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CONTEMPORARY ARTS MAG  
DISCOVERY  
VOL 1.  
JUNE 2019  
ENGLISH

# Innards



Donna Shahini

## I3

### Jury Duty

A cog in the whirring city-machine, Alonzo receives an order early in the morning.

JURY DUTY-1200 HRS-DEPART  
IN 00:04:27.00-DELAY LINE 3.

He must follow. Anything for Mother.

## I6

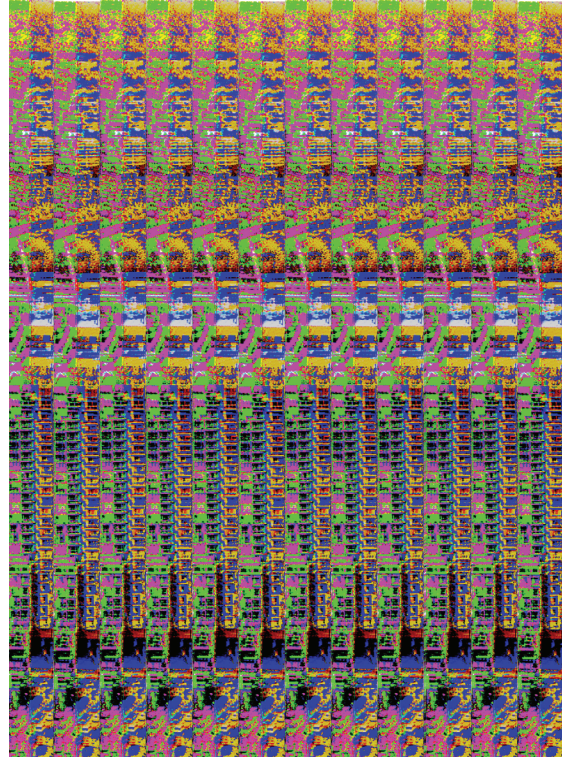
### Fashion

School. Field. River. Bridge.  
Playground. High fashion  
meets streetwear, intercut with  
snippets of poetry and lyrics,  
in Toronto's urban idyll.



# 20 CCP

What happens when you mix a footprint-less digital presence with a cult-like following, and add “if you know you know” status to a fashion label? CCP. Avant-garde designer, Carol Christian Poell shows the world that it is possible to mix fashion, activism, and high quality into one insane label.



Martin Pellikka

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# A Letter from the Editors

**R**over. Wanderer. A contemporary arts magazine that was until recently very much dead. We've done our best to get it up and running and we hope you'll enjoy the scintillating photography and artwork, as well as all of the written work not fit to grace Northern's more esteemed publications.

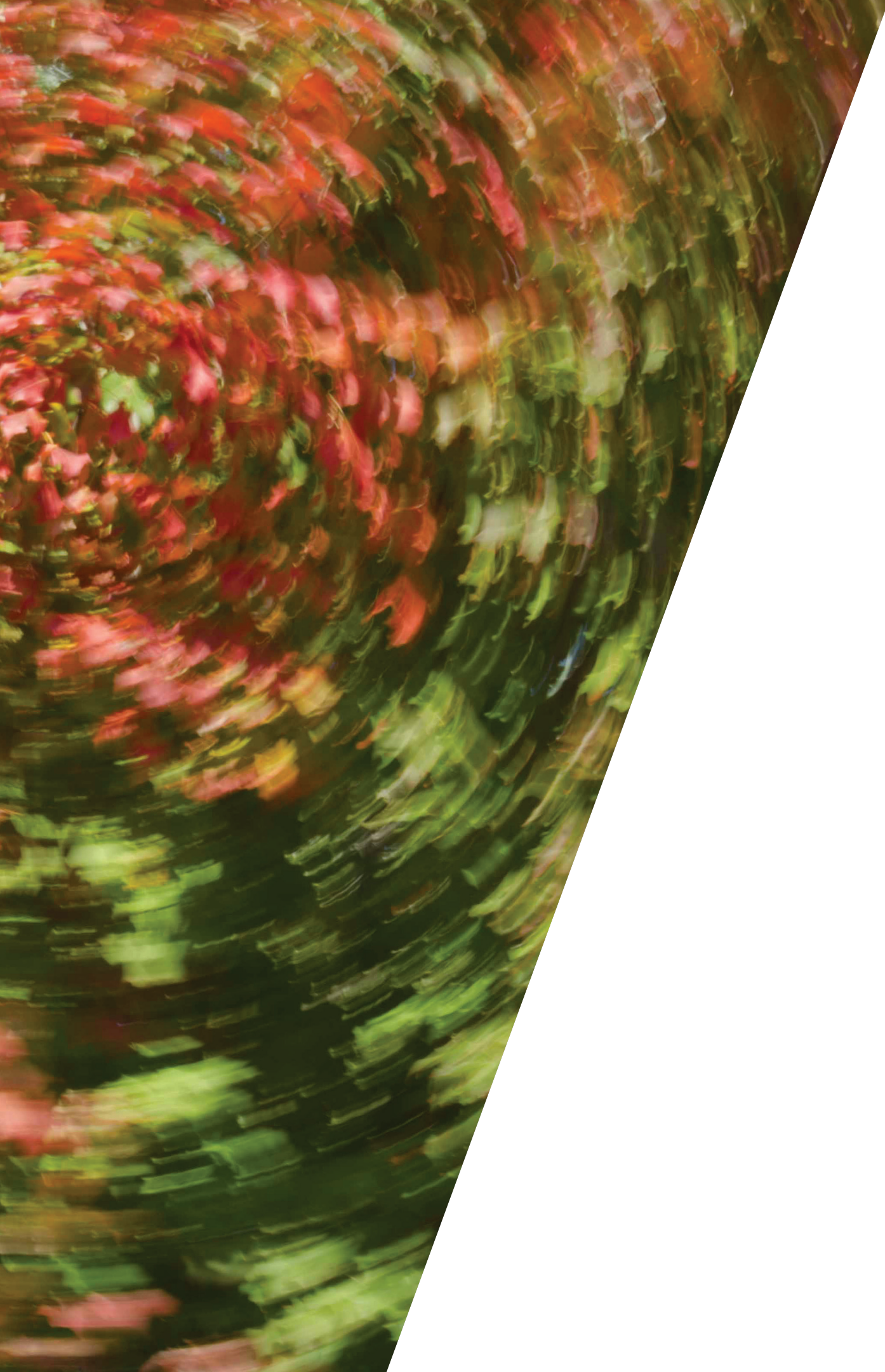
Now we've got a helluva lot of good work selected for you. Each piece is imbued with classic Rover candor, well as classic as a new publication can hope to be. Some work might make you think, I'd be surprised if some work made you cry, but I'm sure you'll laugh at us for thinking we deserved our own style section.

