

# The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

**If you read it in the Herald you probably know it already:** Vacation is a popular vintage shop in North Beach, and owner Kristin Klein has opened a sister shop, Work, with her friend and business partner Sam Poole. Work is just four doors down from Vacation at 1445 Grant Avenue. Also in North Beach: new Prix Fixe restaurant called Cassava at 401 Columbus.

At the Warfield: Steve Lacy, 2/15. J Boog, 2/19. Lucki, 2/22. Turnstile, 3/1. Regina Spektor, 3/5.

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I had to go to the beautiful coastal town of Half Moon Bay for a business appointment on January 24th, which was the day after the shootings there. As I walked around downtown, I noticed how no one seemed to be talking about it, and how normal everything felt, as if we had all gotten used to these events. (Just like you're getting used to reading columns about how we've all gotten used to these events.)

Politicians, predictably, blamed guns, even though California has some of the toughest gun laws in the country. There's something else to consider. In the 1950s the United States had a population of about 100 million people with over a half million of them in mental institutions. Today we have a population of about 334 million people with about 35,000 of them in mental institutions.

You could probably make a good argument that over a half million people in mental institutions in a country of 100 million people seems a little high -- but 35,000 in a country of 334 million?

Folklore has it that when he was governor of California, Ronald Reagan let all the mental patients out of the state's hospitals. The reality is that the process began with his predecessor, Pat Brown, continued with Reagan, and continued with Jerry Brown, all the way down the line.

In 1963 President John Kennedy signed the Community Mental Health Act, stating the "cold mercy of custodial care would be replaced by the open warmth of community."

A lot of it was cultural. In the 1948 movie *The Snake Pit*, Olivia de Havilland plays a woman who becomes mentally ill, is institutionalized, and is eventually cured. In the 1975 movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (based on the book over a decade earlier) Jack Nicholson plays a mental patient faking mental illness to avoid hard labor in



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jail, and the staff there are portrayed as sadists.

So, I don't know, I just thought I'd throw that out there, for what it's worth. It may not be the answer but it's probably deeper than some politician holding a press conference, calling for stricter gun laws.



**Those cute "cat love" flyers are still hanging on poles around town. There's a new one that reads "Have you seen this cat? (Well she sees you!)"**

*Herald Archives: Early 2000s*

## THE HAUNTED OIL WELL

By Howard Hallis

Most of the time when I wake up after a good night's sleep, I can't remember anything I had dreamed. It's like lifting the plastic film on the Magic Slate and wiping away any memory of my subconscious instantly. Maybe if I'm lucky I can retain a flash or

image of my nocturnal wanderings, but more often than not it all just goes away.

But sometimes when you wake up from a dream you can remember every little detail. This is pretty rare and for me usually comes after a nightmare, since the shock of the bad dream forces me to lie awake in bed for a while pondering what I had just witnessed in my head before I can go back to sleep again.

Well, last week I had a nightmare and after waking up all freaked out, I managed to grab a notebook and scribbled down all the memories I had of what happened before they all went away. By sharing this with the readers of the SF Herald, I hope that some of you feel inspired to drop me an email if you think you have any idea what the hell it might mean. I'm not a big believer in Dream Interpretation Encyclopedias that tell you every time you see a bear it means you want to have sex with your mom, but I am curious about what some of you think. Anyway, here's what happened:

The dream started off with me watching a new Muppet movie aimed at adults. The story centered on the Muppet Janice, who's the blonde hippie from the Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem Band, and what happens to her when she has an affair with an elderly man. The movie was about tolerance between inter-specie romances (human to Muppet) and also starred Michael Jackson and the guys from Tenacious D.

When the movie ended, lights came on and I realized I was at the premiere. All the Muppets were there and began leaving the screening room in droves. Most of them were impressed by the movie and were commenting on how powerful it was. I noticed Michael Jackson was working the movie projector and he was dressed in a white space suit. Someone came up to him (a human, not a Muppet) and said "Hey Captain Eo, can you sign my HIV card?"

I had no idea what that meant.

Well eventually everyone left and I was alone in the screening room, and I began to examine my surroundings. The room was large, with an upper level that had windows open to the elements. The first floor where I stood was covered in cobwebs with giant iron gates and fences everywhere. There didn't appear to be any way out. There was a giant orange metal tower that I recognized as a primitive oil drill that was built above a puddle of oil. The room slanted near the puddle, and I had a fear that if I stepped too close to it that I would fall in.

