LABYRINTH MAGAZINE



Dear Reader,

Labyrinth magazine has progressed on a creative journey since the first issue was published in 1967 and I am hopeful it will continue to do so for many decades to come. Since joining the magazine my eyes have been opened to the tremendous amount of creative energy that exists within our student body. Labyrinth gives our community a unique opportunity to grow in ways that are not possible in existing academic environments. I have great hopes for Labyrinth magazine and am confident in its success, but more importantly I look forward to it inspiring the students of T.C. to be creative in all aspects of life. Labyrinth has provided me with something that very few other things were able to - a creative outlet. In the coming school year I hope to further educate the community about our magazine and encourage the importance of art, as well as imagination, in our student body.

Your classmate,

Ella Ainsworth Labyrinth Editor-in-Chief

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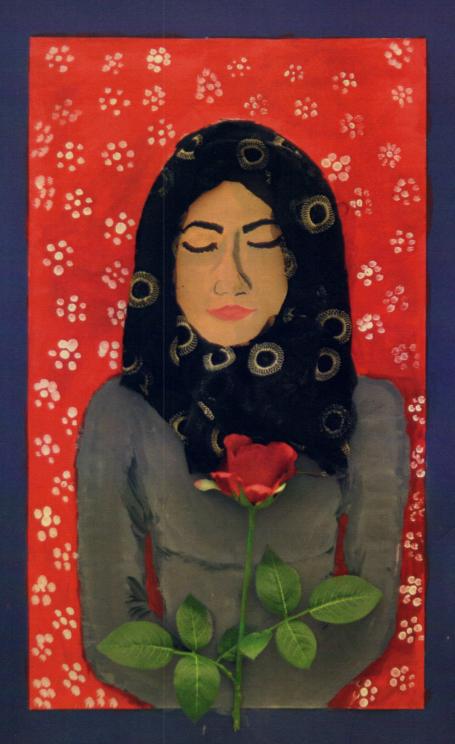
> **Staff Advisor** Taki Sidley

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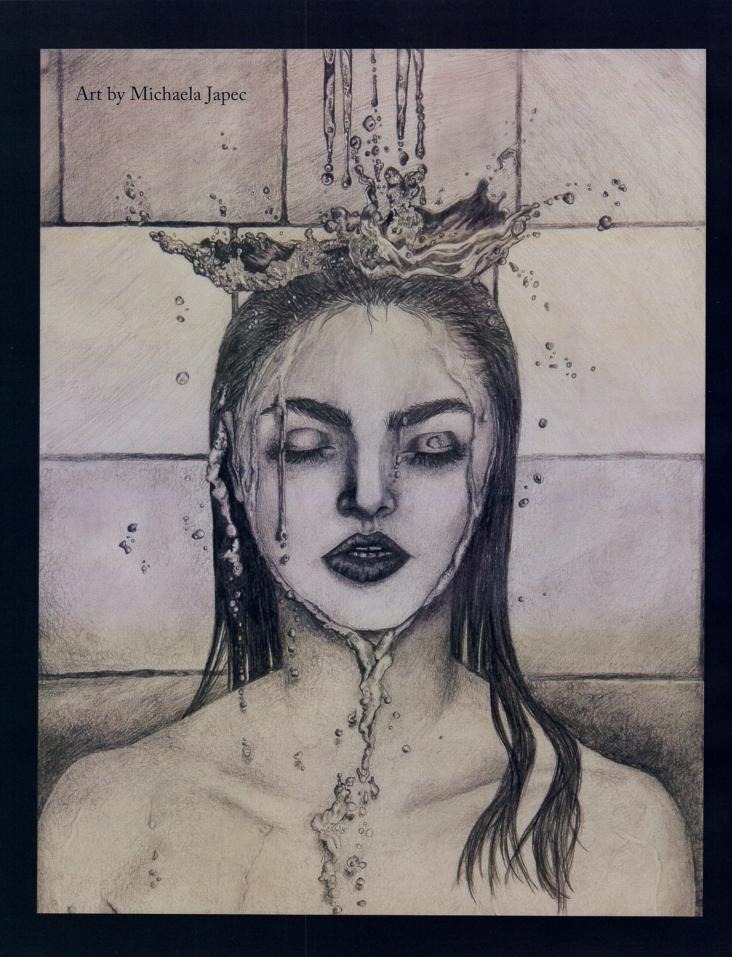


