

**SUPERVISOR: DISTRICT 1: SUE LEE; VOTE NO ON MAR**

## *Editorial: SF Liberalism, Racism, and the ROTC*

**S**o many San Francisco liberals have taken to calling themselves “progressives” that it’s getting crowded under that big tent. Traditional liberalism represents gradual progress, but a lot of folks in this town are in a hurry to improve the lot of the commonweal. That’s fine by us, as long as the long march toward “progressivism” doesn’t include steps backward. Progressive politics, with its populist roots, has taken

some peculiar twists in American political history. It has at times, however subtly or overtly, enveloped itself in racism. Racists rarely can recognize themselves in the mirror. This is not, at least on the part of the Argonaut, a neo-right critique, although the bollocks in the right wing. We believe in the referendum and the ballot initiative—let the will of the people will out, that is, after all, how democracy sets it’s dinner table. Cont’d. on [p. 5].

# ARGONAUT

*Published in San Francisco Since 1877*

## **NEW CALIFORNIA LICENSE PLATE?**



*TAXPAYER ALERT! California now spends as much on the prison system as it does on Higher Education. This is running the State deeper into the red. What to do about it? [p. 5]*

**SUPS: LEE, McCARTHY, CHU, MIRKARIMI, ELSBERND, KNOX • FOR JUDGE: MALLON**

**CITY PROPS: YES ON A, NO ON B & H; STATE PROPS NO ON A, NO ON 8**



[ JOB APPLICATION ]

To: The Argonaut Board of Editors

Dear Sirs:

I am seeking a position as an assistant art director on The Argonaut.

I am enclosing as an example of my creative work a suggested print advertisement for an ad warning of the political dangers of having clones of Supervisor Chris Daly ascend to elected positions on the Board of Supervisors.

Here is my Ad. I hope you like it:

I hope you approve of my submission and will consider me for a staff position.

Sincerely,

(Name withheld upon request)

**CAN THE CITY REALLY AFFORD  
THREE CHRIS DALY MINI-MES  
ON THE BOARD?**



*Runing for Supervisor in District 1 (Eric Mar), District 3 ( David Chiu), and District 11 (John Avalos). The political affinities of these three men is such as to reasonably consider them Christ Daly clones on the Board, should they be elected.*

*The question is: Can the City afford one, two, three more Chris Dalys on the Board?*

apologies to Matt Groening



*This Issue is  
Dedicated to  
The Memory  
of  
Studs Terkel,  
Great Friend  
&  
Great American.*

YOUR DISTRICT. YOUR SUPERVISOR.

RANDY KNOX

IS RUNNING FOR YOU.

*Not for Daly. Not for Newsom.*

SUPERVISOR, DISTRICT II



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Randy Knox for Supervisor  
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## SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

continued from front page

But what is the now in San Francisco—the battle royale over faux issue of students' rights to chose to take ROTC classes, after school, in the city's public high schools, is ore ideological than democratic on the part of the proponents of the ban.

It is fundamentally undemocratic and - let's spit out the word that dare not be spoken about supersensitive liberals in Frisco—racist.

We are certain this band of ideologues, headed by hot-headed Supervisor Chris Daly and some of his apostles now running to serve their master on the Board of Supervisors, such as Eric Mar in D.1 and John Avalos in D. 1, do not consider themselves racist.

Their ideology—that ROTC is bad because the Army is bad and doesn't let gays serve openly et cetera—is certainly a reasonable opinion to hold, and they may be right.

But it is no longer a reasonable opinion when it is forced on others. No choice to choose?

Messrs. . Daly, Mar, Avalos and Co.'s ideology has blinded them to the fundamental principles embedded by the common sense of the Founders in the Constitution—like the freedom of association.

These tight asses like hard-butt Mar and his like sitting on the Board of Education, and otherwise embedded in electoral positions the City, are using their positions of power to force their opinions on others. As one may recall, this was an early argument against the Catholic Church's using its belief system about abortion to foist their opinions on

non-Catholics.

To make it clear, flip the example. Suppose a Board of Education macho majority some day decides gay students will not have the possibility to choose whether they wish to join a gay club that meets, as does RTC, after school?

If there can by anything worse that a Board of Education that denies the right to choose freedom of association? In the case of ROTC, yes, there is.

The Board's policy is de facto racist.

These elitists would deny to largely minority and poor students the right to choose to take ROTC because big Brother knows what is best for them. They would deny these kids, if they so choose (a right denied to them by Chairman Mao—excuse us, we meant Mar) the possibilities of higher education that is afforded those who enter the military. (Don't get us wrong, you couldn't drag us into the Army with a pitchfork, but we sure a hell wouldn't deny that choice to others,

To the Argonaut, this is grounds for recall. We therefore enforce the ballot proposition that makes it easier for recalls to be put into effect.

In our perverse way, we like Chris Daly. Raising hell in town is good tonic. But it is beyond the pale when hell raising become de facto racism.

The attempt to deny students the right to choose if they wish to take ROTC classes after school s fundamentally undemocratic.

C—Bill Lee Bill of Attainer: NO.

Lawmakers used to introduce of 'bill of attainer' Aimed at screwing a specific individual. The Supervisors can easily sink this low, Prop. C is only about keeping Bill Lee, an experienced public servant with that rare thing in contemporary city government, institutional knowledge of follies past. What a silly thing to put on the ballot.

E—Number of signatures required to put a recall on the Ballot. Viva the People!

F—Next, let the Registrar of Voters Amend the Constitution: NO

G. Parental Leave is a fair deal: YES.

I—"Historic Preservation Commission: NO!

Yet another bureaucracy atop an existing bureaucracy. Stop, already.

K—We have only one thing to say about his: YES

L—Funding Community Justice Center: YES

Isn't it time the Board stopped dicking with Gavin on every positive thing he tries to do?

