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THE METRO POLITAN

A LIVING HISTORY

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If you enjoy **The Metropolitan** we ask that you share it with family and friends. In this way the life of each issue will be extended through deep analysis and intense discussion. We think that’s a good thing. We also think **The Metropolitan** makes for fine gift-wrap.

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READ AT YOUR OWN RISK

This paper has not been proof read and most likely never will. For more information regarding this anomaly, please see the ‘Letter from the Editor’, November 2010, online at themetdet.com



Leda & the Swan Francois Boucher, 1740

CONTENTS

| | | | |
|---------------|------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 4 | 6 | 10 | 13 |
| Social | Style/Beauty | Plots | Plots (continued) |
| 5 | 7 | 12 | 14 |
| Tour d’Etroit | A Living History | After Hour Pretties | The Arts |

COMMUNIQUÉ | FOR WHAT IS LOVE?

When We Two Parted
When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever the years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder; thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk, chill on my brow,
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o’er me...
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well..
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
With silence and tears.
~ Lord Byron (1788 - 1824)

“A kiss is a lovely trick designed by nature to stop speech when words become superfluous.”
~ Ingrid Bergman

“I have always loved truth so passionately that I have often resorted to lying as a way of introducing it into the minds which were ignorant of its charms.”
~ Giacomo Casanova

A Dream Within a Dream
Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow-
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet, if Hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it, therefore, the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of golden sand-
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep- while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?
~ Edgar Allen Poe

“When we are in love we often doubt that which we most believe.”
~ La Rochefoucauld

“To love someone deeply gives you strength. Being loved by someone deeply gives you courage.”
~ Lao Tzu

MY DEAR FRIEND (MONSIEUR DUVAL),
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,
~ Madame Du Barry (1761)

“I’ve already told you: the only way to a woman’s heart is along the path of torment. I know none other as sure.”
~ Marquis de Sade

“Marriage is the tomb of love” ~ Giacomo Casanova

Helas
To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life’s dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God.
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance
And must I lose a soul’s inheritance?
~ Oscar Wilde

“It is always by means of pain one arrives at pleasure.
~ Marquis de Sade

“Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of a man as twice his natural size”
~ Virginia Wolfe, A Room of One’s Own

EDIFICATION



ON THE COVER

A Living History, Master Tailor Anne Foster, Eastern Market 2015
Photographer: Brec Gant

MET•RO•POL•I•TAN

/metré päletn/

NOUN

a person who has the sophistication, fashionable taste, or other habits and manners associated with those who live in a metropolis.

ADJECTIVE

of, noting, or characteristic of a metropolis or its inhabitants, especially in culture, sophistication, or in accepting and combining a wide variety of people, ideas, etc.

iQ&A



Aside from that poor chap who died in a car crash while watching porn, most of our online chatter revolved around politics. The following are excerpts from conversations with our Social Media community:

What are your thoughts on Hillary Clinton, Bernie Sanders, and Donald Trump?

“I like Bernie and his politics, but I think he is too far left of the crazed masses for them to embrace. Scary to think that people actually align with Trump. Dangerous, in a bad way.” ~ Sue Hudnut Sulewski (Detroit)

“I wish we could trade Trump for Alan Rickmanb.” ~ Rachel Roth (U of M)

“Or, Robin Williams, or David Bowie, or anyone, really.” ~ Thom Kaleta (Grosse Pointe Woods)



“There’s your republican ticket right there. If you truly despise this two party broken system, this is a one time opportunity to break free if only for a single election. Look dummies, ya can’t have it both ways. Either you bring your own money to the table, or remain Big Money’s Bitch. And, if you’re Big Money’s bitch, you’re never going to get through the primaries without having your brain stem severed. The Republican Party fears and despises Donald trump because he is free of their influence, immune to their efforts to exert pressure and he thinks for himself. He is the least “partisan” presidential candidate we are likely ever to see.

Kudos to Bernie for his successful end run around that imperious candidate, and arguably the most unethical and

ruthless negative campaign machine ever seen. She has unleashed HELL on that poor sob, and all but dared anybody in the Democrat Party machinery to stand in her way. She is a monster. While Bernie has managed to side step her and the Dem Chum Machine by raising his own chest of nerd money, he stands no chance of asserting influence over the vast array of political forces operating should he be elected president. Bernie probably is a nice man and a DECENT one. It’s precisely for this reason that Washington Inc will castrate him, shave him, put him on a leash and walk his cold, hairless, ball-less, shivering cold body all over capital Hill. His choice of a running mate is kinda like asking what we do when oil runs out.

kinda doesn’t matter . . . and, by ‘kinda’, of course, I mean “not in the least possible bit.’

While he undeniably and calculatingly ruffles feathers and scales alike, Donald trump is a man of formidable political power. The bitches, hoes, crack dealers, crack heads, pimps, and johns running that Company Town will have no clue how to handle that guy. I’ll give them a hint: with sheer disdain and clinical disregard. He is not afraid of them. He is not afraid of the media. He is free of the influence of Big Money. He is his own man ... and Washington (nay America) doesn’t remember what one looks like, let alone how to engage.

All THAT said... it would be of tremendous benefit for ALL to have by his side an EQUALLY INDEPENDENT FIGURE who possesses all the obvious strengths of Bill Clinton. These are both SMART and INDEPENDENT THINKING MEN. They BOTH know what is required to execute at the highest levels with success. They have BOTH been the Boss. If Trump is the man I hope him to be, and Clinton the patriot I hope him to be, this might be worth chewing on.” ~ Steven Korbin (Los Angeles)

What do you think of Rand Paul?

“What I think of Rand paul is, right or wrong, he’s not even in the conversation. He’s purely theoretical, exotic form of alternative energy, which, if it even exists, can only be harvested from asteroids in the Kuiper belt, for which we lack the technology not only to reach, extract and return, but even to detect the presence of. I know practically nothing about the guy, and will make every effort to keep it that way. It would be like studying early weather reports that turned out to be wrong. Rand Paul is so irrelevant to this election that time would be better spent organizing a write-in campaign for me – much love Detroit.” ~ Steven Korbin (Los Angeles)

Facebook: The Metropolitan d’Etroit Instagram: themetdet

OP-ED

HB 5232: IS DETROIT’S ARCHITECTURE HISTORY?

By Nancy Kotting

Wherever you find yourself at this moment, turn to the person nearest you and ask them this simple question: What are your top three favorite things about Detroit? Chances are the term 'architecture' will be included somewhere in their response. The architecture of Detroit is Detroit, literally. Elegant, ambitious, ragged, desolate, triumphant, our story as a city gets told through our buildings. Rubble to ramparts, fuck with our buildings, you're fucking with us.

The Michigan Legislature agreed, and way back in 1970 passed Public Act 169, which gave us the tools we need to act quickly when developer dujour with a dozer threatens one of our historic structural sentries with annihilation. It also puts the legal muscle in place that provides us the opportunity to identify and protect, through the establishment of Historic Districts, both public and privately owned properties whose significance to our shared history requires rights all its own in the public realm.

Let us look at a current example: When a developer wants to remove one of his local monopoly pieces, PA 169 gives us the power to say *NO, you may own it, but we own its history and our history matters and has rights*. Now comes Mike Ilitch, who wants to exclude 3 historic structural citizens of Detroit from the proposed, protective Cass Park Historic District, allowed thanks to PA 169. These three buildings, the Alden Apartments, the Wil-Mar Garage and the Cole Building are located in Ilitch's Arena District plans. Smart as we are, the City Council, with the Historic District Advisory Board running block, is holding ground this time against Arena Man and his plans though it is far from over. All possible because we figured this shit out way back in 1970.

But wait, what is this we hear? Why it's none other than Republican state Rep. Afendoulis from District 73. Afendoulis has conveniently introduced House Bill 5232, which, if moved out of committee and to the floor for an affirmative vote, would rip the innards out of PA 169, rendering it open dozer & dynamite season on Detroit's bricks and mortar, our life blood as a city.

