

The Society Page By Gene Mahoney

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

A flyer on the bulletin board at Café International: Some guy named Mark misses the Lower Haight and wants you to write him a postcard to Box 219 c/Templers, 608002 Barcelona, Spain... Nob Hill Hardware has expanded into the place where Costa Del Sol Tanning was at 1426 California... Near there, Souvenir Coffee Company recently opened at 1415 Larkin, right near where my first girlfriend in California lived, back in 1986. Wow, 1986. It seems like just 35 years ago... Aidan Stone is making an independent movie called *You'll Lose a Good Thing*. He needs money for it so check out his GoFundMe page as well as the film's trailer on YouTube. He's filming it at Feldman's Books in Menlo Park. By the way, owner Jack Feldman claims he went to high school in San Carlos with future *Saturday Night Live* funnyman Dana Carvey and that Dana was quiet and never told a joke all throughout high school.

I was in the Mission on a Sunday in late July and saw those International A.N.S.W.E.R. "revolutionaries" yelling about how the U.S. is the most oppressive country on Earth and its embargo of Cuba is responsible for the suffering of the Cuban people. I pointed out to them that the embargo is a weak one, and what difference would it make anyway, as any other country in the world can trade with Cuba. They claimed that the U.S. is in charge of the world financial system and prevents other countries from trading with Cuba. (That might be news to all the Americans who had to travel outside the U.S. to buy Cuban cigars.) Also, wasn't that the philosophy of Fidel Castro and Che Guevara -- that once the U.S. had nothing to do with Cuba, it would become a workers' paradise?

USA Today published an analysis of whether the so-called U.S. blockade of Cuba prevents other nations from trading with the island and came to the conclusion it was false, noting that many countries, as well as some American companies, do business in Cuba.

Later in the day I ran into some people on Market Street waving Cuban and American flags. They were unaware of those wannabe demagogues in the Mission. Surprisingly, they didn't know about Cuban escapee author Humberto Fontova, author of *Exposing the Real Che Guevara and the Useful Idiots Who Idolize Him*. They took out their smart phones and looked him up.

Hey International A.N.S.W.E.R., try this experiment: Go to Havana and protest against the Cuban government the way you



SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

September 2021

SanFranciscoHerald.Net

did against the U.S. government in the Mission recently. See what their reaction would be compared to the "oppressive" reaction here. Get back to us. Though I doubt you'll ever be able to.

The SF Herald Voter Guide: He LOCKED US DOWN, so on September 14th, let's LOCK HIM OUT of the Governor's Mansion. Recall Gavin Newsom. And let's get Jennifer Siebel Newsom, the First Lady of California, out of there, too. (Oh wait, she calls herself "First Partner." How nauseatingly "woke.") Let Jennifer leave so she can spend more time making her documentaries about how America is full of income inequality. She can film them at The French Laundry in Napa. She makes documentaries about how America is full of racism, Jennifer? Then have your husband exit the Governor's Mansion so that Larry Elder - a black man - can enter it. Hey, Gavin - isn't running against Elder, a black man, an example of your white privilege? Jennifer, get him to end his racist ways and resign. You'll feel better. So will we.

XXXXXXXXXX

Herald Archives: The following Society Page column and Mr. Fabulous stories were published in the Herald in 2001.

The Society Page By Gene Mahoney

The San Francisco Herald started in July of '98, so which celebrity do you think has been mentioned the most within the pages of this reputable paper? Bill Clinton? Al Gore? George W. Bush? Perhaps. But this issue should be the one that puts Keanu Reeves over the top. I'll bet Keanu would have been your fourth guess. It all started last summer in issue 13, when Howard Hallis wrote this conspiracy theory:

THE MATRIX IS REAL - Many people really think life is really a computer simulated 3D virtual environment. I can believe that to a point, as it would explain the success of the Olsen Twins, but does that mean Keanu Reeves REALLY is the chosen one? Well, he did

play Buddha (in "Little Buddha"), and Bill and Ted were worshipped by the people of the future (in "Bill and Ted's Bogus Journey")... He was even the son of Satan ("Devil's Advocate")! Perhaps Keanu's movies are trying to tell us something... That he IS a being of great power and either the savior or the antichrist in the guise of a bad actor.

