

SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

Proudly Serving Lower Nob Hill

September 2016

SanFranciscoHerald.Net



**All Expense Cruises/
HAVANA AND
MEXICO CITY**

See HAVANA by day and by night. Delightful sightseeing in automobiles and launches included. Visit the Prado, Malecon, Morro Castle, Cabanas. Enjoy golf, tennis, boating, bathing, dancing. Novel sights! Charming scenes! Endless diversion!

10 to 17 Days—All Expenses \$160 up

In MEXICO, European life and color amid the relics of ancient civilizations. Shore visits at Havana, side trip to Merida, sightseeing trips in Mexico City included.

25 Days—All Expenses \$275 up
Ask authorized Tourist Agents or

WARD LINE
Foot of Wall St., New York

**AGWI
LINES**

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

Hello, readers, and welcome to another issue of the San Francisco Herald. As you may have noticed from the cover, this issue's Herald is now "Proudly Serving Lower Nob Hill", as opposed to last issue which was "Proudly Serving Upper Mission, Lower Haight, Upper Tenderloin, and Lower Nob Hill."

Well, as opposed to the old Herald, which was a newspaper, the new Herald is a newsletter. Instead of a stack of newspaper copies left at each location, there is only one newsletter copy left at each location. With a newsletter you have to blanket pretty much every business in the area you distribute to. And with ad rates being as low as they are in today's digital world, I decided to play it safe and pick one neighborhood.

And why was that neighborhood Lower Nob Hill and not the three other ones?

For a few reasons, some more important than the others:

*I lived in Lower Nob Hill, for about a year, in 1995. I turned 30 years old here. I still remember the day I moved in. It was the first day of the O.J. Simpson Murder Trial. My friend and I pulled up in his SUV with all my stuff in it and noticed the apartment building was on fire.

*My first girlfriend in California lived in Lower Nob Hill.

*The address for the San Francisco Herald newspaper was at the now defunct Geary Rent-A-Box on Geary Street - in Lower Nob Hill. (Hi, Mike!)

*I was probably conceived here. I may have been born in New York City and raised on Long Island, but I was born almost exactly 9 months after my parents' honeymoon in San Francisco. They stayed at the St. Francis Hotel. It may be more ritzy than any other place in Lower Nob Hill, as it overlooks Union Square and is next to the Theatre District et al, but technically it's in Lower Nob Hill.

And why have a newsletter for just Lower Nob Hill and not all of Nob Hill? Good question. There's already that swanky publication called the Nob Hill Gazette ("An Attitude, Not an Address") which also gets delivered at well-to-do towns like Palo Alto and Woodside. Nob Hill was long known as San Francisco's wealthiest neighborhood. It may be number 2 now (behind Seacliff), but let's face it, it's still loaded. So do you think it deserves the Herald for a newsletter? No. It deserves better. But Lower Nob Hill... well... sorry, Lower Nob Hill.

And why not make the Herald for Lower Nob Hill and the Upper Tenderloin and proclaim "Proudly Serving the Tender-Nob"?

That was a consideration, but the joke would get old really fast. Also, I would have insisted on spelling it "Tender-Nob" and according to Wikipedia it's spelled either "Tendernob" or "TenderNob", and I don't want to make waves (especially in the Tenderloin).

So there you have it. Maybe someday this newsletter will stop writing about itself and actually mention things that are going on in Lower Nob Hill (don't hold your breath, though).

xxxxxxxxxx

Mexican wolves now at the San Francisco Zoo (insert Donald Trump joke here).

xxxxxxxxxx

Apparently last issue made an impression on somebody. The copy left at Cozy Café (formerly Thad's Cozy Café) on Sutter was effaced with rantings about how left wingers just care about booze and sex. It also claimed the cover was bad political art. (I wonder if this was done by the same person who writes "God" on all the bulletin board flyers at Rainbow Bubble Laundry across the street from the café.) Well, last issue's cover wasn't meant to be political art. It was just an ad for a cruise line from a 1929 issue of National Geographic (just like this issue's cover is).



Speaking of National Geographic, Coffee Cabin on Hyde at Bush abruptly shut down in August. If you ever went there you may have noticed the piles of National Geographic copies near the door. Reviews of the place on Yelp refer to the owner as being a "friendly man" to the "nicest man in the world". Apparently his name is Issa. So long, Issa.

