



THE ARTIST

FALL 2022-2023

VOL 2.1

Letter From The Editors

There's something romantic about New England fall — the leaves melting from green to red, the wind sifting through branches and trees, the donning of sweaters and Uggs and wired earphones. We as executive editors wanted to explore this theme further through the art and literature of this publication because of how precious it is to us.

It's incredible how time has zipped by and how close we actually are to leaving this school behind. For us seniors, this is our last autumn season at Choate, our last opportunity to walk from class to class with leaves beneath our feet and hot Lanphy Cafe drinks in hand. Yet as excited as some of us may be to begin a new chapter, Choate will always have a special place in our lives.

Whether or not you love fall as much as our masthead does, we hope that as you flip through these pages, you will also hold dear and appreciate the memories that you've formed here at Choate.

Much love,
Audrey and Zoë



Photos by Junho Lee '24



Platonic Confession

Faer Son '24

Let's runaway like someone's chasing
And hide behind the container box
We'll lie there for some while
laughing facing each other,
That makes me want to laugh more
Your paper has my face drawn,
My journal has you written,
I said that kinda looks like me
And you said mine sounds like a love poem

Well that's cuz'
We lie on same bed, breaking the rules,
We FaceTime each other when we're apart
We've seen each other naked
You wear my perfume for fun
I sneaked into your room countless times
You're my mirror and I never hate that
So

I don't need love when I have you

Gilmore Girls: The Epitome of New England Fall

Mikayla DaSilva '24

Gilmore Girls is the epitome of New England autumn: the fall foliage, the town festivals, the unattainably humorous jokes from relatable characters, and the overall themes of connection and gratitude. While there may be many fall episodes in a myriad of shows, there's a certain vibe that is simply unachievable in any other series.

Most seasons of the famed, early 2000s, feel-good series begin with the main character, Rory Gilmore, starting her school year at Chilton, a prestigious New England high school modeled after our very own Choate Rosemary Hall. The burnt sienna of the colonial brick buildings creates the setting for an environment that truly resembles our own autumns in Connecticut. Adding to this familiar scene, Stars Hollow's elaborate but intimate fall fairs and festivals can be found in nearly every fall episode of the series. Watching Lorelai, the show's protagonist single-mother, and Rory, her daughter—dubbed with the same name in an ingenious stroke of feminist theory—waltz around their town square through vegetable stalls belonging to their friends Sookie and Jackson and around a gazebo strung with fairy lights that, yet again, resembles our own, can be quite comforting.

In nearly every episode, the dynamic mother-daughter duo frequent the local Stars Hollow dinner run by Lorelai's consistent love interest, Luke. The chime of the squeaky door as they enter always gives way to a rush of plates and mugs swirling around the space, over the heads of patrons eagerly awaiting their early morning brew. The scenes feel so descriptive of our own New England lives that we can practically smell the maple syrup wafting off of the pancake stacks as they find their way to their rickety tables.

Beyond the overall ambiance of the show, Lorelai and Rory's connection to each other and their close-knit community, both within Stars Hollow, and further outside of their hometown to Hartford where Rory's grandparents inhabit their stunningly ornate mansion of a Connecticut manor, maintains the themes of autumnal gratitude throughout each and every of the seven seasons. Given Lorelai's experience as a teenage mother, out on her own, thankfully accepted into the complex yet loving small town she managed to find a home in, it is not surprising that she and her daughter developed such a close bond.

From the very beginning of the show, as Rory transitions to her first year at Chilton while Lorelai manages the Stars Hollow inn, it is exceptionally evident that their connection resembles almost that of a close friendship. As the series progresses and Rory graduates Chilton and commences her collegiate career at Yale, each character becomes more open and expressive of their gratitude towards one another—further embodying the spirit of fall. In fact, in the episode "The Lorelais' First Day at Yale," the second episode of the fourth season, Rory even requests that her mother must sleepover in her dorm room on her first night boarding. The sheer fact that Lorelai amicably concedes and bunks with her

daughter in her designated twin-bed shows how enthusiastic they both were about caring for one another.

From encouraging her transfer to Chilton from Stars Hollow High, to consoling her after the unfortunate romantic interactions following each of her graduations, Lorelai is ever present in Rory's life. This compassionate meddling and support is returned by Rory who advocates for her mother's own romantic and professional pursuits as she frequently gets engaged and disengaged from various partners and transitions to owning her own inn. These kindness rarely go unnoticed in this series as each and every character embraces the autumnal ideal of thankfulness. For example, Lorelai's iconic gift of a blue baseball hat to Luke as a Christmas present for his dependable role in helping her get through the hospitalization of her father. He wears this one exclusively with the exception of various falling outs throughout the season, so much so that this act of gratitude becomes symbolic of their relationship throughout the seasons.

This theme of a quintessential New England fall filled with ambient lighting, comforting characters, festive fairs, and constant gratitude explain why *Gilmore Girls* is the ultimate show for every season, but especially autumn.