Student Self Portraits

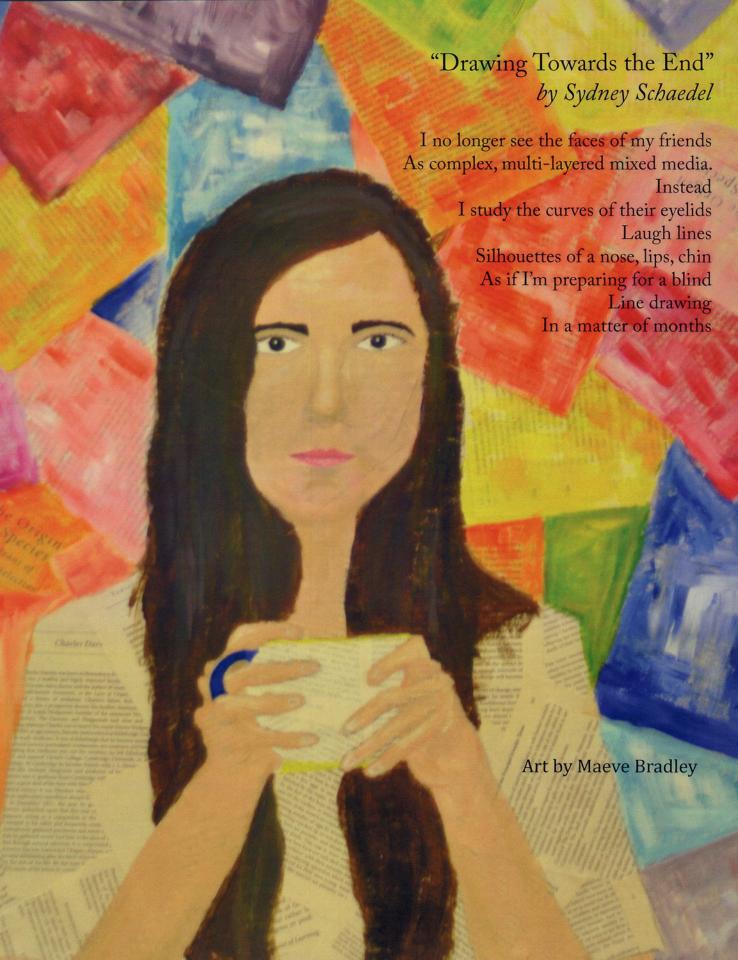


Art by Ayesha Jawaid





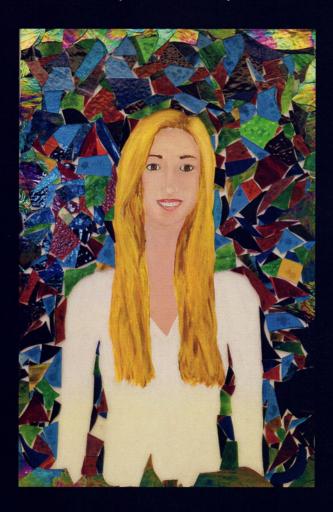




Art By Erika Donis



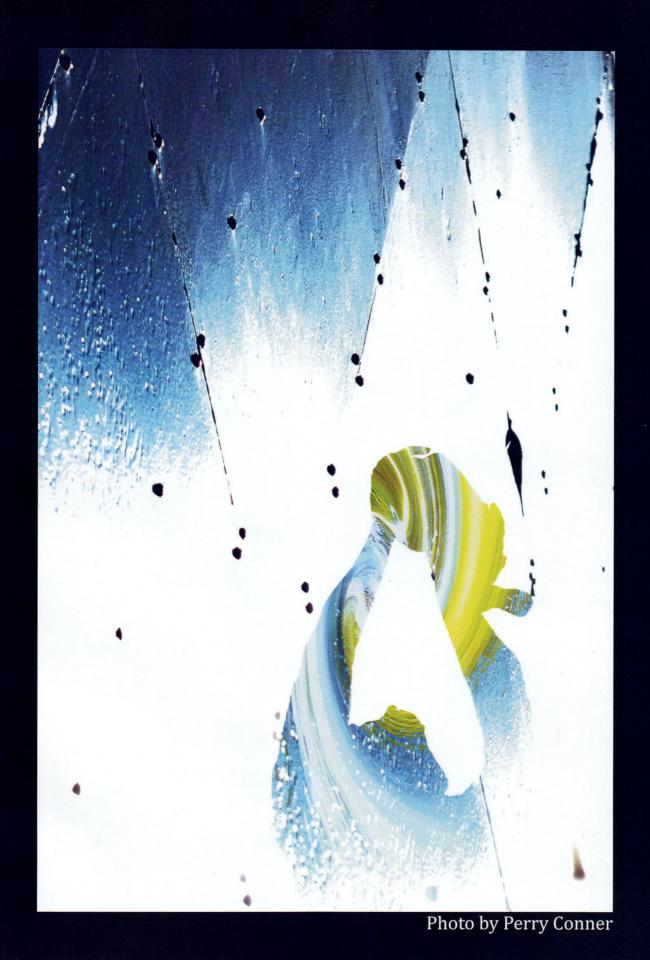
Art By Hannah Smythe



"He Drinks the Hot Dog Water" by Tori Cook

A shiny black typewriter;
history and the arts
As if beauty were bubbles
And senses were gills
He's a satisfied outsider but
he grows old
36 wrinkles on a balloon
Voila
The cat is gone

And now the cat is gone.







