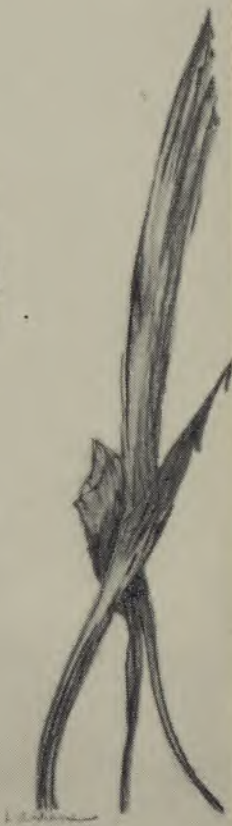


APOGEE '84



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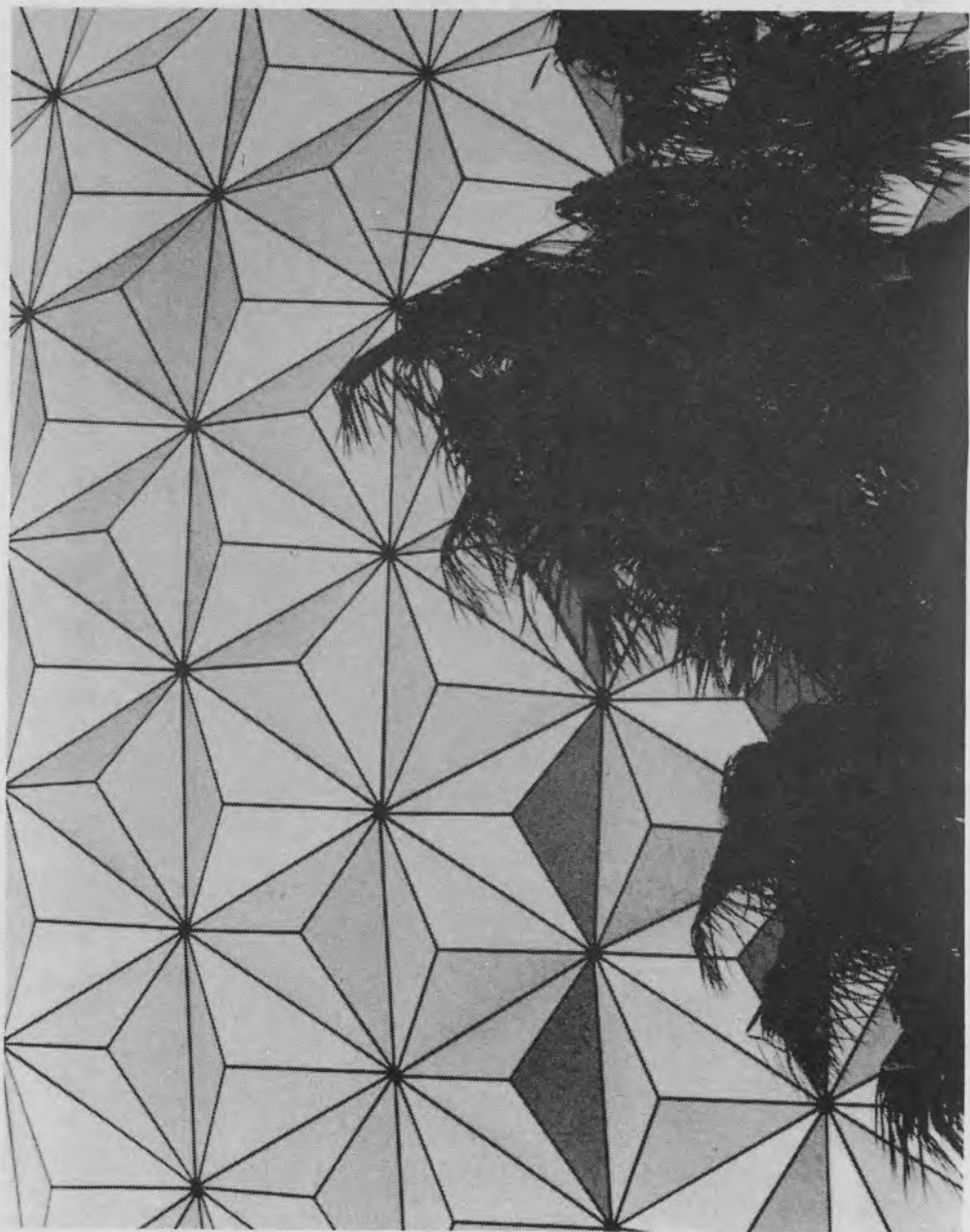
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Award For Photographic
Excellence

