

COMMUNICATION

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Studio Studio's Magazine

Winter, MMXXI \$10.00



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Vancouver, BC, Canada

Toronto
A Cry For Help, Downtown,
Toronto, ON, Canada

Studio Studio maintains a presence in:
Belgrade, Serbia
Boston, MA, United States
Mumbai, MH, India

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Design Desk/46 - Science Desk/62 - Fiction Desk/70 - Rafe's Cocktail Corner/92 -
Ask a Jewish Mother/100

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In This Issue

Investigation Desk:
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Art Desk:
Danae Biln

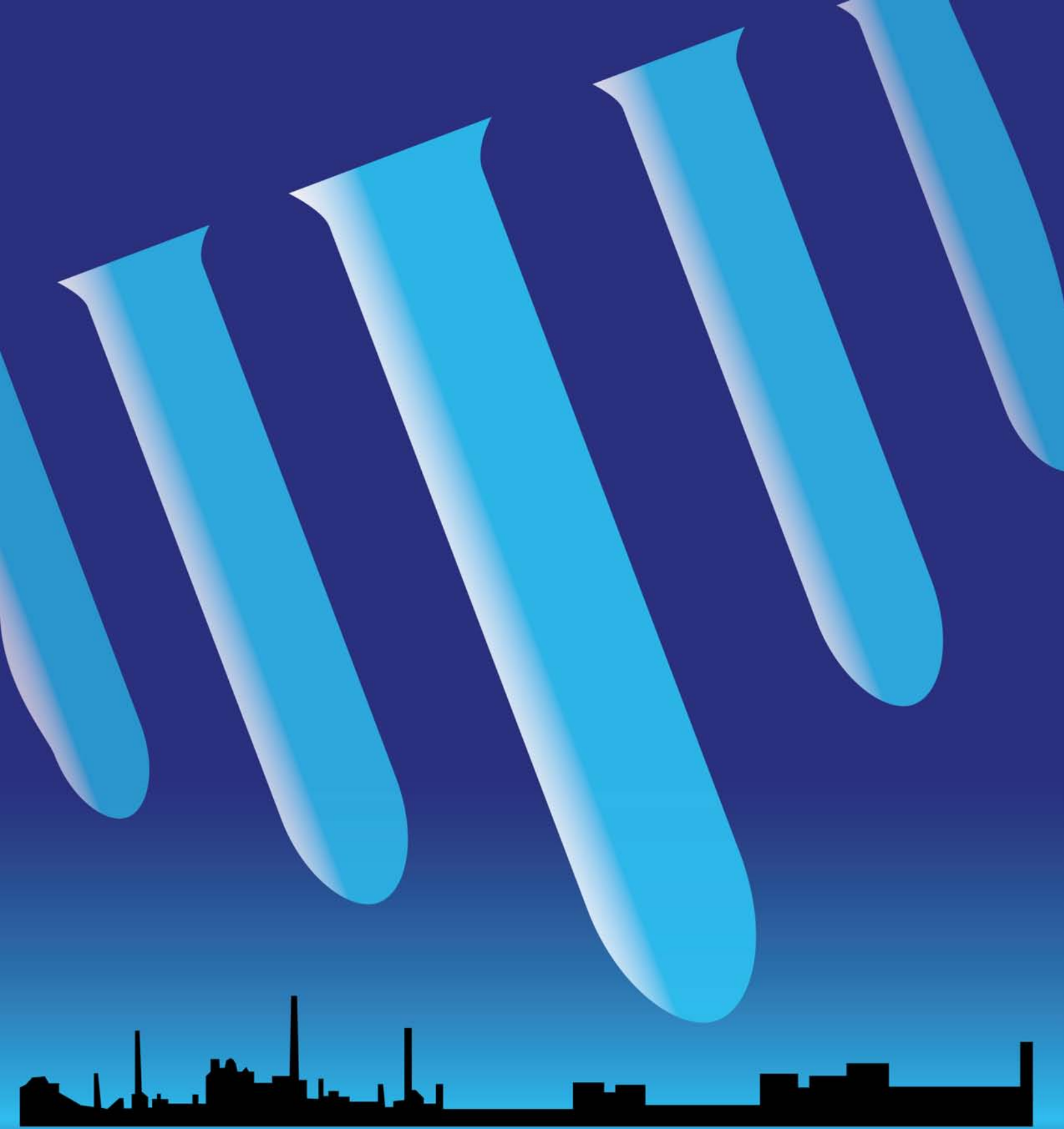
Photo Desk + Design Desk:
Raphael Gutteridge

Science Desk:
Elli Hung

Fiction Desk:
Raphael Gutteridge

Rafe's Cocktail Corner:
Raphael Gutteridge

Ask a Jewish Mother:
Jessica Gutteridge



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A woman with long dark hair is looking directly at the camera in a recording studio. The scene is lit with teal and purple lights, creating a moody atmosphere. In the background, there are studio monitors and equipment.

YOU'RE INVITED TO EXPERIENCE

STUDIO STUDIO

IT WOULD BE RUDE TO SAY NO



Studio Studio

vancouver



Morgan Abele x Studio Studio



Studio Studio

T o r o n t o



Studio Media
Studio Media





Revival:

Purse:

by Morgan

**What is it that you say?
Who do you say it to?
When do you say what is said that you say?
Why do you say what do you what you say to who?**

In these modern times the asking of such questions is, well, in question.

Instead, this podcast will have you questioning the how of your messages.

How do you say what you say to who when you say what to?

How does the way in which information is communicated influence the audiences understanding of a message?

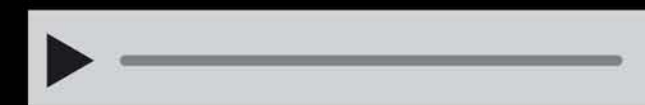
How do I talk!

Tune in to the latest episode of Studio Studio's own Studio Studio Radio Hour to find out.

Studio Studio Radio Hour



listen to an excerpt of the latest episode here



Expose #1:

Studio Studio and it's founders

Studio Studio, a company that according to their website brings "ideas". But what actually does this company do? Other than a variety of odd schemes, rude advertisements, and an occasional magazine? Who are they funded by, what do they support, who leads this enraging, erratic, so-called company?

This column is determined to find out.

I have personally spent the last few months secretly infiltrating Studio Studio, with hopes of providing insider information to the common public. With all the detailed knowledge I have gained over this past while, one thing has become very clear: I still have very little knowledge of what this company actually does.

You have all most likely heard the saying "if a tree falls in a forest and no one is around, does it really make a sound?" Well this saying definitely applies to this scenario specifically. Ask yourselves: "if a magazine only has 4 subscribers, does it even truly exist?" The answer: no. But alas, I am here to uncover it.

One of the co-founders Morgan Abele is quite an interesting case study for this company. If you review the last issue of the magazine you will notice she contributed significantly less than any other issues. So the question begs to differ, where was she during this time?

