



studio studio's Magazine

PATHWAYS

Issue 7

Spring, MMXXII

GET LOST

\$10.00

ISOLATION IS INESCAPABLE



Studio Studio
vancouver & toronto



Snails are made of gold. Value them.



FEAR

Studio Studio

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Poetry Desk:
Victoria Bagley

Rafe's Cocktail Corner:
Raphael Gutteridge

Travel Desk:
Henry Lewis

Style Oracle:
Shreya Vanwari

In the Fall, 2020 issue, Studio Studio's very first magazine, I [wrote an article](#) about a nondescript intersection at the edge of several neighborhoods in Vancouver. At the time, the Broadway rezoning plan was still being worked on, and the construction of the Millennium Line extension had yet to begin. My point was that an unassuming and "unlabelled" intersection was paradigmatic of the city's future.

Recently, I visited Vancouver and got to see how the intersection of Broadway and Cambie had changed in the eighteen months since I wrote the article. It had become a maze of construction signs and traffic cones, redirecting the heavy traffic around subway construction. At other points along the Cambie Rezoning Plan of 2018 the image is the same. With the Broadway Rezoning Plan entering its final phases of planning, the path forward for Vancouver is now able to be visualized in architectural rendering.

Intersections are great examples of pathways. They become decision points for journeys, stretching towards the horizon, revealing the possibilities that lie ahead, and even behind. The story of a city's past, present, and future can be told just by looking above the cars and people. It also tells of where you fit into that larger story.

At intersections you get to make a choice. Standing at the nexus of pathways gives you the opportunity to change directions, keep going the way you were going, or even go back the way you came. Pathways are everywhere, literal or not, and it's hard to say whether or not there's ever a correct one to follow. Here at Studio Studio, as we explore the nature of pathways, we encourage you to get lost.



Raphael Gutteridge

Co-Founder, Studio Studio

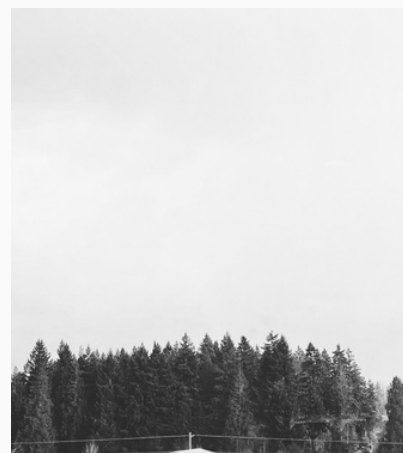
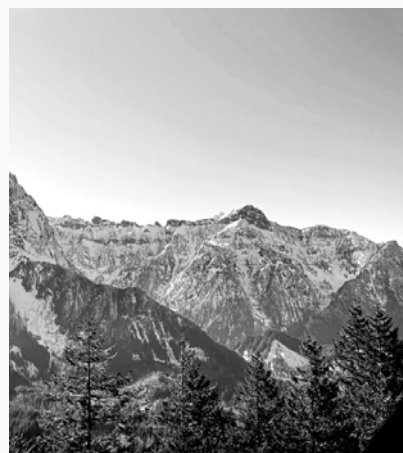
One half of the same business executive as his fellow co-founder, Raphael has been part of Studio Studio since it first appeared as a random idea on a video call. Deeply invested in the world of art, architecture, urbanism, and seemingly a million other things, he leads Studio Studio from its office in Toronto. With fountain pen and negroni in hand, he's ready to keep working on an ever-evolving Studio Studio.





STUDIO STUDIO

wrong turn



TOO LOST.

Highway 2 is a beautiful road. The sky is clear and I can see miles out. The mountains are bigger than I can comprehend and they wear white hats of snow. It's easy to feel intimidatingly small when juxtaposed against the vastness of nature.

I'm on highway 2, preparing to hike in the Cascades: Mount Index, specifically. My mother is with me and stare at the mountain range.

After many minutes of silence,
she tells me a story;

"So there was this woman and her friend."

"Yea?"

"Yep. And they were going to hike together. Last minute, her friend couldn't make it. But the woman went anyway."

"What hike was it?"

"Ah, I don't know. So the woman's husband was waiting for her at the end, and when she didn't show up, they sent a search party."

"Well did they find her?"

"I think she must have wandered off the trail and got lost because she couldn't make her way back. And then a hiker later found her."

"Oh so they found her."

"They found a tent she had set up. And she died there from starvation... you know the saddest part?"

"What?"

"She was not that far from the trail."

I later discovered that the woman was Geraldine Largay. She had documented her journey along the Appalachian Trail, even when she lost her way. Her last entry was:

"When you find my body, please call my husband George and my daughter Kerry. It will be the greatest kindness for them to know that I am dead and where you found me — no matter how many years from now."

She was found two years later. She now rests, no longer lost.

