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The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

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Ever wonder what happened to Daffy Dave? Dave Mampel was arguably the most successful professional clown in the Bay Area birthday party circuit. Some of you reading this may have hired him for some of your events.

About a year ago he relocated to his hometown of Seattle to take care of his parents. And he's focused more of his attention on his artwork (he got his start taking classes at the Pacific Art League in Palo Alto).

If you want to read about his life story, go online and buy his autobiography, "Coyote Spirit: the improbable transformation from minister to clown."

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that Dave started out as a preacher.

The book comes from a 12 steps angle, as Dave is very open about his past substance abuse issues. More recently, Dave writes that "in today's overly sensitive 'politically correct' society, which is fear – and shame – based in my opinion, I've even lost a little business because some folks are too uncomfortable with my 'edgy' underwear jokes and pant drops."

They're called "snowflakes" – but a listener to the Armstrong and Getty Show on KGO radio came up with a more accurate term, which captures their passive-aggressive nature: "Cry-bullies."



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Dave's old roommate, Steve Kohler, is a professional magician and juggler. (For a good time call 650-326-3824.)

Steve used to live in a district of Fremont, California, called Niles. Niles was actually a town until Fremont annexed it, along with several other towns, in 1956.

Niles was where Charlie Chaplin filmed "The Tramp" in 1915. Broncho Billy westerns were also shot there. Essanay studios was a movie company based out of Chicago, but often used Niles as the California winters were more filming-friendly than in Illinois. Before Niles they filmed in San Rafael, Santa Barbara, and afterwards they headed with everyone else to Los Angeles.

Niles has the Essanay Silent Film Museum and on Saturday nights you can watch old movies there.

The Niles Canyon Railway has their popular holiday "Train of Lights" every year around Christmas. Every summer there's the "Hot August Niles" car show. If you walk into some of the antique shops on the main drag you'll see lots of Charlie Chaplin merchandise. It's kind of like a Disneyland for the famous comedian. The Niles Chamber of Commerce is located in an old railroad train car. There's a biker bar, a pizzeria or two, a few hair salons, a modern coffee house, and another coffee house that looks like it hasn't been remodeled since the seventies. Needle to the Groove, a used record shop with a sister location in San Jose is another highlight of Niles.

I've always wondered why this place isn't more of a tourist destination, or a trendy area to live in since it borders Silicon Valley.

Getting back to the movies and how Niles was almost the new Hollywood... Hollywood was almost the new Niles. In the 1930s Upton Sinclair ran as a candidate for governor of California, and he campaigned for having the state government take over the movie studios. (I guess he never realized they could just leave.) Florida lobbied the movie studios with offers of generous tax breaks if they moved to the Sunshine State. Luckily, Sinclair lost and the studios stayed in La-La Land.

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I got to see Mr. Louis Honore, the co-publisher (along with Jean-Christian Didier) of Free magazine, that trendy publication found around San Francisco twenty years ago. He was at an opening

reception at Luna Rienne gallery (3318 22nd Street). We enjoyed the Norm Maxwell show, and wondered whatever happened to Harris Rosenbloom, who sold ads for Free and wrote a column for the old San Francisco Herald newspaper. Oh, and thanks to Andra Norris for her recent reception at her gallery in Burlingame (which used to be in San Francisco).

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This guy named John Giaccone I knew from Long Island lives in Seattle now. He's in a band called Signal Flags and has directed and starred in some shorts you can find on YouTube (he plays Charlie the nerd in "Beaver Fever" and the space cowboy in "Talking Dogs"). He recently interviewed Michael Nesmith from the Monkees. Here are some excerpts. (Full interview at signalflagsband.com, and for all things Nesmith visit videoranch3d.com.)



JG: You got into folk music at an early age and started writing songs in Texas. Then packed up with your songs and...

Nez: My pregnant wife!

JG: Right! You arrived in LA in '62 and got into the folk circuit playing solo and in a band. What was the LA music scene like before the Sunset Strip/Whiskey days? Was it more folkies and beatniks and less rocknroll?

Nez: Well, one could say folk and beatnik but it wasn't really true. That was more the province of San Francisco.

