

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

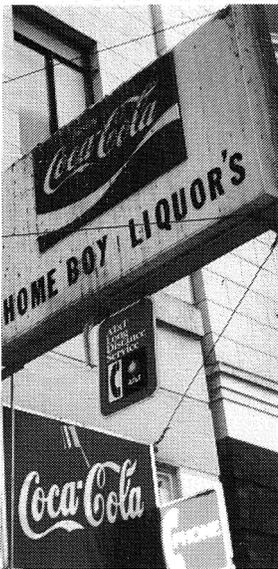
Russian Hill Upholstery & Décor is still located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill.

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New bar called Propagation open at 895 Post. It replaces another bar called Tonic. Before that it was a laundromat called the San Francisco Laundry Company. Last I checked the laundromat sign survived Tonic and is still up. Maybe it will become a future landmark. Jim Woods has opened Woods Beer & Wine Company where the Mad Dog in the Fog pub was for 30 years, in the Lower Haight. Woods Beer and Wine Company has four other locations - in the Mission, Russian Hill, Outer Sunset, and Treasure Island.

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It's hard to believe that Homeboy Liquors in the Tenderloin has been gone for 20 years. Former Herald columnist Scott White was impressed with their wine selection. Hey, who needed Napa or Sonoma when we had Homeboy?



SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

May 2021

SanFranciscoHerald.Net

Nob Hill – Russian Hill - North Beach



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No Million Dollar View No Peace: Black Lives Matter co-founder (and self-proclaimed Marxist) Patrisse Cullors was recently asked if her buying a home in the very affluent Los Angeles enclave of Topanga Canyon might give people the impression that she's a total fraud. (The house cost \$1.4 million. Ironically, only 1.4% of Topanga Canyon residents are black. 88.2% are white.)

She responded with, "I see my money as not my own. I see it as my family's money." (Bernie Madoff, the Ponzi scheme king who defrauded lots of people out of millions of dollars, died about the same time she said that. After his trip to the Pearly Gates he probably thought, *Why didn't I use that as a defense?!*)

Topanga Canyon will give Patrisse a nice view of downtown Los Angeles being burned to the ground the next time she instigates a riot. She'll be safe in the hills, protected by the cops she hates so much, with all the "woke" wealthy whites.

Patrisse the Marxist has bought four swanky homes in the U.S. totaling \$3.2 million and recently scouted for property in an exclusive resort in the Bahamas where Tiger Woods has a house. Homes there range between \$5 million and \$20 million.

Karl Marx summed up his philosophy as "Abolition of private property."

Do you detect a little insincerity here?

Enough of the gruesome twosome. Here are some words of wisdom from a great man, abolitionist Booker T. Washington:

"I am afraid that there is a certain class of race-problem solvers who don't want the patient to get well, because as long as the disease holds out they have not only an easy means of making a living, but also an easy medium through which to make themselves prominent before the public."

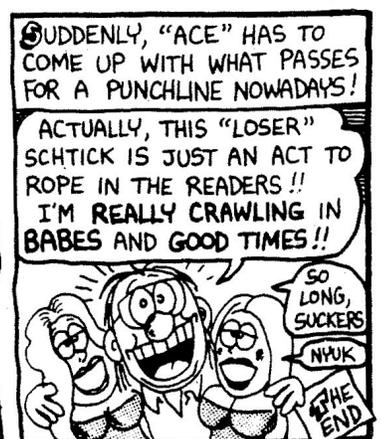
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A tribute to a Nob Hill resident: George Schultz, a former U.S. Marine during World War II, died on February 6th at the age of 101. He was also Nixon's Secretary of Labor who pushed for black workers to be accepted into the construction industry. Later he was Reagan's Secretary of State who was instrumental in taking down the Soviet Union. In 1997 he wed San Francisco's future Chief of Protocol, Charlotte Mailliard, at Grace Cathedral. She became stepmother to his five children.

George Schultz was a M-A-N.###

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The Roommate from Hell

A True Story

By James Dylan

(Part Three - The Conclusion)

The guy this story is about isn't really named "Joe."

