

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

New restaurants: Xica (Mexican), 1265 Battery. Popi's Oysterette (Seafood), 2095 Chestnut. Copra (South Indian), 1700 Fillmore. HK Lounge Bistro (Dim Sum), 1136 Folsom. Yoma Café (Japanese), 1518 Irving.

If you want hard hitting journalism, don't look in the Herald, go somewhere else:

Another page turning article from San Francisco's finest journalist, Susan Dyer Reynolds in the Marina Times. Go to MarinaTimes.com and look up what she wrote for the April issue – an article titled "The Thin Blue Lie." It's a less than flattering account of San Francisco supervisor Hillary Ronen. Reynolds begins with the obvious criticism of Ronen: That in 2020 she was an outspoken supporter of that whole "Defund the Police" stupidity -- and this year she's been speaking out about how violent the Mission is and how more police are needed there. Then she digs deeper and describes how Ronen tried to help out a gang member suspected of murder.###

Telegraph from Berkeley

Burning Man

By Ace Backwords

I was just sitting on this bench on the campus in early March when I noticed this huge flame erupting out of nowhere. I looked up and this guy standing about 20 yards away from me had set himself on fire. He walks out into the crosswalk engulfed in flames. I ran over there in the middle of the street and started trying to whip the flames out with my jacket. A couple other people are also trying to snuff the flames out with their jackets. We're yelling at him to lay on the ground so we can stomp the fire out. But he keeps running away from us. Finally this guy comes running out of a building with a fire extinguisher and sprays out the fire.... A couple minutes later the cops show up and circle him but he just keeps shouting "KILL ME!" as he tries to get away from them. Finally the cops manage to subdue him and take him away in an ambulance.... Now it's quiet. And I'm crying. Just from the shock of it all.

I made the front page of the New York Post. That's me on the left, about 10 seconds after the guy set himself on fire. Somehow I never expected to get in the newspaper over something like this.

It's funny listening to all the brave keyboard warriors on Twitter explaining what THEY would have done. "I would have tackled him and snuffed out the flames!!" Etc etc. Sure.



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There were like 100 people standing around watching, but only about 3 people who actually tried to do something.

I looked up the poor guy's website. Full of these crazy, delusional ravings about how the Mormons were constantly trying to kill him. Pretty sad. There was just something wrong with his brain and how he processed the information. ... In a way I was relieved when he died. He was out of his suffering.###

Herald Archives: 2001

Editor's Note: In this issue's column Mr. Fabulous takes a break from detailing his frivolous encounters with the rich and famous. The following is an excerpt from his exhaustive three year study on the controversial former president.

RICHARD NIXON: A Study in the Prudent Consumption of Marijuana

By Mr. Fabulous

What got Richard Nixon along so well, and what helped him maintain his stamina through year after year of public life, was his policy of never smoking marijuana more than once a day. It was, as Nixon once related in his memoirs, a policy of prudence. "You will always be chasing that initial high," he was once quoted as saying. "Yet for all the subsequent times in a day when you may reload your pipe, you will never again reach that lofty feeling of elation. No, you will only succeed in compounding your fatigue." There is much truth in what Nixon wrote, and it bears up to historical scrutiny.

Nixon's veteran "pothead" status is unassailable. But more importantly, the logic of his regimen becomes apparent when one studies the 30-odd years in which he held elected office. "I'm not the kind of fellow who wakes up in the morning and reaches for the pipe," Nixon said in a 1982 interview. "I've got too much to do and too little time." It seemed prudent to him, he liked to say, to get through his day, get his work done, and

only then, when he was safely ensconced in the privacy of his own home, smoke "a few puffs" from his pipe. It was a routine that any hard-working California boy worth his salt would follow.