If enacted, HB 5232 eliminates our greatest tool in halting impending demolition in the 11th hour. Here is the kicker, and why I believe Afendoulis is jamming this legislation through, relevant to the proposed Cass Park District, which threatens Ilitch's right to demo the aforementioned three buildings; under HB 5232, creating the new Cass Park Historic District would require not only enactment by the City Council but a *majority approval by vote in the next public election*, a delay that would afford the Ilitch demolition team plenty of time. Isn't it interesting that Ilitch has delayed the pending decision on the Cass Park District until February 11th ?

Being able to bulldoze now and explain later is apparently not enough. According to HB 5232, though renewal is possible, all existing protective Historic District designations in Michigan, including Corktown and the Belle Isle Historic District would evaporate in ten years, *Kapoo!*

In addition, any local legislative unit (city council) can eliminate any existing protective Historic District by writing and passing a new ordinance stating so, no explanation necessary, rendering the process purely political. Currently, such cannot be done without first meeting stringent, nationally recognized criteria.

HB 5232 would be culturally and economically devastating to Detroit and the State of Michigan. Tell Afendoulis just where he can stuff his Bill. Got a minute? Give him a call: 517-373-0218 or email him: ChrisAfendoulis@house.mi.gov

Take action now: http://www.mhpn.org/?page_id=919

For technical info go here: PA 169: http://www.legislature.mi.gov/%028S%028siyqa5h5xpvdwunhx5aqr5n%029%029/mileg.asp x?page=getObject&objectName=mcl-399-202

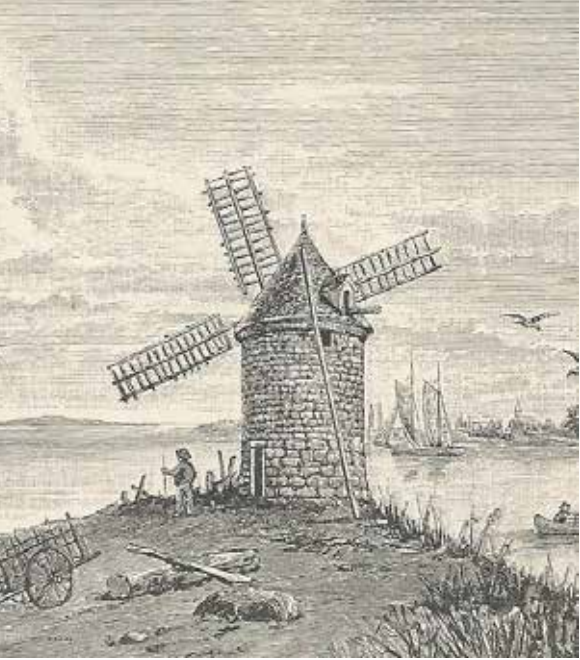
HB 5232 and SB 720: http://www.legislature.mi.gov/documents/2015-2016/billintroduced/House/pdf/2016- HIB-5232.pdf-

Nancy Kotting, M.S. Historic Preservation, is a fourth generation Detroit, former partner at Detroit MetroTimes/Alternative Media Inc., trainer/instructor of classical horsemanship for over 35 years and an avid writer. She can be reached at: Yikesmt@gmail.com

OLD FRENCH WINDMILLS

Could We Resurrect These Beautiful Structures That Once Graced the Shores of the Detroit River?

By Joe Neussendorfer, Aff.m.asce, Esd



In early Detroit the French inhabitants brought with them their craft-ways and technology of the time. One technology was the mastery of windmill construction to grind grains and

for water power. The Greek engineer Heron of Alexandria invented the first known wind-driven wheel that powered a grinder machine during the 1st century BC, according to the history books.

“Windmills had sails that rotated in a horizontal plane around a vertical axis. In north-western Europe, the horizontal-axis or vertical windmill (so called due to the plane of the movement of its sails) is believed to date from the last quarter of the 12th century in the triangle of northern France, eastern England and Flanders,” according to Wikipedia.

Mills powered by wind and water were part of the French landscape, every village had at least one. Many windmills are pictured in old Detroit history books and documents. There is the classic example at Windmill Pointe in Grosse Pointe, and the drawing of the windmill near the Old Knagg’s House in Springwells depicted in 1837.

Years ago, there were plans to reconstruct William Shakespeare’s “Globe Theater” on the banks of the Detroit River as a tourist attraction. Those plans never materialized. On that note, why don’t some entrepreneurs reconstruct one of these charming French windmills near the Detroit Riverwalk. What an attraction that would be!

For further information about the history of Windmill Pointe contact the Grosse Pointe Historical Society at: www.gphistorical.org. You will discover a copy of a rare painting of an old Detroit windmill painted by Robert Hopkin in the upper left hand area.

Joe Neussendorfer is an Affiliate Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers (ASCE) and a 40-year Member of The Engineering Society of Detroit (ESD). joseph.neussendor@alumni.kettering.edu

BREAKFAST SPECIAL
MONTY’S GRILL

Royal Oak

By Anthony Brancaleone

This small, countertop diner, located on northbound Woodward in Royal Oak, has gone through several changes over the years, but the good food and local atmosphere have always managed to remain the same. Recently, the restaurant has changed hands and is now owned and operated by husband and wife team, John and Bardha Goni.

Married for twenty-five years, the couple moved from Capital City, Albania sixteen years ago, where John covered politics as a journalist, and launched two papers – one daily, one weekly. Mr. Goni, an anti-communist, was very concerned with the future of his country. According to John, the people of Albania have always felt that “America is #1”, with a dream shared by many to come to the U.S. in hopes of a better life.

Bardha prefers to keep political conversations to a minimum stating,” we have very good people who come in here, and we are happy to serve all, regardless of politics.” - Which brings us directly to the food.

As my readers know, I am a breakfast man (thus, this column). I ordered two-poached eggs (med-well), bacon, and potatoes with grilled onion, and I am happy to report that I was completely satisfied with my meal: Eggs were correctly poached, the bacon was lean and perfectly prepared, and the potatoes turned out just fine. I added a little A1 sauce to create my own poor man’s steak and eggs.

At counter were several neighbored locals,



some I recognized, some with faces that for me were new. Regardless of Bardha’s wish to keep politics to a minimum there was much talk of it from all sides. Bardha happily continued to pour fresh, hot coffee, adding a few jokes here and there, and the little diner seemed to moving along as it always had. People who come to Monty’s do so not only for the good food, but for the chance to strike up conversation. For a moment it was politics, but there is also talk of sports, history, and the cultural landscape of far off places.

Monty’s grill serves breakfast and lunch, and offers carryouts. Open 7 days a week, 7am-3pm.

28300 Woodward Ave Royal Oak MI (248). 547. 1959

COFFEE
WHITE PINE COFFEE

A Michigan Micro Roastery Delivers Seasonally Harvested Product

By Anthony Brancaleone

My introduction to White Pine Coffee was through Steve and Tony Selvaggio at Western Market (Ferndale) where the roasters were preparing for a day of free tastings. There, I sampled a medium roast. Next, I met owner of White Pine at Rustbelt Market (Ferndale) via Chris Best, co-owner of the market, who was quick to direct me to the flavor profiles offered by this Michigan micro roasting company. It was there that I sampled a dark roast, and I am pleased to announce that I am now the happy owner of 12 oz of White Pine Timber Cruiser.



White Pine sources coffees from around the world, and offers signature blends and single origin reserves, roasted in what they refer to as “Lumber Camp” in Lake Orion, Michigan. Drink and be well, readers! (248). 221. 5136



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NBRHD

HAMTRAMCK

By The Detroit Foodie



Surrounded by Detroit, sits the ever changing melting pot that is Hamtramck.

