

off the map

ISSUE 1 FALL 2009



THE FIRST TIME

IN THIS ISSUE

3	WE ARE OTM
4	EDITORS LETTER
5	MUSIC FEATURE: DONLANDS & MORTIMER
8	ACCELERANDO
12	DRIFTWOOD
15	X-POSURE
21	FILM FEATURE: MAX TOPPLIN
23	LOVE LETTER TO TORONTO
24	DINOSAUR BONES
25	ILLUSTRATION FEATURE: MICHELLE YOON
28	MODEL FEATURE: ALEXANDRA LALONDE
31	PUPPY LOVE
32	FIRST FALL
34	FILM BUFF: KARL RICHTER
36	UP AND COMERS
38	FASHION FEATURE: JACFLASH
41	ECHO ECHO
43	MATERIAL GIRL
47	POLAR OPPOSITE
51	MORE THAN DAYLIGHT SAVINGS



OUR COVER
model ALEXANDRA (ELITE)
photography TARA BARTOLINI
styling AIMEE LEGAULT
clothing COURTNEY DEVRIES
makeup CHANEL MARKUS

EDITORS

TARA BARTOLINI
AIMEE LEGAULT

ART DIRECTOR

TARA BARTOLINI

FASHION DIRECTOR

AIMEE LEGAULT

FASHION ASSISTANTS

LINDSAY DESCHAMPS
NATALIE KAINE

PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR

CHRIS PANGAN

WEB DIRECTOR

MOSES ENIOJUKAN

MEDIA DIRECTOR

ADAM SCHOALES

FILM CREW

CHRIS DI STAULO
GALEN DRINNAN

COPY EDITOR

KIRSTEN ROSENKRANTZ

ON STAFF WRITERS

AMANDA CUDDA
DYLAN FRANKS
ROOP GILL
JESSICA MUHLBIER
ANDREW WEIR



WE ARE OTM

PUBLISHED IN:
TORONTO, CANADA
WWW.OTMZINE.COM



The first time is always memorable - why not document it on the internet and make it last forever.

AIMEE: "SO, HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE FIRST TIME...?"

TARA: "IT WAS ONE HECK OF A RIDE... YOU?"

AIMEE: "WILD, CRAZY & FUN"

Being **OFF THE MAP**'s first time online, we will usher it's featured talents onto the international map of art, fashion, music, photography, illustration and film. Through laugh-out-loud interviews, provocative questions and unique images, the talented youth of Toronto will be seen and heard around the world.

LEAD FEMALE VOCALIST CARMEN ELLE WAS ON A BREAK IN HER SHIFT AT THE BLOOR STREET CINEMA. I SAT DOWN TO TALK WITH **DONLANDS & MORTIMER** ON THE CARPETED STEPS BY THE CONCESSION STAND, WHILE THE SOUNDTRACK TO “THE BIG LEBOWSKI” COULD BE HEARD REVERBERATING IN THE BACKGROUND. VOCALIST AND DRUMMER STEVE FOSTER, KEYBOARDIST JOHN SPENCE, LEAD GUITARIST BEN HARNEY AND TROMBONIST EWAN KAY WERE PRESENT, ALONG WITH A DRAWING OF THE ABSENT SAXOPHONIST EDWIN SHEARD À LA CARMEN ELLE.

INTERVIEW SASHA ARFIN PHOTOGRAPHY TARA BARTOLINI

DONLANDS & MORTIMER



Donlands and Mortimer, also known as D&M, are art school friends who come from the same school as Kevin Drew of Broken Social Scene, Emily Haines of Metric (Etobicoke School of the Arts) and are friends with Spiral Beach of Rosedale Heights. Caressing our cochlea's, they are spellbinding crowds on the local scene as a band of highly skilled performers who draw on an eclectic range of musical traditions, including rock, jazz, world, and classical.

How did Donlands and Mortimer come to be?

Carmen: Our matchmaker friend Daniel from Spiral Beach was trying to get me to play with John and Steve for her show at The Phoenix back in '06. We played a couple of gigs with this other guy Marlon.

Steve: We played a lot of silly songs, we had a song called 'Milky Floor' about when you spill some milk on the floor during the party. We had a song about the mythology of goats. We played some weird jazz.

Why choose the intersection Donlands and Mortimer for the band name?

S: John and I had an electronica duo. In grade 11, John and I decided to try making pop music. We got together at my house one night, and we recorded two songs that was like instrumental electronica. We called ourselves Donlands and Mortimer because that's the intersection I lived and still do live on.

C: It was also like a pseudonym type of thing, you were John Mortimer, and you were Steve Donlands.

John: We fought over who had to be Donlands. It was his house, so he won. It was clearly the better of the names.

C: I thought John Mortimer sounded way better.

J: There's already a writer called John Mortimer, he wrote the Rumpole books. You know Rumpole's Last Case.

Steve: Point is, that is where the name came from. We never changed it because we never thought of anything better. We actually like it when you say D&M, because it sounds a little ambiguous.

C: Nah, I've never liked the name.

J: I don't know a single band that likes their name.

Which songs do you like playing the most, yours or otherwise?

C: I really like our newest song that I wrote, "Lie to Rest."

J: I like different songs for different reasons, like "Your Shell." I hated it for so long because it is really short and so poppy. A lot of our songs are really complex and 8 minute long like, odyssey type things. "Your Shell" is under 2 minutes, I like it for that reason. There's room for improvisation which makes it more fun for us during the show.

Why did you decide to name your album after the sea monster 'Scylla' of Greek mythology?

J: I wanted to name it The Sound of Music, seriously, not joking, but not after the musical, just because it's like, "the sound of music." And it would be funny...

S: I don't know about all of y'all but my

first reaction was, “If we call the album the sound of music, I am leaving the band, and I am leaving this country.”

J: So I wanted to name the album “The Sound of Music” and Edwin wanted to call it “M’Lady’s Boudoir.” Point is we had gone back and forth for so long. We recorded the album in October. By the time we spent so many months mixing it, it’s April, and I’m at the place where it is being mastered, which is called Lacquer Channel, we realized at the end of the mastering process we had to write on the CD all the song names. The guy is like, ‘what are you calling it’? So we’re like — uh...uhh...

S: We didn’t want to called it Self-Titled because that’s so lazy.

J: So, we are in this insanely professional mastering place, and I am sitting there watching him work. I call Carmen because everyone else was out of town, and Carmen randomly came up with “Scylla”.

C: I Wikipedia’d “six headed monster,”

because there’s six of us. And “Scylla” is what came up. I’m like The Odyssey— alright!

Who are the primary writers in the group?

C: The thing is, originally we were billed as Carmen Elle featuring Donlands and Mortimer, or vice versa; we would just perform under whoever booked the show.

S: We would be like her backing band and we would play some of our songs.

J: It was a good way to get off the ground actually. In a sense, it was like we were cheating people, because if Carmen got offered a show she’d be like, okay, and it would be Carmen Elle featuring Donlands and Mortimer, or if we got a show it would Donlands and Mortimer featuring Carmen Elle until we got enough material that we had all arranged together.

C: So for a while it was me writing Carmen Elle songs and then arranging them with the band, and then John and Steve primarily writing songs of their own. It’s

only in the last year in the half that we have all sort of [written songs].

J: Now Ewan and Edwin have songs.

S: We have debuted Ewan’s first D&M song at our CD Release, it’s called “Ruth.” It’s like the longest song we have ever played, and it’s really epic and progalicious.

C: And I wrote the lyrics for it. And Ewan— Ewan: I hate them.

C: You hate them?

E: No, I hate prog. I don’t know how it ended up like that.

S: Just because you don’t listen to Genesis doesn’t mean you didn’t write a prog song.

Do you ever feel like you channel an artist, dead or alive?

J: I generally channel all of the Russian Fistful, and Tchaikovsky. And Led Zeppelin, I channel them too. And ancient music, we don’t even know what it sounds like.

C: I look up to a lot of people and take a lot of cues from different performers. But I wouldn’t say necessarily that I’d be like “I’m so Madonna in this moment”.

J: I think you are Madonna in a lot of ways.

S: I think it’s more like you listen to something awesome, and you’re like this is what’s awesome about that— I gotta get a little sprinkle, ya know?

C: Yeah, I wrote “Your Shell” after listening to “Everything’s Just Wonderful” by Lily Allen.

There are many jazzy intonations in your music. Are there any jazz artists that influence you in particular?

E: We are all going to school except for Carmen for jazz. We’ve studied music; a lot of us.

J: I think jazz in general, and the things that jazz does with music,— would be a big influence— the spontaneity and the idea of arranging, but also taking that idea, and the idea of pop music as well.

S: It’s hard to explain.

C: It’s interesting though. The thing with arranging is that half of us come from really musical parents, and the other half



“I WIKIPEDIA’D “SIX
HEADED MONSTER”,
BECAUSE THERE’S SIX OF
US. AND “SCYLLA” IS
WHAT CAME UP. I’M LIKE
THE ODYSSEY— ALRIGHT!”



come from parents that aren't musical at all. I wonder if that affects the way we play in this music.

E: It's a good thing so far.

S: It's interesting because if your parents are bringing you up with being musicians and stuff, you kinda learn a lot about how you listen to music from them, whereas if you don't, you have to discover everything for yourself. It's two different ways, I mean, either way you have to discover it for yourself. It's just interesting.

Ben: The other thing is, none of my parents play musical instruments.

C: Yeah, none of your six parents.

B: Hey, I know someone who has like five moms. Anyway, but I always grew up listening to music. My parents always played it all the time. I didn't get the whole technical aspect of it or having that kind of

musician community. My mom would blast whatever.

S: She loves Leonard Cohen.

B: My mom loves Leonard Cohen. Apparently I used to dance to Bob Marley with her in the kitchen when I was like three, so I don't know what that did. It made me like music, but I didn't have any of that stuff. Like, my grandpa plays a mean bagpipe. It skipped a generation, really.

If you were to have a documentary profiling your band, who would you have direct it?

S: Oh! David Lynch!

C: Spike Jonze. Michel Gondry.

B: Some friend.

J: Mel Brooks.

S: Quentin Tarantino.

C: My mother.

J: I would have Carmen's mom do it too

actually.

S: Yeah, Carmen's mom is pretty sweet.

Where do you think you will be in ten years from now?

C: I'll answer for everyone. Steve's going to be famous. John's gonna be writing musicals. Ben's gonna be a bad ass session player in like Memphis or something. Ewan is going to be his dad. Actually, Ewan will probably be dead. I am going to be in a mental hospital chained to a bed.

J: Edwin will be like the best musician in the world with some sweet ass French wife. He'll write opuses and have sex with his hot French wife. He'll use basil in everything.

S: He'll always have the perfect f***ing haircut.

If your music were a philosopher, who would it be?

S: I'm not smart enough for that question. I went to an art school.

J: Emmanuel Kant.

S: You just said that because it sounds dirty.

B: Bill Cosby.

J: That's the answer.

S: That's our final answer.

What is the one thing that each of you has to do before you go on stage?

C: Take a dump.

J: I like to do that before going on stage. I won't say every time. You just feel so fresh.

S: I like to warm up a little bit, I like to socialize with like thirty people. Then I'm ready. But then my voice is shot so I have to get some water and ask Carmen for a cough drop.

J: I like to stress out about everything. Run around being frantic.

C: John has to sort the sound out.

J: And I don't know, I just generally like to make sure that everything is good to go. I used to have two keyboards which used to take a while to set up too. Okay pre that, because I am already on stage at that point. Pre getting on stage, I like to write a good set list. It makes you feel armed when you get on the stage.

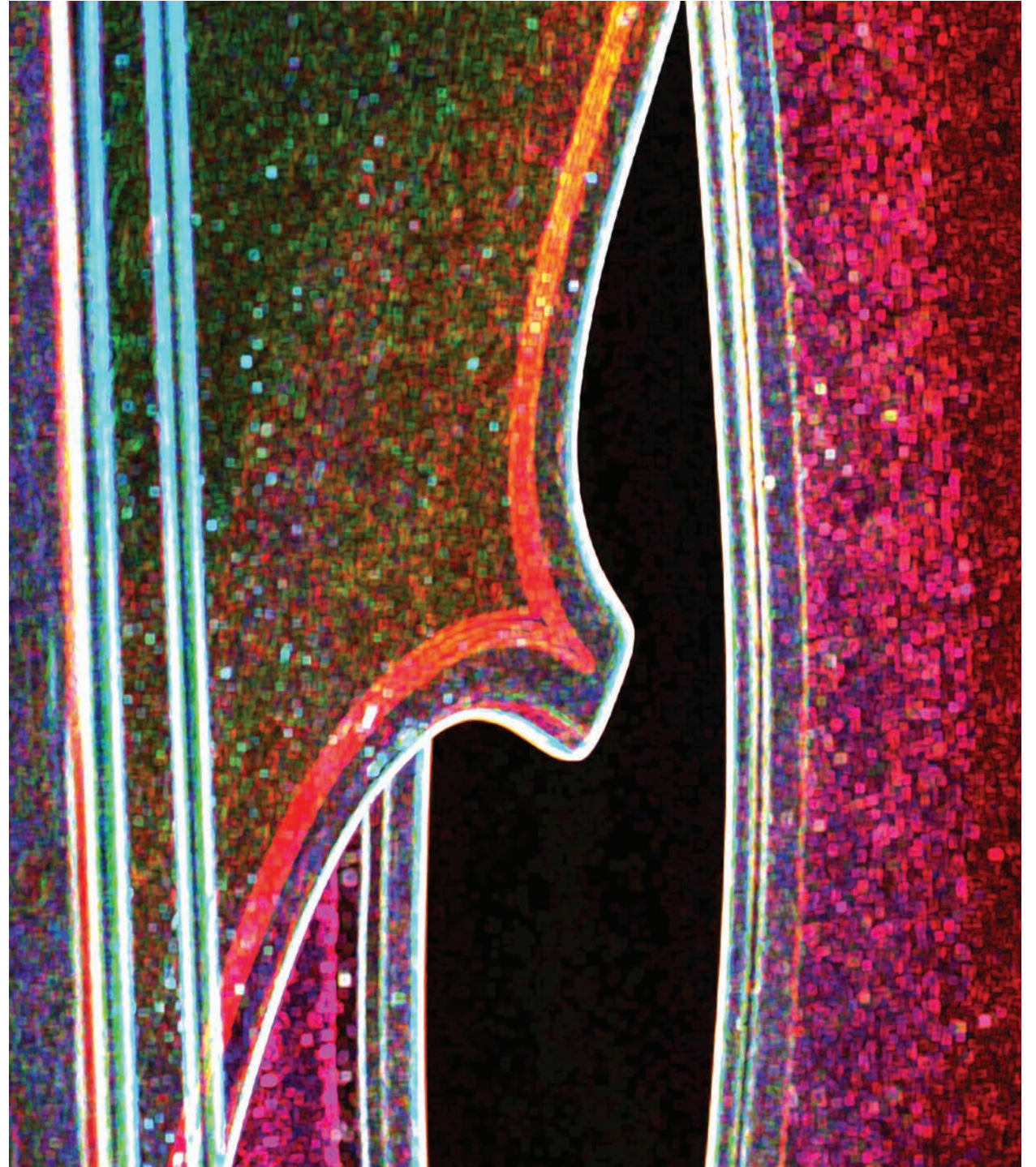
S: We make them last minute all the time. Five minutes before the show, we discuss heavily why songs need to go before or after each other. We think it through pretty carefully.

