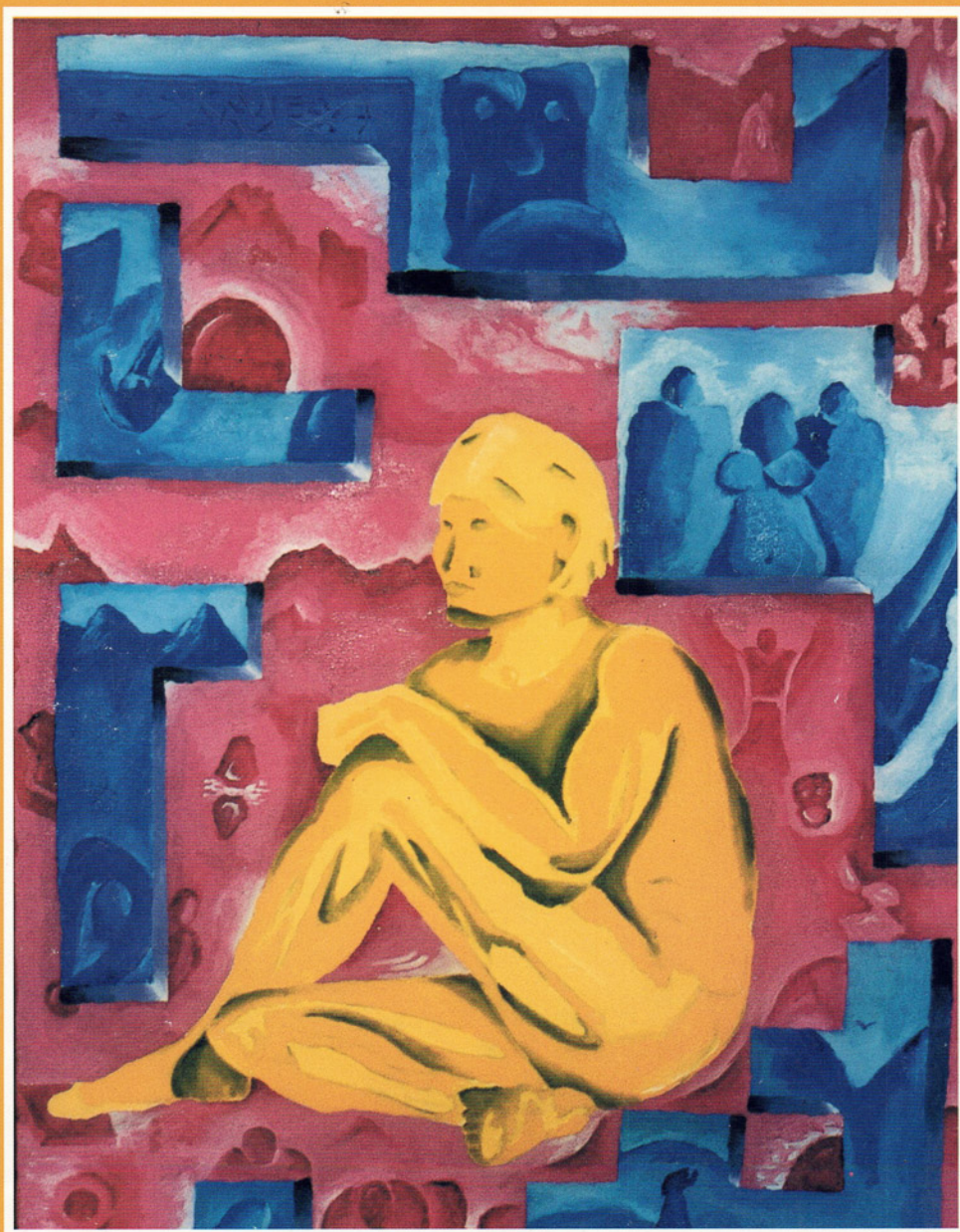


# L a b y r i n t h

Literary/Art/Photography Magazine

T.C. Williams High School



Spring 2001





### Editor's Note:

A self-portrait welcomes you and instructs you to start at the back. Look at life in a different light, as the authors and artists of this magazine have done.

From back to front, you will see individuality expressed on every page. Once you have finished, you will have the opportunity to look within yourself again. Perhaps this time you will see a new vision and have a new perspective.

- Colleen Clark, Editor

### A Note on the Submissions

All works chosen to be published in this issue of the magazine were selected collectively by the class, and the final decision was made by the editor and by the other speciality editors. While it is important to print a student-based magazine, it is also important that the materials submitted match our theme and Virginia High School League requirements. So we selected submissions that expressed our theme of individuality and met the standard requirements. We hope to please all of our readers by the materials printed in this issue.

We would like to extend a special thanks to...

Michael Gilliam of Charter Printing, Laurie Hanners, the Art teachers of T.C.: Diane McClaugherty, Holly Langenfeld and Dr. Patricia Lewis; Creative Writing teacher Jeff Cunningham; Journalism teacher Mary Lou Smith and *Theogony*, T.C. Williams' newspaper; our numerous patrons, and lastly to the many students who submitted their work to us.

### Colophon

The body type of this magazine is set in 10 point New York. Headlines are set in *Klang MT*. The type was set in Adobe Pagemaker 6.5 on Macintosh computers. The cover is printed in 4-color. The printer was Charter Printing of Alexandria, Virginia.

Catherine Ahern  
Selection



**Take a look inside yourself and see something unique:  
an individual.**

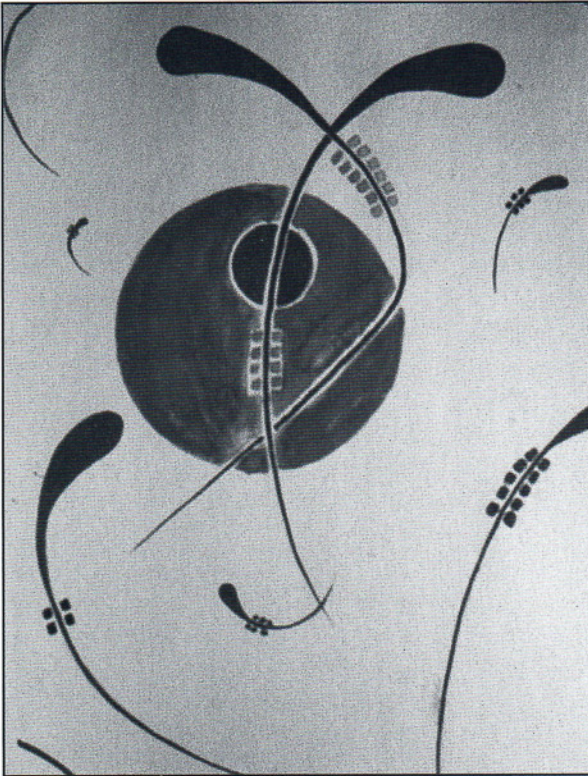


**Take a look into our magazine in a different way.  
The back is the front; when you return here, you will  
have a new perspective on INDIVIDUALITY.**



## StAff pAgE

To avoid a biased magazine, the *Labyrinth* staff decided not to consider staff work or publications for the magazine. However, this staff is full of creative, individualistic energy, and we needed our chance to shine. These two pages are devoted to the staff, and our adviser. These pieces of literature, art, and photography are our visions of individuality.



Roxi Serrano  
*Sade*

## Being Different

Being Different,  
To be set apart.  
Being Different,  
Starts in your heart.  
Being Different,  
Not being the same.  
Being Different,  
Won't bring the most fame.  
Being Different,  
Can make you.  
Being Different,  
Can break you.  
Being Different,  
By taking a chance.  
Being Different,  
By taking a stance.  
Being Different,  
Isn't that bad.  
Being Different,  
Has started many a fad.  
Being Different,  
Is being Different.  
Being Different,  
Is what makes you... you.  
So Be Different,  
By being you.

Nevin Pratt

## Magnetic Poetry

I speak the wicked rhythm like a vein giggle  
electric america is blossom ing empty thought s

Dominic Lucas



## Staff

Colleen Clark: Editor  
Dani Colangelo: Art and Text Editor  
Nevin Pratt: Layout Editor  
Roxi Serrano: Assistant Layout Editor  
Nipaphone Siridavong: Literary Editor  
Kaydene A. Suragh: Photography Editor  
Dominic Lucas: Public Relations  
Jessica Haney: Adviser

820220050567

i can see into eternity + see his eyes;  
yellow + blood shot. he moves me.  
he trains me + when i am  
ready to show that i can fly, he clips my wings...  
this gentle teasing .... spreads a warmth.  
he wakes up engorged in my velvet soul  
i am captured + boxed. it has air holes  
that tempt me to rip them open. but the box is  
made of glass + the glitter of the sun blinds my attempts.  
i long to be held by the same arms that trapped me.  
his sleek fingers open the box, he reaches in + grabs me,  
almost too gently...he folds my wings over my body +  
replicates a fetal position. this is not what i prayed for,  
but it is enough to entrance me. i lapse into a  
sugar-sweet coma + die, lonely + serene,  
insecure as his shaking hands that are foreign to my own.

dani colangelo

## Floating Green

A student asks me to buy him a soda;  
I say I don't believe in it.  
Diluting dialect to affect my Midwestern whiteness,  
he becomes my child asking for Hi-C,  
and then he performs me responding  
that the kid can have water instead,  
with rice cakes.  
He is right.

The next morning, I look through a windshield  
once softly dusted with pollen  
that now encrusts the car  
like chlorophyll-flavored frosting. I recall  
the dirty emerald silkscreen of tornado skies.  
A tiny lime-colored worm squirms on the dingy glass  
as my electric odometer blinks a minty 34-35-36  
and the traffic light stays green until  
I have passed underneath.  
But I would not mind stopping because  
I am listening to public talk radio with rapture  
and then wondering what I have become.

## Individuality

...being yourself; parents and teachers alike stress it. A quality that's been hammered into many, and demonstrated by few (at least on the surface). What is individuality? Who am I and who are you? The clothing that we wear, the music that we listen to, do these aspects of our lives set us apart? Some say yes, some say no. I say perhaps. Even if you tried, individuality is completely unavoidable. At bare minimum, this trait is skin deep. However, for most, it goes much deeper. Regardless of our efforts to fit in, and be one of the crowd, individuality, captures and embraces us all.

Colleen Clark



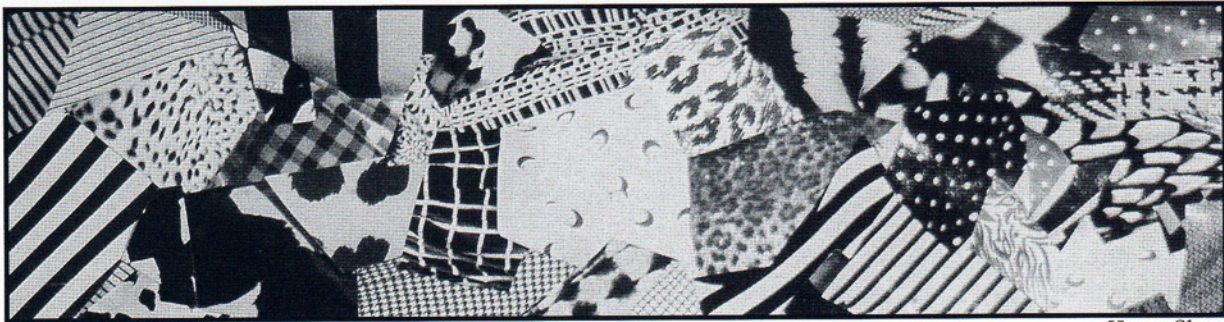
Nipaphone Siridavong  
*Chained To Tradition*

I have left behind Coke machines  
and have reclaimed my caution,  
leaving the wind with less  
even as it seems to have more allergens.  
But I'm still just as giddy  
when we have a guest speaker or a short week.  
And I can enjoy sneezing.

Jessica Haney



# PATRONS



Hope Shea  
Collage

We dedicate this page to the generous patrons of the *Labyrinth*. We could not have produced this magazine without your help. Thank you for your support!

## Gold

Summerville Media  
Diane Monis  
La Casa Pizza

## Platinum

Daniel Corbett  
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Hope Shea  
Collage



## Rest in Peace, Jess

Crash, death, accident, car, killed, tree, Maryland, dead, fatal, backseat, hospital, 10:50 pm, ferry, rain, fog

These are the words that describe Friday night's tragedy,  
It's so sad to see that earlier on Friday you had a conversation with me.

You promised that we would hang out today,  
I'm here and you're here, you still kept that promise in a way.

I miss you so much, but I know you're still here,  
I'll trade places anytime, just put me there.  
In your shoes, your place,  
My love for you will never be replaced.  
There are a lot of alternatives you could've used, but what's done is done and you left my heart broken and bruised.

The one time you didn't wear a seatbelt, you paid for it with your life. The pain of your death felt like someone stabbed me in my heart with a knife.

