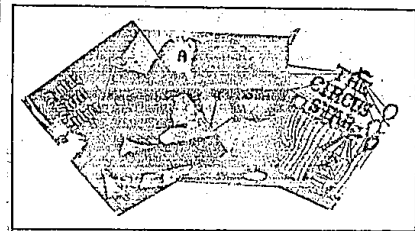


STREET SENSE

It's hard for an adult to change

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, 35251 Schoolcraft, Livonia 48150, or call 591-2300, Ext. 313.



Keepsakes

A line of personalized children's books, appropriately called "About Me," makes a precious keepsake. These colorfully illustrated hard-cover books feature a child as the main character. The child's name, age and city, and up to three names of friends or relatives, are woven throughout the story. Each book is \$9.95 plus tax and shipping. For more information, call Nancy Aron at 455-KIDS. Gift certificates are also available.

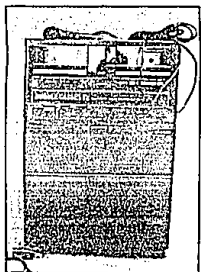


Dandy Doofies

What's a Doofie? It's just the most perfect back-to-school companion any pint-sized missy would ever want or need to carry all those all-important books and papers back and forth. This whimsical carry-all is available in purple, red, turquoise and hot pink at Loretta Liorion, Bloomfield Plaza, Birmingham.

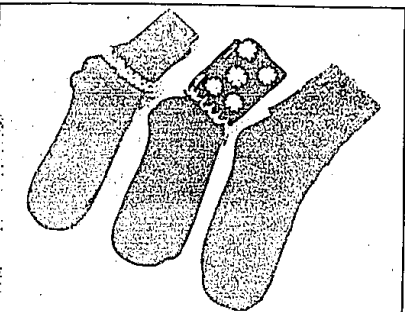
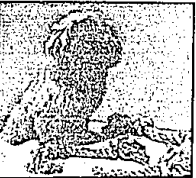
Denonet and you

From the inventors of the CD players comes the Denonet Singing System — a sophisticated sing-along cassette system that turns your home into a professional recording studio. One of the benefits of the system lets you "fade in" or "fade out" the vocal track on multiplex cassettes, so you learn lyrics while you sing along. \$379. At the Sharper Image in Somerset Mall in Troy and Twelve Oaks Mall in Novi.



Chewsy treat

Make no bones about it, Ragg Bone is a clever idea that gives the pooch in your life the best chew in the world. A cotton blend, the "bone" is machine washable and non-toxic. Besides preventing destructive pot chewing, an added plus is that it cleans teeth and exercises gums. Comes in three sizes: small, \$3.50; medium, \$3.79; and large, \$4.29. We found them at Krazy Klip 2, 2478 Orchard Lake Road. Or call 883-1441.



Sock it to 'em

Put your best foot forward at school or on the tennis court with bow-tied socks from Eleganza Boutique in the Robin's Nest Plaza in West Bloomfield. Cotton socks are decalizing with pearls, studs or rhinestone appliques. Available in turquoise, white, red, blue or hot pink.

Dear Barbara,
My husband quit his job a year ago and moved out West. He has gotten another job in law enforcement and wants me to move there with our teen-age daughter.

Our marriage was not a good one, but I would prefer not to get a divorce. I have a good job here which I could not duplicate in another city. He tells me that he loves me, that he has changed and that he will support me financially although he did not in the past.

Moving would make such a final decision in terms of losing my job and therefore, my independence, but if he really has changed, that would be the best decision. But how can I trust what he says? I really need help.

Clarice

Dear Clarice,
Please indulge me while I read between the lines. You have been unhappy in this marriage but afraid of being alone. This fear motivates you to believe words that have never been supported by deeds. One does not have to be a trained professional

to know how difficult it is for an adult to change.
Is it then that you want me to give credibility to his words? In that way, you could continue avoiding the painful decision you have avoided for years.

I am unable to do that for you.
Barbara

Dear Barbara,
I always look forward to reading your column. You give such good advice.

