

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

Live music Sundays at 5PM at Bird & Beckett Books over in Glen Park.

At the Warfield: Lucky Dave, 7/11. Ken Carson, 7/23-24. The Gaslight Anthem, 8/2. That Girl Lay Lay, 8/3. Dweezil Zappa, 8/4.

I was in the city's West Portal neighborhood for the first time in a while recently and decided to say hello to the hairdresser I used when I lived in San Francisco years ago. She worked at Grateful Head Hair Salon and sadly, the owner informed me she passed away on February 15th. She was around 77. Her name was Laurie Hollis, and she was lovely, refined, and to put it plainly – very nice. Rest in peace, Laurie.

I never knew him, but Roger Corman died recently at age 98. He was very dapper and urbane, not whom you would think of as “The King of Schlock” – a producer/director known for the 1960 movie *The Little Shop of Horrors* – a dark comedy about a man-eating plant (later made into an off-Broadway musical and a big-budget Hollywood musical). I liked it but apparently that was his opus. Most of the time Corman was quickly banging out low-budget horror films like *Attack of the Crab Monsters*, *It Conquered the World*, and *A Bucket of Blood*.

Rats attack a hamburger joint. Wasn't that the plot to one of Corman's movies? Oh no, actually that was on the news recently. And where was it? I'll give you a hint – the only city in the Bay Area more screwed up than San Francisco. That's right! Oakland. That city in the East Bay is such an esteem-booster for San Franciscans. Like an unemployed alcoholic looking down on a violent meth-head who has a rap sheet a mile long.

Apparently workers at a McDonald's in Oakland were so fed up with rats infesting their dining establishment that they went on strike – walking a picket line while yelling in Spanish. Viva however you say “the workers of McDonald's” in Spanish!

Then there was this guy who got his truck stolen in Redwood City and used a GPS tracker to locate it. He found it in Oakland at 3:45 AM and called the cops there. They told him they were busy. I think I heard this guy was in the Marines for 17 years, too. Thank you for your service from the OPD.

Last year it was reported that in Oakland one car is stolen for every thirty residents there.



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The poet Gertrude Stein was rumored to have written the line “There’s no there there” about her hometown of Oakland. Well, Gertrude, there’s no baseball team, football team, or basketball team there either. Oakland lost all three within just five years. The Oakland Athletics have three years on their lease at the Oakland Coliseum (or whatever it’s called this week) and they’ve decided to spend those three years at a minor league ballpark in Sacramento before their move to Las Vegas. They won’t even call themselves the Oakland Athletics anymore – just the Athletics. They’re too embarrassed.

Why am I picking on Oakland? Because it’s fun. Just kidding. I hope they get it together. Though I doubt they will. Their mayor seems nice but she’s this “woke” type. They need to do there what Rudy Giuliani did in New York. So does this place. I don’t give endorsements here because, well, no one cares what I think. But go online and read an interview Susan Dyer Reynolds had with San Francisco mayoral candidate Mark Farrell in the Marina Times. This guy seems to have some good ideas. Hope there’s there there.

And check out *Fix California*, this radio show on KSFO 560AM weeknights at 11PM.

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The Punk Rock Summer of 1982

By Ace Backwords

Every scene has its local stars. Whether it’s the Hollywood scene, the homeless scene, or the high school scene, and every scene in between. Every scene has their celebrities. In Berkeley, in the punk rock summer of 1982, that would have been 17 year old Rob Noxious.

Physically, Rob always reminded me of a young John Lennon. He was like the punk rock ideal. He worked at a punk rock record store, played in a punk rock band (Intensified Chaos, with circled A, natch) and had the punk rock look and attitude down to a tee. I’m sure half the punkettes on the scene had mad crushes on him. And probably quite a few of the guys, too. He looked a lot like Sid Vicious, only better looking with the spikey black leather jacket, bullet belt and tight black pants.