Not enough has been made of Nixon's California roots, or of his "West Coast White House" in San Clemente, California that kept him close to the fragrant sensimilla he so cherished in his private life. In a section from his completed memoirs (later deleted at his publisher's insistence), he wrote: "There was no day so dark for me, so unflinchingly forged in the black hell of permanent midnight as August 9, 1974 [the day he resigned the Presidency]. But there could be no mistaking the serenity to be offered when Air Force One would finally touch down in California and I would be home. Ahh, sweet home it would be, and finally a blissful, stoned escape from every prying eye, and every hounding accuser."

If Nixon's long-term use of marijuana constituted the stress relief he so often claimed, many historians wonder why he was never vocal about his use of the intoxicant. But clearly Nixon's own paranoia, and his almost singular inability to articulate personal truths, precluded any mention of the people and things he held dear to his heart. White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, nearly 30 years after his former boss' resignation, would offer an unflinchingly accurate assessment: "The American people never understood that candid moments like the 'Checkers' speech were always carefully scripted. It may seem disappointing now, but President Nixon was just not comfortable with revealing anything more personal than his faith in God or country. Though I do not endorse his consumption of marijuana, I see that he was either embarrassed by it, or simply unable to discuss it in any better terms than he would his marriage or the great affection he had for his two daughters."

Given his reputation as one of the most stoic presidents of the Twentieth Century, it was rare indeed to find public displays of Nixon enthusiasm or good cheer. His friends relate that the public Nixon offered a stern demeanor to the day-time world, but come 5 p.m., would embrace the end of a working day with more zeal than many of his closest aides could suspect.

His habit was simply to plow through a day's work with level-headed determination, the hard work ethic learned on his family's farm, and then celebrate at night with a casual smoke of cannabis. Trusted White House staffers, who witnessed Nixon's evening transformation, would insist that within five minutes of smoking marijuana, the grim-faced President would become "as carefree and relaxed as a schoolboy." As then White House speechwriter Patrick Buchanan recalls, "For all the trouble we attribute to marijuana,

I'd have to say that it seemed to do Richard Nixon a world of good."

Only once did Nixon's carefully constructed veneer slip away, though in historical terms, it was a slip-up that seems to have been largely ignored.



In 1971, while still in his first term of office, Nixon met with singer Elvis Presley during a brief Oval Office ceremony. The occasion was Nixon's presenting Presley with an honorary U.S. Marshall's badge, something the aging rock 'n roll legend was strangely eager to obtain. The two sat down for a closed-door Oval Office meeting that White House aide Robert Haldeman recalls as "friendly and cordial." Though Nixon was neither a Presley fan nor a great enthusiast for rock 'n roll (which he often termed "one long clanging noise"), he could not resist the chance to study such a popular celebrity up close.

But it was Presley's own, blatant drug use that seems to have disarmed the President. Accounts of the meeting all make uniform mention of Presley consuming prescription tranquilizers within minutes of taking a seat in the Oval Office. Nixon reportedly said nothing as Presley first asked for a glass of water and then, when handed a small tumbler of ice water, proceeded to swallow two Mandrax tablets with a single gulp of water. Nixon continued speaking and then Presley, apparently emboldened by the apathetic reception of his pill-taking, produced a small bag of "grass" from a jacket pocket.

It was a moment that may have caused some discomfort for those present, but Nixon simply glanced at the bag and asked Presley if he had seen evidence of the "growing unrest among young people today." Presley's response has not been preserved in the minutes of the meeting, but it is known that he then proceeded to roll a marijuana cigarette, which he shared with the President. No mention of the incident was made at the time, and it was deemed a "bogus rumor" until Press Secretary Ziegler recently confirmed it during the taping of a PBS documentary interview. But tangible proof of the Oval Office smoking session remains, forever preserved in the black-and-white photograph snapped to commemorate the occasion.

A glassy-eyed Presley is seen accepting a framed certificate from a smiling, exuberant Richard Nixon, one of the few times that the troubled President would be seen so clearly enjoying the trappings of public office.###

Herald Archives: 2001

DOG SHIT IN LEFT FIELD

By Lee Vilensky

Picked up a woman in my cab at Turk and Leavenworth.

She was a light complected, black woman, wearing billowy, peasant-type pants.

