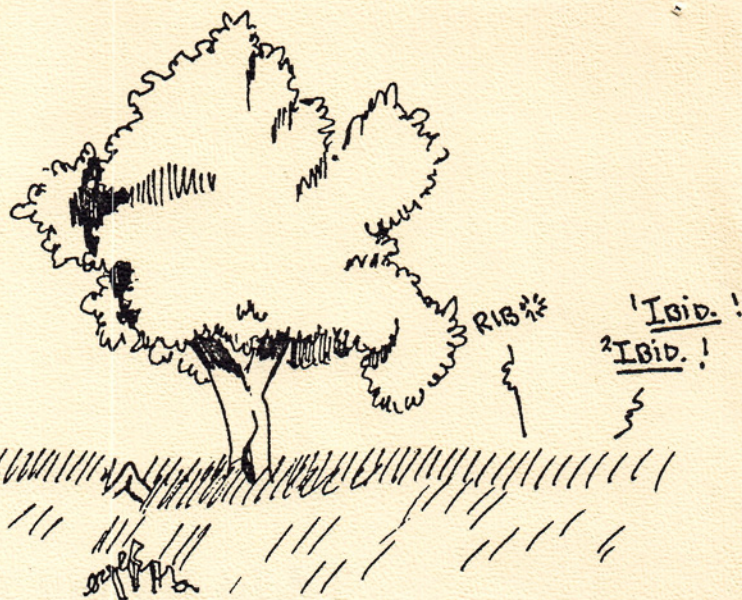
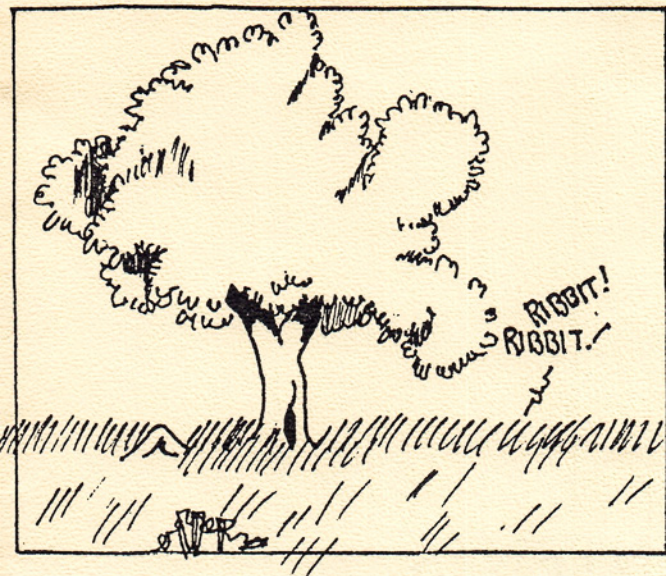




# LABYRINTH

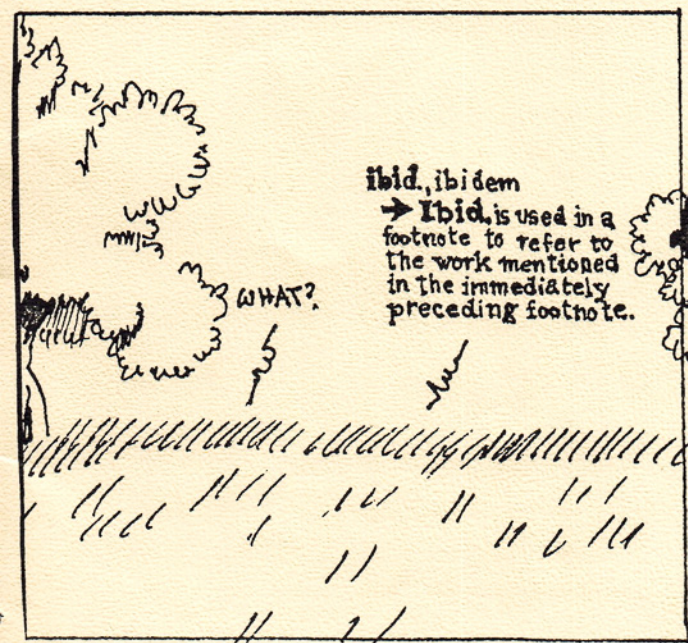




# LABYRINTH

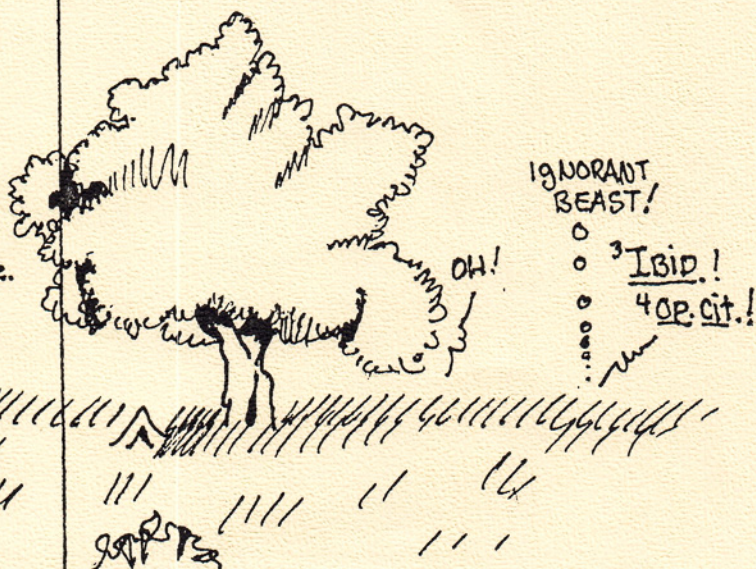
Spring  
1978

TC Williams High School  
Alexandria VA



ibid., ibidem

→ Ibid. is used in a footnote to refer to the work mentioned in the immediately preceding footnote.