Update: No more bulletin board for flyers at Rainbow Bubble Laundry.

xxxxxxxxxx

Heads up to the Gauntlet Gallery on Larkin and Sutter: You're in Lower Nob Hill, not the

Tenderloin. Fix that on your website. Maybe Avant-garde art galleries look at things differently than realtors do and prefer the TL street cred.

xxxxxxxxxx

Speaking of the Tenderloin, this month marks the 14 month anniversary of the opening of the Tenderloin Museum (corner of Eddy and Leavenworth). The name has elicited some jokes (no, there are no displays of hypodermic needles and bottles of Thunderbird) but years - *okay, decades* - ago the Tenderloin was a vibrant part of San Francisco, as opposed to the city's crime capital it is today. For example...

Take a walk around the Tenderloin (*be careful*) and look into some of those apartment building lobbies. Archeologically speaking, there had to be positive things happening in the TL a while back if you see beautiful, ritzy, art deco designs like that.

The Black Hawk nightclub (200 Hyde Street) attracted crowds from all over to see Dave Brubeck, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, San Francisco's own Johnny Mathis, and others perform jazz. A chicken-wire barrier separated patrons old enough to drink from those too young to. The club shut down in the mid-1960s.

Wally Heiden's Recording at 245 Hyde Street is where local bands such as Jefferson Airplane, Santana, and the Grateful Dead made records in the 1970s. The facility lives on today as Hyde Street Studios, with clients such as Green Day, Train, and Earth, Wind & Fire.

The Tenderloin Museum was founded by neighborhood activist Randy Shaw.

xxxxxxxxxx

Happy birthday to those bicycle-riding anarchists, Critical Mass. Congratulations! Not many organizations made up of angry, pathetic losers blaming society for their own failures last 24 years, but you guys pulled it off.

xxxxxxxxxx

Comedy Night every first and third Thursdays at New Village Café, 1426 Polk Street. I haven't seen one of the comedians, Chris Conatser, perform (as I've never attended it), but he did a fine job as the lone waiter there during a recent crowded lunch time.

xxxxxxxxxx

Wow, I can't wait to read this new issue of the San Francisco Herald. There's Ace Backwords, and Kimberlye Gold, and Allison Parks, as well as comics. Boy oh boy, here goes...

xxxxxxxxxx

The San Francisco Herald is copyright 2016 by Gene Mahoney (except for work not done by Mr. Mahoney as artists retain the copyright to their own work.) The characters, events, and situations in Good Clean Fun are fictitious. Any similarity to persons living, dead, or in hiding is purely coincidental. Though well-known people and places appear, it's a work of fiction and the usual rules apply. None of these events ever happened. The Mr. Fabulous stories are fictitious parodies. Publisher is not liable for the claims made by its advertisers. Contact: Gene Mahoney, P.O. Box 843, Redwood City, CA 94064

Man on the Moon

By Ace Backwords

On this date in history. July 20, 1969. Man walks on the moon. A day earlier another man, Ted Kennedy, drunk-drives his car off a bridge. Leaves a woman trapped in his car to die. Never calls the police. Instead rushes off to consult with his lawyers and advisors to concoct an alibi. Never serves any jail time in spite of committing multiple felonies.

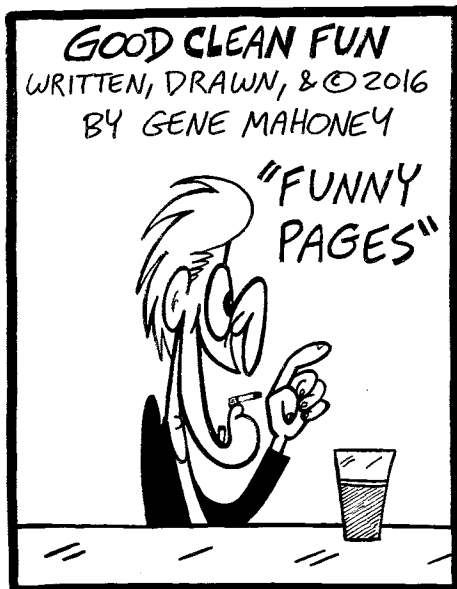
Instead returns to the Senate to serve out his terms with the other criminals in Washington DC.

