

By Gene Mahoney

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

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

LES CENT CULOTTES, the lingerie shop in Russian Hill on Polk closed on August 17th, after 18 years of business. A sign on the store indicated that “Sophie, the owner had to move back to France for her family after 23 years of living in this beautiful city. Thank you so much for the neighborhood and all my sweet customers to make this business growing since October 2001. I wish I could stay open for all of you, but family is first. Thank you for understanding.” Her website states that she’ll be starting a new shop in the French Alps... It’s been a while since Emma closed Luscious Wear Lingerie on Polk. As I recall, she claimed that her store’s website was one of the first websites in the world... Laundry Locker at 1339 Polk has closed. Their other location is at 2103 Van Ness and their shoe repair business is now at 1051 Bush... Miller’s East Coast Deli at 1725 Polk closed... Scalp Society, where you can get pigment injected into your scalp to help cover up baldness, recently opened at 1512 Pine Street. Ironically, 1512 Barber Shop was there before it. It’s now at 1532 20th Street... Lorenzo’s Pizza is at 2109 Polk, where Escape from New York Pizza was... Brian Keeney, the bartender at Cresta’s 2211 Club in Russian Hill, is performing his songs at Specs’ in North Beach (with Joe Kyle Jr.) on the first and third Monday nights of the month... Speaking of Specs’ 12 Adler Museum Café, there’s a GoFundMe campaign for a movie about it called “Last Call: The Specs Film”... And right next to Specs’ was Tosca Café, arguably the most revered bar in San Francisco. But Tosca is no more. New York had Elaine’s, we had Tosca. I almost went there one night in 1995, I guess, and found out the next day that Salman Rushdie was there. It was one of his first public outings since Ayatollah Khomeini put a fatwa on his head for writing his book “The Satanic Verses.” I think Bono from U2 was there that night, too. I should have gone.



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“Serving Nob Hill and Beyond”

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Bay Area resident and renowned “civil rights activist” Angela Davis was inducted into the National Women’s Hall of Fame in September.

Cuban women probably wouldn’t appreciate that. It’s kind of odd that Ms. Davis, who has long advocated ending incarceration in the U.S., would be such a fan of the late Cuban dictator Fidel Castro, considering how many people he threw in prison for simply criticizing his tyranny. Many of them women. As Cuban exile and author Humberto Fontova recently wrote:

These women’s prison conditions were described by former Cuban political prisoner Maritza Lugo. “The punishment cells measure 3 feet wide by 6 feet long. The toilet consisted of an 8 inch hole in the ground through which cockroaches and rats enter, especially in cool temperatures the rats come inside to seek the warmth of our bodies and we were often bitten. The suicide rate among women prisoners was very high.”

“They started by beating us with twisted coils of electric cable,” recalls former political prisoner Ezperanza Pena from exile today. “I remember Teresita on the ground with all her lower ribs broken. Gladys had both her arms broken. Doris had her face cut up so badly from the beatings that when she tried to drink, water would pour out of her lacerated cheeks.”

“On Mother’s Day they allowed family visits,” recalls Manuela Calvo from exile today. “But as our mothers and sons and daughters were watching, we were beaten with rubber hoses and high-pressure hoses were turned on us, knocking all of us to the ground floor and rolling us around as the guards laughed and our loved-ones screamed helplessly.”

“When female guards couldn’t handle us male guards were called in for more brutal beatings. I saw teen-aged girls beaten savagely, their bones broken, their mouths bleeding,” recalled Polita Grau.

In 1962, a Cuban Catholic nun named Aida Rosa Perez was overheard whispering things about Fidel Castro and Che Guevara similar to those Ilham Omar and Rashida Tlaib routinely shout to the media about President Trump. Sister Rosa Perez was quickly rounded up at Soviet gun-point and sentenced to 12 years at hard labor by Angela Davis’ idols. Two years into her sentence, while toiling in the sun inside Castro’s Gulag and surrounded by leering guards, Sister Rosa collapsed from a heart attack.

The Cuban Archive project has fully documented many firing squad executions of Cuban women by the regime founded by Angela Davis’ idols. Over 200 women (and counting) have died from various beatings, brutalities and tortures while in Castroite Cuba’s prisons.

Fay Stender was a woman who probably wouldn’t have been too happy with Ms. Davis being inducted into the Women’s Hall of Fame.