A sign on the wall said that this was "The Oldest Oil Well on the East Coast" and dated its construction back to the 1700's. Just from the looks of things I could tell this room was

haunted, and the cobwebs, gates and fences were beginning to give me the chills. Just then, an old man came into the room leading a tour of teenage goth girls who were visiting the oil well with their school. He said: "God may be a bastard but he sure knows how to dance."

I asked the elderly tour guide how to get out of there and he pointed straight ahead and said "Just walk out that way!" and sure enough there was suddenly an opening in the twisted web of gates and fences. Realizing I wasn't trapped anymore, I began chatting with the goth girls, who were all commenting on how haunted this place was. We all realized that there were strange pillows lying sporadically around the room where all the Muppets were sitting during the film. The pillows were made from that luminescent material that changes color when you touch it that is popular in rave clothing and on purses with those 3D spectroscopic designs.

Well, when we squeezed the pillows, they took on different forms, becoming animals or vehicles. The girls began asking the pillows questions and they took on a new form to give them an answer. Intrigued by this, I picked up a pillow and asked it to show me someone who died in this room, since everyone knew it was haunted. The pillow morphed into my own profile, which freaked me out and caused me to wake up. So that was it. Any idea what it might mean? What was the significance of the oil well? The Muppets? Michael Jackson? The morphing pillows? The elderly tour guide?

Is this dream a bad omen of things to come or does it suggest a positive direction for the future?

As I said, your comments are welcome.###

**Reach Howard via HowardHallis.com.**

*Herald Archives: Early 2000s*

## **The Boozehound Returns**

**By Mr. Fabulous**

I was in San Francisco, working on Eddie Murphy's 'Metro II,' when I got a phone call from my agent. Robert Redford happened to be in town and my agent suggested that I meet him for a drink at Caffè Proust in the Western Addition. I'd been drinking beer in my hotel room, but I quickly hopped into a cab and rode over to the restaurant.

I arrived to find Redford sitting at the bar with Clint Eastwood. They were discussing women who looked especially good in high heels. I noticed that Eastwood was sipping a Guinness. I pulled up a barstool and ordered a Bud.

We sat there and drank our beers. After a few Budweisers, I hoisted my pint glass. "Man, I love beer. I'm gonna get my kids on it as soon as I can."

Eastwood looked at me. "You have kids?"

I smiled. "Well, not yet. But when I do, I'm gonna make sure they can drink a beer...soon as they're old enough."

Redford looked at me. "Make sure you tell them about moderation."

I finished my beer and motioned to Mike the bartender for a refill. Then I turned to Redford. "I hear that."

Eastwood lifted his pint glass. "There's nothing like a good Guinness."

Redwood shook his head. "I don't know...I'm pretty partial to Coors."

The bartender put a fresh Bud in front of me. I took a long sip. Then I slapped my hand on the bar. "Fellas, let me tell you: life is all about simplicity. It's all about Budweiser."

Eastwood squinted at me. "Budweiser, huh?"

I pointed to my Bud. "Come on. Look at those fish swim."

"Huh?"

"My fishies. Look at them swim."

"What fish?"

"The bubbles. See them swimming up. I call them my fishies."

Eastwood looked at Redford. "What's wrong with this guy?"

"I don't know."

Eastwood stared at me for a moment. Then he turned to Redford. "I'm outta here."

"Me too."

Eastwood finished his Guinness. Redford left two \$20 bills on the bar. They stood up and walked out. I took another sip of my Bud.###

## **A favorite Paul Krassner story**

**By Ace Backwards**

Paul Krassner published a magazine called *The Realist*. He died in 2019.

Around 1972 when Krassner was living in Sausalito he got a surprise visit from John & Yoko. This was during Lennon's "radical chic" period after all, when he was hanging out with pals of Krassner's like Abbie

Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. So they're hanging out at Krassner's house — John and Yoko and Krassner — smoking joints and having a groovy time. When Krassner suddenly realized the reason for the visit. Krassner was working on a book about Charles Manson at the time, and regularly visited Manson in prison. So John asked Krassner for a favor. He sort of whispered to Krassner:

"Next time you see Manson tell him Paul wrote 'Helter Skelter' not me."

