

COLOR.

add colors to the chameleon

Studio Studio's Magazine

Fall, MMXXI \$10.00

FASHION: POSSIBLE IN ANY EXTREME
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

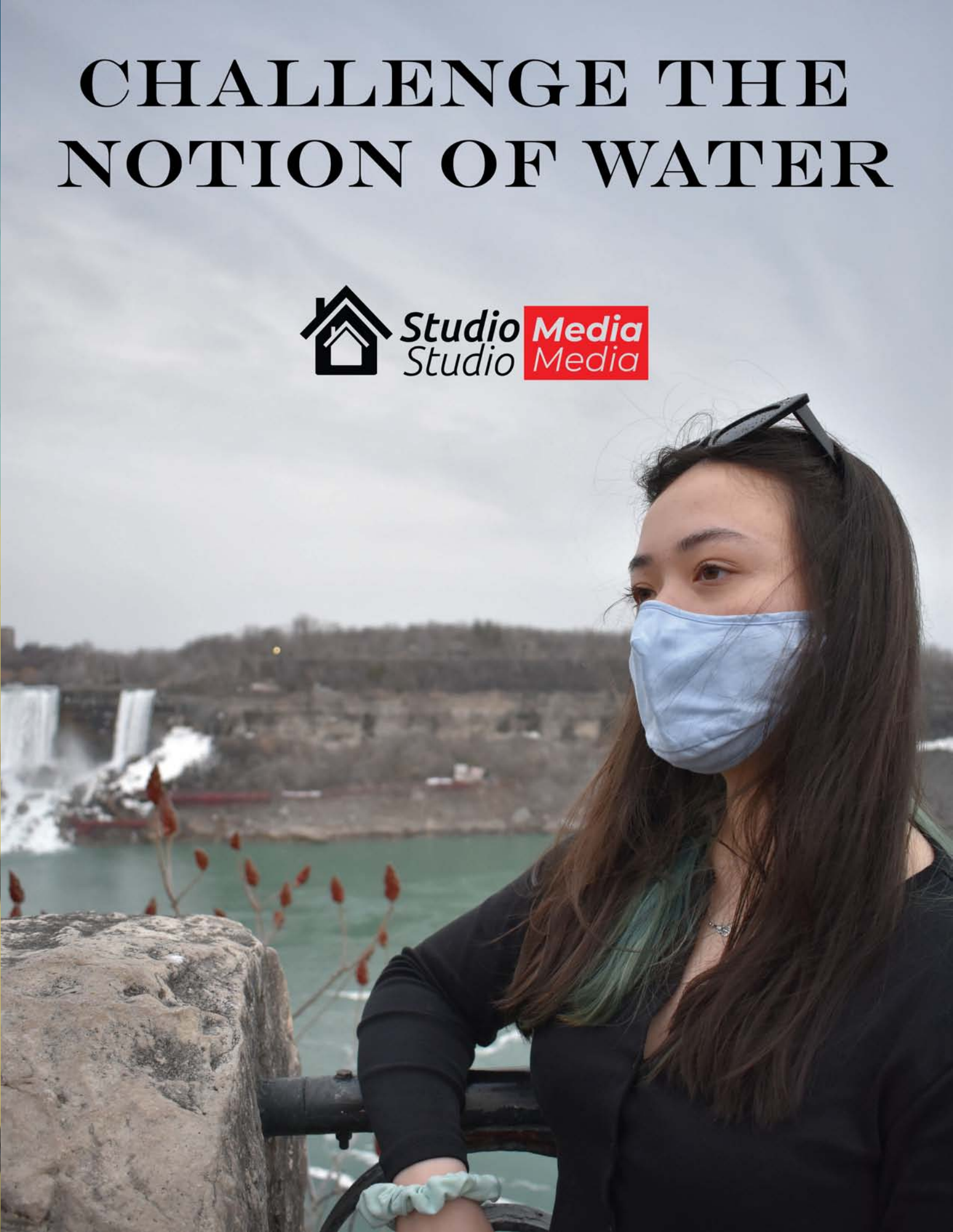




Why
do
you
fear?



CHALLENGE THE NOTION OF WATER



**CAN
YOU
JUSTIFY
YOUR
EXIS-
TENCE?**

Studio Studio Lifestyle



Winter, 2021

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Beautiful Paintings

a novel

ABSTRACT THE CITY.

Studio Studio Lifestyle



CLASSIC LIVING REINVENTED - THE STUDIO STUDIO WAY
explore a new life @studio_studios_studio





CONTEMPLATE NOTHING

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People

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Vancouver
A rainbow of chaos, Kitsilano,
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Toronto
A scream passing through nature,
Downtown, Toronto, ON, Canada

Studio Studio maintains a presence in:
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Guest Contributor Profile

Elli Hung
science desk

Elli Hung is currently a second-year student at the University of Toronto working towards her honours bachelor of science in ecology and evolutionary biology, molecular genetics and microbiology, and environmental science. She works with the Rochman Lab which is well-known for their study of plastic pollution and their affects on aquatic ecosystems. In her current project, Elli is studying how urban road runoff affects freshwater mussel survival and gene expression. Additionally, Elli works in the Rodd Lab which studies the behavior of Trinidad guppies. Previously, Elli has also studied the spatial awareness and memory of freshwater livebearer fish and presented her project at the Illinois State Science Fair.



**Caution
Steep Drop**

Fashion

Implies

DANGER



And that's a risk we are willing to take.



What intrigues you?



s t u d i o s t u d i o y v r



SEE IN COLOR

a poetry series

From above, our world is a blue marble, a pale blue dot, in inky black space. Its surface is covered in beige deserts, green forests, yellow savannah, turquoise seas, and white ice caps. Look closer and one finds that deserts can be red, orange, brown, yellow, or seemingly any other color. Or that forests are made of green trees that fade to brilliant golds, crimsons, and ochres in the autumn months. Our world is made of millions upon millions of colors, contrasting and complimenting each other and our experiences. Think of a grey day that matches a downcast mood, or an orange sunset alive with the excitement of an evening with friends.

Color is a constant companion, from light to dark. A charming red barn in a green field, a faded brown brick wall, streaked with rust, on a black night, light by orange sodium street lights. Colors evoke emotions, call up memories, make our experiences richer and vibrant.

The relationship of color to humanity has long fascinated artists and scholars alike, developing ideas like color theory. Sayings ascribe color to experiences (think “green with envy” or “feeling blue”). Paint choices on walls can make or break how someone enjoys their own house.