You’d often see him lurching around Universal Records on Telegraph Avenue acting punk rock drunk. Or maybe he really was drunk. You could never quite tell with Rob. How much of it was an act and how much of it was for real. He was almost like a walking piece of punk rock performance art. Ya know? He was from the East Bay but he sang with an English accent.

The last time I saw Rob was in 1982. I was delivering a stack of *Twisted Image*, this ‘zine I published then, to Rough Trade Records on 6th Street in San Francisco (anybody remember that place?) and he was hanging out there. He must have thought I was just some delivery boy (I was dressed in my bike messenger uniform — I used to secretly deliver the latest issues of *Twisted Image* to all the San Francisco record stores and rock clubs in between doing my bike deliveries) because he said to me: “I’m gonna be interviewed in the next issue of that paper.” Which was a funny thing to say considering it was my paper and I hadn’t thought to do that. But in retrospect I wish I had.

Rob seemed poised to become the next great punk rock superstar, the Sid Vicious of Berkeley (Jello Biafra had already nailed the Johnny Rotten of San Francisco role). And then he just . . . disappeared. Which only added to his mystique.###

My Storage Unit Time Capsule

(Part Two – The Conclusion)

By James Dylan

Last month I talked about my 19 year-old storage unit, explaining why I had it for...well, 18 years. I won't go into all that again, just crack the thing open and see what was inside.

Most of the stuff was from when I was living in San Francisco as a wanna-be hipster bohemian; I found many pair of skinny jeans that, sad to say, were nowhere near being my size anymore. The good news was, most of them were made in the USA, and are collectible! Lucky Brand Jeans used to be made in the USA, from American denim made at Cone Mills in North Carolina. Lucky Brand has since been sold to some investment group, and Cone Mills had gone under and its part sold off to Japanese investors.

I also found some Tellason jeans that are in the same boat; totally made in the USA of American denim, which is something that will most likely never happen again. Very collectible, so not a total loss.

As I unloaded the boxes, I found some that were very heavy, and wondered if they were books. I opened one and found....my old record collection! All original records, to include: Bruce Springsteen's *Nebraska*, The Byrds' *Mr. Tambourine Man*. The Rolling Stones' *Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)*, The Velvet Underground's *1969 Live*, several from Bob Dylan (including his debut album), two from Buffalo Springfield, two Lenny Bruce comedy recordings, The Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers* LP with the original metal zipper....

In another box, my antique book collection: a first edition of Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* and *Men without Women*, some rare Rudyard Kipling books, Willa Cather's *Sapphire and the Slave Girl*, an *Alice in Wonderland* from 1932, etc. Too many to list here. I forgot about most of these, so it was a great surprise to rediscover them. I've always loved finding old books from my favorite authors. I don't care if they are worthless, I just like having older books; the way they look, feel and smell.

In another box I found three tubes of Tom's of Maine shaving lotion, which was discontinued in 2010 and in my opinion was the best shaving cream/lotion I've ever used. In the same box was another box of letters...interesting...where did these come from? Oh, right! My father died several years ago and for some reason he left me these boxes of letters. Instead of going through them, I just put the boxes in the storage unit and forgot about them! Now I had time to sit down and look through them, and it looks like he saved every letter anyone wrote him, plus a few he wrote to other people! (His

sister died before him, and upon her death, he inherited all the letters SHE saved! I guess we come from a family of letter collectors, as I saved all his letters too.)

In one box, in order, was every letter I wrote him from when I first left home in 1985, up to the last letter I sent him in 2017. Just this last month I finished scanning them all in to save them for family records, there were 280+ to just me alone. I was shocked to see that he was using the blank back side of MY letters to him, to write his own letters and sending them to other people, so he was forwarding MY letters to other people! And of course, in my letters, I was expressing my opinions and judgements of my siblings! Hmmmm, no wonder I always get a cold reception at family reunions.