Long ago, German immigrants settled the city. Later, came Eastern Europeans (Polish & Ukrainians). Soon after came the Balkans (Albanians, Bosnians, Macedonians). Followed by Yemeni and Bangladeshi. As of now, the Somali. It’s this constant wave of immigration that has made Hamtramck a unique and thriving city; A city where the American dream can be realized - Hence, the plethora of markets, restaurants, and other neighborhood businesses.

Hamtramck is also a mecca for art, music and food.

With affordable rent and space abound, this walkable city is an ideal place for artists. Between its many galleries (Hatch, Public Pool, 9338 Campau, Popp’s Packing, even Cafe 1923) and studio spaces, lies a thriving & supportive creative community. Recent additions are the beautiful, larger than life, murals that adorn the city from North to South.

Then there’s the music scene – synonymous with Hamtramck’s infamous bar scene. Once home to more bars per capita than any other U.S. city. Many of its bars have since shuttered. But, some old-timers (Baker Streetcar, Play Post 10, Headcoach) have remained. It’s within these dive bars that you’ll find great local music. This is made especially apparent during the Metro Times Blowout (an annual music festival).

Lastly, the food scene is off the chain! You’ll travel the world sampling various cuisines without needing a passport. An abundance of ethnic markets & restaurants makes Hamtramck the ultimate foodie paradise.

Don’t forget to order your Paczki this month!



FEATURED DISH:
SPICY ROASTED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Rock City Eatery will soon be relocating, so be sure to stop by their Hamtramck location and order this signature dish! The brussels sprouts are perfectly charred, super flavorful, and addictively delicious. Also, be sure to leave room for dessert.
11411 Joseph Campau Ave Hamtramck, MI 48212

PLACES TO VISIT



Hamtramck Disneyland
A true embodiment of the city’s eclectic nature! Built by the late Dmytro Szyrak (a Ukrainian immigrant) who created an outdoor art installation that’s best viewed from the shared Klinger/Moran alley. 12087 Klinger St



Turtle & Inky’s
Many of you have probably never heard of this obscure dive bar, but the cheap drinks and low key vibe makes it worthy of a visit! (313) 365-9863



Lo & Behold
Equal parts record store, resale shop and performance venue. A Hamtramck favorite! (313) 759-0075



American European Market
The market portion isn’t the draw; it’s the freshly made Macedonian Bureks (a doughy Balkan savory pie) that Gina bakes daily in a variety of scrumptious flavors! (313) 366-2740



Fowling Warehouse
Football + Bowling? Yes. Experience it for yourself if you’ve never been. A great group activity! Plus, there’s beer & live music onsite. What’s not to love! (313) 264-1288

IG: thedetroitfoodie

At The President's Request

By Pro Makeup Artist Jeanette Frost

Pro makeup artist Barbara Deyo recently had the honor of working with CBS News as MUA for president Obama while he was visiting Detroit. Excited to learn about her experience, I sat down with Barbara to hear her story. The following is a transcription of that interview.

"I got a call from Julie Black, Jeff Daniels assistant. She said that I should expect a call from CBS and that they had an urgent job they needed me for. When CBS called, I had it in my mind that I was getting booked to do Daniels' makeup again. CBS asked if I was available tomorrow. I really wasn't and I wasn't sure if I could clear my schedule. The CBS rep told me that it would be worth my while and that my clients would understand. I said, 'They're pretty understanding if it's for something really cool'. The rep said, 'It's pretty cool. It's for the president'. My response was a confused, 'I'm sorry, for who?' The rep said, 'For the president of the United States, Barack Obama'".

After I hung up, my client walked in for her brow appointment. I had my head on my desk, as I was trying to wrap my mind around what just happened. She asked, 'Are you okay? Are you laughing or crying?' I said, 'a little of both, but it's good'. When I said I was hired as the makeup artist for the president she immediately started texting all her friends. Then, I received a call from a representative to get all of my personal info. The Secret Service needed to do a thorough background check. I normally don't reveal my Soc and date of birth to someone I've never met, so I took a leap of faith knowing that Julie Black wouldn't have sent something shady.

So, I got my kit together, making sure I had everything I could possibly need, but kept it tight since I needed to be mobile. I packed 3 different types of foundation for different levels of coverage, with a range of 5 colors, powders,



disposable sponges and puffs. Plus I had to do CBS News correspondent Lee Cowan's makeup so I grabbed a range of foundations for his skin tone as well.

I arrived at Cobo 45 minutes early, because I was nervous about being late. There were tons of people. While trying to find the CBS crew, my purse strap broke. I just bought this purse so I could tote all the makeup with ease! When I met up with CBS, I had plenty of time to do Lee Cowan's makeup. He was very nice and completely put me at ease. Being hired to do Lee's makeup was an honor in itself, it's a national broadcast and Lee is a highly respected news journalist.

Applying Makeup On A Highly Respected News Journalist
Lee Cowen: I used the Pore Perfecting Foundation in Tender Beige and Foundation Stick in Cameo Beige - foundation first, then concealer around the eyes, and set with Sunlit Powder with a puff, and medium bronzer, all over. I used Blot Powder for touch ups, a colorless powder to take away shine.

We were taken to the Auto Show floor where they curtained off a section and cleared the public. Every few feet there was a Secret Service Agent. It was surreal! These guys were serious, huge and seemed straight out of central casting, your stereotypical Secret Service Agents, yet everyone was incredibly nice. I could see the President now in the room being led on tour with Auto Show executives.

At this point, I was moved to a holding area waiting to do the president's makeup. Suddenly, my phone rang and it was my son's school! They informed me that Quin [son] is sick and has a fever of 103! They said, 'Quin told us you are a little busy today'. I honestly think they wanted to verify that he was telling the truth when his mom was doing the president's makeup. So, I arranged for my dad to pick him up.

One minute, I saw the president a ways away and then I turned around and there he was! I was a bit startled. 'Oh! Hi! Where did you come from?' (Thinking there was there a hidden door I was unaware of). He shook my hand and said, 'It's really nice to meet you; thank you for being here'. I said, 'It's my honor, and it's so nice to meet you too'.

The room was cleared and it was just the president, a Secret Service Agent, and I. President Obama allowed me to trim his eyebrows, and wanted really light makeup. It was wild being so close to his face. A moment hit me, as I realized there are very few people who get that kind of trust; his wife Michelle gets to kiss him, his daughters probably give him pecks on the cheek, and then there are those few who are hired to do his makeup. As I continued working his agent said, 'Okay let's get rid of that shine and go'. I said, 'I'm sorry I'll hurry up'. The Secret Service man changed his mind, 'That's okay, take your time, I know you want to make your president look good'. I said, 'Yes I do, thank you sir!' We wrapped, and Obama did a walking interview with Lee Cowan for CBS Sunday Morning.

Applying Makeup On A President
POTUS: Rich Caramel Pore Perfecting Foundation, Sandy Beige Foundation Stick (mixed together around his eyes and blended a bit around the center of his face) and then applied Toast Pressed Powder all over with a puff for more coverage. Then I finished with our dark bronzer on his cheeks, and a bit all over with a large powder brush.

After the walking interview we were then all whisked out, like the bat cave, to the motorcade. There must have been over a 100 cops and a long line of vehicles, which escorted us to the General Motors UAW Hall, where the president gave his speech. Cop cars from all over Michigan flew up the road ahead, making way for the president. Much like a big parade, people lined the streets waving and cheering.

When we were finished, a Secret Service Agent asked if I wanted a picture with the president. I whipped my phone out. Throughout my career, I never asked for photos with celebrities, because I respect their privacy. So when an opportunity like this presents itself I'm grateful. It's still up for debate who is the bigger name on my resume, Paul McCartney or Barack Obama. I guess it depends in which circle you run. The president was very hip, but with his own unique vibe. He was so easy going that I didn't feel intimidated. For me, it was such an honor and a lot of pressure to be asked to do makeup for the president of the United States. I realize this is probably a once in a lifetime opportunity, and knowing I was chosen amongst my peers made me feel very special."

