

THE KIT

Best of Everything Special: These days, living with meaning is synonymous with living with style. This issue celebrates the people, products and ideas that embody modern aspiration



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Nevertheless, she persisted

Jane Goodall taught you how to care. Now, if we have any hope of leaving a healthy planet to our children, the icon says we must take the future into our own hands **PAGE 6**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATHERINE HOLLAND



Looking the part

I got a big job in fashion—and it almost bankrupted me

BY LEAH CAMPBELL*

I never thought of myself as an addict. Shopping, for me, went with the territory of being a fashion editor. I had to look the part, I told myself, and since Canadian editors don't have the luxury of a clothing allowance, I had to buy the things—the shoes, the dresses, the crisp \$700 Smythe blazers—needed to represent the magazine I was working for. But what began as an exercise in acquiring the accoutrements to mark my entrée into fashion editorship slowly spiralled into an overwhelming amount of (unsecured) credit card debt to the tune of \$80,000. And I certainly don't have much to show for it—not a car or a home—just some cool designer pieces from Net-a-Porter and a closetful of shoes, still in their boxes, never opened.

Accumulating such massive debt didn't happen overnight. It was a slow build over a good 10 years of buying things I didn't really need and putting them on my credit cards and line of credit. For a while, I managed just fine.

I got my first credit card in university and used it only in emergencies or when my student loans didn't

quite cover me. Shortly after graduating, I came into some money from an inheritance and actually paid off my \$40,000 student loan, along with my credit card balance.

On the career front, I worked my way up the masthead, moving from associate-level jobs to senior ones, and then, about five years ago, I landed a plum gig as a fashion editor at one of Canada's top magazines. I was now making more money than I ever had before—never mind that it wasn't actually a good salary—and I had plenty of reasons to spend. I devoured all of the big fashion magazines every month “for research.” Of course, I needed that \$700 classic-with-a-twist coat from The Outnet, or those Kate-Moss-chic motorcycle boots that cost as much as I spent on rent.

At the office, it was easy to hide my fanatical level of online shopping since I received almost daily mail deliveries of beauty and fashion PR samples from brands (my online purchases could easily slide in there, without causing too much fuss). But it became a running joke among colleagues that I had a cabinet full of barely-worn designer shoes locked away in my office.

Here's the thing about compulsive spending: It's pretty easy to hide (in comparison to, say, alcohol or drugs), and most people don't see it as a serious addiction. Society tends to laugh it off as a cute little habit, exemplified by the likes of Carrie Bradshaw and the adorable shopping addict Becky Bloomwood (Isla Fisher) in *Confessions of a Shopaholic*. It's no wonder that psychologist April Benson, one of the few academics to specialize in compulsive buying disorder, refers to it as the “smiled upon addiction.”

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Breaking boundaries

A game-changing Indigenous beauty brand **PAGE 3**



Seeking Zen in Vancouver

Does the wellness mecca deliver? **PAGE 7**

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Real women.
Real talk.

Maye Musk shot by Luis Mora for The Kit

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Makeup with meaning

An Indigenous beauty brand seeks to improve the lives of marginalized youth

BY KELLY BOUTSALIS | PHOTOGRAPHY BY KRISTY WRIGHT

CHEEKBONE BEAUTY LONG LASTING LIQUID LIPSTICKS, \$29 EACH, EARTH CHEEKBONE CONTOURING KIT, \$49, PERFECT BROWS BY CHEEKBONE, \$25, CHEEKBONEBEAUTY.CA

During her darkest days battling alcoholism, makeup made Jenn Harper feel like she could face the world. The Anishnaabe mother of two has overcome a lot since then—rehab, poverty, loss—but pretty lipsticks and sweeps of blush remain a beacon of hope for her. That hope is the premise behind the beauty brand she launched two years ago with the goal of quelling the education crisis in Canada’s First Nations reserves. “I call Cheekbone Beauty my reconciliation to my culture, my community, my family and myself, ultimately,” Harper, 41, says of the company she runs in the basement of her St. Catharines, Ont., home. For years, Harper, who grew up with her white mother, felt ashamed of her Indigenous roots and bought into the stereotypes that often plague First Nations people. She didn’t speak to her father, who also struggled with addiction, and three half-brothers for two decades. Her “aha” moment came in the form of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada report in 2015. The commission, which documented the impact

of the residential school system, hit home for Harper, who had heard about her grandmother’s experience within the school system. “I finally understood why our family was broken,” Harper says. Reading the findings made her reconsider her father’s alcoholism, which many Indigenous people fell into while dealing with intergenerational trauma, and led her to rebuild her relationship with her family and embrace the culture she’d turned her back on for so long. “I had no idea what our cultural medicines were, what our ceremonies are, and [my half-brother BJ] taught me so much,” she says of the sibling she reconnected with but sadly lost to suicide in 2016. It was this rediscovery of her roots that sparked the idea for Cheekbone Beauty, an endeavour that would marry her love of makeup with her desire to help her community. “This is a business about Indigenous people and for Indigenous people.” Harper poured her own savings into the company and took online courses in marketing and social media to hone her business skills. She named her lip