"Art Project"

by Frankie Amero

I feel like painting,

So while I'm drawing on your mind,

Picture this:

Words playing games with your

psyche,

Running faster than Nike,

For I am the new goddess of victory,

Because I put over in front of my flow,

I tend to go to new levels,

But let me level with you now,

While I diminuendo.

It gets quiet,

Rhythm going,

Like the beating,

Of my heart,

I dig deep into the underground,

When I start spittin'

I'm hitting the beat,

Going heavy like metal,

Cause there's steel in my soul,

For I am woman

With too much strength, pride and

self-respect to strip on anyone's pole! Most boys don't understand that my

life is a breeze,

I elbow drop the MC's,

Male-chauvinists can't stand me,

Cause I bring 'em down to their knees,

The minute they start talking about

popping Molly,

When she don't even want their

number,

They best remember,

I am Artemis!

Goddess of the hunt,

Looking for a MAN than can satisfy,

Cause I refuse to spend my life scrap-

ing by,

And before you even try,

To put your hand in the cookie jar,

There has to be a ring up here,

Or my dear,

Lemme cut this short:

You can call me Tiffany,

Cause the only silver lining is that I'll

cut IT off quickly.

Lemme say this again,

Keep your gold chains to yourself

super boy,

Cause Louis Lane is rocking kryptonite,

And tonight,

I'm gonna shine bright,

Shine bright like a diamond,

But moving on from Rhianna,

I'm gonna remind you to give a shout

out to Beyoncé,

Cause the girl's running the show,

You know,

When she steps into the ring,

The crowd starts to sing,

Cause in one round,

She's already beat every fool that

stepped up two times and told him,

Go call your mama,

I hope she's a doctor,

Cause you're about to get sick off these

rhymes.

Yes behind every MAN,

His mother stands,

A Queen,

Evergreen,

Cause a woman's strength never leaves,

And when she puts her money where

her mouth is,

She spits benjamins,

But this is where the problems begin:

Some boys think they can shake the

unshakeable,

Break the unbreakable,

They try to control the essence of

creation,

Through descration of sacred grounds,

When they don't even realize how

dumb it sounds,

Talking down to their children's would

be Gaea,

When they should worship every female

messiah.

Because the ground is only beneath you

when it's holding you up,

Above the pits of war and desolation,

Do not tempt us to let go,

Because our only hesitation is that,

If we close our legs now,

There will be no next generation,

To move beyond your failure to appreci-

ate the anima,

To understand that every pussycat is a tiger,

And you're gonna hear us roar,
Whether you want to or not,
So you've got a choice:
Keep on throwing matches until we
burn the house down,
Or listen to the remix,
Running faster than Nike,
Words playing games with your
psyche,
To the rewind,
I feel like painting,
So while I'm drawing on your
mind,
Picture this.



Art by Cindy Ramirez



Art by Jose Reyes Martinez

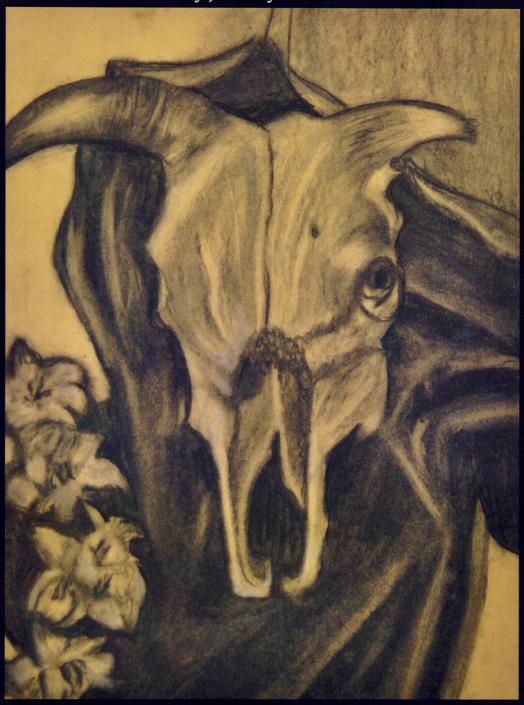






Photo spread by McLoy "Mac" Dickson



LABYRINTH ALUMNA!



Former *Labyrinth* Art Editor Kiri Spiotta took a gap year after graduating from T.C. last June. During that time she traveled extensively through south-east Asia, attended a Full Moon festival on the beach in Thailand, studied yoga and meditation with a swami in Bali, Indonesia, and visited friends and family in New Zealand. Here are a couple of photos from her travels.

Red Lipstick Stains

by Kiri Spiotta

You once said,

"When I die, the absolute last thing I want is people wearing black

I want color everywhere

And a party.

I want stories exchanged about the crazy times I've endured

I want my funeral, one day, to be a celebration of my life,

Not the end of it."

We sat on the metro as seemingly endless buildings whizzed by.

"But, don't you want people, to, you know, at least be a little sad?"

"No, no. I don't want that. I want it to be happy.

I want girls to wear fancy dresses.

And red lipstick."

We drove all night on a Sunday.

