

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

At the Warfield: Dodie Clark, 3/23. Elle King, 3/21. The Script, 3/31. Jhay Cortez, 4/1. Russian Ballet Theatre: Swan Lake, 4/3. Wallows, 4/6-7. Jacob Collier, 4/8. **At the Regency Ballroom:** Lucky Dave, 3/22. The Band Camino, 4/5. Jesse & Joy, 4/8. Pinegrove, 4/9. Girl in Red, 4/11-12.

If you read it in the Herald, you probably know it already: In July a bar called Trade Routes opened at 175 Polk Street.

New activity on North Beach's lovely Grant Avenue: North Beach Pipeline cannabis shop at 1335. Professor Seagull's Smart Shop sells some *interesting* plants at 1351. Dance Karaoke Tuesdays at Tupelo, 1337. On 2/22/22 Vacation, the vintage shop on Larkin in the Tenderloin, opened at 1499 Grant Avenue, where the old North Beach Pizza was.

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In 2019 a headline appeared on U.K. news website The Guardian: THIS TAPE REWRITES EVERYTHING WE KNEW ABOUT THE BEATLES.

Even though I haven't listened to their music in a long time because I played it so much in my youth that I can't take listening to them anymore, the Beatles were always my favorite band.

They're probably most people's favorite band. Pop music generally means the most to you from age 15 to age 25, which was the 1980s decade for me, but I still like them better than the Police, U2, the Clash, etc.

Like many folks, I was bummed that they broke up. Then, like some folks, I thought it may have been better that way. They quit at the top instead of slowly releasing declining quality material like the Rolling Stones and The Who did. *But wait...*

And now, a 2022 headline that appears in the SF Herald: GUY WITH NO LIFE WHO PUTS OUT A RAG NO ONE READS CHANGES HIS MIND AND THINKS THE BEATLES SHOULD HAVE STAYED TOGETHER.

My favorite Beatles album is *Abbey Road*, the last one they recorded. Folklore had it that they knew they were breaking up and decided to go out with a bang with this masterpiece.



SAN FRANCISCO HERALD

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Until recently. A tape has been unearthed that apparently contradicts that. In September 1969 John, Paul, and George recorded a meeting at their headquarters for Ringo, who was in the hospital with an intestinal problem. The tape has them strategizing their next album and discussing some changes to the way they do things.



John announces they're ending "the Lennon-McCartney myth" and will start having their sole names credited to the songs they write. Also, George will be permitted to contribute as many songs as John or Paul do. And Ringo can contribute two per album "if he wants to."

Since I have no life, I jotted down the best songs from their mediocre solo careers beginning in the early 1970s to 1980, the year John was murdered. Here they are:

John (hold the Ono): Instant Karma, Mother, Imagine, Give Peace a Chance, Whatever Gets You Through the Night, Cold Turkey, Mind Games, #9 Dream, Aisumasen (I'm Sorry), Jealous Guy, Steel and Glass, Starting Over, Watching the Wheels, Woman, Beautiful Boy, I'm Losing You, Nobody Told Me, Dear Yoko.

Paul: Maybe I'm Amazed, Live and Let Die, Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey, The Back Seat of My Car, Another Day, My Love, Band on the Run, Nineteen Hundred and Eighty Five, Jet, Let Me Roll It, Hi Hi Hi, Junior's Farm, London Town, Listen to What the Man Said, Silly Love Songs, Let 'em In, With a Little Luck, Mull of Kintyre.

George: My Sweet Lord, Isn't it a Pity, What is Life, Wah-Wah, Give Me Love (Give Me Peace on Earth), Dark Horse, Ding Dong Ding Dong, Crackerbox Palace, Beware of Darkness, Don't Make Me Wait Too Long, Living in the Material World, Simply Shady, So Sad.

Ringo: It Don't Come Easy.

George and Ringo: Photograph.

And one more song called "I'm the Greatest." John wrote it and Ringo sang it. As the song's producer Richard Perry recalled: "Just like that; no planning. The three ex-Beatles recorded one of John's songs. Everyone in the room was just gleaming... it's such a universal gleam with The Beatles."

There may be a few songs on the list I made that haven't aged well, but so what, they worked then. And I left out a few songs that were popular that I maybe should have listed. Anyway, it's over 50 songs. Songs that are great, or good, or at least okay. None of John's overtly radical political crap, or Paul's schmaltzy crap, or George's out-there crap, or most of Ringo's crap. They could have released that stuff on their own, but it would have been better if they hadn't.