When Barbara finished, I noticed her kit was open with makeup about to be put away. There was a pink puff covered in powder. I asked Barbara "Is that...the Presidential Puff?" We both giggled. She said "Yes, that's the Presidential Puff".

"The Presidential Puff" is now on display at Deyo Studio 576 N. Old Woodward 2nd Floor Birmingham 248-203-1222 deyostudio.com

TECH

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NINE MILE AND WOODWARD. FERNDAL, MICHIGAN



A LIVING HISTORY

**In honor of those
Freedom Fighters that
have come before us;
James Baldwin,
Bayard Rustin,
Fannie Lou Hammer,
Gordon Parks,
Norman Lewis,
Nina Simone -
we continue their work
to realize the dream of
freedom for all.**

In the spirit of the Bauhaus, which sought to eliminate the distinction between artist and craftsman, here resides a living documentary of the city of Detroit and its everyday people; a depiction of a creative class in our city; an(other) narrative that offers a glimpse into the important racial geography and social landscape of Detroit.

Giving reverence to “A Great Day in Harlem”, the seminal shot of 57 Jazz legends taken in 1958 by Art Kane on E. 126th St., inspired by contemporary photographer Rog Walker’s epic lionization of Solange Knowles’ wedding party, without a word, phrase, or artist statement, one feels a message.

I do see colour, shape, size, and age and it is all beautiful in the eyes of the Ultimate Creator. I hear Marvin Gaye echoing through the streets of Flint down under the sewage pipes and water supply, “...what’s going on???”

I see Martin Luther King Jr. sitting and furiously co-authoring a plan of action with the likes of Septima Clark, Diane Nash and Dorothy Height to figure out a way to bless our children of Detroit Public Schools all with an equal, stellar education and state-of-the-art facilities.

I sit writing these words at a cafe in Harlem only a few blocks from what will be a four-floor Whole Foods on the corner of 125th St. and Malcolm X Boulevard; I am overwhelmed with the notion that what we are dealing with in Detroit has become a universal plague. It needs no labeling. I think about the Bodega-sized store we have on Mack and Woodward and instantly understand that gentrification (gentrification and globalization) is alive and well in most of our historical Black and Latino communities.

It is the artist’s duty to reflect these realities of their times. Through these artists we may right wrongs and demand a higher standard of humanity. We all have an obligation to the vastly diversified, multi-cultural, racial solidarity shown specifically to improve the conditions of Black Americans in the Civil Rights Movement in the U.S.A. We are all called to rally for justice as we declare that #BlackLivesMatter and insist that you #SayHerName.

We do not need allies in this revolution; we need accomplices of every hue who are bound to do these things not only for their tribute and equity, but for the posterity of all; to pay it forward to a future generation, nation, and Detroit.



RYAN SENG, RANDAL JACOBS, ROSLYN KARAMOKO



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ARMAGEDDON BEACHPARTY



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Not Pressed represents street wit, with signature branding on t-shirts, caps and skullies created by owner Jamie Jackson (group photo). www.notpressed.com

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Photography: Bree Gant

Words: Randal Jacobs

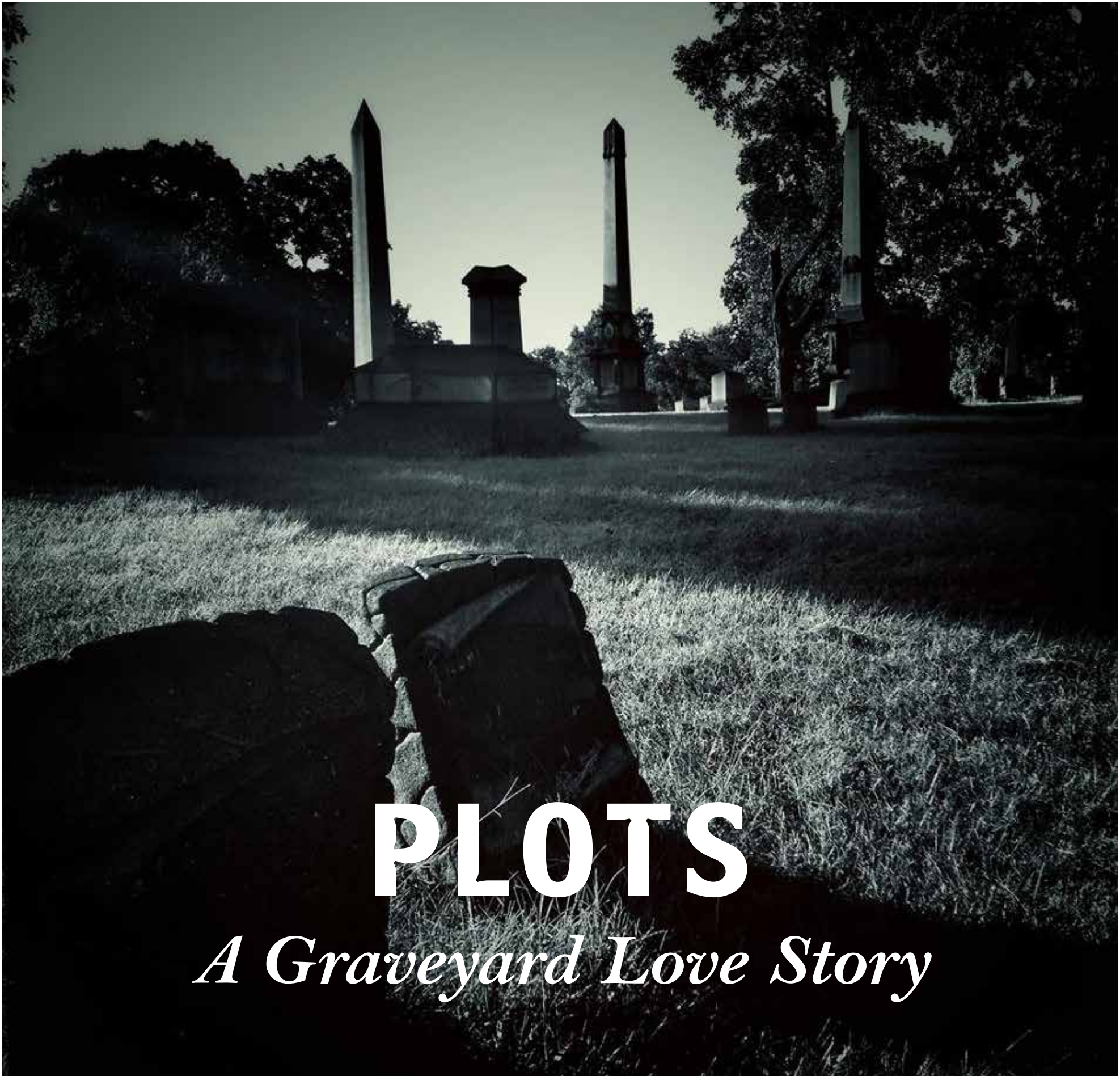
Special Thanks: The Tenthzine, Darius Jackson, Amy McCain, Omar Campbell, Jeremy Ward-Harris

Note: All artists are wearing their own garments.

These portraits were first commissioned for The Tenthzine from photographer Bree Gant and creative director Randal Jacobs. This is the first of a series in which Gant and Jacobs are collaborating in documenting persons who are living history in Detroit.



MARSHA & DAVID PHILPOT



PLOTS

A Graveyard Love Story

JOSH MALERMAN

On September the first, Nancy Barrington was buried. Her husband Frank made a small scene at the funeral. Thinking Father Oliver was going on a bit windy, Frank asked him to hurry things along. When Oliver protested, Frank, sixty-six years old, rose and said he'd bury his wife himself. The three Barrington children stopped their father from doing this. Oliver handled the situation as calmly and as kindly as he could.

On September the sixth, the three Barrington children, Jane, Joe, and Julie, informed their father they'd bought the plot next to Mom's. Bought it for him.

