

Labyrinth Magazine

spring 2017



LABYRINTH STAFF

Faruza Abdelkadir, Princess Adusei, Sara Anderson, Grace Asch,
 Nicholas Carraway, Fatima Chavez, Katherine Conner,
 Torian Cook, Hatem Elnahas, Sadie Frymire, Annabel Gleason,
 Emma Goeas, Chelsea Guevara Perez, Addison Guynn,
 Newal Hammad, Sahibatu Kargbo, Lauren Kelly,
 Steve Massaquoi, Jelani Paige, Katherine Pallace,
 Savannah Ring, Madeleine Waller, Clare Williams

Advisor: Taki Sidley

table of contents

Photo by Daniel Rivas	4
Photos by Elaina Urban & Lily Morton	5
Photos by Lily Morton & Fatima Chavez	6
Photo by Daniel Rivas	7
Photos by Kevin Baten & Dylan Garcia.	8
Photos by Daniel Rivas & Lily Morton	9
Art by Madeline Gyllenhoff	10
Art by Noon Bushara & Milo Devereux	11
Interview with Abdul Khan	12-13
Writing by Maria Areyan	14
Photo by Daniel Rivas	15
Photo Blend by Rae'Shawn Crutchfield	16-17
Writing by Courtland Dorris & Art by Savannah Ring	18
Writing by Jenna Ainey	19
Art by Merrin Winkel	20
Art by Paige Vondenkamp	21
Writing by Liam Augustus Ray	22
Photos by Lily Morton & Emma Carroll	23
Writing by Gabby Orellana	24
Art by Abem Balcha	25
Photos by Lily Morton	26
Art by Fariha Priya, Katerin Medina, Jose Rosas Diaz, Hugo Aguilar	27
Photo by Addison Guynn	28
Writing by Camilla Cohen Suarez	29
Writing by Madeline Waldhoff	30
Photo by Lily Morton	31
Photos by Kevin Baten & Dylan Garcia	32
Photos by Nick Carraway & Lily Morton	33

Art by Paige Vondenkamp & Abem Balcha	34
Art by Daniel Rivas, Emily De Bodene, Jenesis Fjeld, Emilia Dagradi	35
Photos by Daniel Rivas	36-37
Photo by Fatima Chavez	38
Photos by Annabel Gleason	39
Graphic Design by Katia Portillo Bermudez	40
Graphic Design by Hassan Al Salami	41
Photo by Malaayah Norris, Writing by Heran Tilahun	42
Art by Sarah Garcia	43
Photos by Dylan Garcia	44-45
Photo by Zeke Farkas	46
Photo by Claire Chandler	47
Photo by Kai Cole	48
Photos by Nick Carraway	49
Photos by Jessica Mellon	50-51
Writing by Shannia De Paz	52
Photo by Zeke Farkas	53
Photos by Fatima Chavez & Saron Ghebremariam	54
Photos by Kevin Baten & Zeke Farkas	55
Art by Emily De Bodene	56
Writing by Daniela Rodriguez	57
Graphic Design by Kalista Diamantopoulos & Melody Umana	58
Graphic Design by Nick Pena & Sam Lally	59
Art by Emily De Bodene	60-61
Writing by Christian Rodriguez & Photo by Clare Williams	62
Mixed media art by Lucy Waskowics	63
Graphic Design by Adams Zelaya, Merrin Winkel, Yassine Abasi	64
Graphic Design by Cameron Morey, Preston Hannifan, Alex Smolkin	65
Ceramic Totem Pole by Ms. Coast's ceramics students	68
Writing by Sugeivis Gomez, Brian Escamilla, Saham Ali,	68
Photos by Paige Dow	68



