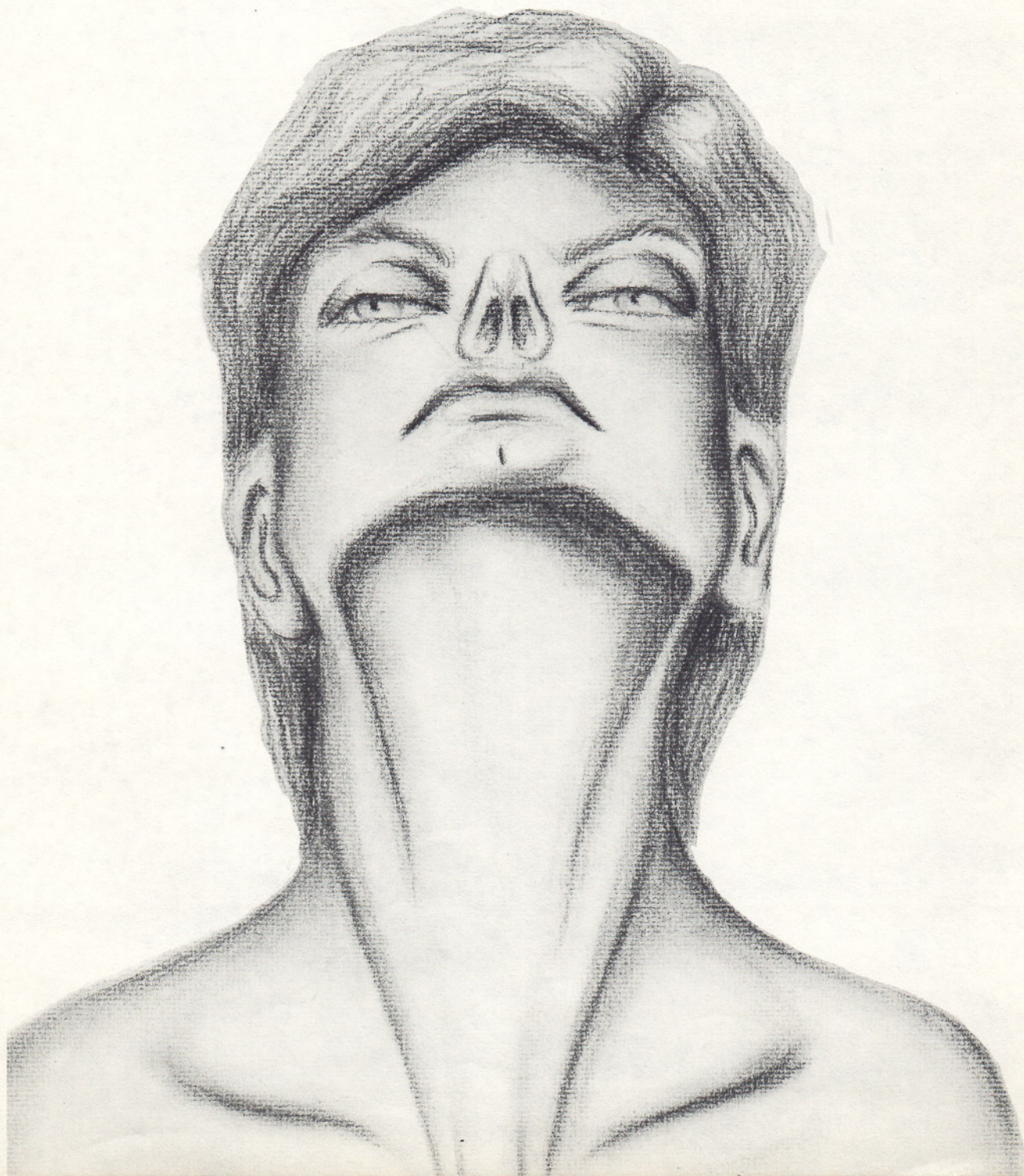


LABYRINTH

LABYRINTH

SPRING 1982



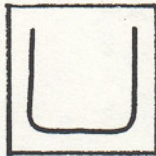


TABLE

CONTENTS

Neck Study by Fred Diggs	title page
Portrait by Susan Fried	2
Downstairs by Joyce Doherty	4
His Laughing Eyes by Sarah Harman	5
Sketch by Tracy Glover	5
Melancholy Boy by Pamela Sams	6
In Memories of Days Gone By by Meri Amidon	7
Still Life by Rebecca Bartunek	8
Bananas by Mark Ambrose	8
Poema A Puerto Rico by Elizabeth Mercado	9
A Guest to Our Slum by Dola Mitra	10
Profile by Nadine Bacaj	12
Sometimes People Feel by Eun Hui Yi	13
Puff Puff by Anne Ise	14
Boy by Lilla Vierti	14
Identity by Mandy Dallas	15
Between the End and Beginning by Mandy Mitra	15
Hands by Susan Fried	15
Reclining Girl by Pamela Sams	16
Youth by Rebecca Bartunek	18
Photograph by Keith Lyon	18
ICH BIN SOLDAT by Joerg Cruel	19
Photograph by Steve Anker	19
Mike by Pamela Sams	20
Who Are They by Karen Cohen	21
The Big Date by Tracy Glover	22
Portrait by Fred Diggs	23
Humor by William Matthews	24
Cartoon by Tracy Glover	24
A Race for Victory by Anne Alexander	25
Caricature by Susan Fried	25
Photograph by Claus D'Jurberg	26
La Neige by Michelle Arington	26
Preppie by Ruby Abellera	27
The Grave Bouquet by Seletha Duff	28
Photograph by Steve Anker	29
Church Steeple by Tracy Glover	30
In the Garden of Sunflowers by Karen Cohen	31

Downstairs



Upstairs, the books on the shelves are dazzling. Their titles blast out, screaming "I can change your life!" These books, however, are to be bypassed. There is a sign near the back, standing above a set of stairs. On a black background the amber letters spell out "Antiquarian Books."

