

WHAT U.S. CITIES CAN
LEARN FROM VANCOUVER

GO GHOST HUNTING IN
THE BIG EASY

DRESS TO IMPRESS WITH
MICHAEL STRAHAN

AMERICAN WAY

"I'm so lucky to be
onstage and singing and
living my dream."



OCTOBER 2015

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL

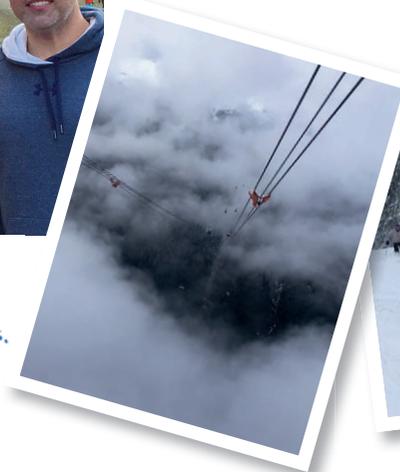
SWEET TALKER

ARTIST, MENTOR, CHAMELEON
— JESSIE J CONTINUES TO REDEFINE
HERSELF, INSPIRE AND EXCITE



Things Aren't Always What They Seem

From left: Lee Wyman, C.T. Dolan, Adam Pitluk and Ryan Colarossi hit the Canadian slopes.



Take a close look at the picture on the far left and tell me what you see. At first blush, it looks like a busted ski trip: Four buddies, ready for the rides of their lives, trek all the way across the continent to a mountain hamlet, only to learn that there's no snow.

But that's not the case on two fronts. First of all, there's a tremendous amount of snow just a 15-minute chairlift ride due north of where we're standing. Secondly, not all of us were buddies when this photo was shot. Three of us had known each other for 20 years, and one just met two of them (and at the time, he barely knew me). Can you tell which one?

The older I get, and the more I reflect on the past, the firmer my belief that things aren't always what they seem. It's a maxim that transcends personal and professional boundaries: I had no idea in seventh grade that I was no longer dating Lindsey Schaefer until I saw that she whited out the "I Luv Adam" she'd written on her sneakers; I had no idea that the best lobster in the world would come from a roadside lobster stand in rural Maine until I was starving and pulled over; and I'll probably have no idea when my last column will be until the day comes when someone tells me I no longer have a space in which to write.

'Twas always thus, and always thus will be.

Inasmuch as my belief is ever-hardening, one thing I'm learning is that the only way to verify that things aren't always what they seem — for better or for worse — is to get out there and do it. Let's take this outwardly appearing foiled ski trip, for example.

Lee, C.T., Ryan and I were in the far-western corner of Canada. Our annual ski trip (annual for Lee, C.T. and me) descended on the storied slopes of Whistler and Blackcomb. We checked into the Four Seasons Resort and Residences Whistler under the cover of night, so we had no idea what the conditions were on the mountain. Truth be told, we didn't care at that moment. The resort was undoubtedly the nicest our raggedy bodies had ever visited, and we were much more focused on acting as if we belonged there than we were on the snowy slopes.

Ryan didn't have a hard time distinguishing himself as the classy one in the group. A Dallas restaurateur, he quickly established his bona fides at Araxi Restaurant + Oyster Bar in Village Square by speaking intelligibly with chef James Walt about our food and wine pairings. Lee, C.T. and I just smiled and nodded. It most likely seemed like we knew what we were smiling and nodding about. But we didn't. Ryan's legitimacy was further buttressed the following evening at the Bearfoot Bistro, where we ate our weights

in seafood and learned how to saber off the top of a champagne bottle.

As for the skiing, look at the other picture. The snow was unlike that found here in the States, and we essentially had the entire mountain to ourselves, most likely because the others saw that there was no snow at the base and stayed away. They needed to experience it themselves in order to learn what we did vis-à-vis perception and reality.

One of our lasting memories was downtime at the Scandinave Spa Whistler. It is a completely silent dreamland of pools and saunas and steam rooms. Perhaps the best measurement of how well we bonded was the number of shushes we received from the professional shushers, employed to maintain the overall demeanor. They likely thought we were rapscallions.

In this case, things were exactly as they seemed.

Adam Pitluk
Editor

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