JG: Sure, Ginsberg - Kerouac.

Nez: Yes, City Lights Books and so forth. The pop LA scene, I've never seen it described any way I would sign off on it. I thought about doing it in my book, "Infinite Tuesday," but decided there's too much there. You can't do it all. But, oddly enough a lot of the same characters are still there even though everybody's ancient.

JG: Nice! You were the Hootmaster at the legendary Troubadour on Hootenanny nights. Linda Ronstadt saw you perform "Different Drum" and ended up having her first hit with it. That was a pop music breeding ground. Neil Young was there and many others. Do you have any stories about Neil?

Nez: Well, I do. I'm not sure that Neil would be happy with it, lol... I remember sitting on a curb behind the Troub and I was playing a harmonica hung from a hanger on my neck ala Dylan and Lennon. It was working out pretty well for me. He said, "Can you show me how to do this?" I said, "It's dead simple - blow is one, suck is four". It's an ancient blues trick. Those guys who played all those incredible blues songs back in the 30's, 40's and 50's - they all had some sort of harp player in the wings. I loved the way it sounded but never got to play it well enough. I remember my mother went to see Bob Dylan - I said, "You did?!"

JG: Down in Texas?

Nez: Down in Texas. He was playing the coliseum. I said, "How was the crowd, how were you in that crowd?" She said, "Well, he was kind of hard to understand and I think he thinks he can play the harmonica." I said, "Is that your way of saying he can't play the harmonica?" She said, "Well, I didn't like it." Haha - I said, "Well, you're not alone with that." His harmonica playing gets a lot of criticism but not from me, I loved it. It was soulful and cool and sounded like Slim Harpo to me.

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JG: Regarding the comedy and acting, did they give you leeway to improvise?

Nez: They took some time to give us some very basic improvisation lessons. The director, Jim Frawley might have come out of Second City - I can't remember. He was Bill Frawley's son, so sort of Hollywood royalty. But he was very talented. I liked him quite a bit. None of us socialized to speak of. But, I looked to him to get me out of a jam if I was there doing improvisation.

JG: I just wanted to say the scene with you and Frank Zappa where you traded identities was comedy gold and up there on the cool scale. Were you listening to Frank at the time?

Nez: I was not. I was aware of him because his presence in LA was big - popping up regularly on the late night shows. Steve Allen and Johnny Carson, and a couple other lesser knowns. He was always on those shows. So, when the producers of the Monkees said we were going to devote a show to people that you like and wanna have on I asked Frank. And he said, "Well, no. I don't wanna come be a member of a Monkees show but I'll come on if I can play you."

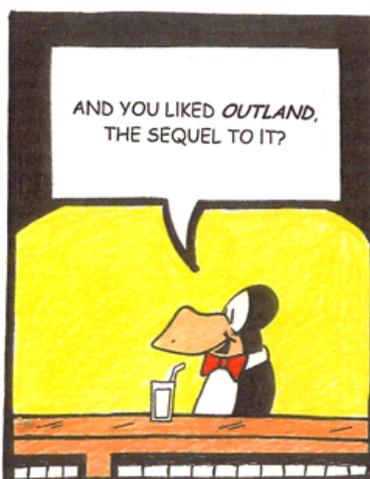
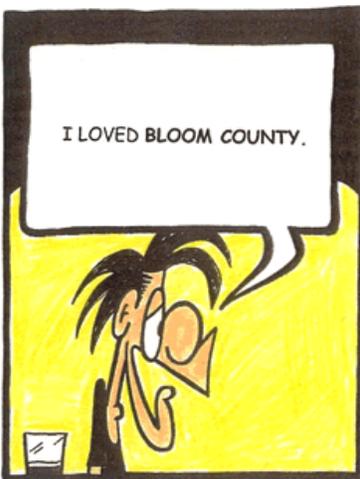
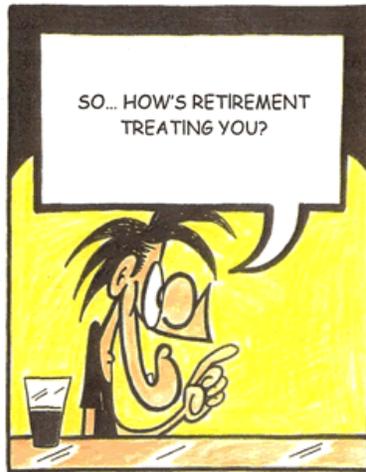
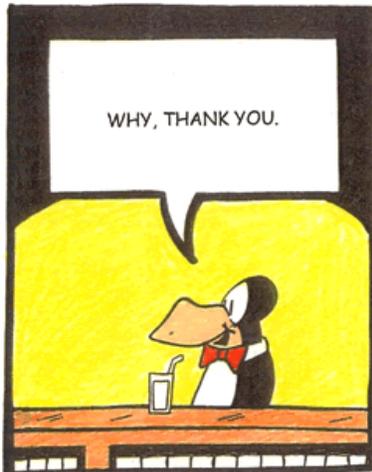
JG: That's great! So I also gotta mention The Beatles and how they were big fans of the show. John Lennon described it as The Marx Brothers meets rocknroll. Did they like the Monkees music as well?