She smelled bad. Really bad. Like shit.

She must of weighed over 200 pounds.

She kept wiggling in the back seat, making the cab tilt left and right.

Left and right. Back and forth. Aft and stern.

Port and Starboard. It was a rough crossing.

She got out at 16th and Mission,

but she didn't really leave me.

Her smell lingered, pervaded,

a remembrance past, of fecal matter, lost love,

gangrene, sour grapes,

dog shit in left field.

I opened all the windows and sped away.

Got flagged at 18th and Dolores.

Young man hops in and tells me, "USF."

A minute later he informs me that

there is a turd on the floor.

I pull over, and we both get out and look at it.

There it is. In the back, on the floor.

A perfectly formed log. Stinkin' Lincoln.

You couldn't draw a better turd.

I told the passenger, "You couldn't draw a better turd."

Looking at it, I realized that it scared me.

I was afraid of other people's shit.

This was something I hadn't realized

until that very moment. So I learned something

about myself.

I took the classified section of the S.F. Chronicle,

and rolled it into a scoop.

The Chron finally realizing its potential.

I judged the shot to be a 3 iron.

I placed the tip of the scoop under the middle of the turd

and flipped it with a counter-clockwise motion of my wrist.

It flew out of the cab and onto the green

bordering the sidewalk,

an easy 6 inch putt for birdie.

The passenger got in front

and I delivered him to USF.

He was a good kid about the whole thing.

Made a good bong and beer story.

I wish all my customers were such good sports.

That night I laid in bed and thought about the woman.

Was she married? Did she have a lover?

Was she a good kisser?

Did she take a cab every time she needed a bowel movement?

I started to get aroused.

I took out my 1978 calendar of topless Hawaiian girls,

and things moved quickly from there.



And now... more of

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

Whoops! I figured my comic would be two pages this issue, but I was a page short, so here I am trying to figure out what to put on this page. Hmmm... Hang on.

At the Warfield: Death Grips, 5/20. Malchat Doma, 5/17. Yves Tumor, 5/23. Helloween, 6/3. Ohgeesy, 6/9. Beartooth & Trivium, 6/12. Thrice, 6/19. Grandson & K. Flay, 6/26. Ruel, 7/6. Brit Floyd, 7/18.



Eydis Evensen performs at the Swedish American Hall on October 7th. (How's that for an early heads-up?)

At the Regency Ballroom: The Damned, 5/20. The Human League, 5/23. Anees, 5/24. Bluebuckscan, 6/4.

Wait a minute – The Damned?! If I wasn't an old fuddy-duddy I'd see them again. I met Captain Sensible backstage at the Great American Music Hall back in 2000. Nice guy. Check them out.

The Herald online at
SanFranciscoHerald.Net

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Recently there was a newsworthy incident that occurred on the New York subway system. I'm not informed enough about it to have an opinion, but I'm sure a lot of people out there have one, even though they aren't informed enough to have one either.

Since this is San Francisco, most people probably have the traditional, knee-jerk "woke" response to the story. So to add a little *diversity* of opinion, here is a condensed version of an article you can find online titled "The Lesson of Jordan Neely: Your Courage And Sacrifice Will Be Punished" by Peachy Keenan:

This week, a brave Marine acted when no one else would to restrain a deranged homeless schizophrenic on a New York City F train who was, by all accounts, terrorizing people and shouting "I'll hurt anyone on this train."

"I don't mind going to jail and getting life in prison," screamed the 30-year-old Jordan Neely, who had 44 arrests under his belt and an outstanding warrant for felony assault (he punched an old woman in the face), as he flailed around throwing items of his clothing. "I'm ready to die!" In response, a 24-year-old Marine Corps veteran put Neely in a chokehold, incapacitating him and releasing him after he stopped struggling and passed out," Inez Stepman wrote.

When Neely died at the hospital, all hell broke loose.

AOC fired up her Twitter and called his death a "murder." Al Sharpton is polishing his diamond cufflinks before his press conference.