photo by Kayla Shelley

THE WOMEN'S MARCH ON WASHINGTON



photo by Daniel Rivas



photo by Lily Morton



photo by Elaina Urban



photo by Fatima Chavez



photo by Lily Morton

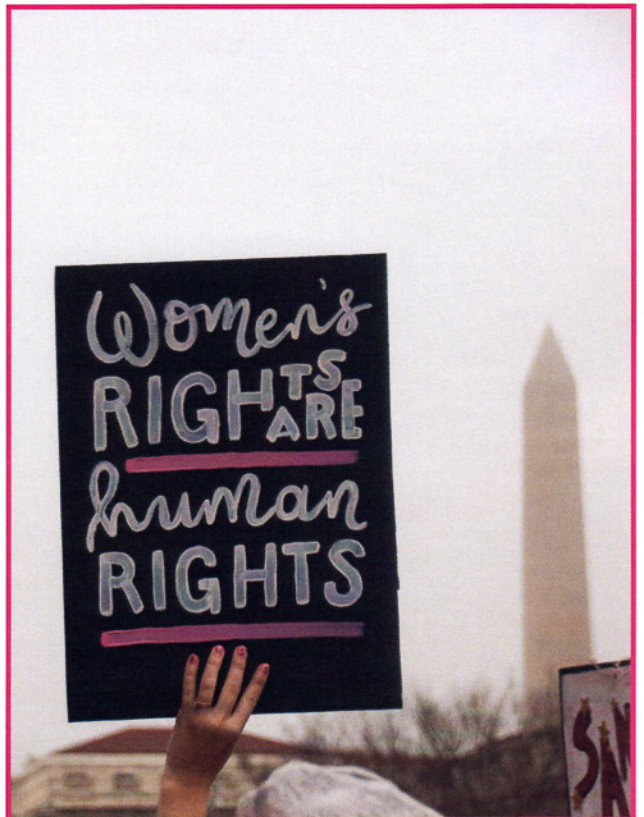


photo by Fatima Chavez

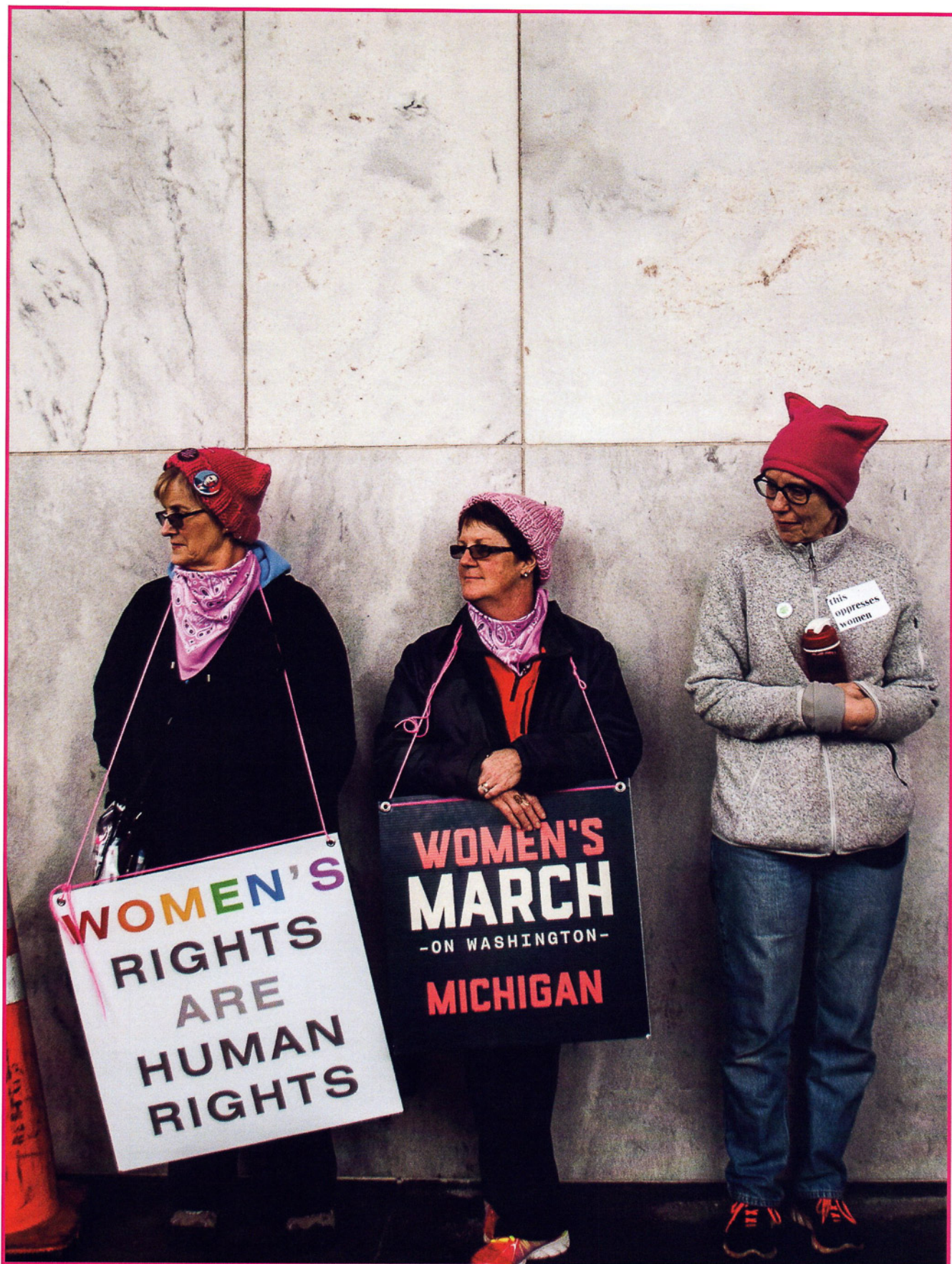


photo by Daniel Rivas

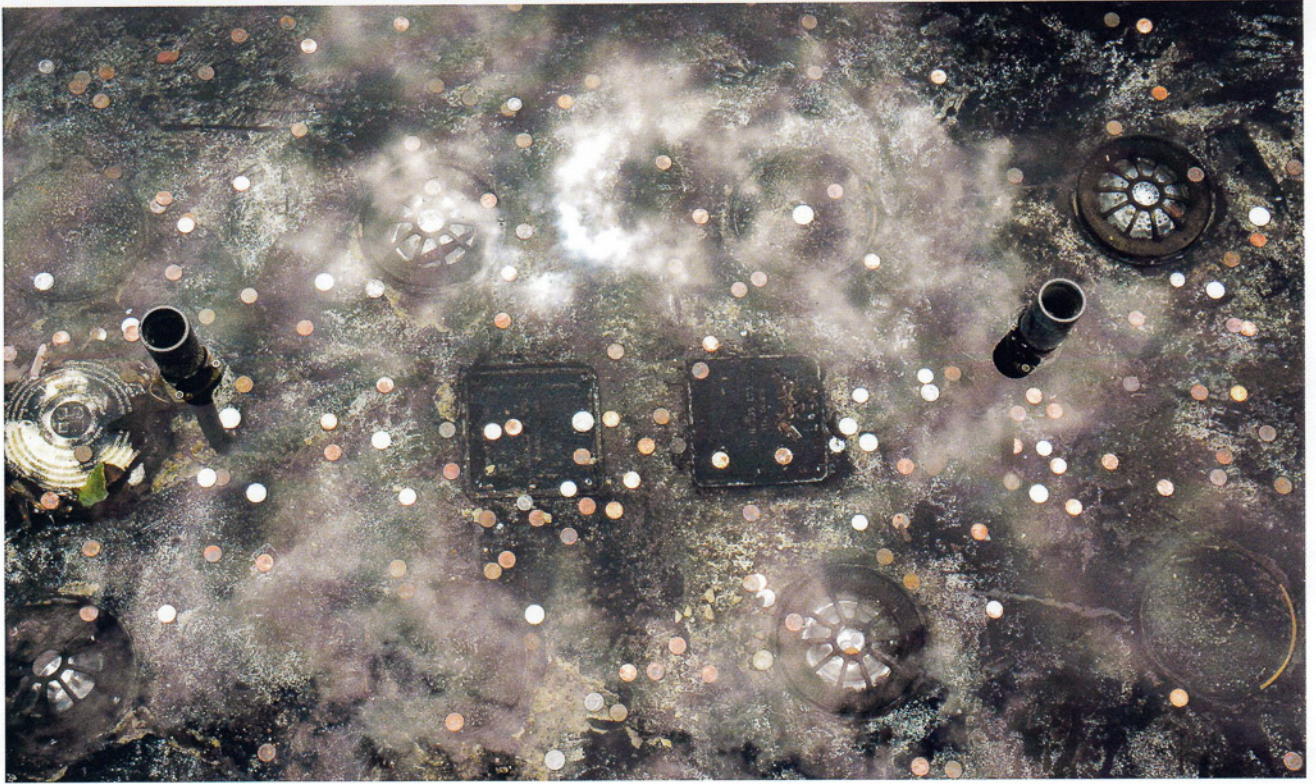


photo by Kevin Baten



photo by Dylan Garcia



photo by Daniel Rivas



photo by Lily Morton

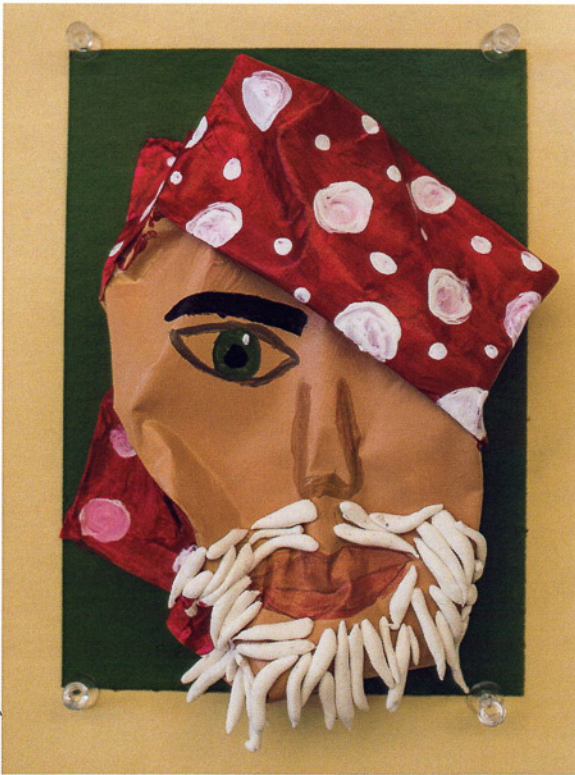
unfinished ceramic faces by Madeline Gyllenhoff



art by Milo Devereux



art by Noon Bushara



Interview

with filmmaker **Abdul Khan**



How long have you been filming?

"I got into film my freshman year."

What do you like about filming?

"I can take something I like and I can create it, and film everything I need and make it into a really good video. It allows me to express myself"

What made you decide to start filming in 9th grade?

"My dad works in a radio station, so thought this was going to be more towards radio."

So your dad was an inspiration to you?

"Yeah, he was"

Is there any specific type of thing you like to film?

"Yeah, big events like a wedding or sports event."

Have you done any jobs or events?

"Yeah I have, there's this thing called SEN, Sports Entertainment Network, where high school kids were being drafted for college football, and they had me film each student and the drills that they did."

Do you plan to film in the future? Or is this just for high school?

"I do plan on doing it in the future. I plan on going to VCUarts and filming there."

What does filming achieve that other forms of art don't?

"It allows you to show the whole moment."

What's your favorite project you've worked on?

"That's a hard question. The BingoLingos were really fun because we got to go to DC and record people there and we got some interesting responses. Other than that, it was pretty nice to go to the Capitol Building and record Barry Black, the Chaplain of the United States Senate. It was really nice because we got personally invited to his office and got a tour."

Do you like going out in public and talking to people?

"Yeah definitely"

If you could do a project on any time period in history what time would it be?

"Probably the 1920s when everyone was happy, or when America was being colonized because it would be nice to show what it was like before cameras."

For a Better Future

by Maria Areyan

My name is Maria Areyan and I am from Venezuela. I came to the United States in 2016.

It all started back at 2015, when my father said “let’s go to the kitchen; we have to talk”. My mother, my brother, and I went to the kitchen to see what was happening. My father was standing there, waiting for us.

He started saying “before you say anything about what I am going to say, please think, let me talk and then give your opinion”. We were confused, especially my brother and I, because I think my mother already knew the news. My father said “Maria and Jose, you know the situation that our country is going through, what is happening everyday and how it’s getting worse. I was thinking about moving to a new country to start again, for a better life and a better future.. One of the countries that could be the best one,” he continued, “is the United States”. Something inside of my body did a jump in a sign of excitement, but, at the same time, I felt sad and scared about the unknown and being rejected.

My father chose the United States because most part of my family were already living there. Therefore, we were not going to feel alone and would have support in every situation. Also, my brother a few years ago wanted to move to U.S for studying his career at the university.

The principal reason for moving was Venezuela’s political, economic and social situation and problems. Me and my family weren’t in the worst situation back at Venezuela. In Venezuela there are families that are living in worse situations, trying to survive everyday with force and hope. The government of Venezuela has ruined our country. Every day that passes is worse than the last, going outside you saw through your car’s window people making HUGE lines at the supermarket just to get basic products to survive and eat for at least a week. You saw the fear and tiredness in Venezuelans faces. I am very thankful that my family and I didn’t reach that point of the situation, but sometimes we needed to do it.

Even if our lives were not that bad, my father was conscious about what was going to com. We were scared about being at a point of our existence that we can’t just go out of the country, just like

what happened to Cuba. My parents wanted to move especially for us, for our future, our security, our existence as a professionals, and many other reasons.

My father kept talking. He said that we were not forced to say “Yes, let’s do it.” He let us to take our time. Every morning, and then after coming back from school, my brother coming back from the university, my parents from their respective jobs, every dinner, there was no time of the day and night that we were not talking about the decision of moving. Sometimes, we just gave up and we said “No, I don’t want to move from my country, father”. It was very hard to make the correct decision. It took us most of 2015, but we have no regrets about it, no matter the consequences.

The plan was: first, my father and my brother would move as soon as possible while I was finishing my 9th grade. My father would buy a house, find a job, and my brother would start studying again. Then, after I finished my school year, my mother and I would come.

2016 arrived and the moving day was near for my father and my brother. I was very sad about them leaving, even if I was going to be able to see them soon, but my fifteenth birthday was very near and not being with one of the most important persons in your life on such a special birthday, it was hard. The day of their departure arrived and they left and me and my mother stayed in Venezuela for the next months. In a blink of an eye, our departure date was very very close and I was getting more nervous and anxious about what was going to happen in the next few days. Leaving part of your life is not as easy as it sounds, to start again in a new country with new people from many other countries. To leave your grandparents and your friends is the most painful part.

The trip day arrived. We went to the Jose Antonio Anzoategui International Airport at 5:30 a.m for checking our tickets and our baggage, some family members went to the airport too, to say good bye. Our time to board was there and our time to completely change our life, was there too. Personally, I enjoyed the flight, it was safe, but in my heart, it was a big hole charged with sadness, fear, happiness, nerves, every feeling combined in one. I didn’t know what was going to come or how it was going to be, but we were there in the middle of the sky, flying to another country with our entire life and dreams inside of our bags.



photo by Daniel Rivas



photo blend by Rae'Shawn Crutchfield



The People

by Courtland Dorris

Sit down, shut up
You know nothing, I know all
15? I have 40
Your world is small, mine is vast
You will learn what I tell you
I am intelligent, you are illiterate
Parent, Teacher, Politician, Activist, Adult
People

I know some, you may know more
I teach you and you teach me
Your world is not the same as mine once was
Rules? Yes, but to be broken, of course
The world may be large, but you are not small
Recognize the beauty, but learn from the ugly
Be hesitant, but do not be afraid
Parent, Teacher, Politician, Activist, Adult
People

Do not cower
Be big and be brave
Some will push, pull, and beat you down
Fight
Some will guide, lead, and advance you forward
Accept
It is constant heartbreak on an extraordinary adventure
You are nothing but you and that is more than enough
Youth, Scholar, Baby, New, Impressionable
Child



art by Savannah Ring

College Essay

by Jenna Ainey

Alright. This wild essay may or may not be my one way ticket into college. As much as college scares me, it inspires me to further my education, and I want to do that at this school. This essay has taken me the amount of time of a half life of a mid sized, decomposing dinosaur, and I hope this will show off who I am as a person. I'll write formal essays in college, but for now, sit back, relax, grab some tea, and hold onto your socks because I'm about to knock them off so quickly that the friction against your skin could start a small fire.

