

March 2026

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

**At the Warfield:** Ruel, 4/5. Joost Klein, 4/13. Cobrah, 4/16. Oklou, 4/17. Cory Wong, 4/24.

It's spring, which is a time of renewal – of life – but unfortunately this column is about the opposite.

I was informed that on February 13<sup>th</sup>, Terry Taylor passed away. He was born in 1978 and lived down the block from me where I grew up on Long Island. I hadn't seen him since he was around seven. He was a chef and played drums for a band called Autodrone (they're good and you can find them at BandCamp online). Rest in peace.

The next day, February 14<sup>th</sup>, my godmother died. Her name was Patricia Kearney (later Patricia Kearney-McCarty) or "Aunt Pat" as my sister and I called her when we were young. She was my mother's best friend growing up. She never had kids of her own, but she really should be in the Godmothers Hall of Fame for the way she watched after us as my mother died of cancer. I still remember her apartment in Manhattan, funny sense of humor, liberal politics, friendship with Yoko Ono's psychic, and – *this sounds corny but it's true* – the way she lit up a room. She died a few days before her 82<sup>nd</sup> birthday. She wrote a series of books for kids following the adventures of Auntie P, which you can find on Amazon. Her husband of three decades, Ernest McCarty Jr., passed away in December at age 84. As a young man he was turned down for playing with the Chicago Symphony because he was black, so he switched to playing jazz and blues, and was quite successful at it, performing with many famous artists, including Odetta, Ike & Tina Turner, Gloria Gaynor, and Erroll Garner. He was also a talented painter and award-winning playwright (on the night of his death, his last play *A Dinah Washington Christmas* opened at Pittsburgh Playwrights Theater Company). He had some children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren as a result of a previous marriage and, besides being an artist, was a very accomplished martial artist.

In 1983 Patricia took me to see David Bowie perform at New York's Madison Square Garden, and to this day it's the best concert I've ever seen. So I'll end this column with something Patricia wrote for Herald ten years ago regarding the death of David Bowie...

When I was younger, early high school, I was lucky enough to be taken to various shows on Broadway and at Radio City Music Hall. When I first saw David Bowie perform on TV, I thought immediately of those earlier days when I had seen British performer

Anthony Newley. Bowie's voice and the way he moved in performance in general was quite reminiscent of the great Newley in the shows "Stop The World" and "Roar of the Greasepaint". There he was, this young, thin version of Newley. You couldn't take your eyes off him. Mesmerizing. Over the years, Bowie, unlike Newley, was able to translate from one medium to another...from concert stage, to video, to live TV, and to film...

Bowie was always a wonder. You had to just stop and watch him. It was years later that I read Bowie had been influenced, or at least was a big fan of Newley's. In any event, when I was fortunate enough to see one of his new videos being showcased on MTV (we all waited with baited breath), I was never disappointed. In person it was even more obvious that he had this incredible prana aura that lured you in, this great skill that only the giants have. The Serious Moonlight Tour comes to mind. Bowie's magic filled Madison Square Garden. He took us in, portraying his many characters, but always gave us his all. For many years, we were more than happy to fall under his spell.

May you rest in peace, Mr. Bowie. Can't wait to see you one day again.



*Patricia Kearney-McCarty*

### Death By Ace Backwards

When you're young you think you're going to live forever. It's not so much that you think you're immortal. But death seems so far away you don't even think of it. But as you get older, death becomes a more pressing matter. Not in a morbid way. But because you've seen so many people that you've known over the years die. And that sooner or later (probably sooner) you know you're next.

And it puts your life in this perspective. You realize what a fleeting thing it is that you're alive here in the moment. Followed by an

Eternity after you're dead, where Existence will continue to go on without you. Just as Existence was manifesting endlessly (apparently) before you blinked into existence. A somewhat flukeful combination of father's sperm and mother's egg. And there you are. You didn't ask for it. But there you are. Dealing with all of THIS. For the next 70 years or so, on average. And then you know you'll croak after that. So you can't help wondering every now and then, in the back of your mind, in between eating and sleeping and farting and experiencing all this stuff (just trying to survive) what the hell the point of all this was. That you've been subjected to all this stuff. Not that we're great philosophers piercing into the Meaning of Life. But you can't help wondering in the back of your mind what this Thing (existence) was all about. And what (if anything) comes next. After this fleeting experience (our lives) is over.