Nez: Well, they never said. But guys who write songs like that seem to be pretty picky and they never said we needed to get some good songwriters in there. It was always very familial and friendly.

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Sorry, folks! No new comics this issue. I was too busy, and lazy, to draw a new one. In the meantime, you can go to SanFranciscoHerald.Net, click on the Winter 2011 issue, and check out a Good Clean Fun cartoon called "Montecito Waltz." It's in color, too! Here's the first page from it...



Herald Archives

The Ear (and Those Eyes)

By Lee Vilensky

Cab drivers are liars. Having been one for over 13 years, I feel I can make this statement without malice, toward my associates, and with a certain degree of self-deprecation. I'm not judging, simply reporting, and as a social scientist, I have to explore two hypotheses:

A.) The taxi industry attracts inveterate fibbers.

B.) Driving a cab will make an honest person into a habitual bullshitter.

My only conclusion is that this "liar phenomenon" is a combination of the two. If one don't get you, the other one will. You have to understand that to choose cab driving as a career, some very basic things have to have gone wrong in your life, like being forced out of your country into the U.S., and taking the only work available; being disabled mentally, physically, emotionally, psychically,

sexually, politically, or morally; or lacking the ability to hack the straight, corporate, 9 to 5. Many drivers have impressive criminal records, and couldn't get a job wearing a paper hat, but cab driving was waiting for them. And it's always a temporary job, until our other "things" take off, which rarely happens. We're stuck in the taxi trap; quick easy cash, flexible schedule, no boss, unlimited coffee breaks, zero upward mobility. It's a subordinate "service" role, especially in a cosmopolitan city like the "Willie Brown" version of S.F. A 22 year old Stanford grad, will move to the city and immediately make 2.5 times what the average cabbie makes, plus Med., Dent., 401K, pats on the back, bonuses, paid vacations, and little or no fear of high school reunions. So we make shit up to pad the numbers, and alleviate the embarrassment.

Most of the lying takes place amongst ourselves. Pathetic one-upmanship. A ten dollar tip magically turns into a \$70 tip. A ride to Novato becomes a round-trip to Yosemite. A smile from a female customer upon exiting the cab escalates into a night of passionate love making in her suite at the Ritz. And yet, every cabbie has their one story that's amazing, ridiculous, ludicrous, impossible, unbelievable, and completely

true. If you drive around the city long enough, especially at night, you're going to be exposed to, and involved in, some unusual activities, initiated by people who live in the shadows. You can't see them, until it's too late, and then you'll have a story to tell that will stop a card game in the SFO taxi lot.

Here's one of mine:

I picked up a young man at 12th & Folsom, and took him straight up Folsom, to Bernal Heights. I dropped him midway up the hill, near Precita Park. It was about 10pm. On the way down the hill, I saw a large man lying in the street near the curb. I passed him and said to myself, "Not my problem."

I went another block, towards Army, and stopped, thinking how still the man was. I backed up, stopped in the middle of the street directly parallel with the man, and hopped out of the cab to see if he was breathing. As I approached the body, a dark green Olds sedan, say about '72, came around the corner, ran right on top of him, and stopped. I yelled at the driver, "I think there's someone under your car."

