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# The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

There's a petition circulating around town which would change the name of Justin Herman Plaza to Maya Angelou Plaza. Nobody is going to take this idea seriously, but how about we change the name of it to Eusebio Penalver Mazorra Plaza?

Eusebio Penalver Mazorra, according to author Humberto Fontova, was the longest serving black political prisoner of the Twentieth Century - held longer and under much, much harsher conditions than Nelson Mandela.

Mazorra experienced constant torture daily at the hands of Fidel Castro's Cuban regime for protesting its tyranny. One of his jailers, Che Guevara, would disparage him with the most offensive racist remarks imaginable.

(Sad to report, Maya Angelou and Nelson Mandela were avid supporters of Castro's dictatorship.)

Eusebio Penalver Mazorra didn't have any connection with San Francisco, but even after his death, wouldn't this be a great start?

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

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At The Warfield: Kansas, 9/12. Goldfrapp, 9/16. Liam Gallagher, 11/13. At the Regency Ballroom: Manchester Orchestra, 9/16. Dinosaur Jr, 10/20.

XXXXXXXXXX

What's the big deal about this being the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"? Celebrating a terrible movie starring Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees? What's the point?

What? Oh, it's the anniversary of the Beatles album. Oh. That's different then. Never mind.

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Glass Key Photo has left the Haight and is now in Nob Hill. They're at 1230 Sutter (near Felicity's Fetiche) and are always looking to buy your old cameras.

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Roger Moore

**Roger, over and out:** The first James Bond movie I saw was "The Spy Who Loved Me" starring Roger Moore. So I was one of those much maligned people who thought of him, not Sean Connery, when thinking about Ian Fleming's secret agent.

Though Moore would dispute referring to Bond as a *secret* agent. As he correctly pointed out, everyone knew who he was. That's how he justified playing him in such a campy fashion.

Though he thought the character was unbelievable, he was willing to suspend disbelief to collect some paychecks for portraying him. His roles in "The Saint" and "The Persuaders" were pretty much his auditions for Bond.

Moore's debut was with "Live and Let Die," one of the best films in the franchise. He went on to make six more, proving he was no George Lazenby.

Though popular, he was never considered the real James Bond - that honor went to Connery - and Moore would admit that even his own son felt that way.

There was a "Saturday Night Live" skit in the mid-1980s which lampooned the then popular "Peoples' Choice Awards." It went something like this: "It's the Peoples' Second Choice Awards! Brought to you by Avis! And Newsweek! And starring Roger Moore!"

Critics of Roger would complain about his lighthearted approach to Bond. They yearned for a return to a much darker, more ruthless portrayal of the British spy. And they soon learned the old adage "Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it" - Timothy Dalton in "Licence to Kill."

After that film almost destroyed the franchise, it was rescued by "Goldeneye" starring Pierce Brosnan.

The producers had rejected Sean Connery's suggestion to hire Quentin Tarantino to direct it and shake things up. They didn't pick another darker, more ruthless Bond. They chose a return to a more lighthearted Bond.

Brosnan claimed his portrayal of the spy was more Sean Connery than Roger Moore - but does anyone really believe that?

Brosnan's Moore-ish approach to the character saved the series, so we eventually got to see Daniel Craig's darker, more ruthless spy in "Casino Royale" - the greatest Bond film of them all.

Roger Moore - winner of "The Peoples' Second Choice Awards"? More like the unsung hero of the James Bond saga.

RIP Roger Moore.

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Adam West, star of the 1960s television show "Batman" also passed away recently. I remember seeing Tim Burton's first "Batman" when it came out in 1989 and being very impressed with Jack Nicholson's portrayal of The Joker. I remember seeing "The Dark Knight" on cable TV in a hotel room almost a decade ago and being very impressed with Heath Ledger's portrayal of The Joker.

I remember seeing the “Batman” TV show in reruns as a kid and being very impressed with Caesar Romero’s portrayal of The Joker - but even more impressed with Adam West’s portrayal of Batman.