Fay Stender was a lawyer and prisoner rights activist who represented Black Guerrilla Family founder George Jackson. Jackson and Angela Davis were lovers. Stender edited and arranged for Jackson’s prison letters to be published as a book that went on to become a bestseller. The proceeds went to a legal defense fund that she set up. Then Stender refused to smuggle weapons and explosives into the prison for Jackson. Years later, one of Jackson’s thugs entered Stender’s home and tied up her son, daughter, and lover Joan Morris. The gunman forced Stender to say, “I, Fay Stender, admit I betrayed George

Jackson and the prison movement when they needed me most." Then he shot her a few times. Stender was left paralyzed below the waist. In constant pain from her injuries, she committed suicide in Hong Kong about a year later.

The guns used in the Marin County Civic Center Shootout were owned by Ms. Davis. So the widows of the judge who got his head blown off and the assistant D.A. who was paralyzed - not to mention the women hostages - probably wouldn't be too thrilled with Ms. Davis being inducted into the Women's Hall of Fame.

The women affected by the Jonestown Massacre, caused by local "social justice" warrior Jim Jones, whom Ms. Davis actively supported... the women affected by the Soviet invasions of Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan, which Ms. Davis also supported... do you think they would?... na.

"Free Angela" was the cry during her trial after the Marin Shootout, but Angela would never be free. She would get \$10,000 to \$20,000 per speaking engagement, not to mention a six figure salary when she taught at UC Santa Cruz. Despite that, Angela claims to be a proud Marxist to this day.

From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.

A woman who was a renowned... uh... figure in San Francisco passed away four years ago this month. It's too bad she isn't around to be inducted into the National Women's Hall of Fame. Here's the obituary I wrote about her shortly after her passing...

Day of the Condor

By Gene Mahoney

This is a belated RIP to Carol Doda, the famous ex-"exotic dancer," who passed away in November. She performed at the world famous Condor Club in North Beach, hence the witty title of this piece ("Day of the Condor" starring Robert Redford and Faye Dunaway, get it?)

That was called "Three Days of the Condor"? Oh well.

I first met Carol about 20 years ago while unsuccessfully trying to sell her

advertising for her lingerie shop on Union Street. I'd later run into her around town on numerous occasions and she was always polite and talkative, casually mentioning that she had appeared on "Nash Bridges" and other things she was up to. As I recall she even invited me to her home for Thanksgiving once but I couldn't attend.

Carol quit dancing at the Condor in 1986, three years after the infamous incident where a bouncer and a dancer were having sex on the piano after the place closed - and the hydraulic lift was accidentally activated, raising the piano to the ceiling and crushing the bouncer to death.

In her later years Carol sang at a few North Beach supper clubs.

What more can you say?

RIP, Carol.###

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MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

By Ace Backwords



For years now, there's been these clumps of "gutter punks" flopped out on the sidewalks of Berkeley. They sit there spare-changing and getting drunk and stoned and fighting. But mostly

they just sit there. They remind me of a bunch of beached flounders. They seem like some kind of stunted organism that has stopped developing. When I look at them, I often get this strange acid flashback...

I saw the Sex Pistols' last concert at Winterland in January of 1978. I remember saying to a friend during the ride home: "When punk rock hits the high schools, it's gonna catch on like wildfire." And then . . . nothing happened. So I figured I was wrong about Punk Rock like I was wrong about most everything else.

Then, in the summer of 1982, when I was living in quiet Humboldt County, I got an excited phone call from my friend Mary Mayhem. "It's unbelievable!" said Mary. "There's been all these punk rock shows with all these kids with mohawks slam-dancing and stage-diving and bouncing off walls! It's wild!"

I was madly in love with Mary at the time, so I dragged my ass back to San Francisco and checked out a punk band called Fear at the Elite Club (formerly the Fillmore West). It was indeed wild. And I decided to start an underground punk rock newspaper to capture the energy of this emerging youth culture. I interviewed Fear and that was the big feature for what became TWISTED IMAGE # 1. Around the exact same time, MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL # 1 was published, with somewhat similar intentions.

So I'd always feel a weird connection with MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL. Like two seeds that were spawned from the same soil, but developed in quite different directions. From the beginning, the differences were clear. MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL saw the punk rock movement as a progressive social force. They were constantly proselytizing on behalf of "the scene" and urging kids to join up and get involved with "the punk rock community." I, on the other hand, could sum up my feelings by a review I wrote for the record "Punk & Disorderly" in TWISTED IMAGE # 1. "Punk rock is the perfect soundtrack for the Apocalypse." Like a war reporter, I looked at punk as a fascinating, but ultimately dark and destructive, historical movement. Join up at your own risk, kiddies.

