

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

If you read it in the Herald, you probably know it already: In the Mission, and now at Polk and Washington: UPFORDAYZ café... Mezze and Moore Lebanese Tapas now at Guerrero and 14th Street... Krua Thai Restaurant at 3214 16th Street should be reopened by now... Telegraph Hill Books (half the books are in Italian) now at 1501 Grant in – where else – North Beach... (Relatively) new in the Haight: Zasta Studio at 1764 Haight where an Indian guy designs clothes and a Pakistani guy sells them. Reusable clothes, too – leather and denim jackets, etc.)... Blue Bin Vintage at 1525 Haight – I thought it sounded familiar; they have a store in Palo Alto.

3 to 6 PM each Friday: An artist named Mace sells his artwork at Haight and Clayton... Jaz (with one Z) sells his paintings under the freeway overpass at 2nd and Howard most days. He said he knows a graffiti artist named Mace but it isn't the same guy in the Haight.

Want to buy a record store? The Vinyl Solution in San Mateo is for sale. Give Tom a call if you're interested.

I forgot where, I think it was on Folsom Street on the Mission/Potrero Hill border – there's a painting of a woman and a phone number for you to call to hear her poems – (415) 200-4587 x-20.

I was at Mars Bar and Restaurant in SoMa recently and stumbled upon an event on the back patio called the Self Love Club Summit. Some of you reading this are probably rolling your eyes, dismissing it as “new age” but I have to say the people there were very nice. Lots of positive vibes. Hey, I wasn't raised on the Gospel, but on “Godspell” so I'm sympathetic.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

Well, Columbus Day (or Indigenous Peoples Day) just passed with the usual negativity. Instead of celebrating that we're here, and practically the whole world wants to be here, we have to fight over this.

Oh well, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em...

Since this is San Francisco, we're always hearing the *Columbus was a bad dude* side of the argument. So let's add a little diversity to the conversation and have a few select paragraphs from Michael Graham's essay



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“Why Indigenous Peoples Day is Far Worse Than Columbus Day.” Here we go...

When thinking of pre-Columbian America, forget what you've seen in the Disney movies. Think “slavery, cannibalism and mass human sacrifice.” From the Aztecs to the Iroquois, that was life among the indigenous peoples before Columbus arrived.

For all the talk from the angry and indigenous about European slavery, it turns out that pre-Columbian America was virtually one huge slave camp. According to “Slavery and Native Americans in British North America and the United States: 1600 to 1865,” by Tony Seybert, “Most Native American tribal groups practiced some form of slavery before the European introduction of African slavery into North America.”

“Enslaved warriors sometimes endured mutilation or torture that could end in death as part of a grief ritual for relatives slain in battle. Some Indians cut off one foot of their captives to keep them from running away.”

Ritual human sacrifice was widespread in the Americas. The Incas, for example, practiced ritual human sacrifice to appease their gods, either executing captive warriors or “their own specially raised, perfectly formed children,” according to Kim MacQuarrie, author of “The Last Days of the Incas.”

The Aztecs, on the other hand, were more into the “volume, volume, VOLUME” approach to ritual human slaughter. At the re-consecration of the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan in 1487, the Aztecs performed a mass human sacrifice of an estimated 80,000 enslaved captives in four days.

There Are No Pure Peoples in History

Slavery, torture, and cannibalism—tell me why we're celebrating “Indigenous People's Day” again? And we're getting rid of Columbus Day to protest—what? The fact that one group of slavery-practicing violent people conquered another group of violent, blood-thirsty slavers? That's a precis of the history of the Americas before Columbus arrived.

This has always been the fatal flaw of the Left's politics of race guilt: Name the race that's not “guilty”? Racism, violence, and conquest are part of the human condition, not the European one.

There is, however, one key difference between the European Conquistadors and the Incas, Aztecs, and Iroquois who conquered the Americas before them: In addition to violence and greed, the Europeans also brought literacy, liberalism, and the scientific method, all of which would transform America into the greatest champion of human freedom the world has never known.

