

"I'M ON A BOAT, I'LL SEE YOU, IF I SEE YOU..."

FAREWELL DUKE

CLAUDIA CLARK

ISSUE NO. 9



THE STAFF

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BRIDGET FONDA

MODEL, IT-GIRL
I THOUGHT I WOULD HELP OUT CLAUDIA SINCE SHE REALLY WANTS TO BE A BLOGGER. I HELPED GUIDE HER THROUGH MANY PHOTOS, TO MAKE SURE EACH ARE PLEASING TO THE EYE AND ENJOYABLE.



SONGS TO PLAY WHILE READING

MUSIC TRACK LISTING / Farwell Duke by Daniel White / Felicia by Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass/ Clouds (Nuvens) by Os Ipanemas
*BONUS SONG/Mr. Smooth Man by Alan Parker & Madeline Bell

BRIGITTE BARDOT

INTERNATIONAL ICON
PARDON MY ENGLISH, TRUTHFULLY I DO NOT HAVE A TASTE FOR IT. THOUGH I THOUGHT I WOULD SAY HELLO, AND LET EVERYONE KNOW HOW PROUD I AM OF CLAUDIA AND HER EFFORTS TO MAKE THIS ALL COME TOGETHER, BONSOIR!



BRIDGET JONES

AMERICAN SWEETHEART
MAKE SURE YOU ALL COME HERE AND DOWNLOAD A NEW LOOK-BOOK EVERY MONTH! OR WHENEVER CLAUDIA PUTS A NEW ONE UP ON THE WEB! I SPENT A LOT OF TIME CONSULTING HER ON ETHICS AND THIS DESIGN, EMOTIONALLY MORE THAN ARTISTICALLY.



FROM THE EDITOR



With this attempt, I hope you all get a closer look at who I am. This Look Book is a diary of sorts, creating a little world month after month to gently remind me of life's beauty and how important it is to take a breath and jot it all down. Throughout every page, you'll digest my two cents on just about everything. I've learned it is important to romanticize all the occasions in life, from work to pleasure, I seek only joy.

We wonder what's the price for joy, simple joy. Is it bought for one and sold for two? How much of a deal am I getting? With Blahniks on my feet, it's safe to say I've been around so I know joy couldn't come cheap though I'd love to know the real cost.

Until next time.

