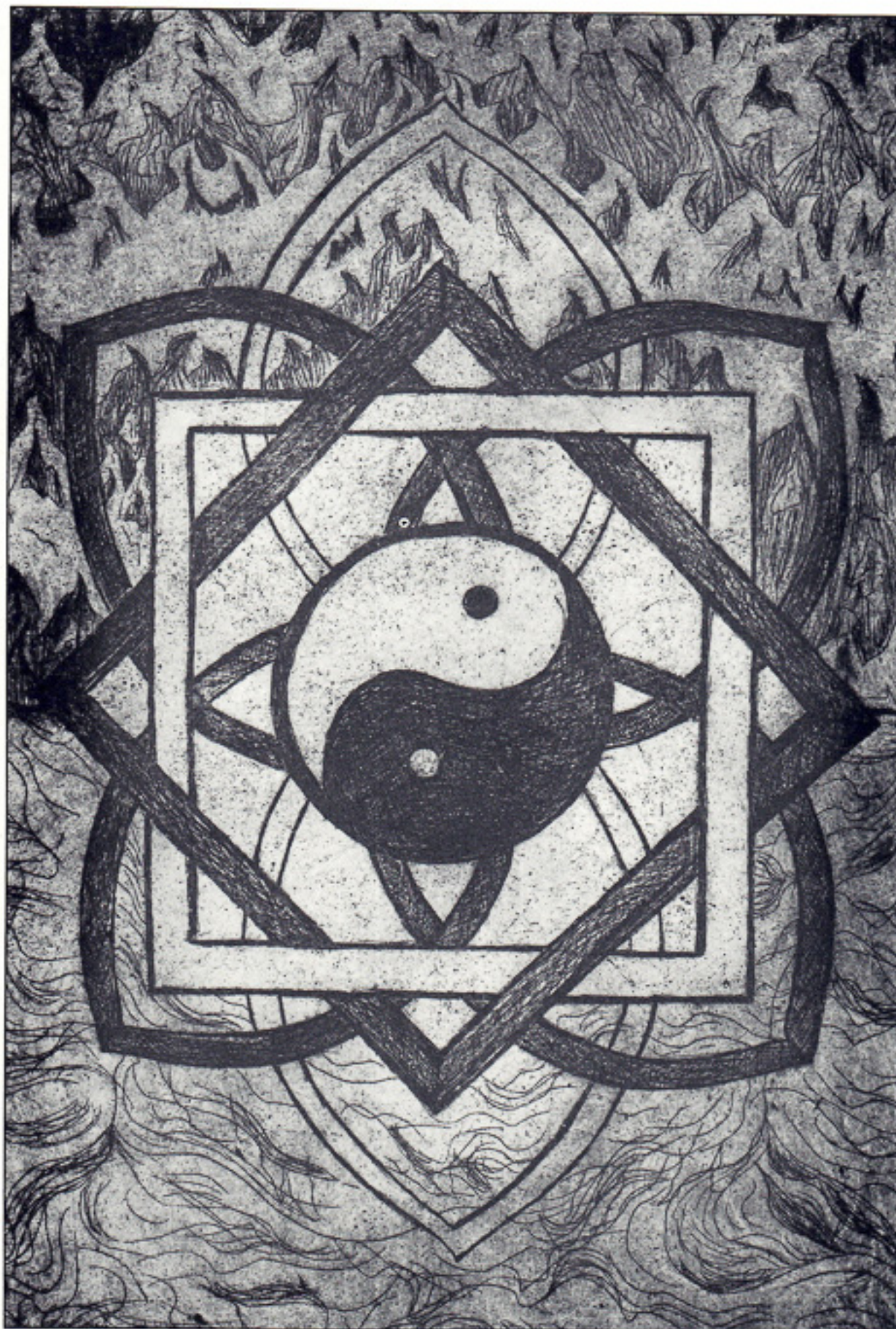


# Labyrinth



"In Balance with the Universe"

Spring

Literary/Art Magazine

1995



# Labyrinth

## Literary/Art Magazine

"In Balance with the Universe"

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

Spring

1995

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## The New York Times

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### Disruption Sweep as More Officers on in Harlem Precinct

KRAUSS

ate the temptations of corruption.  
 "Let's see if we can make the 30 a model precinct," Mr. Bratton said. The new strategy reverses an unusual narcotics policy giving special narcotics units the primary responsibility for drug arrests. Mr. Bratton has criticized that policy, signed in the early 1970's after the Napp Commission found rampant corruption in the department, as undermining patrol officers' efforts to fight street crime.

Senior law-enforcement officials said that the wrenching spectacle of police officers being taken out of their station house in handcuffs

Continued on Page 31, Column 1



William J. Bratton yesterday.

### Testing Ground for Housing Future

WATSON

of parties and expected to pass shortly, that would open all types of telephone service to competition beginning July 1.

Southern New England Telecommunications, which serves the vast majority of homes and businesses in Connecticut, would lose its 40-year monopoly. That means any rate plan could apply to bring a telephone or a wireless link into homes or businesses, in exchange, SNET, as it is known, would be regulated under a new formula the company believes will be fairer than the system now in place.

"This will give Connecticut a more level and enlightened regulatory climate than any state in the region and any state we know of," said Paul Swift, a spokesman for A.T.&T. He would expect to take advantage

Continued on Page 35, Column 1

### CLINTON ASKS HELP ON POLICE SWEEPS IN PUBLIC HOUSING

TENANTS' AID IS SOUGHT

Local Officials Would Request  
Standing Consent to Hunt  
for Guns and Drugs

By GWENIFILL

WASHINGTON, April 16 — President Clinton today announced an initiative intended to increase police searches for illegal drugs and weapons in public housing projects plagued by gang violence.

The Federal courts have blocked efforts by the Chicago Housing Authority, which were backed by the Clinton Administration, to conduct these searches without warrants. But Mr. Clinton said today that Attorney General Janet Reno and Housing Secretary Henry Cisneros had agreed with a "constitutionally appropriate way" of allowing more vigorous emergency searches of public housing.

Instead of trying to gain a new power for warrantless searches, Mr. Clinton would encourage housing authorities to make more aggressive use of powers they already have. Most notably, the Administration would urge them to ask tenants in signing leases to give standing consent to having their apartments searched for drugs or weapons.

The President's proposal would also allow officials to enter apartments without a warrant in emergency circumstances — which would be determined by the local authorities — if there is not enough time to obtain a judicial warrant.

Nothing Mr. Clinton put forward today would be binding on the local housing authorities that run federally financed housing projects across the nation. Instead, the President and Mr. Clinton hope to open more action against crime by making clear what can be done and to show that they support such actions.

"It gives you a road map of what is a legal and constitutional search policy," one Administration official said. "For many public housing authorities, the fact that the Federal Government will provide clarity on many of these things will give them the impetus to move ahead."

Mr. Clinton announced the initiative in his radio address this morning. "Every law-abiding American, rich or poor, has the right to raise children without the fear of criminals terrorizing where they live," he said.

The new policy, he said, would allow the residents to "take back their homes."

The proposal immediately raised some concerns among advocates of housing for the poor, who cautioned that it might amount to asking a

Continued on Page 18, Column 2

### Serbs Down a British Jet Over For



Bosnian Serb gunners reloading a 40-millimeter antiaircraft gun yesterday in fighting in the Orina River valley, about 24 miles from Goranke.

### Sexual Harassment Thrives In the New Russian Climate

By ALEXANDRA STANLEY

MOSCOW, April 16 — The advertisement for a secretary in a Moscow newspaper listed computer skills, typing, English and German as necessary qualifications. It also specified that applicants should be 18 to 25, 5 feet 7 and have long hair. "There will be a contest," it said.

The advertisement was just one of scores placed every day that list youth and sex appeal as job requirements. It was also among the more courtesy. Some Russian employers include another prerequisite in their advertisements: "No 'kompleksy' or 'without inhibitions.' Everyone in Russia knows what that means."

In Moscow's bustling new business community, it is usually not frowned upon to gripe the secretary, to require that the new office manager be single, long-legged and blond, or to offer to discuss a filing clerk's raise after work in a hotel room — and

dismiss her if she refuses. Sexual harassment in the workplace is rampant in today's Russia, and the sexism that thrived under the Communists is growing worse, aggravated, feminists say, by the new lawlessness that rules the business world.

The new Russia is known for its violence. There is also a heady sense of permissiveness led by pornography, video, sexy advertising, nightclubs, casinos, beauty contests, nude parades and open prostitution. This has helped spawn a workplace climate of sexual swaggering and bullying that is no longer imaginable in the United States. After figures like Anita Hill and Robert Packwood made the term "sexual harassment" part of the national lexicon.

"Women view their bodies as a way of furthering their careers — that's just the way it is," said Igor M. Bunin, the author of a study on the "new Russian businessmen" published this month. "Sexual harassment is absolutely not a real problem in Russia."

"I assure you," he added, "there is no opposition on the part of women to this."

Many women do not see it that way. Irina, 23, a graphic designer who did not want her last name used, said she quit her job at a Moscow publishing house after her boss kept grabbing her and pressuring her to sleep with him. "I can understand that men want to look," she said. "But they

Continued on Page 8, Column 3

### Poverty Raises Stakes for Catholic School

By DAVID GONZALEZ

For all the risky places Brother Paul Beaudin passes each morning in East Harlem, none holds as many uncertainties, as many gambles, as his destination: a grammar school.

He could discover that crack addicts have once again pried open the windows at St. Francis de Sales & St. Lucy Academy and made off with what little audio-visual equipment remains. He could find that the boiler has given out, and stare again at the numbers in his budget. Or, as is usual a few times a week, he could be told that a teacher will be absent.

So Brother Paul, the principal, will again forge hiring a substitute and go in the blackboard himself. There he faces perhaps his greatest task: shaping the minds and values of a troubled community's youth in the hope that they will reshape their own world.

And, as he discovered during an eighth-grade religion class in a discussion of free will, the worries of this world are never too far from the promises of the next. Inside the classroom, whose windows framed a morning landscape of housing projects and vacant lots, Christina Rivers pondered a hypothetical question far removed from the logic-twisting riddles familiar to Catholics of another age. She wondered what happened when wills collided.

"If someone points a gun at your head," Christina



Brother Paul Beaudin taking a moment to counsel a young student outside his classroom.

### INSIDE

#### Novelist Ralph Ellison Dies

Ralph Ellison, whose book "Invisible Man" foreshadowed racial conflict in the South, has died at 90. Page 38.

#### Guilt at Issue in Singapore

The American teen-ager sentenced to raising in Singapore says he is innocent, and much of his account apparently can be corroborated. Page 16.

Alicia Avery



# Think of it First

## For Your Thirst!

Steven Seltz

**A**h, to witness the birth of an idea! What a glorious event, the synthesis and composition of original thoughts! It is almost by divine guidance that a person brings in to the world a fresh, new stream of consciousness. Ideas happen within even the dimmest creatures many times in a single day, each instance being exceedingly precious. But what is one to make of a man who, for no reason at all, suddenly ceases to have ideas? A man whose mind simply goes blank? Indeed, what becomes of this wretched man's soul?