Then in January I wrote how I was supposed to review a show by Keanu's band Dogstar at Slim's but it was the only time I was left off the guest list for a show I was supposed to cover, so I couldn't. Then I told y'all about how Warner Brothers contacted me in March 2000 and asked if they could use the SF Herald as a background prop in their upcoming Keanu Reeves movie "Sweet November," and that I obliged them.



Well, a month after the movie's been out, I finally went to see it in a nearly empty theater with Kimberlye "Almost Famous" Gold. The only reason why we didn't fall asleep is because we kept waiting for a shot of Keanu reading this rag. There was one scene they shot at Farley's in Potrero Hill where Keanu and his lovely co-star Charlize Theron were talking to the guy who plays Richard Fish on "Ally McBeal," but Keanu's shoulder was blocking the stack of Heralds I keep there. I remember interrupting them filming a scene down the block at the Lilo Lounge as I dropped off some copies there, but apparently that scene was cut out of the movie, too. Hey, why should I gripe; imagine how those lovely made-up actresses who were in that scene feel. Oh well, no Academy Award nomination for Best Background Prop for old Geenie Weenie this year. Maybe some day. In a related story, our columnist James Dylan is signed up as an extra in the filming of the new *Matrix* movie now being shot in Alameda.

Anyway, not only did I not get to attend some exclusive **Hollywood** premiere for it, I didn't even get paid for it, I wasn't even in it, and I actually wasted \$18 paying for Ms. Gold and myself to watch the godawful thing. Oh well, babe. That's Hollywood. However, I'm going to get all sappy on you folks here (hopefully a lot better than "Sweet November" did). This film sure as hell isn't going to win Best Picture of the year like "**Terms of Endearment**" did back in '84, but like that superior flick, it deals with a young woman dying. I often wonder why I spend so much time and effort putting this rag out (besides the fact that I have to because no one would ever hire me for a real job) and suddenly realized that if I had one year to live, I'd still publish this thing. Most people would spend their final days trotting the globe. What good is traveling **the world**? Going to **Europe** after you graduated college (i.e. getting drunk and laid), that was fine; but travel is often a way of merely running away from yourself. Compare that to spending your final hours with a passion. Nope, I've had the privilege of meeting a lot of great people since I started the Herald (and they've had the even greater privilege of meeting me) and that's the way I feel about all this now. Of course I'd be a lot happier if I had fanatical groupies, but hey, you can't have it all....###

Stars and Bars

By Mr. Fabulous

Whoopi and I were standing at the bar outside the Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. It was a gala night and we were attending a charity event for the American Spinal Research Marathon. The bar was crowded with people. Whoopi was wearing a silver dress; I looked great in my tuxedo.

I stepped up to the bar.

The bartender squinted at me. "Another double-vodka?"

"Lay it on me, baby."

Whoopi poked me in the ribs. "This is your last one, okay?"

I nodded slowly. "All right."

The bartender handed me my drink. I thanked him and put a \$5 bill in his tip jar. Whoopi gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm going to the ladies room. Meet you back at the table?"

"Okay."

I took a sip of my drink. Whoopi walked off through the crowd. I watched her give a quick hug to Anjelica Huston. Then I turned and walked into the Ballroom.

At the entrance to the Ballroom I stumbled across Geraldo Rivera. He was surrounded by a film crew. They were preparing to

interview Keanu Reeves. The film crew had hoisted a camera into place.

Suddenly a spotlight switched on. Geraldo and Keanu were bathed in bright light. I took a sip of my drink and walked over to Geraldo.

Geraldo gripped a microphone and shouted over the noise of the room. "We're LIVE with Mr. Hollywood himself, Keanu Reeves. He's about to be raffled off for the American Spinal Research Bachelor Contest."

Keanu grinned. Geraldo smiled and turned to Keanu. "You've made some very successful films: 'The Matrix,' 'Bill and Ted,' 'Johnny Mnemonic'..."

"Don't forget 'Speed,'" I said from off camera.

Geraldo glanced at me quickly and turned back to Keanu. "...And of course, 'Speed.'"

Keanu nodded. "Right."

Geraldo switched the microphone to his other hand. "Now, tonight you're here for a good cause."

"That's right."