It took us significantly longer than it was supposed to, per usual with my driving. But you didn't mind, you enjoyed screaming along to the eccentric CDs in my car along the open road just as much as I did.

When we made it into the show, there was an undeniable, charismatic energy in the room. As the first chords were strung, we were flung about like rag dolls, I grabbed your hand and looked over to make sure you were ok. Sure enough, you were jumping up and down, breathing the music, and blissfully ignorant of the erupting crowd around us. There was a high curve at each end of your red lipstick. I smiled in correspondence as I took my hair down from its ponytail. Because life's too short to sweat the small stuff.

Or in this case, all of our stuff.

When we exited the concert we were dripping, literally dripping, head to toe in sweat. You said you were so hot we should go jump in the harbor, "Don't tempt me..." I proclaimed as a sly smile appeared upon your face.

The cool thing about you, was that if I actually said, "Yeah let's go do it," you wouldn't flinch before hiking up your dress and running head on towards the Baltimore Harbor with me. You really lived every moment of life to its fullest.

After maneuvering my way out of my parallel parking job- er- your parallel parking job - I couldn't back my 26

car into the spot so you, without hesitation, hopped out of the car, moved me out of my seat, and parked my car for me. I watched helplessly from the side of the road.

We drove off, and before we inserted the new Mayday Parade CD I had just purchased to rock out to on the way back, we started to talk. My heart started to tremble from the stories you told. They were stories of a girl named Candy, the nights spent amidst chandeliers in the penthouses of skyscrapers in New York City. They were stories of summer eves spent wandering downtown at broken street lights, and attending every Orioles game of the summer with him. They were stories of navy blue typewriters, left on your desk, adorned with a red bow.

We connected in a way we never had before, and before we knew it we were both shedding tears. The thing is, I had never seen you cry. It was so strange to see you vulnerable, but I've learned the strongest of us often have the darkest pasts. As the tears dried, you told me about all the places you wanted to see, all the things you wanted to do. How much magnificence and beauty there is in this world and how you wished so badly that you could join me in my travels. I told you not to worry, and that your time will come. We talked about different places we would discover together one day.

When we finally made it back to Virginia, after a plethora of wrong turns and having to ask a cop for directions might I add, I stopped at your house to drop you home. I hugged you tightly and thanked you for joining me for such a magnificent night, and that I would miss you so much over the course of the next year. Right before you walked away, you stated, "I don't know when I'll see you next, but have the time of your life. Live every second. And you better have some amazing stories to tell me when you get back."

Erin, I will never understand fully why you didn't wake up on Sunday morning. All I know is that you have taught me so many beauties of life and remarkable lessons I will never forget.

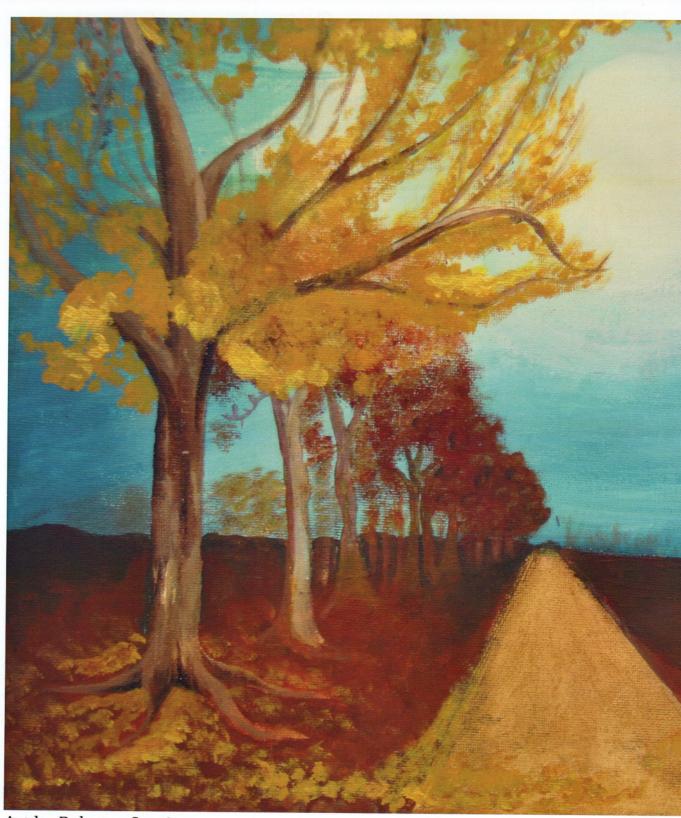
We once spent an entire day wandering around the National Gallery of Art- you made me feel incredibly uneducated as you proclaimed a fact about Every. Single. Painting. we passed. Nonetheless, I learned a whole lot about art history that day.

I was sifting my way through fabric samples in the art closet one day at school when you popped your head in, (during your 'free period' of course.) You immediately hopped down onto the floor with me- you gravitated towards all my favorites-velvet, lace... You told me of your dreams to move to New York and become a fashion designer. And I must say, sitting there in your combat boots, black tutu, and red lipstick, if anyone could pull it off, you could. You taught me that no aspiration was too big, no dream too far out of reach.