Anyway, over 50 songs could have meant 4 or 5 albums over the course of 10 years. Good and great albums, too. So I've changed my mind. It would have been better if they hadn't broken up.

Let me qualify that. They should have lasted a decade longer than they did. Then they should have broken up. In the 2 decades between John's murder and George's death from cancer, I don't think the 3 remaining Beatles put out enough good material for even one album. And let's face it, even though John wasn't around, he probably shot his wad in 1980.

Recommended: Before there was Spinal Tap, there was a mockumentary about a band featuring 4 lads from Liverpool called the Rutles. It's called *All You Need is Cash* and was shown on NBC in 1977. It featured cast members from *Monty Python's Flying Circus* and the original Not Ready For

Prime Time Players on *Saturday Night Live*. It's on YouTube.

Oh, and if Steve Lightfoot is reading this: Hey, long time no see! I don't agree with Steve's theory that former presidents Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and best-selling horror novelist Stephen King conspired to assassinate John Lennon, but I interviewed Steve in 1999 for the Herald and he seemed like a nice guy. Maybe you've seen him driving around in his van.

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Finally! Some good --- make that *great* --- news from our fair city! The three "woke" members of the San Francisco Board of Education got recalled! And the vote wasn't just a landslide --- it was an earthquake! There were flyers hanging around town claiming we shouldn't recall them because they were "the most diverse School Board we've ever had." Diverse? All of them were nuts.

Next up: Let's recall Chesa Boudin, San Francisco's District Attorney with a quirk in his personality: He thinks our criminal justice system is hopelessly unfair, yet he's a big fan of the ones espoused by brutal dictators like Hugo Chavez and Che Guevara.###

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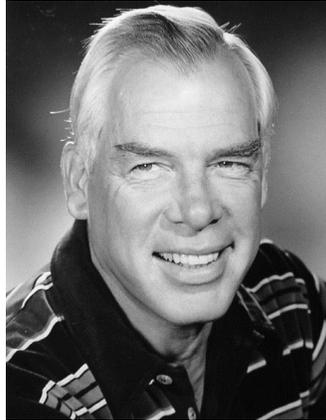
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Herald Archives: 1999 or 2000. I forget.

"LEE MARVIN"



By Howard Hallis

Look... there's never really a set protocol for these kind of things...

When you first make a connection with someone...

Or at least when you think you do...

You don't want to blow it.

You don't want to overwhelm or scare them off or get emotionally attached too soon.

You want to keep your cool.

Keep your individuality.

Enjoy the time you spend together without the baggage.

You don't want to admit that your heart races every time you see them.

Too soon for that. You don't want to feel like you need to hear their voice every day

Whether it's just for a second or a whole night of conversation. Not after only one week.

Who cares if you saw pure joy in those first moments when it seemed like both of you were the only people in the room?

Forget all that. It was just an illusion. Impulsive feelings sped up by drinks and novelty.

You want to maintain the delicate balance of the courting ritual. Who will crack first?

Who will fall prey to emotions and pick up the phone?

Who will give in to the temptation of the rush?

Detach. Put up that force field. Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

Think about the shortcomings and the imperfections. Well... she didn't like The Beatles.

But goddamn it if she wasn't so fucking beautiful...clever... smart.

The uniqueness was what really closed the deal, wasn't it? No one else like her.

Think of all the other ones out there that don't even come close

And wonder if you should just call them up for a night of loveless passion

Just to keep those thoughts of her from fucking with your head.

You drive yourself crazy wondering if you're gonna fuck things up even more By just being yourself...

Knowing that if you AREN'T yourself things'll fuck up anyway. So why don't you just pick up the phone...

Just say hi. No big deal. No can do. Fuck that. Temperance will see this through.

And if she moves on because the phone never rang on her side It will just be one more reason to have a drink.

So what the hell can you do? Watch a lot of Lee Marvin movies. Go bowling. Go shooting. Eat a hamburger.

Wait a few days. Maybe she'll be the one to call. And if she doesn't... if those 3 days were all there was...

Damn. Well, maybe call her Wednesday. Invite her somewhere. Think of an excuse to maintain your relationship as friends.

It seems so unnatural. You want to jump right in the ocean But life is insisting that you tread ever so lightly over the puddles.