Visual by Mikayla DaSilva '24



Li Jiang by Emily Son '23

Comic by Anonymous

WEEK 1



WHAT A CUTE FAMILY. JUST ENJOYING THEIR SUMMER. BUT WAIT... WUTS THAT?



YEA... RIGHT THERE.

IS IT SWAMP THING?



TESTS
STRESS
HOMEWORK



WORSE. ITS FALL TERM.

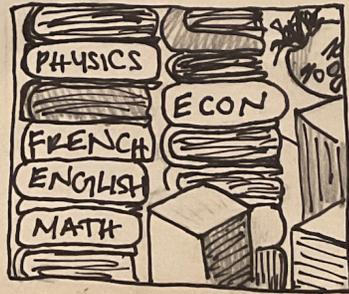
UR RIGHT LITTLE TIMMIE, THIS IS AN "OH SHIT" MOMENT.

I FORGOT WUT SLEEP DEPRIVATION FELT LIKE



ACTUALLY THIS SCHOOLS MAD COOL

GO CHOATE!



LETS JUST HOPE POOR TIMIE SURVIVES.

OH NO! ARE YOU A JUNIOR OR SENIOR?!!

(AND THE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM)
THE END.

A Sniffle

Zoe Fleischman '23

Last Saturday, I took the train into Manhattan to clear my head. It seems like a counterintuitive concept — finding more noise to get rid of that which fills your own head — but the city has always worked in the way I imagine Adderall works for people with ADHD. The stuffy air of train platforms warms my body and the condescending looks of Upper East Side girls reminds me how small I truly am. I feel myself sinking into my place in the world as my stress over what direction to go in helps me forget how much you hated coming into the city along with me.

I make my way to the Whitney Museum, over in the Meatpacking district, and I think I see your face across the street from me. The few trees that line the streets are tinged red, their shade blending in with the blush of your cheeks and the color of that undistinguishable Rolling Stones hoodie you always seem to wear. However, I catch clear sight of your curly hair, your dark eyes sparkling in the light, your expression daring me to come closer. I blink, though, and your face is someone else's, in a sweatshirt that is not branded with a signature red tongue. As I pass a Starbucks on the next block, I realize this is the exact place where I first met you in person, where you first held me in your arms for just long enough. You wore a hawaiian shirt and I wore the biggest smile in the world. I now catch my own glance in the reflection of a window and realize I am grimacing. It is funny how things seem to sour like that.

Inside the museum, I take my time perusing the exhibits; you always hated going to these things with me. You preferred staying in, listening to music I did not know or watching television or making me feel bad for something I said (or did not); I craved more, but never wanted to make you feel less than enough. I am slow and deliberate, as I pass the paintings now, fulfilling my past and present cravings for the deliberation of each brushstroke on each canvas. I take in the colors I have never seen before, I fill up the hole in my chest with the emotions they provoke and I try to forget where the hole came from. I see you in the face of a man standing with a woman and I do not feel jealousy, but rather relief that I can move on. You are not waiting for me anymore.

I come across "A Road in Maine" painted by Edward Hopper, except you are in a car driving down that road. A woman is in your front seat now, and you take her to your parent's cabin outside of Portland — the same one you took me to last autumn, before we started falling apart. We stayed in all night, watching every Harry Potter movie until the sun came up, and drank shitty Keruig coffee as the sun began to rise in a scarlett morning sky. We drove to the Appalachian Mountains just to stare at them in awe from the bottom — neither of us never were particularly keen on hiking, especially in the frigid dawn of fall. Winter seeped in, though, by the end of our week there. You told me you loved me while I ran into a pile of snow, and I realized I could never truly express how much I loved you too.