I'd assumed he hadn't seen the man lying there. The driver, a Latino man with dark eyes, gave me a blank look and didn't seem to comprehend what I was

telling him. Again I said, "You just ran over a man in the street, and he's under your car."

This time the driver gave me a look of pure evil, put the car in gear, and slowly drove off down the hill, dragging the man with him. The body dislodged from underneath the car, about 40 yards down and I ran towards him to see what was left, wishing I'd never stopped, never gotten out of my cab, never gotten involved. I opened his jacket and saw that he was breathing very hard. His head was a featureless mass of blood, which was trickling down the hill in a small, but steady stream. A Blood River. I ran back to the cab, radioed the dispatcher for an ambulance, then started yelling in the middle of the street for help. Within minutes there was a crowd of maybe 20 people hovering around the man, including an RN and a woman I had slept with, once, 4 years prior.

Nothing like a river of blood to liven up the evening.

15 minutes later the paramedics arrived. They started taking off the man's shirt, and he became conscious, howling like some kind of blown-up guy in a bad Hollywood movie about Vietnam (maybe Oliver Stone isn't full of shit after all.) The cops arrived and tried to talk to the guy, but he was incoherent,

and busy dying, so they took my statement instead. I told them what I saw, and gave a pretty good description of the car, although I didn't get the plate number. Then one of the cops asked me to show him the exact spot where I first saw the man, before the car dragged him down to his present location. As we walked towards the spot, he explained that one of the man's ears had been ripped off his head. We reached, what I determined to be, the area where I first noticed the man, looked down, and saw a greyish lump lying there. The cop knelt down, looked at it closely, pulled out a large piece of white chalk (the same chalk my daughter uses to draw a hopscotch board in the street) circled the lump, and said to me, "Watch that ear."

Well, I didn't exactly watch it, but I did stand guard over it, until the cop came back with a little plastic baggie (the same kind my daughter brings her peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to school in.) He picked up the ear, which now looked like form-free gristle, put it in the bag with forceps, and ziplocked in freshness. At this point, I was given a case number, a telephone number, and was free to go. I turned in my cab and went home to drink, and take a 10 milligram Valium I'd been saving for a special occasion.

The next day the SFPD called me asking for more info on the car and driver. I repeated what I had told the police the night before, and asked if the victim was alive. The cop told me he was doing fairly well despite having most of his ribs broken and an ear missing. Apparently he'd been badly beaten and left in the street, over some kind of gang-related drug deal gone sour. What I had witnessed was the finishing touches of that ordeal. The victim gave the cops this information but refused to reveal his attackers. I guess he was afraid of retaliation. Probably thought they'd come after his other ear. It's amazing how firmly people will cling to a criminal code of conduct, although thinking back to the driver's eyes, I had no doubt his vengeance knew no limits. The cop also mentioned, in parting, that I was lucky the driver didn't kill me for being a witness. This little tidbit bothered me for a long time, and for months afterward, I carefully looked at any car driving by me, searching for those two black holes for eyes. I don't think that guy ever got his ear back on his head, at least not the one he was born with. Maybe they grafted one on him from some meat borrowed from his ass, or inner thigh. I'll probably never know. The whole thing's a little hazy at this point, except for those eyes, devoid of windows, not a soul in sight.###

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Editor's Note: I walked by Fouladi Projects, the trendy Upper Market art gallery, and apparently it's closed. So to honor it, and the six year anniversaries of the deaths of Whitney Houston and Davy Jones, here are some excerpts from Kimberlye's columns of yesteryear.

Regarding Fouladi Projects, I attended the opening reception for "Proud to be a Hero," which consisted of new work by Italian artist Laurina Paperina (which translates to English as "Little Laura Little Duck"). As the press release noted, "The subjects of her drawings, animations, and installations are most often merrily maimed and killed in a myriad of ridiculous ways..."

If you go to SanFranciscoHerald.Net and click on The Society Page column for the Fall 2014 issue, you can see some of her work, as well as a video of vivacious personality "Amanda."