M—Stupid paperwork, meaning nothing, NO.

N—Give the tax eaters an inch, they will take a mile: NO

O—For God's sake, let's try and fix the 911 system: YES, YES

P—Give reorganization a shot. Look at how it is now! YES

V—Denying kids the choice to take ROTC,

Look up Fascism, and Elitism, in the dictionary. If I sounds OK then vote for his dirt bag. Otherwise give poor kids a choice.

### JUDGE

Tom Mallon

### BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

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District Seven Sean Elsbernd

District Nine: No Recommendation

District Eleven: Randy Knox

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## THE ARGONAUT RECOMMENDS

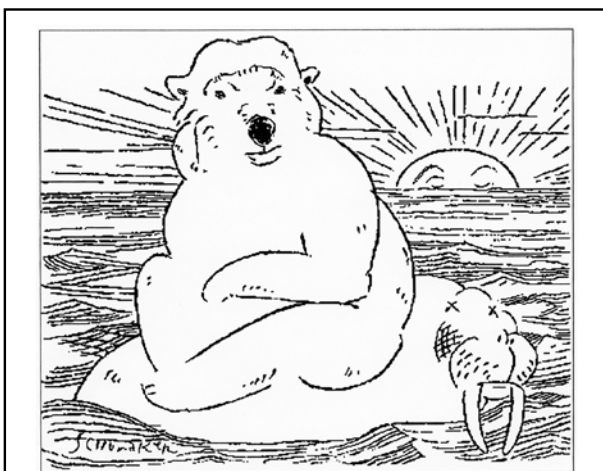
A—Rebuild S.F. General: YES

We do so wish that the earnest folks who designed This had thought to retrofit the old brick buildings That is between the new glass structure (Earthquake, anyone?)

But at the end of the day it will cost more to build it later than to do it now, and bite the bullet.

B—Chris Daly's Most Recent Housing Dream: NO.

Wonderful idea, not accountability, no money for it, and another opportunity for the "non-profit" housing gang to slurp at the public trough.



Since its first issue in 1877, Argonaut has published this symbol. The Bear washed out to sea is floating on the back of a walrus, in the Pacific Ocean. He is thinking that if he devours it he will drown. If he remains on the back of the walrus, he will die of starvation. What to do?

Ambrose Bierce, Founding Editor; Warren Hinckle, Editor and Publisher; Roger Black, Design Consultant; John Calder, IT and Mojo Maestro; John Rafferty, Layout and Hot Coffee. VOL XXVII NO. 4534, November/December 2008. 369 Eleventh Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Phone 415-931-9960, fax 415-346-0692. www.argonaut360.com.