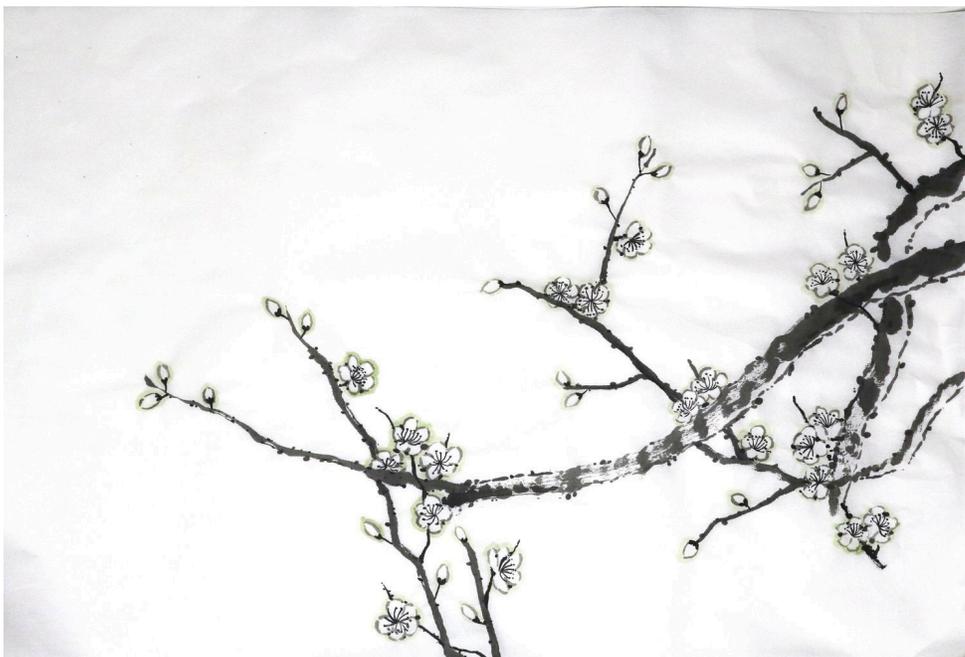
Perhaps if I came to Manhattan a couple months ago, when we had newly called it quits, I would have seen you in every painting I passed. I would have begun crying when I blinked on the street, when I lost sight of you in my mind. Now, however, I see you less. The absence of you plagues my mind like a sporadic sniffle — one of those ones that comes back when the weather gets colder and the leaves start changing. Although I wipe you away from my thoughts, every once in a while, you sneak back in without warning. Just as that sniffle does once the weather gets warmer in the spring though, after the leaves have turned back to green, I will wake up one day and forget I ever had you at all.

Graphic by Katherine Chong '25



Visual Art

by Katherine Chong '25



Haze

by Emily Son '23



Untitled

Sophia Pandya '24

B had the kind of confidence that made him a couple echelons more attractive than he should've been and he'd silently fist bump me every time he saw me. He couldn't see the teenaged residuals between my fingers but I kind of hoped he would and it felt like he did when he'd offer me one from his pack. There was, he told me once, when we were standing behind the dumpsters — unbeknownst to the employees, besides him and now me, a secret and existential threat of rabies to our branch of Shop-n-Go and the surrounding strip mall complex at large. He said it like the biggest warning and the biggest favor I would ever receive in my life. The cute boy invites you into the bomb shelter. You have a thousand babies to save humanity. It was cold enough out that you could taste your own saliva, and even his cool, composed face was flushed. He shared how he had discovered a baby bat's furry brown body and sticky webbed wings clinging to the brick siding of the building one morning. He had reason to believe that bats had taken over the laundromat next door and were now expanding into the grocery, carrying rabies with them. He told me on his 15-minute-OSHA-mandated-work-breaks he would check the vents and the tiled ceilings. Are you working alone? I'd asked, hoping he'd solicit me for help, hoping I didn't sound as loiteringly lonely as I was.

The next day I waited for an update. Instead I talked with T while she rang and I bagged. T was good at telling stories, noting what a guy's toes looked like as she bent over him. It was that attention to detail that helped me keep track of everything happening so the next shift we had together we could pick up right where we'd left off. That night B offered me a ride home. People are always offering me rides, everywhere, all the time. There's something about me that says, this girl has no clue how to get where she wants to go. I think it's some kind of currency, and the only one I have. T has a lot of different kinds of currency, and they are far more valuable than mine. My favorite though is when she laughs, the way she angles her drink (she always has one) up to her face, hand spread across the lid, head turning towards her right shoulder. I remember that one night, when that man with yellowed eyes came in, walking like there was a pendulum in his head. In that moment, the two of us alone at the registers, she brought her stale soda up to her face, stomach bending in, snickering. With that I knew we'd be alright.

That weekend B brought me to where his friends were playing a show, in some dark hide-away. I hadn't eaten much and the whole place smelled like peanuts. Four songs in I stood there dizzyed and said, to no one in particular, I think I'm going to pass out. Everyone's always telling you to always know what you want and how you will get there. So it was a great moment, because for those delirious seconds I knew exactly what I was going to do next. I was going to pass out.

A few minutes later I came to, after finding that there was no god. Just a Girl. My head was in her lap and she had false eyelashes falling off the ends of her eyes like they



Graphic by Bryant Figueroa '23

were trying to fly. Someone else pushed water to my mouth and I tried to bat it away until I saw B hovering, pointing squinted eyes at me. I took a sip of water. I swallowed. I wiped my mouth to find nonexistent foam. I was alive.

Three days later I found two signs, each one taped to one side of the grocery store's now locked sliding doors. CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE FOR EXTERMINATION OF BAT INFESTATION. B had clearly been standing there for a while, smirking into the blinding winter sun. I could have said You were right. I could have said Does this mean we don't have jobs here anymore? I could have said I think I'm too young to hangout with you so much. I could have said I've been scared I've got rabies since I was 13 and the feeling has never gone away. Instead I said We did it! even though it was not a thing we knew we could do. So when T walked up 20 minutes later the two of us sat on the curb waiting for the bus, pulling up our layers to check each other for bite marks.