One Friday night, we dressed in diamonds and full length ball gowns. We put the finishing touches on our makeup for an evening of symphonies. I'm downright positive the metro has never seen more gloriously dressed teenagers on a Friday night. Right before we left for the Orchestral performance that night, I was looking in the mirror and complained that even though I was in this fancy dress I didn't feel quite ready. You walked over to me with a gold tube in your hand and generously applied red lipstick to my lips as you stated, "Never underestimate the power of red lipstick." You taught me the power of being bold. The power of not flinching and proceeding with grace while holding your head high, despite what life throws at you. You taught me to move mountains with the simplest gestures and finest of details. You helped teach me to be free of the constraints of society, the setbacks within my own mind, and the free of the disappointments that others can often inflict upon one in life. You taught me to be free.

All I can say is that for the next year, while I'm traveling, you now have an invitation every single day of the trip to come with me. I'll be looking for you.

All of my Love, Kiri



Art by Rebecca Santiago



"Speak Freely" by Amara Edwards

ery corner of your mind out, like butterflier released into the spring air. Speak freely. You bug your words close to Let your words be unchained, your thoughts unbindered. Release the power you hold within. Let every thought filling ev-Don't let pain, anger, or fear refrain your words. Let them flow like a raging river. Speak freely. Let everyone delight world, adding to it a lurst of flavor. Speak freely. Let your words ring in the air, echoing emotion. Scatter your or hope. Speak freely. Be fearlers, courageous, and bold with your words. Let them come out to play instead of being in the wints of roul you exude, expressed in nouns, verbs, and adjectives. Sprinkle your words over a cold, bleak words in the wind and let them disperse, seeping into every mind. Perhaps you may plant a seed of inspiration you like a blanket beld for comfort. Be free. Undetain what you keep behind closed doors marked with uncertainty. hidden away inside like an abused child. Be known. Let your words precede you, telling your story. Speak freely.



Photo by Nyneth Bolton



Photo by Evelyn Amaya

Photo by Gabriel Ferrufino

"My Polaris" by Frankie Amero

My Polaris,
I'll guide you back,
To where the stars burn bright and blue,
Before we fall out of sync,
Out of orbit,
Because I need you
To show me how to turn,
Before we break up in the atmosphere,
Cause I'm too close for you to listen,
And we're too far apart to hear.

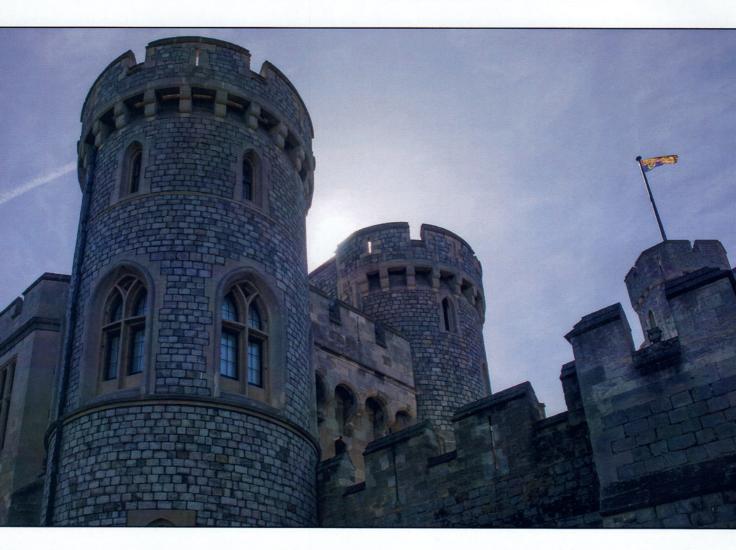
I want to help you face this cosmic winter,
That has stardust in place of snow,
Because even though we've stayed true to
North,
I know the lights blinded you,
I wish no one had reminded you,
That we weren't made to last,
That time takes its toll,
Taxation of the soul,
It wants more than we can give,
And it makes your hope burn so bright,
I see you dying just to live!

I wish I could clean out the gears, Chains, screws, rusted from tears, But I can't replace broken pieces, Worn down the years, When we just watch each other, Too afraid to touch, Trying too much to learn visual, When we're both tactile, I'm stretching as far as I can, But if you back away,

