

The Society Page

By Gene Mahoney

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

Help clean up trash and sweep leaves around Nob Hill with the Monthly Sweep. Contact: info@refuserrefusesf.org.

63rd Annual San Francisco Auto Show at Moscone Center on 11/24 - 28.

At the Warfield: Joji, 11/20-21. Polo G, 11/23-24. Saint Jhn, 11/26. Thundercat, 12/1. Nikki Glaser, 12/3. Jim Jefferies, 12/18-19. Mystery Science Theater 3000, 12/20. Duke Dumont, 12/31.

Suggested Reading: Go online and find "Why Indigenous Peoples Day Is Far Worse Than Columbus Day" by Michael Graham. Here's an excerpt:

Less Pocahontas and More Blood Sacrifice

When thinking of pre-Columbian America, forget what you've seen in the Disney movies. Think "slavery, cannibalism and mass human sacrifice." From the Aztecs to the Iroquois, that was life among the indigenous peoples before Columbus arrived.

For all the talk from the angry and indigenous about European slavery, it turns out that pre-Columbian America was virtually one huge slave camp. According to "Slavery and Native Americans in British North America and the United States: 1600 to 1865," by Tony Seybert, "Most Native American tribal groups practiced some form of slavery before the European introduction of African slavery into North America."

Graham notes that when British settlers arrived in the New World, they purchased Indians from Indian tribes that acted as slave traders.

The Incas practiced human sacrifice to appease their gods. The Aztecs really excelled at it - in 1487, five years before Columbus set sail, they had a human sacrifice ritual at the Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan and killed 80,000 people in 4 days.

Like slaves, those killed as human sacrifices tended to be prisoners captured in battle. Though some parents had children who were specially raised to be sacrificed.

Graham goes on to mention other customs of the Indigenous Peoples of the Americas - such as cannibalism, scalping, headhunting, mutilation, and torture.



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Now I'm sure right now, especially here in San Francisco, there are "woke" white people reading this and shrieking, "No! That's racist! Every bad thing that's ever happened in the world can be blamed solely on white people! We suck! WE REALLY SUCK!"

Well, I know what you're going through. I was born in 1965 and was taught this whole "the Indians were wise, peace loving hippies" schtick and believed it. But ask yourself: Does pretending these things never happened make you a good person?

Let's end this with the conclusion of Graham's essay:

There Are No Pure Peoples in History

Slavery, torture, and cannibalism—tell me why we're celebrating "Indigenous People's Day" again? And we're getting rid of Columbus Day to protest—what? The fact that one group of slavery-practicing violent people conquered another group of violent, blood-thirsty slavers? That's a precis of the history of the Americas before Columbus arrived.

This has always been the fatal flaw of the Left's politics of race guilt: Name the race that's not "guilty"? Racism, violence, and conquest are part of the human condition, not the European one.

There is, however, one key difference between the European Conquistadors and the Incas, Aztecs, and Iroquois who conquered the Americas before them: In addition to violence and greed, the Europeans also brought literacy, liberalism, and the scientific method, all of which would transform America into the greatest champion of human freedom the world has never known.

Do the anti-Columbus activists who claim Europe's conquest of America is a sin really want to live in a world where it never happened? Where America is an illiterate, technological backwater of

tribal violence and ritual human sacrifice? Of course not. The only reason their ideological idiocy has free rein today is because Europeans showed up in 1492.

Happy Columbus Day!

XXXXXXXXXX

That Italian-American Heritage Parade in North Beach sure was a swell time. I was glad to see they didn't bow to pressure and had a Columbus float. Though a few blocks later I noticed the guy dressed up as Columbus was no longer on the float. I hope he was all right. And Ms. San Francisco Asian Community (or whatever she was called) looked very lovely - smiling, waving to the crowd, sitting atop a convertible, waving an American flag.

And the Navy Blue Angels flying overhead really made it a great day.

