

Profiles of contenders for District 6 supervisor

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would previously have been confined to using check cashing stores.

Gordon has served on the board of directors for Big Brother and Big Sister San Francisco, and helped start a TV station that broadcasts in five languages, KMTP Channel 32. He's also been on the board of SPUR.

"Right now we've been rowing with one oar," Gordon says of District 6, with too much emphasis on working "against" issues and organizations. Gordon says he wants to stop circling in the water and that "you need to ask people of the district, 'Is this neighborhood any better off than two years ago?'"

ROBERT POWER: musical-chairs plan to solve housing problems



Robert Power, candidate for District 6 supervisor wrote on his Web site clear as day for everyone to read, that a supervisor should have such a light workload that they would need to devote no more than a half day here and another day there for the district. But, alas, S.F. government doesn't work so simply. He knows that, but please don't hold it against him.

"Just because I'm willing and able to put in the time and effort to navigate the maze of city government does not mean that I approve of such complexity, he wrote." Phew.

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out City Hall — but it helps, Power says.

Power is a Libertarian and a Rocket Scientist — he wrote on his site that he has a B.S. in aerospace engineering and in industrial engineering plus an MBA.

He outlined some priorities for District 6 in an e-mail and then wrote, "For all other issues, my guiding principle is that government exists only to protect life, liberty, and property. Anything beyond that should be the domain of the private sector." Here are issues that top Power's list:

"1. Get the local economy back on track. Remove the barriers to new investment in District 6 and across the City. This is the only way to reduce unemployment. It will also reduce crime, blight, poverty, and homelessness."

"2. Increase available housing. Remove the barriers to new housing developments in District 6 and across the City. This is the only way to stop the skyrocketing cost of living. By mandating that only 'affordable housing' be built, we're keeping any housing from being constructed. Even if only 'luxury' apartments and condos are built (which will not be the case, of course), that would at least get all the rich

people to move out of the normal middle-class homes and apartments they currently occupy at premium cost, freeing up the middle-class housing for the middle class. Then, the middle class will be able to vacate the only housing they can afford — cheap and run-down apartments. Finally, the poor could leave the hideous conditions they're forced to live in now and instead move into the housing currently being occupied by the middle class. At that point, developers could bulldoze those death traps currently along 6th and in the Tenderloin for new development to improve the District without making anyone homeless. I also endorse HOPE as the only realistic proposal to improve the City's housing situation by increasing home ownership without removing the rent control that San Franciscans love so dearly."

Power claims that he is free of special interests, unlike the other candidates, including Daly, who Power asserts is beholden to the nonprofits in the district. He also wrote that the fact that he is running against an incumbent is no handicap in this race. "Frankly, the incumbent's behavior in public is really making it easy for all of us running against him." ■

Tenderloin mayor — good Catholic boy who wants clean streets

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don't need Heaven to help us out. Let the Tenderloin become an independent city with its own mayor.

Allow the Tenderloin to be an independent part of San Francisco, *Another Country*, to quote the title of a novel written by James Baldwin, who was a wise, spiritual and intelligent man like Bob.

I might even register to vote if Bob ran for mayor of the Tenderloin. To vote for the mayor of the Tenderloin, it should only be necessary to prove that you live in the neighborhood. Most of my friends, especially the whores and skilled ex-cons hired by kind-hearted contractors, have felony arrest records longer than my arm and cannot vote for anyone. But let them vote here. Let their votes be cast in the

true democracy of the Old West.

Let the powerless minorities in this tiny Tenderloin vote for Bob Labriola.

437-9319. Call this number if you want Bob to be Mayor of The Tenderloin. He's a Federalist who will protect the rights of a minority territory from the big government. He really wants to help you. Like Saint Anthony, and his nonprofit Tenderloin church, he's still a good Italian Catholic boy, who loves his mother and wants to clean your streets without absolving you of your soul. We have believed in lies, and debated with words too long.

Now is the time to take an irrational stand, and vote for Bob. Where I work, he always tries to do the best for everybody, and if elected he'll do the best for you, in spite of yourself. ■



WE'VE SEEN THE LIGHTBULB: So you've been telling the world what a genius you are and nobody's been listening, right? Well, make 'em eat crowbars! They didn't pay attention to Tesla either, but if you get your wired brain and your looney invention over to the Main Libe for two classes on patent searching and patenting for profit, they'll set you on your way to your first billion. Hm, gotta wonder if my idea for a stationary bicycle on a moving sidewalk would fly? Go crazy, it's a freebie. Aug. 10th, 3-5 p.m. and Aug. 24th, 1-4 p.m. 100 Larkin St. at Grove. 557-4277.