During the descent down the creaky staircase, the familiar dusty odor of old books becomes stronger. Accompanying the odor are the soft and subtle sounds of a concerto by Bach or Mozart. At the bottom of the stairs an elderly woman smiles in greeting. Silence is the unspoken law.

Dark mahogany bookshelves line the walls. Filling them are books whose titles are subdued. Master craftsmen have bound these beautiful books. Wrapped in aged leather of red or gold or green, they beckon browsers. The marbled paper and gold-trimmed spines speak of a bygone era. Yet once drawn from the shelf, their timelessness is evident. The gilt-edged leaves will be turned again and again, for their attraction does not terminate with the words "The End."

Joyce Doherty

His Laughing Eyes

His laughing eyes and smiling hands,
Always busy but eager to help
In any of my childish games.

Laying aside the news of the day,
The papers and bills and letters.
I feel very important
And my face lights up with a grin.

Sarah Harman



Tracy Glover



Pam Sams

Poema A Puerto Rico

Son las seis de la mañana
Y los gallos están cantando
Sale el sol de la madrugada
Y las nubes están bailando

El sol se asoma sonriendo
Sobre las verdes montañas
Y la brisa del suave viento
Nos acaricia y nos baña

El pequeño coqui
Con su lindo canto
Nos inspira allí
En las llanuras del campo

Los alegres trabajadores
Ya la caña están cortando
Y al mirar al cielo de colores
Cantan un "Alelulai Borincano"

Puerto Rico, isla querida
Tierra de mis encantos
Aguarda bien mi venida
Y arrópame con tus mantos

He corrido muchos mundos
Y he visto El Atardecer,
Pero jamás han sido más lindos
Que los de mi tierra de placer

Ay mi tierra Borincana!
Ay tierra de mis amores!
El día que yo me muera
Cúbreme con tus lanas
Y con tus bellos colores.

Elizabeth Mercado

A poem to Puerto Rico

It's six o'clock in the morning
And the cocks are singing
the sun begins to rise
And the clouds are dancing

The sun appears smiling
Over the green mountains
And the breeze
Caresses us and bathes us

The tiny coqui
With his beautiful song
Inspires us there
In the plains of the countryside.

The happy workers
Are already cutting the sugar cane
And when they see the colorful sky
They begin to sing "Alelulai Borincano."

Puerto Rico, my beloved island
Land of my enchantments
Await well my returning
And cover me with your sheets

I have traveled many worlds
And I have seen the sunset
But it has never been more beautiful
Than the one in my pleasure island.

Oh my land of Borincano!
Oh, land of my love
The day I die
Cover me with your wools
And with your beautiful colors.

A Guest To Our Slum

The dirty parking lot, a strip of paved land between the silver wire fence and the row of old apartment buildings, was decaying. Old, yellowish newspapers, cigarette butts and beer cans were scattered around giving the place a helpless look. Children who played in the lot all day didn't seem to mind. The piece of land was their playground; they could spit on it and litter it freely, and they didn't dream of anything better.

A faded, light-blue Chevy drove up and parked. Our neighbor Thomas stepped out and slammed the door behind him. He had a huge body and stringy dirty-blond hair. He wasn't handsome now, although one could tell he once had been. Thomas bent to peer into the back seat and with a wave of his fingers indicated for someone to come out. One of the rear doors slowly opened and a boy of about eight stepped out. I noticed he looked like Thomas but had a sharper face and fragile features. He had on a dirty gray undershirt and a pair of worn-out denim shorts.

Thomas opened the trunk. The boy dragged out a small suitcase and followed him into the apartment building. The

building in which they lived was as helpless-looking as the parking lot. The bricks were old and black. Curtainless windows, dirty blinds and Mrs. O'Reily's broken window added to the depressing atmosphere.

We learned from Thomas' wife, a plain, pregnant woman, that Joseph was Thomas' son from his previous marriage and that he was to stay here until his mother got her job back.

I hadn't seen him after his arrival until one afternoon, when he was sitting outside, watching the other children play a noisy game of kickball. He was absorbed in watching each person, when someone tripped over his leg and fell trying to catch a flying ball.

"You big dummy! You tripped me on purpose!" The boy that fell grabbed Joseph by the hair and pulled hard.

"Hey you," I screamed, "leave him alone!" Joseph jerked his head away and looked at me in astonishment. No one had ever taken his side before.

Gradually I got to know Joseph, and I learned that he was different from other boys of his age. His dream was not to become Superman or a basketball super-

star, he wanted to be a writer. He told me all about himself and his dreams. His eyes glowed with satisfaction as I listened. I knew I was the only one who gave a dried fig and would listen to what he had to say. I liked listening to Joseph.

