

THE METROPOLITAN *d'Etroit*



Love Detroit Style

O Mistress Mine

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies not plenty;
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

- William Shakespeare



She bids you first, in Life's soft vernal Hours,
With active industry wake Nature's powers;
With rising Years, still rising Arts display,
With new-born Graces mark each new-born Day.
'Tis now Time young Passion to command,
While yet the pliant Stem obeys the Hand;
Guide now the Courser with a steady Rein,
E'er yet he bounds o'er Pleasure's flow'ry Plain;
In Passion's Strife, no medium you can have;
You rule a Master, or submit a Slave.

- Benjamin Franklin, 1758
A Valediction ForbIDDEN Mourning

Music, When Soft Voices Die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory --
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou are gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

- Percy Shelley

"All You Need Is Love"
The Beatles

To a Stranger

Passing stranger! you do not know
How longingly I look upon you,
You must be he I was seeking,
Or she I was seeking
(It comes to me as a dream)

I have somewhere surely
Lived a life of joy with you,
All is recall'd as we flit by each other,
Fluid, affectionate, chaste, matured,

You grew up with me,
Were a boy with me or a girl with me,
I ate with you and slept with you,
your body has become not yours only
nor left my body mine only,

You give me the pleasure of your eyes,
face, flesh as we pass,
You take of my beard, breast, hands,
in return,

I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you
when I sit alone or wake at night, alone
I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again
I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

- Walt Whitman

"I had to come all the way from
the highway and byways of
Tallahassee, Florida to Motor City,
Detroit to find my true love."

-Alabama, *True Romance*



"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn"
- Rhett Butler, *Gone With The Wind*

FROM ZE EDITOR WIZ LOVE



d'Etroit is my mistress. She is my life. She is my blood. When I lust, I lust only for her. When I long to be loved, I long only for her to love me. If I were to live a thousand lives they would each be wiz my petit d'Etroit.

From ze moment we met I fell madly in love wiz her. We spent much time together. There were delightful afternoons flittered away in ze soft warmth of ze sun. There were delicious frolics during ze violet hour, and there were, of course, many dark romps by ze light of ze wolf moon.

d'Etroit was mine and I was surely made only to be hers.

But, d'Etroit is a mercurial sort. She is an unpredictable creature, capable of discovering ze hidden depths of ze soul, playing, toying unmercifully, forcing one to love her before seeking new chivalries.

Why do you torment me so? Can you not see it is I, and I alone, who love you? Come wiz me and I will take you round ze world. Come wiz me and I will make you forget your faux lovers. Embrace me, and tell me that from this moment on our love will suffer no other infringere.

At your feet I will worship, my petit d'Etroit, and the chains of my fidelity, intertwined wiz my honour, will offer my ravished heart some whisper of contentment. Please, transport my sadness from having to share you wiz another.

But, who are these interlopers I hear speak of you in such a way? What do they savvy of your virtue? What hint do they possess of your possibility? Away! Away wiz them all, for you are my petit d'Etroit!

Alas! It is not you who have betrayed me but my rivals who have betrayed you. Jealousy speaks many languages and each *imposteur* wastes little time in foolish attempts to beg me away from your bosom.

Fear not, my petit d'Etroit, for I now know ze truth. It is only I whom you love, and it is only you who receives my essence. We were together in ze beginning, and we will surely die together in ze end.

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Emails to the Editor

IT'S ALL GOOD

Hi Tony,
Your publication looks pretty good. Much better than the old piece of s**t they used to have in the airport.
Good luck,
Jerry, W. Bloomfield, Mi.

Hi Nick,

I had a chance to view your paper. I loved the letters to the editor. They are nice testimonials.

*Ingrid Ault
Executive Director, Think Local First
Ann Arbor, MI
www.thinklocalfirst.net*

Hi!

It was nice meeting you an your brother at the Detroit autoshow! Btw, you guys do a great job with the paper! U guys on facebook? Would love to add u if u are!

Cheers!
Sze, Dallas, Tx

Hey Tony,

The paper looks great online but I prefer the hardcopy; nothing like reading the paper in the morning with a good cup of Joe, before I head to school.

Cody Gomez, Warren Mott

Tony,

The mag looks good man!

David, Brooklyn, NY



THE PRESS DARLINGS

And Be Grateful Your Flight is Delayed

Believe it or not, many a barista in this town possesses a talent outside the robotic duties of steaming up the milk and serving up the lattes. So the next time you see a copy of Metropolitan, enjoy The Cynic Next Door. That is, enjoy a diverting cartoon strip created by a certain Julianna Counts — who evidently learned an existential joke or two while waiting on a certain hack writer in Royal Oak with an insatiable caffeine habit. Julianna's current and previous forays into the depths of Diogenes are yours at themetropolitandetroit.com.

Robert del Valle, REAL DETROIT, Jan 2010



NOTE: Hey, thanks for the nod del Valle -

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As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assuréd of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

- John Donne

"Fat bottomed girls, you make the
rockin' world go round"

- Queen



Life in a Love

Escape me? Never— Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loth,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear—
It seems too much like a fate, indeed!
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed—
But what if I fail of my purpose here?

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up to begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound,
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,

I shape me— Ever— Removed!

- Robert Browning

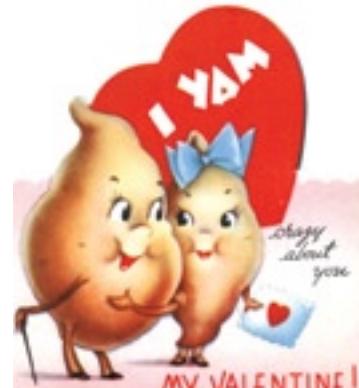
To My Dear and Loving Husband
If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were lov'd by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole Mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that Rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee, give recompence.
Thy love is such I can no way repay,
The heavens reward thee manifold I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

- Anne Bradstreet

When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

- John Keats



my love

thy hair is one kingdom
the king wherop is darkness
thy forehead is a flight of flowers

thy head is a quick forest
filled with sleeping birds
thy breasts are swarms of white bees
upon the bough of thy body
they body to me is April
in whose armpits is the approach of spring

thy thighs are white horses yoked to a chariot
of kings
they are the striking of a good minstrel
between them is always a pleasant song

my love

thy head is a casket
of the cool jewel of thy mind
the hair of thy head is one warrior
innocent of defeat
thy hair upon they shoulders is an army
with victory and with trumpets

thy legs are the trees of dreaming
whose fruit is the very eatage of forgetfulness

thy lips are satraps in scarlet
in whose kiss is the combining of kings
thy wrists
are holy
which are the keepers of thy keys of thy blood
thy feet upon thy ankles are flowers in vases
of silver
in thy beauty is the dilemma of flutes

thy eyes are the betrayal
of bells comprehended through incense

- E.E.Cummings

Louise Colet

August 15, 1846

I will cover you with love when next I see you, with caresses, with ecstasy. I want to gorge you with all the joys of the flesh, so that you faint and die. I want you to be amazed by me, and to confess to yourself that you had never even dreamed of such transports... When you are old, I want you to recall those few hours, I want your dry bones to quiver with joy when you think of them.