A Letter to Sunsets

Lauren Kee '24

Dear Lady in the Sky,

As Day hides away to make way for Night, you choose your wardrobe.
There's that galactic gradient dress, stolen from Cinderella Aurora and Rapunzel,
Or that burnt orange gown, spanning the heavens like dunes,
Or that dazzling orange suit, emitting marigold strobes.
How do you choose your outfit? You never seem to run out of clothes.

As Day leaves the party and Night arrives, you galavant onto the dance floor.
You've been early these days, these chilly months.
Just stay low for a few extra hours!
Your rainbow disco is out, but happy hour doesn't start 'til five-o-four.
How could you snatch Day away? You've got to be more patient.

As Day passes the baton to Night, you embrace us with outstretched arms.
We watch, oceans away, as you take your opening curtsey,
making the shadows shapeshift like a puppeteer;
Pale bricks blush and the clear clouds crimson from your signature
charm.
What do you see from up there? You must have a breathtaking view.

As Night shoos Day off, you take control of the clock.
You conduct time with rubato — legato here, accelerando there.
Catch my attention, and you have it until I remember to catch a breath of air.
My neck cranes but it doesn't hurt, my eyes squint but they are locked.
Do you get tired from the over-and-over-and-over-agains? You hide behind the clouds
sometimes.

As Night shoves Day out of the way, you peek through my window to tickle me.
I can only ever capture plain ol' you with your plain ol' smile.
But you're not plain, nor old. The lenses don't do you justice, they're not worth
your while;
Only my eyes do, in your humbling presence.

Why are you so unphotogenic? I want to keep you, feel you, hold you — for as long as I
can.

Sincerely, Your greatest admirer

Untitled

Faer Son '24

Cottons slip into your skin
dear eyes won't see the moon again

Tonight

Sugars melt without a headache
Gems dim to let you rest

Throughout

The day without a window you bared
Air that sewed into the carpet in a crying
evening
Broken hands writing flawed words — I know
the pain
Only quiet, you're alone. Treat me like a
sound that passes by.

All night, only love.

Stars on Stage

Lauren Kee '24

The red velvet sea is covered in specks of dust;
Ghostly faces glow with a blue hue.
“Who’s there? Are they watching? Watching me?”
Owl eyes are armed with darts.
Disguised in darkness, ready to pounce from their seats
at an unfortunate moment of weakness.

The stars are dressed in black.
They glide and glimmer with glinting eyes, smiling and nodding
at their celestial companions.
“30-minutes to show!”
Tonight’s supernova, billions of years in the making —
But what if the threads anchoring the constellation snap?

The wind howls and the stars shiver.
What if the sky topples? What if gravity gives up?
But all they can do now is trust; “Stars to stage in 5.”
The clouds are on standby, ready to be lifted.
The moon is at its fullest, yet the tides are calm.
The stars huddle, warming each other with their radiance.

The owls hoot, the cacophony
that is the rustling foliage commences.
“Sit back, relax, and enjoy the show,” the sky announces.
The crickets and hummingbirds tune their wings.
“Break a leg,” the stars say. “Merde!”
So they burn their plasma — to their stellar core, to their last breath.

Photos by Taylor Vatel '24



Silence

Lauren Kee '24

Just Silence at the dinner table.
An icicle pierces the bitter night —
I shiver, it prickles—it burns.
I hear the monstera plant stretch its limbs,
The sun descending the marble steps of wispy clouds,
The air particles wait; they are still deadly.

Like an inevitable ocean wave,
“Tap...tap...tap...” my fingers send morse code to the table.
“Crack...crack...” my back tries to relieve the day’s tension.
“It was cold today, no?” my lips are chapped and dry.
“Growl...growl...” my stomach yearns for company.
Why is Silence an avalanche, hurling its dinner at me?

What if Silence was like a cozy fleece blanket?
Like dawn’s gentle rays melting the icicles away?
Like the sunflower soaking in the sun’s radiance?
Like mama bird clutching her hatchlings tight?
Like a husky’s fur coat as it zooms across the ice caps?
Like sparks from the campsite bonfire?

Will we then see what was hidden behind
The chitter chatter and jibber jabber?
Will we then speak of ineffable affection
That is manifested only in action?
Will we then feel the light tug of
The invisible strings keeping us together?



Photos
by Colin
Miley '23



The Intersections of Faith and Queerness According to Choate Students

Mikayla DaSilva '24

The intersections of our identities are complex and unique. For many LGBTQ+ people, the intersection of our queer identity with our religious identity is often a source of tension and even struggle. Everyone's relationship with their myriad of identifiers is different, some people feel the need to separate different facets of their identities, others are forced to, and still others believe that all parts of themselves can exist with proper balance. These varying perspectives are held by Choate students as well.

These views often vary as a result of one's religious beliefs and how they evolve over time. Catholicism, for example, has a reputation for homophobic misconstructions and misinterpretations which often leads to uncomfortable or unsafe situations for those who are both Christian and queer. Ian O'Shaughnessy '24, who was raised Christian but is now exploring realms of atheism and agnosticism, says, "Pursuing Christian belief at home is not an option for me. Why would I go and then make myself sort through the people who are going to be Christian and accepting?"