We tried to make this magazine with Rover's core tenets in mind. Rover does not belong to the school. Rover does not belong to the teachers. Rover is ours, the students', and we've used it to say what we think needs saying.

You may not particularly care for fashion, maybe the fight against late-stage capitalism doesn't define you, but we hope you can find a little section of this magazine that makes you feel something. Now it might be confusion, in fact we'd probably like that. Just find something that makes you feel... and hold on.

Henry van Dyck and Justin "Day" Fuentes Tapia

Co-Editors

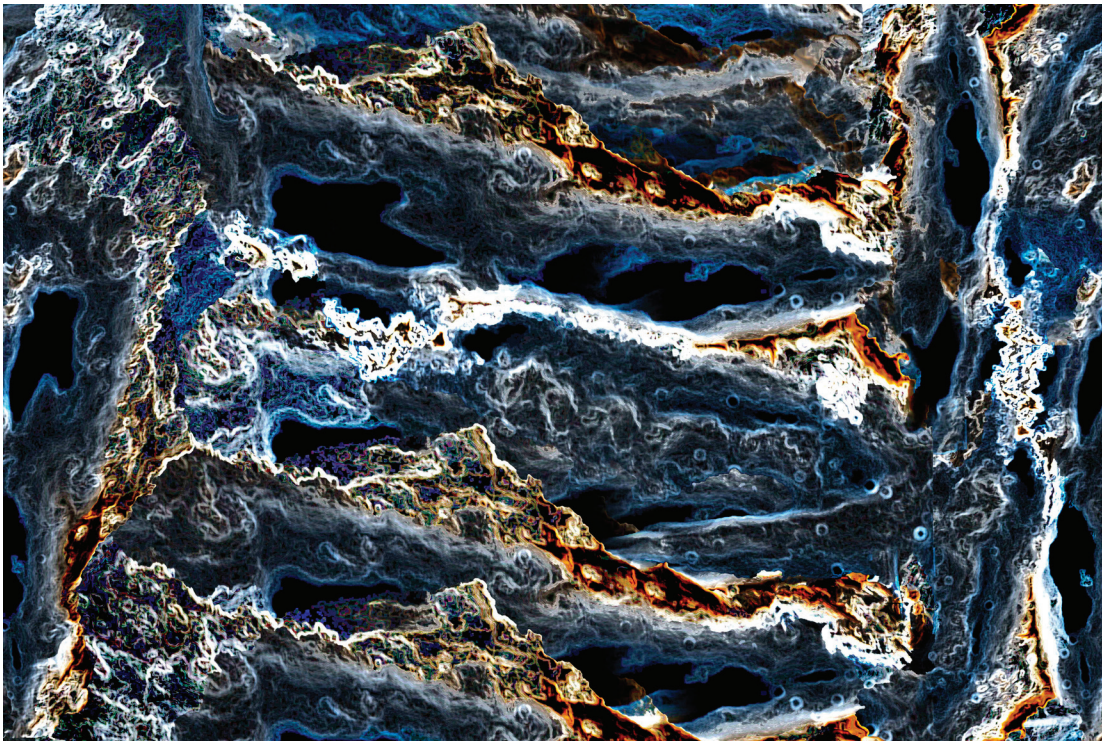


ROVER

# PHOTOGRAPHY



Adrienne Wong

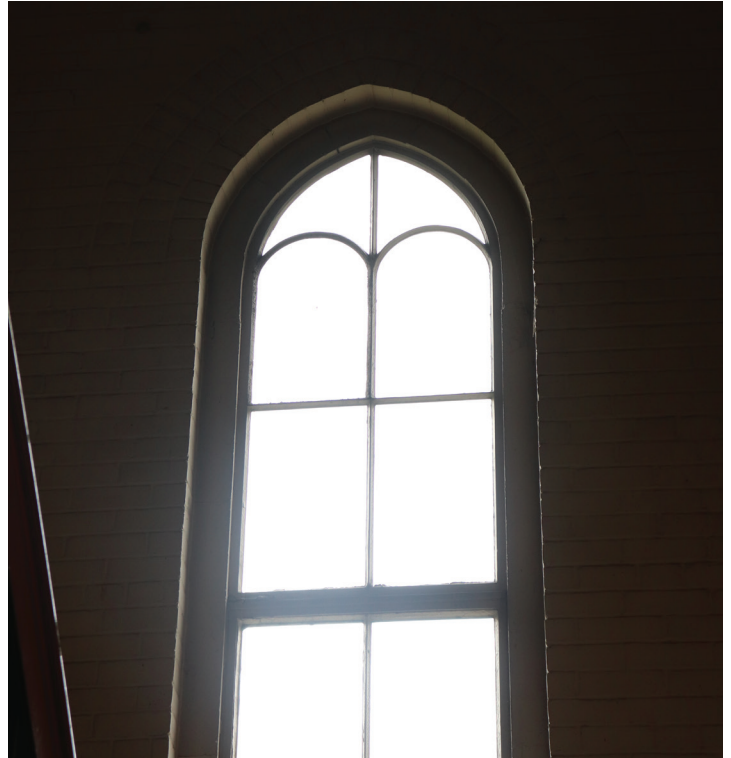


Martin Pellikka

ROVER



Mia Medlock



H. J. van Dyck



Gemma Simpson



Jori Keiken

ROVER





ROVER

Like Solomon



Aman Ebrahimi Afkham

Erica Macaraig

# MEMORY RX

H. J. van Dyck

“Goddammit, just tap me already!” I grunt as I readjust the cool glass chemoline that curls through the dip in my chest into the hollow cavity underneath. My skin has been worn into a callous here; a small patch shaved for maximum adhesion of the insertion pad. I don’t hear any response, but soon enough I watch a thin brown injection dribble its way down the tubing. The droplets accumulate at the base of the chamber before the stopper closes down with a shot and the Viruline™ hits my system. I am aware of a throbbing in my tendons and the drum of blood circulating through my vessels, stretching and contracting the flesh underneath my ears. I am acutely aware of every natural sensation in my body for a long moment. These feelings reach a cacophony before my vision goes black. There is darkness. There is silence.

Newly fallen autumn leaves crumple under my feet as I race through the dappled shade of a lonely wood. An earthy scent—must be cedar—is only just distinguished in my heavy panting by a searching nose. I hear the gurgle of a brook to my right, emerging into vision

between a pile of small rocks and a birch tree cloven with rot. Searching, I turn my head to each side, hoping to catch a glimpse of purple thread, a wisp of bleached-blond hair. A laugh surprises me and I reel around to watch a bright glimmer of colour vanish into the brambles. I follow her, breathless. I weave my way in between youthful pine and stolid oak, jumping from rock to rock in the tangled undergrowth. I hear a faint giggle from up in front of me. I take one bound, then two, but as I do my vision begins to blur and I falter. I take a few dazed steps as the world darkens around me. The last thing I hear is laughter tinkling in my ears. There is darkness. There is silence.

“Put me back in” I snarl. I hear a calm voice from behind my head. “Sir, you’re aware of PharmaCAN’s protocol. No repeat memories within 72 hours.” “Override. I’m entitled my two doses.” I call back. A fevered sweat drips down my skin onto the sky-blue vinyl chair as I reach out for another vial of Viruline™. My chest is bleeding and my arms are numb. There is silence.