The Air Force had a similar outfit called the Thunderbirds. They had an accident in 1982 where they hit the ground instead of leveling off. I have to confess, I sometimes envision a Blue Angels accident happening during Fleet Week here in San Francisco. (Yes, I'm a negative person.)

I'm reminded of a gruesome Bay Area aviation story. Jack Gilbert Graham was a guy who, in 1955, killed 44 people by planting a dynamite time bomb on United Airlines Flight 629. It blew up and crashed over Colorado. The guy hated his mother, who was on the plane, and he did it to collect on life insurance he bought at the terminal just before the flight took off. (Some people actually do use those life insurance vending machines at airports.)

There was no law on the books against blowing up an airplane back then, so he was only convicted of murdering his mother. He was found guilty and executed.

Graham told prison doctors that he "realized that there were about 50 or 60 people carried on a DC6, but the number of people to be killed made no difference to me; it could have been a thousand. When their time comes, there is nothing they can do about it."

The plane crashed in Colorado. So how is this a Bay Area aviation story?

My friend and his mother are from Oakland. And my friend's mother's friend was married to this guy.

Okay, now for a *more* Bay Area based aviation story...

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I've always had this morbid fascination with people who used to

be famous and aren't anymore. Usually that just means former stars on old sit-coms and musical one-hit wonders.

But it also applies to Lincoln Beachey. Born in San Francisco in 1887, it's doubtful anyone thought Lincoln, a chubby kid with few, if any, friends would become rich and famous. Though he was lonely, he was also fearless. By age 10 he was hurtling down the city's steep Fillmore Hill on a bicycle without brakes.

In 1911 at the Los Angeles Air Show, a star pilot got hurt, so Lincoln took his place. Flying 3,000 feet above ground, his motor failed, and the plane began a nosedive no one had survived. He then did the unprecedented. Instead of turning against the direction of the spin, he turned into it, regained control, and landed safely.

Lincoln Beachey became a national celebrity - a superstar pilot performing aerial stunts, aerobatics, and barnstorming. There were 90 million people in the United States and 17 million people had seen him fly.



He'd always pilot a plane dressed in a suit and tie, his ability was lauded by the aviation world (including Orville Wright), and he had a girl at every airport.

Haunted by the deaths of pilots trying to emulate his daredevil stunts, he retired from flying in 1913.

For 3 months.

On March 14, 1915, a week and a half after his 28th birthday, Lincoln Beachey flew at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco. His experimental monoplane descended around Alcatraz and crashed into the bay at about 250 miles per hour. He survived the crash with only a broken

leg, but was strapped into his seat so tightly that he couldn't escape. He drowned before Navy sailors could reach him.

Lincoln Beachey died at the foot of Fillmore Hill, the same place he would hurtle down on a bicycle without brakes when he was a boy. Maybe he doesn't deserve a statue, but how about a plaque for him here in San Francisco? Say, on Fillmore Hill? He was brave beyond words, he helped revolutionize air travel, and he got a lot of chicks.

Though he may be forgotten, his name isn't, as it lives on in this jump rope rhyme:

Lincoln Beachey thought it was a dream,

To go up to Heaven in a flying machine,

The machine broke down and down he fell,

Instead of going to Heaven he went to...

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John Lennon

By Ace Backwards

(Part Five)

Mark Chapman had been born around the same time as me in 1957. And Chapman had been profoundly effected by the album *Magical Mystery Tour* and LSD at age 14, when he started taking a lot of acid and grooving to The Beatles mystery trip. Later, after Mark Chapman started going nuts from the LSD, among other things, he became obsessed with the book, *Catcher in the Rye*. The "catcher" in the book, was this shepherd in a field of rye who protected the little children from running off the cliff. Chapman felt Lennon was a *false* catcher. A wolf in sheep's clothing. Lennon had taken the role of shepherd, and then led the little children off the cliff and into drugs like LSD. Chapman's stated motive for Lennon's murder was that he wanted to "kill that phony John Lennon" before he could fuck up another generation of children.