Victoria Zhang for
STUDIOS STUDIOS
March 2022

Embedded In Flowers

Placed There by: Studio Studio



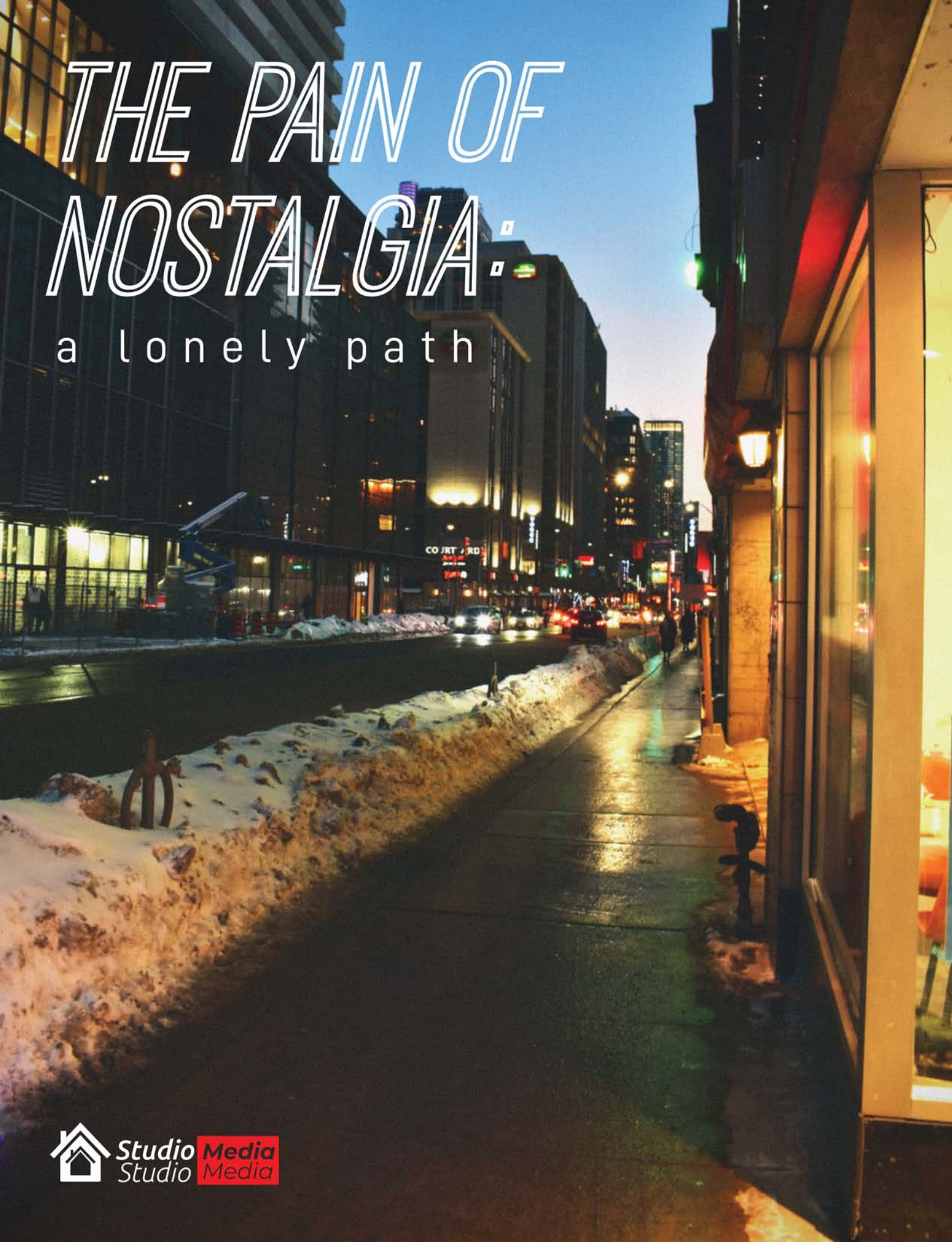
Death comes for us all




Be ready

THE PAIN OF NOSTALGIA:

a lonely path



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is driving a car. She is looking out the window, and her hair is blowing in the wind. The text "Gaze at nothing and know that you are gazing at yourself" is overlaid on the image. The car's interior, including the steering wheel and dashboard, is visible.

Gaze at nothing and
know that you are
gazing at yourself



EXCITEMENT
A FOOL'S ERRAND

STUDIO STUDIO
YVR



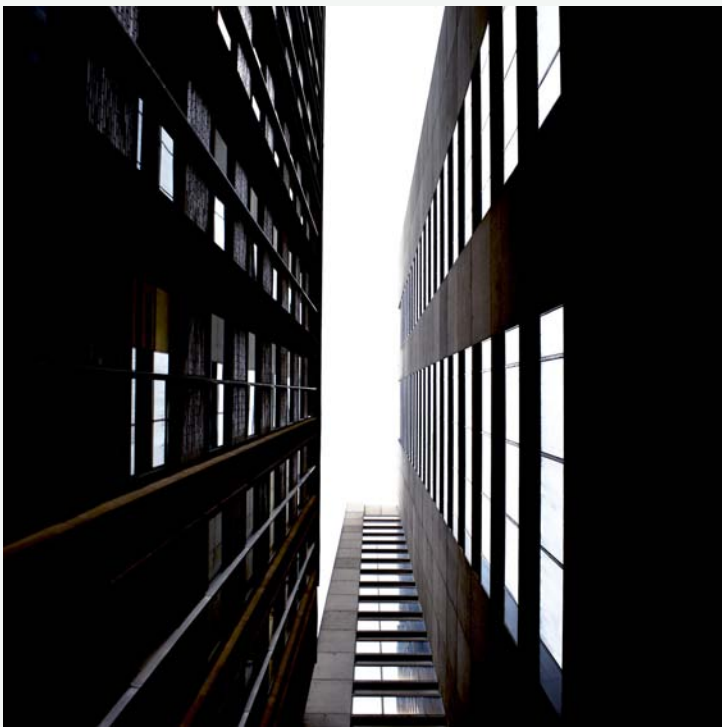
CAN

DAY
750 ml
AMER. PRODUCT PAR. BITTE

The Secret Garden: the Wise City Manifesto

Part Two





Around the spring equinox, at roughly three in the afternoon, a shaft of light appears in the sky, crowding out the CN Tower for space in the crowded Toronto skyline. Falling in between 77 King Street West and 66 Wellington Street West in the Toronto Dominion Centre the beam of light washes over those few who are walking around the financial district in the last few hours of the work day. For those who stop to look up, the moment reminds of the light that streams into old European cathedrals. It creates an intimacy between the person and the architecture that

surrounds them, caught in a moment of solitude between the buildings.

In between other buildings in that same part of the city are other moments of architectural intimacy. Little passageways ring property lines, dotted in planter boxes and benches. Staircases and ramps jump between levels that disappear at street level, which appears completely flat. A completely different world exists on the opposite sides of grand lobbies. Some of these side paths include restaurants with patios that sprawl into small plazas without interruption from the

city's usual traffic. In Toronto, behind 120 Adelaide Street West, the patios for The Keg Steakhouse and Chef's Hall open out to one of these pathways. Others are decorated by pieces of public art, pieces that demonstrate a passionate care by the designers for the people that would eventually inhabit that space.

These pathways are escapes into private worlds. They do not function as shortcuts, and they're sometimes dead-ends, but they exist as little places for people to breathe. Workers in the giant towers come down to take smoke breaks, make

personal phone calls, or grab a little fresh air with lunch. Their purpose is as space for a person to be themselves on their own terms, and discovering them is a reward that enriches the experience of living in a city.

