

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

Hear from candidates for San Francisco mayor you haven't heard from. Saturdays, 1PM-3PM at the Hidalgo Monument atop Dolores Park.

At the Warfield: The Dead South, 8/15. Bikini Kill, 8/18-19. Iration & Pepper, 9/7.



Nice country. Lousy service.

Ever hear those radio commercials for Shreve & Company Jewelers on Post Street? They used to boast that it was “the most beautiful store in the world.” Now they’re begging people to buy their jewelry and they’re practically giving it away at “embarrassing prices.” They’re selling it cheaply because the store is closing down after being there for 172 years.

Congratulations to the bums and drug addicts in the Union Square area! You guys drove a nearly 200 year old business away. The Civil War couldn't do it. The San Francisco Earthquake of 1906 couldn't do it. World War I couldn't do it. The Spanish Flu Epidemic that lasted from 1918 to 1920 couldn't do it. The Great Depression couldn't do it. Even World War II couldn't do it. That's right! Adolf Hitler, the evil genius who almost took over the world couldn't do it – but you guys did! Hey, who says all the accomplishments in California are happening in Silicon Valley?

And a big shout-out to the powers-that-be in numerous cities across the country that buy their bums and drug addicts one-way bus tickets to San Francisco just to get rid of them. You helped make it happen, too.

I was going to urge readers not to vote for any candidate in the upcoming mayoral election who wants to expand the number of homeless shelters, but they all do. And do people working in the homeless industrial



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complex really want to solve the homeless problem and give up their six figure salaries? The more we spend on the homeless the more of them will come here for the free booze and other goodies we give them.

I don't mean homeless people who lose their places to live due to fires, floods, earthquakes, or medical catastrophes. Even the ones who made some poor decisions but are trying to get it together. Or the people who live in their vehicles, shower at the gym, and go to work each day so they can save their money instead of throwing it away on high priced rent. I'm talking about the bums and drug addicts ingesting drugs on the street, shoplifting, and breaking into cars.

A big step in discouraging the bums, drug addicts, and thieves who have turned the most beautiful city in America into the biggest toilet in the country would be to have zero tolerance for fare evasion on Muni.

By the way, if you're a fare evader, I don't want you reading this newsletter. If you repent and start paying, you can read it again.

Recently the city announced that due to 20% of Muni riders evading fares, it will double the number of fare inspectors on buses.

Yes, you read that last paragraph correctly. 20% of Muni riders evade fares? More like 20% pay fares. Double the number of fare inspectors? I must see two a year, tops. And sometimes they don't even do anything.

Yes, there will be growing pains. There will be times when somebody refuses to pay and everyone on the bus will have to wait until he or she exits. Yes, there will be people who claim they're being thrown off the bus not due to fare evasion but due to racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, Islamophobia, whatever-it-is-today-phobia, whatever-it'll-be-tomorrow-phobia, etc. But in the long run

it will be worth it. What percentage of the people who cause problems on Muni and make bus trips miserable for everyone pay fares versus don't pay fares? It's probably *mostly* the latter.

“Bad men cannot make good citizens,” said Patrick Henry, the first governor of Virginia (the “Give me liberty or give me death!” guy). We're not going to have a good Muni, a good city, or a good state without good citizens.

So contact Muni, over and over if you have to. Tell them it's not fair that you pay your fare while these other bums don't. Be firm but polite. Don't act like a nut-job. Then again, if you're a nut-job you probably evade fares so it wouldn't be in your best interest to end fare evasion. Also, a letter mailed to Muni (at 1 S. Van Ness Avenue, SF, CA 94103) would probably have the same impact as 200 emails.

In 1962 California replaced New York as the nation's most populous state. Texas is projected to replace California as the nation's most populous state in 2045. It's going to happen a lot sooner if we don't get a handle on things like this. Remember the most infamous story ever published in the Herald – “The Roommate from Hell” by James Dylan? This is becoming the City from Hell.

Crime here became rampant when California voters approved Proposition 47, which drastically reduced criminal penalties. Some people got a second chance, but a LOT of crooks figured they could get away with almost anything. Proposition 47 was dreamed up by Tim Silard, who ran alternative sentencing programs for then-California Attorney General Kamala Harris, who called 47 the Safe Neighborhoods and Schools Act.

Kamala Harris. Whatever happened to her?

Joltin' Joe, Marilyn Monroe and Me

By James Dylan

OK, hear me out; I know it's a weird flex, but this is what happened.

I was living in San Francisco back in the mid-'90s, and was dating a cute woman that I shared a class with. We were both older students; I was 30, and she was in her early 40s. I was more mature than my age, as I had already been married, had two kids, gotten divorced, joined the military, travelled all over Europe (and even lived there for a few years), so the age difference wasn't an issue.

Let's call her Opal, since I don't want to embarrass her.

