

The Look of Change

EVELYN STOYNOFF

Evelyne a été la directrice artistique pour “Chatelaine” dans les années soixante-dix. Elle était jeune et un peu intimidée quand elle a débuté comme assistante du directeur artistique de l’époque, Keith Branscome.

Evelyn was Chatelaine’s art director in the 1970s. She remembers being young and intimidated when she began working at Chatelaine as assistant to art director, Keith Branscome.

My first day on the job, I was waiting in reception area when Doris got off the elevator wearing a glamorous outfit, tanned from her holiday in Prince Edward Island, and walking with that long, loping stride. I was just in awe. And she had that forthright manner, never phony: “Hi there!”

When Keith decided to move on, he encouraged me to apply for the director’s job. I was terrified. “Just go in and be confident!” So when I went into see Doris, I told her I’d like the job and she said, “Of course you would! It’s a great job!”

It was demanding, though. Photographing the food was a challenge. We’d go into the kitchen and Elaine Collett would have tables of food all ready, far too much, actually, and would be fussing over the details—I remember her putting grapes on top of a jello mould and her hands were shaking, she was so nervous. We all argued over whether to shoot the clear green mould or the one with fruit in it. Bonnie Cornell, the food editor, fought for the one with the fruit because it was the featured recipe; I wanted the clear one because it was more beautiful. Doris said, “Okay, shoot ‘em both”—we ended up with the green one, on ice, lit from beneath and called it “Cool as a Cucumber.”

Doris took a very lively interest in the art department. She loved to be around artistic people, like the designer Marilyn Brooks, and she had a great friendship with Joan Chalmers, who was brilliant in her designs, and the photographer Paul Rockett.

She loved to chat about both our backgrounds; I grew up with a poor immigrant mother who, like her mother,



Doris Anderson, 1960s.

always bought our shoes too big. Once I got married to a much older man, she was always checking on me, that everything was okay. And when I was pregnant with my twins, she encouraged me to come to work, although the publisher wanted me to stay home. Later, when I was on maternity leave, she said, “Bring those babies in! I want to see them—and I’ll pay for parking!”

My heart ached when she left. She was *Chatelaine* magazine. But I could see what was happening to her—she was a fighter but she simply lost interest when she wasn’t made publisher, as she should have been. She wanted to leave with some dignity.

I remember doing a cover in the early 1970s that didn’t feature a model. It was a concept I fought for—an all white cover, with a man and a woman in white suits, sitting back to back on high stools with their arms crossed, showing them as equals. In the end, she was thrilled with that cover. She proved to *Maclean’s* that we were far more than a traditional woman’s magazine.