Youtube has the Batman audition tapes for Adam West, as well as for Burt Ward, who played his sidekick, Robin. There’s also Batman audition tapes for Lyle Wagonner, who lost the role to West. Wagonner would have made a decent Caped Crusader, but he was a little too good looking, and his voice was higher than West’s baritone. Plus his delivery was straightforward, while West had that odd William Shatner meets David Brinkley cadence of speech, partnered with the pensive raising of an index finger, with a sudden jerk of the head.

He had game.



Adam West

After his fame vaporized when “Batman” ended, he predictably spent decades complaining his career died because he had been typecast.

That didn’t stop him from claiming he was hurt that Tim Burton didn’t cast him as Batman in the 1989 movie (*yeah, I know*) or from appearing all over the country at trade shows and other events in his superhero tights.

In his sunset years he seemed to reverse course and embrace the role,

even though he never got syndication royalties from it.

I had a friend who was a comic book aficionado who proclaimed the satirical “Batman” TV show an insult to the generation that grew up with the melodramatic comic books. The later, serious Batman movies mentioned earlier were more in the spirit of the DC comics, no dispute there.

But consider this, who are you more likely to think of as Batman: Michael Keaton, Val Kilmer, George Clooney, or Adam West?

Only Robin and Alfred the butler know Batman is really Bruce Wayne. The rest of us know he’s really Adam West.

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**The Herald Book Club:** Giving up the Internet had made me dig around my place for something to read, and I was happy to find the 2009 paperback from our own Ace Backwards, “Acid Heroes, The Legends of LSD.”

Ace recounts his worship of - and eventual disillusionment with - the Beatles, Ram Dass, Alan Watts, Hunter S. Thompson, R. Crumb, Jerry Garcia, John Lennon, Timothy Leary, Carlos Castaneda, and LSD itself. You don’t have to spend 25 years of your life frying your brains on acid and then realize one day, like Ace did, that you probably shouldn’t have done it. Heck, just read Ace’s account of it here for the low, low price of... whatever it is. It’s written in his usual hilarious, insightful, though sometimes too vulgar fashion.

Also highly recommended: Ace’s 2001 book about his hobo lifestyle, “Surviving on the Streets: How to Go Down Without Going Out.” Bookstores and libraries probably don’t have these books, so check online.

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We recently lost a legend in Bay Area journalism. Van Amburg, the news anchor for KGO-TV from 1969 to 1986, passed away at age 86. Fred Van

Amburg (he rarely used his first name) was given credit (or blame) for starting the “happy talk” approach to news, where the anchors, sportscasters, reporters, and weather people joke with each other between stories. Prior to his tenure, the news was presented in a very droll fashion. I moved to the Bay Area in the summer of 1985 so I don’t have many Van Amburg memories.

But growing up in New York in the 1970s and early 1980s, I have some memories of “WABC Eyewitness News” - which has also been given credit (or blame) for pioneering the “happy talk” phenomenon.

“Eyewitness News” was anchored by Roger Grimsby, who was the anchor and news director at KGO until shortly before Van Amburg arrived there.

Anyway, to sum it up, Van Amburg was a highly paid, top rated news anchor from 1969 to 1986. His contract wasn’t renewed. He never worked in the news business again. Now he’s dead. We’re all going to die. And there’s nothing you can do about it. The End.

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I wanted to wrap this column up, but they’re dropping like flies. Martin Landau just passed away. He was great in Woody Allen’s “Crimes and Misdemeanors” and absolutely fantastic as Bela Lugosi in Tim Burton’s “Ed Wood.” He was also good in that “Twilight Zone” episode where he’s a defector trying to escape two Soviet hitmen.

It’s ironic he was lauded as a great actor and he was married to Barbara Bain, who was widely ridiculed as a bad actress. They both worked together on “Mission: Impossible” and “Space: 1999.”

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*The San Francisco Herald is published bimonthly by Gene Mahoney. The characters, events, and situations in Good Clean Fun comics are fictitious. Contact: Gene Mahoney, P.O. Box 843, Redwood City, CA 94064*

GOOD CLEAN FUN

WRITTEN, DRAWN  
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GENE MAHONEY

IT'S  
CHAUNCY  
DILLINGER  
IN

SOME  
DAMN  
SERIOUS  
FUNNY  
PAGES

MIKE DOONESBURY!  
HEY, HOW ARE YA?!