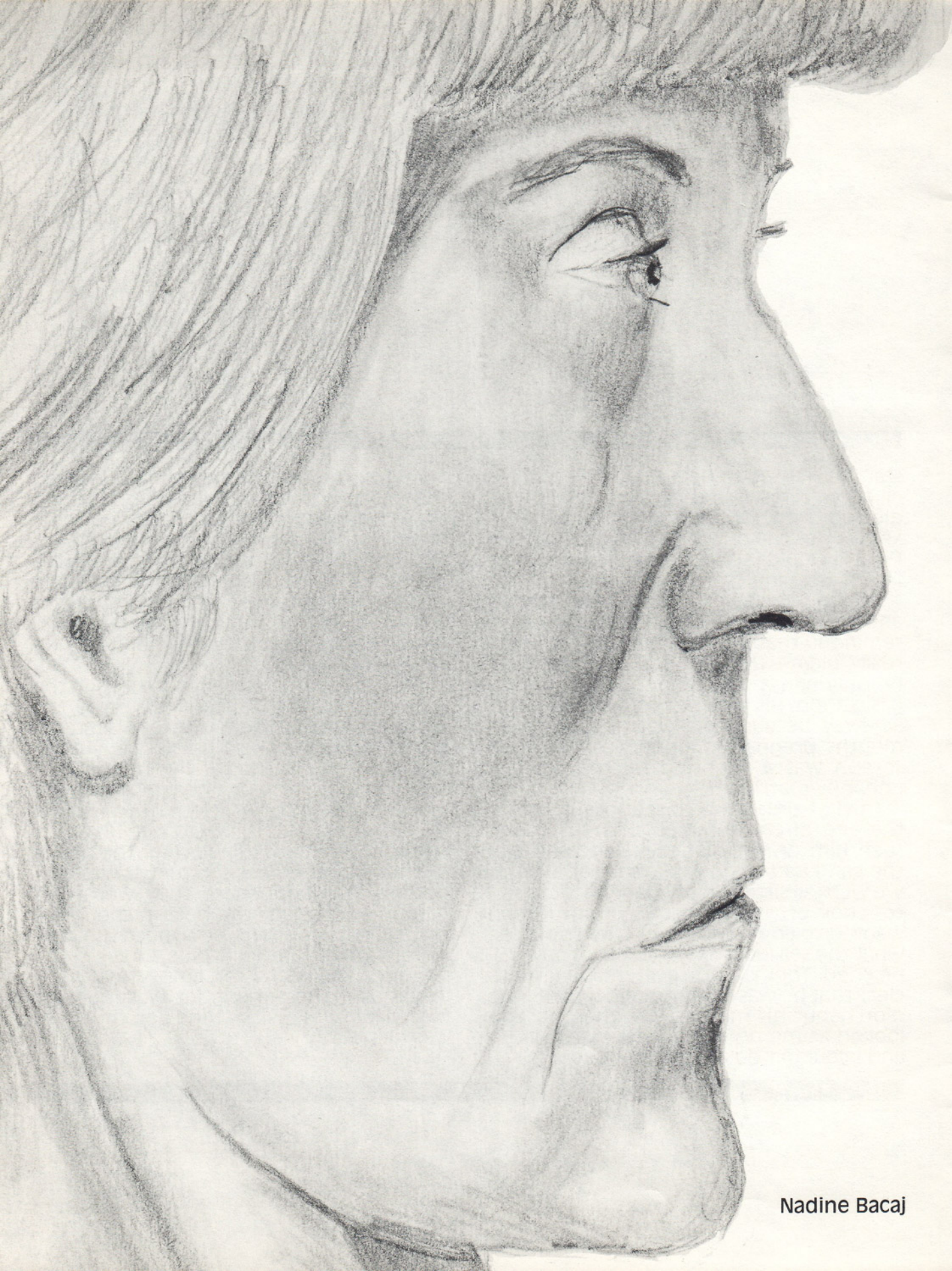
During his stay Joseph was physically abused by his father and was constantly reminded that he was a burden. I couldn't really blame Thomas. He was frustrated. He only had a part-time job at a near-by gas station. His wife had to quit her job at Safeway because she was already seven months pregnant. Money was tight and Joseph was a haunting reminder of an unhappy marriage.

The last time I was to see Joseph was at the end of the summer after I had first seen him drag that heavy suitcase from the car. I had to go to Florida for a week. We were all sitting in the parking lot trying to cool off when I told him. Joseph wanted to come with me. "I never did see what the sea looks like, except for on T.V.," he cried. Thomas, however, made it quite clear that he was really going to get it if he didn't shut his mouth right then. Joseph looked at me defeatedly. He was shut-up and I couldn't do anything about it.

When I returned from my trip I learned that Joseph had been killed in an accident. His mother had come to pick him up. She was filthy drunk, and she rammed the car into the silver fence and smashed into a big, dried-up tree. She killed herself and Joseph. No one thought it important enough to tell me about the accident until I asked about Joseph. Nobody understood why I was so curious.

The sun set and I stared at it through the wire of the silver fence. I could see the whole parking lot from where I was standing. It did not look so helpless anymore. The colors of the sun totally engulfed the trash. I thought how beautiful the lot looked now, yet how vicious. This is where my eight-year-old friend crashed his brain. The children were still playing. The sound of their laughter was so cruel. It was as if nothing had happened. They were running in and out of the hole in the fence made by the accident. How much fun they were having. The light-blue Chevy shimmered in the heat. I felt empty and dizzy. It was as if the parking lot was mocking me. As if it was saying, "And you thought I was helpless."

Dola Mitra



Nadine Bacaj

인간들은 가끔 삶의 고달픔을 느끼는 때가 있다.
 그리고 그들 자신들이 대하여 평가하기를 그치지 않는다.
 자기 자신들을 원망, 저주 하는것은
 다른 이들로 부터 더욱더 큰 칭찬을 얻기 위해서 이다.
 혼자 있을 때면 언제나 사람들은 고독해지기 마련이다.
 왜냐 하면 아무도 자기의 칭찬을 들어줄이가 없기 때문이다.
 또한 사람들은 바보와 철학자들의 차이를 꽤 생각한다.
 마치 지구와 태양의 거리의 차이 그러나 그것들 모두는
 사람들의 생각에서 시작된 것이기 누구도 이 세상에서
 더 훌륭해라 더 천지의 차이는 없다.
 그저 사람들의 똑같이 반복된 생활이 싫어
 서로들· 서로의 명칭을 좋게 나쁘게 만들어 놓았기 때문이다.

Sometimes People Feel

Sometimes people feel wearisome of life
and they don't stop to evaluate
themselves

because they want to receive praise
from others.

People are always lonely when they are
alone

because they can hear no praise.

Also people judge the difference
between idiots and philosophers
as monumental, like the distance
between earth and sun.