At the end of the month one of the roommates came to pay his rent and told me right up front that he was leaving if I didn't evict Joe. In my mind I had already decided to, and I went to the landlord and picked up the legal form. I waited to see if he would pay his rent on time, and surprisingly he did, and then I sat him down and told him we need him to leave, and that we were giving him his 30 days. He was drunk, of course, but coherent. He started moaning about this and that, made the sign of the cross, a big scene, etc., and asked me what he was supposed to do now. I told him I would help him find a place, even drive him to a residential hotel. He said he didn't want to live in a place like that, and I told him that it shouldn't matter that much to him, since he was turning the apartment into one anyway. Well, he bitched and moaned about it, but accepted it. I told him he needed to sober up and that I wouldn't be putting up with any shit from him this last month.

So began the last month of our own personal hell. The roommates continuously burned incense and candles in the hallway to fight the smell from Joe's room. They were always complaining to me about him pissing all over the floor in the bathroom. I told them to have patience, and would give them some money from his deposit for "cleaning fees" and for whatever food he stole. I also ordered a large steel gate for the front of the building, as by now I had totally lost any sense of security I previously had.

After a few weeks of calm, I looked out the window one afternoon and saw Joe being helped home by some young, scraggly-looking guy with no teeth. I watched as they approached the building, and stopped to rest. The guy was basically carrying him. He struggled with him up the stairs and managed to get him into Joe's room.

After a while, fearing this guy might be robbing Joe or burglarizing the apartment, I went downstairs. I heard noises coming from Joe's room that I wish I could wipe from my memory. I heard cheesy porn-music, grunts, wheezing, gasps, and moans. (Gag). Now... I'm not saying what

was going on behind the closed door; I'm just telling you what I heard. Maybe they were just watching porn together, but I distinctly heard him say, "Harder!"

What little respect I had for the guy I lost there. I went back upstairs and finished my homework. After a few hours, I went back down and found the apartment door open, as well as the door to his room. I saw Joe lying there on the bed, passed out, alone. His wallet was lying open on top of his bed, looking empty. I shut the doors and left.

Later in the week a roommate of Joe's called me and complained about the smell again, and that something had to be done. I went downstairs and opened the door to Joe's room, and it really did stink. Once again, I put on the heavy-duty gloves and dragged the futon mattress (soaked with urine, among other things...) downstairs, along with the sheets. I also found a large enamel pot that he had been pissing and shitting in. I cleared out the room as much as I could, putting all the empty bottles into the recycling bin. He also had food rotting in take-out containers. I threw it all out and put an old plastic air mattress on his futon frame. I almost vomited doing all this. You can be damn sure this is coming out of his deposit, I was thinking to myself.

That helped a little bit with the smell. Some days, I would come home and find him crumpled up in the doorway, unable to move. At this point, I refused to do anything to help him anymore; I had had enough. Call me cold-hearted, whatever. I've traveled all around the world, including Vietnam. I've seen 5 year-old orphans digging through dumpsters in Hanoi, I've seen an orphanage in Hoi An filled with deformed "agent orange" babies, all lying there, some blind, knowing some would be dead in a few days because they couldn't afford a doctor. This guy had a serious problem, but it was self-inflicted.

He did beg me to call an ambulance though, and I did. They showed up and the same crew remembered him (one older guy lectured him, telling him they weren't going to keep doing this). They asked me if I would be willing to take care of him, cook for him and help him get better. I said, "Hell no, I have my own life to live - I'm a student, I am looking for a job, I have so much stuff to do. You think I have time for this? Call his ex-wife or his daughter or something! I'm just his roommate here!"

When they moved him out to the ambulance one of them looked back at me and said sarcastically, "Thanks for helping him."

What the fuck? Who the hell did this asshole think he was, giving me shit?

Because I refused to take care of the guy anymore? What did I look like, a healthcare worker? Isn't it enough that I was emptying the guy's shit-bucket? I can damn well guarantee you that you'd be hard-pressed to find a guy in a similar situation to do what I did for Joe - and for free.