OH...  
UH...  
HI.



MAN, I KEEP  
BUMPING INTO  
YOU LATELY!



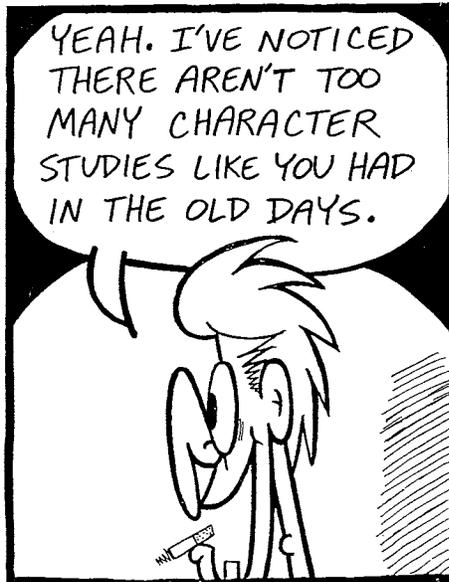
SO... HOW DO  
YOU LIKE  
WORKING ONLY  
ON SUNDAYS?



IT'S EASIER, BUT THE  
WORK WE DO IS JUST  
AS IMPORTANT AS  
WHEN WE RAN DAILY.



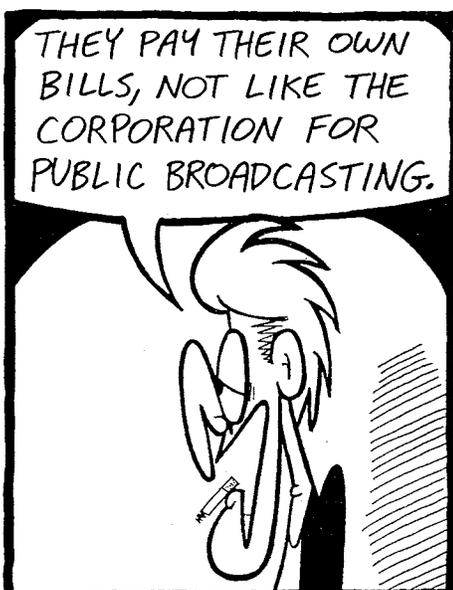
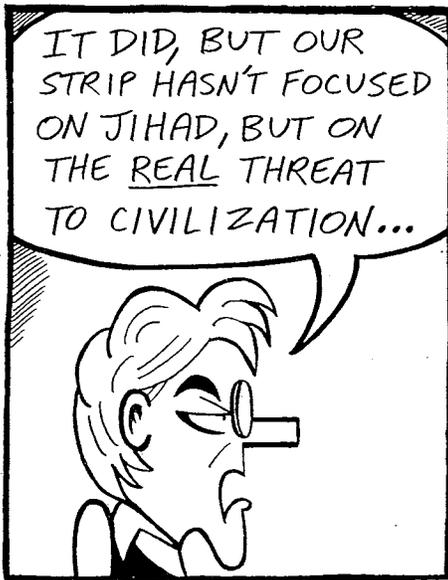
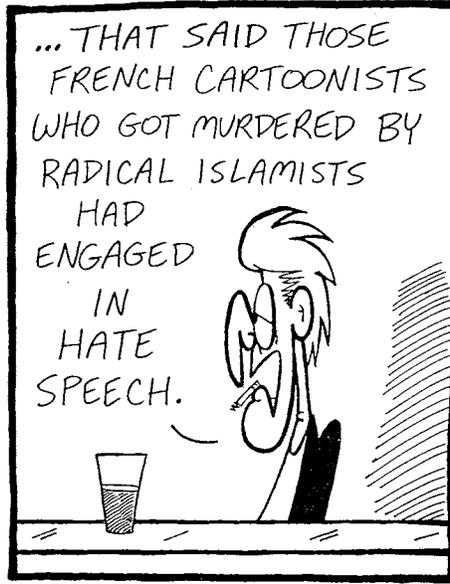
YEAH. I'VE NOTICED  
THERE AREN'T TOO  
MANY CHARACTER  
STUDIES LIKE YOU HAD  
IN THE OLD DAYS.

