

FEAR AND LOAFING

Liver pate,
lush lawns
and Arnie

Karl Nilsson

Believe me, life in the suburbs is not as safe as it looks. Sure, the inner city has crime, drugs and poverty. But living in suburbia poses its own special dangers.

Consider this case in point:

According to eye witnesses, a recent DSO concert at Meadowbrook was interrupted by a near-tragic accident. Sometime during the overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute," a concert goer stood up and headed for the restrooms, cautiously up-toeing his way between the checkerboard of picnic baskets, he squinted in the fading light.

Suddenly, his right Gucci slipped on a loaf of French bread. Groping for balance, his left foot came down on a liver pate. Lurching into the air, his body flew upward, landing heavily on a platter of clam casino. Greased by a superb bismark sauce, he began to roll wildly down the grassy hillside, his linen Perry Ellis picking up bits and pieces of gourmet food as he went.

Seconds before catapulting into the covered seating, he was finally stopped by a gooey mocha torte. Although the unidentified man was unhurt by his fall, 13 spectators were injured by attorneys rushing to represent him.

AS DEADLY as classical music can be, there's an even worse threat in suburbia that can't be seen or heard. Of course, I'm referring to "immaculate lawn syndrome" — the new religion of the '80s.

Ironically, the reason many folks moved to the suburbs in the first place was to escape the pollution of the city. Out in the new frontier, a man could stand tall in his wife's slippers and smoke a cigarette in fresh, clean air.

You see, out here, we don't tolerate factories covering our homes with soot. No incinerators. No hazardous waste dumps. Even our rivers don't catch fire.

In fact, we're so environmentally conscious, we passed ordinances making it illegal to turn our leaves. A permit to roast hot dogs must be obtained two weeks in advance. Aerosol deodorants can only be applied on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

And yet, all is not well. In our escalating quest for landscape perfection, we voluntarily

spray millions of gallons of deadly poisons, weed killers and pesticides on our lawns, shrubs and slow-moving pets.

Try to follow the logic here: We give up red meat. We eat more oat bran than Mr. Ed. We insist our iced cubes be made from Perrier to avoid contamination. All in the name of good health. Then we shell out big bucks to soak our lawns with known carcinogens. Does this make sense to you?

NO ONE fully knows what the long-term side effects of lawn chemicals will be. However, preliminary reports trickling in may be worth noting:

• In Southfield, a prominent newsreader accidentally dropped his toupee on the freshly sprayed lawn. The next morning his hairpiece had grown to the size of a Quonset hut and a family of four squatters had moved inside.

• In what is perhaps the strangest development yet, certain hardy species of weeds have actually developed a resistance to the poisons. Instead of keeling over as planned, they have miraculously developed the powers of speech and have been overheard uttering hundreds of anchovy pizzas to punish the homeowners.

Concerned that the lush, green lawns surrounding his home represent an ecological time bomb, I began a door-to-door campaign, urging people to switch from toxins to salad dressing.

"Couldn't you just spray the weeds with oil and vinegar?" I mean it all ways makes my salad go limp. . ."

Yesterday, my speech was interrupted by a sports-minded neighbor who helped me put the whole lawn care issue into proper perspective: "Look, on one hand, it's a definite health hazard. But on the other hand, it's a welcome mat for any pro golfer in the area. Suppose Arnold Palmer drives by. If my lawn's up to snuff, he might pull over and practice putting. You don't expect me to pass up a free lesson like that?"

STREET SENSE

No love? Better forget marriage

Dear Barbara,
"Gilda" (let's call her that) and I met about 18 months ago and waited 3 1/2 months to begin making love. That has been the most positive area of our relationship.

In general, I can only describe the overall relationship as pleasant because the lows are as frequent and as exaggerated as the highs. We seem to meet verbally in our goals, but in living, we diverge rather quickly.

I prefer the simple life, generally happy with who I am and what I do. She prefers the night life, always desiring the new stimulus, the new hand, the new place to hang out. Money is important to her; my work is important to me.

I am not afraid of the time and effort required to obtain the Ph.D. that I want, but "Gilda" is. The question that I strive to answer is whether or not I'm being too selfish.

What should love feel like? Is it all-consuming or is it simply pleasant? How would you feel if you never saw your loved one again? It scares me that "Gilda" says that she would "die" if she lost me, that she would be heart broken. I, on the other hand, don't even think I would be fazed in the slightest, if I never saw her again. That scares me because it just doesn't seem right.

Is this normal? In many ways I want to be married. I am not kidding when I state that the most noble thing a person can do in this world is

live life with another person, raise a family and remain together in our ever-macho society.

There is another factor which makes the marriage question so pressing. "Gilda" has a condition which will make childbearing dangerous as she grows older, so I feel guilty in asking her to wait. That's what I would like to do. Also, my desire to start and raise a family is starting to increase and that plays a factor in my confusion.

I am looking for some telltale signs that would help indicate whether or not we have a chance or whether it would be best for both of us to exit the relationship right now.

Guilty Lover

Dear Guilty Lover,

In reading your lengthy letter, which I have condensed here for publication purposes, you have told me you don't love her, that you want to get your Ph.D. and that you are being pressured by her to make a move to marriage at this inopportune time.

In other words, you are painting a picture of not loving her and then asking if you should marry her.

The only conclusion that follows from the data as you have presented it is "no." Marriage with such reservations as you present starts out with two strikes against it (if not three).