In recognition of the importance of color to the human experience, Studio Studio’s Morgan Abele and Raphael Gutteridge explore the broad emotional range of just twelve of the millions of shades.



CRIMSON

A neon sign
Burns crimson.
Blood spilled
In the passion
Of war
Burns crimson.
Red wine,
Ruby rings,
Lipstick,
Nail polish.
Handkerchiefs
Wiping brows
Of sweat.
Heat,
Tension,
Passion.
Raging intensity
In a stolen glance,
Subtle suggestions,
All burn
Crimson.



TIGER LILLY

Speckle me across a field
Speaking out against the trees

Branches once again to yield
To their brighter, orange fiend

A harsh dichotomy against
Your polished, manicured lawns

A type of wild, fiery, spark
Hidden amongst the fawns

JUDGEMENT DAY

Elli Hung



In her *Studio Studio* debut, Elli Hung introduces us to various fish and lists their pros and cons. As a lifelong devotee of everything aquatic she shares her undersea expertise with us.

Discus (*Symphysodon discus*)

Pros:

- Optimal shape to throw like a frisbee
- Hot, sexy
- Inspiration for mazes
- King status
- Don't dig

Cons:

- Hot, tank temperature
 - Cichlid
 - Absolute brats
 - Needy little bastards
- Brain cells: 2.2

False Julii Corydoras (*Corydoras trilineatus*)

Pros:

- Wiggles
- Cute faces
- Dig in sand
- Colder-ish
- Likes friends

Cons:

- Pushovers
- Pokey (poisonous?)
- NEEDS friends

Brain cells: $f(x)=(x-6)^{1/5}+1.4$, x =number of corys

Flowerhorn (literal cichlid creation of science)

Pros:

- Hybrids
- Selective breeding
- Bubble head
- Large personality

Cons:

- Aggressive
- Mutant bois
- Not for broke college kids

- HUGE personality

- Face looks like a chicken
- Brain cells: 7 (but hides 3 in bubble just in case)

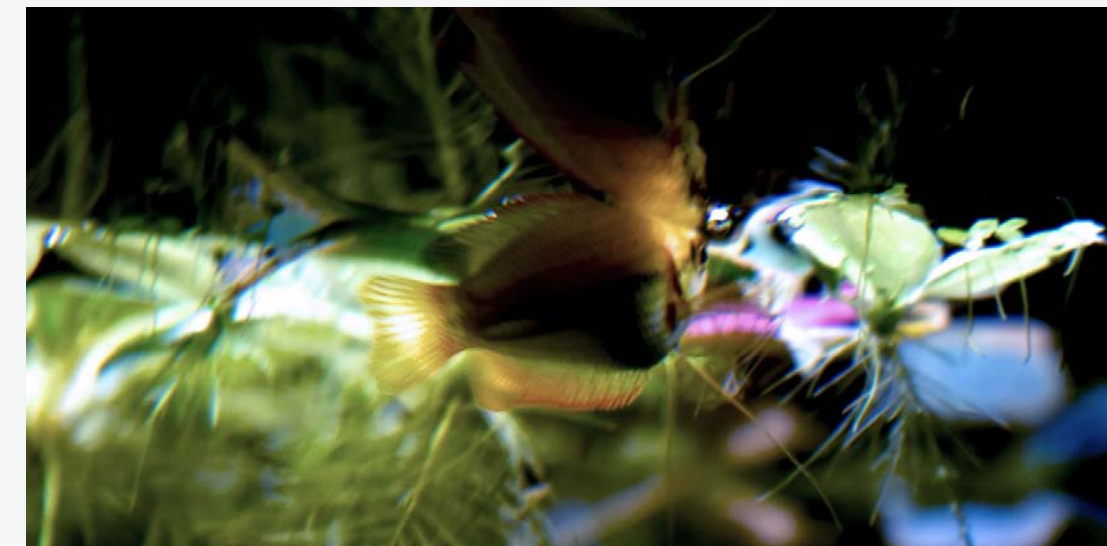
Fish that Glow (You know what I'm talking about. Not out here trying to get sued)

Pros:

- Is technically a fish
- Application of biotechnology
- Illegal in California from 2003-2015

Cons:

- Everything
- Brain cells: -7 except for the GFP zebra danios who have 13



Betta (*Betta splendens*)

Pros:

- Absolute models
- High jump competitors
- Bubble nests

Cons:

- Toxic masculinity
- Sexual dysmorphism
- Purely trophy husbands

Brain cells: 2.4 males, 6 females, 11 plakats

Guppies (*Poecilia reticulata*)

Pros:

- Variety
- Could easily take over the world
- Chill buds
- Sleek

Cons:

- Females can store sperm for 6 months
- Inbreeding

Brain cells: 0.76

Pea Puffers (*Carinotetraodon travancoricus*)

Pros:

- Absolutely adorable
- Pufffff
- Slurp
- Snail exterminator



- Itty bitty bitty
- Wacky eyeballs

Cons:

- Worms like to live in them
- Wild caught
- Don't like to share
- Zero table manners

Brain cells: $f(x) = -17x^{1/2} + 32$,
 $x = \text{number of puffers}$

Neon Tetra (*Paracheirondón innesi*)

