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Road Map of Guam

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Home Remedy

OKS



Congratulations, Olga Korbut

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At Home with Television

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Italy Text

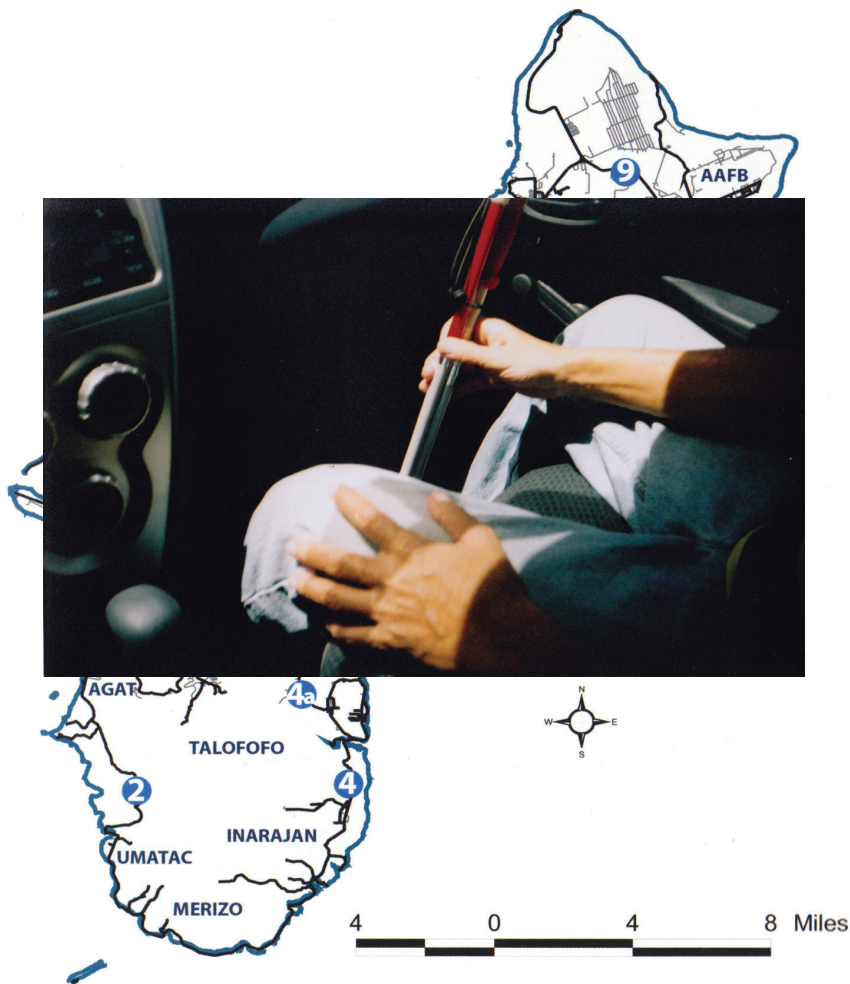
LAUREN WELLS



Roofing Pre-Winter 2014

PAT MCCARTHY

Edited by
BETHANY PELLE



Road Map of Guam

MICKI DAVIS

Four years ago I returned to Guam for the first time since I left at age 6. I was returning to my childhood, re-introducing myself to family and meeting some for the first time. I was also on a research trip, collecting oral histories surrounding my grandfather's store.

As soon as I arrived my Uncle Roland was eager to help me with my work. Roland had worked as a courier for a law firm on the island for over twenty years. He knew every route on the island, and he claimed that for at least the last ten of those years he was slowly losing his eyesight and still driving. He became my navigator. Riding shotgun with his retractable cane Uncle Roland would guide me around Guam, interspersing directions with family gossip, island history, and his own philosophies. The following is a transcription of our first outing paired with snap shots I took of our travels.



I was off-roading up in the hills right across from Uncle Mike's beach, and the sword grass was tall, so I was making my own trail, and then something went BAM! And I'm like, "what the hell was that?" So I got down and I had to, you know, get through the grass: it was a refrigerator. Aw, man, dump this here? It's kind of a problem all over Micronesia, like, junk cars. Surplus junk cars here in Guam are usually collected and sold to China for recycling, but the other islands in Micronesia, like Yap, Chuk, I'm not sure about Palau. Palau is like the upper class of the Micronesians and (Is there a base there in Palau?) Where, in Palau? I'm not sure. Never been there, but it's great for diving. Tank diving. Scuba diving.

(We're in Agana by the way.) Where Chief Kepuha's at? We're going straight up, past that? (The crypts are on the right.) The Veteran's cemetery? (Yeah.) Oh, no- that's Pago Cemetery your talking about. We're in Agana, or Anigua, part of Agana. There's a civilian cemetery there, Pigu cemetery. I think we should pick up Shawnel first, cause if we get caught in traffic to go to Tamuning then to Chalan Pago we're gonna be late, and Shawnel can be a real bitch. (Laughing) She can. She used to throw stuff at her mom and yell at her. (When she was younger?) Oh yeah, growing up.



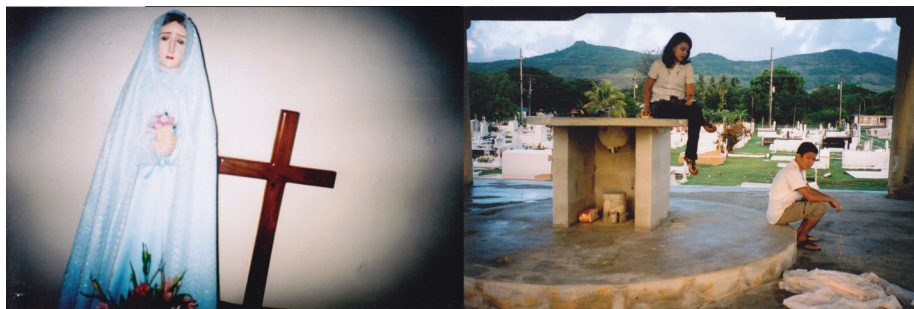
One day we were in the van and we were going somewhere and it was me, Bing, Shawnel and Lani and we stopped by the store, and she's going, 'Mom let me have some money, let me have some money' and I go, 'here Shawnel' and I give her some money. When she came back out I saw she bought everything for herself, so I was teasing her when she got back into the van, ' Did you get anything for me?' you know, I wasn't expecting anything. She just got quiet...and then she screamed. She just kept screaming like she was getting attacked by a grizzly bear. That's the first time I ever experienced her like that. Freaked me out.

