

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

The album I listened to the most in 1990 was probably Sinead O'Connor's *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*. Second was probably *Floating into the Night* by Julee Cruise. Julee's music was dream pop (at least that's what Wikipedia claims it was) and had been featured in the David Lynch movie *Blue Velvet* as well as his TV series *Twin Peaks*. Julee sang, David wrote the lyrics, and the music was composed by Lynch's longtime collaborator Angelo Badalamenti. In May 1990 Andrew "Dice" Clay hosted *Saturday Night Live*, causing cast member Nora Dunn and planned musical guest Sinead O'Connor to boycott the show. They claimed Clay's humor was racist and sexist. Probably anti-gay, too. I forget. Two musical guests were last minute replacements for O'Connor - Spanic Boys (whoever they were) and Julee Cruise. (Julee said she didn't call in sick for her waitressing job that night, she called in famous.) That was about as famous Julee Cruise ever got.



On June 9th, Julee died at age 65. She was in pain from having lupus, which also made it difficult for her to walk or stand. She suffered depression. Her husband is editor of Christian publication *Guideposts* and played the B-52's song "Roam" for her last minutes here.

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**Waking up from "Woke":** Chesa Boudin, our town's "progressive" district attorney who routinely let violent career criminals off the hook (*how "progressive"*) was too much even for San Francisco -- America's most mentally disturbed city -- and recalled from office last month by voters here.

The campaign that opposed the recall claimed it was all the work of wealthy Republicans. The recall was actually led by Mary Jung, the Democrat County Central Committee Chair. So if you're a liberal who voted for the recall, don't feel guilty. It was led by the Democrats -- the party of the slave owners, Jim Crow, and the KKK. Not the Republicans -- the party of Abraham Lincoln and the abolitionists.

If you read my comic this issue about Boudin, you may think I made it all up. But it's based



## SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

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on actual events. None of us are perfect, but as radio pundit Hugh Hewitt put it: Chesa Boudin gives redemption a bad name.

I highly recommend you go to the website for the monthly San Francisco newspaper *Marina Times* ([MarinaTimes.com](http://MarinaTimes.com)) and read what Susan Dyer Reynolds has written about Boudin. You won't believe the violent people he let back on the streets.

Also, don't believe the jive the Boudin defenders (*like the Chronicle and the Examiner*) shoveled at us: That crime is down in San Francisco since he's been D.A. That's a statistical anomaly. A lot less victims of crime file police reports now and the cops don't bother to forward cases to the D.A. because they know he won't do anything. Boudin's defenders claimed that despite Walgreens and CVS shutting down almost all their stores due to shoplifting, there were actually few reported thefts. Yes, "reported" thefts. They gave up on the D.A. just like citizens and the cops did. Why did they hire all those security guards recently? And would there be all those signs in parked cars claiming there's nothing valuable in them if crime was down? I'm convinced I'm the only person who pays fare on MUNI, and turnstile jumpers on BART act as if no one will stop them, because no one will. From Geary to Mission --- does anyone on those disgusting, dirty streets look like they have an ounce of respect for the law?

Our criminal justice system isn't perfect, nothing is. Boudin would routinely decry how unjust it was, which is odd. Because after Boudin graduated law school, he went to Venezuela to work with its Marxist leader Hugo Chavez, who would routinely have the police attack people who handed out leaflets that criticized his government, among numerous other human rights atrocities. Boudin was also a fan of Cuban communist revolutionary/ capitalist T-shirt icon Che Guevara, who claimed, "To send men to the firing squad, judicial proof is unnecessary. These procedures are an archaic bourgeois detail."

Don't give up on redemption for Chesa.###

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## "Falling in Love" and Other Disasters By Ace Backwords

I remember the first woman I ever fell in love with. I mean REALLY fell in love with. Where I thought about her obsessively every day for over a year. I was 21 and she was 19 when I first met her. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Then or now. She was almost supernaturally beautiful. She was so angelic. Almost otherworldly. She was so beautiful you'd do a double-take when you looked at her, like you couldn't believe somebody that beautiful could actually exist in this world, like maybe it was an illusion or something, a trick of the lighting.