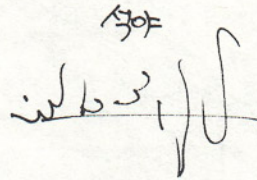
But these things have their beginnings in
people's minds.

No one can prove who is of more value
— idiots or geniuses.

People just make up the different labels.
good and bad — life and death —
because they are tired of life's routine.

Eun Hui Yi

석야



Puff Puff

Hey, pass it here (puff), thanks man, you're for real. What's the deal, who's the dude in the three-piece lookin' at us? Man, are we busted or what? Oh, ya just wanna talk... What are ya — some undercover cop or something? Well, I ain't done nothin' man, nothin'! Hey buddy, the man says he's a reporter and he wants to interview us for his article on the effect drugs (ha, ha,) have on the memory. Well man, ya come to the wrong dudes, we don't mess with drugs... What'd ya say you are? Are ya sure ya ain't no cop? O.K., if ya say you're a reporter I tell ya how I see it. Drugs are cosmic, organic, and easy



to relate to, follow? . . . Oh hell, that's bull 'bout them messin' up ya head — mine's alright, ain't it? What's my friend's name? . . . Welllll man, I jus' can't place it right now. Starts with an "m" . . . or maybe it's a "j" . . . Shoot! I forgit. . . Oh, I've known him pretty long — yeaaaaa — he's my kid brother. Hey, why ya want ta know, are ya a cop or what? . . . Oh yea — reporter. . . Naaayyy I ain't got no job, used to. I worked at a warehouse, man it was rough. Excuse me, but mind if I smoke? . . . Thanks man, made me one of dem home-made cigars (ha! ha!). Hey, where's my buddy? Where is he. . . Oh yea, here he is (ha, ha). Forgot ya was right here for a sec', my fault. Ya say what? That people be sayin' drugs affect ya memory, what is that supposed ta mean?! I mean they use dem drugs in hospitals. I work in one of dem hospitals, or was it a warehouse — same difference — and man those people ain't no more sicker than I am. . . What's that? . . . Oh yea — I don't work there no more, sorry. Now what was I talkin' about? (Puffff) Mmmm. . . ya wanna hit? Helps ya stay on track ya know. But hey. . . put me down as undecided in your survey-thing. . . What — no poll? Who the hell are ya then man? Oh yea, the drug-man, well I been usin' dem 'bout. . . um. . . six or seven, naaayyy maybe 'bout twelve, no guess it's only four — well anyway, a long time — and I'm alright. Got me a bed and job. Everything a dude needs, always been that way with me. I was an only child — buddy I had me a good time. What? . . . Oh yea — me and my brother. (Puff) It was real nice at home even if I wasn't an only child. Hey, who ya writin' this article for, Family Circle? . . . Oh man, my fault, ya that guy askin' 'bout drugs. Well, heck, ask away, buddy. . . Have I experienced loss of memory? . . . What ya talkin' 'bout, I ain't no dummy! I got me a perfect memory. Go ahead — ask me what I did yesterday. . . Well, I went and bought this joint from um. . . Joe, wait a minute, I guess it was Tony (I think), well anyway — got it from this dude a couple days ago, yeaaaaa — think it was yesterday — I jus' ain't quite sure. Hey why ya askin' so many questions, dude? You a cop?

Anne Ise

Lilla Vierti



Between the End and Beginning

There are no tears,
Just a heavy heart full of emptiness.
Eyes too stiff to cry,
So she sighs —

Sighs over a lost soul
And memories of some lost happiness.

Holding on to the part of the dead
Growing inside her
And very much alive.
Not too tightly,
Or she will lose again, she knows,

Between the end and beginning
The widowed mother-to-be
Has her loneliness.

Mandy Mitra

Identity

i clung to you
like bark on a tree
every move you made
fed me
the sound of you
filled me
your smile was all
i needed
the light of your eyes
was all i wanted
and all i cared for
was your touch
i traced your name with my fingertips
on every object i encountered
i wrote it in the sand
i found myself in you
now that it's done
i look to myself for comfort
i find myself in me
today i went to the beach,
and the name i wrote in the sand
was mine

Mandy Dallas





Pam Sams





Youth

When asked why he did it
The little boy sat in thought
For a moment
And then opened his mouth
To grin
As only little boys can
You see,
He said quietly,
This place is just too clean
Especially after rain.
And this said and done with
He took another handful
Of soft mud
And threw it on a white wall