Up ahead is the post office? We can go past it and make a U-turn and go back to the traffic light. I wanna keep you on the main roads. Right? You see the post office? (No.) On the right side here? (No. There's a carpet store) It's right behind the ITC building, the post office. (Oh, yeah!) So you want to make a left. Yeah, so that's the International Trade Center, it's called the ITC building. (Oh, I see it) Up here if you go straight on the left it's the Guam Premiere Outlet, they call it GPO. It's like a mall. A lot of expensive stuff, designer brands, stuff like that. A theater, a couple of theaters. Food court.



Okay we're going up three traffic lights and you'll see Pizza Hut on the right, you're gonna want to move to the left turn lane, cause we're gonna go left on Watkins road and head up to- did you make that right turn at Chief Kapua? (No! I've been on the 1!) Oh no, Micki, are we lost? If we didn't go up to snake road and Naval hospital we're headed for Chalan Pago. (I think I know which way to take because I need to take a right, right?) Cause Route 4 starts at Chief Kapua. Did we pass Chief Kapua? (Yeah, we passed it back there.) We're in Tamuning. We're in Tamuning! Micki, we need to turn around, cause I don't want to take you on any side roads, then we're gonna get lost.

We're going down the hill. This is lower Afame, Sinajana, on the left. Ordot. They call it Ordot Chalan Pagu. Like one village, but it's actually two. Every village has a church. You have to ask Zac about the names of the churches. He's the expert. Zachary. He's got a thing for collecting statues, has he showed it to you? I bought him a seventy dollar Saint Jude statue one time. He ordered it from South America. You know he's not really a devout Catholic, but he's really into it. The praying, the nobenas, going to church. He's part of the Christian Mothers for God's sake. They're an organization of senior ladies.



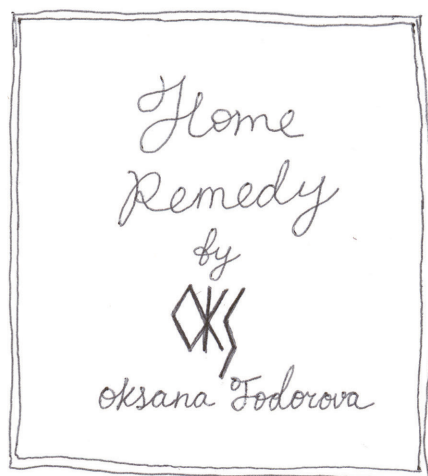
They go around, say Fatima, nobenas and other stuff, it's a catholic group. Zac hangs out with them at church, singing and praying. He likes that. In fact he's caused a lot of the older techas- do you know what that means? (It's the woman that leads the nobenas) Men or women. There's a lot of men techas now. Zachary's young and he's good. He sings good. He's loud. He presents himself well. And the older ones are like, 'Who the hell does this young kid think he is? Getting in into our turf?' He's gotten popular. He's got clients! During the holiday season, people call him up, 'Can you do my Nobena? Can you do my Nobena?' and he gets, like, money. They're not supposed to pay, but people will force it into his pocket. This last holiday season he was stressing out. He had one in Agat and then 5 minutes later he needs to go down to another place, he's got a schedule, and sometimes he's late and he's like, 'Sorry I'm late! Sorry I'm late!', and they're like, 'Oh, that's okay'. Everyone treats him like a priest. It's like he's a rock star. He likes that. (We're here.)

I think we're on time right? (Yeah. No, we're like ten minutes early. This is absolutely fascinating to me.) What? About your family here? And Jon is like, he loves Zac, but he's always putting him down for his, ah, alternate lifestyle and all the statues and even your mom called up and was like, "Zachary are you turning protestant? Why are you buying all those statues?" (Why did she say 'are you turning protestant?', what does that...?) I don't know what that meant.

Your mom's kind of naive. You know she was sheltered growing up so she's kind of ignorant to a lot of stuff.

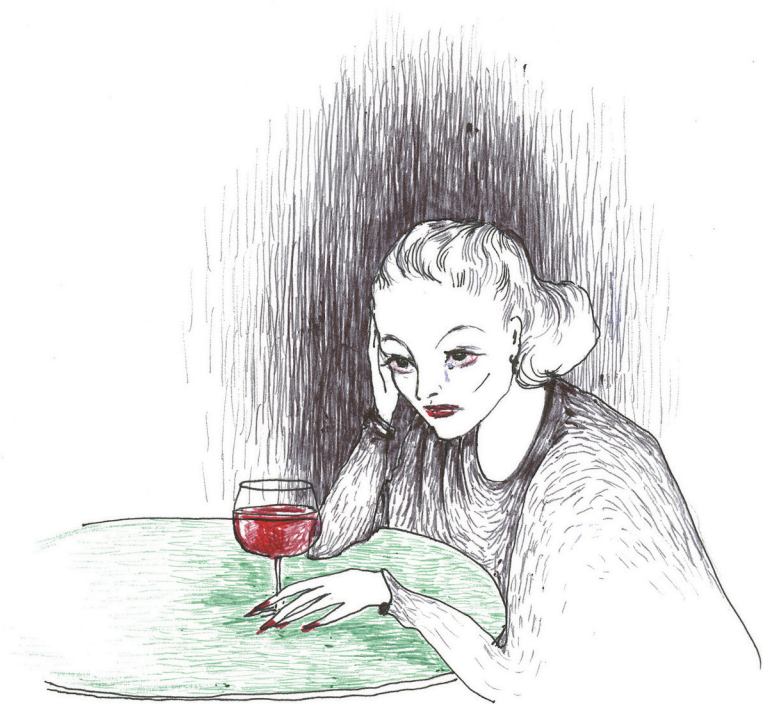
One day Norma and I were talking at your house. She's had a really pretty wild life so we were talking sex. Your mom'd joined us and the conversation went to the cresta, which is the Chamorro word for the clitoris. Your mom was like 'What's that?' Norma goes 'Darling, you don't know what your- what the clitoris is?' Your mom says, 'Cresta, what's that? I don't know what that is.' We started cracking up. My poor cousin she was so sheltered at home she was ignorant to that. She just missed out on a lot of stuff, things that your grandmother never talked to her about. You know, being a woman. Because there's a lot more to know about women than there is to know about men. You know, men eat, have sex and that's it. But a woman is more complicated. And I respect that about women. I believe in women's rights and all that stuff. I'm a liberal. □

