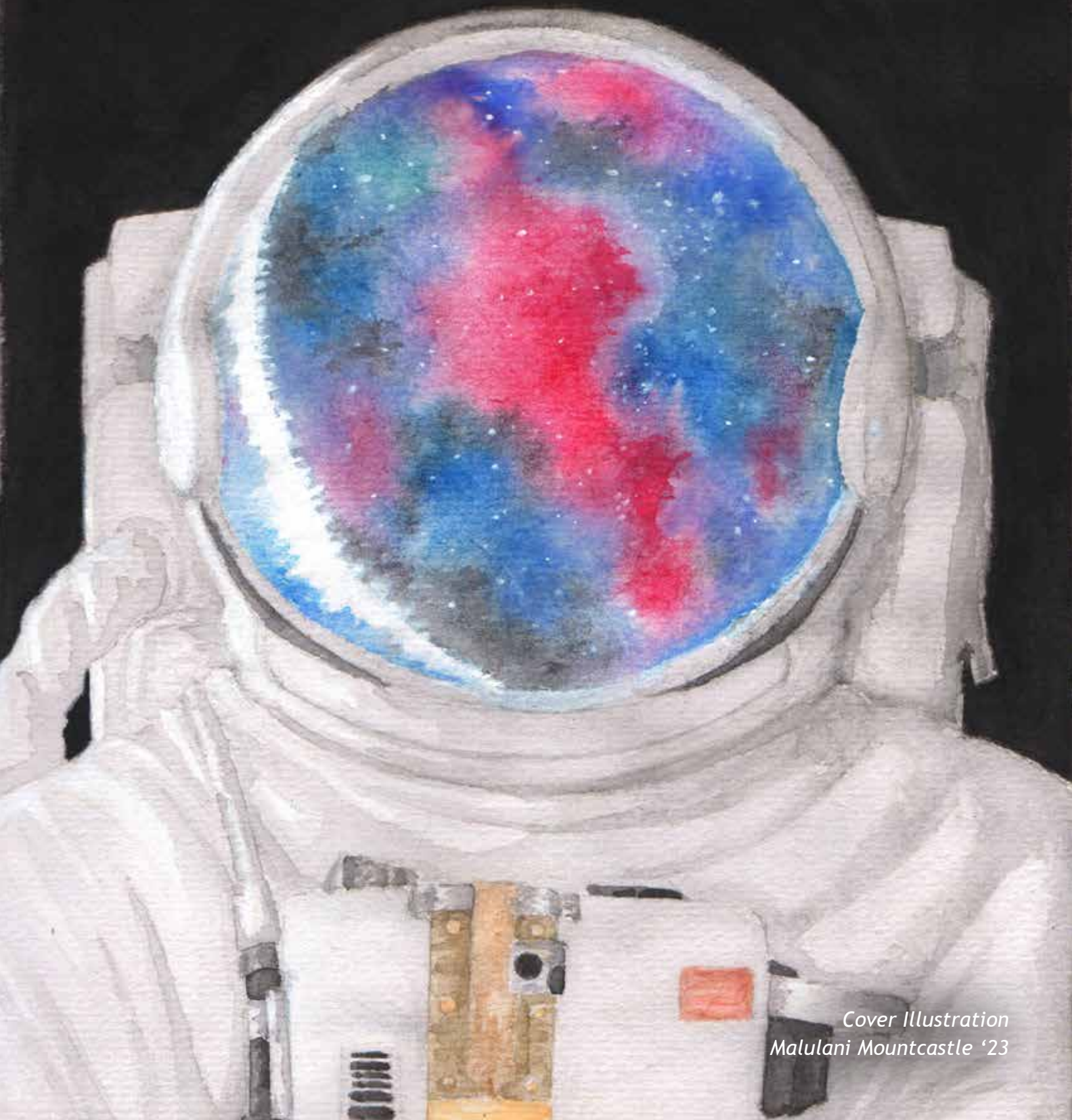


THE LOOKING GLASS

LAURALTON HALL'S ARTS MAGAZINE • 2022 EDITION



Cover Illustration
Malulani Mountcastle '23

Terra Cor

Venture forth from cold wrought home
Into emerald valleys of millenia deep
Stillness welcomes weary traveler sweet,
Proud falls beckoning to the one at roam.
To see beyond intricate colors, she is prone,
Yet set against elements is undue feat-
Lapis and lavender, crystal crowns meet
Blessed intruder to cratered dome.
Where life fibers emerge woven through time,
Sacred ground cradles no treasure fonder-
One universe, jaded by Majesty's onyx shadow.
To all but mirror seems an Icarian crime,
For pooled azure blood lies under winged condor-
Reflecting wind of souls dyed breathless indigo.