---

*As his schoolmates played kickball, William sat in a classroom memorizing the complete works of Herman Melville.*

---

William Waits had heaved his typewriter through the window into the dumpster three stories below just two hours ago. Now, with slightly crazed eyes that came from not sleeping in four days, he was glaring at his computer. Actually, not the computer itself, but the keyboard, that diabolical instrument whose purpose it is to put letters, and eventually words, on the screen.

For the last four sleepless, tortured days William had been writing a book, a book that would be William's first novel, his grand arrival on the literary scene. This welcome, or affirmation, of William as a master, or, more accurately, a genius in the art of prose had been predicted and eagerly awaited for many years now. He was the

son of two of the most brilliant people in the world: James and Martha Waits, both winners of the Nobel Prize for literature and both highly regarded college professors who dispensed their wisdom to only the best and the brightest.

But William, being an only child, had been saturated and immersed in centuries of the finest writing since he was born. (Actually, even before his physical birth his father had recited lines of Whitman and Joyce to his mother's tremendous belly). As his schoolmates played kickball, William sat in a classroom memorizing the complete works of Herman Melville. By the time William turned thirteen, his teachers realized that there was nothing they could impart unto him, and frankly they were getting tired of his correcting them in class and critiquing the grammar of their field trip permission slips. News of William's prodigious literary intellect spread among the literati of the world and they waited, with intense interest, for William's first written piece. It was believed that surely a person so in touch with every great work from every period, so versed in every style and theme, with such a prodigious genetic load, surely, he would produce something that would surpass all literature that had come before. William's first published piece would simply scream, "GENIUS!!!" No one disagreed.



Phil Alterman



But true geniuses don't throw their typewriters out of windows, do they? William had come down with an extraordinary case of writer's block, stating it gently. After delaying an honest attempt at publishing for more than ten years in order to study still more, William had finally decided to take the literary plunge. He would sit down and pure, unadulterated genius would flow out of his flying fingers and onto the keyboard. Nothing could stop him! Nothing! Unfortunately, this did not happen.

For four days now, William did not have one idea. Absolutely nothing appeared on the computer screen. William could not even think of a bad idea on which to base his novel, much less an idea so luminous that it would be studied and revered for generations to come. He sat now in his chair, slumped, wilted and weary. The clothes he wore were the same he had put on more than ninety six hours ago. An empty coffee pot now served as an improvised basket for balled up paper. Piles of missed shots littered the area. His bloodshot eyes did not reflect genius. There was no brilliance sparkling in his cerebellum.

Minutes passed and nothing came. Taking a break, William briskly read *Walden*, hoping to extract a kernel of inspiration. One hour, then four more, passed, and still inspiration, that crafty sprite, avoided William's grasp. William tried writing by hand, first manuscript and then cursive. Nothing. Neither the trusty Royal portable typewriter nor the Magic Etch-a-Sketch worked. Day turned to night and then the sun came up. The screen was blank. William turned away. Every object in the apartment

seemed to mock him. The kitchen table laughed, the microwave sneered, and the overhead lamp rolled its eyes with searing derision.

A defeated man, William went out job hunting.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Waits came up to visit their cherished son.

"How goes the novel?," asked his father.

"Oh, yes, when will you be published? We do wish to see how you are progressing," his mother said.

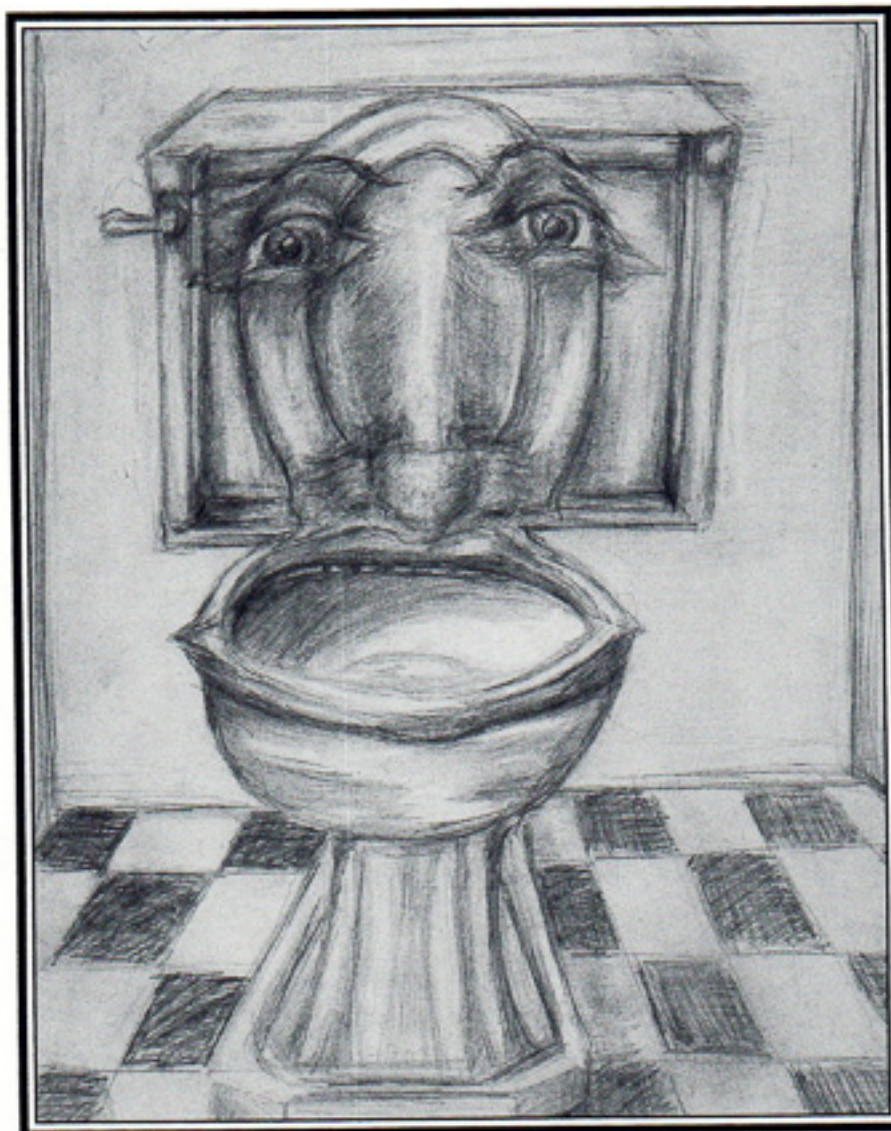
"Actually, I have been published. Three or four works, I think," said the son, his eyes turning toward the window. "In fact, you could read my first literary work right now."

"Let's do that! Please, show us!" William's parents could barely contain their enthusiasm at the thought of reading their darling boy's initial literary masterpiece that was sure to

be a reflection of all of their literary expertise and genetic heritage.

"Just walk over to the window," said William flatly, pointing to the window facing the city streets.

His parents, the esteemed scholars and the producers of this budding master, peered through the window, unsure of what William meant.. And then they understood. Not more than fifty feet away was a huge billboard, advertising a beer, with a really catchy slogan.



Mike Reukauf





Editor's note: These two photographs have been altered from their original colorized form in which the flowers were pink and the lemons were yellow.





Photographs by Jennifer Kane



# Death

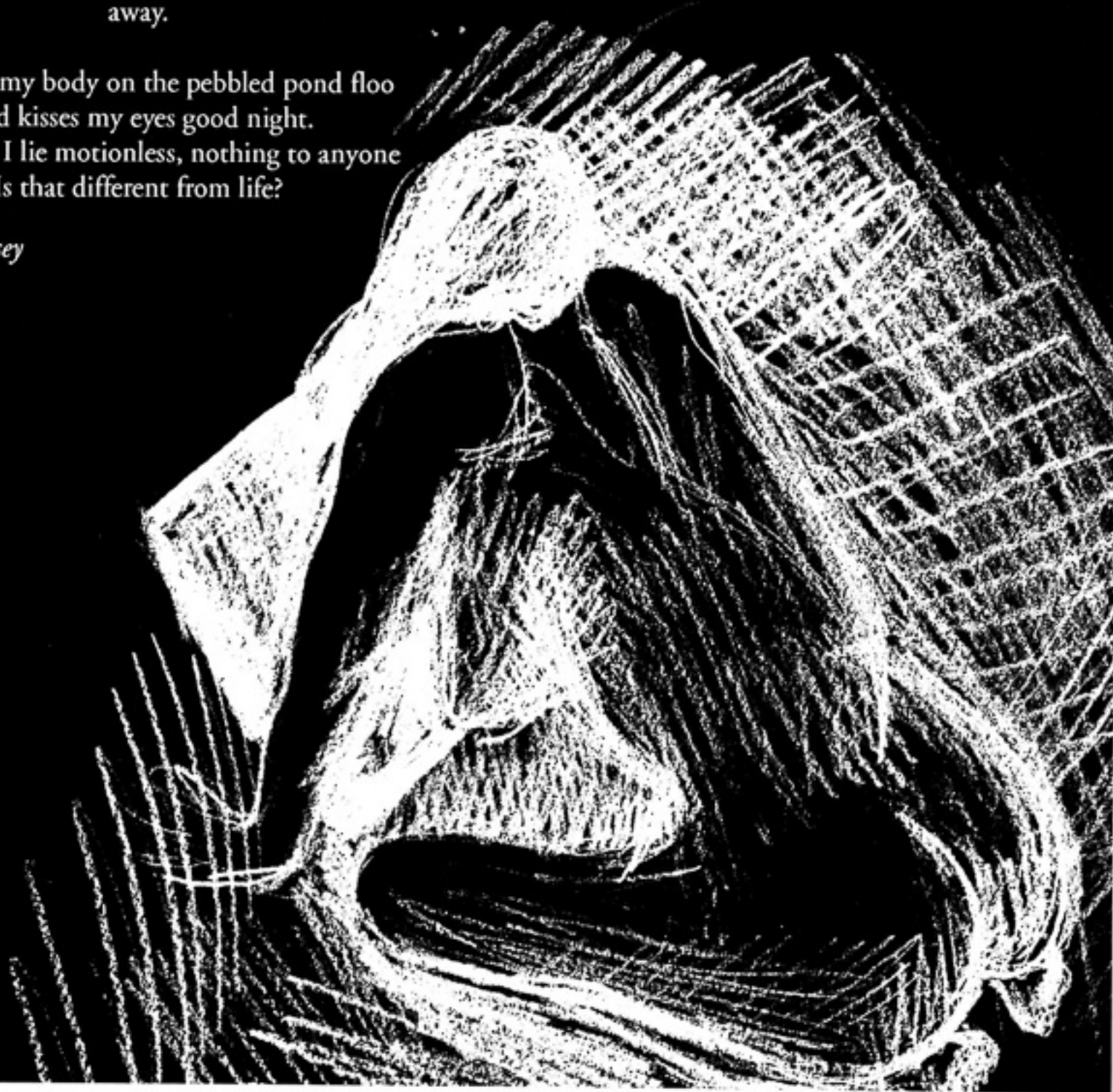
Death cradles my icy body  
In a soiled and shadowed slumber  
I am the withered, unwanted water lily  
Severed from the life-giving vine.