I came really close to dying twice by the time I was 20. And I think that informed my outlook on life. Right from the beginning I realized how fragile this life was. That it could all come to an end in a blink of an eye. And that gave me a certain appreciation of life, and how precious it is. "You don't know what you got 'til it's gone." And near-death experiences are a profound slap in the face reminder that it'll all be gone soon enough. So appreciate it now while it's here. I've always found life to be mysterious. And death is the ultimate mystery. I've always had a belief in an afterlife. I was raised a Christian and grew up with the idea that when you die you go to heaven to be with God. And later in life I was drawn to the philosophy of Vedanta. That God was playing all the parts and pretending to be all the individual creatures on this earth as kind of a cosmic masquerade, playing out all these dramas on His own body. And when we die, we merge back into the godhead. Various eastern religions maintain the concept of reincarnation; that we have to go through many lifetimes before we attain that ultimate merging. But I tend to believe we all end up back in heaven eventually, whether it's after this lifetime or after many more lifetimes.

My hunch is that death will be like waking up from a dream. And I can't help but be fascinated by what's waiting on the other side of this dream. Who knows. It's been said that the wise man knows how little he really knows for sure. While the fool is sure about everything. At any rate we'll all find out one way or another sooner or later.

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HELLO THERE, EVERYONE IN YOUTUBE-LAND!  
I'M THE FORMER PRESS SECRETARY FOR CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR GAVIN NEWSOM.  
I HOPE TO BE PRESS SECRETARY FOR U.S. PRESIDENT GAVIN NEWSOM.  
(SO, UH, I HOPE HE STOPS SENDING MY CALLS TO VOICEMAIL.)  
I NEED NO INTRODUCTION...




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



THE GOVERNOR IS PROTECTING HIS STATE FROM I.C.E. THUGS...  
BY CONTINUING THE SANCTUARY STATE POLICY THAT PROHIBITS LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT FROM TURNING OVER INCARCERATED ILLEGAL ALIENS TO I.C.E.




THERE ARE PRESENTLY 33,179 ILLEGAL ALIENS LANGUISHING IN CALIFORNIA PRISONS.  
(399 FOR HOMICIDES. 3,313 FOR ASSAULTS. 3,171 FOR BURGLARIES. 1,011 FOR ROBBERIES. 8,380 FOR DANGEROUS DRUG OFFENSES. 1,984 FOR WEAPONS OFFENSES. AND 1,293 FOR SEXUAL PREDATORY OFFENSES.)



AND I.C.E. CAN'T HAVE THEM!  
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!  
THEY'RE GOING TO BE RELEASED BACK ONTO THE STREETS OF CALIFORNIA!  
HEE! HEE! HEE!  
INTO OUR COMMUNITIES!  
YA HEAR THAT,  
YOU BIG,  
DUMB,  
FASCIST  
PIG  
I.C.E.  
AGENTS?!



YOU STRONG, MUSCULAR I.C.E. AGENTS. (PANT! PANT!)  
WITH YOUR MANLY PHYSIQUES. (GULP! PANT! PANT! PANT!)  
TOTING THOSE HUGE GUNS. (PANT! PANT! PANT!)  
YOU MACHO STUDS!  
TURN THE CAMERA OFF!  
I GOTTA GO!



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**TWISTED IMAGE** by Ace Backwards ©1999



**HEY, KIDS!! LOOK!! IT'S THAT SEMI-OBSURE CARTOONIST, ACE BACKWARDS, HARD AT WORK ON HIS AWARD-WINNING COMIC STRIP, TWISTED IMAGE!!**

**YES, THERE HE IS!! TOILING AWAY THE HOURS, DEDICATED TO BRINGING MIRTH AND JOY TO SEVERAL!!**

**ONLY AFTER PAINSTAKINGLY CRAFTING EACH AND EVERY CARTOON PANEL IS ACE SATISFIED THAT THE STRIP ATTAINS THE LEVEL OF EXCELLENCE THAT HIS FANS HAVE COME TO EXPECT OF HIM!!**

**UNTIL THAT MAGIC MOMENT...**

**SO WHATCHA' THINK??**

**NO PUBLICATION IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD PRINT THIS BRAINLESS TRASH!!**

**AHH! PERFECTION AT LAST!**

**I HATE MONDAY! HAW!**

**WHICH IS WHY THIS ENDED UP PRINTED HERE!!**