BEST REGARD

Claudia Clark

FAREWELL DUKE

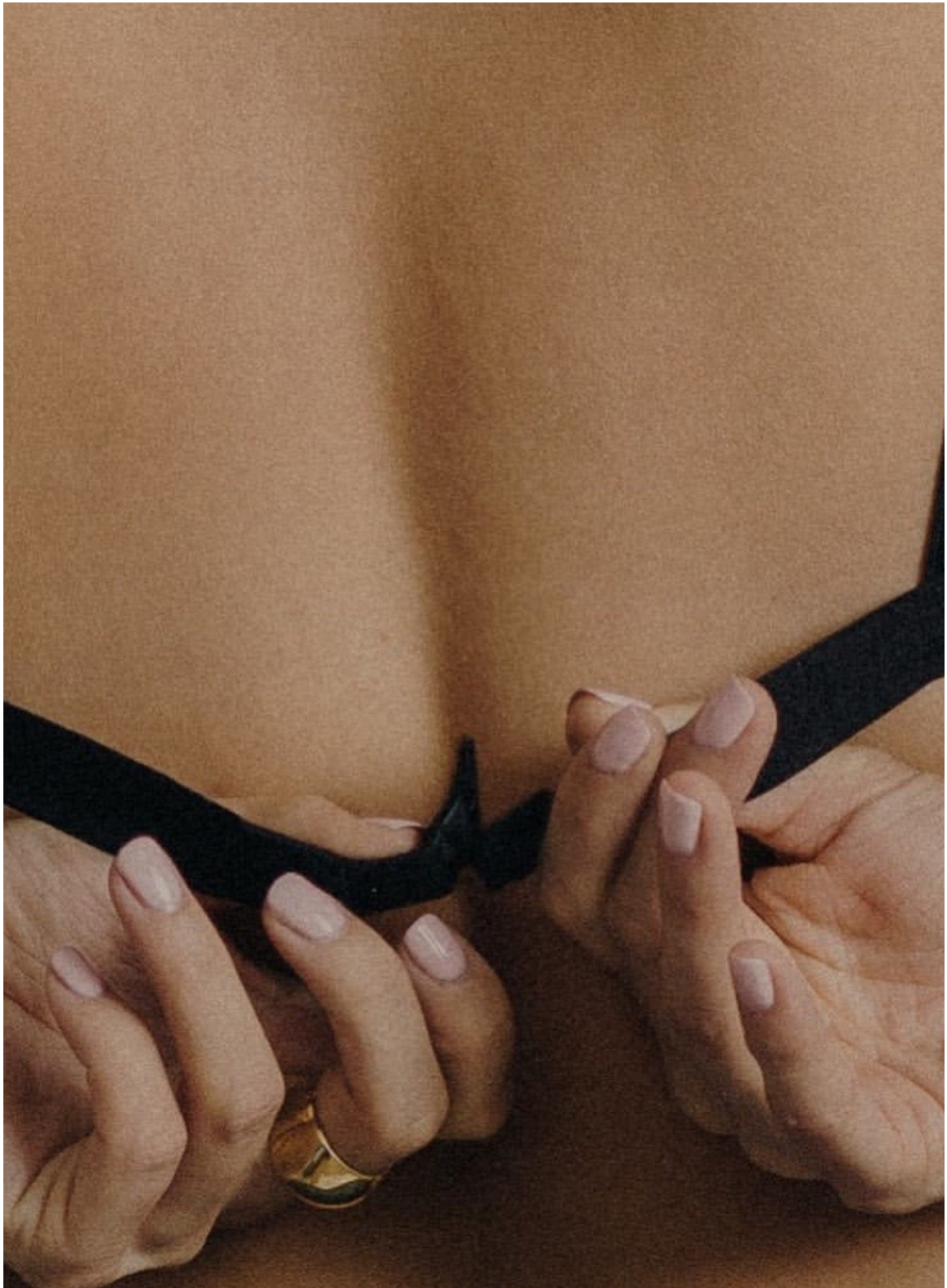
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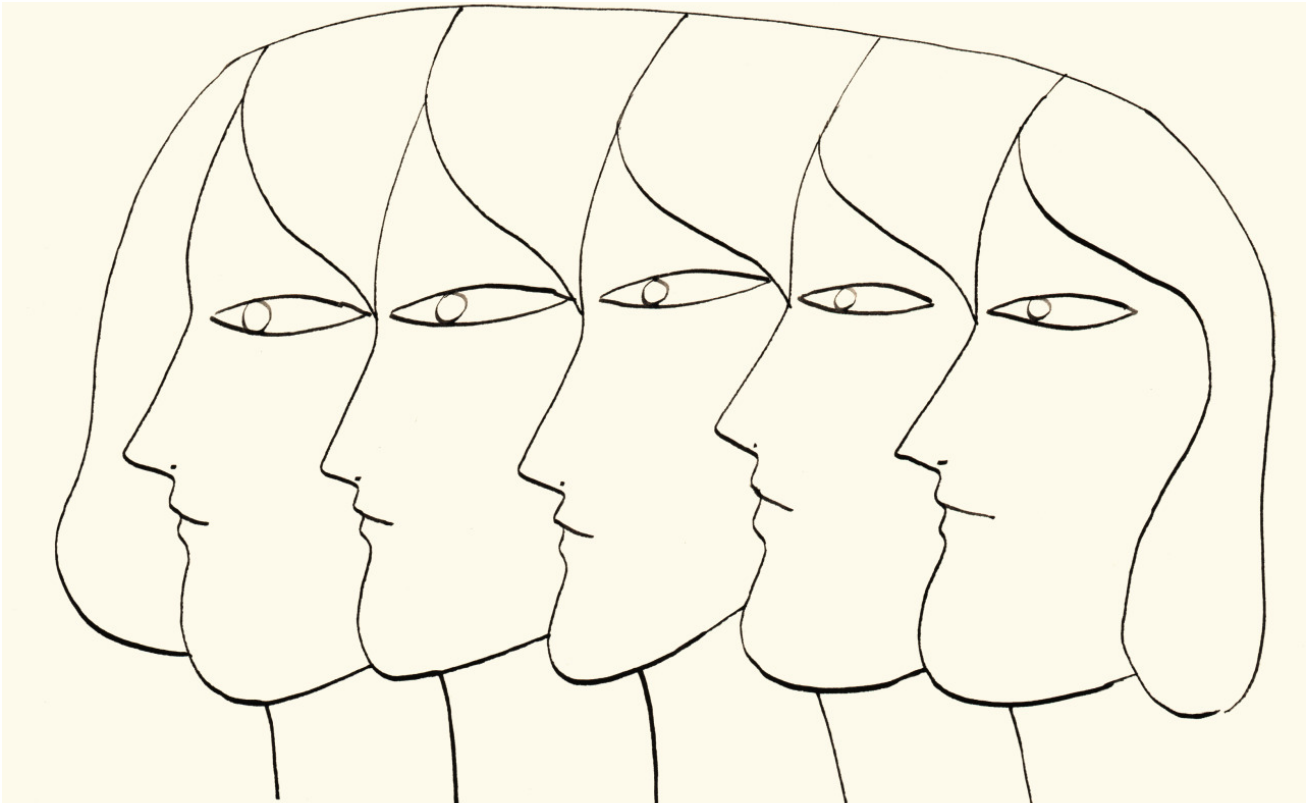
"TOGETHER WITH A CULTURE OF WORK, THERE MUST BE A CULTURE OF LEISURE AS GRATIFICATION. TO PUT IT ANOTHER WAY: PEOPLE WHO WORK MUST TAKE THE TIME TO RELAX, TO BE WITH THEIR FAMILIES, TO ENJOY THEMSELVES, READ, LISTEN TO MUSIC, PLAY A SPORT...."