On October the fifth, Frank Barrington drove his Dodge Aspen out to Marigold Cemetery. In the truck bed was a foldout lawn chair, a small camping stove, a one man canvas tent, a box of matches, a two-battery flashlight, a two-battery AM radio, some light bedding, a suitcase half-full of clothes, and a box of groceries and beer.

He set up camp on the plot of untouched earth beside his wife's grave.

He started living on it.

On Geary was the daytime groundskeeper for Marigold Cemetery. He was accustomed to finding things out of sorts. Ferris, who worked the night shift, spent more time watching television than he did checking the grounds and was even known to leave a few empty beer cans in the office. Beer and a graveyard. Geary didn't know why, but the combination didn't sit well with him. Didn't feel like the right place to knock one back. And yet, nothing Ferris ever did could prepare Geary for what he found the morning of October the sixth.

He'd pulled into the employee lot, radio low, always respecting the grounds. He'd entered the office and cleaned up a sticky spill on the floor near the desk (looked like soda), emptied the trash, opened the blinds to the office windows, and phoned Allan Dirks, the manager of Marigold Cemetery. He let Allan know everything was fine. After hanging up, Geary chance glanced out the window and saw, far in the distance, a tent, in what looked like lot 37.

Goddammit, Ferris, he thought, exiting the office. He guessed the no good night watchman had let in a woman, camped out for the night, possibly they were both asleep inside, sleeping off some beer.

The closer Geary got, the quicker he recognized the exact plot in question. Just a month ago Nancy Barrington had been buried in plot 4, lot 37. The tent looked to be on plot 3, lot 37. Unused. Or, as Allan often said, not used yet. Geary hiked up his work pants by his belt loops and hurried his walk.

Someone was in the tent. The front flap was coming down.

Geary, anxious, stopped.

The first name that passed through Geary's head was Father Oliver. He wasn't sure why exactly, but maybe a priest sleeping on a grave made more sense than most. But the tousled silver hair that emerged from the tent first didn't belong to Oliver. And the cocky grimace beneath it gave the identity of the perpetrator away.

"Mister Barrington!" Geary called, trotting now toward. "Whatever are you doing?"

"Waking up," Frank said, his voice as gravely as the path. Geary noticed coffee cooking on a small stove.

"You moving in?" Geary asked.

Frank kneeled by the stove and rose with a mugful.

"Want some?" he gestured toward Geary and because of how comfortable Frank behaved, how unbothered and direct he was, Geary wondered if maybe he was forgetting something himself. Perhaps this kind of thing happened all the time?

"No thank you, Mister Barrington. But I need to ask you again... what are you doing here?"

Barrington didn't hesitate.

"This is my land," he offered. "The kids done bought it for me."

Geary looked down to the plot, to the tombstone etched with NANCY BARRINGTON.

"Oh boy, Mister Barrington. I'm afraid you might've taken that too literally. When you're kids buy you a plot, its supposed to be--"

"For when I die. That about it?"

"That's about it, yeah."

"But it's mine, aint it?"

Geary hadn't ever thought about it like that before.

"Well, I suppose it is, Mister Barrington. But--"

"That's how I seen it, too."

Geary was in a bind. He'd started the conversation amiably and wasn't sure how to change that now.

"Allan Dirks isn't going to be none too happy about this, Frank."

"Who the hell is that?"

"The rightful manager of Marigold Cemetery."

"Oh? Tell him to stop selling plots of land if he don't want people living in his graveyard."

"Well, I just might," Geary said. "I just might have to."

"That's alright."

Geary made to leave.

"Geary?"

"Yeah?"

"You ever notice how the birds out here sound more respectful than the ones outside your window?"

Geary tilted his head to the trees, considered this.

"I have noticed that, yes."

"It's a neat thing. One of those corners of the universe."

"It is," Geary said.

Then he was taking the path, back to the office, back to the phone.

Allan Dirks phoned Father Oliver. The cemetery manager asked the priest to speak to Frank Barrington about this directly.

We've already told him that he's got to leave.

And he didn't do so?

He says it's his land. Says he owns it.

Ah, and so he does. I'll speak with him.

Oliver arrived at Marigold cemetery in the early evening hours. The sky was overcast. His trademark dark spectacles framed his soft eyes. He adjusted his collar and flattened his black thinning hair, attempting to protect it from ruffling in the wind.

Even if Father Oliver hadn't presided over the funeral of Nancy Barrington, it wouldn't have been difficult to locate Frank on the grounds.

Oliver approached slow, rehearsed what he might say.

Forty feet off Oliver heard the static voices coming from the small AM radio situated upon the grave. Sports talk, most likely. Frank sat on a rain-bow lawn-chair, sunglasses blocking his eyes.

"Evening, Barrington," Oliver said, arriving at the foot of the plot. The priest spotted open packages of food near the door of the small nylon tent. "How do you do?"

"I'm well, Oliver."

The priest smiled.

"Didn't know if your eyes were open 'hind those glasses."

"Oh, I seen you coming."

Oliver adjusted his collar. Flattened his hair. This was to be delicate.

"I hear you've decided to take up residence here? At Marigold Cemetery of all places."

Frank spat.

"The kids decided it. But I'm following up on that, yes."

"I see. But your children were only hoping to ensure you'd be buried beside your wife. Lovers often make such arrangements."

"I didn't ask for a plot," Frank said. "But I appreciate it, in kind."

Oliver scanned the grounds of Marigold. Fifty yards off a well-dressed couple knelt to place flowers upon a stone.

"You see that couple there?" Oliver asked, gesturing.

Frank looked.

"I do."

The priest clasped his heavy hands and smiled.

"You see, Frank, a nice young couple like that... they find sanctity in a place like this. They've come here for a very specific purpose. That is to grieve. And, in turn, to heal. Now, whereas you do have rights, as a man, as a citizen, a right to your own subjectivity, something like this," he fanned his hands toward Frank's things, "might rightly ruin their experience."

Frank looked to the couple again.

"That's not doing it, Father."

"What's that?"

"You see, I seen so many couples come and go, so many friends become strangers, that I no longer pretend to know how someone else might interpret the things I do or don't do."

Oliver smiled.

"Not gonna budge are you, Frank."

"This chair, this sun, this land feels good. I dare-say I'm home."

The two remained quiet until Oliver felt the need to say something.

"Well, I'm not the one you're gonna to have to worry about, Frank. Sheriff Howard will be out here soon enough. And I imagine he'll have a different way of putting it."

"Dad," Jane said. "What are you doing?"

Frank sipped his beer.

"This is... insane," Julie said. "Not to mention downright embarrassing."

"Embarrassing? You three should be proud of me."

"Proud?" Joe asked.

"I'm resourceful. Creative too. This is my land after all."

The siblings waited, as if Frank might suddenly tell them he'd been joking here. But when that moment didn't come, Jane spoke first.

"Sheriff Howard called today. Told me to come get you. Told me they're going to arrest you if you don't move."

"Jane Barrington," Frank was looking her directly in the eye. His heavy silver eyebrows arched. "You're my oldest. I'm very proud of you."

"For what?"

"For everything."

Silence. Then...

"We'll be back, Dad," Jane said.

"Where you going now?"

"We'll be back."

Night.

Frank lit his lantern and placed it at the head of the plot. He turned the radio to the classical station and rose, the moon high above him.

He retrieved a notebook from the tent and set to writing.

Instructions for my burial:

Arms by my side; not crossed upon my chest. I'm no mummy.

The graveyard was much cooler at night and Frank wore a long-sleeved button-down shirt. His right arm softly rubbed against the paper as he wrote.

He started to draw a picture of a dead man, flat in his casket, an aerial view. Eyes still open, arms at his sides, adorned in suit and tie.

He looked to Nancy's tombstone.

"Together yet," he said.