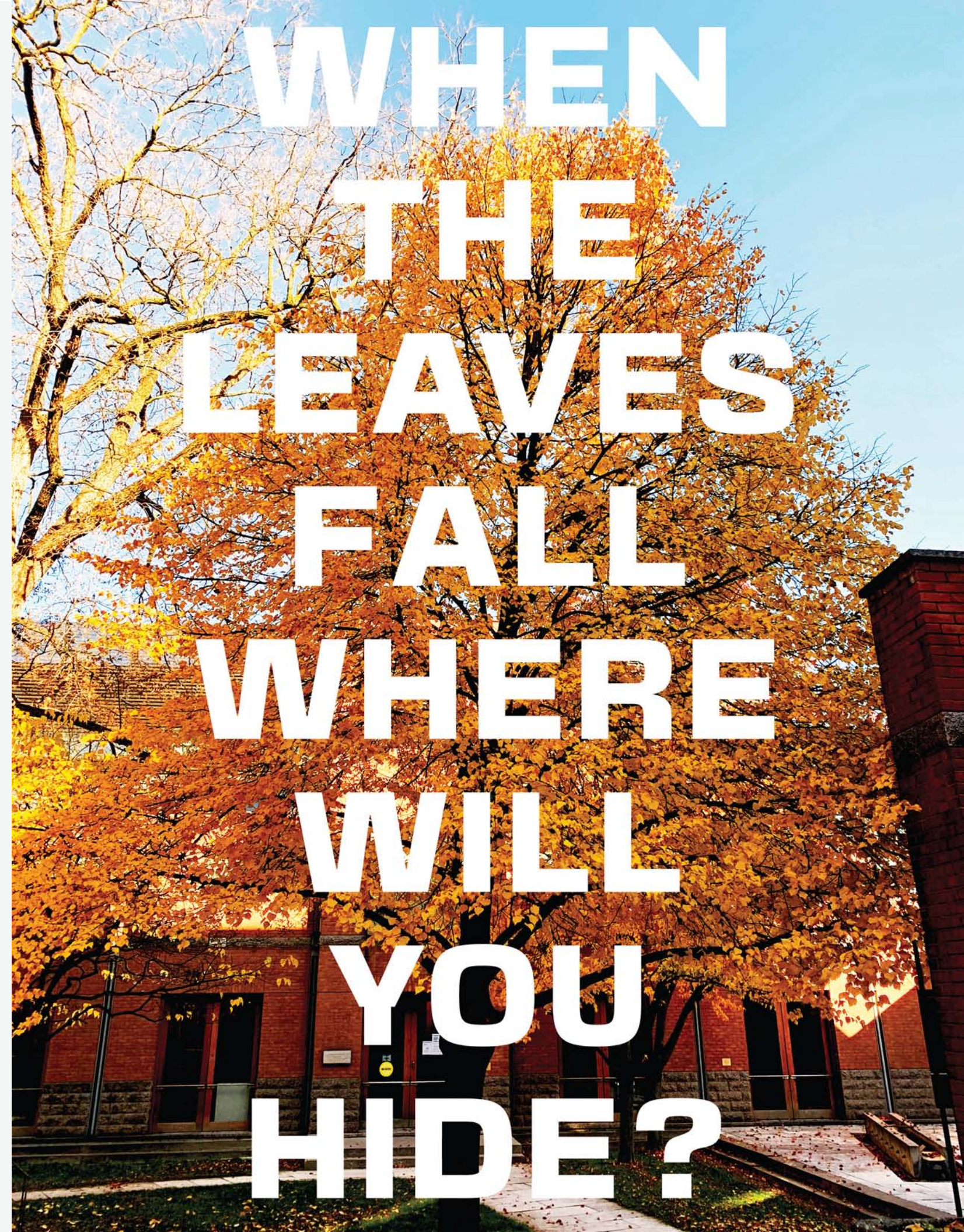
Pros:

- Professional traffic organizers
- Torpedo
- Chunky

Cons:

- Only half red
- Basic AF
- You'd think they're indestructible but actually little brats

Brain cells: 1.9 🏠



A person wearing a white puffer jacket, a black beanie, and a white face mask stands in front of a large, ornate window at night. Snow is falling, creating a soft, hazy atmosphere. The window reflects the interior of a building with intricate ceiling designs and a chandelier. The word "MUSTARD" is overlaid in large, white, sans-serif capital letters across the middle of the image.

MUSTARD

Distilled, pure, and warm
Vinegar, sharpening the
curves

Salty sees don't know
me, but my

Tumeric stained sun

Natural light but bright,
stalked with the

Falvour of a summer run

Mustard might describe a
topping adding to a

taste, but a

Seed is where it started,
sprouting with haste



CHARTREUSE

In the corner
Curdled
Damp
Moist

Inside the mold
Warmth
Fluff
Ooze

Phlegm
A fetus
A Curd

Growing slowly where you
can,t see
Green

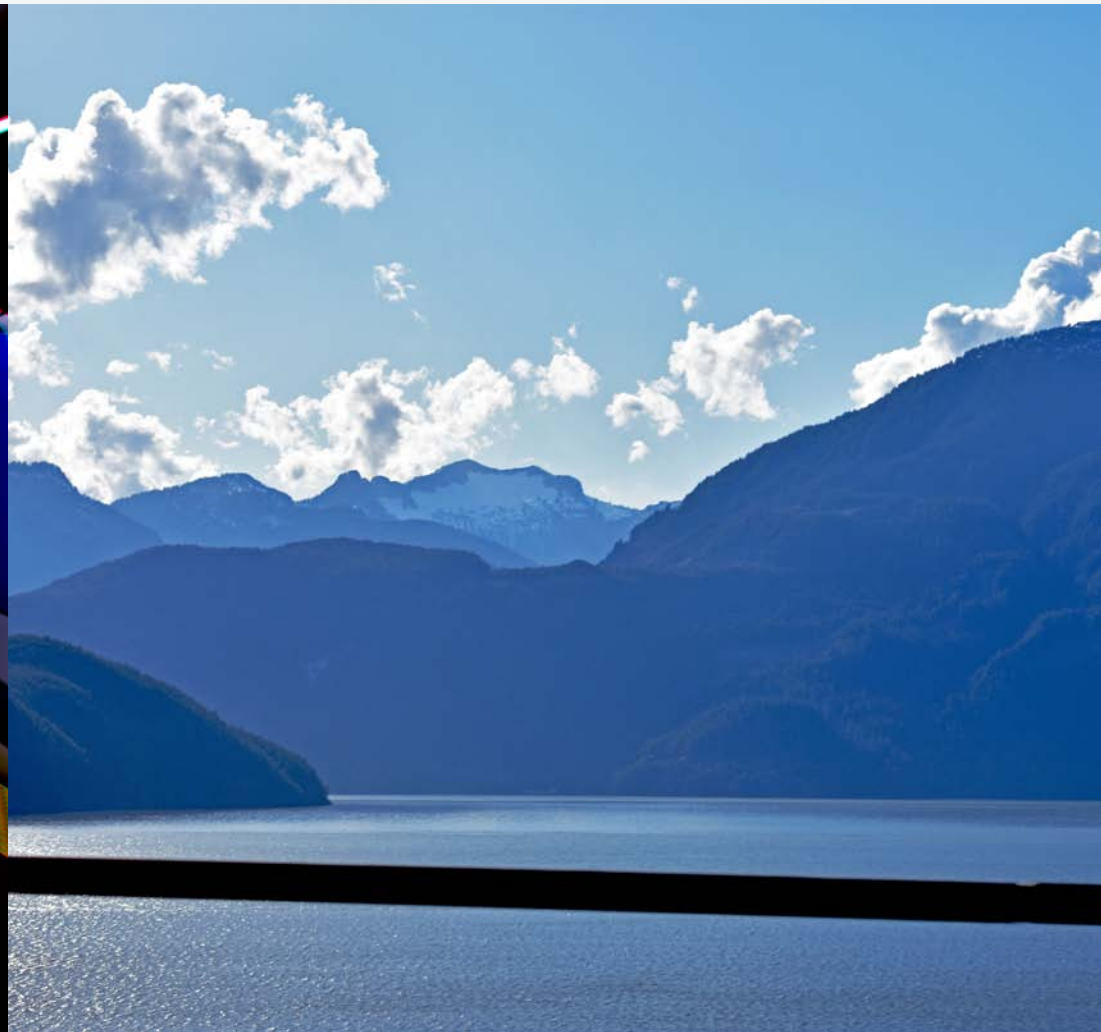
DO
YOU
SEE
WHAT
TOWERS
OVER
YOU?