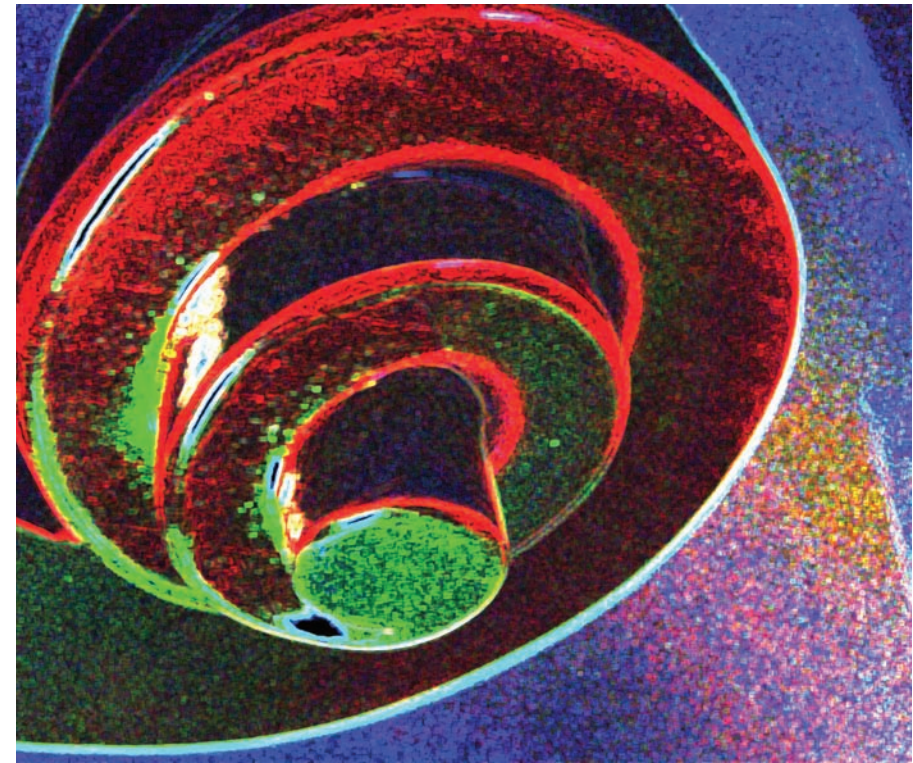
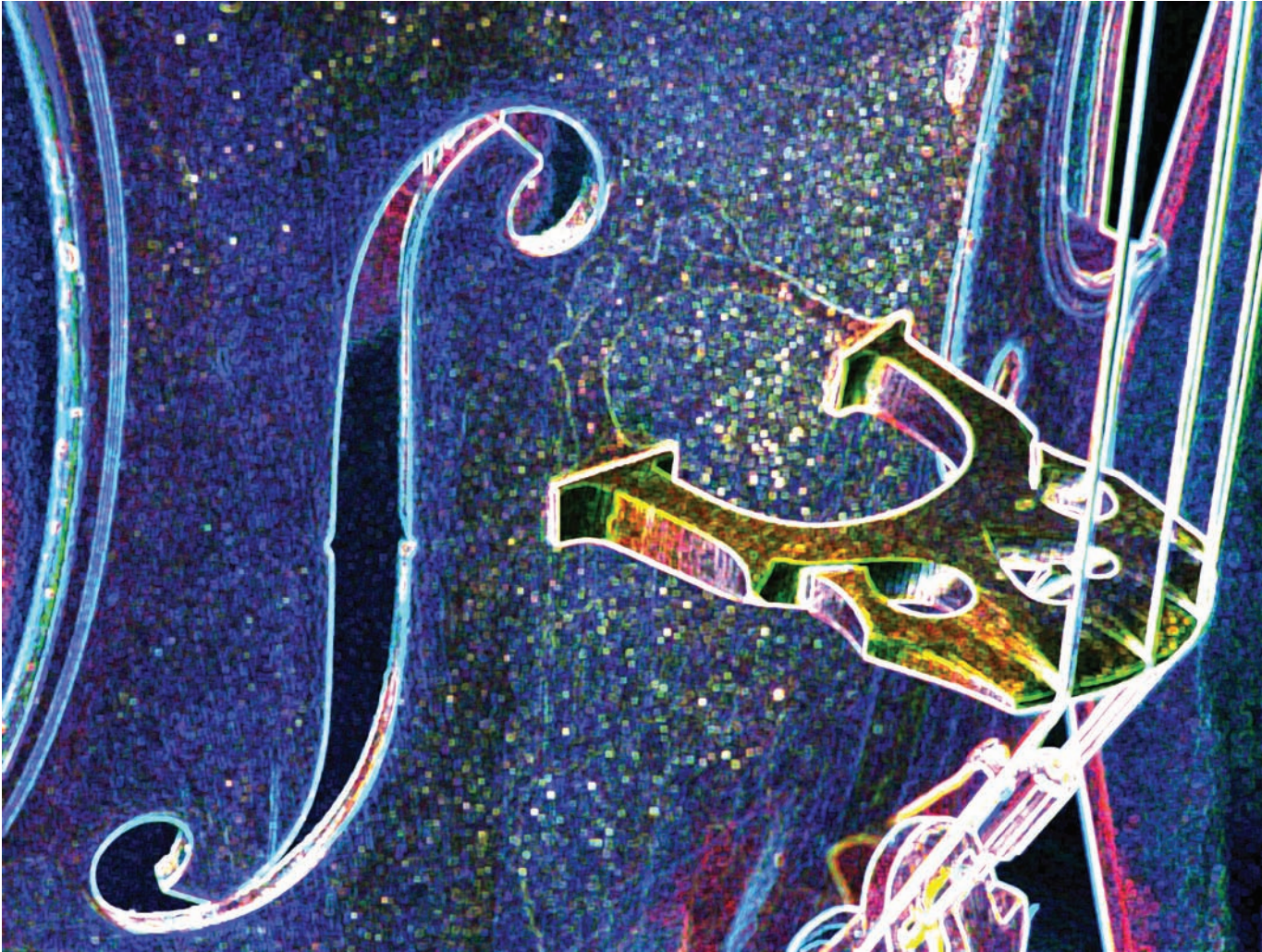
C: It's never the same people making it. And I'm usually taking a dump, so I like, never make the set list, ever. ●

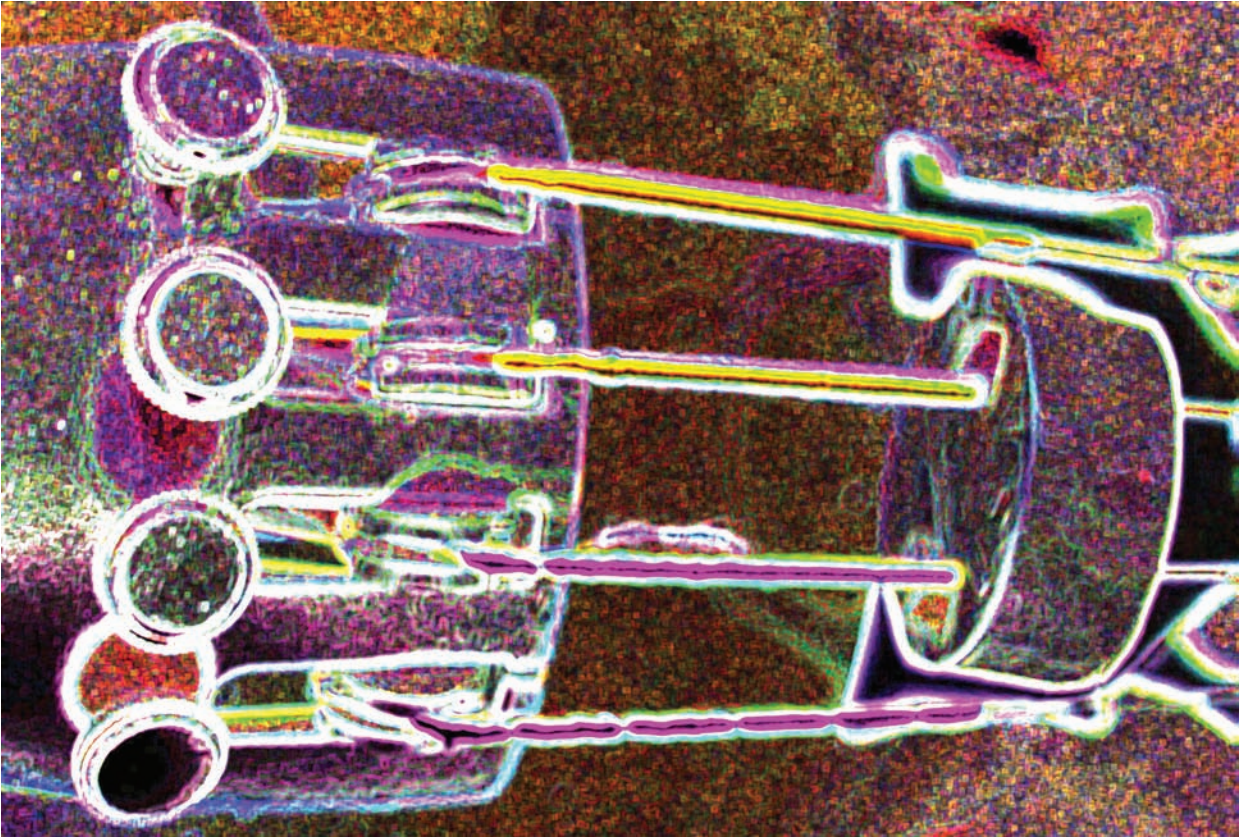
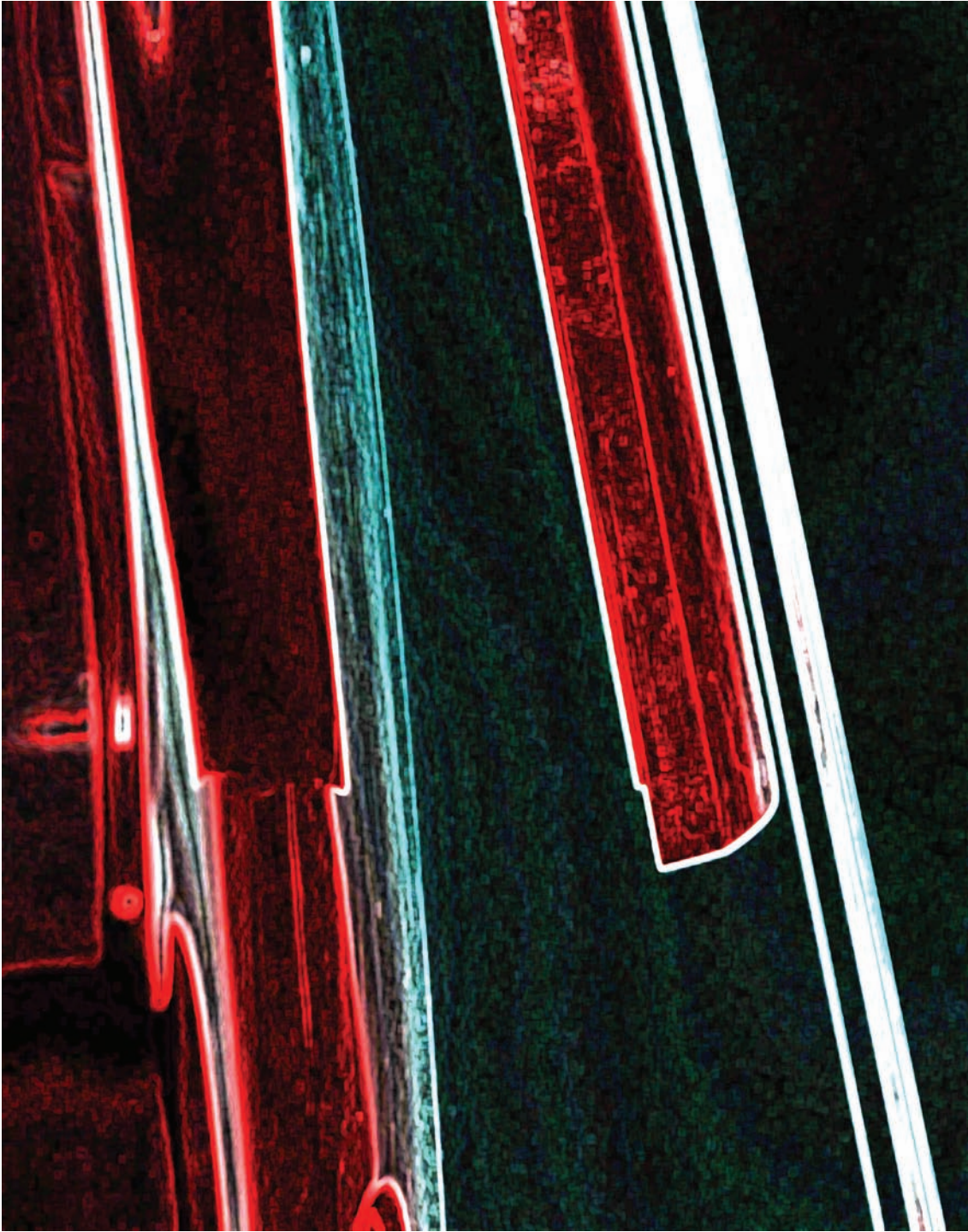