INSTA LOVE
Indigenous influencers are spreading the word about Cheekbone Beauty



Lakota and Tongan multi-disciplinary artist @juli-anabrowneye-sofficial



Calgary Plains Cree beauty YouTuber @nikitaelyse



Navajo author of fashion blog She and Turquoise @shondinalee

colours after inspiring Indigenous women like former Olympian and speaker Waneek Horn-Miller, activist Sarain Fox, outspoken former Mrs. Universe Ashley Callingbull and legendary singer-songwriter Buffy Sainte-Marie. All of her products are cruelty-free and made in Canada. She still works a sales job in Etobicoke, Ont., to make ends meet but she has big ambitions for her brand, including helping to bridge the education divide between students who go to school on the reserve and off of it. (The First Nations Caring Society estimates it would take \$216 million dollars to fill the gap.) Of Cheekbone Beauty’s profits, 10 per cent are donated to Shannen’s Dream, a campaign advocating for financial and policy support of First Nations schools. The project pays tribute to Shannen Koostachin, a youth education advocate of the Attawapiskat First Nation in Ontario who tragically passed away in a car accident at the age of 15. “It personally touches me because my dad drives my youngest brother off the rez to go to school an hour away,” says Harper. “He does that because the school is so bad on the reservation. If we want our people to get better, we know that education is the answer.” Harper has also pledged to give all proceeds from online sales of her lip kits to the First Nations Caring Society. Her goal is to sell 13 million lip kits by 2023, which should be enough money to bridge the education divide. “I’m just one person, but at least I’m doing something,” she says. Whether it’s giving her courage to overcome hardships or paving the road for change, makeup is a powerful force in Harper’s life. Her eyes begin to well up when she talks about the possibility of an Indigenous person one day walking into Sephora and seeing an Indigenous-created product. “It’s about giving [Indigenous women] hope because in this world, we see nothing that looks familiar, or that we can connect with in a regular retail setting,” she says, wiping tears from her cheek.

Leading the way

Is Indigenous fashion finally about to get the respect it deserves? We asked **Riley Kucheran**, a Two-Spirit Ojibway Ph.D. student in Toronto, to shine a light on a side of the style industry that is often shrouded in darkness

Generations of my Biigtigong Nishnaabeg ancestors fought and resisted colonization so I could be here. First there was the dispossession of our lands, then the theft of our children and the outlawing of our culture. And as I look at my wardrobe today, Western-style clothing, mass produced in places far removed from my own community, I am reminded of yet another element that was stolen from us: Indigenous fashion. Indigenous clothing began to change almost immediately after European contact on Turtle Island. Policed by Christian moralities that sought to erase diverse gender categories and control Indigenous women, skirts became longer, and there are stories assembled from multiple knowledge keepers that indicate crossdressing became a punishable offence that often resulted in death. Later, upon their arrival to residential schools, Indigenous children were stripped of their traditional clothing, pieces crafted by loving hands skilled with generations of our knowledge. Like ceremony and language, our clothes embody teachings and markers of identity, and their destruction was an attempt to destroy our spirituality. Children were forced to wear gendered uniforms—military-style shirts and jackets for boys and dresses for girls—which added another layer of trauma for queer Indigenous youth who did not fit into this binary. Uniforms were typically made of the cheapest fabric available, and were often inadequate in the harsh Canadian winters. Canada’s archives are filled with before and after photos of “savages” transformed into upstanding members of “Western civilization.” They are striking visual reminders of the power of fashion and the ways it can be abused. The vacant expressions on faces longing to return home say it all: Western clothing made it easier to control Indigenous children, stripped of their individuality and their culture. This history is intimately connected to the exploitation of Indigenous cultural aesthetics by the fashion industry today. Cultural misappropriation—the abuse of power that robs already marginalized peoples of the opportunity to benefit economically and socially from their own cultural products—runs rampant. Unfortunately, we’re up against a cultivated ignorance: The Canadian public has been deliberately misinformed about Indigenous cultural practices for centuries. It’s the reason we see offensive Halloween outfits or headdresses at festivals—Indigenous fashion has been so devalued that it’s deemed “dress” or “costume.” This depreciation allows the fashion industry to feel entitled to use Indigenous aesthetics as “inspiration,” often to horrible ends. I think of Canadian fashion line DSquared2’s Fall 2015 collection entitled

“Dsquaw,” a play on the incredibly offensive racial and sexual slur. The clothing was an unthoughtful mix of styles from several Indigenous nations, paired with the same military-style jackets our children were forced to wear. Is this the “Canadian fashion” ideal we wish to uphold? When cultural misappropriation happens, significant depth is lost. The true beauty of Indigenous design is that it’s holistically sustainable by nature. Each stage of an Indigenous “supply chain”—from sourcing the materials, producing the garments, to their eventual distribution—respects the intricate web of relations that sustains our existence. From the plant and animal life that gift themselves to our cause, to the community of artisans that weave stories and teachings into textiles, Indigenous fashion heals us and heals the planet. Addressing cultural misappropriation is deeply personal and exhausting, so many Indigenous people are instead focusing their energy inward by practising our culture, living in Indigenous ways and telling our own stories. Designers like Angela DeMontigny breathe life into this resurgence every day. Her design ethos interprets traditional Indigenous styles through contemporary production techniques like laser-cut leather. DeMontigny’s latest collection pays homage to the Anishinaabe story of the Seven Daughters of the Stars, and includes a fringed leather jacket embroidered with Cree syllabics and stars. “Everything that I design has an educational component,” says the Cree/Métis designer. “I’m trying to challenge negative stereotypes about Indigenous people by imparting lessons about our own ethics and values, like respect for Mother Earth, for ourselves and for each other.” Even her Hamilton, Ont., boutique serves as a gathering space for the Indigenous community to share stories. “The clothing I make is high quality and priced accordingly,” she says. “We’re calling it ‘Indigenous luxury,’ but it’s a luxury that supports an entire community.” Many non-Indigenous people ask me how they can support Indigenous designers or respectfully engage with our cultural aesthetics. Individuals can purchase authentic Indigenous-made garments, while the fashion industry must *collaborate* with Indigenous people on Indigenous terms: a partnership that benefits both parties. One of the most exemplary collaborations so far was between Michif artist and activist



Clockwise from left: a leather jacket by Angela DeMontigny; Caribou hair earrings by Tania Larsson; a moon phase necklace from artist Brit Ellis; a beaded patch by Running Fox Beads.