Gustave Flaubert



To Lord Shigenari

I know that when two wayfarers 'take shelter under the same tree and slake their thirst in the same river' it has all been determined by their karma from a previous life. For the past few years you and I have shared the same pillow as man and wife who had intended to live and grow old together, and I have become as attached to you as your own shadow. This is what I believed, and I think this is what you have also thought about us.

But now I have learnt about the final enterprise on which you have decided and, though I cannot be with you to share the grand moment, I rejoice in the knowledge of it. It is said that (on the eve of his final battle) the Chinese general, Hsiang Yü, valiant warrior though he was, grieved deeply about leaving Lady Yü, and that (in our own country) Kiso Yoshinaka lamented his parting from Lady Matsudono. I have now abandoned all hope about our future together in this world, and (mindful of their example) I have resolved to take the ultimate step while you are still alive. I shall be waiting for you at the end of what they call the road to death.

I pray that you may never, never forget the great bounty, deep as the ocean, high as the mountains, that has been bestowed upon us for so many years by our lord, Prince Hideyori.

- Lady Shigenari

Night Thoughts

Stars, you are unfortunate, I pity you,
Beautiful as you are, shining in your glory,
Who guide seafaring men through stress and peril
And have no recompense from gods or mortals,
Love you do not, nor do you know what love is.
Hours that are aeons urgently conducting
Your figures in a dance through the vast heaven,
What journey have you ended in this moment,
Since lingering in the arms of my beloved
I lost all memory of you and midnight.

- Goethe

Josephine

I wake filled with thoughts of you. Your portrait and the intoxicating evening which we spent yesterday have left my senses in turmoil. Sweet, incomparable Josephine, what a strange effect you have on my heart! Are you angry? Do I see you looking sad? Are you worried?... My soul aches with sorrow, and there can be no rest for you lover; but is there still more in store for me when, yielding to the profound feelings which overwhelm me, I draw from your lips, from your heart a love which consumes me with fire? Ah! it was last night that I fully realized how false an image of you your portrait gives!

You are leaving at noon; I shall see you in three hours.

Until then, mio dolce amor, a thousand kisses; but give me none in return, for they set my blood on fire.

- Napolean Bonaparte

Paris, December 1795



She Walks In Beauty

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light

Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

- Lord Byron

"Ain't talkin' bout love, my love is
rotten to the core"
- Van Halen

To Tsar Nicholas II of Russia
December 30, 1915

Off you go again alone and its with a very heavy heart I part from you. No more kisses and tender caresses for ever so long -- I want to bury myself in you, hold you tight in my arms, make you feel the intense love of mine.

You are my very life Sweetheart, and every separation gives such endless heartache...

Goodbye my Angel, Husband of my heart
I envy my flowers that will accompany you.
I press you tightly to my breast,
kiss every sweet place with tender love...

God bless and protect you, guard you from all harm, guide you safely and firmly into the new year. May it bring glory and sure peace, and the reward for all this war has cost you.

I gently press my lips to yours and try to forget everything, gazing into your lovely eyes - I lay on your precious breast, rested my tired head upon it still. This morning I tried to gain calm and strength for the separation. Goodbye wee one, Lovebird, Sunshine, Huzy mine, Own!

- Tsarina Alexandra

My dear Friend,

Yes, I have told you, and repeat it: I love you dearly. You certainly said the same thing to me, I begin to know the world.

I will tell you what I suggest, now: pay attention. I don't want to remain a shopgirl, but a little more my own mistress, and would therefore like to find someone to keep me.

If I did not love you, I would try to get money from you; I would say to you, you shall begin by renting me a room and furnishing it; only as you told me that you are not rich, you can take me to your own place.

It will not cost you anymore rent, nor more for your table and the rest of your housekeeping. To keep me and my headdress will be the only expense, and for those give me one hundred livres a month, and that will include everything.

Thus we could both live happily, and you would never again have to complain about my refusal. If you love me, accept this proposal; but if you do not love me, then let each of us try his luck elsewhere.

Good-by, I embrace you heartily,

Jeanne Rancon (Madame Du Barry)



"Oh, baby, just you
shut your mouth."
-Bowie

La Vita Nuova
In that book which is
My memory . . .
On the first page
That chapter when
I first met you
Appear the words . . .
Here begins a new life
-Dante Alighieri

"I'm gonna give you
every inch of my love..."
-Led Zeppelin

My Lord and Dear Husband,

I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares.

For my part I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage-portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants, I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

Lastly, do I vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things.

- Catherine of Aragon

Tho' softly as the waves do break
On Suminoye's shore, I seek
To meet thee, love e'en in a dream,
To dread men's curious eyes, I seem.

-Fujiwara No Toshiyuki-ason



Shall I Compare Thee

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou are more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

- William Shakespeare

Wild Nights - Wild Nights!
Wild Nights - Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile the winds
To heart in port -
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden -
As the sea!
Might I moor, tonight
In thee!

- Emily Dickenson

"Kiss me. Kiss me as if it
were the last time"
- Ilsa, Casablanca



The Hague 1713

I am a prisoner here in the name of the King; they can take my life, but not the love that I feel for you. Yes, my adorable mistress, to-night I shall see you, and if I had to put my head on the block to do it.

For heaven's sake, do not speak to me in such disastrous terms as you write; you must live and be cautious; beware of madame your mother as of your worst enemy. What do I say? Beware of everybody; trust no one; keep yourself in readiness, as soon as the moon is visible; I shall leave the hotel incognito, take a carriage or a chaise, we shall drive like the wind to Sheveningen; I shall take paper and ink with me; we shall write our letters.

If you love me, reassure yourself; and call all your strength and presence of mind to your aid; do not let your mother notice anything, try to have your pictures, and be assured that the menace of the greatest tortures will not prevent me to serve you. No, nothing has the power to part me from you; our love is based upon virtue, and will last as long as our lives. Adieu, there is nothing that I will not brave for your sake; you deserve much more than that. Adieu, my dear heart!

- Voltaire

Meeting at Night

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

- Robert Browning

"And, in the end, the love
you take is equal to the
love you make"
- The Beatles

So you are now unmasked, you monster! . . . Go, and you return me to my senses; for the rest of my life, I will despise you, you and your sort. . . . Adieu, seize your new conquest, and may you detach yourself from him using the same base arts that you employed with me. . . . So, be happy, I will not trouble your success; enjoy it, if you can, despite the depths of despair into which you plunge me.

- Marquis de Sade



Detroit's Dirty Little Secret

By: *The Marquis de troit*

Detroit's dirty little secret is out. After ten years of annual erotic exhibitions, and several on-the-road guerrilla exhibits - including openings in Sydney, Zurich, Vancouver and LA - *The Dirty Show*® has resurfaced from the underground. Not only has the event become one of Detroit's biggest art openings, it seems to have become the Midwest's hottest Valentine's destination. People come from all over the country - mostly bordering states and Canada - and from overseas to attend what is considered the largest erotic art event on the planet.