When I think of fresh starts I often hear wedding bells ringing in the back of my mind. This is when I know the self-romantic urges to indulge will arrive, my happiness will be restored, renewed with an understanding that can only be seen by a lucky few. When stepping outside my apartment, I know the euphoria has kicked in when I smile at animals in passing, traffic no longer bothers me, I look into the details, the license plates make me giggle, I tap on the steering wheel in a rhythm, all while

daydreaming at a stoplight. The day carries further with a powerful stride, with more purpose. Appointments, schedules, deadlines, they will get done when they get done. "Wow, what a wonderful attitude; why the whistling this morning? Someone must have gotten laid." Coming straight from the mouths of co-workers and friends. There is no specific tendency to preach on and on about how life matters when you are fully "awake." To be frank, I'm no life coach nor do I ever intend on being one. I wasn't a

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believer in such achievable happiness until it happened to me. It started with a bubble bath and it ended with a good night's rest.

Most people think leisure is for children, at least everyone over the age of 25. I remember when I was 19, young, lean with so much time to kill. So much time to write every thought on the page. So much time to do nothing at all, build no skills, kiss with no intentions, breathe and be unaware of it, oblivious to what life was, especially when

there were no urges to build something but only to relish.

However, I feel 19 again, fresh, young, and beautiful. When the sunlight touches my skin, the only thing on my mind is wine, water, and, bubbles. I try to be cultural, I say "Arrivederci," repeatedly, perfecting my accent. These days there is no resistance when it comes to pleasure. I often allow nature to run its course and let the wind blow through me.

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"I DON'T THINK MANY PEOPLE HAVE A VERY GOOD UNDERSTANDING OF LEISURE AND THE IMPORTANCE IT PLAYS IN OUR LIVES."

ABOVE

More sand and wine for me.

BELOW

Leisure at its finest.



This feeling that I have all started with a catch and release. Long ago, I met this guy - we'll call him "Duke." Appearance-wise, he checked off all the boxes, his likes and our commonalities gelled perfectly. I was challenged, I was understood, and expectations were exceeded. So far, so good, right? When you meet someone that can look you in the eyes and you feel loved - what else do you need? Ah, food and water - for the most part in this western world - is a given. We are fortunate enough to spend our time running around chasing or being chased. As far as Duke goes, I was chasing a high I had never felt before. In the beginning, we met every Thursday and that's when I'd get my fix. The days would blend into mush, I would wake up and unfortunately, it would be

Friday. I would get so upset, begging and wishing for more time to peruse and do nothing at all. Though he was a busy man and I had to play it cool.

Life is not the same once you see the other side of the fence, the other side where you can find love, companionship, inspiration. Emotions are not reserved; you allow your feelings to course through you. We quickly see games are to be played with someone special and not with time. These days, society tells us that killing time is only for children. I would beg to differ when I was with Duke, happy as a clam, without a care in the world. I was a college student while he was more established— enough for us to "really" indulge. We would see all kinds of plays, from *Wicked* to *The Waitress*.