Regarding this disappearance my initial thought, as I'm sure yours does, jumps straight to the rumours of her alleged fake fish allergy

and the circulating idea that she has actually married a fish and made up the allergy to hide the truth. Though this theory does seem a bit fishy, there may be some truth to it. But the answer doesn't just lie in the fish, Morgan has been claimed to be allergic to everything over the past year including foods such as Gluten. Ask yourselves, can a person be allergic to this many things? No. And since I personally spent two months in the river in search of this fish marrying theory and found nothing, I have discovered that the only realistic possibility is that she must be, in fact, an alien.

This is the only plausible explanation for her odd behaviour, refusal to eat certain foods, and her sudden disappearances from the company. Not to mention the fact that most of the company has relocated to Toronto and she remains behind. This is further proof because everyone knows aliens can't get past border security.

When an inside source was asked if they thought Morgan was an alien they responded with "she was created in a government lab". Which lab you ask? Obviously Canadian labs are harder to locate because of the sheer mass of tree content and the fact that the maple syrup in the trees jams radio signals. So it is unclear which lab, but all the other facts are there.

Follow this column to discover more of the harsh realities behind this elusive company; Studio Studio 🏠

Submitted anonymously by Leroy Davis



studiostudioyvr.tumblr.com



STUDIO STUDIO

VANCOUVER / TORONTO / MUMBAI / BELGRADE / BOSTON

do you feel forgotten?



***Isolation Is
Inescapable***



Loneliness is the human condition.

Consider this a warning.

Studio Studio

BRONX

Art Desk:

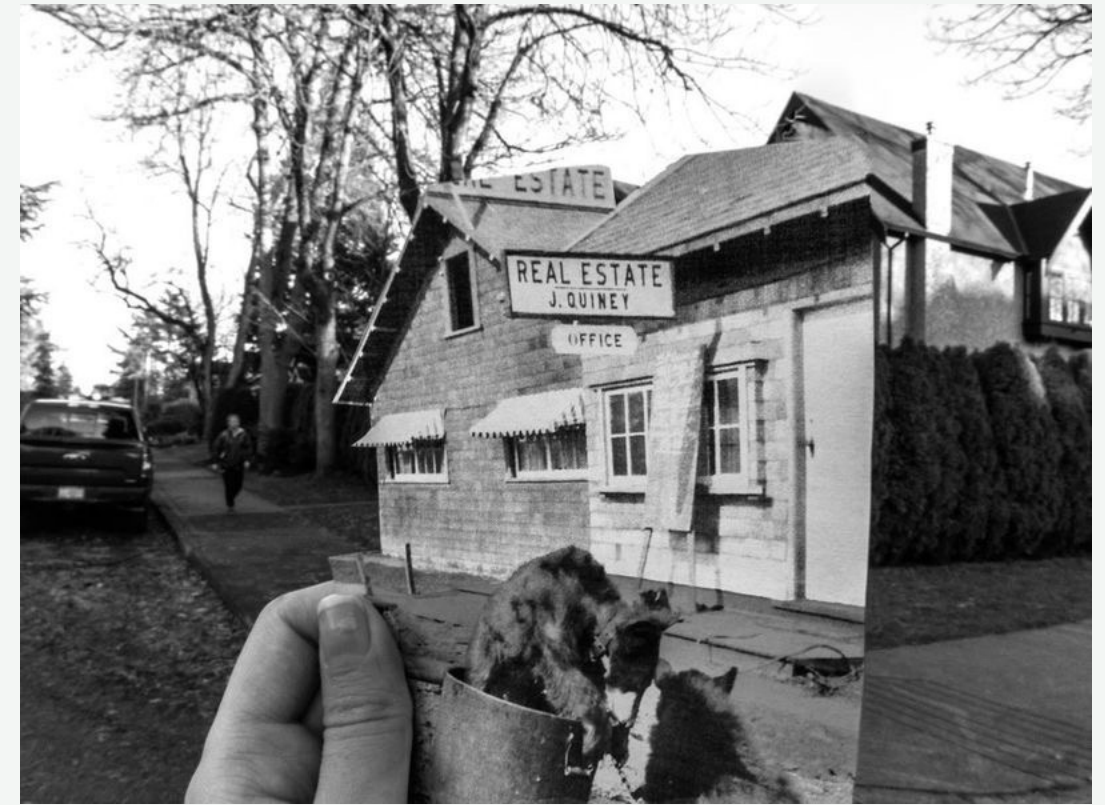
REAL TIME COLLAGE

Danae Biln

For this project, my intentions were to bring my art practice of multimedia collage into photography and present the effects of time on my environment. My process in making these photographs took some research and time. First, I scanned Vancouver Archives for areas in Kitsilano that included people or other objects that represented the time in which these photos were taken (eg. 1920's cars, people riding horses, clothing styles, and buildings that no longer exist). I narrowed the collection down to 4 photographs, printed them, and then cut out parts of the photo I planned to collage into my project. I scouted each address and planned my route based on their proximity. Taking the photos took careful consideration to line up the cutouts in a way that would immerse them in the frame. Some of the locations were almost unrecognizable, making my objective more challenging to achieve.

A main factor to consider was the aperture in which I would take these photos to have both the paper cutout and the environment in focus. I chose the largest aperture setting for my camera and held the cutout far enough away from the camera to get both settings in enough focus to "collage" together. Two environmental challenges were 1) the amount of daylight available to get good quality photos, and 2) The BC storms that caused harsh rain and winds, resulting in an additional step for me to check the weather hour-by-hour to find the right time to go out. I chose to edit my final photographs in black-and-white because it represented the nostalgia and historical relationship I hoped to achieve between the archive images and the real-time locations. 🏠







*Studio
Studio*

At the start of the pandemic, we all said we were heading into uncertain and unprecedented times. It became a joke that everyone grew sick of. With a global vaccination campaign saving lives and allowing for society to reopen its doors, we're finding ourselves in even more unprecedented times. The pandemic helped us begin to tackle questions of inequality and inequity, and the myriad of ways that our systems create challenges.

Founded during the first wave, Studio Studio has grown up in this changing world, often evolving along with those changes. Being in unprecedented times is all our studio has ever known, forcing us to think quickly and effectively. We see ourselves as having strength from adversity, especially because we work in a collaborative field in a time when working together is difficult to arrange.

As questions about a re-emerging society continue to grow, know that Studio Studio is there for you, your company, and/or your projects. This is the world we were built in, and the world we'll continue to serve. No matter what uncertainty prevails, be certain in our ability to adapt to the changes you're having to adapt to as well.



STUDIO STUDIO

god may forgive your sins



but Studio Studio will never forget

Doubt Nothing.

Your fate has already been decided.