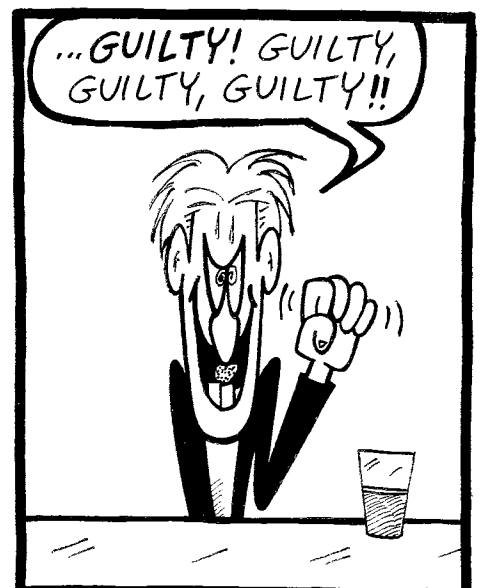
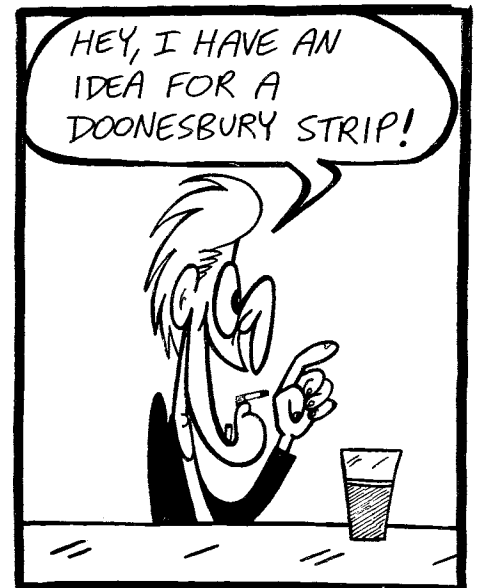
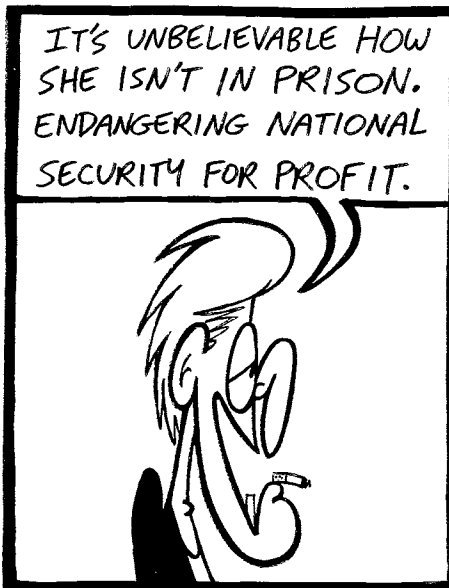
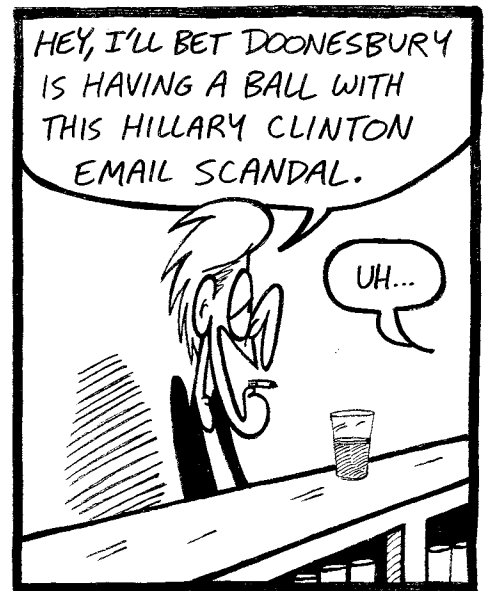
Of course it's one of the great ironies. One of the great "coincidences". One of the great examples of cosmic synchronicity.

