

THE MOOSE ARE LOOSE
IN GREENVILLE, MAINE

CHASING HISTORY IN
NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI

HANG OUT WITH HIPSTERS
IN MONTREAL, CANADA

AMERICAN WAY

SEPTEMBER 2016

She Had Us At Hello

Renée Zellweger
is back and better than
ever in this month's
Bridget Jones's Baby



By Adam Pitluk



A Dallas-Based Staff (from left):
 Photo Editor **David Halloran**, Senior Art Director **Brian Smith**, Senior Editor **Jacquelyne Froeber**, Editor **Adam Pitluk**, Assistant Editor **Amanda Ogle**, Associate Editor **Abby Kinsinger**, Editorial Intern **Savanah Dickinson** and Managing Editor **Travis Kinsey**. Design Director **Todd Johnson**, not pictured, was off auditioning for the next Bridget Jones film.

Time Just Runs Away

It was right around this time of year, every year — for more years than I care to remember — that my buddies and I would sit around and talk about where we would go if we could get up and get out of Cleveland.

Summer had just drawn to a close. All those larger-and-louder-than-life concerts that we couldn't afford to enter but could hear for free from the boardwalk outside Nautica Pavilion in The Flats were over, and the older kids we grew up with who were home for the summer had packed up and went back to from where they came. The Indians were finishing up their perennial horrible season, the Browns were about to start theirs, and no one was thinking Cavs basketball yet because we were too busy mourning the former and ginning up false hope for the latter.

That was the life of a kid in Cleveland for most of the '80s. You lived for the summer, and then just like that, the sky grayed, the weather chilled for a minute before becoming bone-rattlingly cold, and our sports teams disappointed. And that's when me and my buddies would sit around and talk about where we wanted to go.

Year after year, the same guys would say the same cities. Los Angeles was the faraway promised land to Clevelanders who rarely, if ever, saw the ocean. They had winning teams throughout the '80s with the

World Series Champion Dodgers in '81 and '88, Marcus Allen's Super Bowl-winning '83 Raiders, and Magic Johnson was the most feared man on the hard court, winning five NBA Championships for the Lakers in the '80s. What's more, the city looked both sophisticated and sleazy in the educational infomercials we watched called *L.A. Law*.

The other guys were split between

“It's been so long since I found you, yet it seems like yesterday.”

wanting to go to New York and Chicago. Cleveland was close enough to both cities that we knew older kids who moved there — and who rarely came back. This was especially true after the '85 Chicago Bears won the Super Bowl with the NFL's bad boy Jim McMahon at the helm, followed by pretty boy Phil Simms' New York Giants the next year. And then there was the hardest-partying team in the history of sports, the 1986 World Series Champion New York Mets, who made the whole world wonder what the proper combination of alcohol, cocaine, cigarettes and amphetamines was to produce a performance-enhancing drug.

Plus, *The Cosby Show* taught us that all New York families get out of any jam after 30 minutes, while in Chicago, *Married... with Children* made us all acutely aware that kids our age had friends with extraordinarily hot sisters.

Then there was me, the outlying variable. I wanted to go south — way south — to a place with a decent football team but not a championship; a place with no basketball team until 1988, and no baseball team until the next decade. I didn't want to go to Miami just because Dan Marino had the perfect tan. I wanted to go to Miami for two reasons, one obvious and one that I'm going to get hazed for 20 seconds after this hits planes:

1) Don Johnson was the coolest guy of all time. He beat up bad guys for a living on *Miami Vice*, drove a Ferrari Testarossa, lived on a sailboat and had a pet alligator.

2) Right around the time I was crushing on Jenny Greene, the girl who lived two doors down, a pop trio from Miami named Exposé shot up the charts with their big-haired love ballad, “Seasons Change.” I'd think of Jenny as the Miami group sang: “It's been so long since I found you, yet it seems like yesterday.” One time, I gave Jenny one of my sister's teddy bears.

Let the hazing begin.

But leaves turn brown and fade. Ships sail away. I grew up, left home, and as this

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strange journalism profession goes, I did time in New York, Chicago and L.A. All the while, I was waiting for my big break to make it to *Scarface*-land. And then one day, it came.

I moved to Miami in 2000. Actually, I moved to Fort Lauderdale, the cubic zirconia to Miami's canary diamond. Beat journalists don't make Miami salaries, after all.

And the lifestyle was ... absolutely nothing like I thought it would be. I saw plenty of Testarossas, but the cops weren't driving them. I saw lots of pretty sailboats, but none of my friends had one, and the only alligator I saw was one that accidentally wandered into my apartment complex, where it was efficiently handled and horse-collared by the hired sicarios of Broward County Swamp and Beast Patrol.

And search though I did in all the bars and clubs on South Beach for *Exposé*, I never heard a single one of their songs played. In this pre-Wikipedia age, it was a surly bartender at a club called Space that broke the news to me that the band split up four years earlier. Right around that time, I started to realize that sometimes, a cubic zirconia may have less worth, but it's also less pretentious and decidedly classier and more refined than a canary diamond.

I ran out of South Florida a year after I got there. That was in 2001. I've been homesick for Cleveland ever since, all the while developing — like everybody else from my hometown — a bizarrely complicated relationship with ~~traitor~~ savior LeBron James.

Instead, my wife and I came to Dallas, had two daughters, and have been here ever since. I became your DFW-based editor in 2008 and have been working with you — learning from you, writing about you, traveling among you — for eight years.

Then the day before Fourth of July weekend, we learned that Ink, the publisher of our magazine, is relocating operations to Miami later this year. My team was given the option of moving if they wanted to. I'm not at liberty to disclose who did what, but look at the picture of us on the previous page, outside of our former Dallas office. Every single one of these people is a top-notch, bang-up, rock-star editor or designer. They all have Don Johnson style and *Exposé* voice and hair control. And they're looking to make an impact at your company. Please reach out to me directly via Twitter and I'll follow you and DM you with details and recommendations for each of them (look through the masthead on page 8 to see who's who).

As for me, the outlying variable, I learned my lesson at the millennium. I'm not sure just yet how many columns I will have left, but I've got no business back in Miami. I'm not sure what or where the next chapter will be. I've been here for eight years, which in magazine-editor years makes me a dinosaur; the estranged second cousin of an alligator and a fugitive from both the Broward and Dade county swamp exterminators. If I can call my shot, I'll end up somewhere between Dallas and Cleveland. But one thing's for sure: I won't be in Miami, now or ever. Don Johnson got out, and so did I.

That said, I'm still waiting on that *Exposé* comeback album. And as professional sports go, we all learned this year what happens when a former Clevelander takes his talents to South Beach. And then comes home.



Adam Pitluk
Editor

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