



Dennis Quaid is Davidgo, a space pilot marooned on a planet with a non-human Drac, in "Enemy Mine."

the movies
Dan Greenberg

'Enemy Mine' faces Earthman vs. Drac for wild adventure

It was probably inevitable: The movies have featured 50-foot apes, dinosaurs of every sort, rockets, disembodied spirits, ghosts in the closet and bats in the belfry, to say nothing of vampires all over the place.

Now, here comes "My Friend, the Iguana," only it's called "Enemy Mine" (PG-13) and it's a pretty entertaining space opera with our hero, Davidgo (Dennis Quaid), the heroic fighter pilot crashing-landing on the barren, inhospitable planet, Fyrine IV.

Space opera may be the wrong term, although that's how the film opens. It soon concentrates on the plight of two enemy fighter pilots who shot each other down and are now marooned on a hostile planet.

Davidgo the Earthling must survive not only the alien planet but his enemy, Jeriba Shigan (Louis Gossett Jr.), the Drac from, where else, Dracon.

EARTHLINGS AND DRACONS. In this scheme of things, have been fighting each other endlessly for control of space, with draconian measures, no doubt.

Jeriba faces the same problems Davidgo does: an antagonistic enemy and an alien planet. Their biggest problem, however, is hatred of one another and what it does to them.

The film's main charm is that relationship, as Davidgo and Jeriba become brothers. What makes it all so difficult — besides of course, that their star systems are sworn enemies — is the fact that Davidgo is an earthling (one of our kind) and Jeriba is a reptilian.

Reptilian Dracs are some sort of asexual hermaphrodites (sorry, I flunked biology), and after considerable time and strain, Jeriba dies in the Draconian equivalent of childbirth.

By this time, he and Davidgo have become fast friends. There's nothing like survival in the wilderness to teach a little humility. Even iguanas can be humble. The best parts of the film are the very small, closed scenes as their relationship develops.

NATURALLY, WE NEED a few monsters and storms to force them together and those are acceptably well-done, but the relationship between the two is what's really worthwhile to see.

Gossett's reptilian makeup, which took two or three hours a day to put on, includes some effective latex masks.

The chauvinism in the film is pretty thick. Those of us who like the Hollywood product are used to that, however. When two enemies begin to cooperate, out of necessity they have to learn each other's language. If you want to be fair, why didn't the Earthling learn Draconian first? After all, with sub-titles Draconians can learn English, and it wouldn't have been too long before the script segued into English.

The project gets awfully hokey at the end when Jeriba's offspring is captured and enslaved by renegade miners led by the vicious Stubbs (Brian James), who has a mining ship working Fyrine IV. These miners routinely enslave Dracs for their work force.

How is never explained. If all those Dracs were flying around in fancy rockets, Stubbs must have been pretty tough. I suppose he could have raided some colony. In any event, Lou Gossett is black, even though it doesn't show under the Igua makeup, so the equation is quickly made that Stubbs (white) is enslaving Dracs (black) and the good white, Davidgo, will save them from slavery.

I suppose it's OK, but it is a bit much. Still and all, it's technically well done. Although some of the scenery looks like painted backdrops, it does have the proper "alien," surrealistic quality, and the closing fight scenes, though conventional, are fine.

Recommended, and fun. In case you get bored, noodle around the title's meaning. Is it the white enemy's shafts in the ground or will mine enemy be my friend? Both, I think.



Louis Gossett Jr. is the reptilian Drac, Jeriba Shigan.

Hecker Pass is worth visiting

Tired of winter plodding on?

If so, you might consider a journey to California to romp in the sun and vineyards at this time of year. It is now remarkably free of tourist clutter, winemakers are free to talk with you and, above all, there is no more the land of the prickly pear and the Hecker Pass wineries.

This is essentially Italian wine country, the land of rough and ready Zinfandel and curious blends to produce "Burgundy" wines. Most of the original founders of this region were of Italian descent, those that went south from San Francisco rather than north to Sonoma nearly a century ago.