Herald Archives

Almost Famous

By Kimberlye Gold

**Jemima Kirke Art Exhibit
"Platforms" – Fouladi Projects, SF
– 3/21/14**

One great artist begets another...in keeping with the theme of this column, this month and forever – allow me to introduce the next generation of fine art and rock 'n roll history: Jemima Kirke! My first experience with Ms. Kirke was NOT as a fine artist, OR as the daughter of another rock icon I have written about many times in this column, my friend drummer Simon Kirke of Bad Company! Nope, I became enamored of Ms. Kirke for her seethingly hilarious portrayal of the beautiful, self-obsessed and self-destructive "Jessa" on the controversial, smash

HBO series Girls, of which I am a huge fan. I actually had no clue she was Simon's daughter until I looked her up online – it was a total coincidence! And like the character she portrays, Ms. Kirke is a Brit, now New Yorker!

But it wasn't until I received an invitation from the acclaimed San Francisco art gallery Fouladi Projects to attend the reception for Jemima Kirke's "Platforms" that I became aware of her other striking talent: the ability to capture the raw angst and complicated inner life of young women through stark portraits devoid of glamour.



*(Photo of Jemima Kirke by
Nikola Lovisato Serpico.)*

Fouladi Projects is a contemporary art gallery located at 1803 Market Street@ Guerrero "offering relevant and inspiring contemporary fine art complimented by carefully curated functional works in an inviting gallery setting." Their goal is to unite their program with art enthusiasts, whether they are seasoned collectors or first time buyers. And that's exactly the crowd of trendy-looking 30-50 something art enthusiasts they drew at this event honoring Jemima Kirke.

The evening began with a near-emergency situation when I couldn't get out of the one bathroom right after I arrived – it locked shut and I couldn't open the door! Has this ever happened to anyone else? Somehow I managed to free myself – the owners might want to look into that!

Otherwise, it was a lovely event, with the strikingly beautiful Jemima making herself available to chat with whomever approached her, surrounded by her arresting paintings. There was a charming retro music duo playing called The Ramshackle Romeos – great name and thoroughly enjoyable. I followed her outside the gallery onto the street, where she and some friends were taking a smoke break, and patiently waited until I could get her attention. Finally, I managed to steal her away and learn that this was only her second solo art show, the first being two years ago in NYC. "It's my first time in San Francisco, it's so beautiful!" she gushed about our city. "There is excitement and discoveries here – I needed to have a little adventure!" When I mentioned I knew her dad, Simon Kirke, she said, "Well, tell him hello if you speak to him, you probably have more recently than I have." That kind of changed the mood a bit – and I just hoped she didn't think somehow my friendship with her dad was anything more than that, which it is NOT. I told Jessa I hadn't heard from her dad in quite a while either, since the B R. Cohn Wine Festival Concert where I met her mother backstage. It was time to bid my farewell to this lovely and multi-talented artist. I look forward to what's next for Jemima Kirke – and the next season of Girls!

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Sometimes things happen in real time that force us to re-think our best-laid plans. Hence, the new beginning of my "Almost Famous" column – already turned in days ago and

pronounced well done with a cherry on top. It is with the heaviest of hearts that I've been handed it back at the 11th hour to try and memorialize yet another iconic, powerhouse vocal legend who couldn't be more famous – and couldn't be nearer and dearer to my own “Almost Famous” heart.

In the mid-'80s, I was in my mid-20s, living in LA and pursuing my music and acting career. With the advent of MTV came a much closer, immediate connection to and appreciation of the artists who would either become one-hit wonders or the legends who defined an era, the stuff dreams were made of, the ones we strove to emulate. Whitney Houston was most assuredly the latter. She had THAT VOICE. Back then, we didn't want to sing 50 notes where one would do. We took voice lessons and practiced our asses off to be able to hold out one great note, or hit all the right ones where they belonged, the way the songwriters wrote them. Nobody did it looking or sounding better than Whitney Houston. Whether it was an infectious, up-tempo pop gem like “How Will I Know” or a gorgeous power ballad like “The Greatest Love Of All,” you couldn't get out of bed without her tugging at your heart on your TV screen, your car radio, in every department store or market or nightclub. And for up 'n coming singers like us, Whitney was the gold standard. I learned every one of her songs and tried to capture each glorious nuance of that perfect voice, from “Saving All My Love For You” to “I Wanna Dance With Somebody.” If you played a wedding or sang in a Top 40 band, you had better know some Whitney and you better be able to actually hit those notes and not suck. Whitney made it all look and sound effortless. She didn't need autotune, she didn't need 1000 half-naked male dancers, she didn't need to bring in a rapper to give her cred. She just had to open her mouth and do her thang. Ask Mariah. Ask Beyonce. Ask