VESTIGAL ORGAN MUSIC: OK, all you old farts who've been unable to crawl off the sofa since basketball season ended, this is your last chance to save yourselves. Have a couple friends toss the you that resembles Jabba the Hut into a wheelbarrow and waddle down to the YMCA where the Fifty-Plus Fitness Association will shoot you free tips on adding flexibility tortures to your lack-of-exercise routine. Hey, could be worse — they could actually make you do them. Bring your health and fitness questions — and a resuscitator. Free. Aug. 12th, 6:30 p.m. 169 Steuart St. (650) 323-6160.

TALL SHIPS IN THE SADDLE: Maybe it's a long time since you floated boats in your bathtub. Maybe too long. And maybe you don't want to admit it to anybody either, not that I blame you. But scoot over toward the Bay at the end of the month and a celebration of schooners from as far away as New Zealand and Indonesia will float before your very eyes, mate. Har dee har har and shiver me timbers (whatever that means). This is the International Tall Ships Challenge Race Series 2002, the largest gathering of tall ships in San Francisco waters since the friggin' Gold Rush — and that's enough of a rush for me. They're charging \$12 to board and tour the floatboats at the Wharf, but you can watch the grand sail to the Bay Bridge from just outside Pac Bell Park and all along the Embarcadero. And it'll be free... Noon-2 p.m. Aug. 28th. 478-2277.

NINE ELEVEN ON EIGHT FOURTEEN: With the horror and the heroism of Sept. 11th still in the news and seared into everyone's brains, it might be something of a recurring nightmare to hear *New York Times* reporter Jere Longman's account of what happened that day on United Airlines Flight 93, the one that was headed for San Francisco but was brought down in a Pennsylvania field by passengers who died as heroes rather than victims only. On the other hand, it could well be a rock-hard dose of reality and a catharsis because alongside Longman at The Commonwealth Club will be many family members of those who died and they'll share their thoughts with those who are there. I dunno about you, but that's enough to

shake me out of my usual ho-hums. \$9-\$15. Aug. 14th, 5:15 p.m. 595 Market St. 597-6706.

A "B" MOVIE THAT'S NOT A "B" MOVIE. . . And how disappointing is that! This series of short plays at the EXIT is called "It's 'B' Movie Night," just to throw you off, make you fork out outrageous movie ticket prices, and give "B" movies a bad name. But the ensemble, otherwise known as Ironworkers Local 202, provides a fleshy kaleidoscope of "double-agent sex kittens, ghoulish eaters, private d's, and bitch slappin'." The publicity calls the evening "the three-dimensional creations of four Bay Area playwrights," then lists five names, which may give some idea of what you're in for. Bring straitjackets for the cast. They'll thank you for it in the end. \$15; \$12 students. Aug. 9-10, 16-17. 8 p.m. 156 Eddy St. 387-3163.

NOBODY ASKED ME BUT . . . If con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of progress?

MY DINNER WITH A POMEGRANATE: Forget "My Dinner With Andre" — the dude talked too much anyway and he stuck us with the tab. The new dinner guests on the A-list are a conglomeration of actors who look like root vegetables, citrus fruits and leafy greens, collectively known as Lunatique Fantastique, and thanks anyway, but I'll skip dessert. The group creates stories with found-object puppetry, meaning don't be surprised if they grab the sock off your foot and turn it into the star of the show. \$15 previews; \$25 scheduled run. Aug. 21-23, previews; Aug. 24-31. 8 p.m. Wednesday-Saturday; 2 p.m. Sunday. New Conservatory Theatre, 25 Van Ness Ave. 861-8972.

OFF WITH HIS (ACID) HEAD! Charles Lutwidge Dodgson was quite a photographer but not a lot of people know that. You, in fact, may not even give a hoot — until discovering that his pen name was Lewis Carroll and that he wrote "Alice in Wonderland" (on what I couldn't tell you). His images have the same weird, wacky, surreal, dreamy quality as his tales and may send you scurrying off for a rabbit hole to throw yourself into. Dodgson was a serious, prolific camera clicker and many of his pictures have a dramatic flair such as one with a child and St. George and the dragon. In addition to 76 actual photographs, there will be several touch-screen kiosks that allow you to thumb through virtual albums. The exhibit runs through Nov. 10th at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and then heads off on a national tour. \$6-\$10, free on the first Tuesday of the month, half-price on Thursday evenings. Aug. 3-Nov. 10. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. except Thursdays, 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Closed Wednesdays. 151 Third St. 357-4000.