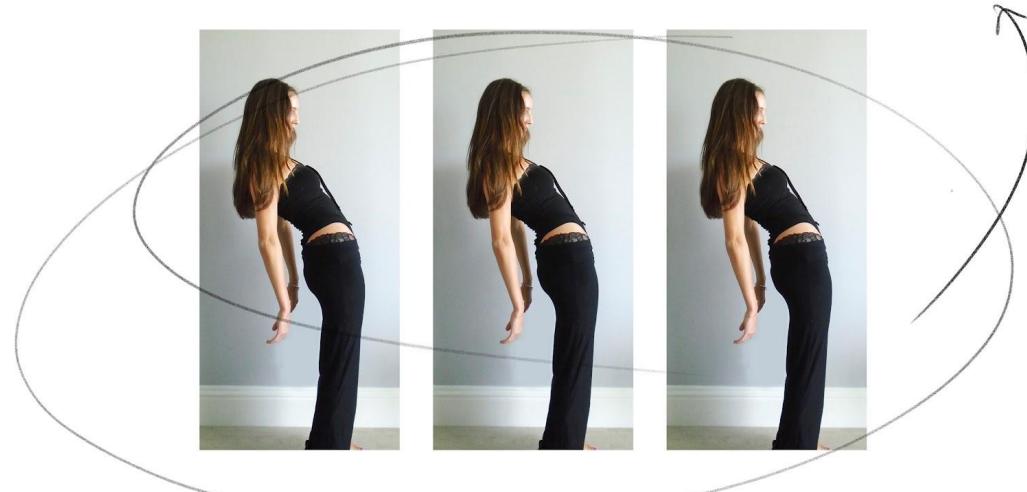
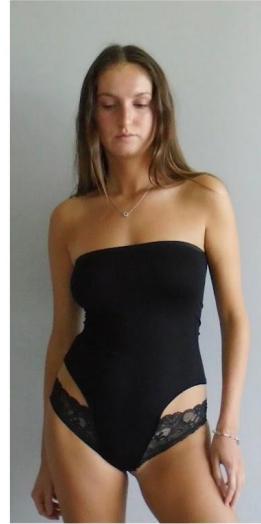
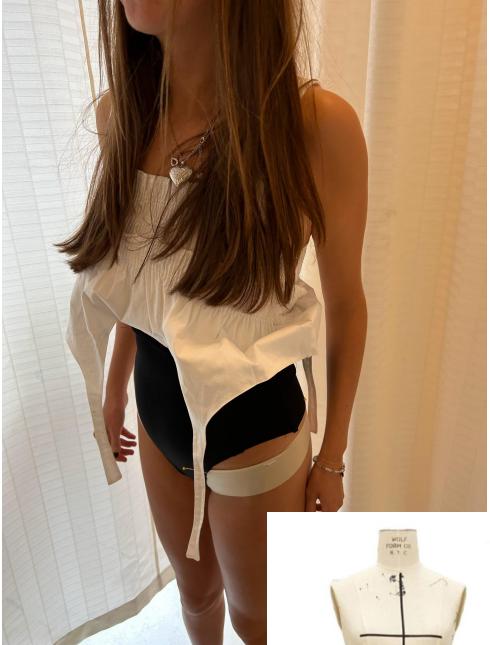




