

SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

Proudly Serving Nob Hill

September – October 2017

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GOOD NIGHT

and in the morning, the telephone jingles a cheery voice tells it is seven and you rub your eyes and disappear *again* twenty fathoms under woolly blue blankets. A flighty, piping wind beats 'round the open windows—they should be down. The radiators sing a useless song. Your better, far better half, sets sail for forty other winks. You start to follow, but conscience makes you cowardly. You snuggle deeper and wide eyed memory brings pictures of lordly bacon and golden toast, flaky, yellow waffles in puddles of golden syrup and floating islands of butter, whole pots of coffee, *and* your bed covers explode! You *jam* down the windows! and to a tuneless whistled tune you race through the shower a minute ahead of the sweetest girl. Captain Room Service appears with a hot and savoury breakfast for two, in your room. *Good Morning!* What a *wonderful* sleep! See you soon?

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL

Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director

DETROIT

G O O D N I G H T



The Book-Cadillac Hotel
ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
DETROIT



The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

There's a new hair salon owned by Michael Page at 832-A Sutter Street called Page 832.

Michael had a salon in the 666 Building for 8 years called Mike Page Style Lab. Before that he owned 2 other salons (as well as a furniture store next to Café Bean). He says the new salon is a return to a more cozy environment; it's not big like the one at 666. If you're wondering why you have to step over a piece of plywood when entering, it's to keep his little pug dog from escaping.

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There's a shoe repair place where Laundry Locker is at 1339 Polk. The gentleman behind the counter said his name is James White, he opened the shop in June, he does shoe repair for all 60 Laundry Locker locations as well as for people off the street, and he's been working on shoes since he was a little kid.

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If you read it in the Herald you probably know it already:

There was a fundraiser in August at the Buffalo Theory Restaurant for the 4 businesses on Polk Street that were damaged in a fire on July 14th.

The businesses were California Cowboy, One Half, Johnson's Leathers, and Russian Hill Upholstery & Décor.

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

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August 22nd was the one year anniversary of Red Robin Laundromat (where Rainbow Bubble Wash was, at 970 Sutter).

New owners Bill and Jeanne Sorensen repainted the place, fixed the machines, got rid of the bulletin board where somebody always wrote "God" on all the fliers, and hung up some pictures. The ones near the front are of fashion models from the 1930s, drawn by Jeanne's mother. The ones further back are historical photos from the SFPD (all taken before Bill's tenure as a SFPF photographer).

Bill and Jeanne have been married for 51 years. They met at George Washington High School after Bill got kicked out of St. Ignatius. After years in the suburbs, they're living back in the city - in the avenues - where they met.

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Caught the opening of an art exhibit at Hashimoto Contemporary (804 Sutter) called "Less is More" - which featured the oil paintings of Jessica Hess.

Lots of images of houses, garbage cans, dumpsters, and bus stops - I dug it. When asked if she was influenced by David Hockney, she mentioned a German artist I wasn't familiar with.

Her parents were nice - the father had some interesting navy stories from the Vietnam era.

Kate Franklin was running the show at the gallery that night - she's from SoCal but graduated from the San Francisco Art Institute. Kate said Hashimoto Contemporary has been around since 2012 and is the sister gallery of Spoke Art, which is just a few feet away. Notes Kate: "Spoke Art focuses more on illustrative, figurative, print, and pop culture. We focus more on contemporary painting and sculpture. We also display textile pieces and installation."

Look for Kate's filmmaking on YouTube.

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Ran into an artist named Sofia Carmi at the Hess exhibit. Notes Sofia: "Colors and paintings are a window to

the inner soul and outer reality through which the alchemical transformation of colors and images is investigated through the act of painting."

Couldn't have said it better myself.

Sofia had an exhibit at the Alliance Francaise de SF here in Nob Hill in August, and her Open Studio work will be at Goodman 2, 1695 18th Street #316 from October 1 - December 31.

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There's a new mural off Polk Street on Hemlock Alley painted by 6 artists with the theme, "San Francisco and its History of Diversity."

