

## The Society Page by Gene Mahoney

Russian Hill Upholstery & Décor is still located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill.

**At the Regency Ballroom:** Two Feet, 4/29. Apocalyptica - Cell-o Tour, 8/26. Pup (with Illuminati Hotties), 10/2. Silverstein, 11/18.

Next month marks the 37<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Tina Turner's career being reborn with the release of her *Private Dancer* album.

A commercial success, it was also really good. Good as in being good, not just entertaining, the way she and her first husband/musical partner Ike Turner were entertaining - when she sang and gyrated to their cover of "Proud Mary" and he strummed his guitar while wearing a Beatle wig on top of his head.

*Private Dancer* was released five years after she was rediscovered at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel by her soon to be manager while she was performing on the has-been circuit.

In 1985, just a year after her miraculous comeback, she starred in a smash hit movie with Mel Gibson, *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. She even sang the soundtrack songs which became hits.

A year after that she released another album, *Break Every Rule*, which was also successful. Though there were no hit singles on par with "What's Love Got To Do With It" or "Private Dancer," overall I thought it was an even better album than the previous one.

After that I pretty much didn't keep up with her.

On March 27<sup>th</sup>, HBO presented a documentary about Tina Turner. It was billed as a goodbye to her fans. Not like her farewell album and tour were goodbyes to her fans. Tina is 81 years old and has survived stroke, cancer, and organ transplant, so it really means goodbye.

She also survived the suicide of her son, and says she still has PTSD from Ike beating her up for all those years. Her mother never liked her, and does anyone ever really get over that?

Despite her fame and fortune, she says it hasn't been a good life, that the bad outweighed the good. Former Herald columnist Kimberlye Gold once worked a



## San Francisco Herald

April 2021

SanFranciscoHerald.Net

### "Serving Nob Hill and Beyond"

catering job at the star's house and said Tina was the nicest person in the world.

Wish I had more space this issue to have more than just this rant, so let's just wrap it up with: Love ya, Tina.



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Back in 1994 I was living in downtown Palo Alto and used to see live music at a café called St. Michael's Alley (the Grateful Dead got their start playing there, nowadays it's a swanky restaurant). A singer named Susan Udell used to play there twice a month, and the pretty, petite folk singer/songwriter had a small following that would faithfully show up.

One time I saw her at the bar as she watched another singer perform. A few days later a friend of mine informed me that she had died. She was 31 years old and had been in a great deal of pain for a while with endometriosis, as well as suffering from chronic fatigue syndrome.

There was no documentary about her life like Tina Turner had, but if you want to listen to her CD, *Unanswered Questions*, you can find it online.

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If you're ever in the Marina district, or maybe Russian Hill or Nob Hill, pick up a copy of the monthly newspaper *Marina Times*.

(Actually, you could read in online, too.)

There's a feisty muckraking editor/writer named Susan Dyer Reynolds who has been hot on the trail of all this corruption going on involving Public Works and other San Francisco government agencies. Stories the Chronicle should have been covering.

Reynolds has also written about recent ridiculous *politically correct* columns at the Chron. Years ago she wrote about how she was driving her car and encountered some obnoxious bicyclist - one of those CRITICAL MASShole types - and how she gave it right back to him. I sent a "You go, girl!" type email to her but never got a reply back. She was probably too busy muckraking.

Heck, she sounds like a sassy lady! And probably San Francisco's finest journalist, too.

Sassy, sassy, sassy!

There's also a witty columnist named John Zipperer, whom I don't always agree with, but his writing often elicits laughs (chortles, not guffaws). He's an amusing fellow.###

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*Herald Archives: 2002*

## The Roommate from Hell

### A True Story

By James Dylan

(Part Two)

*The names have been changed to protect the idiots.*

Finally, February rolled around. It was morning, and I went downstairs and knocked on his door. He kept yelling for me to go away. I went upstairs and called the cops. They showed up right away, and I went and unlocked the door. I stuck my head in and said, "Come on, man, time to go!"

He just sat there on his futon in a stupor. I then noticed some movement on the far side of the room and saw somebody in a sleeping bag getting up. I told the cops that guests

were not allowed in the room, and they took over, asking him who he was, etc. The guest became very obnoxious, yelling and swearing, and the cops had to physically throw him out. They then told me that they don't do evictions, only the sheriff can do them. They did wink at me and said that I could just take his keys and put him on the street, and left. I went into his room, helped him get up, walked him out to the street, and set him down on the edge of the curb. I went back into his room and started boxing up all his crap, what little of it there was. While I was cleaning up the room, Joe's "guest" (*let's call him "Mike" - not his real name*) came back and stared yelling at me to open the door, so he could get his own belongings. I said he shouldn't have any belongings in the place, but if he stood under the outside window, I would drop them down to him. He refused and kept "ordering" me to open the door, or he would bust it down.