I never got a chance to tell you how I felt, when I needed someone, you were there; you can't imagine how you've helped.

Looking into your eyes and seeing your smile automatically cheered me up, now anytime I want to see you, all I have to do is look up.

It hurts so bad, the fact that I won't be seeing you for a while, I know we'll meet again one day and that makes life worthwhile.

Even though I can't wait for that day to come, I have to stay strong even though I know it won't be fun.

*Editor's note: On February 16, 2001, T.C. Williams senior Jessica Vought died in a car accident in Maryland as she and her friends were on their way to catch a ferry across the Potomac River.*

Remember that time when I walked you to your bus, and as you were getting on, you looked so deeply in my eyes, touched my cheek, then smiled?

I felt love for you, like I was your child.  
Right then I should've told you that I loved you, but I didn't know how you'd respond, and I didn't want to lose you.

Though you're not in physical form you will forever be in my thoughts,  
The thought of not hearing your voice left my heart numb, and my soul in shock.

Even though you're gone you will always be in my heart,  
I will always love you, and remember that we won't always be apart.

I LOVE YOU  
R.I.P. JESS

Whitney Strother



Donated by Rebecca Berlin



Then, this one time, Tom and I were hanging out at his place. He wasn't just my agent, he was my friend too; but then Red decided he wanted to have a discussion with Tom and me, and who do you think walked in draped on his arm? Yeah, you guessed it, Tebbitha; he'd stolen all my roles, and now he'd even stolen her. She was still as beautiful as the day I met her. Of course, I think that she'd been under the needle a few times since I'd last seen her; putting a little more stuffing in always helped the ladies get better roles in this superficial world. Tom was a nice guy, and so he let them come in with no problems, but just in case, I called Girget down there too; if a fight broke out, I wanted to be prepared, and I've always been able to trust Girge' in a pinch.

Seeing Tebbitha really struck a chord though; I've always been a sucker for a pretty face and nice legs, and Teb had killer legs. Odd thing was, she had a gap between her front two teeth a mile wide, you'd think she would've gotten that fixed first instead of...well other things; but then again, in her line of business, people usually weren't looking at her teeth. Just then, after waltzing in with him, she flashed those teeth at me in a smarmy grin. The little tramp thought she was hot stuff all right.... Yeah, I was angry, and I let show.

"So you're with the *him* now, huh Teb? I always knew you were a sucker for the new guy in town; first me, now him, and hey, maybe he'll help you revitalize your flailing career...." It was a low blow, but after seeing her ditch me for that louse, and then her high and mighty attitude on top of that, well, it was about all I could take.

"He makes me feel special Dan, like you never did, like you never *could*. Now don't play around, Red here means business."

I knew that they weren't here just to play tea party, and my suspicions were quickly confirmed: Red said he wasn't content with taking just half the jobs in town; he wanted them all, and that meant me out of the picture; one way or another. Well I'll be damned if I'd let him do that, and I told him as much. I'll tell you, he didn't think much of that.

"You know, we could have done this the easy way Dan, we really could have, but you wanna play with the big boys, you're gonna get hurt." I saw him reaching into his pocket, he was packing heat, and I needed to think fast. Luckily my

acting coach always said I was great at improv. I

grabbed the nearest object I could put my hands on, a cup of coffee off of Tom's table and tossed it all

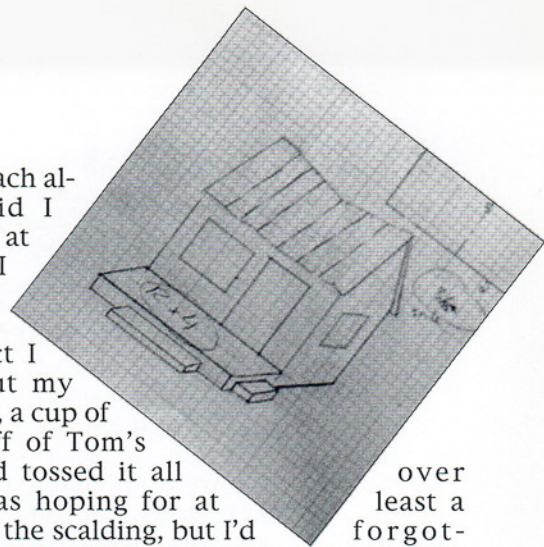
Red. I was hoping for at least a yell from the scalding, but I'd forgotten that Tom didn't like to get burned, in business or in coffee; the stuff was lukewarm. Red got a shot off, and I felt a piercing pain, I'd taken one in the shoulder. I felt like I was coming apart at the seams, but I knew that if I didn't do something, the next shot would be that last. I braced myself, grabbed the table and upended it, creating a make-shift shield and scattering my head-shots all over the floor, but I always said I'd prefer a messed up head-shot to a well place shot in the head. Suddenly the front door buzzed; Red must have thought it was the fuzz 'cause he grabbed Teb by the arm and bolted out the back door faster that you could say "exeunt." A second later, Girget burst through the door saying, "You ok? I got here as fast as I could." The guy had good timing; I'll give him that.

So that's about the way things were as of a few weeks ago. Then, this morning, Tom came in with the news: he had a role for me; it wasn't an extra, it wasn't even supporting. Apparently my show of courage made him so grateful, he started working double time for me. It also made him see me as an action hero, and when Tom sees something good in you, he finds a role to match it. He's lined up a big job for me; it's a war flick. I've already seen the set, the place is a mess, there're trenches and bomb holes all over the ground, and if all goes well, it looks like shooting will begin as soon as-

"Tommy, just look at this room!! It's a disaster area!"

"Aww bug off sis, I'm playing war! Panda's gonna be the hero; he's gonna rescue Thumper."

"Tommy, what is my Thumper doing in your room, and on top of that, with a dress on? Have you seen 'Bambi'? Thumper's a boy rabbit, not a girl, stupid! And that's MY Tigger too!! Stop





taking toys from my room! Oh great, you ripped Panda. First you tear Thumper's front off, and now this.... Anyway, mom says that you have to clean up your room and come down for dinner. You can only bring one of your stuffed animals, and you're not taking my Tigger or Thumper; so which is it gonna be, Panda Bear or Teddy Bear?"

"...Hmm.... I'm gonna take Panda down to show mom; she fixed Thumper when she got ripped..."

"He, Thumper is NOT a girl, she fixed Thumper when HE got ripped!!"

So shooting's been cancelled on the war picture; it looks like my shoulder injury is gonna keep me out of any sort of filming for a while. Tom's arranged for me to get it patched up pretty soon. Yeah, I'm a little bit worried about going under the needle again, but Tommy got the same doctor who fixed Teb up too, and she's doing pretty well now.

Though,

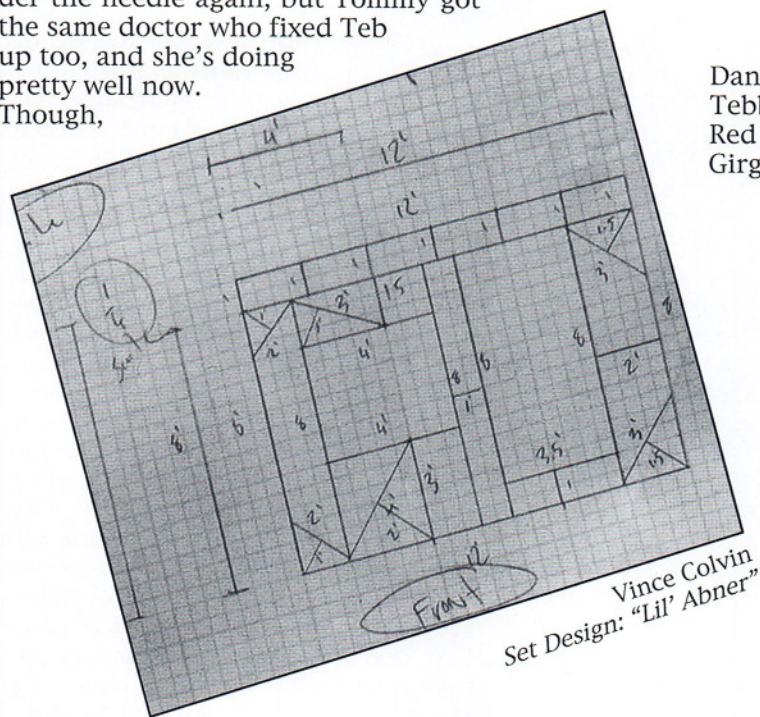
up; Tom says he's gonna stay with me through the whole procedure, nothing too invasive. It's good to have friends like Tom in this town, he takes good care of me; when it comes down to it, having an agent like that is the best break a guy like me can really get.

Yeah, I know, that was sappy, but I'm an actor, and sometimes I get called to play those cutesy, cuddly roles, and it's always good to be prepared. I'm Dan B. Reapa, you'd do well to remember that name; one day it'll be as well known as that "high and mighty" Berti V. Vetanabel. Yeah, I met him once, he's not so great. Till then, I'm just another starving artist; but that's ok, I've been through tough times in the past, and no matter what gets thrown at me, I'll make it through, scuffed maybe, but alive.

- Cast -

Dan B. Reapa ..... Panda Bear  
Tebbitha Rumpar ..... Thumper Rabbit  
Red T. Badey ..... Teddy Bear  
Girget ..... Tigger

Michael Blejer



to tell the truth, I've noticed some kind of disturbing changes in Teb recently; it's starting to worry me, I tell you, this town, it changes people.... I thought things were gonna go downhill once Tom told me the film went belly up, but then he did something that made him feel a hell of a lot better. I guess maybe he had some dirt on Red, 'cause as of this morning, Red's been put away, and hopefully this time it'll be for good. I doubt it though; he always gets back out somehow.... Oh well, I've got to get fixed



## Actor's Break

I'm a strong believer in the idea that there is a balance to the way the world works. That if you work hard enough, eventually your time will come. In my profession, sometimes you have to think like that just to keep on going another day with nothing to show but the stains on your coat. I've put a hell of a lot into this and for a long time got nothing in return, except wrinkles and tears. That's what it feels like to be a actor in this world, it wears you down; if you're not an immediate success it can make you a ragged, poor creature. Well, for a long time, that's how I felt. I'm Dan B. Reapa, like reaper without the "r".

I've been working in this town for as long as I can remember. I've had a few good gigs, but nothing much to brag about. I've seen a lot of talent come and go, only a few like me have weathered the storm, only a few have the strength to not know where they'll be sleeping tomorrow night, and still keep trying. Yeah, there were familiar faces all right; there was my old flame, Miss Tebbitha Rumpar. I always thought she changed her name when she was younger, and maybe more than even that.... She'd had experience though, she always used to talk about when she played a supporting role in some major movie, 'course I never heard her say which one; recently though, she'd faded from the spotlight. There was Girget, that was the only name we knew him by, said it was French or something. He was a little over the top sometimes, a little too bouncy, but a good guy. Then there was Red T. Badey, new to the town, he was my main rival around here. Whenever a part opened up, it seemed that he would always fit the description just a little better than me; I always thought

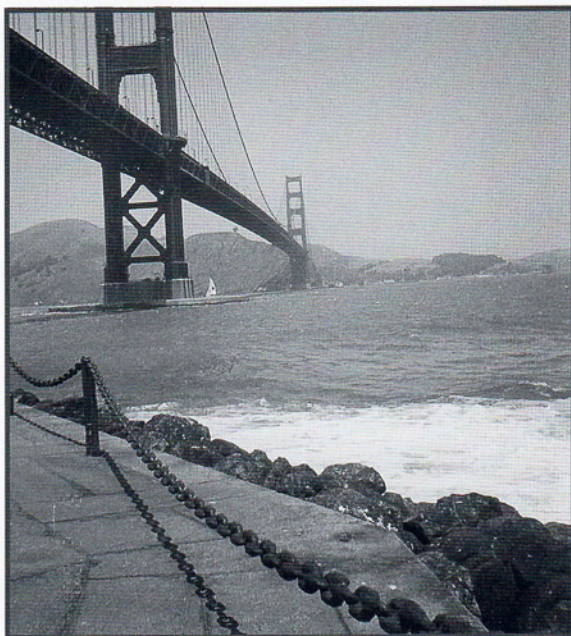
it was a race thing. I come from a background of mixed color, and a lot of people around here don't approve of that, don't know whether to treat me like I'm black or white, and don't really like the ambiguity. Red didn't have that problem. Personally, I think he might have had a colored background too, but the way it came out, he just looked extra tan all the time.