A cracking sound and Frank looked up to see a silhouette approaching. He waited, quietly, as the grainy violins on the AM radio surged, suggesting something important was on the way.

"Mister Barrington?"

It was the night watchman. A boy named Ferris.

"I'm working, son."

"Yeah? What you working on?"

"My last will and testament."

"That's cool," Ferris said. "I hear you've got a beer?"

"I do."

Frank got up and retrieved a beer from the cooler and tossed it to Ferris who had trouble catching it but caught it.

The night watchman popped opened the beer and the snap of it echoed through the graveyard. He sat upon a headstone.

"Helluva chair," Frank said.

"Helluva bed," Ferris smiled, nodding to Frank's tent. "So what you doing out here? Can't get over your wife's passing or something like that?"

Frank hesitated.

"Something of that ilk."

Ferris nodded. Sipped his beer.

"I have things I can't get over either," he said, wiping his mouth with the sleeve of his shirt. "But I think that's alright. I think it's okay to get stuck under things. Even forever. If you really gave your all to a thing... how are you supposed to get out from under it?"

Frank saw a light in the distance.

"Who's that?" he asked.

Ferris moved slow, looked.

"Not sure. Geary or Sheriff Howard, I suppose."

Frank knew Howard the same way everyone else did; citations and tickets, a casual warning pitched from his parked cruiser, the window rolled down, as you passed on foot, walking the sidewalks of town.

Now don't spit in public, Johnny.

Clean that hair up, Will.

Wait for the walk sign.

You pay for that, Steve?

A bright beam erupted from the darkness.

Ferris hid his beer between his shoes.

"Mister Barrington," Howard said, his face unseen, hardly even a silhouette beyond the light. "Ferris."

"Sheriff," Ferris said, nodding.

"Evening, Sheriff," Frank said. "Mind dimming the light?"

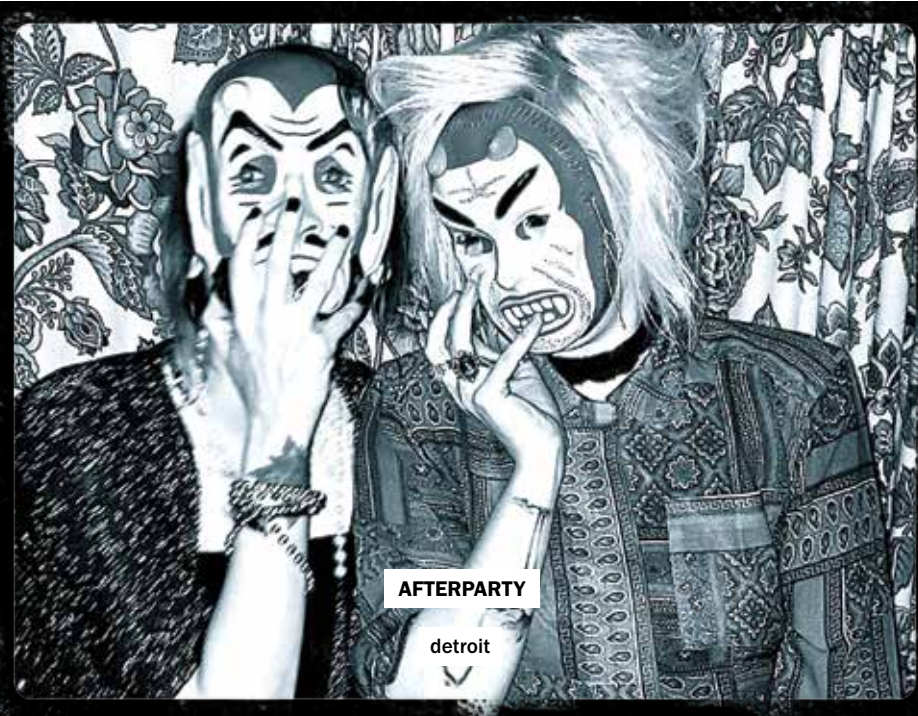
"I'd like to see what you've got out here before I lower my beam, Mister Barrington."

Howard played the light across the plot. One at a time Frank's possessions were partially, then fully revealed. The radio. The cooler. A paperback book. Mittens. A cardboard box of canned goods. The open flap of the tent.

Howard paused there, letting the light shine inside.

"Mind if I have a look?" he asked.

"I do," Frank said.



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AFTER HOUR PRETTIES

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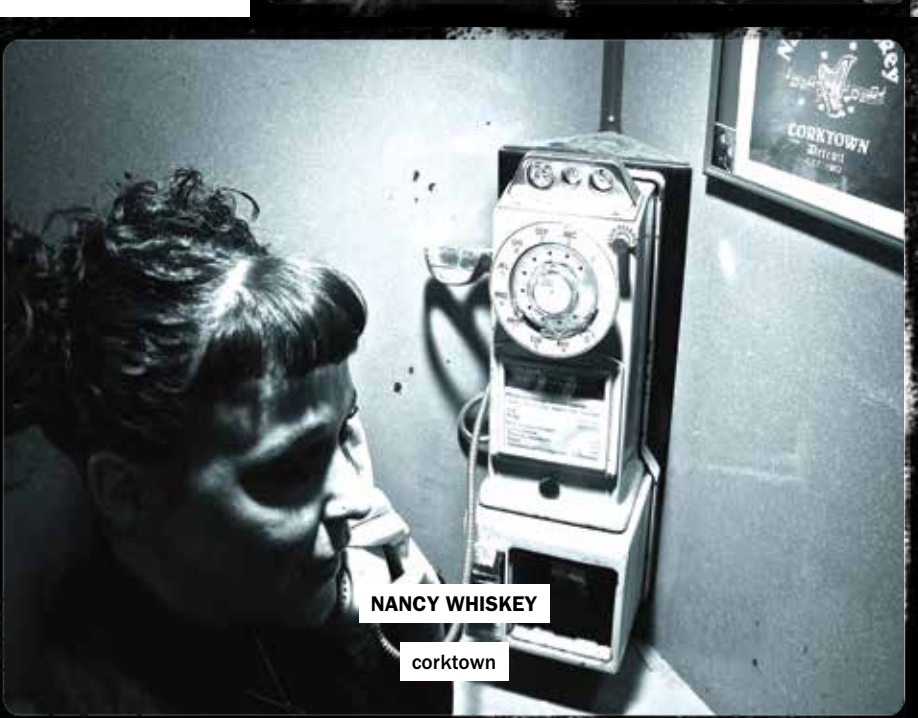
MAGIC BAG