-Lily Bolash '22



*Illustration
Emma Lapaj '22*



Lemons
Acrylic
Jenny Wu '24

Growing Into Gold

Growing into Gold
Before all life found its beginning
The seed existed in an urn of obsidian
Through inky tendrils, however cruel or twisted
This little seed; she resisted

Soon creation did flourish
With amethyst grace was new encouraged
A chasm grew between the violaceous and
Splintering until capacity full

Next elite hastened to rise
Striking azure gaze against murky skies
Yet sapphire tears, cried plebeian hearts
This little seed; gone in the dark

Then fancied powers turned phases
Words of sage all change emblazes
Among young or olive dawn came about
Accompanied by minute sprout

After better empires forever competed
The amber blossom seen only by defeated
Though bronze petals were like, distorted
This little seed; reaching new height

Across all places or time
Always there for one to find
Like the fibers in a celestial rope
This little seed; she is hope

-Lily Bolash '22



*Illustration
Emma Lapaj '22*



Oils
Annie Zhu '23

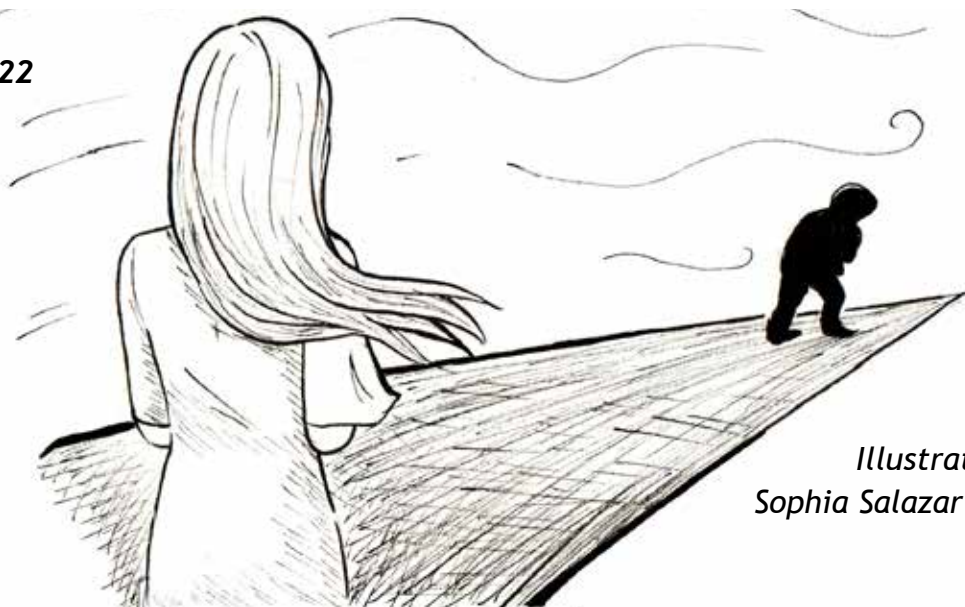
The Empty Filled: A Vignette of a Stereotype

“Bye! Be safe!” my friend’s mom shouted, as if there were a crowd of roaring people around. But not a single voice echoed throughout the empty train station. I clutched my bag close against my chest, some loose items spilling out of my outfit from the night before. The cold, April breeze was forceful against my body, pushing me further and further onto the platform. As I glanced around my surroundings, the empty was suddenly filled.

A man, big and tall, with jet black clothing, held an umbrella that pulled strongly at his arm. The wind was threatening. He had a crazed look in his eye as he stumbled, hobbled around himself, and moved towards me. A sense of fear filled my mind as my chest became heavy and my palms felt sweaty. I needed to move far away from this individual, but I am not even sure why. His look, his physical appearance, an unkempt appearance, left me uncomfortable. I walked frantically around the station, darting here and there on the platform, just to get away.

I decided to sit in the waiting room, hiding from my own judgement and fear. I pushed the door—forcefully—and there stood another man. A slouched man, covered in black from head to toe, with his hood draped over his entire face. His eyes were hidden; he was hidden. He was tired and bent. I immediately turned around and headed back outside. I felt surrounded by my own thoughts and false assumptions, as well as these two individuals. My solution was to stay next to the vending machine, where the hobbling man’s view was limited for the short time. The train finally arrived. The hobbling man headed in my direction, but then walked past me. He kept walking, hobbling. He kept walking further towards the end of the platform. Further and further away from me and my racing thoughts and fears.