To which Yoko added with alarm:

"BUT DON'T TELL HIM WE TOLD YOU TO TELL HIM!!"###

## **What's this? Why, it's even more of The Society Page by Gene Mahoney**

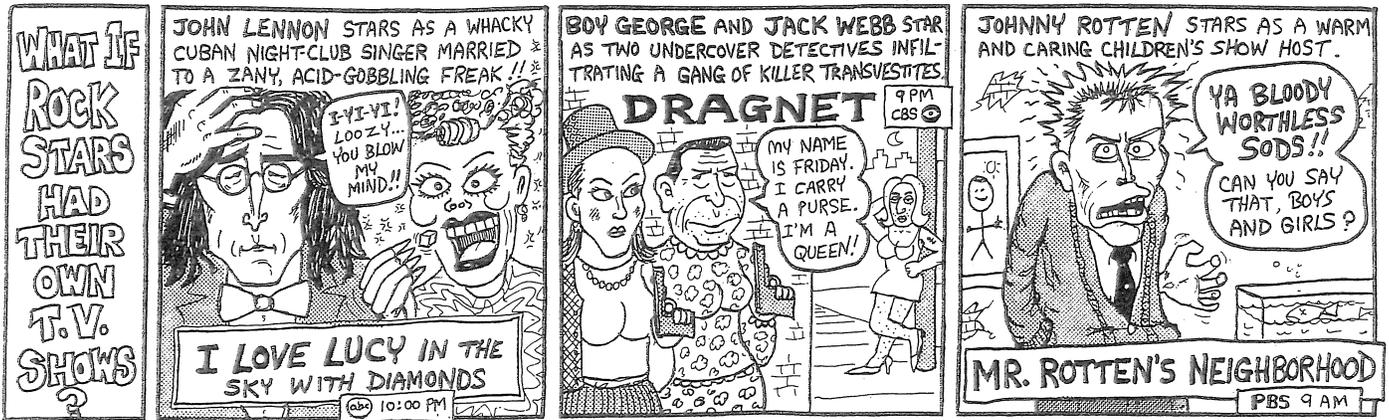


Well, it's been a decade since that building on Upper Market was demolished, making this old ad for Carnation Mush visible again. Heck, it should have landmark status. Mush? That's what the Little Rascals ate.



And don't eat at Happy Donuts in Palo Alto during an earthquake. Crushed by a giant glazed donut — what a way to go. Yeesh.

**TWISTED IMAGE** by Ace Backwords ©1988



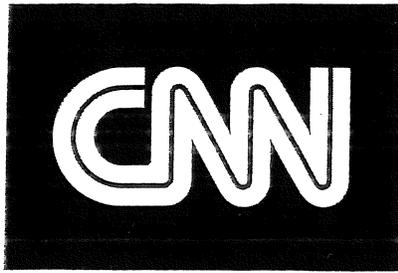
Tell your friends! Tell your enemies! The Herald, 1998 to present, is at [SanFranciscoHerald.Net](http://SanFranciscoHerald.Net)

GOOD CLEAN FUN  
WRITTEN, DRAWN & ©2023  
BY GENE MAHONEY

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**RACE**

TO THE  
WHITE HOUSE

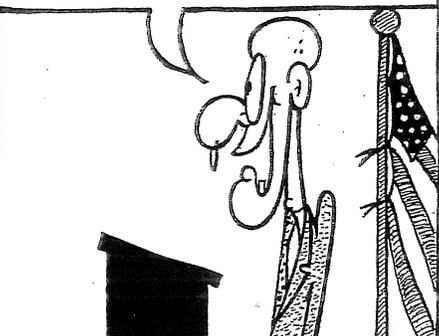


This is CNN.

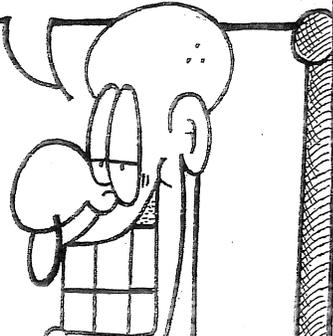
We now join the White House Press Room live for today's daily briefing.

HELLO, EVERYONE. THE VERY CAPABLE WHITE HOUSE PRESS SECRETARY KARINE JEAN-PIERRE ISN'T HERE TODAY (WHY ARE YOU ALL GIGGLING?) SO I'LL BE FILLING IN FOR HER.

I NEED NO INTRODUCTION...

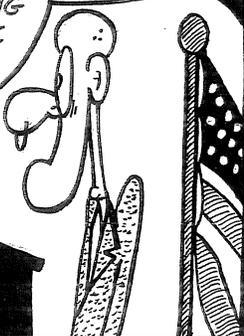


I AM CHANTEUSE... FORMER HOST OF "O' GAY CAN YOU SEE: HOMOPHOBIA IN AMERIKA" ON KPFA RADIO IN BERKELEY AND FORMER BATH-HOUSE EDITOR FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN DEFUNCT NEWSPAPER.