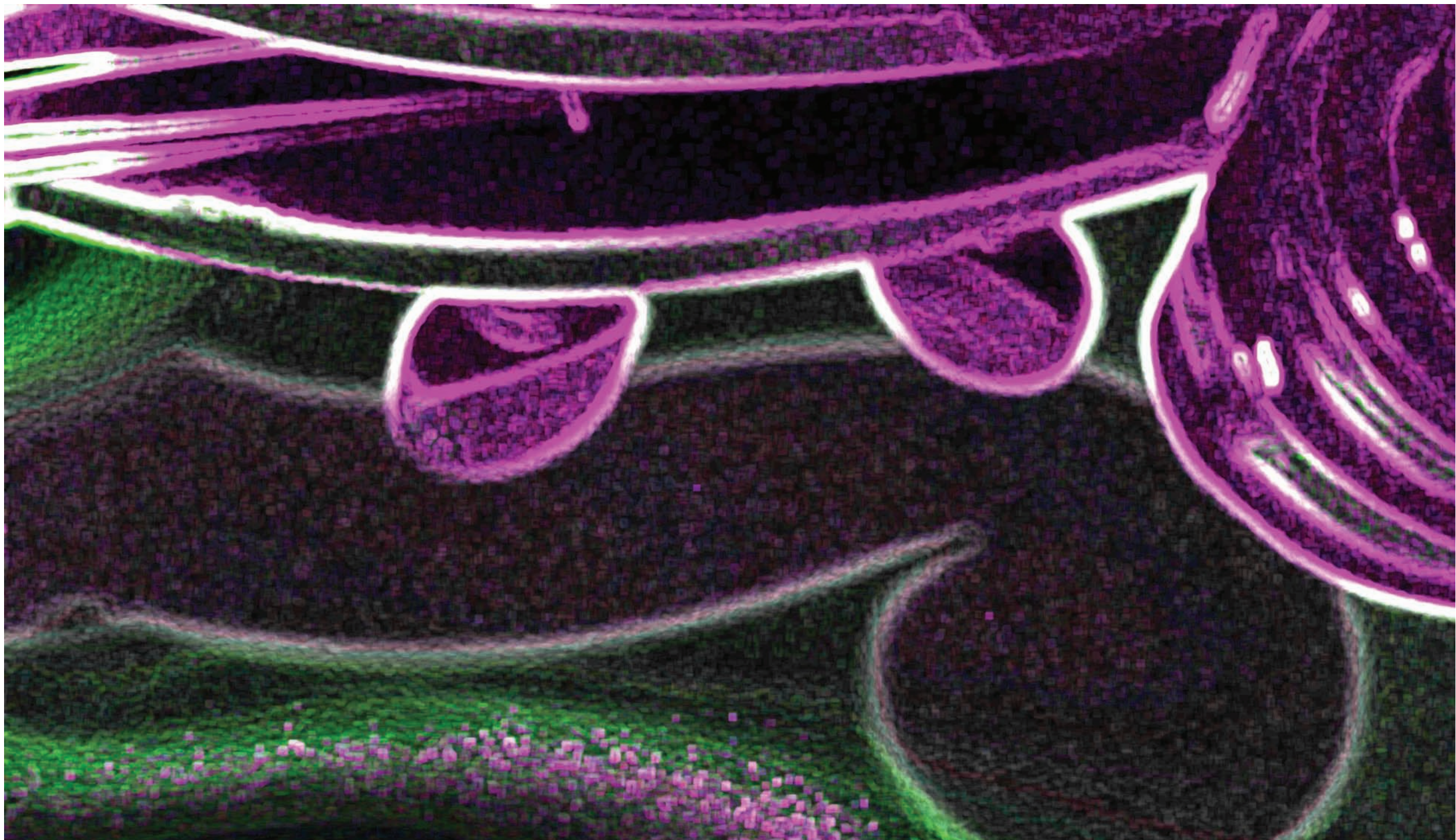
ACCELERANDO

PHOTOGRAPHY GALEN DRINNAN











I remember waking to the cicada bugs, hot and groggy in my cocoon of a sleeping bag. Slapping a fly away from my neck, I rolled over to you, sprawled out, face squished, and snoring on your back. I cringed and smeared another layer of aloe vera onto my thighs and belly, wasting no time for your precious pancake morning ritual. You were always too much for me in the mornings. As your snore steadied and foot twitched I imagined you happily dreaming of our white picket fence, 2.5 children, cocker spaniel in the yard, and oatmeal muffins cooling on the windowsill. At just the very thought, I unzipped and started down the gravel path toward the lake, not caring about my flip-flops or uncombed hair. With pebbles stuck between my toes, I sat cross-legged and scribbled zigzags into the dirt with a rotten piece of driftwood. I prayed the cicadas wouldn't wake you, and estimated how long it would take me to swim to the other side.

I fear this is why I left you, for I never did adore your wheat-germ pancakes or pocket mint floss; and for God sakes, your obsession with cereal box coupons embarrassed me. As I ran my hands along the driftwood's smooth surface, I remember staring aimlessly into the calm murky lake and knowing – right then and there - that I would never crop myself in to your post-card of a life. I didn't want to be your cookie cut of a mold, and forgive me for saying, but there were moments when I hated you for loving me. Moments I would freeze and want to brood in loneliness.

Carving X's and O's into the dirt, I heard your voice echo through the pine trees and around the bend "Sweetheart?" Clutching the driftwood, I managed to articulate a "down here sweetie!" You found me. Dotingly, you carried a plate of your signature pancakes, with a plastic knife, fork, and styrofoam cup full of cold apple juice. You forgot that I don't care much for apple juice. Oblivious to my sneer, you draped your arm heavily across my shoulder, "Darling, eat up while they are still hot!" I stabbed my fork into the pancake's gooey center while you commented on the weather.

The sun's rays bounced off the lake's bottom, reflecting the algae and clusters of minnow fish. You kept tucking the stray pieces of hair behind my ears, pestering that we go for a hike, canoe, or catch frogs down by the swamp. I happened to be reading a good book at the time, so I couldn't be bothered with the slime of an amphibian. All morning, I'd prop myself in a blue-checkered lawn chair and read until lunchtime, pausing occasionally to sip my iced tea.

The campsite smelled of burnt mustard and damp pine needles, which made me miss the smell of the city. You were from a suburb, small town at best, and often declared how wonderful it would be to raise a family without having to worry about the spray can graffiti or mall perverts. As you poked the petty fire, you would casually mention baby names. Slouching deeper into my lawn chair, I buried my face into my book, pretending not to hear you. Having yet to complete my undergraduate degree, the thought of bearing children, let alone yours, hadn't crossed my mind.

Every night you claimed barbeque duty, proudly flipping hamburgers and praising your perfect grill marks.

On our last night, a holiday Monday, you handed me an open-faced burger with an intricate squiggly swirl of mustard and ketchup on top, and a cold can of kiddy apple juice from concentrate. “Eat up while it’s hot,” you said.

Bewildered, I held the lopsided paper plate and stretched my neck toward the sky. The clouds were lined with navy and ginger, parting to frame the obscure moonlight. Gazing back at you - tending the fire with your beloved poking stick - I wondered if you even knew me at all.

Clutching the can of kiddy juice I thought to myself “how the hell did I get here, out of love and in the woods?” How were we camping, flipping all beef burgers and smearing on aloe vera, as two strangers? The surge of disconnection that I felt seemed obvious, but you were too ignorant to notice. Your puppy love ways - kiddy juice and all - tipped me over the edge, until my heart seized and screamed a thousand things that I desperately wanted to live without. Things that you thought were perfectly ordinary and considerably loving made me want to throw up.

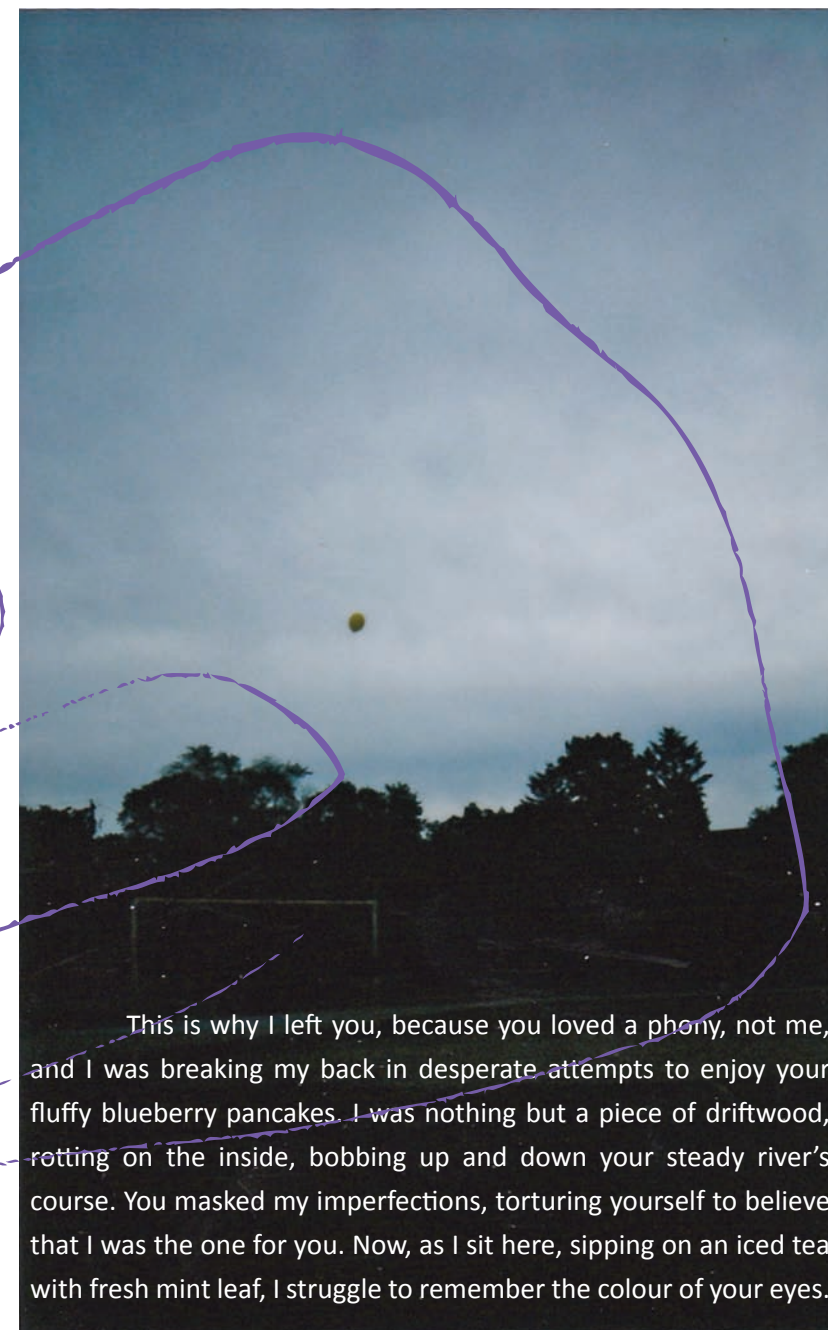
I cringed going to the washroom, noticing your gangly string of floss floating in the toilet bowl. It irked me that you followed stereotypical gender roles - as if I couldn’t succeed professionally - saying, “No, no, baby” anytime that I wanted to pay the dinner tab. I couldn’t understand why you insisted on ordering my ice cream flavor for me, failing to ever get it right. My God, you like vanilla, not me! I prefer chocolate.

And I absolutely despised that you couldn’t see me for who I really was. You worked so hard to convince yourself that I fit into your perfect little mold – a pretty girl who earned a moderate income and was destined to be a motherly figure, frog catcher, laundry folder, and Christmas cookie decorator – when I simply did not fit. You and I did not fit.

Poke, poke, poke, the fire crackled every time you delightedly jabbed the cindered wood. Off to the side, I limply held my paper plate, letting the medium rare burger and side of ruffled chips slide to the left. I felt faint from the smoke, and just as my fingertips went numb I dropped the can of apple juice and hurled your perfectly grilled burger into the fire pit. A vein pulsed in my forehead as acid tears burned the backs of my eyelids. You just stood there, stunned, feeling sorry for the damn hamburger that I had wasted. Your brow furrowed and upper lip trembled, while I felt sweet blissful release seep from my veins.

I know now what you must think of me. You think that I am a selfish bitch, deranged and cold, split down the middle like Jekyll and Hyde. You are confused as to how I could not want your Eskimo kisses, red roses, or lavender potpourri for the powder room. Thinking back to your sullen eyes and pouting lips I remember fixating on nothing but the can of apple juice. Watching in awe as it bounced and tumbled down a slope and into a pile of dirt. My head kept pounding, flashing thoughts of what my life would be with you. What it would be like to wake up and roll over to a man I didn’t love, to a man who loved a non-existent woman.