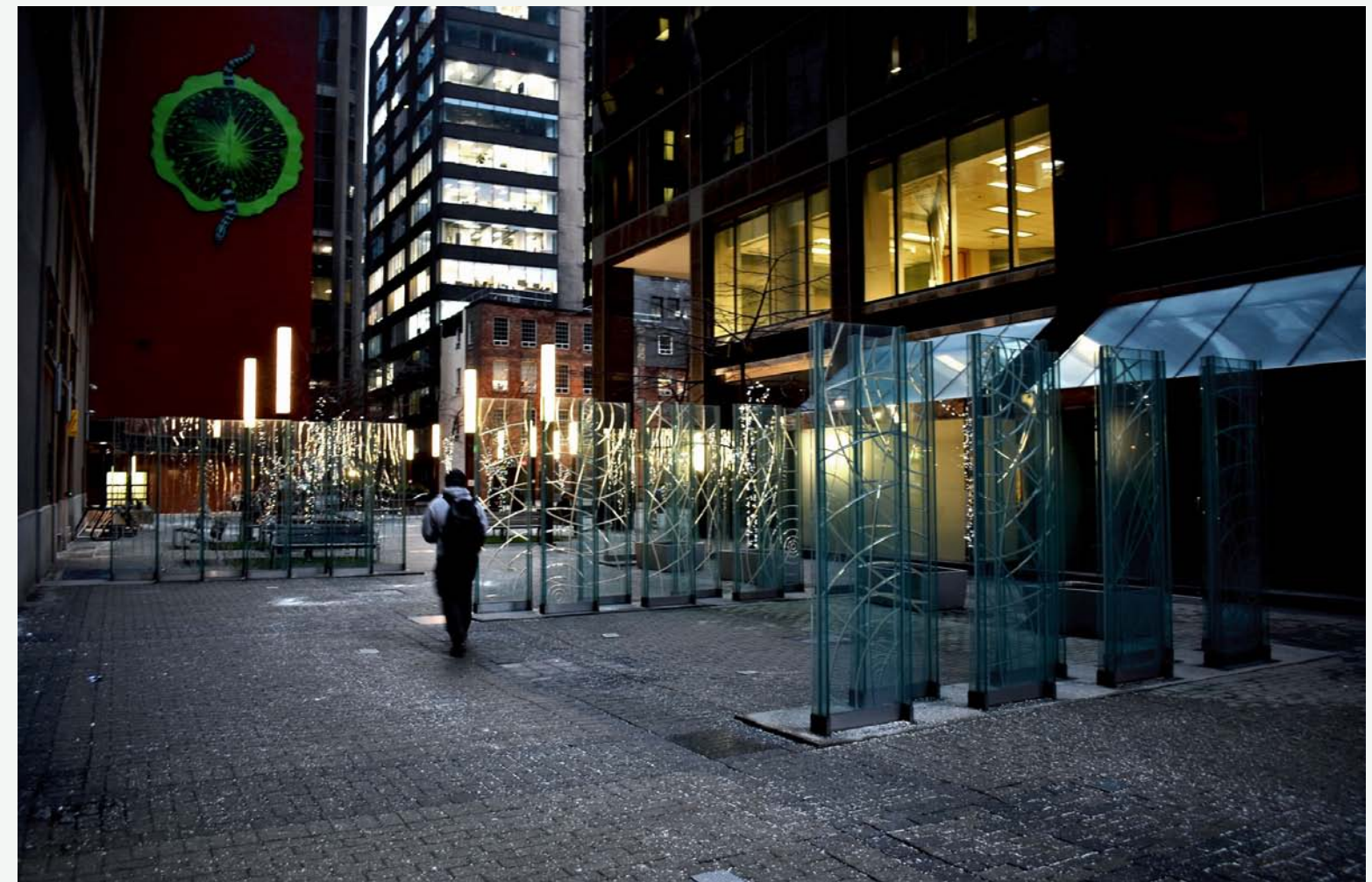
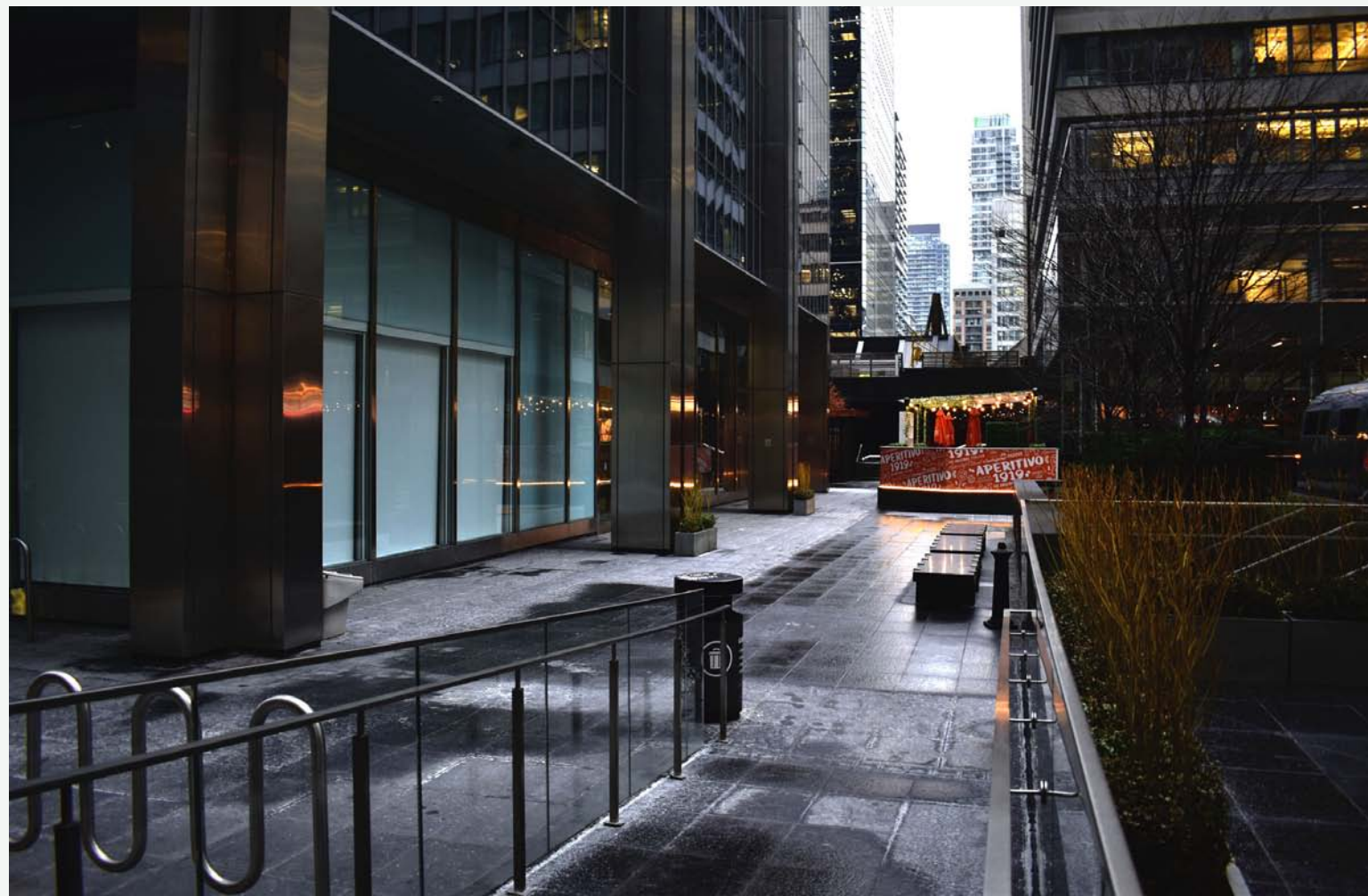
However, for every hidden gem behind a skyscraper, there's also the forgotten alleyway, a throwaway space that the central building indifferently ignores. These places are dark, ominous, and dirty. They are dens for pigeons and litter, sometimes containing lone benches as jokes played against those who are only

looking for a place to catch their breath. Alleyways are the places where dumpsters are stored, where junkies shoot heroin, and where Batman's parents bleed to death. Sane and rational people don't turn off the sidewalk to investigate them, and only a hipster with a vintage store-bought film camera could ever find beauty in them.