Experts say that there are 114 unique spider families, but that's incorrect. They forgot the most important spider family; the Richmond Spiders. Like all things in life, the anatomy of a spider is a metaphor. The eight legs of the spider represent the eight things about this university that allows the body of the spider, or the university as a whole, to function at its utmost potential. Richmond Spiders are noteworthy in the fact that their fully functioning arachnid body structure is what makes them thrive. These legs are the student body, traditions, small student population, amazing opportunities, education, faculty and staff, extracurricular activities, and one more leg that is currently missing.

Spiders come in all shapes and sizes and are found all around the world, just as the students found at University of Richmond. The student body is diverse and well rounded, which is invaluable for a university. The myriad of personalities and beliefs keep students open to new ideas, which stimulates learning. The student body, which represents the first leg, acts as a unit committed to the end goal of furthering their education, which is why the university is so upstanding. This leg works hand in hand with the leg representing the outstanding faculty and staff and the leg representing the quality education provided at Richmond, where the main goal is to help students succeed and reach their goals in their time at the university.

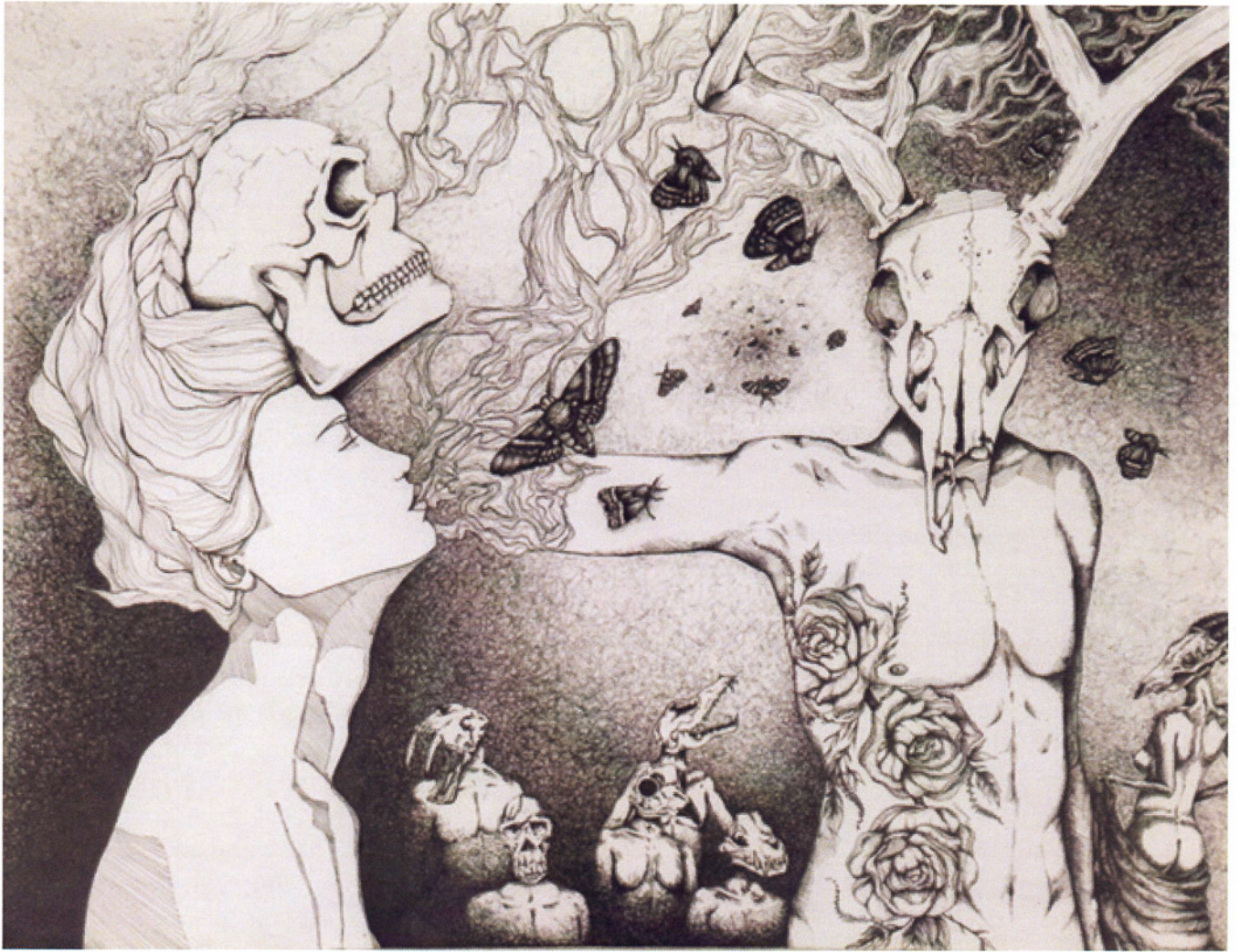
With all these students comes a great deal of extracurricular activities, like clubs, organizations, and sports. There is truly something for everyone, which connects students outside of the classroom. Another important leg of this spider that helps bind students together are the traditions at University of Richmond, which give it a unique environment and makes everyone on campus feel like a family of spiders. This leg is so special to completing the body of a spider because it makes the campus seem like home rather than just a place of learning; it combines the two into a perfect mix of both learning and connecting with everyone on campus.

University of Richmond has a small population of students when compared to other universities, which creates an intimate environment, encouraging students to thrive somewhere they feel comfortable. While the population is small, the opportunities are big. This gives the school both the benefits found at bigger state schools and the advantages of attending a smaller school. The duo of the small school and big opportunities end up representing two of the legs of the spider that are small, but mighty.

Now, those were only seven of the legs. These seven characteristics are what are currently making the university distinct. However, there is one leg missing: me. I have overcome challenges set in front of me such as concussions, mental illness, and physics. I have tenacity, a strong work ethic, and a passion to grow as a person. I would be a valuable addition to the 115th spider family at University of Richmond. I am, in fact, scared of spiders. But, hey, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.



"24 Hour" drawing by Merrin Winkel



"24 Hour" drawing by Paige Vondenkamp

Untitled

by *Liam Augustus Ray*

Day 1

Dear Diary,

I've finally done it! That tyrant stays in my dungeon as I write. Sieging that wretched castle was no easy task, but I was able to overtake them with my armies. To show that I am merciful to the world, I have decided to imprison their leader in my castle instead of having an execution. Now I have full control, as I sit in my throne, I smile as my subjects bow down to me. My wizard keeps going on about how I shouldn't get too cocky, but I don't see any way this could go wrong.

Day 2

Dear Diary,

Something is going wrong. I expected some rebellions after my take over but I didn't expect one of such magnitude, especially for one to be somewhat successful. I've lost influence in the grasslands and am steadily losing control in the desert as I write. I had some strong fortifications in those areas, so the rebel strength must be large. Word has been sent to the rest of my platoons to be on the lookout and to kill on sight. I must learn of the size of their army, an army that strong can take out my forces in the land of snow, but not in the forest.

Day 3

Dear Diary,

My wizard keeps warning me that this rebel force is a huge problem, like tell me something I don't know am I right? New information came in about the rebels, and it seems that they are all human. None of my forces have joined them because these rebels are bloodthirsty, they don't leave a single soldier alive. I fear for my forces, but hopefully my heirs will get the job done and clean this up. If not, then I could always take things into my own hands.

Day 4

Dear Diary,

From what I heard, the numbers of the rebel army are pretty low, which is why it is so strange that our armies are completely wiped out in the forest and swamp areas. Many prisoners of war have been rescued from the many citadels I have placed in the land, but I assume they would be too weak from hunger to join the fight. They will soon get to my castle, and I must prepare for their arrival. If their numbers are as low as what has been reported, I could probably take them out single handedly. Most of my subjects are idiots anyway, they can't follow orders and they aren't very strong on their own, except for those guys with the big hammers, they're pretty skilled. The only reason I won the war is because I beat the enemy by sheer number, and I have superior technology like cannons and airships. Anyway, they should get here any second now. It's now time for their little "rebellion" to end.

Day 5

Dear Diary,

I have been defeated. The force was way smaller than I anticipated, there was one man. I don't know what it was, but something about how he moved, he was just all over the place. Taking out my forces one by one, it was as if it was nothing. When he fought me it was like a blur, one second and he was behind me. Next thing I know I was kicked into my moat. He was able to wipe out my entire army, storm into my castle and take his leader back, one man! This is the largest humiliation of my life. The worst part of it is, the man wasn't even a soldier. It was some plumber named Mario, I think he was Italian. I'll rise up again, and this time, the princess will be mine!



photo by Lily Morton



photo by Emma Carroll

I, an inaudible simpleton

by Gaby Orellana

Plan to regurgitate words.

Words that will be meaningless, words that already are meaningless, tedious.

Same old synonyms, antonyms- when I discovered what oxymorons were I was

Adrenalized,

Electrified,

Enthusiastic.

The implied repetition of definition between words makes my skull rattle; they give the impression of being all the more phony.

I'm more than words. Maybe a tad phonier too.