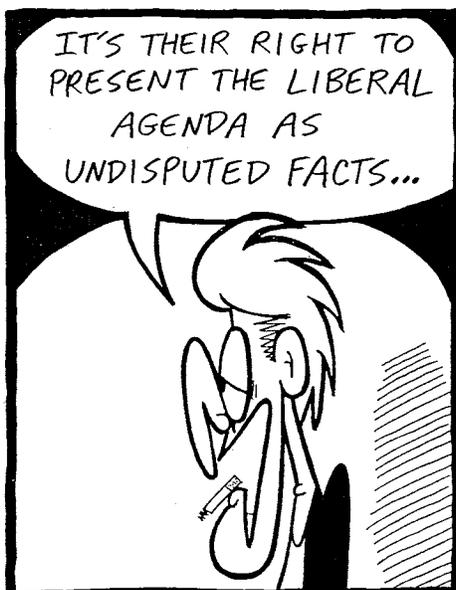
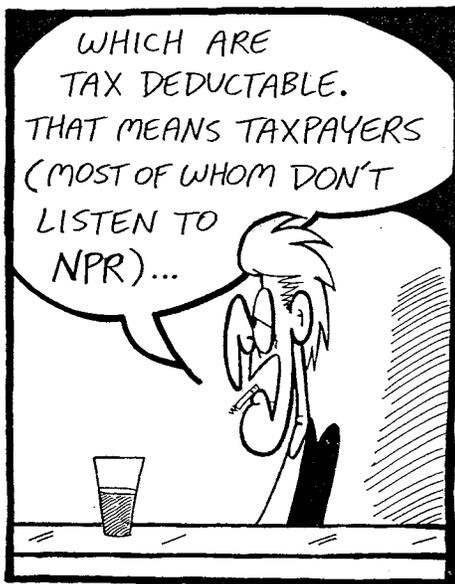
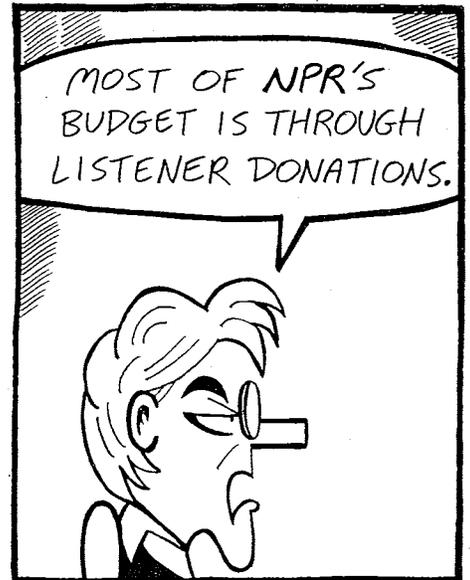