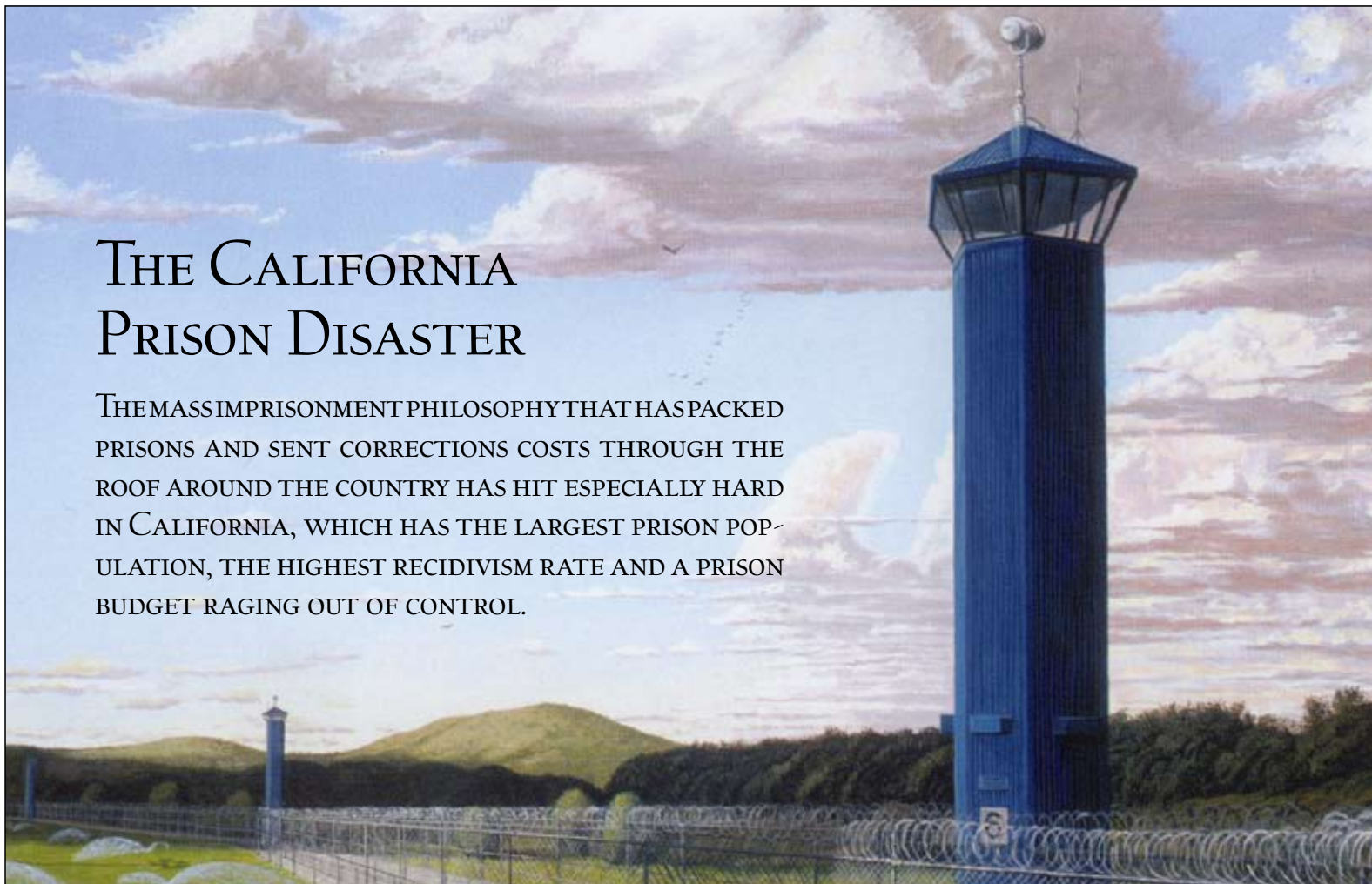


## EDITORIAL

OCTOBER 25, 2008

## THE CALIFORNIA PRISON DISASTER

THE MASS IMPRISONMENT PHILOSOPHY THAT HAS PACKED PRISONS AND SENT CORRECTIONS COSTS THROUGH THE ROOF AROUND THE COUNTRY HAS HIT ESPECIALLY HARD IN CALIFORNIA, WHICH HAS THE LARGEST PRISON POPULATION, THE HIGHEST RECIDIVISM RATE AND A PRISON BUDGET RAGING OUT OF CONTROL.



Paintings by Sandow Birk

Pelican Bay State Prison, Crescent City, CA

According to a new federally backed study conducted at the University of California, Irvine, the state's corrections costs have grown by about 50 percent in less than a decade and now account for about 10 percent of state spending — nearly the same amount as higher education. The costs could rise substantially given that a federal lawsuit may require the state to spend \$8 billion to bring the prison system's woefully inadequate medical services up to constitutional standards.

The solution for California is to shrink its vastly overcrowded prison system. To do so, it would need to move away from mandatory sentencing laws that have proved to be disastrous across the country — locking up more people than protecting public safety requires.

In addition, the state also has perhaps the most counterproductive and ill-conceived parole system in the United States. More people are sent to prison in California by parole officers than by the courts. In addition, about 66 percent of California's parolees land back in prison after three years, compared with about 40 percent nationally. Four in 10 are sent back for technical violations like missed appointments or failed drug tests.

Later this year, the state is expected to begin testing a new

system that redirects the lowest-risk drug addicts to treatment. But that will only work if the state and the counties dramatically expand treatment slots.

The heart of the problem is that California's parole system is simply too big. Most states keep dangerous people behind bars or reserve parole supervision for the most serious offenders. California puts virtually everyone on parole, typically for three years.

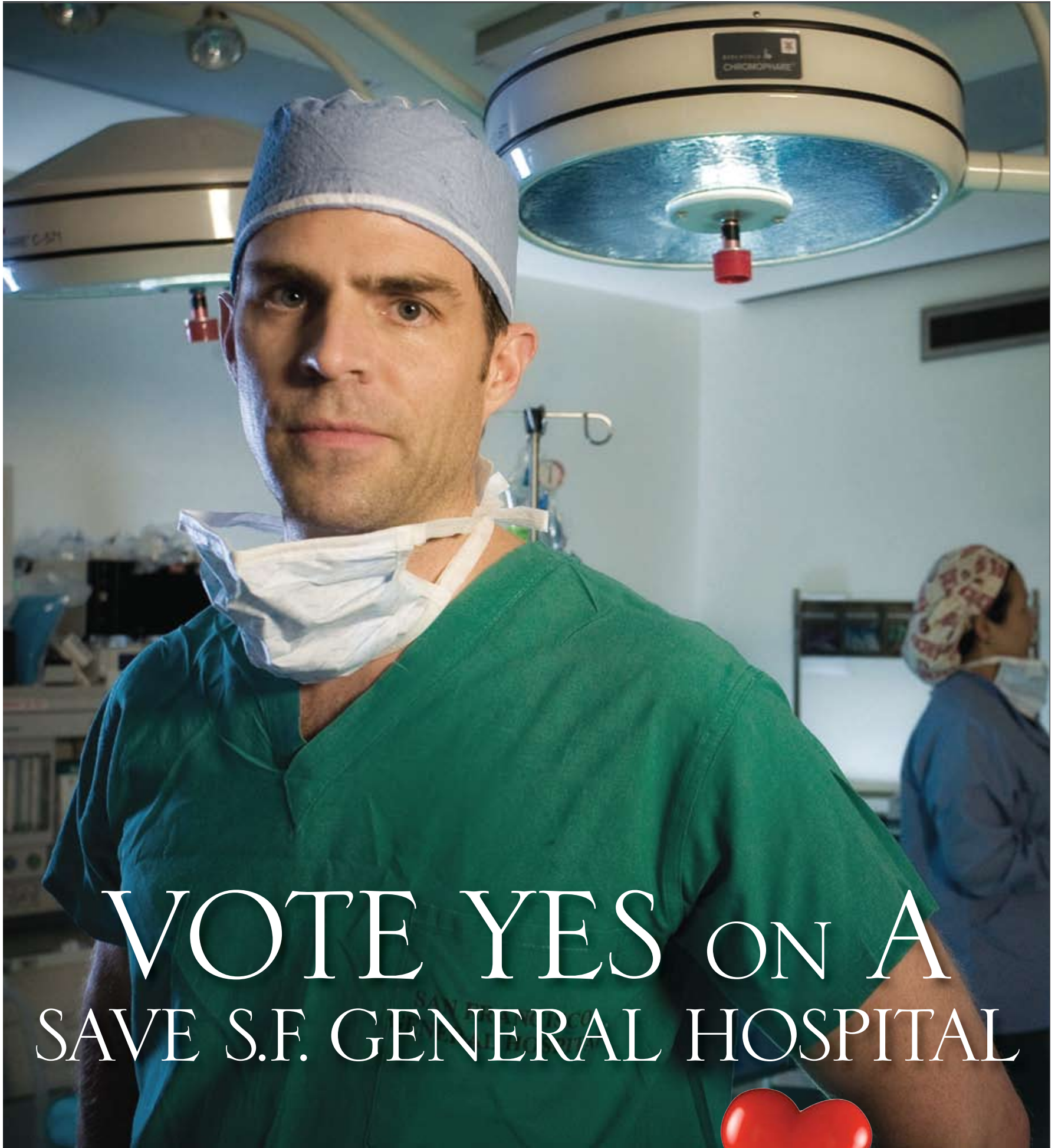
Under this setup, about 80 percent of the parolees have fewer than two 15-minute meetings with a parole officer per month. That might be adequate for low-risk offenders, but it's clearly too little time for serious offenders who present a risk to public safety.