IGNORANT  
BEAST!

<sup>1</sup> Ibid.!  
<sup>2</sup> Ibid.!  
<sup>3</sup> Ibid.!  
<sup>4</sup> Ibid. cit.!



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Call Marie  
for a good time  
671-3419

TITANS



$$\begin{array}{r} 42 \\ 23 \\ \hline 126 \\ 84 \\ \hline 966 \end{array}$$



Carson is  
super bad!

~~Case~~  
78

79

Part 4

## A SCORE MINUS EIGHT

QUIET! ...  $1 + 1 = 2$  ... to write the letter "a" you simply ... George Washington is the father of ... QUIET! Today we're going to study photosynthesis ...  $2a + 2b = c + d$  ... "Out, out brief candle! Life's but a" ... QUIET! BE QUIET! ... In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed ... "You've gotta get those Salinger papers in by ..." find the rational and irrational roots of  $25 \times 45 - 63 \times 27 + 42 \times 14 + 96 \times 2 - 108 \times + 112,013$  ... QUIET! The next time you talk, you leave! ... Hey! Isaac Newton's birthday's coming ... Now listen. Your last chance on those Salinger papers is next Wednesday. From 12:00 to 12:15 I'll be in the parking ... the three branches of the government are the legis ... Pomp and Circumstance ... GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

Mary R. Watson

T.C. is super great

Lord Byron  
was  
here...

#1

RUFUS

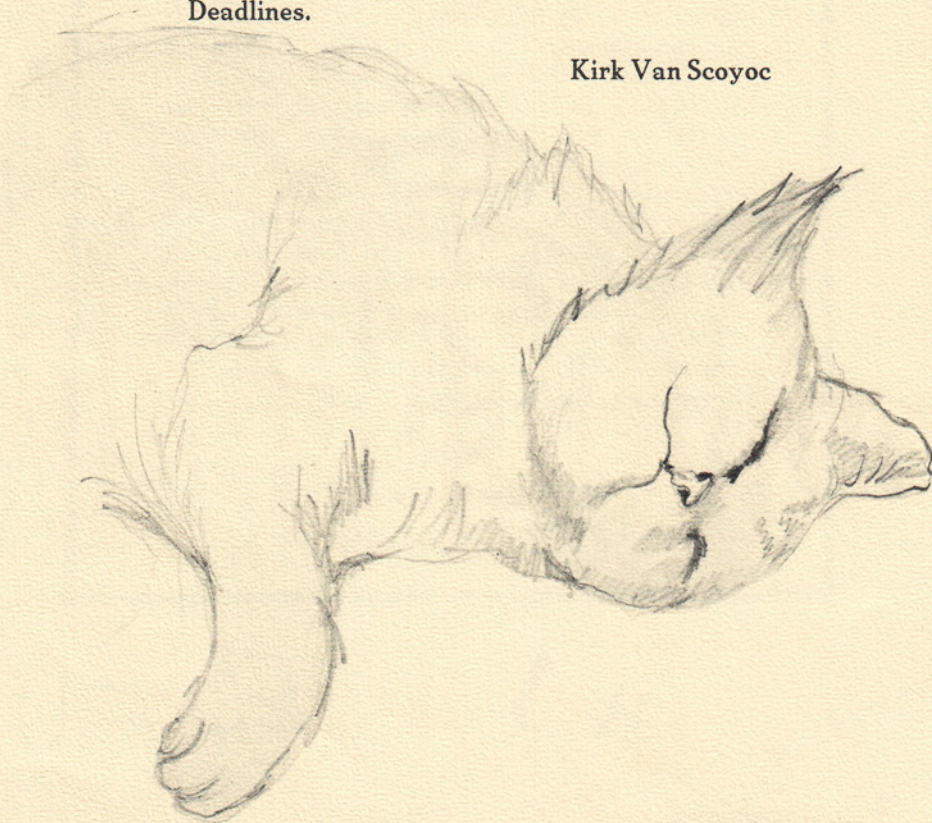
PEGGY AS VIRGO



# DUE-DATE

**W**e make 'em, break 'em.  
Usually miss 'em by a mile.  
Unfortunately untransferable, they haunt and  
are rarely extended.  
And oh! the ecstasy of beating one by days!  
Too near, we are crushed by pressure;  
And when too distant (dwelling in fantasy months  
like May), prolonged procrastination devours  
us, mentally, physically, emotionally and  
spiritually.  
Tension, sweat, short tempers, and fatigue build  
in us as we  
Shoot for them, go for them, struggle our minds  
out for them  
Until their inexorable arrival.  
  
After they pass, we sink, exhausted and  
partially relieved,  
Back into our ever-present cycle of preparation.  
  
They haunt.  
Deadlines.

Kirk Van Scoyoc



Laurie Thompson





## PACKA MARBLES

Matt Dwyer

I'm feeling rather romantic at the moment, and am tempted to unravel a complicated parable relevant to today's society, ending up by saying that there's still hope for mankind and suchlike stuff, but I won't. This state of mind is partially due to prolonged exposure to Gordon Lightfoot and Joni Mitchell music, but for the most part it could be described as my reaction to cigarette deprivation.

Ah, the Nicotine fit. Terror of the wheel-less teenager which strikes late at night; defenseless, I sit without my flaming pacifiers, circumstances preventing me from going to the neighborhood all-night oasis for relief. How I long to amble coolly into the glazing glare of the 7-11 in my pajamas, to learn on the counter and tell the moon-faced, gangling teenaged boy, "Have a packa Marbles, please." And I pad coolly home with six lit cigarettes in my mouth making a glowing pajamaed apparition traveling down Kenwood Avenue on foot in the night.