It was almost entirely an "unrequited love" thing. She lived on the east coast and I lived on the west coast. And aside from that she was way out of my class. So it was hopeless. But that didn't stop me from being obsessively in love with her. That was the truly cruel thing about it. I couldn't turn it off. Even as I couldn't turn it on. I couldn't turn off the hopeless longing and all the suffering that went with it. . . It was one of those things that was so powerful, I knew it could drive me to my doom if I didn't manage to keep some kind of grip on my feelings. I thought she was the answer to everything I was looking for in my life.

I remember I wrote her a letter one time. I spent several weeks composing that letter. It was only two pages long -- handwritten -- but I wanted to make sure it was just right. I wrote several drafts. I made up a couple of jokes, these humorous quips, that I hoped would impress her. Along with several allegedly clever and witty observations. And I strived to make sure my handwriting looked cool. Finally, I mailed the letter off to her. Then I waited for weeks and weeks for her response. I'd wait for the mailman to show up every day -- pacing back and forth in my apartment in anticipation. Only to be disappointed, day after day after day, week after week, when nothing showed up in my mailbox. Finally one day, a letter from her appeared in my mailbox. Like magic. I almost couldn't believe it. I read that letter over and over. Looking desperately for any possible clues that she might love me too. But I could tell it was hopeless. I may have been delusional, but I wasn't THAT deluded.

After over a year of this obsessive madness, one day I met this other beautiful woman and fell in love with her. And it's like I instantly transferred all the feelings I had for this one woman, to this other woman. And instantly forgot about her. Which was weird. After compulsively thinking about her, day after day, for over a year, it just stopped. Like she no longer existed. This power that she had had over me completely evaporated. Just like that.

About 15 years later, I ran into her one day out of the blue. I was walking down the Ave and she called out to me. She was visiting Berkeley and she just happened to recognize me as she passed by, and stopped and said hello. It all happened so quickly and unexpectedly, I couldn't really process it. But there she was standing before me. This specter from my past. She was still very

beautiful. And she had her 12 year old son with her, this handsome young blonde boy. We stood there on the sidewalk for a couple of minutes making small talk. "How ya doin'?" "Blah blah blah." And then I quickly made up some excuse to rush off and got out of there as fast as I could. I didn't want to prolong the interaction. Maybe because I had already suffered so much over this person, I didn't want to allow for any openings that would bring more suffering. Like a reformed heroin addict suddenly being offered another hit of heroin. Or maybe after all the times I had felt rejected by her, I wanted some small vestige that I was rejecting her first.

Every now and then, over the years, I would wonder whatever had happened to her. How her life had turned out. And who the lucky man was that had won her in the end. Somehow I couldn't help wondering about him, too. Who was the one who had succeeded at the one thing I had most wanted to succeed at?? . . . I knew a couple of people who were mutual friends between me and her. But I never asked them about her over the years. Even though I was curious. For one thing, it was none of my business. And maybe I didn't want to know, either.

Anyways, a couple of months ago I actually, accidentally found out what had happened to her. Turns out she had married this guy a couple of years after I had first met her. They had a couple of kids and settled down. He was a bit older than her, but from what I was told, they were happily married for the first 20 years or so. And then it mostly went sour. Turns out, they're STILL married to this day. Though for quite some time she's described their relationship as "just roommates." The only reason they stay together is because they jointly own the house and they'd lose the house if they split up. . . A friend of mine who knows them described him as "arrogant and obnoxious" and "I never could understand what she saw in him, she could have had anybody."

And I guess that's life. It often doesn't work out for anybody. Even the ones who could have had anybody. And all that "love" stuff often doesn't make a damn bit of sense if you ask me.###

*Herald Archives: Maybe 2000, 2001, or 2002.*

## **Helen By Lee Vilensky**

There comes a time in every cab driver's career, and not too far into it (if they're paying attention), when he (or she) must make a choice. Play it straight, or accept the blatant opportunities for deceit. The short con. The invitation to relieve customers of small sums of cash, or merchandise, above and beyond the cab fare.