Raphael Gutteridge

TO THE

ISLAND



VANCOUVER — It was a much needed break. The third coronavirus wave had been particularly brutal to Canada. Provincial health authorities spent the spring reporting constantly increasing case counts, deaths, and hospitalizations. Life, it seemed, was on pause as everyone moved into some kind of crisis mode. Then, the much-fabled “Big Lift” came, and vaccination rates skyrocketed. Combined with the natural decline in cases over the summer, the situation greatly improved. After a long spring followed an even longer winter, it finally

In the middle of the second wave, co-founder Morgan Abele wears a mask while on a walk under the Canada Line Bridge.

became possible to breathe.

The city of Vancouver has never felt like a bustling East Coast metropolis. It’s renowned for its relaxed, West Coast vibe. However, while not bustling, the city is certainly alive. Vibrant communities of artists crowd coffee shops and sushi bars, carefree college students line the golden, sun-soaked beaches, families enjoy the city’s many and well-maintained public parks. When the restrictions loosened, that

The south tower of the Lion's Gate Suspension Bridge stands resolute at dusk.

iconic way of life returned.

But in the return of Vancouver life, so did its old trials and tribulations. No longer focused on pulling down its astronomically high case counts, the city could refocus on outrageously high costs of living, on the stressors of work, and crowded buses. The spring had been claustrophobic, like being chased in a nightmare but unable to run. Now, we had returned to a world that while fast-paced, could

A Canada Line train arrives at a station on its way to Downtown Vancouver.

barely be kept up with.

As my own life reaccelerated to its old pace, I found myself in an often empty and soulless routine. One weekend I got the opportunity to break up my routine. For just shy of 48 hours I would be on Gambier Island, a small isle just outside of Vancouver’s metropolitan area. It was a unique experience that I jumped at.

I left on a Saturday morning with my host, a good

friend, who led me down a small pier opposite to the massive ferry terminal at Horseshoe Bay. While we waited for our chartered boat to arrive, we watched the gargantuan ferries that connect Vancouver Island to the mainland come and go. These massive ships dominate the small village on the extreme edge of the city, towering over street cafés and local restaurants, which all buzzed with activity as mainlanders sought the chance to escape for a weekend, just like me. But while they were headed for the better-known Sunshine Coast, or the city of

Mountains of the Howe Sound as seen from the Sea-to-Sky Highway just north of Vancouver.

Nanaimo, I was headed to place inaccessible to these large ships.

Our passage would happen on a small silver boat, one of many that dart like minnows across the Howe Sound. These are typically chartered by island residents wanting more freedom in timing and freight capacity than the service operated by BC Ferries.

On the crossing, our friendly operator explained how the charter company was preparing for a return to normal operations in the

face of a receding pandemic. Meanwhile, we were treated to the sublime views of the Howe Sound. Mountains soar out of the water, reaching high into the clouds. Water shimmers in sunlight that feels softer and more welcoming than in the city. This is the first hint at the

sense of peace that lies beyond. Our journey by boat concluded at West Bay and its two-hundred metre long pier. At the end of this structure, a red pickup truck waited to take us and the supplies we'd carried over to the cabin that my hosts

have spent years working on, slowly incorporating new ideas and features. The truck was driven by Andi Abele, who was preparing for a visit the next day by electricians who would help connect my hosts' new pottery studio to the island's electrical grid.



After unloading the truck, my friend showed me around her family's property, and structures dotted around it. These structures emerge from a lush bed of ferns that glow jade green when the golden afternoon sun falls on them.

The Abele family has constructed several structures, namely a small bunk house, a tool shed, a woodshed, a pottery studio (in progress at the time of my visit), all centred around the main cabin. This cabin is striking to behold. Emerald green painted boards are accented by window frames and structural elements stained in a rich brown that contrasts elegantly with the green. A simple metal chimney adds a rustic charm to the cabin.

Careful attention to color reaches its crescendo indoors. Each space is themed around the colors of its walls. The entryway is a welcoming butter-yellow that instantly gives a sense of cheerfulness. This room fades seamlessly into the main space of the cabin, two storeys tall. It is also painted butter yellow but takes on a more lively character, especially in the wall above the dining table, where the family often gathers to play games of Scrabble. Here the

Left: The south façade of the cabin.
Right: Warmth is the immediate feeling one gets on arriving at the dining table, surrounded by natural light and views of the pristine forest.





Left: The second bedroom evokes the spirit of the forest that lies just beyond its walls.

Below: Old movies and old memories, the loft holds great emotional significance to the Abeles.

kind of casual conversation that can only be had while engaged in the act of creating food. It leads to one of the most striking rooms in the house, the second bedroom, which is painted a shade of lime green that perfectly contrasts the evergreen plants outside its window, which sits in a bare wood frame. The master bedroom is a light, airy space painted powder blue, and whose high windows cast soft light into the entirety of the space.

roof plays an important role in creating a sense of grandeur. The roof is made of two planes that intersect on an angle with each other, allowing light to flood in from above.

Turning to the kitchen, the eggplant-colored walls elicits a richness that only purple can truly convey. The kitchen is a place of activity and the

Challenging the notion of lightness that can be found in almost every space of the cabin is the loft, which overlooks the main room. This is an intimate and private space, offering a moment of introspection to those that enter it. It is unpainted, the only part of the house that isn't given a loud and vivacious character. The decision to leave the loft unpainted works strongly in its favour as a place of privacy and solemn reflection. A shelf holds old movies, throwbacks to nostalgia, which only seem fitting in such a place.