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New café near Nob Hill on the Chinatown/North Beach border (China Beach) at 1401 Powell called Enter The Café.

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Speaking of North Beach: There's a "Lost Ferret" flier on the corner of Union and Columbus. I didn't have a pen handy and I don't carry around a cell phone, and I wasn't able to remember the phone number. But if you've seen a ferret who migrated south to our neighborhood, you know what to do.

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Happy birthday to those bicycle riding anarchists, Critical Mass. Congratulations! Not many organizations made up of angry, pathetic losers blaming society for their own failures last 25 years, but you guys pulled it off!

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Last issue's column was almost all about recently deceased celebrities, this issue's column is almost all about art. Even the piece about the laundromat mentioned art.

From 9/30/17 to 2/4/18 the San Francisco Modern Art Museum presents an exclusive U.S. retrospective of Walker Evans'

photographs of the Great Depression. He took the photos while working for the Farm Security Administration. The agency was part of FDR's New Deal, which attempted to fight poverty, but actually made it worse. (You don't believe that last part, but we'll get into it at a future date.)

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And now, another episode of "24"- about my experiences as a member of 24 Hour Fitness.

Past installments have focused on negative aspects, like the older man who reads the Sunday Chronicle on the bench press instead of bench pressing some iron (he disappeared from the San Mateo location right after that was published). Or the guys who play their godawful music on their mobile phones in the locker room, forcing me to turn on the hand dryers to drown it out.

This one is more positive.

I heard there was a new location, right near where I live in the Silicon Valley area (as you may know, I lived in Lower Nob Hill over 20 years ago, and was probably conceived at the St. Francis Hotel, but this newsletter is a fraud in the sense that I'm not one of your neighbors).

Anyway, I get to the front desk and the guy behind the counter informs me it's a "Supersport" location, not a plain old "Sport" location, like my membership limits me to.

But he said it was okay for me to work out there for just that day.

I did, and on the way out I approached him and said, "Thanks for letting me work out here today."

It turned out it wasn't him; it was a guy who looked like him behind the counter. The first guy had left.

He looked confused and said, "Sure."

The guy behind him looked confused, too. They probably wondered why a member would thank them for letting

them use the gym. That's what members pay for.

Sure, they probably thought I was a weirdo, but at least this installment of "24" was positive for a change.

Not like the rest of this column...

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Bad Quarterbacks Matter

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The last weekend of August the media went nuts with 'round the clock coverage of protests against a "hate group" that had planned 2 rallies in support of white supremacy, right here in the enlightened Bay Area.

As it turned out, the rallies planned weren't in support of white supremacy, and their organizer wasn't even white.

Though there was a "hate group" - it was on the other side.

Antifa - it gets its name from "anti-fascist" - is an organization of street thugs beating peaceful protesters they disagree with.

Because of their opposition to white supremacists, the media has given them a pass. But even those advocating a twisted ideology have a constitutional right to peaceably assemble.

The August 24 - 30 issue of The Epoch Times had a pithy article called "The Communist Origins of the Antifa Extremist Group."

Present day communists proudly state that Hitler was against the communists in Germany. (So, in other words, if old Adolph hated us, we can't be that bad.)

The article notes the reason Hitler despised the communists was because he couldn't control them - they took their orders from the Soviet Union.

Antifa was a Soviet front group that used violence to crush those who opposed them. And they called everyone who opposed them "fascist."

"Anti-fascism is a strategy rather than an ideology," notes Bernd Langer, a former member of Autonome Antifa, a German Antifa organization which disbanded in 2004.

Hence the Orwellian display of media coverage which refers to fascists as "anti-fascists."

Moscow's plan to take over Germany via the street thugs of Antifa backfired. The German middle class saw what happened to Russia after the communists took over and wanted no part of it. Fed up with the government's inability to stop Antifa, they turned to the Nazis to do it.

You know the rest of the story.###

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Contact: Gene Mahoney, P.O. Box 843, Redwood City, CA 94064

GOOD CLEAN FUN

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND

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GENE MAHONEY

IT'S

LEE HARVEY WEMBLEY

in

DON'T CRY FOR ME, AMERICA

CAN YOU SEE
THE LAPTOP,
MIKE?