"All that Manson stuff was built around George's song about pigs and Paul's song about an English fairground," said John Lennon, for once being very generous with spreading the credit around to his mates. "It had nothing to do with me."

I guess Lennon forgot that it was *his* whacko song, "Revolution #9" (along with the Book of Revelations) that was one of the main foundations of Manson's crackpot Apocalyptic Revolutionary philosophy. So Lennon was being uncharacteristically modest here.

But Christ, the whole Manson thing was your WORST acid bummer come to life. You couldn't have even IMAGINED anything like that in your worst LSD hallucination. And yet, here it was. For real. It made many people stop and Rethink Their Position about the whole Hippie Thing. Which had been the style. The trend. The hippest thing going, up to that point. The Swinging '60s. The Love Generation. Flower Power, with Psychedelia at the heart of the whole thing. And then, after Charles Manson, the whole thing came to a crashing, sudden halt. After Manson, "hippie LSD parties" were no longer the "in" thing with the hip Hollywood set.

After Charles Manson there would be sporadic attempts by our boy John to keep the Hippie Dream alive, and rekindle and recapture the magic that had been the Summer of Love. That magic year when all of the Universe had seemed like so much putty for John to reshape in his cosmic hands.

But by 1969, John Lennon was fucked. He now had millions of fans literally "worshipping" him, looking up to him to be the big leader, the Psychedelic Messiah, that he had advertised himself as in "Tomorrow Never Knows." And Lennon *wanted* to play that role. Because who *wouldn't* get a kick out of playing The Great Man if we could get away with it? ('fess up)

So John held his breath and took a whack at pulling off this very difficult role of Peace and Love Guru - slash - World Spiritual Teacher and Healer of Mankind.

It was a VERY difficult role. But John and Yoko gave it a shot.

The famous "Bed-In for Peace" was the beginning of John Lennon's famous "Peace Guru" phase. John and Yoko felt that if they stayed in bed for a week in a luxury hotel, talking about peace to jaded reporters, then perhaps the earth would be healed. It was worth a try. So John stole Maharishi's white-robe-and-flowers act, just as earlier he had stolen Elvis's black-leather-jacket-and-greased-hair act.

With characteristic messianic delusions, John-and-Yoko called a press conference to announce that the year 1970 would thereafter be known as "Year One, A.P." as in "After Peace." When asked by skeptical reporters how their peace plan would deal with violent, fascist dictators like Adolph Hitler, Lennon sagely replied: "If Hitler spent

one week in bed with Yoko Ono, that would cure him of his violent impulses.”

(Call me cynical, but somehow, I suspect that spending a week with Yoko Ono would have done very little to improve Hitler’s disposition.)



Of course, it probably never occurred to somebody like John Lennon that “peace” can only come from people who are peaceful. Uh, duh. Intimates of John Lennon have described him in many ways: “paranoid,” “frightened,” “nervous,” “insecure,” “high-strung,” “volatile,” “crazy,” “violent,” etc. But few people who knew the man described him as “peaceful.”

And yet Lennon, in his infinite vanity, felt that “peace” was one more product, one more stage prop, that he could advertise, promote, and sell. One more disposable image, one more fashion-statement, one more trend. Hey, “peace” was “in” that year. 1969.

John. John. JOHN!!

You can’t be a world peace guru AND a violent, crazed, murderous lunatic. It’s like saying; “I’m a vegetarian, EXCEPT for when I eat meat.” It’s like saying: “I’m an excellent driver EXCEPT for when I drive my car off the road at 100-miles-an-hour in a drunken rage and plow into hapless pedestrians on the sidewalk.”

John, you *can’t* have it both ways.

But, apparently, John felt he could.

In the wake of the great Woodstock peace ’n’ acid festival, John Lennon took one last stab at the great Peace Guru role. His latest scheme in 1970 was to produce the great John Lennon Toronto Peace Festival. *Feel the vibes*. Which would be “bigger than Woodstock,” naturally.

