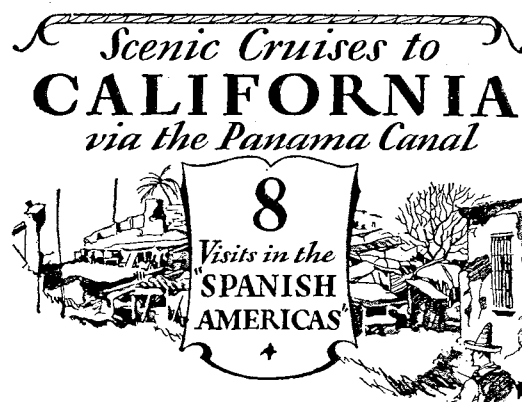


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The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

If you read it in the Herald, you probably know it already, but here goes anyway: What A Grind coffee shop at 881 Post Street has closed.

XXXXXXXXXX

Coffee Cabin may be gone, but if you're looking for a local café with a pile of old National Geographic copies in it, try that one on the north side of Bush Street. Not The Morning Fix. The one closer to Union Square. The one with the green awning. Forgot the name. Sorry.

XXXXXXXXXX

At the Marine Corps Memorial Theatre: GPS Lecture: General Joseph F. Dunford, 11/1. Ignite SF, 11/2. Humanities West: Vienna on the Verge, 11/4 & 5. Two hundred and forty first Marine Corps Birthday Ball, 11/12. At the Commonwealth Club: Joel McHale Live, 10/28. Middle East Forum Discussion, 10/31. Wings: Gifts of Art, Life and Travel in France, 11/9.

XXXXXXXXXX

This issue's comic is a slightly edited version of one that ran (in color) on the Herald's website a couple of years ago. Yes, it's only the third issue of the "new" Herald and I'm already running out of ideas. Oh well.

Also, there's been a slight adjustment to the monthly publishing schedule. Now it's published monthly except for March, July, and November. Hey, look at the bright side. It could have been monthly except for January, February, April, May,

June, August, September, October, and December.

What can I say? I'm 51 years old. That's no spring chicken. I'm an old man.

XXXXXXXXXX

Speaking of old men, I ran into Jack Yaghubian II at North Beach's Café Vesuvio recently. Maybe you've run into Jack bartending over the years at Vesuvio, or Café Deluxe in Haight Ashbury. Maybe you read his 1998 book "The Dim Light Bar Guide". Maybe you remember his funny postcards that used to be sold around town.

Maybe you don't.

Anyway, Jack has a new book out about his experiences as an American soldier in Vietnam. If you run into a 67 year old guy in a porkpie hat at a bar or café in North Beach, it's probably Jack, and he could sell you a copy right there. Actually, it might be at City Lights Books.

XXXXXXXXXX

My Indian guru needed a ride to San Simeon (in San Luis Obispo County) earlier this month, so we headed down there. I hadn't been there since 1989, when a friend from New York visited and wanted to see Hearst Castle. The village next to San Simeon is called Cambria, which was having its annual Scarecrow Festival. The scarecrows also made their way to San Simeon, and to another town called Harmony, which has a population of 18.

I had heard of Harmony before, and always wanted to see what the smallest town in the biggest state looked like.

Pleasant surprise: It wasn't just a rest area. Or a Taco Bell. Or a gas station.

Downtown Harmony consists of one block, with a pottery shop, a glassblowing studio, a wedding chapel, and the former Harmony Valley Creamery, where town "manager" Aarika Wells will welcome you with a cup of coffee.

On a little tour, Ms. Wells pointed out the grave of Fred, a cat who was Harmony's honorary mayor (Fred didn't have nine lives, but he had a long one, 1973 to 1995).

She also showed me some of the town's fiberglass sculptures of cows (San Luis Obispo County has 101 cow sculptures off Highway 101). One cow sculpture was green and portrayed a bull gritting his teeth in anger. It's called In-Cow-able Hulk and was created by David Nakayama. Aarika said that Lou Ferrigno, who portrayed the Incredible Hulk on television, doesn't live far away and she wants to get him to sign it.

It's too bad those cows can't be featured in Harmony's discontinued "Doo-Dah Parade". Because the town is so tiny, the parade floats used to remain still while the spectators marched around them.

According to its Wikipedia page, Harmony isn't technically a town, but an unincorporated community. But what's in a name? There's 18 people near Hearst Castle who seem to be living in Harmony.###



The VP and Me

By Mr. Fabulous

I was in Washington, DC for a few days of work on 'Caddyshack 3' when I got the chance to meet Vice President Al Gore. He wasn't one of my Facebook friends, but I decided to say hello at a book signing he was holding in the Mayflower Hotel. I thought it might be good to catch the former VP before he started his next film project. I wanted to see if I could get in on the ground floor, maybe get a speaking role.