When I first got here I can remember how naive I was. I came from a little town where everyone had a little niche they fit into. The sections of my town were pretty divided; you stuck with

your type, and if you fell out of your place, someone would just put you back in whether you liked it or not. So I started out with walls all around me. It was growing up there that taught me to think outside the box, to get existential. Living here, being an actor, I learned about different cultures and types of people; the more I know about the world, the better I can use the experience to fuel my craft. When I got here, I got offers out the wazoo. Everyone loves the new guy, for a while, then, when my novelty wore off, I started to fade into obscurity. My agent was Tom the Tyke. They called him that because

he had a face that reeked of innocence; people never doubted him when he told them I was good. That's why I had him working for me, I wanted the best. That, and he was the only guy in town willing to take a new guy on.

Problem is, there were new guys coming in all the time; they all wanted a place on Tom's roster, and if I got hurt in the process, so much the better for them. I took a lot of damage those first few years, but I never backed down, always gave it back in force. Yeah, I got pretty ruffled, and my hands got stained; I guess you could say I became a pretty cynical guy after that.



Stephanie Drachsler  
*Foggy City*

*Continues on page 31*



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Walking down the halls of my mind's castle  
 I stop to look at the pictures on the wall  
 Vivid, full of life that's past  
 A time that is no more  
 I wish that I could do more that just recall.

I reach into the darkness of the attic  
 Bit by bit I pull out all the pieces  
 Of the picture you're been forming  
 A picture of you  
 Memories my mind never releases  
 Once again the cycle of brokenness is mine  
 to claim

My castle of memories crumbles  
 Shattered are the mirrors of my smoldering  
 life  
 I try in vain to put them back together  
 The ashes crumble when I touch them

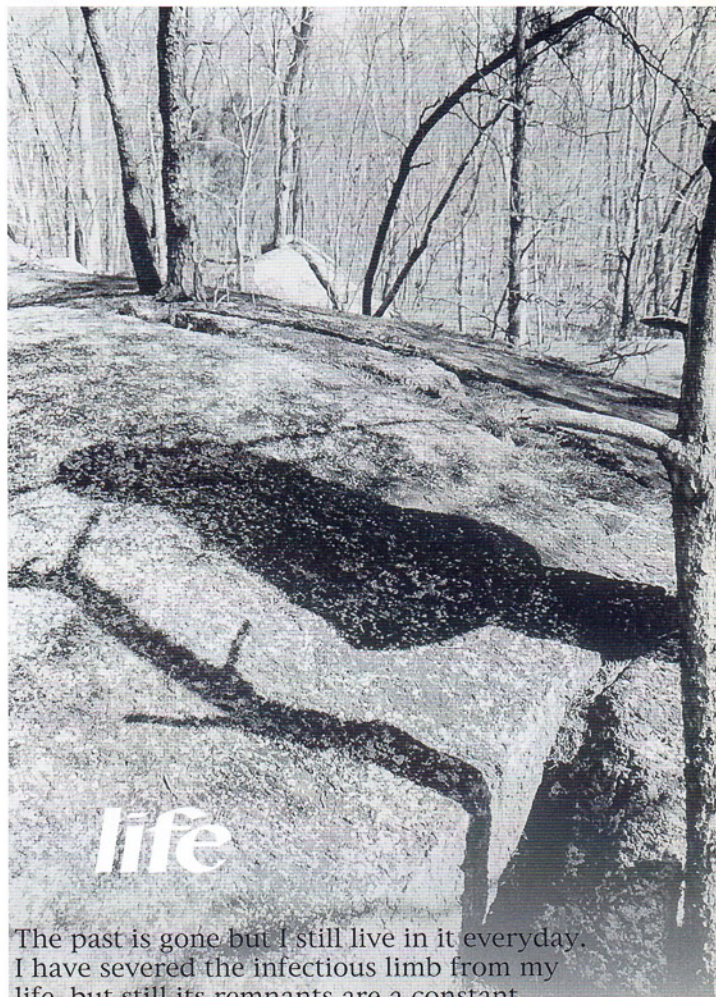
The ashes crumble when I touch them  
 My fears and expectations  
 All the lies, facades seemed carved in stone  
 The figures in the sand increase  
 I'm led astray to die alone

My life, my choice, all painting a picture  
 colors, dramatic, tell my story  
 Of my circle of stumbling and falling  
 How I left glory

Blindly I fall down the stairs  
 Into the fire  
 You meet me there  
 But my spirit's weak, I'm so tired

My spirit's weak and I'm so tired  
 Of falling.

Rebecca Berlin



The past is gone but I still live in it everyday.  
 I have severed the infectious limb from my  
 life, but still its remnants are a constant  
 reminder of that terrible situation. It re-  
 minds me of all the hatred that is now dis-  
 gust that filled my body. The same hatred  
 that was my body's source of nourishment, it  
 was my food and my blood it flowed through  
 my veins with a dark tint and was my con-  
 stant fuel.  
 I lived day-to-day feeling evil, almost de-  
 monic. I was dark and filled with power, but  
 secretly hurting always. Thinking back  
 makes my heart cry, but I hold back the  
 tears from my eyes, I hold it so well, it's  
 almost scary. How could one classify me, my  
 feelings, my being, my existence? Normal? I  
 call it permanently damaged, unfixable, and  
 incomparable. I call it hell on earth, a hor-  
 rible tragedy, a natural disaster...but the  
 worst thing I've ever heard it called is life.

Brandon McMahon

Vince Colvin  
*Man of the Forest*



\_\_\_\_\_

And he ran, as though being  
chased by thirsty wolves.

He blinks.  
Rises.  
Rubs his eyes and  
He's at the breakfast table ready to start  
the adventure  
all again.

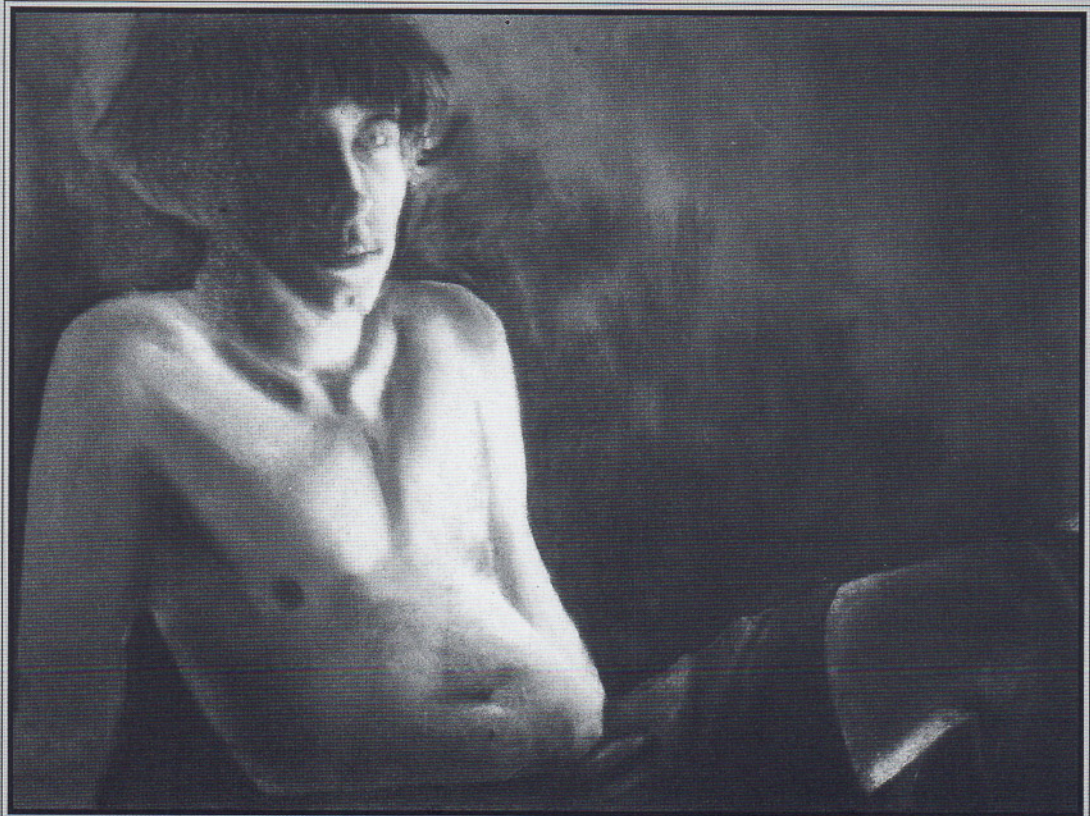
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## No *big* Deal

So close to what I need  
I've found a passage away from greed.  
I've let my life become a mess,  
take me now, I need a rest.  
In my eyes, there is no soul  
My head is broke, I've lost control.  
My stupid mind has made me feel  
like my life is no big deal.  
But still I wait for I don't know  
and while I wait, my hatred grows,  
I've made myself a mental slave,  
spinning quickly into my grave.  
My feelings flow from deep inside  
I might be calm, I might just cry.  
Please don't ever start to feel  
like your life is no big deal.  
It affects the way you treat yourself  
so if you do, please get help.  
For I am gone and can't come back  
So I devote my life into a sack.

Matt Rector



Brian McCarthy  
*My Friend Trae*



# Escape

Each time she said it to herself, her smile grew wider, she felt giddy, dizzy, and light-headed. Squeezing her eyes shut, she said the words silently again:

Ryan Thalias. Trisha Thalias. In just a month, she would be Trisha Thalias. Wanting to scream, but settling for a contented sigh, she closed the door behind her, and sat in a cloud of joy, loving the feel of the new ring on her finger.

There was very little light in the room. The only light came in through a small, barred window near the ceiling. In a corner of the room, almost completely concealed by shadow, was a thin, sulking man. He spoke flatly, almost sarcastically:

"Good morning, Dr. Rowen."

"Good morning, James!" Trisha answered cheerfully. Refusing to let anything kill her mood, she smiled warmly at him. He looked away.

"Feel like talking today?" She only asked because she always asked.

"Do I ever?" he answer dully.

"Well, how do you feel?" She asked in the same tone. He rose slowly, glaring at her from across the room. Trisha bit her lip, and glanced nervously at her name tag, reading 'Patricia Rowen' upside-down, then, remembering it would soon read 'Thalias', she smiled, forgetting her fears. James walked menacingly toward her, placed his hands on the desk in front of her, and, in a false admiring tone, said:

"That's a pretty ring, Trish. Where'd you get it?"

Fighting to keep a relaxed look on her round, expressive face, Trisha answered, "It's from Ryan." James looked strangely interested.

"When?" he asked.

"That's personal," Trisha answered.

"You always ask me personal questions," challenged James.

"And you never answer," Trisha replied. James removed his hands from the table and looked at her blankly. The silence in the still, dark room be-

came uneasiness in Trisha's stomach. She took a deep breath to speak, but found there were no words. James sat against the far wall, leaning against the gray padding, fingering the scar on his left arm. Finally he asked, "Do you love him?"

"Of course," she answered softly. She tried to think of an indirect question she could ask that had to do with love, that might lead to James' cooperation. Her mind fell blank as he began to pace slowly around the room. She opened her mouth in hope that something would come out, but James spoke instead.

"Would you kill for him?" he asked. Trisha didn't answer. "Would you?" he asked again.

"You know what it's like to kill, James," she said pointedly, "you know what it takes. Do you think I could ever kill anyone?" This is good, Trisha thought, he knows I could never hurt anyone, if he talks about how trustworthy I am, maybe he'll open up.

"No," he answered, "you couldn't kill, but you could point a gun at someone and pull the trigger. It's different you know. If you don't think about it, you can do almost anything." Trisha bit her lip. For a brief moment, she pictured herself jumping out of her chair and running from the room. She forced herself to drain the panic, and sighed.

"I'd imagine it's much more difficult than that," she said, thinking how little he had opened up to her in the many years she had treated him.

"No," answered James, "it isn't. But loss is. I'll bet you've never experienced loss. I don't think you've ever seen someone you care about die. You've never held them, scared and desperate, in your arms, with your hand clutching at the wound on their chest, blood seeping like thick, crimson ink through your fingers. That's difficult. Taking the life of someone who doesn't matter - that isn't." Trisha stared at the person in front of her with awe and disgust. How could someone look so lightly on murder? Didn't he realize that although the person in front of him meant nothing to him, everyone has friends, jobs, loves...didn't he get that?



Brian McCarthy  
Self Portrait



Why didn't he understand that taking someone's life is the most heartless, sickening thing one can do? And yet he was talking about how terrible it was to lose a loved one? How did this man work? And why was he suddenly giving her so much of himself? Why today? She was completely flustered, but still keeping her work in mind, she continued the session.

"I know you hate this place," she finally said, "and you can leave. But you have to tell us how



Catherine Ahern  
Warning

Katie died. You have to tell us the whole story."

The image of long, straight, red hair, and dark blue eyes burned in James' memory.

"Why won't you tell me what happened?" continued Trisha, volume and confidence creeping into her voice as James' defenses began to break, "I won't tell anyone, you know that," she promised. James retreated into the shadows, silently.

Gone gone gone she's gone I'm alone alone.

"James, you need to tell me!" she pressed, "it's the only way to get out of here and you know it."