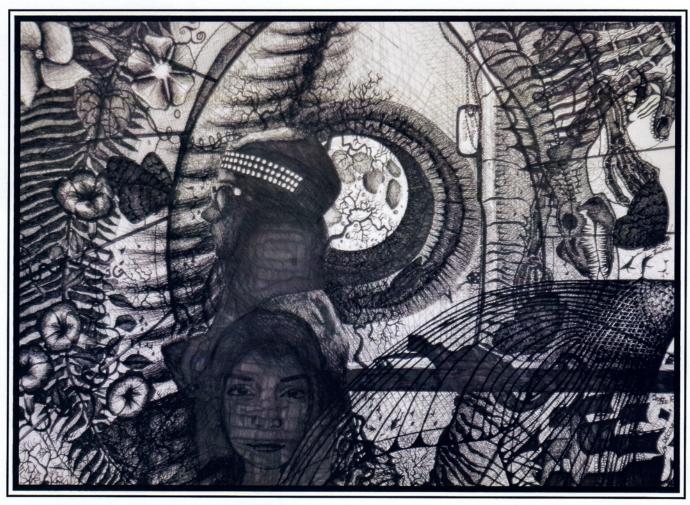
I can't reach your smile,
And we're getting older,
Just a little bit more,
Each and every day,
It gets so much colder,
Our hearts freeze over when we're both so
far away,
And standing at the edge of the universe,
We're trying to find our way past never,
So if you need to hold on,
I won't let go until we reach forever!

I know that, Just like clockwork, I'm mechanical, And I know, Same as the stars. You're so unreal. Your eyes are the gravity that keeps me on the ground, But you still get lost in the clouds, Your soul heaven-bound. So now it's my turn to teach you, If you'll let me, How to feel That syncopated rhythm, That moment when our solar systems both align, It's more than science, More than magic, It's just your hand in mine, So my Polaris, Let me guide you home, Where all the stars burn bright and blue, Because the night sky feels so empty, My sky is empty without you.

Photo of Windsor Castle by McLoy (Mac) Dickson







24 Hour Drawing by Jose Reyes Martinez





Art by Zalaya Adams



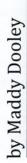
Photo by Evelyn Amaya



Photo by River Balzano



ELAYERED SPACE CONSTRUCTIONS





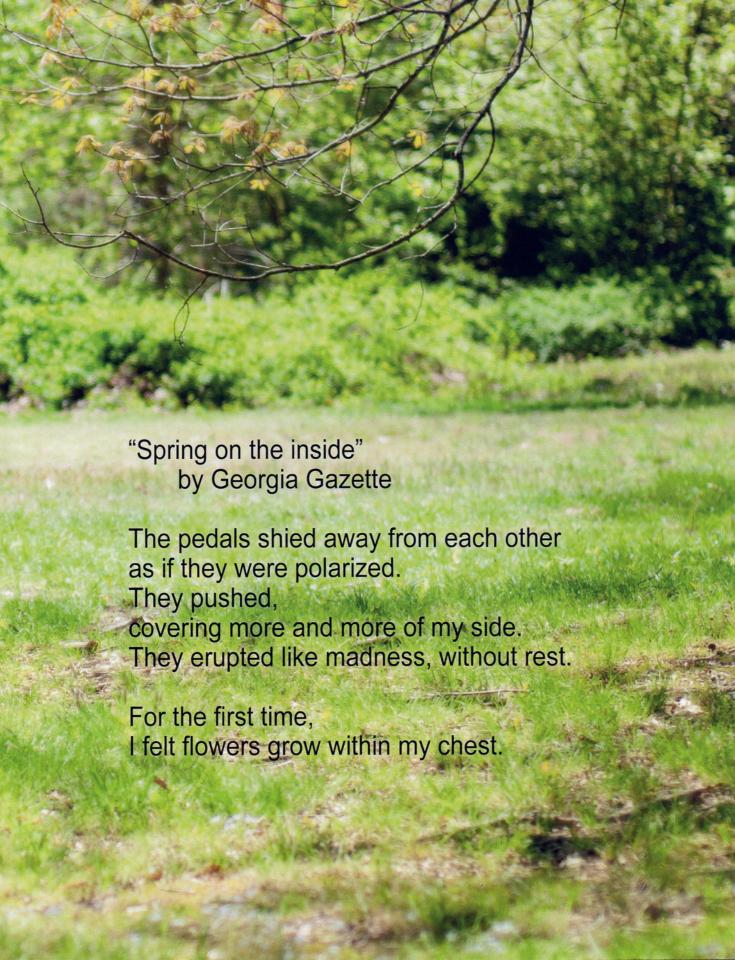




by Katie Pickup

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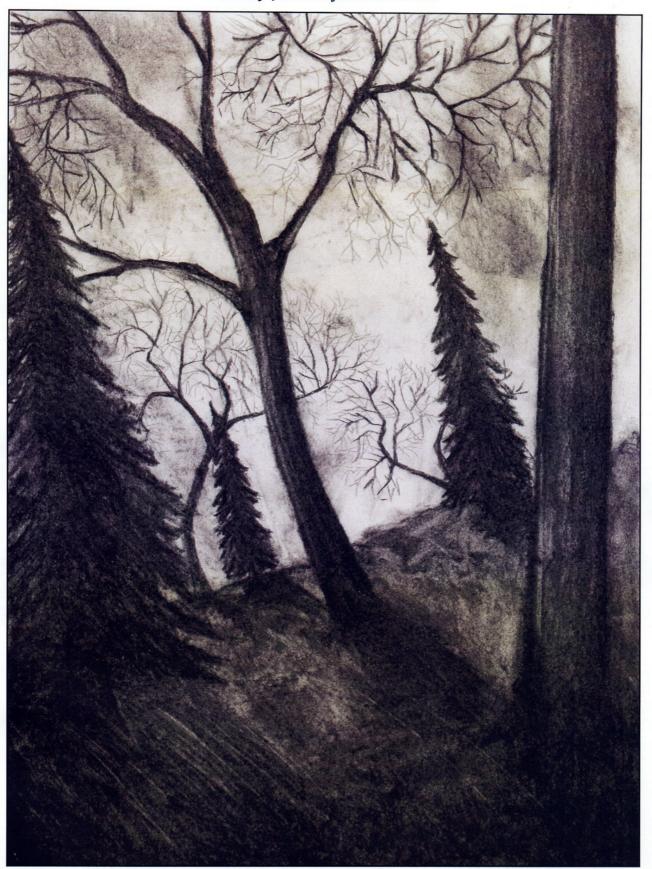