I'm larger than the supernovas exploding at this very moment but, more miniscule than the atoms compacted within your cells, my cells, your pencil eraser. The list goes on.

It's quite a paradox, a rip in this ridicule of synonym/explanation of myself.

I am a synonym really, synonymous.

I sprouted from the womb repeating the same words, questions, statements, just a scratched record with curly hair. Fourteen years later I'm just using a bigger ensemble of letters in an attempt to mimic growth. Growth of curiosity, growth of identity, somebody create some darn human fertilizer.

Who knows, maybe one day it'll be me.

A gene expression corresponding to this human fertilizer or whatnot- turmoil within the epigenetics department? Sign me up!

Rereading the dictionary and those dusty science books none of the other first graders would touch as if maggots threatened to ooze from the pages, was my favorite pastime.

I thoroughly enjoyed wrapping myself up in knowledge and new words as if it was a mug of hot chocolate on a winter day.

It's still my favorite, knowledge.

In my opinion, we are greatly insignificant, not even close to proportionate to this universe. A joke in comparison. But at the end of the day there is too much of infinite knowledge for one to not allow themselves to be swallowed in such truth.

I, as a self proclaimed simpleton

have refused from a young age to be the BIGGEST joke of them all. If I am going to die ignorant I at least want to die choking on my failed attempts at a non ignorant death.

Rupi Kaur said:

"... I was made heavy

Half silk and half blade

Difficult to forget and not easy for the mind to follow"

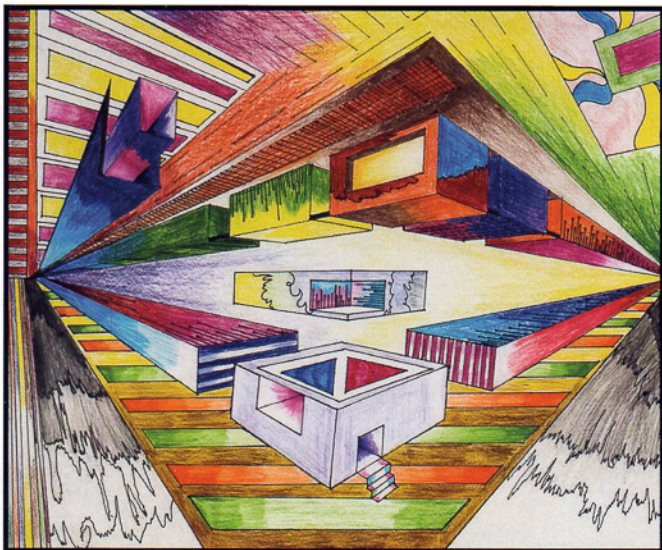
(Milk And Honey)



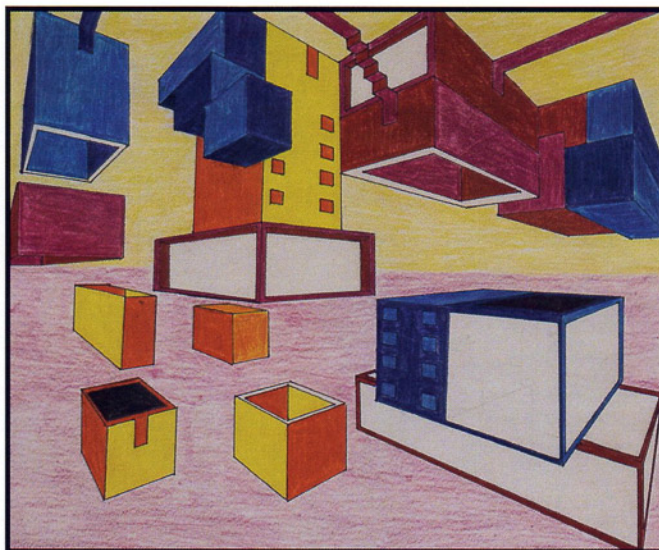
art by Abem Balcha



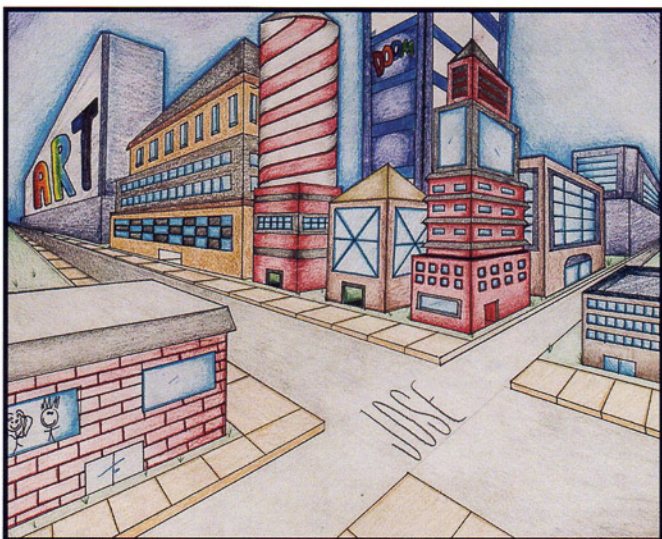
photography by Lily Morton



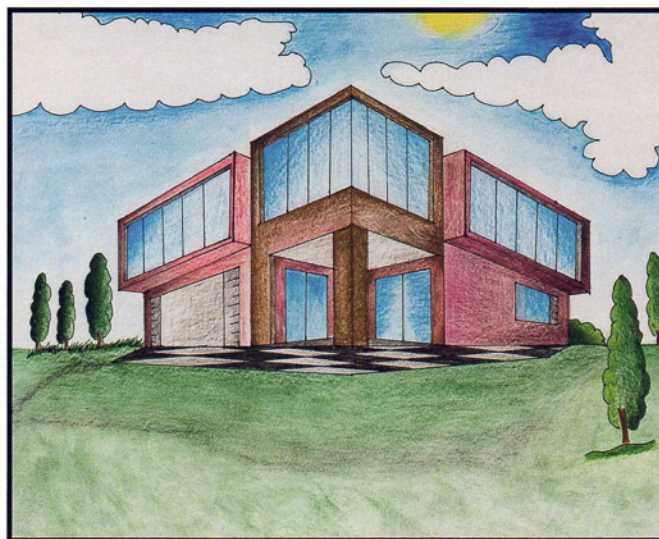
art by Fariha Priya



art by Katerin Medina



art by Jose Rosas Diaz



art by Hugo Aguilar



photo by Addison Guynn

Starless Night

by Camilla Cohen Suarez

I gaze upon the starless night
Which is now full of light
The stars which once shone so bright
Now slightly hide beneath the darkening light
I gaze upon the darkened sky
Which now grows with frightening lights
Every night I look to the sky
To wish upon a dimming star
To come back from afar
To fill this starless night with stars

Muse

by Madeline Waldhoff

I dream of her on sun-lit summer days,
When breath of wind ripples across the grass.
The loud blossoms never do match her gaze,
Nor bird's wild song her ringing laugh of glass.

I hold her close as shadows now advance,
While golden light flickers on ink and paint:
It twists and shivers, sets her all adance,
She is my compass, my angel, my saint.

I touch her skin while the stars light the sky,
Yet she is mere paper, brushwork, and dye.



"My favorite thing about myself is my hair, cause I can do anything I want to it and I still look... pretty great."
-Vivian, age 18

