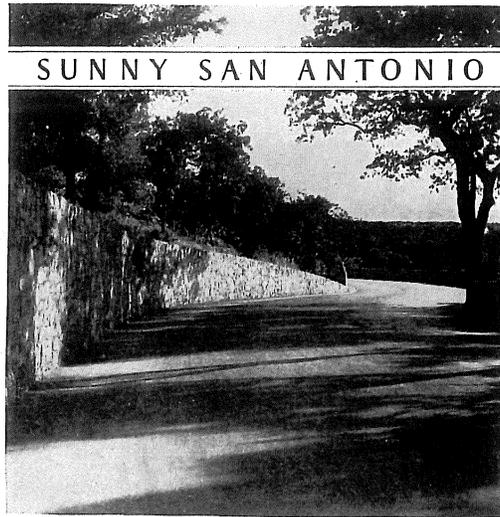


# SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

December 2018

[SanFranciscoHerald.Net](http://SanFranciscoHerald.Net)



Do you know the wonderland of South and West Texas....the smiling bays of its gulf coast....the glossy green of its citrus groves....the miles of winter vegetable gardens stretching to the Rio Grande....the cedar-crested hills where goats and sheep roam?



## San Antonio

For Free, Illustrated Booklet, Write Dept. 38  
MUNICIPAL INFORMATION BUREAU  
Aztec Building San Antonio, Texas



# THE SOCIETY PAGE

BY GENE MAHONEY



Thanks to Ms. Marcela del Alcazar for inviting me to a reception at her art gallery on November 10<sup>th</sup>. Some San Francisco readers may remember her International Village Gallery on Larkin Street. This year it moved to Menlo Park and was rechristened Marcela's Village.

Arturo Garcia, born in Mexico and raised there and in Spain, has studied painting in those places, plus San Francisco, and New York, where he now resides. The paintings were striking – often mundane subject matter that overwhelms you with lifelike rendering.

While there I got to meet Mr. Alejandro Toledo, who was president of Peru from 2001 to 2006. We hit it off well and he even gave me his cellphone number. Though as we talked more, he looked like he regretted doing that.

Marcela del Alcazar is also from Peru, has lived in Spain, and is now a resident of Woodside. Her gallery is at 883 Santa Cruz Avenue.

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

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**Notes on a movie I didn't see and a book I didn't read:** I never go to the movies anymore, but a recent one seemed intriguing. It's called "The Frontrunner" and was about Gary Hart's failed 1988 presidential run that ended because of the appearance of infidelity. (Actually, it ended because Hart dropped out of the race; he was

no Bill Clinton – I'll let you decide whether that was a compliment or a criticism.) The movie's poster was funny, too – it had a drawing of Hart's campaign bus driving off a cliff. Then I read Mick LaSalle's lukewarm review of it in the Chronicle and decided to skip it.

Mick pointed out the film's inconsistent timelines and other inaccuracies. He also wondered why it was made. In 1988 the Reagan administration was wildly popular because the economy was booming and the world situation had stabilized. So let's make a movie about a guy who wouldn't have lost as badly as Michael Dukakis did?

Despite not making it to the Oval Office, Gary Hart made it to Ronald Kessler's book, "Inside the President's Secret Service." In it, secret service agents remember Hart lounging in his friend Warren Beatty's hot tub with Hollywood starlets.

And returning to the man who had the job that Hart wanted, agents remember how Ronald Reagan found out about the affair that dashed the young, photogenic Democrat's presidential hopes. Reagan was getting into an elevator at the White House when an agent approached him with the news about the Hart sex scandal. Reagan nodded and said, "Boys will be boys."

Then the elevator doors closed. He looked at the agent next to him and said, "But boys will not be president."

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November 19<sup>th</sup> was the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Jonestown Massacre. To sum it up, Jim Jones was

a white preacher from Indiana who had a largely black congregation. Seeking a more liberal environment, they relocated to the northern California town of Redding, then to San Francisco's Fillmore district.

Contrary to traditional media reports, Jones wasn't really a man of God, but a communist atheist who had traveled to North Korea. Before the massacre, Jones had considered moving his Peoples Temple to the Soviet Union.



(Photo of Jim Jones by Nancy Wong.)