Opal was a single mother, she had a teenaged daughter who was BFF with a very famous and rich person's daughter, and I had been at their apartment more than once when an SUV limo would pull up outside and Opal's daughter would run out and get in and take off. I asked Opal if she wasn't worried about her daughter, and she replied "Why? Both the nanny and an armed bodyguard are in the SUV with her."

But that's not the story here; the real story is...

A long time ago, in 1954, the great Joe DiMaggio, one of the best baseball players ever, married one of the most womanly women in all of womandom on the planet, Marilyn Monroe. The ceremony took place at San Francisco City Hall, just blocks away from where Opal lived (ironically, Monroe originally did not want to meet DiMaggio, fearing he was a stereotypically arrogant athlete).



It was a short marriage, only 9 months, because evidently DiMaggio WAS a stereotypically arrogant athlete, also an insecure guy who wanted Marilyn to basically stay home, not see her friends, or go to South Korea and perform for the American troops, etc. They were divorced and they both went their separate ways.

Fast forward to 1977 and Opal was 18 and working in Vegas as a cocktail waitress at a famous casino, and in walks Joltin' Joe. Now, Joe was rich, famous, and most importantly Italian, so the casino (and the Italian mob guys that ran it) loved him, and wanted to make sure he was happy. So when he noticed Opal and called her over to chat, they pulled her aside and made it clear (*wink wink*) that they wanted Joe (*wink wink*) to be happy (*wink wink*).

Well, long story short, Opal was Joe's mistress for several years. I just want to say that I certainly don't judge Opal for hooking up with Joe, as she told me she was forced to

by the casino bosses, and she knew who she was dealing with. Hey, this was the '70s. She did, however, say that after a few months she actually learned to like Joe and enjoyed being his arm candy. She was a young, naive girl, and more importantly, struggling, and he helped her out financially, so good for her.

So this is where my weird flex comes in. First, as a baseball fan, I like the idea that DiMaggio and I shared the same girlfriend! The great Joltin' Joe DiMaggio Yankee Clippered my girlfriend!

The same guy that banged Marilyn Monroe also banged my girlfriend! How many guys can say they are two/three degrees of separation on the STD chart from Marilyn Monroe? And one degree from Joe DiMaggio?

Honestly, I've no idea how many mistresses or girlfriends Joe had after Marilyn, so there could be hundreds of us guys and dolls out there. But as a huge fan of baseball, Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe, I'm proud to be connected in some odd, perverted way. Hey, I take what I can get.

I know it sounds weird, but I'm sure many people out there worship at least one person that they idolize so much, they would let them have sex with their partner! Come on, ladies... how many of you out there like Taylor Swift so much that you would share your partner with her, at least for a short while? And you wouldn't enjoy telling your girlfriends that your significant other is sleeping with Taylor Swift?

And guys, you're telling me that you'd get mad if Tom Brady was the third member of your relationship? Hell, if you came home and Tom was there after having sex with your significant other, that you wouldn't high-five him and offer him a beer? And then brag about it to your friends later? "I'm not even mad, bro!" Me being a guy, I'd probably be jealous.###

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Telegraph from Berkeley

Man's search for lunch at the Panda Express

By Ace Backwards

Sometimes it seems like the whole world is going crazy. Nothing runs smoothly anymore. And simple transactions turn into bizarre rituals.... Case in point:

Once a week I like to go to Panda Express. Simply because it's one of the few places on the Ave where you can get vegetables other than french fries. And I'm told from reliable sources that vegetables are allegedly good for

you. So once a week I like to go to Panda Express and load up on broccoli and eggplant.

But for some reason I always have problems every time I try to order my lunch there. Usually there's a long line — which always drives me nuts. And there's invariably some kind of confusion with the servers (the last two times I was there they got my order all wrong). Part of the confusion is because I sense that English is the second or third language with most of the servers. On top of that, they all speak very softly, so it's hard to hear them over the din of the crowd. And then they have this odd system — like an assembly line — where one person takes your order, and then she passes your plate to a second server who does part of your order, who passes it to a third server to complete your order, who passes it to the cashier to ring you up. So mixed signals and confusion can take place at any juncture of the transaction.

But today I figured I lucked out. There's almost no line ahead of me, because it's Summer Break and all the students are gone, so there's only two people ahead of me on line. So I figure, this should go smoothly.

But NOOOOO!!! (as they say).

After I get my order filled I look up and realize that there's nobody manning the cash register. Which, needless to say, is a crucial cog in the process. So I stand there for 10 minutes, wondering: "What the...?" Finally, the cashier shows up. But instead of ringing up the people on line in front of me, she starts ringing up these other people who are showing up. They show the cashier their cellphones and she goes off to retrieve their orders (apparently these are people who have "ordered on-line" — something I've never done myself — but for some reason they get priority over the people waiting in line in person).