Do the anti-Columbus activists who claim Europe's conquest of America is a sin really want to live in a world where it never happened? Where America is an illiterate, technological backwater of tribal violence and ritual human sacrifice? Of course not. The only reason their ideological idiocy has free rein today is because Europeans showed up in 1492.

Happy Columbus Day!

Thanks, Michael. Oh, and congratulations to the Cleveland Guardians baseball team for making the playoffs this year. As you may be aware, after 106 years as the Cleveland Indians, the team changed its name to the similar sounding Guardians, in honor of a couple of statues on a Cleveland highway bridge which are known as the Guardians of Traffic.

In 1897, a Penobscot Indian from Maine named Louis Sockalexis became a star player for the Cleveland Spiders baseball team. He died of tuberculosis in 1913 and 2 years later the Cleveland baseball team named itself the Indians in his honor. So there you have it: the offensive naming of a team that Crytal Echo Hawk, executive director of an organization called Illuminative, said of the name change: “It is a major step toward righting the wrongs committed against native peoples and is one step toward justice.”

Really, Ms. Echo Hawk? This is going to help Native Americans? Do you know what may help them even more? Getting off reservations and joining the rest of us in the country. We really aren't so bad. You can teach us things and we can teach you things. And that way, if an Indian child is being

abused or neglected, federal authorities can intercede, which they can't do now. And they can have more oversight over those Indian gaming casinos. Hmm... gambling casinos with no federal oversight? What could possibly happen there?

American Indians may be an offensive term to some, but *Indigenous People* isn't really accurate. There's the Bering Land Bridge which runs from Siberia to Alaska, and American Indians look like Inuit Eskimos who look like Mongols. Get the picture?

How about we change the name of the holiday to "Just Shut the Hell Up and Be Happy We're Here and If You Really Don't Like It Then Leave" Day?



Above: The adorable Chief Wahoo logo of the Cleveland Indians – done in not by the Apaches, the Iroquois, or the U.S. Calvary – but by “woke” silliness.

The Class of 1974

By Ace Backwords

I recently received a notice that the Class of 1974 would be holding their reunion soon. I briefly considered going. But then I remembered my life had turned out to be a hopeless botch. So why should I give all the bastards that hated my guts the satisfaction of finding that out. Let 'em find out when I commit some horrific act that lands me on the front pages of all the newspapers, just like everybody else.

It reminds me of one of my favorite *New Yorker* cartoons. It's a class reunion, and everyone in the class has turned out to be a bum, wino or derelict. And one of the bums is saying to another bum: "Ya know, I thought it was *me*. But maybe that school was *no damn good!*"

I remember a couple nights before our graduation in 1974 there had been the big Graduation Party. This final blow-out at Steven Dunst's house. Steven Dunst was the star quarterback of the football team. And just about everyone from our class was crammed into his suburban house that night. I went to the big party with my friend Donna. We were the "class stoners." So we felt we had an obligation to drop some acid to add some sparkle to the festivities.

When we entered Steven Dunst's living room the acid was just starting to take effect. A rock band — made up of the coolest of the cool kids in our class — was jamming out some tunes at the far end of Dunst's living room. They were playing Eagles songs and Byrds songs and all the cool folk-rock songs that were in that year. I distinctly remember they were playing the Eagles hit "Take It Easy" at the time. I wanted to get a closer look at the band, so I wormed my way through the packed crowd and sat down right up front on what seemed like an excellent place to sit. What I only realized much later — much to my chagrin — was actually a glass coffee table.