Of course, I would be staying with my good friend and Studio Studio co-founder Morgan Abele in the bunk house, a small but spacious structure on the hill just above the cabin. After forging up a path of lush ferns, we laid out our supplies for a night



Standing resolute over the main house, the bunk house offers a party atmosphere in nature.



A trip to the secluded inlet.

of camaraderie and the Studio Studio executive retreat. As we settled in for an afternoon of discussion about the company and its future, the sun washed the forest floor in golden light that danced through the tree canopy above us. Elevated from the main house, we could talk as loud as we wanted with no chance of being overheard. Conversation flowed freely, matching the sense of freedom we felt, fully immersed in the forest.

My experience of Gambier would not be limited to just one cabin. Morgan, set on becoming a tour guide for the weekend, took me to a secluded inlet where a group of kids jumped off a nearby dock. Boats lazily crossed the inlet entrance, taking in the bright afternoon. We threw rocks into the water, watching

them arc in the blue sky above us before splashing down. It was quiet and alive, the perfect combination to relax in. This was the island life I'd been promised. A life of tranquility as waves lap the shore. Problems from my real life were washed away with each wave that brought the tide ever so higher. I felt lighter and wondered how Morgan could ever return to the city if this was what island life was all about.

When the tide came in too far for us to stay comfortably on the beach we returned the way we came, following a path that went past soaring trees, abandoned cabins that elicit mystery, and flowers that glow like flashlights when they catch the light. We moved on to another part of the island, continuing my grand tour of Gambier.

On our way to Gambier Harbour, main access point to the island, Morgan let me in on what felt like a dark secret that humanized the Garden of Eden. We passed a section of dirt road that wasn't flanked with trees, instead, there was a wide, flat space which I was told was an attempt by the local government to move the road, which had inadvertently been built on someone's property.

But change isn't easy in paradise. Local residents have very particular ideas about how the rustic charm of the island should be maintained, making projects like road improvements nearly impossible. Residents of Gambier have a desire to keep this peaceful hideaway very private, blocking anything they see as a way to make access easier for tourists.



Guns are apparently not uncommon at island council meetings, a disturbing look into the price people are willing to pay for peace.

After stopping at a beautiful pond to relax on a boulder and throw more rocks, Morgan tried to show me the forests of the island, which lie down logging roads on the island. Before we could get far we were stopped by signs that warned of active logging in the area, a warning that I was advised to heed.

Suddenly I became aware of a new facet to the island's geography. In my mental map of Gambier, there should have

been plenty more to explore, but in less than twenty minutes we had gone from one edge of the publicly accessible area to the other. As it turns out, most of the island is owned by logging companies. Paradise was relegated to a few peninsulas and inlets around the southwestern edge of Gambier.

Returning to the cabin awash in colors, passing verdant forests, and sweeping views of the Howe Sound, it was hard to reconcile with the realities of island life. So here was the trade-off, the force that balanced out a life of tranquility. Even Vancouver's soaring

Looking towards the edge of the area owned by logging companies. real-estate market hadn't left the island unscathed. Though land prices were nowhere near the city's unsustainable rates, they were definitely climbing as more people sought it out. The increased attention seemed to hint at a growing sense of frustration from long-time Gambier residents, wary of a busier island.

Island life wasn't an escape from reality, the casting off of worry while lounging against the sea. It was as real as any life back in the city, with just as many trials and tribulations.

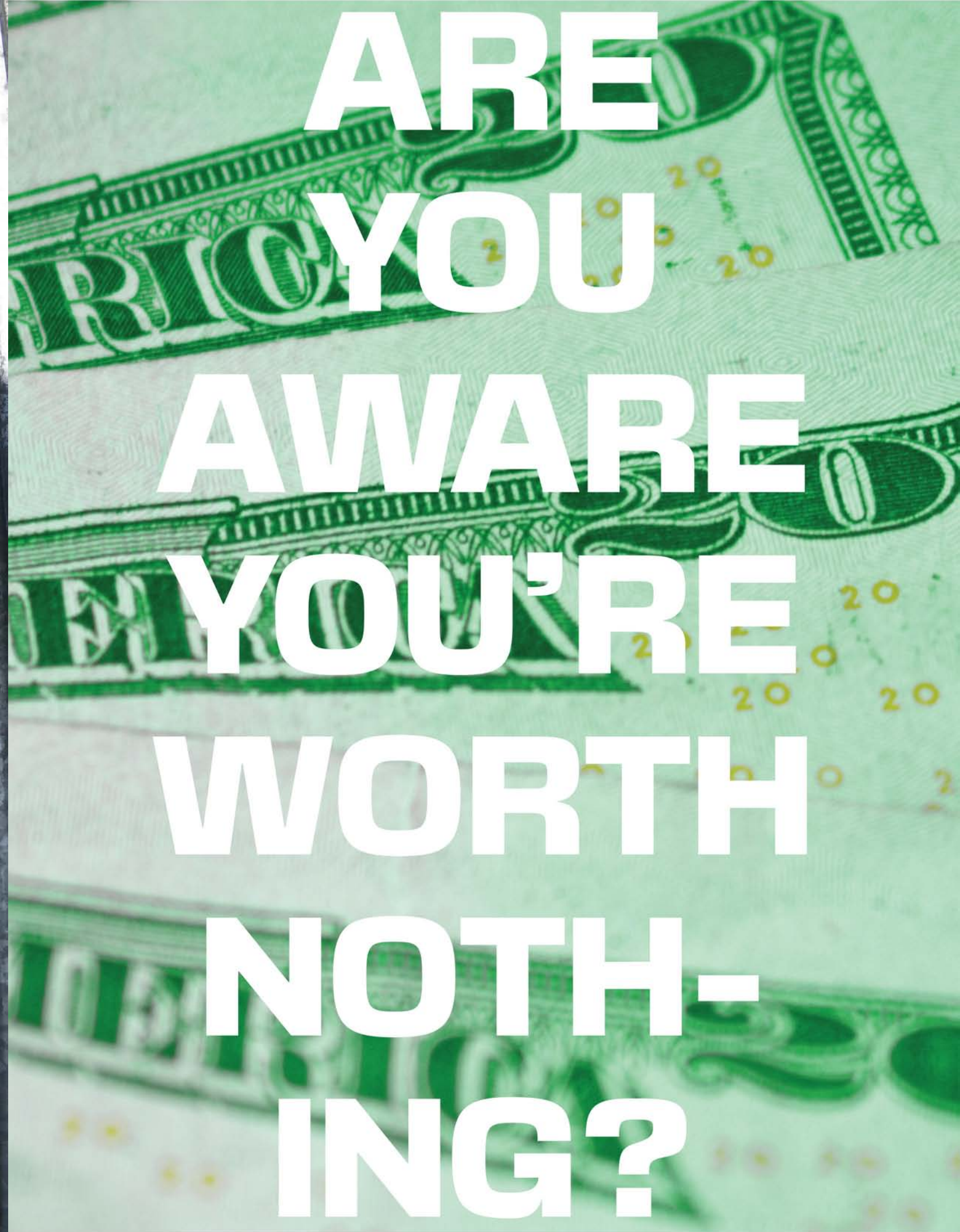
But before deciding to give up on an inspiring Gambier getaway, know that all it takes to re-immense oneself in that island fantasy is a bottle of wine and friends to share it with. A dip in the hot tub afterwards is also highly recommended. 🏠