ferndale



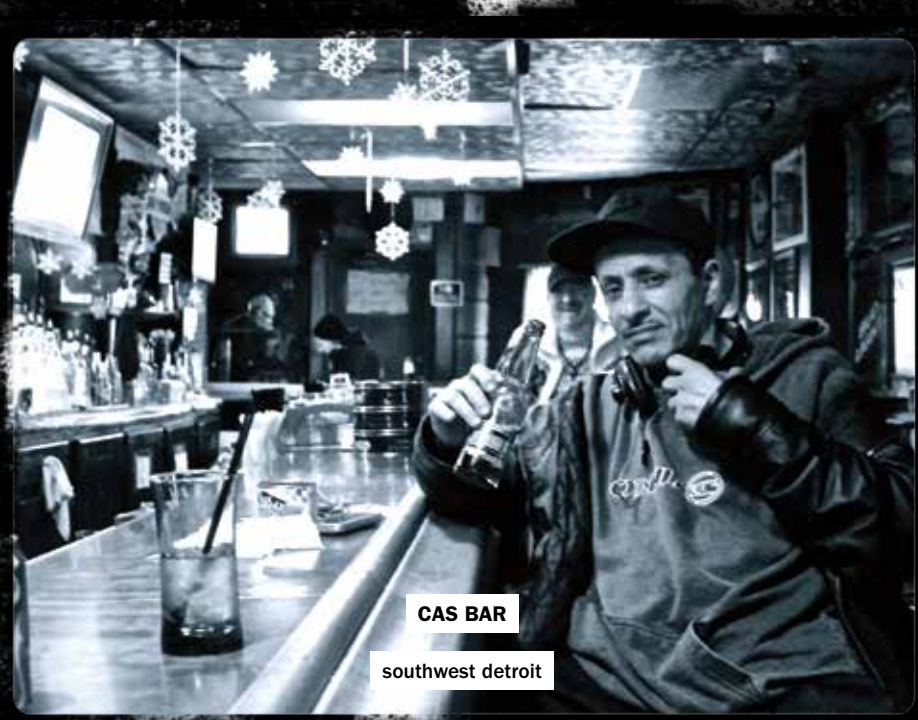
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Ferris shifted uneasily on the headstone.
“And why’s that?” Howard asked.
“This is my land, Sheriff. I suppose you’ll need a warrant to search my things.”
“You don’t own the graveyard,” Howard said.
“You must know at least that much about the rules.”
“I own this piece of it. Seems silly to receive property only upon dying.”
“That’s what we call a grave, Mister Barrington.”
“Yes, well I’d like to get a good look at mine first. Make sure it suits me.”
“And what do you think so far? How does it suit you?”
Ferris slowly rose from the headstone. It felt like something bad might break out. The music didn’t help. Rising violins. Mad horns.
“It fits,” Frank said.
“I’m gonna look in the tent now,” the sheriff said.
Ferris heard a faint click and knew what it was before turning to see. He groaned.
“You know the rules,” Frank repeated. “Better than most. Now, I’m liable to shoot a man for breaking into my home.”
Silence from Howard. But only briefly.
“You know I got one of those, too, Mister Barrington. And I’m better with mine.”
“That may be the case, Sheriff Howard, but mine’s already drawn.”
“What I’d planned on arresting you with just got a whole lot worse,” Howard said.
Footsteps, gravel under tennis shoes, feet on the path behind Howard. Voices, too. More lights. Many.
The Sheriff turned to see.
“Who’s here, Ferris?” he asked.
“No idea.”
“Friends of yours?”
“No, sir. No idea.”
Frank thought it looked like there could be fifteen people, twenty. He recognized some of the voices.
Howard shined his light on the newcomers and saw a group of familiar faces. Peter from the paper. The kid Andrew Charles from the feed store. Andrew Charles’s two kids, Annie and Billy. Mary Wallace, too. They carried lawn chairs of their own. Sleeping bags. Plastic bags stuffed with snacks.
“We heard Frank Barrington is living on his future grave,” Peter said. “We had to see it for ourselves.”
Howard counted twenty-five heads.
“Go on now,” Howard said. “We’ve got an armed man here. This is a dangerous place to be.”
“Armed man?” Andrew said. “Frank Barrington? Ah shoot, Sheriff, we all know Barrington aint never killed nobody. He’s just protecting his land is all.”
Some laughter. But some gravity, too.
Howard turned to face Barrington.
“You look happy to have an audience.”
“And you look unsure about the law. Unsure if you’re right about whether or not a man owns the plot his family buys him to be buried in.”
Howard stared long into Frank’s eyes.
“I’ll be by again, Mister Barrington.”
“And I’ll see you when you are.”

Ten o’clock the following morning and seventy percent of Marigold lined the path; lawn chairs, fold-out card tables where foursomes played euchre, living room easy chairs, too, chairs that hadn’t seen the sun in forty years. Some brought their own radios, most tuned to the same station, WDRD, giving life to an unnerving echo effect that made it sound as if Dan Shirley was broadcasting from outer space. Kids played catch across other graves, other plots. Hot dogs, burgers, and roasted vegetables gave the gathering a festive street-fair smell. People took photos of Frank Barrington, reclining on his future grave. Young artists drew his likeness in charcoal; even younger artists drew him in chalk on the trees.
“Frank!” Peter from the paper called, notebook in hand. “A question if you will?”
“Shoot.”
“I’d like to know... do you consider yourself a spokesman for old age and the treatment of seniors?”
“I haven’t been a senior since high school.”
“Damn,” Peter said. “That’s good.”
More people arrived. Some with pets. Dogs tied to the graveyard trees. Cats in laps.
“Your kids are here!” Mary Wallace said and it seemed to strike a musical chord through the gathered crowd. Excitement. Family matters. Drama.
Geary was with them.
“You here to say hi to Mom?” Frank asked.
“We’re not,” Jane said. “We’re here to take you home, Dad.”
“How is it that I raised such serious children?”
“You do some serious things,” Joe said.
“The police are on their way,” Julie said. “Coming to arrest you. Come on home. It’s gotta be better than jail.”
“They said you pulled a gun on Sheriff Howard,” Joe said.
Frank smiled, misty eyed.
“Dad,” Jane said, “you’ve made a spectacle of yourself.”
Frank, already wearing suit pants, began to slip on his white button down shirt.
“I could tell you that death is the spectacle, Jane, that nobody would find it interesting if I camped out in the parking lot of Paula Grocery. I could tell you that receiving a plot of land and knowing where you’ll be buried is an inner spectacle, brighter than the fireworks on the Fourth of July.”
Peter wrote it all down. Chuck Douglas snapped a photo for the same paper.
Beyond the heads of his children, Frank saw the flashing lights of multiple cruisers. He finished buttoning his shirt. Lifted a tie from the grass at his bare feet.
Sheriff Howard lead the way, papers gripped tight in his left hand.
“Looks like you studied up on the rules,” Frank said, acknowledging the papers.
“That’s correct, Mister Barrington. I did.” In the daylight he looked less authoritative. Looked like a kid in a costume to Frank. “Now, let’s get on with it.”
Most of the Marigold crowd grew quiet.
“Don’t go!” A teenager called.
“This is your land!” A blonde woman hollered.
Frank held up two open palms, silencing the crowd. He reached into his pocket.
“I wouldn’t do that,” Howard said.
But Frank did.
He pulled a padlock from his pocket.
He clicked it closed.

“Kinda sounds like a gun, doesn’t it, Sheriff?” Frank asked. He didn’t seem particularly angry. In fact, his eyes were welling with tears. “This was Nancy’s. She used it to lock up a box that contained all our love letters from our early days. Love letters and news clippings saying what was going on in the world the week we met.” Frank wiped the tears from his eyes. “Nancy I understood that when we met we’d each met just the right person for the other to meet. We understood that people chase their whole lives after love and here we’d found it already.” Jane sniffled. Julie cried. “In those early days we made a pact, you see. We told one another that whoever went first, the other would stay by, keep their body close. Oh, we were young and talking foolishly of course... but,” Frank breathed deep, finished tying his tie. “But there are some things you aren’t supposed to get over.” Frank saw Ferris in the crowd. “There are some things that are too good to let go of and you wouldn’t be you if you let em go.”
“Mister Barrington,” Howard said.
“Can’t you see the man is heartbroken?” Mary Wallace called out.
Frank lifted his suit coat from the grass. He put it on as he lowered himself to his knees. He turned to Nancy’s tombstone.
“You’d be someone else,” he said. “Someone who didn’t know the things you knew, the truths you’d learned.”
He lowered himself onto his side, an arm outstretched, a hand flat against the grass upon Nancy’s grave. A fresher shade of green.
There he died.
And the crowd knew he died and Sheriff Howard knew he died and his children knew he died and Peter wrote it down and Geary and Ferris got shovels and Father Oliver flipped his bible open to the right passage, the one he felt most fitting. It was about love; big love; a love that was bigger than the characters that were in love, a love that marginalized the setting, made any place a good place for love. A love that felt like it had no real and rightful beginning; like it’d just appeared one day, or maybe the characters stepped into it by accident.
A love with no story arc.
No theme.
No plots.



Josh Malerman is the Detroit-based author of the horror novel “Bird Box” published by Harper Voyager (UK), Ecco (US).