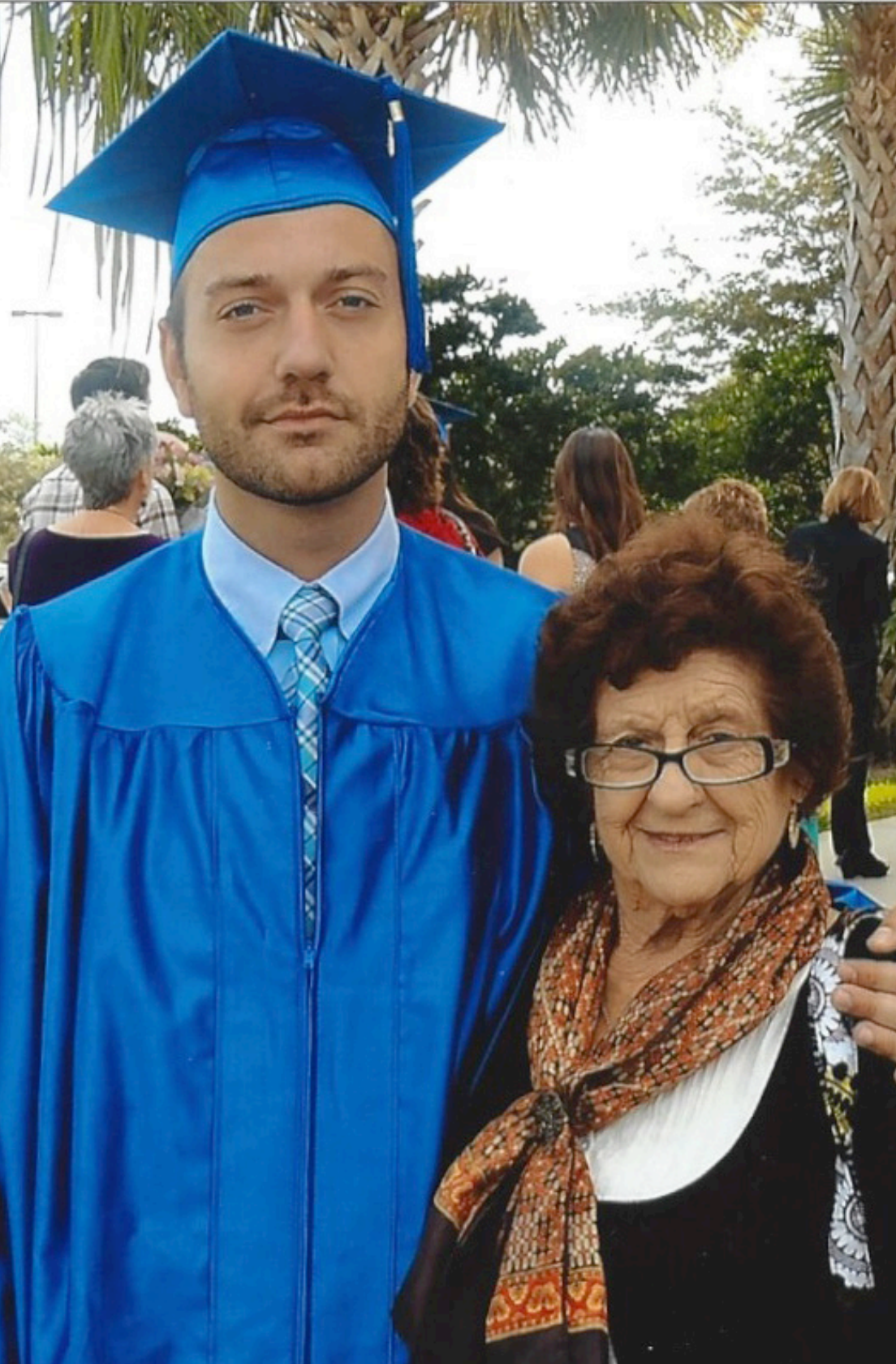












Congratulations, Olga Korbut

ANDREW ANDERSON

The only conversation we've exchanged so far was brief and in regards to the peculiarly choppy Gulf waves we viewed from the causeway. My Grandma and I are en route to my parent's house in Brooksville where about half of our immediate family will be staying or visiting this weekend. This is my first time driving to the new house since I just got my license reinstated after having it suspended four years for my second DUI. Never a confident driver, my heart's palpitations are slowly but surely waning. I've made it past the causeway, merged on to an expressway and have finally started to drive fast enough that now only every other car feels the need to pass me immediately. Grandma and I are making a special stop at the Florida National Cemetery where my Grandpa, a proud Navy man, was buried a few years prior. We are celebrating the birth of baby Madeline, my grandparent's tenth great-grand child. Beside me, my Grandma proudly clutches a bouquet of pink spray roses and baby's breath I put together per her request this morning. We pass another exit as I say, "Alright, we can talk now."

* * *

"Who keeps calling me?" I grumble, swinging my legs from the mattress to the floor. I passed out some hours before. The view from my mattress is vile, repugnant. A wall of beer cans cover my desk and the en-

compassing floor. Microwave dinner trays with crusty forks stand stacked in a tower next to my bed. Clothes litter the floor and my schnauzer mix Cooper has, by no fault of his own, gone to the bathroom in the corner. Thankfully, I have tile. My cell phone wails again, so I pick up on the second ring. My sister sobs but composes herself long enough to tell me Grandpa just died. I am speechless. It feels as though a horse has kicked the wind out of me with its hind legs. I disassociate throughout the rest of the conversation. No, there isn't anything I can do tonight but rest and plan to be picked up by my mom and to spend the day with Grandma. Grandpa's death is sudden and unexpected. Straightaway I move to my bathroom for the unopened, emergency stash of whiskey hidden in my toilet's tank. Sitting down on my sofa, I light a cigarette and take a long swig. Two cockroaches slowly scale my wall. After one more swig the tears come. It is eight o'clock at night.