Access to Gambier Island is provided by the BC Ferries operated Stormaway which costs \$10 CAD to ride.





Studio Studio
"Earth"



ARE
YOU
AWARE
YOU'RE
WORTH
NOTH-
ING?

Studio Studio's Magazine



**Brace yourself.
The future is scary.**

COBALT

**Stop
Halt**

**A wave of blue
A brush stroke, acclaimed art**

**These paints, flavoured with Malt
The sadness in your eyes, my fault**

**Stop
Halt**

**A tear now dried
Stained with cobalt**



iNDiGO

I followed the street
For hours in the
Fading light.
And as I passed
The home
I no longer knew,
And my breath
Grew laboured
As the whispers
Of memory shouted
In my ears,
The indigo sky
Silenced the
cacophony
With a lone
Cool breeze
And I continued
My walk
Back to
The home
I had come to know.

Do
Firehydrants
Bring
You
Joy?



@studio_studios_studio

**IS
YOUR
PLACE
TO
ESCAPE
STILL
SAFE?**

Movement as Art

by Morgan Abele

In the process of making a magazine some things get lost in the shuffle. Whether it be graphics, ads, prophecies of doom, recipes, or even entire articles, we maintain a slowly growing collection of never before seen pieces. This issue's look into the archive is brought to you by co-founder Morgan Abele's submission for Movement: How Do We Go Forward?, the third issue of our magazine.

Like any reasonable high school theatre nerd, throughout my adolescence I found myself spending the majority of my time watching lower quality, expressive shows. With such a low budget, and such an excessive need to consume theatre I quickly gathered an eclectic mix of theatrical experiences throughout my time as a teen. When I say I've seen all levels of performance, I mean it. From plays, to musicals, to concerts. From one-man shows in the middle of a sketchy cellar, to improv, to dance, to a low budget and highly inappropriate musical version of The Bang Theory which involved an on-stage portrayal of masturbation. Over time I came to realize many similarities between these different performance

art forms; the vulnerability, the significance of storytelling, the beauty, and the ridiculousness of it all. But one specific connective feature that caught my eye was movement. How humans somehow visualize and utilize their bodies as an art form and collaborate to create a visual that stimulates emotions.

I was once so fortunate as to witness a singularly spectacular performance at the Fringe Festival in Vancouver, BC. A one woman show. Believe me, if I had known it was a one woman show before entering I might have thought twice before attending. But alas my mother forgot to mention this, so right before the lights went down I was sitting in my seat ready to count down the minutes before this show was

over. While working at the Fringe Festival, I had recently seen oh too many one-person performance extravaganzas that more than failed to capture my interest and did not think I could handle another one. But as the lights went down then slowly faded into existence in another world on stage, I saw a woman emerge. The set was simple, the lighting quite unspectacular, but she entered the stage with a strong presence. Throughout those 75 minutes of storytelling and singing, she took us through someone else's life. I was transported, captured by the way she moved her hands. Some part of me was drawn to how she told the story with her body. She was fearless, half-naked and singing at the top of her lungs. But no one shifted

FROM

THE

ARCHIVE

Studio Studio's Magazine



uncomfortably in their seats as I'm used to in performances that contain explicit content.

What fascinated me was how this woman used her body as art. As a hormonal teen I wasn't used to seeing someone so comfortable in their own body. But her performance inspired me. The optimist in me has always believed that the power of theatre lies in expression, and the pessimist believes that humans are naturally awful creatures. But as a lover of art, I first and foremost believe that pain can reveal beauty in understanding. These are the parts of myself that collided when I witnessed this performance and when I see performances that use movement to evoke thought and emotion. Suddenly all of society's pressures of appearance disappeared, all of the overly sexualized body parts, the assumptions of what our bodies were meant for melted away as 50 people watched a woman standing practically naked alone on a stage.

She didn't need lights, or props, a fancy set, or a

chorus line to create art. She recognized her own body as art and utilized movement to help tell the story she needed to tell. And everyone in that theatre listened to every word.

Our bodies have remained one of the greatest art forms throughout history in a variety of forms such as ballet, karate, sex, hip hop, and countless other examples. Humans use their bodies to express themselves daily, but very rarely do we stop to appreciate how someone moves, how the human body functions, with no romanticized, critical, or overly sexualized thoughts. Through connected movement we can develop an understanding of each other in a way unreachable by words. Our bodies are uniquely different and innately beautiful if you look past the stereotypes we are trained to believe from a young age. When someone takes the chance of exposing their true self for a crowd of eyes to see, when someone captures your heart momentarily by slowly moving their hand in a specific motion, that is when we are

truly connected. Understanding someone because you see them as a human, not as a hipster or an emo teenager. That is what I would and have happily pay money to witness, and that is what this woman accomplished with only her body. She was not a dancer, she simply knew how movement could affect a crowd. And at that one-woman show, in that tiny theatre on Commercial Drive, was the most enthusiastic standing ovation I have ever seen. 🏠

ABSTRACT

THE

CITY

Studio Studio Lifestyle





FROZEN FUN

@STUDIO_STUDIOS_STUDIO

THE MARINA

A NOVEL

WINTER, 2021

STUDIOSTUDIOYVR.WIXSITE.COM/HOME/PROJECTS



Title and release date subject to change

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 Autumn, everyone! It's that lovely time of year when the days get colder, the nights encroach on the daylight that gives you hope, and the lovely smell of gingerbread is just around the corner! Cocktails both classic and inventive make great companions for watching the falling foliage or celebrating Thanksgiving and Halloween with the people dearest to you.