YES.



WOW!
HERE I AM WITH
MICHAEL
DOONESBURY!



ABOUT TO WATCH
JANE PAULEY
(MRS. GARRY BEEKMAN
TRUDEAU)...



... INTERVIEW
HILLARY CLINTON
ABOUT HER LATEST
MEMOIR,
"WHAT HAPPENED"!



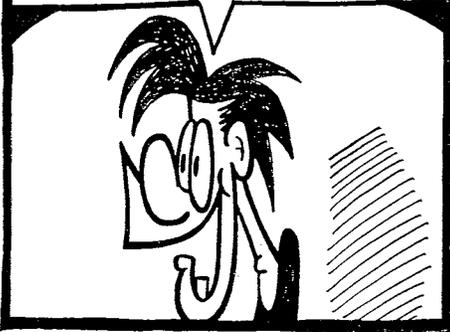
HEY, I'VE MET
A LOT OF
BIG STARS
IN MY LIFE...



KATHY VALENTINE
FROM THE GOGO'S,
TERRI NUNN
FROM BERLIN...



FEE WAYBILL
FROM THE TUBES,
ROLLING STONE
MAGAZINE'S
BEN FONG-TORRES...



BUT...
MICHAEL
DOONESBURY...
WOW!



CAN WE WATCH
THE SHOW
PLEASE?



JANE, LET ME MAKE
THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR...
LOSING THE ELECTION
WAS COMPLETELY
MY FAULT.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
HILLARY IS ACCEPTING
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
SOMETHING?



BUT IT WAS ALSO
THE FAULT OF
JAMES COMEY,
JOE BIDEN,
BARACK OBAMA,
BERNIE
SANDERS...



JILL STEIN,
JULIAN ASSANGE,
THE NEW YORK TIMES,
MY TECHNICAL
SUPPORT TEAM...

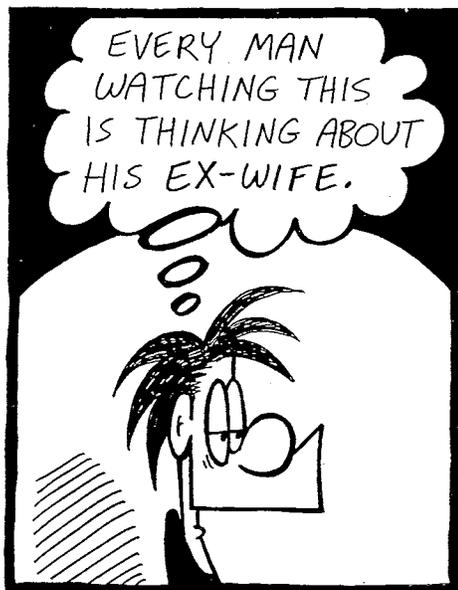
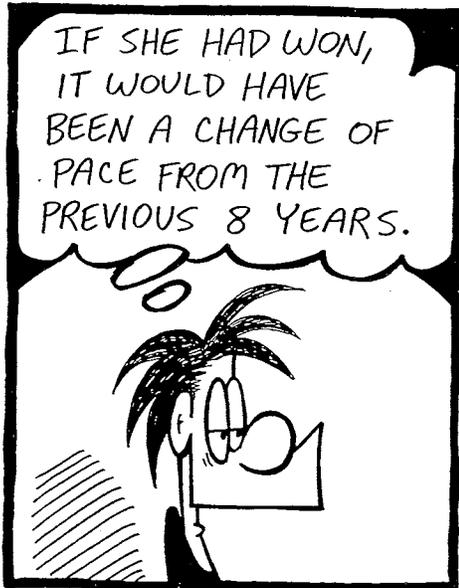


