

Cranbrook Art Faculty Stars in Gallery Show

11 Pros Exhibit Variety of Media



BLACK AND WHITE OIL 'RUNNING FIGURES' BY DONALD WILLETT

Reviewed by KATHARINE SMITH

The Cranbrook Academy of Art Faculty Exhibition was shown by invitation Friday night and opened officially to the public Saturday— to run through May 5.

Gallery hours are 2 to 5 except Mondays and holidays. Parties in galleries are fun, but it's no time for serious evaluations. If this review had been based solely on the preliminary skirmish (opening night), it would have passed over Glen Michaels completely.

Apparently his section of the gallery was so filled with people that I looked once and looked away. And Julius Schmidt's sculpture doesn't mean much when you're pressed up against it, though I did notice that the iron piece had a pungent, exotic smell.

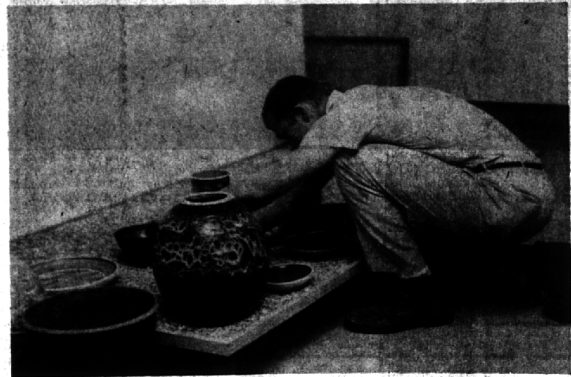
which is dramatized by seeing it through the screen.

Another fascinating Kaufman ring or wall-hanging, called "100% Virgin Wool," and you won't doubt it for a minute.

IT IS ROUGH, curly, unbrushed and unbleached, the fibres shading from cream to yellow to burnt sienna, and in the center—a large irregular circle of similarly rough black-brown wool. A sturdy lonesome fringe at one end accentuates the animal look.

Richard Thomas, master metal-smith is represented by numerous photographs of impressive liturgical pieces: altar lights, chalices, processional crosses, plus an enormous silver punch bowl decorated only with seven raised seals of the Cranbrook institutions.

From the liturgical group, but there, not just photographed, is a 3-foot high cross of silver, ivory, Coco Bolo wood and bronze, marvelously combined so that each material complements the others by its smoothness, whiteness, grain, shine or patina.



STUDENT DAN YOUNG ARRANGES POTTERY BY MAIJA GROTELL

NATURE NOW

By LYDIA KING FREHSE

Woodcock, or Timber Doodle, Is Such an Odd-Looking Bird

Your columnist first learned to know the woodcock on frequent canoe trips on the Au Sable River when it was for the most part unoccupied by Homo sapiens but stuffed with birds and beasts.

Often dubbed the "timber doodle" by sportsmen, the woodcock is an odd-looking bird with a large chunky and almost neckless body, big eyes placed well up toward the top of its head, small rounded wings, short and stout legs and a slender bill measuring about three inches in length.

Like many another of its kind, the varied parts of the woodcock's body are adapted to their respective uses. The bill, shaped for digging earth worms and other small invertebrates, has so sensitive a tip that it can instantly spot underground prey.

Its eyes are positioned to note the approach of an enemy when the head is lowered to a feeding stance. The bird's erratic flight is accompanied by a whistling sound as the air swishes through its stiff wing feathers.

WHAT THE WOODCOCK lacks in swift flight it makes up with its protective coloring: a "dead-leaf"

pattern of rich browns, greenish-greys and blacks. A secretive bird, it is seldom seen except by the hunter, the woodsman or the naturalist.

The nest is a slight hollow scratched in the soft earth of the marshy swampland where it is frequently shaded by the growth of shrubs or young trees.

The four brown spotted eggs rest on a lining of dead leaves. When the brooding mother is on her nest, the whole is well nigh indistinguishable from the surrounding ground cover.

Alan Devoe wrote that when the mother is alarmed she often tucks a chick between her thighs, clamps her legs together and flies off with her load to a place of safety.

IN SPRING THE mating song of the male woodcock is accompanied by one of the most curious of bird performances.

Many years ago when our suburban community was still adjacent to an open sandy meadow, we were witness on several evenings to this nuptial display which corresponded with the following account.

Aldo Leopold, a veteran Wisconsin naturalist, who studied this "sky dance" for several years, reports that on his farm the show began during twilight on the first warm April evening when the light intensity was exactly at .06 foot-candles.