This lack of support often leads people to prioritize their identifiers based on the spaces they are in and the people in those spaces. Aria Ramnath '24, who identifies as Hindu, notes that, "In Hinduism, same sex relationships are called the 'third sex' and looked upon as divine people. But when the British colonized India homophobia was introduced and now almost all Hindu and Indian families think about the LGBTQ community negatively." This colonially influenced mindset has made her more cautious of the overlap of faith and queerness in her life. "When I'm around elders in my family I'm not able to talk about my sexuality...when I'm with my friends in nonreligious spaces I can."

Often, individuals, like Ixchel Hernandez '23, simply place focus on the identifier that is more significant to them. "To me, my religious identity I don't find to be one [of] the most important parts of my identity. I connect with my queer identity more." Even if there isn't a specific struggle with varying sexual orientations within a religious sect, diverse gender identities are often a separate story. Wib Elsesser '24, who has familial roots in Catholicism and Protestantism and now identifies as Pagan, "more recently, northern European Pagan, or Gaelic Pagan," which he defines as, "historically anyone who's not Christian," can relate to this experience. "On the Catholic/Protestant side there is conflict, which is why I kind of departed from that. I think sexuality wise there isn't much of a struggle, but gender wise there is."

However, others find peace and balance in faith even and especially as it relates to sexual orientation. Zainab Khokha '24, who is Shi'a Muslim, specifically Bohra Muslim, relates to this experience more. "Muslim people as part of the LGTBQ community exist.

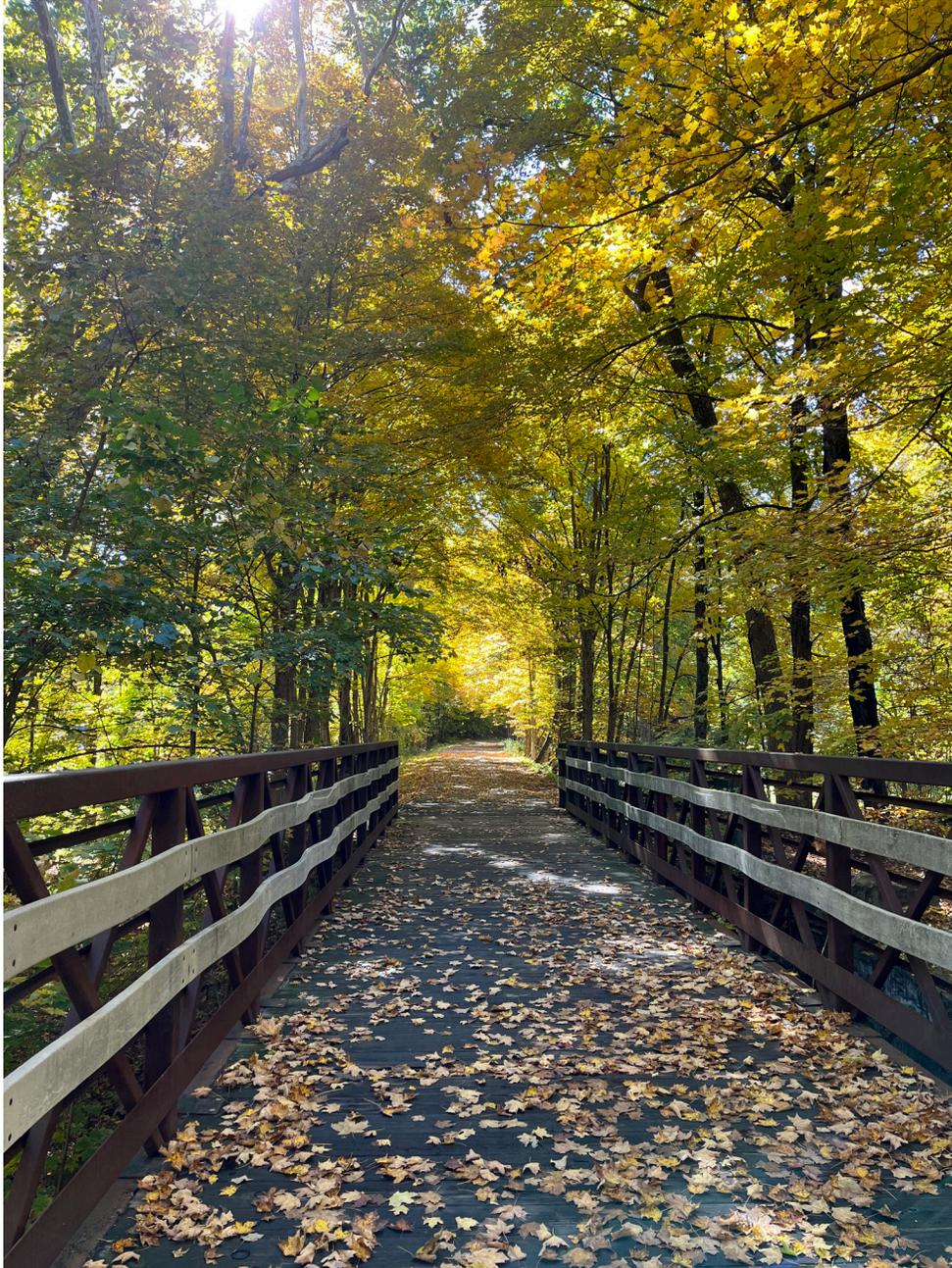
They exist... That ratio of being devoted to God and devoting yourself is your choice... They can coincide... They intersect but one does not contradict the other. You can be both. And as long as you stay true to your values and what you choose to practice, I think that's totally fine." Khokha's rather inspiring perspective illuminates the notion that while your individual identifiers may have to remain distinctly separated, you still exist as a whole.