It was a hot, humid summer day in DC. As I walked down Connecticut Avenue to the Mayflower, sweat started dripping down my back.

By the time I made it to the hotel, my dress shirt had become soaked with sweat. But the giant air conditioning in the lobby quickly started to cool me off.

A line of people stood waiting to enter the ballroom where the Vice President was signing copies of his latest book, 'The Future.' I stepped through a metal detector and then followed a line of people waiting to buy a book. The line moved slowly around the room toward a table where the Vice President was sitting.

I waited in line to buy a book as the room's air conditioning slowly dried me off. I turned to a woman standing next to me. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. I smiled at her. "Thank goodness for air conditioning, huh?"

She glanced at me. "What's that?"

I wiped my forehead and gestured to the air conditioning. "Wouldn't it be great if we could just air-condition the whole planet?"

She looked at me vaguely and shifted her purse. I nodded. "I mean, it's so scary how the earth is getting so hot. Every summer, it feels like we're gonna burn up."

She nodded quickly. "I know what you mean. But we're finally doing something about it." She pointed to all the people in the room. "We're making a difference."

She was blonde, pretty, wearing a skirt. I glanced down to check her ankles, then nodded. "Yeah. I mean, if every single person bought this book, just think how much better off the earth would be."

"Exactly."

She turned back to the line. I looked at her legs again. We moved slowly toward the VP's table.

After a few more minutes, we stepped up to the book sales table. A woman said, "Hi, would you like to buy a copy of 'The Future?'"

I smiled. "Yes, please."

"It's \$16.98. We're charging exactly what Amazon is charging."

I handed her a credit card. "That's great."

She swiped my card, then handed me a book. "When you reach the Vice President, make sure to have your book open to the front so he can sign it."

"Okay, thanks."

I took the book and started to follow the line again. The woman in front of me was holding her book and talking on a cell phone. I could hear her say, "I'm so excited..."

After a few more minutes, we reached the head of the line. The blonde woman finished her call and turned to me. "This is so exciting."

"I know."

A Secret Service man said to her. "Please open your book. You'll hand the book to the Vice President and he'll sign it. Please keep the line moving."

The blonde woman nodded. She waited for her turn, then walked up to the Vice President. He reached up and took her book. "Hi. Thanks so much for being here today."

"Thank you, Mr. Vice President. I'm really grateful for all that you're doing."

"Well, thank you so much. We really appreciate your support." He signed the book with a blue sharpie pen and handed it back to her.

"Thanks." She took the book and moved away.

The Secret Service man gestured to me. "Okay."

I opened my book and walked up to the Vice President. There were circles under his eyes and he looked tired. But he smiled. "Hello."

I handed him my book. "Hey, Mr. Vice President. It's great to see you again."

The Vice President squinted at me as he took my book. "Have we met?"

"Well, I saw your movie. I thought it was great. Really exciting."

"Thank you so much." He started to sign his name.

"You know, Mr. Vice President, you should make a sequel."

He finished signing his name. "Thank you so much."

I nodded. "But this time, you need to have more people. I mean the title is perfect, right? 'The Future.' Everyone can relate to that, right? But in the future, there will be more people, so you have to compensate for that, right?"

He handed me the book. "That's absolutely right. That's exactly why we have so many challenges. Thank you for being here."

I took the book. "Do you have a script yet? Would it be more of an action movie?..."

"Uhh..."

A Secret Service woman tapped me on the shoulder. "Please keep the line moving."

"Oh sure." I shouldered the book and smiled at the Vice President. "Thanks so much. Keep in touch."

I took my book and walked away.###

GOOD CLEAN FUN

WRITTEN, DRAWN, & © 2016
BY GENE MAHONEY

I'D CALL MYSELF
MIDDLE-AGED,
WEMBLEY...



... BUT THAT WOULD
MEAN I'M GOING TO
LIVE TO BE 96.



AND I DON'T THINK
THAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN.



SO I SHOULD ACCEPT
THE FACT THAT I'M AT
MY SEVENTH INNING-
STRETCH.



THAT I'M
PLAYING
IN MY
THIRD
QUARTER.



AND IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO BE
A GAME-CHANGER.