In the aftermath, I tweeted this: "Strong men brave enough to intervene publicly when a deranged lunatic is terrifying people are going to be rounded up first; this is brilliant strategy for the Regime. Pick off the bravest and most selfless heroes first. Leave the cowards behind, who will fall in line fast."

The worse the subway Viking's fate is, the less likely any of us, the sane ones, will be tempted to lift a finger when they come for us, our friends, or our neighbors. If the Viking gets 20 years on Riker's Island, plus some prison rapes and beatings for good measure as the guards look the other way — *that'll* teach you boys a lesson.

It feels like Good Samaritan laws have gone in and out of favor over time in America. For many years after 9/11, no able-bodied man boarded an airplane without first preparing himself to tackle a terrorist if he had to. Does that happen anymore? Or would the

passengers laugh and whip out their phones as the terrorist slit a flight attendant's throat? You will not go to jail for watching someone beat another person to death as you stream it live on social media. That's perfectly acceptable now, even encouraged.

But every normal man I know would be unable to stand and watch a psycho assaulting an innocent stranger. My future husband once threw the first punch in a bloody fistfight against a much larger, much drunker man who was persistently harassing me and getting in my face late at night outside a bar in New York City. (My husband won, so I married him soon after.)

As an avid Twitter user, I probably see a dozen graphic videos a week of men doing the opposite: standing idly by, shouting approval and laughing, cameras out, as violent individuals assault, beat, rape, and shoot innocent strangers.

In this terrible, ugly, upside-down, zero-trust society I've been forced to raise a family in, I have developed new survival rules. I have instructed my husband and son to be cowards. That's right: to do nothing if they are in a situation where a dangerous psycho is threatening violence to a stranger.

My teenage son informed me he won't go along with my surrender monkey ethos and is prepared to defend himself and others if he has to.

Neely was lynched by a racist and this racist will be made an example of. This is a teaching moment for Democrats — young American men will be taught the hard way that nobility, selflessness, courage, and their masculine instinct to defend the innocent are bad. Don't be like this former Marine!

Peachy Keenan is an editor for The American Mind, a publication of The Claremont Institute.

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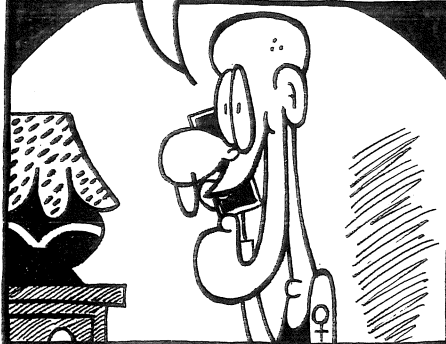
GOOD CLEAN FUN
WRITTEN, DRAWN & © 2023
BY GENE MAHONEY

SO LONG, BUDDY!

25%
OFF
VITAMIN
B-12



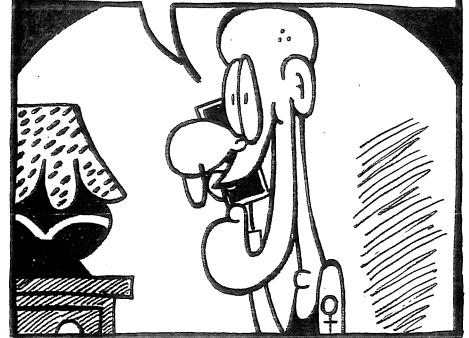
CHAUNCY—I'M GOING TO BE RICH!
YOU KNOW THOSE REPARATION
PAYMENTS THE STATE IS GOING TO
GIVE AFRICAN-AMERICANS?
WELL, I'VE DECIDED TO IDENTIFY
AS BLACK! I EVEN GOT SOME
SELF-TANNING LOTION TO BE SAFE!



NOT THE CHEAP KIND THAT LOOKS
ORANGE EITHER. I'M GOING ALL OUT!

