

Old Fuddy-Duddy: Laguna Beach Style

Recently, I went to the Shag show at the Laguna Art Museum. I had a particularly Lagunaish funny thing happen.

Shag was showing upstairs and Wayne Thiebaud downstairs. It was like being in a big house with the angst-ridden teenager upstairs in his room blasting Jimi Hendrix on his Hi-Fi, while downstairs the Dad lounged on a Lazy Boy watching The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer.

As I was walking up the narrow stairs, an older Laguna Beach-style couple was coming down from the Shag exhibit. The man was in his late seventies, wearing a gold cardigan sweater and loafers. The woman, his wife, was perfectly manicured with a big smile for me as I passed them.

As they were coming down, the man asked his wife with a gruff irritated voice, "Where are all these kids going? Thiebaud is down here." The wife explained, "Honey, people like all different kinds of art." She looked back at me, because I was giggling, and gave that look that wives give their aging, fuddy-duddy husbands. It was very sweet. My guess is they left there and went to Las Brisas for a Bloody Mary and Eggs Benedict.

So while your Dad might get fuddy-duddy over foreign-made cars ("Why can't these kids drive Chevys?") or not being able to get a \$1 cup of coffee ("Why do you kids spend \$4 on a cup of coffee?"), the Laguna Beach fuddy-duddy can't understand why kids would want to waste their time with Shag when Thiebaud is just downstairs.