This is why I left you, because you loved a phony, not me, and I was breaking my back in desperate attempts to enjoy your fluffy blueberry pancakes. I was nothing but a piece of driftwood, rotting on the inside, bobbing up and down your steady river's course. You masked my imperfections, torturing yourself to believe that I was the one for you. Now, as I sit here, sipping on an iced tea with fresh mint leaf, I struggle to remember the colour of your eyes.



X-POSURE

PHOTOGRAPHY CHRIS PANGAN
STYLING AIMEE LEGAULT
MAKEUP ERIN MOORE

models KATIE (FORD)
RONNIE (ELMER OLSEN)

RONNIE: JACKET, MODELS OWN.



KATIE: DRESS, \$625, BROSE @ JACFLASH; SHOES, \$145, ALDO



KATIE: DRESS \$895,
STRETSIS @ JAC-
FLASH; RONNIE:
JACKET, MODELS OWN;
SHIRT, \$195, TRAN-
SIT @ JACFLASH;
PANTS, \$59.50, H&M.



KATIE: JACKET, \$625, BROSE; PANTS, \$275 ALICE & OLIVIA; SHOES,
\$65, MELISSA @ JACFLASH; LACE TANK \$35, TALULA; BRA \$28, WILFRED
@ ARITZIA



RONNIE: JACKET, \$68, AMERICAN APPAREL; SHIRT, \$295, NICE COLLECTIVE @ JACFLASH



RONNIE: SHIRT,
\$110, T BY ALEXAN-
DER WANG; JEANS,
\$230, JAC BY JAC-
FLASH



KATIE: JACKET, \$110,
BB DAKOTA; BELT, \$120,
SUSANA GRAVO; BOOTS,
\$295, DOLCE VITA @
VOCADO



KATIE: JACKET , \$625, BROSE
RONNIE: JACKET, \$68, AMERICAN APPAREL;
SHIRT, \$295, NICE COLLECTIVE @ JACFLASH

AN ESTABLISHED ACTOR AND BUDDING PHOTOGRAPHER, **MAX TOPPLIN** HAS BEEN AN ENTERTAINER AND AN ENTREPRENEUR FROM A YOUNG AGE. BY THE AGE OF SIX HE WAS SETTING UP MAGIC SHOWS AND YARD SALES IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE TO RAISE POCKET CASH. HIS TRAINING AS AN ACTOR BEGAN WHEN HE WAS SIX YEARS OLD, AND HIS FIRST LESSON WAS IN THE BASEMENT OF A CHURCH AT YONGE AND EGLINTON. GREEK THEATRE, SHAKESPEARE, IMPROV – TOPPLIN HAD DONE IT ALL BY THE TIME HE WAS NINE. THEN HE FOUND JILL FRAPPIER AND HER DRAGONTRAILS DRAMA ACADEMY WHERE AT THE AGE OF 13 HE WAS DOING RISKY AMERICAN PLAYS ONE DAY, AND CHILDREN’S PLAYS THE NEXT. AN ARTS HIGH SCHOOL AND BAD DOG THEATRE CONTINUED TO PROVIDE INGREDIENTS TO BAKE A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CAKE OF TALENT, BUT TOPPLIN FELT HE DIDN’T HAVE THE FORK TO TASTE IT UNTIL HE MET LEWIS BAUMANDER. HE CREDITS BAUMANGER FOR TAKING HIS RAW TALENT AND “TURNING IT INTO GRANULIZED WHITE SUGAR... OR BROWN SUGAR IF YOU PREFER.” NOW WITH THE LIKES OF DEGRASSI, HOUSE PARTY, HOW TO BE INDIE, GHOST TRACKERS, THE INCREDIBLE HULK UNDER, FEATURE YOU ARE HERE, FRINGE, CAMP ROCK, ANIMATED SERIES “METAJETS,” SECOND CITY, AND TWO ACTING AWARDS OF EXCELLENCE FROM THE SEARS ONTARIO DRAMA FESTIVAL UNDER HIS BELT, HIS CHOCOLATE CAKE “HAS ICING SUGAR ON IT.” HIS PASSION FOR TRAVELLING FITS LIKE A GLOVE WITH HIS NEWEST HOBBY OF PHOTOGRAPHY, WHICH HE TALKS OF MODESTLY, AND THEN THROWS IN THE NAME OF HIS UPCOMING WEBSITE RIGHT AFTER.

Chris: Who is your favourite actor right now?

Max: Right now I think the best actor around is Bryan Cranston. He was father Hal in Malcolm in the Middle and then played a neurotic high school teacher in on an AMC show called Breaking Bad. I watched it all on DVD and you can see an organic change of the character through him during the series. He is not the same actor in episode 20 that he was in episode 1. I respect him more than any other actor right now because, now in his forties, he had to make his way to where he is right now, unlike, say Johnny Depp, who landed a leading role on TV in his late teens.

ON TOP OF HIS ACT

INTERVIEW ROOP GILL, CHRIS DI STAULO & GALEN DRINNAN PHOTOGRAPHY TARA BARTOLINI





CHECK OUT HIS WORK AT WWW.MAXTOPPLINPHOTOGRAPHY.COM

Chris: Who is your least favorite actor?

Max: I respect everyone who has made it as far as they have with their looks, charismatic personality, or just acting technique because something like “luck” happens very rarely.

Chris: Tell us about the production you learned the most from.

Max: I auditioned for this role in a Winnipeg show called House Party. I didn’t get the spot but I got another role and I also got put on a plane to Winnipeg with a script and no character description. I was freaking out on the flight because I had a meeting with the writers as soon as I got to Winnipeg. The role I was assigned was of this timid, shy person and I kept wondering how they saw me in that character or that character in me. I just had to let that character grow from within. It was the director’s responsibility to refine the character and your responsibility to make it your own. It was like constant improv. Not to mention, during the filming I learned that you need to take comedy seriously or it is not funny.

Chris: Can you tell us about your most awkward audition?

Max: In grade ten I went in for an audition for a Burger King which involved a make-out scene in the car. I was “dog meat” and I don’t think I’d ever kissed a girl before that but there I was making out with three drop-dead model-looking girls in front of producers, directors, and the creative people from the advertising agencies. If that wasn’t the most awkward thing then check this out – I booked the job and ended up making out with my old stage manager, Talia, from the Sears Ontario Drama Festival, held at the Etobicoke School of the Art. It was an awesome moment... it was an awkward moment. Talia, I hope you enjoyed that moment because I did and it made me who I am today.

Chris: M&Ms or Smarties?

Max: Peanut M&Ms.

Chris: If you could go to one place in the world you haven’t been to, where would it be?

Max: India.

Chris: If you were on a desert island and you could have three things, what would they be?

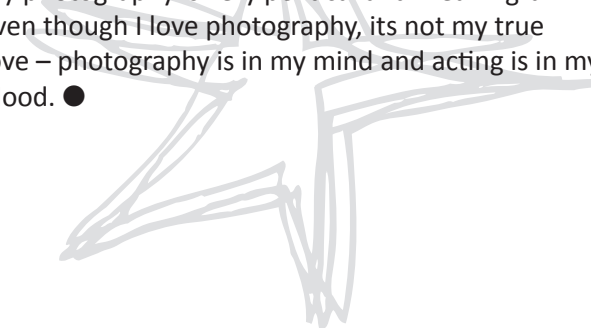
Max: My camera, my little brother and Kraft dinner.

Chris: If you could have any talent that you already don’t possess what would it be?

Max: I wish I could sing better than I do.

Chris: We hear you’re also into photography. How did that transpire?

Max: My dad is a set director and got a camera when I was 10 to shoot some furniture. I picked it up and started taking pictures. I would arrange marshmallows on top of pillows and take pictures of that. I love to capture and hold on to contrast and diversity so I take random pictures. From there I got my first point and shoot. I love to travel and I went to Haiti last summer with Third World Awareness (<http://www.twawareness.org/>) and was working at a malnutrition clinic. I wanted to take pictures of people there and share them with the world. I want to show that contrast to the world. I am not the best photographer when it comes to technique – I have taken a few courses, but I believe my photography is very political and meaningful. Even though I love photography, it’s not my true love – photography is in my mind and acting is in my blood. ●



DEAR TORONTO

BY ANDREW WEIR

THIS LETTER HAS TWO PURPOSES: 1) I'VE BEEN CHEATING ON YOU AND 2) I STILL LOVE YOU AND BEG YOU TO HEAR ME OUT BEFORE LEAVING ME.

I'VE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THE YEAR ON ANOTHER'S STREETS, BLOGGING IN ANOTHER'S COFFEE SHOPS. I DROPPED MY EH'S, TRADED JEANS FOR LINEN PANTS, AND REPLACED MY MORNING MEDIUM DOUBLE-DOUBLE WITH AN ICED NESCAFÉ ... MADE WITH CONDENSED MILK... AND I DRANK IT FROM A PLASTIC BAG. I EVEN REMOVED YOU AS MY DEFAULT FACEBOOK NETWORK.

THOUGH I FEIGNED LOCAL STATUS IN ANOTHER'S CITIES DAMP CONCRETE ARMS - AND THEY WERE DAMP - YOU WERE NOT FORGOTTEN.

AT THIS POINT, ALL POETIC PRETENSE IN THIS LETTER IS LOST ... I HAVE NO FLOWERY WAY TO PUT THIS: TORONTO, YOU ARE A CUSHY PLACE TO LIVE. THOUGH MAYBE I COULDN'T ARTICULATE IT WHILE ENGAGING IN SWEATY TRYSTS WITH OTHER CITIES AND CITY-STATES, I UNDERSTAND NOW THAT YOU OFFER "CUSH" TO AN AMAZING DEGREE.

MAYBE THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR... MAYBE YOU WERE HOPING TO HEAR ME PRAISE YOU FOR THE OBVIOUS: THE TRENDINESS OF QUEEN ST WEST; THE VAST CULTURAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YORKVILLE, THE DANFORTH, KENSINGTON, CABBAGE TOWN...THE LIST GOES ON; YOUR SHOPPING VENUES; YOUR AWESOME INDIE MUSIC AND ART SCENES.... BUT NO! YOU'VE HEARD THAT ALL BEFORE.

I CAN HONESTLY SAY, FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART THAT I CAN APPRECIATE THE CUSHINESS YOU AFFORD.

I'M A MID-TOWN KID. I'M HAPPY KNOWING THAT I CAN DO WHAT I NEED TO DO IN A DAY WITHOUT INCIDENT. WEIRD INCIDENT, ESPECIALLY. AND FOR THAT,

TORONTO, YOU MAKE ME A HAPPY... ER... DWELLER. IN CHEATING ON YOU (AND TRUST ME, I CHEATED ON YOU) I'VE COME TO APPRECIATE YOUR RIDICULOUSLY SIMPLE TRANSIT SYSTEM (EVEN IF IT DOES COST WAY TOO MUCH, HINT HINT), YOUR HIGH STANDARDS FOR RESTAURANT CLEANLINESS, AND YOUR PAVED ROADS. IS THIS JUST A SHALLOW ODE TO DEVELOPED WESTERN COUNTRIES? NO, I THINK NOT. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I APPRECIATE THE SIMPLE THINGS. TAKE ME BACK?





DINOSAUR BONES

DINOSAUR BONES STARTED THE YEAR OFF WITH A BANG AND HAVE BEEN THROWN FULL FORCE INTO THE HEADS AND HEARTS OF MUSIC FANS EVEN BEYOND THE CITY'S LIMITS. THIS PAST JANUARY MARKED THE ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE BAND, AND TO CELEBRATE APPROPRIATELY THEY HELD A KILLER BIRTHDAY BASH OF A SHOW WHICH, WHEN THEY LOOK BACK ON IT, DEFINITELY ACTED AS AN INDICATOR OF A GREAT SECOND YEAR TO COME. "THE VIBE OF THAT SHOW WAS OUT OF CONTROL," THEY SAID, CALLING IT A LAUNCH PAD INTO 2009. FRIENDS AND FANS BRAVED THROUGH A HARSH CANADIAN SNOWSTORM TO MAKE IT OUT THAT NIGHT, AND SINCE THEN THE EXCITEMENT SURROUNDING DINOSAUR BONES HAS YET TO CALM DOWN.

"2009 is definitely a lot more focussed," they said, "We're way more productive than we were last year. And hopefully some more people have heard of us and we can kind of keep that rolling." For music lovers in and around the city of Toronto it's next to impossible to have not heard about

this band by now, considering that they just wrapped up a summer full of gigs playing at some of the city's biggest festivals. They played everything from Edgeland and North by Northeast to Kitchener's coveted Cutting Edge Music Festival, and more. "There was a weekend that was a silly weekend in June, where they all kind of came together," they said about their hectic summer festival schedule. This being their first year playing big outdoor shows, the band said they'd love next summer to be even more jam-packed with events like those. "It's like, the best thing in the world," they laughed, "It's like summer camp for people who drink too much."

But the band came out of their last outdoor show less one very important member. They explained: "Our bass player keeps a little ET figurine on his amp . . . which we lost!" The doll was part of a ritual for the band, who all used to touch him before getting up on stage. They scoured their tour van looking for their missing comrade until they realized that their efforts wouldn't be of any use. "ET is *not* in the van," they admitted, defeated. Even though the wound is undoubtedly still fresh, it seems as though these boys are making the most of the band, even without their tiny sixth member. They'll be heading into the studio this month to record their debut full-length album which they feel has been a long time coming.



Their previous release, their self titled EP, got great reviews from both fans and critics alike. With that, Dinosaur Bones started making their mark with their own brand of haunting, synth-infused indie rock. "We hope that our music would have some sort of lasting effect on people as opposed to just a dance party good time. Everybody needs that, but we hope that our music affects people more than just getting drunk and having a party," they said.



INTERVIEW AMANDA CUDAH PHOTOGRAPHY ANDREW WEIR

For the upcoming album, they'll be working with producer Jon Drew, who's worked with Toronto success stories like The Arkells, Fucked Up and Tokyo Police Club. "Jon's an amazing producer and we're all big fans of his work," they said, "We're very excited that he's excited about it. We sort of just wrote him an e-mail, a stab in the dark, and he got back to us as enthused as we are."