The opportunities arise with surprising frequency, and it's usually something as simple as a European tourist mistaking a hundred dollar bill for a ten, or a camera left on the backseat. People like to exit the cab without their cell phones, laptops, attaches, wallets, and in one case, 5 year old daughter. Occasions may arise when you'll want to add on special tariffs, such as late night fees,

zone charges, or baggage handling fees. You can make up your own additional charges, and/or not even turn on the meter, and name your price. Out-of-towners are afraid of cabbies. They think we're all crazy, when in fact only 75% of us are. They'll pay anything. It's all expensed anyway. Hell, they know the score, but they cough up the money, with a gratuity on top. The back of your head scares them senseless, and fear = money.

I was an honest cabbie for the first couple of years, adhering to the ethics taught to me by my parents, and other annoying authority figures of my youth. This couldn't last. It seemed as though certain customers were BEGGING me to rip them off. An older cab driver explained this phenomenon in the following manner; "People make themselves victims, until they're victimized. Once victimized, they can affirm their 'delusions of persecution', thus making sense of their lives, and keeping their logic circular." Well, this guy was just a thief, but I liked his Psych 101 view of the world. I needed a reason to steal from my customers, and this one would just have to do. I began dabbling, then finally surrendering to the grift. Once shedding the nagging dogma of guilt, ethics, morals, and karma, my income increased by 30%. Past the barriers of taboo lay freedom, and I felt... free.

One evening, I picked up a woman on Geary Street near Mason. She was probably in her mid-fifties, well-heeled, and massively drunk. It took her 3 attempts to get into the cab, a maneuver that I'd always taken for granted as being fairly easy. This woman made it look like she was trying to mount a wild, bucking, mule deer. I had to get out and close the door for her, which annoyed me because I'm lazy. She was sprawled out on the back seat, with her dress pulled up to her waist, and her eyes rolled back into a big, puffy face. Her hair... well, let's not even talk about her hair. In one hand she clutched a Nordstrom's bag, in the other an umbrella. This was around late September, and it hadn't rained in 4 or 5 months. One shoe seemed to have gotten misplaced during her busy day, thus completing her Bukowski pin-up girl ensemble. She told me her name was Helen, and politely asked me to carry her to 6th Avenue and Clement. Halfway there she started rambling some alcohol-induced nonsense, so I turned up the Giants game and tried to ignore her as best I could. At some point, she managed to communicate to me that she'd had too much to drink, and was in some sort of trouble. As it turned out, the address at 6th and Clement was an alcohol detox halfway house that her husband had sent her to. A place for rich ladies to dry out, without the neighbors watching.

Apparently Helen had been a model inmate for 6 months, and was rewarded with a shopping day, downtown, unchaperoned. She hopped on the 38 Geary bus, and took it down to Market Street, then walked 2 blocks to Nordy's and bought a lovely blouse. Helen then went to a bar and had about, oh I'd say, 14 vodka gimlets, or as Helen explained it, "I like vodka gimlets a lot." And a lot is just the way she enjoyed them on this night. I guess she thought she could sneak a couple, and stay in control, but 6 months made Helen very thirsty. As we neared her destination,

Helen began to cry, and asked me if I would drive her around until she sobered up. I told her it would take too long, and I walked her out of my cab. Helen argued that she could pay me for my time, and pulled a wad of twenties that barely fit in her hand, and she had big hands. I suggested a motel where we could cool out, watch a little TV, and maybe have a cocktail. She thought this was a wonderful idea, and started kissing my neck.

After stocking up at a liquor store, I drove down to 18th and Geary, site of the Geary Sunrest Motel. This was an older motel, in the middle of a residential neighborhood, and I'd always wondered who the hell stayed there. Now I knew. I told Helen that I would handle the negotiations, and secure us a room at a reasonable rate. The room was \$50, I told her it was \$70, I was up \$20. After we got settled in, Helen took off her shoe and stockings, and I noticed that she had beautiful feet. Small, even toes, with freshly painted nails, lovely high arches, supporting well-turned ankles. Well, I've never been what you'd call a "foot freak", but Helen's were giving me unexpected stirrings. I pulled her off the bed and kissed her. She tasted sour, like Rose's lime juice, and smelled of Shalimar and death, so I pushed her back on the bed, and reverted to Plan A.

