

Summer ROMANCE

By M.B. Dillon
staff writer

"Summer — It's the sexiest season. Why? Because of the sun," reports Mademoiselle magazine's May issue.

Tiger announcer and lyricist Ernie Harwell titled a song, "Our One Sweet Summer." Sly and the Family Stone hit the top of the charts with "Hot Fun in the Summer-time."

Ernie and Sly weren't the first, and won't be the last, to recognize that when summer arrives, so does our yearning for romance.

"My libido gets going in the summertime," said a 34-year-old Livonia man who requested anonymity.

"I think it's due to the hot weather, but that's just my theory."

Westland's Gloria Mathiesen, 20, met her boyfriend last May at a party.

"It's easier to meet people in the spring and summer. In the winter a lot of people I know don't want to go out because it's so gross out. People have more time during the summer and there's more going on."

"People are happier in the spring and summer. There's sunshine," added Mathiesen, who with her boyfriend enjoys outdoor summer sports.

Garden City's George Vachek, 22, agrees that weather has lots to do with the pining of the heart. "During the summer, you can actually see what a person looks like. People are out and about doing things and you can see more of them."

Vachek, taking a break from his job at a college bookstore, says it's easier to go camping and to travel in the summer.

"I just got back from a weekend date in Chicago. In the winter you really can't walk around and see all the buildings."

"It was sunny and in the 80s, so we went to the beach. They have five miles of waterfront, sand, grassy areas, boats, and people — right off Lakeshore Drive."

THE RIGHT ENVIRONMENT can help spawn love affairs, he added.

"I went to Lake Tahoe for a summer and stayed a year. I started out as a snackbar attendant and when I left I was assistant casino supervisor at Harrah's."

Experiencing romance in a scenic resort like Tahoe isn't unusual, and "I had a couple. People move in and out a lot," he said.

Cathi of Farmington Hills can attest to a

setting having everything to do with falling in love.

A few summers ago, she landed a job serving buffalo burgers at Ruby's — a touristy restaurant within yodeling distance of Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.

Being in the right place at an opportune time led to a three-month romance with Mr. South Dakota (no kidding).

WHEN THE topic turns to love, it seems few theories can be refuted.

It's a seldom-studied, albeit all-important, facet of human life.

"It is amazing how little the empirical sciences have to offer on the subject of love. Particularly strange is the silence of psychologists," says Leo Buscaglia, an education professor at the University of Southern California who lectures and writes about love.

"We are biased against all theories that try to prove the power of love and other positive forces in determining human behavior and personality," offers Pulitrim Sorokin, Harvard University sociologist.

"It appears to us something illusory. We call it self-deception, the opiate of people's minds, idealistic bosh, unscientific delusion."

It's Buscaglia's opinion that the flourishing of love depends less on sunshine than on the ever-present, basic need all of us have to give and receive affection.

"One loves because he wills it, because it gives him joy, because he knows that growth and discovery of oneself depend upon it," he says.

We've probably all willed love into our lives. But that's not to say joy is necessarily the immediate outcome.

Reminiscing about a bombed attempt at summer love, a Redford Township woman recalls something that happened to her one June.

The phone rang. It was a long-awaited call from an 18-year-old she was mad for.

Against her better judgment because she'd just had four teeth pulled, she said yes when he asked her to double date with some friends that night.

After catching "Sometimes a Great Notion" at the drive-in, they were enjoying a few cocktails in a strategically parked car when he went to kiss her. She finally broke the news: "I had four teeth pulled today."

"What?" he replied in disbelief.

"I had four teeth pulled. I'm getting braces."

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DAVID FRANK/graphics coordinator

One summer memory

It lasted from June to October of 1979, and for years it filled my head with the sweet melancholy of unfulfilled fantasy.

She was, I was sure, perfect. My friends called her GM, which stood for genetic marvel.

She was a summer intern at the Detroit Free Press, and I met her at a party shortly after her arrival from the University of Madison, where she had just graduated. There were fashion photographers at the party, and I assumed she was a model when she caught my eye the instant she entered the room.

Someone introduced us. She was a fellow writer. She had a boyfriend back in Madison.

Tall and curvy with a wild head of hair, she was witty and had a contagious laugh. I went home infatuated and called

her the next morning for a date.

We became instantly and deliriously (for me) inseparable. I had been absolutely possessed by a recent divorce and hopelessly depressed. Suddenly, though, the past was forgotten.

We played tennis and Frisbee and softball — she could throw and hit as well as most men. We loved the same movies. We gobbled down huge amounts of Mexican food at Xochimilco's before it was trendy. We sat on summer nights in the bleachers at Tiger Stadium.

She talked less and less of her boyfriend.

We always knew that summer would end.

Days grew shorter, colder. Fall approached.

We sent out job resumes and applications. No matter what, she said, we would stay friends. We would write and

call and continue to share our uncanny sense of knowing each other so well.

Something more than the fall was wrong, though.

There was mutual respect, mutual love and mutual lust.

Yet, only rarely would she spend the night.

She would come over after work or on the weekends, and at midnight or one in the morning, she would leave. Maybe tomorrow, she'd say.

Early one morning I went to her place. She was to pick me up for a U-M football game and I had no reason to be there, but I was, sitting in my car watching her leave the apartment a star reporter.

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Inside **S²**

Workout warmup

It's time to hit the golf courses, tennis courts, softball diamonds or hiking and biking trails. But muscles that performed no task more strenuous than changing the channel selector all winter aren't ready for summer's more active lifestyles.

Boatominiums

When boaters slip their vessels into a boat well these days chances are they own the parking spot as well as the boat. More and more boaters are sinking their cash into these "boatominiums."

R & R in the jungle

Does documenting the sexual habits of orangutans sound like your kind of vacation? Is unearthing Mayan treasures in the muck of Belize your idea of a swell time? Then boy, has Earthwatch got a vacation for you!

Photo finesse

Capturing all the fun, sun and sand of your vacation on film can be a snap. Proper preparation before you shoot will make sure that everything clicks.

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You don't have to eat in to eat out



CAMILLE MCCOY/staff photographer

Eating out is in at outdoor cafes such as Norman's Eton Street Station in Birmingham.

By Sharon Dargay
staff writer

Monsieur, Madame.

I have a lovely table for deux near le piano bar. If you would be so kind to follow me.

Pardon? Zis is not to your liking? My apologies. A booth perhaps?

Zis also is not acceptable? Hmmm...

Ow about our newly remodeled sushi bar? Le banquet room? Le snack bar?

Ow about le sidewalk because zat's where you are going to end up in a minute if you keep zis up.

You want to sit outside?

Mon ami! Why didn't you say so? Zats easier zan keeping up zis phoney French accent.

I can show you something in le Wayne County. Or le Oakland County. Ow about something in le Birmingham?

Birmingham

• Norman's Eton Street Station, 245 Eton — With flowers in bloom and lights aglow, the fenced patio "is so beautiful you'd want to have a wedding there," says office manager Jane Linder.

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