photo by Lily Morton



photo by Kevin Baten



photo by Dylan Garcia

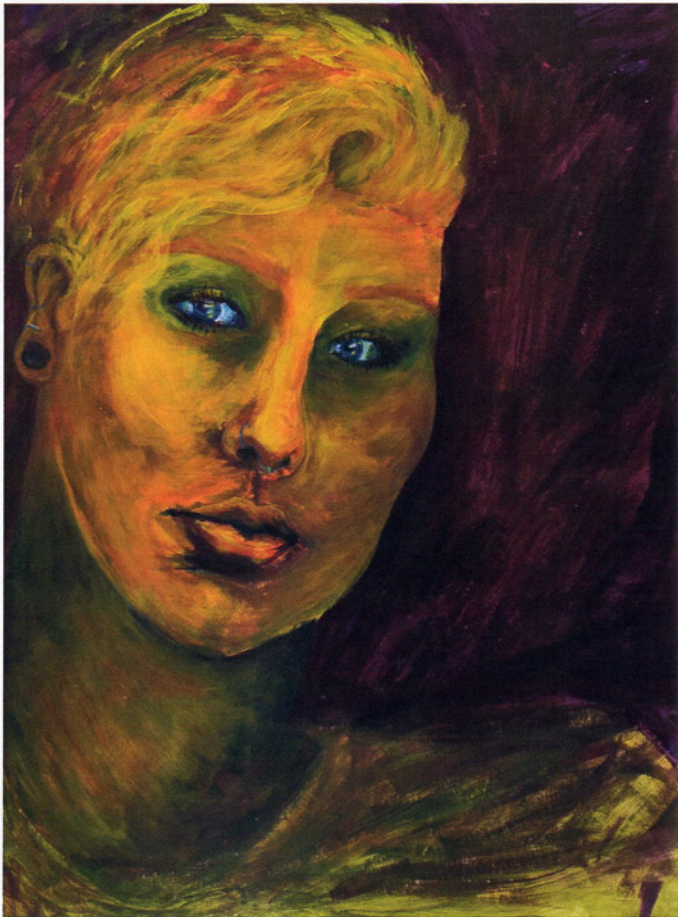


photo by Lily Morton

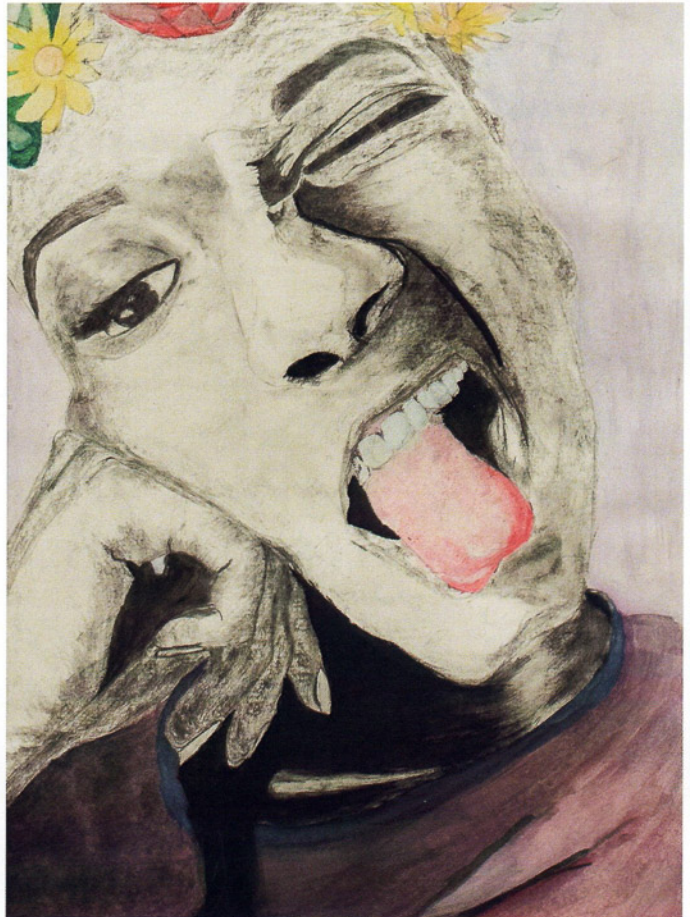


photo by Nick Carraway

self portraits



Paige Vondenkamp



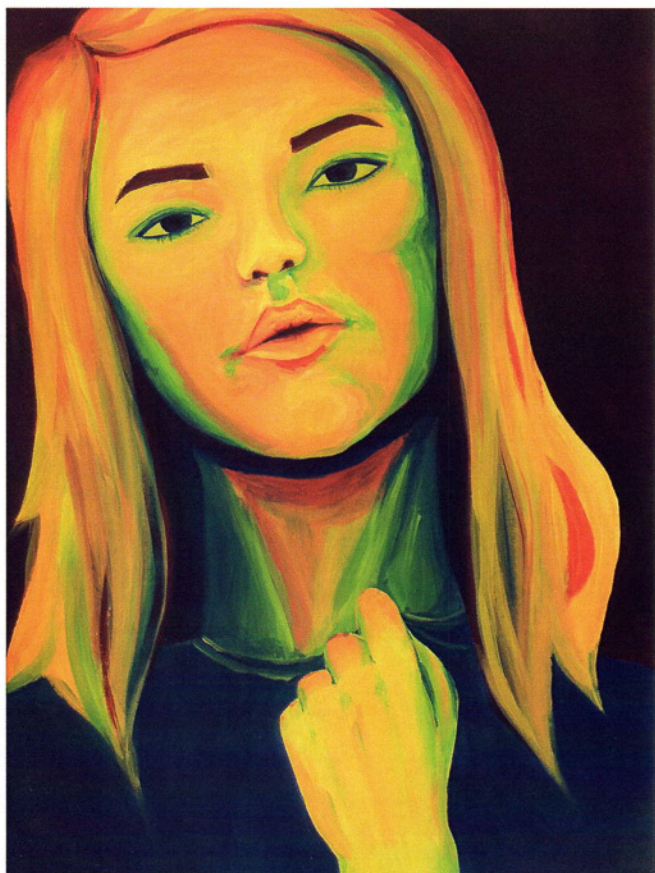
Abem Balcha



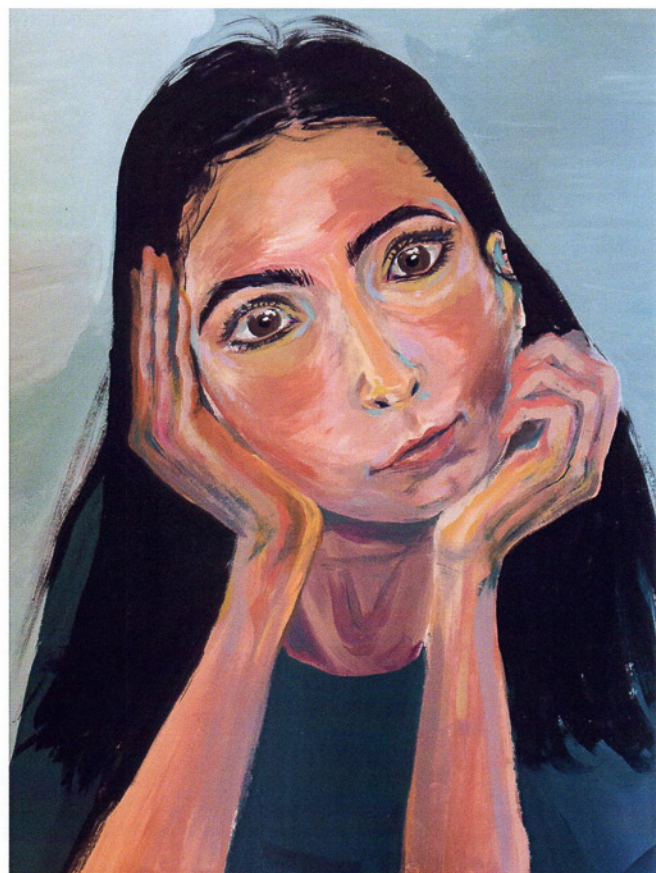
Daniel Rivas



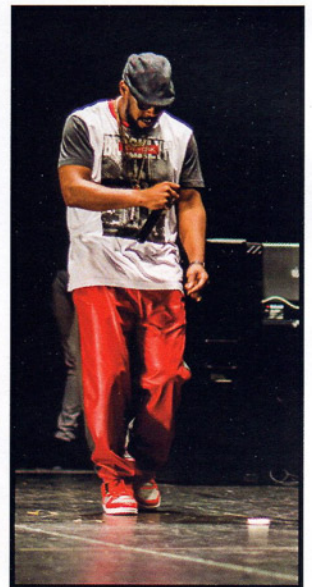
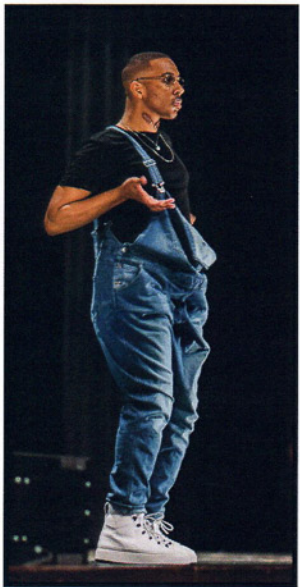
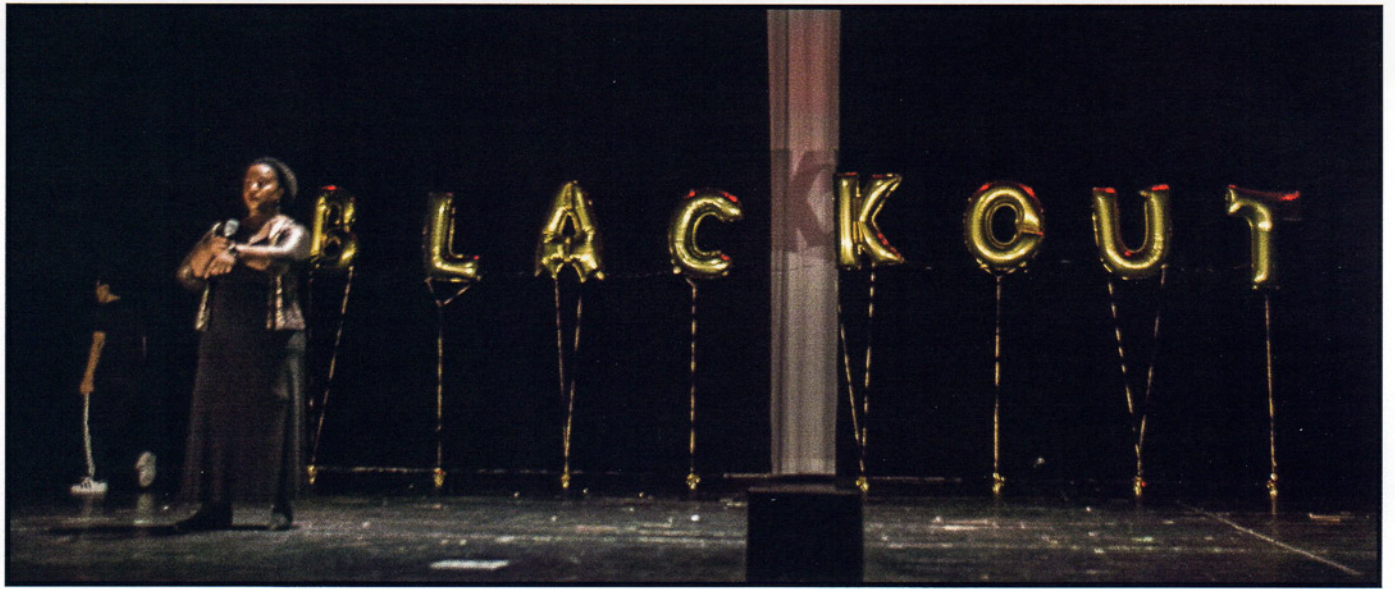
Jenesis Fjeld