* * *

I take a deep breath before hurtling myself backwards, pretending I'm standing on a beam four inches wide instead of wading in a pool four feet deep. My feet hit the concrete as my upper body brakes through the water. My hands shoot up into the air and Grandma exclaims, "Congratulations, Olga Korbut. You are the first gymnast to ever perform a back somersault on the balance beam." The night before, she gave me an old autobiography of the '72 Olympic darling that originally belonged to my aunt. My brother Kyle and I are staying with my Grandparents for the weekend. They live two miles from us and are present at every holiday, birthday and school program. Sometimes my friends at school talk about their grandparents as if they barely know them. To my siblings and me, Grandma and Grandpa are second parents. "Do a front somersault, Olga," my grandmother enthusiastically cheers. I oblige and then perform one more back flip before she announces that it's time to change for lunch. As we walk into the garage to dry off and change, Grandma tells Grandpa to quit tinkering and come inside to eat. At dinner, we sit at the table with the TV turned off, but for lunch, Kyle and I eat our chicken noodle soup with oyster crackers, fruit and chocolate chip cookies in front of the TV where we watch cartoons on Nickelodeon. Grandma and Grandpa eat at the table. As expected, we have an activity scheduled for the afternoon. "After lunch we are working in the garage," Grandpa announces, "Kyle

will build two model airplanes and Andrew, we are going to build a barn for your My Little Ponies.” Kyle and I both smile between mouthfuls of soup.

* * *

I stare at the clock on my cable box and nervously chew my nails. “There’s no other way,” I say to myself grudgingly. It’s 7:30 PM, three days after my twenty-seventh birthday, I’ve got forty-five cents to name, and I need a drink or twelve. My grandparents always give me a birthday card with at least 25 bucks inside. I haven’t seen them in a few weeks; it’s hard to get around in Florida without a driver’s license and even harder if you’re a selfish drunk. I’d been sober for a year: The 7 months of house arrest while wearing an alcohol-detecting ankle monitor gave me a good start but after four months of grit and determination a childhood friend showed up at my door with a six-pack and now, three weeks later, I needed a twelve-pack just to fall asleep. While changing into my running clothes I glance in the mirror and hate the face that is about to show up at his grandparents house, at night, for the first time in years, to ask for his birthday money that they know will be spent on booze.

They live a couple of miles from my apartment and their astonished faces upon opening the door douse me with a deep disgrace that, while it burns, does not prevent me from going through with my plan. We make awkward conversation and I refuse any food or drink, defying an unwritten rule of visitors to Grandma’s household. The conversation halts and I can tell by their dejected expressions that they know why I’m here. “Well I better be off,” I utter while standing up, “Mom said you had a card for me.” “We left it at her house this morning,” Grandma quietly replies. My heart skips a beat. “Come back again,” she pleads before closing the door. Grandpa stands silently, nodding his head. I want to cry, to pound on the door until they open it and to tell them I’m sorry and I love them. Raking a deep breath, I tell myself, there’s always tomorrow or the day after. Tonight, I have to run over to my parents’ house to pick up my birthday card so I can get drunk.

* * *

Grandma opens the door with a big smile and a fond hello. She’s

86 now, thinner than ever, but her smile is still the same. "Oh good, you brought Cooper!" she announces. I lay his carrier down and unzip it before he darts towards Grandma. His front paws hit her knees and she reaches down for a kiss. It's Thursday afternoon, and I'm here to take Grandma grocery shopping and to cook her dinner. It's cool for Florida so we take our coffee inside. Cooper, with his advantage of fur, runs around outside enjoying the smells. I live in a small, 540 square feet apartment so he always enjoys a chance to romp around Grandma's backyard. I've been sober for quite a long time, and now that I can drive again, I visit Grandma at least two or three times a week and really enjoy our time together. We tend to drink coffee and eat ice cream or ginger snap cookies while discussing my life, family and national news, as well as her past and my future. I especially love when she pulls out family pictures from the '20s, '30s, '40s and '50s. She claims to have a bad memory, but her many stories show otherwise. She fell a week ago in the garage and is still limping. "Do you mind if I send you to the store with my list?" she asks reluctantly. I tell her I will gladly take her shopping or shop for her anytime she wants. "I've got chicken and a box of scalloped potatoes someone left here. Buy whatever you need to make a meal out of that," she says as I walk out the door. When I return, she sits on a kitchen stool as I cook our simple dinner. Upon tasting my chicken grilled in cream soup she raves as though I'm an acclaimed chef. While washing the dishes I tell her I need to go thrifting to find a thicker sweater for what will surely be a cold winter. "It won't fit, but I can give you one of Grandpa's for the ride home," she says, disappearing before bringing me an extra-large but thick wool sweater. I kiss her goodbye and grab Cooper's carrier. She always waits at the door to wave to any guest as they drive off. Inside my apartment, now clean with nice furniture, I turn on the bathroom light and gaze into the mirror. I'm absolutely swimming in the sweater she gave me, but my reflection makes me smile. I'm warm and comfortable. I turn off the light and walk into my living room and curl up on the couch to watch a favorite show on DVR. It isn't cool, but I fondly keep the sweater on anyways; it makes me feel close to Grandpa.

* * *

As we pull in to Florida National Cemetery I am once again astonished by its vastness. Thousands of veterans and their spouses are buried

here beneath the manicured fields lining both sides of the winding roads. Even though we have both been here before, my Grandma guides us with the aid of a map my Mom printed off the Internet for us. We turn right, then left and cruise forward a few miles before Grandma exclaims, "Up there on the left." I pull my Jeep over to the side of the road and switch the engine off before suddenly remembering that two days before Grandpa died I promised to spend the weekend with them both at their second house in Inverness. "We really do only have today," I muse before wrapping my arm around Grandma's shoulder. We walk past several rows of tombstones before we get to Grandpa's. Placing the bouquet in front of his tombstone, she speaks, "Baby Madeline was born yesterday, Emerson. You both share the same birthday. I wish you could be here to celebrate, but I know you and Barry are having your own celebration up above." She sobs after mentioning my late uncle, so my grip on her shoulder tightens. We stare at the grave silently as a tear of regret slowly rolls down my cheek.





