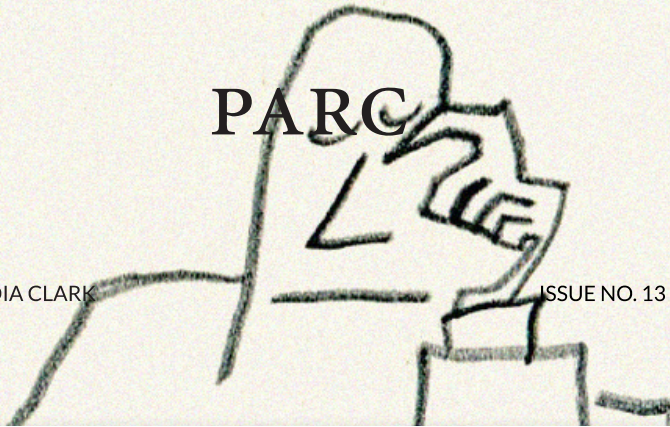


"AUTUMN FOUND ME ONCE AGAIN..."

# PARC

CLAUDIA CLARK

ISSUE NO. 13





## THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Claudia Clark, Me

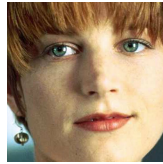
CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
Claudia Clark, Me

WRITER  
Claudia Clark, Me

## CONTRIBUTORS

### 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 / Deep in a Dream by Sunny Clark / Winter Moon by Art Pepper/ Chelsea Bridge by Ben Webster  
\*BONUS SONG/Patricia by Art Pepper

### 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*

# PARC

CLAUDIA CLARK

“DON’T YOU LOVE NEW YORK IN THE FALL? IT MAKES ME WANT TO BUY SCHOOL SUPPLIES. I WOULD SEND YOU A BOUQUET OF NEWLY SHARPENED PENCILS IF I KNEW YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.”

The city used to scare the hell out of me. I thought it was too big with constant noise and danger around every corner, meant to be avoided at all costs.

Eventually, I learned something was freeing about it as opposed to a sleepy suburban town. Towns were much more dangerous; you lose yourself in the sprawl, forget who you are while stuck in the highway traffic. When I arrived in the city, I was no longer tired; I found my energy, my pulse was back, I was renewed out of a vegetative state, walking

the earth freely with the conscious few.

When I first arrived in New York, my apartment wasn't ready for move-in, so I stayed in a hotel for a while. I wanted to experience New York the right way; I needed a warm welcoming. So I had my first date at an Italian restaurant. I was nervous, and the entrance was tough to find; I had to walk into the boutique next door and ask them how to get inside, and when I did, there was a Willy Wonka-sized stairway I shimmied down, nearly falling and hitting my head on the



CLAUDIA CLARK





stone ceiling. My date was very tall, he smelled like oregano, but I wasn't sure if it was the people next to us, although I was sure he was younger than I was. Right away, he mentioned how he went on dates often and had been having more success when he asked frequent questions and listened more attentively; that was his new approach. His honesty didn't put me off; I knew what I was getting myself into when moving to New York. I was aware of how dating would be like fishing in a lake with an oil spill. Nevertheless,

I was alive and satisfied with the new challenges; I assured my date that I loved answering questions, and he was lucky because of it.

As the time got away from us, and the booze were filling our stomachs to the brim, I had gotten more comfortable with him. I leaned in a little more and began to joke. I mentioned how my last dates had been cringe and of poor taste; most of the guys were flashy and overpaid and overtipped.



CLAUDIA CLARK



"I CANNOT ENDURE TO WASTE ANYTHING SO  
PRECIOUS AS AUTUMNAL SUNSHINE BY  
STAYING IN THE HOUSE."

ABOVE

It is empty again...



BELOW

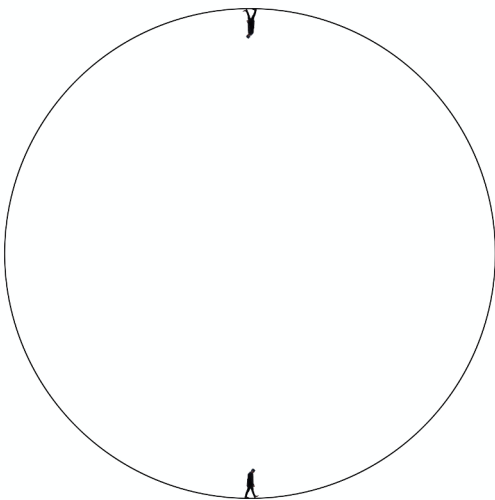
But it was full at first.