"Sure, size matters, but fun matters a lot more", *Dirty Show*® curator and founder, Jerry Vile explains. "It was never our goal to be the biggest erotic - the most art, the most people in attendance - all we want is to put on a fun, dynamic show. Obviously from our name, we don't take ourselves too seriously; too much pretension can spoil art." Last year, over 10,000 people passed through the doors, with over 12,000 expected this time around. "The crowd

for *Dirty* has grown organically, word-of-mouth, because people will always find something at the show they feel compelled to share with friends."

Whether that might be anatomically correct entranceways, midget burlesque performers, or any number of other sex-art installations, the exhibition is growing. Organizers keep finding bigger locations and adding additional days. Last year's exhibition at *Bert's*, a massive warehouse (15,000 sq ft) venue in Eastern Market, reached capacity before 11pm on three of the four nights it was held. This year they have kept the same venue and added a fifth night of debauchery.

The crowd is diverse, young and old, a melting pot of nationalities, mainstream and freak show. It is liberally peppered with those dressed in full fetish

regalia, such as head to toe latex body suits, leather bondage gear or towering transvestites in trashy lingerie. It would seem many of the women forgo the lingerie boutique for the hardware store, as electrical tape seems to be all the rage.

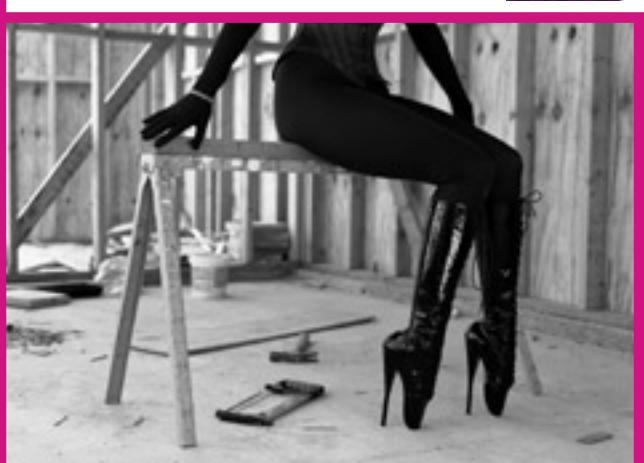
The Dirty Show is an explosion of atmosphere, every surface plastered with art, depicting every act one imagines, and some others may wish to forget. There are dancers on stripper poles and in cages, go-go boys and girls grinding to an atmospheric soundtrack. It is an art exhibition on an almost cinematic scale, Felliniesque in nature, with the sensibility of David Lynch, and the grotesque humour of John Waters. Not that everything is weird or sexual; the majority of patrons appear to be just fun loving everyday people - friends, neighbors, even journalists. But, *Dirty* is also a magnet for every eccentric in the metro area. No one is judging anybody, but this is some of the best people watching anywhere.

Dirty is a juried show, culled from thousands of entries worldwide, and has always proven to be extremely interesting. The 300 piece plus exhibit features about every erotic idea that can be photographed, painted, sculpted or conceptualized, which can be overwhelming at first, but don't worry, you'll settle in. Get a drink, catch an odd stage performance - a mix of burlesque and vaudeville - or experience the up close and personal entertainment of the psycho puppet show, or the gorilla girl. Featured last year, with small sculpture and paintings, were Oscar winner (*Alien*), Swiss surrealist HR Giger, world renowned Detroit painters Glenn Barr and Niagara - both of whom have appeared on the cover of *Juxtapoz* - photographers Eric Kroll and Steve Diet, and photography from horror writer Clive Barker.

Though, much of *The Dirty Show* can be shocking for some, a good deal is genuinely artistic and, at times, quite beautiful. Curator Vile expounds, "If you are coming for titillation, this is not the place. It is an art exhibition. At the same time, if you're easily offended this is not the place either, we do not censor and not everything will be pretty. *Dirty* is how the artists interpret, that somewhat forbidden theme, that most interests us. It is their technique and style, with, hopefully, some insight into the artist or the viewer." Obviously, *The Dirty Show* is not for everyone but it is a contemporary take on a theme that dates back to the beginning of art itself. "There are works hanging in museums that were considered pornographic in their time," continues Vile. "I can see how people would feel that way about some of our art, which is why we don't permit minors. Our name alone should be enough to prepare anyone who may be offended."

That being said, *The Dirty Show* is one of a very few exhibitions, including *The Detroit Auto Show*, live sporting events and *The Detroit Electronic Music Festival*, that actually draw tourism to the Motor City, and it has become a popular Valentine's destination for adventuresome singles, curious couples and lovers of art alike. So, if you're feeling frisky this February, with just a touch of cabin fever, why not grab your significant other - and, perhaps, a rider's crop - and head on down to Detroit's own *Dirty Show* -

Dirty Show
February 12-20, 2010
Bert's Warehouse Theater
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www.dirtyshow.org



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FEB 20

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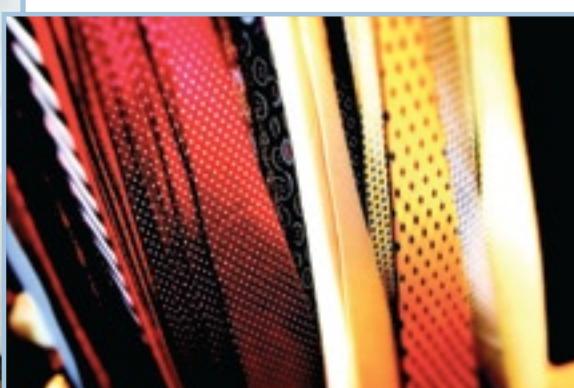


AIRPORT

The Mile High Club



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3

Becoming a member of the fabled *Mile High Club* has long been a life goal for many people the world over, but just how to do it, exactly? While, the airport, nor any of the airlines, feels compelled to provide information on membership to this exclusive society, *The Metropolitan d'Etroit*, in an effort to assist our reader, offers the following tips for those in pursuit of love at 5,280 feet.

Begin with a top quality shoe shine - administrated here by our main man 'Shine' - just like the men in uniform who pilot those huge aircraft to romantic destinations the world round. Nothing says *success* like a heavenly polish!

Next, consider picking up a new and powerful tie at one of several haberdasheries in both the North and McNamara Terminals. Colorful ties immediately spruce up otherwise drab business attire, and also come in quite handy should one find oneself in need of proper restraint.

Now, keep your eye out for that delicious partner accustomed to the high arts of adventure. For some, the Bohemian look is all the fancy, while others prefer the conservative, buttoned down, '*don't bother me now, I'm thinking*' members of the fairer variety. I, myself, am an equal opportunity flyer -

Chocolate Travels with Nette Kovacs



Angels Café

A cozy little café in downtown Ferndale. One of a kind European hot chocolate; dark chocolate hand crafted so thick you can set your spoon on it. Absolutely "the best hot chocolate I've ever had," says me. By the way, do plan on lunch or dinner - the food is great too.