Thereafter, the curtain went up

WELL, I GUESS the point is obvious. If you go to the party opening of a show, give it another try under less distracting circumstances. Thanks to Wallace Mitchell, director of the Cranbrook Galleries of Art, I had the opportunity of a long, secondary, solitary viewing.

Since all the artists in this show are top-notch professionals, with reputations based on the soundest kind of critical acclaim, it would be pretentious of me to label any of their work "good" or "bad." (They don't need my "good," and the "bad" wouldn't mean much in the face of more experienced judgment.)

BUT I CAN describe with integrity what I found to be particularly interesting or beautiful; for example, Glen Kaufman's flosas rug—one predominantly red, red with small, fuchsias and with making a subtle amorphous design; another in black with earth greens and brown inclusions.

This is positioned so that you look at it lying at its feet, lift your eyes to a brown linen and black bambo hung perpendicular to it, and through the screen to a marvelous black and white tapestry called "Woven Form." The shape of

to be murdered, and her interpretation of a petulant mate was excellent. She was in full control of the situation at all times.

CAROL HODGES, as the calculating mistress, Monique, was as cool as any surgeon in her actions. Although she grasped the temperament of the lady doctor and delivered

(See STUDY, 3-D)

the setting for "Monique," by Dorothy and Michael Blaufarf, is a French house on the banks of a fog-shrouded canal outside Paris.

The action revolves around a shrewish, taunting wife, Lucienne, her jolly fish of a husband, Ferand, and his attractive scheming mistress, Dr. Monique Rigaud.

FERAND DESPERATELY wants a divorce from his overbearing wife and when she refuses, his mistress comes up with the only practical solution.

In Monique's oriented vocabulary, surgery was certainly in order. If a life is blighting these around her, it must be cut out, the same as a cancerous cell. Ferand, after a little prodding, agrees and the monstrous scheme is set in motion.

After the "surgery" is performed, the plot takes on new overtones in the supernatural form. Is Lucienne actually dead? If so, what happened to her body?

And, above all, how could Andre, Ferand's brother-in-law, actually have seen her in Paris two days after the murder?

LUCIENNE SENDS word to her distraught husband that she will return home at the stroke of 9 p.m. This suspense builds as the hour approaches. Will the ghost appear?

I will not answer this as the truth is startling, and the closing moments of the play present a study in evil, as one of the baser traits of man is unveiled to a stunned audience.

The actress who performed with the most verve and naturalness of manner was Bette Matousek, who portrayed Lucienne, the scolding wife.

She was obviously just logging

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She teaches "Casein Painting" for the Continuing Education Program at Oakland University, Rochester.

She is a member of the American Art Association and the Michigan Water Color Society.

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Melodrama 'Monique' Presents Study in Evil

Reviewed by MARILYN OLSON

"I don't think that death is the last line written in the book," philosophized Ferand, a central character in the Village Players' ast presentation, "Monique."

This proved to be all too true as the mystery melodrama unfolded its diabolical plot last week end at the Village Playhouse.

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'Footloose in France' Closes Film Series

"Footloose in France" is the subject for the next and last film in the Travel Film Series, with Thayer Soule narrating, at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday, April 17-18, at the Community House.

Soule is the son of a world-traveler mother and an artist father who gave him an early appreciation of color and composition. A magna cum laude graduate of Harvard University, he majored in the romance languages and has additional training in exploration, geology and history.

IN THE HEART of Paris, viewers will catch glimpses of world-famed sights:

The Louvre with its great treasures; painters of Montmartre; the Left Bank; cruising on the Seine;

Paris afire with lights at night; the gardens of Villandry; Chambord; Amay-le-Rideau; Carrousselle with its towering walls and The Palace of The Popes.

Limoges', Lyon, world-renowned center for the manufacture of silk; (See SERIES, 7-D)

Science Association Honors B'ham Man

Professor Joseph J. Jasper, 169 Bassett Place, Birmingham, director of Academic Affairs for Chemistry at Wayne State University, has been elected a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The honor was conferred in recognition of Professor Jasper's contributions in the field of science.



Fashions Make News

Fashion coordinator Jackie Crampton, 5590 Fieldston Court, Birmingham, looks over a copy of The Birmingham Eccentric as she prepares a show with the theme "shions in the news" for her weekly "Bridal Preview" on WJBK-TV. Her guest on the show at 1 p.m. Sunday will be Ethel Simmons, Arts Editor of The Eccentric.

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