Sonnet To A Mountain
David Matzko

When we met, oh Mountain, I remember,
my awe, my wonder, the breeze in my breast
that dances with the pines and finds the summit.
You speak with each crunch of my pilgrimage;
You do impart to me your character:
master, liberator, grave yard, nest.
The birds and thunder both sing your spirit.
I squint and chew sour apples from your tree
and sip the cool spring that flows from under
the blanket of soft moss on which I rest.
Rain and snow have often forced my exit,
but calling me back, trees scratch my window.
Oh Mountain, the joy and pain that you give,
Knowing a mountain, a reason to live.

Charles Eugene Mounts
Award For Literary Excellence

To Spring
Jim Scott

Beyond the fallow haughland, past the stones scattered over low hills, to the lonely thickets of willow trees bordering a Scottish loch, on the banks of the water, marbled by the shadows of blue-grey mounts blocking the tender rays of a newborn sun battling through damp, cottony skies, shivered, in dawn's seemly coolness, a bare foot lad astride a wart of moss. Enormous eyes sparkled in the cherub's face, feasting of the marvelous sights before them: of strands of mists undaunted by very gentle breezes over the watertop; of the glassy plate of moisture, a perfect mirror of its Edenic environs; of the winged things dropping from the sky onto the loch with a chush in the water, casting silvery shards from talons fixed to windmilling, slender stalks. The very air vented serenity, a calm before the animals awakened and cast their careless ripples into another, uncelebrated new day. But to the lad, the day was done, having watched as he did its rare pageantry, devoid of the costumes created by the creature still aslumber...

The lad fell fast asleep, there by the waterside, ears filled with the lap of the water gently tugging at the shore and the chatter of the fowl bathing in nuance.

To this day, the man might still wish he had never awakened...



Lisa S.

a love that can't be told

SAVAS

i will sing to you
in silence
of a love that can't be told.

i will play for you
the lyrics
of a wordless ode of old

i will dazzle you
with music
as our soundless songs unfold

and we'll dance in light
and thunder
in the misty glitter-gold

we will laugh in snow
on sunshine;
we will swim the torrid cold

we'll make love beneath
the twilight
of the morning's moonrimmed mold

and i'll sing to you
in silence
of a love that can't be told.

Helen
Aileen Lynch

Come let my eyes with yours combine
Surround me with colorful light
Your sight

Come, join with me as one, pure whole.
I'll help you to hear musical tones
My sound

Join me, my friend, and blossom in beauty
Together we shall become, as we have not
One voice



Irene, Good Night
Alice E. Sink

Since Dad suffered the stroke last Wednesday, I cover the seven to seven-fifteen visiting shift each morning. The I.C.U. (Intensive Care Unit--which I like everyone else, have shortened; strange because during the vigil, time is my only commodity). "You get up at 5:30 every morning, anyway, Ted," my sister Caroline had said last week. "Why don't you take the shift?"