STU STUDIO

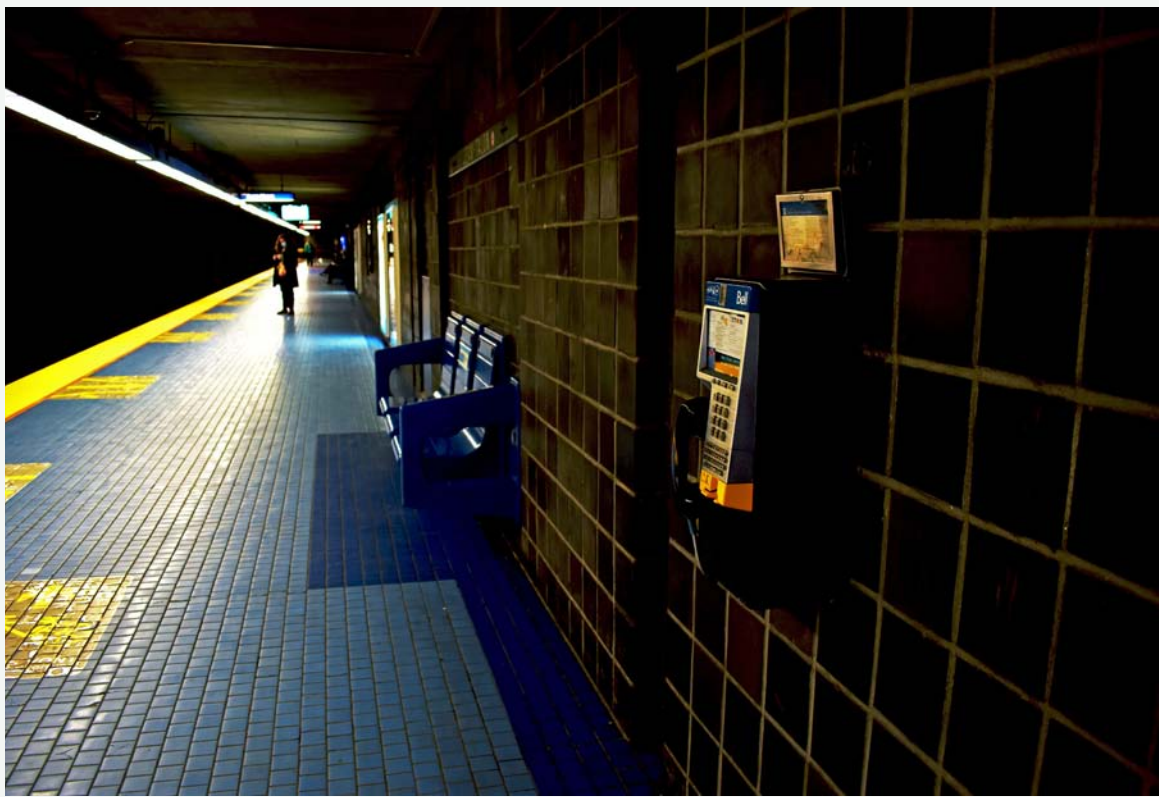
meditations on nothing

Prototypes: the Wise City Manifesto

Part One

Photo Desk + Design Desk





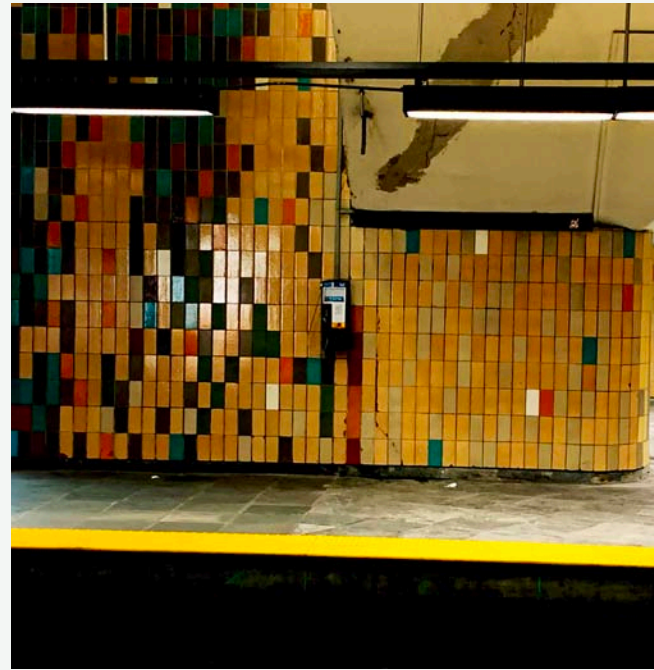
Payphones are, in the world of 2021, a relic. QR codes have replaced paper menus, a fifth generation of cellular connectivity is being rolled out, and an internet connection is required for education. Memorizing a list of essential phone numbers is no longer necessary, nor is carrying

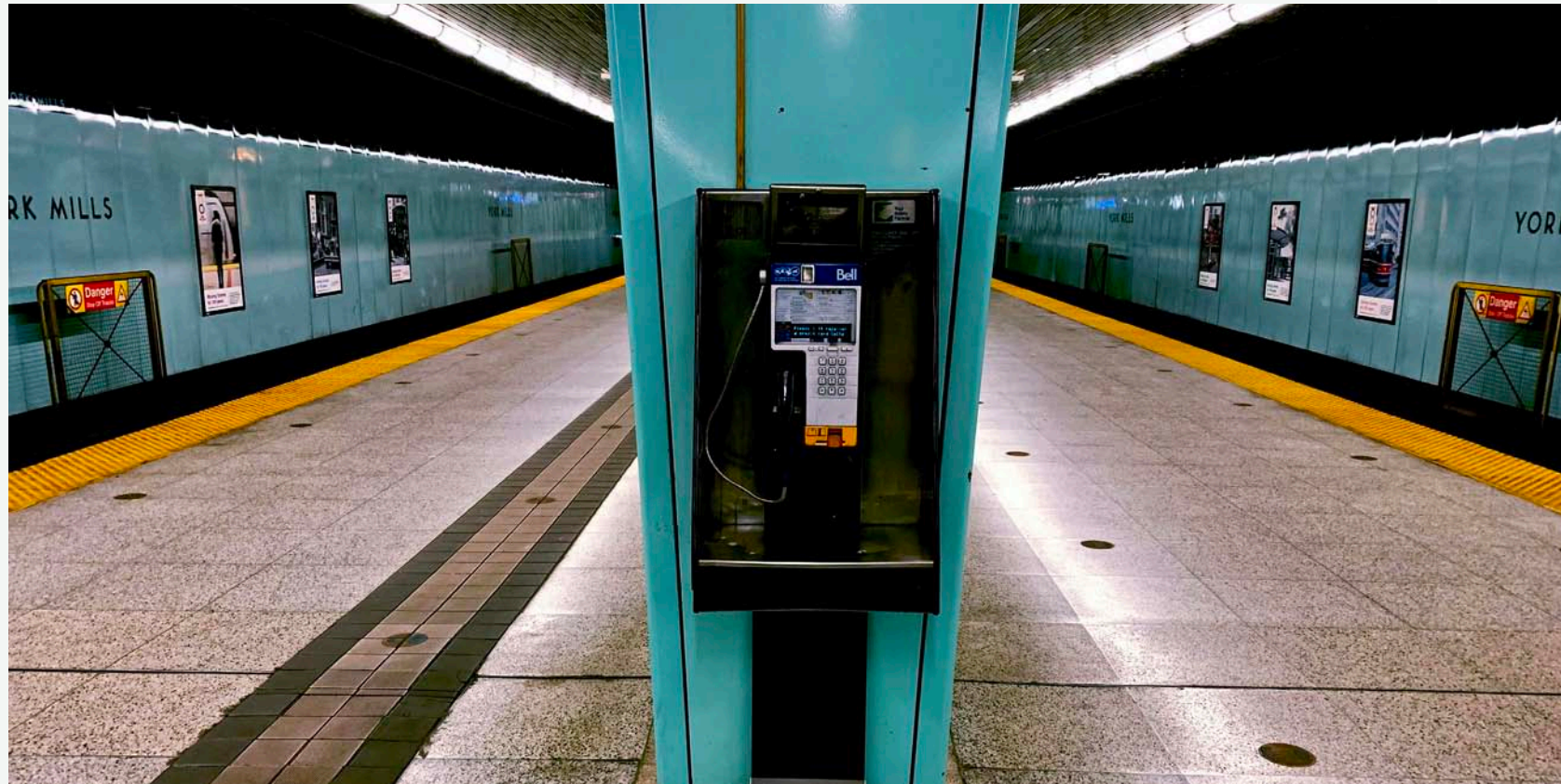
cards, rushing to type in numbers correctly, leaving messages in collect calls. These people lived in a world where the built environment and electronic technology were integrated. Spaces dedicated to the placement of payphones were created, often to the side of central circulation areas. While easily accessible, they provided a small modicum of privacy to the users of the payphones.