At Home with Television

KEVIN VANZANTEN

It is nice to have a home, a place that is for more than just our stuff. Some lived places are never home; home is at another location or nowhere at all. We can be homeless and be renting rooms. We can be without an address and be at “home” wherever we happen to be. Home is not contingent upon a building, but a house or apartment that represents it. When someone says that he/she is at home, I assume that a bed and some sleep attire are not far away. For the seventy odd years of television, the American situation comedy has shared this assumption and supported several features that define home. Perhaps one could bring home into being rationally or through logical application of certain components, but it may also be a belief that we find ourselves arriving at after making a place so.

At the moment, television is now a landscape of shows distributed on various platforms; no longer limited to a box with a screen and antenna. Of television’s many genres, the situation comedy has been rather popular. In order to find an uncontentious background for the comedy, a sit-com uses a distilled version of home. Its lack of complication reveals what we agree is essential and true about a normal home. With exception of the workplace variety, (which is a home in its own way) the sit-com generally uses a house model of home to ground the hijinks, awkward moments, and absurdity. The styles of home vary widely in appearance, but the sit-com finds home upon order, appropriate household roles, and the facilitation

of family.

In many instances, a sit-com home relies on ritual order to keep the chaotic thrown wrench at bay. Sometimes that wrench is a small but powerful colonizing force like Will in *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air* or Alf in, well, *Alf*, but more often it is the actions of an integral character, like Mr. Belvedere's Wesley Owens or Lucille Ricardo of *I Love Lucy*. A sense of order or established rule is essential to marking the viability of the sit-com home, the messier or more out-of-date that it is, the weaker and less desirable the home is to the viewer. The ordered home is the straight man to the chaotic wrench. The audience identifies with the former, but enjoys the antics of the latter. Characters like Mr. Belvedere and the many thankless wives guard the order of the house against the amusing mild chaos. A fuddyduddy or killjoy, his/her struggle is implied to be eternally necessary, but Belvedere's and his ilk's only response is snark. Her/His occasional failure to maintain order is usual rectified by cooperation from the imp, but there was a time when violent threats to the keeper served the humor. Lucy Ricardo was frequently in fear of Ricky's threats of strangulation, and *The Honeymooners* Alice Kramden starred down Ralph's enraged threats to punch her in the face. Sure, they are played off as empty threats, but 1950's consensus was that a bit of force may be necessary to control the home. It does pop up again now and then, but satirically (which can be a winking acknowledgement of a true desire) as in Al Bundy's frequent and morbid threats to murder Peg, or Archie Bunker's constant emotional abuse of his wife Edith in *All in the Family*. Alternatively, *Roseanne* and *Louie* manage constant flurries of life's shit storm, but these disruptions are not as traumatic to the home. Theirs is a conditional order that will be often disrupted and broken, but they keep it in the name of appearances and some level of sanity. Louie for the sake of maintaining shared custody of his children, and Roseanne for the preservation of the family unit (even if it must include a delusion about Dan's death for about two seasons). Obviously some take the Order faith more seriously than others, but no sit-com home is complete without it.

The appearance of a homestead constantly changes due to the occupant's personality and fashion, but the players of productive labor and reproductive labor have persisted with only slight modification. In any sort of family sit-com, one character typically carries out the household maintenance, reproductive labor, while the other carries out the acquisition of wealth, the productive labor. The reproductive laborer, which is the most often the "wife" of the pair, is never the star of the show unless he/

she is in a professional capacity or simply living alone. In the case of *Family Ties*, the parents Elyse and Steve (the original stars of the show before Alex Keaton proved irresistible) are both educated professionals, but it is Elyse, an architect, who works out of the home. Although Steve may drive the kids to school and occasionally cook, Elyse is almost invisibly carrying out the daily housework. There is no reflection upon her role in terms of plot, but she is often seen straightening up, watering plants, serving coffee, or otherwise hinting at her services. Darrin in *Bewitched* is intimidated by Sam, his wife (a witch), and is the frequent butt of emasculating jokes, but Sam still assumes the housework as a matter of course. Naturally the show jokes that without magic, she could not wash a dish. In general, the primary producer, oddly, often takes the role of buffoon. Herman Munster (*The Munsters*), Tim Taylor (*Home Improvement*), and Doug Heffernan (*King of Queens*) are frequently incompetent and childish, while their wives Lily, Jill, and Carrie, respectively, check their husbands' foolishness with sarcasm or teasing. I suppose that this is to be an empowering gesture or commiseration with housewives, but in the end the idiot is being paid. *Married... with Children* is a case where both members of the ruling pair succeed at neither productive nor reproductive labor, and the home simply lingers as a limping home of failure. To its credit, *Married... with Children* poses that the home requires investment, or else you will be these people. In roommate programs, no one ever wants to do the housework and disputes on this point can lead story lines or be the basis of an entire show. I cannot say I have seen a character on *Girls* do a chore, but Marnie's resentment at having to carry the load off screen contributes to her falling out with Hannah. Of the two co-habiting, divorced men in *The Odd Couple*, Felix minds the majority of the housework while at odds with Oscar's messy manners. This dynamic is not terribly different from the dynamic of Ray and Deborah from *Everybody Loves Raymond* or Ethel and Fred from *I Love Lucy*, except here the housekeeper's femininity is a clear joke. This joke continues in *New Girl*. Schmitt appears responsible for the apartment's neat appearance, and despite his bro aspirations, Schmitt is played more effeminate than Nick or Winston. Only nutjobs like Monica Geller or Jerry Seinfeld actually take a certain pleasure in cleaning. I am fairly certain Monica threatened to kill someone over improper cleaning, and Jerry threw away many possessions over an unknown object possibly being tainted by toilet water. There is nothing redeeming about keeping the house humming even if you are being paid, which seems to be the whole point of *Who's the Boss?* Not only is it funny that this macho guy

is the housekeeper, but he is not even married to her. She pays him! His productive labor is laughably reproductive, which would be done for free in the opposite arrangement. The reproductive laborer take various forms at differing levels of power, but the player loses respect in being in this role. It's needed to keep the home and family functioning but it is not something to be proud of.