A good first step would be to place fewer people on parole. The second step would be to reserve the most intensive supervision for offenders who present the greatest risk.

State lawmakers, some of whom are fearful of being seen as soft on crime, have failed to make perfectly reasonable sentencing modifications and other changes that the prisons desperately need. Unless they muster some courage soon, Californians will find themselves swamped by prison costs and unable to afford just about anything else.



San Pedro, California



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without raising taxes.

YES  ON A  
SAVE GENERAL HOSPITAL

Paid for by the Committee to Rebuild General Hospital, Yes on Prop. A, a coalition of doctors, nurses,  
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[www.SaveSFGeneral.com](http://www.SaveSFGeneral.com)



# LITTLE ANGELS. THE MITCHELL BROTHERS?

BY WARREN HINCKLE

**T**HE FATHER WAS OF GOOD FRUIT TRAMP STOCK, AN OAKIE WHO BECAME A SACRAMENTO RIVER-BOAT GAMBLER AND TAUGHT HIS BOYS A TRICK OR TWO ABOUT CARDS AND THE WAY LIFE CAN TWIST YOU AROUND.

When you run into a wall, he told them, never try to run around it, go up and over it. The only forward position was in your face.

It was a lesson Jim Mitchell never forgot. He and his younger brother Artie grew up the hard way in the tough Delta port town of Antioch and Jim was right there in the face of any kid messing with Artie. He was always protecting his little brother, even on the rainy night he killed him when a bullet ricocheted the wrong way in an Oakie-style intervention gone awry. Life can twist you around.

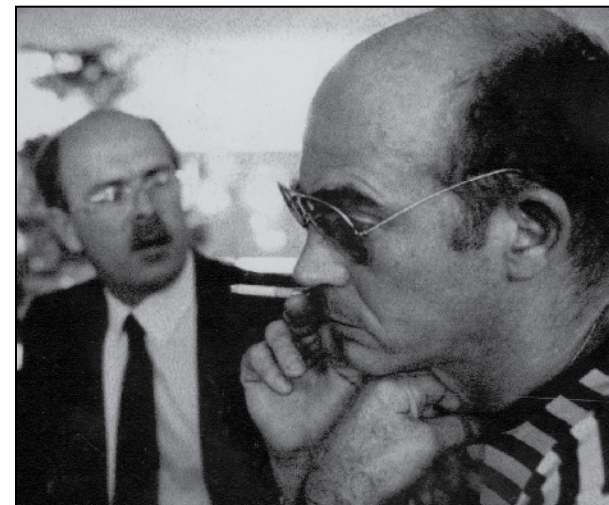
Jim Mitchell was by nature born to go up the down escalator. His mind was a plumber's snake probing for the clogs in the sewer of a hypocritical San Francisco that celebrated the counter culture from which he came and then stripped it of its values and took them to market. When Jim and Artie held true to the compass of the sixties with a Dionysian celebration of sex and art at the bawdy colossus of the O'Farrell Street Theater, the city fathers and mothers in their wisdom tried to bust it. Jim grew up fighting on the Antioch waterfront where guns were trumps and he kept fighting all his life right up until the untypical quiet end last week at a young 63 when his heart drew a royal flush to his pocketed four aces and he was at rest at last.

Mitchell had the can do-must do 49er ethos that made a metropolis out of a village, a village that blossomed all by its lonesome into a Pacific city state before the unfortunate intrusion of the transcontinental railroad in 1879 which connected the unbridled West to the cosmopolitan East and disconnected San Francisco from its own magnificent unreality. The pioneers of the city included a generous helping of college-educated 19th century peaceniks that were drawn to the polyglot frontier of San Francisco as much by the lack of Civil War violence in California as the lure of gold. But gold afforded money aplenty for both gilt and art and in the 19th century Paris of the Pacific which was a citadel of conspicuous consumption, there was always money for artists. More than a century later, Jim Mitchell had the money - porn money, as it was - to pay artists, in his weapon of choice cartoonists, those roadside bandits of the art world who were one with the Oakie outlaw mentality. Contemporary San Francisco since at least the time of Bill Graham has been about making more than market-level profit from art. Jim Mitchell was into subsidizing it.

Once he experienced the hallowed filthy lucre of porn in the O'Farrell counting room it came in rainbow hues of Asian currency in yellows, browns and oranges, from the busloads of tourists who stopped ritually at the theater, far outweighing the green of U.S. twenties - Mitchell sniffed at it as just another commodity and spent generously, wisely and well; he funded the breadlines of lawyers constantly in court to keep the O'Farrell open, and tithed for art more than the Mormons do for



Artie Mitchell and his favorite bird (right).



Jim Mitchell (left) with Hunter S. Thompson, circa 1986

their God. "I've been drawing cartoons for 50 years, but Jim's the only guy he really paid me," said Dan O'Neill, the General Rommell of the cartoon commandos.

