fits
of sleepless slumber.

now that the savages rest,
let us pick up the mess and pieces of
their mindless night
and place them into a corked bottle to be shaken
on an afternoon of boredom.

Lisa Mickey

white water
 rushing, rumbling
wide waves
 swirling, swelling
cruel current
 swiftly spinning
cold canoes
 running rapids
mighty madness
 white water
 Kathy Wolfe

worms, rain, and rafts

puddles on the sidewalk
rain falling steady
worms crawling
 on the pavement
 (flashed from
 their homes)
 half drowned
 struggling to
 reach the liferaft
 of paper
 thrown by some
 litter-bug.

Lisa Mickey





motel

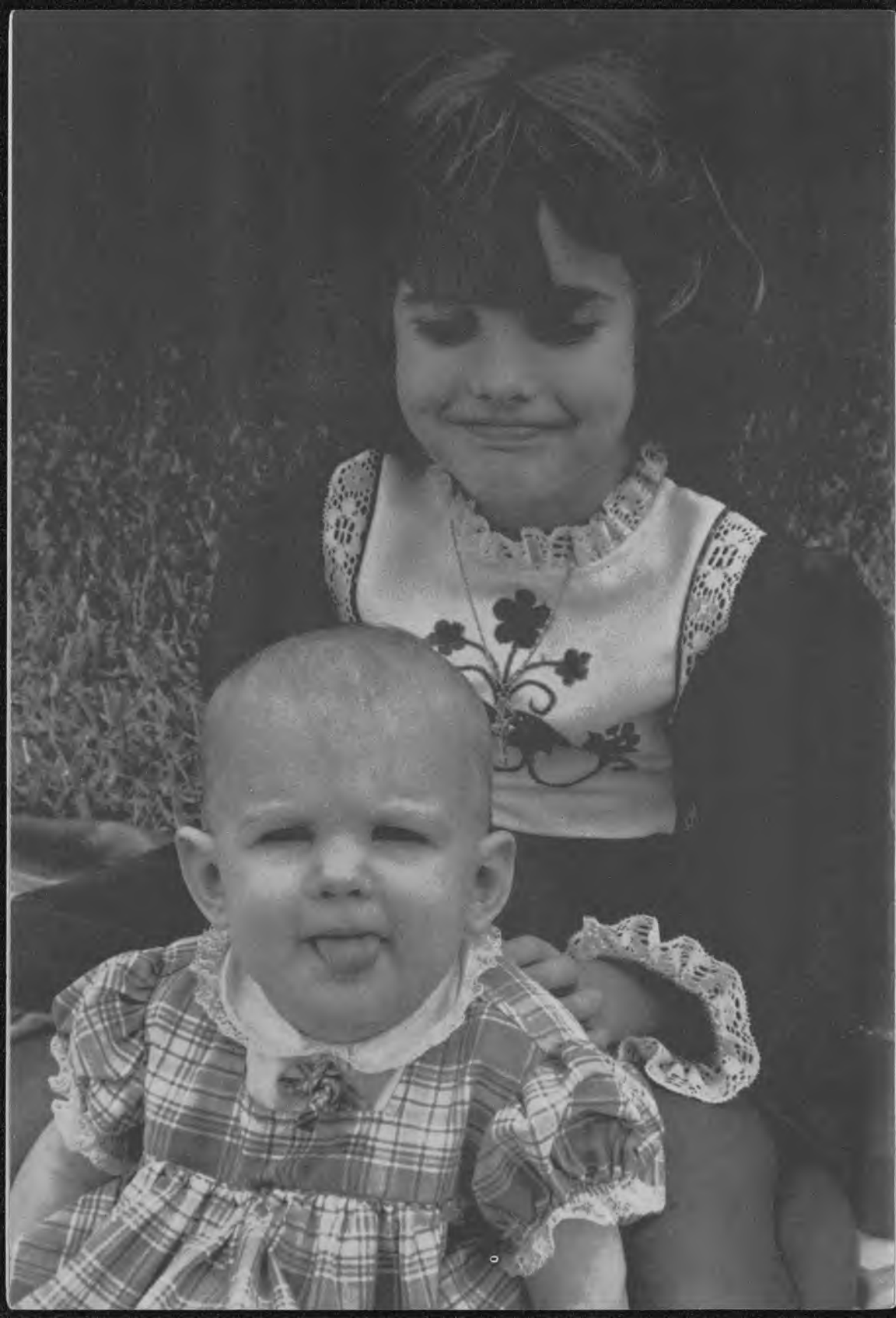
the neon reds and blues
talking tells of sad motels
and dusty Romeos
who only seduce
the worn-out bar queens
to the romance of a twenty
and the price includes a room.

it's a sad neon lighthouse
a place for an overnight honeymoon
or secret meeting
it's an escape from everyday
in a neon fantasy.

Chip Aldridge

game
lost again
no good at it
teammates' disgust.
lowered head, eyes
downcast,
trudge home
alone.
silent
watery
trickles
weave paths
down grimy cheeks
loser.

Kathy Wolfe



be as little children

I've never been able to
Walk on water
Part the waters
Feed the five thousand
Raise the dead
But...
I can color with my crayons.

Becky Peeler

a child's touch
a small child toddled through
the dewy blades of grass
to pick daisies for
his mother
watching this, the child's
mother saw in horror, a
large dog come romping
across the meadow
toward her son.
approaching the child
the dog crept closer
and gleefully the
child reached out
touching the dog
on its head.
the dog turned into
a butterfly and flew
away.

Lisa Mickey

My Grandmother

This old woman-
who smells like age and
whines and groans
ain't my grandmother...

My grandmother smells like
sweet springs full of honeysuckle
and rocking in the sun on the porch.

My grandmother sings with a soft
grandmother voice in calflength dresses,
black treasure-filled purses
and fancy Sunday hats.

This old woman-
who never gets dressed
and bothers my mother and accuses my father
of hating her,
ain't my grandmother...

My grandmother wears grandmother dresses
and takes me with her to town
or to her old home place.

My grandmother lives with us;
and helps with the cooking and
writes lilac letters to her friends.

It's been a long time since I've seen
my grandmother.

She went away-
and left this old woman to stay with us,
and this old woman is the only grandmother
my brother has known...
But this old woman ain't my grandmother.

Chip Aldridge

Spot

Spot got hisself born'd las' night-
didn' look like no puppy.
jes' a rat-ball o' wet hair,
kinda tangle-foot'd.
didn' get no milk-teat ta pull on, neither.
nope, no spot in th' chow-line
jes' a spot on his nose.

Kathy Wolfe

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a tree trunk. A rectangular sign with a white border is affixed to the trunk, featuring the word "POSTED" in bold, white, sans-serif capital letters. The background is filled with the intricate, bare branches of other trees, creating a complex pattern of light and shadow. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the bark and the sharp edges of the branches.

POSTED