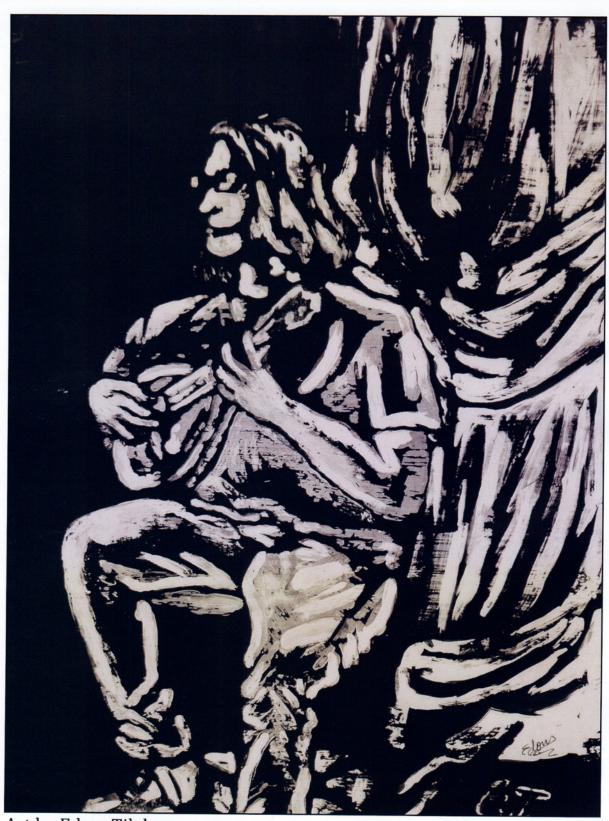








Photo by Shalia Purce



Art by Edom Tilahun





SMA IGNORAN **Graphic Design by Ermiyas Girma**



Photography Triptych by Evelyn Amaya





Creativity is everywhere

"The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but imagination." -Albert Einstein

"Creativity takes courage."
-Henry Matisse

"You can't use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have."
-Maya Angelo

"Creativity is as important as literacy" -Sir Ken Robinson "Don't think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone else decide if it's good or bad, whether they love it or hate it. While they are deciding, make even more art." -Andy Worhol

"The nation and the world are in dire need of creative extremists."
-Martin Luther King

"When I say artist I mean the man who is building things - creating, molding the earth." -Jackson Pullock

February 10th by Georgia Gazette

There is a kind of weather where you feel naked, floating in a warm bath.

A gush of wind imitates water as it brushes past. Your fingers create rippling rings in puddles you touch

And in those moments, you can't help but notice the world is quiet and hushed.

Slowly you watch the ripples ebb to their limit, And it reminds you that this world is merely a planet

That waxes and wanes, and rushes like warm water.

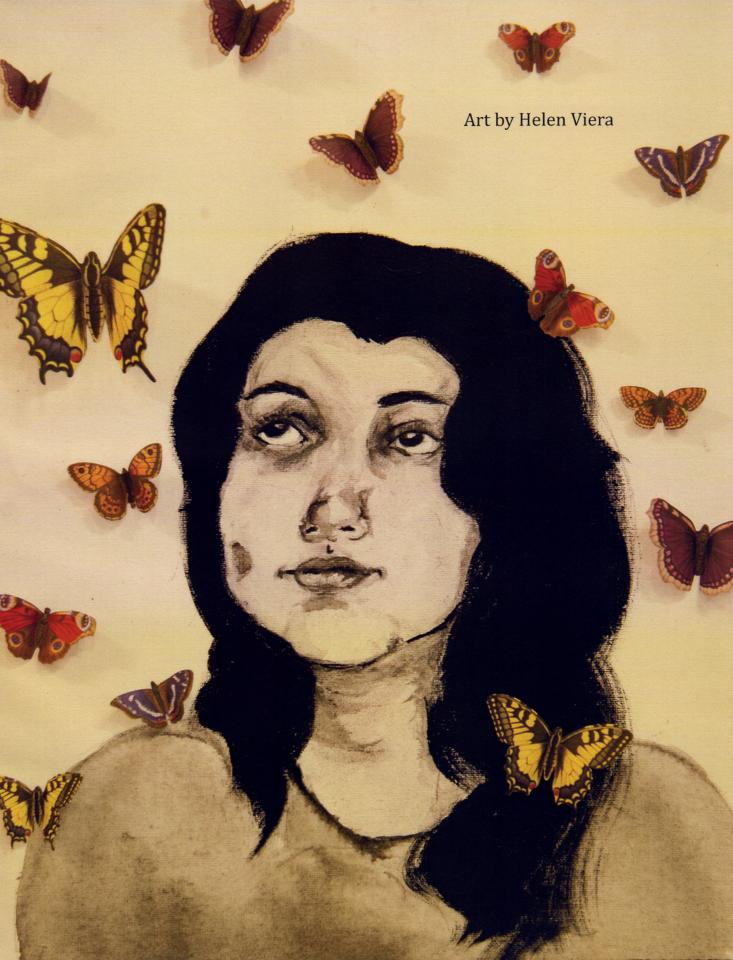
But you know it's more than just nature to an author,