Made to drift from the holiness of my fellows  
To sink slowly into a smothering, watery grave.  
Images of life and light flutter overhead  
As if they are old friends waving goodbye.

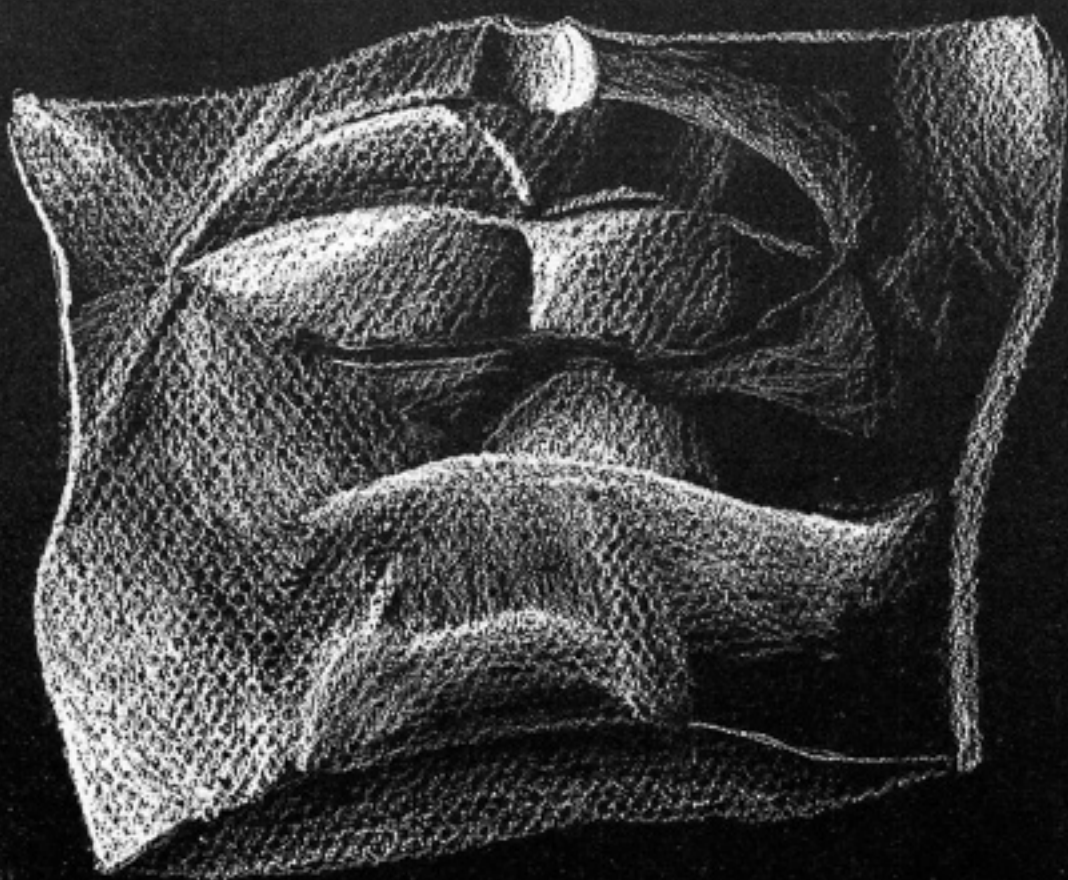
I turn my eyes from the light  
And they slowly close.  
My body drifts deeper down the darkness  
My heart lies motionless; my breath bubbles  
away.

Death lays my body on the pebbled pond floor  
And kisses my eyes good night.  
Like a rock I lie motionless, nothing to anyone  
Is that different from life?

*Lance Dorsey*







Ed Raines



### Editor's Note

*"What does it matter that Friday was the first day of fall? Well might you ask, and an answer leaps quickly to mind. It means the year is on the glide path toward days of supreme delight, a time of abundance and dwindling down. No one ever captured the moody, dichotomous charm of these months better than John Keats in his ode, 'To Autumn.'" The following essays were written in response to an assignment asking for an explanation of the use of poetic language and literary techniques in John Keats' "To Autumn" given in Rebecca Buckbee's A.P. English class after students had read both the poem and a brief editorial published in the New York Times that began with the aforementioned quotation.*



Ed Raines

## To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
    With fruit the vines that  
        round the thatch-eaves run:  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
    With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
    For summer has o'er-brimmed  
        their clammy cells.

### II

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
    Drowsed with the fume of poppies,  
        while thy hook  
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers;  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
    Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours,

### III

Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
    Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats  
(1795-1821)



## Expression of Charm and Moodiness in Keats' "To Autumn"

Louise Barbato

The language and literary techniques in John Keats' "To Autumn" serve to convey the dichotomy of charm and moodiness of the autumn season. To begin with, the language is very descriptive. Lines such as "With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run: To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees" evoke a feeling of charm, almost to the point of quaintness. It brings to mind, perhaps, the idea of apple-picking or a similar activity which most people consider a "charming" idea. "To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel

shells" continues with this idea of of fruitful, charming autumn which epitomizes the ideal autumn harvest.

On the other hand, descriptive language is also used to convey the opposite, the moodiness of the autumn season. For example, "a wailful choir the small gnats mourn. . . sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn" expresses the idea that autumn is a moody season, not to be trusted. The animals' cries suggest that autumn is not a welcome season, as it brings winter along with it.

Keats' style also changes to express this dichotomy. When speaking of autumn's charm, the style is very flowing, with pauses due to only a few commas or

semicolons. This is consistent with the slow, easy-going nature of the autumn season. Describing autumn's moodiness, though, the stanza is rife with questions, dashes, and periods. The punctuation leads to a certain chopiness when reading the poem, which mirrors the ideas of moodiness found in autumn. Also, the poem is broken up into three stanzas, each of which discusses a certain idea. The first is dedicated to the sentiment of charm, the second to a personified autumn, and third to the idea of moodiness. This serves to isolate each idea and fully develop them. Because the poem is broken up, the style change is more pronounced when it occurs. Several literary techniques are used in the expression of charm and moodiness. For example, Keats uses wonderful imagery in describing autumn as a



Ed Raines



"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, Close bosom friend of the maturing sun," which is instrumental in creating the idea of charm. He uses this same imagery to describe its moodiness, as "barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day" shows. Rhetorical questions such as "Where are the songs of spring?" also function to create an idea of the moodiness of autumn. The personification of autumn as a charming woman, whose "hair [is] soft-lifted by the winnowing wind" and who is "drowsed with the fume of poppies" contributes to the idea of autumn's charm. True to an ode, "To Autumn" possesses a complex metrical scheme—abab cde cdde. Metaphorically speaking, Keats says that autumn is a "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," personifying the season (and the sun) as living things. Keats also uses alliteration such as "Close. . . Conspiring," "swell. . . sweet," and "sallows. . . sinking."

The language and literary techniques that Keats uses reflect upon the two contrasting ideas of charm and moodiness that his poem "To Autumn" conveys. By describing the season with dueling imagery, styles, and poetic devices, Keats is successful in combining the dichotomy of charm and moodiness.

### Charm and Moodiness in "To Autumn"

Andrew Gajda

John Keats conveys the dichotomy of charm and moodiness of the autumn season in "To Autumn" by describing the wondrous elements of fall with moody characteristics. Keats writes using descriptive words in formal style with a constant rhyme

scheme which thoroughly describes and keeps the subject matter in focus. This is established in the three sections of the poem by taking on a different aspect of the season relative to the senses.

Keats introduces the theme in the first line of this poem, "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," as since there is present the moody "mists" and "mellow" descriptions of "fruitfulness," which are the main elements people associate with fall, being harvest time. The fall season is also given a personality. This personality is portrayed as a close friend of the sun who, together, conspire "to load and bless" the world. This personification gives the fall season the element of charm. This whole stanza is devoted to the sense of taste with its descriptions of harvest, ripe fruit, nuts, and honey. Moodiness is added to this in the line "Until they think warm days will never cease," because the reader has knowledge that the warmth will end, and might possibly feel regret for the

Keats writes using descriptive words in formal style with a consistent rhyme scheme which thoroughly describes and keeps the subject matter focus.

bees not having warmth forever.

The next stanza is devoted to the feeling of sleep. It begins with the rhetorical question, "Who hath not seen the oft amid my store?" which is asking who has not seen fall around harvest. Keats next describes several scenes of tired autumn around

fall foods. For example, "Or on half-reaped furrow sound asleep, Drowsed with the fume of poppies..." the charm is in the objects, such as the furrow or the poppies, and the moodiness comes from the sleepiness that the season has upon these things.

"Drowsed with the fume of poppies..." the charm is in the objects....

The last stanza concentrates on the sounds of autumn. It also begins with a rhetorical question, "Where are the songs of spring? Aye, where are they?" This shows a longing for spring but then, in the next lines, the reader is comforted to know that the fall has songs of its own, "Think not of them, thou hast thy music too." Also in this stanza are allusions to the approach of death such as "the soft-dying day," "small gnats mourn," and "sinking as the light wind lives or dies." Again, the charm elements are objects which are described in a moody fashion, like the "barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day." The more specific elements of charm are the sounds of the season. This includes the "willful choir" of gnats, the "full grown lambs loud bleat," the hedge crickets sing, and "with treble soft the red-beast whistles."

These three stanzas serve to give a full sensory appreciation of the fall season. Using very descriptive words and giving fall objects corporeal characteristics, the charm of the object is put into a moody context, by including the senses of sleep and death. Therefore, two dichotomous ideas are successfully used together in describing autumn.



# These Precious Things

Laura Moody

*Editor's note: the following is an excerpt from the play These Precious Things, a fantasy that follows a little girl's quest to find answers to questions that have always troubled her. In addition to wondering about what happens to all those lost socks, she asks questions about why cowboys aren't called "horse boys" and is there a God? We discover that her motivation to find these answers is driven by the fact that she is dying. The play is currently in production at our school and will open in early June.*

Cast of Characters (in order of appearance)

Sarah	Leprechaun
Katy	Rainbow sprite
Magician	Sorceress
Sock Monster	Grizzly Bear
Scientist	Spider
Cowboy	

Place: A little girl's imagination  
Time: Present

*(Lights come up downstage right on Sarah sitting on the foot of her bed. She is a small girl of about eleven and still innocent. Her conversation is directed to a stuffed animal sitting on her pillow. Throughout the following her manner is straightforward and matter of fact with an underlying sadness.)*

**Sarah:** It's not your fault I'm leaving, Teddy. I just can't sit here anymore and listen to Mom talk about how I'm going to get better soon when I know I'm not. You saw the list I made. I'm not going to learn anything if I just lie here day in day out waiting to die. So you stay here, and tell Mom when she comes home that I had to leave. I promise to be careful and drink milk and look both ways and everything, but I don't want to sit here anymore. I missed so much being in the hospital all the time—I need to know. *(Picks up bear, listens to him "talk" to her, cuddles and kisses him. Props the bear up on a pillow.)*

Yes, I'll miss you too. You're the only friend I've got.

*(Gets up and starts to walk down center stage. Lights go down on bed Pulls out list to consult it. Meanwhile Katy enters in the darkness of down stage left and sits on the edge of the stage.)*

**Sarah:** *(Reading)* Question one. How many licks does it take to get to the tootsie roll center of a Tootsie Pop? *(Frowns)* Who would I ask for that?