Sara Landymore



# THE LAKE

Standing on the muddy bank, he slid the canoe in bow first, causing endless ripples on the calm lake. Carefully stepping into the canoe, and pushing off with his paddle against the shallow muddy bottom, he caused a mushroom cloud of silt to dissipate until it ceased to exist as it resettled in a slightly different place. He gently paddled past the small decrepit dock which was slowly listing into the water. As the canoe began to glide swiftly, he looked down, and it seemed as if he were flying over a forest of seaweed. The tall trees near the shore cast their shadows on the edge of the lake and darkened the canoe. In this darkness he could see brilliant berries on the bushes through the dense and heavy foliage.

After passing the tall trees, he could see a vast bed of lilies which looked as if it were a grassy field covered by a fresh snow. The bed of lilies was more dense and entwining than any fisherman's net. He drew nearer and the many frogs began to hop from one pad to another as if to protest the invasion of their territory. As he looked up and around him he could see the numerous rolling bluffs and knolls that purposely tried to hide their true height by their greater distance from the lake.

He quickly and effectively maneuvered his canoe so that he would not run aground, because the water at this end of the lake was deceptively shallow. Finding an appropriate channel, he guided his canoe into the mouth of the tributary creek. Paddling up the narrow creek with the tall grasses on the banks was like driving through a tunnel. The crystal droplets of dew sparkled as they clung to the grasses. Rounding a sharp bend he spotted a timid fawn cowering in the grasses and weeds along the bank. To cause the stray fawn less worry, he adroitly came about in the narrow stream. He stopped paddling and rested the paddle in his lap, and the iridescent bubbles from the dripping paddle caught his eye as he drifted down the stream. A large flock of Canad-

ian geese flew over, disturbing the tranquil air, with their perfect formation pointing due north.

He began paddling as he re-entered the lake. He saw on a fallen willow near the shore a larger blue heron, whose colorful plumage was obscured by the shadow of a rotting limb of his perch. As the canoe moved at a constant speed a young beaver crossed and recrossed the bow as if he were playing a childish game. The shimmering sunlight struck the water and temporarily blinded the man. He quickly regained his vision as he saw the high arch steel bridge with the lacy wrought iron railings. As he closed on the bridge, knowing that even though the bridge was frequently and meticulously painted in a utilitarian gray color, he could see rusted areas where the reddish-brown primer coat peeked through. From a steel girder a stout rope hung, put there by children who swung adventurously on it and jumped into the invigorating coolness of the water.

He looked up and away from the bridge and gazed at Decorah Peak. This peak was distinguished from all the other bluffs by its birch forest ending abruptly in an outcrop of a rough but rounded limestone pinnacle. With closer observation he could see a curious black passage in this crag which led to the leveled top. He recalled the history that Chief Decorah jumped to his death from the top of the peak to escape his enemies who were pursuing him through the tunnel-like passage. His train of thought ended abruptly when a darting fish splashed beside the canoe as if it were stalking him.

He skillfully steered his canoe to the muddy grass bank, carefully got out, and pulled his craft onto dry land. He picked up the canoe near the thwart and, grasping the gunwales, placed the canoe on his shoulders and began to walk down the gravel road away from the serene lake.

Christopher Rall







Across moonlit fields  
A young doe gently prances  
But shadows hide wolves.

Annie McGuire





Tom Mullany



# ROBERT

He asked me to lift him up so he could wave good-bye. I bent down, grasped his forty pounds and hoisted him onto the window seat. He waved passionately, incorporating into the action both his hands, acting as though part of his life was driving off in the car. As soon as the car was out of sight he turned back to me. I offered my hands, but he refused, jumping down instead and landing on the train track below. He looked down to see what he had landed on, and sat down to play with the engine. Since I was no longer needed, I sat down on the sofa.

The sun coming in from the window above him hit his head occasionally as he moved, turning his hair from yellow to stark white. Frequently, as

if he felt my eyes on him, he snatched a glimpse of me, piercing through my being as though to say "I know your plan—your plot; you can't fool me." Although he had only been in the world four years, his suspicion of people hired to care for him was as finely honed as that of an eighty year old.

He wound up the train, placed it on the track, hitched up the cars to it, and then stuck his finger in front of the engine and watched the motor roar as it tried to push forward. As the train kept striving forward, he laughed, delighting in this display of his ability to control the movement of the train. As soon as he tired of this dominance, he let the train loose and it raced around the track



Rachel Garcia





Courtenay Padgett

until finally it slowed to a stop, directly opposite from him. Not wanting to reach over to get the train, he turned to his games, which were next to him. He pulled out an Old Maid card game, took the top off of the box, and placed his palms underneath the box. As he slowly counted to three, I began to wonder what he was going to do. When he said "blast off", my suspicions became a reality. Cards fluttered down, as he laughed, leaning back on one elbow, glancing over at me to see if I also got the joke. Discovering that I wasn't laughing, he sobered up, and looked about him. Then, giving me one last look as if to say "I don't care what you think," he began to scoop up great handfuls of cards and run around the room with