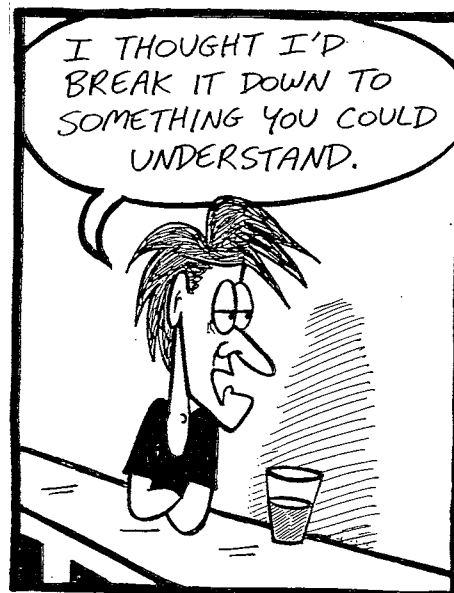


I'VE SPENT MY LIFE
AS AN INSENSITIVE
MEGALOMANIAC...
BUT NO MORE.



NO MORE,
I SAY.





DID YOU HEAR THAT THE I.R.S. TARGETED CONSERVATIVE GROUPS, AND THAT OBAMA MIGHT HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT?

YOU KNOW WHY THEY'RE SAYING THIS?, HUH? YOU KNOW WHY THEY'RE SAYING THIS?

THEY'RE JUST SAYING THIS TO MAKE OBAMA LOOK BAD.

LARS, I NEED TO ASK YOU A FAVOR.

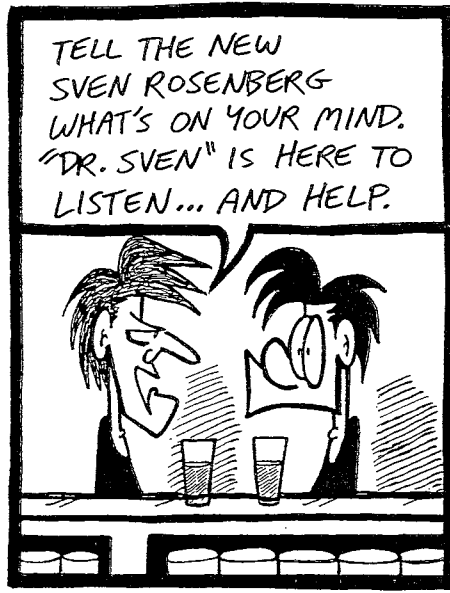
YOU KNOW HOW HARD I WORK FOR YOU.

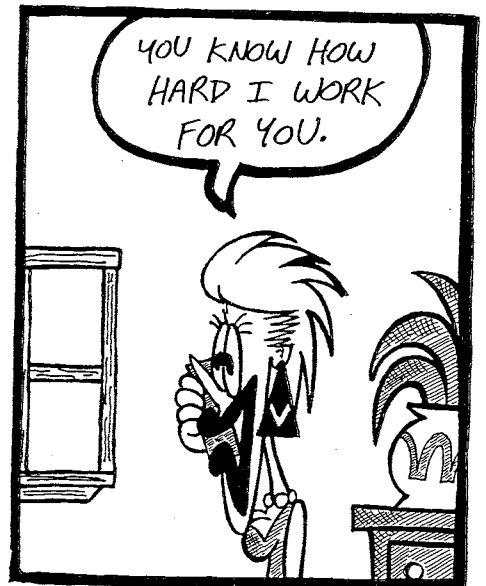
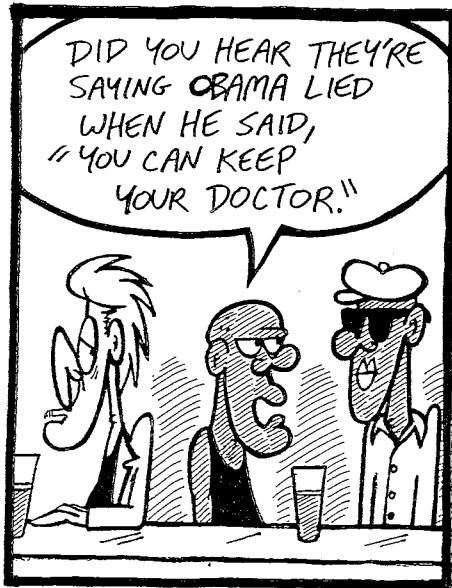
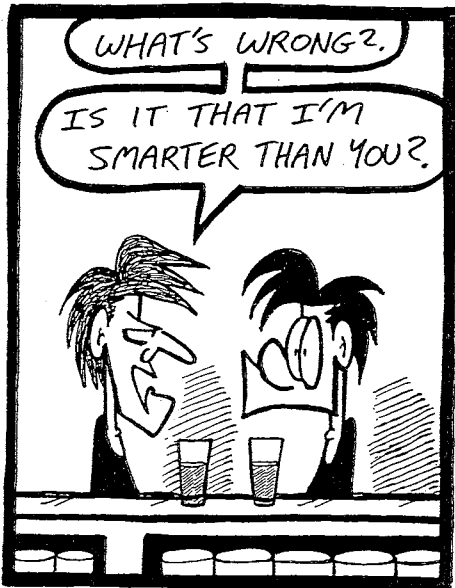
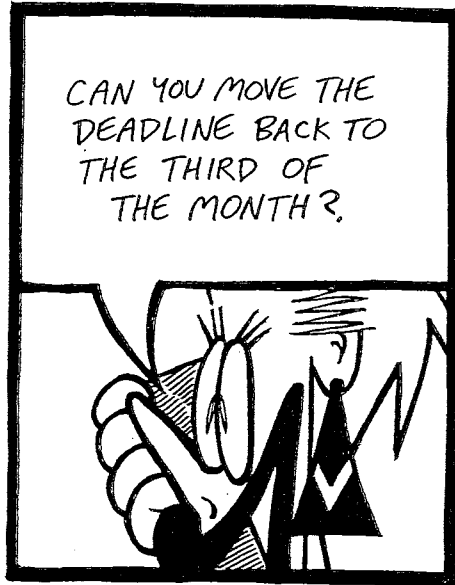
YOU KNOW HOW I NEVER ASK ANYTHING OF YOU.

