

BY 1 by CORINNE ABATT

We've got talent in town

The panel of four judges, headed by Farmington Community Library Director Gordon Lewis, chose well when they picked photographer Joe Clark as artist-in-residence. He is a deserving winner in what is destined to become an annual award.

Hands down (or clasped around his camera), Clark has made outstanding contributions to the art of this century.

What amazed Lewis and his fellow judges, however, perhaps even more than the awesomeness of their task, was the quality of the nominees.

"It is really phenomenal," said Lewis as he mulled over the decision-making of several weeks ago.

"We had about 20 nominees and of these, at least six had achieved national recognition in their fields. In future years those people will again be under consideration for the award."

He mentioned names—Ted Striowski, John Glick, Sister Mary Ignatius, Edee Joppich, June Rado—saying the area doesn't know how fortunate it is to have these kinds of creative people in its midst.

Striowski, of the Orchard Ridge art faculty, caught the fancy of avant garde art buyers when he was in his "egg" period, turning out fried, soft-boiled, over, sunny side up, whole and cracked eggs from epoxy resins.

WITH EGGS now fully explored, en masse and singly, this imaginative artist, who says he is "pretty much committed to plastics," is on to other subject matter.

On a lazy afternoon last summer at the Plumtree Pottery on 10 Mile, potter John Glick estimated he was three years behind on filing orders for handcrafted dinnerware. Glick customers are happy to wait because they know that whenever he comes through, it will be a joy to own. For many years, he was one of the few full-time potters in the state.

Sister Mary Ignatius, chairman of the art department at Our Lady of Mercy High, is a super-talented artist in addition to being one of the most gracious. The halls of the school at 11 Mile and Middle Belt are testimony to her abilities as a teacher and a working artist. The many mosaics are here—ditto the magnificent altar carvings in the chapel.

Readily accessible, smiling Edee Joppich is not only a recognized painter with a bent toward the mystical, but an aggressive member of Farmington's co-op "Garret" gallery and partner with Marjorie Chellstorp in the business firm, Wall Art.

The mural in the children's room of the new library is theirs, as are many murals in buildings in the metropolitan area.

Poet-musical composer June Rado moved from putting her light verse to music to composing full-length musicals, several of which have been performed locally.

Certainly there are many more in our midst who will someday qualify for this award. That's one of the reasons for establishing the grant—to indicate our appreciation of their work and our joy in having them as our friends and neighbors.

editorial opinion

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Craig Piechura writes

A bachelor's last blast

While the bride-to-be thanks an unfamiliar aunt for the Veg O Matic, the groom is off in a paneled basement way across town participating in the last remaining primitive rite—bachelorette party.

But unlike the bridal shower, you will find no door prizes offered at the American bachelor's party.

In fact, if the ritual is successful, there might not be a door left standing, especially if it blocks the direct path to the bathroom.

That is not to suggest that drinking goes on at these parties. The word "drink" doesn't suffice. Imbibe, maybe, ingest better, but inebriate is closer to truth.

A bachelor's party is more than a heady experience. It's a sensory assault. The first indelible impression is made on the stomach.

The host usually charges admission to cover the cost of the beer kegs and usually spares a little expense on the food.

For you bachelor party planners the standard fare is Wonder Bread, individually wrapped slices of American cheese, and lunchmeat with olives and pimientos peering through. To garnish the setting, have a bag (or bowl) of cheese corn or Doritos on hand.

After dining, the lights are turned off in one of the rooms and it's show time. Inevitably, someone's uncle has brought along a batch of 8 mm films with titles like "Tijuana Trollop," "Teenage Innuendo" and "Runaway Hormones."

These silent films are shown against the wall and are accompanied by running commentary on technique from some of the more clever members

of the audience. Most of the jokes elicit biggest response are at the expense of the groom and his fiancée.

Even after all the films have been shown once, some cinema buffs insist on running the films backwards. Only the trained eye can tell the difference.

By this time, many participants have left the viewing room to participate in a not so friendly game of cards.

Poker is the game played at bachelor's parties. But there are infinite varieties of poker, depending on the neighborhood in which you grew up. And there are poker players who become very upset when someone at the table gets the deal and announces the variation he wants to play is something called "Blind Baseball."

The penny ante players get on the nerves of the big shooters and vice versa. Then the groom's kid brother wins the evening's biggest pot right after saying, "I keep forgetting what's better than a kind or two pair."

Kibitzers, commenting from the sidelines, stand the chance of getting their lungs ripped out by a sore loser who is growing between gritted teeth.

And then there are the bachelor's parties where practical jokes are played on the groom.

This might be as tame as writing "Help Me!" on the soles of the groom's rented patent leather shoes, or as cruel as sending him off sleeping on a one way Greyhound bus trip to Ashabala, Ohio.

So the tradition of the bachelor's party remains when other rites have fallen by the wayside. Fill me up with a tall, cold glass of Aqua Velva and let's drink a toast to tradition.

C'mon, get with it local TV

Detroit and suburbs are less than the greatest television market for viewers.

True, there are a few bright spots here and there, but as far as being able to view programs that those living in other major television markets can view, people living in metropolitan Detroit are have nots as compared to the haves.

There may be other large-city television markets where viewers don't get to see such programming as "NBC Saturday Night" or "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," but if they don't, they're missing out to the same extent that metropolitan Detroit is.

The fact is that no one can say if television viewers here are missing out or not, no one sees either of the programs on a regular basis in Detroit and suburbs.

What makes a person feel like he's missing out on something is when a national publication such as Time Magazine reports on a television program that one has never seen. And both "Saturday Night" and "Mary Hartman" have been reported on widely in national publications.

"Saturday Night," according to reports, is a comedy revue, its stock-in-trade being timely satire featuring, among other things, a comedian whose idea of a comedy impression of President Ford is to fall flat on his face.

"MARY HARTMAN" is a soap opera of sorts, which all three major television networks turned down as being too controversial. The show tastelessly, yet laughably, broaches situations such as when Mary contracted venereal disease from her husband who got it from his mistress.

Though the networks have been known for intellectual or artistic bravery since Edward R. Murrow died, it is interesting that "Mary Hartman" has been purchased by numerous television stations independently.

Because there have been enough of these stations across the country willing to take a chance on the intelligence and sense of humor of viewers, "Mary Hartman" is considered as one of the hits of the television season.

Ah-h, spring

"In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

And love is probably the most concrete thing anyone, man or woman, concentrates on in spring.

I always will be amazed at people who celebrate vernal rites, cheerfully deploying soap, mop, vacuum cleaners and all the paraphernalia commonly associated with spring cleaning—the bane of the perpetual daydreamer.

I have no argument with cleanliness. I wouldn't dare.

The last time I balked at taking a bath before a night out, Stacy, my wife, pinned me to the floor in a single, effortless move and scrubbed behind my ears with a cold wash cloth and Lava soap.

I learned two lessons.

Now, I never knock cleanliness and I hide the Lava soap.

But, as far as spring is concerned, I'd rather take a walk and let the house, yard and cars do their own spring cleaning.

By W. MICHAEL MILLER

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