*(Lights up on Katy, who is eating a Tootsie Pop and surrounded by wrappers and has a big shoulder bag)*

**Katy:** *(Ignoring Sarah)* 31 *(Lick)* 32 *(Lick)* 33 *(Lick)* 34.....

**Sarah:** *(In true Bugle Boy jeans style)* Um... excuse me, but is that a Tootsie Pop you're eating?

**Katy:** Yeeees.

**Sarah:** Then do you know how many licks it takes to get to the center?

**Katy:** Noooooo.

**Sarah:** *(disappointed)* Oh.

**Katy:** But it's not my fault. You see, sometimes I



forget and then I lick (*lick*) 42 and then by mistake I go crunch (*Bites down on the word crunch*).

**Sarah:** Oh, I'm sorry. . . .

**Katy:** Look what you made me do. Now I gotta start all over. (*Swallows and pulls out another one and starts again*) (*lick*)1 (*lick*) 2 (*lick*) 4. . . .

(*Sarah waits until about 20 and then starts getting impatient.*)

**Sarah:** Can't you hurry up?

**Katy:** No (*lick, freeze*) Oh! Now you made me lose count. (*Bites.*) I gotta start all over again. (*does so.*)

**Sarah:** Well see, (*chooses words carefully*) I've... I've... not got... much time and I've got all these questions to get answered before I...go and well....

**Katy:** What questions?

**Sarah:** (*consults list*) Well my next question is, How do they put the toothpaste into the tube?

(*In the dim light of stage right Magician comes on with wand, freezes*)

**Katy:** Oh, I know exactly who can tell you that.

**Sarah:** You do?

**Katy:** Yes. My friend the magician! (*Jumps up and starts cleaning up wrappers into shoulder bag. Sarah helps.*) C'mon. (*Lights up on Magician, down on DSL.*) Oh, Mr. Magician Man!

**Magician:** (*Looking up.*) Why, hello there Katy. What number are you on?

**Katy:** (*Freezes.*) I don't remember. (*bites.*) Start all over again (*does so*).

**Magician:** And who might you be little lady?

**Sarah:** I'm Sarah. And, Mr. Magician Man, I have a question.

**Magician:** Ask away.

**Sarah:** How do they get the toothpaste into the tube?

**Magician:** Well, to show you that, it would require (*waves wand over hat*) a tube. (*Pulls deflated inner tube out of hat*) Oops, wrong kind. A tube. (*Pulls toothpaste tube out of hat*) Thank you, and toothpaste (*pulls toothpaste out of hat*) and. . . Well, do you want the magic way or the regular way?

**Sarah:** What's the magic way?

**Magician:** That would require (*wand waving*) a funnel (*pulls funnel out of hat*). Now watch (*Puts on hat.*) I take the tube and stand it on end. Then I squeeze the toothpaste into the tube. (*Sarah's eyes get big.*) Wanna try? (*Offers tube and toothpaste.*)

**Sarah:** Okay. I hold tube upright. I have funnel in the mouth and I squeeze. (*does so*) Wow, it works!

**Katy:** Can I try?

**Sarah:** Sure.

**Magician:** Careful now.

**Katy:** (*Sticks pop in mouth.*) I hold tube up and I squeeze toothpaste. (*Lets go of tube to squeeze bag with both hands. Magician grabs tube and holds it for her. She squeezes so hard she bites her lollipop. Letting go of bag and pulling out bitten pop.*) OHHHH!

**Sarah:** It's okay, Katy.

(*Unnoticed, Sock Monster sneaks on USR, crawls over behind Sarah*)

**Magician:** Yes, it is. You've got plenty more. (*Katy smiles, swallows, and pulls out another lollipop*) Does that answer your question Sarah?





### The Sock Monster

Jason Harwell

**Sarah:** Oh, I have a whole list of questions.

**Magician:** Any more I can help you with?

**Sarah:** Well, since you're so smart, where do lost socks go?

**Magician:** *(Pointing to Sock Monster as he reaches for Sarah's sock.)* Why don't you ask him?

*(Sarah turns and sees Sock Monster. Caught in the act, Sock Monster does the only thing Sock Monster can do in such a situation. He jumps up and roars and screams threateningly at Sarah who screams along with Katy. Both hide behind Magician)*

**Magician:** Bad Sock Monster!!! *(Sock Monster roars.)* Bad!!! Down Sock Monster!!! DOWN!

**Sock Monster:** *(Complying.)* Down!

**Magician:** BACK!

**Sock Monster:** *(Complying.)* Back!

**Magician:** Now is that any way to behave?

**Sock Monster:** She was gonna hurt me.

**Magician:** *(Gently pushing Sarah forward, who is amazed by this thing.)* Do you really expect me to believe that this girl here could hurt you? Come on. *(Sock Monster looks ashamed.)*

**Sarah:** A what?

**Sock Monster:** I'm Sock Monster. I steal your socks so you don't have matching pairs when you need them. It's a smelly job sometimes, the pay's not bad, and it could be worse. I could be UNDERWEAR MONSTER like my cousin Bernie.

**Sarah:** Underwear Monster?

**Sock Monster:** Yeah, the monster who comes and steals your underwear. Grody, huh?

**Sarah:** So, if you really steal all the lost socks in the world then you know where they are.

**Sock Monster:** *(Getting up and starting to shuffle down stage.)* Like I'd tell you.

**Sarah:** Why not?

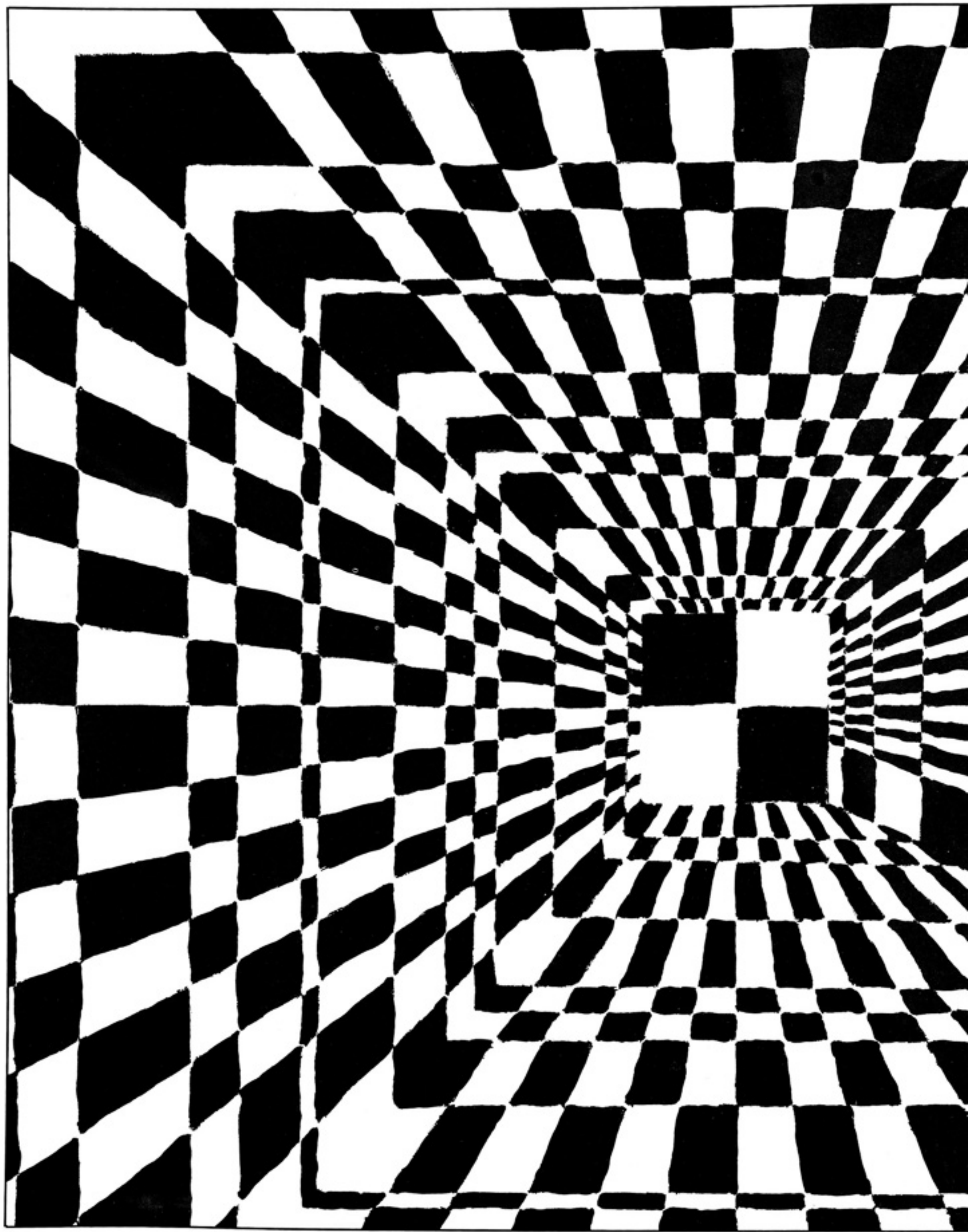
**Sock Monster:** Cause you're gonna try to take back what I have rightfully stolen. And that's just wrong.