# MEMORY RX

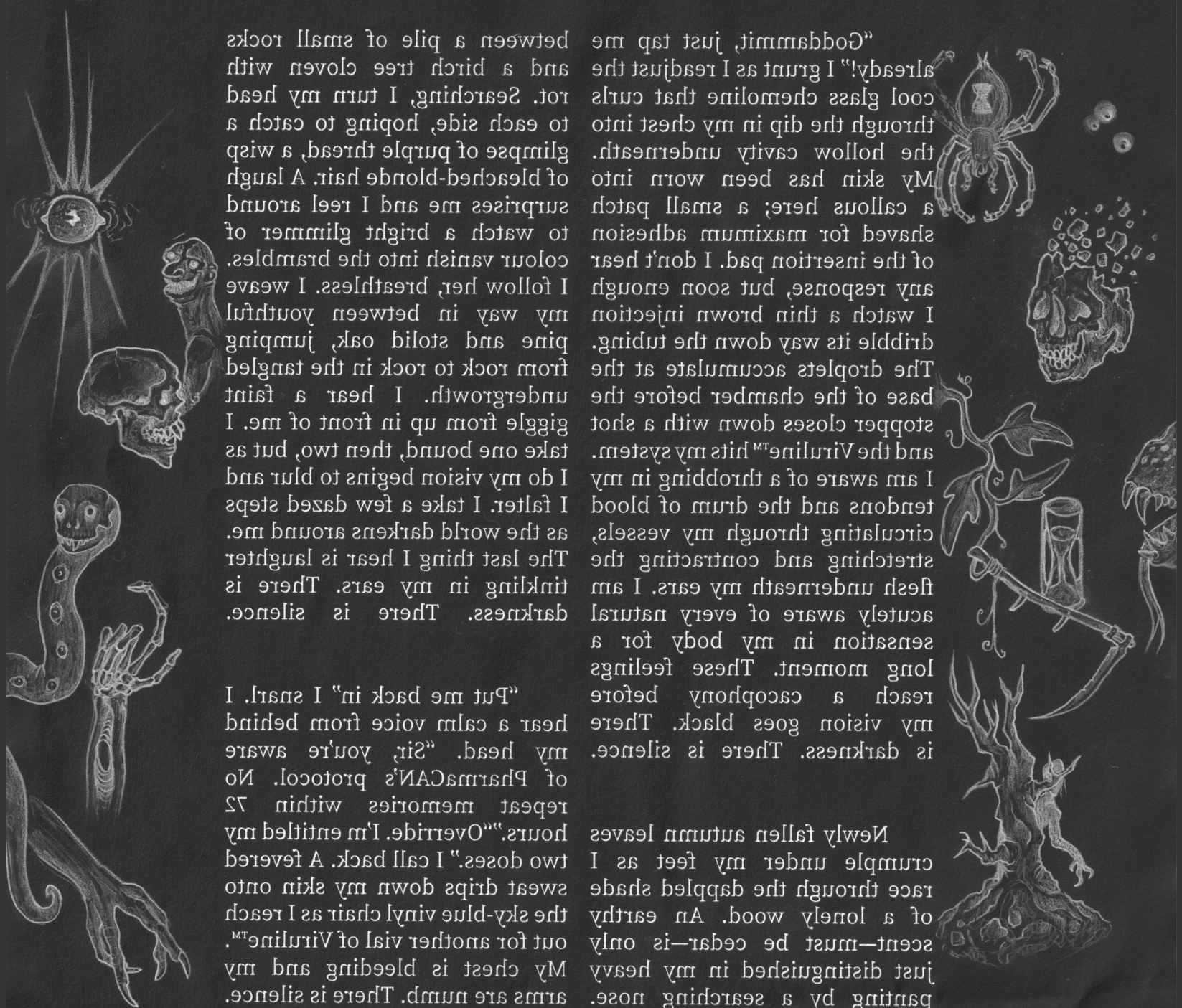
H. J. van Dyck