So TWISTED IMAGE and MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL mostly existed as two separate parallel universes. But then in the late '80s I was working as a freelance cartoonist and writer and my stuff was getting published in hundreds of zines, mags, comics and newspapers. So MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL started running a column and comics by me every month. We were coexisting fine until one issue when the publisher of MRR, Tim Yohannon, published a glowing eulogy for the recently deceased Huey Newton, the former Black Panther leader, along with a glowing book review of fellow Panther George Jackson's prison diaries.

Well, this slightly irritated me. Because, in fact, Huey Newton was a violent, crack dealing, murdering lunatic. No hero in my book. And the same goes for George Jackson. In fact, Jackson's book was actually ghostwritten by Fay Stender (a Berkeley activist), who later repudiated her own bullshit after she got shot and paralyzed for life by one of Jackson's thugs, for allegedly "betraying the revolution."

So I submitted a column for the next issue of MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, mildly chiding them for glorifying this thug Huey Newton, and laying out the real story about Jackson's book.

Before the issue went to press, I got a phone call from Tim Yohannon telling me they had decided to drop my column. "It has nothing to do with your politics, of course," he assured me. "But the MRR collective has decided that you're a bad writer that nobody wants to read."

Now, I may not be Shakespeare, but my writing has been read by millions of readers, so it was mildly annoying to be told that my work was no longer up to the high literary standards set by a magazine that was mostly written and read by 17 year old boys (and chronological adults who still had the minds of 17 year old boys). And plus, Yohannon was full of shit. And he knew it, and he knew that I knew it. So I told him to get fucked, and I told him they couldn't run my comics either (the only publication I ever denied my comics to, so there's another MRR claim to fame). It wasn't like my ego was bruised or anything — hell, as a freelancer, I'd had my work rejected and accepted by hundreds of editors, it went with the

territory. But something about the whole deal stunk.

Tim Yohannon — the MRR co-founder — was an interesting character. He was one of those guys who talked like a lawyer. Virtually everything that came out of his mouth (in my experience) was a lie, or doubletalk, or purposefully misleading (then he could defend himself by saying TECHNICALLY he hadn't been lying). Just one of those types.

This manipulative quality was a trait that came in good stead when, for example, he was working through all the bureaucratic red-tape that it took to get the Gilman Street Project going. And he was the driving force behind that thing. I remember as early as 1983, when I was still a San Francisco bike messenger, Yohannon coming up to me and talking up the Gilman Street project. And it's still going today, perhaps the positive side of Yo's legacy. For the East Bay youth now have a place where they can blast out punk rock power chords and scream and yell at ear-splitting volume. As well as learn valuable life skills such as how to publish a fanzine and design rad band logos. By all accounts, Yohannon was a hard worker, with excellent organizational skills.

I'm not sure what exactly irked me the most about Tim Yohannon. For he was a man who inspired many, many irksome reactions. As well as many of the positive variety, too. He had been a radical, campus activist in the late '60s. And now here he was in the '80s, proselytizing that same failed bullshit to another generation of naive youth.

And, of course, anyone who came into the Maxi pad with a record from one of those "evil corporate record companies" — for instance, fake punks like the Sex Pistols, Clash, Ramones, etc. — was instantly banned from the Maxi kingdom as a hopeless poseur. Ahh, the evil corporate media. But even odder, Yohannon would then turn on his television set and watch "Perry Mason" and all the other corporate junk that spewed from his TV set. But somehow, that was different.

Probably nobody railed more than Tim Yohannon against those "sell-outs" who exploited the sacred punk rock movement for personal gain. But,

oddly, probably nobody reaped more benefits from the Bay Area punk scene than Tim Yohannon himself. Like the house he was able to buy for himself (oh, excuse me, it was owned by "the Maximum Rocknroll collective").

But Yohannon — selfless saint that he was — did this all for The Greater Good of the Punk Rock Movement. So it was cool.

In truth, he reminded me of the nerd who never got to hang out with the cool clique in high school. So now he was living out his fantasy as a middle-aged man, the head of the coolest clique of high school punks. Weird when you think of it.

Yohannon called all the shots at MRR from beginning to end. Then, the stooges and yes men that made up "the Maximum Rocknroll collective" would rubber-stamp whatever decision Yohannon had come up with. So it was held up as a sterling example of socialism in action. And here's to the new punks, same as the old punks.