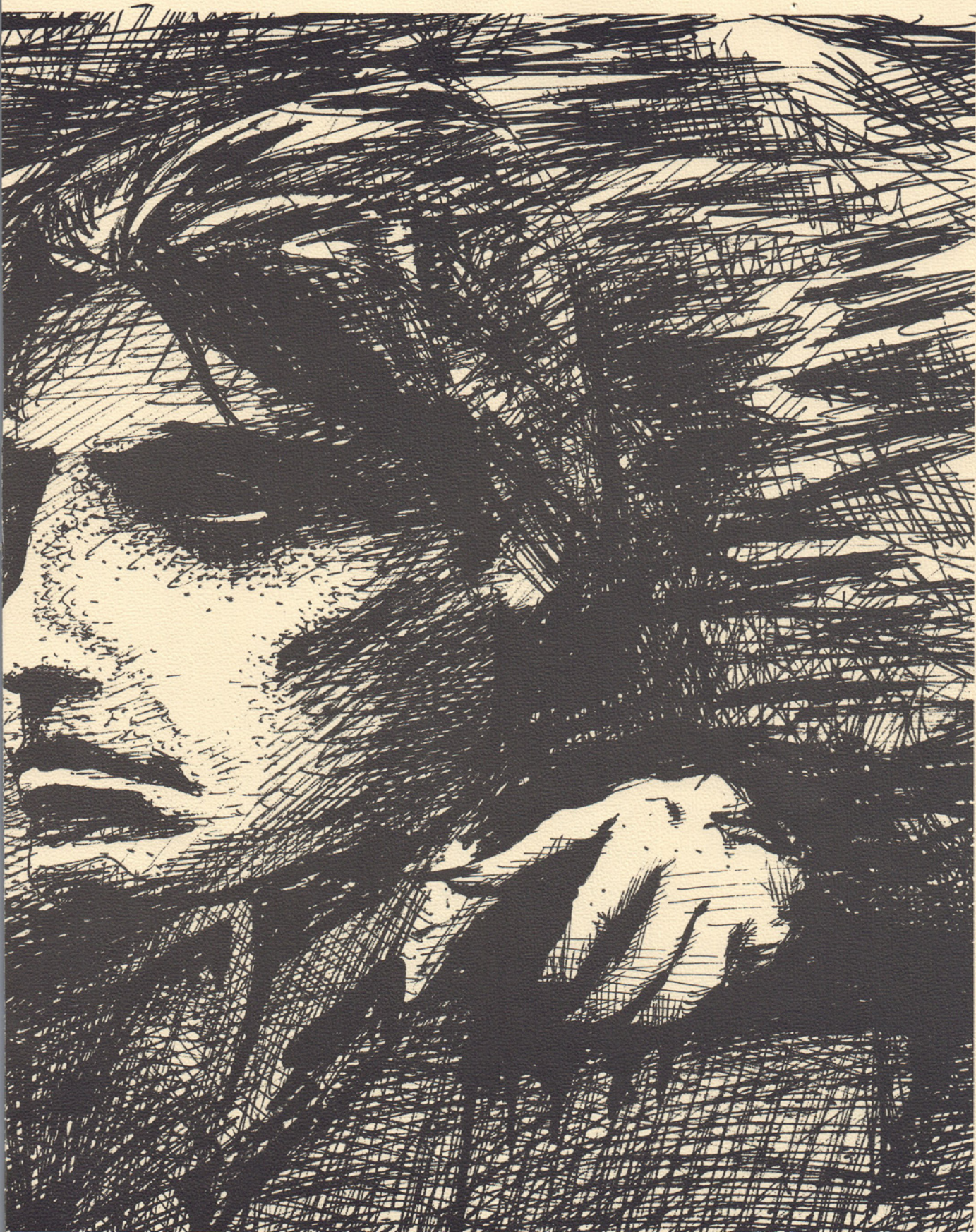
them, spraying the cards on objects such as the dog, the chair, plants, anything and everything, until the room was decorated in fifty crazy characters and one old maid. Suddenly seeming to realize what he had done, the smile of mischievousness disappeared and he began to pout, the preface to tears. He climbed up on the sofa, next to me, and began to cry. I moved him over to my lap, telling him that everything would be all right, assuring him that everyone makes mistakes, and I would help him pick up the cards. He kept repeating over and over, "But I didn't mean to."