Lennon hooked up with his latest guru -- this big, fat nut named Dr. Hambrick. Hambrick claimed to be “in contact with supernatural beings from another planet who would arrive on earth to save us from our own self-destruction.” Hambrick’s goal was to “capture The Beatles because The Beatles would be the earth force by which the supernatural powers could act in concert to bring peace to our chaotic planet.”

So Dr. Hambrick had a sensible plan for bringing about world peace.

And Hambrick had indeed captured John Lennon with all this talk. Lennon was enthralled by all this stuff, about getting to meet supernatural alien creatures from outer space (Hambrick would personally introduce Lennon to the critters), and especially his exciting new role as Savior of Humanity.

So John ’n’ Yoko and the whole crew went off to Denmark for a big “retreat” to plot out the big John Lennon Toronto Peace Festival. The whole crew decided to trip on some REALLY STRONG ACID to help align their vibes to the big task ahead of Saving Humanity. So they passed this little dish around with “some black sticky stuff that smelled like medicine,” and they all ate it and they all got high.

“Like *really* high, like a completely nonphysical feeling,” said John Brower, the Peace Festival promoter who was along for the ride. At the peak of the acid trip, according to Brower, Lennon suddenly had a Major Revelation. He pounded his fist on the table and exclaimed to his manager Allen Klein: “HITLER WAS RIGHT. YOU’VE GOT TO CONTROL THE PEOPLE!”

Only now, instead of like Hitler controlling the people for war and all that bad stuff, John Lennon, the Great Man, would control the people for *peace*. Cool.

Then Dr. Hambrick laid his next brain-storm on the tripped-out multitudes. Hambrick had invented this amazing “two-passenger car that looks like a plane that goes on the ground or flies in the air, and it never needs fuel, it’s powered by psychic energy.”

Well, this is just the coolest. So the big plan now was for John ’n’ Yoko to fly one of those psychic-energy planes right over the crowd at the freakin’ John Lennon Toronto Peace Festival, and right up onto the stage. How’s *that* for a grand entrance (let’s see Paul McCartney top that one!). And even better, they’re gonna’ mass-market these psychic-energy cars, and you had better believe that those babies will sell like hotcakes, because you don’t even need fuel to fly them. And, best of all, all the profits from the psychic-energy cars will go directly to the John Lennon Peace Foundation!

So this is just the coolest of all. Awesome.

What a guy. John and Yoko would hit the stage (to thunderous applause) and bring peace and love to earth. Restoring the cosmic balance of the cosmos, saving the world, and bringing harmony to humanity. All in a day’s work.

Now keep in mind: They actually *believed* this stuff. And, considering that John Lennon’s real life had already been so spectacularly unbelievable, I guess *anything* could seem possible to him at this point. And when you factor in LSD, with

its peculiar messianic, hallucinatory, and exaggerating properties (as if Lennon’s life wasn’t already exaggerated enough) it’s little wonder that Lennon ended up having no IDEA which end was up. *Myth or reality? Christ, just gimme’ some truth*, he cried. Whatever that was.

Alas, the great John Lennon Toronto Peace Festival collapsed in a sea of bad vibes and organizational chaos (Lennon changing his mind with every new drug trip didn’t help matters). In a desperate attempt to save the sinking festival, Lennon wrote an impassioned plea to ROLLING STONE magazine -- that crucial organ for all your latest Lennon updates -- titled: “HAVE WE ALL FORGOTTEN WHAT VIBES ARE?”

In the article, he wrote:

“Can you imagine what we could do together, one million souls (plus TV link-ups) in one spot, praying for peace. We could change the balance of energy power. On earth and therefore, in the universe.”

So it all made perfect sense.

But alas and alack, the people had indeed forgotten what vibes are. Darn. And, like so many of the hippie pipe dreams of the ‘60s, the great John Lennon Toronto Peace Festival went up in smoke.