FINALLY, the cashier gets around to ringing up the guy in front of me. But wouldn't you just KNOW it?? At THAT point, the guy starts fumbling around in his pockets looking for his money to pay his bill. He's been standing there for 20 minutes with his head up his ass doing nothing. But only at this late date does he decide that it would be a swell idea to start looking for his money. He pulls out a couple of bills from one pocket. Pulls out a couple more bills from another pocket. Takes out his wallet to see what's in there. Opens his backpack to retrieve some more money from in there. Lays out all of his bills and change on the counter. And starts counting it up. . . At this point I want to KILL this guy (and no jury in America would convict me).

Finally, after several lifetimes, the cashier rings up my order. I hand her a 20 dollar bill.

And she says: "Sorry, I can't give you any change."

"WHAT????!!!" I said (those were my exact words: WHAT????!!!).

She repeats: "I'm sorry, we can't give you any cash change."

At this point I'm at the end of my rope (I got my own mental problems aside from dealing with this stuff). I turn and start storming towards the exit. The cashier calls out to me. Points at my to-go plate of food. I head back to the register. Evidently she's had a change of heart. I hand her the 20 and she has just enough cash in the register to give me back my change.

But the story at least has a happy ending. I'm now sitting here eating my damn broccoli and eggplant. One more triumph of the human spirit.

The End

Words from our Sponsors

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.

Gastroboteats, 1096 Union (at Leavenworth), www.gastroboteats.com, (415) 307-6141. Modern street food, new-style green salads, soups and stews. Delivery or take-out.

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

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Herald Archives: Early 2000s

Rope Me and Ride Me!

By Lee Vilensky

It must have been around '94, or '95, and I was third in line at The Stud. Around 1:00 AM a young man stumbled out the front door, and up to the first cab. He was tall and thin, around 22 years old, and a dead ringer for Iggy Pop, circa '73. He was wearing a pink cowboy hat, a cut-off t-shirt with some writing on it, and nothing else, and by

nothing else I mean no pants, underwear, shoes, socks, watch.

I remember thinking that cowboy boots would have been a nice touch. The first cab driver waved him away, barely looking up from his newspaper. The second driver shook his head violently (side to side, not up and down), and drove away, in what seemed like indignation. Even his cab looked pissed off. So now it was on me. Seems like I'm always dealing with the nuts. I'll be 6th in line at the Hyatt Regency, the first five cabs get business people, I get the 70-year-old man dressed like Mary Poppins, smelling of urine. Billy the Kid walked up to the passenger window, I hit the door locks, raised the window to a 2 inch crack, and thought, No way this guy gets in my cab, but let's see what he's got to say for himself.

He didn't say anything, just held a piece of paper up to the window. On the paper were a name, a phone number, and an address in Concord, CA., with directions to the address written out, and a little map. I asked him if he needed a ride to Concord. He shook his head up and down. I told him to "move along little doggie." He produced a cell phone, from where I don't even want to think about, dialed a number, and motioned for me to lower the window and take the phone from him, which I did. What the hell, I was now in it for a laugh, and maybe a story at the cab yard. You can never have too many good stories to tell the fellas, and this one had all the earmarks of a beaut. I put the phone to my ear and there was already a woman on the line yelling, "Hello, Hello?"

Me: Hello.

Woman: Hello?

Me: Hello.

Woman: Hello, who is this?

Me: I'm a San Francisco cab driver. Who's this?

Woman: Oh, hello. I'm Billy's mother, Mrs. _____. Is Billy there with you?

Me: I don't know. Was Billy wearing a t-shirt that read, "If you can rope me, you can ride me" the last time you saw him?

Mrs. _____: Yes, yes. That's him. Can you drive him home, to Concord?

Me: Ma'am, we're in San Francisco. That's a long, expensive ride, approximately \$95, plus bridge tolls.

Mrs. _____: That's fine. Just bring him home and I'll pay you.

Me: He's not wearing any pants. ANY pants, and he's high on what seems to be a volatile combination of drugs, alcohol, life.

Mrs. _____: Oh, he won't give you any problems, I promise. Billy is just..... a free spirit.

Me: Ma'am, if he soils the cab, in any way, you will be held responsible, which means you will clean up the mess, plus pay a \$50 cleaning charge on top of the \$95 fare, plus all bridge tolls.

Mrs. _____: I understand completely. Let me talk to Billy.

I handed Billy the phone and he talked to Mom for about 2 minutes. Actually he didn't utter a word. He just nodded his head up and down, up and down. I wondered why this guy couldn't, or wouldn't, speak. Was he an honest to goodness mute; too high for vocalization; involved in some sort of protest, or religious ritual? I didn't care anymore that he was naked and his balls and ass were going to be rubbing against my nice clean interior (rear seat). Why the hell didn't he say something? It's always the little shit that'll drive you mad.