I refused. He backed up and gave the door a big kick, and it loosened a bit. The deadbolt was giving way; we lived in a 100 year old Victorian and the wood was old. I called 911 and told them some homeless freak was trying to kick in my door. I told Mike that I had called the cops, and he should leave. He said he would back off and stand at the bottom of the stairs if I would give him his stuff, just place it at the top of the stairs, which I did.

As he was collecting it, the cops showed up (luckily, the same ones who were here earlier). Mike made a big scene again, and this time they arrested him. Then another cop showed up, this one older and more hard-nosed, and wanted me to tell him the whole story. Afterward, he said if I threw Joe out, I could end up going to jail, as he had been there more than 30 days and the place was now his legal residence, and since there was no legal paperwork, it was an illegal eviction.

They noticed Joe was just sitting on the sidewalk, numb, so they called the ambulance. The cop told me that the most they could do was take him to detox at the ER. They made me give him back his keys, then the ambulance took him away, and the cops released Mike and told him not to return.

I then went into Joe's room and boxed up all his stuff and moved it to the courtyard and threw a tarp over it. I found dozens of empty liquor bottles, and several beer glasses on the floor filled with piss. Several had been knocked over and spilled on the carpet. I put on my heavy-duty work gloves and dragged everything downstairs. I also found out this guy was a chronic masturbator, finding dozens of porn DVDs and all types of lube everywhere. "Mango-scented lube? Where did he get this stuff? Who would bother with mango-scented lube?"

Oh, by way, remember I told you he was a published author? It turns out he did write one book, but it was with the help of a homeless veteran program to help them write about their experiences. Yes, Joe had been through several marriages, each with kids

produced - and abandoned. He had lived on the streets for over 10 years.

At this point, I really didn't know what to do. This guy hadn't paid the rent in over 30 days, and the cops were telling me I couldn't evict him. My girlfriend was threatening to kick me out if he wasn't gone. How the hell did I get in this mess? All I wanted to do was attend art school and start a career. Instead I became a baby-sitter for a nasty drunk. \*sigh\*

Anyway, about 2 days later, the doorbell rang, and there stood Joe, all disheveled, shaking, and wondering where all his belongings were. I told him I put them in storage until he paid the rent. I assumed the detox did its job, as he wasn't drunk, but sure smelled like it.

He apologized for everything over the last month and went to the bank. He came back with enough cash for the previous month's rent, the current month's rent, and the bank penalty. We moved all his stuff back upstairs. He spent the next week in his room getting cleaned up. He went into a big phase of shamefulness, apologizing to everyone for his actions. It turns out he was drafted and sent to Vietnam when he was 18, suffered from PTSD, and has been a major alcoholic since he returned from the war. He also spent 10 years homeless here in San Francisco, which I unfortunately found out too late to prevent all this.

What could I do now? He had sobered up, cleaned his room, paid the rent, apologized, and was writing again. Me, being the big-hearted moron I (was), decided to give him one more chance. I warned him though, that if anything like it happened again, he would be out. I also told him I didn't need this shit, as this wasn't a job that I was getting paid for - and hell, it wasn't even a job! He promised nothing like this would happen again, and I tried to close the book on the entire incident.

All of February passed without incident. I ran into Joe sometimes, and he was always sober, clean, and polite. His daughter came over sometimes and I talked with them about his mother who had passed away, and sometimes they went out together to eat. Even my girlfriend became friendlier to him, exchanging pleasantries when they happened to meet on the street. Even she started making excuses for him, saying his mother had died, and that he was in Vietnam, etc. Personally, I never gave into any of these lame crutches, myself. I'm an Army veteran, I was in for 10 years - one year in Iraq - my mother had died when I was in my 20s, but I didn't go out and become a homeless drunk.

Anyway, everything was cool for a while, no complaints from anyone downstairs. Joe paid his rent on March 1<sup>st</sup> right on time, and sober. One of the other roommates, a girl, gave us notice that she had really bad vibes about the apartment now, and would like to leave. She said she would like to leave, like, right now. I told her she had to give us 30 days to find somebody else, but she said she had talked to Joe, and he said he would like to move into her room, which was larger. It was

more expensive, \$750 a month, but he said he could afford it. Well, he had sobered up and was "writing" again, so I agreed. I made arrangements to start looking for a new roommate for Joe's room. I found a nice young kid: a student, who liked the room and gave me a deposit. He gave his landlord notice and told him off in the process. He said he was a terrible Indian guy who never fixed anything and was cheap as hell and was glad to tell him to go screw himself. Everything was cool.