CALL ME WHAT YOU WANT

BUT...

DON'T CALL ME WHEN I'M SLEEPING...

“

IN OUR LEISURE WE REVEAL WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE WE ARE.

We'd leave during the intermission and spice things up with a nightcap. There was never a dull moment in the little amount of time we spent together. There was a day when I mentioned I went to the same school as Frank

Lloyd Wright. I talked up all of his architectural work to the point where Duke said he would take us to the Fallingwater house in Pennsylvania. He was easy to say yes to but it wasn't because he had money, he was

just established. Most of the guys that I dated around then could only offer me a beer.

We were both searching for substance; I was looking for someone to question with while he was looking for concrete answers. And so we went.

Once we arrived, it wasn't as ground breaking as we thought it would be; Duke had the urge to go further north, he kept on about a boat in Lake Ontario. "Once we're in the middle of it, it will feel like we're out at sea." I was in the mood, it was summer, hot, disgustingly humid in Pennsylvania and I'd be a fool to turn down a boat ride.

The day was moving along at a fine tempo, there was a rhythm that was beautiful enough to heighten my mood, all the little things that would normally rile me up became tolerable. It was at the point where bad music became catchy, conversations about the environment or fossil fuels were interesting, I would dig in and come out with a new understanding of anything worth



ABOVE
"Tell me all about your day, I have time."

BELOW
Get my good side.



discussing. I was on holiday, everything was fun or interesting. We gossiped about girls at my school, cutting off friends I met in my first year of college - how we'd outgrown each other by graduation. Duke touched on work, I touched on how much I was going to dread it.

Even the way Duke breathed and laughed became intriguing; we went to a rest-stop and made nonalcoholic cocktails, we kissed, we danced while refilling gas, we made a stop for a

quick hike just before sunset, it was all too pleasing on the eyes. Shamelessly, on my end, the nonalcoholic drinks became alcoholic. I was drunk enough to laugh like a pig but sober enough to walk. I was ready for a boat ride and more senseless luxuries. There was a moment in the car before crossing the border where things got serious. Duke explained to me that there are only a few people he knows that would be up for an adventure, the older you get, priorities tend to shift in a dull and monotonous direction. He mentioned how I

could try and avoid it but it's impossible to do so, we get older, we start to grow up and we forget what fun feels like, we forget that blowing money isn't to release stress, it's to lead a handsome life. "Friends will make you forget that", he predicted.

The next day, while driving through Canada, the car ride was unlike any other; I remained in the passenger seat barely spoken to while Duke was on the phone chatting to someone named Harrison. The two chatted

"WHAT WE DO DURING OUR WORKING HOURS DETERMINES WHAT WE
HAVE; WHAT WE DO IN OUR LEISURE HOURS DETERMINES WHAT WE
ARE...."

to each other like schoolboys. Meanwhile, I paid more attention to the details of the car, I couldn't get over the leather interior, it felt custom. I ran my fingers through the grooves and breathed in deeper trying to get a better whiff of the car wondering where the fragrance was coming from. I would cross my legs and then uncross them again. I would play with my nails, my teeth, and my hair, letting it down to only put it back up again seconds later. I felt beautiful in that car, truly beautiful. Perhaps I was Duke's girlfriend or

his sister, I questioned what someone would think while watching us drive past. I wondered if I was insecure since he was on the phone with someone else seeming to have more fun with them than with me. "Was this not a special occasion? Shouldn't this be rude?" He eventually hung up the closer we got to the lake.

Duke began to get a little softer with me after getting off the phone, I had enough of listening to all his insults and heavy-handed compliments.

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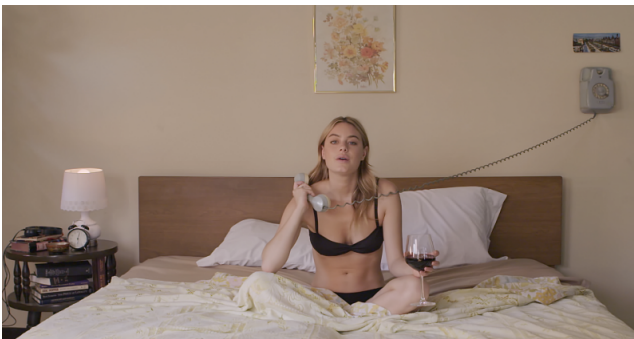


LEFT
I Look.