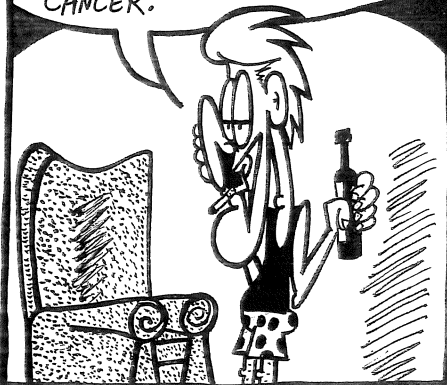
EVEN THOUGH I'LL BE WEALTHY,
I WON'T FORGET MY FRIENDS...
LIKE YOU, CHAUNCY OLD BOY!

UH, YOU DON'T SOUND HAPPY FOR ME.



A FRIEND OF MINE JUST DIED.
YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

HE WENT TO THE GYM REGULARLY,
HAD A HEALTHY DIET, DIDN'T SMOKE
OR DRINK... AND HE DIED OF
CANCER.



HIS PARENTS SPLIT WHEN HE WAS
TWO. HIS MOTHER IGNORED HIM...
AND HIS FATHER NEVER VISITED
HIM EVEN THOUGH HE LIVED IN
THE SAME TOWN.



HIS GIRLFRIEND GOT PREGNANT WHEN
THEY WERE AROUND 24. HE MARRIED
HER, BUT IT WAS A LOVELESS DEAL.
SHE TURNED BOTH OF THEIR KIDS
AGAINST HIM. BUT HE NEVER
BLAMED SOCIETY FOR ANY OF IT.

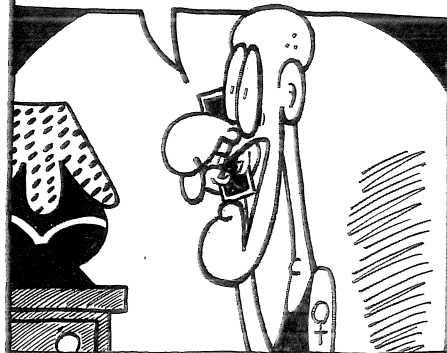


HE WAS ALWAYS UPBEAT.
OWNED HIS OWN BUSINESS, TOO.
EVERY TIME YOU LEFT HIS
HEALTH FOOD STORE HE'D SAY,
"SO LONG, BUDDY!"



POOR GUY. BUT A STRONG GUY.
OWNED HIS OWN BUSINESS, TOO.
SOUNDS LIKE A HARD WORKER.

NOT LIKE SO MANY PEOPLE TODAY...
WHO JUST WANT
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.



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Emperor Norton's BoozeLand, 510 Larkin at Turk, (415) 926-8118. Great local bar; large back patio, billiards, shuffleboard, Pliny on draft. Open every day at 1pm. Happy Hour Monday - Friday 1PM - 7PM.

Happy Hour Special, 3PM - 6PM: Tecate \$3, Corona \$4, Modelo \$5, Bare Bottle \$6, Sangria \$8. **Chisme Cantina**, 882 Sutter. (415) 370-7070. Catering available.

Good Old Fashioned Values. Wide selection of beer and wine. Groceries and general merchandise. **Discount Grocers**, 1203 Polk (at Sutter). (415) 929-7385.

Gastroboteats, 1096 Union (at Leavenworth), www.gastroboteats.com, (415) 307-6141. Modern street food, new-style green salads, soups and stews. Delivery or take-out.

Pat's Café, 2330 Taylor (off Columbus). (415) 776-8735. Breakfast, lunch, & weekend brunch. Indoor & outdoor dining. 7:30 AM – 2 PM daily. Takeout, call directly or order online. PatsCafeSF.com.

Kennedy's Irish Pub & India Curry House, 1040 Columbus, (415) 441-8855. World class beer selection and Indian cuisine. Delivery available via GrubHub and Uber Eats.

Cozy café/laundromat combo. Artisan eats & espresso at integrated **Hideaway Café**, 850 Jones (at Bush). (925) 724-4464.