Mitchell was a rather mild, cerebral fellow - at least compared to the delightfully rain-dancing Artie - an idea man in the proverbial warehouse who had the cynical worldview of a Carlyle and the empire-building temperament of a Kipling. His constant fights were two-fisted; on one hand, fighting the mob's pirating of such O'Farrell high-pink classics of as Beyond The Green Door - Jim's storyboard concept for that particular epic was "a porn Gone With The Wind." The mob hid behind the cowardly conceit that the law did not allow pornography the dignity of copyright (of course what was considered porn back in the seventies would now be shelved by Showtime as not sexy enough). With the other hand he fought the vice-busters of the SFPD who under the mayoral reign of terror of convent-educated Dianne Feinstein devolved into sort of screwball comedy

Papal Swiss Guards, raiding the O'Farrell with metronomic regularity to make what seemed like hundreds of "prostitution" pinches that alas for the majesty of the law all petered out in court.

Sex was the perennial headline about the O'Farrell while the theater as a somewhat unconventional arts center remained below the radar. That would be unfair to history. In the truest spirit of analogy - in the sense of giving aid and comfort and money to artists so they could create - Jim Mitchell was the Medici of underground art in San Francisco

Artists began camping and vamping at the O'Farrell shortly after it opened on the 4th of July 1969. Jim who was a master of hillbilly charm and a consummate negotiator with a winner's feel for the pulse of a deal had finessed the then very under-financed Brothers - as they were soon to become known to legend - into the possession of a cavern of an abandoned auto-repair garage in the Tenderloin, and christened it, presto! The O'Farrell



The Mitchell Brothers published a one-million circulation newspaper opposing the first Gulf War. (War News cover by R. Crumb)





Street Theater. It became the sandbox for the creative ebb of the declining San Francisco counterculture - there were short-reel films shot by the Brothers, whose cinematic education was courtesy of film classes at SF State, starring willing Hippie lasses in itchy-bitsy bikinis without the bitsy, and midnight song and dance revues by the Nickolettes, impromptu poetry raves until the dawn and starving artists-in-residence scribbling their way with free eats and free drinks and free sex into what would evolve into the R. Crumb school of underground dirty comics, a school for truants which rudely injected in the bone marrow of the culture the sixteen tons of bad road of Zap Comix, Mr. Natural, Fritz the Cat and Keep On Truckin'.

There came a time at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco in 1984 when the second floor of the O'Farrell was turned into a city room for cartoonists covering the convention - for the Chronicle. Bill German, the editor, had succumbed to the siren of my entreaties to do something different from the percolator drip-drip of pedestrian political reporting and allow the underground commix gang to have their way with Democratic orthodoxy. He sagely stopped short of letting my baker's dozen of lunatics armed with lethal crayons inside the asylum of the Chronicle building. "Find somewhere else for them to draw," German suggested equably.

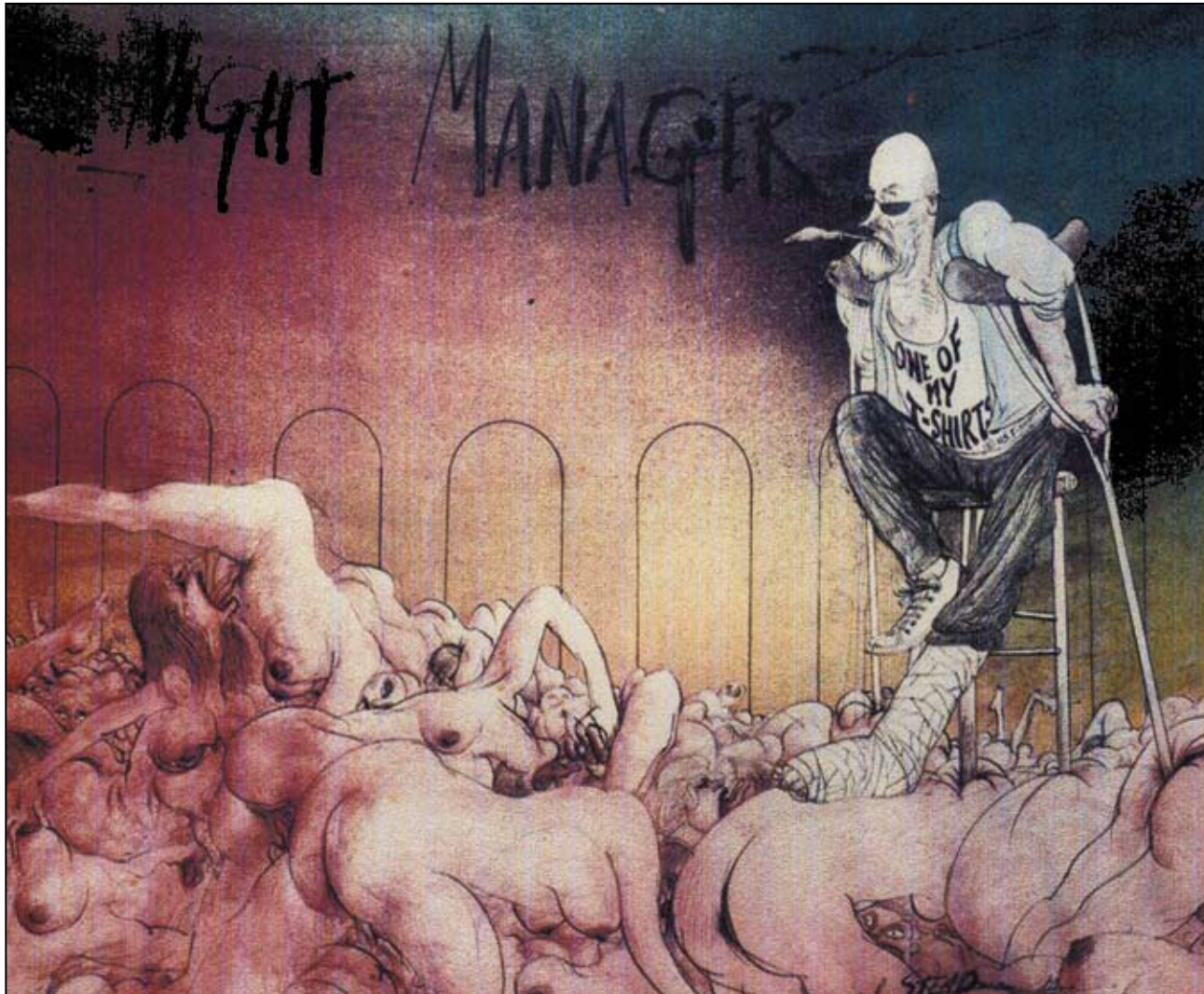
The somewhere else was the O'Farrell, a terrain from a mellow Hades where low fog from the dreaded Cannabis blurred the splendor of the interior into a phantasmagoric vista out of a Little Nemo in Slumberland panel. Something like this joint must have been in the mind's eye of Byron when he imagined "a marble palace of sherbet and sodomy." For Jim Mitchell who was famous for his unbridled generosity nothing was too good for the artists - strawberries the size of little watermelons, chocolate truffles to die for and wine flowing as from the fountains of Babylon were at the ready in his office across the hall from the girls' undressing room. Somehow, somewhere - in the cramped office space between the regulation pool table and the well-used fisherman's net which drooped precariously low from the ceiling and left the salty roar of the ocean deep in one's nostrils - Jim had set up several artists' drawing boards. These facilities proved insufficient for the abundance of artists who spilled over into the dressing room where they sat under the makeup tables with drawing pads on their knees while the naked girls above primped for their moment on stage. The cartoonists were of San Francisco's then-underground elite - Victor Moscoso, Crumb, Spain Rodrigues, Ted Richards, S. Clay Wil-