Mine mine she's mine not yours you can't have her, can't know her.

"Please, I'm only trying to help."

You can't help. No one can help.

"James, please! You have to say something."

There's nothing to say. I hate you, I hate this room, hate this hate it hate it hate it.

"Say something!!"

"There's no escape! There's no way out and you know it! I can't tell about Katie; I won't! You don't deserve to hear it!" The sudden emotion in James should have frightened Trisha, but she only answered with frustration.

"Why don't I deserve it?" she demanded.

"You're a fake." He spat these words at her, and they stung. "How much longer 'till your next wedding? How much longer can you pull it off? It was four years ago you first wore a ring! You've never known love, so how can I let you know Katie?"

They were both silent for long minutes, the passion of James' words echoing in the dull room. Trisha wondered how James could know

her so well, know the one thing she wanted but could not have. Why did she stop herself from loving? Why was it that every time she thought she had found someone, she pushed them away, as if afraid of love? It chilled her to think she was not a caring person; she knew she was. She also knew there was no escape, no exit from her world of misery, and knew her walls were crumbling down. No one else would want her, she told herself, Ryan was her last chance. She could only hope she might grow to love him. She spoke in a hushed voice:

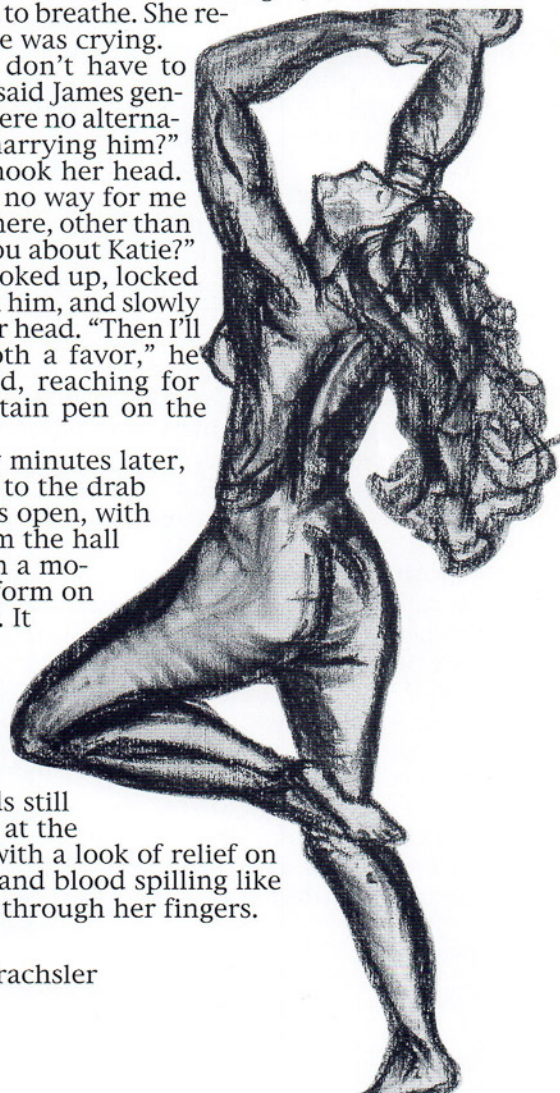
"I'm not marrying Ryan because I love him."

"Then why?" he asked, with more compassion than Trisha could imagine he had. She didn't answer. She placed her hands on the desk, felt her face become hot and closed her eyes. Then her cheeks were wet, her throat tight, and she found it was hard to breathe. She realized she was crying.

"You don't have to tell me," said James gently. "Is there no alternative to marrying him?" Trisha shook her head. "Is there no way for me to leave here, other than telling you about Katie?" Trisha looked up, locked eyes with him, and slowly shook her head. "Then I'll do us both a favor," he continued, reaching for the fountain pen on the desk.

A few minutes later, the door to the drab room was open, with light from the hall falling on a motionless form on the floor. It was a woman with a pen in her chest, her hands still clutched at the wound, with a look of relief on her face and blood spilling like dark ink through her fingers.

Laura Drachsler



Yedidya Mesfin  
Liberty



## YOU NEED TO READ THIS

A prestigious team of scientists was established by the United Nations in 1988 to research and report findings about global warming, and the contribution of human activities to this ominous problem. The first reports could not specify any particular proof that humans are the cause of global warming. However, finally, their latest findings, published in January of 2001, are very conclusive: "New and stronger evidence that most of the observed warming of the last fifty years is attributable to human activities," and it doesn't end there.

Horrible predictions for the 21st century are all but guaranteed by these scientists. In a little more than fifty years, the polar ice caps will be so far melted that they will sustain no life. Species such as the beloved polar bear will go extinct, as well as many other arctic species. Within a hundred years, the oceans will rise by at least thirty-four inches. The overall temperature of the planet will rise by over ten degrees. These drastic global changes will cause sporadic weather, including widespread drought. This will cause food shortages and rapid spread of disease epidemics, such as malaria.

A reason for the growing problem of global warming is that in the past two hundred and fifty years, the carbon dioxide levels in the air have risen thirty-one percent. There are several contributors to this change. One, obviously, is car exhaust. Cars, manufactured and bought constantly, are huge pollutants. Another factor is water pollution. Toxins and other pollutants dumped or washed into the oceans kill millions of small, photosynthetic organisms - the largest carbon dioxide consumers and oxygen producers on the globe.

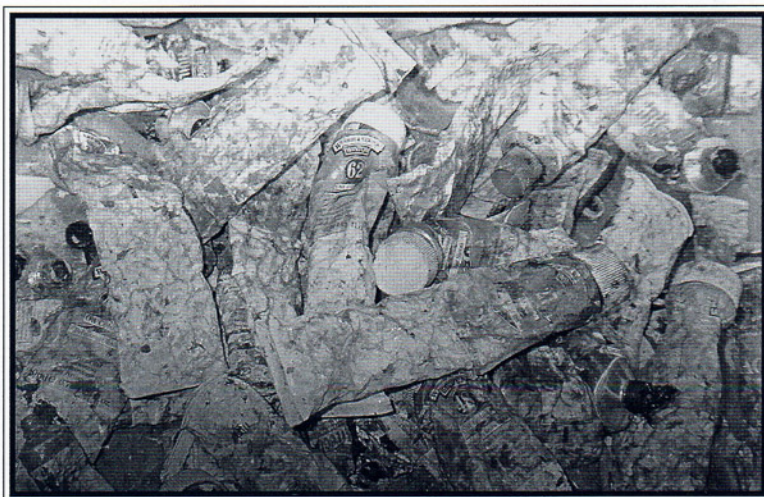
The United States produces one fourth of all greenhouse gases emitted on the planet. While many European

countries, such as England and Germany, have cut down greatly on theirs, we have done little to nothing. It is left to you, on an individual basis. Drive as little as possible, and try to car pool. Another option could be to reduce the number of cars your family owns, or try not to drive all of them on a regular basis. Obviously, water pollution should be avoided anyway, but be especially cautious of cleaning agents that wash into streams and storm drains, when washing or painting your car, or spraying pesticides outdoors. This water could very well end up in the ocean.

It is important for you to take this problem seriously; these horrible results are predicted to occur during YOUR LIFE-TIME. Spread the word, tell everyone you know, especially drivers. Not many people understand the seriousness of this situation, because until now, it was a vague warning, and not foreseen in the near future...but now, people are much more likely to become concerned, since this may affect their own life.

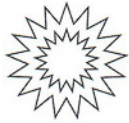
Next time you jump in your car, leave it running, or take six cars all going to the same place, think about how you are contributing to the problem, and how the effects will be very visible by the time you are sixty-five.

Meghan Shapiro



Jennifer Kaufman  
*Disarrayed*

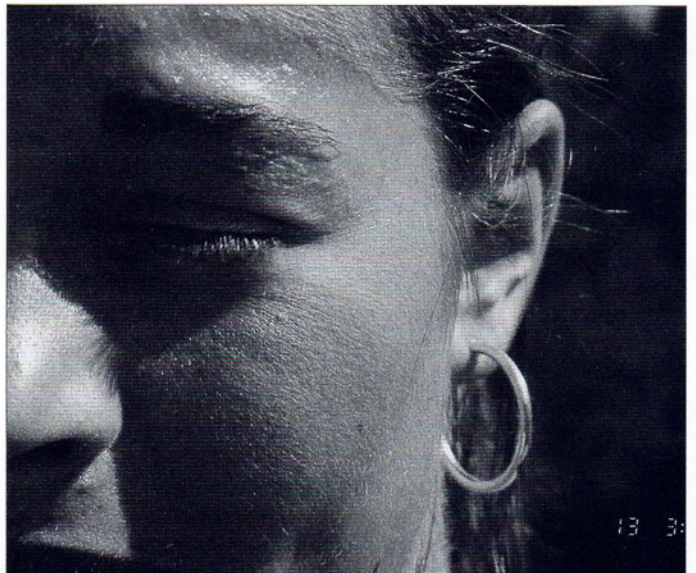




## Mother and Daughter

There's a magic that happens  
Between mother and daughter  
Though they are two different people  
Physically  
They are almost identical  
Mentally  
It is true that the daughter is the  
Reflection  
Of her mother  
When the mother shows her character  
Whether it is good or bad  
It reflects on her daughter  
With no warning  
Like a contagious disease  
With no way of prevention  
But there is a cure  
It is then up to the daughter  
To separate the good from the bad  
And properly deal with them  
For herself  
And for the reflector she may have in the  
future