When cultural misappropriation happens, significant depth is lost.

Christi Belcourt and the fashion house Valentino in 2015. Belcourt approved of Valentino’s environmental track record and treatment of its garment workers, was fairly compensated for her work and negotiated for a donation to the Onaman Collective, a culture and language revitalization camp. Other, more local collaborations between Toronto handbag designer Ela and Belcourt as well as Manitobah Mukluks and Pendleton followed suit. Still, Indigenous design must be celebrated on its own, as it has the potential to be an important part of reconciliation. Next week, nearly 50 Indigenous designers from across Canada will gather for Indigenous Fashion Week Toronto. More than a typical fashion week meant for buyers and media, the event will showcase Indigenous talent with runway shows, exhibitions, panels and workshops, many of which are free and open to the public. Networking is one major objective, says Sage Paul, the fashion week’s artistic director and founder, though supporting family, Indigenous sovereignty and resistance to colonial fashion systems is also front of mind. Indigenous people are in a moment of possibility. Call it reconciliation, call it cultural resurgence—whatever you call it, it’s undeniable. Indigenous creatives in fashion are contributing to a movement that can save our Mother Earth. I hope Canadians and their industries are ready to listen. Riley Kucheran is a Two-Spirit Ojibway Ph.D. student from Biigtigong Nishnaabeg at Ryerson University and York University.

The cost of cool

If you believe your Facebook feed, we’re all post-status—or at least past caring about the traditional markers of it: beauty, money, popularity. Our modern era of “You’re enough!” posts clouds the fact that many women don’t feel like they’re enough, actually, at all. In this package, we explore what status means to women now—and how you can tune out the cultural noise and focus on what actually matters

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAIGE FURTNEY | ART DIRECTION BY SONYA VAN HEYNINGEN



In 2018, the state of your skin is akin to the state of your soul.

anyway. It’s a trend whose intellectual parents are French Girl chic and Drake’s “Best I Ever Had” (“Sweatpants / hair tied / chillin’ with no makeup on / That’s when you’re the prettiest”).

Look closer, though, and you’ll see the subtle tells that suggest a contradiction between the projected chilled-to-the-bone ease and the obsessive energy that goes into every choice—after all, spending 30 minutes to look like you just woke up like this is hard work. The ubiquitous Glossier glow is the real fulcrum upon which this whole trend turns. Spring 2018 runway beauty was all about uber-hydrated “glassy” skin, a look that can trace its lineage directly back to Glossier’s “skin first, makeup second” philosophy. In 2018, the state of your skin is akin to the state of your soul. Invisible pores and lit-from-within radiance are a shorthand for your participation in all the other high status activities of our era: green juices, daily meditation, anything Goop-adjacent. The 10-step Korean skincare regime is not indulgence or conforming to the patriarchy’s standards of beauty when you can file it under “self-care”.

Buying stuff is similarly redeemed when you can rebrand it as “mindful” shopping. Like so much of the “effortless” wardrobe, it’s an “if you know, you know” vibe—you’d never clue in that those tasselled loafers were made in a factory that paid its workers a living wage unless you, too, had been on the wait-list for them at Everlane.

Jenny, 26, is an ethical shopper who cites Reformation and Montreal’s Judith and Charles as go-to “transparent” retailers, but she admits to struggling with the current brand of self-consciously uncomplicated style. “It can be intimidating because this look has so much flexibility,” says the recent law school grad. “It’s a lot easier to throw a bunch of brand names together and be on your way.”

All that overthinking (and copy catting) is too much for Aliyah, a 30-something who recently unfollowed all the influencers on her Instagram because she could not bear one more “perfect” image.

“It’s funny that we collectively scoff at all those girls in bandage dresses because they all look the same, and yet this ‘low key’ look is incredibly considered,” says the West Coaster who works for a major Canadian fashion brand. “I sometimes wonder if we’re becoming terrified of our own taste. Social media allows for very little experimentation because you’re constantly pressured to share and have people like it, so the default seems to just be whatever everyone thinks is ‘cool’ at the moment”.

In fact, as effortlessness becomes ever more en vogue, her own snobbery is shifting: “A year ago, I would have said that bad taste was synonymous with club girls who end up all looking the same. Now, I’m not so sure. How do you even begin to define good taste?”

The new snobbery

Why looking like you aren’t trying is *the* status symbol of the moment

BY SARAH LAING

It used to be *so* much easier to pretend to be something you’re not. Nouveau riche in the 18th century and trying to fit in with your aristo neighbours? Invite them over to see your rare and exotic pineapple. A high schooler at the turn of this millennium angling for an invite to Chad’s rager? Throw a Von Dutch trucker hat and a pair of diamonded hip-huggers at the problem. A reality TV star whose claim to fame involves a night vision camera? There’s nothing an Hervé Léger bandage dress and a Birkin can’t fix. (In fact, your cheekbones just might launch a thousand very contoured ships). But in 2018?

We signal our status by looking like we’re not trying to signal our status...which is the hardest task of all.

Effortlessness, you see, is the new black. If you double-tapped on a street style-star lately, chances are she was wearing the uniform of the moment: A long-line blazer, some shade of straight leg denim, a Loewe Puzzle (or some other equally expensive but not obviously branded bag), and above all, an air of nonchalance, of “Oh this? I just threw this together and happened to wear it for a stroll down this aggressively graffitied alley.”