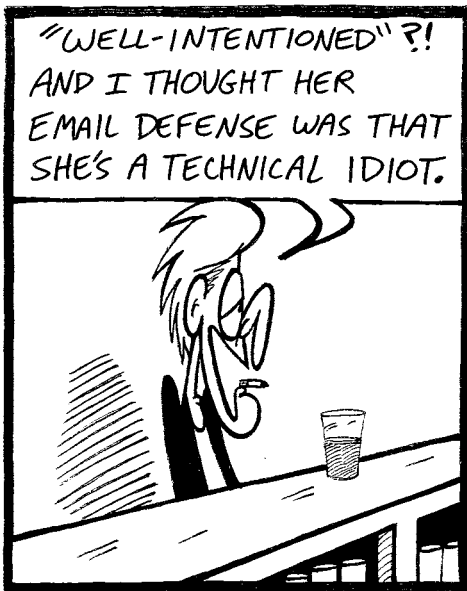
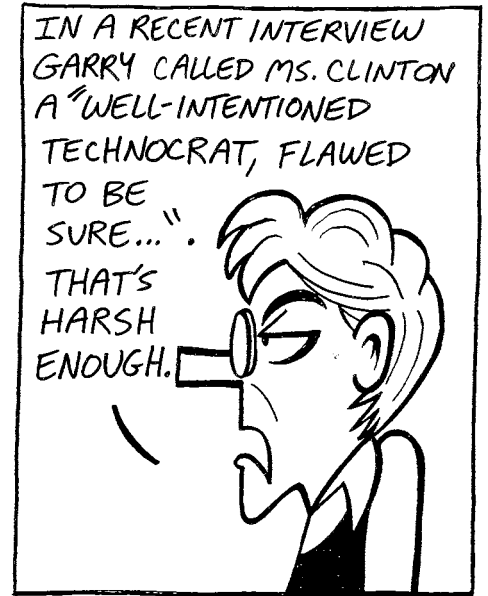
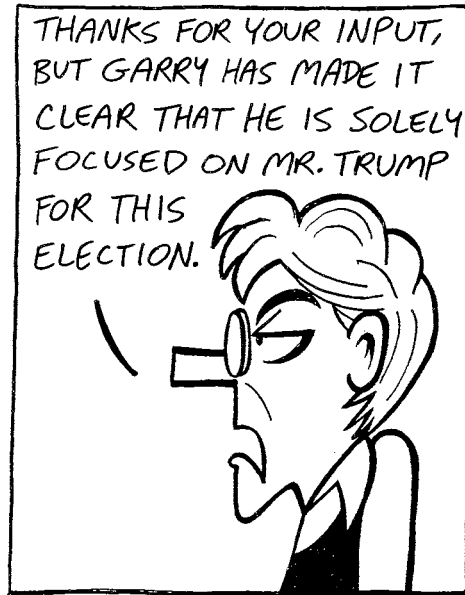
John F. Kennedy is the guy who launched the whole NASA "let's get to the moon" program.

And Ted Kennedy crashed his car into the drink at almost the exact same time.###









(Editor's Note: Beautiful - The Carole King Musical is ending its run at the Orpheum Theatre this month. Here's a review of the Curran Theatre show from 2013.)

Almost Famous

By Kimberlye Gold



Back in 1971, an album called “Tapestry” was released by a new solo artist, a singer/songwriter named Carole King. With every song an instant classic like “I Feel The Earth Move”, “So Far Away”, and “You’ve Got A Friend”, it remained on the Billboard charts for an astounding 68 weeks and became one of the best-selling albums of all time. Some of the songs had already been career-making hits for other artists, like “(You Make Me Feel Like A) Natural Woman” for Aretha Franklin. It defined a generation and opened the door for the era of the singer/songwriter. And when I write these words, I am speaking from the heart of that generation.

As a kid growing up in suburban Daly City, close to the big city of San Francisco, that album and that artist defined ME - the songs were constantly on my transistor radio and I knew every note and lyric by heart. I learned most of them on my guitar, although my new idol was a brilliant piano player, and each one of them resonated with me deeply. There was something about the warmth and earthiness in her voice, the immediately identifiable emotions in the stories she told, and the way she wrapped the melodies around them

that drew me to her and kept me there, wanting more...

But who was this trailblazing singer/songwriter Carole King, and where did she come from? Little did I understand at the time, that this solo artist was already some other kind of wonderful: ½ of the incredibly successful husband and wife songwriting team Carole King and Gerry Goffin, who wrote hit after hit for artists like The Shirelles (“Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow”), and The Drifters (“Some Kind Of Wonderful” “Up On The Roof”) long before I could even talk, let alone sing along. How did she manage to achieve so much at such a young age during a time when women weren’t considered driving forces in any industry - and how did she parlay that behind-the-scenes success into headlining at Carnegie Hall in 1971? What was her story?? Who else is in it??

That is exactly where “Beautiful - The Carole King Musical” - which is using our fair city by the bay for a test spot before heading to the Great White Way in a few weeks - begins. And it’s certainly a fine beginning to what appears to be a beautiful and long time home for this jukebox bio show.

We first see Carole King (an arrestingly good Jessie Mueller, Tony nominee for 2011’s “On A Clear Day You Can See Forever”) sitting at the piano at her famed 1971 Carnegie Hall concert performing the beginning strains of “So Far Away” and telling us how thrilled she is to be there. Then we are transported back in time to a spunky 16-year-old Carole Klein’s life in Brooklyn with her no-nonsense divorcee’ mother (Liz Larsen) and that ever-present piano. Carole sets out to sell her first song to famed song man-with-a-plan Don Kirshner (a snappy Jeb Brown) at the legendary Brill Building, a dream factory at 1650 Broadway in New York City where suggestions begat songs, songs hatched careers and legends were created and established forever. The set design by Derek McLane is certainly one of the stars of this show, cleverly replicating the floors of rooms where these songs were

written and recorded with excitement and pizzazz, and it meshes beautifully with Josh Prince’s choreography. One really feels what a ground-breaking time this was.