Anyways, I'm sitting there grooving to the music when all of a sudden there's this loud explosion, this loud popping sound. And I remember these beautiful, crystalline shards of glass flying into the air in all sorts of spectacular psychedelic patterns. The next thing I know I'm sitting there on the floor amidst all this broken glass. The band stopped playing "Take It Easy" like THAT — That was one of the most shocking aspects. That it had went from this loud, booming, electric party noise to total silence, in a blink of an eye. And everybody in the room was STARING at me. And they all looked shocked, angry, and displeased. I knew instinctively that somehow, something bad had happened, and that it somehow involved me. But my acid-addled brain couldn't quite put the pieces together. For a second I thought: *This is surely one of those whacky LSD hallucinations that happen with regularity while tripping. Wait 'll I tell Donna about this one. She'll laugh good.*

And I felt a momentary sense of hopefulness. Which quickly passed.

Then I was at the kitchen sink, and Donna was running water over my hands, trying to wash the blood and shards of broken glass off of my hands. I spotted Steven Dunst off in the distance. He was rushing back and forth from room to room with his hand up on his forehead in an anguished pose. I suddenly felt a strong and compelling need to talk to Steven Dunst personally. To resolve this problem. Whatever it was. Perhaps the glass coffee table could be repaired. Possibly with glue and scotch tape. . .

Then Steven Dunst is standing before me. Me and Steven had gone back a long ways. We had both been the 11th and 12 men on the JV basketball team back in 1972, and we had spent a lot of time during the course of the season sitting at the end of the bench and arguing over which one of us was in fact the worst member of the team. (*Ed. note: According to reliable sources, it was Dunst.*) I was about to tell Steven an amusing anecdote from that season past when he said:

"Just leave."

Me and Donna skulked out of the party. We spent the rest of the evening driving aimlessly around the suburban streets of New Jersey, waiting for the acid to wear off. At least Donna didn't desert me that night. I gotta' give her points for that. I was rapidly sinking into a subhuman funk of despair. This black hole I would never pull myself out of. Everything amplified a thousand times over by the fiendish intensity of the LSD.

"Just don't think about," said Donna.

I thought about that for a moment.

Then we got out of the car for some fresh air. We were standing atop this off-ramp, by this bridge that overlooked the freeway below us. I watched the car headlights blasting off like rockets into the distance. And wished I could get in one of those cars and take off and never look back. For a second I considered jumping off the bridge. But then I figured I had already done enough stupid stuff for one night. . . .

A couple days later it was Graduation Day. I shuffled through the ceremony in a zombie stupor. Later, a couple of us were sitting around on the front steps of the high school. It was the end of the line, the end of our high school careers. And we were all poised to go our separate ways forever and embark on our adult lives. Suzie Q, the high school sexpot, passed by, and made a quick joke. "I heard you had a *smashing* time at Dunst's party the other night. Ha ha." She had always considered me a fool. And now I had officially confirmed it.

Oh well. That's life. But I'll tell you one thing. To this day I STILL hate that fucking song "Take It Easy." Whenever it comes on the radio, believe me, I can't change the channel fast enough.###

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TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1999

GREAT MOMENTS in ROCK & ROLL IRONY!

DON'T FOLLOW LEADERS... WATCH YER PARKING METERS..

IN 1983 PETE TOWNSEND URGED WHO FANS TO "JOIN TOGETHER WITH THE BAND FOR THE HISTORIC FINAL WHO CONCERT!!"

STEP RIGHT UP!! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!!

A Once in a Lifetime Experience

IN 1989 TOWNSEND ANNOUNCED THE HISTORIC WHO REUNION CONCERT!! ... FOLLOWED NEXT YEAR, OF COURSE, BY THE NEXT HISTORIC FINAL WHO CONCERT.

IN 1987 PAUL MCCARTNEY WAS RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT AT THE SACRILEGE OF MICHAEL JACKSON (WHO OWNS THE BEATLES CATALOGUE) SELLING BEATLES' SONGS TO BE USED IN ADS.

HOW COULD YOU!!

I'M BAD I'M BAD YOU KNOW I'M REALLY BAD...