Though these devices are increasingly obsolete, they still remain in our cities. Platforms on the Toronto subway include them and they rest inside booths on Montreal sidewalks. Many are still functional, indicating that while obsolete, they still serve a purpose, albeit to an increasingly smaller group of people.

Using a payphone was equally as accessible as walking through a revolving door. They were integrated into the built environment. Tucked against buildings near street corners, given little alcoves, and placed in booths near crosswalks. Payphones paint a picture of a built environment that embraces technology, almost as a prototype to the modern concept of the smart city.

If you were born on this side of the new millennium, ask anyone older about the experience of using a payphone. Calling





Picture a smart city. What do you see? Is it a Blade Runner-style expanse of LED billboards and flying cars? Do you see a Jetsons-esque land of psychedelic skyscrapers and robotic maids? While technologically we're not quite there yet, emerging smart city concepts fully take advantage of human comfort. Toronto's controversial Quayside project incorporated ideas like LED road markings to optimize streets to car traffic flows. In a reflection of the 21st century's increased environmental sensibilities, the plan included sensors in every home, square meter of sidewalk, and street lamp to optimize the use of resources like energy. While idealistic and well-intentioned,

Torontonians who were wary of allowing a tech company (the developers were a subsidiary of Google's parent company) saw it as naïve. While, yes, the sensors in an environmentally conscious way, they would be collecting the movement data of anyone who stepped inside the area, data that would automatically be property of a company with a less than stellar record of maintaining privacy.

Ultimately, a debate on the ethics of the modern smart city would be moot in Toronto. The pandemic would force Sidewalk Labs (the Alphabet subsidiary in question) to shut down the project over financial concerns. However, while the debate in

Toronto is over for now, it will undoubtedly arise again, if not in Toronto, than in cities like it.

Mass surveillance has its champions, especially "national security" zealots. Tech companies often justify data collection as necessary for their operations. However, neither the American NSA or Google and Facebook are cities—at least not yet. The tech company view of the city is like a piece of programming, always looking to streamline and optimize. Cities are organic beings, they grow and evolve, defying even the strictest of urban planning. By nature they cannot be optimized or streamlined. People, likely to the chagrin of these companies, are erratic beings. They barely conform to



social categories, much less algorithms.

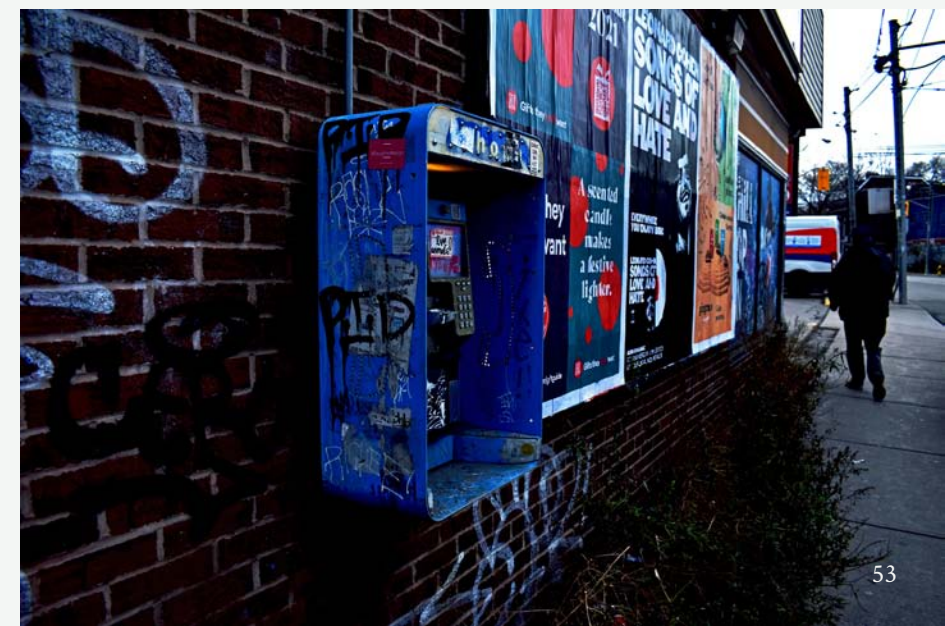
If any technology has been optimized to the needs of people, it is the payphone. Payphones satisfy the human need of connection, but they also fit another need: the need for independence. A payphone will not collect data on anyone who passes by. Instead, people are free to willingly interact with them. Should a person not require the use of one, they are not subjected to them. A sensor robs people of that freedom of choice, by collecting data indiscriminately,

and then passing information off to a system that is often less egalitarian.

Payphones contain a lesson to urbanists of the future. They are an example to technology being fully integrated into the built environment. Yet they maintain the freedom of choice that is inherent in all people. This principle should be the guiding factor of a smart city, perhaps even evolving it into a "wise" city. A wise city could be a place where technology is applied as its users see fit, going beyond adding

technology for the sake of technology. As algorithm-defying humans occupy space they will work to cater to their own needs, and a wise city is a city that understands how to evolve along with its inhabitants.

When these debates inevitably reignite, the conversation should be allowed to shift. Let's make the step from asking "how do we integrate technology" to asking "how do we best integrate technology" into our built environments. 🏠



STUDIO STUDIO

VANCOUVER, TORONTO, ETC.