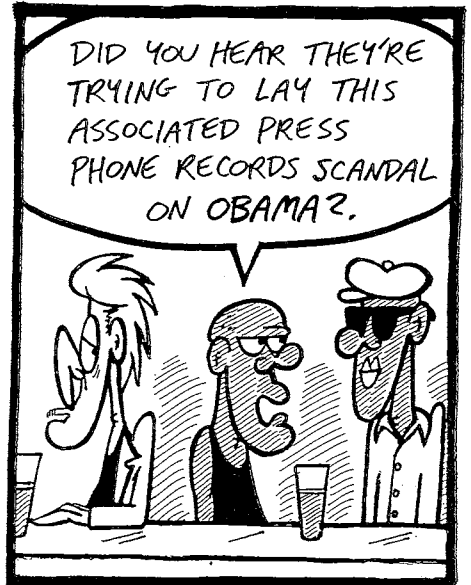
PLEASE DO THIS ONE LITTLE FAVOR FOR ME AND I'LL NEVER ASK YOU FOR ANYTHING AGAIN.

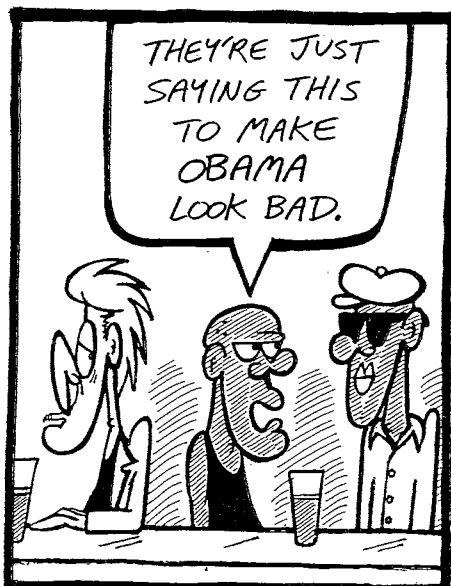
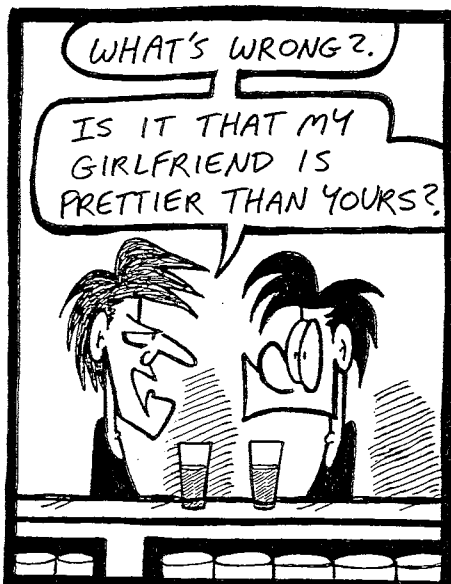
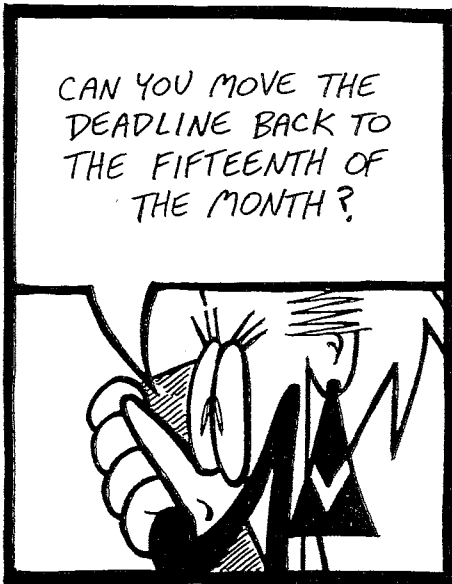
CAN YOU TELL THIS PUBLICIST THAT YOU STILL HAVE A PRINT PUBLICATION... THAT IT'S NOT ONLINE-ONLY?