Meghan Markle’s love for artfully “messy” buns, oversized coats and wide-leg trousers has made Kate Middleton’s demure skirt suits and perfect blowouts seem fussy and outdated. Intentionally grubby Golden Goose sneakers have replaced stilettos for a night out, and to be honest, there’s way more social capital to be had these days by being seen at a female co-working space like The Wing than the bar,

Stealing beauty

When you grow up in poverty, the price of being “pretty” can be devastating

BY ALICIA ELLIOTT

Like most femme kids who grew up poor, I have a complicated relationship with makeup and fashion. My back-to-school shopping, for example, wasn’t really shopping at all. My family went to a church-run clothing donation centre set up with hangers and racks to look like a department store—as much as a large room full of unwanted clothes can look like a department store. I’d get a certain number of pants, shirts and sweaters for free, none of which were the right brands or styles or even from the right decade for me to pass as anything but a walking donation bin. That was my wardrobe for the year.

Not exactly Paris Fashion Week. Through very conscious effort, I was able to melt into the halls of my junior high just enough to avoid the bullying most of the other poor kids got. But I didn’t want to just melt into the halls. I wanted people to look at me and not wonder what year my sweater was produced. I wanted them to look at me and wonder who I was, why they hadn’t introduced themselves to me; I wanted their breath to catch in their throat. I wanted, most of all, to be pretty.

Of course, being pretty came at a price, and not just metaphorically. Pretty had a literal price: between the right clothes, the right makeup, the right diet, the right extracurricular activities to keep you skinny, the cost of pretty added up quickly. The problem was that my family could barely pay rent every month. If I wanted so much as a \$5 lip gloss I knew I couldn’t ask my parents. If I really wanted that lip gloss, I would have to steal it.

Around the corner from my house was a pharmacy with a decently sized makeup section. I’d spent long periods of time pacing in the aisles, fantasizing over which brand would give me the glass-like shine I was convinced would

make me cool. Once I decided to steal, though, those long trips bristled with added danger: Browsing the aisles, I’d slowly pry products out of packages, millimetre by millimetre, hoping the sound wouldn’t be too loud, then I’d slide the lip gloss or mascara into my bra or just beneath my waistband, between my pants and my underwear. Every time I was sure that I’d be found out. Every time I got away with it.

Nothing could compare to the satisfaction I felt slicking that Bonne Bell lip gloss over my lips. I’d smile and smile, actually excited to catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror when I was so used to being ashamed.

My parents never noticed. They were too busy trying to keep a roof over our heads. My mother had just had another baby; now we were a family of six. Again, we had to move. Somehow, my visibly Native father convinced a landlord to rent us a beautiful three-bedroom house in a fairly suburban area. We were the poorest people around for blocks. Everyone could tell, and they kept their distance accordingly.

This is probably why, not long after we moved, I was caught shoplifting at a large department store. Something about the way I looked, the way I moved, the way I dressed, told the undercover detective to follow me around the accessories section, where I had my eye on a beaded coiled bracelet that looped around the wrist enough times to make it look like four or five bracelets instead of just one. As I tried to leave with the bracelet on my wrist, she grabbed me by the arm and yanked me back inside. She took me to an office and called my mom. The jig, as they say, was finally up.

My mother, a staunch Roman Catholic, was horrified that I’d broken a commandment. “Why did you do that?” she demanded. Crying, I told her that I did it because the coolest



girl at school had told me I had to if I wanted to be friends with her. Technically this was a lie. The coolest girl at school had never talked to me, so she couldn’t tell me to steal anything. However, the idea—that I was stealing to be cool, to be pretty—was devastatingly true. I wanted something to make me feel pretty. But more than that, I wanted something to make me feel valued and valuable in a world that told me I was neither because I was chubby, half-Native and poor.

At 30, I don’t steal anymore, but I’m still constantly looking to fill those

voids, to make me feel the pull of racism and sexism and colonialism and self-hatred just a little less. More often than not, makeup fills that void. I’ve graduated from lip glosses to lipsticks, from costume jewellery to highlighters and eyeshadow palettes. But what I haven’t outgrown is that feeling I had as a teen. I don’t think I ever will. Every time I swipe on a lipstick or finish blending out my eyeshadow, there’s that moment, however fleeting, where I look at myself in the mirror and think, “You’re beautiful. You’re so, so beautiful.”

Looking the part
CONTINUED FROM COVER

Compulsive shopping isn't officially recognized by the DSM-V (the official bible of mental disorders) but it's usually associated with other mood, anxiety, substance and eating disorders. It tends to run in families, especially families where depression, anxiety and substance abuse is common. (That would make me a textbook case, since I've battled depression and anxiety for most of my life, and grew up in an alcoholic household.) While the disorder may not seem as outwardly devastating as drug or alcohol abuse, it can have serious financial and soul-shattering psychological consequences (more on that later). And it's no surprise that debting, a partner to compulsive spending, is a huge problem: At last check, Canadians owed an average of \$22,837 in debt (not including mortgages).

My own road to massive debt wasn't just about buying clothes to look the part. Since I worked so hard in my job, I felt I deserved to go on fancy wellness retreats in Spain and to crash out after a 12-hour workday on the best 600-thread-count sheets I could find. I spent lavishly on gourmet take-out and groceries, too, buying fancy cheeses and prepared foods for the dinner parties I'd never actually host.

Meanwhile, my credit card took the heat. To pay off the thousands I owed on it, I asked the bank for a sizeable line of credit, which they were more than willing to give me. The credit line grew as my spending habits did, and since I managed to maintain a good credit rating, the bank gifted me with an even higher balance. In my head, I saw those extra figures as "my" money, not the bank's—this clouded thinking also led me to believe that I was, in fact, a semi-wealthy person and not a writer-editor in a fairly low-paying job.