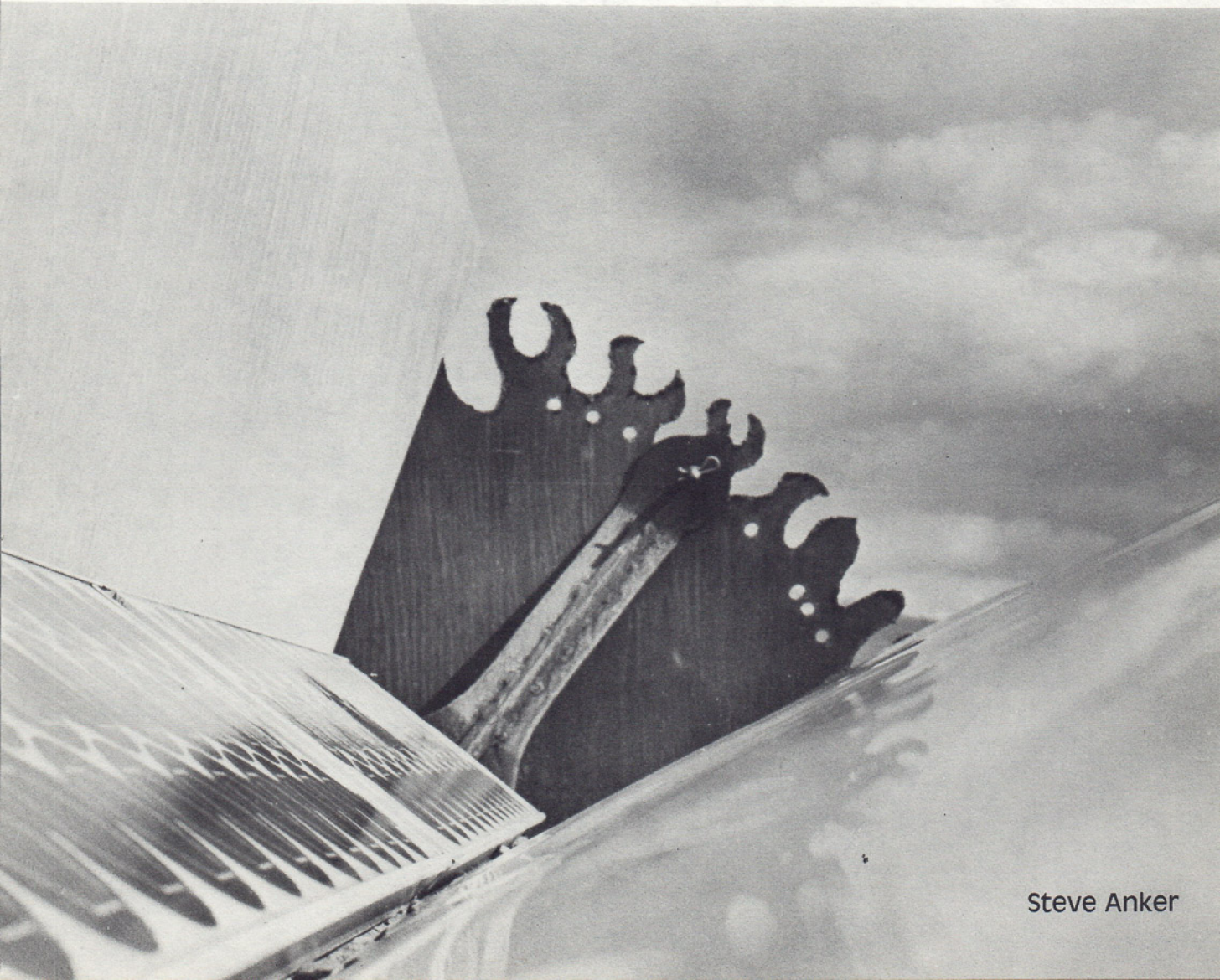
ICH BIN SOLDAT

ICH BIN SOLDAT
ICH BIN BEREIT MEIN LEBEN ZU SETZEN
FÜR DEN STAAT IN DEM ICH LEBE
— BIN BEREIT MENSCHEN ZU TÖTEN
DIE ICH NIE ZUVOR GESEHEN
— BIN BEREIT MEINE ENTSCHEIDUNGEN DEN
POLITIKERN ZU ÜBERGEBEN
DIE ICH GENAUSO WENIG KENNE, WIE
DEN FEIND, DEN AGRESSOR, DEN TYRANN
DENN SO HAT MAN IHN MIR GEZEIGT.
ALLES WAS DU SEIN KANNST!

Joerg Cruel

I Am a Soldier

I am a soldier
I am willing to sacrifice my life for my
country.
I am willing to kill people,
I've never seen in my life before.
I am willing to be manipulated when
I'm supposed to have a conscience of my
own.
I'm even willing to leave my decisions
Up to my superiors and commanders,
Not because I know them better than my
enemies
But because they have told me to do so.
"Be all that you can be!"



Steve Anker



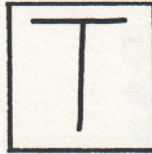
他们是谁？
明天的领袖。
努力认真
工程师。
他们是学生，
光明的前途。

Who are they?

Who are they?
Tomorrow's leaders,
Hard working, conscientious
Engineers
They are students
whose tomorrows look bright.