Dinosaur Bones could very well be the next band to explode out of the city's musical arsenal. But for now, they're just taking things as they come. They'll be finishing up the album and then hope to tour off of it for some time. And with 2009 slowly creeping to an end, everyone's sure to be watching to see what year three will bring for this ambitious young band. ●



80'S LADY

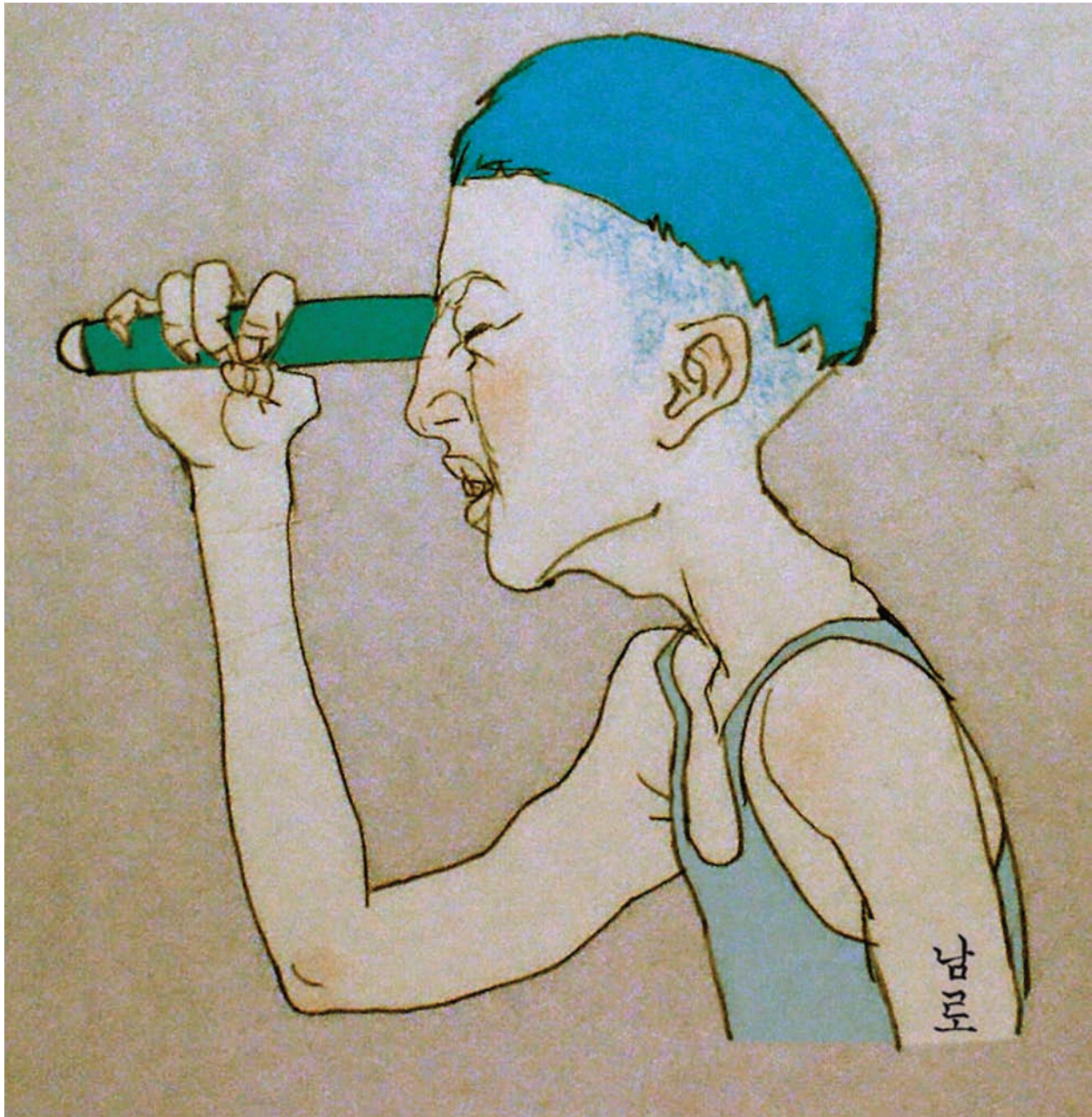
YOON NATION

The earliest thing that *MICHELLE YOON* can remember doing is drawing. She remembers finding scraps of paper around her house and drawing anything that she could think of. Since then, she has added a strong fine art background to her name and is currently working towards a bachelor of animation at Sheridan College where she's been able to develop her unique style.

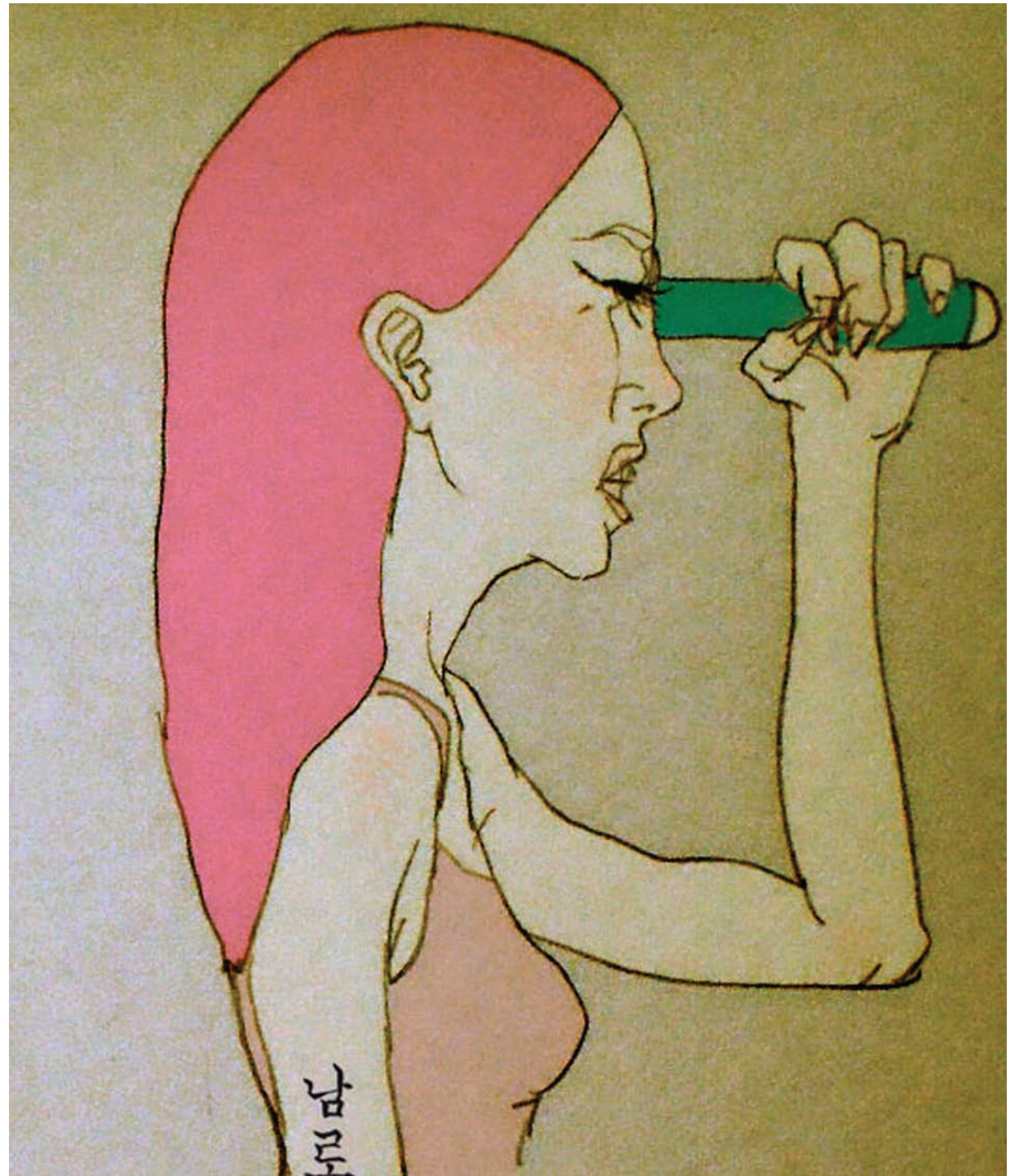
"When I got accepted to the Sheridan animation program, it was really hard for me to draw objects in a cartoon style. So I started to simplify line work and distort forms deliberately just to see how it looks, and the slightly wonky human body forms actually looked appealing to me," she said about her unique artwork.

Having grown up in South Korea, another thing that Yoon remembers from her childhood is the countless anime shows that she used to watch; but her favourite cartoon is one that, unfortunately, she can't remember the name of. "There were no dialogues, but they played nice background music from start to finish," she said, "the colours were soft and pastel. Every episode, animals would get together on a field and watch movies with a projector."

BY AMANDA CUDA



TOP KALEIDOSCOPE BOY RIGHT KALEIDOSCOPE GIRL



As she got older, Yoon's interest in art and animation stuck with her, for the most part. She studied art in school and participated in numerous art competitions. Though, there was a stint in her life when she found that she'd grown tired of drawing. "I was sick of my paintings and all the art contests," she said, "I guess I took my skills for granted because for me it seemed boring and non-rewarding." After spending about three years in high school focusing on different disciplines like math and science, she realized that drawing was what she not only does best, but enjoys best. "I was thrilled to draw again and never doubted art since."

Yoon gets her inspiration for her raw and slightly eerie looking work from things like friends, movies, vintage eras and sexuality. "I like painting illustrations because a painting is a captured moment. I like to capture the moment of intimacy, curiosity, loneliness and such," she explained. These emotions also come through in much of Yoon's animated characters, her favourite of which is a monster she named Tumore. "He is a big monster with a small brain kind of like a troll, but he isn't destructive. He digs up graves and plays with road-kill, but mostly he is rather sort of out of it all the time with occasional cute smiles and innocence."

Yoon is currently developing an idea for an animated short and is hoping that it can become a great accomplishment of hers one day soon. "I want people to look at my illustrations and think about the emotions and stories behind the characters," she said, "I want people to feel what I feel, but also I want them to think even more than me."

Still so yearly in her career, Yoon is busy working on her craft and storing all of her potential for future projects. She declared that the best is yet to come out of her, and with all of the talent that she's packing, that's not a hard statement to believe. ●

Yoon's illustrations, as well as animations (like the loveable monster, Tumore), can be seen on her blog: <http://namroyoon.blogspot.com>.



CATCH HIS IDEA



ROLE MODEL

PHOTOGRAPHY TARA BARTOLINI
STYLING AIMEE LEGAULT
MAKEUP CHANEL MARKUS
INTERVIEW DYLAN FRANKS

“DON’T ASK THE HARD QUESTIONS, YOU KNOW MY IQ’S NOT THAT HIGH,” SARCASTICALLY SAYS THE YOUNG BLONDE SITTING IN THE MAKEUP CHAIR. THE GIRL BEING FITTED WITH A LIZARD-LIKE COLLAR IS 19-YEAR-OLD MODEL **ALEXANDRA LALONDE**, SIGNED WITH ELITE MODELS. WITH CREDITS UNDER HER BELT LIKE FLARE MAGAZINE, JOE FRESH, DAVID DIXON AND FASHION CARES, LALONDE HAS BEEN CALLED A FIXTURE ON THE CANADIAN MODELING SCENE FOR SOMETIME NOW, BUT SHE’D RATHER YOU JUST CALL HER ALI.

First scouted on a streetcar at 13, she waited to sign with Next until she had reached the mature model age of 15. A couple of months later, she booked her first job. Since then, she’s been perfecting a balancing act between starring in her high school musical at Rosedale Heights School of the Arts, and working both at home and abroad to establish a successful modelling career.

As a new model she travelled to Taipei, Taiwan, where she endured what she tells me is known as “model bootcamp.” With long hours and little to no time for breaks, Ali’s time spent in Asia was challenging, but offered her the chance to showcase the designs of labels like Gucci, Dior and Escada in a crucial market for the fashion industry. After her stint in Taipei she rewarded herself by exploring the island of Bali before returning home.

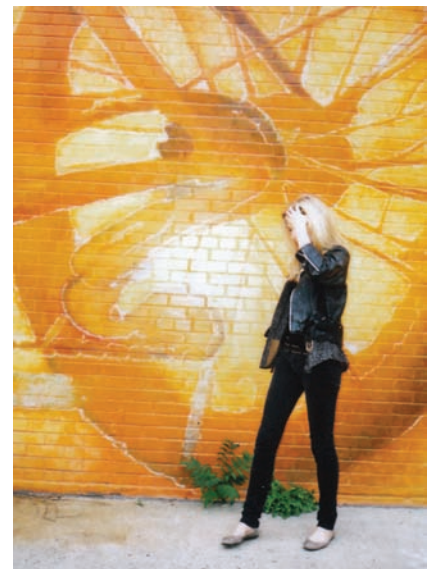
At home in Toronto, the native east-ender has walked in the last three Toronto fashion weeks, allowing her the chance to observe the behind the scenes workings of the Canadian fashion industry. I ask her her thoughts on the often criticized Toronto fashion scene and she doesn’t hold back. “It’s pathetic, you can write that,” she says brashly before following it up. “There is so much talent here but it all moves to the States or Europe,” noting the country’s fashion community’s version of the brain drain.