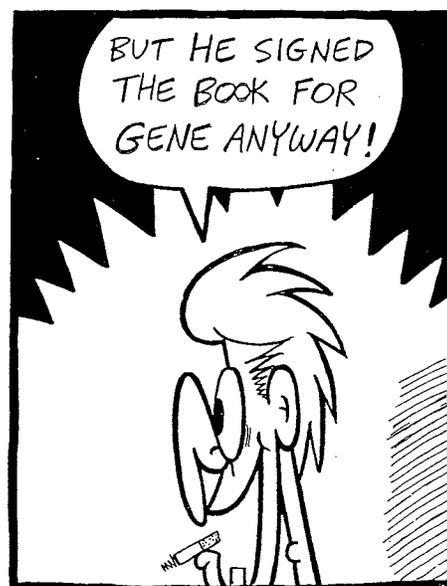
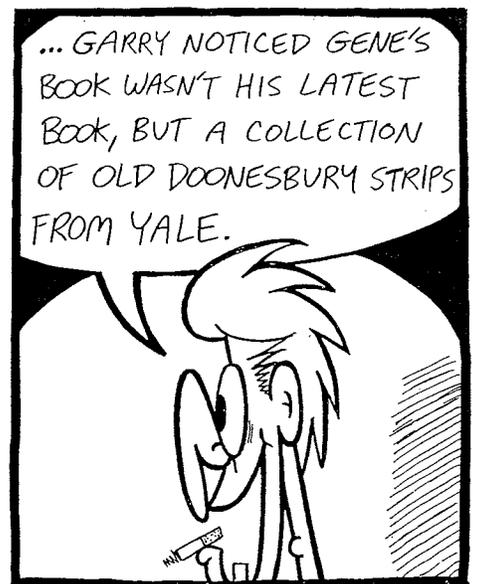
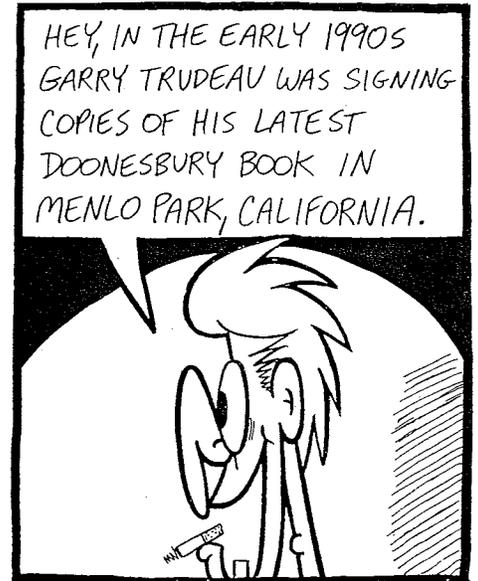
PRETTY MUCH  
EVERY STRIP  
BASHES TRUMP.

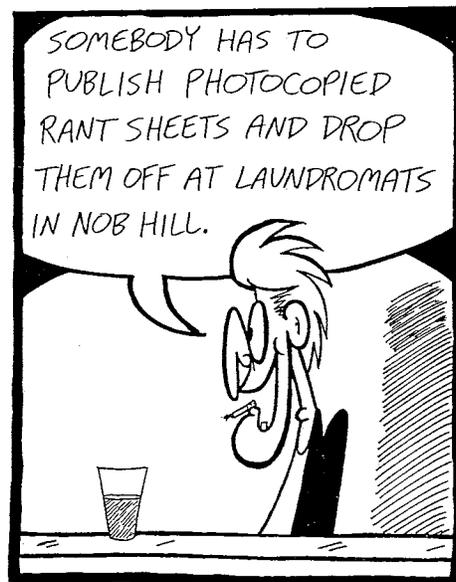
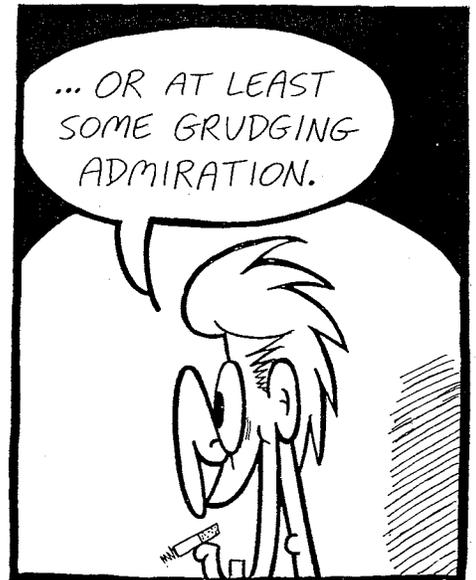












*Telegraph from Berkeley*

# The End of the Serial Flusher

By Ace Backwords

They finally ran the Serial Flusher off the campus. And I was surprised to find that I missed him. Even though I had only two interactions with the guy over the years. And they were both bad.

The Serial Flusher had been hanging out on the Sproul Plaza area for at least 20 years. Mostly sitting by himself staring off into space with a contorted expression on his face. In all these years I never once saw him talking to another human being. He was an odd duck.