In a world where increasing the housing stock is central to the political conversation, and cities are strapped for available land to build on, these alleyways are nothing less than outrageous. They don't serve as utilitarian

spaces for delivery vehicles. They serve as signs of failure. If land usage is so important that a "Smart City" will use invasive sensors to optimize road usage, why are these alleys allowed to exist as dark cracks for grime to fall into?

A Wise City knows better than to let tears form in the urban fabric. Instead of allowing these spaces to collect garbage, it celebrates the idea of enriching lives through exploring mysteries. Exploring a city lets someone understand the place they live on a new, intimate level. The Wise City always allows



its residents to get to know it better.

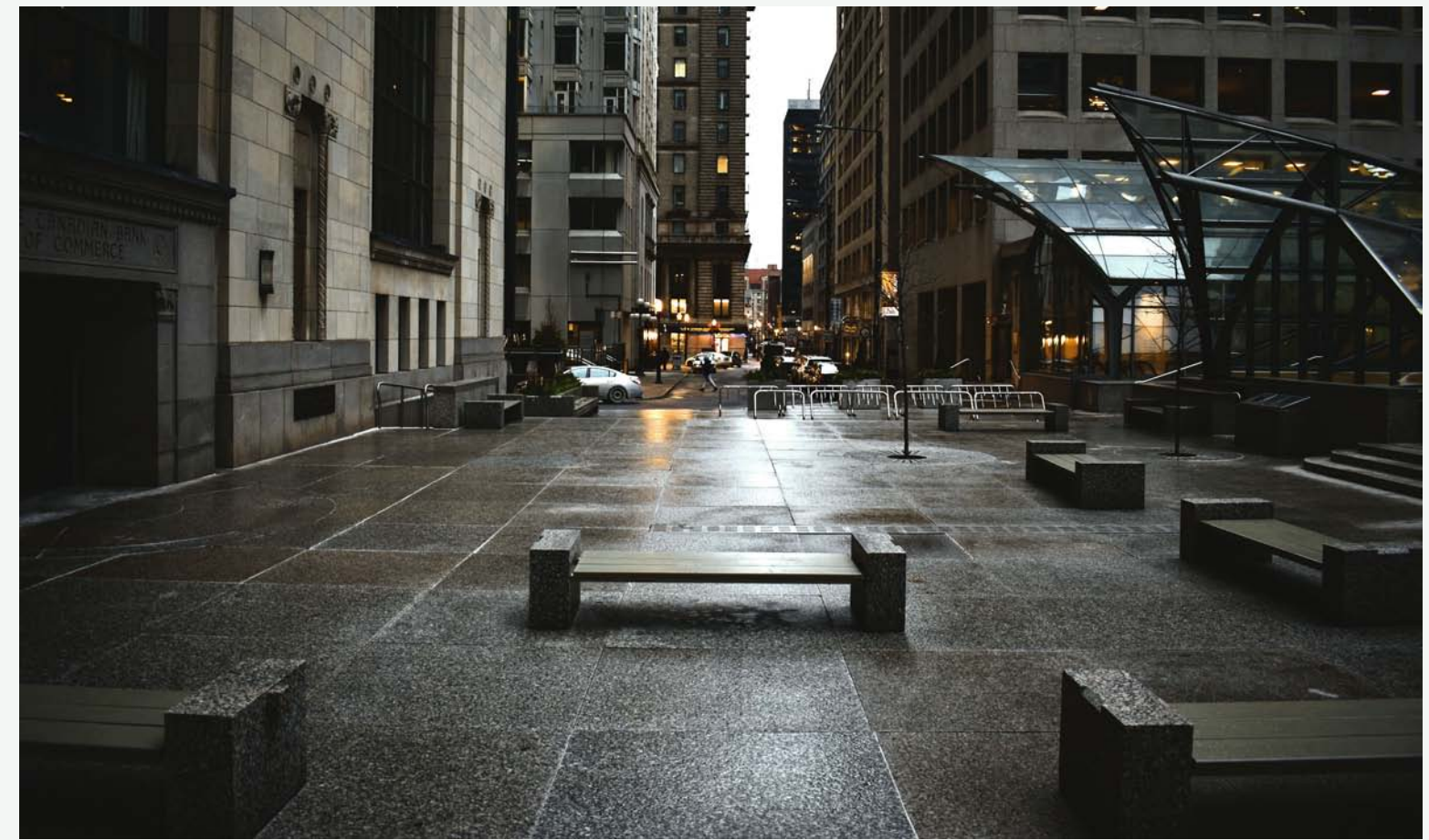
Spaces between buildings should be allowed to exist instead of being erased. Not only do they provide cargo vehicles a place to deliver goods, they make the experience of the city more intricate. They contain an opportunity for unique landscape architecture, for workers to take a moment for themselves, and for restaurants to have patios without all the noise of the street. Security should exist but should not solely take the

form of threatening security cameras. Too many spaces are made inhospitable panopticons by sterile security cameras that watch over barren plazas. These pathways, nestled behind buildings, should be safe and comforting, not secure and controlled.

Pathways behind buildings should seek to evoke a sense of wonder, containing clear but obfuscated paths that don't reveal the ending of the journey before it's even begun. They should be richly decorated with pieces of art

(ideally from local artists) and a plethora of plants. Public furniture should be abundant, designed so people of every ability can use the space. Further, the space should be fully accessible to every member of the city.