It is here where spitfire composer Carole meets fellow college student (she’s skipped a couple grades) and talented lyricist Gerry Goffin (Jake Epstein - “Spiderman”, “Billy Elliot”), whose equal parts charm and pathos quickly become the yin to Carole’s yang, creating not just soon-to-be chart-topping hits, but a baby on the way. He convinces her to marry him and it’s off to the races for this dynamic doo-wop duo.

But they’re not the only new kids in tune town. The other stars of this show and story are another pair of future hitmaker/spouses who meet at the Brill Building, hypochondriac composer Barry Mann (a delightful Jarrod Spector - “Jersey Boys”) and glamorous wordsmith Cynthia Weil (a perfectly matched Anika Larsen - “Avenue Q”), whose wacky “opposites attract” kinetic energy become the perfect combo platter of fierce competition and genuine friendship for the complicated professional and personal partnership of Carole King and Gerry Goffin. Mann and Weil also penned many hits for a generation, including “On Broadway” (with famed songwriting team Leiber & Stoller) and “You’ve Lost That Lovin’ Feeling” for The Righteous Brothers. While their scenes together spark many laughs as well as tender moments, it is the juxtaposition of hearing the song played and sung simply in one of the writing rooms by the songwriters, and then seeing and hearing it fleshed out in all its spectacular glory by the artists who made them hits that truly steal the show. Knowing this is how it all really happened is a true thrill - although I think if you’re not in the music/entertainment business, a fan of pop music and/or don’t know these songs or care how they came to be, you might not have as much fun. But based on the audience response at this show, those folks were clearly in the minority. We were all having the time of our lives re-living theirs.

The second act delves more deeply into the troubled marriage of Carole and Gerry, and his implied mental health and drug issues, which manifest into erratic behavior and blatant infidelity. Carole attempts to stand by her man and keep her family and songwriting partnership together, confiding her humiliation and confusion to her friends Barry and Cynthia, who are also having their own relationship woes. Barry wants marriage, Cynthia wants independence and to keep things as they are. Both couples go back and forth and up and down, until Carole finally has enough and gets the courage to leave Gerry, while Cynthia finally sees things Barry's way and true love and wedded bliss win out after all. There were some fun moments around this time, watching Carole grudgingly be persuaded to dip her live performance toes in the water, sitting in at the legendary NYC nightclub The Bitter End, a club I've played many times and still have an open invitation whenever I come to town.

But it is at this point in the story where the book by Douglas McGrath could use a bit more work in fleshing Gerry Goffin's troubled character out, and Carole's road to autonomy, single motherhood, and her emergence as one of the most successful solo artists of all time. I felt the actors really trying to go there, but the dialogue just wasn't quite deep enough to stand side by side with the perfect songs that reflected the reality of those times. It has been chronicled that after encouragement from her manager/daughter Sherry Goffin Kondor to give the green light for this musical to be made, Carole King sat down with book writer McGrath and allowed him to lead her through her extraordinary life. Perhaps he can draw more from this meeting of the minds and dig deeper as this already wonderful work-in-progress continues to develop. It will only make the bittersweet and ultimately exhilarating ending - Carole King back at that piano on the stage of Carnegie Hall, performing songs like "It's Too Late", "I Feel The Earth Move" and the title track of this historic and

groundbreaking show that much more beautiful and profound.

A couple things on a personal note, since this is, after all, MY "Almost Famous" column...I had been alerted by my super-scribe pal Ben Fong-Torres (who wrote a fantastic cover story for the SF Chronicle Datebook about this show) that the real Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil might be in attendance! During my formative LA '80s days, they were two of my greatest songwriting mentors, alongside other greats like John Bettis (who I worked with in Nashville), and I used to follow them around and hear them speak and perform at events like National Academy of Songwriters show "Salute To The American Songwriter" and seminars through ASCAP and other songwriting organizations. I had even met them a couple times. Imagine my delight in discovering them in the Curran Theatre lobby, looking every bit as happy and glamorous as I remembered them back in the day! I went up to them and introduced myself, recounting this information and feeling myself getting a tad emotional as we tripped down memory lane together, and they could not have been warmer to me. Barry asked me if I had anything recorded, which I told him I had, and Cynthia insisted I get in the picture with them that I asked if I could take. It was a truly magical, full circle moment in my "almost famous" life!

