



He doesn't even crack a smile, just a cool "I don't want to disappoint you, but no I don't smoke pot."



mayor wilson mayor wilson

Nowadays a politician has to be careful. He can't completely avoid the People or be disdainful of them like an 18th or 19th century statesman. That would be stuffy, elitist, anti-democratic. But neither can he be a bubbly Happy Warrior, glad-handing, back-slapping, sycophant, weeping or smooching in public. He has to maintain the perfect balance between being too cold and aloof and too warm and glib.

San Diego's Mayor Pete Wilson walks a very straight line between these two extremes. When he talks, his sentences are long and wordy but also emotionless and very serious. Jokingly asked if he pretakes of the Wood, he doesn't even crack a smile, just a cool "I don't want to disappoint you, but no I don't smoke pot." Kind of a defensive tone in his voice but not strongly so. When he talks about his own politics, he dispassionately distinguishes between "liberals" and "conservatives" and explains why he avoids either label.

"When you use those labels, you're indulging in generalizations. It reminds me of Mack Twain who said, 'all generalizations are false, including this one'... You have to take a man's position issue by issue, examine the record."

But you must have some sort of standard by which to judge the "issue by issue," don't you? "Well, yes. That is, government exists to do things for people that they can't do themselves."

Pete Wilson looks a lot younger than 39. He doesn't yet show the facial lines or body bulges of middle age, and his short hair and conservative suit give him an innocent, very earnest air. But none of the modishness of a Lindsay or a Kennedy, none of the stylish clothes, sideburns or shaggy neck hair. The mayor's 24-year old press secretary, on the other hand, wears a full red beard which somehow makes use more comfortable, sitting in the contemporary furniture of the Mayor's wood-paneled, yet austere office.

The evenness and moderation of Wilson's personality seem to extend into his political philosophy. He is a man of the center, a pragmatic man, claiming that "among most pragmatic people today, there's a tendency toward the center, rather than toward ideology." It becomes obvious when Wilson admires, and he elaborates: "I think the President is like this. He's called a conservative, and yet under

his administration you have things like the Volunteer Army and his Family Assistance Plan. The approach has been pragmatic, one that many Democrats are taking too."

You've made a choice, though, between the Democrats and Republicans. If they're both pragmatic, why have you chosen the Republican Party?

"It pays to err on the side of less government rather than more... The more significant programs have come about because of men who have been called conservatives. They have an easier time..."

The Mayor's press secretary had warned me that he didn't want the Reader interview to pre-empt the Mayor's State of the City address. So it looked as though we would avoid city issues altogether. But when asked about the apparent contradiction between his Republican politics and his support of urban redevelopment in the Horton Plaza area, the Mayor gave his longest answer of the interview. He began by declaring that Federal laws "have as a condition for renewal the elimination of blight."

It wasn't clear whether this was his justification or not. He started describing the flight to the suburbs and decay of the urban core besetting cities in the East. "San Diego has an advantage. We can avoid that. We're the fifth largest city in land area in the U.S. Whereas people in the East flee the cities for many reasons, some of which are the increasing tax burden, people here don't do that. They move within the limits of the city of San Diego."

Then Wilson came back more specifically to the Horton Plaza area: "What we have here is property owners who've been content to make money but who don't make improvements. They sit on the property and enjoy the increase in land value. But the land doesn't increase to its potential."

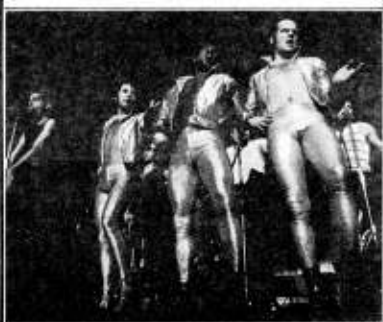
Is the potential increase in tax revenue, then, the main purpose of the redevelopment?

"It's the prevention of blight... But a co-equal purpose is to let the downtown area achieve its potential... that's the major purpose."