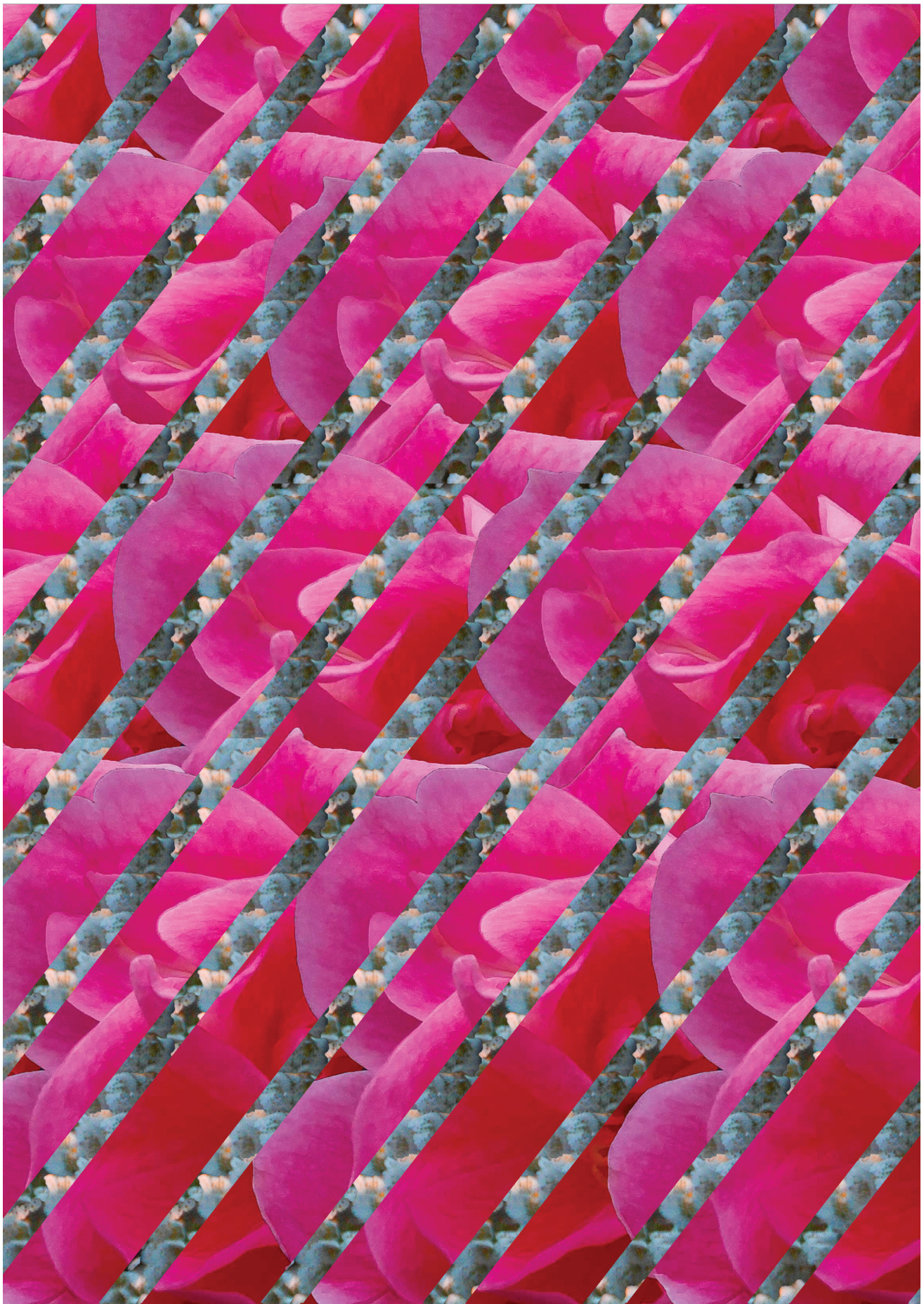
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# JURY DUTY