**214 West 9 Mile Road
Ferndale, Mi. 48220
248.541.0888**

The Grocer's Daughter

In Michigan's secret town of Empire, lays a chocolate connoisseurs paradise. Comfortably nestled along side of M-22, and surrounded by quaint cottages and hilly forests, is a stylish lime green building known as *The Grocer's Daughter*. Serving handcrafted chocolates, truffles, and various chocolate products, *The Grocer's Daughter* uses exotic spices and fresh local ingredients. Dark Chocolate lavender truffles, and milk chocolate with honey truffles, are two of my favorites. Can't make the trip? Order online.

www.grocersdaughter.com

Gayle's Chocolates

The interior feels like a cross between an old fashion soda fountain and a European café. Pick up a valentine, or yourself, the champagne truffles, which are dreamy. Gayle's is also hands down, no contest, my choice for chocolate covered dried cherries. I'll give them an official "best I've ever had" mark of approval. Though, there are several hot chocolates to choose from I enjoy the 'classic'. The chocolate is rich, garnished with whipped cream and a thin Italian wafer. Gayle's also has two convenient airport locations, for the traveling chocoholic - like me - which, is great for those looking for gifts to bring home before leaving DTW.

**417 South Washington
Royal Oak, Mi. 48067
248.398.0001**

*Also located at DTW in both the North and McNamara Terminals

Cannella Patisserie & Creperie

A great place to celebrate Valentines Day. This charming café/patisserie, with a few black iron tables and chairs, warm caramel colored walls, and hanging artwork, depicting floral landscapes, all amounts to an *oh so Parisian* feel. On weekends and special occasions there is live music. I fondly remember an accordion player, performing old French songs, which made for a super romantic Valentines Day, complete with chocolate crepes. There is a lovely assortment of French pastry and the hot chocolate is frothy and delicate.

**300 Hamilton Row
Birmingham, Mi. 48009
248.203.9704**

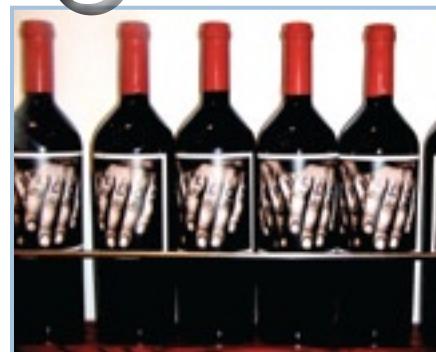


CULTURE



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5



Thanks be to the *Delta Sky Club* for having the wherewithal to install numerous displays of beautiful and interesting artwork, in their five locations throughout McNamara Terminal. A romantic stroll between clubs not only offers one several opportunities to pleasure thy senses, through analyses of the creative *processus*, and measured response thereof, but allows for deeper conversation between two people like, "what flight are you on?"

Not a member of the *Delta Sky Club*? Not a problem. Allow me to suggest sharing a bottle of wine at *Vino Volo*. This sleek, modern little wine bar offers high-end grapes, bubbly, affordable wines by the glass, small plates, cheese, cured meats and cozy seating, to help get the discussion moving in the right direction.



6

Regardless, we hope you enjoy your flight and continue to put the *friend* in *fly the friendly skies* -

***A note to the ladies:** Though this article is penned with the male perspective in mind, we ask that you accept as explanation the fact that men are in need of instruction, while women simply need to provide the slightest *come hither* smile; a gift clearly bestowed upon you by forces larger than this publication is able to define.

-AB



*La Maison
du Chocolat*

A few doors down from the *Rainbow Room* in midtown Manhattan houses THE place for chocolate connoisseurs residing in New York City. At *Maison du Chocolat*, the quality of chocolate is outstanding. The hot chocolate is extremely rich, and so dark one cannot help but feel slightly dizzy from the experience of enjoying it. *Maison* offers ganaches, pralines, fruited chocolates and pastry that are as romantic as the *City of lights* itself. Allow yourself the indulgence of a quiet stroll, through the wintry beauty of Central Park, with a warming cup of cocoa from this magnificent French original - A rich memory indeed!

Paris - New York - Tokyo
Online Boutique @
www.lamaisonduchocolat.com



Vosges

Pushing the boundaries of chocolate and spice combinations to new heights, *Vosges* offers delicious chocolate from several locations including Chicago, New York, Las Vegas and the Chicago O'Hare International Airport. With truffle blends as wild as milk chocolate with coconut and yellow curry, dark chocolate with hot paprika, or dark chocolate with balsamic vinegar, this chocolate house takes your taste buds on a culinary journey. I love the chocolate covered salted caramels with rose petals - so there! Visit one of their chic boutiques or go to their website and get on the mailing list.

www.vosgeschocolates.com



Ghirardelli

This American empire of chocolate originates in San Francisco. One cold winter day, I found myself in Chicago, window-shopping down the Magnificent Mile when, suddenly, my snowflake covered lashes were fixated on the big, glowing lighted letters that spelled G-H-I-R-A-R-D-E-L-L-I. "Oh Ghirardelli", my favorite American Chocolate brand. "Wait! They have a store?" "What an exciting discovery!" Though, I find the *Windy City* to be very romantic during the winter, the sub Arctic weather can be quite painful. "Quick! Got to get inside!" I rushed into a warm room scented of sweet cocoa. With the feel of a classic soda fountain, *Ghirardelli* serves their famous *Sweet Ground Hot Chocolate*, topped off with marshmallows and whipped cream, well enough to make one feel like a kid again. Rejuvenated and invigorated, I was able to leave the shop ready to take on the world in my window gazing pursuit. But, not without purchasing a few goodies to bring home first.

830 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago IL 60611
312.337.9330
www.ghirardelli.com



FISHER THEATRE

Q&A WITH ESTELLE PARSONS



By Gay Paris

Estelle Parsons is probably best known around the country for her recurring role as Beverly Harris, the amusingly overbearing, shrill mother of Roseanne Conner on the sitcom *Roseanne*. Others may remember her Academy Award-winning performance as Blanche Barrow in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

But astute theatergoers know that Parsons is, in fact, one of our finest stage actresses. She has spent most of her professional life in the theater, which is her passion. She made her Broadway debut in 1956 in *Happy Hunting*, a musical starring Ethel Merman, and over the course of her 50-plus year career has been nominated for four Tony Awards.

Parsons, who was inducted into the Theatre Hall of Fame in 2004, is currently starring in the national tour of Tracy Letts' Tony Award and Pulitzer Prize-winning play *August: Osage County*. She plays the outrageous, drug-addicted Violet Weston, the wounded matriarch of an incredibly dysfunctional family, who seems to delight in wounding others, especially her three daughters.

Parsons discussed the role – and a few other things – while I sipped champagne cocktails.

Q: After appearing in the show for almost a year on Broadway, why were you so eager to go on the road with August: Osage County?