I fixed her a strong drink, turned on the tube, got her comfy on the bed, and repaired to the bathroom. I turned on the shower, waited 10 minutes, and returned to the room. She was snoring like I imagined Jackie Gleason snored, and I started looking for the money. After searching her bag and clothes, I concluded that it was in the bed, on her person. Helen didn't trust me. I removed the blanket and sheet and she was clad only in salmon colored, matching bra and panties. Quite lovely. She turned her head towards me, said, "Harold", and resumed snoring. I couldn't find the money anywhere, and I was losing my nerve. I was not this kind of thief, the aggressor making the victim, as opposed to a victim forcing me into the role of aggressor. This was a felony with serious consequences. The man at the desk got a very good look at me, and my cab, which was parked right across from the office, had large numbers all over it. I could leave now, a Good Samaritan, scot-free. Suddenly I felt a wave of tremendous relief, warm blood flowing through my recently cold heart. Catharsis. I wanted to be a good person, from that point onward, in the cab, out of the cab, with friends, family, strangers, acquaintances, children, pets. I was going to start replacing my "bad karma" point total with "good karma" points. Take about 2 years, tops, to get back to ground zero, I quickly calculated. It was so simple. I had no intention of going to the penitentiary, and wiping my ass in front of several other men. I reached under Helen's pillow, and found the wad, the only place it could be. I stared at it and smiled, laughing (to myself) at its impotence. I was stronger than fate, unimpressed with circumstance, impervious to temptation. I peeled off 3 twenties, for my time, and replaced the bills under the pillow.

I left Helen in that room, dreaming her dreams, struggling even in sleep, to hang onto a world spinning too fast. I guess no one had ever told Helen about gravity.###

COVID-19 GUIDELINES  
FOR THIS EVENT

TO ENTER YOU MUST  
WEAR A MASK  
THAT DOESN'T WORK  
AND HAVE PROOF  
OF VACCINATION  
THAT DOESN'T WORK

GOOD CLEAN FUN  
WRITTEN, DRAWN & © 2022  
BY GENE MAHONEY

"CRIME AND NO PUNISHMENT"  
OR  
"CRIME DOESN'T PAY (THAT BAD)"

YOU'RE ON!

OKAY...  
HERE I  
GO...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
WELCOME TO...

OH NO! PLEASE FORGIVE ME!  
ALL POSSIBLE GENDERS IN  
THE UNIVERSE, WELCOME TO THE  
CHESA BOUDIN CITIZEN OF  
THE YEAR AWARD!

AS YOU'RE PAINFULLY AWARE,  
CHESA BOUDIN, OUR PROGRESSIVE  
DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WAS RECALLED  
FROM OFFICE BY THE FASCIST PIG  
VOTERS OF SAN FRANCISCO RECENTLY.  
UNFORTUNATELY, CHESA CAN'T BE  
HERE TONIGHT. HE'S IN HIDING.

SO I WILL BE THE HOST  
OF TONIGHT'S FESTIVITIES.  
I NEED NO INTRODUCTION.  
MY NAME IS CHANTEUSE,  
FORMER HOST OF "O' GAY CAN  
YOU SEE: HOMOPHOBIA IN AMERIKA"  
ON KPFA RADIO IN BERKELEY  
AND FORMER BATH-HOUSE EDITOR  
FOR THE  
BAY GUARDIAN  
DEFUNCT  
NEWSPAPER

AND NOW, FELLOW PROGRESSIVES...  
"FELLOW"? I DID IT AGAIN!  
PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

FIRST, SOME HONORABLE MENTIONS  
BEFORE THE BIG AWARD!

THAT'S RIGHT... I'M TALKING  
ABOUT ALL THOSE FENTANYL  
DEALERS THAT CHESA WOULDN'T  
PROSECUTE SO THEY COULD  
PAY OFF THEIR DRUG TRAFFICKERS  
IN HONDURAS! VIVA CHESA!  
LET'S GIVE THEM A HAND!

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

AND NOW... THE BIG PRIZE.  
THE WINNER OF THE CHESA BOUDIN  
CITIZEN OF THE YEAR AWARD...  
TROY McALISTER!

HERE'S HIS STORY. "HIS"?  
I NEED TO GO TO PRONOUN REHAB.