Anna Brown



Catherine Ahern  
*Close Up*



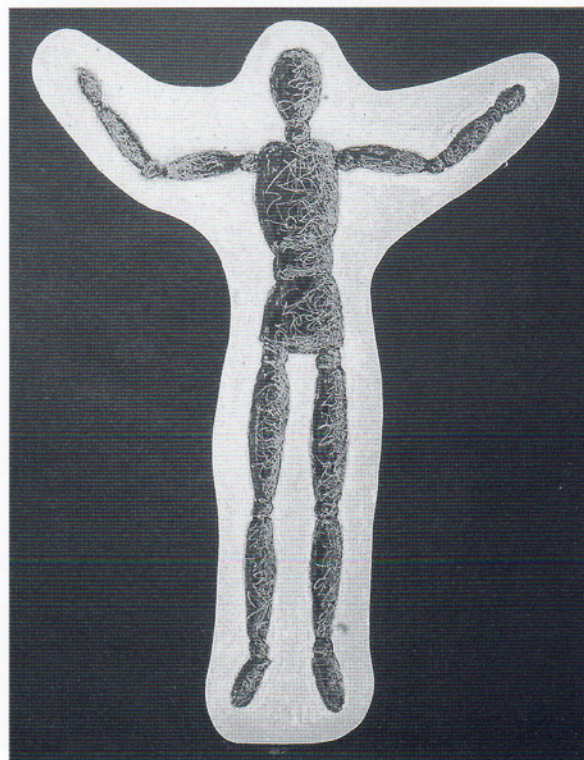




Devon Johnson  
*Robert*



Brian McCarthy  
*Liz*



Theresa Cruz  
*The Dummy*



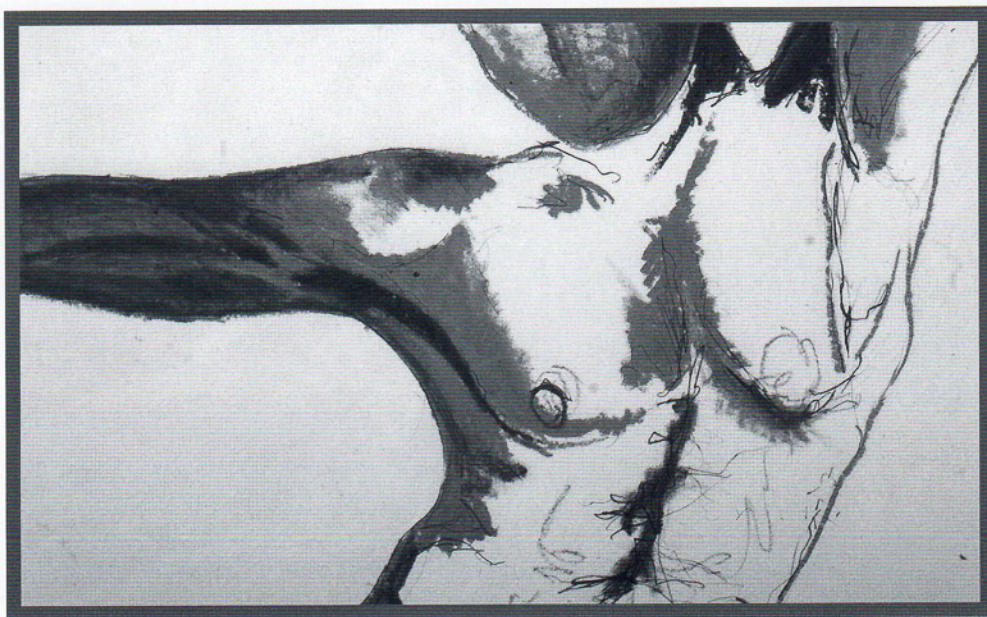




Jinju Carlson  
*Backyard Shadow*



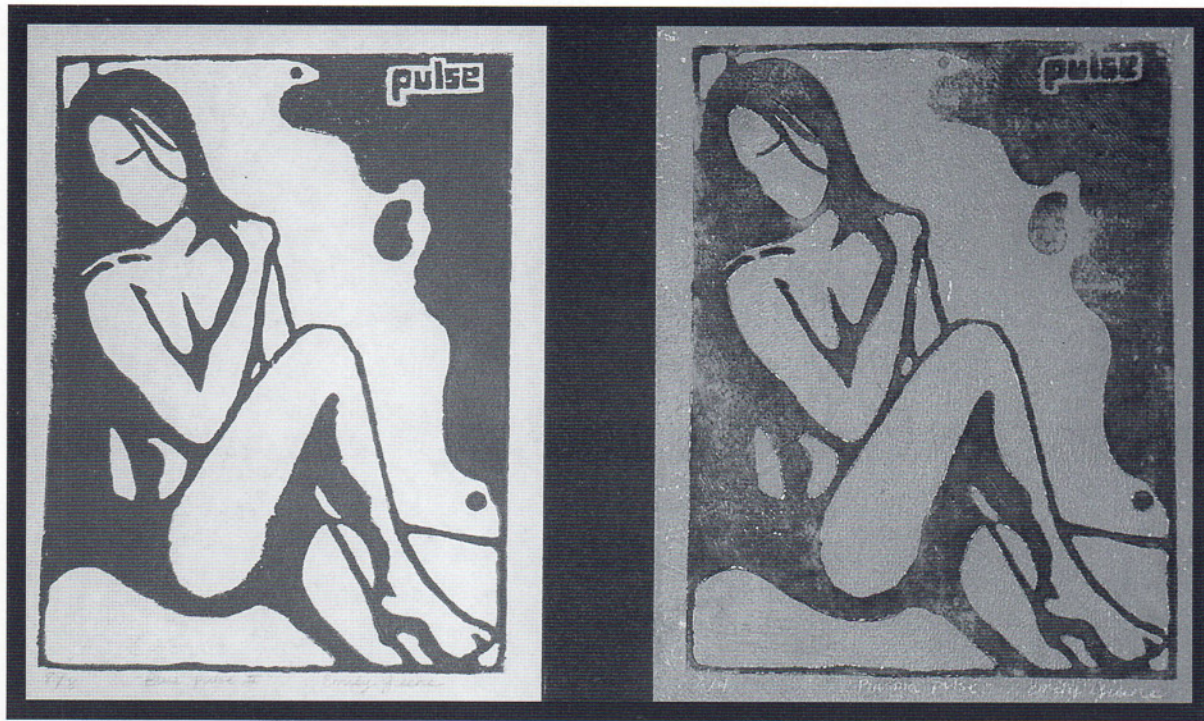
Brendan Coyle  
*Burning Desire*



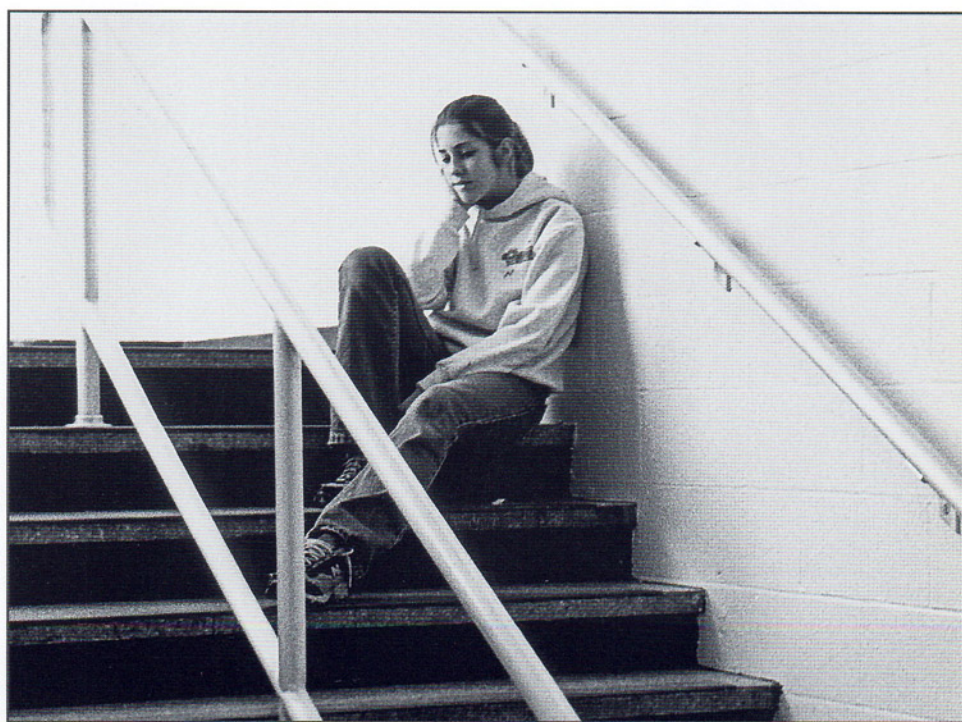
Vince Colvin  
*Blue Torso*







Brendan Rossner  
*Pain*



Elyse Post  
*Katie*

Above: Emily Greene  
Variations of *Pulse*





Seventeen years;  
Living.  
Past blinded until it has pasted.  
I walked with dark shades.  
No light shed until I looked back.  
Reality is "what does the future hold?"  
Wise on the spot of action,  
But the action was just passing.  
I only saw half.  
There was so much I could have done,  
But I looked from an opinionative view.  
It was my opinion to wear that attire  
Or walk that path to the store.  
I choose to see what I wanted.  
But in actuality,  
I couldn't help it.  
I guess that I'm not as wise as I thought. -

For one day I would love to have a 360-degree view of life.  
Maybe stand outside of my self.  
Triple in body, thought, and opinion all beside me.  
Walking balanced,  
With only 90-degrees on my back. -

I think,  
In deep thought,  
A momentary meditation,  
For lack of concentration,  
I have to stay aware,  
A momentary meditation,  
Can my "could have and should have" be now?  
Wondering,  
"Was I asleep?"  
See the full picture? -



I listen to the sound of the earth dwellers,  
The city slickers,  
Country folk,  
Babies and young children,  
Teenagers and the same after well developed puberty,  
Those who suffer mid-life crisis,  
And the wise,  
Sometimes senile,  
Elders,  
They are all trapped inside,  
Confused.  
Because of role after role,  
I feel that I live for me,  
Myself,  
And everyone,  
But I'm young,  
And the challenge has begun.  
And so,  
I will open up  
And listen  
If I am blind.-

Andre Cotten



Liz Jennings  
*Negative Trae*



## Not Quite Remembering a Titan: Disney Benches Bertier

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The center trophy case in T.C.'s main lobby is filled with the accomplishments of and final tributes to a life that was lived for the community. The white washed block letters over the thresholds to either side of the trophy case welcomes fans into the Gerry W. Bertier Memorial Gymnasium. Upon first consideration, one might assume that Gerry Bertier is a wealthy alumnus who made an impressive donation to the school. With all the recent hype surrounding Disney's *Remember the Titans*, one might actually draw the connection between the gym's name and the film's tragic hero. But to catch a glimpse of what the young man known as Gerry Bertier was like during his lifetime, one must look into the trophy case that serves as both coffin and shrine.

Bertier was captain of an undefeated team, star linebacker, MVP of state finals, and, as if that were not enough, the first Titan ever to be named All-American. He was T.C.'s own Johnny-Football-Hero.

In the midst of so much national praise, T.C. Williams was not about to miss out on the opportunity to honor its hero at home. Bertier left the sports banquet on December 11, 1971, trophy in hand, having just been named the Titans' Best Defensive Player. After driving a few of his teammates home that night, Bertier started out for his own residence on W. Braddock Rd. But, as the cliché goes, he never made it home. Inexplicable tragedy struck in the 2300 block of N. Beauregard St. around 2 a.m. The car swerved from the roadway colliding with a fire hydrant and then a telephone pole.

Bertier was rushed to Alexandria Hospital's Intensive Care Unit on Duke St. with spinal injuries. According to Bertier's cousin, Jane Rosman, all tests for traces of drugs or alcohol in the football star's blood came back negative, leaving nothing to even suggest that the accident could have been prevented, and nothing but sheer exhaustion to account for the loss of control. "Gerry was a real purist. He was an athlete," recalls Rosman.

Whatever the cause of the accident, whatever the catalyst, the implications could not be

ignored: Gerry Bertier would never walk again.

Bertier's crash left the community reeling. The dynamic star Alexandria had been so sure was destined for the NFL was a paraplegic. The multitude of college scholarship offers were rescinded, one by one.

For those closest to him, and for Bertier himself, his fate was incomprehensible. Here was a man who had been active his whole life. He had an uncontrollable spirit to challenge even that of Herman Boone. Now he faced months in rehabilitation, and a lifetime in a wheelchair.

It was clear that the Titans' 27-0 state championship victory over Andrew Lewis High School would be the last game Bertier ever played in.

Decades later, Disney enters the scene. The movie executives want to produce Gregory Allen Howard's original screenplay about the '71 team. Denzel Washington is cast as Coach Boone. The rest has become a part of Alexandria's pop culture.

The result of that silver screen collaboration is a movie that follows the success of the Titan's 1971 season and never fails to capture any interpersonal melodrama, real or imagined, among the players. After one game in which the heroes are forced to overcome unimaginable adversity to secure the victory, Bertier departs in quiet, solitary triumph and is plowed by a careless truck driver. But this cannot possibly be Bertier's paralyzing accident. The championship game hasn't happened yet, and he was MVP of that game. There must be another accident later on...right?

According to the movie, Bertier watches the championship game from a hospital bed -his private, customized bench.

Bertier was a bright young athlete with a glorious football career ahead of him. The state championship was sure to have been the first, and certainly not the grandest of many accomplishments in the field, but because of a crippling accident, it would become his most important and publicized game; a game for which *Remember the Titans* gives him no credit. In this way, Hollywood dictates that not even on



the movie screen would Gerry Bertier ever stand along his teammates again.

The injustice of such an abrupt end to a promising future in football is compounded by the film's failure to acknowledge Bertier as being, under the guidance of Coaches Boone and Yoast, the internal force that led the Titans to a state championship victory. If ever insult was added to injury, this is the case.

Bertier's story is one of morbid coincidence; so much that one must suspend their disbelief in order to accept it as truth. It is a story full of twists and turns so poisonously ironic, they could easily be fiction.

Not that it would make much difference.

Everyone has their own idea of what life was like in 1971 Alexandria. Even those who have lived through it each have their own personalized memory. And why shouldn't the movie industry take its liberties with the stories such as Gerry Bertier's? With few exceptions, the facts and events depicted in the movie are not fabricated, just rearranged. Still, it seems unfair that he should be excluded from the very memory with which the film's title so poignantly charges its audiences.

And yet, in the producers' defense, a historically accurate portrayal of Bertier's accident would pose some basic strategic conflicts. After all, if the movie's intent is to focus on the team and its symbolic ascent to the AAA state title, scripting the game and the accident in chronological order would be anti-climatic. Nearly anything the audience was asked to process at this point in the film would be non-sequitur in the wake of the victory at Roanoke.

It may be an overstatement to say that the historical inconsistency in *Remember the Titans* does Bertier a great disservice. It may be hyperbole to contend that it is a dishonor to the memory of his football days.

Either way, Gerry Bertier is no longer around to take offense or shrug it off. A fatal encounter with a drunk driver in Charlottesville on March 20, 1981 made sure of that.

The producers seized upon this piece of information and used Bertier's funeral as the opening and closing scene of the movie. There is virtually no mention of his life during the interim.

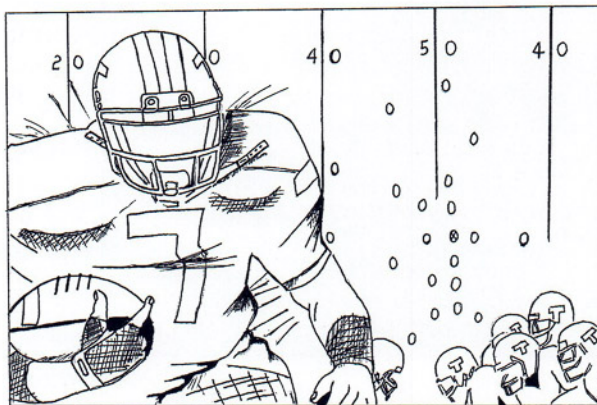
But Bertier did not spend the 10 years be-

tween his two accidents waiting around to die. He became a powerful advocate for the handicapped community, and pioneered the campaign for wheelchair accessibility in Virginia. He counseled huge numbers of young athletes both with and without physical disabilities. He went on to medal in track and field at the Wheelchair Olympics. He received multiple volunteer awards for time and energy sacrificed to improve the quality of life for friends, neighbors, and strangers.