Wilson thinks that downtown San Diego really has potential. He went on to say that the downtown development would encourage adjoining property owners to improve their property. Given the fact that "we have the cheapest labor in the

(Continued on page 2)

sha-na-na sha-na-na



Mayor Schenker

The ugliest, skinniest guy on stage, or probably in the house, flicked the surplus grease into the crowd. They loved it.

There it was, packed out in front of all the vans and VW's. A 1954 Ford convertible. Top down, wide-oripe white-side-wall tires and a peevish saying something about rock and roll.

Well, at least you knew you had come to the right place. The Ford stood out like a scaled fat man and hinted of another time and place. This was not to be a run-of-the-mill Sports Arena concert.

Seems like there has been a lot of coverage about Sha-na-na, the group from Columbia University who started doing late fifties rock and roll as part of a glee club. They were in the movie version of Woodstock and they were on Channel 15 and they even had a full page in Life magazine. Sunday night they finally made it to San Diego, but San Diego wasn't out in full force for the occasion. There were under five hundred fans, not even filling one short end of the Sports Arena.

Sha-na-na: the back-up sounds from the memorable "Get a Job" by the Rays from 1958. This set of nonsense syllables ranks with the other classics like *Sho-dope-ah-sho-be-dope* ("In the Still of the Night"), the *Five Saints* and *na-na-na-na-na* ("Little Star"—the Elegants). They picked the right name; it sounds perfect with a New York accent. Sha-na-na was the featured attraction at the Sports Arena; also billed were the Persians and Cold Blood.

The Persians are a black foursome who perform without musical accompaniment. They expertly capture the best of the fifties vocal sound made popular by groups like the Platters, Mills Brothers, Ink Spots, Flamingos, Little Anthony and the Imperials. The Persians performed in the format standardized by these groups: a lead singer, a bassman, and two backup men who could also sing lead. They did several numbers, showing that there was no group of that era that they couldn't imitate perfectly. The Persians have taken the vocal magic of the fifties and distilled it into a science. They showed what can be done with the mixing of voices without the electronic wizardry and super-amplification of today's delectable woodchoppers.

Cold Blood did an admirable job representing the new sound. All the tricks that a contemporary group feels it has to have to survive. Big brass section, lead singer who looks faintly like Janis Joplin and has Joe Cockee's afflicted hand movements and painfully loud guitar. Cold Blood provided a reference point which the audience could use in their trip back to the Golden Oldies.

The crowd, however, had come to see Sha-na-na. A few had gone the route and were correctly attired in clothing from fifteen and twenty years ago. It was somewhat disappointing for one who had heard of Sha-na-na concerts back East where the entire audience looked as if they had just stepped out of *Barbers* High.

(Continued on page 2)

Mayor Wilson continued world for its traffic and size" and that San Diego's downtown is bound by the harbor on two sides, the redevelopment is very important for the city.

But now that you've accepted the right of eminent domain for removing "blight," where do you stop? Can you declare any low-income area, whether it's at the beach or in Southeast San Diego, "blighted"?

"No, it depends." Wilson agreed that here was where pragmatism provided the best approach. He wasn't going to draw a fixed line between the rights of an individual and the public right of eminent domain. Taking a rip of real estate like that wouldn't be pragmatic. But in "pragmatism" just a euphemism for "repression?" Does Mayor Wilson crink political expediency in state-of-the-art "pragmatism"?

Certainly the statements cited in July's San Diego Magazine would make one think Wilson has compromised his environmental zeal for expediency. Eugene DeFalco, a San Diego supermarket chain executive, for instance, was told to feel that "Wilson has retreated somewhat from what some businessmen considered a radical position at the beginning of his term."

But Wilson denies any retreat. He insists that one look not at what people say, but at "the record." He claims that he hasn't adjusted or wobbled on his campaign promises. "What scared some people was that I did exactly what I had promised about the problems of urban sprawl and sign control."