Patricia Anderson



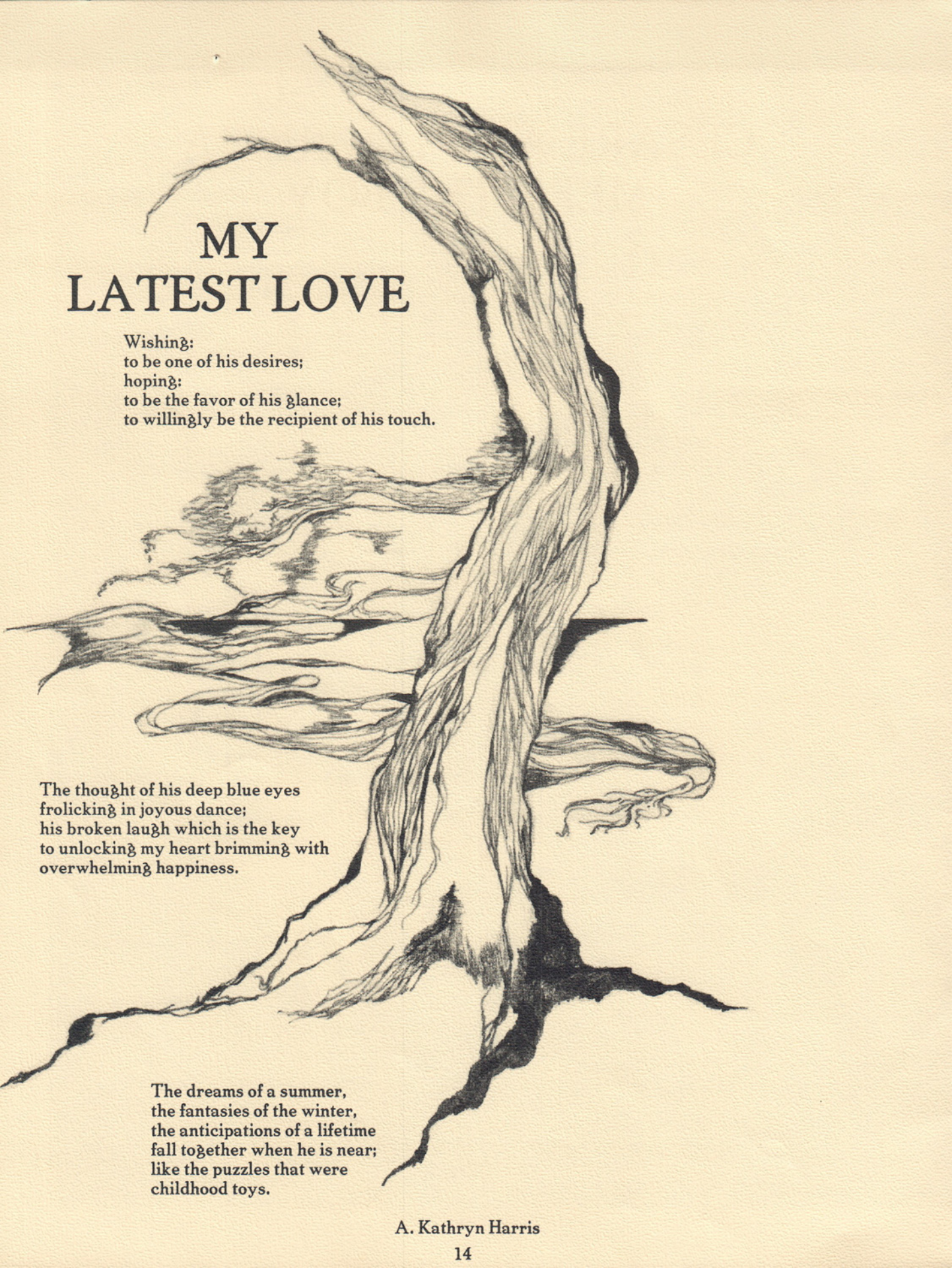






Tom Mullany





# MY LATEST LOVE

Wishing:  
to be one of his desires;  
hoping:  
to be the favor of his glance;  
to willingly be the recipient of his touch.

The thought of his deep blue eyes  
frolicking in joyous dance;  
his broken laugh which is the key  
to unlocking my heart brimming with  
overwhelming happiness.

The dreams of a summer,  
the fantasies of the winter,  
the anticipations of a lifetime  
fall together when he is near;  
like the puzzles that were  
childhood toys.

A. Kathryn Harris



# CESARE AND LUCREZIA MEET THE BOY

Cesare and Lucrezia, having just returned from the Ugly city, awaited homebound transportation at the Versailles of the Dirty statues. Cavorting in their accustomed way, they happened to meet a striking blade of a boy, speaking glibly in French.

"Good morrow, soul," Lucrezia addressed the lad. "How farest thou?"

The stranger replied, "Well might you ask! My father wears naught but wode, and vacates the shower only to moon the neighbors from the windows of our many-windowed home. He sings the Skye Boat song at the top of his lungs and gaily gads about quoting Balzac.

"My brother dines upon loquats and slices of pomegranate which he eats with a runcible spoon. He has memorized the Koran backwards, and would rather be in Philadelphia, where he is. He dresses as a Cossack and carves his name on every tree.

"The mother of me was born in Sitka, Alaska, and lives in an oubliette. She is convinced she is being followed by a gaggle of dachsunds, all of them named Nathan. (Did you know oubliettes are impervious to dachsunds?) She rides a velocipede and puts henna in her hair.

"I have no sister, but if I had . . ." Here Cesare interjected a scream.

"Not meaning to be presumptuous," Cesare said, "might I inquire your name?"

"Most assuredly," the youth replied. "My name is Agamemnon. I seek a compatriot, a kindred spirit, one whose thoughts can comprehend my own; in short, I endeavor to find one as debonaire as myself."

"Seek no more, my friend," Lucrezia and Cesare replied. "You have found two such persons. Please join in our happy corps." Agamemnon kneeled. Upon his head Lucrezia placed a beret. Cesare appended a false nose to his face. They dubbed with the flat side of a kazoo, and proffered it unto him to pipe gladsome noise. "Rise, noble Agamemnon, and search no more!"

Cesare and Lucrezia departed from the Versailles of the Dirty statues sober and content. Agamemnon continued in his travels, in no wise sober, but decidedly content.

Connie Coontz








# NONSENSE?

I can find no clever way of writing  
What I am thinking—  
No fresh metaphor  
Comes to mind.  
A flame burns brightly  
For an instant, before darkness  
Closes in—a blanket  
Over the raging seas  
Shifting sands  
Changing winds  
And the heart turns to stone.

Barb Jacobson



Sarah Russo

My spirits were like the waves,  
They would slowly building up to a peak,  
And then, suddenly, they would break and crash  
upon the shore  
Only to withdraw each time taking a little more  
of me under with them.  
My emotions were like the sun,  
So slow to rise in the sky  
Yet so fast to sink away, sometimes not climbing  
again for several days.  
My life is like a forest path,  
it twists and turns, and many times seems to  
lead nowhere while I —  
I struggle to overcome obstacles —  
and to see light through the many trees which  
continually overshadow the things I feel.

anonymous



# GRANDFATHER'S POCKET WATCH

In the silent darkness, Grandfather felt his way around the familiar objects on the oak desk as he searched for the switch on the lamp. The light illuminated the den as he slowly sat down in the comfortable swivel chair. His gnarled, but not incapacitated, fingers gently picked up the tarnished pocket watch. With the aid of a screwdriver, his nimble hands pried the back off of his antiquated pocket watch. He carefully laid the timepiece on the solid oak desk top, making sure not to mar the gilded case more.