First along the route is the A. Conrotto Winery, which until recently sold only "Burgundy" in huge bottles and by the case out the back door. I recall paying \$5 for four liters a few years ago, a great value. However, the winery now acknowledges the tourist trade, even has a sign in front and is open at predictable hours.

Next is Live Oaks, off a dirt path encumbered with goats, chickens and other barnyard delights. The tasting room (open at 8 a.m.) is at best rustic. But these are genial people. You will be genuinely welcomed. The winery's literature calls this "a picturesque spot."

Next is Summerhill Vineyards (formerly the Bertieri Winery, to you old-timers) located in a quite modest facility, the only poor wine producers in the area. Avoid.

will pass Pedrisetti Winery (open at 8 a.m. for tasting, a great chance to have Zinfandel with your corn flakes) and the giant San Martin Winery, a true tourist trap. Then comes Gilroy (Wendy's, MacDonald's, all the civilities) and you pick up 152 to the west. Into the land of the prickly pear and the Hecker Pass wineries.

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wine
Richard Watson

GO ON to the Thomas Kruse Winery, the "non-Italian eccentric" of the region. Always experimenting (sparkling White Zinfandel more than a decade ago and maker of a Thompson Seedless wine), Kruse has made some fine wines at times. Then there are others not so fine.

The final two wineries, Fortino and Hecker Pass, are family-related, the latter a spin-off from the former some 10 years ago. Both produce very respectable red wines and are proud of their traditions as country wine producers, deservedly so.

Continue on Highway 152 west up to the Hecker Pass (snow is possible in winter) and a splendid panoramic view awaits you. Santa Cruz Bay and the marvelous, green flatlands are before you. Most memorable.

But wait! I skipped reports on two Hecker Pass wineries, two exceptions to the region. Both produce expensive wines more in keeping with present marketing trends, perhaps reflecting an image of things to come in the area.

In 1976 Terry and Mary Kay Parks purchased what has become the Sycahones Creek Vineyards, taking over the old Marchetti Winery that failed to survive prohibition. They dramatically, skillfully and quickly established themselves in the trade by producing some fine Chardonnay, Riesling and Gewurztraminer from purchased (Monterey) grapes and estate-grown their own Cabernet Sauvignon and Zinfandel.

EVEN MORE recently Marilyn Otterman founded Sarah's Vineyard in the late 1970s, planting several acres around the home/winery to Chardonnay (a too-warm region for Chardonnay, thought I, wrong again) and has produced some prize-winning wines in the last couple of years. "Sarah" is Marilyn's alter ego. The two run the operation very nicely.

So a special kind of trip is there for you. This may be the only region in all of California where you can tour for a whole day without once tasting a Wine Zinfandel. But that won't last long. See it while it remains its old self.

STAYING ON the old highway, you

Stagecrafters announces 'An Enchanted Evening'

An event called "An Enchanted Evening at the Baldwin Theatre" will be presented by the Stagecrafters from Friday, Jan. 17, through Sunday, Feb. 2, at the Stagecrafters-Baldwin Theatre in Royal Oak.

An original play by John Landis will be performed in combination with "Some Enchanted Evening," a Rodgers, Hart and Hammerstein musical revue.

Landis' play uses the music and lyrics

of the Rodgers, Hart and Hammerstein musical revue as a time-line that traces the history of the men and their music with the events of the time, as these apply to the history of Royal Oak and the Baldwin Theatre, as seen

through the eyes of the caretaker.

Tickets at \$7.50 for general admission, \$6.50 for seniors and students (Sundays only) are available by calling 541-6430 anytime.

Rare Earth to play '60s hits at DeSoto's nightclub

Rare Earth will perform its hit tunes from the 1960s in a concert Monday, Jan. 13, at DeSoto's bar, a new nightclub at 8470 Telegraph in Dearborn Heights.

General admission tickets at \$9 are

available from 1 p.m. to 2 a.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays and 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Tickets also may be purchased the night of the concert. Doors open at 7 p.m.



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