son, Bob Crabb, Gary Hallgren - and Phil Frank. Dan O'Neill monitored them with the whip of a galley slave chief. "Get busy boys, listen up, 25 minutes to deadline!" O'Neill had previously been the Admiral of the Irish Navy commissioned by Mitchell to foul up Queen Elizabeth's state visit to San Francisco. The Navy consisted of three rowboats pulled by the mother ship of the Brothers' fishing trawler. The rowboats were loaded with rotting herring and closely followed by a humungous flock of seagulls that O'Neill assigned to crap on the royal yacht as it passed under the Golden Gate Bridge. This

brainfreeze - Santa Maria! why not live acts at the O'Farrell in the grand tradition of the Barbary Coast and Frisco burlesque. Why not indeed. The less-than-subtle Barbary Coast of old went for donkey sex but the O'Farrell pioneered the more civilized indoor sport of lap dancing. The daring and inventiveness of live acts on the multiple stages and private rooms of the O'Farrell - one set was built as a giant shower room - awakened the Savonarola lurking inside Dianne Feinstein, who kept raiding the O'Farrell the way the Allies bombed Dresden, which in turn as the leg bone connects to the shin bone attracted

the enlightened presence of Hunter S. Thompson. Hunter rode with the Hell's Angels to get a story, and the story of the O'Farrell under siege was to him the most attractive of nuisances. Hunter applied for the job previously without civil service classification of Night Manager. Hunter's bond with the outlaw brothers from Antioch was in its way predictable. As were the Hell's Angels, they were born fighters and rebels and Hunter all his life had swam upstream against the suffocating conventions of society and journalism-as-usual. The Brothers fought the mob and the law to protect their porn and Hunter fought the narcs to defend his recreation and liberty. It was a primal pairing; both rejected authority in its many disguises. Jim Mitchell for his stubborn constitutional battles had earned the nickname of the Rocky of the First Amendment.

Hunter and the Brothers became joined at the



Hunter S. Thompson worked as the O'Farrell Night Manager from 1986 to 1988. (Drawing by Ralph Steadman)

was all so simply lovely for the headline happy British tabs: 'SAN FRANCISCO PORN LORDS ATTEMPT TO SINK BRITANNIA.' An Irish FBI agent later told O'Neill, "We were to protect the Queen from guns and bombs but nobody said anything about birdshit."

Word of the nocturnal editorial goings-on at the city's most notorious sex emporium somehow leaked to convention delegates and in the last nights of the convention that gave the world the Murine-eyed Walter Mondale credentialed Democrats including those of the senatorial rank flocked to the O'Farrell's ersatz editorial room to party with the cartoonists and the dancers. A party surprise for the slumming Democrats was Mitchell's friend Jeanette Etheredge, the owner of the operatic Tosca, Jim's preferred North Beach hangout, leaping like a gazelle atop the pool table and doing the can-can. "She has good legs," said connoisseur Mitchell.

Bill German wrote O'Neill a nice note remarking how pleased he was with the cartoon coverage. Jim Mitchell didn't get a thank you.

With the dawning of the age of DVDs big screen porn lost its big buck allure and Mitchell had a magnificent

hip. Theirs was the perfect fit in a perfect storm.