RIGHT
I Read.



BELOW
I Notice.





We looked into each other's eyes more often, I noticed how different they were from mine, blue and unimpressed with most things that were brought to his attention. Though it appeared I was one of those few exceptions, because of that I felt lucky. I was fascinated by how people could get like this. Floating over the coastlines in a bubble of wealth. Pretentious and picturesque, a combination I found myself loving and hating. We looked at each other just enough to keep his eyes properly on the road and managed to get there in one piece.

The closer we got to a lake that looked much like the sea, I unbuckled my seatbelt and put the window down. The car then filled with the scent of my shampoo. It felt like a massage the way my hair blew in every direction. I smiled with my eyes closed imagining myself on a yacht, talking business, signing my name on the back of a check. "Hmm, where will I vacation next? No, no, no, I have to get to Paris, I have to see about a perfect pair of heels." I met one older guy and I turned into an opportunist and a damn good one.

We parked the car and made a beeline for a reserved boat all the while chatting back and forth on little things, weather, water temperature, how it feels to be out of the country when I should be studying. I was a collegiate girl dressed in heels I couldn't afford, posing for an invisible camera. I needed an experience that could gratify me enough to know that I was more than just a typical midwesterner



"Ooh la, la, si bon!"



who taught herself how to dress. There had to be more, I was once told that everyone started off poor, just with some families, you have to go back very far in time to see that.

The boat was like any other, rented, upscale, made a

lot of noise, rocked back and forth to the point you almost wanted to get off. The further we traveled out, the water seemed calmer, the sun felt rich and I breathed with intention. Duke and I cuddled up and shared sweet nothings.





CONT'D

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When he was a child, his favorite film was one of the James Bond series, *You Only Live Twice*. “Obviously, the theme song was the driving force, epic in ways —from action pact to brief moments of expected seduction.” It was clear he was a wannabe playboy that awkwardly positioned himself in Wisconsin. It was off, but I appreciated the effort. He felt when looking at life through the eyes of Bond, he became a lead character in his own film, grabbing life with a tight grip and experiencing every second he could, dangerously, wildly, because you only live twice. I was on a different page. A couple of years before meeting Duke, I was so *A Sisterhood of Traveling Pants*, and in college, *Mamma Mia* but I tried to relate to Mr. Bond...

Further in the trip, I would see that Duke was more of a drag than he was a fun time. He had takes that I thought were interesting - with many forward thoughts that often landed

in dark places. I wanted to encourage him, that everything cannot be that bad, we do not have to end our lives in a place where we are only misunderstood, considered to be zombies walking among other zombies, treated like cattle that clock in and clock out endlessly. The outlook was grim, the outlook was ruining my vacation, at least one of us had to enjoy it, right?

By the next day, I realized I had Duke and myself all wrong. Duke was tired, he was



fighting a system he couldn't match. I didn't want him, I was just desperate to graduate college. He was already there, bags under his eyes, an obvious victim of burnout. He was in his late twenties - no real significant age gap between us so I was put off by his outlook on life. He was nice looking, smelled good, charismatic, but very tired; young, and fed up. It was the type of energy when you're young and carefree - you want to steer clear from - far as the eye can see.

As the time got away from us, I had realized I would be the girl that got swept off her feet to let a guy down in the end, I didn't want to be that person, but I had to. The world is too big to be thinking so small and short-sighted.

I began to question him without asking the questions literally. What were the moments that led him to feel like literal shit? Why the sad face? Why the tired eyes? Why do you think there's no hope? I feared I could be him if I didn't escape. I would cut off all my friends, focus solely on money to sail

boats, drive cars with living room quality interiors, sit around, smelling good, and complaining about the weather. I escaped Duke—I occupied his thoughts to only leave as soon as I came in.

It sucks when it happens, especially when you romanticize everything as I do.

But a leisurely life only requires a little and never works out when you have a lot to think about. Farewell Duke.



CLAUDIA CLARK



“PEOPLE HAVE BECOME SHALLOWER. THEY
VIEW SPENDING, ENTERTAINING, SEEKING
LEISURE AND ENJOYING AS THE MAIN
OBJECTIVES OF THEIR LIFE...”

ABOVE

Ending the day the right way; in
a mood.

MAY 2021

FAREWELL DUKE

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