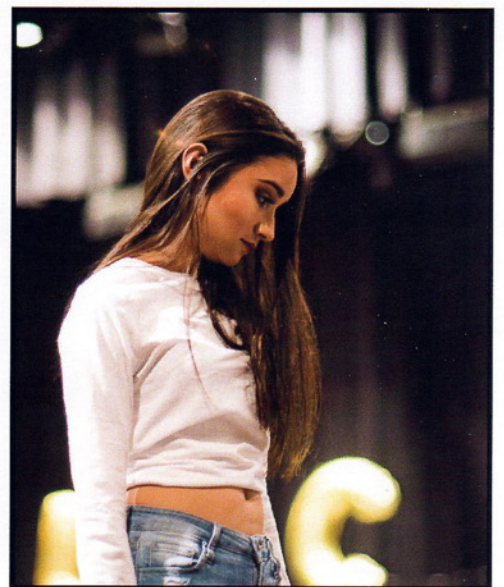
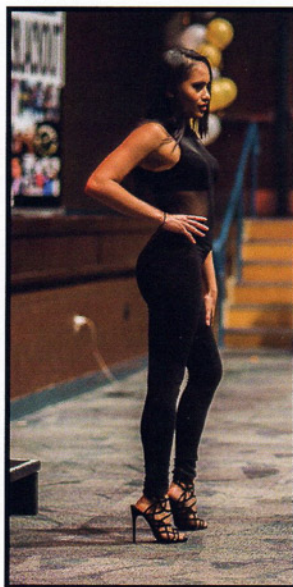
Emily De Bodene



Emilia Dagradi



photography by Daniel Rivas



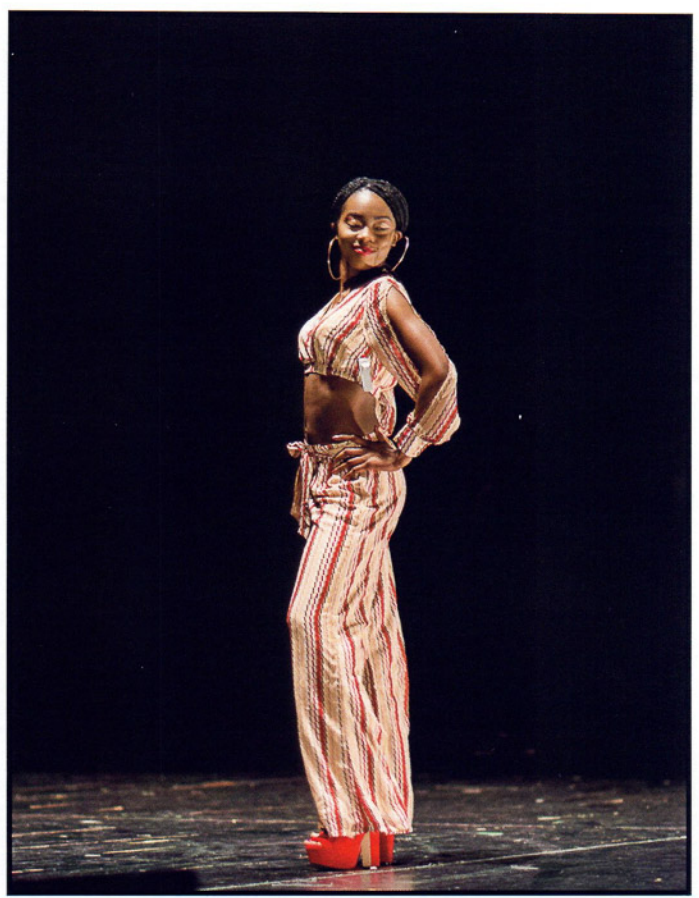
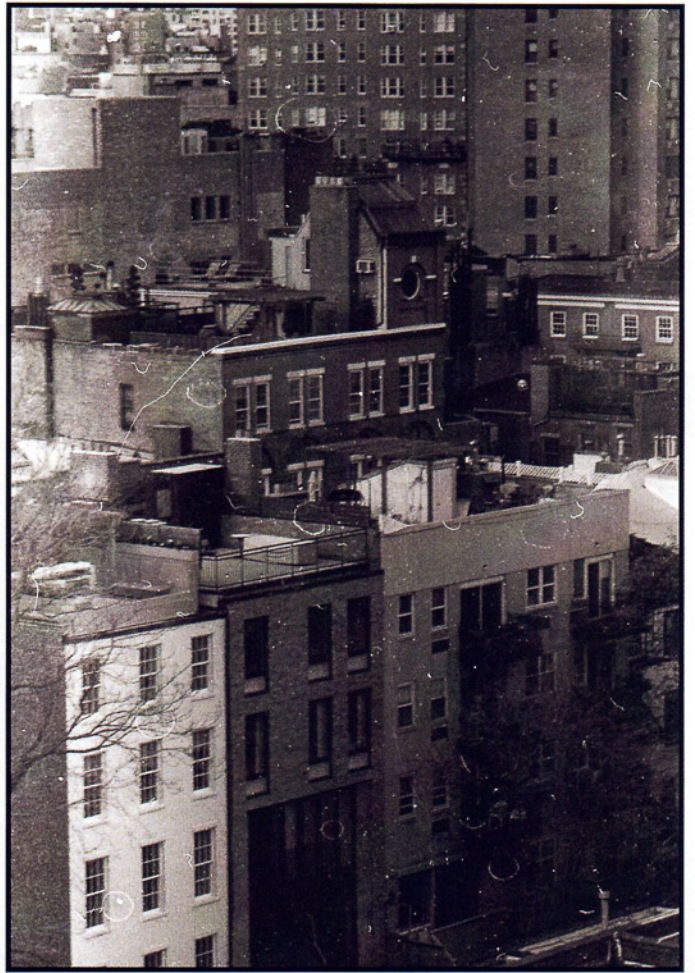
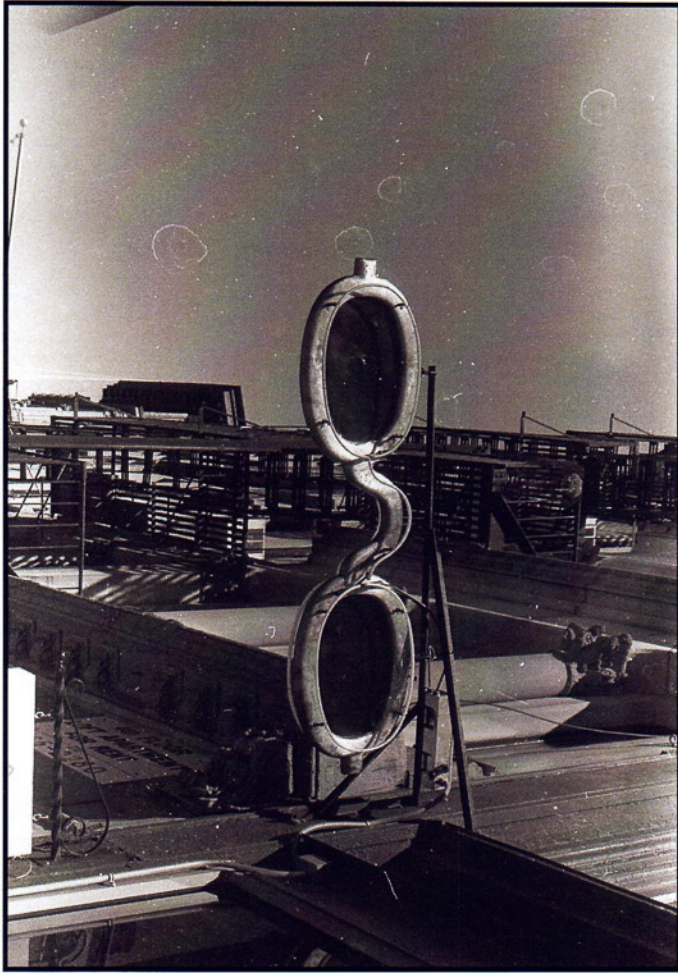
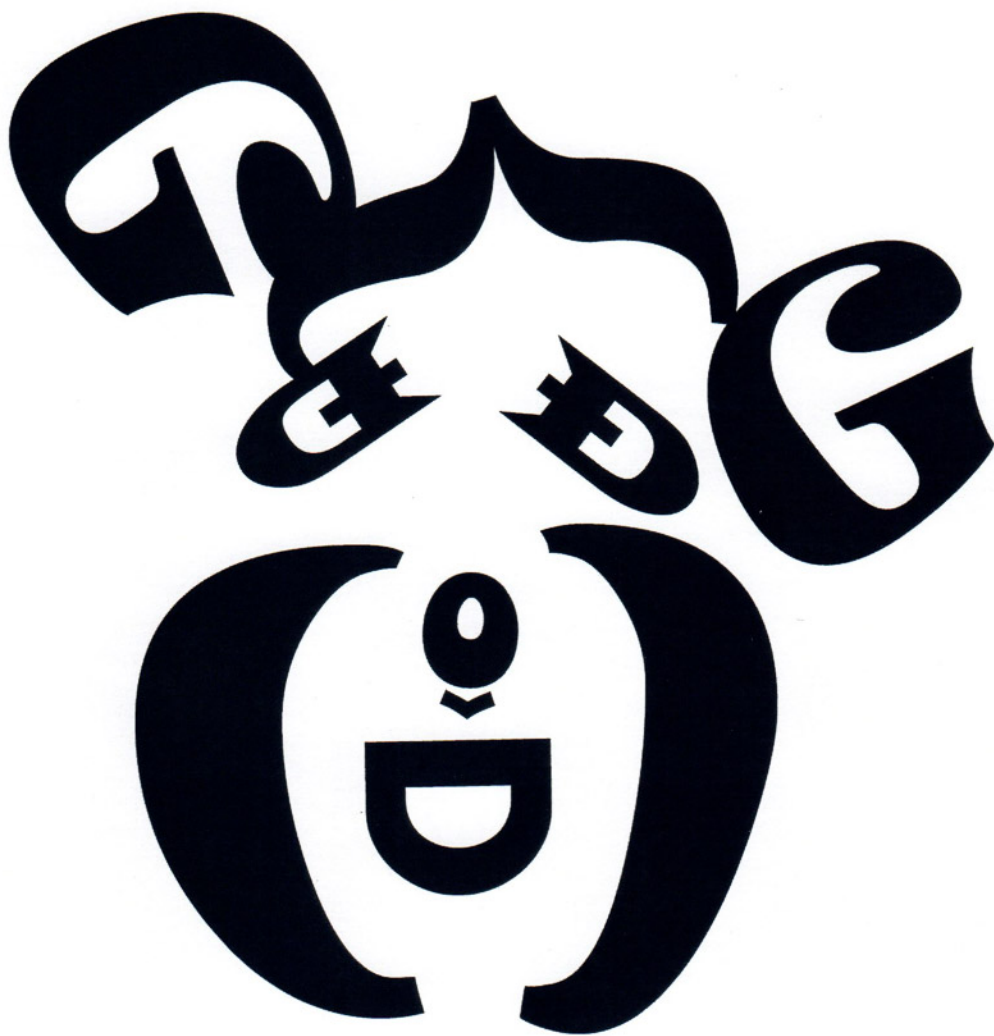