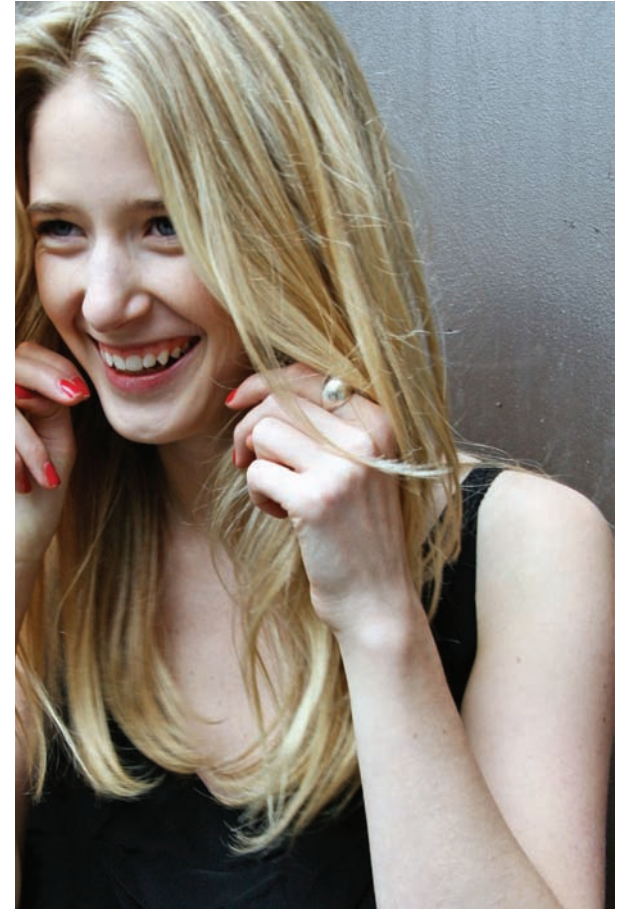
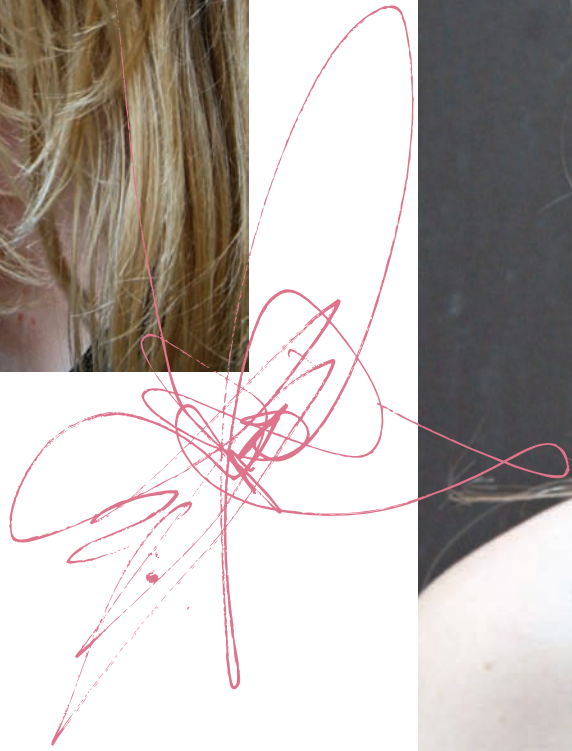
Maybe that’s why Ali has a big change in store. I can see she is excited to tell me about her future and rightfully so, she’s got big plans. “I’m moving to Paris next year to study acting and cinema,” she says proudly. “I have always been involved in acting and singing and I was brought up in French speaking schools so I have the language.”

When I ask what’s prompting the bold move, I’m told about her father who introduced her to French film and music at an early age. Her admiration of a European sensibility, and the limits imposed on many professional artists by nature of the country we live in, spurred her to take the opportunity when it arose.

In Paris, Ali plans to keep modelling but only as a means to support her education and living expenses. I ask her how she feels about the competition having never worked in Europe before: “I’m excited; it’s the type of market where you really need to be there for more than just two months at a time, so I’m hoping that since I’ll be living there I will be able to continue to get work.”

Ali’s plans to move before classes beginning in September, giving her just enough time to settle in the city before she gears up to play with the best of them, on the stage and on the runway. ●





PUPPY LOVE

BY ROOP GILL

My 72-inch TV swallowed the CP24 weather forecast into its black, flat screen belly. I sat in darkness for a few seconds, illuminated only by my cellphone's fluorescent rays, coming to terms with the fact that the news people were right – it was a raging thunderstorm in the GTA and blackouts were expected.

The buzzing of the refrigerator and the flickering of all the house lights struck me like I'd just gotten my eyes back. My cellphone sitting on my lap vibrated, startling me. It was Mom. "Hey Mom! Where are you guys?" I shouted into the phone, half scared to be alone in the house I wasn't much familiar with and half worried about my family's well-being. "We're still in Woodbridge at Aunt Marissa's house," she replied back, way more calm and put together than I was. "We'll be back as soon as the weather settles down."

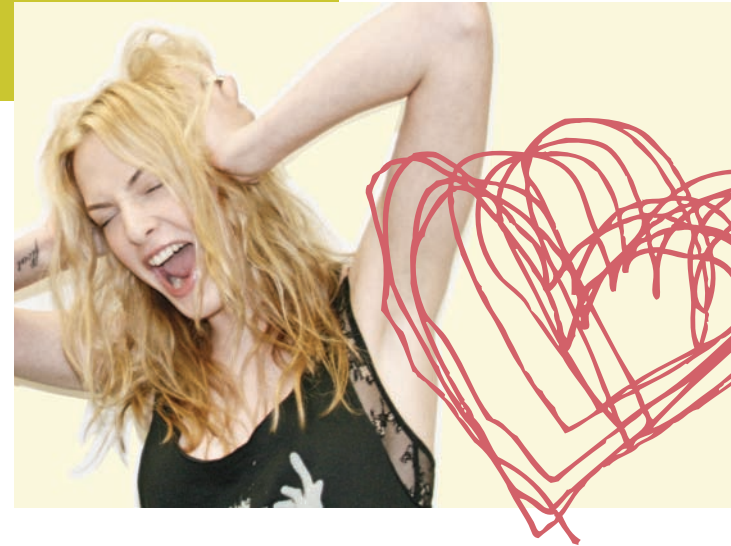
I had no idea where Woodbridge was. I had no idea where exactly my own house was either. Some called it Toronto, some said Etobicoke. Then there was the 401 everyone complained about being always busy. Four weeks of moving from the west coast, redecorating the house so it was just right for Mom's liking and wanting to start at the new school in this new city hadn't worked towards making a memorable summer.

To distract myself I hopped on the comfy revolving chair in Dad's semi-furnished office, and used his forbidden desktop to log onto my e-mail account. The fact that I hadn't checked my mail in over a week was evidenced by the 25 unread messages, most of it was junk mail, promotional coupons and sweepstakes contests. As I was selecting what was to be deleted and what was outright spam, my eye caught the name of Jamie Nicholas. He was the sender of an e-mail sent two days ago. There was no subject on the e-mail, no hints, only surprises. With a thumping heart and a wide smile across my face, I moved the cursor to click on this e-mail, an e-mail that would go down in the history of my teenage life.

I clicked on it. The screen went blank. Everything went black. No! NO! Not another blackout. Not now.

I touched the blank screen with my palm stretched wide in hopes of discovering super-powers to interpret lost computer signals and read them. I counted at least seventy six seconds tick by before I blinked. This was the worst summer of my life. Actually, after reading that e-mail it might not be.

Jamie Nicholas was my next door neighbour in Vancouver, as well as my older brother Dante's best friend since they were both in elementary school, a combination which resulted in him always being over at our house. Jamie. I can never forget the depth of those grey eyes, the perfection of those full lips, the class of that walk and the scent of the athletic sweat mixed with expensive colognes. The unlimited gawking privilege came with the title of "my best friend's little sister". Jamie barely ever talked to me. If his attention wasn't fully occupied by my brother, he was petting my dog, Captain Jack (or C.J. as we called that Dalmatian). With the devotion he showed towards entertaining the dog, while completely ignoring me, I suspected that Jamie was devising a secret plan to backstab my brother and steal the dog.



Then the gawking privileges were lost. Jamie and Dante got into a fight at school. I was told it was over a girl. I thought it was a lie: my brother wasn't immature enough and Jamie was destined to be with me. Turns out, it was true. Their name calling, turned into pushing, becoming a massive brawl, which resulted in both sets of parents in the Principal's office being advised that they stay out of each other's way. Dante's decent report card started seeing some D minuses. Jamie was the first pick on the football team, so Dante quit. My mom was worried and my Dad was working day and night to get himself a placement in the Toronto branch of his consulting company.

He did.

During the days I refer to as 'packing up my life,' my Dad brought up a short lived discussion at the dinner table: "The Nicholas' want to buy C.J. I don't want to take him anyways. He is very old, will probably die in a year or two. Selling him will be a good deal. Dante, are you okay with that?" He nodded, still pretending to be focused on his pasta. Nobody asked me anything. Captain Jack was like my diary I could talk to him for hours about anything, including my age-old crush on Jamie. He would never get sick of it and would definitely never leak out anything, unlike my girlfriends at school.

The day before we were moving, I went to hand C.J. over to Jamie. I was giving him my diary, which he could not read; but I wanted him to know. I wanted him to realize how much he meant to me. I decided to tie a little note around C.J.'s neck saying, "Jamie, I've liked you since the day you laughed at me for falling off my bike in grade 4." That's the best the creative side of my 16-year-old brain could do. Jamie opened the door when I rang the bell. He gave me a warm smile and said, "All set to go?" I nodded - that was all I could do. He was so excited as I handed him C.J. saying, "Jacky baby! You're finally where you belong." He turned to me and said, "Thanks. Have fun in Toronto." And he shut the door. The computer's industrious attempt at turning on, along with the tube light's bright sunshine, woke me up from my handsome dream. Thank God for Dad's fast-loading computer that was all ready to go within seconds. I double-clicked on Firefox. I speedily entered my hotmail user-name and password. With my heart thumping I scrolled down to Jamie Nicholas' e-mail with no subject sent two days ago.