"Anything's okay with me," I agreed. Morning is my best time; my English Lit students, appalled by cheerful good-mornings and enthusiastic recitations of John Donne, say eight o'clock is no time for 17th-century poetry and accuse me of being happy just to spite their dull hangovers from a late night drinking beer at Scarlett's. I must be stricter than I would like with class attendance policies; most students understand, or at least react as if they understand, careful not to overcut. Eight or ten show up late every MWF. Maybe next semester I'll initiate a "late" policy; the semester after that, a rule whereby I could enforce attendance promptness and class alertness. Maybe we won't even be teaching John Donne the semester after that. The Mighty MacIntosh may have won its abhorrent battle against humanities. I find it ironic that an apple plays such a direct role in the scheme of things.

Monday morning I organize my briefcase, warm up the Toyota against the early March frost, scrape ice from front and side windows, and push the red button to defrost the back glass. Both hands are bound by boxing glove-like ski gloves usually reserved for the slopes. I blow the horn to hurry Mitzi, my beautiful young lover, who is going through the apartment turning on and off lights in each room, getting together her toothbrush, her Erno Laslo, her moccasins from the stone hearth. She finally comes outside. A canvas tote and leather purse swing from her left shoulder. The Toyota is warm and defrosted. Mitzi laughs at my ski gloves.

"I can't find my other ones," I respond to her jeer.

Mitzi reminds me of the old-absent-minded-professor person I have become, and I remind her she is too intelligent to be dependent on cliches. To anger me and bring out the strawberry "z" at the bridge of my nose, she begins reciting cliches: "The grass is always greener," "fat as a pig," "sober as a judge," "high as Georgia pine" until I threaten to stop the car and let her walk. We arrive at the bus station where she routinely rides the seven o'clock back to Charlotte and her final six weeks of grad school. As she hoists the overnight tote from the back, Mitzi remains half-kneeling on the front seat long enough to pat my shoulder with maternal assuredness that my dad will be well soon.



"Enjoyed it," I respond, knowing she will interpret the ambiguity as a good weekend together. With Mitzi, I do not need to be specific.

"Me, too," she said, easing the car door so quietly I have to stop a block later to close it.

Down Main and straight to 85 N. Not much traffic. I punch the radio button with the bulky gloved finger and listen to the six-thirty news. It is the year of Politics '84; candidates propose this and veto that. I sip now-cold coffee from a styrofoam cup, return the drink to the holder glued on the floorboard, and change stations. A voice sings:

"Last Saturday night I got married,
Me and my wife settled down
Now me and my wife are parted
Gonna take a little stroll downtown..."

I recognize both the singer and the song, but it takes a few more lines for me to recall the names of each. A smile pulls my upper lip upward. That surprises me. I think of Irene Campbell. Now I am really amused. What stirs me is not the picture of Irene in my head after an absence of what? twenty years? but the need to tell Mitzi about that strange little girl I once knew so many years ago. She will tease me until the strawberry mark appears.

"Good-night, Irene.
Good-night, Irene.
I'll see you in my dreams."

Irene and I were both freshman in the small Methodist College. The year was 1958--a time when male callers did just that--called on their girl friends in dorm parlors. No entering female rooms, no sneaking kisses on the porch (yes, dorms had porches), no male restroom facilities in the ladies' quarters--to ensure visitors not outstaying their welcome.

Irene adored the Johnny Cash song. She said no one ever wrote about Irene or sang about Irene or even named anyone Irene anymore. When we went to the "Corner" for cokes, she played "Irene" on the jukebox--always dropping a nickel in three, four, then five times. I enjoyed her enthusiasm although I soon tired of "Irene, Good-Night."

I arrive at the I.C.U. waiting room a few minutes before seven. The ashtrays are full; the television set braced on a steel shelf projects a picture, but no sound. Plugs, wires, and tubes run from the set as they run from my father's body. A fan-shaped table urn holds faded greenery and drooping mums. Someone must have left these here; they have been fading and dying since last Wednesday.