A: I haven't had much opportunity to tour, because I was always bringing up kids. I went on the road for three months with *Miss Margarida's Way*, but most of the time when I got an offer to go on the road or go to London, I couldn't go. But I've always loved the idea of touring: I have this old dream of being in vaudeville.

And there are all kinds of different audiences out there. I learned that from doing summer stock. Audiences are always a learning opportunity.

Q: I heard that! Actors always say that each audience has a certain personality. Do you find that affects your performance?

A: Absolutely, particularly with this play, where the audience is so dynamic and so vocal in every way – moaning, groaning, laughing, crying. The audience is really the third essential part. They're not just sitting on their hands listening. They're incredible and they're always different, and as we go from city to city, I'm sure they're going to be very different in different places.

Q: Believe me, the audience will be very different in the Motor city, honey. How did you wind up doing the role on Broadway?

A: Rondi Reed [who originated the role of Mattie Fae Aiken, Violet's sister] and Laurie Metcalf, both of whom belong to Steppenwolf, are friends. I've worked with both of them at Steppenwolf, and with Laurie on *Roseanne*. We were out one night, and they said, "Deanna's leaving. You should play that part." I had seen the play a couple of weeks before, and I said, "What are you talking about?" And they said, "Ever since we read this play, we thought you would be perfect for the part." And of course I'm still wondering why they thought that. Anyway, after a few days, I called Rondi and told her I was interested. She said, "Okay, I'll put it in motion." And she did. I went to meet the director, and they hired me.

Q: Really . . . no casting couch? Times have changed. You've said that you didn't go into the play with the intention of making the role your own.

A: The play was a very big hit, Tracy Letts won the Pulitzer Prize and the Tony Award, and Deanna and Rondi also won Tonys. Quite aside from the prizes, I think that if something is a hit, then the hit should be maintained. The play wasn't broken, so I didn't see the need to go in there and fix it. I thought my job was to replace what was there, to do what is there. I had seen Deanna do the role, and I've spent my whole adult life looking very seriously and concentrated at actors. So I just felt I was her doing the role. People laugh at me when I say that, because I'm nothing like her. But I don't usually try to put my personal stamp on things. I try to play the play the way it's written.

Q: How did the role come about in Bonnie and Clyde?

A: In 1966, I was doing the Berkshire Theatre Festival in Stockbridge, MA. I had seen Arthur Penn's movies, and I wanted to work for him. I managed to get an interview with him for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, which he was directing that summer in Stockbridge, and he hired me. And working with him, I suddenly knew that I was in the right profession. I was [almost] 40 by that time, so I'd been in it a long time. But I always used to think, "Am I in the right profession? Maybe I should have kept on at law school, or maybe I should try something else." But working for Arthur Penn, I realized that I was in the right place and I should be doing what I do, and how wonderful it is when I can have that kind of experience on the stage.

And then he asked me to do *Bonnie and Clyde*. I was just about to move to San Francisco and join a rep company, which I'd always wanted to do. And the day after he asked me to read the script, I got a phone call telling me that the funding for the rep company had fallen through. So we weren't going. I called Arthur and I read the script, and I thought, "Why is he offering this to me?" I'm really not too interested in movies. But the more I read it I realized it was an incredible part. And I really was excited to work with Arthur again.

Q: Did the Academy Award affect your career?

A: It did in that I could have had a lot of movie success, which I wasn't really interested in. Looking back on it, I think that's kind of too bad. Sam Cohn was my agent, and we were getting all these really good offers. But they conflicted with work I was doing onstage, things that really interested me. I did a few movies, but I did them when I was on vacation from a theater job. My life just wasn't about movies: I don't think I ever chose a movie job over a theater job. I started in cabaret. I did Jerry Herman's first revue in a club, and two revues of Julius Monk's *Upstairs at the Downstairs*. And I had my own nightclub act. Like I said, I love vaudeville. I've always



Estelle Parsons as Violet in *August: Osage County*

been interested in that kind of pure entertaining. I love to entertain people. I love to hear them laugh. I love the silences, when they don't know what's going on – though I must say that the silences in this play kind of scare me sometimes. I think, "My God, they're so quiet, and they're watching every move I make."

Q: Or, they're texting - lol - Millions of people know you from Roseanne. It was taped in front of an audience. Was the experience similar to doing a play?

A: No. The audience was there, but they were manipulated – laugh now, applaud now. So it's not like a theater audience. It's a completely different experience. You don't have that long with a script. A good play is so dense that it takes you three or four weeks to figure out what you're talking about. That's never true in films and TV, which is cool because you've got to get up and do them, and there's a certain fun in that – but not enough to make me want to do it instead of theater. It's hard work in the theater. Eight shows a week of anything is hard work, and you give your life to it.

Q: Your character on Roseanne was allowed to develop over time, which must have been interesting.

A: Rosie seemed to love my work. She was always laughing at me. I think she was thinking up all kinds of crazy things to do to that poor mother. She was a lot of fun. We had a great time on that show.

Gay Paris: Oh, I bet you did. *Roseanne* really got me through some tough times in the 90's, but that is fodder for another day. Garcon?! Another champagne cocktail, please!

Fisher Theatre

3011 W. Grand Blvd., in Detroit

313.872.1000

February 19-21, 2010

WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE...

THE WIZARD OF OZ Travels Over the Rainbow to Detroit!

There truly is no place like home as the greatest family musical of all time, the wonderful *Wizard of Oz*, twists its way into Detroit! The entire family will be captivated as they travel down the Yellow Brick Road and beyond with Dorothy, Toto and their friends the Cowardly Lion, Tin Man and Scarecrow in this lavish production, featuring breathtaking special effects, dazzling choreography and classic songs.

A spectacular celebration of the iconic 1939 MGM film, *Wizard of Oz* will blow you away from the moment the tornado touches down and transports you to a dazzling art deco Oz, complete with munchkins and flying monkeys. Don't miss the chance to travel Over the Rainbow and experience this national treasure on stage.

Tuesday - Saturday at 7:30pm

Sunday Evening at 6:30pm

Saturday Matinee at 2:00pm

Sunday Matinee at 1:00pm

Weekday Matinee on 2/11/10 at 1:00pm

Fisher Theatre
3011 W. Grand Blvd., in Detroit
313.872.1000

January 29 – February 14, 2010



REVIEW

by Julianna Counts & Nette Kovacs

It's time to slip on your ruby slippers and hitch a ride on a broomstick! *The Wizard of Oz* is at the Fisher Theater! This fun, light-hearted romp, that's great for the whole family, properly pays homage to the original film, yet still holds plenty of new surprises. The production's special effects go far in bringing the big screen story to stage. Just as the film, the creative use of sepia tones and brilliant lighting, in the opening sequence, contrasts nicely against the brightly colored Oz. Each actor channels the nuances of the original movie cast, yet manage to offer a fresh take on these classic roles. The Wicked Witch of the West, played by Pat Sibley, deserves particular mention. Costumes and choreography work hand in hand when the "poppies" transition from alluring blossoms to snow-covered couples. And, of course, everyone loves Toto! By the end of the musical, you'll feel like a kid again. Don't walk, skip, down the yellow brick road to enjoy this exciting and highly entertaining production of *The Wizard of Oz*.