When New West magazine published an article alleging torture and abuse were occurring at Jim Jones' Peoples Temple, the congregation – or rather, the cult – moved to the South American nation of Guyana and set up a community called Jonestown.

San Mateo congressman Leo Ryan and his aide, Jackie Speier, went there to investigate the allegations. Jones ordered his followers to die for revolutionary socialism – drink poison or else be murdered. 918 people died. As this was happening, Ryan and Speier were about to board a plane to return home. Jones' gunmen arrived at the runway, killing Ryan and wounding Speier. As he lay dying, Ryan told Speier he wanted her to take his seat in congress. She later did.

In 2005 I was emailed a submission for the Herald reminding all of us what a tragedy (or rather, act of evil) the 1978 Jonestown Massacre was. It made an impression, bringing back memories of the Seventies, a decade someone once summed up as the hangover from the Sixties' party. Though "Drink the Kool Aid" was routinely used in popular lexicon (even though the cult followers really drank poison-laced Flavor Aid), the actual massacre wasn't. Odd, really, as it was the largest single loss of American civilian life in a non-natural disaster until the events of September 11, 2001.

The author of the submission was Tom Kinsolving, son of Lester Kinsolving, the journalist who warned the Bay Area about Jim Jones, the diabolical cult leader of the Peoples Temple, until it was too late.

Shortly after the email Tom, his sister Kathleen, and I think their father (I could be wrong) flew out from back east to attend Berkeley Rep's production of a play about Jonestown. I didn't attend the play, but I went with them to a Q and A event made up of journalists who covered the Peoples Temple in the Seventies. After the panel answered a few questions, implying the local press tried doggedly to expose Jones, Tom politely called out from the audience that their answers weren't true, and backed his assertions with old newspaper clippings, telling them that they "blew it."

The journalists onstage were left speechless. One even hung his head in apparent shame.

When the Jonestown Massacre made the news in 1978, I was 13 years old and living in New York, and figured it was just some freaky religious cult in California that went amok. Little did I know how influential Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple were in San Francisco.

"Madman in Our Midst: Jim Jones and the California Cover-up" is a very interesting article Tom and Kathleen Kinsolving wrote about what really happened, and how the powers-that-be let it happen for their own benefit. You can read it online.

YouTube has Jim Jones sermon clips, his vulgar rantings, and his last words. There's also audio of Temple members swearing their dedication to the violent overthrow of the U.S. government. No doubt Jones had them do that as a way to blackmail them.

YouTube also has a KQED report two days after the massacre. On it, Willie Brown summed up the Peoples Temple as another organization that could "deliver bodies" – an interesting way to put it. Yes, Jones had a knack for getting people to show up at the rallies of politicians who supported him.

Tom Kinsolving doesn't cut Jones' former supporters any slack. Besides Willie Brown, they included Jerry Brown, Cecil Williams, Harvey Milk, George Moscone, Jane Fonda, Angela Davis, Phil Burton, Herb Caen, Carlton B. Goodlett, and Rosalind Carter. (Supervisor Milk and Mayor Moscone were murdered nine days after the massacre by ex-supervisor Dan White.)

He also refers to those who espouse the *Jim Jones was a nice guy until he went crazy near the end* narrative, as well as those rattling off the usual trite conspiracy theories, as Jonestown apologists.

Stanley Nelson, who survived the massacre (and whom Kinsolving considers a Jonestown apologist) made a movie, "Jonestown: The Life and Death of Peoples Temple." You can read a transcript of Lester and Tom Kinsolving confronting Nelson at a screening of it online.

Amidst all the ugliness, there is some beautiful gospel music by the Peoples

Temple Choir available on YouTube. Though it is tough to enjoy it when you remember what happened to them.

There's a photograph of dead Jonestown members below a sign of a quote from George Santayana: Those Who Do Not Remember The Past Are Condemned To Repeat It.

It would be nice to think, when we remember the unfortunate souls who bought Jim Jones' social justice snake oil, that something like this could never happen again. But if Jones was alive a few years ago, can you imagine how many of those Occupy protesters would have joined his Peoples Temple? In this current age of politicians who get elected by promising people free this and free that, it probably could.

