

The Official Frisco Tour

It's that time of year again. That time when your thankfully distant relatives are on vacation — and intent on wheedling yet another invite to your place in that Baghdad-by-the-Bay, the City That Never Sleeps (I may have that wrong), San Francisco.

If your roving relatives are anything like mine, they won't be satisfied with a quick stroll through the Christmas tree shop at Pier 39 or a hasty shrimp cocktail at Tarantino's.

No. This time they want to see the City As It Is, without its makeup on, to explore the hidden, glamorous recesses that only a lucky few know.

Some sissified Raymond Chandler walking tour or glimpsing Herb Gold sipping cappuccino at Malvina's won't do. What you need is the Fantabulous Frisco Fantasy Tour — a thrilling behind-the-scenes jaunt that only a practiced City insider could have developed.

The FFFT was whipped up after years of intensive research and desperation; prudence would normally dictate that I keep this precious itinerary to myself. Just remember that the FFFT builds like a seven-course dinner: If executed properly, it'll leave your relatives whimpering to return to Duluth or wherever it is they come from:

DAY ONE

- **6:02 a.m.** — Pick up relatives at SFO. Buy fifth of scotch at duty-free shop.
- **7:15-8:00** — Visit International Leather Museum, 19th and Castro.
- **7:16-7:20** — Administer scotch.
- **8:10-9:45** — Take the Muni and wait in Duboce tunnel while life-

threatening frost is wiped off tracks.

- **10:00-11:00** — Visit sidewalk pissoirs on Ellis Street; mingle with locals.
- **11:01-11:05** — Administer scotch.
- **11:30-12:15 p.m.** — Meet Wendy Nelder's high-school civics teacher.
- **12:15-1:00** — Lunch at Blue Fox. Buy soup for \$19 a bowl. Tell relatives, "This is the best bargain in Frisco!" Lose your wallet.
- **1:30-3:00** — Enter oldest relative in "Windy 500" shopping-cart derby on Lombard Street.
- **3:30-3:45** — Ride cable-car switch table at Ghirardelli Square with 300 gin-soaked Shriners singing "Volare."
- **4:00-5:30** — Take in debate at Herbst Theater: "If the Nazis Had

PCs: A Colloquy With Steve Jobs and Elie Wiesel."

■ **5:30-7:00** — Dinner at Sam Wo's in Chinatown. Hear cagily Americanized waiters shout, "God damn it to Buddha!"

■ **7:30-9:15** — See "What's Nu?" at the Orpheum. George Coates' "multiolifactorial" play that "intermingles archetypes of Tex-Mex and the Borscht Belt with selected *mauvaises odeurs* supplied by the San Francisco Industrial Waste Control Department." Go backstage for autographs from Linda Ronstadt and Morey Amsterdam.

■ **10:00-2:00** — Attend Fourth Annual William Shatner Film Festival at the Banzai Cinema on Fillmore.

■ **10:00-2:00** — Also administer Scotch.

■ **2:00-6 a.m.** — Wander aimlessly about town until picked up by the police or a hooker.

DAY TWO

■ **6:13 a.m.** — Take relatives to SFO for early departure. Return to The City of Angels (I may have that wrong) and treat yourself to breakfast at the Blue Fox. You deserve it.

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