I receive letters from others and I see many people in my practice who



Barbara Schiff

are trying to put "round pegs into square holes." They want to get married or have a baby so they pretend that the fit with another person is a good one. After the marriage and parenthood, when the romance is gone and the reality bleak, they wonder how they didn't see the poor fit.

If you do not like yourself as you are because you feel incapable of being deeply, you would be better off with competent professional help than with the pretense of a loveless marriage.

Barbara

Dear Barbara,
I saw "When Harry Met Sally" this week. I loved it. I feel so uplifted and optimistic.

My problem is that I am dating a man with problems similar to Harry's. He was divorced about a year ago by his wife and now seems fearful of another committed relationship. He says he feels he must protect himself from ever suffering similar pain again.

Our relationship is different than Harry's and Sally's because "George" and I are physically involved.

My question is how long do I wait? My friends have told me to break up with him or at least start dating other people. I really don't want to. He says that if he could love someone it would be me.

Linda

Dear Linda,

I, too, very much enjoyed "When Harry Met Sally." Can we use the last few sentences of your letter to show you that you have answered your own question. One, your friends have given you good advice. Two, this man tells you that he can't love. What better answer do you want?

Barbara

If you have a question for Barbara Schiff, a trained therapist and experienced counselor, send it to Street Sense, 36251 Schoolcraft, Livonia 48150.

Lodge maintains its 1930s charm

Continued from Page 1

the large high ceiling room with a stone fireplace at one end and a staircase going left and right at the other end.

A narrow gallery on the second floor leads in either direction to the eight upstairs bedrooms.

They are small upscale "cottage" rooms — varnished log walls with windows overlooking either the lake or forest. Three have in-room baths, the rest have sinks in the room and bathrooms next door or down the hall. All have chesterfield sofas and linen's heavy Victorian couches.

Most of the rooms cost \$75 for two, including a continental breakfast in the dining room or on the glassed-in porch. The exception is Sam's room on the main floor, overlooking the lake, which is slightly

larger, has its own bathroom and costs \$100.

The grounds also include a caretaker's cottage, which can be rented on a housekeeping basis. The rates are \$60 a night or \$350 a week for four people.

MICHIGAMME Lake Lodge lists itself as a bed-and-breakfast, so there are no other eating or drinking services available unless you ask them to cater meals for groups.

There are a few eating places within an easy drive of the lodge. Mt. Shasta, five miles west on U.S. 41, serves casual meals and cocktails. There is a cafe — no cocktails — about two miles and another food-and-drink place three miles beyond that.

The town of Michigamme has a

couple of interesting craft shops. You can walk or drive the mile along the lake to Van Ryper State Park, named for the doctor who treated mining families for \$1 a month, including pulling teeth.

The park has a great little sand beach, playground, campground and camper's store that sells Moosetrack ice cream.

The best thing in the park is a tiny building with a moose head mounted behind a glass and a plaque commemorating the moose lift. Twenty-nine moose were carried from Algonquin Park in northern Ontario to Marquette County in 1985 and another

or 30 in 1987. There are now 116 moose re-establishing a herd in the forests near the Lake Superior shoreline.

Michigamme Lake Lodge probably won't stay open beyond Nov. 1, although it will be a year-round lodge once people have heard about it and they have a full house. For reservations, call (906) 225-1392 or (906) 339-4400.

You can write to Michigamme Lake Lodge, Michigamme, Mich., but you might be better to send mail to Frank Stabile at the Days Inn, 2403 U.S. 41 West, Marquette, Mich. 49855.

Artist, fans pay big
for vintage guitars

Continued from Page 1

TYPICALLY, prime vintage guitars range in price from around \$1,000 to "many thousands of dollars," Wasserman said.

To point up the current popularity of vintage guitars, both Fender and Gibson have in recent years been manufacturing re-issues of their earlier models — '52 and '62 Telecaster

and Stratocaster and a '59 Les Paul, among others.

What does the future hold for the vintage guitar market?

"The type of instruments that I see from the collectible standpoint in the future are going to be the genuine luthier-made type instruments," Wasserman said.

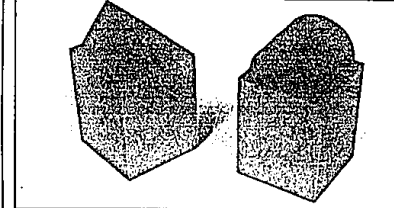
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clarification

The toll-free number for Laurel Highlands Winter Tours, which appeared in the Monday, Sept. 11 issue of Street Scene, should have been (800) 472-3846.

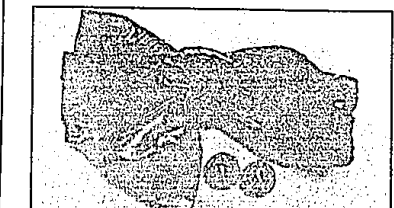
street seen

Our intrepid Street Scene reporter is always looking for the unusual and welcomes comments and suggestions from readers and entrepreneurs. Send those to this column in care of this newspaper, 36251 Schoolcraft, Livonia 48150, or call 591-2300, Ext. 312.



Spice 'em up

Add some pizzazz to the table with this brushed aluminum salt and pepper set. Great contemporary look. Comes in subtle color tones with matte black accents. \$22. Home and Gallery, Orchard Lake Road, Farmington Hills.

Waist
watcher

Add the midas touch with a high fashion fold and amethyst leather belt. This waist watcher is adorned with a baroque jewel pin and complemented with matching clip-on earrings. Eleganza Boutique, Robin's Nest Plaza, West Bloomfield.

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