H. J. van Dyck

*Rip...rip...crack!* The blister pack bursts and my pills tumble onto the floor. I kneel and sweep them into my palm before placing them back on the metal counter. *Tabulance... Agroline...* where the hell's my *Libertone*? I fall back down and comb both hands through the blue shag carpet until I jog loose a small white tablet with a familiar plus cut into its face. It's meant to break into four. I throw the pills into my mouth, grab a cup of water, and force a swallow. My heart quickens, my hands steady and my pupils dilate. You can't get used to that. Now, where'd I leave the Sheet? It's right in front of me, on the counter like it always is, picking up the last of its charge off the conductive surface. I check the JOBS section first to plan my commute, but something's off. The page is all white. It takes me a second to notice the blinking pink dot and the text running along the noti-bar.

JURY DUTY-1200 HRS-DEPART  
IN 00:04:27.00-DELAY LINE 3.

I grab the only tie I have, a shiny dogtooth deal wrapped in a square knot on a

cheap aluminum clip. I slam the front door as I rush out, kicking up wet earth with my worker's boots as I rush out of the complex. The front cage swings open quietly and I step into the street, right into the path of a C-Coupe. The electric motor whirrs in reverse and I hear a grating as the gears catch. An automated voice orders me to "please make way... (please) make way... make way..." The calm electronic tone doesn't quite match the angry diplomat driving. I jump back as the coupe glides by, the window auto-shaded on the passenger side.

I start to walk towards the station. A few people walk the other way, but a lot fewer than usual. The night-workers must have already returned, or maybe today's that new holiday they gave the Postnaturals after the bombing? It's horrible, but I'm still a little jealous. I could use some rest myself.

I notice near the intersection a little girl walking her scrawny little dog. She's pulling with all her might, but the dog insists on sniffing every bar in the grating.

Her skinny arms can't seem to convince the stubborn animal to get moving. Eventually the dog decides it's time to leave and the little girl seizes her chance to walk away, but it's not long before the dog decides again to stop. The little girl scowls a funny little scowl. Pretty damn cute.

I slide through the clean glass doors of the station and onto the escalator's wide metal plate. I squeeze by a thick man with a duffle bag when it stops at Line 3. Apparently the delay they were experiencing was cleaned up, because right when I get off of the escalator a new tram free of passengers glides in. I take a seat and pull out the Sheet. No more info on Jury Duty, but I see an update for a new song by VANDO. I flick the backing, snap in my headset, and sit down for the ride.

The courtroom doors open before me at the assigned time and the assigned location. They're made of a dark wood, a type that doesn't look manufactured. Apparently it's just ornamental, because as I walk in I notice the door's metal backing. The room is octagonal; eight sections of seating cut towards a center dais of eight dark wooden chairs. In front sit a handful that are a sky-blue plastic. I look down to the Sheet and I read my instructions. I sit down in the leftmost blue chair and wait.

Over the next, I don't know, five minutes the room fills with people. Men and women walk in noiselessly, taking their seats without stopping to check the Sheet. All of the chairs fill except for the eight in the middle. The Sheet vibrates and tells me to stand. The room rises and together they enter.

Eight robes, eight men, eight chairs. They walk with an air of dignity, each bald head matches each slightly-pudgy face. They take their seats in unison; the leftmost man begins to speak.

"We know who you are, we know what you've done, and we know you will never do it again... We've made sure of that." The man pauses. "Still, justice requires more than just rehabilitation." A murmur extends from around the room. "Humanity requires punishment." I look to my right and notice none of the other men in the blue chairs seem to follow. "Today you will see. Today you will taste. Mother's reckoning has come and Mother is fair and just." This statement is echoed throughout the room, but none of the other men in the blue chairs join in. The robed man begins to speak again, but this time he raises his right index finger and points straight in front of him. Straight at me. "We start with you Alonzo."

All is a blur. There's a drumming in my ears as photos are projected on a giant grey screen.

I recognize myself in a few pictures, but I don't understand where I am or what I'm doing. I hear a few words being yelled from around me, but I can't make out the words. Still, I can taste the venom. A science-type walks in holding a plastic bag. He speaks a jumble of words in a monotone drum and then leaves. I am sweating a lot now, I feel my skin sticking to the blue plastic. After a while the hum dies down and I hear what sounds like a question. The bald man is looking at me. "Mr. Bernardo? What have you to say to Mother's children?" I manage a gulp, but my throat's too dry to say anything more. What would I say? "Mother is fair and just" I hear echoed as I watch each robed man pull a rifle out from behind his chair. I manage a scream before it's over. The judges hold their rifles to their eyes. A second passes. *Bang!*

"Yeah imagine that..."