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It's easy to remember what the new year has already taken from us - Alan Rickman. David Bowie. Perhaps even some of your personal dignity. More likely than not, it's taken your resolution. But what's important, dear Met reader, is to remember what we do have and the light that 2016 still has to offer... I'm talking of course, about Kanye West's SWISH. The most anticipated album of all time (Of all time!), Yeezy has already jumped over "Jumpman" and is about to jump right back into our hearts on February 11th. Not that you'll necessarily need more things to do with your month (or life) after SWISH hits your earbuds, but you know me! I got some suggestions regardless.



1. If you slept on Detroit trio The Hand In The Ocean during their first tenure three years back, now might be your last chance to catch the enrapturing diapasons these boys craft. Broken up for well over a year, the band is playing a reunion show on February 6th at The Ritz Detroit. \$3 and a canned good or two gets you in the door, which ain't all bad. There's a hell of a lineup but The Hand In The Ocean is my pick for "If you see one concert this year..." They may not have left the longest legacy behind but it sure is a damn beautiful one. ((586)756-6140, 24300 Hoover Rd., Warren, MI, 21+)



2. You may or may not have a book by Dave Eggers on your best shelf but did you know that Eggers is an artist too? On the 5th, he'll be hitting up MOCAD's Mobile Homestead with a collection of prints and drawings for a show that will be on exhibition from February through April. Eggers himself will be down to clown to some degree for the opening reception, from 6 to 8 pm. ((313)832-6622, 4454 Woodward Ave., Detroit)

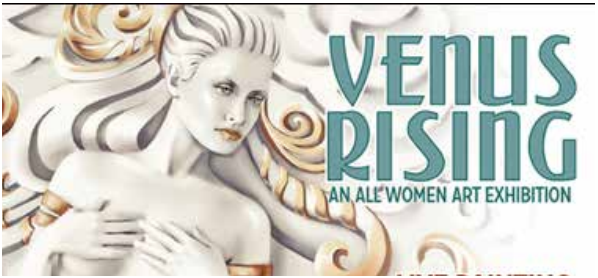


3. Mardi Gras? Sure, sure, sure. But have you heard about Mardi Bras? A great way to help those in need, Mardi Bras

will be at The Loving Touch on February 9th beginning at 6 and it is a great event that requires you to bring new bras, underwear, socks, and other feminine products along with your smiling, do-gooder self to The Loving Touch where you, me, and hundreds of other good Samaritans will be bagging the products up to be sent along to various shelters in the area! Need more info? Just go to Facebook and type in "Ferndale Mardi Bras 2016". See you there! (22634 Woodward Ave, Ferndale)



4. Feel like heading to the suburbs? If the answer is yes, hit up The Cranbrook Academy of Art on February 16th for the opening of Attachments and Intimacies with Matt Morris; a multimedia exhibition influenced heavily by feminist and gay theories. I haven't seen Attachments and Intimacies yet so I can't say much more than offer PR, but even the low-res



pictures of the work have me damn excited. ((248)645-3300, 39221 Woodward Ave, Bloomfield Hills)

5. While we're on the subject of feminist theories, all my fellow female artists out there ought to know that The Tangent Gallery is having their 4th annual all female art show Venus Rising before too long, and they have put out a call for entries and the deadline is February 15th! ((313)873-2955, 715 E. Milwaukee, Detroit)

Amber Valentine is a Detroit born and bred multimedia artist. Her preferred mediums are altered 35mm photography and old books that she likes to cut apart and glue into things she finds more interesting. She has no relation to our Valentine Distilling sponsor. You can currently see her work on display at Two James Distillery in Detroit. Hit her up on Twitter or Instagram via @AmberAudra, she loves a good followe.

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Cass Corridor: Campus Diner, Slow's To Go.
Capital Park: Urban Bean Co.
Corktown: Astro Coffee, Detroit Institute of Bagels, El Dorado General Store, Mercury Burger Bar, Motor City Wine Bar, Ottava Via,

PJ's Lager House, Slow's Bar BQ, Two James Tasting Room, UFO Factory.
Downtown: American Coney Island, Lafayette Coney Island, One Campus Martius, The Guardian Building, The Roasting Plant.

Eastern Market District: Cost Plus Wine Warehouse, Detroit Mercantile Co., Germack Coffee, People's Records, Trinosophes, Savvy Chic, Orleans + Winder.
Mexicantown: Caf  con Leche, El Rey Taqueria, La Gloria Bakery, Los Galanes.
Midtown: Great Lakes Coffee, Honest John's, Wayne State University

New Center: Northern Lights Lounge, Russell Industrial Center, The Fisher Building,
Theatre District: 1515 Broadway, Ashe Supply Co., Centaur Bar, Town Pump Tavern.
The Villages: Paramita Sound, Parker Street Market, Red Hook Coffee, Sister Piec

FERNDALE

Apple Fritter Donut Shop, Bangkok Thai, Como's Pizza, Found Sound, Hilton Caf , Joe's liquor, New York Bagel, Public House, Red Hook Coffee/Pinwheel Bakery, The Rustbelt Market, Valentine Tasting Room, WAB, Western Market, Whistle Stop

FRANKLIN

Market Basket, The Franklin Grill

GROSSE POINTES

Morning Glory, The Better Health Store

HAMTRAMCK

Atomic Caf , Caf  1923, Campau Tower Hamburgers

LINCOLN PARK

Chelsey's Bar

OAK PARK

7-11, Jade Palace

ROYAL OAK

Bastone, Bean & Leaf,

Goldfish Tea, Gusoline Alley, Holiday Market, Lift, Main Art Theatre, Monty's Grill, Motor City Gas – Whiskey, Niki's Restaurant, Noir Leather, Oakland Community College, Pour, Royal Oak Farmer's Market, Tom's Oyster Bar, The Office Coffee Shop, YMCA

SAINT CLAIR SHORES

Caf  Farbella

TROY

New China, Panera Bread, Romira's Coney, Starbucks

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CROSSWORD

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ACROSS

1. Peddle

5. Unit of electrical energy

10. Steals

14. Dwarf buffalo

15. Units of land

16. Competent

17. Encouraging

19. Annoying insect

20. Fury

21. Goodwill

22. Untidy people

23. Snuggled

25. Unwind

27. Scarlet

28. Heathenism

31. Great fear

34. Hazy

35. Half of a pair

36. Breezy

37. Jimmies

38. A set of garments

39. Actress Lupino
40. Long times

41. Garbage

42. Alluvial deposit

44. Small portable bed

45. Awkward

46. A small fireproof dish

50. Gash

52. A kind of macaw

54. Citrus drink

55. A Maori club

56. Self-centered

58. Always

59. Dishes out

60. Out of control

61. Walk in water

62. Utilizers

63. Handguns

DOWN

1. Indian antelope

2. Habituate

3. Runs

4. One time around

5. Bumped around

6. Group of eight

7. Relating to urine

8. Invests with borrowed money

9. East southeast

10. Type of sleeve

11. Offensive

12. Tell all

13. Collections

18. Leered

22. Kill

24. Found in a cafeteria

26. Hens make them

28. Dot

29. Hissy fit

30. Distribute

31. Speaker's platform

32. Go on horseback

33. Shot out light rays

34. Lands abutting streets

37. Chick's sound

38. Satisfy

40. Nursemaid

41. Adult female

43. Underwrite

44. Gentle stroke

46. Formula 1 driver

47. Fate

48. Fool

49. They hold up heads

50. Gush

51. Magma

53. Learning method

56. Large flightless bird

57. Children's game

LAST MONTHS ANSWERS

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LAST MONTHS ANSWERS

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| 1 | 3 | 5 | 7 | 2 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 4 |
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GUESS WHAT BATHROOM



Post guesses to The Metropolitan d'Etoit Facebook page. First correct answer wins a cup of coffee with editor Anthony Brancalone. Last Months winner: Vanessa Cronan and her partner, Ben

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