FASHION

a flight of fancy



Studio Studio

poster child of good design

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No girl can resist the comforts of modern living. Be it new cookware or tool for cleaning the house, she'll be sure to appreciate it. After all, men, don't we want our little ladies to be perfectly content? Can a man really be a man if he doesn't provide the latest in household technologies? And of course, only a National Dynamic Systems product will do!



Only National Dynamic Systems will do!

CROSS CONTINENTS

Classically Canadian and effortlessly international, Studio Studio is there to make the journey easier. How do we make it easier? Don't ask. You don't want to know.

SCIENCE DESK

Regular science desk contributor Elli Hung returns to the magazine. For her second appearance here she takes the time to review a Studio Studio Science Science study on youths and their environment. This process of study and review is integral to making sure that science stays scientific. The study that prompted Elli's review can be found on page 19 of magazine issue 2: Place: are you happy with where you are?

[Click here to see the original study in "Place"](#)

Correspondence regarding the Studio Studio Science Science article "A Study"

Elli Hung¹

¹Undergraduate at the University of Toronto, Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, Molecular Genetics and Microbiology, Environmental Science, Sustainability, *Lampsis siliquoidea*, *Poecilia reticulata*, Canada

Abstract

A review regarding the inaccuracies relating to youths and their environments and an example of bad scientific writing.

The conclusions drawn from the study are not supported by the data presented. Many assumptions were made and the conclusions drawn do not match the context the data was collected from. The blatantly incorrect presentation of the data, the lack of discussion regarding data collection methods, and the inaccurate conclusions drawn from the data detract from the credibility of this study.

The data of this study is presented to misinform the reader. Although the graphs are aesthetically pleasing, the display is inaccurate at data. The axis labeling of the third graph is absolute nonsense. What unit is being used? How do "Data", "Numbers", and "Math" represent a spectrum of units to use on the x-axis? I commend each graph for starting at 0 on the y-axis which is the bare minimum to accurately represent data¹. Although, none of the graphs have any correct axis labels nor are labeled in a way that could be cited by an outside source. The use of a bar graph for a categorical data set with two categories representing success and failure is completely incorrect and leads to misinterpretation of the data¹. But why was a correct pie chart used for the same type of data in the first graph and a bar graph used later on? The fourth graph is beyond my capabilities of understanding. Considering this is the only graph without a caption, I can only assume that the researchers did not understand the graph they made, either.

The article does not show how the data was collected. The omission of this critical step in the scientific method makes this study unable to be replicated and drives its credibility into the ground. Where was this data collected? What population was it taken from? Is this a proper random sampling of the population and why do the numbers so equally divide into three? Are there only three data points? Who are these "street youths"?

Because of the inaccuracies previously addressed, there is no hope to have meaningful conclusions and this article somehow drew such obscure conclusions that they must have pulled them from something even less dense than thin air. It is impressive that every single conclusion drawn has such gaping holes that I'm currently questioning why I spent the few brain cells I have left to attempt to understand where the researchers gathered their findings from. The first figure caption is clearly biased and the addition of "small cabinet" produces an inaccurate representation of preferring open or closed spaces. Were the subjects asked the exact questions with "small cabinet"?

In that case, the sampling error margin is astronomical leading to bias and the data cannot be trusted to be credible. The second graph claims “a majority” but does not provide statistical evidence. What statistical test was conducted to lead to this conclusion? Was a proper binomial test conducted? Also why was this mentioned in the figure caption? Conclusions should not be drawn in the caption¹. The third graph and figure caption do not have any relation. The caption is talking about emotions of youths while the graph is showing facts vs science (?) over some sort of scale that is not time. The fourth graph does not even have a figure caption and as a reader of this article, I’m questioning why I’m continuing to use the ATP my body has worked hard to create to understand what is being presented in front of me.

In what I can only assume is the conclusion of the study, the researchers comment on how the data collected relates to “the mental and physical health of our younger generation” and how we should better accommodate children and their environments. Although one could argue that the second graph could show that some youths feel negative towards their environments, the cause behind this animosity was not explored in this study and therefore, the authors should not comment on causation. The researchers state that they intend to find the root cause although it’s unclear how “our collected data and science tools” will uncover a source of these negative feelings towards youths’ environments.

Each reason mentioned above detracts from this “science” article from being a reliable source. The presentation, collection methods, and conclusions do not align with any aspects of good science and this article should not be used for anything other than a bad example of scientific writing.

Availability of data and material:

Who actually knows what this means

Competing interests:

The author declares that they have many competing interests

Funding:

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Authors’ contributions:

The entire author of Elli Hung contributed to the writing of this manuscript

Acknowledgements:

I acknowledge Studio Studio for creating an article horrendous enough for me to write about

References:

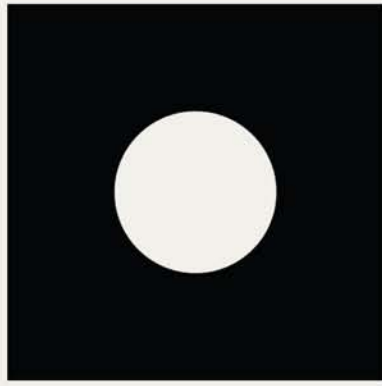
(1) Hung, E. My brain (including the information obtained from studying for a biostatistics course for three days straight and having the final canceled 25 hours before); 2021. 🏠