But no matter how many pairs of ankle booties or handbags I bought, it was never enough. I'd get a drug-like hit of euphoria when I bought something, but the feeling was always temporary, and I'd need to buy more. If I could just buy that one perfect thing, or that perfect outfit, I would be seen as important and as though I belonged to the "fashion club." But shopping could never fill the void of loneliness and lack of self-worth I felt, even as I projected to the world a sense of having it all under control in my French-girl-chic outfit. My deep-seated sense of perfectionism and the fact that my self-esteem depended on my appearance were just the things to fuel my now out-of-control spending habit. I felt I'd never get it under control, and now it was controlling me.

When things began to get scary, I knew was hitting bottom: I was afraid to answer the phone, in fear of calls from the banks and collection agencies. I sold pricey clothes (some with the tags still on) on eBay and on consignment to make money, but it never lasted. Once I broke even again on my payments, or when there was a bit of credit available, I'd shop some more. Sometimes, I'd forgo paying bills altogether or use credit, if it was available, to pay them. After a while, making the minimum payments on my

credit cards each month wasn't feasible. To cover my rent and other expenses, I asked my parents for countless "loans" that I knew I'd never be able to repay. After nearly a year of barely making ends meet and keeping my shame a secret, I finally realized that I needed help.

Telling my parents about the severity of my situation was devastating—I'd always been "the good child" of the family, and I felt absolutely ashamed that I'd let things get so wildly out of control. My stepdad, ever the problem-solver, took it upon himself to find a solution. After discussions with my bank came up short, he did a simple Google search to find a way out of my problem and hit upon what would be my saving grace: a consumer proposal, which lets you settle your debts for much less than you owe.

The day I met with a trustee to discuss the idea, I felt like I was attending my own funeral. I saw it as my own personal day of reckoning: admitting to myself and to the world that my life was unmanageable, that I was a mess. The "consumer proposal" seemed like a fairy-tale notion to me, but after a few months and a lot of paperwork, my



“I’d always been ‘the good child’ of the family, and I felt absolutely ashamed that I’d let things get so wildly out of control.”

proposal was submitted and accepted. Today, I owe my creditors less than half of my initial debt, which is a weight off my shoulders I can't possibly explain. My credit rating sucks, and I may not be able to get a credit card for the next five years, yet I feel like I've been given a second chance at life.

A couple of months ago, a friend mentioned a program called Debtors Anonymous, a 12-step group for compulsive spenders and debtors. I've been in the program for a little over a month, and already, it's given me both the practical tools to manage my money in a healthy way and the ability to connect with others who've had similar problems to mine. It turns out, connection was the thing I was looking for all along, and I've realized that my overspending was a misguided attempt at self-care and acceptance.

That's the thing with looking to external sources to validate ourselves, whether it's a person, a job, or a Chanel dress, they're all external. As cheesy as it sounds, I know this to be true: Real self-esteem can only come from within. *Name has been changed

What makes you popular in 2018?

We asked high schoolers across Canada

Yolanda, 17
“People who are popular are generous, open-minded and have large amounts of free time. If you have a lot of time for parties, you will be more popular.”

Jessi, 17
“The people who have status have trendy clothes and designer items—the ultimate status symbol would be having a car. Having these things proves wealth, and I guess that makes people want to hang out with you. But I don't buy into it. Many of them have broken friendships since they're just using one another for their stuff.”

Avery, 17
“Status is pretty much set in stone. I don't really know how it happened, but our school is cliquey and some groups just rise to the top. Once they're there, there's little room for anyone else in the spotlight.”

Renee, 16
“The ultimate status symbol would probably be an individual's academic and extracurricular involvements. In a school where competitiveness stems from how packed your resumé is, we idolize people who either do what we want to do or who are who we want to be. In a school with more than 700 students, having your name known is truly what makes you popular—to get there, you have to be involved.”

Kaitlyn, 16
“Having status means having the most friends, being well-known, being able to host parties, and having money. Being an older student (like in grade 12) also determines your 'status' in our school.”

Katie, 17
“Status isn't something that can be bought: Guys and girls have this idea that in order to be well liked, they have to first attain this unrealistic body. Every piece of them—from their hair to their clothes and even how they laugh—has to be flawless. I can get wrapped in that mindset, too. Not that I necessarily need all these things to be popular, but I can think that they'll somehow make me a better person.”

Makenzie, 16
“I think that what makes someone cool is not being ashamed to be who they are or wear what they like. It's like with social media: Some people care so much about what others think. Likes and followers don't make me feel better about myself the way they do for others. I'd rather just focus on loving myself.” —Jillian Vieira

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The wild woman

Jane Goodall has been spreading her gospel for nearly 60 years. Here, the boundary-pushing humanitarian says the responsibility to protect the planet is ours—before it’s too late

BY JILLIAN VIEIRA | PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATHERINE HOLLAND

in-field experience (becoming one of only eight people ever to be afforded this opportunity without an undergrad), and faced criticism from the academic community for her methods. “I was told, ‘You shouldn’t have given the chimps names, they should have had numbers. *That’s* science. You can’t talk about them having personality—only humans have personality. You can’t talk about them having minds capable

improvement is immediate—eliminating the use of chimps for entertainment purposes and monitoring the motives behind extractive industries sit at the top her list—but for someone who’s witnessed setback after setback, her voice rarely rises out of anger or frustration when discussing it. Goodall is patient by nature, but she admits that the revolution has been slow and that attitudes take decades to change. “I think people are fairly well aware of the fact that chimps are threatened by deforestation, the bushmeat trade and being caught accidentally in snares set by hunters,” she says. “But they feel helpless and hopeless, so they do nothing. Apathy is one of the worst [things].”

