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S N O O P I N I
B Y D A N O ' H E R O N

Scribe suffers double vision

While I am barely able to comprehend the difference between verbal twins like *this* and *that*, *kith* and *kin*, or *bits* and *pieces*, when it comes to identifying human twins, doubles, impersonators and imposters, I am totally *null* and *void*.

Three times in the last 18 months, I've been fooled into thinking that one person or one group was another. First it was Stewart Granger. I thought it was the distinguished British actor I saw coming out of Bungalow News on Colorado Boulevard. He had a newspaper tucked under his arm, undoubtedly the London Times or the Nairobi News Advocate. *It had to be Granger*. A commanding figure in a safari suit, the fellow was tall and imperially slim with a healthy silver-gray mop of hair that accentuated a skin of sun-dyed brown—undoubtedly earned from many love bouts in Africa in movies with Ava Gardner and Dirk Bogarde. Later, I told everyone in the office that I had just seen Stewart Granger and they looked at me blankly as if I had said Farley Granger. *They're younger.*



Sandra Wood

And just the other day, now cringing at the very idea of cultural cuckaroos who impersonate, I managed to spot Cher having lunch at Trevos in the Pasadena Hilton. Dutifully, I reported in this column that Cher is more beautiful in a real life setting than she appears atop a piano: that she is more fully-packed than she appears on gym rat shows. That this fierce beauty pictured here turned out not to be the real Cher is unfair. *I'm a believer*. You look at the picture. You tell me. I mean Sonny might have walked into Trevos that day and tried to hit her up for money.

This *Cher*, as I would later find out in her smoothly written clarifying letter, is Sandra Wood, Altadena resident, graduate of Eliot Middle School, John Muir High School and later Scripps Claremont and holder of an M.A. in history and political philosophy, a real estate license and a part-time job at JPL.

Although in her professional guise she lip synchs the Cher numbers with eric credibility at private parties and corporate receptions, Woods has a voice and a life of her own. She spent six years from 1981 to 1986 as a dancer in the chorus line of the *Jubilee* revue at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas and later worked as a singer in Acapulco. In both engagements she appeared as *Sandra Wood*.

We wouldn't have seen Wood in her public mask or learned of a private persona had she not been late for lunch that day at Trevos. She had promised to meet her mother at Trevos but was late following an engagement as Cher at Fred Hayman's in Beverly Hills and "I didn't have time to change." At the Hayman affair she did her Cher schtick before a group of touring Japanese businessmen. A lot of Tokyo's best, home today, are probably fondling a picture of *Cher* autographed by *Sandra Wood* and pondering the inscrutability of Americans.