There's nothing like a good staple to keep around the house. New reader or returning veteran, here are some cocktails I think you should know.



Negroni

Going to a bar in Toronto and asking for a negroni can unfortunately lead you to asking for something else. Sometimes it seems that bartenders in the 6ix are gaslighting you about the iconic Italian's existence! So you're ready for the city of the CN Tower and TTC Line 4, here's how to make one.

Ingredients: Gin, Campari, Sweet (red) Vermouth, orange rind (optional)

Instructions: Pour 1oz. of gin, a scant ounce of Campari, and a liberal ounce of vermouth into a glass with ice. Mix well and add an orange rind if you're so inclined.

Tips: Campari tastes like a campfire, so sometimes it's best to go light on it and compensate by adding a little extra sweet vermouth. However, if you're a bit of a masochist, do the complete opposite!



Cherry Punch

Sometimes the world gets you down and you need to slam your head against a wall. On days like that, I like to make myself one of these so I don't have to risk getting a concussion.

Ingredients: Bourbon, Amaretto, lemon juice, tonic water, maraschino cherry/cherries

Instructions: In a glass half-full of ice, combine 3oz. bourbon, 1oz. Amaretto, 3oz. tonic water, and 1.5-2oz. lemon juice. Drop in a maraschino cherry or two and stir.

Fun Fact: it's called a Cherry Punch because with 3oz. of bourbon it really packs a punch!

Tips: Use Bulleit Bourbon and be liberal with the ounce of Amaretto.



Seasonal Bonus! ▶

Daylight Savings: a confusing concept we all kinda hate. Waking up the next morning can often feel like a hangover when the sun isn't where you expected it to be and every clock in the house is wrong. Why not actually wake up with a hangover? I've made it my Daylight Savings tradition to do exactly that, by drinking an ungodly amount of tequila the night before.

Tequila, while being the fun person's shot of choice, is hard to drink. Its taste is bad enough that eating a lime and salt is considered the right choice to chase it. Those are two things people eat raw only when forced to.

So how do you get obscenely drunk off tequila and not torture your tongue to cope? You make cocktails. Enjoy.

Margarita

Why buy margarita mix when you can just throw a rough approximation of one together? Simply combine a 1oz. shot of tequila with enough Cointreau and lime juice to make it palatable.



Tequila Sunrise

Normally, this is a gorgeous layered drink of tequila, grenadine, and orange juice. You're drinking to cope with an arbitrary change in a concept that barely exists but somehow controls you, aesthetics don't matter. Take a 2.5oz. (you heard me) shot of tequila and 3oz. of orange juice. Then, pour in grenadine until you think it's enough. Grenadine is a sweet syrup that masks the alcohol you hate the taste (but love the effects) of.



Siesta

Campari, tequila, grapefruit juice, lime juice, and tonic water. This drink, if made right, will put you into a siesta. Take an amount of tequila you're frankly embarrassed to say aloud and then add a scant ounce of Campari. Following that, pour in equally as much grapefruit juice as alcohol, plus a good splash of lime juice. Mix these ingredients and then add tonic water to taste. Start your Daylight Savings like a nightmarish version of New Year's, add bubbles! 🏠





Record Everything. Memory is Fleeting.



HOW
LITTLE
JOY
DO
YOUR
POSES-
SIONS
BRING?



Perfection. Always just out of reach.



#studiosstudioyvr

Personalize your relationship
with direction.

What do the flowers whisper to us?

Studio Studio Lifestyle



TRAVEL DESK

MONTREAL – Montreal is a cool person's New York gone astray. Once the largest city in Canada, it has since ceded power to its younger brother Toronto. Though it is no longer the city that defines commercial or cultural success in Canada, its long and storied history has cemented its status as cosmopolitan. If anything, its lost status lends to its cultural flair. While Old Montreal's European flavour is a favourite with Canadians looking for a taste of the old country, a hidden gem lies north of the downtown core.

Le Plateau – Mount Royal (and adjoining neighborhood Mile End) is an area of the city so trendy it gives the West Coast a run for its money. Vancouver's Main Street and Commercial Drive would do well to learn from its French cousin. The area is decorated in houseware boutiques, restaurants of every fusion and cuisine, and second floor bars with young crowds smoking outside. For Toronto and Vancouver where only the most hardcore bars stay open until 2 a.m., a city where most bars stay open until 3 feels decadent.

Plan B Bar is one such bar in the shadow of the city's namesake mountain. Surrounded by burrito joints and vintage stores, on a Tuesday night it offers peacefulness. After showing the bartender your vaccination proof and accompanying ID, as is currently Quebec law, any open seat in the house is up for grabs. Choose between either a table, a regular barstool, or a strange fabric cube at a low bar.

The double-sided menu is extensive, offering a wide selection of wine, beer, and cocktails, which are broken down by base liquor. Similar bars tend not to offer so many choices, making this a welcome respite from either settling for a limited option or gambling with a special request. Those used to cocktail prices in Toronto or Vancouver won't be surprised by Montreal, so expect to pay about \$10 for a single and \$14-16 for a double.

A negroni, served with an orange rind and seemingly useless toothpick, is less sweet than other bars tend to serve them. In the low candlelight of the space, it glows a deep garnet that creates mystique around the classic Italian drink.

Next up is the Plan Nord, also gin based, has the same name as a Quebec government plan for resource extraction in the north of the province. The menu (available online) lists its ingredients as gin, lemon, ginger ale, and grapefruit.

Other drinks on the menu call back to the name of the bar, with the Plan Rose, Plan Ginger, Bloody Plan B, and Plan B also available. Classics like the Tom Collins, Vesper, and Mai Thai fill in the rest of the cocktail side of the menu.