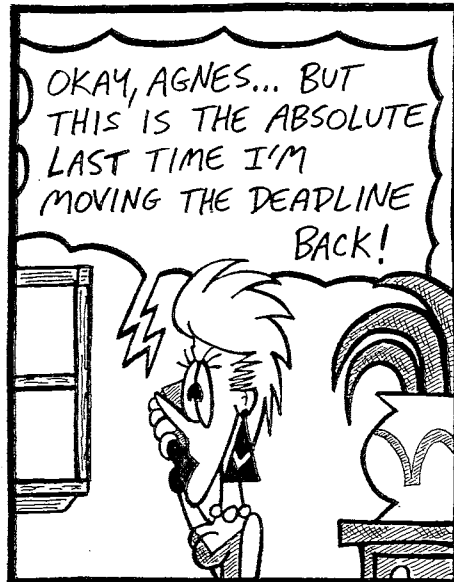
OTHERWISE I CAN'T GET A PRESS PASS. IT'S FOR A SEMINAR — "HONESTY AND INTEGRITY IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS".

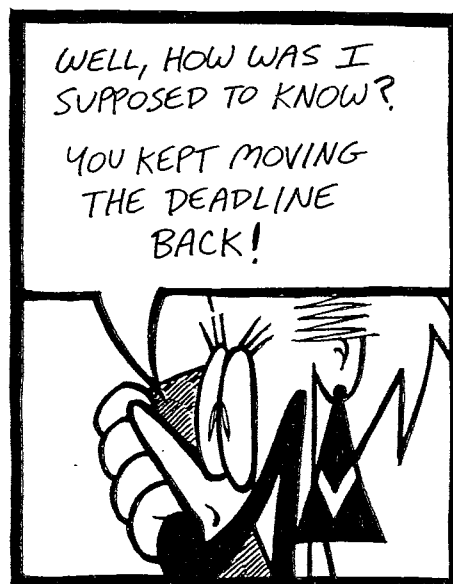
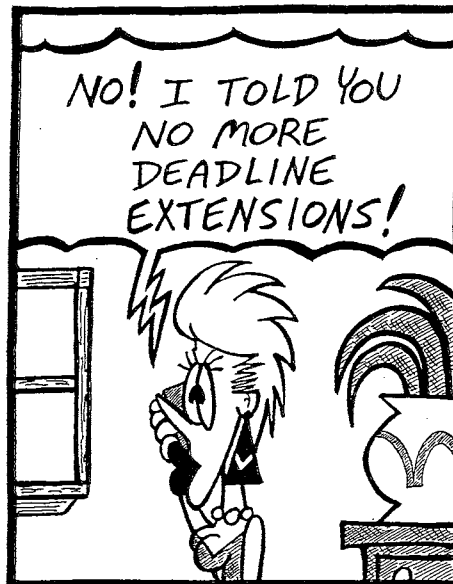
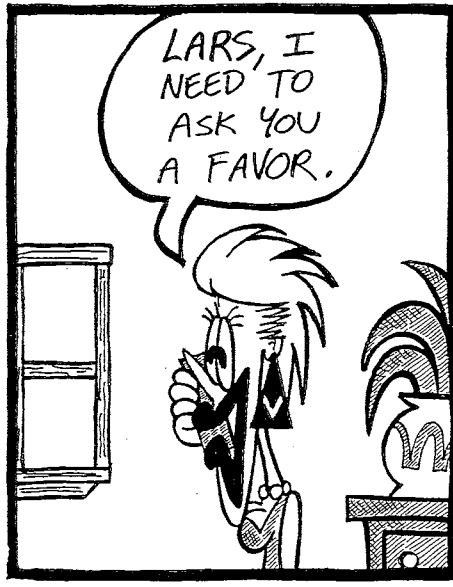
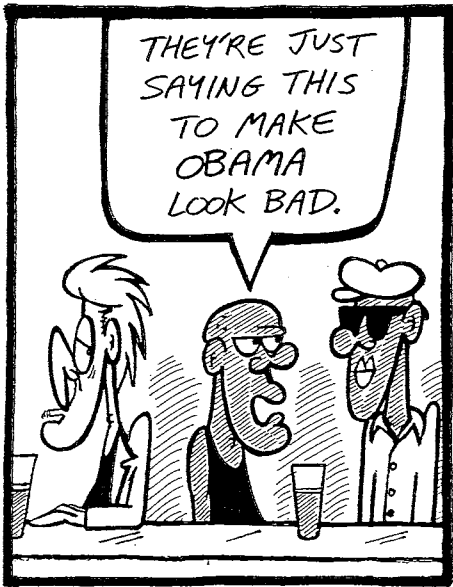