Is it better for a woman to talk with a male or female therapist or doesn't it matter?

What should the relationship between a person and the therapist be like? Should they like each other, feel like friends or feel detached?

Is it the responsibility of the therapist to keep the relationship on the proper level?

Curious

Dear Curious,
Your pseudonym is a mastery of understatement. You are very eager for answers. Thank you for your kind words.

I wish I could give succinct advice

In response to your questions. However, they are so important and thought-provoking that they need at least an article or even an entire book to be answered meaningfully.

I will make some general statements that I hope will be helpful. Each patient and each therapist is so different and individual that writing what "should be" becomes meaningless. That is why male or female may or may not be significant.

Some research studies have shown that the patient's initial reaction to the therapist, his first impression, is often a good indicator of that patient's ability to learn from the therapist. Other studies have indicated that most important in helping a patient change is the therapist's expectations that he will change.

But even as I write this advice, I begin to think of elaborations, exceptions and clarifications for which there is not enough available space.

Beginning in therapy can be, for both patient and therapist, like a voyage into the unknown with all the accompanying excitement and fears. If you should decide to take such a



Barbara Schiff

voyage, work hard yourself to make it a meaningful one.

Barbara

If you have a question for Barbara Schiff, a trained therapist and experienced counselor, send it to Street Sense, 35251 Schoolcraft, Livonia 48150.



STEVIE GANTILLI/Staff photographer

You'll find them rock 'n' roll in the Metropolitan Music Cafe and you'll find them standing outside the bar-restaurant and disco at night.

Royal Oak beyond the upscale facade

Continued from Page 1

"HIS MOM USED to work here. His cousins, aunt, my sister, all his brothers," said sister-in-law Michelle, a waitress. "Many of our waitresses met their husbands here."

I linger, reading the Trolley's Special sign — meat loaf — hoping for a train to speed by. It doesn't. But at the trackside Hobby Attic, I'm in luck.

Tom Riley was showing me shelves jammed with models, railroad memorabilia and old photos when the signal gates swung into place.

"Here we go," he said, ushering me outside. I had a store in Warren and one day a customer called me and said, "Tom, look, I found your place. Just call the guy up and say you want the building. I did it and it worked out great."

"What I've been thinking of doing is putting a great big transformer outside with the wires running to the track" (that runs next to his shop).

The train whistled as it approached the crossing at Fourth.

"IT'S AN automotive," Riley shouted as the engine roared by. "He'll pick up more cars along the way. He's going to Chicago. It's carrying all automotive parts."

"How do you know that?" I shout back.

"I know. I just know."

That's how Dave Hutzley buys collectible toys for his shop, Dave's Comics, on Washington. He "just knows" a hot item when he sees one. "Everyone was turning their noses up at '50s and '60s stuff. I started hoarding it," said Hutzley, a Clawson resident who has been selling comics "on and off" since 1969. "At one point I had close to 500 Sonky Bubble Toys. They're all gone now except for a couple dozen."

Lunch boxes with 1960s sit-com designs are hot, too.

"I WAS ALWAYS a paper bag kid. I never had a lunch box. I'm looking

for a Jetsons box in mint condition for myself. It's the only box I really want for my own collection."

Finding an old-timer to talk about the city was equally difficult.

Sam Falls, whose family owns apartments and restaurants in the city, including Jimi's Coney Island, suggested a retired city employee who has lived in the same room at the Madrid Hotel for 45 years.

Falls' family bought the old boarding house, located over a downtown kite shop, five years ago. His tenants share washroom facilities, a pay telephone and a sparsely decorated lounge.

Roy Abel, the retiree, answered the door in his T-shirt, not expecting company.

"Oh, excuse me. Well, I'll be glad to cooperate with you, but I don't know anyone around town any more," he said. "Could you come back sometime?"

"I have a telephone here. If you call and no one answers, I'm proba-

bly out and around town killing time. I spend more time on the street than the police do."

SO DO PATRONS at the Metropolitan Music Cafe. I headed for the bar-restaurant and disco at night to find out why.