Ballet Hispanico

Fusing ballet, modern, and Latin dance, Ballet Hispanico creates an entirely new style of dance filled with theatricality and passion. The company's Detroit repertoire includes a blend of new and signature works.

"**Locked Up Laura**" made its world premiere in August 2009 and explores the human struggle to maintain authenticity in the face of routine through the lens of an artist.

"**Triptico**" is a daredevil interpretation of Grammy Award-winning Oscar Hernandez' commissioned score.

Pulsing with an infectious Cuban beat is "**Club Havana**," fused with the rhythms of the Conga, Rumba, Mambo, and Cha Cha.

"**Batucada Fantastica**" will conclude each performance with a rousing homage to the Brazilian Carnival with electric performances by eight soloists, culminating in a riot of ensemble dancing.



TICKETS for Ballet Hispanico at the magnificent Detroit Opera House, February 13-14, 2010 range from \$29-\$76, and are available at the Detroit Opera House ticket office, by phone at (313) 237-SING (7464) or online at www.MichiganOpera.org.

Detroit Opera House

1526 Broadway, Detroit, MI 48826

Saturday, February 13, 2010, 7:30 p.m., Sunday, February 14, 2010, 2:30 p.m.

THE NEW MEL BROOKS MUSICAL

Young Frankenstein

Book by Mel Brooks and Thomas Meehan

Music & Lyrics by Mel Brooks

Direction and Choreography by Susan Stroman



Based on the Oscar-nominated smash hit 1974 film, **Young Frankenstein** is the wickedly inspired re-imagining of the Mary Shelley classic from the comic genius of **Mel Brooks**.

When Frederick Frankenstein, an esteemed New York brain surgeon and professor, inherits a castle and laboratory in Transylvania from his grandfather, deranged genius Victor Von Frankenstein, he faces a dilemma. Does he continue to run from his family's tortured past or does he stay in Transylvania to carry on his grandfather's mad experiments reanimating the dead and, in the process, fall in love with his sexy lab assistant Inga? Unfolding in the forbidding Castle Frankenstein and the foggy moors of Transylvania Heights, the show's raucous score includes "The Transylvania Mania," "He Vas My Boyfriend" and the unforgettable treatment of Irving Berlin's "Puttin' On the Ritz."

Tickets are now on sale at the Detroit Opera House box office, all Ticketmaster locations, by phone at 1-800-982-2787, and online at www.ticketmaster.com or www.broadwayindetroit.com.

Detroit Opera House

1526 Broadway, Detroit, MI 48826

February 23 – March 14, 2010

MARAT PARANSKY, "ACCUMULATION"

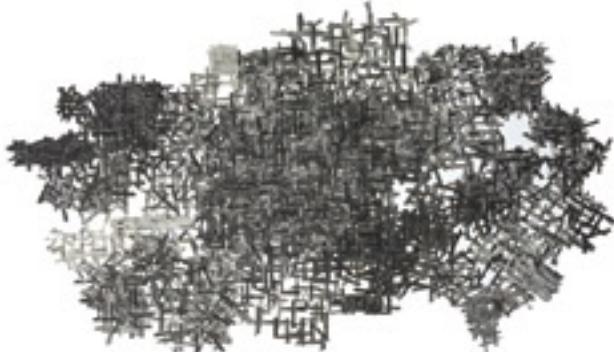


The Woods Gallery will host "Accumulation," a six week long solo exhibit by local artist, Marat Paransky. On display will be recent collage and assemblage works, consisting of accumulations of various objects and debris. The show will trace the artist's move from traditional, representational landscape painting towards material explorations and themes dealing with memory. Marat aims to analyze how places affect the individual. For this reason, he regards the range of items that he uses as cultural artifacts of sorts. Whether it is shredding and reconfiguring printed material or photographic collages, the materials are connected to particular localities. A second area of exploration is derived from the finished pieces themselves. The structural needs that come with the making of each object, and which are not aesthetically determined, provide interesting and indirect forms and function as works in their own right. These are twice removed from the original idea and they bring an element of mystery.

Woods Gallery

26415 Scotia, Huntington Woods, MI. 48070, 248.581.2696

Opening: Friday, February 19, 6-8:30 pm, Runs: February 17 - March 31, 2010



"I once told some friends that if my art career did not materialize, I would find a job as a garbage man."

Marat Paransky



DETROIT
INSTITUTE
OF ARTS

February Features Black History Month Celebration at Detroit Institute of Arts

Black History Month comes alive at the DIA with talks, storytelling, musical performances and an artist demonstration. Activities are free with museum admission unless otherwise noted. For more information call (313) 833-7900 or visit www.dia.org.

Friday Night Live, February 5: *Music: Fats Waller Revue: 7 & 8:30 p.m.*

The Fats Waller Revue is a project conceived by pianist Alvin Waddles and features Detroit jazz luminaries Marion Hayden on bass, Charlie Gabriel on saxophone and clarinet, and Alex Trajano on drums. They will perform compositions by Thomas "Fats" Waller, including the classics *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Two Sleepy People* and *Your Feet's Too Big*. This program is presented in celebration of Black History Month.

Target Family Sunday, February 7: *Family Performance: "A World of Music and Stories": 2 p.m.*

Audrey and Bob Allison will present an upbeat program that includes audience participation, hands-on fun, humorous interactive stories, beautiful music and musical instruments from all over the world. This program is presented in celebration of Black History Month.

Friday Night Live, February 12: *Music: Harlem Quartet: 7 & 8:30 p.m.*

The Harlem Quartet comprises first place Laureates of the Sphinx Competition, and made its acclaimed debut in the fall of 2006 at the Sphinx Organization's Gala Concert at Carnegie Hall, earning rave reviews from The New York Times. In addition to being avid chamber musicians, each member is a seasoned solo artist, having appeared with the New York Philharmonic, the Atlanta, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Sinaloa de las Artes (Mexico) and Baltimore symphonies and the Boston Pops, among others. This program is presented in celebration of Black History Month.

Friday Night Live, February 19: *Music: Jade Simmons: Hearing Color, Seeing Sound: 7 & 8:30pm*

This innovative project explores links between the visual and aural worlds using Alexander Scriabin's Preludes, op. 11 and images by Wassily Kandinsky. At the time of his death, Scriabin was working on *Mysterium*, a large-scale multi-media work developed from his ideas about using melody and tonality in response to color stimulus. Likewise, Kandinsky wrote of his dream for "a theater of the future, synthesizing music, color and movement." Though these visions were not realized in their lifetimes, Simmons has created a 21st-century interpretation of their ideas.

Target Family Sunday, February 21: *Storytelling: "Slave Narratives": 2 p.m.*

Tonya "Touchdown" Dallas delivers a powerful re-enactment of the lives of various slaves. It is a riveting, educational performance for the entire family. This program is presented in celebration of Black History Month.