Finally, he ended up getting cancer and died at age 52. For his last request, as he lay on his death bed, he requested from his huge and legendary record collection, "The Ha Ha Song" by Flipper, those legendary nihilistic burnouts. And, on that note, he faded into eternity.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, the magazine, still lives on today. I stumbled upon a copy a couple years ago. And it looks remarkably the same as it did in 1982. It was a strange sight. Like discovering a petrified fossil under a rock — this dead thing, frozen in time, where nothing new can ever grow and develop.

Ahh, these weird nostalgic musings as I pass the gutter punks flopped out on the sidewalk. It's a long way from 1982. Perhaps these gutter punks need yet another anti-corporate, anti-America lecture from the political geniuses at MRR.

Or perhaps they need to get jobs.###

Editor's Note: This article was written in May 2008. In May 2019 the last print issue of MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL was published. It is now published online only.

Herald Archives: Early 2000s

An Essay.

By Lee Vilensky

Part 1 - Drinking Triples, Seeing Double

It was about 9:00 on a slow April night, (of course in the cab biz saying slow and April together is repetitive, as April is always our worst month, due to taxes) and I got flagged at 2nd and Howard by a man outside of a restaurant wearing a white smock. I'd assumed he was a parking valet, or perhaps a good Samaritan/art student. I pulled over and he loaded an elderly couple into my cab. They were at least in their late 70's, maybe older, and the woman was quite tipsy. She was basically poured into the back seat by the husband, (who was also bombed) and smock boy (only members of the medical field should wear white smocks, and they should be obligated to donate several hours a week loading old drunks into cabs. I just thought of this, and it's the best idea I've ever heard of.) The man got in front with me and directed me to the Argent Hotel, located on 3rd Street, between Market and Mission, 2-1/2 blocks from the restaurant.

Now it must be noted that I don't like picking up people who are noticeably intoxicated. If I can tell they're drunk from a distance of say 50 yards or less, I don't pick them up. I've had too many customers puke in my cab and you can guess who's had to clean it up. But, but.... "OLD DRUNKS NEVER GET SICK IN CABS." They just don't. They've had too much practice, and I like to think too much pride to let that happen. No one over the age of 25 has ever barfed in my cab, with the exception of one junkie who snuck/puked a viscous, clear liquid on the floor in the back of the cab. I didn't know about it until the next passenger got in and brought it to my attention.

I drove to the Argent and the man kept saying to the woman in the back, "It doesn't matter. I love you."

I pulled into the hotel driveway and the woman shot out of the cab and got sucked into a revolving door leading into the lobby. She looked like a fish being

reeled in, head forward, body in hot pursuit. Somehow she made it through the door and seated herself in a couch without falling, and breaking her damn neck. The man got out, and using the cab as a guide, walked around towards me, and the hotel entrance. I was watching his wife (1 part concern, 2 parts curiosity) in the lobby and she looked like my daughter at age 2, just waking up from her mid-day nap; eyes wide, hair mussed, body perfectly still, as if any quick movements would reveal an underlying need to throw up. The meter read \$2.90, and the man told me he was going to give me 4 ones. He pulled all of his money out of his right pants pocket, put it on the rear (trunk) of the cab, and attempted to find the 4 singles he'd been saving for just this moment. He found 2 ones, and handed them to me, and began trying to separate two other singles that were seemingly stuck together. The problem in trying to separate these bills was that they were one bill, with a funny crease in it. To this old, drunk, visually impaired man, it looked like two bills stuck together. Not hard to understand. I let him fiddle with the bill thinking he'd eventually come to grips with the fact that it was only one, single dollar bill. He began licking his fingers and wetting the edge of the bill. Meanwhile, the doorman, who used to work at the Clift Hotel, and knew me from our years of employment together in the service industry, asked me, with a wink, if I could take another fare, the wink meaning, it's a good one, to which I answered, "Sure, I'll be just a second."

"Just a second" took 7 to 9 minutes. The other fare was, loaded with luggage, into another cab.

Part 2 - "My 7 to 9 Minutes With One of the World's Foremost Bill Splitters, or How I Spent My Spring Break."

I am not a man without a sense of humor or the ridiculous. I didn't mind that the man cost me a \$35 fare in exchange for a damn \$4 fare. What's money mean to a man like me who knows the importance of laughter? I'll just pay the landlord my rent with a joke. After several minutes of trying to make one bill into two, I spoke my mind.