Irene was not afraid of death. She told me one day while we were sitting close together on the flowered loveseat in the Rec Room of the Campus Center. Death had been the topic of discussion in Religion 101 earlier that afternoon. "I grew up with death," she said as nonchalantly as she would have said, "I paid my utility bill," or "I have already eaten lunch, thank you."

Her father was a preacher, she told me, one of those self-appointed types. His pastorate was formed when Irene was five and a former congregation split over some administrative issue of chicken pie supper. The Reverend Campbell became the pastor of those members who broke away from the Mother Church. He offered the basement of his modern ranch-style brick home as the temporary meeting site.

"Everyone came one Saturday, laid new indoor-outdoor carpet, built an altar, and partitioned off the back part of the basement into two rooms--one for the children's Sunday School class and one for Momma's sewing," Irene told me. The death part came after everything was renovated.

A voice on the intercom announces visiting hours for I.C.U. The fat woman who has been talking about her trips over the Great Smokies tries to rise from the chair. I take her elbow to boost her upward. We walk together to the double doors and go inside. I go to my father's bed, take his spotted hand, and tell him I am here. He says he has not slept again all night, closes his eyes, and begins a restful breathing pattern. I pretend interest in his chart hooked to the foot of the bed. The only thing I understand is "BP-164/100." Looking around, I notice a young Black man in the next cubicle. He is also hooked up to tubes and machines. But there is something new. I ask the nurse what that is, pointing to the sucking cylinder, and she tells me it is a respirator. Somehow I feel better knowing my father doesn't have one. A woman in the cubicle across the room unknowingly exposes herself. I am embarrassed, so I focus on her face, which reminds me of a mountain doll made from dried fruit. Her hair is gathered into two sprigs above each ear, and she tells her visitor, possibly her daughter, they are too tight. The daughter responds by saying how pretty the ponytails look.

Once when I visited Irene and her family, I heard her mother outside the kitchen door calling, "Here, birdie, birdie, birdie," as she tossed left-over toast onto the graveled drive. By the time I knew Irene, a new church had been built half a mile down the road, and the basement of the Campbell's ranch-style was again a den. The children's Sunday school room had been converted to a laundry room, housing Mrs.

Campbell's prize Harvest Gold Maytag twins. The section once designated as sanctuary still sported the grass-green rug; the altar was gone, of course, and a blonde console, not quite large enough to camouflage all the mashed carpet pile, innocently reigned where the coffins once stood.

"I grew up with death," Irene repeated before continuing her tale that day in the Campus Center. "Of course everyone knows that funeral services are a vital part of worship." As she rubbed her chin, stroking first down one side and then the other, I knew what she was going to say. "And the Church just happens to be the basement of our house." I remember waiting to see if she would become nervous talking about this, but her hazel eyes which perfectly matched her hazel hair never betrayed her.

Now, as I move a few steps back so the lab technician can do whatever she must do with hoses, needles, and tubes, I see Irene in the church-basement; Irene riding her Big Wheel (no, they had tricycles then) around and around the coffin while her mother produced buzzing noises with the Singer in the back room. I pat my dad's hand and tell him I am leaving but Caroline will be here at eleven. He nods that he understands. When he is better, I must tell him about Irene, the strange little girl. But maybe he won't think she is so strange. Mitzi will understand.



Pollution
John Moehlmann

Beyond the panes of my window,
beyond the lawn and street
and the slope of my neighbor's
lawn, his downspout, white and
straight as a blindman's cane,
climbs out of earth and fastens
itself, at the eaves, to its other selves.

A blond-haired woman jogs by,
her eyes fastened on the air
between her and the street.

She thinks not of them.

She thinks not of cigarette butts
empty Coors bottles hamburger wrappers
dead dogs abused children rapists
field-goal kickers nuclear bombs
politicians professional athletes
TV evangelists dictators game shows
piped-in music or telephone answering machines.

She thinks the earth solid as a ball bearing.