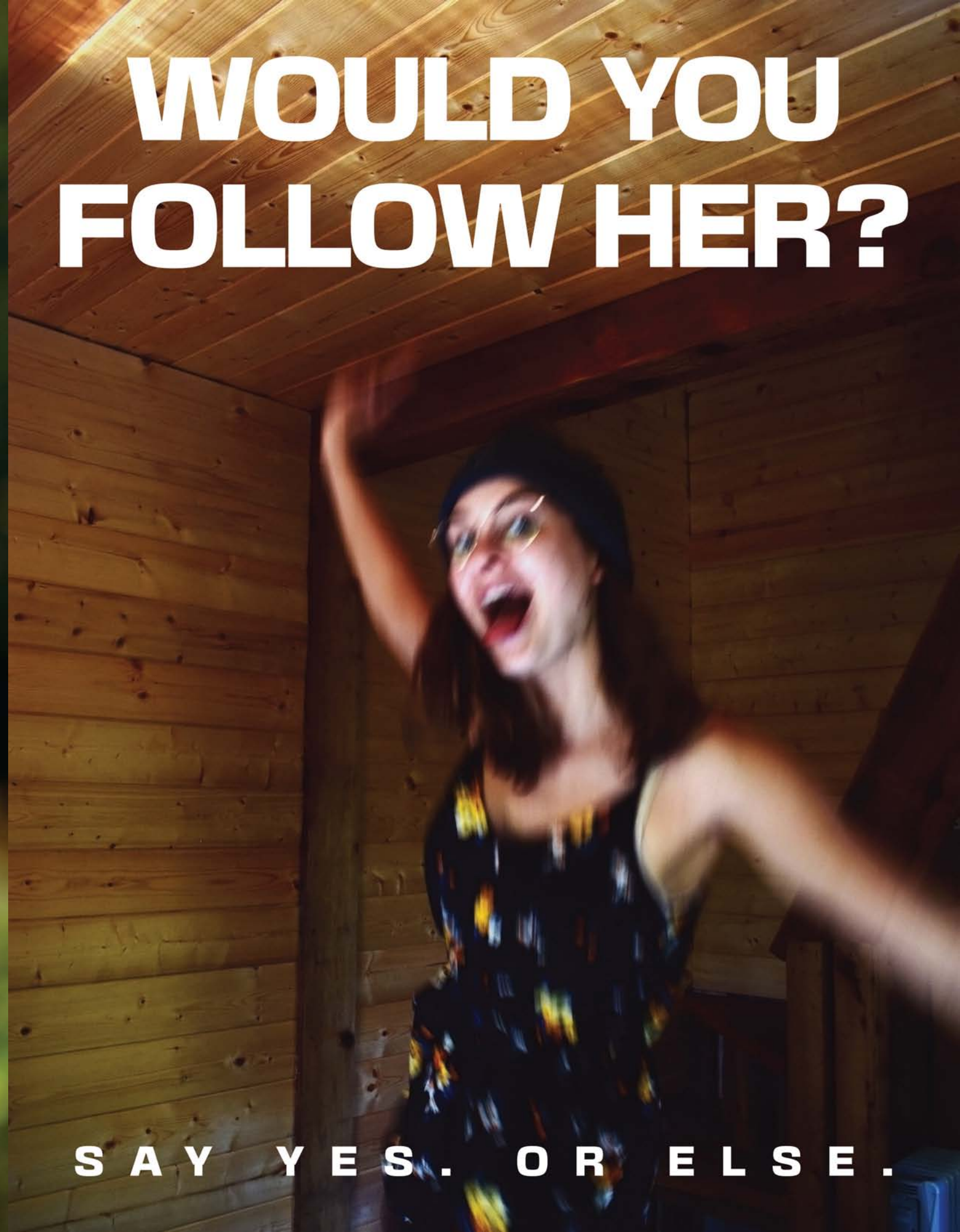
In the secret gardens of the skyscrapers, the city will go from a utilitarian concrete jungle to a garden of earthly delights. Only a Smart City is purely utilitarian. A Wise City understands that delightful things are a utility and provides for them.



BEAUTY STANDS ALONE



WOULD YOU
FOLLOW HER?



SAY YES. OR ELSE.



**LOVE WITHOUT PAIN
IS NO LOVE AT ALL**



Run.



Three Minutes

But searching – I could see,
In the woods – wandering.
The western wood warbler – looking straight at me,
He stood on the snowy bow,
The arm of the great pine tree.

He pounced from branch to branch.
I merely stood in awe.
An elegant creature – small and tan.
He wore a rosy bib,
He glanced at me, then the maple tree,
Unrolled his feathers, and glided to the sapling

Spring

The symphony of the sparrows sing, dance, and
play,
The tulips tendue while the roses relevé.
The flowers frolic to the tune of the trees,
The pansies pirouette in the cool spring breeze