Me: "Sir, that's only one bill."

Old Drunk Guy: "No. It's two."

Me: "It's one bill. The crease makes it look like two, but I assure you it's only one bill."

ODG: "It's two."

He's furiously licking his fingers, looking sideways at the bill, trying to split it.

I hit him with a flurry of verbal jabs:

"If you manage to split that bill, it will only be worth 50 cents."

"I realize that you're seeing double, but that's only one dollar."

"Could you pay me while we're young, or at least while I'm young?"

ODG: "Have some patience, young man. This is two bills."

I'd had it. This was now costing me money. The meter was off, and I couldn't take another fare until I got rid of this nut, licking his fingers, trying to make wine out of water. I bent close to his ear and asked, "You think that's two bills stuck together?"

ODG: "Yes."

I lowered my voice and asked, in my best conspiratorial tone, "You wanna bet?"

ODG: "I'll bet you anything you want!"

I pulled out a ten and waved it in front of his face. Ten bucks is what I figured he owed me for "down time."

ODG: "You want to bet a hundred bucks, you're on!"

Me: "Sir, this is a ten. I'll bet you ten bucks that that is one single bill in your hand."

ODG: "You're on."

He resumed fiddling with the dollar bill, licking his fingers and trying to separate it, staring at from different angles, and finally throwing it at me in disgust, but not defeat. The bill was soaking wet with old man spittle, and smelled like the retainer I wore in high school, after my braces were removed.

ODG: "I'm going to give you the ten dollars, because I'm a good sport."

He pulled a ten out of the pile of bills on the cab, licking his thumb and forefinger, and began trying to separate the ten from... itself? He was clearly suffering from some sort of dyslexia, or autism, and how in the hell does a person like this survive in a jungle full of hungry wolves? How can he be staying at a 4-1/2 star hotel, have a wife, children, grandchildren, car, house, mutual fund, silverware, friends, acquaintances, airline tickets, dinner reservations? The old guy made several attempts to separate the ten, and he'd earned the right. I let him go on for about 3 minutes, then snatched the bill from his hands and said, "Thank you."

He looked bewildered for a second, trying to place his whereabouts, and goings on. He put the rest of the bills in his pocket and made a move for the lobby (the wrong way.)

He walked into my cab, a distance of maybe 2 inches. I gently spun him around 180 degrees, and pointed him toward the front door of the Argent Hotel, which was costing him probably \$215 a night, or to his figuring, \$430 per night. His wife was no longer sitting in the lobby, and this could not have been a good thing.

ODG: "You're going to find out that I was right later on when you count my money, but I'm a good sport. I want you to take that ten dollars and....."

Me: "Buy my girlfriend something nice?"

ODG: "Yes."

Me: "I'll do that, sir. Thank you."

The old boy stumbled into the lobby, in search of his wife. I pulled out of the Argent driveway, crossed Market onto Kearny, and headed into North Beach in search of younger men, and perhaps younger women.###

Herald Archives: 2001

"Shoe Hell"

By Howard Hallis

There must be something wrong with me. My tastes must be completely discombobulated because something that a majority of people find to be attractive and a real turn-on actually is such a turn-off to me that it drives me crazy.

It wouldn't be a problem if it was something obscure or hidden like garters and stockings (both of which I love) or being handcuffed and beaten with a Hot Wheels track (ditto). No, unfortunately for me, this repulsion is so omnipresent, especially in the summer months, that there is no avoiding it anywhere I go.

I HATE open-toed shoes.

Boy do I hate them. I think they're ugly on girls and especially on guys. Nope, even the high-heel stripper shoes are gross to me. Even the thousand dollar Prada strappies make me sick. Even if you had a pedicure done and each nail meticulously filed and painted, I would still prefer it if you wore boots or smelly sneakers. Or no shoes at all.

The weird thing is that bare feet don't bother me. Bare feet are fine. I like bare feet. Run around barefoot all you want, but the minute you put on those thongs or sandals, the date's off. For some reason, toe cleavage protruding from sandals or heels hits my senses the same way a face full of boogers hits other people. My gut response is "Oh man! She's nice, has a great personality, is funny, but damn! I HATE THOSE FUCKING OPEN-TOED SHOES!!"

Jeez... Birkenstocks... Where to begin in my revulsion? I've been told they're incredibly comfortable and all that stuff for years, but they are still one of the ugliest shoes known to man. The only thing I hate more are those beige open-toed women's shoes with the wooden or wicker heels and the rope-like straps. You may think they're retro '70s funky, but to me it's a nightmare of toe-cleavage.