Karen Cohen

The Big Date

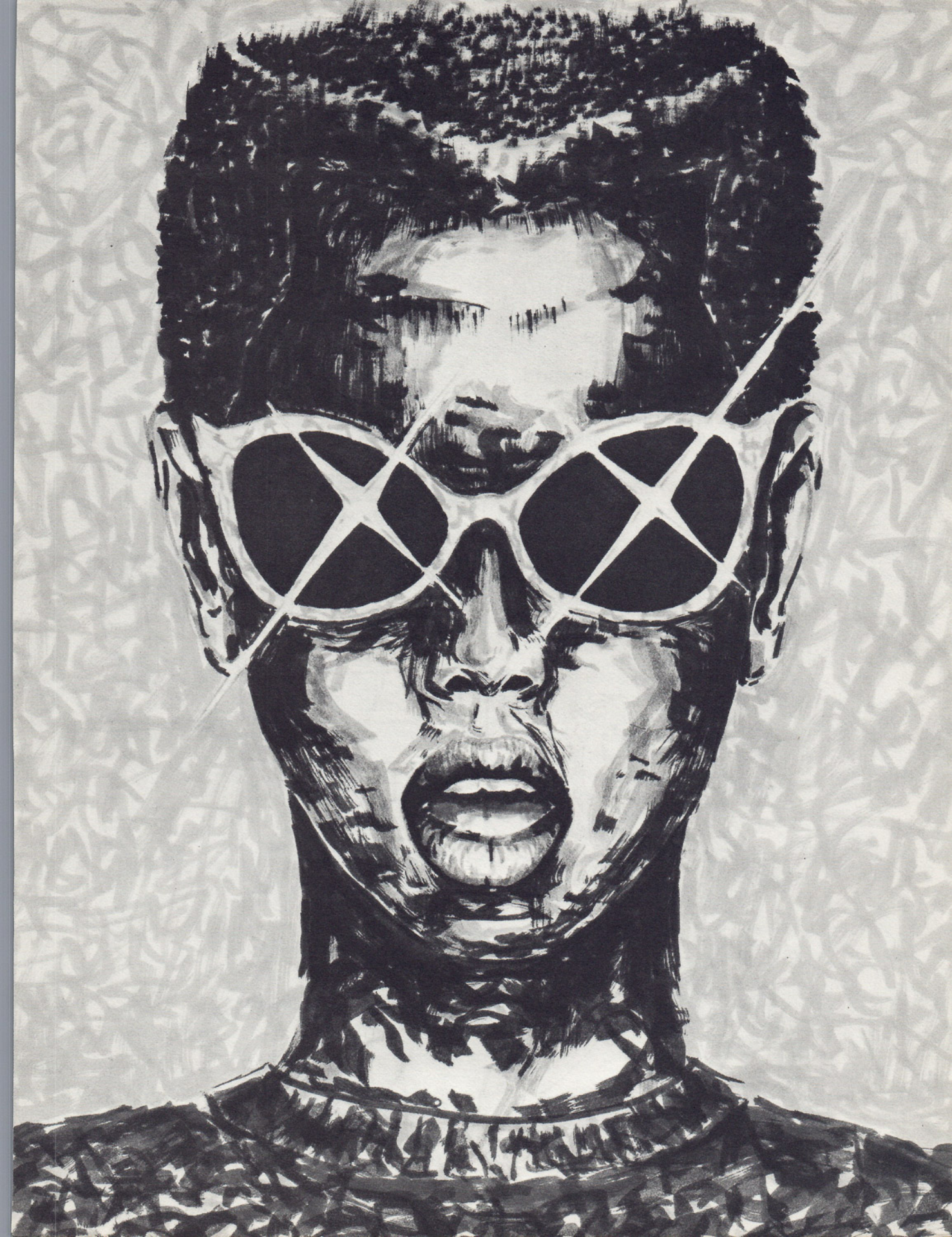


he telephone rang five times before I could pry myself out of the luxury of our Lazy-boy™ armchair. Running down our tiled hallway, I skidded across our "no-wax shine", slipped into the kitchen onto our Armstrong Solarium™ and picked up the receiver of our G.E. Trimline™. "Hello?" I answered breathlessly, trying to maintain a semblance of composure. "Hi babe, this is Will McClean in your biology class. Would you like to go out tonight?" said Will. "Fantastic!" I said, wondering how fast I could be ready. "Pick you up at eight" Will said.

Running around the house like a madman, I went to the basement to see if Mom had "shouted out" the stains on my silk blouse. "Trust any detergent on fine washables?" Mom said "I only use Woolite™." As I changed into my favorite outfit, I wondered where that "April freshness" had gone, and what to do about that static cling. "Hey, Mom," I pouted "you've really been skimping on this family, after all, little things mean a lot."

After preparing for hours in the bathroom, Mom called to say that Will arrived. I knew I could walk down those stairs without a worry because I had escaped the greasies with Agree™, washed my face with medicated Noxema™, and had the reassurance of my Sure™ antiperspirant. Boy, was I glad I used Dial™! "Will, you look great in your Hagger™ double-knit slacks!" I observed, and we walked out the door. When we had gotten to the curb, I stood in awe of the brilliance of his new economy K-car™. "That's a Turtle Wax™ shine, for sure!" I remarked, and with that, we drove off into the sunset.

Tracy Glover



HUMOR

In our humble home, one Saturday night,
We turned on the tube to watch Walter
Cronkite.

My family and I sat down to watch,
We turned it on with a turn of the notch.
Now the network pulled something
really cute,

They gave old Walter a substitute.
Oh, we were angry and we were mad,
But most of all, we were sad.
But poor old Walter had a bad sore
throat,
And to his fans he wrote this note:

"Sorry, fans, but you don't understand.
I've got a big problem on my hands.
I've got a sore throat, I know it's not
much, but you can watch Channel 5,
Starsky and Hutch."

William Matthews



Tracy Glover

Preppie



hy should a preppie be criticized for being as normal as any other person? It's not our fault that the air we breathe is a little better and our etiquette is more gracious than others'. Is it wrong to ski in Aspen for a month and then fly to Bermuda on the spur of the moment? To disprove anyone who believes that all preppies are stuck-up, rich brats, here is a letter from my good friend Bainbridge Elizabeth Buxton, better known as Buffy:

Dear Tiffy,

It's been ages since the last time I saw you. Was it at Nantucket or Bermuda? Oh yes, it was at the Annapolis Regatta with Trip. How could I forget? I just couldn't believe that Princeton won over Brown. It was simply smashing!

So how's life in Alexandria? Are Saint Mary's girls still adding beads and going to Georgetown with fake I.D.'s? Tiff, you promised to visit moi at Vassar. When? I hope it's soon. I want you to brunch with me and my new beau, Montgomery Hunter Hathaway IV. He goes to Harvard and is majoring in what else but law. I think my daddy likes him, since they both love to sail, and belong to the New York Yacht Club.

So when's the big day? You were presented at the North Carolina Debutante Ball in Raleigh, and now it's the big coming-out party. You lucky gal! Can you believe that Mimi's parents spent less than \$6,000 for her coming-out party? What a bargain! For some personal advice, Tiff, buy a Bill Blass original — it won't cost you much, also don't forget to buy your rubies at Tiffany's.

I just can't wait 'till spring. Mummy is planning to fly up to New York so we could go on a huge shopping spree. Last year I didn't buy much, except for three motif

skirts, two Dean sweaters (I had to buy another pink Dean since I lost a button), four Ralph Lauren polo shirts and five pairs of Jacques Cohen espadrilles, but this year I really plan to spend! I hope to have a new wardrobe by the time Van's yacht-week-end party at Nantucket rolls around.