~Chloe Berry ‘22



*Illustration
Sophia Salazar ‘23*



Koi
Digital
Emma Lapaj '22

the braid

gentle, gentle my fingers work
to cause not one a single quirk
they shake and swiftly pass hair by hair
of mine love who's in my care

gentle, gentle i smile at she
mine own goddess of beauty
how simple one can show their love
does mystify the great above

the angel wings and fiery glow
cover over my love to sow
The braid, I sing, hair by hair
of mine love whose heart i share

-Hope Behmoiras '23



Illustration
Mafalda Osirus '23



Zoe Kravitz
Digital
Makeda Staton '22

Stormy Serenity

A deck of cards, a glance, and a smirk.

A hot summer afternoon in the one place we all liked to call home.

Sitting on the porch of my grandmother's childhood home in Greece with my younger cousins and sister, I admire the beauty of the mountainous view and vegetation that surrounds me. My father was supervising us as we played a game of Uno, and giggles were shared as we screamed "Aha take four"!

Suddenly, a gust of wind swept a card away, and a drop of rain fell to the tile with a sploosh. My cousin and I share a look, and I know immediately what he's thinking as the rain steadily begins to pour. As my father runs to pick up the cards, my cousins, sister, and I rip off our clothes to reveal the bathing suits we were going to wear to the beach later. "It's not like we're going to go to the beach now anyways!" my sister says as we race each other into the rain.

Cool rain soothes our burning skin, and the sound of thunder surrounds us like we're in a movie theater. Laughing, we dance to our own music, and smile at our own song. We slide on the smooth tile as if it's a Slip n Slide, shrieking with joy. "It never rains here!" I yell as we trip over each other in a rush to savor each minute of rain, and barefoot, we frolic like bad days never happen and tomorrow is today.

From the corner of my eye, I see my cousin climbing a wall. Not thinking, I follow him because, why not, and together, we slowly ascend to the roof of the house. Suddenly, the view is even more beautiful, and as we crawl on the clay roof with no thoughts or fears in our minds, the two of us share an unforgettable memory. As I secure my footing, I stand with my arms extended out and look up at the sky. I hear the thunder clap and the rain pour, and the distant laughter of children playing in the rain. Closing my eyes, I think there isn't another place in this whole world I would rather be.