Pete Wilson is almost too good to be believed. Maybe it's his Marine background the way an infantry officer from 1955 to 1958, but his stoicism and discipline and purity infuse everything he says. Here's a man who majored in English at Yale and refuses to criticize intellectual life in San Diego. "I made a very conscious choice in picking San

Diego as a place to live... we've got a lot of talent here." Here's a man who works at nights and on week-ends, a man who refuses to take campaign contributions of over \$300 from businessmen who do business with the City. And here's a man who talks about being mayor, his blue eyes expressive and his mouth un-wrinkled. Wilson had remained so quiet and gesture-less throughout one talk-not a trace of the eyebrows or a twist of the mouth- that the photographer stopped taking pictures and when it was over, asked him if he'd sit at his desk and talk a little more. Noted at my side and both of us a little more relaxed, I unconsciously threw out, "Do you like being mayor?"

"Yes, I do, a lot. You seem to get so much more done. I liked my job in the State Legislature, but here you get a lot more ink, press coverage- he hesitated-not that that's so important, but you do something and it gets done. You can see it take effect."

Wilson was predictably careful when asked about the future. "Political life has its rewards but one of them is not job security... I've never denied that I've been interested in other offices..."

But he was very close-mouthed about speculation whether he was among at state or national office. He has had experience on the State level, of course, but he feared what he was doing now "much more exciting" than the Legislature. Everything seems to be going so well for Mayor Wilson here (the Yellow Cab settlement, Council approval of sign control and Horton Redevelopment, no one group particularly unhappy with the Mayor), and the background looks so good (Yale, the Marines, Boat Hall), and he is such a careful, serious politician that certainly the excitement of San Diego cannot be the last stop for Pete Wilson. -James Holman

THE COMPLETE STORIES FLANNERY O'CONNOR

by Carla Jules

I have what my friends call, perhaps accurately, an obsession with the National Book Award for Fiction. I want to own all of them in extravagant hardcover and line them up chronologically. On the shelf there would be, among others, Ellison's *Jinnee Mai* (1953), Bellows's *Herzog* (1965), and Malamud's *The Fixer* (1967), and this year I would add Flannery O'Connor's splendid posthumous collection *The Complete Stories* (Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, \$10).

The Complete Stories is a hefty book of 21 stories also arranged chronologically and each one is more brilliant than the next. She plots them artfully (many start out marvelously funny and end by shocking you into silence and sobriety), her style avoids every cliché, and she has a gift for getting into other people's heads and many kinds of heads at that. Her characters range from the five-year old boy who happily drowns himself in a river believing that he is baptizing himself, to the middle-aged flabby with amethyst-colored hair who's terrified of getting pregnant, to the cocky confederate of 104. What's more, there's a unity to the collection. As it progresses, the violence in America increases. One story, first published in 1961, literally heralds the irrational stripping of the sixties-a man goes berserk and shoots six people because he had been ridiculed for not wearing an Azalea Festival Badge.

Flannery O'Connor was born in Georgia and spent most of her life there. Not surprisingly, most of her stories are set in the 1930's South and many are peopled with

A man goes berserk and shoots six people because he had been ridiculed for not wearing an Azalea Festival Badge

backwoods types and poor whites who speak their minds with salty tongues. When pressed to say what her essential subject is, I'm first tempted to say something like the "human heart" which seems to me quite right, although critics have done countless theological explications of her work. True, she was a Catholic who used Protestant fundamentalism as a way of dealing with religion, but to explain her stories in terms of Stations of the Cross only does them up. It's her sharply-minded attitude toward her characters and their stories, I think, which is far more central.

"The Lamb Shall Enter First," an unforgettable story, can explain what I mean. It's about a young father, a widower, who is a social worker paid by the state to save liberal and "enlightened" intentions, a "good" sceptic who doesn't believe in heaven or hell. Professionally trained by the middle-class waste of his small son who eats chocolate cake spread with peanut butter for breakfast, he sees by trying to help a tough young ghetto black in his liberal fashion he takes this good life into his home, gives him everything, and

only succeeds in neglecting his own son. Rufus is, of course, a first-rate cos artist who wins over the son to hell-fire religion, and the story ends tragically with the son hanging himself. The father is good, but even the black knows that he isn't right. Flannery O'Connor, like one of her own characters, is "astounded by useless compassion."