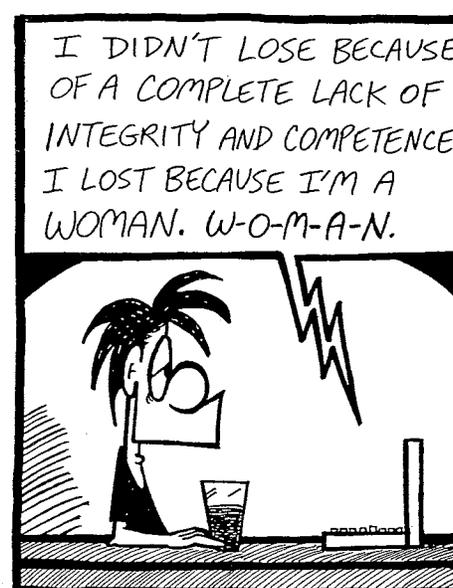
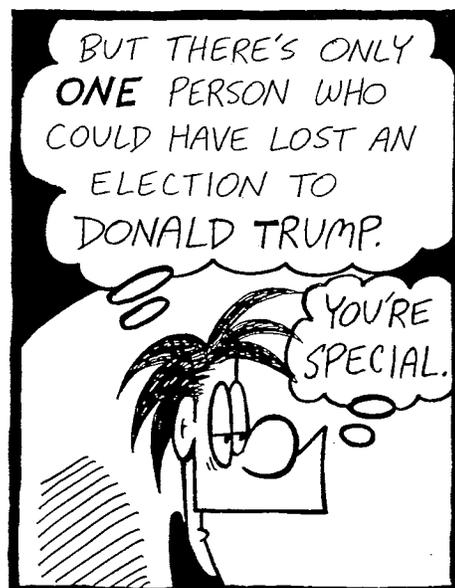
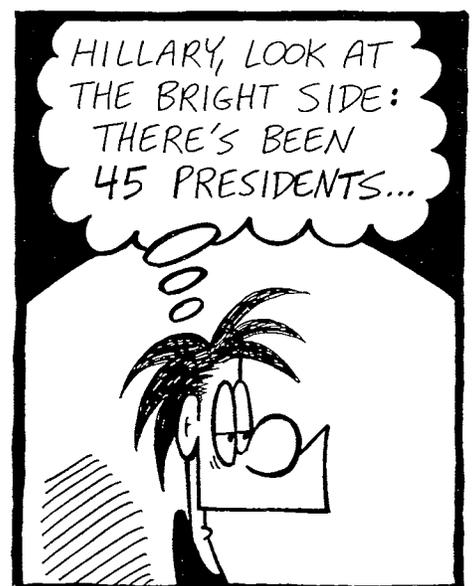
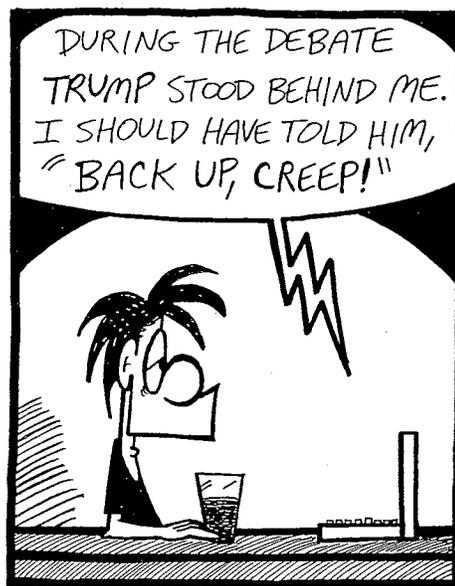
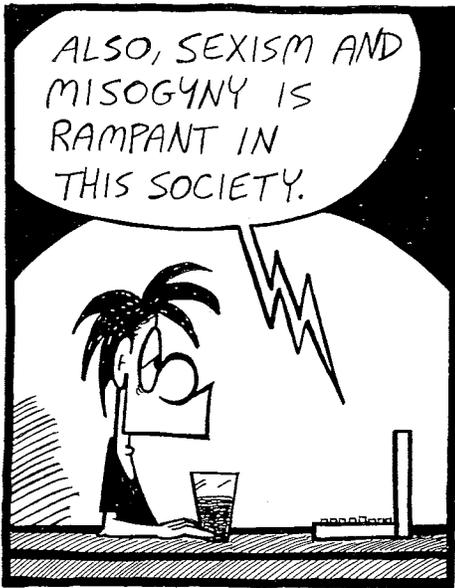
... AND
VLADIMIR PUTIN.
PLUS TOO MANY
OTHERS TO
MENTION.