Bertier was a civil servant in the literal and most noble sense of the term. And within the trophy case that stands in T.C.'s main lobby, donations can be found alongside recognitions of athletic excellence, commonly preserved for posterity. Whether as a football hero or civil hero, Bertier's place in the heart of the community during every era of his life is recorded in that perennial display. The trophies and medals are probably not real gold, and the case is just wood and glass, but with this low-budget production, T.C. shows Disney's masters of dramatic nostalgia that it really knows how to remember its Titans.

Ashley Metz

*Reprinted with permission of Theogony*



Michael Akindele  
*Overtime*



# Abandonment

---



Ami Watkin  
*Gesture Drawing*

We sit in silence  
Neither of us move in our chairs  
As we decide in our heads  
Who should speak first

Your lips finally part  
As you ask me, "How's life been?"  
Appears to me to be a shallow question  
That I can't answer

What do you mean, "How's life been?"  
Do you mean without you ?  
Do you want a phony reply  
Or do you want the truth?

I want to tell you the truth  
The truth that I've been carrying  
In my heart like a ton of stone  
For so long, so many years

For so long, I wondered  
If you loved or cared about me  
Or if you even thought of my existence  
Or that I might need you

Where were you when I needed you?  
When I needed to talk to you  
Or have a shoulder to cry on  
When my heart was first broken

When I first struggled to learn  
Who I was and where I need to go  
When I needed a guide to self-discovery  
Where were you?



How could you let Mom do it  
All by herself?  
Let her struggle taking care of me alone  
While playing both parenting roles  
And always answering the question  
"Where's Daddy?"

Can you answer that question?  
Where were you?  
Where did you go?  
And why are you here after all this time?

If you're here to say you are sorry  
I forgive you  
Only to lift the burden off my heart  
But I'm now an adult  
And no longer need you anymore

Realize that I may be reluctant  
To open my heart and my arms  
And let you in my life again  
Or even dare open my mouth  
And call you "Daddy"  
I admit that it is very hard to do

But always remember  
That although you are my father  
And are expected to protect me  
From all harm  
You instead put a deep wound  
On my heart  
That is healing, but leaves a scar  
And that I must carry with me  
For the rest of my life

Ever since the day you left me

Anna Brown



Ami Watkin  
*Gesture Drawing*



# Darkness

I'm trapped in this dark cell,  
 Thinkin about when I can get out but only time will tell.  
 How did I get caught up I ask myself,  
 I swore I'd ride, shoot, and steal until my last breath.  
 Hate pours on me like black rain,  
 All throughout my life I've been inflicted by pain.  
 I'm going out of my mind I think I'm going insane,  
 Hate and smoke are the only things that reach my brain.  
 I call on God, but all I see is fog.  
 Why did he make me, then turn around and hate me,  
 Forsake me, the demons have come to take me.  
 But I run away, if only there was somewhere to run,  
 It's a shame I can't go nowhere unless I got a gun.  
 So depressed I don't even wanna be in my flesh,  
 When I die I want the slugs to be pumpin throughout my chest.  
 I'm prayin that I go to heaven until my last breath,  
 When I die ain't nobody gonna care about my death.  
 But my homies,  
 They the only ones that took the time to get to know me.  
 And may their bodies lay untouched and may they rest in peace.  
 Why did he take them, they didn't deserve it, he could've taken me at least.  
 I wonder why when you know you wanna go, he don't send you home,  
 I wish everyone would just leave me alone.  
 I used to ask God why he made me,  
 If something went wrong it is always my fault basically.  
 I'm thinkin' about all this stuff all at one time.  
 It's 11:39 and at 12:01 I'm being sentenced to die.  
 There ain't nothing I can do to even try to survive,  
 But I don't want to I made up my mind, I don't want to be alive.  
 It's now 12:01 a.m. and my time has finally come,  
 But when it's time to go I change my mind, but God says to me, "My child,  
 your first decision was dumb."

Whitney Strother



Brian McCarthy  
*A Common Ritual*



? ? ?  
?  
**REAL?**  
?

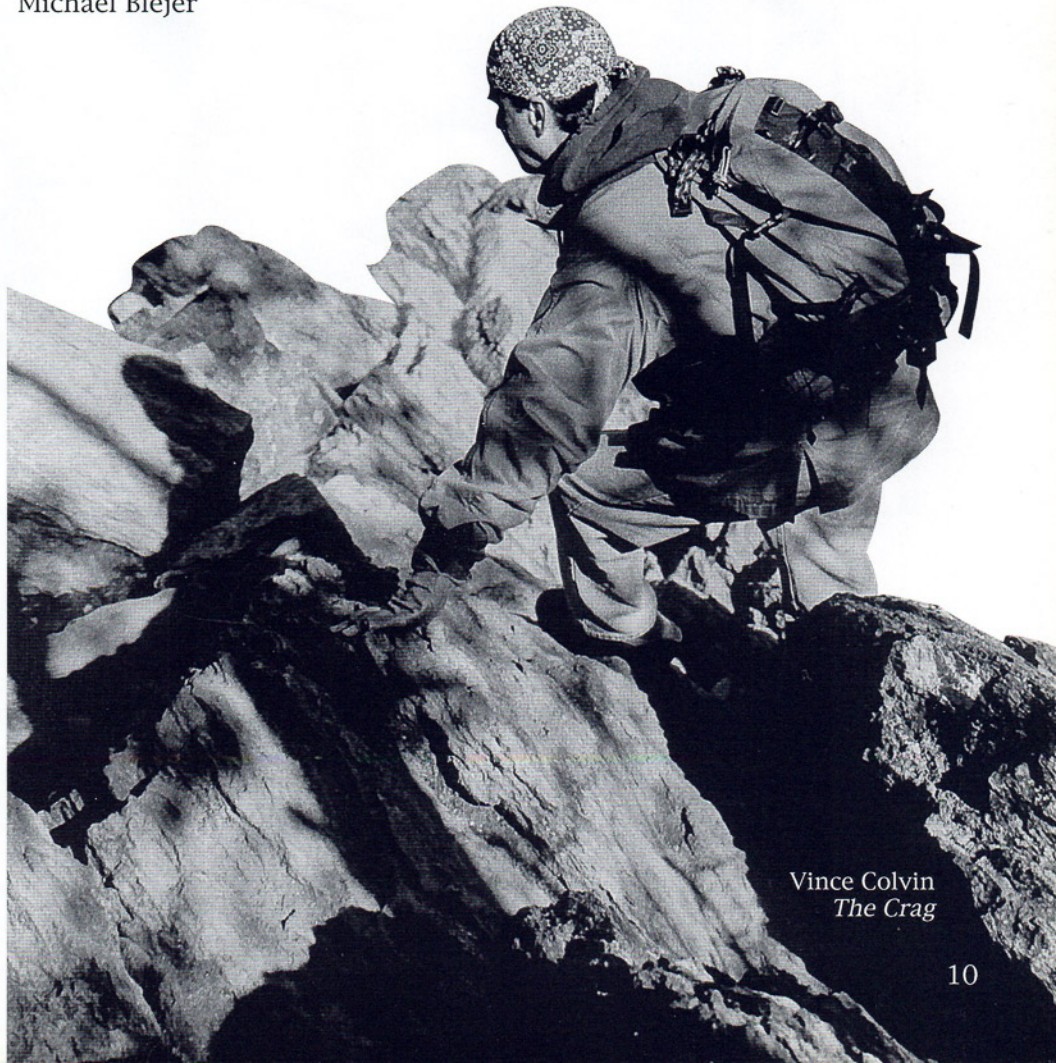
Space and time I think you'll find  
Exist only within the mind.  
Is light speed really fast or slow?  
I doubt we'll ever really know  
The difference between short and long  
Depends on the rhythm of the song  
The world without, the world within  
But when'd the world really begin?  
So don't complain, don't ever whine  
That you're running out of time  
Don't go on 'bout how you can't deal,  
'Cause I don't believe it's really real.

Michael Blejer

## *Your Life*

Being in S.T.E.P. keeps  
you on your toes.  
How far you'll make it  
in life, no one knows.  
They keep pressuring you  
so you can make it through.  
It's not how you want to  
carry yourself, it's what you  
do. This is some knowledge  
I am kicking to you.

Standley Clayton



Vince Colvin  
*The Crag*



# y o u t h      a c t i v i s m

On Inauguration Day, President George W. Bush took the oath of office. Thousands of people filled the streets of D.C., not to cheer him on, but to demonstrate against what we feel is a corrupt system. With security check points, police goons armed with billyclubs, pepper-spray, and surveillance helicopters, one must wonder what the government is so afraid of. They are afraid that we will flex our first amendment rights and dare to voice our opinions. Passive resistance cannot change the world! If we feel our rights are being violated, we must open our mouths in rage!

instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust!" We should feel obligated as humans to attempt to make the world better, not for ourselves, but for the future of this planet. The right to protest was granted in the Constitution as a means of allowing the masses to express their thoughts and opinions that otherwise would never be heard by the heads of the state. How can we throw that right away?

Each member of the human race is granted with several rights upon birth. In regard to thoughts, opinions, and expressions, humans, by nature should have rights to pro-



Devon Johnson  
May Day

Unfortunately, most of our peers question the effectiveness of nonviolent protest. They feel that due to our age, "standing around and shouting" will not get our point across, because no one will listen. These people are gravely mistaken, and their silence actually contributes to the problems in the country. Peter Kropotkin (1842-1921), a Russian revolutionary, said in 1880, in his *An Appeal to the Youth*, "Don't let anyone tell us that we are too weak to attain unto the magnificent end at which we can aim...all of us together, we who suffer and are insulted

tect their free will. People should not be in any way harassed because of the way they think. Furthermore, the manifestation of these thoughts should not be hindered. These rights should be held dear. In many countries in the world, one could be killed because of self-expression! We are given the right to free speech, USE IT; if not to help better your own life, use this right to help better the lives of people who cannot communicate their suffering! In the action of ignoring their plight we become no better than their oppressors.

For those who say that nonviolent

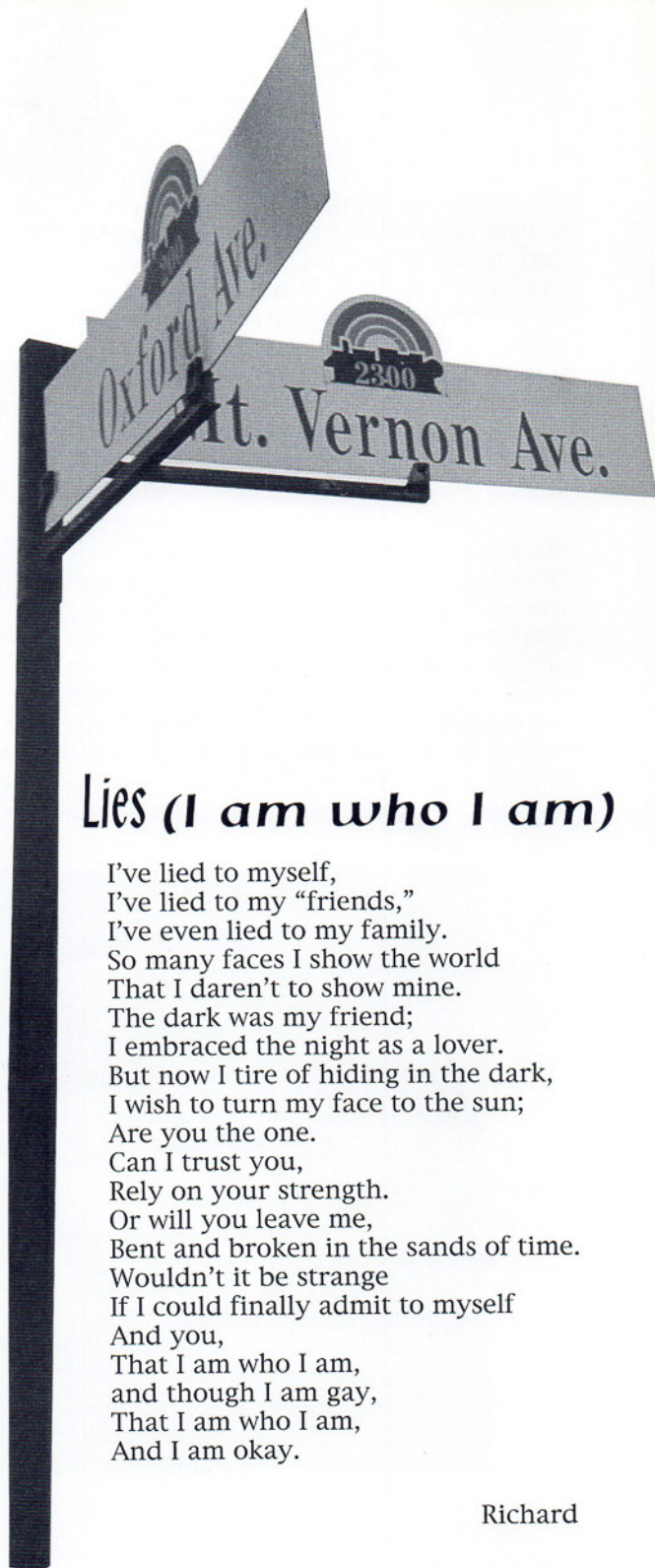


protests do not work, look at the events on Inauguration Day. Out of the thousands of protestors, the people who got their point across the best were we, the youth. Not only did we achieve national press coverage, we also achieved international press coverage as well! The world now knows for sure how many of us view Bush. We enlightened the world about our position. The momentum and energy of this movement cannot be stopped as long as we, the youth, with all our vigor, continue to question the social and economic problems that haunt the world. Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948) explains this in his *The Power of Non-Violence*. He writes, "It is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire to save his honor, his religion, his soul and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration."