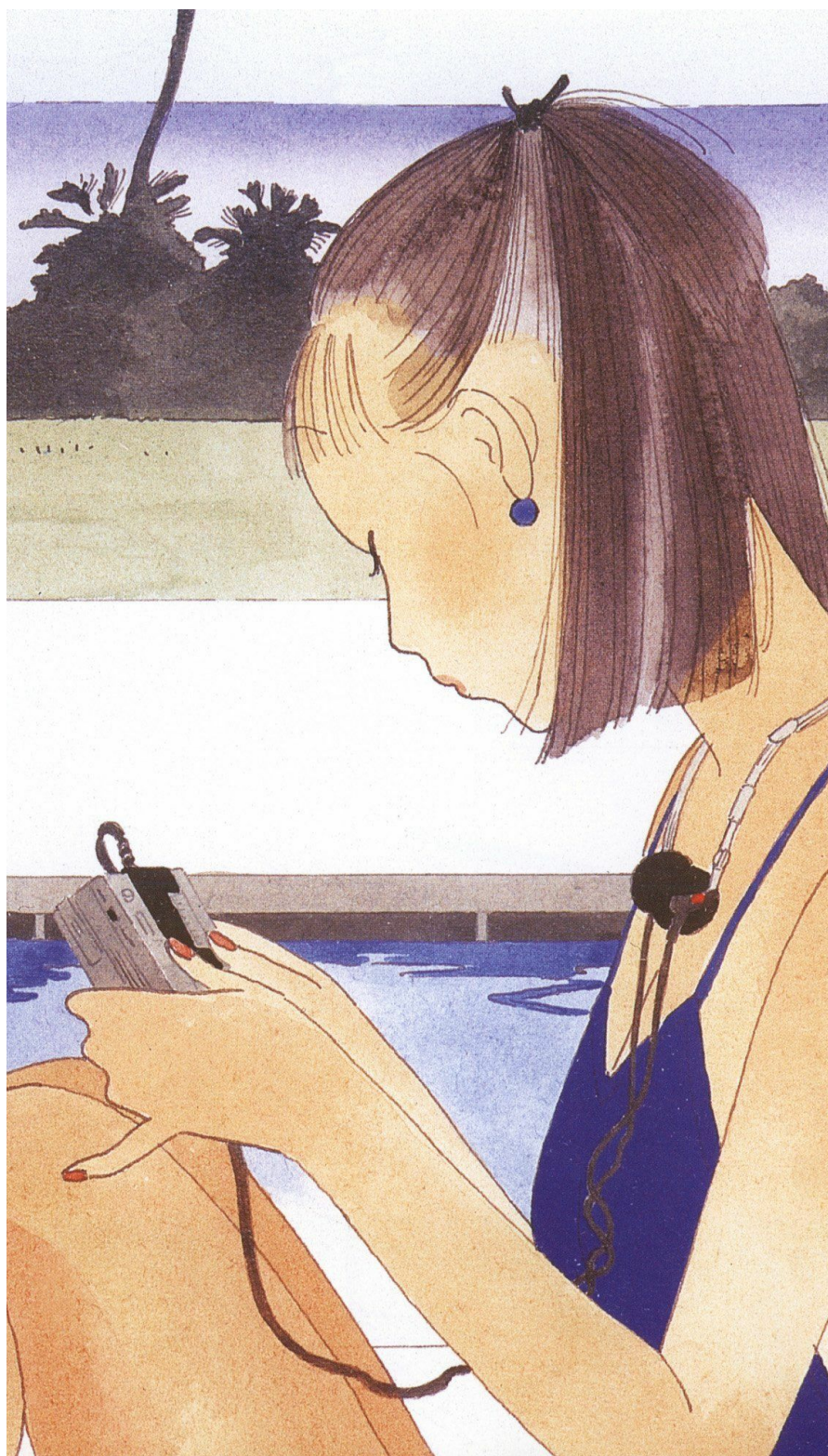
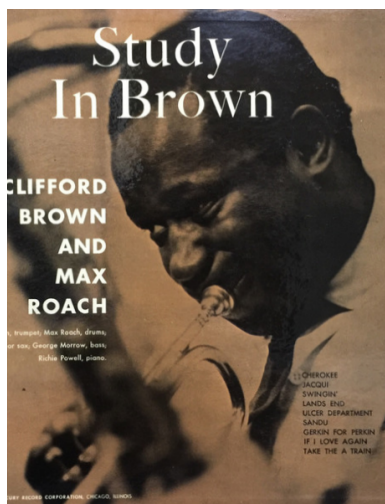


They all seemed bored with life and aging out. My date began to get a little intimidated, explaining to me that he wasn't rich at all - in fact, he was sad most days and on antidepressants, and they had been working very well recently. I told him moving to New York was my antidepressant, and it was doing wonders.