What would Lee Marvin do? He would get out of town Go to war Make some movies Bang some broads

And come back in a limo in 20 years and knock on her front door in the middle of the night And say, "Get dressed. We're getting married."

And that would be that. He wouldn't fuck it up. I gotta be more like Lee Marvin.

A Swift Kick...

By Mr. Fabulous

I had just boarded my flight to New York, and sat down in first class, when a stewardess told me I was in the wrong seat. I had taken the aisle seat, 3B, and the stewardess said that I should be sitting in the window seat. I stood up and pulled my ticket out of my pocket. I showed it to her. "There, it says '3B,' right?"

The stewardess squinted at my ticket. "Well, that is just the darnedest thing." She turned to a tall blonde girl who was standing behind her. "I'm sorry, miss, but somehow you both got assigned the same seat."

The girl looked at my ticket, then at me, then at the stewardess. Her eyes started to fill with tears. I smiled at them both. "No problem. I'll just take the window seat."

The stewardess shook her head. "I'm sorry, this is a full flight. That seat is already taken."

The blonde girl blinked at the stewardess. A tear rolled down her cheek. I turned to the stewardess. "I could take a seat in the back. Maybe you could comp me or something...?"

"I'll check. But I believe this flight is sold out."

A man stepped around the stewardess. "Excuse me. I'm traveling with her." He gestured to the blonde girl. "I can give her my seat."

The stewardess shook her head. "Sir, if you disembark, your seat will get turned over to our waiting list."

He shook his head. "Please. Can't she just take my seat?"

"I'm sorry, sir. If you've checked baggage and you get off now, I have to call the air marshal. And your seat will automatically go to the waiting list."

The blonde girl started to whimper. A silent tear swelled in her right eye, then slid down her shiny cheek. She wiped her hand across her face.

The man tried once again with the stewardess. "Please, you don't understand—" He leaned close to her. "—This is Taylor Swift. We need to get her to New York. She's playing Madison Square Garden tonight."

"I'm sorry, sir. Just give me a minute, please." The stewardess turned and rushed up to the cockpit.

I turned to Taylor and her friend. "Listen guys, I'm so sorry about this. I totally know what it's like. I have to get to New York, too. I'm doing an AT&T audition tomorrow. I usually do movies, but my agent thought—"

"Please—" The man cut me off. "Just give us a moment, okay?"

The man started to pet Taylor's head. Gradually, she leaned her ear against his shoulder. After a moment, the tears stopped. She stared off into the distance. The stewardess returned and grabbed my arm. "Sir, let me see your ticket."

I handed her my ticket. She put on her reading glasses and held the ticket up in front of her face. "Sir, you're not sitting in first class. You're back there, 3B."

I looked at my ticket. "Oh, I assumed I was in first class. I'm auditioning for an AT&T commercial tomorrow—"

"You'll need to get your stuff and move."

"Oh, okay."

I reached up and grabbed my laptop bag from the overhead. I turned to Taylor and her friend. "Sorry about that. Good luck."

I nodded to the stewardess and shouldered my bag. I walked into the economy cabin, and found row 3. I stuffed my laptop into the overhead, then climbed over a passenger and squeezed into my middle seat.###

Herald Archives: 2013

The Death of Harold

By Ace Backwords

Long-time Berkeley street person Harold died last week. For 10 minutes he was the gossip of the day. And then he was pretty much instantly forgotten.

"Did you hear Harold died?"

"You're kidding? That guy had been around forever."

"I heard he'd been on the Berkeley street scene since the '60s."

"I used to always see him bounding up and down Telegraph."

"He was a great dumpster-diver. He'd find all sorts of great stuff and then trade them with the vendors. He was never greedy or a hustler. He always gave you a good deal."

"Yeah."

"Hey, how about them '9ers . . ."

Harold was tall and lanky, about 6 foot 4. He had a bushy mop of hippie hair that would have fit right in at Woodstock in 1969. He never seemed to change much over the years, except for his beard which went completely white. He always wore the same basic uniform no matter what time of year it was. Bland, earth-color sweatshirts, usually brown or green, and a corduroy vest on top. It gave him the air of an aging Peter Pan. Which in a way he was. A lost boy who never grew up. His mental development seemed stunted at about age 12. I don't know if it was because he was slightly retarded, or brain-damaged or drug burned-out. He talked in a soft-spoken, hushed, rushed jumble of words and non-sequiturs that only sort of made sense. Usually he was mellow. But on a regular basis he'd stand on a street corner and angrily rant and curse, as if angrily haranguing some unseen nemesis. Or maybe just cursing out the gods. Blowing off steam from his somewhat cramped existence.

