

# STREET SCENE

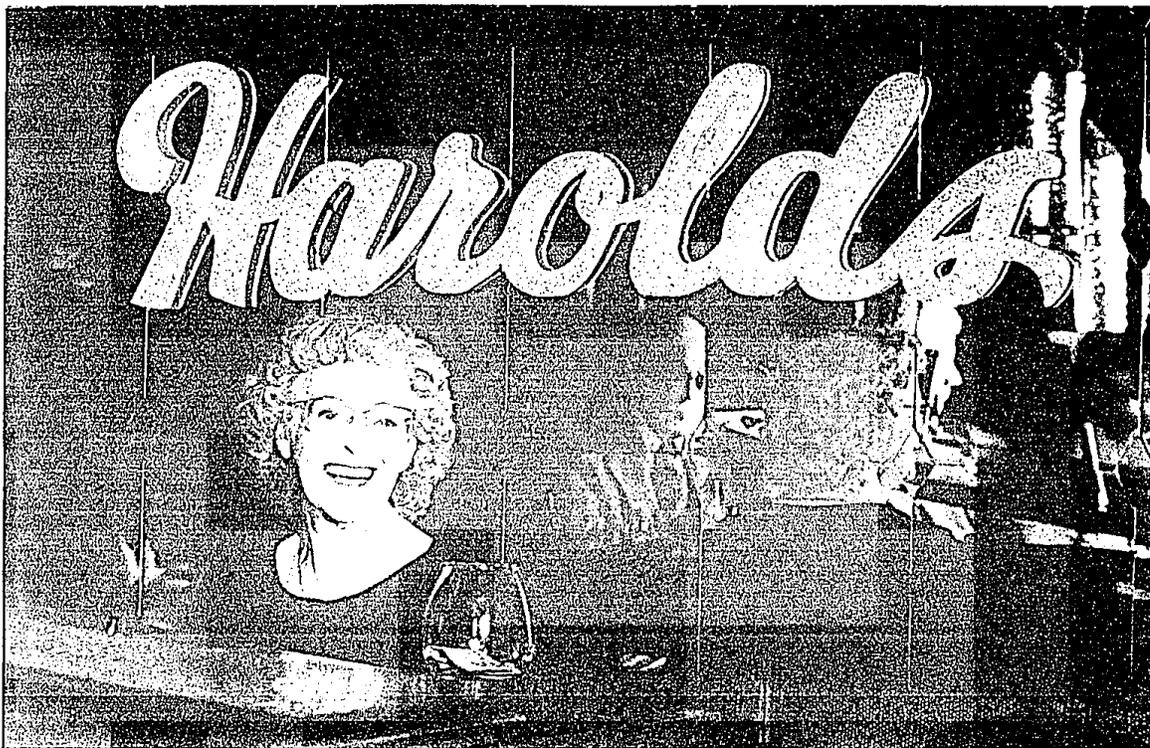
## It's 'Napatime'

When you're touring the Napa Valley wine country in California, fitting in with the ambience is more of a case of when in Napa do as the Napa residents do. For more on "Napatime," see Page 8D.

The Observer & Eccentric Newspapers

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★ 1D



Margie Hewett has a strong following at Harold's Bar in Redford. She's been the bar's piano player for more than 35 years.

By Philip A. Sherman  
staff writer

## You won't find Bogie there, but you'll find pianos

Was this a piano bar?  
It sounded like one. Appe'teasers' restaurant and bar is below street level in a Birmingham office building and "As Time Goes By" was curling up the stairs.

Inside, it didn't look like Rick's American Cafe, but none of the patrons looked like Humphrey Bogart, so everything was even.

Evens, perhaps, but different. Pat Sajack and Vanna White were there, wheeling in a fortune of \$156,000. Only moments before, Dexter Manley of the Washington Redskins told everyone at the bar how he personally was going to skin the Denver Broncos alive.

Gary Reseigh played right through them, eyes almost closed, bent over the keyboard of his baby grand. He wasn't going to let a television set at the back of the bar distract him. In that respect he had a lot in common with Margie Hewett.

She also was playing "As Time Goes By" on the same Saturday night at Harold's Piano Bar, across town in Redford. Hewett, too, had to contend with a television set, this one lighting a corner of the bar with scenes from a hockey game. She lit a cigarette and ignored it.

Television in piano bars. That's like James Bond smoking menthol lights and wearing canvas hightops. Don't blame the bars, though; they're just playing to the patrons, who are accustomed to seeing the world through a 19-inch screen.

The others were listening, singing along, dancing in place, bating an eye and reveling in a smoky pleasure that predates Uncle Millie — the piano bar.