He seemed to stare straight through the workings and case to the oak desk top. The desk reminded him of the days when he had first learned to use and then master the power tools in his father's woodworking mill, and how he had constructed this very desk. He remembered pleasantly the many compliments he had received for his work, compliments even from his father, who had been generally loath to praise.

There was no question in Grandfather's mind as to why he had ever begun working with machinery, and he grinned as he recalled how he could not control the smelly and unruly horse which had been his sole transport apart from shank's mare. He remembered his early decision that he had better try to control an inanimate object such as his father's steam engine.

Ending his reverie, he removed his glasses and folded them into the breast pocket of his casual flannel shirt. Grandfather had perfect vision, but he wore glasses chiefly for protection from the hazards of power machinery. He gazed inquisitively at the deadly still workings of his precious watch to ascertain what was malfunctioning. Suddenly, he was immensely saddened; since near the turn of the century he could go to the railroad depot at precisely ten each morning, set this very watch, and talk with friends about farms and family. Now he saw the problem and attempted to extricate the broken mainspring with his right hand, failed, then carefully pried it loose with his left, thus demonstrating his ambidexterity.

The chair creaked when Grandfather got up and made his way to the organized disarray of clock parts strewn over shelves and tables. On the wall behind a tremendous heap of mainsprings was a yellowed photograph of the first car he had sold, and he gave a suppressed chuckle as he continued to search for the seemingly nonexistent watch part. He reminisced fondly of this affinity he had with the automobile as his fingers searched through the springs. He

remembered how he had sold this first car to someone who had never seen a car before, and how he, as a matter of fact, had not at that time actually seen a car except in pictures. People had surely trusted him! Grandfather smiled to himself as he remembered how at first people were skeptical of the automobile and thought of it only as a toy. He was justifiably proud that from its inception he had fully foreseen the future of the horseless carriage. Recollections ceased abruptly when Grandfather's fingers found the appropriate mainspring.

Back at his desk, Grandfather started to install the tensioned spring, but he stopped immediately when he recognized that the taut spring might suddenly unravel injuring his eyes. He put his glasses back on. He faultlessly affixed the main spring to the watch, but the watch steadfastly refused to run. Befuddled, Grandfather scratched the crown of his head with his screwdriver, as he could not comprehend why his watch was not working. He laid his tools and watch down, pushed them aside, folded his arms on the sturdy oak desk, and rested his head on them. Initially, he worried about the watch; but then his mind wandered to the days of the more intricate steam engine at the mill and the automobile which did not give him as much trouble as his pocket watch. For over fifty years Grandfather had maintained and repaired automobiles; and he had developed an empathy with his car, so that when his car was not running right his physical condition would falter.

Grandfather finally decided to replace the balance wheel, but, before doing so, he concluded a cup of herb tea would not be amiss. As he set the kettle on to boil and placed a spoonful of his favorite herb tea in his mug, he thought with both remorse and gratitude of his deceased friend, Chief Thunder, who had introduced him not only to this healthful tea but to Indian folklore and the philosophy of man respecting nature. While he waited for the water to boil, he watched the light from the kitchen pierce into the dark dense walnut grove. Grandfather's eyes sparkled with delight as he observed an owl on a sturdy limb of a black walnut tree. He stared intently at his wise nocturnal companion who was perched on the black walnut, a tree which symbolized strength and longevity. His trance was interrupted by the sharp sound of the kettle whistling, a whistle so clearly similar to the steam whistle which he had proudly blown each day at noon at his father's mill. He had cast that whistle himself



during the age of the steam locomotives and steam-powered paddle boats. In those days the strength of the whistle represented power and supremacy. Grandfather's whistle had been heard for an astounding fourteen miles, much farther than any other steam whistle. It was satisfying to remember that many farmers depended on his whistle to set their watches and to tell the field workers to come in and get their midday meal.

Now, a symbolic cloud of steam arose from the mug as he poured the boiling water into it. With mug in hand, he went back to his desk, sat down in his swivel chair, and carefully sipped the hot tea. He turned around in his chair, pleased to hear that all of his clocks were chiming in unison at four in the morning. A large colorful bird, which he had fashioned from a gourd, caught his eye atop a majestic grandfather clock, as he heard the cuckoo clock chirp in a distant room. Grandfather enjoyed a sense of security from knowing that he had preserved a part of nature which only exists for part of the year. Besides, he liked displaying his handicraft to his friends.