**Sarah:** How old are you?

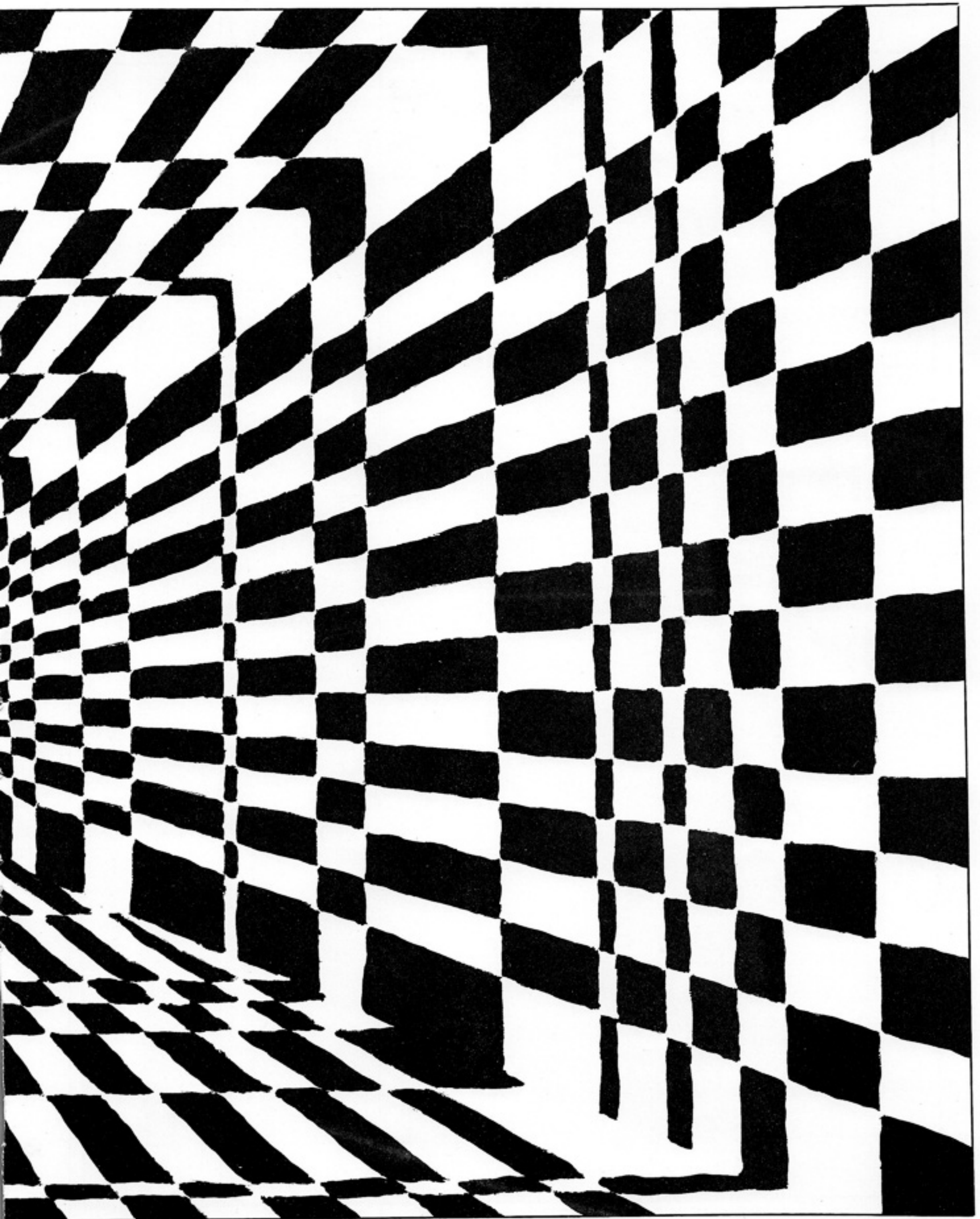
**Sock Monster:** Kid, I would've been stealing dinosaur socks if they'd had the sense to wear any.

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# Gallery

The works of art featured in this section were all finalists in Labyrinth's Annual Art Contest.



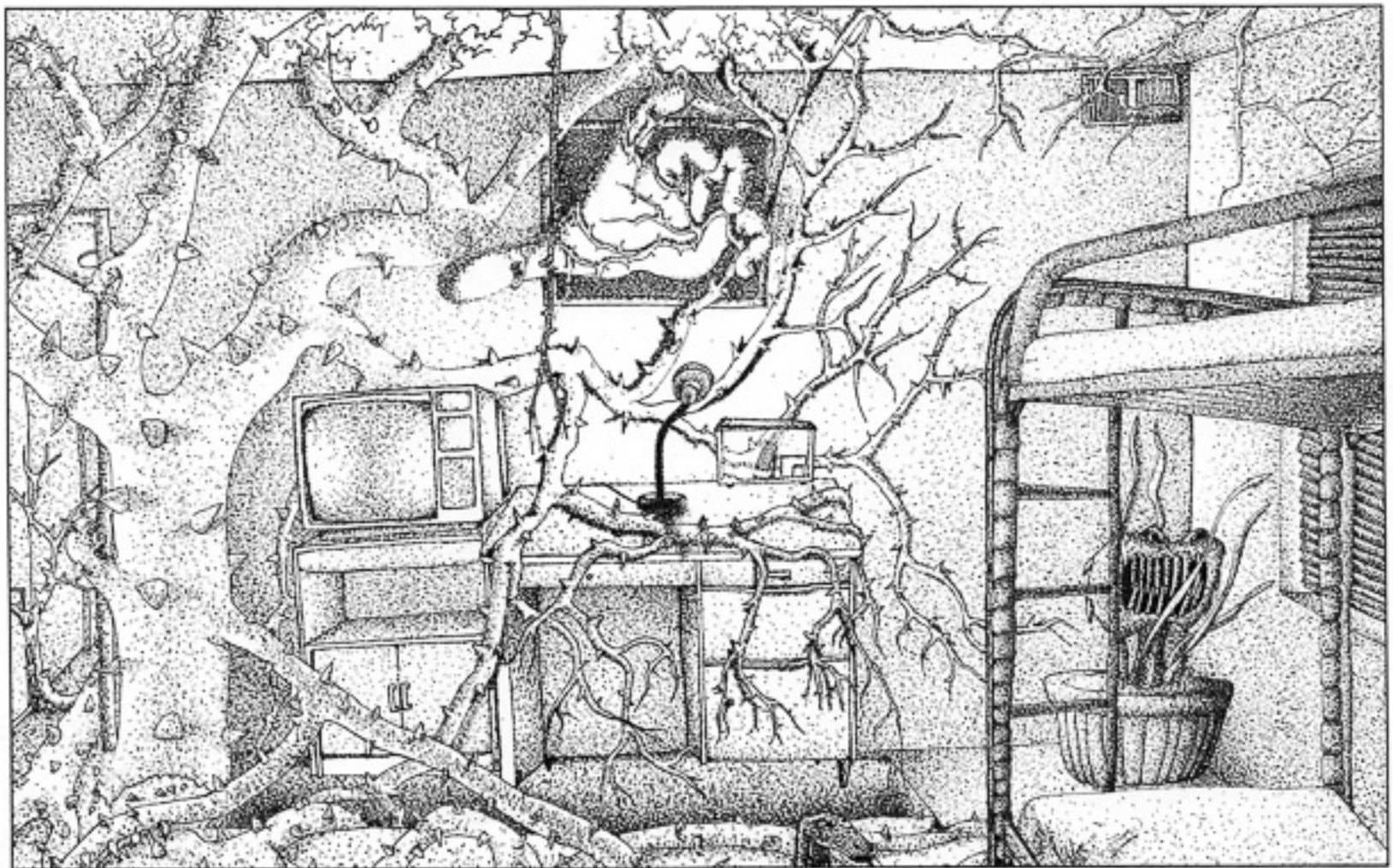
Jennifer Kane



Pamela Traverso



Mike Reukauf



Phantha Boon





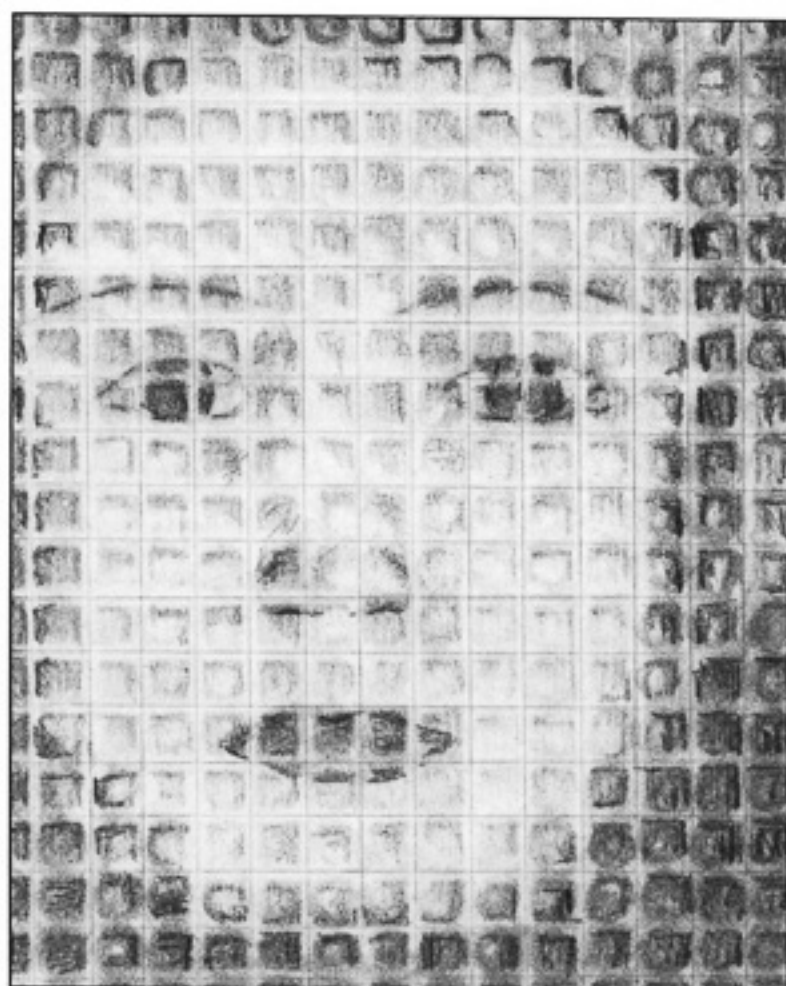
Annetta Banks



Khalysha Cross



Adjoa Adusei-Pokua



Carol Naguit



# Black Beans and Rice

Jacqueline Ferrand

*Editor's Note: The following story was written after the author spent a challenging four weeks studying Spanish in Costa Rica during a Spanish language immersion program.*

I woke early in the silence of the morning, while the rest of the house slept. The rooms lay dark around me in a tangle of possible form, only suggestions of shape because they were as yet unexplored. The rooster called "Buenos dias" from his perch outside of the shoe box window above my bed. A skimpy blue and white curtain, worn thin from multiple washings, narrowly shielded the window from the eyes of curious passersby. It might once have been a piece from the triangular skirt of a woman's dancing dress, but was now too transparent and yellow with age to be decent. A dog barked and another answered from farther away. A woman's voice, disturbed from the false comfort of her dreams, shouted at them to be quiet. The edges of her voice were rough and ragged with sleep or perhaps from too much yelling. The rooster crowed again, although the sun had not yet responded to his first swaggering cry. I lay motionless on my back, making pictures out of the cracks in the shadowed ceiling. The clock on the bedside table slowly ticked the seconds away, each determined tick a cricket's hammer lodging further into the new day. I glanced at the clock's dark face, illuminated by square red numbers, and was disappointed — 6:45. I could not believe that it was so early and, in a fit of impatience, sat up in my narrow cot, unmindful of the creaking, and jerked the curtain aside. The shoestring alley outside of my window was dark.

Dispirited, I settled back down within my nest of sheets and closed my eyes, prepared to wait until the house came alive with the sounds of people. Pictures began to swirl within my head: the airport,

the Gulf from a round window, black in the night sky below as the plane flew over the countryside. I could see the lights of Costa Rica strung out like glowing glass beads hanging in twisted strands in a showcase window, so different from the regular geometric patterns of the street lights in Mexico City. I remembered driving on the lonely highway towards the mountains, and the dark, deserted streets of Sant' Ana, my back to the city. With little imagination the quiet lanes could have been the desolate streets of a ghost town in the old West, forgotten after the cattle drives ended.