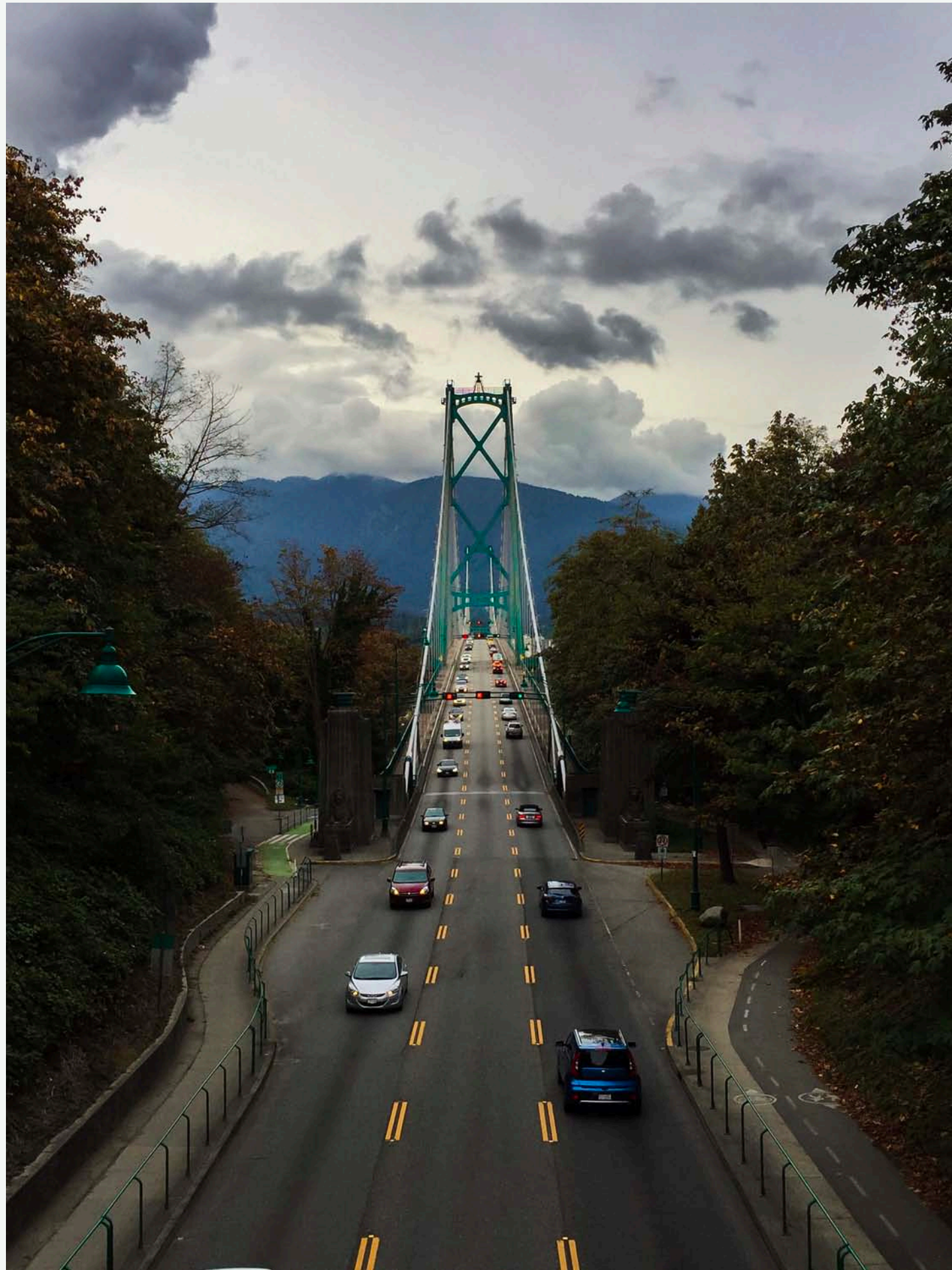
Nature Turns to Dust

A puddle of gold,
Dances through the air,
Falling from the trees,
Crackling – as they are trampled by the bear.

The orchestra of nature,
Chirps and buzzes nearby,
Turns into silver dust,
As it falls from the sky.

Winter walkings by,
His beard shredding silver flakes.
He walks across the land,
Crystallizing all the lakes.





Past Tense

Flow was good.
I didn't know I felt poorly
Intro and then story and then summary
I played
I cannot

When I'm at
When I was in

My job is. WAS.
More easy. Easier
Why I come to here. Came here
I am not good at. Wasn't good at
Tourist City



Victoria Bagley

Poet Laureate

Raised in the foothills of New England, Victoria grew up with both her beloved chickens and the words of the best poets. She always has the right word for every situation (sometimes in Old English) and uses her gift of language to describe the worlds she explores. Her wit and eloquence gifts Studio Studio as its poet laureate, and she was one of the founding members of the Toronto office.



Studio Studio



EXCITEMENT
A FOOL'S ERRAND



STUDIO STUDIO
T O R O N T O

IT'S TOO LATE TO BURY YOUR SECRETS



WE ALREADY KNOW

**WHAT DO
MERMAIDS
MEAN TO
YOU?**



Like these blobs, the futures of our lives are murky. How do you make these blobs clear? Studio Studio Lifestyle is what you need. Come visit this section whenever you need tips, guides, recipies, and more to clear the pretty fog into clear shapes.

Studio Studio Lifestyle





RAFE'S COCKTAIL CORNER

WITH: RAPHAEL GUTTERIDGE

Happy Spring, everyone! Two things are falling right now, the mounds of snow outside my window as they melt in the slightly warmer weather (isn't Canada wonderful?) and at long last the coronavirus case counts. As we slowly emerge from our seasonal depression-induced hibernation, it's time to start planning garden parties for when our flower beds look like more than shrivelled up weeds. What does this mean? That it's time to start having fun again! Follow a pathway to a garden of earthly pleasures and get lost in celebration!

Seasonal Special: Cherry Blossom

For you lucky Vancouverites out there, spring is coming soon, which means before long the cherry blossoms will be making for some beautiful walks around the city. Imagine yourself strolling under the pink canopy while you pour yourself one of these. Take four ounces of a seasonally appropriate rosé (finally!) and mix in one ounce of vodka to really make springtime fun! Make sure to chill the wine beforehand because putting ice cubes in wine is only something people who watch daytime TV do.

The Trailhead

Going down a new path can be scary. Why not steel your nerves with a drink that slowly sneaks up on you, much like how a hike in the mountains slowly reveals a stunning mountain view. Take a can of beer (I prefer the Henderson Brewing Company's Food Truck) and, in a glass, add an ounce of Kahlua and mix thoroughly.

Espresso Martini

Just because it's March doesn't mean that we're out of the woods yet. In Toronto there's still plenty of snow and ice on the sidewalks (dreadful!) and that means finding creative ways to stay warm when we miscalculate trying to wear lighter coats instead of our winter parkas. Because most regular people don't own espresso machines, let's shake up this suddenly back in style drink. Pile your preferred method of making coffee with a decadent amount of coffee grounds, making the strongest two ounces of coffee you've ever had. Immediately pour in an ounce and a half of kahlua, followed by another ounce and a half of black rum. If you feel so inclined, froth up some milk foam and garnish the drink with a coffee bean or three.