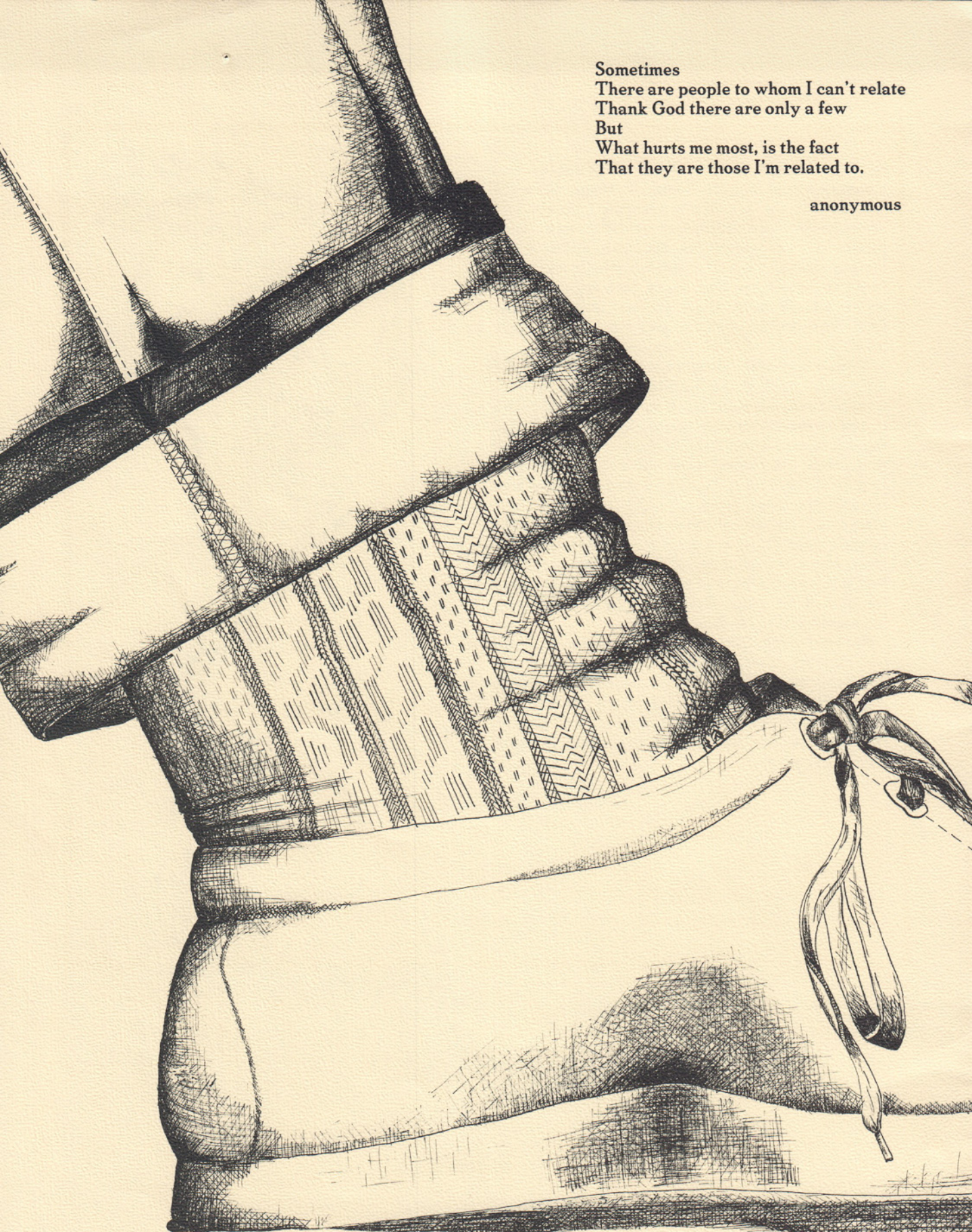
Remembering that his pocket watch was still not running, Grandfather swiveled around, set down his mug, and easily replaced the balance wheel with one he found lying on his desk. Elated to see his pocket watch running again, Grandfather turned out the light and proceeded to retire for the evening.