THAT SAME YEAR, MCCARTNEY (WHO OWNS THE BUDDY HOLLY CATALOGUE) SOLD HOLLY SONGS TO BE USED TO HAWK BUICKS AND IN OTHER ADS.

ELVIS PRESLEY DESPISED "ILLEGAL DRUG USERS" AND OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO PRES. NIXON TO HELP FIGHT THE DRUG MENACE AS AN UNDER-COVER NARC.

GO OUT THERE AND BUST SOME JUNKIES, ELVIS!!

SURE THING, CHIEF! RIGHT AFTER I SHOOT UP SOME 100% LEGAL DILAUDID!!

AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, ELVIS WAS REGULARLY SPENDING 7 OR 8 THOUSAND DOLLARS AT A TIME TO BUY PRESCRIPTION DRUGS LIKE VALIUM AND PERCODAN, AND HAD ENOUGH MEDICATION IN HIS SYSTEM TO KILL A HORSE.

WHEN FOUNDING MEMBER SYD BARRETT QUIT PINK FLOYD, ROGER WATERS TOOK OVER THE BAND AND CONTINUED MAKING RECORDS AS PINK FLOYD.

"tweet" "tweet"

DON'T WORRY. I'LL CARRY ON, YOU CRAZY DIAMOND...

WHEN WATERS QUIT THE BAND, HE WAS OUTRAGED AND THREATENED TO SUE WHEN THE OTHER THREE MEMBERS DECIDED TO CONTINUE AS PINK FLOYD.

IN THE SONG "IMAGINE" JOHN LENNON SINGS:

IMAGINE NO POSSESSIONS...

I DON'T NEED NO IMAGINATION FOR THAT, MAN!!

SKID ROW

AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH LENNON OWNED MORE THAN \$ 20 MILLION WORTH OF POSSESSIONS.

IN 1985 MICK JAGGER DECLARED THAT THE ROLLING STONES WERE "A BUNCH OF TIRED OLD MEN" AND A MILL STONE AROUND HIS NECK.

"sob" "choke"

CHOW!!

AFTER HIS SOLO ALBUMS BOMBED, JAGGER SUDDENLY DECIDED THE TIME WAS RIPE TO REJOIN THE ROLLING (MILL?) STONES.

AND THAT FINE LINE BETWEEN SATIRE AND REALITY GETS THINNER EVERY DAY!!

JESUS IS LORD...

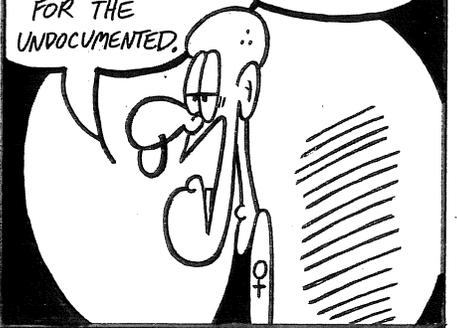
GOOD CLEAN FUN
WRITTEN, DRAWN & ©2022
BY GENE MAHONEY

CHANTEUSE...
PUTTING THE
"ME"
IN
MEA CULPA

And now on KQED Public
Television, a guest editorial
from Chanteuse, former host
of "O' Gay Can You See:
Homophobia in Amerika" on
KPFA radio in Berkeley and
former bath-house editor for
the San Francisco Bay
Guardian defunct newspaper.

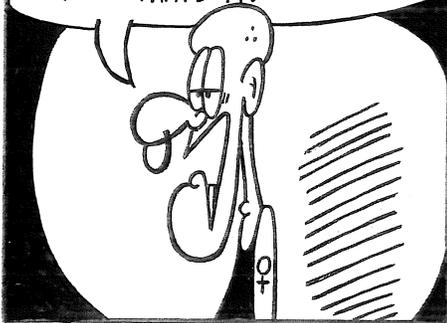
KQED

HELLO. I'D LIKE TO OFFER A
REBUTTAL TO A RECENT
EDITORIAL ON KQED... BY ME.
I ORIGINALLY VOICED SUPPORT FOR
TEXAS GOVERNOR GREG ABBOTT
SENDING HIS STATE'S UNDOCUMENTED
IMMIGRANTS HERE TO SAN FRANCISCO,
A SELF-PROCLAIMED SANCTUARY CITY
FOR THE
UNDOCUMENTED.



