

# Happy Bathday with Toni Traub

by Luke Longren

There exists a commonality for all residents of McMurdo, a sad and heavily shared truth: one cannot take a bath. That doesn't stop Toni Traub, resident of a coveted private suite, to drape twelve paper llamas with "happy bathday" typed onto them above the entryway into her showerroom. Why does one choose to inflict a daily reminder that no such bathday will ever take place? Much could be drawn from such a statement. Perhaps it is a sign of madness set on by one too many winters. Or maybe it stems from the ever-common masochism often displayed by those in isolated environments. The answer may never be known, though I choose to believe in a positive reason for such a damned choice.

Gazing back into the warm and cheerful abode, a television fireplace is lit indefinitely to scare off the harsh cold. Soft indie music plays in the background. Upon a wall a large cat turns to look inwards, watching the daily procession. A neighbor often enters to make themselves comfortable on the couch. An air of life rests upon the room, a thin blanket offering an invisible hug.

Tucked away in the corner of Toni's room hangs a picture frame with the phrase "good times" inscribed onto its border. Sitting on her desk, a sticker is stuck onto her laptop that says "pet all the dogs" in a loud tone. While good times run aplenty on station, good times here must be had without any dogs at all (see Antarctic Treaty). In adorning both her doorframe and her laptop with such impossible ideas, Toni is facing the challenges of station life head-on and with gusto. She shows



through her home and heart how to take the tough facts of living and turn them positive.

When asked what the first thing that comes to mind is when thinking of home, Toni responded "comforting". Upon being asked once more a short time later, she replies with "myself". The way Toni carries herself throughout the formidable austral winter explains her pairing of these words. The comfort of home travels with Toni, both through her persona and the frequently changing home in which she resides. A necessary constant within her home is best expressed by Toni herself: it's a place that is comfortable in a world that is not so comfortable.



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# HOME & GARDENS

WINTER  
GLAMOUR





# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear neighbors,

Warmest welcome to this very DIY issue of *McMurdo Home & Gardens*. Within these pages, you'll find a feature highlighting one of the spectacular homes of Ross Island, as well as inspiration for design, style, and renovations, and ideas for that perfect Skua find to really tie a room together. In this issue, we embrace the craftiness and DIY spirit that comes with island

living. We shine a light on the soothing tones of midwinter and show subtle ways you can update your home in this season of darkness, whatever your budget may be.

In our decorating feature on page 73, we highlight the trending color of the season- Aurora Green. We show how this timeless and tranquil tone can work equally well with earthy colors to more vibrant shades to create soothing spaces. Painting furniture is also a highly effective way to update interiors and revive tired pieces, while saving items from landfill. The only limit to the look you can achieve with a brush

and paint is your imagination, and from customized cabinets to decorated dressers, we walk you through some truly creative and unique upcycling projects on page 35.

On page 22, you'll find out featured home of Corey Anderson, whose newly renovated apartment showcases the colors, patterns, and accessories reflecting his far-flung travels, resulting in vibrant interiors that are a true expression of him and his experiences. Revive.

xoxo,  
Kelsy



## The Legacy Room by Alexandra 'Zan' Corti

Had I stepped into a "Crate & Barrel"? Corey's room engulfed my senses with cleanliness and clarity. The walls were a polished, pure, eggshell white, while the rug and bedding coordinated with the natural look of a rustic, country estate. Doors remained on the wardrobes, leaving a room without clutter.

He refers to himself as a "non-simulative" person, that is how he maintains balance and keeps his mind at ease with his personal space. My mind raced, I felt a jab at my very core. If one's room reflects one's mind, am I, in fact, a circus act?

I put the bazaar in my mind aside as I was overcome by the purity of his space. The

bed itself is one of impeccable precision, with a custom mattress, which provides an extra seating area, and most importantly, it allows one to escape the thralls of the infamous MCM fault line that is inevitable, even with the king-makers. The extra seating it creates is flush against the unblemished couch that emphasizes the fact that it has never seen a child or a pet.

The kitchen is part of the home's open plan great room, with specially designed pocket cupboards for different tea and coffee flavors, and the occasional liquor bottle. A delicate wooden cutting board sits atop the counter, tying the room together with a paring knife and an orange atop it.

The "murphy table" folds out, creating a sociable hub island off the wall, while also allowing room for activities whilst folded. He pulls out a beach recliner from under the bed. "I like to pretend I am as far away from Antarctica as possible." My eyes shot up to the wall size black and white Antarctic scene above the couch. He informed me that we were in a 'Legacy Room' so not all the artwork is his, but belonged to former inhabitants. A room takeover I questioned? No. Legacies are different. They are not a one-off transfer, but rooms that go back years, even decades. He has taken over the legacy of Deany and Sheila, some of the original 209 explorers.

Corey maintains such a quiet and Zen space without having a TV. He reads and wakes up to his Orb alarm every day, which slowly brings light into the room instead of the constant buzzing that the average alarm brings. His air is filtered and the scent of pine and natural deodorant lingers in the air.

My brief wellness retreat to Corey's room had ended. I felt a renewed sense of enlightenment wash over me. She was reborn.



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