I took a sip of my drink and stepped next to Geraldo. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Hey Geraldo...can I just say that my buddy Keanu was tremendous in 'Speed.' Just tremendous."

Geraldo shot me a quick look. "Uhh, thanks." He turned back to Keanu. "I guess some people are very fond of 'Speed.'"

Keanu shrugged. "Yeah."

I patted Geraldo on the back. "You know, Keanu is the face of Hollywood." I smiled at the camera. "Keanu is better than DeNiro, better than Nicholson, better than Redford—"

Geraldo nodded quickly. "Yes, okay, thanks." He tried to pull away from me.

I kept smiling. "And 'Sweet November'—what a masterpiece...Did you see it?"

Geraldo paused. He stared at the camera blankly. "Uhh..."

I nudged him. "It's a masterpiece, right?"

Geraldo looked at me. "Well, maybe not a masterpiece, but..."

Suddenly two security men pushed me away from Geraldo. I clutched my drink and pulled away from them.

I drifted back into the crowd.###

In Defense of Keanu Reeves

By Mr. Fabulous

I'm personally acquainted with Keanu Reeves, having worked with him in 'Speed.' (I was the third SWAT team cop in the subway during the final chase

scene.) In all my time of working with Keanu I've always been extremely impressed with his fitness routine, his fashion sense, and his dedication to craft. I remember bumping into Keanu outside Panna Szazza in Hollywood, about two months after we'd shot 'Speed.'

I'd just stopped at Larry's World of Protein Shakes, to pick up a Soy-Guava Muscle Builder. Keanu and I were both trying to park our cars in the same spot along Sunset Boulevard. He started to inch his Mercedes in front of my Hyundai. I leaned my head out the window.

"Hey Keanu—I'm parking here."

"Dude, I was here first."

"No you weren't."

"Yes I was."

I took a sip of my protein shake and climbed out of my car.

"Look, you know I've always respected you, baby. I mean, damn, 'Point Break' is, like, one of my favorite movies. But lookit: I was already backing into that spot."

"No you weren't, dude."

"Yes, I was. I had my reverse light on."

"But you didn't have your signal on."

"Doesn't matter."

I paused and took a sip of my protein shake. Keanu looked at the shake. He pointed to it.

"Dude, is that a Larry's shake?"

"Yup."

"That's good stuff."

"Yeah."

Keanu smiled.

"Anyone who's into protein shakes is all right with me."

He gave me a funny look and repeated himself: "Anyone who's into protein shakes is all right with me."

Suddenly I felt light-headed. I tried to look at Keanu, but he was gesturing with his hand. He smiled at me. "You're about to drive away."

"I'm about to drive away."

"This isn't the parking spot you're looking for."

I nodded. "This isn't the parking spot I'm looking for..."

"Keanu Reeves is a great actor."

"Keanu Reeves is a great actor..."

"Just go about your business."

"I'll just go about my business..."

"Move along."

"Yeah..."

I smiled, got in my car, and drove away. Anyway, it's important for people to realize what a brilliant actor Keanu Reeves is, and what an important contribution he's making to cinema.

Films like 'Johnny Mnemonic' and 'Sweet November' prove that he is the most important actor in Hollywood.###

John Lennon

By Ace Backwards

(Part Three)

Oh yeah. During his acid trips, Lennon experienced that strangely pseudo-spiritual dimension of LSD. "I was suddenly struck by great visions when I first took acid," said Lennon. On LSD, Lennon believed he had experienced God Himself. Actual Mystical Visions. The Cosmos. The Whole Big Thing. The doors of perception had swung wide open and Lennon began having inklings, for the first time, of a spiritual life. An inner life. Before acid he'd been totally outer-orientated, success-orientated. But now, in a nutshell, Lennon felt he had discovered The Meaning of Life and the answer to all of life's problems: Take LSD.

Ahh yes, the "universal cure-all."

So Lennon, as was his nature, immediately became one of the greatest proselytizers and popularizers of psychedelic drugs. He began popping the stuff like candy, going on "thousands of acid trips." And urging all of his friends, family, and associates to take the trip, too, and join him in this great new Chemical Utopia. *Let me take you down . . .* with John "The Walrus" Lennon as your guide. Watch your step. Lennon's messianic delusions would always be a part of him, perhaps in compensation for the grim reality of his real life. He was now the LSD Messiah, spreading visions in handy pill form.