photo by Fatima Chavez



photography by Annabel Gleason



"font dog" by Katia Portillo Bermudez

graphic by Hassan Al Salami



Hassan Alsalami



photo by Malaayah Norris

Untitled

by Heran Tilahun

Serious Playwright
with her laptop resting still
staring straight ahead



art by Sarah Garcia



photo by Dylan Garcia

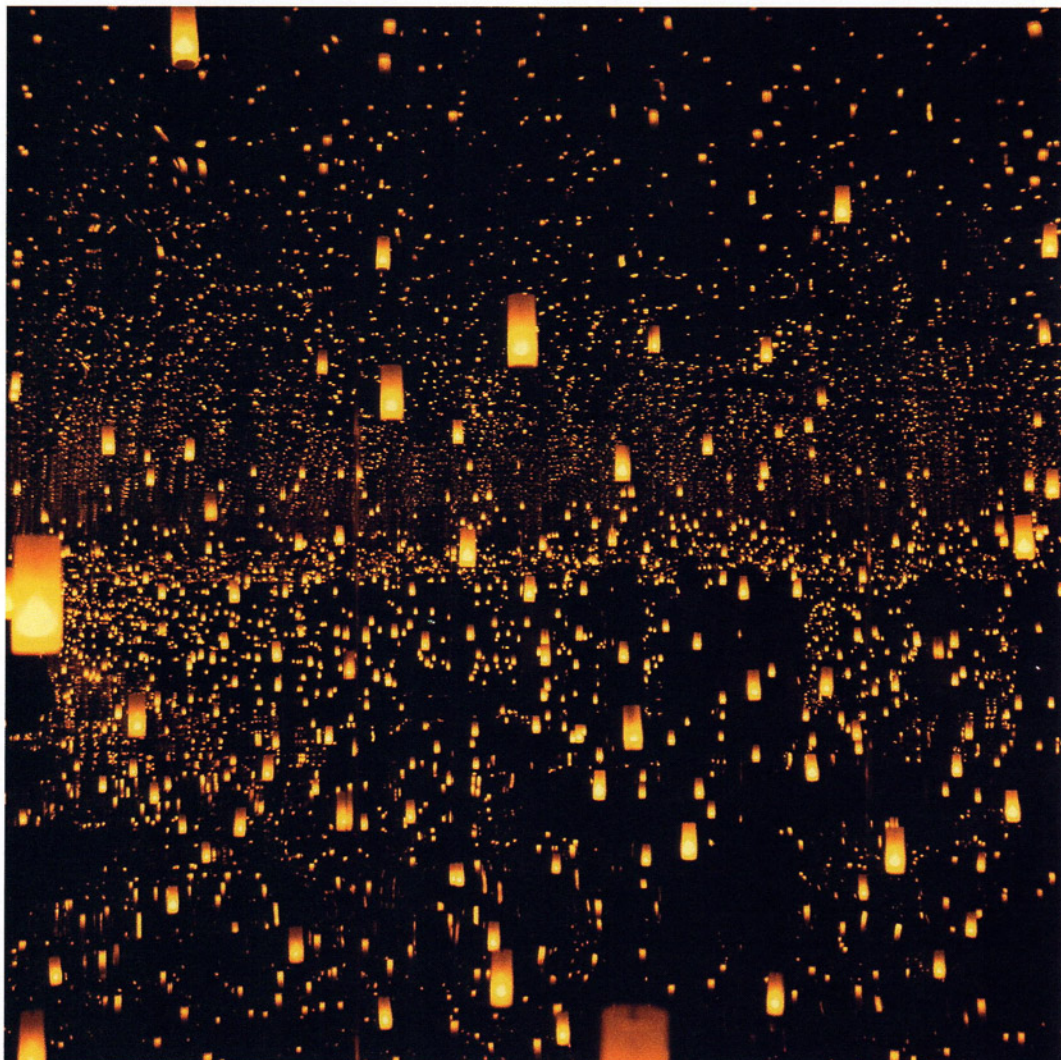


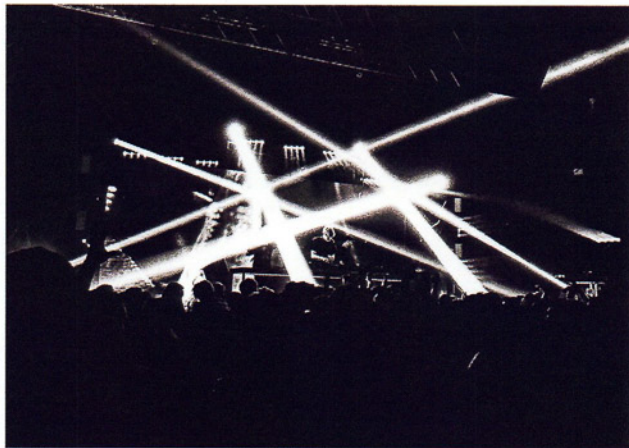
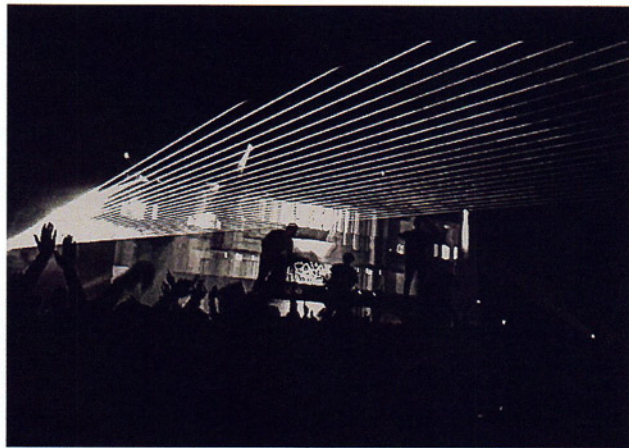
photo by Zeke Farkas



photo by Claire Chandler



photo by Kai Cole



concert triptych by Nick Carraway





"Small World" photography by Jessica Mellon

Chalkboard Poetry

FROM THE 2ND FLOOR C-HALLWAY

my poem

my tongue is a PARASITE

nothing quench es it s desire to speak vile language

it yield s for no men no women

not myself

not one voice can trust the honey like poison from the broken dark ness

it has deceive d the angel with in

I linger between the kiss of life and

death s embrace of my porcelain spirit

a sleep as smooth as red velvet

by Shannia De Paz



photo by Zeke Farkas



photo by Saron Ghebremariam



photo by Fatima Chavez



photo by Kevin Baten



photo by Zeke Farkas



art by Emily De-Bodene

Mesmerizing Sea Dragon

by Daniela Rodriguez

Last April, Greg Rouse went on a treasure hunt
Using an underwater vehicle,
He found you in the oceanfront
Oh, Sea Dragon, you are strategical

Mesmerizing Sea Dragon
beautiful that you are
We don't find you in a flagon
We find you in "el Mar"

Mesmerizing Sea Dragon
With a hump like a camel and a tail it can curl
You are worth more than a pearl
You couldn't even be found by Earl

Mesmerizing Sea Dragon
You follow your own course
They spotted you as a glimmer of red
Drifting amid the ocean floor

You were first named as "weedy sea dragon" in 2015,
But an older specimen was found that dated back to 1919
Oh you see dragon, you float float, float as the water goes, goes, goes.