~Katerina Koutouvides '24



*Illustration
Sophia Salazar '23*



Magica
Pen & Marker
Sophia Salazar '23

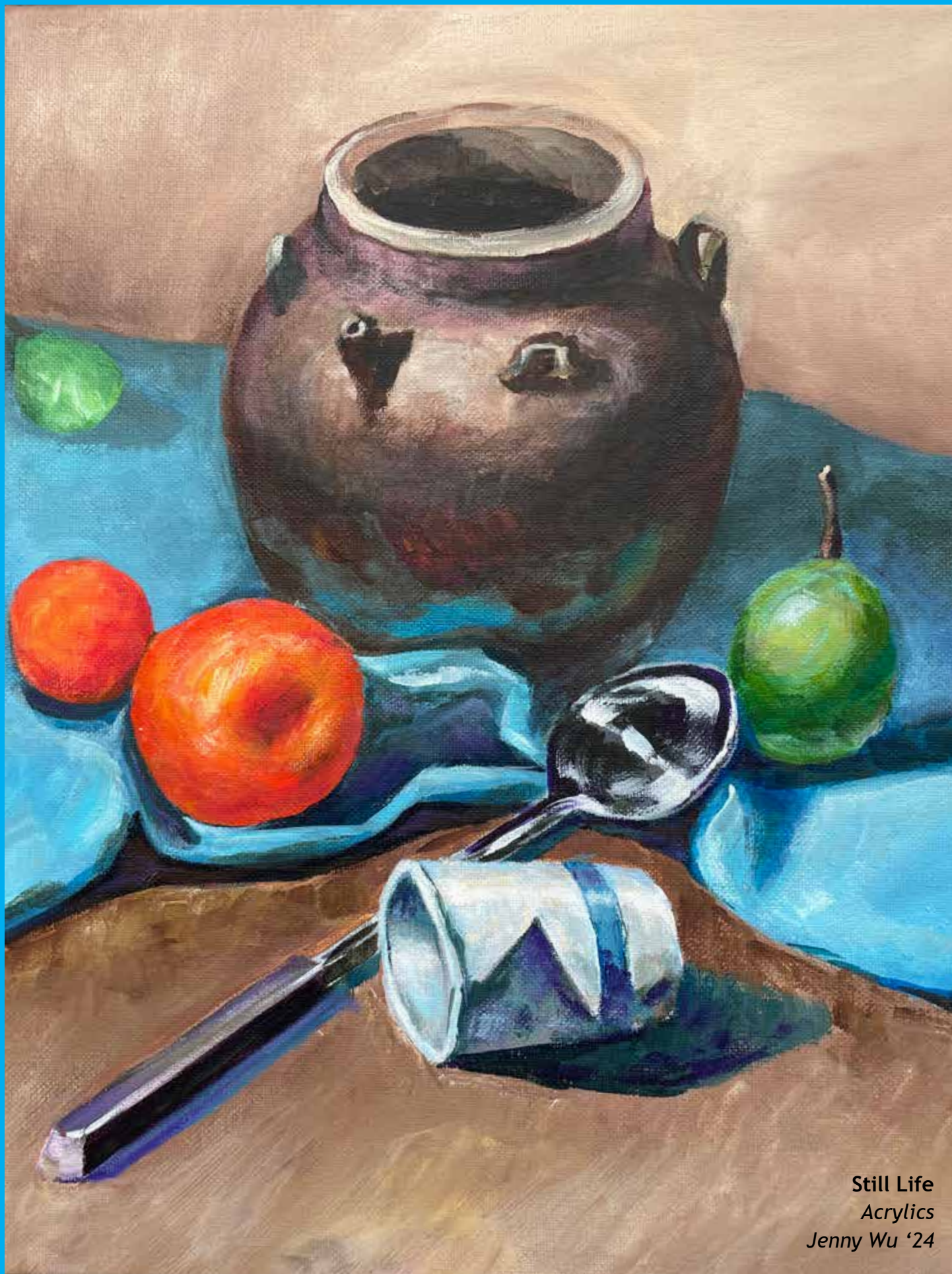
Palm Dancer

Vested in rich Aegean cloths
Stands creation of sacred clay
Lovely gift with debt to pay
Adorned solely by angels' gloss.
Locked in dance just short of flying
With painful steps fleeing eternity
Fingertips trace ash of promises dirtied
Tears of time cry for the broken, the dying.
Leaping over fragments of love's only rhyme
So rest in currents of foamy depths
Or nestle under meadows, pleasant yet
Footsteps along creases of palm forever kind.
Wind colors stark peaks with their own flesh,
Body and breath counting tune that is never and endless.

-Lily Bolash '22



*Illustration
Sophia Salazar '23*



Still Life
Acrylics
Jenny Wu '24

To Phoebus Apollo

Listen.

Fearless independence, young adventure
Encompassed the very essence of my youth.
Untouched body, tranquil nature
Fantasies I wanted as truth.

Beauty, desire, lust
Haunted their tainted hearts and minds.
Objectified to dust
Assuming that we were fine.

Men craved a taste of me,
Wanting me as their bride.
Impossible, in your dreams
For a man to ignore a woman so divine.

Scared, that is what you are.
Afraid that one day you will shatter
And no one, even those afar
Will ever remember that you were better.

Flaunting your extravagant successes,
Triumph over the serpent with lucky shafts.
Boasting to Cupid, ruffling his tresses,
“The baby with the big bow” makes you laugh.

Your insults ignited a fire within his heart.
Cupid, son of Venus, fueled by anger
Sends two arrows in the dark:
Gold, another lead, out to devour.

Embellished gold manipulates the receiver with love
Unattracted lead wants no affection.
Apollo, pierced with gold embodied the dove
While I was left satisfied with rejection.

continued...

I heard you and felt your presence behind me.
Whispering enticing compliments that meant nothing.
Disgusting images flooding your mind constantly
Trying to get a hold of something.