My first encounter with the Serial Flusher, I just about wanted to kill him. I was sitting in a restroom stall in the basement of a virtually empty building early one morning. Quietly taking care of my business while I recovered from the night before. When suddenly there was this EXPLOSION of toilet-flushing sounds. And it went on, non-stop, for several minutes. And I could hear the nut, the Serial Flusher, giggling like a schoolgirl as he romped from toilet to toilet, urinal to urinal, flushing each one over and over and over. Later I got in his face and told him he better not EVER pull that shit ever again when I was in the restroom.

Years later he pulled that shit on me again. And I REALLY let him have it that time. He got the message that time. And, as far as I know, he never did his toilet-flushing routine again.

I guess I miss the Serial Flusher, as crazy as he was, because he was one of the last links to the 1990s when the street people ruled Sproul Plaza. And there would be hundreds of us hanging out every day, all day long. And all night too. And after midnight

we pretty much had the entire run of the campus all to ourselves. It was like our personal playground to romp around in.

But over the years, one by one, most of the Sproul Plaza street people died or moved on. To the point where there were only a handful of quiet, loner types like me and the Serial Flusher who were still around. And now one more is gone.

Oh well. \*sigh\*

Maybe tonight I'll flush a few toilets in his honor.###

*Note from Napa*

## How to Conduct a Séance

By Allison Parks

A séance is a chilling ceremony where a group of drunk, giggling asshats attempt to contact spirits by performing a set of unholy rituals. I have conducted a few séances myself, none of which were successful, but I will guide you through the process as I have learned it from SoYouWanna.com. This fantastic website teaches you how to do just about anything! Actually, you're better off just reading the article on that website instead of this, so please be advised that you are now officially wasting your time.

### Only Invite People Who Believe in Ghosts

Perhaps this is where I went wrong. I normally coax douchey\* vagrants to attend my séances by promising to keep one breast exposed throughout the ceremony. Sure it's a little drafty, but it's the only way I can get people to participate. Before you send out your invitations, remember that the number of séance guests should be a multiple of three.

### Create a Spirit-Friendly Environment

Much like freaks, the ghosts only come out at night, so plan your

séance at the witching hour. Then again, I did used to have successful Ouija board sessions during the day, but I have an inkling my devious friend was moving the message indicator to spell out "lay-off-the-gin-you're-only-in-the-second-grade." That sneaky bitch, nobody makes a rube out of me.

To get started you will need a few key supplies: a white table cloth, a number of candles divisible by three, and incense. If incense is unavailable, spray a few squirts of Febreze or Arrid Extra Dry into the air. The instructions say to play "soothing music" (spirits are conjured when participants are relaxed) but I prefer a CD of scary sounds or "The Monster Mash" on repeat. Waa waa ooooooooo. It's highly suggested that you record your séance because you may think it was unsuccessful, but when you play back the tape you're likely to hear a ghost calling you a loser and telling you to get a life.

When you're ready to go, turn off "The Monster Mash" and tell your snickering guests to shut the eff up.

### Prepare the Group

First you must select a medium who will lead the group. This has always been me since I force unwilling guests to summon the dead. The group should engage in deep breathing exercises to sink into an even deeper state of relaxation (I've had a participant fall asleep at this point), then pop half a Quaalude-a crisp glass of sauvignon blanc will also speed along the relaxation process.

Now it's time to pick a spirit! Preferably that has recently croaked (someone who is long since dead will not "cross over"). In past séances, I have tried to contact Ol' Dirty Bastard, my Grandma Nonie, and Heath Ledger (preferably wearing his Brokeback Mountain chaps). If you don't choose your spirit beforehand you run the risk of summoning an irate demon phantom who will throw your furniture around, scratch a hole in the couch, and wipe its ass on the carpet. Then you'll have to perform

an exorcism, which is far beyond my realm of expertise.

Now that you're ready to go, turn off "The Monster Mash," tell your snickering guests to shut the eff up, and make sure the room is completely silent. It's go time.

### Summon the Spirit

Everyone in the circle must join hands. Some hands may be disgustingly sweaty because your guests are secretly terrified. Go to the bedroom, get your Summers Eve Vaginal Refreshment wipes, make guests wipe up their nasty little paws, and then connect hands once again. I only associate with sadists, but if any of your guests have special religious beliefs, you should say a blessing beforehand to keep their souls pure.