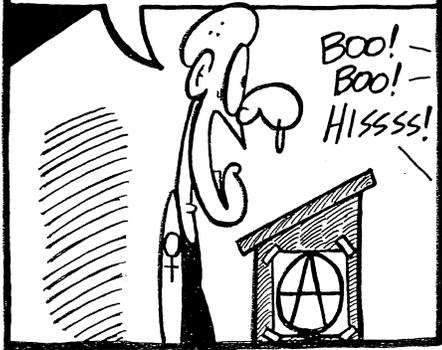
CLAP  
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TROY!

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

TROY GREW UP IN A  
MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD,  
ATTENDED PRIVATE SCHOOLS,  
AND HAS A COLLEGE GRADUATE  
BROTHER WHO WORKS IN  
HIGH TECH. THE CARDS  
WERE STACKED AGAINST HIM.

WHEN TROY WAS ARRESTED FOR ROBBING TWO WOMEN AT GUNPOINT, HE WAS FACING 25 YEARS TO LIFE IN PRISON, MERELY FOR HIS 25 YEAR CRIMINAL RECORD. (ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF MASS INCARCERATION IN THIS POLICE STATE OF OURS.)



BOO! —  
BOO! —  
HISSSS!

BUT CHESA BOUDIN ARRANGED FOR A PLEA BARGAIN THAT SET POOR TROY FREE FOR TIME SERVED AWAITING TRIAL IN COUNTY JAIL!

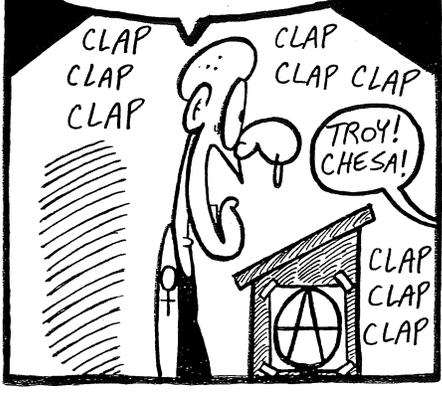


HOORAY!

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

CHESA!

TROY HAD TO ENDURE THE INDIGNITY OF BEING ARRESTED FIVE MORE TIMES OVER THE NEXT NINE MONTHS! ~~SOB~~ HOWEVER, CHESA FILED NO NEW CHARGES!



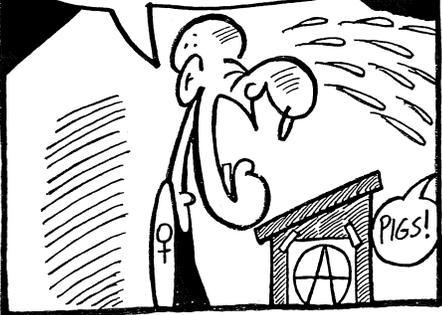
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CLAP  
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TROY!  
CHESA!

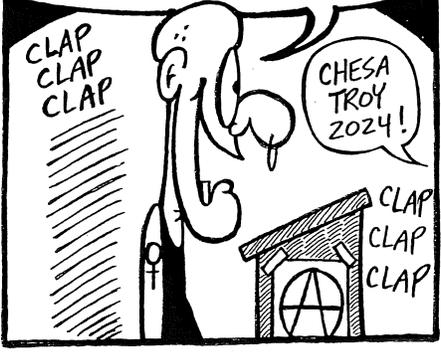
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DURING ONE OF THOSE ARRESTS, TROY HAD TO ENDURE HIS ARRESTING OFFICERS SENDING A NOTE TO CHESA THAT ACTUALLY READ: "THIS SUSPECT IS DANGEROUS. HE HAS 73 FELONIES AND 34 MISDEMEANORS IN SAN FRANCISCO ALONE."



PIGS!

BUT CHESA RELEASED TROY! HE RELEASED TROY FOR THIS REASON: HE GOT HIS HIGH SCHOOL EQUIVALENCY DIPLOMA IN JAIL!