According to every sit-com in my knowledge, the home is a place shared by a family of sorts (at the workplace or house, but most often a married couple) and the idea of home as a refuge is nearly completely absent. In the cases that depict an unshared home, it is the utilitarian, poorly designed, or otherwise unimpressive abode of a husband before marriage, or a misfit character like Cliff Clavin of *Cheers*. In a show like *Everybody Loves Raymond*, the home is the domain of a married couple. It is the place to bicker, squabble, and spat until everything is mostly resolved at the conclusion of the episode. Raymond would be a lost and slovenly bachelor without Debra. He makes his home and improves his situation in acquiring Debra, but it is unclear what Debra gets out of the arrangement other than a man to love. This is true for numerous shows from *Make Room for Daddy* to *According to Jim*. On the occasion that a single parent is the focus of the show, like *The New Adventures of Old Christine* or even *Full House*, the home takes the absence of a member into its definition. The surviving head of household requires assistance from wacky friends, relations, or male support groups. One cannot run a home alone. According to shows like *Friends*, a character's home serves as a hub for his/her friends. Story lines take the characters to other locations, but ultimately they come back and mingle at the one character's home. Monica's home is a place to collect and see friends, but it also is the seat of dominance in that it is the home of one (or more due to roommates). The dynamic and world of these friends would be disrupted (and in the case of *Friends*, end) if that home were taken away. Family is the only sense of home to the child centric sit-com. The child has had no say in the establishment of the space and is subject fully to its rules. Without the family, Cory Matthews of *Boy Meets World* would be wandering in an alienated land from *The Twilight Zone*. Cory would have no guide; there is no Mr. Feeny on the other side of the fence; Cory's just wandering and looking for someone to tell him what to do. In the case of the recently popular workplace comedies like *Parks and Recreation*, *30 Rock*, or *The Office* (but also *Cheers* and *Taxi*), there is no house to the home at all. The characters spend little time in their own residences, which are often never shown. The residence is just a

place to go when work is over. Instead, they are at home with a bunch of people (some of whom they barely tolerate), with whom they have been lumped by chance. If that is not a working definition of family, I have no idea know what is. In a rare gesture to the introvert, there are some cases that present the home as a refuge from the outside. The first season of *Bosom Buddies* has Kip and Henry coming and going in drag as Buffy and Hilde from their women-only apartment building. *Three's Company* has Jack pretending to be homosexual to his landlord so that he may live with female roommates. To their immediate surroundings they must present a certain persona, but it is only in the limits of the home that they can be themselves. However, there is never any indication they are at home to escape any thing more than high rent. It could just be that a person in his/her own place is not entertaining, but a sit-com's persistence that a place with family is where characters thrive and find familiarity indicates our, the audience's, agreement with that definition.

The situation comedy presents to us a sense of home and family that we find agreeable. Despite what the lease or deed may say, home is not ours to buy, it is a situation that we build. In the television model, we have built it through decisions guided by our sensibilities. These sensibilities come from several sources in one's life; childhood home, friend's home, the work home, etc. We are given a model to chase after and against which to calibrate our own home. Of course our homes are never like those on TV, but some of us want them to be. Like theirs, our home could be full of passing friends, ever-present family, and our customs and comforts away from the outside; it is our world and kingdom. The sit-com character's home is an extension of her/him, but not always to his/her liking. In the cases cited above, home, unfortunately may not exactly what she/he wants, but one he/she struggles to maintain. In watching a home, we understand that to be a home because it has the right marks and signs. These marks and signs come from a shared experience of defining "home." When we watch, we come to an understanding that this is a home, but it is only an understanding of home. An understanding is not concrete knowledge. It is a continuous adjustment with what comforts us and what culture projects as comfort. The sit-com has provided us with both. □

Italy Text

LAUREN WELLS

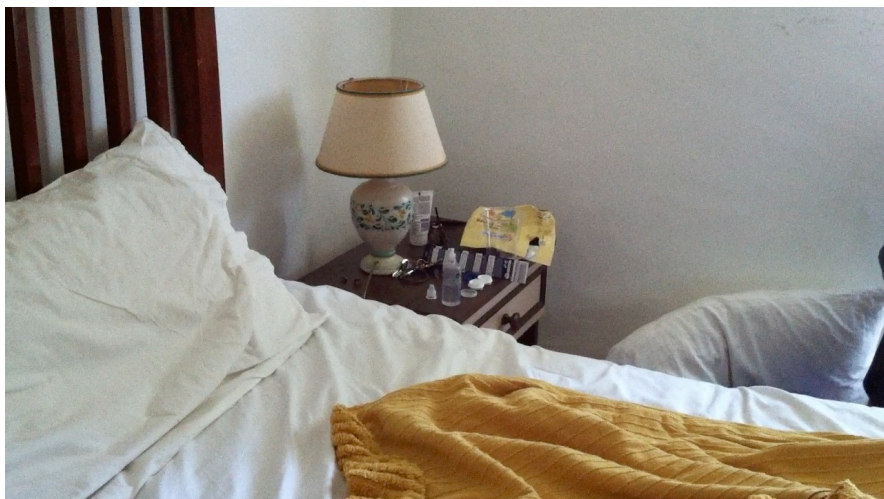


At the moment – it's just not personal.

IDK – It's Monday

This morning I was considering the nature of the house, the home, where we are staying here in Italy. And how the cold, cold water and the shape of the shower stall make it unlikely that a woman would have had to shave her legs there. I suppose she could have had a bath, but she probably didn't shave. An older ~~Italian~~ English speaking woman 'the best grandma' mug announced; we're staying in their home.

There are other things... things that contribute to ~~a cultural~~ my own awkwardness in their home. Mostly it's the dated fascist décor, the religious 'art' figures with cross marked blood stained hands outstretched over where we lie in bed – yet again two single beds pushed together. It does make a larger bed, but it also implies two people sleeping next to ~~each other~~ one another and not touching. Maybe they just preferred two – if one person was restless or up earlier that way they wouldn't wake the other. Or possibly they grew apart over the years and no longer wanted to sleep next to one another.



But if I really consider the house – three bedrooms – with a total of 5 beds (two rooms of two single beds pushed together and one)... Then, I suppose, we're not actually sleeping in their beds. It's more likely the other couple we're staying with has the master bedroom, and we're sleeping in a versatile guest room or a bedroom converted from their children's (?) bedroom. Either way now that I've considered it more, I don't think we're sleeping in their bed.

Sitting here in front of the fire, far far away, I contemplate the nature of marriage and their marriage in particular. Possibly it was just the trend... a statement more about the time that they were married than what the marriage was actually like. Or was it an arranged marriage and there was never a romantic love between them?



It's hot here in the sun at the café, next to the group of French speakers. The wind blows and there is a brief moment of reprieve. I'm waiting here for you to come down from the house. You also chose to do some writing this morning. It's unlikely we are both writing about the house.