Before the restaurant closed, the two of us moseyed to an ice cream shop somewhere between West and Greenwich Village; I was checked-in at the Gramercy Park Hotel, but I didn't mind the walk. My date went on and on about how he was in the reselling business, and because he was in New York, he had been making "a killing" recently. I tuned out for most of it, but I do remember him explaining that in New York, many people appreciate

luxury resale, and it's easier to find items that can be overlooked that secretly cost a fortune, as well as applying to sell at an auction. I thought it was intriguing, but I was a little inebriated, so my mind was elsewhere. As the night went on, I devoured soft-served vanilla ice cream and was ready to kiss him. Instead, I suggested going home with him, but first, I needed to write down his address, just in case things were to go wrong. I lied about writing postcards to people when they move away, so it would be nice to have his address; he didn't hesitate. As strange as the date already was, the two of us both were living in hotels. As he told it, he would be rich if housing wasn't so expensive for him. He was living out of hotels due to his anxiety; he refused to live in a secure high-rise;









CALL ME WHAT YOU WANT

**BUT...**

DON'T CALL ME WHEN I AM AT THE PARK...

“

“I'M SO GLAD I LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE THERE ARE OCTOBERS.”

He thought hotels were the safest, no one knew where he lived, and his address wasn't listed. I didn't question it. On the contrary, I thought it was a pleasant surprise; if I had the money, I would have done the same, I

thought. By the time we would unwind, I was ready to sleep, my date suggested to put on an indie slow-burn film that sobered me up, and I had no desire for him any longer. He began to bore me, and it became clear that he was



the one who smelled like oregano. He was as gentle as a lamb; there was nothing dangerous about him, he had his issues like I did, but the spark was gone. We indulged in pillow-talk as many car horns went off less frequently, the city was beginning to rest. My date would whisper to me more about France as I began to nod off. He questioned if the weather was good enough to live there forever, he heard of the benefits of Vitamin D, and he was considering taking advantage of it. I explained that the south of France was like living in a postcard, and New York was like living in a snow-globe.

I woke up before he did and left without saying goodbye; it didn't feel right to say it. I was afraid he would cry; I would get guilty and offer to make him breakfast or something. However, I did adore the hotel he was living in, prewar finishes, squeaky wooden floors, the evaluator smelled like fresh peonies, so I decided to stay a little longer. I requested a table alone for breakfast at the hotel's restaurant. The restaurant was



ABOVE

Build yourself up.

BELOW

Never bring yourself down.



outdoors, and on the rooftop, I indulged in eggs Benedict and freshly squeezed pineapple juice for starters. After my first couple of bites, the waiter insisted that I read the New York Times; she mentioned she thought the front cover was brilliant, and each guest received an issue that came complimentary with the meal. I couldn't turn it down.

I finished my meal; while feeling light on my feet, I decided to mosey around for a while.

A random sadness hit me, and I started to question everything. I realized the world was too big to grip; I could not grasp with my hands or my mind. So instead, I found myself stumbling into another hotel bar, getting drunk enough to the point that I shouldn't be standing alone. I tend to get chatty when intoxicated. I wanted to have my very own case study on anyone that decided to approach me. I was in luck that afternoon; I found another borderline alcoholic willing to cannonball into a pool of vodka cranberry,

swimming up to the surface, belligerent but well satisfied. We talked until we were pleased - more so with ourselves. I had told him that I wasn't ready to live genuinely. I was terrified to quit my job and take the plunge to follow my dreams. I wasn't sure that they would be big enough to fill my pockets; I was nervous about failure and proving everyone right, all of the quiet and doubtful minds of my friends and loved ones in my hometown. I expressed quietly with watery eyes how I missed my friends. I was slowly becoming

“IT LOOKED LIKE THE WORLD WAS COVERED IN A COBBLER CRUST OF  
BROWN SUGAR AND CINNAMON.”

aware that I was outgrowing them since I was starting to outgrow the old me. I wanted to continue relationships that no longer made sense. I wanted it all, money, contentment, a refill of vodka; I needed to be okay with everything in life, but for some reason, I couldn't get a grip, my pulse was there, but there was no sign I was awake - I could see things, but how could I have been sure it was all real. My new drinking partner agreed; he told me the only reason he was at the bar was to get drunk. Earlier, he caught a matinee film

that moved him enough to the point he had to stick around. He waited for the credits to end; he freshened up in the bathroom afterward, he paced back and forth outside of the theater until the feelings dwindled. On his way out, he spotted his father leaving; the closer he got to surprise him, he realized his father wasn't with his mother, but another woman. He was devastated, but for some reason, he froze. He didn't feel it was right to out him then and there. So instead, he drank away the memory with me.