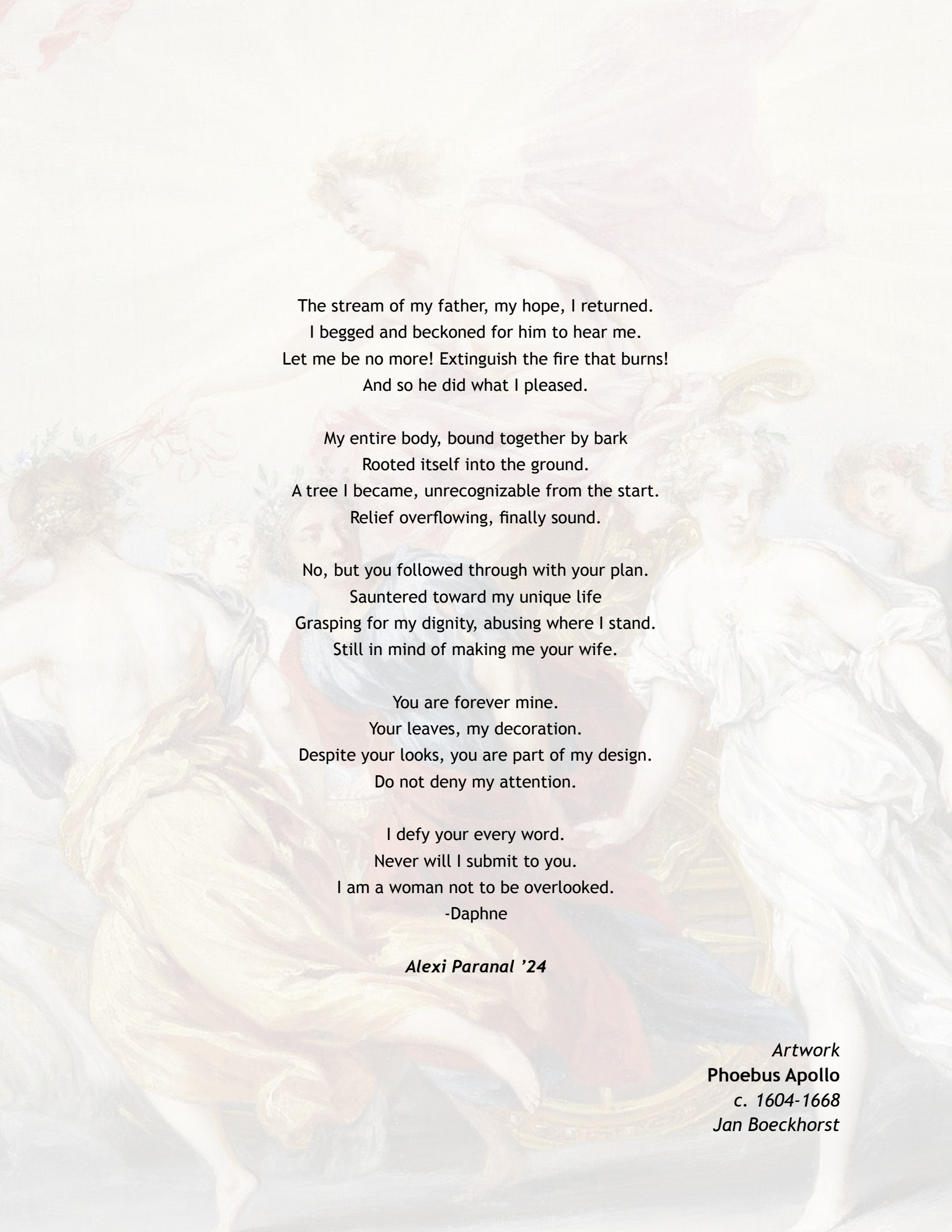
Run, run my mind shouted.
My legs unaware of the destination
Kept leaping over, tripping over, all that sprouted.
Only breathing in desperation.

You'll fall! Be careful! I don't want to hurt you!
All lies that sprang from your mouth.
Did not heed them or need them, too.
I wanted to disappear; no longer be seen around.

continued...



*Illustration
Teresa Haynes '22*



The stream of my father, my hope, I returned.
I begged and beckoned for him to hear me.
Let me be no more! Extinguish the fire that burns!
And so he did what I pleased.

My entire body, bound together by bark
Rooted itself into the ground.
A tree I became, unrecognizable from the start.
Relief overflowing, finally sound.

No, but you followed through with your plan.
Sauntered toward my unique life
Grasping for my dignity, abusing where I stand.
Still in mind of making me your wife.

You are forever mine.
Your leaves, my decoration.
Despite your looks, you are part of my design.
Do not deny my attention.

I defy your every word.
Never will I submit to you.
I am a woman not to be overlooked.
-Daphne

Alexi Paranal '24

Artwork
Phoebus Apollo
c. 1604-1668
Jan Boeckhorst

A Modern Anglo-Saxon Riddle

Cold chamber of dark nourishment
Ice coats my insides and my flesh is made of metal
Everything inside of me is temporary
People grab at me and use me, but I cannot run without a tail
Temperature controlled to protect the corpse of creatures
I provide safety to the meals of families
Don't leave me open or my purpose will be diminished
Not a lamp, but I provide light to see
I am always on even when I am asleep
I store the key to a living human
If I break, you must discard my organs
What am I?

-Landon Essig '22

(Answer is a word scramble: ERDEAORFIGRTR)



*Illustration
Holly Thorndike '23*



Oranges
Acrylic
Jenny Wu '24

Red

I'm sorry that i stole your lipstick
But it was so red
so bright
Like a smashed cherry
under the sandal of a small child
in Summer
with its guts striped on the pavement
Like the American flag
hung at Fourth of July

Either way,
it went well with my outfit
And fit the aesthetic
And so it is mine

Sorry,
again.