Here you come now.



12:30

Sitting in the house, I find it hard to think.

I now realize sitting here on the ~~porch~~ rooftop; the noise of the engine running while I was making portraits of the house was a cherry picker.

Sitting in the house, I find it hard to think because of the décor. Or because both their presence and our own is very evident and that stimulus becomes too much for me to consider.

Days now of being in this house, their house, I...

The horizon of the mountains, small clusters of towns, and the vast greyness of the rooftop are only just separated by the metal railing, antennas and pine trees, other homes, shutters, railings and balconettes.

Textures and patterns are everywhere. Maybe that's also why I find the house so imposing, the patterns are everywhere, or the overwhelming pressure of the past. Their past ever present in the house.

The sun is slightly cooled obscured by a tiny but present cloud.

And I thought, maybe I have something to say

about being here.

Back in the café, you told me of the riots and deployment of the National Guard to ~~Mississippi~~ Missouri, and I realized how far away I feel from there – from my home country. And how their political unrest and violence even still from this far affects me. The conversations over the last few days and another American woman living in Scotland's presence have made me reflect again, on not being THERE. The unrest will continue.

BUT

I think she died first. He continued to live on in the house.

Now the children preserve their memory here

The house somehow keeps them alive.

The cherry picker has now gone.

A wasp lands on my leg

I brush it off.

I am not struggling as much.

And I also now know I have displaced my fear of losing you – due to living circumstances – onto her. For some reason I have displaced that fear as an ~~irrational~~ jealousy.

Maybe it's easier

That way

~~And I know that~~ My fear, or rather my jealousy has been seen and recognized by her; ~~and I think that~~ it has been misinterpreted as territorial or worse as ~~my own~~ insecurity but ~~I know~~ it has come out because of the undeniable circumstance of our living situation – across two countries – and my need for a visa. I fear that my country ~~would~~ could make me lose you, my love.

We're going

We're not going

We're going

We're not going

We're going

We're not going

We're going

NOW

I'd really like to speak to my mom today – soon. x



11:18

Today, your last day here, in the house,

I really wanted the day just to be with you – in ~~our~~ their bedroom. It was inevitable it wouldn't be that way. I miss you because we've spent all our time with other people – doing things with other people.

Horizons. Precipices. Boundaries. Places/placeless-ness. Drawing

It's 5:30 now

I'd like to get some more sun and exercise more before we go to dinner. I'll start with the sun.

Not even fifteen minutes later and it's nearly behind the trees.

Being stationary. A 'home base'. Free time. Time alone. Processing time. Flexibility. Self-determined schedules. Intermittent interaction. Choice. We are here to follow their ~~interests~~ whims. We are here to express our opinion about their interests. We are not here to freely explore. I am not really here at all. I am peripheral. Best case, a bonus. Not central. Extraneous. Potential liability. I have not expressed my ideas well. I'm not sure I've done myself any service. Peripheral, supportory. Service-er. To facilitate, ease, appease. Pleasure. To placate.

Reflections turn ~~soar~~ infectious

run rampant

Quiet, peace only comes elsewhere; not here, in the house without you. My gaze fixates on the subtle movement of the house. I try to calm myself. I breathe slowly with the breeze that blows the curtains of the open bedroom window. but how do

all my goals work together and not against each other. who can i talk to about all this? i keep wanting to know HOW to do all the things I want to do, but maybe HOW isn't the right question to be asking. Maybe it is really deciding WHAT i want then going for it. i think i need to prioritize but if i had to, it would be starting a family first then everything else. BUT to do that I need a visa/// do i /// or will that happen later and maybe just decide to go for it. how am i handling it all i feel like my brain is clogged. there's only a trickle of thoughts coming out and what i probably need is for a deluge. thinking about finding *the right* job kind of makes me want to hyperventilate. any sort of job means that my life will be less flexible, but it also means the possibility for a visa. what i really want to be doing is my artwork.

i want to be writing and making videos.

i want to travel.

i want to enjoy my life.

i don't want to be stuck in a job.

i want a sense of community.

i want

i want a family

i want to be able to support those that i love because i'm not entirely stressed out myself

i want to make work that has meaning

i want to make work that has deeper meaning

i want to make work that has humor and is playful

i want to make work that others can identify with

i want to be successful

i want to understand what success would be for me

i want to have realistic goals for myself

i want to have realistic expectations of myself

i want to be able to give myself some slack

i want to stop giving myself a hard time

i want to be able to stop an anxiety attack

i want to change those paths in my brain

i want to be more flexible

i want to be able to pay attention again

i want my body to stop freaking out

i want

Now What?

i want a break

i want my routine to not be sitting in front of a computer all day

i want to know where i will live

i want to know the future before it happens

i want to know it will all be okay

i want to know i am supported

i want to know i can support you

i want to

ROOFING PRE-WINTER 2014 By Pat McCarthy

The roof is the line between us and birds. All human-built architecture boils down to the roof, the true "foundation" of a shelter, ~~for~~ e.g. the thing that really keeps us all from dying. Ultimately, we live ~~in~~ in souped up awnings. Well, as humans survive ~~in~~ under these roofs, the birds exist above, perched with a perpetual impatience to return to flight. The vastness of the Brooklyn roof landscape is unmatched in this region of the world. It is a flat black desert inhabited near exclusively by birds, the majority being pigeons. ~~Like~~ Much akin to the human "caveman" the pigeons' species' oldest ancestors were the ~~rock doves~~ "rock doves", in ~~parallel~~ ^{parallel} our species came of age becoming city dwellers. We have our city on the street level and they have theirs up in the air. And it is during the winter months that these two cities are most distinctly apart. For myself, a pigeon groundskeeper, the oncoming roof weather promises to be an expedition into a harsh tundra. The following photographs illustrate some of the presnow preparations.

Fall skies





DAY WORK



NITE WORK



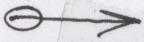
Midnite Paintin

Broadway Gardenin







The sexiest of all awning designs was born right here in the USA: the iconic "scalloped" style. Simply made from a fabric ~~is~~ rigged to some sticks or poles, sweet and sincere, the edges sewn in a waving line, ~~giving~~ a gesture of aestheticism of the most elemental spirit. This mark is glazed onto handbuilt porcelain bowls which are presented into the bedrooms of married pigeons. Eager to snuggle up for the cold season, the birds quickly fill these empty bowls with dense weavings of hay, feathers, sticks and leaves. The couples get intimate and soon two eggs are laid, which in but 2 fortnights hatch into life. I'm proud to have laid the masonry for this creation of life. Thoreau articulates warmly: "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." 