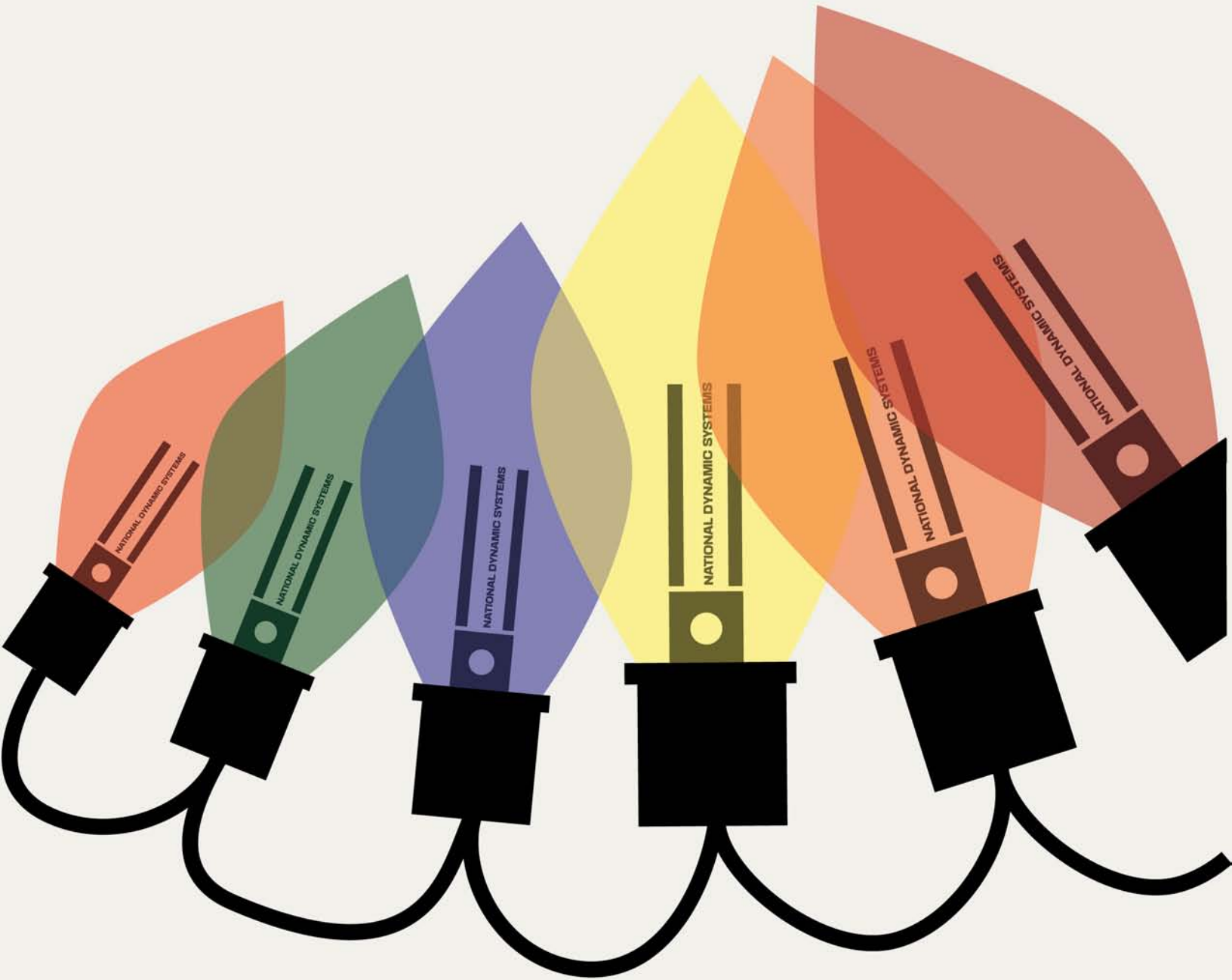
Studio Studio Lifestyle



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THE HOLIDAYS: BY NATIONAL DYNAMIC SYSTEMS

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FEEL INSIGNIFICANT

Empty

Mailbox





When I wrote you the first letter I was waiting for water to boil. My kettle sat on the counter next to the sink, howling. It was early in the morning, earlier than I was used to waking up. The world felt still, letting me think like I'd never let myself think before. And, of course, I thought about you. If the letters made it through, you definitely know.

My pen was a ballpoint, gliding across the page like a car trying to break on ice. I couldn't control it any more than I could control my own thoughts. While I listened to the water boil, I watched the pen move like a seismograph, charting an emotional earthquake. My jagged handwriting made the page feel crowded. I felt my heart beat in my throat, shouting at you by proxy through the pen.

I finished the letter as the water finished boiling, almost forgetting to include a signature. Throwing the pen down, I pushed myself up from the kitchen counter and spilled steaming water into my French press. You laughed when I told you I had a French press, saying that it "matched my personality." I still don't know exactly what that means. A part of me thinks it was an insult, a part of me thinks it wasn't. The other part of me chooses not to think about it.

While I waited for the coffee to brew, I looked back at the letter I'd just written. When I saw your name I flipped the paper over. It was better if I just let it go.

Seeing your picture on my fridge prompted me to write the second letter. I kept the Polaroid of us that our friend took. It wasn't something I needed to take with me, a part of me wanted to burn it up

with all the other things I burned before I left, but I didn't want to forget that day. She probably gave it to me for exactly that reason.

You don't know that I have the photo. The last time you would've seen it, she'd taped it to her bedroom wall with patterned duct tape. Now it's on my fridge, held in place by the souvenir magnet I got on our trip to Whistler. Until I wrote the second letter, the magnet covered your face. I don't think that was a coincidence, but it wasn't a conscious choice. Would you be happy to know that I uncovered your face? I see it every time I grab a carton of half and half for my coffee.

Sometimes I can feel you scolding me for drinking so much coffee. You'd joke that it had stunted my growth, that it was the reason I was short. It irked me at the time. Now I'm nostalgic for it.

The second letter is more polished than the first. I wrote it on my phone, in the notes app, while writing down a shopping list. I finished it on the streetcar to the store. When I got home, I transferred it to a piece of printer paper I made sure not to wrinkle. Like a shopping list, it's practical and organized. It only has the essentials of what I wanted to say.

I wrote the third letter while sitting at a table in a hipster coffee shop. While I watched sunlight reflect off glass buildings I thought about what you'd say if you saw me there, drinking overpriced lattes and unsatisfying pastries with my laptop open in front of me. I know what you think of those kinds of places. When I asked if you wanted to go to one you told me. It wasn't exactly a "no" but it definitely wasn't a "yes" and I never tried again.



If you ever came out here I'd drag you to that coffee shop. We'd sit at the same table I sat at, watching cars pass through what used to be an industrial neighborhood. I'd make you try coffee for the first time if you haven't already. By now you probably have.

My letter to you was written on my laptop and my hands flew over the keyboard. The caffeine let my hands keep up with my thoughts. I think the novelist sitting next to me got jealous, thinking I was working on a book. The letter was long enough that it probably counted as a novella by the time I wrote my name at the end.

The third letter felt like a novel too. It recounted the story of our friendship, at least the one I knew. There was an entire plot arc you had no idea was happening. It happened at the same time as our road trips into the mountains, while we got drunk at parties with our friends, when we spent an hour walking around the city on a rainy night to find anything that was open.

That's my favourite memory with you: when we finally slid into that booth in the chain burger place. Neither of us had said a word to each other, just our orders to the cashier. We were soaking wet, our jackets had soaked through. I remember how you fell back after your first bite. You almost fell asleep when the tension left your shoulders. The same thing happened to me, and when it did, you laughed and said I looked like I was stoned. I laughed too, and all the energy came flooding back into me. Rain slashed at the window next to us, and it was cold when I rested my head against us.

I wonder what the workers thought of us while we waited for the buses to start running

again. I only have that thought in retrospect, at the time I didn't care about anything. Just that you and I were together, still able to laugh.

When I was done retelling all my favourite memories of you I left the coffee shop. I let the cold winter air hit me, pretending that the tears I couldn't stop from leaving my eyes were because of the temperature. I printed out the letter when I got home but didn't reread it before sliding it into an envelope. The file is still on my laptop but I haven't opened it since. I don't need to.

The fourth letter was written in a notebook I carried with me when I took a day to escape the city and go into nature for a few hours. You were waiting for me in the underbrush, telling me how much you hated being in cities, and I finally listened to you. I didn't agree with you, and I doubt I ever will, but for the first time I listened.

Hoping that you'd stay longer if I stopped and rested, I sat down at the base of a tall tree and wrote the fourth letter. When I stopped to think I'd look up into the canopy and the gaps of blue sky. It was the color of your eyes, at least the way I remember them. The color washed over me, wiping away the dust I'd carried with me from the city. I was reborn there, in the late spring, under the oak tree.