If you want to read more about the San Francisco of 1978, there's a new book titled "Cult City" by Daniel Flynn. It follows the *what you've heard is wrong* tone of Kinsolving, including debunking the *Dan White was a right-winger who killed Harvey Milk because he was gay* narrative. White was a Democrat who supported affirmative action - and, ironically, gun control - who murdered Milk over a non-gay related issue, and whose campaign manager/ chief of staff/ business partner was gay.

Also, in this issue of the Herald, you can read "San Francisco 1978" by Ace Backwords.

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GOOD CLEAN FUN  
WRITTEN, DRAWN & ©2018 BY  
GENE MAHONEY  
"SO LONG, POPPY!"



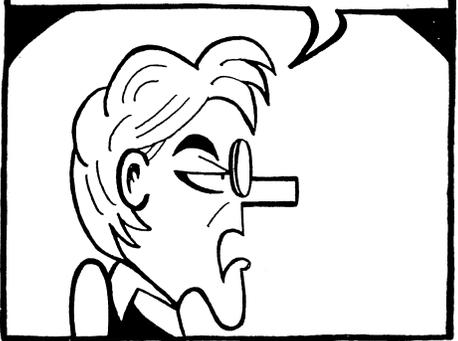
MORE COVERAGE OF  
THE FUNERAL FOR  
GEORGE H.W. BUSH  
AFTER THESE MESSAGES...



SO WADDA YA  
THINK, MIKE?



I'M DISAPPOINTED NONE  
OF THE MOURNERS VERBALLY  
ATTACKED DONALD TRUMP,  
LIKE THEY DID AT  
JOHN MCCAIN'S FUNERAL.



REALLY?  
I DON'T  
GET THAT.



ISN'T A FUNERAL ABOUT  
HONORING THE DECEASED?  
NOT LAMBASTING POLITICIANS  
THE DECEASED DIDN'T LIKE?



LIKE... TAKE GENE MAHONEY...  
THE GUY WHO DRAWS  
THIS THING.



WHEN HE DIES, NO ONE  
WILL NOTICE... NOT EVEN  
HIS OWN FAMILY.



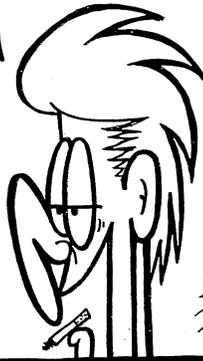
WE'LL ONLY KNOW HE'S  
DEAD BECAUSE OF THE  
STENCH OF HIS  
ROTTING CARCASS.\*



SO AT HIS FUNERAL THE  
EULOGY SHOULD BE...



"HILLARY CLINTON  
ENDANGERED NATIONAL  
SECURITY TO ENRICH HERSELF  
WITH A BOGUS CHARITY."



"LOCK HER UP!  
LOCK HER UP!  
LOCK HER UP!"



ACTUALLY, THAT "LOCK HER UP"  
CHANT IS RATHER CATCHY.  
KIND OF LIKE A  
NINE INCH NAILS SONG  
FROM 1990.



BUSH WAS A VOLUNTEER 18 YEAR  
OLD FIGHTER PILOT IN W.W. II,  
SO HE WAS RIGHTFULLY CALLED  
"A WIMP" BY DOONESBURY  
CARTOONIST  
GARRY TRUDEAU.



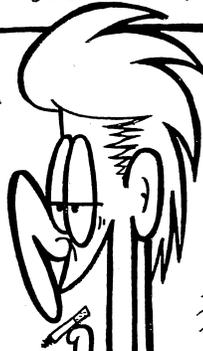
HEY, BUSH DIDN'T HAVE  
REAGAN'S CHARM, BUT HE  
DID A GREAT JOB BRINGING  
DOWN THE BERLIN WALL  
AND THE SOVIET UNION.



THAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED  
UNDER THE BOLD LEADERSHIP  
OF JIMMY CARTER,  
WALTER MONDALE,  
AND MICHAEL DUKAKIS.