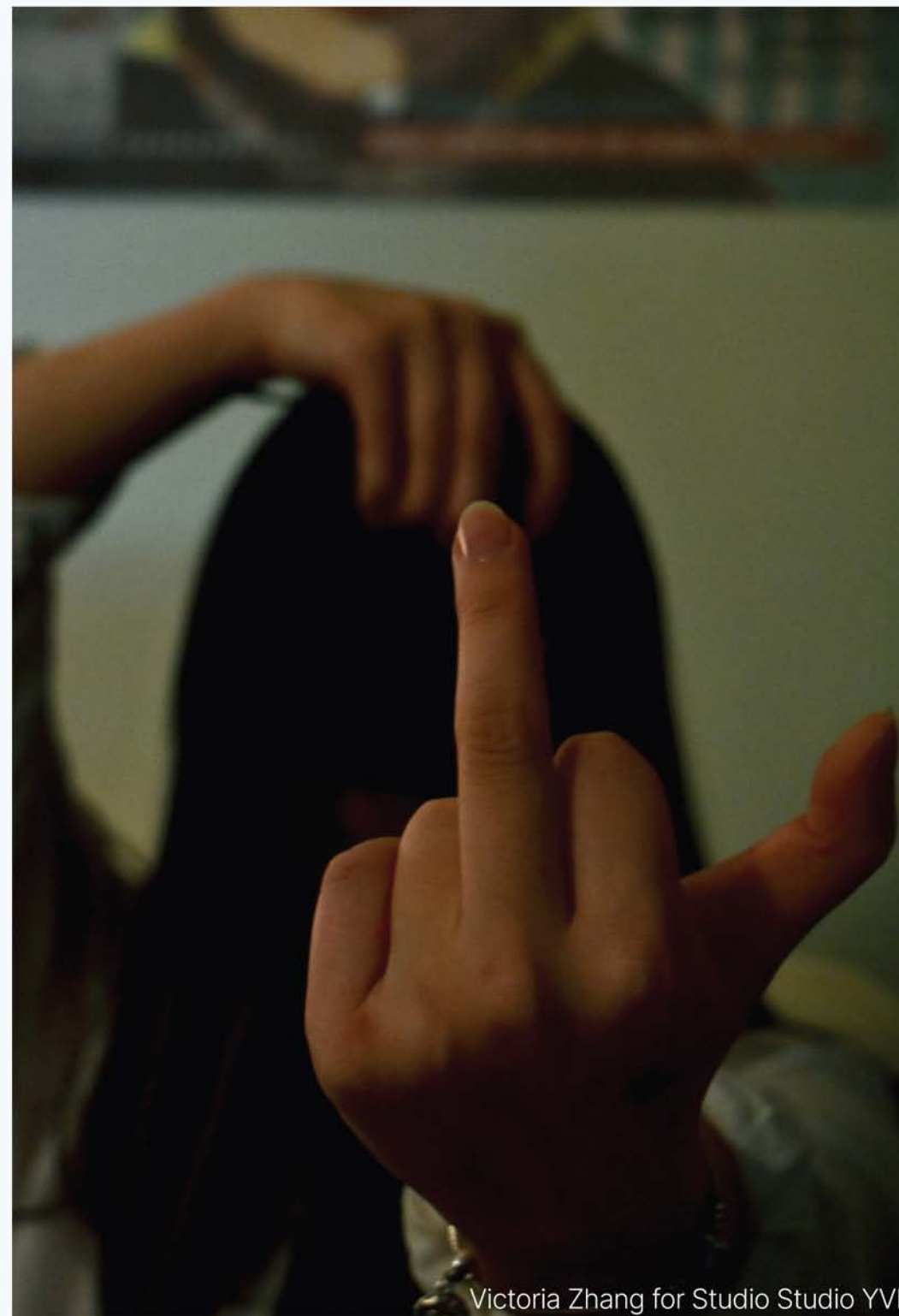


**YOUR FASHION IS TERRIBLE.
WEAR A SMILE.**



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Don't fear adventure
- fear monotony



Victoria Zhang for Studio Studio YVR



Studio
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TRAVEL DESK

The Trader Joe's in the Town Adjacent to My Hometown

Trader Joe's was my family's go-to stop for groceries when I was growing up. There were plenty of grocery stores nearer to my house, but for whatever reason, the allure of vaguely Hawaiian murals and knock-off snacks had a grip on my parents—compelling them to take the twenty-minute drive down route 9 once a week. This review is my own, and I will not take into account the opinions of my parents. However, I cannot deny that the hold Trader Joe's has on the minds and wallets of middle-aged, white, liberal, Bay Staters is quite impressive.

As I child I was amused

by the friendly workers in their flowery, button-down shirts and jumped up and down with anticipation when we reached the stand that gave out free samples (for whatever reason the roughly thimble-sized cups of Trader Joe's brand juices were always my favorite). However, the real draw for anyone my age was a heated competition that took place every day.

In the morning, a devilish employee would hide a stuffed lobster on the shelves of the store. Then, throughout the day, children would run up and down the aisles looking for its hiding place, knowing that whoever

returned the lobster—who

had a predictable name I can't quite remember, something along the lines of Rocky—would receive a prize of Trader Joe's brand candy.

As soon as I passed through the front entrance, I would run to check Rocky's pedestal, where he was always returned to after being found. Every time he would be perched there, taunting me with his blank stare. I would swell with envy directed at whichever sweet stuffed kid had been successful that day. Rocky was my world, his fate inherently tied to my highest ambitions. And I meant nothing to him. At least not yet...

One day, when I

checked Rocky's pedestal, it was empty. Rocky had yet to be found. With a vigor I had never felt before in my life I began my search. At first, it was hard to break from the prescribed path that exists in most grocery stores. I started at the produce section: turning over bananas and pushing aside heads of lettuce. I passed through the refrigerated aisles; checking behind egg cartons and between oranges. I worked my way through the non-perishables: un-shelving cans of beans and boxes of crackers to see to the back. I perused the frozen foods; peering behind ice cream and

frozen peas. I even checked behind the stand that gives out little juice samples. Finally, I found myself at the check-out lines, hands empty of stuffed lobster.

At this point, I knew I had to switch up my strategy. I was thinking like a shopper, walking down the conventional route, making the usual stops. I need to think like an employee. If I had a treasure to hide in Trader Joe's, how would I approach hiding it?

I started walking from the storeroom door, figuring that's where employees might enter the main room. I followed a path that only

my intuition knew. Down the frozen section, all the way passed the check-out lines, up the non-perishables, back down the nonperishables, behind the sample stand. My eyes scanned up and down every item. Finally, I reached the back of the produce section, near where the Trader Joe's brand tortillas were kept. I felt it. Rocky had to be around here. I don't know how I knew but I did. I began pushing aside tortillas, my chest pounding.

Then my mom found me. She was done shopping and in a rush so we left. Kinda a bummer. 2 stars.



Henry Lewis

Boston Bureau Chief

Acclaimed musician Henry Lewis is the host of the Studio Studio Radio Hour, an ongoing project to say what you say in these modern times. A native of the Boston, Massachusetts area, he serves as the head of Studio Studio's operations there. Currently, Henry is studying at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music. His active passions for dance and music performance have made him the perfect director of Studio Studio Media's performing arts division.





*Studio
Studio*

THE STYLE ORACLE



Shreya Vanwari
Style Oracle

Leading Studio Studio's Lifestyle department is Shreya Vanwari, resident style oracle. Used to jet-setting from her hometown of Mumbai, Maharashtra, she is keenly aware of the world she explores, taking each opportunity to learn. Her energy, drive, and flair for fun creates infectious smiles in the people around her, a perfect quality for a leader in lifestyle.

At Studio Studio, we're always on the lookout for what defines a lifestyle. Head of our Lifestyle Department and Style Oracle Shreya Vanwari, while on a trip to cosmopolitan London, has been peering into the present and near-future of style. Her top-ten for spring, 2022 lies below.