Jennifer Hudson. Ask ANYbody who's come down since. Whitney got it from the church and the greats before her like her Aunt Dionne and mom Cissy.

Where do broken hearts go now?

It's not fair to blame addiction on another person, we all have free will and choices, I know. But man, if this isn't at least in part a giant flashing neon sign screaming “MR. WRONG,” I don't know what is. Yeah, most of us have hooked up with a bad boy or girl in our life time and many of us have married one – just ask Tina Turner or watch Dateline NBC (not me, folks, haven't made that trip down any aisle besides the grocery store yet). Once you've gone down that hard for that long, it ain't easy fighting your way back up into the light. And most of us don't know what it's like to share the destruction of our life and the demise of our glory in real time with the rest of the world, who judge so harshly our every misstep and downward spiral. It just reminds me how precious the gifts we have been given are. Especially when the gift is your voice. As one who makes their living with it, I know too well how scary it is when it's not there due to stress, illness, overuse, etc. Imagine the world watching and listening as you realize you've just done too much damage and it's never going to be what it once was and everyone knows and is judging and making fun of you, waiting for you to fall farther down every time. Imagine becoming a joke on every late-night talk show and in every tabloid as you struggle to fight your demons, trying to make public comeback after public comeback, and falling short in front of the whole world. Letting your friends, family and fans down after repeated attempts to intervene and get clean. On the heels of a new movie coming out and the eve of the Grammys where you once were queen. The pain she must have been in was just too much to bear. Oh Whitney – you are such a

part of me. Of so many of us. My heart goes out to her family, her beloved daughter Bobbi Christina, always by her side, fans, and all of us fighting the good fight every day to stay vital.

I just learned “The Greatest Love Of All” on guitar last night to sing at my Valentine's Day gigs on Tuesday. Learning to love yourself – and stay there no matter what the world looks like – IS the greatest love of all. RIP Whitney. I will always love you too.

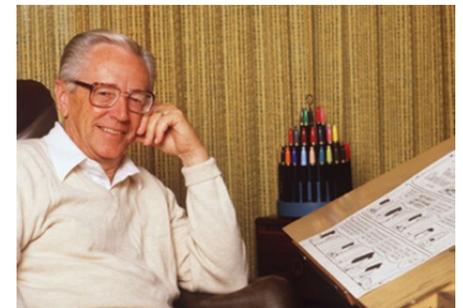
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R.I.P. Davy Jones

When I was a wee lass I loved me some Monkees. I owned all their records and knew every syllable and note of every song. I watched their wacky TV show every week. Each night before I went to bed, I would kiss their pictures on their album cover good night in the order I loved them the most: of course, Davy was at the top, then Mickey, Mike and poor Peter was last. I just learned “Daydream Believer” to play at gigs and even the retirement home peeps love it!###

My Interview with Charles Schulz

By Ace Backwards



I've met some big-time cartoonists in my day. I'm talking big, big-time cartoonists. But some of the biggest stars can turn out to be some of the biggest assholes. I'll give you just one such example. Charles Schulz. He was

a total prick. Yes, that's right, Charles M. Schulz himself. Good ole' Sparky. He was a right bloody bastard. I actually met the dude back in 1983. I got his personal home address from a friend of a friend. So I figured I'd drop in uninvited and interview him for a fan-zine I was thinking of putting out. Ya know? Two fellow cartoonists; a meeting-of-the-minds kind of thing. Well, Schulz answered the door himself. But he didn't seem pleased to see me. "CHUCK! CHUCK!" I said. "I'm one of your BIGGEST fans!" I wrapped my arm around his shoulder and gave him a big, manly hug. "I used to read your comic strip every day when I was a kid. Charlie Brown and Snoopy and all that!"