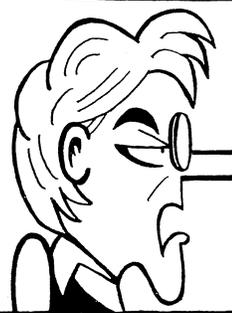


CAN YOU IMAGINE IF  
ROSS PEROT NEVER RAN?  
BUSH WOULD HAVE WON IN  
1992 AND GOTTEN CREDIT  
FOR THE BOOMING 1990S.



CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT,  
MIKE?... MIKE?... MIKE?

LEAVE ME ALONE.



# San Francisco 1978

## By Ace Backwards

Stumbled across an internet discussion about former San Francisco mayor George Moscone the other day - “Was Moscone a cool guy or an asshole?” Got me thinking ’bout those old days.

I remember Mayor Moscone as being a pretty popular figure back then. San Francisco really fancied itself as the hip, progressive City That Knew A Better Way back then. We were ahead of the curve and it would be years before the rest of America (the Neanderthals!!) caught up with us. And George Moscone seemed the perfect mayor for those times. He had that hip, cool Clinton/Kennedy image. I mean, he drove a flashy convertible sports car, was rumored to have a black girlfriend, and he had a well-stocked bar in his office at City Hall. You could easily imagine Moscone by mid-afternoon, calling it a day, and breaking out the martinis. Making many a’ toasts to that beloved City By The Bay.

Moscone seemed as much a toast-master general — the convivial party host — as he did a politician. And make no mistake, my friend, those were PARTY days back then. The mid-1970s.

The 1970s are a slightly understood decade. People think of “the ’60s” as this wild decade. In fact, the 1960s were NOTHING compared to the 1970s when it came to “sex and drugs and rock ’n roll.” People think of the ’60s and they think of all these wild hippies. But in truth, that whole business really didn’t catch on until the ’70s. The hippie counterculture was really just a tiny fringe thing in the ’60s. In fact, I don’t remember seeing a single long-haired hippie guy in my entire town in the suburbs of New Jersey until around 1970. It wasn’t until Woodstock that the hippie thing first really started to catch on with mainstream American

culture, and that was in late 1969 when the so-called “60s” was almost over.

The watershed moment was when Nixon resigned in the summer of 1974. It was as if the cultural war that had been “the 60s” was finally over. And the hippies had been declared the victors. Nixon had resigned in disgrace, the Vietnam War had been exposed as a colossal failure and — whaddaya’ know? — the Hippies had been right all along! So naturally it was Party Time!!!

I think another slightly misunderstood aspect of that period is this: When people think of “the ’60s” they think of the hippies and the counterculture and the Civil Rights Movement and all that. But basically, what it was - it was a Liberal Revolution. Nixon, and all he represented (white, middle-class, heterosexual, Christian, Republican males) had lost. And the Liberals had won. And when you look at it, when you look at virtually every social change in American society from the ’60s to the present (and there have been plenty of these changes) almost all the changes have moved America in a more and more liberal direction (which I guess is why American society keeps getting better and better every year, he says, sardonically).

And believe me, San Francisco at that time was Party Central. I remember hitting San Francisco for the first time in the summer of ’76 as a wee lad of 19. And I’ll never forget that first Gay Freedom Parade I went to (well, I didn’t actually go to it, I happened to be living on the streets so I was there in the midst of it whether I went to it or not). I remember this open-air, flat-bed truck going down Market Street with all these half-naked men chained to crucifix-like boards while big, beefy leather boys whipped them on their backs. And everyone seemed like they were wired out of their minds on speed. It had the air of a frantic party that had been going on non-stop for weeks, with no end in sight.

All that would change — San Francisco’s smug sense of itself — a couple years later in 1978, when ex-San Francisco supervisor Dan White snuck into City Hall with a loaded gun and murdered Mayor Moscone and supervisor Harvey Milk in cold blood.



This incident, too, is slightly misunderstood. I heard they recently made a Hollywood movie about this incident, and Dan White is portrayed as a raging homophobe. I’m sure this makes for an exciting Hollywood villain, but the truth (as usual) is slightly different. In fact, Dan White’s campaign manager/ business partner/ close friend was gay. And in fact, White had generally sided with Milk for most of his tenure as supervisor. It wasn’t until White got into a non-gay issue dispute with Milk and Moscone that he went ballistic. And it’s worth noting, White gunned down the decidedly un-gay Moscone first. But I guess that’s neither here nor there. Harvey Milk was the first openly gay elected politician in America. So his place in history was already secure. And his martyrdom cemented it. Though it’s likely Dan White wasn’t so much a homophobe as just your garden variety flaming asshole.