"Lennon spent weeks trying to persuade me to go on an acid trip," said Alistair Taylor, who worked for the Beatles manager. "John would spend hours trying to persuade me."

Truly John Lennon was the pied-piper of LSD, trying to lure everyone in his orbit into his LSD Universe.

Lennon would sometimes lace the teapot that he kept in the backseat of his psychedelic-painted Rolls Royce with pure LSD. He'd mix up a nice STRONG cup of tea for you. "Hey, try some of this!" O-kay . . . Then he'd kick back and enjoy the Mad Hatter's tea party. Marmalade skies and all that stuff.

He urged all his fellow Beatles to join him in his LSD reverie. George and Ringo eagerly followed the leader. ("I felt everyone should be doing it," said Ringo. "I felt they should

all be smoking grass and taking acid. It was the drug of love -- love towards your fellow man or woman." An opinion Ringo maintained right up to the day that Charles Manson and his acid zombies ripped open Sharon Tate's womb and stuck a fork in it.) But the ever-cautious Paul held out against acid for a year, before finally submitting to peer pressure.

"John was a great jumper-off of cliffs," said Paul. "When acid came around, we heard that you were never the same after you took it -- it alters your life, and you can never think in the same way again. I think John was rather excited by this prospect, but I was rather frightened by it."

Which begs the question: Why was John Lennon, the man who had everything, so eager to permanently alter his mind and become somebody else, *anybody* else? And why was he so eager to alter the minds of all the people around him?

Lennon constantly urged his wife Cynthia to take acid with him, too. Finally, in a desperate attempt to save her doomed marriage, Cynthia went on an acid trip with John. But she had a terrible, nightmarish acid trip. "It was at this point that I realized that unless I joined the club, we weren't going to survive," said Cynthia. "So I succumbed to one of John's never-ending requests to take LSD with him. I hated every moment. It was hell on earth. The hallucinations sent me into a panic. Through my tears and fears I would look at John in the hope that he would in some way help me out of the prison my mind had become, only to see the man I loved turn into a giant mule with razor-sharp teeth leering and laughing at me."

Bummer. Goodbye, Cynthia. Hello, Yoko.

And Lennon urged his millions of fans to join him on his glorious LSD trip, too. And he did this both consciously and unconsciously. "*I'd love to tu-u-urn . . . yo-o-ou . . . o-o-n . . .*" And when Lennon wrote the lyrics "picture yourself on a boat on a river," the exact intent of his message was nothing less than "imagine yourself on an LSD trip."

Of course, after the Psychedelic Revolution went south, after Manson, after the Acid Messiah role was out of style, Lennon would endlessly deny that he had ever -- EVER -- promoted LSD or drugs to his fans. "Where did you get *that* idea?" Great double (and triple)-talker that he was, Lennon would endlessly re-tell the famous "Lucy in the Skies with Diamonds" story. Which had NOTHING to do with LSD, he told us again and again. NOTHING at all. The title was taken from an innocent little drawing, by his innocent little 7-year-old son Julian, that he used in his innocent little Beatles song. And anybody who read "LSD" or "drugs" or "mysticism" into his psychedelic drug album *Sgt Pepper* must have been some kind of a Charles Manson-type "nutter Beatles fan" whacko.

This is John Lennon. The guy who wrote "Tomorrow Never Knows" -- the famous how-to-take-an-acid-trip musical guide. The lyrics ripped off directly from the pages of "*The*

Psychedelic Experience" by one Timothy Leary, the single greatest promoter and proselytizer of LSD in the known Universe. And yet, misguided Beatles fans continued to project their crazy interpretations on poor, beleaguered John Lennon's innocent li'l songs. So what was a boy to do?

"I saw Mel Torme saying how 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' was about LSD," shouted John Lennon, with righteous indignation. "It never was, and nobody believes me. I swear to God."

"I had mixed feelings about taking acid, certainly," said Paul McCartney, admitting the obvious. "But we took it and in songs like 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds' when we were talking about 'cellophane flowers' and 'kaleidoscope eyes' and 'grow so incredibly high!', we were talking about drug experiences, no doubt about it."