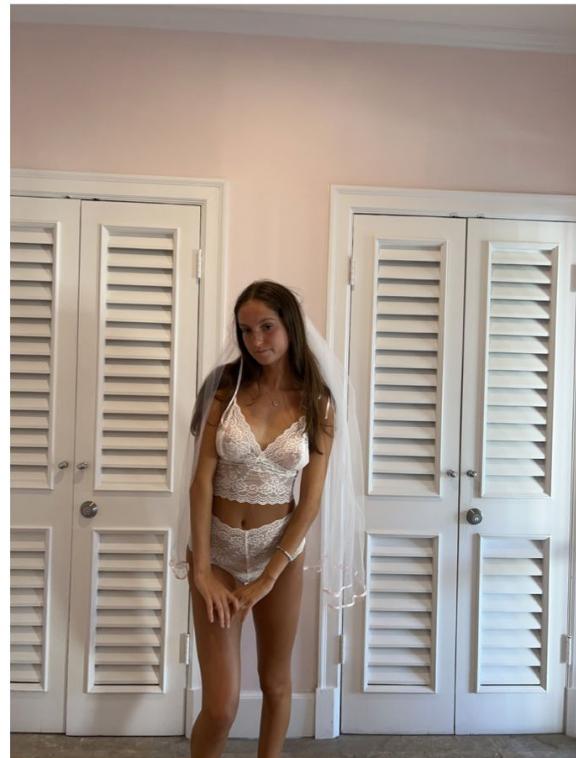
Isabella Anand's Portfolio





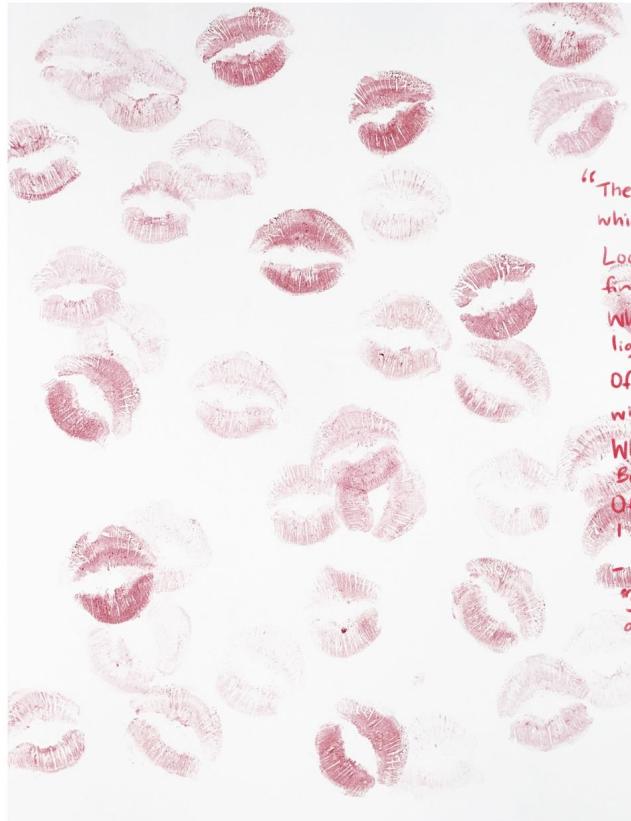












“The windows now, through
which this heavenly guest
Looks o'er the world, can
find nothing such
Which dare claim from those
lights the name of ‘best’
Of touch they are, that
without touch doth touch,
Which Cupid’s self, from
Beauty’s mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and poor
I am their straw...”
—Sir Philip Sidney,
‘Sonnet 9 from Astrophil
and Stella’



no one hates me the way I
hate my body











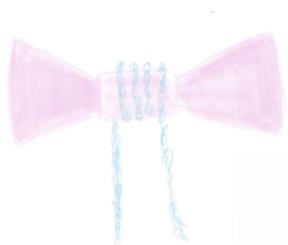
“Yes! In the sea of life enclas'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wilds,
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh! then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns set;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent!
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, quell'd?
Who renders vain their severance ruled!
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.”
—“To Marguerite: Cont.”
By: Matthew Arnold





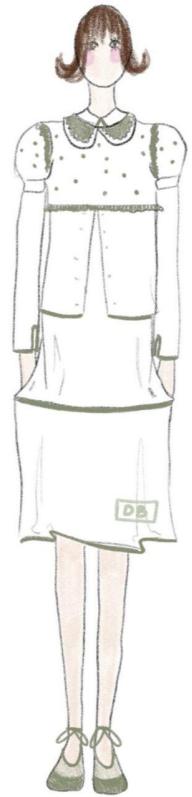
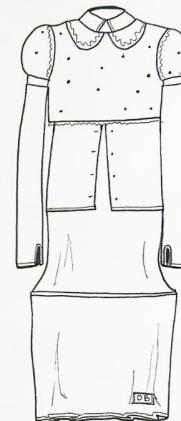
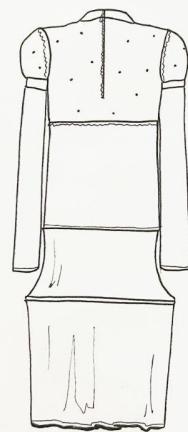
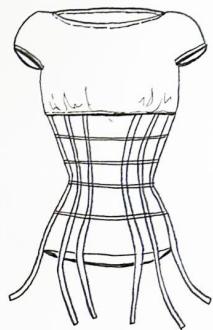
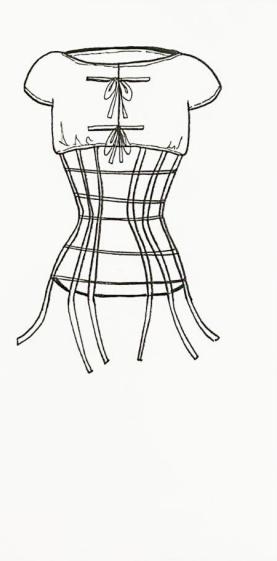












THE NEW SCHOOL



COHORT 11
Faculty: Paul Corio, Scherezade Garcia-Vazquez, Mimi Kim, Anya Kurennaya, Charlotte Schulz, Jennifer Stearns, Susan Stillman, Alison Doherty

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