Hope Behmoiras '23



*Illustration
Mafalda Osirus '23*

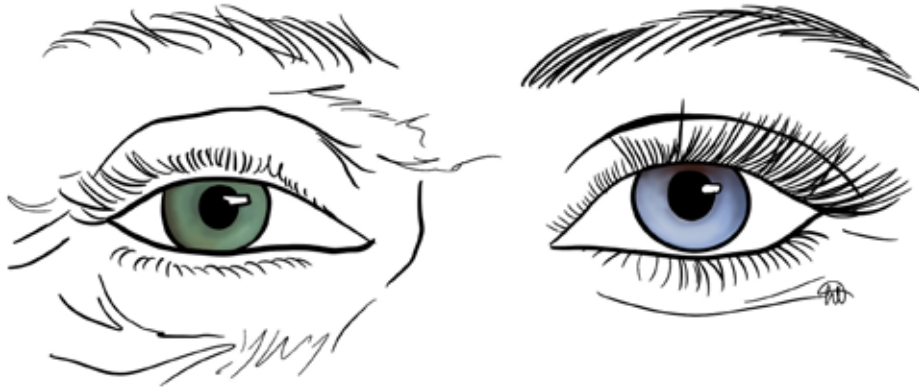


Dreams in Reality
Acrylics
Jenny Wu '24

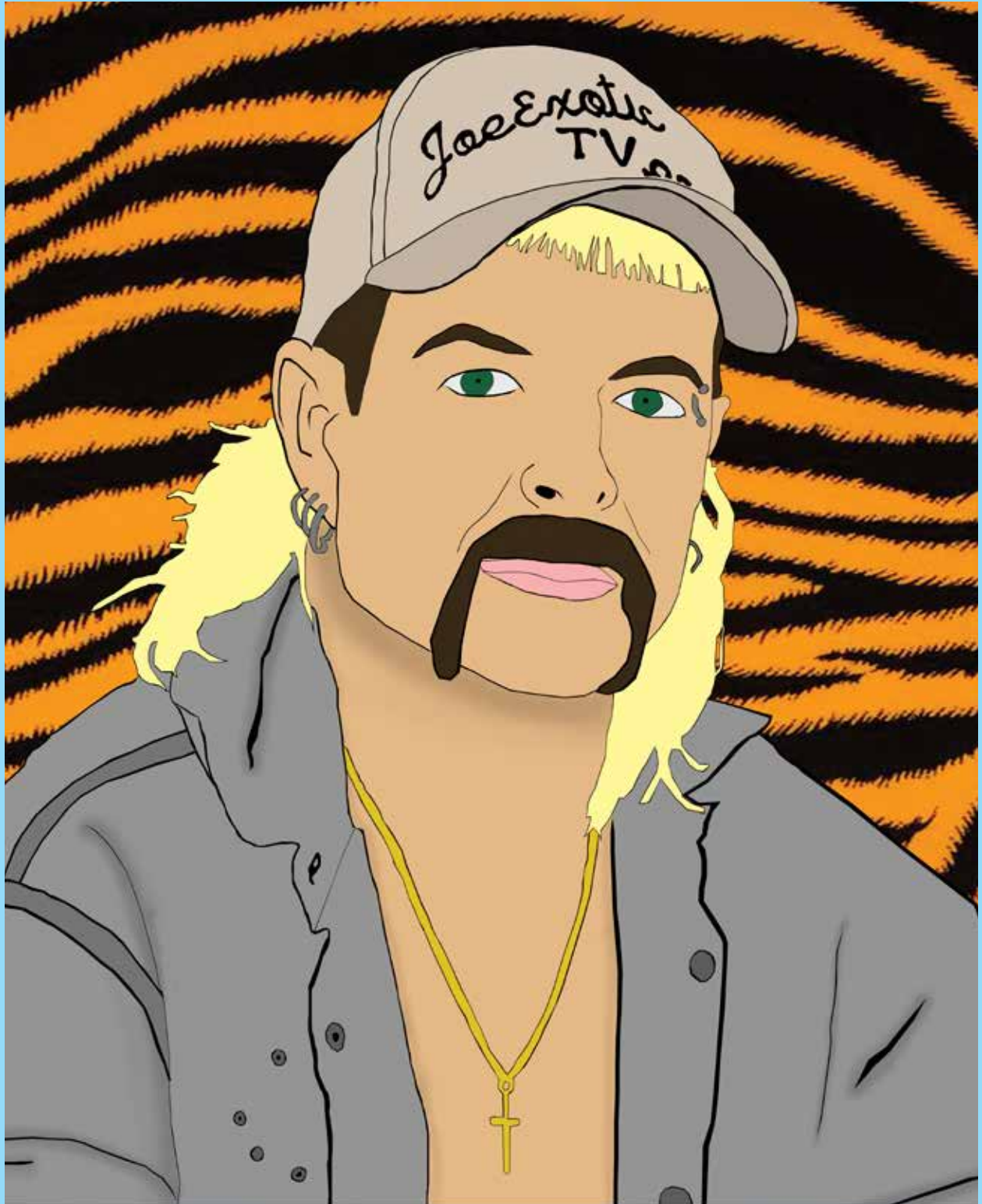
Envious Age

Her eyes are on me, but I look for her.
She escaped me, while I intrigued her.
Her dreams are of me, as I remember her.
We go in the same direction,
But my back is turned while she faces forward.
We both chase each other,
But the distance of time keeps us unsatisfied.
She told me she wants my freedom,
I told her she has it.
She tells me she's sick of now,
I tell her I want then.
Young and naive, I say.
Old and regretful, she says.
Our reflection leaves the mirror as we continue to dream.

Claudia Buschati '22



*Illustration
Holly Thorndike '23*



Tiger King
Digital
by Hailey Black '23



Haute Coutre Draculaura
Digital Art
Melita Maurati '25

Mr. Edward Rochester vs. St. John Rivers: Fire vs. Ice and Saint vs. Sinner in *Jane Eyre*

One may find it hard to choose between two people vying for one's love. The people may seem similar, but it is their differences that one assesses to make a choice. In *Jane Eyre*, Charlotte Brontë contrasts two potential suitors in Jane's life, Mr. Edward Rochester and St. John Rivers. By examining the words, appearances, and actions of Rochester and St. John, one can deduce that despite his rough exterior, Rochester is the more suitable choice.

Rochester and St. John utilize their words to suit different purposes, which reveals that while Rochester cares about Jane, St. John simply cares about himself. When Jane refuses to marry St. John, he says, "Refuse to be my wife, and you limit yourself forever a track of selfish ease and barren obscurity" (Brontë 444). St. John is telling Jane that refusing to marry him will only end up badly for her. He is trying to change her opinion by showing her what "will" happen. St. John also calls Jane "selfish," even though he is the one who stubbornly demands that she drop everything to go with him to India. Admittedly, Rochester also behaves somewhat selfishly when Jane rejects his marriage proposal, as he says, "Soothe him; save him; love him; tell him you love him and will be his. Who in the world cares for you? Or who will be injured by what you do?" (Brontë 342). Rochester implies that he is the only one who loves Jane, and she should choose to marry him because no one else will care for her. While both Rochester and St. John's proposals are selfish in nature, the former offers more freedom to Jane than the latter.