Her stories have the power to do many things-to amuse, to shock, and to make us laugh. She satires much of the American character, especially the liberal and the strong, status-conscious female, yet at the same time admires Yankee stubbornness. Her children are sassy and her old people have spirit, but this virtue often transmutes into snobism. Ultimately, her people are solitary and many of them are paralyzed by fear of the simplest operations in life (in the first story an old man from the South who is now living with his daughter in a northern city tenement, is terrified of even walking down the stairs). They are outcasts, bizarre (there is a 32-year old girl with a Ph.D. in philosophy and a wooden leg), yet they are, strangely enough, "as ordinary as a loaf of bread."

I cannot overemphasize *The Complete Stories* highly enough. Read it over the holidays if you can get a copy at the library, or if you can afford it, buy it as a gift and read it before you wrap it up. □

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SHA-NA-NA. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

A member of the Sha-Na-Na troupe prepares for the group's San Diego performance.



The three singer-performers minced on in the world's tightest gold pants

A crew of stage hands prepared the stage as if it were the deck of a tooth-matter yacht getting ready for an America's Cup race. Mikes were positioned on spots marked by tape. Wires were either looped down for ease of movement or coiled and taped to the staging. A large grid of tape squares was laid in an area where extra traction was needed. These guys were serious.

Finally Jungle Jim of KPRI (yes, there really is a Jungle Jim) and another gentleman with a strange accent welcomed Sha-na-na, and suddenly it was 1957. They came on like an over-the-hill street gang. Black levis, black pegged pants, black hippos, thin belts, tee-shirts with no sleeves and black rat-eater shoes. The three singer-performers minced on in the world's tightest gold pants, gold boots, gold Elmer-flower jackets with no buttons, and of course, no shirts. The whole group flexed, pinched and combed their oily hair. The ugliest, skinniest guy on stage, or probably in the house, flicked the spongy grease into the crowd. They loved it.

Sha-na-na then launched into a terrific set from that golden period of rock and roll. High lights included "Shake, Rattle and Roll" (Bill Haley and the Comets), some of Dion when he was still with the Belmonts, Frankie Ford's "Sea Cruise," Danny and the Juniors' "At the Hop." One of the golden-era performers was a perfect Elvis, accurate even to the non-functional guitar.

Sha-na-na's real power was in their choreography. They were all over the stage with the loose movements used by the stars of that age. One would have to assume that the late fifties music with its repetitious four-chord structure was so limiting that the performers had to liven things up with some show-dancing. How else could you breathe life into that classic shtick "Tell Laura I Love Her," but with anglic poses and even a chapel? Sha-na-na didn't merely execute the show-steps but magnified them to their extreme.

There were several big differences in the overall feeling during Sha-na-na's set and Cold Blood's. People were down front not just jiving, but actually dancing the jitterbug for Sha-na-na. The air also got noticeably clear-



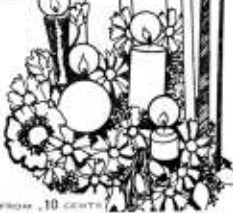
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The READER dines out at the Shanghai in La Jolla

I believe one can eat a good meal in a bad restaurant and vice versa, because so many factors other than food and service affect the chance shadow of enjoyment: your idiosyncratic burger perhaps, the warmth or sterility of the room, or the look in the eyes of a person you're with. But for some—for me, certainly—food is primarily important, and no amount of liquor or love can wash away the disappointment of a tasteless lump of fish or a stale fortune cookie. And good restaurants are rare. The Shanghai, on Prospect Street in La Jolla, isn't perfect, for some of the selections on the menu are wonderful while others are surprisingly bad. But is a good restaurant, which cooks and serves food with a palate-eye in flavors—strong flavors, subtle flavors.