There has been a trend in recent years by our government, and other global powers, to attempt to stop "radicals" from protesting. Unnecessary force has been used against anti-globalization protestors in Seattle, Washington D.C., Prague, and Quebec. The reason for this is that solidarity is a very powerful tool, and the government knows it. Police attack groups of peaceful demonstrators and use violence just to prevent them from walking down a street. Now it is more important than ever to become involved in politics, or we will slowly begin to lose all our rights, starting with the freedom of speech. Apathy is a wonderful thing. It's going to kill the human race.

There are so many problems in the world; it is hard to point out which issues to fight for first, but we can make a difference, and we will! Every single one of us who reconsiders an injustice, and stands up and voices their opinion, will bring us that much closer to a "perfect society": a society free from oppression, suffering, exploitation, and war. As individuals we are weak. Together we are a force to be reckoned with, and we are the youth! This world is our only home; let's fight to make it one worth living for!

Devon Johnson



## Lies (I am who I am)

I've lied to myself,  
I've lied to my "friends,"  
I've even lied to my family.  
So many faces I show the world  
That I daren't to show mine.  
The dark was my friend;  
I embraced the night as a lover.  
But now I tire of hiding in the dark,  
I wish to turn my face to the sun;  
Are you the one.  
Can I trust you,  
Rely on your strength.  
Or will you leave me,  
Bent and broken in the sands of time.  
Wouldn't it be strange  
If I could finally admit to myself  
And you,  
That I am who I am,  
and though I am gay,  
That I am who I am,  
And I am okay.

Richard

Stephanie Drachsler  
Crossroads



A

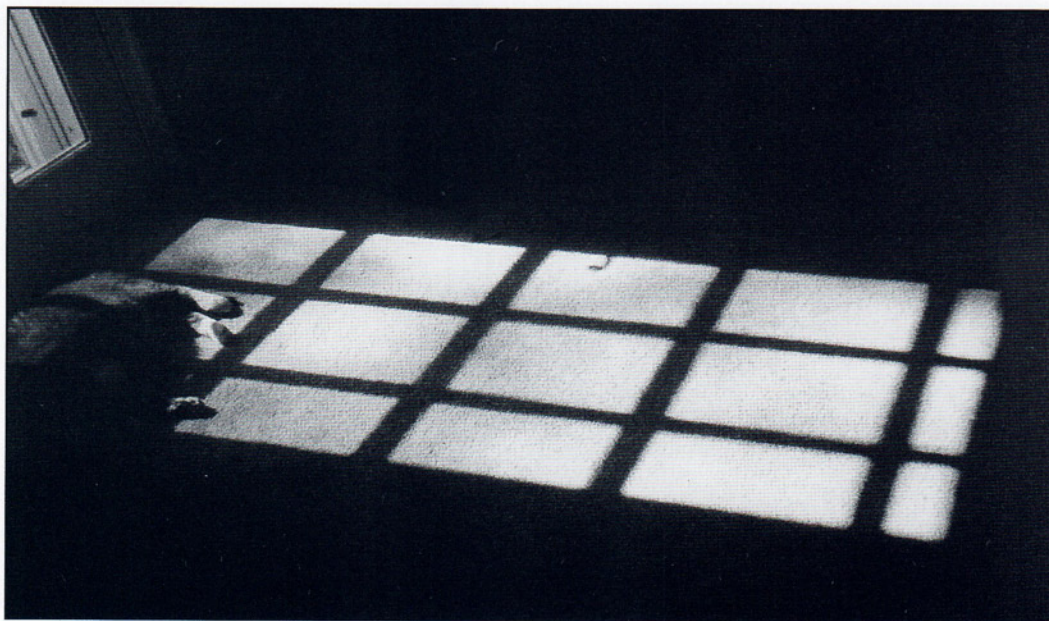
## Cherished

## Discovery

As he sat on the brick foundation of his house, Peter stared off into the distance, tired and disconcerted. He could see outlines of everything in front of him, but couldn't focus on anything - he was just thinking. He heard voices in the background but paid no attention to them. Instead, his eyes shifted to the brick below his feet. It was charred black, and covered in soot. Peter looked at his clothing, filthy and tattered, and could still smell the stale smoke that lingered on them.

It was nearly twelve hours since the disaster, yet Peter could not bear to leave his sitting place, the only part of the property that was still standing after the fire. He just sat there trying to comprehend all that had happened in the past few hours, trying to make sense of it all, trying to come to a concrete conclusion. His thoughts, however, were diverted back to his arm as he tried to adjust the bandage that covered the burn -- he could still feel the intense flames as they seared his skin.

refreshing against his blistered face. Through his tears, Peter looked at the pile of destruction that lay in front of him and only one thought remained, "It's not fair, it's just not fair." Sandy was gone. Wherever he looked, whatever he looked at, memories of life with Sandy emerged. They'd only spent four years together, but the relationship that developed between them was unbreakable -- unbreakable until now. The fire had shattered a love just as it had shattered the house in which it grew. How could Peter move on without her; Sandy was always there, no matter what. She was waiting at the door when he came home from work, she sat by his side when he watched TV, she lay by the foot of his bed when he slept; he couldn't ever think of a time when she wasn't with him. But everything changed so much, so quickly in the past few hours. He sadly recalled the firefighter carrying her limp body -- her sandy fur singed at the tips -- out to him. It just wasn't fair.



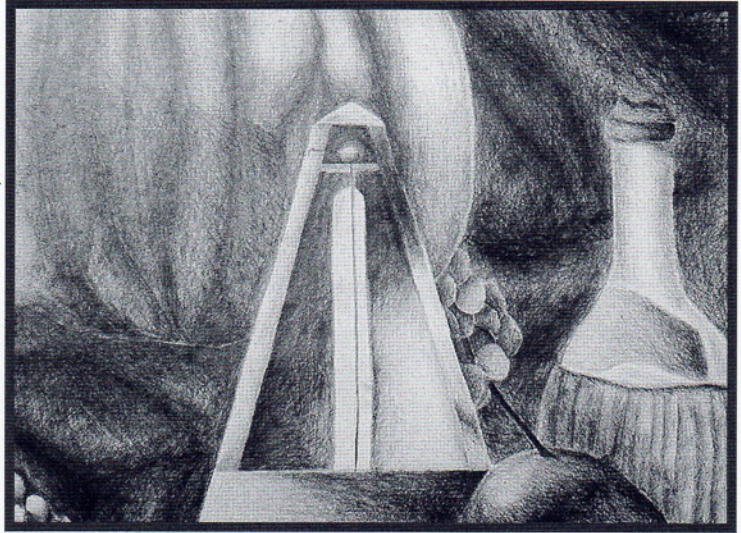
Stephanie Drachsler  
*Cat Nap*

Even so, no physical pain like this could compare to how he felt now, alone. A single tear fell from his eye as he sat facing the rubble. As the tear rolled down his cheek, it felt cool and

Peter continued to scan the debris, hoping to take his mind off his sorrows. He wasn't really looking for anything in particular, just looking for the possibility that something



could be salvaged. Although he wasn't expecting to find anything, something did catch his eye. In the far corner of the brick foundation, sitting among the pieces of the blackened debris was a dark, square-shaped metal box. Interestingly, the box appeared to be unscathed compared to the charred wood and twisted metal that surrounded it. Peter felt for the first time an eagerness build up inside him, wanting to investigate the mysterious box. He stood up, his back aching from sitting in the same position for so long, and began to cautiously make his way across the foundation of the house. He walked slowly and insecurely through the debris, aware of the pain of the burns on his body. As he got



closer and closer to the box, he felt his body stiffen and hesitate because he didn't want to be let down by the possibility of an empty box.

Sasha Rousseau  
*Still Life*

Eventually, though, he got up the courage to proceed, reached the box and sat down next to it.

First, he cleared away the rubble and then carefully brushed off the layer of soot that covered the top of box. Once the grime was removed, Peter realized what he had discovered -- it was his parents' old fire safe. He anxiously lifted the heavy lid with his arm, and winced again when he felt his skin burn as it rubbed against the bandage.

His heart dropped instantly. All he saw were old passports, outdated bank statements, and canceled checks -- nothing that interested him. Peter wanted memories, things to cherish. Peter was so disappointed that he pulled out all of the papers and threw them up in the air in a fit. He sat there overwhelmed with grief, staring at the box, thinking about all that was lost. Another tear began to trickle down his face. As he was getting up to leave, Peter caught a glimpse of a wooden partition that sealed off another part of the fire safe. Using a scrap of metal that he found nearby, Peter wedged the wood out of the box. Underneath it, he found a stack of some old family photos. He carefully took out the pile of pictures and fingered through them. He began to wonder how these pictures had gotten in the box when he remembered that his parents had given him the safe to keep important papers and cherished items -- they must have put them there. And so he took the pictures from the safe and placed them in his worn jeans pocket.

He again returned to sit on the charred brick foundation of his house, but this time with a new attitude. With the discovery of those photos, Peter discovered that he was lucky. He still had a family that loved and supported him and would get him through hard times like these. He was falling into another daze when nearby he heard the little bike bell of the paper boy. The small child clumsily rode his way up to Peter, and with an unawareness of the situation that only a kid could have, asked him, "Would you like a paper, sir?" Peter chuckled and replied, "Sure, I'd love one." The boy handed him the paper and Peter thanked him. He flipped through the pages and turned to the Real Estate section where he began his search for a new beginning.

Maija Garnaas



## A Memento of the Classic Days of Film Noir

The classic American *film noir* nightmare begins with the hero waking up in a dingy hotel room, unsure of who he is, where he is, or whether or not he killed the person he sees lying on the floor. Since the days of the pulp detective novella, several such heroes have found their way to the center of the labyrinthine plots. But *Memento*, an ambitious film experiment by writer/director Christopher Nolan, puts a new spin on the situation: Leonard (Guy Pearce) can remember everything in his life up to the point at which he was struck on the head, after seeing his wife raped and murdered. Since then, he can remember things only for a few minutes before the memories fade away. He has no short-term memory. His last solid memory is a desire for revenge, and anyone he's met after the attack is subject to reintroducing themselves constantly. "I have this condition," he explains. "I can't make new memories." He says this a lot. The only aid he has is a Polaroid camera, a felt-tip pen, and tons of post-it notes and photographs with ominous captions such as "Don't believe his lies"...aside from the information he has tattooed on his body.

This unique situation would be enough for any filmmaker, and certainly poor Leonard has a lot

to the last time he lost his memory, and then runs until we get to the beginning of the last segment. Then, it jumps even further back, and runs the beginning of the segment. After a while, you'll get used to it...until the initially tough-to-follow narrative begins intercutting with one continuous phone conversation, during which Leonard describes a case eerily similar to his own. *Memento* is as intricately structured as *The Usual Suspects* or *The Sixth Sense*, and its plot twists rank it with the work of Raymond Chandler, one of the fathers of the genre.

For good or ill, Leonard relies on a pretty bartender and a strange man who calls himself Teddy (Carrie-Ann Moss and Joe Pantoliano, seen together in *The Matrix*) to help him find the killer, even when he can't immediately remember who they are. All three lead actors' performances are layered and interesting, and special mention must go to Guy Pearce for taking a near-impossible role. The hardest thing for a detective movie to do is to cover all its plot holes. If there is a gaping lapse in logic, then the plot is irrelevant and the story fails. *Memento* is able to nail this aspect, except on one major point: If Leonard loses his memory every few minutes, then how does he remember that he has "a condition"? Sure, he has tattoos all over his body, but how does he know to look for them, or even for his notes? And even if these inform him of the condition, how does he know to use the same words to explain it, over and over? It is a plot hole that can be explained away, but it is easily the weakest aspect of the movie.