As one bright spot in the push forward, Goodall is encouraged by the youth-led movements surrounding gun violence and the momentum they’ve been able to maintain. “When young people understand the problems and we listen to their voices and empower them to take action, then they can change the world. They *are* changing the world,” she says.

As our interview winds down, and the afternoon sun dims—we’re sitting in a dark room to limit energy use—Goodall can’t say she’s totally optimistic about the future of conservation. “I believe we have a window of time; I don’t think it’s very big, and so we need to take action now, now, now,” she says, the emphasis imploring you to believe her. “I used to call it ‘just-me-ism’: What can I do, it’s just me? If there’s a hundred people, then a thousand people, then a million, then several million, then a billion, and everyone is picking up litter, turning lights off and saving water, and everybody is raising money for some issue that they’re passionate about, this is collectively going to make the kind of world that we all want to leave to our children.”

You can sense that Goodall is ready for us to take the torch, passing it forward with her philosophy

Your first memory of Dr. Jane Goodall is probably from primary school: a trailblazer in a ponytail who unearthed humankind’s evolutionary connection to chimpanzees through a methodology that prioritized compassion. Maybe, as a scientific pioneer who broke all the rules—and often the lone woman in a male-dominated field—she nudged you closer to a career path that was meant for the boys. Maybe her living example taught you how to dream big. Goodall has certainly never shied from her ambitions. In her almost 60 years as the world’s best-known animal rights advocate, she has become the global leader in the fight to protect chimpanzees and their habitats. And, at 84, she is still amplifying her legacy. She travels more than 300 days a year, many of them as part of Roots and Shoots, her global youth advocacy program teaching empathetic leadership, which now has more than 10,000 groups in more than 100 countries. Jubilee, the stuffed chimpanzee that her parents gave her in lieu of a childhood teddy bear, travels with her everywhere, a nostalgic reminder of work yet to be done. If there’s a guiding light for being good, it burns bright, supernova bright, in Goodall.

In person, Goodall is the embodiment of every Annie Leibovitz portrait taken of her: petite and stoic with an all-knowing twinkle in her eye, her silvery-white hair pulled back, and an enamel pendant of Africa hanging around one of her signature turtlenecks. Her publicist proclaims how beautiful she looks and Goodall quips, “Oh shut up,” the kind of British retort you hear and wonder whether to cackle or cower.

She’s been this special brand of whip smart since landing in Gombe, Nigeria, at the age of 26. (Passionate about animals since childhood, as a young woman she visited a family friend in Kenya and boldly called up

Louis Leakey, the leading paleoanthropologist who would become her mentor.) Leakey chose Goodall to research the behaviour of chimpanzees, and she entered a profession predominantly populated by men, with no post-secondary pedigree to her name. “Leakey chose me because I was a woman,” says Goodall. “He felt we were better in the field.” Odds be damned, she developed her own style of observation: a decidedly more female-minded approach that saw the animals as equals, not lab subjects. Goodall got down on the chimps’ level, imitating them and earning their trust in order to witness their most intimate behaviours. It was an instinct, she says, that blossomed from an innate place.

She eventually pursued a PhD in ethology at Cambridge University after acquiring two years of

of thinking—that’s unique to humans. And you absolutely cannot talk about them having emotions.’ That’s considered the worst kind of anthropomorphism,” she recalls.

Nevertheless, she persisted. In 1977, she founded the Jane Goodall Institute; since 1996, she has served on the board of the Nonhuman Rights Project. In 2002, she became a United Nations messenger of peace. Throughout her career, Goodall has been adept at getting generations of children and adults alike to care: to care about animal protection, to care about environmental conservation, to care enough about our planet to put it above our human wants once in a while. Perhaps her greatest work was imperceptibly shaking our seat atop the animal kingdom. It’s why, in 2015, we mourned the death of an African lion named Cecil. “Because he had a name, he became this international symbol against



trophy hunting,” she argues. “But all of the lions who are trophy hunted also have names, even if we don’t know them. They know each other by something, anyway. They all have personalities, emotions and families; they all play a role in society.”

Goodall senses that her message has permeated the collective conscience, but still, there’s work to be done. She muses on areas where the need for

front of mind. “I’ve worked very hard since I left Gombe in 1986 to travel the world and give people hope and work to raise understanding of the problems. I want that to be able to carry on after me. We have 34 Jane Goodall Institutes now around the world, Roots and Shoots in 100 countries. So that’s my legacy, but when I’m not here to push, what’s going to happen?”

“I believe we have a window of time; I don’t think it’s very big, and so we need to take action now, now, now.”

SO HOW DOES CANADA STACK UP?

When it comes to conservation, we’ve got some major work to do

The never-ending news cycle gives us plenty of reasons to raise our eyebrows at our not-so-environmentally-friendly neighbours to the south—stepping away from the Paris climate agreement, EPA rollbacks and cuts to clean-energy programs come to mind—but Andria Teather, CEO of the Jane Goodall Institute of Canada, says our rap sheet is nothing to be proud of either. “I think we’re a little too smug, especially now with these political situations where

nobody’s paying attention to [pollution],” she says. “It’s pretty obvious that we’ve got our own issues.”

Disappearing wildlife and rampant consumerism don’t make it onto the political agenda. Major problems, like the fact that some First Nations communities have lacked potable water for years, receive little to no attention from the government, media or otherwise. It’s the institute’s objective to illustrate how all these issues—however far-removed

they may seem—affect us personally. “So much of it is connected to what we eat, what we engage in, our lifestyles,” says Teather. “The minerals that are in cell-phones are mined in exactly the areas we’re working in in Africa. We’re trying to tell young people that when they use these products, we’re desecrating the environment in really important areas—our fresh air comes from inside these incredible forests.”