People knew almost nothing about Harold, what he did, where he came from, or what his last name was, or even if he had a last name. Harold was one of those street people who lived almost completely out of the system. As far as I know he never got a check, and I never saw him at any of the free meals. He was almost completely self-sufficient, surviving on what he scrounged. He seemed perfectly at home on the homeless street scene, and it was hard to imagine him fitting into any other milieu.

"One thing I know about Harold," I said. "He loved to smoke. That was his number one hobby. He was always smoking something. Cigarettes. Cigars. Pot."

The story I got was that Harold got bit by a spider up at his campsite in the Berkeley hills. It got infected and he was paralyzed for several days, couldn't move. By the time he got to the hospital the doctors told him they'd probably have to amputate his foot. Nobody saw Harold for about a month. Then one day he was back on Telegraph, hobbling around like an older, quieter version of his former self. He was like a shadow. I noticed him once or twice over the last month, and then we got word he was gone for good. Somebody probably bundled up Harold's ratty possessions in a small garbage bag, dumped it in a dumpster, and that was the end of Harold as far as this world was concerned. He was one of those guys who lived without a past or a future. Just a nameless, faceless face in the crowd.

Whenever somebody dies, I can't help wondering what their life was for. That's assuming human life is for anything. As an artist I have this big neurosis about "my name living on, my work living on, not being forgotten" and all that crap. Which is ridiculous, I guess. We're all forgotten amidst the eternal void of time and space. Entire civilizations are forgotten. Somebody like Harold, he kind of reminded me of an anonymous bubble that momentarily bubbled out of the ocean only to merge back into the ocean. I guess we're all like that. Momentarily bubbling up from the primordial mud, only to return to the dirt all too soon.###