Now it's really time to get started: The medium should begin to chant: "Our beloved [insert ghouls name here], we ask that you commune with us and move among us." Keep doing this until you get a "sign." It could take the form of a sound, a moving object, or a drop in the room's temperature.

### Re-Evaluate if Spirits Don't Come

You worthless twat!! Try again another time. Maybe the ghosts didn't approve of your drunken giggling. Be sober next time.

This Halloween, if your pansy ass can summon the courage, conduct a séance of your own. Keep your boobs securely covered, your mind open, and hopefully you will have better luck than I did.

\*Douchey: Pennsylvania slang for drunk.###

And now... more of

## The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

From the April 17, 2017 issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

Health officials in tourist-friendly Hawaii are defending themselves from criticism that they have for years downplayed the severity of a rare, brain-invading parasite that has infected dozens on the islands, including a San Francisco couple stricken by the disease on a recent honeymoon.

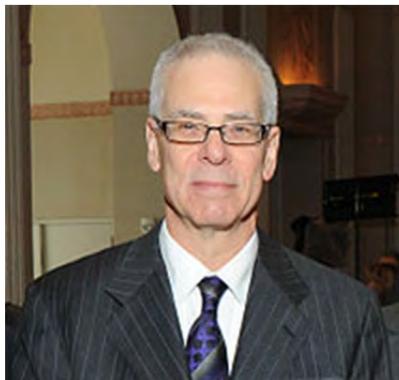
A cluster of rat lungworm cases in Maui caught widespread attention last week when Eliza Lape of San Francisco and her husband, UC Berkeley journalism professor Ben Manilla, revealed they had become severely ill in January after they eloped on the island.

*Glad you're OK, Ben, and congratulations on tying the knot!*

*From the Spring 2015 issue of the San Francisco Herald:*

I rang the door buzzer of a small office in the Mission District. I asked if the Ben Manilla whose name was on the door was the same Ben Manilla who was a DJ at WLIR, the radio station I listened to in the early 1980s back in New York. It was, and Ben was nice enough to put up with me for a few minutes.

As it turns out, Ben moved out west and became a successful radio producer, responsible for the "House of Blues Radio Hour" with Dan Aykroyd (now retitled "Elwood's BluesMobile") and "Philosophy Talk" out of Stanford University.



**Ben Manilla**

I listened to WLIR when it went "New Wave" around 1982. Before that it was "The Radio Station" that played

the Grateful Dead a lot. Though that was when Ben got to be the most creative. "I could play anything - like "The First Family" by Vaughan Meader, then "Breakfast at Tiffany's" by Henry Mancini, a Linda Ronstadt song, followed by Jimi Hendrix," he recalls.

The New Wave format heralded bands like A Flock of Seagulls, The Clash, Berlin, U2, etc. It was more playlist-driven and less creative for a DJ, but - dammit - they were on a mission to bring punk-inspired music to America (or at least Long Island).

I generally preferred the UK bands to the US ones, but Ben disagreed. To him the English ones were all alike ("Tortured British homosexuals with funny hair") while artists like the Talking Heads, X, Patti Smith, the Blasters, and Devo represented a diverse spectrum of American music.

We were getting along fine, until I looked him in the eye and said, "Ben, I have two words for you: Dead Virgins."

He looked puzzled and asked if they were a band.

I told him yes. They were friends of mine. I designed the cover of their record. And when they kept lobbying Ben to play them on his punk show, he told them to quit bugging him - and offered, "Maybe your mothers will listen to it!"

Ben looked more puzzled. Had I spent over 30 years tracking him down to avenge the dignity of the Dead Virgins?

No, I hadn't. As it turns out, I looked the band up online and they moved out west, too - to Utah! Regardless, if Mitt Romney had won the 2012 presidential election I don't think they would have performed at his inaugural.

Ben is a Peabody Award winner and a lecturer at the UC Berkeley Graduate School of Journalism. He's a nice guy, too (despite what the Dead Virgins think of him).###

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