I found a box of dozens of concert posters from 1995-2002 of shows in the Bay Area; Tom Petty at the Fillmore, The Cramps (Another uncomfortable Halloween with the Cramps) at the Warfield, The Cure at the Fillmore, several Bridge School Benefit shows, Stereolab, the Dandy Warhols, CSN&Y....even an awesome poster for the Haight Ashbury Street Fair. All of this forgotten to me.

In another box I found some graphic novels and comic books signed by Jean Giraud (Moebius), whom I met at the Metreon when it first opened. I found a guitar pick from a CSN&Y show I had to fight someone for.

Also funny, was finding an old book of Shakespeare's work that my father left me, with a note on it: "Very old, it was old when I was a child! Family treasure!" I opened it to the first few pages and saw it was printed in 1916, just 8 years before my father was born! I looked it up on eBay and saw it is worth maybe \$20. It wasn't old or rare, and my father was holding onto it forever. I doubt he ever read it.

In a small shoebox I found some personal things my father left me; an old map of a region of China that he took off a dead Japanese soldier back in World War II. The map is in Chinese, but there is writing on it in Japanese.###

Herald Archives: Early 2000s

Judge Judy By Mr. Fabulous

I was driving home along Santa Monica Boulevard at around 5 pm. Suddenly God appeared in my front passenger's seat. I was startled. "OH LORD..."

God turned to me quickly and said, "There is a reason for Sandra Bullock." Then he disappeared in a great rush of wind.

I lost control of my Hyundai and swerved abruptly into the right lane. The car next to me honked violently. There was a sudden thud as I banged into the other car.

The car skidded for a moment. Then the driver regained control and slowed down. She quickly skidded to a stop. I slowed down and pulled in behind her. I parked. My hands were shaking. I reached into the glove compartment for my insurance card.

God had chosen to visit me again. I felt badly shaken.

I climbed out of the car to exchange info with the other driver.

As soon as I got home from my car accident, I called my agent to tell him what had happened. I explained how God had suddenly appeared in my car and made me swerve across the road. My agent listened silently for a moment, then said, "All right, here's what we're gonna do...we're gonna make you into the next Kato..."

He wanted me to go on the 'Judge Judy' show to settle the case. He said that it would be good publicity for my career. And, since God had caused the accident, it wasn't my fault. Legally, I could argue that it was an "act of God," which would mean I wasn't responsible for any damages.

My agent made a few phone calls and, two months later, I appeared on the show wearing a blue suit. I saw the woman whose car I'd hit. Her name was Marilena. I tried to talk to her before the show, but she walked away nervously.

As soon as the show began taping, Judge Judy entered the courtroom. The bailiff announced, "All rise." We stood up. After a moment, Judge Judy said to Marilena, "All right ma'am, tell me exactly what happened."

Marilena looked at Judge Judy. "Your honor, I was driving on the street and he—"

"Don't point to anyone, ma'am. Tell me exactly who 'he' is."

"Him—the defendant."

"Okay, continue."

Marilena swallowed nervously. "The defendant's car crash into mine. I didn't see it coming or nothing."

"I see. Then what."

"He hit me and dented my door. I hurt my neck. My husband says I have—"

"Stick to the facts, ma'am. I don't want to hear anything your husband says. We call that hearsay. It's not relevant here. Comprendre?"

“Yes, your honor.”

“All right, continue.”

Marilena shuffled some papers nervously. “I have the receipt for the repair of my car. I also went to a doctor about my neck—”

“Was your neck hurting before the accident?”

“No, your honor.”

“Okay.”

“And I have the note from the doctor that says my neck got hurt. I also have the receipt from the doctor.”

Judge Judy turned to the bailiff. “Bailiff will please take the papers from the plaintiff.”

“Yes, your honor.” The bailiff stepped over and took the paperwork from Marilena. She handed it to him nervously. He walked over and handed it to Judge Judy. She put on her reading glasses and studied the various slips of paper. After a moment, she looked up at Marilena. “Do you have insurance?”

“Yes, your honor?”

“Then why are you suing through this court?”

Marilena looked down for a moment. “I went to the insurance but this man said it’s not his fault. He made me go to court.”