Christopher Rall



Matt Dwyer

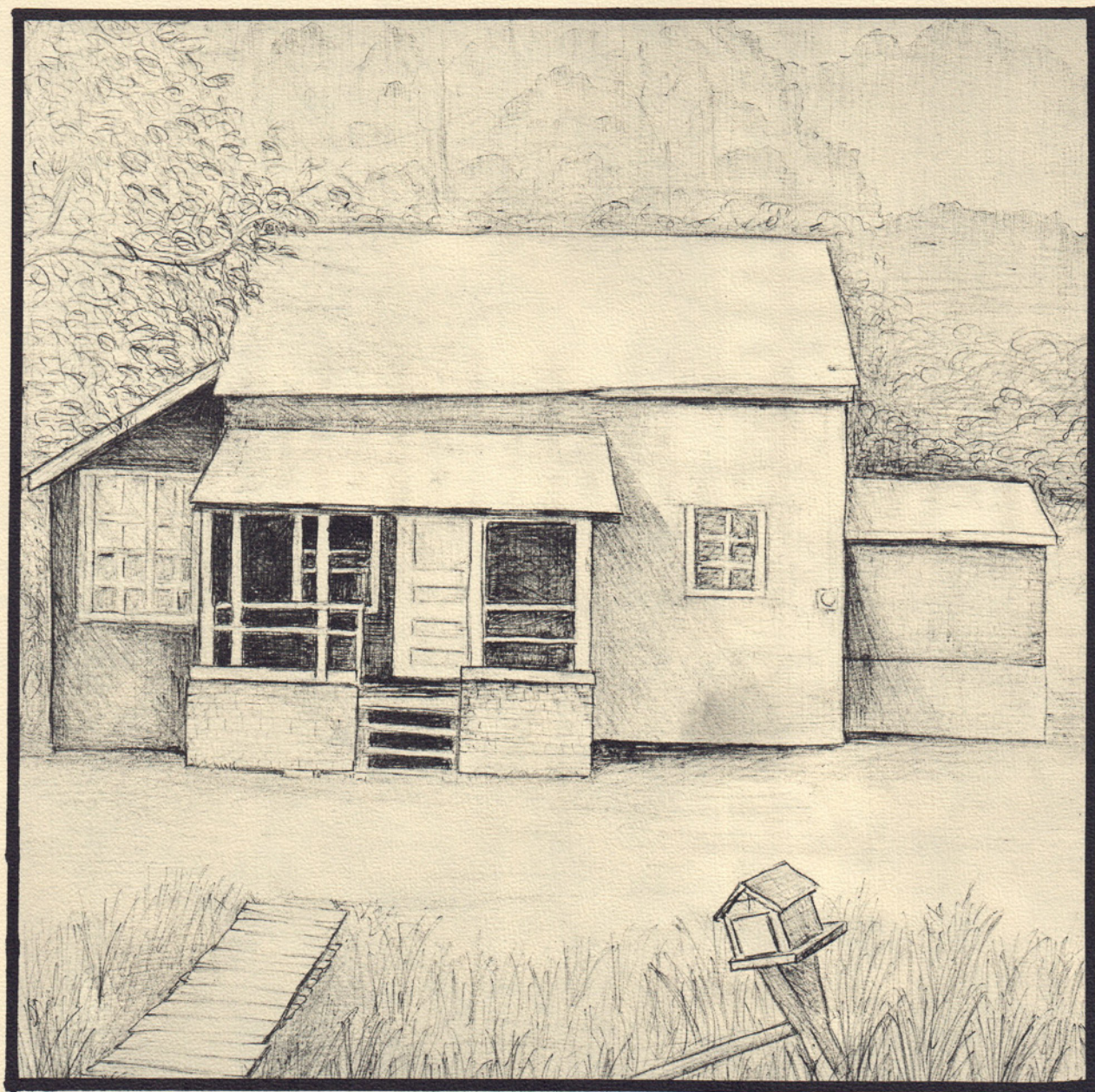




Sometimes  
There are people to whom I can't relate  
Thank God there are only a few  
But  
What hurts me most, is the fact  
That they are those I'm related to.


anonymous





Michael Sawyer





white:  
enveloping all,  
covering the past—  
allowing dreams for the future;  
contrasting:  
browns and blacks,  
shades of things to be—  
lessons learned, perspectives adjusted—  
giving rise to  
green:  
promise for new beginnings—  
of lives reborn.

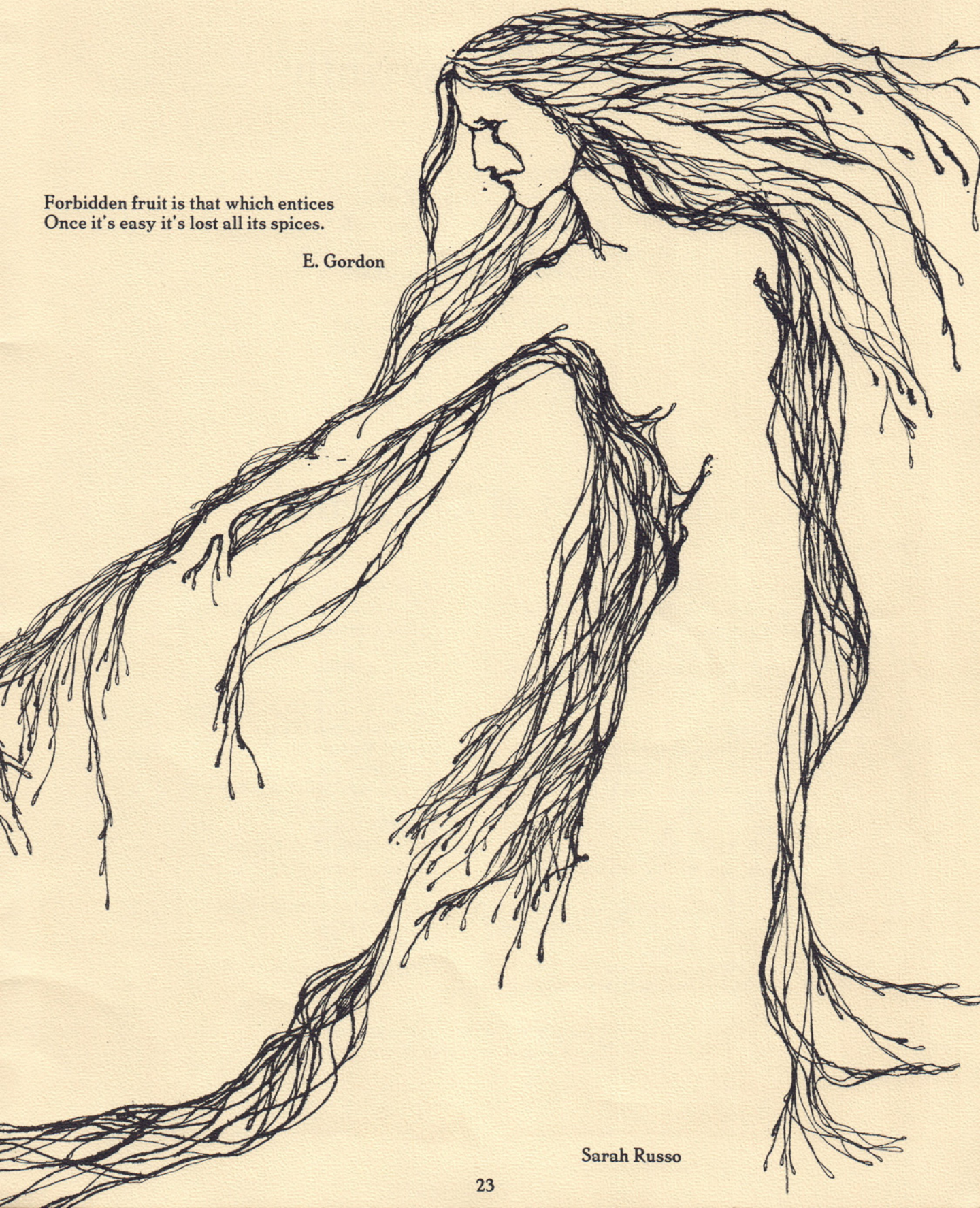
A. Kathryn Harris

J. Goldin



Forbidden fruit is that which entices  
Once it's easy it's lost all its spices.

E. Gordon



Sarah Russo



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