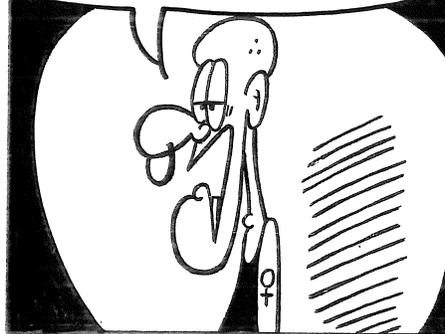
THEN I SUDDENLY BEGGED
GOVERNOR GREG ABBOTT
NOT TO SEND HIS STATE'S
UNDOCUMENTED IMMIGRANTS
TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO QUIT SMOKING.
MAYBE THAT'S IT.



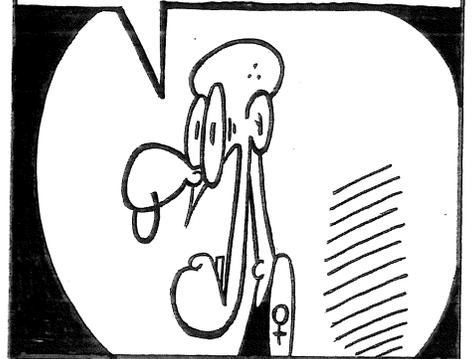
ANYWAY, SAN FRANCISCO HAS
ALWAYS BEEN DEDICATED TO
DIVERSITY, INCLUSION, AND BIODIVERSITY.

SO, GOVERNOR GREG ABBOTT,
FEEL FREE TO SEND US YOUR
STATE'S UNDOCUMENTED IMM—



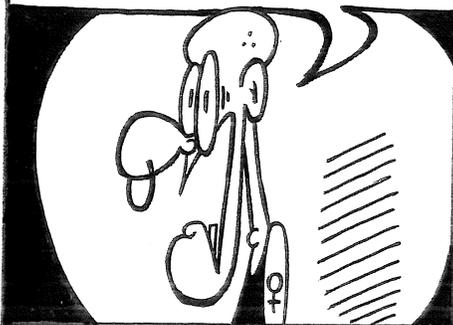
AW, WHO AM I KIDDING?!
I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS!

MORE GANG MEMBERS IN THE
MISSION?! VIVA GENTRIFICATION!



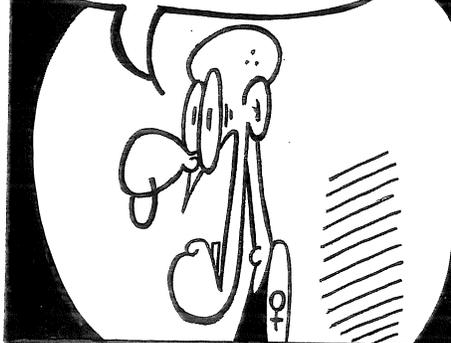
DON'T DO IT, GREG!
PLEASE DON'T DO IT!

GOD, I SOUND LIKE
HAL THE COMPUTER IN
"2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY"!



GREG BABY...
NAME IT, I'LL DO IT.

I'M SURE YOU'RE A
HAPPILY MARRIED MAN,
BUT I'LL GET DOWN ON
MY KNEES AND —



The preceding has been a
guest editorial from a
concerned citizen and in no
way reflects the opinions of
KQED and its employees.

Next: How climate change
affects racism and the rapid
increase in genders.

KQED

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Great local bar; large
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shuffleboard, Pliny on
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7PM.

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& India Curry House,**
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Indian cuisine. Delivery
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