I remember hitching from Berkeley back to San Francisco on the night they announced the Dan White verdict. He only got sentenced to about 7 years, thanks to the famous “Twinkies defense.” (The story everyone believes is that White claimed he had been bingeing on Twinkies prior to the shooting - and his blood sugar went haywire - causing temporary insanity. The reality is that a psychiatrist at the trial said White went from eating healthy food and dressing well to eating junk food and wearing dirty clothing, which indicated depression - thus the “diminished capacity” defense.)

Anyways, that night hitching to the city, I got picked up by a station wagon full of gay guys. They were going to San Francisco for a quiet, peaceful, dignified candle-light protest, to voice their displeasure over the White verdict - which quickly escalated into a mass riot, with City Hall set on flames and dozens of police cars burned to a crisp. The cops responded in kind by storming into a Castro Street gay bar, armed with billy clubs, and beating the holy crap out of any gay-looking person they could find. It was like a night of citywide warfare. The famous White Night riots. (When a reporter asked some gay guys why they were destroying the city, one of them famously replied: “I guess we ate too many Twinkies.”)

The city had already been reeling from the Jonestown Massacre, which had happened just a week before Moscone and Milk had been murdered, so it was like a double whammy - a one-two punch in the gut.

Like Moscone and Milk, the Reverend Jim Jones had been another San Francisco institution during those times. And the murder/suicide of 918 people (a good many of them former San Francisco citizens) was truly mind-boggling. Jim Jones was practically a liberal wet-dream. He (falsely) claimed to be of Native American Indian ancestry, he adopted numerous children of different races and ethnicities, and he

ministered to the black community in the inner city. His whole act had been pulled directly from the Heroic Civil Rights Leader handbook. And in fact, I don’t remember hearing one single bad word about the Reverend Jim Jones from a single Bay Area media outlet in all those years, pre-massacre. In fact, I remember several hugely laudatory articles in the San Francisco Bay Guardian — that muck-rakin’, truth-seekin’ progressive tabloid. (Though, in typical Guardian blowhard fashion — they had the gall to run a big article after the massacre blaming the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Examiner for misleading the public about Jim Jones.)

Overnight, San Francisco went from being the Hip Cool city to “the Whacko Capital of America.” San Francisco would never quite regain its equilibrium. And, as they always say at the end of portentous blogs like this: “It was the end of an era.”###

## If you’re goin’ to San Fran-cis-co . . .

### By Ace Backwords

For about 9 years, from 1976 to 1984 I mostly considered myself a “San Franciscan.” I lived and/or worked in San Francisco during that period. And it was the center of my professional and social life.

You read Herb Can every morning and you felt you were a part of this special community. There was still a real charm and magic to San Francisco back then. It was filled with like-minded people like me, who had come from all over the U.S., drawn by this vision we had in our heads of what San Francisco was. And it largely lived up to that vision.

Nowadays, I haven’t been to San Francisco in years. I wonder if I’m missing out on anything.



I spotted this posted on a bulletin board and it made me wonder . . .###

## And now... a clip from a 2016 column of The Society Page

### By Gene Mahoney

I was walking down Polk Street recently and noticed that Russian Hill Upholstery and Decor is still around. I remember putting up posters around there to promote a client years ago - and a woman who worked there came out of the store and asked me if I was embarrassed to be putting up posters for a living. And that's when it hit me: How does a mere mortal achieve such greatness to actually work in an upholstery store?

Hey, who knows - maybe she actually managed it. Or owned it! I don't know, my meager intellect is just musing out loud, so to speak.

In this society we practically deify doctors, lawyers, scientists, and others in extremely cerebral professions. But we often forget about upholstery salespeople. So right now, think of this woman I wrote about, and be justifiably humbled.

Oh, by the way, Russian Hill Upholstery and Decor is located in Nob Hill, not Russian Hill. If that woman I wrote about is reading this, you might want to fix that.###