Then one day in mid-March I came home and smelled, in the stairwell, that old familiar smell which I related to Joe. Of booze and of old man. I sighed, and I knew he was drinking again. If he was simply drinking, I wouldn't have been so worried. But Joe didn't just drink, he consumed huge amounts of booze. He would get so drunk he would just curl up in the doorway and piss himself and wait for someone to come home and open the door for him.

Well, what could I do? I just sat back and waited for it all to start. It didn't take long. I started getting complaints about food and beer disappearing, about the door being wide open at 2 a.m., about strange men being in the kitchen at all hours, about him smoking heavily in the room and stinking up the apartment, and about him pissing all over the toilet and not cleaning it up, among other things. Also, we had a new roommate move into a vacant room in the same apartment as Joe, and she called me up right after moving in, saying Pac Bell refused to come out and install a phone line for her, because someone in the apartment had an unpaid phone bill for \$1,650! I called them up and asked why they were refusing her service, and they said a "Mr. Joe \_\_\_\_" who is living in the apartment has an unpaid bill, etc. I said the new roommate had nothing to do with that, and I spent about half an hour on the phone convincing her they weren't related. Finally, they caved in. Just chalk it up to more problems with Joe.

Then, right before the end of the month, Joe the moron came up to me and said he had changed his mind about moving into the larger room! I told him it was too late, there were only seven days left in the month, and I wouldn't have enough time to find somebody, and what about the guy I already took a deposit check from? He was going to be totally screwed too, as he had already given notice! He mumbled and apologized, and walked off. Damn it! I posted the room for rent anyway and called the new guy up and told him the bad news, and offered him the more expensive room, but he couldn't afford it. He was pissed, not knowing where to go. He left, hoping to patch things up with his landlord, but it didn't seem hopeful. Well, in the end we couldn't find anyone for the room, and we lost \$350 in rent that we had to pay the landlord. The girl with the bad vibes only paid two weeks rent and Joe didn't move in, so he didn't pay, it just sat there empty. Now my girlfriend was really pissed (throwing things at me pissed) and said I was paying it, and that "If you don't kick that bastard out, YOU are leaving!"###

-To be continued-

(Original article edited for length for this issue.)

# Mass Immigration

By Ace Backwords

According to the U.S. Census Bureau, eighteen million new immigrants were projected to be moving to California over the next twenty years!

If we allow this to happen, this is the death knell for *any* solution to our housing shortage/homeless crisis in our lifetime. Period.

When I began raising the issue with these so-called homeless activists, I was met with almost complete and total silence. I hadn't yet realized the extent to which politically correct orthodoxy had short-circuited the brains of otherwise reasonably intelligent people. According to the Sierra Club: "80% of the U.S. population increase since 1970 is directly attributed to recent immigrants and their offspring."

For most of the last century, America had a reasonable, sustainable level of immigration set at about 200,000 new immigrants a year. All that changed in 1965 when good old Senator Teddy Kennedy sponsored, and Congress passed, a bill that totally changed our immigration policy. We are now allowing a million new immigrants into the country every year. When you factor in illegal immigrants, and the various amnesty programs, and other shenanigans, the number is closer to two million new immigrants every year. Every one of who needs a home to live in.

Does it seem like it's getting a little more crowded every day? It's not your imagination. It *is* getting more crowded every day. Is it really so hard to figure out? If millions of people are flooding in, other people are going to be squeezed out.

Remember the game of Musical Chairs as kids? You'd have six people competing for five chairs with the slowest person left chairless. That's exactly the situation we now face regarding homelessness, with the slowest people ending up homeless. 25% of the people getting evicted from their homes in San Francisco are senior citizens.

Some of you middle-class liberals seem to be very magnanimous about this process. But the ones who are getting squeezed out to make room for this endless horde of newcomers are the citizens on the bottom: the young, the old, the weak, the crazy (and the lazy). Particularly taking it in the

ass is this young generation, and the blacks. Being homeless is almost a rite of passage for today's youth. And the blacks, on the bottom of the economic heap, find themselves being squeezed out of their neighborhoods by the ever-encroaching hordes of immigrants.

Some people wistfully look at the Statue of Liberty and maintain this is the American way. Bullshit. No nation has *ever* allowed anywhere near the level of immigration we are now allowing. Let me make it clear: I'm not against *immigrants*; I'm against our *level* of immigration, which is insane. My father's father was an Italian immigrant who came to America looking for a better life. My mother's father was an American Indian who I'm sure didn't want any of us bastards here.