CLAUDIA CLARK



LEFT  
5 inch somedays.

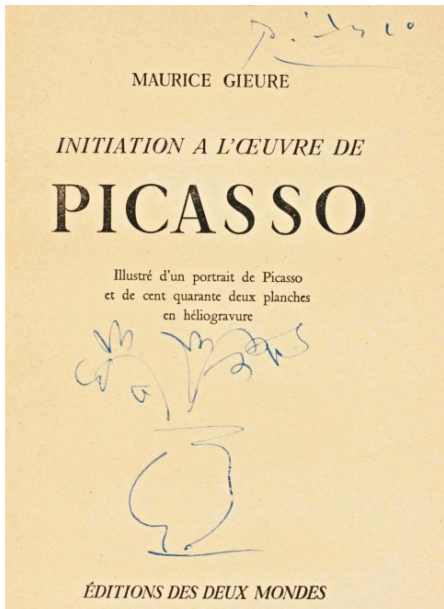
RIGHT  
5 inch always.



BELOW  
5 inch only.





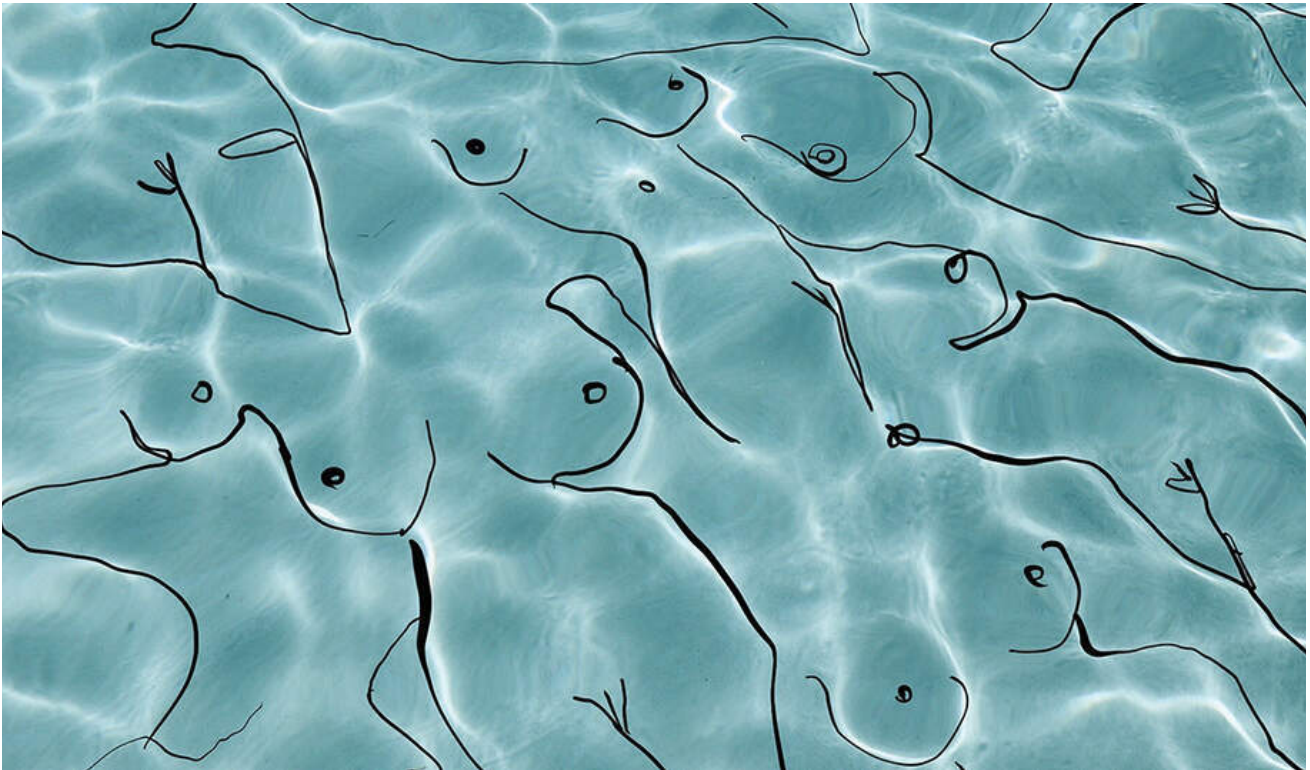


It was interesting how two worlds could collide with ease, without words needing to be said. We stumbled out of the bar and walked until we were sober enough to cross intersections with confidence. I felt alive again, at a perfect balance of unruffled and nimble - there were no pressing thoughts in the back of my mind, no random tick or image that flashed repeatedly; life became a breeze. We managed to find ourselves in a section of the park I hadn't walked through since I was 19 - the first time I got drunk. I stopped my drinking partner and shared the flashback.

"You know, the last time I was here - precisely at this spot, I was nineteen, addicted to juicy fruit and Tumblr, and I was desperate for a Tumblr story. I needed something blog-worthy, which was the only reason that motivated me to travel to New York alone for 24 hours. I was also alone on an airplane for the first time. The jet was large enough to feel any turbulence barely, but I still kept my eyes shut, blocking all of the light and anxiety. I was too young to buy a drink and too sober to know what to do besides white-knuckle the arms of my seat, and it's funny 'cos I swear my heart was racing at matching speed of the plane. At the time, I had a fear of flying and living, and to put my fears to the test, I was to sit in Central Park for no reason at all. So I ended up here, can you believe that? That was 2012!



*"2012 was yesterday."*



And 2012 was near the tail end of Blackberrys and Motorola's - I owned no smartphone, just an iPod touch to go along with a terrible wardrobe. When the airplane landed, I paid for a seventy-dollar taxi into Manhattan. And here's the best part, while in



the back seat, I was frozen and petrified, already regretting my decision to take a chance and build character. All I could think about was how much character didn't matter when all I felt was vulnerable and lost in a city too large enough to fathom"










## CONT'D

CLAUDIA CLARK