Stoop quickly, woman,
like a cat burglar seeing light.
Leech your ear to the ground, hear
the bronchial asthma of inner earth
and imagine the interconnectedness of gutters
through which the phlegm will rise--*hysterica passio!*

Race home, woman of the Nike shoes,
wax, polish, inlay your gutters with chrome.
The big wheeze is coming
and we must welcome it as neat and efficient hosts.

Dreams
Aileen Lynch

Long, supple tools probe
Dislodge the beasts, disclose the fears of our sleep
Revelers in the loss of childhood spear the dreams
But
Beneath the rending knives of adulthood,
a gentle breath
a life breezes by.
You can not stop it, we can not stop it
Dreams....

I am running across a field of fire.
I am pacing life and never losing faith.
In whispers of his smile,
I exist,
I am.
You can not stop it!
Dreams



DODGE

Untitled

Mary Gagner

There is a lady stranded on the freeway
locked in by turbulent emotions
bled by passing invisible killers.
She is blaring trumpets of gold to the atmosphere
shattered sounds of the lost dreams
faded by soulless unseeing aliens.

With infinite thoughtlessness scars are carved
never seen through dusty mirrors
reflection into one's own soul.
Can you see me? Can you help me?
blinded by air conditioning freeon
deaf to the sound but thy own blaring trumpet.
Scream loud, Cry hard
hear it echo on the crowded freeway
see the life pass by.
Stranded lady on the road
she sees and hears now
the vibrating unanswered echo of her own cry.