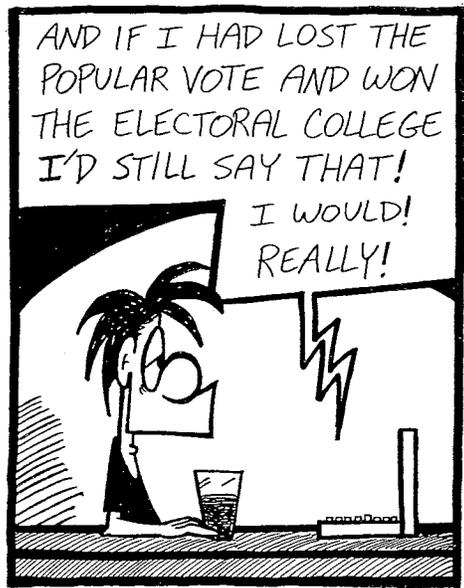
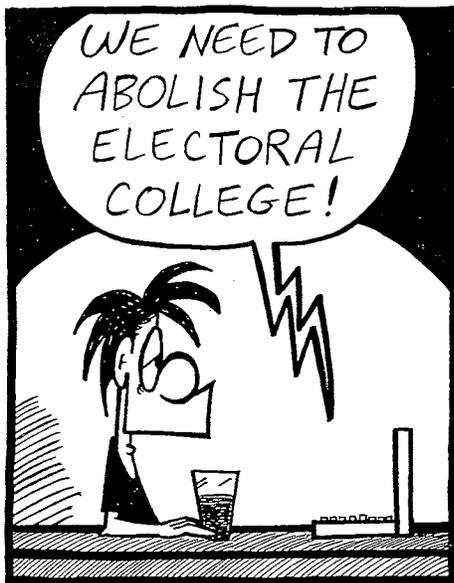


NEVER
MIND.









Telegraph from Berkeley

One of my favorite late-night hangout spots

By Ace Backwards

For many years this was one of my favorite late-night hangout spots on the Berkeley campus. It was a very secluded spot. And it had an awning to protect me from the rain. And it even had an outdoor outlet so I could charge my cellphone and post crucial late-night drunken babble on my Facebook page. So the spot was ideal for my needs.

For a couple years they were doing construction on that wing of the building and it was blocked off from the public. And the building was completely vacant. So I had the entire area all to myself. Which is how it should be in a perfect world.

You see, when you live on the streets, you crave these little pockets of privacy. Because generally you live in public and you endure constant public scrutiny. So you truly cherish these little spots where you can get a little privacy.

But then two years ago my happiness — and my privacy — was shattered when a University employee set up his office in one of the rooms right by my beloved hangout spot. Bummer.

It sucked because he could look out of the window of his office and see me sitting there several feet away, doing all the quasi-illegal things that the average homeless street person does during the course of their evenings. Even worse, one phone call from the guy to the cops could get me permanently roused from the spot.

So the whole dynamics of my once-private hangout spot had instantly been changed.

Even worse. This guy, instead of just being in his office during normal business hours — like I assumed — he was in there virtually ALL the time!! He'd be in there after midnight on a Tuesday night. He'd be in there on the weekends. He'd even be in there on

the holidays. He'd be in there on Christmas Eve for crissakes.

So every night, when I approached my once-cherished late-night hangout spot, as soon as I saw the lights were on in his office (yet again!!) I would trip out into this mindless rage.

“KILL KILL KILL!! It's HIM!! What is he DOING in there?? Does he work 24 hours a day?? Why doesn't this dude get a LIFE!!”

I'd constantly have to remind myself: “Ace, get a grip. He's a valued University employee. While you're a useless bum getting drunk and babbling on Facebook. He has more of a right to hang out at this spot than you.” (So I'd be forced to concede that killing him wasn't a viable option.)