Thus a new star was born on the closed set inside the O'Farrell Street Theater. The Night Manager's perch was beyond the dressing rooms, through the showers and past the dainty, Formica tables where the girls lunched, down unsteady steps lighted with glow marking the escape route from an airliner, onto a platform overlooking Stage No. 1, New York Live!, above where the girls do their thing and lap-dancing happens in the U-shaped aisles around the performing stage. There on a high director's chair next to the spotlight man and the announcer cuing the ladies and playing the recorded songs they picked to strip to - for many memorable years sat Hunter S. Thompson, smoking filtered cigarettes in a holder and sipping a glass of Chevas Regal. Hunter logged so much time at the O'Farrell that Jeff Armstrong, the theater manager, another Antioch lad who grew up with the Mitchells, was drafted into becoming Hunter's San Francisco "Road Manager" charged with the awesome responsibilities of dealing with the scripted hysteria of Thompson's many visits to the Bay Area to give lectures for which he was unfailingly always late. Late one after-



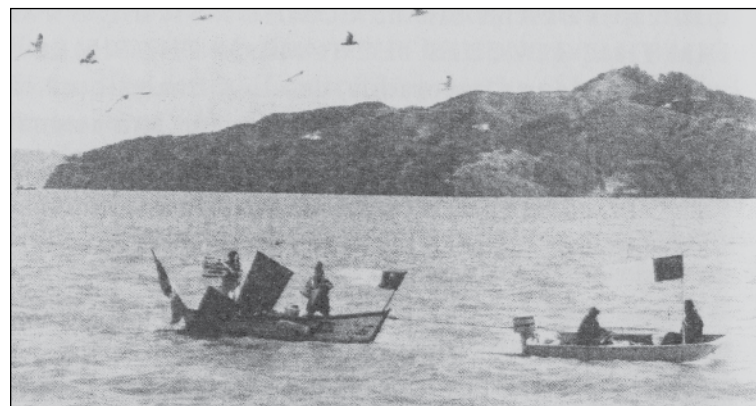
noon John Carlson, the manager of the historic Monaco Studios, San Francisco's all-purpose lab for Bay Area film makers all the way back to the '06 Earthquake, had fixed a projector problem and was in the office sharing the cup that cheers with Jim when a creature bearing some resemblance to a human crawled out from under the pool table. "Is it dark now?" the Night Manager asked. It wasn't dark. "Good, I don't have to go to work yet," Hunter said and crawled back under the table to snooze.

Jim Mitchell's death in the precision of the cliché is the end of an era. More like several eras in an increasingly deracinated city losing its links with its past like water from a broken radiator -- eras of high porn and low art and derring-do and political clubhouse pranks. This was the red meat that fed the now shriven soul of Old San Francisco. The last thing Jim Mitchell did was an act of revolutionary art. He was on a creative roll and the build up to it involved some Old Town hilarity involving the Mayor. This was in the dimly lit back room of Original Joe's in the Tenderloin, where the horseshoe-shaped red Formica booths suggest the bleary eyelids of a giant tarantula. There Mitchell's friends has assembled to jaw with bartender John Harris and put a toe in the waters of Mitchell's latest brainfreeze. The meeting included a man with a Santa Claus beard who was Ron Turner, the publisher of Last Gasp, which once specialized in dirty comic books of the R. Crumb stripe but is now into fancy coffee table books of the Robert Williams school of low-brow art -- Last Gasp and the O'Farrell, born on the same time on the cusp of the seventies, are the last surviving institutions of sixties San Francisco; there was also a queer fellow sporting a retro Lenin-beard, who was Jack Davis, the political ballbuster; and this writer, and yes, there was a dog and a couple of girls.

Mitchell had the table for his idea -- Paris Hilton was still in jail in L.A. and Davis through his political connects could get our sheriff, Mike Hennessey, who has been sheriff for more years than Watt Earp was alive, to talk the L.A. sheriff into installing a 24/7 video feed in Hilton's cell, which could be hooked up through Gavin



Ivory Snow Girl Marilyn Chambers with the author's beloved basset hound, Melman, in the inner sanctum of the O'Farrell's second floor.



The Brothers sponsored a spontaneous Irish Navy Corps in San Francisco to protest the visit of Queen Elizabeth. Cartoonist Dan O'Neill was the Admiral of the Irish Navy, which dispatched small boats loaded with herring in rough waters to attract seagulls to the Queen's incoming battle ship under the Golden Gate Bridge. The seagulls paid their homage, in the usual seagull way, to the queen's ship.

Newsom's connections with the internet big shots; the resulting reality-tv show revenues would benefit both the SF and LA jails, the quality of prisoner care being something that Mitchell had taken an interest in since his three years in the durance vile of San Quentin after the Artie tragedy. Paris Hilton's cooperation was foreordained because she had got religion in the hoosegow and would want to do this good thing.

This was beautiful. A fine idea on a foggy afternoon. Davis called Hennessey with said announced intent and Hennessey ducked the call. Rebuffed, Davis then rang up Gavin who took the call immediately, possibly because Davis had been prominent in the political gossip columns as desperately seeking a candidate to run against Gavin. Davis told Gavin there was this great, uh... idea, and he'd put Jim Mitchell on the fone to 'splain it.

Mitchell got on the wire with Gavin and indeed explained it with an incisive Oakie logic that made it all sound rather reasonable. I talked to Gavin before he hung up. "It sure sounds like you guys are having a good time," he said wistfully.

The next day Mitchell said to me, "Was that really Gavin? I thought I was talking to some lawyer from Boston."

Another brainfreeze of Mitchell's from that day did come to fruition of a sort. Jim was a whistling teakettle of ideas and often the next idea would be percolating in his head before the first one got all the way out of his mouth. The man was so smart he needed a cop to direct the flow of traffic from his brain. On this day he had de-

decided to revive War News, a publication he launched to protest the first Gulf War. I had been conscripted as editor and Robert Crumb designed the logo. Mitchell instinctively knew to be a great publisher was to pay the talent well, a lesson from the composition book of William Randolph Hearst the First. Art Spiegelman of Maus fame and the brilliant San Francisco collage artist Winston Smith were in all their glory in War News.