Tiff, stay on your parents' good side. This is the year for buying Alfo Romeros and BMW's. I believe it's because the price of gas is so low. Since your mummy and daddy have a Mercedes, a Volvo and a Peugeot, another car won't be any trouble. I can't believe I saw Bink in a Trans-Am. Now isn't that tacky! The car wasn't even made in Germany. I would be so embarrassed if I were Bink.

Well Tiff, I have to go. I'm meeting Kibbe Emerson for tennis and brunch. Don't forget to come and visit moi if you have time. I plan to be in Alexandria next week, so we'll have to meet at Clydes for a Bloody or two.

Cheers!
Buffy

P.S. I heard a lady named Lisa Birnbach came out with a Preppie Handbook. What's a Preppie?

Ruby Abellara

The Grave Bouquet

She never asked for the breath of
life, yet she was born in May.

A baby seed forced into bloom; a
woman in one day.

Her childhood days were rarely free,
each year was grazed with pain; "My
daddy died within himself, he drowned
in liquid grain."

Each revolution of the earth elapsed
another day.

"Ma's bitter tears were shed in vain,
for Daddy moved away." She tried to
cope with loneliness, her life was torn
apart. "My momma died within herself,
it's called a broken heart."

She fell in love on a summer day, but
never did he care. "I was so scared to be
alone, yet lived a worse nightmare."

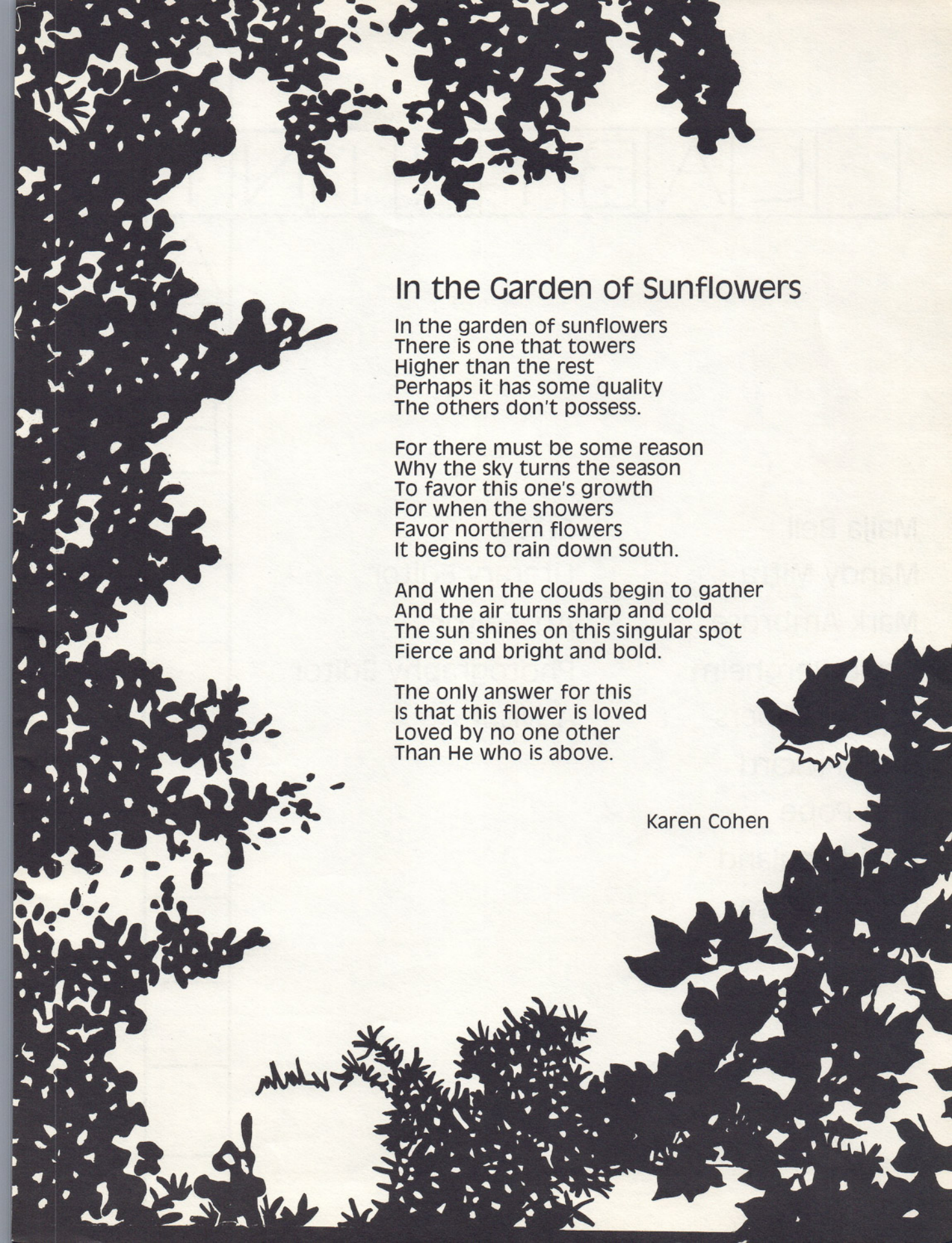
Her daughter never asked for life,
yet she was born in June.
They never asked for breath of life, yet
each was born one day.

Each baby seed forced into bloom to
make —
the grave bouquet.