I unlocked the doors, and Billy started to get in the front with me, but I immediately, and emphatically, pointed to the back. He handed me the well-worn Xerox with instructions to his house, and got in back. The ride was completely uneventful. Billy behaved himself, although I kept my rear view mirror aimed at him the whole way. I was waiting for the meat cleaver, although I noticed that he didn't seem to have one when he got in. But I'm not one to let my guard down. He stayed awake the whole time, never spoke, and barely moved.

The directions were impeccable, and I pulled up to the address within 45 minutes after leaving The Stud. Mom was out the door and handing me cash before I could turn off the meter. She gave me \$105, thanked me, grabbed Billy, and went inside their house. I drove 2 blocks, pulled over, turned on my dome light and inspected the rear seat. It was clean. I remember it was a warm night in Concord, much warmer than in the city, and I took a moment to enjoy the balmy air. I thought about a couple of things that I no longer recall at this time, then leaned over and smelled the approximate location where Billy had been sitting.

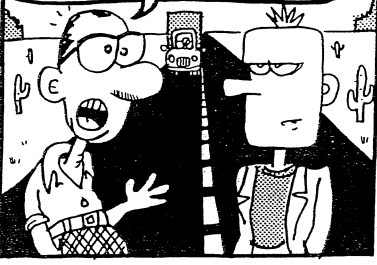
I shouldn't have done that.###

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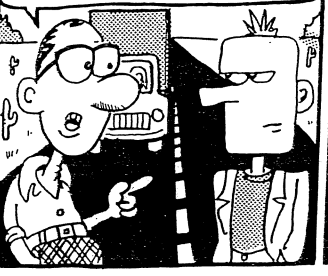
TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1990

METAPHYSICS EXPLAINED

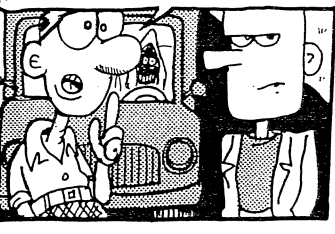
PHILOSOPHICALLY SPEAKING, I BELIEVE THAT THE HIGHWAY IS A SYMBOLIC METAPHOR FOR THE VERY JOURNEY OF LIFE ITSELF!!



FURTHERMORE... THE ON-COMING MACK TRUCK SYMBOLIZES THE INEVITABILITY OF DEATH ITSELF!! WE CAN RUN BUT EVENTUALLY IT WILL CATCH US!



WHILE WE'RE ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE WE HAVE THE FREE WILL TO DECIDE WHETHER WE WANT TO HAVE BRILLIANT, SUCCESSFUL EXISTENCES... OR WHETHER WE WANT TO BE FLATTENED INTO PANCAKES FOR NO APPARENT REA—



...FOR EXAMPLE... I HAVE OPTED FOR THE FLATNESS OF EXISTENCE....



SORTA' MAKES YA THINK, DON'T IT!

GOOD CLEAN FUN Written, Drawn, & ©2024 by Gene Mahoney "Stan the Man"

THAT STAN PICKER FELLA... THE WEIRDEST GUY I EVER MET.



HE WENT TO AN AA MEETING AND SAID, "MY NAME IS STAN AND I'M NOT SURE THAT I'M AN ALCOHOLIC." EVERYBODY GOT MAD AND YELLED "SURE YOU ARE! YOU ARE SO!" HE ASKED HOW WOULD THEY KNOW. SOON AFTER, A BRAWL ENSUED. HALF THE PEOPLE THERE WERE SO FREAKED THEY HIT THE SAUCE AGAIN.



HE'D GO TO BARS DRESSED IN DRAG, AND TELL WOMEN THAT THERE WAS THIS RED HOT LOVER NAMED STAN PICKER, AND OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF HER HEART, SHE WAS GIVING THEM HIS BUSINESS CARDS, AND THAT THEY SHOULD CALL HIM, SO THEY COULD EXPERIENCE ECSTASY. THOUGH THE WOMEN ALL THOUGHT HE WAS A DRAG QUEEN AND NEVER CALLED HIM.



HE BOUGHT A HOUSE AND PUT A BIG SIGN OF A FAKE BUSINESS OUT FRONT. PEOPLE WOULD ENTER, THINKING IT WAS A REAL BUSINESS. THEN HE'D TELL THEM IT WAS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE AND FOR THEM TO GET OUT BEFORE HE CALLS THE COPS.



AND GET THIS... HE WENT UP TO A GUY, PUNCHED HIM IN THE FACE, AND WHEN THE GUY HIT HIM BACK, STAN YELLED "CEASE-FIRE NOW!"



THAT STAN PICKER FELLA... THE WEIRDEST GUY I EVER MET.