A friendly bartender mans the place until about 1:30, which on a Tuesday night is last call. With the bar open until 3 from Tuesday to Saturday, the last ninety minutes are presumably left for patrons to enjoy their last drinks without being in a rush. On a Tuesday night, 11:30 p.m. seems to be the busiest it gets, with activity slowly dwindling after that. For a trip to Montreal, Plan B Bar should certainly be anyone's Plan A. 🏠



studio studio
toronto – vancouver



Lilac

*A dress folded and placed away until
summer*

Something precious, laced with wonder

*Not a purple, but something more quiet
A lingering feeling, washed and stained
with white*

*A petal, sulking, clinging to a vine
Hiding in a sea of green, battling leaves
and thyme*

*A purple yes, but something more
Hiding behind the royal, violet sort*



Blush

*You found me on your cheeks
And looked the other way
I am hidden*

*In your suppressed laughter
In the way you say her name
You found me in your purse
And brushed a stain away
I am a chemical formula
Crushed and corroded
Into a color priceless*

Sold again

Imperceptible Perfection

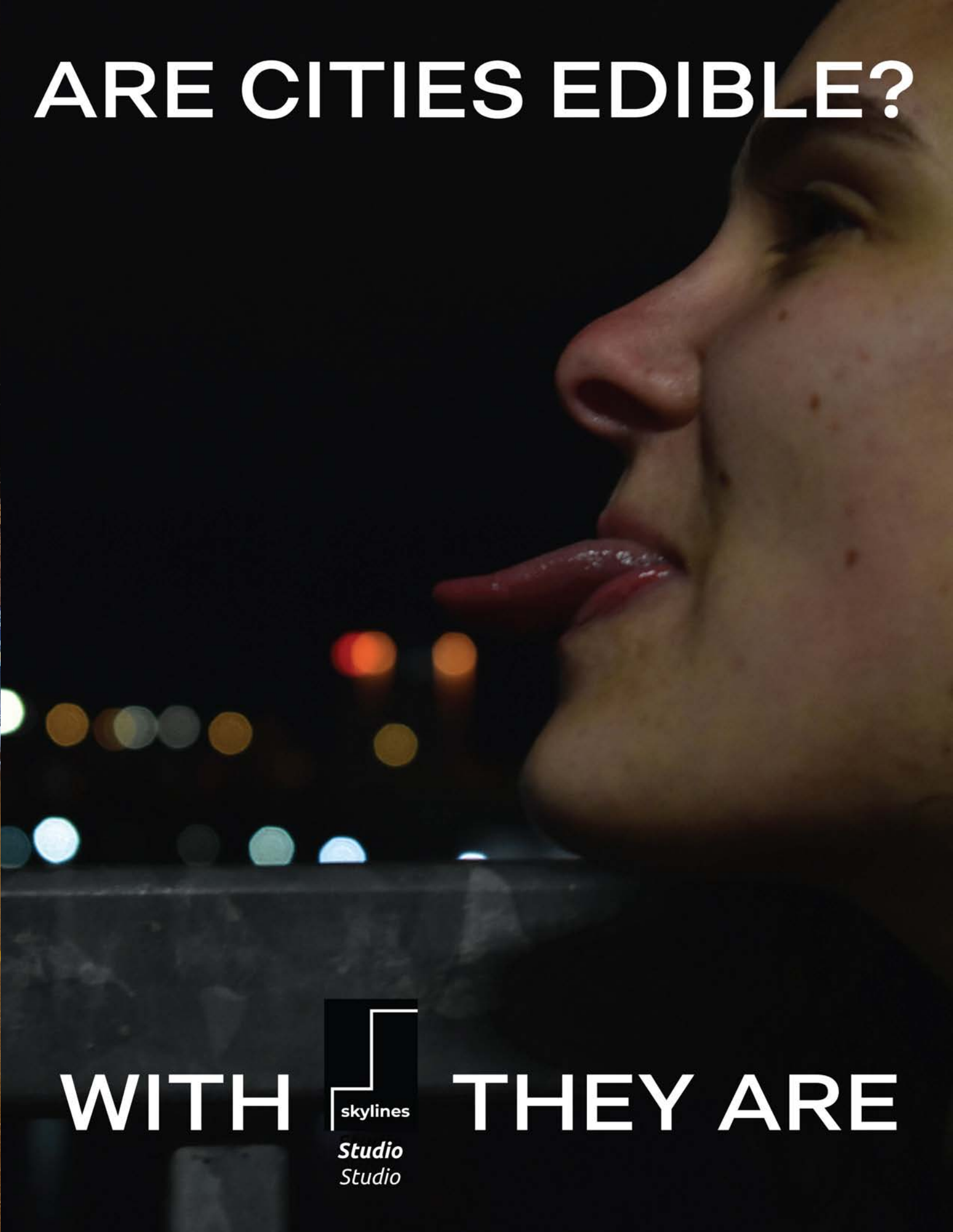
the studio studio way



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Vancouver, Toronto, etc.

ARE CITIES EDIBLE?



WITH



THEY ARE



ABSTRACT THE CITY

Studio Studio Lifestyle



**WHEN
WAS
THE
LAST
TIME
YOU
BLOS-
SOMED?**

Mourn the departure of your joy

Studio Studio

Friends...



...come in all forms!



Studio Studio



Surrounded by
color



Studio Studio



EARTH

Plant your feet
On the ground,
Entrenched,
Firmly in the brown
Earth.

Hold onto an
Old oak tree.
Drink from a
Clear stream
And feel
Reborn.

Ignore where
You came from,
The earth that
Nurtured you.
Ignore the darkness,
A warm blanket
Wrapped around
Your neck.

There's no mystery
Why plants
Run from whatever
Lies below,
Deep in the
Earth.



Smoke

Pitch a tent in a forest,
Take in the cool, clean air
Breathe.

Light a fire
In a circle of rocks
Breathe.

Take in the smoke,
Curling and grey
Rising from a tower
Of your own creation.

Watch the flames
Tear apart your work.
Let it collapse.

Be happy.

Breathe
In the last wisp
Of grey smoke
And move on.

STAND ON THE EDGE OF SOMETHING OLD

PRECIPICE

AND FACE SOMETHING NEW



@ s t u d i o _ s t u d i o s _ s t u d i o

Limits - A definition in disguise

Scrutiny:
be prepared





SEE IN

COLOR

#STUDIOSSTUDIOYVR



BONE

Do you imagine death?
How do you picture the world after
You've left this one?
Every culture
Has an idea.
The great beyond.
The final unknown.
What happens
To our bones
when our minds are gone?
But ask yourself:
Where did our bones come from?
Where do we emerge from,
Kicking and screaming?
Can you remember
The first time you opened your eyes?
First breath?
The great before?
Cast aside the fear
Of the unknown future
And wonder
About the unknown past.

Where did your bones come from?



OBSIDIAN

Picture a grand piano.
Black, an empty void,
Reflecting only the
Boldest light
That dares to try
The impossible.
How do you understand nothing?
Emptiness.
Void
In the truest sense.

A piano makes
Beautiful music.
A haunting,
Lone melody.
Claire de lune,
Alone in a dark room
On a moonless night.

The familiarity of nothing.
In loneliness
One finds their truest self.
On black nights,
The color of dark
Obsidian.



How colorful is your life?