The message opened. It read: Your dog died yesterday. – Jamie. ●

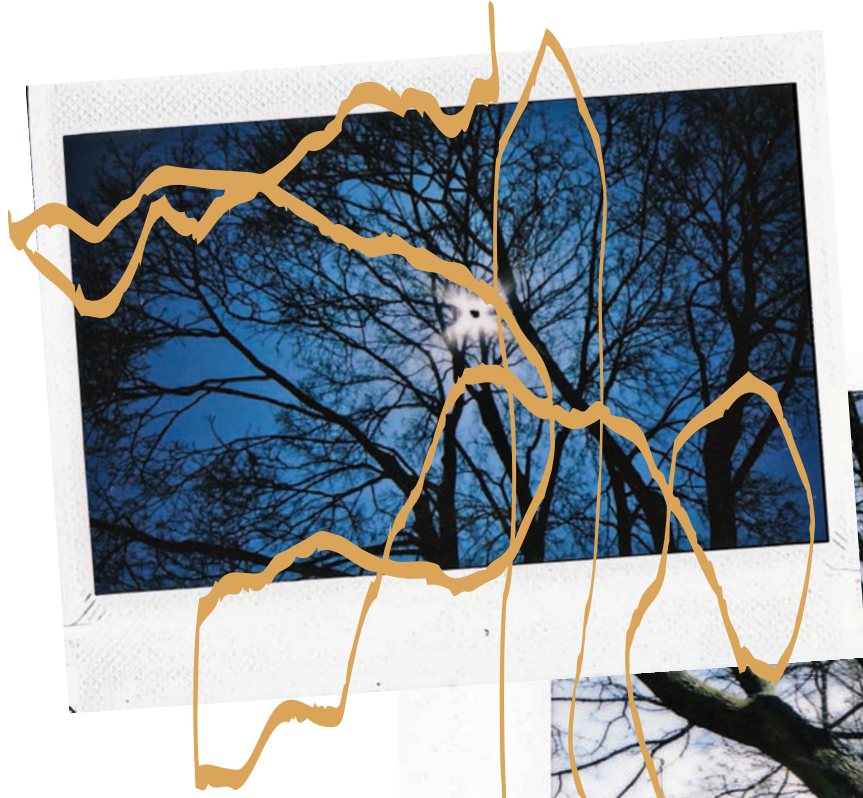


FIRST FALL

PHOTOGRAPHY TARA BARTOLINI

MODEL ALANA





" SUMMER IS OVER AND GONE... HOW MANY NIGHTS 'TIL FROST? GOOD-BYE GOOD-BYE! " -EB. WHITE, CHARLOTTE'S WEB



FILM BUFF

BY ANDREW WEIR

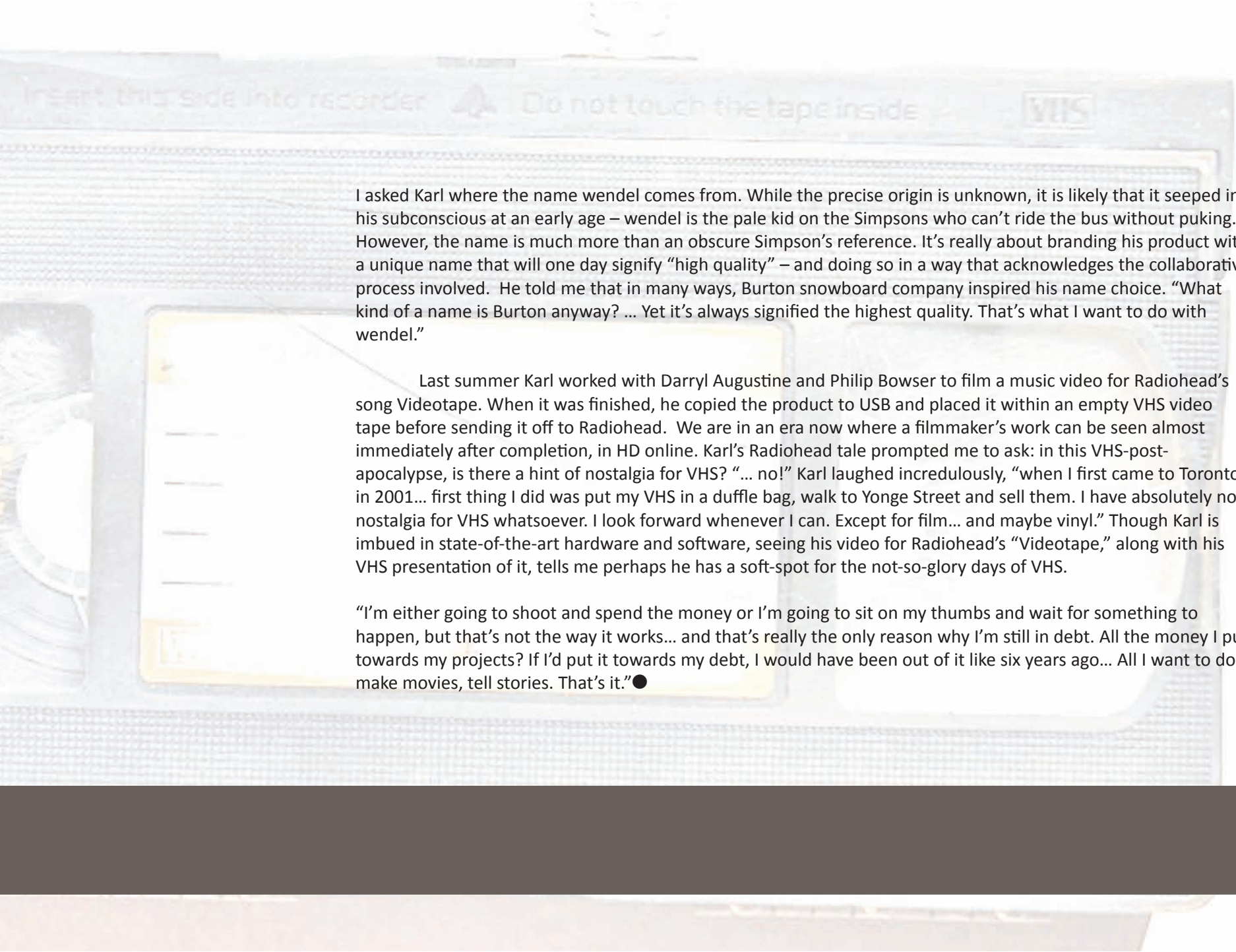
“UNFORTUNATELY... I HAVE THIS OBSESSION. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO CALL IT: I CAN'T NOT SHOOT. I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INTO THE POSITION THAT IT'S ALL I CAN DO”

KARL E. RICHTER is an independent film maker from Dryden Ontario, living and working in Toronto. He is the lynchpin of wendel – a filmmaking collaborative that will, as their website says, “do anything in motion picture that you can (or can't) wrap your head around.” Though Karl is experienced in most aspects of film, he understands that collaboration is key. This is what wendel is about: recognizing that successful and meaningful films are not just the efforts of one person. Karl's words ring especially true in the wake of The Royal's premiere of Tommy Wiseau's *The Room* – a film that warns each of us, upon every hilarious re-watch, that the total filmic control of one person can result in years of midnight screenings and spoon throwing.

Karl, 27, got his start at the Ontario College of Art and Design (OCAD) in the art and design program, and soon narrowed his major to film. “I thought to myself,” he said, “hey I'm in Toronto now: you can actually make movies here... there's an industry. I come from a small town, and that's something that's not even on the radar.” However, soon he realized that OCAD was far from his thing (i.e. six hour video art class) and went out to get some real, practical work as a production assistant for various commercials. Right now he's doing work for the upcoming TV show “Unscripted,” a biography-based show that was commissioned by VisionTV. It sounds like a fair bit of that work is going towards funding his wendel projects – each short film has cost him roughly \$5,000.



There is no doubt that Karl is very deep into the reality of Canadian independent filmmaking. Though married, he admits that he has spent many nights alone at his Queen West studio and is often in a state of working for his next fix – he certainly is in the throws of a strong addiction. However, time spent on his online Reel prove that maybe this reality shouldn't be the case – each wendel production is very high quality work. They have the production quality, cinematography, direction, and payoff of a recognized filmmaker that is making real money. When it comes to grants and sponsorship, “It's all about who you know – and right now, I don't really know anybody.” At this point, Karl is thinking Los Angeles is the next logical step – a place where he can make more valuable connections, and move on to feature film. Though short films are beautiful and satisfy Karl's all encompassing need for the camera, there is not much money out there for them. Most of the grant money in Canada going towards short film, Karl tells me, is for the music. “Which is nice,” Karl says, “but what does it say when – and don't get me wrong, I love what they do – the Tragically Hip are still getting grant money?” If Karl moves to LA, he will be embarking on a strange journey, that many talented Canadian filmmakers have followed; a conundrum of uncertainty that poses the existential question of what makes a “Canadian filmmaker.” Is it someone who has stuck it out in Canada's sometimes harsh filmic landscape (thanks, John Grierson)?



I asked Karl where the name wendel comes from. While the precise origin is unknown, it is likely that it seeped into his subconscious at an early age – wendel is the pale kid on the Simpsons who can’t ride the bus without puking. However, the name is much more than an obscure Simpson’s reference. It’s really about branding his product with a unique name that will one day signify “high quality” – and doing so in a way that acknowledges the collaborative process involved. He told me that in many ways, Burton snowboard company inspired his name choice. “What kind of a name is Burton anyway? ... Yet it’s always signified the highest quality. That’s what I want to do with wendel.”

Last summer Karl worked with Darryl Augustine and Philip Bowser to film a music video for Radiohead’s song Videotape. When it was finished, he copied the product to USB and placed it within an empty VHS video tape before sending it off to Radiohead. We are in an era now where a filmmaker’s work can be seen almost immediately after completion, in HD online. Karl’s Radiohead tale prompted me to ask: in this VHS-post-apocalypse, is there a hint of nostalgia for VHS? “... no!” Karl laughed incredulously, “when I first came to Toronto in 2001... first thing I did was put my VHS in a duffle bag, walk to Yonge Street and sell them. I have absolutely no nostalgia for VHS whatsoever. I look forward whenever I can. Except for film... and maybe vinyl.” Though Karl is imbued in state-of-the-art hardware and software, seeing his video for Radiohead’s “Videotape,” along with his VHS presentation of it, tells me perhaps he has a soft-spot for the not-so-glory days of VHS.

“I’m either going to shoot and spend the money or I’m going to sit on my thumbs and wait for something to happen, but that’s not the way it works... and that’s really the only reason why I’m still in debt. All the money I put towards my projects? If I’d put it towards my debt, I would have been out of it like six years ago... All I want to do is make movies, tell stories. That’s it.”●

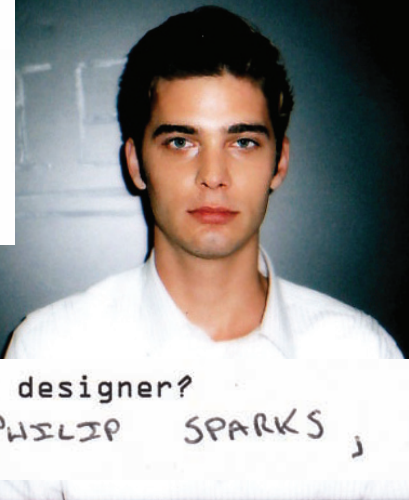
UP & COMERS

Name: RONNIE

Age: 23

Hometown: BOWMANVILLE

Agency: ELMER OLSEN



Favourite Canadian Fashion designer?

JOSEPH TASSONI, PHILIP SPARKS, JUMA

Where do you see Toronto on the "fashion capitals map" in the next 5 years?

AT THE TOP

What animal do you walk like on the runway?

ANTELOPE

I'd love to model PRADA SUETS.



Name: Leigh

Age: 19

Hometown: Erin, Ontario

Agency: Elite

What was your big break?

being a contestant in Elite Model Look OG in Monaco.

How old were you when you did your first professional photo shoot?

I was sixteen when I did my first photo shoot with McKenzie James.

Favourite Canadian Fashion designer?

greta constantine / phillip sparks

What is your advice for aspiring models?

Be yourself, and have fun with it

I'd love to model GQ.

Favourite Canadian photographer?

Hamish Kippen

Commercial or couture?

couture, i love art

Favourite Canadian Fashion designer?

Joella Caoc cause hes been so kind to me.



Name: Daniel

Age: 17

Hometown: toronto, ontario

Agency: Elmer elson

JACFLASH, OH MY!

PHOTOGRAPHY TARA BARTOLINI

STYLING AIMEE LEGAULT

MAKEUP MARCIA SHIOTA

INTERVIEW JESSICA MUHLBIER

"OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO CARRY LINES THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS HEARD OF," JACLYN GENOVESE - 23-YEAR-OLD DESIGNER AND MANAGING PARTNER OF THE QUEEN WEST BOUTIQUE JACFLASH - SAID, AS SHE TWISTED HER LONG BLONDE WAVY HAIR BEHIND HER BACK, "WE STRIVE TO BE DIFFERENT."





Surrounded by stark white tree branch chandeliers, copper smudged floor length mirrors, a retro Indie music listening bar, and stunning fashion collections from raw denim to flirty blouses, jacflash is selling more than just fashion. Jacflash not only provides unique women and menswear but also a taste of local Canadian Indie musicians such as Spiral Beach and Jon Levine Band. Located at 1036 Queen Street West, just West of Ossington, jacflash is causing a lot of buzz North, South, and East of the trendy Queen West neighbourhood.

Jaclyn Genovese, Gillian Young, and Kaity Wong are three unique individuals with one thing in common, jacflash; oh, and damn good fashion sense. When I met all three girls at jacflash (post evening close) I immediately noticed their distinctive yet different styles, true to their own figures.



Jaclyn was sporting custom-made denim jean shorts with personal phrases and doodles drawn all over in permanent marker. Gillian Young, designer and director of marketing, was wearing an over sized pastel blouse, which complimented her long thin legs. While Kaity Wong, store merchandiser and men's fashion stylist, was embracing a basic crew neck t-shirt with a thick silver bracelet for subtle yet flattering detail. It was clear that Jaclyn, Gillian, and Kaity are ahead of the trend curve, resulting in high volumes of "fashion, music, glamour" that jacflash promises to bring.

"The word has gotten out" said Kaity, "and that's why we are always adding." True to their non-mainstream influence all three girls browse various blogs, fashion spreads, and historic eras for both influence and inspiration.

"We pick the trends quick and tend to mix and match" said Gillian, who likes to read blogs such as *Bleach Black* and *Dirty Blonde*.

"Ooh Gill" adds Jaclyn "I found a new blog, *Studded Hearts*, you'd like it!" Jaclyn quickly runs to her computer and back to double check the blogs web address.





CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES PROVIDED

BY JACFLASH:

1036 QUEEN STREET WEST
TORONTO, ONTARIO
M6J 1H7
416.516.8766
info@jacflash.net

In regard to the ever-changing trends, all girls agree that Toronto tends to be a little slow on the up take. “Toronto is scared,” said Jaclyn, admitting that although our city of Toronto has bold and beautiful diversity, the city is behind when it comes to bold and beautiful fashion.

In the midst of the changing-trend-whirlwind – fringe boots, studded arm candy, zipper tights, and more - when it comes to designing and providing unique labels at jacflash, all girls hold a notion of practicality.

“When designing something new, Gill and I always think ‘who would wear this?’ or ‘who would buy this?’” said Jaclyn, suggesting that less can be more after all. Curious of how they go about picking a garment to work with, Gill reads my mind and states how important “embellishments” are when it comes to designing their own line, Jac & Gill.

“It’s all about embellishments. I’ll go through my closet of old favorites and think ‘how can I add to this or make it better?’ Jac and I also like to rummage through Value Village and Goodwill”

“Exactly” chimes Jaclyn, “We will go to shows, see something, and think ‘well I liked that dress except without this or that particular detail.’ It’s inspiration.” And the inspiration shows. “We like to embrace the unknown” said Kaity. In embracing unknown territory, jacflash was one of first Toronto boutiques to carry the flirty feminine line Alice and Olivia.

“A lot of girls came here for prom season, since we have such unique pieces – rumor got out that we carried pieces from the hit series Gossip Girl, so girls were coming in for that”. Obviously. With a mix of edgy rock and roll and eccentrically beautiful lines, who wouldn’t rush in?

Prom season, or any season, jacflash has been fortunate enough to entice new window shoppers and loyal clientele, by both positive press and word-of-mouth. Amongst the endless blocks of independent art galleries, clothing stores, and free trade coffee shops, jacflash is known and dominant in the popular Queen West district. ●

ZINE QUEEN KEET

Tara: What inspired you to start your zine?

KEET GENIZA: Oh, well I just moved to Canada in 2006 so that's why you know I've heard about zines for a really long time, since 5th grade actually. It came to mind to make my own zine because when I came here I wanted to vent all my teenage frustration and angst.

Tara: What are your favourite characters from your zines?

Keet: Well, basically the stories are about me in a way. I mean, I don't like talking about myself directly except for Issue 4, which was about my summer vacation. But most of the time I like hiding behind my stories. It's all about me, but indirectly.

Tara: If you could have your zines published anywhere where would they be?

Keet: I'd rather not, actually no, I just don't want them to be really well known or sold in corporate outlets - I would rather they become known through word of mouth. The punk community has been supporting zines, so I think I would want them to travel that route, underground. It all happened in the 90s, there was a big outburst then and they were shown in talk shows and stuff...ya, I don't want that. I want a connection between my readers and me. I definitely prefer word of mouth.

Tara: Aspirations?

Keet: Compilation in a mini book. I can imagine it in my dreams already.

Tara: Where does the dialogue come from?