THE ST.CLAIRE

The St. Claire is a project-based arts organization and online journal stationed in Philadelphia. The St.Claire's core members are artists committed to examining and engaging our immediate art communities.

In 2014, The St.Claire conducted two semesters of free independent art seminars.

The **Night Course** seminar, which took place from February to May, featured seven unique sessions taught by Philadelphia art educators. Each course offered an experiment for students and teachers and a challenge to the value of higher art education.

the-st-claire.com/nightcourse

In the fall, eight new courses were offered as part of the **Home School** seminar. For this semester artists and educators hosted different courses in their homes throughout Philadelphia. The Home School seminar was higher art education re-imagined and reclaimed for fun; for home; for everyone.

the-st-claire.com/homeschool

Issue XVI was produced in conjunction with the Home School seminar and explores the home as a place of internal, external, social and pathological dimensions.

CONTRIBUTORS



Micki Davis is an artist, educator and filmmaker based in Los Angeles.

Oks (Oksana Todorova) is an artist who works and lives in New York City.


Andrew Anderson works and lives in Clearwater, FL with his trusty lap dog, Cooper. A recent graduate of St. Petersburg College, he will continue his studies of Western Humanities and Psychology at the University of South Florida this Spring.

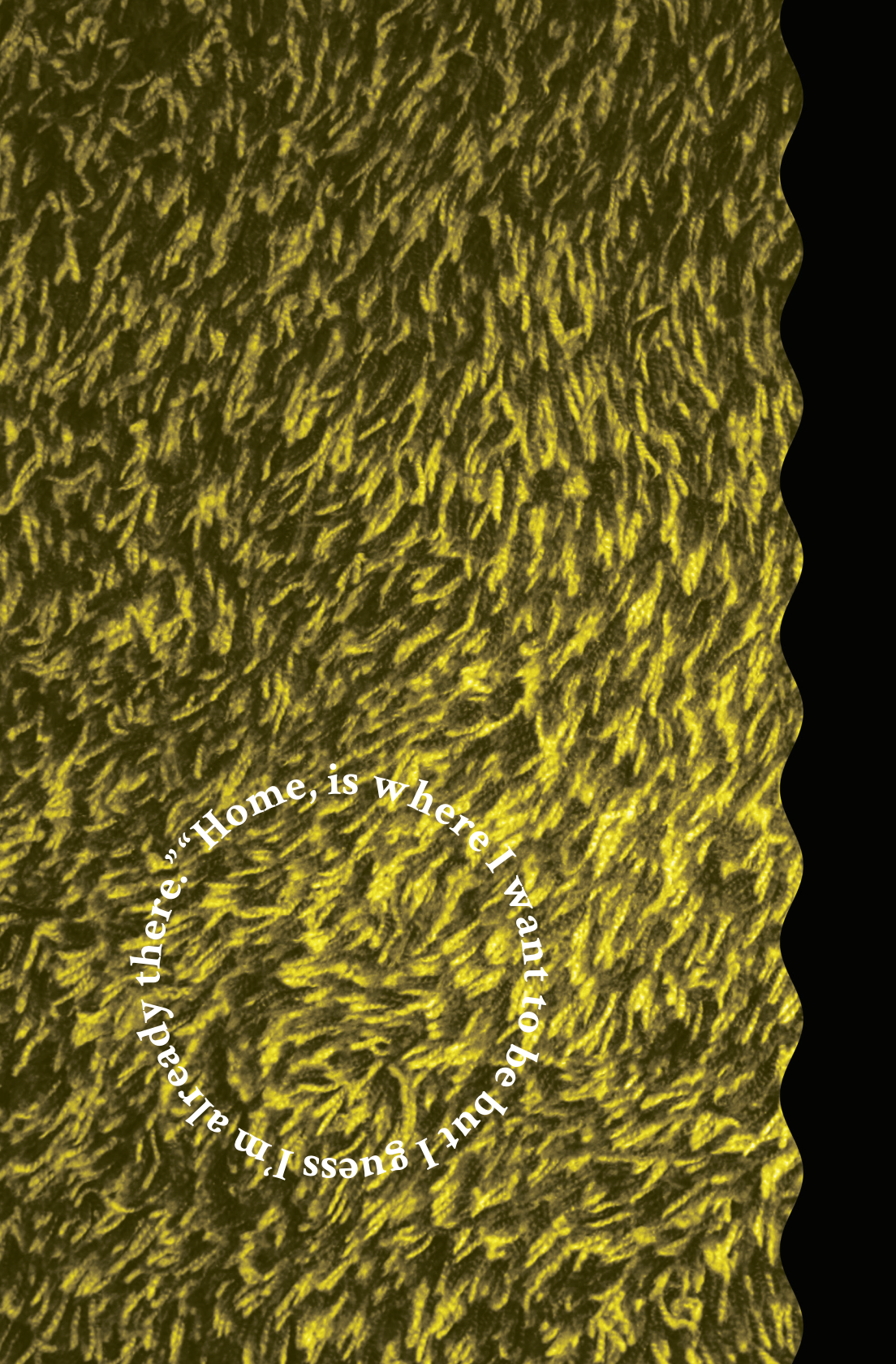
Kevin VanZanten is a Philadelphia-based, California-born artist. He has received an MFA in Sculpture from Tyler School of Art and has exhibited in groups shows in Riverside, CA; Los Angeles; and Philadelphia.

Lauren Wells (b.1981 Cincinnati, USA) achieved a Master of Fine Arts from the Glasgow School of Art in 2014. Wells' recent work is driven by her travels as she conceptualizes her identity within new cultures and environments. At the end of the summer, Wells and her partner were invited to the mountains of rural Italy for a research trip.

Pat McCarthy is an artist currently working in Brooklyn, NY. He was born in the US in 1987. His practice is relayed in the ongoing fanzines *Born to Kill* and *Skirts*.

Bethany Pelle is an artist and educator living in New York City.





I'm already there." "Home, is where I want to be but I guess I'm already there."