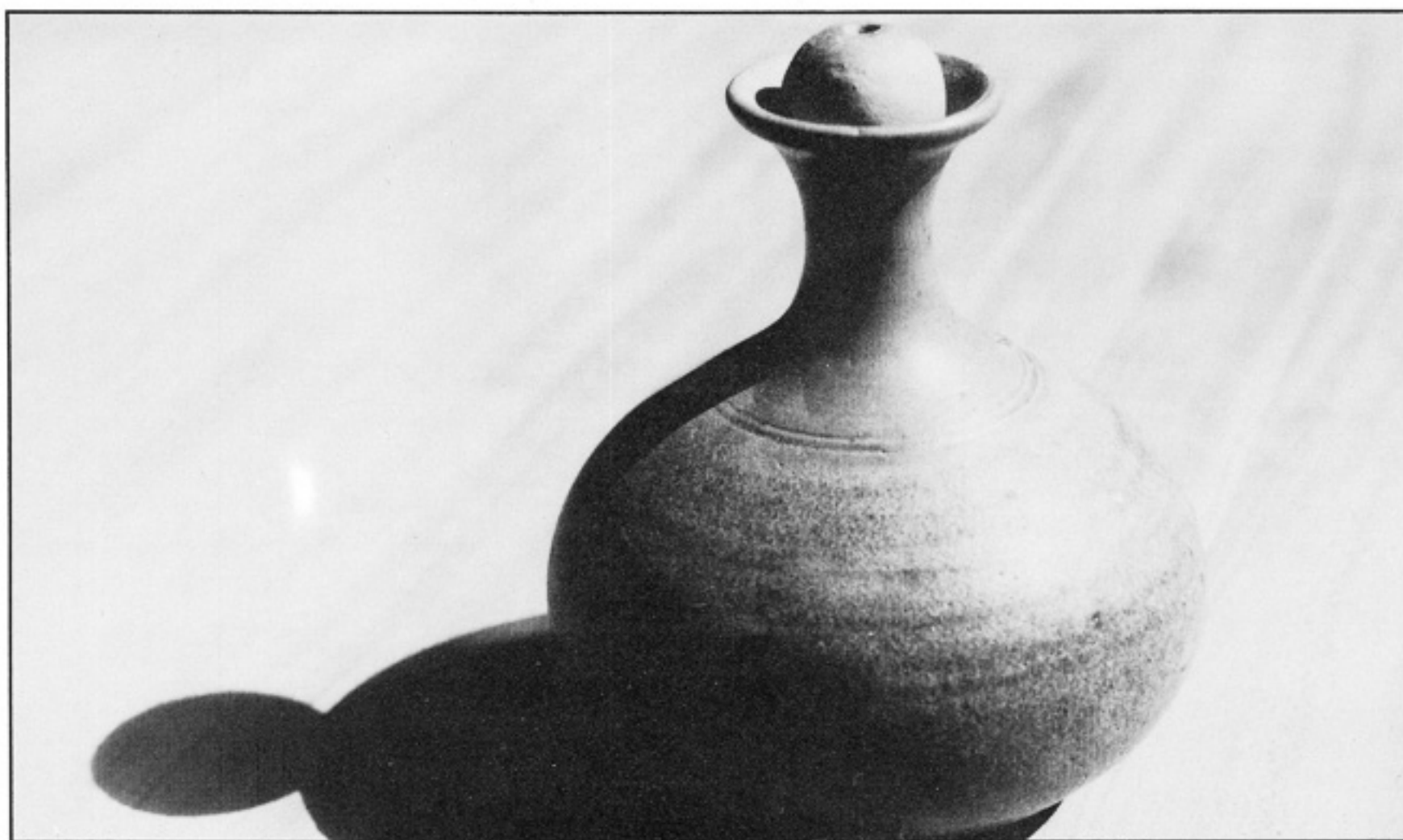
I began to hear noises in the house around me — snatches of conversation, creaking bedsprings, a running faucet, and Spanish opera music alternating with static from a distant radio. I could not understand the low murmur of voices around me because my brain could not yet function in Spanish. I had only arrived the night before, and was settled among strangers. A black, hard-shelled suitcase created a substantial island on the right hand side of my tiny bedroom, along with a navy blue duffel and a sprawling backpack.

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I could not understand the low murmur of voices around me because my brain could not yet function in Spanish .

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The shadows shortened and grew lighter, and presently I heard a broom scratching the clay tiles in the little living room outside of my chamber. The straw bristles moved with efficient speed, and shortly I could see them sweeping below my curtain, because there was no door to the room. Instead, a crimson curtain, the blood-red of a matador's cape, hung from a metal bar at the top of the archway. The sweeping ceased, and I heard the clatter of plates shattered clumsily on the kitchen floor. Someone exclaimed in anger; how many people lived in this house? I wondered when I should let them know that I was awake.



Jennifer Kane

Suddenly, the curtain shifted aside and a figure moved into view. The woman, my surrogate mother, stepped into the doorway, smiling with pleasure because I was awake. She was a short, middle-aged woman, dressed in a sleeveless green cotton nightdress and worn felt slippers. Her crinkled black hair, cropped to the ears, rose in wild tufts on her head. Her face was comical yet pleasant, with small black coffee bean eyes and an upturned nose. She looked like an intelligent little animal, digging or sniffing for a treat. Her face was kind and her eyes laughed as she said, "Buenos dias. Have you slept well? There is breakfast in the kitchen if you are hungry — but, ay! I don't know what you like! How about rice and beans? And coffee? Or do you like banann-" I smiled back and tried to look receptive, although I could not understand her mountain accent, so different from the textbook Spanish that I had learned in school. I nodded and smiled numbly and she realized that I had not understood. "Come," she beckoned, and I followed, after slipping my feet into a pair of sandals.

We passed through the small sitting room

where we had first met the night before, through the small dining room with its large wooden table and long horizontal mirror along the wall above the side board, and into the kitchen. The kitchen was a constricted rectangle with a generous square corner cut out at the far end to create a bathroom. The doorway from the dining room faced a refrigerator which hiccuped fitfully in the weak sunshine that sifted through the ivy covered front window. Next to the refrigerator were a microwave, a counter and a sink with cupboards below for pots and pans. Beside the sink rested a metal dish rack with a few dishes drying in it, and beyond that was narrow passage which led to a battle-scarred screen door. Across from the sink another door led to the television room, empty and impersonal save for a couch, chair, telephone table, and television. It seemed uninhabited, uncluttered by the papers, knickknacks, and personal touches of an American home. I sensed that nothing was wasted here, and that there was never too much of anything. A tiny kitchen table covered with a red and blue oilcloth stood on thin legs by the doorway. A spicy aroma flooded the narrow kitchen, bouncing off of the walls in its anxiety to expand,



doorway. A spicy aroma flooded the narrow kitchen, bouncing off of the walls in its anxiety to expand, and seeped out through the screen to the back yard. My new mother stood bent over an oil burner on the counter top beside the table, stirring the contents of her frying pan. She removed several plates from the cupboard beside the stove and proceeded to fill the first with "gallo pinto" — (gi-yo pINto) — rice and beans with small bits of hard boiled egg, spices, and red pepper—from the frying pan. As she put a fried egg on top of the rice, she turned to look at me, leaning against the sink and watching her.

"What do you like?"

she asked slowly, her chipmunk face crinkled in concentration in her effort to enunciate clearly so that I would be sure to understand. She picked up a round melon-sized fruit with a mottled skin of green, yellow, and pink.

"Do you like this?" I looked quizzically at her and she commenced to peel the skin with swift strokes of a knife.

"Here," she handed me a chunk of the sweet smelling yellow-orange fruit, dripping with juice. I held it below my nose for a moment and then tasted it, the sweet nectar of tree-ripened mango, soft and syrupy.

Two little girls with indigo-black hair came pushing through the screen door and into the kitchen. I knew that they were not my mother's children because she only had two — a daughter and a son whom I had met the night before. The first little girl hid shyly, holding onto the curly braids that grew like wild vines down her older sister's back. I could see only a mass of dark hair and two large eyes watching me in wonder. The older girl regarded me for a moment, her cheeks puffed out with air, and then

said, "Buenoth diath, tia!" She stared brazenly at me, as I sat quietly on a low stool in my nightgown, my hair a funny shade of light red-brown. My mother chuckled as she spooned rice and beans onto the plates and paused playfully to pinch her older niece's arm. "Ow!" The girl drew her arm back and then glowered at her aunt with melodramatic anger. She could not hold back a smile for long and she soon became herself again. "My name ith Maria, and I'm theven," she began, launching into a long speech. She danced around the kitchen as her aunt carried

the plates into the comedor, talking rapidly and with an unintelligible lisp. My mother gestured toward the dining room and Maria pranced to a chair, followed by her sister Sandra, who stuck her tongue out at me, no longer shy. My mother handed me a china plate with fruit on it, which I carried to the table.

"What do you want to drink?" she called from the kitchen.

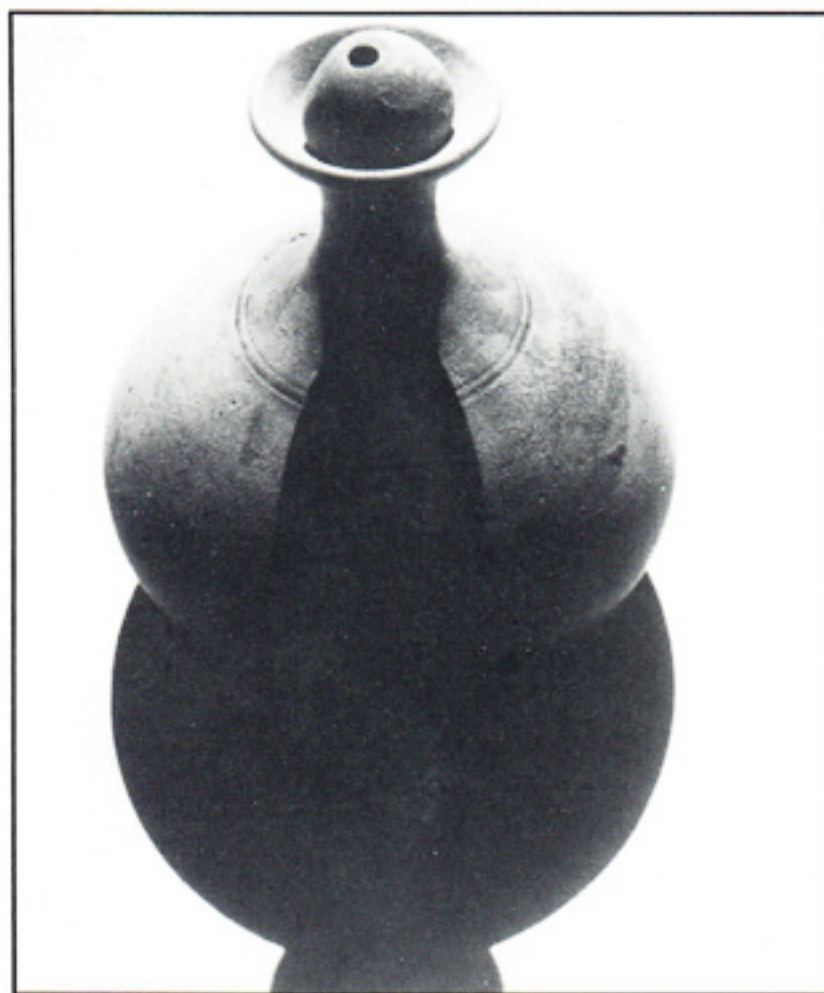
"What do you have?" I asked.