Even more useless is all the talk about "creating affordable housing." Now what creates the affordability, the price, of everything in the world? Well, supply and demand. Why is our supply of housing scarce? Because the demand has exploded along with our exploding population. Why is our population exploding? Mass immigration. (One particularly specious argument is that the Mexicans stole California from the Indians first, therefore they have the moral high-ground here.)

To hear the bullshitters in the liberal media talk about it, you'd think the whole country was doing backflips of happiness over the unmitigated joy that is "cultural diversity." We've already seen the complete mess - the apocalyptic nightmare - that Southern California has turned into over the last thirty years. Now, according to these liberals, I should be thrilled that the same process is now being inflicted on the country at large.

And these conservative corporate types, they look at millions of new people as nothing but a new market to sell their shitty products to. (I've always felt the main reason behind our so-called "booming economy" was the flood of immigrants: More people buying stuff. While ironically causing our busted quality of living: More people being jammed into less space.)

Let's find homes for the MILLIONS of American citizens who are already homeless before we keep inviting millions of foreigners to make their homes here.###

**No other San Francisco neighborhood publication does a worse job of covering its community than the SF Herald.**

Read it online at [SanFranciscoHerald.Net](http://SanFranciscoHerald.Net)

Summer

By Howard Hallis

When most people think about the Summer season, certain images come to mind: The beach, the sun, vacations, and backyard barbecues. Not me. Nope. To me, the very word "Summer" conveys an entirely different kind of image. It makes me remember the girl who ripped out my heart, ate it, spit it out and stomped on it... laughing. Let this be a lesson to all the guys out there: NEVER fall in love with a girl named Summer. I met Summer on a blind date set up by a friend of mine back in 1994. He saw I was kind of down as far as the dating situation was concerned and knew this girl liked me. We went out and instantly hit it off. After the first kiss, I knew I was in love. I had never felt so intensely about anyone in my entire life. She was perfect... funny, smart, beautiful, very social and super confident. She had blond hair (which is almost a prerequisite for anyone named Summer), emerald eyes and skin that tasted like cocoa butter. Saying I was blinded by love would have been an understatement. It was more like love had come along and replaced my eyes and brain with that red goo found in Stretch Armstrong toys. One warning sign came on our first date. I told her that the only thing that was really important to me in a relationship was total honesty. She said: "Well, to be totally honest with you, sometimes I don't always tell the truth." Damn! That was the most honest thing anyone had ever said to me, and I knew I was in trouble. She inevitably grew bored with my doting on her and left me for the keyboard player in my old band. I was devastated, but the worst was yet to come. Ever try to put someone out of your mind when relationships come to an end by taking a drive? Well, that's what I did. Driving down the street, everywhere I looked, I saw her name: END OF SUMMER SALE!, YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE SUMMER DEALS!, SUMMER SPECIALS!, COOL OFF FROM THE SUMMER HEAT IN OUR AIR-CONDITIONED BAR!, BUDWEISER: OFFICIAL BEER OF SUMMER! It was like the universe was taunting me. I turned on the radio. Do you have any idea how many songs have the word "Summer" in them? It's probably second only to "love", "baby", and "yeah yeah!". There's "Summertime", "Suddenly Last Summer", "Summertime Rolls", "Summer Nights" (from "Grease"), "The Boys of Summer", "Summer's Almost Gone", "The Last Rose of Summer", "The Summer of Love", ad nauseum. Even movie titles were no help. It was as if every time I turned on the TV, "Endless Summer", "Summer School" or "The Long Hot Summer" were on, each film featuring blond girls kissing guys who seemed to resemble my keyboard player. The curse of Summer took years to get over. Years. OK, I'm not really over it even now. Pathetic, right? Well, if my situation can serve as a warning to others, then my suffering would not be in vain. BEWARE OF PEOPLE WITH OMNIPREVASIVE NAMES AND NEVER FALL IN LOVE WITH ANYONE NAMED AFTER A SEASON! Have a great Summer.###

GOOD CLEAN FUN  
WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND ©2021  
BY GENE MAHONEY

KEEP  
HOPE  
ALIVE

KEEP COVID ALIVE

HELLO, DARLINGS! I'M CHANTEUSE  
AND WELCOME TO MY YOUTUBE SHOW!  
IT'S BEEN A YEAR ALREADY AND SO  
WE'VE BECOME NUMB TO THE VIRUS.  
LET'S REVIEW THE BASICS OF  
PROTECTING OURSELVES FROM  
COVID-19.