Mitchell's thought was that War News should declare California the first prison state. Even The Arnold had kneeled to the political and financial clout of the prison guards' mafia and its law enforcement lobby co-conspirators. More laws kept being past to put more people in prison and build more prisons to house them and pay more guards to mind them, Mitchell observed. The concept was to be summed up in its simplest form -- a new license plate: California. The Prison State. It was off to the races. Shortly artists Spain and Jay Kinney were summoned to the office of the O'Farrell and the elves of mischief were at work hammering out a license plate. Jim was looking at a proof of it the day he died.

In due course it will be submitted to the Department of Motor Vehicles for approval, as Jim Mitchell wanted. Let that be his epitaph.

An earlier version of this article was published after Jim Mitchell's death last year. The license plate he was proofing is on the cover of this edition of the Argonaut.



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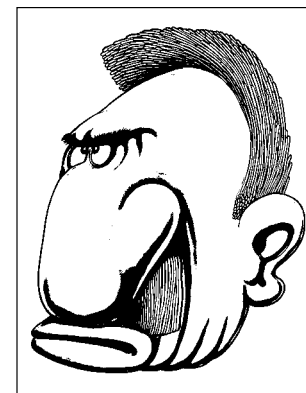
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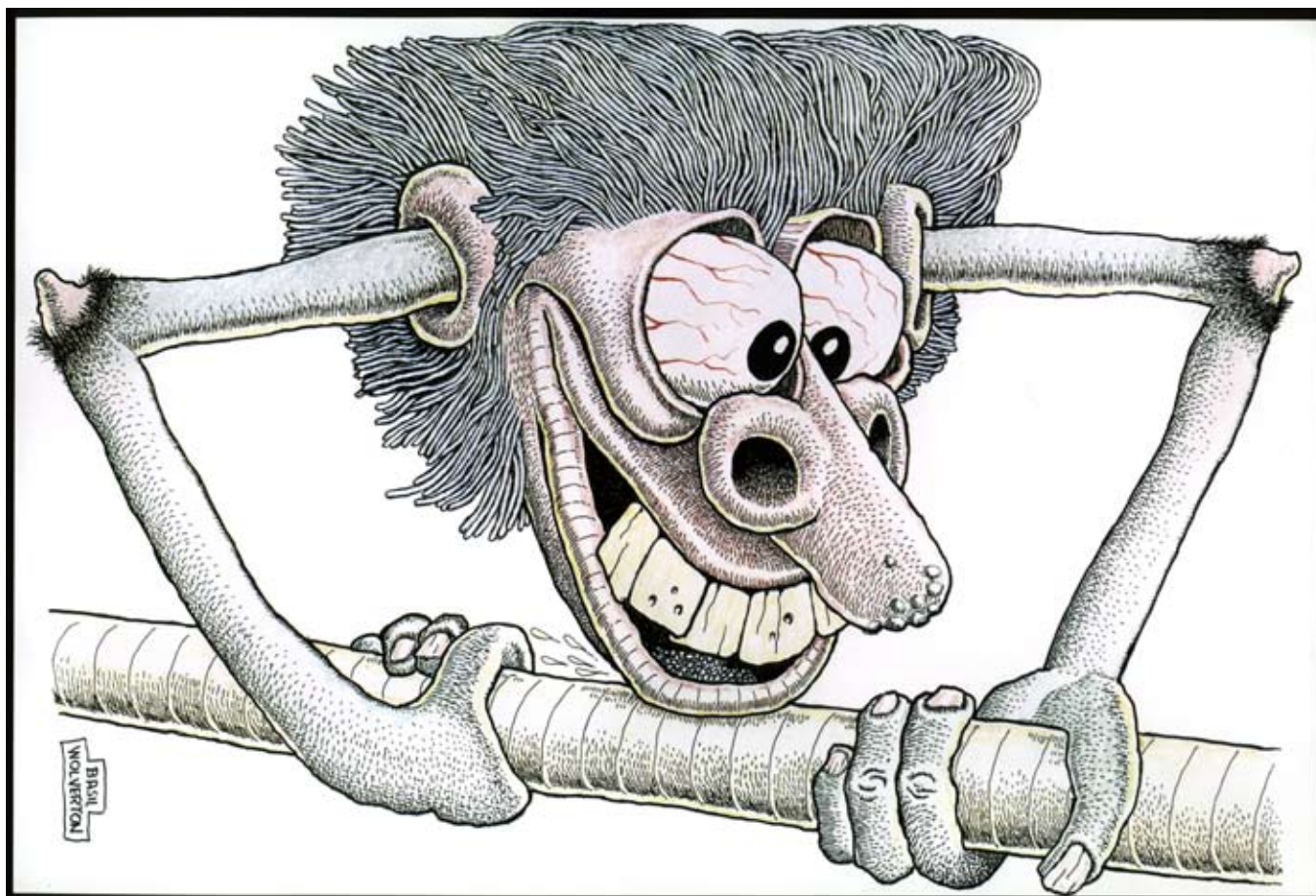


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# John Avalos:

## THE Democratic Candidate in District 11???

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**B**y now you've probably seen John Avalos' campaign material claiming he's endorsed by the San Francisco Democratic Party.

What he's not telling you is, this really means that he's been endorsed by Supervisor Chris Daly.

Last summer, Daly and his radical allies took over the local Democratic Party. Now, they're trying use the Party to elect their hand-picked cronies, like John Avalos, to the Board of Supervisors. Avalos even worked for Daly at City Hall until last July.

Don't take just our word for it: You can read about it in the San Francisco Chronicle by going to [www.extremisttakeover.com](http://www.extremisttakeover.com).

Please don't be fooled by John Avalos. *All* the major candidates in District 11 are Democrats—but Avalos is the *only one* endorsed by Chris Daly.

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