Illustration
Lydia Abbazia '25

St. John asks Jane to spread herself thin, teaching for him and other converts in India. Meanwhile, Rochester tells Jane that she can do whatever she wants since she has no family. St. John's proposal reminds Jane of the rules, while Rochester's offer gives her the gift of freedom. On the surface, St. John is the more attractive romantic partner (both in terms of physical appearance and career path), but his good looks do not make up for his personality. When Jane first meets St. John, she is struck by his "harmonious" handsomeness, with a "tall, slender" stance, "Greek face, very pure in outline," and "Athenian mouth and chin" (Brontë 373). She also compares St. John to a statue (Brontë 373). These descriptions allude to St. John's put-together appearance, as from the outside, he looks like the perfect man. However, by calling him a statue, Jane hints that there is an underlying and unsettling hardness to St. John's perfect appearance. While studying at the Morton School, St. John's "ever-watchful blue eye" makes Jane feel "cold" and "superstitious- as if [she] was sitting in the room with something uncanny" (Brontë 431). St. John's gaze is not full of warmth and love but instead makes Jane feel cold and uncomfortable; thus, they would be incompatible as a couple.

continued...

In contrast, Rochester's grisly appearance relays an inner charm that is better suited for Jane. Rochester is not stereotypically attractive. In fact, Jane remarks that most people would not find him attractive, as his "colourless, olive face" and "firm, grim mouth" are "not beautiful, according to rule" (Brontë 185). By using such uninviting word choice, one might expect to be repelled by Rochester. Instead, Jane finds herself hypnotized by his face. When Rochester smiles, Jane compares his eye to a "ray" that is "searching and sweet" (Brontë 186). By using the word "ray," Jane implies that there is warmth and light to Rochester's face, which contrasts greatly with the cold gaze of St. John. The vastly different appearances of the two men allude to their inner natures: one who is seemingly perfect, but emotionless, and one who is seemingly ugly but Jane's perfect match.