IT'S DIFFICULT TO CATCH COVID  
IF YOU'RE IN OPEN SPACE, AND  
SUNLIGHT KILLS THE VIRUS.

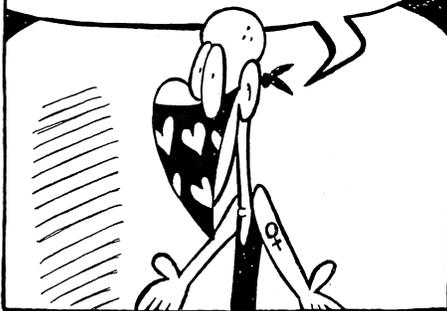
THEREFORE IT'S IMPORTANT TO  
STAY INDOORS IN OUR DARK, CRAMPED  
APARTMENTS ALONGSIDE ROOMMATES.



IF YOU DO WALK OUTDOORS,  
MAKE SURE YOU WEAR A MASK!

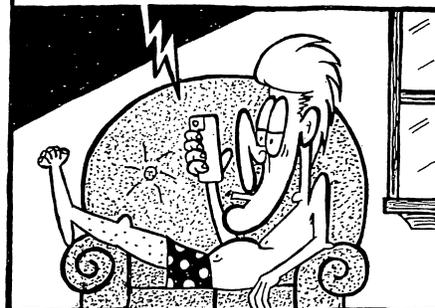
UNLESS YOU'RE JOGGING, TALKING ON  
YOUR CELL PHONE, EATING OR DRINKING.

APPARENTLY THE VIRUS CAN'T BE SPREAD  
VIA THOSE ACTIVITIES.



WHEN YOU ENTER A RESTAURANT,  
IT'S CRUCIAL YOU WEAR A MASK.  
THOUGH IT'S O.K. TO NOT WEAR  
A MASK IN THE DINING AREA.

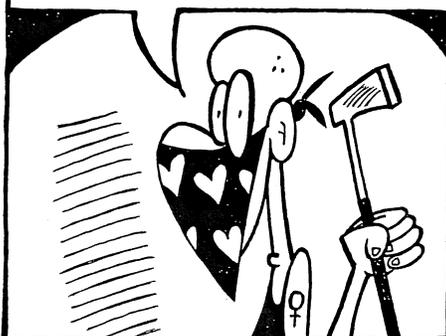
APPARENTLY THE VIRUS CAN'T BE  
SPREAD WHEN YOU ARE EATING.  
OR DRINKING, FOR THAT MATTER.



ALSO, THE DINING AREA MUST BE  
AN "OUTDOOR" ONE, ENCLOSED BY  
3 WALLS, WITH A MINIMUM COST TO  
THE RESTAURANT OWNER AT  
\$25,000 (\$39,000 IS SAFER).  
KEEPING THE RESTAURANT DOORS  
OPEN MAY OFFER THE SAME AIR  
CIRCULATION, BUT THE VIRUS WOULD  
SPREAD MORE, FOR SOME REASON.

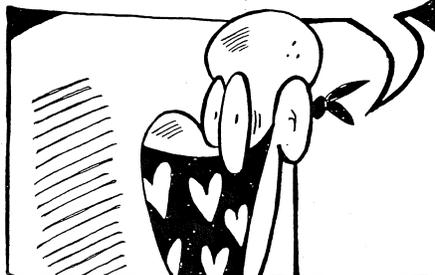


YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES MAY HAVE  
PILED INTO ONE CAR TO DRIVE TO  
A GOLF COURSE, BUT AT THE  
LINKS IT'S VITAL YOU ALL DRIVE  
SEPARATE GOLF CARTS.  
OTHERWISE COVID HAS YOU ON THE  
PUTT AND YELLS "FORE!"



OH...WHO AM I KIDDING?!  
I DON'T WANT THIS LOCKDOWN  
TO END AND HAVE TO GO  
BACK TO WORK!

THOUGH THERE ARE SOME ENCOURAGING  
SIGNS: THE BIDEN ADMINISTRATION  
RELEASING COVID POSITIVE ILLEGAL ALIENS  
INTO THE GENERAL POPULATION...



... AND IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER TO  
GET DR. ANTHONY FAUCI OFF OF  
TELEVISION THAN IT WAS TO GET  
JAY LENO OFF OF "THE TONIGHT SHOW."

STAY SAFE, AND REMEMBER: WE CAN  
GET THROUGH THIS... AND THROUGH THIS...  
AND THROUGH THIS... AND THROUGH THIS...