So what to do? First, stay hungry

and seek out opportunities to educate yourself. From there, you can donate to worthy causes, volunteer your time or consider working in the not-for-profit sector. “It’s just the most satisfying to be in something where you’re exposed to not just people like Jane, but the people who are engaged with us and in the work we do,” says Teather. “You feel like you’re making a difference in today’s world, which is so crazy—I mean could there be a better job?”

Treat yourself to a self-care getaway

Need a time out from real life? **Caitlin Kenny** hits reset in Canada’s wellness capital

Somewhere between our never-ending winter and my breathless sprint through a gauntlet of deadlines, I found myself doing a most out-of-character thing: fantasizing about a yoga retreat. I saw the ad on Instagram on a chilly Sunday morning. A Mexican beach, daily yoga, green juice flowing—it sounded like exactly the reprieve I craved. The trouble is, I don’t like yoga.

Instead, I find my workout bliss when I’m drenched in sweat with my heart pounding—why hasn’t anyone organized a boxing retreat or an all-you-can-spin getaway? The thought rooted itself in my mind, and six weeks later, I was on a plane to Vancouver, Canada’s wellness capital.

It didn’t take me long to blend right in. I sipped the complimentary charcoal-infused water as I checked in at The Douglas, a boutique hotel inside downtown’s new Parq Vancouver resort. I dropped my bags inside my camp-inspired room (picture: plaid blankets and plenty of wood panelling), changed into workout gear and set out to Chinatown’s recently opened Club Row.

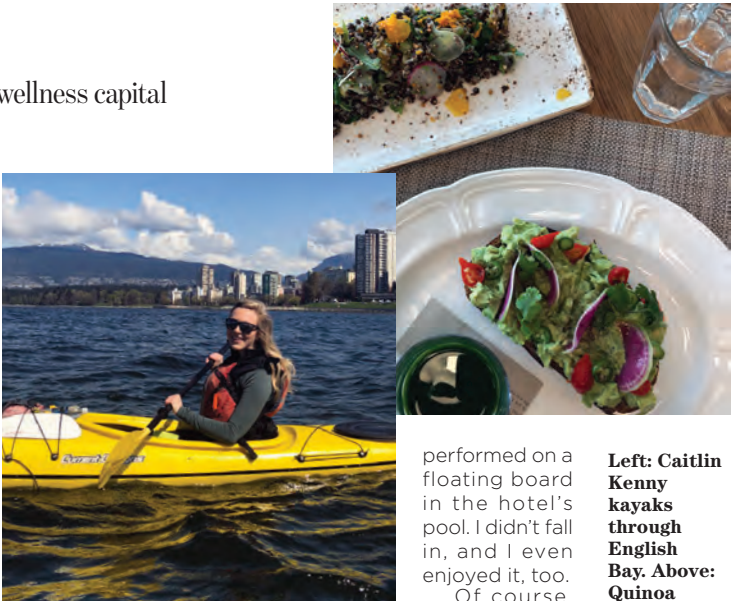
Thanks to my SoulCycle habit back home, I felt accustomed to Club Row’s candlelit room and the way the whole class moves together to Nicki Minaj and Justin Bieber beats. Less familiar? The fact that I was on a rowing machine instead of a stationary bike. By the end of the 45-minute class, I had rowed the equivalent of six kilometres and rewarded myself with some very Vancouver organic, dairy-free gelato (made from coconut milk, hemp seed milk and cashew butter) from Umaluma around the corner.

Already living my best life, I completed my afternoon with a thick slab of avocado

toast—served with a shot of fresh-pressed green juice—from the hotel’s farm-to-table restaurant, Honey Salt; a walk among 1,300-year-old Douglas firs in North Vancouver; and a hot stone massage using local basalt rocks at the Parq’s spa. My peak wellness moment: rehydrating after the massage with crystal-infused water to “promote tranquility and soothe the mind and emotions.”

On my second day, I went for that same mix of sweat and sun. First, an exhausting boxing class at All-City Athletics’ new Gastown studio. I made friends with another newbie and we took turns hammering the punching bag while the other counted to 100, with plenty of burpees in the mix. After that, I made my way to Granville Island to kayak. My guide let me choose between the enclosed channel along the harbourfront or the more open waters of English Bay, and I went with the latter because it meant paddling with the snowy mountains in full view. It also meant choppy waves on the way out—a delight for my post-rowing, post-boxing arms—but once we turned around an hour later, putting the sun at our backs, the rays’ sparkle on the water lit something in me, too.

Oddly, the more calories I burned, the more energized I felt. For my last two days, I hopped over to the Westin Harbourfront so I could make use of their run and bike concierge program, where recovery snacks and equipment (an outfit and shoes for the former, and a bike and helmet for the latter) are provided along with a route map (I recommend the incredible views of Stanley Park, Vancouver’s tree-covered peninsula). I even gave in to yoga—liquid yoga, that is,



Left: Caitlin Kenny kayaks through English Bay. Above: Quinoa salad, avocado toast and an obligatory shot of green juice at Honey Salt.

performed on a floating board in the hotel’s pool. I didn’t fall in, and I even enjoyed it, too. Of course, my idea of self-care involves a bit of indulgence as well. I reserved my evenings for this balancing out, feasting on dim sum at the new Chinese fine-dining spot 1886, and 1,200-degree-broiled strip loin from Victor’s steak and seafood menu, along with a glass (or two) of Okanagan wine. But on my last night, thoughts of assignments and house chores began rolling in like ominous storm clouds. I decided to bail on my reservation at the highly recommended Nightingale, and started getting ready for bed at 8 p.m. But, half in my pyjamas, I realized how defeated I would feel if I gave in to this anxiety. I forced myself to pull my jeans back on, grab my purse and head out.