"So he's rehabbed then?"

"Yeah, the doctors did him right."

"And the public?"

"Apparently one of the girls this guy abducted has a sister performing on TALENT, or maybe it's some reality show? I never know with these things. But anyway, she mentioned the case in passing."

"So they covered it?"

"Yeah, they covered it. NSN brought it up on the 0300 minute-report."

"So we've got to judge him."

"I suppose we do."

"He doesn't know."

"No, at least he doesn't know."

"Let's review the cases shall we?"

"Of course, to begin with Case 3ADE68B1: Alonzo Bernardo. Charges: abduction, rape, and the manufacturing and distribution of child pornography. Drugs prescribed: *Tabulance, Agroline, Libertone*. Effects: perfect behaviour. He's a goddamn model member of society! He even got a recommendation for promotion at his site."

"Imagine that."

ROVER



# FASHION





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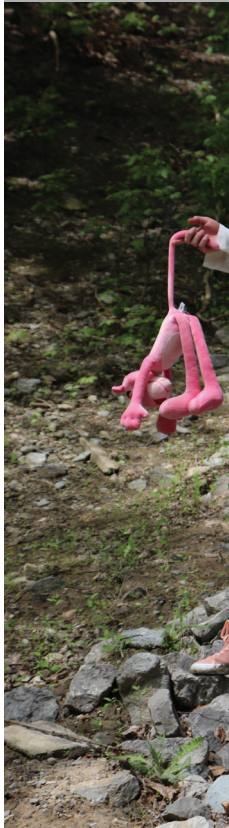


Woke up in a factory

I don't need air to breathe

What's this mystery

A Vorticist daydream



I want you getting close like the next day  
I want you getting close like the next day  
I want you getting close like the next day  
I want you getting close like the next day.





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I love too quickly.

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From head to toe, from sky to ground.

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I long for salvation no church can provide. No priest, no pastor, no static street preacher can hold my communion. I have sinned O Father! Dipped my toes into a cool basin, and my only redemption is to swim. I want water in my lungs, I want gills, I want flippers on my feet and silver scales on my back. I want to lie at the bottom of this lake and feel the water holding me down.

ROVER

# CCP

Day



The Library

From fashion-forward hobbyists to impassioned aesthetes, many are being captured by a small group of avant-garde ultra-niche designers. Labels like A1923, Boris Bidjan Saberi, Carol Christian Poell, Guidi, Label Under Construction, and Ma+ have risen to prominence in today's fashion circles. These labels feed the need for artisanal production techniques and archival fashion.

None of the labels listed above have as large a cult following as that of Carol Christian Poell. Eschewing pageantry, CCP continues to accumulate an audience that is enthralled by his artistic interpretation of the silhouette in the darkwear fashion subculture.

Carol Christian Poell attended the Fashion Costume University in Venice,

graduating with a degree in both men's and women's tailoring. He attended the Domus Academy in Milan before establishing the production and distribution company CCP Srl with his partner Sergio Simone in 1995. There he released a set of men's garments that same year titled the "non-intended collection". The following year, CCP's first official collection titled the "intended collection" became a hit in global fashion circles and even received public praise by numerous figures in the industry, most notably by Chanel Creative Director Karl Lagerfeld in reference to CCP's Spring/Summer 1995-96 collection.

For a long period of time Carol Christian Powell exclusively occupied the intersection of silhouette-heavy bespoke menswear and experimental



Fashion Lines

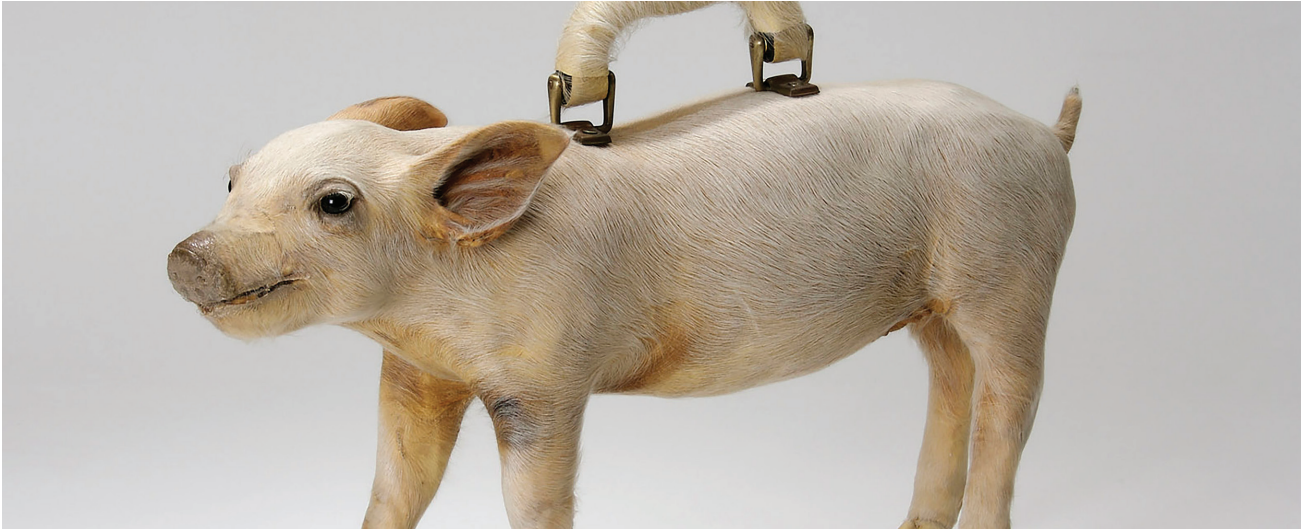
design, his work recognizable for its experimental construction and use of industrial materials. His pieces stem from a philosophy and cemented aesthetic only understandable in relation to the Japanese "Wabi-sabi", the style often employing a Tyvek-like texture.