I needed to hold someone's hand, be guided, chauffeured, and chaperoned from door to door. I walked around Manhattan dancing and tiptoeing through pedestrians and crazies until I managed to arrive at the park. It was beautiful; I found the air to be surprisingly fresh, the leaves fell softly to the ground as the wind came and went. I was officially walking inside my favorite film, inside a picture worth hanging on a wall. And to my surprise, I was safe and philosophizing while casually lounging on a park bench with wired headphones and a scratched-up iPod. And I just sat precisely right here until I closed my eyes and got lost in the music."

My drinking partner would not reply with a story to tell but only a blank stare of emotions - I saw that I shifted the mood. I could practically read his mind, fully aware he was reminiscing, forgetting all about me, years away from me and what was around him. I was sure





he was thinking of a time when life was easier when we walked with less responsibility and had no reason to drink away stress or fleeting emotions. I wanted to ask him to share, but I only remained silent, sitting on the bench with him, watching all the people go by, slowly realizing that they too saw life similar to how I did. I noticed in their walks, some with heads that hung to the ground, others remaining proud with noses pointed to the sky. I knew I wasn't alone, I



could see everything clearly, and all it took was for me to drink the entire day, to be loose enough to not give a damn about myself, finally open enough for friendly conversation.

I managed to get home safely, thanking the gods that I pulled through - feeling reckless and profound. I smiled while in bed, sheltered in blankets and pillows. I let out a long sigh, a hopeful one, quietly reminding myself that it all will work out; eventually, life would arrange



itself in my favor soon enough, and I'll be back in the bar making a toast.

- Claudia

P.S. I truly hope you enjoyed this month's newsletter. It's been a year since I started these, and I am currently spending some time in Montreal working on other writing material. I have just finished my 2nd draft of a novel that will be my debut (fingers crossed!).

I have also been thinking about making some renovations with The Lookbook—perhaps

changing the designs, giving it a fresh look, and potential selling prints; this would be down the road if I go through with this; however, I would love to have your input, especially for those who have subscribed and read this from start to finish. Talk to you soon, and until next time.

- Claudia.





"NO SPRING NOR SUMMER BEAUTY HATH  
SUCH GRACE AS I HAVE SEEN IN ONE  
AUTUMNAL FACE."

ABOVE

The blankets always have the  
right touch.



OCTOBER 2021

# PARC

CLAUDIA CLARK