We are the compilation, the culmination of every facet of our identity. How we choose to perceive those aspects of ourselves, which we choose to focus on, do not negate the existence of any other part of ourselves.



Graphic by
Margarita Blackwood '23

Photo by Erin Li '24





Music by Audrey Lim '23

Graphics by Margarita Blackwood '23





A First Time Curator:

Reflections from creating a pop-up exhibit from scratch

Yoyo Zhang '24

It all started as a dinner-table conversation, when Mr. Zhimi Li and his family visited our house in September. Mr. Li is a renowned artist in China — in fact, he's one of the most popular fine artists in Shanghai.

Mr. Li is a long-time family friend of mine, but meeting him for the first time still made me feel starstruck. He carries with him an elegant, laid-back air: the type that makes you aware that he's an artist upon first sight.

When the idea of hosting an exhibit of him at Choate was brought up at the dinner table, I was immediately drawn. Mr. Li's works are a distinct blend of traditional Chinese ink and contemporary watercolor, which I believed would be perfect for the young and diverse audiences at Choate. I saw how his exhibit could be a platform for cultural education, an extension of the purpose of TEDxChoate.

Since visiting museums and galleries since first grade, I've always had this dream of hosting my own art exhibit. Now I get to do something even better: host an exhibit for an acclaimed artist. That night, I started brainstorming right away, heart pumping with the vision of viewers walking past the PMAC gallery hall, immersed in the beauty and profundity of the art.

Photo by Ramsey Scott '23

The Curation

“Bringing Chinese Traditional Culture into Contemporary Art” was the heart of the event. I decided on this title before anything else and used it as the guiding idea for planning.

The blend of traditional and contemporary happened on two levels: first, the artworks themselves (Chinese ink with a hint of European watercolor); second, the showcase and recognition of traditionally-inspired Chinese art in a modern, Western institution like Choate. In every part of this project, I wanted to ensure that this element of cultural translation and appreciation was pronounced.

The date I had in mind for the gallery opening (Friday, October 14) coincided with the start of Choate's International Education Week, which perfectly fit the theme and ethos of the event. With a little more than a month to plan, the end goal was simple: a gallery exhibit along with a Q&A discussion between the artist and students.

Thanks to the help of Ms. Colleen Kazar, I was able to connect with Ms. Sandra Parks and Ms. Kelly Lorraine from the Arts Department to reserve the PMAC Theater Lobby Gallery for a week and the PMAC Theater for the night of the panel.



I was also fortunate enough to have the SAC's support for refreshments at the opening reception. Kelly helped me pick out around 30 of the paintings that Mr. Li had in the U.S. All of them were around the same size and on the same medium, but each of them had a different theme and different inscribed words.

One of my favorites, "Gown of the Fairy," depicts a cluster of pink morning glories. While morning glories are a common subject of Chinese traditional paintings, the rough, rock-like texture and the vibrant tones gave this piece a twist. Next to the flower, Mr. Li included an excerpt from a poem by Qin Guan from the Song Dynasty, titled "Gown of the Fairy." As I compiled the digital versions of the 30 paintings, I was in awe of the delicate depictions of common-day objects and the cultural values that they exhibit.

After securing the venues and resources, I started thinking about the more "soft" aspects of planning. To expand the purpose and impact of the event, I reached out to collaborate with different organizations on campus, including Chinese Club, CKFA, CKFA, ASA, CSAA, and MHA. Lauren Kee '24, Danny Yoon '24, and Rebecca Denhart '23 represented Chinese Club, CKFA, and Art Club respectively as my student hosts at the event.

I was grateful for the freedom that Mr. Li gave me in terms of planning. Whenever I asked for his approval on a certain design, he would always say, "Anything works! Just let the young people's experience be the focus." Although I did have doubts about the future success of the event, there was something fulfilling about seeing the vision coming closer and closer to reality.