FOOD

—Jeff Weisstein

It's hard to eat in a box; corners cry for softening, and tables and people look like isolated units scattered in unwholesome cartesian space. The Shanghai, which could have been such a box, eliminated the ceiling with a false top of bamboo mesh, painted the room a fine rich orange-red, and partitioned the room properly, to create eating areas. When it first opened, it had a pleasant full-length bar and a wonderful bartender (woman), but although the bartender is still mixing drinks and it still wonderful, the bar has shrunk to a barrette to allow more room for tables. There are enough waiting people in the Shanghai to serve everyone well, and the service is friendly and careful, although some waiters are more adept than others in understanding that you don't want MSG in your food (all Chinese restaurants I've eaten in use too much MSG unless you request otherwise), in knowing when wine should be served, or how slowly you want to eat. The wine list, by the way, is small and good, with four perfectly excellent California whites and a number of less good reds and rosés. I find beer to be a happy drink with such food, or lemon and water if you are more of a prude.

Such food? The menu is large, and part of the enjoyment of the prospect is imagining, before you eat, the possibility of flavors and combinations. The Shanghai has its own "Shanghai-type" specialties, which on the menu are noted in darker print. Particularly spicy hot dishes are annotated (and are almost all very good), and some others, like whole duckling, must be ordered in advance. All the Shanghai specialties I've had were fine. The soups are uniformly good, and you can make a whole meal of the abalone soup and some white wine. To generalize about the other types of dishes: the appetizers are good but not unusual, and the egg roll pastry (but not the filling) is the best I've ever eaten. The shellfish dishes, especially the Shanghai lobster, are savory and well cooked, and the chicken dishes are less rich but flavorful. The vegetables, by themselves and in the other dishes, are good: fresh and full of paradoxical crispness that is the result of quick cooking. The braised broccoli and the pea pods are particularly fine, although they are sometimes too oily and mixed, unaccountably, with canned mushrooms. The beef and fish dishes are okay; I've had good and bad, but the beef is overpoweringly salty. What is not good is the pre-prepared duck; all the duck juices (not fat) that give the meat its sweet taste are just driven out by the Shanghai's overcooking, and for \$4.50 (!) one night we were served a very small platter of charcoal with some petrifed duck lurking deep within.

Let me mention two more things: these meals can be expensive, especially for one or two people, when a pleasant and not overlarge dinner, with drinks and wine, can cost \$100.00 each. But, for some strange reason, if many people order at one large table, the resulting cost per person is much less; perhaps people eat less when they are busy sampling 13 different dishes. That is not the way I like to eat, however, and I think the greatest mistake people can make when ordering Mandarin or any other kind of Chinese food is when everyone follows his or her predilection: one for sweet and sour sea bass and another for hot spiked beef, and from the mass of little platters each person eats things that inevitably war with each other. Because I do that sort of thing myself too often, I decided to dictate and order what I alone thought would be the perfect Chinese meal-of-the-moment (for two) at the Shanghai:

- sea weed soup—in a fine egg and chicken broth, very mild.
- a bottle of cold dry Riesling, or something like it
- some plain broiled duck, served in small pieces with no sauce
- peas and mushrooms
- roast pork
- Shanghai lobster—a wonderful creamy dish
- a pastr

- and live nuts—which are the most sexually suggestive fruits I know, with texture like moist skin, slightly unappealing to the taste
- cognac

after which we walked out of the red room, satisfied and happy and poor.

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1968 VW BUG. Auto stick shift. Very clean. \$650 or best offer. Call 462-0474.

BMW R30 has 17,000 miles. Must sell. Make offer. Call 296-2020.

CHERRY 1971 Honda CR350, only 4,000 miles. Leaving soon. Come to 4228 Campus Valley, Hillcrest or call 841 at 296-3693.

10 SPEED PEGUCCIO PX 110 in excellent condition. Must sell! Call Steve Tash at Sigma Drive Rm. 327 at Cal Western. 244-2986.

YAMAHA 180 cc. Good running condition. 8500 miles. Only asking a small price of \$225. Call 454-1745.

Bikes

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READER

Dear READER,
Here's my absolutely, unequivocally, limited to 35 words-or-less, non-commercial, free classified ad.