This seemed to temporarily placate him. But then I said, "So what are you doing nowadays, Chuck? Are you still working on that comic strip of yours? That Peanuts thing?"

His whole demeanor towards me changed after that. In fact, he acted like he wanted to kill me. He said something about how he had to get back to work; some bullshit about a pressing deadline or something like that. Ya know? Like he's such a big hot-shot he doesn't have any time to spend with his fans – the ones who made him who he is!

I asked him if he would autograph this cocktail napkin I brought with me. "Make it out to my girlfriend," I said, "and draw a cartoon of Charlie Brown kicking Lucy in the butt, with Snoopy and the Red Baron flying around in the background." He complied. Grudgingly.

But the cheap fountain pen he was using bled the ink all over the napkin. I was giving Schulz some good tips for how he could improve his drawing ability when he went completely berserk. With no provocation on my part, he suddenly lunged at me and kned me hard in the groin area. Twice. I crumpled to the floor. Then

he grabbed me by the collar – this is Charles "Mr. Nice Guy" Schulz. "The Gospel According to Peanuts" Schulz. Good ole' Sparky – he grabbed me by the collar and slapped me hard in the face, twice. When I looked up from the floor, Schulz was standing directly over me with a big two-by-four, ready to finish me off. "NO, SPARKY, NO!" I cried. I deftly side-stepped his attack and responded with a maneuver that I call the Ace Backwards Karate Chop of Doom - a good solid chop to the back of Schulz's neck. He went down like a sack of shit. I maced him in the face for good measure. That temporarily subdued him.

But as I was making my exit amidst a cloud of mace, Charles Schulz tearfully spat out those words that would cut me like an X-acto knife. "YOU BASTARD!" he hissed. "YOUR COMIC STRIP WILL NEVER BE NATIONALLY SYNDICATED! YOUR CARTOONS WILL NEVER APPEAR ON HALLMARK GREETING CARDS AND HOSTESS TWINKEES! YOU ARE NOTHING! I AM CHARLES M. SCHULZ!"

I punched him in the head and knocked him unconscious. For an old guy, he really wasn't all that tough. But the worst thing of all was, in the ensuing melee I ended up losing that stupid doodle he drew for me. I bet that thing would be worth a lot of money today if I sold it on eBay.

So don't let nobody tell you different. Charles Schulz was a total asshole.###

Charles M. Schulz

By Ace Backwards

I don't know why. But for some reason I was just thinking about the interview I did with Charles Schulz in 1983. The Peanuts guy.

He invited me up to his studio in Santa Rosa to interview him. I guess I'm just

wondering why he would invite a nut like me up to his scene. I was 28 years old at the time. And sort of a hippie punk countercultural underground artist weirdo. And Schulz was Mr. Mainstream All-America. Hostess Twinkies and Hallmark Greeting cards and "Good grief Charlie Brown" and "Happiness is a warm puppy."

So it was an odd meeting of the minds.

I guess he was just bored. And maybe he thought it was a worthwhile way to waste a couple of hours with this nut Ace Backwards.

I interviewed him in his studio where he drew his Peanuts comic strip. There was a half-finished Peanuts comic strip on his drawing board. Which was mind-boggling to me. I had grown up as a little kid reading Peanuts. And now I was at the epicenter — the eye of the hurricane — where they were actually created.

We talked back and forth for two or three hours. I was so nervous when I got to the end of my cassette tape that I was interviewing him with — my \$30 Sony cassette recorder — I accidentally flipped the cassette over a third time and recorded over 30 minutes of the tape.

Completely erased 30 minutes of our immortal conversation (always regret that).

I remember at one point Schulz said he was disappointed with most interviewers. They mostly asked dull questions. I could tell it was a backhanded compliment. I could tell he was enjoying talking with me.

I guess that's why he talked for 2 or 3 hours.

For me it was like talking to somebody who was my father. Even though we weren't related. It was like talking to somebody who was my father.###