Two men stood at the end of the line that wound around the building. "We thought we'd meet someone from the newspaper. That's why we're here," one teased, trying his best to be cute.

"We frequent trendy nightspots in the metropolitan area. Hey, these guys want to talk to you," he said, pointing to the beer-sipping newcomers at the end of the line.

"I'm here tonight because I probably wanted to get my photo in the newspaper," laughed Smart Alek #2.

"Hey, it all boils down to this, Smart Alek #1 continued. "We went to this trendy bar in trendy Royal Oak and now we're going to be in this trendy newspaper."

Thank god, they weren't home-town boys.

VIDEO VIEWING

By Dan Greenberg
special writer

Older movies on video cassettes are one of the most dramatic ways to discover how much the world has changed in the last 30 years. Screening "And God Created Woman" (B, PG, 1956, color, 90 minutes) is one such opportunity.

It's hard to believe the sexual excitement Brigitte Bardot created 33 years ago in her first starring role, a pretty tame affair by today's standards.

With the miracle of modern dubbing, viewers don't even have to struggle with subtitles although the widely-available English version sounds thin, a sound track in considerable contrast to the rich southern France settings (the movie was filmed in Nice). The track also fails to match the actions of Kurt Jurgens, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Bardot as well as the accomplished supporting cast.

The story is quite conventional, the sex scenes with the classic "50s — and earlier — eras as well. Juliette (Bardot) is an orphan living with a brothel-owning woman and her

crippled, but lecherous husband. The old woman resents Juliette's independence and raw sexual power.

Down the road a piece is the deceased Emile Tardieu's dockyard run by his wife and three sons. Mother Tardieu is a pretty tough lady who is distressed that her eldest son, Antoine (Trintignant), who lives and works in town and when he's home weekends, is attracted to Juliette, the reputed town tramp.

Regularly sailing into port is wealthy, cosmopolitan Eric Caridine (Jurgens) who lusts after Juliette and the Tardieu property which he needs in order to build a hotel-casino resort.

WHEN the conservative town threatens to have Juliette returned to the orphanage until she is 21, Michael, the second Tardieu son — who has long been enamored of her — marries her.

Juliette tries to be a good wife despite the town's attitude and her mother-in-law's animosity. But it is difficult, given her central position as the focal point of three men's love and lust.

The first third or so of the film is a

bit slow and stodgy setting the situation but after Juliette and Michael marry, the action intensifies. The earlier part probably would work better, if the sound track were more professionally done. Nonetheless, it's still worth watching to see how things turn out.

Of course, the real reason to watch "And God Created Woman" is to enjoy the enduring seductiveness and considerable beauty Bardot projects. Her exotic and sensual appearance — long blonde hair, fine figure and good looks — are still attractive. Unlike contemporary explicitness, "And God Created Woman" is now justifiably rated PG.

There is no nudity or any explicit sexual encounters. But the suggestiveness is masterful. Bardot covered projects more sensuous than a year's subscription to "Playboy." Unless you realize how much the world has changed in the last three decades, it's hard to imagine the furor the film created in 1956 when it reportedly grossed more in the United States than the Renault Auto Company.

Times, indeed, have changed and

this is an era when the X-rated values of the '60s — frontal nudity, graphic sexual encounters, detailed discussions of unusual sexual practices and explicit, excessive violence — have become accepted as routine R and PG-13 practices.

VIDEO CASSETTES have accelerated this process, given that materials for home consumption are even less regulated than the movies. It's ironic that films that used to be recut to "clean them up" for broadcast television are now recut the other way, to make them more explicit — and presumably more attractive — for the home market, competing with the porno trade while maintaining enough respectability for mainstream commercial distribution.

If there's any doubt, take a look at what's on the stands and pick up something like "Posed for Murder," the story of a centerfold model stalked by a psychotic. All the explicit violence and graphic sexuality imaginable within the R-rating range are there. That's but one of many examples where outrageous displays are included for commercial purposes.