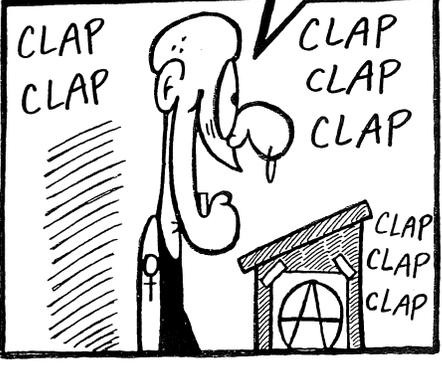


CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

CHESA  
TROY  
2024!

CLAP  
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CLAP

TROY McALISTER!  
COME UP HERE AND ACCEPT YOUR CHESA BOUDIN CITIZEN OF THE YEAR AWARD!

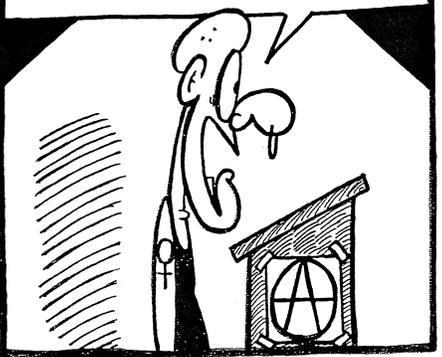


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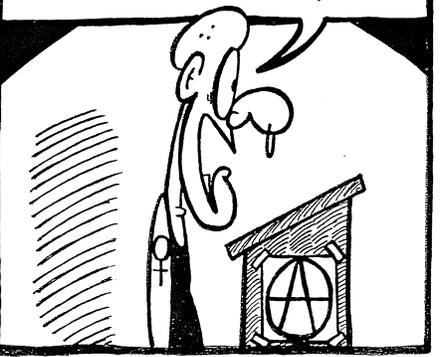
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CLAP  
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CLAP

OH, UH... I'VE BEEN INFORMED THAT TROY CAN'T BE HERE TONIGHT BECAUSE HE'S IN JAIL FOR STEALING A CAR AND KILLING TWO WOMEN IN A CROSSWALK. TROY, WE'RE ALL PRAYING FOR YOU HERE.



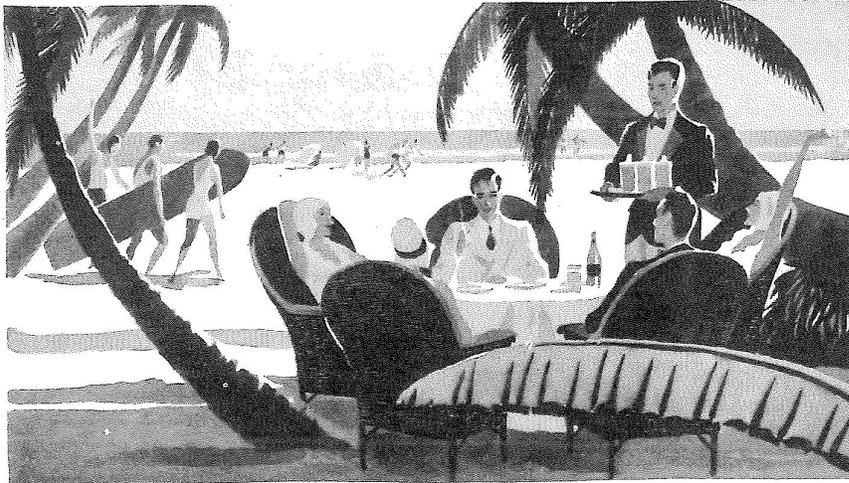
OH, AND SECURITY HAS INFORMED ME THAT THEY CAUGHT SOMEONE IN THE PARKING LOT WHO SMASHED OUR CAR WINDOWS AND STOLE OUR VALUABLES INSIDE. SO WE'RE ALL FOR SHOWING THAT CHESA COMPASSION AND NOT PRESSING CHARGES, RIGHT?



SHOOT THE PRICK!  
KILL HIM!  
HANG HIM!  
DISMEMBER HIM!



**E  
A  
T**



**D  
R  
I  
N  
K**

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Great local bar; large  
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shuffleboard, Pliny on  
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bottled drink, no mix &  
match, \$20 daily.

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espresso at integrated  
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