And I could understand this on an intellectual level. But an animal level. On a gut level. It was like a primal territorial turf war. For many years I had claimed this space as mine. But now this guy — this interloper — had come along and taken it from me. So I was displeased. As well as disgruntled, dismayed, and discombobulated.

Eventually I got to meet the guy. We'd occasionally run into each other when I was walking toward the spot. And he was walking in and out of the front door. And it turned out he was a nice guy, a friendly guy. He was a bland sort of middle-aged, mid-level, corporate drone employee. And occasionally we'd briefly chat and exchange pleasantries.

“So what are you doing here hanging out on the Berkeley campus?” he asked me, pleasantly.

“Oh I've been hanging out on the campus for years,” I said. “For many years I worked for the Daily Cal, the campus newspaper. I used to do a daily comic strip.”

I would sometimes name-drop this little tid-bit when talking to UC employees and UC cops to convey the impression that I wasn't just a useless bum hanging out on the campus, but that I was also a useless bum who had some kind of tenuous connection to UC Berkeley. I was part of the “UC Berkeley community” (so-called).

“Oh really? What was the name of your comic strip?” he asked.

“Twisted Image,” I said.

“Oh, wow. Are you Ace Backwards?” he asked.

“Yes,” I admitted.

“I've been following your work for many years!” he said.

He shook my hand vigorously. He was happy to meet me. As well he should be.

So that changed the dynamics of my relationship with the guy. I was happy that he was supportive of me and probably wasn't going to call the cops on me. But I was also nervous that he knew who I was and knew more than a bit about my life. And that knowledge could come boomerang back at me at some point in a painful way.

But mostly we just accepted each other's presence at the spot. And co-existed.

But one weird thing was: Every time we chatted he always seemed to have a nervous look in his eye. Like he was paranoid about me. Which was weird. Because he was the UC employee. And I was the bum. And he was the one who had standing, not me.

But then I noticed another odd thing. Late at night people would often knock on the window of his office. And he would get up and open the locked front door of the building and let them in.

Eventually I figured out what was going on. He — and the other people — were secretly LIVING in the offices. That's why he was nervous and paranoid about me. He was afraid I might alert the authorities and bust HIM!!

I had to laugh at the irony. The delicious role-reversal. Because usually I, as homeless street person, was the one who was paranoid about being roused and busted.

Anyways, the reason I'm thinking about this stuff now is because the other night I just noticed his office was vacant. It was the beginning of the new school year. And evidently the

University had moved him to a new office. He was gone.

So, once again, I now had the space all to myself. Thank God. And once again, for no apparent reason, I had prevailed. The End (at least for now).###

Note from Napa

(The following was written before Brad and Angelina got married.)

Brangelina

By Allison Parks

If you have no life, like me, then chances are you spend every second of every day wondering: When will Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie get married? Well, now you don't have to! I have imagined the potential story of their wedding day, and it's all right here for your enjoyment! Read on!

One by one, black SUVs pull up to the African wedding compound. All the big stars are there: George Clooney, Matt Damon, The Afflecks, TomKat and Baby Suri, Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta Jones, and Julia Roberts with her cameraman manslave and their gingerbread haired demon-child in toe. Brad warmly greets his guests with a smile; Angelina is nowhere to be found. The party-goers sip on wheat grass shots and Dom Pérignon while chatting amongst themselves. A mohawked Maddox kicks Julia Roberts' ginger kid in the shins. The guests watch, intrigued, doing nothing to stop it, because after all he *is* a ginger and deserves the abuse.

Several yards away in the honeymoon tent-complete with malaria prevention net-Jennifer Aniston is pouring Tabasco sauce on Angelina's sexy honeymoon panties. That should ruin the evening for both of them, she thinks to herself, cackling wildly like a hyena. She's wearing a Richard Nixon Halloween mask to evade reporters, but the unforgiving African sun is causing her to sweat all of the Botox out of her face. She snips a few holes in the malaria net. Then it's off to the airport and safely home to LA with her loving dogs who would never leave her for a big-breasted, do-gooding witch.