"Do you like milk?"

"Yes, that's fine," I said. My mother carried the milk and tea to

the table, precariously balanced on a plate, and sat down to eat. Sandra ate her rice slowly, pressing the fork down over the grains and pushing the beans off to the side. Maria wolfed hers down, watching me all the while with interest. She interjected her own questions or comments into the conversation when she could, around her aunt's questions.

"When did you arrive? What ith your name? How old are you? How long are you going to be here?" I answered slowly, after Maria paused to take a breath. My Spanish was broken and grammatically incorrect, yet they were patient and did not make me uncomfortably aware of my mistakes.



Photograph by Jennifer Kane



weeks — I am studying at Conversa because my father knows Mr. Kaufman from the Peace Corps." They looked at me in amazement.

"Do you have any brotherth and thithterth? Where are you from? Do you like it here? Do you mith them?" I was bombarded with questions, and I answered as best I could, while I ate the cut up bits of banana and mango. I left much of the orange-pink papaya on my plate, because it tasted bitter and dry, like coffee, instead of like fruit.

"When people ask you how you are," my

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"Do you have any brotherth and thithterth? Where are you from? Do you like it here? Do you mith them?"

---

mother instructed, "you say 'pura vida!'"

"Yeth!" Maria added. "Here in Cothta Rica, we are very happy people, and when people athk uth how we are, we don't jutht thay 'I'm fine,' we thay 'Pure life!' Now you try. How are you?"

"Pura vida!" I responded energetically, excited to learn a new phrase so soon. The aunt and her two nieces clapped with glee, while my mother assumed the role of a parent who congratulates her child upon making her first step or saying her first word. Maria tipped back in their chair and fell backward, laughing so that tears streamed down her fat cheeks. My mother helped Maria up and Sandra carried her empty plate back into the kitchen. I followed with my own plate and then headed for my room to get dressed and brush my teeth. "Come ON!" Martha coaxed, tugging on my arm and pulling me toward the back door. I looked at my mother, hoping that she would rescue me, but she did not see my expression, intent on washing dishes with the cold sink water. I let myself be led out into the family's manzana --block-- to meet la familia. We visited the grandmother's mango tree and Maria showed me how to shake down a ripe one and then, with warm juice running down our arms, we set out to meet the horses and goats of the meadow across the road.

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Ed Raines



# Saturday Night

Joe Prichard

**I**t wasn't until we actually left the party that I realized exactly how uncomfortable I was. I had had the same feeling the whole night but the party magnified it. It was strange because I seemed to have fit in well enough but for some reason I still felt hollow. Peter had been the one to extend the invitation to me to come out with him and his friends that night, but it had been a forced one. I guess he'd felt some sort of responsibility towards me since there was a time when we had been close friends, but now I sensed he was just as uncomfortable with me as I was with him.

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*It was unfair that I, the least deserving of this burden, should have to bear its full brunt, while the two real offenders got off scot free.*

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We left the party with Jeff, a friend of Peter's, who drove some beat-up foreign car, a Honda or something. The others that we had come to the party with were going to stay a little longer and then meet up with us at somebody's home. Peter wanted to go by his house because he was expecting someone to leave a

message for him. After that, Jeff had some place he wanted to go. As it turned out there was no message for Peter, but before we continued on with the next leg of our journey, we decided to stop at the convenience store.

It must have been pretty late when we got there because besides the cashier and the lady who was stocking the shelves, we were the only ones in the store. As we walked in the cashier raised his head from his newspaper for a second, giving us only the most superficial of glances before returning his attention to the classifieds. I'd seen the man working the cash register here several times before. He was fairly oldish and I imagined he had worked here or in places nearly the same as this one for years. I knew that the one quick look he had given us was all he needed to size us up. We weren't a threat to his safety nor were we remarkable enough to grab his attention.

Peter and Jeff talked loudly as Jeff decided on which brand of cigarettes to buy, finally convinced by the free ashtray offered by Marlboro. I noticed an almost imperceptible wrinkling of the brow on the old man as they talked. With that one motion he was able to convey more than most people could have if they'd spoken for an hour. He seemed unhappy with the world in general and with the three of us in particular. This attitude seemed strangely reasonable to me, so, to

avoid his universal contempt, I walked to the refrigerator case in the back of the store. Even from my new position I could still hear the obstreperous tones of Jeff and Peter. For some reason, the stern expression on the cashier's face had instilled in me a reverence for this store similar to what one feels in a cathedral, and I couldn't help but feel that the two of them were somehow defiling this sanctuary.

Actually, I had already been

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*The old man had crushed my spirit by mistaking me for something I wasn't, but once I had left his domain, I slowly began to think clearly again.*

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annoyed with them for most of the night. They were both drunk to varying degrees, but I wasn't really bothered by that. In fact, neither of them had really done anything to earn my disgust, they were just being themselves. That was what irritated me, I guess. It was almost a kind of jealousy. I wasn't envious of their actions, it would have been easy enough for me to join them in their inebriated state. What I did resent was the happiness they were experiencing. I had been with them all night, I had been doing the same



things they had done, I had even drank some, but our emotional states couldn't be more different. How could they be so happy while I was so miserable?

I grabbed a soda from the case and walked towards the

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How could they be so  
happy while I was so  
miserable?

---

counter. When I set it down the old man folded his newspaper with a sigh. I was amazed at how effective he was at making me feel worthless. Jeff and Peter didn't even notice his contempt. They were too far gone to be able to pay attention to such details, but to me it was amazingly clear. The old man's disapproval was almost palpable. It was unfair that I, the least deserving of this burden, should have to bear its full brunt while the two real offenders got off scot free. I was being punished without having had the satisfaction of committing the crime. Suddenly, I was mad at the old man. I wanted him to know I wasn't who he thought I was, but I couldn't think of a way to do so, so I stood there quietly while he rang up my purchase.

"Thank you." I replied in as earnest a tone as possible as he handed me my change, but there was no difference in his disposition.

"You're welcome, have a good evening," he replied in a polite but impersonal tone. All I was was an annoyance.

Peter and Jeff were still pick-

ing out their drinks but I slipped quietly out of the store wanting to escape the aura of disgust radiated by the old man. As I stepped into the parking lot, I felt the frustrated awkwardness that I had felt before I entered the store. The old man had crushed my spirit by mistaking me for something I wasn't, but once I had left his domain, I slowly began to think clearly again. I knew I couldn't be like Jeff or Peter or even the old man. Each of them had

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I noticed an almost  
imperceptible wrin-  
kling of the brow on  
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talked. With that one  
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for an hour.

---

some hidden motivation. In my mind was a vague feeling of once having had such an emotion, but I couldn't remember what it was. I thought about taking a beer from Jeff's car, but that wasn't a suitable substitute, so I lay there on his hood and stared up at the sky. It was grey and muted without a single star, only the dull half moon hung suspended in silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Milk and Honey

I am always  
mad  
for bare  
vision

your weak  
lucious  
blue  
moment  
girl

my essential  
raw  
storming  
boy

we  
fall

love is  
delicious

milk & honey

Courtney Boissonnault





Joe Prichard

# Night

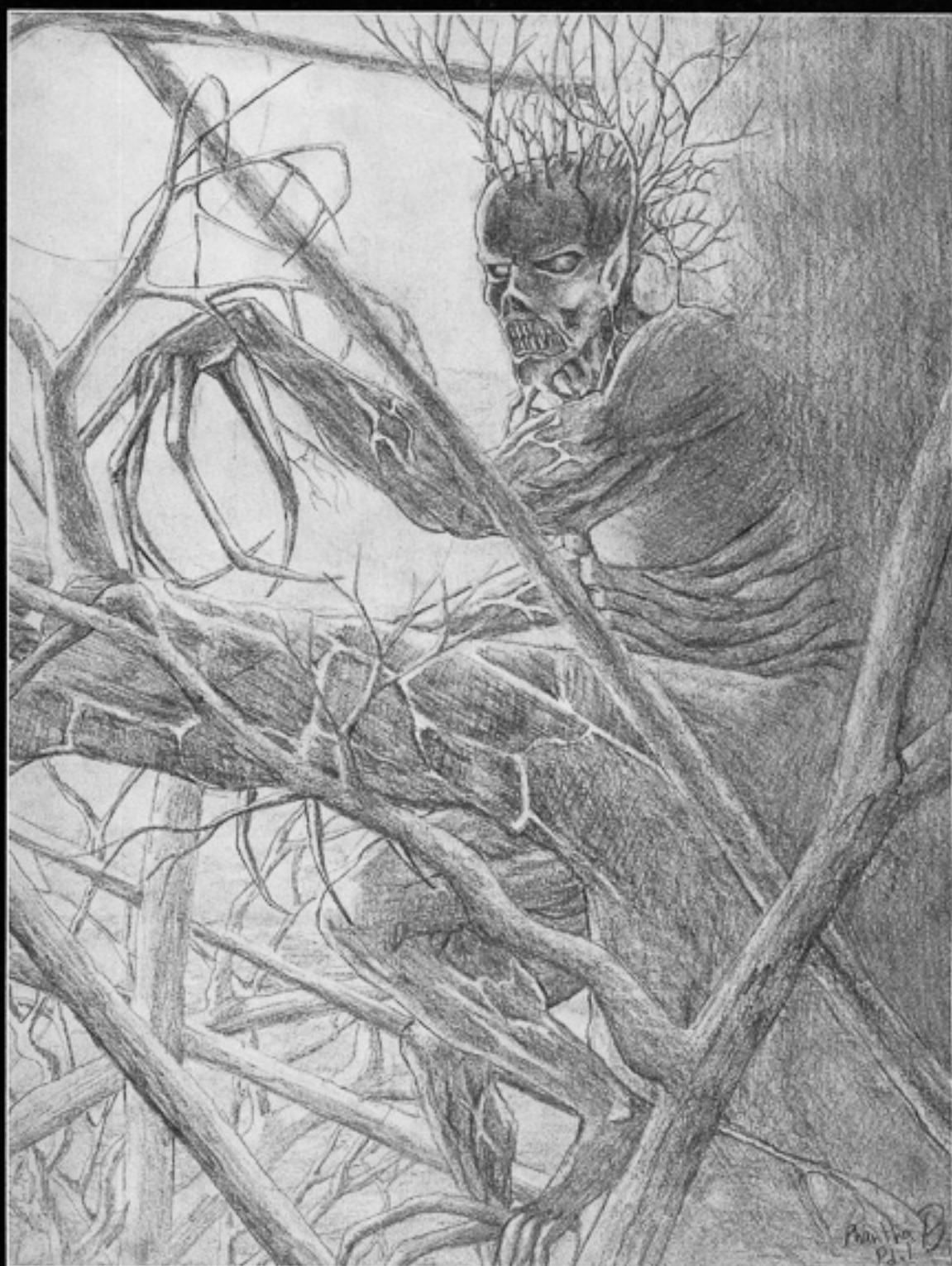
The bread always  
comes suddenly  
here, here, they say  
bread is good for  
supper.  
Where is the love?  
It is in the bread.  
Here is the water they  
say  
kisses and hugs are  
gone.  
Here, in this cold and  
desolate place  
bread and water *are*  
love.