Seletha Duff







In the Garden of Sunflowers

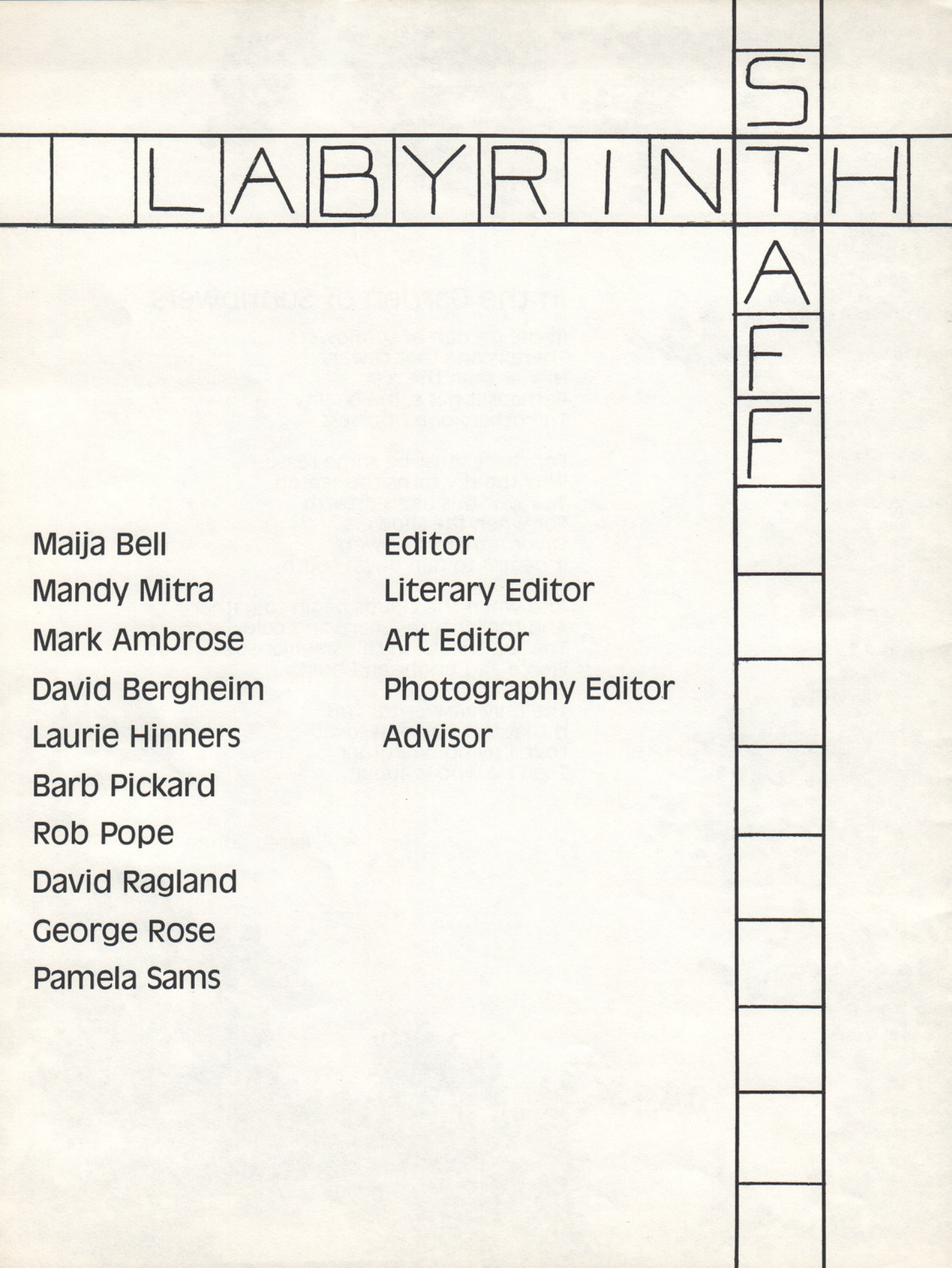
In the garden of sunflowers
There is one that towers
Higher than the rest
Perhaps it has some quality
The others don't possess.

For there must be some reason
Why the sky turns the season
To favor this one's growth
For when the showers
Favor northern flowers
It begins to rain down south.

And when the clouds begin to gather
And the air turns sharp and cold
The sun shines on this singular spot
Fierce and bright and bold.

The only answer for this
Is that this flower is loved
Loved by no one other
Than He who is above.

Karen Cohen



L A B Y R I N T H

S

A F F

Maija Bell

Mandy Mitra

Mark Ambrose

David Bergheim

Laurie Hinnens

Barb Pickard

Rob Pope

David Ragland

George Rose

Pamela Sams

Editor

Literary Editor

Art Editor

Photography Editor

Advisor

T.C. Williams is unique in that its student body has a remarkably wide international representation. In this issue of Labyrinth, we have attempted to reflect our internationality by including a selection of poetry written in foreign languages. Each of these poems is accompanied by a translation. We would like to extend special thanks to the ESL and foreign language teachers for their cooperation.

The Editors

PATRONS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ablard
Athletic Department
Mrs. J.S. Barnwell
Mr. and Mrs. Baur
Donald R. Bell
Clinton Boo Jr.
Gerald Brobst
T. Sills Bunn
Robert & Sandra Calhoun
Col. George Codrea
The Honorable & Mrs.
Bernard S. Cohen
Marianne Craft
Elizabeth W. Crawford
Mrs. Jacquelyn B. Darden
Shannon Derian
Page Elliot
Jay Farrah
Stephanie A. Farris
Mr. Robert Frear
Nora Gabaloon
Doris D. Gibson
Arline H. Gutnick

Jacquelyn Hand
Mr. Tony Hanley
Marcia Hasie-Daniels
Clarice Lynn
Gilbert Mays
James Allan Miller
Michael & Ellen Mulroney
Linda & Mike Oliver
Roosevelt Peebles
Page L. Pitt
John Porter
Sara M. Porter
Dr. Shirley G. Powers
Mr. & Mrs. Carlyle C. Ring Jr.
John R. Robinson
Frances V. Schoomaker
Donald and Anne Sharland
Jean & Terry Sidley
R.J. Small
Lt. Col. and Mrs.
Richard Stanley
Eleanor Stone
John W. Walker