It was hard to write the fourth letter, especially because I had to admit you'd had a point all those times we debated about cities and nature. My words were crowded into the small notebook pages and organized into slanted lines with inconsistent spacing. The notebook doesn't have lined pages, I hope you forgive all the messiness.

There were little wildflowers next to me, tiny



white petal with purple tint. I picked one and tried to press it into the pages of my notebook. I thought it was a fitting thing to do after writing a letter. No idea if I did it right, it just looks shriveled now. I never tore out the pages, there's a sketch on the back of the first page that I really like. Sometimes I wonder if you'd appreciate it more than I do. I hope you would.

You came into my thoughts while I walked one night, making me write the fifth letter. I had been walking home from the subway station near my house when I thought about our night in the rain. What I left out of the third letter was the fight we had while we walked around the rain. It was the night I told you I was leaving. You knew it was coming, that I was always going to. I expected that you'd be excited for me. Our friend with the Polaroid was. She hugged me when she learned I'd finally booked my flight.

I want to be flattered that you took it so hard. You knew exactly why I'd made the choice, knew better than anyone, but you still got upset. And I don't blame you, it would be wrong of me to. But the truth, the truth I could say when I was drunk, was that it hurt me. You were acting like you loved me, loved me like the way I love you, but you didn't. Unless there's been some radical change, you still don't.

It hurt me that the only time you ever told me that I meant anything to you was when I said I was leaving. How many times before had I said you meant so much to me? I told you when we walked around the city, when I was drunk at a party, while you drove us down the freeway. You could only say it when you learned I was going away.

Why was that the moment you told me you didn't want me to leave? There were so many other times you could've. When I lay on the floor of your bedroom, telling you I felt trapped. Or the time I showed you rental listings. I told you I was going to leave so many times in so many different ways. And you never said a word until it was too late.

You could've made me stay. I don't think you know that. Do you know that at any step of the way you could've talked me out of it? On your bedroom floor, at the desk in my old house, when I talked about my fantasies while we rode the bus. Any one of those times, if you'd just said something, given me a reason to stay. I would've. For you.

But no, you didn't say a damn word. Always bit your tongue until it was too late. I'll always be bitter about that. I hate the feeling of being upset with you, so it's only the kind of thing I can admit when I'm drunk enough. That night I was. I wrote the fifth letter in the same notebook with lined paper that I wrote the first in. I sat in the same place, letting the emotional seismograph chart my feelings for me.

When I was done I thought about calling you. It wasn't as late where you were, you were probably still awake. As much as I wanted to be mad at you in that moment, as much as I wanted to yell at you what I'd just written, I only wanted to hear your voice. I haven't heard it since you said goodbye to me at the airport, and you barely spoke then, unable to even look at me. All you could do is give me half of a hug and a weak "goodbye." I said that I'd see you later but you didn't leave the room for that. That's the reason I haven't heard your voice since.

I've been back since to visit. Seen the

mountains we used to climb, the beach we used to swim at, the burger place we sheltered in that rainy night. I retraced our fight, walking where we argued about me leaving. I've gotten to see everything with distance, figuratively and literally. What I know is that the next time I go back I'll want to talk to you, to finally remove the distance of these letters and the loneliness of the occasional texts. I want to see your blue eyes, and walk in the rain, and hear your voice. Who knows, maybe I'll actually tell you that I love you. 🏠

Find this story and more in Studio Studio's new book: *The Marina*.





Morgan Abele for Studio Studio YVR



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Public Transit Requires Contemplation

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 holidays, everyone! Jesus, was this a doozy of a holiday season. It turns out that this year we're being confined indoors by more than just another climate-change induced polar vortex (how dreadful!) So while we while away the hours by the fireplace, wishing for that briefest of moments that we could just throw ourselves into the flames, why not pour a cup of good cheer!

The Christmas season is all about coming together as families and communities, something that wouldn't be possible without communication. We're approaching two years of a pandemic where social distancing saves lives, finding way to communicate is absolutely necessary to keep us all from losing our goddamn minds. While we're trapped by new variants, polar vortexes, general social anxiety, and family commitments around the holidays, send out an SOS with these cocktails.



Telegraph: Electrical impulses zapped the world closer together with modern telegraphy. Vodka, being only a step below rubbing alcohol, has a similar effect on the tongue. In a cocktail shaker, combine 1.5oz. vodka with half an ounce of amaretto and 2oz. of lemon juice. Shake with ice and pour over ice in a chilled glass.



Semaphore: It's cold outside, and here in Canada it's only going to get colder. Right about now we're dreaming of Caribbean islands soaking up the warm sun. The idea of mojito season is worth enduring another heat dome like last summer. This drink is named for the system of flag signaling used by the ships that used to carry barrels of rum around the islands we dream of. In a glass with ice, mix grenadine, pineapple juice, a splash of Campari, and a healthy pour of white rum. Sit back and be carried away to the warm, sandy beaches you would kill someone to lounge on.



DM: The realities of the modern age rear their ugly head in our DM inboxes. Communication on the internet is both the most liberating thing and ironically the most soul-crushing. Blue Curacao is the liqueur to achieve that perfect airiness with a bite. Our old friend tequila also makes an appearance as an homage to the disgusting horniness of life on the world wide web. Take an ounce of tequila, and ounce and a half of blue curacao, half an ounce of grenadine, and maraschino cherry and combine. It's a tequila drink, which means you're not drinking for comfort, so ice is optional. This drink is the perfect way to confront the atrocities inside Grindr messages and question if this pandemic is really so bad.

Fax Machine: Reminisce to when every office, restaurant, and home had a whole new phone

number—just so you could send someone a picture. For this drink you'll need gin, cranberry juice, and tonic water. Combine 1.5oz. of gin, 2oz. of cranberry juice, and tonic water in a glass with ice. To channel that feeling of 90s nostalgia, drink with a neon straw.



Payphone: In the real world, a payphone is a backup, a phone you use when there aren't any other phones. A rum and coke is the kind of drink you have in high school when you can't get liqueurs for cocktails or expensive spirits (and we could still pretend that house parties were fun instead of a dark ritual to satisfy our need for a modicum of social contact). Now that payphones are more nostalgic than useful, look back on the rum and coke with this elevated version. Take 1.5oz. of rum, 1.5oz. lime juice, a splash of cointreau, and a can of Coke (or I guess Pepsi is fine too) and mix together in a plastic wine glass: the grown-up version of a red solo cup.



Seasonal Special: I know that I love to feel engorged on spices in December. This year I decided that a Mexican hot chocolate with a twist the perfect way to feel like a gingerbread house on the inside. With a dash of cayenne, the spice heats you up while you contemplate the sub-zero temperatures outside.

Ingredients: 4oz. hot chocolate, 1.5oz. espresso, 2oz. Bailey's, cinnamon and cayenne to taste
Combine the ingredients and mix well.