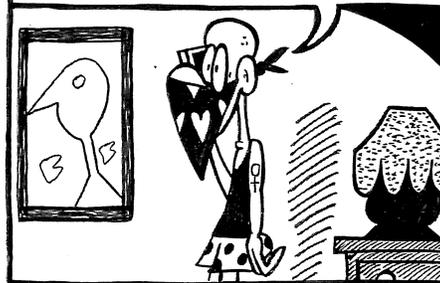
GOOD CLEAN FUN
WRITTEN, DRAWN, & © 2022
BY GENE MAHONEY
~~~~~  
WELCOME  
TO  
COVIDIFORNIA

HELLO, YOU'VE REACHED  
THE VOICEMAIL FOR  
GAVIN NEWSOM,  
GOVERNOR OF THE  
STATE OF CALIFORNIA.  
PLEASE LEAVE YOUR THOUGHTS  
AND CONCERNS AT THE TONE.

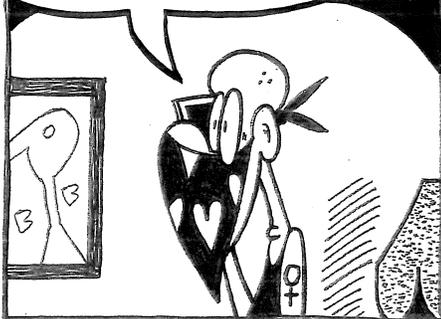
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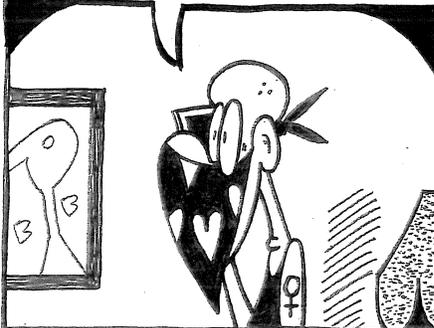
HI. IT'S DEEP THROAT AGAIN.  
HEE HEE. ONLY KIDDING.  
IT'S ME - CHANTEUSE - FORMER  
HOST OF "O' GAY CAN YOU SEE:  
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ON KPFA RADIO IN BERKELEY  
AND FORMER BATH-HOUSE EDITOR  
FOR THE NOW DEFUNCT NEWSPAPER  
THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN.



I KNOW I KEEP CALLING YOU,  
BUT HEY, I AM A MEDIA ICON.  
ALSO, I'M ON YOUR SIDE.  
I DEFENDED YOU WHEN YOU GOT  
CAUGHT MASKLESS AT THE  
FRENCH LAUNDRY RESTAURANT.  
I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID,  
BUT I DID.

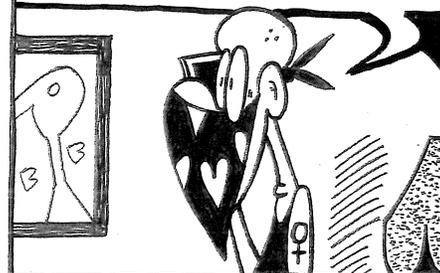


I'M CALLING TO URGE YOU TO  
BRING BACK THE MASK MANDATE.  
I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU  
FINALLY RESCINDED IT, THOUGH.  
YOU PROBABLY GOT TIRED OF  
CONSTANTLY BEING PHOTOGRAPHED  
IN PUBLIC NOT WEARING ONE.



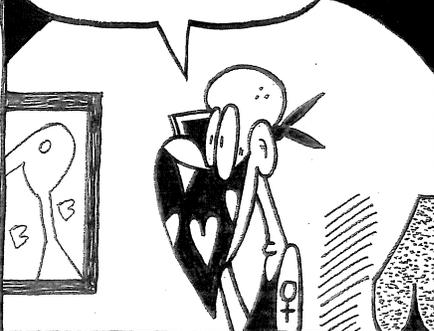
PLEASE BRING BACK THE LOCKDOWN.  
IN THE SUMMER OF 2020 IT DROVE  
PEOPLE SO CRAZY THAT THEY TOOK  
TO THE STREETS TO DEMAND JUSTICE  
FOR THE POLICE OFFICER WHO  
KNEELED ON THE NECK OF A MAN  
AND CAUSED HIM TO DIE IN FRONT  
OF THE WHOLE WORLD.

WE WILL NEVER FORGET THAT MAN.

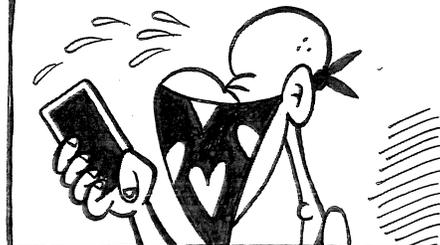


UH.....WHAT'S-HIS-FACE.  
JIM LLOYD? WAS THAT IT?  
ANYWAY, WE WILL NEVER  
FORGET HIM.

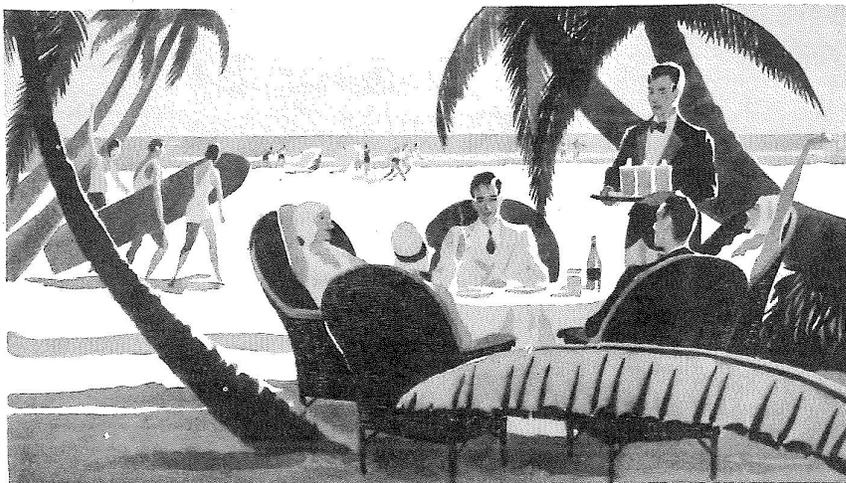
BUT BEFORE I GO,  
LET ME JUST SAY...



PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE  
HAVE ANOTHER LOCKDOWN!  
I DON'T WANT TO WORK!  
I WANT TO GET PAID BY  
TAXPAYERS TO SIT ON MY  
ASS ALL DAY AND WATCH  
NETFLIX! PLEASE, PLEASE!  
I'LL DO ANYTHING!



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