"We were always sticking in veiled references to drugs and to trips," said Paul. "*Magical Mystery Tour* was the equivalent of a drug trip and we made the film based on that."

But it was here that John Lennon made possibly the biggest single mistake of his ill-fated life. In the song "Tomorrow Never Knows," Lennon envisioned himself as the great Guru sitting on top of the Himalayan mountains bestowing his profound spiritual wisdom to the masses, singing his LSD hymn while thousands of monks chanted along with him, as Lennon sings his bastardized version of the great, sacred, Eastern spiritual text, "The Tibetan Book of the Dead." (And, believe it or not, some of his whacko fans read "mysticism" into that song, too.)

In every sense of the word, John Lennon adopted the pose of the Great Spiritual Master, the Enlightened Guru, bestowing his wisdom to the multitudes. And directly into the minds of his millions and millions of eagerly receptive young fans.

This is fine, except for one niggling detail. To adopt the pose, to don the robes, of the great Spiritual Guru, when in fact you are not qualified for that role -- when in fact you are sorely *un-qualified* for that role -- is akin to adopting the role of Brain Surgeon when in fact you never bothered to study medicine or get a degree. And *then* you went off and practiced brain surgery on millions of people's minds.

In short: A big, fucking mess will certainly ensue. And in fact many messed-up minds *did* ensue.###

-To be continued-

The San Francisco Herald is copyright 2021 by Gene Mahoney (except work not done by Mr. Mahoney). The characters, events, and situations in Good Clean Fun comics are totally fictitious; any similarity to persons living, dead, or in hiding is purely coincidental. The Mr. Fabulous stories are pure fiction; none of the events happened. Herald logo by James Dylan. Global headquarters: P.O. Box 843, Redwood City, California 94064

GOOD CLEAN FUN
 WRITTEN, DRAWN, & © 2021
 BY GENE MAHONEY

THAT
 WAS
 THE
 VIRUS
 THAT
 WAS"

SEPTEMBER 2020...

WELL, AGNES—HERE WE ARE...
 6 MONTHS INTO THE
 2 WEEK LOCKDOWN.
 "BIG DEAL, IT'S ONLY 2 WEEKS."
 DIDN'T YOU ONCE SAY THAT?

OH, STOP COMPLAINING...
 GO WATCH FOX NEWS
 OR A MONSTER TRUCK RALLY
 OR SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S
 TOTALLY NEANDERTHAL.

HEY, I'M WRITING A SATIRICAL
 ARTICLE FOR THE HERALD.
 IT TAKES PLACE A YEAR FROM NOW,
 IN SEPTEMBER 2021.
 HERE ARE SOME EXCERPTS FROM IT...

A VACCINE IS DEVELOPED FOR
 COVID, BUT THE AUTHORITIES
 STILL INSIST YOU WEAR A MASK,
 EVEN IF YOU'RE VACCINATED.

EVEN THOUGH YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE
 VIRTUALLY NO CHANCE OF DYING
 FROM COVID, SOME SCHOOLS ARE
 STILL CLOSED. THE OPEN SCHOOLS
 REQUIRE STUDENTS TO WEAR MASKS.

PRESIDENT BIDEN PROHIBITS
 VACCINATED CANADIANS FROM
 ENTERING THE U.S. BUT ALLOWS
 COVID POSITIVE ILLEGAL ALIENS
 TO CROSS THE SOUTHERN BORDER.
 SHORTLY AFTER, A NEW STRAIN OF
 THE VIRUS SPREADS ACROSS THE U.S.

SAN FRANCISCO, AMERICA'S REBELLIOUS
 CITY, BECOMES THE MOST SUBMISSIVE,
 WITH THE STRICTEST COVID LAWS.

HEE HEE!
 SO...
 WADDA
 YA
 THINK?

AWFUL!
 TOO UNBELIEVABLE
 EVEN FOR
 SATIRE.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. FORGET SATIRE.
 I'LL WRITE SOMETHING SERIOUS...
 LIKE, "WHO WILL BE ELECTED
 PRESIDENT IN 2024...
 ANDREW CUOMO OR GAVIN NEWSOM?"
 I'LL TALK TO YOU LATER.