SEND TO: READER - Box 50803 - San Diego, CA 92138 or call 276-3866
(commercial classified rate—\$5.00 per insertion—limit 35 words)

Personal

HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOTHER from all those who need and love her.

TO THE NICEST I know, from one who's always cheering you on. Keep my winning thought. Love, Ma.

DEAR DAVID L. Happy 18th birthday from two people who are thinking of you. Come on over and get a foot massage. Love from Boo-Boo and Tread.

DEAR JESSICA: SMILE! Someone is thinking nice things about you today. J.

JESSICA: A beautiful and good sounding name. Don't change it. See you in time. T.

DEAR JESSICA of Mesa College: Hi. I love you like a hot love job. Write me. Bob at 710% Venice Ct., M.D. 92183.

TO JESSICA of Mesa College: We love you. Please come home. Lorie, Jim and Steve at 423-4936.

COLLEGE AGE FEMALE wants college age female traveling companion for June 1st trip to Africa. Please call 459-2071.

TO JESSICA of Mesa College: My name is Wade of U.C.S.D. and to myself. It's true, so why not?

DEAR FRIENDS I have found happiness. You came when I most needed you. Au revoir, JESSICA of Mesa College.

SHAKE! WEAR your bikini shirt on Thursday. Lorie, Debra, D.D. and Donnie.

DENNIS: CAN'T wait until we'll be together always and forever. Love you, sweetheart, Bart.

MERRY: YOU'RE fantastic and I love you! Let's get together more often. Love Jimmy.

TO WERDO: WAS that you who wrote that ad? Well, if it was, don't worry about me and concentrate on getting your head together. I'll be patient. I know the longer I wait for you, the sooner you'll arrive. Your Brown-Eyed Girl.

DEAREST DAVID: FOREVER is a beautiful word and the meaning will never be lost for me as long as we share it. I love you very much. Forever, Rose.

THIEF: PLEASE return my yellow Schwinn motor scooter, year's 10 speed, which you stole on Monday night, November 13th from UCCSO, Challenge Hall. I am willing to give you \$50 for the safe return with no questions asked. Julie at 453-8206 or P.O. Box 4076, La Jolla, 92037.

LESLIE: B.O.Z.O.D., signee H.B. Young Vegetarian. Cowpie de la casa to share house on top of Solano Mountain, La Jolla. High camp every, freshies, laser, jazz. Call 454-8638 after 6 p.m.

YOUNG VEGETARIAN Cowpie de la casa to share house on top of Solano Mountain, La Jolla. High camp every, freshies, laser, jazz. Call 454-8638 after 6 p.m.

Lessons

FLUTE LESSONS. Beginning and intermediate. \$3 per lesson. 140 minutes. North Beach. Call 283-2671.

ADOPT BUT BREED! Want to share large pack guitar styles. A la Ritzon, Muri, Cotton, Fabray, etc. Call 28 marriage at 282-9263.

FLUTE LESSONS. Efficient and enjoyable method. Experienced teacher, classical and jazz. Call 436-0907.

Services

CHRISTMAS CARD Addressing and typing of any kind. Fast accurate & reasonable. Call 459-2572 or 488-4066.

PAINTING, interior and exterior. Free estimates. Call 276-5077.

XEROX COPIES just 4 cents each, no minimum. 1682 Mission at College Avenue. Phone 287-3707. Open Mon. thru Fri. 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. and Saturday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., on Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m.

BARBER SERVICES in your home. Men and ladies. For appointment call 222-1347 between 7 and 9 p.m.

THE BIRTH CONTROL Institute provides information and assistance on problem pregnancy, birth control, abortion, vasectomy, and sterilization. Our services are completely confidential. Call 281-7317. Volunteers are needed.

TRANSLATIONS AND PROFESSIONAL typing. Manuscripts, reports, transcripts, dissertations, addressing, etc. Please call 459-3572 or 488-4066.

DIVORCE. Do it yourself! We provide divorce kit, all necessary forms and experienced personnel to assist you. Legal and easy. Call 280-2087 or 463-9150 for further information or question.