This guy has been shitting in a bucket, pissing in beer bottles (some of which he spilled onto the new carpet), leaving food and dirty dishes laying around (possibly bringing cockroaches into the place), leaving the main door to the apartment wide open at 2 am, bringing homeless guys into the place to "hang out", stealing other roommates' food, pissing all over the bathroom when he was able to walk, constantly ringing my doorbell for money, and I get an attitude from the medic because I refuse to cook and take care for him? Wow. I had not had a good night's sleep since this whole thing had started, I'd lost my whole sense of security in the apartment, I was 10 minutes from having a nervous breakdown..... I didn't know how much more I could take.

When he came back the next day, he was still drunk, but shaking. He begged me for money so he could buy alcohol; he wanted money from his deposit. He was scared of seizures. He looked like shit; he was so weak and had probably lost 40 pounds. He said he was trying to get sober and that he needed a little booze to stave off the shakes and seizures. He smelled so bad I had to stand a good 20 feet away, and even then I had to cover my mouth with my shirt. I had never seen such a mess of a man before. I went upstairs and poured a glass of cheap rum I used for cooking into an old mason jar, and gave it to him, along with a couple of little glasses of vodka I got from a hotel bar, as I don't drink much. He thanked me and sucked it all down, then shuffled to his room and laid down on the air mattress. He was sobbing and wishing for God to help him, and I stood there looking at him, totally indifferent, just wishing he would leave. Instead, I left.

On a funny note, I heard from my editor, Gene Mahoney, that he had a room for rent, and I called him up and tried to sell Joe to him: "Joe? No, he's no problem at all, just sits in his room all day working on his new novel! Yeah, that's right! He is the best roommate I've ever had! I'll bring him over if you want, I'll help him move, too!" But Mahoney wanted Joe to call him and discuss moving, and of course Joe never did, so Mahoney gave the room to someone else. Damn.

I would have hated to do that to Gene, but if Joe did move, he would have willingly left this place, and gave up his "place of legal residence". And after moving into Gene's, we could have kicked him out, as he wouldn't have been there over 30 days. Also, I knew Gene wouldn't take him in

anyway, as he would have wanted to talk with the guy first, and as Joe was always drunk, he wouldn't have had a chance.

The next day, Joe rang the doorbell, and I went down to his room. His door was open, and he was sitting in a chair. The room smelled so bad I almost gagged and covered my mouth. He had shit stains on his pants and on the chair. I then saw the bucket he was using as a toilet, filled with empty bottles, piss and feces. I went upstairs and got my camera and took several pictures. He just sat there. This had to stop. I called the health department and left a message on their answering machine, but they never returned my call. (*Thanks, guys.*)

I threw it all out to the street, and he just sat there watching me. I felt he was dying. I called his daughter again and left a message. I didn't hear from her. The next morning, he begged me to take him to the hospital, as he kept falling down, his legs wouldn't support him anymore.

I threw him in my truck and took him to the VA. He had been "sober" for 3 days, but you couldn't really tell by looking at him. I took him to the ER entrance, and they put him in a wheelchair and wheeled him away. Then one of the nurses walked up to me and asked what they should do with him if he isn't admitted - how would he get home? Once again, I went through the story of me just being a roommate and that I didn't have the time for this and that he was lucky I drove him here, etc. She also gave me a dirty look, and I went home.

One week later and 4 days before the end of the month, Joe showed up. He was clean and sober and was using a walker. It turns out he hadn't been eating for at least six weeks and was suffering from malnutrition and exhaustion. To get to the end of the story, I will just sum it up and say that he spent the last 4 days cleaning up his room, packing up his belongings, and making arrangements to move to Oregon to live with his brother and his brother's family. I don't know how he arranged it, or if the VA did, but I was glad. I continued to help him carry things downstairs, move furniture to his daughter's house, etc. What else could I do? I needed him out at the end of the month, and he could barely walk. Everybody in the apartment was nervous, waiting to see if he would actually go.

On the 1st, I took him to SFO, and he left at 9am for Portland. When I got home, the steel gate company I had called earlier was installing the new gate. *Perfect timing*, I thought, and when they were done, I locked it, went upstairs and laid down on my bed, not believing he was really gone and this whole mess was over.