graphic design by Kalista Diamantopoulos



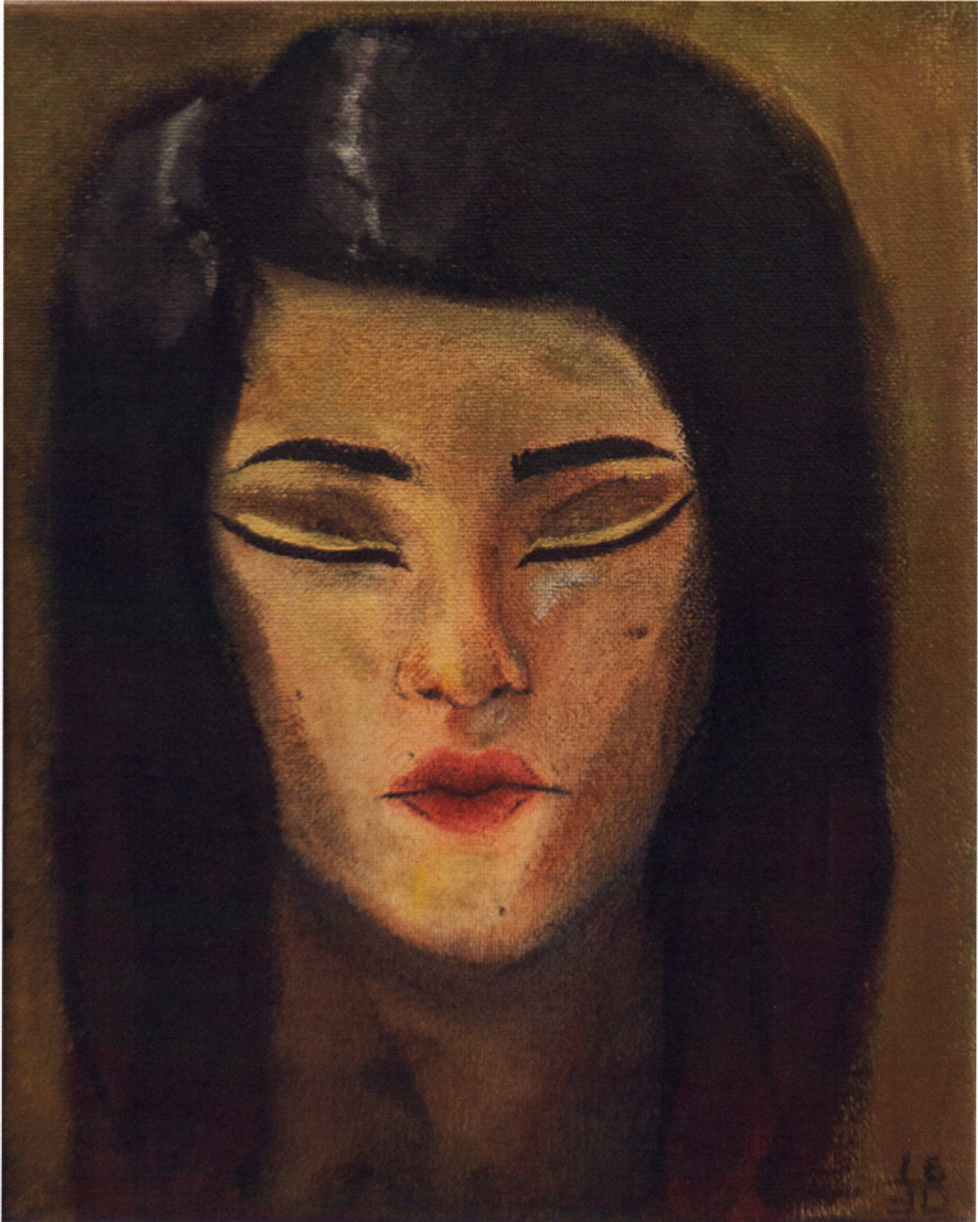
graphic design by Melody Umana



graphic design by Nick Pena



graphic design by Sam Lally





art by Emily De Bodene

Windows

by Christian Rodriguez

These here eyes of mine have never told the stories nor the truth but merely went along with what I have said. My eyes are more than a feature, for they are the windows to my life stories. For if you were to truly see me you would shock as to find that I am not always the person I say I am. My mouth say words sharper than a knife, my eyes tell a story that flows like silk. My body says that I don't care, but my eyes would cry you a river if I could. For these windows are shut so tight that no rain will pour through.

My eyes will the sing the song while my mouth will only stay shut. My body will shut you out while my eyes are screaming for you to turn and see me. If you were to look in my eyes would you see that man beating me for not being who he wants me to be? Or would you see the flirt who I hate, but who he wants me to be? For no matter who you see, is it really me? Do you see those little kids running around having fun? Or do you see those kids knowing pain? Do you see the one looking for the other half? Or perhaps you see the one trying to complete others. For no matter who you see there never me. I am the boy you will never see the c0rner or the boy you'll ever see in the field. You'll see nothing but the trees who help me feel safe from everything yet can drop me in an instant and destroy the very shield it gave me, or maybe you'll see the water that lets me feel like I'm flying even though at any moment I can drown. For no matter who you see, is it really me? Or just a part of who I become. For these windows will never be fully open until you can help me let the water in. Maybe just maybe you'll see who I truly am. If you do find that man who I am tell him I'm waiting for him too. Tell him that the scars need not to be healed, but to help other heal. For my eyes are nothing unless his words are just as powerful. For then you'll see the real me.



photo by Clare Williams

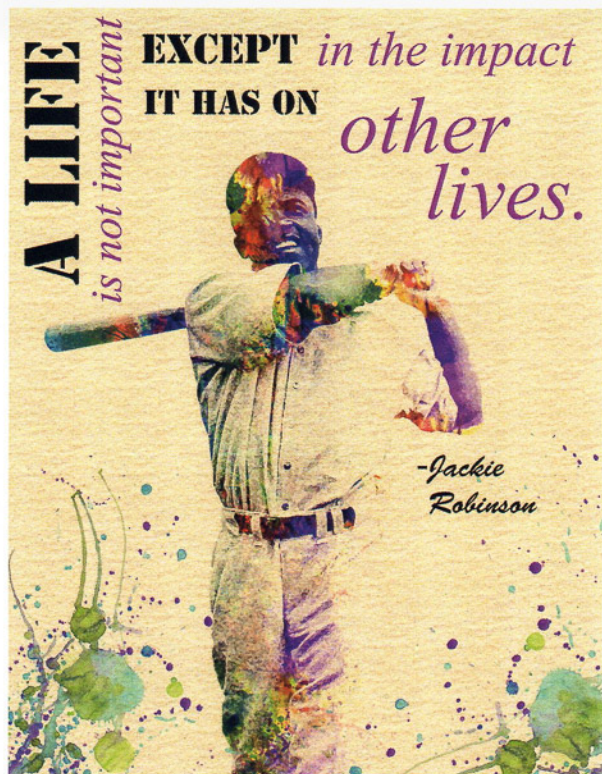


mixed media art by Lucy Waskowics

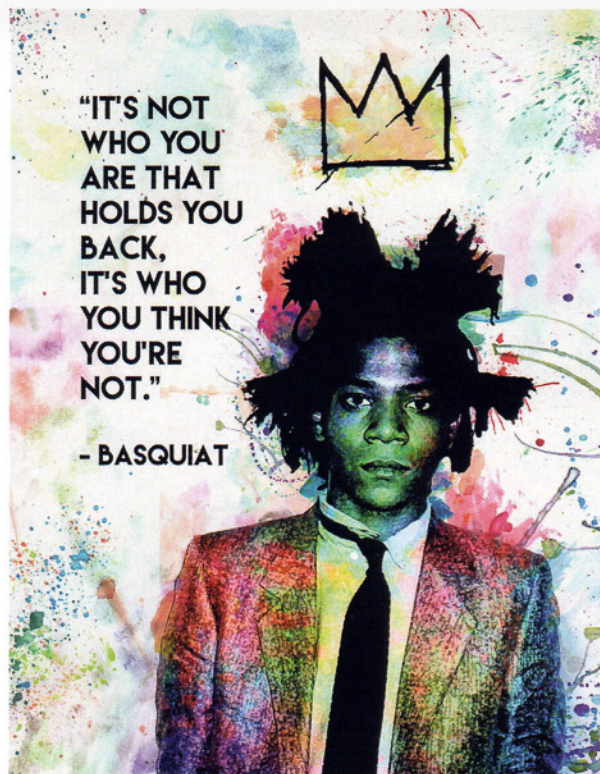
Untitled

by Jay Falk

Dangerous idea
I? Intelligent Design
My wisdom teeth hurt



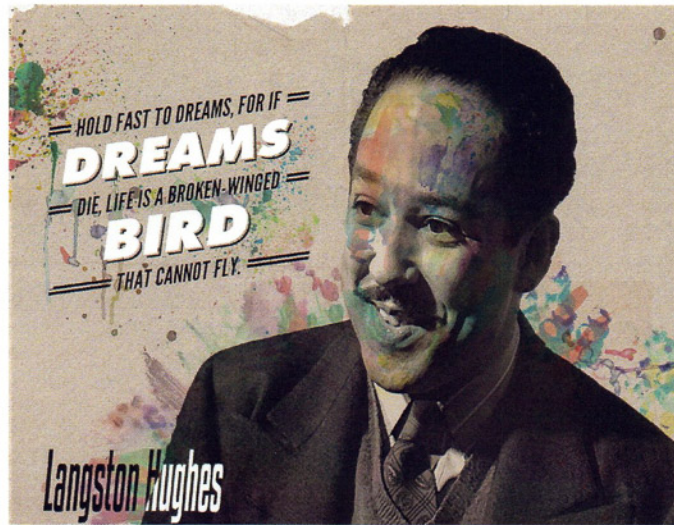
graphic design by Adams Zelaya



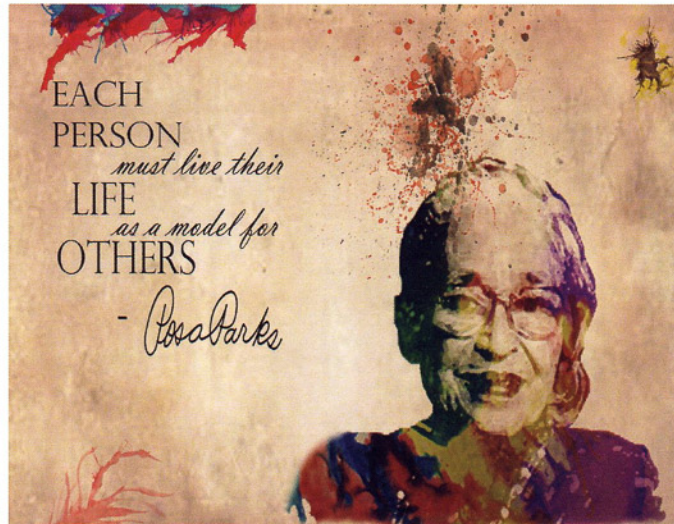
graphic design by Merrin Winkel



graphic design by Yassine Abasi



graphic design by Cameron Morey



graphic design by Preston Hannifan



graphic design by Alex Smolkin



Thank you , Ms. Coast, totem pole builder...
and thanks to her ceramics students.



photography by Paige Dow