Detroit Institute of the Arts
5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, MI

The Detroit Film Theatre at the Detroit Institute of Arts Presents: SHAMELESS

(Czech Republic/2009—directed by Jan Hrebejk)

A comic yet seriously wise look at contemporary love, sex and marriage, *Shameless* – from the Oscar® nominated writer/director of *Divided We Fall* – is a brisk, sharply intelligent entertainment as well as an ironic vision of a self-absorbed modern man, eager to distance himself from the consequences of his actions. One of the sleeper hits of the 2009 Toronto International Film Festival. In Czech with English subtitles. (88 min.)

The Detroit Film Theatre at the Detroit Institute of the Arts

5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, MI

February 26 - March 7, 2010

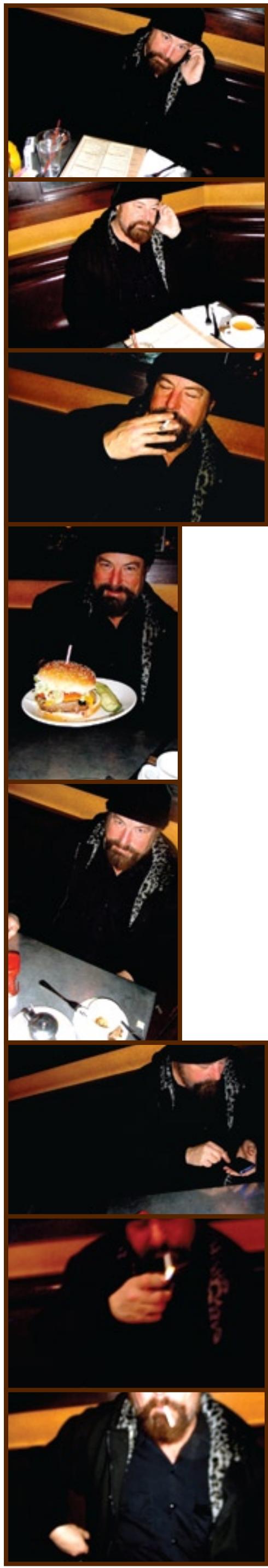


"THE ROUGE": Film screening

The Detroit Historical Society continues its monthly film series with "The Rouge" showing Saturday and Sunday, February 13 & 14 at 1 p.m. at the Detroit Historical Museum. Each screening is free with general admission to the Museum. "The Rouge," directed by John Owens and produced by Kingberry Productions. The film features early archival footage, rare photographs and interviews that help tell the intriguing story of one of the most famous industrial workplaces ever. The run time for the film is 46 minutes.

Detroit Historical Society
5401 Woodward Avenue
Detroit, MI 48202
313.833.1805
www.detroithistorical.org
February 13-14, 2010





with Jerry Vile

By Anthony Brancaleone

When I entered *Red Coat Tavern II*, an English pub, located on Orchard Lake road in West Bloomfield, Jerry Vile was already seated at a table in the bar, smoking profusely, and speaking quickly into his iphone, with intermittent flourishes of business and pleasure, to someone named 'Danielle'. There was talk of photos, boys dancing naked on tables, deadlines and the fact that both Jerry and Danielle knew of too many Danielle's, which is why this particular Danielle changed her name to 'Viva'.

A waiter appeared and took our order - two Original Red Coats, both med rare, mine with blue cheese, Jerry's with American, "Definitely, the way to go," asserted Vile. "Made from the same oil that comes out of our very own ground." Suddenly, we found ourselves sharing that rarest of moments - a first experience. It seems Jerry had never tried mango tea. There I sat, silently across a two-top, observing Vile's reaction to one of life's waning occasions. He liked it.

After producing *The Dirty Show* for over ten years, with partner Jeremy Harvey, whom Vile describes as 'the most gung-ho person behind *Dirty*', discovery, at least in the sexual sense, must be hard to come by. Vile has witnessed just about everything our contemporary world has to offer in that realm. In fact, each year he receives enough erotica to ... well, to produce the world's largest erotic art show.

"So much in erotica is really cheese ball," offers Vile. "*Dirty*'s not an original idea, but it grew in a really organic way, word-of-mouth." Vile continues, between hits of his cigarette, "The artists I would've killed for in the beginning are now our standard artists. *The Dirty Show* is getting bigger and bigger. We pursue top talent because we love their work, think they're cool, edgy, idolize them as art fans."

As far as criteria, "you just know it when you see it," says Vile. "People vote, we have five jurors this year. Too many force mediocrity to shoot to high levels and crank out stuff that isn't engaging, so we also curate."

When asked if Vile will be showing this year he's quick to point out, "We've had over 5,000 entries and only 300 will be on the wall. It isn't ethical to stick my art up there. Besides, I don't think I'm good enough to be in *The Dirty Show*."

Vile's phone rings continuously. He answers, politely, as we chat in and around tea and burgers. Vile discusses the *Dirty Show* in LA and the fact he couldn't have done it without 'their' help, he considers a Cleveland show, a 1,200 sq ft gallery, and then his eyes light up with "a really wonderful idea" - the *Congress Theatre*, though he's "worried about the space being too big."

"I don't think I'm good enough to be in *The Dirty Show* anymore."

"Punk rock taught me DIY," Vile states, as he ends the call with a touch of the button. Back in the 70's, Vile was going to attend USC film school but ended up a punk rock fan, hitting bar after bar, catching acts like the Weirdos, Devo and the Dickies. "It didn't matter with punk rock, whatever was on stage," he says.

He became a photographer but claims he "was not a good one and not a smart one. A poor one." Lights another cigarette. "I could make a roll of 24 black and white last a week." Broke, with no prospects, Vile came home to Detroit and started his own band - *The Boners*. "We got big enough to get gigs, played *Bookies*, but we drank and drugged our profits." Though, it should be noted bass player, Steve King, went on to win a *Grammy* working with Eminem.

The Boners also earned a page in *Motormouth*, which led to Vile landing a role in Jonathon Demme's, "Who am I This Time", written by Kurt Vonnegut. "I was more than an extra and far less than a supporting actor," he says with a smile.

It was around this time Vile began his first magazine. "*White Noise* may have changed publishing, I don't know ..." The magazine did things like having *The Ramones* fill out applications at McDonalds and found pleasure in plotting the "stupidest" questions for interviews.

The 80's closed with Vile folding his second mag, *Fun*, and with Jerry losing his first million through his software company. Something he refers to as his only 'straight job.' "I didn't get the money but I could've." He explains. "I had a \$250,000 check in my hand and I should've sold the company on that day. Instead, I created another product that never worked."

Jerry sits, smoking, thinking, remembering. A waiter comes to pour more tea. "I can't believe you take notes," Vile finally lets out.

"I'm still bitter about losing my first million."