Later that same day the doorbell rang, and who should turn up at the house but "Al" (*not his real name*), one of his "buddies". He had 3 large bags with him and looked like he was planning on staying awhile. This was the guy who had been giving Joe so many problems. He would turn up at the 1st of the month when he knew Joe got his disability check, and he would "help" make Joe drunk - and help himself to Joe's money. I suspected this early on, but I wasn't really in a position to do anything. He said he had "just talked to Joe and he told me I could come over and stay a few days!" So then I knew he was full of crap. I told him Joe was dead, and to get the hell off the property. He asked if I was bullshitting, and I said no, he had died in his room 2 weeks ago. He chewed on that for a while, laughed, and then walked off.

Life settled down soon after we got rid of Joe, but it wasn't the same anymore. The people downstairs all left sooner or later. They thought the apartment had too many bad vibes in it, and I didn't blame them. Upstairs, the happiness we had from being able to control the apartment below us had disappeared. The power I had once felt at being in charge had been replaced with a sense of failure, at my colossal fuck-up for letting that guy move in. It turns out, all I had to do was ask any of the older guys at the cafe about him - they all knew he was a borderline homeless drunk.

I left San Francisco soon after Joe left, and a few years later Gene emailed me an obituary. It was Joe's. He had been hit by a car while crossing a street. It happened in a Bay Area suburb that he was living in. (I guess he didn't last too long up in Oregon.) The obit said he had a fiancé, and was about to be married, if you can believe it.

In closing, let me tell all you bleeding heart "homeless advocates" who would rag on me because I am "insensitive": How about you open up your homes to these people?! You don't like them crapping in the street, let them use your bathroom! Let them sleep in your garage! Come on, guys - instead of just hanging around Civic Center feeding them, let one of them into your homes like I did! You won't be sorry!

Joe had gone through a lot of pain, and his fight against alcohol was tremendous one. This was written more as a warning to other people who sublet rooms than anything else, although I am also describing my experiences.

The story you have just read is true.

In closing, let me say that this whole experience changed my life, very negatively, and in an attempt to get away from life in the city, I re-joined the Army. I just wanted to get the hell away from the

place and all the memories it held for me. I looked forward to not having to worry about subletting and rent and electric bills and blackouts and traffic and noise and bums and crackheads and all the other shit this city held for me.

Anything to distance myself from the whole "Joe" experience.###

Epilogue (from 2002):

We originally posted this article on the SF Herald web site soon after Joe left, and it was a big hit, with all the original pictures and all. Anyway, after about 4 months, Gene and I received several voicemail messages from "Joe." It seemed he found out about the article and was *a little* pissed, mostly because I posted pictures of him amidst the unspeakable conditions he lived in. Another web site read our article and posted it on their web site, which draws many more thousands of hits a day than the SF Herald site.

We assume some friend of his saw it and told him about it. Out of sympathy for him, we did take it off the Herald site, but the other site runs their own operation, so we were out of the loop there and they left it up for a while longer. Now it's gone.

I copied the voicemail messages onto the computer and converted them to MP3 files and was going to post them on the site for you to download, but thought it too naughty. Anyway, I called the police and almost took out a restraining order on Joe, as, like I wrote, he was leaving death threats on my answering machine. Gene dealt with him mostly, so I decided to drop it (unless he calls again).

Epilogue (from 2012):

Funny how life works. This story was published in the Herald in 2002, and because of the experience - like I mentioned in closing - I had to get away, out of San Francisco.

I actually joined the Army right before 9/11, was sent to Fort Bragg as an Airborne soldier, then did a tour in Iraq. After 4 years, I became a military contractor in Qatar and am presently one in Afghanistan.

Because of this, I met my Filipino girlfriend whom I have been with for 6 years now, and will soon be buying some land in the Philippines to start a farm. Because of me, she is now attending nursing school and is living with her child back in the Philippines, instead of working overseas.

All because of Joe. ###

GOOD CLEAN FUN
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 BY GENE MAHONEY

"CAN'T GET
 ENOUGH OF
 COVID"
 OR
 "GOT COVID
 IF YOU
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