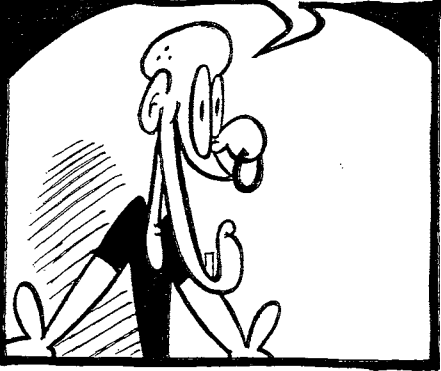








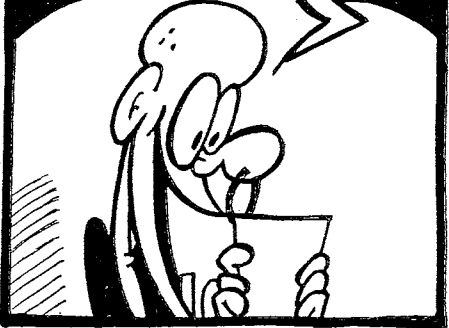
WELL, FOLKS—
THAT'S ALL FOR
"A SERIES OF
ANNOYING EVENTS"!



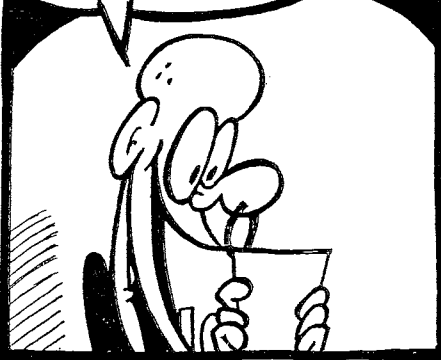
AND NOW... A LOOK BACK
AT THE 3 VIGNETTES
THAT MADE FOR SUCH
WACKY HIJINKS...



FIRST, WE HAD
"GET IN TOUCH
WITH THOSE FEELINGS"
STARRING
SVEN ROSENBERG &
LEE HARVEY WEMBLEY.



THEN WE HAD ONE
THAT I'M SURE
HIT HOME FOR
A LOT OF PEOPLE
OUT THERE...



"HOPE AND CHANGE"...
THAT'S THE ONE WHERE
CHAUNCY DILLINGER
HAS TO ENDURE THESE
"THE MAN IS OUT TO
GET OBAMA"

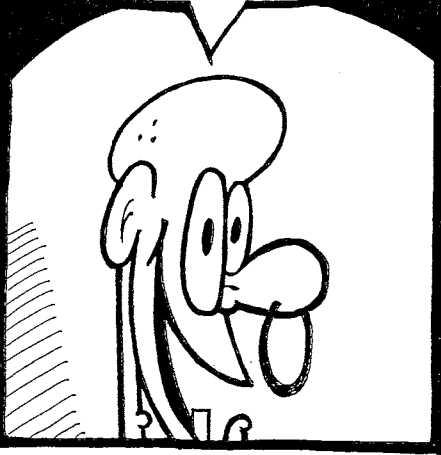


CONSPIRACY
THEORIES.

AND THE 2 BLACK GUYS
SPOUTING THE CONSPIRACY
THEORIES WERE
PLAYED BY
BARACK OBAMA AND
ERIC HOLDER.



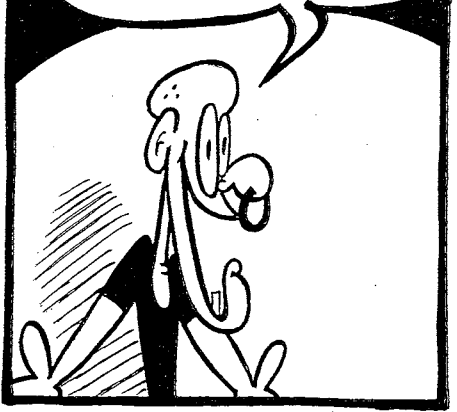
JUST
KIDDING!