*Beza Lemma*

# Devil's Waltz

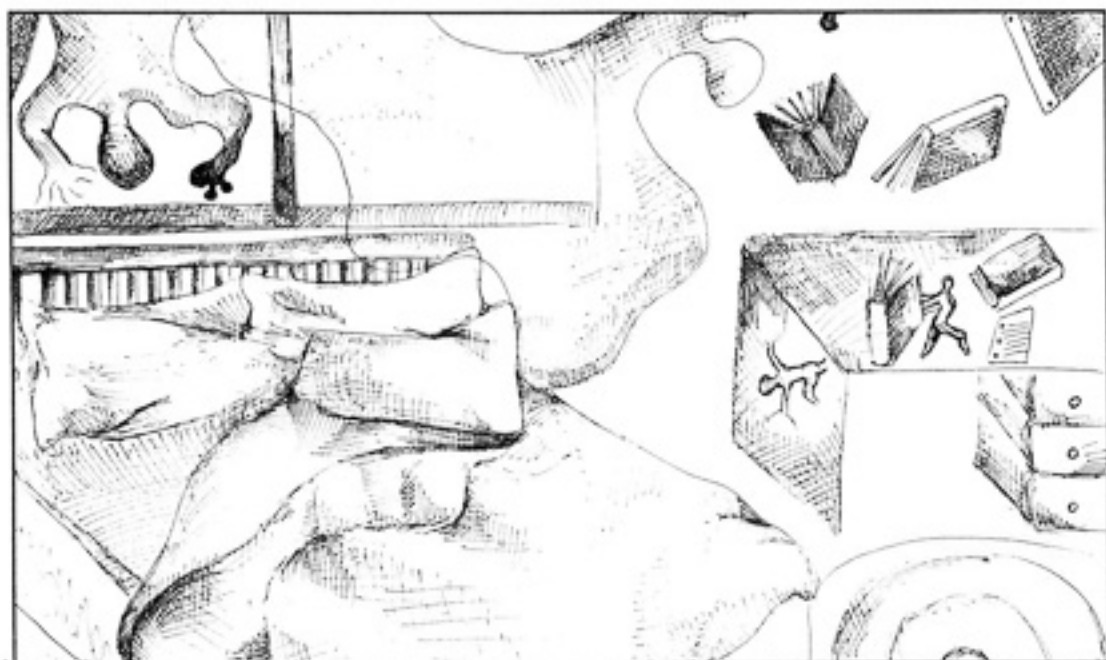
Dark and dingy,  
Rough and rugged,  
hungry to kill.  
He lurks, he  
watches,  
to add to his  
notches,  
another poor soul,  
for his eternal  
control.

*Mike Faber*



Phantha Boon



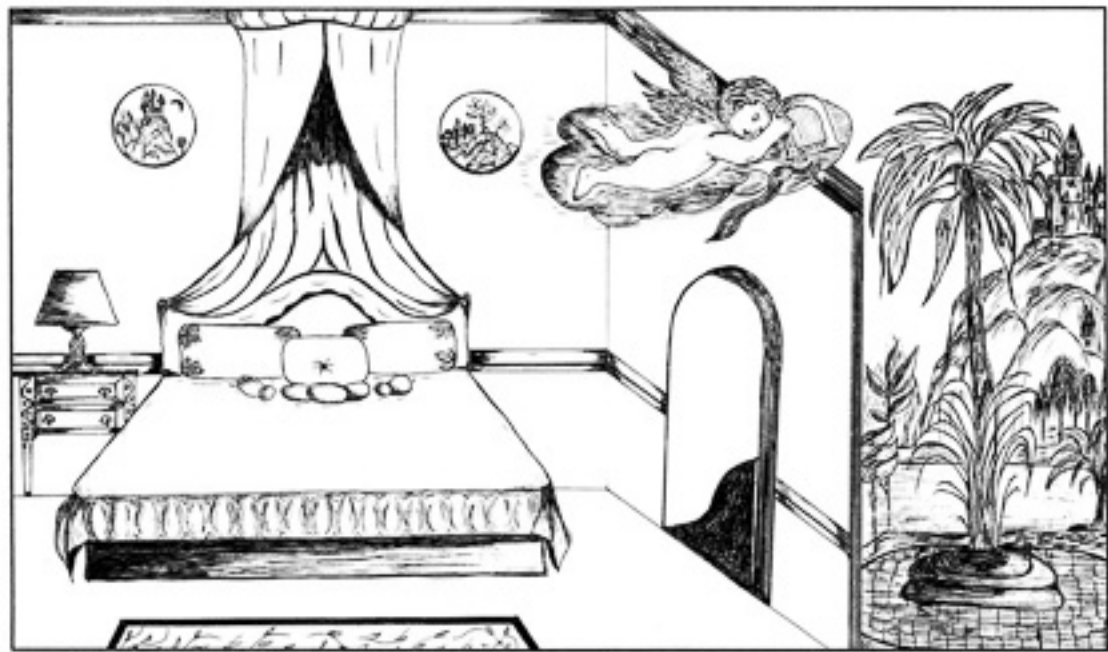


Sun Kim

# Just 15 More Minutes

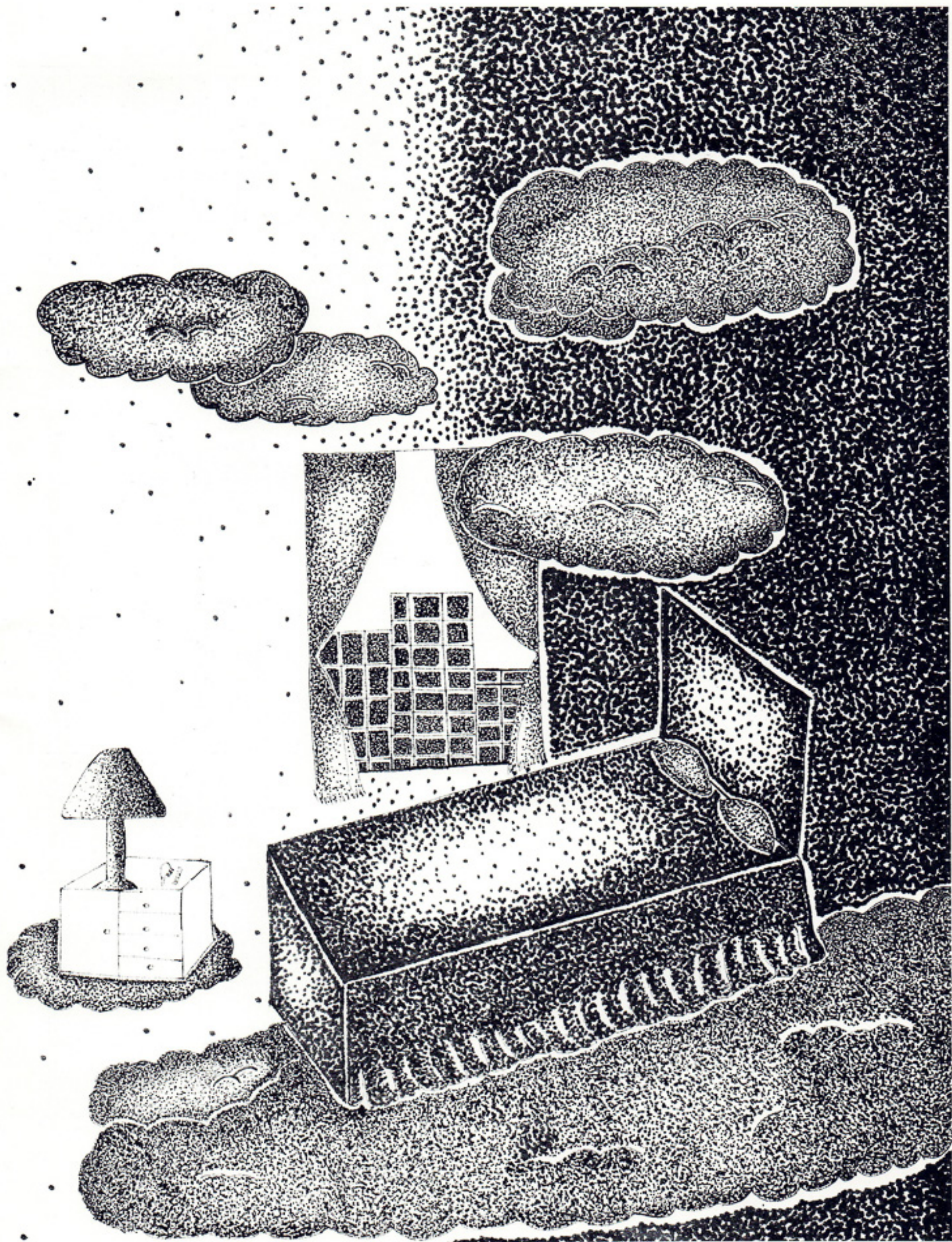
East of the Sun  
Somewhere in the woods,  
Children & Angels cradle the moonlight  
In the springtime drizzle of cherry blossoms.  
Ferryman port travelers to a kingdom  
In the forgotten hills, where the morning glories  
help shower the garden's stillness with beauty.  
It's 6:00, the curtains are closed,  
And I can sleep a little longer.

*Jason Harwell*



Claudia Garay

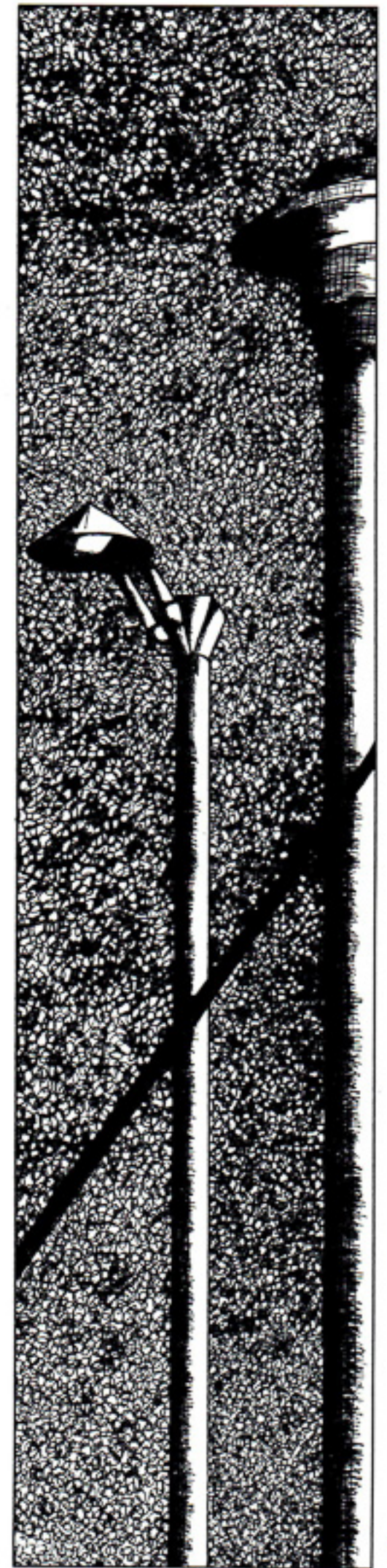






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Joe Prichard





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