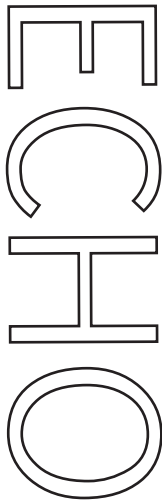
Keet: Sometimes in the bathroom (haha) I am really awkward in real life, I don't like talking to random people and sometimes a conversation turns out the way I don't like it to be. In my zines I try to, you know, rethink what I should have said about a certain thing. For example, I got shot down (insulted) recently and it was so funny, and I was thinking about what we both said and I said something I didn't want to say. Its me trying to deal with my regrets and mistakes.

Tara: Who or what influences you?

Keet: Beth Ditto, zines, people who trade with me, music in general, movies - you know, Indie movies. And of course, random conversations on the street; I find when you take it out of context, it can be and is so bizarre.

Tara: Any advice for young people who want to start their own zine?

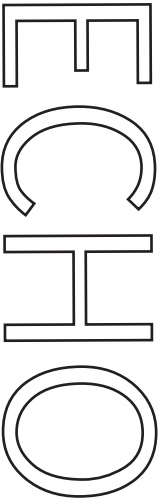
Keet: I swear just be yourself. Its like, don't think about anybody else. Don't think about what they will say. Just think about what you want to say - I've been in that trap for a long time and I still am at times. So it's like, you know...do shit, fuck shit up.



"I WAS HAILED A GENIUS IN HIGH SCHOOL. I JUST DISCOVERED THE INTERNET BEFORE THE REST OF THEM DID."

Exerpt From "Nugget Road"

INTERVIEW JESSICA MUHLBIER







MATERIAL GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY CHRIS PANGAN
STYLING AIMEE LEGAULT
MAKEUP VINCENT TANG
INTERVIEW DYLAN FRANKS

COURTNEY DE VRIES PULLS THE LACE OVERLAY JACKET SHE'S MADE FOR HERSELF OUT OF HER BAG AND PRESENTS IT AS IF IT WERE NO BIG DEAL. THE DESIGNER AND RECENT GEORGE BROWN FASHION GRAD IS QUICKLY GAINING ATTENTION FOR HER MIXTURE OF FEMININE FABRICS WITH A MENSWEAR APPROACH TO TAILORING. THIS COMES AS A SURPRISE TO COURTNEY WHO STARTED DESIGNING PIECES FOR HERSELF WHEN SHE, LIKE MANY SAVVY FASHION CONSUMERS, WAS UNABLE TO FIND PIECES THAT OFFERED THE QUALITY SHE WAS LOOKING FOR.

"I started designing outfits for myself last fall and wore my pieces to work where customers would approach me about what I was wearing," she says. Customers weren't the only ones paying attention to Courtney's designs. It wasn't long before Jessie Cruickshank, host of MTV's "The Aftershow," wore them on air. WE sat down with Courtney to hear about her ideas for fall, the Toronto fashion scene, and her future fashion plans.

Dylan Franks: Fall is just around the corner, what are you looking forward to for the season?

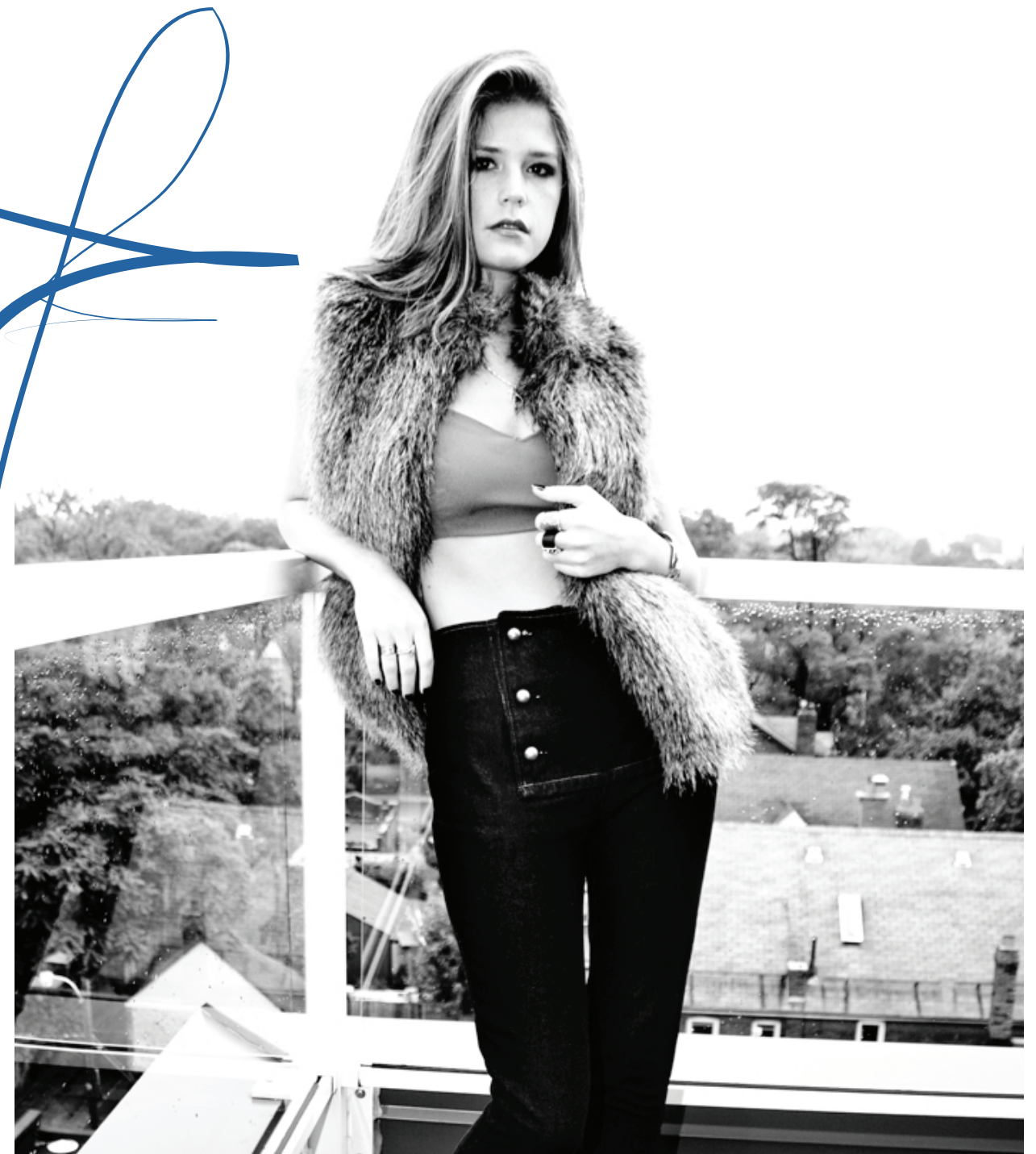
Courtney de Vries: I love shoulder pads. I'm also excited for fur, which is always controversial. I have a few vintage pieces from my mom that I have no problem with, but faux fur works too. I just bought a faux fur vest that I'm waiting to wear but I think right now I'd look like a Yette.

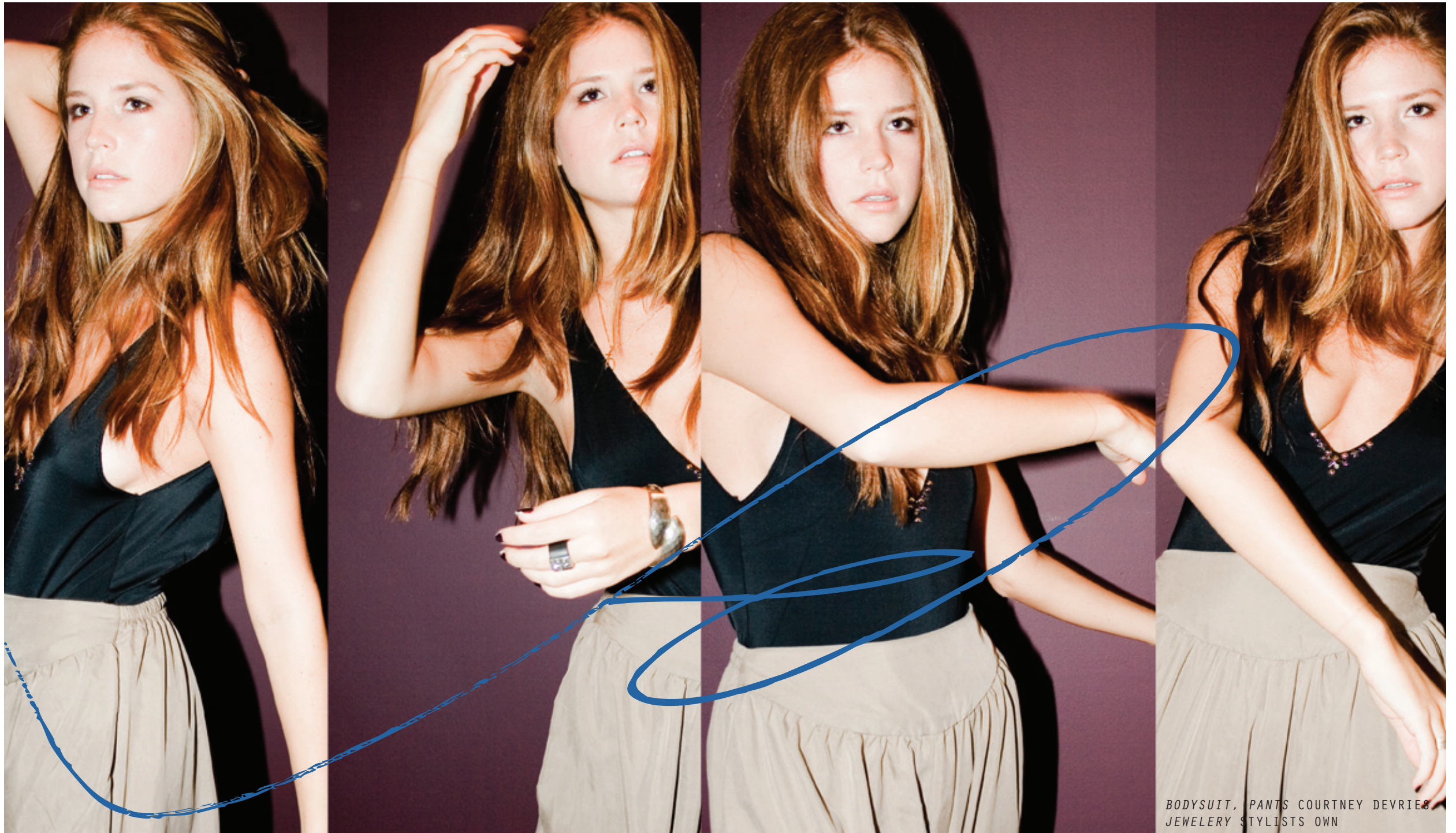
DF: What's your take on Toronto fashion?

CV: I just wish that people in Toronto would take more risks. Nobody wants to take a chance and stand out, it seems like everyone is trying to please everyone else with what they are wearing (with the exception of the occasional person you'll find along Queen Street or King Street).

DF: This is our first issue so we've got a couple of questions to probe some of your firsts. First fashion faux-pas?

CV: The '90's. Just in general.





BODYSUIT, PANTS COURTNEY DEVRIES
JEWELRY STYLISTS OWN



DF: First fashion icon?

CV: This may sound odd but I think it would be my Grandfather. He is from Amsterdam and my grandmother was from a small farm town, so he used to be the more stylish of the pair. He would wear wool hats and long trench coats, he just always looked so well put together.

DF: So we've covered some firsts now what's next? Where do you see your work going?

CV: Right now I'm just going to continue doing this on my own. I always thought I would be a stylist or maybe own my own little boutique and those are things I'm definitely still interested in. I've got a friend who is a painter who I'm interested in collaborating with. In the future I don't know, I'm looking into finding manufacturers and stuff like that but I'll just keep going for now.●





POLAR OPPOSITE

PHOTOGRAPHY ANDREW WEIR
STYLING AIMEE LEGAULT
MODELS SAM & AUSTIN

AUSTIN LOOK 1: T-SHIRT, \$85, NICE COLLECTIVE; JEANS, \$230, JAC BY JACFLASH; CARDIGAN, \$395, NICOLE FARHI; VEST, \$225, HYDEN YOO NYC @ JACFLASH; SHOES + JEWELRY, HIS OWN LOOK 2: SHIRT, \$295, HICKEY @ JACFLASH; JEANS, SHOES, SUNGLASSES + BELT, HIS OWN





SAM: SHIRT, \$245, HICKEY
@ JACFLASH; JEANS, HAT,
SUNGLASSES & JACKET HIS
OWN

AUSTIN: SHIRT, \$295,
HICKEY @ JACFLASH; JEANS,
SHOES, SUNGLASSES + BELT,
HIS OWN



T-SHIRT, \$95, NICE
COLLECTIVE; SWEATER,
\$295, HYDEN YOO NYC;
BOOTS, \$795, @
JACFLASH; JEANS +
SUNGLASSES, HIS OWN



MORE THAN DAYLIGHT SAVINGS

POEM JESSICA MUHLBIER

WE SAY, WHERE DID THE TIME GO?
AS WE TAP OUR HEELS IN LINE FOR OUR AM COFFEE.
WE SAY, I CANNOT BELIEVE HOW FAST YOU'VE GROWN!
YET WE CANNOT WAIT TO OWN ALL THE GROWN UP BELONGINGS.
WELL MAYBE WE CANNOT LIVE LIKE THAT, SO FAST PACE AND
CONSUMER DRIVEN.

MAYBE WE NEED TO:
WAIT FOR THE NEXT STREETCAR, HEAR OUR OWN FOOTSTEPS,
PAUSE IN THE MORNINGS,
SING IN THE SHOWER, HOLD THE DOOR FOR A STRANGER, AND
GO TO BED A LITTLE EARLIER.

YES, MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR A SUBTLE CHANGE.
A CHANGE TO LAST, MORE THAN DAY LIGHT SAVINGS.



THE END

www.otmzine.com