

# HOME & GARDENS

**Standout  
Fabric &  
Wallpaper  
Ideas**

**Cupboard  
Love**

Stylish Storage Solutions

**New Ways to Work with Joyful Shades**





# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Fellow Islanders, I was ruminating with a friend over coffee the other day, having just missed my flight off-continent (not of my volition, of course, the flight cancelled). What will I do with my afternoon, I lamented; I've just packed for an extended sabbatical, you understand, and items were not in easy reach, nor did I know when the next scheduled flight would be. She remarked that I was welcome in her art studio any time, and I was struck by a wave of gratefulness; both that the space existed, and that I should be lucky enough to be invited to pass the time there. Those with

estates large enough to boast "hobby" rooms are the favored few on Ross Island, indeed.

In this issue of McMurdo Home and Gardens, we take you inside the art studio of Megan Marunowski and Evan Bendickson and highlight their upper east side home. Their economical use of space, as well as a stunning collection of tapestries, has put their extra room to amazing use in the form of a creative and light-filled studio. We also feature the "Ruined Hamlet" of Eleni Ziogas, proving that gardens need not be green to be a wonderful showcase of one's personality and innate design sense. Love & Light.

xoxo,  
*Kelsy*



## A Studio on the Upper East Side

by Kelsy Haggblom

Megan and Evan's economical use of space results in a warmly artificially lit studio, surrounded by an array of fine tapestries and finished art projects. On any given night off, you can find them there, crafting away. Various projects are demonstrated, from rope rugs to wire rings, to freshly decoupage collages. "We made this last night," Megan says, indicating the brightly colored climbing rope rug at my feet. "We wanted it done before the photoshoot," she explains, as I



compliment her artistic prowess. Evan stands nearby, silent but smiling. It may be true what they say: the couple that crafts together, stays together. We spend a few moments admiring the newly made throw rug before getting into the interview.\*

1. What do you like most about living on Ross Island?

Bayside property, short commutes, low humidity, picturesque landscapes, low cost living, exotic vehicular noises, the wildlife and watching the ever-changing position of the sun.

2. How flat do you think the earth is?

We subscribe to the Chinese Square Earth Theory.

3. What is the last four digits of social security number?

8008

4. Do you like coffee?

Like it? Love it. Want some more of it? The eclectic, locally sourced half full bags of assorted skua coffee line our inner cupboards. Some say 'half empty', we are more the bag is half full types.

5. What do you think of McMurdo's only coffeeshop?

From its' charming ambiance, soft radio music and strangely humid environment, the coffee house has it all. Just off the beaten path, locals of all sorts can be found enjoying the latest handcrafted syrups and Antarctica's finest powdered milk lattes.

6. Do you think it's economically viable to open a second cafe?

Economically speaking, the Coffee House makes McMurdo sense to us all. A second cafe could be in the works for Summer 24-25.

7. How likely are you to go to a second cafe, should one open in McMurdo?

"Mo coffee, mo betta." - Evan

## April Horoscopes

With *Madam Australis*

**Leo:** Today's lucky smell is wheat grass and shame

**Virgo:** Go see a movie today. It's a great escape! Especially from all this pollution and dangerous UV radiation!

**Aries:** Need a penny, take a penny. Have a penny? Take another penny! Pennies are worthless, but go ahead and take them all.

**Libra:** Do you believe in ghosts? You don't? Well, won't you be surprised when you wake up in the middle of the night tonight!

**Sagittarius:** The best revenge is living well. The second-best is tasteless slow-acting poison. Either way, you got wronged, and you need to set things right, Sagittarius!

**Pisces:** You worry too much about earthquakes and plane crashes. You're going to die of heart disease or cancer, just like

everybody else.

**Aquarius:** Scorpions are not as dangerous as every one thinks. It'll help you feel a little calmer tomorrow.

**Cancer:** I'm not saying this is bad news, but the stars just say "Aaagghhh!!!" It's a very inexact science...that could be good right? Right?

**Gemini:** Aim for the moon, Gemini! Even if you miss, you'll still hurdle forever through the silent vacuum of space. Cold and alone.

**Scorpio:** All of your dreams will come true, Scorpio!... **All Of Them.** Even that recurring one... you know the one I mean.

**Capricorn:** Everyone knows your terrible secret, and they think it's really boring.

**Taurus:** Your whole deal is very threatening, and I'm into it.



\*Interview shortened for space. Please visit our website to read the full interview.

# The Ruined Hamlet



BL208, McMurdo - It's a wind-blown, gloomy day in March, as I walk to Eleni Ziogas' apartment for our meeting. The weather feels appropriate for the grisly scene I've been promised, and sure enough, it is grim indeed. Bombed out buildings lay open to the sky. A man in naught but his underclothes dangles futilely from the upper story of one of the buildings. Livestock runs free; ducks, especially, seem not to have gotten the memo about staying in their ponds. An abandoned baby lies alone on the upper floor, exposed to the elements, roof blown away. It is a wonder that any of the buildings retain any structural integrity at all. I gasp with horror at the scene, as Ms. Ziogas laughs gleefully behind me. She has spent at least half an hour trying to sell her story to multiple publications, and now that she finally has the sympathetic ear of McMurdo Home & Gardens, she is eager to show off her gruesome centerpiece.

"I found it in Skua", she says, still cackling. "It's the Ruined Hamlet! It's part of a game! People pay money for this!" I have no idea what she's talking about, but nod anyways.

Any distraction from the torment I see before me is necessary for the sake of my sanity. I snap a photo of her pile of freshies. "It's really all about the Ruined Hamlet," Ms. Ziogas says, noticing my fixation with the apples and oranges on top of the fridge. "Of course," I say. I dutifully snap a few more photos of the somber tableau before making my excuses and fleeing the apartment, Ms. Ziogas' chuckle haunting me for days after.

*by Kelsy Haggblom*