1

Alternate milks

2

Brown tones

3

Claw clips

4

Euphoria

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Zero-waste recipes

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Low effort photos

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Pinterest

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Poke bowls

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Prada

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Zendaya & Tom Holland

Studio Studio Lifestyle

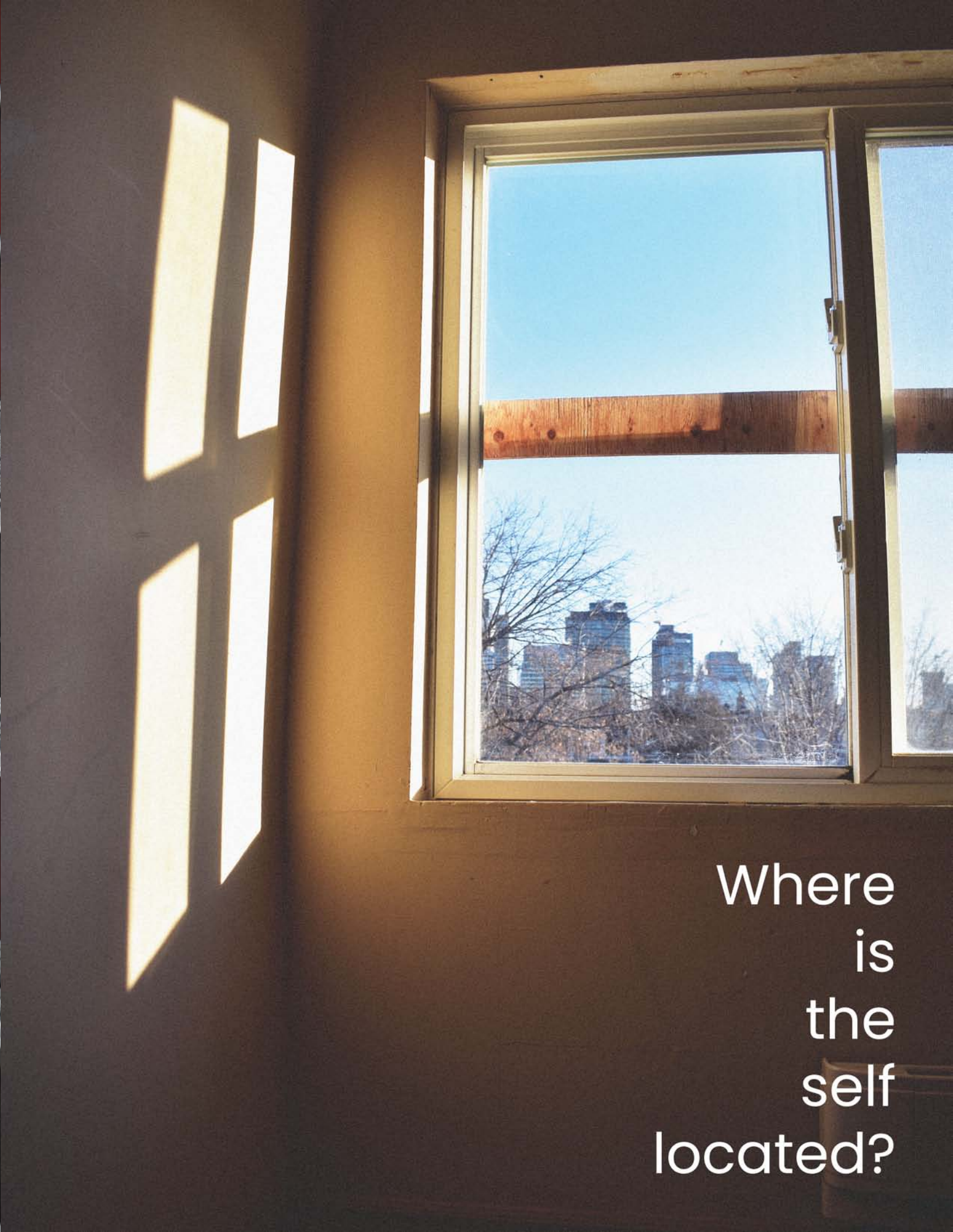


**I saw god cry and it was my
own reflection.**





FEAR.

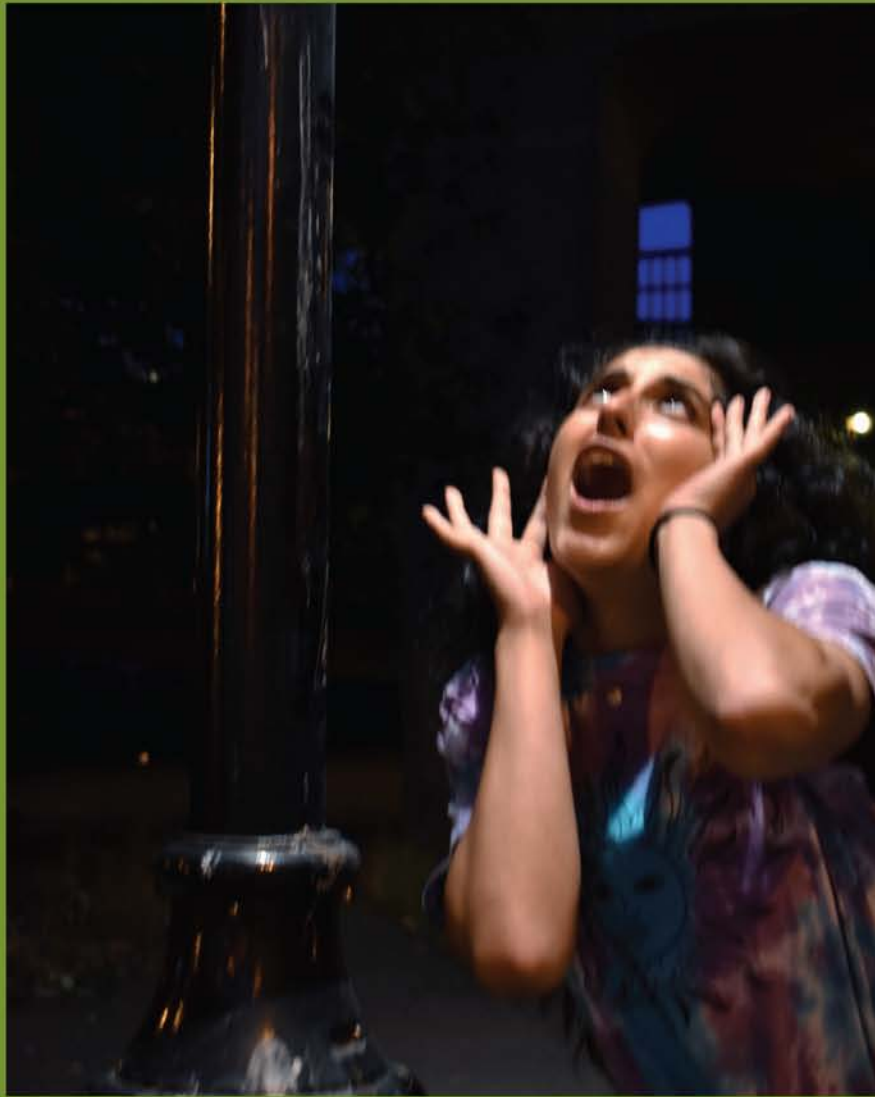


Where
is
the
self
located?

RESOLUTE. IMPOSING. ABANDONED.

THE STUDIO STUDIO STORY





Will you ever be found?