“Imagine No Possessions, Its Easy if You Have \$100 Million of ‘em . . .”

John Lennon was a helluva’ interesting character, a great artist, and an important historical figure who I believe warrants this kind of scrutiny. But as a self-styled “peace guru,” John Lennon was pretty much full of shit. It’s been my understanding that, as a general rule, when bullshitters put themselves in the middle of a conflict, they generally tend to *prolong* the bullshit, not *resolve* it. So there’s the story of the ‘60s.

I’d rather not get pegged in an either/or position regarding the great ‘60s historical debate of “the Hippies versus the Straights.” I’ve pretty much staked out my position: both sides were full of assholes. And yet, if I had to choose between John Wayne marching off to war, and John Lennon marching off to drugs, I guess I’d have to choose Lennon, if only by default (even as I, personally, have seen more lives ruined by drugs than by guns).

It doesn’t bother me so much that John Lennon was a violent, drug-addled lunatic. I mean, none of us are perfect. And who amongst us hasn’t gone berserk in an alcohol and drug fueled rage? What annoys me is that Lennon would take it one step further and step in front of the cameras and present himself as some kind of peace guru with an up-lifting message for humanity.###

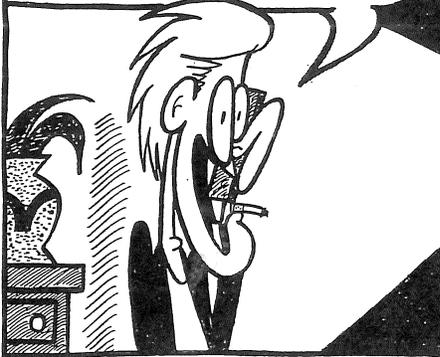
-To be continued-

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

IT'S
CHAUNCY DILLINGER
AND
AGNES DEVONSHIRE
IN
"BIG SISTER
IS WATCHING
YOU"
OR
"EVERY DAY IS LIKE EARTH DAY"

WELL, AGNES — NOW I KNOW
WHY THIS ROOM I RENTED,
SIGHT UNSEEN, WAS SO CHEAP.

I LOOK OUT MY WINDOW AND
ALL I SEE IS THE DISTURBING,
CONDESCENDING IMAGE OF —



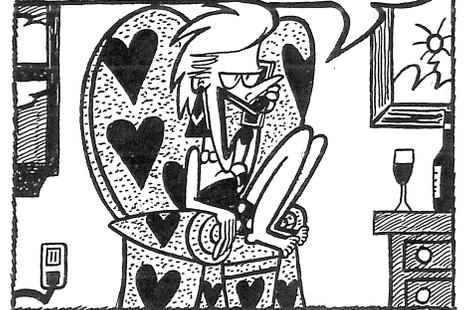
ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST
GRETA THUNBERG!

MY ROOM OVERLOOKS THAT
DAMN MURAL OF HER
PAINTED ON THE SIDE OF A
BUILDING HERE IN NOB HILL!
OH, GOD! MAKE IT STOP!



GOOD! A CONSTANT REMINDER
TO TURN OFF A LIGHT!

GRETA IS THE
JOAN OF ARC
OF OUR TIME.
ACTUALLY, SHE'S BETTER THAN HER.
JOAN GOT BURNED AT THE STAKE
SO SHE LEFT A CARBON FOOTPRINT.



OH YEAH — I'LL BET
GRETA REALLY WANTED
TO SPEND THOSE WINTERS
IN SWEDEN WITHOUT LIGHTS
OR CENTRAL HEATING.



HOW DARE YOU!
HOW DARE YOU!
THE BESMIRCHMENT OF
SOMEONE OF SUCH INTEGRITY.

HEY, CAN I TAKE YOUR ROOM?
MAYBE I CAN EXCHANGE WORK
FOR RENT. OR ... UH ... YOUR
ROOMMATE LIKES WOMEN, RIGHT?