AT APPE'TEASER, on Woodward two blocks north of Maple in the Great American Insurance Building,

*I did some boogie-woogie stuff last night and a lot of people at the bar were turning around and watching.*

— Gary Reseigh,  
Appe'teasers

Reseigh (pronounced ri-ä) starts at 5:30 p.m. on Saturday nights and alternates the rest of his time between the Birmingham and Millford Appe'teaser restaurants.

He's been playing professionally since 1971. His first job was playing the organ for the Red Wings at Olympia.

"I've thought that myself sometimes, but I hate to think that," Reseigh said of people finding television more entertaining than live entertainment. "I wouldn't want to be thought of as a human Muzak machine."

His repertoire, like Hewett's, is large and spans decades.

"I'll do a little ragtime, maybe 'Flight of the Bumblebee,'" Reseigh said. "I love playing ballads of the '30s and '40s — the smooth stuff." He played a very smooth rendition of "I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face," and a woman at the bar slowly tilted her head from side to side, smiling at the guy who was making pasta in a cove near the kitchen.

"You judge the age group of the people you've got in and judge things accordingly. This is a quiet night. I did some boogie-woogie stuff last night and a lot of people at the bar were turning around and watching," Reseigh said.

He started some boogie-woogie stuff later that evening and a woman heading for her table took a step in time to the music, did a bent-knee twirl and threw her shoulders back before she realized anyone was watching.

THERE WERE no chairs around Reseigh's piano; the closest seats in the house were a table to his immediate left, or the stools at the closed end of horseshoe bar to his right. At the bar, a woman stood with her back to the bartender.

"Excuse me, can I get you something?" the bartender said to the woman's back. The woman turned around and said: "Yes, a real man." She jerked her thumb over his shoulder at her male companion who was ignoring her and watching "The Facts of Life" on television.

All age groups could be found at the restaurant that night. Younger men wore open collars, older men wore ties. All had jackets and all the women wore dresses. Hardly anyone was smoking.

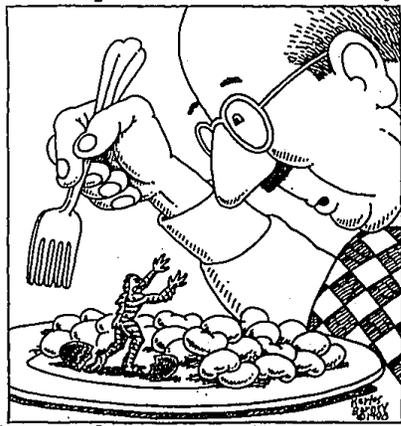
The scene at Harold's on Five Mile east of Beech Daly was similar in one way and very different in at least two others.

A few hockey fans could be heard hooting at the television over Margie Hewett's music. Some people were seated shoulder-to-shoulder, smiling and listening to her play. At Harold's everyone was smoking and there were bar stools around the piano.

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R.U. Syrlus

Karlos Borney



The Creature From The Black Legume.

## Hot lava rocks plus water results in one great Finnish sauna

By Iris Sanderson Jones  
special writer

We've just added a dipper of water to the kiuas, the hot lava stones at the heart of every Finnish sauna. A gentle veil of steam rises around us.

The Finns call it "loily." They say it reverently as they do about everything associated with the saunas. There is the Saturday sauna, the Christmas saunas and, of course, words like "purifying body and soul."

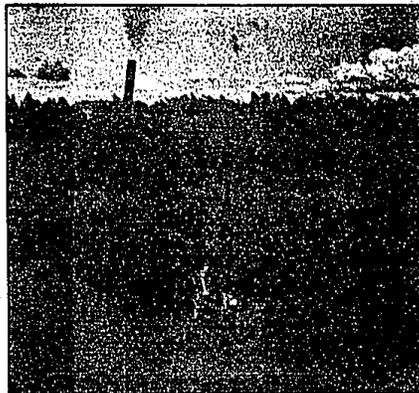
What we call saunas are a big trend in some hotels and fitness clubs in the United States, but you probably have never been in a sauna quite like this one.

It is a three-story affair that occupies the lower level and the main floor of the Hotel Evansqumu in Piek-



samakki in the lake district of Finland. Guests reserve the sauna for their own use for 90 minutes at a time.

There are two rooms on the top level — a large changing room with a pile of bathing suits for those moments when you go swimming be-



Micky Jones

One way of enjoying a Finnish sauna is in a tent on the beach. After 10 minutes in the luxuriously relaxing, steamy interior, it's just a short dash to the chilly Baltic Sea for a cool-down.

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