CCP's works include the use of such unconventional materials as bodyplast, human hair, and blood-dyed leather. "What's interesting about Poell is that, unlike most designers who begin with the fabric, he begins with the thread... He has developed a textile that is 15% glass beads—they reflect light in a particular way." (Leanne Rae Wierzba, *Under the Influence* magazine editor). Additionally, each piece is tailored with extreme precision, highlights including supplemental additions that range

from advanced metal chain stitching to perfectly placed sole layering. Master tailoring accompanies his use of textiles and multi-sensory design aesthetic, pushing Poell's works to the extremes of settled fashion territory.

CCP reimagined a selection of traditional menswear staples, most notably in his infamous Drip Sneaker piece that uses his classic Drip-Rubber application. Each shoe is object dyed, a process where leather items are manufactured and dyed whole. These pieces carry distinguishable rubber dripping from the soles, resembling stalactites. Although they appear fragile, these shoes never break from normal use. The "Chainseam" trousers are another staple reimagined. They are made from one continuous piece of fabric with no

ROVER



The Library



Samsa G.



The Library

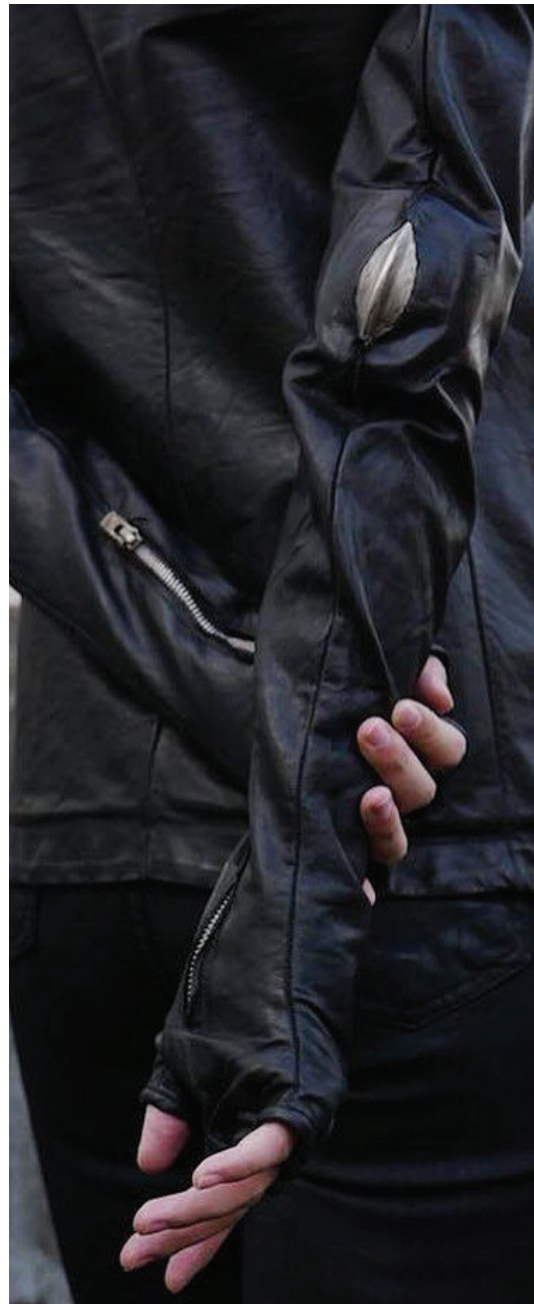
beginning or end, wrapped around the body's negative space and stitched into place. Seams are often glued and welded together, metal elbows built in half-man/half-machine configurations. This design ultimately creates a desired mild discomfort intends to remind the user that they are wearing CCP garments.

While Poell's presentations not only embody the aesthetic of his collection and his values, they also serve as a commentary on the fashion industry and greater society. CCP's fashion is an act of free expression and a form of activism.

"Public Freedom" explains CCP's desire to become completely independent of the pressure of advanced capitalism. This performative piece comments on late-stage capitalism: the normalisation, homogenisation, and commodification of all that is living. He laments emotional discontentment and humanity's continual empty addiction for more. In this particular presentation, CCP has models held in the enclosures of an Italian animal shelter--a criticism of the cruel system of animal abuse. With this collection CCP releases a statement art piece: a briefcase made out of a hollowed pig. This bag appears almost life-like, its purpose to remind the reader about the material's origin. The collection calls for a return to an ideal, where products are made to last. This is CCP's solution, high quality craftsmanship. The collection also percolates the need for aberration in today's restrictive environment. These models wear what they want, even behind bars. This piece ultimately shows the rejection of fashion as a disguise and attempts to reclaim style as an independent expressive medium.