AND LAST WE HAD
"AGNES DEVONSHIRE:
STILL A PAIN IN THE ASS
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!"



SEE YA
NEXT TIME!



Knowing Your League Post-College

By Allison Parks

I have had it with you and your antics of desperation. Why can't you obey me? *Wrapping your knuckles with a ruler*

So, you've already read "Knowing Your League in High School" and "Knowing Your League in College," but those aren't applicable to you. You're a sophisticated post-college working woman, with your posh Isaac Mizrahi for Target business garments. You think you're better than the high school goblins and college tramps. Well you're not. Once again your metabolism has slowed to a crawl, your ass has expanded, and your expectations are even higher and more unrealistic.

Let me tell you something, troll. I know you think men should be attracted to you because you're a seemingly well-functioning adult. Your apartment, life plan, running automobile, and suitable job do not make you more attractive. Those things make men attractive, not you. Let me tell you about a swinging gal with a fantastic job, an exquisite home, and large bank account. Janet Reno. Do you see men knocking down her door? No. They're not coming to yours either. They are running in the opposite direction. Screaming. Crying. Lighting themselves on fire.

If your proper grown-up qualities are supposed to be so alluring, then why did Nicolas Cage marry the hostess at a crappy Korean restaurant who lived with her parents? Because he wanted a woman who could properly prepare a splendid dog meat supper. Just kidding! Because she's a hot little Asian number who is thin and doesn't behave desperately.

But I suppose you need a tale of inappropriate behavior to illustrate my point.

I had this pseudo-friend from college named Selma. Selma worked at some

kind of office that sold toilet seat covers—Comfy Crappers or something, I really have no idea. She had a wealth of misplaced confidence and grizzly leg hair. Selma believed men should flock to her because of her position in life, and oddly, she was unfazed by her lack of gentleman callers. I didn't have the heart to tell her that a Women's Gender Studies degree did not overshadow her bushy mustache in the eyes of a potential suitor. Additionally, her shabby-chic Target furnished apartment did not make up for her drooping arm flesh that flapped in the wind like the majestic stars and stripes.

Sometimes, back in the days when I could still stand her, we'd get a drink at a bar near her office.

"I think I'm going to make a move on Drake at the Christmas party," she'd say to me, her mustache glistening in the late afternoon sun. Drake was a handsome, slightly senior co-worker. I could picture the poor man forcibly straddled on the copy machine by Selma, who while wearing a mistletoe headband, appeared strikingly reminiscent of an irate bear in a *When Animals Attack* video.

"Oh, has there been an office flirtation?" I asked, struggling to feign interest.

"We go to lunch sometimes, in a group, but still... I'm going to make the first move. You can't trust a man to do anything, ya know?" I wanted to say, "You mean, you can't trust him to climb up your fleshy arm flaps into your castle bedroom as in your romance-novel-esque day dreams?"

In lieu of such cruelty, I asked, "Do you think it's a good idea to get involved with a co-worker? You shouldn't make plop plops where you eat."

"Yeah... well," said Selma, ignoring my question entirely, "he has a girlfriend, I think, but whatever, I don't know for sure. I like him, and I'm sure he likes me, but doesn't want to ruin our friendship."

Oh, lord, why? Yes Selma, he's going to leave his girlfriend to lie in a bubble bath with you surrounded by candles, listen to Sade, and shampoo your wooly legs.

I wanted to beat her about her soggy breasts with a copy of *He's Just Not That Into You*, but instead sucked down the remainder of my drink and fled the bar before she had time to launch into a feminist rant.

Selma called me the next day. "So, I asked him out," followed by a long pause.

"And? What happened to the Christmas party move making?" I inquired.

"I didn't want to wait. He said he's seeing someone," Selma said angrily, and went on to tell me that she spent the entire day MyStalking[i] Drake's girlfriend and forwarded me her MySpace page.

"She's 19!" exclaimed Selma furiously. "She's in college, and she doesn't even have a job! Whatever, Drake can't handle a strong woman. I hate blondes! No offense. What does he see in her?"

I don't know, Selma, perhaps the absence of a mustache and rage issues? Maybe she shaves her legs and wears makeup? Could it be that she has two eyebrows, rather than one bushy caterpillar draped across her forehead? I quickly clicked on "the other woman's" MySpace. She was a very cute, tiny little blonde, not unlike the Skipper doll. I got off the phone as quickly as possible, but Selma called me later that night.