It's a place where wind makes you feel vulnerable and licks at your skin and the rare occurrence of weather like this renews life in your heart yet again.





Art by Nala Kutzleb





SONY



Of Stress by Jonathan Dodge

The crash of pencils dropping
The popping of pens' metallic clacking
Paper cuts from self inquiry
Training for that moment
When it's all vital

Eyes descending,
Bags full of stress,
Gloomy Purple lids of cramming,
Trying to learn everything,
For the tests of tests

Questions lacking remark, Circles left hollow and vacant, Clocks tick'n, nerves tock'n, The emotions of those final feelings,

Let's take a break;
And know a poem;
And appreciate a song;
And savor a movie;
And snag a few well wanted lingered winks;
To rid, of those gloomy purple bags, of stress.



WE'LL MISS YOU MS. LANGENFELD!



"I have loved my years as an art teacher," says Holly Langenfeld, a twenty-eight year veteran of the Alexandria City Public Schools art program, twenty of which she spent here at T.C. Ms. Langenfeld began her career with ACPS at Maury Elementary, a time she remembers fondly. "Elementary kids are so cute: missing teeth, pudgy faces, and delightful responses. Those little darlings grew up, went to high school, then college, and some came back to T.C. to teach. When I see Steven Geter, Sara Fulwiler, or Julie Wiilmer, to name a few, I see my career with ACPS and it makes me smile."

"What's next?" we ask.

"The first thing I'm going to do is wake up, sit down and enjoy a leisurely morning with the newspaper and a cup of coffee."



Photo by Claire Vermillion

Labyrinth Magazine is produced by students in the Journalism 2M class at T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria, VA. Students used Adobe Lightroom, Photoshop, and InDesign to create the magazine. Financial support was provided by the Alexandria City Public Schools.

Visit us at www.labyrinthmagazine.com to see more student work or at www.wearethetitans.com to purchase additional copies of our various publications.

Cover photo by Perry Conner Back cover art by Macaela Japec

Labyrinth Magazine

A TRADITION AS OLD AS TC





























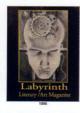










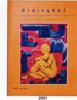








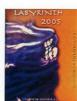














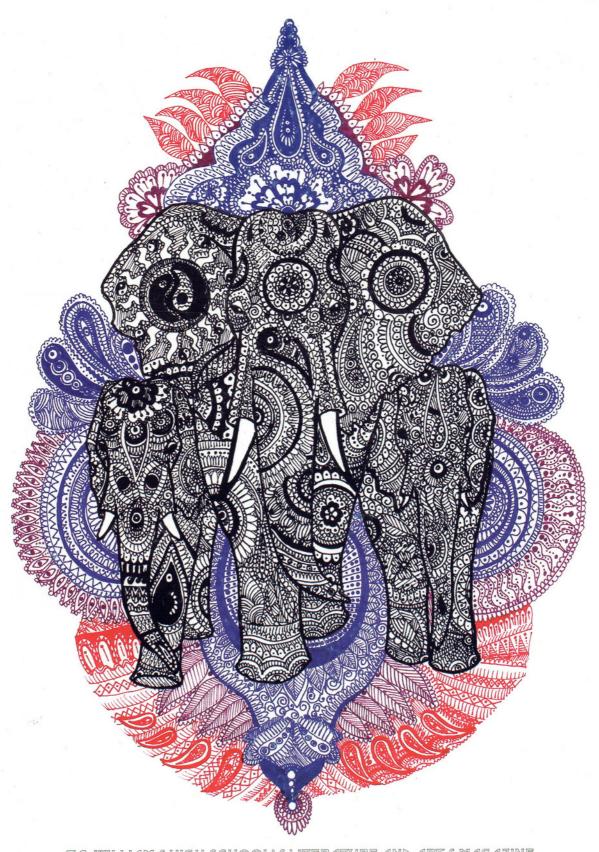












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