CCP today remains true to its culture

and continues to remain an elusive, private and mysterious label. CCP holds almost no digital footprint. Only those who possess the sensitivity to discern the qualities found in CCP await the arrival of each collection.



The Library

# ART



Eden Stemetz



Uncredited



Uncredited



Maya Klens



Mashal Pouya



Day



Uncredited





Grace Yang



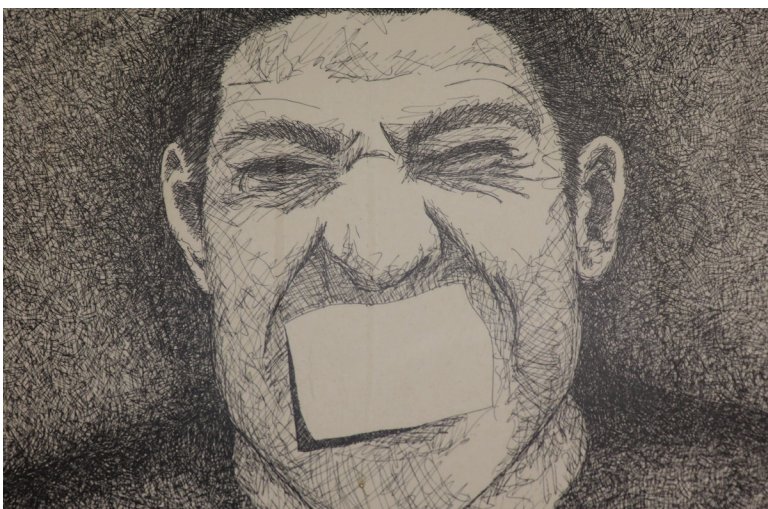
Grace Yang



Uncredited



Thomas Cooke



ALEXANDRA



Uncredited

ROVER

### No Paradise

A fleeting snow falls on bars of iron.  
Winter's whispered winds burrow in my breast.  
Yet the light breath of a sullen siren,  
Worms and wriggles a warmth into my chest.

I can find solace in a fallen glance.  
I can drown deep in a bleached-blond ocean.  
A sidelong look can break me from a trance.  
Languid lips will stir me into motion.

But as a vision fades in morning's light,  
And silver scales but shimmer then are gone,  
And sailor's hopes will vanish with the night,  
What's left but thoughts to hold the siren's song?

So I will dive into the bracing waves,  
And drown in depths; a smile upon my face.

H. V. D.



Emma, Amelia Bishop, and Caitlin

# ALONE WITH YOU

with John Lennox. Lyrics by H. V. D.

## VERSE I

A LAUGH THAT WHISPERS A WORLD BELOW,  
IN CALLOW KISSES FROM FALLING SNOW  
AND IN THE EARTH BENEATH MY FEET  
HER EMBRACE PROVIDES NO HEAT.  
O THIS WINTER'S ONLY WIND  
LICKS AT THE MARROW UNDERNEATH MY SKIN,  
AND IN THIS TEMPEST I'M ALONE.

G --- /EM --- /G --- /C --- /G --- /AM --- /C --- /G ---

## CHORUS X 2

AND I ALONE WILL ALWAYS BE, ALONE WITH YOU.  
SNAP ME OUT OF MY REVERIE.

DM --- /A --- /G --- /A - G -

## BRIDGE I

AND IN THAT HEART OF HEARTS,  
SO HARD, I'M TORN APART.  
PLEASE DON'T EVER PART  
DON'T EVER PART. NO.  
AND IN THAT HEART OF HEARTS,  
SO DARK, AND FROM THE START,  
SO PLEASE DON'T PART, DON'T EVER PART  
DON'T EVER PART. NO.  
C --- /G --- /AM --- /E - F -  
AM --- /EM --- /D --- /C - G -

## VERSE II

NOW I'VE FELT COLD AND I'VE FELT RIGHT  
AND I FELT BOTH IN TIRED EYES.  
BEEN THROUGH HELL AND I WANT MORE,  
NO USE KNOCKIN' AT THE DEVIL'S DOOR.  
AND IN THIS BLIZZARD ALL I'LL SAY,  
WOULDN'T WANT IT ANY OTHER WAY.  
AND IN THIS TEMPEST I'M ALONE.

G --- /EM --- /G --- /C --- /G --- /AM --- /C --- /G ---

## CHORUS X 2

AND I ALONE WILL ALWAYS BE, ALONE WITH YOU.  
SNAP ME OUT OF MY REVERIE.

DM --- /A --- /G --- /A - G -

## BRIDGE II

AND I'VE SEEN THAT SKIES ARE GRAY,  
HEARD FOOTSTEPS MILES AWAY,  
I KNOW WHATS HERE TO CLAIM  
WHATS HERE TO CLAIM MY SOUL.  
X2

C --- /G --- /AM --- /E - F -

AM --- /EM --- /D --- /C - G -

## SOLO

## BRIDGE II X 2



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