Aside from this, *Memento* constantly rewards its audience for keeping up with the backwards plot; it's wonderful to see Leonard writing a note that you remember him using in the future -- and realizing that he is going to take it completely out of context, thanks to his condition. The narrative solves a problem that even Hitchcock tangled with: creating suspense while letting the audience know more than the hero...and in the case of *Memento*, the audience almost always knows more than Leonard.

*Memento* is a completely original movie, and it is at times chilling, compelling, suspenseful, and even funny. It has not been given wide release at the time of this review's writing, but it is easily the most interesting movie in theater's this spring, and it will probably earn a well-deserved cult following rivaling those of *Army of Darkness* or *Pulp Fiction*. Think how ironic it would be if you forgot to see *Memento*.

Russ Schwartz

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Brendan Coyle  
*Self*

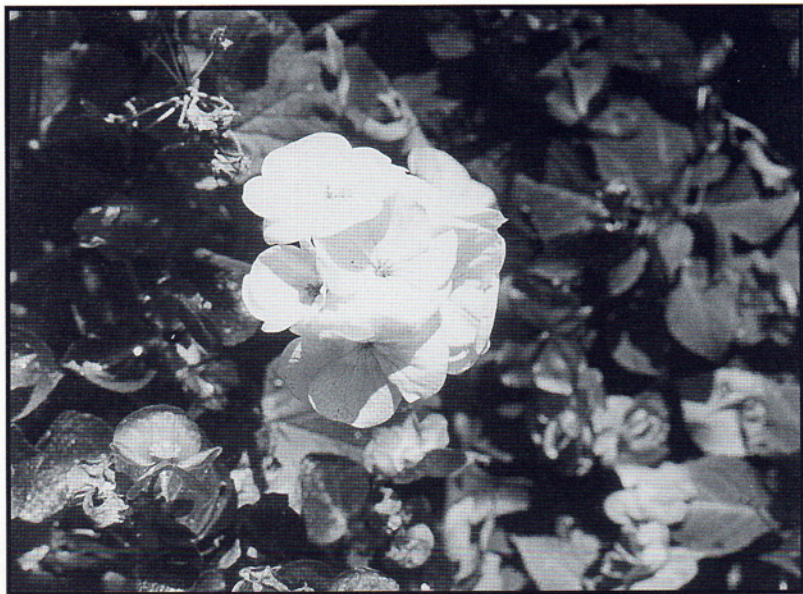
on his plate. However, the thinking audience will more than get their money's worth for the amazing twist on storytelling; the movie happens backwards. In the first three minutes of the movie we see Leonard meet a man, realize he's the killer, and shoot him. The movie then jumps backward



# The Road To Los Molinos

The crisp boiling summer  
Claws at the claw at the window of  
My ragged Honda.  
Driving down Route 36,  
The rancid sun rolls  
Its eyes to me.  
Screaming at me, it  
Paints the sky a beautiful  
Magenta with each successive yell.  
Heat wears my dry heart thin  
Dusk closes in at 8:30 p.m.  
My very being aches  
Nauseated, my head in pain  
I pull the dusty car off at  
Forest Glen,  
Parking in an  
All-night diner  
Next to a cheap motel,  
Covered by dying trees,  
Hidden in a  
Monstrous corner  
Of the cut highway patch.  
I collapse on the sheets  
And fall, fall, fall asleep.

Early, early on the road  
Whispering, whacking wind  
At 80 miles an hour.  
I must reach  
Los Molinos.  
The only home I can remember,  
Every sign says Los Molinos,  
Every sigh cries Los Molinos,  
Every smile secretly signals  
Los Molinos.  
The place where  
Ballerinas dabble and topple  
Like wilted flowers which  
Miraculously recover and bloom,  
The place where old women wear  
Floppy straw hats and  
Young women  
Flip their hair  
Saucily behind them,  
The place where holy men  
Fast and pray  
In order to show their  
Devotion to all that is  
Loving and True.



Jinju Carlson  
*Blossom*

The place where even the very  
Sidewalks and streetways,  
And walls and doors  
Are holy and sacred indeed.  
My only home,  
My brilliant treasure,  
Los Molinos.  
Before I die  
My only wish is:  
Go back to Los Molinos.  
My body racked with illness,  
Longs for Los Molinos.  
Crossing Route 5 at Red Bluff,  
My heart slaps my ribs.  
The advent of all I could hope for,  
An hour away.  
Born in Los Molinos,  
Dying in Los Molinos.  
My heart remaining always in  
Los Molinos.

Rebecca Sklepovich



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# L a b y r i n t h

2001



Literary

Art

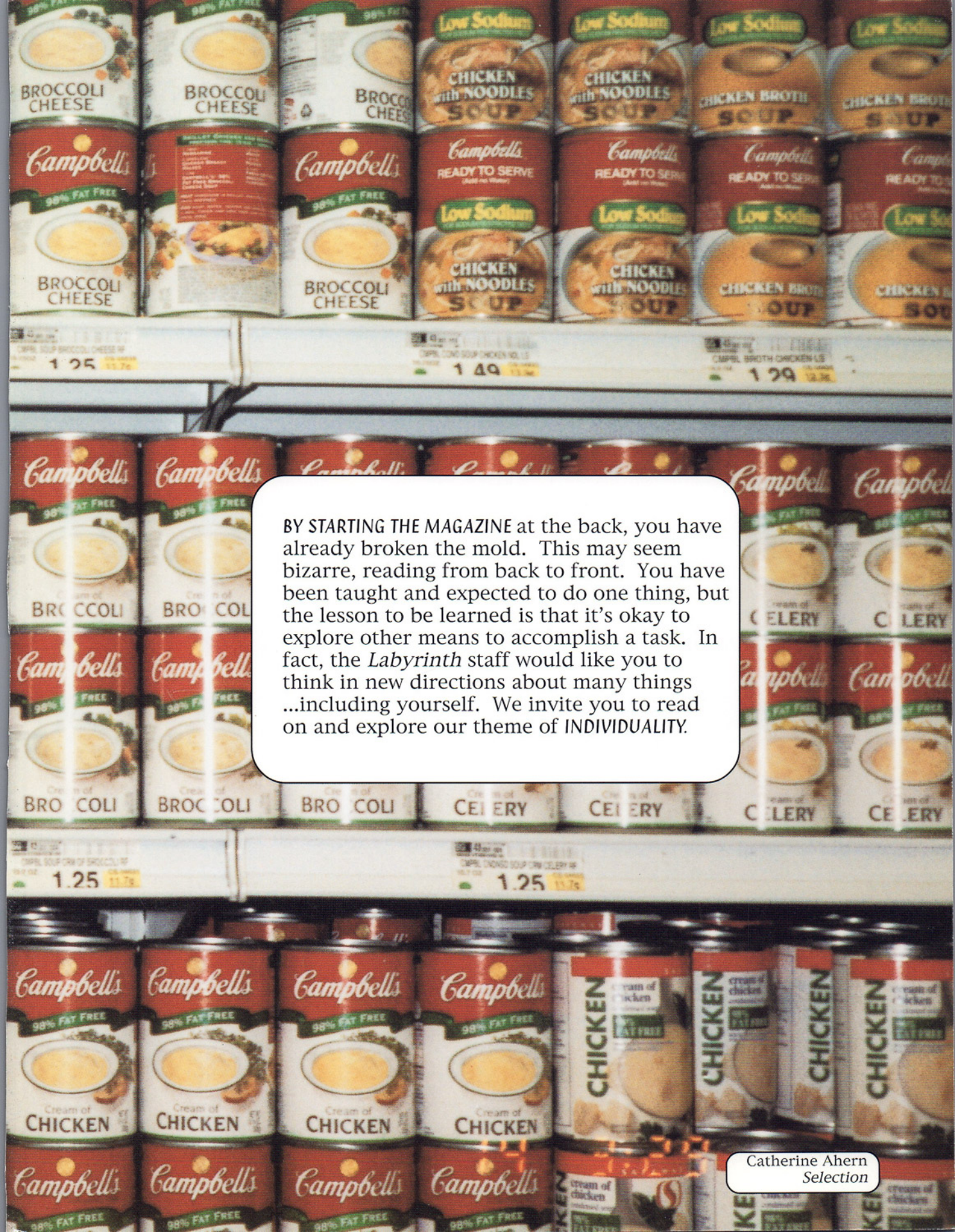
Photography

Magazine

T.C. Williams High School  
3330 King Street  
Alexandria, VA 22302

We dedicate this issue to those who have ever broken away from the constraints of society and stepped into life with their own individuality.





BY STARTING THE MAGAZINE at the back, you have already broken the mold. This may seem bizarre, reading from back to front. You have been taught and expected to do one thing, but the lesson to be learned is that it's okay to explore other means to accomplish a task. In fact, the *Labyrinth* staff would like you to think in new directions about many things ...including yourself. We invite you to read on and explore our theme of INDIVIDUALITY.

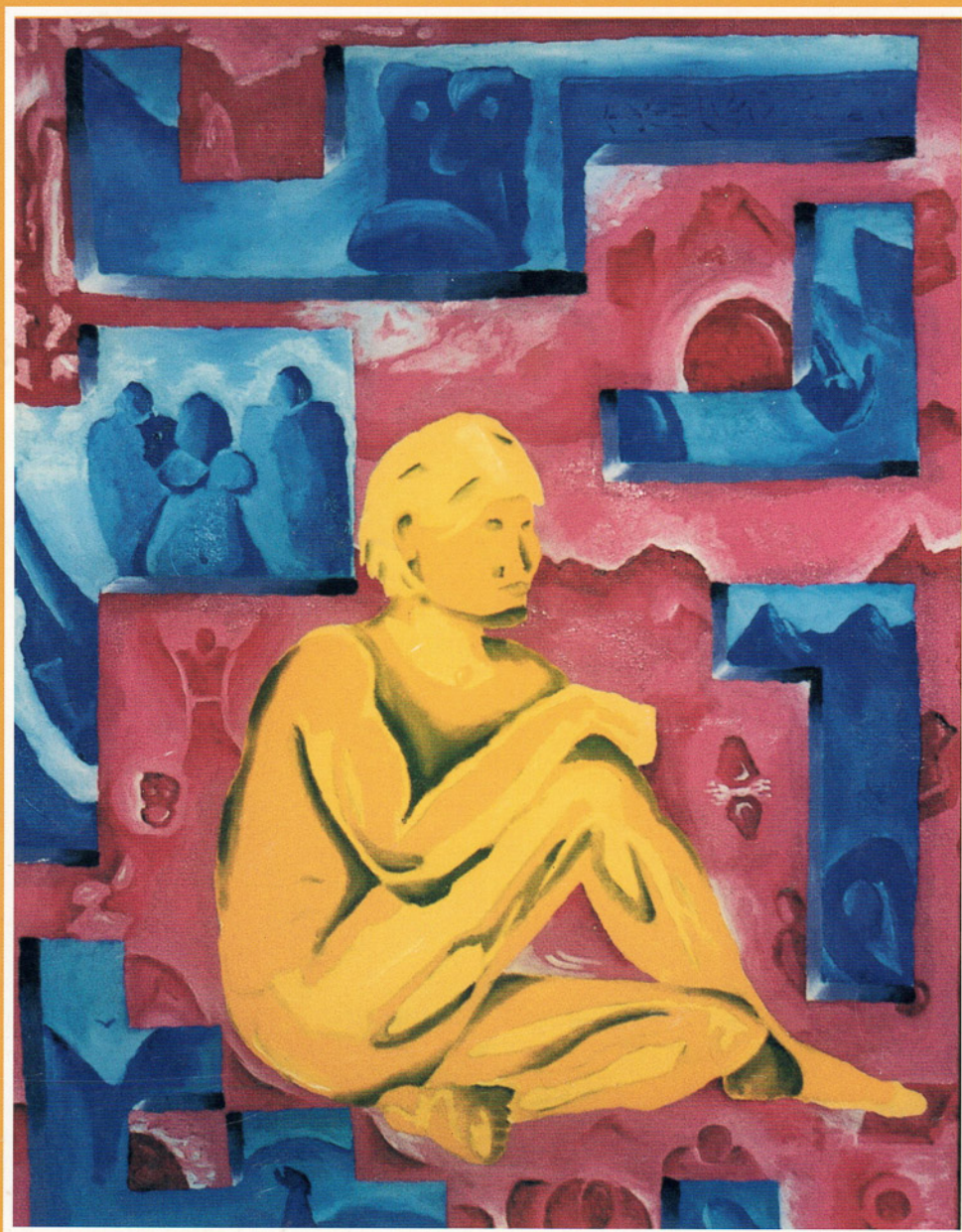
Catherine Ahern  
Selection



# L a b y r i n t h

L i t e r a r y / A r t / P h o t o g r a p h y M a g a z i n e

T.C. Williams High School



Spring 2001