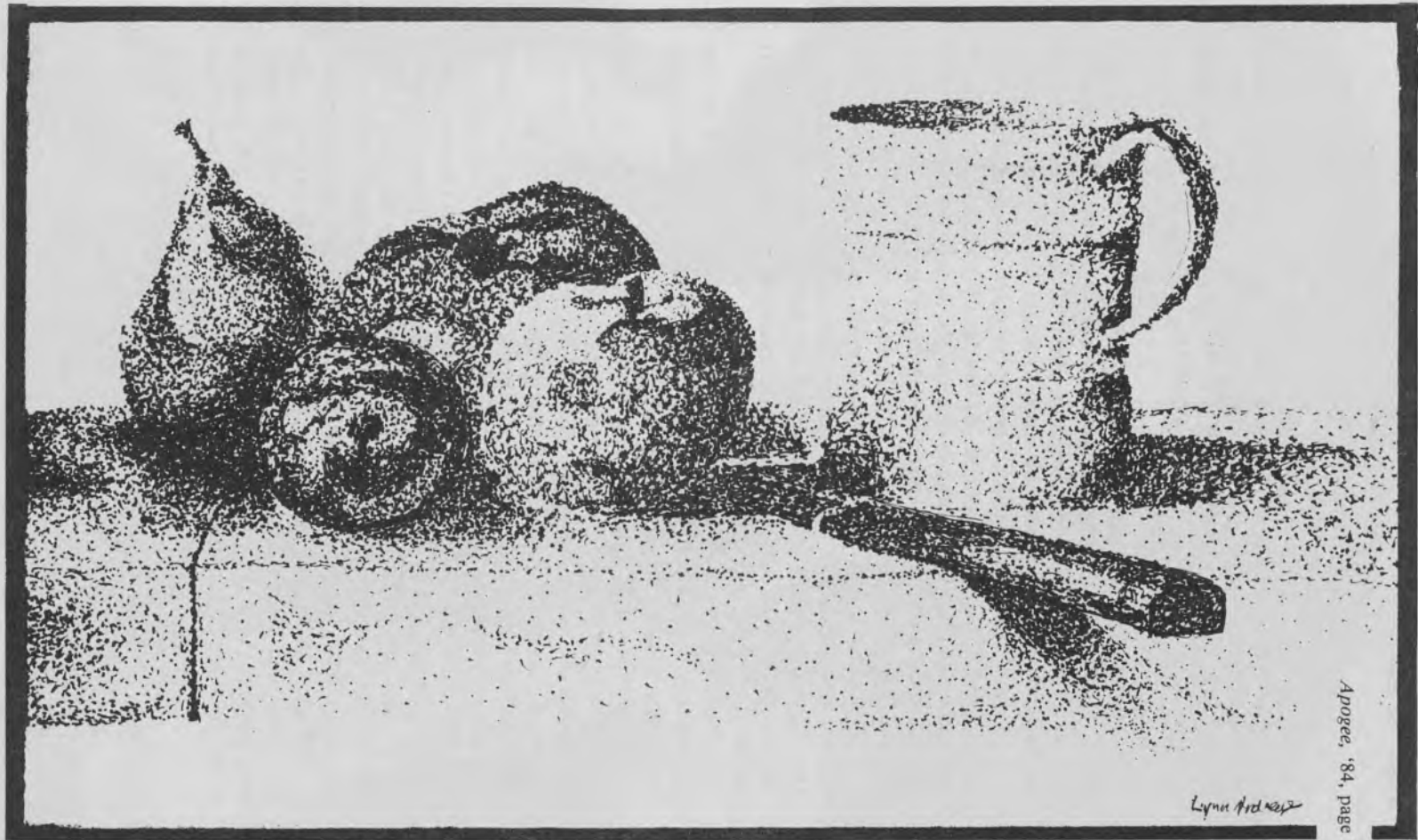
HOKKU SEQUENCE

Charles Eugene Mounts

Imagine the world
In seventeen dabs of paint
But on one canvas.

From flute or viol
Just seventeen notes to sound
A whole symphony.

Infinity squeezed
Till seventeen syllables
Tell all that there is.



Lynn Anderson

Captives in Limbo *Pat Connelly*

An orange half-moon hung in the western sky a few hours before dawn. Orion was stretched across the heavens like a rubberband and far below in the desert Kurt Rikkets was asleep with his forehead resting on the cold steering wheel of his truck. He was lost.

A sidewinder skated quickly across the rippled dunes not far from where Kurt Rikkets had pulled his truck off the road to sleep in frustration. It flicked its tongue menacingly in the chilling desert air. The truck's cooling engine ticked and the desert breeze swept fine grains of sand into the right rear wheel well where there was no hubcap.

The sidewinder slid toward the sagebrush. Nearing the bushes, the delicate pits at the tip of the viper's nose sensed a change in temperature. The sagebrush rattled but the snake did not hear it. Air currents near the ground carried sand and warmth emanated by a hungry desert mouse.

Kurt Rikkets drew a deep breath and turned his head on the steering wheel without waking up. His cowboy hat fell off and landed on the seat next to him but he did not hear it.

The sidewinder slithered over a rock and drew back its head. The rodlike pits that detected temperature changes of .0001 of a degree signalled the brain; the snake didn't even rattle. Reflexively the sidewinder sprung forward and struck the mouse on the hip. Its sharp hallow fangs sank into the rubbery muscle and injected venom. The mouse fell off the rock, landed in the sand, and scurried to its feet and limped away quickly. Soon the two puncture wounds began to tingle and then grow numb. The mouse was shaking as the poison attacked the circulatory system. The little heart tried vainly to pump blood through the trembling body, but the poison was too potent. Quivering, the mouse fell. The little heart pumped wildly, quickly, then collapsed.

Kurt Rikkets had tied the laces on his boots too tightly. His left foot had fallen asleep. It rested against the clutch pedal and tingled, then grew numb. The rest of his body was shaking from the chill as a reddish half-moon dipped behind the mountain.



That's Pring
(apologies to eec)

Marion Hodge

you'll not pro(d)test won thing,
all youse peekers, peaking,
all this whisspring round di-splace

(how?) easy it is to have guest wrong
on a plainet so sm(all)
so far from (where?) the central whole

for sum or in the harping and row:

ring pring spring

(it does not no you
it reigns and says "Flow(er)"



"ONCE UPON A MATTRESS"

Lisa K. Stowe

Yawning dusk rises,

A jaundiced blanket

Settling over

Nodding pansies.