As I walked along the harbour, my mental to-do list was quieted by the stillness of the water, the grandeur of the mountains. I watched the sun drop behind their peaks, and with it, a blanket of calm floated down over me. By the time I reached the restaurant, I realized I was grinning, and resolved to take this lesson home with me. Sometimes, just getting out and moving is all the self-care I need. But the mountains don’t hurt either.



The peacefulness of Vancouver Harbour.

Sweat so good

Keep the positive vibes going in earth-friendly workout wear



This strappy bra’s recycled polyester prevents eight PET bottles from hitting landfills and oceans.

RUMI X BRA, \$79, RUMIXFEEL-GOOD.COM



The yarn in these shoes is made of recycled waste from beaches, to help keep plastic out of the ocean.

ADIDAS BY STELLA MCCA-RTNEY SHOES, \$310, ADIDAS.CA



This environment-focused brand is all about cutting waste: from the water usage at its factories to its recycled fabrics.

OUTDOOR VOICES TIGHTS, \$121, OUTDOORVOICES.COM

THE KIT X OSCAR DE LA RENTA

Garden party

An olfactory tribute to one of fashion’s most illustrious figures becomes spring’s cheeriest spritz

Oscar de la Renta often sought solace from the fashion world frenzy in the emerald grounds of his Connecticut farm or the jungle-like surroundings of his beachfront haven in his native Dominican Republic. “A garden is probably the most pure and spiritual of joys,” the late designer once said. This spring, the iconic brand he left behind is paying homage to his love of nature with a fresh fragrance which recalls the same lush greenery and dewy blooms that brought the designer so much happiness. A bouquet of muguet, rose and freesia, Bella Blanca sparkles with juicy hints of pear and mandarin, while a sandalwood and musk finish soaks skin in warmth. Dressed in white blossoms, the enchanting medley sparks instant delight, bringing you on a mythical sun-filled stroll through de la Renta’s beloved gardens.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA BELLA BLANCA EAU DE PARFUM, \$112 (100 ML), BEAUTYBOUTIQUE.CA



THE KIT X M-A-C



M-A-C ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Vivian Chan

@Veeevian.mua, M-A-C PRO artist at Vaughan Mills in Toronto, weaves a story, one lip look at a time

MIDNIGHT STARBURST

Inspiration: “The collision of sunset and sunrise.”

Get the Look: Line the outer corners of the lip with M-A-C Lip Pencil in Cyber World and Pro Longwear Lip Pencil in More To Love, blending out the edges with your finger. Paint all over with Dazzleglass in Funtabulous and Rags To Riches.



L’OR ROUGE

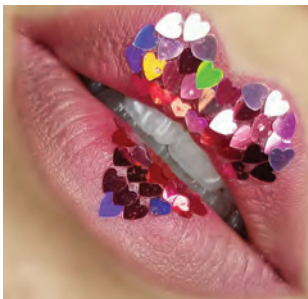
Inspiration: “A red Cheongsam wedding dress accented with gold.”

Get the Look: Line corners of top lip and full bottom lip in M-A-C Liptensity Lip Pencil in Fire Roasted. Pat Lipstick in Viva Glam Sia on corners of top lip and all over bottom lip. Apply Dazzleglass in Goldyrocks. Tap Glitter in Gold onto centre of lips with #242S Shader Brush.

QWEEN OF HEARTS

Inspiration: “The Queen of Hearts—styled in a sequin dress.”

Get the Look: Use Lipstick in VIVA GLAM II all over the lips for a pretty pink base. Form a heart shape in the centre of the lips using Glitter in Pink Hearts.



FLORAL REALNESS

Inspiration: “Spring flowers and the new Patrick Starr collection.”

Get the look: Line lips with M-A-C Lip Pencil in Spice; fill with Retro Matte Liquid Lipcolour Metallics in Quartzette. Create simple flower designs using M-A-C Chromagraphic Pencil in Process Magenta and M-A-C Chromacake in Basic Red for the petals and Pure White for details. Coat with Lipglass in Clear for a high-shine lacquer finish.

Major Twist

Vivian favours the element of surprise in her makeup craft

How would you describe your beauty philosophy? “Edgar Allan Poe wrote,

‘There is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness [in the proportion]’. I love to do a look and add something that doesn’t quite belong. This creates a style that just can’t be ignored, because it draws the eye to a focal point while elevating everything surrounding it.”

What are some of your favourite M-A-C products? “Our

eyeshadows come in the entire rainbow of colours and so many textures. You can create anything in your imagination. Prep + Prime Fix + is the mist of magic! I use it to add hydration, change shadow textures, create custom liquid liners and more. My favourite bridal trick is to spray it on the shoulders before adding any highlight to create the perfect focused glow.”

EXPERT TOOL KIT



FROM TOP: M-A-C COSMETICS EYE SHADOW IN CARBON, AMBER LIGHTS AND CORK, \$19 EACH, STROBE CREAM IN PINKLITE, \$40, PREP + PRIME FIX +, \$30, PREP + PRIME LIP \$22, STUDIO FIX POWDER PLUS FOUNDATION IN NC15, \$35, AVAILABLE AT ALL M-A-C LOCATIONS AND MACCOSMETICS.CA

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR HER

Oscar de la Renta
BELLA BLANCA



Fresh from Oyster Bay.

*Delicately scented pear
and nectarine, a graceful
stonefruit and floral
backdrop with lively
crisp apple freshness.*



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