Tip: add more hot chocolate mix than you would for a normal hot chocolate 🏠



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ASK A JEWISH MOTHER

As soon as the pandemic restrictions are lifted, my fiancée and I plan to hold a wedding we've been postponing since last spring. The venue told us because it's been so long, they're either going to cancel our booking or we hold a smaller event that comply with the restrictions. My fiancée says that it's fine to hold the smaller party because our love is supposed to be the only thing that matters, but the only thing I've wanted was a large wedding. I want to have my special day, surrounded by everyone I know. It's all so confusing and I don't know what to do.

-Gridlocked

Jessica Gutteridge is Studio Studio's Jewish-Mother-in-Residence. Retired intellectual property lawyer, current dramaturge and artistic director of the Chutzpah! Festival, Jessica has two decades of experience in Jewish-mothering.

Dear Gridlocked,

The only thing better than having a special day surrounded by everyone you know is to marry a doctor.

But the other best thing is to have TWO special days. One, a smaller party to celebrate your love at which – and this is key – nobody gets ill with a deadly virus, and the second a big giant party with everyone you know once it is safe to gather again. Extra bonus – you get two outfits. And extra extra bonus is your smaller day still gets to be special and imbued with love, only you have a perfect excuse not to invite any annoying people because the guest list is obviously limited.

Good luck, and mazel tov!

Help! The other night, when I was reading in bed, my boyfriend came in looking a little disheveled. I think he was a little drunk, and at first I didn't think anything of it. After all, he told me he was going out with his friends. Then, the next day he wouldn't look me in the eye and he started hiding his phone whenever I'd walk in the room. Later, I heard him talking to a woman about something they did when he was out. Next thing I know I find an expensive necklace in his jacket pocket and it isn't a gift for me. I'm worried that he's gotten involved in a smuggling ring. What do I do?

-Concerned

Dear Concerned,

Oh you sweet summer child.

Nobody who comes home drunk and disheveled can be a functioning member of a successful smuggling operation, which requires a steady hand and nerves of steel. No, you need to face the difficult truth that your young man is involved with something much more distressing that must cause you to rethink your entire relationship. He is obviously in fashion design school. Get out now while you still can.

Now, I know it's normal for kids to go through phases where they hate their parents, but is it normal for them to turned to armed conflict? Allow me to explain. Last week I told my daughters to clean their rooms. They told me to go to hell. Normal, right? Well, I was pleasantly surprised when I saw that they cleaned their rooms. That's when the trouble began. It turns out that they had cleaned their rooms to hide the weapons they'd stockpiled. I'm writing to you from behind the couch in my living room as my husband fends them off with a rifle and our remaining supply of bullets. I fear that my days are numbered as they've already taken the upstairs and the kitchen. My question is this: how do I effectively counter a flanking manoeuvre?

-Under siege

Dear Under Siege,

Darling, let me level with you, mother to mother. The best way to motivate children to pick up around the home is not with threats but with positive reinforcement. And when I say positive reinforcement, I mean superior firepower. Offer the girls that if they will unconditionally surrender, you will redecorate their bedrooms, complete with 400 thread count bedding and a media system. Then you and your husband can enjoy the peace and solitude of your living room, but I do recommend a coffee table made from bulletproof glass just in case.



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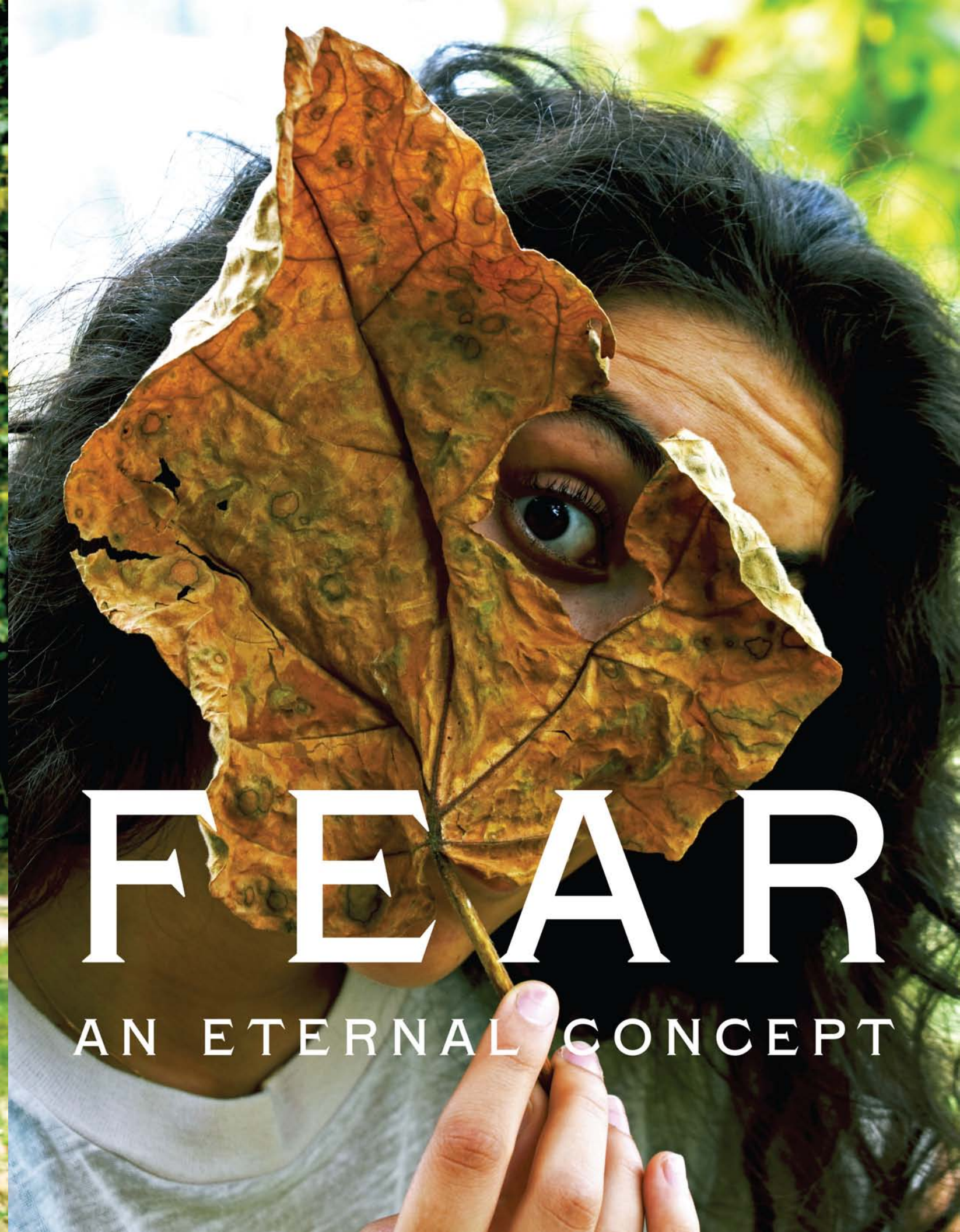
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