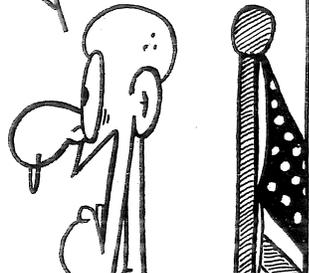
WHEN WILL THE BIDEN ADMINISTRATION ENFORCE BORDER SECURITY?

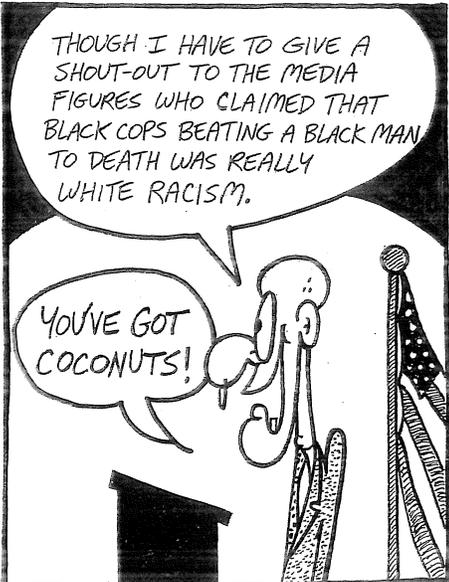
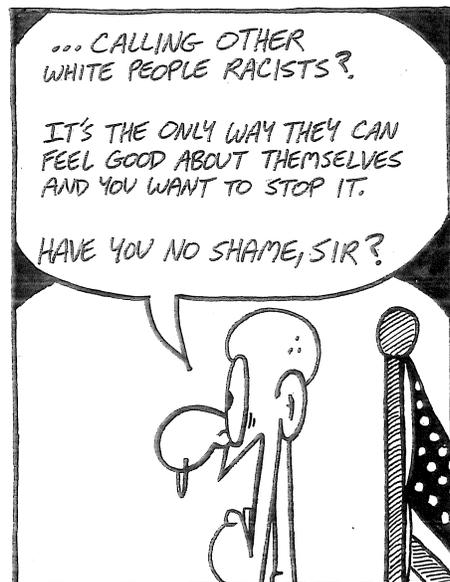
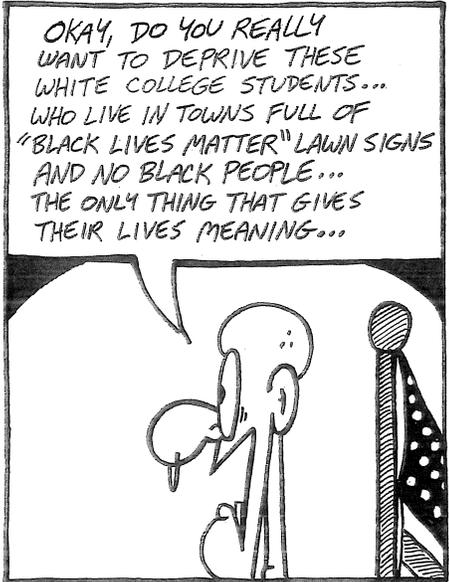
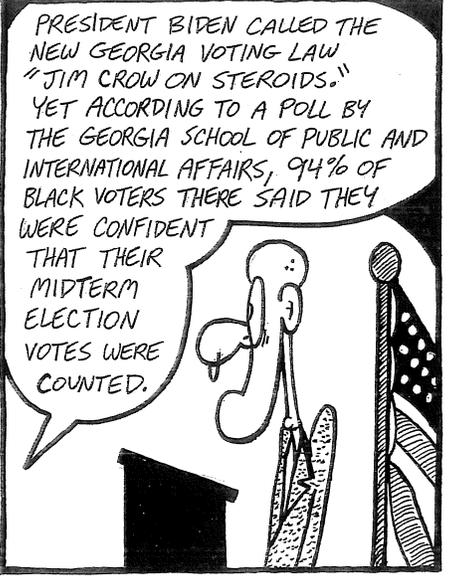
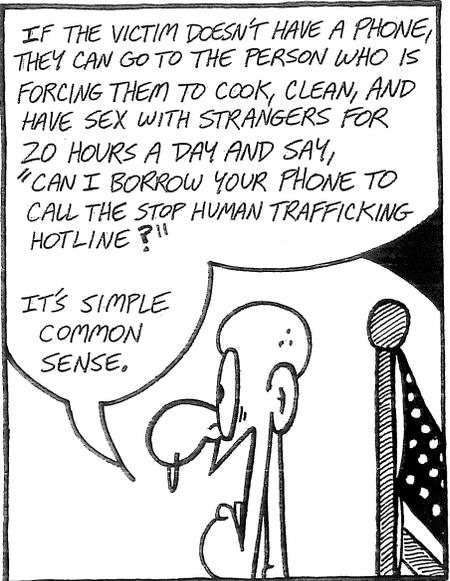
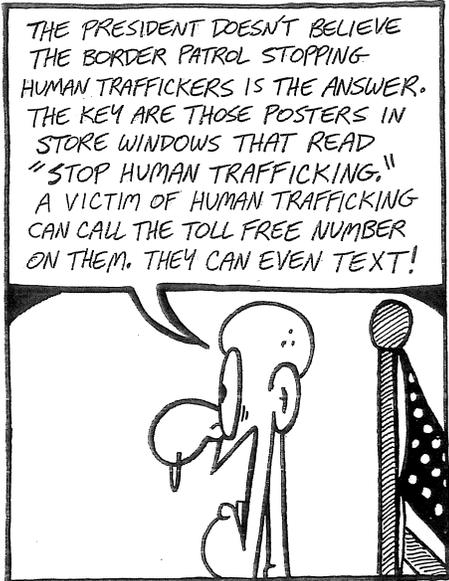
GUN RUNNERS, DRUG CARTELS, HUMAN TRAFFICKERS, AND OTHER SCUM OF THE EARTH ARE FLOODING ACROSS THE BORDER.