Photo by Ramsey Scott '23

The Big Night

With the endless tasks and activities at school, the month passed by in a blur. I was amazed when I finally walked into the Theater Gallery: paintings were arranged on the wall in a delightful array and tables were covered with merchandise that Mr. Li was so generous as to bring us for free. Nothing could match the feeling of seeing everything come together after hours and hours of conceptualization and hard work. Everyone who came was entranced by the paintings and would go up to look at them closely, take pictures, and point to friends the details they saw. I felt a gush of happiness as I saw everyone enjoying and learning. I myself was also immersed in the art, both the paintings and the atmosphere. It was a moment of togetherness.

I enjoyed every moment facilitating the Q&A session and discussion, where I got to learn more about Mr. Li's craft and translate his words from Mandarin Chinese to English for the audience. "Interpret it based on how you feel," he said to me before the event. "There's no right or wrong." I was nervous as a first-time interpreter, but the task turned out to be enjoyable. I felt like an important part of the conversation, spreading his wise words for everyone to hear. Mr. Li's poetic words mesmerized all of us, ending the night in triumph. During the week, the amount of good job's and thank you's that I got were uplifting. The feeling of accomplishment, of having made an idea happen and having done something good for the community, motivates me to dream even bigger in the future.

All of this would be impossible without the incredible resources at Choate. I was so fortunate to receive the support of the SAC, the Arts Department, SAGE, the many student leaders as well as audience members. To Mr. & Mrs. Li, Kelly, and my family, thank you for guiding me every step of this process and giving me this opportunity to dream, learn, and create.

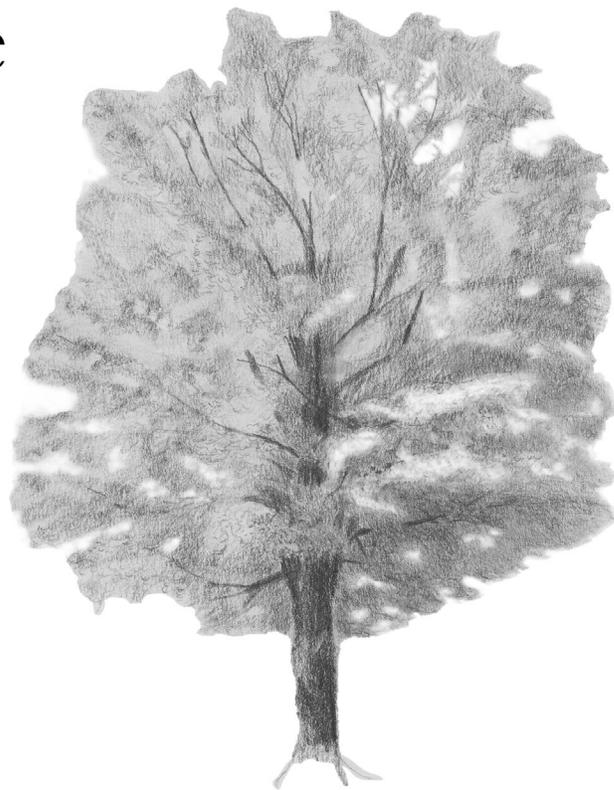
Portfolio

Courtesy of Henry Ding '24



Sugar Maple

Acer saccharum



Henry Ding



Graphics by Bryant Figueroa '23





Vampire

By Anonymous

Her path is jagged,
Unconsciously torn at the edges
Like a pair of mother's old jeans.

She abandons me, alone, a fighter in the rain, Sucking the blood
Warm and cherry red
From a heart.

Cold milk on the shelf,
Apple gum on the desk — blue stars on the ceiling, Crying as she sniffs out
harmony,
Turning it rotten black —
Old fruit in her kitchen,
Made of money
Like her soul,
Iced to haughty perfection.

She beckons me into her forest
But I do not
follow.



How Lovely

By Anonymous

Oh! How lovely it must be
To have a cheek to kiss
In the colder autumn months
As the leaves turn crimson,
And noses, a rosy red.

How lovely it must be
To have someone keep you warm
As frigid air seeps into bones
with other dreadful feelings
Of seasonal ennui, and whatnot.

How lovely it must be to have anyone at all —
A fellow pumpkin carver,
An apple picker, a cider drinker —
to finally call your own

The Red Cardinal

Zainab Khokha '24

the red cardinal leaps from branch to branch,
searching, scanning, snatching silver flakes
of foil and pretty things like that.

the red cardinal is up before sunrise,
persistent, its body jolts in rapid motion,
tracking each glint of reflective light,
like a starving acrobat.

the moon sun and stars,
witness the red cardinal's zeal,
a red blur, weaving through branches
full of creatures who have stopped to rest and chat.

finally, the red cardinal prepares its nest,
curating the successful gallery of
silver foil and pretty things like that.

the red cardinal's wings strapped of feathers,
her body mangled and scraped and bruised,
unable to beat gusts of wind,
soaring through the sky as before,
so instead she sat.

still, the red cardinal sits,
never to stand, or fly,
out of its nest of silver foil,
and pretty things like that.