Back at the wedding compound, the ceremony is set to begin. Brad's side of the aisle is packed with A-listers, friends, and family. Angelina's side includes her Asian lesbian ex-lover, Jenny Shimizu, a warlock (to bless the marriage), her flight instructor, and a sea of empty chairs.

The ebony wedding musician begins to play "I want to fuck you like an animal" on the flute. The best man and brother of the groom, Doug, steps down the aisle holding Zahara's hand. Zahara is, of course, the maid of honor and the only member of Angelina's wedding party. Brad didn't want to draw attention to Angelina's glaring lack of friends by having a line of groomsman walking solo down the aisle. Next, Angelina steps out on the arm of her pervert/vampire-looking brother, James. Her father, John Voigt was not invited of course, due to their strange estrangement, partially caused by his weeping and declaring her criminally insane on *E! News Weekend*. Angelina looks radiant as she walks down the aisle in an ivory Badgley Mischka gown and marches towards Brad, who, romantically has pitched a tent in his pants. Even six months pregnant, she still bonerizes him like there's no tomorrow.

As she reaches the altar and prepares to separate from her brother, a hush falls over the crowd. Will they suck face? Will he grab her lactating hooters? He goes in... but it's only for a kiss on the cheek. He plants his enormous vampire lips on her face and then sits down next to the warlock and proceeds to rub his thigh throughout the ceremony.

From the back of the room, Baby Shiloh begins to wail. "Shut up, cracker ass!" Angelina shouts. Shiloh stops wailing, knowing Mommy will get out the wire hanger if she keeps crying. Zahara uncomfortably looks down at her shiny Mary Janes, and Maddox fingers the switchblade in his pocket while gazing at Julia Roberts' son's gingerbread scalp. Pax, meanwhile, has jacked Michael Douglas' Land Rover and left for Vietnam in search of his real parents.

The reading of the vows goes off without a hitch. Brad and Angelina engage in a long, gratuitous makeout sesh followed by the ritual trading of blood viles. Now it's time to party!

The guests dance and eat like there's no tomorrow. Well, the men eat like there's no tomorrow; the women nibble on a peppered sliver of lettuce, staring mournfully at the wedding cake while their eyes well up with tears.

Angelina gets tired of dealing with a fussy Baby Shiloh and instructs the nanny to put her in the Louis Vuitton suitcase. Baby Suri sees the terrible imprisonment and frees Shiloh from the pricey luggage. Then the two sassy young girls decide it's time to blow the joint. They leap into George Clooney's convertible Mercedes and tear off their oppressive Ralph Lauren jumpers, not unlike Liv Tyler and Alicia Silverstone in the Aerosmith video. Suri ignites a copy of *Dietetics* and flings it out of the car as they speed off in search of adventure.

Finally, the night wears to an end. Violet Affleck is getting grouchy over poopy diaper, and Michael Douglas is getting bitchy over his. The celebs tuck themselves into their respective tents and go to sleep. Meanwhile, Brangelina has wild honeymoon animal sex. Sure they're down two children, but that's not going to put a damper on Brangelina humping. They've got one replacement in the oven and they'll adopt another before returning to America. That is, if the mosquitoes don't get them first.###

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Auto Problems?

Take your car to

Dale's Auto Service

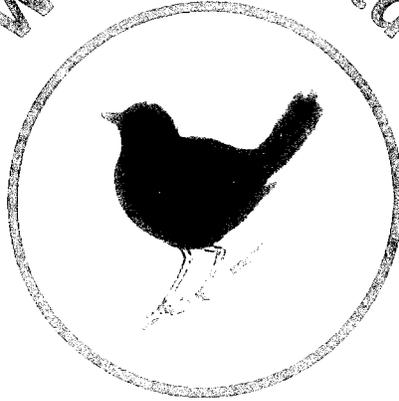
at 150 Turk Street.

And when you get there, say,

"Gene sent me!"

They'll wonder why you did, but just do it anyway.

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