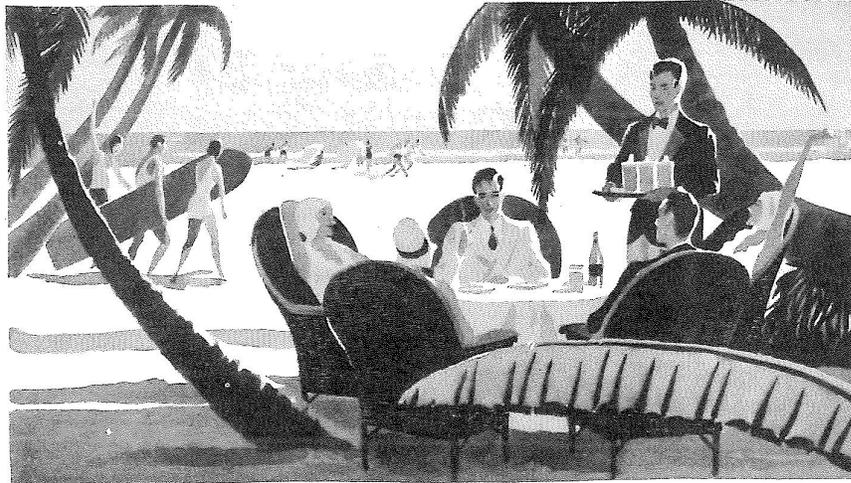
THE ADMINISTRATION WELCOMES DIVERSITY AND INCLUSION FOR EVERYONE.

REGARDING ONE OF THOSE TYPES OF IMMIGRANTS YOU MENTIONED... HUMAN TRAFFICKERS...





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**Emperor Norton's BoozeLand**, 510 Larkin at Turk, (415) 926-8118. Great local bar; large back patio, billiards, shuffleboard, Pliny on draft. Open every day at 1pm. Happy Hour Monday - Friday 1PM - 7PM.

Happy Hour Special, 3PM-6PM: Tecate \$3, Corona \$4, Modelo \$5, Bare Bottle \$6, Sangria \$8.  
**Chisme Cantina**, 882 Sutter. (415) 370-7070. Catering available.

Good Old Fashioned Values. Wide selection of beer and wine. Groceries and general merchandise.  
**Discount Grocers**, 1203 Polk (at Sutter). (415) 929-7385.

**Sumac Istanbul Street Food**, 1096 Union (at Leavenworth), [www.sumacsf.com](http://www.sumacsf.com), (415) 307-6141.  
Istanbul's favorite street flavors with the added twist of California's healthy food culture. Delivery or take-out.

**Kennedy's Irish Pub & India Curry House**, 1040 Columbus, (415) 441-8855. World class beer selection and Indian cuisine. Delivery available via GrubHub and Uber Eats.

Cozy café/laundromat combo. Artisan eats & espresso at integrated **Hideaway Café**, 850 Jones (at Bush). (925) 724-4464.

**Pat's Café**, 2330 Taylor (off Columbus). (415) 776-8735. Breakfast, lunch, & weekend brunch. Indoor & outdoor dining. 7:30 AM – 2 PM daily. Takeout, call directly or order online. PatsCafeSF.com.