Judge Judy looked at me. “Is that right, sir?”

I gave Judge Judy a big smile. “Yes, Judge Judy.”

Judge Judy frowned at me. “In this courtroom you’ll address me as ‘your honor.’ Is that clear?”

I nodded. “Absolutely.”

She paused for a moment. “This woman says you hit her car. Is that true?”

I nodded again. “Yes, your honor.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“It’s not my fault, your honor.”

“It’s not your fault?”

“That’s right.”

Judge Judy turned to Marilena. “Did you have anything more to say?”

“He hit my car, your honor. I was only driving and his car come up and hit me.”

Judge Judy put up her hand. “Okay, okay.” She turned to me. “Sir, if it’s not your fault, whose fault is it?”

“God, your honor.”

Judge Judy rolled her eyes. Behind me I could hear members of the audience begin to laugh. I turned around to them and waved quickly.

Judge Judy cleared her throat. “Sir. Do not look at the courtroom. Look at me. Only at me. Understand?”

“Yes, your honor.”

Judge Judy turned to the bailiff. “This is a new one.”

The bailiff nodded his head. “Yes it is, your honor.”

Judge Judy turned to me. “Okay sir. Why is God responsible?”

I smiled. “Well, he came into my car. Out of nowhere.”

The audience began to laugh. Judge Judy scowled at them. “Everyone keep quiet. I ask the questions. I don’t want to hear a peep out of anyone else.” She paused, then turned to me. “Sir, you’re telling me that God appeared in your car.”

“Yes your honor.”

“Well that’s certainly an interesting story. And did he have the white hair and the flowing robes?”

“No, your honor.”

Judge Judy nodded. “I see...well, what did he look like?”

“Sort of like David Geffen.”

I could hear the audience chuckling. Judge Judy glared at them for a moment. Then she turned back to me. “He looked like David Geffen, the record producer?”

“Yes, your honor.”

Judge Judy nodded. “Uh-huh. Then what?”

“He talked to me, your honor.”

Judge Judy looked at the bailiff. “This is getting very interesting.”

The bailiff nodded. He was grinning. “Yes, your honor.”

Judge Judy turned back to me. “And what did God say to you?”

I paused. “Well your honor, it was very brief. He said ‘There is a reason for Sandra Bullock.’”

Behind me the audience was laughing. Judge Judy squinted at them. “I don’t know if it’ll do any good to remind this courtroom to remain absolutely quiet.” She turned back to

me. “So God talked to you, and that means you’re not responsible for this traffic accident?”

I gave Judge Judy another smile. “Well, your honor, I was startled. I lost control of my car. Normally I’m a great driver.”

“I see. It was God’s fault.”

“Right, your honor. It was an act of God.”

Judge Judy shook her head. She looked at the bailiff. “This is the biggest load of baloney I’ve ever heard.”

“But it really happened, your honor.”

Judge Judy shook her head. “Sorry. I ain’t buying it. This is a simple case. You hit her car, you pay for the damages.” She rapped her gavel. “Judgement for the plaintiff, all costs. Case closed.”

Judge Judy stood up and walked out of the courtroom. The bailiff was already saying, “All rise...”

After a moment I walked out of the courtroom. The show’s reporter was waiting for me in the hallway. His hair was perfect. He waved to me and held up a microphone. “Tell me—what do you think of Judge Judy’s verdict?”

I looked at the camera and smiled. “It was great. She’s great.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Really? Most people seem disappointed when they lose a case.”

I shook my head. “Not me. I thought it was great working with Judy. She’s got great presence. She’s one of the strongest women in TV today.”

He chuckled. “No one’s ever talked about the judge like that before.”

I smiled at the camera again. “What can I say? I’m a fan. I hope she does a feature soon. Maybe a comedy or something. You know—just to break out of the mold.”

The reporter looked at me for a moment. “Uhh, yes...well, thanks for your time...”

“My pleasure.”

The camera light switched off. I walked away.###

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