Every time there's an awards show or a ritzy celebrity filled event, I look for the stars who AREN'T wearing the open-toes and that's who I feel has made the bold fashion statement. Every time I hang out at the coffee house and see the flip-flops and those horrible Nike slip-ons I want to start stomping feet. That guy who played the foot stomper in John Waters' *Polyester* is my fucking hero. I've thought about ways to end the trend, but it's gotten so out of hand that there's very little I could do. After I saw *Fight Club* I had the idea of starting a foot stomping fight club that would lead to people walking around with bruised, bloody feet. As the club's influence would spread, soon the festering foot wounds would prompt people to go back to combat boots and Converse All Stars as the bohemian footwear of choice. Of course, this is all a pipe dream, since most normal people love open-toed shoes and I'm probably the only one who feels this way in the entire world. It's lonely and frustrating being the only one, let me tell you.

All of this might have stemmed from when I was a child and was wrestling with a camp counselor and ripped off his flip-flop only to discover he had stepped in dog-doo and it was now all over my hands. Perhaps that moment was one of those high impact associations that I never got over. Maybe this is the key to why every time I see toesies coming out of shoesies I think of shit.

It's hard for me to define what this whole thing means. Most people associate fetishes with feet to be ones where people want to see the foot any way they can. Is there such a thing as a reverse-fetish where I love it when the foot is hidden, but only if the person is wearing shoes? What does this whole thing say about my view on the world and life in general?

Does it make me a bad person if you think about the fact that when I meet someone wearing open-toed shoes that I'm not thinking about how pretty they are or what they have to say but only "Man, why can't they wear some tennis shoes or something?"

Told you there was something wrong with me.###

*Read back issues of the Herald at
SanFranciscoHerald.Net*



(Ann Savage and Tom Neal in *Detour*.)

Revisiting *Detour*

By Gene Mahoney

I knew this film buff (*hey, more than that - he was a film school graduate!*) in the early '90s who showed me a 1945 film noir called *Detour*. He said that even though it was low budget, was shot in a few days, and its director had to work with actors who weren't that great, it was still widely regarded as the greatest B-movie ever made. I sat through all 67 minutes of it, and though I didn't dislike it, I wasn't that impressed. I chalked it up to naturally being let down by anything that was hyped up.

Then I read a book titled *Cult Movies* by Danny Peary, and one of the movies written about was *Detour*. Then I realized why I wasn't that impressed with it. The movie's premise is that bad things can happen to someone for no reason. It uses the word "fate" - which implies a preordained destiny, but it seems to be implying the randomness of existentialism. Peary pointed out that wasn't the case with the protagonist

in *Detour*. As a matter of fact, if memory serves correctly, Peary called him a "foolish fellow."

I won't go into the plot, but let's just say that our hero could have handled running across a dead body and a femme fatale a lot better than he did. Then I read that critic Andrew Britton looked at it from a different angle. He claimed that the flashback our hero (well, main character) tells the viewer is just a lie to justify things he did.

After discovering Britton's analysis, I watched the movie again and enjoyed it much more. I don't know if Britton was right, but the noir dialogue full of "dames" and "hard luck," the acting, direction - it went over a lot better this time. If Britton is right, I say it's a great movie. If he isn't, I guess I can't. Watch it for yourself online or on DVD and make up your own mind.

Tom Neal, the film's leading man was a Chicago boy who worked some jobs and was an amateur boxer until heading to Hollywood. He starred in a few B-movies and was married a few times until "fate" caught up to him. He spent six years in prison for manslaughter after his wife was found dead with a bullet in the back of her head.

Fate or not, remember this because it applies to the vast majority of people...

The biggest enemy you will ever have is you.

In 2001 I drew a *Good Clean Fun* comic called *Detour II*. Actually, it was supposed to be called *Detour II* but I was in a rush and accidentally wrote *Detour III*. If you want to read it go to SanFranciscoHerald.Net, click on Archives 1998 - 2005 then click on the comics. Here are some scenes from it as a tease...

Here are some exciting scenes from *Detour II* (yeah, I know it says *Detour III* – I was in a rush).

Read the whole story at "Archives 1998 – 2005" at SanFranciscoHerald.Net...

GODD CLEAN FUN "THE ELVIS OF COMIC STRIPS" WRITTEN, DRAWN & © 2001 BY GENE MAHONEY

DETOUR III