Lastly, I want to end this piece by mentioning a dear friend and talented guitar player pal of mine from my LA years in the '80s, Rudy Guess. He became Carole King's guitar player, musical director, and producer and was her right hand man for over two decades. Sadly, we lost Rudy to lung cancer at the end of 2010, and it was Carole King who opened his moving memorial service in April of 2011. She spoke and sang for all of us; using her gifts to pay tribute to a great man we love. His beloved wife of 28 years, Lorna, worked as Carole's manager for many years and is thrilled that the efforts she made in this same direction with various sources has finally found the right team to bring

the dream to life. She said, "I hope 'Beautiful - The Carole King Musical' is amazingly successful. Carole King is one of a kind and legendary, and likewise for Gerry Goffin, and Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil."

Couldn't have said it better myself. A beautiful sentiment, indeed! Now go, go, GO see this show before it hits the neon lights on Broadway! Hurry!###

Knowing Your League in College

By Allison Parks

Perhaps you read my article entitled "Knowing Your League in High School". Maybe you didn't adhere to my teachings. Perhaps you need a tale that you can apply to your hip college lifestyle, you flea-ridden, binge-drinking harlot. Put down that King Cobra, get the RA's testicles out of your mouth, and read this:

So now you're older, wiser... you're a sassy, slutty college gal. Men should be attracted to the fact that you've chosen to pursue a higher education, right? They should be impressed by your ability to down 12 Jell-O shooters and chow your BFF's box in front of a crowded party, shouldn't they? Wrong. Your metabolism is only getting slower, and that freshman 40 you've put on is really testing the suspension of your tube top.

You need to assess your looks, lower your expectations, know your league, and stay in it. Many people I know have outgrown "out of your league syndrome" since high school. But others still cling to the hope that Richard Gere will enter their tampon factory, romantically lift them from the assembly line, and carry them off to a glamorous lifestyle amidst a chorus of cheers and well-wishings. I am here to tell you, he never will. Ever. He can't lift your lard ass.

Let me first clarify that this is not an attack on singles. I would also like to make clear that if your goal is simply to hump that special someone, then that is easily attainable and

honorable. These tales are meant for girls who:

1. Throw themselves at males who don't like them and/or are out of their league.

2. Have forgotten that if you do want a boyfriend, looks matter.

Here is an example of a latent case of "out of your league syndrome."

After high school my friend Fanny attended Vallejo, California's Maritime Academy for college. Her stocky build and pirate-like nature made her well-suited for a life at sea. The Maritime Academy is overwhelmingly male, and because Fanny was one of about six girls, the young male cadets clamored for her beave, instilling in her a false sense of attractiveness.

One evening, Fanny and I went to San Francisco to visit our friend Sarah. Fanny quickly became infatuated with a friend of Sarah's boyfriend. His name was Jimmy and he was a very charming hunk, way out of Fanny's league. Their league difference could be equivalent to, oh I don't know... let's say, George Clooney and Mimi from "The Drew Carey Show".

At the end of the night, Fanny flung herself onto Jimmy, taking the form and movement of a flying squirrel. I had never seen her move so fast.

Even though Jimmy did not give Fanny the tiniest sign of interest, she hallucinated a budding romance between them.

"I think he was pissed I didn't give him my number," Fanny would say to me over the phone between aggressive bites of a burrito. I could picture her sitting there slouched over her desk with her hot pink "Your Boyfriend Wants Me" tee stretched across her gut and covered in beans.

Oh Fanny, why? What was I supposed to say to this? "Did he ask for it?" I inquired, already knowing he barely acknowledged her and swiftly threw himself out the door after their brief encounter.

"No, but I didn't really give him time to, I totally blew him off," said Fanny, devouring the remainder of her burrito and cackling, pleased with her sexy game playing.

Come on Fanny, he had the entire night, plus it would only take him one phone call to get it. Toothbrush, diet, mirror, come on. Ugh, what could I say to let her down easy? "Well, if he wanted it, he could get it from Sarah." Translation: He hasn't, therefore he won't, therefore give up and find yourself a date at an institution for the criminally insane.

"Yeah, well I'll just see him next week at Sarah's birthday. I gotta go, though, so call me about it later, okay?" Fanny said eagerly. I hung up and shivered violently as I imagined Fanny as Kathy Bates in "Misery" tying Jimmy to a bed and shattering his feet with a tack hammer for refusing to chow her box.

The following Friday I arrived in Vallejo to pick up Fanny. I opened the door to find her primping in her *make-Jimmy-want-me* outfit: a very short polka dot mini-skirt, knee-high boots, and a bright yellow top that read "Mrs. Timberlake" in bright orange letters. The poor dear looked like a plump, homeless prostitute.