Graphic by Katherine Chong '25

Photo
by Mikayla DaSilva '24



Fashion in a Modern World

by Erin Li '24



Freddie Harrel

Freddie Harrel is a Parisian-born fashion blogger turned beauty start-up founder. Before starting her own blog, Harrel started her career in digital marketing for brands such as Vestiaire Collective, Topshop, and ASOS. Harrel uses her platform, Freddie-harrel.com, as a way to spread confidence, style, and positivity. In an interview with Elle, Harrel said, “I think fashion is just an expression of yourself. I don’t really follow trends or designers.” Harrel’s style can be characterized by the big, bright, colorful prints paired with matching accessories and boldly colored shoes. Also being a hair influencer, Harrel is CEO of her brand, Big Hair No Care, which first started as a side hustle, then evolved into a global community of uplifting women. Harrel encourages followers to embrace their beauty and let their confidence shine through their style.

Modest Mira



Amira Khan

Amira Khan is a British Pakistani born and raised in Manchester, UK, and has been wearing a hijab since the age of 13. In clothing, she experiments with colors, fabrics, and textures to find pieces that make her feel most confident. Since starting her fashion blog, Modest Mira, in 2015, Khan has accumulated a large audience who share her passions for fashion, art, and photography. On her page, she motivates her followers to embrace their most unique selves. On her page, Khan shares with followers her weekly favorite pieces and style inspiration, demonstrating that modesty can also generate confidence. Khan's style consists of elegant flowing pieces that accentuate her silhouette while still maintaining modesty.



Luka Sabbat

Luka Sabbat is a 21-year-old New Yorker who is a model, designer, and director. Sabbat has created a name for himself and is dubbed an “It Boy” by media outlets. At such a young age, Sabbat has already become interwoven with the fashion industry and has befriended many top designers of high-profile brands. Sabbat is definitely not shy when it comes to experimenting with new and bold pieces. He has been photographed in monochrome sets, streetwear, and brightly colored suits. Sabbat’s style can be characterized by a rockstar aesthetic with flashy accessories and monochrome outfits.

Dean Hinton

Deon Hinton is a model, photographer, and writer who has built a large online presence for himself with over 200k followers on Instagram. He has attracted a large audience through his powerful message of self-love. Having grown up in poverty and raised by a single mother, Hinton uses his platform to promote values which are important to him: positivity, joy, and confidence. His motivations are reflected in his style— a blend of minimalism and a hint of flare. Hinton’s style is meticulously minimalistic and is composed of mostly basic pieces he buys from thrift stores.



Graphics by Isa Turri '23





Visuals by Zhimi Li

courtesy of Yoyo Zhang '24



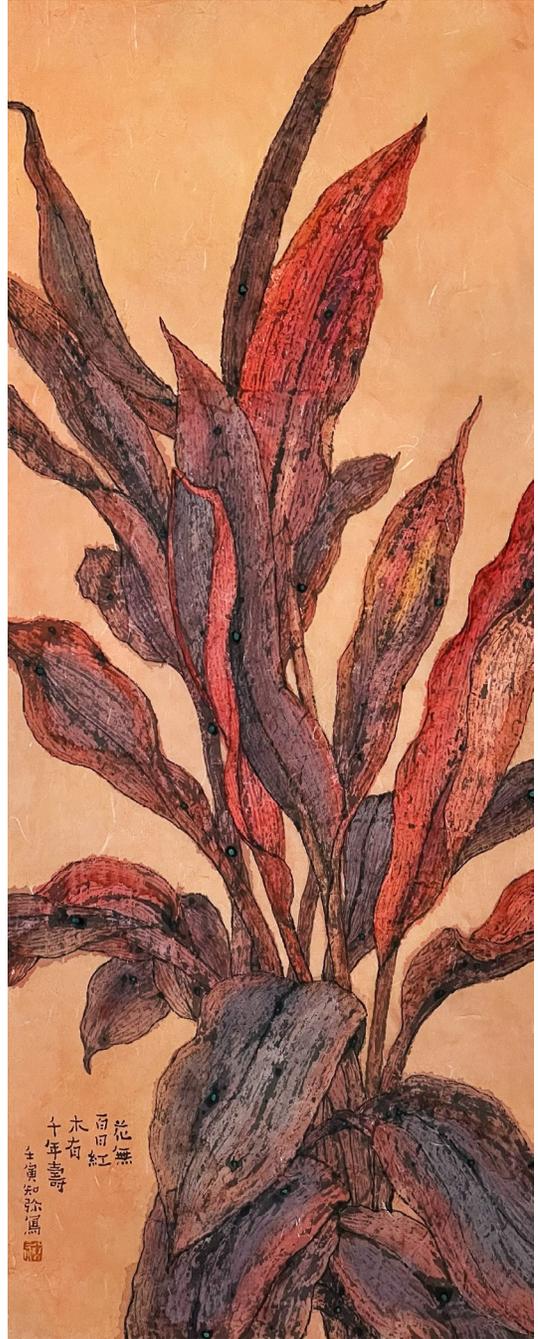


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MEET THE MASTHEAD

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