Lone Blown Seed clings

To the pavement

Shivering into

The flower bed.

*Phoenix Literary Festival
First Place, College Poetry Division*

Joseph of Nazareth
John Moehlmann

Do you remember, Mary?
We lay overlooking Esdraelon
one long afternoon.
The sparrow-hawks and larks together
circled above us.

And last Wednesday
at the edge of the olive orchard
the dog stared as if he'd seen coiled snakes.

No art mimes our eyes.
No prophesy clogs the pores of our backs.
Our touch mocks hallowed words.

Mary, when passion compells,
a part of me believes in miracles,

but let them believe as they will.
I am not the Church's martyr.
To our ordinary union belongs the mystery.



The Face Of Reality
Mary Gagner

With spittle drooling
down
the grooves in her face the
old lady
cackled
And though words were never
spoken
the gleam in her eye made me
jump
I thought I felt the spittle of my
beckoning years
rolling
down my chin.
It seemed she had said
"Take heed--
You will be
me."

IDENTICAL HOUSES

Michael Roberts

I walked between identical houses,
In towns so similar the memory of each blends.
I walked through forests;
God paid attention to detail
But on the surface one forest is much like another.
I walked between identical soldiers.
They belonged to identical armies.
Armies so similar they fought one another for history.
Those who survived resumed living together.
I walked with children,
Their faces painted and streaked, their clothes preened,
I watched their delight in being alike.
I heard music drift down,
Cello struck vamps of twitching lethargy.
I looked at the heroes
And the junkies in the billiard hall--
Their worlds were the same.
Nakedness is what our Lord intended.
When we stand naked we all appear the same.



Cleaning Up
David Matzko

Through the haze
the edge of the waking sun
stings my opening eyes;
Must I see
things smoldering that have not burned,
ash flying from ashes,
dust falling from dust,
and mounds of bricks?
they are monuments
that have yet to be named,
defeated yet try to subdue,
they have power
for something is beneath them;
As I hear the cock's crow,
if I had found myself at Verdun
under my metal helmet
awaiting a charge
Or peeking into the quiet
after a night in a London shelter
Or feeling a man and a machine gun
staring at me in Da Nang,
in the light
it is all the same--
everyone has been betrayed;
I throw bricks from pile to pile
and look for things,
bodies, I don't want to see
I close my eyes
but the pain becomes a red rock
wedged in the middle of my throat,
I swallow the scream
and heave a brick
at the heap of brick and dust;
The fragments disappear;
in the mass,
in the hill of toppled building
everything feels the same
hard and sharp and dead.
That, a person, a people can't forget,
we have been betrayed,
we betray.

Lynn Andrews, Senior, Art Major
Middletown, Maryland

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Mary Gagner, Junior, Communications Major
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The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It is essential to ensure that every entry is properly documented and verified. This process helps in identifying any discrepancies or errors early on, allowing for prompt correction and ensuring the integrity of the financial data.

Furthermore, the document highlights the need for transparency and accountability in all financial dealings. By providing clear and concise reports, stakeholders can gain a better understanding of the organization's financial health and performance. This transparency is crucial for building trust and confidence among investors, creditors, and other interested parties.

In addition, the document emphasizes the importance of regular audits and reviews. These periodic assessments help to ensure that the financial records are accurate and up-to-date. They also provide an opportunity to identify areas for improvement and implement necessary changes to enhance the efficiency and effectiveness of the financial reporting process.

Overall, the document serves as a comprehensive guide for anyone involved in financial management. It provides valuable insights and practical advice on how to maintain accurate records, ensure transparency, and conduct regular audits. By following these guidelines, organizations can ensure the reliability and accuracy of their financial information, which is essential for making informed decisions and achieving long-term success.