"Fanny, I think you should bring a coat, it's supposed to be really cold tonight," I pleaded, hoping to cover her monstrosity of an outfit.

"I don't need it, I'm hot blooded!" she sang, fanning herself as she skipped out to my car. Fanny never wore a coat; her thick layer of blubber insulated her well enough to swim the frigid waters of the Arctic alongside the mighty blue whale.

We went out dancing with Sarah, her boyfriend, and a few of Sarah's friends. Jimmy showed up around 1:30am while Fanny was plowed and gyrating on a table top to Britney Spears' "Toxic". Sweat poured off her face, causing an Alice Cooper effect on her makeup. She spotted Jimmy and attempted to climb down off the table. But much to the horror of the entire bar, she slid in her own sweat

and came crashing to the floor, creating a thunderous boom.

I walked over, grabbed her arm and said, "Let's go to the bathroom," in the hope that I could clean her up and/or that Jimmy would be gone by the time we emerged.

"No! Jimmy's here!!" she squealed, yanking her beefy arm out of my hand. She trotted over to Jimmy.

"Hey gorgeous!" she said with dreamy eyes, grabbing him in a sweaty embrace, leaving Alice Cooper smears on his shirt.

"Hey there," Jimmy said uncomfortably.

"You never called me! I HATE you Jimmy! Ha ha ha ha!" hollered Fanny somewhat maniacally, in a way that frightened and embarrassed me all at the same time. Images of Kathy Bates popped back into my head.

"Umm, I didn't..." he mumbled.

Fanny cut him off. "Come to Sarah's, I'll do that thing you like again! Ha ha ha!"

Jimmy looked absolutely mortified, his face turned from white to red to purple. "I gotta go," he groaned, and simply walked away. I watched him slowly slink out the door, and then literally break into a run once he reached the sidewalk. Fanny saw this too and started drunkenly bawling. Sarah and I got her into a cab and tried to calm her down.

"Why did he do that?! Why doesn't he like me??!" she wailed. Sarah and I had the answer, but neither of us could say it. Which is why this story was written for your benefit, fatso.

Moral of the story: If a man lets you touch his wiener, it doesn't mean he likes you, it means he likes you touching his wiener. And if he won't even let you do that, then you're really in trouble. Dexatrim + hairbrush + makeup - desperation = male interest. Don't make me tell you again.###

(The following article appeared in the Winter 2014 issue of the Herald.)

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

She's British, black, and released a successful debut album in the early '90s - then disappeared from the limelight. Now she spends her time modeling clay. You know who I'm writing about, don't you?

Des'ree?

Well, yeah - her, too. But I was referring to Tasmin Archer. Here's a brief email exchange we had recently...

You've mentioned that "Sleeping Satellite" wasn't really an overnight chart success. Can you elaborate?

That track was released in the UK first and I was probably referring to the UK chart with that comment. What I meant was it didn't enter the charts at number 1 or anything like that. It entered at a very lowly position and took about 6 weeks to crawl its way up to the top spot. A slow rise like that would be rare these days I think and it

was still fairly unusual back in the 90s.



Your second album didn't fare as well commercially as your debut one did. Did you think it was as good artistically? Also, didn't you criticize your record company over the way it was marketed?

We were actually looking for a bit more depth musically with 'Bloom' and I think we achieved that. Of course it wasn't as commercially focused as 'Great Expectations' but we wanted to try something different. We were hopeful that the commercial success of 'Great Expectations' would allow us a little leeway with EMI and they'd permit us to try something in a slightly different direction that would possibly appeal to a more singer/songwriter audience rather than a mainly pop audience. EMI supported us right through the making of the album and even after it was finished support continued and we made an expensive video for the first planned single 'One More Good Night With The Boys'. However before the originally planned release date was reached there was a change of personnel at the top of EMI in the UK and the new guy wanted a more commercial album, probably the *Great Expectations Mk II* we were trying to avoid. So we embarked on almost a year of

'discussions'. Our relationship deteriorated somewhat during that period of intransigence and we dug our heels in and refused to change the album. EMI eventually released it (in Europe only) but having experienced the level of marketing support we received with 'Great Expectations' it was pretty obvious that they weren't backing it in that direction. It felt like they'd just threw it out to see if it would float. The delayed release also meant there was a considerable time gap between this album and the previous release, which was actually the 'Shipbuilding EP', so we had lost a bit of traction and this probably didn't help either.