"I sent her a message," Selma said wickedly.

"What? Why? What did it say?" I asked, contemplating a phone call to the authorities.

"Just that she should keep an eye on her man 'cause he's very flirty with me." Selma cackled.

Over the next few months Selma started sending Drake and "Skipper"

frightening emails about her empowered womanhood. She slid further into the depths of insanity and I spoke to her less and less. Drake eventually sent her emails to Human Resources and she was not only fired, but escorted out by security while the entire Comfy Crappers Empire watched.

Moral of the Story: Grooming and non-desperation are still vital when finding a mate, even with your lucrative administrative assistant position and Martha Stewart for K-Mart brand dish towels. And don't shit where you sell shitter supplies.###

[i] MyStalking: Excessive viewing of a person's MySpace page and their friend's pages.

The Best Concert I Ever Went To

By Ace Backwards

It's impossible to pick the best concert I ever went to. Because I've been to so many great concerts. And they were great for so many different reasons. So it's impossible to compare them. The Watkins Glenn Festival (Grateful Dead, the Band, Allman Bros.) in 1973. Emerson, Lake and Palmer in 1974. David Bowie "Diamond Dogs tour" in 1975. Randy California and Spirit in 1975. Fear at the Elite Club in 1982 . . . Just to name a few off the top of my head.

But the Sex Pistols show in San Francisco in 1978 really stands out, if only for the historical factor. Not just because it was their final show before they broke up. But because that tour ushered in the Punk Rock movement as a cultural force. And also because, for the first time, it was somebody (Johnny Rotten) of my age (20) and my generation (high school class of 1974) that was up there on that stage.

Before that it had pretty much been an endless succession of '60s retreads. The Grateful Dead, the Jefferson Starship, the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, on and on. The '60s cast a long shadow on my generation.

Especially in the fields of the arts and media – writing, music, punditry, etc. There was a log-jam clogged up by the sheer bulk that was the '60s generation. They had gotten in there first, hogged up all the good positions, and my generation was left scrambling for whatever crumbs were left over. It would be like that all throughout the '70s and '80s.

A typical example is a '70s phenomenon like the TV comedy show "Saturday Night Live." A '70s show, yes, but mostly starring John Belushi and all those guys – '60s generation retreads, all. And just as typical, when the original cast finally burned out and were replaced by comedians from the next generation, they would be lambasted and compared unfavorably with the "innovative" and "cutting edge" humor of the '60s comedians.

It would be like that through my entire twenties. This failure to live up to the greatness that was "the '60s." The '60s generation had gotten the ball rolling, launching the revolution, expanding our consciousness, burning their bras and saving the environment. Why, they had practically eradicated racism and brought about social justice. But it was because of all the losers of my generation that the whole grand thing had sputtered out and collapsed.

The acid was always purer in the '60s. The pot was always stronger. The love was always groovier. And the political activism was always more righteous (why, they burned their draft cards and stopped that war, man!!). By 1980 my generation had even been slurred with the derogatory term "yuppies." In contrast to the righteous "hippies" who were selfless in their devotion to creating a beautiful new society, curing the world of racism and sexism, as well as greed and world hunger, in between loving mother earth. As compared to those greedy and self-centered "yuppies" who not only couldn't care less about creating a better world of love and perfect harmony. They just wanted to plug into the corrupt capitalist system like parasites, and

exploit it for their own grubby personal gain. Man! We were the narcissistic "me generation." As opposed to the '60s generation that I suppose saw themselves as the "we generation." Their altruism and all-round goodness knew no bounds. At least according to the endless press releases they kept issuing attesting to the greatness that was themselves.

Even today, you could fill entire libraries with nothing but the memoirs from the members of the '60s generation. Reminiscing fondly on those incredible days. Their heroic struggles, their incredible innovations that were nothing short of stunning in their brilliance compared to the dirtclods of the generations that preceded them and followed them. Followed by the final chapter that detailed their stints in various rehab centers where they heroically fought to avoid the dismal fate of self-destruction that had destroyed so many others from their lame-ass generation. Followed by the uplifting epilogue where we're given the opportunity to learn the many great lessons that the '60s generation has to offer us. The end.

So yeah, when Johnny Rotten hit that stage with his mockery and vitriol and sneering at the pompous excesses that defined the '60s, I could only think: Yeah! About time!###

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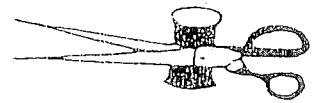
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