Even though St. John asserts himself as a Christian man, his actions are much more selfish than Rochester's, proving that he is not a good match for Jane. When Jane first starts studying at the Morton School, St. John notices her intellect right away and asks her to learn Hindu with him. Nancy Easterlin, a *Jane Eyre* scholar, argues that he is already plotting how to propose to her, and he will not let anyone or anything interfere with his plan (Easterlin 402). She states, "St. John's proprietary behavior toward Jane evinces an element of cruelty that appears unsettlingly intentional" (Easterlin 402). This cruel, controlling behavior is best exemplified by the grueling hours of studying he gives to Jane. After months under his instruction, Jane feels completely under his control. She describes this period as "servitude" and "a freezing spell" in which she had to quell all her emotions (Brontë 432). St. John's manipulative and self-serving actions freeze Jane's inner fire or her passion, so they would not work as a married pair.

In contrast, Rochester's actions show his selfless tendencies, which would make him a good husband to Jane. Toward the end of the novel, Rochester risks his own life for Bertha Mason, a woman he hates and who is the only obstacle standing in the way between him and Jane. Even though her death would allow him to marry Jane, he understands that Bertha's life is more important than his desires. Mary-Antoinette Smith argues, "Although unsuccessful in saving her as she leaps to her death, Rochester's selfless act launches his own leap upward into the 'Centre of Indifference' / Purgatorio as he advances further towards self-redemption" (Smith 243). Thornfield resembles the burning pits of hell that Rochester must go through to be purged of his lies and the sin of attempted bigamy. He also must risk losing Jane forever in order to be united with her. Ultimately, he is rewarded for his sacrifice, and Jane too is rewarded with the man who makes her feel happiest.

Rochester and St. John have different indirect characterizations, which allows them to be literary foils to one another. When comparing the two men's words, appearances, and actions, one can see that Rochester is the most compatible companion for Jane. Rochester encourages Jane's independence, while St. John encourages a life of dependence. Not only is Rochester a better husband for Jane, but he is also a better person.



Illustration
Lydia Abbazia '25

Querido Niño

El sol sale, y te despiertas para trabajar
Tienes el imaginación de dos mil doble de tu edad
Pero arrugas tu cara y aprietas tu mano
-Querido niño, te vemos.

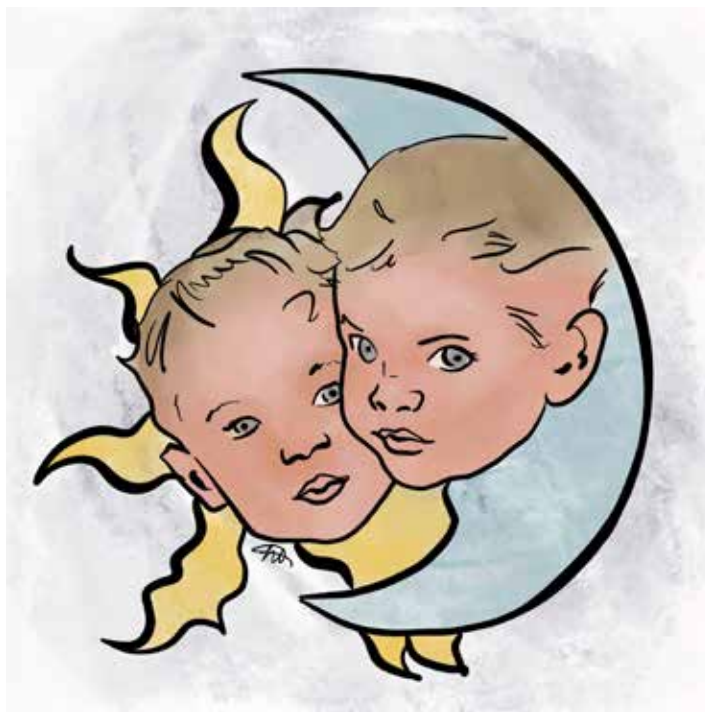
Al mediodía, te transpiras
Es agotador renunciar a tus sueños
Enterras tu esperanza en la tierra
-Querido niño, no te rindas.

A la tarde, tomas un descanso
Miras pinturas en las nubes y te sonríes
Cuentas los aves porque no estudiaste hoy
-Querido niño, te mejorarás.

El sol se pone, y te caminas a tu casa
Las estrellas te guían a tu futuro
Entonces echas tu amor, porque
-Querido niño, no estás solo.

Dedicado con amor a todas mis profesoras de español.

~Lily Bolash '22



*Illustration
Holly Thorndike '23*



Gravity Falls
Digital Art
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The Looking Glass

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