I'm still pleased with 'Bloom' as an album. I still like the songs, it has some fantastic musicians on it, was superbly produced by Mitchell Froom and brilliantly engineered and mixed by Tchad Blake. Is that a plug? :)

Your third album was put out by you independently. How did that come about and what did you think of it?

Following the touring cycle etc around the release of 'Bloom' we started writing and recording demos for the follow up. We were still signed to EMI at this point and our relationship with the hierarchy was repairing. We were aware that we would have to 'follow the party line' more with the next album and we were, with a little reluctance, resigned to this until there was yet another change of personnel at EMI. Following that change we had virtually no personal

connections within the company and because of the lack of commercial success of 'Bloom' little support. Fortunately we had arrived at an option point in our contract and we parted ways. At the time we had pretty much had enough of the business side of the music business. I felt like I'd been treated more like a commodity than an artist and it seemed like a good time to take a break. I planned a year away but for various reasons, including a dose of writer's block, it turned out to be much longer.

When we eventually got going again properly with our writing we decided to record the songs ourselves. It had obviously become a lot easier to do this with the technological advances that had been made with DAWs etc and we didn't need a label to finance the recording but there was still a lot to learn to achieve this. We planned to finish the record and then decide what path we would take to release it. We did talk to a few labels, no majors as we weren't going down that route again at that point in time, but we felt it would be interesting to form our own label and use one of the very early label service companies that are more prevalent these days. It was a massive learning curve and pretty exhausting in the end but was very satisfying. We only had a tiny marketing budget so it was very unlikely to achieve any commercial success but we had decided long before we released the record that

that wasn't one of our main priorities.



When I listen to the record now there are some technical things that bother me a little but I still like the songs very much and I like the sentiment of the album.

I like the videos to your songs. Did they have the same director? Even your most recent independent single, "Every Time I Want It" is well done. That must have been tough without the backing of a record company.

I've worked with quite a few video directors over the years, I did a couple with Zana (US version of *Sleeping Satellite*, the original European version was directed by Lawrence Dunmore, and *In Your Care*). The other videos were all done by different directors. Jeffrey Levy, the independent film director, directed 'One More Good Night With The Boys' which we filmed at an old drive-in movie place somewhere in the valley in LA. The two animated videos we did for tracks from 'ON' (*Effect Is Monotony*, or *Every Time I Want It* as the single radio release was called, and *Sedan*) were done by a young animator called Matt Sandbrook (www.mattsandbrook.co.uk).

You mentioned having severe writer's block after your second album, which was slowly chiseled away by becoming a soccer fan and modeling clay. What was up with that? Also, it's been seven years since your last musical work. Why do long?

Well I'm not sure watching football (soccer to you US guys) had anything to do with clearing the block but it's what I did with some of the extra spare time I had because of the block. The other creative outlets I used like modeling clay, very badly I might add :), meant I was finishing something creatively which was a real breakthrough as far as the writer's block was concerned.

Is it really seven years since we released 'ON'? Scarily it is. We've actually written quite a lot in the years since but other than record the demos so we won't forget them we've only started putting together a new album properly fairly recently. There have been quite a few family things to deal with over the last few years too with aging parents etc and that has delayed things. I'm hoping it won't take too long to finish but since there's no real commercial pressure to get things out we want to take our time and get it right. We don't have any delusions of grandeur that what we are now doing will have a massive audience. In fact the main reason we keep going is to satisfy our own creative needs. It's great if people like what you do but if you don't like it yourself it kind of defeats the object.###

Unique Cleaners

820 Post Street

415-563-8971

*Same Day Service Available (No extra charge)

Pick-up and Delivery available (Min \$10)

\$1.00 per Pound for Wash/Fold

For more info, please call or visit us.

Open Mon-Sat

Castro Street Tailors

Professional Alterations

Sofia Merwin

Men

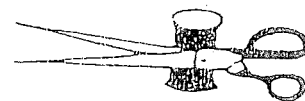
Women

House Linen Repairs

Suede

Leathers

Jeans



550-A Castro Street, San Francisco, (415) 431-7222

Professional Zippers, too.

Member Better Business Bureau

WWW.SAABREANIMATOR.COM



JAPANESE ♦ BRITISH ♦ EUROPEAN

DALE'S AUTO SERVICE, INC.

DALE SINGH - MASTER TECHNICIAN
AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE EXCELLENCE

150 TURK STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
CA 94102

TEL: (415) 861-DALE(3253)
(415) 931-5570

SAAB-REANIMATOR (415) 822-SAAB

Top 100 Chinese Restaurant in U.S.A.

Big Lantern

3170 16th Street

(415) 863-8100

Custom Orders,

Catering

Steamed Healthy Foods

Free Delivery