Orbit Magazine began in the ashes of *Fun*, and for the whole of the 90's it operated out of an office in Royal Oak, which sat directly above a bump shop. "We were in the wrong place at the right time - when you look at guys at the *Onion*. If we were in LA we would be millionaires." He continues, "Vegas stole our slogan and managed to turn it into a positive - *What happens in Detroit stays in Detroit*."

Thinking back, I don't know of anyone who didn't read *Orbit*. It was witty, funny, cutting edge, designed to be commercial, without ever turning into, as Jerry puts it, "a complete suck-ass paper" It was *Orbit*, after all, that once pointedly asked Captain Pickard if he didn't think 'they' would have a cure for baldness in the future. Where upon, the good Captain replied, "they have a cure for vanity."

And, of course, the icon, *Orby*, designed by Terry Colon, catapulted the paper into local folklore by catching the eye of director Quentin Tarantino. Look again, indie cineastes. That's the *Orbit* t-shirt you see on Tarantino in the cult classic, *Pulp Fiction*.

But, it's difficult trying to be funny for ten years, making a living doing what you want to do, and selling ads to keep your work alive. At its height, *Orbit* had twenty people on staff, whom were "severely underpaid", and even when *Orbit* could afford them "they still had to get real jobs."

It was at that point Vile teamed with then partner, John Badanjek, to create a more commercial weekly - but what to call it? Jeff Grand - of *Howling Diablos* fame - and the late, great scenerster laureate, Scotty Ross, came up with the name *Real Detroit*. "I didn't stop *Orbit* until *Real* became successful," reveals Vile. "We were embarrassed by it, we didn't want our name associated with it. But, here I am, years later, advertising *The Dirty Show*." It should be said that Vile is no longer associated with the publication, having dissolved his partnership with Badanjek long ago.

Vile lights another smoke, as we get back to this year's event. "Where else do people pay to see art, outside of maybe a museum? I want *Dirty* to be the most fun and engaging show possible. I want people to feel empowered by their sexuality. There will be a lot of diversity - you have to be able to go and say, 'that's my perversion'."

"I want people to feel empowered by their sexuality."

With over three decades of providing music, words, art and perversions to the Motor City, I ask if Vile feels a sense of accomplishment. "No matter how much I accomplish now in life, I'm still not gonna have as much fun as you do finding a \$20, when you're twenty." Interesting. I may have said that myself before.

"I don't like being old at all," adds Vile. "There's no benefit to it. I would trade all this wisdom for youth. I love youth. I miss it ..."

Check please -

Eat Your Heart Out, Valentine



TOM'S OYSTER BAR

Every Step into *Tom's Oyster Bar* and understand what it's like to enjoy a cocktail or, in this case, a coffee drink, expertly made by the genuine and professional tender of said bar, known by all, simply, as Frank. According to *Mr. Boston's official Bartender Guide*, a *Spanish Coffee* typically consists of both coffee and Spanish brandy, and is then topped off with whipped cream, but that fact says absolutely nothing about the art and love Frank puts into these warm and seductive elixirs.

Coating the rim with sugar, adding the brandy, swirling it around the oversized wine glass, before setting the alcohol aflame - heating both the liquor and crystallizing the sugar - are all steps that will have you mesmerized before Frank finishes this café coup with good, hot coffee and fresh, rich, real whipped cream.

One of my fondest cocktail memories came late one evening, during a severe winter blizzard, huge billowy flakes of snow falling gently just outside the window, while two girlfriends and I sipped slowly on these delicious creations. Unforgettable. But, one needn't wait for Mother Nature to repeat herself - any cold evening will do.

Please note: the exact ingredients that go into Frank's *Spanish Coffee* are secret. -AB

318 South Main Street
Royal Oak Mi. 48067
248. 541.1186

ROAST

Nestled inside the *Book Cadillac Hotel*, in the heart of the Motor City, awaits Iron Chef, Michael Symon's *Roast*, a perfect venue for Valentines to enjoy cocktails, the *Beast of the Day* and a little romantic foreplay. For him, begin with the *Metropolitan*, a cognac based martini - and our obvious choice - while the lady tickles her tongue on a liquid diamond, *Champagne Cocktail*, designed exclusively to let her guard down.

Next, explore the *Porterhouse For 2*, three pounds of medium rare meat, sliced perfectly away from the bone, served with roast steak sauce and pickled green tomato, and presented on a pure virgin white platter. Please, allow 30 minutes - or two more cocktails - for delivery. Share an order of *Rosemary Fries*, piled high in a shiny stainless steel cylinder, and soon you and your companion will be 'accidentally' bumping fingertips over *Roast's* homemade ketchup.

Finish with the grandeur of the *Butterscotch Crème Brûlée*, traditional caramelized top, using just one spoon for the both of you. *Oooh, that's it, one more bite, nice and slow, we've got plenty of time.* But, whatever you do, resist the temptation to spoon-feed one another, for that, my darlings, would be cheesy. -AB

1128 Washington Blvd
Detroit Mi. 48226
313.961.2500

LOUIS' PIZZA

For one of the more satisfying experiences two Valentines can have, cozy up with each other in a vintage red vinyl booth at *Louis' Pizza*. Open a bottle of Chianti - the kind that's lovingly embraced with fine wicker - and take a good look around. Those people you see are called 'regulars', and they have been eating at *Louis'* for decades.

Now, order the irresistible *Antipasto Salad* and lets see if you love birds are able to whisper sweet nothings into one another's ear, once you've had your first bite. Though, I am unable to confirm this comment, I strongly believe *Louis'* has been slipping something with addictive properties in their salad dressing.

Up for a challenge? Tell me the color of your lover's eyes once *Louis'* deep dish arrives to your table. A warm square of gooey love - always served on a round tray - with comforting cheese and perfectly burnt, crisp edges, will send endorphins shooting through your body screaming for more.

But, be careful, little ones. The goal is to excite them and get em' home, not put em' to sleep through over indulgence. *Save the rest for breakfast, my sweet?* -AB

23141 Dequindre
Hazel Park, Mi. 48030
248.547.1711

WHITE CASTLE

If you're considering a romantic place to take a date on Valentine's Day, look no further. *White Castle* is taking reservations now for couples, lovers or groups of cheeky cupids bent on devouring steamed burgers and delicious fries. Once again, *White Castle* will be hosting their Valentine's Day dinner, complete with tableside service, flowers, candlelight and all the love and panache of your finer establishments. However, finer establishments rarely serve those yummy chicken rings that taste like a summer carnival just exploded inside of your mouth. *The Castle de blanc* has been known to book up quickly, so log on now if you want to guarantee yourself a table. A list of participating locations can be found on the *White Castle* website, and microwavable sliders are available in the freezer section of most supermarkets, in case you'd prefer a romantic evening in. But, really, what's the point of that, when those fine people at headquarters have gone to all the trouble of bringing you this little piece of Americana every year since 1991. If I may, the *Sack Meal #3* provides dinner for two, complete with 10 sliders, two 21 oz soft drinks and two regular fries, all for as little as \$11.55. Hot Momma! -AB

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